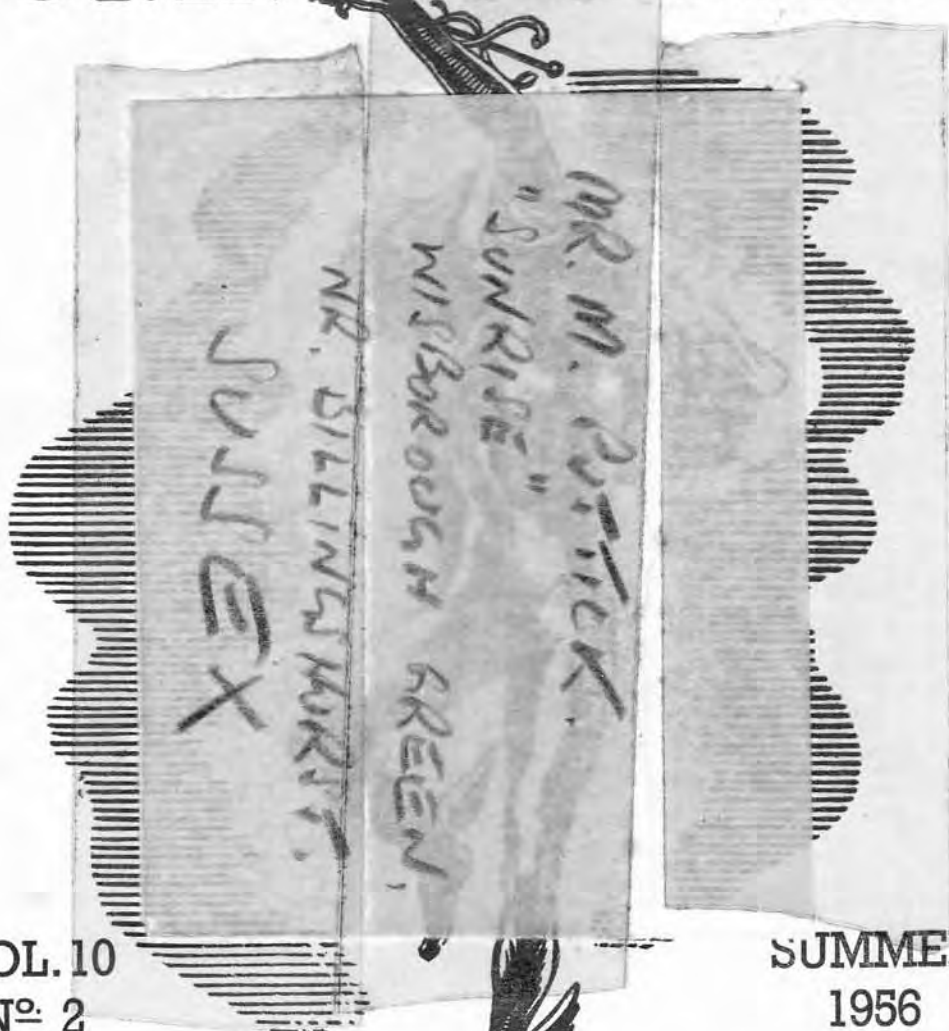


THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 10
Nº 2

SUMMER
1956



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INTERNATIONAL MARINE RADIO CO. LTD. were pleased to co-operate with the Cunard Steam-Ship Company and the B.B.C. during the recent successful Television broadcasts from the R.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH" in Southampton water, and R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" while docked at Southampton by providing the stabilised power supply for cameras and associated equipment from their 3 phase motor alternators which also supply the requirements of the I.M.R.C. operated radio stations on board.

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"SAXONIA"	"SCYTHIA"
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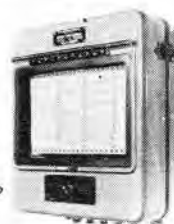
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1956

VOL. 10, No. 2

CONTENTS

	page		page
EDITORIAL	69	MEDITERRANEAN	87
ADVANCEMENT	69	AMERICA AND WEST INDIES... ..	94
CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE	69	VISIT OF THE FIRST SEA LORD	97
FOREWORD BY CAPTAIN OF THE SIGNAL SCHOOL	70	AMATEUR RADIO	97
THE ASHES	70	SPORTS CORNER	98
COMMISSIONING FORECAST	71	HOME STATION	99
WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO	72	FLEET AIR ARM	111
FAR EAST	73	R.N.V.R. NEWS	113
EAST INDIES	79	GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"	117
IT MAY HELP YOU	81	COMPETITION CROSSWORD	121
VISIT OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT... ..	84	PARTRIDGES AT POLIS	123
SOUTH ATLANTIC	85	COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE	127
		PROMOTIONS AND RETIREMENTS	128

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PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



Royal Guard Marches Past H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent

EDITORIAL

I would like to start by thanking everyone who wrote with suggestions for improving the Magazine. Of course everyone wanted something different; but I hope you will agree when you read this number that it contains more variety than usual, even though Headquarters features more than normal.

While on the subject of this number, a special vote of thanks is due to Captain J. E. Broome for his magnificent drawings of the new Phonetic Alphabet, which are being printed for the first time. I would also like to thank the former England and Sussex Captain, A. E. R. Gilligan, for kindly writing a special article for the Magazine.

A new feature of this number is "We take off our hats to . . .", which will be found on page 72. The idea is to spotlight any Communicator, boy or girl, who deserves a special mention. I hope all readers who know of deserving cases will send them along together with a photograph and brief account of the episode.

Make up day for this number was different, for after a commission of two years and two months, Instructor Lieutenant-Commander Smart has left *Mercury* for the sunnier climes of the Rock. We wish him every good fortune. Readers will, of course, know that active steps are on hand to improve the drafting cycle of Communicators; but I doubt whether you can expect a spell like that in *Mercury* even if you, too, become a member of the editorial staff.

Once more we have not been able to print everything received and we have taken the liberty of deleting numerous greeting and quips about good reception on the ether and drafting. Therefore, on behalf of countless correspondents Good Luck, Good Listening and a Happy Leave.

ADVANCEMENT

Have you read A.F.O. 1522/56? This A.F.O. gives details of the revised regulations for examination for Leading Rate. The main points are as follows:—

(a) Men may volunteer for course for Leading Rate as soon as they are rated Signaller or Telegraphist.

(b) Men will be permitted to take the final examinations for Leading Rate without a course, either at one sitting, or in two or three separate parts in a period not exceeding twelve months.

(c) Men will be permitted to take these final examinations any time up to the end of their engagement and will be able to qualify for Class "A" pay without waiting for a course.

(d) The form of examination is revised, and re-examination after failure in certain subjects permitted.

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

It will be some years before the Chaplain can record that the foundation stone of the permanent Chapel has been laid. Indeed, all that can be said is that eventually there will be a brick building. But whether there is a tin hut or an architectural gem the Church consists of you and me. Alas, we all too frequently forget that by whatever title men and women are known, be it Admiral or Wren, they are first and foremost human beings and as such have feelings and respond to atmosphere. Everyone who knew the inside of the old St. Gabriel's Chapel will agree that it was a disgrace and because human beings use it something had to be done.

My predecessor, John Scott, who is known to so many Communicators, started to put things right. The start is always difficult, but in spite of the fact that no authority will spend money on condemned Nissen huts he somehow succeeded in getting the brick facade put up, which made the Chapel very different from all the other huts. It was an excellent beginning. From this point we took over and Captain Gordon-Lennox persuaded a lot of people to do a lot of work. It was a matter of "new wine into an old bottle" but contrary to tradition nothing was lost—we have gained immeasurably.

When you come back to *Mercury* don't make the mistake of not looking inside the Chapel for a complete transformation has taken place. No individual person is solely responsible because many. Service and Civilian, have made their contribution.

A particular "thank you" is due to Mr. Sherwood, the architect of Portsmouth and other Cathedrals, who is a personal friend of the Captain's and has given much friendly advice.

The atmosphere really is peaceful and pleasing, due to the simplicity of the decorations and furnishings.

So, until you read in THE COMMUNICATOR that the foundation stone of the permanent Chapel has been laid, there is, amid the noise and bustle of day to day life, a place set aside worthy of its purpose—where men and women at any time can meet their God and so find peace and quiet; the strength to face difficulties and to give thanks for blessings. Is there anyone who in their heart of hearts does not want to do these things?

The Chapel was dedicated on 19th February 1956, the first Sunday in Lent, by the Venerable F. N. Chamberlain, Chaplain of the Fleet. It was his last visit to *Mercury* before his retirement. Those who know him might like to know that he has gone to look after the Red Ensign Club, Dock Street, and the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich.

I am not going to describe the interior of the Chapel because I want you to have a look for yourselves when you next come to *Mercury*—don't forget.
W.W.D.

Foreword by CAPTAIN OF THE SIGNAL SCHOOL

Immediately before the last issue went to press, we had the announcement of the New Pay Code and I must apologise for stressing the point that there was a levelling of basic rates between the communication and seaman branches. Although true to a large extent, on further study this levelling was not what it at first appeared to be. The present differences are well appreciated and negotiations are proceeding.

You may remember that in the last issue I printed a table showing the states of the advancement rosters of the three port divisions. The numbers on the rosters have altered considerably, even since February, in favour of advancement if qualified. The reduction of numbers on the rosters is due mainly to the large number of men reaching the end of their engagement, coupled with the fact that drafting authorities cannot make sufficient men available for advancement courses to provide replacements. It is most important, therefore, that those with advancement ambitions, and I am sure there must be a great number, should be fully aware of changes in the rules, intended to make life easier.

In case you have not taken it in thoroughly, I commend to you all A.F.O. 1522/56 and the new rules it contains. The scheme of allowing men to take the final examination without a course is an old one, but very few have taken advantage of the facility in the past. There is no doubt that it was extremely difficult to pass the whole examination in one sitting and arrangements have therefore been made under the new scheme for ratings to sit the examination in up to three parts in a period of twelve months. The papers are being set by *Mercury* and the practical examinations conducted on the spot by Fleet boards. Men who qualify will be immediately eligible for Scale 'A' pay, provided they have passed E.T.I.

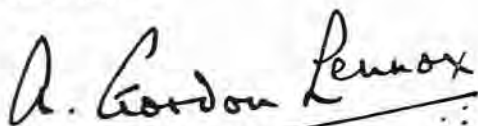
At the same time, the opportunity has been taken to try and simplify some of the examinations and to adjust the rules for re-examination so that the Communicator is more in line with current practice in other branches of the Service.

It is intended to review the standards of knowledge for each rate most carefully during the next few months, to ensure that we really are concentrating on essentials. The final versions will be included in the reprint of the Signal Training Manual which is now being prepared.

With the introduction of centralised advancement and centralised and direct drafting, consideration is being given to further centralising the training at *Mercury*. No final decision has yet been taken, but it looks as though it will no longer be economical to maintain the signal schools at Chatham and Devonport as at present. Plans are therefore in train to centralise more training at *Mercury* and in due course, to reduce the schools at the other depots to the level of S.T.C.s.

Elsewhere in this issue are descriptions of the visits to *Mercury* by H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent and the First Sea Lord. That all important factor, the weather, smiled on us on both occasions and the new accommodation block, supplied now with its foundation stone, is making excellent progress.

Good luck.



Captain.

THE ASHES

(Specially written for the COMMUNICATOR by A. E. R. GILLIGAN—former England and Sussex captain).

Once again the Australian Cricket Team is in our midst and Ian Johnson, their captain, says he is confident of recovering the Ashes.

I wonder how many know the derivation of this term—"The Ashes?"

In 1882 when England was beaten by Australia at Kennington Oval on August 29th, the phrase "The Ashes" came into being.

Our defeat came as a heavy blow to our pride and cricket, and England literally went into mourning. The *SPORTING TIMES* (no longer in circulation), published the following:—

"In affectionate remembrance of English Cricket who died at the Oval on 29th August 1882. Deeply lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances."

R.I.P.

N.B.—The body will be cremated, and the ashes taken to Australia."

So ever since 1882 the greatest keenness and excitement have prevailed both here and Down Under in the Test Matches between our two countries.

I have been five times to Australia—once as captain in the 1924-25 tour, and four times as a broadcaster in 1936, 1946, 1950 and 1954.

In 1924 the first thing one had to get used to was the barracking—most of it very amusing indeed. I could tell a good many stories of the Australian humour but one which I think will appeal to you all happened when Patsy Hendren at Melbourne was fielding by the fence. He missed a ball which passed him and went for four. A loud mouthed gent shouted "Go home Pat, what did they send you out for—your good looks?" Pat replied, "Keep your mouth shut." "Why?" said the barracker. "Well if you don't you'll get your guts sunburnt," replied Pat, and a roar went up from the crowd.

Pat Hendren thereafter was a great favourite with them.

At the end of that particular over, Pat came running up to me and by signs pointing first to his face, and then to the barracker in the crowd said, "Did you see that skipper? What did they send you out for—your good looks?"

"Alright Pat, you change places with Andrew Sandham and go and field out by the ladies' enclosure," I said. The change was made and to everybody's intense amusement three overs later the loud mouthed barracker yelled out to me "Gillie, for the love of mike let's have old Patsy Hendren back again". Poor Andrew Sandham has never lived that down!

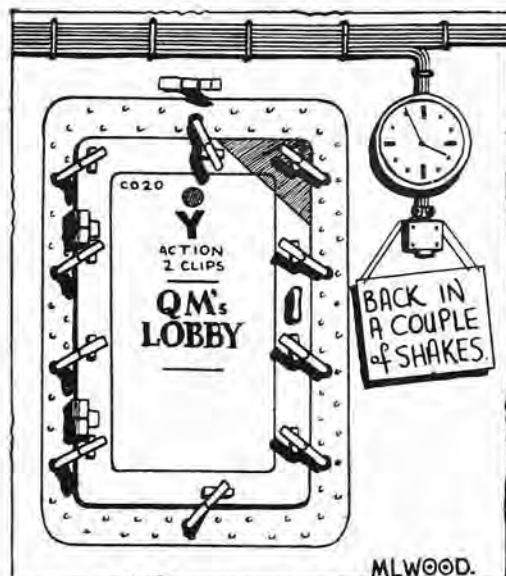
We had a great series with Australia in that 1924-25 tour, and one thing I admired about the Aussies was that they were tremendous fighters when things were going against them. Twice in that series of Tests I thought we had got them down, but no, they fought back like demons and beat us in the end.

So we must look out in the present tour for the Australians great fighting qualities, and although Surrey beat them by 10 wickets at the Oval, I anticipate a great fight for the Ashes in the coming series of Tests.

I feel quite sure that the Tests will be played in the same good spirit as in Len Hutton's M.C.C. Australian tour of 1954-55. No quarter is asked or given on the field, but both sides were firm friends off the field, which is the most desirable thing in these international contests.

I think England will just about retain the Ashes but it will be a very close thing.

PRIZEWINNING CARTOON



COMMISSIONING FORECAST

1956		
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Armada</i>	3rd D.S. G.S.C. vice <i>Saintes</i>
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Newfoundland</i>	Far East
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Wizard</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Whirlwind</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Wakeful</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Torquay</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Protector</i>	Home/AW1 G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Warrior</i>	Trials Carrier G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Puma</i>	Home Sea Service
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Cavendish</i>	6th D.S. G.S.C. vice <i>Battleaxe</i>
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Comet</i>	6th D.S. G.S.C.
Aug.	H.M.S. <i>Contest</i>	6th D.S. G.S.C.
Sept.	H.M.S. <i>Ceylon</i>	Home/S. Atlantic/ Med. G.S.C.
Sept.	H.M.S. <i>Lynx</i>	Home/S. Atlantic G.S.C.
Sept.	H.M.S. <i>Narvik</i>	
Sept.	H.M.S. <i>Lennox</i>	FP + 5th M.S. vice <i>Mariner</i>
Sept.	H.M.S. <i>Waterwitch</i>	FP + 5th M.S. vice <i>Rattlesnake</i>
Oct.	H.M.S. <i>Carysfort</i>	6th D.S. G.S.C. vice <i>Scorpion</i>
Oct.	H.M.S. <i>St. Austell Bay</i>	Home/AW1 G.S.C.
Oct.	H.M.S. <i>Magpie</i>	Home/S. Atlantic G.S.C.
Oct.	H.M.S. <i>Ark Royal</i>	G.S.C.
Oct.	H.M.S. <i>Loch Alvie</i>	Home/E. Indies G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Morecambe Bay</i>	Home/AW1 G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Cardigan Bay</i>	3rd F.S. Far East
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Vidal</i>	Surveying G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Wave</i>	FP + 5th M.S. vice <i>Coquette</i>
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Dainty</i>	G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Daring</i>	G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Defender</i>	G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Delight</i>	G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Salisbury</i>	5th F.S. G.S.C.
Nov.	H.M.S. <i>Chevior</i>	8th D.S. Far East
Dec.	H.M.S. <i>Comus</i>	8th D.S. Far East
Dec.	H.M.S. <i>Loch Fada</i>	Home/E. Indies G.S.C.

CHRISTMAS EDITION 1956

Closing date for contributions, 16th November, 1956.

Closing date for bulk orders, 30th November, 1956.

We take off our hats to...



Petty Officer
Telegraphist
M. J. STOOT,
for being
awarded the



British Empire
Medal in the
Queen's
Birthday
Honours List.



Mr. F. A. MIDDLETON, for
his well deserved promotion to
Executive Officer in the Civil
Service. Mr. Middleton is well
known to Communicators; he
joined the Service in 1914 as a
Signal Boy and retired as a
C.Y.S. in 1938. Since then, he
has played a large part in the
life of the Signal School as
C.B. Officer and Civilian
Records Officer.



Petty Officer Telegraphist
H. A. NARRAWAY on his
retirement after 34 years'
service. He joined the Service
in April 1917 and submarines
in 1925, amongst others served
in a two funnel steam sub-
marine. After 5 years outside
he rejoined in 1936. He served
throughout the war in sub-
marines, being awarded the
D.S.M. in 1940.



COMMUNICATIONS SOCCER TEAM, TRINCOMALEE for
winning the Johnson Cup for the 1955/1956 season. The team was:-
Back row, Sig. Cooper, Tel. Shaw, Sig. Simpson, L.Tel. Cornelius,
Tel. Feeney, Tel. Pettit. Front row, Coder (E) Sullivan, Sig. May, Sig.
Alan, Sig. Burge, Sig. Thompson.





FAR EAST

H.M.S. "CRANE"

We in *Crane* had thought we were becoming Hong Kong to Singapore specialists, but the present Japanese cruise has changed our ideas.

Singapore's independence demands gave us an opportunity to give our portable equipment a good airing. Three riot squads were formed on *Crane* and our representatives were 'rarin' to go with 622's and 615's. However, Singapore remained calm and naught but words of an angry nature were passed during the London discussions and in speeches by the delegates on return.

The usual round of abuse faded quickly when we headed north to Hong Kong and Japan—we are now in the midst of a ten day stay at Kure. An engine defect prevented a short stay at Yokosuka and exercise with a U.S. submarine.

Our broadcast operators, although preferring their present surroundings to the rest of the command, would much prefer FF Broadcast to Guam which now pumps out at a tedious 15 W.P.M.

Should you ever come this way, put Hiroshima down on your Must-Visit-List—its an eyeopener to the trend in modern warfare and has to be seen for one to realise the extent of chaos caused by atom bombs. On a hillside overlooking the city is a research centre run by U.S./Japan Admin. with doctors and scientists from all parts of the world. Here visitors are given an informative talk and film on the history of all their research since the fall of the bomb.

If this account should tempt you to storm the Drafting Office to recommission *Crane*, let me tell you that she is due for an extensive refit after we pay off in October, and probably only a couple of Communicators will stand by.

THE EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Since our last report was written for THE COMMUNICATOR, the squadron has enjoyed a busy time with the rest of the Fleet and some most interesting exercises with the Carrier Squadron. We have managed to keep the ships together for as much

as four months. From January to April, the 8th D.S. meant five ships, and often we had the two Australian "Battles", *Tobruk*, and *Anzac*, and their three Type Fifteens, *Quadrant*, *Queenborough*, and *Quickmatch* to give us something like a Fleet Screen.

Cossack and *Consort* tried to do some "Hukking" with the Americans in December and after the Regatta set out for the North. Unfortunately, the weather was indescribable and after sailing from Hong Kong with about ten U.S.N. destroyers and a Carrier we arrived at Okinawa with only the Carrier. The American Destroyers had to retire at various stages to Formosa and a signal was intercepted instructing ships of a certain Division, in view of the heavy weather, to forward the names of particularly deserving personnel for the award of "Balls of Fire Certificates". There was a certain amount of smugness in our ships as we didn't actually have to turn back, and our damage was slight compared with the Carrier. Nevertheless, we were glad to pause for a moment in Kure where a most efficient dockyard sewed up some of the larger leaks. Needless to say the "Huk" was cancelled, which was a great pity because they are good exercises and would have been especially effective at what amounted to the end of the work up for both ships.

In the middle of February *Consort* and *Comus*, together with the rest of the Fleet, took part in Operation "Firmlink", a Seato Demonstration in Bangkok. *Cossack* having herself been inspected by F.O. 2 remained behind for Captain D. to inspect *Concord*. Having done this, both ships sailed and joined up with the rest of the Fleet in Singapore at the beginning of March. *Cockade* was meanwhile cruising off Malaya.

Exercises "Welcome", "Monsoon" and "Sea Dragon", which went on hardly without pause between March and the end of April, were good value and we were lucky to have excellent weather. We met the Carriers, and, pausing for a day or so in Singapore, went on up to Hong Kong. On the way we carried out various serials and a screen of seven ships was kept busily re-orientating. "Monsoon" was the most intensive part of the period and everyone was pretty tired when we finally reached Singapore

early in April. As always, the Communicators were extremely hardworked and in the private ships and frigates must have been completely exhausted.

"Monsoon" over, the Squadron seemed to split up again very quickly. *Cossack* went to Saigon for what was described as an informal visit but which turned out to be rather the reverse. In fact it was great fun and we managed some amusing runs ashore in the most expensive city in the East on a favourable exchange rate. *Concord* and *Consort* departed for Australia, followed after her inspection, by *Comus*, while *Cockade* started her refit in Hong Kong. The Australian trips have certainly not been exciting but they have each included a visit to Fremantle and in some cases to the other ports on the West Coast. Everywhere we have experienced marvellous hospitality.

By the time that this appears in print, *Concord* will have recommissioned and *Cockade* will be just about to do so. We shall miss the old teams and we welcome the new. *Comus* will have another visit to Australia after the self refit and that will take her up to the middle of June. In the middle of July *Cossack* is due to pay off and the Ship's Company will change over to *Cheviot* which has been having an extended refit. *Cossack* should therefore start a long refit in August and about the same time, or a little earlier, *Consort* will start a "three-monther". This means that we shan't see much of the Squadron before the late Autumn and the programme is impossible to foretell. The change-over to *Cheviot* will probably take longer than the starry eyed planners imagine, but we hope perhaps *Cossack's* will see Hong Kong again before we catch that popular aeroplane sometime in November.

STAFF OF FOSICFESTA

Those who believe this is a married accompanied draft, should not be deceived, as our usual "Home" boasts two funnels and four propellers, which we assume are still top and bottom fittings in Home Fleet ships nowadays. One hears, with envy, that such and such a ship just made that weekend train by nipping round the Isle of Wight at a hundred knots, throttle not even fully open. Despite this we, too, can say that we get around. Join the Staff and take your pick: Australia, New Zealand, Hong

Kong, Japan, Siam, and, of course, there is always Singapore.

At the time of writing we are embarked in H.M.S. *Newcastle* at Hong Kong prior to sailing to Japan, having had a pleasant spell at R.N.A.S. Sembawang. Recently we said "Goodbye" to Vice-Admiral Elkins, and Lieut.-Cmdr. (C) P. H. Page the Staff Communication Officer, welcoming in their place Rear-Admiral Edden and Lieut.-Cmdr. (C) L. Grey who will be remembered as the last editor of THE COMMUNICATOR.

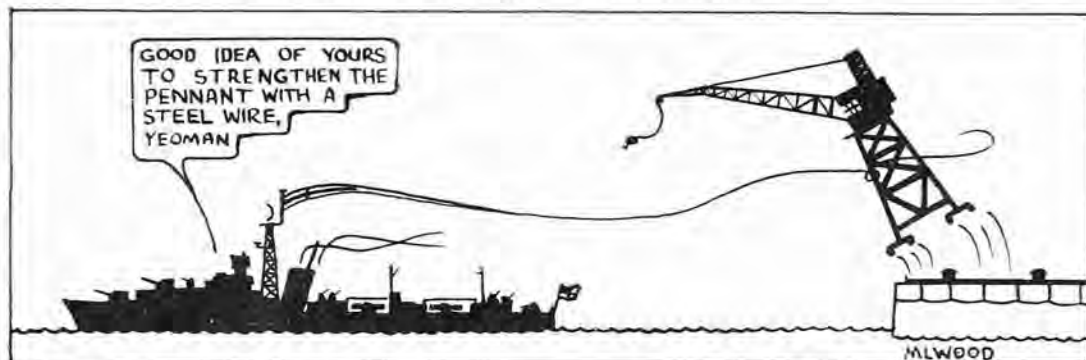
Six months have been spent aboard H.M.S. *Newfoundland*, but the staff left with almost indecent haste when it was learned that she was sailing for Monte Bello; obviously no one was keen to see if atomic rays really do give a permanent tan, curl one's hair or turn fire main water into "Tiger Tops". We thank the Communication staff of *Newfoundland* for their help and hospitality during our stay aboard.

Whilst at Sembawang several successful sporting fixtures against them took place: regrettably we cannot remember the scores.

Tel. Brown and L/Tel. Bryant have recently left us and we wish them every success in their new surroundings. Yeoman Collins and Yeoman Cull are now considered "Old Boys of the East", and are still heard to mutter that "Things weren't like this when we first came out". One suspects the too infrequent visits to the North give them cause for gloom.

During recent exercises with *Centaur* and *Albion*, we feel that both the V/S and W/T gained much valuable experience. We fully realise the importance of a good understanding of naval air communications and carrier operating. Everyone was most impressed with all they saw of the aircraft; the Seahawks proved a little harrassing, supposedly using the whips as tuning forks; one of our members swears he heard the strains of "Colonel Bogey" coming from above.

In the not too distant future we shall once again head towards the Antipodes and, even at this early stage, the staff are making preparations, both musical and otherwise, because we have always received really wonderful hospitality in Australia and New Zealand.



HONG KONG W/T

Many new faces have appeared in the office in recent months and many of the old ones have disappeared. Our soccer team suffered considerably when they lost the services of Tels. Bird, Fisher, Yardley and Lawson, but among the newcomers we hope to find some very able replacements. Our showcase in the CRR is like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, but we hope it won't remain in its present state for very long.

At the moment we are in the grip of a water famine, and as those who have been here before will know, our water supply is governed by reservoirs and rainfall, and as it hasn't rained much in the last four months, "The water in the well gets lower and lower". Recently we were restricted to three hours water every other day, but since then we have had a few days' rain and we now enjoy the luxury of two and a half hours of water per day.

To add to the discomfort of being without water we are periodically invaded by armies of flying 'things', but we manage to keep them at bay with a magic mixture the Chief Tel. procured from one of his many 'connections'. Nevertheless, the odd one still creeps into the tea pot at night to give it that 'beef tea' flavour.

On the Service side, our operators are just as active, and comb the ether vigilantly. We recently had occasion to give medical assistance to a merchant ship just off Lisbon, the first time this has happened to us for some time. Owing to the shortage of Europeans we have quite a few Chinese operators on our staff, but they work quite well taking into consideration the fact that they have only a limited command of the English language and we have even less knowledge of Cantonese.

We end this, with a quotable quote, that one of our demon O/Tels. wrote on the top of a broadcast signal. "If there's any mistakes in this signal, it's not my fault, it's Singapore's".

H.M.S. "NARVIK"

The ship left the United Kingdom on 29th December 1955, and steamed for Fremantle with a minimum of delay.

A pleasant ten days or so were spent in the Fremantle area and this was the last of civilisation the ship was to see for many a week.

The Monte Bello Islands were reached on 8th March and there *Narvik* stayed to fulfil her role of providing a base for the Scientists and Royal Engineers engaged in making preparations for Atomic Tests.

Recreational facilities in the Monte Bello Islands are not everyone's "cup of tea", but after a time a bathing beach, cricket pitch and football ground were prepared to relieve the monotony of staying on board.

Mail and provisions came through regularly, thanks to the logistic support provided by the R.A.N.

and Air Force. A regular ferry service was run between the Monte Bellos and the nearest airfield at Onslow, 80 miles away on the mainland.

The explosion, which took place on 16th May did much to make everyone realise the purpose behind the weeks of build up and brought home the realisation that an important and worthwhile task was being accomplished.

H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

Early in February a S.E.A.T.O. exercise was sprung on us at a few hours notice. We were told, at noon one day, to sail from Hong Kong at 1700, with 4 or 5 destroyers under the command of F.O.2.F.E.S. in *Newfoundland* as escort to Task Force 19, en route from the Philippines to Bangkok.

Taking with us H.M.A.S. *Tobruk* and *Anzac* of the 10th D.S. and *Comus* and *Consort* of the 8th D.S. we sailed on time and eventually joined up with U.S.S. *Princeton* and *Salisbury Sound*, and an American Destroyer *McDermott*, F.O.2.F.E.S. then became CTG 19.7 under CTF 19 in *Princeton*.

Escorted by the Commonwealth Task Group the fleet anchored off Bangkok one morning and using the 3 or 4 helicopter squadrons in *Princeton* a large number of allied troops were landed in a mock attack on an airfield near Bangkok. Later in the day *Newfoundland* led *Salisbury Sound*, *McDermott* and the Commonwealth ships which by this time included H.M.N.Z.S. *Pukaki*, up the river to Bangkok for a few days stay. *Newfoundland* thus became the first cruiser ever to reach Bangkok. There were a few tense moments as we crossed the bar at high tide with a couple of feet to spare.

A large parade was held in Bangkok to demonstrate the strength and co-operation of S.E.A.T.O. The nations represented in the parade were Thailand, Philippines, America, Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain.

The whole operation was most successful especially considering the very short notice given to the Commonwealth force.

Barely had we finished the S.E.A.T.O. exercise than *Albion* and *Centaur* joined the station to give the fleet a good workup in aircraft carrier operations. The whole of the Far East Fleet, with the exception of *Newcastle* and a couple of frigates on Japan and Korea duty, took part in the exercises which lasted a month. The main phases were called "Welcome", "Monsoon" and "Sea Dragon", and we went right through the book from fuelling at sea, to inshore operations in defence of Hong Kong.

Although in the flagship we had an unusually large amount of traffic to handle, radio silence was in force for a large part of the time which meant a most welcome saving of operators! Whenever possible V/S communications were used, as in normal periods this department suffers from a sad lack of practical work.

The juniors in the staff have progressed in fine style. All the 'Ords' we started out with are now Tels.

or Sigs. and the Boys are now all Ords., most of whom have passed for the Able Rate.

We have found that the most successful training method for the sparkers is to let each operator do all the different jobs in turn—a watch at a time. This means that they all learn ship-shore and crypto procedures simultaneously as well as gaining confidence in the all important broadcast bay.

During the first week in June the ship was in Fremantle prior to spending a month in the Indian Ocean sending in weather reports for the nuclear tests at Monte Bello. The first advance party of the new commission joined us in Singapore the day we sailed for Australia and we will be seeing the rest of the new ship's company late in July when we will all become birdmen and fly home.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

At the S.E.A.T.O. Conference site in R.N.A.S. Sembawang, Singapore, strict security measures were imposed. The F.C.O., F.E.S., Commander Dalrymple-Hamilton, visited the Conference building and prior to his arrival the Army Security Officer rang the main gate to warn them of his arrival. The following conversation ensued between the Security Officer (S.O.) and the Sikh Sergeant of Police (S.S.):

S.O.—"Commander Dalrymple-Hamilton will be arriving shortly".

S.S.—"Who, Sir?"

S.O.—"Commander Dalrymple-Hamilton DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON".

S.S.—"Yes, Sir".

S.O.—"Got it? Dalrymple".

S.S.—"Yes, Sir, Dalrymple".

S.O.—"Hamilton".

S.S.—"Hancock".

S.O.—"No, Hamilton".

S.S.—"Hanton".

S.O.—"No. You know Admiral Lord Nelson?"

S.S.—"Yes, Sir".

S.O.—"And Lady Hamilton".

S.S.—"Yes, Sir".

S.O.—"Well Hamilton; Dalrymple-Hamilton".

S.S.—"Yes, Sir, and will the Admiral and his Lady be coming too?"

"MOSAIC MOMENTS"

"MOSAIC" was the codename allocated to the latest series of atomic tests in the Monte Bello Islands located off the Northwest Cape of Western Australia. H.M.S. *Narvik* was the "Control" ship with both R.N. and R.A.N. ships taking part in the operation.

In order to obtain Meteorological information before the 'bang', weather ships were stationed in the Indian Ocean and a squadron of R.A.F. Shackletons made reccos over a wide area. Well in the picture from the communication angle was Coonawarra W/T Station (VHM), which has many customers among ships in the Far East as well as the

Australia Station. It was decided that Coonawarra should provide a ship broadcast and additional ship/shore facilities. The communication staff was nearly doubled although a large proportion of the influx was by O/Tels.

As the operation progressed and traffic loading increased, all hands were reminded constantly that it was essential that high precedence traffic be reported and cleared as "quick as a flash". At last one such "hot spud" was offered on ship/shore and the VHM Operator quietly reported 'ZBO Z'. After receipt, only a couple of 'moments' ticked by before our O/Tel., sending a beautiful drop of morse to Harman, logged their receipt.

Harman reported a different story but didn't log it! At a later 'wash-up', their operator said he heard something like morse at the time and requested a repetition. This time he was more certain and called for the assistance of a 'senior' Tel. They were joined by another Tel. (Passed for Ldg. Tel.), and a third repetition was requested. None of them was able to read the message but managed to establish that it was a 'Flash' and the POOW was called in to assist. On the fourth transmission they got it.



"I quoted part of the French I read on the SBX this morning!"

H.M.N.Z.S. "IRIRANGI"

Our football (Rugby to you) and soccer season has just started so for the moment Communications are forgotten.

We eagerly await the arrival of the Springbok touring team and look forward to some good football.

Just a little about our station—situated on the highest ground in the North Island almost midway between Auckland and Wellington. We have a view which I doubt any other wireless station can match—miles of bushland and semi-desert not forgetting Ngaurohoe, easier to pronounce than it looks, an active volcano which often obliges by emitting clouds of steam. We have no sizeable town nearer than twenty miles, but the largest Army camp in New Zealand is situated five miles away so we are not alone. We also enjoy the two extremes of climate.

We have a Communication staff of approximately fifty, and thirty miscellaneous ratings. Our receiving station is one mile from the camp while the transmitting station is several miles in another direction which necessitates the use of a truck for coming and going on watch . . . Doesn't do to be adrift as a walk to receivers in winter can be anything but pleasant, especially in the small hours of the morning.

For the marksman we can offer an abundance of rabbits, while deer may be stalked a few miles away. It is possible to blaze at rabbits from the windows of the receiving station providing the rabbits don't see the gun being taken on watch.

As well as the usual sporting facilities we have our own golf course, a little overgrown due to the lack of volunteers to keep the grass trimmed.

We recently welcomed Mr. J. E. Daykin, C.C.O., R.N., to the station and hope he enjoys his stay.

"A 'BLOODY' EXPERIENCE"

During my sojourn in New Zealand on the pay roll of the Royal New Zealand Navy, I was able to discover and participate in a number of non-naval activities that take place in this country. Firstly, it must be appreciated that New Zealand consists of two islands—the North Island or "Pig Island", and the South Island or the "Mainland".

As most of my time was of necessity spent in the "Pig Island", opportunity was taken to study sheep farming in general and the "freezer" in particular. "Freezer" is the name given by the kiwis to a mammoth building, in which they deal with sheep, to the entire satisfaction of the English lamb-eater.

If you are in New Zealand, a freezing works cannot be mistaken for anything else, due to the scent which it exhales over all the neighbouring countryside; in fact in some cases where there are two freezers separated by a few miles, the towns have lost their identity and are known as the first smell and the second smell out of . . .

Around the freezing works are a number of paddocks where the sheep are kept, after their transport from the neighbouring countryside, until required to enter the factory. When their time is up, they are herded by the means of a man and six dogs down the mountainside towards the covered yards of the freezing works. During this operation the shepherd has up to 2,500 sheep to move at one time. This is all carried out by means of piercing whistles, sounds that simulate some well known swear words, and some shrewd movements of a stick. From the covered yards they have to be manoeuvred to the top floor of the building. This is logical because it is easier for a live sheep to walk up four floors and then descend through the various departments with the aid of gravity, than for a dead sheep to be carried up four floors by men during the process of its disintegration.

In order to lead the lambs to the slaughter (killing pen) (4th floor) a number of sheep have to be

specially trained to do this and yet nip out themselves before they too can be caught up in the killing operation. These sheep are called "Judas Sheep" and take approximately six months to a year to train! However, once trained, they live a life of luxury as they do not share the fate of their brethren until they are too old to walk (These sheep are sold as mutton in N.Z. so the U.K.ites needn't feel squeamish)

After getting to the top yard a man suddenly appears. In his hand there is a collection of old iron on the end of a short stick, this he rattles furiously behind the sheep, who, by means of cleverly shaped runs are quickly driven forward until you see "follow-my-leader" taking place, but this time the leader never reappears! Here two stalwart Kiwis grab him, one by the neck and one by the hind quarters and in a flash the sheep's head is bent back over a metal stanchion and his neck quickly cut. At the same time, a butcher's hook is neatly skewered to one of the hind quarters and, hey presto, the sheep starts his journey on a conveyor belt.

The first run of the conveyor belt is backwards and forwards over a grill, while all the blood drips out and is caught down below in a large tank and subsequently becomes part of the "blood and bone" manure mixture. The sheep then pass on to a gang, who decapitate, paunch and skin them. Another team further down the conveyor belt tie up the legs neatly and the carcass is practically ready for the consumer, only it is still warm. It is now only fifteen minutes since the sheep was alive and kicking.

In the next stage all sheep are weighed and graded in front of an inspector, whose approximate rate of dealing with these still warm animals is one every ten seconds! Still on the conveyor belt, the carcasses then get stored in the "cooler". This is a room which seems of infinite size as it takes, in a small freezing works, 8,000 sheep—about one day's killing. The sheep remain here until the day's killing operations are completed, then just before the works closes down, all the hands turn to storing them into enormous refrigerators where they are "freed". In which state they will remain until they reach the butchers in England. In the Freezing Works which I visited they could hold half a million sheep till they were required for export.

"In commerce nothing is wasted," the Manager of the Works told me. "The only things which are 'given' away are the rather unpleasant smells and the water used for rinsing the animals down".

After my visit I really believed him. You have heard of the edible portions, but did you know that nothing of the inedible portions is thrown away either. All the wool is taken off the skins, washed, scoured, dried and sold. The skin is treated and turned out as chamois leathers. The bits that are trimmed off the chamois leather, for neatness sake, are fastened together and sold as car leathers.

The tongues are tinned on the premises, the livers and hearts being sold as offal. The intestines join up with the blood and make excellent manure.

Anyone who can read this and still eat lamb is welcome to see my cine-film of the whole operation.

HOW CLEVER ARE COMMUNICATORS?

A man calling on a friend in an American town saw a number of children playing in the garden. Without counting them he said to his host: "Surely they are not all yours?" The other man replied: "No, there are four families, the largest being my own, the next largest my brother's, the third largest my younger sister's, and the smallest my elder sister's. It is a pity that there are too few to make up a couple of base-ball teams". (There are nine a side at base-ball.)

Then he added: "Oddly enough, the numbers of the four families of children, multiplied together, make the street number of this house." The visitor who knew the street number, thought for a moment and said: "Has the smallest family one or two children?" His host having given the answer, he then stated with certainty how many there were in each family. How many were there?

It is capable of solution in a few lines and within 5-10 minutes. Allow yourself half an hour and if you still can't work it out, turn to page 125.

(From the SUNDAY TIMES of June 5th, 1949).

ROYAL TOURNAMENT 1956

It was decided at high level that this year the Navy must put on something new at the Royal Tournament. After discussion in the latter part of last year it was settled that the display should take the form of an attack by a submarine on a convoy, with separate close ups of the convoy, Operations rooms of the Escort Force Commander's ship, the bridge and A.C.R. of one of the attacking ships and an M.H.Q. manned by Naval and R.A.F. personnel, each scene to be picked out by spot-lights as the action progressed.

The display was manned by officers and men of the Portsmouth Command. The Communications Branch provided three Wren Telegraphists, one Yeoman, two Signalmen and a Lieutenant (C). Wren Telegraphist Belgium had the eyes of 15,000 people on her at each performance as she was spotlighted sending a signal warning the convoy of the presence of submarines. Wren Telegraphist White kept the large wall map in the M.H.Q. up to date and Wren Telegraphist Burke acted as M.H.Q. messenger. Both signalmen were in the Operations room, one sent the same signal on T.C.P. twice daily for nineteen days and is reported to have finally got the distribution right, the other expertly plotted on an A.R.L. table. Yeoman Gray



Left to right: Sigs. Stone, Wren Burke, Y. Sig. Grey, Wren Belgium, Wren White, and Sig. Kennedy

went through the motions of being typical on the bridge and for good measure reported 'A.S. weapons ready'. The (C) Officer acted as A.S.C.O. and on completion of the Tournament had sunk the same submarine 38 times, which is claimed as a record.

The reception received from the public and the press was excellent and many thousands of people showed a great interest in the models after each show. We had a thoroughly good time and hope that when the show next goes on some of you will be lucky enough to be in it.

"HIC."

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every one down the sink or else . . .

So I said I would and then proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink, saving one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the glass down the bottle which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next one and drank the sink out of it and threw the rest of it down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had emptied everything, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, making 29. To be sure, I counted them again when they came by and the result was 79. As the house came by I counted them yet again and finally had all houses, corks, and sinks counted except one house and one bottle . . . which I drank.



EAST INDIES

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF EAST INDIES

Since our last article, H.M.S. *Superb* has arrived, as our new flagship, and has settled down to the business of beating all comers in the sporting field. That is with the exception of *Highflyer*, who marred her unbroken soccer record with, it must be admitted, a somewhat sneaky single goal.

Embarking in the near future, we leave Trinco for our annual East African cruise: calling, as the old hands will say, at the same old places. There is, however, some joy in renewing old acquaintances and verifying earlier opinions.

With this cruise behind us we look forward with some trepidation to being selected for the next.

In closing we wonder how the future amalgamation of port divisions will affect the present practice of SBNO's staff (Guzz); reclining ashore while we play knights errant. This is not a drip, we merely wish that these 'joyous occasions' should be equally shared.

S.B.N.O. CEYLON

At the time of writing we in Trincomalee are enjoying a reasonably quiet spell as the Flagship, H.M.S. *Superb*, is away on the East African Cruise. She is expected back on 24th July, when the communications staff of Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, will return to the M.S.O. to start the work for "J.E.T.'s 56". We are expecting some twenty-six ships of the R.N., P.N., I.N. and R.Cy.N. to take part. We shall be rather busy, but the feast of sport more than compensates for the extra work.

In the past three months there have been numerous changes. Lt.-Cdr. Hornyold-Strickland relieved Lt.-Cdr. Lewis as Fleet Communications Officer. C.Y.S. Smith, Sigs. Simpson and Cooper have all returned to the U.K., and some of the new faces are Yeo, Hedley, Sigs. Dermidy and Munt. Impending departures are Mrs. Sanders, one of our three Cypher Assistants, who has been here for the past three years, and Tel. Kirk who has played so many

different roles during his 18 months stay. We will be sorry to lose them both and wish them the best of luck in their next appointments.

Ex members of Number 5 Bhandra will be pleased to know that the Comms. Soccer team have at last wrested the much coveted "Johnson Cup" from the R.A.F. China Bay who have held this trophy for the past five years.

The following is an extract from a message received via TP from C.W.R.S.

"C.O's are to ensure that all officers are to sleep onboard and are to love in the messes. Married officers when accompanied comma however comma may be permitted to love on shore".

H.M.S. "JUFAR"

The past three months have seen great changes in the *Jufair* Naval Base, following the riots in Manama and Muhurraq in March. The arrival in the base of some 90 men of the K.R.R.C. called for an immediate move to the new H.Q. and the conversion of our old offices to living quarters for our guests. In spite of several scares there have touch wood, been no more riots, but the tension has remained, and all members of the communication staff have found themselves losing sleep and valuable fishing time. Consumption of Whitbread's has decreased considerably, but the rebate is showing an increase due to the hitherto unprecedented sale of Pepsi Cola and Ginger Ale.

Traffic levels rose to heights never before experienced in *Jufair*, but the temporary loan of two signalmen was invaluable in enabling us to keep the ball moving. Also invaluable was the help given by the frigates in clearing our ship/shore traffic; their movements were considerably curtailed by the emergency, and apart from the odd excursion in a landing party they had a pretty dull time.

Our move to the new offices was accomplished with zest and vigour, but, unfortunately, the officers moved two weeks before us, since our regiment was not ready, and so the M.S.O. and W/T office remained in the old block. This meant that the

possession of the one and only bicycle was highly contested and the portly figure of the C.Y.S. speeding between offices was a sight never to be forgotten. The main move of the W/T office was completed in 24 hours, and although teething troubles were experienced with cables and line circuits, Bahrain W/T never quite went off the air, much to the credit of all concerned.

In the succeeding period the Army Companies have changed twice, and we now have in residence a Company of the "Glorious" Glosters. They are accommodated in our old offices, complete with essential air-conditioners. The Cinema is also "occupied territory" but this does not worry us much as shows are now held in the open, so that only badminton and Manama players suffer.

Unfortunately, in our last contribution, our words of thanks for excellent co-operation were directed to *Loch Alvie* instead of *Loch Lomond*. The latter was recalled to Bahrain during the panic, and performed very useful service, so we should like to thank her once again for her unstinted help during this and other periods. As this goes to print, *Loch Alvie* is returning home for her well deserved rest, and we should like to thank her for her help as well.

The turn around of the Lochs on the G.S.C. cycle continues, *Lomond* and *Alvie* having been relieved by *Insh* and *Fyne*. *Insh* is just off to Colombo upon relief by *Fada*, and *Fyne* has won the toss and picked Basra as her first port in the Gulf.

Sport has been patchy lately, the season not being exactly suitable for physical exertion, but about a month ago we met our American counterparts in a game of softball—98 bottles of beer consumed for an even score.

H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

This is our last report from the Persian Gulf, as we sail this week for Chatty Chats.

We have had some varied jobs to do during our stay here. During the recent disturbances in Bahrain, we had landing parties ashore and some of our Sparkers are thinking of turning over to Pongoes. Even our O/Sig. was issued with a pistol and it was



"What happened, Nelson? Lady Hamilton been chucking the crockery about!"

noticeable how everyone kept out of his way. When all was quiet we once again resumed our job of visiting the islands. Bombardments were carried out with the Trucial Oman Scouts and we were led to believe that they were highly impressed with the results obtained.

Our last twelve days were to have been spent in Bahrain getting ready for our trip home. However, on June 3rd we had to sail for the small island of Jezirat Halul where five weather-bound dhows with 300 Arabs onboard were in a pretty bad way, having run out of food and water. We arrived late at night after making the passage in a blinding sand storm, visibility being only half a mile. The needy were succoured and we were sailing back to Bahrain when it was learned that S.S. *Stanvac Karachi* was aground off Tunb and we went to her aid, but as luck would have it she managed to refloat herself. So much for our gold-plated Rolls Royce!

On entering the Khor Kaliya we learned once more that due to unforeseen circumstances, we had to proceed to sea to take S.N.O.P.G. to Doha. This was the first time we have had the honour of taking him.

Now we are in Bahrain collecting our last rabbits and we shall soon be off. We shall leave Sig. Corby behind. He must love the sand, or as we are inclined to think, is it because there is no bright work to clean in Bahrain M.S.O.? It has been rumoured that Yeoman Sanders is the Patron Saint of Brightwork.

H.M.S. "LOCH FADA"

Loch Fada commissioned for a G.S.C. in June, 1955.

In November, 1955, we sailed from Portsmouth for a spell in the Persian Gulf. During the four months spent in the Gulf, from December to March, life was quite pleasant. Such was the climate that throughout, we were in half-blues. As we mostly cruised independently the world of visual communications became one of 'make-believe'. However, the 'sparkers' were kept busy throughout. The brief spells in company with *Loch Killisport* and *Loch Lomond* were welcomed and the exercises with them very much enjoyed. The European community of the Gulf are most hospitable. They entertained us well whenever we came into contact with them.

Loch Fada left a good name in the sports world of the Gulf, in spite of *Loch Lomond's* remark in the Easter Number; we very quickly became acclimatised and we won from her the P.G. Cups for both hockey and cricket. Our soccer match for the P.G. Cup resulted in a draw. On our return to the Gulf we hope to collect the soccer cup and to be able to hold all three. Perhaps *Loch Fyne* and *Loch Insh* at present in the Gulf, have other ideas.

In April, 1956, we were despatched from Bahrain on a hush-hush mission. Eventually we hit the headlines when we embarked Archbishop Makarios at Mombasa and transported him to the Seychelles Islands.

[Continued at the foot of next page]

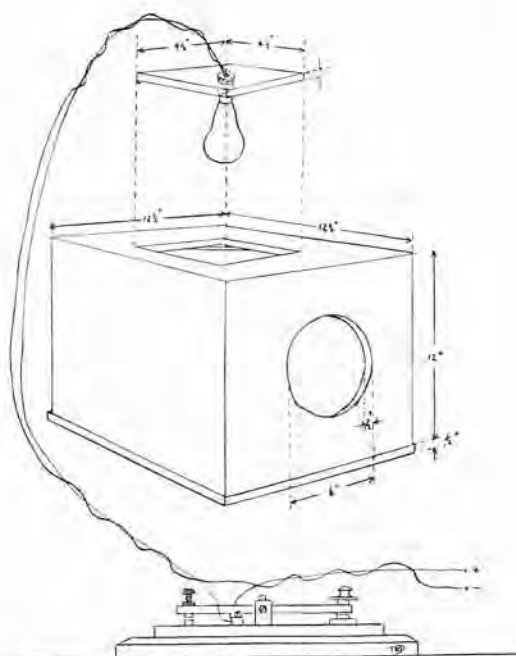
IT MAY HELP YOU PORTABLE FLASHER

During the past few years it has become apparent that more and more destroyers and frigates are carrying out detached service or "security patrols" as single ship units. It has been proved that the 10" S.P. is too big and the masthead flasher too small to carry out efficient training in daylight.

A "PORTABLE FLASHING EXERCISE LANTERN" has been found to be invaluable. As can be seen it is portable and therefore can be used practically anywhere on the upper deck and when the weather is inclement, it can be used successfully on the mess decks. It has been used to simulate "distance reading" with binoculars by making the aperture smaller or fitting a shade over the main one.

After making one in *Kenya* and another in *Saintes* since this commission started, I have proved beyond doubt that it is a very useful gadget and our junior rates actually like having exercises made on it. (It obviates the necessity of "turning to" in the dog watches to read the requisite number of S.F.X.'s per week!).

To achieve full advantage of the "P.F.E.L." the inside should be painted black. A 60 or 100 watt lamp, depending on the weather, can be used, worked from the ship's supply using a sausage plug.



Special Feature Prizewinner

"DRINK FIRST AND SHOOT AFTERWARDS"

In the sandy and bleak Sheikdom of Qatar, where the only legal drink is water, there dwells a wide boy in a nightshirt called, according to rumour, Ali. Ali was smart, and one day he heard about a strange drink called whisky, which was darker than the water out of his brother's worst well, and rather the colour of the side of a dhow at sunset, with a strange and powerful taste. He knew all about the taste because he had once come across an oil company man who was generous and foolish. He also, luckily knew about the effects.

Being, as we have said, both smart and wide, Ali got some of the stuff, loaded it onto his donkey and drove into the town of Doha to find customers. Along came a minor sheikh who perceived the score, and after due debate, many cups of coffee and about five hours of haggling, bought one of Ali's magic bottles. This worthy son of the desert crept off and started knocking it back and while he drank he considered the price, and the evil ways of the wide boy Ali and soon waxed angry and started to think about the comforting lump that was the revolver in his belt. Perhaps here at last was a chance to use the weapon which his grandfather had so much despised as a replacement for his short dagger. He would show the old fool, He took another gulp and

staggered out into the street to find Ali. It didn't take long, as there is only one real street in Doha, and he opened fire as soon as he saw his quarry.

"Fifty rupees, son of a dog". "Overcharge a sheikh would you?" he yelled, and with these and other splendid half-forgotten cries of his grandfather, he chased the screaming Ali all the length of the street, which is a long way for an Arab to run. However, Ali was nippy, as well as wide and smart, and there was confusion in the marksman's eye.

Another valiant effort to bring down the cost of living had failed!

(Based on a shooting incident in Doha in May 1956 when a sheikh chased a merchant through the streets with a gun for overcharging for whisky.)

H.M.S. "Loch Fada"—continued

Thence we sailed for refit and local leave in Colombo. We lived ashore for a month, ten days of which were spent in Diyatalawa Rest Camp.

We now find ourselves carrying out the Indian and Pakistan cruise of Cochin, Bombay, Karachi and Aden, on completion of which we shall return to the Persian Gulf. Apparently a different Gulf from that to which we are accustomed, as this time it will be HOT.

We are looking forward to our return to the U.K. sometime before Christmas and hope to read the Christmas number among the deep snowdrifts of H.M.S. *Mercury*.

H.M.S. "SUPERB"

Greetings on this our first contribution from all Communicators on board. At the time of writing, we are sweltering in the heat of Trincomalee harbour. We commissioned at Chatham on the 14th February, with the customary remarks "When do we get home?" "I was seen off, I've only just come back!" Our Captain, The Earl Cairns, is a Communicator himself, and was at one time Commander of *Mercury*.

Having settled down, in our respective messes under the guidance of Chief, P.O. Tel. George Vale and C.Y.S. Norman Hook and not forgetting those two stalwarts of Chatham Signal School, Leading Tel. Hutcheon and Leading Sig. Crowhurst, we sailed for Malta on 6th March for a three week work up, and were then due to proceed to Trinco to embark C-in-C E.I. and his staff for our first cruise to Seychelles and East Africa. However, on arrival at Malta we had just enough time to fuel and store, six hours in all, and then away for the Persian Gulf. We arrived at Aden on March 18th, stopped long enough for one run ashore and then left for Bahrein where we arrived on the 22nd. En-route our main roof was carried away and whilst in the middle of repairing it we were called on 500 Kcs by a merchant ship with a medical case on board; however, with all sparkers turned to, the day was won when our jury aerial was rigged in no time at all, and the call was answered. We stopped at Bahrein for three days, during which time our portables were landed and manned all day by the sparkers and two very disillusioned Signal Juniors. On setting watch on the local H.I.C. wave, we heard the voice of one of our old Signal School chums, C.Y.S. "Red" Skelton, who is now residing at *Jufair*.

A short cruise of ports in the Persian Gulf followed and at every place the 622 was landed under the care of the now frustrated portable king Leading Tel. Young, who was beginning to look like one of our Arab friends. After our spell of duty in the Gulf, we sailed for Colombo, arriving there on the 14th April. Half of the staff went up to the rest camp Dijatalawa for a well earned three day rest; the remainder spent their time painting and renewing aerials; Leading Tel. Hutcheon and the aerial party of Leading Tel. Young, Tel. Baldry, Tel. Woodcock created an all time record by renewing the main roof in one day, which considering the heat was quite a feat.

Instead of a work up of six weeks we had to return to the Gulf; but before we left we were graced by a visit of the First Sea Lord, Admiral Mountbatten, who told the Ship's Company how much we were needed there. We eventually arrived on the 26th and we will draw a veil over our arrival, though, no doubt, other contributors to THE COMMUNICATOR from this station will have informed you about the incident! Suffice to say that it had the Chief Yeoman tearing his hair out. During our second

stay in Bahrein, we managed to get in a little sport. In the inter-Part soccer we drew our first match with the Stokers, but were knocked out in the next round. We are now hoping to win the cricket knock-out, C.P.O. Tel. Vale is in the ship's cricket team and claims that he is the highest scorer.

On the return voyage to Trinco we did an exercise with H.M.S. *Loch Fada*. This was our first real exercise since leaving U.K. and the only activity we saw was Yeo. Jarrold firing the Very's pistol! During the exercise, someone was heard to remark in the B.W.O., "If we can't get in touch by U.H.F., we will have to use the 691". Now in Trincomalee we face the ordeal of C.X.M.'s every morning and our two instructors at the moment P.O. Tel. Twinn and Yeo. Williams are kept very busy.

There are also rehearsals for the ship's concert party during the next two weeks, in which we are well represented by the very versatile Tel. Baldry who keeps us all entertained with his guitar and ukulele playing.

"BODIES—or HOW TO FRIGHTEN THE FOREIGN OFFICE"

During the communal, and now annual, disturbances in Bahrein in 1954, the State Police, an armed and uniformed body of red-turbaned locals, were forced to open fire on the riotous mob and a few of the bullets struck home. After the party was over, two of the corpses were borne in procession to the Political Agency with the object of laying them on the Agent's doorstep as protest against an action not easily forgotten.

In March of this year the Police again opened fire, this time doing rather more damage. The firing took place about eleven in the morning, and about twelve it was thought well to tell the outside world about it, so that a telegraphist was despatched to the transmitting station in an aged lorry to switch on the SWABs.

At about 12.30, looking idly out of the transmitting room, our hero suddenly saw a mob advancing down the *Jufair* road bearing an object which he took to be either a battering ram or a coffin, and all capering about and beating drums. His heart palpitating madly, he leapt to the telephone and with trembling fingers dialled the M.S.O. and spread the news.

"Mob advancing on *Jufair* with body", was the report received in the Residency, where the local Defence Committee was in session. The Political Resident rose, thought quickly of 1954, and advanced down the corridor and out into the compound to reason with the mob. The tale is also told of pale secretaries swiftly hiding "In" trays and other receptacles.

Meanwhile *Loch Alvie* sprang into action and out of the base sped a landing party to throw a barrier across the road.

Very soon came the report: "Normal funeral. Man died of natural causes".

"SUZANNE"

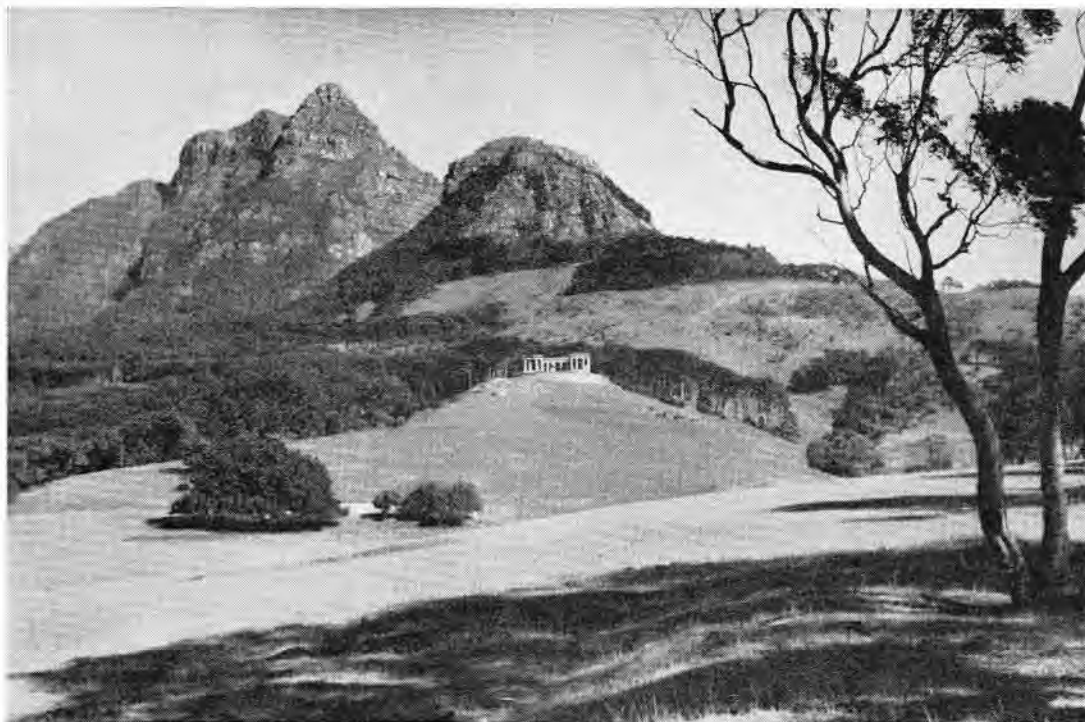
The chief defect of sweet Suzanne,
 When in a motor with a man,
 Was exercising female charms,
 By frequently entwining arms.
 These loving but foolhearted habits,
 Had caused the deaths of several rabbits.
 When she progressed to holding hands
 Which, any driver understands.
 So pleasantly excites the nerves,
 It leads to very nasty swerves.
 Behind a bus to Regent's Park,
 She really overstepped the mark
 And in implanting one long kiss,
 Ensured her escort could not miss,
 A large and heavy motor van,
 Which proved the end of Sweet Suzanne.

RADIO SHOW 1956

The National Radio Show will be held this year at Earls Court, London, from Wednesday, August 22nd, to Saturday, September 1st.

"HOW TO PASS A PROVISIONAL EXAM?"

- Q. H.M. Ships have a Primary and Secondary working frequency on ship/shore. Why?
- A. In case crystal for Primary is lost, stolen, broken, or otherwise not available.
- Q. Where would you find details of ship/shore frequencies in use?
- A. Alongside ship/shore B. 40's stuck into a small slot so that the operator can see it.
- Q. What is the use of S.7?
- A. S.7 is primarily used to occupy the time of day-men in correcting it. It is sometimes used to let you know which ship/shore station you should work when you can raise someone else in half the time.
- Q. How long before sailing should watch be set on VA Broadcast?
- A. This is a difficult question to answer, mainly because I don't know the answer. I presume you mean if sailing from Colombo in a pusser's ship as commercial vessels only set watch when they feel like it or when the sparker is sober. However, a good guess would be that they set watch on VA's about two minutes before the telephone is disconnected.

THE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH

The Rhodes Memorial, Capetown from the De Waal Drive, with Devil's Pass in the background



Inspecting the Guard



The March Past

THE VISIT OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT TO H.M.S. "MERCURY"

H.M.S. *Mercury* again hit the headlines on June 12th when we were honoured by a visit from H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent arrived by helicopter of the Queen's Flight and was received by the Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir G. Creasy, and the Captain of the Signal School.

Shortly afterwards Her Royal Highness inspected the Royal Guard and divisions. The Queen's Colour of the Portsmouth Command, which had been presented to the command by H.R.H. herself, was paraded for the visit and added colour to an already brilliant occasion. The Royal Guard were so smart

that one of the photographers thought they must have been professionals and sent the proofs of his photographs to another Establishment in Portsmouth. I feel sure he will be forgiven by the New Entry classes, who in fact formed the Royal Guard.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent then took the salute at the march past, which followed. After divisions she met the WRNS Officers and, in the afternoon toured the camp and visited Wrens under training, the pay office and WRNS accommodation. She completed her visit by presenting the prizes for the very well supported WRNS Handicraft Exhibition, the first prize for the best exhibit going to Chief Wren Gould.



W.R.N.S. Communication Division



Inspecting Leading Rates



Visiting W.R.N.V.R. Teletypewriter Class



H.R.H. watching Wren Sig. M. Jamieson at work

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

Here in Sunny South Africa the word "Sunny" has become inoperative, and the deluge has started. Seventy miles away a heavy fall of snow has occurred for the first time in living memory and, needless to say, it is rather chilly in the morning watch.

The most important item of news is that we have all stopped packing our bags and hammocks—it appears that drafts to Slangkop and the Signal Training Centre will go on for some years to come.

The great excitement of the last few months has been the visit of H.M.S. *Kenya*, now on her way to Lourenco Marques. We hope that what we were able to "lay on" in the way of training and entertainment was both useful and enjoyable. Our hearts bleed for the Ship's company of *Kenya*, a trip down the American coast, round Africa and home via the Med.

All establishments have been visited by our new Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir G. A. Robson, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., late F.O. Scotland, and a sometime C.O. H.M.S. *Ganges*. Quite a number of people were able to cry "old ships".

It will be of interest to many people that the Navy is shortly to lose one of its original sparkers, the O i/c and Father Confessor of Slangkop, Lieut. Webber, who has been disturbing the ether since sometime before Marconi. Those who know Lieut. Webber as well as we do will wish him all good fortune in retirement and his new adventures, including matrimony, and will hope that his bowler hat will stand the strain of "zucking zyder through a straw".

Footnote—Trainee to Instructor after many mistakes in marching manoeuvres—"You know Chief, I've come to the conclusion that my signalmen are wet".

SLANGKOP W/T

Probably one of the most interesting features to report since our last communicate is the inauguration and rapid climb to success and popularity

of "The Slangkop Football and Social Club". In the interests of healthy exercise and entertainment, mainly for the single ratings who have to live in on the station, the proposal to form a club was put forward, and once it was decided upon things moved quickly. A neighbouring farmer generously gave us permission to use one of his fields near the Station, the Dockyard erected goalposts and the South Atlantic Station Sports Fund gave us a grant for the purchase of nets. Funds for the purchase of gear were raised by subscription and by holding socials and dances. A lot of hard work was put in to make the field suitable by "volunteers" both Admiralty pattern and genuine. A social and dance is held alternately for each watch about every three weeks: the socials on the station and the dances in a local hotel; and after a good start each one seems to get better as we gain experience. But don't get the impression that we only show our prowess on the dance floor, for our team, which we consider one of the smartest turned out we've seen for many a season, can show the following results so far this season against Service and Civilian sides: won 5, lost 2, drawn 1. During the recent visit of H.M.S. *Kenya* we trounced her communication soccer team 5-1, and afterwards entertained them with a special social in their honour which we trust they enjoyed as much as we did. As previously mentioned we lose Lieut. Webber and we extend a welcome to our new Officer-in-Charge, Mr. Wiffen, and wish him a happy commission.

H.M.S. "KENYA"

Our cruising life has continued since the winter. Really the whole of the foreign portion of our G.S.C. is one long cruise, and we have been extremely fortunate in the places we have seen so far. One or two random highlights must be picked out for

mention. One is the fantastic and ultra-modernistic city of Caracas, Venezuela, perched 3,000 feet above the coast. Through the great kindness shown us by the British community we were rushed up and down in buses to the city for various entertainments from the port of La Guaira, along one of the finest roads in the world. This cuts clean through solid mountain rock and spans many deep canyons. Only the booming economy of Venezuela could afford such a feat. Houston, Texas, will be long remembered by all with memories ranging from visits to ranches, ten gallon hats, and the sort of thing that happened to P.O. Tels. Allcock and Baker of which more is said elsewhere. Having turned into a Mississippi steam boat we explored the haunts of the jazz and artistic minded of New Orleans—not Basin Street nowadays; but Bourbon Street—where one can part with hard earned dollars almost without pain.

Having disembarked C-in-C. A. and W.I. at Bermuda in mid-April, we said farewell to all our old friends in the island and sailed for Brazil. There we called at Salvador in the state of Bahia, and then 'rolled down' to Rio. We will not tantalise you with the many tales that could be told of the delights and beauties, scenic and otherwise, or of our friendly reception. From Rio the long haul to Simonstown was broken for us by a call at Tristan da Cunha. A full account of the island was given by *Magpie* in the Christmas number so we will only say that Mr. Nick Meyer is still the radio operator and that any visiting ship will find Tristan Radio a most easy and co-operative station to work with. Yeoman Bridge became the acknowledged expert in mountaineering matters by his scaling exploits in a climbing party which landed for the day. Before and after visiting Tristan we worked Gough Island, 200 miles from Tristan on HF voice to give them somebody else to talk to. Its four man population running the met. station and activities connected with the geophysical year are even described by the inhabitants of Tristan as lonely!

One of our sea passages was brightened by the following exchange. After intercepting, on 500 kcs., a call from a merchant ship for medical advice we made: 'Am proceeding towards you. Do you require a doctor?' to which the following reply was made: 'Well old man, the sick man is the captain and medical advice has been requested by the chief officer as captain is in a bad way but now captain has managed to get up and is around on bridge. Chief officer cannot make decision to bring doctor onboard whilst captain is on feet but it looks as if captain may pass out again at any time. Please suggest you resume normal course but keep in touch with us. If the captain becomes worse will you stop. Sorry to have troubled you like this but we can't take any action whilst he is still on his feet'.

After arrival in Simonstown some of the VS department went up to Klaver S.T.C. for three days, and most of the W/T department went to Slangkop

W/T station. All much enjoyed the change and were most grateful for the facilities arranged. We will leave it to Slangkop to report our defeat at their hands at soccer, but would like to record how much we enjoyed the excellent social that nearly our entire staff attended at Slangkop.

"B FOR MUTTON"

Nowadays, when a voice over a Service line or radio telephone makes the romantic-sounding statement, "November Tango Romeo". it means, unexcitingly in fact, only N.T.R.—Nothing to Report. In the last war, and until a short time ago, the voice (meaning the same thing) would have said Nan Tare Roger, and before 1942 would have said Nuts Toc Robert. Thus, drastically, have "they" changed yet again the Signals phonetic alphabet designed to prevent confusion between letters when named singly. This time, it is understood, it has been with an eye, or rather, an ear, to the matter of the comprehension of the many-tongued men of the forces of the November Alpha Tango Oscar countries.

Certainly things to-day in this branch of Service verbal communications are a lot less simple than the Ack Beer Charlie of the signallers of the First World War, or even the Able Baker Charlie of the Second. Though, to be sure, Charlie still goes on. It is still he who follows the Alpha Bravo of the latest phonetic alphabet, and X-ray too appears to be as steady and constant as might be expected, while Victor, who once was "matily" just Vic, at least is staying as he was during the last war. But it is disturbing to see that William has taken to Whisky, and sad that Peter, the pleasant though on the whole less effective successor to the strong, unmistakable Pip of long ago, now gives place to a most feeble Papa. Time-honoured Sugar is somewhat inadequately succeeded by Sierra, and good old George, after all these years, is going in for Golf.

Yet there is one Army Signals unit, once of yeomanry, now of parachutists, who doubtless will stick to using, among themselves, their own peculiar phonetic alphabet evolved in the Western Desert by the squadron which served with the 22nd Armoured Brigade. This began bluntly with A for 'Orses (hay for horses), B for Mutton (beef or mutton), C for Thighlanders (Seaforth Highlanders), and went on in an ascending scale of the higher lunacy to verbal atrocities like M for Sis (emphasis), R for Askey (Arthur Askey), and X for Breakfast (Eggs for breakfast. But even by those unorthodox practitioners the receipt of a message was strictly acknowledged, as messages still are acknowledged (in spite of Romeo), by the regulation formula, Roger (meaning R or "Received")—Out!

From *The Times*, 19th May, 1956



Special Feature Prizewinner

MEDITERRANEAN

"BRUM'S BIRDMAN"

A most peculiar development occurred onboard the *Birmingham* during the present commission in that one of the crew turned into a birdman. Not the usual sort of birdman attempting to fly with home-made wings from the six-inch director down to the forecabin but a totally different kind of birdman.

It all started when F.O. 2 embarked for a cruise. All readers will be familiar with the slight re-arrangement on a Flagship when the Admiral comes for a trip. The Captain has to move out of the Admiral's quarters, someone therefore, has to move out of the Captain's cabin, and so on down the line. On this particular occasion the game of "musical chairs" worked its way down to the Chief Yeoman who lived in the Teleprinter room. On being ousted from his "caboose" the Chief Yeoman took up residence in the V/S Store, which, until that time, had been the perks of the stores Yeoman. The poor Yeoman, being rendered homeless, had to go, and, believe it or not, live in his mess.

Being reconciled to this tragedy, the Yeoman took his bag and hammock down to the mess and duly found himself a slinging billet between a table leg and a cuphook and stowed all his kit in one of those spacious lockers with circular doors, placed, for some unknown reason, only along the outer bulkheads. Had it only been the Yeoman who took lodgings in the mess there would be no tale to tell, but with him he took Roger, his newly acquired budgerigar.

The interest that the budgie aroused was phenomenal, only one other type of "bird" could have received more attention. It was whistled at, shouted at, talked to, sung to and generally pampered. All day phrases such as "Pretty Boy", "Hallo Roger" and "Shut up you flat faced flipper" could be heard.

But even with all this attention, it was very noticeable that one mess member spent more time than anyone else talking to the budgie, and it so happened that this member's slinging billet was adjacent to the budgie's cage. Before long the mess began to see a slight change in the ways of their chum. For instance, on turning out in the morning he was observed to hang for an unwarranted length of time on the

hammock bar, in addition his fingers and finger nails grew perceptibly longer. About the same time he began to spend prolonged periods at his locker. It was at first thought that he was a secret drinker, and then it was suggested that he was drug addict. It was noticed that this particular mess member began to purchase packets of bird seed even though he possessed no bird of his own on which to lavish affection. Consternation affected the mess when he was detected at his locker eating the bird seed with as much gusto as jolly Jack eating steak, egg and chips. By this time the signs were only too evident, the ship had a budding birdman. The final stage of the transformation was when the birdman, after chattering to the budgie for so long, was able to



imitate the bird more cleverly than the bird could imitate humans. In fact, it became increasingly difficult to distinguish which one was talking.

It became quite obvious that this state of affairs could not be kept hidden, especially as the Sick Bay P.O. was in the mess. Doc. felt it his duty to bring the whole matter to the attention of his Chief. Quick on the uptake, the Chief suggested that he be invited up to the mess at about eleven-thirty, and while partaking of "sippers" could observe the birdman at close quarters. His observation lasted just about as long as a tot, and you know how short a tot can be, and then he departed to make his report to the P.M.O. His reaction was received by the mess via the H.P. workshop, the L.T.R. and the canteen manager and theory was confirmed—there was a birdman in the mess.

The P.M.O. wasted no time at all. An army of Officers, Chiefs and P.O.s was soon organised to catch the birdman. There was the Commander with a boat hook, the Buffer and several of his cronies with a twin bofor's canvas cover, the Bosun's party with a crane net, and even the ship's cat followed the proceedings from a respectful distance. The chase was swift and silent, no bugler heralded its approach, for the hunters did not want to find that the bird had flown. The suggestion was made that the ship's bugler could blow "sunset" with variations that the birdman might mistake for a mating call, but this was discarded. The birdman was soon caught and duly delivered to the Sick Bay, trussed up like a Christmas chicken ready for the oven.

On being released in the Sick Bay, the birdman fluttered around a bit, tried to get out of the port-hole but finally settled down by a mirror to sulk and occasionally twitter to himself. By this time the P.M.O. had decided on his method of approach to cure the misguided youth. Having just studied the latest American report on drug addiction, he decided to stop all the things that had originally caused the disease. Deprived of hammock-bars, bird seed and other birds to talk to, the birdman began to return to normal and in less time than it takes a bird to flap its wings, or climb up the side of a cage, he was back to normal health and ways. He has since been very careful to steer well clear of budgies and every thing to do with them.

I suppose you do not believe this tale. Well if you just hold on while I go and have a bit of cuttle fish I will tell you who this character was.

The moral of this story is—"Never bat-the-breeze with a budgie".

H.M.S. "CUMBERLAND"

Yet again this rather ancient war-horse is making her way Maltawards for another trials period. Despite a couple of false starts from our native abode, we finally got "hull-down" from Plymouth only three days after our intended ETD. Not quite as long a delay as had a certain destroyer who was to accompany us to the Med. Could it be the first three

letters of her name had something to do with it? Anyway, the teething troubles had nothing to do with communications so our conscience is clear. Once again, as last year, we have nothing new to test or ruin as far as communications are concerned. Even our promised RATT didn't materialise—news which was received with rather mixed feelings.

The staff on board still numbers the same but it's largely a case of "new faces in the mess". Communicators who did the last cruise and the subsequent rigours of the extensive conversion refit are apt to drive the others slightly up the bulkhead with talk of "last trip". Talking of staffs, I don't doubt that a certain amount of consternation was caused in plenty of ships when that AFO came out about reductions. Though it's nice to think that the intelligence branch is recognised as doing a lot of foreign and sea time, I'd like someone to see the Leading Tels. here trying to do LHOW and keep four and sometimes five loudspeaker watches as well. All the same, I wish we could draw extra operators on a 156.

We hope C-in-C's rounds went off well; our last SCO, Lieut.-Cmdr. Deane, now on C-in-C's staff, did the departmental inspection, but previous association didn't produce mercy! Our post-mortem has yet to be received, at the time of writing.

We now look much more warlike with two six-inch guns forward, though this has precluded the use of what used to be a very nice promenade deck for the watchkeepers.—J.M.



H.M.S. "Dalrymple" floodlit in Monaco Harbour

H.M.S. "DALRYMPLE"

As this is our first contribution we had better start by saying we are a survey ship—that part of the Navy which pays for itself. Having just completed eight months in the Med., we are in the throes of a dockyard refit and hordes of dockyard mateys have descended on the W/T Office and commenced tearing everything apart with sadistic leers on their faces. Only one word could be understood when they were asked the reason for the apparent wanton destruction, that was RATT. Is this the commencement of automation in the wireless department?

Our routine in Malta was to proceed to sea on Mondays and return to Valetta on Fridays, spending each day on an extensive survey of the area. The three

survey boats maintained communication with the ship either by Aldis or Type 622 portable whilst they were carrying out their particular surveying duties. This was apt to become rather monotonous but, as always, there were amusing incidents which helped to pass the time away, two of which are related below.

Firstly, a certain cruiser in Grand Harbour, when asked if she was Senior Officer Afloat, replied "No, we are in drydock at the moment".

Secondly, the P.O. Telegraphist, after vainly trying for an hour reporting to the Captain on the bridge that he was unable to establish voice communication with a boat which, he then found, was still at the davit head!

We have had two holidays during our time away, first a week at Sorrento, where a great time was had by all, and then, of course, our four day visit to Monaco for THE wedding where "the cleanest ship in seven navies" as a 'Mirror' correspondent described us, did her best against heavy odds and eventually came out on top with colours flying. The signals department was represented in the guard of honour outside the cathedral by Sig. Toogood. One signal which should be entered in the historical files of *Mercury*: "To Admiralty, From Dalrymple, Personal for First Sea Lord. Have the honour to report another Kelly gracefully launched". To which we got the reply, "May she be as happy a ship as her predecessor." And so say all of us.

And finally, who was the person who originated a "Subsunk" signal directing ships to search off Valetta, when the submarine in question was actually in sight from our bridge near Gozo at the time of receipt of the message?—J.

"DIANA"

One cold windy afternoon in late March the latest of the Darings slipped out of Plymouth Sound bound for the fabulous Monte Bello Islands, off the north-west coast of Australia. These islands, said the Chief Tel., a man of great wisdom and

understanding, held in store for us pleasures untold not the least of which was the sultry female population, which for some obscure but convenient reason vastly outnumbered the male.

The 10,000 mile outward trip was likened by one gentleman to the office clock—stopping frequently for short intervals, thus:—Gibraltar six days, Malta two days, Port Said two hours, Aden only six hours, Colombo eight hours, and Singapore two days; ten day's shore leave out of a possible thirty-four.

We frequently exercised action stations, shelter stations, prewetting stations and all stations to Petersfield. The effect of sitting at shelter stations in the Red Sea, with temperatures up to 120° and the ship closed down was not unlike that of a love affair conducted in a Turkish bath.

On arrival we found that the luxuriant, sun-drenched, girl-kissed, palm-clad South Sea Islands of Monte Bello were a few lumps of bare coral inhabited only by reptiles, insects, and the odd scientist. After gazing on this scene of immeasurable beauty for a day or two, we were allowed to steam eight hundred miles to Fremantle in order to recuperate.

There, we revived ourselves to the best of our ability. Twelve miles away Perth, the capital of Western Australia, offered a rather wider range of amusements which did not go unnoticed by the pleasure-seeking sailor; and it was rather interesting to watch a tipsy telegraphist trying to tap out a distress signal with two rupees on a bar counter in Perth.

After a week of comparative ease, we were recalled to Monte Bello to witness a one act drama called "Guy Fawkes' Dream". On the completion of this atomic diversion we returned to Singapore, arriving back in Malta some sixteen days later.

FIRST SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Since our last contribution the *Forth* has completed her refit and taken over the role of mothering the submarines again. The shakedown



H.M.S. "Surprise" steaming through the NATO fleet after exercise "Medflex Dragon"

cruise to the Gulf of Gabes and Tripoli took place from the 11th to 18th May and from the Communications aspect everything went according to plan in spite of the shortage of staff due to submarine headquarters at Lascaris being manned. The new RATT equipment performed very well, the Chief Tel's. and P.O. Tel's. messes being swamped with yards of news strips.

At the time of writing the *Forth*, accompanied by four submarines, is at Limassol, a place none of us expected to see, but our cruise to Italian ports was cancelled due to the outbreak of poliomyelitis on board, which means we are virtually isolated for three weeks. The repair staff on the depot ship are busily employed carrying out maintenance on the small craft which are carrying out exercises with units of the Mediterranean Fleet in the area.

On return to Malta, submarine headquarters will again be manned for yet another NATO exercise which takes half the communications staff.

During our isolation all kinds of entertainment have been arranged on board, and at present the department are doing very well at deck hockey and have reached the quarter finals of the .22 rifle shooting. Our greatest rivals are the gunroom but the rifle team are confident of beating them.

FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

Chieftain and *Chaplet* are at present in Number 4 Dock, Malta Dockyard, and *Chevron* is doing her second stint for law and order on the Cyprus Patrol.

It is with pleasure that we report on the excellent communications and co-operation that existed between ships of the squadron and French ships *Berberé*, *Toureg* and *Senegalais* in their recent exercise "Medflex Dragon". Working with them was a great success, and ashore, they set an example which would have gladdened the hearts of all supporters of the "Entente Cordiale". Their fluent English on all voice circuits must surely have been learnt at Oxford and the keenness in manning and operating the various circuits was contagious. Any communication comments from our counterparts in these ships would be welcomed.

The Captain of the Signal School's circular on advancement brought forth a good response, among others Tels. Ward, Fell, with Sigs. Dunn and Triggs are at present on course for Leading Rate in *Ricasoli*. We are hopeful at least half will be successful. Boy Tel, Livesy, mentioned in connection with boarding operations in the last issue has since been upgraded to O.Tel. and has passed for Telegraphist. No mean feat after just over five months at sea.

Chatham Yeomen, particularly natives in R.N.S.S., must have held their seats when the urgent requirement of four of their number for Cyprus became known. Yeoman Clements was unlucky enough to be nominated and his departure was a loss to the Squadron and a gain to *Aphrodite*. We wish him a speedy return home.

For those who favour more dramatic news, we have some of that too. A new name was recently added to the illustrious scroll of the "Goldfish" Club. On April 17th Flying Officer Reeve, R.A.F., from New Zealand, was forced to ditch his Meteor off Cape Gata, Cyprus. Within twenty-five minutes of receiving the urgent summons to the area from Flag Officer Middle East, *Chieftain* had recovered him alive and intact.

The visit of *Chaplet* and *Chieftain* to the Lebanon was a "shot in the arm" after the discomforts of our second Cyprus patrol. Here we were pleasantly surprised to find a genuine welcome. The Lebanese are by nature courteous, friendly and much further advanced than any of their Arab neighbours. Damascus (Syria), next door neighbour for example, is squalid and unprogressive in comparison with flourishing Beirut. Yes, Lebanon has most of everything worth living for, a "jewel" in the midst of a vicious population who seem to hate even themselves at times. Don't miss going ashore there for your "rabbits". It's far cheaper than even Gibraltar, and although they'll try to "see you off" if they can, they'll despise you if they do.

Here in Malta the much maligned dockyard matey is worthy of mention. His efforts and cheerfulness are much appreciated. In *Chieftain* and *Chaplet*, they are at present engaged with the installation of RATT.

Refitting always produces something humorous. The other day one of our O.Tels. asked for a pot of "Sylvikrin" for the inside coating of an aerial trunking!

So we come to the end of our last news letter from the "Med". Much as we enjoy ourselves off duty swimming, sunbathing, Medfoba, Krendi rest camp and the like; all are looking forward to being back with families and friends in September, brown and fit to face the rigours of an English winter and the battles ahead over centralised drafting.

R.N.A.S. HALFAR

Life here in the Med. is flourishing—we are all nicely "browned off", by the sun we hasten to add, and the mixed staff of Tels., Wren Tels., and Sigs. spend much time "snorting", swimming and generally enjoying the sea.

The brickwork of the new receiver station has now been completed, and the new transmitter station is progressing. In about a year we should be the tops in the W/T world. A full summer programme is envisaged, all U.K. R.N.V.R. squadrons will be visiting us together with *Eagle's* aircraft. Incidentally with seven of our W.R.N.S. staff getting married shortly, there appear to be no complaints about the hundreds of aviators continually descending upon us!

The last few months have produced many distinguished visitors, including the Director of W.R.N.S. and later on The Duchess of Kent, both of whom

inspected the W.R.N.S. at Halfar and talked to the staff whilst in the W/T offices and M.S.O. The Duchess of Kent in particular, expressed her admiration at the highly skilled nature of the work involved. For the visit of C-in-C Allied Forces Europe, Admiral Fechteler, Halfar even fired a 17 gun salute, the first ever we imagine from a Royal Naval Air Station!

In March the S.C.O. flew to Oran, and on his return reported its strong possibilities, so a detachment of Tels. led by Ldg. Tel. Bowman spent an enjoyable week there for "Cascade".

H.M.S. "JAMAICA"

A very impressive Commissioning Ceremony was held in Chatham Dockyard on April 5th and on May 8th, under the Command of Captain Lennox-Conyngham, R.N., himself a Communicator, we sailed for the first twelve months of our G.S.C. in the Med. Our arrival on that station was auspicious, in as much as we finished ahead of the 'Brum' in the Med. Fleet Sports. Elated by our success we galloped gaily at our next hurdle, the Working Up Period. The very name conjured up thoughts of loud bangs and sharp turns so detested by all self-respecting Communicators. No doubt it is all sweet music to *Birmingham's* ears, but being part and parcel of a floating Whale Island has very definite drawbacks. "Six-inch armament will open fire in five minutes", has become the order of the day and sends Sparkers scuttling to TR's below the armoured belt while Buntings plug their ears.

Despite the considerable number of young Communicators carried we are settling down well and haven't dropped any major clangers—yet. The M.S.O. have won the cup for the first "Howler", Signal—Jamaica from Captain I/C Sheerness, Pilot will board you at Great Nore at 0800Z tomorrow Wednesday. Distribution: Air dist!! The young Signalman concerned is a wiser and sadder young Signalman now and M.S.O. Yeoman is a greyer and sadder M.S.O. Yeoman.

A.F.O. 1232/56 has cast the shadow of "Draftie" over the senior rates once again. P.O. Tel. James has already departed for *Aphrodite* and the question of who goes next—and where—has replaced the usual tot time subjects. But AGM 660A seems designed to help us out. We have some excellent juniors who could be not so excellent P.O. Tels. and Yeomen by the time we crash North Lock next May.

S.T.C. "RICASOLI"

We are handling a great many one and two day courses, in addition to advancement courses. Up-to-date, 306 have passed through the gates for instructions. The other day the Examining Officer learnt from a Telegraphist, still "Q", that the 602E stood for emergency, only to be used for sending Emergency signals. We can only hope that he never meets the young Leading Wren Sig. who insists that



A Chief Yeoman of Signals
"Formation at the Dip!!!"

"SMASHEX" means two ships in collision for Exercise.

On 5th May, *Ricasoli* held their Annual Sports day, and for the second year running the Officer-in-Charge won the veterans' race; but the remainder were cup and glass happy.

Early in the Term, Mr. Broad arranged to represent the Signal Training Centre at the social event of the year, when he sailed in H.M.S. *Dalrymple* for one week's holiday in Monaco, where a good time was had by all.

A few changes on the staff have occurred recently, C.Y.S. Young has relieved C.Y.S. Corbin and C.P.O. Tel. Jones has relieved C.P.O. Tel. Dence and we expect a relief for C.Y.S. Kemps shortly.—J.C.S.B.

MALTA M.S.O.

Since last Easter we have continued our troglodyte existence in the tunnels, but with peering eyes we look happily forward to August, when we begin the great trek back to the New Upper M.S.O. where by the size of the air conditioning plant installed the Staff will all suffer from permanent stiff necks.

By these remarks I suppose I'm just proving the old nautical saying that Jack is not happy unless he is dripping. During our last big exercise we had no time even to do that, as there was plenty of work to keep everyone busy especially "snags" who, knowing as much as we did about things, remained snagged. Apart from that, "Medflex Dragon" brought many things to light, not the least being that NATO and National working together can form a smooth running team. This spirit was definitely enhanced by the visit of all NATO Ships to Malta on completion of the exercise. Grand Harbour and Sliema Creek were reminiscent of pre-war days with all berths full. The spirit thus enhanced was firmly cemented in the equally full bars. Schoolboy French now definitely came into its own and one could hear such phrases as "Monsieur ferme la—er—shamdooy" issuing forth.

Learning Italian has now become the vogue out here among the Wrens, partly influenced by leave periods in Taormina but more especially, I suspect, by our own handsome Italian Chief Sparker. By a strange coincidence one of the Wrens is learning "Judo".

The first of June saw the very fine result of what appeared to be weeks and weeks of hard work, in the shape of a Dance and Cabaret given at the Hotel Phoenicia by the Signal Wrens in aid of the WRNS Benevolent Trust Fund. There was quite a panic when it was discovered that there could be no dress rehearsal owing to the Watch Organisation, and the last Sarong was sewn into place only five minutes before "Curtain Up". Credit must go to Chief Wren Conway who not only composed songs, but made the costumes as well. Other outstanding acts, were, Wren Dobie singing the Hawaiian Farewell, Jean Adams with her accordion and Wren Weymyss, who, after singing "The Desert Song", was encored again and again. These backed by Wren Hawthorn at the piano and a hard working cast made it a first rate show. The culmination of this wonderful piece of work came when Chief Wren Conway was formally presented with a cheque for £94 19s. 6d. at a dance the following Saturday.

Apart from swimming and underwater fishing, cricket is now beginning to occupy our thoughts as we try to knock our team into shape. We are fortunate in having an F.C.A. who is keen and who on occasions has been observed bowling imaginary balls to equally imaginary batsmen. Time will tell whether cricket is responsible for this eccentric behaviour or just Malta M.S.O.

MEDITERRANEAN MINE COUNTERMEASURE FORCE

Ever since an enterprising reporter on the staff of "The Times of Malta" quoted the C.O. of one of the CMS' as saying that returning to *Woodbridge Haven* was just like 'coming home to Mum' it has been their lot to be called just that, "Mum", and they have quite a collection of Mother's Day cards to prove it.

As she now cradles thirteen CMS to her bosom, there is ample opportunity for budding junior communicators who have a penchant for being their own bosses in the sunny Med. to come and join us.

If any of our readers have heard from NATO sources of a strange new device for clearing ground mines in protected harbours, that new device was a Lambretta hired from a garage in Nice, piloted and commanded by an Ordinary Signaller, and let loose by kind permission of a make and mend. This Ord. Sig. drove the contraption cheerfully to the end of the jetty, when he remembered, rather too late, that he didn't know how to stop main engines. For those who complain of the cost of travel in the U.K. it may be of interest to know that this little jaunt cost 11,000 francs for about three hundred yards and five fathoms.

Other places which have enjoyed our presence are Cyprus, Beirut, Cyprus, Tripoli, La Spezia, Tunis, Cyprus, Sardinia, Sicily and Cyprus once more.

For the benefit of Communicators in general here are some definitions not included in the G.S.I.

1. *Depot Ship*. A big ship with sufficient space and staff to enable them to do everything possible for those whom they tender.
2. *Limited Support Ship*. Smallest ship available, with insufficient staff and space; but which does everything.
3. *C.M.S.* A problem child.
4. *Minesweeping*. A science of vague assumptions, based on debatable figures, taken from inconclusive experiments performed with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and of questionable mentality.

N.B.—You don't have to be mad to minesweep but it helps.

SIXTH FRIGATE SQUADRON

It is more than six months since we commissioned and sailed for Malta. We are the first squadron of fully converted type 15 frigates with all the latest A.S. equipment. The squadron consists of *Undine*, *Urania*, *Ulysses* and *Ursa*.

We interrupted a strenuous working up programme to enjoy the Christmas festivities but to everyone's horror found ourselves rushed to Cyprus early on Boxing Day morning to carry out a special ten day patrol. A gregale was blowing as we left which turned some of the strongest of us rather green and, as a method of working off Christmas Day, this is not recommended. Unfortunately, this had a much more tragic side as *Ulysses* lost two men over the side in a heavy sea.

We spent less than two months together as a squadron before the growing demands of the Cyprus patrol and later dockyard refits broke us up. However, we believe that we will be together again in the autumn, and while the leader looks forward to this, it is hoped that the other ships do not look on the idea as the sad end of their days of freedom.

On the question of visits most of the squadron feel they have been forgotten when the choicer places were being considered. We find that Beirut seems to come up fairly frequently as someone's idea of a rest from the Cyprus patrol. One or two have landed feet first there; but most of us find the lack of £2,000 a year or more, a hindrance to more than one night out. *Undine* has had better visiting than the rest and amongst other places has been to Haifa, Aquaba and Palma, where entertainment was particularly good. In many ways drinking beer with the Army in Aquaba, a most desolate spot in other ways, was best of all.

C.Y.S. D. C. Hopewell and C.P.O. Tel. P. Clarke, both old Mediterranean hands, look after the departments. Lieutenant G. F. N. Knox is S.C.O. and we are fortunate in having a Communicator First Lieutenant in *Undine*, Lt.-Cdr. R. Morgan.

SCUOLA TELECOMUNICAZIONI FORZE ARMATE

In 1950 the staff of the Ministry of Defence considered the problem of training the Communication Branches of the Armed Forces and, as a result, the "Scuola Telecomunicazioni Forze Armate" was established with the primary aim of providing a common training in procedure and the use, maintenance and repair of equipment for all three Services. The full adoption of NATO procedures in the national field simplified the creation of this All Services School, which has resulted in a great economy in the training branch.

The School is situated at Caperana, a village near the river Entella, a few miles from Chiavari, in what was formerly the Engineers' Barracks, which had been partially destroyed by Allied bombardments during the war. These barracks were rebuilt at the end of the war with more modern buildings which now form the Scuola Telecomunicazioni.

Under the existing regulations the Commanding Officer has to be a Colonel or the equivalent rank in the Navy, and he holds the command for two years. He is provided by the three Services in turn.

At first a Captain Italian Navy held the command of the School for four years; the present Commanding Officer is a Colonel of the Army Signal Corps and he will turn over the Command in a few months to a Colonel of the Italian Air Force.

The Training Commander and Executive Officer are also provided in turn by the three Services.

The Training Organisation is divided into two main branches: the Technical branch and the Procedure and Radio Organisation branch. Technical and teaching equipment are maintained by the Technical Office. Instruction in procedures and radio communication organisation is co-ordinated by a Lieutenant Italian Navy who supervises three Warrant Officers, one for each Service, and the Chief Petty Officer instructors.

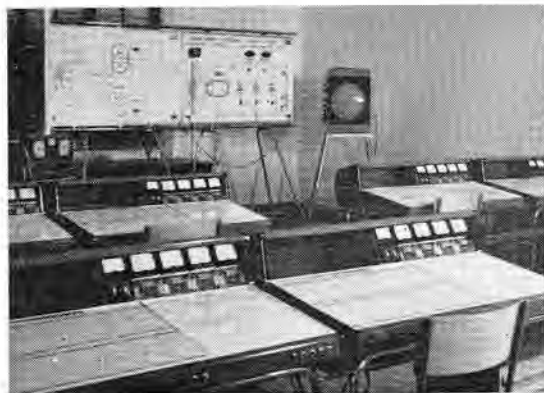
At the School the following courses are run every year:—

- (a) One Telegraphists proficiency course, duration six months.
- (b) "Telegrafonisti" proficiency course, duration six months. Telegrafonisti is the branch in charge of every kind of shore communications, except W/T, e.g. teletypewriter, tape relay etc.
- (c) Two refresher courses for Chief Petty Officer Telegraphists on NATO procedures and radio communication organisation, duration three months.
- (d) Courses for the reserve Officers and Petty Officers.

The numbers on each course are normally about sixty. In addition courses can be carried out as required by the three Services; but these depend on availability of equipment and accommodation.

The classrooms are modern and have every type of training aid. On the procedure and radio communication organisation side there are classrooms for W/T copying, W/T transmission, Copy typing, W/T and Voice procedure. Other classrooms are fitted with modified Olivetti teletypewriters, for teaching teletypewriter transmission and for teaching the teletypewriter manual switching systems and tape relay procedure. There is also a M.S.O. classroom with attached W/T, Voice, Teletypewriter and Tape Relay stations. With these stations it is possible to man about 100 channels at the same time. The W/T transmission classrooms contain facilities for checking the regularity and speed of transmission, and in the procedure classroom, where pupils are situated in separate bays, the instructor can copy, record and jam transmissions. For technical training there are classrooms for assembling radio equipment made by the pupils themselves and one for training on radio equipment used by the three Services.

As will be seen from the photograph the radio theory classroom contains equipment which offers great scope for experiments and practical exercises.



Radio Theory Classroom



Teletypewriter and Tape Relay Classroom



AMERICA & WEST INDIES

"IT'S A FACT"

You've all read books, novels and twopenny thrillers depicting the life of crime in America, the howling of police sirens, the screaming of tortured tyres, and pages crammed with bloodthirsty killings, shootings and rape. But do you believe it? Not really. It can't be true, it's just too fantastic for words. How wrong you are; it is not only true, but happens every day. I know, I was there and have seen it.

My adventures happened in Houston, Texas, a fine city to look at; but just get beneath its surface and follow the law around. Maybe you're in a smart police car, with flashing red lights and wailing siren, or like myself in one of the unobtrusive under-cover cars; no matter which, the radio gives you the same story, in a continuous tirade of reports:

"Shooting on 62nd street junction 4th Avenue, 1230 A.M. Car 21."

"Suicide 2710B Canal Street on 51st, 1236 A.M. Car 130."

"Stolen automobile, description . . . reported. 1238 A.M."

"Abduction, 10 year old negro female, suspect . . . description . . . 1240 A.M."

"Shooting Aberdere Hotel on 49th 1250 A.M. Car 117"

Car 117, that was us and away we went. It was a good thing the city was fairly empty because we were soon travelling at 100 m.p.h. I just held tight and prayed.

The driver's name was Jack Jones, also called "The Great Pretender" on account of his being an ace under-cover man. But someone got there before us and they had the killer, a frightened little Mexican who didn't look like a killer; but the big man on the floor was dead, which wasn't surprising considering he had six forty-five slugs in him. Everything was in hand, so we continued on our way.

You're with the vice squad so this is no time to be squeamish. A tour round countless back streets, a stop for coffee, and back on the road. Then came our next call:

"Car 117 rendezvous Car 29 acknowledge."

"117 Roger"

After a hair-raising drive to the suburbs we met three more under-cover cops and made ready for a raid. A large rambling house, darkened and silent, was our target. With a discreet knock and a few hurried lies, we're in. By now Jack is in a new role, that of an RAF Officer. The lights are blue and low, with couples shuffling the floor to the wail of a two bit band. Others lounge in the shadows. In the corner was a bar where you could order what you want, even though mixed or straight drinks are against the law. The occupants were mainly co-eds from the nearby university.

Remember the cry, "This is a raid!" That's friend Jack saying it. You're in the midst of it, the rush to the door, the initial panic; but it doesn't help at all because the exits are blocked by brawny cops with solid looking guns in their hands. The lights come up and the line up begins, men in one line and women in the other. The former are frisked for guns, knives and anything else which might be used as a weapon. To keep up the pretence you're in the line up too and look appropriately apprehensive of the outcome.

With the exodus of all the culprits to jail the mask is dropped. The first raid is over and the time is 3 a.m. and it is time to get back to the ship for a much needed rest.

On the next day Jack Jones told me the outcome of the haul—illicit liquor, a dope pedlar, a procurer, a fixed dice gambler, and numerous girls of doubtful morals. A pretty fair haul for my first raid.

So the next time you read of American crime, remember, it is fact.—R.B.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE "BUNTINGS REGIMENT"

After a rugged winter campaign in the Caribbean, the H.Q. Section of the Buntings Regiment disembarked from their Assault ship "MAU MAU LAND" in mid-April and re-established themselves in the out-post known as the House of Admiralty, on Spanish Point, Bermuda.

From the outset the detachment was subjected

to heavy attacks by Groupers from the Outside World, and the arrival of 100 per cent reinforcements by heavier than air machines from the land of Homers was a welcome sight.

After a protracted training period lasting some thirty minutes, all forces were ruthlessly thrown in to the line to quell the Grouper Assault now written in the annals of history as the Battle of "New Broom V." It was fortunate that our allies from the new-discovered world of the Americas, who were holding the next position on the line, were quick to assess the situation and helped to complete the training of the Regiment. After the first week it can be said that all members had learnt that RATT was a new invention and no longer a four legged animal of days gone by.

The battle of "New Broom V" was quickly followed by a second assault from the Groupers—known as "Hourglass"—aptly named as it lasted a month and prevented the consumption of the normal quota of glasses by the Regiment in the land of "Bermudiana."

The cessation of hostilities a few hours ago enables the Regiment to look forward to an opportunity of rectifying this state of affairs.

The "Colonel," non-commissioned officers, and men wish their associates good campaigning from the Isle of Rest.

"A P.O. TEL'S LAMENT"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING)

If you can code a signal and then send it
To sundry ships all scattered far and wide
Then fill the log with info all about it
And never let a single item slide.
If you can deal with ZNMs in dozens
And ZDKs and ZDPs as well
Take SLTs for someone's distant cousins
And patiently await your QSL.
If you remember when to read the weather
Keep five ton at quarter past and quarter to
Answer queries from the "Gaffer" and yet never
Curse and swear at all the work you do.
If you can trace a signal that has wandered
Then bust a grouper when all others fail
And laugh about the time that has been squandered
In trying to put the P.O. Tel. in jail.
If you can answer buzzers and clots phoning
All asking you just what is going on
Yet still keep happy whilst they all keep moaning
And blaming you for all that's going wrong.
If you can deal with fifty thousand queries
Throughout the twenty-four hours that you're on
Then log the Mikes all neatly in their series
And correctly chalk their Info, To and From
If you can take a blast when you've not earned it
Tune all the sets and wet some tea as well
Produce the press when some fool has burned it
Then: you're fit to call yourself a P.O.TEL. —J.C.

H.M.S. "VIDAL"

Once again, we feel it is time we gave you some more news from the Survey Navy. Probably, most of you heard about our unsuccessful attempts to reach the West Indies in October and December last, and even we were beginning to think we would never make it. Anyway, Christmas at home was a pleasant and unexpected surprise.

Leaving Chatham in the beginning of February *Vidal* arrived in Kingston, Jamaica, on March 2nd. We left Sheerness in a gale and found ourselves despatched to the help of a tug that had gone aground in the Thames estuary, but arrived on the scene just as the last of the survivors was picked up by R.A.F. Air/Sea Rescue Helicopters.

About four days out we were once more despatched to the aid of a French trawler which had a sick man requiring treatment, but this came to nothing when it was found that they could reach an English port before we could reach them. Establishing communication with the trawler on voice caused a bit of panic as the French operator was unable to understand a word of English. Although P.O. Tel. Richards considers himself a bit of an expert, I doubt if his French would have been understood and an officer had to be called in.

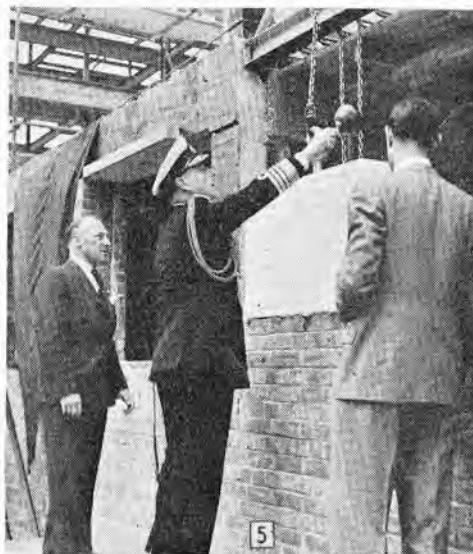
The last four months have been spent surveying around Kingston except for a three week visit to the Grand Cayman Islands where the regatta was held. There were no victories for the Communication department except for the single dinghies, which was won by the Signal Officer, Lt. Robinson, but we doubt if we can take credit for that as he is surveyor.

Our work around Kingston finishes on 23rd June when we pay a visit to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, where a couple of members of the ship's company are to receive medals for relief work during hurricane "Hazel" in 1954, then on to Turks Island and Nassau for more surveying and finally to Bermuda for C-in-C's inspection, arriving back in Chatham on 31st August to pay off and recommission.

Vidal is leaving for the West Indies again in January next year, so if any of you barrack stanchions want a cushy number, here it is. A very independent ship, no fleet manoeuvres or exercises, single operator periods when surveying and plenty of chances to save money; we are at sea Monday to Friday every week. We will not mention the times when we are manning about five waves, broadcast, RT with the survey boats, helicopter frequency, routines with the army at Kingston, and harbour inter-net on the rare occasions when we do meet up with another H.M. Ship. A bit difficult with a staff of three, but we get by.

There is a buzz that we shall be fitted with 'RATT' this time in; all well and good but where are they going to put it? —E.C.P.

THE FIRST SEA LORD'S VISIT



1. The Captain receives the First Sea Lord
4. Inspecting the Guard

2. Inspecting C.P.O.s Division
5. Laying a Foundation Stone

3. Inspecting P.O.s Division
6. The March Past

VISIT OF THE FIRST SEA LORD TO H.M.S. "MERCURY"

Punctually at 1030 on Friday 25th May, Admiral The Earl Mountbatten of Burma alighted from his helicopter on the croquet lawn outside the wardroom. After inspecting divisions and taking the salute at the march past, the First Sea Lord gave a most entertaining and interesting talk to the ship's company on the present and future problems and development of the Service. He also complimented everyone on the smart turn out and gave the first prize for marching to the Wrens, remarking that maybe silk stockings had something to do with it.

On completion of the talk everyone adjourned to the building site, where a short service of dedication was held and then the First Sea Lord laid the foundation stone of the Mess and Recreational Block. The First Sea Lord next visited the C.P.O.'s Mess and the Wardroom.

Within minutes of his departure we were gratified to receive a signal from the First Sea Lord stating that he had been favourably impressed with all he had seen.

PHONETIC ALPHABET

Additional copies of the plate of the New Phonetic Alphabet may be obtained from the Editor, cost 1/- post extra.

AMATEUR RADIO

Nearly all countries today, allow radio amateurs to operate and the rules for operation are very similar. The only real difference are those of power allowed and in some cases the frequency bands that may be used. The maximum power permitted in the United Kingdom is 150 watts for the general communication bands and 25 watts mean and 2 point 5 kw, peak power when operating between 235 and 145 Mcs. In the United States the maximum permitted power is 1 Kw. This is considered by U.K. amateurs to be far too much, and no American amateur who uses this amount of power is considered to be a real amateur in the true sense of the word. The maximum permitted in Ceylon, where the writer temporarily resides, is 100 watts.

Many types of modulation are permitted from ordinary voice, through single sideband to pulse transmissions. In addition amateurs may experiment with Television transmission and many are engaged in this. Many amateurs obtain a transmitter and just pursue their hobby by getting on the air and having a chat with anyone who likes to answer their call. Others spend little of their time actually on the air but prefer to carry out experiments instead.

To obtain a transmitting licence is fairly difficult for the average man but the G.P.O. has kindly granted exemptions from all examinations for L. Tel. and above in the Royal Navy. This is a

bigger privilege than it sounds at first, because the theory examination set by the G.P.O. is, in my opinion, more difficult than that set in *Mercury* for L. Tel. (Q). The cost of the licence is £2 a year. For this the ether is yours for twenty-four hours a day if you please, with a variety of frequency bands to choose from and thousands of amateurs all over the world to yarn with. 'Hamming' is not a hobby for the rich man alone. Equipment can be obtained quite cheaply. For example, a transmitter can be constructed at a cost of about £4 and good ex R.A.F. Communications receivers are on the market for £10 or so. Naval amateurs are now allowed to operate their equipment on board H.M. Ships but only in the 28 Mcs. band. This is a most interesting band and by no means fully developed yet.

A glance at the interservice prediction charts for this summer will show that world wide communication may be expected.

The writer, who has been an active amateur for a number of years now specialises in low power. The service conception of low power is vastly different from that of the radio amateur who considers low power to be about two watts or less input to the final stage, which may consist of a single valve. Miniaturisation plays a great part in amateur circles and transmitters are made physically small by bunching everything together to a greater degree than has been accepted in the past. It is comparatively easy to build a complete transmitter (less batteries) inside a 50 cigarette tin. The writer possesses a transmitter built on a chassis which is two inches in size, with an output of approximately two watts. This transmitter was built in a hour and a half and shortly afterwards raised an amateur from Ceylon. Since then, many European contacts have been made using this transmitter with, in some cases QSA4 reports. It is not possible to obtain results like this consistently, but with the right conditions, the right time of the day, and the right frequency anything may happen. The amateur radio organisations frequently hold low power contests, where the operator is restricted in power and must work as many "Hams" as he can within 48 hours. One such contest was won by a U.K. amateur, who in a period of 48 hours worked 38 different amateurs in 28 different countries. His transmitter was built inside a 20 Players packet and his power to final stage point 75 watts.

In recent years amateurs interested in low power have almost discarded the valve for the transistor, which is much smaller than the valve and ideal for this work. With a great deal of patience and a small piece of phosphor bronze wire they can be constructed at home. It used to be fashionable a few years ago to say that one was a low power man but recently a few amateurs have gone one further and are now known as the 'no power men'. They actually use transmitters, and get results using only the sun for power. Power is obtained by building a pack of series parallel photo electric cells and by exposing

these to the sunlight, a few volts at a couple of milliamps can be obtained. This is sufficient to work a transistor transmitter. On test in the U.K. a transmitter of this type obtained a range of 15 miles on 1820Kcs CW.

The transistor is so sensitive that it will work a LF Oscillator using as its source of power a simple cell, consisting of an aluminium milk bottle top and a penny, separated by a piece of wet blotting paper. The penny is pressed into the aluminium separated from it by the blotting paper and a little water poured on. A connection to the aluminium top is the negative pole and a wire soldered to the penny makes the positive side. For best results the cream is cleaned off the top with a detergent and the penny brightened with metal polish. Using ordinary tap water this cell can keep the oscillator going for many days and continues until the water has dried out. Adding a few drops of water will start it again. This oscillator demonstrates convincingly the low power requirements of the junction transistor.

The aerial is all important in amateur radio and the amateur approach is quite different from that of the services. All too often ship's aerials are made so that they neatly fit the space between two masts with little consideration of the frequencies to be used. With the radio amateur, especially if using low power or sun power, there is not much power to play with and he cannot afford to lose some of this in mismatched aerials. He must ensure that as much as possible of his generated power goes 'up the spout' and therefore his aerial and feeder are

usually matched to the 'nth' degree. A ship's transmitter usually generates so much power that losses through mismatched feeders and indeterminate lengths of wire are not noticed. A ship is at a disadvantage in that it must be able to transmit through practically the whole range of frequencies whereas the amateur is restricted to bands which are nearly all harmonically related anyway.

Amateurs use a number of aerials that have no service application because they are essentially one frequency aerials. One of these called the ground plane aerial gives excellent results over long distances due to its low angle of radiation. It is easy to construct and lends itself to accurate matching and therefore a high standing wave ratio. It can be made to show directional properties. In many cases rotary 2, 3 or, 4 element beams are used.

Radio is an absorbing hobby—especially in these days of rapid development in electronics—the field is so vast that no individual can have much knowledge and certainly very little experience outside his own particular range of activity. Radio amateurs are not bound by the limitations of the professional engineer who has to keep his mind on the subject by which he earns his living. As free lance amateurs we can range at will over the whole range of electronics whether it be HF, VHF, and UHF, transistory or amateur television. Though something of a busman's holiday for Tel. ratings it is, nevertheless, most satisfying to make a transmitter and get into communication with the four corners of the earth.

—A.E.H.

SPORTS CORNER

HOCKEY HINTS

Do you know that:—

- (a) The hockey stick can almost be termed a lethal weapon? In the hands of the uninitiated it is dangerous; it should be controlled with the left hand, and the hitting power given with the right hand. The stick should always be held in *both* hands.
- (b) Control and power are applied mainly by wrist movement, and NOT "wild swipes" at full arms length?
- (c) Correct maintenance of your own stick will save you pounds? If it is an Ash stick, it should be waxed frequently; and occasionally scraped and the surface of the wood examined. If it is a Mulberry stick, linseed oil in a light application will preserve and waterproof it.
- (d) Flicking of the ball is often far more effective? Practice alone will teach you this technique, and a quick "flick" in play can often catch the defence going in the wrong direction.

Rules of the game—Simplified

- (1) The Obstruction rule is the one most frequently violated . . . a player shall not *obstruct* by running in between an opponent and the ball, nor shall he interpose himself or his stick in any way as an *obstruction* to an opponent, nor attack from an opponent's *LEFT* UNLESS he touch the ball *before* he touch the stick or person of an opponent.
The Rule continues with kicking, shoving, tripping, etc., all of which are adequately covered and penalized.
- (2) The off-side rule in hockey only varies from that of soccer in as much as "there must be at least *three* opponents *nearer* their own goal line . . . etc., etc." This point is frequently overlooked by forwards.
- (3) A player can be put on-side (subject to all the clauses of the off-side rule) as *soon* as the ball has been definitely played by an opponent.
- (4) For free hits, no player of either side shall be within five yards of the ball of the time of being hit (in soccer it is 10 yards). At a free hit . . . the ball may be *pushed* or *hit*, but must NOT rise in the air.

—E.J.M.

HOME STATION



H.M.S. "DARING"

Looking back over the previous months of this G.S.C. we recall several incidents as happy memories—several green rubs—and a good deal of monotonous routine.

One incident, which I know was an experience few people ever have, will be remembered by Wellard and Tabley all their lives. They were on shore leave in Cyprus just prior to Christmas last year, and somehow they found themselves being chased by a great big Turk who was wielding an axe. Fortunately for them, and for the staff, they managed to escape by hiding in an orange grove, returning onboard later, somewhat shaken in mind and body by their ordeal.

In January, *Daring* paid a short visit to Cartagena in company with *Birmingham* and *Defender*, then took part in exercise "Westend", after which *Defender* and *Daring* left for another Cyprus patrol.

During the Spring cruise, F.O.2 Med. flying his flag in *Birmingham*, paid a courtesy visit to Barcelona, with *Daring*, *St. Kitts*, *Saintes* and *Retainer*. It is a beautiful city in every respect and is recommended by all the staff for a first class run ashore. It would not be fair to certain members to say much about it as their memories are still vivid.

Next came NATO exercise "Medflex Dragon". On the last day of the exercise all the ships formed two single columns and CINCAFMED, Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, and the Supreme Commander General Gruenther, took the salute from the *Surprise* as she steamed slowly past, while overhead planes from all countries flew in perfect formation. Incidentally, it is the first time the flag of the NATO nations has been flown from the masthead of a British warship. Our final patrol off Cyprus followed, then we returned to Malta for FO2Med's sea and harbour inspection.

H.M.S. "DELIGHT"

Delight is now well into the second half of her G.S.C. The first nine months were spent in the Mediterranean, although nearly half the time was spent in refit at Gibraltar, during which two-thirds of the staff were temporarily drafted to assist those in the Hole in the Rock.

Since our return to Chatham in late March we

have had a little leave, visited Brest, spent three weeks at Invergordon, mainly exercising and preparing for our cruise to Stockholm as escort to Her Majesty the Queen on board *Britannia*. The voyage and ensuing visit is something that will be remembered by us all. Firstly, because the Queen came on board and several of the staff were presented to Her Majesty. Secondly, because we had such a wonderful time ashore. The hospitality of the Swedes was terrific and the cry at the moment is: "Summer leave abroad this year".

From Stockholm we went to Kiel and then to Devonport. Shortly we sail to Norway for exercises before returning home for three weeks leave.

There have been several changes in the staff during the commission, amongst these was Tel. Rose, who was not at all happy on the surface and hopes that he will be able to face life below it—in submarines.—E.H.

H.M.S. "DEFENDER"

Since our last article we have taken our turn as Cyprus Patrol, a monotonous job, relieved by a visit to Haifa during which we were lavishly entertained by the British Community and the Israeli Navy. Saying our farewells to Haifa and the Med. in general we sailed for home taking part in "Dawn Breeze" enroute. A brief respite of two weeks leave followed before we sailed for the Summer Cruise.

The highlight of the cruise, was acting, in company with *Delight* and H.M.C.S. *St. Laurent*, as escort to Her Majesty on her State Visit to Sweden. Many ships before us have visited Stockholm, a few have had the privilege of escorting the Queen, but very few have had the two together, each, on its own is well worth remembering, combined they make an indelible impression. Space does not allow a complete description but you may be able to imagine our reception when we tell you that from 38 miles out of the Capital every vantage point was filled with waving, cheering people, and every form, shape and size of river craft came out to meet and eventually swell the official escort until it was hundreds strong.

The State Visit passed and on the first day of the informal visit the Queen boarded and walked round her escort. On that day, had some enterprising person collected a pile of "Signing-on"

forms he would have reaped rich rewards. The fact that the famous signal "Splice the Mainbrace" was made had nothing to do with it. As the Queen departed for *Delight* we were told to forget the drill book and cheer as we well know how. We did!

Ashore, the warmth of our welcome was confirmed; not only the Swedish Misses had a hand in that but the men also contributed a great deal towards the general friendliness. No doubt all and sundry were thanked appropriately in private, but we could not give a general farewell as many of us would have liked. Our departure must have seemed strange and cold to those who came down to the jetty and out in boats to wish us well. The majority of us were sorry to leave, though some were not.

As a sequel to our duties at Stockholm we have the honour of carrying King Feisal of Iraq from Ostend to Dover for his State Visit to Britain. Instead of being an escort it will be our turn to be escorted by *Cavendish*, *Carron* and *Vigilant*.

From Dover we pay a short visit to Margate before proceeding up river to Chatham for leave. There we wish "Good Luck" to L/Tel. Feiler and his bride-to-be who are to marry in early August. At the same time we bid goodbye to several members of the staffs who will leave us due to the reduction in complement. On the V/S side they will not be missed too much until October when Signalman C. Van Der Donk of the Royal Netherlands Navy leaves. "Jim" is as much a part and parcel of us now as anyone.

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

During recent months we have experienced several changes of Officers and Instructors, and a continual flow of Junior Ratings. In March we said farewell to Commander M. L. Woolcombe, R.N., who was with us at Vicarage Road, and before leaving, saw us settled in the new and, we hope, permanent quarters at St. Budeaux. In his place we have welcomed Commander J. Durnford, R.N.

At the end of June we will accommodate at St. Budeaux all ratings on course and it is hoped a large number of ratings who are likely to be in the Barracks for a reasonable length of time, including the Home Exercise Pool which was established by A.F.O. 1428/56. This will be appreciated by many who, after a boat trip from R.N. Barracks and the climb up the hill, were greeted on the parade ground every morning by the "Buffer" shouting "Double up".

We will also be more independent in inter-Part sporting activities and social events, instead of being lost in the main Barracks with the Signal School merely a "Day School".

We have been carrying out quite an extensive training programme and frequently find difficulty in providing sufficient Instructors for the many classes. Our L/Tels. classes have averaged eleven, which is promising, but we still require a lot more

volunteers as we are rapidly running through the numbers of ratings who have been recommended. The L/Sig. classes have not been so well attended; an average of six over the last five classes which leaves a large number of vacancies, and the roster for advancement is at present "dry". An excellent opportunity is now open for early advancement to both L/Tels. and L/Sigs. so ensure your request is put in as soon as possible.

Wren Telegraphist classes are small at the moment. We have only eleven Wrens on course at present as opposed to forty-two in June 1955, but we hope to increase these numbers soon. We have only trained three Wren switchboard operators so far this year, but have six on course at the moment, and are expecting to train another twelve by the middle of October. All the Wren trainees took part in the Queen's Birthday Parade on the Hoe, and were a great credit to the Branch.

In May we received a surprise and very welcome visit by Mr. W. H. Quick, who retired after the 1914-18 war as a Commissioned Signal Bos'un. He has now passed the age of 80 and still looks as if he will continue to draw his pension for many years; an achievement we all look forward to equalling.

Petty Officers' mess affairs are running fairly smoothly, the last social being a distinct success. Many members have recently left the Service, and a number have signed on, including P.O. Tels. Rothwell, Jones, Cooper and Yeo. Purvis. All have manfully insisted that it's "not the money but the authority" they're after.

The R.N. Signal School soccer team reached the semi-finals of the Commodore's Cup and were runners up in the inter-Part League. This was a good result considering the frequent drafting requirements and the necessity for registering no less than 80 players during the season. With the new fixed commissions it is hoped to achieve a better result this year. We have played three league matches so far this season and won one by nine wickets. The team is nobly led by Yeo. Purvis and we have high hopes for it.

At the Plymouth Navy Days in May, the Signal School ran two Greeting Message stalls in the Dockyard, and a display of equipment, both live and static. The items which drew most attention were the Recorder and the High Speed Morse Tape transmissions display. The former produced for us some excellent song recordings from a talented lovely, which were subsequently used to attract attention and so boost our sales of Greetings Messages. The High Speed Tapes, which were cut by the general public themselves, proved a centre of attraction for the small fry. The takings for the fund were somewhat above those of last year, which was a reflection of the keenness and the hard work put in by the Communicators, both male and female.

H.M.S. "DUNDAS" Exercise "Grande Chance" An Investigation

Destination:—

Exercises coming round
Some delay but soon we're bound
Off at speed to Northern France
Dundas sailing for "Grande Chance."

Situation:—

Here at Brest we view the banks
Change our money into francs
Then we sail for rendezvous
All night watches—one in two.

Tribulation:—

First day out a force eight gale
Not much sleep and negat mail
Still we sit on broadcast net
Staring blindly at the set.

Automation:—

Second day and not so rough
Though the going's fairly tough
We're surviving—don't know how
Like a lot of robots now.

Expectation:—

Last day and we've stood the test
Off tomorrow back to Brest
Chance to sleep and mail galore
And a decent run ashore.

Expiration:—

So I end my tale of woe
Duty calls so I must go
If you've more you want to say
Keep it private s'il vous plait.

—M.S.

H.M.S. "GANGES"

The Summer Term 1956 will be long remembered by many of us for its visits by high ranking and important personalities. Easter leave dates were altered to bring us back in time for a quick work-up for the visit of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh on 1st May. This visit was indeed an honour for the Establishment since we came in for the first engagement, and lion's share of H.R.H.'s tour of Suffolk.

The Duke arrived across the water from Harwich in a minesweeper of the Inshore Flotilla, H.M.S. *Cobham* and as he crossed the harbour *Ganges* fired a 21 gun salute from the foreshore. After inspecting a Royal Marine guard, H.R.H. carried out a semi-formal tour of inspection of the Establishment, the idea being to see Juniors at their various instructional activities.

Our Royal visitor was especially interested with what he saw in the Signal School, where he signed the Visitor's Book and visited classes under instruction; touch typing to music was a special attraction.

A day-old recruitment, consisting of the normal Seaman/Communications entry as well as the first batch of Engineer Mechanics and Naval Airmen, provided a few amusing incidents for H.R.H., who watched them going through the joining routine and kitting-up.



Top: 1,000 Juniors formed up on the Playing Field.
Bottom: H.R.H. watching Junior Tel. Brown reading the Broadcast.

The visit ended with a formal parade, during which the mast was manned and the Queen's Colour was paraded. H.R.H. should have left by helicopter but, half an hour before his time of departure, we received instructions that all Whirlwinds had been temporarily grounded as a result of an accident to one of the machines. This meant that the Duke was unable to see our set piece of over 1,000 Juniors formed up on the playing fields.

The Queen's birthday is traditionally celebrated in *Ganges* with an impressive Review on the playing fields, during which the Royal Standard is broken and a 21 gun salute and feu-de-joie are fired. This year the Reviewing Officer was the Second Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Charles Lambe, and Her Majesty was represented by the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, The Earl of Stradbroke.

Our third V.I.P. was Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, who spent the week end in *Ganges* and took the salute at Sunday Divisions.

Trying to get back to normal routine after all this has not been completely successful due to Parents' Day on 30th June, which is now to be a yearly feature after the success of a similar day last October, when we celebrated our Jubilee. On this day we are open house to Mums, Dads, girl-friends and anyone else who likes to come and see *Ganges* at work and play. The climax this year was Ceremonial Sunset during which the mast was manned and the massed R.M. Band, Bugle Band and the R.M. Junior Musicians from Deal beat the Retreat.

—W.F.

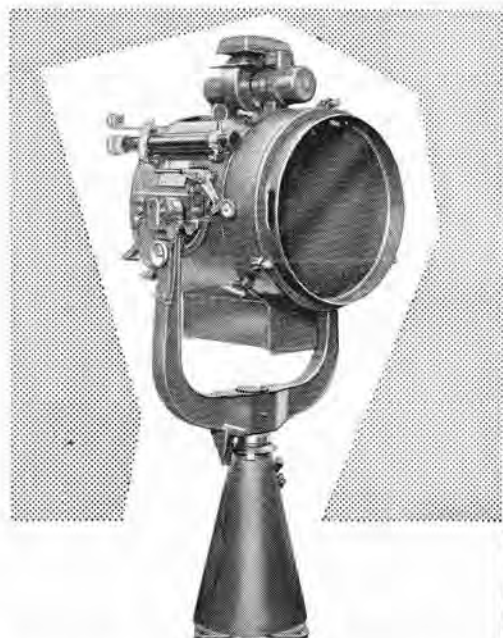
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H.M.S. "GLASGOW"

At last we weigh in with the news from *Glasgow* and the staff of F.O.F., Home. To comply with the wishes of a correspondent in the Easter Number and to spare the blushes of others we will omit details of our itinerary since commissioning and confine ourselves to communication matters.

We have had our troubles and our lighter moments too. But the latter would appear to have outweighed the former, because our requests to sign on, to date, number some 11, out of 25 eligible. These have come from sparkers in the main and the Chief Telegraphist just fails to qualify for recruiter's pay.

On passage through the Western Isles the Admiral spotted a saddled white horse on top of one of the hills. Turning to the C.Y.S. he said, "Make 'Good morning' slowly on a 10 inch to the horse." The poor old Chief Yeoman blinked, signed the pledge, asked for a repetition, got it and repeated it to the flag deck. Another query from the yeoman; silence; and then the chattering of lamp shutters. Then from the flagdeck, "Good morning passed to the white horse. No Roger has yet been received."

During a week of bombardment, A.A. and surface shoots in Loch Eriboll we managed to start a fire on shore and the following signals were exchanged:

Fm. *Glasgow* To. 95 AOR—Have you any roast Mutton—
Fm. 95 AOR To. *Glasgow*—Eyeballs reserved for you—

The Communicators have produced a very successful cricket team and are open to challenge in any season or place.

We sail for the Mediterranean in mid-December to give demonstrations out there until April. On our return the "T" Section will not be without its experienced RATT instructors.

We expect some changes in the staff before we sail for the Mediterranean and we expect that reliefs will be from all depots. As our next article will be from one of the less popular areas of the Mediterranean we would like to take this opportunity of thanking the staff of F.O.F.H. for their excellent team spirit.

LONDONDERRY W/T

Except during May, the period from Easter has been a quiet one. During May, things livened up with the presence of Number 84 Joint Unit Course, 845 Squadron of helicopters, the 5th Frigate Squadron plus *St. Laurent*, and a number of submarines.

At the end of the month, during two exercises the R.A.F. Station at Tiree represented an aircraft carrier. As H.M.S. *Tiree* was also present at Londonderry, some ambiguity was expected; but surprisingly enough everyone received the appropriate messages.

Things are getting brisk again now with two JUC's and Exercise "Fairwind" to contend with and next

Term promises to be more active, with a NATO course to give it a good start.

The Third T.S., at the moment consisting of *Zest* and *Hardy*, is expected to gain another member in the near future. The arrival of *Whitby* will doubtless introduce more sailors to the delights of Derry.

An amenity in the shape of a new branch of Agnes Weston's "Royal Sailor's Rests" will assist in enlarging the present, almost non-existent, facilities for the Navy in Derry. This is expected to open some time next Term.

The scope of the W/T Office has recently been extended—we now have RATT installed; this is not yet completely operational, but with a certain amount of improvisation, we were in a position to test it and prove that it functions.

A Sailing Club has recently been formed on Lough Swilly and we have five dinghies there. The S.O. (C) and Wren Tel. Baker entertained the onlookers on the opening day by capsizing five minutes before the start of the first race!

MARITIME HEADQUARTERS, PITREAVIE, ROSYTH

Here at Pitreavie we live on the same station as the R.A.F. who outnumber us by about ten to one; we are lucky in some ways but badly off in others. The main fault is that the R.A.F. have only three meals per day, the last one being at 1700, consequently one becomes slightly peckish late in the evening and either goes ashore for a meal or has one in the camp N.A.A.F.I. where the drinking of beer is a deadly sin. The senior ratings are much better off in this respect due to the fact that R.A.F. Sergeants' Messes do all their own victualling.

I'm afraid our sporting activities have been sadly lacking; we almost got around to a game of cricket once but, luckily, it rained so we were saved from too much exertion. It's a great pity really, for almost on our doorstep we have one of the finest sports fields in the country. It has an Olympic Standard running track, several football, hockey and cricket pitches, plus some really palatial changing rooms. The snag is, of course, that we just don't have enough staff to get a full team together all at one time, but next season we are combining with the R.A.F. for the winter sports.

The M.S.O. side of the station under Mr. Ferris, ably assisted by Miss Martin, continues to give efficient and cheerful service on the distribution and T/P section of the Department; it is amazing the amount of traffic they deal with without snags cropping up all the time.

Our transmitting station at Castlandhill has now been brought up to date, our S.W.B.'s have all been modified for F.S.K., so we can now hold our own with most stations both in U.K. and the continent. Even Whitehall borrows one now and then.

Very soon we shall be on the G.P.O. Tele. network which will transmit telegrams direct to G.P.O. and civilian firms.

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"MAIDSTONE" and SECOND SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Maidstone joining the Combined Fleets at Gibraltar to mother the submarines, flew the flag of F.O. F.H. for Exercise "Cascade" and the flag of F.O.S.M. for Exercise "Dawn Breeze" and for the rest of her stay at Gibraltar. With a visit to Cadiz for good measure the 'old lady' had a good outing before going for refit.

The Herbert Lott Trust Fund money accorded to the Department by F.O.F.H. quickly disappeared into eager hands—with regard to its disposal thereafter your guess is as good as mine.

Meanwhile a bunch of our Communicators have been ashore at Portland with the squadron, working alongside Captain in Charge's team, which has withstood the influx cheerfully. The Depot ship will not be seen back in Portland until towards the end of September.

H.M.S. "MULL OF GALLOWAY"

You may be surprised to learn that *Mull of Galloway* has stirred herself and actually got to Torbay and Zeebrugge under her own steam. The Flotilla Regatta was held at Torbay, but, owing to bad weather and the non arrival of the Inshores, also due to the same bad weather, it was condensed into one day, 'MULL' eventually running out the winner. However, much liquid refreshment was consumed ashore, and don't believe the story

that Torbay is for Colonel Blimps. Communicators found themselves much at home in the 'Exeter' run by ex-C.Y.S. O'Brien of Guz.

Zeebrugge was a good run and various trips to interesting places in Belgium were arranged, thanks to the hard work of the Vice-Consul's wife, Mrs. Sandiford.

We are now working up for our pre-leave exercises. The new arrivals to the Flotilla include the 51st M.S.S., *Appleton* and *Blaxton* replacing *Calton* and *Boulston*.—H.B.K.

R.N. RHINE SQUADRON

As this is the first entry from the Royal Naval Rhine Squadron it will be necessary to introduce ourselves and our work in the Communication world.

The Squadron consists of Major and Minor Landing Craft and Motor Launches (ex-T.R.V.) and is manned almost entirely by R.M. Signallers, supported by a small base staff of Naval Sigs. and Tels. numbering, in all, about 40 Communicators.

We are based on the River Rhine near Krefeld in Germany, a smoky town on the edge of the industrial Ruhr, but are fortunate enough to travel both up river to the pleasant scenery of the castles and vineyards of Southern Germany and downriver to that friendly little country, Holland. Two such cruises a year are undertaken and are extremely popular with our crews.



"Maidstone" at Gibraltar, March 1956 flying the Flag of Flag Officer Submarines. "Tallyho", "Taciturn", "Sanguine", "Seneschal", "Sea Devil", "Sentinel" alongside.



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LONDON, W.1, AND AT 111 COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSMOUTH, 5 LONDON ROAD,
NORTH END, PORTSMOUTH, 82 ROYAL PARADE, PLYMOUTH, 75 HIGH ST.,
CHATHAM. 29 ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.



In the interim, our time is taken up in training programmes and in NATO exercises within Central Europe. We are subordinate to the Commander, Allied Naval Forces Central Europe at Fontainebleau and thus have plenty of work in long distance radio communications and allied subjects. V.S. is not forgotten and though flag hoisting is impracticable in our little craft, the Squadron has reached a high standard of manoeuvring by voice.

For married men, this is a welcome relief from the normal. Excellent married quarters are provided and ample facilities exist for entertainment. Despite recent muttering about German support costs, one finds labour in the form of "dailies" comparatively cheap. For the single man, accommodation is provided in the base, which is well laid out to provide lots of sports facilities and includes one of the most magnificent N.A.A.F.I. Clubs in Germany, with an up-to-date cinema and theatre, skittle alley, rifle range and excellent bars and club facilities.

It is hoped that this, our first contribution to the branch magazine, will give people who have vaguely heard of us a rough idea of who, what and where we are.

SIXTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

We are now on the last leg of the commission. In August the Squadron will recommission with the newly modernised fleet destroyer *Cavendish* replacing *Battleaxe* as the leader and *Carysfort* replacing *Scorpion*. The minelaying destroyers *Comet* and *Contest* will remain in the squadron.

The summer cruise took us first of all to Le Havre, where many went up to Paris to have a pretty good time. However, hectic days soon followed at Invergordon and Loch Eriboll. The number of Home Fleet ships present was so small that nearly everything seemed to revolve round the skilful Sixth. We got a lot of recommends from F.O.F.H. and the Norwegian, Dutch and American ships who were taking part in the training period.

Highlights of the work-up were live torpedo firings by *Battleaxe* and *Scorpion* and a very realistic gunfire support exercise on the range at Cape Wrath with Bombardment Control H.Q. established in *Battleaxe*. The four ships were carrying out simultaneous bombardments using air and ground spotting, whilst a submarine and low flying target towing aircraft attacked us unexpectedly throughout the day. We also twice landed the squadron's full battalion landing party, complete with its 17 portable wireless sets, which kept the Communicators pretty busy.

The subsequent run south to Belgian ports was broken by an unexpected and very popular one day visit to Margate with leave from 9 a.m. It was a pity we could not have stayed longer, but Ostend proved just as good.

We are now visiting various small ports in the extreme north of Norway. So far the midnight sun

has been obscured by clouds every night; but, even so, it has not been unusual for manoeuvring signals to be made by flags at the beginning of the middle watch.

H.M.S. "THESEUS"

I wonder if old members of the Home Fleet Training Squadron would ever imagine it zigzagging across the North Sea surrounded by clouds of helicopters.

The clump of booted feet is still heard but is now often drowned by the clatter of choppers—eight of them. 845 Squadron has orbited the Training Squadron, the Carriers of which are "carrying" again.

A motley scene on the flight deck! At one end helicopters buzzing around, at the other—a game of deck hockey between junior seamen and N.S.U.Y.S., and in the middle abreast the island, the steady tramp tramp of the chap's who are lucky not to have gone to Whale Island first; and above all flag Kilo flaps, with sound effects from channel Alfa.

The pipe of "Avgas . . . etc.," so long absent from these two ships, is heard again causing aviation cadets' eyes to glisten and young seamen to curse as they put their dog ends out.

And the Communicators? They take it all in their stride.

H.M.S. "TORQUAY"

Torquay commissioned in Belfast on the 8th May, and after many false starts we finally left the Emerald Isle on 22nd June.

Torquay, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is the first of the new type first-rate A/S frigates built similarly to the *Dundas* and *Hardy* but much bigger (tonnage 2,000 tons). We had thought of holding a ship's company dance in the B.W.O. but the Ward-rooms' band asked a preposterous fee!

The messdecks have all the latest modern conveniences and I'm sure those of you who are lucky enough to be drafted to us in the course of your careers will find them very comfortable.

One amusing incident; we challenged *Bulwark* to a RATT match when she visited Belfast but their reply was "RATT! What's that?" We're only interested in steam Morse. This just shows you how antiquated these carriers are.

We are taking F.5 in August so no doubt we'll be seeing some of your smiling faces with us when we leave in September for our G.S.C. to the Med.

H.M.S. "VIGILANT"

We have now settled down to a placid summer cruise, with memories of being iced up in Antwerp and a rough trip round the British Isles last cruise almost forgotten.

We started off in company with *Venus*, with a visit to La Pallice in the Bay of Biscay and then on to a pleasant weekend at Paignton. We left Paignton

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on 22nd May to rendezvous with *Carron* and the first division of the Dartmouth Training Squadron was then a complete unit for manoeuvres and exercises.

An M.F.V. is now attached to the squadron and as she was not fitted with wireless at Portsmouth, the trip to Plymouth was made with our type 622 portable on board. She worked Portsmouth and Portland en route on CCN at a distance of over 80 miles, which speaks well for a set with a rated range of only 20 miles.

RATT now ceases to be a new automation bogey and has been accepted as standard equipment. The LF component proves a headache when it suddenly goes off the air, as you tend to rely on it at times when the HF components are bad. The 12 mcs. component, in our experience, is of little use and has barely been used, while the 6 mcs. and 8 mcs. are both troubled at times by voice and CW interference. The 4 mcs. seems to be fairly reliable and in a clear part of that band. The proximity of all the NLA components to the ship shore calling and working frequencies produces the effect that when using ship shore and reading the NLA Broadcast, the RATT reception is chopped up by your own transmission. Out traffic has to be cleared on CCN where even the use of a 603 causes no interference.

Another snag when reading the RATT broadcast, is that you cannot use your 602 on main roof aerial as it chops up reception on all channels; this is probably due to the fact that the roof passes through all four AWA whips, so we hope to modify the roof aerial this refit. We have had good results on commercial voice with radio telephone calls to Fleet Street through Niton and two officers talked to their wives through Stonehaven, while the ship was in the North Sea; a 603 was used in both cases. Long distance working on HF using RATT has been carried out with *Jewel* using types 601, 618H and 603 and a distance of over 200 miles was obtained; we had good communication between the two ships with *Vigilant* working from Liverpool and *Jewel* entering Dartmouth harbour. Later we hope to work *Venus* at Lisbon whilst we are in the North Sea.

After a picturesque trip through the Trecce Passage and Loch Alsh, we arrived at Ullapool where we held the Squadron regatta. A tote was run and type 615's were used as the communication link. The motor boat was fitted with type 622 and a running commentary broadcast by Yeoman Maxwell. The *Vigilant* Communicator crew won their race in fine style and our cadets won the Higginbottom Cup; but the cock went to *Venus*.

Technical Section Comments

The HF RATT trials were presumably done using two tone modulation. Although interesting, these trials merely show that a form of MCW can be used at these ranges. Frequency shift keying is a more efficient method for HF working while two tone modulation is more efficient for UHF working.

WHITEHALL WIRELESS STATION

Those of you who have served in Whitehall Wireless Station at one time or another will be sorry to hear the sad news that Petty Officer Telegraphist Cooper (S.W.S.) has passed on.

During the last few months quite a few big changes have taken place and anyone who has served here would hardly recognise the place. Two new offices have been incorporated and all the routing and taping is now done in two separate offices which, of course, is quite an improvement on the old system where everything used to pile up on one bench. We have a taping room where all traffic for the broadcast is taped thus preventing noise from the machines going round the office.

We have had a new air supply system installed which makes the office a lot fresher. All the old bays have been removed from the centre of the office which gives us a great deal more room, another new feature is the fluorescent lighting throughout the whole of the offices. It is a great improvement all round.

For any married man coming on the station the waiting list for married quarters at the moment is not too bad and one stands a fair chance of getting a place within six to eight weeks. As the drafting situation is rather sticky at the moment it is impossible to determine how long one is likely to stay on the station but it is normally between twelve and eighteen months.

Sporting activities on this station are severely limited by several factors; being in London is, in itself, something of a deterrent. It costs a couple of bob to poke your nose out of doors and as it means travelling to any sporting fixture, it can be a very expensive pastime. The system of watchkeeping also makes it difficult, ten hour night watches are not conducive to keenness on the football or cricket field, and most fixtures must be played during the twenty-four off. Despite these drawbacks, we do manage to play a few games and recently beat the Royal Marine Office in the first round of the Admiralty Cricket Cup, and we have held the inter-department Swimming Cup for the past three years. Quite recently we ran a coach trip to Flowerdown to play an exciting match of cricket. It remains only to be said that those who can take part in such sporting activities as can be arranged, do so to enjoy themselves rather than to win.

We still receive "funnies" from the other end of our services such as this:

A rather irate D.O. "bottled" a Wren Tel. for unauthorised conversation on the air with her opposite number in Paris.

de GYB "this is the Duty Officer 'K'

de FUB "I am pleased to make your acquaintance 'K'.

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H.M.S. "ALBION"

During February, after exercises with the Indian Navy, which finished with a flying demonstration for Mr. Nehru and other Indian leaders, we entered Bombay. There we were well entertained by both the British and the Indian communities.

Further flying demonstrations were given off Cochin, and Ceylon.

After a brief stay at Colombo, we made a rendezvous with ships of the Far East Fleet and commenced Exercise "Welcome", which was followed by Exercises "Sea Dragon" and "Monsoon".

On completion of "Monsoon", we entered Hong Kong for a twelve day self maintenance period and everyone agreed that they had a wonderful time.

We said goodbye to all our friends there and sailed for the U.K. on 16th April, calling at Singapore on the way.

Course was altered to allow the ship to cross the Equator and enable the Crossing the Line ceremony to be carried out. It was very good fun, and for many of the younger members it was their first experiences of meeting King Neptune.

We stopped a few hours at Malta to transfer Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers, Rear-Admiral A. R. Pedder, C.B., and Staff to H.M.S. *Eagle*, and arrived in Portsmouth on the 15th May flying our paying off pendant.

Finally, and as a fitting end to a successful commission, we offer our hearty congratulations to C.P.O. Tel. Tuckwell on his very well deserved award of the B.E.M. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List.

—G.D.N.

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

Here the M.S.O. and W/T Staff are Wrens, with Mr. Clarke our S.C.C.O. in overall charge, and P.O. Tel. Mundell in charge of the W/T Office. The W/T Staff consists of a L/Wren and Wren Tel. who are both excellent at making coffee, and doing Ship/NAS Exercises.

The M.S.O. is in the capable hands of Yeo. Barrister. The majority of the staff, both Sigs. and Tels., are either in the control tower or at the civilian airport at Renfrew, where they work in the control tower looking after the 'pusser' aircraft.

About the only thing that regularly causes some amusement, is "colours". Once the Duty Sig. Wren was left standing with half an Ensign in her hand, the other half having stuck securely to the Mainmast which had just been painted for Admiral's Inspection.

R.N.A.S. ANTHORN

Flag Officer Reserve Aircraft's special mention of the smartness of the P.C.B. at his annual inspection in June was much appreciated by all those who had to prepare for it.

Wrens Webster and English have now returned from the Royal Tournament. Both took part in all the performances at Earls Court.

Bulwark operating in the Irish Sea during June provided us with a chance to talk to a ship and produced an increase of signal traffic for a week or so. A Telegraphist was lent from Stretton for duty on a morse key.

Wrens Parkes and Whitehouse have both passed for higher rating this Term and are now back at Anthorn.

R.N.A.S. ARBROATH

They were relaxed, healthy looking girls, before they went into 'THE' room. They entered with no fear, no forebodings, just cheerful confidence . . . they walked about . . . they talked . . . they even laughed . . . in their sinister little environment. Then 'IT' happened.

Their faces changed. They became grim, set, pale and determined, a little scared perhaps at the sight of those grim iron monsters facing them. They had to tackle them, to fight them, to stop their hideous roaring and quieten them for a while.

How could they do it? They gathered together in groups wildly planning. Then they turned and faced the monsters once more, ready for the fight.

Hours later they emerged, triumphant; tired, but victorious. They staggered out with gleaming eyes, 'We have conquered them'.

The door swung to behind them shutting the monsters from view, the label on the door shining eerily in the gloom; 'TELEPRINTER ROOM'.

PRIZE WINNERS—SUMMER 1956

SPECIAL FEATURE COMPETITION

Shared by P.O. Tel. Taylor—"BRUM'S BIRD-MAN". *Jufair*—"DRINK FIRST AND SHOOT AFTERWARDS".

CARTOON COMPETITION

Hong Kong W/T (Page 71).

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

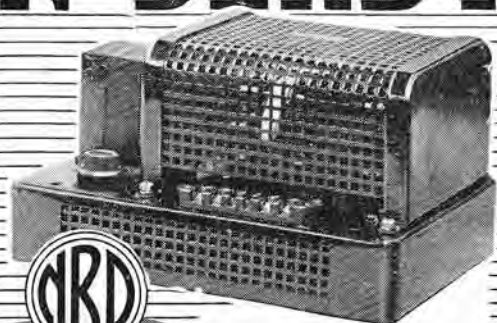
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CLYDE DIVISION R.N.V.R.

Our three sea tenders have resumed their sailing season once more and have already booked a respectful quota of sea time to their credit. H.M.S. *Dubford* is currently en route to Portland and the Channel Islands, whilst H.M.S. *Clyde* has newly returned from conveying a party of 25 of our W.R.N.S. to Campbeltown and back. Despite a small drop of roughers, our seagoing "wimmen" came through remarkably well, and only in the galley did dire misfortune occur. During a somewhat bumpy session, the custard for dinner shot across the joint like a guided missile, but the galley staff rescued sufficient to dole out a reasonable portion to all hands. Incidentally our cook has a new and picturesque method of converting P/L into basic Crypto if *Mercury* are interested, it's a non-repeating process.

Both the W/T and V/S branches jog on as before, with some new faces to go with the new equipment, but the same old drips to percolate the air. Additional training rooms have, however, been acquired by both sections, and this should facilitate future instruction accordingly.

Looking ahead, both H.M.S. *Blackburn* and *Clyde* are bound for Denmark and Invergordon on the annual M/S exercise, whilst H.M.S. *Dubford* undertakes a 14 day recruiting jaunt to the Highlands and Islands. It is rumoured that a gratuitous issue of haggis and the substitution of "whusky" in lieu of bubbly are to be offered as additional inducement to our Highland kin. We also hope to participate in providing part of the escort for the Royal Yacht in the forthcoming cruise to the Western Highlands.

Finally our annual spit and polish parade, Admiral Commanding Reserves visit, will soon hover in sight. Medals will again be feverishly sought out, or borrowed, and the Division's band will dust their music sheets and regale us with their well worn musical extravaganza. A grand march past will wind up the programme.

In conclusion, the Division hopes to form a Pipe Band, and we have tentatively suggested that they issue them with tartan bell-bottoms, white plastic glengarries and zip-fastner sporrans a la mode. Just think of the vast recruiting appeal; at least here's something the Yanks haven't got, as yet!

SEVERN DIVISION R.N.V.R.

This has been rather a spit and polish Term for Severn Division. Bristol was honoured by the visit of Her Majesty The Queen on April 17th and a Royal Guard of Honour was provided by the Division. Among these stalwarts were three Tels. from Bath R.N.V.(W)R. Unit and Tel. Shaw from Bristol. We also claim this as the first occasion The Queen's Colour has been paraded with an R.N.V.R. guard. If any other division can dispute this, please don't write to THE TIMES about it.

Our Wren Sigs. and Tels. took part in a semaphore display when the Chew Stoke Reservoir

was opened by Her Majesty and performed so well that they are now practising for a display at Bath United Services Day.

Less than a month later we welcomed Lieut. Cmdr. Pelly for his first annual inspection as Staff Communications Officer to A.C.R. Anticipating a question that must be raised every time he meets reserve Communicators, Lt.-Cmdr. Pelly announced that he had no further information on rumoured increases in the annual bounty.

At the end of May came the big day from which only the chronically infirm are excused. Rear-Admiral Thistleton-Smith, G.M., Admiral Commanding Reserves, carried out his annual inspection.

The *Venturer*, our sea going tender, made the first of her foreign cruises in May, visiting Dordrecht and Ghent after taking part in Minesweeping exercises with the Inshore Flotilla.

A weird figure with pale blue-green skin, has been seen wandering round with what might be a ray gun. It is not the man from Mars but C.P.O. Tel. Morellec, equipped with a paint spray gun with which he has been redecorating the buzzer room before installing our new equipment.

SOLENT DIVISION R.N.V.R.

Secured alongside, in a section of Southampton Docks, nicknamed locally "Navy Corner" because of the number of H.M. Ships refitted or reconstructed in the close vicinity of nearby civilian contracting firms, is the Solent Division R.N.V.R. Headquarters Drill Ship, H.M.S. *Wessex* (ex *Erne*). Specially converted, she is minus engine rooms, messdecks, etc., having in their place classrooms and recreation spaces. Shore side buildings consist of a large Drill Hall, Gun Battery and Wrens' Quarters.

Our Communications Officer is Lt.-Cmdr. R. S. Young and Crypto Officer is Lieut. (Sp) D. McCarraher, and in charge of Wren Communicators is Second Officer H. T. McCormack. The permanent Staff Instructors are C.P.O. Tel. Doe and C.Y.S. Braxton. Where complement is concerned we are not among the giants, having an enthusiastic and friendly little bunch of 10 V.S. and 7 W/T male ratings and 10 Signal and 5 W/T Wrens. Reservists in the division who may be remembered by other Communicators are P.O. Tel. Bussell, C.Y.S. Baker who represented the Med. Fleet and Signal School at Water Polo in 1938, Y.S. Topley who represented the Navy and *Mercury* at hockey as recently as March 1955, and Leading Signaller Patten who represented *Mercury* at Soccer throughout the 1950/1951 season when the Navy Cup was won by *Mercury*.

In common with other Volunteer Reserve Divisions and Volunteer (Wireless) Districts we appreciate visits from serving and ex-Communicators.

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THE W.R.N.V.R. IN GIBRALTAR

One cold and windy morning in April, two W.R.N.V.R. Officers and a party of twenty-three Wrens rose happily at 0430, at least they were happy until they discovered there was plenty of boiling water, but no tea, for breakfast. A remark by the Officer-in-charge that hot water was excellent for slimming, was not received with enthusiasm! However, Quarters Officer came to the rescue with a large tea caddy, and a cheery party left London for Blackbushe Airport. Here a technical hitch delayed departure, but we were soon airborne . . . first stop Biarritz . . . and in spite of our late departure, Gibraltar was reached at the scheduled time. We were not prepared for the airstrip jutting out into the harbour and felt certain we were about to land in the "drink". However, much relieved, we touched down safely and were hustled through the Customs and into transport for H.M.S. *Rooke*, where one might say a guard of honour, in working rig, awaited the Wrens. Only one member of the party felt she would prefer to walk home rather than fly again—everyone else was more than willing to fall in with "hands to supper".

The following day we reported for briefing—sad to relate the M.S.O. was in the heart of the Rock, far from the brilliant sunshine. Watches commenced at noon so that we could get an idea of our duties

before the Exercise started. The following day "Medflex Dragon" roared into being and Wrens and two Wren Officers were seen entering the tunnel with harassed "do or die" expressions. After one or two watches, however, faces were considerably brighter due no doubt to the sun and off-duty entertainments and work going well.

Watchkeeping duties did not permit visits to distant places but trips were organised to interesting places on and in the Rock; and most of the party, in plain clothes, managed short visits into Spain. Second Officer Cochrane and Second Officer McCormack spent a very exciting day shopping in Tangier, crossing by boat and flying back.

The last day of "Medflex Dragon" arrived and the W.R.N.V.R. had proved beyond doubt they could do the job. The C.S.O. said work was excellent and he would certainly welcome W.R.N.V.R. personnel for future exercises. After this unexpectedly high praise the Wrens gaily celebrated by having late passes and visiting a Night Club (suitably chaperoned, of course!)

The next morning we boarded the plane for home. Our visit, although brief, was from every point of view highly successful; it was with real regret that we said goodbye to the Rock.

CHRISTMAS 1956 COMPETITIONS

1. Special Feature Competition

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

2. Cartoon Competition

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

3. Photograph Competition

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

ALL ENTRIES must reach the Editor by 15th November, the Rank/Rating, Name and Address of the Competitor must be clearly printed in block capitals.

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The First Sea Lord with the Chief Petty Officers

CHIEF'S CHATTER

In spite of a longer Term than usual, the call for articles still finds us unprepared. However, as so many readers past and present turn to this article for news of their mess, it is down with the glass and up with the pen.

It is not necessary for us here to comment on the visit of the First Sea Lord and the progress of the new mess, except to say what a great privilege it was to entertain the Senior Serving Signal Officer. Temporary renovations to the old mess were greatly appreciated and accelerated.

A strange silence, unaccustomed till now, marked the final departure for civilian toil of our erstwhile President C.Y.S. Raisey, to whom we extend heartfelt wishes for every success in civvy street, at the same time extending hearty greetings to our new President C.Y.S. Dixon. There is no truth in the rumour that a platform will shortly surround the billiard table.

All members past and present, will be pleased to hear of the entry into the matrimonial stakes of 'Young Bunts' C.Y.S. Noble.

The current S.I.'s course sees the unprecedented innovation of a Warrant Yeoman S.A.N.F. and two Danish Warrant Officers. We hope their stay will be a pleasant one. Departures include C.P.O. Tels. Williams and Goulding, C.Y.S. Edgecumbe and Hirst, whilst we welcome C.Y.S. Conway and Coverdale and C.P.O. Tel. Kennett and newly promoted C.P.O. Tel. Thompson.

Our brief blaze of glory on the soccer field, where many surprising results were obtained was alas, not continued into the balmy days of summer and Anno Domini took its toll, only three individual entrants distinguished themselves on sports day.

However, we did obtain one success by winning the novelty boat race.

To the shortly departing C.C.O.'Q' we bid farewell and anticipate some tongue twisting when their successors, Sub. Lt. (S.D.) (C.) 'Q' are attending morning divisions. The members of the first named course ask me to thank all members for their willing dog watch help and co-operation and for having tolerated so cheerfully, stupid questions on opposite subjects.

P.O.'s PATTTER

The membership of the mess has varied between sixty and seventy members, fifty per cent of whom live out. Amongst those of us who are victualled, with the exception of the few who are stopped draft, there is an ever changing show of faces.

Since last going to press the duties of Vice-President and Mess Secretary has changed hands. The Vice-Presidency has been taken over from P.O. Tel. Stevenson by Yeo. Sigs. Benfield and Mess Secretary has been taken over from P.O. Tel. Wailes by P.O. Tel. Northover. The Mess President is P.O. Tel. R. Henderson.

On the social side, our darts club is still going very strong. On payweeks we play away from home, and blank weeks we play a return match at home against the team which we played the previous week. I think it is true to say that by and large, we have won rather more games than we have lost, but what is of more import is that all these dart evenings have been most enjoyable.

We now hold a mess social evening once a month and in order to make this possible without shaking the mess funds to a great extent, the mess levy has been increased. The first social evening was held

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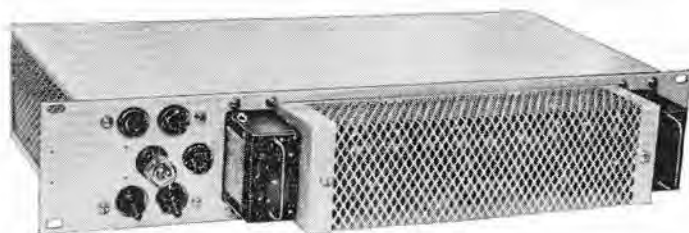
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during the first week of June and it was highly successful. The increase in the mess levy fully paid for the entire party.

The mess has adopted a considerable "square" outlook on life, indeed were it not for the TV. I've no idea how the virtual members would pass away their evenings. Even our Thursday guest evening has become but a shadow of its original gaiety. The TV, is sited in the dining room and the present Test cricket series ensures a full house. It has not yet been decided whether to issue viewers with dark glasses or diners with torches.

Sports Day certainly showed us where we figure in the sporting status of the camp. Were it not for the venerable Chiefs we would have had the full weight of all the other messes upon our shoulders. In the main we have P.O. Cadman to thank for keeping us one up from bottom place. We thought our Tug-of-War team stood a very good chance of giving us maximum points until we came up against the Wardroom in the semi-final—which incidentally, was our one and only pull as we received a walk-over from the Chiefs' Mess. The Wardroom team swiftly showed us the way home, winning in two straight pulls, as they did against all their opponents.

We have held two unofficial cricket matches against the new entries and came off second best on each occasion. However, we have one feather in our cap, four of the establishment's water polo team are from this mess, and this team to date have won all their eight matches played, putting *Mercury* well and truly on top of "B" League.—P.B.N.

CODERS

In H.M.S. *Mercury* there exists a most unseaman-like breed known as "Coders(S)" (the (S) standing for many things but officially for Special). When it becomes generally known that a Leading Coder (S) has written this article, "real sailors" from all over the world and from H.M.S. *Mercury* in particular will, be pleased to note that "Codes" has at last found a useful job to do.

Hitherto our presence at *Mercury* has proved more of a hindrance than an aid to the smooth running of the ship. Jimmy's working party has, for example, been handicapped, and the Buffer's sanity threatened by perpetual invasions of studious and unsailorly Coders eager, nevertheless, to prove their skill in the manual arts such as: chipping stones, painting bricks, laying car parks and mowing lawns. By now it is a familiar sight in *Mercury* to see a wild-eyed Coder wearing very new No. 8's quietly spreading death and destruction with the aid of a flame-throwing weed-killer while Chiefs and C.C.O.s look on in patient resignation.

Yet inept and clumsy as he may be at these unfamiliar functions, "Codes" is entitled to something more than benevolent disdain from his colleagues in the Service. He is an outsider whose career may bear little or no relation to the Navy yet he has



chosen to spend his two years National Service in what he often privately considers to be still the Senior Service. And he is usually willing to learn.

To the long-service men he brings the refreshing and illuminating viewpoints of the student, the lawyer and the bank clerk, of the scientist and the artist, all temporarily bound by a similar attachment to the Service. It is possible to learn from "Codes" just as he can learn from you, whether it be the vulgar words to a popular song, the legal aspect of your divorce or possibly just a tip for the 2.30.

Finally, on behalf of the Coder clan I would say that after living on Army and R.A.F. camps for nearly a year it feels good to be back for a while in a Naval establishment and not only because of the 'scrumps', 'bubbly' and Duffs; it's just that the company is better.—K.F.P.

W.R.N.S.

The Term started off very quietly but gradually worked up for the excitement of the visits of the First Sea Lord and of H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent. Details of these visits are contained earlier in the magazine.

In the sporting field W.R.N.S. from *Mercury* reign supreme. We are represented by five Wrens in the Portsmouth Command W.R.N.S. Cricket team. In the first of the inter-unit tennis matches the *Mercury* team beat R.N.H. Haslar ladies, who have held the cup for the last three years. The *Mercury* W.R.N.S. team have won the Swimming Relay Cup and on the Athletics field we have so far beaten all other relay teams in several other establishments.

Photographic Acknowledgments

The pictures appearing on the following pages are by courtesy of, 68, Sport and General Press Agency; 84, 96, *Portsmouth Evening News* and Charles White; 85, *Portsmouth Evening News* and Sport and General Press Agency; 117, Charles White.

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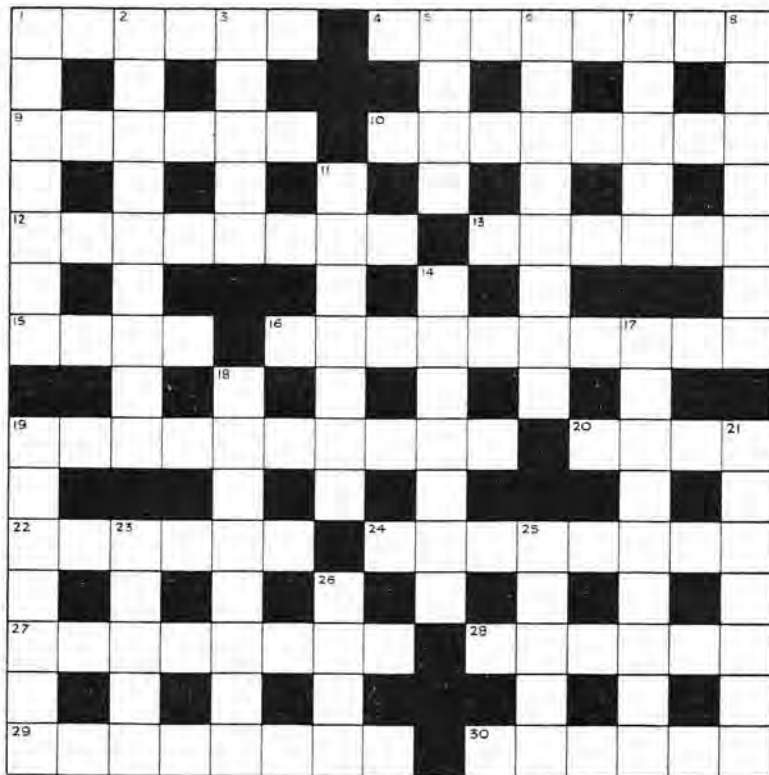
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“COMMUNICATOR” COMPETITION CROSSWORD

A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE FIRST CORRECT SOLUTION OPENED.
ENTRIES CLOSE ON 15TH NOVEMBER AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR AND
MARKED “COMMUNICATOR” CROSSWORD.



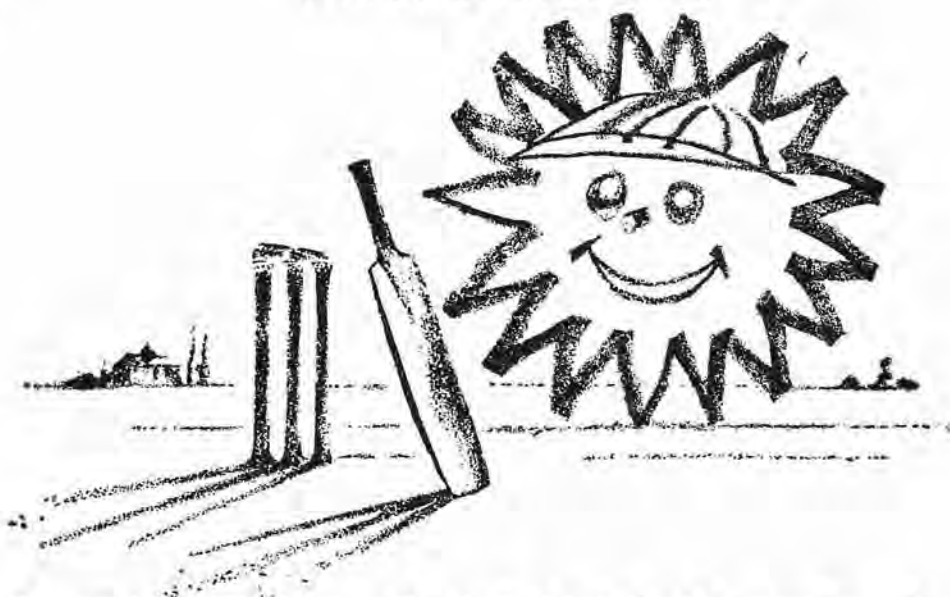
ACROSS

1. Singes a laminated rock of quartz (6).
4. A Gentile could play this (4, 4).
9. An ill one is used for filling designs on silver (6).
10. Engraved design, possibly filled with 9 across (8).
12. Town in the rosy west (8).
13. Black or white for evening wear (3, 3).
15. Charge for changing currency (4).
16. Do these vessels weigh very little? (10).
19. Cherish a stray fish? (10).
20. Get rid of this hut! (4).
22. Surplice-like vestment of bishop (6).
24. Half this and your neighbour is close (8).
27. Resident of half 24 across (8).
28. An operational stance? We're agin it! (6).
29. Chickens cleaning? Not quite (8).
30. Is his prison a raw den? (6).

DOWN

1. Car suspended from airship, or boat (7).
2. Here lies weeds. But they are pretty flowers (9).
3. Unaccompanied (5).
5. Bird found in the never-never land (4).
6. The seashore is the place to see this nag (8).
7. Assign a great deal! (5).
8. Troupes take many shapes (7).
11. Outstanding writing (7).
14. A short sword (7).
17. Fish-like (9).
18. A statue to this flier can be found in Kensington Gardens (5, 3).
19. Forty poles make a good one (7).
21. Wroth (7).
23. There is a lot of pain involved in this food store (5).
25. It's all Greek to me at the beginning (5).
26. The answer to this clue will be found later (4).

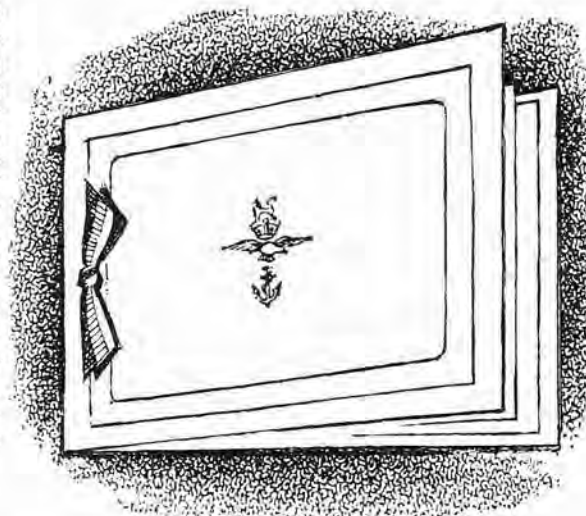
Crossword compiled by P.O. Tel. C. Taylor.



Why talk of Christmas Cards in Test Match weather !

It does seem a little premature doesn't it? But the printing of over a million cards for regiments, ships and units all over the world takes time. Even in Naafi's own Printing Branch, a modern plant fully equipped for this specialised work, printing must begin months before Christmas. Naafi printers are unsurpassed in the quality of production of colour-embossed, crested cards, using only the finest materials and true heraldic colours, and bringing to their task the devoted care and skill of true craftsmen. By placing your orders early you help them to produce the finest Service Christmas cards in the world.

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Wren's Living Quarters

SIX STRANGERS IN WHITEHALL

What did we really feel like when we realised that we were to be the first Wren Tels. at Whitehall W/T since the end of the war? Were we impressed on our introductory visit to the nerve centre of the Navy? At least, shall we say, we were overawed by the immensity of the wireless office, in comparison with those of other stations, and we felt very incompetent when we saw the vast amount of work that is carried out here.

On coming straight from course we were, quite naturally, a little dubious about our capabilities and so, we presumed, was everyone else. After a few weeks of careful nurturing we began to find our feet, but it was quite a while longer before we fully understood exactly what we were supposed to be doing.

The "Powers That Be" decided that the Fixed Services with Bombay and Karachi were most suitable for our inexperience and shortcomings. With Indians and Pakistanis at the other end of the line many amusing incidents occurred. For instance, after some delay caused by Karachi's defective transmitter he at last came up to say he had been missing his shorts!

We now feel that we have mastered the preliminaries of operating a service and are hoping that there will be new fields to conquer. As our six-month temporary basis is almost complete and as everyone seems satisfied with results we wonder what effect it will have on the future drafts for Wren Tels. to Whitehall.

PARTRIDGES AT POLIS

I do not suppose you have ever heard of Polis. Nor had I until one day, when I was studying the chart for likely anchorages, I was made aware of its existence.

"That's my village," said our police sergeant, indicating the place with his forefinger. After that it was only natural that we should anchor as near to it as possible.

"When we go there you must shoot partridges," went on the Sergeant. "My brother will take you. It is a bit early yet. It is more better later after the rains. The partridges have wet wings then and cannot fly so well but you will get some."

We landed early one afternoon at a pier belonging to a Copper Mining Company. There was not a cloud in the sky and it hadn't rained for six months. The sun blazed and dust hung in the air.

We were met by the Sergeant, his brother and a motor bike. The Sergeant took us each in turn on the pillion up to the starting point. Luckily this was not far because I always cling on for grim death on a pillion and a gun is an added hazard.

"My brother will take you up that valley," said the Sergeant. "He doesn't speak any English but he will show you. If you cannot shoot any, give him the gun; he will shoot some for you. I go home now."

We started off across a field of stubble but very soon found ourselves on the steep side of the valley in thorny scrub. It was very hot and each step sent up a cloud of dust. There were four of us besides the Sergeant's brother, three had guns and the Doctor acted as a sort of free lance finding, I suspect, the easiest going. Soon we were well spread out and going, as far as I could see, on separate ways. The Sergeant's brother attached himself firmly to me. I do not know whether he had been told to do so or whether, and this is more likely, he realised that, being the only member of our party not dressed in white, I had some chance of getting near enough to a partridge to shoot at it.

As we got further into the valley partridges began to fly away ahead of us. There were quite a number but they were wild and the going got rougher. Our guide used only two words which sounded to me like "Burra" and "Aura."

One meant "That way," and the other meant "This way." Whenever I came to a particularly steep and thorny patch which I hoped to avoid I would hear "Burra" and an authoritative finger would be pointed "That way." With this went a lot of tongue clicking and every now and then a large rock would be hurled into impenetrable bushes.

The presence of the others was confirmed by occasional shots the noise of which echoed across the valley. Then the great moment came when I actually shot a partridge only to be accused of murdering a skylark by one of the others. A neat surgical operation was performed and on we went.

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Applications should be sent to Industrial Recruitment Officer, A.E.R.E., Harwell, Didcot, Berks.; or anyone requiring more information should send for a copy of the booklet "A Career in Atomic Energy" which sets out some of the conditions of employment at Harwell.

By now we had walked inland for an hour and time and utter exhaustion saved us from going further.

As we passed a small pool, I saw, to my horror, my companion making gestures which to me meant "Can I throw this partridge in?" As it represented my entire effort and as I was much looking forward to eating it, I was not unnaturally upset. It turned out that he was trying to tell me that the birds liked water. My own thirst was such that I could well understand this.

We returned in triumph with the birds. In our absence the ship had been visited by soldiers stationed nearby. They very kindly told those on board that this particular day of the week was not one on which shooting was allowed. In fact they went on "It happens that partridges are out of season just now but next time you want to go do let us know and we will lend you a gun that is licensed."

However nobody seemed to mind and the partridges were excellent to eat.

BOOK REVIEW

SECOND THOUGHTS ON RADIO THEORY

by "CATHODE RAY" of "WIRELESS WORLD"
Price 25s. 0d. net. Published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd.

"Cathode Ray" will need no introduction to regular readers of "Wireless World"; for over twenty years he has been expounding and explaining radio theory in the pages of that journal in his own inimitable way. This book contains a selection of over forty of his articles; and to such readers no more need be said—their main complaint has been that this book ought to have appeared long ago! For others, however, it should perhaps be explained that "Cathode Ray" is the radio instructor "par excellence," the writer who can make even radio mathematics intelligible and interesting to the uninitiated, and with a light touch can clarify the most abstruse ideas. These articles, each complete in itself, throw new light on many subjects in the field of radio.

Why "second thoughts?" The topics are mostly elementary, dealing with basic electrical ideas and with straightforward circuit elements, techniques and calculations. But too often it is just these things that are taken for granted or glossed over in hurrying on to "something practical." Here are second thoughts on matters as familiar as voltage, Ohm's law, the speed of current, screening and smoothing—and how much more we find there is to them than we ever suspected before!

Here, in fact, are several books in one: an entertaining and helpful textbook for the beginner; a first-class refresher course for the professional whose student days are growing rather distant; and a mine of useful reference information for everyone interested in radio and its allied subjects.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM ON PAGE 78

The total number of children must be 17 or less, and since the numbers of families must be different, the smallest family consists of 1 or 2 children.

Since the visitor had to ask whether the smaller family had 1 or 2 children, the number of the house must in fact be either $1 \times A \times B \times C$ where $A + B + C$ is 16 or less, or $2 \times P \times Q \times R$ where $P + Q + R$ is 15 or less.

The first group of factors range from $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4$ (= 24) to $1 \times 4 \times 5 \times 7$ (= 140) with two possibilities for 120 (viz., $1 \times 3 \times 5 \times 8$ and $1 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6$). The second group ranges from $2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5$ (= 120) to $2 \times 3 \times 5 \times 7$ (= 210).

The only number common to the two groups is 120 which must therefore be the number of the house.

Since the visitor gave his final numbers *with certainty* when he knew what the smallest number was, the answer must be 2, 3, 4, 5. (The other possible solutions 1, 3, 5, 8 and 1, 4, 5, 6, are ruled out because he would have to give both as alternatives).

"HOWLERS"

Q. What does INT R 131816Z GR 126 mean?

A. Are you GR 126 sending at 131816Z?

Is R 131816Z correct or wrong?

Q. Define a free net.

A. A net on which any amount of messages can be transmitted at any one time.

Q. What does HM mean?

A. Harbour Master.

Q. What does F.O.F.H. mean?

A. Fleet Organisation and Flag Hoists.

Q. What is the difference between Disposition and Formation?

A. Disposition is when ships are in order and Formation is when ships are out of order.

Q. Name one instance of automatic change of guide.

A. When S.C.O. changes his ship.

Q. What does U.T.R. stand for?

A. Unable to return.

"IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

The answer given by a certain Tel. when asked to state the occasions on which S.P.'s are mustered. "Once a day at sea and twice a day in harbour, especially in enemy ports".

Definition of a Pyrotechnic. "Things placed on the upper deck of a ship whilst in action to make the enemy believe that it has been badly damaged."

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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.

APPOINTMENTS

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
Sir P. ANSON	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. Plymouth	Staff of F.O.A.C.
F. A. BAKER	Lt.	Mercury	MAORI
R. BENNETT	Lt.	Hornet	Mercury
G. M. BENNETT, D.S.C.	Capt.	SOWC	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth
G. A. BLOODWORTH	S.C.C.O.	Heron	Ceylon West W/T
R. W. G. BRAY	Cdr.	F.C.O.H.F.	D.S.D.
B. A. N. BUCKLEY	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Mercury
G. D. CARTER	C.C.O.	Centaur	Mercury
D. J. CHENEY	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Royalist
F. W. CHATTEN	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Heron
H. A. CHEETHAM	Lt.-Cdr.	D.S.D.	Royal Charlotte in Command
R. COMBER	S.C.C.O.	Seahawk	Staff of F.O.F. (Med.)
H. R. CORNELL	Lt.-Cdr.	Grenville	Mercury II
T. S. COOPER	C.C.O.	Cossack	Course for Lt.
D. H. CREMER	Lt.	F.C.A. Med.	Cavendish
J. DURNFORD	Commander	Staff Course	R.N.S.S. Devonport
J. E. DAYKIN	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Transferred to R.N.Z.N.
A. E. P. DEANE	Lt.-Cdr.	Cumberland	Staff of C.-in-C. Plymouth
A. H. DICKENS	Lt.	Long "C" Course	F.C.A. H.F.
C. M. EVANS	3/O Wrens	Mercury	Staff of F.O. (Air) Home
M. C. EVELEGH	Lt.	Zest	R.N.Z.N. Loan
D. A. K. FINLAY	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.R.E.	Admiralty (with D.C.N.S.)
J. T. FRANKS	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
K. C. M. FLEETWOOD	Lt.-Cdr.	O i/c Kranji W/T	D.S.D.
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE	Lt.	Duchess	Mercury
R. C. GREEN	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Wakeful
L. L. GREY, D.S.C.	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.2. F.E.S.
J. B. GALLAGHER	C.C.O.	Agincourt	Course for Lt.
B. GOULDING	S.C.C.O.	Goldcrest	Warrior
A. W. GARTON	S.C.C.O.	Ark Royal	Mercury
P. G. M. GREIG	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O. Gibraltar
P. J. HALL	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Hornet
E. L. HYATT	C.C.O.	Gambia	Mercury
R. G. HEARN	S.C.C.O.	A.S.R.E.	Albion
T. A. DE V. HUNT	Lt.-Cdr.	Adamant	Mercury
L. G. J. HOWARD	S.C.C.O. (Air)	Fulmar	Daedalus
H. A. JOSEPHS	C.C.O.	Decoy	Mercury
F. A. JUPP	C.C.O.	Mercury	Newfoundland
R. C. KEITH-REID	S.C.C.O. (Air)	Blackcap	Peregrine
A. J. S. KNOCKER	Lt.	Mercury	Albion
J. LAWN	Comm. Lt.	Staff of CinCEastlant	B.J.C.(E).B.
H. LIDDLE	S.C.C.O.	Peregrine	Gamecock
P. J. LAWMAN	Cdr.	R.N. Tactical Course	R.N. Staff College Directing Staff
T. M. LAING	Lt.	Long "C" Course	F.C.A. Med.
P. D. LLOYD	Lt.-Cdr.	Gambia	D.S.D.
D. R. LEWIS	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C.-in-C. E.I.	Staff of C.-in-C. Eastlant
W. C. LINK	C.C.O.	R.A.N. Loan	Agincourt
C. J. MAIR	Lt.-Cdr. R.C.N.	Diamond	Reverts to R.C.N.
J. R. McKAIG	Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of C.-in-C. H.F.
C. P. MILLS, D.S.C.	Capt.	D.D.S.D.	C.S.O. to F.O.2. Med.
C. C. MITCHELL	C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Seahawk
A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH	Lt.	Wakeful	Mercury

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E.	...	R.N.O. Orkney	Staff of C.-in-C. A.F. Med.
P. A. MYTTON ...	Cdr.	Zest	Cossack
A. G. MCCRUM ...	Cdr.	Concord	Ganges
R. B. MONTCLARE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Agincourt	D.S.D.
W. D. NEWMAN ...	S.C.C.O.	Mercury II	S.T.C. Singapore
H. B. PARKER ...	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Mercury
W. T. T. PAKENHAM ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Centaur	Mercury
R. A. H. PANTER ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury II	Ceylon West W/T
T. W. PICK, D.S.C.	S.C.C.O.	Dainty	St. Angelo
W. L. PAYNE ...	Lt.	Cardigan Bay	Mull of Galloway
J. P. L. REID, C.B., C.V.O.	Vice-Admiral	F.O.2. (Med.)	3rd Sea Lord
C. D. M. RIDLEY ...	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Grenville
A. M. RALPH ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.M.A.	Adamant
Miss E. M. ROBB ...	3/O WRNS	Mercury	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
The Hon. D. P. SEELY ...	Cdr.	Staff Course	Staff of C.-in-C. A.F. Med.
E. S. SPENCER ...	Lt.	Long "C" Course	R.N.S.S. Devonport
I. S. SANDEMAN ...	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Agincourt
B. J. STRAKER ...	Lt.	F.C.A. H.F.	Zest
T. C. M. SILVERTHORNE ...	S.C.C.O.	R.A.N. Loan	Goldcrest
A. SMITH ...	S.C.C.O. (Air)	Daedalus	Falcon
J. A. ANDERSON ...	C.C.O.	Albion	Fulmar
P. A. WILLIAMS ...	C.C.O.	Theseus	R.N.S.S. Devonport
G. C. WALLIS ...	C.C.O.	Mercury	Blackcap
M. E. ST. Q. WALL ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Britannia

PROMOTIONS

To Admiral

Sir A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF,
K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

To Lieutenant-Commander

H. R. CORNELL
R. B. MONTCLARE
G. C. LLOYD
M. I. HOSEGOOD

To Captain

R. G. DREYER

To Acting Lieutenant

R. W. PENSON
A. E. SMITH

To Second Officer W.R.N.S.

Miss J. MATTINSON

To Commander

D. D. KNIGHT
S. F. BERTHOE
S. D. LORAM
To S.C.C.O.
L. R. TANTON
P. J. SPROSON
T. W. F. CLARKE
J. T. HEADON
D. E. SHUTT

TO CHIEF PETTY OFFICER IN THE COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

To Chief Yeoman of Signals

J. ROBERTSON, P/JX.162431
R. STEW, P/JX.161784
T. OAKES, D/JX. 149233
G. TOZER, D/JX. 136642
A. D. BULLOUGH, C/JX. 156334
C. W. THOMPSON, C/JX. 140379

To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

K. TAYLOR, P/JX.161745
R. WILSON, D/JX. 154195
D. MILLS, C/JX. 371924
R. THOMPSON, C/JX. 292720

RETIREMENTS

R. F. PHILLIMORE, D.S.C.	Commander
G. A. F. BUTLER, D.S.C.	Lieutenant-Commander
D. R. SHEPPARD, M.B.E.	Lieutenant-Commander
J. KANE	Lieutenant-Commander
J. C. MANSELL	Lieutenant-Commander
J. M. H. MILLINGTON-DRAKE	Lieutenant
A. G. BROWN, D.S.M.	S.C.C.O.
Miss J. M. GRONOW-DAVIS	Third Officer W.R.N.S.
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