

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 12
Nº 2

SUMMER
1958

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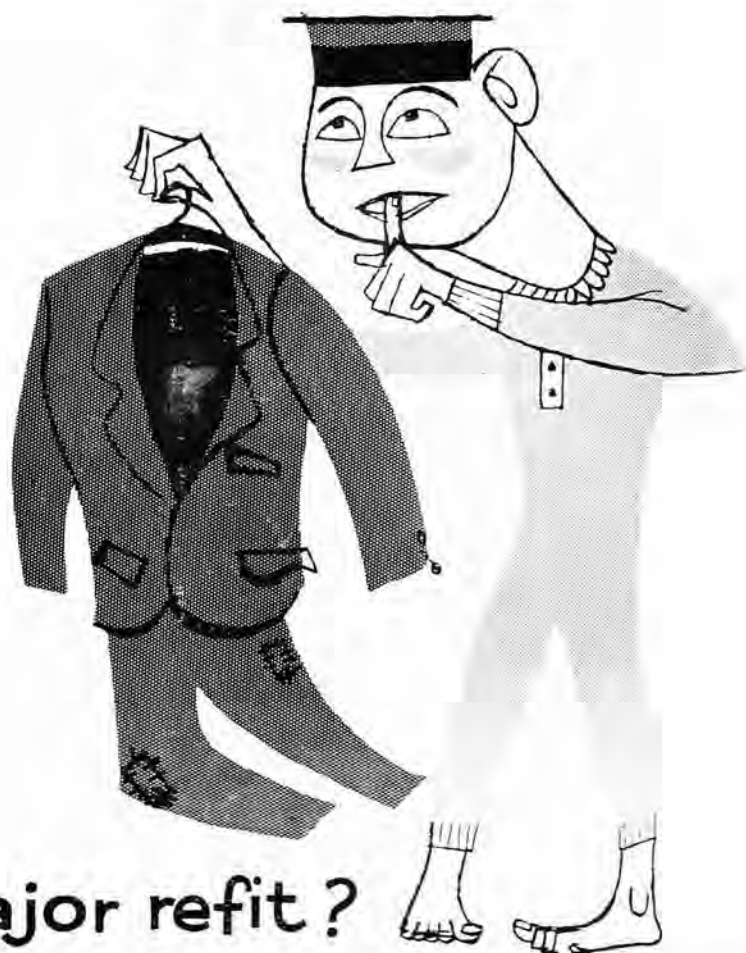
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER 1958

VOL. 12, No. 2

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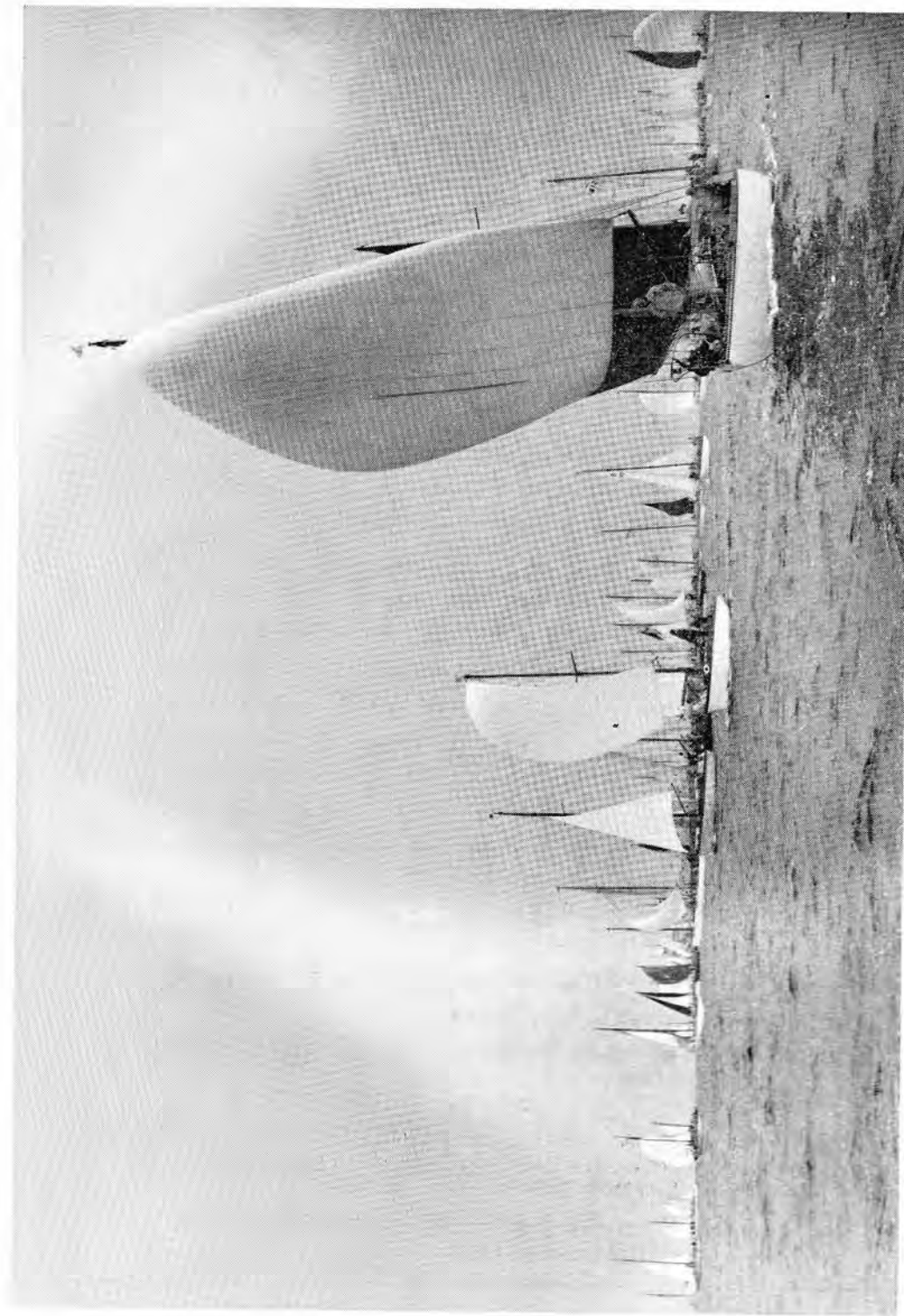


Photo: Becken & Son, Cowes

Round the Island 1958

EDITORIAL

The new titles for signalmen and telegraphists have had their impact on the Branch, since our last issue. As most of the magazine had gone to press before the announcement, the old names are used, with the exception of late contributors where corrections could be made.

The changes were noted in Parliament as can be seen in the following extracts from the official reports on the debates in both Houses. We are grateful for their interest.

HOUSE OF LORDS

Wednesday, 23rd July, 1958

NEW TITLE OF NAVAL
SIGNALMEN

LORD CONESFORD: My Lords, I beg to ask the Question which stands in my name on the Order Paper.

[The Question was as follows:

To ask Her Majesty's Government whether a leading signalman in the Navy is in future to be called a leading tactical communication operator; and, if so, why.]

(Ed. *We still think he will be known as a killick bunting*).

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (THE EARL OF SELKIRK): My Lords, the noble Lord is correct in his assumption. The purpose of the new title is to indicate more precisely the nature of the duties these ratings nowadays carry out. The Branch concerned considers the new names an improvement, and can be compared with the change of the name from stoker to engineering mechanic. It brings them more into line with the terms used in civilian employment. The title of this rating is admittedly rather cumbersome when spoken in full, but it will normally be abbreviated in the letters "L.T.O."

LORD CONESFORD: My Lords, does that mean that in future a naval officer will never make a signal but will operate a tactical communication? Is the First Lord aware that for centuries our sailors have been masters of terse and vigorous English? Will the Admiralty honour this tradition instead of wallowing in gutless verbosity?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: My Lords, I think the noble Lord may rest assured that the Royal Navy will continue to make signals of all characters. I think the noble Lord may also be assured that the Royal Navy will continue to express itself in terse English, whether in terms of endearment or otherwise.

THE EARL OF DUNDEE: My Lords, will an admiral now be called a leading personnel operator?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: I think the noble Earl will prove incorrect.

EARL ATTLEE: Have the sailors expressed themselves in terse English on this change?

THE EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY: My Lords, is not this a case of change for the sake of change—a policy from which, I am told by some of my noble friends, the Navy is suffering lately?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: That is not so. I can give the noble Earl one other reason which I think is important. We have, of course, to consider the

later civilian employment of sailors, and these words do make the position clearer. It is sometimes thought that a signalman is simply somebody who waves flags. The point is, that these words indicate that he is a highly specialised man of a much wider training and specialisation than that. I think that that is a point which must be borne in mind, even though, as I frankly admit, these particular words are indeed cumbersome.

EARL HOWE: My Lords, may I ask the noble Earl whether this definition of a signalman will be circulated to the Labour Exchanges; and, if so, will they understand it?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: The Labour Exchanges will no doubt learn about it. What is important is that when people are being engaged for civil employment there is some idea of the very technical and complicated work which these men have learned during their period in the Service. This title gives a fuller picture than the term formerly used.

LORD CONESFORD: Why on earth should the word "signalman" mean a man who waves flags?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: That I cannot answer but I believe it is generally understood to be the case—certainly it was the original function for which he was employed.

LORD REA: My Lords, when communications are made which are not tactical, who will be employed to make them?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: Those communications which are not tactical will be made by a radio communication operator.

LORD CONESFORD: My Lords, if this change has not yet come into force, will the Admiralty reconsider it in order to meet the wishes of both Houses of Parliament? Finally, is my noble friend aware that this is not only not good English; it is not even tolerable Scots?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: My Lords, I will certainly bear the noble Lord's point in mind, and in future, I will endeavour, in matters of this character, to take advantage of Lord Conesford's special knowledge of English.

LORD BALFOUR OF INCHRYE: My Lords, if the First Lord is going to reconsider the matter, would he give an opportunity for another Question to be put to him before the matter is finally decided?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: It is open to the noble Lord to put to me any question he likes.

LORD BALFOUR OF INCHRYE: Would the First Lord undertake that the decision shall not be reached and then the House told afterwards, but that the House shall have an opportunity of asking if the Minister is ready to come to a decision?

THE EARL OF SELKIRK: My Lords, I am afraid I cannot do that. This decision has been reached and it has in fact been promulgated; that is the reason why the information is published. But I will certainly consider what has been said to-day.

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Wednesday, 16th July, 1958

ORAL ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

ROYAL NAVY

Signalmen (Title)

10. **Mr. Lipton** asked the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty why signalmen in the Royal Navy are now officially described as tactical communication operators.

Mr. R. Allan: The title of signalman no longer adequately describes the present day functions of the rating concerned. The new title reflects his main duties, which are in that field of communications connected with the tactical handling of a fleet. The demand for this change originated amongst the officers and men of the communications branch.

Mr. Lipton: Is this really the time to introduce new-fangled long-winded titles like the one I mention in my Question, plus radio communication operators, chief radio communication supervisors, and so on, which are to be found in the incredible Admiralty Fleet Order 1690 issued on 11th July? Although the hon. Gentleman said that the officers are in favour of it, is he aware that the lower deck has already found a one syllable word to describe this ponderous polysyllabic language? Why not cut out all this nonsense and all the difficulties that will be involved in new documentation, amended publications, and so on?

Mr. Allan: I did say in my Answer that both officers and men in the communications branch

wanted this change. I very much doubt whether the title given by the lower deck is any more original than some of the titles here. But the point simply is that in the communications branch there is a great deal of common training; and nowadays masts are cluttered with aerials, and so on. The old duties of the signalmen, the flag hoists, are not being performed by him, and ships nowadays are stationed further apart so that semaphore is not much used. All this means that signallers today are much more concerned with R.T. than other forms of communication.

Mr. Iremonger: Is my hon. Friend aware that this will appear to many of us as part of a continuing and deep-laid plot to "drearyise" the Royal Navy? Could he possibly explain what, if any, positive advantage will accrue from this new nomenclature?

Mr. Allan: I think that the Navy is as gay as it has ever been, if not more so. However, my hon. Friend probably remembers the title of a petty officer, namely, P.O.O.W., Petty Officer of the Watch, a rather cumbersome title. In civilian communication centres his opposite number is called a supervisor. My hon. Friend will remember that the P.O.O.W. is a supervisor and not an operator, and therefore the new term more accurately describes his function. Also, another point which is particularly stressed by the ratings concerned is that if one applies for a civilian job and gives the new name for his previous occupation his qualifications can be immediately understood.

TRAINING AND
ADVANCEMENT

or

The Importance of Being Earnest

It has become noticeable recently that some candidates for advancement are arriving at the Signal School with little idea of what standards of knowledge they are required to obtain in order to qualify professionally and without any pre-course knowledge of the subject involved.

Whilst appreciating that opportunity does not always exist to enable candidates to study certain aspects of the communication equipments involved, surely common sense on the part of a prospective candidate should prompt him to learn as much as he can of the basic principles by private study *before* the course commences, and to go all out during his course to bring himself up to standard.

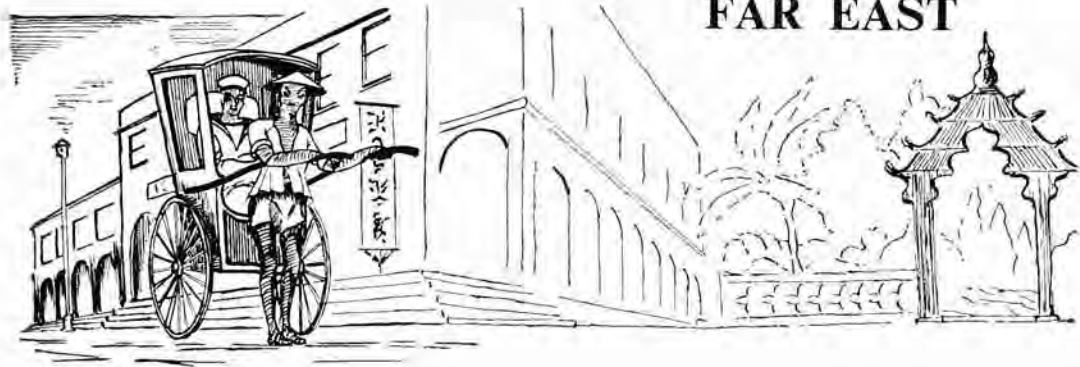
It is evident from past courses that Communicators who had studied prior to the course invariably passed with high marks, whilst others found it hard going even to scrape through.

Remember, a successful candidate is an asset to the Branch as a whole, a credit to himself, and a justification to those who recommend him, whereas a failure is a stumbling block to others who are waiting to improve their status. It is your responsibility to make yourself as efficient as you are able.



... "Before pressing the trigger the head of the firer should be held down and turned away" ...

S.B. (1971) art. 507 (iv)



FAR EAST

HONG KONG

In this "Colonial outpost" the run down of personnel seems as usual to be keeping just ahead of the run down of services and the current diplomatic persuasion to reduce traffic or write a letter has not yet found many friendly ears. The reductions will finally leave us with about 30 of a former complement of 60. Somewhat smaller reductions will be applied to the local Flotilla. We are led to believe that the reduced status of Hong Kong will lead to no large diminution of the number of ships which will visit Hong Kong from time to time.

We shall close the H.Q.B.F. Signal station on the first of July and the shedding of the 8 m.c.s component of ship/shore is mooted for the beginning of the New Year.

In spite of the number of "without relief" draft chits which come in a steady stream, our Communication Welfare Organisation has gained stature and we have arranged a variety of functions which seem to be enjoyed by all. The Dance/Socials went well until the weather made indoor sports of this nature a "sticky" affair. Banyans, when M.F.V.s are available, are popular and the volume of "liquid refreshment" embarked for the last venture would have sustained half a Commando Brigade for the same period.

To give the lie to the rumour regarding the inadequacy of allowances we note the appearance of a number of new, second and ninth and tenth-hand cars in the communication division. One member of the radio department has acquired a vehicle which, from its proportions and the addition of a radiator mascot of a sailor making semaphore, might well be mistaken for another eminent Communicator's conveyance. Local sports now include saluting the Chief Justice's car whether he is in it or not since the frequency of invitations to appear at Court for some traffic offence or the other seem to be on the increase.

C.Y.S. Trotter departed since the last issue and C.P.O. Tel. Wells will doubtless be recounting his

experiences to those not so familiar with the mysteries of the East.

This month's howler arrived only this morning when a signal drafting a number of ratings for a shallow water diver's course requested the ratings to bring a certificate of "fitness to die".

Finally with our good wishes to all Communicators everywhere we offer this addition to the list of collective terms to be inserted under a "Chattering of Starlings" . . .

Signal Officers "A Corrupt Group".

H.M.S. MOUNTS BAY

We should really include H.M.S. *Opossum*, for it was on the latter ship our commission began. A quick work-up was followed by pre-J.E.T. exercises at Trincomalee. Four weeks of J.E.T. and we were visiting Visakhapatnam (known before 1947 as Vizagapatam) which is the Indian Navy Boys' Training Establishment.

From Singapore to Hong Kong, expecting to be back in Singapore for Christmas, but, to our surprise, were sent to Simonstown to turn over to *Mounts Bay*. We called at Mauritius both on the way there and back—just for the day. We spent Christmas in Simonstown and after ten days we were able to bid farewell to *Opossum* as she sailed out of False Bay and turned right for U.K. while we turned left for Durban. We saw the New Year in, then off to Mauritius, carrying out a RATT test for Singapore Wireless station all the way across the Indian Ocean. Between Durban and Mauritius we received, 95% perfect, the weather report for the area within 20 miles of Valetta, Malta. We think they shouldn't shout so loud in Malta.

Going back was less hilarious than coming, since this time we were settling into a new ship, and we had already crossed the line. This had been well and truly done with the usual ceremonies. The Captain had already crossed the line in an aircraft, so obviously this was an insult to Neptune and he must cross in the proper way. Putting it mildly he did.

Once back in Singapore we joined the rest of the ships and proceeded to the dreamy, tropical, shark infested, mosquito ridden, island of Tioman where F.O.2 held Fleet exercises, or as someone put it, sub-calibre J.E.T.

This done we went in for a twelve week refit, and not a moment too soon. We are now recovering and getting ready for a cruise to Japan and Korea: then a month at Hong Kong.

H.M.S. NARVIK

We left U.K. on January 27th., on a cold, blustery, typically English day, arriving to sunshine and "tossed spud" reception from H.M.S. *Messina*.

Christmas Island is a gem with an ever changing back-ground of different hues of green and blue, white coral sand beaches, swaying palms, and all else that goes to make up a tropical paradise. Unfortunately, after about two weeks, the island loses its beauty and becomes a "God-forsaken dump".

We have our fleet canteen, a recent innovation, appropriately named "The Verge Inn", because it's so close to the beach. One has the wide choice of canned Amstel, Pegasus, Tennents and Allsop's.

Swimming facilities are very few and far between, due to the presence of sharks, barracudas and other obnoxious creatures. We have, however, a dredged pool very close to the L.C.M. berth. An occasional trip to Cook Island, a bird sanctuary in the Harbour

itself, also provides a swimming area, only one has to be sure that one doesn't go too deep, or one comes face to face with the afore-mentioned denizens.

There is a combined soccer and hockey pitch at Port London, at our end and a hockey pitch at main camp, at the other end of the island—invariably water-logged. The ship has not shone in any of the sports, but it is an education to see the ship's team get trounced by the Gilbertese villagers, who play in bare feet.

Anyone wishing to reform the "Tarara Club" at *Mercury* is requested to contact Signalman Harris of "Z" Mess.

H.M.S. NEWCASTLE

Since our last report we have taken part in "Fotex", which was the Far East Fleet's concentration period for exercises and weapon training, based on that delightful 'island in the sun'—Pulau Tioman. This week of exercises in late February provided all Communicators with plenty of work; but many valuable lessons were relearned, as this was almost the first time in the commission that we had worked together as a Fleet.

Traffic handling was greatly facilitated by running a RATT fixed service from the flagship to Kranji, though we did have a minor contretemps with our shore based friends over a couple of tones. Could it be that they hadn't read A.F.O. S103/57?

After the concentration period the frantic preparations for Admiral's inspection started and all hands seized paint brushes and set to work with the usual results of a mixture of superlative "tiddliness" and surrealist art that characterise Communicators' painting.

Half-way through the preparations the ship had a welcome break from Singapore with a cruise up the west coast of Malaya to Port Swettenham and Port Dickson. The stay at Port Swettenham was made the occasion of the official visit of F.O.2. F.E.S. to Malaya and consequently we had the honour to fly the Royal Standard of His Majesty The Yang Di Pertuan Agong when he visited H.M.S. *Newcastle*



Which N.A.T.O. Capital is this?
(see page 119)



F.O.2 F.E.S. inspects "Newcastle's" shore wireless station.

There had been many anxious moments amongst the great wealth of communication talent on board prior to our arrival as no Royal Standard was available in Singapore. An eager yeoman sat poised at the sewing machine with yards of yellow bunting but was unable to progress as the exact details of the standard were not known—no amendment to "Flags of All Nations" since Merdeka! Luckily the Flag Lieutenant saved the situation and produced the Royal Standard from Kuala Lumpur two hours before His Majesty arrived on board.

Socially the Communicators had a most enjoyable visit renewing acquaintanceships with the many friends at Kuala Lumpur we had made when staying with the Signals Squadron at H.Q. Overseas Commonwealth Land Forces in October.

"Admiral's" passed off successfully and we transferred the "Flag" to *Newfoundland* and found our way once more to Hong Kong to stock up with "rabbits" for the trip home.

At the time of writing we have bid a true sailor's farewell to Hong Kong and have given our paying off pendant its first airing. At this stage we would like to thank our friends in Hong Kong M.S.O. for taking our photograph as we sailed for home.

Our trip home is tremendous and just what we had always read about in those recruiting posters.

Our first port of call was Sasebo; well-known to many Communicators; however, we only stopped three days and are now bound via the Inland Sea to Kobe and Yokahama. These two ports should provide all the pleasures for which the "land of the cherry blossom" is famous. It has taken us thirteen months to get off the Singapore—Honkers groove so it should be a memorable visit.

From the 'land of the kimono' to the 'land of the grass skirt' for a brief stop at Honolulu before pressing on to Canada.

Our visits to Victoria and Vancouver coincide with the British Columbia Centenary celebrations,

which are being graced by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret.

A fair amount of ceremonial is in the offing and our versatile Communicators are busy showing the Chief G.I. that we too are 'hot stuff' on the parade ground, for one P.O. Tel. and thirteen others form part of the *Newcastle* contingent for the Naval Parade. A Fleet Review is also included in the events at Victoria before we move up to Vancouver.

After ten days of Canadian hospitality we move down the coast and

under the Golden Gate Bridge to San Francisco. Regrettably dollars look like being in short supply by this time; but who knows a baron or two might come our way.

After we leave "Top of the Mart", the "Oyster Stalls" and "Chinatown", the ship heads south for Colon and the Panama Canal. After the transit of the canal we continue straight through till we hear the steel drum bands and calypsos welcoming us to Jamaica. Only a brief stay here before the last lap to Pompey and leave.

In closing we bid "Sayonara" to the Far East Fleet and with "Newfie" and our friends on the staff of F.O.2 F.E.S. a pleasant commission. To those in *Mercury* we say "One or two stanchions are looking a bit shaky".

H.M.S. NEWFOUNDLAND

After completing our work-up we took part in 'Fotex' organised by F.O.2 F.E.S. off Singapore with *Newcastle*, *Voyager*, *Warramunga* and destroyers of the Eighth D.S., and on completion we took a rest at Kranji (by kind permission of the Officer-in-Charge) while the ship had a six week self maintenance period. Whilst up at Kranji the Chiefs and P.O.s plus some of the stalwarts up there played the junior ratings of the staff at cricket and came out winners of the two games played. The Chief Tel. excelled with scores of 57 not out and 24, the highest in both matches.

After this period, we took the flag of F.O.2, Rear Admiral L. G. Durlacher, from the *Newcastle*, who was then just starting her trip home. We were soon off again, this time to meet the carrier *Bulwark* and carry out exercise 'Bullfight', a prelude to the forthcoming S.E.A.T.O. exercise 'Oceanlink'. From this exercise we learned many things about working with the Fleet Air Arm, Helicopter Primary being in constant use.

On arrival at Singapore we had a short period in harbour before the arrival of the ships of the Seventh Fleet for exercise 'Oceanlink'. The first phase was taken up with exercises in small groups in preparation for the second and bigger phase of the exercise, passage of Task Force from Singapore to Manila. The ten days on passage were taken up with anti-submarine operations, replenishments and air strikes. We spent a quiet three days in Manila before sailing for Hong Kong, arriving on 16th May. Here we stayed for a very enjoyable fortnight sampling the joys and delights of the Mystic East.

A bombardment exercise followed the stay and exercise 'Juno' took place on passage to Singapore with *Bulwark*, *Royalist* (soon to go home to New Zealand), *Voyager*, *Cheviot* (D.8), *Cavalier* and H.M.N.S. *Groningen*. On 14th June we sailed once again in company with *Bulwark*, *Ulysses* and *Cheviot* for the second part of 'Jet 58' which was taking place in the Indian Ocean. We joined up with the Indians and Pakistanis after carrying out a night encounter on 18th June.

During this exercise it was good to see four cruisers, *Mysore* and *Delhi*, the Indian cruisers, the East Indies flagship *Gambia*, and ourselves in line abreast. With *Bulwark* and the destroyers on the screen we made quite a formidable array of warships. We spent a few days in Trincomalee but owing to the present unrest leave was restricted to the dockyard area only.

By the time this article goes to press, we shall be on our Australian/New Zealand cruise. We think our A/S.C.O. New Zealand Navy must have something to hide as he is growing a set. For the newcomers, the added attraction of King Neptune's court took place on 3rd July.

Masterpieces

O.Sig. to O.O.W. (asking for the boards): The P.O. Tel. says you can't have the boards as he's transmitting on the receivers.

SINGAPORE M.S.C.

With the lapse of the appointment of F.O.M.A., the Commander in Chief F.E.S. hauled down his flag at Phoenix Park and took over the Administrative Block in the Naval Base as his headquarters. Any Communicator who has been dragged from his hammock to go and collect a classified 'OP' by hand from Phoenix Park will appreciate the distance over which the office equipment, furniture and files had to be shifted; others can contact L/Sig. Connor who will give a graphic description of every yard of the eighteen miles involved. The transition was organised by Lt.-Cmdr. Jessop (F.C.A.) who saw to it that not only did we stay in business the whole time, but that our standard of service never faltered. True, "Minimise F.E.S." was ordered (a doubtful asset as the volume of deferred traffic seemed to increase automatically) but even though the last day's traffic in Phoenix Park was handled by the watch squatting around like coolies at a bus stop, not as much as a

weather report went astray. The forenoon watch on the 13th March swung smoothly into operation from the Naval Base.

After three months, however, the settling-in process is still going on. The F.C.O., Cmdr. E. C. Thorne, R.N.Z.N., is still engaged in a staff battle to get a streamlined distribution system working, and S/Lt. Stanley is busy on a time and motion study in the M.S.O. The crypto staff, their office acoustically panelled and air-conditioned before our arrival, have nothing much to worry about except the imminent departure of Miss Cheshire, which is causing gloom and despondency. During her time with us, she has learned a considerable amount about customs in the Senior Service, and acquired a glossary of naval terminology without losing any of her ultra-femininity.

In the social sphere, we have recently had a Communications Dance in the Kranji Club. A lot of hard work was put in by Tel. Parsons and his helpers and the Royal Marine band performed splendidly and everybody enjoyed a fine evening. Our sporting achievements are few and far between. There are stalwart Communicators who turn out for soccer and hockey (in teams composed mainly of Writers and Seamen messengers), but as most of us are continuously watch-keeping, organised sport has proved too difficult for anyone to get enthusiastic about. We do have devotees of other sporting activities, the indoor variety being as popular in Singapore as anywhere else. Yeoman Bayfield (partnered by 'Ops') for instance, reckons to win a canteen of cutlery at any whist drive. On the pampas, roping instruction is given by L. Sig. Hilland, our talented star with a lasso. Among the motoring fraternity, Yeo. Crouch hopes to get into the Stirling Moss class after enough practice up the Yio Chua Kan and Thompson Roads, whilst Yeo. Edwards, whom he relieves, hopes it won't be too long before he achieves it.

S.T.C. KRANJI

From this seat of learning in a far flung outpost of the British Empire (is the last still an obscene word?) we salute our Alma Mater, and offer the following, in the hope that it may be of interest, even to those who (perish the thought) go down to the sea in ships.

Those of you who remember the S.T.C. with affection or tolerance, depending on whether one was R.A. or Victualled, will be interested to know that improvements, long mooted, have at last been carried out, and the grim-looking, dilapidated one-storied building, has been made to look even more grim and dilapidated, by the addition of a new second storey.

In this storey, there are now five airy and bright classrooms, plus the Training and Regulating Office. The old Voice Room has been converted into a W/T P.P./Instructional Cinema Voice Room. The 'Fingals Cave' at the back of the old building

has been converted into a Technical Transmitter Classroom, linked by a KHF with a 'mock-up' of a Frigate's B.W.O., complete with RATT, on the upper storey. Of the remaining four classrooms up top, one is a V/S model room, one a Teleprinter/Typewriting classroom, and the remaining two, lecture rooms. The old Number One classroom, is lost to us, and has been commandeered by a detachment of the cloak and dagger brigade (complete with Sandeman hats and cloaks).

Apart from the actual erection of the classrooms, most of the internal work has been carried out by the S.T.C. staff themselves, plus that Welsh Wizard of Electronics (well known to ex Kranji-ites), 'Taff' Owens of S.E.E. Dept., without whose wholehearted co-operation and advice, the S.T.C. would not, even now, be functioning.

All the six instructors here, are participants in the 'native stakes' run each day at the appointed hour, the only handicapper being the opening hours of the bar, and while waiting for starters orders, each of us tries desperately hard to ignore the huge whacks of L.O.A. and R.A. bestowed upon us by a benevolent government.

Life here is good, but we still manage to get through a fair proportion of prospective candidates.

We have had Communicators from practically all the ships in the Far East, for 'Q' courses, Refresher Courses and Examinations, including a representation from R.M.N. and R.M.N.V.R. We've had Australians, New Zealanders and (even *Mercury* can't match this) Communicators from the Fijian Volunteer Reserve. In fact, every year something like 200 have passed through our hands.

Being martyrs to duty, we don't really want early reliefs, so cure your impetuous desire to volunteer to relieve us of our arduous duties. In spite of snakes, the heat, dampness and strikes, we still feel we can best serve our Queen and Country, by struggling on, thus releasing the cream of the branch (you, dear reader) for Her Majesty's Ships.

CHRISTMAS 1958 ISSUE

Contributions by 20th November

Bulk Orders by 16th December

PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



Near Fawley, Southampton Water

We take off our hats to...



L.R.O. (Air) Peet receiving C-in-C. Med's Commendation for action which saved a Gannet and possibly the lives of the crew.



R.S. Reuben Rogers, C.C.Y. Derrick Spindler and C.R.S. Walter Taylor on being awarded the B.E.M.



"Mercury's" successful shooting team



EX-COMMUNICATOR IN HONOURS LIST

After 50 years unbroken Government Service, an ex-Communicator and a member of the Admiralty Civil Staff has been honoured by Her Majesty the Queen in the Birthday Honours List.

He is Mr. George E. Lund, Clerical Officer, of the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, who has been awarded the M.B.E. (Civil Division).

Mr. Lund, now employed as the Supervisor of the Main Signal Office in the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham, joined the Royal Navy in 1909 and has been associated with communications most of his working life, and, coming up for 65 next birthday still knows all the answers.

An ex-Chief Yeoman of Signals, he remembers the so called "Good old days" when at the Semaphore Tower, in Portsmouth, the letter "S" shown on the Masthead Semaphore denoted the approach of SUNSET. He left there two weeks before its destruction by fire.

On the outbreak of the 1914 war, Mr. Lund was serving on a THREE year commission on the China Station, where pigtailed were then the prevailing fashion.

From the China Station, where he took part in the search for the famous German Raider *Emden*, he went to the Dardanelles serving there throughout that campaign, subsequently to the Grand Fleet where he served until the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet.

In an instructional capacity he served at *Ganges* in 1928 and at least two of his old "boys" are still serving, one now a Lieutenant Commander, the other a Chief Yeoman of Signals on his "Sixth Five" engagement.

Mr. Lund who now lives at 35, Tudor Grove, Rainham, Kent, went to pension in 1935 and, after a brief spell in the Dover Post Office Telephone Exchange was selected in 1936 for service in the Signal Distributing Office. He has served in the Main Signal Office in a supervisory capacity since 1947.

J.A.S.S. TIE

The Joint Anti-Submarine School, Londonderry, which in one form or another has been in existence since 1943, has recently designed an official tie. This tie is available to all officers who have served or are serving on the Staff of the School. With the accent in the press on Anti-Submarine forces perhaps this is an appropriate time to make the announcement.

The design of the tie incorporates the albatross of the Royal Air Force superimposed upon the anchor of the Royal Navy in silver set diagonally upon a dark blue background. The lines of the joint crests are separated by a light blue diagonal stripe.

The ties are available through any branch of Messrs. Greaves.

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSMISSION OF TWO TONE RATT

It is often desirable to be able to transmit on UHF and HF RATT simultaneously, employing two tone modulation. As it is impossible for the Terminal Set to modulate two transmitters, another source of modulation for the HF transmitter is required.

An excellent source of such modulation, carrying the identical intelligence as the Terminal Set, exists at the output terminals of the UHF receiver associated with the UHF transmitter. All that is necessary is for the output of this receiver to be fed on to the microphone lines of the HF transmitter.

To achieve this a special lead is required made up from one A.P.6090 seven pin plug and one A.P.7150 Lead with Plug. Connect the ends of the 7150 lead to pins 2 and 3 (Mic. lines) of the 6890 plug. Into this lead insert a double pole switch, so that both cores may be broken.

The method of using this lead is as follows:—

Connect the RATT bay to the 691/CUH in the normal manner.

Connect the selected HF transmitter to a Design 5 control Unit adjacent to the RATT bay design 5.

After ensuring that the switch in the special lead is broken, insert the 3 pin plug of the lead into the Ratt bay phone jack, and the 7 pin plug into the HF transmitter's Design 5 headset socket. It is essential that the switch be broken before connecting this lead, otherwise, should the HF transmitter be switched on, a full earth may be put on its microphone polarising voltage.

To use the circuit, switch on the UHF transmitter at the RATT bay Design 5. The carrier on UHF will be controlled by the normal operation of the TTY keyboard. Switch on the HF transmitter at its Design 5, and control the carrier by means of the switch fitted in the special lead. Care should be taken that the HF transmitter is switched on before the double pole switch is made, otherwise it is equivalent to switching on a transmitter with the key pressed.

Depth of modulation on HF will depend on the position of both the gain control on CUH and that on the Design 5. Experiment in *Mercury* indicates that three quarters clockwise for both gave satisfactory modulation, but that may not hold good under all conditions. In addition, when using 601/2, it was found necessary to increase the Sensitivity Switch on the 50 Watt Mod. to High. It is considered, though, that these adjustments must remain the subject of experiment in ships. The waveform on HF is rather distorted but filters in the receiving terminal set cope with this.

We are indebted to H.M.S. *Kenya* for the original idea used in this arrangement.



EAST INDIES

CEYLON WEST RECEIVING STATION

Once again the notice is on the board, "Contributions for the Communicator" to be in the office . . . , once again no contributions in the office at all, and so once again here I am trying to think just how to start this off.

Perhaps it would be a good thing to let people know just where we are. It really is surprising the number of ratings who, when they do eventually make their way out here, express surprise and say "Didn't even know there was a naval station in these parts. Why didn't somebody tell us?"

We are situated just eight miles from Colombo. Colombo, as is probably well-known to you all, is the capital of Ceylon.

Ships from the seven seas call at Colombo. Her harbour is one of the finest in the world, and her town is the garden city of Ceylon. Wide, clean, sun-dappled roads, bordered by evergreen shade trees, attractive shops, luxurious hotels and picturesque crowds contribute to the charm of colourful Colombo. In the crowded bazaar area of the Pettah, people of all nationalities loiter, buy and bargain. Graceful oriental women flash by, like pictures out of a story book. Hawkers attired in bright sarongs, crave for custom with tinkling glass bangles and garish gew-gaws. In the Pettah you may catch a glimpse, and inhale the aroma of the spices and Eastern delicacies which were transported to King Solomon by the navy of Tarshish. In a hundred stalls, all the commodities of the island are attractively displayed for sale. You may stroll along the Galle Face Promenade by the sea, where breakers caress the shore with rhythmic regularity. At eventide, watch the sun set into the horizon in a riot of colour.

For those of you who have been here and say "Never saw it like that myself" or for those of you who have still to come and may by that description think "That's the place for me" let me hasten to

add that this colourful description is not the work of yours truly, but that I copied it almost verbatim from the Ceylon Government Tourist Guide. I've never seen it quite like that myself in all the time I've been here.

A line from our last contribution read "Disaster overtook Ceylon in the form of floods". For floods, read "Riots, Arson and Looting" and you have the situation as it stands right now. Once again disaster has overtaken Ceylon. A state of emergency exists and armed soldiers, sailors and airmen of the Ceylon forces, not to mention the civilian police force are out patrolling the streets of Colombo to prevent any further disturbances. A curfew from 7 p.m. until 6 a.m. is in force and only very limited leave is possible. Press censorship has been imposed and the government has issued all sorts of emergency laws.

As I thump this out on the old machine, we are wondering what will happen if the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs enforces a law, issued a few days ago, to the effect that all transmitting sets are to be taken over by the government. The majority of news about what is happening down the road, is obtained from the B.B.C. on the overseas service. The newspapers do give snippets of news though, and we gather that life is not very pleasant in the UVA Province (You chaps who have spent leave in Diyatalawa will know where that is) and, in the Northern Province, the Jaffna area which is predominately populated by Tamils.

It is difficult to know from here just what is going on, and, naturally, buzzes are rife. We haven't been affected except that barbed wire barricades now guard the entrances, patrols are armed and vegetables are scarce. (Chief tells me that the N.A.A.F.I. is running out of Carlsberg and that is the biggest disaster of the lot.)

Many thanks to N.D.A. for listening to our plea regarding sportsmen as well as sparkers which appeared in last Summer's issue of THE COMMUNICATOR. The last draft brought with it a number of

soccer players who have infused new life into the station football team, and a short while ago, in the R.A.F. Tournament, contrary to all expectations, C.W.W.S. walked off with the championship, playing R.A.F. Gen., R.A.F. Katunayake "A" and R.A.F. Katunayake "B" all in one day and beating them all. As we go to print the weather and the riots are holding up the playing of the Wattala knock-out competition cup final in which we are playing St. Anthony's College.

If N.D.A. would be so kind as to send a few hockey players we would be very much obliged. The hockey team tries hard, but it is not really strong enough at the moment to take on any of the other Service teams around here, so hockey is confined, in the main, to inter-watch games.

The naval base at Trincomalee is still with us, but only just. In a few months time Ceylon West Wireless Stations will become H.M.S. *Highflyer*, and Trinco, from our point of view, will be no more. Already we have our own slop room and can now go and get what we want instead of sending some hundred odd miles for it and then getting the wrong size. We have a "Paymaster" with us also: Lieutenant (S) Langton. Communicators will perhaps remember him firmly planted at *Mercury* some time ago, it should not seem unduly strange therefore to him, living amongst Communicators.

D.S.D. designate visited us a few weeks ago and had a look around the station.

In a few weeks time we are expecting a visit from Captain G. Evans, R.N., S.B.N.O., Ceylon, who will be carrying out S.B.N.O.'s inspection. This will be the final inspection, as, very shortly now, the title of S.B.N.O. Ceylon will lapse and the title of Naval Adviser to The United Kingdom High Commissioner, Ceylon, will take its place.

Loch Fyne docked in Colombo a few weeks back and we were all very pleased to see members of the communication staff out here. A few hilarious evenings were spent in both the Chief Petty Officers' Mess and in the canteen.

Shortly after this issue is published the Chief, Charles Hamblin will be relieved by C.P.O. Tel. Seaton. We wish Charles all the very best when he returns to U.K. and take this opportunity of thanking him for helping us all in so many ways.

We extend a hearty welcome to his successor.

Before this issue is published our Officer in Charge, Lieutenant Commander R. A. H. Panter, R.N., will have been relieved by Lieutenant Commander P. Troubridge, R.N., after having had the weight here for about two years. We take this opportunity of extending a very warm welcome to the new O.C. and we wish Lieut. Comdr. Panter, Mrs. Panter and their two daughters a pleasant trip home, a happy leave and all the very best of everything on their return to civilian life.

P.A.W.

Following exchange took place on Service One on April 17th forenoon (Local time).

From Whitehall W/T

To Ceylon West Receiving Station

You are off the air you are off the air

you are off the air you are off the air

you are off the air you are off the air

From Ceylon West

To Whitehall

No we aint no we aint no we aint

From Whitehall W/T

To Ceylon West W/T Station

Yes you are yes you are.

H.M.S. GAMBIA

If you are ever drafted to an M.H.Q., you will probably sing and dance and congratulate yourself on a quiet shore number for a while, but before you arrange for your family to join you, just check that the M.H.Q. is ashore and not afloat. We have had the experience of simulating an M.H.Q. and running JET 58 from onboard and although leave was restricted to the dockyard area, we rarely had the opportunity of thinking about a way over the dockyard wall. Even the renamed 'Tiger' could not tempt us from our pits and it was a welcome relief when JET was jettisoned.

In all we handled some 7,000 signals and lost about 10 stone in weight. It had its laughs, of course, and some of them you will see below. We were controlling R.A.F. fighters on one side of the B.W.O. and Shackletons and I.N. Sealands on the other,

PROVIDE A CAPTION FOR THIS CARTOON

(See Competition Page 117)



occasionally feeding the M.H.Q. with the wrong sides' signals, depending on the Leading Hand's interpretation of ZEG 3 and ZEG 4.

The 'buntings' were not without their moments and three F.M.B.X.'s were carried out on the Q.D. with the Captains, Navigating Officers and senior V.S. ratings of all ships being present to manoeuvre their own ships. Every C.X.M. in the book was tried and the Indians and Pakistanis showed up very well, all being intensely enthusiastic.

However, the worst is now over (we have said that five times this commission) and having called at Aden, Karachi and sweated seven weeks—in three watches—at Trinco we now depart to take in the delights of Mauritius, Seychelles, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar and Mombasa. Then to Aden and Home.

We will, regrettably, say farewell to our ten staff ratings at Aden. They have certainly pulled their weight and must by now be one of the most efficient crypto staffs afloat. No doubt we will meet again in our next drafts, because with the closing of the E.I. Station and the departure of our hundredth and last C-in-C, they are being spread around various parts of the Middle East and Far East.

Our final hope is that the notice 'Closed for Stock-taking' on the M.S.O. door will have the desired effect and that a few of our 'authors' will put their signal pads into retirement.

H.M.S. SHEBA (R.N.O. ADEN)

H.M.S. *Sheba* is a dry-land frigate and is situated in the harbour at Steamer Point. The town is populated by Arabs, Somalis, Italians, and British servicemen and their families. Shops are numerous and one is coaxed, goaded, begged and even forced into buying the usual tourist requisites, such as cameras, wrist-watches and electric razors. Surrounding the town is a range of hills, which extend far into the country. Usually Steamer Point and the nearby habitations are quiet, but we do occasionally get disturbed by a stray grenade or bomb.

The R.A.F. is prominent here and, besides their many military commitments, they run three cinemas, a radio station and a beach called the Lido.

Aden can be rather warm, so if you are lucky enough to be drafted here, don't follow the example of a certain L.R.E.M. on the staff, who decided he would get brown for leave, and found himself in the R.A.F. Hospital.

At present the Staff consists of one Chief Writer, one writer, one Yeoman, one L.R.E.M., a P.O. Tel, a Leading Tel. and three Tels. Soon we will be usurped by C-in-C East Indies staff, and R.N.O. Aden will cease to be a cushy number.

On the other hand, it will be nice to be one of many, instead of one of 'the few'. Also we will be "G" again which pleases us no end. M.F.C.

PRIZE WINNING CARTOON



"What d'yer mean 'ow long is it since I read a biffer?"

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

POTS IN THE ANTARCTIC

I was seconded for this little number of working for the "Falkland Island Dependencies Surveys" (F.I.D.S.) during October 1957, and sailed from Southampton Docks on the R.R.S. *John Biscoe* on the 21st October, which in itself was quite a sailing.

The ship being full up with all the brainy scientists and explorers of the Antarctic wastes we had quite a lot of reporters, newsreel and B.B.C. interviewers (and of course I.T.V.) to see us off. Two West Country lads and myself (seeing I'm Guz) were interviewed by the B.B.C. West Country Services, the interviewer made the remark that he supposed I would be the best sailor onboard during the rough weather? I said I hoped so but, of course, I let us all down during the first whack.

We had a good trip to our first port of call which was St. Helena. All we supernumeraries were put to holystoning the decks and washing the paintwork, for which, the First Mate told us, we were paid a shilling a month. That I suppose was the thin line between passengers and supernumeraries. However, after a day or two, one of the crew gashed his hand and I was asked whether I would mind watch-keeping on the wheel, which I did for a few weeks.

Everyone was eagerly looking forward to the run ashore in St. Helena. All the normal rumours of that little island had gone around the ship and we had received a message from the Administrator that a dance was being held in our honour. On the evening we arrived it was best togs and ashore first boat, only to find that all shops were closed and only one pub was open, the dance cancelled and all the presentable young females in bed. Asian flu had got there before us!

Our next call was at Tristan da Cunha, the home of the crayfish. We had quite a lot of cargo to unload there so it was half of us working whilst the other half toured ashore. I was on the first half and what happened! A great gale blew up and we had to put to sea leaving half of our boys on shore in luxury. We lost our motor boat and our skow and for five solid days we had to pound into the teeth of the gale moving at about half a knot. The average height of waves was fifty feet.

After the shambles at Tristan we called at South Georgia which is the main whaling station down here. A very interesting but gory time was had by all watching the whales being flensed and chopped. It's a wonderful sight to see a huge sixty or seventy foot whale being brought up a slipway and even while it is moving a team of men stripping its blubber off, cleaning the meat away from its bones, then even cutting the bones up to take away. Blood and gore all over the place, a horrible musty smell from inside the whale, and in ten minutes there's

not a thing left of it except blood and a few scraps which the gulls are fighting over. Not a bit of it is wasted, blubber for oil, meat for meal, bones and guts for fertilizer, it's a colour photographer's paradise but oh that eternal smell!

In Georgia I was dragged up a mountain! I had been saying on board that people who hang from ropes up mountains must be daft, well I'm daft now. I was inveigled into climbing a mountain with three other experienced fellows. It was only a small one but quite a hard climb. Luckily no ropes were needed, just pure hard slogging and wrist strength, and funnily enough I liked it. What a sense of satisfaction when you stand at the top and see the wonderful view all round.

Then our final call before proceeding south was the Falkland Islands where we were issued with our polar kit, two kitbags full of clothing just to keep you warm, and everything else needed for the two seasons, skis, climbing boots, sledging boots and clothing.

There I was given my future assignments for the next two seasons and I found myself in rather a peculiar position as a naval hydrographic survey team working in the Antarctic this summer wanted a wireless operator. Could F.I.D.S. lend them one? They could—me—so there I was loaned by R.N. to F.I.D.S., loaned by F.I.D.S. to R.N. I wonder if I would get double whacks of pay? When I finished with the naval team I proceeded to base "F" on the Argentine Island halfway down the coast of Grahamland to relieve the operator who has been there two years. It is the main IGY base so things are going to be a bit busy for me this year.

Well, here I am typing this out in a little hut on Winters Island, with snow all round about a hundred feet or more deep in places. We are perched on a little rocky promontory on the shore's edge with a big ice cliff just across the way from which a large lump looks as if it's going to fall at any moment. We can hear it cracking even now and its going to be an interesting moment if it does, because it weighs many tons and is going to make rather a splash. As we are only a hundred feet away and four feet above sea level, and eight minutes immersion means certain death down here . . . well it's an interesting life.

There are only two of us here at the moment, and our visitors are those clowns of the Antarctic—the Penguins. They are really amusing to watch. The way they waddle, the games they play, a sort of tag when they are on the ice, and a sort of last man in the water game of which they are very fond. They are very curious too: you can walk right up to them and they just look and croak.

This, in a way, helps us out, for a penguin's breast makes a very fine steak, a welcome change from dehydrated meat bar, dehydrated potato powder, dried eggs, dried and dehydrated this and that, all very good for the calories but not much variety.

It's a wonderful healthy life down here, no dirt, dust, germs, and plenty of enforced exercise, sledging, surveying, and climbing to erect surveying marks. I'm losing weight daily but the only thing I cannot get used to is no night. It never gets dark down here, during the summer.

Well, the last boat calls soon so I shall have to close now for this year. I hope to send another

article out on the first boat in 1959, when I hope to get some mail too; I shall be happy, and grateful, to hear from any Communicator who cares to write, and any Philatelist who wants a series of Dependencies stamps.

Write to:—

P.O. Tel. Clapp,

BSE "F"

Argentine Islands,

Antarctica,

c/o F.I.D.S.

Falkland Islands.

Cheerio, Happy Communicating.



S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL, SIMONSTOWN

It is always pleasant to read the 'blurb' that other fellows scribe in the *Mercury* articles, but, when one has the job thrust on one 'tis a horse of a different colour. Well, here goes.

We here, at the Fair Cape, are now well over the annual Bush Fire season and duty Instructors can now relax alongside the fire, the one in the grate, after the day's labours are o'er. At least that is where George Rowland spends most of his time, even when he is taking voluntary beds to Fleetwork. This period also coincides with the cricket off-season, so that C.O. (Lt. Armstrong) is devoting his spare time to cine cameras. He is in the process of obtaining the latest 'Hi-Fi' super de Luxe model and has hopes of selling last year's model for a small fortune.

We have had some staff changes in two dimensions, firstly Regulating Chief Bob Neville and George Rowland have been elevated to the 'peerage' and are now W.O.I.'s S.A.N., secondly we have lost the services of C.Y.S. Johnson and gained W.O.I. Tel Wride and C.Y.S. Stew. The latter coming to us from *Mercury* with a host of funny stories and all the latest misleading 'gen'. Us not knowing t'other from which.

We have four courses running at the present time, A Yeo 'Q' S.A.N., a L/Tel 'Q', and Sig 'Q' and a

S. A. S. A. STATION

Tel 'Q'. The L/Tel 'Q' course is made up of Tels from Slangkop.

The old American equipment is being moved out and room is soon to be available for the fitting of the latest gear, much to the delight of the Technical Instructors. They are eagerly looking forward to the time when they can plug in the coffee percolator to CIP Primary.

The pig farm, referred to in the last edition, is going strong. The 'syndicate' held a meeting recently and discussed declaring a dividend. But we noticed that only one of them can sport an American car.

We have combined with the staff of Cape South to form a soccer team in the local inter ship/unit league and to date we are lying in a strong position; Played 5, won 3, drawn 1, lost 1. It is a battle to raise an N1 every time, but the Sigs 'Q' class rugby players are filling in the gaps with distinction. Although at times it does look peculiar to see a chap lining up shoulder to shoulder for a throw-in.

The old burnt-out Wardroom is being rebuilt and reupholstered under the watchful eye of the C.O.—it being destined to be his new residence. When completed it will be a very desirable S/S, B Asbestos homestead with a glorious view over False Bay.

We have recently fitted SRE and of an evening the classes do their swotting to the 'mush' from the latest Widow Jones serial. It does, however, provide an alternative to the chilly silences that reigned

previously, Chilly being the operative word at this time of the year in this part of the globe.

The C.O.'s motto "The sea shall not have me" is still being proudly upheld.

Phew. Any volunteers for the next article?

YOUNGFIELD M.S.O.



The M.S.O. staff

Since our last contribution we have said goodbye to Lieut. Commander I. C. Macintyre and welcomed Lieut. Commander P. E. Edwards as our Fleet Communications Officer. Although A.F.O. 1057/58 mentions a Sig. Wilkinson it should be noted that this rating has not been officially notified of his disrating and is in fact, at this moment, busy turning over the duties of Yeo. i/c to his relief, Yeo. Davies, who has joined us from Whitehall W/T.

One of our members is missing! Yeo. Adams was selected to go on the East Coast Cruise with the C-in-C. Some of the staff think that this will give him an opportunity to get accustomed to ship's scran once again in preparation for his next draft which will not be long now.

Next month sees the start of the annual Cape Exercises and while that is in progress we will have to leave the *Cape Times* crossword until we are off watch.

SLANGKOP W/T

A well-known advertisement says, "Every Thursday at 4 p.m. a Mailboat leaves Southampton for Sunny South Africa". It is not so well-known in the Service however, that the mailboat represents what is probably the only regular commercial sea transport now used by naval drafts, who invariably make the most of a really pleasant fortnight's cruise at pusser's expense—complete with tot for those entitled and energetic enough to contact the Purser.

Many of the drafts are bound for Slangkop where, while wishing that we could offer the same food, entertainment and amenities as the shipping company, we can, at least, offer a warm welcome to those who will be coming out in the future, and to them, to our "old ships" and to Communicators in general we send our greetings and hope that these notes will be of interest.

At the moment, few would agree with the description of South Africa as sunny, for we are in the midst of winter and beset by winter gales, rains and (on the mountains at least) even snow, though admittedly we still get the odd warm, sunny days.

Four of our number have recently been married, namely Leading Tels. Pete Louw (S.A.N.) and Alan Jackson, and Tels. Fred Bonham and Dave Freeman.

Of the six prospective Leading Tels. on the last course at Klaver, four were successful and have been rated; we now have seven more aspirants on course and others waiting. With rosters dry, now is an ideal time for the keen types to take the plunge, but as recent candidates will agree, the course is no skylark and a good deal of hard work is needed to make the grade.

Speaking of work, Tels. Egglestone (S.A.N.) and House and Leading Tel. Beauchamp have taken advantage of a big defect on the projector to give the cinema itself a spring-clean, and "Slangoscope" now offers a very tasteful, freshly-painted interior. Too bad that "Egg" is off to sea next week in *Vrystaar* and won't see the benefits of his labours, for it seems unlikely the projector will be back with us just yet.

Another who will be leaving us shortly is C.P.O. Tel. Briggs, going home for course for Sub Lieutenant (SD), and our good wishes will follow him. C.P.O. Tel. Warr of the S.A.N. has also gone, to instruct at Klaver, so the old cry of "Too many chiefs and not enough Indians" will no longer apply. The sole survivor is the 'Squire of Kommetje', C.P.O. Tel. Hucker, busily engaged at present in sorting his new batch of chickens into watches. Private enterprise looks like flourishing in the station mess also, for recent suggestions included the hire of two cows to cut the milk bill, and the purchase of a car for the caterer's errands and use of the mess in general. Present tally of cars, motor-bikes and scooters is 11, 3 and 5 respectively—it would appear that South Africa is a good place to spend a pay rise!

In the Simonstown soccer competition we have entered a team and are holding our own with R.N. and S.A.N. ships and establishments, despite our injuries, courses and watchkeeping difficulties. We hope to have the tennis court in commission again shortly, after repairs to the netting and the deck, and the summer swimming season is only one COMMUNICATOR away. A couple of darts/snooker matches have been held, and others are planned, and we are also planning a social for the Communicators of ships visiting the Cape in August.

With the visit of *Bulwark* shortly, we have had to brush the cobwebs from S4—it will be an interesting and valuable experience for us all to be responsible for the external communications of a carrier. She will be accompanied by *Ulysses* and *Alaric*, so we are in for a busy time. *Puma* has now relieved *Lynx* on the station, *Burghead Bay* is going home the Chile way, and *Protector* is in Pompey for defrosting. The S.A.N. has been reinforced by the arrival of *Durban* and *Windhoek* from U.K.; other small ships are to follow. It is good to record that since the S.A.N. took over Simonstown and the R.N. Headquarters were shifted to Youngsfield 15 months ago, co-operation and comradeship have been first class, particularly at Slangkop where we have a mixed complement.

BREAD
is the
STAFF OF LIFE
BUT
there is no need
for
THE LIFE OF THE STAFF
to be
ONE LONG LOAF

THIS NEW FANGLED WIRELESS

The following are extracts from the Mess Committee Meeting Minutes book of another Establishment.

3 November 1926

Decided to arrange if possible for regular inspection of wireless set, either by an expert rating from *Vernon* or by a man from an electrical firm.

7 January 1928

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY SET. The present W/T set having been considered unsatisfactory, and to be a source of expense, it was decided to attempt to sell it, and when sold to purchase an up-to-date three valve set to be run off electric light current, if this is possible.

1 March 1933

The question of the W T set was considered and it was decided to inquire as to the cost of adding a W T Receiving set to the Electric Gramophone.
13 December 1933

The question of a new Wireless Set for the Mess was again considered and it was decided to obtain an All Mains (DC) transportable set when a suitable type had been seen.

The set to be obtained if possible at trade rates either through the Signal School or an agent.

14 February 1935

RADIO W/T SET. Arrangements will be made for the set to be tuned up.



Dartmeet—Dartmoor.

"APPROVED LODGINGS"

My first experience of the Approved Lodging scheme was when I was recently drafted to stand by one of the new "Nowater" class of frigates. She is the "Crabbutapi", (Devonport manned of course) which was being built in a private dockyard in Scotland. Fondly, I imagined "Standing by" meant living in a tent on tea and cigarettes, à la canteen messing and collecting large sums of L. and R.A. treasure.

On leaving R.N.B. the Pay Office did nothing to dispel my optimism when, "giving" me five pounds, a Leading Writer airily explained, "That's to keep you going for the first week". Arriving in the ship-building town, and reporting to the offices lent to the ship, I was soon put right. The five pounds was to keep me in body and soul until such time—later—as my pay arrived. The situation rapidly worsened when I was told that people "Standing by" had to go into "Approved Lodgings". This meant I had to find a place to live in, at a cost of up to about £4 a week, the money being provided by the depot Pay Office. Unfortunately the depot pay office paid only on signed receipts from landladies. The difficulty was obvious; before signing a receipt the good lady concerned would naturally require the amount being signed for. The only course was to pay the rent in advance for the signed receipt and hope that reimbursement from the pay office came quickly. It did, but always a week behind.

Quantities of loot still appeared to be available however. The "Open Sesame" apparently being the "Expense Claim". It was explained, with knowing winks, that this claim would cover the cost plus, of taxis, tea and British Railways meals. I nearly got my money back.

My next task was to find somewhere to lodge. For this purpose I was given a little book of addresses, which contained strange little notations in the margin such as "Doggo", "Too Old", "Crabby", "No Daughter" and more of that ilk. On visiting some of the addresses, I was made to feel like a Gallup Poll Taker, a Detective, a Sanitary Inspector, a Refugee and "Roger". (you know, that lodger).

Happily, after a succession of houses with:—Hot water, No bath; Bath, No hot water; No bath; No water; Room to share—with another male; Bed to share—with another male; No room;—I found my palace. As well as a room and bed to myself, it had a hot water and bath combination.

During the first few days of my stay, the landlady, her daughter and I exchanged the usual pleasantries about weather and the "Telly". Then slowly I realised that my opinions were not considered worth much as neither the woman of the house nor her daughter stopped talking to listen to me.

When a mere "Good morning" from me meant a fifteen minute diatribe on the weather over the past centuries, I relapsed into grunts.

My grunts became the commas of their conversations. To add to their punctuation I developed a series of "Mms" and "Arhs". A high pitched "Mmh" was a question mark or exclamation. A low pitched "Arh" indicated sympathy and warm understanding. If the subject trend was lost, a perulous "Ahh" intoned slightly with agreement appeared to provide the desired reaction.

The end was in sight. It came when I started to read and could still manage my grunts and sighs. They began to suspect I was not listening. Our final break was reached when I, in error, made a disgusted grunt when a happy gurgle was called for. It was of course, downright rudeness.

In my new lodgings they call me Boris. Last night, between paragraphs of my book, I overheard the mother say to her daughter, "Is it no a shame Boris canna unnerstaun' English".

T. B. McLean, P.O. Tel.

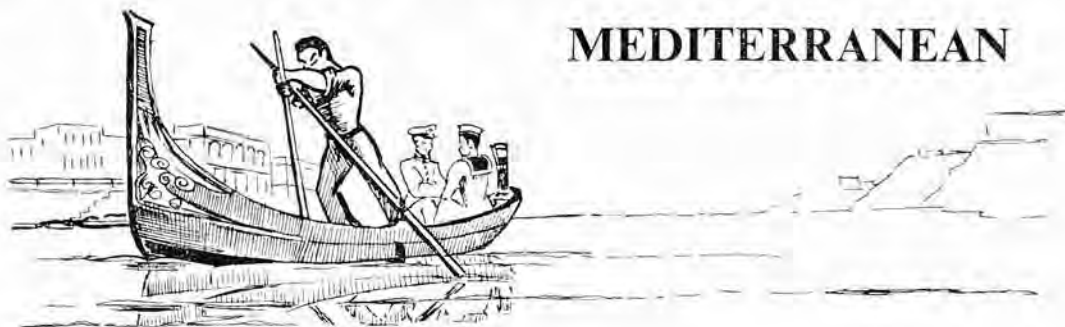
THE OLD GUARD

ALFA! BRAVO! JULIET! What on earth is this? Imagine the thoughts and reactions of the Signal Bos'ns and Warrant Tels. invited back to *Mercury* to take a refresher course for M.S.C.O. Firstly, my friends, let me tell you, I wondered on what course the R.N. was steering, bearing in mind that the majority of us have been 'out' approximately 11 to 12 years. What would you think?

However, after a few sessions the picture began to take shape. Just a refresher course they said—as far as we can figure we are responsible for the lot! One thing, however, appealed to us 'Old Uns'—a visit to the Chief P.O. and Petty Officers' messes in Mountbatten Block. Phew! No doubt, when we meet many of our old comrades in Civvy Street and tell them the retort will be "Don't believe it!" Well all we can say is—good luck to the present day Chief and P.O.s, you deserve it.

There are obviously many changes, large and small. One which struck us was ratings in blue working rig throughout the day. I personally do not think that it lines up with our time, but who am I or the other 'Old Uns' to judge. The Service must progress and after all, we're getting on. We didn't see much, in fact I didn't see any of the old marching manoeuvres—no doubt washed up these days—after all. I suppose one did look a bit silly walking round with a little flag on a stick and raising it above one's head when somebody bawled out "Two Aye Zed".

However, what a nice feeling to be back, even though temporarily, after all this time—I know what you may call me, but remember its been our life, and you my friends will, I feel sure, have the same sentiment about it when you take your pension. Thank you, *Mercury*, for a good time.



MEDITERRANEAN

THE MIGHTY BRUM

H.M.S. Birmingham, now twenty-two years old, recommissioned on 16th July. We of the old commission assure you of the new that the old lady is in perfect trim and in the communications department, almost brand new. Without much fear of contradiction we reckon she's probably the finest communications fitted ship at present in commission. She's just brought us back from Canada in six days at a steady 22 knots, so we reckon there can't be many snags.

Well now, let's look back to January 1957 when we commissioned the ship, and review the last eighteen months. By March we were in Malta and the day after our arrival we hoisted the first of many flags we have worn this commission, that of Sir Ralph Edwards, the Commander in Chief. The first summer cruise took us to Izmir and Istanbul in company with our chummy ship *Kenya* and from thence to Tripoli where we dressed overall in honour of H.M. the King. En route to Malta we teamed up with the rest of the fleet for 'Home Run' during which *Kenya* conducted manoeuvres by flags. This kept the 'buntings' busy and, afterwards, the 'sparkers' had their turn straightening out their aeriels.

The second summer cruise took us to Venice and Split, in Yugoslavia. The first stop was at Augusta where our fifty-seven Communicators (a lot of staff were specially embarked) in three watches could just about keep abreast of the traffic flow. We used every form of signalling during that period with the exception of carrier pigeons. It's a good job we didn't have any classified traffic for *Mediator*. Our line with her was by loud hailer. It hardly needs adding that we won the cock.

By October buzzes were beginning to seep through that we were going home for Christmas but that good news wasn't confirmed until shortly before the new C.-in-C. (Sir Charles Lambe) arrived onboard. We took him to Naples and, for the first time, flew the N.A.T.O. flag at the masthead.

Other visits during last year had taken us to Bari, Barcelona, Messina, Cannes (to the delight of the Film Stars and the horror of the National Press) and,

during exercise 'Combine', for a quick visit into Cagliari. On the latter occasion we were wearing the flag of Flag Officer, Malta.

After our Christmas leave we returned to Malta to take part in exercise 'Marjex', this time wearing the flag of F.O.2 Med., and to pay a welcome return visit to Messina. Just before that we'd undergone our annual inspection where everything seemed to satisfy the inspecting officers, but didn't leave us much time to attend the annual Communicators' Ball at the Phoenicia.

After Easter leave, once more luckily spent at Chatham, we sailed a week earlier than we expected, wearing the flag of C.-in-C. Eastlant, in order to allow Sir William Davies to visit his N.A.T.O. outposts in Casablanca, Lisbon and Brest. Thereafter, our round was to follow the normal Home Fleet summer cruise programme (Amsterdam, Karlskrona, and Hull) but just after exercise 'Flowex' had ended we were detailed for a quick visit to Quebec.

Well, that's been our commission. Many interesting visits interspersed with fleet exercise, and nearly always with a flag. Probably our stickiest patch was during 'Combine' where we had the flag but no staff. We really felt the effects of the temporary manning standards that time.

Draftie has done us all very well over draft chits but the visit to Quebec, which delayed our paying off, has caused some changes in communication drafting. Our sympathy goes to Sig. Thipthorpe who was looking forward to his Coastal Minesweeper. Now he goes to F.O.F.H. staff and as a result will be joining *Birmingham* in August.

Our sincere thanks are due to the two Chiefs, C.P.O. Tel. Gray and C.Y.S. Hunton who throughout the commission have been untiring in their efforts to raise our standard of knowledge and, we feel, they have been successful.

H.M.S. DIANA

THE COMMUNICATOR last heard from us here in the Mediterranean in February. It is now June and we are still here having done *ten* of our *nine* months

of the Med. half of the commission. Our carefully prepared schedules and plans have once more gone astray; but this time it has not been our fault.

We have, in fact, kept remarkably fit. Our engines have not broken down as badly as they used to and we still sail on time. We did in fact complete our visit to the Adriatic in March as planned. Split, Yugoslavia, was our first call, in company with *Sheffield*. The weather gave us some bad moments—with half of the ship's company ashore one night we had to clear lower deck to push the ship off *Sheffield* by muscle power alone—but it also provided two sunny days and cloudless nights in which to enjoy the sights and entertainments of Split. Next day we were in Trieste. Another happy week was spent there, and those of us fortunate enough to get to Venice, met *Duchess* and *Diamond* there. Two weeks of jollies in a row were quite enough and we were soon off back to Malta for a rest.

The beginning of May and our inspection was far too close. After a quiet Easter in Malta we took part in a refreshing combined exercise with the Italians, first doing A/S work with the *Ark Royal* and then going for two very pleasant afternoons' bombardment off the south coast of Sardinia. After that we forgot about anything other than our inspection. We were with the whole squadron at Aranci Bay, North Sardinia, under the forbidding eye of F.O. 2 Med. in *Sheffield* with *Bermuda* there to see that we did not escape. For a few hectic days all hands, including the Wardroom, turned to cleaning ship and we had no time to enjoy the beautiful sunshine. However, inspection day over, we put by the paintbrush and scrubber and returned to the morse key and lamp. Our Chief Tel. and Chief Yeoman are both far too wily old birds to be caught out by any sea inspection, all imaginary catastrophes, including the premature death of our S.C.O. were provided for, and we were through our inspection with unblemished record.

We did not expect to have to steer Eastwards again. However, C-in-C, apparently finds our valuable presence here in the Eastern Med. indispensable, and here we are. We were heartily wishing our reliefs, the 7th D.S., all success in their work-up and by the time this goes to print we may be enjoying our well earned leave in that elusive homeland.

GIBRALTAR

In these days of Nasserism and Cyprus patrols, earthquakes and nuclear explosions, atom-powered submarines and 1,000 m.p.h. jet bombers, it is with relief that one considers that Gibraltar is still just as pleasant a spot to spend two years as it ever was. Even the hoary old "fifth-five" chiefs cannot say "Them was the days!" because Gibraltar is just the same now as it was when they had their first run ashore way back, Trocadero, Royal, Universal—practically the same (except that the U.V. cannot now boast an all-girls band), same beer, same sherry queens, now alas past the first bloom of youth, and some of the same tunes blasted out on the same trumpets and saxophones to the click click of the same castanets. Pleasant spot indeed and just as popular with today's Jolly Jacks—and of course the Jills!

As the poet once said 'In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love', The drafting authorities might have foreseen it, I myself feared it, and it is said that many of the delightful Wrens who now form the backbone of our organisation actually hoped for it! So far, Chief has altered the names in the watch-bill three times, with a fourth occasion very imminent. P.O. Wren Lord walked up the aisle on the arm of Commander Thorpe, the Commanding Officer, of H.M.S. *Rooke*, to walk down again a little later as P.O. Wren Bennett, and spent a very enjoyable honeymoon in Lisbon. She, by the way, has transferred her allegiance to the Army, and it is said that Sergeant Bennett is now subject to the Naval Discipline Act. Wren Taylor (now Mrs. Sage and a civilian, temporary resident of Gibraltar) was also married in the Cathedral being given away by her P.O.O.W. P.O. Tel. Lomas. The lucky man was the Yeoman to the U.S.N.L.O. and at that time the only U.S. naval rating permanently serving in Gibraltar. The last of the brides was



P.O. Wren Hailwood who married Petty Officer Lilley, the Admiral's coxswain, and was given away by Rear Admiral Foster-Brown (whom all Communicators will know) with the Flag Lieutenant as best man. We have also just announced the engagement of Wren Clift to S.A.C. Catchick of the R.A.F. The versatility of our Wrens will be noticed, no duplication, and originality predominant.

So be it! Love for the ladies. For the men—motor cars. In the car park outside the M.S.O. one make is conspicuous. Bright shining Volkswagens take pride of place. No longer does Jack take home a musical box or a canary, nothing but a Volkswagen now. The word 'Hillman' must not be breathed in the M.S.O. (but it is permissible to snort it, contemptuously). One A35 owner, however, rushes in where the angels fear to tread and announces (in an entirely unsolicited testimonial) that she has "no complaints at all, even on a long touring honeymoon, covering 1,150 miles over Spanish roads going as far north as Madrid in seven days." But then she had the Admiral's coxswain as co-driver.

Of course there could be no Gibraltar without ships. Proud liners, American transports, fifteen Turkish minesweepers with their parent ship, Burmese frigate, Netherlands surveying ship (why didn't someone tell us it was Prince Bernhardt's birthday on 29th July) all add colour to the already colourful scene. The little ships in the dry docks almost pass un-noticed, but deserve mention—*Alamein* who is just leaving us and *Barrosa* who is just commencing. The communications staffs of both ships have given, and continue to give, welcome assistance to Gibraltar M.S.O., while for their part, the lucky boys, appreciate the splendid living conditions of Windmill Hill, while their less lucky shipmates are suffering the torrid conditions of the dock-side accommodation. Of course, one must mention our regular *Fort Dunvegan* (though not in the O/C's presence as she only brought half his sea baggage and the wrong half at that), in which last week we found an old friend in 3/O Littlewood, late Whitehall Wireless and late Commander's Assistant at Leydene.

3/O Littlewood was taking a well earned leave, like so many of our own staff. Our two senior Wren P.O.s have just departed for Mallorca and Madrid, and places like Seville, Malaga, Jerez frequently feature at the bottom of request forms; while picnics into the Campo area are weekly affairs. Station leave (which of course may be taken in U.K. if one pays one's own fare) has certainly made the Foreign commission much more popular.

On that happy note—leave—our contribution must come to an end while the writer turns an unwilling pen to the task of amending endless callsign books, and dreams of his own leave, which as he has only just arrived, is a long way ahead. I hope C.N.D. will not be overwhelmed with drafting preferences "Gibraltar" as a result of this article,

as there are at present only six R.N. ratings in the M.S.O., and nine at Windmill Hill. But to those who would like a commission here, I say keep on trying, don't give up. It took the Officer in Charge 25 years to land this job, but he eventually made it.

THE PASSING OF M.I.M.S.O.

Another milestone in the history of communications in Malta was reached on 6th June 1958, when Manoel Island M.S.O. closed down. The small signal station serving Marsamxett continues to function, providing a visual link with shore, displaying weather and boat traffic signals, and transmitting practical V.S. exercises.

This is one of the effects of the closure of H.M.S. *Ricasoli*, and the subsequent transfer of the S.T.C. to the Fleet Training Centre at Manoel Island. It is also occasioned by the abolition of the appointment of Flag Officer, Second in Command, and the institution of the appointment of Flag Officer Flotillas, whose flag (and staff) are to be afloat, except for short periods.

The last Flag Officer, Second in Command was Vice Admiral Sir Robin Durnford-Slater, K.C.B., who, assisted by Captain C. P. Mills, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., was the Allied Naval Task Force Commander during the assault on, and withdrawal from, the Suez Canal area in the closing months of 1956. As C.T.F. on that occasion he had what was probably the largest staff of (C) officers ever to serve afloat on one staff.

When he hauled down his flag as the last of an illustrious line of Flag Officers, Second in Command, Mediterranean, his staff transferred to the new Flag Officer Flotillas Mediterranean, who is Rear Admiral R. A. Ewing, D.S.C. This staff will be accommodated in H.M.S. *Sheffield* for sea exercises and cruises, and for short periods will come ashore to Manoel Island. The staff of the late Manoel Island M.S.O. will be absorbed elsewhere, or returned to U.K. without relief.

Manoel Island M.S.O. has provided the small ships of the fleet with easily accessible facilities, which will no doubt be missed. It will be a long trek to Lascaris to check logs and obtain local information. Besides that, Mighty Comcen has no C.Y.S. Rainsbury to cosset, cudgel and encourage the young Petty Officer who finds himself in charge of his own department for the first time. And even if there is, he cannot spare the time.

So Manoel Island M.S.O. has closed down. We thank Malta Comcen for being such a good and patient "big brother", and all at Malta who helped us and put up with our shortcomings. Had we been permitted to make just one unnecessary signal, we would have wished "Good Luck to all Communicators, and in particular to our closest friends the small ships".

H.M.S. SCARBOROUGH

This being, we believe, the first contribution from the *Scarborough* to THE COMMUNICATOR, let us first extend our heartiest greetings to fellow Communicators, wherever they may be. To those manning shore stations, we send, in addition, this friendly warning. We are all determined to get a spot of "Up 'omers" work in, next.

We commissioned at Portsmouth on 4th February, sailing shortly afterwards to Portland for a spot of work. At this haven of rest, our first bloomer occurred. Whilst doing our degaussing runs on the range, frantic efforts were made to establish contact with shore. After a hastily flashed message from the irate bods ashore, we set watch on the correct frequency and everything went smoothly. It was only later in the day that the Navigating Officer explained to Pots—"I'm sorry, P.O. Tel., I gave you the phone number, not the frequency." Anyway, nothing daunted, a few days later, we left the chilly (but pleasant) shores of Blighty and set forth on a journey that was to be full of surprises. There was a mad dash ashore at Gibraltar for a spot of leave—(we must qualify for L.O.A. as soon as possible, mustn't we?) and then a very pleasant run to Malta. It was at this 'Communicators' Limbo' that the fun began. After a couple of weeks of "working up", the Communication staff, who, as we all know, do most work on board, was looking slightly seedy. Yeoman Johnson having lost his voice, P.O. Tel. Feiler having lost his nerve. Both L. Sig. McGeorge and L. Tel. White did noble work with their respective superiors and after a few wets ashore, the situation was once again, well in hand.

Why is it that, after circuits have been tested through before sailing, as soon as the 'amateurs' get their hands on a microphone, everything falls over? The voice of R.P.I. Makepeace, booming resonantly down the voice-pipe at all hours of the day and night saying "What's up with CIP" is, frankly, becoming a little wearing. Perhaps ours is the only ship to suffer this way?

After a few weeks in the Malta area, the ship paid an operational visit to Syracuse. Syracuse, the home of boiled-oil shops, spaghetti shops and small boys who had astronomical numbers of "pretty sisters, mister". On returning to Malta, we all waited expectantly for our trip to Marseilles. This was not to be. Due to unexpected plans, we made ourselves ready, instead, for a spot of Cyprus patrolling. Chief R. E. A. Eddyvane who performs sterling work with his minions in the wireless department, after a spot of unintentional underwater photography (when he slipped off the ship's ladder) brought all the gear on board in readiness for the journey, including a weird looking object, known affectionately as "sputnik", an aerial for use with our U.H.F. equipment.

After all this trouble, we discovered to our joy, that "Cyprus is off". We were detailed, instead, to be run to Christmas Island.



"We're just going to hang the mate, sparks! get the 'man aloft' boards!"

Our Captain, Commander N. E. F. Dalrymple-Hamilton, who all Communicators will know, strived nobly for us to put in at Los Angeles and Honolulu, but My Lords Commissioners wouldn't wear it. "Too much dollar expenditure", they said; so we have to be content with calling at Ponta Delgada (the Azores), Hamilton (Bermuda) Kingston (Jamaica), Panama Canal and Balboa and from there to the island. It promises to be a wonderful trip. We are hoping that our return journey will be round the other way, via Singapore. Does anyone know of an appropriate decoration to be worn by the Navigating Officer (Lt. Wise) to prove that he has successfully circumnavigated the world? It is hoped that the next edition of THE COMMUNICATOR will include details of our trip, with a photograph or two to prove our astounding stories.

Well, that's all from us here, at Gibraltar, on the first leg of the journey.

P.R.F.

WISHFUL THINKING

As I stand here in the burning sun,
It makes me wish that I was one,
Who'd joined the Navy—easy life,
Instead of Army—life of strife.

Each day I pace the burning sand,
With none to give a helping hand.
The army poster attracted me,
"Come and join the life of glee".

Now I advise the volunteer,
If he would rather not come here,
In square rig he would better be,
"Oh! for a life on the rolling sea".

Now who am I to tell you that,
Some long forgotten Desert Rat?
If you think that just guess again,
I am a sand-locked Signal Wren!

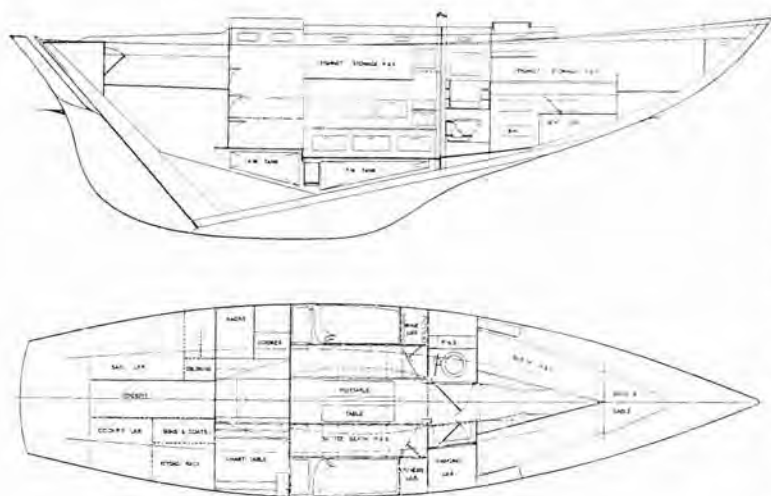
Wren KANE, V. D. HAIFA.



"Belmore"

Photo: Becken & Son, Cowes

REPLACEMENT FOR MEON MAID



STATISTICS

The £6,250 necessary for her building has been made available through the generosity of the Nuffield Trust.

Her principal dimensions are: L.O.A. 36 ft. 4 in.; L.W.L. 26 ft. 6 in.; Beam 9 ft. 6 in.; Draught 5 ft. 11½ in.

Designer, Captain John Illingworth; Builders, Aero Marine, Emsworth; Completion date, End 1958.

Early in the summer it was announced that the Nuffield Trust for the Forces of the Crown had generously made available the funds necessary for a yacht to be built to replace one of the "Windfalls" in Portsmouth Command. It is very pleasant to record that this yacht is being allocated to *Mercury* as a replacement for *Meon Maid*, and it has been decided to perpetuate her predecessor's name by christening her *Meon Maid II*.

The new yacht was designed by Captain John Illingworth, who has a very successful record as an ocean racer, and will be approximately the same waterline length as *Meon Maid*, but sleeps 7 in more comfort than the rather cramped 6 at present. Her displacement is about 11 tons and she should rate in Class II. A Stuart Turner engine will be fitted, together with an outfit of Terylene sails.

At the time of going to press the builders at Emsworth have commenced her planking and we have every hope that she will be exhibited at the Boat Show at the New Year in London. Needless to say, any Communicators who can come and see her then, or before, will be made very welcome.

For those in more distant parts, the photograph shows a sister ship of *Meon Maid II*, who was completed in time for the Newport-Bermuda race this July. Sailed by Captain Illingworth, she obtained 3rd place out of 115 starters, which is a very promising augury for *Meon Maid II*.

"Chokker—Just Chokker!"

It seemed to be a pleasant day,
But somehow things went far astray,
No matter how you planned, 'twas found,
Your scheme of action hard aground,—

You're Chokker!

Next week-end up the line, you say,
But just before that happy day,
Something amiss, I hear you drip,
You've got a draft chit to a ship,—

You're Chokker!

Your townie helps you out a spot,
Big hearted you, "Here chum, my tot",
Gulpers it's true, and watch him scoff,
Dismayed, he sees the whole lot off,—

More Chokker!

That party gay you met last night,
Essence indeed, a lovely sight,
Money you spent on her, like water,
Today you learn she's the Crusher's daughter,—

Still Chokker!

Well pay day's here, blank week's behind,
That brings a smile, till mustering, find,
You're in the red, North Easter you,
So now you're broke, you're feeling blue,—

And Chokker!

But luck will turn, you grin and say,
It's Saturday night, and you feel gay,
"My football coupon's up", you boasted,
Alas next day it's found unposted,—
Chokker—You're THREADBARE!

"McHAMMOCK".

GOING THE ROUNDS IN MERCURY

CHIEFS' CHATTER

As there is an article dealing generally with the opening of Mounibatten Block suffice it to say that we are "in" and are very pleased with our "lot!"

"INS"
 Andrews, C.P.O.
 Carter, C.Y.S.
 Dugan, C.P.O.T.
 Fry, C.E.R.A.
 Godley, C.P.O.T.
 Giddings, C.Y.S.
 Hale, C.T.S.
 Hodgson, SHPT
 Hastings, C.Y.S.
 Hutchinson, C.Y.S.
 Manns, C.P.O.T.
 McInnes, C.P.O.T.
 Wells, C.P.O.T. (S)
 Peri, C.E.R.A.
 Smith, C.P.O.T. (S)
 Tuck, C.P.O.T.
 Wright, C.P.O.T.

"OUTS"
 Ayres, C.P.O.T., *Trafalgar*
 Andrews, S.C.P.O. (V), *Albion*
 Abbott, C.Y.S., *Albion*
 Bainbridge, C.R.E.A.,

Chichester

Bennett, C.P.O.T., *Cheviot*
 Bumpstead, C.P.O.T.,

Peregrine

Blood, C.Y.S., *Pension*

Coyle, C.Y.S., *Ganges*

Clapson, C.Y.S.

R.A.F. Pucklechurch

Gorsuch, SHPT, *Vigo*

Green, C.P.O.T., *Kranji*

Hayward, C.Y.S., *Cheviot*

Hutchinson, C.Y.S.,

Bellepheron

Johnson, C.P.O.T., R.A.N.,

R.N. College

Allcock, C.P.O.T., R.N.

College

Jubb, C.P.O.T., R.N. College

Kemp, C.Y.S., Work Study

Kennedy, C.P.O.T., *Adamant*

Moore, C.P.O.T., *Pension*

Moore, C.Y.S., *Pension*

Stew, C.Y.S., *Afrikaner*

Tinkler, C.P.O.T.,

S.T.C. Singapore

Wilkinson, C.P.O.T. (S), *Kranji*



Official Photograph

C.P.O. Bar and Lounge

The Easter Dance went with its usual swing although the attendance was below average, everyone had a good time and as usual was sorry to leave.

An opening social was run concurrently with sports day but here again numbers attending were far below average.

The request for ships' crests has met with very poor response, but we are still hoping, so do chase one up for "the old school".

Congratulations to C.P.O.T.s Jubb, Johnson and Allcock on their promotion this Term to S/Lt. (SD) (C).

The president's job, now no longer a stop draft billet, has been filled by C.P.O.T. (S) Maye, as a joint job.

We have had the pleasure of hearing from a couple of ex-members this Term, ex-C.Y.S. Kaye and an ex-C.Y.S. F. E. Ward who left the mess some 20 years ago. Drop in and visit us any time you are passing. You may know someone.



Official Photograph

P.O.s Lounge

P.O.s' PATTEN

Since the New Block has been well and truly dealt with elsewhere in this issue, we will confine ourselves to saying how pleased we are with the particular section which is ours. Members who are "rolling it out" will be pleasantly surprised when they return to Leydene.

To mark the opening, we held a Grand Social and Dance the night following the move in. To help feed the 300 odd who came, we obtained one of 'Jimmy's' smaller porkers (just over six score for the statistical minded) and Messrs. Carter, Constantine, Cull and Rust put in a great deal of hard work to barbecue the little monster amongst the trees. This, in addition to the normal buffet, etc., the three bars which were run and the excellent general arrangements made by the Entertainments Committee, made the evening most successful and much enjoyed by all. (Only complaint so far—why don't we do this more often?)

Sports Day produced something of a surprise in that the C. & P.O.s were only very narrowly beaten by the New Entries. We congratulate, on behalf of the Mess, all those who made the effort.

In conclusion, we would like to thank those who have so far responded to our appeal for Ships' Crests, but we still need as many more as we can get. Any more please? The normal repayment will, of course, be made on their arrival, to all who oblige.

SPORT

Cricket

The advent of the inter-Part Cricket Knock-out Competition is upon us, the excitement, surprises and disappointments of the Athletics are behind us.

Establishment cricket this season has been a series of 'ups and downs'. Broadhalfpenny Down has seen our fortunes fluctuate and only in recent matches has the XI revealed by positive results its true potential. We were defeated in the first round of the U.S. Knock-out competition by *Dryad*, thus our interests have remained throughout the season with the "friendly" fixtures. We have been both fortunate and privileged to take "home-made" teas in the parlour of the Bat and Ball Inn; for which we thank the landlord and his wife most gratefully.

Athletics

The scene for Sports Day was set on Hyden Wood ground and was blessed with excellent weather. Competition was high and at last the Wardroom has been relieved of the trophy—the New Entry Division are the proud possessors. The final of the tug-of-war provided a keen contest between the New Entry Division and the Signal School, the New Entries winning by 2 pulls to one. Who said 'detailed volunteers' could not pull together!

For the first time we entered the Minor Establishments Athletics Competition which was held this year at *Sultran*. We left Leydene with high hopes but they were soon to fall, as an unfortunate car accident involving three of our stalwarts deprived us of their invaluable services. Undaunted we carried on and finished a worthy third. All credit goes to the cheerful way in which the rest of the competitors, at short notice, rallied to fill the vacancies. We are happy to say that no serious harm came to the three involved and all are fortunately fit and well. We must congratulate O Tel. Curtis on his excellent performance in the three miles event, for, under atrocious conditions, he pressed the winner all the way and was just "pipped" at the post into second position.



Official Photograph

Signal School lounge and N.A.A.F.I. restaurant



Swimming

The static water tank at the rear of Main House is now painted blue and on warm afternoons the wails from backward swimmers . . . and Wrens . . . can be heard, while others bathe (or paddle) leisurely during the "dogs".

In the Command Water Polo League we are lying in first place but have two games in hand. At the time of going to press we are due to meet our closest challenger *Victorious*—we hope we are!

In the next issue it is hoped to give definite news regarding the future development of Hyden Wood. Matters are well advanced and we are now hoping for a big slice of the "financial cake".

P.O. J. Riley, P.T.I., has recently left to join *Orwell* to gain his "bridge certificate" and we wish him well. P.O. R. Denne, P.T.I., is welcomed in his place and already he has done much to improve the standard of athletics in the Establishment.

Rifle shooting

It takes a long time to get things going, but once started we never let up. Returning from Easter leave we concentrated on 'rapid' and 'snap' shooting and with our tyros it certainly paid off.

We carried off two cups, twelve medals, the Queen Charlotte Cup (under 21) the Hart Cup for the highest individual tyro, O/Tel. O'Donovan, and in fact we cleared the board of all the tyro trophies in the events in which we entered.

There is a lot of shooting potential here in H.M.S. *Mercury*, so next Term we look forward to seeing lots more 'gravel bellies' getting 'possibles'.

Exped Sailing

Several weekend sailing and camping expeditions in whalers have been arranged during the Summer. The whalers have been borrowed from the Command Seamanship School and crews provided by New Entries who, in many cases, were sailing for the first time.

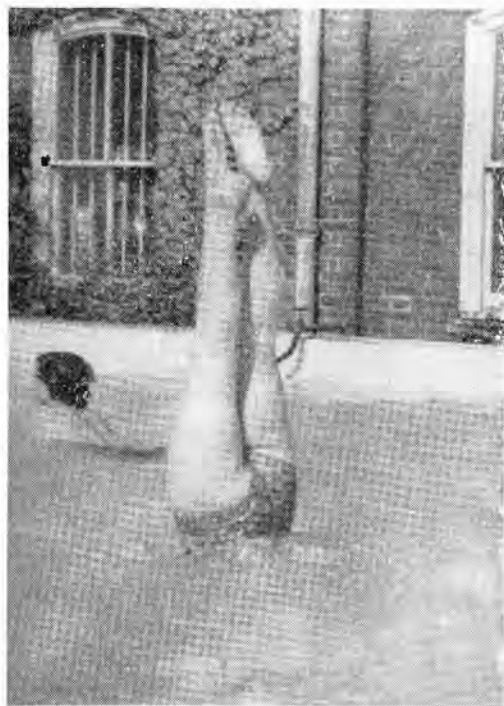
The first expedition to Cowes was sponsored by the Command Expedition Sailing Committee and held in early June. It was carried out in rough weather and our whalers, coxswained by Yeomen

Milligan and Mellor, were successful in keeping their boats intact and being the only crews to arrive at the destination on time. Four whalers from other Establishments withdrew owing to damage.

Other coxswains who have taken crews away are Sub Lieutenant Robson and Yeoman Tunks.

W.R.N.S.

The W.R.N.S. of *Mercury* deserve a special commendation for their sporting activities this Term although it would be impossible to mention all the names.



Operation Apple?

We seem to have had a very successful season and have managed to take the Portsmouth Command Athletics cup away from last year's winners—H.M.S. *Victory*. Special credit goes to Wren D. Causley-Corder who worked very hard. She succeeded in winning the discus event at both inter-Unit and inter-Command levels; this is the first year that the discus has been a Service event. We have also held on to the Portsmouth Command inter-Unit tennis cup after a marathon finals against the Wrens of H.M.S. *Collingwood*—in fact our third couple were still battling away long after everyone else had finished and gone off to a very late supper. We are about to play *Victory* in the third round of the cricket, and at the time of writing we are still hopefully involved in the Portsmouth Command Swimming Championships.

From the foregoing it would appear that all the Wrens are spending their time on Sport instead of learning how to be good Communicators, but in self defence it must be pointed out that a fierce battle wages continually between G. One and myself and most mornings one hears the cry, "But her morse has dropped to 90!" The Sports Officer replies, "But I'll get *shot* if she can't be spared for Command tennis/athletics/cricket/swimming!"

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the P.T. Officer and his staff for all their help and co-operation and their interest in W.R.N.S. Sport.

Broadhalfpenny Down, 21st June, 1958

Not many cricket matches have been cancelled this Term due to rain but most of the few hot afternoons have occurred when instruction has been the order of the day.

One match which aroused some interest in the local newspapers and which broke into the General News of the BBC Television, was a game between the Ancient Mariners from Leydene and the The Men of Hambledon, played in the costume and to the Laws of 1770.

The forenoon was dull, and showers had been forecast. At noon the captains of the sides, Cdr. O'Riordan and Mr. Fred Hall who had both played in a previous encounter of similar nature—walked to the middle with two immaculately clad gentlemen who were to "see fair play". A suitable spot was chosen for the pitching of the two stump wickets and a curved bat was tossed into the air to decide choice of batting. The Men of Hambledon took the field clothed in white breeches and shirts, with jackets of green, red and russet (which incidentally were the forerunners of our racing silks) and black caps.

The opening pair of the Ancient Mariners followed, with no protection from the leather ball other than their curved bats to guard the front and their pigtailed to save them from a pain in the neck. The immaculately clad gentlemen called "Play" and the game was on. The Men of Hambledon bowled (all underarm)—fast ones, slow ones,

twisters and turners—four balls to the over. The batsmen might have found difficulty with the curved bats, but the bowlers had to hit the stumps or get the batsman caught. On several occasions the ball passed between the stumps to the chagrin of the fielding side.

The spectators—unfortunately the continual showers kept most people away—seemed to enjoy the spectacle especially when the ball would rest under a car and the fieldsman would have to crawl on his tummy for it. (One spectator decided on one occasion to kick the ball under a car!) There were no boundary marks and the batsmen had to run between the wickets for a notch to be made. Cdr. Durrford and his companion in their smocks, kept tally of the runs made by making notches in freshly cut sticks. Their task needed care and speed—once seven notches were made when the ball was hit into the roadway and the fieldsman had to scurry to find a gap in the hedge.

At 1330 the players retired to the Bat and Ball for half an hour's refreshment. By this time the Ancient Mariners had scored 68 for 6 wickets. Meantime the spectators were able to regale themselves in the marquees which had been rigged in the N.E. corner of the field.

When play was resumed, the Mariners soon lost wickets between the showers, which made it very evident that the game, held for Naval Charities, would not be the financial success it would have been if the weather had been kind. However, the rain (insufficient to earn the insurance money) did not damp the ardour of the players.

The Ancient Mariners were eventually out for 88 runs and the Men of Hambledon went in to bat. The wet ball did not help the Mariners in their bowling but their fielding was good and Hambledon were dismissed for 100 runs.

The weather improved and after tea both teams batted for an hour. The Mariners made 108 setting the Men of Hambledon the task of getting 97 in an hour. This they did with about three minutes to spare. As one can imagine excitement was sustained till the last.

It is certain that both sides enjoyed their afternoon among the shades of the 1770s.

If John Nyren had visited the Bat and Ball Inn (where he was mine host in the 1770s) on the afternoon of June 21st, he may have thought that the players on his turf were not as good as Lord Tankerville's men, but would, no doubt, have been satisfied that his side had won. At least, he must have agreed that the Down was in good hands.

On the Lighter Side

From a New Entry's answer on Ground Wave Propagation:—

The heavy topside of the wave tends to make the wave follow the curvature of the earth.

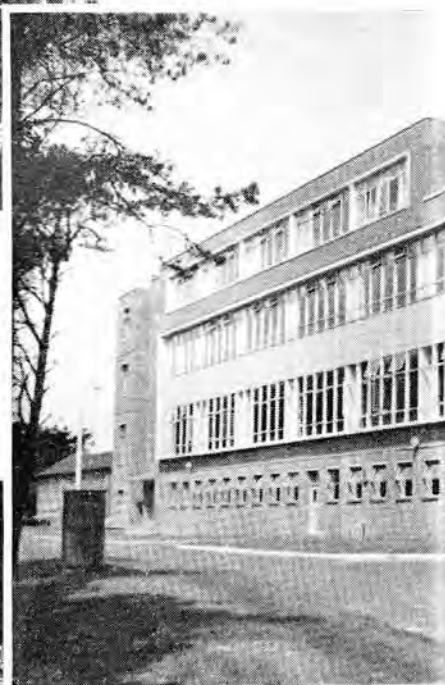
(Is it the Heaviside?)

MOUNTBA

OFFICIAL OPENING BY

THE COUNTE

20th



Left Top: The Captain greet
 Left Centre: Lady Mountbat
 Left Bottom: Wrens at the ce
 Centre: The Mountbatten Bli
 Right Top: The First Sea L
 Right Centre: In the P.O.s'
 Right Bottom: The C.P.O.s'

Photos by Chas. White of Mic

BLOCK

FIRST SEA LORD and

ANTBATTEN



Sea Lord on arrival.
'Block' cake.

est.
the ship's company.



and R.S. Overson.

LEYDENE

Mountbatten Block is a milestone in the history of the Signal School. Perhaps this would be an appropriate moment to remember what has gone before. Much of the following was written in the first issue of this Magazine for Easter, 1947.

The Main House, though started in 1914, was not finished until 1924. The owner, Countess Peel, was still in residence, when Leydene House was requisitioned by the Admiralty in 1941.

For some years prior to the last war, the necessity for H.M. Signal School to be a separate establishment had become apparent. Until then it had been a part of the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. Plans were all prepared for erecting an imposing structure where the A.D. & D.C. School now stands. The war, however, caused this project to be shelved.

When air attacks started on a large scale in 1940, it became essential to move as many Establishments as possible from the Portsmouth area. The Signal School in common with other parts of the R.N. Barracks had received damage.

The experimental section of the Signal School was transferred to Lythe Hill House, Haslemere, now occupied by the Commodore, Naval Drafting and his staff. In June 1941 Captain G. H. Warner, then Captain of the Signal School, visited Leydene and decided it was suitable for the new home of the Branch.

Shortly afterwards, an advance party under the direction of Lieutenant A. E. Cullimore was sent to prepare the way. Lieutenant Commander the Hon. R. Napier supervised the planning and Commander J. H. C. Willoughby was later appointed as Executive Officer.

During the period of preparation a land mine was dropped roughly where the .303 rifle range now stands. This severely shook the building. Happily, this was the last sign of enemy activity in the immediate vicinity.

On August 16th, 1941, the Signal School started to function on its new site and was commissioned as H.M.S. *Mercury*.

In the Editorial of the Easter 1948 issue, it is recorded that the pagan god Mercury was the god of "eloquence, theft, merchandise and trade". This seems most appropriate. Eloquence for skill with the microphone, theft, we hope, being confined to stealing signals out of the air and those who have seen the activity in the First Lieutenant's Office in selling plants, flowers and logs, apart from the success of the pig farm with the hundreds of pounds it has made for the Welfare Fund, cannot doubt the blessing conferred by the last two attributes of the god.

His Caduceus—the winged staff entwined by two serpents—is a symbol of happy understanding as when Mercury plunged his staff between two fighting snakes they entwined themselves lovingly around it and each other.

Mercury was, of course, the very ready messenger of the greater gods. His name has also been given to the bright planet nearest to the sun and to the most fluid of metallic elements. He is the synthesis of beauty with duty, grace with efficiency and speed with readiness to serve. What name could be better?

He also led the souls of the dead to the underworld. This need not worry the New Entries as it is well known that the souls of mariners change into sea gulls and squawk for gash on the lower booms of ships.

The first contingent of ratings numbered about 300. They slept in tents in what is now East Camp and they fed in the space that is now the Wardroom Mess. The summer was very wet but the luxury of nissen huts arrived before the winter with *only* 24 accommodated in each.

The numbers in the camp increased rapidly and at peak periods it reached 1,200. There was little to offer in the field of entertainment, sport or even comfort. Nissen huts seemed to be the fate of Communicators wherever they went, though these poor conditions were accepted as the necessity was understood.

The theatre was completed in July 1943, and was the first major amenity provided. Since that day it has done noble service.

The real turning point in the history of Leydene was its purchase by the Admiralty in 1950. At last we had a permanent home and building could start. First, the nissen accommodation where many froze in the winter and baked in the summer gave way to modern blocks. Now, the last real horror of the past—the messdecks and galley—has been replaced. There is still much to be done but no one can deny that the worst is over.

While this building was going on, enormous progress was being made in providing sports grounds. Jo's Meadow and Hyden Wood were carved out of forest and undergrowth by bull dozers and the First Lieutenant's working parties. St. James' was also made into a soccer pitch and work still proceeds. Unfortunately, Hyden Wood ground has run into drainage problems but a most generous grant from the Admiralty will put this to rights, though it may be out of action next year.

Mountbatten Block has, at last, provided a vital need. In this fine new building there are now spacious and well heated dining halls, lounges, television rooms and N.A.A.F.I. bars and restaurants. In some ways it seems that we have gone from one extreme to another. From the depth of squalor to the height of luxury, but it would seem a just reward for the uncomplaining acceptance for so long of what the war left.

Some idea of this new addition, to those who have not seen it, can be gauged from the photographs in this issue. You will not be disappointed when you return to *Mercury*.

The new Instructional Block should start this year, but after the permanent accommodation none will be appreciated as much as this new Mess and Recreation Block.

BOOK REVIEWS

LONG WAVE AND MEDIUM WAVE PROPAGATION, by H. E. FARROW, Grad. I.E.E. Published by ILIFFE & SONS. Price: 4/6 (by post 4/10). 39 pages.

First issued as a B.B.C. Engineering Training Supplement, this booklet is now offered for general sale. It describes the main features of propagation at L.F. and M.F. (30-3000kc) with particular reference to the broadcasting bands 150-285kc and 525-1605kc. There are sections on aerials, ground and sky waves, attenuation due to earth losses, mixed path propagation, synchronised group working, ionospheric reflection, fading, long range interference, and low power installations.

Statements which may be of particular interest include:—

- (a) The limit to the service area (only ground wave considered) is often set by interference from the sky wave and so the transmitting aerial is designed to give a good ground wave to sky wave ratio.
- (b) The values of conductivity which affects ground wave propagation at L.F. and M.F. depend upon the nature of the ground down to considerable depths (e.g., currents at L.F. may be induced at depths of over 100ft.).

(c) With one exception, all B.B.C. M.F. transmitters work in synchronised groups, i.e., there is more than one transmitter on each frequency. This provides the maximum coverage with the limited number of frequencies available in the wave-band. When receiving from two transmitters on the same frequency, a first class service requires a ratio of wanted to unwanted signal of about 5 to 1.

(d) Because the B.B.C. standard of Broadcast reception is so high (40 db signal/noise ratio) the useful range of a 5kw transmission on 1500 kc is given as only a mere 8 miles!

THE FOUNDATION OF FOUNDATION OF WIRELESS, by M. G. SCROGGIE, B.Sc., M.I.E.E. Published by ILIFFE & SONS LTD. Increased Price: 15/- (by post 16/4). 388 pages (170,000 copies of previous editions have already been sold).

This excellent book has now been enlarged and sections of it rewritten. It starts from the elementary principles of theory and uses the minimum of mathematics. Although the background of this book remains the build up to the Superhet Receiver there is now more emphasis on F.M., V.H.F. and television, which is a new subject for this edition. More space has also been devoted to the transistor because of its growing importance. The 200 additional diagrams which have been introduced indicate the extent of new material covered.



"Please Sir, can anyone join your library?"

HOME STATION



R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

You asked for an article, and of course no one wanted to sit down and flog grey matter, even in working hours to produce anything from "The Naval Air Station", so the usual person has to sit with head bound in damp towels and an air of mysticism and try to apprise the world in general and you lot in particular of our presence.

The shipborne correspondent has little trouble; he can give the usual dull catalogue of places that the ship has visited or is about to visit, and talk about sport and make oblique references to other ships (which are only understood by the ships concerned) but since the last issue, in fact since the first issue, we have been permanently anchored in this far distant country; the nearest we have been to getting under way is when the spring tides rise and increase the water content of the surrounding marshland.

We do have our moments, and certainly more than our share of official visits, that's what comes of having notoriety (is that the right word?) but nothing to get excited about, so back to the problem. What to write? The problem isn't new, but it seems to hit air stations more than anyone else, not one article in the last Magazine came from an air station! The trouble is that most of our staff is made up of shy retiring Wrens, and they get attacks of the vapors if asked to put pen to paper, maybe this is just as well because it would look like something out of the chit-chat column of a matrimonial magazine "So-and-so got married" (or is it has gotten married? Anyhow she's spliced) and you'll never guess to whom! Yes, my dear, to that terrible drip of a Naval Airman! My dear not even a Chief! And so-and-so is engaged to so-and-so, he's a dream, and of course we all want to go to Gib., (it's the rock apes you know).

Of course, this is a different navy! the things that go on at an air station that would make Nelson turn in his grave would fill a book, but I'm ashamed to admit that they take place here, I mean there's a limit, isn't there. How about the POAF who sent a telegram back "Extension satisfactory", and the pipe one evening "The safety equipment Bloke muster in the safety equipment store", or the bo'suns mate who piped GEEE at five to eight. It rocks me, and I'm not pusser!

You should see the food, three choices for dinner and rice crispies and wheaties for breakfast and fruit! Proper cissy stuff, they'll have table cloths and napkins next. I wish I could make this ship roll for a few hours that'd show 'em, half the blighters think the sea is that stuff at Blackpool, and a ship is something Jack Hawkins and Richard Todd make pictures on at Pinewood studios.

Did I hear an airy-fairy say what about the aircraft carriers? Well what about them! Floating blocks of flats with all mod cons., annexes to the R.N.B's. (I hid the bit between my teeth then, didn't I!)

Well, still the problem, what to write about. Our equipment? Half the Navy wouldn't know what I'm talking about, and the others will say what is this? An excuse for not getting in contact on Ship NAS because of obsolete gear, and if I boast of the new stuff that's going in they'll say "Who is this bloke anyhow, you'd think he was buying it himself". (As if I'm not!) Perhaps I could lament the shortage of staff, but who can't.

A verbal tour of the Highlands? No, better leave that alone for fear of offending the natives; we foreigners must be careful you know, both our messengers are Scottish and so are some of the Wrens, agents placed by the S.R.A. no doubt.

The weather is the Englishman's standby for conversation, but it doesn't exist up here. When the rest of the country is enjoying sunshine, the rain keeps in practice in this area, so we don't talk about it. The night life of the city would make good reading, but this isn't the famous Sunday newspaper, and my wife would view with suspicion any request placed through the normal channels to gain first hand knowledge of the subject. It is interesting to note however, in spite of the most unusual hours of business in the local pubs many of the locals manage to get in a peculiar state during the closed season, and it can hardly be the air, unless a wine exists composed of soot, sulphur, muck and grime. I believe there is a whisky named "Scotch Mist" though.

Sea time is available up here, but the vessels compare very unfavourably with Gosport and there isn't the thrill of going to a foreign land like there is on the Torpoint.

No, I'm afraid there's just nothing to scribble about, it's a sad state of affairs.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.



Lissiemouth under snow

H.M. YACHT BRITANNIA

The first happening of note since our last letter was the retirement of Vice Admiral Sir E. M. Conolly Abel Smith, G.C.V.O., C.B., who had held the appointment of Flag Officer Royal Yachts since before the World Trip in 1953.

At this time much activity was noted in the staff in the direction of the C.B. and B.R. cupboards, brought on no doubt by the news that the new F.O.R.Y., was a Communication Specialist and an ex-Captain of the Signal School, Rear Admiral P. Dawnay, C.B., M.V.O., D.S.C., who transferred his flag to *Britannia* from H.M.S. *Vigo* at colours on January 31st.

A short work up with a weekend visit in Milford Haven followed and we were then ready for the State Visit of Her Majesty The Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip to the Netherlands. During this visit we were escorted by H.M. Ships *Grenville* (T.S.2), *Paladin* and *Pellew*; the Dutch escort consisting of the Cruiser *De Zeven Provinciën* and two destroyers *Utrecht* and *Overijssel*.

This visit was marred by the sudden death of a member of the ships' company. C.R.E.A. Boggust, having been a C.P.O. Tel. before changing Branches, was well known to many communication ratings who I'm sure would wish to join in sending our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Boggust and her family.

H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, embarked at Liverpool on Wednesday 7th May for her visit to Northern Ireland. Our escorts on this occasion were the R.N.V.R. Minesweeper H.M.S. *Mersey* who was relieved by H.M.S. *Blackwood*, and the Ulster Division Sweeper H.M.S. *Kilmorey*; *Blackwood* remained with us until after we had left Ireland when she in turn was relieved by H.M.S. *Malcolm* who accompanied us back to Portsmouth. This was the first time that Her Majesty The Queen Mother's Standard had been worn in *Britannia*.

but we all sincerely hope that it will soon be a familiar sight on our Main.

The Royal Yacht Sports Day was held on the lawn at Whale Island on Tuesday 10th June. Visitors thought that we had dressed ship specially for the occasion. On looking at the results I'll say no more about the sports but pass quickly on to the inter-part dinghy races where the Communication Division reached the semi-final, where they were narrowly beaten by the P.O.'s who went on to win the competition. In the inter-part cricket also we still hold our heads high and are waiting to play the Chiefs.

In conclusion, our congratulations to our Divisional Officer, Cdr. (N) P. Mitchell on his marriage. Having looked after us for two years he showed his high regard for the Communication Branch by taking unto himself a Communicator wife, 2/O J. Rigby. Our very best wishes to them both.

DARTMOUTH TRAINING SQUADRON

If the Summer Cruise has been a little less exciting than the Spring Cruise it is because we have been in more homely waters.

Portland has once again become our second home and the inhabitants of Weymouth have become used to ships dashing straight at the shore and then out again as we do dummy anchorages for Midshipmen.

However, we have had much of interest to keep us going. After Easter leave we sailed for Flensburg in North Germany and here we were given what can only be described as a magnificent welcome by the West German counterpart of the Britannia R.N. College; everyone was friendly beyond belief. We also visited the West German Naval Signal School which is getting going again. In part we returned the hospitality by giving the German Midshipmen and Cadets a day at sea on the way to Kiel—they brought their band with them—the first time it had been water borne and the only casualty was a bandsman who played as the ship rolled—with distressing results to his teeth.

A brief stop at Kiel from where a trip to Lubeck was arranged, and then home again. Embarking a new term of Midshipmen for the next three weeks we sailed for Glengarriff where we expected to hold our regatta but the Irish authorities restrained us and we went to St. Ives. The Second Division *Jewel* and *Acute* has joined the First for this trip but in spite of much valiant effort by the remainder *Venus* retained the Cock for another year being victorious in almost every race—not we hear without the aid of a very shaved down whaler.

The next stop was a quick trip to Milford Haven to liaise with 727 Squadron who train our Cadets in aviation and then to "Scouseland" with *Vigilant* at Liverpool, *Venus* at Crosby (actually in the Gladstone Dock) and *Roebuck* at Wallasey.

Now we end our Midshipmen training this

summer with a quick visit to the lesser known spots in Norway before preparing to escort the *Britannia* for the royal visit to the B.R.N.C. at Dartmouth in late July.

The ships are managing with young and inexperienced staffs whose older members lend a willing, if sometimes somewhat strong, hand. In a few weeks *Carron* rejoins us and *Venus* goes in for a well deserved refit.

ROYAL NAVAL SIGNAL SCHOOL, DEVONPORT

Although the "axe" is about to fall on Devonport Signal School we still have about six months remaining in which to "go out like a lion". The run down of the training programme has not yet begun and consequently life is very full for all with some 150 trainees on the books. Much to our regret, from August no further classes will join and as the present classes pass out and draft chits fly into the IN tray, our numbers will rapidly fall via the OUT tray. By December we will be down to bare bones when the remaining classes, totalling eighty trainees, will transfer to *Mercury* to complete their training.

However, to ward off alarm and despondency amongst the West Country Communicators there will still be a foothold left on Devon soil into which a few will be able to plant their stanchions. The S.T.C. will have a complement of two officers, two Chief Yeomen of Signals, two Chief Petty Officer Telegraphists, two Yeomen of Signals, two Petty Officer Telegraphists, one Leading Signaller and one Leading Telegraphist. Needless to say, with such a small complement and the high traditions of past 'oggies' to maintain, only the best (15 sups on the trot, at least) stand any chance of making the pilgrimage to the 'Mecca of the West'.

On the 24th June, the Signal School was visited by the Commander-in-Chief Plymouth, Vice Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, K.C.B., D.S.O. Unfortunately, the weather was not as it should be on such occasions and consequently the march past had to be cancelled. Perhaps we will have another chance before the end of the year to make our name as a Gunnery School too.

The R.N. Barracks inter-Divisional athletics meeting was held on the 18th June and once again the R.N.S.S. team came home a comfortable length in front of the field, retaining the Aggregate Trophy with 35 points ahead of H.M.S. *Centaur* the runner-up. R.N.S.S. won a total of 13 medals, six firsts and seven seconds. An excellent all round result and congratulations to all concerned. The chance of repeating this resounding victory next year appears rather remote but no doubt much sweat and tears will be shed in the attempt. Perhaps the writer will be able to slide behind his desk with a little less commotion than at present although he feels that his chair will be available for a relief if he takes part in

the 3 miles, 3,000 metres steeplechase or the pole vault.

Another victory this Term was gained when the R.N.S.S. cutter, cox'nd by the Officer-in-Charge, Lt. Cdr. Hawkins, won the Plymouth to Fowey sailing race. The Royal Fowey Yacht Club very generously presented a prize of £3 which was immediately invested in liquid assets, and it is understood that the club even made a profit on the transaction.

Besides the athletics and sailing a lively cricket league is rivaling this year's test series in interest if not in talent. Watkins Division is, at the time of writing, at the top with three wins out of four matches played. Our first ship's match versus H.M.S. *Centaur* was won quite comfortably with seven wickets in hand and several budding W.G.s have been selected to represent R.N.B. and Writer Macey has proved worthy of a trial for United Services.

The school entered a team in the Command Swimming Championships and although very enthusiastic we were unable to win another trophy. However, Ord. Tel. Cook has been selected to represent the Command in the 100 yards breast stroke and might also get a place in the butterfly and back stroke events.

The tennis knockout competition is unfortunately marred by the weather.

Last but not least the School's Outward-Bounders have made several forays on the Moor. It is whispered that the Governor of Her Majesty's other establishment in the vicinity is keeping a shrewd eye on these activities but the rumour that Schoolie's proficiency in such activities was developed during a previous commission in "that other place" is completely unfounded.

THE FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

Solebay, Lagoon and Hogue are now on the Home leg of the G.S.C. and very busy we have been too; we have three exercises behind us and still quite a chunk of sea time ahead of us before arriving home for Summer leave.

For once, though, we can say "they" pulled it off, or was it just a fluke that the First D.S. was in Gothenberg for the World Cup Football Series? Let's put it down to good operational planning and liaison between the Admiralty and the Football Association. This visit allowed us to see two Internationals during our stay in Sweden—England v. Brazil and England v. Austria—and let us say there were not many disappointed fans. Indeed the naval 'chuck-up' was most conspicuous: all manner of noise—klaxons, hooters and trumpets—and at times a terrific shower of airborne caps. V.S. Departments in all ships did well to provide masses of national bunting which was proudly flown by the small but conspicuous naval section of the crowd.

But perhaps the most colourful piece of ceremonial was the playing of the "Last Post" over the body of an injured Austrian player during a stoppage of play!

Who knows, perhaps the Royal Navy might send a force "down under" next year to see the struggle for "The Ashes".

H.M.S. KENYA

The photograph shows H.M.S. *Kenya* entering Karlskrona in June this year. The Swedes are a pleasant race we thought, and judging by the number of libertymen ashore each night I think they must have quite liked us. We even found time to see something of their Navy with their very modern and big destroyers fitted with large twin turrets and a guided missile launching platform.

This is the end of our Mediterranean/Home Fleet G.S.C. At the end of July we return to Portsmouth and pay off.

H.M.S. *Kenya* has steamed a good many thousand miles in her day and although a change is always pleasant we shall be sorry to leave. However, watch out *Mercury*; there are a lot of Communicators about to descend upon you.

We are just off to join the U.S. Striking fleet for Exercise 'Freshwind'. The M.S.O. has altered its name to BRITNAVCOMCENKENYA and our single side band transmissions seriously interfere with the Chief's Mess TV. Otherwise all is normal in the Flaggskippet.

M.H.Q. ROSYTH

It has been quite a lengthy period since an article from COMMORLANT appeared in our mag., which should leave no excuse for less than a thousand words this time, so here goes. First a bit about the station.

This is a combined H.Q.—RN/RAF, with the latter very much in the majority. However, that seems to have made little or no difference to the daily routine, and the RN carry on as usual, but without the mid-day issue. Did I say 'carry on as usual'? The R.A.F. are a pretty straightforward lot, and from what I can see of it Brylcreem is not the number one priority in the N.A.A.F.I.

The W/T Dept. is situated in what we affectionately call the 'pit', which has two entrances—R.A.F. 209 steps against our 47. For once the yeoman is only too pleased to be 'up top'. Both Services work in close liaison when it comes to communications, with, I notice, a leaf from each other's book here and there. You know the sort of thing I mean—our 103 is a bit on the thin side, but we can always sort that for the quarterly muster?

At the moment we are preparing for the forthcoming N.A.T.O. exercises, and by the time this goes to print we should be right in the thick of it. We had a nasty set back a few days ago. Our Chief Tel., who is in overall control, was reported missing. I promised him I would not relate the story to you,

but it's too good a yarn to pass over without giving a little of it away.

It was over a heated argument that he could go into any car dealers, purchase a scooter, receive a mere five minutes instruction on how to make the 'machine' mobile, then get astride and press on with a reckless abandon. That is exactly what did happen! The Chief took seven hours to make a journey of some one and a half miles; was picked up by the police as a suspicious character on a scooter that they believed to belong to someone else; shook an innocent family at 3 a.m. to ask if they could change 2/6d. to enable him to phone for help; had the entire station in a state of chaos. D.S.O. and Duty



H.M.S. "Kenya" entering Karlskrona, Sweden's Naval Base, in June 1958; taken from one of the coast defence fortresses where a Swedish guard was paraded.

P.O. Tel. especially, not to mention his wife who was beginning to think all kinds of things (that's the snag you see, you can't tell with a Chief Sparker!) after drawing repeated blanks everytime she phoned the local police station.

He eventually managed to get home—walking. Oh! just as a matter of interest his excuse for not being seen on the demon since the fateful day is that the battery is flat. The scooter has covered no less than twenty miles since the day of purchase!

Apart from the odd 'run' to either Edinburgh or Dumps., life is pretty quiet just at the present. Sport is gradually looking up and I notice a few more watch-keepers off watch participating in the art of cricket, now that they have found out our national teams can't play soccer after all. Myself, I'm catching up on my bull-fighting. Glop, here I come. Don't push, fellas. I've got a relief.

GANGES

(The Summer Term)

As Term time rolls on and reports become due,
You learn in despair that once more this means
you,

So you burn midnight oil, or wallow in beer,
While you sit back and wait for ideas to appear.

The main thing of course is to do something new,
To give a new slant to the same old review,
Of people who've come and people who've gone,
And the things that we've done while these brief
months sped on.

MAY

Chief Tel. Raven departing, relinquished his place
To P.O. Tel. Bradley (all hair and no face).
While Reg. Chief Tel. Townsend flew off with a
smile

To see the next "Test"—on a far Christmas Isle

We drafted to sea Two four one, Two four two
Leaving their Chiefs here with nothing to do.
Chief Tel. Holmes soon slipped into the Reg.
Office seat.

While Chief Yeoman Clarke made the Annexe his
beat.

JUNE

The First Sea Lord reviewed us, as you may have
heard.

Flying down here in a fast "Whirlybird",
With all due respect it should have a Flagdeck,
Where a Signalman (Flying) could risk his young
neck.

Q B R was as usual a breathtaking sight
With signals being hoisted to left and to right.
While sparkers with portables hovered around,
Reporting the 'fainters' who littered the ground.

JULY

Chief Yeoman Thomas got rid of his brutes
When they marched off to sea in their number
one suits

As they went he was heard to sigh "Ah there's
the rub"

"Now I've no working hands for the Camp Social
Club.

The Comms. competition provided a day
When Juniors and Seniors joined in the fray
By putting their skill at their job to the test—
In a fight for the honour of being the best.

Parents' Day brought down the Mums and the
Dads,

To check on the progress of all their young lads,
To see how they trained for their chosen career,
And discover the BRUTE who gave "son" a
flick ear!

AUGUST

I'll skip through this month like a shot from a
gun.

For I'm LEAVE first train Tuesday—three weeks
in the sun.

May your matches be short, and from all of us
here,

Q R U—Z K J . . . and the best of good cheer.
de dah de dah dit

H.M.S. GOLDCREST (R.N.A.S. BRAWDY)

This Term at Brawdy has been very quiet from a
communication point of view but now that 800
Squadron have joined the station, that pleasant
situation is expected to change rapidly and our
watchkeeping fraternity can now be seen wandering
glumly from point to point—being careful not to be
'seen off' in the process.

Many of the staff are proud of the fact that they
have done a great deal in assisting the local farmers
to get in the early crop of potatoes, the most enthusi-
astic spud pickers being L/Tel. Bobbs and Chetwynd.
Of course the fact that lovely 'lolly' was involved
may have had something to do with the all round
enthusiasm—unfortunately, POTs could not get in
on the act himself but he made his wife go!

With the advent of AFO 1385/58, the Commander
was deluged with requests from 'sparkers' to become
Alan Ladd's 'oppo's'. POT Rogers thought about it,
tried one or two jumps from the Reg. Office chair,
had a pint or two to recover and has now settled
down to the happy state of 'roll on my pension'
again.

Sub.-Lieut. Clarke has done a very good job of
reorganising the comms. block garden in preparation
for the Station Garden Competition; ably assisted by
the staff in general and especially by L/Tel. Waggett
—who built a very nice wall—and L/Tel. Hobbs
who has led frequent expeditions for turf and
flowers; all quite legally obtained, of course.



Official Photograph

BONE DOMES

The last W.R.N.S. courses to pass through the Naval Air Signal School before it closed down in June 1958.

NAVAL AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

The axe has fallen—and it is with regret that we have to announce the closing of the Air Signal School after the many moves since its creation.

Many serving officers and ratings, including W.R.N.S. have passed through the school in one or other of its localities over the past ten years and have, no doubt, pleasant memories to reflect upon.

The main theme of the Signal School has been to enlighten the uninitiated in the intricacies of Air Communications, a part of the Communication World which has become more and more complicated with the vast number of rapid changes taking place in the aviation field.

Excluding Observer pupils, the School has instructed some 200 W.R.N.S. trainees per year and some fifty odd officers and it has been proved beyond all doubt that the environment afforded by an Air Station and the co-operation of the squadrons in being able occasionally to fly these courses, have helped the "outsider" to appreciate and understand the Fleet Air Arm more fully.

Within the Observer and Air Signal School our primary duty has been to teach the observer pupils how to read, transmit morse and operate Airborne Wireless Equipment to a satisfactory standard and to instil into them a thorough knowledge of the basic elementary principles of Air Communications. The results have been most satisfying and with the odd exceptions this has generally been achieved by the time the Observer has fully qualified. The remainder of our courses, ranging from one day to

14 day "refreshers" in Air Communications have included, Tels (Air), Electronic Warfare, Operations Officers and many N.A.T.O. and New Commonwealth Officers and ratings.

The Air Signal School started at Arbroath in the early part of World War II, Observer pupils being previously trained in the Old Signal School, which was then situated in Portsmouth Barracks. After enjoying the bracing air of Scotland it was decided to move the School to Portsmouth. The move was effected in the early post war years, the school re-starting at Seaford Park.

When the Observer School moved to Culdrose in 1953 it was closely followed by the Air Signal School and at the time of going to press there is a Long Course Lieutenant Commander (C) in charge, assisted by a Lieutenant (SD)(C) and six Petty Officer Telegraphists, five of whom are qualified to fly.

The last Officers' courses have completed, and no more will the Wren Trainees grace this corner of Culdrose. To all who have passed through the School we say goodbye and good luck. To the staff who have become redundant—well, they're far too busy sorting out their next draft—but we wish them the best in their new jobs.

H.M.S. ROYAL CHARLOTTE

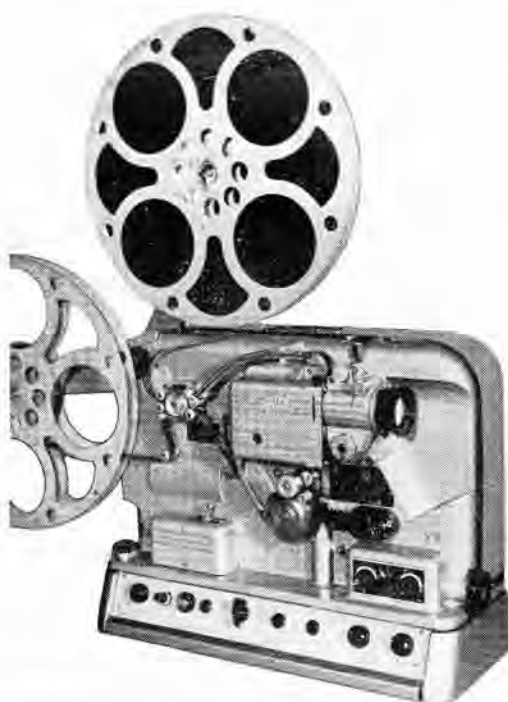
"Sic transit gloria Britanniae in Germania". Thus spake Flag Officer Germany on learning that a fresh colony of Leading Coders (Special) was to be settled near the N.A.T.O. Headquarters. This remark may be thought by some to show a lack of

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faith. However, in her four year commission, *Royal Charlotte* has clearly demonstrated her ability to show the flag with honour in a foreign port. It is our proud boast that only one major diplomatic incident has been reported during the whole of that time. Two factors contributed to this success; the presence of 'regulars' in this establishment and the fact that the local population includes only a few who know that we are here. Does anyone else know we are here?

FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT SPORT AN OLD CHARLOTTIAN TIE THE FOLLOWING POINTS SHOULD BE NOTED BY ALL COMMUNICATORS.

1. *Charlotte* is a cosmopolitan W.T. Station consisting of Leading Coders (Special) and others, who include a pet budgerigar known as Fritz.
2. It is situated on a Baltic fjord somewhere in Germany, a fact which may be of considerable interest to the Admiralty.
3. The cabins and the dining room are extremely well appointed, and the murals (the work of a Leading Coder of long ago) are a masterpiece!
4. Amenities include tennis and badminton courts on the shore of the fjord, a British Yacht Club, a private beach, a launch, two canoes and an airfield.
5. It is a shore station.

Our activities in this Communicators' paradise have been many and varied during the winter. Just after our Christmas dance an increasing interest in German 'affaires' became apparent. There have been other activities, though, notably a concert and a play which reflected on the industry and enthusiasm of those concerned. Both met with the success they deserved. During the summer months the feasibility, despite every precaution structurally, of capsizing a 'pirate' sailing dinghy has been amply demonstrated. In this connection, the German minesweeping flotilla has proved invaluable and seem certain of a very large harvest of Coders 'swept' from the sea's embrace.

Seriously, as *Royal Charlotte* will be closing down in the near future, the National Service Coders (Special) would like to record that working with Tels. has been a really educating experience; we cannot say enriching or rewarding because they always win at Tombola. H.M.S. *Mercury* taught us that much.

BACK TO SAIL(?)

FROM: BULWARK
TO: CORUNNA
INFO: C IN C MED. F.O.2. MED.
MY 051310Z
AMEND R/V POSITION TO 3745 NORTH
0600 EAST. FAVOURABLE WIND HAS
ALLOWED BETTER PROGRESS TO THE
EAST THAN EXPECTED.

DTG 081044Z

H.M.S. ARK ROYAL

The lack of news from *Ark Royal* for the Easter edition was simply because our activities were not spectacular enough to merit publication.

Our Mediterranean tour this time was longer and certainly more eventful than our first. We had two principal visits, the first to Genoa, and the second to Naples. Prior to our visit to Genoa we carried out exercise 'Marjex,' on completion of which we were lucky enough to sail through the Straits of Messina. Earlier on the same day we sailed to within 15 miles of Mount Etna whose snow capped peak jutted through the clouds, and later on in the evening after passing through the straits we saw in the gathering dusk that eerie and desolate looking island of Stromboli with the well known volcano spitting smoke and fire at the inquisitive carrier.

When we arrived at Genoa we found it in the grip of winter and we will always remember the inches of snow on the flight deck on the morning after we arrived, and the difficulty in getting ashore, due to the extremely high swell. Nevertheless, patience was rewarded and some were lucky enough to make bus trips to the Alps, while others enjoyed the thrills of the "Internazionale—Juventus" soccer match at Milan, or the singing of "Madame Butterfly" at the La Scala Opera House. A gleam of sun brightened the wintry scene and in the last few days the snow



Official Photograph
Troupers of the Yana show

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of relays for neutrality, transit time and contact bounce is effected by direct indication of the relay characteristics on the C.R.T. Either T.D.M.S. can be used independently of the other. Primarily the 5B is a transmitter and the 6B a receiver.



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melted away to tempt more ashore in this busy Italian seaport.

A fifteen day stay at Malta was to prove the last time we would get ashore on the island, and on leaving we carried out the usual aircraft exercises before spending a weekend at Palermo and then into Exercise 'Shotgun'. Then came our visit to Naples, which was well enjoyed by all. During the stay, numerous trips to Rome were organised and many people took advantage of these to see the many beautiful things which the city displays. Free trips to Pompeii were laid on and the relics of a bygone age dug up from the volcanic ash were very interesting. There were, of course, trips to famous Capri and Sorrento and to other places of lesser renown. While we were at Naples we embarked Mr. A. E. Matthews, the actor and a film unit which took location shots for a B.B.C. comedy series about the Navy. Our 'Chippys' presented him with his own personal lamp-post!!



Official Photograph

Mr. A. E. Matthews leaves with his lamp-post

A big exercise 'Medflex Fort' was due to take place followed by a trip to Istanbul, but "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley" and we found ourselves leading a force into the Eastern Mediterranean in case of any trouble in the Lebanon. The monotonous fortnight which followed, sailing in and out of Akrotiré bay, Cyprus (brightened only by the appearance of the Yana Show on the flight deck) was brought to an end by the arrival of *Eagle*. This was one of the few occasions on which we have been pleased to see our young sister, but for the sake of our pride we did not dare show it, but instead proceeded to remove a few more trophies from her already bare looking trophy case.

The following day, amid much rocket firing, and cheers from *Eagle* which were returned by a graceful bow by the *Ark*, and with the strains of the Oggie Song wafting over the bay, we said goodbye and sailed out of harbour in a homeward direction.

We had a nominal stop off Malta for a few hours before going on to Gibraltar for the last minute rabbit rush, and then on to Pompey. It was during this trip that we carried out our 10,000th launch and landing.

Right now we are in the middle of the culminating event of our commission and are retiring in a blaze of glory, being the principal article on show in 'Shop Window'. We have had a few hundred important visitors onboard, including the First Sea Lord and Mr. Duncan Sandys, and we are just hoping that everyone left with a good impression of the ship.

Soon the 'old lady' will be having a face lift in Devonport dockyard and as the second commission of "the most powerful weapon in Britain's armoury today" draws to a close, we recall numerous events which I am sure many would like to relive. Milestones in our history such as the visit of Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Philip whilst in Scottish waters, or that historic meeting with the gallant little

*"Radar" by Roy Nockolds*

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ship *Mayflower II* which heralded our wonderful American visit. Other not so exciting events crowd our memories too, like the boxing tournament against U.S.S. *Forrestal* at Southampton, the visit to Lisbon, or perhaps the sail in "Father Neptune's Northern Regions".

But no matter which episode we liked and remember best, there can be no denying that this commission has been a great success.

H.M.S. BULWARK

Having deserted our learned readers in the Easter edition due to the numerous exercises they have pushed on us since we sailed, we have eventually come back to you all during a slight lull where someone seems to have forgotten us for a day or two.

We sailed from Portsmouth 'on the tenth of January this year and so far we have covered about 28,500 miles. Some steaming, eh? We hope to arrive in Pompey again on September 5th this year, having covered roughly 35,000 miles in the comparatively short time of 8 months.

To start with we plodded across the big puddle with the Home Fleet in company, doing a small exercise on the way, and when we reached the West Indies we split up into little groups of a couple of ships and toured the islands, each going to different ports. Our first call was Port of Spain, Trinidad, where we spent a glorious week and a bit (as well as our lovingly saved pay!)—Next for us came a string of small islands; heading north we called at Bequia Bay where the Regatta was held; Kingston, Jamaica, where we too had to leave our little girls behind. A little island called Cannouan on which they stock everything from Pilsener to boot-laces in their little shack stores. 'Who wants to buy boot-laces?' The general danger there to human life is fantastic... There are manchineel trees with tiny apple like fruit, which if touched can make you blind, there were lizards over six feet long with hides like iron, sharks and giant rays that lurk in the depths of the sea and are dangerous when you are swimming, and if you are lucky enough to escape them you still have the coral reefs to contend with: should you happen to knock your foot on a hunk and it gets under the flesh, it starts to grow there, and from then on everyone calls you 'coral foot'. Anyway, getting away from the gruesome side we had quite a good time there. One morning we took ashore a 612 ET, together with three 622's, and after a short netting exercise had the rest of the forenoon to ourselves on the beach and swimming from the very modern pier there. Our next port of call was Bermuda (where it was wet and very cold) but most of the staff managed to get shore-side and hire little motor scooters for a very few shillings, tearing up the Island in the middle of the night as though they owned it... Sometimes I wonder what the locals thought of us.

After three or four days there we had to make the change from a very hot climate to a very cold one. It was then that we steamed up to Halifax and another exercise en route 'Maple Royal I'. At Halifax we stayed for five days and were made very comfortable, thanks to H.M.C.S. *Shearwater* who laid on an 'At Home' for the Fleet and two or three dances were also held in our honour.

A really grand show in all. They even gave us free beer which was produced for everyone, our hosts dipping very generously into their pockets.

Across the puddle again with the Home Fleet doing 'Maple Royal II', to Gibraltar and spending ten hectic days doing paint/store ship during the day and paint store stomach during the late hours of the night. Boiled oil... UGH!!!

We missed the gem of the Mediterranean by about 150 miles, thank goodness, arriving at Suez 18 days after quite a while at sea in the Med. A few dirty looks came our way from Egypt but nothing else.

Across the Indian Ocean to Singapore where we stayed for three quiet days and then sailed on exercise 'Oceanlink' in company with a few S.E.A.T.O. ships which included U.S.S. *Philippine Sea*, H.M.N.S. *Groningen*, U.S.S. *Subs.*, *Rasher* and *Bumby* and H.M.S. *Aurochs*, together with numerous other ships and craft. Spending 48 hours in Manila in the Philippines, we then crept ashore to mingle with the Philippines and the Eurasians. Next came the Jewel of the Orient, 'twas honourable 'Hing Keng'. Here we spent all of 19 days and our mess funds. The departmental run was held at the China Fleet Club and was quite a success. Going ashore with all of 800 dollars (about £40) we had a rendezvous in the club at 1830.

Starting with the old proverbial 'big eats', which consisted of mushroom soup (not honourable birds nest) followed by fried shrimp and then roast chicken. After our fill came the entertainments, acrobatics, fire eaters, conjuring and dancing girls—all were quite good at the price. For the rest of the evening we had a social, if you like to call it that but, in our words, it was a glorious...

Next we again cruised down to Singapore exercising on the way and just before arriving staged another exercise-cum-show-off called 'Showboat'. About 40 students and V.I.P.'s came onboard to watch this which turned out really well. I guess the R.M.N. is in top line for recruits now.

On the way back to U.K. we will be calling at Trincomalee, Mombasa, Diego, Suarez, Durban, Capetown, Freetown, Accra, Gibraltar and finally Portsmouth.

By the time we get to Capetown we should all know our various drafts when the ship goes out of commission in October. As most of us no doubt will be off as soon as she berths, there is hardly any chance that we will be writing again to you from this present crew, so we all wish you "Au Revoir and Good luck."

25

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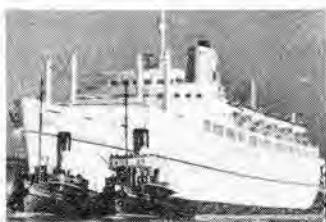
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H.M.S. EAGLE

I've been hoisted with flag Foxtrot half a dozen times but that's the penalty of scribbling the rough copy of this on the flag deck, with the place alive with 'buntings' (and itinerant 'sparkers!'). However, the Cyprus sunshine is a great attraction and I have hopes of getting bronzy-bronzy too. We are lumbering up and down the Cyprus coastline awaiting the outcome of the Middle East political argy-bargy, and filling in the time—to put it mildly—by heaving aircraft around the locality at all hours. All very well, but the situation has put us in three watches and stopped shore leave, stand fast bathing parties and banyans whenever we get in Akrotiri Bay. However, we'll really go to town with our drips when we've been around as long as some of the other pusser's "deterrents" out here.

We are at the moment on the watery end of FX 37 and co-operation with the shore side of it (RN RAF) hasn't been all we could hope for. However, things are gradually sorting themselves out with experience. We do wish, though, that the R.A.F. end would buy themselves a transmitting teleprinter, instead of struggling along with a reper and autohead. Normal C.W. traffic has been at a high level, and we in the nerve centre have been glad to write "T- by V S pse" on traffic for ships in company. The rag-tearers have been going great guns, and Ods and new Tels. and Sigs. have been discovering unexpected accomplishments on the operating side.

We left the habitat of this year's Field Gun Champions (couldn't resist that) on May 20th and after the usual couple of days at Gib., proceeded to Barcelona swopping *Paladin* for *Agin-court* en route. Tel. Birkinshaw took an M.F.V. from Gib. (with a little "dabtoe" assistance of course) calling at Valencia and several other little Spanish grots on the way up, and though he made a name for himself (unprintable) at typing up in a most unseamanlike fashion, the noise he made with his T.C.S. was negligible! Ever been to Barcelona? It must be the best run in the Med., if that's not restricting it a bit. After our usual effort of laying on a seagoing Farnborough Air Display for the Iberian military, carried out—but of course—with *Eagle's* usual precision, number sevens was practically the rig of the day. The people there are really pro-British and it seems we compare most favourably with other visiting navies, including the free-spending Americans. Not that we weren't lavish with our 'conkers', as the extended palms of the shipside barons proved the following payday! Most of the ship's company availed themselves of the opportunity to see a bullfight and a consensus of opinion seems to show that most of them were a little disgusted, though it was worth seeing as a spectacle. For two Sundays running, the toreadors beat the bulls 5-1, the bulls managing to get in a little revenge. Diverse sports were played against the locals with little success but stacks of enthusiasm.

The only competitive activities at the moment are inter-mess uckers, darts, crib and "what-have-you" with the odd game of deck hockey.

Two ex-members of the staff—L.Tel. Johnstone and Tel. Thomson, now Mistars, sent us a Navy Day's telegram saying "Hope you miss this number"—and we nearly did! Yeoman Chamberlain ("Mr. Eagle" himself), C.Y.S. Banks, and P.O. Tel. Forbes left us before we sailed to don spats and bowlers—and we wish them the best of luck. C.Y.S. Smith, Yeoman Haines and Burt have swelled our numbers, soon to be depleted by the departure of P.O. Tel. Barber and L.Tel. Clark, so it seems to be V/S up and W/T down. B.13's are evening things up, though!

The visit of the Drafting Commander (genuflect please!) in Plymouth confirmed our suspicions of the Branch getting in the least amount of shore time of any, but though carrier life is interesting (understatement of the year!) roll on next April and decommissioning, and let's have a whack at Mount Wise watchkeeping and a goodly drop of R.A.

Quotes from Spanish Newspapers

"To help in the manoeuvres which took place this morning there arrived in our port the Royal Naval fast motor-launches MFV 61, MFV 64, and MFV 72—the destroyers "*Duchesse*", "*Agin-court*", "*Decoy*", "*Diamond*" and "*Diana*" also came in this morning." "*La Prensa*"—Friday 30th. (Contributor's Note: The Darings didn't make it.)

"Then a group of Scottish bagpipers gave a fine performance on their harmonious instruments". ("*Diario de Barcelona*"—Thursday 5th). (Surely this is carrying Anglo-Spanish goodwill to the limit!)

"It is a retreat in which the marines interpret military music and at the same time carry out artistic evolutions." ("*La Prensa*"—Sunday 1st June!)

? ? ?

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INFO FO 2 FES

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DTG 220302 Z

FM GAMBIA
TO BULWARK

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DTG 220616 Z

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FM Loch Ruthven.

My position 61° N, 33° S.

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ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY, NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE WELLINGTON



Official Photograph

Members of the staff of Naval Communication Centre, Navy Office, Wellington, New Zealand.

It is quite probable that many readers are not fully aware of the activities carried out by the Naval Communications Centre, Wellington. We are commissioned as H.M.N.Z.S. *Wakefield*, and situated in the Departmental Buildings, Wellington, which also houses the New Zealand Naval Board.

Our staff is comprised of two Chief Tels., one P.O. Tel., one Leading Tel., nine Tels., one Y.S., four Leading Sigs., two Sigs., one E.A., one Chief Wren and three Wrens. This is augmented by a civilian staff of three typists. Attached to the Naval Board are the Director of Naval Signal Communications and Assistant Director of Naval Signal Communications, Lt. Cdr. (C). M. C. Eveleigh, R.N., and Lt. Cdr. (SD). (C). F. A. Baker R.N., respectively. Many of the senior and junior ratings are ex-Royal Navy.

Although our ship is a dry land one and we are situated on the 8th floor of the building we are not quite as high and dry as it would seem, the wide expanse of Port Nicholson Harbour and the undulating form of the Rimutaka Ranges being visible through the office windows. A continuous flow of shipping to and from Wellington makes the harbour a source of interest, such famous ships as *Gothic* and *Southern Cross* being frequent visitors.

Enough then of "window gazing" and back to work which constitutes the serving of the Naval Board, very much in the same manner as Whitehall W.T. serves Admiralty, but naturally on a much

smaller scale. From the Naval Communication Centre teleprinter lines go out and come in from H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel* (the Naval Base in Auckland), N.Z. Army Headquarters, R.N.Z.A.F. Headquarters (both situated in Wellington), the Post and Telegraph Department for transfer of commercial traffic and to H.M.N.Z.S. *Iirangi* the R.N.Z.N. Wireless Station at Waiouru in the centre of the North Island for onward routing to ships and authorities overseas.

It will be noticed that the photograph of our staff contains members of the U.S. Navy. The Communication Centre is also responsible for the control of Ship Broadcast W.V., the transmitters at Waiouru being keyed from N.C.C. Wellington. To date it still emanates good old fashioned morse but, of course, will advance to RATT in due time. This Broadcast covers one of the largest sea areas in the world being read by ships on the West Coast of the Americas, as far north as Pearl Harbour and as far south as the Antarctic. Oddly enough perhaps the most ardent reader of the Broadcast over the past nine months has been a shore station, Christmas Island (Headquarters Grapple Area) which with C. S. Forester in mind(?) is aptly known as H.M.S. *Resolution*.

We trust we have been able to provide our readers with a little more information concerning N.C.C. Wellington and hope that any Communicators who visit Wellington from H.M. Ships will pay us a

technical achievement...



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AGENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

visit and share the view of the harbour through the office window.

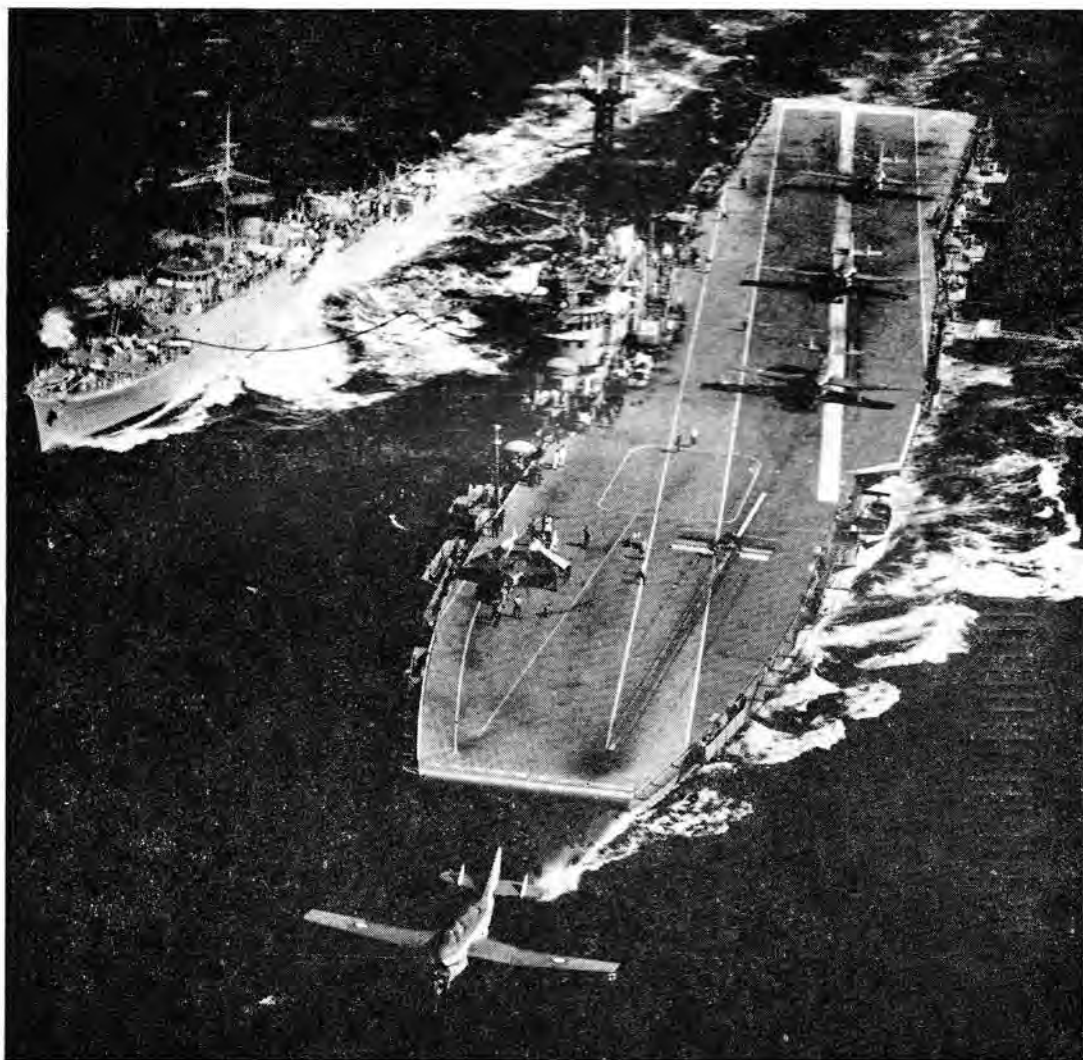
Finally, a fond farewell to our A.D.N.S.C. who leaves us for U.K. and discharge, after 33 years service in the Royal Navy, at the end of May. Also to Leading Tel. Patterson and Leading Sig. Topping who find the ties of Old England very strong even after six years in the R.N.Z.N. and return to U.K. for settlement in civilian life. To them all the N.C.C. Wellington wish "Bon Voyage" and many happy years ashore.

H.M.A.S. MELBOURNE

Cruise 5th March—22nd July 1958

By the time this issue of THE COMMUNICATOR goes to press, most of *Melbourne's* Communicators, including those of F.O.C.A.F.'s Retinue, will be enjoying their leave and taking up their new jobs, on completion of another commission and yet another Northern cruise.

This cruise entails approximately 25,000 miles of steaming in 4½ months, and at the time of writing,



H.M.A.S. "Melbourne"—flying off whilst replenishing.

Official Photograph



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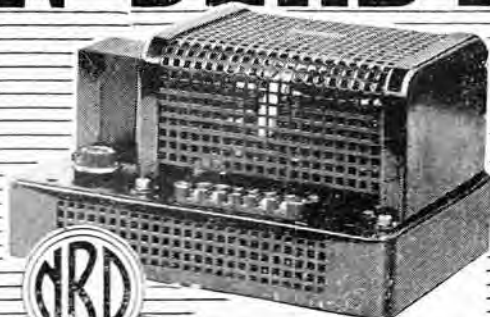
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we are nearing the end of the Yokosuka—Pearl Harbour leg, and looking forward to being overwhelmed by American hospitality during the next three weeks.

We won't bore the good reader with too many details of the two exercises in which we have been so far involved—"Festoon" and "Oceanlink"—sufficient to say that they provided many interesting, mystifying, amusing and sometimes excruciatingly aggravating moments, and we all parted good friends in the end? Of the ships of various nationalities which participated in "Oceanlink" we were particularly impressed by P.N.S. *Khaibar*—she was always "on the ball", and the sight of so many happy, smiling faces whenever she came alongside for fuel or transfers, was encouraging.

A highlight in International co-operation was reached (so we thought) the other day, when one of our U.S. destroyer escorts hoisted STATION 3 when proceeding to take up station. We did not bother to point out that "DESIG" was the proper drill, because this had not happened before with this particular bunch, and we hesitated to break the spell, but when he then proceeded to repeat flaghoist TURN 090 as TURN 190, we were forced to hoist INT 3! A few pregnant moments slowly passed, with no corrective action taking place, so we passed INT 3 by Tactical Primary (PRITAC to indoctrinated personnel!), and chagrin simply dripped from the speaker as our friend retorted rather than replied—"I AM going to Station 3 and I'm nearly there!"

Everyone knows how sailors pass their time in places like Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong and Yokosuka—so no comment, except that it was enjoyable, debilitating, expensive and the "rabbits' ears" are sticking out all over the ship!

In the very near future we will be making our mark on Waikiki Beach, and of course even the non-smokers will be taking a cigarette lighter ashore in case they encounter some grass skirts—Australians know all about bushfires—then we'll set sail south for home and leave.

P.S. New story worthy of comment. Captain to young signalman during OOW *manoeuvres*—"TURN TWO" spoken over the right shoulder as Captains do! Several seconds pass, nothing happens, Captain looks around—No sign of Signalman. Where is he? Re-appears five minutes later, having roused the opposite watch! It's true!!

R.N.A.S. NOWRA

At last we have succumbed to editorial pleas for more copy and offer some snippets from way down under. The ill-informed should consult an atlas to find exactly where we are. Roughly H.M.A.S. *Albatross* is 80 miles south of Sydney and 13 miles inland but high enough to see the sea in the distance.

Activities are much the same as at any air station plus a J.A.S.S. which brings R.A.A.F. Neptunes and

Lincolns down from time to time to play with submarines which form the 4th S/M Squadron. Gannets, Sea Venoms, Vampire Trainers, Dakotas and Sycamores keep the birdbrains busy with an Auster or two for communication flights.

Amenities run to the usual TV, Cinema, a most modern "wets" and "dry", swimming pool and flood-lit tennis courts for night tennis which is very popular summer and winter. In addition a Sailing Club, a Big Game Fishing Club, plus the close proximity of Jervis Bay for skin divers and spear fishermen provide for those who really do like salt water. There is also a Gliding Club.

I must remind you that we have our winter in full swing—I cannot remember when rain fell last or when a cloud was last sighted. Nothing but blue skies all day. However, this rosy picture is spoiled by a howling westerly wind which blows for five days, and stops for two each week.

There are four codes of football in progress, Rugby Union, Rugby League, Soccer and Australian Rules. The latter you will have to accept, I cannot explain it here. Which reminds me, Blackpool are touring Australia at the moment and putting up scores reminiscent of Australian cricket scores against England. Ah, well, you can't be good at everything.

Those of us who have served with the Far East Fleet were amused by the picture of a previous editor stepping it out with a female nightclub entertainer (Australian, I confess.) We produced some pictures of the same girl but decided not to send them as we felt that *THE COMMUNICATOR* was not really the right publication for them.

Incidentally, there are one or two ex-R.N. Naussies with us. A Naussie, by the way, is the vernacular press shortening of 'New Australian' which we were all invited, some years ago, to call migrants.

SUMMER PRIZE WINNERS

The Prize for the **Feature Competition** is awarded to R.S. CLAPP for the article "*Pois in the Antarctic*" on page 77.

The Prize for the **Cartoon Competition** is awarded to "R.K." for his cartoon on page 76. If "R.K." will communicate with the Editor the prize money will be forwarded. The Prize for the **Photographic Competition** is awarded to C.Y. SAINT for his photograph reproduced on page 71.

The Prize for the **Deliberate Mistake Competition** goes to Commander H. P. MEAD.

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CARTOON CAPTION

A prize of half a guinea
will be awarded to the sender of the
most suitable caption to the
cartoon on page 75

H.M.S. GRAHAM

Clyde Division

Once again, hello there, and with Summer sunshine to brighten up the scene we look back on our recent annual inspection, in which A.C.R. duly surveyed our ranks and apparently found us up to the mark. His pilgrimage round the various messes after the night's ceremonial did much to round off a most successful evening.

Training continues apace, and our ranks are somewhat diminished as Communicators trickle off to Signal School to gain promotion. Several have already achieved this aim, so we look forward to seeing some new Leading rates before long. In all, most of our seekers after promotion seem to have been rewarded, which is a good omen for the future of the Branch.

Our minesweeper *Clyde* is currently in the throes of her four sea-training cruises, and has already visited Norway and France in the process, and from accounts is providing a welcome outlet for those who itch to go afloat. Our drill hall has just had a welcome face-lift in the hands of the dockyard mateys, and has emerged gleaming with fresh paint, after some years of rather grimy soot. Even the C. & P.O.'s mess has undergone a beauty treatment, and is resplendent with wall lights, and contemporary wallpaper, sporting gondolas, wine glasses and galleons. With an improved bar and a new radio-gram it seems to be quite a social centre these days.

Recently we held a miniature "Navy Day", in which our Headquarters were open to the public. Our minesweeper was brought up river and open for inspection, and there was a good response from the public. As a result of our "Come up and see us sometime" invite, several new recruits have been gained so it looks as if we shall have to repeat the experiment more often.

All in all, the Division seems very much alive and kicking, which augurs well for the future, and nobody's complaining at the prospect!

MERSEY DIVISION AND No. 4 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W)R.

The Whitsun cruise of the Coastal Minesweeping Tender H.M.S. *Mersey* was very much a "Union" affair. With the Captain of the Division in command, and C.O. 4 as 1st Lieutenant we had two Ce Officers, the Section Officer, Manchester, a former Leading Telegraphist as Navigator, and a former Leading Signalman as Minesweeping Officer. The three Telegraphists were provided by the Preston Section of No. 4 District and a Leading Signalman from Mersey Division completed the team.

A visit to the Eireann Naval Base resulted in a new outlet for training, and Manchester and Preston are now in communication with the Cobh Base.

Since the last issue our numbers have been

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increased by 1 Yeoman, 1 Leading Signaller and 1 Leading Telegraphist, as a result of the Note inviting ex-communications personnel to join the Reserves.

No. 3 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W.)R.

Northampton Training Centre has completed modernisation and is fully operational. H.M.S. *Agin-court*, our affiliated ship, in the Med has been contacted on 20 Megs and other long distance contacts made. Meanwhile Leicester T/C is in the throes of modernisation, and though the supply of equipment for the 603 is held up, we believe it will be on the air shortly.

It is the turn of Leicester T/C to act as hosts to the remainder of No. 3 District personnel on the occasion of Admiral Commanding Reserves Annual Inspection. We feel that they will do us proud as did Northampton T/C last year.

The new standards of knowledge present to the Reserves our biggest headache. No RATT, no Ship-board A.T. However, we do have an "S" order detailing the steps to operate RATT which does give one an inkling. Lacking the facilities for operating AT and RATT we "stand to" on Voice. We are well equipped with the TCS and ten 622's and have carried out very successful large scale voice exercises on three weekends this year at R.N.A.S. Bramcote. It is our proud boast that we have as good Voice operators as can be found anywhere. The recently introduced abbreviated voice procedure has been used, consequently cutting down circuit time for individual messages.

We are not allowed Crypto systems but we use those based on the old, redundant ones. They add a great deal of interest to the exercises.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We thank the following for:

CARTOONS:

Wren Sig. Creach, H.M.S. *Condor* page 66;
Mr. T. Wilkins on page 75; "Johnno" on
page 83; R.S. Seiler, H.M.S. *Scarborough*
on page 85; L.T.O. Hodgson, H.M.S. *Ganges*
on page 95.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

R.S. Perry, H.M.S. *Cossack* on page 80;
R.S. Overson, H.M.S. *Mercury* on page 90;
Wren Martin, H.M.S. *Fulmar* on page 97.

The NATO Capital on page 68 is Rome

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR "AN HISTORIC FLAG"

Sir,

Aware of my interest in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, in general and flags in particular, a friend has drawn my attention to page 4 of Vol. 12, No. 1, of your very excellent publication.

May I be allowed to point out an error, e.g., "Royal Yacht *Britannia I*"?

In order that historical facts may be accurately recorded I venture to give the following details:

On 25th January 1957 the Admiralty gave the Trustees permission to adopt the old Navy Board flag as the Museum's flag. It was flown for the first time on 9th January 1958.

The flagstaff (height 103 feet) erected in the grounds of the Museum consists of the mizzen mast of H.M. *Yachts Victoria and Albert* (1899-1955) and the gaff, the fore 'gallant yard of the *Cutty Sark* (1869).

Yours faithfully,

H. GRESHAM CARR, F.R.G.S.,

46 Dobell Road, London, S.E.9.

Dear Sir,

In a recent issue there was a reference to the new flag of the National Maritime Museum, and the flagstaff at which it is hoisted. It was stated that it was the former mizzen mast of the *Britannia I* (writing from memory).

This should have been the *Victoria and Albert* the last royal yacht preceding the *Britannia*.

The predecessors of the existing (Royal Yacht) *Britannia* by name in modern times were the old wooden three-decker training-ship for cadets, which gave her name to the R.N. College, Dartmouth, and the battleship (built in 1904, I think), one of the King Edward VII class, commonly known as the "Wobbly Eight".

Perhaps there has been some confusion because of the sailing cutter yacht belonging to King George V, named *Britannia*. On his death, his son King Edward VIII was "not interested" and so for sentimental reasons the cutter was scuttled, but her tall pole (and only) mast was preserved, and presented to the Royal Alfred Home for Aged Seamen, at Belvedere, where for all I know it is still in existence.

Yours very truly,

Commander H. P. MEAD, R.N.,

4 Eliot Place, Blackheath, S.E.3.

(Ed. These two letters refer to the 'Deliberate Mistake' in the Easter issue).

TITLES AND TROOPSHIPS

Dear Sir

As an ex-member of the fraternity who used to be called 'Pots', I was interested to hear the recent Admiralty decision to change the names of ratings in the Communication Branch.

I feel, that the new title of Radio Communication Supervisor, whilst more fully describing the job done

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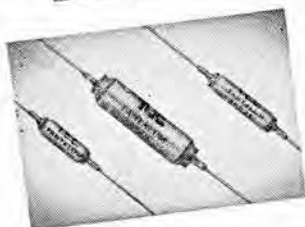
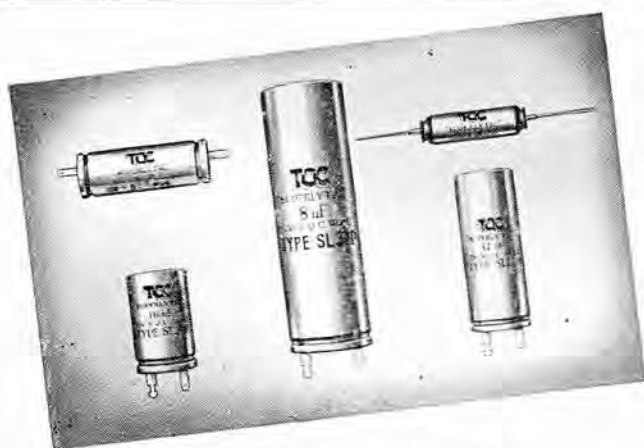
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by a P.O. Telegraphist, will inevitably be shortened if not officially, at least by the "lower deck", and the only abbreviation springing readily to mind is "RACOMSUP". This will no doubt be in keeping with other short titles which are to be found throughout the A.C.P.'s, etc., but will probably conjure up visions in the minds of many people of a new kind of liquid provided by the 'Pusser' to go with cheese for supper.

However, skylarking apart, it is good to hear that there are advances and changes for the better in the modern Navy. I wonder if in the future the man whose high qualifications earn him the title Radio Communication Supervisor will no longer be obliged to 'fight for a hammock billet' in mixed Petty Officers messes (which from past experience are usually overcrowded) or will he be allocated a bunk somewhere handy to his place of duty. Perhaps we shall one day see the R.N. adopt a scheme widely used in single operator merchant vessels, whereby the Radio Officer has a cabin adjoining or adjacent to the Radio Room and which, if applied especially to frigates and other small vessels where POTS is often on call at all hours, would enable him to turn out and deal with a situation and promptly turn back in again.

The memory is still very clear of many a night in H.M.S. *Sr. Austell Bay* when, due to the fact that there just wasn't room in the P.O.'s mess, and also for convenience, I used to lever myself from a cut-down camp bed firmly wedged athwartships in the W/T office aft, and stagger forward to the W/T office ducking under dozens of hammocks and barking shins, elbows, etc., on all the inevitable projections in alleyways. I also remember very well that even when wedged in the aforementioned camp bed there was a danger of being smashed to a pulp by one large steel C.B. chest which every now and again would decide to slide to and fro across the deck.

Yours truly,

JOHN B. CANE,

Radio Officer,

Ex P.O. Tel. D/JX 292096

H.M.T. "Oxfordshire".

E.W. NEWSLETTER

Now that we have started training our own Continuous Service New Entries, the Special Radio Branch (as we now call ourselves) has taken a considerable flip to the front.

Entry

Junior and Ordinary Radio Operators from *Ganges* and the New Entry Division in *Mercury* are allowed to volunteer to transfer to our Branch when they are about half-way through their training. They

then stop morse typing and instead concentrate on taking down morse by hand. Six weeks before the end of their normal course, when in the ordinary course of events they would start learning practical cryptography and A.T., they do a six weeks conversion course in the Electronic Warfare Section at *Mercury*. Here they learn all about tactical Electronic Warfare at sea.

Of course a Junior Radio Operator (Special) needs at least six months steady training and practice at sea before he is a really competent E.W. operator just as the J.R.O. needs at least six months sea experience before he is an efficient communication operator. So when a Junior Radio Operator (Special) joins your ship remember that he is not fully trained in the same skills as a Radio Communication Operator: that, in particular, he is not trained in A.T., practical crypto or morse typing, that he has his own skills and finally that he must be given plenty of practice.

This new method of entry of long service ratings into the Special Radio Branch will enable us to replace our present overbearing in keen but inexperienced National Service ratings and to build up sufficient numbers to man the ever-increasing amount of E.W. equipment that is being fitted in the Fleet.

Meanwhile the old scheme of Radio Communication ratings volunteering to transfer to our branch after six months will continue as a secondary method of entry. Far more ratings have volunteered to transfer under this scheme than 'Drafty' can make available to us, so remember that if you want to transfer to us make sure you volunteer when you are still serving at sea or abroad. Don't leave it until you are due for a foreign draft or you'll be disappointed. If you have volunteered and want to know what your chances of being accepted are you can always write to E.W.I. at *Mercury* and ask. Remember too that competition to get into this branch is likely to be increasingly fierce in the future.

Advancement

We have our own courses for Radio Supervisor (Special) and Leading Radio Operator (Special). Of course we still have the same advancement rosters as the Radio Communication Branch.

Incidentally, our leading rates are trained to take charge of the E.W. department of a ship carrying quite a lot of E.W. equipment, whilst our Petty Officers are trained as E.W. Controllers, controlling the whole E.W. effort of a Force of ships.

Linguists

A large proportion of our Branch will continue to be trained as linguists in addition to their other duties. Any Special Radio Rating can volunteer for this training.

Future

As the only Branch of the Navy which is expanding (begging the Wrens' pardon!) we reckon we're on a pretty good wicket!

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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
R. A. J. T. ARUNDEL ...	Lt., R.A.N.	Long Course	Cardigan Bay (F3)
E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.	Captain	C.-in-C. NORTH	Blackpool (Capt. F6)
H. S. BENNETT ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Lagos
R. BENNETT ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Birmingham
E. BRISTOW, D.S.M. ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
B. A. N. BUCKLEY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Cheviot (D8)	Grapple Squadron
THE EARL CAIRNS ...	Captain	Duty with Baghdad Pact	President for R.N.C. Greenwich
G. D. CARTER ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Birmingham
F. W. H. CHATTEN ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Heron	S.T.C. Chatham
G. CLARKE ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.	Mercury
T. M. CLOWES ...	Lt.	Long Course	Ceylon
R. COOMBER ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of FO 2 Med.	Osprey
H. R. CORNELL ...	Lt.-Cdr.	A.S.R.E.	Albion
D. H. CREMER ...	Lt.	Cavendish (D6)	Mercury
G. A. CURRIE ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C), R.A.N.	Vernon	Reverts to R.A.N.
P. H. DRAYCOTT ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Mercury
H. DRUMMOND ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Dainty	Mercury
E. T. L. DUNSTERVILLE ...	Captain	Gambia	D.S.D.
J. R. EDWARDS ...	A/S/Lt. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Ceylon
L. ELLISON ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Highflyer	R.A.N. Exch.
J. FLETCHER ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Delight	S.T.C. Devonport
H. GORMLEY, D.S.M. ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Newcastle	Dolphin
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Centaur
A. GRAY, D.S.O. ...	Commander	D.T.S.D.	SHAPE
C. W. F. HAMMOND ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Bulwark	Mercury
B. HANCOCK ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Daedalus
W. E. HAWKES ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Defender	Whi W/T
J. T. HEADON ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ark Royal	A.S.R.E.
R. G. HEARN ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Albion	Staff of F.O. Gibraltar
T. H. HORNYOLD-STRICKLAND, D.S.C.	Lt.-Cdr.	N.D.A.	Mercury
L. G. J. HOWARD, D.S.M. ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Daedalus	Seahawk
P. N. HOWES, D.S.C. ...	Captain	I.D.C.	Vigilant i/c and Captain (D) Dartmouth Squadron
E. L. HYATT ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Centaur
W. L. IRVING ...	Lt.-Cdr.	R.A.E.	Mercury
MISS M. R. KINGSNORTH ...	2/0 W.R.N.S.	Victory	Whitehall W/T
J. LAWN ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Whitehall W/T	Signal Divn.
E. H. LEE, D.S.C. ...	Commander	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth	R.N.C. Greenwich
A. G. LEWIS ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Osprey	Sheba
P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C. ...	Commander	Barfleur i/c	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth
G. W. LOWDEN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	A.C.R.
I. C. MACINTYRE ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	N.D.A.
G. H. MANN ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of F.O.A.C.	Staff of F.O. (Air) Home
G. A. MILWARD, M.B.E. ...	Commander	Peregrine	D.N.I.
E. G. L. NASH ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.	S.T.C. Chatham
L. REYNOLDS ...	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	S.O.R.F.	Mercury
C. D. M. RIDLEY ...	Lt.-Cdr.	Grenville (TS2)	Staff of S.N.O.W.I.
MISS E. M. ROBB ...	3/0 W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Signal Divn.
C. W. ROBERTSON ...	Commander	Terror	D. of P.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
C. RUSBY	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Ulster i/c
L. A. E. SETEORD	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O. Gib.	N.D.A.
L. J. SMITH	Commander	J.S.S.C.	Saker
E. S. SPENCER	Lt.	Daring	A.S.R.E.
P. W. SPENCER, D.S.C.	Commander	R.A.N. Exch.	Reverts to R.N.
P. M. STANFORD	Lt.	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.	Saintes
B. J. STRAKER	Lt.	Zest (TS3)	Mercury
R. SWIFT	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Royal Charlotte	Whitehall W/T
R. A. THOMPSON	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Birmingham	Tiger
C. G. TONKIN	Lt. (SD) (C)	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Heron
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN	Lt.-Cdr.	Ark Royal	Mercury
C. C. WAKE-WALKER	Lt.-Cdr.	Long R.N. Tact. Crse.	Saintes
P. P. L. WELLS	Lt.	Mercury	Blackpool (F6)
R. M. WHITE	Lt. (SD) (C)	Terror	Mercury

PROMOTIONS

To Vice Admiral

L. G. DURLACHER, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C.

To Commander

J. B. D. MILLER

To Lieutenant Commander

I. S. SANDEMAN

A. A. BROWNE

C. D. M. RIDLEY

G. W. LOWDEN

To Second Officer, W.R.N.S.

MISS D. P. SWALLOW

To Rear Admiral

THE EARL CAIRNS

To Captain

A. G. MCCRUM

To Acting Sub Lieutenant (SD) (C)

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Petty Officer Telegraphist to

Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

JUBB, G., JX.371382 1.2.58

PETCHEY, J. D., JX.292321 1.2.58

WARRINGTON, B. O., JX.292995 1.2.58

O'BRIEN, R., JX.712458 28.2.58

MUNDELL, J. M., JX.646181 28.2.58

TURPIN, A. A., JX.152387 1.5.58

BAILEY, W. E., JX.646081 31.5.58

MCCULLY, W. H., JX.712931 31.5.58

Yeoman of Signals to

Chief Yeoman of Signals

LAMPARD, C. P., JX.181971 1.4.58

MINTER, D., JX.155114 1.5.58

HILL, C. W., JX.155400 1.5.58

RETIREMENTS

SIR RALPH A. B. EDWARDS, K.C.B., C.B.E.	Admiral
K. McN. CAMPBELL-WALTER, C.B.	Rear Admiral
B. D. GALLIE, D.S.C. (AFO 1955/57)	Captain
N. L. T. KEMPSON (AFO 1955/57)	Captain
J. C. G. MARTIN	Commander
C. R. WILLIAMS (AFO 1955/57)	Commander
T. A. DE V. HUNT	Lt.-Cdr.
P. D. LLOYD (AFO 1955/57)	Lt.-Cdr.
W. P. MAIN (AFO 1955/57)	Lt.-Cdr.
R. B. RICHARDSON (AFO 1955/57)	Lt.-Cdr.
H. K. SERJEANT (AFO 1955/57)	Lt.-Cdr.
T. W. F. CLARKE (AFO 1955/57)	Lt. (SD) (C)
R. E. HOOPER	Lt. (SD) (C)
N. SCHOFIELD (AFO 1955/57)	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)
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