

# THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 6  
Nº 3

CHRISTMAS  
1952

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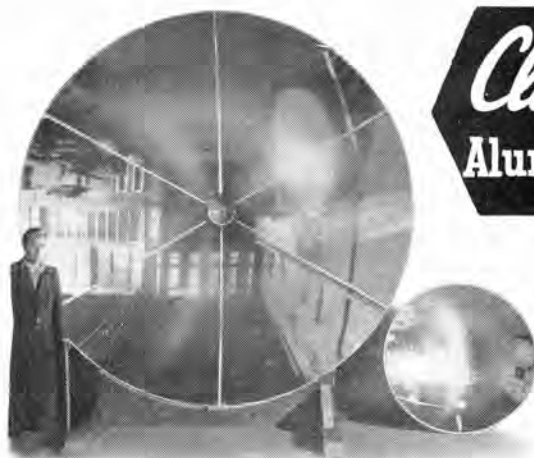
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**THE COMMUNICATOR***The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy*

CHRISTMAS, 1952

■ VOL. 6, NO. 3. ■

ONE SHILLING &amp; SIXPENCE

## CONTENTS

	page		page
EDITORIAL	101	ADVANCEMENT NOTES	124
CHAPLAIN'S LETTER	101	WHEN THE KIWIS CAME TO KIPPERLAND	125
THE PITREAVIE COMMUNICATORS	103	MEDITERRANEAN	127
FROM THE FAR EAST	104	CEYLON WEST W/T	131
LETTER FROM NORWAY	109	GREENLAND	132
AIRLIFT TO MALTA	110	SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION	133
EARLS COURT	111	H.M.A.S. "VENGEANCE"	134
HOME FLEET NOTES	113	A LIMEY WITH THE YANKS	135
ROYAL PAKISTAN NAVY	118	GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"	137
LEYDENE	119	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	145
HOME ESTABLISHMENTS	120	VOLUNTEER RESERVE NEWS LETTER	147
"MEON MAID" WINS MONARCH BOWL	123	COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE	149

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All MSS., photographs and cartoons should be sent to the Editor at H.M.S. "Mercury", as below. These will be returned to the senders only if asked for, and responsibility for them cannot be accepted by the Editor.

**"THE COMMUNICATOR" IN 1953**

The magazine is published at Spring, Summer and Christmas.

*Subscription Rates are as follows:*

For the whole year	5/- post free
For each issue	1/6 or 1/9 post free
Bulk orders from commands, ships or establishments at the following rates, post free:	
Under 12 copies of one issue	1/8 each
12 and over	1/7 ..
Back Numbers are obtainable.	

Cheques and/or postal orders should be made payable and sent to:

The Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, H.M.S. "Mercury",  
East Meon, near Petersfield, Hampshire.

PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



**CAPTAIN P. DAWNAY, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N.  
THE CAPTAIN, H.M.S. "MERCURY"**

- |            |   |            |   |
|------------|---|------------|---|
| 1928-1929. | Qualified in Signals.   | 1940.      | Promoted Commander, December.   |
| 1930.      | Aden Wireless Station.  | 1941-1943. | Signal Officer to British Admiralty Delegation, Washington, and Combined Chiefs of Staff. |
| 1931-1933. | Flag Lieut. and Signal Officer to C.-in-C., South Africa, H.M.S. <i>Cardiff</i> .                                 | 1943-1944. | Fleet Wireless Officer, Home Fleet, H.M.S. <i>Duke of York</i> .                          |
| 1933-1935. | Flag Lieut. and Squadron Signal Officer to R.A. 1st Cruiser Squadron, H.M.S. <i>London</i> , Mediterranean Fleet. | 1945.      | Signal Officer, Yalta conference.   |
| 1935.      | Flag Lieut. to R.A., Alexandria, H.M.S. <i>Resource</i> .   | 1945-1946. | Commander, H.M.S. <i>Liverpool</i> .  |
| 1936-1939. | Signal Officer New Zealand, H.M.S. <i>Achilles</i> .  | 1946.      | Promoted Captain, December.   |
| 1939.      | Staff of H.M. The King, Royal Tour to Canada.   | 1948-1950. | Deputy Director of Signal Division.   |
| 1939-1940. | First Lieut. H.M. Signal School.  | 1950-1952. | Captain (D), 3rd Destroyer Squadron, H.M.S. <i>Saintes</i> .                              |
|            |   | 1952.      | Captain of the Signal School, H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> .                                     |





## "NO ONE EVER READS THE EDITORIAL"

'No one ever reads the Editorial' said the helpful fellow with nothing to do except offer destructive criticism. 'It makes you think of *The Times Leader* and you don't expect that sort of thing in this Magazine.' Just to confound him we've reprinted one in this number, and although you may not expect 'that sort of thing', we think you will enjoy it.

The Editorial staff are in the happy position this time of having a reasonable number of contributions, which has enabled us to be a bit choosy about what we print, and to remove the padding which you probably spent hours putting into your articles! We appreciate that no one likes having their articles chopped about (to the author it's always the salient point of the whole thing that the wretched editor has cut), but we haven't enough space to print everything, and we are vain enough to think that our efforts result in a better Magazine as a whole.

As every article ended with the season's greetings, and it seemed silly to print the same thing 47 times, we let the Art Editor have his fling on all your behalves.

One ship must be congratulated. *Glory* sent us no less than 24 contributions, and they are now keeping us busy by writing letters to the Editor. This is just the job—the more material we get, the better.

The result of the competition is announced on page 112. In this connection we would like to point out that not all the drawings appearing in this number were eligible, or were entered for, the competition. There is doubtless a psychological explanation as to why so many Sparkers sent in drawings depicting Ord.Tel. Bloggs innocently switching on the power, while behind him the Chief Tel. has his hand inside a B 28.

Drawings submitted for publication must be done in black ink on white paper or card. We can always re-draw your ideas, but this naturally loses points in a competition. Drawings should be as large as possible (Twice the size of this page is ideal) and drawn boldly, as spindly lines become so thin on the final block that they may break.

Easter comes early next year and ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT NUMBER MUST REACH THE EDITOR BY THE 20th FEBRUARY 1953.

## APPOINTMENTS

Officers may have noticed in a recent C.W. list that Lt.-Cdr. Charles M. W. Thomas has been appointed to *Mercury* as Personnel Officer.

It is intended that he assists the Captain with the nominations of officers for appointments.

He will have taken up his duties by the time this appears in print, and all correspondence from officers in connection with their appointments, which would previously have been addressed to the Commander, should in future be addressed to him.

## CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

I am sometimes asked, "What part should religion play in our work?" "Has the Church any right to interfere in daily life?" There are those who think that the clergy should content themselves with preaching about purely spiritual things, like prayer, worship and repentance. On the other hand, we are constantly being accused of doing nothing to bring about an improved order of society.

The answer to this great problem will depend on our attitude to life. We are confronted with two sets of things. There are material things like bread, coal and houses, etc., and there are spiritual things like love, joy, mercy, justice and truth, etc. Some say that only material things are real, and that spiritual things are just an illusion. Others maintain that only spiritual things count, and that the material things have no value. But common sense tells us that both the material and the spiritual are necessary. We need food and clothes, but we also need just as much, happiness and justice.

Now what is the relationship, if any, between the material and the spiritual? Actually, they are very closely connected. Material progress, unless it is directed to a spiritual end, will lead nowhere. On the other hand no spiritual ideal can become effective unless it is embodied in some form of the material. This way of looking at life is called sacramental. It regards material things as the

outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace or reality.

Man himself is sacramental in nature. He is a spiritual being embodied in material flesh. The only way he has of expressing his personality is through matter. A man may have the friendliest feelings towards his neighbour, but if he never expresses them by kindly actions, they count for nothing. A man may have all sorts of ideals about housing, but until those ideals are expressed in bricks and mortar, they are non-effective.

In the Christian view, material things exist for the expression of spiritual ideal; in other words, the relationship of the material and the spiritual is sacramental. Machines, factories, railways, etc. ought not to be used as a means by which some people can make money at the expense of others. They should be regarded as sacramental, by that I mean, outward and visible means by which men can work together and give expression to their ideals. Therefore, the Church must be concerned with industry and affairs of the nation, otherwise they will be run in the wrong spirit.

The sacramental principle lies at the very heart of the Christian religion. At Christmas we think of the stupendous fact of the Incarnation. When God wanted to reveal Himself to mankind, He took to Himself a material, human body. He used that body to express His great love. If we believe in Christianity, we can see that there is no antagonism between matter and spirit, but that the one is used to express the other.

We see the same idea at work in the Sacraments of the Church. Space does not permit to explain all these sacraments, but in the Holy Communion—one of the chief Sacraments—material things, bread and wine, which were once the common food and drink of the common man, are taken and offered, and through the power of the Holy Spirit become the outward signs of the strength and life of Christ.

The key to the meaning of life, then, lies with the Christ Child at Bethlehem and at the Altar. What happens at the Holy Communion may appear to the casual observer to be remote from daily life. But in each of those two events is set forth a principle, namely, that the spiritual has to express itself through the material. And when we realise that the Holy Child at Bethlehem was the embodiment of the Second Person of the Trinity, namely, Jesus, and that the bread and wine of the Holy Communion are also the embodiment of the Presence of that same Person, we shall begin to see all life as a Sacrament, and in the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush affire with God".

May the love of the Infant Saviour shroud you and your families at Christmas and may His blessing be upon you all wherever you may be.

PAORE.

## ODESSKIYE NOVOSTI

By kind permission of "The Times"

The expression "an officer and a gentleman" is now not very often heard. To some "progressive" thinkers commissioned rank is an institution of questionable value, and many would be happier if in Her Majesty's forces the responsibilities of command could be discharged by some process which did not involve the creation of what they are apt to call "an officer class". But this stronghold of privilege and reaction can seldom have been subjected to a more searching and ruthless analysis than it was the other day by the Russian periodical "*Odesskiye Novosti*".

"The British officer", says this fearless magazine, is spoilt, capricious and blase. It is difficult to see how he could be anything else, for "his income runs into several thousands, often tens of thousands, a year, of which he keeps no accounts, being incapable of keeping accounts". His conditions of service, though unsatisfactory in some respects "(the pay he receives from the Government hardly suffices to keep him in perfume and gloves)", are in others enviable. "English officers, especially young ones, do absolutely no work of any kind. They spend their days and nights in clubs of extraordinary magnificence and opulence". It is not surprising that the average officers' morals leave something to be desired: "he is usually occupied with two girl friends simultaneously, a lady of high society and a girl from the ballet or opera".

English uniforms, the article notes, are "truly magnificent, and cut to fit very tight", and it is largely for the sake of wearing them that the British officer enters the service. In the circumstances we cannot wonder that this slothful though aromatic popinjay is "the most ignorant officer in Europe from a professional point of view".

However ready Marshall Stalin may be to admit the comparative improbability of an immediate conflict, no conceivable interest of Russian policy or propaganda can be served by proving, in terms so incontrovertible, that the forces of one of the principal nations theoretically poised for aggression against the U.S.S.R. are virtually incapable of coming under starters orders. If all the officers in the British Services are useless, some at least of their opposite numbers in Russia must be redundant; and one would like to think that "*Odesskiye Novosti*" has lit a torch which, when it has been handed on through the proper channels, may lead to a certain number of people in either camp sloughing off their tight, but truly magnificent, uniforms.

"Correct A.M. 091245 as follows: After word quote insert unquote in para one read quote heading unquote repetition quote heading unquote not leading as sent".

Have you passed your Civil Service exam. too?



## TRAFALGAR DISPLAY

Every year here in Victoria a display is held in one of Melbourne's parks to commemorate the victory at Trafalgar. This year the Signal School decided to build a fleet of ships and carry out a series of manoeuvres culminating in an attack by a submarine. For weeks preceding the day we hammered laths and canvas together and eventually we launched our fleet comprising 1 Carrier, 2 Cruisers, 5 Destroyers and a collapsible Submarine. The Carrier was about 18 feet long and was propelled by two sturdy Leading Signalmen whose heads stuck up through the lift wells. The Cruisers and Destroyers' crews appeared with their heads on the bridge and after control positions.

The ships left Harbour in line ahead and formed up with the Destroyers in a bent line screen protecting the main body and proceeded to turn into the wind to fly off aircraft. They then moved across the park zig-zagging and carrying out various manoeuvres ending in a method Coke which brought them in front of the dais where the Governor of Victoria and the Chief of Naval Staff were sitting. At this point a black and sinister Submarine manned by a Telegraphist dressed as a pirate appeared and the fleet wheeled smartly away hidden by a dense smoke screen from smoke candles carried by the Cruisers whilst the two wing Destroyers turned for the attack throwing many thunder flashes and finally sinking the Submarine whose crew departed like the proverbial Hairy Goat. The victorious Destroyers in line ahead joined the rest of the fleet and entered harbour to the accompaniment of thunderous cheers from the 30,000 spectators. While the display was taking place the actual signals and sound effects (aircraft taking off) were being broadcast through the sound system.

The next display in which the Signal School took part was Musical Semaphore and the hoisting of Nelson's Famous Signal, 15 ratings and 15 W.R.A.N.S. marched on to the arena and accompanied by the band made the signal, and in the background the actual flag hoists were telegraphed from the central mast. The W.R.A.N.S. who took part had only started learning semaphore six weeks before and yet were able to put on a flawless performance.

## THE PITREAVIE COMMUNICATORS

After much planning and paper work the commencing date of "Castanets" came and the small H.Q. staff was supplemented by seventy various Communicators from all three depots. After the first few days had passed, during which threats of suicide were heard frequently, everyone settled down and a good job was done apart from a few minor lapses of which we give you two samples.

The first concerned a signal which, after being encrypted in a system not held by the addressee, was then transmitted on a wave which the aforesaid addressee was not keeping.

The second was a distributed signal which read:

*From: Vanguard. To: F.O. Scotland.*

*Engines will be returned between 1330 and 1500 today Thursday.*

After many lurid threats with reference to thieving Frogmen and midget submarines, who were participating in a local Seaward Defence Exercise the cause was eventually traced to Anna, our blonde typist in the M.S.O., who thought that "Engines will be turned" sounded rather silly and proceeded to give us her own interpretation.

For the Pitreavie staff there was no let up and the very valuable experience gained in "Castanets" was applied to the planning and preparation for "Mainbrace". Then once again a mixed batch of Communicators assailed us, this time 150 strong, supplemented by C-in-C. Home Fleet's Staff who, as in the previous exercise, set up their own M.S.O. in the Upper Operations Room commonly and appropriately named the "Pongo Pit".



"Attention for Rounds."

It was evident once "Mainbrace" started that this was a different kettle of fish from "Castanets", the large N.A.T.O. forces in the Clyde and Forth totalling 160 warships of seven different nations. New N.A.T.O. titles came through and we found that we were now COMNORLANT in addition to F.O. Scotland, A.S. Rosyth, F.O.I/C Forth, Admiral Northern Approaches and North European Sub-Area Commander!

Pitreavie too was a hive of industry running the Harbour Communications with Two Harbour Signal Stations, and manning 17 lines—where we normally man 1. But once again we bluffed our way through although severely taxed by C-in-C's Staff who appeared to have little to do but man to do it and tons of time to ask questions, and who bombarded us with verbal and written queries all prefixed, "The F.C.O. wants to know".

*Apollo* came to our notice a couple of times, having been at sea for two days she made a signal stating that she had been maintaining watch on Broadcast XX last number received, NIL. On examining this problem it was found that Broadcast XX was not due to commence for another

week! Again the valiant *Apollo*, game to the last, when brought to bay by a very superior N.A.T.O. force and in imminent danger of annihilation radiated a clear and poignant signal, "Request further information re disposal of Wardroom Stores at Kristiansand". This was soon followed by an aircraft report decoded at Pitreavie as, "Cruiser last reported in position ZZ has now been seen to dive".

With "Mainbrace" and "Castanets" in the background we must record our survival in both of these exercises and the few which preceded and followed them. To burst into operational working on the scale mentioned above was not easily organised and the accommodation side presented a well nigh insoluble problem. Those who came here for the exercises and had to travel back and forwards to the rather cramped quarters of either a cruiser in reserve or an aircraft carrier undergoing a refit, know even more than we do the problems which were encountered. Our thanks must go to them for accepting the obvious discomforts in fine spirits, and in joining with us to make the exercises the success they were.

## FROM THE FAR EAST

### H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

In our article for the Summer issue we said we thought we had a good set-up and hoped to hold our own with the Fleet. With our work-up in Malta behind us plus a tour of Korea's West Coast, complete with First Sea Lord and F.O.C. F.E.S. onboard and a patrol of the same area, we feel justified in saying we think we'll do.

Our sporting efforts have been rather restricted and not very bright. We lost in the first round of inter-part cricket knockout competition (this in spite of the noble efforts of Yeoman Hawkes as scorer). Individually we have fared better, several of the staff representing the ship at different sports. The S.C.O. might have qualified for the swimming team but didn't, in spite of a practice swim from a Dghaisa in Malta. This feat was equalled by the Chief Tel. and excelled by a Ldg.Tel. who dispensed with the services of a Dghaisa completely.

Incidentally, it is untrue to say that the C.C.O. never has any matches—he had a box on the 15th October.

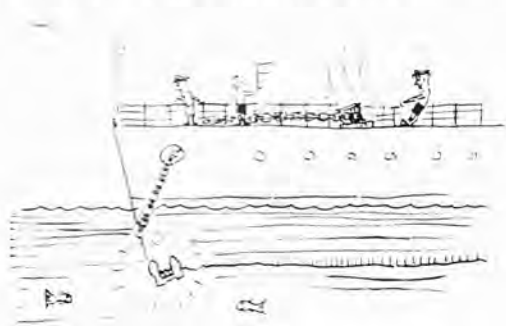
#### WANTED

- |        |   |
|--------|---|
| C.Y.S. | Slight knowledge of signals an advantage but not a bar.   |
| Y.S.   | Must be capable of sleeping 18 hours per day but always give appearance of being overworked in presence of S.C.O. |
| L.Tel. | Must be capable of strictly enforcing the rule "Don't give the Buntings a cup"                                    |
| Tel.   | Detailed knowledge of wireless essential, sufficient to cover up mistakes of Ldg.Tels. and above.                 |

### REFLECTIONS

Singapore is well behind us. Aden lies ahead and we are keeping our fingers crossed till we arrive at Chatham. Our V/S store is full of tea sets and the L.T.R. overflows with rabbits of all sorts and sizes, ranging from Japanese kimonos to camphorwood chests.

There has been little change in the Korean operational situation. We have at times imagined that we were over-worked, but it seldom compared with the "watch on stop on" efforts of the Communicators in some of the frigates and private destroyers acting as C.T.U.'s. They have often had to hold down the broadcast, task group commander's wave, ship to island net, T.B.S., routines with R.O.K. Navy ships and an occasional extra line for luck—and at the same time cope with crypto in an overcrowded office.

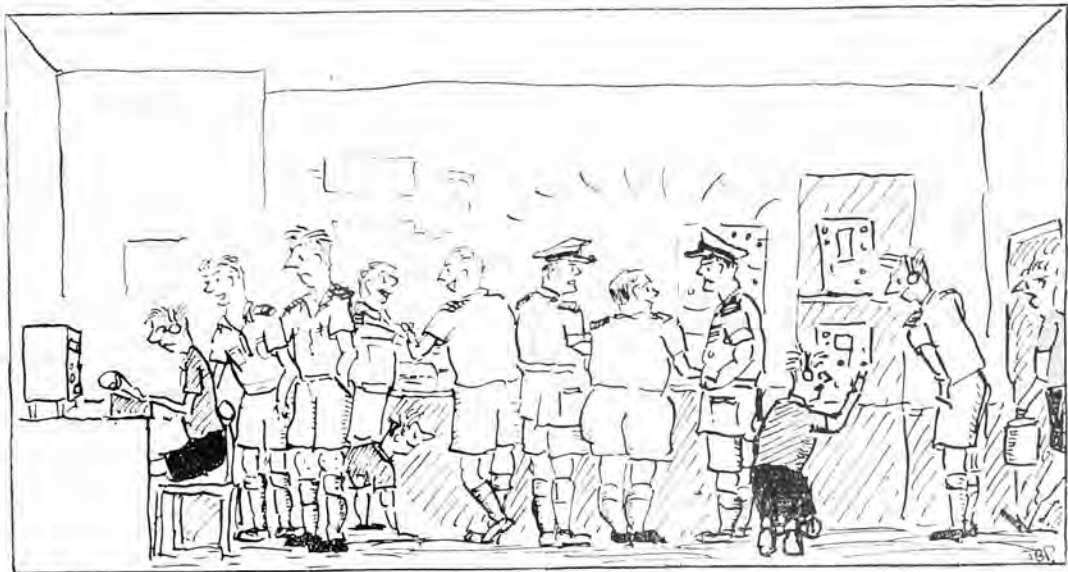


"Fisherman?" "Cranedriver?"

Nevertheless it has been extremely good value for us from all points of view. We have made some good friends in the United States Navy and Marine Corps and have learned to appreciate their point of view in many things, as they have ours. And we can nearly all understand the American language—both spoken and written.

The strong sun, heavy thunder showers and The Japanese American environment at Sasebo somehow provoked the V/S staff to fit themselves out with baseball type long peaked hats and Japanese parasols. This prompted S.C.O. to produce a somewhat caustic cartoon on the B.S.O. notice board referring to Geisha girls and engine drivers.

is a "good thing". We received it with mixed feelings, but were soon converted into enthusiastic supporters. Rather to our surprise, in a straight test between "RATT" and C.W. broadcast reception, "RATT" won hands down, handling far more traffic with a lower percentage of corrupt messages. And it seemed to work quite happily without a great deal of attention. It ticked away busily inside its glass cover, producing neatly typed copies of signals at 60 words per minute, and was naturally a great attraction. We must have had more visitors in the L.R.R. during the "RATT" trials than in the rest of the commission put together. The constant flow provoked the staff



Puzzle . . . Find the "RATT"

Nemesis was swift. The very next morning it so happened that the Cable Officer had the middle and the S.C.O. being P.C.O. had to weigh anchor. He got it off the bottom all right, but somehow succeeded in jamming it under the forefoot—and of course the cable holder locked solid. Perhaps it wasn't surprising that by stand easy there was a drawing on the messdeck notice board entitled "Fisherman?" "Cranedriver?".

This contribution would hardly be complete without mentioning our "RATT". There is no doubt that the Americans have gone for "RATT" in a big way. A very large number of their ships are fitted, and they are already in the process of turning over some of their Primary Broadcasts to this system. Arrangements were therefore made for H.M.C.S. *Cayuga* to transfer her equipment to us before she left the station, so that we could demonstrate to the powers that be that "RATT"

to keep a "stripe" count. The day that C-in-C and F.O.2 came down we reached a record total of 31 stripes in the office at the same time counting one shoulder only.

The next step was to try it on ship shore work. Our electrical experts modified our T.B.M. for frequency shift keying and we carried out a number of different trials culminating in a series of "live" traffic routines to Hong Kong from the Korean operational area. They were most successful thanks largely to the combined efforts of Hong Kong W.T. and Messrs. Cable and Wireless at Mount Butler.

We finally transferred all the equipment to H.M.S. *Newcastle* at the end of our last patrol and set off for Hong Kong with a strangely empty and peaceful L.R.R., to meet our relief from U.K.

H.M.S. *Birmingham*.

H.M.S. *Belfast*.

## H.M.S. "GLORY"

Twenty-two months ago today we commissioned at Devonport with a Chatham crew. Much water has passed under the ship since then, 111,000 n. miles to be exact, and much more will pass before we return to one of the home ports with our paying off pennant blowing proudly in the breeze. For tomorrow we set course for Hong Kong to relieve *Ocean*, and then north again for our third tour of duty in Korean waters and the last lap. Our only query now is whether we shall be home for the Coronation?

After undocking in Malta, we embarked FO2MF (Vice-Admiral Edwards) and with *Cleopatra* and *Chevron* in company made for the Aegean sea. *Magnificent* and the plane guard, *Chivalrous*, joined and the five of us sailed on up through the Dardanelles for a visit to Istanbul. Unfortunately this visit was curtailed by events in Egypt and on the third day we found ourselves southward bound, leaving much unfinished business behind!!!

Sig. Stallard, who had been left behind in Bighi, managed to be fit for duty when he took a plunge into Holy Matrimony arm in arm with Wren Air Mechanic Terry Hall from Halfar. A great pity we were a thousand miles away as wedding receptions are such beery, happy occasions. However, we sent them the following cable "Congratulations, wishing you both lasting happiness and a high serviceability rate".

On several occasions during September we took parties of Wrens to sea for the day, twenty at a time. They enjoyed it, said the food was better and that it was a change to see how the real Navy operated.

Later in September, wearing the flag of Rear Admiral Parham (F.O.F. Med.), we visited Barcelona. It is a wonderful city, we had the time of our lives. We secured alongside within five minutes of the centre of the city, all night leave was given and taken, and the Spanish people visited the ship in their thousands, even being duty was a pleasure. Another example of how pleasant a duty can be was when the show from the "Bagdad" came onboard to entertain the duty watch, men under stoppage, etc. Imagine the scene if you can, a floodlit flightdeck abreast the island, Spanish orchestra, slim dancing youths in colourful dress, yes, and dancing girls with their castanets, tambourines and dark flashing eyes, surrounded by over two hundred men from all ships in company. The applause was terrific, cheers, handclaps, whistles, the Bagdad itself can never have seen such appreciation. It was with regret that we had to leave Spain after the first visit by the R.N. for 18 years.

The Rev. (Bogie) Knight conducted our Harvest Festival Service, the altar adorned with a variety of local produce. A far cry from the home harvest and the green fields of England, but "We plough the fields and scatter" was rendered with just as much gusto as it would have been in the old village



Flight Deck Cabaret

church. Thus arrived the day of departure, October 9th.

All went well on the trip to Singapore. "Hands to flying stations" was sounded off most days, the I.N.S. *Rana* (well known as H.M.S. *Raider*) took mail into Colombo and brought one out. On the 27th our new Sea Fury and Firefly squadrons sallied forth to seek combat with the Malayan bandits, their first operation against the common foe, and a highly successful one at that.

1953 will be our third year and our best year, yet, come April, May or June we shall be homeward bound and what a welcome sight the Eddystone, The Nab or the North Foreland will be.

## H.M.S. "AMETHYST"

We sailed from Guzz in August '50, worked up at Malta and then sailed for the ship's old hunting ground in the Far East.

Thirty-six hours leave each watch, at Singapore, then North to Hong Kong and five months in Korean waters.

Two months on the Malayan patrol and then a three week visit to North Borneo. Any readers who have been there may recall the W/T schedules, only one station being able to understand English and with nothing more than a TCS. However, all went well and we were just getting used to QSL O.K., etc., when we had to be on the move North again.

Three months' patrols off Korea, a last docking refit in Hong Kong, and having been relieved by *Sparrow* we hope to be back in the land of the Oggies for Christmas.



## FROM KOREAN WATERS

Afraid I shall have to begin this letter in the conventional way, quote, this is the first letter from the *Cossack* for a long time, but I hope not the last, unquote. And with those familiar words off my chest I would now like to ask a question. "Who's running the N.A.T.O. organisation?" "Seems like a stationery office to me". This past year we've been so overcrowded with bumph that settling down to scribing a letter, even to our favourite Magazine, has been out of the question.

First of all, for those of you who are dripping that you've had all your Long Weekends and are only entitled to the normal Christmas Leave, let me tell you where some of the Branch are and what they are doing. We of the *Cossack* are taking part in what is laughingly called the "Korean War". I use the word laughingly because our impression out here is that you people at home think the jolly old conflict is confined to a battle of words at some place called Punmanjon. That's not true (you can say that again Mac) that's not true.

Our commission started out here in the Far East in November 1951 after a passage on the Trooper *Empire Fowey* that can only be described as something short of rather luxurious. The *Cossack* was in Dockyard hands, and I don't have to describe what that means, especially as those hands were Chinese. The old Ship's Company had just finished their last patrol in Korean Waters with a consequent "Bother you, James, I'm inboard" attitude, and the sun was very hot. With that aura around us we settled down to a two month stint in the China Fleet Club, waiting for the ship to become seaworthy again. I don't think any of us would like to go through the agony of those two months again. It was horrible. Clean sheets every day,

civvies out of working hours, big eats, no mess bill and the bar just down on the floor below. Ghastly? You bet!

After moseying around Hong Kong for a few weeks, getting our hands in on the New Books and waiting for a new Capt. (D) to arrive, we moved on to Sasebo. The favourite theme on board was "Me for a Sasebo bloodhound and roll on the shanties". We got to Sasebo alright, but the shanties didn't get much chance to echo our exuberant yelps of joy. Thirty-six hours after our E.T.A. we'd passed our E.T.D. and the next day found us in station one in front of a carrier. Not exactly a pleasant job in the middle of a Korean Winter with the ship darkened. Our next patrol found us loafing around among the icebergs near a place called Choda, if that brings back any memories to anyone, but all I can remember about that trip is a photograph of some ice, with *Cossack* in the background, that appeared in the "News of the World".

Trip followed trip, up and down the coast, in and out of the Islands, until we all began to look like tognagi's. Our sojourn up the East Coast with the Yanks was the most interesting. We operated some 80 miles from Vladivostock.

Item. We were patrolling close inshore, all guns manned, and our Communications Officer on the Bridge in charge. We were hoping to carry out a manoeuvre we'd been getting rather good at which was shooting up trains as they nipped from one tunnel to another on the beach. Suddenly from out of the tunnel appeared a train obviously with a good head of steam on and all boilers topped up. In a calm and rather Hornblowerish voice, the said Lieutenant casually remarked over the intercom "There goes one . . . all guns that can bear . . . shoot". Suddenly round the bend on the opposite track appeared another train. Throwing all Whale Island technique to the wind and showing his *Mercury* voice training up a stinker, the Flag Lt. yelled "Hey, there's another b—— Fire. Fire. Get him. Shoot the . . ." The rest was mercifully drowned in the roar of the guns. Fair's fair though, voice procedure or not, we got both the trains.

When our Korean activities came to an end we returned to Hong Kong, but no sooner had we got used to life alongside the wall, than a Merchant ship got herself jammed on a reef somewhere up near Formosa, and of course we got the job of heaving the monster off the rocks. Just before libertymen fell in the pipe was made "All leave is cancelled, ship is under sailing orders". At thirty knots we chuffed on our way, and with a few deft touches on the five ton key managed to raise the ship (*S.S. Incharron*) and get the gen. Three days later we towed the thing into Harbour and a few minutes later we were all dressed up for a run ashore on the salvage money. That's one run we haven't had, to date.

August found us once again in Japanese Waters,





but there isn't much to interest THE COMMUNICATOR about that period. All the interesting parts of that trip would, I'm afraid, be blue pencilled by THE COMMUNICATOR'S purity censor. In any case, the Wrens might read this, so keep it clean, Mac. Sufficient to note that the peace treaty didn't make much difference to the unnumbered huts.

We are now about half way through our second whack "up the coast" and the jungle telegraph has it that we'll still be here when you are sitting down to your chickens and Christmas pud. Think of us, won't you, even if it is only that traditional sailor's Christmas thought, from one at home to one abroad "Blow your horrible".

#### Overheard

Comtaskement "How do you hear me?"

Comtaskunit (us) "Loud and clear, but rather distorted".

Needless to say it was a Bunting on TBS.

#### Overlooked

The bright boy of the staff trying to crack "QSA 5" on the fruit machine.

#### Ohmigawd

On the Far East division of the American forces network. "Now for you British servicemen in Far Eastern Waters, here are the football results, read to you by Navy Petty Officer Harry Draper".

H.M.S. *Cossack*.

## H.M.S. "CRANE" AND THE R.O.K. NAVY

Since articles consisting of more or less a list of places visited and deeds done therein are taboo, I shall just prattle on about everything and anything in general. By the time you read this article we will be ice-breaking up north in Korean waters, but at present *Crane* is snug alongside the wall in the throes of a refit. All one can see from bow to stern, from bridge to bottom are numerous Chinese Dockyard mateys, whose sole interest in life seems to be the pulling out of cables leaving them for a few days and putting them back again. What a life!

From reading the Summer edition of this Magazine it seems that accommodation at *Mercury* has changed quite a lot—all for the better. Who knows we might read in A.F.O.'s a section something like this:

**Courses.** 6—12 week courses arranged for personnel willing to take a rest amongst pleasant country surroundings. These courses are held at Leydene House, near Petersfield. Semi-detached residence, all modern conveniences, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, good garden. Poultry nearby. Fresh bacon daily. Tavern. Cinema. T.V. fitted in downstairs lounge. Own bus service with fares to and from the Establishment paid.

Ah, well! There is no harm in wistful thinking.

For those of you who have not had the chance to see around this part of the world recently, let me say that one does really get a good insight into

the working together of many navies. If any Communicator says he doesn't understand Task Organisation after a month up north, then send him round the Broadwalk twice.

One of the most entertaining parts of our task in the Operational Area is that of working with the R.O.K.N. ships (South Korean). Considering that they have had to adapt themselves to the G.S.B., A.C.P.175 and a lot of other books, they have done a remarkable job. The highlight of each day's patrol is the batch of signals that comes in from these craft operating in the same unit, of which we are at times the commander. Let it be said they make a far better job of speaking our language than we would of theirs. Here for example are authentic copies of signals that we have received.



On sighting a Korean L.S.T., *Crane* asked her where she was going, whose control she was under, how long she was staying and so on. *Crane* finally said "Thank you. Goodbye", thinking that would be the end. But no.

From L.S.T. .... You must tell me go.

From *Crane* .... You can go.

From L.S.T. .... You say go.

From *Crane* .... I say go.

From L.S.T. .... I go.

whereupon she went hard-a-port and disappeared at full speed.

From a Korean A.M.S. (See photo) to *Crane* as C.T.U. .... "We put to patrol at 2000. The sea

is bad. My ship she is like rags and I have no confidancy him this weather. I beg with pardon you must tell me put ashore".

The same A.M.S. to *Crane* after a patrol.....  
"A.M.S. 123 and 124 had finished to patrol to 0500. Then everything was security. We have now to put anchor. It is all right".

## THE MALAYAN SCENE

May we be forgiven for not coming up on the "Summer Routine"? May be it was because the thermometer, like our "Traffic Blood Pressure Chart", is invariably high and we failed to note the change in Seasons.

Anyway, with a prod from a very good source, we shake ourselves from the bonds of "Tidak-apathy" to make our number in this Christmas Edition. So, from the Rolling Spaces of Phoenix Park, the tangled electrical undergrowth of Kranji and the depth of the Admin. Building, H.M. Dockyard, we radiate our greetings for this Festive Season to all Communicators where'er they be 'In Peril on the Deep', 'Korean Veterans', 'Quiet Numbers' or 'Pig Farming'.

Life in this fair land across the seas is quite warm. The Seletar end has become more communication minded; Communicators have become more familiar with the CXM than of yore and the weekly Quiz(ALLCOMEX), which involves Saigon, Sangly Point and Singapore, is paying good dividends.

With the introduction of Provisional Exams, the S.T.C. receives another heavy burden and every two months we see many promising and hopeful faces. However, they don't look so happy when they leave and it is unfortunate that those presenting themselves don't realise how much they need to know, particularly for the P.O. rate.

Kranji W/T has taken on the additional role of Barracks for the S.T.C., C-in-C's Staff, and Singapore Wireless. There is a standing invitation to Communicators from the Fleet to use the Kranji Club or Cinema or to spend their leave here. Transport to the town and Dockyard is available, a phone call to the Reg. Office being all that is required.

## A RECENT MESSAGE RECEIVED AT KRANJI W/T

"URMSG 072051Z NRS 12 13 and 14 were transmitted 21st September but were not receipted for. On 9th October a receipt for these messages was requested and a roger was received. This roger was for the request for receipt and was mistaken for the receipt of messages. No reply for request for receipt was received".

\* \* \* \* \*

Chief Yeoman: "What would you do if two ships called you at once?"

Ord. Sig.: "Send for the opposite watch".

## LETTER FROM NORWAY

Your Editor has asked me for a contribution, on rather a short notice, I am afraid. This has caused me much trouble of mind and in despair I have committed the following.

Let me first of all use this opportunity to send a hearty "Thank You" to H.M.S. *Mercury*, to R.N. and to Britain. As you know, or may have guessed, I am a Norwegian "Long C" trained at *Mercury*, belonging to the first N.A.T.O. Long Course (but by no means the first Norwegian to be trained there).

After a rather short spell at sea I am now sitting (as all Communicators will do in due time) behind an enormous desk, drawing odd things on my blotting paper (as all Communicators will do), letting my mind go back to Old England. It was a splendid time I will never forget and which will always hold a lot of good memories.

What do you want me to talk about? Not Navy I suppose, this Magazine is full of that already. Our problems are the same as yours and so are our exercises.

Now, being a Norwegian, you of course expect me to talk about snow and mountains. Some of you know quite a lot about my country, it is a popular place for Summer cruises.

But you should come here at Winter time as well, that is the time when Norway is different from England. The view from my office window is a beautiful one. The snow came early this year and I am looking out at a landscape, very quiet, very white. A track of skis, single, lonely under the very green pine trees, a very fine fall of snow will soon cover them, and the lonely skier will be all on his own.

There is no finer sport, if you want to call it a sport. Skis are very much a necessity in this country still. The roads are few, and so are the railroads. Communications? A skier is still very much a communicator here, where you may have to "go on skis" as we say for hours to get to a telephone. But you were not thinking so much of that form of skiing, you were perhaps thinking of jumping and slalom. That is what you see on films and on television, that is what you yourself do in Switzerland. But the charm of skiing to me is a quiet one, one of hours of sliding steadily along through silk-soft snow in solitude, the nearness of the vast and quiet mountainside, the trees, the lakes and the blue sky overhead, the crispness of the cold air, and your small fire and your coffee-kettle, or trout. You fish through a hole you dig in the ice of a lake and then fry in a frying-pan, soot-covered, which you produce out of your very battered ruck-sack, the quiet pipe, and the return at sunset to your mountain hut, that is the charm of skiing and of Norway. Skiing is not an aim in itself, merely a means of experiencing the true ties between Man and Earth, a sailors best way of recreation.



## EARLS COURT

I was plunged straight into radio in a big way on arriving at the Radio Show, being confronted by nothing less than an electronic Commissionaire, a robot as resplendent as most of his kind, and with considerably more ability. At the push of a button he dispensed all kinds of information about what was on at the show in no less than sixteen different languages. The Automatic Announcer, to give him his full title, was originally designed for railway stations where I imagine the Arabic version might well be used with considerable success.

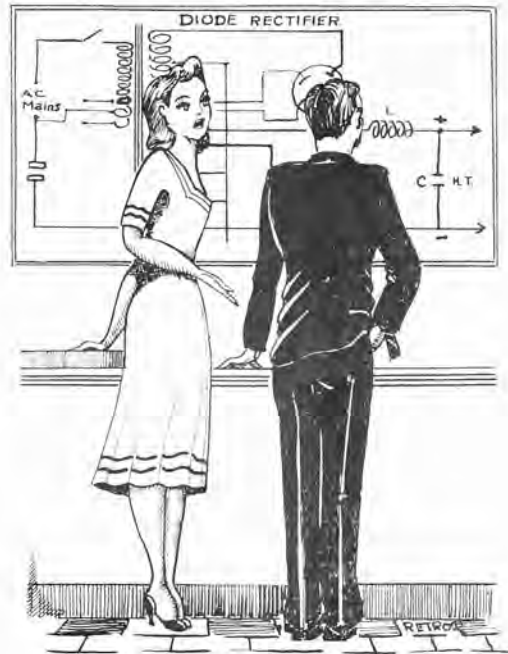
Having been informed by this individual (first, accidentally in Russian, and then in English), that I was just in time to witness a demonstration of radio controlled model ships, I hurried on to the tank, where I found the ships securely moored alongside. The demonstrator reluctantly admitted that there was a slight technical hitch, but vividly described how the nine controls in the larger model not only enabled him to work the rudder and propellers (port and starboard separately), but also to raise and lower the lifeboats, catapult a seaplane, and, having manoeuvred the ship to the right spot use her crane to hoist the plane inboard again.

In search of something that *was* working, I came across an electronic roscop stencil. I asked to see this intriguing machine in action, but the young lady in charge didn't think it was actually connected up: if it had been, she went on, she was sure I would have been jolly impressed, and altogether it was a wonderful piece of apparatus. I was quite happy to agree. It seems that it employs the facsimile principle, the original drawing, photo, typescript or what-have-you being placed on one cylinder, and the stencil on the other. The cylinders rotate and a photo-electric eye, traversing from side to side, scans the original and controls the intensity of an electric spark which cuts a faithful reproduction on the stencil. The latter is then used for rolling off copies in the ordinary way.

The young lady had decided by this time that I was worth cultivating and suggested I might like to see a model (actually working this time) which "demonstrates the principle of a Balanced Metal Rectifier Voltage Multiplier". "You see", she continued, "it is designed to produce an E.H.T. supply from the usual centre-tapped transformer so commonly used in power supply units". "Very useful", I suggested helpfully, but not very convincingly, as I watched steel balls popping in and out of little trap doors, while she purred on to explain that although the supply was sinusoidal, the current only flowed in short pulses at the peak of the applied voltage. I finally had to shatter her hopes by explaining that lack of any ready cash prevented me from actually purchasing one on the spot, and hastily took my departure.

Up the escalator to the Royal Navy stand in the gallery, where a small boy was furiously training a twin bofors mounting from a joy-stick control in its

director sight. Ducking under the barrels as they whizzed past, I investigated the Naval Aviation demonstration, where a large model representing the Atlantic and Mediterranean was scattered with convoys and escorts. A running commentary relayed to a battery of headphones described the progress of an action from the time a submarine radio transmission (represented by a flashing light) was D.F'd, aircraft flown off, the submarine tracked by radar and sono-buoys, escorts homed to the



"... can I interest you ? ..."

position, to when the submarine was finally sunk. "... another attack begun, continued, and successfully brought to its end, by radio", as the commentator said; though the enemy submarine in this case did its best to court disaster by "transmitting" furiously all through the action.

The R.N.V.(W)R. had a model of a typical training centre, complete with a morse-typing classroom, and a battery of morse keys round the edge of the stand for the admiring public to practice on.

An oscilloscope showed the possibilities of a three-dimensional scan representing range, height and bearing, for example. And the children were kept amused dialling numbers which were duly produced for them on a cathode ray tube.

The R.A.F., I was told, had a radio-controlled model of a Canberra flying round and round on the end of its control cable. Was it too much to hope that it would actually be working when I got there?



It was. "Sorry, but we're having to strip it down", said the corporal when I arrived. A large poster at the Army stand told me that I could talk to the Duty Signal Officer at Fayd by radio teleprinter. "Yes, but only at 1800 and 2100 hours", said the efficient-looking W.R.A.C. as soon as she saw me and went on to comment on the versatile imagination of the G.B.P. "Nine out of ten ask him what the weather is like there, and are suitably thrilled to be told that it is rather hot". Inwardly congratulating myself from having escaped becoming one of the common herd, I moved on to the Radio Industry Council control room.

This contained all the apparatus for regulating and distributing the sound and television programmes which were used for demonstrations throughout the show. The completely glass-enclosed announcers' studio was fitted with the control console from which the announcer played records, made announcements, and controlled the programmes. These came from various sources, the normal B.B.C. service, a film scanner which could be seen in operation, live programmes from the special B.B.C. studio, a TV camera covering the "celebrity" dais on the ground floor, or from the announcers' studio.

Here there really was something going on. Miss Audrey White, said by the B.B.C. to be "too beautiful" for TV, was busy announcing, while three men played around with the camera, moved the lights every few seconds, and generally gave an impression of being extremely busy, though I should have thought all these things would have been settled by then, the sixth day of the exhibition. Miss White, who certainly lives up to the adjective used by the Corporation (though I personally have no objection to seeing her on my screen if and when I ever own one), got on with the job, while the technicians waved their arms, jumped on and off chairs, and exchanged funny stories (unfortunately inaudible to us onlookers), which caused ceaseless mirth amongst the three of them.

Tearing myself away I was regaled with the mysteries of "spot wobble", a feature introduced by one manufacturer to avoid the "lines" becoming too noticeable on the larger size TV screens. Instead of traversing the receiver screen in a series of straight lines in the normal way, the scanning "spot" of light is wobbled (ten million times a second), the height of the wobble being adjusted so that it just reaches the lines above and below, the whole of the screen then being filled, leaving no dark spaces between the lines.

The G.P.O. displayed their mobile sleuth van which they use for tracking down those of you who haven't yet licensed your sets. The van simply has three loop aerials on its roof which indicate the rough direction of the magnetic field set up by the scanning coils in your receiver, and this is followed up by a small portable locator, which in turn is

presumably followed by a polite but firm demand for the sum of two pounds.

The B.B.C.'s main attractions were a sound effects studio, and a television camera and monitor set for visitors to see themselves "as others see them". I had no idea I was so handsome in profile, but this didn't seem to be appreciated by the large number of people who wanted to know what was holding up the queue in front.

The cheapest radio set on show cost £7 13s., and the cheapest TV set £45. For those who liked something a little more elaborate, there was a nice little TV-cum-radiogram (in walnut) for £757. Or a portable mains-battery radiogram to while away a sunny afternoon on the beach (but the records are just as heavy as the non-portable type).

Those who wanted something just a bit different had plenty of choice: plastic cabinets in various shades from Easter green to autumn rose, a TV console in figured walnut with a white sycamore receiver front, or a four valve superhet with a "pleasing wood cabinet using Abura with selected Peroba veneer;" (the makers description, not mine).

"But daddy, they're all the same", said the small boy as he came out of television avenue, terribly disappointed at having found all eighty sets showing the same programme. But he unwittingly put the thing in a nut-shell—they were all uniformly good and the prospective customer was merely left to choose the size of screen and design of cabinet that he liked. By the time I arrived they were, as you may have guessed, all uniformly blank. "Oh, we always close down for half-an-hour at this time", said the attendant, and the possibility that I might have been going to buy one, or perhaps order thousands of dollars worth for America, didn't seem to impress him in the slightest.

They remained, uniformly, off.

## RADIODE

A very young ion called Ian  
Charged into a tubeful of Neon.  
He rushed up to the plate  
Said, "I'm sorry I'm late  
I got lost on the way from East Meon".

## COMPETITION

The Prize of ONE GUINEA has been awarded to C. WILSON, of H.M.S. "GLORY" for the cartoon which appears on Page 126.

Details of another COMPETITION will be given in the EASTER number of  
THE COMMUNICATOR



## HOME FLEET NOTES

### H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

August 24th saw the beginning of our comparatively long Autumn Cruise period. We left S.R.J. enroute for Invergordon where once again *Vanguard* carried out the duties of Fleet Flag Ship. Many of our exercises were designed to prepare us for the largest combined exercise yet staged in the home waters, "Mainbrace". For this C-in-C's staff left *Vanguard* to man the headquarters in Pitreavie and *Vanguard* proceeded to Greenock to await the arrival of the main striking fleet. The fleet consisted of ships of many nations, the major part being American. Never since the war had there been so many ships gathered together, to the enjoyment of the Glaswegians and thousands of seafaring men. The enjoyment was short lived because after only four days the whole fleet sailed, under the command of an American Admiral, and "Mainbrace" began. The whole of "Mainbrace" depended upon the success of communications, and *Vanguard* alone, in her force, relayed over 1,200 messages. One calls to mind a certain Boy Tel. who wrote for F.O.S.M.: Flag Officer Stoker Mechanics. After spending fourteen days at sea under war-time conditions, the end of "Mainbrace" saw *Vanguard* in Oslo on a six-day visit. Many thanks to our Norwegian allies for the hospitality shown us, and not forgetting a word of praise to the Norwegian communicators.

During our second weapon training period at Invergordon the ships prepared diligently for the October Fleet Regatta in which there were many keenly contested races. We take this opportunity in congratulating *Eagle's* Communicators on winning the Communicator's race. Two crews from *Vanguard* were entered. One of the crews coxswained by C.Y.S. Woodhead, secured third place: *Swiftsure's* crew were second. By the time the Regatta was over *Eagle* had carried off the "Cock" and made our trophy case look a little bare. A different story can be told about the "Southwood Cup" this year. *Vanguard* and C-in-C's staff communication's football team, captained by P.O.Tel. Mackenzie, won this when they beat the 5th D.S. by 7 goals to 3. The 5th D.S. fought a very clean and keen battle. Undoubtedly our toughest match in the series was that against *Eagle*, whom we beat by 6 goals to 5 (after extra time).

Towards the end of the second training period *Vanguard* was preparing to fire her 15-inch guns for the first time since 1949. It is too early to say what results will be achieved. November 17th will see us sailing, with other ships of the Home Fleet, on the Arctic Cruise. This will mean another fourteen days at sea before we finally return to our home port on December 1st. During one part of the Northern trip it is estimated that we will be approximately 500 miles from the North Pole, when we anticipate a freeze-up in the B.W.O.

### A COMMUNICATOR'S NIGHTMARE

This is the story of the Captain, who told the Squadron Signal Officer, who told the Yeoman, who told the Ldg.Sig., who told the Sig., who told the Ord.Sig. to hoist Jig Zebra Six (Make less smoke). But the Ord.Sig. hoisted Jig Zebra Seven (Make more smoke). The Ldg.Sig. shouted down to the Flag Deck "Clot! You've got the wrong hoist up". "Crikey", said the Ord.Sig., "I must correct that", so he hauled Jig Zebra Seven down.



"BEFORE"

(see page 117 for "After")

## FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Those of you who are landlubbers *may* have heard of "Mainbrace", which brought our staffs fairly near to "Saturation Point" (Planners of future exercises please note!) *Agincourt* had the doubtful honour of being S.O. Screen to one of the Carrier Task Forces. This, however, had its advantages because she was the only ship of the Squadron to get to Oslo for the inquest. (*I thought he was going to say "the only ship in Station—Ed."*)

Tickets for the 'Critique' were most 'Exclusive' and C.O.4. was not included. However, we feel that if he had attended he would have had great difficulty in explaining away his monstrous, long, executive signals, but not half so much as we had in clearing them.

Whilst this was taking place, the staff in general were savouring the delights of the town. It is *not* true that the Squadron Chief Tel. grazed his nose whilst looking at the statues in Frogner Park; this was only a malicious rumour, caused perhaps

by his constant perusal of several photographs of these artistic figures.

Londonderry turned out to be a haven of peace after so long with the Fleet, though even this peace was disturbed by the conniving Communicators of the Derry Flotilla. These characters staged a very successful rag, which reached its climax at the end of our own Squadron Regatta, with the attack and attempted boarding of *Agincourt* by the good ship *Reluctant*. Many pusser signals had floated around the ether during the two days before the Regatta, leading all and sundry to believe there was a ship of that name. Many books were perused by the Chief Yeoman in an unsuccessful attempt to discover her signal letters. It was only when a smoke float-cum-barge-cum-paddle steamer steamed majestically towards us, that the penny dropped. May we offer our congratulations to all concerned in Derry for their very successful deception. Should any reader come into contact

with our Chief Yeoman or 'Francie Francis' as he is more commonly called, it would be wisest not to address him as the "Reluctant Hero".

Before we sign off, our forthcoming visit to the Land of Brass Monkeys, Reindeer, Polar Bears and Midnight Sun is anticipated with some trepidation and cold feet. Our "Harry Boy" is most annoyed that this is not appearing in print before we sail (??) he seems to think there will be a great demand for Christmas Trees. Anybody know a Zoo that requires a good Polar Bear?



## HOME FLEET TRAINING SQUADRON

The squadron consists, at present, of two Fleet Carriers—*Implacable* (wearing the flag of Rear Admiral J. F. Stevens, C.B., C.B.E.) and *Indefatigable*. We spend a great deal of our time swinging round a buoy at Portland but manage to tear ourselves away, with much groaning of propellers (and natives), for short cruises to such interesting places as Copenhagen, Lisbon and Gibraltar.

The squadron is kept busy training a variety of persons which include: National Service Upper Yardmen (Executive and Air), Aviation Cadets, Junior Seamen and Adult Entry and National Service Signalmen. At times, "Implac" looks just like a miniature Signal School with classes scattered all over the Flight Deck doing marching manoeuvres and learning the mysteries of Semaphore, flashing and flag hoisting. We hasten to add that, although we have one aircraft on each ship, the only thing likely to take off is the "Implac's" Chief Yeoman when he sees all his carefully kept flags being ripped to shreds in the interests of training.

At Gibraltar, *Implacable* took advantage of the opportunity for carrying out exercises with major units of the American 6th Fleet, who, incidentally, are extremely good at flag hoisting. Contrary to the belief that "Implac" was merely showing how many flags she had in her lockers, it really was the Trafalgar Signal flying on the 21st October at Lisbon.

By the way, you small ship sailors, don't run away with the idea that big ships have lashings of sparkers and buntings. The mere hoisting of colours very nearly puts us into two watches. Imagine our feelings when a certain small ship arrived in Portland with so many Communicators that she had to send a dozen or so over to the squadron so that they could scrub out their offices.

## CADETS TRAINING DIVISION

Since posting our last contribution when we were in Trondheim, we have totted up a substantial 'distance run'. (So also have we tottered back after substantial runs ashore!)

After Trondheim we went to Stavanger for Sardines, Rosyth for Replenishment and Oslo for . . . 'Oh-so-many-things'. Here for seven days, the Buntings brushed up their ceremonial and Yeo. May broke all varieties of flags at the mast-heads—ranging from the Oslo Flag (blue and white horizontal stripes) on Oslo Day (14th June), to the Norwegian Royal Standard at the main and the Admiral's Flag at the fore when King Haakon honoured us with a visit. Not forgetting two dress ships.

Also we were very glad to welcome on board

one evening, Lieut. Caplan, P.O. Wren Saunders and their Norwegian M.S.O. Staff from Allied N.H.Q. Northern Europe to see round the ship. Seldom have we had such a keen party of visitors to our domains. There was no lack of volunteers to escort our visitors back to their great city and operation "Skol" was then most successfully carried out until a late hour.

In rapid succession our most enjoyable summer cruise closed with Lossiemouth for the 'Locals', Oban for 'Orranging' our leave, Torquay for Tea Party (Children's) and GUZZ for "Guess What" -Leave.

The dockyard did us proud during our three months' sojourn in their hands. Firstly, it is no longer a treasure hunt to find the V/S equipment on the bridge but a simple game of sardines with everything ready to hand.

Our faithful and now permanently adopted, younger sister, *Enard Bay*, worked a five-day week at sea during this period, to ensure the cadets kept their sea-legs.

We next sailed for our shortened autumn cruise with Gib, as the first stop, just for a few hours to fuel and order our Christmas turkeys!

A new coat of paint was essential before meeting any of our Mediterranean friends—Pollensa Bay was ideal for this task, with cheap wine ashore to take the taste of paint away in the evenings. The Spanish destroyer *Lepanto* was present as our host ship and not only did we have considerable success in passing occasional signals by light, but we also tested wireless communications one evening on 5770 kc/s. Their signal officer, a real Baron, was very thrilled. *H.M.S. Devonshire*

## H.M.S. "EAGLE"

The present *Eagle* is the 21st ship to bear the name. The first was purchased for £70 in 1592, was used as a hulk for taking ordnance out of ships at Chatham. The *Eagle* was laid down on the 24th October 1942 as the *Audacious*, and renamed *Eagle* in 1946. She was launched by H.R.H. The Princess Elizabeth, on 19th March 1946. She cost £15,000,000 (less gun armament) and carries a peace time complement of about 2,000 officers and men. The outstanding points are:

- (a) The flight deck covers an area of more than two acres.
- (b) The island is as large as a frigate.
- (c) The B.W.O. is not (r) not quite as large as Buckingham Palace.
- (d) 263 double decker buses can be stowed in two hangars.

Since the Summer edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, *Eagle* has joined the Fleet as Flag Ship of the Heavy Squadron and we have welcomed Lt. Cdr. Loasby, Mr. Hales, and others—collectively known as "Flag additions"—to the department.

Whilst we cannot yet assess the degrees to which they have increased our signalling proficiency,



"Arr! Didn't send it to C-in-C. Eh?"

there is no doubt that "the flag" has brought us good luck in the sporting field. During the past three weeks *Eagle* has won both the Heavy Squadron and Fleet Cocks at the H.F. Regatta, the Arbuthnot Trophy for cross-country running, the Douglas Cup at hockey, and three golf trophies. *Eagle* Communicators were only just beaten 6-5 after half an hour extra time in their first game of the season by *Vanguard* (the victors) in the Southwood Cup.

Our Autumn Cruise started with Exercise "Mainbrace". We rendezvoused in the Clyde on 11th September, where we found, much to our surprise, that we were not the biggest ship present, as we were put very much in the shade by the *Franklin D. Roosevelt* who, it is rumoured, carries a crew of 3,500 of which no less than 1,000 are buntings and sparkers. She can fit 264 double decker buses in her hangars according to Radio-Man 1st Class Hiram B. Brackenridge, who paid us a visit.

The exercise was the first time that we had been privileged (?) to work with a combined task force: the additional burden of the flag of F.O.H.S. was borne well considering that we had 500 extra waves to man and one Ord.Tel. as Flag staff. Surely the patron Saint of Communicators St. Guglielmo Marconi must have hovered near us, as we emerged battered but triumphant.

After the exercise a visit was paid to Oslo where a critique was held onboard, attended by about 250 senior N.A.T.O. officers headed by King Haakon of Norway and Crown Prince Olaf. Most of the ship's company sampled the local brew and

pronounced it "terrible. I very much regret to report that, true to type, one Janner was heard to mutter "Bin 'ere before, Jack", and then disappeared into the corner of the mess to finish off his Jan Hankson.

A prolonged stay at Invergordon followed so that the ship could win the Cock at the Fleet Regatta ably helped by the Comms "A" team led by Sig. Jones.

Who was the morse-mad maniac who transmitted: "Two crates of whisky and one of rum for A.B. Hallett" instead of Admiral Hallett?

## FIFTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

So far, this Autumn Cruise has left us strictly North of the Border. *Solebay* has had a few days visit to Eyemouth in Berwickshire, then Invergordon, the Clyde, "Mainbrace", Stavanger, Rosyth and Invergordon.

Our visit to Eyemouth was a tremendous success. This small fishing township had never before been visited by a ship of the Royal Navy and much effort was made by the inhabitants to ensure that we enjoyed our stay. On leaving at 2100, we loosed off rockets, shone the 20" S.P.s and passed a good deal of VS traffic to and from the shore, the shore using car headlights! Laborious but effective!

The Clyde Assembly before "Mainbrace" must have brought many headaches for the planners, but all went smoothly considering the circumstances, so far as we could judge, except that, on one forenoon on the British/Dutch Harbour Intercom (V.H.F. Voice), we heard "Music While You Work" loud and clear.

We are off to Londonderry for a 3-week A.S.W. Course, while the remainder of the Fleet will be going on the Arctic Cruise in late November. No comment is called for!

## UGLY DUCKLINGS

During the spring cruise to Malta a small boy, watching the fleet enter Sliema, was heard to remark to his friend "I don't like the look of that one, do you?"

The following day "The Times of Malta" carried a headline "the Home Fleet has some Ugly Ducklings". So from *Battleaxe*, *Broadsword*, *Crossbow* and *Scorpion*, the original Ugly Ducklings, greetings to all Communicators in this our first contribution.

Enough has been written about "Mainbrace" in the daily press to allow that painful subject to be glossed over lightly, but it was sufficient to make several sparkers, sitting on HN's with a bucket between their knees, wish even more fervently than usual "roll on my twelve". However, four days in Copenhagen did a lot to alleviate the suffering. The directors of the Tuborg and Carlsberg



breweries, after escorting parties around the works, have no doubt jotted down in their black books that a matelot's consumption of free beer bears no relation to the time spent in the stock rooms.

After restoring at Rosyth we returned to that calm and secluded haven, Invergordon, to prepare for the fleet regatta. Sad to relate, we were unable to compete against the superior numbers of *Vanguard* and *Eagle* Communicators, who fought it out for the Cock of the Fleet.

A refit always produces staff changes, and no longer will the flag deck voice pipes sizzle to the vituperations of C.Y.S. Thomas who is leaving after four years—how do some people manage it?

Who was the Yeoman who, being a good flip to the front, inserted Change 1 to the A.N.S.B. and destroyed the old pages, only to find Change 1 should have been kept in the safe?

6TH DESTROYER SQUADRON

## THE INSHORE FLOTILLA

Based on Harwich, we are four squadrons strong and can sweep for mines in the Thames or the Arctic at a moment's notice. We have heard it said that the submarine world is a private Navy, but you ought to try minesweeping. Arrive here full of confidence in your knowledge of communications and you will soon have to think again, with adjacent lap turns, synchronised pulsing and a quaterdeck that is known as the sweepdeck. The speed of a sweeper may not earn her the Blue Riband, but our lines of communication are frequently extended. We operate in large numbers and have many N.A.T.O. friends. One quickly learns that "starboard yardarm one black ball at the dip" does not mean the canteen boat's turned the wrong way.

The Autumn Cruise has been a varied one. Not much sleep in "Mainbrace" and even less while being entertained in Norway afterwards,

bad weather and lots of it, lots of food brought back across the border from Ireland, and two operational sweepings. We only get half "hard lyers".

## THAT CRUEL SEA

For the greater part of the year mother *Maidstone* has been separated from her goblins and there has been little chance for close communications. However, the work of the Squadron has progressed and by the time this edition has gone to print *Maidstone* should be sheltering her brood once more.

It is the submarines who have the interesting tales to tell. Their visits and exercises have been too numerous to mention, but it is well to record that several of them were guilty of matricide during "Mainbrace".

Whilst on the subject of "Mainbrace", the Commodore of the Convoy was very rude to one of his allied escorts, whose operator on "voice common" repeatedly called his "Boss" with "I have one flash for you—over". Nevertheless we were duly impressed. After all how many Communicators can speak any one of the five foreign languages met in the exercise?

The supposed rest in Bergen for *Maidstone* and seven submarines was a myth. After the myth, six of the seven submarines mything thailed—sorry—sailed for SWX 7 in the Shetlands, where seven more submarines joined to complete the team, and a good team it was. It must have been, there wasn't one serious complaint about communications. Wouldn't it be wonderful if it was always like that?

For keen moviegoers, when you take yourself to see the "Cruel Sea" spare a kind thought for the artists from *Subtle*, alias U.53. Just think, all those "Germans" actually volunteered to dive into that Cruel Sea.

2ND SUBMARINE SQUADRON.



"AFTER"  
(see page 113)



## H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

Generally speaking this has been a good cruise from the point of view of variety. Being so sick of continual harbour time (Sandown Bay from 2359 to 0600 each night), the lads were glad to get away on a pleasant cruise to cooler climes and qualify for their "Bluenose Certificates". I expect some of you will have read the account in the "News of the World" of "My two weeks on a Happy Ship", which explained to me why, on joining the ship after "Mainbrace", I noticed all the Sparkers and Buntings going round laughing their heads off! Among the less joyful, however, were members of the 'Weekend Coach Organisers' Union' who just couldn't manage anything from North Cape.

More recently we have had a "Shopwindow" for various types of important and not-so-important people who, we think, were very impressed. Needless to say we give of our best on these occasions and the ship was really spruced up with lashings of paint on everything that didn't move; including some Sparkers manning safety lines for our steeple-jacks aloft. The Buntings excelled themselves with pot and brush, to the extent that the Commander gave the Chief Yeoman (C.Y.S. Burrows) a 'bottle' because the artistic appearance of the Flagdeck showed up the remainder of the Island. Ah well, you can't please everybody!

Our efforts at Football have been curtailed by lack of opportunity, though we do get a team out occasionally and it's usually a good one. L/Tel. Brooks does his best to raise enthusiasm in this direction and, far be it from us to want to brag, but his Shuttlecock team did get into the interpart semi-finals. Naturally Deck Hockey is popular — two Signalmen were caught watching a game only last week!

Our next important move is back to Guzz for leave and a much needed refit — "Tie a bit more codline round that T.B.S." and anyone who doesn't already know what a chipping hammer looks like, soon will.

## ROYAL PAKISTAN NAVY

THE COMMUNICATOR has always been read with interest by the Communicators of the Royal Pakistan Navy, although we have lagged behind in contributing to it. This was not, however, due to lack of will, but merely because we were busy sorting out our numerous problems. Now that we are somewhat organised we have taken the opportunity of making an appearance. We are not able to take our due share in this issue of the Magazine as we are pressed for time. However we hope to do better in future. For the present we will be content with introducing ourselves to you all.

We came into being on the 14th of August 1947, the memorable day when the subcontinent of India was divided and Pakistan was established.

On partition the ships, personnel and material of the old R.I.N. were divided up between Pakistan and Bharat. At that time no Naval Communications existed in Karachi or anywhere else in Pakistan. Our share of stores from India was also negligible. A major portion of the C.P.O. Tels. and P.O. Tels. of the then R.I.N., who were at one time the well known champions of the Bombay Fort W/T in operating Group "N" and Group "V" and fixed service 22 were our only asset. Our share of junior communication ratings was very small. Consequently the senior P.O. Tels. had to do all the dirty jobs and had to act as ordinary operators themselves. It may be of interest to the readers if we mention how Karachi W/T was manned soon after partition. This was as follows:

In charge R.C.O.	...	...	1 C.P.O. Tel.
C.P.O.s of Watch	...	...	4 C.P.O. Tels.
Service 3	...	...	2 C.P.O. Tels.
Service 85	...	...	2 P.O. Tels.
Service 65	...	...	4 P.O. Tels.
			4 P.O. Tels.

Our share of W/T equipment, which was required urgently for the above mentioned and other services, was to be received from Bombay, but due to various reasons this did not happen satisfactorily. Air Ministry transmitters T1190 were installed immediately and thus the vital communications between West and East Pakistan were established. The only available SWB 8 E transmitter (fitted in a van) was used for communications with Whitehall.

Very soon after, new equipment was obtained from commercial sources and temporary Transmitting and Receiving Stations were set up in West and East Pakistan, which put our communications on a sound footing. This freed us from the worry of immediate problems and we were in a position to devote time to the long term planning. We have pleasure in stating that in our short existence we have managed to set up permanent Receiving and Transmitting Stations and have fitted very high powered equipment in them. It may be added that all the installation was done entirely by R.P.N. Personnel. In the New Year we expect to put these stations into full use and that will be the day when we will be able to look back and say "We have done it".

Plans of our new Signals and Electrical School have also been completed and we hope the construction of the buildings will commence very shortly. We hope this school will be worthy of the pride of the Communicators of this service as *Mercury* is for most of you. Landhi will be our home as Leydene is yours. If you visit us after some time we shall be able to reciprocate the hospitality and goodwill shown to all of us at Leydene, and elsewhere.

## LEYDENE

There is a unique distinction about Leydene House in that it is probably the last of the "stately homes" to be built for private occupation.

It was in 1913, after a large number of journeys through the South and West of England, that Earl and Countess Peel decided that the top of Hyden Hill promised to be the ideal position for their house.

The site chosen was on a south slope, flanked on the east by woods, and so protected from both north and east winds. It had the advantages of an elevated position giving extensive views, and of clean, invigorating air. It was near a large city, yet far enough away to avoid noise and smoke—it was also near enough to London to make the journey there and back in one day.

We can imagine the peaceful scene which attracted Lord and Lady Peel in the summer of 1913—a hillside slope, thick with wild strawberries, with Admirals (butterfly variety), and Wrens (feathered variety), among the grazing sheep.

Negotiations were at once started and the major portion of the estate was bought from Lord Hotham. Plans were prepared by Mr. Jupp, F.R.I.B.A., of London, and in the spring of 1914 work was begun.

Lord and Lady Peel adapted a farmhouse at Coombe Cross for their use, so that they could watch and supervise the building.

Alas, in August the First World War began and the house at Coombe Cross remained their dwelling for the next ten years.

It was not until the Summer of 1919 that work could be recommenced on the site and then plans had to be slightly curtailed as money values had depreciated.

The first task was to move the cart-track between

the house site and the prospective garages to a line further north. It may be of interest to note that the original track can still be traced from Butser Hill to the east in a straight line in front of the Clock Tower, behind the gardens and on to Old Winchester Hill and the Meon Valley. It is believed to have been a pre-Roman road.

Work proceeded apace and the once-peaceful countryside became a veritable hive of industry. The stone was Belgian limestone, landed at Littlehampton, carried by rail to Havant and thence by lorry to the site. The two fireplaces in the Main Hall are of the same material which takes a fine polish.

The bricks were specially made by the Rowlands Brick Works and the main stair-case by a firm in Gosport.

In the autumn of 1924 sufficient rooms had been completed for the owners to move into the house which was finally completed early in 1925.

Garages and cottages were ready by Easter 1925 and the last of the building to be done was the Clock Tower—the clock itself being hand-made by Smiths of Clerkenwell, London.

After this, the grounds were developed. At first the approaches were made of local gravel but this was found to be too "friendly" in wet weather and was replaced by concrete.

Meanwhile the rose garden and hard tennis court were added and finally the broadwalk to the main vegetable and fruit gardens.

From 1927 onwards the Summers saw many brilliant weekend parties, amongst whom the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, was frequently an honoured guest.

The game was carefully preserved and the shooting



parties in the Autumn and Winter obtained many large "bags". These parties used to have lunch in a rustic hut in Hyden Wood and on one occasion the footmen, sent to make up the fire in the hut, performed their task so well that by the time the guns arrived for lunch the fire consisted of the smouldering remains of the hut. It was, however, rebuilt the following year, and still stands.

Water was obtained by enlarging the pumping station, installing new engines and extra bore-holes, and a 1,000,000 gallon reservoir was built. The water itself is drawn from bore-holes immediately above the springs which form the source of the River Meon which incidentally can be seen from the Rugby Sports field.

The name "Leydene" was taken from the name of the hollow to the south of the house, then known as Leydene Bottom. "Dene" or dell is obvious and "Ley" was the name given to a survey post of ancient date situated in Leydene Bottom. There is a

modern survey post on top of the reservoir which can be seen from the Signal School Block.

Leydene had one or two narrow escapes from bombs in the last war. In 1939, three H.E.'s and one oil can landed just outside the gates—total casualties one pheasant (broken wing). Later the house was straddled by incendiaries but was untouched—in fact the house festooned with light made rather a fine sight.

The Signal School took over in 1941 and after that there was a land mine to the east and a few H.E.'s in the woods, but no damage was done.

Leydene House has now been purchased by the Admiralty and is the home of the Signal Branch for many years to come.

Earl Peel died in 1937 and Countess Peel in 1949. They are both buried in East Meon Churchyard.

T.R.S.

*The accompanying photo was kindly supplied by Mrs. L. H. TAYLOR who was to the employ of the Peel family while the house was being built and during 1900-1910 at Leydene House.*

## HOME ESTABLISHMENTS

### HOME AIR COMMAND

The winter has brought with it its usual varieties of rain, cloud and other forms of unpleasantness. Fortunately, equipment is now coming along to lessen the weather's impact on flying. Ford, Culdrose, Stretton and Brawdy are all hoping to have G.C.A. operating shortly whilst the F.V. 10 fitting programme is now half completed. A naval fixer service with automatic triangulation is planned to be in operation within the next two years.

On the personnel side a move is afoot to replace a proportion of Communicators by specially trained naval airmen, due to the acute shortage of telegraphists. This step should prove to be interesting and we hope successful.

On 21st November we look forward with great pleasure to Her Majesty The Queen's first visit to the Command. A review of personnel, aircraft and vehicles will be held on the air station at Lee before lunch. Afterwards about eighty aircraft are scheduled to fly past. They will include the first of the Seahawks.

### H.M.S. "SANDERLING"

After almost two years of upheaval and devastation, Abbotsinch has once again blossomed forth with a serviceable airfield. Our first visitors were two Attacker jet fighters. As the hands of the clock moved nearer the E.T.A. many anxious eyes scanned the autumn sky, and all the eminent personages squeezed into the Control Tower. However as an anti-climax the jets sneaked up and landed quietly and efficiently. For two or three days afterwards the sight of an aircraft "taking the air" was quite exciting. Now the name of Abbotsinch is being spread abroad once more.

Did someone mention reciprocal bearings?

All this activity has had quite an alarming effect on the Communications Staff; like Rip Van Winkle, they have discovered that life has altered somewhat in the last couple of years—even in the M.S.O. World.

The visit of the N.A.T.O. Fleet caused much excitement. At times one wondered whether it was "Mainbrace" or "Embrace". A party of Wrens from here were invited on board the U.S.S. *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, where they spent a very enjoyable afternoon, ending up with chow in the Chief's Mess. So far no great romances have been reported as a result of "Mainbrace", but some developments are still under way.

### R.N.A.S. ANTHORN

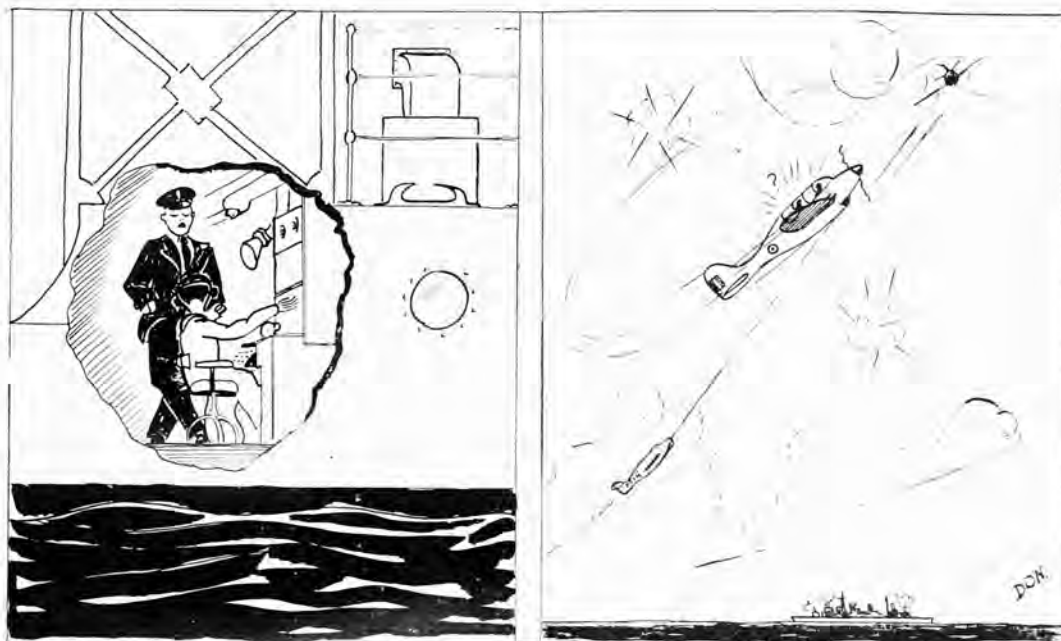
The high rate of marriage among the Anthorn Wren Sigs. and Switch Ops. continues, Wren Chadwick being the last departure. It is regrettable that all of the above were with bachelors outside the department due to the lack of eligible males in the Communication Branch.

The station "Terrapin" has now been overhauled in readiness for the Western gales that bring the sea over the P.C.B. road and are the only means of closing up the M.S.O. and Telephone Exchange Staff at such times.

D.F. operators are looking forward to February, when the F.V. 10 should be completed and any "reciprocal" obtained will be a headache for the "L" Branch.

#### REMEMBER OUR ADVERTISERS

Please mention "The Communicator" when ordering from them.



"I can't raise him Chief" "No, these aviators are all the same, they just sit back admiring the scenery instead of listening!"

## R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

It is raining. It has rained daily for the past month. It will rain for the next month. This is not a weather forecast, nor yet a summary of past weather conditions, but an unassailable fact, which all departed Eglinton Communicators will confirm.

Our Communications Modernisation Programme is progressing, and includes a completely new Transmitter and Receiver Building and provision for a Cathode-ray Tube VHF DF. The FV 10 should be operating before Christmas and then no more shall we be able to forward odd odes to THE COMMUNICATOR on our faithful but ancient Van 34 equipment. Before the final watch is kept and the last eggs and bacon fried, the S.C.O. wishes to commend its memory to all Wren Communicators who served therein, and congratulate them on the efficient service they gave to the Station. The efficiency we expect from our FV 10, with its automatic presentation in the Control Tower, will indeed require to be of a high standard to equal the excellent results obtained from the human touch, and friendly co-operation between Controllers and Wrens in the past.

During June, H.R.H. The Princess Royal visited Northern Ireland and departed for London from Eglinton in a Viking of the Queen's Flight. From a Signalman's aspect this provided us with the interesting duty of breaking her Standard at the

masthead and hauling it down at the moment that the Royal aircraft became airborne, the latter being achieved by visual signalling between the Control Tower and the main gate, noteworthy because V/S plays little or no part in the normal Naval Air Station set-up.

P.S. — It is still raining.

## R.N.A.S. MACHRIHANISH

Reduced to care and maintenance on 30th September.

The following signal was sent to R.N.A.S. Abbotsinch who now acts as parent ship

From ...N.A.S. Machrihanish

To ...N.A.S. Abbotsinch

Runways short, runways narrow,  
Here today, gone tomorrow.  
Days of crisis safely past  
Butler's axe has come at last  
Nothing else for us to do  
But change our name to Sanderling two-

Runways short and under water,  
Don't forget your other daughter  
Leave a space upon your knee  
For our sister, Donibee.

Runways short and full of weed,  
Three months' notice is all we need  
Watch our Airfield lest it vanish  
Landrail may yet return to Mackish.



## R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

The unfortunate grounding of the *Wave* at St. Ives was almost on our doorstep and a number of the ship's company came here for a couple of days. They brought a definite tang of salt to the air, but the usual smell of paraffin from the jets soon won through.

The main body (?) of the Panto Chorus consists of Communication Wrens. Pilots on all frequencies are familiar with the tune "We wanna say Hello". The matrimonial stakes seem to be going quite well judging by the number of sparkling "Third finger, left hands". Incidentally the W.R.N.S. had quite a thrill the other day when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Helston to open some playing fields, quite a few just "happened" to be there to say "Hello".



"What's my category?"

## H.M.S. "PEREGRINE"

Having wrestled successfully for the past three months with the intricacies of airfield life, peri-track regulations, square QGH's, innumerable B13's for Leading Tel. and the latest of all, 'SASWEX', we now find ourselves racking our harassed brains to find material for this article.

We are one of the busiest Air Stations in the Southern Sector. Apart from being the H.Q. of 771 (FRU) and 703 (STU) squadrons, we are also the parent station of 827 (Firebrand T/B's) 800, 803 and 890 (Attacker jet fighter) squadrons. To watch them fly in formation, dive, loop, spin and roll at 600 m.p.h. is a pleasure indeed. Their speciality, the 'crossover', one aircraft flying under another in opposite directions and about 30 feet above the runway, makes the chap who flew under London Bridge appear a novice. Then we have

the 'weekend' squadron, 1840 R.N.V.R., members of whom voluntarily travel long distances each weekend to fly their 'Fireflies' and keep their hands in as front line pilots, and incidentally keep us at it seven days a week. And lastly, the Service Trials Unit has recently been augmented by a few 'Sea Hawks', the Navy's latest jet fighter.

Perhaps after reading this and reflecting on the intricate communication organisation behind it all, any Communicator thinking of volunteering for a quiet number at Ford will alter his mind and instead ask for a 'nice quiet sea-going ship'.

To the rating who asked us recently "on what frequency does re-diffusion work" we offer our profound sympathy.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**WIRELESS WORLD DIARY 1953.** Published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd., Dorset House, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Price: 6s. 1½d. with leather binding, 4s. 7d. with rexine.

This diary will be invaluable to the radio man, containing as it does 80 pages of the type of technical information often required but seldom readily available.

The technical data includes circuitry, useful formulae (e.g. frequency-wavelength conversion, and extending the range of meters) and graphical design data for the estimation of coil windings and circuit constants.

In addition the reference section gives details of standard frequency transmissions, addresses of radio organisations, and base connections for nearly 500 valves.

Of particular interest are the sections on short-wave aeriels and VHF (including TV) aeriels.

This production is thoroughly recommended.

**RADIO INTERFERENCE SUPPRESSION.** By G. L. Stephens, A.M.I.E.E., published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd. Price: 10s. 6d. (postage 5d.).

This is an up-to-date guide to the various methods of suppressing electrical interference with radio and television reception. The origins of interference and the whole theory of suppression technique are described and many practical applications are given.

**LEARNING MORSE,** by the Editor of *Wireless World*.

A handy booklet for those learning morse from scratch. Includes advice on how to handle a morse key. Price: 1s. 2d., post free, from Iliffe and Sons Ltd.

## WHAT WOULD YOUR REPLY BE ? ? ?

FROM .....RAN ROUTINE  
D.T.G. ....222312 Z UNCLASSIFIED  
TO .....GLORY

Have embarked one Yeoman of Signals and three bags for you.

... 222312 Z ...



## "MEON MAID" WINS THE MONARCH BOWL

After achieving fame by winning the Cherbourg Race, *Meon Maid* went on to win her race in the R.N.S.A. regatta by a clear 14 minutes from the second boat.

Then came the "Round the Island" race for which there were 150 entries. The yacht behaved beautifully and overtook scores of others in a run down to the Needles, but then *Meon Maid* met ferocious North Easterly gusts which tore the mainsail clew out of the boom. The clew was lashed down, but before leaving the lee of the Island, the yacht was hove-to and the order given to reef down. Alas! the roller reefing gear jammed. After 15 minutes, only half a turn had been achieved, and further reefing was abandoned. After a most uncomfortable race with an ill-set flapping mainsail in what came to be a gale force wind, *Meon Maid* finished 20th across the line but 60th on corrected time.

The next excitement was the fourth Monarch Bowl race. After a classic start and first lap, *Meon*

*Maid* was lying close astern of *Marabu* and easily first on corrected time. "Down spinnaker" was ordered to round the last buoy of the first lap but the halyards jammed, and as the yacht turned into the wind, the wire halyard was sawn through and the foresail slid down. By this time, the spinnaker was wrapped in knots round the forestay and could not be lowered. It, too, was sawn through but the spinnaker could not be unravelled from the forestay and remained stubbornly flying. Yeoman Abbott was hurled on to his back by the madly thrashing spinnaker boom and as he subsequently discovered, cracked a rib. Nothing daunted, he then shinned to the top of the mast to unshackle the spinnaker. Meanwhile the yacht was rapidly nearing Old Castle Rocks and Abbott had to be ordered down to enable her to be put about. The spinnaker refused to allow the bow to come up into the wind and the yacht had to be gybed round.

To the immense relief of all the rocks were cleared and later the spinnaker stowed. The race was abandoned to return to harbour to land Abbott who was in pain.

Loss of this race meant that the Monarch Bowl winner would be decided on the last race. It would still be ours provided we ended ahead of *Sea Wraith* (H.M.S. *Excellent*). The race began with our worst start of the season. *Sea Wraith* was first over the line and *Meon Maid* left well behind with most of the other yachts who were employing a timed run for the starting line when the wind suddenly dropped.

However, the gap was closed after *Meon Maid* and *Sea Wraith* had taken different courses to the third mark and after an exciting run on the last leg of the first lap when a bunch of yachts with spinnakers set were busily stealing each others wind, *Meon Maid* slid by *Sea Wraith* to take the lead.

*Photo by permission of  
Beken & Son*



This was maintained till the end and on corrected time *Meon Maid* won the final race and so won the Bowl for the season.

The Bowl was presented to *Mercury* at the Royal Albert Yacht Club by the C-in-C., Portsmouth.

M.T.M.



## ADVANCEMENT NOTES

### Provisional Examinations

The Provisional Advancement Scheme has now got well under way and a number have already been advanced on Provisional Qualifications.

The results of the examinations so far held however are in the main, disappointing, as will be seen from the following analysis:

Qualifying for	No. Examined	Passed	Failed	Failure Rates
P.O.Tel. ...	112	52	60	53.5%
Yeo. of Sigs....	32	10	22	68.7%
Ldg.Tel. ...	92	35	57	62.0%
Ldg.Sig. ...	12	3	9	75.0%

In addition 27 ratings have declined the opportunity of being examined.

From the above figures it is apparent that the examination has caught a very high proportion unprepared and I would once more like to stress the importance of "rubbing up" so as to be on top line for the examination and not miss the exceptional opportunities which are open to anyone who wishes to better himself. A little extra effort now will pay handsome dividends in the future. Remember you are only allowed one shot at the Provisional Examination and success means a considerable gain in pay, seniority and amenities. This is particularly so in the case of those taking the examination for Petty Officer Telegraphist or

Yeoman who, if they fail, will have to wait until they return to the U.K. before they can get a qualifying course.

### Prospects for 1953

The decision to release all retained men by April, 1954, is going to considerably increase the number of vacancies to be filled during the forthcoming year and will be welcome news to those Yeomen whose advancement to C.Y.S. has been held up by the overbearing of Chief Yeoman which has persisted at all three Depots since the war. It is not yet possible to estimate the numbers in each rating to be advanced during 1953 as the necessary returns are not all to hand but it is hoped to do this in our next issue. It is, however, already apparent that we shall have some difficulty, in all three Depots, to fill all the vacancies for Yeoman which will arise and any Ldg.Sig. who has not yet applied to qualify for higher-rating should do so without delay.

### Forms S1303a and History Sheets

A number of cases have come to light recently in which a man's recommendation for a course has been recorded on his History Sheet but no action taken to forward Form S1303a. In some cases it has been recorded on Form S264 and no action taken on either the History Sheet or S1303a.

The Service Documents of every rating who passes through the School are carefully scrutinised and steps are taken to remedy such omissions but serious delays may be caused thereby and it gives rise to many unnecessary letters and signals. Would Divisional Officers please follow up these recommendations to ensure all necessary action has been taken.

One other point in connection with History Sheets. The "Record of Experience" is frequently uncompleted. The information recorded in this section is complementary to the remarks on Form S264 and is most useful to Officers conducting Provisional Examinations and to the man's future Divisional Officer.

J.S.W.

"Theseus will be frying in Area Dog tonight ..."  
And to think we were on corned beef and boiled spuds.

### Heard on the voice pipe:

Office .....Plot!

Plot .....Office

Have you got ????????

Got what?

Is there anything on Loops?

On what?

Loops two.

Loops who?

Who's the — fool on the end of this voice pipe?

Which end, Sir?

Parsons Barracks, ALDERSHOT  
Victoria Barracks, BELFAST  
Ward Barracks, BULFORD CAMP  
Mons Lines, CATTERICK CAMP  
Saighton Camp, CHESTER  
Hudswell Camp, CORSHAM  
R.A.F. Station, CRANWELL  
Normanton Barracks, DERBY  
NAAFI, Prospect Row, DEVONPORT  
Bovington Camp, DORSET  
Redford Cavalry Barracks, EDINBURGH  
NAAFI, Richmond Rd., GILLINGHAM  
Maryhill Barracks, GLASGOW  
R.A.F. Station, HALTON  
Bradbury Barracks, HEREFORD  
R.A.F. Station, KINLOSS  
Whittington Barracks, LICHFIELD  
NAAFI, H.Q. Warehouse, Kennings Way  
LONDON, S.E.11  
NAAFI, The Shipyard, LONDONDERRY  
Fenham Barracks, NEWCASTLE  
Artillery Barracks, NEWPORT, MON.  
NAAFI, Castletown, PORTLAND  
NAAFI, Milton, PORTSMOUTH  
NAAFI, H.M. Dockyard, ROSYTH  
Red Lodge, Bassett, SOUTHAMPTON  
R.N. Air Station, STRETTON  
Sherford Camp, TAUNTON  
R.A.F. Station, Padgate, WARRINGTON  
Imperial Barracks, YORK



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# WINES, SPIRITS and CIGARS

## WINES and SPIRITS

If circumstances prevent your joining in the family festivities this Christmas, you can see to it that *their* glasses are well filled by means of a presentation case of wines and spirits. Let Naafi supply your needs, and be assured that your wines are well chosen.

A variety of eight presentation cases is available for customers at home and overseas to provide the warmest of welcomes and the best of good cheer.

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PRESENTATION CASES  
TO ANY ADDRESS IN  
THE UNITED KINGDOM  
ON RECEIPT OF  
INSTRUCTIONS

## CIGARS

Put the seal of perfection on the blessings of Christmas by breaking the seal of a good cigar. For you and your friends, Naafi has selected a Christmas range that is a guarantee of mellow contentment

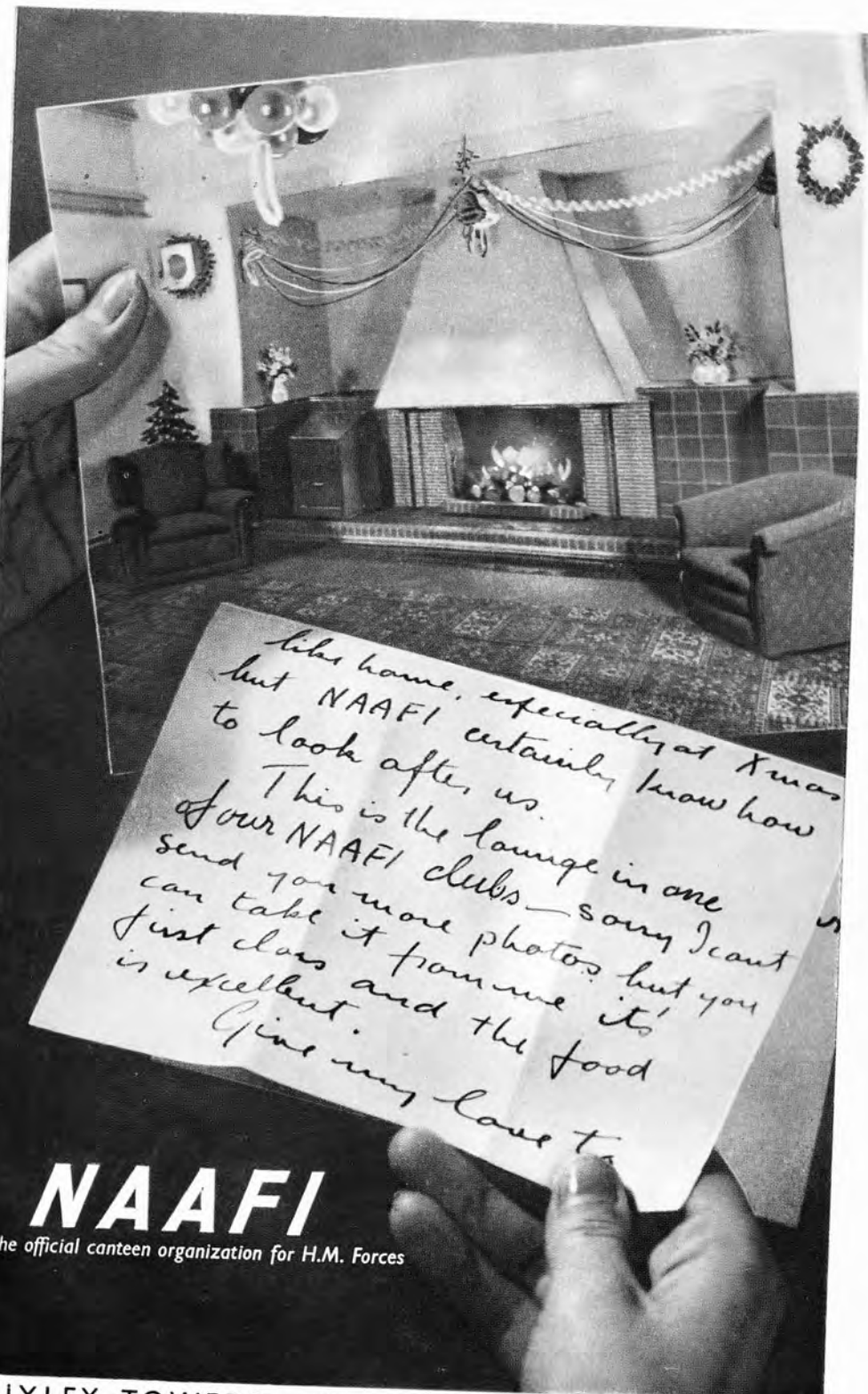
★ ★ ★

*Please place your orders  
for Wines, Spirits  
and Cigars NOW.*

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# Naafi



# NAAFI

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## WHEN THE KIWIS CAME TO KIPPERLAND

In June, H.M.N.Z.S. *Bellona* commenced what might almost be called a world cruise—at least, we went from one end of the world to the other and back the same way.

The ship's company of 550 is remarkable in that 200 were under 21 years of age and that most of them were at sea for the first time. Included in the ship's company were quite a number of ex R.N. ratings, who, having completed their time in the R.N., had engaged in the R.N.Z.N. for further periods under R.N.Z.N. conditions of service, pay and income tax, etc.

So much for the introduction and now on to the cruise.

SYDNEY. Still the same, the bridge, King's Cross, Romano's, Oyster Bill's. Not for us the flesh pots however, something much more stimulating—Harbour and sea exercises with the R.A.N.

BRISBANE. What a pleasant place, wonderful weather. The ship's company would like to have stayed longer. I wonder why? We had no exercises there.

DARWIN. The place with a wharf called Newstead which has now been painted a delicate shade of red to match the complexion of the Captain of H.M.S. — who partially knocked it over. We were kind to the wharf, the people of Darwin kind to us and on to . . .

SINGAPORE. Now what happened there? Perhaps something will on the way back home. Disappointing, but press on.

COLOMBO. Excellent arrangements made for our ship's company, entertainments and outings, very interesting visit to a Buddhist temple. The sports arrangements made by the *Kenya* were much appreciated. Our ship's rugby team, which includes a number of Maori ratings, beat the Combined Services team, the all India champions. We dutifully saluted C-in-C. E.I. with 17 guns, resisting the desire to add one for luck.

BOMBAY. This was all very strange to our youngsters. Our call was to return the visit to N.Z. of *Rajput*, and we were the guests of the Indian Government. Right royally were we entertained. The *piece de resistance* was the invitation of the Captain, some officers and a party of Chief and Petty Officers to Delhi. They loved it, but we do not believe half what they say. The Taj Mahal in the moonlight, yes. Dancing till dawn, yes. But . . . Oh, no. But they did have two Dakota aircraft placed at their disposal.

KARACHI. Returned the call of *Shamshar* and *Sind* as the guests of the Pakistan Government for a week. What a week! Unlike Bombay where we saw very little of the European population, Karachi's Europeans gave us everything they had—their hospitality was overwhelming. The R.P.N. was exceedingly kind and provided a fleet of cars and buses for our exclusive use. On August 14th, Pakistan Independence Day, we were invited to

witness the march past of the armed forces. It was truly impressive. The Navy, as usual, were the best and led the parade, followed by the Army, Air Force and Auxiliaries and lastly the Armoured Divisions. Not one single marching man or woman was out of step as far as could be seen. Here again our rugby team emerged unbeaten. But oh, that game played with sticks curved at the end. We left Karachi at 0845, the flies left us at 0846 and Karachi Dog overtook us at 0847.

MALTA. Lord Louis, as full of surprises as usual. We pride ourselves on our Maori Haka team who, dressed up in grass skirts, have given demonstrations of Maori singing and especially the Maori war dance. Lord Louis came onboard to address the ship's company, and to prove that he had been to New Zealand as a Midshipman with the then Prince of Wales, he sang in Maori, using the words of their dance; excusing himself from the Terpsichorean activity involved for lack of a grass skirt. The Maori ratings could not believe their ears.

GIBRALTAR. Very quiet. Spain somewhat of a paradise. Food and drink is very cheap and plentiful. But oh, La Linea, Oh, La La!!!

PORTSMOUTH. Before arrival lots of pep talk to the ship's company on customs evasions, so much so that it reached the point where they were counting the matches to make sure there were only 50 in a box. The customs were very, very good to us. Lots of publicity as we came alongside press, television and film units (you probably heard the golden voice of our S.C.O. over the B.B.C. that night) but we were quite blasé by this time—do excuse us. To the amazement of the dockyard maties, our Haka party put on a show on the Q.D. dressed in their grass skirts braving the U.K. summer at 60 below. A pleasant few days in Pompey—have been told that the lions outside the Town Hall have still not roared—but overshadowed by the thoughts of "Mainbrace".

ROSYTH. Yes, a train going over as we came under. What a conglomeration. Americans, French and Dutch, but then who was not there—one guess? The New Zealanders were very impressed with the beauty of the countryside. It did look lovely.

IMPRESSIONS IN HARBOUR. Those funny R.T. (or is it voice again?) procedure exercises in T.F.171, nothing personal, but should we not all set watch at the same time? and how polite . . . thank you chum, over . . . you're welcome roger, out. Impressions at sea. No flags . . . No DSL. Just that crypto *thing*.

PORTSMOUTH AGAIN. The joy of 10 days leave each watch. Your correspondent admitted to the R.N.H. Haslar with lumbago. Probable duration, 3 days. Duration 3 weeks. Excellent place, Haslar. At 1800 promptly, a medicine bottle containing a liquid quaintly called whisky was brought in.

The bottle was marked with my name and the abbreviation "O.M.", which proved to be—"officers medicine". Many thanks, Haslar.

24th October, Sail for home via Ville Franche, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Freemantle, and Hobart arriving at Auckland on the 14th December.

What is the verdict? A knockout cruise. There has been plenty of fun and games, but, we have trained too. We started off as novices. We have worked up until we feel we could take part in the real thing and acquit ourselves without disgrace. We are enthusiastic and have confidence in ourselves. But perhaps most of all we have been happy to come home to England, especially to the *Alma Mater*.

### RECEPTION of BOARD of ADMIRALTY ON BOARD H.M.N.Z.S. "BELLONA"

As the first gun of the 19 gun salute echoed across Portsmouth Harbour at 1800 on Thursday, 16th October, history was made.

At the main masthead of H.M.N.Z.S. *Bellona* flew the Admiralty Flag. For the first time had the Board of Admiralty visited a Dominion Ship as a Board and for the first time had the Admiralty Flag been hoisted in a ship of the Dominion Navies.

#### We aim to please . . .

War Registry passed an 'out' message to Whitehall W/T without inserting the precedence. On being asked "What Precedence please?" they replied "As soon as convenient".

## R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

The West Country is living well up to its reputation for requiring webbed feet and our North and South cones have been well in evidence during the past few weeks.

Our R.P.N. friends have now mostly left us. During the stay here, their communications personnel undertook both refresher and qualifying courses and their enthusiasm in all subjects was commented on by all concerned.

Our classrooms are being kept extremely busy these days. Apart from our normal commitments, we now have the whole of the Communications Training Division from *Implacable* continuing courses here whilst their ship is undergoing refit. In addition, strong teams of R.N.V.(W).R. and W.R.N.V.(W).R. ratings have descended on us.

In U.S. League Div. III the soccer team are so far leading by a clear margin and have won all three of their matches in the Depot Interpart League. At the time of going to press, we have just entered the second round of the U.S. Junior Cup by defeating *Raleigh* 7-1. C.Y.S. Morris again distinguished himself at Bisley, representing Plymouth Command and the R.N. in both Rifle and Revolver contests.

Our readers may be interested to know that the projected move of the School to more palatial quarters at St. Budeaux has been approved by C.-m.-C. and is now awaiting the decision of Their Lordships. The "St. Budeaux Players", incidentally, have recently produced that fine play "The Happiest Days of Your Life"—and specifically wish it to be known that this is NOT a warning to the Signal School on the dangers of co-education!



"That was a very realistic exercise, D.C.O.!"



## MEDITERRANEAN

## MALTA M.S.O.

It has been encouraging to note the interest which has been shown in THE COMMUNICATOR, recently borne out by a lady reader who learned through this media only that her husband's foot had been affected by a boating accident! (How unfortunate that this publicity should be offset by the comment of an R.F.R. who, upon being prodded gently for a subscription, said, "Never 'eard of it!")

Among the year's highlights, we of Lascaris number a certain Sunday towards the end of Exercise "Beehive", when we were in the "Tunnel".

We had learned to expect the ingress of damp upon walls in the tunnel; but to enter the place and find it transformed into a miniature Venice—rendered more realistic by the appearance of the A.T.P.O. Tel. plying serenely from bench to bench in an upturned table singing "Can I canoe you up the river"—was a test which even the Duty Commander could not have thought up.

Stark tragedy had struck and due to defective plumbing, we had all quite suddenly become "afloat staff". A part of the organisation had to evacuate to the upper M.S.O. (still in the throes of modernization) but by 1000 on the following day, the situation had become rather fluid. The C.Y.O.W. was quite unperturbed, since his job is always a constant struggle to keep his head above water, but FCO (2) and SCCO (W) felt that the exchange of a flood of traffic for a traffic of flood was unacceptable. Leaving the C.Y.O.W. to paddle his own canoe, the officers concerned got into a puddle and conferred upon the best solution without damming the tide of misfortune. It was only then that the full implication of King Canute's earlier predicament was appreciated by the conferring officers, and they readily accepted the Monarch's solution.

At a given sign, a steady stream of equipment evacuated the tunnel and within a relatively short space of time, normal (?) routine was assumed in the upper M.S.O. A masterly achievement which so narrowly escaped becoming a complete washout.

With those Summer memories is listed one of an afternoon when the Communicators took part in the inter-establishment Aquatic Sports. Our results were at least consistent (with the possible exception of Yeoman Crowe who "let us down" by winning the flipper race, his ears proving a doubtless asset!).

Operation "Dual Control" has been carried out at a high repetition rate lately. So much so, that it has almost become an offence to ask for the afternoon off "To get married, Chief". Incidentally, have you ever tried using perforator chads for confetti?—so have we.

A recent Admiralty experiment here was the

introduction of "split phones" to enable one operator to monitor calling and working bands on "Ship-shore". This idea has possibilities—when used by operators who have dual personality, or four arms—but should not be attempted by operators who have webbed feet!

## THIRD DESTROYER SQUADRON

Not many readers will remember the famous Argostoli manoeuvres of 1902 when the age-old principle of blockading the enemy in his harbours was so forcibly destroyed; the days when the first spark transmitters were being fitted into ships and "tuning for a dip" resulted only in a bright orange flame and cries of "HELP" from the startled operator. We certainly don't. But the beautiful Greek Islands that witnessed those momentous days still provide a background for deeds fully as daring and courageous, if not quite so widely publicised.

Now, take the Third D.S. regatta at Dragomesti for instance, which took place in July, just 50 years later. Will the account of *that* great epic be read with the same zest in 2002 as we now read of the mighty *Implacable's* feat in 1902? Will the cheers, as *Armada's* communication crew pulled their boat to victory against tremendous odds, still echo in those far-off times? (Rhetorical question).

That was a noble race, *Saintes* was only just behind, mind you, and *Vigo* and *Gravelines* not far astern of her. But into that race was entered all the pride and spirit of competition that had for so long been engendered by the "Questions and Answers" and "Wave changing exercises" of Malta.

From his boat following the race came the voice of the commentator. Those stirring words, telling of the valiant efforts of each crew as they toiled and sweated at the oars, were wondrously broadcast to the world (T.C.S.) over that same medium that had carried the vital spark transmissions to the destroyer patrols off the entrance of Argostoli half a century before. How amazed they would have been in 1952, for we had signalling in Dragomesti too. The Frigates were just around the corner, the big ships not so far away and above all H.M.S. *Striker* acting as wet canteen for the event, was in the bay with us. 226 signals was the maximum number recorded for one particular day, many of them about this canteen, because it seemed the frigates were not keen on drinking beer with destroyers. Understandable I suppose, we drink it by the pint in the Third D.S.

*Saintes* won the squadron regatta and hoisted her proud Cock in the evening when Lady Mountbatten presented the prizes.



### H.M.S. "MERMAID"

Since the last issue of *THE COMMUNICATOR* we have taken part in two very happy cruises!! The first one commenced when we sailed with all despatch for Port Said. Whilst we were on passage an unfortunate accident occurred when a Dakota, belonging to a Civilian Air Line, crash landed on the water and *Mermaid* along with *Magpie* and two Destroyers was detailed to pick up survivors. In the meantime a seaplane from an American Air-base in North Africa had alighted on the water and had taken the passengers from the 'plane on board. After transferring the survivors to a ship back to Malta we took the seaplane in tow and struggled with it back to Benghazi at four knots in heavy weather. Later the ship received a personal letter of commendation from C.-in-C.

Of course, everyone enjoyed our little stay in Port Said tied stern to the wall for seven glorious weeks. With little or no entertainment except the Stag Inn and L.C.W. with Fayid, gnashing of teeth replaced the smiles and lilting laughter usually associated with W/T Offices and M.S.O.s. Profuse exclamations in hitherto unknown languages accompanied each IMI and ZDK, but under the diplomatic and experienced guidance of Lt. Goldsmith, the Signal Officer and C.P.O. Tel. Crossman, personal discomfort was forgotten and the latter led his staff triumphantly onto constant Mikes and passage back to Malta.

Of the Summer Cruise I can say but little. Evidently Naples provided everything that the jetty at Port Said lacked. As "Up Spirits" after a hard forenoon so Naples after Port Said, added that little something which fitted everyone for further tasks and made LFS seem so much nearer.

### TELAWOMAN

The Cream of the Mediterranean Fleet—the Frigates: as anyone on the Med. Station would tell you, wish everyone including the milk, skimmed milk and tinned milk, a happy Christmas.

For us it will be a slightly sad Christmas for we have lost our two Lochs, *Dunvegan* and *Lomond*. *Loch Dunvegan* was always a polite ship. The best example of her polish and general *savoir faire* was during the Fleet bombardment at Aranchi. She was anchored, clear of the range, to warn off stray fishing boats and had an excellent view of the target. When *Mermaid* had completed her shoot we received the following signal from *Dunvegan* "The best we've seen yet" D.T.G. 1830. It was an unfortunate coincidence that we opened fire at 1835. However the gunnery department was thrilled. God alone knows why! It was entirely due to the Navigation department, who virtually laid and trained the guns, and the Communications department who provided so many lines that practically any one could say when to fire and how, that our shoot was par excellence.

*Loch Lomond* has a great affection for dogs. The occasion when at Algiers someone left the ship's dog, Judy, at one of the better known night clubs The Pyramid, or some such name—was marked by the fact that nearly as many signals ensued as there were in the setting up of a temporary canteen at Dragomesti and nobody quite knows how many that was. However *Loch Lomond* had to sail without Judy, but the spate of signalling had some effect as Judy duly rejoined at Malta.

*Magpie*, our fourth member, is refitting at a port near La Linea and we expect her back soon. It is rumoured that she is carrying out secret trials with a novel adaptation of the oldest form of communication in the world—Telawoman.

## H.M.S. "GLASGOW"

Since *Glasgow's* arrival on the station just a year ago we have performed all types of duties. We have worn the flags of the C-in-C., F.O.2., F.O. Air and C.S.1., not to mention the pennants of Commodore Flotillas and S.N.O(A) Port Said and the Banners of the Crown Film Unit and 20th Century Fox.

For the last month we have been on location many times. Replenishing a Frigate for days on end, for Crown Films. Also firing our guns, flying a Swastika and wearing a third funnel (canvas) for 20th Century Fox. We were to have had a proper funnel fitted but *Manxman* disguised to look like *Glasgow* disguised as the German *Essen*, looked so much more like us than we did that she stood in for the part. The Film? "Single handed"! See it and see if you can spot the canvas funnel.

This may sound as though life were "beer and skittles" but we must quickly point out that in between times we save the Middle East and protect nationals and spend weeks at secret ports trudging portables through the desert.

We have had as guests the King and Queen of Greece, the King and Queen of Sweden, Marshal Tito, Princess Alice of Greece who is H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's mother, and next month the Duke himself is to honour us with a visit.

On the sporting side we have a football team capable of big things and quite willing to take on all comers. Who cares that we have an unbroken record of defeat. The cricket team can go one better but only one.

Latest buzzes are always "just coming through" and according to the "Times of Malta" (always an accurate source of information) it seems the *Eagle* may be joining us next year as Flag Ship.

If any *Eagle* Communicators read this we extend the following welcome "Chop, chop, and prepare to meet your fate".

The only operating signals used are INT ZDK, ZZB1 and ZBM2.

Overheard in the B.W.O.

"Do you want the weathers Chief?"

"Yes".

"Well hop on here quick, he's just starting".

## S.T.C. MALTA

Another Malta Summer has passed into the cooler days of a Malta Winter. This, as we who are shore based know, can bring its toll in chilblains and colds.

The S.T.C. is one of three training centres within H.M.S. *Ricasoli* and the whole unit is generally visited when a V.I.P. arrives in Malta to see what is going on, but a variation occurred in May when the whole of *Ricasoli* moved out "in all directions" to make way for some of *Tyne's* ships company who were then under observation for Polio (Infantile Paralysis). The S.T.C. moved

lock, stock and barrel into the Rifle Range, together with the Divisional Courses, and the instructional work continued there for about three weeks, until *Ricasoli* was occupied again. During the stay in the Rifle Range the Fleet Tug-of-War competition was held and *Ricasoli* with the aid of the S.T.C. won the inter-Establishments and reached the "Runner-ups" position with Light and Heavy teams. The S.T.C. beat *Rinella W/T* at Tug-of-War and so took from that station the "Blood Shield". This Shield is an inter-departmental trophy which is fought for in any sport, challenges being issued when a department feels strong enough.

The number of communication ratings under instruction has varied with the movements of the Fleet and the odd situations that arise from time to time in the "Middle Sea", but some variety occurred when small numbers of Royal Corps of Signals ranks presented themselves for three weeks' courses. Sergeant Stevens, attached to a Parachute Regiment, is still remembered; *Ricasoli* parade ground was reminiscent of Wellington Barracks when the Army marched past on Divisions morning.

Communication ratings of the R.P.N. have also been frequent visitors, and recently a small number of the "Jollies" went through a course. Very welcome they were too, for they provided some useful weight for the S.T.C. soccer team in their first match of the season - winning by the odd goal in the last few minutes.

## H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

The 8th August will be long remembered by us "new commissioners" for on that fateful morning the main body of the new ship's company, led by the R.M. Band, marched from the drill shed to take over our new home for the next two years. True to West country tradition it poured just as the convoy arrived alongside. The state of "chaos" that reigned for the next ten days could only be aptly portrayed by a Giles cartoon so we leave it to the imagination of our readers, especially those 'old commissioners' who came down the gangway as we went up. We trust you all did get a bag and hammock on return from leave!

After a few weeks at Malta there came the day of great rejoicing. The Captain cleared lower deck and informed us officially (the buzz was already stronger than Garth) that in the New Year *Euryalus* was to relieve *Bermuda* as Flag Ship of the South Atlantic Station. From that moment life took on a different complexion; *Euryalus* on the Med. Station and *Euryalus* on the S.A. Station were two entirely different cups of tea. How many of us would remain to enjoy the delights of the "Cape" was now the topic of the hour, and still is. To date, apart from a couple of "want to change" letters from optimistic types, we have heard nothing to damp our spirits, but we are all keeping our fingers tightly crossed.

We had our baptism with the Fleet when we joined up for the latter half of the second summer cruise off Naples. On the whole from the communications point of view we managed quite well. We will say nothing about our night bombardment which is still a sore point with the Gunnery Department and, we believe, with some of the natives of Sardinia. On parting company we proceeded with our opposite number, *Cleopatra*, for a five day visit to Palermo.

One of our recent graduates from a famous institution fully upheld its tradition. On passage down the Hamaoze on sailing, the following was overheard in the BWO:

From C-in-C, Plymouth. To *Euryalus*.

"I wish you every success in your new commission over".

Answer by our Shotley Graduate:

"Thank you very much!!"

(No call signs, no prosigns, no nothing, just good manners.)

Good job we had a "Shotley Chief" to do the explaining.

## "PANTIE RAIDS" AVENGED

During the Summer, said to have been the hottest ever recorded in Malta, we have had our quiet and hectic periods, only the latter seem to follow each other at shorter and shorter intervals. On two occasions Hal Far handled all the civil and a high proportion of all R.A.F. aircraft in Malta for several weeks on end whilst the runways at Luqa were under repair.

Major Mediterranean exercises now include as a standard spectacle regular aerial annihilations of Hal Far. It invariably starts at first light and continues with but short breaks throughout the day. The air is rent by the roar and whine of several hundred propeller and jet engines at full throttle. Banshees, Corsairs and Skyraiders from the U.S. 6th Fleet seem intent on cutting the last remaining burnt up blades of grass and thistles in the airfield, all the time closely pursued by Vampires and Sea Furies. No one would believe that "Dog Fighting" is invariably banned in all exercises. A French pilot watching the lunch time show from the Wardroom balcony was heard to observe "Now I understand vot No Dog Vighting means".

At other times the U.S. Navy arrives in a more peaceable fashion and when they disembark at Hal Far in their droves, large portions of the airfield are obscured by clusters of tightly parked navy blue aircraft with their glistening perspex bubble cockpit hoods. During the Summer we have had squadrons from *Glory*, *Theseus*, *Magnificent*, U.S.S. *Wasp* and *Coral Sea*.

During the Canadians' visit there were some mysterious disappearances of highly personal garments from the Wrens Quarters at Kalafrana. Someone reports having heard of the sport of

"pantie raids" in the new world. Honours are said to have been shared between the R.C.N. and the R.A.A.F. The star performers from the R.C.N. may have thought they would sail away undetected, but they were flown back to *Falcon's* Commander's table in Avengers - the air age has its snags too.

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

## THE ROCK

From the depths of the ROCK (and needless to say, we don't mean the Hotel!!). Greetings to all Communicators.

Last year, as most of you will already know, we were blown out of our comfy little M.S.O. down in the Dockyard, and had to make a very hurried move into the M.H.Q. inside the Rock, where we still are, and look like remaining for some time.

Up here in our "Rabbit Warren", we live amongst a constant flow of "A's" and "A's", both technical and otherwise, mention of most of which is, of course, not permissible. We are in a constant state of being modernised, modified, and replaced, as are also our compatriots in the transmitting station and other places. What a boon it would be, if only they could fit us with a periscope, so that we could take a peep at the outside world!!

A word of warning to those of you who may be thinking of being a "rich native" in Gib. Unless you are lucky enough to get into one of our thirty-six beautiful flats in Edinburgh House, average waiting time 10 to 15 months, you will find the accommodation situation very awkward. Civilian accommodation is very limited, and even more expensive than it is hard to find; i.e. anything from £2 10s. a week upwards for one room, or sometimes two rooms made from one large one; and correspondingly more for two rooms or more.

In the field of sport, the Communications can boast a very good football team here in Gib., and can always be relied upon to uphold the honour of the department against the best. If visiting ships would like a game, they have only to ring up "NAVY 34", and we will do our best to accommodate them.

## H.M.S. "OSIRIS"

From the Canvas Walled Ship of the desert we say thank you "Chatham" for the boost in the last number. We need it, life has become dangerously low.

C.Y.S. Abbott, amongst other things runs the title of C.P.O.(T). He has all the cars in PT 1 A CT 045 with UI executed. He is a busy man - always changing tyres but never the disposition.

The W.R.N.S. come and go with the marriage bureau working overtime. Nevertheless they are doing a fine job of work despite the unaccustomed mode of living in the desert.

A draft chit loomed up, lots of nitter natter with sea time on the table followed by the hush, waiting for the axe that never fell. What we want to know is "Who fingered the ATP and ACP and left his finger prints behind! (in ormgig)?"



## SINGLE-HANDED

H.M.S. *Manxman* has been participating in the filming of the 20th Century Fox film "Single-Handed".

For this she was transformed into the *Kreutzer* *Essex* flying the Nazi ensign. The upper deck personnel were rigged in German uniform and the appearance of the ship was considerably altered by giving the three funnels a sharper rake and changing the gun turrets. A torpedo hole was erected on the port bow.

Our part in the film commenced when we embarked four camera-men to take action shots of ships carrying out bombardments. We embarked about 50 members of the film company at 0600 each morning, most of the films being shot off Gozo. Never have there been so many budding Errol Flynns in one film!

The 615's proved their worth as a very handy link between the camera units ashore and the bridge.

H.M.S. *Manxman*.

## CEYLON WEST W/T

Hello again from Ceylon West, greetings to our more unfortunate Communicator friends who are huddled round the radiators in the new accommodation waiting to go on leave. The need for radiators here, of course, is Nil, with a capital N, although we are almost "snowed under" with Christmas commercial traffic. The station has its fair share of that gallant band of old warhorses, the R.F.R.s, although how some of them manage without walking sticks, beats me. Still we are all very grateful for their assistance.

In September, the keying lines between here and the transmitting station were removed by some lesser well disposed coloured gentlemen. Whilst this was quite a novel experience for us it seems that the R.A.F. have had their lines cut fifteen times to our one.

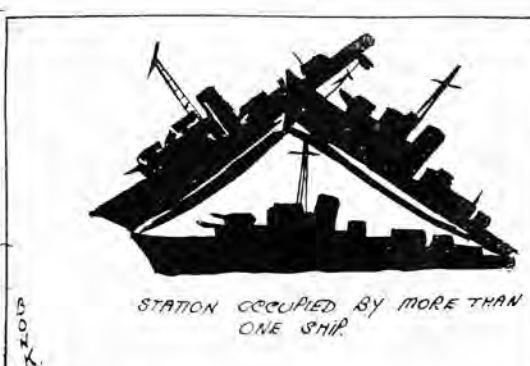
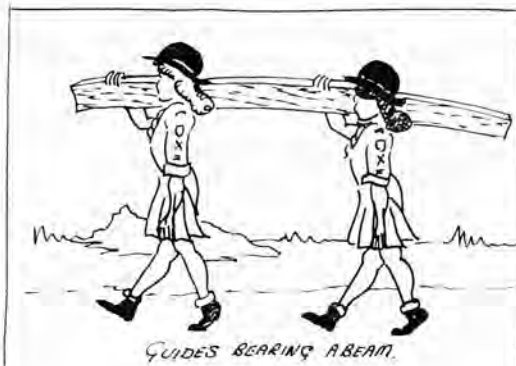
Ceylon West now vies with *Mercury* as far as farming goes, the station having purchased eight pigs, of which seven remain at the moment. The possibility of keeping more is being investigated as it looks like a good financial investment. In fact the only bad thing about the pigs is that they get rather "high" during the hot weather. Since the weather is quite warm throughout the year, the smell is almost constant, its intensity depending on where you stood, the last time the pigs were cleaned out and the direction of the prevailing monsoon. At present it is beamed on the Officer in Charge's bungalow. The bullocks belonging to the natives also give the place a "Farmy" effect as do the turkeys which are destined to be part of the Chief's and P.O.'s Mess Christmas repast.

During September we were visited by the new C.in-C., and other visitors included the First Sea Lord and His Excellency the Governor General of Ceylon, Lord Soulbury.

The three-wheeled car that was being constructed by Tels, Mackinnon and Furnival never took to the road. The constructors joined forces with Tels, Combes and "Arny Sims to form the "Welisara Interplanetary Society". We wonder if it was just coincidence that made them fire their first missile on the 5th November. The missile incidentally was made out of the inside of a T.P. roll and about five dozen fireworks. It was designed originally as a three stage rocket. Instead the whole thing disintegrated in one great big bang. The more down to earth members of the population have been engaged on reducing the reptile population of Ceylon. Walking sticks, catapults, a twelve bore shot-gun and several gallons of petrol have all taken their toll. The score to date reads about five cobras and ten or so other dangerous snakes and about seventy scorpions which were caught when a termite hill was demolished.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Radio Electricians ensure that radio silence is *not* broken.



Popular Misconceptions

## GREENLAND

The Norwegian sealer *Tottan* with Cdr. C. J. W. Simpson, expedition leader, and twenty-four members of the British North Greenland Expedition, arrived at Young Sound on the East Coast of Greenland on July 29th.

Work of unloading began immediately and despite primitive facilities and amateur stevedoring the ship was unloaded in four days and on her way back to Reykjavik for the remainder of our stores.

Our communications staff consists of Capt. J. S. Agar, Royal Signals, Chief R.E. (ex P.O.Tel.) H. R. Dean at Main Base, and K. Taylor, P.O.Tel. at Northice. Our first but temporary radio station was set up in an old Danish expedition hut at the foot of Mount Zackenberg by Dixie Dean and named Zackenberg Radio. Later five Sunderlands arrived to ferry all personnel and stores to Britannia Lake, the site of the Main Base in position 7709N, 2336W, at a height of 700 feet in Queen Louise Land, about two hundred miles North of Young Sound. This task completed, the Sunderlands returned home after making another drop of stores for the forthcoming journey to establish the station in the centre of the Great Greenland Ice-cap.

On August 18th Inst. Lt. G. Rollitt (Meteorologist) and Peter Taylor (Glaciologist) set off as advance party for the Ice-cap.

On August 21st the expedition leader, Lt. A. Erskine (i/c dog teams and sledging), Richard Hamilton (Chief Scientist and Meteorologist) and myself with three dog teams and six sledges set off across the Unicorn Glacier on the Ice-cap journey to set up the station "Northice" supported by Chief Officer John, M.N., and Dr. Malcolm Slesser (Physicist).

It took four days to cross the Glacier during which time I was christened to the Polar Arctic by falling down a crevasse managing however to clutch hold of a sledge and sustaining nothing worse than a cold wet ducking. Dixie said I was missing shorts a few minutes later when operating the sledge radio.

One sledge was badly smashed up due to the rough going and was left on the Glacier.

The advance party was met at the edge of the Ice-cap on August 24th and the supporting party then returned to base. The following day we crossed a badly crevassed area but the only casualties were a few dogs who failed to make the jump and ended up dangling from their traces, but they were quickly pulled up.

The runway where the Sunderlands had made the airdrop of man and dog food for the journey was sighted the next day and there we made camp.

Three days we remained, gathering in the widely scattered drop before proceeding on our way, leaving behind two of the sledges and a small food depot for the return trip.

The sledge radio was a small ten watt army

transceiver complete with a miniature petrol generator for charging the battery. Base was contacted every day.

One began to appreciate the grid system when sitting in a tent holding the generator over a primus to thaw it out before attempting to start it.

On the 13th September we arrived at a suitable position for the Ice-cap station, 7805N, 3810W, after several dogs had died of exhaustion and with the remainder in none too good a condition.

By the way if you think it takes a Seaman to tie fancy knots you should have seen the knots I tied myself in wearing skis the first few days.

The first Hastings aircraft (one of two who were to drop all our equipment, provisions and hut) flew over the camp and commenced dropping on September 15th. On the second day the other aircraft had just completed its drop when it crashed about one mile to the Westward of the site. Whilst the others took their axes and rushed to the crashed aircraft I contacted the U.S.A.F. Base at Thule, over four hundred miles to the West, from which the planes were operating, and cleared the S.O.S. Luckily only three of the crew were slightly injured and the fuselage of the aircraft was intact and windproof.

Unable to use the aircraft's radio in case of fire I set up my small set in the tail and communicated the information to Base, receiving medical advice for the Captain of the aircraft on the treatment of the patients from the expedition doctor, Surg.-Lt. Masterton, R.N.V.R.

At this time we were all very busy gathering in the airdrops and building our hut.

On September 23rd an American SA16 flying boat, fitted with wing tip skids, made a belly landing on the Ice-cap and took off the three injured men. Two days later an American ski-wheeled Dakota C-47 came down and evacuated the remainder of the crew.



By October 1st the hut was completed and we all moved in. Then when all the scattered fuel in its thousands of jericans and the other stores had been collected into dumps Cdr. Simpson, Lt. Erskine and Richard Hamilton set off with the dog teams for Base, leaving Lt. Rolliti, Peter Taylor and myself alone in the centre of the icy desert wastes with a hut, a crashed aircraft and countless piles of stores for company. In reply to all at *Mercury* who told me of the countless months of boredom I would undergo I can only say that apart from normal daily chores such as cooking, etc., I am kept busy in the hut fitting petrol generators, wind generators, radio equipment and aerial masts, apart from giving a helping hand with meteorology and glaciology when required. If a time comes when I have nothing to do I can always pedal away merrily on the pedal generator.

One of the most important jobs on the radio side is the transmission and reception of weather messages. We also have a radio research programme to carry out, most of which is done at the Main Base.

The lowest temperature recorded here to date is minus 66 degrees fahrenheit, 98 degrees below freezing point.

The Danish wireless stations here are most cordial and very co-operative. All being well we should be relieved about April when Dixie comes to spend his Summer Leave here and I shall return to Base for a spell.

In the Summer of next year when the mail leaves the Base I will enclose another article plus photographs. Our Amateur call sign is G3AAT/OX.

Greetings to all Communicators from Greenland Ice-cap.

*Received by W/T from Ken Taylor, P.O.Tel.*

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

### H.M.S. "ACTAEON"

This will be the last contribution from our happy band of Communicators, known affectionately by our American allies, as "COMSTAFAC". The reason for this drastic statement being that by the time that the Easter edition is published we hope to be back home again in Sunny Southsea.

We all worked very hard at the recent R.N./S.A.N. exercises at Saldanha Bay, keeping the good name of the ship and Branch high. During this period the annual fleet regatta was held, *Actaeon* doing well for herself by winning most trophies. Unfortunately though, after a great struggle, we lost our prized "Cock of the Fleet" trophy to *Nereide* by one point. The thoughts of the bridge messenger were presumably centred around the regatta, for whilst writing down for the bunting, it was discovered that he had put, "*a meeting will be held of all Damage Control and Stroke Our Engineer Officers*".

The ship is shortly to sail for Tristan da Cunha, and we are acting as a combined passenger, cargo, and mail steamer for the inhabitants of the island. The *Actaeon* will be the first R.N. ship to visit Tristan da Cunha for five years.

It is hoped that the ship will be leaving Simonstown for the last time on January 30th. There is much speculation as to the length of the paying off pennant for after a six year commission it should be pretty long. Here's hoping it won't delay our departure by getting wrapped around the screws, we'd look pretty silly steaming into Pompey with a couple of commissioning pennants joined together with a few tacklines in lieu of a paying off pennant!

### H.M.S. "NEREIDE"

Once again *Nereide* is making the rounds of the (by now) familiar East Coast Ports, i.e. Knysna, Port Elizabeth and Durban. After a faulty start on 29th August when we returned to Snooky the same day, owing to a propeller shaft failure caused by heavy weather, we sailed again on 31st August after some fast work by the dockies.

On arrival at Knysna the usual "grippos" were posted up, and two organised trips were arranged. The first to Knysna Forest and the second to Cango Caves. The latter proved extremely popular, both for the interesting nature of the caves and the scenery en route.

At Port Elizabeth a trip was organised around the Ford Motor Works, but apart from that, sport was well to the fore (*Nereide* losing all matches played in a very sporting manner!)

We are now at Durban, and all and sundry are endeavouring to acquire that manly tan to return to Snooky with.

On the Branch side we are kept comfortably busy. An exhaustive (?) series of trials are being carried out with ZSJ and GYK on Ship/Shore and Port Wave respectively. These frequencies are tried at different times during each 24 hours and a report on time, QRK/QSA, frequency and distance is made to Simonstown W/T. It is hoped we shall benefit from these tests at a future date.

Starting shortly, we are exercising with *Bermuda*, *Actaeon* and the S.A.N., at Saldanha Bay. Our Yeoman is feverishly swotting up on the new books (lately returned from the Stokers who use them for Tombola boards!) He has also detailed the duty Signalman to recover the flags from the cable locker and gunner's store!

## H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

This will be the "Blue Murder's" last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR from the Station.

While at Durban our staff was reduced to the barest minimum, eight ratings returning to Simonstown for courses, etc. (Imagine a Flag Ship in the Med. with a complement of a Leading hand and one in each watch!) The time passed quickly and the ship set out once more for Simonstown calling at East London for "Navy Week" (where we were further depleted by the C.C.O. going on leave).

A period of great activity followed 3 weeks in dock, with everyone busy getting the ship up to date ready for the new C-in-C. (Vice Admiral P. R. W. B. William-Powlett, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.) whose inspection was due during the ship's stay at Saldanha Bay.

En route for Saldanha Bay the ships carried out exercises, including fuelling at sea. Bearing in mind that we were spotless and it was just two days to the C-in-C's inspection one can imagine the panic which swept the ship when the oil pipe parted and the boat deck (boats, funnels, etc.) was covered in a black mess of filthy, slimy, oil fuel. Dotted here and there were what appeared to be piles of sodden oily rags, the only way to tell they were human beings was the fact that they moved! The oil made no distinction between officers and men, one and all were saturated alike. The C-in-C. had a near shave as he was at the *Bermuda* end of the pipe just two minutes before the calamity.

The C-in-C. offered to put back his inspection but the Captain decided to carry on. So the day prior to the inspection a "Coal Ship routine" was worked—"The only people excused are the Padre and Telegraphist ratings". Not that this made much difference as we worked our own coal ship routine in the department. The outcome of it all being a good recommend from the C-in-C., especially in the communications department.

## SLANGKOP

Old members of the staff will be surprised to hear that we have managed to obtain some better furniture for the Canteen and that the P.O.'s Mess and dormitory have been fitted out with most attractive blue curtains, complete with pelmets. Wot! No dancing girls!

All junior ratings have now completed a kit muster. At least one rating quoted the time honoured reply, "One here, one in the bedding store and one on the line".

We are all keyed up for the Christmas rush, our annual battle for supremacy. The Chief is endeavouring to recruit ratings of at least five feet ten inches so that they can see over the traffic.

Our pack of hounds, after years of pursuit have at last managed to knock the milkman off his bicycle; having succeeded, they now treat him with utter disdain.

## S.T.C. KLAVER

The tempo at Klaver has eased down somewhat, there being only one S.A.N. Sig. (Q) and one S.A.N. Tel. (Q) course (six months duration) finishing off.

It was very pleasing to note that throughout the year in the courses for Leading rate, which have comprised both R.N. and S.A.N. ratings, friendly rivalry has prevailed and the results have been very even. Invariably an S.A.N. rating "pulled up" with an R.N. rating during the whole of their time on course and were shore-going chums.

Our programme for 1953 as presented on the course chart shows we have a full year ahead of us, with R.N. candidates still to be included, this latter being governed by the arrival of the new Flag Ship, H.M.S. *Euryalus*, some time in the New Year.

We are at the ready, now that Summer is "a coming in", for the Bush Fire Season. If the fires go far afield the S.T.C. will put a Type TCS mobile and act as a link between the Type 46's and Fire Control H.Q.'s.

## H.M.A.S. "VENGEANCE"

Once more the "wallabies" are in England. This time it is 500 of us to take over the *Vengeance* for loan to the R.A.N.

The trip over was millionaire style aboard S.S. *Asturias*. Wakey-wakey at 0700 with a cup of tea, Breakfast at 0800, then lounge in the sun until "Divvies". Dress once we entered the tropics was 10 shorts and sandals so no one ever went in for being improperly dressed. After divisions we were kept amused by lectures, movies and dreadful thought—parade training. Secure was usually about 1130 which coincided with the opening of the bar, so all hands relaxed after their hard mornings loafing, with a beer or two before lunch. The afternoons were usually spent spine-bashing or at sports. The only event in which we reached the final was the King of Siam race, and that was only because of the odd shaped legs of the Signalmen.

Entered Plymouth Sound at 0900 29th October and passed *Implacable*. One Ord. Tel. was heard to claim "There she is—the *Vengeance*", and he still hasn't lived it down.

Perhaps the most outstanding thing we have noticed is the issue of "bubbly". Back home we are completely dry, and now to get a lash of rum each day is really novel, and very welcome. Too bad the issue ceases when *Vengeance* becomes H.M.A.S. But how do you chaps just simply swallow it down in one gulp? We tried it the first day, and what we had to say when our voices came back during the dogs is unfortunately unprintable.

And now, having been paid, issued with blue caps, pay books, and photographed, we are finding Plymouth quite to our liking and becoming used to the local beer.



## A LIMEY WITH THE YANKS

I joined U.S.S. *Midway*, the 45,000 ton aircraft carrier, two days before "Mainbrace" began.

I was greeted by the Officer of the Deck who turned to an enlisted man beside him and told him to show me to the Wardroom. The man looked a bit uncomfortable and replied "Say Lutenant, I guess I don't quite know where to locate the Wardroom, I've only been aboard a few months". Eventually someone was found who reckoned he knew the way and we set off through the one enormous hangar which runs the full length and breadth of the ship.

In harbour nearly all aircraft are ranged on deck leaving the hangar free for recreation. We threaded our way through a basketball game, round the cinema screen and down through an armoured hatch, and then we were lost. Twenty minutes later we reached the Wardroom having paid a visit to several messdecks and even the tiller flat in our efforts to find our objective.

Soon after arrival every person is issued with a printed pamphlet which is headed "Welcome aboard the *Midway*, the largest, fastest, toughest aircraft carrier in the world". There is much more in the same vein and a formidable list of statistics which tells you that there are 3,500 men onboard, what volume of ice cream has to be made daily and how many pies have to be baked on pie day

to feed this number of men (I forget the exact number but it is considerably in excess of 3,500 for some reason). Feeling rather dazed after hearing all these important facts I had a cup of coffee to revive myself, the first of several hundred which I must have consumed during my fortnight's stay onboard.

The *Midway* makes the *Indomitable* class look like Escort Carriers in comparison, though whether one large carrier is more useful than two medium sized ones is a difficult question to answer. Her size means that there is little motion in rough weather and the large flight deck makes landing easier, so that she should be able to operate in worse weather than a smaller ship. On the other hand there is the dangerous problem of having all one's eggs in one basket, and also it takes at least fifteen minutes for the ship to close up at action stations. With the incentive provided by falling bombs this time might well be improved upon but it would still be dangerously long.

The Americans have a genuine admiration for the R.N. and were very curious to find out in what ways we differ from them and in particular what we think of them and their methods. Their equipment is almost invariably brand new and of excellent design, and after making one or two harsh criticisms about their organisation or slip



Write for latest R.N. Uniform Price List.

## SENIOR SERVICE

Senior service for the "Senior Service" is required—and what more senior service than that of Gardiner's, who, ever since the days of sail, have been the leading outfitters of naval men of every rank . . . Sail—steam ships of steel vessels driven by wind and coal and oil . . . Power of propulsion changes—but Gardiner's remain your constant clothiers. Uniforms, ready-made in standard shade Doeskin £14 14s. and £16. Made-to-measure, £18 15s. Also made-to-measure in Dark Naval Serge £15 19s. 6d. Caps from 24/6. Shoes from 45/6. Shirts, white from 27/9. White "Vantella" Shirts 42/10. (Prices subject to fluctuation).

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shod methods, one could usually finish off on a bright note by praising some sparkling new transmitter or drinking water machine.

Their dress regulations are not nearly so strict as ours and onboard a carrier at sea almost any rig is permissible. It is usually possible to distinguish an officer from an enlisted man by virtue of the fact that the former wears a baseball cap whereas the latter generally goes bareheaded. Funnily enough in destroyers the regulations are more strict and in general everyone is dressed in some form of recognizable uniform.

Efforts were continually being made to try and get me to exchange my monkey jacket and naval cap for a leather jerkin and baseball cap, but to no avail.

On first reading through the menu for the week one is bound to be impressed by the variety and quality of the food—turkey, chicken, steak, veal, etc.—it all sounds marvellous. But somehow when one comes to eat it, it is generally rather tasteless. This doesn't seem to worry the Americans as they smother everything in cranberry jelly or tomato sauce. Towards the end of my stay I would willingly have traded my helping of frozen turkey for the usual tough slab of naval beef.

I could not have been looked after better and was shown anything I wished to see—nothing was too much trouble. Nevertheless it was very pleasant to return to familiar surroundings and I must admit the first glass of beer after a fortnight on coffee and coca-cola tasted jolly fine.

R.H.B.

### HEARD ON "MAINBRACE"

*Ldg. Tel.:* "There's an American destroyer coming alongside to fuel".

*1st Chief Tel.:* "American?"

*Ldg. Tel.:* "Yes, American" (looking very hurt).

*1st Chief Tel.:* Strides out to investigate and returns: "American, rubbish! It's Danish. It's flying a red flag with a yellow cross".

*2nd Chief Tel.:* "After a similar trip outside: "Danish! Rubbish! It's Dutch—that's a refuelling flag she's flying".

*Well Up Lt. (C):* "Yes, that's Flag Roger".

### FISH AND CRYPS?

Has a certain "POOL" become very lax on its security—or is it a case of good commanding when we see a machine marked "CRYPTO" being used in the Main Galley for turning out chips?

### COMPLICATOR

One 12 mcs operators log contains a note of several ships calling GKG. Why do ships call Skerries light house? Perhaps to get an answer from his non-directional radiobeacon. Our operator now reads GKG instead of GKK.

## GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

### MARRIED QUARTERS

Work proceeds apace at Lovedean, where the first two of a total of 46 permanent married quarters for *Mercury* personnel are almost ready for occupation. Thereafter two quarters are expected to become available at fortnightly intervals.

Each married quarter is a three bedroom house.  
*Ground Floor*—Hall, Kitchen, Lounge, Dining-Room.

*First Floor*—Two Bedrooms, one small Bedroom, Boxroom, Bathroom, W.C.

They are fully furnished and have a complete set of household utensils.

The rent is 17/- weekly, inclusive of water, but exclusive of gas and electricity.

These quarters will be available for married ratings of the permanent ship's company, stopped draft instructors and Telegraphist (S) Branch, and a priority list is being promulgated. The existing Hired Married Quarter Scheme will gradually be terminated as the permanent quarters become available.

### ENTERTAINMENT

The most successful occasions have been the Signal Mess Dance in Petersfield Town Hall, and the Dance given by the Wrens in the theatre. The highlight of the latter was the Cabaret produced by the Wrens which dazzled us with its singing, dancing and costumes.

We have had two "live" shows, a performance by the Strand Repertory Company of "Love's a Luxury", a rollicking farce which kept the audience laughing, and a visit from the B.B.C. show "Variety Ahoy", Robert Moreton, Barbara Sumner, Janet Brown, the Three Monarchs, Harold Smart at the Organ and James Moody at the piano gave us half an hour which was recorded for broadcasting, and then another 40 minutes' show. We are still trying to discover which Chief Yeoman is wearing the prototype pair of Aggie Westons new style reinforced steel-wool combinations which Miss Brown told us about.

The theatre was packed to capacity and we were all glad to have a B.B.C. Company with us again after so long.

### CHIEF'S CHATTER

The "Palace", housing sixty single cabins, is now complete and fully occupied. The new bar and lounge, luxuriously furnished by N.A.A.F.I., has a colour-scheme to soften the hearts of the old sea dogs. In fact, Pres., who chose it, is now affectionately known as "Pinkie". However, the beer tastes exactly the same.

Outside of the Mess we have held our own at table tennis, though the table has now disappeared

to make room for bigger, plusher arm chairs. Inside the Mess, the Crescent Cup, for the Indoor Sports champ, was won by Jan Petter for the Spring Term and Albert Blood for the Winter Term. The BLOOD shield also remains with us (permanently?).

Ben Hilton's nuisance value was so great as Vice-Chairman of a local committee that he now finds himself all at sea in a much smaller community. However, we are sure his organising powers will be as much appreciated in *Zephyr* as they are missed here. Other departures to pension and civvy street have been numerous. In fact, so many Chiefs have passed the Civil Service exam. of late, that we are expecting our wages to go down and our taxes to go up any day.

### P.O.'s PATTERN

Darts matches are extremely popular and are well attended. Fixtures have been played both at home and away against the 'Pinke' at Soberton, the George at Hambledon and R.N.O.C.A. at Brighton. We more or less browned ourselves off for the latter game.

The Annual Christmas Dance is being held in the Mess on 9th December. As an added incentive to warmth, special barrels of Christmas strong Ale (4K—unwatered) will be on sale.

One would imagine that a couple of Stingo Nips, topped up with this festive brew, would create a beautiful glow in one's inside? There are no prizes for a nickname, to this drink; suggestions are welcomed, however!

Sport continues to be a very prominent part of Mess life. Supporters wearing P.O.'s caps, outnumber other Messes by far. This of course on all occasions gives the team that little extra zip which is always needed to win a hard fought game.

In the Hockey 7-a-side leagues, after playing three games, we have scored twelve goals, the defence conceding none at all.

"Outs" include that double Bass P.O.Tel. Damon, normally assisted, very ably by P.O.Tel. Jackson. George is now in Civvy Street. Another "Out", but never Down, early next year, will be D'Day. He will still wear uniform however, as a Probationary Temporary Fireman.

"Ins" of late include the P.O. Tels. and Yeomen from the New Zealand Cruiser *Bellona*. If, a little belatedly, we apologise for the beer stocks running rather low whilst they were here in the Mess, they will understand we know!

Sixteen R.F.R. Yeomen came in a short time ago. Some of the names might recall old oppo's? Tosh Harding, Kilby, Phipps, Burns, Weekes and Williams to name a few. Their week's refresher was a welcome change too.



## *When visibility is nil...*

the disposition of moving and anchored shipping, seen through the "eyes" of a shore radar installation, can be passed quickly to ships in a crowded fairway by V.H.F. radio.

The installation made by Automatic Telephone & Electric Co. Ltd. at the Mersey docks operates on a maximum range of 25 miles and is used to inform shipping within that range of local weather and navigational conditions. On the information received, a ship may increase speed to catch an

earlier tide or reduce to a more economical speed if it cannot be berthed as previously arranged. This can effect a great saving in time and money. The equipment is simple to operate by non-technical personnel and transmitter-receivers may either be permanently installed in ships or portable sets carried by pilots; each provide for six alternative channels of communication. Complete information will gladly be supplied on request.



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## SPORT

We should like to welcome Mr. R. V. Smith, Commissioned P.T. Boatswain, as the newly arrived Sports Officer. His keenness has in no way been damped by the sight of his "Office" which he shares with drying stockings and muddy boots.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

The First XV, ably captained by C.P.O. Tel. Shovell, are off to a flying start. They have so far won six out of their nine games in spite of the home ground being made somewhat treacherous by the attentions of the local cow brigade.

### HOCKEY

After difficulty early in the season in consolidating our First XI, we appear now to have settled down and are confident of further successes. The seven-a-side league is proving popular and should be finished before Christmas. It is hoped to rent the Bat and Ball ground for hockey and cricket. This new "Home" ground will make a lot of difference and will virtually solve the transport problem.

### BOXING

Yeoman Doubleday has been boxing regularly for the Portsmouth Command and already has had many successes. He has now been selected to represent the Royal Navy against the Southern Command.

### WATER POLO

*Mercury's* record in Division II of the Portsmouth League was:

P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
14	4	2	8	32	64	10

Early league games had to be used for "talent spotting" with the consequent steep rise in the goals against column. Serious training for the 1953 season will begin after Christmas and if you are interested please contact the P.T.I. when you come to *Mercury*.

### MURDER AT PORTSMOUTH

A shot rang out and a strangled scream was heard from the direction of the valley.

This, however, was only the reaction of the Chief G.I. when a fancied shooting team member had punched a 9 instead of a bull.

Indeed, the shooting teams are creating havoc at Portsmouth; the Wrens are top of the Command League, so also are the Juniors (ratings under 21 and all W.R.N.S.) and the Seniors "B" Team (Div. II). The "A" Team (Div. I) is lying in 6th place, rather tough in view of their aggregate which would place them 2nd. *Mercury* is also top of the Hants County League.

The following of the game is keen, and anyone who fancies himself as a shot should, on reaching *Mercury*, try our new B.S.A.s.

### FOOTBALL

We are still maintaining our traditions in the Soccer world and the "Green and Whites" continue to do well in the Navy Cup and the local leagues. Unfortunately this year we were eliminated in the Navy Cup (Divisional Semi-Final) when we were beaten by *Excellent* 2-1. *Mercury* has teams in the U.S. League Division I and Division III. In the senior League we are currently half way down the list and in Division III we are well among the leaders. On Saturdays we play in the local Waterlooville and District League, playing our nursery teams—in this League we are also well up in the table. To date we are still in the Charity Cup and also the Senior Challenge Cup Competitions.

### NAVY CUP

Having won the Navy Cup two years ago, details of our progress this year will interest all Communicators.

First Round: *Mercury* v. *Reserve Fleet* on the Hardway Ground. Score: *Mercury* 3 *Reserve Fleet* 2.

A good hard game, with *Mercury* fighting extremely hard to beat a strong Reserve Fleet team, who crossed over at half time one goal up. The winning goal was scored by Ldg.Tel. Thompson in the 88th minute. Ldg.Sig. Ingham scored the other two.

Second Round: *Mercury* v. *Victory* at Pitt Street. Score: *Mercury* 3 *Victory* 3 (after extra time).

Another hard fought game, where we all thought *Mercury* must be out of the Cup, but P.O. Hare scored the equaliser in the 88th minute. The half-time score was two all.

Scorers: Ldg.Sig. Ingham, Ldg.Tel. Thompson and P.O. Hare (P.T.I.).

Second Round (Replay) at *Mercury*. This time, before a large crowd of supporters, *Mercury* made no mistake and played *Victory* right off their feet, winning by 5 goals to nil.

Divisional Semi-Final, on the Portsmouth U.S. Ground. *Mercury* v. *Excellent*.

Score: *Mercury* 1 (Ingham) *Excellent* 2.

A very closely fought match, watched by 250 *Mercury* spectators (who needed 8 coaches and numerous cars for transport). It was a very good game, and there was very little to choose between the teams, although *Mercury*, with a wonderful rally in the second half nearly clinched the game. We went out fighting and now look forward to next year.

The following players represented *Mercury* in the Navy Cup this year:

Yeoman Cox, O.Tel. Wilton (Goal), Yeoman Laws, Sig. Hunt (Backs), Ldg.Tel. Kipping, P.O. Hare, O.Tel. Wood (Half Backs), P.O.Tel. Taylor, Ldg.Tel. Thompson, Ldg.Sig. Ingham, O.Tel. Thompson, O.Tel. Fairhurst, Yeoman Corbett (Forwards).

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## NEW ENTRY NEWS

The New Entry Division is going from strength to strength; the New Entry Block (the old 'A' Block) has its 156 beds full and we are now beginning to wonder where we can accommodate new classes. For those who are not quite up-to-date with this important method of entry into the Branch, here are some details.

Junior Seamen (16½-17½) are recruited and trained in Part I at Victoria Barracks. We are allowed to select from volunteers up to 20 per cent of each class and instead of going to the Training Squadron, they come to *Mercury* as Junior Tels. for a 34 week course. They are all entered on C.S. engagements.

Another important course that we have here is the National Service Tel. He of course is R.N.V.(W).R. and already has a basic knowledge. He does a 26 week course.

The above courses are our main commitment, but we also have C.S. and N.S. Ord.Sigs. for a fortnight after they have completed a 16 week course in *Implacable*, and Coder-Eds. are given a month's course.

Sport naturally plays a large part in their life up here and New Entries are to be found in both Soccer and Rugger First Teams.

A Novices' Boxing Competition was held during this Term. It was a great success, thanks to the help given by that evergreen veteran Yeo. Double-day and the two P.T.I's, and showed that the modern youngster has plenty of guts and not a little skill in this manly game. We hope to produce a good team for the R.N. Boys' Boxing Championships next Term.

The Division won the Soccer 7-a-side trophy in convincing fashion and we confidently hope that

this success will prove to be the forerunner of many future successes.

Lt.-Cdr. Loram is now the New Entry Officer, Lt.-Cdr. Morton having been "banished" to the Persian Gulf. We wish him the best of luck, his departure leaves us with a kind of breathless calm and we miss his energetic participation in all our projects.

As for our Instructors, C.P.O. Tel. Green is now selling Hoovers to tired housewives; we couldn't stand C.Y.S. Jupp any longer so we got that little bundle of nuclear fission selected for the next C.C.O.(Q)'s course; and C.P.O. Tel. Mairis is now Mr. Coomber's right-hand man and has already found out that there's quite a lot in this business.

### HEARD IN CLASS

"Please POTS, my typewriter's run out of ink".

\* \* \* \* \*

"A transformer is a coil of wire with an illuminated iron core".

\* \* \* \* \*

"Prosign HM means 'turn down the frequency and leave the tappers alone'".

\* \* \* \* \*

### FROM E.T.I. TEST

Q. Fill in the missing word in the following sentence:

A miss is as good as a —

A. A miss is as good as a LASS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Give one word meaning "every ten years".

A. Prison.

\* \* \* \* \*

### From a London Evening paper:

"H.M.S. *Duchess* carries so much equipment that she has to have five wireless officers . . ."



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## S.S. MESS NATTER

The Lounge has been re-decorated, new corticene has been laid on the deck and so we have a smarter, cleaner place in which to relax. When the first chill winds of approaching Winter began to blow across the Broadwalk we lit the Lounge fires once again. They gave a more comfortable air to the place, besides heating it. They also provided a somewhat domestic background for the occasional Coder-Eds, who sit at the piano playing nostalgic tocattas and fugues.

Outside the Mess buildings, a shelter has been erected to house the mealtime queues and protect them from the typical Leydene weather, which is quite untypical of the weather anywhere else in England. The work has been done by a section of "Jimmy's working party", who toiled on irrespective of tot time (and of temporary criticism from the Leydene Master Builders' Association).

Highlight of the term was the Mess Dance held in Petersfield Town Hall. The Committee can be congratulated for their successful efforts. Guests were invited from as far afield as Haslar, Midhurst, Bramshott the Staffs of these hospitals being invited.

## R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

Under the tender ministrations of the Buffer, the Signal School at Prince Arthur Camp still retains much of its old-world charm. Its rustic beauty is further enhanced by the sound of "conkers" in violent collision and in this corner of Kent the Communicators are getting back to normal after almost unprecedented reductions in numbers due to Fleet exercises.

Until recently it was common to see more C.P.O.s and P.O.s on the parade than junior ratings but now we have *three* Ldg. Tels. and *one* Ldg. Sigs. course running simultaneously (could this be prophetic regarding the future of the two departments?).

The occasional R.F.R.s are apparently not the only ones to find the new books different—a certain instructor probably contributed to any confusion that exists about them by teaching a class how to do "Immediate executive" by wireless and another nameless individual (VS this time) who, when asked the candlepower of a "20" lamp, replied "Don't know, we had carbons in ours".

The S.S.R. will never seem quite the same again now that C.Y.S. Smith has departed. He earned quite a name for himself there, as well as a B.E.M.

C.Y.S. Young, the professional committee-man, occasionally renews acquaintance with us and remains a tower of strength on R.N.B.T. and continues to look after the sailors' interest as Lower Deck Representative on the Council of King George's Fund for Sailors.

A new addition to the Camp recently was a large jackdaw which regularly appeared on the cross-

beams in the main passage in view of the Albatross legend this gave rise to much conjecture. No doubt C.Y.S. Smith would know what to do under the circumstances. It is believed that he is already packing his bag and hammock prior to returning to the fold. We all look forward to his arrival in eager anticipation—no doubt we shall have the Battle of the Nile over in full detail.

One last story. A junior Communicator, on leaving the Drill Shed after payment, handed his station card in to the Barrack Guard "Because everybody else seemed to be doing it, Chief". Now as the leaves fall in St. Mary's and the green baize gets thinner in the C.P.O.s and P.O.s rec. space we say farewell and a Merry Xmas to all Communicators wherever they may be.



## NAVAL ORNITHOLOGY

If you can  
Chatter brightly  
With a man  
Who sports lightly  
Two and a half gold rings  
And laurel leaves and things  
Over a very  
Small glass of sherry.

If you can  
Giggle loudly  
With a man  
Who sports proudly  
A little round hat  
Bells, and all that,  
And cheerily down  
A large pint of brown.

If you can  
Carefully tack  
Your course between  
'Sir' and 'Jack'  
Take my word  
You're no ordinary bird  
For then  
You're a Wren.—A. REN.



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

At the end of May last I had the pleasure of a two weeks' course at *Mercury* and I would like to say how much I enjoyed it. Everyone with whom I came into contact seemed to make an effort to make my stay as happy and comfortable as possible and this applies particularly to the P.O.'s Mess.

The Summer number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* revived the memories of those few happy days and I must say "many thanks" to everyone at *Mercury*.

ERIC G. HALES,  
P.O. Tel. (S) R.N.V.(W)R.

Diss, Norfolk.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for *THE COMMUNICATORS* which were delivered by helicopter while at sea off the coast of Korea . . .

H.M.A.S. *Anzac*. R.B., Lt. R.A.N.

OFF CAPS

Dear Sir,

In the Summer number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* you printed a photograph of Sig. Stallard hoisting the colours in H.M.S. *Glory*. I note that he has his cap off.

Is this a Far East Station rule, H.M.S. *Glory*, or what? I have never seen it before.

Li-Cdr. J.E.P.

Dear Sir,

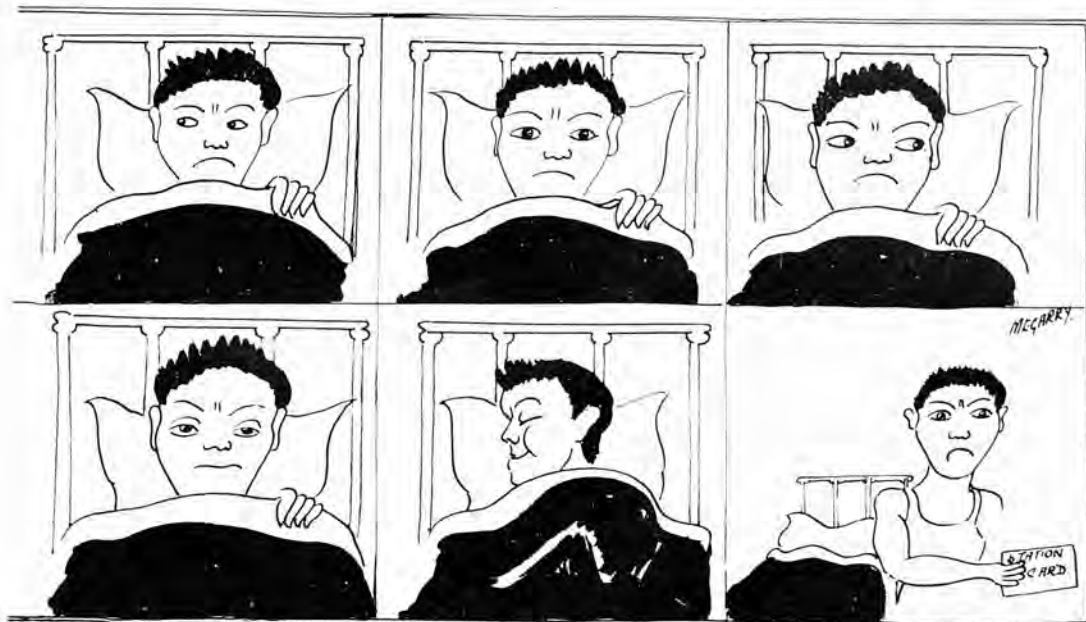
Thank you for forwarding J.E.P.'s letter.

In view of the fact that this practice has been carried out for a number of years in the Home, Med. and East Indies Fleets and throughout the Far East Station, it would be interesting to know when our 'critic' last went to sea.

I don't know when or where it really started, don't even remember seeing it laid down in any orders, but I do know that various Senior Officers have made "Your Signalman was observed wearing his cap during the ceremony of Colours, etc." and that far from being 'special' to *Glory*, it is a world wide practice in the 'Sea-going Navy'.

Various suggestions from the staff are (a) that it was first started in the *Warspite* in 1938, (b) that it originated because the Ensign used to foul a Signalman's cap, (c) because a Signalman cannot salute while hoisting the ensign, (d) we may have copied it from the Americans, though I am not sure whether they do it or not and (e) one Signalman seems to think it is to see whether he needs a haircut.

Whatever the reason, it is a practice I dislike because (a) a cap placed on the deck is likely to blow over the side, (b) a Signalman looks most undignified with a cap between his knees, which seems to be the favourite position, and (c) if he puts his arm through the chinstay it makes it look like a handbag. In the absence of a better reason





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for it, I would prefer to see "Caps on—chinstays down".

H.M.S. *Glory*.

C.C.O. A.V.S.

P.S.—*Glory* has never been picked up for caps on at colours.

Ed. Comment.

It seems to be an old Naval custom that is revived from time to time, though it is not laid down anywhere as far as we know. Colour party in *Mercury* take their caps off.

U.S.N. regulations don't mention whether caps are kept on or not, except to say that all men in uniform should salute, but they have stringent rules about handling the ensign. For example: "... it should never touch anything beneath it, such as the ground, floor, water or merchandise" and "should never be used as a drapery of any sort, never festooned, drawn back, nor up in folds, but allowed to fall free".

## A.C.S.W.S.

Did you know that the CIVILIAN branch of the Admiralty Wireless Service exists and that it offers employment to ex-Service operators when they have completed their period of engagement? The A.C.S.W.S. does, in fact, offer a unique opportunity for the ex-Service radio operator to secure employment in the type of work for which he has been trained and is best qualified.

In order to qualify, it is essential that the operator should be

- (a) a natural born British subject
- (b) able to read morse at 20 words per minute.
- (c) medically fit for service in any part of the world.

Operators on acceptance will, in the first instance, be posted for a short course of specialised training in the U.K. before being considered for an overseas appointment.

Applications should be addressed to: Director of Signal Division, Section 9, Admiralty, S.W.1., who will forward full details including salary scales.

Who was the O.D. in *Agincourt* who said "She isn't calling us, she is calling 86D"?

\* \* \*

## JUSTIFIABLE COMMENT

There was a gentleman of a European country at *Mercury* on a short course, who, being questioned about GBMS in an examination, replied:

"It is the initial organisation in the case of chaos."

Or the other gentleman of the same country and course who said that in a ship in convoy he would keep 500 kcs. on the loud hailer.

## VOLUNTEER RESERVE NEWSLETTER

All R.N. Communicators will be interested to learn that their 'First Line Reserve' has considerably expanded during the last year. Not only has a Reserve of male Coder ratings been instituted but our numbers have been augmented with the institution of a W.R.N.S. Volunteer Reserve of Tels. Coders and T/P Operators.

Regrettable losses have taken place with the expiration of the first 5 years of Post-war V.R. Many of our old stalwarts of both the war years and the last 5 years have been overtaken by Anno Domini, thus necessitating (rules being rules) their retirement from Active Volunteer Reserve work.

In consequence there is, with so many Pre-N.S. enrolments, a shortage of experienced ratings and so we appeal to all R.N. ratings particularly 12 year men—when they "take their time", to seriously consider maintaining contact with old friends by joining the V.R.

You not only retain your R.N. rating, but also have the opportunity of further advancement. You will surely suffer from "nostalgia" in Civil life at some time or other and what better cure is available than ensuring a fortnightly reunion with old shipmates at the country's expense by joining the V.R.? There is, in addition, a yearly Bounty and other monetary inducements. Let us hear from you if you are interested.

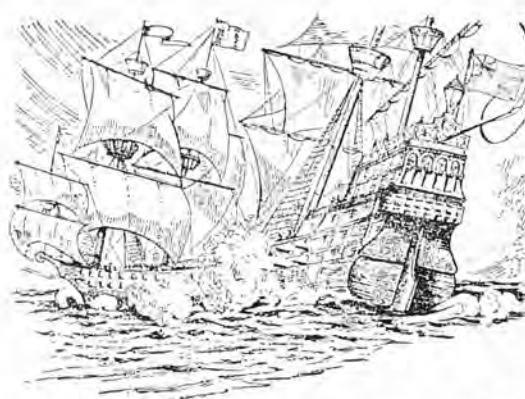
Rear Admiral Scott-Moncrieff will be taking over as Admiral Commanding Reserves in January 1953 and it is believed that this will be the first time an ex-Captain of Signal School has held the appointment. This should certainly put the V.R. Communicators "on their toes".

### Mersey Division R.N.V.R.

At long last the plans have been completed for the conversion of H.M.S. *Irwell*, our headquarters ship in Morpeth Dock, Birkenhead. For two years now, the R.N.V.(W).R., housed in H.M.S. *Eaglet*, Salthouse Dock, Liverpool, have had the laugh over us. They completed modernisation in 1950 and have been training in sumptuous surroundings and under the best possible conditions. We are not dismayed however, because when completed our classrooms will be the last word. Our Chief Yeoman (C.Y.S. Hampson) is very worried about the refit, as he will no longer be able to get his sea time in. This was gained in wet weather, by rushing about from corner to corner of his classroom, bucket in hand, collecting the torrents of water pouring through the roof.

We are always pleased to see Communicators who may be in our area. We are 'at home' as follows:

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# COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

## APPOINTMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE. Although every endeavour is made to ensure that the information in this section is correct, we ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense, and to grant us their indulgence if occasional errors are made.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
G. AFFLECK-GRAVES	Cdr.	Tactical School	C.S.O. to F.O. Malta
A. AITKEN	Lt. Cdr.	Gambia	Harrier
Sir PETER ANSON, BART.	Lt.	St. Angelo	Agincourt
A. E. ARGENT	C.C.O.	Pembroke	Terror
E. W. J. BANKS	Capt.	Superb in Command	Defence Research Policy Staff
Miss E. G. BARNFIELD	2/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Osiris	O/i.c. W.R.N.S. R.N.H. Chatham
H. S. BENNETT	Lt.	President	R.N. College, Green- wich for Dagger Course
R. BRADBERRY	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Ocean
C. B. BROOKE	Capt.	Nerejde in Command	A.D. of P. (L.D.)
P. J. BROOKS	Lt.	Zephyr	Loan to R.A.N.
A. G. BROWN, D.S.M.	C.C.O. (Air)	Siskin	Sanderling
J. C. S. BROWN, D.S.C.	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Mercury
W. C. BROWN	A/C.C.O.	Drake	R.N.S.S. Devonport
H. V. BRUCE	Lt.	St. Angelo	Victory
J. C. CAMPBELL	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Relentless
R. CARLYLE	C.C.O. (Air)	Nuthatch	Mercury
G. D. CARTER	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Centaur
G. CHESHIRE	Lt.	Suvla	Jupiter
P. A. CLARKE	A/C.C.O.	Drake	N.A.S.S.
T. W. F. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Peregrine	Rooke
W. S. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Pembroke	Staff of Capt. i/c. Sheerness
G. B. CLAXTON	S.C.C.O.	N.A.S.S.	Condor
E. E. COLEGATE	C.C.O.	Liverpool	Mercury
R. F. COLVILLE, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Highflyer	R.N.S.S. Chatham
A. J. CONDON, M.B.E.	Commn. Lt. (Retd.)	Staff of Capt. i/c. Sheerness	Oslo
H. R. CORNELL	Lt.	Mercury	Flag Lt. to F.O.2.M.F.
Miss V. J. CORTVRIEND	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Mercury	St. Angelo
W. G. DARTNELL	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Staff of C-in-C. Home Fleet
D. J. DONOVAN	C.C.O.	Bellona	Pembroke
D. C. DOUGLAS	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Swiftsure
L. G. DURLACHER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	Mercury II i/c.	C.O.S. to C-in-C. F.E.S.
W. G. C. ELDER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Cdr.	H.Q. Allied Forces N. Europe	Staff of D.C.N.S.
P. ELLIS, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N.
J. H. FORD	Commn. Lt.	Gannet	Drake
J. T. FRANKS	C.C.O.	Vengeance	Unicorn
R. H. GEORGE	C.C.O. (Air)	Sanderling	Siskin
R. N. GIBB	Lt. Cdr.	President	Staff of D.S.D.
Miss M. A. GLENDINNING	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Drake	Mercury
A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX, D.S.O.	Capt.	Staff of C-in-C. Portsmouth	I.D.C.
N. W. HAGGAR	A/C.C.O.		Euryalus
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J. A. C. HENLEY, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Charity	Staff of J.S.S.C.
A. L. K. D. HERBERT-GUSTAR	C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Mercury
N. D. C. HILLIER	Lt. (Ce) R.N.V.R.	Mercury	Knaresborough Castle
J. T. INGLIS, O.B.E.	Capt.	Sheffield in Command	Cdre. A. & W.I.
D. A. JONES	C.C.O.	Superb	Mercury
F. D. KELLY	Lt. Cdr.	Harrier	Flowerdown
C. KENNEDY	C.C.O.	Drake	R.A.N.
B. H. KENT	Lt. Cdr.	Falcon	Mercury
Miss M. R. KINGNORTH	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Victory	Staff of D.S.D.
D. D. KNIGHT, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Implacable	Seahawk
R. B. KNIGHT	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury II	Newfoundland
P. T. LAWMAN	Cdr.	Tactical Course	Gannet
A. D. LENOX-CONYNGHAM	Capt.	President	Mermaid in command and Capt. F.2
W. C. LINK	A/C.C.O.	Drake	R.A.N.
G. C. LLOYD	Lt.	Mercury	Ladybird
P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Staff of F.O.H.S. Home Fleet
W. H. M. MACKILLIGIN...	Lt.	Ceylon	Mercury
N. A. MACKINNON, A.D.C.	Capt. R.A.N.	R.A.N.	Apollo in Command
W. MAGORIAN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Superb
G. H. MANN	Lt.	Cossack	Mercury
A. G. McCRUM	Cdr.	Mercury	Mercury II
G. A. MILWARD, M.B.E.	Cdr.	Victory	Staff of D.S.D.
D. V. MORGAN	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of D.R.E.	Mercury
R. C. MORGAN	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Staff of F.O.T.S.
A. S. MORTON	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Wild Goose
J. C. NEWING	Lt. Cdr.	Swiftsure	Goldcrest
J. S. K. ORAM	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	St. Angelo
W. T. T. PAKENHAM	Lt.	Cochrane	R.N.C. Greenwich for Dagger Course
R. A. H. PANTER	Lt. Cdr.	Loan to R.N.Z.N.	Gambia
W. J. PARKER	Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Comus in Command
D. McD. PATCHETT	C.C.O. (Air)	Landrail	Nuthatch
P. C. PRINCE	Lt.	Cygnat	Cleopatra
D. M. PUNTER	C.C.O.	Unicorn	Mercury
J. J. RIGGS	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Ocean
Miss S. M. ROGERS	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Mercury	Drake
C. RUSBY	Lt.	Peacock	Mercury II
P. J. RUSHBROOKE	Lt.	Highflyer	Zephyr
C. O. SADLER	Commn. Lt.	Victory	Pembroke
A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. and BAR	R.A.	C.S.5 and F.O.2 F.E.S.	A.C.R.
The Hon. D. P. SEELY	Lt. Cdr.	Dryad	Staff of D.R.E.
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.	Mercury	Bramble
H. W. SHELDRIK	Ty. Lt. (Ce) R.N.V.R.	Victory	Staff of F.O.C.E.
G. F. SHORT	C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Mercury
T. C. M. SILVERTHORNE	C.C.O.	Condor	Loan to R.A.N.
R. A. STANLEY	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Cossack
R. F. T. STANNARD, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	S.O.R.F. Harwich	Defender in Command
W. SWANSTON	C.C.O.	Fulmar	Saintes
M. SWINEY	Commn. Lt.	A.W.S.S.	Implacable
D. L. SYMS	Lt. Cdr.	Cardigan Bay	Dryad
L. R. TANTON	C.C.O.	Mercury	Falcon
C. M. W. THOMAS	Lt. Cdr.	Pembroke	Mercury
J. TIMMS	C.C.O.	Theseus	Peregrine
R. S. TRUDGETT	C.C.O.	Falcon	Mercury
B. T. TURNER, D.S.O., O.B.E.	Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Staff of Saclant

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
N. J. WAGSTAFF	Capt.	N.A.T.O. Defence College	C.S.O.(I)Med.
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.2.M.F.
C. C. WAKE-WALKER	Lt.	Agincourt	Mercury
A. E. WALKER	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Chequers
M. E. ST. Q. WALL	Lt.	Mercury	Jaseur
G. C. WALLIS	C.C.O.	Terror	Mercury
Sir MARSHALL G. C. WARMINGTON, Bart.	Lt. Cdr.	Flowerdown	N.A.S.S.
D. C. WELLS	Lt. Cdr. R.A.N.	Staff Course	Vengeance
W. R. WELLS	Cdr.	Ladybird	Staff of D.S.D.
F. C. WIGG	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Newfoundland
W. B. WILLETT	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Mercury
C. R. WILLIAMS	Cdr.	—	Staff of C.-in-C. Eastlant
K. A. WILLIAMS	A/C.C.O.	Drake	Theseus
Miss E. D. WILSON	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Mercury	Victory
L. A. WOLFE	S.C.C.O.	Osiris	Gannet
Miss P. M. WYNNE-EDWARDS	3/0 W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T

**Promoted Lieutenant Commander**

K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN  
D. DOUGLAS  
P. W. DOLPHIN  
D. A. LORAM  
G. B. THURM, R.A.N.

C. C. WAKE-WALKER  
A. M. RALPH  
J. W. DAUBNEY  
Sir PETER ANSON  
G. H. MANN

**Promoted Communication Lieutenant**

R. AITKEN  
L. REYNOLDS  
E. H. BIGGS, R.N.Z.N.

**Retirement**

W. E. PEARCE ... Commn. Lieut.  
W. A. F. MAYBOURN ... Commn. Lieut.  
R. T. PAUL, C.B.E. ... Capt. ... (Invalid)  
E. C. S. MACPHERSON Lt. Cdr. (Invalid)

**Promoted Acting Commissioned Communication Officer**

N. W. HAGGAR  
W. C. BROWN  
G. D. CARTER  
R. A. STANLEY  
F. C. WIGG  
A. E. WALKER  
W. G. DARTNELL  
W. C. LINK

J. C. CAMPBELL, D.S.M.  
R. BRADBERRY  
P. A. CLARK  
J. J. RIGGS  
A. G. MCQUESTION  
W. G. STOCKDALE  
K. A. WILLIAMS

} R.A.N.

**Promoted Second Officer W.R.N.S. (Ce)**

Miss M. A. EUNSON

**Death**

Mr. H. STREETS, S.C.C.O.

**FINAL SMILE**

The Sparker was doing the Q.M. a Sub. and was given full instructions that at 1600—8 bells, no more, no less.

1600 duly came round and a steady clanging of bells was heard throughout the ship—about 90!! Fire party, Emergency party and all the paraphernalia duly turned out wondering where the trouble was. The Q.M. dashed aft and there was Sparks still hanging on the end of the bell rope.

"What's going on?" he bellowed.

"Well", said Sparks, "I hit nine by mistake and was half-way through the erase sign when all this lot turned up".

Who was the J.E. who thought that Haul Taut Singly was an Indian cricketer, and Lie To a Chinese dhobey firm?

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was the Wren who went to the O.O.W. at Mercury and said she had lost her dog? When asked what she wanted him to do about it, she said "Pipe for him please, Sir".

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was the other Wren who was carrying correspondence from the Pay office to the Wren office and absent-mindedly posted it in the pillar box on the way?

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