

# THE COMMUNICATOR



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Nº 1

EASTER  
1953

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

EASTER, 1953

■ VOL. 7. NO. 1. ■

ONE SHILLING &amp; SIXPENCE

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THE BEAUTY OF SAIL  
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*Photo by Beken & Son, Cowes*

## EDITORIAL

For once the Editor has nothing but praise for both contributors and customers. Good support from both makes his job very much easier and much more fun, and he has certainly had very little worry over producing this number. Orders at Christmas came in so well that we printed 500 copies more than ever before. We allowed quite a lot for those whom we suspected might send their orders in a little late, but we ran out almost at once and could have done with several hundred more. This is most encouraging (and also shows that it is wise to order your copies *before* the Magazine is published!). It has enabled us to increase both the number of pages and the number of illustrations, and as long as our readers keep us supplied with material, we should be able to keep this up.

Our greatest need is for good cartoons, and a competition is announced elsewhere in this issue to encourage the artistically minded. Drawings must be in black and white; coloured ones simply cannot be used. This has been said before, but for this number we received at least a dozen quite good ones, all in full colour! (And very pretty they look, too, as Mrs. Doom is apt to say). We realise that all the best pictures derive from doodles on a signal pad during a quiet watch, but it is very difficult to produce good blocks from such thin paper and we would appreciate it if the doodles could subsequently be transferred to thicker white paper or card.

All contributions for the Summer number must reach the Editor by 20th JUNE 1953, and orders for copies by 10th July.

## CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

By the time this Magazine is in print Holy Week and Easter will be upon us. I can imagine someone saying in answer to that "Yes Padre, I daresay that Holy Week and Easter means a great deal to some folk, but it leaves me rather cold; it doesn't seem to mean anything to me". However, the point of keeping Holy Week and Easter each year is to remind ourselves that Christ is still being crucified. Wherever there is evil and indifference to the plight of others, there Christ is once more being nailed to the Cross.

Good Friday is a solemn day and our thoughts turn naturally to Christ's sufferings on that day, but He does not ask for pity in His agony. "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves" said our Lord to the onlookers as He bore His Cross to Calvary. Love never asks for pity; it asks for similar love and self-sacrifice. We may contemplate the Cross of Christ, but we must not just be sentimental about it.

The Cross was a real, practical thing then, as it is today. We have abolished crucifixion in our penal system, because it is a barbarous punishment,

but we still allow suffering of all kinds to continue in our selfishness and apathy. Let us at this Holy Season, not stand afar off, but kneel at the foot of the Cross, and pray that we may have that forgiveness which Christ asked for those who crucified Him when He said "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do".

We cannot think of Good Friday, without thinking of Easter. The Cross without the Resurrection means practically nothing. Goodness cannot be destroyed. Supreme greatness cannot be buried. Easter Sunday brings a thrill to all of us; more people in Church than usual; the joy of it all; the joy of receiving the Holy Communion when we meet the Risen Christ. Even those who do not believe in Christianity feel unaccountably moved on the day of our Lord's Resurrection. Prof. Julian Huxley, for example, tells us that Easter Sunday always affected him strangely in his early days. "On Easter Sunday", he says, "early in the morning, I got up at daybreak, before anyone else was about, let myself out, ran across to my favourite copse, penetrated to where I knew the wild cherry grew and there in the Spring dew, picked up a great armful of the lovely stuff, which I brought back, with the sense of its being an acceptable offering to the house and somehow, it seems, I found Easter Day a Holy Day". Another man once said that on Easter Day he could always believe that Jesus rose from the dead, although on any other day of the year he could not believe it. There is something in the air of that glorious morning which seems almost to compel us to believe.

Whether ashore or afloat, most of us will be up early on Easter morning. Some—those on shore leave—because they are going to motor to the beauty spots and want to make an early start to avoid the traffic; others will be going out cycling or hiking for the day. God bless them all, I say, for they deserve a change after the hard grind of the Winter months. But is it expecting too much to ask them to go to Church for half an hour before they go and worship the Risen Lord? I hope wherever we may be, particularly those of us who have been confirmed, we will make every effort to attend the Holy Communion. Then, with Christ in our hearts, we can go off into the country, the garden, the home or the mess, and the memory of those precious minutes before the altar will lighten every sorrow and double and redouble every joy.

A very happy Easter to you all.

J.G.S., PADRE

## BLUE AND SILVER GREY

The Signal Branch tie, which may be worn by all (C) and (Ce) officers, and Communication Branch Officers, is available from the Assistant Secretary, H.M.S. *Mercury*, price 9/2 post free.

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

We, in South Africa, are experiencing typical Southern Hemisphere weather for this time of the year, quite the reverse to that prevailing at home which has recently caused much loss of life and damage to property. This news caused grave concern to those serving on this station, more especially since *Afrikaner* and shore establishments in Simonstown are manned from Chatham and we have many relatives or friends in the affected areas. This concern has also been very evident in the peoples of South Africa who have expressed their deep feeling and sympathy in person to Service personnel. The Flood Disaster Funds will be assisted in no small manner by this member of the Commonwealth.

The hot weather being experienced here has brought the usual spate of "bush fires" and Simonstown has had more than its share of them which brings Type 46 well to the fore, one set being carried by each separate Fire Fighting Party who keep the zone H.Q.s (fitted with TCS) informed of the situation at "fire spearhead".

We were denuded of two ships late in January this year when *Bermuda* sailed for Devonport and *Actaeon* for Portsmouth after being on the station for 2½ and 6 years respectively. We wish the Communicators of these two ships happy reunions with their families and a very pleasant leave.

The *Nereide* cruising on the East Coast is probably renewing friendships made on previous trips (vulgarily referred to as "caning grippos" I believe).

There are now forty-two under training at the S.T.C., nine S.A.N. for Tel., twenty S.A.N.R. for Tel. and thirteen S.A.N.R. for Sig. A joint R.N./S.A.N. Ldg. Tels. Course commences on 23rd February in which there will be three R.N. candidates; a Ldg. Sigs. Course commences on the same day but up to the present the candidates will be S.A.N.

Of the Provisional Exams. carried out at the S.T.C. to date two Ldg. Sigs. for Y.S. and five Ldg. Tels. for P.O. Tel. have been successful. In the Provisional Exams. for Ldg. Tel. we have had 63 per cent successes.

S.T.C. now works a weekly Voice link (Duplex) with Salisbury Island, Durban, this enabling us to clear up any little problems which might arise with regard to training and the S.A.N.

The Morse Typing Room at the S.T.C. has been self refitted and is now very "versatile". It is used for instruction in touchtyping and morse typing, the latter can be hand keyed SBX.s, SBX.s received on Broadcast SA or one previously recorded by undulator, passed through the transcriber and DC amplifier to operate the creed relay and so key the oscillator. In addition, each position, of which there

are sixteen, has been wired so that Practical Procedure may be carried out or individual transmitting practice by sixteen ratings simultaneously. We are also able to "tape" the morse made by any rating and are thus able to point out his mistakes.

## H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

As we are now on our way home from South Africa, this really will be our last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR.

Since our last literary effort we have done another West Coast Cruise. This was quiet enough and was enlivened by only two small items—the amount of beer consumed by the Department, by courtesy of the various Army Messes at Freetown, and the fact that the "Bermuda Sked" has now become the "Flagship Rear Link". It is on record that with this new name a startling increase in signal strength has taken place.

January 26th was the big day and at 1400 the dockyard gates were opened to admit the flood of wives and others who came to see the ship sail. It was noticed that the Communications Department was well represented on the dockside, at least three of our number sporting brand new wives. The only person missing was ex-Leading Sig. Crocker, who left us in December to become a Dockyard Bobby—he had the "middle" on West Yard gate the night before. Our last sight of those on the jetty was of F.C.A. making semaphore to the C.C.O.—*C.C.O. to nearby Sig.*—"What's he say?" *Nearby Sig.*—"Something about . . . ."

It was good semaphore tho'!!

Oh well, next stop Freetown to stock up with our long eared friends and oil fuel, and then it will be Guzz. The only thing which worries us is that the cheerful soul who prophesied the sinking of the *Klipfontein* off Durban last month also said that we would turn over two days from England. We are glad she said two days, three days would have been Friday 13th!!

Now it is time to work our next Sked with the *Bloemfontein Castle*, about forty of our families are on board there—4½d. a word too, not free, note, except to the Department.

To all Communicators we have left behind in S.A. and to our friends in the S.A.N. we "Tot Siens", and to those taking our place in *Euryalus* we say "Happy Commission and stay single".

## SO NOW YOU KNOW . . .

*Question*—Explain the procedure for dipping the ensign to a merchant vessel passing close to the ship on the port side.

*Answer*—Go aft of the ensign staff, turn round, hide myself until time to dip, before pulling down the Flag take my hat off and put it between my knees, everyone on the ship will come to attention and I will then dip the Flag the width of it.

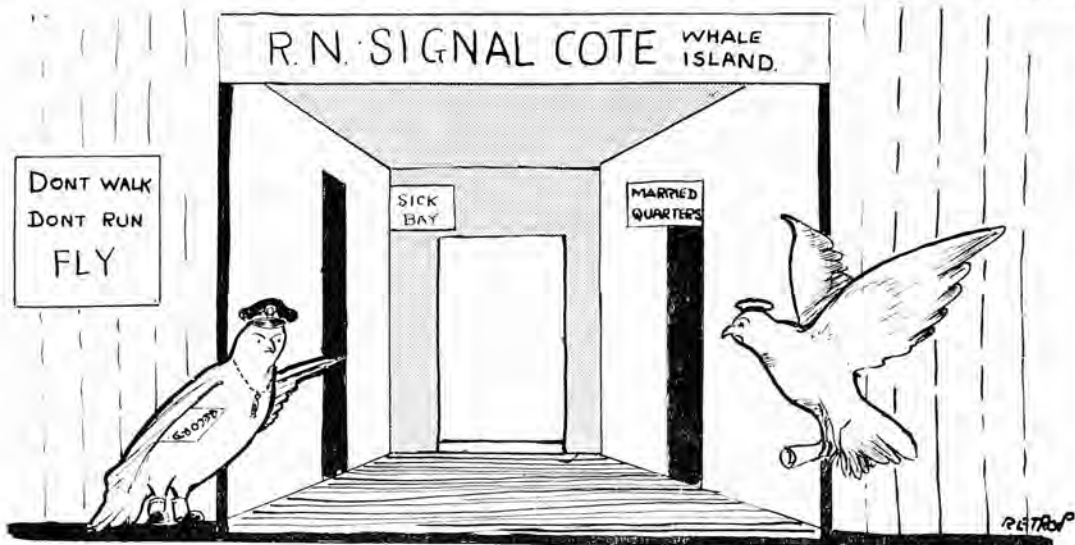
## POST HASTE

The value of the pigeon as a messenger, whether in times of peace or war, has often been proved, and therefore it must be admitted that the money which the government is now spending upon the training of these birds for this object is being devoted for a good and useful purpose.

The training of the birds will have to be thorough or the money, small as the amount is, will have been wasted for France, Germany, Russia and other foreign powers are all exerting themselves to obtain the best service of messenger pigeons it is possible to get. In furtherance of this object they are spending money freely and in other ways leaving no stone unturned to attain the desired end.

The method of training is that the birds are first thrown up a mile or so away from the cote and for those birds who successfully reach home the distance is increased. They are taken to sea in torpedo boats or outgoing cruisers or battle-ships and are released when about ten or twelve miles from land. The birds, at first, do not like the salt water and in fact only gradually get used to it by being taught to continually fly over it.

Cdr. Tufnell has personally supervised the erection of most of the pigeon houses and has taken great care to make that part of the cotes where the breeding goes on, warm and comfortable. The married couples are allowed a two-roomed



The training of pigeons for this purpose was at first only the hobby of a few naval officers, headed by Commander Lionel Tufnell. These gentlemen who were attached to the *Signalling School at Whale Island* demonstrated at their own expense the unwisdom of the authorities at Whitehall in not making use of these little birds, for the time will probably come when each of our battleships and cruisers will carry a pigeon cote.

Much trouble and care is taken in the building of the houses in which the birds are confined. They are fitted with living and sleeping apartments for the birds and, in addition, have a 'sick bay' where pigeons who have gone sick are isolated. These cotes have been built under the personal supervision of Cdr. Tufnell and every care is taken to keep out stray birds, who are naturally only too ready to enter such a well-kept home should the chance offer. A register is kept in each loft in which a record is kept of the birds' pedigrees and performances.

cote, and none of the trainers are allowed to make pets, for Service discipline will not admit of favouritism. Strong healthy birds are chosen, with good lung power, and suitably paired off, for the birds have their mates chosen for them, odd as it may seem, they have no voice in the matter.

During breeding it sometimes happens that the cock bird is taken to sea and sent up with a message and the alacrity with which he returns is wonderful. He appears quite anxious to have the message removed from his leg and to be allowed to return to his family. Similarly, should both birds be sent on a message at the same time, they dawdle along and coo and talk to each other—on family and household matters probably—and apparently think of everything but their duty to my Lords of the Admiralty.

In a few months time the authorities at Whitehall will own nearly a thousand highly trained birds able to carry messages all distances up to 150 miles.

The distances the British birds can fly are short compared with those covered by some foreign pigeons. In Germany 300 and 500 miles are often flown by the government pigeons. There may be some British Naval pigeons capable of flying this distance but so little information is allowed to transpire about them that nothing very definite is known. The efficiency of the pigeon service for

naval war purposes must in any case keep us abreast of the progress made in this direction by our foreign rivals and in the manoeuvres which are to take place in July there will be an excellent opportunity for demonstrating the value of the birds as messengers for use in times of war.

(An abridged extract from "The Navy and Army Illustrated", May 1899).

## VERDICT UNKNOWN

Smith glanced at the clock, more from a nervous habit than a desire to ascertain the time. He knew too well how little time was left to defeat the man watching him. He would have to move quickly. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His hands were hot and clammy and his mouth felt as dry as the sands of the Sahara.

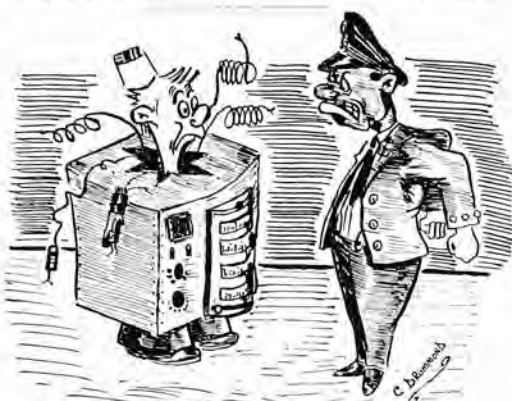
Those eyes watched him incessantly, searching his very soul. If only he would speak and break the awful monotony. Still those eyes watched and waited for a false move by Smith.

By the mere pressure of a switch he could rid himself of those staring eyes for ever. After all, the man watching him had little to lose. He had had the best years of his life and would shortly retire, maybe to a hum-drum existence in the country. For Smith this could be the turning point in his life. He was young and if he played his cards well, it would mean more money, power and a better standard of living.

Still those eyes watched him, the silence broken only by the ticking of the clock. He'd have to take a chance on doing the right thing. All his life had been a gamble and he'd always been lucky in tight spots before. Slowly he raised his trembling hand and pressed the switch. Thank Heaven, again his luck was in. The glow from the bank of valves gave warmth to his heart.

"That will do Smith", said the watcher, lowering his eyes, "You may go". Leaving the room, hastily, Smith wondered what marks he had received for Technical Practical.

W.H.A.



"Now will you shut up!"

*In response to several requests, we are delighted to print another leading article from "The Times", with the kind permission of the Editor of that paper.*

## PONCHOS FOR PONGOES

The news that the Army is going to wear ponchos will have delighted the Navy. Lolling on the well-appointed poops of their vessels, able at a moment's notice to pop downstairs and slip into something loose, sailors are easily and understandably amused by the soldier's efforts to carry on his person enough clothing and equipment to meet all possible contingencies. To a sailor there is something intrinsically ridiculous about a man who habitually burdens himself with a tin to eat out of and a mug to drink out of, and quite a big bottle of water, and very often two different sorts of hat, and a pair of socks, and all sorts of little domesticities. The amusement excited by this spectacle in the mariners of England is tempered both by affection and by the tolerance which seniority confers. But the pilot model of the new Poncho, G.S., Mk. 1, has been described by the War Office as a "South American-Spanish type of cloak", and to expect the Navy to keep a perfectly straight face when news of this sort leaks out after a mannequin parade at the Ministry of Supply is to demand too much of human nature. What looks well, and even dashing, when worn on its home ground may sit oddly on the heirs of Tommy Atkins.

Sailors already find it difficult enough to take soldiers seriously; and when the Army is draped from the withers to the fetlock in a garment primarily associated in their simple minds with certain kinds of American films the Navy's admirable manners may be tested to the full. Confected of water-repellent gaberdine and provided—by a stroke of very sound planning—with a hole through which the wearer not only can but will almost certainly be required to poke his head, the poncho seems an eminently practical *Surtout*. Only its name and its origin are against it. "Ponchos will be worn . . ." Somehow it does not sound right. All our uniforms are a form of fancy dress, and almost all these forms are derivative, but it seems a pity to enrich the quartermaster's official vocabulary with a word arbitrarily imported from the pampas. Anything which provides the Navy with innocent amusement is of course in the public interest, but to envelop in ponchos those whom they already refer to as pongoes seems rash.



## MEDITERRANEAN

### THE ROCK

First things first, let me say how we all enjoyed the magnificent efforts of all Communicators in making the Christmas Number such a success. Yes, it was a well worth while effort and we hope the Easter Number will be as good.

Strange to say we manage to rub along quite nicely, and our only crisis period is when the watch on have failed to inform their reliefs to bring a tin of milk with them. Please don't think we are just being "smug" but who in the world could go "wrong" at Gib. other than in connection with a visit to Spain? Soon we will be welcoming new faces "on loan" from the Home Depots and Home Fleet, who I trust will enjoy their short but busy stay. Few they may be but so long as they are not "comics" or "scrubber outs" we'll be happy to see them.

The tempo in the office, normally warm to the occupants, but leisurely in all other aspects is beginning to warm to the touch of the mighty *Vanguard* and her flock informing us of their requirements and our replies informing them what we haven't got! At the time of writing the harbour is full of our "American Cousins" who strange to say appear to make much more use of the Port Facilities than the Royal Navy does.

Tel. Hughes, a stalwart of the Communications Football team met with the misfortune of having slipped a "disc" or something like that, whilst endeavouring to save the side in goal. After several weeks of lying on a board in the Military Hospital, he was most relieved to be "surveyed" to U.K. for further treatment. In our last contribution we invited any Comms. team to play us, but the Chiefs aren't too happy when they hear that such football talent invariably leads to one or more keeping their watch in the Sick Bay. Such is "sport", yet without it life would indeed be very tedious for our virile youngsters. I regret to say that the only two in the staff who are too old and too busy to turn out are the two Chiefs, but they are mere youngsters compared with C.Y.S. Paul of Windmill Hill, who has the proud distinction of having a Bar to the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal with 35 years' Continuous Service. I wonder if any other Comms. rating can equal that?

Congratulations to Comm. Lieut. Hubbard on his M.B.E., an award which must be very pleasing after a long period of switching one's brain from the Fleet Code. Vol. 1 to A.N.S.B. Comm. Lieut. Stokes led the pace on Boxing Day in the comical football team by braving the elements and appearing on the field in just a "nappie", "dummy" and a huge smile! Who said Buntings were dying out? Not whilst the "old school" can put up a show like that.

Have any of you been "activated" yet? It would appear that this has recently been done to a certain Unit of the Med. Fleet. Definition please because we traffic handlers want to be sure of what we are handling in case we should suddenly be ordered to "activate" one of these fine days. It beats me how we ever got along in the pre-war days with our "plain english" messages.

### S.T.C., RICASOLI

For the past four weeks our minds have been filled with thoughts of F.O. Malta's inspection, wall distemper, kits and paint, but the inspection is now a thing of the past.

Courses, instructions and sport continue their undisturbed way, with one of the Leading Telegraphists "Q" Class winning his weight in the Fleet Boxing Championships; Tel. Watkins (light heavy) of the *Euryalus*.

Bad weather of late has rather cramped the playing off of football matches, but in a few weeks time we shall be thinking of Cricket again on the Ricasoli "Oval".

As this quarter's contribution from the Signal Training Centre, Malta, is so short perhaps an amusing answer to an examination question may not be amiss.

The question required the meanings of various single flags, etc., included in which was "2d." (Second Substitute). Answer: "As written means Two pence but may mean two destroyers".

We feel that we must laud the efforts of a youngster in the S.T.C. who shortly before Flag Officer Malta's inspection was found gallantly varnishing a table top with a toothbrush, because of a temporary shortage of suitable brushes.

## MALTA M.S.O.

### MALAT M.S.O.

#### STAZIONE PRINCIPALE MESAGI ΓΡΑΦΕΙΟΝ ΣΗΜΑΤΟΝ ΜΑΛΤΑΣ

Oh to be in England—now that "N.A.T.O." is here!

On the 15th March, we mariners of the middle "C" are due to "activate" the Allied H.Q. in the Mediterranean; at which time C. in C. Med. will become "CINCALFMED" (no comment!)

Prior to this momentous occasion, little men with long tape measures and sardonic grins have invaded our privacy, making copious notes and pinning insidious notices on various doors.

Frightened Staff Officers have peered apprehensively from their office doors, before scurrying forth furtively to discharge some duty; returning—too late!—to find a notice on their door which "conveys a different meaning to that originally intended"!

Imagine how embarrassing it can be to leave an office bearing an imposing notice such as "Fleet Pyrotechnical Officer", and return to find that the "little men" have called and you are blushing about to enter a room marked "Powder Room"!

Far worse has been the unwarranted banishment of the N.A.A.F.I. from its former strong-hold to an unpretentious tin shack in the wilds of "Grippe's Gorge".

Even the composition of staffs are subjected to change and disruption, and one is never quite certain whether a lightning stroke of the master mind's pen has made one a member of the staff of C. in C. Med (CINCALFMED), F.O. Air (FO2MF) or F.O.M. (A.S.M.)—or all three! (Or is it six?). Roll on my twelve! (Or is it thirteen and a half?).

Among these historical and sweeping changes must be numbered the signal which began "Tyne will sail for Port Said . . ." After so many years of peaceful rest upon the milk tins of Lazzaretto Creek, we await with baited breath to see if Tyne can sail!

It is hoped that our next contribution will be a more worthy one (coming as it will from the new N.A.T.O. H.Q.!) and that the writer will not be caught with his pants "at the dip" due to such short notice!

## SECOND FRIGATE SQUADRON

Being in the Second Frigate Squadron is rather like being in Wonderland. Our immediate scenery changes so rapidly. I suppose it's just a matter of the way different ships interpret Form 1.

It doesn't seem so long ago that we used to see *Loch Lomond* and *Loch Dunvegan* swanning up on either quarter like errant pages with a bridal train. Then they went home.

*Magpie* is known as the 1½ cable ship. She was

always to be seen 1.5 cables Red 18 and if she wasn't it was time *Mermaid* checked her revs. Then the Fifth and Second Squadrons merged and our two newly acquired *Lochs*, *More* and *Craggie* hurried round to the Dockyard where they sat till they sailed home saying 'They - weren't - going - to - paint - a - 2 - on - their - funnels - so - there!!'

Then *Magpie* had to retire to Dockyard with a defective Wardroom toaster and we have had *Cygnets* and *Peacocks* astern of us. They seem to spend their time playing "He". As a matter of fact these last two have caused us quite a little confusion because F2 always calls Pygnet Ceacock, the S.C.O. thought Pygnet should be Pygnet and Ceacock the other one, and the Chief Yeoman said he couldn't find anything in the books about it.

A Happy Easter to "Retrop" and when he's read the letters to the Editor let him consider his pendants at the dip.

## MEDITERRANEAN MINESWEEPING FORCES

At the moment our strength is made up from the 2nd and 108th MSS, the former consisting of four Algerines and a danlayer and the latter of five M.M.S's.

Our role latterly has been to clear up the few remaining wartime minefields existing in this part of the world and the 2nd MSS has also acted as A/S patrol groups in N.A.T.O. exercises. Mines are comparatively few and far between these days and, at the moment of writing, we are engaged in a, so far, fruitless sweep of an area off Cape Bon where some Italian fisherman complained that they were catching mines in their nets.

Like everyone else, we all claim to be hopelessly understaffed and overworked, and a favourite saying of the Chief Yeoman is "Passing a signal to a 'Mickey Mouse' (M.M.S's) requires just as much work as passing one to a battleship". There is really a lot of truth in this as the MMS's always seem to be buried in some corner of the dockyard with neither telephone nor any other apparent contact with the outside world. However, there are compensations and even though we no longer get minesweeping pay we still have our half "hard lyers".

One final word to would-be minesweeping Communicators—Do have a look at the mine-sweeping signal pamphlet before you start—I hope you will not find, as I did, that only one copy existed in *Mercury*—and be prepared to be initiated into what appears at first to be a black art.

*Editor's Note:—We now have TWO copies in "Mercury".*



'Captain' Michael Rennie on the bridge of 'H.M.S. "Amesbury"'

## MORE NEWS OF "SINGLE HANDED"

The film "Single Handed", adapted from C. S. Forrester's "Brown of Resolution", has its premiere in a month or so, and was partly filmed in *Cleopatra*. The stars include Michael Rennie, Wendy Hiller, and Geoffrey Hunter, an up and coming star from Los Angeles, specially sent over to enable the film to have a wide interest in the U.S.A. He plays the hero, and we feel we must commend the scriptwriter who had the intelligence to make the hero a Leading Signalman. This makes it a 'must' for all Communicators.

In the film *Cleopatra* takes the part of two ships, H.M.S. *Amesbury* and another H.M. Ship. The former has the majority of the action. Special platforms were rigged round the compass platform for shooting, and many of the ship's company were given parts. The VS staff figures largely in these shots and the authenticity of the dialogue is therefore assured.

We spent three weeks or so in the employment of the film company (no extra money) and to all of us it was an interesting and eye-opening experience, a complete departure from the normal ships routine, and an insight into the methods of the industry. (It

isn't all done by mirrors either!) The results seen from stills assures an excellent production.

At one time we had on the compass platform no less than three Captains, five Commanders and a whole host of others. The O.O.W. was hard put to it to decide to whom to report a change of course. Orders such as "Can we move a little over to the left to get the sun right?" and "Whoa! That'll do", came from Captains R.N.

The flag deck scene (there is quite a long one), was very well done. The W/T office scenes were taken in a mock-up at the London studio and from the stills we saw it was completely realistic. On the whole the film gives the department a filip, and all Communicators should have a 'bobsworth' if only to see some 'old ships'. H.M.S. "CLEOPATRA"

## H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

Reminiscent of an invalid getting out of bed for the first time after a long illness, *Euryalus* emerged from the Dockyard into the light of day, after a period of nearly four months in the boilermakers' hands. The cynics were proved wrong. She could move—albeit with the aid of tugs. However, in order that the strain should not be too great, only 500 yards were attempted at the first instance—from Boathouse wharf to Parlitorio, where she was

placed under the motherly eye of the *Tyne*. Allowing three more weeks to gain second breath, the second leg of the journey was accomplished successfully—again with the aid of tugs. Now almost fully recovered the *Euryalus* occupies her rightful place in Grand Harbour, i.e. at the buoys. It is not correct that consideration was being given to a change of name from *Euryalus* to *Wallflower*. The powers that be are now casting questioning eyes on the Breakwater. To sea, or not to sea, that is the question that is stirring in the minds of those responsible for the destiny of ships.

As foreshadowed in our last article we are to change stations, changing our drinks from Marsa Vin and Blue, to Cape Brandy and Sherry. This has already resulted in part of the staff disappearing over the horizon in the general direction of "The Garden City of the West" in order that *Bermuda* may be commissioned in a manner suitable for service in the Mediterranean Station, S.C.C.O. Haggart, C.Y.S. Willis and P.O. Tel. Sewell among them. For all the fact that their destination was Home with a capital "H", this did not appear to be a popular draft. Can it be that Table Mountain will prove better scenery than the Dockyard crane at Devonport, or could it be that those we noted are local natives, to whom Malta is now the centre of their affections.

In the meantime the Sparkers are busy brushing off a four month accumulation of atmospherics from the aerials, whilst the Buntings have at last connected up the halyards in readiness for the coming Combined Fleet Exercise. To break us in gently to the above it has been arranged that *Euryalus* will act as Flagship for F.O.F. This should be interesting. It might even prove instructional, then again it may prove that it is impossible to put two ships in the same patch of water. How do you rotate an axis? For that matter, what is an axis?

Incidentally it would be interesting to know how a signal destined for an addressee only half-a-mile away raised a questioning eyebrow in the office of Commodore i/c Hong Kong.

## FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

There have been refits both here in Malta and at Gibraltar and self-maintenance periods in Malta which have succeeded in keeping at least one of our number and sometimes more out of the operational picture. At one time we were down to as few as three ships. The future looks brighter and we hope to have four of the squadron running together by June.

Despite our refits, etc. the squadron have been represented in Trieste, Dubrovnik (Yugoslavia), Corfu, Tripoli, Gibraltar, Milos and Athens in the past few months and units have taken part in all fleet exercises and have just completed a week of A/S exercises off Malta with units of the Italian Fleet. Everybody was very impressed with the way



... THERE APPEARS TO BE A QUERY ABOUT THE CONTINUATION OF THREE WATCHES, SIR!

in which the Italians coped with the communication problem.

Whilst at Athens *Chequers*, *Chieftain* and *Chivalrous* were honoured with a visit by Queen Frederica of Greece. This honour was greatly appreciated especially as Her Majesty had cancelled several previous engagements at short notice to make this visit. Ship's Companies of the British ships and the Swedish training cruiser *Gotland* manned ship and ships were dressed overall.

## H.M.S. "DARING"

We celebrated our first 12 months in commission with a make and mend last week.

We have now completed our work up as a Destroyer, shooting down two winged targets in the process, the turrets concerned and the director now having the stencil of a flaming aircraft on them.

Recently, the Admiralty decided that *Daring* class are to act as light Cruisers and since then we have mainly been operating as Rescue Destroyer and in fact have been more of a Destroyer than ever. In all local exercises we play dual roles, a Cruiser for one serial and a Destroyer for the next. To make it plain to all concerned what we are at a given time, our pennants have been painted on a canvas screen and are let down over the ship's side and stern when acting as a Destroyer, being taken in again when reverting to Cruiser status. At the moment we are Task Force 52 in the Canal Zone, returning to Malta shortly, in time to join the Spring Cruise in which we hope to meet one or two of our sister ships.

FROM . . . C. IN C. MED. TO . . . GENERAL AT MALTA.

Until further notice the times of Services at St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Valetta, will be as follows:—

Holy Communion	0815.
Matinee	1045.

## "THE GHARRY HORSE DROPPED DEAD, SIR!"

Ordinary Signalmen Higgins and Jones were two very worried ratings. In ten minutes time they were to see the Commander at the Defaulters' table to explain their absence over leave for two hours the previous night.

Their messmates were acting as Job's comforters in no uncertain manner. "You'll probably get fourteen days", chuckled Leading Sig. McGinty, "do you good".

Able Seaman Jackson, the Commander's Office Writer, said, "Cor, the old man didn't half have a weed on when he came into the office after the hands fell in. He'll wax you up good and proper, I reckon".

The two Ordinary Signalmen looked uneasy. "What do you reckon we'd better tell him?" asked Higgins. "Tell him your Grannie put you on the wrong bus", offered one wit.

"No, tell him the train was late", said another.

Leading Tel. White looked up from the paper he was reading. "The best thing you can do is go and see Strikey Wilson. He's always in the rattle and usually manages to produce a new excuse every time. If you can get a new one the Commander might let you off".

The two defaulters left the messdeck and went along to see Strikey. "Here Strikey", said Higgins, "We're both in the rattle for coming off adrift last night. Any idea what we can tell the bloke?" They looked at him expectantly.

Strikey looked at them, his brow furrowed. The fact that he, also, was in the rattle for coming off adrift, was giving him cause for deep thought. "Tell him the Gharry horse dropped dead", he said.

"There was one as a matter of fact. Top of Crucifix Hill".

"Do you reckon he'll swallow it?" asked Jones.

"He can't prove you weren't in it", replied Strikey, "it's worth trying".

The two O.D.s thanked him, and as the bugler sounded off "Defaulters", dashed along to the quarter deck.

The Jaunty glanced briefly around, coughed, and then began to read in a depressing monotone. "Pay attention", he said, "now when I calls your name out step smartly up to the table and wait for me to give the order off cap after the Commander has investigated your case I shall repeat his decision and then give the order on cap about turn quick march if you are punished go to the Regulating Office and wait there till I come to deal with you—*Stop talking and be quiet*".

There was a sudden flurry as the Commander, looking harassed, shot through the bulkhead door and skidded to a halt behind the table. The Jaunty had barely time to bawl "Defaulters 'hun", before the Commander was studying the first case in the book.

"Ordinary Signalman Higgins", intoned the Jaunty. "Off cap. Ordinary Signalman Higgins Sir, did remain absent over leave two hours five minutes namely from 2300 till 0105, this being an aggravated offence, the ship being under sailing orders".

The Officer of the Watch stepped forward and in a precise voice said, "I saw Higgins when he came off sir. He had nothing to say".

The Commander toyed with his pencil. "What happened Higgins?"

"Well sir", said Higgins, "I was coming back in a gharry and the gharry horse dropped dead at the top of Crucifix Hill, sir. I couldn't get another one and had to walk back to the ship". He gulped and looked hopefully at the Commander.

The Commander gazed at the Ordinary Signalman. This was definitely a new one. After a few moments he said, "Very well, stand over". "Stand over", echoed the Master-at-Arms, "on cap about turn quick march. Ordinary Signalman Jones, off cap. Ordinary Signalman Jones Sir, did remain absent over leave two hours five minutes namely from 2300 till 0105 this being an aggravated offence, the ship being under sailing orders".

Once again the Officer of the Watch stepped forward. "I saw Jones when he came off, sir. He had nothing to say".

Jones looked at the Commander and said hurriedly, "I was coming back in a gharry, sir, and the gharry horse dropped dead at the top of Crucifix Hill". He stopped abruptly.

"Were you in the same gharry as Higgins?" asked the Commander. "Yes sir, er—I mean, No sir", replied Jones.

The Commander sighed. It looked as though a lot of inquiries would have to be made. However, "Stand over" he said.

"Stand over on cap about turn quick march", gabbled the Jaunty. "Able Seaman Wilson, off cap. Able Seaman Wilson sir, did remain absent over leave three hours, namely from 2300 till 0200, this being an aggravated and repeated offence".

The Commander looked inquiringly at the Officer of the Watch. The latter merely shook his head. Turning to Strikey the Commander said in a pleasant voice, "I suppose you were coming back in a gharry and your gharry horse dropped dead, Wilson?"

Strikey took a deep breath, "Oh no sir", he replied. "As a matter of fact I was coming back in a taxi and when we got to the top of Crucifix Hill, we couldn't get past for dead gharry horses". "Nautivox".

## THE STRANGE PEOPLE WE MEET

The M.S.O. Messenger who brought some articles of new clothing up to the M.S.O. to have his name typed on them.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## "OFF CAPS"

Dear Sir,

Reference the correspondence "Off Caps" in the Christmas number. You may be interested in the following letter I have had from the Librarian of the Navy League. He writes:

"The earliest record I can find goes back to 1795 when Sir John Jervis, later Lord St. Vincent, took command of the Mediterranean Fleet. He found discipline in a very poor state, and with the idea that a little additional ceremony attached to the hoisting of Colours would help to give it more meaning, he introduced the practice of Off-Caps. It was not part of the official regulations and in fact does not seem to have been carried out, regularly at any rate, except in the Flagship.

"It seems probable that Lord St. Vincent would carry on the practice in any of his subsequent Flagships, but there does not seem to be any definite record again until it was introduced at *Ganges* about 25 years ago. There is, however, still no order in Q.R. and A.I. covering the practice and it appears to be purely a matter of the custom of the ship, or the discretion of the Commanding Officer".

I hope the above information will help to clear things up.

STANLEY A. BARRETT, Ldg.Tel.

## AMATEUR RADIO

Dear Sir,

Being very interested in Amateur Radio, but not as yet a licensed "Ham", I have come across rather a strange turn of events out here in Ceylon which I have not experienced elsewhere in the world, and which I hope the experts of THE COMMUNICATOR may be able to explain.

Listening on the bands, 40, 20 and 10 metres, I have usually found them to be quite active on "Fone", especially 40 metres, but here, listening and logging from Ceylon West, except for local "QRM", there appears to be very little actual working at all. Listening both day and night last month, I listed only one "VS7", two "G3s", and half a dozen or so American stations in the Pacific.

In England when searching the bands, one finds difficulty in getting the Call Letters down fast enough and can listen for hours without finding a break in activity, but not so Ceylon where they just seem dead. Mostly using a standard RCA "AR88" but also employing our own Naval "B40", I am getting very poor results. Plus these good Receivers, interchangeable, directional aeriels are also at my service, so I am at a loss for an explanation.

I should have imagined, that being in Ceylon where there is so much activity, both "Fone" and "CW", I would have found myself in the centre of a barrage of "Ham" working from both hemispheres.

Keep up the good work on our Magazine, it is widely read on the East Indies Station and the Xmas number was particularly good.

Ceylon West W/T Station. L. TEAT, Ldg.Tel.

(Ed. Comment. Conditions on 10, 20 and 40 metre bands have been bad for the last year and will remain so for at least another year due to atmospheric conditions.

It is very rare indeed to hear a station from Ceylon in the U.K. at the present time

Amateur stations in the U.K. are not active during hours of Television and this covers most of the operating periods that are open to "G" stations during the week.

The performance of your AR.88 may not be all that it should be, and are you sure that your aeriels are really suitable for the wanted signal?)

## AT THE DIP

Dear Sir,

We felt honoured that you should have included a picture of *Mermaid* in the Christmas edition of THE COMMUNICATOR and would like to congratulate "Retrop" on his effort—but we would like to suggest that the said "Retrop" should adopt a more secure "nom de pencil" if he insists on giving a ship a black top to her funnel and pendants on her side and stern.

We'll be seeing them at the dip next.

H.M.S. *Mermaid*.

J.G.

(Ed. Comment. "Retrop" ventures to draw your attention to A.F.O. 643/52 which says nothing about Leaders having no pennants. He also suggests you take a look at some of the new books to see how we spell "pennant" these days!)

## LOST ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

Dear Sir,

All signalmen are taught what a frightful thing it is to lose a confidential book and we all know the procedure to be followed should such a misfortune occur. But how many have come across piles and piles of S.P.s with no owner? The drill for these occasions is not so well known. Well, I once found seventy-two current S.P.s and in case it ever happens to anyone else, here's the story.

One day early in 1945 I was sitting in my office on a Greek island when a R.M. Commando brought in an elderly Greek fisherman who spoke no English, but who obviously had some important information to tell me. I got hold of an Interpreter and learned that a few days previously he had "found a lot of books, with number and letters on them, all different". There were about a hundred, lying all over the Western shore of a little island called Samothraki, about twenty miles away. This was obviously exciting news and without

further ado we set off for Samothraki in an M.T.B. The fisherman led the way to his cottage, and there, hanging on the washing lines, or drying in front of an open fire, were dozens of British re-cyphering tables. Our Cypher Officer quickly diagnosed them as being current and future editions. We collected them in a sack, searched the beaches for more, and returned in haste to report the matter.

How had the S.P.s arrived there? I never heard the official story, but it was rumoured that they

were ditched for some reason and the containers they were in failed to sink. They floated across the sea, broke up on grounding and the books were subsequently washed ashore. We gave the fisherman a large sack of tinned food, bread and nutty, but I don't recall any letter from the Admiralty on the lines "Their Lordships note with pleasure that you have discovered a large number of Signal Publications, etc. . . ." No doubt someone "incurred their displeasure".

H.M.S. *Mercury*.

P.W.S.



Ashore with a Portable!

## MERSEY DIVISION R.N.V.R.

The refit of *Irwell* is almost complete. So great have been the structural changes involved that it has been considered necessary to re-commission the ship. This ceremony will probably take place in April. Of great importance to Communicators has been the installation of a mast. Prior to the refit, the amount of mast work that was possible was very restricted, as the only mast available was that of the M.M.S. We have been equipped with new lecture rooms complete with all modern aids to instruction and at long last we have been able to establish an M.S.O. Already a different spirit is discernible as no longer do the people on the Birkenhead side feel that they are the poor relations, indeed the boot is nearly on the other foot.

On the Liverpool side of the river in H.M.S. *Eaglet*, the R.N.V.(W).R. has been expanding slowly, there now being a class of Wrens doing Part II training. Our area of the R.N.V.(W).R. includes centres at Manchester and Preston and a very small one at Warrington.

We are welcoming Commander McKaig to the Division on February 18th. This will be his first visit to us since his appointment to A.C.R.'s Staff and we are all very pleased that the Signalmen's new home is ready for this visit as we are quite proud of our up-to-date headquarters. We feel that now we have something to attract people with and are confident that we will soon be inundated with potential Signalmen and hope to report in the next issue that we have had to request for an increase in the establishment.

This story is offered in friendly retaliation to what A.C.R. recently described as the "scurrilous drawing" on page 110 of the Christmas issue.

Training Officer, R.N.S.S. Devonport to C.P.O. Tel. Instructor:

"So you think the experiment of placing a Watcher, R.N.V.(W).R. in a class of R.N. Ord. Tels. was successful, Chief?"

C.P.O. Tel:

"Well, Sir, there's one thing could be said in his favour—at least HE knew the morse code".

E.D., R.N.V.R.



## EAST INDIES

### FROM SULTANATE TO REPUBLIC

We, in H.M.S. *Ceylon*, were fortunate during the first three months of our re-commission to be able to live in H.M.S. *Terror* while the ship was refitting and so became acquainted with our new ship before we actually went to live on board.

By mid-November we were all ready and found ourselves on the way to "that Metropolis of the East", Trincomalee, where we assumed the duties of Flagship East Indies Station. After a few days rest we were on the high seas once more bound for Calcutta. Any Communicator who has visited this fine city will be well aware of the wonderful hospitality extended to visiting R.N. personnel by the local white populace. Our stay was no exception, and we were very reluctant to leave after the few days spent there.

Because our station covers such a large area of the earth's surface, stays at the home port are never of a long duration, so on Boxing Day, Trinco. was left far behind as we travelled to Male (pronounced Mah-Lay), principal island of the Maldives. These are a group of twelve coral atolls comprising more than 2,000 islands, sprawled hundreds of miles across the Indian Ocean. So true to life were they to the South Sea Islands we know from the Technicolour screen, that we can be forgiven if we half expected to see Dorothy Lamour complete with (or without) sarong on the gleaming white beaches. The fringe of dark green coconut palms and a myriad of exotic flowers completed this picture of tropical loveliness.

The town of Male, contrary to our expectations, was far from primitive. We were surprised, as every other visitor must be, by the modern town, largely brought about by the progressive spirit of Mr. Amin Didi, the first president. The houses are well built and the wide streets paved with crushed coral are spotlessly clean. The people too are clean and well clothed, with modern sanitation, electric lighting, wireless sets and even three motor cars. This gives the reader some idea of the standard of civilization encountered there.

We carried on board as passengers, the U.K. High Commissioner to Ceylon, Sir Cecil Syers, together with Lady Syers, representatives from the "New York Times", "Time" and "Life" and our own B.B.C.

The reason for our visit, as you may know, was to witness the creation of a new independent nation; the change from an 836 year old Sultanate to a republic.

With *Ceylon* acting as press relay station a considerable amount of extra work was thrown onto the Communication staffs' already overburdened shoulders. An automatic morse bay was installed for direct working with Ceylon West W/T, but this only met with mixed success due to the troubled state of the ionosphere at that time. At last all traffic was receipted for, and now pinned on the departmental notice board is a tribute from the B.B.C., thanking all concerned for their part in enabling them to broadcast the news of the 'Birth' of the new nation that same evening.

### STAFF OF C-in-C

Connecting up with the news of H.M.S. *Ceylon* a few of us were sent up to Calcutta on the yearly visit of the C-in-C, to look after his side of the communications, needless to say we did our fair share of the work of the ship to enable them to do their strangling of the many "Barons", we did manage to get some of the runs ourselves and a jolly good time was had by all. Shortly after our departure from Trincomalee we ran into some heavy weather whereupon the Admiral was heard to say that he didn't want to run the risk of damage to his one and only decent sized ship and we were ordered to make for the shelter of Trincomalee's harbour again, much to the delight of the natives onboard. Unfortunately it was raining so hard that we couldn't see the entrance and so a large detour was made and by judicious use of the engines we managed to make up time and arrive at the mouth of the Hooghli River on our proper E.T.A.

Rejoining H.M.S. *Ceylon*, we started on a ten week cruise of the Persian Gulf, Pakistan and

Western India. It would seem that we were supposed to establish contact with a number of sand dunes and an occasional camel. These animals have a remarkably bad habit of forgetting their voice callsigns and some confusion arose.

From Bahrein we proceeded to Kuwait where oil flows like water and it is cheaper by far to drink beer and that queer colourless fluid, so well known by some. The hospitality shown to the ship by the oil company both here and at Mena al Ahmedi was excellent and a very good time was had by all.

After a call to the Trucial States, we pressed on to our present port of call, Karachi, which promises to be full of entertainment even if the beer costs around seven shillings a bottle.

## H.M.S. "KENYA"

Here are a few items of interest which have concluded our 22 month commission. Yes, we may have been fortunate with our length of 'foreign' this time but we like to think that we have enjoyed a taste of 'things to come' in respect of commissions.

The state of emergency in Kenya Colony last October had us undocked, stored and sailed from Colombo in something under 48 hours which must, we insist, be some sort of a record! Our guard duty in Kilindini Harbour proved interesting in as much as it enabled us to exercise our portables in the Battalion Communication Organisation and act also as the Mombasa terminal of the Army Nairobi-Mombasa fixed service . . . can anyone tell us where the Army gets to during middle watches—or are they sensible?

To our friends at *Highflyer* and Ceylon West we would like to apologise for our quick getaway but we feel sure many a civilian host in India and East Africa breathes more freely now our two *Grippe* experts (C.Y.S. and C.P.O. Tel.) have left the Station!! By the way, these two have recently won the ship's Uckers Competition for the second year in succession and they have two silver tankards apiece to prove it.

Relieving *Cleopatra* at Port Said for the Christmas term of Canal duty we were called away to Beirut almost immediately and December 23rd found *Kenya* 'standing to' the French passenger ship *Champollion* wrecked some distance off shore.

We left Beirut in time to enjoy our Christmas Day in Port Said but in point of fact we didn't arrive until December 27th, having taken a Costa Rican Merchant Vessel in tow en route—the 615s again proved their worth.

Thank you *Osiris* for showing us around and you may be interested to know that since our visit we have destroyed our recording of "Sand in my shoes".

We write FINIS to a very eventful commission which has included 2 ships, 2 stations, 2 S.C.O.s, 2 S.C.C.O.s and 2 tries at getting home!!

## H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

We have been in commission only a very short time but feel that we must start well by making a small contribution to our own Magazine.

After commissioning at "Guz" in November there followed a few weeks hard work for everyone. All our W/T equipment is brand new (even the C.C.O.) and in the ultra-modern style. It took a little getting used to but we haven't done too badly. Trials went off smoothly enabling the Ship's Company to have a well earned fourteen days Christmas leave before sailing for warmer climes.

The staff then proceeded to show the Mediterranean Fleet how exercises should be carried out. We suspect we had one mishap however, in the form of a ZZB1. The S.C.O. was seen to silently and blushing leave his key, put on his cap and creep from the office.

Inspiration was received by us all from a short talk by Earl Mountbatten. When we left Malta he sent the following signal—"Goodbye and Good Luck to the best and smartest ship I have seen working up in Malta since the war. It has been a pleasure to have you here". (Who's got a big Head?)

At the time of writing we are on our way to the East Indies to take up the Flag. When you read this, you will, no doubt, be spending Easter Leave in good old England. May it be a good one. Spare a thought for us swinging round a buoy at Trinco, wishing we were with you.



## CEYLON WEST W/T

Once again Ceylon West makes its mark. This time we can tell you, in part, how we spent our Christmas.

On the 20th December, a children's party. All the kids enjoyed themselves on round-a-bouts, erected for the purpose, swings and an aerial ride (a device erected on a wire 'twixt two tall trees) all power being handraulic, and did we sweat. When the little horrors left at 1800, covered in chocolate and grease-paint, they were happy. I'm not going to commit myself by saying that their mothers were in the same frame of mind when they saw them. Xmas morning brought us a comic football match in lieu of Santa Claus. Never has anyone seen so many grass-skirted "lush thrushes" as appeared on the pitch. Fortunately the throng was forcibly ejected, from a football game, by a few thoughtful P.O. Tels. armed with a well wielded hose and some high pressure water.

New Year's Eve was given an added attraction, we had a dance-cum-social which went down very well with all and sundry. In addition to all this we had the regular amount of very thick heads. Bird cage bottoms didn't have a thing on us.

In the sporting world, the football pitch is undergoing a great change; S.C.E. (with the aid of one of those substantial grants we hear so much about), have started to renovate the surface. The footballers are looking forward to the date of completion with eager anticipation, so the manager can start serving out challenges to the merchant ships in harbour. Old Westonians will be pleased to know that we still have tennis matches, with more elaborate rigs than even Gorgeous Gussie Moran can think up.

\* \* \*

*T/P Titters.*

CWR to RPSP (RAF Stn.): INT KING

FM RPSP: SRI OM KING OFF  
WATCH NW

\* \* \*

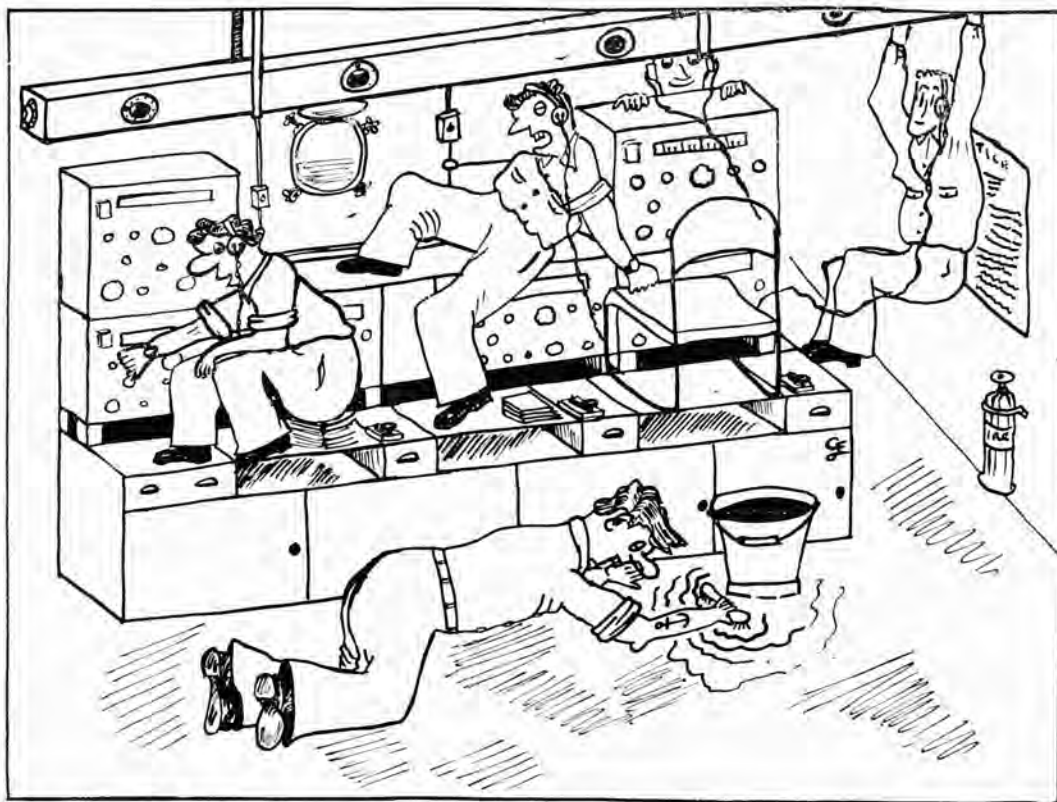
CWR to CTO: QRU ERE HOW U KKK

FM CTO: QRU TOO OM ERE ONE FER U

\* \* \*

REPLY TO:—"What would your reply be"???  
(Christmas Number Page 122).

From GLORY to RAN: Your 222312Z. Animal, Mineral or Vegetable.



Radio Hazards

# El Toro



"Toro!" "Toro!" How many of you Communicators have heard that cry floating across an arena? How many have heard that call, urgent, sibilant, then inviting and almost a caress that drifts across the ring tensed with excitement? How many, indeed, have ever seen a bullfight?

There comes a time in every sailor's career when he can witness the thrills and spills of the sanded arena, whether in Spain, Mexico or in some other area of Spanish influence. If that opportunity comes your way, take it! It may never occur again. There you will see the emotionalism of the Spanish at its highest and a spectacle that will be remembered for ever. He who goes to Spain and fails to visit the bullfight cannot rightfully claim to understand the country and its peculiar temperament.

No matter what views one may hold on this very controversial sport, one cannot but be enthralled by a brave man face to face with a savage animal and the imminence of death for either. Many sceptics come to the "toros" from sheer curiosity, but leave converted to the beautiful artistry of the matador and his "cuadrilla" of assistants.

The beasts used for fighting are absolutely wild animals who have already proved their savagery on the open range by fighting amongst themselves for supremacy of the herds. Two days before the "corrida de toros" the bravest and strongest of the full grown four year olds are rounded up and the six fittest are selected to begin the journey that ends in death. From their arrival and until their supreme moment comes they are kept in special stalls attached to the arena.

When the "corrida" opens on the appointed afternoon, the blood of the crowd will have already been stirred and quickened by the playing of numerous pasadoble and military airs as they waited. The wine sellers and peanut vendors shouting their wares as they move amongst the seats all help to add to the excitable, intoxicating atmosphere. Then, as the sun's heat begins to wane, the toradors with their assistants, mounted "picadors", the team of gaily harnessed jingling horses whose job it is to drag out the dead bulls, and all the other officials so necessary to such a fiesta enter the ring. In perfect formation they cross the arena in a parade which is one of the most brilliant phases of the coming spectacle. Pausing before the President's Box they bow low, then turn away, dispersing as they do so. A trumpet shatters the air to announce the entry of the first bull, and the contest is on!

A stall door opens and the enraged animal rushes out into the arena. All around him and reaching up into the skies is a sea of human faces which lapse into speculative silence as he makes his entrance. Momentarily he pauses, uncertain and perhaps more than a little bewildered. Then over the far side he sees the enticing swirl of a scarlet cape. Recognising this as something instinctively hateful, he lowers his head and charges swiftly and silently. As he reaches it, the fluttering madness disappears behind a baffle in the safety fence. Baulked of his prey, he turns and is immediately taunted by a cape in another direction. This too, disappears just as he reaches it. So it goes on. First in one direction, then in another. Eventually, one of the matador's assistants advances into the centre of the ring and tries out the bull with a few simple passes of the cape. Whilst all this is going on the matador stands aloof—watching.

He observes most carefully the things which may well save his life in a few minutes time. He takes notice of the way the animal is drawn to the lure, whether its head remains steady and square as it rushes ferociously towards the red cloth. Most important of all he watches for its agility in turning and speed of recovery, not to mention those wicked killing horns. When he has seen enough he advances to make a few passes himself. A slim lithe figure in a tight costume that glitters in the evening sun with a thousand lights, he personifies all the glamour of the sport. With the roaring approval of the crowd he flourishes his tantalising cloth and time after time the bull passes by with only inches to spare.

By now all is ready for the spilling of the first blood. A strident trumpet call summons the "picadors". These are two much padded horse-men, each armed with a ten foot long goad or spiked pole. Led by pages, the blindfolded horses are jostled into position to await the inevitable charge from "el toro". It is not long in coming.

No sooner does he see the horse and its equally motionless rider than he attacks. As he does so, the "picador" plunges his goad into the shoulder and neck muscles of the bull. Quite frequently both horse and rider are thrown by the fury of the animal. When this happens the entire "cuadrilla" flood out into the ring to entice the bull away from the fallen and possibly injured. Aided by numerous helpers, the hapless bewildered horse is lifted to its feet and the "picador" remounts to face another charge. Four times the bull visits his rage upon the horseman and as many times he is wounded. By now the blood is beginning to flow freely. It is noticeable after this treatment that some of the fire has gone out of the beast. He is not so anxious to pursue the elusive cape from afar, but waits for it to come nearer. This is the cue for the "bandarillos".

The trumpet sounds again, and with this signal begins the ballet of a bullfight. This is an extremely dangerous part of the play and to many the most graceful. Armed only with a pair of two-foot wooden harpoons, tipped with metal and coloured by gay paper streamers, the "bandarillo" sidles towards the animal with fleet, dancing, steps. From afar he sends his call "toro!" "toro!" across the ring urging the bull to attack. When it is only a foot or so away he turns sharply and at the same time sticks his darts into the bleeding back of the animal. This delicately executed manoeuvre produces an immediate effect in the wounded beast. By the time two more pairs have been planted in the same spot it is beside itself with rage.

Now comes the moment of the matador. He has discarded the yellow and scarlet cape and takes in its place a small piece of red flannel draped over a stick. With the sword hidden behind the cloth he dominates the vast crowd by sheer grace of movement and an open defiance of danger. By virtue of numerous elegant flourishes he shows a complete mastery of the bull in every move. One of the favourite passes which never fails to cause a sharp intake of breath amongst the audience is the "farol". In this he taunts and entices the animal

from a kneeling position. Then there is the "mariposa" or "butterfly", in which the cloth is drawn up over the bull's face and down the length of its back, but with the matador facing the other way! Occasionally the "toreros" pay the price for their bravery, and the razor sharp horns flash in relentlessly. Indeed, most of the "toreros" end their lives in the ring eventually. The lucky ones, however, retire with a fortune long before their thirtieth birthday.

When the matador has come to the end of his repertoire, the President of the "corrida" formally gives permission for the *coup de grace* and the excited throng becomes silent. The animal although tired, is still full of fight and as such must be approached with respect. With the bull facing him squarely, still, and one might almost say expectantly, the drawn sword is sighted over the horns in preparation for the kill. Rising to the tips of his toes, he leaps over the lowered head and plunges the sword in to the hilt. At the moment of contact, the red cloth which has been held outstretched but below the sword is given a sharp turn to the right. Instinctively the animal's head follows it round and the murderous horns swing out of danger. If the blow has been a true one the animal will slowly crumple to the earth—dead. A good fight with extravagant capework and a clean kill with one blow will earn the plaudits of the crowd, the award of an ear, maybe two, or perhaps most coveted of all, the tail. A bad fight, however, deserves only the whistles and jeers of disapproval.

Whilst the dead animal is being dragged out of the arena, the sand is swept. The Matador and his three assistants jogtrot round the ring acknowledging the applause and tributes showered on them, and displaying the ear they may have been awarded. In their excitement the crowd throw down flowers, handkerchiefs, cigars, hats, and even leather-covered bottles of wine. After taking a drink from the latter, it is customary for the matador himself to throw it back from whence it came.

As one might imagine, with so many sailors there, the ring soon becomes covered with a mantle of white hats which come fluttering down like the falling snowflakes of winter. By now, the ring has been cleared and the stage set for the enactment of yet another drama. The trumpet sounds and the second bull enters the arena.

One might ask why such people as I go to the "toros". What dignity can there be in watching the last moments of an animal destined to die a bloody death? Well, I can but say that not all bullfighters are good. Falls are frequent and often only a man's gymnastic ability can save him from being gored. Even the very best make a mistake eventually and in this risky profession where one must not care too much for life, a single error of judgement can mean more blood on the sand—the life blood of Spain!

K.P.W.



"K.G.V. and Duke of York will be passing Smalls at 1600".

## MONTE BELLO

The Special Squadron for the Atomic Test in the Monte Bello Islands, started life in the precincts of the Admiralty citadel in the Summer of 1951 and gave birth to a mixture of ships: *Tracker* an L.S.T. (C), *Narvik* and *Zeebrugge* sister L.S.T. (3)'s, the frigate *Plym* and the aircraft transport *Campania*.

In February 1952 the advance party sailed loaded to capacity with a troop of Royal Engineers and their miscellaneous collection of equipment for building anything from roads to a small township. They arrived in the Monte Bello Isles in April, and were joined by four R.A.N. tenders to act as fleet train for stores and water and to provide transport to and from the nearest mainland port of Onslow, some 80 miles distant.

The islands surround a lagoon and cover an area some ten miles by six.

*Tracker* and *Campania* which carried aircraft, scientific stores and the Ministry of Supply personnel with *Plym* in company arrived in the islands by early August.

The various islands had by this time been transformed by the Royal Engineers into a road studded colony. Canteens had been erected and pagahs for bathing on some of the islands. The pagahs were very necessary because of the sharks, sea snakes, sting rays, stone fish and other unpleasant sea monsters which live in those waters. The stone fish is worthy of particular mention, being comparatively small yet quite capable of



H.M.S. "Campania" at Monte Bello

Uninhabited would be an apt description of the islands although some years ago they were used by pearling luggers. Here the luggers took shelter from the storms which are prevalent during the West Australian Summer months.

The isles are a curious mixture of limestone rock, sand and coral and covered in spinifex and a coarse grass. Wild flowers are found in abundance in season together with rats, wild cats, lizards and other small reptiles. The rats and the cats, of course, live and breed on different islands! The cats are really a wild version of the domestic feline which probably absconded from the pearling luggers. Turtles are abundant but one has to wait until these amphibious creatures decide to come ashore and lay their eggs in the sand. Regretfully this time was approaching when the Squadron departed.

paralysing and poisoning a person to death.

As the day for the Test drew near the activity ashore grew more feverish and intense. Our inter-island communications consisted of a main station incorporating an M.S.O., and numerous minor stations at various sites in the islands. All landing craft and boats were fitted for inter-communication as indeed there was a veritable water bus service schedule every day.

On October 3rd a single code word announced to the world that the British had successfully tested an Atomic weapon. *Plym's* ship's company, now scattered around the Squadron, watched their vessel being "Vaporised". The explosion was an awe inspiring sight.

Afterwards there began the "Clearing Up" period and for most of us confinement to one's

(Continued at foot of next page)

## WHEN YOU GO "OUTSIDE"

This is the first of a series on Resettlement which will appear in THE COMMUNICATOR. It deals with occupations of primary interest to Communications personnel. The following articles will be on E.V.T. and G.V.T. Courses, general employment, the Civil Service, etc.

It is hoped that they will be of interest to all those leaving the R.N., whether after a C.S. Engagement, to pension or after two years National Service.

The publication "Services Resettlement Bulletin", which is supplied to most ships, should be read thoroughly by all those "going outside".

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining practical work, it is not easy for Communications personnel to find employment in Radio Servicing and Maintenance. A general article is in S.R.B. 33, p. 14-21. The Radio Servicing Certificate of the City and Guilds Institute and the Radio Trades Examinations Board may be prepared for by post (cost 15/- under the Forces Correspondence Courses scheme—see your Education Officer for further details), *provided that* one has either passed an approved practical course, with at least 6 months practical experience, or passed as P.O. Tel. (W/T2 Higher) before the 1st January 1946.

A general article on W/T employment is in S.R.B. 22, p. 56. Many of the best jobs in this and allied fields (e.g. M.N., Civil Aviation, Class 1 G.P.O. Radio Operator, . . .) require the possession of a Postmaster General's Certificate (1st class, 2nd class or special).

The Theory Part of P.M.G. Exams. may be taken by post (a list of the 5 Wireless Colleges which run such courses is in S.R.B. 22, p. 5). These postal courses cost about £7, but if you see your Education Officer *before* you start the course, it may be possible to arrange that £3 be refunded to you at the end of a year, by the Admiralty.

The Practical Parts of P.M.G. Exams. require attendance at a Wireless College (a list of Wireless Colleges, with details of P.M.G. Certificates, may be obtained from the Inspector of Wireless Telegraphy, Overseas Telecommunications Dept., Headquarters Building, G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.). Those interested should buy their own copies of 'Handbook for Wireless Operators' (H.M.S.O. 2/9). A specimen P.M.G. paper may be obtained from the G.P.O. address above and NOT from H.M.S.O.

Some members of the Communications Branch enter Government W/T Services, in which maximum use is made of their Service W/T training. The more important of these are:

**FOREIGN OFFICE—DIPLOMATIC WIRELESS SERVICE.** Vacancies are very limited. Details of D.W.S. are in S.R.B. 24, p. 20. Entrance is now by open competitive Exam.—as announced in the National

Press: the next Exam. is in March 1953 at a London Centre.

Candidates must be able to send and receive at 25 w.p.m. and have had practical experience of radio teletype working and touch-typing. Intending applicants apply to Establishment Officer, Diplomatic Wireless Service, Hanslope Park, Hanslope, Wolverton, Bucks.

**FOREIGN OFFICE—GOVERNMENT COMMUNICATION HEADQUARTERS.** Details are in S.R.B. 31, p. 27-28; S.R.B. 24, p. 20-21 and S.R.B. 12, p. 12-13. Intending applicants (who must hold P.M.G.1) apply to Establishment Officer, G.C.H.Q., 114 Lime Grove, Eastcote, Ruislip, Middlesex.

**G.P.O.—TELEGRAPHIST GRADE.** Entry by Exam. (past papers from H.M.S.O.). Apply to local branch of Regular Forces Employment Association, or from Regional Director, S/A2R, Waterloo Bridge House, London, S.E.1. Details are given in S.R.B. 29, p. 29-30 and S.R.B. 34, p. 23-24.

**G.P.O.—RADIO OPERATORS.** Details in S.R.B. 25, p. 13-14. Radio Operators Class 1 must hold P.M.G. 1. Further details from Inspector of Wireless Telegraphy, Telecommunications Dept., Headquarters Building, G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, S.E.1. Details of employment in G.P.O. as Temporary Wireless Operators at Coast Wireless Stations are in S.R.B. 25, p. 14.

**G.P.O.—ASSISTANT TRAFFIC SUPERINTENDENT.** Details in S.R.B. 3, p. 6-7 and 19-23.

**MINISTRY OF CIVIL AVIATION—TELEPRINTER OPERATORS.** Applicants write to Head of Establishments, Ministry of Civil Aviation, London and South-Eastern Divisional Headquarters, Heston Aerodrome, Hounslow, Middlesex. Details in S.R.B. 36, p. 33 and S.R.B. 7, p. 13.

Occupations which maintain closer contact with the Service are:

**R.N.V.R. INSTRUCTOR.** A.F.O. 38/52 refers. Current information (through your D.O.) from Admiral Commanding Reserves, Admiralty, S.W.1.

**SEA CADET CORPS.** Apply direct to The Secretary to the Council, Sea Cadet Corps, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

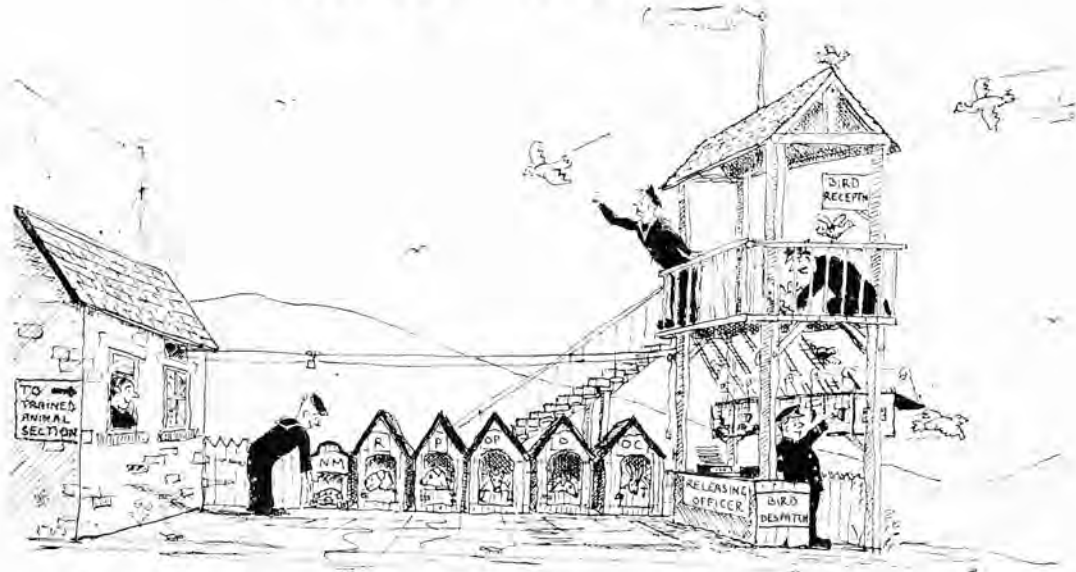
*Don't wait until the last moment before getting Resettlement information, the better jobs usually require preparation, which can be made (often by taking a Forces Correspondence Course) while still in the Service.*

J.E.R.

**MONTE BELLO—Continued from previous page**

ship because of the radio activity in the area. Fishing too was prohibited. So indeed it was with a sigh of relief that we bade farewell to Monte Bello after a unique and most interesting experience.

## HOME STATION



## M.H.Q., PITREAVIE

We are very glad that someone at the Admiralty has at last found time to clear out all redundant signal publications, especially out of date B.R.s, which have cluttered up the Communication department museums for years.

At the same time we feel that the new A.C.P.s which are now coming along, give us cause for much merriment, and a happy hunting ground for the humorist and cartoonist. For instance, A.C.P. . . . Article 201 (a) (3)—“Means of Communication”.

Obviously someone has thought of supplementing our under strength Communication staffs by training animals to carry out our duties and it would appear that there is nothing barred from the recruiting office at the moment. Assuming that a centipede can write down fifty copies of a signal at once, we see no future for the duplicator. Then there is the question of which foot a horse will use. Most likely it will be one of the front ones during the day shifting to the rear when he assumes the recumbent position of the night watch horse. The seagull will never be caught asleep on watch providing he doesn't tuck his head under his wing as he can crash standing on one leg. The saying “his bark is worse than his bite” may be reversed if we have an alsatian as S.C.C.O. Imagine a three badge elephant encrypting a typex message. The failings of one of our feathered friends has shown us something already. He put the MTX tape in upside down the other day and a certain human obtained 100 per cent.

Our Command Wave frequency has been changed twice recently to clear heavy interference. The most

interesting feature has been the working of the North Greenland Expedition on 2817 kcs. Although XPN was only on for about 10 minutes it was a welcome change to the normally dull ship routine. The strength of signals was 2 X 2.

Everyone has been highly amused by our latest discovery. The Dockyard stores have now decided that our teapot, which has turned out thousands of cups of char in the past, is a coffee pot. Anyone want to call an IN tray a frying pan?

We wonder if the Sparker who advertised a fruit machine in the “Guzz Gazette” has had any takers. Five bob and sippers for a week was, we thought, a ridiculously high price. He might have thrown a B40 in with it.

Question which requires careful study. Does the Anode Bend? Half a crown to the Bunting who gives the most intelligent answer.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Drawing on page 15 is by Tel. Eden; on page 18 by P.O. Tel. Evatt, H.M.S. *Glasgow*; on pages 7, 51, and 53 by Y.S. Porter, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on page 8 by P.O. Tel. Drummond, Whitehall W/T; on page 20 by Wren (Sig.) Whitfield, H.M.S. *Curlew*; on page 23 by Lt. Cdr. Paterson, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on page 55 by O.Tel. Elton, H.M.S. *Unicorn*; on page 49 by O.Tel. Lee, H.M.S. *Boxer*; and on pages 17, 59 and 61 by O.Tel. Waller, H.M.S. *Mercury*.

Photograph on page 57 is by P.O. Wren (Sig.) Ring, H.M.S. *Mercury*, and on page 45 by Sig. Page, H.M.S. *Glory*.

## R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

The New Year has certainly started off with a bang for this side of the country. Quite a number went sick during the "48 hours?" flu epidemic, some even being lucky enough to be sick on shore for two or three weeks.

The main occurrence of course was the terrible floods that caused havoc in this part of the world, but more of that later on.

The weather itself has been variable, three or four days like Spring and then out ice-picks to release the Goldfish. Information received from the gardener that there will be no queues for flowers until after Easter but he is well ahead on his planting of bulb, seeds, etc. It will be nice to see the "Villa's" gardens in full bloom again.

The repercussions of the Monte Bello explosions were finally felt in the Big House when C.Y.S. Boxall was seen limping towards the *Bramble* complete with Bag and Mick. Look out *Widemouth Bay*, C.Y.S. Whitby is coming shortly.

Ben Hustler appeared in the guise of Rudolph and with a big whack of leave was handed a laughing chit to the *Birmingham* to relieve C.Y.S. F. Johnson. C.Y.S. Mitchell from the *Bellfast* relieves L. Smith in *Implacable*. That was a quickie. C.Y.S. Stammers and Hannant proceeded to Singapore to open the S.T.C. and to see if the story of the Tiger is true.

Quite a number of Senior V/S and W/T ratings have left us recently but I think we must all mourn the passing of C.Y.S. 'Chang' (Smigs) Faulkner who persuaded the Admiralty to let him go his own sweet way.

*Note.*—Don't try and smuggle anything in 'Derry—Chang is on guard.

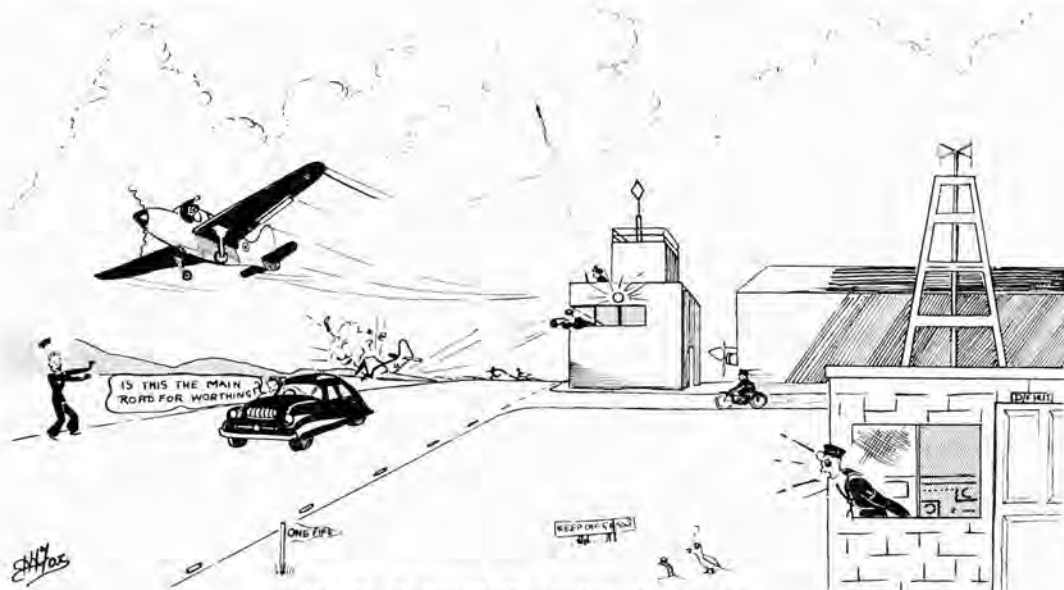
## THE FLOODS

As can be imagined the recent severe flooding in the Kent area affected Chatham depot considerably and we were called upon to play our part. The Signal School was practically cleared of junior ratings and an M.S.O. was speedily set up in the R.N.S.S. itself. Our first call was for L/Tels. downwards to man Types 46 and 66 in the hastily assembled DUKWS, Terrapins and other miscellaneous craft which were used to rescue civilians and cattle. Communications were maintained with H.M.S. *Berryhead* to whom Telegraphist ratings were loaned. Then mid-week came the call for working parties to fill sandbags and help to fill the breaches in the sea walls which the abnormal tides and winds had caused. A large party from the Signal School was quickly organised.

All instructions ceased in the School and our contingent left for Kemsley Mills, as part of the large force which was gathering there. Other parties were soon required from us and from time to time various Communicators have left for the *Berry Head*, *Sheerness*, *Sheppey*, *Isle of Grain*, *Horsham* and other distressed areas in Kent.

The M.S.O. in the R.N.S.S. is used mainly for relaying signals to landing craft and the working parties. This is manned by watchkeeping Signal School ratings, and other Communicators have also been lent to Nore M.S.O., R.N.B., M.S.O. and other parts of R.N.B.

All in all, the Signal School can be proud of the important part they are playing in this time of emergency. All commitments so far have been met and the remainder of the Signal School are alerted to meet any other requirement which may arise.



This has happened at a certain Air Station.

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

After a very reasonable Winter (remembering the floods and blizzards that have raged throughout less fortunate parts of the country), we at Guzz are beginning to look a little more cheerfully ahead to what, we trust, will be a truly glorious Coronation Year. Already the Camp gardens are showing signs of an early Spring and promise a fine selection of colour for the Summer months under the careful and patient eye of one of our R.F.R. Telegraphists—a professional gardener returning to Civvy Street in the near future.

Approval has been obtained to go ahead with the early planning of the move of the Signal School to the old *Impregnable*. Drawings of suggested sites certainly hold great promise of a general improvement in both instructional facilities and living quarters, but, at the moment it is difficult to forecast the date of this impending move. Until that happy day arrives we continue to make the best of things at Vicarage Road, where the training programme is still in full swing. We seem to have more classes here at the moment than for some time, and at the time of going to press there are nine male and seven W.R.N.S. classes under instruction. Recently we held a census of the number of qualifying classes passing through the School during the past year, and for those interested in statistics, the number of ratings under instruction averaged 165 per week.

We welcome the arrival of a large detachment of Indian Navy who recently descended upon us prior to commissioning three Hunt class frigates. Unfortunately, they arrived just too late to attend the last Camp Dance, held at the end of January. These dances have been held at monthly intervals during the Winter and have proved to be a popular item on the entertainments agenda; the Glenholt Club Orchestra provides the music, enabling us to maintain some small liaison with our old quarters.

In the sporting world, our Soccer team goes from strength to strength. The only defeat suffered this season was at the hands of our Alma Mater when we sent a team to Leydene last November. A good game and a pleasant day were enjoyed by us all, but we couldn't quite get over the fact that all four goals against us were scored by Yeoman Laws, a Devonport rating on course in *Mercury* at the time! However, in the more serious world of Cup and League we are upholding the good name of the Branch. In the U.S. League Division 3 the Camp is leading by two points with three games in hand, and we only need to win two more games in the R.N.B. League to be certain of carrying off the honours. The Commodore's Cup is our ultimate target in local Service soccer and we think we have a very good chance of pulling it off.

On a Ldg. Tel. (Q) paper:—

"P.I.M. is really a misprint. It should read P.I.N. and is short for Preparative, Interrogative and Negative".

Then there was the W.R.N.S. Tel. who told us

that "Loose leaf publications are mustered every time a new supplication is added!" And yet another of our charming students said that "Books are mustered on the cessation of the Captain", and gave an example of paraphrasing as: "I walked round the room—I went round the room walking".

## THE INSHORE FLOTILLA

The Flotilla has been all over the place recently. The floods were the cause of quite a bit of over distribution and many stirring tales of rescues by the Flotilla have been heard from Felixstowe, Burnham and Sheerness. In fact Minesweeping ML.s (232nd MS) have been so caught up with flood relief that we have not heard anything from them for some time except occasionally on the "air" calling for more blankets. The Algerine Sweepers (4th MS) have had a busy time as well. A large Minesweeping exercise was cancelled due to the flood and *Cheerful*, *Cockatrice*, *Rinaldo* and *Laertes* (the latter immediately after being inspected by the First Sea Lord) went down to Burnham on Crouch.

Normally one goes there for a sailing holiday. I think it can be said that the 4th MS went there for a "change". This consisted of each ship accommodating 120 soldiers of the Middlesex regiment (the ship's complement is only 100) who worked on Foulness Island and returned weary, wet and muddy to sleep onboard at night. The accommodation problem was such that a Telegraphist going on watch at 2000 had to leave his mess at 1945 in order to make the twenty yard journey in time. The number of wireless nets was tremendous for such small ships and we found the Army's voice procedure was standardised for the Army.

Three other Algerines are refitting and the Yeoman of the eighth was so keen on fishing that he was sent up to the Arctic with his ship on Fishery Protection duties. The rumour that he wrote to the S.C.O. to say he believed in catching fish and not protecting them is as unfounded as the statement attributed to a certain P.O. Tel. in the squadron who, returning from humping 243 sacks of grain at a granary in Felixstowe during the floods, said he was surprised there was not more P.T. in the P.O. Tels. qualifying Course at *Mercury*.

Have you met a Mickey Mouse? We have eight mice in our Flotilla. After all, the 104th Motor Minesweeping Squadron (eight ships in all) is quite a mouthful to say. One Communicator nearly failed a qualifying course the other day by insisting that the phonetic equivalent for "M" was "mice". The 104th MS have been commissioned for nearly two years now, during which time they have been all over the continent including Cuxhaven, Dan Helder and Loch Alsh, and the Caledonian and Kiel canals. The quantity of their continental mail is increasing. If you meet the 104th at sea don't call them up thinking they are a fishing fleet. They are very touchy on their appearance which is spick and span and their reply would be vitriolic.

## H.M.S. "HORNET"



"Bold Pioneer"

Photo by Central Press

Not much is heard of the "Small Boats" of the Navy but anyone who is moaning about his lot in anything larger take note.

Comfort is an unknown word and "hard lyers" is well earned. Notwithstanding that, we are a comparatively happy band of officers and men everyone knowing everyone else and when away on our "cruises" we have many good times. At sea in bad weather we put up with quite a lot in the way of hardships; everything is "damp" etc., but once in harbour, discipline is relaxed, sea time is forgotten and we can hop across from one boat to another to exchange stories with our chums.

The only Communication rating carried on board is one Telegraphist, except for the S.O.'s boat where a Leading Telegraphist, Leading Signaller, Signaller and Telegraphist make up the complement. A Telegraphist's lot is not a very happy one as he has to be a Telegraphist, Signaller and Seaman in one. At sea when the boat is literally slamming down and jarring every bone in the body, to lose one's handhold is fatal and to sit is tantamount to being astride a bucking bronco. The Telegraphist in his office trying to send a message, with one foot wrapped round the voicepipe, his hips jammed between the deckhead and the transmitter, his other foot braced against the bulkhead, one hand holding the key which is alternating between deck and deckhead and the other hand trying to make morse, every slam shaking the transmitter off frequency, the C.O. on the bridge shouting down the voice pipe "Sparks, we're entering harbour, hoist the signal letters".

There is a loud report from the office—Sparks has shot himself! It is not always like this, in the Summer it is like being on "Daddy's Yacht" speeding along

in formation doing high speed manoeuvres, feeling the salt in your mouth as the spray whips over the bows and feeling that it is good to be alive.

In Winter "give me the *Vanguard*" but in Summer "give me the boats" is the cry.

A great advantage on these boats is the fact they can go where larger ships cannot. Take "Mainbrace" for example. On the way back from Christiansand in Norway after getting as far as Cuxhaven, we met bad weather and couldn't get across to Dover. So we took the masts down and went as far as Rotterdam via the inland canals which to say the least was quite an experience, this to the best of my knowledge being the first time British warships have been seen on the canals. It took a week to reach Rotterdam but I thought it was worth every minute of it.

The base staff comprises one 'C' Officer, a Yeoman and a P.O. Tel. the latter two being kept busy with various daily exercises and instructions for both Officers and Telegraphists, and by the time an Officer or Telegraphist leaves here they could take their place on the Flagdeck of any ship with impunity.

The sets carried by the boats are T.C.S., T.G.Y. and 86M, an 89 being fitted in the S.O.'s boat. In the new type of boats, i.e., the Bold Pioneer and the Gay Bombardier classes, the T.C.S. is replaced by the type 612.

A new addition to our throng is the *Bold Pioneer* (named in one newspaper as Britain's smallest destroyer!). I believe this boat has a typewriter fitted for use by the Telegraphist, no doubt fitted by a Pundit, and I can only presume that at sea when the Telegraphist is holding on to the voicepipe, etc.,

he can practice a spot of "toe" typing with his spare foot!

\* \* \*

### "QUIPS"

Heard on the bridge at night:—

"Signalman, can you hoist a ship's pennants at the dip by light!"

Heard on intercom:—

"I can't switch to crystal as this makes my set directional".

\* \* \*

Sorry my speech appears to be burbling I think there must be water in the aerial.

\* \* \*

Then there was the Officer who asked Sparks why couldn't the guard rails be used as aerials.

## R.N.A.S. ARBROATH

Greetings from this very quiet W/T Office consisting of a Killick and four (all Wrens). We have managed to keep the flag flying, our duties on this camp being those of Bunts every morning and night, but apart from "flagging" we have also put in some work with the *Eagle* and others during the recent exercises. Life is looking up as well, we are getting a Squadron in February which will let us air our voices on "Baker".

One of our number got married last Term, and now she appears every day and catches the R.A. bus every night—plus husband.

The M.S.O. continues to run smoothly and very efficiently for R.A.R.A. and *Condor*. One new member, seeing the name Rose on the bottom of the signals, thought "how friendly" and put *her* Christian name too. This wasn't discovered until the signal had been distributed throughout the two Establishments and then a correction was issued: and the person in question informed that we weren't *that* friendly—but we don't let little things like that worry us!

## R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

Having opened our Christmas article with a gloomy weather report, I feel that it is only fair to dear old Ireland (some say), to open this effort with a favourable one. Believe it or not, the weather over the past three months, seems to have been considerably better than elsewhere in the British Isles, a factor which has re-acted satisfactorily on the flying task and with it the full employment of our Communicators.

The Communication's Modernisation Programme is still progressing, so is the F.V. 10, but it looks now as though the celebrated Van 34 will still be pressing on until Easter.

We always welcome the opportunity to communicate with ships, providing as it does, practice in operating under conditions of interference. Sometimes, we think, Ship/N.A.S. Wave provides too much, particularly when several

stations have an Operational Immediate to clear at the same time! Since last Term we have operated with H.M.S. *Triumph*, *Carisbrooke Castle* and *Launceston Castle*.

A spot of finding out "What the other chap's job is like", has been arranged with *Launceston Castle*. Her Communicators visited us to meet the Wrens, who up until then, they had only known as voices over the air. We don't know, but trust that they were suitably impressed with the standard. In return, the girls went to see the boys on their home ground, and spent a very enjoyable time in the ship. For the benefit of other would-be ship visitors, the rig is "bells". This view may differ from that held by ship-borne Communicators!

## RADIO SHOW 1953

The 1953 National Radio Show will be held at Earl's Court from Wednesday 2nd to Saturday 12th September.



"Chiefie says I'm a square peg in a round hole."

## COMPETITION

### TWO PRIZES MUST BE WON!

ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the Contributor of the best **CARTOON** published in the Summer number of **THE COMMUNICATOR**.

AND

ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the author of the best **SHORT STORY** published in the Summer number.

#### CONDITIONS

1. The contributor **must** be a Communicator or ex-Communicator.
2. The work must be original and not have been published previously.
3. Closing date is **10th June 1953**.
4. The decision of the Editorial staff is final.

### FREMINGTON

If you enjoy plunging into four and a half feet of the cruel sea with a portable strapped aback, on a brisk Winter's morn, or struggling across the North Devon hills and dales in similar circumstances, then Fremington is the place for you.

Our naval numbers are relatively small at the Amphibious Warfare Signal School, but combined with equal numbers of communication types from the other Services, Army (Royal Corps of Signals), Royal Air Force and Royal Marines we form a versatile and (we pride ourselves) efficient communication team, with sailors who can "Map Read", soldiers and airmen who know the meaning of "Turn Nine".

A.W.S.S. has a dual purpose in life. To instruct courses of Senior N.C.O.s and Signal Officers of the three Services, in the communication problems peculiar to Amphibious Warfare and give them an insight into the jobs and difficulties of their opposite numbers in the other Services. To keep a trained nucleus of signal personnel which could be rapidly expanded to man the communication commitments of any future Amphibious Operations, i.e., the L.S.H. or N.B.S.S., etc. (Landing Ship Headquarters or Naval Beach Signal Section for those of you not fully conversant with these abbreviations). We specialise in them: DSONAU, LCOCU, MOLCAB, PMLO, LSI(L), LSH(S), ABMr, etc., etc. In fact the A.W.C. at Fremington consists of S.A.W., A.W.X.E., A.O.R.R.A. and A.W.S.S. Regret that no prize can be offered for the first correct solution.

Our team manned the L.S.H.(S), H.M.S. *Meon*, last Summer for a large Amphibious Exercise in the Mediterranean, which unfortunately had to be cancelled at the last moment, but our five months sojourn in those blue waters took us to such places



The Sets are Waterproofed . . . .

as Malta, Naples, Aranci Bay and Port Said.

Enough said, and with the famous last words of "Jump now, it's only four feet six" we bid you adieu.

URGLE GURGLE

### FACT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

*As Sent*

"T.R.V. will be undocked at 1500 tomorrow Wednesday. Ships should proceed at slow speed when passing the dock at this time".

*As Received*

"T.R.V. will be on dock at 1500 tomorrow Wednesday. Ships should proceed at full speed when passing the dock at this time".

\* \* \* \* \*

Heard in Lascaris . . . From the L.C.W. Operator.

"Hey Pots, ring up Sir Francis Drake and tell him the Armada's on Mikes".

## H.M.S. "SEA EAGLE"

The Establishment is situated on the East bank of the River Foyle opposite the City of Derry. The Joint Anti-Submarine School is the main reason for our being and in this connection the Communicators are kept on their toes. In addition to the requirements of J.A.S.S. the Senior Naval Officer Northern Ireland carries out his functions with the attendant signal requirements. We also deal with the R.A.F. communications, although R.A.F. signallers share the Wireless Office for communication with aircraft when airborne.

To maintain the above communications we have a Staff of about twenty including twelve Wren Tels. The M.S.O. Staff is civilianised.

It is here that we regret to report the death of Ldg. Tel. J. A. Wilton when the ill-fated *Princess Victoria* was lost off Belfast Lough. A contingent of Communicators both R.N. and R.A.F. journeyed to Portstewart for the funeral.

Married quarters of the most modern type are provided for shore based personnel with little or no waiting list. Married men note. The male side of the staff hail from Devonport, presumably because they are used to rain and would not feel any ill effects from the occasional flashes of sunshine with which we are afflicted. The ladies proudly boast of their prowess at CW (not merely voice as in Naval Aviation) and after a short while here can chew their gum at 25 w.p.m. (on a typewriter).

Sports are curtailed here, but we can field a mixed hockey team and we can offer angling to any visiting Communicator. Our local salmon and trout expert P.O. Tel. Rafferty is willing to initiate the veriest novice into the intricacies of spinning, wet and dry fly, bait, and for a small sum into the finer art of "jagging". The S.C.O., who has a 21-lb. pike to his credit will give advice free on this subject.

During "Mainbrace" a "General at Londonderry" was passed to Admiralty for transmission to submarines. This signal, for reasons only known to War Registry, found its way into the U.S. Naval H.Q. in London, which promptly brought forth the query from an agitated Wave "Say, who is this General at Londonderry?"

## THIRD TRAINING SQUADRON

Since our last contribution there have been changes in the composition of our Squadron. We now have six ships consisting of *Rocket* (which last year achieved considerable fame in America demonstrating her equipment) and *Relentless* (fast A/S frigates), *Tenacious* (a semi-conversion fast A/S frigate), *Creole* and *Crispin* (destroyers) and *Loch Veyatie* (frigate). We hope to see *Loch Ruthven* joining our ranks in time for the Review.

The Squadron operates on behalf of the Joint Anti-Submarine School at Londonderry and is

based permanently at 'Derry. The aim of operations here is to practice Air/Sea co-operation in the fight against the submarine. We have a constant stream of air crews both R.A.F. and Naval Air working with us and on the surface side we have had visits in recent months from the 4th and 5th D.S. and a good representation of the N.A.T.O. nations—Portugal, Holland, Denmark and the U.S.A. In all cases we have found our N.A.T.O. friends to be very enthusiastic and quite efficient in handling our publications.

Large scale sea exercises are a regular feature of our work and as usual Communicators in the Squadron take a major part which keeps life interesting and varied. However, in spite of being kept at it the staffs of the various ships have the consolation of having frequent runs ashore in the "Maiden City", as Derry is called. I am told that the proportion of the female sex to the male is in the region of 7 to 1—any volunteers????

At the moment we are getting "Review minded" and all the Yeomen are hurriedly putting in demands for new flags for their dressing lines, etc. We hope to renew many old acquaintances when we arrive at Pompey in June and we give you fair warning now; when you see a Squadron of ships arriving in Pompey with a Red Hand painted on their funnels please do not mistake us for the "Reds", it will be the "Derry" Squadron with their insignia of the Red Hand of Ulster.

## L.C.H. 243

Being one of those unfortunates who are now paying for the privilege of having accepted a quarterly cheque from the Admiralty whilst in 'Civvy Street' after the war years, the Christmas issue of THE COMMUNICATOR was the first copy I had seen and I must say that I found it extremely interesting.

I did note, however, that with the exception of Flotilla and Squadron contributions, there was no individual representation of the smaller fry. One possible explanation is that literary efforts by the "heavy-weights" are of more interest to the Branch as a whole, but if the very junior members of the Fleet are rather shy of seeing themselves represented in print, then perhaps you would be interested in a contribution from the only boat of its kind at present in commission, namely, L.C.H. 243.

The total crew on board numbers 22 Officers and ratings, of which one 'sparker' comprises the Communications Department, his combined duties making him Bunting Tosser, Radio Mechanic, Gangway Q.M., General Typist and, in his spare time, "Sparks".

Although a Guzz ship we are at present attached to Pompey and our last job of work was acting as A.T.T.S. for the "flying cowboys" at Ford. This, however, in view of our size proved rather a failure. I did hear that one of the pilots, on returning to Ford after a strike, reported that the only floating

object he had seen in the vicinity of Nab Tower had been a Tickler tin. I have no doubt that if he had looked a little closer he would have been able to make out quite clearly the L243 painted on its side.

The operations of the craft prior to this last rather fruitless venture, included a trip to Malta and Spain during last Summer, followed by a very welcome visit to the Channel Islands. Our future now seems to be in the balance, with three or four different schools of 'buzz' operating around the ship. In the meanwhile we continue to support the North West Wall at Portsmouth and hope the powers that be will look on us with favour.

K.R.E.

## M.H.Q., PLYMOUTH

Below ground, under twenty feet of re-inforced concrete and steel, through winding passageways, passing doors with impressive notices on them, with captions such as, Operations Room, Trade Plot, AOC's Bathroom and Mine Watching Office, the newly initiated finds a lone door marked Exercise M.S.O. Don't let that fool you, go through and you will find another marked C.R.R. and on opening this you will be greeted by the rhythmic clang of a typewriter coming from the Broadcast Bay, the strains of the Morse Concerto from the Portwave Bay and the anxious face of the P.O.O.W. peering at you over the top of his desk with an enquiring look, which seems to say, "What a draft chit already, I've only been here two years". You have duly entered the sanctum of Mike Tare Item.

The C.R.R. is a compact affair, housing five HF Bays, three MF Broadcast Bays, a VHF Radio Link Bay and three spare Bays. In use at the present is one Broadcast Bay, where we copy Nan Love, and the Portwave Bay. Radio Link, which is HIC, is at present controlled by signalmen at Mountwise Signal Tower. We control Transmitters at Fort Staddon on the heights East of the Sound during the day and Bodmin in Cornwall during weekends and night. We can also be patched to control Transmitters elsewhere in U.K.

The M.S.O. is just across from the C.R.R. and is manned by civilian staff, mostly ex-C.P.O. Tels., C.Y.S. and the like. The T/P room beneath the C.R.R. is manned by civilian girl operators, and the P.B.X. has its own civilian telephone operators. G.P.O. Technicians have their own workshop and are always on call if we require them, which is seldom. The air conditioning plant which keeps us alive down here is run by Naval E.R.A.s and Dockyard Electricians look after the fluorescent lighting which is in abundance everywhere.

There is a lull at the moment, but we are expecting to be busy again soon when the ships start assembling for the Review.

## H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

*Vanguard's* contribution to the Home Fleet's Spring Cruise has been anything but extensive. We sailed from Ye Weeping Wall, Portsmouth, on January 20th and made straight for the dry dock in Gibraltar where we have been ever since. Apart from a few air exercises with the R.A.F. on the way down and a rendezvous with the Moroccan Subchasers *Emporte* and *Le Ruse*, it has been a most uneventful cruise to date. On arrival at Gibraltar the W/T Section evacuated practically en block to man the station ashore and few of us have seen or heard of them since. The Crypto Staff remained aboard causing a few eyebrows to raise when they typed such things as "Ref:—Obvious" on the bottom of signals or making such spelling bloomers as "Satalight" for "Satellite".

The R.W. team have succeeded in making *Vanguard* the most popular ship in the Fleet by monitoring all waves and picking ships up for the slightest mistake. (Please note all Communicators: Any rating wearing a *Mercury* cap-tally in Gib. is a member of the R.W. team).

The V/S Department had the toughest break of the lot as they were also doing the job of the Dockyard Signal Tower which is no longer used. With the ship out of routine and in Dry Dock, on paper it looked quite ludicrous. We imagined the Yeoman of the Watch peering through a periscope trying to read the "Biffer" from the ship ten yards away. The loss of a telescope put most of the Yeomen in a flap and the battle as to whose fault it was is still raging. One wonders, with a Southern Irishman in the Staff and the Eireann Coast Guard rather short of equipment . . . . .?

The Kings Cup was played off on February 14th *Vanguard* v. *Swiftsure*. The Communicators were represented by L/Sig. Ingham and L/Tel. Lawes. Admittedly *Vanguard* lost 2-1 but that was not the fault of our representatives or so the local paper thought in its write up: "The only player of any note was centre-half L/Sig. Ingham . . ." *Mercury* team note—transfer fee, two tins of ticklers.

*Final smile*—Who was the Ord. Sig. who was sent to stand by the Ensign and kept there so long that he sent for a bag meal?

## FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

The Squadron is at present at Gibraltar, where after the rigours of the last cruise, we are getting a well earned ration of sunshine, the respective staffs indulging in sunbathing, swimming and the other pastimes of warm climes, when the programme permits. We seem to be doing an overwhelming amount of sea-time (much more than *Vanguard* and *Swiftsure*). The only consolation is that it can't go on forever, and no doubt when the Med. Fleet arrives it will be cut down a little.

As far as *Agin-court* is concerned, a good start was made to the cruise when at Portland we were guard for eighteen ships on N.L.s and HIC, until we were joined by *Swiftsure*. She was very happily given the lot. There have been no big snags as yet, i.e. messages lost, etc. but the time is young and there is still plenty of opportunity, although the *Vanguard* monsters, who are monitoring most circuits, are causing many a blush with their "reference" signals. If other ships of the Squadron don't know, these all go in the "Black Book" and *Barrosa* is the only ship to escape this so far.

As yet, we have had no opportunity for an "unforgettable" run ashore, but very shortly we shall be visiting Tangier, Spain and Portugal, where no doubt we shall make a name for ourselves. Harry is already occupied in studying plans of the back streets of those places, where he will most probably vie with the natives as Racketeer-in-Chief.

\* \* \*

QUERY. If CO4 wears plus fours, does he become CO8?

HOWLER. Who was the O/Tel. on *Agin-court* who asked by the Chief Tel. to find the Bridge Card, came back fifteen minutes later with the reply, "I can't find it Chief, but I've got two packs in my locker if you want a game"?

\* \* \*

L.H.O.W. checking signal:—What is this word?

O/Tel.—I don't know, he sent it four times and I didn't like to ask for another repetition.

## FIFTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Once again the Home Fleet, unable to face the rigours of the English Winter any longer, sailed to Gibraltar in late January for the Spring Cruise and the 5th D.S. went with them, minus *St. Kitts* who will be joining us later when the dockyard finishes with her.

This squadron is exclusively Chatham and Devonport manned, so we hardly ever come near enough to visit the Signal School. However, some may find their way, if they have sufficient experience of tracking in the Hampshire forests, when the squadron anchors off Spithead for the Coronation Review in June.

We had remarkably fair weather during our passage to Gibraltar, and missed the terrible gales and floods by a matter of days only. Communications during the passage were rather extended, as was to be expected. The routing became difficult during independent exercise periods, as no one quite knew who was in company with whom.

This is "Inspection Cruise" as both *Solebay* and *Gabbard* are to be inspected, signal projectors are becoming masses of gleaming brightwork and the Type 60 transmitters, with all their faults, have far better and much more brass plating than all this new fangled stuff. The B 19 receiver also helps appearances with its attractive little green light.



What Naval harbour is this? What landmarks can you recognise? (See page 53)

## H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE"

Hardly had our Christmas Leave Party returned than with a 50% new staff we proceeded to Spithead. We avgassed and then went to Portland, in full anticipation of two weeks' grace in which to shake down as a team, embark squadrons, calibrate D/F, etc.

But the C-in-C Mediterranean was in urgent need of our services and so on the 19th January we proceeded to Malta with *Verulam* in company.

Traffic being heavy for us a second broadcast was opened which commenced in magnificent style. The first message was a long plain language one to us, the second cancelled the first and the third was one originated by us.

Arriving at Malta we soon settled down to prove to the Med. Fleet that, even if still suffering from New Year's hangovers and weekenditis, we were still up to standard.

However, after only a week here tragedy befell us. A petrol explosion amidships wrecked our number one transmitting room completely and destroyed the ventilation to number two where the type 57 and type 60 remained in action, but type 89

failed to stand up to the blast. Power supplies immediately failed but our emergency organisation was not found wanting and all the information the ship wished to give to shore authorities was passed without delay. And so to Parlatorio Wharf where we remain to date repairing the ravages.

All else has been completely overshadowed by the tragic death of P.O. Tel. Derek J. T. Harman, who was killed in No. 1 T.R. by the explosion. A more hard working and efficient P.O. Tel. has yet to grace our Branch as those who had the good fortune to be instructed by him in *Mercury*, as well as those who were fortunate enough to have him in a ship, well appreciate. Added to his abilities a pleasant and cheerful manner made him a real asset to any staff and the void created by his untimely death will indeed be difficult to fill.

On Friday, 6th February, we proceeded to sea in our attendant Frigate *Verulam* to pay our last respects to his memory and the Padre of the *Verulam* conducted a most moving and impressive ceremony. The deepest sympathy of all who knew him is extended to his widow in this, her hour of sorrow

## SLOT AERIALS

The most fundamental advance in aerial practice during recent years has been the introduction of Slot Aerials. It has been shown that a slot cut in an infinite sheet of metal is equivalent to a flat strip dipole of the same dimensions as the slot but rotated through 90°. In particular the slot polar diagram is very similar to that of a free space dipole.

Naturally in practice, the metal sheet in which the slot is situated is of a definite size. However, the resulting edge effects may improve the polar diagram and in addition, one side of the slot is enclosed by a metallic cavity so that the radiation is confined to one side of the slot.

These aerials may be fed by conventional line feeders, the input being connected directly across the slot. The input impedance is of the order of 500 ohms and may be reduced by moving the feed point along the slot's length—in a sense the slot may be said to be its own matching transformer. The effect of an off-centre feed on the polar diagram is of secondary importance.

The main advantage of slot aerials is that they may be incorporated in a conducting structure. This is becoming of considerable importance, since, because of the great increase in speed of modern aircraft there has arisen a need for the elimination of the drag of external aerials. A slot aerial in an aircraft usually takes the form of a slot cut in the metallic skin, the slots being usually covered with a dielectric in order to maintain the smooth contours of the aircraft. Many of the modern high speed aircraft, including the Comet, are fitted with slot

aerials, which are being installed in the design stages since structural modifications are more easily incorporated before the aircraft is actually built. It sometimes happens that there already exists a slot which can be used as an aerial, the air intake being an example of this.

It will be interesting to see in what form and positions slot aerials will manifest themselves in ships. A position that immediately suggests itself is a slot cut in the flight deck of an aircraft carrier, which would presumably be suitable for communication with aircraft in the vicinity. The aerial would be quite suppressed as the slot would be filled with a dielectric such as glass or certain plastics. All the normal flight deck routine would carry on over the aerial and as long as an aircraft did not actually park over it transmission would be almost unaffected. For surface communications the slot would have to be cut into the ship's side or let into the funnel casing. The siting of slot aerials lends itself to ingenuity and may well be incorporated in some structures with which we are already familiar.

D.S.B.

## GUESSING

SBX as transmitted by *Tyne*:

"The time when sailors were allowed to have their wives on board gives rise to the popular saying quote show a leg . . ."

Extract from SBX forwarded to *Tyne* for correcting:

"The time when sailors were allowed to have their wives on board gives rise to the population . . ."



## AMERICA & WEST INDIES

### H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD"

We departed on our cruise to the West coast of America early in July wearing the broad pennant of Commodore J. G. T. Inglis, O.B.E., R.N., the highlights being San Francisco, Vancouver and Los Angeles.

From Seattle, a few of us visited the new U.S.N. wireless station at Jim Creek. This megawatt V.L.F. station follows a pattern set by two earlier stations, for which the recipe seems to be "Take a valley, chop the contents (trees) and mix the earth to a fine consistency over a copper wire earthing layer. Decorate the surface with roads and buildings and crown the finished job with a dozen candles (towers)". The result, after eight years of construction work, shows the transmitter block nestling between 4,000 ft. mountains and feeding into its roof aerial which stretches between ridges almost two miles apart. Routine check of the aerial towers entails a forty mile drive with a firm grip on your seat as the station waggon zig-zags along the sides of the valley—one side was enough for us!

Acapulco, Mexico, was to have been our last port of call before returning to Bermuda but just after we

left in early October we were told that we had to go to Valparaiso for the inauguration ceremonies of the new President due to take place on November 3rd. This meant a five week delay in our return to the U.K. but gave us the opportunity to cross the line—with due ceremony—and to visit Peru and Chile.

Whilst at Callao we were asked to investigate the possibilities of a W/T link between Lima and the ship which would be in Valparaiso Bay during the ceremonies. The R.A.F. were sending four Canberras out to Valparaiso for the occasion and they were flying on to Lima afterwards, so a fair amount of signalling between the two places could be expected. Latin America's Cable and Wireless system is not of the highest order, especially at fiesta time and the two Embassies appeared to have little faith in it. We found nothing in "S"1 that seemed to help and eventually solved the problem by contacting a local Britisher who was a "Ham" radio fiend in Lima and working routines with him daily. This proved most successful and as the local man had obtained permission from the Peruvian authorities our conscience was clear.

In Valparaiso the new President held a review of the warships present, consisting of a Chilean battleship, two cruisers, five destroyers, two Peruvian frigates, a Columbian frigate and ourselves. As he stepped into his yacht the executive signal was made by "Lattore". This consisted of the hauling down of flag fox. On this signal all ships present commenced firing the 21 gun salute, dressed ship overall and manned ship all at the same time. The night before, the C.C.O. had a nightmare in which he saw the Senior Commissioned Gunner hanging by his right leg from the fore to main dressing line and shouting "Two—Fire!" from the vicinity of the top of the after funnel. *Sheffield* fired 63 guns during the course of the forenoon and undressed ship with the last gun. (Picture the saluting gun crews, before the carry on had been sounded, with flags around their ears).

All aboard vote it a most interesting and successful cruise but few hope to repeat it as the pace is extremely telling.



"Two . . . Fire!"

## IAN BLOGGS AND THE FRUIT MACHINE

If looks could disintegrate, the object Very Ord. Tel. Bloggs was staring at so icily would surely have been no further use to man or beast. The object of his attentions was a contraption known as the Fruit Machine. Before its introduction Ian had been quite happy as a Broadcast operator in *Glory* but because of the "thing" he had been banned from the Broadcast and was only allowed in the office in the capacity of TBS operator. It was not the TBS that he objected to so much as the many associated tasks that went with the job, such as wetting tea, making kie, sweeping out and, last but not least, assisting the P.O. Tel. of the Watch by using the "thing" for its rightful purpose. The Broadcast ban on Bloggs had been imposed because of his inability to read figures and letters mixed, he just couldn't make out which were what.

Ian looked at the Fruit Machine even closer and sympathised with the fellow who had invented it and wondered what Asylum he was in at the moment. Apart from the purpose for which it was intended it was of no use whatsoever. He thought very seriously for some time, trying to think of an alternative use for it, when suddenly he was struck by a brilliant idea. Perhaps it could be used to forecast football results. He doubted if he would be able to produce a block perm or a treble chance forecast, but decided to give it a try on the penny points.

Fishing around in the wastepaper basket he found an old copy of the "News of the World" and turning to the sports page he commenced his experiment. The first match on the penny points was Chelsea v. Middlesbrough and choosing appropriate settings Ian started operating the machine. After a good deal of physical and mental effort, he produced the answer—ten. "Well now", thought Bloggs "the Roman numeral for ten is X so that means a draw" and he made a note of the forecast. The next match was Derby County v. Manchester United and carrying out the operation again, he found that the result was 8. This one puzzled Ian quite a bit, but eventually he solved it—"Subtract the date of the match (6th), that leaves two—an Away win". With formulae such as these Ian made his forecast for the fourteen matches. "Quite good" he muttered to himself and decided to keep his secret until he went back to U.K. to give it a trial. Little bags of gold danced before Ian's eyes.

Even with this new discovery Bloggs found no warm place in his heart for the Fruit Machine. "Why do people have to invent such things?" he wondered, "If I could be present at a meeting of the Communications Board I'd soon put a stop to this kind of rubbish". Day-dreaming on lines such as these Bloggs was soon whisked away

on the wings of thought and found himself in the meeting room of the Communications Board in Washington, D.C.

Looking around the table, he was dazzled by the gold braid. One white-bearded old Captain with a butterfly collar caught his eye—"Must be Captain of the Ark" mused Bloggs. At that moment the old gent arose with a great effort and began to burble about such things as "T break Z", "Procedure letter S" and other things just as meaningless to Bloggs. This must have been a regular occurrence as the whole board seemed to know exactly what to do to pacify the old boy; they nodded and yelled "Yes". The old Captain was stone deaf and seeing their nodding heads he sat down well satisfied and went off to sleep again.

After this interruption everyone turned to eye Bloggs, who had given a discreet cough. Having introduced himself to the Chairman, he was assured that the Board would be only too pleased to meet someone who actually had to put into practice the ideas they produced. Bloggs came straight to the point—he wanted the Fruit Machine abolished. No one was able to remember what it looked like until Bloggs gave them a brief description of it, and then their faces registered expressions of horror. "Withdraw the Fruit Machine? Never!" said the Chairman. A heated discussion followed, but the Board were adamant. As a consolation though, the Board agreed to discontinue the use of all prosigns and everything would be expressed in P/L. This pleased Ian to some extent as he had never been quite sure what prosign J meant, or how it should be used. A chat about things in general followed and then they all retired to the Carlton Hotel where a very pleasant evening was spent by all. Actually all the spending was done by the Board, as it had been "blank week" for Ian.

Ian left Washington by plane next morning for England. Among his fellow passengers was a blue-eyed blonde who was sitting on the other side of the aisle. The trip was only a few minutes old when Ian happened to catch the blonde's eye and smiling sweetly she invited him to join her at the vacant seat by her side. After a few minutes of polite conversation, Ian felt her arm creeping round his shoulders. "My luck has changed at last" he thought, but at that moment someone tapped him on the shoulder. Turning round, his hopes were dashed. Standing behind him was a figure with four days growth of black stubble on his chin which Bloggs recognised as his relief (who was just starting to grow). He realised he was still on TBS and, worst of all, there beside him was that unpopular and useless contraption, the Fruit Machine. G.L.W.

**"ALADDIN"—presented by the "Mercury" Players**



*Photos by Charles White, Midhurst*

*Widow Twankey—P.O. Tel. Taylor*

*Princess—3/O Bishop*

*Prince Marmaduke—Lt. Graham-Clarke*

*Skeletons—Wrens Le Maitre and Barney.*

*Corps de Ballet—L.Wrens Bournier and M. Clark, Wrens Wilson, Capon, Zahra, J. Clark, Hamilton and Le Maitre.*

*Aladdin—Wren Bekkevold*

*Wicked Uncle—Sg.Lt. Halliday*

*Genie—L.Writer Blenkin*

*Flunkys—L.Tel. Fraser and J.Tel. Jackson.*

*Emperor—Lt.-Cdr. Marwood*

*Princess Royal—Ch.Wren Brazier*

*Dream Prince—P.O. Tel. Mitchell*



## FAR EAST



### THIRD FRIGATE SQUADRON

Greetings Communicators from the frozen wastes of the West coast of Korea. Before proceeding any further I would like, on behalf of us all, to say thank you to all who worked to make our Christmas Number such a success. It can be said with firm conviction that our Magazine has taken its place well out in front of the many other Depot and Departmental Magazines in print today.

As yet our bulk order of the Christmas Number has not arrived on board, but the Yeoman was lucky enough to have a copy sent to him airmail. This copy has done, and is still doing, valiant service around the ship and has been seen in the hands of such unintelligent people as Plot ratings and upper deck technicians. Our grateful thanks to the kind person who sent this copy; so far we have been unable to identify the sender but we have our suspicions that it was a Bunting and a female of the species at that.

We had a spell recently swinging round that buoy, which must be familiar to many of you—X-ray One, Sasebo. It was a chance to get together with the other two Guzz members of our family, namely, *Opossum* and *Sparrow*. The former has been trying very hard lately to get people to differentiate between herself and the bane of our existence on patrol—The Opsum.

Korean "veterans" will forgive me if I mention the weather that we have to put up with on patrol at this time of the year. During January and February the temperature often remains at the 0°F mark, which brings the ice. This means that places where navigation is difficult in the temperate months can become quite hazardous. The O.O.W. has his time cut out stopping the football team nipping over the side for a practice kick-about. In spite of the cold we manage to survive thanks to Duffles, string vests, "Longjohns", and other Winter garments.

May I mention the T.B.S. operator who was heard to say: "Request three — I spell — One two three . . ."

We mentioned in our last article that we often receive signals from R.O.K. ships that make us smile, although we are the first to admit that we

would not get very far if we had to make signals to them in Korean. A R.O.K. craft had lost one anchor in bad weather and although she carried a spare she could not use it because her windlass was out of action. She therefore made the following request: "*Crusader* fixed our anchor but is still out condition. Trouble is on cooling circulation system. It is no useful. According to our troubles of windlass we want line astern of *Crusader* at anchorage. Request permission". And so we knew exactly what she wanted.

H.M.S. "CRANE"

### M.S.C. SINGAPORE

Nothing much happens in our neck of the woods, the sun continues to shine on the "chosen phew" and everybody is browned off. There is a substantial strengthening of the "upper crust" on the Far East Station; we welcome Commodore Durlacher as Chief of Staff to the C-in-C who, together with Commanders Horne, McClelland, Parker and Mills and a score of other enterprising 'C' Officers (all anxious to cut a third set of molars on a General Service Medal) make a very gratifying showing.

An interlude, in the usually mundane routine of a Shore Station abroad, was caused by the Dockyard strike. It brought the whole of the Phoenix Park contingent down from rural Kranji and deposited them amidst the Army in Tanglin Barracks.

Numerous requests were received for an issue of ear-plugs or alternatively sound-proof sleeping accommodation, from the watchkeepers who complained that the R.S.M.'s strident tones dragged them from the arms of Morpheus at such ungodly hours as 0530 hours (Army) and 1100 (Navy). One misguided and extremely irritable youth suggested to the R.S.M. in person, that he ought to be fitted with a silencer in the town area—that unfortunate and still misguided individual is, at this very moment, still suffering from the devastating effects of an "oral blast" (referred to in the Army Manual for playing at Soldiers, as 'orribly 'orrid') which is only to be compared with a triply split atom. One could almost deduce from this that a Mariner in the past acquainted the R.S.M. of the nautical stowage for superfluous Christmas puddings.

Phoenix Park ratings have now shifted back to Kranji after a period of indecision; the Army were excellent hosts and apart from a few slight differences of opinion, the conduct of our side was exemplary and a deal of praise was accorded by the Army.

## KRANJI WIRELESS

The scene at Kranji is changing, our new extension to the "Kranji Klub" having at last taken shape. It is an addition to the front of the old one and taking in the N.A.A.F.I. which will give us about half as much room again. The completion date has been altered three times already, but we expect to be "lapping the milk of Malayan Breweries" at the beginning of March. On the "technical" side, things are very much as last year. We no longer natter to Tokyo, which is a mixed blessing, because it was a good way of getting rid of the odd snag which came our way. We are trying to get "homey" here. The C.C.O. is beating the local labour to try and put creepers and climbing plants over the C.R.R. walls. He has

eggs and burnt toast on that day (Valentine's day, too).

The Rugby team has had a very full and successful season, winning 15 out of 31 matches and contributing three players for the Navy team.

By the way, if anybody reads this far and they happen to be sparkers, swot up on your "net making" if you get a draft to Kranji; we are trying to make our own goal and tennis nets. You need thumbs like marline spikes!

We assure all ex-Kranji footballers that we will attempt to keep up the high standard of soccer in Kranji and are out to get that division II SAFA medal this season.

## H.M.S. "COSSACK"

At last our copies of THE COMMUNICATOR have arrived. Today being February 6th, it just goes to show how far away from home we are. Having had a very quick shufti at them, all we can say from the good ship *Cossack* is "Congratulations, Editor. Well done". Strangely enough, we read the Editorial and noted your remarks re pruning.



"Divisions at Kranji are on TUESDAYS . . . "

even been heard to suggest roses round the door of the Whitehall fixed service room! In the next few days we have the Singapore Standing Start speed trials almost on our doorstep, just over the hill from the station. One of our kind was getting some secret practice in the other week, but he was doing a trial to a standing stop—he hit a tree! The bike has since been discharged "sick on shore".

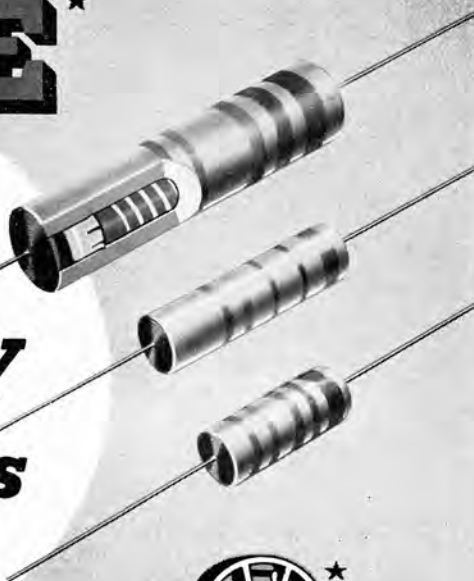
Chinese New Year is almost on us. At the moment the score is that all our cooks and mess-boys want to take the holiday. We eat hard boiled

We also noticed with some horror that *Cossack's* Christmas letter had been somewhat pruned. Oh well, I suppose the Honourable Ed. knows best.

Our Christmas Day was spent at sea, exchanging Christmas gifts, in the form of 4.5 inch shells with Communist Shore Batteries in Korea. As becomes the generous nature of the *Cossack*, we gave away much more than we received. The DAILY MAIL bottle of beer deserves a mention, even if it was only one bottle per man. It was good to know we were being thought of.

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The beginning of January saw us beginning our refit. Through circumstances beyond our control it looks as though our small refit will develop into a gigantic D.2, but as we are all living a life of luxury ashore in Hong Kong, none of us are going to quibble about that.

The M.S.O. have taken over a rather resplendent office ashore in the Dockyard, and the chipping of the Flag Deck is going on apace. Don't think that because our aerials are in a little heap on the upper deck, we aren't doing anything, though. Nine-fifteenths of the staff are "up the hill", giving GZO a hand out with the steady flow of operational traffic that always comes their way.

What's all this about a "Mainbrace" we read on every page of THE COMMUNICATOR? Don't tell me you sailors in the Home Fleet are still going to sea. All that gets in the papers out here is H.M.S. so-and-so arrived in Oslo for a fortnight . . . H.M.S. something-or-other arrived in Chatham.

One thing I must tell you about is the "Cossack Parade". That's a thrice weekly programme put over the S.R.E. by Commander (L), to give the lads a bit of entertainment when they're off watch. Although it is in no way intended to compete with the B.B.C. (whom we can very rarely hear anyway), it does have its moments. The programme relies to a large extent on the Communicators. One P.O. Tel. is a bit of a Leslie Welsh, another does a somewhat sagging Jack Jackson, and yet another, a Leading Sig., leads the Ship's Company through the intricacies of original Dixieland Jazz. The programme is now unofficially referred to as "Commander (L) gives 'em 'ell".

We had a laugh at the *Crane's* R.O.K. Navy signals, and we can confirm their authenticity. So long, Communicators, and if any of you would like to top up on a couple more medals, why not volunteer for the *Cossack*?

## H.M.S. "UNICORN"

This is Her Majesty's Aircraft Carrier *Unicorn* reporting into the circuit after an absence of over twelve months, with an account of some of our activities during the past year.

We have established a bond of friendship between ourselves and the Middlesex Regiment. During our last trip North we carried a large party of swanners (don't ask me) of that Regiment from Hong Kong to Japan, and back again to Hong Kong. One of their last parades, before sailing to the U.K. to take part in a parade in London, was "Beating the Retreat" on our flight deck.

Before going any further I think I ought to point out that the title "Aircraft Carrier" is a literal one. We do carry aircraft. Other ships fly them.

It is my intention to try and do two things with the space left at my disposal. The first is to give those of you who will be joining us in the future an idea of what life is really like onboard *Unicorn*, and the second is to let those of you who will not be joining us how lucky you are. Need I say more?

For a ship of this size the Communications staff is surprisingly small. In charge of the Division we have our C.C.O., Mr. Franks, who was married in Singapore on February 21st, to a charming Australian girl. May we take this opportunity of offering our best wishes to them.

The V/S Department consists of a C.Y.S., who is a wizard at organization, a Yeoman, one of those come-on-then, let's-get-on-with-it, type of man, two Killicks and six Signalmen, who are all, of necessity, wizards at re-organization.

The situation is, with two exceptions, the same in the W/T Department, they have four Killicks, and the P.O. Tel. is the Crypto staff.

The Singapore Dockyard strike, which started a couple of days after Christmas and lasted over the New Year, turned the Division right inside out and proved how important the Branch is.

Four Buntings kept the M.S.O. going (so far we haven't been able to find out where it went), one became a Transport Driver, two Sparkers went to Kranji W/T, three became temporary *unpaid* Shipwrights and one a Bosun's Mate in *Terror*. The rest were distributed over the ship, making themselves conspicuous or inconspicuous as the occasion warranted.

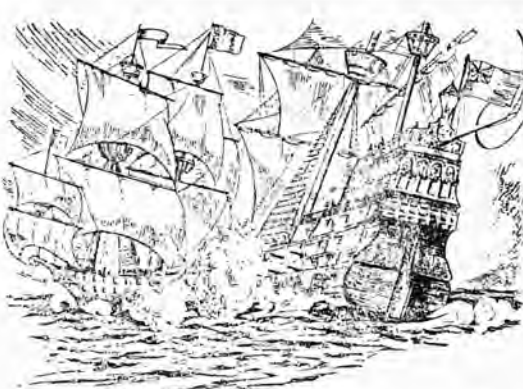
## H.M.S. "GLORY"

After a two day turnover at Hong Kong we carried on Northwards with *Comus* and *Consort* in "Xray Roger Two Charlie Two". The following day we drew our Winter clothing, leather sea boots, string vests, long handled pants, balaclavas and kapok suits, etc., strange garments to some of the newer and younger members of the Staff, who were told that it couldn't get as cold and rough as it did during the dark days of Scapa, Northern Patrols and Russian Convoys.

The first patrol didn't turn out too badly, though the Flagdeck can get awfully bitter when steaming through a blizzard. The dress of the day was "Any



"... Snow to be swept away."



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PERSONAL ATTENTION TO ALL ORDERS



Christmas Day, Boxing Day and New Year's Eve . . .

suitable Winter clothing", which produced some rather weird and wonderful efforts. A sad note to a first patrol, one Sea Fury pilot killed and one Petty Officer (Air) R.F.R. blown over the side by the slip stream of a Firefly and drowned before the Helicopter could reach him.

After a few days in harbour, during which the Communicators beat the ships P.O.s at soccer by 5-4, in a very lively game with Yeomen and P.O. Tels. playing both sides, we sailed for our second patrol. A few days later our Captain was taken seriously ill and Commander (C) D. E. Bromley-Martin was promoted to acting Captain in command pending the arrival of a new Captain from U.K. This was an otherwise uneventful patrol, with the weather becoming more wintry, snow to be swept from the flight deck, or ice to be treated with anti-freeze and cleared before commencing air ops for the day. The aircraft returned with reports of large ice packs in and around the West Coast islands.

Our next spell in harbour produced quite a large gathering of the Chatham clan of Communicators. *Glory*, *Birmingham*, *Cossack*, and *Consort* all secured to the same pontoon jetty with an estimated 140 East Country Communicators. It also produced a great many "Mornings after the night before"; you know how it is when "Old Ships" meet.

The last day of the year found us in harbour at Sasebo celebrating Christmas Day, Boxing Day,

New Year's Eve and the first day of the third year in commission, all in one. "Pipe Down" at 0900, turkey, plum duff, mince pies, Christmas cake, etc. and a very welcome present from the "Daily Mail" in the form of a large bottle of beer, a bar of nutty and a packet of cigarettes to every man in the ship.

During our fourth patrol we were honoured by a helicopter visit from the U.S.S. *Missouri* by Vice Admiral Clark U.S.N. (Com. 7th Fleet), Rear Admiral Gingrich U.S.N. (C.T.F. 95) and Rear Admiral Clifford R.N. (C.T.U. 95.1.9); all came onboard to witness the last land on of the day. This was on the same afternoon that an American Helicopter pilot was presented with a bottle of "Scotch" for picking up one of our pilots out of the freezing Yellow Sea in double quick time.

Some of our Tels. have been lucky enough to have spent a patrol working with the Fifth Air Force in Seoul. Apart from the fact that their experiences and knowledge gained have improved liaison and the working of this circuit, they would all like another go at it. Apparently they had nice billets in a Top Sergeants Mess, big eats, whisky was cheap, female companionship, etc. Anyway, they obviously prefer that kind of life to this sea going one with its unending three watch system and its darkening ship. However, we discovered that we couldn't really spare them and so only four Tels. enjoyed this trip to the South Korean capital.

## When in Malta



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## ON PIPE SMOKING IN THE SERVICE

This is the true story of an Ordinary Tel. who for very obvious reasons must remain nameless. It all started when the C.C.O. found him in the Crypto Office one afternoon, puffing away vigorously at a brand new, shiny pipe. "Have you requested permission to smoke a pipe?" asked the C.C.O. "No sir, should I?" "Yes of course, stow it away and put a request in at once." Our very Ordinary Tel. dutifully, but reluctantly, knocked his pipe out, stowed it away and wrote out a request to see his Divisional Officer. "For permission to smoke a pipe onboard Her Majesty's Aircraft Carrier." With a fatherly word of advice, his Divisional Officer passed him on to the Training Officer, who on these rare occasions also assumes the duties of "Pipe Smoking Officer."

The "Pipe Smoking Officer" very carefully explained to him how difficult it was to obtain one of these certificates, the routine he must carry out and the number of officers he must visit to pass the various tests and examinations which would prove his fitness and worthiness to smoke this new possession of his. He was then asked whether he still wanted to go ahead with his request. The reply being a keen affirmative, as he considered a pipe the sign of a man's man, the "Pipe Smoking Officer" passed him on with the following form.

*By the "Pipe Smoking Officer"*

"I will arrange for the issue of a Pipe Smoking Certificate, subject to the satisfactory completion of relevant sections by the undermentioned officers. The Avgas Officer, Dental Officer, Medical Officer, Captain's Office, E.V.T. Officer and Defence Officer."

Away went our candidate to qualify for a Pipe Smoking Certificate, but because of his watch-keeping and other duties and the fact that it was not always convenient for the Officers concerned to see him, this routine took him approximately one week, which must give you some idea how seriously he regarded this business and how determined he was to become a pipe smoker. He was never once seen smoking his precious pipe during this period of waiting, though he possibly had one or two secret puffs.

*By the Medical Officer*

This rating states that he has smoked a pipe before and that he doesn't go green. On examination of his chest there is no doubt that he has the capacity to draw on a pipe with a bowl of moderate size, but no larger. If a large bowl is desired then graduated exercises such as running around the flight deck to increase his vital capacity is advised. He should not be allowed to smoke it if in the queue waiting to see the Medical Officer. It should of course be ascertained that there is sufficient cubic capacity of fresh air in his Mess to allow him to use up more than his entitled share.

*By the Dental Officer*

As is recommended to all habitual pipe smokers, Tooth Powders are more efficient for removing tobacco stain from the intra-oral calcified structures than are pastes. This rating is advised to smoke only tobaccos which contain less than 17.5 milligrams per ounce of incombustible carbon. If the above instructions are conscientiously adhered to, this rating can be considered "Dentally Fit" to smoke a pipe.

*By the Avgas Officer*

Avgas in H.M. Ships is a positive danger if brought in contact with a naked flame or indeed anything liable to cause combustion, e.g. "dottles" from pipes not thoroughly extinguished. Permission is granted to this rating to smoke a pipe only in approved spaces and he must ever be alert to the pipe "Fuel Danger". On hearing such a pipe, he is to immediately extinguish his pipe and promptly stand by to "Off Caps" if he omits to do so. It is possible that, in the case of late compliance, he may disappear somewhat like the "Oozle Bird".

*By the Defence Officer*

Attention of this rating is drawn to the various notices re—smoking restrictions:

1. Motor boat spaces.
2. Second motor cutter space.
3. Hangar and associated compartments.
4. Flight deck and sponsons.
5. No smoking areas forward, midships and aft.

In fact, there aren't many spaces where one can smoke in safety.

*By the E.V.T. Officer*

As far as my section is concerned, many pipe smokers would do well to consult me before taking up this pernicious habit. A considerable saving can be effected, if it is regarded not only as a pleasure, but as a hobby. I can provide materials for the manufacture of tobacco pouches and can even help in the selection of suitable briars. With particular reference to the latter, it is necessary to make one's own pipe to obtain maximum pleasure. Correspondence courses may be obtained on the preparation of leaf tobacco for smoking, but if this is used for smoking (as opposed to chewing) a leather tobacco pouch will not be suitable. In accordance with my usual practice, permission to smoke a pipe will not (R) not apply to the schoolroom. Situated as it is, above the oil fuel tanks, special precautions have to be taken with pipes against fire risks.

Request I may be informed when a certificate is issued so that..... name may be added to the list kept in my office.

*By the Captain's Secretary*

The fact that this rating has proved himself fit to smoke a pipe has been noted on his Service certificates and in his pay book.

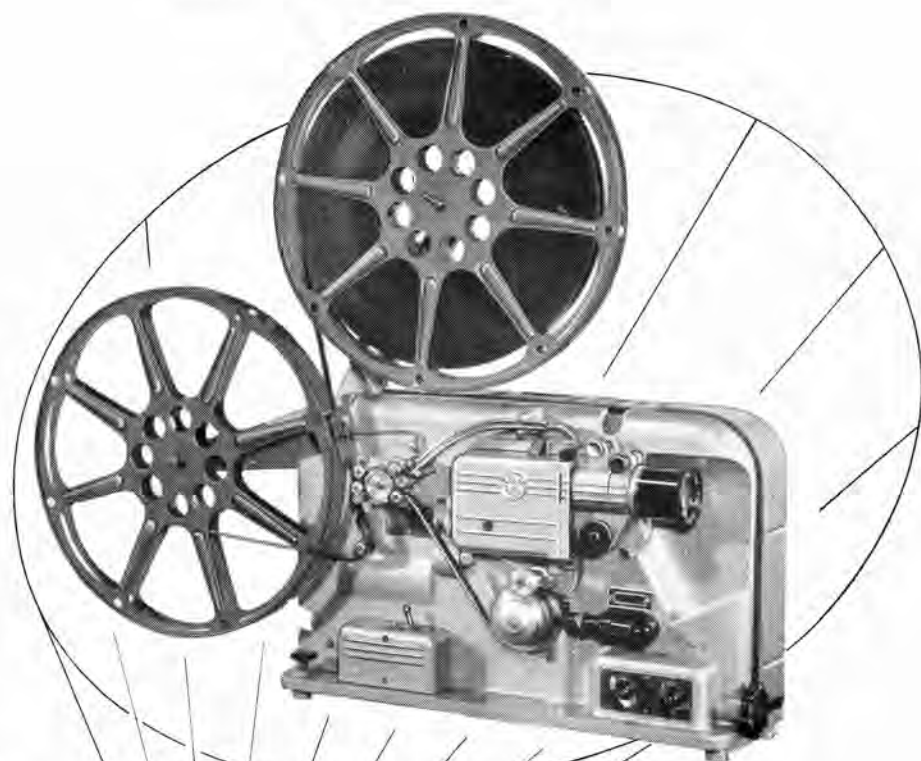
After nearly completing his routine, our Ord. Tel. approached the Chief Tel. and said, "Chief, they aren't half putting some queer things on my papers." "What papers", said the mystified Chief. "You know, my pipe smoking routine. I think some of the things they are putting on are a bit silly." After reading through them, the Chief agreed that some of the remarks did sound a bit daft, but that he ought to press on with the routine if he ever wished to smoke his pipe again.

The Ord. Tel. pressed on regardless and completing his routine, was presented with a "Pipe Smoking Certificate", signed by the Commander himself. Our Ord. Tel. now considers himself a man's man and can now puff away at his pipe without being picked up by the C.C.O. H.M.S. *Glory*. A.V.S.

[Editor's Note. The Pipe Smoking Certificate, signed by Commander Bromley-Martin, was sent to us by A.V.S. and is evidence of the truthfulness of this story . . . .]



We asked Communication Lieutenant "Jan" Webber to let us have a photograph to adorn the pages of this issue of THE COMMUNICATOR, but he was unable to produce one which he felt did himself justice. However at the last minute he offered us this drawing which we understand depicts the manner in which he spent the greater part of Boxing Day 1943 in H.M.S. *Duke of York*, during the chase and sinking of the *Scharnhorst*.

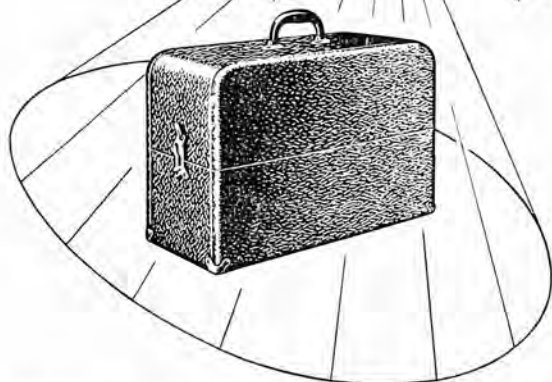


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## A.S.R.E. PORTSDOWN

Many of you in *Mercury*, whilst sweating away at Marching Manoeuvres or strolling on more social occasions along the broadwalk, have seen a monstrous brick building crawling along the top of the next highest hill in Hampshire—the Portsdown Hill. (What is there about our trade which condemns us to inhabit such high places?). This brand new structure is the Admiralty Signal and Radar Establishment, Portsdown.

It will not be completed for another four or five years, but we existed for many years before we finally arrived at Portsdown. I am keeping "The History of A.S.R.E." up my sleeve in case the Editor badgers me for a contribution to the next issue, so here I will only mention that we started life in the old Signal School in R.N.B. Portsmouth in 1917, then moved to Haslemere in 1941 and started moving to Portsdown in 1952. Before I start trying to explain the part the Naval staff plays I want to give the purpose of A.S.R.E. in the Naval set up. It is to provide the Navy with its radio equipment, that is, both its wireless and radar sets. It does this in three main ways:—

1. Scientists in A.S.R.E. design a new set, build an experimental model and then send this model and their drawings to a commercial firm to produce in quantity.
2. Scientists in A.S.R.E. write out a technical specification based, of course, on Naval requirements, and issue this to a firm who produce the sets to meet this specification.
3. A.S.R.E. buy an existing commercial set from a firm, check that it is suitable for Naval use and then order the number required.

But the real purpose of this article is to tell you why we have any Naval staff in what is mainly a scientific establishment, and what (if anything) they do. This can all be summed up in one word—Application. Not a very pleasing word and when I first heard it mentioned in relation to my future job it sounded distinctly hard. It smacked of long-forgotten school reports—"Should apply himself more to his French verbs"—"He does not seem to know the meaning of the word Application". Well, in case you don't either, the Oxford Dictionary says it means "To devote one's knowledge, faculty, energies to a task", and that is what the team of eight Signal Officers are supposed to be doing in A.S.R.E.—applying their knowledge of ships and seamanlike matters to the design and fitting of communication equipment. They apply this Naval knowledge with such faculties and energies as they have been endowed with. It is not their job to be, nor to become, highly technical or madly scientific—there are others far more qualified to be that.

The work is divided up into:—

Communication Projects, which is the term used to describe a new piece of equipment being designed.

Radio Warfare Projects.

Shore Stations Development and Planning, and User-Inspecting and Trials.

Each project is the responsibility of a (C) and (L) officer, who ensure that the equipment being designed will in fact:—

- (a) be suitable for fitting in a ship
- (b) be reasonably easy to operate
- (c) be reasonably easy to maintain
- (d) be as near the ideal, of what the communication and electrical branches would like, as possible.

Many are the points with which the application officer has to contend—the position and number of tuning controls, what sort of remote control facilities and so on. Every month he holds a progress meeting of all those concerned—the designers, the production experts, the writers of handbooks, the compiler of lists of spares, the ship layout experts, etc. Snags are discussed, opinions are swapped and the rate of progress is examined. Apart from the monthly meetings, the application officer is in day to day touch with the designers on any matter which needs a Naval opinion.

So when you're cursing your Type XXX, spare one for us—we may have been the cause of your trouble; therefore we remain anonymous.



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### LIFE AT A.S.R.E.

A senior and distinguished Signal Officer casting pearls before this swine offered the opinion that a job at A.S.R.E. was new, unusual, and invaluable experience for a Naval Officer. How right he was!

After a few months on Portsdown Hill the mists begin to clear and an increasing knowledge of who, what, and where are C, G, Q, L, XD, PCP3, and a host of others who shall (also) be nameless, enables the simple sailor to see what is done (and is not done) in the Establishment.

Of the team of (C) Officers at A.S.R.E. there is one who is called many things, including Communications User Inspecting Officer. In this capacity he visits ships, building and refitting, with the object of safeguarding the interests of the Signalmen and Telegraphists who will eventually have to work in the ship.

The most careful planning and design will not completely guard against defects or limitations which may only become apparent when the installation of equipment and the fitting out of offices commences. During this period "user" inspections are carried out, in addition to the technical inspections by Electrical Officers of A.S.R.E., to ensure that obvious defects are remedied, and to arrange for the incorporation of minor modifications to assist the communications staff in their work. As a continuation of this process, in particular in the first ships of a class, the ship's staff should not hesitate to forward proposals for the improvement of the layout of offices and working conditions generally which have been formed as a result of sea-going experience. Although it may not be possible to effect such improvements immediately, ships will benefit when next taken in hand for a refit.

The Communications User Inspecting Officer follows up his inspections by taking part in the Wireless Sea trials. In these trials he works with an Electrical Officer of A.S.R.E. and together they advise the ship's officers on the acceptability of the performance, technical and operational, of the communications equipment which has been installed.

All new construction and ships undergoing major refits are included in the programme, so inevitably, the work entails much travelling which is tedious at times.

The rates of subsistence allowance, though recently increased, do not permit the continual patronage of five-star hotels and four-ale bars; but no job is without its advantages which include in this case an insight into shipbuilding methods and procedure and a knowledge of what can and cannot be done in fitting out a ship, which is invaluable experience for the future.

#### From the N.A.T.O. Long Course

"The International Code signal QQ means I have had cases of inflammable disease onboard more than five days ago".



### ADVANCEMENT NOTES

#### Port Division Numbers

Consequent on the decision to release all retained men and to dispense with the recall of any further R.F.R.s it has been necessary to review the numbers allowed to each Port Division and (as was to be expected) the new allocation of numbers shows a considerable reduction on previous figures.

We are thus now overborne in almost all rates and the reductions necessitated will be met gradually by not replacing men as they are released from the Service. This will take approximately one year and during this time it is inevitable that there will be a temporary general slowing down in the rate of advancement.

By 1954 the situation is expected to begin to improve and by the end of that year it is estimated that the advancement situation will be more or less back to normal again.

#### E.T.2. Examination

From correspondence received it appears that there is doubt in some quarters as to whether Signal Boys and Boy Telegraphists may be permitted to take the E.T. II Examination after they have been rated up to Ordinary Signalmen or Ordinary Telegraphist.

This Examination is open to all ratings up to the time of their being rated Signalmen or Telegraphist and will count for a gain in seniority (two months for a 1st Class pass and one month for a 2nd Class pass) when they are so rated.

#### Summary of Training carried out in 1952

It may be of interest to know the results of the training carried out at the Home Signal Schools and S.T.C.s during 1952 and a summary is given in the following table.

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E N G L A N D

Qualifying for	Passed	Failed	Failure Rates
Signal Instructor ...	27	2	6.8%
Yeoman of Signals ...	74	25	25.2%
Leading Signalmen ...	154	34	18%
Wireless Instructor ...	32	7	17.9%
P.O. Telegraphist ...	158	43	21.3%
Leading Telegraphist ...	249	69	21.7%

There has been a marked reduction in the failure rates over those of 1951 except in the case of Petty Officer Telegraphists' courses where failures have increased from 12.3 per cent to 21.3 per cent.

In addition to the above the numbers of New Entries trained and sent to sea were:

- 102 Signal Boys
- 55 Ordinary Signalmen
- 179 Boy Telegraphists
- 78 Ordinary Telegraphists.

J.S.W.

## WASHINGTON, D.C.

A British Joint Services Mission is established here, with the Naval Staff headed by a Vice Admiral and the Admiralty Divisions represented by Specialist Staff Officers.

There are Signal Officers of all three Services representing the B.J.C.E.B. in London, with a small secretariat to assist them. It is thus that mutual agreement on Allied Communication and Tactical Publications is reached, with the British Staff in Washington representing the United Kingdom's views.

Draft publications and draft changes to existing publications, have to be circulated round the many affected Admiralty and United States Navy Departments, and frequently the other Services as well, before agreement is reached. It does not require much imagination to realise what a lengthy process this can become and the resolution of contentious sentences often entails considerable signalling between London and Washington.

When it is decided to offer an ACP to the N.A.T.O. Nations the matter is dealt with by the Communication-Electronic Co-ordinating Section of the Standing Group, which is an Anglo-American-French body located in Washington, where the Senior U.K. Signal Officer represents our interests.

Apart from the production and amendment of allied publications, including cryptographic ones, the Naval Staff of the Mission acts principally as a liaison team between the Royal Navy and the United States Navy in all matters. The wide variety of subjects covered include the supply of Type 691/CUH UHF equipments for U.S.N. evaluation, the provision of a U.S.N. flag locker and signal clips for trials in the Royal Navy, the compilation of a new phonetic alphabet, whether IMI should be replaced by RPT, and many others.

On the lighter side of the picture, Washington has all the amenities of a large city, from symphony

concerts to night clubs and from horse racing to baseball. The Missions and Embassy Staffs combine to form hockey, soccer and cricket teams and the latter perform at various places in the East during the Summer, to the complete mystification of the majority of the local populace.

H.H.R.



"I didn't think they'd pipe Off Jumpers"

## EXTRACT FROM ANSWER FOR P.O. TEL. (Q) THEORY PAPER

If the frequency is too high for a Rx to receive at a certain distance then the remedy is to lower the frequency.

If the frequency is too low for a Rx to receive then the remedy is to raise the frequency.

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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

### CHAPEL OF ST. GABRIEL

Since the last publication of *THE COMMUNICATOR* the Chapel of St. Gabriel has been "put on the map" by the building of a grand brick entrance. This is a vast improvement. People can now see where the Chapel is! Improvements on the interior are progressing and we have every reason to believe that before long we shall have a Chapel really worthy of a large and growing Establishment.

Church attendance is on the increase in spite of the fact that few remain on board at week-ends. I feel, however, that more could make the effort at the worship of Almighty God in the Church's Chief Service—The Holy Communion. See what you can do about it.

### CHIEF'S CHATTER

With a blizzard raging all around, the natives hopefully anticipate being locked out for a few weeks, but so far without success. We know we have the sympathy of you lucky people in warmer climates. Think of us often, in this Empire outpost, with two sessions a day and only one long weekend per week.

The end of last Term saw the Mess gaily decorated for seasonal festivities, which included a children's party and Xmas dance, both of which were highly successful. Did Father Xmas Lewis's face drop (or did it) when one small child asked him for a baby brother?

We got into the semi-final of the hockey tournament, after three byes, while our soccer prospects

look reasonably good despite the age disadvantage. Congratulations to the five mess members who play regularly for the Establishment rugby team, giving much added weight to the scrum.

Turning to indoor functions, we had a very pleasant evening with a coachload of guests from the George Inn, East Meon. A snooker competition recently completed ended in a win for the President. (No comment).

Departures to Civvy Street are increasing weekly so that it is difficult to keep track of them all. They include C.Y.S. Mattingley, G. Smith, Station, and C.P.O. Tel. Hodges. We wish them the very best of luck and salaries of at least £1,000 per(haps).

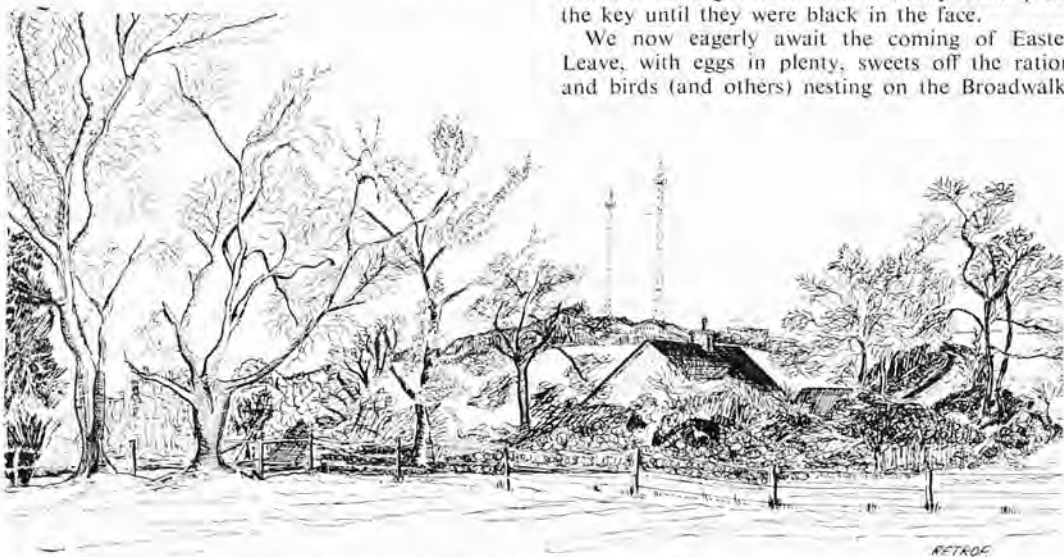
Mess Secretary, C.P.O. Tel. Kennett, flew off to Greece in a hurry last week, but forgot to take the Mess Funds with him, so we still have a couple of bob in the "kitty".

If it's Carter you're 'arter, *Sheffield's* the ship. Yes, having completed just eight years and several months on R.A., he finds himself on a ship that moves. This was even longer than the period spent ashore by Long (time) shoreman Harding, now out in the Straits in "*Indom.*".

It is rumoured that our new dining hall, lounge, etc., to be built adjacent to the living accommodation, may be commenced in the not too distant future. This will be a great improvement.

The Mess is alive with prospective Branch Officers, with a C.C.O.(Q) class well under way, and the I.P.C.C.O. class reaching the "Passing out" stage. Incidentally, who was the W.I. who during a technical lecture, told the latter class, that without first making the H.T. switch, they could press the key until they were black in the face.

We now eagerly await the coming of Easter Leave, with eggs in plenty, sweets off the ration and birds (and others) nesting on the Broadwalk.



Can you recognise this view from "Mercury"? (see page 61)

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It's surprising what a little sunshine (and a couple of tots) will do.

Anyhow, keep trying, you too may get a "stopped draft" number and so qualify to contribute to this article next Term.

### SOBERTON MEMORIES

High o'er surrounding wooded lands,  
Beating Times fast outrunning sands  
Four-square and gaunt and grey there stands  
Old Soberton Towers.

Mellowing Summer sun has seen  
The changing Rhapsody in Green,  
Which round its walls has ever been  
By Soberton Towers.

Autumn her varied tints has spread  
Up where the trees meet overhead,  
Above the paths which countless feet did tread  
By Soberton Towers.

Though Winter storms are raging wild  
The earth sleeps, softly as a child,  
Under the snow in deep drifts piled  
By Soberton Towers.

But all is changed with birth of Spring.  
New flowers bloom, birds gaily sing.  
All nature praises God—her King  
By Soberton Towers.

Thus seasons four each year pass by  
This Old grey pile, where you and I  
Found memories which can never die  
Of Soberton Towers.

E.G.H.

### P.O.'s PATTERN

Easter greetings to you all.

We all hope that snow and ice will not mar this holiday as it did last year. At the moment, however, it appears anything might happen.

Although there were more members and guests at the Christmas Dance than ever before, the evening was a great success, as was the Children's Party a few days later. At the latter event, Yeoman Tozer looked more like Grandfather Christmas, with his face almost completely obscured by fungus, than the real Santa Claus.

We are entering two soccer teams this year for the Crombie Cup competition. Our unsuccessful

attempt to retain the Cup last season was disappointing but we are confident that good sportsmanship will pay in the end, even if a little belated.

In the seven-a-side hockey leagues the Mess team headed its respective table with goals for 26—against 1, playing the Miscellaneous division in the final on the Broadwalk pitch under icy conditions, the score after extra time was 2—1 in the P.O.'s favour.

Table Tennis knockouts are still being carried out in the Establishment and in the latest series the Mess team have reached the semi-final.

Since theatrical activities have increased in *Mercury*, producers, actors, scene painters, choreographers and all the paraphernalia of those connected with Show Business are blossoming forth from our Members like Spring bulbs. It really is surprising, in fact disconcerting to think that one day Stan Taylor may become an impressive impressario (legitimate stage, of course).

Departures to the land of the Bowler Hat seem to be increasing slightly of late. Potentially we have approximately fifty "Coppers" joining the Force. If they are admitted, do not be surprised if the next Policeman to run you in for jay walking is an ex-Yeoman. P.O. Tels. don't seem to have the right type of feet for the beat.

To close this article. Did you hear about the P.O. Tel. who lost a badge because he refused to go on a "strangling" run?



### WHAT NAVAL HARBOUR IS THIS ?

(See page 31)

This is an aerial view of Malta taken from the North, showing Grand Harbour and Valetta. Other landmarks which can be picked out are H.M.S. *Ricasoli*, R.N.H. *Bighi* and H.M.S. *St. Angelo* on the Eastern side of Grand Harbour; Fort St. Elmo between the entrance to Grand Harbour and Sliema, Floriana parade ground just outside Valetta, and Tigne Point and the Royal Malta Artillery parade ground in the right foreground. In the distance at the South Eastern corner of the island, the bay of Marsaxlokk is just visible; R.N.A.S. Hal Far is just to the West of this.



## Naafi Sports Showroom

KENNINGS WAY

A comprehensive display of a complete range of sports equipment, sports clothing, trophies and prizes can be seen at Naafi Sports Showroom at Kennings Way, London, S.E.11 (one minute from Kennington Tube Station). One of the many spectacular stands on view is illustrated.

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This display should prove of particular interest to Commanding Officers and Sports Officers to whom we extend a cordial invitation. A sample of practically every article listed in the range of Naafi sports catalogues is on show and our staff are available to advise on all matters relating to sports equipment.

## SPORT

## FOOTBALL

*Mercury* is still doing well at soccer, and in spite of many drafting changes the old spirit is there.

In the U.S. League we are holding our own, lying half-way up Division I, and in the 3rd Division we are about a third of the way down the list. We have been eliminated in the Charity cup and the Senior Challenge cup competitions, having reached the semi-finals in each.

In the Waterlooville League we are doing very well, and the Saturday afternoon players are keeping us up among the leaders, while in the Festival cup (for teams in this League), we are in the semi-finals. In *Mercury* the Crombie cup competition is in full swing, and many strange cries echo across Joe's Meadow, "Good old Tommo", "Come on Coco (Buck)", "Blood for supper" and "Well done Allie, give 'im a shirt" (applied to the Ref.).

## BOXING

On January 21st we had our first club fixture with the Hillside Boxing Club, in the cinema, and we were able to produce fourteen bouts. *Mercury* made her debut at the R.N. Boys' Boxing Championships this year and despite the restriction of age and weight five New Entries took part. Junior Tels. Lowe and Jackson went right through to reach the final of their weights—no mean achievement considering the opposition. Y.S. Doubleday and Y.S. Walker ably trained and seconded the team.

## SQUASH

We have played about one match a week, and won the majority. Unfortunately we were beaten by the Barracks in the second round of the Command inter-Establishment tournament. Three Signal officers played for the Navy in the inter-Services championships—Cdr. Seymour-Haydon, Lt. Cdr. Spencer, and Lt. Shattock, but the Navy were not able to repeat the success of last year, and came third.

There is some prospect of building a second court at *Mercury* in the near future which will be a great asset.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

The opening fixture of the season was against R.A.F. Tangmere. In this and the following fixtures Ord. Tel. Hodgkinson was consistently first *Mercury* man home, and often the winner. In this first event, the Seniors lost and the Juniors won.

A race versus the Local Squadron on the 3½ mile *Mercury* course was lost, as was also the following one against Portsmouth Grammar School (their course starts and finishes at the top of Portsdown Hill, and our team weren't used to running inclined sideways at 45° against the wind!).

A triangular fixture between *Mercury*, St. Vincent and Portsmouth Grammar School resulted in *Mercury* being second against strong opposition.

## W.R.N.S. SHOOTING

In the inter-Unit league, *Mercury* and *Vernon* tied on points, but *Vernon* won on their aggregate. Wren Leveson-Gower dropped only 11 points in the five rounds of the league. Three *Mercury* Wrens represented Portsmouth in the inter-Command postal match, which was won by Air Command. Two of them were in the inter-Service competition which was won by the Royal Navy.



## HOCKEY

*Mercury* has played most of the Establishments in the Command this Term. Wins and losses have come our way, but all in all we have acquitted ourselves well. The acquisition of the "Bat and Ball" ground has been a decided asset for home fixtures. The Petty Officers did extremely well to win the annual seven-a-side competition from the Miscellaneous Division who just couldn't make it.

## RUGGER

At the time of going to press, *Mercury* is lying fourth in the Portsmouth Command Rugby League. Much praise is due to our few regulars who, backed up by 'passers-through' and ably captained by Ch. Tel. Stovell, have won many excellent matches. We have also had a lot of help from Sub-Lts., but would like to see more *Mercury* officers playing. There has been one regular Long Course player, Phil Greig, and he has been a tower of strength at Centre.

## USE OF N.A.A.F.I. CLUBS BY RESERVES

Members of Reserve forces may now use N.A.A.F.I. clubs in civilian clothes during full time training of not less than 7 days. They must be in possession of a certificate from their Commanding Officers giving the dates of their training period.



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## VISIT FROM THE GODS

Not so long ago, Mercury, who had heard many conflicting reports of a certain Naval Establishment, high unto Leydene bottom, decided that he must send someone down to earth in order to get first-hand information. He would have liked to have gone himself but, apart from a sneaking feeling that he might fail the course, thought, with some conceit, that he might be too well known. He consoled himself with the fact that it was even colder at Leydene in the Winter than on Mount Olympus.

He went carefully through the list of minor gods to find his representative and finally picked on the Three Graces. They were presentable girls of average intelligence whom he felt would not show up the Wrens in too bad a light and who were not, at present, in high favour with Zeus.

Zeus gladly consented to Mercury's plan and Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosine, for such were their names, were sent for. At first they were sad and cried a bit, but when it was explained to them that, after only a short stay at Burghfield, they would go on to a predominantly male establishment with a lovely Broadwalk, they cheered up and trotted off to the Olympian Slops.

Fitting out was not without its difficulties. Used as they were to loose fitting robes they were hardly the shape for a Wren. Aglaia had particular trouble with her hat. The new model had just come in, but, try as she might, she could do nothing with it except lay it flat on her head like a pancake. Thalia complained bitterly that the serge tickled, whereas Euphrosine, after laddering two pairs of nylons, accepted the fact that her feet were "ox" and got into size 11.

Their stay at Burghfield is not worthy of mention except to say that it was not enjoyed and it was with relief that they found themselves on the way to Leydene. It was upsetting to learn that there were still women to be contended with but, somehow, the atmosphere was different and they bent to their task with a will. At least that was until Thalia broke her leave on the second night and found herself scrubbing the Hall the next evening. As the building they lived in had been a Boys' Preparatory School, the Hall was of no mean size, it also accounted for certain other oddities about the place.

In their quarters, they dutifully read the orders (Number 10 was very peculiar even to the most enlightened but has since been changed) and they rushed into supper at the bell, at least they did on duty nights, because whenever they could, they went out with their boy friends. This going out presented some problems as they had to go into Portsmouth in uniform which no one likes doing. However they soon devised a scheme which worked all right until Thalia, one day, when changing back into uniform in the bus, discovered that she had left her skirt behind. Luckily a friend was

there to lend her a mackintosh but it was fortunate indeed, that the same order about coats for returning libertymen does not apply to Wrens.

It was when they went up to Leydene itself that they really enjoyed themselves. At Divisions, cold as it was and difficult for the make-up, they formed the last section of threes and ogled the Long Course. In class they sat at the back and doodled and chattered except when they were too tired to do even that. (In the end though they paid more attention when they realised that a failure meant a return to Burghfield). At Stand-Easy they flirted with the Sub-Lieutenants. One of these when taxed with being late, remarked that "It was unfair as the Long Course were there all the time".

One day when they were idling away their time between rehearsals of a Wren Cabaret, Aglaia and Thalia wandered round to see the pigs. (Euphrosine, who had for some strange reason been christened "Push Face", declined to come.) They had been told that one of the pigs was called Mercuria, (a gross insult to Mercury who had never looked like getting married), and would shortly be having piglets. It was whilst they were admiring this splendid creature that Thalia turned to Aglaia and said, "Does it just happen with pigs or do they have to go away somewhere?" Aglaia, who was the most academic of the three and, on this occasion perhaps a little shocked, murmured that she thought they were mammals and changed the conversation.

The Course drew on and they tried their hand at everything. They tried Shooting but the mascara got into their eyes. They played Basket Ball but it wasn't much fun so they lay in the sun and watched the Cricket and went dancing at night. In the end they left; each to a different Air Station, widely scattered about the United Kingdom. One wonders whether they are still with us or, their purpose at an end, they have returned to report to Mercury.



The Hambledon Hounds meet at "Mercury"

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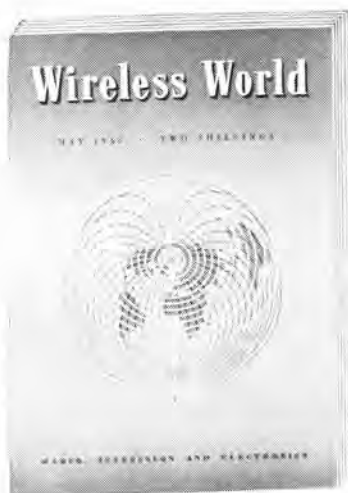
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## HONG KONG W/T

"KUNG HAI FAT CHOY" to all our readers, this being the official Chinese New Year greeting. At the time of writing the Colony is detonating all over with Chinese fire-crackers and the effect is rather nerve-shattering being a cross between an artillery bombardment and November 5th in U.K. or July 4th in the States. This goes on for four days and is of course a public holiday. Now to get down to business.

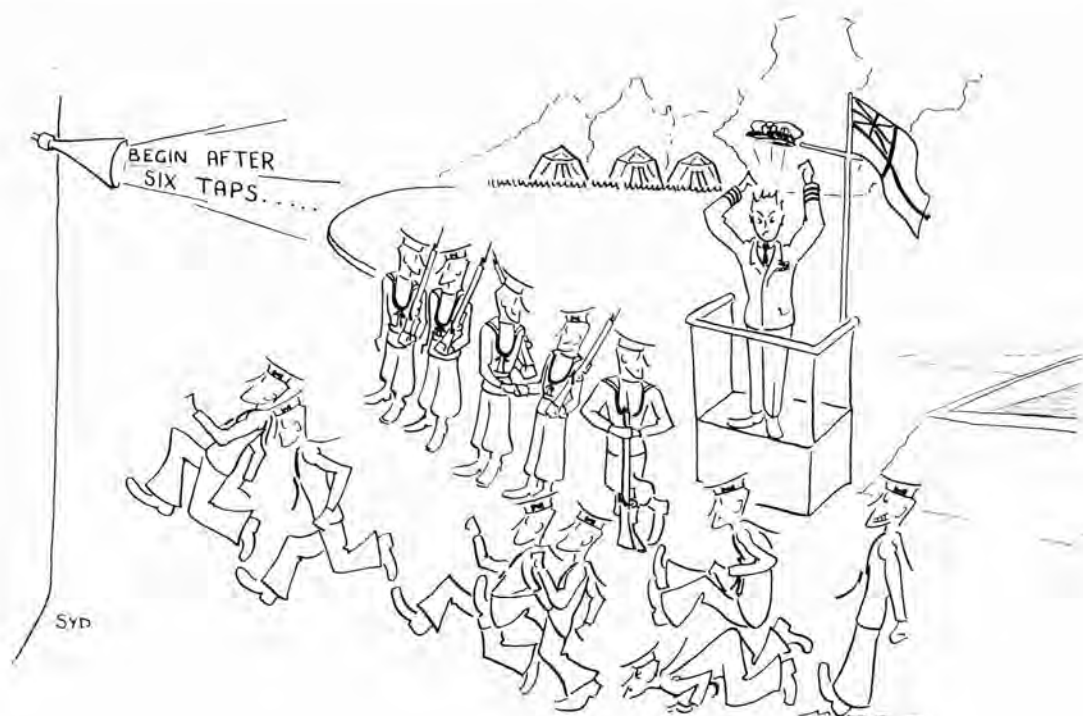
We have approximately 100 ratings here, but some are scattered around Hong Kong at A.O.T.R.A. (Amphibious Observation Troop Royal Artillery), H.K. Flotilla, etc. The office is situated on the ground and 1st floors of the H.Q. British Forces Building. We have an arrangement with a commercial receiving station on the Peak for reception of Fixed Services, fed down by Land Line and we remote control all transmitters which are sited at Stonecutters Island. Accommodation for all junior ratings is in a building specially redecorated for the purpose in the Naval Dockyard—"Raleigh" Block, the senior ratings living in their appropriate messes in H.M.S. *Tamar*.

Although credit is due to all members of the various teams special mention is made of the follow-

ing who work very hard to make our sporting activities a success:—Mr. Cobb, C.C.O., Ch.Tel. Cannon, P.O. Tel. Jubb, L/Tel. Lott, Tels. Squires, Griffiths and Morrison, and Sig. Gregory, also Tel. Burdett (since sailed for U.K.).

On the lighter side we contribute the following "Howlers". From one of our Fixed Service Stations, "You are unreadable on hand—change Auto". Who was the P.O. Tel. of the Watch who on being asked by Stonecutters if we were in touch with Mount Butler (The Peak Rec. Station) asked Singapore "Are you in touch with Mountbatten?"

Since we have been conducting Broadcast Fox Easy we have come under heavy fire from all quarters, mostly ships operating "Up North" who have to read it under varying conditions, whilst we fully sympathise with them we try our best to conduct it as smoothly as possible, most frequent interruptions are caused by landline shorts and other snags (a merchant ship once ploughed up our cable to Stonecutters); also the speed of the Broadcast has to be maintained at 27 w.p.m. It was hoped to keep it a steady 25 originally but the volume of traffic would not allow this; to ship's credit must be added the remarkably few requests for ZDK's.





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## RADIO QUIZ

1. Would it be possible to design a "Superhet" receiver with a zero I.F.?
2. What is the action of the Swinging Choke used in Transmitter power supplies?
3. What happens to the electrons after they have struck the face of a Cathode Ray Tube?
4. What do we mean by a "Double" Superhet and what is its main advantage over a normal Superhet?
5. (a) Why are facilities provided for M.C.W. when using M.F. but not H.F. with Transmitter T.B.L.?
- (b) Should "step" 2 of the Tune Operate Switch of the T.B.L. be used for reduced power? Why?
6. How is over modulation of the T.B.S. avoided?
7. Why are Red and Blue calibration curves provided for wave meter G61/G62?
8. What does the "Red Light" associated with the following equipments indicate?
  - (a) Type 602E Control Panel.
  - (b) KFD/E/F/G R/T Control Unit.
  - (c) Wave meter G.N.
  - (d) 86M.
  - (e) T.B.S.
9. The scale of the H.F. aerial ammeter fitted with 605 is uniform. Why is this not so in the case of the M.F. Aerial ammeter?

*Brief answers to this Quiz will be included in the Summer Edition of the "Communicator".*

## TWO IN A BED

"Scrounger" is just one of the many; he likes toast, the smell of which will lure him from the warmest of places, and always without fail he decides that the slice that I am just going to eat is the tastiest one. Then a quarrel ensues and because of his stature he is always the loser, albeit a very gallant one. That is one of the annoying things about him, he will continue to pester me after I have made it very clear that I do not want him around.

It was his continual persistence that proved his undoing, out lights had gone and I was turned in munching my favourite bedtime food, toast, when who should poke his head over the edge of my

hammock but "Scrounger". The next few minutes saw a fierce struggle; twisting, turning, yelling, cursing I did my best to eject him from my hammock, finally I managed it and sent him hurtling to the deck below. My triumph was short lived though as the officer on Rounds approached my hammock and asked me what the trouble was. "Nothing sir", said I, hastily pushing the remains of my toast out of sight, "just one of those b——! cockroaches crawling about in my hammock sir".

P.D. Sig. Boy.

Those who are in trooping carriers are accustomed to the unending variety of their cargoes and passengers. Nevertheless, the following signal to one such "trooper", repeated to the Chief Secretary of a local Zoological Society, caused some surprise.

"Can you freight 12 live (R) live Somali sheep from Aden to Ceylon?"

The honour was declined, not a little to the relief of those already detailed as "Duty Shepherds", thus:

"Ship will be stopping off Colombo to disembark officers only. Consider it would be inappropriate to land sheep in same boat".



## VIEW FROM "MERCURY"

(See page 51)

This drawing was done from one of the windows at the back of the new Petty Officers accommodation. The wireless masts are used by the Hampshire Constabulary.

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## ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Listeners to "In Town To-night" recently may have found an interesting point of ceremonial from Miss Audrey Russell, who gave as one of the clues to those in the B.B.C. trying to guess where she was, the fact that the building she was in was allowed to fly the White Ensign on certain ceremonial occasions.

She was of course in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, which is accorded this honour because it is the Parish Church of the Board of Admiralty. The Lords Commissioners are entitled to use the Admiralty Box, which is opposite the Royal Box at the East end of the church.

The bells of St. Martin-in-the-Fields were the first to ring out on the announcement of a Naval victory. They rang for the victory over the Armada, and for Trafalgar. It was the custom for the Lords of the Admiralty to provide a suitable flag or ensign for the church to fly on these occasions.

It is recorded that the Admiralty supplied a Royal

Standard for hoisting on 6th August 1742, the anniversary of the accession of George I, but it was blown to ribbons as soon as it was hoisted. The Admiralty replaced it with another and continued to provide replacements whenever needed.

About the beginning of the present century when the Vicar and Wardens applied for a new flag, it was refused. However, some years later, when the then First Lord\* heard of the application and the ancient custom, he directed that a White Ensign should be supplied. The custom has been carried on since, a new ensign last being supplied in 1952. The ensign is flown on all state occasions and official anniversaries, but not on religious festivals.

\*Editor's Note:—The dates are uncertain but this appears to have been about 1914, when Mr. Winston Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty.

## COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

### APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. ADAMS	C.C.O.	Loan to R.A.N.	R.N.S.S. Devonport
R. AITKEN	Commn. Lt.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Vanguard
C. K. ANTHONY	Lt. Cdr.	Curlew	B.C.O. Hong Kong
E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Staff of D.R.E.	Alert in Command
W. J. B. G. AYRES	S.C.C.O.	Vanguard	R.N.S.S. Devonport
E. G. BALE	S.C.C.O.	Swiftsure	Mercury
I. M. BALFOUR, M.B.E.	Cdr.	Barrosa	Tactical Course
A. BARLOW	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Euryalus
A. R. BARROW	Lt. Cdr.	S.C.O. to C. in C.	S.C.O. to C. in C.
		S.A.	Nore
W. C. BROWN	A/C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Ceylon
C. G. BUSH	Lt. Cdr.	S.C.O. to C. in C.	A.W.S.S.
		Nore	
Miss D. A. V. CHALKLEY	3/O W.R.N.S.	St. Angelo	Mercury
P. A. CLARK	A/C.C.O.	Merlin	Sheffield
R. A. COBB	C.C.O.	Chequers	Mercury
D. W. COGGLESHALL, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Boxer	Mercury
E. E. COLEGATE	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ganges
F. W. COOPER	C.C.O.	Rooke	R.N.S.S. Devonport
P. J. COTTE	S.C.C.O.	Terror	Mercury
P. T. EDWARDS	Lt. Cdr.	Flag Lt. to F.O.F.T.	B.J.S.M.
C. C. ENNEVER, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Campania	B.J.S.M.
R. D. FRANKLIN	Lt.	Flag Lt. to F.O.2.M.F.	Flag Lt. to F.O.F.T.
		Siskin	Heron
R. H. GEORGE	C.C.O.	Mercury	Daedalus
Miss M. A. GLENDINNING	3/O W.R.N.S.	Sheffield	Ganges
E. GOUGH	C.C.O.	Staff of D.S.D.	Mercury as Trg. Cdr.
A. GRAY, D.S.O.	Cdr.		

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
C. F. GRAY ... ..	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Tyne
L. L. GREY, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Flag Lt. to F.O. (Air) (Home)	Mercury
J. E. GRIFFIN ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Albion
H. GORMLEY, D.S.M. ... ..	C.C.O.	Ocean	Condor
R. G. HEARN ... ..	C.C.O.	Campania	Mercury
A. L. K. D. HERBERT-GUSTAR ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Eagle
L. G. J. HOWARD ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Heron	Fulmar
R. W. HUGHES, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Loan to R.A.N.
D. A. JONES ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Royal Prince
H. R. KEATE ... ..	Lt.	Belfast	Hornet
Viscount KELBURN, D.S.C. ... ..	Capt.	Royal Arthur in Command	Naval Asst. to D.C.N.P.
E. H. LEE, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Flag Lt. and S.C.O. to F.O. Gib.
Miss A. K. D. LONG ... ..	I/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Nuthatch
D. A. LORAM ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	R.N.C. Dartmouth
A. LOVELOCK ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Eagle	Hornbill
J. R. MCKAIG ... ..	Cdr.	Wild Goose	Staff of A.C.R.
J. W. MEADOWS, B.E.M. ... ..	Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	Magpie in Command
K. MORTON, D.S.M. ... ..	C.C.O.	Merlin	Loan to R.A.N.
F. MORRIS ... ..	C.C.O.	Cossack	Mercury
R. T. NEATE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	President	Royal Albert
P. H. PAGE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Triumph	Staff of D.S.D.
J. B. PATERSON, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Belfast	Mercury
W. F. PATERSON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury II	Triumph
J. A. PHILLIPS ... ..	Cdr.	Amphib. Warfare H.Q.	Staff Course
T. W. PICK ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Loan to R.A.N.	Mercury
R. J. PITT, M.B.E. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of F.O.C.E.	Mercury
J. E. POPE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of A.C.R.	Flag Lt. to F.O. (Air) (Home)
G. D. W. RAM, M.B.E. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	A.W.S.S.	Curlew
E. G. H. REUBENS ... ..	C.C.O.	Ganges	Terror
I. G. ROBERTSON, D.S.C. ... ..	Capt.	Staff of C. in C. Eastlant	Maintenance Capt. to F.O. (Air) Home
A. SAMBOURNE ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.N.C. Greenwich
G. E. SAMPSON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Loan to I.N.	Sheffield
D. E. SHUTT ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Implacable
G. F. SHORT ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Boxer
L. SLOANE ... ..	C.C.O.	Fulmar	R.N.C. Greenwich
L. J. SMITH ... ..	Cdr.	Staff Course	Staff of D.S.D.
J. A. STROUD ... ..	Lt.	Hornet	Flag Lt. to F.O.H.S.
K. M. TEARE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Sheffield	Mercury II
J. R. G. TRECHMAN ... ..	Cdr.	B.J.S.M.	Aisne in Command
G. C. WALLIS ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Swiftsure
W. R. WELLS ... ..	Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	J.S.S.C.
P. K. WELSH ... ..	Cdr.	Heron	Staff of D.R.E.
R. M. WHITE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	R.N.S.S. Chatham
W. B. WILLETT, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	F.C.O. to C. in C. E.I.

**Promoted Captain**

G. M. BENNETT, D.S.C.

**Promoted Commander**

D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E.

R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.B.E.

J. R. MCKAIG

**Promoted Lieutenant Commander**

J. B. D. MILLER

**Retired**

H. F. H. LAYMAN ... Capt.

E. F. HABGOOD ... Commn. Lt. (medically unfit)

L. P. HUBBARD ... Commn. Lt.

C. REED ... Commn. Lt.

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