

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 6
Nº 2

SUMMER
1952

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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1952

■ VOL. 6, NO. 2. ■

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>		<i>page</i>
EDITORIAL	53	EMPLOYMENT OFFERS	70
"LET'S TALK SHOP"	53	ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY	71
N.A.A.F.I. GIFT PARCELS	54	EAST INDIES	72
SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION	55	HOME ESTABLISHMENTS	73
COMPETITION	58	AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION	78
ADVANCEMENT NOTES	59	BADGES	79
HOME FLEET NOTES	61	GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"	80
IN THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM	64	CROSSWORD	90
MEDITERRANEAN	65	COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE	92

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"THE COMMUNICATOR" IN 1952

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Joined R.N. 1917, trained in H.M.S. *Impregnable* and *Ganges*. Drafted from latter to Q.E. Fleet Flagship, Grand Fleet, as a Signal Boy.

1925. Promoted Ldg.Sig.

1930. Qualified Sig.Bosn. and promoted Yeo. on qualifying.

1932. Promoted Sig.Bosn. and appointed Staff of C.S.I. (Med.) until 1935.

1935-1937. Staff of Commodore (Destroyers).

1937-1939. Sig. School Chatham on its re-opening.

1939-1942. Staff of Flag Officer Malaya.

1942. Mentioned in Despatches.

1942-1944. R.N.S.S. on its transfer to Cookham Camp.

1944-1946. Staff of C.-in-C. East Indies.

1947. R.N.S.S. C/H.

1948-1950. Officer-in-Charge Garrison Point Signal Station.

1950-1952. First Lieut. R.N. Sig. School C/H.

Mar. 1952. Placed on Retired List.

June 1952. Awarded M.B.E.

Still keen on V.H.F.—first licensed as an amateur in 1925. Call sign, 5UD.

EDITORIAL

It is best to deal with the worst things first, and we cannot write this editorial without mentioning the increase in price of the Magazine. You are asked to pay an extra 3d. per copy or 9d. in the year, and it is hoped that this increase will not be impossible to find. Every attempt is being made to keep the price down and to produce revenue by other means, but our first consideration is to ensure that the Magazine is not run at a loss.

We are glad to say that complaints about the failure of the Magazine to arrive in reasonable time have diminished. One ship that seems to be peculiarly unlucky is the *Glory*. She moves, however, with such rapidity from Australia to Korea to Malta and back again that the G.P.O. is at a loss to keep up with her. For this she has our sympathy, for nothing is more aggravating than out-of-date mail. In this respect, if ships are off on a long journey, let us know about it. Steps can then be taken to get your copies heading in the right direction.

At the end of this Term, Instructor-Lieutenant MacGregor is leaving us. He has been a stalwart member of the COMMUNICATOR Staff for the past two years and was, for some time, the Editor. We would like, here, to pay tribute to the "Schoolies." They started the Magazine for us and have been its mainstay ever since. It is only recently that Communicators have been represented on the Editorial Staff in any number. We have relied, and still rely, upon the "Schoolies" to carry us through. At editing time they do a lot of work. They correct our English, sort out the articles, produce the layout and so on. We owe them a lot, and the present Editor, for one, hopes that they will continue to help us.

At the beginning of the Magazine you will find a list of the Editorial Staff. We are happy to receive letters from all and sundry. If, however, you feel that you are not prepared to level your criticism direct at the Editor, pick out the name of the member on the Staff who represents you and let him have it.

The closing date for contributions for the Christmas Number is Monday, 17th November, 1952. Send in as many articles as possible, but owing to lack of space, please keep them reasonably short.

FROM VICE ADMIRAL C. TURNER JOY, U.S.N.

H.M.S. *Glory* and her Air Group have set a brilliant record of accomplishments on behalf of the United Nations Forces in Korea. The firm resolution of all hands to make the utmost effort and the intrepid spirit of the pilots have made *Glory* a most admirable fighting unit. I am proud to have had you under my Command.

"LET'S TALK SHOP" SCENE SHIFTING

When you are starting to pack up for a move, as I am doing now, you probably find it difficult to decide where to begin. Whatever you start on, things will get in your way everywhere. You think you have just the right sort of packing case to put your books into, only to discover that is already occupied by things which you had stuffed away as temporarily unwanted, from the time of your arrival many moons back. I dread to think of what will come to light in several suit cases when I have wiped the dust off the lids and opened them. In one of them there will certainly be a vast quantity of "whites" turned yellow; kept against the probability of serving again in the tropics some day. Amongst these things, which it is wise to hang on to, there will crop up what are now useless garments which were emergency supplies, and now just museum pieces. Why on earth have I kept these hideous khaki drill and olive green shirts and shorts? There was a possibility that I might have needed one set of such uniform. On leaving the Marine Commandos a year ago while they were still in Malaya, the Adjutant, who was returning home at the same time, had a bet with me as we boarded the train for Prai, a little shore-side railway station from which ferries take passengers across to Penang where we were to stay for a couple of nights before sailing home in the Trooper "Dunera." I was foolish enough to accept his offer, but have not yet fulfilled the bet (lunch at Scotts or the Trocadero), and should now, I feel bound, pay up as the craven loser. I was dared to walk along Regent Street, wearing green shorts and the kind of shirt that missionaries are often believed to hand out as maternity jackets in the less dressy areas of Africa and the West Indies. Other stipulated articles of wear were stockings and heavy studded boots, more useful for climbing the fells than the Duke of York's steps. To crown it all, a jungle hat was agreed upon, as I refused to make a mockery of my green beret which I still treasure. I have a large selection of that trousseau to choose from, if one fine morning I suddenly take the bull by the horns and ring up my friend, inviting him to stalk me from the opposite pavement between Peter Robinson's and Piccadilly Circus. After all, you see many grotesquely clad people in London if you look around you. They may have had similar bets, and are honouring them. If so, they are better types than I. For when my "greens" come tumbling out of my suit case they will do nothing more than remind me of my last appointment. Often during that time, when I occasionally stirred up my stored baggage in the hope of finding some suddenly remembered and much-needed belonging, I came upon objects connected with my previous appointment to that, when I was with Home Fleet Destroyers. Undoubtedly, in those further back days at sea some nebulous glory-hole in my cabin would occasionally cough up articles of any value, or none,

which I had acquired in appointments further back still.

These reminders of past experiences serve also to show us that in our occupation the scene is constantly changing. Now we are at a shore job, sooner or later we shall be at sea. Sometimes we are within reach of our homes. At other times we are far away. Wherever we may be, some words in the 95th Psalm called "The Venite," and which is the opening chorus of praise in The Order of Morning Prayer, speak reassuringly of God's place for His people in all parts of the world. "The sea is His and He made it; and His hands prepared the dry land." On shore or at sea, God does not forsake us. He is as near to us in one place or another. Wherever we may be, we can always seek to draw near to Him, and assuredly we will find Him.

PADRE.

GIFT PARCEL SERVICE FOR BRITISH TROOPS STATIONED IN MALAYA, KOREA AND JAPAN

The scheme is designed primarily to save the sender of a parcel the heavy cost of postage from the United Kingdom to the area concerned.

Relatives and friends in the United Kingdom may order through N.A.A.F.I. canteens and N.A.A.F.I. family shops (if authorised to deal), or alternatively direct from N.A.A.F.I. headquarters, one or more of a range of standard gift parcels to be consigned to any member of the British naval, military and air forces who is actually stationed ashore in Malaya (excluding Singapore), Korea or Japan. On receipt of the order, N.A.A.F.I. will immediately arrange for particulars to be flown to a N.A.A.F.I. establishment in the area concerned where the appropriate parcel will be assembled, packed and posted to the addressee. Delivery to the addressee will be effected through the Army Post Office in Korea and Japan, and the civilian postal authorities in Malaya.

The sender has the choice of some forty different parcels, ranging in price from 5s. to 30s. each, with contents selected to suit either cigarette smokers or pipe smokers. Everyday necessities, such as soap or razor blades, are not included in the parcels which contain the little extras popular with Servicemen. Details of the sender are also included.

EXAMPLES

Korea/Japan. 5s. parcel

4 ozs. tobacco (popular brand) and 1 pkt. pipe cleaners.

Korea/Japan. 20s. parcel.

250 cigarettes (popular brand), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. toffees, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almond cracknel, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butterscotch and six 2-oz. bars chocolate.

The examples quoted are particularly favourable due to the fact that no local duty is payable on cigarettes and tobacco in Korea and Japan. Parcels in Malaya compare rather less favourably as not only is local duty payable on all cigarettes and tobacco, but also civilian postal charges in Malaya, unlike the free Army postal service in Korea and Japan, must be taken into account in composing the parcel contents.

All those wishing to send parcels who are not authorised to visit N.A.A.F.I. canteens or shops should write to "FORCES" PARCEL SERVICE, O.C.S., N.A.A.F.I., ESHER, SURREY, from which full particulars of the prices and contents of the range of parcels, and order forms, can be obtained.

It is emphasised that this scheme will operate only for British Servicemen actually stationed ashore in the three areas—Malaya (excluding Singapore), Korea and Japan.



SOUND RECORDING AND REPRODUCTION. A B.B.C. Engineering Training Manual by J. W. GODFREY and S. W. AMOS, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E. Published for *Wireless World* by Iliffe and Sons Ltd. Price: 30s. (postage 8d.).

This fulfils a genuine need for a comprehensive book on the techniques for sound recording. Primarily written for the use of B.B.C. Staff, it gives a good grounding in the fundamentals of the subject with particular reference to B.B.C. equipment in current use. The book is clearly printed and there are many illustrations—most of them first class.

The first five chapters deal with the principles of sound recording leading on to a detailed treatment of the various aspects of disc recording. The authors have admirably treated the subject matter and these chapters leave nothing to be desired. Chapter VI on magnetic recording is not so satisfying as the earlier chapters, the authors having limited it to merely a discussion of the principles of magnetic recording and reproduction. In the final chapter a good description is given of film recording and reproduction, but here again the treatment has been rather more general.

The book, however, would be a very good buy for anyone interested in high grade recording, particularly for any person leaving the Service to work in this field.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

JAN VAN RIEBEECK TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL

Assuming the role of the Royal Navy's "Festival Ship," H.M.S. *Actaeon* sailed to Capetown to occupy a berth adjacent to the Festival site for three weeks.

This was the Tercentenary of Jan Van Riebeeck's original landing which took place on 6th April, 1652. By way of interest Jan Ban Riebeeck was the Commander of the first Cape Dutch settlement to arrive in any force of numbers in order to inaugurate a replenishment base for ships of the Dutch East India Company. He remained in the Cape for ten years and did much in establishing the Cape Colony. Hence the Festival of Jan Van Riebeeck.

It occupied a portion of the reclaimed foreshore, sandwiched between the Docks and the Marine Drive and Esplanade just below the city and in easy access from the main thoroughfare of Adderley Street. Small green signposts spelt bilingually Fes.—Festival indicated the general direction where new wide roads and grass-sown roundabouts helped to keep the flow of traffic moving. From the ship we found it a considerable walk and a continued hazard of dodging large American cars.

The Main Exhibition Hall combined a temporary post office busily engaged in the sale of engraved Festival stamps, a mannequin display hall, besides education and arts covering a wide field from technical and vocational training to the ballet and the opera. S.A.B.C. maintained a "shop window" broadcasting studio. Here anyone could try their hand at microphone technique, under the rather critical gaze of friends and onlookers. A South African Ham Station using H.R.O. sets manned by one female and two male operators were also on the air, surrounded by an enviable collection of QSL cards.

Various other sections displayed the products of the Union, including the wine industry exhibit from Paarl. For a small fee you could obtain a printed form stating that you had visited the Jan Van Riebeeck Festival and sign a large book which would later be deposited in the archives of the City Hall. Outside were such items as farming equipment, diesel and marine engines and electrical gear. Commando brand, "a popular South African cigarette," had their own cigarette machine installed, a gleaming mass of precision machinery worked by three white overalled girl operators. The Forestry section gave people an idea of the trees and various flora indigenous to the Cape and the Union. John Cobb's streamlined Railton Special car had also been brought over and was on view in charge of his Chief Mechanic. Southern Rhodesia showed a model of the Victoria Falls in very realistic fashion with the white cataract

waters apparently in motion and it came in for much admiration.

The climax of the Festival was reached with the arrival of the stage coach, with outriders, from Pretoria when the official opening took place. Overhead flew past jets of the S.A.A.F., followed by aircraft of apparently older vintage, medium bombers and trainers, all keeping excellent formation, the letters J.V.R. being clearly identified in a tight formation flight against a blue sunny sky. A solitary helicopter hovered above.

Onboard ship again. A pretty full programme had been fully filled with guides for the Festival and ship-board guides. The ship was open to visitors practically every day. On the gangway two large blackboards had been improvised giving data about the ship in both English and Afrikaans. Ceremonial sunsets occurred regularly and entailed a guard and band, "Beating of the Retreat" alongside the ship. This was performed by a R.M. Band who were embarked before we sailed. Our ceremonial was of quite a high standard.

With that we say goodbye to the Festival of Jan Van Riebeeck and take on a much quieter tour of duty back in Simonstown.

M.S.O. SIMONSTOWN

Unlike you lucky seagoing Communicators we are unable to report exciting cruises or fantastic runs ashore.

Variety has, however, materialised with the arrival of three new rag tearers. Recently, this trio, Pole, Thornton and Elms, attempted mass suicide when a high speed vehicle piloted by the former, containing the second named as navigator and the latter in an inert advisory capacity, described one or two



complete somersaults in the vicinity of Muizenberg.

Had this attempt been successful it would have given rise to a more dramatic article in this publication. Unfortunately, however, you are herewith deprived of this pleasure, since all concerned escaped from the wreck with the usual minor cuts and bruises (which lays us all open to further peril at the hands of these lunatics).

On re-considering it appears that a successful bid would have had more widespread repercussions. Disadvantages being—

1. Increased signal traffic reporting death, etc.
2. The need for providing gun-carriage crew, mourners and sympathy.
3. Necessity for going into two watches (we ain't got no b—— battleship staff 'ere).

It may be of interest to Communicators who vacationed here in the past to know that the days of a "good loaf" have entirely disappeared. R.N. and S.A.N. Communication orders have been combined and traffic has in consequence increased.

This article would not be complete without a reference to yet another member of the staff. A poltergeist is at large in the Teleprinter Room. Identity of this member is uncertain, opinions being divided between the possibility of it's being either the ghost of a former Chief Yeoman or that of one of the Wren Cypher Queens. Habits of this phenomena are the removal of clocks, ditching of signals and phantom telephone calls.

Observing caution in this matter, we have placed the tea money secure under lock and key in the C.B. chest.

CAPE TOWN EAST W/T STATION

Out here at Cape Town East we have been enjoying a real Indian Summer. In fact, we are beginning to wonder if we shall have any winter before next summer.

However, it was most convenient for the C.-in-C.'s inspection. By special request a garden was organised for this auspicious occasion. Strong fences were erected against the cattle and an electrified strand run around the top. With true bovine perversity the cattle have remained well away in the bush. The C.-in-C. remarked that he was pleased with all he saw. Another obstacle surmounted!

At the time of writing we have but one gaunt sow which we hope to fatten and kill. Somebody must have given the beast the tip, despite our efforts she looks like a half-bred Dartmoor pony.

The P.O.S.M. successfully disposed of all the ducks and very tasty they were! He promises to have some more ready by Christmas. Regret we are unable to supply customers in the U.K.

Spot, the terrier, has been taken away by Mr. Kirsten; R.E. Hunt felt that it was better to find a home for her before he was drafted back to England. He remarked with complete truth that nobody on the

Station much liked her. Only Paddy, who is doomed to unwanted celibacy, seems to miss her.

A highlight of the past month was the visit of Mr. Charles Napier, ex-Chief E.A., who was down from Durban for leave. He was able to reminisce with the P.O.Tel., Mr. Gradie and R.E. Hunt. The P.O.Tel. in particular was glad to see him as he was able to verify several points which had hitherto been dismissed scornfully as "yet another of the P.O.Tel.'s stories."

CAPE SOUTH W/T STATION

Farmyard activities have now ceased, since the demise of the last of the grunterns. As *Mercury's* piggery appears to be flourishing, maybe they could issue a few hints on pig-keeping—Cape East and Cape South do not seem very successful in this line!

Lest readers assume that the South Atlantic Radio Stations have nothing to do but look after pigs, let us point out that we also do radio work occasionally.

Local power cuts have been causing some anxious moments, but these difficulties we overcame after much panic and crossing of fingers.

The painting of two of our masts has recently been accomplished by the Dockyard Works Department, giving the Dockyard mates a fine view of the Peninsula as they slapped their paint around over fifteen hundred feet above the sea. There were no volunteers for this job from the Station staff!

H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

GCQP calling all Communicators everywhere with the news and views of our latest "do's" and our forthcoming cruise. After a prolonged stay alongside at Snoeky, on 16th April we tentatively passed the Bullnose and headed for Saldanha Bay, with much wailing and gnashing of teeth from the "natives." During our three weeks working up period, from Saldanha and St. Helena Bays, two events of note took place, an expedition up the Berg River and Exercise "Desperate Dan." From a communication point of view the expedition merely involved keeping contact between the convoy of cutters using Type 615's, the F.C.O. ably taking charge of the serious side whilst the C.C.O., equally ably, took charge of the "comic singers." In "Desperate Dan," however, communications really came into their own. All available portables (46's) were landed, an H.Q. under C.P.O.Tel. Hucker was established ashore using Type 612, whilst onboard the remainder of the staff (in one watch!) took care of the "Broadcast BE"—keying 2 Type 57's, a Type 59 and Type 89Q—fixed service with S.T.C. Klaver, F.O.B., and shore link. Of the many amusing incidents, too numerous to mention, one in particular we believe stands out. In reply to a plaintive cry for food from a certain Ldg.Tel. ashore . . . Quote Your . . . Someone

swiped soup. Rats ravaged rolls. Maggots munched meat. Cockroaches caused catacombs in cake. Anyone ashore who has not taken his mug is one. Unquote.

And now to the lighter side of life, namely sport. The "Comms." are well represented in the Fleet team with Ldg.Tels. Marshall and Nash and Tel. Booth. Marshall and Booth played for the R.N. v. S.A. Army as a preliminary to the Newcastle United v. Western Province game. Marshall gave a great performance, scoring 2 goals out of the 3-0 win for the R.N.

SLANGKOP W/T STATION

At the time of writing, Slangkop is a somewhat over-populated place, for many of our old hands who have been relieved are still with us, due to the current scarcity of homeward passages. The scheduled 2 to 2½ year commission is developing into something nearer to 2½ years for a few. Most of these veterans, being single men, are bemoaning their fate. They are frequently heard to express the hope that they will arrive home in time to take their "overseas fatigue furlough" (note we are well ahead in the process of Americanisation) before the English summer dies.

Since our last contribution, Tels. Sampson and Readings have taken the plunge into matrimony. "The Dook" Readings' wedding took place at Paarl, about 50 miles from Slangkop. This necessitated mobilising all available vehicles, the majority of these being owned by R.A. members. It was indeed a fine sight to see the waggon roll on that fair Saturday afternoon, trekking northwards to Paarl. We regret to relate that the sight could not have been so fine on the return journey, for two of the drivers were involved in accidents.

KLAVER

The joint training of R.N. and S.A.N. Communication ratings is proceeding harmoniously and successfully at this establishment and no major problems have been encountered.

Minor normal "teething" troubles have been overcome and life up here in the clouds has been made more comfortable now that the N.A.A.F.I. have opened a canteen for us, a change of company is provided for by the fact that the canteen is also for the use of the Cape South W/T personnel.

Something quite out of the ordinary is provided for the Officer-in-Charge on alternate months, the regulations in the Union Defence Force (of which the S.A.N. is part) lay down that the two official languages of South Africa are to be used during alternate months for all correspondence, signals, etc., thus, any correspondence relating to S.A.N. personnel during an Afrikaans month is naturally in that language. Imagine the look of surprise on his face when, on going through his correspondence, he finds one or two envelopes addressed:

Die Bevelvoerende Offisier,
Seinopleidingsinrigting,
Klawerkamp,
Simonstad,
Kaap.

However, with the Signal Boatswain, S.A.N. acting as translator, nothing has been received which we were unable to deal with.

At the moment we have under way two S.A.N. classes, a Tels. "Q" and a Sigs. "Q," these ratings are from all branches of the Service as the S.A.N. do not have the equivalent to our Communication Boys Training, consequently all these ratings have already gained sea experience before volunteering for V/S or W/T courses.

We have been held up a bit as regards flag hoisting training and exercise due to the fact that one of our two masts, being rotten, has been condemned by the dockyard surveyors. Another is being produced and should be erected shortly. Unfortunately the remaining mast is not in V/S touch with Simonstown harbour, so we are unable to take part in any of the Fleet exercises that are held there.



Now I've seen Everything !!

INGENUITY

During the exercises with the Home Fleet on board H.M.S.A.S. *Bloemfontein*.

Transmitter Marconi Type T.M.11 burnt out the Tuning meter; no spares were available, but the transmitter was kept in operation. The burnt-out meter was removed and a pair of twisted lamp cords were soldered to a holder. A receiver Pilot Lamp was then inserted, the ends of the lamp cord connected together and wound into a small coil. This make-shift visual indicator was then loosely coupled to the transmitter tank circuit. When tuning to any frequency the lamp was watched until it was tuned from full brilliancy to a red speck on the filament or until the light went out altogether. This coincided with the dip that would have been obtained on the tuning meter and was very effective.

- COMPETITION -

- ONE GUINEA MUST BE WON! -

A prize of one guinea will be awarded to the sender of the most original cartoon, sketch or unique photograph published in the Christmas number of THE COMMUNICATOR.

- CONDITIONS:—**
1. The contributor **must** be a Communicator or ex-Communicator.
 2. Closing date **NOVEMBER 10th**, but the sooner the better.
 3. The decision of the Editorial Staff is final.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL SCHOOL, HOLBROOK, SUFFOLK

Attention is drawn to the very great benefits offered, to the sons of seafaring men, by the above School which is maintained by Greenwich Hospital, the great naval charity founded by William and Mary in 1694. This fine School has been in existence since 1715; in 1933 it was transferred from its historic, but cramped quarters at Greenwich to magnificent new buildings at Holbrook on the north bank of the River Stour, some six miles from Ipswich.

The School has a strong naval tradition; boys are given every help and encouragement to join the naval Service and many do so. There is, however, no compulsion on any boy to enter the Royal Navy, although the education is designed to meet the requirements of entry into its various Branches, including the Royal Naval College. The School also prepares boys for the School Certificate Examination and entry to the universities or professions. Parents are quite free to decide the career which their sons shall enter.

Admission is restricted to the sons of officers and men who are serving, or who have served, in the Royal Navy or Royal Marines or, subject to certain special conditions, in the Mercantile Marine and Life-boat Service. Priority is given to those whose

fathers have been killed or died on service, but others are by no means excluded. There are at present about 650 boys in the School.

Boys are normally admitted after an educational and medical examination between the ages of 11 and 12 and the leaving age is normally between 15 and 16, but outstanding boys may be specially retained beyond 16.

No fees are charged; the boys are maintained and clothed while boarded at the School at the expense of Greenwich Hospital.

The curriculum includes English, Mathematics, Science, History, Geography, French, Art, Woodwork, Metalwork, Seamanship, Physical Training and Swimming.

There are excellent playing fields and there is also boating upon the Stour. There are many School societies, and regular lectures, films and other types of entertainment.

Further particulars and forms of application for admission may be obtained from The Director of Greenwich Hospital, 14, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

DE GYE	YOU ARE OFF THE AIR.
DE GZH	OH NO WE'RE NOT.
DE GYE	OH YES YOU ARE . . .



ADVANCEMENT NOTES

Two events of outstanding importance have occurred since our last issue—the introduction of the Provisional Advancement Scheme and the extension to the Communications Branch of the Youth and Adult entries, both of whom sign engagements for twelve years continuous service.

The Provisional Advancement Scheme (A.F.O. 1100/52) fills a long-felt want.

In the past it was necessary for every man to undergo a course ashore in order to qualify for advancement to the Leading or Petty Officer Rates. In consequence, many ratings were held up in their advancements because drafting difficulties made it impossible to give them their course at the proper time. This was particularly so in the case of the Petty Officer rates courses, which are only held in H.M.S. *Mercury*.

Now, any man who is due for a course for which he cannot be made available, is given the opportunity to take the provisional examination which enables him to establish his position on the advancement roster and obtain his advancement in strict accordance with his basic rate.

The first Provisional Examinations have already been held, and it is interesting to note that over 50 per cent. are failing.

It is thus easy to see that the advice given in our previous issues to make the best use of the time available before being called in for a course has, in a large number of cases, fallen on stony ground.

Don't forget you are only permitted *one* attempt at the provisional examination and, as this may come when least expected, it is imperative to get up-to-date *now* if you are to be reasonably sure of success.

If you fail you will have to wait until you can be drafted to a course, and although your basic date will

remain unaltered, it may well happen that you will lose a not inconsiderable amount of seniority.

The examination is modified to take into account a candidate's past and present employment and does not include signal books or equipment of which he has been unable to gain experience or to which he has had no access and Morse typing is not a requirement, so everyone has a fair "crack of the whip."

Youth and Adult Entries

The first of these types of entry have now joined and commenced their training.

A percentage of the Youth Entry are allocated to the Telegraphist branch and after completing 9 weeks Part 1 training at Victoria Barracks they undergo 34 weeks Part 2 training in H.M.S. *Mercury*. A percentage of the Adult Entries are allocated to the Signal Branch and after their Part 1 training at Victoria Barracks undergo twenty-four weeks Part 2 training in the Home Fleet Training Squadron, followed by two weeks special subjects at H.M.S. *Mercury*.

With their arrival the rules for advancement to the Able Rating have been modified so that all new entries (including N.S.) can now gain up to two months added seniority on the results of their "passing out" examinations (A.F.O. 1390/52).

Re-Engagements

A recent survey shows an encouraging increase in the number of ratings re-engaging to complete time for pension, the figures having gone up from approximately 18 to 25 per cent.

It appears that we are beginning to settle down after the uneasy period following the war and that the increase in pensions have made re-engagement more worth while.

DRAFTIE HEAR OUR PLEA

The S.C.O.'s a job to please
When he is searching out the keys,
Security we all must note,
Is largely vested in this bloke.

Our C.C.O. a bunting once
Would now abhor the title "Bunts."
He's busy now on fresh skylarks
Chasing up the title "Sparks."

The Chief Tel. complete with beard
Finds modern office rather weird.
And C.Y.S. is trying hard
To swot his flags from Signal Card.

Our P.O.Tels. are all quite dumb,
Our Yeomen always filled with rum.
To shoulder our eternal strain
'Tis more O.D.'s we seek in vain.

O.Sig./Tel. "SPLOGGIT,"
H.M.S. *Birmingham*.

THE CADETS TRAINING DIVISION

This is the second time we have contributed to THE COMMUNICATOR, but regrettably our first effort missed the March closing date by a couple of days. We should not have posted it from the Virgin Islands!

Our title may be new to most of you and not a good example of a Type Organisation—one County class cruiser, *Devonshire*, and one Bay class frigate, *Enard Bay*, but we have not much force with our single 8 in. turret which does not even train. Life was rather dull for "King William's" communicators before his young brother Roger joined him after Christmas for the Spring cruise. But now we lead far from a Flagless and Too Backward Signalling life.

Our cruise to the West Indies every Spring is considered by the old boys to be the year's best and 1952 was no exception. In particular the West Indies is always a most interesting station for Sparkers, where so little is promulgated about the various wireless watches kept by the different islands. But after a visit to their stations, or over a rum and coke with their O.T.C.s, a friendliness and helpfulness is established which instantly leads to the discovery of interesting methods of routing messages to colonial authorities in the various islands without having to fall back on cables.

Unexpected things happen too: whilst entering Port of Spain, Trinidad, the division's TBS operators had unexpected "music while they worked" in the form of Calypsos by Lord Kitchener! The inhabitants of Trinidad were similarly having their breakfast wireless programmes interrupted by King William and Roger Love. A request from the Rediffusion Station to shift off 72.1 mc/s soon ended this entertainment.

We had two staff outings whilst at Trinidad; one to the Cable and Wireless Office and later three of us were taken out to the Government's Coast Station. One member of our party was so struck by the serenity and aspect of the latter, that we quite expect to hear, when he completes his time, of his application to relieve the present senior operator—a reverend old gentleman of seventy-odd years.

Barbados gave the Daymen Buntings a break in the evenings—one in particular was always a keen volunteer to man the shore signal station in the Harbour Master's office—a bottle's throw from the "Harbour Bar."

From Barbados we steamed north to the Virgin Islands, anchoring *en route* off English Harbour, Antigua, for a day to enable our "chippies" to be landed to repair the three old capstans in the nineteenth century dockyard, which was the first stage in "The Friends of English Harbour's" drive to preserve and restore this historical dockyard. A Type 46, precariously carried up *ye olde laddere* on to the roof of the old officers' married quarters proved a most valuable link between the working

party and *Devonshire* (anchored over the headland).

A short stay in Grenada followed (no riots this year) and then north to Bermuda. By the time we came to leave Bermuda, the Signal Officers' rounds revealed all available drawers in our offices had been converted into "rabbit" hutches.

Throughout our stay in the West Indies, whenever we were not otherwise engaged, we joined in on *Sheffield's* two daily periods with the "chicks," which gave Ldg.Tel. Tresadern a chance to prove the capabilities of his 89. He did too—"Voice communication at 900 miles." Q.E.D.!

Now we are in Norwegian waters and referring constantly to A.C.P.177. But you will not find anything in there about the set up we found prepared for us in Trondheim this week, which we had the honour of christening for our oppos. ashore—namely, an efficient harbour intercom circuit incorporating a radio telephone link to the Trondheim Exchange using duplex on 1615 and 2410 kc/s.

Finally, through the kindness of the Editor, we would like to take this opportunity of promulgating our password for you to insert as a pencilled correction to your BJCP 1s: "ZEU 1—The following is for exercising cadet signalmen." It does not always stand for "Zeverso easily understood," so please be patient with us if we give you the password on our cruises.

NEW DEFINITIONS FROM THE CADET TRAINING CRUISER

- A.T.P.1 Admiralty Track Plan 1—a convoy pattern as looked on in plan view.
- Admiralty Type Pattern 1—the smallest signalling lantern there is. Very rarely used.
- After Transmitting Position 1.
- Admiralty Type Projector 1.
- Action Target Position 1.
- U.T.R. Underwater Television Radar.
- Under Temporary Repair.
- Ultimate Transmitting Range of HF Frequencies.
- CTG 47.4 Group count (47 blocks of 5 letters or numerals and 4 letters or numerals).
- Code Date Time Group.
- Corrected Time Group for April 1947.
- Anaprop Type of propeller.

PARTNERSHIP!

Two Signalmen were on the Q.D. for "Slack Hammocks."

O.O.D. (to 1st Sig.): "And what excuse have you for not turning out?"

Sig.: "Well, sir, I was dreaming that I was reading a 'biffer' and did not want to wake up in case I missed some of it."

O.O.D. (to 2nd Sig.): "And what's your excuse?"

Sig.: "Well, sir, I was writing down for him!"

HOME FLEET NOTES

H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

Immediately after the Easter leave period, on 12th May, the Flag of C.-in-C. Home Fleet was transferred from *Indomitable* to *Vanguard*, an occasion which involved many ant-like processions of ratings from every department between the two ships. The Supply and Secretariat made use of wooden boxes, referred to in Daily Orders as "Coffins" which rather unsettled the ship's staff, but we have so far survived and settled down to this high tempo of C.-in-C. H.F. and Cinccastlant.

While still sorting out and stowing away the Staff equipment, we sailed on 19th May to Portland where we were joined by a large majority of the Home Fleet and the battle commenced. Thank heavens for T.P., its usefulness being apparent when a defect developed and we gave Portishead ZB030 on ship shore, with more pouring in. It was from midnight until the forenoon that we struck our most awkward spell, when 6 mcs was too high with Portishead and the L.F. component had closed down; we then startled Portsmouth, for which we apologise, by clearing all we could via Port Wave.

The month went quickly by, and the number of ships in company began to dwindle as they moved to their respective ports for operation "Castanets." It was with a sigh of relief that we closed down on the Local Command Broadcast and Local Command Ship Shore and sailed as a normal private ship for Rosyth, with quite successful exercises *en route* with Coastal Command and the U.S. Air Force. Our operation in "Castanets" was very small and it leaves us at present in Rosyth where the Flag Staff was landed to man the Station at Petrevie for ten days. On re-embarking the Staff we sail for Rotterdam, arriving on 28th June, where a very elaborate programme appears to be waiting for us, which we will pass on in the next number of THE COMMUNICATOR.

The star performance of a ship's company concert on the quarterdeck a fortnight ago was the Communication Dance Band. Though we had to recruit

a Ldg. Seaman to augment the string section, it was a great success. The Bass Fiddle, i.e. a bent pole and a length of string half-submerged in a tea chest, Ditty Box/Tickler tin drums and sand in an empty tin blended wonderfully to give a first-class Rhumba or Tango.

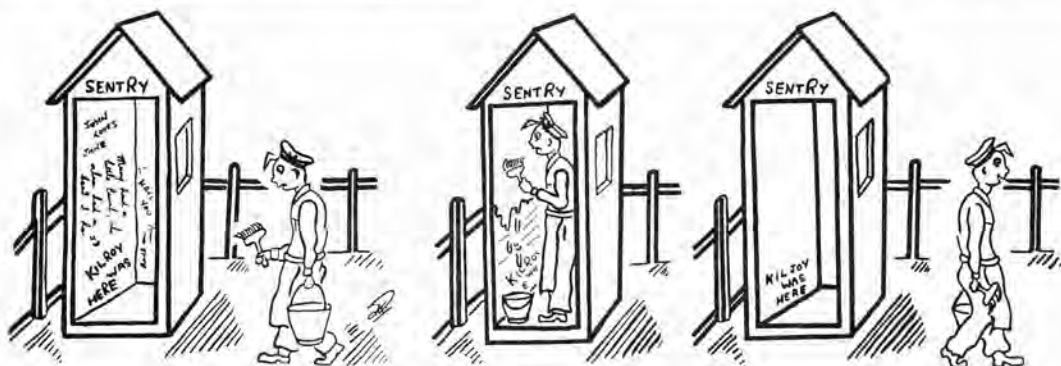
The intercomm. between the Offices is highly sensitive. One rating shouting into it was told to talk farther away. He still continued shouting. "Talk farther away!" We then managed to get the gist of the distorted row and again instructed him to talk much farther away in future. A couple of minutes elapsed and a voice from the corner of the office was heard quite clearly to say, "Why didn't the silly old D— take his ear farther away." Finding out the hard way.

So until the Christmas number we wish you pleasant visiting during the Summer months, but if you are coming with us, bring your bearskin rug—and your five favourite records.

H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

At least on this occasion of subscribing to our Magazine on a new commission, we can beg your indulgence as sprogs at the game.

Our first day in commission was quite an experience. It started by the S.C.O. rescuing us from a drafting muddle in R.N.B. Portsmouth, to rush us to the ship of "Morning Colours." First claim to fame—colour party driving up in the S.C.O.'s car. The second must surely be our very unique colour party itself. C.P.O. Tel. (Tackline) Hayward—Jack. Mr. Denny C.C.O. Preparative. Y.S. ('Arry) Hawkes with able henchman P.O.Tel. (Shorter Tackline) Trew—Commission pendant. And finally, the C.Y.S. F. (Ben) Johnson himself—Ensign. Sippers to him that can claim a more unusual one. And so the muddled day wore on. Scrounge more white art, where are the short pinks, why wasn't Lt. Cdr. Nonsuch on the Dist.—Oh! the agony. But at last the day came to a merciful end. Here we must offer



grateful thanks to *Liverpool*, *Vanguard*, *Implacable* and *Vengeance* for their assistance in making generous contributions of ensigns and stationery (our own hadn't arrived) without which commissioning day would have been even more devastating.

Since then things have run as smoothly as dockyard maties would allow, but as we have not passed the acid test with the fleet, we cannot yet lay claim to be efficient.

Nevertheless, we hope to hold our heads high when the time comes in the very near future.

We offer congrats to P.O.Tel. Mulloy on his recent wedding and hope that this commission brings no more frightening experience than the late arrival of his taxi on the great day.

Having brought a few roving reporters with us from their snug hide-out in *Prince Arthur*, we offer these tit-bits from their files:

Was the S.C.O.'s face red when he sent the Chief G.I. a memo. *re* spelling of his name on daily orders, only to find Chief G.I. was not editor of same?

Who was the C.C.O. who blew up his cabin mate's wireless set?

Why did Y.S. Kuruber don collar, tie and jacket, when, sat in the mess, he was told he was "Wanted at the main gate"?

Who was the O.D. who said, "After this blooming ship, it will be a pleasure to meet Mr. (Sew Those Buttons On) Argent and Chief (You'll be duty to-night) Smith?"

H.M.S. "EAGLE"— FIELD DAY

One day in April, 1952, bathing trunks, bag meals, cameras, portables and bodies being all correct, the massed hordes of eager *Eagle* sparkers piled into the lorry in Guzz dockyard and were off in no time on an expedition to exercise the use of our portable wireless equipment. Behind the lorry came Lt. Cdr. Jackson and the H.Q. staff in the Standard Vanguard which is so much a part of the Comms. dept. that it appears on the list of cleaning stations even.

With us we had six army 46 sets and a 612 ET, plus tons of ambition. Our first job was to contact the ship at 1100 and from then on six parties would go away to different parts of the countryside, acting on sealed orders, and then contact H.Q. The previously decided H.Q. position was the small village of Crafthole, about five miles from Torpoint on the Cornish side of the water, definitely enemy territory.

We arrived at 1030 approx. and selected a site for the 612 ET and, having overcome the hostile stares of the villagers, we started to set it up. This feat was accomplished in six minutes flat—from the time of unloading until getting QRK 5 from the ship—which included negotiating with a local housewife for the loan of one in number clothes prop from which to sling our aerial.

The six parties were then each given a 46 set and a map of the area, and a sealed envelope containing

such instructions as "Proceed to lettered position A7 F12 and report name of public house and state of beer." The positions and questions having been worked out expertly by the Chief Tel. during the preceding week. O.K. then; the envelopes were opened and off went the parties on their various routes, each party consisting of one Tel., one "donkey" and two more just in case.

The day was really hot and as it would be an hour or so before any reports started coming through, the H.Q. staff departed on a tour of inspection of the immediate surroundings—leaving one Ldg.Tel. behind to scare away the kids and to keep our 612 in one piece.

The tour produced a beach complete with sea and cliffs, the latter we tried to scale, but abandoned the attempt after a miniature landslide. The climb had left us exhausted and so we retired to a nearby hotel to rest. Unfortunately the only room available was the lounge, and we couldn't sit there without showing our appreciation by purchasing some small item . . . enough said.

By 12 noon we were back at H.Q. and the first weak and strained calls started coming through, and, as quoted, "Some fell by the wayside and others on stony ground . . ." However, all but one eventually came in loud and clear and having transmitted "Return to base" we, the H.Q. staff, adjourned to dinner at the local. One hand staying behind to listen out in case of distress. We got back on the job again at about 1400, hoping perhaps that our "black sheep" had got through, but alas the story was still "Nothing heard." Results on the whole were very satisfactory though, and even the ship could hear the 46 sets about five miles distant over rough hilly country.

Shortly after 1415 the parties started rolling back into view, hot, dusty, but undaunted, and we finally got a signal from the "black sheep"—just as his party turned the corner 100 yards away. We gave him loud and clear just to show there was no hard feelings and then packed all the gear up.

To round off the day and to cool everyone down the whole lot of us then made our way down to the beach for a dip. One who shall remain nameless lost his pants whilst trying to jump a big wave and provided the highlight of the day. No harm was done, however, and anyway salt water is supposed to be good for the complexion. We hope he enjoys himself on his foreign commish shortly. Cheers, Taff.

We hope to organise another Field Day in the Summer next year and maybe results will be so good by then that we will raise our "black sheep" not at the miserable distance of 100 yards, but, say, 200?

INSHORE FLOTILLA MINESWEEPERS

Until we joined the Inshore Flotilla the word "Bandeau" was one that conjured up exotic South Sea nights, soft inviting eyes and mad midnight

bathes. By the time that an exhausting "Bandeau I" had been succeeded by "Bandeau II," "III," "IV" and so on, this once glamorous word was merely synonymous with sheer hard work.

"M.S.4" had run the allied minesweeping "Bandeau I" off Harwich, but "Bandeau II," off Rosyth, was run by the rival concern, the 5th Minesweeping and Fishery Protection Squadron ("Of course, poor chaps, they don't know anything about minesweeping"). Although our coastal minesweepers took part, the oceans cold-shouldered it and instead went off to Londonderry to play at being frigates. At the end of three weeks with the Londonderry Squadron we could do our "Homing Charlies" with our feet up and had converted what the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors had intended to be a simple little wheelhouse into an Operations Room worthy of the *Relentless*. As four voice waves were being manned from the wheelhouse there was rather a tendency for the quartermaster to put his wheel hard over every time port or starboard was mentioned on one of the loudspeakers. However, there's one thing about convoy screens—ships are usually a good way from each other.

March found us back minesweeping again, this time at Flushing for "Bandeau III." Our three squadrons together with Dutch minesweepers and British F.P.B.'s and S.D.B.'s were defending the Scheldt against E-boat and minelaying attacks. Minesweeping by day and escorting convoys at night was hard work but interesting.

After the leave period we joined up with French and Dutch minesweeping squadrons at Cherbourg for "Bandeau IV," where we swept a field off the "D-Day" beaches.

As always, voice communication with small French ships was very difficult and most messages had to be spelt out letter by letter. All the exercise orders and most of the signals were in French and there was a certain amount of head scratching when ships were told to "Veillez sur l'onde de patrouille," or "Enoyez les messages par graphie."

Meanwhile the 232nd M.S. was taking part in a coast defence exercise off Holland. It was during this exercise that a Dutch Thunderjet crashed on to M.L. 2582. There was only one survivor.

At the moment we are in the middle of Exercise "Castanets," an eight-day test of the Home and Channel Command. For the first time this year Belgian Algerines and M.M.S.'s have joined in. All the N.A.T.O. minesweepers are split up into over a dozen squadrons of mixed nationalities and spread around the coasts of Holland, Belgium, Northern France and U.K.

A week's work-up preceded the exercise and for this the minesweepers were divided between Plymouth and Harwich, where M.S.4 was in general charge. An intensive programme of harbour communication exercises for ratings and manoeuvring boards for Commanding Officers was necessary. We found that it was very much worthwhile to put experienced

British V/S and W/T ratings in the ship of the S.O. of each mixed squadron to help run the exercises and sort out the numerous queries of the thirty-five odd ships.

Manoeuvring by wireless had been banned during recent exercises, and so we have been able to nail the old lie that you can't minesweep without using Voice. Any comments from the 2nd or 6th M.S.?

Chief Telegraphist Laing was demobbed on completion of his eighteen months R.F.R. time in February and was succeeded as Flotilla Chief Tel. by H.A. Bostrum who came from R.N.A.S., Culham. C.Y.S. Hunter will also be leaving *Bramble* shortly for a foreign draft, and will be greatly missed by all.

FOOTBALL POOLS

In response to the Editorial of Christmas 1951 edition, a recommendation of a system which may assist readers with their football pools has been received from Lascaris. (They have used it with success when entering "Lotto" numbers.) It is to employ the "Fruit Machine" (modified) care being taken to use the settings for the appropriate match date.



"What do I do now, Chief?"

IN THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

Im Mujin was a man of simple needs, for such is every man in Korea. He was also a "South" Korean. At least, that is what the foreigners had called him. Before they came he had been just an ordinary man who made his living from the soil. Now he didn't quite know what he was.

Most of his life had been spent in and around the paddy fields that had been his family's for generations. In a quiet little village he had grown to manhood. But now those comfortable days were memories of the past. Because he was no longer young and not much use as a soldier, the Captains of war had left him alone. In his fiery youth he had often wished to be a soldier and have the thrill of dangerous living and with it the thought of meeting one's ancestors covered in battle-glory. But now the fire had gone out of his soul. He had looked for comfort in his waning years, but it now seemed he would look in vain. This war that had fallen about the people's ears, unsought and unwanted, had brought nothing but misery and hunger. Whilst those that bore arms for the cause never went hungry, those that did not managed the best they could. It was for this reason then that Mujin had forsaken the land and become a fisherman. Not so much from choice, however, but from sheer necessity.

Every afternoon the fleet of boats would leave the mountainous shores and head out to sea in time to reach the fishing sanctuary before dusk. Then with only the light of flickering lanterns to guide them, the men would spread their nets and dream of the fabulous catch that would soon be theirs. After they had slipped the nets, most of the fishermen curled up in their quilted blankets and slept until the coming of the dawn. But a few, like Mujin, had seen the passing of many summers and had need of little sleep.

Down on the bottom of his boat the little Korean was able to avoid much of the keen wind that swept overhead, scattering snow in its wake. He pulled the blanket more close to his body, for the cold was searing deep into his bones, and waited for the new day.

As the hours drifted by his thoughts wandered back to happier days. He thought of the time when, as a very small boy, he had driven home the newly acquired ox. How proud and important he had felt that day, especially when the other children had joined in the fun too. This had been the first sign of his family's wealth. How strange it was, he mused, that one recalled these small pleasures so easily, yet forgot those not so pleasant.

His mind dwelt on Chunghwa. She had been a good wife to him and many had envied his choice. After the marriage ceremony they had both knelt before "Tso Wang," the Kitchen God, and asked that they should be blessed with a bounty of sons. The God had answered their prayers and had brought

five strong, lusty sons to the household. There had also been a daughter, but he preferred to forget that. When she was ten years of age he had disposed of her to a "House of Little Flowers" in a neighbouring town and had been rewarded accordingly.

So the years had quickly passed. His sons had grown up around him, and they in turn had married and brought the fruits of their marriages under his roof. With their help he had managed to improve his land until it was the most fruitful in the valley. Over the years there had grown a great respect for him in the village. So much so, that when the young men came home from fighting in the armies of the Nipponese Emperor, they found that he, Mujin, had become headman in the village council. With this thought the old man's eyes glistened with pride. The day he had seated himself crosslegged before the gathering of elders, he had felt himself the most important man in the world. But this scene of eternal morning calm had not lasted for long.

By now the thoughts of the man had come nearer the present. Raising himself on one elbow he looked around for the assurance of lights, but there were none to be seen. Instead there was a white blanket of fog. At first he was not greatly alarmed as he had experienced this sort of thing before, but when it was still there some hours later he became troubled.

Great was his relief then when he perceived the filmy mass to be lifting at last. As it rose, however, it let in a rather peculiar sound which he did not understand. It was a kind of vague roaring mixed with a swish of broken water. Even as he pondered what it could portend he saw a grey shapeless mass rushing towards him. With eyes that goggled with horror, and knees that became the consistency of water, he awaited the worst. Instinctively he grasped the side of the boat as the thing was upon him. Then in the half light of dawn, with his tiny cockleshell almost awash, he saw the side of a mighty ship pass but a few feet away. Almost paralysed with fright he noticed on its side the strange characters *Glory*, then it was gone!

In its place were left the rapidly paling heavens which announced the arrival of the new day. The dark clouds of night rolled away and left in undisputed possession a flaming sun. This was the new day. The past was dead, and to-morrow yet to come.

K. P. W.,
H.M.S. *Glory*.

SIGNAL BRANCH TIE

The Signal Branch tie which may be worn by Officers who have qualified as (C) or (Ce) and by Branch Officers of the Communications Branch can be ordered through the Assistant Secretary, H.M.S. *Mercury*.

The tie costs 9s. 9d. post free, and money should accompany the order.

MEDITERRANEAN

MALTA M.S.O.

From the Hornet's Nest of Beehive (TWO) we blink in the strong Mediterranean sunlight on emerging—victoriously—from our cave to recall the activities of the past few months in Malta M.S.O.

Tropical rig is now the vogue and some very startling disclosures have come to light as a result of its introduction.

Among our staff we have the wizened features of several R.F.R.'s who are now acutely aware of the sinister implication of the term "retainers" and are earning it with good grace—and good measure!

Our round of pleasure has been punctuated by the usual succession of exercises and the inevitable three-watch organisation which accompanies them. Communicators from ships in harbour have generously assisted us upon these occasions and our watchkeeping staff has assumed astronomical proportions. One of the first of these exercises began earlier in the year and was preceded by our evacuation to the "Tunnel" while the M.S.O. began its modernisation programme.

So, at the time of year when most of nature in England was forcing itself above ground, we of the Lascaris Legionnaires were confined to a mole-like existence in the labyrinths of the underground H.Q. system; condemned to grope our way among rock fissures and fossilised remains of dinosaurs and pterodactyls. It speaks well of our stamina—and increased L.O.A.—that we have been able to withstand the rigours of this existence without succumbing to anything more serious than the milder complaints of rock blindness, bends, claustrophobia, silicosis and granite jaw.

At one time *St. Angelo* were unnerved by rumours that *Lascaris* had designs upon the coveted Hamilton Cup which was then held by *St. Angelo*. However, despite subtle watch changes, a sprained wrist, broken ankle, strained abdominal muscles and frayed nerves (Ldg.Tel. Bunch, Yeo, Crowe, Ldg.Tel. McGinn and F.C.A. respectively), *St. Angelo* was relieved to find that the said rumours were ill-founded. *St. Angelo* were soon to be relieved again—of the cup—by that very deserving crew from *Tyne*—well done *Tyne*!

Wedding Bells (a bold venture?) have clanged forth their ominous warning and have dispatched Ldg. Wren Palmer into melodious matrimony, while poised resolutely on the matrimonial brink await P.O. Wren Thompson, Ldg. Wren Wright and Wrens Blisset and Davies—and the Best of Luck!

History is constantly in the making here and we can assure organisation instructors that manoeuvring signals CAN be made on a Station B'cast (we should know!). By this, please don't think that our fertile minds have devised a cunning scheme to rotate Valletta at speed (imagine the chaos in Dick's Bar!).

It is simply a method by which senior officers may ensure that all their flock will come home if he is uncertain whether all can hear his plaintive call (the signal is, of course, passed in on ship/shore).

While on the "Can you beat it?" theme, have you heard of the ship who, upon being assured that watch was being kept upon a particular wave, replied, "I have been calling you on . . . for three days!" (We bet he was hoarse!)

We have received recently a signal from *Forth* which announced to an incredulous world the fact that she had just surfaced—which could, of course, account for her watery note!

It sometimes happens that our staff is called upon to supplement communications at sea. These occasions arise when C-in-C. becomes seaborne, when liaison is required with other N.A.T.O. countries, and when small ships and R.F.A.'s require Communicators. At such times our versatile and sorely strained staff sally forth to battle with the arrows of grievous misfortune, albeit that a number volunteer—induced by the thoughts of sumptuous eats and a leisurely negat routine existence (this latter is not applicable to flagships!).

Tel. Middleton recently volunteered to find the S.E. passage to the Suez in a small craft and recounts vivid stories of his banquets with the Captain with whom he was victualled throughout this perilous voyage. (The camel-hide handbag with which he returned was greatly appreciated by the Chief Tel.'s wife!)

Good Luck to you all, and for heaven's sake, Lofti Parfitt, don't forget to begin after six taps!

E. and O.E.

(From "Notes on W/T sets.")

(i) A reference to "Toof" aeriels.

At last! Concrete evidence to support the "Molar-Cular" theory.

(ii) Type 605 has facilities for "Fuel Power" presumably we turn up the wick?



"Now she's slapping his face!!"

SECOND FRIGATE SQUADRON

At the moment of writing we are in the throes of exercise "Beehive." It is a particularly opportune moment to be writing because both Crypto machines in *Mermaid* are producing an answer to ZEG 1 signals (which, of course, will not leave the Wireless Office) under the direction of the Action Crypto Team. This leaves time, but little space, for the rest of us to discuss what we should write about.

It was unanimously decided that we would break tradition and refrain from the normal rule of re-introducing ourselves, and thought for a change we might introduce some other Squadron. The 1st Destroyer Squadron was chosen. After a highly inflammable article was roughed out, someone remembered the affection with which the 1st D.S. regard volumes of paper and the number of comparatively superfluous Communicators borne in those mighty vessels, and it was placed on top of the waste-paper basket. Prudence is golden!

The conversation then lapsed thiswise:

Pause (long).

Boy Tel.: What about—

Chief: No.

(Boy Tel. looks suitably withered.)

Pause. (A wisp of blue smoke rises from a B.28 in front of Boy Tel.)

Boy Tel.: Er . . . Chief—

Chief: No.

Pause.

Tel. "X": What about the other night when—

Tel. "Y" (hastily): They wouldn't print that.

S.C.O.: Why? (Receives a look from Chief Tel.) Oh!

To Boy Tel.: For God's sake switch that B.28 off. P.O.Tel. "A": I would like to write an article about the bloke in charge of S.P.'s back home. He's a madman.

Chief: Look up the libel laws—we might get something out on that for the Christmas number.

Enter P.O.Tel. "B" (looking a trifle old-fashioned).

A — Stoker has just offered to wash my face . . .

As the conversation was brought to an abrupt end at this point by two receivers reproducing spurious morse and a howl "enemy report to go" from the plot voice pipe, we might as well end by explaining the last remark. It so happened, as happens to some of us from time to time that P.O.Tel. "B" was being too intimate with an 86 and became passionately attached. He managed to break away as the Chief was passing to switch off the A.C., and to the latter's surprise endowed him with a fair quantity of excess "L." It was later the same evening when going into the bathroom with both hands bandaged that the P.O.Tel. encountered this solicitous P.O.S.M. with soap to spare.

I think perhaps we are dulled by the extravagance of our cruises—our favourite ports of call being

Suez, Corfu and Dragomesti. This seems to have affected *Magpie*, *Dunvegan* and *Lomond* even more than *Mermaid*, for it seems they didn't even have a high level discussion on what to write about.

We would like to say farewell to *Surprise* who has now left the Second Frigate Squadron, though we hope to meet her again in various fields of sport, both outdoor and indoor. So to *Surprise* we say farewell and we . . .

Stand not, uttering sedately
Trite oblivious praise about her.
Rates say we saw her lately
In the centre of the screen.
Whisper not "There is a reason,
Why we never hoist her 'kippers,'" "
When sometimes on a festive season
She joined us for a day at sea,
Now she's gone 't would be a pity
To o'er praise her or to flout her,
She was full of life and wither
Let's not say dull things about her.

H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

With the Paying Off pennant onboard, much talk of Foreign Service Leave and speculation of the day, we shall be sighting Eddystone Lighthouse in early August, we herewith render this last of the present series from "GGGX."

By an odd coincidence our Christmas contribution was compiled just prior to our departure for Port Said to assume duties of Guardship. However, do not presume that, because this article is also being despatched from the same spot, that we have been sunbathing here ever since. This is in fact our second spell, and we met and relieved H.M.S. *Gambia*, our oggie oppo, here last week. This present term of isolation will continue until late June, after which we have high hopes of joining up with the Fleet to win the Regatta—well, we can have high hopes anyway—of winning we mean.

From a Communications point of view, life here is reasonably quiet. We are the only "Grey Funnel Liner" in evidence and most of our interest is centred around our own Communication Exercises and the rigours of intensive Regatta Training. The Ship's Company as a whole is fast becoming expert on "Flags and Funnels" and many a dispute is taken to the Flag Deck for final verdict and not infrequently a wager is won or lost in the presence of B.R.21. On such occasions it is only fair to record that the Leading Hand of the Watch, knowing only too well what may be at stake, will conduct the interview with the pomp, dignity and solemnity that is only fit and proper on these occasions.

Shortly after our return to Malta on the 28th April, F.O.2.M.F. (Vice-Admiral R. A. B. Edwards, C.B., C.B.E.) paid a call and announced to an expectant Ship's Company that, exigencies of the Service permitting (we hope they will continue to permit), we will be returning to "Pay Off" and recommission early in August.

This 50-52 commission from the Communicator's viewpoint has been a varied one and much has been learnt and much experience gained, particularly within the last six months delving into "New Books" up to the elbows and, although there will be much more to acquaint ourselves with, we have at least broken the ice with them.

A noticeable feature of the commission in the field of sport has been, from the outset, keen friendly rivalry between the Comms. and Royal Marines in all the major sports. Perhaps the most noteworthy efforts by the Division were the first aquatic sports which we won by a narrow margin from the Royals, the water polo competition in which we also romped home to first place under the able captaincy of C.P.O. Tel. Bulch, and a fine victory by the Division in the cross country. The inter-Part Regatta was a photo-finish with the Royals in first place and Comms. second.

To Communicators everywhere, and in particular to the many friends we have made on the station and will be leaving behind shortly, we wish the very best. This is *Euryalus* 50-52 closing down on this frequency, with a Very Happy Commission drawing to a close and hoping to hear you loud and clear on our arrival in U.K.

Note.—Upon arrival at Guzz 50,000 miles of oggin will have passed under the bridge this commish.

H.M.S. "DARING"

While Rome was being besieged during the Etruscan Wars a youth named Gaius Mucius set out to kill the enemy King, Lars Porsena, but not knowing him by sight slew his secretary in error. Mucius was arrested and brought before the King, who threatened him with torture.

"I am not afraid of torture," exclaimed the young Roman as he plunged his right hand into a brazier and held it there until it was consumed by the fire.

So impressed was Lars Porsena that he ordered Mucius to be released. The youth then advised the King to make peace with the Romans, saying, "I am but the first of three hundred young Romans, all equally daring, who have sworn to kill you or die in the attempt." On hearing this, Lars Porsena made peace.

Gaius Mucius was received with great honour on his return, and the nick-name *Scaevola*, arising from his injury, was given to him.

This deed of daring is illustrated in the crest of *Daring*.

* * * *

Having been commissioned for four months now, I trust that everyone has settled down and become accustomed to life on this, Britain's latest type destroyer; also that everyone has resigned themselves to the fact that we still have to overcome many more of the much-talked-about "teething troubles," of which, up to the present, we have had quite a fair share. The First Lieutenant's family motto—



OMNIUM RERUM VICISSITUDO—which, as we all know, means "All things are subject to change," was probably appreciated more by those who stood by the ship when it was at Wallsend-on-Tyne, but, nevertheless, I think that since commissioning it has received adequate proof of being correct, especially after our trials programme in the United Kingdom. However, eventually we have completed it quite satisfactorily. No doubt our opinions of the ship have all been formed and range somewhere between pure amazement and casual indifference, although it is quite safe to say that at least we are *different*. We are indeed different, even to the stage of being revolutionary, and from our own observations we have noticed and are still noticing many peculiarities to the *Daring*.

The ship's working-up programme is expected to go on, counting in a two weeks' self-refit period, until the end of July. Towards the end of August the Mediterranean Fleet's second Summer cruise commences, and we should then join with them and actually become a part of the Fleet ourselves.

The pump used for pumping bubbly out of the casks failed to function one day. As an emergency measure the supply Petty Officer was ordered to stick in a tube and syphon it out. You'd be surprised

how long it took him to get a continuous flow going.

RÉSUMÉ OF H.M.S. "DARING'S" HISTORY

There were sixteen ships of the Daring class ordered originally for use in the Pacific against the Japanese. *Daring* was laid down in October, 1944, but when the war finished eight contracts were cancelled and work on the existing ones was cut down and at times almost stopped completely. However, she was launched on 10th August, 1949, by the Hon. Mrs. Leonard Hall, daughter-in-law of the then First Lord of the Admiralty (Viscount Hall), and commissioned on 28th January, being, as we all know, the last ship to be commissioned in the reign of the late King George VI. There will be four Darings in each of the second and seventh Destroyer Squadrons, i.e. 2nd Destroyer Squadron—*Daring*, *Defender*, *Dainty*, *Delight*; 7th Destroyer Squadron—*Diamond*, *Duchess*, *Diana*, *Decay*.

H.M.S. "GLORY"

Since forwarding the Easter contribution we have completed a second tour of operations in Korean Waters and are now at Malta for a short refit before returning to the Far East at a later date.

We were very pleased to receive our almost given-up-for-lost Christmas COMMUNICATORS on the 10th March, another example of how long the Far East Navy has to wait for its sea mail. It was round about this time that we received a signal referring to "embalmed Aircraft," which an unthinking M.S.O.'ist gave, "action—Padre."

During another patrol, a new ship crept out of the C.C.M. machine and into various signals, the P.T. Armigan. After a day or so, the Operations Officer noticed the error and asked the Yeoman what sort of ship was this P.T. Armigan. With the Yeoman's usual, confident "I know all the answers" manner, he replied, "Oh, surely you know what a P.T. boat is, sir," reply, "Yes, Yeoman, but you don't know very much about birds." Since discovering the U.S.S. *Ptarmigan*, our Yeoman has taken more interest in ornithology.

On 30th April we said a glad cheerio to the common foe and left the West Coast for Hong Kong and a turnover to the *Ocean*. In a very good game of soccer, *Ocean* Communicators beat our team 2—1. On passing through Singapore we were also defeated by the Communicators at Kranji 3—1.

Unfortunately we were in the floating dock in Grand Harbour during exercise "Beehive II," but we did our part by sending communication staff to various ships. It was a little tame after Far East operations, but it was our first experience of N.A.T.O. working with the New Books and we all enjoyed it very much indeed. Now nearing the end of our refit, we are looking forward to a visit to Istanbul before settling down to work up the new Air Group.

In the sporting world it is too hot for anything except cricket, tennis and swimming and most of the staff are taking the opportunity to indulge in one or two of these pastimes. The Signal Officer, Lt. Cdr. Finlay, captains the ship's 1st XI, but so far our opponents seem to have had more practice than we have.

With a new Captain and the new Commander, Cdr. Bromley-Martin, we hope that the last twelve months of the commission will soon pass pleasantly away, all being in full agreement that a full two-and-a-half-year foreign commission is much too long. However, your turn will come, so make the most of this Summer's holidays and Good Luck to all Communicators from the *Glory* comms.

AN ACTUAL FAREWELL SIGNAL FROM AN AMERICAN TASK FORCE COM- MANDER TO A CANADIAN DES- TROYER DEPARTING FROM KOREAN WATERS

Though your guns are few in number,
And your fire control is less,
Your voice is like the thunder,
And results right with the best,
You've duelled commie shore guns,
Chased flies from mineswept waters,
Found how fast a carrier runs,
But not asked nor given quarter,
To the Irish twins of Wonsan,
To the scourge of hambung man,
To the corpen clubber number one,
George Dyer sends well done.

AND AN ACTUAL TURNOVER SIGNAL FROM AN AUSTRALIAN DESTROYER TO A CANADIAN ONE

From comscreen R.A.N. to comscreen Can. Personal by message stick. Very difficult turnover you fella.

1. Black fella no speak Eskimo.
2. You fella all speak Yankee.
3. When balls happen use signs.
4. Warramunga verra fine fella.
5. Heap big pow wow snakeskin sundown.
6. See Maori fella do haka.
7. He beat hell out red fella.
8. To shackle this stand on plurry head.

Approved. Big Chief Gurgle Brace of Wagga Wagga.

Complicated. Vice Chief Sitting Bull of Bondi.

This verion of yesterday's smoke signal decode by Tom Tom.

5th DESTROYER SQUADRON

This year we had rather an extended Spring Cruise. It started in January with the usual passage to Gibraltar with exercises on the way. We had with us *Solebay*, *Gabbard*, *St. James* and *Sluys*, but *St. Kitts* was delayed in Dockyard and joined us after our arrival in Gibraltar. It was good to feel a little warmth again and to leave the cold, dreary waste of Portland Harbour.

The next six weeks were spent in local exercises and weapon training, but some of us managed an occasional visit to sunny Spain in between other things. It was, on the whole, a period of work and little play and among other diversions the Squadron had the pleasure of seeing the leader having her first inspection by Flag Officer Flotillas (Home).

By the end of the six weeks we were becoming fairly used to the new, new signal books and learning such dodges as looking up spreading signals under "scouting," not to mention the revolutionary signal "BZ" (perhaps "NEGAT BZ" is more apt!).

After taking a small part in exercise "Grand Slam," we paid a welcome week's visit to the South of France, where the Communication departments were able to relax, and communicate in French (voice) ashore instead. *St. James* was rather shaken, on leaving Marseilles, to receive a signal on Fleet wave/T.C.P. or whatever you like to call it, in broken French from the leader. Much "I spell" was needed!

After more exercises, this time with the combined Fleets, we arrived at Malta for a week's visit with both Fleets present. Those of us who knew Malta had not seen it so full for a long time, if ever.

A further combined Fleet exercise brought us to the departure of the Home Fleet for U.K., but not of ourselves. *Gabbard* went with the Home Fleet to refit at Chatham, but the remainder stayed on to lend a hand to the Mediterranean Fleet.

The Squadron was now divided. *St. James* went to Suez, *St. Kitts* later followed *Ocean* to Aden, while *Solebay* and *Sluys* stayed in Malta, a stay relieved by a visit to Tripoli. We all met again, however, in Athens in late April, when we accompanied the Mediterranean Fleet there in a large scale official visit. As always, in such visits, the Communication department found it heavy going.

We sailed from Athens for U.K., Easter leave commencing on arrival at Chatham. The fact that the month was May did not prevent us from enjoying it.

St. Kitts is at present taking part in "Castanets." The rest of us, however, are resting up, refitting in Home Ports throughout the Summer Cruise, while we say Goodbye to one after another of our Communicators as they proceed on draft to the insatiable *Pembroke*. Others take their place, of course, but Goodbyes are seldom pleasant.

SCENE: ORAM, 1942

Sub. Lt. "X" had just left *Nonsuch* for passage to U.K. in *Empress of Canada*.

- (1) To: *Empress of Canada*. From: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. For Sub-Lieutenant "X" from First Lieutenant. Where are keys Q 2345 and Q 3317. = 240956.
- (2) To: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. From: *Empress of Canada*. For First Lieutenant from Sub-Lieutenant "X." Your 240956. Possibly in grey flannel trousers in Sick-Bay. Keys not here. They were last sighted at 2220 last night. = 241043.
- (3) To: *Empress of Canada*. From: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. Your 241043. Not in trousers. A thorough search of your gear is to be made. = 241103.
- (4) To: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. From: *Empress of Canada*. From Sub-Lieutenant "X." Your 241103. All gear researched. Results negative. Likely places for keys: W/T Office, Chart House, E.R.A.'s Mess or Sick Bay. = 241134.
- (5) To: *Empress of Canada*. From: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. Your 241134. Or "up by the Gas-works." = 241322.
- (6) To: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. From: *Empress of Canada*. From Sub-Lieutenant "X." Very much regret all the trouble you have been put to. = 241423.
- (7) To: *Empress of Canada*. From: H.M.S. *Nonsuch*. Your 241423 should read "are being put to." Hope search is continuing. = 241545.



Sig. Stallard carrying out "Colours" on
H.M.S. "Glory," Sasebo, Japan

EMPLOYMENT FOR RETIRED OR RELEASED COMMUNICATORS

The following are extracts from letters sent to the Captain, H.M. Signal School. Any further information should be obtained from the addresses given:

(1) From Radio Gramophone Development Co., Ltd., Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

I wonder whether you would help or advise us in our endeavour to recruit personnel in connection with Government Contracts on hand for both Ministry of Supply and Admiralty. In particular we are interested in increasing our personnel on the Inspection of radar and radio sets.

I thought it possible you may have men leaving the Service from time to time, who had had experience of this type of work while in the Service and who may wish to have the opportunity to utilise the experience they have gained.

(2) From Pye Ltd., Radio Works, Cambridge.

We shall look forward to hearing from you to know whether you have on your books any ex-Naval Servicemen who have had service experience on Radio or Radar equipment.

We can offer positions (ranging from semi-skilled assemblers to fully qualified test engineers) on the production side, for suitable applicants to deal with domestic radio and television and also transmitter equipment.

We do not necessarily look for persons who would fit straight away into these positions since we are prepared to let them undergo an initial training period.

(3) From Foreign Office, Downing Street, London, S.W.1.

A few vacancies exist in the Diplomatic Wireless Service of the Foreign Office for highly skilled radio operators.

The conditions essential to any application are:

- The necessity of working away from the home district.
- Acceptance of the obligation of service abroad, on the basis of three years overseas to one year at home.
- Acceptance of the obligation to travel overseas by whatever transport is available.
- Ability to send and receive the Morse Code at 25 w.p.m.

Personnel enter the service at a salary of £406 linked to twenty-five years of age, rising by annual increments to £470 per annum.

Promotion to higher grades rising to the maximum of £630 per annum are open to personnel who prove

their ability, and conform to conditions which will be made known at an interview.

Offer or acceptance of employment on the basis outlined will not imply establishment with the Civil Service. There is, however, every possibility of permanent Government employment for suitable candidates.

(4) From Establishment Officer, 114, Lime Grove, Eastcote, Ruislip, Middlesex.

For Recruitment for the Technical Branch of the GOVERNMENT COMMUNICATIONS HEADQUARTERS

From time to time vacancies occur for Skilled Radio Laboratory Mechanics and for Skilled Craftsmen (Radio Mechanics, Teleprinter Mechanics and Assembler/Testers of Communications equipment). Rates of pay:

Laboratory Mechanic:

138s. 6d. London (Provincial 136s.).

175s. 6d. London (Provincial 173s.).

New entrants will enter at the minimum for a probationary period of three months, at the end of which the rate of pay will be re-assessed on merit.

Skilled Craftsmen:

Basic pay 123s. 6d. London (Provincial, 121s.).

Merit pay—range up to 50s. a week. Merit pay will be awarded at the discretion of the Department. Candidates are on probation for three months after which their merit pay is re-assessed according to ability. Paid annual leave and sick leave in accordance with Civil Service Industrial Regulations. Opportunities of pensionable posts.

2. Candidates with experience in telecommunications and knowledge of radio or telecommunications theory up to City and Guilds Final or Higher National Certificate standard are invited to apply to the above address for Technical grades. For certain posts the following additional experience is desirable:

- Knowledge of V.H.F. techniques.
- Research or development work.
- Aptitude for circuit engineering.
- Preparation of technical handbooks.

Pay according to age and grade, e.g. grade C.VI, £425 at age twenty-five; C.V, £425—£600; C.IV £600—£700. London rates are quoted; Provincial rates are slightly less.

(5) The Editor, "Communicator," H.M.S. "Mercury"

On 1st September, 1952, a vacancy will exist at the Thames Nautical Training College for a Signal Instructor.

The situation carries a salary of £300 per annum, full board and lodgings, an annual uniform supply, free laundering and good leave.

Chief Yeomen or Yeomen of Signals who are about to complete their time in the Service are accordingly invited to write to the Editor for further particulars.

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY H.M.A. SIGNAL SCHOOL

The Signal School has won the McCarthy Cup for 1951-52. This Cup was presented in 1926 to Flinders Naval Depot as an annual Aggregate Cup for a whole year's points for all Winter and Summer games, three miles Cross Country race, Soccer, Rugby, Australian Rules Football, Hockey, Cricket, Tennis, Water Polo, Swimming, Athletics and a "Medley Relay Race." The team selected for the latter has to climb ropes, cover an obstacle course, fly over hurdles, race on a "pusser's" bike, pull half-a-mile in a cutter which lands a cross-country runner who later turns over to a succession of half-milers, quarter-milers, a swimmer, and, finally, end with a sprint to the finish.

All Schools and the Divisions of the Recruit School (each about 400 strong) and the Ship's Company of Flinders Naval Depot compete. Competition is extremely keen. Signal School, with quite the smallest numbers among any entrants is, therefore, not a little pleased with its record and regards with some pleasure a nice array of cups for individual events which have been collected in passing.

This last year has also seen the W.R.A.N.S. Telegraphist classes grow to full strength after their recent re-introduction. Which probably all goes to re-affirm the importance of the right kind of support on the touchlines.

THEY CALL IT DIRECTION FINDING OR IRISH D/F.

We feel it is about time a word was said with regard to those small mud-bound shacks situated "somewhere near the airfield" rejoicing in the title of D/F vans.

These places, near as they may be to the parent station, are surely renowned for their inaccessibility.

Here at *Gannet* we have not only the elements, mud, etc., with which to contend, but the idiosyncrasies of a farm's human and animal inhabitants. The farmer seems to delight in erecting every device that might retard our entry or exit, thus producing a course that might resemble an obstacle race when we're in a hurry; and who isn't at knocking-off time? On one memorable occasion two Wrens found the only way out to lie across a very large and quaggy manure-heap.

So far our efforts to bring the animals under naval discipline, and instil into them due respect for Admiralty property, have met with little success. Hardly surprising when our hearts get the better of us and we feed them on the bread we should have for tea, and then wonder why they show a greater liking than ever for our quarter of the field.

For general upkeep I have heard milk is a useful lubricant, since one time-honoured set worked

properly for the first time after a liberal, though inadvertent, dose of that liquid.

As for accuracy, the example from last winter speaks for itself when an aircraft, lost and iced up, was returned to base in a snowstorm and piled up in a tidy heap on the runway in front of the control tower!

In the event of a power cut we have the "Jenny," as we affectionately call the petrol reeking contraption of a generator around the back, little short of a profound mystery to most girls. To say she is temperamental is putting it mildly. When tested each morning, she works smoothly to produce heat and lighting; alas, a visit from the head of department will find her invariably sulking and obstinate—though in fairness at one time it was due to petrol dryness which wasn't discovered until after some days of hard and vigorous heaving on the starter. D/F Wren operators may well tell their grandchildren, "And we learnt about engines from her!"

All in all, despite difficulties and adjustments, we feel extremely sorrowful at the prospect of leaving Van 34 for a new set shortly to be installed here at Eglinton.



HOWLERS

The following conversation took place on the R.C.O.-Main W/T Office phone on *Ajax* in 1942.

P.O. Tel. (in R.C.O.): "Got any sailmakers down there?"

Coder (in Main Office): "No, Pots, only sparkers and coders."

* * * *

The following interchange took place on a certain fixed service quite recently:

NR—/3620/03.

Cancel and file my NR—/3619/03. Sent to you in error.

de (Rx Stn.) "We have not received yr NR—/3619/02."

de (Tx Stn.) "Well, make believe you have."

EAST INDIES

CEYLON WEST W/T STATION

Hi Buwan. We greet Communicators everywhere from this Pearl of the Indian Ocean. The, quote, Largest Overseas Naval Radio Station, unquote, is quiet and peaceful at this time, although it is generally suspected that everybody here is going into secret practice for the next Christmas rush.

The station is at the moment undergoing a sort of "face lifting" treatment. The office itself is being repaired and redecorated. As the repairs involve in some cases the use of a rather large hammer, readability on all frequencies is often reduced to nil. This is logged under the heading of "local interference."

The overhaul of the aerial systems at both the receiving and transmitting stations, which was to have been carried out this year, has been delayed for economy reasons, although we are not yet reduced to using guardrail wire for aerials and toothbrush handles for insulators.

Since Easter much water has flowed under Victoria Bridge, although since the monsoon started the water has tried to flow over it as well. In three days we went from a complete drought to a complete flood which rendered many of the natives homeless, needless to say the rain turned the "jungle path" into a quagmire.

The Colombo Exhibition attracted quite a lot of attention, but the cabaret, which was in the exhibition grounds, attracted a lot more as far as Ceylon West was concerned. It was towards the end of the exhibition that the death occurred of Mr. D. S. Senanayake, the Prime Minister of Ceylon. Ceylon West joined with H.M.S. *Wild Goose* in providing the Royal Naval contingent for the funeral procession.

Recently the Asian Tennis Championships took place in Colombo, and for a considerable period afterwards tennis remained the dining hall debating society's favourite mealtime topic. However, the Championships did not serve to inspire any new talent on the station, Ldg.Sig. "Dolly" Gray still reigning supreme as Welisara Hard Courts Singles Champion.

In the Rugby world, whilst "Falcons" have only taken the field once this season, the team shows great promise and by next year should do quite well. Tel. Barrett and Ldg.Tel. Baker are both playing for Anderson W/T and have had several good write-ups in the Colombo daily papers.

Ldg.Tel. Crossley, ex-*Mercury* Dance Band pianist, produced a station concert early in May. Everybody enjoyed the show although the players themselves said that the rehearsals were much funnier. Rumour has it that Jim and his fellow-Thespians are now aspiring to greater heights and are even considering turning to the legitimate theatre.

At the time of writing, Tels. Furnival and McKinnon are busy constructing their "special," which is a three-wheeled car made out of a motor cycle engine and about a ton of scrap iron. However, whilst the remainder of the camp seem rather doubtful as to the result, the owners have every confidence in their workmanship which, they say, will resemble a Cooper Special. We shall see!

Sometime in the very near future, about a quarter of the Station's complement will be changing; we welcome those who are about to join us and wish to thosefortunates who are returning home the very best of luck.

H.M.S. "KENYA"

The "Far away places, with strange sounding names" of Car Nicobar and Nancowry and the not-so-strange name of Port Blair have been "Shown the Flag" since our Easter contribution came to your notice; and although entertainments there were, quite naturally, somewhat restricted when compared with Madras (which successfully concluded our cruise), there can be no doubt that the visit of an H.M. Ship is an occasion of note and one eagerly looked forward to by the Islanders. After Port Blair had thrashed our 1st XI Hockey team 5-0 and 8-0 we quite understood what they meant when they said "Come again soon"! Fortunately, our soccer enthusiasts kept the flag flying with equally convincing wins.

Joint Exercises at Trincomalee (short title JET) enabled us to renew acquaintance with the Royal Pakistan and Indian Navy Ships during March and April. During a comprehensive programme of harbour drills, evolutions and sea exercises, with the C-in-C, embarked in *Kenya*, many of the communication difficulties experienced during our Royal Escort Duties in Jan./Feb. were ironed out. At this stage the new books (held over since 1st January) were introduced on the station and first reports on them are quite favourable, the spelling though is another matter!! *Gambia*, *Loch Glendhu* and *Flamingo* joined us in representing the Royal Navy, and *Vilaya* held her own as Ceylon's representative.

The inter-Navy sports programme was every bit as extensive as were our Fleet Exercises; the final results reading: Soccer—Indian Navy, Cricket—Royal Ceylon Navy, Hockey—Royal Pakistan Navy and Sailing—Royal Navy. Undoubtedly the highlight of this programme was the Indian versus Pakistani Hockey Final which was acknowledged the finest seen for many a day.

A TRUE ONE

L.H.O.W. to Sig.: Here is a signal from the Padre.
Sig.: Any Parson instructions, hookey?

HOME ESTABLISHMENTS

R.N.S.S., CHATHAM

Though Summer will bring nostalgic memories of Cookham Camp to all Chatham Communicators, *Prince Arthur* is making a brave effort to emulate the pastoral charm of our old home. The flower beds provide a galaxy of blooms in glorious technicolor (note spelling, New Book influence).

Lt. Cdr. Thomas guides the destinies of all with a remarkable unobtrusiveness and on only one occasion was observed to be shaken in his urbanity—when the Padre referred to “any Doubting Thomas’s in our midst.” Mr. Argent has been elevated to the peerage, his “thick ‘un” being a popular if somewhat unexpected promotion. Mr. Lovelock has departed to join *Eagle*, but there is no truth whatsoever in the buzz that he is in charge of motor transport on the flight deck.

C.Y.S. “Brigham” Young is still the scourge of the local committees, but remains adamant that Boot Money for Chief and P.O.’s trudging between R.N.B. and P.A. does not warrant serious consideration and refuses to bring any such motion before the Barrack Welfare Committee. C.Y.S. Whitby perseveres piscatorially and reports that in his opinion prawns for the camp goldfish should be obtainable on repayment.

Stand by Fayid, your troubles are nearly at an end, for C.Y.S. Nelson Fletcher is soon to join that happy band of sand biters. No doubt the Army messing arrangements are due for re-organisation and one might reasonably expect N.C.S. to be firmly installed down the Canal ere long. It has recently been mentioned, in quiet corners, in and about *Prince Arthur* that many of C.Y.S. Harold Smith’s gardening troubles should soon be overcome. Two great minds were always better than one.

Political discussions still provide mental stimulation for habitués of the drying room, but what can one say of the C.P.O. Tel. who was observed quietly whistling the Eton Boating Song whilst skimming through the pages of the *Daily Worker*.

There is a truly international look about the Signal School with the N.A.T.O. Class, but a “mad dogs and Englishmen” look has been noticed in the eyes of some of them, particularly when they first tasted our N.A.A.F.I. tea at stand-easy. Amongst the other classes our R.N.P.S. Officers class stands out (protrudes perhaps would be a better word in one or two individual cases!) and divisions these days present a picture not unlike *Mercury* in its variety.

On Thursdays, to the strains of martial music, weather and many other things permitting, the Signal School marches smartly up the Khyber Pass, much to the consternation of the pensioners and near pensioners, but to the great excitement of the nippers from the nearby married quarters. With a little more practice the Gunnery School will have to be looking to its laurels.

A smashing report has been received from Mill Road playing fields adjoining *Prince Arthur*. Target for to-night, the recently erected greenhouse in the Camp. Result to date, 17 smashed panes.

Pembroke Sports Day has been arranged for 11th June, and despite our small numbers, every endeavour is being made to carry the day and to put the School back on to the athletics map as was our happy experience in Cookham Camp days.

It is whispered that all remains serene in the Drafting Office and that certain sections of the archives are seeing the light of day with pleasing results.

Apart from these pleasant little changes, *Prince Arthur* Camp remains pretty much the same, so Chatham Communicators can rest on their ACP’s reversed, safe in the knowledge that they will return to a devil they know.

AROUND THE HOME AIR COMMAND

We are ashamed that we have not headed the Air Command’s contribution for some time; spurred on, however, by the Editor’s letter asking us not to place his efforts straight in the waste-paper basket, we are now wondering whether he will be able to resist a similar temptation to dispose of this. He may be kind—so here goes!

Latest additions to our strength are Machrihanish, where we understand the re-opening of the airfield curtailed a thriving rabbit industry (4-legged), and Brawdy (due to commission in September, 1952). Henstridge has also been temporarily opened. Lossiemouth is still under the heel of the contractors and probably will not re-open for some time; one might as well refer to the contractor’s heel as his eye. Watching from a radio-equipped eyrie the foreman surveys the airfield with a beady eye and controls his trucks rather like a London taxi service. Stretton and Yeovilton are in a similar state whilst their runways are being lengthened for jet flying.

Down in the South West, St. Merryn are getting into their stride with the modified observer training which is now done there entirely. Though this removes observers under training from Seaford Park, their instruction is now completely centralised.

But it is to Ford that one’s eyes are turned: a great deal of jet operation has taken place there since the formation of the Attacker Squadrons last autumn. Procedures are tending to become shorter and unconventional as the pilot has less time in which to say his piece.

The D.F. throughout the Command is, of course, done almost entirely by Wrens who do a first-class job with their R.V.4 and F.V.4’s.

It is hoped to resume the training of Tels. (Flying) in the autumn after several false starts caused by

lack of suitable aircraft and equipment.

There are several old faces around the Home Air Command now no longer with us Communicators: Chief Airman Deeley in 826 Squadron, Chief Airman Meldrum at Gosport and Chief Airman Driver at St. Merryn. Was it a touch of wistfulness I glimpsed in someone's eye as he gazed through the briefing room window to the inevitable "hunting" flying overhead. "Blimey—they've changed them again"; and with perhaps a shrug the one-time Chief Yeoman returned to his *Pilots Handbook*. For a moment one could see those pages of flags—single meanings—and then they were gone. Just a day dream.



NAVAL AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

No. 10 Observers Course left us mid-May to continue their training at St. Merryn. This was the last Observers Course to pass through N.A.S.S., and in future all their training will be carried out at St. Merryn.

Shortly afterwards we welcomed the N.A.T.O. Long "C" Course who, we hope, learnt some of the intricacies of naval aviation. On the evening of their departure the Wardroom gave a cocktail party which was attended by the F.O. Air (Home), the F.O.G.T., and the Commodore R.N.B. Lee.

W.R.N.S. courses for D.F. from *Mercury* were continuous throughout the Term, occasional classes overlapping.

At the time of going to press we have No. 5 C.C.O.'s (Q) course undergoing a two weeks' Air Familiarisation Course.

In the field of sport we have had little cricket success so far, and it seems doubtful, owing to a considerable reduction in our numbers, if we shall retain the Commodore's Cup which we won last Summer.

Also, in the Athletic Sports at Lee we were considerably handicapped by the fact that our numbers were so small. We did, however, capture one prize, Mr. Robson succeeding in coming second in the Veterans' race.

* * * *

What certain Tel., when asked what the I/F of a B28 was used for, replied: Quote, "It is the 'thing' put in to fill up the gap between 425 and 500 kc/s!!!!!!!"

R.N.A.S., EGLINTON

I am not aware whether this is the first article submitted from the Emerald Isle or not. In any case, to my knowledge it is, and perhaps therefore a brief summary of what we do, or what we try to do, would not come amiss.

Situated nine miles from Londonderry in Northern Ireland, we consider ourselves somewhat an outpost of the Empire, at least I believe the Communications Wrens consider it so. Our primary function is that of the Air Anti-Submarine School, the task of which is the training of pilots and observers in all aspects of anti-submarine work. In addition, facilities are provided for the working-up of first line squadrons in the Anti-Submarine role and a resident squadron is accommodated for the purpose of trials, both material and tactical. A further commitment is the training of all Naval pilots in deck-landing technique, and their initiation into the exciting moment when they make their first deck-landing in the trials carrier.

From the foregoing it can readily be appreciated that Eglinton is indeed a busy Air Station, where there is always plenty going on. It therefore follows, as in all other Service commitments, that communications play an important part in the efficient fulfilment of the Station task. Our staff is 95 per cent. Wren and 5 per cent. male (lucky males), although to the best of my knowledge the males seem to fail to appreciate the opportunities thus opened to them. Although from time to time Communication Wrens have been heard to mutter "Benbow Theatre" in sotto voices whilst manning their voice channels, I believe that there is little fault to be found in their professional employment, which indeed they appear to enjoy. The average stay for a Wren Communication rating is eighteen months, although this may be disputed by some. During this time she is, as far as possible, employed for six months each in the Control Tower, D.F. and M.S.O./T.P.

Should an article submitted by one of our number ever appear in print, some idea of conditions in the D.F. role for Wrens may be appreciated. In case it does not, the following is relevant. The approach to the D.F. site is via a farmyard, muddy field, two hedges, barbed wire, cows, donkey and pet lamb. Having surmounted these obstacles, a magnificent plywood building is presented, in which is housed prehistoric equipment which, however, the Wrens appear to be able to handle with comparative ease and perfect efficiency. To hand, that is under a canvas cover outside, is the auxiliary generator supplying emergency power. All D.F. Wrens are now competent in the starting, operation, mis-operation and complete intricacies of a two-stroke internal combustion engine, not to mention devilish electrical devices attached thereto.

A further D.F. site, this time manned by the male Telegraphists, in the shape of the celebrated Wall of Death, is sighted on the windiest portion of a hill to the south of the Station. Here, quite happily, our small

complement of male ratings spend their time passing accurate bearings to the Control Tower, in an effort to confound the energies of their female counterparts the other side of the airfield. So far, happily, both sides have always agreed.

Life in the C.R.R. deviates between hectic rush and maddening idleness, depending on the state of the weather, the state of aircraft, the state of Chief Wren Tel. Evans' health and temper and the feelings of the Signal Officer.

The M.S.O. and T/P Room, under the able direction of P.O. Wren Signals Kelly (known to all and sundry as "Yeo"), is housed in the Communications block, as in most Naval Air Stations. Until a few months ago it would appear that the powers that be had decided that from the decoration view-point the Communications block should remain until the bricks turned to dust. Enquiries on the subject as to the possibility of brightening up the offices, and thereby brightening up the lives of the occupants, met with either a stony silence or a "this year, next year, sometime, never" reply. Nothing daunted, the Department, male and female, armed themselves with brushes, borrowed, repetition borrowed, some paint and set to to carry out what can be officially called an extensive touching-up operation. The result exceeded all expectations. This, in addition to weekly rounds by the Signal Officer, about which many things have been said and will be said in sotto voices, has combined in achieving a standard of smartness and cleanliness in the best traditions of the Communications Branch.

Approximately half of the Department has been airborne at one time or another, including the Ratogging, i.e. the rocket-assisted take off, of Telegraphist and Signal Wrens. The whole Department paid a visit, and was entertained by, the Communication department of H.M.S. *Rocket*, which was enjoyed by all.

In conclusion, may we wish Communicators everywhere the very best of luck, and if in Ireland pay us a visit. You will be very welcome. Normally the rig is oilskins.

R.N.A.S., ST. MERRYIN

The main item of interest at St. Merryn has been the start of the new scheme for Observers' Training. After their initial period of six months in the Training Squadron, the pupils now come to us for nine months before going on to Eglinton for a further three months "post-graduate" training.

As Communicators, we have become very much involved, because Part I of the training at St. Merryn, which occupies the first three months of the course, consists mainly of basic navigation, communication and radar training. The more advanced communication subjects are taught in Part II (three-six months). During the first three months, the pupils are given flying training in Anson Classrooms, of which we have recently acquired four.

The new scheme is intended to centralise the Observer training at the Observer School, something which every Observer has been hankering after for a long time, and also to start the pupils off at an Air Station where they can learn to talk the same language as those with whom they will be working in the future.

There are, at present, about seventy Observer pupils here, ranging from beginners, still struggling with the morse code and the mysteries of procedure, to the more advanced pupils, due to pass out soon, who can rattle out an "enemy report" on W/T while keeping a navigation log up-to-date and passing their position to base by V.H.F. Quite an accomplishment in a Firefly, as any aircrew will tell you.

This is the result of months of patient and, at times, tedious work by the Communication Staff in the Tower, and we can feel that, with the remainder of the Observer School Staff, we have contributed our share towards the Wings awarded to the Qualified Observer. Thirsty work, too, and when No. 9 Course gives its passing-out party, we will be there.

R.N.A.S., MACHRIHANISH

Commissioned on 1st December, 1951, as H.M.S. *Landrail* and opened for full all-weather flying duties, both naval and civil, on 2nd January, 1952.

The Communication Staff at present consists of one Signals Officer (Mr. D. McD. Patchett, C.C.O. (Air)), C.P.O. Tel. Miller, Yeoman of Sigs. Miss, Ldg. Tels. Biles, Walton, Carr and Ldg. Sig. Brown, plus twelve Tels., three Sigs., and one A.B. (in lieu of one Sig.). The Station Telephone Exchange is manned by local ladies and provides the only glamour around the Station, their S.A. being preferred to the low I.Q. and high D.Q. qualifications of the six A.B.'s who were drafted for these duties. Night flying on four occasions each week and lack of Wren partners has somewhat cramped social activities in the evenings.

For those of you who only know Machrihanish as a name, here is a thumb-nail sketch. Situated on the south-western extremity of Kintyre, Argyllshire, and is five miles from the Metropolis of Campbeltown, the well-known A/S base of the last war, whose nearest railway station is in Northern Ireland (don't take this route as there is no connection). The practical route for joining (or leaving) is via Glasgow, 136½ miles distant, a journey by road and sea in the summer or wholly by road in the winter.

All radio receiving and transmitting equipment at Machrihanish is provided by mobile radio vans including the D.F. This being manned by the hardier Tels. in oilskins and sou-westers.

For many of the staff the smell of Avgas was a complete change from the smell of oil fuel, nevertheless the new conditions and surroundings have been accepted by all. Such terms as A.N.A.D. and A.O.G.'s have been mastered by the Signal Section, and Addls and Q.G.H.'s by the Tels.

H.M.S. "PEREGRINE"

Since writing our last article several changes have occurred in our staff at *Peregrine*, prominent among them being the arrival of Lt. Cdr. Hunt whom we welcome as S.C.O., and the advent of C.P.O.Tel. Clifford, who is reported to be heading for somewhat "sunnier climes." We wish him and all other deported Fordites happy sailings and trust they will not have too much difficulty in finding their way around their new ships after their stay among the green fields and wooden huts of *Peregrine*.

Life in the C.R.R. continues in its usual "smooth and efficient" manner and no great changes of undue interest have occurred, probably due to the fact that no more "new books" have been thrust upon us. The departure of 800, 803 and 827 squadrons has eased our burden considerably, but unfortunately this is only a temporary respite. We wish Lt. Cdr. Jackson and his Communicators in *Eagle* our commiseration.

Captain's rounds in the C.R.R. regularly finds the new Chief heaping fluent and unprintable vituperations upon the head of the "rating" responsible for the polishing of several hundred cable clips and numerous yards of copper earthing strip infesting the C.R.R. We daily expect to find their glitter has been hidden beneath a coating of "pusser's" black enamel.

Exercise "Acrobat" provided us with a great deal of fun and exciting moments recently when a number of Commandos, the Captain of *Peregrine* among them, attempted to capture the airfield. We were all wondering what suitable reward the Captain offered to anyone capturing him and how a certain P.O. achieving this feat obtained his prize cauliflower ear?

Great fun was had by the Tels. who handled their type 66's extremely well and maintained communications throughout the exercise. We nearly lost touch completely with one rating who thought a No. 8 suit suitable clothing for outside operations at 3 o'clock in the morning. We weren't sure whether communication failure was due to frost-bite or rigor-mortis.



Great initiative and agility was shown by the Tel's . .

R.N. AIR STATIONS YEOVILTON AND HENSTRIDGE (H.M.S. "HERON")

If you haven't had personal experience of being in a "stone frigate" in "dockyard hands," we extend a cordial invitation to come and visit us at Yeovilton. The "dockyard staff" in our case is a large firm of construction engineers who are busily engaged in reconstructing our runways. In place of the usual riveters and pneumatic drills we have bull-dozers, concrete mixers, mechanical trenchers and excavators. A carefully planned route across the airfield successfully followed to-day, will land one in a yawning chasm to-morrow. So far we have found no caps floating. We think the firm is following the advice of a well-known radio star who says, "It doesn't matter what you do so long as you tears 'em up."

Seriously, though, when (repetition when) the work is finished we shall have a modern airfield—probably one of the best in the country, and we hope to have all the latest radio aids.

Of course, all flying has ceased at Yeovilton, but Henstridge, some 18 miles away, now operates as an all-weather airfield, and it is there that 767 Squadron carries out its task of training Deck Landing Control Officers—you know, those chaps who make rotten semaphore with table-tennis bats.

Our staff at Yeovilton is very small now, as we only have the M.S.O. and Teleprinters to keep going. Apart from the Yeoman and Ldg.Tel. (our only Sparker) the staff is entirely female. At Henstridge we have an all-male staff, somewhat larger, to cope with the aircraft channels and D.F. Henstridge also deals with the W/T exercises, although Yeovilton does the crypto. A recent record set up by a 3/O W.R.N.S. merits mention—from the bath to the Crypto Office in six minutes—fully dressed!!!!

We have co-opted the services of about 20 Chief and P.O. Armament instructors as operators for Type 66 portables during Defence Exercises. Our first outings produced some amusing procedure and queer phonetics, but we must give them credit—they are becoming proficient R.T. operators.

H.M.S. "NUTHATCH" (N.A.S. ANTHORN)

This being our first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, it might be a good idea if we introduce ourselves to the readers. Our station is situated a two-and-ninepenny return bus ride from Carlisle as per non-nationalised bus service. So remote is our station that it has been reported that the Wrens can hear the sea-washed grass growing along the banks of the river Wampool. All we can say is that

the Wrens should not have their ears so close to the ground.

Our own department, the P.C.B., is lorded over by Mr. Carlyle, S.C.C.O., ably assisted by P.O.Tel. Holt and P.O. Wren Brown who looks after the affairs of the fair sex and also controls the flow of traffic in and out of the M.S.O.

A few weeks ago the local Army unit from Carlisle attacked the airfield and the Birdmen defended same. The W/T Office had quite an interest in the affair as P.D.H.Q. is contained in the Wireless Office. Also eight type 66 portable sets were set up and had to be issued to the patrols with the idea that communication would be maintained throughout the exercise. The W/T Office was to control using a 610. From the "office" point of view the exercise was a howling success. P.O. "howled" into his mike in an endeavour to make contact, but just as the action began a French radio station came up dead on frequency and entertained the patrols with some very spicy music. The Birdman did try, and one bright rating spent the evening endeavouring to send signals without having his mike plugged in. While out delivering a set to a forward patrol the Ldg.Tel. suddenly found himself surrounded by many fierce looking men who were all armed to the teeth with lethal weapons. However, the sight of a type 66 giving forth with gay music absolutely unnerved the warriors and they gazed upon the set as though it was an Atom Bomb. When last sighted the set was sitting in splendid isolation, still blaring forth, but the patrol had disappeared.

Having re-calibrated the D.F. set and Air Traffic Control, the S.C.C.O. has declared himself highly satisfied with the efficiency of the set and the operators. Anthon enjoys an excellent reputation among the Northern Group of Air Stations. The ground around the D.F. hut is now a blaze (?) of colour due to the good work of Wren "gardeners" West, Stuart and Powney. Well done Staff . . .

Work on the new married quarters is making good progress and a number of houses have been allocated. The rate of completion is only just keeping pace with the marriage rate in the P.C.B. Already several members of the department have taken upon themselves the task of setting up nests for Birdmen. The Summer "mating" season is now in full swing and we take this opportunity of offering our congratulations to Ldg. Wren Verrall and Wrens Stuart, Chadwick and Morton who are all being wed in the near future. Ldg. Wren Verrall has a new theme song these days, "Where my Caravan has rested" (Commander permitting).

While on the subject of congratulations, the Staff send their best wishes to ex-Wren Tel. Westall, who is now a fully-fledged Third Officer.

During a recent quiz for the Signal Wrens:

(Q.): "What was Nelson's last signal?"

(A.): "Keep going."

On this note we will end our contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR and return to wading through the corrections to A.C.P.'s.

A COMMUNICATION MESS DECK SQUATTER'S OBSERVATIONS

As an observer sitting on the fence, I feel I have the unbiased authority to comment upon the private yet unceasing feud which rages between these "birds of a feather"—the Sparkers and Buntings. These, of course, are local observations, but no doubt parallels can be drawn on other ships and establishments.

"What is a Sparker?" A Signalman says, "A blind Bunting!"

"What is a Bunting?" A Sparker will tell you, "A Tel. with his brains kicked out!" These derogatory definitions will give you some idea of the rivalry which exists between the two.

Bickerings take place over who does the more watchkeeping, and who should "wet the Ki." In respect of W/T, the Bunting stresses the fact that the Sparkers close down in Guzz. The Sparker's repartee to this comment is that during the cruise it is they who "carry the ship around" and so deserve the break.

Talking of carrying the ship around. It's peculiar how Ldg.Tels. have that certain harassed appearance which is seldom found with their opposite numbers. Maybe they really do carry the "Squanderbug's" 10,000 tons on their own backs! Akin to this, I note the prevalence of bald heads and thinning hair among Ldg.Tels.

The Ord. Tels. deserve a paragraph to themselves. The constant drumming of morse in their ears seems to affect their powers of imagination and they live in a dream-world of their own, rather like Compton Mackenzie's "William"!

No matter what's on the menu, the Sparker must eat Mc/s or Kc/s for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper! The trouble is he will not keep it to himself—we must all eat Mc/s or Kc/s with him. You should see the Buntings' faces at dinner when the Ldg.Tel. (who is half-way down a bowl of carrot soup) raises his head to say, "I got Malta first time on 6Mc/s. They gave me a 'Roger' straight away." Add to this, he may tap his cutlery a few times as if it was a morse key at his fingertips. I can recall one Ldg.Tel. who earned the nickname of not "six-gun-Pete," but "6mc/s T . . ."

K. P., Coder (Ed.).

GREENLAND EXPEDITION

The British Greenland Expedition has been given an amateur call-sign—G3AAT/OX—and has been given permission to operate between 3,800 and 3,940 kc/s, as well as on all the amateur bands. They will be on the air frequently during this winter, and it is hoped that all "hams" will take the opportunity of contacting them.

AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION

At the time of writing we have our largest concentration of ships in Bermuda. In company are H.M.S. *Sheffield*, H.M.S. *St. Austell Bay* (Comfrigon 7), H.M.S. *Burghead Bay* and H.M.S. *Sparrow*. H.M.S. *Veryan Bay* still being down in the far south.

Since last writing, *Sheffield* has been to Halifax N.S. and Montreal. In both places we were extremely well looked after by the Canadians and Montreal was voted a very good second to Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., which until now had been by far the best place for entertainment. It is amazing what little sleep the Canadians seem to need. We've been told that the West Coast Canadians need even less than the East Coast ones, so we are looking forward a trifle anxiously to our visit to Vancouver.

H.M.C.S. *Wallaceburg* and H.M.C.S. *La Hulloise* (an old Invergordon friend) were invited to Bermuda in April to compete in our pulling regatta and did very well considering the small amount of practice they were able to get in.

Whilst at Halifax a very interesting visit was paid to the Communication centre and Halifax W/T where our Tels. were very well looked after and were given a magnificent lunch. We find that these visits together with those to Cable and Wireless at Bermuda and other West Indies ports do a great deal to further co-operation between ships at sea and shore stations. In return we do our best to explain the mysteries of H.F. Common Aerial Working.

At Montreal our Captain was made a member of the Iroquois tribe of Indians, the initiation ceremony being conducted by Chief "Poking Fire" whilst his squaw, "Gathering Wood," explained what was going on. The ceremony took place on the quarter-deck and finished with the Captain (hereinafter known as "Great Hunter") leaping around wearing a brilliant headdress and smoking a pipe of peace. In return "Great Hunter" rated "Poking Fire" an honorary stoker mechanic. Incidentally, their system of signalling is far simpler than ours. A puff of white smoke means "White man come," and a puff of black smoke signifies "Black man come."

Captain J. G. T. Inglis, O.B.E., R.N., assumed command of H.M.S. *Sheffield* on 17th June and we thus have a fairly strong concentration of Communications Officers out here now.

HAVE YOU ALL BEEN HONEST?

I'm not quite sure where to begin
When writing of my next-of-kin,
But in the end the truth must out
So here is what it's all about.

You see I've been so often caught,
That I've a wife in every port
And others inland, too, beside,
Who do not stem the rising tide.

It started, when but quite a lad,
The story's very, very sad,
I went ashore to have a spree
And taste the fruits of gay Capri.

Mauritius, then, a pearl of pearls,
Where sharks are tamer than the girls;
T'was here a dusky demoiselle
Improved my French beyond all tell.

Soon after this there came a war
And so I seldom got ashore
And forsook women for the wine,
Except when visiting the Tyne.

But then when serving with the R.A.F.,
I got entangled with a W.A.A.F.,
And when the war came to an end,
A German Frau became my friend.

And in the cruise for victory week,
I had to play at hide and seek,
I'm sure you all must know the sort,
That follows you from port to port.

Pacific Islands soon were seen,
Lush, romantic, soft and green,
And here I left the burning deck
With Leis entwined about my neck
To find out why the lovelies here
Wear just one flower behind the ear.

My children too were hard to name,
For none, of course, must be the same.
The first was called, quite rightly, John,
He's quite a lad now in Ceylon.
And Angus, once my joy and pride,
Lives somewhere up beside the Clyde.
Then Aggie must be going to school,
In Merseyside or Liverpool.
A fair-haired little girl called Jane
Is growing up as an honest Dane.
And Sid was very easily named,
No "dinkum" Aussie feels ashamed.
In Fiji I was in despair
For twins arrived with fuzzy hair,
And being in trouble, so to speak,
I had to call them Pip and Squeak.

You'll see then, from this brief confession
That I have missed my true profession,
But just in case you think I'm slow,
I've only told you half you know!

BADGES

As a result of the 1950 pay code, a review of the badges worn by naval ratings became necessary and the Admiralty decision was made known in A.F.O. 2573/51. It will be remembered that, prior to the new pay code, specialist qualification was a requirement for substantive advancement in the Seaman Branch in much the same way as it is in the Communication Branch now. The abolition of this qualification for advancement in the Seaman Branch was the main cause of the new badge scheme. By this new scheme there is no badge change when a rating in the Communication Branch passes professionally for the Leading or Petty Officer rate, nothing in fact to indicate that he is qualified professionally. On being rated, a Leading Hand will put up the appropriate badge on his right arm, that is the basic badge with a star above and a star below. A rating passing professionally for Petty Officer will not change the badge on his right arm either on successful completion of his course or on being advanced. The next change takes place when, after three years as a Petty Officer, he is granted Class

"A" pay. The badge on the left arm changes in the normal way.

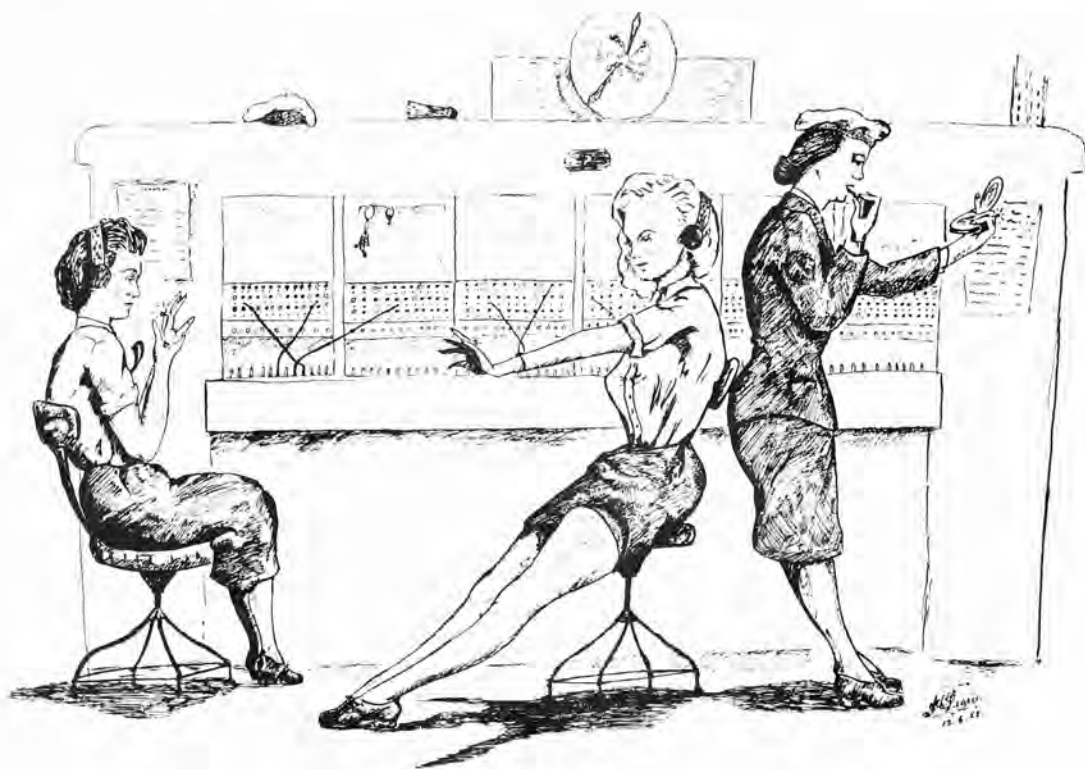
Much discussion and representation concerning A.F.O. 2573/51 have ensued, but the Admiralty have now stated that the provisions of this A.F.O. are to stand. It must be remembered that any scheme which has to be applied to so many different branches cannot satisfy everybody and some anomalies must exist.

Note.—Communicators have always looked upon themselves, quite rightly, as Seamen. By definition in Q.R. & A.I. Signalmen and Telegraphists are grouped with Seamen under the words "Seamen Class." The important thing to notice is the word "Class." This does not, therefore, put us in the Seamen Branch. We are the Communication Branch.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It is regretted that the only letter received for this issue started "Darling" and finished "Longing to see you, darling, Much love—"

It appears that the intended recipient of this letter was not equally inspired when she received a contribution for THE COMMUNICATOR.



"Engaged"

GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

QUICKSILVER

There is nothing remarkable about *Mercury's* recently instituted Cafeteria Messing except that it works—and very well too. But as with all progress there are those who feel the disadvantages. For instance, the ratings have quickly regained the habit of eating nearly all of their own food; consequently the *Mercury* livestock (pigs) exist thinly and almost exclusively on Wardroom fare. This lends colour to a familiar, unprintable colloquialism, but there is an element of fantasy in the "Stock-breeder's" report of a "phenomenal species of black and gold saddleback" being produced here. The said livestock have been demonstrating and were seen parading the Broadwalk bearing banners inscribed "Unfair to Pigs." One large, obese sow even went to the unoriginal lengths of chaining herself to the railings. Readers who have visited the piggery in the past may be interested to know that one of the junior males has recently been awarded seven days stoppage of hay and leaves for having a TURN FOUR ANS instead of a TURN ONE EIGHT in his tail for Captain's Rounds. Also that one of the seniors is not grunting to anyone because his fiancée called him a bore.



Continuing agriculturally, an emergency Welfare Committee Meeting was called last Tuesday because one of the members said he discovered the *Mercury* ducklings weeping copious tears. He suggested that it was due to the fact that the present static water tank is not large enough for extensive swimming and the poor little fellows feared they would not pass the



provisional swimming test (still in force for Naval birds, excluding Wrens and Gannets). He moved that larger tanks be provided, and the movement was almost carried until, with a touch of genius, someone recalled that it was the day of the monthly gas parade—upon which day a liberal quantity of tear-gas canisters are dropped in the vicinity of the static water tank. A majority was hastily reached and Admiralty has been requested to provide a substantial grant with which to fit the ducklings with respirators.

Of course, substantial grants are difficult to obtain for that or any other purpose, and I frequently wonder why some economist has not taken advantage of a hitherto unplumbed pool of economy, namely, the Grapevine. A couple of reasonably garrulous Wrens (however difficult to find) allocated to each ship would make masses of expensive technical equipment unnecessary. It is recognised that the speed of grapevine communication is far superior to that of mere W.T. In a large number of grapevine instances information has reached one point some considerable time before it was originated at another. In addition, the information in transit is sufficiently garbled to prevent the very best of foreign cryptanalysts from gaining any knowledge from it.

In passing, may I say that the Thursday dances, always popular, are even more so now that a man with one leg shorter than the other has been hired to give instruction. *Mercury* is probably the only place in the world which turns out communication personnel qualified to dance on sloping floors.

Tel. K. P., H.M.S. *Mercury*.

"MEON MAID"

After an extensive refit to the hull and coachwork at Burne's Shipyard, Bosham, *Meon Maid* was sailed round to Portsmouth on 5th April and was ready for the Sailing Season at the opening of the Summer Term.

Up to the time of writing the season has been marked with success. Out of the four races in which *Meon Maid* has taken part she has won three: 21st April—1st Monarch Bowl, 1st; 1st June—Cherbourg Race, 1st; 11th June—2nd Monarch Bowl, 4th; 21st June—R.N.S.A. Regatta, 1st.

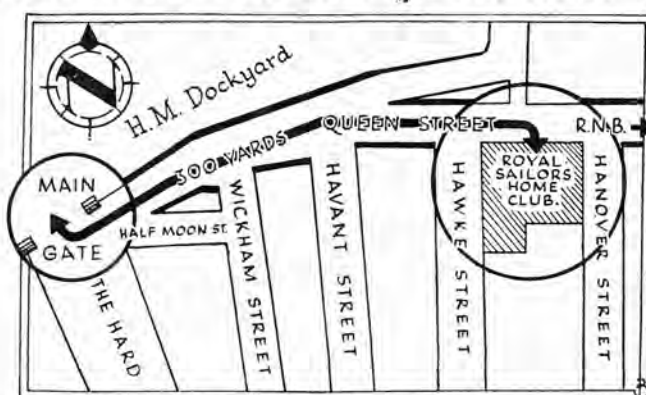
An account of the Cherbourg race is printed below. The Windfall race in the R.N.S.A. regatta was won by fourteen minutes!

Besides the races and some most enjoyable week-end cruises, dog watch trips have featured well in the programme. The main object of these has been to stimulate and satisfy yachting interests amongst the Ship's Company. We are most grateful to Lt. G. C. Lloyd for his outstanding help in taking parties to sea. Up to date some sixty-one ratings have been away.

CHERBOURG RACE 1952

The race from Cowes to Cherbourg, organised by the Island Sailing Club, was this year a mixture of

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triumph and acute tragedy for *Meon Maid*. It was a triumph because she won the race, and a tragedy because we had the misfortune to lose one of the crew, Surgeon Lieutenant (D) L. A. Rosen, over the side when returning from Cherbourg in a gale.

We sailed from Portsmouth at 1400 on Friday, 30th May, and arrived at Cowes just in time to clear the Customs before the start of the race. After making a moderately good start, we held our place fairly well, beating down the Solent with the tide against a Force 4 wind.

The Needles Bridge buoy was rounded at about 2000, just saving the tide. The wind then fell light and variable between South and South-West. This is just the sort of weather for *Meon Maid*, when competing against ocean racers, and we started to draw ahead of other boats of our size as darkness fell.

During the night it was a matter of taking every advantage of the puffs from varying directions and of working to the westwards to allow for the easterly setting tide which we should meet during the last stages of the race. This latter tactic paid us hands down, because it meant that the tide helped us all the way.

We finally crossed the line at about 1430 on Saturday, 31st May, and felt that we had done fairly well vis-à-vis the larger yachts who had crossed before us. We guessed, however, that some of the smaller ones with less handicaps who had been doing very well on the previous evening would almost certainly beat us. It wasn't until we met the other competitors at the splendid dinner organised by the Island Sailing Club on Saturday evening that we discovered, to our great joy, that we had won the race.

We planned to return to England on Sunday evening. The weather report didn't sound too hopeful, but indicated "the sooner the better," so we took in some reefs and set sail at 1800. As we cleared Cherbourg breakwater, the wind was on the quarter, south-westerly, Force 4-5, with a nasty sea which rocked the boat a lot. Most of us were sea-sick before long and weakened thereby.

The wind was rising all the time and we took in some more reefs just before dark. By midnight we had the best part of a gale and we took the mainsail off her altogether. After this, *Meon Maid* rode the waves much more comfortably, though she still lurched heavily when struck by the occasional large wave. It was one of these lurches which pitched Rosen into the sea.

The loss of Surgeon Lieutenant Rosen was a tragic disaster. This was not because it made such a sorry end to an otherwise successful and most exciting journey, but because Rosen himself was such a first-class sailing companion and messmate. It has often been said that sailing, with its many demands on good temper, endurance and other worthwhile qualities, is one of the best tests of human character. By such standards, Rosen was truly a great loss to all of us who knew him.

CHIEFS' CHATTER

We are now anxiously awaiting 1st August, or thereabouts, when we move into our new accommodation. Each single berth cabin is luxuriously equipped and a Hoover washing machine has been provided by the Mess to prevent too many soiled hands. The bar, having been taken over by the N.A.A.F.I., means that the lounge will be refurnished in the very near future. Early next Term it is hoped to hold a social and dance to celebrate the opening of the new accommodation and the new lounge.

The Blood Shield has been responsible for various sporting activities this Term and the Chiefs have had many successes in this sphere. We have partaken of everything from bowls to softball—outdoors, and everything from fancy dress ukkers to darts—indoors. We have the rare distinction of having been the challengers or the challenged every week since the advent of the Shield.

The I.P.C.C.O. "Q" class which departed this Term has left behind a memento of their happy sojourn with us. They presented us with the Crescent Cup which will be held by the "Indoor Sports" champ each term. We were thinking of placing a handicap on the entrants, and if any one person won it twice in succession he automatically qualified for a sea draft, but we thought this might also scare the entrants away altogether.

Congratulations from us all to C.P.O. Tel. Howick on being presented with the B.E.M. in Her Majesty's first Birthday Honours List.

C.Y.S. Blood continues his reign as President of the Mess, and offers, on behalf of us all, good wishes to all messmates afloat and ashore (in that order of precedence).

P.O.'s PATTTER

To Yeomen and P.O.Tels. everywhere, we in the Mess at the Signal School say Hello!

Combined now with the everlasting change of faces in the Mess, for courses or awaiting draft, etc., come the people who are now trickling out into Civvy Street in ever-increasing numbers, on completion of their eighteen months' "spell."

One member who thought he had "Beaten the Rap" was recalled into the Service after two months compassionate discharge. He is now known as "Cafeteria One," and the person is none other than the incomparable D-Day. Everyone will give him their congratulations on his being awarded the D.S.M. "Well done, Willie." By the way, his companion "Cafeteria Two" is P.O. Tel. Syson.

Two trips to London were arranged a little while ago. The first one to the Royal Tournament and the second to "Seagulls over Sorrento." Both excursions were extremely popular and cheap and there is no reason now why they should not be continued.

A Social and a Dance were held during the month of May and were thought by all to be successful.



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Consumption of hooch behind the bar rose accordingly, so did the blood pressure and numbers of fat heads.

Whilst on the subject of beer, P.O.Tel. Damon has now joined the Mess choir as a Bass!

To all past and present members who are interested in the gold-fish pond, I regret to say that one night the fish were all lost due to some reason unknown. Nevertheless, the project will proceed and more fish are being obtained. The garden itself behind the Mess is looking much better as more and more flowers begin to blossom.

Now that the Spring has passed, and Summer is upon us, naturally the sporting activities of the Mess have increased a great deal. In the world of cricket, Yeo, Doubleday and P.O.Tel. Taylor take wickets and score runs for the Ship's XI with a reasonable degree of precision. We had our first game of softball on 19th June against the S.S. Mess. No one really knew the rules or had even played before, so naturally enough, we lost. However, interest has been aroused and in future games we shall undoubtedly do much better.

The bitter loss to the Mess of the "Crombie Cup" for soccer, was partially compensated when we retained the tug-of-war cup at the annual Sports held on Joe's Meadow.

Table tennis and table football since they were introduced into the lounge are enjoying great popularity. We are favourably placed in the *Mercury* Table Tennis league, and a table football K.O. competition will commence shortly. After a few games of the latter, one begins to walk around with gesticulations reminiscent of "Spaz."

The hockey grounds have been out of order for some time now, so there is virtually nothing to say about it, worse luck.

As a closing note, please when you come up here, bring plenty of threepenny bits with you. We need them badly!

S.S. MESS NATTER

Strides have been made in the past fifteen months as to the comfort of the troops. The new accommodation is full up, but those lucky people, the R.A.'s, and ratings passing through the School, still live in "Ye Olde Nissen Huts." The central heating is not in operation yet, but we hope that it will be by the time Winter comes around. Eighty ratings are accommodated in each block, each of which is divided up into eight rooms.

In addition a need has been filled in that we no longer have to walk a mile for a wash. On each floor there is a bathroom, nicely tiled in preference to corrugated iron. There is a drying room downstairs, and in the similar space on the top floor there are "dhobeying basins."

The novel features of the rooms are the new-style lockers and bedside lamps.

In the dining-hall we now have the Cafeteria

system, which is thought by most to be a great improvement on the old method.

The Blood Shield is at present held by the S.S. Mess. After having it a week the holders can be challenged by any other Mess to any game from "Soccer" to "Uckers."

The Sparkers hold both the 7-a-side and Crombie Cups, which might be loaned to the Buntings for a change! this season.

In closing we wish all Communicators home and abroad all the very best for a good Summer leave.

NEW ACCOMMODATION

You may remember that in the Christmas 1951 issue we told you how the building of the new blocks was going.

Great progress has been made since then and the first five blocks are now in full occupation and have been so for some time by Leading rates and below. The Chief Petty Officers' block should be ready for occupation in early August and they will not be disappointed, for the Admiralty architects have really pushed the boat out and done a first-class job, whilst John Hunt's men have turned their design into bricks and mortar.

Inglefield and Jackson blocks (Petty Officers) should also be nearing completion about the same time. This will be the P.O.'s temporary abode until their own block is built when more money becomes available.

When vacated by the Chief and Petty Officers, "A" block and the upper floor of Kempfenfelt block will be occupied by New Entries, Junior Entries and Adult Entry Ratings.

The heating arrangements over which there has been so much heart-burning due to lack of steel are now almost complete, so we should have no more trouble with the oil stoves which were used as a temporary measure during last winter.

The banks and frontages of the new blocks have all been turfed and flower beds have been laid out. The surface of the road still requires to be laid.

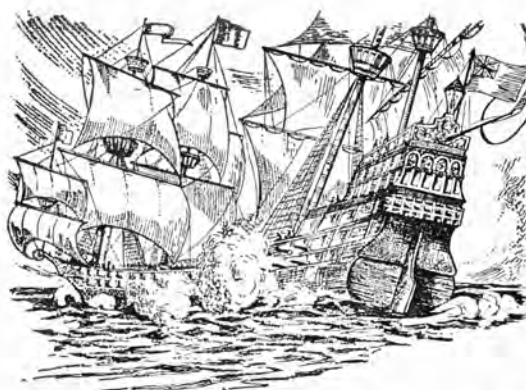
The only Nissen hut in use for accommodation at the moment is one situated in East Camp, which is allocated to persons who are here for a short course of one week or less.

We must not, of course, forget those splendid men who are on ration allowance whose code seems to be "Act green, Keep clean, and always catch the 'Four-Fifteen.'"

W.R.N.S. NOTES

Since news of *Mercury* Wrens last appeared in THE COMMUNICATOR, the winter has passed into a glorious Spring and early Summer, and the First Lieutenant has allowed sun bathing in a fork of the Broadwalk.

Despite this *Mercury* Wrens have again excelled in the Wren world of sport, winning the inter-Unit Netball and Badminton cups and reaching the finals



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of the inter-Unit Hockey competition. Two *Mercury* Wrens are swimming for the Command. The inter-Unit relay race was most excitingly won at the Command Athletics Meeting and the cup once again, after a gap last year, is in *Mercury's* possession and they were only six points behind *Victory* who were the winners of the Command Athletics, inter-Unit events. The teams have been equally made up of Ship's Company and Trainees which is most encouraging.

The Telegraphist Trainees have now gone to Devonport and are only seen for a fortnight when they return to Soberton for D.F. at Seaford Park; they are drafted from here.

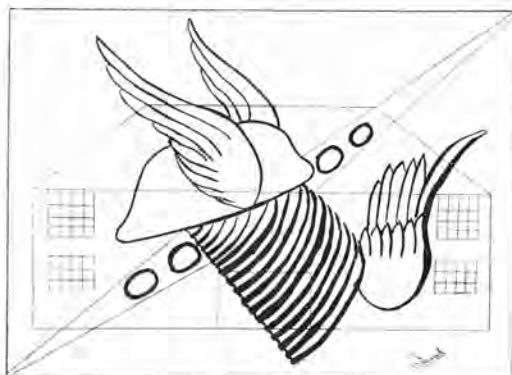
The recreational facilities are improving with a beautiful new recreational room made from a Nissen hut near the M/T yard for the Trainees and Ship's Company. It is hoped to instal a television set at Soberton Towers if the preliminary tests prove satisfactory.

At the Sports Day Dance the Wrens produced an excellent Cabaret of very high standard. This concluded a most successful Sports Day when the Wrens showed the promise fulfilled in their performances at the Command Sports later on.

A note to Wren Sigs. and Tels, who are contemplating advancement courses—apply now and start brushing up on *all* subjects *now*. So often failure in courses is due to a complete neglect of some subjects through no particular fault of their own; but it is up to each one to keep up-to-date, bearing in mind that advancement courses are only meant to refresh existing knowledge.

BASKETBALL

At Basketball we had a go,
Got the baskets filled with snow.
The hard tennis court would scarce suffice
'Cos there we skated on very thin ice.
What we need to start this sport,
At present impossible, is a covered court.



New Lid!!

ENTERTAINMENTS

Since the beginning of the year there have been several entertainments in *Mercury* in addition to the usual films and weekly dances. The first was the production by a *Mercury* company of "Night Must Fall," a play by Emlyn Williams. A lot of hard work was put into the production of this play, and it had its first performance before a full house in the *Mercury* Theatre on 19th March. All who saw it agreed that a very high standard had been reached and great interest was shown in its entry for the R.N. Drama Festival competition. In this the play did very well to come a close second in the Portsmouth Command section, the Command Cup being won by H.M.S. *Excellent's* production of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." The *Mercury* company also gave a performance at St. James' Hospital, Southsea, who generously showed their appreciation by a donation of £10 to our Welfare Fund. It is hoped that the all-round success of this production will prove an incentive to future efforts.

Sports Day was held on 27th May and in the evening a Sports Day dance was held in the Cinema. This was very well attended, the floor was full and the beer bar did a roaring trade. During the interval a Cabaret was given on the stage by the W.R.N.S. and was a tremendous success. The very good costumes, singing and dancing all combined to make an excellent show and its reception by the audience left no doubt about their appreciation. All concerned had put a great deal of time and trouble into rehearsing, making costumes and painting scenery, and it was good to see their efforts well rewarded.

In describing these events it has been impossible to mention by name all the individuals who helped in different ways, whether on or off the stage. There have been many of them, they have all helped to make our shows successes, and we are very grateful to them.

CRICKET

Mercury has got off to quite a good start this season. Of the 12 matches played at the time of going to press, 6 have been won, 4 lost and 2 drawn, whilst 2 matches have had to be cancelled due to the weather.

We have quite a useful side and some good batting and bowling material, though quite a lot remains to be done in improving the fielding. Televising of the Second Test match has given some good examples of how it should be done!

We have been offered the use of the famous Bat and Ball ground at Broadhappenny Down from next season, and whilst no agreement has yet been signed, it seems most probably that we shall at last be able to play on a grass wicket, almost "at home," until the cricket table in Hyden Wood is ready for play.



Rough Passage . . .

but what of the weather in the harbour? Many a captain welcomes the knowledge of local weather conditions, which can be quickly passed by V.H.F. Radio. Guided by the information, the captain may well give the order to proceed if the weather is less severe at the harbour entrance.

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ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1951-52 season in *Mercury* ended in a series of good wins, culminating in a 12-0 massacre of *Dolphin* at St. James Park, in which the spectators were privileged to see some football of a very high calibre indeed.

Altogether the season can be considered a very substantial success for, although we had a shaky passage between November and February, from February onwards there began to emerge a finely blended team, strong in all positions, and this enabled us to climb to sixth position in the table in our first year amongst the big clubs in the first division. This was a great achievement as, not only had we to overcome the problems of drafting, but also the heavy liabilities of the reputation acquired by the Navy Cup side. A measure of the great endeavours was that the runners-up had fewer goals scored against them.

The Waterlooille League can be considered to have been a success, as it formed an excellent nursery in robust football for promising players and we settled a comfortable fourth in this league. The following figures show the progress of football in *Mercury* during the season:

HOME						
	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
U.S. League, Division I	24	7	2	3	34	14
Waterlooille League, Div. I	18	6	1	2	39	15
Cup Matches	7	2	—	—	7	0
Friendlies	15	8	—	2	53	19

AWAY						
	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
U.S. League, Division I	4	2	6	30	34	
Waterlooille League, Div. I	4	—	5	29	26	
Cup Matches	1	—	4	9	11	
Friendlies	2	—	3	9	16	

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
FINAL ANALYSIS	64	34	5	25	210	135
Total number who have represented H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> , 132.						

Winners 7-a-side League, Sparkers.

Winners 11-a-side League, Sparkers.

Runners-up, P.O.'s.

Next season it is intended to add the U.S. League Division III to our competitions and with this additional nursery, all Communicators can look forward both to steady success for the Green-and-Whites, and also the maintenance of *Mercury's* prestige in Association Football.

EXTRACT FROM WREN SIGS. "Q" NO. 26 CRYPTOGRAPHY EXAM.

What do you understand by the terms:

- (i) Physical Compromise,
- (ii) Cryptographic Compromise?

ATHLETICS

Sports Day in *Mercury*, held on Joe's Meadow, was a great success, as we were blessed with good weather and plenty of spectators and competitors.

The inter-Part Trophy went to the Wardroom in the last event, the Men's Relay, as both New Entries, and the A.B.'s and Miscellaneous had been in a threatening position until this event.

A slightly higher standard than last year was obtained, in spite of the 220 yds. track, by running the heats on a time basis, as opposed to a place basis. An exceptional individual feat was performed by Ord.Tel. Brownless, who won both the three miles and the one mile. Amongst new features for Sports Day were the Javelin, Discus, Shot and the three miles, whilst as an interval amusement we had a series of tableaux. This latter event was won by the Petty Officers Mess with "Missionary a la Jungle."

For the Command Championships we entered a team which Lt. (S) Fuller was the mainstay, and he was selected to represent Portsmouth in the Navy Championships for the 220 yards. Although our results brought us sixth place out of seven entrants, several of the larger establishments did not even enter a team.



(By courtesy of Chas. White, Arundel House, Midhurst).

"Eat at Joe's" (One of the Sports Day Tableaux)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD (see page 90)

ACROSS—1, Weekdays; 5, Floats; 10, Trust; 11, Uplifting; 12, Read; 13, Shows; 14, Disc; 17, Viscous; 18, Quaint; 22, Renews; 23, Pulsate; 26, Cowl; 28, Brass; 29, Bees; 32, Induction; 33, Chair; 34, Needed; 35, Decipher.

DOWN—1, Waters; 2, Education; 3, Date; 4, Youthful; 6, Lift; 7, Alibi; 8, Sagacity; 9, Clown; 15, Scowl; 16, Quest; 19, Inthewash; 20, Friction; 21, Nuisance; 24, Trail; 25, Usurer; 27, Wedge; 30, Acre; 31, K.C.S.I.

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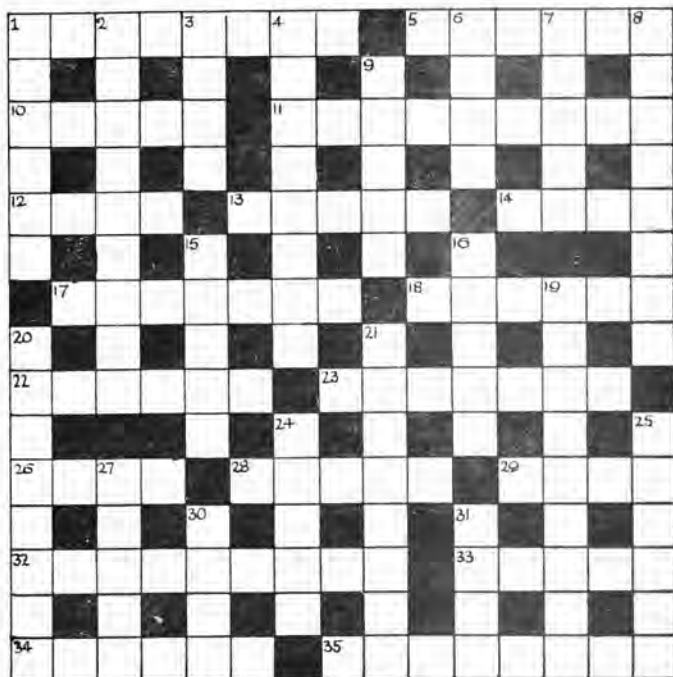
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COMMUNICATIONS CROSSWORD

(See page 88 for Solution)

ACROSS—1, Sunday is not one of these (8). 5, So flat, and does not sink (6). 10, This combination of producers is designed to prevent outside competition (5). 11, Fling it up! Anagram (9). 12, If you cannot this books will give you no help! (4). 13, Who rearranged is found in Steamship. Do you go in "Little Wonder Coaches" to see them? (5). 14, With us is thrown as an athletic event (4). 17, Of clinging consistency—like a kiss under the mistletoe? (7). 18, Piquantly unfamiliar (6). 22, Resuscitates. About the four points of the compass disarranged (6). 23, Slate up! Does it throb? (7). 26, The hooded part of 15 down (4). 28, Does the Yorkshireman think that all coins are made of this metal? (5). 29, With wax is secreted by them for comb (4). 32, The P.O. Tel. knows all about electromagnetic this, but the schoolboy finds this coil shocking! (9). 33, I am in part of a circle (5). 34, Oil is this to limit the effects of 20 down in bearings (6). 35, Piece H.R.D.! Can you solve it? (8).



DOWN—1, Set war to weaken? (6). 2, Literally bringing up—but not usually, of father (9). 3, Is better if stoned (4). 4, Of fresh appearance and not ageing (8). 6, The middle of 11 across is very helpful (4). 7, Edgar Wallace could always provide a cast iron this (5). 8, No amount of 2 down will give you this quality (8). 9, Rustic (literally) (5). 15, Do the monks wear this? It is unlikely (5). 16, Add a bit of an atom to this to elicit an answer (5). 19, Did King John really leave his jewels here? (Three words, 2, 3, 4.) 20, See 34 across (8). 21, Upset boredom surrounds disorderly cans to give trouble (8). 24, Put a rayless riot within this to get a rail round the ship's stern (5). 25, He is much too fond of interest (6). 27, The thin end of this promises great extensions (5). 30, Measure of land (4). 31, An abbreviated Knight (4).

MATELOTS

Matelots are big and hairy, but not always. Their clothes are blue, their eyes are blue, their conversation is blue and the ladies on their chests are very blue indeed.

Matelots draw. They draw their tots, a fortnightly pittance, short commons and the long bow and they will "draw you one off" if provoked. They are allergic to drafts.

Matelots drip. They drip about the food because it is shocking, about their pay because it is pitiful, the mail because it is infrequent, the leave because it is inadequate, and most of all they drip about the ship because it is nothing but a . . . (use your own definition!).

Matelots boast. They boast about the food because

it is better than the Army's, about the money they have to spend, about the leave they had last, about not wanting any mail and not writing any anyway, and most of all they boast about their last ship because it was so superior in every way to this . . . (see above).

Matelots hate. They hate all foreigners, soldiers, canteen managers, civilians, ticket inspectors, and all men with shore jobs.

Matelots wash. They wash paint work, they wash decks, they wash their clothes in buckets and they wash it out if the Jaunty has heard it before.

Matelots are fond of. They are fond of all beer except the beer they are drinking, which is mere vinegar and water. They are fond of all girls, especially the one they left at home.

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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
R. W. BELL	Lt. Cdr. (S)	Mercury	Dido
V. J. COPLEY-MAY	Lt. R.N.V.R.	No. 1 District	Mercury
T. A. DE V. HUNT	Lt. Cdr.	Dolphin	Peregrine
C. J. WHIFFIN	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Implacable
P. J. WYATT, D.S.C.	Cdr.	St. Angelo	Drake
K. C. H. CADMAN	C.C.O. R.N.Z.N.	Saintes	Phoenicia
J. J. S. Yorke	Cdr.	President	Drake
I. PETRIE	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Indomitable
A. E. C. BEST	S.C.C.O.	Highflyer	Gambia
F. W. DENNY	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Birmingham
E. BRISTOW, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ricasoli
D. S. BARMBY, B.S.C.	Ty. Prob. Inst. Lt.	Victory	Mercury
H. A. STUART-MENTETH	Cdr.	Terror	Mercury (leni)
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Birmingham
F. H. FOSTER	Lt. Cdr.	President	Rooke
J. T. TAYLOR	S.C.El.O.	Mercury	Flowerdown
H. E. COLEMAN	C.E.O.(R)	Solebay	Mercury
R. W. D. BRAY	Lt. Cdr.	Victory	Mercury
N. E. C. HAMMOND	Lt.	Mounts Bay	Mercury for Long "C"
R. H. E. BYRNE	Lt.	Opportune	Course
N. T. J. SKITT	Lt.	Minerva	" " " "
P. G. M. GRIEG	Lt.	Bigbury Bay	" " " "
R. B. MONTCLARE	Lt.	Hornet	" " " "
J. A. N. CUMING	Lt.	Minerva	" " " "
M. C. EVELEGH	Lt.	Hornet	" " " "
W. R. D. ROBSON	Lt.	Hornet	" " " "
J. M. JESSOP	Lt.	Dolphin	" " " "
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE	Lt.	Tamar	" " " "
A. J. CONDON, M.B.E.	Comm. Lt. (Rtd.)	Recalled for 18 mths.	Pembroke
A. E. HOWELL	C.C.O.	Forth	Mercury
D. W. GREEN	C.C.O.	Mauritius	Mercury
S. F. BERTHON	Lt. Cdr.	Maidstone	Kenya
R. E. HOOPER	S.C.C.O.	Indefatigable	Highflyer
G. B. THRUM	Lt.	Mercury	Maidstone
D. E. BROMLEY-MARTIN	Cdr.	Mercury	Glory
A. G. McCRUM	Cdr.	President	Mercury
J. O'CONNOR	Comm. Lieut.	No. 3 District	President
L. REYNOLDS	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	St. Angelo
P. H. DRAYCOTT	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	St. Angelo
C. D. SHEAD	C.C.O.	Mercury	Terror (Kranji)
P. DAVIE	Lt. Cdr.	Liverpool	St. Angelo
J. A. STROUD	Lt.	Mercury	Hornet
J. M. LLOYD	Lt.	Mercury	Loch Insh
D. B. SANDERS	Lt.	Mercury	Cardigan Bay
A. J. S. KNOCKER	Lt.	Mercury	Vanguard
J. D. MACPHERSON	Lt.	Mercury	St. Angelo
G. A. F. BOWER	Lt.	Mercury	Saintes
M. I. HOSEGOOD	Lt.	Mercury	Chequers
E. CAPLIN	Comm. Lt. (Rtd.)	Pembroke	President (A.F.N.E.)
E. C. S. MACPHERSON	Lt. Cdr.	Gannet	Pembroke
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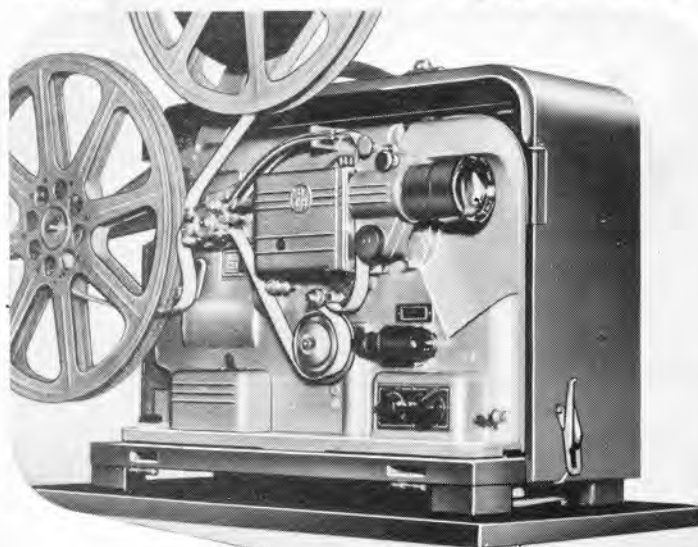
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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
D. C. DOUGLAS	Lt.	Mercury	Cumberland
I. W. BROBEN	Lt. R.A.N.	Mercury	Diamond
J. D. GRESSON	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	Mercury	Fierce
J. F. CHRISTENSEN	Act. C.W.O.	Victory	Mercury
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.	St. Austell Bay	Mercury
H. P. BRADLEY	C.C.O.	Indomitable	Terror (Kranji)
C. M. J. ELIOT	Cdr.	Truelove	President
E. J. WEBBER	Comm. Lt.	Afrikander	Mercury
J. O. FRASER	Inst. Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Merlin
J. TOWNSEND	Inst. Lt.	Mercury	Nuthatch
J. W. MEADOWS	Cdr.	Vanguard	Mercury
P. D. LLOYD	Lt. Cdr.	Hornet	R.A.N., two years
I. F. SOMERVILLE	Cdr.	Indomitable	Victory
D. A. POYNTER	Lt. Cdr.	Loch Insh	Terror
P. W. DOLPHIN	Lt.	Battleaxe	Niobe, H.M.C.S.
R. M. DICK, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C.	R.A.	F.O.T.S.	President
I. G. ROBERTSON, D.S.O., D.S.C.	Capt.	Indomitable	Vanguard
P. E. D. STEARNS	Lt.	Mercury	Cossack
J. N. KENNARD	Cdr.	Indomitable	Vanguard
J. D. HANRON	Lt. Cdr.	Indomitable	Vanguard
D. A. LORAM	Lt.	Chequers	Phoenicia
J. G. T. INGLIS, O.B.E.	Capt.	Mercury	Sheffield
P. W. W. GRAHAM, D.S.C.	Cdr.	President	Victory
C. R. WILLIAMS, O.B.E.	Cdr.	President	Vanguard
P. J. WARRINGTON	Lt. Cdr.	Euryalus	President
H. A. CHEETHAM	Lt. Cdr.	President	Ceylon
W. FITZHERBERT	Lt.	Terror	Crane
W. J. G. B. AYRES, B.E.M.	S.C.C.O.	Indomitable	Vanguard
D. C. WELLS	Lt. Cdr. R.A.N.	Seahawk	Revert R.A.N.
A. E. P. DEANE	Lt. Cdr.	Crane	Terror
G. W. GREET	C.C.O.	Mercury	President
M. J. FITZGERALD	C.C.O.	Mercury	President
P. SOMERS-BROWN	1/O W.R.N.S.	Released	W.R.N.V.R., Calliope
H. S. HAYES, D.S.C.	Cdr.	President	Pembroke
C. H. COX	C.C.O.	Highflyer	Vulture
N. A. MACKINNON, A.D.C.	Capt.	H.M.A. London Dpt.	President
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Terror	Mercury II
P. C. PRINCE	Lt.	St. Angelo	Cygnets
J. A. H. HAMER, O.B.E.	Cdr.	Minerva	Pembroke, then Morcambe Bay
J. KANE	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Falcon
K. MORTON, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	Merlin
A. D. LENOX-COYNINGHAM	Capt.	President	Victory
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Relentless	Rocket
R. F. T. STANNARD, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Cdr.	President	Bigbury Bay
J. N. KENNARD	Cdr.	Vanguard	Corunna
C. W. F. HAMMOND, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Relentless	Rocket
R. B. RICHARDSON	Lt. Cdr.	Theseus	Liverpool
F. W. CHARRETT	ex-C.C.O.	—	R.N.V.(W).R.
W. F. SKELTON	Cdr.	President	Armada
W. G. JONES	Inst. Lt.	Mercury	Boxer
H. P. PAYNE	S.C.C.O.(Air)	Merlin	Daedalus
G. T. MOATES	S.C.C.O.	Theseus	Mercury
J. FRANKS	C.C.O.	Vulture	Vengeance
H. E. HALES	C.C.O.	Mercury	Indomitable
E. C. SWAN	Lt. R.A.N.	Indomitable	Mercury
J. R. ROUND	C.C.O.	President	Collingwood
I. M. BALFOUR, M.B.E.	Cdr.	Jutland	Barrosa
A. R. JACKSON, D.S.C.	Cdr. (S)	Terror	Mercury
R. G. BENNETT	Cdr. (S)	Mercury	Ceres

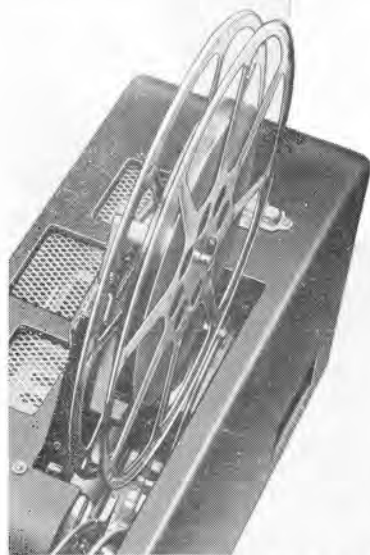


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C. J. J. KEMP	C.C.O.	Terror	Mercury
H. H. RIDLER	Cdr.	Mercury II	Mercury
D. R. LEWIS	Lt. Cdr.	Superb	Mercury II
R. D. B. BIRCH	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury II	Superb
A. J. MARDLIN	C.C.O. (Air)	Hornbill	R.N.A.S. Brawdy
G. F. BARRON	C.C.O.	Mercury	Hornbill
F. A. CULLIFORD	C.C.O.	Gambia	Mercury
M. L. WOOLCOMBE	Lt. Cdr.	Superb	Swiftsure
G. M. LLOYD	Lt.	Loch Insh	Venus
D. R. SHEPPARD	Lt. Cdr.	Liverpool	Ladybird
R. T. PAUL, C.B.E.	Capt.	Heron	Victory
J. C. STOPFORD, O.B.E.	Capt.	Mars	Ceylon
J. R. J. COWLIN	Lt. Cdr.	Fierce	Fulmar
D. A. LORAM	Lt.	Phoenicia	Mercury
G. A. BLOODWORTH	S.C.C.O.	Maori	Implacable
Rev. J. G. SCOTT, L.TH.	Chaplain	Swiftsure	Mercury
Rev. W. J. H. BANKES	Chaplain	Mercury	Swiftsure
R. D. M. YOUNGSON	S.C.C.O.	Calliope	Mercury
L. SLOANE	C.C.O.	Ricasoli	Fulmar
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M. E. ST. Q. WALL	Lt.	Mercury	Pembroke (lent)
A. E. RYAN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Osiris

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H. W. E. FELTHAM	S.C.C.O. to Comm. Lt.
J. LAWN	S.C.C.O. to Comm. Lt.
J. R. J. COWLIN	Lt. to Lt. Cdr.
A. S. MORTON	Lt. to Lt. Cdr.
A. F. SYMONS	C.C.O. to Acting Lt.
R. T. NEATE	Lt. to Lt. Cdr.
K. O. BRIGHT	Inst. S/Lt. to Inst. Lt.

RETIRED

W. L. DRIVER	Comm. Lt.	Age. (Re-appointed.)
J. W. LEADER	Comm. Lt.	Age.
H. KELLY, M.B.E.	Comm. Lt.	Age.
H. S. M. WILKINS, M.B.E.	Comm. Lt.	Age. (Re-appointed.)
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