

# THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 11  
Nº 2

SUMMER  
1957

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# THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1957

VOL. 11. No. 2

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## TRANSMITTING THE ADMIRAL'S ORDERS TO THE FLEET



**The Flag Captain of the "Majestic", Flagship of the Channel Squadron, Writing a Message on the Slate which the Signal Midshipman will Communicate to the Fleet**

This picture, which appeared on 1st June, 1901, in the Army and Navy Illustrated, commemorates the ending of a tradition of nearly three hundred years. From May of this year Midshipmen on the General List of the Royal Navy ceased to serve in the Fleet at sea.

## EDITORIAL

V/S is dead. Or so some quarters would have us believe. However, we have our own ideas, and merely agree that the old order changeth sometimes. But speculation (on the future) is not our cup of tea and we hope no radical will deny us that. Suffice it to say that the eyes of the old Fleet, with their bare feet and spy glasses, for whom visual signalling was the primary occupation, have to-day found themselves closer to the Command than ever before, albeit serving in divers ways. The Lords above do not simply gaze into space. Even they are using crystals now.

Actually flags are coming back into fashion. We saw in the paper the other day a picture of the lady timekeeper at a local regatta, and she was wearing a signal flag blouse. 5 UCO, however, has not yet replaced aertex. Perhaps we shall see next time they pipe the Dress of the Day for W.R.N.S. as optional shirts.

And then, after all, the hare does not always win. We read of a case a few months ago where the best organisation and modern methods failed to produce the answer. A discontented naval correspondent wanted to revert to carrier pigeons like Reuter used in the nineteenth century. In this case it was not really a practical suggestion. "The Handbook of Homing Pigeons for Naval Purposes" was published in 1898 and spoke confidently of this "essential part of war preparation". But in the same year Marchese Gulielmo Marconi, an ingenious Italian electrician (in Admiral Jackson's presence), pumped morse all the way from Bournemouth to the Isle of Wight. We all have our setbacks from time to time. We press on. But the point is this—are we not, in this somewhat staggering age, apt to forget the simple things in our anxiety?

Automation is all very well, but can it dispense with visual signalling? We imagine it would be perfectly possible nowadays to build a machine, remotest from the Weighing Tent, to make an announcement to the effect that the winner had passed the Scales all right, but consider in juxtaposition the simplicity of hoisting a White Flag; besides everybody has always got a white handkerchief in case they need to surrender. ERNIE, being modern, would probably go in for self-destruction. What a carry on! They will be having an Electronic Regulator and Bi-partite Invigilating Equipment to signal leg byes next. That is enough to make anybody draw stumps. Sometimes trained animals, even buntings, turtles and umpires, are best.

The response to the call for contributions has been truly great, and we express our thanks to everyone who has helped, especially those whose raw material has not found its way into these pages. We are sorry that we cannot print everything, but, of course, it is only the ship articles that cannot be carried forward.

We are, though, never satisfied, and we depend on your continued aid. It would help us greatly if all manuscript were typed using double-line spacing, and not in capitals. Drawings should be sent in early if they are not in Indian ink.

Let us blazon THE COMMUNICATOR far and wide.

## CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

At the moment of going to press my relief is taking over and on the 4th July the Chaplain of the Signal School will be the Rev. Jeffrey Fulton, who has just completed two years in H.M.S. *Albion*. He is, for certain, known to many of you, I wish him a very happy commission at Leydene and at H.M.S. *Dryad*, which, once again, was placed in our care in November last year.

But wishes are one thing, facts and experience another. So much depends on the faithfulness of those who find themselves at the School. If you claim membership of the Catholic Church of the land, the Church of England, it appears that there are two types of membership "Staunch, but I don't go" and "faithful and true". I regret to say that Communicators are not exceptional in their Church going; this is a fact, not an idea. So, wherever you are when you read these words, ask yourself when you last went to Church and the category into which you fall will be clear to you.

The task and responsibility laid upon the Chaplain by the Church is to care for each soul in his parish and lead his flock in the way of faith and truth. This great fact is easily lost sight of when he is busily engaged arranging trips ashore and all the other things expected of him especially when serving in a ship. That is fine as far as it goes—there and back—but his real task is showing the way to God, and in this he needs the help and prayers of the faithful. Believe me their number is small.

Amid the Signal traffic of H.M.S. *Mercury* the constant signal made by my predecessors, myself and my successors is "Where are you going?" As a result of my stay at Leydene I can say that very few answer "With God's help—to the Eternal City". This is a matter of great concern for there are too many who do not care what their destiny is to be.

The reason I am writing in this vein is because against the contemporary background of tension and the magnitude of the power of weapons available to world states I am more than ever concerned for the souls which have been my care for two years. Remember—whatever value is placed upon you by any earthly authority God values you as only He can—so I bid each one of you—think on these things. On September 10th I am to be Instituted and Inducted as Rector of Esher where I shall always be delighted to see any of you. If you do not know where Esher is perhaps Sandown Park will ring a bell!

W.W.D.

## B.R. ICHI NI SAN—DRILL FOR THE JAPANESE ONE-MAN BATH

### Section One—NOTES ON THE EQUIPMENT

#### (a) The Bath

The Bath is a strongly constructed, steam-heated, wooden equipment capable of accommodating one full-calibre man. It is loaded through twin doors which form the whole of its front elevation. These doors are secured from the outside by means of a bolt, securing, whose action tends to secure the door more tightly should the bather attempt to escape. The rear wall of the Bath is flush with the wall of the Bath-house, thus ensuring complete obturation and no possibility of escape from that quarter. The side walls are pierced only by the nozzle, steam, fed from the outside via a Regulo Control. The top of the bath is closed by twin shutters, each having a semi-circle nine inches in diameter cut in one of its edges: thus, when the shutters are in the housed position, a circular opening (known as the Vent, Bonce) is formed at the line where they join. The shutters are known as the Top Doors and are secured in the housed position by battens, housing, inaccessible from within the Bath. Directly beneath the Vent, Bonce, is the Stool, Suffering. This completes the equipment that can correctly be described as belonging to the Bath, proper: the remainder of associated gear is described below.

#### (b) The Couch, Thumping

The couch is constructed of hardwood and may, in certain exceptional cases and where Admiralty approval has previously been granted, be covered with thin sorbo rubber. It is of such a length as to accommodate an F.C. Man in the prone position, and of a height compatible with the Maximum Thumping Capacity of its operator.

#### (c) The Plunge, Final

The plunge is similar in appearance to a sub-calibre swimming-pool, its top flush with the deck and its size such that the plunger's chin is level with the surface of the water when sitting at attention. Hot, cold and live-steam taps are fitted.

(Note: Round plunges, plunges shaped like hearts, and all other plunges capable of accommodating more than one person are sources of danger, and their use is expressly forbidden by Their Lordships).

### Section Two—PRELIMINARY DRILL

#### (a) Duties at the Bath

(As each man or woman's number is called, he or she will spring to attention, be detailed for duty, and as the next man or woman's number is called, will stand at ease).

ONE — Captain of the Bath-house, loading number and front door operator.

TWO — Top door operator, obturation number and regulo control operator.

THREE — Thumper, Plunge safety number.

FOUR — Bather.

(Note: One and Two should be First and Second Class Quarters Armouresses respectively. Three should be a Second Class Wrestling Wren, if possible trained in shallow water diving. Four must be a Trained Man).

#### (b) Closing Up in Slow Time

At the order *Close Up*, 1 only, moving at the double will place herself in front of the bath, facing it.

The order *Close Up* having been given, the remainder will close up as detailed, i.e.:

To the right of the bath and facing it, in the vicinity of the Regulo Control—2.

At the head of the Couch, Thumping, facing away from it—3.

Outside the bath-house door, two paces clear and facing it—4.

#### (c) The Order "Still"

The order *Still* is to be given to prevent an accident. At that order, all numbers will remain perfectly still except that 2 shuts off the Regulo Control and reports the reading of the Bath Thermometer if 4 is in the Bath at the time. 3 provides life-belt if 4 is in the plunge at the time and reports the reading of the Plunge Thermometer. Nothing cancels the order *Still* except the order *Cally On*.

(Note: Should 4 give the order *Still* and the subsequent Temperature Report show that the Temperature of the Bath/Plunge is below 98° Centigrade, severe disciplinary action will be taken).

### Section Three—

#### CLEARING AWAY AND LOADING

At the order *Clear Away*, all numbers clear away any obstruction in the way of operating the bath, couch and plunge.

1 opens the front doors, noting that the securing arrangements are in working order; sees that the stool, suffering, is correctly in position, and removes the cork from the jet, steam.

2 removes the top doors, noting that their securing arrangements are in working order; provides a towel, tamping, and—having given the order *Stand clear of the Vent*—ensures that there is pressure on the steam line and that the Regulo Control is operating correctly.

3 covers the couch, thumping, with the cloth provided and fills the plunge to the brim with water at temperature 99.5° Centigrade.

4 clears away his clothes and ships a towel, diminutive.

On completion of the above drill, 1 orders "*Make your reports*".

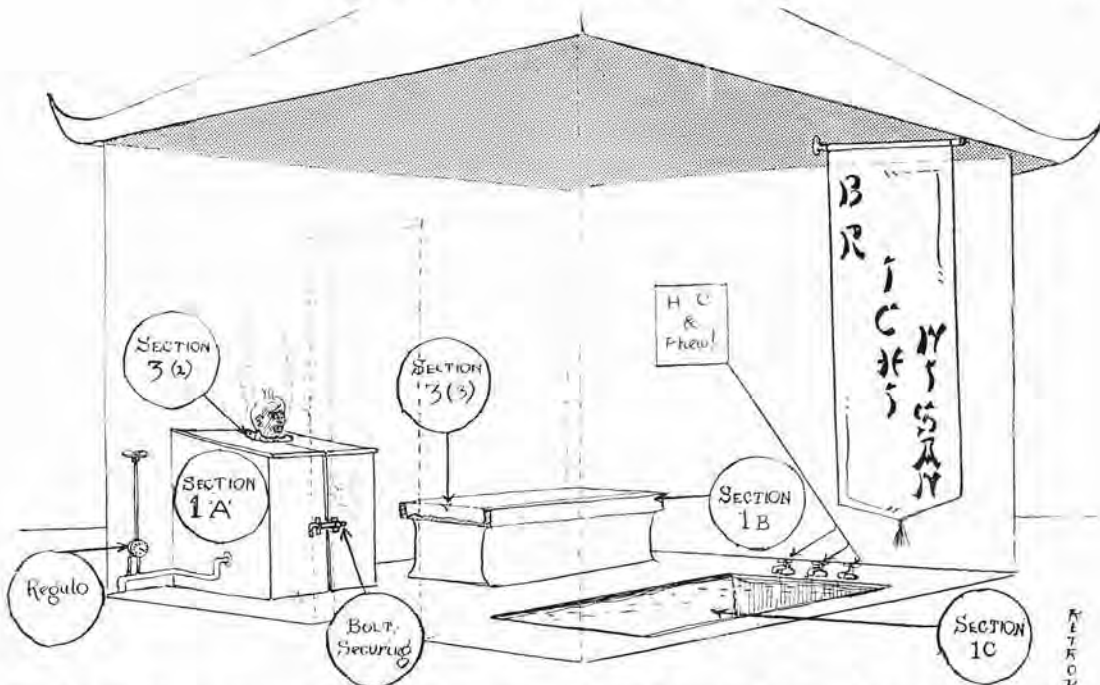
2 reports "*Top doors open. Steam pressure correct. Towel tamping ready.*"

3 reports "*Couch covered, plunge full.*"

4 reports "*R-r-r-ready*".

On receipt of these reports, 1 orders "*Bath's Crew, Load.*" At this order, 2 and 3, moving at the rush, grab 4 and place him in the bath on the stool, suffering. 3 taking care to whip the towel from 4 before he is finally seated. 1 closes the front doors and secures them. 2 shuts the top doors, securing them firmly and obturating the gaps in the Vent, Bonce not already filled by 4's neck with the towel, tamping. She then stands by the Regulo Control. Seeing this, 1 orders "*Test Bath Securing Arrangements.*"





At this order, 4 attempts to escape. This SHOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE. 4 reports "Bath securing arrangements correct." 1 then reports by Ablution Broadcast to the control: "'X' bath cleared away, bather secured for action."

#### Section Four—ACTION DRILL

##### (a) Initiating Action

At the order from the Control "Stand to, Bathment!", the Bath's Crew comes to immediate readiness. The control will then order "Bath, Bath, Bath." At this order, 2 turns the Regulo Control on full and commences comparing the colour of 4's complexion with the illustrations in Plate 17 ("Examples of Full Calibre Men at Different Temperatures") of the Admiralty Manual of Bathmanship. 1, observing the rise of the Bath Thermometer, orders 2 to turn down the Regulo when the temperature reaches 99.5° Centigrade, thereafter giving the necessary orders to keep it constant at that mark.

##### (b) Unloading the Bath

When 2 considers that the colour of 4's complexion approximates to the illustration in the Manual depicting a Well Broiled Specimen (or if she previously has firm suspicions that he is no longer alive\*) she reports to 1 "Bather done" and turns off the Regulo Control. 1, hearing this report, notes the time and—having waited till the steam in the bath has had a reasonable chance to dissipate—orders "Shift Bather" and opens the front doors. 2 removes the towel, tamping and opens the top doors. 2 and

(\*Should this in fact prove correct, it is not necessary to carry out the rest of the drill).

3 drag 4 from the Bath and place him in the prone position on the Couch Thumping.

##### (c) Drill at the Couch, Thumping

Once 4 is placed correctly on the couch, 1 orders "Commence, commence, commence" and 3 carries out her drill which, as it is fully described in The Royal Naval Handbook of Sport and Physical Thumping, is not dealt with in this section. When ready, 3 orders "Change—round" and 1 and 2 assist her to turn 4 about, 2 providing a cloth, concealing and placing it amidships over 4. 3 then repeats her drill, modified as necessary to conform to the slightly different circumstances presented to her. When finished she reports to 1 "Massage Past, Bather alive. (Or not alive)".

##### (d) Drill at the Plunge

Having received 3's report, 1 orders "Plunging Stations". At this order, 4 is thoroughly soaped and slooshed by 3, assisted as necessary by 2. Once all soap has been removed, 1 orders "Plunge, Plunge, Plunge" and 2 and 3, seizing 4 smartly by the upper and lower limbs respectively, deposit him into the plunge, ensuring that he sits smartly to attention and that both nostrils are above water. 2 again turns to Plate 17 of the Manual, reporting as before when 4 achieves the correct pigmentation.

#### Section Five—SECURING

On receiving this report, 1 orders "Secure". 4 climbs from the plunge, assisted as necessary by 2 and 3. (Restoratives will probably be required). 3 pulls out the plug. 1 reports "'X' Bath Secured." This completes the drill. A.C.B. laying down correct Post-Bath Procedure is at present in course of preparation.



Exercise "Tradewind"—"Concord" leads British ships into Singapore. *Van to rear*—"Concord", H.M.A.S. "Anzac", "Cockade", "Newcastle", H.M.A.S. "Queenborough", H.M.A.S. "Warramunga", H.M.A.S. "Quickmatch", H.M.A.S. "Tobruk", "Cheviot".

### H.M.S. "ALERT"

Our refit which gave the W/T Office a long overdue face-lift ended in April. Then it was into the wild blue yonder for Operation "Grapple". A truly remarkable and impressive effort. *Alert's* role in this was as accommodation ship—not very exciting but we tried hard to make a good job of it. From all reports we succeeded. The press were highly delighted with a game of deck uckers we played. No doubt 'Cassandra' will have something to say about it. For the bomb itself? Very impressive and very frightening.

One of the highlights of the operation was a short trip we did to Fanning Island. It is a very small island right in the middle of the Pacific whose only claim to fame is that it is a Cable and Wireless relay station. There are only thirty-six Europeans on the island and their hospitality was indeed overwhelming. They will long be remembered.

If you win that £75,000 on the football pools and you feel like seeing the South Sea Islands, try Fanning. You'll not be disappointed.

As this is being written we are well on the way back to Singapore for re-commissioning. The paying-off pendant is all ready and the ship is looking really smart for the new crew.

### H.M.S. "CARDIGAN BAY"

We really thought we might complete the commission and then write and tell you what fun it had been, but this is now quite impossible having read in the Easter number the articles by our destroyer friends. It seems they float through life with nice runs ashore, peaceful and well conducted exercises and long refits in Singapore or Hong Kong.

We have taken part in all the exercises they have, but with a few differences. The destroyers, with the usual wonderful communications of their race, carry out night torpedo attacks in formation on half darkened ships (this is either because it is easier for them to see the target or because it is too hot if fully darkened). Poor little unheard of us carry out a night formation anchorage with one French and two Thai frigates.

Reduction in staff has brought its horrors, but the Fleet Pool so far has been extremely useful. The Chief Yeoman has given up trying to convince the staff that the books have changed since the war; we get on quite well with the old ones. In our last refit we had a lot of brand new equipment fitted (anyhow new for this station), but the leading hand of the watch can usually be seen on 'B' gundeck working Singapore with a 622—much the best.

### H.M.S. "CHEVIOT"

When we last underwent the agony of writing for THE COMMUNICATOR we were sitting quietly in Hong Kong having completed our work up, and giving the required precedence to "getting the ship clean". Like all too many good things, though, our stay came to an end, and in the first week of March we left under the wing of F.O.2 in "Newfie".

On the way South we and *Cockade* and two Aussie Q's were sent off to look for the wrecks of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*. The ping chaps did their stuff and, we found them.

After the sea inspection of *Concord* we sailed South, through a gap in Indonesia and out into the Indian Ocean to the Cocos Islands. For passing amendments to E.T.A., etc., we established contact with the Admiralty Radio station in the Islands. The operator working us from the other end must surely have one of the most popular Amateur QSL cards in the world, as he is the only Ham in the Islands, which, of course, have their own distinctive call signs.

The last lap of "Tradewind" proved more interesting than the normal run of serials. The aircraft were to try to find *Newcastle* coming back from Trinco to Singapore. Unknown to anyone at sea *Concord* was disguised in Singapore to look like a cruiser, and sent out to an area which *Newcastle* had to pass through. The effect of the disguise must have been very good from the air, as the Aussie pilots and observers took quite some hours to sort the two out.

During S.E.A.T.O. manoeuvres when, as screen commander, we could not persuade a Far East French ship to make room for us in our new station, we had to try our best school-boy French, C.Y.S. Rosenberg, with two years' experience in Fontainebleau behind him, flashed "Changez votre place dans le lit a droit" at the surprised Frenchman!

On completion of this phase of our life we began to shed the members of our staff made redundant by that A.F.O. The first to go were P.O. Tel. Anstey and Leading Signalman Bidwell to F.O. 2's staff and Tel. Hooper to Kranji. These three, along with Tel. Miles going to Kranji for Leading Tels. course,

were transferred to *Newcastle* by jackstay for passage back to Singapore. Later, on arrival at Hong Kong, we lost Tel. Adams to H.Q.B.F. and Leading Tel. Miller to the Fleet Pool at Singapore. That brought the W/T staff down to their "lowest of the low". To complete the denuding Yeoman Riddle and Whitaker departed for R.N.B. Chatham and F.O.2's staff respectively in early May, and, last but definitely not least, Yeoman Theato departs to U.K. in July.

Although we have spent a period of some weeks in Hong Kong, rain, in unprecedented quantities, has ruled out most opportunities for sport.

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

Since our last contribution a lot of water has passed under the keel (as opposed to through it as was the case before our Hong Kong refit) and we have progressed per "Ardua" and "Astra" with "Tradewind" sandwiched in between, "Ardua" was not a misnomer, it being a concentrated weapon-training period, with all available ships present.

After Christmas Island we completely misled, for five hours, Australian aviators during exercise "Tradewind". They were looking for *Newcastle* and found us, with triple turrets, a second funnel, another mast and *Newcastle's* pennants painted on the sides. We made use of her call sign too.

Evidence of the shortage of Communicators out here brings such signals as "Close down V/S watch for meals", "Reduce V/S as much as possible" and during "Ardua" and "Astra" the whole fleet closed down from noon Saturday until O'crow Monday, all traffic being passed by boat. Who says Signal Officers have no heart? And where are the Yeomen of England?

During the exercise screening ships were issued with size 3 answer and desig pennants and these saved quite a lot of telescope work. Hint to Yeomen joining the F.E.S.:—the silver contact brushes of the 20" S.P.s fetch quite a sum out here. Since commissioning we have lost three sets but now we lock the front door.

At the time of writing we are on the eve of sailing for New Zealand.

Finally, we should like to apologise to the Editor who asked us to produce either a feature article or something "to take off our hats to". The former we will try and remedy with tales of the Southern Isles next time and of the latter our most junior signalman could only think of the Captain's table—and he should know! S.E.G.

### H.M.S. "COSSACK"

*Cossack* commissioned on the glorious First of June—with all due ceremony. She's quite a ship. The 'sparkers' have the benefit of a Leader's layout, including RATT, which is still slowly up and coming out here. No doubt *Cheviot* and ourselves will be playing for hours with the 'new thing in the corner', as it has already been affectionately termed. The



V/S side haven't many changes from *Comus*, except that our Yeoman raised high Heaven and half of Singapore dockyard to have a bunk fitted in the passage between the Flag and 'B' Gun decks; this, he insists, is part of a Leader's layout. He is now the envy of all and sundry as he lies, resplendent, above the 974 generator, with a cool breeze coming through the passage, whilst the rest of us swelter it out below decks.

Penang threw itself open to us, and a most enjoyable week was spent by the entire Ship's company. The hospitality of the Army units in and around Penang was unsurpassed, in fact it became rather hard to keep up with the social pace. Our Yeoman and P.O. Tel. were most royally entertained by the W.O.'s and Sergeants' messes of the Royal Lincolns, at Minden Barracks, Penang, and the Royal Australian Artillery, at Butterworth. The Yeoman, with his usual luck, 'cleared' the big house at Tombola in Minden Barracks, the P.O. Tel. being left to maintain the honour of the Branch by fighting the vicious 'tiger'.

At the weekend, spent in Pulau Tioman, the fleet regatta was held. *Comus* crowned herself with glory by tying for fourth place on total points with the Flagship. Our communications effort was a rather hastily assembled whaler's crew, coxswained by P.O. Tel. Rothwell.

Several of the lads joined up with the Army in the Malayan jungle for a familiarisation period. We gather that they have no ambition to join the Army! Only Telegraphist Simpson got into the jungle proper and he was only too happy to return to our throng. The work of the security forces in Malaya is a thankless task, and the results deserve the greatest admiration.

Ahead of us, now, we have the usual work up period around the Malayan coast. This is to be followed by, at last, a move to Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, and back to Hong Kong. No doubt our staffs will return laden with tea sets, portable gramophones, etc., if the stories of saving all their money to buy 'rabbits' in Japan are anything to go by.



Japanese Garden at Hakone



Ancient East—Modern West

## HONG KONG

During the last few months it has been raining continuously in this gem of the Orient. The rain has caused much loss of life, many landfalls and the R.A. members of the staff are developing webbed feet through traversing the floods from Kowloon and North Point to H.Q.B.F. The only people who were really happy were the children who had extra holidays from school.

The depressing weather has not stopped signal traffic, however, and the M.S.O. continues to be a hive of industry. We now have our new B.C.O., Lieutenant Atkinson, at the helm and we extend to him a hearty welcome. Many of the staff have changed since our last report to *THE COMMUNICATOR*, and we are now a mixed staff from all three of the former port divisions. Very soon we shall be losing our Regulating Chief Yeoman, C.Y.S. Spence. We are very sorry to lose him and wish him well in his new draft.

We hear that next month the Bristol Britannia—the whispering giant—will be in regular service with B.O.A.C. This means that the flying time between London and Hong Kong will be cut to a mere 33 hours so that anyone with seven days leave could drop in on us. Hong Kong Communicators would be very willing guides to all the beauty spots.

News from the world of sport proves that we are quite keen athletes. The newly formed basketball team is having much success and has won all matches played. Six-a-side hockey continues to be highly popular and the team in the Army league is holding its own. At *Tamar's* annual Sports Day the division was fairly well represented and had a fair amount of success. However in the water polo league it is a very different tale and often matches have ended with the opposing side having a score more suitable to a rugby match.

## H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE"

The new commission is now firmly in the saddle and acclimatised to the wonders of the East. We would like to take this opportunity of wishing our



predecessors good luck and also to thank them and F.O. 2's staff for helping us on our way.

Our commission bears a distinct Signal School flavour. As most Communicators will know, *Newcastle* is commanded by Captain A. H. C. Gordon-Lennox, and the late Editor is our Signal Officer. The first Communicator on the scene was C.P.O. Tel. Williams, who flew out with the advance party in April and having survived Exercise "Astra", had everything on top line for the main body. C.Y.S. Noble presides over the V/S department and any resemblance to "V" Section is purely coincidental.

As we have only been in commission five weeks there is not much to relate; however, a period in Singapore, followed by a ten day work up at Pulau Tioman and visits to Penang and Malacca have satisfied our curiosity of Malayan waters and all the staff are looking forward to six weeks at Hong Kong.

The Communicators came into their own at Penang with a veritable melee of ceremonial. Once more into our lives came the blaze of colour with dress ship, and the 'sparkers' ever faithful, co-ordinated the gun salute with the Australian Army on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday Parade.

## CHRISTMAS ISLAND FROLICS

### OR A TENTS (TENSE) COMMISSION

Visualise a sundrenched island, with waving palms, white sands, deep blue lagoons, roaring surf, cool breezes sweeping in from the sea cooling the hot humid air, the natives performing their daily tasks, evenings enhanced by a pale moon in a star-studded sky, the sound of the natives softly singing their local songs. Unfortunately it is just a dream for that is not Christmas Island.

Christmas Island is, or was before we came, a desolate coral atoll, with only coconut trees and shrubs to break the monotony of the flat landscape, with only the land crabs and flies to keep the District Officer and the few Gilbertese company. Since the arrival of the three Services, sweat and toil have provided the Boffins with all their requirements, provided storage spaces for food, workshops for maintenance of vehicles, etc., and tents to live in. Also, perhaps most important, a distillery to provide us with water, in its pure form a most precious commodity. There is of course much more to tell but it would need *THE COMMUNICATOR* in its entirety to unfold the story of Christmas Island.

Our roads since the rains came are fast disappearing. The transport?—well for those who have ridden in Maltese buses, they are luxury indeed to our broken down, refuse to start, powered horses. The tents we live in are fast rotting away. With the rain and heat accelerating their decay, we often wonder if we shall have to rough it yet. I think it is true to say that never since the war has such a value been placed on such things as string, cod line, boxes and crates to mention a few items. Ingenuity has been used to fashion Haig's Whisky, Gordon's Gin,



Christmas Island Communicators

Nestles Milk boxes into an assortment of furniture, some very novel.

Life here, apart from work, is what one makes it. Modern entertainment is provided by a luxurious cinema sporting a cinemascope screen, seating arranged by the courtesy of the Army, consisting of a beautiful selection of raised planks in varying widths, to suit all shapes and sizes.

There is a soccer league in full swing but hockey is not prominent due to the fact that the hockey pitch, at the time of writing anyway, is more suitable for water polo. Swimming—if one cares for the company of an occasional shark or ray, a delightful pastime, but dangerous for the unwary, as those who have crossed the reef have found out. Fishing—there we have the most common, not to mention the most profitable pastime; multicoloured fish abound in these waters and the edible, if caught, find their way into the cookhouse.

Our duties apart from monitoring the area broadcast, keeping the ships happy on T.F.C. and L.C.N., plus anything else they care to set watch on, is to teach our friends from 'Penguins Palace' (R.A.F.) the rudiments of naval signalling. Indeed a job often hilarious, sometimes pathetic. Little wonder Pots is going thin on top and Hooky is, or rather has, taken to drink. But back to Comms. Our counterparts in V/S have been integrated into the much cursed "Task Force Grapple H.Q.", an unusual sort of M.S.O. which presents all sorts of problems. All other communications circuits are manned entirely by the R.A.F.

The staff here consists of Lieut. Cmdr. Finlay (S.C.O.) Liaison and Peacemaker, P.O. Tel. 'Information Bureau' James and Ldg. Tel. 'Snags' Maynard. Yeoman Wyllie, Tel. Ashworth, O/Tels. Bowler and Lewis take care of Port London comms., etc., some 12 miles away. Others centred here at

# PERSONALITY PAGE



Captain C. B. BROOKE, Royal Navy



the Signals-come-Operations Centre are Tels. Cook, Manton, Austen, Boyce, Beestin, Foreman and Burns. Sigs. Underwood and Parker, O/Tels. Bowhill and Doyle complete our staff. L/Tel. Garth the original "Beachmaster" has been despatched to *Warrior*. L/Sig. Campbell, once a member of the staff, has also returned to *Warrior* to lend a helping hand and save C.Y.S. Bird from going round the bend. Chief P.O. Tel. Hollet, P.O. Tel. Butcher and L/Sig. Royal have already gone so they are past help. The aforementioned information is for those amongst you who may think some of us are stowed away on quiet numbers.

So, as the land crabs scuttle for their burrows, the thriving D.D.T. fly pesters us at our work, and the T/Ps chatter, we bid you adieu, wishing you all the best from Christmas Island.

### NAVAL PARTY 2512

The name of our station was "Beach Control" at first, but when our tent on Sandspit Point vanished over the edge of a fast receding coastline it was decided to evacuate. We are now situated in the Naval Maintenance Centre and have been given the rather fancy title of "Port of London Communications Centre".

Communications with our task force of over twelve ships (including what is left of a carrier, frigates, L.S.T.s and numerous R.F.A.s, a Survey ship and numerous small craft), worked on a large selection of 622's and 615's, have proved very successful except for the fact that our 622's become airborne every time an R.F.A. opens up on Ocean Span full power from under a mile away.

We were here for the H bomb trials and are all feeling quite pleased that the testing is now over.

### ALBERT AND THE GUNNERY OFFICER

(With apologies to Mr. Stanley Holloway and H.M.S. "Excellent")

There's a place near China called Hong Kong  
That's noted for fresh air and fun,  
And Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom  
Went there with young Albert, their son.  
They gazed at the junks and the sampans,  
There were ships both big and both small;  
But no one fell off the Star Ferry—  
In fact, nothing to laugh at at all.  
So seeking for further amusement  
They walked to the dockyard quite fast  
Where a frigate called "Crane" lay alongside  
With the duty flag nailed to its mast.  
Dad gazed at the ship with some wonder,  
As he shook off the soot from his hat,  
"I know", he said, "some things are ancient,  
But fancy paying taxes for that".  
But soon they espied a large notice,  
Which said 'Open for visits today'.  
So Mum she walked straight up the gangplank,

And said, "How much have we three to pay".  
They went round the decks and through hatches,  
To a place that was just full of doors,  
Said Albert, "It's officer's cabins,  
You can easily tell by the snores".  
In one was a large Gunner Officer  
With gaiters and size 13 feet,  
Who lay in a slumberous posture,  
With the side of his face on the sheet.  
Now Albert had heard of such officers,  
How they was ferocious and wild,  
And to see him there lying so peaceful,  
Well—it didn't seem right to the child,  
So straightway the brave little fellow,  
Not showing a morsel of fear,  
Took his stick with his horses head handle  
And poked it in Gunner's right ear.  
At this the G.O. got angry,  
And seizing him by the lower band,  
He slammed him in 4-in. breech block,  
And fired, percussion, by hand.  
Dad went away rightly indignant,  
And complained to the Officer chap,  
"Yon Gunner has shot our young Albert",  
And proved it by showing his cap.  
This Officer chap was quite kindly  
Though his hair smelled like Mum's jellied eels;  
"Just a minute", he said, "I'll be with you,  
I'm painting my model car wheels".  
"Hurry up", said Mum, "Our young Albert  
Is flying about in yon sky,  
Just finish off paint around hub-cap  
And get stuck in Q.R. and A.I."  
The Officer at last reached conclusion  
That no-one was really to blame  
And hoped that Mrs. Ramsbottom  
Would add several more sons to her name.  
At this, Mum got quite red and angry,  
Until Dad was very affeared;  
He were frightened she might do some damage,  
When suddenly young Albert appeared.  
"Where have you been?", said Dad to young Albert  
In a voice that was weary and tired;  
"You'd no need to worry", said Albert,  
"As usual, 'X' gun misfired".  
(It will be remembered that H.M.S. "Crane" did  
shoot down an Israeli aircraft last year.—Editor.)

### COMMISSIONING FORECAST

Sept. H.M.S. <i>Bigbury Bay</i>	G.S.C. Home/ S.A.S.A.
Oct. H.M.S. <i>Loch Killisport</i>	G.S.C. Home/E.I.
Oct. H.M.S. <i>Bermuda</i>	G.S.C. Home/Med.
Nov. H.M.S. <i>Tyne</i>	H.S.S.
Nov. H.M.S. <i>Concord</i>	F.S. 8th D.S.
Nov. H.M.S. <i>Puma</i>	G.S.C. Home/ S.A.S.A.
Dec. H.M.S. <i>Crane</i>	F.S. 3rd F.S.
Dec. H.M.S. <i>Tenby</i>	G.S.C. Home/Med.
Dec. H.M.S. <i>Eastbourne</i>	H.S.S. 3rd T.S.

## ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY



Staff of H.M.A. Signal School

### H.M.A. SIGNAL SCHOOL

We think it high time you heard from your opposite number 'down under'—namely H.M.A. Signal School, Flinders Naval Depot or, to use its ship name, H.M.A.S. *Cerberus*. No comment please those of you who recognise in the name the three headed dog at the gates of Hades! The Depot lies some forty miles from Melbourne in an area known as the Mornington Peninsula and, unlike *Mercury*, we can boast an adjacent stretch of water, not a very impressive stretch we admit, but water nevertheless, by the name of Hanns Inlet which opens out into Westernport Bay, a little to the East of Port Phillip Bay.

Flinders Naval Depot, or F.N.D. to use more normal parlance, vies in popularity with such places as Scapa Flow and the remoter islands of the Falkland group as far as climate is concerned and is a rude reminder to the 'Pommie' that all of Australia is not surrounded by golden beaches replete with Bikini clad beauties bathing in tropical sunshine. We are of sterner stuff (unfortunately) and the current R.N. members are firmly convinced that twelve months in these latitudes is a form of rehabilitation course before proceeding to northern climes.

Our tasks are very similar to those at *Mercury*, though naturally on a smaller scale. A W.I.'s and an S.I.'s course take place once a year, plus two courses for Yeoman and P.O. Tel. and three for Leading Signalman and Leading Telegraphist. Decorative effect is provided by the W.R.A.N.S. who normally have two classes of Telegraphists under training. Junior rates appear in two forms namely Recruit C.B. classes (C.B. meaning Communication Branch) who after a number of weeks basic training are divided up into V.S. and W/T classes, and Recruit Telegraphists who actually join as Telegraphists, retiring to the beach if they cannot make the grade.

Apart from these, our normal commitments, there is a steady trickle of Reservists, both Officers and ratings, Officers' short courses and last but not least the Tel. (S) who like their R.N. brothers are steadily on the increase.

With us, until a week or two ago, were the National Servicemen of the last intake and these, being the last the Navy will see, made sure we would have something to remember them by. The V.S. storesman is in fact still searching high and low for the contents of one of the flag lockers.

The standing complement of the Signal School (apart from such miscellaneous duties as Regulating and the V.A. Room) are the Officer in Charge, a First Lieutenant (at present Lieut. Cmdr. Bridger R.N.), four Special Duties Officers and seventeen Instructors comprising two C.P.O. Tels., eight P.O. Tels., and seven Yeomen, the S.I.'s and W.I.'s amongst this gathering taking the higher rates qualifying course.

One of our attendant worries is Bushfire communications. Bush fires as you probably know are an ever present menace in the more thickly vegetated areas of Australia and in the summer when the grass is long and the trees are parched it only needs a breeze and the suggestion of an open flame for acres to be devastated. Being sited in such country F.N.D. plays its part in co-operation with the local fire brigades, and communications, being no small part of this organisation, is where we come in. Communication with the civil fire authorities on the peninsula is carried out on 5280 kc/s voice using an AMT 150 with an AMR 300. Bushfire control callsigns are allocated so the whole set up has a good sparker flavour. Further, we have a distinctly 'joint' outlook in our Scene of Action terminology, the term being slightly altered to "Scene of fire" for which there is a separate frequency and series of callsigns depending on the number of A510 portables we have in the field.



How do you like the vintage signalmen in our photograph? It is generally believed that they served their apprenticeship under Ned Kelly and judging by their expressions and armament we can well believe it.



H.M.A. Signal School, about 1900

### H.M.A.S. "QUEENBOROUGH"

I am not quite sure whether we should appear under an Australian Section or the Far East for at present we are definitely a hybrid, spending, with our "chummy" ship *Quickmatch*, some ten months on the Far East station as part of the ANZAM Strategic Reserve.

I cannot say that we saw much of the fleshpots of Singapore this time and there was not the panic for rabbits; but we made up for it at Bangkok and Manila and finally relaxed at Hong Kong before pushing off for Japan where an interesting—or should I say entertaining—time was had by all the forenoon watch in the B.W.O. commencing with a half-hour toy parade in which the purchases of the night before galloped from one end of the office to the other before an admiring, if bloodshot, audience.

Before the routine visit to Sasebo to pay our respects we had an interesting interlude at the island of Komin Do, several hours steaming to the South of Pusan. The purpose of this run to a rarely visited island was to give the small British naval cemetery there something in the shape of a spring-clean which it had not had since before the war. In the intervening years it appears that the local farmers had run short of building material hence the rather ruined appearance which prevailed. The Japanese occupation was neatly blamed, and we let it go at that, ending our cleaning up operations with a short service supervised by an American Missionary who

miraculously—and very helpfully—materialised from nowhere. The history of the spot is a little obscure but it appears to have been used as some sort of base for an R.N. Squadron operating around the coast of Korea during the turn of the century when it was felt that the Russian were a little too interested in moving south (how history changes!)

Two more months to go and we're back home again. Here's hoping we go under the big crane at Garden Island otherwise it looks as if the rabbits will just have to stay put.



### H.M.A.S. "QUICKMATCH"

It is a considerable time since you had a contribution from Australia and as "Quicky Maru" is a comparatively new ship (at least from the deck up) we would like to break the monopoly—especially as the magazine is quite regularly bought in the R.A.N.—and so avoid that feeling of being left out.

The photograph shows the ship commencing to pre-wet. (L. Tel. Bond and Tel. Gibbs submitted a reply to the 'Kranji' case, which we have now dismissed!—Editor).

### Prize-winners

The article "An O.D. Decides" on page 93, the author of which remains anonymous.

The photograph on page 85 by C.P.O. Tel. Howe.

The cartoon on page 89 by L. Wren Humby.

A special prize has been awarded to Mr. J. C. Gerrard.

When the New Zealand Cruiser *Bellona* was preparing to sail for U.K. for the Coronation in 1953, it was decided that as many young ratings as possible should go in her. New Zealand Navy Board made the following signal:

RATINGS DRAFTED TO BELLONA FOR PASSAGE TO UK SHOULD BE VICE TRAINED MEN.



"I've an awful feeling NDA has made a mistake again"

### H.M.S. "CEYLON"

In March we were present at Accra in the Gold Coast when the Colony became an independent country within the Commonwealth under the name of Ghana, and a month later found us at Simonstown for the handover of the Naval Base there to the South African Navy. For a while now we have had a rest from our benevolent duties, but it seems probable that we will be the undertaker at Trincomalee for the handover of the Naval Base there to the Ceylon Government in October.

The list of places visited by the ship is quite imposing. Dakar (French West Africa), Takoradi and Accra (Ghana), Lagos (Nigeria), Simonstown, Mauritius, Trincomalee, Aden, Mombasa (Kenya), Tanga (Tanganyika), and Zanzibar have had the pleasure of our company and at the time of writing we are at Dar-es-Salaam (Tanganyika). On leaving here we return to Mombasa for a further two day visit, and in the next four weeks we will be covering the Seychelles, Mauritius, Male and Addu Atoll in the Maldiv Islands before returning to Trincomalee. There can hardly be complaints that we do not get around enough, or that we hang around too long in one place. When the current cruise is completed at the end of July we will have been away from U.K. only six months—an average of three different places visited each month.

In Lagos there were so many invitations that it was impossible to fill them all. In addition to the usual brewery runs, sight-seeing tours, social evenings, private hospitality and sports fixtures, some of the lads can lay claim to having lunched at the British Residency in Zanzibar, and others to having attended a dance at Government House, Lagos. While these affairs were nowhere on the scale of a State Banquet or a Ball they were definitely higher on the social ladder than the normal run ashore.

Fourteen days at Mombasa early in June meant the chance of leave. Some went to private homes up country, in and around Nairobi, some as non-paying

guests at hotels, and others to Silversands leave centre, not far from Mombasa. For the more adventurous types there was safari through the big-game country of Kenya and Tanganyika, and the really hardy energetic types formed a mountaineering group and set out to conquer Mount Kilimanjaro. Apparently the latter is not a very difficult mountain to climb but 19,585 feet up is rather alien territory for seafarers. All the intrepid matelots who formed the mountaineering and safari groups rather surprisingly returned safely. This was a great disappointment to those indolent sadistic types who forecast gaps in the ranks as a result of broken limbs and mauled bodies. There are Communicators in most ship's teams. O/Tel. Pheby has been praised in the local press for his cool confident manner when polishing off his opponents in the boxing ring. P.O. Tel. Clapham is captain and mainstay of the water polo team with L/Tel. Wood as one of his stalwarts. The first XI cricket team has Tel. Jones as one of its more confusing bowlers and L/Sig. Walder and O/Sig. Warner make the grade for the second XI. A word of praise too for the lads who decided to 'have a bash' in athletics. In the ship's sports they were combined with the Electrical Division under the general classification 'Miscellaneous' and completely upset the book by literally running away with the Inter-part Championship Shield, beating their nearest rivals by a thirty point margin.

Yeo.: "What are the three methods of evasive steering?"

V. Ord. Sig.: "Main engines, Emergency Conning Position and Tiller Flat!"

This amendment to A.T.P. 1 has not yet been received so we would be grateful for early confirmation that this is correct.

### CEYLON WEST

Since our last article the N.D.A. has continued to have fun with us and now many stalwarts from these sunny climes are either settled down in another shore job or (we hope) "floggin oggin". (That'll teach 'em not to drip when they are well off.)

In spite of the monsoon and watchkeeping, the station has continued to represent the Royal Navy around these parts in the various sporting spheres. It cannot be said that we covered ourselves with glory (almost the entire football and hockey teams went in one foul swoop!)—nevertheless we did try hard. Telegraphist Day, R.E.M. Gowler and P.O.R.E. Stevenson represented the Combined Services, with Tel. Tibbles as reserve in the quadrangular tournament and as we go to print, Tel. Day, Tel. Moore and Sub. Lt. Williams are playing in the Combined Services hockey trials.

Ldg. Tel. Langdon is keeping the boxing flag flying by entering the various boxing meetings in the Colombo area.

Visiting merchant ships are entertained periodically at football and cricket, and although the standard

is not particularly high on the field, the standard in the bar afterwards is invariably better.

Prior to going on the East African cruise, some 15 'sparkers' from *Ceylon* (the new Flagship) together with Sub-Lt. Briggs spent a weekend with us (an instructional week-end that is). Oddly enough, this visit coincided with the Term dance and a very good time was had by all, thanks to the sterling efforts of Tels. Snell and Pulman in getting everything ready.

Now that the Suez is again a waterway of the world, our traffic rate is on the increase.

### TRINCOMALEE

Most readers will know that this base will be handed over to the Ceylon Government in October. Although to a large extent it will be a blow to British naval circles, we must not impede the march of Democracy, so we will eventually leave, a little sadly perhaps, but happy in the knowledge that another daughter of the Empire is growing up.

The recreational facilities here have always been first-class, with an abundance of sailing, soccer, cricket, hockey, tennis, swimming and in recent times, that ever growing and popular pastime, under-water swimming, for which this base offers some of the finest opportunities in the world. The natural colouring of the country and waters also offers the ideal opportunity for those interested in colour photography. Can you wonder then, that we will be leaving a little sadly. However, the younger element of the Navy should not be discouraged, for all these attractions and recreational activities can be had elsewhere. But H.M. Ships will always be welcomed here.

We were all very pleased to hear of the award of the B.E.M. to Chief Yeoman of Signals J. Patterson in the Birthday Honours. P.

### H.M.S. "JUFAIR"

At one time or another each of us here has been handed a draft chit which merely read 'DETAILED JUFAIR'. In every case this has resulted in dashing around seeking enlightenment which usually came in the form of "I think it's a new something or other", eventually the correct geographical location was made known and with thoughts of a foreign commission (eighteen months) in the Gulf we set forth with our white knees remembering some of the yarns we had heard spun by the older hands of the *Wild Goose* days.

By and large, the work is interesting with plenty of variation—having to be a 'dab' hand at practically everything as the staff is small (far too small). We are ten in all, comprising a Chief Tel., Chief Yeoman, one Leading Telegraphist, one Leading Signalman, five Telegraphists and one Signalman. The C.Y.S. is attached to S.N.O.P.G. and occasionally gets in a little sea time.

As summer is just upon us, sport must now be ruled out for the next few months, as the heat makes it far from enjoyable. As a point of interest, the temperature in the sun at noon to-day was 129°F. The next two months (July and August) are the really hot months when the temperature reaches about 150°F.

A very successful dance was held last month for the first time this year and it is hoped that we may have more in the future. We wish to greet all ex-Bahrain Communicators and wish Leading Tels. Ernst and Baker all success in their P.O. Tels. course.



"Loch Alvie's" winning crew, L/Sig. Marshall, Tel. Moderate, A/L/Tel. Tomley, Sig. Gorman, P.O. Tel. Baillie, Yeoman Rivers

### H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

Our 'effort' for the Easter edition having apparently arrived too late, or having been discarded by a disgruntled editor (we prefer to think it was the former), we try again, this time making a start somewhat earlier, and keeping our fingers crossed.

The V/S Department was mainly engaged in welding wire scrubbers and paint brushes during the trip out, but a competition in flashing Merchant ships was hotly contested—and eventually won by our Royal Marine signalman. This, of course, boosted our Merchant shipping return considerably and we now expectantly await the A.F.O. on that subject.

Our arrival in the 'Gulf' on the 15th March was marked by a visit to Khor Kuwai (a name that must be dear to all Communicators who have served out here!). We were joined by *Loch Killisport*, who promptly and blithely shattered any hopes of a good time in the Gulf by informing us that this desolate spot was, apart from a very few exceptions, a preview of what we could expect in the way of runs ashore.

# We take off our hats to...



C.P.O. Telegraphist  
T. WHARAM for  
the humanity, prompt-  
itude and skill  
shown by him in  
restoring to life a  
man by resuscitation  
and for which he  
was awarded the  
Royal Humane  
Certificate.



Jnr. Sig. BROWNE (left)  
and O. Sig. SMITH who  
have shown themselves to  
be masters in the art of  
sailing at Cannes, in Malta  
and elsewhere.



THE WRENS OF MALTA  
COMCEN for taking on the Chief  
and Petty Officers over 30, general  
agreement having been reached on  
Change 1 to the F.A. rules.



H.M.S. "CONCORD" for a successful ruse de guerre





In "Khargex" *Loch Killisport* and ourselves, with the two Iranian Naval ships *Pelang* and *Bahr* carried out exercises, conducted by S.N.O.P.G., aimed at furthering co-operation and friendship between the two Navies under the Baghdad Pact. This exercise proved to be quite interesting from a communication viewpoint, as international procedure was used for flashing, and all flaghoisting was done from the international code. Supplemented by 'Corpen', 'Turn', 'Speed' 'Form' and a few basic groups this, after a few problems had been thrashed out (e.g. when is a flaghoist executed?) proved remarkably successful. Considering the lack of practice and service most of the Iranian signalmen had had, their efficiency was remarkable, particularly in flag hoisting.

While we were at Khorramshar making preparations for "Khargex" we had a call for assistance from the tanker *Gervase Sleigh*, whose Chinese crew had mutinied. Following a hectic all night on by the P.O. Tel. and the L/Tel. with four waves manned in the office, we dashed down the Shatt-el-Arab next morning and sent a boarding party over, and arrested the six ringleaders. This displeased the remainder of the crew who refused to work. They were also shipped off to jail. We then escorted the tanker to Mina El Ahmadi, and steamed back to Kharg in time for our exercises.

Sportingwise, the department's main claim to fame was our win in the Persian Gulf regatta where our crew, coxswained by Yeoman Rivers won by a good length from *Loch Killisport*. This was the result of a lot of "voluntary" training—with the Yeoman as coxswain and the P.O. Tel. as stroke! Our tennis team is the department's only other sporting asset—having beaten the wardroom we are quietly confident of winning the inter-Part tennis league.

Our next task is to steam down to Khor Kuwai and welcome *Loch Fada* to the Fraternity of the Gulf. No doubt, we shall disillusion them with as much pleasure as *Loch Killisport* did us—after all, that's how it goes isn't it?

## H.M.S. "LOCH KILLISPORT"

During our time out here things have been rather unsettled in the Arab world and we have had to spend our time mainly in the Gulf. But our one outside trip proved a very pleasant change from the monotony of Persian Gulf Squadron routine. We had a two week docking period at Karachi which was much enjoyed by all. Great friendships were established with Pakistani Communicators by tea parties on board P.N.S. *Tariq* and one thing is certain in our minds—every Pakistani Communicator is as keen as mustard, and spends all day endeavouring to increase his knowledge. Then commenced our East Indies cruise, this was a four week trip consisting of visits to Cochin (barren),

Colombo (expensive) and then Trincomalee (most barren).

Visits to Basra are always welcome—they came our way twice and we enjoyed to the full the hospitality of the R.A.F. canteens there. Prices outside the R.A.F. compound are rather high—it costs seven shillings for a bottle of beer if you watch the very third rate cabaret in either of the local bars. For those initiated I'm afraid the Bullring is closed, most definitely. If you can stand the smell of an oil refinery in full operation, Abadan is the best run. The hospitality of the European community at Abadan is terrific, it is impossible for anyone to stay a non-grippe for long there. On top of this wonderful hospitality there are even women there, something we had almost forgotten! Unfortunately we have not had the pleasure of visiting places like Mena-al-ahmadi or Kuwait, these pleasures being stopped due to the Suez crisis.

Communicators suffer twice weekly under the S.O. Afloat, unless there is a cruiser in the Gulf and then things get very taut for the frigates. We have had both *Superb* and *Newcastle*. Plotters, Gunner types and Communicators are the only ones affected by exercises. At the time of writing we are in the midst of a 5 day exercise with the Imperial Iranian Navy ships *Bahr* and *Pelang*. These exercises would not be possible if it were not for the liaison teams we have put on these ships, due to the fact that Iranian sparkers and buntings do not use the morse code. Also an interesting item for buntings is that Iranian ships may be slow in hoists because most of their flags have no Inglefield clips and a good old fashioned knot appears the normal method. Then, once again there is the language problem.

Entertainment is rather lacking out here but *Jufair* does possess a very reasonable variety of sport pitches. These we have used to the full and our prowess at obtaining every Gulf cup available proves our point. The swimming pool at *Jufair* is always a welcome cooler and must get more than its fair share of use. It has even been known for some poor unfortunate to happen to slip in after the canteen beer bar has closed at night. The promoting of a Gulf regatta took many signals to achieve but when at last all three frigates were in Bahrain it finally took place. The result was another cup for *Loch Killisport*—and full credit to *Loch Alvie's* Communication crew for winning the Communication Race which we had definitely hoped to win.

Despite the heat, the monotony, and the small L.O.A. there must be some of our company who will be sorry to leave the Gulf. After all we do have some pure thoroughbred Persian Gulf cockroaches with which we hope to impregnate the Portsmouth Squadron. So, once again, depending on the Suez situation we shall steam up harbour at Portsmouth with "Rock 'n' Roll" blaring, pennants flying and our Persian Gulf insignia blazing, sometime in August.

A.T.M.

## BASIC PRINCIPLES OF ATOMIC BOMB

### DISTINCTION BETWEEN VARIOUS PROCESSES

The following is a survey of the various types of nuclear weapons:—

#### Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs

An atomic bomb means, in practice, one in which the energy released comes from the fission of plutonium or uranium-235. It does not need heat to set it off, in distinction from the "hydrogen" bomb which does. Logically, an atomic bomb should be called a nuclear bomb, which the "hydrogen" bomb also is. The term "hydrogen bomb" is also open to objection, because the part played in it by hydrogen, although possibly essential, is usually small.

#### Fission and Fusion Bombs

The distinction is between the type of nuclear processes involved. In the first case a large nucleus divides into two roughly equal fragments and a number of neutrons which bring about fission in further nuclei. In the second case energy is released by interaction between two comparatively small nuclei, one of them usually heavy hydrogen. The term fusion derives from an idealized reaction in which the nuclei of two atoms are supposed to be fused into one, with no further product; this does not happen in any known bomb reaction, so that this term also is misleading.

A fusion reaction requires heat to set it off. So far as is known the heat needed has been supplied in all cases by a fission reaction, which accordingly is the first stage of a fusion bomb. It is not known if a militarily satisfactory weapon, using only the two stages of fission and fusion has yet been produced.

In the three-decker, or fission-fusion-fission bomb, the third stage is the fission of natural uranium (or uranium-238), used also as a tamper—i.e., to hold the bomb together for long enough for explosion to be effective. The fission of uranium-238 (unlike that of plutonium or uranium-235) requires a high temperature (produced in the fusion stage) to make the reaction effective.

#### Thermo-nuclear Weapon

This is a more correct description of what is known popularly as the H-bomb. The advantage of this description is that it places the emphasis on the heat needed to bring about the later stages of explosion, regardless of the type of reaction used (i.e., fusion, or fusion followed by fission).

#### Kiloton and Megaton Weapons

The distinction is on the basis of the amount of energy released, expressed in terms of the tonnage of conventional high explosive which would be needed to produce the same release of energy. The original A-bomb was in round figures a kiloton (1,000 tons of T.N.T.) weapon. The energy released by the biggest thermo-nuclear weapons is several megatons (millions of tons of T.N.T.). Intermediate energies may, however, be desirable for tactical use (see below), and the hard-and-fast distinction

suggested by "kiloton" and "megaton" probably no longer holds good.

#### "Dirty" and "Clean" Types

The emphasis is here on the amount of radioactive material produced as a result of the explosion. To the extent that the fission process is used, the quantity of radioactive material produced is in direct proportion to energy released. With a fusion reaction, the production of radioactive material is secondary, and depends mainly on the nature of the material used to hold the bomb together. Further radioactive material is produced in a low altitude explosion such that the fireball touches the ground.

In principle, a bomb can be made as "clean" as possible (1) by reducing the amount of fission needed in the first stage and (2) by dispensing with, or reducing, the third stage. The immediate fall-out is also reduced in explosions at high altitudes. The ultimate fall-out is also reduced because of the breakdown of the shorter-lived fission products; there is less reduction in the case of longer-lived products, e.g., strontium-90, since these will come down eventually from the upper atmosphere. Some radioactive material must be produced by any type of nuclear explosion.

#### Tactical and Strategic Uses

The adjectives "tactical" and "strategic" were used during the last war to describe two kinds of R.A.F. activity. The "strategic" bomber force attempted to make the enemy capitulate by attacking his home-land to destroy communications, industrial capacity, and morale—total war in short; the "tactical" air force had a limited role, the destruction of the enemy's armed forces.

The two adjectives are now commonly but imprecisely used to distinguish between the kind of weapons that would be used in global war and the kind that might be used in a limited nuclear war. They apply properly not to the weapons but to the way in which they are used and the intention behind their use.

The strategic use of nuclear weapons would occur if one side, with the intention of destroying the other by total war, were to drop nuclear weapons, whether hydrogen bombs or atomic bombs, on the enemy's homeland. The tactical use of nuclear weapons would occur if one side, with the intention of limiting the conflict to a particular area were to use nuclear weapons to fulfil a limited aim.

Although both adjectives properly refer to the use of nuclear weapons, the hydrogen bomb can fairly be described as a strategic weapon because its fall-out is so large and unpredictable, that it could not be used with the intention of limiting a conflict to a particular area.

Atomic weapons could be used strategically or tactically, though the size used tactically would

similarly be limited by the intention to limit the area of conflict.

#### Defensive Nuclear Weapons

Two types of defensive nuclear weapons are in prospect for air defence against enemy aircraft or missiles, and for the defence of ships against enemy submarines. The weapons would be exploded in the air or sea as nuclear versions of the anti-aircraft shell or naval depth charge.

(Republished by courtesy of "The Times").

### TO THE EDITOR

From a Royal Naval Air Station,  
Somewhere in Britain.

Dear Sir,

Will you please arrange to despatch the Magazine to the Signal Officer of the Establishment concerned?

Our parcel was addressed to the C.O. and so went to the Secretariat, which promptly distributed the copies round the station, thinking they were a free issue. The fact that the Magazine screams Signal

Branch from almost every page meant nothing to our chaps. In fact, they didn't send one to this department. If the E.V.T. Officer had not sent his copy to me, thinking I'd be interested, I wouldn't have known the parcel had arrived!

Yours faithfully,

(Name and address supplied).

*The Editor, personally, never did believe in Postagrams.*

WARSHIP WARRIOR 1 20 13 MAY SLT  
EDITOR COMMUNICATOR SIGNALS EAST  
MEON REF VOL ELEVEN NUMBER ONE  
PAGE EIGHTEEN QJA BOTTOM PLATES INT  
QJC FIVE

= COMMUNICATORS

(QJA Your . . . . . are reversed

QJC 5 Check your printer.)

We apologise to those of our readers who were embarrassed or inconvenienced by this *volte face*. We have, of course, already apologised to Lieutenant Commander Mann and Ordinary Signaller Brady. Interpol has been informed.



Home Tomorrow

(Prize-winning photograph by C.P.O. Tel. E. V. Howe of H.M.S. "Afrikander")

## SOUTH ATLANTIC AND SOUTH AMERICA STATION



The Earl of Selkirk, O.B.E., A.F.C.

### SLANGKOP W/T

The highlight of the last six months was undoubtedly a visit from the First Lord of the Admiralty, The Earl of Selkirk. He spent several days on the South Atlantic Station, and we were pleased that he found time to visit our small community out here at Kommetjie. The day of his visit was a hot, windless sunny day, and although delightful weather for all concerned, it was also delightful weather for the reptile that gives Slangkop its name—The Snake. One of our boys caught a puff Adder which the First Lord was able to see.

Since the New Year there has been a large change in staff. We have 'Oggies' on the menu and the conversation is of "My last battleship", so you can see the new drafting scheme is making its mark on a once "Chatty Chats" station.

We still hold the usual socials and dances, but have changed the venue to the Grand Hotel, Muizenburg, where the proprietor "Does us very nicely thank you".

We have a soccer team again this year which is beginning to show some improvement after the failure at the beginning of the season.

We have said Cheerio to P.O. Tel. 'Paddy' Boyce who has taken his discharge here and together with his family is living in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

L/Tels, Stanlake and Doyle have also remained in the Union and we sincerely hope that 'Civvy Street' is treating them all kindly.

"Totsiens" everyone, see you next issue.

### S.T.C. KLAVER

Since the S.A.N. have taken over great improvements have been, and are being made in living conditions at the School. Those of you who have enjoyed the rather dismal accommodation will rejoice to know that the wrecking gangs moved in in force and stripped out all the steel beams and hammock bars. (One slinging billet was found to be marked "Lieut. Horatio Nelson slept here"). The painters then arrived, and the difference has to be seen to be believed.

Another improvement is the South African Navy standard of victualling—suffice to say that lunch is of four courses, not forgetting clean serviettes weekly.

Since the Great Trek from Durban, we have "proffed" two in number three-quarter size billiard tables, and sundry other amenities. Although the S.A.N. have no equivalent to the R.N.F.C., we are still welcome at Cape South's cinema, so even though we are rather isolated, we do not do too badly.

The great excitement of the last few months was the transfer of the Base to the South African Navy. Communications to ensure the prompt arrival of the V.I.P.s at the very impressive ceremony and that the salutes were fired at the correct time were provided jointly by S.T.C. and Slangkop.

### SIMONSTOWN M.S.O.

(Under new management)

The 'swap-over' was successfully carried out by both Royal Navy and South African Navy M.S.O. Staffs well before the "Official" hand over. As the local Town Clock struck 0900 on the 6th March, we sprinted up the stairs, armed with typewriters and buckets of Ormig juice ready for action whilst the previous occupants passed en route to set up in their brand new posh accommodation at Youngfield.

We are now the sole owners of the M.S.O. Ghost (Old South Atlantic Communicators will no doubt recall the interesting stories about it). The turn over instructions quite rightly included full details of how to deal with this "poltergeist" who can always be blamed for all breakages. Otherwise all is well.

### THE TRANSFER OF THE SIMONSTOWN BASE

In a blaze of naval pageantry 143 years of British occupation of the Naval Base at Simonstown came to an end at 1645 local time on April 2nd, 1957, as the Union Flag was slowly lowered and a Royal





L.Sig. Walder and J.Sig. Preston of H.M.S. "Ceylon" hauling down the Union Flag.

Marine band played the National Anthem. Twelve minutes later South Africa formally took possession of the historic base when the National Flag was hoisted and the South African Navy band struck up "Die Stem".

It was a brilliant occasion, aglow with the colour of dress uniforms, medals and gold-hilted swords, flutter with bunting and flags and garden-party dresses, and a touch of more sombre colour here and there in Bishop's vestments or formal diplomatic dress.

Every wall of the dockyard was filled with ships, dressed overall. At one end of the quay where the transfer ceremony was held was the cruiser *Ceylon*, wearing the Admiralty Flag and the Flag of the Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic and South America Station. At the other end of the quay S.A.S. *Good Hope* was wearing the Flag of the South African Naval Chief of Staff, the first time any South African ship had worn this, the Flag of the newly promoted, first South African Admiral. Outboard of these ships lay *Mounts Bay* and S.A.S. *Transvaal*, and at various points round the dockyard were the S.A. ships *Jan van Riebeeck*, *Simon van der Stel* and *Vrystaat*, and the Portuguese frigate *Bartolomeu Dias*.

The *Ceylon* and *Good Hope* were grandstands for many naval personnel and their guests. On the quay

itself, directly in front of the blue and white dias on which the ceremonial handover was to be formally made, a huge stand held almost 3,000 guests. From these vantage points they watched the pageantry begin as the guards of honour marched on. First the S.A.N. guard, headed by the S.A.N. band and then the R.N. guard led by the band of the Royal Marines. The R.N. guard took position behind the flagstaff from which the Union Flag fluttered and the South Africans flanked a bare mast.

At 1600 the gleaming limousines began to arrive with officials who were taking part in the ceremony, and the first arrivals were the two Captains-Superintendent, for whom the occasion crowned months of intensive work. As other distinguished guests arrived the C-in-C, S.A.S.A., Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Robson, made introductions. The U.K. Vice-Chief of Naval Staff, the South African Commandant-General, the Inspector-General and Naval Chief of Staff, the U.K. High Commissioner and the South African Prime Minister, Mr. Strijdom were all there.

Then at 1607 a sharp bugle-call sounded the "Alert" and the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Selkirk, arrived with his Naval Secretary. He was greeted by the SANCOS and asked to take the salute from the South African guard. The *Good Hope* fired a salute which echoed down from the mountains and across False Bay, and as the gun-smoke drifted away with the breeze, the First Lord inspected the South African ranks. A few moments later the "Alert" heralded the arrival of the S.A. Minister of Defence, Mr. Erasmus. This time it was the R.N. guard that was inspected, on completion of a salute fired by *Mounts Bay*.

The party then took their places on the dais and the R.N. Chaplain read the traditional Naval Prayer which has followed British sailors round the globe. In a brief speech the First Lord formally handed over the base to South Africa, and, as the guard presented arms and the R.M. band played "The Queen", the Union Flag was lowered for the last time. Britain, after almost a century and a half of continuous occupation, had relinquished what Mr. Erasmus described as the biggest naval base in the Southern Hemisphere.

Very simply, the R.N. retiring Captain-Superintendent, Captain Bone, handed to his successor, Captain Dryden-Dymond, S.A.N. the massive, antique key to the West Gate of the Dockyard, which has been in use since 1863. As he did so aircraft of the S.A.A.F. thundered low over the base in salute, the low roar of Ventura bombers being succeeded by the scream of Vampire and Sabre Jets, making a grand finale to the ceremony.

The Royal Navy Headquarters in South Africa is now at Youngsfield, about 10 miles from Simonstown. Britain still has the use of "Snooky" as a replenishment base and R.N. ships can still expect a great welcome and a grand time in South Africa.



"H'm ! I see they've started reducing the Forces"

### THE UNITED STATES SIXTH FLEET

(These notes on the U.S. 6th Fleet were written by our own Correspondent during a ten day visit last April. The complete accuracy of every detail is not guaranteed.—Editor).

The Sixth Fleet, which operates in the Mediterranean, consists of some 60 ships ranging from aircraft carriers down to landing ships, submarines, fleet oilers and supply ships and manned by about 20,000 Officers and ratings. It has no bases and is entirely dependent, therefore, on a large and complex fleet train bringing in supplies from the States, and fuel oil from certain commercial sources in the Mediterranean. As a fighting force it represents a formidable deterrent. It is completely self-contained, highly mobile and, on the average, spends at least two-thirds of its time at sea. All fuelling and replenishments are carried out at sea, both by day and by night.

With the exception of the Fleet Flagship and certain oilers, all the ships carry out a six-month tour of duty in the Mediterranean before returning

to the States for leave. There is, therefore, a constant turn-over of ships leaving and arriving.

I visited the U.S.S. *Salem* and the U.S.S. *Forrestal*.

The *Salem* is a heavy cruiser of 18,000 tons and is the Sixth Fleet Flagship. She has a complement of some 1,500 men, and is an extremely clean and smart ship. There was no lack of "spit and polish" here. Everyone showed willingness and enthusiasm in maintaining the appearance of the ship. For example, after taking on a vast quantity of stores in very quick time, using five whips, a check was made for any paintwork damaged during the evolution and any found was immediately taken in hand.

The *Forrestal* is an enormous ship. From afar she looks no bigger than any other Fleet Carrier. Once aboard, however, one soon realises that here is something out of the ordinary. It takes a long time to find one's way through this 62,000 ton monster. Port and starboard tend to lose their value once below! Although two escalators are fitted in the ship, one appears to walk miles along endless passages.

For those who like statistics, the *Forrestal* is over 1,000 feet long, has a complement of 3,500 men of whom 400 are officers. There are four steam catapults and four aircraft lifts. Her overall height from keel to masthead is equal to that of a 25 storey building. She has an angled deck. Her anchors weigh over 30 tons each. The ship is air conditioned in all living and working spaces. There are three free barber-shops, a free dry-cleaners and a large free laundry service. Every evening, there are no less than eight different cinema shows.

The facts speak for themselves. The ship is BIG in every way, perhaps a little impersonal.

I have left the Communications until last since they are standard to both the ships I visited.

There are at present three types of U.S. Communication ratings—Signalmen, Radiomen, and Telemen. In the near future, the Telemen and the Radiomen will be combined into one Radio Branch.

Starting with the Signalmen, To me, they appeared to have less to do than their British counterparts. The general flag-hoisting speed was lower than ours—in spite of the U.S. type of flag lockers—nor was the standard of the flashing as good. The selection of lights was limited to a 20-in. type S.P., a 10-in. S.P. and a 5-in. Aldis. No smaller lights existed. Undoubtedly, there was less use made of VS than in the R.N.

The Radiomen (including the Telemen) are responsible for both the M.S.O. and for the Radio facilities within the ship. The M.S.O. organisation was excellent. In the *Forrestal*, all signals have to be typed by the originator—time permitting. The message format has an Ormig master attached to it so that, in theory, copies can be run off direct.

The M.S.O. is connected to a large selection of offices in the ship by pneumatic tubes. In addition, a comprehensive intercomm system (known as SQUAWK) exists.

The Radio facilities were good and extensive use was made of RATT.

In the *Forrestal*, the Communication Staff consisted of about ninety men. During exercises, this staff worked in two watches, as was the case for nearly all other departments in both ships I visited.

I left the Sixth Fleet feeling very impressed with what I had seen. The U.S.N. has set itself high standards.

In the *Forrestal*, they say that U.S.S. stands for "Under Way Saturdays, Sundays". It is only too true!

### "SAYS JACK"

We haven't got the biggest Navy,  
For old John Bull is short of gravy;  
Both Yank and Ruski claim the prize;  
Well let them argue as to size,  
Says Jack.

Our Battlewagons gone for scrap,  
Our Cruisers dwindling, critics snap,  
Even the manpower's running short,  
The daily gossips ever snort,  
Says Jack.

Twelve Year men won't sign, it's grim,  
We'd better send for Errol Flynn,  
In zippered suit and plastic cap,  
He'd get the Wrens in to a flap,  
Says Jack.

Discipline too, that's gone as well,  
No-badge P.O.s and killicks, Hell!  
Few draw their tots, the moaners say,  
Include me out, I drew to-day,  
Says Jack.

Those Luxury Naafi's too, they natter,  
That's progress chum, so what's the matter,  
Nelson had none, so they proffer,  
Bet he'd have loved a Naafi goffer,  
Says Jack.

His men were iron, ships of wood,  
Nelson's sailors were really good,  
No beds in barracks for them, is quipped,  
Yes mate, and how I bet they dripped,  
Says Jack.

So they go on, The Navy's finished,  
Admit it mate our Fleet's diminished;  
Yanks have the biggest, Ivan the rest,  
So what? I reckon we've still the best,  
Says Jack.

If they're still around in two oh five seven,  
And I'm not on draft to a place called Heaven,  
I'd like to meet 'em, if I duck the atom,  
At Navy Days, in Guzz or Chatham,  
Says Jack.

"McHAMMOCK".

## H.M.S. "VIDAL"

We arrived in Jamaica on 20th April and started work in earnest. Before leaving Chatham we were fitted with Two Range Decca (2RD for short) and now we were using it for the first time. Two Slave stations were erected with their 100 foot transmitting masts, one at Port Maria and the other at Morant Point on the eastern side of Jamaica. Each Slave required an R.E.M. and a Tel. to run the equipment and T.C.S.—leaving onboard Pots and the Leading Tel. and Yeoman to cope with S.O.P.s, Helicopter, Ship/Shore, Army routines, and communications with the two slaves and any surveying motor boats away from the ship.

We arrived at Belize, British Honduras on 17th. June and at the time of sending this off, are setting up camp parties, Decca sites, 40 foot observing towers and there is a real hive of activity.

So far this season we have been underway on 76 days, sometimes in 35 foot waves and force 11 winds, and steamed over 10,000 miles, fired 171 guns and dressed ship six times. E.T.A. Chatham 5th. November and we will supply our own fireworks.

### "A DESSERT PLATE GIFT FOR EVERY MAN."

"A special set of dessert plates had been struck. The Queen and Prince Philip presented each officer with a plate as a memento."

"Daily Mail", 28th June, 1957.

"A Special set of dessert plates commemorating the occasion had been struck. The Officers dining paid for them and received one as a memento."

"Daily Telegraph", 28th June, 1957.

### Prize-winning Cartoon



"Get your hair cut Higgins—I don't like these film star fashions . .!"



NEAR THE AMERICAN COAST



NEW YORK





"Ark Royal" manning ship on arrival at New York

### H.M.S. "ARK ROYAL"

After spending a month or so alongside at Devonport, the *Ark* entered a very interesting and important chapter in her commission.

Following exercises in the Moray Firth area, the ship sailed under the Forth Bridge to spend six days in preparation for the visit of Her Majesty The Queen.

*Ark's* day during the Royal visit, was the day Her Majesty and Prince Philip came onboard, and after reviewing divisions in the hangar, they witnessed the ship at work during a demonstration by our aircraft. This was the first occasion on which a reigning monarch had ever been to sea in an operational carrier\*. The forenoon's visit was all too short, and just after midday the Royal Barge pulled away from the ship, with a last wave from Her Majesty and Prince Philip.

One memorable occasion over, another one just beginning—a visit to the United States, with *Duchess* and *Diamond* to keep us company. The usual aircraft exercises took place whilst en route, but what would have been rather a dull trip was brightened by our meeting with *Mayflower II* on her way to Plymouth, Mass. The historical occasion of the old world meeting the new, was made even more interesting by the fact that *Mayflower II* is not unlike the *Ark Raleigh*, later to become the first *Ark Royal*.

Our arrival at Norfolk, Va., caused quite a stir, as I do not think the Americans expected us to be quite so big, and even the mighty *Saratoga*, lying on the other side of the pier, did not dwarf us by any means.

\* H.M. King Saud of Saudi Arabia witnessed flying from H.M.S. "Centaur" in 1955 and H.M. King Paul of the Hellenes from H.M.S. "Triumph" in 1947. Were there any earlier occasions?

The International Naval Review, the reason for going to America, was part of the Jamestown Festival, which commemorates the founding of the first British settlement at Jamestown, Virginia, exactly 350 years ago. The ships of the 17 nations present, were reviewed by U.S. Secretary of Defence, Charles E. Wilson, and he was greatly impressed by the two 14 mile-long columns of ships ranging from a four-masted schooner (a representative of Spain), to the U.S. Battleship *Iowa*.

A full scale entertainments programme was laid on, including trips to the Jamestown Festival Park, where there was a reconstruction of the original settlers' fort, the replicas of the three ships which carried the pioneers across—the *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed* and *Discovery*—and many other interesting exhibits of the early American days. Some of us were also lucky enough to visit Washington, D.C., which was a great experience.

Before sailing to New York, we carried out a two day cross-operation exercise with U.S.S. *Saratoga*, which from all accounts was quite successful, but it was rather put in the back of our minds as we sailed up the Hudson past the Statue of Liberty. There was one run ashore in New York for each watch, and although this was not enough time to see everything, I think we all managed to include the Empire State Building in our sightseeing tour, and generally have a good time.

### H.M.S. "BULWARK"

Finishing the refit on the 14th June we sailed next day for the usual working up trials and F.T.s during which we passed quite close to the French Coast (Foreign!) and afterwards anchored in the evening off Bognor Regis, which gave the lads a chance for a run ashore which ended rather abruptly about half



an hour later due to unfamiliar sea beds (lucky those who managed the first boat).

After a long weekend at Portsmouth we then proceeded for numerous exercises all around the British Isles, including Belfast.

Some of the old crew recommissioned with us including C.P.O. Tel. Bond, P.O. Tel. Weeks, Ldg. Tel. Emblen and a few others. To include a few names of the new 'Commish', for those who might like to know we have P.O. Tels. Gill, Corthorn, Walsh and Keefe, Ldg. Tels. Wareham, Havey, Shore and myself, Tels. Gardiner, Shadbolt, Ellerbeck, Pidd, Earle, Beddall, Lea, Dennis, Creasey and Williams. C.Y.S. Lampard, Yeo, Dix, Duffy, Saunders, Fallon, Ldg. Sigs. Primrose, White, Bell, Sigs. Cox, Lear, Turner, Brown, Hickson, Featherstone. I think with that stack of names in print everyone should be very happy. Of course we mustn't forget the Tels. (Air) and the Juniors. A.D.B.

### THE FIFTH CE BOARD

Three NATO nations sat down to debate  
What to do with the problems they had on their  
plate,  
They tugged and they pushed in their own different  
ways  
With only two thoughts of "How much?" and "Who  
pays?"

Rear Admiral Wenger was briefed for the chair  
It would all be so easy, he need not despair;  
In the verses that follow you can quite clearly read  
Why he went "up the wall" when the Board were  
agreed.

The first major snag came along fairly quick,  
The Chairman of ELLA laid it on fast and thick  
For he hadn't an office except in a shower  
And in War he would lose both water and power.

The next on the hunt was a General from SHAPE  
Who outlined some points on supplying red tape.  
He also had problems regarding personnel  
And appealed for support from General O'Connell.

Convoys in wartime caused some little steam  
On the supply of equipment to keep "on the beam."  
SACLANT and CHANNEL had asked for a set,  
Uncle Sam didn't have, was unlikely to get.

Miss Ross came down with a pretty firm hand  
On a prayer to remove more machines from the land.  
The question of Basegrams again raised its head  
But without change of raiment was put back to bed.

Admirals and Generals, Air Marshals as well  
On scatter techniques had something to sell;  
That it differed in detail was of minor concern  
For the star spangled ranks on their briefs were  
astern.

If the Board couldn't agree the Secretary knew  
It meant much more work which he'd have to do.  
First for the minutes which he had to record  
And next in Committee to find some accord.

When the meeting had ended the members were free  
And off they went home, some over the sea.  
They all were agreed it had been quite a caper  
But there hadn't been time to staff all the paper.



"Message Heading?"

## AN O.D. DECIDES

(Prize-winning Feature)

It is twelve months, almost to a day, since H.M.S. *Albion* commissioned, and it is to commemorate this occasion that I was "selected"—by the good old-fashioned method—to write an article for THE COMMUNICATOR.

Well, having been selected, and not particularly wishing to have my leave jammed just as we are on our way to Oslo, I had dutifully taken up my pencil and pad to write the story of the first year of *Albion's* commission, when a thought struck me. Somebody in every ship writes a history of their ship's commission for THE COMMUNICATOR—so why should I? Why should I write this article the easy way? I thought to myself "I am an S.S. O.D., I cannot be unfaithful to the countless classes of S.S. O.D.'s who have gone before me, not one of whom ever did anything the easy way. I must make this difficult, if not impossible. I'll write the history of my own first twelve months at sea."

On June 26th last year, having left the Alma Mater on the previous day, and having spent the night in the Royal Naval Barracks, I was astonished to find that we had to march to the ship. After the luxury transport services provided by Leydene, this was very disheartening, and did not augur well for life at sea. However, after entering Unicorn Gate and marching along miles and miles of railway lines, we eventually arrived at "C" Lock and there was "the SHIP". It didn't look much like a ship to me. It didn't look like anything I had ever envisaged, shapeless, unpainted, with masses of scaffolding everywhere. As I gazed, nostalgia swept over me. Oh for the green open spaces and the comfort of my nissen hut at Leydene! A few old hands leaned out of gun sponsons, superciliously looking over the newcomers, calling out such welcoming remarks as "Wotcher Tosh, What'll Jimmy's pigs do without you" to faces which they recognised and were surprised to see.

In a very short time, we were inboard, and like lost souls wandered along endless passages, tripping over electric leads, dockyard mateys' tool boxes, and wading through six inches of water where the fire-main hoses had leaked, all in complete darkness, as one of the power failures to which dockyard supplies are prone, had just occurred. Then, suddenly, we were in the messdeck, being greeted by the smiling faces of the Leading Hand of the mess and Chiefy. In five minutes I felt completely at home. I had been called "clot," "skate," "stupid" and all the other endearing expressions which all Chiefies had used (but NEVER meant) ever since I first wriggled a jumper over my head.

Soon it was dinner time, and here I had an agreeable surprise. The food wasn't bad, served cafeteria system, and you could ask for more roast potatoes—and get them. The inner man satisfied, we went through the usual joining routine. "Religion?"

"No, Chief." "Date of Birth?" "1.4.39 Chief," "Place?" "In a nursing home, Chief," and so on until leave was piped at the early hour of 1515.

That evening was my own, and I and my chum swaggered around the Fun Fair and Southsea Common hoping that the girls would notice our glistening "Albion" cap tallies. We were sailors now, members of the crew of one of the spearheads of the Navy. We had salt on our chests. No longer could the knowing ones look at our *Mercury* labels, our new pusser's boots and our dark blue collars and say between themselves "Boys Brigade, I expect".

Then followed six weeks of paint ship, clean ship, store ship, ammunition ship, until my back ached and I had muscles in the calves of my legs like an all-in wrestler. This period was marked by only one incident which stands out in my memory. On July 4th American ships being present, we dressed ship with masthead flags, and I, being on duty watch was detailed for the peak halyards. The Yeoman very carefully made up the Stars and Stripes for breaking, and I bent on, hoisted, and at the correct time gave a tug, and watched very satisfied with myself, the ensign gently unfold and flutter out in the morning breeze—upside down. But the Yeoman was on it like a flash, no-one noticed, and no-one knows to this day, except you.

On September 15th, we sailed from Portsmouth, six weeks ahead of schedule. Now for the glorious free open air life I had seen on all those colourful recruiting posters. My elation was short-lived. Said Chief "You'll do Crypto," and down to five deck I crawled, to the cavern where the 'sparkers' work, and for two days, while the ship ploughed along at 26 knots to Gibraltar, with the huge screws pounding just below my feet, I shook, I vibrated, I jerked, I shuddered, I trembled, I bumped and rattled, as B40s fell to pieces before my eyes, 603s sighed faintly and gave up the uneven struggle, and callsign books,



"What can you see, Boy?"

"Nothing now sir, she's dressing overall!"

signal logs and the general paraphernalia of a communication office inevitably found their way, time after time, into untidy piles on the deck.

Happily, on arrival in the sunny Med, the P.O. Tel. said that I was quite useless to him and sent me back to the upper air. How glad I felt that I had not been clever enough for a 'sparker', condemned to work down there always. This was the life, polishing the 20 inch S.P. in the sun, getting sunburnt for the Christmas leave, which at that time we still expected to get, with not another warship in sight to signal to. Up on the Flag Deck a whole new range of experience unfolded before me. There was the thrill of seeing the huge liners sail proudly past dipping their ensigns in salute, and I, too, felt a little pride as I dipped the White Ensign in reply. There was the experience, not always pleasant, of seeing the vastness and the restless changing moods of sea and sky. But my attention was chiefly occupied with the operations on the flight deck below. Swarms of little men in new yellow canvas boots and multi-coloured tight-fitting cotton helmets manhandled the aircraft into position, firefighters stood by looking strangely aloof behind the visors of their asbestos helmets, while the whine of jet engines intruded incessantly, penetrating the innermost barrier of the mind. Fascinated and breathless I watched repeated catapult launches, deck landing practices and the graceful swift approach followed by the abruptly arrested landings of the Sea Hawks and Sea Venoms. Day followed day in this pattern until flight deck operations went like clockwork, the guns had actually shot down a drogue, hardly a pilot ever had to go round again, and even I had transmitted a message and got a Roger first time. We were worked up.

A brief stay in Malta, which, according to the old salts is not what it was when Kingsway was Strada Reale, and then the Carrier Squadron was engulfed, in late October, in the Suez incident. For me it meant a long continual round of watches, little sleep and plenty of work for thirty days followed by a brief respite in Malta, and then back to the old scene to cover the withdrawal. The story of Suez has been told so I will not go further than to say that it left me wondering. For the first time in my life I found myself thinking, seriously, "What . . ." "Why . . ." "If . . ." "It might have . . ."

After Suez I had found that flashing and semaphore were becoming intelligible to me, and that even crypto was no longer a 'black art', but in January we visited Messina in Sicily, where I did all the usual things. I bought a musical box and a guitar, and went on a bus trip to Mount Etna, and incidentally had to walk the last two miles to the crater because the bus couldn't make it. After Messina we continued showing the flag in Marseilles, where again I did all the usual things. The result of this little vacation was that I felt extremely tired, I was extremely broke, and as far as reading morse and flags was concerned I was back where I had

started, and I found it was still I who scrubbed the gratings, burned the waste paper, polished the pneumatic tubes, washed the tea cups and, of course, removed the inevitable Irish pennants from the radar aerials.

However, Exercise "Shortfly", in February, once more restored my confidence, only to lose it again during six weeks in Portsmouth where we enjoyed our long overdue leave. I will not dwell on this period in good old Pompey, or on the month in which we took part in exercise "Medflex Epic". (Incidentally, I overheard the 'sparkers' say, during "Epic", that the French ship-shore stations were equally as good as ours). Nothing worthy of note took place, and I was now becoming an old carrier hand, and it was beneath me to show enthusiasm or interest in anything the Air department did. In fact, I remember that on the day the Gannet went off the catapult straight into the sea, I nonchalantly remarked "Nice day for a swim, Hooky," which I thought hit just the right note to impress the newly joined Junior Sig. who, in his excitement, almost jumped over the side himself.

Since then, we have taken part in Operation "Steadfast", when Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth reviewed units of the fleet in Cromarty Firth, attended a fleet concert in our hangar, and inspected divisions on our flight deck. The newsreels have portrayed very well what a grand sight the ships made, and I would just like to add one thing which the newsmen cannot know, because sailors are not sentimental by nature, or talkative on such subjects, but I can tell you that Her Majesty won for herself on those two days a great number of blue-uniformed fans by her natural charm and her obvious and genuine interest in her Navy.

We are now on our way to Oslo, where we are to spend seven days, and it is here that the story of an S.S. O.D.'s first twelve months must come to an end—for three very good reasons. Firstly, contributions for THE COMMUNICATOR must be in Leydene by 28th June, secondly the first twelve months has now expired and thirdly, after tomorrow, I shall no longer be an S.S. O.D. I am seeing the Captain to be rated Signalmán, and—speak it softly so as not to offend the ears of all the dear departed S.S. men—I am signing on for a nine year engagement.

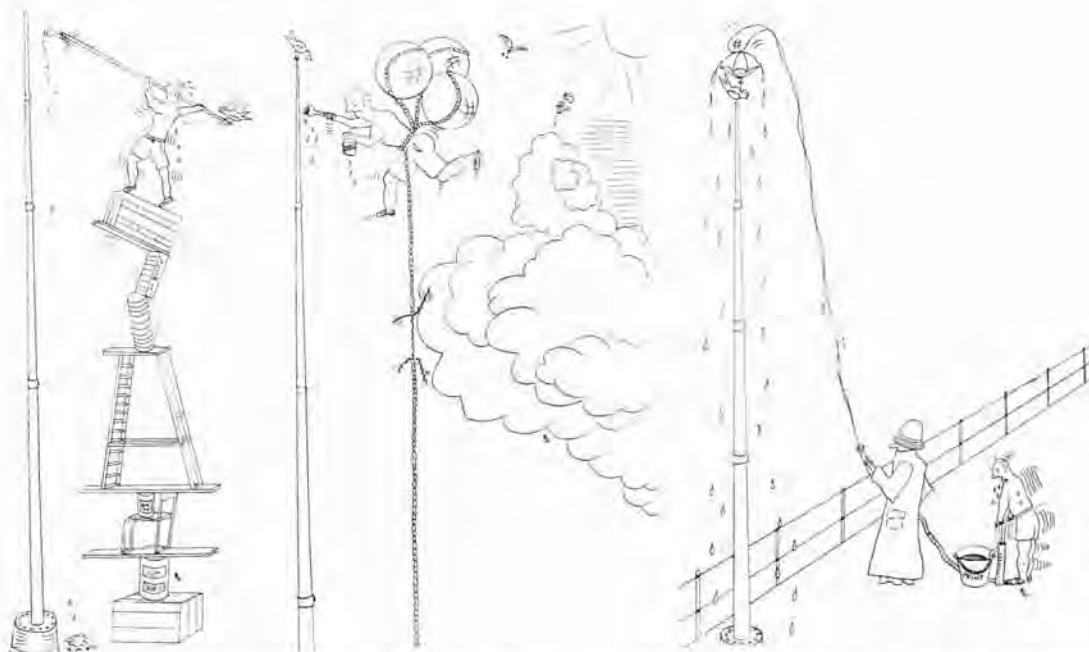


#### DINNER CALLS

The signal flag, displayed by the Admiral (party fesswise, azure and gules) is now (1957) repeated by all addressees (V. or R.A.) regardless.



## THE WHIP! NO, NOT THE WHIP



What sudden rush of blood to the head prompted the order "Paint Whips" is left purely to conjecture. I personally think it was the tropical heat, but then again it has been ventured that it was probably ulcers. It certainly caused a sudden flipping over of handbook pages and references to current A.F.O.s, followed by a rapid pitter patter of gold shod feet to the quarter patch, proclaiming "Ha, Ha, it can't be done—special paint, etc. etc. etc.—but to no avail, the only voice more authoritative than 'His Masters Voice' being 'The Maker's Voice', so paint whips it was . . .

The Lieutenant (C) was the first to give birth to creative genius; his idea, seemingly simple, was, tie a ladder to the bottom of the whip, despatch an O.D. to the top, bind him with a tack line, and with the aid of a 'long Tom'—'Bobs your Uncle'. And so it was—first the ladder, then the O.D. and then the faint echo of 'Timber' as O.D., whip and ladder crashed to the deck. Unfortunately it narrowly missed the G.I. who, having first infused a little invective into the surrounding ether, rolled the O.D. gently onto his face with the toe of his boot, and then like a Good Samaritan, bellowed "Crawl blast ya! crawl!"

Chief's turn next, and as the idea formulated his eyes started to shine, like the indicator lamps on a switchboard, like a 'genny' coming to full revs, and, uttering Eureka—or something like that, proclaimed the following: "All we need is a couple of

Met. balloons topped up with Hydrogen, one O.D. and Yoicks we're away." So, nothing loathe, the O.D. was duly tied to the aforementioned 'lifting apparatus' and then firmly gripping his pot and brush, gently rose aloft, rather like a battered pantomime fairy queen, and kept on rising gracefully ever up—up—up—up, because some clot had forgotten to secure his berthing line, and apart from constant reminders from the Paint Shop that we owe them one pot and one, no one has really bothered to find out where he went, though the Met. man's smirks are rather out of place we feel, whenever 'upper air stream disturbances' are mentioned.

Next the P.O. Tel's ideas—or should I say lack of ideas, because all he did was ponderously turn his head from side to side, something like a cross between a bop fan and a tennis addict, saying absolutely nothing. It amused the O.D.s though, who, ever hopeful, awaited smoke to rise from the first and second vertebrae due to friction rub!

Hookey's suggestion of heeling ship and painting from a carley float was just shrugged away through non-co-operation of the engine room, and so, at last, the cycle of command ran it's full orbit and the O.O.D., ever helpful, had his turn. It was his idea that did the trick nicely, with no loss of bodies or over heating of higher-up's mental powers, and it was as easy as this, "Why not get the Dab Toes to do it?" Which we did, and now we have nicely shining white enamelled whips . . .

## CAPTAIN C. B. BROOKE, ROYAL NAVY

- |      |   |      |  |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1934 | Qualified in Signals.   | 1944 | H.M.S. <i>Duke of York</i> —Fleet Signal Officer, Home Fleet.      |
| 1935 | H.M.S. <i>Hood</i> —Assistant Squadron Wireless Officer, 1st B.C.Q.                                 | 1945 | Promoted Commander.  |
| 1935 | H.M.S. <i>Effingham</i> —Fleet Signal Officer, Reserve Fleet.                                       | 1945 | Radio Equipment Department, Admiralty.                             |
| 1935 | Flag Lieutenant to Commander-in-Chief, and Fleet Signal and Wireless Officer, South Africa Station. | 1948 | U.S. Naval War College, Newport, R.I.                              |
| 1938 | Admiralty Signals Establishment, Haslemere.   | 1949 | Executive Officer, H.M.S. <i>Illustrious</i> .                     |
| 1941 | Duty Signal Officer, Admiralty.   | 1951 | Joint Services Staff Course.                                       |
| 1942 | Fleet Signal and Wireless Officer, South Atlantic Station.  | 1951 | Promoted Captain.  |
|      |   | 1951 | Commanding Officer, H.M.S. <i>Nereide</i> .                        |
|      |   | 1953 | Assistant Director of Plans, Admiralty.                            |
|      |   | 1955 | Chief of Staff to Commander, Allied Naval Forces, Northern Europe. |
|      |   | 1957 | Captain, H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> .                                   |



## "MEON MAID"

We very nearly lost *Meon Maid* last winter. It was neither a case of neglect, nor hazard, but of almost final reallocation to Flag Officer, Scotland. It would have been a great blow to us all; but now, happily, *Mercury* has been allowed to keep her as a "recreational yacht".

*Meon Maid* has belonged to *Mercury* since Easter, 1948, and it has been estimated that about £1,600, subscribed by charter fees, Welfare fund, etc., has been devoted to her upkeep since then, in addition to Admiralty grants.

She was built in Germany in 1936, being named *Drossel*, and was brought to U.K. after the war as booty. She belongs to the obsolete 50 sq. metre class of yachts and is a 9 ton Bermudan sloop.

When it became known that *Meon Maid* was to remain with us, volunteers got to work and scraped, sandpapered, spliced, varnished, sewed and painted. To such good avail, in fact, that she was launched again at the end of April this year.

Since then she has been in constant use and 100 officers and ratings have already been sailing in her. She has visited France twice, receiving a dusting on one return trip. She has been placed first once and second twice in the three races she has so far entered and she is taking part in Cowes Week, the Round the Island Race, Cowes-Cherbourg race, R.N.S.A. Regatta, R.A.Y.C. Regatta and other events.

At the end of the season we are hoping that, provided the Sailing Fund is healthy enough, we may be able to put her into a private yard for her winter refit. She is also badly in need of a new dinghy and genoa, but the new terylene mainsail bought last winter (costing £115) is the envy of all her fellow competitors when racing.

Before ending this account of the yacht, I would like to extend most sincere thanks to all those volunteers who worked during the winter in order to make her ready for this season and to ask those of you who come to *Mercury* and are keen on sailing in her, to get in touch with the Sailing Secretary who will try and fix you up—there were over 200 on the list at the beginning of the Season!

\* \* \*

## Dinghy Sailing

Officers and ratings from *Mercury* have been out sailing in 14 ft. dinghies on a number of occasions this year. These dinghies are available at the Sailing Centre, H.M.S. *Hornet*.

Anyone wishing to book a dinghy should contact the Sailing Secretary *Mercury* for details.

C.R.



H.M.S. "Birmingham" entering Grand Harbour

### H.M.S. "CONTEST"

Whether our visit to Marseilles will further Anglo-French relations remains to be seen, although the shore going Communicators appear to be drinking something a little stronger than "Entente Cordiale"—but the reason is probably high spirits because we are on our way home. Having almost reached the end of the Mediterranean half of our G.S.C. only that well known stamping ground of British matelots and Spanish dancers—Gibraltar—lies between *Contest* and Cheery Chats.

We are returning home lighter staffed than when we left due to the mysterious disappearance of some members who became afflicted with *reductio complementis*. However, all in all, the remaining faithful few have shouldered the burden well and have had, from a communications angle, a reasonably successful Mediterranean Commission.

After the mad dash to get out here from U.K. we managed to get in on the end phase of the Suez campaign, after which we had a refit in Gibraltar, then a whack of Cyprus patrol followed by exercises and still more exercises. Having been kept pretty

busy our list of pleasure jaunts to foreign ports is not very impressive. We did see Catania, Istanbul and Golcuck, however, and now Marseilles. Ahead of us is our General Service leave and then the Home Fleet half of the G.S.C. so watch out you Home Fleet types—the contest is about to begin.

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

Since our last contribution our lot has been a fairly pleasant one. Our refit (not yet completed) has meant a long string of all nights in and week-ends acquiring sun-tan. A few of the staff caught up with a N.A.T.O. exercise but they were in the minority. The whole staff have partaken of well earned station leave with a large number taking advantage of the new rules in the Mediterranean and flying to U.K. The S.C.O., thanks to an early start to the commission, had rather more leave than most. In fact, he was away for so long that nobody knew who he was when he returned. Time not spent on leave has been well used and many successful candidates benefitted from a spell at Ricassoli. In the sporting line O.Sig. Peache and Tel. Hudson represent the ship at cricket.



"Birmingham's" Skiffle Group

### H.M.S. "DELIGHT"

As we are at present sampling a session of "Rock" and leaving the "Roll" for a change, to other members of the Group, this contribution is by way of proving that time and patience can overcome a lack of literary talent. Having taken a considerable time to work up to this, our first effort, it may be as well to attribute our previous silence to the same cause—"Working-up".

To itemise our movements since leaving U.K. would be too much of a good thing, so let it suffice that the milestones were "Jamex", Naples, Taranto, Cyprus, Marseilles, "Medflex Epic", and, of course, the Maltese interludes.

We contributed our last ounce of blood before coming to Gib. for our refit by taking part in "Medflex Epic". If any conclusion is to be drawn from this Exercise, it is that English is far from being the basic language of N.A.T.O. The free use of French (Desig PUN Negat) caused quite a few amusing incidents, and the prize goes to the bloke who interpreted "A tous batiments en mer" as "To all buildings at sea".

We hope to arrive at Chatham about the 1st October, but there is many a slip twixt cup and lip, so who knows? Anyway, as they say around here "Hasta la Vista".

### R.N.S.C. EPISKOPHI

In this, our first contribution since we moved from Nicosia, we had better explain who we are. R.N. SIGCEN Episkopi, is the home of Cyprus M.S.O. and Cyprus W/T. The Sigcen is also the M.S.O. to F.O.M.E. and H.M.S. *Aphrodite*. (The latter is not as some have thought, a submarine, but is the main shore establishment in Cyprus). Episkopi itself is a huge camp sited along the south coast of the Island, fifteen miles from Limassol. It is the headquarters of the Army and the R.A.F. in the Middle East and also of F.O.M.E., who represents the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean. The Naval community is by far the smallest here, the

R.A.F. and the Army having several thousands each compared to our bare one hundred, over half of which are Communicators.

The Signal Centre opened on the 18th August last year when Cyprus W/T moved from the Nissen hut it shared with the M.S.O. in Nicosia, to Episkopi. The 'sparkers' found awaiting them a building which, when compared with the Nissen hut in the capital, was like a palace. The building has virtually every mod. con.—fluorescent lighting, tiled floors, air conditioning and ample walking space. All that remains of the Navy in Nicosia is the Cyprus M.H.Q. where we have a Leading Telegraphist and four Telegraphists operating a teleprinter line.

When one thinks of Cyprus one almost invariably thinks of terrorism, George Grivas and the notorious Archbishop. At the time of writing Uncle George's activities have been somewhat curtailed by what we would call a shortage of hands. His decline has been marked by the relaxation of many security regulations, the most important ones being—as far as we are concerned—those affecting leave. No longer do we have to go into the nearest town, Limassol, armed with sixshooters.

On the 18th May, the junior ratings moved into new accommodation. Prior to this date all the naval community lived in tents, although—for a couple of months during the Suez Crisis—we did have an unfinished block to ease the accommodation difficulties created by our swollen numbers at that time. The new home is the top storey of a three-storey block. It, like the Sigcen, is very up to date. The senior ratings, alas, are still enjoying the rugged, open-air life that goes with living under canvas.

In the local sports the Signal Centre has not done too badly. Making up the large majority of *Aphrodite's* teams, Communicators have done battle with most of the teams of the other two Services in Episkopi, *Aphrodite* has not always won, but has done remarkably well in view of its size,



"Look! No hands!"



## PONTECORVO

(or Passing for Leading Rate S.T.C. Malta)



Leaving the cutter

As soon as possible after the commencement of a course for Leading Signman or Leading Telegraphist a Leadership course is arranged, lasting three days, and including morale building, lectures on leadership, concentrated parade drill (phew) and finally "Pontecorvo" to test your reaction to working under strain.

Now Pontecorvo is an influential, dyed in the wool, quisling (Signalman Wellman, H.M.S. *Rooke*) who has to be captured by an intrepid band of Mercurian Commando's (led by A/L Sig. Breward) and the stalwarts on course.

After constructing their own raft, which they tow out of Grand Harbour, they transfer to the raft and paddle to the seaward defences of H.M.S. *Ricasoli*.



A good landing

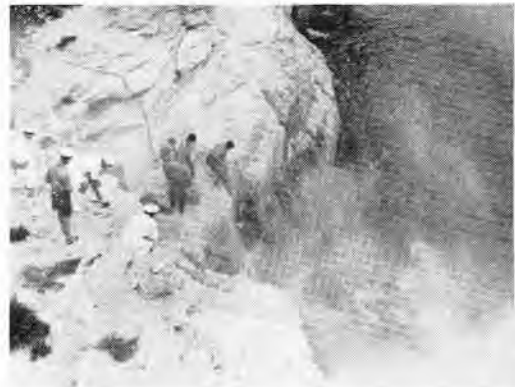
The Commando then scales the walls taking with it such tackle as is required to cross a chasm, secure a prisoner and return. The operation is hampered by liberal use of Mark I thunderflashes and smoke canisters, which in the tunnels of *Ricasoli* can be quite alarming, as was proved when out rushed a Maltese labourer *sans trous* during the current operation.

The casualty list is fortunately small, but unless you have nerves of steel, and can stand heights, smoke and bangs, our advice is take your course for Leading Rate at home while you are young, where the only occupational hazard is running for the Red Lion Bus.

J.A.J.



Scaling the heights



Returning after the capture

In winter, 1940, when Wrens were buying up all available serge to make trousers, a Commander-in-Chief made the following signal:

WRENS CLOTHING TO BE HELD UP UNTIL THE NEEDS OF SEAGOING PERSONNEL HAVE BEEN SATISFIED.

## FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

This item comes from *Solebay* now the leader of the 'rejuvenated' 1st D.S., for *Chieftain*, *Chaplet* and *Chevron* have terminated their operational roles: *Chieftain* has joined the Nore Command, whilst *Chevron* and *Chaplet* are in the process of paying off into Reserve at Portsmouth.

*Solebay* commissioned from Operational reserve at Chatham on the 14th May under the supposed cloud of total war (Operation "Sleeping Beauty IV"). No leave, no sleep, no nothing for a week. It took just seven days to get the ship from lifelessness to an alive and fighting seagoing ship. Everybody worked like blacks, except the Communication Department who worked like two blacks, as we are strictly complemented to the Temporary Manning Standard.

However, we managed to get to Portsmouth in time to give weekend leave to both watches before sailing, with *Lagos* and *Hogue*, also newly commissioned, under our wing, all Mediterranean bound. Now follows the inevitable work up; the ten days to Malta soon showed us we needed it badly. However, everyone is eager to get on with the job and looking forward to the Mediterranean part of our General Service Commission.

As a rider to this article it is an interesting statistic that the total length of service of the Chief Yeoman and Chief Tel. exceeds the combined length of service of the remainder of the Communication department (including the S.C.O.) by six years and three months.

## GIBRALTAR M.S.O.

We have little to report since our last contribution. Exercise "Shortfly" was successfully carried out early in the year with assistance from the J.A.S.S. Communicators. "Medflex Epic" was the next major foray, in which our team was augmented by W.R.N.V.R. and R.N.V.R. personnel from U.K. They were all accorded tasks befitting to their rate, and results proved most satisfactory.

In response to numerous requests from members of the Branch referring to leave in Spain we have decided to set out the main points in this article in the hope that it will be of value to future visitors.

For entry into Spain unaccompanied ratings require a passport and visa and, assuming that one's visit is a short one, it is only sensible to arrange this before arrival. The visa can only be obtained from: The Spanish Embassy, Consular Section, 21 Cavendish Square, London, W 1. Passports and postal orders for £1 8s. 6d. must be included with the letter of application, and it will normally take up to about 14 days before your 'visa-ed' passport will be returned. The visa allows three visits into Spain with no restrictions on internal travel. Passports can, of course, be obtained through any Ministry of Labour and National Insurance Office in the U.K.

Before crossing the border sterling must be changed either on the free market in Gibraltar or

at the Spanish customs post. The free market is quite open and 'legal' and offers a much higher rate of exchange. Any shop with a number chalked on the doorway or on a small board is declaring the daily exchange rate which at present varies between 130 and 140 pesetas to the pound sterling. On the other hand, if it is your intention to shop in Spain, it is preferable to accept the lower rate of exchange at the Spanish frontier to avoid complications when you return with the rabbits. You must be able to produce a receipt from the Spanish money office to the value of the goods which you are 'exporting'.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that plain clothes must be worn. Travellers from Gibraltar to Spain will find the frontier open between 0900 and 2145, and 0045 (0145 on Sunday mornings) is the latest time at which you can return.

## H.M.S. "KENYA"

At Portsmouth on April 4th, there commenced what will probably be the last commission of a long and glorious career for *Kenya*.

The department has blended remarkably well and little time was wasted in despatching us on the twelve-month Mediterranean portion of our General Service Commission. On May 1st, we secured for the first time in Pieta Creek. Our entry into the Mediterranean was marked by a severe storm. The 86M aerial was shattered by lightning—one wondered if this was an omen of any kind! It fell remarkably close to the lifebuoy sentry. The dent, we believe, was caused by the fall, otherwise the break was clean leaving behind an 'uncovered lampshade' at the top of the main. We would like to hear if any Communicators have been in ships that have been struck by lightning, and to know the extent of the damage.



Part of "Kenya's" shattered 86 Aerial

Readers may be interested to hear that whilst at Istanbul our visitors included Commander Durnford and Lieutenant Froud. These officers are on loan to the Turkish Navy. The latter brought with him a class of P.O. Tels(Q), none of whom had been to sea. After almost a week at Istanbul we are now eagerly looking forward to a trip up the Bosphorus and a weekend at Samsun.

### S.T.C. MALTA, G.C.

Mid-June and the Sirocco is blowing the sand into the carburettors and interrupting our newly commenced swimming season. There have been days when we have envied you at home your "Mediterranean" weather.

C.P.O. Tel. Stray in this next 'Eyes' course flies out of Malta soon and Technical is being taken over by C.P.O. Tel. W. Laurie (ex-Submariner). The next to go will be C.P.O. Tel. Harry Cartmell (the menace of the motoring fraternity).

This Term we have switched on the after burners, and doubled up on the courses, and have had as many as 70 Communicators under instruction at one time. Up to date 172 have passed through the school, mostly successfully. Those who failed had not prepared themselves for the course.

The Fleet Pool is accommodated here in H.M.S. *Ricasoli*, and, in between their frequent gyrations round the fleet, can enjoy the amenities of the Fleet Lido, and other facilities offered in this grand old country mansion.

### SIXTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Since the Easter Number, *Cavendish* has spent nearly all her time refitting in Malta. *Contest* and *Comet* took part in "Medflex Epic", *Contest* and *Carysfort* have done Cyprus Patrols and all the ships except *Cavendish* went on the First Summer Cruise to the Eastern Mediterranean.

*Cavendish* emerged from refit with only half the hands she started with but we are getting so used to it that we wonder how everyone used to manage to work so hard before.

The Squadron is now heading for home via the South Coast of France. Before leaving Malta all four ships were alongside each other at the same berth in Sliema Creek, a fine sight as the Creek has been nearly empty lately. Dghaisas appeared from nowhere and a brisk trade was done. This was the first time in the commission that all four ships had been together. We should continue together all the way home provided one of us doesn't get sunk during manoeuvres.

On our way home we are playing N.A.T.O. by sitting on the French or Italian Broadcast and using their ship-shore facilities. The French dictionaries are out and we are getting in good practice for Marseilles although the vocabulary is somewhat

different. As there is plenty of time to spare we are being kept busy with manoeuvres and drills. We tried an interesting variation yesterday of an old party game; a long and complicated signal, full of letters and circuit numbers, was passed down the column by light. A typed version of the original was then transferred to *Comet*, the last ship in the line, and compared. Of course *no one* had made *any* mistakes but the two signals were rather different.

### H.M.S. "TORQUAY"

Our return to Malta was very much appreciated after twelve weeks patrol at Cyprus.

It has been most regrettable that we haven't spent more time with our own Squadron but to compensate us for that we have enjoyed visits to Naples, Civita Vecchia (Rome), the Island of Elba and Palma. In the three Italian ports the Italian Navy laid on excellent coach trips which included Pompeii, a tour of Rome and Vesuvius.

The Fifth Frigate Squadron has completed its 'Med. Leg' and we have all had a spell at home and are now ready for the next exercise.

We say farewell to *Wakeful* and bid welcome to *Salisbury* and *Scarborough*. We hope to be joined by *Tenby* in the not too distant future.

A special mention and congratulations to our Chief Yeoman S. R. Wood on the award of the B.E.M. in Her Majesty's Birthday Honours.

### H.M.S. "WOODBIDGE HAVEN"

Shortly after the new crew joined and a fresh commission was started, *Woodbridge Haven* commenced her Spring cruise with C.M.S. in company. This took us to La Spezia where we all had a good run ashore, and then to Monaco, where we had a better one. Because of the acute shortage of ackers the attendance on Grippio bus trips was good.

Next came "Medflex Epic", a N.A.T.O. exercise in which French, Italian and our own sweepers took part. We had short stays at Bizerta and Naples. The latter, of course, was the best run enabling gibbering, perfumed masses to return onboard in the early hours of the morning mumbling something about a quiet run.

Then came the Cyprus Patrols for two weeks, during which period we showed the sweepers just how patrolling should be done. Excitement came with the search for the Israeli ship *S.S. Etrog*, whose cargo contained a large supply of arms, but it was later established that these were for N.A.T.O. purposes.

After this I think we have managed to shrug off the title of "R.N.B. Sliema". Apart from that the only Howlers we have had are the O.Tel. who couldn't find the "Phenomenal" list of callsigns. Also there was the O.Tel. who, when asked by the Padre about attending the Sunday service for Communicants, remarked: "What about the E.M.s?"



H.M. The Queen arriving for dinner in "Ocean"

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE HOME FLEET

The aims stated in the Orders were to give pleasure to Her Majesty, to demonstrate the traditional loyalty of the Fleet and to give the Queen and her sailors the chance to see each other. Not a tall order perhaps, but an immense amount of organisation went into achieving the aims, and they were more than achieved, for it is fair to say that the Royal Visit gave pleasure to everyone.

The visit began appropriately with a meeting at sea.

The Home Fleet, in two columns, approached *Britannia* and her escorts *Duchess*, *Diamond* and *Corunna* at 21 knots, on a reciprocal course until about two miles distant, when columns wheeled simultaneously outwards to allow the Royal Yacht to pass between them. At the same time saluting ships fired a co-ordinated Royal Salute. Columns were then led round in succession to steam past the *Britannia* in single line ahead, on a parallel course and half a cable clear. Ships were manned and three cheers given for Her Majesty as they passed.

When *Apollo*, wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, the last ship in the line, was past, a signal was executed detaching the Carrier Squadron, *Ark Royal* and *Albion*, for the fly past. The remaining ships were then reformed into two columns to act as Royal Escort for the entry into harbour.

An hour later four submarines, *Artful*, *Trump*, *Subtle* and *Springer* steamed past in column on a reciprocal course with casings manned, wheeling to follow in the wake of the Royal Yacht. Then from astern the squadrons from *Ark Royal* and *Albion* swept overhead led by 27 Seahawks and Wyverns in "E II R" formation.

The formation of the Fleet was again altered for *Britannia* to precede ships in Cromarty Firth where the Queen was cheered by the tug *Reward*, the flag-waving inhabitants of Cromarty, and

*Maidstone*, which had remained all day securely at a buoy, being unable through want of speed to take part in the meeting at sea.

Then the harbour programme began. That evening Her Majesty dined with two hundred of her officers in *Ocean's* hangar and the following morning visited *Superb*, *Albion*, *Duchess* and *Maidstone* to witness a march past of their companies and those of smaller ships transferred for the occasion. The morning ended with an informal visit to the wardroom in *Maidstone* and lunch with the Commander-in-Chief onboard. In the afternoon Her Majesty visited *Agincourt* and *Ocean* before returning to *Britannia*. Later on Tuesday evening a reception was held by command of Her Majesty on board the Royal Yacht after which The Queen entertained her Flag Officers to dinner and later attended the Fleet concert held in *Albion's* hangar, with an audience of over a thousand ratings.

On the morning of 29th May, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left the *Britannia* and passed down the lines of the anchored Fleet in the Royal Barge. Ships massed and cheered as Her Majesty went by. The Queen embarked in *Ark Royal*, watched the ship's company march past and then *Ark Royal* weighed and proceeded to sea, wearing the Royal Standard while the Fleet fired a Royal Salute in farewell. The Queen spent the forenoon onboard watching flying operations, transferring eventually to *Britannia* and later disembarking at Lissiemouth.

Thus ended the Home Fleet's Royal Occasion. It had meant a great deal of planning and preparation but it was well worth the pleasure which it undoubtedly gave, and the memory will long remain with us all, especially the hundreds to whom the Queen must have spoken.

## H.M.Y. "BRITANNIA"

After our return to U.K. we were all pleased to note that leave is still as enjoyable as ever, especially with the brewers competing against sweet manufacturers as they are. During this most enjoyable period of Christmas (delayed) cum Easter recess, the dockyard tickler tappers took over the ship more or less, and repaired the ravages of a hectic six months. They were ably assisted by those who remained onboard, one of whom proved that he still had a little bit of strength left by breaking a whip aerial whilst screwing a lower section on. Never has the cry "It came 'orf' in me 'and Chief," sounded so painful or been so true.

Needless to say, by the end of April we were covered in that nice black soot and grime that Pompey dockyard manages to produce so well, which necessitated a dicky little shakedown cruise for the dual purposes of cleaning up and machinery trials. It also proved very useful to those who had just joined the fraternity in that they were able to find out just what was what in the ship. Our trip took us to the land of the Wild Oggy, and one of



the first to welcome us alongside in Devonport was an old Communicator in the guise of a dockyard matey, C.Y.S. Tozer. Dartmouth was also visited on this voyage, proving to be quite a pleasant spot for a run ashore.

Back at Whale Island, the final preparations for the State Visit to Denmark were made and on May 17th we were underway once again. We all looked forward to the trip, doubtless because of the stories heard about Langelinie Park. From the signals point of view, the visit was rather on the quiet side. With only three escorting ships, traffic was never at a high peak, except in the cypher office where the S.C.O. was knee-deep in tape. Our sparkers are fully convinced that RATT is the answer to their prayers, and are throwing all their morse cards away. To be able to sit back and let the stuff pour in with only the slightest help from the receiving operator seems to appeal to the nature of these boys.

Then came the visit to the Home Fleet—"Steadfast". You will have read the daily papers, seen photographs and generally know all about the whole show, but seen from the bridge of *Britannia*, it was ten times better than any journalist's description. It was good to see flag signalling being used to effect once again, as this is rapidly appearing to have become a dying art.

Very recently, the Royal Yacht Sports Day was held on Whale Island sports ground. Out of the small number of bodies available the Branch did manage to get an entrant in each event. L. Tel. Farley proved to be our best athlete by taking two seconds and a third in the middle distance races. And it was pleasing to see a Leading Sig. winning the slow bicycle race, going just as fast, or slow, as his typing speed some say. To round it all off, the 'Bonny Baby' competition was won by a baby 'bunting', the chief judge being the Comms. D.O.

Our season is now nearing an end. In a few week's time, we will set off for a short visit to the Channel Islands, followed by a week at Cowes for the regatta, and then our work for the year is over.

## HOME FLEET FLAGSHIP

On leaving Portsmouth after the Easter leave period, *Maidstone* sailed for Rosyth to prepare for H.M. the Queen's visit to the Home Fleet.

It is not proposed to dwell on the actual Royal Visit, as this is covered elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the whole communications effort went very smoothly and efficiently, except for a spot of bother on ship-shore RATT which stirred up some comment in the Press.

With "Steadfast" behind us, we spent a few more days in Scottish waters, then sailed for Stockholm to let 'our little ambassadors' show their skill.

As any good guide book will tell you, Stockholm is a very fine city and Sweden a beautiful country.

It appears, however, that to 'sparkers' and 'buntings' the two are synonymous with "Tivoli and Talent". A proposal is being made for a new item of kit for foreign visits—a steel wire lanyard. "Grippe" merchants apply forthwith. Many of the staff have made great strides into the Swedish language, some having even got beyond "Ol" and "Ingang", "Utgang" and "Toalett", NOT forgetting "Skol". The endurance of the staff was remarkable over this period, which just goes to show that watchkeeping and 'the other thing' do mix.

At the moment of writing, we are on passage through the narrows to Norway. Horten being our next port of call, from where we go to Oslo.

Our stay at Horten and Oslo will once again be taken up in preparation, this time for "Fairwind II". Even at this early stage, the number of Operation Orders and 'Annex this' and 'Annex that' are formidable.

To our wandering population, The Home Fleet Pool, we take this opportunity of wishing you all a good leave, good runs ashore and come and see us soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who was the H.I.C. operator at Invergordon during "Steadfast" who in answer to "What was cause of delay in answering," replied "On diving for the microphone, I knocked over a cup of kye." No comments flat top!

## H.M.S. "DIAMOND"

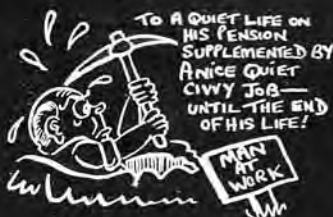


Our visit to Copenhagen can easily be acclaimed as the highlight of the commission. It is indeed a beautiful city and we found the Danes to be a very hospitable and friendly race. The main attraction there was the Tivoli gardens where open air entertainment suited to every taste can be had free of charge. It is reputed that 20,000 people daily are catered for in this place.

Other popular outings were the conducted tours of the Carlsberg and Tuborg breweries. The former, as you may know, is a National concern, the profits being used for the welfare and improvements of the country.

Our Chief Tel. was fortunate in being drawn to attend a Royal Reception given by the Copenhagen

# The life Story of an Average Communicator



municipality in honour of Her Majesty at the Town Hall. A total of four officers and 12 ratings from the three ships attended this function which gave them the unforgettable experience of meeting many Royal Personages including the Danish Royal Family in quite informal circumstances. We ended our Royal Escort duties on meeting the Home Fleet off Cromarty where everyone had the splendid opportunity of seeing H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at close quarters. Whilst at sea en route for Norfolk and the International Fleet Review, we made contact with *Mayflower II* about 200 miles out from the American Coast. On this occasion no difficulty at all was experienced by the Coxswain in clearing lower deck to greet this gallant little vessel from by-gone days so proudly wearing the first Union Flag at the main, the flag of England at the fore and the Red Ensign at the mizzen.

At the International Review itself some 120 ships were on show, 88 of them being American. The remainder represented a total of 17 nations. In spite of the original dollar controversy unlimited dollars (depending on your pay) could be obtained. The high prices of articles ashore however excluded the possibility of very much shopping, a U.S. dollar being estimated as having the spending power of four shillings. Our greatest enemy was the very hot weather which reached a daily temperature of over 90 degrees in the shade. Many free entertainments were to be had including a ladies' wrestling match, a circus and an ice show.

As for our immediate future, we have yet to visit Liverpool to take part in their celebration of the 750th anniversary of the granting of the town charter, the Clyde for propellor trials and finally London on July 22nd where we will be entertaining our wives and families on board during our final passage to Chatham to pay off.

#### Staff on Commissioning

1 C.P.O. Tel.	1 C.Y.S.
1 P.O. Tel.	3 L. Sigs.
3 L. Tels.	6 Sigs.
5 Tels.	
5 Ord. Tels.	

#### Staff on Paying Off

1 C.P.O. Tel.	1 C.Y.S.
2 L. Tels.	1 Yeo.
2 Tels.	4 Sigs.
2 Junior Tels. (straight from T.E.).	

## FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

When the last number went to press we were on our way home from the Mediterranean, enjoying the delights of Genoa, Cannes and Villefranche. Our home ports eventually appeared out of the April fogs of Spithead and the Medway, and so ended the first ten months of our commission.

In the middle of May we joined the Home Fleet and found that H.M.C.O.s really do work here too.

*Corinna* became the glamour boys for a while, being chosen as one of Her Majesty's escorts for the Royal Visit to Copenhagen. When last seen, they were still trying to find their way down to earth again.

United again, for a brief spell, all four ships took part in the Queen's visit to the Home Fleet at Cromarty at the end of May, and *Agincourt* was honoured with a personal visit when Her Majesty inspected Divisions.

At the time of writing we are busy investigating the manners and customs of the Scandinavian countries, with very interesting results. Ports visited include Stockholm, Oslo, Sandefjord, Tonsberg and Hørsens as well as Den Helder in Holland.

Just to make sure that life is not one long 'jolly', some hard work is looming up ahead in the shape of the NATO Exercise "Fairwind II".

After that follow Admiral's and Captain (D)'s inspections before more visits to places around the coast of Britain, and the return to Home Ports for leave.

We have been having our first taste of a RATT broadcast for any length of time, and the convenience of it is much appreciated. However, it is very noticeable how rapidly morse proficiency falls off when reading a RATT broadcast unless M.T.X.'s are stepped up.

Complement reductions have made themselves felt in the last few months, but the formation of the Fleet Pool has been of great assistance. Unfortunately the uncertainty of a man's future while in the Pool is a big factor affecting the popularity of the scheme.

## H.M.S. "GIRDLE NESS"

Now that Britain's most up-to-date ship has been in commission for almost a year it is high time that news of her appeared in THE COMMUNICATOR. Although dramatic pictures of our deeds have appeared in the press and the Royal Tournament was enlivened by a G.I.-propelled model of the ship and missile, there is little that can be said here about the technical side of our task, except that everyone is well pleased with the progress. I am compelled, therefore, to fall back on more conventional topics.

Our life at sea is a lonely one because most ships seem to think it wise to give us a wide berth. We have, however, once been in company and on that occasion our boffins and technicians were much startled by such weird cries as "Close up" and "Execute". Also the fact that speed over the water is of no importance in the future was forcibly brought home when it was decided to transfer a member of a trials party by high line to one of our latest frigates. It was then discovered that the frigate could not go slow enough to keep station on us even when we were going flat out.

We have sometimes ventured away from the delights of Devonport Dockyard and weekends have been spent in such places as Plymouth Sound,

Torquay (popular), Fishguard (once was enough), Guernsey (very popular), Plymouth Sound, Pwllheli (a remote place on the Welsh Coast where the weather was too bad to go ashore), Brest and Plymouth Sound. However, despite the rather limited programme forced on us by our trials, none will disagree that our glimpse into the future is both fascinating and instructive.

### H.M.S. "HOUND"

Our job, as perchance a few readers know, is that of Fishery Protection. Added to those duties we are also fully capable of casting a fiendish dropsea, double "L" or other noxious mine defeating weapon of the deep, not to mention our remarkable A/S capabilities. We have the honour of being second only to Captain, F.M.S.5. Yes, you may ask, but what do you do?

In pride of place comes sea time—we do plenty of it patrolling, in rotation, the fishing grounds off the British Isles, Norway, N. Russia and Iceland. In addition to being a deterrent to would be poachers, we are available for any aid that can be given in the fields of health, fuel, victualling maintenance and not least of all the free gift of last Sunday's "News of the World".

It is our job at all times to be prepared to help any British trawler or fishing boat needing assistance; to see that they get a square deal whilst in foreign waters and also that they abide by the international agreements. Our patrols of late have taken us amongst the French at Brest, the Welsh, the Irish, the Scots and indeed the English; some of whom were glad to see us—others had reason to regret it.

For a short period at Invergordon we exercise the truly naval aspect of our existence by joining the rest of the Squadron for minesweeping; followed by our annual inspection by Captain, F.M.S.5. Our period of patrol ends in late July at Portsmouth. It is discreetly rumoured that this is to enable us to become familiar with what the rest of the Royal Navy looks like during Navy Days.

### OCEAN WAVES

This cruise has been so full of variety that it is difficult to decide on one particular subject to write about. We started with the Queen's visit to the Home Fleet, which singled out *Ocean* for the honour of having Her Majesty to dine onboard. Our shipwrights were fully extended and did a grand job preparing the hangar, which when it was finished, was magnificent; it must have broken their hearts to tear it apart.

After a few days Sherpa-ing at Invergordon, *Ocean* sailed for Reykjavik and the land of the Midnight Sun, and then over the top to gain our Blue Nose certificates on the way to Trondheim where a good time was had by all.

The highlight for most of the ship's company will be our next port of call, Hamburg, that sailor's

paradise; one week there should prepare us for the rigours of "Fairwind II".

This will have been one of the fullest and most varied cruises that we have done as a training ship, and the trainees will no doubt have gained vast experience in all fields.

The recent visit to Rosyth and trouble with auxiliaries has prompted one of our senior staff officers to produce the following mythical extracts from the log (or are they so mythical?) which he entitled "Lucky Alphonse in his customary position" or "Round and round the Mulberry bush".

From F.O. Scotland  
To C. in C.H.F.  
Info. A.S. Rosyth

Lack of catamarans alongside carriers is causing embarrassment to auxiliaries and servicing craft.

From C. in C.H.F.  
To F.O.A.C.

F.O. Scotland reports that lack of catamarans alongside carriers is causing embarrassment to auxiliaries and servicing craft.

From F.O.A.C.  
To F.O.T.S.  
Ark Royal

In order to avoid embarrassment to auxiliaries and servicing craft catamarans should be provided.

From F.O.T.S.  
To Ocean  
Info. F.O.A.C.

Comply with F.O.A.C.'s . . . being passed.

From Ocean  
To F.O. Scotland  
Info. F.O.A.C.  
F.O.T.S.

Request catamarans may be provided to avoid embarrassment.

From F.O. Scotland  
To A.S. Rosyth  
Info. Ocean F.O.A.C. F.O.T.S. C. in C.H.F.

Ocean's . . . being passed. Request catamarans may be provided.

From A.S. Rosyth  
To F.O. Scotland  
Info. F.O.A.C. C. in C.H.F. F.O.T.S. Ocean

Regret lack of catamarans is causing embarrassment therefore have instructed auxiliaries and servicing craft to avoid *Ocean*.

From Ocean  
To A.S. Rosyth  
Info. F.O. Scotland C. in C.H.F. F.O.T.S.  
F.O.A.C.

Lack of servicing craft and auxiliaries is causing embarrassment.

From C. in C.H.F.  
To A.S. Rosyth  
Info. F.O. Scotland F.O.T.S. F.O.A.C. Ocean

To avoid any further increase in embarrassment request *Ocean* may be placed alongside catamarans.





H.M.S. "Duchess" & "Diamond" at Hampton Roads

### H.M.S. "KEPPEL"

The ship is a hard-working member of the Second Training Squadron based at Portland, of the new "Blackwood" class anti-submarine frigates. On July 4th, we celebrate our first birthday, an occasion, particularly in America, for much merrymaking though why they should go to all that trouble for us I just don't know.

We have just completed a very enjoyable visit to Brussels—foreign—in company with *Grafton* a sister ship. What the future holds is at the moment unknown, but one thing is for certain NO RELIEFS WILL BE REQUIRED FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER TWELVE MONTHS.—P.K.J.

### H.M.S. "SALISBURY"

After many trials, tribulations and more trials, the Royal Navy's first aircraft direction frigate *Salisbury* finally commissioned for Home Sea Service and left Plymouth in February, whence we proceeded to Portland for a month's work-up, culminating in Captain-in-Charge's inspection.

To act as a further spur to reach the highest standards possible, the First Sea Lord visited us to look over this 'Ship without a funnel'. He showed keen interest in the Department and was particularly impressed by the efficiency with which we read the newspapers of tomorrow on the teletype—the only use we have yet found for this maintainer's nightmare.

Milford Haven followed Portland and it was rather a shock to find that *Harrier*'s communications depend on four switchboard W.R.N.S. ratings. There were various arguments between them and the P.O. Tel. on procedure but he was observed dancing with one of them at a subsequent social occasion so presumably some messages got through!

\* \* \*

Did you know? The first *Salisbury* was a 48 gun ship in service in 1698. The sixth to bear her name

was a United States First World War flush decker. The latest *Salisbury* was built in Devonport Dockyard and launched in 1953 by Lady Mansergh. The Union Flag worn at the commissioning ceremony last October hangs in Salisbury Cathedral, Rhodesia, and the White Ensign in the Cathedral of Salisbury, Wiltshire. The portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, presented to the ship, is by Frank Salisbury, C.V.O. We claim to be the only ship with a pedigree Siamese cat as a mascot.

### THE NEW "VICTORIOUS"

It is possible that some of you more hoary types may remember *Victorious* of old. Those *Illustrious*, *Formidable*, *Indomitable*, *Indefatigable* and *Implacable* names all now seem to have left the current scheme of things. But stay! From the Royal Naval Yard at Portsmouth, after some six, seven years on-off building there emerges, like a Phoenix, *Victorious*. She is newly built up from the water line, has a fully angled flight deck and is packed with all the very latest in electronic devices. She will carry aircraft you will not even find in a current JAMES. So very early next year, those of you who may be in or around Portsmouth, just keep your eyes open for a large new carrier with R pennant 38 painted on her island. No doubt there will shortly be "keen young men with ability required" notices being sent out by drafting officers for this mighty vessel so if you get one do not get alarmed and shout "C— not another flat topped b——!" You will like *Victorious*.

### THE STARLING AND THE WRENS

Wren classes Sigs. 83 and Tels. 1 were lucky enough to go to sea for a day last term in the frigate *Starling*. When the buzz got through the various channels to the ears of the matelots there were some very derogatory remarks about her. They called her an old bucket and told us that we were bound to be ill as she was such an awful ship, and so on. We heroically pretended not to hear.

We set out from Soberton at a quarter to eight with strict instructions not to forget to take our "pills".

When we arrived in the Dockyard we had a little trouble finding *Starling*. And then, when we did, there arose the problem of saluting the Quarter Deck. We knew we had to, but we had to cross the decks of two other frigates first. We all managed smart *à la Burghfield* ones on boarding the first ship. Then, on the faces of almost the entire party, expressions of doubt, hesitation and wonder appeared—whether to salute again? Some did, to be on the safe side, others sketched rather vague gestures in the air and hurried on, while the rest just walked across the deck and went onboard.

Our first impression was of the cleanliness of the ship. At the end of the day however, various Wrens



"We think there's a snag on the line feed, Sir"

had interesting patches of white, green and yellow paint on their uniforms! We were taken into the navigation room where we left our bags and met the Captain. He explained that *Starling* was used as a navigational training ship and that various Sub-Lieutenants would be taking their turns in navigating the ship and practising dummy anchorages. He also told us that *Starling* had sunk more submarines than any other ship during the war. Lieutenant Reid then took us up on deck and explained to us that we would have to fall in for leaving harbour.

When we finally left the harbour, after much bewilderment and standing at ease and attention and after passing H.M.S. *Protector* we were then divided into two parties and shown over the ship.

Our conducted tour over, we then had a short lecture on deck about visual signalling by the Yeoman of Signals. We then had lunch (piles of our own sandwiches), in a corner of the mess. The cook made us some most welcome tea.

After this we went to watch the ship being anchored and saw the heavy chains being let out and checked and then more let out. It was very interesting but very noisy. We then went up on the bridge where we took photographs of the ship and the ship's company. We also watched the anchor being pulled in by the crew. It took them a long time and it interested us very much to see the routine that was used. When we got under way again we were shown the engine rooms, the W/T office and the main signals office which was so small that not more than three of us could get into it at a time. We were a little disappointed actually because it was so small, I think we had visions of something a little more important looking.

Some of us were then asked if we would like to take the wheel. It was great fun but a little nerve-racking repeating the orders through the voice pipe.

Those of us who did it felt a great sense of achievement and pride in being able to do what we were ordered to with only the minimum of help. Then some of us went to the Navigating Officer's little office on the bridge and were told about the mysteries of navigation. We also saw the Decca being used.

The Officers told us a lot about life at sea which fired our imaginations with pictures of ships being run by Wren crews. When someone mentioned this the idea got a mixed reception.

It was not long after tea before we were saddened to see the M.F.V. that was to collect us approaching in the distance, we went below to have a last look at the wheel house and the other parts of the ship that interested us, collected our things and prepared to take our leave.

As we drew away, and *Starling* faded from sight we felt that we had had an interesting and valuable experience. Thank you *Starling*, and good luck.

## COMNAV NORCENT

Tucked away in the residential district of Cologne, is the office of the Flag Officer, Germany, a small compact hive of activity with a communications staff of one Yeoman, one Leading Signaller, one Signaller, and a Telegraphist, which is kept pretty busy with our R.N. and N.A.T.O. commitments. What we lack in facilities we make up for in opportunities, although our local organised British entertainment is restricted to an R.A.F. cinema and club with sport virtually non-existent. We have excellent opportunities to see some interesting parts of Germany and have easy access to most of the other West European countries. In traditional Navy style, past members of the staff went further afield and got "well in" at the British Embassy in Bonn and now it is rumoured that certain members of the present staff have requested for a transfer to the Foreign Office.

By and large we do quite well and what with work and thinking of the correct words for ordering 'big eats' and a pint in German, the time passes very quickly. To those who seek a draft with a difference — "this is it".

## H.M.S. "ROYAL CHARLOTTE"

Although we have been in commission nearly two years, this is the first time THE COMMUNICATOR, or for that matter, the majority of Communicators in general, have heard of us. This first article is mainly intended to be one describing the location, function and activities of *Royal Charlotte*.

We are one of the three Naval Establishments in Germany, the others being *Royal Prince* in Krefeld and *Royal Albert* in Cuxhaven, and we are an almost purely Communications Ship's Company, the other two having only half-a-dozen Communicators between them.

Basically, *Royal Charlotte* is a W/T Station situated on the Baltic Coast just outside Kiel, within a barracks compound that we share with the British Army and the German Navy. The wardroom and the C.P.O.'s and P.O.'s messes are both run by the Army and although the Navy are the lodgers, the "blues" invariably outnumber the "khaki's". The officers' mess was originally built just before the war as an N.C.O.'s mess for the German Luftwaffe and the present garrison W.O.'s and sergeant's mess was part of it. Apparently, the German Officers didn't have a mess but used to live ashore with their wives and sweethearts. The garrison W.O.'s and sergeants' mess must surely be the most palatial one that C.P.O.s and P.O.s have ever lived in—even our C.P.O.s and P.O.s are the first to admit this.

The junior ratings and Army other ranks accommodation is also well up to modern standards and even the leading coders don't complain very often—at least, not about their standard of accommodation! As opposed to the officers' and sergeants' messes, the junior ratings' and Army O.R.'s mess is run by the Navy. All in all we get along fairly well with the Army.

There are a limited number of excellent, brand new married quarters for the permanent staff within close proximity of the Establishment.

In many ways, *Royal Charlotte* is an unusual Establishment, not the least being that, of a Ship's Company at times up to 100, we have no ratings below leading hand. This does create a problem as readers can appreciate, so that any leading hand drafted here can expect to be detailed to "grab a scrubber" and act as "general humping party" when needs must. However, it also has its compensations, for Kiel is a very pleasant town and we have a number of facilities unheard of in any other Establishment, including a large yacht club where budding "sailors" can take out or crew for anything from dinghies to 100 square metre yachts.

We have recently had a new sports field constructed and already have produced an excellent cricket team. In July we intend to hold what could almost be called an international athletics meeting, having invited the British Army, the R.A.F. the German Navy and the U.S. Army and Navy to take part. We are hoping for some good results as we have amongst us the holder of the Royal Navy 880 yards record, Leading Coder New.

In the recent B.A.O.R. Amateur Dramatic Festival, we entered a team playing the third act of "Billy Budd" and due to an enormous amount of hard work, enthusiasm and excellent acting, we got through to the Northern Area semi-finals.

(It has now been decided that *Royal Albert* is to be closed down.—Ed.)

A pipe by a Leading Coder Q.M. "HANDS TO SUPPER 15 MINUTES AGO".

## SIGNALS

From: Cavendish.  
To: Comet D.T.G. 260935z.  
P.S.B. at 1530 for Shipwright and one suspect non-acute Appendix case.

2. Shipwright estimates two hours work.  
The follow-ups to this signal are perhaps also worth quoting. D.6, noting the possible interpretation of the first signal, followed up with:

From: D.6  
To: Comet D.T.G. 260945z.  
Cavendish's 260935z. What would M.O.6's estimation be of this job.

Comet, not seeing the joke, replied:

From: Comet  
To: D.6 D.T.G. 261025z.

From M.O.6, Your 260945z. Cannot pass opinion until case has been examined.

2. If S.B.P.O. is anxious about him suggest he discuss him with me on C.I.P.

From: D.6  
To: Comet D.T.G. 261053z.

Your 261025z. In that case we had better use the Shipwright as he appears to be quicker.

\* \* \*  
FM HYDRO HONOLULU  
TO ALL CONCERNED HYDROPACS //  
Hydropac Nr. 407/57C. Japan. Bungo Suido.  
Mizunoko Shima (LL Nr 1135 intl F4912).  
Light buoy showing improper characteristics //

\* \* \*  
From: Comet (after a difficult time station keeping)  
To: Contest  
For O.O.W.

Darling, you waggle your hips beautifully.

From: Contest  
To: Comet  
For O.O.W.

That is to encourage you to follow.



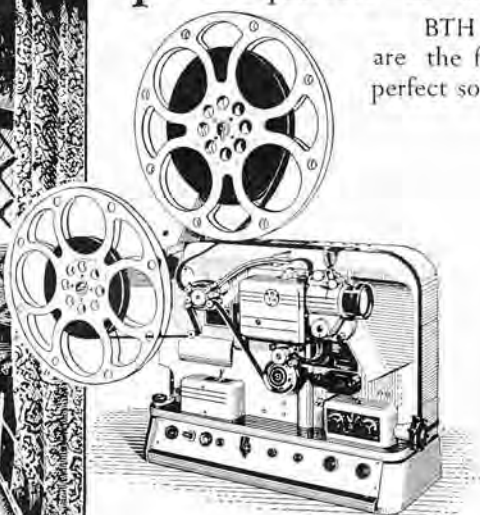


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## NAVAL OBSERVER AND AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

Number 35 Tels. (Air) Course left Culdrose for the A/S Course at Eglinton on 18th May, and No. 36 Course consisting of Ldg. Tel. Farley, Tel. Bosomworth, Underwood and Hetherington, joined that day and are making good progress.

For those who are thinking of becoming Tels. (Air) and those who are Tels. (Air) and wish to remain flying without reverting to General Service A.F.O. 1322/57 will be good news.

The numbers of Tels. (Air) are now sufficient to ensure that those who are due for advancement course can more easily be relieved and the position in this respect can be expected to improve as time goes on.

Our congratulations go this month to Sub.-Lt. J. D. W. Husband (ex. P.O. Tel.) on obtaining his Observer Wings and coming second in his course.



Sub.-Lt. J. D. W. Husband and Tel. (Air) M. S. Hutchins discuss the results of a scouting exercise

## R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

Just before Easter, Culdrose won the Royal Naval Drama Festival with the play "And so to bed", thus retaining the Bambara Trophy for the second year. Communicators were ably represented in the cast by Leading Wren Sig. P. S. Chadwick, (a leading

lady in all respects) as Mistress Pepys, and Wren Sigs. E. Walsgrove (now Mrs. Dawson), J. Eidman and Ldg. Tel. (Air) G. Bland.

An instructional visit to the G.P.O. Coast Wireless Station, Lands End Radio, was made early in May. We were impressed by the efficient organisation and the high quality of the equipment. The layout of the operators' bays was the envy of the C.R.R. Watchkeepers.

A welcome visitor has been the Captain, H.M. Signal School. We were grateful for his information on how much attention is being given to the problems that be-devil the communications branch these days.

"Admiral's Inspection" occupied our attention at the end of May. A good time was had by all. During the period midnight to 0200, electric power failed, telephones were out of action, Royal Marines invaded and Officers were killed. The screws were well and truly turned but Culdrose continued to function—(inspection report not yet received). We had hopes that one buff envelope might contain the statement. "An H-Bomb has exploded", then we would have all retired to bed, dead.

## R.N.A.S. ANTHORN

This article may well be R.N.A.S. Anthorn's last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, as, by the time of issue of the Christmas number H.M.S. *Nuthatch* will have decommissioned, and become a tender to R.N.A.S. Abbotsinch.

H.M.S. *Nuthatch* commissioned in June, 1944, as a Receipt and Despatch Unit of new and reconditioned aircraft. Starting with the production of Barracuda II's and Hellcats I, well over 4,000 aircraft have passed through the workshops of Anthorn.

Though seldom used as a parent station for shore based squadrons, Anthorn airfield has served as a most useful staging airfield between the north and south, particularly when weather was poor.

The scores of Wren Sigs., Wren Tels. and switch-board operators who received their indoctrination in the ways of the Navy via the Fleet Air Arm, who have since gone on to greater things (i.e. Malta, Matrimony, etc.) who remember the P.C.B. on the banks of the Wampool, the F.V.4 in the middle of the bog, the F.V. 10 surrounded by cows, the Nissen huts that froze them in winter, and boiled them in the summer, the flies in the summer, the wind in the winter, may feel some sorrow at Anthorn's closing.

With a complement now too small, to join in 'Airex' and 'Groupex', Anthorn will shortly have to give up even the testing of her transmitters and receivers on these occasions, and eventually when the big switch is finally pulled in December of this year ATE and MHW will exist no more.

**ADVERT.**—Young and healthy Ginger Tom Cat for disposal, Home Loving, no longer ambitious, available December. Future owner to collect.

**APPLY.**—Supervisor Anthorn (no reverse charges accepted).

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Field Gun Battery in H.M.S. "Ganges"—The nearest gun is manned by Junior Tels. Blake, Sanford, Brown and Slatter, of Rodney 362 Class

## H.M.S. "GANGES"

At the end of last Term we said farewell to Lt. Cdr. Fitzherbert who held the reins at the Signal School for the past two years, and welcomed his successor, Lt. Cdr. Keate.

Summer Term is the busiest and always seems the longest of the year. During this Term we have the Queen's Birthday Review Parade, Parents' Day and the Juniors and Ship's Company Sports Day.

The Q.B.R. Parade was held in really warm weather, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Phillip Vian as Reviewing Officer, and once again the spectators were impressed with the smart performance of the Juniors, bearing in mind that some of the Juniors have only been here a few months. One amusing incident to relate—during the firing of the Royal Salute by the field gun battery one of the Juniors on parade collapsed and a very small spectator was heard to remark "Ooh look Mum—they're shooting 'em now".

Parents' Day is being held soon and preparations are being made to welcome all Mums and Dads. The Signal School is always one of the main attractions and there the Parents can see their boys touchtyping to music, reading a Biffer or Flag Hoisting.

During this recent warm weather several Instructors have taken their classes camping for the week-end, either sailing to their destination or using 'shanks pony'. Last week-end an Instructor and his class walked nearly 20 miles to their destination, camped overnight and did the return journey the following day. The Instructor was a C.P.O. Tel. on his fifth five—so there's hope for us young 'uns yet.

## R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

Since the Easter edition, we have been going ahead with our main task of training National Service Communicators.

Scott Division Signalmen are already in the Fleet and the Tels. will be following in a few weeks' time—a 12 month guarantee goes with each trainee. Shackleton Division Signalmen will be available for draft in early July and the remaining Divisions of *Franklin, Cook, Hudson* and *Watkins* will be coming along in due course.

We now have about 150 National Servicemen under training and the school is quite a hive of activity and enthusiasm. From early morning to late evening the Parade Ground (across which, all except Officers, Instructors and Trainees over 65 years of age must 'double'), resounds to such well known phrases as "Pick up the double then!" "You there! Come here!"

Shortly after the Easter number went to press we won the Captain Sells miniature rifle cup with 583 points out of a possible 600. Thirty-two teams competed in the event and the cup was presented by Vice-Admiral W. F. Sells, C.M.G., who donated the cup in 1923.

Although naturally the emphasis has been on instruction, sports have been well patronised and there has been time for the R.N.S.S. to gain the highest number of points in the recent Athletics meeting in the R.N. Barracks, Devonport, and to walk away with two cups and fifteen medals.

When the trainees become mentally saturated under instructions and are temporarily stupified, they are then persuaded to volunteer for "outward bounding" and our Instructor Lt. Cdr. Gilbert leads



## Whatever your sport . . . .

*whether it be—*

athletics,  
swimming,  
association football,  
cricket,  
tennis,  
rugby football,  
hockey,  
boxing



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them off to Dartmoor or some other such place for a weekend next to nature—but it's all good fun.

Communication ratings in the *Drake* pool awaiting draft still visit us daily for Refreshers, Biffers, Camp Working party and to thank Heaven they are not undergoing new entry training. The impact on a 'regular' of seeing and hearing this high speed, mass production training is a terrifying sight—his eyes become glazed, his shoulders hunched and he remembers a dental appointment back in R.N.B. and proceeds to literally vanish before the Regulating Chief's very eyes.

As most of you know we are at present sharing St. Budeaux with the W.R.N.S. and the A.B.C.D. School, but the latter are moving out very soon and the R.N.S.S. will absorb the additional classrooms.

Captain C. B. Brooke paid us a welcome visit in May and told us some interesting facts about appointments and draft chits—all coming true, too.



#### WINNERS OF THE SELLS CUP

Back row: Y.S. Hull, Y.S. Scrimgeour, P.O. Tel. Harwood, Y.S. Wright, Y.S. Dodsworth

Front row: Y.S. Laing, C.P.O. Brown, Lt. Cdr. Hawkins, Sub.-Lt. Daniels, C.Y.S. Palfrey

#### H.M.S. "PRESIDENT"

For two hours after a full day's work bankers and busmen, salesmen and steeplejacks, policemen and postmen, factory workers and fishmongers, gather from far and wide, in the heart of London on its famous river.

As pre-Nationals, post-Nationals and True Volunteers, including a large number of war service ratings, these men give and receive instruction with the aid of the most up-to-date equipment and books.

With advancement as the keynote, courses are conducted for all rates. For the senior rates these reach their climax with qualifying courses at *Mercury*. During the last five years no less than 58 for higher rate and one Commissioned Signal Bosun have qualified.

R.N.V.R. instructors are also found for the Officers' Command Courses and Seaman Rates.

To break the spell of the classroom atmosphere and to put theory through some practical paces a month of "Out of Routine" is organised each summer on a competitive basis. *President*, *Crysanthemum*, *Discovery* and a nearby high building are manned for inter-station traffic as well as conducted communication exercises. This means a considerable amount of additional work for C.Y.S. Watts, C.Y.S. Humphreys, and C.P.O. Tel. Bird, as permanent Staff Instructors, who "pull us through" so admirably.

Two highlights of the annual Social activities are the Communications Divisional Supper (Stag) at which 93 sat last March and the Communications Social, which proved a great success last November.

#### H.M.S. "GRAHAM"

Summer days again, and our three seagoing tenders are in action. H.M.S. *Dubford* has already visited H.M.S. *Vernon* and paid her respects, and our Minesweeper, H.M.S. *Clyde* is newly returned from the Portsmouth area and the Channel Islands.

Training is in full swing, and our Communicators slip off to various ships and establishments to gain further knowledge and we hope higher rating. One has recently returned from the "Medflex Epic" exercise at Gibraltar, and enjoyed the experience immensely, from all accounts.

A.C.R.'s annual scrutiny is over, and he was duly regaled by our newly formed pipe band. No, they did not attempt 'Heart of Oak' on their pipes, but give them time!

We are probably now training the last of our pre-National Service entries, and we shall hope that they will return to the fold afterwards; if not, we must drum up recruits at the double, to make good their loss.

We manned the R.N.V.(W.)R. stand at the recent Scottish Radio show, and apart from the free telegram scheme to relatives serving in H.M. ships afloat, which touched the Scottish heart no end, we had several enquiries from interested enlistees. The removal party on the closing night really did hustle. Anybody want a W/T office dismantled in a hurry?

\* \* \*

A sub-unit of the London Flotilla, R.N.V.S.R., has been formed at Croydon, where monthly lectures are held. Anyone interested should write to Lieutenant J. P. Beynon, V.R.D., R.N.V.R., 12 Crossways, Sutton, Surrey.

\* \* \*

A branch of the Royal Naval Association has been established in Malta. The Hon. Secretary is C.P.O. K. W. Higgs, R.N.A.S., Halfar.



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## ASHORE OR AFLOAT

The phrases, "Roll on my Twelve," "You won't see my posterior for dust," and others of a similar nature are often repeated, usually by bodies who are seeking as great an audience as possible. But because of the parrot-like repetition of such terms, it is wrong to think that the other side of the picture exists only in recruiting pamphlets. Men *do* sign on and men *do* recommission, but they do it quietly, not shout it all over the messdecks.

Then there are the other sort of volunteers... The Reservists. Usually a mixed bag of individuals, coming from all walks of life, with outlooks entirely removed from the usual bubbly, afternoon nap, dhobeying and run ashore cycle into which Service life so easily falls. Consequently they are apt to appear strange to their active service counterparts. Often the term "Useless" would be more fitting at the time. But remember even you might take more than the fortnight the reservist has in which to shake down.

Reservists are asked to vary their training as much as possible, to provide an elastic reserve. They are not encouraged to specialize. The arguments for and against this generalisation are numerous. Possibly if several sea-going authorities gave their views on this point specialization might be the new rule, but I would like to bet that their opinions are so diverse that generalisation remains.

Speaking of reserve training, I am at present doing a spell in the *Ark Royal*. Supernumary may fit my role: yet that is to be expected as no ship can have two Chiefs in control, and I am quite content to keep in the background and glean knowledge from observation.

My observations have covered the working of a carrier with squadrons embarked and flying exercises, long distance RATT and Intership RATT, NATO working, and such activities as flying around the *Mayflower* at sea in a helicopter, touring a newspaper plant and a peanut factory in Virginia, seeing our American cousins at home and sampling a few jars of their brew.

With the use of some maps and a bit of preparation I should be able to pass on to Sea Cadets and R.N.V.(W)R.'s my impressions of a slice of Naval Life.

Who knows, by so doing I may encourage your relief to join.

## THE YOUNG SAILOR'S GUIDE TO U

The researches of Nancy Mitford and Messrs. Ross, Waugh and Co. into linguistic and behavioural class-indicators have been valuable and stimulating; they have not, however, been exhaustive. The young man of sensibility joining the Navy for his National Service has hitherto looked in vain, amongst the perplexing riches of the sailor's vocabulary, for a standard of Naval U-ness. It is not the

object of this contribution to set such a standard (indeed the present writer has not the qualifications for such a task, nor has the Editor the space); it is rather to point a way which qualified researchers might follow.

Again, these remarks apply only to lower deck usage. It is to be hoped that a similar work on Wardroom U will be undertaken on behalf of junior officers.

Some points will be considered here under the following headings:—

- (1) Modes of Address.
- (2) Vocabulary.

### MODES OF ADDRESS

Officers are always called "Sir". Chief Petty Officers are always called "Chief". This presents no problems. Petty Officers of the Communications Branch are always addressed as "Yeo" or "Pots." One only calls them "P.O." if there is a deliberate intention to insult. Leading Hands are normally addressed, by superiors and subordinates alike, as "Hooky", except that officers may use the formal "Leading Signaller/Tel." The same form of address from a subordinate smacks of irony and is non-U. Officers and Senior Rates should never address a leading hand by his surname unadorned (e.g. "Brown") since this is derogatory to his status.

New Entries would do well to ignore this section completely, and in their own best interests, to call everybody "Sir".

### VOCABULARY

**Burberry.** According to Professor Ross this is old-fashioned. In the Navy, however, it is quite correct. It is pronounced as a two syllable word, BUR-BREE (as in the song, "Do me a sub. Lend me a quid. Let's have a rub of your burberry.")



"I understand the Chief Yeoman has Red Indian ancestors"

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**Deck.** A deck is a deck and a floor is a floor. To call a ship's deck a floor is wrong. It is equally non-U to call a floor a deck when in civilian company. This is almost as bad as saying, "When I was in Shanghai (or Punta Arenas) in '45." All forms of ostentation are non-U.

**Dinner/Lunch.** To speak of the mid-day meal as "Lunch" is pardonable only if one is a C.W. Candidate.

**Pudding.** Miss Mitford prefers this to sweet. In the Navy both are non-U. Duff is the word.

**Radio.** Definitely U in the Communications Branch only. "Wireless" is a sign either of ignorance or affectation.

**Wood.** For a certain lord, it is said, this word had no meaning in the English language except in connection with port, bowls and fire. In the Navy it more frequently refers to a certain brand of cigarette.

**Pencils.** It is quite U for Communicators to stir kye with these. Spoons, though not actually non-U, are regarded as slightly ostentatious. A dessertspoon is more U than a teaspoon.

**Soup.** Sailors, like civilians, tilt the plate away from themselves when drinking soup. Here etiquette is reinforced by common-sense. If the ship rolls, one does not want one's soup in one's own lap.

The above examples are but a few selected at random. It is hoped they may arouse the interest of all. While the writer has no wish to pose as an authority on U, any reader in doubt as to whether any specific activities of his (or hers) are U may write to "Uncle Tom, c/o Editor". Such correspondence will naturally be treated as EXCLUSIVE. T.G.

### INITIALLY YOURS

...we know is crypto, secret?—code it mate,  
...is for the ormig, messages to duplicate,  
...will be the M.S.O.—nerve centre, work creating,  
...for Mercury of course, going up for higher rating?  
...is us collectively, with assets and omission,  
...of course the Navy, us all in full commission,  
...can be 'IN' traffic, indicators that won't break,  
...the clot that made them up, when only half awake,  
...the good old Andrew, good old what, I hear Jack natter,  
...will be Telegraphists, but that's a different matter,  
...can be 'OUT' traffic. Close up, comes the query?  
...is RATT—Sparks mechanised, or so they say, in theory,  
...must be a Signalman, he's hoisted Corpen one two three.

...Apologies, he's wrong, we're all at ruddy sea,  
...the O.D.'s lesson, so write it on your heart,  
...to learn aright, or be—LEFT IN THE BLINK-ING CART.

"CODGER"



### THE EFFECTS OF CENTRALISED DRAFTING

*In spite of the cap tallies it's no good looking round "Mercury" for these three delightful wenches. They are the seagoing Wren communicators of H.M.S. "Ceylon" doing 'something for the boys'. Belles who've never been dated, they form part of a successful ship's concert party which has had a very good write-up in the East African press. Note for N.D.A.:—Couldn't you please make their reliefs just a little more feminine?? Left to right: L/Sig. Wells, P.O. Tel. Watkins, L/Tel. Haines.*

### BOOK REVIEWS

**FOUNDATIONS OF WIRELESS.** Sixth Edition by M. G. Scroggie, B.Sc., M.I.E.E., published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd. at 12s. 6d. (postage 1/-).

This book, in the opinion of the reviewer, is the best one for an introduction to the principles of radio reception. It is used for qualifying courses in *Mercury* and also for Leading Tel.Q by correspondence course. The radio theory in a P.O. Tel.Q class is covered except that the subjects of transmitters and aerials are not dealt with fully enough. The new edition is basically the same as its predecessors, and includes a new chapter on semi-conductors (transistors) which is very clearly written. There are also a few other alterations including the addition of a description of a Foster Seeley Discriminator.

**WIRELESS SERVICING MANUAL.** By W. T. Cocking, M.I.E.E. 9th edition. Published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd., at 17s. 6d. (plus postage 1/-).

This book is recommended for a P.O. Telegraphist leaving the R.N. for a job which includes servicing of Radio Receivers. The book has a chapter on VHF frequency modulation, but does not deal with television servicing which is a subject in itself.

### CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Contributions	11th November
Bulk Orders	25th November

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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

## MOUNTBATTEN BLOCK

The Mess and Recreational Block has been officially named Mountbatten Block and the First Sea Lord has stated his wish to open the building when it is completed. Naturally it is difficult to name a day four months ahead with so many sub-contractors involved but everything points to a day in December.

Inside the building work progresses apace and with walls being painted, floors tiled and lights fitted, it is possible to visualise what we have been waiting for to improve life at Leydene.

Most of the rooms are being furnished by naval stores, carpets and curtains included. The galley, almost twice the size of the present one, uses steam and electricity to replace the familiar coal ranges. Central heating is provided by the new oil-fired boiler-house being built alongside the garage courtyard. Cloakrooms and washplaces are provided, and even the rum queue will wait under shelter—a pleasant change from the open ended nissen huts.

In fact there is nothing else to do other than wait patiently until the opening date and you can be sure that no effort is being spared by the appropriate Dockyard departments to make Mountbatten Block suit our needs in every way possible.



## CHIEF'S CHATTER

A great deal of coming and going has left us in a 'dizz'. Amongst those who have left the fold are those two stalwart stanchions, C.P.O. Tel. Williams and C.Y.S. Morgan, so the cry of "Yer Tiz" now seldom resounds through the mess. However, their places have been ably filled by those just back from the 'Great Waters'. We were pleased to receive a fleeting visit from C.P.O. Tel. R. K. Jones of *Duchess* during the Term, and always welcome any ex-members who can find time to come up for a chinwag. As usual we have a C.C.O.'s course running, but now they are known by the glittering title of Sub-Lieutenant (SD) (C) (Q). Amongst them we have two wild colonial boys from Down Under, who often render their shocking outback melodies in the late evening.

W.I. (Q) 20 have their noses to the grindstone and between them and the C.C.O.s the mess tables perform all sorts of complicated manoeuvres, or groan beneath the weight of the '600' series.

A bowler hat apiece has been issued to C.Y.S. Boyd and C.Y.S. Hopewell. Big Bill is selling beer instead of drinking it, and Lofty seems to have disappeared into thin air. N.A.T.O. is here in force and once more the Italian, German and Dutch tongues mingle freely with that of 'ampshire, Jan and Pseudo cockney!

The Easter dance was well attended by some 300 guests, but, as is usual with all successful evenings, it came all too swiftly to its close. We are to be invaded at the end of September by no less than 36 of our R.N.V.R. friends, and running parallel with this visit it is hoped to hold the reunion of past and present C.P.O. communicators on or about 4th October. Further notice of this will be given in the Press and "Pompey" orders.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We thank the following for articles:—

C.P.O. Tel. Cromack, R.N.V.(W)R., page 117.

Lt. Cdr. Hammond, page 88.

Lt. Kimm, page 70.

For photographs:—

Lt. Bright, page 123.

L. Sig. Chambers, page 74.

C.Y.S. Edwards, page 121.

Mr. Fisk, page 113.

Lt. Payne, page 74.

Lt. Cdr. Rusby, page 96.

For cartoons and illustrations:—

L. Sig. Climie, page 94.

Mr. Gerrard, pages 80, 88, 93, 98, 104, 117.

P.O. Tel. Hardy, page 108.

L. Wren Humby, pages 89, 109, 125.

S/Lt. Porter, page 71.

For extracts from "Make a Signal":—

Captain J. E. Broome, R.N. (Retd.).

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As every week you'll read your biffer.

Miss one small word, or coded group,  
And then you're really in the soup,  
The C.C.O., he raves and shouts,  
And calls you names like solid louts.

"What's this my lad?" his voice booms out,  
"I think you're dumb without a doubt,"  
"And no excuse," he then replies,  
"A bunting's blessed with two good eyes."

"The next one in," he says with glee,  
"Will have to answer straight to me,  
"And those who fail to reach the peak,  
"Will read their backwards all next week."

This is then the reason why  
A Bunting's hopeless with one eye,  
For two good eyes, without the bags  
Are 'basic' to read light or flags.

Nelson's blind eye we all know,  
Won a battle long ago.  
But if to-day you'd win promotion,  
Two peepers open is the notion.

## P.O.s' PATTERN

The Term has been a fairly full one for the Mess—full being the operative word (as far as numbers are concerned) for we are now feeling the strain of the Guzz and Chats brigade, who are, of course, very welcome. Numbers have shot up to just over the 130 mark, including our old friend Yeo, Dave of the "I'll never sign on" pool. He did in the end. Even with the combined Depots in, though, life has gone on very peacefully, although there is the odd argument over the strength of scrumpy.

All in the Mess are eagerly awaiting the big "Lift and Shift" into the New Block, and it seems that no cost has been spared to make us comfortable—T.V. Rooms, Guest Rooms, etc., in fact everything but a P.O.'s Private Pencil Sharpening Room. We feel that on "getting our feet in" in the new quarters the atmosphere of the Mess will rise 100 per cent—converted Nissen Huts aren't really in fashion now.

As regards the social side of the Mess, things are looking up. A well attended Mess Social was held shortly after leave, made popular by half price bars and the usual facilities. Shortly after leave also, the Darts and Social Club was formed under the

Chairmanship of P.O. Tel. "Chick" Henderson (Yes, he's STILL here), and we had our first match at home to the "Black Fox", Liphook—this proved a great success, and we won 4-3. It is hoped to challenge a London Inn sometime in the near future—there's no end to the scope of the Club once we've got a few coppers behind us (pennies, that is).

Sports Day was held in glorious weather—the P.O.'s Mess won the best "Armchair Critic" competition. 'Nuff said!

Yeo, Saint is still holding the post of President, assisted by P.O. Tel. Cleal as Vice-President and Yeo, Chetwynd as Secretary, and various committees. We would welcome new members to fill odd positions on the Mess Committee, etc., left vacant by the wrath of Drafty at Haslemere, where he is very ably assisted by Yeo, Dicky Brooks. Dicky USED to be our friend!

So from us reposing here in the Olde Englishe setting of Leydene, we say "Cheerio" to you in the far flung corners of the world. We look forward to having you back—but NOT if any of us here have to relieve you.

Finally, we take off our hats to Yeoman Dainty who was awarded the B.E.M. in recognition of distinguished service in the Near East.

## SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

Congratulations to the Mess "A" soccer team who came out on top of the league with a 0.8 goal average superiority. The "B" team after a very good start, dropped down to fourth place, chiefly because half the team were whisked away to sea.

On Sports Day we didn't shine half so well, lying fourth in the final reckoning. A bit more support from Mess members and we could have done a lot better. "The Grand Sports Day Dance" was very well attended and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We had a Social evening this month, and though it was an enjoyable occasion, it could have been a hundred per cent better if more support had been forthcoming. The "Leydene Layabouts" skiffle

"Meon Maid" leads in the Monarch Bowl



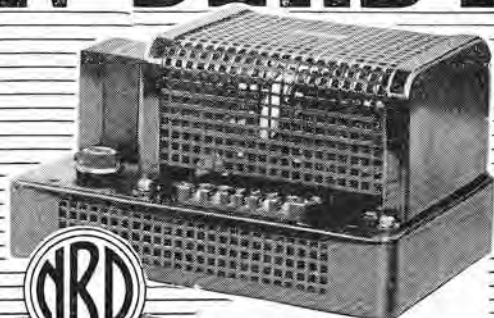
"Meon Maid" — "Marabu" — "See Otter" — "Capella"  
"Sea Soldier" — "Sea Hexe" — "Sea Wraith"

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group gave us some excellent entertainment and L.Tel. "Eddie" Fisher tinkled some excellent ivories. The talent contest was won by Tel. Pritchard.

S. A. Goldie and Cook "Peter" Pugh won the snooker championship and L.Sig. "Spike" Hughes with Sig. "Snake" Middleton just managed to win the darts final.

Fortnightly dances in the cinema have been re-introduced and seem to be more popular than ever before. Once again the "Leydene Layabouts" shine by providing some very good skiffle during the intervals.

When we move into Mountbatten Block we hope to have a much fuller social life than is at present possible. With the palatial lounge we have up there, just about anything can be done.

## NEW ENTRY DIVISION

The number of new entries this Term has remained very high, a peak total of 264 being reached in June which seems likely to be exceeded in July. Slightly more than half are National Servicemen. Accommodation is a tricky problem. However, by careful juggling, no two ratings have yet had to share a bed or sleep on the floor, although it is rumoured that C.P.O. Tel. Knott has been seen with a tape measure on the Broadwalk and heard enquiring about patterns and sizes of canvas.

On Sports Day the National Servicemen pipped the Long Servicemen by a small margin, coming second and third respectively to the Wardroom. Ord. Tel. Monan walked away with three first prizes.

This Term parties of volunteers have been going away in an M.F.V. on weekends to such places as the Isle of Wight, Chichester Harbour and the Hamble River. These trips seem widely appreciated in the Division. The men do their own cooking and generally look after themselves. A type 622 is used to keep S.O.P.s on Portsmouth C.C.N. and an experienced telegraphist usually volunteers to keep an eye on things. One of our weekend sailors returning with a tin of disinfectant from the M.F.V. was asked by N.E.D.O. if it was Jeyes fluid; he replied that he did not know whose it was!

## SOBERTON\*

Readers will be pleased to hear that this splendid Establishment is not scheduled for closure. There are those, however, who, describing the Women's Royal Naval Service as "out of date" and as a "sentimental, senseless appendix to two world wars," wish it to be disbanded altogether. Whether you like it or not the Suffragettes won and the cry "A Woman's place is in the home" does not always hold water. Surely the question is whether we can afford to dispense with these "wandering women" as the Service has been so senselessly described.

In fact training is on the up and up and there are more than four hundred jobs filled by Wrens in the Communication Branch. Nobody can say that they

fulfil no useful purpose. The pity is, perhaps, that only Europe benefits by their presence. It is worth remembering, for example, that line communications can probably be best carried out by Wrens Signal, and that there are few enough Communicators at sea as it is. Besides the United States Navy could not do without its Waves (the dry ones, that is).

*\*(This article might not have appeared but for the vandalism of the \*und\*y G\*a\*hic.—Editor).*

## SPORT

The new Sports Field in Hyden Wood was used for the first time on 26th June when *Mercury Sports Day* was held there. The ground, which has only recently been cleared and turfed, will be a very welcome addition to our sporting facilities. When finally completed it will provide full size rugby and hockey pitches, and a permanent cricket square. Jumping pits, with cinder take-offs, have been laid down and a full size 440 yards track will be available. This should all help to raise the standard of games and sports in the establishment. It is hoped to use White Lodge as a sports pavilion.

The weather was kind to us on Sports Day and a promised thunderstorm did not materialise to mar the afternoon. The Wardroom was successful in their defence of the Challenge Cup, holding off the New Entry Long service team in the last few events. They also retained the Relay Cup in a very good race but had to relinquish the tug of war trophy to the New Entry National Service Team who beat the Chief Petty Officers in the final. The entry for the amusing events was large and a very full afternoon passed swiftly and enjoyably. Mrs. C. B. Brooke kindly presented the prizes at the close of the meeting and the day was rounded off by a successful Sports Day Dance held in the cinema during the evening.



"... Aren't we getting slightly muddled Higgins?"



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## COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

## APPOINTMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Although every endeavour is made to ensure that the information in this section is correct, we ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
H. J. P. ADAMS ... ..	Lt. R.A.N.	Long "C" Course	Solebay
J. F. VAN DEN AREND ... ..	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Staff of F.O.A.C.
R. I. ATKINSON ... ..	Lt.	Armada	Tamar
R. J. ATTRIDGE ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Royal Charlotte	Bermuda
W. J. B. G. AYRES ... ..	Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C)	Mercury	D.S.D.
E. G. BALE ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Phoenicia	SORF Chatham
C. D. BONHAM-CARTER ... ..	Capt.	Glasgow in Command	COS to C-in-C. Med. (Act. R.A.)
G. A. F. BOWER ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	Newcastle (Staff of F.O.2, F.E.S.)
P. J. BROOKS ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Decoy
T. R. BROOKS ... ..	Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C)	Mercury	A.C.R.
W. C. BROWN ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	STC Ricasoli
A. A. BROWNE ... ..	Lt.	Flag Lt. to F.O.2 Med.	Ulster (Staff of SNOW)
J. A. BUCHANAN-WOLLASTON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of F.O.M.A.	Staff of C-in-C., F.E.S.
R. H. E. BYRNE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Loan Service R.A.N.	Staff of FO (Air) Home
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C. ... ..	Cdr.	A.C.R.	D.S.D.
G. B. CLAXTON ... ..	Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C)	Victory (Drafting Office)	Mercury
R. A. COBB ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C-in-C., F.E.S.	Decoy
F. W. COOPER ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Staff of C-in-C., A.F.M.E.D.
C. H. COX ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Kenya	Superb (Staff of F.O.F., H.F.)
W. G. DARTNELL ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Hong Kong Wireless Station	Sheffield
A. H. DICKINS ... ..	Lt.	Tyne	Forth
P. W. DOLPHIN ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of F.O.H.F. Trg. Sqdn.	Staff of F.O.2, Med.
E. T. L. DUNSTERVILLE ... ..	Capt.	President	Gambia in Command
W. FITZHERBERT ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Ganges	Staff of C-in-C. Med. and C-in-C., A.F.M.E.D.
R. D. FRANKLIN ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of S.N.O.P.G.	D.S.D.
J. D. GRESSON ... ..	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	R.N.Z.N. Service	Mercury for exch. service in R.N.
P. A. C. HARLAND ... ..	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Hornet
J. A. C. HENLEY ... ..	Capt.	President	Diamond in Command
E. M. G. HEWITT ... ..	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Woodbridge Haven
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.C. ... ..	Cdr.	President (Cabinet Offices)	Fulmar
M. I. HOSEGOOD ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Flag Lt. to C-in-C. Portsmouth	Sheffield
W. L. IRVING ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Heron	R.A.E. Farnborough
J. M. JESSOP ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of F.O. (Air) Home	Staff of C-in-C., F.E.S.
G. F. N. KNOX ... ..	Lt.	Undine	Capt. (Air) Med.
T. M. LAING ... ..	Lt.	Staff of C-in-C. Med.	Duchess
D. LARKINS ... ..	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Forth	Mercury
J. L. B. LARKINS ... ..	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Undine
P. R. LEES ... ..	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Gambia
G. W. LOWDEN ... ..	Lt.	Meon (A.W.S.)	Staff of F.O.H.F. Trng. Sqdn.
R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.V.O. ... ..	Cdr.	Consort	J.S.S.C.
L. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH ... ..	Lt.	Kenya	H.M.Y. Britannia
J. D. MACPHERSON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.T.
W. MAGORIAN ... ..	Lt. (SD) (C)	Loan Service R.A.N.	Mercury

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
D. T. MILLS	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Royal Charlotte
F. MORRIS, D.S.M.	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C.-in-C., A.F.M.E.D.	Devonport
J. C. NEWING	Lt. Cdr.	Aphrodite	Staff of COMNAV NORTH
D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Mercury
I. H. NICHOLSON	Lt. R.A.N.	Mercury	Reverts to R.A.N.
R. J. P. W. PERRYMAN	Lt.	Long "C" Course	R.N.S.S. Devonport
A. M. RALPH	Lt. Cdr.	Adamant	Staff of C.-in-C. Med. and C.-in-C., A.F.M.E.D.
L. REYNOLDS	Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Devonport	S.O.R.F. Plymouth
W. T. RICH	Lt. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Devonport	In R.A.N. exchange
J. J. RIGGS	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Diana
I. G. ROBERTSON, D.S.O., D.S.C.	Capt.	Capt. (D) 2 T.S.	C.O.S. to C.-in-C., CHAN
J. B. RUMBLE	Lt.	2 S/M Sqdn.	Dartmouth
G. E. SAMPSON	Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	President (Cabinet Offices)
M. SANDS	Lt.	Long "C" Course	2 S/M Sqdn.
J. B. SNOW	Lt. R.A.N.	Long "C" Course	Adamant
P. M. STANFORD	Lt.	J.S.S.C.	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
D. E. SHUTT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.2. Med.	Mercury
L. F. TATE	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Tyne	Forth
F. R. THORPE	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	Newcastle	Mercury
A. F. TILLEY	Lt.	Long "C" Course	Meon (A.W.S.)
B. G. VANN, M.B.E., D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Gannet	Mercury
P. R. WELSH	Cdr.	Blackcap	R.N. Tactical Course
W. B. WILLETT, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of SNONI	R.A.N. Exchange
J. F. WRIGHT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C.-in-C. F.E.S.	R.N.S.S. Devonport

## PROMOTIONS

## To Rear Admiral

C. D. BONHAM-CARTER

## To Commander

A. C. O'RIORDAN, D.S.C.

R. D. MORGAN

## To Lieutenant Commander

J. M. JESSOP

## To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

D. J. DONOVAN

## To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

G. C. WALLIS

E. W. A. COLLINS, R.E.M.

C. G. TONKIN

P. ELLIS, D.S.M.

G. B. GOODWIN

A. E. HOWELL

H. GORMLEY, D.S.M.

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F. A. G. TANT, C/JX 151517

G. A. SIMS, C/JX 245511

J. MASKREY, D/JX 245763

K. REITH, P/JX 371970

## To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

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W. ALLAN, P/JX 150162

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G. R. WHITE, P/JX 162940

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S. JACKSON, D/JX 581895

F. A. MATCHETT, D/JX 292658

P. WAILES, C/JX 646253

W. J. ROOM, P/JX 150608

G. F. H. CRYER, P/JX 156271

J. LEWINGTON, P/JX 581075

N. GUEST, D/JX 246402

## RETIREMENTS

B. T. TURNER	Commander
C. C. ENNEVER, D.S.C.	Lieutenant Commander
J. R. JAMIESON, D.S.C.	Lieutenant Commander
J. C. S. BROWN, D.S.C.	Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)
Mrs. J. E. DAVIES (née MORELAND)	Third Officer W.R.N.S.

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