

# THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 10  
Nº 3

CHRISTMAS  
1956

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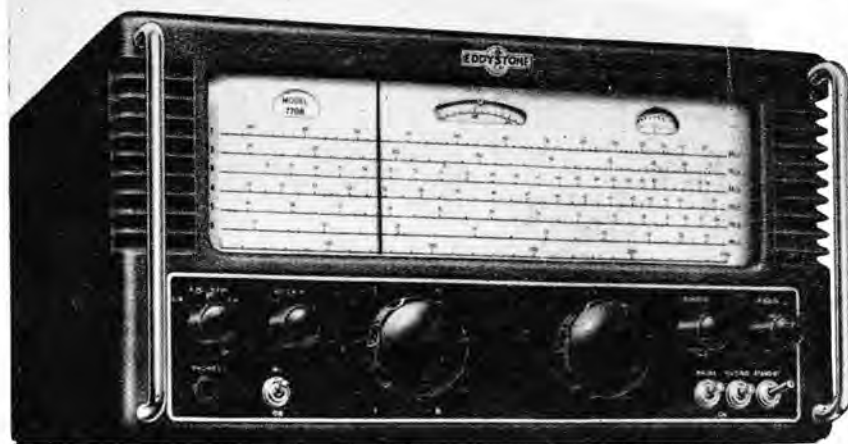
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# THE COMMUNICATOR

*The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy*

CHRISTMAS, 1956

VOL. 10. No. 3

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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.

*Subscription Rates for 1957 are as follows:*

For the whole year ... ..	6/- post free
For each issue ... ..	1/10 or 2/2 post free

Bulk orders from commands, ships or establishments, 2/- per copy, post free.

The Magazine is published at Easter, Summer and Christmas.

Some back numbers are obtainable.

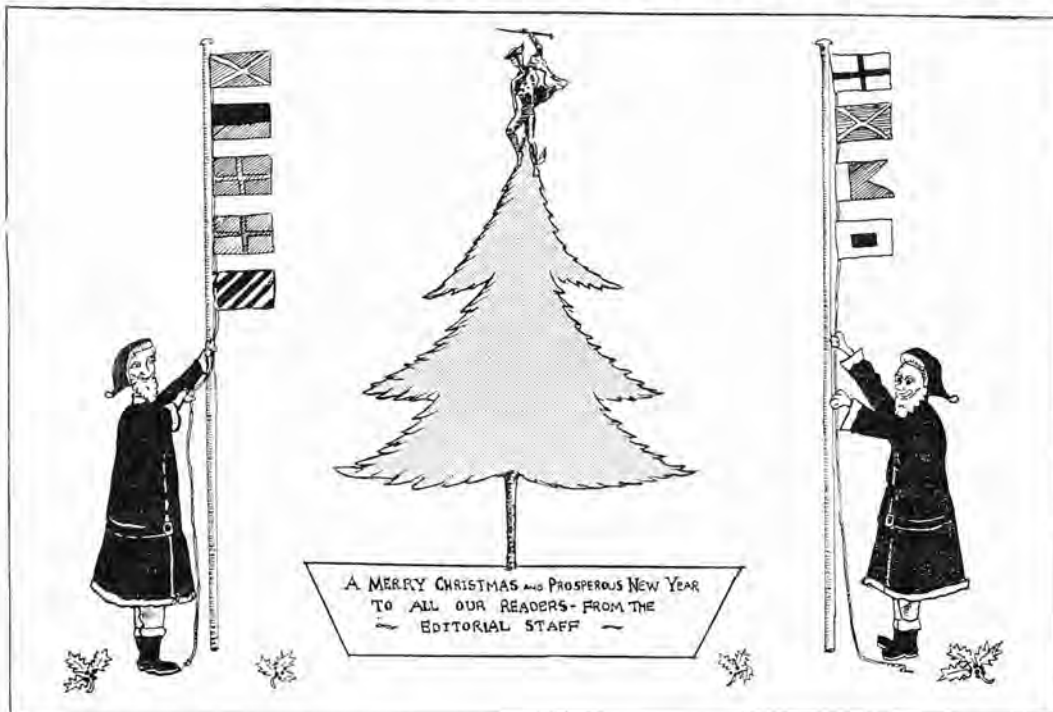
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Cheques and/or postal orders should be made payable and sent to:

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

PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"





## EDITORIAL

The troubles in the Middle East caused a slight stir in the editorial offices. There were long faces, would articles and orders reach us here at Leydene in time? Luckily our prayers were answered and the response to our cries for material have been answered in spite of all. It was very gratifying to know that in the heat of battle we had a special correspondent on the scene, who has sent us the story of the invasion of Port Said. I hope that there will be some other interesting stories from the Mediterranean still to come. So if you had any exciting experiences send them along.

Since our last number we have said goodbye to Mr. Macey, our art editor. Best wishes to him in his new appointment in H.M.S. *Ganges*. The pungent wit of TED will be missed from the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR.

Our apologies are due to H.M.S. *Ledsham* for the error in the summer number, when they were called H.M.S. *Cobham*. Their novel way of sending a very secret, burn before looking at, photograph of the part they played in taking H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to Shotley caused considerable mirth.

Articles from R.N.V.R. Communicators are

always welcome, so it is with pleasure that we include an article from Geoffrey Willans. We are sure that all readers who have undergone a course at Leydene cannot fail to be amused at his experiences, which, though written in 1942 still apply to the Signal School.

THE COMMUNICATOR will be ten years old in the New Year. During these years the Magazine has gone from strength to strength. We have doubled its size and have steadily increased the circulation. We are sure past editors will join us in thanking readers for their support. However, it is more than ever essential that we continue to have your support and co-operation in producing THE COMMUNICATOR. It is *your* Magazine and you make it. Criticisms and suggestions for improvement are always welcome. We hope that contributions, whether they be articles or illustrations, will continue to reach the editorial offices in an unending stream.

Once more, we have taken the liberty of deleting individual greetings from articles to join them into one. So on behalf of countless Communicators the Editorial Staff wish you all a very Happy Christmas and every success in 1957.

## Foreword by CAPTAIN OF THE SIGNAL SCHOOL

Since our Summer number went to press a great deal has happened, and many Communicators have unavoidably been drafted out to the Middle East and other key jobs at extremely short notice. In fact over 450 Communication ratings were required to reinforce the Mediterranean with the inevitable disturbances which went with this drafting. I have heard nothing but praise for the work of the Communication Branch in this crisis, upon whom, as usual, great demands have been placed, and I know that the Admiralty are very conscious of the great contribution which has been made by our Branch.

The affair has inevitably had a disastrous effect on advancement training. Many men have had to be removed from courses and the drafting margin has been so reduced that the Drafting Authority is finding it increasingly difficult to make men available for courses. Consequently, you will no doubt appreciate the value of the recently revised rules for taking final examinations for Leading Rate without a course.

I am glad to say that the new scheme has met with good support from the Fleet. In the July examinations, we had applications for a total of 171 papers. For the examinations being conducted in November we have had applications for no fewer than 452 papers and the Instructional Staff here in *Mercury* will have a formidable task in correcting the returns.

I am also glad to say that there has been an encouraging increase in the numbers on the rosters for courses for both Petty Officer and Leading rate in both the Signal and Wireless Branches.

As I mentioned in the Summer issue, the numbers on the advancement rosters are steadily dropping owing to the exceptionally large numbers of men reaching the end of their engagements. This trend continues and it is clear that, with conditions as they are, we cannot hope to train a sufficient number of replacements within the next twelve months. It is therefore very likely that rosters for Petty Officer Telegraphist and Leading Telegraphist will run dry in the near future in addition to the Leading Signaller's roster which has been dry for some months. It is also likely that a temporary shortage of Petty Officer Telegraphists, Leading Telegraphists and Leading Signallers will develop.

It is an unfortunate fact that the Suez crisis has temporarily delayed the benefits which you would have felt from the recent decision to centralise communication drafting in Portsmouth. A detailed review of all communication billets carried out by the new drafting team has made it clear that a very much fairer and smoother drafting cycle can be achieved once centralised drafting is working normally. The variations in the drafting cycles from

depot to depot have been considerable in the past, and have often resulted in vastly different treatment to men of different Port Divisions serving in the same establishment. I am sure that the new system will work well once it has got into its stride.

The decision has been made to centralise Leading Rate training in the United Kingdom in H.M.S. *Mercury* as from January next, and we at present hope to start a course for Leading Rate in both branches every fortnight throughout the year. Courses for Petty Officer Telegraphist will start every four weeks and for Yeoman of Signals every six weeks. Syllabuses are being streamlined to ensure maximum utilisation of instructional facilities and economic employment of instructors. Details will be promulgated in an Admiralty Fleet Order shortly.

To improve conditions of service in the Branch, approval has been obtained to increase the Port Division numbers which has resulted in the requirements to train approximately 300 extra Signallers and Telegraphists in the next year.

It is hoped that initially a fair proportion of the entries required to achieve this will come from the R.N.V.R. and R.N.V.(W).R., and the remainder must come from direct National Service entry.

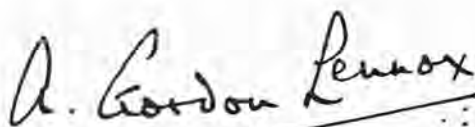
It was the intention that the Devonport and Chatham Signal Schools should be reduced to the status of Signal Training Centres but in the case of Devonport this has had to be delayed to cope with the new training commitment.

The overall reorganisation of training will mean a reduction of Instructor billets in Chatham and eventually in Devonport as well, with a corresponding increase in *Mercury*.

I know these changes will mean inconvenience to some, but again once the system is running I am sure that we will inevitably feel the benefits.

I am sorry to say that this is the last time I shall be writing to you all in *THE COMMUNICATOR*, as I am due to leave *Mercury* before the next issue goes to print.

A Happy Christmas and every good fortune to you all in 1957.



Captain.



## FAR EAST

### H.M.S. "CRANE"

But for the wiles of Nasser, *Crane's* staff would be in Seato '56 and having a 'looksee' at Bangkok and Manila. Instead we find ourselves either Guard ship at Aden or taking a steady 'stroll' along the Arabian or Somaliland coasts, for a change of air.

One thing has however emerged, we have become the most enthusiastic cryptographers—everyone moves with great alacrity hoping to be the first to know the date of our flight home.

From Japan, with *Modeste* in company, we returned to the happy hunting grounds of Hong Kong and the usual weekly Communication exercises. In Singapore there was little time for exercises, as we sailed for a short visit to Penang.

Two days out of Penang we were joined by the Indian Squadron but exercises were cancelled owing to a health complaint caused by weather conditions. *Modeste*, the Indian ships and ourselves were pleased to pass *Superb* and settle in our berths. However, we had managed a few Communication exercises during the last two days.

"Jet 56" was simplified for *Crane* by the large staff carried, eight Tels., six Sigs., five Leading Hands, one Yeoman and two Chiefs, not forgetting our Coder (Ed).

*Crane* has had its share of exercises but we consider such exercises are worthwhile in spreading goodwill as well as learning by trial and error. Trincomalee is not very entertaining but international sporting events were an excellent respite from sea exercises.

We wish to pass on to the rest of the Squadron our very best wishes for the future and regret that our get-together after SEATO did not materialise.

### H.M.S. "CONCORD"

H.M.S. *Concord*, commissioned with much ceremony, in Singapore on 20th June, and after we had settled down to life on board, we worked up and did trials for two weeks, then set off to explore the best Station in the world, that is apart from Waterloo. Our first stop was Hong Kong, where for a week or so we clambered all over the 'Peak', solving the mysteries of the Orient.

We then sailed North, for a very hush hush operation with our American cousins, called a Hunter Killer Exercise (HUK). This proved hard work for the Communicators but after we got over the language difficulties, and got used to working in two watches, we more than managed to hold our own. The 'Huk' was made more attractive by visits to Kure, Kobe and Yokosuka, and many tears were shed when we finally left the wonderful land of Nippon, and came South again, narrowly missing typhoon 'Charlotte', en route.

At the time of writing, the ship is wallowing in the bottom of the dry dock, minus insides, outsides, and a great deal of topsides, while Chinese dockyard maties, unlike those we remembered from Pompey, are frantically trying to put us together again in time for the Christmas festivities.

As regards Communicators at work, we haven't had a chance to really shine yet. Apart from the 'Huk' in which we were the only British ship taking part, short brushes with the *Newcastle*, *Comus*, and a couple of the Third F.S., we have had a fairly quiet time.

After only four months we have settled down, and have accepted this strange life, on the other side of the world, and the Dockyard have informed us that we may go back to the ship to find, upright lockers, tiled bathrooms, with running H. & C., and maybe a jukebox in the tiller flat. With all these modern conveniences, the Yeoman still drips because one has to hoist the N.U.C. lights each night, and wonders if some genius will ever get a mention in despatches for inventing a fixed N.U.C. light unit.

Overheard during the 'HUK':

O.O.W. A.C.R. Bridge.

Voice. Bridge, A.C.R.

O.O.W. House the dome.

Voice. Oh, it's O.K. Sir . . .

## EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Since our last contribution *Concord* and *Cockade* have recommissioned and by Christmas two more of the "Leaky Eighth," which was how we were



described at a *Newcastle* versus 8th D.S. football match, will have a new set of faces.

In August *Cossack* left us to undergo an extended refit in Singapore Dockyard and her company moved over to *Cheviot* which has been similarly treated by the same institution. We were naturally very sorry indeed to lose sight of a ship with so famous a name who has led the Squadron since its formation some ten years ago and even sadder when we now and then caught a glimpse of her leaning heavily on the support of the floating dock riddled by avenging maties. The change took longer than was expected and it wasn't until the end of September that we were able to get away from Singapore. The Ram, symbol of our new ship, wears the disconsolate expression of a rejected supplicant but it is not thought to be connected with the ship's recent refit. Artistic licence is not a charge that can be lightly thrown at a dockyard paintshop, nor would one accuse even the Avant Garde Constructor of so "puckish" a sense of humour.

The main office layout in *Cheviot* is much improved and we are the proud possessors of RATT and the first shipborne 618 on the Far East Station. A great deal has been done to make the best use of the available space and the equipment has been well sited round the bulkheads leaving the centre of the office clear. Unfortunately the air conditioning plant has been side tracked into the TS and we have been left out in the heat which is hard to understand and most unsatisfactory. In every other respect it is a good office and we hope that our successors like it. We expect that *Cossack* will be similarly equipped though we hope with air conditioning, and when she appears in the Spring we should be able to have a Squadron RATT circuit at sea.

*Comus* has managed to have a very clear run and we have hardly seen them in the leader since our weather reporting days for the Monte Bello tests. All the ships were down there at one stage or another stationed miles out in the Indian Ocean releasing Met balloons and measuring the force of the wind. Needless to say we never found the weather very pleasant so far from land and most of us had a pretty dull time only relieved by visits to Fremantle and one or two other Australian ports. *Consort* was probably the longest at it but they will make up for whatever sufferings they may have experienced when they go down with the Far East Station Squadron for the Olympic Games.

*Consort* was refitted by Singapore Yard and reappeared towards the end of October with a few weeks in hand before leaving for Australia. *Cockade*, who with *Newcastle* is to form the rest of the Squadron, took part in all phases of the large SEATO Exercise, "Albatross". This took their new team from the Java Seas to the Gulf of Siam, to Hong Kong and in the last phase almost to the Philippines. They certainly seem to have benefited and what was essentially a simple exercise designed

to demonstrate a political accomplishment must have been a most useful work up. They were joined for the last phase by *Cheviot* and both ships returned to Singapore with *Newcastle* rehearsing on the way our escorting programme for H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's visit.

The rioting which took place in Singapore towards the end of October caused the Government to alter their plans for the Duke of Edinburgh's visit and in the end H.R.H. visited three ports on the West coast of the Federation. With the Commander-in-Chief embarked, *Cheviot*, *Concord*, and *Cockade* sailed to meet the Royal Yacht on October 29th and on the 30th having saluted the Standard took up escort stations. The Commander-in-Chief presented the Fleet and subsequently returned to Singapore in *Cockade* leaving *Cheviot* and *Consort* to form the escort for the remainder of H.R.H.'s stay in Malayan waters. On November 2nd they were joined by *Newcastle* and *Cockade* and escorted the Royal Yacht until the following morning when *Cheviot* detached saying goodbye sadly to the rest of the royal escort. Flying her paying-off pennant, *Cheviot* manned ship and cheered H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and then disappeared in the direction of Sandakan, whilst *Consort* and *Cockade* continued southward for their Australian cruise.

## FOSIC's FOLLOWERS

If a change of scenery is a MUST on your list of requirements for the almost perfect foreign commission, then this is IT. Since our last article we have completed quite an extensive programme whilst being the 'guests' of H.M.S. *Newcastle*.

We left Hong Kong with no regrets for a welcome visit to Japan and Korea. Although many Communicators regard Hong Kong as the most welcome of sights in the Far East, a 'rabbit run' to the islands of Japan is always acceptable. Yokosuka was the first port of call where co-operation with the American Navy—both ashore and



"I'm chocker! Where do I hand in me notice?"

afloat—was felt to be most friendly and of great value. On one occasion during our stay, a few of the staff had the opportunity to see places like Kamakura and Enoshima, which are crowded with temples, shrines, paper houses, etc., set in the style which we so readily link with the kimono and geisha girl. Further visits to Kobe and Kure enabled us to see the beauty of the Inland Sea and the contrast in design within the now re-built city of Hiroshima; a city of modern and ancient Japanese culture and art.

Our next visit was to the lonely island of Paeng Yong Do, off the West coast of Korea where the *Newcastle's* football team was invited to meet the Republic of Korea Marine Corps team. This challenge was gladly accepted. Only a limited number of spectators landed, so armed with a 615 one of the staff went ashore to relay events back to the ship. Much to our amazement, the football pitch turned out to be a part of the beach that had only just previously been covered by the receding tide. After a rather exhilarating display of Arms Drill by the Korean Marines, the game was commenced; during which the Korean supporters rendered inspiring songs to their team, but although pleasing to the ear they proved insufficient to stir their team to victory. It was during this visit to PYD that a heavy fog descended and all boats had to be fitted out with 615s and 622s—ably manned by sparkers—and also radar reflectors. Boats were "talked" back to the ship by following their track on radar, to prevent the fast tide carrying them across the 38th Parallel.

The programme, thereafter, was curtailed somewhat by the presence of typhoons "Wanda" and "Babs" and our return to Singapore was sooner than anticipated. One certain O/Tel. was heard to admit that although he cut quite a figure with the girls he would gladly have sacrificed the company of these two boisterous females!

The scenery—fortunately—is not the only thing to change. That stalwart of the "Grippio Kings" POT Sanders has departed for more favourable climes and is shortly to be joined by Y.S. Milligan. Under the new foremanship of Y.S. Cull and Sutton and P.O. Tels. Gardner and Baker, supported by the efforts of those pillars of strength the junior rates—ably headed by L/Tel. Plaskett—we are managing quite well. All the Staff are looking forward to our coming visit to the Antipodes.—J.R.B.

### HONG KONG M.S.O.

Since last going to press many changes have taken place on the personnel side and many 'sparkers' and 'buntings' have left Hong Kong in the luxury laid on by B.O.A.C. Those who have been "24 on" on Tuesday have been in U.K. for a short weekend the same week. The weather is now much cooler and the sports season is in full swing. We started off well at the aquatic sports held at the dockyard

swimming pool Hong Kong on Wednesday 5th September the Communications aquatic team giving a good account of themselves. Though not the winners of the divisional trophy they came in a very gallant third. In the individual events a number of Communicators won cups or tankards for either winning their event or being a close runner-up.

The aquatic team consisted of: L/Tels. Munn, Jackson, Hardy and Moscrop. Tels. Morgan, Mann, McGeown, Batchelor, Lloyd and Purdie (R.A.N.). O/Tels. Edgington, Joyce. L Sigs. Haines, Gray. Sigs. Taylor and Lannigan.

This gallant band between them won: Two lengths backstroke. Medley relay. Greasy pole. Obstacle Race.

In the water polo knockout the Communications team reached the final and were to meet the C. & P.O.s. Unfortunately, we lost to the "old men" by eight goals to one.

Let us hope that next year we will carry off both the divisional trophy and also a majority of the individual events. Perhaps the drafting authorities will kindly note that though our primary aim is to have good Communicators perhaps they could oblige us with an additional qualification of being good swimmers too?

The S.C.O., Lt.-Cdr. Lloyd, is doing fine work both organising the Navy Rugby team and playing in it, though to date he has been unable to recruit any Communicators into the team.



"Port Yardarm Down"

Our soccer team is at the top of the Tamar League, the season is however in the early stages so we must not be too optimistic. In addition to Tamar League we have two Navy players in Sigs. Ward and Wilson and we also play in a Hong Kong League under the title "Tamar Casuals". We have not been able as yet to field our own hockey team due to the rigours of watch-keeping, but we have five Navy players including Yeoman Weston, L/Sig. Williams, L/Tel. McGeown, Sigs. Taylor and Munt.

Many old "shipmates" have been met in the China Fleet Club during the last few months and we were especially pleased to see the Australian Squadron in the harbour which consisted of *Melbourne*, *Sydney*, and *Quadrant*, and later in the month *Queenborough* and *Quickmatch*. Our old friends *Anzac* and *Tobruk* have now returned to Australia and we wish them luck and hope to see them back again one day. At the time of going to press the R.N.Z.N. is represented at Hong Kong by *Kaniere* who has "held the wall up" for the last few weeks on a self refit. *Taimur* is also in company.

The rich Chiefs and P.O.s of the station received a sad blow from N.S.O. recently when it was learnt that further indulgence freight could not be accepted. We now have a very good line in cheap cars at Hong Kong Wireless should anyone who is expecting to come to Hong Kong be interested.

The C.C.O. being crafty sent his on the last ship out and is now biting his finger nails, hoping it won't be commandeered by Nasser.

## NAVAL PARTY 2512

This is not a fairy story, we do exist. A first class trip half way round the world, fussed and fawned by charming hostesses, eager waiters and managers at first class hotels, 14-oz. Steaks, Smoked Salmon, half of Jumbo Pheasant Chickens, Liquor unlimited, Fruit, Sweets, Cigarettes, a matelot's dream, and all at Admiralty expense! The air tickets cost £317 2s. 0d. and are due to be framed.

The flight took in Keflavik, New York, Washington, Tulsa, San Francisco, Honolulu, Canton Island and finally Nandi in Fiji. After a night on the town at San Francisco, a very weary party arrived at Honolulu, but after a reception by more charming females, who adorned us with the traditional 'Lei's', we were awake and raring to go again. Dinner at the Reef Hotel, with its own exclusive portion of the famed Waikiki Beach, and speculation upon the rigours of Fiji were soon put to flight. On arrival at Nandi, the hotel did its best to liven us up with showers and refreshments, and then a paralysing 120 odd miles across Fiji in an open bus along roads which put cart tracks in the first class bracket, though dinner at the Beachcomber Hotel, and a thirst quenching session at the bar in the very popular bamboo lounge fortified us amazingly after the first 40 miles of the trip.

To reach our destination we passed through

Suva, and had a glimpse of things to come, and then Luvaluva.

A tented Camp, with virtually no amenities, but also virtually no restrictions, so the scales were evenly balanced. A week of swimming, walking, football and runs ashore into Suva soon passed the time away. The day prior to our embarkation in S.S. *Devonshire* for Christmas Island, was a day packed full of colour and age old ceremony as the Fijians were welcoming their regiment home, and being spectator to the display of welcome was a rare occasion, and one to be remembered for a long time by the handful of British troops.

Christmas Island, a thin stretch of glistening white coral, topped by palms growing at a variety of angles other than conventionally upright, a paradise for bird watchers, an unparalleled water for the angler, but to the matelot just a hot, uncivilised chunk of Pacific waste inhabited by land crabs, horse flies and hornets; but with the passing of time, electricity, a beer bar, bakery and a laundry, life is back to normal. Our job—well we live in an R.F.A., keep a broadcast, work Ship/Shore, and sunbathe—any one want to swop?



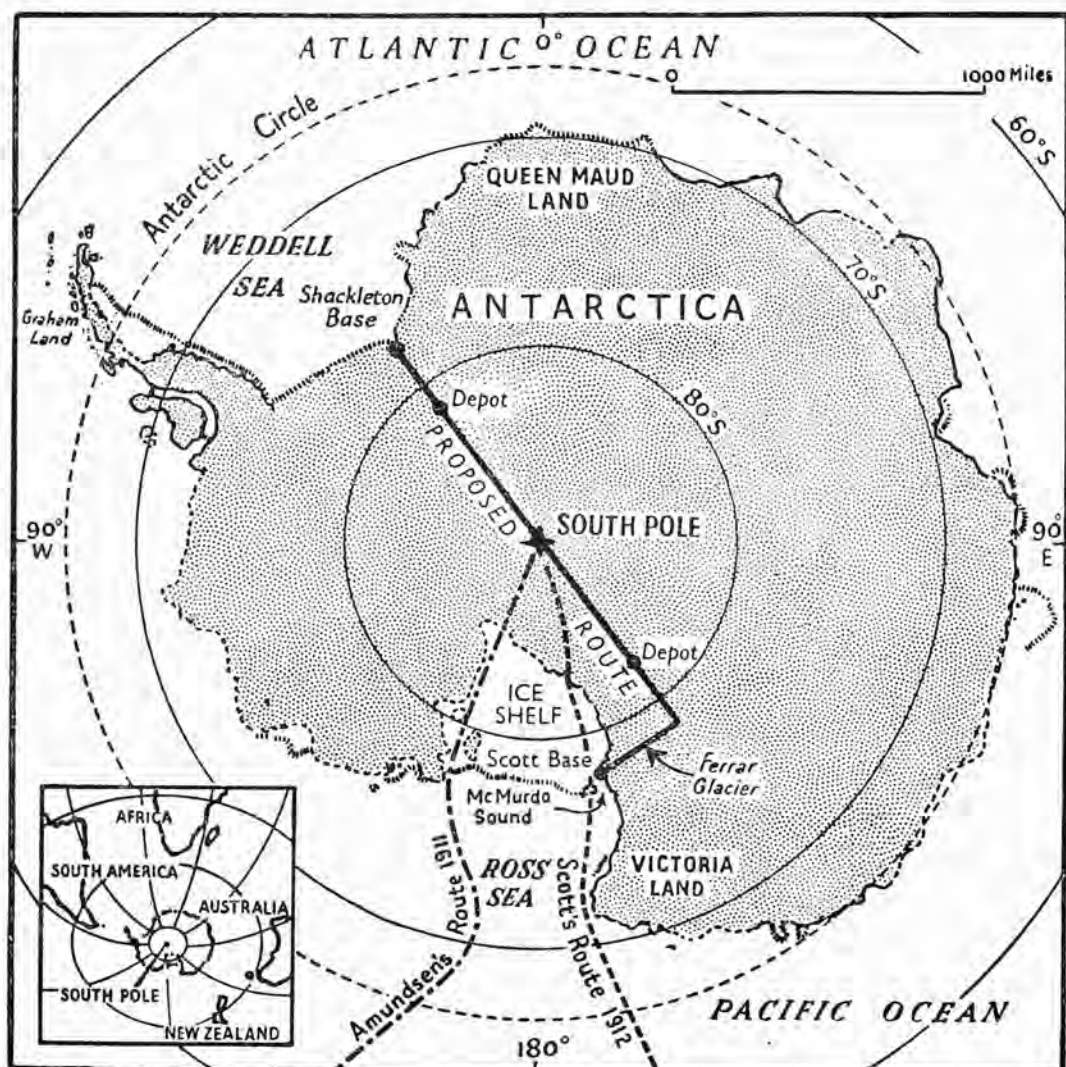
H.M.S. "Telemachus" dressed overall at Tonga

## H.M.S. "TELEMACHUS"

During the recent oceanic gravity survey in the Pacific, we paid a visit to Tonga. Incidentally we were the first R.N. ship to visit Tonga for 20 years and of course the first submarine ever. It was during the visit that the unusual event of a submarine dressing overall took place.

## EASTER EDITION 1957

Closing date for contributions, 8th March 1957.  
Closing date for bulk orders, 22nd March 1957.



Map and Photograph by courtesy of the British Trans-Antarctic Expedition

## THE BRITISH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Antarctica is almost as large as Australia and Europe together and has long offered a challenge to explorers. The knowledge gained by the expeditions of Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton and others is small compared with the vastness of the area. It is therefore fitting that the "last Continent" should provide the setting for one of the few great land adventures still left to us—the crossing of Antarctica from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea via the South Pole. This is what is about to be attempted by Dr. V. E. Fuchs, in conjunction with Sir Edmund Hillary.

While the first aim of the expedition is to accomplish a great journey, important scientific objectives are combined with this and will include

topographical and geological survey, physiology and meteorology, which is of such immense importance to shipping, aviation and whaling activities in the Southern Hemisphere. These comprehensive meteorological and glaciological studies, will make important contributions to the scientific programme of the International Geophysical Year.

The Expedition's advance party, which left London on 14th November, 1955 on board the m.v. *Theron*, has successfully established the base at the head of the Weddell Sea, some 800 miles from the South Pole.

To reach that point the ship had to penetrate about 1,000 miles of ice covered sea. At first



considerable difficulty was experienced and, after a month of forcing a way through ice sometimes 12 or 15 feet thick, the *Theron* regained the open sea. Immediately a second attempt was made and on 29th January, 1956, the ship arrived at the most southerly point of the Weddell Sea in Vahsel Bay.

In the face of unpleasant weather conditions, during which a storm drove the ship from the landing point for 36 hours, 350 tons of stores and equipment were unloaded. The rapid freezing of the sea and the arrival of vast areas of pack ice forced the *Theron* to depart, leaving eight men of the advance party to spend the winter in Antarctica at the selected base site which has been named "Shackleton" after the famous explorer.

Their tasks during the year, until the arrival of the main party, will be to build the huts, carry out a meteorological programme including upper air work, and to make a general reconnaissance of the mountains, which were discovered by air while the ship was at Shackleton.

The main party, which included representatives from the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa sailed from England in November, 1956, in the Danish Icebreaker *Magga Dan*, for the base at Vahsel Bay. The *Magga Dan* of 1,850 tons was launched at Aalborg in Denmark on 1st June this year and has been chartered by the British Government for the expedition.

The first task of the main party on their arrival in Antarctica will be to erect an advance base camp, some 300 miles inland from Shackleton Base. The main party will start on their journey across the continent, which will be close on 2,000 miles, in the Southern spring of 1957. For this trip they will use tracked vehicles as their main source of transport with dogs and sledges in reserve.

Before the end of 1956 a party led by Sir Edmund Hillary will leave New Zealand and establish Scott Base at McMurdo Sound in the Ross Sea. This party will also establish depots inland in preparation for the trans-continental crossing in the southern spring. The positions of the bases are marked on the map.

The main responsibility of the New Zealand party will be to meet Dr. Fuchs and his companions about 500 miles from the Pole and help them on the final stage of their journey down the Ferrar Glacier to the sea.

It is interesting to note that the route traverses British territory throughout and that both parties will enjoy the benefit of air support from the R.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F. during their sea passage and for subsequent reconnaissance and during the initial stages when the depots are being established along the route being taken by the main party.

Communications will, as always, have an important part to play and the expedition is taking a large and varied amount of communication equipment. Vehicles and aircraft will be linked with Shackleton Base and the advance base, 300 miles inland. Most



Dr. V. E. Fuchs, Dr. Rainer Goldsmith and Sir Edmund Hillary cutting ice from pressure ridges to replenish fresh water in "Theron" 15th January, 1956.

of the equipment is similar to that in use by the R.A.F. However, the main transmitter for communication between Shackleton Base and everywhere else will be well known to many readers. It is a type 617 (R.A.F. No. T. 1509), which is made by Marconi and fitted in many shore establishments and Naval Air Stations. Marconi and G.E.C. will be providing the receivers at Shackleton Base.

It is interesting to note that until recently, one of the 10 watt portables intended for use in the vehicles was the only set actually working at Shackleton and this set maintained satisfactory communications with the Falkland Islands. Amongst other portable sets are two hand cranked radios which are available for use by the sledges and as emergency sets at base 300.

In addition to the above, a powerful Redifon aircraft beacon will be set up at Shackleton. Both the Auster and Otter aircraft will also be fitted with Sarah Homing Equipment for use with the Sarah Beacons at Shackleton Base and on the vehicles.

The Commonwealth countries concerned and Industry have supported the expedition with money and materials to ensure that the men in the field are properly equipped for their great journey, which will take them into 1958.

It only remains for Communicators to wish the Trans-Antarctic Expedition Bon Voyage and a successful conclusion to their great venture.

### SHORT BREAKS

The Training Staff Assistant walked into his office and was heard to ask the cat which was seated in his IN tray if he had joined for a RATT course.

\* \* \*

How important are Communicators? You may well ask if you had seen the following in an Admiralty letter on complements:

Communication Staff

Reduce: 1 Senior Commissioned or Commissioned Communication Officer.

Add: 1 Admiral.



# We take off our hats to...



THE COMMUNICATIONS RACING WHALERS' CREW OF H.M.S. DUCHESS for winning the Kedive cup in the Mediterranean Fleet Regatta. Crew, back row: L/Sig. Tate, L. Tel. Parker, J. Sig. Adams; front row: Tel. Davies, P.O. Tel. Bailey, Tel. Firbank.



C.P.O. Tel. (S) D. COUPERTHWAITE, on his retirement after 29 years service. Joined Ganges 1927. In 1949 became one of the founder-members of the re-established Telegraphist (S) Branch. Awarded B.E.M. 1952.

C.P.O. Tel. McINNES for being awarded the B.E.M., seen here receiving his award from Admiral of the Fleet Sir G. Creasy on board H.M.S. Victory.



THE WATER POLO TEAM, H.M.S. MERCURY for winning the Division II Water Polo Cup 1956 Team, back row: P.O. Tel. Northover, C.P.O. Tel. Cannon, Yeo, Statham, Yeo, Benfield, P.O. Tel. Clapham. Front row: Lt. Lees, Capt. Gordon Lennox, Cdr. Somerville, Mr. Macey, O Tel. Brown (reserve).



## CENTRALISED COMMUNICATIONS DRAFTING

Drafting has always been a sore point with most ratings, right from the days when they first found themselves in a ship suffering with a headache, after a brush with the press gang, to these modern days when, owing to the evil machinations of the Drafting Office, they have a pierhead jump to a ship going "foreign". The object of this article is to explain to you the present arrangement of Centralised Drafting and to promulgate some information which might help you to understand the situation a little better, which in turn will assist the Drafting Officer.

We were all told some time ago that all drafting was going to be centralised. In other words, instead of a set of Officers in each Port Division drafting ratings from that Division to ships and establishments manned by that Division, there would be only one set of Officers, known as the Naval Drafting Authority and stationed in a centrally-situated spot, who would draft all the ratings in the Navy to any ship or establishment. The advantages of this system are obvious to most of you. They are, in short, that since you are all in the same Branch in the same service your drafting cycle (more about this later) and your advancement prospects should be the same. In the past this, of course, has not always been the case by any means. To implement this Admiralty policy the Naval Drafting Authority (N.D.A.) is establishing itself at the old A.S.R.E. at Lythe Hill, Haslemere, and it will draft all ratings from there, starting on 1st April, 1957.

For various reasons, the principal one being the Suez Crisis with its big demand for Communications ratings, the Admiralty decided that the Communications Branch should centralise in advance of the rest of the Navy, and this was done on 1st October of this year. A Communications Officer was appointed to the staff of the Portsmouth Drafting Office, where all Communication ratings' records were centralised, to do all Communications drafting. The exceptions are Coders (Ed.), who remain in their own Divisions for the present, and Submarine and Air ratings, who are drafted by Flag Officer, Submarines, and Combrax, Lee, respectively. For the present, the advancement Rosters, although all at Portsmouth, are still being run on a Port Division basis. These will be centralised at the same time as those of all other branches. Family Welfare Officers are remaining in their own Depots and will continue to advise their respective Commodores on welfare matters. There is, therefore, no change in the procedure in force in the past in this respect. One immediate result of Centralisation is that a review is being made of ratings, senior ones to start with, on Home Sea Service, in order that those whose previous service demands it may be moved to Port Service.

It has been stated that one object of centralisation is to give you all a similar drafting cycle, as far as possible. There is nothing mysterious or difficult

about a drafting cycle. All it means is, given a certain number of ratings of a certain category, and the number of billets in the various types of service, i.e., Overseas Service, General Service Commission, Home Sea Service and Port Service, it is possible to calculate how long each category of rating should spend in each type of service in order to complete a cycle bearing in mind that 18 months are laid down for a General Service Commission and 30 months for an accompanied billet ashore abroad. This cycle, however, has to be amended, because for some categories of ratings, for instance, the period calculated for Home Sea Service, only comes to, say, 5½ months. We obviously cannot accept such a short period in a ship; so, to avoid too much moving about and a more settled ship's company, we arbitrarily make the period, say, 12 months. This results in (a) the Port Service period being reduced and (b) some ratings home from foreign missing a spell of Home Sea Service but doing a longer spell in Port Service. In such a case, we would ensure that these ratings go to Home Sea next time round. It is our policy, from now on, that after Foreign Service, ratings should go to a Home Sea Service billet, followed by a Port Service billet before going foreign again, as amended in the previous sentence.

It must be borne in mind for the future that it is impossible to work such a thing as a drafting cycle unless men are available in the drafting pool. The Drafting Officer is faced with quite a different situation in continually being obliged to meet commitments within a certain period of time with men available who are out of phase in the drafting cycle. He has no option, therefore, but to break the cycle and put the first man available into the billet which requires filling most urgently.

Future theoretical average cycles for various category of rating show that after a period of about 12 months Home Sea Service the period of Port Service varies from 24 months to about six months, depending on the category of the rating. Where it is not possible to fit a rating into Home Sea Service after return from foreign, he goes straight into Port Service for 30 reducing to about 12 months, the period again depending on the category of rating.

The physical amalgamation of the drafting cards showed a preponderance of Plymouth ratings at the top of the Foreign Service Rosters. The reason for this is, of course, that in the past Devonport ratings, on the whole, had a very much better drafting cycle than the other two Divisions.

You are advised to forget the old saying of: "Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open and never volunteer for anything". Certainly as far as the never volunteering is concerned! Every effort is always made to draft ratings to jobs or places they have volunteered for, providing in the case of U.K. based billets, they are due for that type of service. You must, however, put in your requests to volunteer

for particular billets in good time. When a ship recommissions, for instance, her new crew is detailed some months beforehand. The Drafting Authorities, having already prepared a crew to recommission a ship, are not awfully inclined to change their arrangements at the last minute and thereby upsetting a rating's arrangements in order to fit in a latecomer volunteer for this ship. So remember, volunteer in good time! One further piece of advice is, make certain your next-of-kin card is up to date.

I would like to conclude this article by assuring all ratings that the Drafting Authorities spend much time in trying to be fair and just in their drafting. They are often handicapped, however, by events outside their control, for example, the Suez crisis.

## COMMISSIONING FORECAST

January	H.M.S. <i>Shackleton</i>	Surveying G.S.C.
January	H.M.S. <i>Salisbury</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>Bulwark</i>	G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>Birmingham</i>	Home/Med. G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>Armada</i>	3rd D.S. G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>St. Kitts</i>	3rd D.S. G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>Barfleur</i>	3rd D.S. G.S.C.
February	H.M.S. <i>Russell</i>	A.T.T.S.
February	H.M.S. <i>Cook</i>	Surveying F.S.
February	H.M.S. <i>Consort</i>	8th D.S. Far East
February	H.M.S. <i>Eagle</i>	G.S.C.
March	H.M.S. <i>Lynx</i>	Home/S. Atlantic & S. America G.S.C.
March	H.M.S. <i>Scarborough</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
March	H.M.S. <i>Ulster</i>	Home/W.I. G.S.C.
April	H.M.S. <i>Kenya</i>	Home/Med. G.S.C.
April	H.M.S. <i>Undine</i>	6th F.S. G.S.C.
April	H.M.S. <i>Ulysses</i>	6th F.S. G.S.C.
April	H.M.S. <i>Ursa</i>	6th F.S. G.S.C.
April	H.M.S. <i>Newcastle</i>	Far East
April	H.M.S. <i>Loch Insh</i>	Home/East Indies G.S.C.

Editor's Note. Readers are warned that this forecast is liable to change due to the events in the Middle East.



Winning Cartoon by  
TEL. J. S. HALL, H.M.S. "Carron"

## ADVANCEMENT

Various readers have expressed apprehension concerning the new exams. There is no need for concern, all the details are laid down in A.F.O. 1522/56. The remarks in the Summer Number referred to:

- (i) The exams without course.
- (ii) The fact that candidates who fail in certain subjects may be re-examined within six months and still pass professionally for advancement.
- (iii) The fact that syllabi at the Signal School have been revised to bring in a measure of "block" instruction.

The second item regarding re-examination requires no further comment except to state that the subjects concerned are: L/Sigs. Miscellaneous, W/T Org. G.S.I.s and Practical Cryptography, L/Tels. Theory, Technical, Fleetwork, G.S.I.s and Practical Cryptography.

Finally the course in H.M.S. *Mercury*; the idea of "blocking" follows on from the other two points, the advantages being that failures in the subjects mentioned above can sit in for the requisite period of a succeeding course, if they remain available in the Signal School, and furthermore candidates taking exams. without course, who may be available for a short period due to a refit could sit in for the required subject. It also enables the best use to be made of the instructional facilities and personnel.

Leading Rate courses will start every fortnight in 1957 and will be the same length as before, viz. L/Sigs. 9 weeks, L/Tels. 11 weeks. Courses will, however, start on Wednesday, and classes will combine for a three-day Leadership course to start the ball rolling. The first class have reported enthusiastically on this innovation.

P.O. Tels. and Yeomen's qualifying courses remain at 16 and 11 weeks respectively though they have been "blocked" in a similar way to Leading Rate course.

\* \* \*

The second subject under advancement is a brief word on the rosters when they become centralised. When this centralisation occurs, it may well happen that all the men at the top of the centralised roster will be from one port division. It has, therefore, been decided that trickle advancement will be introduced for the less fortunate depots in order that they will not suffer from centralisation. This will result in overbearing; but this is considered justified to achieve fair advancement.

P.O.O.W. (C.R.R.) to Yeo. O.W. (M.S.O.), over the intercom.:

C.R.R. Yeo, ref that signal we didn't receive.  
M.S.O. Yes.  
C.R.R. Cancel and file it please.  
M.S.O. Roger.



## EAST INDIES

### CEYLON WEST WIRELESS STATION

We apologise to readers for our silence in the Summer edition. The fact that we failed to make it can be laid to the charge of heavy rain and an overdose of Tiger Ale which resulted in our carrier pigeon taking to the proverbial path of the Oozlan Bird, but even pigeons get over it, and we now hasten to tell the world that the sparks still fly at "Ceylon West".

Lt.-Cdr. R. A. H. Panter is now firmly established as Officer in Charge, ably assisted by S.C.C.O. Bloodworth. Among many other new faces are those of our two wizards—C.P.O. Tel. Hamblin, of the snooker table, and R.E.A. Barron.

Colombo, our nearest town, is some nine miles away, so we have for the most part to make our own entertainment with film shows, highland and modern dancing, as the weekly highlights which are supplemented by a varied sports programme, and it is in this field that C.W.W.S. has really excelled. Many times we have represented the Royal Navy in Ceylon. A team of seven entered the Ceylon inter-Service Swimming Championships and gave a close run to the winners. The water polo team won the Colombo and District "B" League upsetting many fancied civilian clubs. Our soccer and hockey teams have given a good account of themselves. Our athletics enthusiasts have collected a few cups in local relay events, and we have had our representatives in all combined Services sports teams. For a small station just over 100 strong, we don't think that we've been doing so badly in upholding the high standards usually associated with the Communications Branch. J.M.

### H.M.S. "LOCH FYNE"

*Loch Fyne* commissioned on the 14th February at Southampton and then proceeded to Portsmouth for a brief stay before going to Portland for work up. After a rather hectic period of three weeks the ship sailed for Devonport amid great sighs of relief from the staff.

After an enjoyable two weeks leave, the fateful

day dawned and the ship departed for her commission in the Persian Gulf and the East Indies. After brief calls at Gibraltar and Malta, during which time we no doubt reduced the Communications Staffs to hysterics, we finally arrived at that exotic outpost—Aden!

There, the locals took one look at our staff, had a fit, and sent the ship off along the coast as far as Perim Island chasing gun-running dhows. Needless to say we caught nothing.

From there we lumbered up into the Persian Gulf arriving on June 15th. No sooner had we arrived in the Gulf than we dashed off to the assistance of the tanker *Powell* whose engines had broken down, but finding that she was quite capable of looking after herself we steamed on to Bahrein where we were greeted by our "Oggie" oppo ship—*Loch Insh*.

Since then we have been doing our fair share of cruising round the Gulf calling at such places as Basra, Kuwait, Khor Kuwai, Bu Musa, Dubai, Umm Al Qaiwain, Khor Fakkan, Lima, Yas, etc. One real bit of excitement came while we were at Khor Kuwai when a call for assistance was received from the Swedish tanker *Julius*. With visions of salvage money we steamed forth girded with high hopes and good intentions. After finally managing to get her in tow, she nearly succeeded in putting the pair of us on dry land. Happily all ended well and we towed the *Julius* into Bahrein.

Whilst on one of our many trips down the Gulf a merchant vessel came over the horizon flashing "AA" "What ship," etc. Upon receipt of our identity the M/V replied: *Scottish Eagle* from La Plata to Bandar Mashur with a cargo of empty beer bottles and a crew of repentant sinners! Obviously dry rot has not settled in onboard the S.S. *Scottish Eagle*.

### H.M.S. "SUPERB"

When we posted our Summer entry we were busy embarking C.-in-C. E.I. and Staff for our cruise to East Africa. After our frequent comings and goings we were at last on our way, and arrived at our first port of call, Mombasa, where a very warm welcome



awaited us. We had a most enjoyable ten days; homes were thrown open to us, and several of the staff managed to spend a luxurious three days at the Kibo Hotel, which lies under the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro. We were sorry to leave Mombasa, but bidding farewell to our many friends we sailed for Zanzibar and later Dar Es Salaam, where an enjoyable seven days were spent before we sailed for our last destination, Seychelles!

A word about this group of islands. The buzz from *Loch Fada* was that they were known for their large tortoises, and that women outnumbered the men twenty to one; both were found to be true, and judging by the large patrol ashore on the final day, we were reluctant to leave to say the least. Arriving back in Trincomalee on the 24th July, the Staff disembarked thankfully for their air conditioned offices, and we went back to normal. We had three weeks before Joint Exercises Trincomalee (JET) in which to train for *Superb's* inter-part sports. This found us combining with the Central Division, resulting in a strong athletic team, and despite rain and pulled muscles we managed to defeat the strong R.M. team and win the cup!

Here I must mention the valiant efforts of Tel. Sayce, Lt. (OE) Payne (Long and High Jump) and L/Tel. Baldry (Discus). We were unfortunately beaten in the Tug 'o' War, yes even with L/Sig. Knight as anchor!

Sports Day behind us, we went whole heartedly into "Jet". This exercise is carried out by units of the East Indies Fleet strengthened by units of the Far East Fleet, the Royal Ceylon Navy, Pakistan and Indian Navies, with air support by the R.A.F. and Indian Air Force and the usual Fleet Auxiliary facilities. For some of us, it was the first time we had seen Trinco harbour full of ships. Unfortunately we were handicapped from the start as we felt the brunt of A.F.O. 1232/56 and promptly lost five of our staff. This resulted in two watches at times in both departments. Most of our time as flagship was spent tied to the buoy, but even in harbour we were pressed.

It was interesting to note the keenness of our Commonwealth friends, especially when it came to general drill. During "Jet" there were many fine sporting activities of which hockey was the highlight, and the exercise was brought to a close with an exciting Indian-Pakistan hockey match, followed by the ceremony of Beating the Retreat and Ceremonial Sunset.

Once again the harbour was empty and we had time to think of ten days leave at Diyatalawa for every member of the ship's company. This included a day's musketry course with Mr. Argent, S.C.C.O. as Officer i/c Butts, and to the horror of the Gunnery Officer, targets manned by 'buntings' and 'sparkers' shot up and down to the screams of 'Down All' and 'Hoist'. The S.C.C.O. was last seen running across the range with a red flag chasing a herd of water buffaloes that obstructed it.

## EARLY PORTABLES

Recently a number of Communicators have remarked on their prowess with portables and this has been most marked with the frigates of the Persian Gulf Squadron.

I wonder if any of the authors have read the handbook for the portables Types 5 and 6, which was published in 1914. There are certain amusing passages in this early B.R. which may still apply to the latter day Communicator.

Chapter VII of the handbook deals with the transport of portables in rough country and opens as follows:

'At present the portable set is designed to be transported: (a) On hand carts. This method is of course impracticable in countries where made roads do not exist. (b) By hand. The maximum load that can be carried by hand for any considerable time is not much over 80-lbs. and coolies are not always available for this task.'

'It then becomes necessary to transport the gear by means of pack mules, horse or camels.'

After giving details of packing, weight and balancing the equipment on the animal the instructions go on to state that gear should be placed so that it cannot possibly rattle. A mule intensely dislikes a noisy load and will kick it off at the first opportunity.

Further instructions are included for the size of loads, lashings and speed of loading. At this part of the instructions there is an urgent note which reads:

'Camels and mules must not be picketed together in camp as the mules strongly object to the scent of the camels.'

Finally the chapter ends with a few words of advice to the Communicator who would like to try his hand at managing camels; ending with these instructions: "Camels on the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf rise up or get down to the word 'IKH', whereas those on the Persian side do so at the word 'HSSH'."

Well if you have never tried it before this may well be the answer for a lively general drill in the Persian Gulf and the author looks forward to hearing if camels still respond to the dulcet tones of a Leading Telegraphist murmuring 'IKH' or 'HSSH'.



"IKH"



## "MAN OVERBOARD"

*Special feature prizewinner P.O. Tel. R. Baker, H.M.S. "KENYA"*

I'll make no bones about the fact, I was frightened, so frightened that I felt sick to the depths of my stomach. The situation seemed unreal to the point of sheer ridicule, but there it was—horrible mountains of green salt water, rushing madly, up and down and around as I trod frantically and worked my arms to stay afloat. It wasn't unduly cold, or maybe I was just too frightened to realise it one way or another, but it was certainly wet and salty. I tried yelling and splashing but the effect was negligible with such huge waves thundering and racing by my head. At the crest of each wave I could see the ship moving swiftly away from me, getting smaller and smaller at each successive surge to the peak.

Oh God, what if no one saw me go over; what if the ship doesn't stop; how long can I last—I'm too young to die. To be lost forever in this watery expanse! Even if the ship does return how will anyone find me in this sea. Oh Lord, help me, let it be that someone saw me, let the ship return, don't let me down. However did I get into this mess.

One moment I was safely standing on the fore-castle outside the mess—the usual stand easy cup of tea in my hand, yarning to Barney, Pete and Reg. It was quite choppy but seas don't usually bother Battle Wagons much and we hadn't shipped many green. All I can recollect is a yell from someone and as I swung round to see what the noise was about—Whoosh! a jumbled topsy turvey glimpse of cups and bodies and the ship, and the next second I was sucked and twirled in tons of water with a nasty crack across the back. My lungs at bursting point and my brain frantically urging me to get some air quickly. It took me some seconds to realise what had happened—to realise I was a man overboard. Then, as I said, I became frightened, really frightened. There was only the urge of self preservation, my head seemed numb and my back ached terribly. On figuring things out later I concluded that it was the outboard screw which had delivered me the crack across the back. Luckily at the time we were steaming on the inner screws and just trailing the outer ones.

With my thoughts in a turmoil, my heart gave a leap of sheer joy; there just a few yards away was a round life belt. Thank God, someone had seen me, someone had the presence of mind to throw a belt over.

Tears of joy streamed from my eyes, shouts of delight from my mouth, and waves of thankfulness flowed across my heart. Suddenly as I paused for breath I heard another cry borne in on the wind. Hastily I searched the limited range of my vision

and saw a head and splashing arms about thirty yards to my right. We both reached the belt at about the same time. Naturally I expected to see one of the other three, but it was a complete stranger to me. Nevertheless company, whatever the circumstances, has a wonderful effect on the morale. He said he was an ERA 3 and the same wave peeled him off the waist. Together we clung to our ring of hope and glumly read the name so neatly painted on its white background—H.M.S. *Anson*.

When we looked at the ship itself far off to our right, all our fears returned and we thought of sharks and the horrors of the deep. We sang and laughed and joked, but we didn't fool each other for one second. A yell of terror from my companion, "An octopus, Oh my God". However, it was only the length of line from the belt that curled round his leg. The seconds passed like hours—could we manage to stay afloat, could we reach land—how far was New Guinea or New Britain. The ship where was it, why hadn't it stopped. The murderers, heathens, nobody cared—what about us? The ship suddenly looked different—it was turning! Thank God, they hadn't left us to drown after all. Tension gripped us both, what an age she took to turn—they mustn't miss us, not now. Why didn't they lower a boat, what the heck were they up to? Don't just stand there waving and flapping your arms like a gull—lower a boat. Again, it wasn't until later that we learned it was too rough to lower the sea boat. Instead the ship was manoeuvred to windward of us and we drifted on to her leeward side. Such a towering mass of steel; a wonderful, glorious, fantastic mass of steel. Our ship—thanks lads, we knew you wouldn't let us down. A line swiftly lowered and secured—haul away, and the deck feels so comfortable beneath one's feet.

Many hands, lots of questions, a warm blanket and a tot of rum. What a fuss—and a secret glow of pride as becoming to a celebrity. How nice to relax in the Sick Bay bunk, to be safe and alive and cared for. My back felt sore and was badly bruised, but I was a hero and it was a wonderful feeling!

You may wonder what happened to Barney, Pete and Reg. Well Reg was in a bed quite near me—he really came off worst. The same wave that lifted me over the side had wrapped him around the 4-in. gun turret, splitting his head and giving him a nasty gash on his cheek. Pete found himself in a heap in the scuppers and Barney finished up hanging from the guard rail on the outboard side. We all had many a laugh in the months that passed, but I for one was certainly glad to be alive.

That's another reason too, why I drink my stand easy tea in the mess now!!

## RADIO SHOW REVIEW

I was easily persuaded into paying the 1956 Radio Show an 'official' visit from *Mercury* and when the Editor offered me his complimentary press ticket, I willingly accepted it as another contribution towards an enjoyable day in London. However, on my return, I discovered that I was expected to pay for this ticket with an article for *THE COMMUNICATOR*, and so, after some persistent but gentle bullying, I have at last been constrained to produce the following remarks on, what was to me, a very excellent exhibition.

### Television

From seemingly every stand a battery of television receivers glared forth with either BBC or ITA programmes boldly flashing across their screens. Apart from the choice of programme there generally wasn't a great deal of external difference between one make of set and another and now that television techniques are well past the experimental stage, there is also becoming less and less difference between the type of circuitry employed in these various makes. Remote control units, which can give you fingertip control of your set from the depths of an armchair, are slowly becoming popular, and so is the association of a VHF/FM receiver as part of a television set.

### Aerials

The problems of constructing aerials that can receive all varieties of television plus the new BBC VHF frequencies seem to have been largely solved and a great variety of future rooftop ornaments were displayed in ingenious but expensive combinations of dipoles and Yagi arrays.

### Sound Receivers

The BBC is making a concerted effort to maintain the popularity of its sound radio programmes by the development of its VHF FM stations and anyone who still doubts that this will mean much improvement in quality should listen to the astonishing clarity of reception and freedom from interference of these stations.

Consequently, nearly all the new models of radio receiver now include a VHF band in addition to the usual long, medium and short wavebands.

The development of these new stations, which will eventually give VHF coverage to 96 per cent of the population, is proceeding rapidly and the South Hampshire station at Rowridge, Isle of Wight, is due to commence transmission early in 1957. Here are the frequencies of the stations along the South coast:—

Area	Station	Programme	Date in
		L'th Th'd Home Service	
		(Freq'cies in Mc/s)	
Chatham	Wrotham	89.1 91.3 93.5	2/5/55
Portsmouth	Rowridge	88.5 90.7 92.9	Early '57
Devonport	N. Hessay	88.1 90.3 92.5	7/8/56
	Tor		

Transistor portables and car radios have appeared for the first time in commercial form and though they are at present slightly more expensive than their valve counterparts, they should prove popular on account of their reliability and very low power consumption. One portable was reputed to work for six months normal use off four small torch batteries costing sevenpence each.

### Record Players, etc.

People with a keen ear for music are gradually becoming aware of the limitation of the ordinary record player and of the realistic reproduction of music offered by modern high fidelity or Hi Fi equipment. Although there is no trade definition of what is Hi Fi equipment and what isn't, the purist in search of superlative quality should look for an amplifier which feeds two or possibly three separate speakers—one for bass, one for treble and one for the high notes—and has separate amplifiers and filters for these speakers. There were several makes of this true Hi Fi record player on show but also a very large number of cheaper good quality ones, some of which were misleadingly labelled as Hi Fi. For the unfortunate few with no mains electricity there was also a considerable choice of portable record players, mainly working off torch batteries and transistors.

One last interesting exhibit was a set of excellent aids to radio theory instruction which have been developed by one enterprising firm. These consist of simple circuit diagrams wired up with their components and made into practical demonstration panels. It is hoped that some of these panels may be obtained for *Mercury* before long.

R.W.G.—C.



“Since when have they laundered complete kitbags?”



## MEDITERRANEAN

### H.M.S. "DEFENDER"

Behind the present Communications staff of *Defender* stretches a G.S.C. that surely has been one of the most momentous ones any of us are likely to see.

A brand new officers' structure, a pay rise and the beginning of Centralised and Preference Drafting. The first touches but a few. The second was most welcome and induced some to 'Sign On'. One of our 'sparkers' was cagey though—he waited to see if slop prices would go up before completing the green form. Of the last two all that can be said is that we hope . . . On the social side, we have escorted and carried royalty, had film stars onboard and made films, been to a few famous places and had many good runs ashore. In achievements a most successful commission. We even had an inventor onboard in the form of a 'sparker' who invented aerials with 'Uplifts'.

Early in July the staff was reduced. The remainder were looking forward to the event as it would mean that the cramped conditions in the mess would be relieved. Some weeks later though, for reasons unknown, they were hastily recalled with a few new faces to replace those gone elsewhere meantime. It was very much a case of 'If your drip tin overflows . . .' Now we await the new commission staff, to them we leave piles of deckcloths. They, being

the Communicators, hail from the west country, a sure sign that Centralised Drafting is in operation. Ex-Guzz Communicators and the rest of the ship Chatham. Meanwhile the present staff are wondering what fate, better known as the Drafting Authority, holds in store and if Drafting Preference really does work.

Before leaving Chatham for the last time there was the very unhappy task of saying au revoir to 'Jim', our Dutchman. This exchanging between NATO countries seems to be good. Not only did we learn more about the Dutch than is normally possible by visiting the Netherlands but exactly how far ribaldry can be pushed without tempers being lost. Jim in his turn discovered that it is possible to have a good time in London, a fact which he doubted. During our farewell party, he was given a lighter. On accepting it he said, "Thank you for this token of compensation". We were left wondering exactly how good was his command of our language.

Recently the ship was pleasantly and happily steaming from Hamburg to Londonderry where our last days at sea should have been spent, but twenty-four hours later she was bound for Malta at speed. Security was paramount, not even the galley boiler or steam chest knew what we were doing or why. Naturally many wild speculations were made, countless fantastic buzzes spread. In the end it is a case of 'if you want to know where you're going wait till you get there'. Our arrival in Malta should supply the answers; one of which must be answered quickly. Will we be back home in time to pay off as originally planned? Or is the CCO's buzz about setting watch on Trinco Port Wave correct? He doesn't care, he would have spent Christmas away from home in any case.

### H.M.S. "DIAMOND"

Since commissioning in February we have steamed some thousands of miles around this delightful sea calling, it seems, at some of the quietest runs ashore in the area. After working up, a Cyprus patrol was one of our first commitments and we achieved some success both intercepting suspicious vessels and at extracting cans of beer and other refreshments from our R.M. and Army



Communications Mess, H.M.S. "Defender"

associates at Coral Bay and Limassol. During the patrol we paid a visit to Tripoli, Lebanon, where we were royally entertained by members of the Iraq Petroleum Company. For those of you who may visit Tripoli in the future, the El Mina area is particularly recommended.

Our next visit was an abortive weekend at Port Said. We did actually get ashore only to be hastily recalled for some obscure diplomatic reason known only to the authorities.

On our return to Malta we were faced with the Fleet regatta and ship's aquatic sports. The Communication whaler did not distinguish itself; however the great feature of the swimming was that Sig. Woods was selected to take part in the inter-Service Gala.

Early in August we learned that our cruise to Venice and Trieste was cancelled and instead we had to put up with weeks of exercises. Needless to say this was somewhat annoying.

About this time the effect of centralised drafting was felt. P.O. Tel. Pattison left us only to return to the Med. three weeks later in the *Mull of Galloway*.

Next came the Fleet Gunnery Competition, which almost drove L/Tels. Addington and Hunt to distraction chasing spotters all round the dial of our B.40. Their efficiency was rewarded and we can proudly report that we took second place in the bombardment and came first in the A.A. shoot.

Other ports of call have been Porto Empedocle in Sicily and Toulon, the latter being so far the highlight of the commission, where we had a very pleasant Medfoba trip to the countryside of Provence.

Finally we come to the events which are still hitting the headlines and in which *Diamond* was well to the fore. Besides leading in the L.S.T.s at Port Said, we brought back to Malta 25 Dutch and American refugees, who had been stranded there.

### H.M.S. "DUCHESS"

Although in commission since February we have modestly refrained from contributing until we had something worth while to talk about.

Soon after a work up period we had a spell around the Cyprus area and there was no sport save bandit hunting. Leading Tel. Parker admits to being tired after the five mile trek which involved a 622, and figures he would have felt less exhausted had the patrol slowed down to a gallop.

After Cyprus the ship's company looked forward to the second Summer cruise which involved a regatta plus a visit to Venice during the film festival. Unfortunately the cruise was cancelled and visions of Gina Loren and Sophia La Lollo—or something—rapidly changed to the more familiar figures of the 'Barbary Coast' belles.

The regatta was a great success for all concerned. We won, in a most convincing manner the fleet trophy and the group one trophy, and among the many cups was the Khedive Cup for Communicators. Our months of training showed up and we won the race quite comfortably. It was good too to see Lt.-Cdr. Cowlin stroke of a victorious Wardroom crew and C.Y.S. Strachen with C.P.O. Tel. Jones pulling their weight in the veteran's race.

In other fields of sport the ship has established a name that will take a lot of keeping up. Bright names in a good collection of sportsmen are,



H.M.S. "Torquay"

Official Photograph



Lt.-Cdr. Cowlin—cricket and hockey; Tel. Ball—hockey; O/Tel. Carr—soccer; L/Sig. Tate and J/Sig. Adams—water polo. We have, in addition, an excellent collection of sheet pressers.

A certain authority ashore wanted a 'time sheet' from Communicators in order to assess the working hours each man did. Many sparkers conjured up visions of piece-work at the rate of 2d. a dit and 4d. a dah but we heard nothing further.

Best signal of the commission so far came from a tug skipper after being "straddled" instead of the target.

"Duchess this is Mediator. Will you pay for my laundry?"

Another howler . . . "Who was the sparker who made to 'Diamond' on an aircraft net 'Fly down my port side'.

## FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Wars and rumours of wars have considerably disrupted our programme, but the Squadron, consisting of *Agincourt*, *Corunna*, *Alamein*, and *Barrosa*, are now over half-way through what we still hope may turn out to be the normal-length 'Med-leg' of our G.S. commission which began at the end of May.

Having achieved the distinction of being the first squadron for some time to remain together throughout our passage and work-up, we then split up and *Barrosa* returned to Gibraltar for her refit, while the remainder spent three weeks patrolling around Cyprus.

Our visits, necessarily limited by the activities of friend Nasser, have included Tripoli, Homs, Bierut, Cagliari and several Sicilian ports, usually just before or after a series of exercises, but they have all been very successful.

*Agincourt* and *Corunna* are now being torn apart by the dockyard, but will no doubt emerge all the better for the treatment, with among other things, a 'new look' about the wireless offices. In the meantime *Alamein* is the sole surviving representative, conveying tokens of our esteem to our aforementioned friend.

'Drafty' has taken his fill from the ranks of our Communicators, leaving us with the bare essentials to keep going, but no doubt we shall pull through.

The Squadron is divided equally between Pompey and Chatham, Guzz being represented solely by our C.C.O., Mr. Link, who is unfortunately taking time off at present in R.N.H. Bighi.

Amusing incidents often go unrecorded, but we still have recollections of one from our first day at sea this commission, heard on Tactical Primary:

"ABC this is . . ." (unreadable).

"Unknown Station this is ABC, say again—over."

"This is Unknown Station, I say again . . ."



Gibraltar M.S. Office comprising the whole of the first floor of the new wing.

## GIBRALTAR M.S.O.

During the first week in June the M.S.O. made the long awaited move from the War M.H.Q. deep inside the Rock, to the new building fronting the harbour. The new offices, with frontal walls of glass brick and an uninterrupted view of the harbour, are indeed a welcome change from the rather dismal surroundings of the old M.H.Q. No doubt ship's orderlies will appreciate the much shorter walk involved.

Gibraltar generally remains very much the same. The Spanish border unfortunately is still closed to all our bachelors and grass widowers, but the married fraternity enjoy some very nice weekends imbibing the Spanish dishes and excellent wines.

Visiting ships however manage to organise an occasional weekend "Rabbit Run" to Tangier, *Rooke's* M.F.V. being borrowed for the trip.

Local Communicators continue to be prominent in the sports field, and without going into facts and figures, we manage to hold our own rather comfortably. Sports Sec's of visiting ships please bear in mind. We can usually find enough people off watch and awake to manage a team. You just name the game.



Part of the spacious message handling room.



## A COMMUNICATOR'S VIEW OF THE SUEZ OPERATION

When the capture of Port Said and Port Fouad, is receding into history, three main points will undoubtedly remain in the minds of the Communicators involved.

Firstly, the preparations for and the passage phase of the assault.

Secondly, the assault itself.

Thirdly, the aftermath, during which no little improvisation had to be made.

An operation such as this, could not be carried out without some considerable training and practice, and of this, those involved certainly had their full share in concentrated form. Even so, there were shortcomings and delays due to poor standards of operating. During this period such terms as "Assault Primary" and "Convoy Escort Primary" became fairly well known terms, and the Communicators were "hotted up" to a high degree of efficiency. No doubt all the querulous ones who complained of persistent Dog Watch V.S. exercises have by now appreciated their value; because, of course, as always happens on these occasions, the Communicator had to pull out that extra something to make the whole operation go with a swing. The cases when things were delayed were fortunately few, but all could be directly attributed to poor operating at some stage or other.

On passage from the base to the actual assault area, the convoy system was used to good effect, and it was a heartening sight to see the little ships—there was even an M.L.—steadfastly forging on. It was nostalgic to the old-timers to see the special light manoeuvring signals again, and K 7 and 5 was quite an old friend. Even the modern U.H.F., and probably whatever gadgets the "boffins" may cook up in the future, cannot provide the high degree of security afforded by V.S. If for no other reason, this operation has been invaluable to us inasmuch as it has emphasised the security value of V.S., and the falsity of the popular conception that V.S. is a "dead duck". The R.A.F. lent us noble and almost off-hand support in the form of long range Shackletons, and although everybody was very much on the "qui vive" Flag 8 was seldom seen, and Flag 4 never. On a couple of occasions we saw the Valiants going to or coming from their targets.

The arrival of the assault force was timed to coincide with that of the French, and although the different forces were under one common command, both acted independently. On the day prior to seaborne assault (L —1) paratroops of both nations landed, the French in Port Fouad, and the British in Port Said. The French had little trouble in capturing their objective, which is really not much more than a holiday resort, and was not very strongly defended, although they did have to earn their victory. The British, whose

task was more difficult, managed to get a foothold and to hang on until the seaborne assault on L-day. One feature of this particular phase was the very small number of casualties suffered by the invaders, only about 30 being injured all told. Prior to, and during, the seaborne assault the "Darings" and Destroyers gave a most effective display, laying a barrage just ahead of the first wave of the assault craft. As the troops went in, the larger guns of the "Darings" sought out strong points and entrenched tanks, and started a number



*Official photograph*

Blockship in Lake Timsah. Reconnaissance photograph by H.M.S. "Eagle's" aircraft.

of fires on the front. The local barracks was plastered and set on fire. It burned for a day and a half! A solitary mobile gun ashore firing wildly to seaward, was spotted and finally annihilated by a Destroyer which then turned its attentions to a body of enemy troops advancing on our flank, and "persuaded" them to withdraw in a most unseemly manner. During this phase as in the preceding one, considerable traffic was filling the ether, although H.F. silence was rigidly enforced for the greater part of the passage, and staffs did very well to keep on top. During the whole of the operation, no six-inch guns were fired, which was kind to our ears, but veritable anathema to the "Whaley" boys.

The helicopter transfer of backing-up troops was unique in history, and presented an impressive sight. Carrying eight soldiers apiece, several helicopters from two British carriers standing out to sea, made numerous runs to land the troops. By the end of L-day, Port Fouad, and Port Said were well under control, though desultory street fighting persisted in Port Said, and some Egyptian units were making a stand round the Canal Offices Building. Eventually this resistance was overcome, and our forces pressed on as quickly as possible down the Canal. The "cease fire" found them firmly established twenty-five miles down the Canal, one mile this side of El Kantara, where the only bridge across the Canal had been toppled into the water by the Egyptians.

Meanwhile, in the support group laying at anchor in Port Said Roads, the tasks of shepherding the supply ships, patrolling the established anchorage, establishing adequate defences against air, sea and under water attack, meant a lot of work for the Communicator. It was at this time that an erstwhile Communicator of renown evolved a plan for the patrols which had to be organised. It called for accurate timing and reference to other documents for keys, therefore he called it "Plan Tick-Tock". During this hectic phase a signal was received from D.A. Malta addressed to a lot of ships in or very near Port Said, advising them that "Hand of officer mail awaits collection at D.A.'s Office". For once, there were quite a number of volunteers!

Funny signals remind me of the one made by one of the supporting carrier group, which reported a U.S. Carrier and Destroyer escort passing right through our formation, and reversing course on arrival at station zero. The U.S. fellow asked the identity of our carriers, and was asked in turn whether he would like to be given a station. His answer was "No thanks—I have one".

At the moment of writing, the situation is easing daily—it didn't take N.O.I.C. Port Said long to start making those dreary "Daily Movements" signals—things are settling down gradually to an even tenor, although we do have our moments of urgency. The U.N. Police Forces are beginning to

arrive, and never before have I known a policeman to be so welcome! What's more, the mails are beginning to flow regularly both ways, and soon we shall get our British papers only a day late—we hope!

One final word of warning. If you crave the quiet, uneventful life, and the drab monotony of going ashore and returning onboard day in and day out, do *not* come to the Mediterranean. At least, not for some time yet.

Another funny signal received while convoy was in passage:

From: CTG 345.5 (i/c Escort of Convoy)

To: U.S. S/M HARDHEAD

Are you coming with us.

Reply: No thanks, I am only holding the coats this time.

### H.M.S. "JAMAICA"

For some unknown reason we can neatly be termed as the ship with the 'Suez-Bluez'. How it all came about was a perfectly innocent visit to Alexandria—a certain amount of QRM became evident and the canal went right off frequency. This state of QRM has altered the whole of our stay in the Mediterranean.

Shortly after becoming F.O.2's flagship we paid a short visit to Palermo followed closely by 'Medtacez' which was an amphibious exercise with the Turks. This proved to be a good exercise from the Communicators' point of view as many small mistakes were brought to light and afterwards rectified. A few days were spent at Ismir where a shore signal station was set up using a 622 (small tip . . . 622's work wonderfully well, and for longer periods using a motor boat's battery, the only mod. required is a plug socket fixing on the M.B.'s battery lid.) On to Cyprus for patrols, which although not hectic are certainly tedious; however good liaison was made with the Army who looked after us well. Our next port of call was Alexandria where, as already mentioned, we got mixed up in 'Nasty' business. We tactfully withdrew to Cyprus for the second time and stayed put there until the tension eased a little, getting back to Malta only just in time to take our place in the Regatta, Kenya got held up so we missed our chance of sistership competition, nevertheless even though we still think we have the best Communication's crew, the race and day went to *Duchess* who really deserves a hearty pat-on-the-back for her efforts.

With a change in administration we became F.O.F.'s flagship and in quick succession came "Fofex One and Two", then "Septex One and Two", Bombardments with N.G.G.S., N.G.S.C.N., N.G.S.L.O. "Air Spots" and "Pink Spots"—if those gunners still can't fire their guns at least we can change frequency quickly so perhaps it hasn't been a waste of time after all.

At last came our chance of a change from Malta with a visit to Messina; unfortunately it only lasted

a day, when quite out of the blue we set off again to the Eastern Med. In actual fact to stand by whilst the Canal Committee came into being—but someone 'lost' the *Empire Chubb* on the way so we were delayed, still strange to tell we got to Cyprus again and marked time in F.O.M.E.'s regime for another spell. This time a 3-way radio link was set up with the Army at Kyrenia and it worked well. On our return to Malta, our self maintenance became possible and we shook down all the cobwebs in the offices and were able to relax . . . so much so that P.O. Tel. Alderson found time to get married and C.Y.S. Husler and C.P.O. Tel. Chisholm endangered the roads of Malta by taking an E.V.T. driving course. It ended suddenly however, with 24 hours notice to get underway and, here we are at Port Said.

The situation here is more fully described in the article 'A Communicator's View of the Suez Operation' written by a more clever pen, and we in *Jamaica* fully realise that the success and smooth running of the present communications are due to the previous exercises and work ups which at the time seemed so monotonous.

The Draftie's axe finally got P.O. Tel. Bailey and Ye. Edwards who went home, their fate untold. In the field of sport we still haven't been able to get our fill and with the Soccer and Hockey season upon us we are looking for opponents.

In closing we welcome P.O. Tel. Collins who has just arrived to relieve P.O. Tel. Shackel, to whom in turn we offer hearty congratulations on being selected for the first S/Lt. (SD) (C) course.

P.A.L.

## SIXTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

*Cavendish* has now replaced *Battleaxe* as Leader, while *Contest* and *Comet* soldier on from the last commission. Our other newcomer, *Carysfort*, has had difficulty in persuading the Clydeside workers to finish her. She is now due to commission in December and should join us in January.

The three of us commissioned on 28th August but instead of rushing off to the Mediterranean, we were kept at home to work up. It was no doubt felt that until we could deal with Nasser effectively we would be in the way, and the First D.S. have been retained. This change of programme was greeted with mixed feelings varying from those of C.O.6, whose wife was already in Malta, to those of the C.Y.S. and other natives of "Guzz". Everyone agreed, however, that the weather in the Med. would have been an improvement on Portland and Invergordon.

Now at last we are deemed efficient and are at this moment heading East at high speed to solve the Middle East problem once and for all.

In *Cavendish* C.Y.S. Edwards has the V.S. Department under control while C.P.O. Tel. Ryder wields a big arm over the Telegraphists. Y.S. Cox and P.O. Tel. Bailey are in charge in *Contest* and Y.S. Bryant and P.O. Tel. Clemo look after *Comet*.

Commander Knight, well known in *Mercury*, has exchanged his walking stick for a telescope and is Captain of *Comet*, and we are headed by a Communicator Captain (D), Captain Kennard.

We have already had several amusing incidents and some not quite so funny. The prize goes to the gentleman in Portland who sent us the signal before a surface shoot, asking that a boat be sent for "Cakemaking" party. After this had been distributed to a mystified Chief Cook, a correction came through, "for cakemaking" read "rake-marking".

## THIRD DESTROYER SQUADRON

Quite a lot of water has passed under our keels since our last contribution. *Saintes* and *St. Kitts* returned to U.K. for the 'Home Leg of their G.S.C.s' in June, but not before letting the Med. Fleet know that "Battles" are still capable of holding their own. *Saintes* won the Fleet A.A. Trophy and took third place in the Fleet Bombardment Competition, whilst *St. Kitts* took second place in the latter.

Before we sailed for home, the C.-in-C. said that he was proud to have us under his wing, and informed us that he would be 'pleased' to see us back again. His wishes were to be granted only too soon.

On arrival home, *Saintes* was deemed to be in need of a rest, and in August her ship's company commissioned *Armada*. *St. Kitts* in the meantime, had a quick check up in Guzz, and then took part in Exercise "Midnight Sun II" in the Arctic Circle off the coast of Norway. *Barfleur*, who joined the squadron in Malta two days before we sailed, was left in the Med. under the tender care of Captain D4.

Came September, and the Squadron—all two of us—joined up with the Home Fleet—all five of us—and sailed for the Autumn Cruise. As usual in these unsettled days, events did not proceed according to plan, and the 3rd D.S. hastily returned to their home ports to top up with necessary stores, and proceeded to 'please' C.-in-C. Med. by rejoining the Mediterranean Fleet.

At last we could have a complete squadron, and the following was made to *Barfleur* (who had been basking in the sunshine with the 4th D.S.)

Altho' thy leader may a cypher be,  
The FOURTH no more can covet thee,  
I trust I will on FRIDAY see,  
The figure on thy funnel THREE.

Within a few hours, back came the reply from *Barfleur*:

Dear Sir, we're loyal to the core,  
We've never had a flipping FOUR.

However, even though we've had a pretty busy commission, it has not been without its pleasant 'Jollys' to such places as Aqaba, Beirut, Catania, Cannes, Minorca, and best of all Barcelona, when it was the first time that the Fleet en masse has visited Spanish Ports since before the Civil War.



H.M.S. "Eagle", flagship of Vice-Admiral M. L. Power, Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers, H.M.S. "Bulwark" and H.M.S. "Albion".

*Official Photograph*

The Navy generally was made very welcome there and it catered admirably for all tastes!

The last few weeks have been the most eventful of the commission. A fortnight ago the 3rd D.S. became part of the Mediterranean Carrier Task Unit and together we wended our way towards the Eastern Med. for the operations which made world headlines, wending speed 26 knots.

For the first five days we screened the carriers and were kept very busy with continual A/C sorties and action stations for E Boats, possible submarines, and bogeys, any resemblance to a W.P.P. was strictly co-incidental.

The initial strikes were followed by the main air and seaborne assaults, and once again we found ourselves in the 'orchestra stalls' off Port Said, backing up the assault commandos as they stormed the beaches. We saw the air armada of transports as they neared the Anglo-French Dropping Zones, and our hearts went with them. After the troops had settled in we retired to the assault anchorage where a vast number of ships had collected—D.S.B., relay duties, etc. were carried out just as in the books.

We are now back to our first love, that of screening the carriers. Fleetwork for the 'Buntings' has had a revision comparable to a twelve-month course at the school, and all those items we've been told 'You'll never use', have been our daily bread. As for the 'Sparkers', what they don't know about

Crypto and changing wireless plans at the rush, just isn't worth knowing.

### H.M.S. "TYNE"

On July 19th 1956 *Tyne* sailed down Southampton Water wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, and carrying a large number of wives and children, apparently on a pleasure cruise. The national and local newspapers carried such exciting captions as:

"Britain's New Navy"

"What would Nelson have Said?"

"Flagship on Pleasure Cruise"

"Unprecedented Voyage by Flagship"

Die-hards clasped their hands to their weakening hearts. Three-badgers up and down the land proclaimed that "Now They had Seen Everything." The wives who took passage said that it was "Wonderful". The Commander-in-Chief said, "It is an Experiment".

All very exciting, but a most important factor seems, thus far, to have been overlooked by the critics. That is that within four short weeks following this cruise, this self-same "Pleasure Craft"; this "Welfare Wagon", was capable of proceeding forth to express Britain's displeasure at the Suez grab. Worthy of note by all in authority, we suggest.

Again, the load has fallen heavily upon the shoulders of the Communicators who, as always,



are quite capable of bearing it. Thus we, who came up the gangway in August still assuring ourselves that, "They can't draft us, we're Home Fleet Pool," etc., shortly found ourselves carrying out some very arduous duties, the details of which must, for the time being, remain vague in the interest of security. At least, we like to think that our travels have not been in vain.

The trip to the Mediterranean has resulted in a fair share of sea-time and various evolutions, such as usually arise on those occasions when a Man o' War is made aware of its main requirements, but we do have a lighter side. We have renewed our acquaintance with Malta, only to find, as usual, that 'That Bar' where we were always a 'Shining Light' has, with countless others, slid into oblivion, together with its once charming staff. We have also managed to find time to send some of the harder

worked members of the staff to spend a week at that famous traditional 'Health Resort', Ghajn Tuffieha, where all tired Communicators are put at ease, sometime or another, with the aid of muskets, heavy packs, big boots, and for idle moments, a bikini. We have also managed to play some football, excelling in the inter-Part, but not managing any outside matches, although we have met *Meon's* Communicators on the hockey field.

By the time this issue of *THE COMMUNICATOR* is being read, we earnestly hope to be home and sorted out into what we like to consider are our "entitled" appointments, not forgetting a spot of our lost leave. We regret that we can tell you little or nothing of the many interesting communication experiences which we have had, but let us assure you that both from *Tyne* and from all the ships of our Force, Mercury has flown well and winged high.

## HOLIDAYS FROM HOME

Old Med. Sailors will be delighted to know that the Tourist Bureau of Malta has recently issued a gay colourful brochure asking its readers, "Why not Malta this Year?"

It offers us Fun and Games, Pretty Girls, Dancing under the Stars, Gondola trips beneath an Outsize Moon, and lavish helpings of Romance, all of which we well know really do exist. That is, for those lucky few who know where to find them. The brochure, being up to date, makes flattering mention of the "Beautiful Bay at Ghajn Tuffieha", which we are given to understand is only a beer-bottle's throw from the "Breathtaking Blue Grotto". Alas, for some unknown reason no mention is made of that remarkable establishment, The Royal Marine Training Centre, a sight that would fill the average tourist with awe, apart from making him determined to spend his next holiday at home.

All this, however, is by the way, for it was not the brochure that caused a band of *Tyne's* Communicators to set forth eagerly to this colourful spot. That was achieved by the simple and ever effective process of "You, you, and you". Assured by 'Those who Know' that they would have a Jolly Good Time, they were issued with odd little items in support of this theory, namely, boots, gaiters, rifles, stens, tin helmets and packs, not forgetting a communal pull-through, just in case. Thus assured of lazy days not far ahead, off they went.

On their arrival they were greeted by the Commandant, who slowed their thudding hearts with a dazzling smile and an air of gay nonchalance. This small comfort was short-lived, however, when he revealed that he knew how to turn pale-faced Communicators into real men, in one week flat.

It is said that the ghastly thought of being turned into a *real* man at such short notice was such a

shock to one particular Bunting, that he developed tummy trouble.

The holiday began at 0600 to give everyone time to prepare for the Parade at 0740, not forgetting the small but comparatively unimportant item of Breakfast. Parade Inspection was concentrated on the Boots, this apparently being the only item of the Communicators' kit that bore the slightest resemblance to the Commandant's resident Royal Marine Commandos. Parade was followed by intense instructions upon the uses and assemblies of various assorted cannon, conducted by expert N.C.O.s. The comparative calm of such instructions was, however, shattered on two occasions when the Communicators were invited, whether they liked it or not of course, to tackle the Assault Route, which required a few little every-day tricks such as swinging across chasms, scaling walls, and scrambling up and down nets. It is surprising that no bones were broken, although one poor Bunting did develop a poisoned foot as a result of a slight difference of opinion with an unco-operative chasm.

At 1300 the real rest began. One was required to do nothing, other than laze on the truly delightful beach, or play games, or drink beer. Unfortunately the beach belongs to the Establishment so there was a deficiency of Pretty Girls, Romance and Gondolas. The only Breathtaking Blue Grotto explored by the visitors was the dark interior of an Empty Blue Label Beer crate.

It was indeed a changed band of men that returned to *Tyne*. Browner, healthier, and ready for anything, including three watches. Let it be known that they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

So there you are Communicators: you that are getting a little bored with chilly old United Kingdom. As the Brochure says:

'Why not Malta this Year?'



## ACROSS EUROPE BY MOTOR CYCLE



St. Peter's, Rome



Simplon Pass

On June 26th the S.S. *Argentina* sailed from Malta carrying my wife and me and our Excelsior 122 cc. motor cycle on the first stage of our journey to England. Two days later we were in Naples after a very pleasant trip, with a few hours ashore in Syracuse and having seen Etna, Taormina, Sorrento, Stromboli and Capri.

Once through the customs I loaded up the bike whilst my wife cashed travellers cheques and obtained Tourist Petrol coupons, which enable travellers in Italy to buy petrol at a cheaper rate than the normal 9/9 a gallon.

Leaving Naples in the afternoon we soon became adjusted to driving on the right. Having passed through beautiful country with views of the sea and farmland on one side and mountains on the other, we reached Rome early on 30th June where we spent three hours sightseeing and visiting the Coliseum, various monuments and St. Peters. We found St. Peters crowded with tourists of all nationalities, and much of the dignity and beauty of it was spoilt by the guides rushing around.

We left by the Via Aurelia, a fast road through Civitavecchia to Grosseto which is a large attractive town, where we were the centre of great interest. An Italian found us a pleasant hotel and after a tour round the town we were glad to sleep.

Saturday saw us once more on the Via Aurelia which took us through mountains and over a cultivated plain to Cecina, thence by the winding picturesque road to Leghorn, a busy seaport. After a meal we went on to Pisa, where in company with many other tourists we climbed the Leaning Tower. The next part of the trip took us through Viareggio and the valley of the river Magna, from whence we could look back over the mountains and river. At last tired and saddle sore we reached a comfortable hotel at Pontremoli.

Early Sunday morning we climbed the hairpin ascent to the Passo del Cisa at 3,415 feet, where the small cafe was crowded with tourists all feeling

the keen mountain air, drinking hot coffee and munching rolls. Pushing on through Piacenza we joined the Via Emilia, which took us over the Lombardy Plain. When we reached Milan the many road diversions were confusing and resulted in our missing the main road to Como and eventually the pouring rain and thunder forced us to stay the night in a small village hotel.

Next morning, still in slight rain, we set off once more and shortly afterwards we entered Como by cobbled streets and passing close to the lake, covered the remaining six kilometres to the Italo-Swiss frontier, where we again had to shelter from a terrific storm for over four hours. Eventually we managed to cover the last few miles to the rack railway up Mt. Generoso which, it is said, offers lovely views of Lake Lugano and the St. Gotthard Pass. Unfortunately all we saw was heavy rain and mist and we couldn't even leave the train as it was so rough at the top.

We set off early the next day with the Simplon Pass as our objective. Crossing Lake Lugano we joined the main St. Gotthard road which runs through the Mt. Lenere Pass, round the shores of Lake Maggiore to Locarno. Here we decided to take what appeared to be a short cut into Domodossola. After riding for miles along rough tracks we enquired the way from a somewhat bewildered youth who had never heard of it. Later we discovered that this was like asking someone in Trafalgar Square how to find East Meon. After a bumpy ride back we at last reached Domodossola, consoling ourselves with the thought that we had seen some of the wilder parts of the country that we would otherwise have missed.

After a meal and minor adjustment of the chain we set off through the Simplon Pass, an indescribable experience. There were towering mountains, waterfalls, snow by the roadside, patches of bright green grass and flowers. The road was rough and narrow, with barely room to pass other traffic and very slippery in places after the recent rain.

However, we made steady progress until we reached the Hospice at 6,140 feet, a bleak cold building. We pressed on to the highest point, 6,574 feet, where there is a magnificent view of snow-capped mountains stretching as far as the eye could see. It was well worth the long climb. The 39 miles from Domodossola over the Simplon to Brig took us four hours in bottom gear.

Next day we decided to make for the French frontier, which took us down through the Rhone valley leaving the Alps behind. Travelling through flat farmland we eventually reached Lake Geneva and stopped for a while at Montreux to get that important item in the traveller's outfit, more cash.

Following the shores of Lake Geneva we went through Lausanne to the Jura mountains and the Franco-Swiss border. A few more miles brought us into Salins les Bains on the main road to Geneva and the South of France.

The next day was Thursday, 5th July, and we were well up on our timetable but decided to keep pressing ahead. We passed through Dijon, centre of the Burgundy wine trade and the road became rather hilly so we made somewhat laboured progress; but the sun and scenery were adequate compensation. We called it a day at Avallon; then early next morning set off for Paris. The road was fast and the countryside flat for miles and miles so very soon we passed through the forest of Fontainebleau, then joined the R.N.7, fastest of all the Routes Nationales, past Orly Airport to Paris itself.

We stayed overnight in the outskirts, then early on Saturday morning we toured the city seeing Notre Dame, Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe. After our sightseeing we decided to try and make Boulogne, a distance of 153 miles, that day.

Travelling through wooded country and downland we reached Beauvais, passing en route the memorial to the Airship R101 disaster. Skirting the forest of Crecy we reached Abbeville in time to see the Tour de France cycle race pass through. Soon we saw the English Channel and at four o'clock were at the A.A. port office in Boulogne, two days ahead of schedule. We switched our booking and were soon on board the S.S. *Lord Warden* due at Dover at 8.30 p.m. However our adventures were not over, for off Cap Gris Nez in thick fog we collided with a French cargo ship; but luckily there was no serious damage and we were only two hours late at Dover.

With the customs behind us we were glad to relax in a Dover hotel after a thoroughly enjoyable trip. D.W.F.

*The photographs at the head of this article have been awarded the prize for the best photograph—P.O. TEL. D. FOOTE, Malta, M.S.O.*

## "DRAMATICS"

For those of you who have never thought of joining or forming a Drama Group in your ship or establishment, then I advise you to think again.

Last year an ambitious young officer on this station decided to try and produce a play, and by the usual 'grapevine' method this news was spread around and a few volunteers appeared at a casting meeting. In turn they read out different parts, and the producer picked out his team. So the rehearsals commenced. The play was called "Sit Down a Minute Adrian" and, as some of you may remember, we won the R.N. Drama Festival with it.

From then on we haven't looked back, we have since had one pantomime, three and shortly five Plays to our credit.

During our 'resting' periods, we held a discussion group, make-up sessions, which caused great amusement, play reading and also attended lectures given by visiting members of the British Drama League.

Before I joined the Drama Group on this station, I was only very mildly interested in that type of entertainment—far preferring to be completely devoid of experience, having only taken part in one or two junior school productions. Since joining my interest has grown to such an extent that I'm almost an addict—for the bright lights of the theatre have the similar soothing effects of a drug, and seem to act like a charm.

Many of you probably think that the rather forbidding title of "Drama Group" sounds incredibly dull and if you are holding a pint in your hand as you are reading this, you'll probably take a few hasty gulps and press on with the next article, but before you do, may I hasten to assure you that it is, in fact, contrary to your expectations, if you stick to light-hearted comedies, pantomime, and variety shows; for as everyone knows, "home-made" entertainment is by far the best and the fun is fast and furious.

Please remember that you don't have to have any outstanding talents in Amateur Dramatics, so if you can't "sing, dance, act or play a musical instrument", stage and backstage hands of every description are always required and are most important people.

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Have we a one track mind in H.M.S. *Mercury*? The following extract appeared in the programme of the visit of The Chaplain of the Fleet, the Venerable F. D. Bunt, O.B.E., M.A., R.N.

"0750. Celebrate Holy Communication".

\* \* \*

Have you ever been described in a signal like this?

"Complexion fresh. Birthmark above right buttock has marked Irish (Belfast) accent".



Photo: Beken &amp; Sons, Cowes.

H.M.S. "Venus" and Portuguese training ship "Sagres"

### S.T.I.R.C.

Everyone has heard of the Sail Training-Ship International Race, more commonly known as the Torbay to Lisbon sailing race, which took place in July of this year. Also that the winner was the British ketch *Moyana*, which later sank in the English Channel during fierce gales on her return journey. Much has been written about this first of such races and of the great sailing ships, but not a word of the communications involved.

H.M.S. *Venus* of the Dartmouth Training Squadron was the ship fortunate enough to be selected for guard ship duties during the whole of the race. This meant seven days at Lisbon and the best visit of the summer cruise.

Whilst the tall ships were gathering in Torbay during the twenty-four hours prior to the start of the race, we maintained in addition to normal commitments, a constant voice channel with Dartmouth College and an hourly routine, using Type 615s, with a shore station established at Torquay and five college motor launches. The latter were employed in Torbay ferrying stores, mail, officers of the sailing ships and V.I.P.s.

Once the race had started, arrangements had been for all ships to pass their positions twice daily, at 0800Z and at 2000Z. Despite a lot of interference and generally very weak signals, this was fairly successful, mainly because all the staff turned to at these times and took a genuine interest

in the progress of the race. Having two gentlemen of the press on board, there were also press reports to clear in time for the morning and evening editions of their respective newspapers.

On the second day of the race, we circled round and contacted most of the ships visually. We then headed south for Lisbon and an alongside berth at the Cais de Rocha. Here we made the acquaintance of our Portuguese Liaison Officer, who informed us that clearance had been granted on all NATO frequencies above four mcs. This of course finished our communications with the sailing ships; but permission was obtained from the Portuguese Maritime Headquarters in Lisbon, for us to join in on local nets, using C.W. and voice. Our opposite numbers were the Portuguese frigates *Diogo Gomes* and *Nuno Tristao* and the patrol ships *Dourada* and *Terceira*, who were patrolling somewhere on the line between Lisbon and Finisterre. These ships reported all sailing ships sighted to Maritime Headquarters and *Venus*. This close liaison was essential because, (a) The sailing committee had their H.Q. in *Venus*, (b) We had to keep Admiralty informed as to the progress of the race and (c) The gentlemen of the press required early and accurate information for their respective papers.

The ship was awarded fifteen commemorative medals for her part in the race and we were all pleased to see that one went to the Leading Telegraphist.—A.V.S.

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

### H.M.S. "KENYA"

June found us still cruising, now round South Africa, Mozambique, and Madagascar. We hit Durban for the July Handicap and transferred the flag of C-in-C S.A. before going on our way, once more a private ship, to Mombasa, a sort of home from home for us. There we had great co-operation from the R.E.A.N. wireless station. This is run very smoothly by C.P.O. Tel. Ford and an otherwise entirely locally entered staff.

We left Aden at the end of July bound for Malta. Then it happened. Half-way up the Red Sea we executed a neat Turn of 180° and plunged back into the heat we had so recently left.

Ten weeks later we were still languishing from heat exhaustion at Aden unrelieved except by a couple of trips to the Gulf, which reluctantly convinced us of the fact that it was possible to get hotter, and a trip to a remote island of which all that can be said is that it exists. We question whether this is an advantage! You never get something for nothing from the Navy, and our very glamorous previous programme should have prepared us for all this!

Then suddenly came the great day when we awoke from our stupor and found that we had been ordered home via the Cape. Pausing only for whistle stops at Durban, Simonstown, and Freetown we steamed back to U.K. and are now looking forward to a spot of leave and Christmas.

### S.T.C. KLAVER

This will be the last article from the Royal Naval Signal Training Centre at Klaver as, at the end of March, as the notes of "Sunset" drift across the Bay's still waters (South-easter permitting), the White Ensign will be hauled down for the last time, and at "Colours" the next morning the Ensign of the South African Navy will be hoisted in its stead. After 50 years or more of occupation the Royal Navy is moving out and handing over to the South African Navy, though there will still be an R.N. Officer in Charge and three R.N. Instructors remaining on loan.

The roles played by Klaver Camp have been various since its birth and in the space available it would be impossible to give full details so we will just concentrate on the Camp since its inception as a Signal Training Centre.

The Signal Training Centre consisted of five wooden huts built during the 1939-45 war from two aircraft packing cases. Four were used as classrooms and one as a Chapel and Quiet Room. In 1943 the foundations of the present school were laid, and instructions commenced in 1945. The wooden classrooms fell into disuse and were

consumed in 1950 when a forest fire swept the mountainside.

From records held, it is estimated that over 1,000 officers and ratings have been trained or undergone courses at the Signal Training Centre since its inception. By the time of the turn-over the number will probably have been increased by another 50. Courses for the next year number eleven, so the S.A.N. will be carrying on the good work commenced by the R.N.

As is usual at this time of the year, all hands are in readiness to combat the ever increasing danger of bush fires—we are keeping our fingers crossed—it wouldn't do for us to hand over a burnt out establishment.

### SLANGKOP W/T

Van Hunks and the devil must be puffing extra hard at their pipes on top of Table Mountain this year, causing that beautiful white table cloth to hang down low over the slopes of the mountain, almost into the city itself. The south-easter howls around street corners, up alleyways, and into every nook and cranny until its full force is expended into Capetown harbour causing ships already berthed there to "double up" and others to lie in wait in the roadstead.

Slangkop takes its share of the "Cape Doctor", and indeed, he is often at Slangkop when the remainder of the Peninsular is waiting in the calm whilst he gathers his breath.

The Submarine *Tally Ho* and units of the British and South African Navies, together with French and South African Air Forces, are taking part off the Peninsular in the annual exercises (CAPEX).

Cape Town is seeing much shipping previously claimed by the Suez Canal, and many large liners and troopers have come our way since the crisis began. The extra traffic, whilst causing a boom for ships' chandlers, is causing extra work here; some days approaching Christmas proportions. Recent Suez developments point to increased traffic and with Christmas in the offing we are all keyed up expectantly for any situation which may arise.

Mr. Whiffin, the new O/C, has settled in comfortably. He lives at Newlands—the mecca of South African Rugby and Cricket, where we hope to see the M.C.C. in action over Christmas.

In the annual Port Cross Country Race we came third once again. O/Tel. Fuller, who came third, had only been on South African soil for a day and had had no training, neither was he acquainted with the run of the course. In him, we believe we possess a prospective naval champion long distance runner.





H.M.S. "Salisbury"

Official Photograph

### CLYDE DIVISION R.N.V.R.

As 1956 comes to a close, we look back on a very active Summer, in which both our seagoing tenders hied themselves off to Denmark, and from all accounts their crews enjoyed the visit. On their return to Invergordon, to take part in the annual M/S exercise, *Clyde* started off well but alas managed to wind a wire around one of her screws and was forced to drop out, limping home to dry dock instead.

She was soon under way once more however, and formed part of the Escort for the Royal Yacht on the Western Isles cruise. Both H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh came aboard at Loch Boisdale before landing on South Uist, and a very welcome signal of appreciation was sent by The Queen as a result.

H.M.S. *Dubford*, our seaward defence craft, undertook a trip down to H.M.S. *Vernon* for exercises, thence on to the Channel Islands, and again all hands seem to have enjoyed themselves.

Our Communications Section has now obtained the new training classrooms long awaited, and is taking full advantage of them, and the Coders and W.R.N.S. Sigs. are now in possession of a Crypto room of their own. The division is deeply engrossed in its winter training session, and all the information gleaned at Signal School, and aboard H.M. Ships is erupting forth in full spate.

As regards Communications, the 1957 battlerey is for more and yet more recruits. We realise that we shall doubtless have to wage war with the Gunnery, T.A.S., Radar and other sections over this matter, but we maintain we have the most to offer.

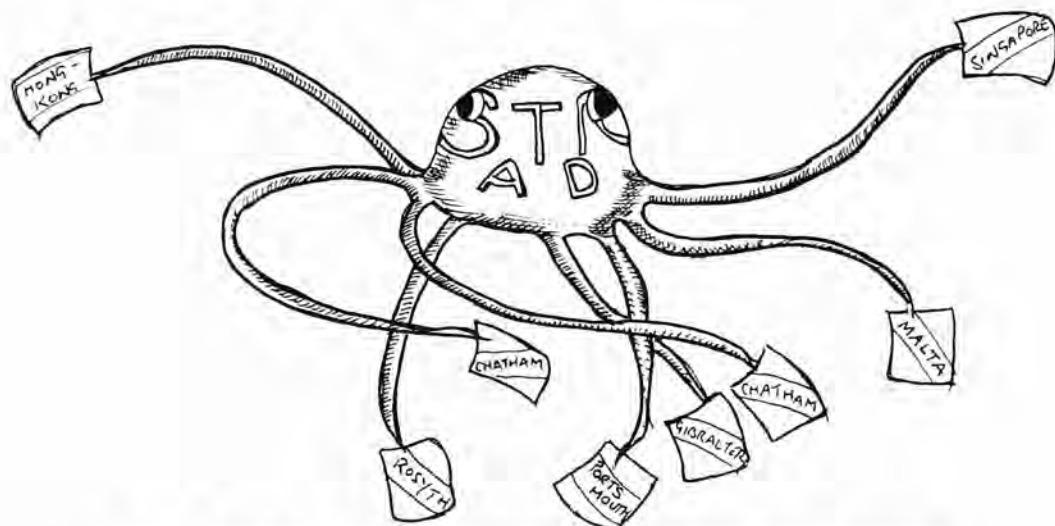
### H.M.S. "SUSSEX" R.N.V.R.

The main divisional Headquarters are situated at Hove, on the sea front adjacent to the *King Alfred*, with a sub-divisional Headquarters at Newhaven. Most divisions are housed in a Drill ship, but whilst less fortunate we are having a new Headquarters erected at Hove on the banks of the canal. We shall be able to berth our two sea tenders, H.M.S. *Curzon* and H.M.S. *Axford*, alongside the Headquarters.

The Sussex Division has a very strong Communication background and to mention but a few, Commander Whittle, D.S.C., V.R.D. (our Executive Commander) was a "bunting", Lt.-Cmdr. Hobday, D.S.C. (Navigation Officer) was a "sparker" and also served for a time at Leydene as Entertainment and Transport Officer. Lt.-Cmdr. P. Noel (First Lt.) and the Communications Officer Lt. Wells, both have extensive experience in all phases of Communication activity. One of the Senior Electrical Officers (Lt.-Cmdr. Dickson) was in the first R.N.V.R. Long "S" course at *Mercury*, and remains, like many others, a Communicator at heart. Our Senior P.O. Tel. P. Clarke has many active service years of "key thumping" behind him. We have also in our midst Lt. Cmdr. Jezzard, V.R.D., who between wars was a Signal Boatswain and although now officially retired, attends us regularly and assists with instruction.

The Permanent Staff Instructors include C.Y.S. Bailey (ex-Royal Yacht) and C.P.O. Tel. Jeffrey, while the maintenance is done by C.R.E. (ex-C.P.O. Tel.) Percy Hancock, of whom many of the older Communicators will have varied recollections!

We have a large W.R.N.V.R. contingent of both officers and ratings, all of whom take a very active part in all facets of R.N.V.R. training and social life.



## THE NEXT LOOK IN NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS

### THE STRAD

In 1957 a revolutionary step forward in communications automation will take place, when the first STRAD (Signal Transmitting Receiving and Distributing) machine is installed in Whitehall Wireless for trials. When finally working at full pressure this machine (size 900 square feet of floorspace, cost—tens of thousands of pounds) will do the work of over 100 human Communicators.

The STRAD can be likened to a vast electronic brain, with its own built in memory and intelligence. Its function is to receive messages from up to 50 In circuits, recognise their routing and precedence, and retransmit them on the correct selection of up to 50 Out circuits, in their right order. The machine works on the standard teleprinter 5 unit code, and so both Out and In circuits are connected to either line or radio teleprinter systems.

The heart of the STRAD is its "memory", or storage system. This is a magnetic drum, on which is deposited every message received, in the form of minute charges corresponding to the pulses of the coded version of the message. By means of an electronic filing and reference device every message so deposited can be read off as required for retransmission.

The intelligence of the machine is provided by a galaxy of electronic relays, which are preset to recognise certain standard combinations of letters and figures as containing instructions for message routing. This seemingly miraculous facility in fact corresponds in a more sophisticated way to the ability of a normal teleprinter to recognise standard combinations of the pulses of the 5 unit code as letters or function characters.

The two main types of instructions that the machine has to deal with are routing and precedence. The former is contained in the Routing Indicators, and the latter in double letter precedence prosigns. Besides these executive instructions, a number of other functional instructions are necessary in order to operate the machine. Examples of these are "Beginning of routing" and "End of message", etc.

If STRAD does not recognise a message fed into it, or the instructions are either garbled or impossible to perform, it rejects the message. The rejected message is retransmitted on the reject circuit, and arrives at a teleprinter where it is dealt with by a human being.

Messages which the machine recognises, and can be dealt with according to their instructions, are stored in the memory, until their turn for retransmission comes up. They are placed in the queue on each Out circuit according to their precedence and time of receipt, and when due for transmission, the message is read off the magnetic drum and transmitted. When all transmissions necessary to clear the message have been made, it is then automatically wiped off the drum, and the space is available for another.

Distribution is effected by passing messages for internal delivery to the M.S.O. by teleprinter, using one of the Out circuits. This means that the M.S.O. can be remote from the Traffic Centre.

The procedure used with the STRAD is basically the same as for Tape Relay at present. Minor modifications are necessary in order to include the functional instructions mentioned above.

Some of these modifications have been foreshadowed in the Tape Relay procedure book to be introduced in the new year, the Commonwealth Naval Tape Relay Supplement to ACP 127. This may explain some otherwise puzzling alterations in this supplement.

A machine of this complexity will raise queries concerning its reliability, and the maintenance effort needed to keep it running. This has been kept constantly in mind, and it is hoped that by means of careful design a very high degree of reliability will be obtained.

The final plan is for STRADS to be fitted at all major communications centres where the volume of message handling justifies it. Smaller or larger models can be produced to suit the size of the job to be done, which depend chiefly on the number of lines terminated at the centre.

A final point which touches us all. Automatic machines like STRAD work fast and accurately. However, they rely on an accurate human input for their operation. We shall all have to become very accurate at taping, teleprinting and in message layout, if the advantages of communication automation are to be exploited.—W.T.T.P.

(Editor's note.—It is hoped to produce a further article on STRAD in the Easter Number).



## HONG KONG—OCTOBER 1956

As you have no doubt read in the Press, rioting broke out in Kowloon on October 10th, but thanks to the prompt and very efficient action taken by the Hong Kong Police Force and British Military Authorities the disturbances had ceased by the 14th, and the last of the curfews was lifted on 16th October.

Casualties numbered about 50 dead and 380 detained in hospital, including 18 policemen and 4 servicemen. During this period some 5,000 arrests were made for various offences such as curfew breaking, loitering, rioting. This alone shows the high standard of efficiency of the Hong Kong Police in dealing with this situation.

Mobs at times numbered about 4,000 and when the Police were unable to keep the situation completely

under control the Military were then brought in and they cordoned off the area, but it was not necessary for them to open fire.

Our Married Quarters were in the middle of the trouble area but fortunately no attack was made on them. M.Q. residents at Argyle Street had a grandstand view of Army Headquarters which was set up about 100 yards away. The dockyard mateys were recruited into a watch-keeping organisation with naval ratings and a continuous lookout was organised to give warning of the approach of mobs and whether it had become necessary to evacuate the M.Q. personnel to safety. Fortunately the latter was not necessary; it is rumoured that the organisation of this watch-keeping caused C.Y.S. Spence to keep his first middle watch in ten years. It was apparently necessary for the Commodore's Coxswain to have the watch-keeping system explained to him.

Several families living in private accommodation had to be evacuated to the China Fleet Club.

The watch-keeping organisation at H.Q.B.F. was maintained throughout the trouble period and the Chinese staff showed great initiative in getting to work from Kowloon.

Camp beds were provided for them and several slept at H.Q.B.F. for a few days.

Ratings living in M.Q. at Jubilee Buildings were brought over direct by M.F.V. and those living at M.Q.s at Argyle Street were brought to Kowloon Dockyard by naval armed escorts (composed of ratings from H.M.S. *Concord*) and thence by M.F.V. to Hong Kong.

All public transport in Kowloon ceased and the Star Ferry was stopped; this action prevented the trouble spreading to Victoria Island.

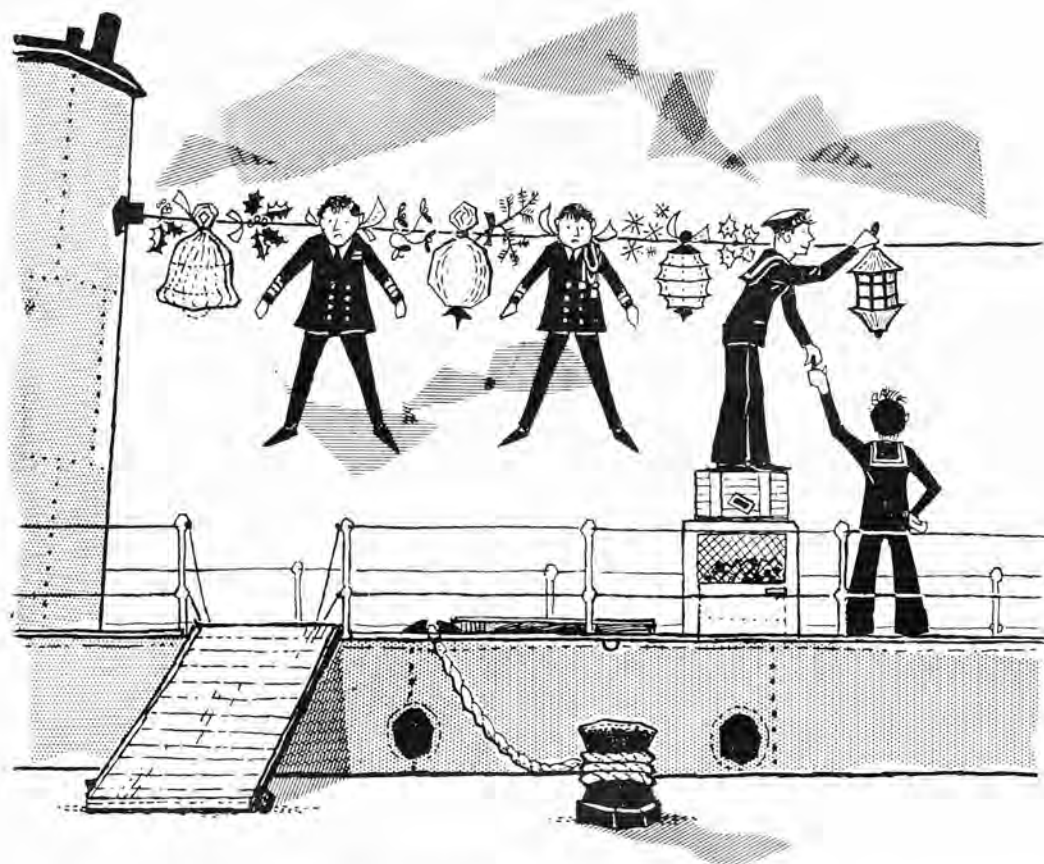
Marine Police assisted by Naval Patrol vessels, patrolled the harbour and kept a careful check on such sampans and boats that ventured the crossing. Many inhabitants of Hong Kong were stranded in Kowloon and vice versa when the Ferry stopped at very short notice.

No difficulties were experienced over food as NAAFI mobile shops, heavily protected by military escorts, visited the married quarters daily. Bread was however in short supply as the premises of the Garden Company, one of our main suppliers, was gutted by fire in the early stages of the disturbances.

All cinemas, cabarets, restaurants, etc. on the Kowloon side were closed and all leave (except to *bona fide* natives) was stopped.

The children were, of course, delighted when all schools were closed, this announcement made on Rediffusion and Hong Kong Radio, was really the first indication we had that the situation was so serious.

However all is well now and once again the rich whites are back to normal riotous living in Hong Kong.—W.G.D.



### SIGNAL CELIBATES

Every so often, in words dripping with honey, the Admiralty invites officers to apply for Courses, and all the officers who have had a row with the Captain that morning invariably apply. Courses usually require a knowledge of higher mathematics, calculus, a sound knowledge of physics, astronomy and modern Greek. Or, failing that, they invite the ambitious to learn how to dispose of unexploded bombs. It is only very rarely that a Course demands "no technical knowledge whatsoever", and when this happens there is a tendency to apply rashly without further thought.

Which, roughly speaking, was how twelve of us came to be learning Morse at Basegram Hall.

Morse, as you know, is a series of dots and dashes inextricably mixed. You can make Morse with a light, which is called Flashing; or you can make it on a little machine screwed to a table, which is called Buzzing. In certain circumstances you can make it on a ship's siren, when you get a series of bubbles and a rush of gurgling hot water that drenches everyone on deck.

In any case, Morse is useless unless you can read it.

Every morning at Basegram Hall they make us put on our headphones and they buzz for us. The great thing in learning to read Morse is not to worry if you miss a letter. You must dismiss it from your mind and concentrate on the next one. In this way you progress in certain well-worn stages. To begin with, when you look at what you have written it is something like this:

"t.....z.....ptq.....e"

This may be depressing, but it is astonishing what stubborn application can do. After a few days, as if by magic, you reach:

"it was nil emplishment was in wirts".

This is very satisfactory, but at Basegram Hall it is unwise to congratulate yourself too soon. For if you give the least sign of being able to read Morse it is immediately made a great deal faster and you can't read it again for a week.

Petty Officer Postagram gives us our buzzer exercise. For years Petty Officer Postagram has been



making Morse, and he can actually read it faster than he can write it down. When he makes Morse he sits with one hand on the key and with the other he scratches his nose while gazing wistfully out of the window. Occasionally he becomes convulsed with laughter at our tortured faces. He is a kind and friendly man, however, and sometimes you can get him to read out a little bit of the exercise after it is over.

Not so our Instructor, Lieutenant Lumping. When Lieutenant Lumping makes Morse he really means business. He grits his teeth and hammers the key like a man possessed. Not only does he expect you to read what he makes, he actually wants you to reply. This is fairly easy, actually, because after a few minutes' silence you are aware that Lieutenant Lumping is glaring at you and you know it is your turn to answer.

It has not taken our Course long, in fact, to realize that there is more in attaining proficiency at Morse than merely making stern efforts to read it. You can, for instance, look at what the man next to you has written. This is all right because you know he is looking at what you have written and that the chances are that both of you are wrong.

There is something too in knowing what kind of prose is favoured by the person who sets the exercise. If the piece is selected by one of the Wrens it is all about dukes, moonlight, the mail-boat back from China, and handsome men with quizzical eyes. Petty Officer Postagram, a man who can face facts, usually likes a bit culled from old newspapers about Singapore the impregnable. On the other hand, his relief, a lugubrious man, positively enjoys anything about a good funeral. "It isn't easy", he taps, "to see your wife die inch by inch before your eyes". Or, "Colours will be half-masted from 1700".

We do our exercises on a special printed sheet with neat spaces for our names and for that of the corrector of the exercise. Our exercises are always corrected by G. Glossing, and it has not taken some of us long to discover that G. Glossing is a Wren. We know that it is as well to be on the right side of G. Glossing.

The ways of approach have been varied. Lieutenant Playfair, for instance, favours the old method of trying to discover the Christian name. He puts Gertrude???? on his sheet one morning and Gladys???? the next. This method is good for a few marks, but Sub. Lieutenant Crimp is more pushful and has taken G. Glossing to a dance at the village hall. He claims that by this means he can even get her to write in correct words for him. He also says her name is Griselda, but no one believes him.

But you must not think we do not take our Morse seriously or that we are all equally inefficient. Lieutenant Lanyard, for instance, has been able to read Morse for years, ever since he was a Boy Scout, and each mistake he makes is like a drop of blood to him. He even remembers particular letters that have been made early in the exercise and says to

himself, "That's funny". When he makes a mistake there is nothing underhand about him. He takes the direct line.

"Look here," he says, "you gave me dar-dar-dee-dar". "No Sir", says the Petty Officer. "Dee-dar-dee-dee- that's what it was".

"Dee-dar-dee-dee?"

"Yes, sir".

"I could have been certain", says Lieutenant Lanyard, "that it was the dee-dar-dee-dee just before the dar-dar-dar".

He makes the alteration firmly but regretfully. I don't suppose it matters, because Lieutenant Flake says we have only been selected for the Course for social reasons. He doesn't suppose we shall need Morse to arrange an Admiral's dinner-party or dance attendance on his daughter.

"Not that I'm here for social reasons", he says to me, "or you, for that matter".

Which is rather unflattering, because sometimes, in view of my Morse, I wonder why I am at Base-gram Hall. I'm sure Lieutenant Lumping wonders too.

*(Editor's Note:—The author takes no responsibility for the topicality of this article which was written during his wartime Long Course. However it bears a striking resemblance to the present day.)*

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## CEREMONIAL GUIDE

The ceremonial guide (printed on separate enclosure) has been produced with the hope that it will prove a useful tool to our readers. It is believed to conform with the forthcoming Chapters 12 and 13 of the Q.R. and A.I. To prepare the guide for use, cut out the disc and cursor and paste them on to stout card. Paste the notes onto the back of the disc and pin the disc and cursor together with a bifurcated paper clip; as an alternative to the cursor, readers may like to make a cardboard disc of the same diameter as the thick ruled circle on the guide and cut out a segment to make a window, the appropriate labels being printed on one side of the window. To make a more durable job it is recommended that the bootmaker be asked to insert a brass eyelet at the centre-hole of the disc and cursor.

## HARDSHIPS, BY A YEOMAN

Yeoman to O/Sig.: "You don't know what it's like to be cold. I remember the time when it was so cold that it required two of us to operate the 10 inch".

O/Sig.: "Why two of you, Yeo?"

Yeoman: "Well it was like this, my pal began to operate the 10 inch, but it was so cold that the beam froze, so I had to get an axe and cut the beam into dots and dashes."

## FINDING AMERICA

Hugo Dunn-Meynell served as a coder from 1944 to 1947. He tells us that his career was undistinguished, but this is not quite accurate: he is, so far as we know, the only rating ever to have appeared on Divisions in a top hat. He had attended a wedding aboard one of H.M. Ships the previous night and, having forgotten all his promises to Aggie Weston, had fallen asleep on board: in the morning, he put on the only clothes he had with him and staggered on deck at a moment when his presence was least required. After various unsuccessful attempts to become "something in the City", he is now Managing Director of Finders Ltd.—or, as he puts it, "a sort of glorified civilian barrack-master". Recently the firm which employs him sent him to the U.S.A., and when we asked him to let us have his impression of his visit, this is what he wrote:

"These are the impressions of a Communicator who went out to have a 'dek' at 'God's Own Country'. I covered over 13,000 miles, visited 19 States and lived for days on hamburgers, only to discover on arrival in Hollywood that Miss Monroe was in England all the time.

"New York has much to offer rabbitwise: the tailors show wares from the finest English manufacturers, and identical articles with identical labels at a quarter the price from the best Japanese houses. Antique shops are so bursting with the spoils of Grosvenor House that it is hard to understand why people cross the Atlantic in search of Victorian chamber pots and Georgian back-scratchers. Nor are the people of that noble city reluctant to part with their treasures; a fairly common shop-window slogan is—'Don't just stand there, buy something!'

"Most memorable experience in New York was a visit which restored my faith in the movies. We sat on two broken chairs at the end of a vast room full of serious-looking men with green eye-shades, frantic youths claspings bits of ticker-tape, and cool young women hammering electronic typewriters to pulp. At the same desk (almost on my knee in fact) sat a man with a telephone growing out of his ear, asking 'And can I quote you Senator, as saying . . . ?' My host was smoking an execrable and wet cigar and was charming. This was indeed an American newspaper office.

"After finding the office of my New York business friends on merely the 62nd floor of their office block; the New York Public Library whose trainees were threatening to strike because their salaries just after leaving school stood at only £25 per week; Macy's ('Nobody undercuts Macy's') and Gimbel's ('Nobody, *but nobody*, undercuts Gimbel's!'), I voyaged west to Washington, where I discovered that there are 3 girls to every one man. It is possible that I hit upon the solution to a problem which has worried the Administration for years: why it takes two clerks in the Capitol as long as it takes

one clerk anywhere else to get through a particular job, I visited the White House and spent a long time being conducted around the Congressional Library and playing with a delightful toy, a compressed-air gun for shooting bundles of books about 300 yards into the next building.

"While travelling in my host's car in Washington I remarked that surely it had everything: electric folding hood, automatic tipping seats, electronically-controlled window-raising, automatic light-dipping. At that moment, the telephone rang.

"In Washington, I was asked by the Secretary of its gourmet society to advise them on all the details necessary to hold a real old-fashioned un-American English dinner. They listened and made attentive notes while I described smoked salmon, roast beef, asparagus, strawberries and delicious cheeses. Then, in my honour, they said that they had arranged a really typical, old-fashioned American dinner. The menu was smoked salmon, roast beef, asparagus, strawberries and delicious cheeses!

"My next stop was Chicago, where the traditional honours of the city were done for my benefit: that is to say, a corpse was discovered where I was staying shortly after I arrived. It was something of a disappointment however, when I visited Cicero, haunt of the late lamented Al Capone, to be asked to discuss with a drug-store proprietor an obscure point relating to Raphaelite art. The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS came out with a tremendous scoop when they discovered that I had never tasted a real hot dog, and a large photograph of myself negotiating my first, adorned the pages of that scholarly journal. I also made my television debut, sandwiched between breakfast cereal and a brand of aspirin.

"Now for the Middle West and the romantic names of Illinois and Missouri and Kentucky and Tennessee. In St. Louis I found that my fame had gone ahead. At the local University, local that is in the American sense for it is 80 miles from the town centre, the Professor of English Literature was waiting to meet me, doubtless because of my connection with THE COMMUNICATOR. I had a thrilling day touring this rapidly developing cultural centre; new student's quarters, new professor's houses, new libraries, new research laboratories, new Coca-Cola machines. As a result I missed the last bus into St. Louis and decided to hitch-hike. I was picked up by a bright young thing, who told me as we sped along at a steady 65, that I was in luck as it was her 16th birthday and the first time she had been allowed to drive a car.

"Down the Mississippi, through Davy Crockett country to Little Rock, Arkansas. I had always pictured Arkansas as the home of hill-billies with lengthy beards and revolting daughters. It is in fact a clean open town, run by Baptists (not a drop in the place) with magnificent public buildings

and, a great rarity, respectable politics. My coming was heralded by the *ARKANSAS GAZETTE* which devoted a paragraph to my "English eyebrows" and elevated me to the peerage.

"Louisiana next: alligator-infested swamps; the deep, deep South: everything in its place as it should be; 18th century French wrought-ironwork; creole cookery; coal-black mammies sitting in their rocking-chairs at dusk humming the tunes of Stephen Foster as they watch their portable television sets. New Orleans is a city of tremendous strength of character, though it would hate to admit it. It has successfully withstood the onslaught of generations of tourists and has remained truly the sleepy romantic southern capital that the French and their negro retainers made so distinctively their own.

"I have read my Frances Parkinson-Keyes, so I went to have 'Dinner at Antoine's'. When they presented me the bill of fare they pointed out that it was the same as in 1840; that, however, did not apply to the bill for the fare. It was a truly memorable meal but no less well remembered was the visit afterwards to the Old Absinth House to hear Oscar Celestine roar 'Where's that Tiger?' and then a saunter down the delta of the Mississippi where, with perfect timing, the only surviving paddle-boat was disembarking its passengers.

"I looked for the 'Streetcar Named Desire'; but they have done away with the streetcars now. However, with proper regard for tourists, they have christened one of the buses 'Desire', so that no one will be too disappointed.

"Then West, through the tremendous State of Texas; mile upon mile of open prairie, with stops where one might refuel the engine and oneself. Plenty of cowboys, but each with his Chevrolet or Oldsmobile somewhere near.

"Pressing west still, to El Paso where the gigantic statue of Christ looks South: into Arizona over hundreds of miles of perfect desert roads with never a soul in sight; to Phoenix where suddenly there are shops, hotels and drug-stores; then by plane to the fabulous Las Vegas.

"Briefly, the Nevada legal system is based on the fact that there are no laws at all. You can (apparently) commit murder as long as it is intentional and you promise not to do it again to the same person. You can drink what you like, when you like. You can get married after 24 hours' residence and divorced after 48 hours' (there is some question as to whether you can do both inside two days). There are no restrictions on gambling. Once inside a casino, its proprietor will resort to almost anything to keep you there. Hungry? He sends round a trolley from which you can help yourself. Thirsty? Just order it: no charge. A nice lounge is waiting, or you can stay very cheaply at his hotel attached, the only snag being that it is impossible to leave without passing again through the Casino. Bored? A star-studded

performance awaits you in his private theatre: nobody ever charges you to get in; just keep feeding the fruit machines from time to time.

"I arrived at San Marino, California (I never discovered whether this was the one 'I dream of' or not) on the Fourth of July and I was promptly invited to a celebration barbecue—which seemed a nice, forgiving gesture.

"We grilled steaks over a barbecue—an open air, charcoal-fed griddle—and ate them with superb salads and (this is true) fruit jellies. Afterwards, we had superlative ice cream, which the American children all rejected as being too boring. Fireworks are traditional but forbidden by law; we had a wonderful display.

"A few days later I made the flight to San Francisco which surely must be the most beautiful city of the States. There I was invited to appear on television by a charming lady, who quite suddenly and without warning invited me to tell the housewives of America how they should make a Yorkshire pudding. When I had muddled through this, she demanded an authoritative dissertation on silver hallmarks; I left the studio a sadder, wiser man. I also appeared in a local radio show in company (heaven knows why) with a celebrated prima donna.

"Americans save up all their lives to visit Los Angeles and Hollywood, but when they get there they find smog and suburbia, drearily reminiscent of parts of Outer London. Here and there is an oasis of glamour such as Grauman's Chinese Theatre with the footprints and handprints (even sometimes the noseprints) of the stars set in its concrete forecourt, the Moulin d'Or, the Brown Derby, one or two sumptuous film-land hotels—but for the most part it is not a thrilling place.

"I went to see Art Linkletter who in partnership with Groucho Marx runs one of the most successful television programmes in the country. The partners sit at either end of an immensely long desk, and set dead centrally between them is a large placard 'I am the Boss'. Art, whose off-stage charm explains how he graduated in weeks from being a schoolmaster to one of the best paid television men in America, invited me to appear on one of his shows. Unknown to me he had also invited a very old man with a very long beard (for the benefit of the uninitiated, I should explain that I am a very young man with a very short beard) to take part in a commercial immediately before my entry. The commercial consisted of a short playlet in which Lipton's Iced Tea banished Old Man Depression, played by the bearded one. I leave to your imagination the reaction of the audience to my appearance immediately after this incident. The timing was so successful that the producer of another programme called 'Panorama Pacific' went one better and on the following day invited as his guests myself and a goat.

"Another remarkable encounter was with a television personality who appears to occupy the

role of Gilbert Harding of America. After a few seconds of general conversation, he bursts into song, the gist of the lyric being that it was time the English learned to speak English. I referred him to the paragraph of the American Constitution decreeing that English should be the official language in the United States and I asked when it was likely that this would be put into effect. After that we got along much better.

"There really is a place called Disneyland. It is a 160-acre park for children with every conceivable type of adventure. Its car park holds 20,000 vehicles and has its own railroad to take you out to your car. Children like the place, strangely enough.

"One of the film companies very kindly invited me to go and see their studio. They apologised for there being little doing as most of the staff were away on vacation—only about 1,900 of them were at work that day. I was gratified by the banner displayed at the main entrance saying in huge letters 'Welcome' and the great baskets of flowers waiting all over the place. Then I saw another banner 'Welcome Miss Dors!'

"All of a sudden, a nasty voice inside me said—'In four days' time you'll be back in London'. So, I jumped into an aeroplane and it flew for 12 hours. Then we stopped, had some food and climbed into another aeroplane and it flew for another 12 hours and presto—here we are. Everything looks much the same and, between ourselves, it is rather nice to be back."

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### "95 AORRA"

The 95th Amphibious Observation Regiment, Royal Artillery, are the army gunners trained to spot for naval gunfire against shore targets. They also provide liaison officers in bombarding ships.

Regimental headquarters is at Fremington, in North Devon, with batteries in Malta and Hong Kong. Since they employ naval 'sparkers' in some of the jobs they do, we feel it is time to enlighten the branch about one more of those 'quiet numbers'.

At Regimental H.Q. our staff consists of a P.O. Tel., a Ldg. Tel., and a Tel., who help to train army recruits in morse and allied communications procedure. During their training here they must also gain a good working knowledge of the portable and vehicle sets with which they will have to work, and also learn to drive Champs and Land Rovers to qualify as Driver/Operators.

Their course lasts 19 weeks, after which they must be able to read morse at 12 w.p.m. Although they are not required to reach the morse standard of naval tels., as regards procedure—especially voice—they are often better.

Training exercises include setting up mobile and ground stations and dummy landings on the local beaches. Our Tels. recently accompanied an



42 Commando H.Q. and N.G.S.F.O. party from 95 A.O.R.R.A. landing on Zealand, Denmark, for exercise "Strong Enterprise."

observation post team on Exercise "Runaground", a bombardment at Cape Wrath to spot for the Home Fleet and NATO ships, and an exercise with the Marines in Denmark.

It's good fun to be with the army for a change. Their officers and N.C.O.s are grand people to work with, but we wouldn't swap with the normal soldier.

If you find yourself drafted to the Observation battery in Malta, you may well take part in an amphibious exercise. Since there will be Naval Gunfire Support Forward Observers with each assaulting unit, '95' will occupy some of the seats in the front row of the stalls.

Sometime before the landing there is a final check on equipment and wireless sets are tested and sealed up in their waterproof bags. The team consists of a Royal Artillery officer, who is the forward observer, his N.C.O. assistant, a naval tel., and a driver/operator to communicate with the bombarding ship and keep in touch with the army unit we are supporting and with the army gunners.

Those in the early waves will have to land with portables on their backs and possibly in the dark after a run-in of some five miles from seaward; they are joined later by their vehicles with more powerful sets. With the new assault landing craft Mk 2, now coming into service, there is more chance of getting in the Champ or Land Rover with the heavier sets earlier, and the added advantage of not having to walk so far.

If the unit with which we are working gets held up, it may ask for naval gunfire support. The ship, already in communication with its support team, then passes fire orders, engages the target, and keeps the ship in touch with events ashore. While doing this we must stay under cover in any hole or trench that can be found. If we should be spotted, the opposition will make sure we don't stay there very long, so if you don't want a mortar bomb landing on you, keep your head down.



Having, with luck, fixed that lot, we wait for the next target and then off we go again. Keeps you very fit this cross country walking.

So if you're in a supporting ship, in a nice warm office, with a tin of ticklers beside you and a nice cup of tea to cheer you up, don't forget that we may

be in a ditch up to our waists in water with the rain trickling down our backs. So give us any help you can and don't be surprised if the operating is not up to its usual standard.

Life is not all as grim as painted and most of us really enjoy seeing how things are in the Army.

## FLAGS OR FUNGI

My ship is at present in Malta Dockyard and, being in commission, she is wearing the White Ensign and a Commissioning Pendant. No other flags are hoisted, but, looking around, it might seem that she is a nudist amongst a lot of overdressed old women. Other ships are festooned with flags. I can see a ship in dry dock wearing a Jack and with 'November Singly' at the masthead. 'Starboard Singly' is very popular, some at the fore, some, because halliards are being refitted, at the main. 'Code Tango Echo' hangs listlessly from many a yardarm.

How has this fashion for flags come about? Is it because the book says that we must hoist them or is it because we do not know our books and, when we do, fail to interpret them with the flexibility that is inherent in good signalling? Whatever the reason, and I suggest it is mainly the latter, the result is appalling. It means that the appearance of our ships is spoiled by untidy, dirty flags. Flags in continuous use cannot be kept clean and to keep the hoists clear at all times is a full-time job.

Take the case of the ship in drydock. Q.R. and A.I. states this: 'The Union Flag is not to be worn by Her Majesty's Ships in dock and refitting'. This means either in dock or whilst refitting, the conditions are not required simultaneously.

Again, 'November Singly' means that the ship is not keeping V/S watch. Would anyone expect her to be doing so? H.M.C.O.s lay down that a ship starting a self-maintenance period should request permission to close down V/S watch. Refits are not mentioned since, presumably, it is too obvious. 'November Singly' is a useful signal when a ship is in a fleet anchorage but, in Malta, ships do not move into the Dockyard except very occasionally, unless self-maintaining or refitting.

'Starboard Singly' means 'out of routine'. This is also a useful signal in a fleet anchorage because it shows that your ship may not follow all the Flagship's motions. In Dockyard, however, ships are not expected to be in routine. One look at most of them is sufficient. If a ship happens to be in Dockyard and in routine it matters little that her halliards are as free as the ships around her.

And now I come to 'Code Tango Echo'. This signal has grown so common in use that now, in Malta, it is the rule rather than the exception. Its use has grown because most fleet berths in the Malta Harbours are in traffic lanes. Ships, boats and tugs rush past all day long and their wash disturbs men painting the boot-topping or the cable or lighters lying alongside. But this signal was seldom

seen in the past. It was unnecessary. Coxswains of boats used their eyes and common sense and slowed down when it was necessary. If they did not do so they were soon reported to their parent ship and many a midshipman got half a dozen for his lack of courtesy. A ship ammunitioning hoists 'Bravo Singly', a ship operating divers 'Seven', and so on. Surely these are sufficient in themselves. They are signals known throughout the fleet and in the Dockyard. If you are berthed where there is a likelihood that merchant ships or non-service boats will pass you at speed by all means add 'Code Tango Echo' but not as a matter of course. I think the height of stupidity had been reached the other day when I saw a ship in dry dock, floating I will admit, with 'Code Tango Echo' flying.

My final point, and I must say that all these opinions are my own and have no official sanction, is on the red light used as a warning to aircraft. I think I am right in saying that masts, buildings, etc. which are over 200 feet and which are near the approaches to an airfield will be required to burn a red light. When at sea, with an aircraft carrier, ships may be ordered to switch on red lights to assist aircraft. This, and the rare instance of the ship being anchored near a seaplane flare path such as Marsaxlokk are the most likely occasions for the use of the red light at the masthead. Don't switch them on willy nilly just because the ship is near an airport. A ship is seldom in the direct landing circuit and it is almost impossible for her mast to be 200 feet above the runway.

I have mentioned a few of these points which spring to my mind. I am sure that there are many others and equally sure of a hearty measure of disagreement. My plea is for the proper use of signals, flexibility and not rigidity, for flags used needfully and smartly and not hanging like rotten fungi. I would like to see our yardarms kept clear for real signals. I have no grouse against such time-honoured signals as Guard and Medical Guard. They are useful. I would like to see fewer occasions when signal letters and berth numbers are hoisted. I am haunted by the thought that one day I shall wake up and find Her Majesty's Ships flying Absentee Indicators.

*Editorial Comment.*

*A recent amendment to the R.N. supplement to A.C.P. 175A has reduced the use of Signal letters considerably. It is not uncommon for H.M. Ships to display absentee indicators in accordance with A.N.S.B. instructions when in company with NATO forces.*

## HOME STATION



### H.M.S. "ADAMANT" 3rd SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Bloated from 'home cooking' the Branch settled down quickly to the task of wet nursing the 'great unwashed' for the short period before sailing to Bermuda for "Hourglass". May 29th saw Rothesay Bay dwindling in the distance and every man onboard, like Columbus, was looking westwards intent on the game of discovery and in some cases re-discovery. The Communication "setup" ashore in Rothesay headed by the Chief Yeoman was destined to spend seven delightful carefree weeks in the lap of luxury—Hotel accommodation and a signal centre in the bush—while the remainder rocked and rolled their way to the New World.

Beautiful Bermuda, what a pleasant sight it was. When the auto-cycle craze caught on it was a familiar sight to behold Jolly Jack in impeccable number 6's careering about all over the highways and byways with a total disregard of human life and civic responsibility. The Sick Bay, by the way, did a roaring trade and there are at this moment several ex-members in *Mercury* bearing the honourable scars derived from this exacting pastime. Two members of the Branch wending their weary way homewards in the early hours were arrested near the ship by the weak wailing of—"Adamant Help!" and when they managed to focus their optics they saw a vague figure clad only in underpants hanging by its hands from the cable, just below the hawse-pipe—"Drop into the oggin' you silly B," they chorussed, which it did, to be valiantly rescued by this doughty pair after a session of—"After you, Claude"—"No! After you Cecil". The Commander commended this pair for their prompt action.

The first week in July saw *Adamant* on her way to Rothesay where she arrived on the 18th July after calling at Plymouth. After the end of term exercises the Staff once again enjoyed a well earned leave but alas, there were many changes in their ranks.

On September 26th *Adamant* visited St. Nazaire and for a week a good time was had by all. 150 damsels graced the ship on the first day in and the Branch with its usual suave and intellectual approach, cut itself out a tasty and goodly portion, and from then until the ship sailed—Silence on this circuit.

### H.M. YACHT "BRITANNIA"

How to begin when it is over two years since last an article was contributed by us? To give a resume of past events would be both lengthy and repetitive as most of our actions are covered by our gallant friends, The Press, especially if we should give an extra roll as the cameras click. Which leaves us free to try and give you some news from a purely communicator aspect, in the hope that you may find some of it interesting.

At the moment we are wearing the Court Flags of The Duke of Edinburgh; Standard, Union Flag and the Trinity House Jack in that order of seniority. Sometimes the latter is replaced by the flag of the Permanent Master of The Honourable Company of Master Mariners, which usually arouses comment and often "What is it?" from any ships in company. Since leaving England in August, the number of Standards and flags worn out has been comparatively small, due in the main part to careful handling and crafty shifting. We feel that the real wear and tear is yet to come, during that part of our trip that takes us around Antarctica, so if we should arrive back wearing a sealskin Jack, you will know that our own stocks ran out and we had to improvise.

The latest changes in complement, which took place just prior to our departure for this tour, brought forth quite a number of new faces, mostly old "Mercurial stanchions". Our new Chief Yeoman now reigns supreme in the V.S. world, and is able to tie everyone in knots as he is the only Bunting on board with a ceremonial handbook (marked V.I. naturally). Then there are the old stagers who will probably go into the next world still wearing a Royal Yacht flash and who are now of the idea that B.R. 70 was produced purely so that GQXC could be printed therein.

For those who have been in company with the Yacht, it may be interesting to know that the 'bod' who pops in and out of our chimney top whenever we dress ship will no longer be seen. We have carried out successful trials of a new method of getting our fore to main up, which, though it doesn't dispense with our 'dustman' entirely, saves him having to be right up top amongst all the fumes that 'Stokes' insists on pumping out right on executive time for Alfa Yankee. Small touch of



Photograph by courtesy of "Bulletin" and "Scots Pictorial"  
**"Britannia" dressing ship with special assistance**

humour last time the ship was dressed, or about to be dressed. All the lines were laid out in readiness, but when came the time for the big pull, one of the after lines would go no further than half way. Consternation, until it was discovered that some well meaning 'deck ape' had thoughtfully hauled the down-haul nice and taut, secured it, and even gone to the trouble of cheesing it down. After he was given his horoscope, it is doubtful if ever he will touch a dressing line again.

The urge to get on still prevails, as witness three L.Sigs. and two Sigs. all wanting to have a go at provisional. One of the test papers given them brought forth a howler that could only come from a bunting. The question "Whom does the following callsign address: 'Flag 6 p5p8'" was answered in fine style by "Ship holding pennants 58, it is optional to follow the Senior Officer's movements". However, we hope to be able to produce better results by the time the exam. papers are out.

The W/T department has had its hands fairly full these two months and our radio commitments have been very widespread and include long distance radio telephone calls and facsimile transmissions in conjunction with the G.P.O. and Cable and Wireless Ltd. These two organisations are a vital link in the communication plan and calls to London

via Nairobi, were a common feature of the East African tour, as are our present daily schedules to Sydney and Port Moresby. We believe we are the only ship wearing the White Ensign that is fitted with a Single Side Band transmitter, for telephone calls, and Muirhead facsimile for pictures. These aspects of our communications are a little unusual, but of course our normal links are the Ship broadcast and 'Five ton'.

The volume of traffic handled on this cruise has been quite the heaviest ever. Peak occasions find every bay manned and every transmitter in use. We have sometimes even called on the resources of the technical department in the shape of the C.R.E.A. and he has found himself on one or two occasions bashing key on ship-shore. He used to be a C.P.O. Tel. so of course he loves it. Anyway he isn't quite unique because we found that the operator with whom we kept our schedules en route to Mauritius was none other than C.R.E. Taylor, 'ex P.O. Tel'. He is a sort of general factotum at the Wireless Station there.

Getting away from communications for a moment we would like all our shore-based friends who sometimes pull our legs about sea time, to know that we have just about completed the first 20,000 miles of this 42,000 mile cruise. We actually get about 55 to

60 days in harbour out of a total of 170. Anyway Australia draws nigh with the promise of three days leave 'up country' for all, so we must away and flog up on marching manoeuvres so that it will be possible to get the sheep into some sort of formation before the drink gets a hold.

## BRITANNIA R.N. COLLEGE

It may come as a surprise to many who have not read A.F.O. 2782/56 that there is an outpost of Empire at Britannia R. N. College or H.M.S. *Dartmouth* to drafters of signals. We thought, however, that a message from an unoperational, granite frigate might act as a palliative to Communicators in two watches.

A staff of a Lieutenant (C), S.C.C.O., C.Y.S., C.P.O. Tel. and C.Y.S. (ret'd) form the Communication Training Staff for a College now consisting of some 500 Midshipmen and Cadets.

The present "Dartmouth" is very different from the 'school' for 12-17 year old Cadets. Apart from Upper Yardmen all candidates for the General list enter *Dartmouth* at 18. The seven term syllabus is carried out between the Dartmouth T.S., the College and 727 Sqn. at Brawdy.

The communications syllabus is very roughly half that under the old scheme, where Acting S/Lts. did a month's concentrated signals at *Mercury*, while for VS practical the staff starts the day at 0710-0730 twice a week with a further two exercises twice weekly at 0820-0840.

On the operational side we can boast a DTN T/P which has been known to receive messages with instructions to relay to *Britannia*, absolutely no relation. This we find difficult to comply with as we only boast a 691 for HIC and a 618 with which, by kind permission of C.O.2, we hope to join the R.N.V.(W.)R. net from time to time.

With the end of Term in sight, thoughts turn examwards and as looking forward involves the nauseating thought of setting papers let us look backwards to the Question.

1. What are the duties of an S.C.O.?

Answers received:

- (a) Acting as Flag Lieutenant.
- (b) Acting as ADC to the Queen.
- (c) Making out Invitation Cards.
- (d) Sending signals.

2. What do you understand by V.C.N.S.?

- (a) A very confidential naval signal.
- (b) A very consumable naval store.

## R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

As from 1st January 1957, the Signal School will reduce to the status of a Signal Training Centre; for the time being it will still be at Prince Arthur Camp. Its tasks will be to:

- (a) Give refresher training for men awaiting draft and from ships in port and refitting.

- (b) Train and examine reservists including WRNVR ratings.

About the middle of 1957 it is planned to move the S.T.C. from Prince Arthur to the R.N.B. into the building at present containing the Drafting Offices. Older readers will recall that this same building was in fact the S.T.C. in pre-war days. Technical Facilities will consist of:

A small Transmitting Room.

Morse Typing Room incorporating, Receiving Bays, RATT Bay and Morse Typing positions for up to 15.

V/S Procedure and Lecture Room.

Copy Typing Room.

W/T and Voice Procedure Room.

T/P Room.

Machine Crypto Room.

In addition there will be facilities for V/S Practical and Mast alongside the new site.

Cumberland Block will continue to be the living block for Communication ratings and this no doubt will be welcome news to those who know how much more comfortable it is than the Main Barracks accommodation.

The run-down of Officers commenced in August with the loss of Mr. Hooper to Cyprus, followed by Lt.-Cdr. Brookes to S.C.O. to C-in-C Nore, Mr. Nash to Ricasoli and Mr. Denny to Hong Kong W/T. Lieut. Draycott has assumed the chair of Officer i/c RNSS and is assisted by Mr. Hagger VI/WI and Mr. Waters D.O., CBO and Stores.

The loss in complement billets for Instructors will be more than compensated by the increased number of jobs to be filled at *Mercury* by Chatham ratings.

The Command Ratings Married Quarters Estate at Walderslade was opened by H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent on 21st November. So far only 12 houses are ready for occupation but building is going ahead at the rate of 28 a month, and the eventual number will be 280 houses and 280 flats.

Ratings arriving in Depot from overseas by air are reminded that under the terms of AFO 2322/54 and AFO 279/56 a complete compulsory kit is to accompany you with the exception of tropical kit, kit bag and hammocks, clews and lashings and mattress, and if you should therefore arrive without a good suit for divisions, good No. 8's or boots to enable you to be detailed for sentry duties, you will be required to PURCHASE these and any other necessary items of kit.

It is not anticipated that the introduction of Centralised Drafting and the closing of Prince Arthur Camp will, to any great extent, affect the number of men passing through the Barracks, and it is presumed that we will still be able to enter teams for all the major sporting activities as at present. The Communicators have a good record when taking into consideration that they are outnumbered by other departments by 3 to 1 or more.





H.M.S. "Girdleness"

Official Photograph

## DARTMOUTH TRAINING SQUADRON

- |                                 |                 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1st DIVISION                    | 2nd DIVISION    |
| 1. <i>Vigilant</i> (Capt. (D)). | 4. <i>Jewel</i> |
| 2. <i>Carron</i>                | 5. <i>Acute</i> |
| 3. <i>Venus</i>                 |                 |

The symbol or funnel badge, "The Torch of Learning", must now be familiar to many, especially in the Plymouth, Portsmouth, Portland, Gibraltar and Dartmouth areas. Whenever you sight this striking funnel badge, with its black holder, white band and red flames tipped with yellow, you are looking at a ship of the Dartmouth Training Squadron.

Our purpose is to mould and train future officers for the Senior Service. These young men, approximately thirty-two to each ship, first come to sea as cadets during their third term at Dartmouth Naval College. They come for a whole cruise in the first division as part of the ship's companies, to scrub decks, paint ships' side, act as bosun's mates, M.S.O. messengers, motor cutters' crews, etc., and to live exactly as the remainder of the seamen part of the ship's companies.

During their fourth term they make occasional sea trips in the second division, working from Dartmouth and improving their knowledge of life in a ship and learning how to make one tick.

In their fifth term, they return to the first division, to the same ship in which they served as cadets.

They are now midshipmen and come to a sea for a three week period to progress the practical side of their teachings at Dartmouth; Navigation, anchorages, engineering, electronics, gunnery, torpedo firings, fleetwork, voice and so on.

The first division each carry an additional Communicator for midshipmen's and cadets' communication instructions, an S.I. in the leader, an S.C.C.O. in *Carron* and a W.I. in *Venus*. These are assisted by the ships' staffs in the making and marking of practical exercises, flag hoisting, voice and other aspects of communications that are taught in the squadron. There are no dull or quiet moments during a cruise, one has to keep moving. Talking of moving, the cruise is always a good one. Rotterdam, Greenwich, Le Havre, Torquay, Gibraltar, Leixoes were all part of the summer cruise, fitted in between various exercise periods in the Portland, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Dartmouth areas.

Although the Squadron's primary function is the training of young officers, communication ratings are not forgotten or pushed into the background. They still get regular practical exercises, a fair share from the C.X.M., plenty of cryptography and examinations as requested.

## H.M.S. "DELIGHT"

Several changes in the staff of the *Delight* have taken place since the last letter written to *Mercury*, and even more are envisaged with the ship paying

off and recommissioning for the Med. in November. With the coming of the new centralised drafting system it appears that the communication staff will consist mostly of Devonport men with the volunteers from Chatham making up the number when the ship sails in December for the warmer places of the Middle East.

Since leaving Chatham we have carried out A/S exercises with the Royal Norwegian Navy in conjunction with a small scale landing exercise North of 70 degs. North (thus qualifying the staff as "Bluenoses") with the 42nd Royal Marine Commando. This landing was a great success. We later joined the Home Fleet at Portland, proceeded to Invergordon via Portrush and back for a few weeks in Dockyard hands at Portsmouth. —F.T.M.

### R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

You will be interested to hear that the Signal School has been given a new lease of life. It was originally intended that the School at St. Budeaux should be closed down and transferred to R.N. Barracks, Devonport, with the status of a Signal Training Centre. Its sole task was to be the training of those awaiting draft and reservists, and to afford facilities to Communication Ratings from ships in the port. This was to take effect from January, 1957.

Now it has been decided to keep the Signal School open at St. Budeaux for the training of New Entry Communication ratings as well, and the first class join in early January. It is expected that the number under training will reach between two and three hundred at the peak period, so that there will be a need for quite a large complement of Instructors. The days of the School are numbered however, and it is expected that by mid 1958 all training, other than refresher training, will be carried out at *Mercury*. Training of all Wrens, except Switchboard Ops. and Leading Rates' courses, has already been transferred to *Mercury*. Some reservists classes will still continue to come here.

This Term we welcome the International Long (C) Course to Plymouth. We have four Officers from Thailand, one from Israel, two from Indonesia and two from Venezuela. They have shown great interest throughout the course and despite the language difficulty, are showing great promise. Messrs. Redifon Ltd., who are equipping the Indonesian ships with the British "600 Series", have very kindly invited the class to visit their works in November to see the equipment actually being made.

We shall miss the cheery encouraging smile of Commander Durnford to whom we say goodbye towards the end of this Term when he leaves to take up a new appointment in Turkey where we hope he will have a delightful commission. We welcome Lieut.-Commander Hawkins who joins in late November as our new Officer-in-Charge.

Prior to the Middle East situation we managed to reach 4th position in the Cricket League but we missed very much the services of C.Y.S. Mathieson

who deserted us for civilian life. In soccer and hockey we are finding it very difficult to field a team at the moment; the majority of ratings here are under instruction and all matches of any consequence take place in the afternoons! However, we are still keeping our heads above water in both Leagues but have lost our knock-out cup match to R.N. Barracks, which is no disgrace.

It will be interesting to see how we fare when we have anything up to 200 New Entries here next year. We are, in fact, having a larger cupboard built in the main hall to hold all the trophies we are practically certain of winning.

Of our recently trained Egyptian Signal ratings, we observed one in the crew of the *Cottesmore*. I wonder does that cast any reflection on our instructions.

### H.M.S. "GANGES"

We returned this Term to find *Amethyst* anchored nearby in the River Orwell, dirty and battle-scarred with Everest Pictures Ltd., in the process of making the film about the ship's adventures in the Yangtze. A number of our ship's company and instructors, living locally, acted as extras during the leave period and the Producer, Mr. Herbert Wilcox, said that, without their professional advice and help and that of *Ganges* as a whole, the making of the film would not have been possible.

The underway scenes in which, *Teazer* acted as *Consort* and *Concord*, *Maggie* as *Amethyst* and the Trinity House vessel *Triton* as a Chinese river steamer, were impressive, to say the least, with an explosives team from *Vernon* and the film company's effects men, producing gunfire, explosions, shell splashes, flame and general chaos. There would undoubtedly have been greater chaos had not the camera and control positions been linked and controlled by an efficient net of Type 615 portables manned by the Communications department of *Ganges*.

The film will probably be released early in 1957 under the title of "Glorious Amethyst" and from



The unpaid advisers



The well-paid extras

what we have seen of early "rushes" it will be an excellent picture. The Director, Mr. Michael Anderson, was the man responsible for "Dam Busters", which is a good enough recommend for anyone. In the photograph you can see the S.C.O. (Lt.-Cdr. Fitzherbert) "advising" Commander Kerans, who is the technical adviser to the film company. The stropky A.B. to the left of the stanchion is C.Y.S. Brown picking up 50/6 a day for his labours.

When *Magpie* "made up" as *Amethyst* came here for the underway shots, it was an unusual sight to see two identical frigates moored near each other in Harwich harbour, both blackened and shell-marked, bearing the same pennant numbers, F116.

Please don't think that we have been spending our whole time playing film stars, because we haven't. Our day-to-day work has gone on in spite of the *Amethyst* and our output of Junior Signalmen

and Telegraphists has continued. Commander A. G. McCrum took over as Commander after Summer Leave and it did not take him long to make his presence felt in a number of ways. The S.C.O. now really has to know what the daily hoist means when it is flown from the mainmast for instructional purposes.

Centralised drafting has begun to have its effect on us in two ways. Juniors are being drafted to ships not manned in the past by ratings of their particular Port Division and Portsmouth senior ratings are now being drafted here as instructors. In the past the instructors have with one exception, come from the Chatham and Devonport Divisions. We were very pleased to welcome back, after a spell away on a G.S.C., P.O. Telegraphists Walklett and Hunter which should be a good enough proof to anyone considering a draft here that some instructors like the place so much they even come back for more!

A note of sadness was struck recently when Mr. Blake, the senior civilian watchkeeper in the Signal Tower, died in the pinnace while returning home after a day's watchkeeping. He passed out of *Ganges* as a Signal Boy in 1914 and returned as a civilian in 1936. After war service back in the Navy he returned once again to *Ganges* as a Watchkeeper. He served the Navy well all his life as a Signalman and passed on, still on the job, in his 60th year.

### H.M.S. "HORNET"

*Hornet* has seen quite a few changes lately, for at the beginning of this Term we said goodbye to the last of the old dog boats when H.M.M.G.B. 5020 paid off. The First Fast Patrol Boat Squadron is now equipped with the new Navy designed



Commander McCrum, S.C.O., and the Instructional Staff, Signal School in "Ganges"

## EASTER 1957 COMPETITIONS

**1. Special Feature Competition**

A prize of two guineas will be awarded to the best article sent in. Illustrations will count towards the prize.

**2. Cartoon Competition**

A prize of one guinea will be awarded to the best cartoon sent in.

**3. Photograph Competition**

A prize of one guinea will be awarded to the best photograph sent in.

**2. Cartoon Competition**

*ALL ENTRIES must reach the Editor by 8th March, the Rank/Rating, Name and Address of the Competitor must be clearly printed in block capitals.*

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The "Darks" are powered by two Deltic Diesels. These engines, built by Messrs. Napiers, top the scales at 5½ tons each and can be fitted into anything from a railway engine to a minesweeper. As far as the "Darks" are concerned, the Deltics push them along at a fair pace. Being diesel too is a great advantage, for in the old petrol boats we found ourselves sleeping alongside a couple of thousand gallons of avgas.

The "Darks" also have all the latest equipment in the office, so for the present, "sparks" is free from the harassed bridge cry "Office, the TCS has gone". In spite of all mod. cons., the life of a Coastal Forces telegraphist is still as rugged as ever. 'Watch on, stop on' during all the operations, which were lasting 12 hours or so on the last set of exercises, not to mention a little V.S. thrown in when entering and leaving harbour.

As ever, the boats have been very busy this Term. The operational squadrons visited Holland for a

fortnight's exercises, but were weather bound for the first few days and some of us managed to stray into Amsterdam.

Meanwhile, the Target Boat Squadron was amusing the Home Fleet at Buckie, but we noted with interest that the Radio Controlled Boats returned to the base unscathed. It is with regret that this was the swan song for the R.C.B.s. No longer shall we see the enraged gunnery officer glaring into his binoculars at the red capped target boats—sometimes here, or was it there, but never just where the shell happens to fall.

Whilst all this was going on, the Trials Squadron was hard at it. *Bold Pathfinder* for instance was having a rugged time in Paris. Apart from the fact that we lost all forms of communication with her, *Bold Pathfinder's* crew, on their return, had little to say, so we asked for more details. They excused the lack of communications by telling us that the funnels and masts were lowered at Rouen so that *Bold Pathfinder* could get under the bridges, and from then on nothing could interfere with their heavy social programme.



Official Photograph

From top to bottom: H.M. Fast Patrol Boats, "Dark Avenger", "Dark Aggressor", "Dark Biter".

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## JOINT A/S TEACHER— LONDONDERRY

Changes have occurred since our last contribution and the present staff consists of P.O. Tel. Rawlings, Y.S. Cavanagh and Ldg. Sig. Graley. Political policy permitting and provided the Yeoman doesn't sign on (R.R. really means "Roll on my Relief") there will be an attractive vacancy existing in one of our latest type synthetic Frigates: H.M.S. *Nogo* in early February. Qualifications for this post differ somewhat from those usually required by the Drafting authorities (Pompey please note). You should be Irish, married, Guinness-minded, fond of weekends and possess an ability to speak well up to the microphone. Knowledge of Languages?—this should be no deterrent to anyone weaned on NATO publications. Our main diet since June has been a liberal dish of NATO's with a sprinkling of Coastal types. Apart from the 3rd T.S. (our seagoing stanchions) visitors to J.A.S.T. have included units from the Norwegian, Netherlands, Portuguese, Canadian and South African Navies, the Fifth F.S. and *Apollo*. This is normally our busiest period but of late it has not been too hectic and I think the Med. Fleet has been calling for more hands for some reason or other. However we sincerely hope to see more ships and "old ships" in "Derry during the New Year.

## LONDONDERRY W/T

By the halfway mark of the Autumn Term quite a selection of ships and nationalities has visited the Joint Anti-Submarine School to exercise at sea and in harbour the art of A/S warfare. The first visitors this Term were ships of the Portuguese Navy NRP *Nuno Tristao*, NRP *Diogo Gomes* and NRP *Lima*, the Netherlands ship *Friesland* and Norwegian ships *Bergen* and *Trondheim*, also the Norwegian depot ship *Sarpen* with the three submarines *Uthaug*, *Ustein* and *Kinn*. This NATO visit lasted from 20th August to 14th September and during that period numerous A/S exercises were carried out with success. It was heartening to overcome the language problem quite easily as most of the NATO personnel were "well up" in English.

With the departure of the NATO Squadrons our next visitors were the Fifth Frigate Squadron comprising *Torquay*, *Wizard* and *Whirlwind*, and here again numerous exercises were carried out and duly "washed up" at the week end.

Following close on the heels of the Fifth Frigate Squadron came the visit of the First Canadian Escort Squadron consisting of *Algonquin*, *Iroquois*, *Micmac*, and *CANCOMCORTRONONE* in *Huron*. Quite a few of the Communicators in the Canadian Squadron were ex-R.N. types and "old ship" yarns were high on the agenda.

The weather for the Canadian visit somewhat ruined the fulfilment of the major exercises of the week. Gales, heavy seas and bad visibility reduced the number of air sorties which could be flown, nevertheless co-operation was achieved and many valuable lessons learned. It was during this series of exercises that a very unfortunate mishap occurred to a Neptune aircraft of 36 Squadron Coastal Command which crashed into a hillside near the Mull of Kintyre lighthouse with the loss of nine lives. Our deepest sympathy and condolences are offered to the relatives and all concerned in this sad incident.

## H.M.S. "ORESTES"

This is our first contribution from our 'new' ship (launched 1943) after transferring from the old faithful *Romola*. We haven't a great deal to report upon because we are still trying to recover from the blows struck by RATT, nevertheless, we are doing our best, and hope that we will have many more contributions to our credit in the future.

We have had a few changes in the staff recently, O/Tel. McDougall being relieved for demob. by O/Tel. Pound. We also have one extra sparkler for our Icelandic patrol. We also carry a met. officer who, as all fellow sparklers will know, requires quite a number of "weathers" which means more work.

L/Tel. Griffiths is still with us, much to his indignation, and will remain so pending the resignation, or the equivalent, of a certain prominent Egyptian gentleman.

## M.H.Q. PITREAVIE

During the last three months we have had a tremendous upheaval of old hands, in common with many other places, and the proverbial cry of "roll on my draft chic" is not now heard so flippantly as before, too many have had their words taken literally and are now crying "Give me the boats and a bucket".

Life here has been on much the same lines as before but as exercises have been so curtailed we have not seen so many new faces as in previous years. During the last ten days we have been more closely concerned with the submarine service having had control of the 3rd S/M Squadron due to the absence of their parent ship *Adamant*. Our own staff was backed up by a small number of submariners for this occasion and in October we bid them farewell for yet another year.

The MHQ also took part in exercises "East Probe" and "Gulf Stream" but from a Naval point of view the part was extremely small and at times it was difficult to imagine we were even partaking. For once the RAF staff was the most closely concerned, even to the point of doing all Naval crypto traffic, which met with mixed feelings in our department as can well be imagined. Still all went well eventually and we hope was as much a success as the powers had hoped.

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## COMMONWEALTH NAVIES

## H.M.S. "ALLIANCE"

We of the *Alliance* are made up of both R.N. and R.C.N. personnel, comprising L/Tel. Hannam and Tel. Potter (R.N.), and P.O. Tel. Parson, G. L/Tel. Reid and L/Sig. Chubb (R.C.N.). This is quite an average cross section of the whole crew, as we are the first boat to join the 6th, with approximately half Canadian complement. Both navies co-operate extremely well, and things run very smoothly.

Our programme appears to give more time at sea than in harbour, on an average 7 days at sea to every 1 in harbour.

We joined the Squadron for 18 months on September 8th, and at the time of writing we are on passage to Newport, Rhode Island, for a two day visit, thence to exercise in Bermuda waters till mid November. Our time is devoted to anti-submarine exercises with the R.C.N.

## H.M.C.S. "LABRADOR"

Greetings fellow Communicators across the sea, with a few words from the Royal Canadian Navy's Arctic Patrol Vessel *Labrador*.

In an article in one of your Magazines this year, it was mentioned that very little is heard of this Navy and we were "in the sticks" as it was put. Well contrary to that article, we are civilised in this great country and we do not live in the wilds in log cabins and hunt our food. That little mention is made of the R.C.N. in *THE COMMUNICATOR*, is our own fault of course, so we hope this article will show that we are alive, and that it is no idle boast that this is the finest ice-breaker in the Commonwealth Navies.

The ship sailed from Halifax for Northern Operations on July 3rd. A two day visit was made to St. John's Newfoundland, our last fling before proceeding to the Arctic wastes of northern Canada. Our first task was to survey and open up Brevoort Harbor on the east coast of Baffin Island which at the time was ten-tenths ice. From there we proceeded to Foxe Basin for Oceanography, Hydrography, beacon erecting and escorting of cargo ships to outposts of the Distant Early Warning station (DEW).

On September 15th the ship successfully negotiated Fury and Hecla Straits being the first ship to do so from East to West. Various surveys were made in Prince Regent Inlet before proceeding to Resolute Bay our Northernmost point of the cruise. From there we proceeded around the north of Baffin Land south to home and Halifax, picking up the Flag Officer Atlantic Coast off Stephenville, Newfoundland, for the last leg of the trip, arriving at Halifax on October 13th.

Communications during the trip were on the whole very good, broadcast "Lima", being copied the entire period, and except for occasional black-outs and ionospheric disturbances, reception was



H.M.C.S. "Labrador" at Brevoort Harbour

acceptable. Ship-shore with Halifax was most of the time out of the question, but radio contact with Radio Churchill (CFL) in Manitoba was maintained most of the time.

We read with great amazement that the R.N. is at last being fitted with RATT which has been used in the R.C.N. for some years with great success, especially in this ship. We are also fully equipped with Facsimile Recorder (incidentally British made) which gives us all the latest weather information therefore reducing weather traffic on Broadcast and RATT.

## H.M.N.Z.S. "ROYALIST"

A new lease of life for *Royalist* is our reward for having endured the latter portion of an extensive refit during a winter in the then not too tropical Guzz Dockyard. Much communication equipment could have endured a longer stay in that area, but the natural desire for man to dwell in his own land, with his own wife, made our commissioning date 17th April, 1956.

During a short trials period off Plymouth and its associated Hoe, allegedly to test equipment only, many illuminating facts came to light. All credit to the Dockyard personnel, snags reduced in number and eventually vanished, with the result that we departed England's fair shores on 16th July. Modern equipment did not shake our faith in the Navigator—he found the inevitable Malta!

The Mediterranean summer together with a large portion of political heat, rendered it more than ever necessary that *Royalist* become an efficient fighting unit in a shorter time than is usual, so that our stay was prolonged and this article is written from Malta. However we can add, without a boast but with gratitude to our fellow Communicators in similar surroundings, that we have achieved a knowledge far beyond that of our S.C.O.'s original expectations.

*At this Festive time, when  
tradition is pre-eminent, we  
extend to all our friends  
The Season's Greetings  
and Best Wishes for  
The Coming Year*



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## FLEET AIR ARM

## R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

The new organisation regarding the manning of air to air voice nets had the immediate effect of halving our communication complement. The C.R.R. now wears an uninhabited look. The installation of tape recorders will complete the change and automation will have arrived. It is good to know that there is a job of work for the remaining Communicators. Two and three watches and 'opposite watch' are terms with which we are again familiar.

We have had the pleasure of accommodating two radio trial parties. The first team tested VHF equipment for installation in the craft of the Royal National Lifeboat Institute. A common VHF channel of communication between aircraft, helicopters, ships and lifeboats will be a welcome facility. The second team were concerned with the distress calls one hopes to broadcast when the ship has gone down and there does not appear to be a telegraphist sharing the raft. The first day trial was defeated by mal-de-mer. The ether may be clear for such trials off the Lizard but the sea is as cruel as elsewhere. Something was achieved in more sheltered waters. Your correspondent has the impression that unless there are plenty of survivors to ballast the raft it will be very uncomfortable. In October we welcomed a visit by two representatives from A.S.R.E. The gentlemen were, to us, V.I.P. because they came to look into the provision of a new control system, UHF and more elbow room for Communicators in response to staff requirements.

The Wren telegraphists are missing the swift operating by their opposite numbers in the carriers. They look forward to the carrier's return and promise to willingly act as diversion airfield, at any time of the day or week. Our Wren Sparkers would like to extend greetings to all the sparkers of the ships that have done the duty of A.T.T.S. during the term. They know that when, on advice of our Met., we cancel flying, close the hangar door and turn in, your ship has to continue battling the elements and that you have still to maintain watch.

## R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH

On return from Summer leave it was discovered that our numbers had been sadly depleted, and it has taken until last week to bring the staff up to a useful size. For the benefit of our male readers, it can now be said that we have reached the enviable state wherein the Wren Sigs. and Tels. outnumber us males by two to one.

The Term opened with ten days of heavy night flying by one of our Fighter Squadrons. Then came the visit of the 1st Target Boat Squadron to Buckie, which added to the busiest period of the Autumn Term, the gathering of the Home Fleet at Invergordon. This is not to be confused with the Gathering of the Clans at Braemar, which took place on

September 6th. and was attended by many from the station. Anyway, from our end of the line, it appeared that the Home Fleet only slept at weekends. Having only two Tels. and three Wren Tels., who joined us from Eglinton just in time, working hours became rather lengthy, but as is customary, the situation was always well in hand—providing you could find out whose hand it was in! During the last few days of the exercises we were able to welcome 831 Squadron (Wyvern aircraft from Ford) who are attempting to beat the clock, the weather, and impending heavy engine maintenance in order to complete their practices. So far they are holding their own. And finally, at the time of going to press, for communication purposes we have under our wing the 50th Minesweeping Squadron who are operating in our vicinity for a while.

One member of our staff, Wren Sig. Coote, has married since arriving on the station, and we wish her and her husband much happiness in the future, although by the time this article is in print, she will have forsaken the rigours of the C.R.R. and M.W.O. for the comfort and security of her own home.



P.O. Tel. (Air) Davies testing before taking off in a Gannet MK IV

## NAVAL AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

No. 33 Tels. Air Course, five strong, are with us now, and it is known that there are, at the time of writing, thirteen further volunteers awaiting course. The F.A.A. requires a few more volunteers for flying, so if you are keen to get your "wings", apply in accordance with AFO 904/56.

We were pleased to see most of No. 31 Tels. (Air) Course a few weeks ago, when, with No. 820 squadron, they flew down to Culdrose for the day in their very smart new Gannets. We were even more pleased to see that they maintained communication on Naval Air Command Net (H.F. W/T) all the way back to Eglinton on their low powered airborne equipment (30 watts output)!

We congratulate L/Tel. G. M. G. Banwell, D/JX856833, of No. 32 course, who obtained

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Applications should be sent to the Industrial Recruitment Officer, A.E.R.E., Harwell, Didcot, Berks., quoting reference number IR/28/56. Anyone requiring more information should send for a copy of the booklet "A Career in Atomic Energy" which sets out rates of pay, conditions of employment, housing scheme, etc.

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L/Tel. Stevenson checks his HF aerial before take-off

87.2 per cent aggregate in his wings examination, the highest score ever achieved by a Tel. (Air) on course.

A re-categorisation of rating instructors at the school has meant an increase in the number of Petty Officer Telegraphists (Air) and one is now allocated to the Tels. (Air) Course and to each Observer Course, for communication and radar instructional duties.

There are four Observer Courses under instruction at the moment. One Fleet Entry Lieutenants' Course and three Supplementary List Observer Courses. The two main subjects in the Observer Syllabus are Navigation and Radio, so that communication branch personnel have an inherent advantage when doing the (O) Course, because of their past training and experience. Amongst those at present on course, are Sub/Lieut. W. J. Flindell, and Sub/Lieut. J. D. W. Husband, both ex-"sparkers".

Those of you who are under 26, keen to fly, can muster English or General Knowledge, Maths., and any one other H.E.T. subject should consider applying for a Short Service Commission for Aircrew duties as an Observer, in accordance with AFO 1091/56.

Wren Sigs. and Tels. and Communication Wrens advancement courses, continue to come through regularly and thanks to reasonably good weather, they have been able to get quite a bit of flying in Sea Prince flying classrooms.

## H.M.S. "WARRIOR"

After a long refit in Devonport Dockyard we commissioned on the 21st August 1956 as the trials carrier and for special service in the Pacific.

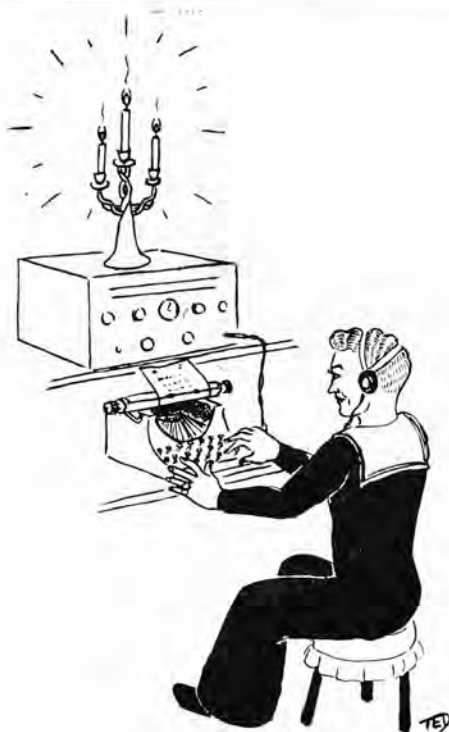
For approximately two months, the S.C.C.O. comprised the whole communication staff. One signalman and four telegraphists arrived in July as the advance party, completing to a much reduced complement on the 21st August one month before we were originally to have commissioned, this being due to the critical international situation prevailing at this time.

Up to the time of going to press, we have successfully completed the first phase of our commission, as trials carrier, and, in addition, carried out a recreational cruise to Rosyth and Belfast. This, although not sounding very exciting, proved to be a break we all enjoyed.

We are now about to have a spell in dockyard hands, to prepare the ship for her important role in the Pacific next year.

However, before this phase, we all hope to enjoy our Christmas leave with our families, the last time we see them until our return in eight months' time.

Communicators will hear from us in the next edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, from the Pacific, during phase 2 of our commission, when we are to take part in the Megaton explosion trials.



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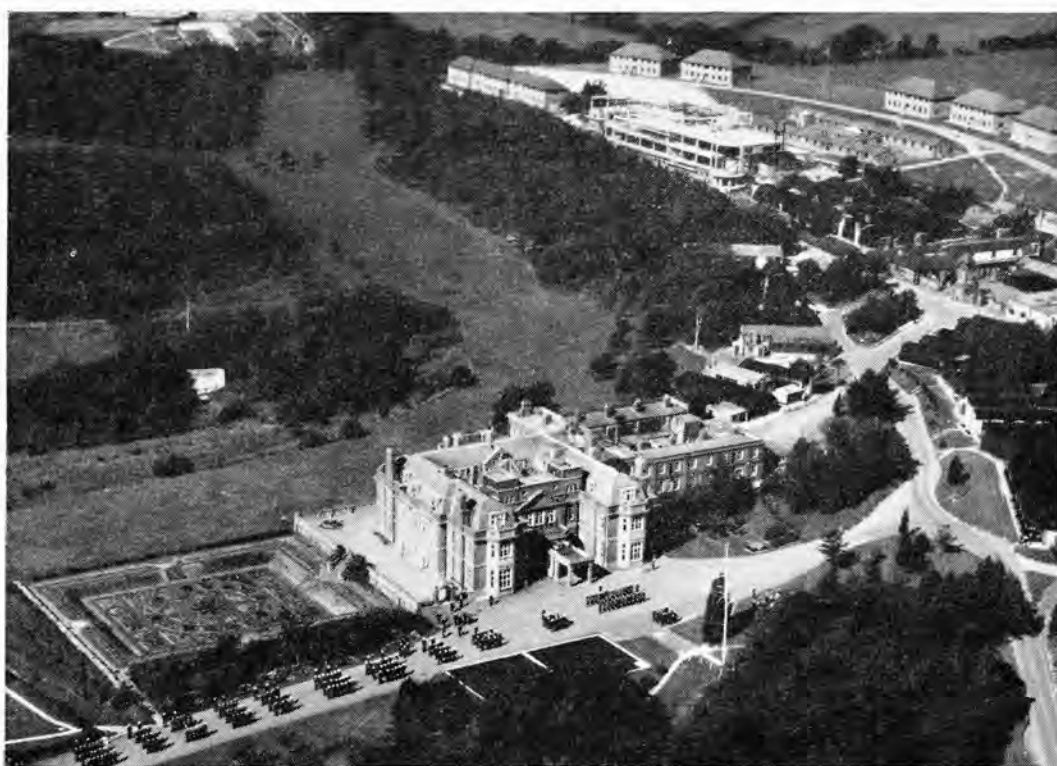
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An aerial view of H.M.S. "Mercury"

Official Photograph

## CHIEFS' CHATTER

Our President remains as before, although we shall have to be prepared for a change next Term as Stan Dixon is due for civilian life. The Mess committee has seen some changes too, but more of that later. Their life hasn't been all that smooth.

Centralised drafting has begun to make itself felt in a small way, especially with the West Country Chiefs. Our first arrival was Chief Tel. Hollett, who is still here, followed not so long afterwards by C.Y.S. Bunkin who assumed the duties of Vice-President only to find that it qualified him for a foreign draft; in fact *Bigbury Bay*. Incidentally Chief Tel. Adams will be its Chief Tel. With "Guzz" still keeping up the good work we now have Chief Tel. Sullivan back in the fold.

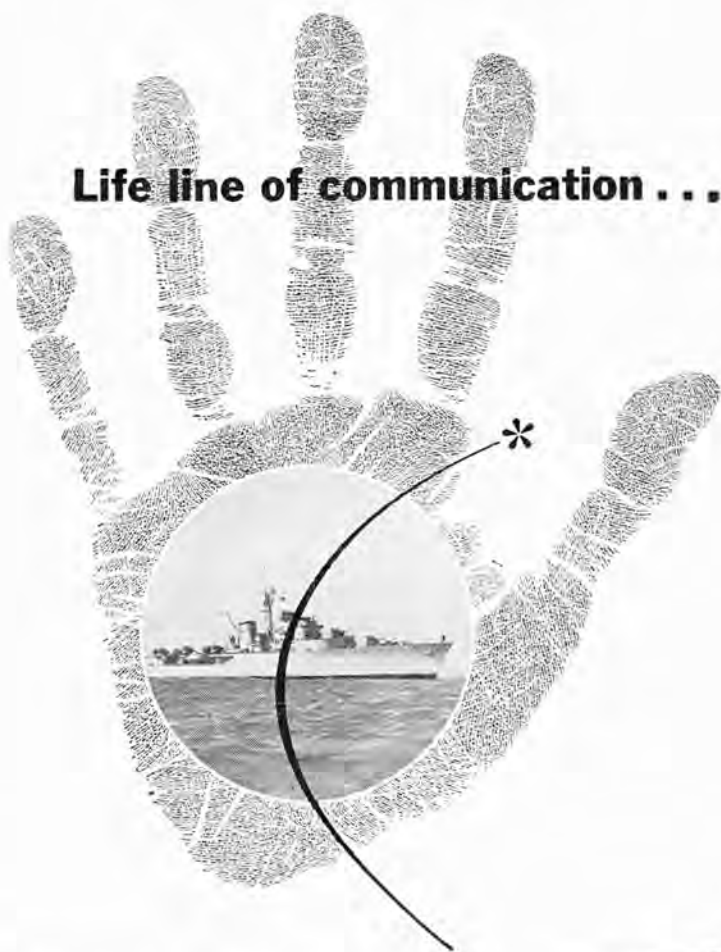
The Term's activities commenced with the annual visit of the R.N.V.R. Instructors. First came the V.S. Branch and the mess played them at soccer and won 1-0 and later in the same evening, those that could still find the energy, played indoor sports. Once more the Mess was victorious; but we came to the conclusion that there must be some fine snooker tables in the various Divisions.

The following week saw us inundated by the

W/T side, but they were fitted in and had a pleasant week as they always do, with the Mess just about beating them at soccer. In the evening they found that their visit coincided with the annual Mess reunion of past and present members. Sad to report that it wasn't well patronised this year by ex-members; but this was possibly due to the weather which was not good.

Rare birds have visited these shores of late and we have had the pleasure of what one might imagine is about half the Communicator Chiefs of the South African Navy in the persons of Warrant Yeoman Ellis, and Warrant Tel. 2nd Class Neville, who unfortunately had to make a hurried departure. Bob Neville was relieved by Chief Tel. Frost and for brief visits we have welcomed C.Y.S. Floyd and Chief Tel. Groger. Apart from friends so far mentioned, a few NATO gentlemen have found themselves in our midst for a short period, and we would like them to know how pleasant it is to have them with us. G. Van Oosten from Holland, A. H. Jorgenson and P. Stadsnes both from Norway.

Indoor sport has now become an established part of each Term's Mess activities and to the amazement of everyone Chief Tel. Baldson was knocked out in the first round snooker by Chief

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Tel. Sullivan. In the inter-Part soccer we bowed out to the superior wind of the New Entries and at hockey to the superior vigour of the Wardroom. Nevertheless our soccer team has met with some success in friendlies thanks to the efforts of C.P.O. Tel. Cannon and E. R. A. Knowles.

To pension we have said farewell to C.Y.S. Baker and C.Y.S. Jones, who has been relieved in the divisional office by C.Y.S. Kemp. Congratulations to this term's promotions, Chief Tels. Westwood, Henderson and Parkyn and C.Y.S. Veal. Congratulations also to members of the mess who have been selected for the Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C) course.

### P.O.'s PATTERN

Once more we've been saying "I'll crack out that article tomorrow", and of course we didn't. Result? Another last minute rush, but at least we've made the press.

The membership of the Mess seems to be taking after a Yo-Yo these days, and at the moment of writing is up to just over 70, of whom 30 are victualled.

Practically all the Mess officials have changed since the last issue of THE COMMUNICATOR. "Chick" Henderson having attained the dizzy heights of Chief, Yeo. Saint is now President, having neatly slipped a draft to *St. Angelo*. Yeo. Wilcox is the new Vice-President. Socially, things are going quite well. The monthly Social evenings are regaining a little momentum after the almost fatal blow dealt by the "monster" called TV, although the darts club hasn't got under way at all this Term. We're hoping to revive it after the Christmas leave.

On the 1st November, Joe Hitchcock, the Darts Champion, gave a show in the Mess and delighted everyone by taking matches, cigarettes, out of mouths, and ears, using his sharpened 4-inch nails. No flights or anything - just plain 4-inch nails. A number of "volunteers" played him 1,001 up, straight in double out, and the cry of "140 plays 625 or some such fabulous number. Thank you sir - a bottle of stingo for the loser", became rather monotonous after the first half dozen or so times. "When you can play 1,001 and get out in about seven throws, you can call yourself a dart player, my son".

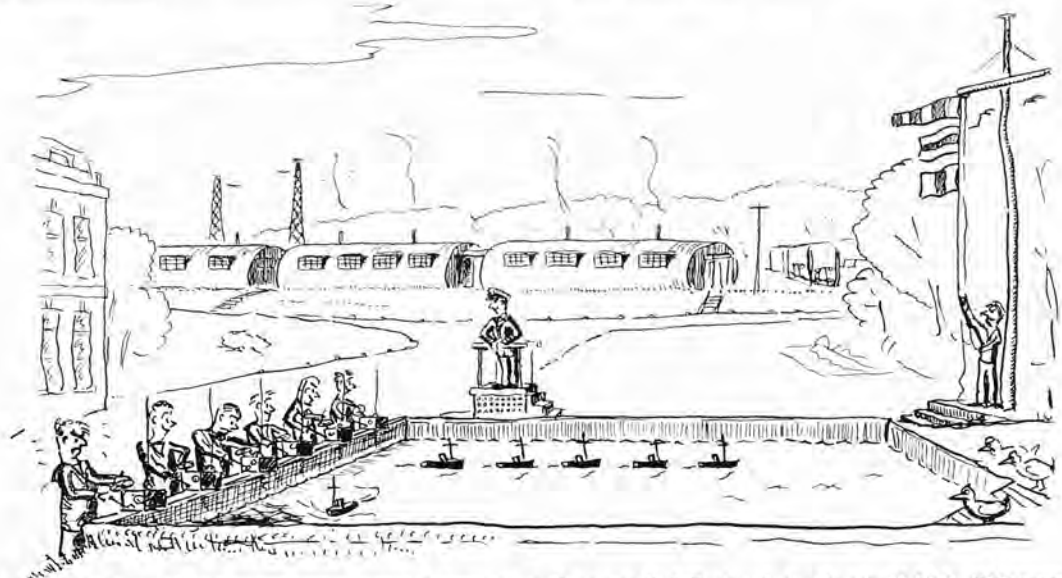
On the sporting side the Mess excelled itself by winning the inter-Part Soccer Cup and getting to the finals of the inter-Part Hockey which was lost 4 nil to the Signal School Mess.

At water polo, four members of the Mess were in the Ship's team which won the Portsmouth Command Division 2 Championship, an excellent achievement as they won every game they played.

The new block is going ahead at a fairly steady pace and from the blue prints it appears that it will finish up as a most sumptuous abode. According to latest reports however, it won't be ready for about another year. Still, if it's worth having it's worth waiting for. There's no sign yet, though, of a new accommodation block for us.

### SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

Well these past few busy months have seen a great purge on the staid hands of *Mercury* who were mysteriously weeded out of their quiet numbers and transplanted nearer the trouble centre at less



The installation of this super-secret, super-frequency, radio controlled fleetwork teacher in H.M.S. "Mercury" has been vetoed by local residents.

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than a moment's notice, leaving the school very bare of the older men, but absolutely swarming with New Entries whose numbers increase day by day. But this is not the only thing that has grown: the camp cinema is now the amazing Cinemascope, and all we want now is permission from Nasser for an audience.

Owing to the sadly depleted complement, sport in the school has had to take second place this Term, but then this did give the P.O.s a chance to win the Soccer Competition; but, not letting all the glory leave the mess, we had a resounding victory in the Hockey K.O. competition.

A number of new sports have been introduced into the camp, among them being Judo, which is a great success, and Archery which was also a success but owing to bad light in the evenings and other commitments it has been temporarily suspended. It is hoped in the new Term to introduce organised instruction in horse riding.

*Mercury* had bad luck in the Navy Cup, which they came very close to winning. *Maidstone* had to be played three times, the first being a draw 4—4, the second abandoned when *Mercury* was winning 3—1 and the third time lucky we won decisively only to lose 1—4 in the semi-final against *Dolphin*. But we will get it next year.

The New Accommodation block is assuming a recognisable shape at last and the foundation stone, which was well and truly laid by the First Sea Lord, now has a great weight of brickwork above it. It is hoped the New Block will be completed by October 1957.

### "MEON MAID"

All Communicators, both past and present, will be glad to hear that an earlier decision has been rescinded and that *Meon Maid* will continue to be allocated to H.M.S. *Mercury*. *Meon Maid* finished second in this year's Monarch Bowl, one point behind the winner.

### TELEGRAPHIST (S) BRANCH

Since our last contribution we have lost one of the original members of the team—C.P.O. Telegraphist (S) Couperthwaite. He left us in July to do battle with life outside, and when last heard of, he had joined forces with another old member of the Branch—ex-L.Tel. (S) Pilley in Poole. Just prior to C.P.O. Telegraphist (S) Couperthwaite's demobilisation, a Branch reunion was held at the "Bird-in-Hand" at which he was presented with a silver tankard by Lt.Cdr. P. C. Prince on behalf of the Branch. A remark was overheard to the effect that it should have been a silver-mounted whip. Be that as it may, during his seven years in the Branch, he gave grand service in both an instructional and a regulating capacity, and his going creates a gap we shall find hard to fill. He

takes with him the good wishes of us all. Incidentally the reunion proved such a success that it is intended to hold one at regular intervals.

Now to our favourite theme—recruiting. Admiralty approval has recently been received to increase numbers in the Branch, so once more we sing that old refrain "Do you wish to become a Telegraphist (S)?" If any of you are interested in the Branch, A.F.O. 1497/55 will give all necessary details. We would stress that anyone with a flair for foreign languages would do well to consider volunteering for Telegraphist (S).

We regret that at present only ratings below P.O. Telegraphist can be considered as volunteers. If at any time you are in *Mercury* and wish to know more of the Branch and its activities, the R.W. Regulating Office in North Camp is at your service. So come along and meet the Branch of the future.

### "FOR LONGER LIFE"

The horse and mule live thirty years  
And nothing know of wines and beers.  
The goat and sheep at twenty die  
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.  
The cows drink water by the ton  
And are at eighteen mostly done.  
The dog at fifteen cashes in  
Without the aid of Rum and Gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks  
And then at twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest sober bone-dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.  
All animals are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and sinless die.  
But sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked men  
Survive for three score years and ten.  
But some of us the mighty few  
Stay pickled till we are Ninety-two

Mr. C. T. Gower, an ex-Chatham Sparker, writes to say that he is always pleased to see Communication Ratings visiting Rome or Civitavecchia. Visiting Communicators should contact him at Rome 255628 or through the British Embassy.

### BOOK REVIEW

WIRELESS WORLD DIARY, 1957. Price in Rexine 4s. 3d. in U.K., 3s. 6d. overseas (plus postage 3d.).

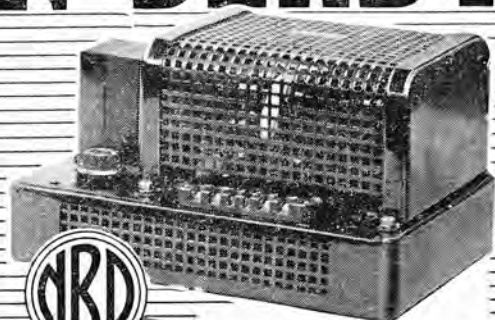
Now in its 39th year of publication it contains 80 reference pages plus the usual diary pages. It is an up-to-date version of the information of previous years giving base connections for 600 current valves, design data, frequency allocations, aeriels, addresses of radio organisation in this country and abroad and in fact most of the technical and general information one so often needs but which is seldom readily available.

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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.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
C. K. ANTHONY ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	ASRE	Bulwark
J. S. AUSTIN, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt.-Cdr. RAN	Gannet	DSD
W. J. B. G. AYRES ... ..	Comm. Lt.	RNSS Devonport	Mercury
E. G. BALE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Staff of Capt. i/c Sheerness	Staff of FOME
A. BARLOW ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Staff of C.-in-C. Plymouth	Staff of FOME
H. S. BENNETT ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of D. 6	Italy (Language study)
S. F. BERTHON ... ..	Cdr.	President	F.C.O. Med.
A. E. P. BRIGGS ... ..	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Ceylon
R. W. BRIGGS ... ..	Cdr.	RAN Loan	D.S.D.
E. BRISTOW, D.S.M. ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Eagle	Mercury
P. C. BROOKER ... ..	Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth
J. L. BUCKERIDGE, M.B.E. ... ..	Cdr.	DSD	S.O.O. to C.-in-C. Nore
M. G. CHICHESTER ... ..	Cdr.	Contest in Cmd	Director J.T.S. Malta
T. W. F. CLARKE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Sanderling	Mercury
G. B. CLAXTON ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Pembroke	Portsmouth Drafting Office
F. W. COOPER ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Tyne	Whitehall W/T
P. J. COTTLE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Staff of Capt. i/c Portland	ASRE
C. H. COX ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.	Staff of F.O.F.H.
G. A. CURRIE ... ..	A/C.C.O. RAN	Mercury	Mull of Galloway
F. W. DENNY ... ..	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Tamar
P. H. DRAYCOTT ... ..	Comm. Lt.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	O i/c R.N.S.S. Chatham
H. DRUMMOND ... ..	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
E. EDWARDS ... ..	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Staff of Capt. (D) Portsmouth
C. J. M. ELIOT ... ..	Cdr.	Staff of Comedcent	SHAPE
C. C. ENNEVER, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	B.J.S.M.	D.S.D.
R. W. EVANS ... ..	C.C.O.	Ark Royal	Sanderling
Miss M. A. EUNSON ... ..	2/O WRNS	Victory	D.S.D.
P. FARRELLY, D.S.M. ... ..	S.C.C.O.	AWSS	Staff of C.-in-C. H.F.
J. FLETCHER ... ..	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
M. J. L. FREEMAN ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of FOME
F. J. B. FRENCH ... ..	Lt. RCN	Ceylon	Mercury
D. W. GREEN ... ..	S.C.C.O.	STC Kranji	Eagle
A. GRAY, D.S.O. ... ..	Cdr.	Aisne in Cmd.	D.T.S.D.
H. E. HALES ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Staff of FOAC
C. W. F. HAMMOND, D.S.M. ... ..	C.C.O.	Royal Prince	Bulwark
J. D. HANRON ... ..	Cdr.	Staff of JSSC	Admiralty for D.C.N.S.
W. E. HAWKES ... ..	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Defender
R. S. I. HAWKINS ... ..	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. H.F.	O i/c RNSS Devonport
J. T. HEADON ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Ark Royal
R. E. HOOPER ... ..	S.C.C.O.	RNSS Chatham	Staff of FOME
A. E. HOWELL ... ..	C.C.O.	Ceylon West W/T	Royal Prince
Miss M. E. HUNTER ... ..	3/O WRNS	St. Angelo	Staff of C.-in-C. Plymouth
J. A. J. JOHNSON ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Bulwark	O i/c S.T.C. Malta
D. A. JONES ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Newfoundland	Mercury
J. N. KENNARD ... ..	Capt.	HAFMED	Capt. D. 6
A. KENNETT ... ..	Cdr.	SHAPE	President in Cmd.
B. H. KENT ... ..	Cdr.	Staff Course	D.S.D.
D. D. KNIGHT, D.S.C. ... ..	Cdr.	Mercury	Comet in Cmd.
R. B. KNIGHT ... ..	Cdr.	Dalswinton in Cmd.	Tactical Course



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D. A. LORAM	Cdr.	Naval Equerry to H.M. Queen	Loch Fada in Cmd.
E. MACKENZIE	C.C.O. R.N.	Staff of Capt. D. 6	Staff of FOAC
A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH	Lt.	Mercury	R.N.C. Dartmouth
N. B. D. MACRAE	A/C.C.O. R.A.N.	Mercury	Staff of Capt. D. 6
W. P. MAIN	Lt.-Cdr.	ASRE	Narvik
A. J. MARDLIN	S.C.C.O.	Falcon	Mercury
E. W. McCULLOUGH, B.E.M.	C.C.O.	Delight	RNSS Devonport
J. W. MEADOWS, B.E.M.	Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth	DSD
J. B. D. MILLER	Lt.-Cdr. R.N.	Defender	Staff of C.-in-C. Nore
D. T. MILLS	C.C.O. R.N.	Mercury	Staff of FOAC
E. G. N. NASH	C.C.O.	RNSS Chatham	Ricasoli
I. H. NICHOLSON	Lieut. R.A.N.	Daring	Mercury
I. J. NIMMO	A/C.C.O. R.A.N.	Mercury	Ark Royal
W. NIPPIERD	Lt.	Glasgow	ASRE
G. D. NUTT, D.S.C.	Lt.-Cdr.	Albion	AWSS
P. H. PAGE	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O. 2 F.E.S.	DSD
H. B. PARKER	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of Capt. F. 3
W. J. PARKER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	D.D.N.R.	I.D.C.
W. F. PATTERSON	Lt.-Cdr.	AWSS Fremington	Mercury
H. P. PAYNE	Comm. Lt.	Condor	Collingwood
Miss E. M. M. PETHERAM	3/O WRNS	Mercury	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
J. A. PHILLIPS	Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. AFMED	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth
T. W. PICK, D.S.C.	S.C.C.O.	Dainty	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
R. J. PITT, M.B.E.	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Armada
J. E. POPE	Cdr.	D.S.D.	St. Vincent
M. A. RICHARDS	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
H. H. RIDLER	Cdr.	Orestes in Cmd.	Staff of Tactical School
J. J. RIGGS	C.C.O.	RNSS Devonport	Staff of FOME
C. RUSBY	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of Capt. (D) Dartmouth T.S.	Mercury
G. E. SAMPSON	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. Nore	J.S.S.C.
P. D. SCHONFELDT	Lt.-Cdr.	Ceylon West W/T	Naval Drafting Authority
E. S. SPENCER	Lt.	RNSS Devonport	Staff of FOAC
Miss D. P. SWALLOW	3/O WRNS	RNSS Devonport	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
P. M. SWINEY, M.B.E.	Comm. Lt.	BJCEB	ECSA Paris
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L. F. TATE	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
R. A. THOMPSON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Birmingham
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN	Lt.-Cdr.	RNZN Loan	Ark Royal
P. TROUBRIDGE	Lt.	Birmingham	Staff of Capt. (D) Dartmouth T.S.
B. G. VANN, M.B.E., D.S.C.	Lt.-Cdr.	D.S.D.	Gannet
J. M. VILLIERS, O.B.E.	Capt.	Bulwark	Capt. of Fleet H.F.
C. C. WAKE-WALKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O. Gib.	Girdleness
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C. J. WHIFFIN	S.C.C.O.	Birmingham	Simonstown W/T
P. A. WILLIAMS	C.C.O.	RNSS Devonport	Ceylon West W/T
J. S. WILSON	Lt.-Cdr.	Ark Royal	Staff of C.-in-C. H.F.
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G.C.V.O., D.S.O., LL.D., D.C.L., D.S.C.

## To Lieutenant Commander

R. BENNETT  
M. C. E. EVELEIGH  
N. F. FAWCETT  
A. J. S. KNOCKER  
P. R. MARTINEAU

## To S.C.C.O.

J. ADAMS  
G. FROUD, D.S.M.  
A. L. K. D. HERBERT,  GUSTAR  
K. MORTON, D.S.M.

## To Acting-C.C.O.

A. E. P. BRIGGS, P/JX 157404 C.Y.S.      W. E. HAWKES, C/JX 158551 C.Y.S.  
G. A. CURRIE, 30804 C.Y.S., R.A.N.      N. B. D. MACRAE, 27602 C.Y.S., R.A.N.  
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## To Chief Yeoman Signals

R. AVERY, D/JX 154778  
P. BRAND, P/JX 162359  
A. COTTERELL, P/JX 667448  
H. G. FARMER, P/JX 292106  
R. L. JARVIS, P/JX 158891  
A. MARKIN, C/JX 155748  
R. OVENDEN, P/JX 246025  
H. SMITH, P/JX 163399  
J. VEAL, D/JX 381334

## To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

R. BUMPSTEAD, P/JX 155831  
F. FERGUSON, P/JX 149027  
H. L. FRY, P/JX 155401  
R. GODLEY, P/JX 158221  
R. HENDERSON, P/JX 157437  
C. KING, P/JX 159423  
J. MARSHALL, P/JX 156649  
S. PARKYN, P/JX 139054  
D. QUINN, P/JX 154200  
D. R. SMITH, C/JX 148030  
W. WESTWOOD, P/JX 131461

## RETIREMENTS

F. D. MILLER	...	...	...	...	Commander
P. DAVIE	...	...	...	...	Commander
THE HON. J. C. EDMONDSON	...	...	...	...	Commander
J. S. K. ORAM	...	...	...	...	Lieutenant-Commander
M. H. LETHBRIDGE	...	...	...	...	Lieutenant-Commander
D. B. SANDERS	...	...	...	...	Lieutenant-Commander
W. R. D. ROBSON	...	...	...	...	Lieutenant
E. J. WEBBER	...	...	...	...	Communication Lieutenant
I. PETRIE	...	...	...	...	S.C.C.O.
R. CARLYLE	...	...	...	...	S.C.C.O.
E. S. COBB	...	...	...	...	C.C.O.

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2373a/56 Drafting—Centralisation of Communication Drafting.  
2443/56 Advancement—Examination for Advancement to Leading Rate.  
2447/56 Drafting—General Service Ratings—Cessation of Allocation to Port Divisions.  
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