

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 13
No. 2

SUMMER
1959

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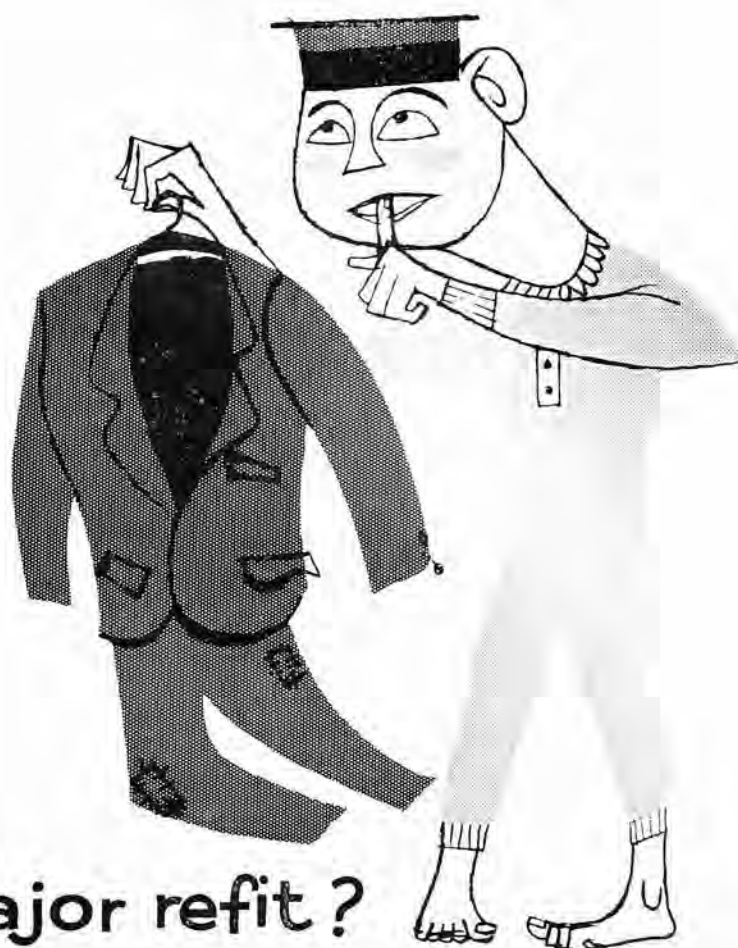
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1959

VOL. 13, No. 2

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All MSS., photographs and cartoons should be sent to the Editor at H.M.S. "Mercury", as below. These will be returned to the senders only if asked for, and responsibility for them cannot be accepted by the Editor. Contributions for the Christmas 1959 Edition must be in the Editor's hands by November 16th.

Subscription Rates for 1959 are as follows:

For the whole year ... 7/6 post free

For each issue ... 2/3 or 2/8 post free

BULK ORDERS from commands, ships or establishments, 2/6 per copy, post free.

The Magazine is published at Easter, Summer and Christmas.

Some back numbers are available and those more than 2 years old can be obtained for 1/- post free.

Cheques and/or postal orders should be made payable and sent to:

The Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, H.M.S. "MERCURY",
East Meon, near Petersfield, Hampshire.

PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"



H.M.S. "Tyne" entering Oslo Harbour.

Official Photograph

EDITORIAL

The Summer issue, we thought, would be out in plenty of time. Unfortunately, the dispute in the Printing Industry had not been taken into account until the end of May, when it was already too late to make any major changes in the programme. If it were not for the services and timely action of Mr. Edgar Sercombe, the Master Printer, who has been associated with this magazine since its earliest days, you would still be waiting for it. Another firm was asked to print this edition and we are very grateful to them for their help.



Earl Mountbatten's Coats of Arms

As announced in the Christmas issue, the Coats of Arms prepared by Mr. C. Apap, the Maltese Sculptor, are now in position in Mountbatten Block, where they look most impressive. The heraldic description may be of interest as Coats of Arms are often emblazoned on flags which we hoist. We are grateful to the Richmond Herald for the following:—

"Quarterly, first and fourth, azure, a lion rampant double queued barry of ten argent and gules, armed and langued of the last crowned or within a bordure compony of the second and third. Second and third, argent, two pallets sable. Charged on the honour point an escutcheon of the Arms of the late Princess Alice, namely, quarterly, first and fourth, gules, three lions passant guardant or, second, or, a lion rampant within a double tressure flory counterflory gules, third, azure, a harp or stringed argent, over all for difference a label of three points argent, the centre point charged with a rose gules barbed vert and each of the other points with an ermine spot sable. Crests, (1) Out of a coronet or, two horns barry of ten argent and gules, issuant from each three linden leaves vert and from the outer side of each horn four branches barwise having three leaves pendent therefrom of the last for Hesse. (2) Out of a coronet or a plume

of four ostrich feathers alternately argent and sable for Battenberg. Supporters, on either side a lion double queued and crowned or; Motto, 'In Honour Bound'."

10th Anniversary of N.A.T.O.

The North Atlantic Treaty was signed in Washington by twelve countries on the 4th April 1949. We have all had our part to play, particularly in the Signals Branch, as a major revision of all our signal books became necessary, and, so far as the naval forces are concerned, it is the signal departments of the countries concerned who have played a major and successful part in enabling those countries to work together upon the seas.

Twice a Year?

A suggestion has been put forward that the issues of the magazine should be reduced from three to two each year. This means cutting out the Easter edition and getting out the Summer one at the end of June. The choice is in *your* hands, since this is *your* magazine and your Editor would welcome any comments on this proposal.

With two issues a year it should be possible to improve the standard, but against this, the total number of articles published in one year would be reduced, even with more pages in each of the two numbers.

Please write and say what you want.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

173 London Road,
Horndean, Hants.
22.6.59.

MERCURY MARCH

Dear Sir,

I offer "The Standard of St. George" and suggest the following points in its favour:—

- It is a fine, stirring, marching tune.
- The flag or standard of St. George is, traditionally, amongst the oldest of the flags known to our Nation. It thus has a traditional association with the Signal Branch cum Communications Branch as flag signalling slowly dies.
- In the form of Admiral's flags, the Standard of St. George is very familiar to members of the Branch and also one of the Branches' important responsibilities.

A current association with the Communications Branch is therefore significant.

Yours faithfully,
Charles Stokes.

PRECOMMISSIONING AND REFRESHER TRAINING

KEEPING UP TO DATE IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.

As soon as you are informed of your next draft and realise that you will need to have a good knowledge of certain communication skills which have not been practised by you for some time, you should immediately request, through

your Divisional Officer, for the appropriate course in A.F.O. 3033/58.

These courses enable you to refresh your memory on basic knowledge and to bring yourself up to date with the latest changes.

Remember, you are expected to be efficient in all forms of communication—don't let your professional ability be found lacking.

The courses in the A.F.O. include precommissioning courses and are, briefly:

- ST: A one week refresher on Fleetwork, Miscellaneous, Ship A.T., Voice and V.S. Procedure, Cryptography and Radio Organisation.
For C.C.Y., C.Y. or L.T.O. detailed for draft i/c of the Tactical department of a ship.
- SR: A one week refresher on Radio Organisation, Procedure, Voice, Cryptography, Ship A.T. and Technical.
For C.R.S., R.S., or L.R.O. detailed for draft i/c of the Radio Department of a ship.
- RR: A three day Ship A.T. course (equipment and procedure).
For Tactical and Radio Communication ratings.
- CC: A two day Cryptographic Course.
For Tactical and Radio Communication ratings.
- JT: A one week refresher on all appropriate subjects.
For T.O.2s and below.
- JR: A one week refresher on all appropriate subjects.
For R.O.2s and below.
- JS: A one week refresher on E.W. subjects.
For R.O.(S)2s and below.
- AT: A one week refresher on Shore Automatic Telegraphy equipment and procedure.
For all Communicators detailed for draft to a Shore W/T Station or M.H.Q.

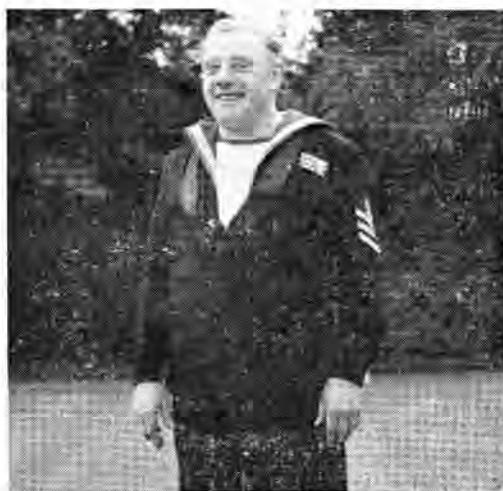
Get your request in *EARLY* for the course you require, if you leave it until you join *Mercury* or your Selected Depot, it may be too late to fit you in.

A REMINDER ABOUT CRYPTOGRAPHY

The introduction of primary and secondary skills has apparently given rise to the idea that secondary skills are no longer of importance. This is not so.

It is just as important as ever that Communication ratings engaged on crypto duties should know what they are doing.

There have been several cases recently of ratings on advancement courses with scant knowledge of crypto. and failing their crypto. examination. So if you have been recommended for a course, and haven't touched crypto. for some time, make sure that you buff up your knowledge, since the number of sessions that can be allowed to this skill in advancement courses is limited.



"Our Bill"

'JUST WILLIAM'

H. R. HITCH, L.R.O., B.E.M.
J 37991 to C/JX 163823

The pillars of Whitehall shuddered on a nice day in April 1915 (11th) when Bill joined the Royal Navy. Little did he realise at the time that August 11th, 1959 would be his retiring (terminal) date, when, at the ripe age of 60 he would leave the Service via the polished portals of Main Gate, R.N.B. Chatham. What a lifetime of events it has been for him, a chequered career indeed. A lifetime of naval history of which the lighter side has given him some very enjoyable memories.

Trials and tribulations, not for him, trained in knots and splices at Devonport in *Powerful* (please don't mention 'splices' again) and in morse and W/T in *Impregnable*. Model 'C' Crystal receiver and Spark transmitter were the technical problems facing him, he polished off his "boys' training" at the Signal School Portsmouth, at that time situated in R.N.B.

Like all lads leaving the training ship he thought he was in for a quiet spell on some nice large 'cushy' ship despite the fact that the First World War was in full progress. With his kit he found himself doing the rounds of the Mediterranean for the remainder of the war years.

Reading like a history book we can recall his movements. Mudros a Greek island where the base ship was *Europa*, this was the Naval Base for the Dardanelles operations, he joined Monitor M32 for service bombarding along the Dardanelles coast, he recalls that 'M32' was used as call sign for everything. After the evacuation of troops from the Dardanelles he joined the ex-Grimsby trawler *Semnos* for escort duties in the Med.

He practically joined the ARMY when he landed with them in Bulgaria to activate a portable radio station, the intention was to march

overland to Turkey, but Turkey capitulated and the army's job was much easier. After arrival in Constantinople (Istanbul) they took over the German Radio Station Osmanieh. A cosmopolitan staff if ever, like a typical modern N.A.T.O. set up, British, Turkish, French and Greek 'sparkers'. The war ended and he found himself at home and snugly enjoying the light cruiser *Lowestoft*, "4 funnels of the best", he says, but home was short lived. Down to the Cape, till 1921. On return to U.K. he became drifter's crew for *Dunedin* and her squadron.

S.R. Hitch passed professionally for Leading Tel. at Portsmouth Signal School in 1923.

His fancy was still the small ship, destroyers this time, leaders of the 4th D.S. in the Med., *Mackay*, *Montrose* and *Broke*, 1923 to 1928. The Med. was not far enough so he moved on to the Red Sea where he saw anti-slave patrol service on *Dahlia*. After being rated Ldg. Tel. he returned to his old hunting grounds of the Med. Station and *Calypso* until 1932.

Home Fleet at last, the introduction of the A/S flotillas, of which *Walpole* became his home, besides being 'sparks' he was more or less chief cook and bottle washer, phones and key took pride of place in the galley, the only origination of Steam Radio and Watery Morse?

After three years of this the future lay in the Far East, so gathering up his rickshaw he joined *Duchess* on the China Station, visiting Shanghai and all other well known points of (smells) interest. Where there were smells it was hell; he says, "It was hell all the time". Rumour hath it that he assisted one Fu-Manchu in building the Great Wall. I don't believe that though as he hasn't got that stony expression. It was on this station that our Bill cried for the first time in his career. The Japs stormed the City of Shanghai and took over the brewery stopping all beer; he was so dry he cried without tears. I would like to know what he said . . . was it in Japanese? After all his training in the art of imbibing, and this had to happen.

On returning home he joined *Sharpshooter* (now Survey Ship *Shackleton*) at Portland, and in 1939 took his pension. 14 days leave and that was that. But, it is said that the "call of the sea" was too great, so he re-joined but there was no more sea time. He has been at Nore W/T ever since where the only waves have been in the Wrens' hairstyles and the only salt that breezing in from the Mucky Medway.

In 1945 he was awarded the B.E.M. for his sturdy work at Nore; he was taken aback when it arrived in the mail, though it certainly stopped all his worries regarding a new suit, for presentation at Buckingham Palace.

He is a well known figure in the Chatham District and a stanchion of the Navy House where he has resided for the best part of his 20 years there, living a life of comparative leisure; but despite this, we shall miss him when he has gone. He insists of course that he is retiring from the Service as he took his pension in 1939.

He has served a series of engagements looking something like a cricket scoreboard. 12, 10, 6, 3, 3, 3, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, preceded by 2 years 4 months as a boy. If only he wrote his memoirs!

'WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO..'



L.R.O. GREEN

Mentioned in Despatches



Lieut. Cdr. C. STOKES, R.N.

on receiving the M.B.E.

Heard in B.W.O.:-

Following signal received:-

FM SNOWI
TO CINC HOME FLEET

Many congratulations on your GCB.
LHOW to OSCAR DELTA of Watch. "What does the GCB stand for?"
OSCAR DELTA . . . "Good Conduct Badge, hooky?"

HOME and MEDITERRANEAN

H.M.S. TYNE

C-IN-C H.F. — C-IN-C EASTLANT — S.M.2

Variety is the spice of life they say. This being the case, then those of us who currently have homes in the flag ship of CINC H.F./CINCEASTLANT can boast of an existence well spiced with the more interesting things of life, and I do not refer to the attractive young ladies appearing from the Admiral's hatchway on to the quarterdeck of *Tyne*. However that was one sort of variety we were treated to in Stockholm during our recent visit early on in our Summer cruise. On this occasion Eddie Calvert the "Man with the Golden Trumpet" aided by a troupe of lovely "Bluebell" girls gave an almost impromptu concert onboard, to everyone's great delight and pleasure.

There have been so many important guests in *Tyne* we have almost lost count. We have now seen the Kings of Denmark, Norway and Sweden on our quarterdeck and flown their flags, for they are all honorary Admirals in the Royal Navy.

For all those Communicators who swear they would never set foot in a Flagship, but prefer

the quieter life of smaller and more private vessels, we'll just whet your appetite by telling of the other varieties that come our way. Those perhaps for which we work so hard on our 24's on, so that recreation is all the more sweet.

In keeping with the N.A.T.O. flavour of the present edition of this magazine, we'll don our N.A.T.O. hats (actually we do business in *Tyne* under a few different titles, National and N.A.T.O.) and tell you what happened when we visited Oslo.

By prior arrangement it was agreed that the Communications Staffs of CINCEASTLANT's Flagship and of the N.A.T.O. Headquarters of COMNAVNORTH/CINCNORTH at Kolsaas should strengthen the bonds of N.A.T.O. understanding and appreciation of what one's opposite number has to cope with, by an exchange visit. It was a great success. How the Tynesiders wilted under the charm of such attractive communicators; we understand the girls of the Danish contingent are called "Lotters" . . . perhaps one qualification for entry into their Services is to have lots of good looks . . . we congratulate their recruiting officers for being so selective.

Apart from the above mentioned visit we also



Official Photograph

"Bluebell" Girls appearing from Admiral's hatch on Quarterdeck of "*Tyne*" in Stockholm.

and the pleasure of showing many more N.A.T.O. type gentlemen over the ship, particularly those with whom we shall be doing business in future exercises.

We should explain to readers, I think, that although we have been blessed by many important visitors in the Flagship we have not entertained Emmet the great cartoonist . . . any similarity between his work and that of Bill Bayley is purely coincidental.

For those of you who have not got a 'Comcentre', but only an M.S.O. we thought we might include a word or two about ours. So much of our time is spent within its bulkheads, and it does represent a fairly unique 'afloat' set up, and we feel that a brief explanation of our various titles and responsibilities might interest communicators more than a factual diary of our recent progress round Scandinavia.

Nationally, our Comcentre serves three masters—The Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet, Captain S.M.2 and *Tyne* itself. This is a straight forward task where the only variation in routing and message handling occurs when the C-in-C embarks in *Apollo* and 'rear link' procedure is employed. N.A.T.O.-wise the C-in-C is also CINCEASTLANT and, as such, has a shore staff at the H.Q. Coastal Command, Northwood, in addition to his staff afloat. To differentiate between the two, Northwood is called CINCEASTLANT (SHORE LINK) and the flagship CINCEASTLANT. To complicate the issue further if C-in-C embarks in *Apollo* we find ourselves handling traffic for CINCEASTLANT (shore link), CINCEASTLANT and CINCEASTLANT in *Apollo*. We realise that this organisation must be difficult for others to follow and hope that this short explanation will assist them. The brunt of these complications, with their necessity for multiple routing, is borne by Whitehall Wireless with, we consider, great fortitude and efficiency.

As perhaps has already been inferred the highlights of the Summer cruise have been *Tyne's* visits to Stockholm and Oslo separated by an operational and, as we had forecast, restful visit to Aarhus. Our forecast proved very inaccurate and Aarhus became a highlight in its own right.

We are now paying a short visit to Aberdeen to be followed by visits to Newcastle, Southend, Antwerp and Plymouth before finally returning to Portsmouth for the Summer leave.

H.M.S. TIGER

It hardly seems a few days ago that brains were being racked to tell you how *Tiger* was faring in the hands of Messrs. J. Brown the builders. Now, after three months of trials we are at last commissioned for our G.S.C. which promises to be very interesting, varied and, if the last three months are any indication, finished before we've time to look around.

Now, what have we done since we last wrote, that might be of interest to you? For one thing, all the guns work. We have been spending our trials period in travelling at various speeds, much to the disgust of the sailors on the upper deck, who have had to withstand showers of soot; we have fired our guns on every conceivable occasion, and despite their novel insides, they have never

failed; and slowly but surely the signal traffic has been creeping up. On one busy day the score stood at 52 out and 76 ins.

In between times we spent Whitsun weekend at Guernsey which enlivened that small island no end, although true to tradition, the sun disappeared as soon as we arrived; and more recently we went to Avonmouth. The idea behind this was to show the Admiralty workers at Bath how their theories over the years looked in practice; and for them it was a wonderful weekend. We had over 5,000 visitors from Admiralty (Bath) alone, not counting about 300 children and the normal visitors on Sunday afternoon. One old boy told the Captain he'd been designing pieces of machinery for warships, in Bath, for 27 years and we were the first warship he'd seen. (Cue for comment but I'll refrain).

The best time for us over the weekend was the entertainment we provided for about 250 children from the Rainbow Club in Tiger Bay and for about one dozen spastic children from a school in Wales. The photograph will give you a good idea of what our messdecks are like, very neat and a stowage for almost everything, and a look into the pleasant Saturday afternoon that we spent with the kids.

The story of the kids goes back about a month or so, when T.O.2 Smart appealed for pin ups through the DAILY MIRROR. The response was enormous—we now have baskets full of lovelies should anyone want a "pen friend"—but one of the results was that Smart was put into touch with the organisation in Wales which handles spastic children only. When we knew we were going to Avonmouth a party was organised and the result you can see. Smart received a lot of congratulations afterwards—and he deserved them.

Our future programme is looking clearer, and the next busy period for us is in August and September when we come under the benevolent eye of F.O.S.T. in Portland. We kid ourselves we'll be his best visitors to date. Tell you all about it at Christmas. And by then, we should be gracing the portals of Grand Harbour. If no one else is keen, no doubt *Birmingham* is.

Problems? The major difficulty was communal duties, whereby we lost five hands to the Commander (for messman's duties etc.) for three months, replacing them with five more Communicators every job change. To say the least it's unusual to see a 'sparker' carrying a chippie's tool bag, but that's what you will see in *Tiger*. Practical results suffer terribly. We try to keep their hands in but it's mostly a question of voluntary Dog Watch instruction. One young gentleman, who shall be nameless, scored 45 per cent in his exercise after three months in a messman's job. However, plans are laid and should they bear fruit we may have no more communal duty bothers.

In between bursts of activity at Spithead we have managed to see many communicating visitors—from *Mercury*, *Victorious*, Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth and visiting classes. Should you have nothing to do one day drop over and visit us. We've even got coffee and lemonade machines fitted so that refreshments can be provided.



Official photograph

H.M.S. BELFAST

Our commission commenced with a rousing march past at Devonport, followed by a fort-night's shake-down alongside, where we all started once more to learn about the hidden mysteries of the B 40 and 10in. S.P. We then sailed for the first time for over five years (with many tears from the R.A.'s) and anchored in the Sound. We have since been doing our "day to day" working up exercises which have produced their usual dramas and nightmares for the Signal Officer and right down the ladder; sufficient to say that everything seems to be in working order now.

Our messdecks and dining hall are reputed to be the most modern in the Royal Navy. Most 'buntings' and 'sparkers' are now rising to the dizzy heights with bunks and individual reading lamps (all are burning the midnight oil now . . .) which gives the Mess that Christmas look at night. There is no scrubbing out: our decks have been specially prepared with plastic paint which only needs washing over with warm water. We regret that no more volunteers can be accepted for our luxury cruiser this commission, much as we would like them, but don't forget we will be needing reliefs about February 1961 so why not slap in now?

Sports have rather fallen by the wayside so far, although our soccer and uckers players are reported in fine fettle. The regatta's crew is in full training on runs ashore. Our future programme sees us sailing from U.K. on 19th August calling at Gibraltar and Malta for a four week work-up, whilst en route to the Far East. (Watch out all you Brit. Club ratings and Wanchai Wanderers). We then look forward to becoming flagship and to meeting all Communicators out there, so watch your "Tigers" and "San Migs"—we are on our way.

Messdeck

Combined communication mess with Q.M. staff all on same messdeck. Big attraction—bathroom adjacent.

Compass Platform

Two spacious signal desks, each large enough to cope with two voice or morse operators.

M.S.O. and B.W.O.

Combined, with TP room adjacent.

Flag Deck

After end of Upper Bridge and above the enclosed Compass Platform. A commanding view but the main danger is the steam siren immediately above the flag lockers. Note:—We lose more 'buntings' this way.

Dressing Lines

With raked funnels (one abaft the mainmast) and upright masts we find that we have the usual problems in clearing the aerial arrays. Our main-down has 32 flags, is 258 feet long and presents our biggest headache.

W/T

Common Aerial Working, including H.F., seems to be quite successful. Only two whip aerials are fitted (receiving) but it was found necessary to use 1500 feet of aerial wire and 40 insulators to turn the after funnel and main mast into aerials.

UTR

After end of boat deck. Contains Type 605, 602, 691s and 2s.

LLR and LTR

Spacious and well laid out but a long way to go to tune a transmitter. (Insufficient hands on Temporary Manning Standard!).

VHF Room

6 Type 87s and CDVs still fitted pending full UHF conversion.

ALL IN ALL, VERY WELL EQUIPPED INDEED AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO A HAPPY COMMISSION IN EVERY WAY.

4th D.S.

In our last article from *Agincourt* we mentioned that, like the ten little nigger boys, our members were growing less. Due to an unfortunate accident this trend continued with *Barrosa* and *Corunna* having a slight brush during 'Dawn Breeze IV,' which resulted in *Agincourt* having to assume, until *Barrosa's* repairs were completed, the role of Squadron as well as Leader.

We searched around and found replacements though. The appearance in our log rack of a small log entitled "10th NATO Anniversary Log" was the first indication we had of the responsibility soon to fall upon our shoulders, in that of assuming the leadership of a squadron of warships, composed of three destroyers and a minesweeper of NATO member nations. Chansquad One, as such was our illustrious title, consisted of *Agincourt* (U.K.), *Utrecht* (Neth), *Surcouf* (France) and *De Moor* (Belgium), the first three destroyers of varying types and the latter a minesweeper. Very quickly after our first meeting the four ships blended well together as a NATO Squadron and it was gratifying to discover once again that the last ten years of exercises and practices have not been in vain. Usually we only get a chance to work together but now we really had the opportunity to polish up the social and recreation side—and this we all did wholeheartedly.

Four visits to celebrate the Anniversary were planned and executed with barely a hitch. Le Havre, London, Antwerp and Amsterdam all graciously received our calls and we were feted in no uncertain manner. Our arrival was heralded by a fly-past of maritime aircraft, Shackletons and Neptunes (British and Dutch) which served both to announce us and to illustrate the fact that naval vessels and aircraft are closely allied in carrying out the divers tasks connected with modern sea warfare.

The most interesting passage during the visits was that of our journey through river, canal, harbours and locks to our berths in Antwerp, the passage is well worth undertaking, even in a private capacity, if only to see the closely packed harbours and locks. The Thames is to Antwerp as a quiet country lane is to a main trunk road. In places the Dutch, Belgian, Swiss and German barges were tied up alongside each other as many as fifteen and twenty abreast, consisting of all types, shapes and sizes.

At London we were joined by Chansquad Two, consisting of *Upton* (U.K.), *Breydel* (Belgium), *Axel* (Neth.) and *Pollux* (France), who were engaged on the same duty as ourselves. *Agincourt* acted as host ship to Chansquad One here, as did the other ships in their home ports. Due to our being berthed in the Pool, we had to set up a shore signal station in order to co-ordinate and assist the arrival and departures of the many dignitaries visiting and paying official calls, the despatch of provisions, mails etc., and the landing of libertymen. On learning that we had to set up this signal station there were naturally a few groans from within the department, but what matelot doesn't drip, except when he is happy—when he continues to drip on principle. At our place of duty, on the Tower Pier, there were

plenty of "exciting little things" to see, and so, with civvies looking over our shoulders as it were, communications were "par excellence".

Our arrival at Le Havre was markedly different from that at other ports in as much as we were able to go straight alongside, instead of having to traverse river and canal. Our welcome was cordial and it is thought that our visit did much to encourage that "NATO conscious" feeling.

Amsterdam, without a doubt, was the highspot of our tour. In *Agincourt* we were lucky enough to be able to extend our visit by another three days, being joined by H.M. Submarines *Tireless* and *Thermoplae*. After the usual official calls had been made and returned, the whole squadron set out to enjoy itself—and certainly achieved that object! Everything was laid on, bus tours, sports etc. One bar owner even turned his hostel into a TV room, enabling us to see the Cup Final. Beer, football, the lot—who could wish for more? It was a nice gesture and much appreciated. The natives cheered themselves hoarse as we did, in a way I suppose that could sum up the feeling of NATO, cheering as in one voice, groaning when someone is kicked on the ankle, commenting caustically where necessary and showing gratification when another goal towards winning is gained. At Amsterdam, as in other places, the ships were illuminated from stem to stern, *Utrecht's* illuminations were particularly effective, a complete outline circuit being used.

Reluctantly, on May 31st, the Chansquads dispersed to carry on with their own particular duties, the general feeling was contained in the following signal made from Comchansquad One to Chansquad One:—"On the occasion of the Chansquads official dispersal I would like to tell you what a very great pleasure it has been to have worked together in this NATO assignment. I think we have done a good job and certainly we have enjoyed it. Para. 2. On behalf of all in *Agincourt* I wish you the best of fortune in the future. Bon Voyage."

This would have been a pleasant note on which to hoist the paying-off pennant and return to Pompey, but before this could be done another Iceland stint had to be undertaken. This is just a memory now though—and not too bad a one at that—and here we are ripping the ship apart. Some other ships will now have to earn and assume the title of the Navy's tiddliest destroyer squadron.

6th D.S.

We have been bashful now for far too long and it's high time THE COMMUNICATOR heard from us. So here is the word about our commission.

In early March 1958, the 6th D.S. commissioned for a Home/Med G.S.C., under the command of Captain P. U. Bayly, D.S.C.* The process started with *Cavendish* and *Contest* meeting at Portland for the trip to Gibraltar, where *Carysfort* was eventually to catch them up, and in the bars and dives of Main Street the staffs began to get acquainted.

However, on the 21st of March, with Gibraltar dropping astern, the 3 week work-up period began and the Squadron went flat out for efficiency—

and some say they even achieved it—but our 'togetherness' was not to last for long because *Contest* had an ulcer which took some time to put right.

The Squadron (now two ships) took part in exercise "Apex" in which *Cavendish*, drunk with power, took charge of a 14 ship screen consisting of an assortment of N.A.T.O. escorts. We learnt fast that an Executive Signal in some navies is merely a basis for negotiation! After 'Apex' came two brief but pleasant visits to Catania and Messina (which were duly taken apart). Our next engagement—apart from anti-riot duties in Mancel Island canteen—was in exercise "Medflex Fort" during which the Med. was dotted with one-ship convoys each with a one-ship screen. "Very dull" they said, but the C.R.S. and staff will probably tell you otherwise. Long distance comms. they said were "Better than Epic" (Please somebody tell us what "Epic" was like!)

We lost *Carysfort* to the Cyprus patrol, but soon after, the whole Squadron found itself in the Eastern Med., fighting F.O.F. Med's private war (Eastern Med. Weekly Practice Programme). This sharpened us up for the Lebanon/Jordan affair which followed. We developed a friendly rivalry with the young cruisers in the 5th D.S. I suppose the final score was deuce—but perhaps that's over modest!

By now it was high summer and time for our refits. *Carysfort* and *Cavendish* each took a turn at Naples and thoroughly enjoyed their visits while *Contest* had a banzai run at Theoule on the Riviera before refitting at Gibraltar. The rest of the Squadron was sent to the cool, cloistered peace, of Malta Dockyard. All hands took a spell living ashore at Hal Far, which was good and Verdala Barracks—that most 5-star of all Med. Hotels—which wasn't.

In November the Squadron left the Med. Fleet and reformed at Gibraltar to meet the other lot from Home Waters, plus the Canadians, the French and the Germans. We didn't go home quietly, for exercise "Sharp Squall 3" kept us busy all the way.

At last we arrived back in U.K. and gave Christmas leave. In January we managed to get all the ships together and descended on 'Derry' for a month at the J.A.S.S. This proved a very popular and instructive time for the staffs, who were kept busy all the time. The weekends were spent up the river at 'Derry' with the Embassy looking more like a communicator's ball each night.

The next ports of call for *Cavendish* and *Contest* were Liverpool and Wallasey respectively, with *Carysfort* slipping away to her beloved 'Pompey.' Merseyside was a very handy billet for the Northerners and full of hospitality for everyone. We reciprocated by being open to visitors and having the unbelievable total of 6000 people over one small destroyer in 3 hours. *Cavendish* also managed to send a coachload of matelots to Kendal, a town in the Lake District which had adopted the ship in the dark days. Needless to say the Communicators were there too.

The beginning of March found us on the grey Atlantic heading for Gib. to join up with the Fleet. We don't talk about that passage in the 6th D.S.

The three ships ran the gauntlet separately as far as Cape Trafalgar and then in due course we entered harbour with the Fleet and got cracking with the sellotape.

As is usual after passages like that, an inspection followed, but we worked hard and we hope that F.O.F. Home was satisfied with what he found.

"Beware the Ides of March!" Beware indeed, for they heralded the 'dawn' of 'Dawn Breeze IV' in which the 6th D.S. spent some time as the resident planeguards. *Cavendish* attempted an imitation of a Flagship by reading, decrypting and reporting every signal received. This resulted in the Captain (D) knowing everything and the staff crawling away on Easter leave to die!

Just in case we'd forgotten what it was all about, on completion of our leave, their Lordships gave a low laugh and hurled *Cavendish* and *Contest* into the Icelandic arena. *Carysfort* managed to duck and hid in 'Derry' for a while, but they eventually caught up with her and sent her up to relieve us. Iceland Patrol was enjoyed by everyone because the weather was good and the supply of fish and chips excellent. For the Communicators the work was heavy but came in nice and regular and the remaining time was spent on hobbies and ships' competitions with relatively little distraction. *Contest*, unsatisfied with this, spent her time trying to swot gunboats.

Leaving *Carysfort* to guard the fishes we went to Rosyth for Whitsun Navy Days to show ourselves to the Scottish hordes. Then on to Portsmouth to provide the glamour for "Shop Window." This was followed in early June by a bonanza visit to Stockholm from which the Communicators emerged broke and doe-eyed (those blondes). Captain (D) once again gathered all his squadron under his wing and almost got them back to Portsmouth in a bunch until *Contest* went 'Crack' instead of 'Bang' and had to nip away to be sewn up.

Weak but still willing, the Squadron went off into the Atlantic to carry out planeguard duties, and each took her turn to talk to the Royal Aircraft on its way to Canada.

At the time of going to press the 6th D.S. are at Londonderry once again just to show them we're still pressing hard, then in mid July all ships will visit Northern Irish ports for a final banyan. After that, *Contest* goes home to Chatham to pay off, and *Cavendish* and *Carysfort* renew their acquaintance with the fishes.

In early August *Cavendish* starts a refit in 'Guzz' and by early October we turn our charges over to the tender mercies of our successors, who will take the 'Dish' and the 'Fort' to the Far East. We wish them good luck, good sailing and may their halyards neither wither nor their main roofs ever grow less.

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

Due, no doubt, to the present difficulties in the printing trade our previous article became somewhat confused with Londonderry's which gave your correspondent the impression that the temporary manning standards had gone far enough. Splitting oneself between 'Guzz' and 'Derry'



is no skylark and the mere thought of the seetime involved is sufficient to make any stanchion dash to the bay for a stiff dose of 'kwells'.

Shortly after going to press at Easter, Whitsun Navy Days were held and a triangular tug-o'-war ensued between the Service, the beaches and the moor. The glorious weather decided the day and consequently the attendance at Navy Days suffered appreciably, however the S.T.C. display did a lively trade in greetings radio-postcards clearing 1189 during the three days. This figure is well below our average Whitsun takings but it is hoped to make up the leeway by breaking our record of over 3000 during August.

The weather, this season, has blessed the cricket league and at the time of writing the S.T.C. has only one match left to play. Having lost only one we are in a favourable position for the title. The wheel of fate turned against us in that match as five of our wickets were taken by a corner playing L.T.O. on loan to the Guard and Band and we lost by two runs. Several suggestions have been made regarding the said L.T.O. and his corner which bear no relation to the noble art of whacking leather with willow.

The U.S. Division III soccer league shield resides in the S.T.C. after last season's efforts. Having graduated to Division II for next season there is much speculation as to our capturing that shield as well but the famous maxim 'what Argyle can do, we can', still stands—back to Div. III.

Just in case our readers get the impression that all our time is spent on the sports field here are the brief statistics on the professional aspect. To date this Term the following have passed through the books T.Os 87, R.Os 180, R.N.R. New Entries 39, R.N.R. Morse progress 9, W.R.N.R.

Conversion 19, Emergency Crypto 6, and R.N.S.R. Coder (Eds) 11.

It is hoped that many "old ships" will be recognised in the photographs. The precincts of the S.T.C. have been buffed up by a well known Plymouth firm of flannel weavers but the Commander's comment that he should remember to bring his sunglasses next rounds was purely because of the tropical sunshine.

S.T.C. CHATHAM

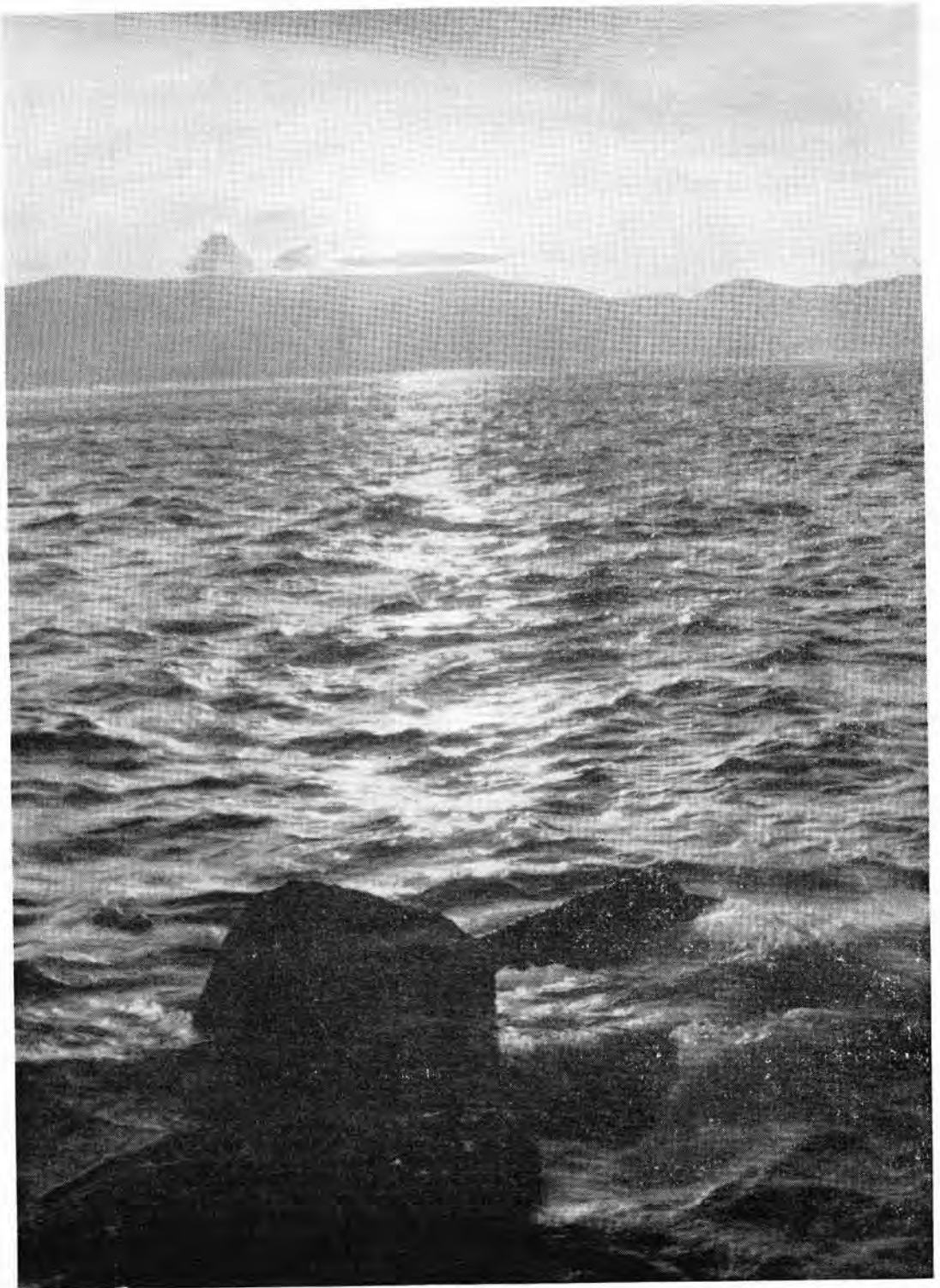
The end of Easter leave introduced a Summer Term which has not been uneventful. Although the old familiar faces are still to be found in quiet places, many new faces are now to be seen. Commander D. V. Morgan, M.B.E., is now the Executive Commander of R.N.B. and Lieut. C. J. Whiffin has taken over as Officer-in-Charge S.T.C. Lieut. F. W. H. Chatten has retired to a life of luxury and ease (we think).

The Communication Department has been holding the barracks together lately by supplying hands for Barrack Boatswain's party; the Royal Guard for the Duchess of Kent, who will be launching the submarine *Oberon* in July; and galley party to mention but a few things.

There seem to be more members of Commonwealth and Foreign Navies represented in R.N.B. than members of our own Navy and the S.T.C. is no exception for we have a number of Venezuelan signalmen under training here. Considering the fact that they do not speak any English (except for one C.P.O.) they are progressing extremely well under the patient supervision of C.Y. Baughen.

For a change I have left sport to later than usual in the article. On the athletics side in *Pembroke* sports, we fielded a good team having competitors

THE COMMUNICATOR
PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



Spanish Coastline.

in every event. In this we were assisted by our Venezuelan signalmen who were very keen. It is pleasing to note that the veterans race was won by C.C.Y. Hunton. He has been training for some time for this event and we are proud of his achievement. T.O.3 Lowes is worthy of special mention here. He was 'dispersed' in the forenoon but stayed behind in the afternoon to run for the Communications in the 3 miles event. After a thrilling race, the most exciting of the afternoon, he was just pipped at the post and came second. On the cricket field I am afraid we must hang our heads in shame. Out of 5 games we have won but one. That was against the Regulating Staff, which is no great achievement. (If any R.P.O. is reading this I'm only joking).

After such a tale of woe, I think it only fair to mention something that will bring a smile to your faces. Sub Lieut. Nash, the D.O., came off his scooter earlier in the Term. Unfortunately it put him out of action for a couple of weeks. The current phrase in the office now is, "HAVE YOU MET ANY GOOD DOGS LATELY, SIR?"

Finally I would like to mention that "Pembroke Hotel" is open for another year and you can be sure of excellent accommodation for all weary sailors except R.A.'s looking for subs when they are duty.

NORE WIRELESS

At last, from the home of "Kentish Men" or "Men of Kent", (take your choice)—comes Nore W/T. After 20 years on the Staff of C-in-C Nore, Bill Hitch assures us that this must surely be the first article. Life here is short-lived, the recent major decision to close the Nore Command gives us life until April 1961, but before then we hope to have a few more articles in THE COMMUNICATOR.

We would like to send greetings to all Communicators who have served with us in the past, and hope that no longer do they work in the depths of the earth.

Latest gen is that those lovely girls are leaving us fast and furiously. Marriage, release and drafts have made vast inroads into the Staff, the Wren's Drafting working on the idea that Chatham is a Self Service Depot or something. S.C.O. was aghast of course and after many 'phone calls and attempts to compose the right official letter, he made it. The result, real live sailors once again share the seats of the Wrens. We've not gone completely male yet, but unofficially we should all regret the departure of les girls, bless 'em.

Life in the tunnel chugs on much the same as ever. The route march up and down the ramp from surface to 100 fathoms under can be recommended to anyone keen on slimming by exhaustion. The C.R.S. has lost a stone, and Bill Hitch has lost his breath—need we say more?

It is strictly taboo to mention SEA down the office, as we're so far away from it, however, you 'haven't lived' if your nostrils haven't twitched to the lovely ozone of the Mucky Medway.

From the personality column you will see that Bill Hitch is at last retiring; he's done some good

work in his time, and we shall surely miss him. Books, corrections, tea-boat (especially the tea-boat), who is to organise all that now?

Sporting activities are very limited of course, as all the staff are watch-keepers. R.S. Kesteven has joined recently and is still playing water-polo whenever he gets the chance. Cricket is now looming up and C.R.S. is having a bash in the C-in-C staff team. L/Wren Lynham is a W.R.N.S. hockey player, and last season played in the inter-Service games at Portsmouth.

It is thought that the watch-keepers will be "shellbacks" before very long, the night rations for the past three months have consisted of nothing but eggs. We fully expect to see someone sitting on a clutch one day, in some cosy corner of the office.

Whilst making 400 groups on C.C.N. recently, the operator made after 100 groups "ZZC. Sorry for bad morse but my key is tight and I cannot move it" ... (Women Drivers again!).

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

Abbotsinch is still on the map at 55° 52'N 4° 26' W, we haven't been "Way Aheaded" out of existence, nor has the weather expunged us from the face of the earth, in spite of the well known fact that a constant drip will wear away the hardest stone (constant drip writing).

Our parish has shrunk a little with the departure of MARSU for southern climes, but you don't wish to know that!

Exciting moments up here are few and far between, but when one of our Wrens fell over the lulip bed the other day and broke an ensign before it reach the masthead, it did remind me of another dress ship occasion that did not go exactly to plan.

The Fleet was assembled to do honour to the Head of an influential Middle East State, whose yacht was due to steam through the lines at 1230. Last minute touches were being put to ships by a few of the hands, whilst below the ships' companies changed into best whites. The weather was perfect, with just enough breeze to blow the dressing lines out, but not enough to make them unmanageable. Ours was new, having been hoisted but once to make sure that it was a perfect fit. Ensigns were made up with care, and at 1155 hoisted slowly to the masthead. As the signal to dress ship at 1200 fluttered out in the flag ship, topmen went aloft—Now what the heck is that ship calling us for, and with break P too? "SVC—I think your dressing line is the wrong way round." Oh no! This couldn't happen to a dog. Well call me Fido. The scramble which ensued would have made a good cartoon, but few were laughing as we struggled to change fore-down for main-down, but it just is not possible to re-rig in less than five minutes. The fleet dressed at 1200, we presented rather a different picture, a good evolution no doubt, but not one designed to win friends and influence people. However the President was late and I'm sure he admired our taut dressing line as he steamed past. Did he also notice the red faces on the flag deck?

It's a few years now since this happened, the wounds have healed, and the lesson learned, but don't forget to check that line or your name may be Fido.

If you're in the Clyde area look us up, but please, don't ask us to set watch on Ship/NAS during non-flying periods without warning, and remember that our complement includes only one morse trained rating, who has already developed a split personality by manning Ship/NAS and S/M exercise wave at the same time.



Photo - Portsmouth Evening News

HEADQUARTERS RESERVE, H.M.S. SOUTHWICK.

A new "Ship" has been "launched" in the Portsmouth Command. The Headquarters Reserve welcome this opportunity on the Tenth Anniversary of N.A.T.O. to contribute their first article to THE COMMUNICATOR.

The "launching" ceremony took place on the 17th June 1959 on the Upper Parade ground of "Fort Southwick" in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Manley Power, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., who afterwards spoke of our future role. The Royal Marine Band provided incidental music throughout the inspection followed by the "Beating of Retreat" and "Sunset".

For those of you who are wondering what the Headquarters Reserve is, let me elucidate. The Commanding Officer is Commander P. A. Titheridge, R.N.R., who has an office in the Commander-in-Chief Channel's Headquarters, in the Dockyard.

The Reserves have been formed primarily for the role of manning the Command Channel Headquarters in time of war, thereby releasing active service personnel for duty elsewhere. In addition Portsmouth (CINCHAN) units have been formed at Northwood, Middlesex (CINCEASTLANT),

Rosyth (COMNORLANT) and Plymouth (COMPLYMCHAN).

The unit is made up of Plotters, Recorders and Communicators, the latter being categorized into Message Handlers, Cryptographers, Telephone Operators, Teleprinter Operators and Radio Operators.

Our training, which commenced on 17th June 1958, is carried out in the Underground Headquarters at Fort Southwick on Wednesday evenings between 1930 and 2130. Touchtyping instruction is given in the Command Touchtyping School, H.M. Dockyard. The training is performed under the guidance of the Command Staff Communication Officer.

We trainees are all volunteers, with a good mixture of male and female, some young and some not so young, of whom a few are ex-service and others with no previous service to their credit. We mainly come from the local area, but some keen enthusiasts even come from as far afield as Bournemouth and London. In fact we are all very keen and feel smart in our blue battledress and blue berets. After a period of probationary training and subject to reaching a satisfactory standard, we are advanced to Grade III status and are allowed to put up our badge. From then on advancement is competitive.

Some of us took part in last year's N.A.T.O. exercise "Shipshape", and although still very green, we found it most interesting and of immense value to our subsequent training. We are indeed all looking forward very much to the next N.A.T.O. exercise in September, when some of us will try to prove that we are not so "green" as some would like to think we are.

From time to time arrangements are made for those of us who can spare the time from our regular employment, to visit ships with an occasional trip to sea in the Solent and so see what happens on the other side of the fence. Recently we had a very pleasant trip to H.M.S. *Mercury*, and look forward very much to a repeat performance later in the year.

H.M.S. DUNKIRK

Thinking back over the last twelve months or so, it seems quite a long time since Draftie unfortunately discovered that there was a 'sparker' at R.N.A.S. *Brawdy* who had been loafing up there nearly a year and decided to send me to the above named ship.

Quite a lot has happened since then, and as you haven't heard from us since we commissioned in May 1958 I thought it was high time that something should go down in black and white concerning our antics before we pay off in November.

The commission didn't start all that well as we had only been at sea a couple of days doing the usual work up off Portland when we managed to run foul of a buoy which damaged our screw and put us in dry dock at 'Pompey' for a few days. Naturally the wilder members of the staff partook of this excellent opportunity to refresh themselves once again with the various alcoholic beverages that are to be had in that nautical town. However, we managed to rejoin the rest of the squadron in

time for the passage to Gibraltar where we had a brief stay of two hours.

Arriving at Malta we had a month of the usual exercises and were then despatched on the now well known Cyprus Patrol. Misfortune struck once again whilst en route for the 'Gem of the Mediterranean.' We were only twelve hours out of Malta when a fire broke out in No. 1 boiler room. Fortunately there were no casualties, and the fire was soon under control. *Trafalgar*, who was with us, came alongside and sprayed our Port side with hoses to cool us down a little. In fact it was very fortunate for us that she was there at the time. We arrived at Cyprus without further mishap and commenced our patrol which included two weeks off the Lebanon whilst the Jordan landings were taking place.

When we at last returned to Malta there followed a short self-maintenance period before we went off the Marseilles to partake of a little French hospitality, which was, to say the least, very forthcoming and very welcome. More was to come: the following weekend found us taking in the delights of Naples where bus trips to Rome and Pompei were organised. Our American cousins were there in force and the opportunity was offered of looking over their ships and vice-versa.

After this brief respite *Dunkirk* once more returned to Cyprus doing the old chores, but the end of the patrol was followed by a short stay in Haifa where we were made very welcome and several members of the staff went to private houses for an evening and had a wonderful time. The Israelis certainly know a matelot's taste as far as social activities are concerned!

Following this, Palma in Majorca was visited, also Gibraltar where the preliminary 'rabbits' were got in. We then returned to Malta where Christmas was spent. The New Year saw us hard at work (?) preparing for Captain (D)'s Inspection which occurred in February. Captain (D) seemed quite pleased with our performance and everyone let go a long sigh of relief when it was all over and the A.S.C.O. and Radio Supervisor had returned to life!

By this time the Mediterranean half of the commission was just about over. We did another short Cyprus patrol followed by a visit to Istanbul and thoughts turned to dear old U.K. once again. However, the powers that be did not let us get away with it so easily and before finally leaving the Mediterranean we found ourselves off Gibraltar taking part in a week's Anti-Submarine exercises with ships of N.A.T.O. countries.

Dunkirk eventually arrived in 'Oggie land' on the 21st April and everyone had a fortnight's leave which went down very well indeed. Following this we went up to Rosyth to join the Home Fleet for exercises with ships of the Dutch, Danish and Norwegian Navies.

At the time of writing we are doing our whack of Icelandic Patrol. To all you people who have not been up here yet but expect to do so, take my advice. Bring your winter woollies with you. You'll need them—even in summer time.

R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH

Since our last appearance we have had 800 Squadron commission here with U.H.F. Scimitars so we now have to man V.H.F. and U.H.F. channels which keep our staff busy. So far the U.H.F. seems to be behaving as planned. During June the communications staff were kept occupied with exercise "Fairwind" and our R.O.s received valuable experience manning SHIP/NAS continuously. Working with N.A.T.O. ships kept us on our toes as some of the Netherland operators are very good.

On the domestic side the communications ratings now have their mess in the P.C.B. (sort of living on the job). A very cosy mess they have too, all the latest mod. cons. and television, 1960 model.

The M.S.O. and teleprinter room at the moment manned by civilians are due to be navalised in September 1959, so here's your chance all you tactical operators who want a quiet number.

Lossiemouth Air Day takes place on Saturday 18th July this year and from what we hear it should be worth seeing. We have even got a submarine steaming around the airfield to be attacked by Swordfish.

We have now lost our M.F.V. so R.O.2 Hunt won't be able to boast about his seatime, but when he gets on the *Ark Royal* he'll be able to "sink 'em."

On Sports Day, the Tels. distinguished themselves by winning the only race for which beer was the prize.

Flying seems to be the vogue these days. L/Wren Frankcom set out dressed for the part (quite unrecognizable as a Wren) for a trip in a Vampire. Of course, once in the air she was able to pounce on some unsuspecting "Bravo" Wren's R/T procedure. Less lucky than L/Wren Frankcom was our latest addition to the staff Shelagh Connell, who was promptly sick into her paper bag when up in a chopper.

Departures: L/Wren Smith to become Mrs. Mason but still maintaining close contact with Air Traffic, Wren Canning to Yeovilton, L.R.O.s MacGregor and Picton for R.S.'s course, R.O.2 Ruxton for L.R.O.'s course.

Arrivals: L.R.O. Redpath from H.M.S. *Surprise*, L.R.O. Shore from *Mercury*, R.O.1 Hall from *Mercury*, L/Wren Kent from Admiralty, Wren Connell from *Mercury*.

MALTA COMCEN

After apologising for our absence in the Easter edition, here goes with the Summer number. We won't say much about exercise 'Medflex Guard' (although a lot happened) as the ships which took part will probably write about it too. Suffice it to say that we handled an enormous amount of traffic with very few errors. The highest daily transmission figure was well over 3,000 which kept us more than busy. As the D.F.C.O. said at the time 'They have not got us beat!' (Mutterings among the knee sagging watchkeepers!). We all learnt much from this exercise and it will be interesting to see how we get on next time in our colourful

underground Comcen where we have recently installed ourselves.

We are still in the teething stage, but no doubt the little snags which do exist will be overcome in the very near future. Those who knew the 'Tunnel' in the old days will be in for quite a shock if they pay us a visit (and any Communicator is quite welcome to do so.) Gone are the dusty yellow walls, the equally dusty rock floor, and the antiquated fans blowing in hot air. Now we have air conditioning, fluorescent strip lighting, coloured corticene and walls whose colours vary from delightful shades of pink and beige to equally delightful shades of green. Everything is designed, so we are told, to make working conditions far more pleasant and easier on the eyes.

The C.R.R. is perhaps a little overcrowded with equipment, the most notable of which is the Marconi remote control receiving apparatus known as CHA. The ship/shore operators can now get "spot on" any frequency in the band, so if they tell you that you're not on '350' then you're not on '350'. It's as simple as that.

When we get the problem of cleaning this new corticene sorted out, everything will be in apple pie order. The new corticene was treated with a plastic polish which was supposed to give a permanent shine but somewhere it has gone wrong. The dirt has stuck to the deck and now refuses to shift. Any Holystones about? Thus we have been transported from 'fresh air and sunshine' to a troglodytic existence under Castille Square and it's not surprising to hear various bodies singing 'I am a mole and I live in a hole'.

There have been various watch socials during the winter months and judging by the number of defaulters outside the office, the morning after one of these socials, a good time had been had by all! Now we are in the season of Comino boat trips and beach barbecues. Two pastimes which are very much indulged in by the Comcen Staff.

Incidentally, although a lot of people may not know it, Malta Comcen serves CINAFMED and thus is a Naval Combined National and NATO Comcen. So if you are earmarked for us, brush up on your N.A.T.O. procedure as the turnover of reliefs doesn't allow much time before you are 'on your own'.

We have said 'Goodbye' and 'Hallo' to so many shipmates since Easter that it would not be possible to mention them all here. Suffice it to mention some of the Senior ratings who have 'changed messes'. C.C.Ys Busby and Coverdal have been relieved by C.C.Ys Satterley and Weeks, and C.R.S. Thomas by C.R.S. Ryder. We have also said goodbye to Lt. Cooper and have welcomed in his place Lt. Shutt as P.C.O.

And so it is time to bid 'au revoir' until Christmas and wish all Communicators everywhere good Q.S.Os and no Q.R.M. (If the Editor prints half this rubbish I shall be standing the C.R.S. Reg. a Hop Leaf).

NEVER VOLUNTEER . . .

(Old Service Motto)

Each year in February, Admiral Commanding Reserves asks for volunteers to assist in the Mediterranean Medflex series of NATO exercises. Each year the list is full to capacity, but alas, the word volunteer is absent from our new title of Royal Naval Reserve. However, in April about forty bodies, male and female, emplane at Gatwick for Malta Comcen and points west. We receive courteous consideration from the Transair hostesses, Shelagh, Susan and Claire, all ready with double gins at two shillings a time.

As a civilian I can never quite understand why we should arrive at Malta at the unearthly time of four in the morning, at which time I normally rest on my couch. Ah well, 'twas ever thus, the Navy likes it the hard way.

This year we were under the guardianship of the Deputy Fleet Communications Officer, Lieut. Cdr. C. K. Anthony and his staff. They arranged the watchkeeping bills and the communications briefing; pay (yes, we get paid); passages back; warrants, travelling, form DNA800,—not warrants, detention, form S245, the latter being unknown in the reserve.

The exercise begins, and the bricklayer, the clerk, the shop assistant, the advertisement manager, the bank teller, and the local government officer are once more proud members of the communications branch.

Signals go into orbit—and apart from the odd one stay there—unless some miracle brings them back alive. All in all a period of intensive battle rages.

The end of the exercise allows time for shopping, sightseeing and for the officers an invitation from Captain and Mrs. Alan Seymour-Haydon to cocktails to celebrate the victory to either red or blue. Does it really matter who won? The



Note by Editor: That's one lot you've lost.

W.R.N. Reserves at Gibraltar,

drinks are very good.

Photographs are taken to be kept as mementos of a period of panic and pleasure. One personal approach which is much appreciated is the letter sent to each employer by the Chief of the Allied Staff, Vice Admiral Sir St. John Tyrwhitt, Bt., C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., expressing thanks on behalf of NATO for allowing time off for the volunteers.

The flight back is remembered by the generous gin which Shelagh dispensed; our arrival at Gatwick; and, finally our discharge from the books of the Royal Navy "to shore".

You ask about the odd signal which remains in orbit? The volunteers will be back again next year to read it on ship/shore.

WINDMILL HILL

or "CHIEF'S LITTLE ACRE"

Having in past years read many COMMUNICATORS and enjoyed the numerous articles contained therein, may we, the inmates of the above, tender our article for inclusion?

We are given to understand that this particular Lloyd's Station is the last of the naval stations manned in "captivity".

The staff at the moment consists of a C.C.Y., C.Y., 2 L.T.Os, 3 T.O.2s, and 4 N.S. T.O.3s recently arrived. We also have the M.H.Q. ratings who "lodge" here. Comprising 1 L.R.O., 2 R.O.3s plus 2 N.S. R.O.3s plus any communicators from ships in refit who want a change of scenery.

On the domestic side we possess an excellent locally born chef whose efforts to feed the "non rich whites" are much appreciated. Those of us recently joined are given to understand that he has been here almost as long as "Windy".

Contact with the outside world is maintained usually by telephone for those shore based 10" and 12" for those waterbourne and by taxi or "shanks pony" for the local hostilities and cinemas.

Our work is, in the main, commercial, the most interesting part of which is the occasional Distress when we inform everyone with the possible exception of the President of Patagonia. As can be imagined commercial work improves one's knowledge of shipping lines, flags and funnel markings and anyone hoping to take geography in G.C.E. could well be advised to join us.

We have said commercial work, and this gives rise to the thought that naval morse consists of dots and dashes and is usually depicted in diagrams as circles and oblongs, we have since found that it can also consist of squares, ellipses and other geometrical designs. Tankers we find, are excellent exponents of the elliptical type morse.

Any tactical Communicator who has in the past felt frustrated with fleetwork is invited to spend just one night watch at 'Windy' when it appears that the entire Merchant Navy is passing, and we will ask him after calling a dozen without getting an answer, which he prefers. Frustration is not the word we use.

M.H.Q. Gib. provides the feminine interest for those who would indulge in this pastime, its numbers were recently augmented by 30 W.R.N.V.Rs and during the period of their stay in Gibraltar the single members of W.H.S.S. could be seen

foregathered at the "wailing wall" which is the new name for a certain metal structure surrounding a nearby naval Establishment.

During this period it was also observed by Chief that the necessary sleep required to rejuvenate members after a "48 on" can be dispensed with. **Observations or Musings from the Lookout**

- (1) On calling a merchant ship and receiving the reply "I am Juno of Gothenburg" the L.H.O.W. has been prevailed upon to refrain from replying "And I am the Bishop of Lip-hook".
- (2) It is also a trifle disconcerting to be asked, after reporting that you have exchanged identities with a submarine, whether she was on the surface; especially at 3 a.m.
- (3) We notice that the Chief was a little sad after the following telephone conversation.

Chief: —

Voice at the other end: "M.H.Q."

Chief: "This is Windmill, You have H.M.S. So and So entering harbour."

Voice: "Why are you telling me?"

Chief: "Is that M.H.Q.?"

Voice: "Yes."

Chief: "That's why I'm telling you."

Voice: "Oh!"

Results of Summer Competitions

No eligible entries were received for the CARTOON section.

Winner of the PHOTOGRAPHIC competition is T.O.2 B. Hadley (see page 62)

Winner of the SPECIAL FEATURE competition is R.S. E. C. J. Clapp (see page 68)

Acknowledgement

We thank Mr. Ted Wilkins of Hambledon for the cartoon on page 84

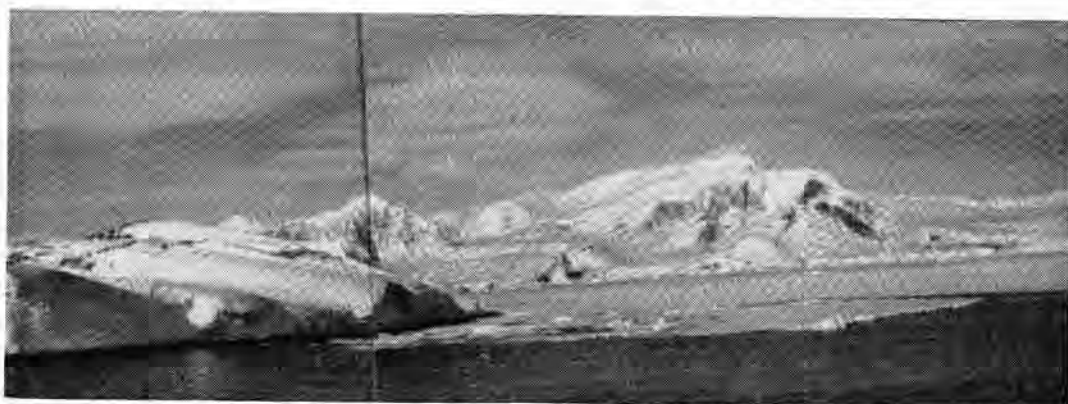
YOUR Christmas COMMUNICATOR

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS
MUST REACH
THE EDITOR BY
NOVEMBER 16th

and
BULK ORDERS by
NOVEMBER 30th

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

POTS IN THE ANTARCTIC (2)



Hullo all, well it is just one week to the special celebration we have down here, on the 21st June all the bases in the Antarctic celebrate midwinter the centre of the dark months, and look forward to seeing the days getting longer and the sun showing more and more above the horizon. We celebrate it in the good old Christmas fashion with turkey (tinned), chicken (tinned), new potatoes (tinned), sprouts (tinned), beer (tinned), and a few bottles of champagne thrown in with various other beverages liable to render memories of the feast very hazy indeed.

But what of the past? Well quite a bit has happened since I last wrote. The ice cliff is still there (and liable to remain for a few more years) and the hydrographic survey has drawn to a successful close, but not without a few small adventures which will make the teams' memories of this land, vivid indeed.

As you know, my work consisted of maintaining communication between the party and the outside world, and between the launch and the rear base. At the rear base I had a type 612 and the launch had a type 622. I had one main schedule a day with the Government wireless station at Port Stanley 1,000 miles away, and four hourly schedules with the launch when she was operating. This kept me mostly at base, but there were occasions when I was needed out in the field with the survey party, when the work necessitated widespread triangulation stations. During these periods I mainly acted as relief coxswain to Leading Seaman Arthur Milnes (who had a very exacting job in these waters).

About the middle of summer more ice had been released south, and was being carried northwards. The launch began to look rather battle scarred with her paint scraped off, and with a few holes appearing in her hull. Also her copper sheathed bottom was being polished brightly by continuous contact with small brash ice, on two occasions we had to beach the launch and tack on the strips of copper that had been torn loose. The ice was hampering our work and in windy conditions was

a veritable menace, it was in such conditions that the launch nearly came to grief.

The party was away on a long trip working amongst a group of islands to the southwards, I was back at base keeping the usual four hourly routine skeds with them. During the early afternoon a rather brisk wind arose and soon settled down into a Force Four of Five gale. Nothing was heard of the launch on my 1600 sked so I settled down to hourly skeds, this being the procedure being agreed on for such a situation. Nothing at all was received from the launch until 2000 when I heard Lieut. Wynne-Edwards broadcasting over and over again that the launch was caught in ice but the party was alright. Nothing more was heard from them until 2100 when up came Lieut. Wynne-Edwards quite strongly to tell me that they had been caught by this gale, and owing to the nature of the islands had been forced to ride it out due to lack of sheltering places. The ice however was moving so fast with the wind, that they were caught between an iceberg and a large floe. The launch was being squeezed badly by the pressure and timber cracks were heard, so the party took to the ice floe with as much equipment as possible. They tore the 622 from the bulkhead and set it up on the ice, but unfortunately in connecting up a mistake was made, and the batteries drained in a big blue flash. After a while the wind changed direction and began to blow the floe away from the berg, so all equipment was trundled back to the launch and clear water sought as fast as possible. The batteries were recharged and they were then able to contact me. A very lucky escape don't you think?

Soon after this event H.M.S. *Protector* appeared in the area. In view of the strain on the launch engine during ice work and some prevailing trouble with her propellor shaft, it was decided that the launch should be taken aboard *Protector* and overhauled. The launch made a two hour trip and was taken onboard. The members of the



party that took her out were greeted by the reception party with a step back and the words "I expect you would like a bath" . . . they got one . . . and a haircut!

Those of us left behind at base were visited by a helicopter from *Protector* bearing the Governor of the Falkland Islands who was in the area visiting the Fids Bases, it also brought mail. Silence descended whilst letters were read and reread.

When the launch finally returned it was loaded up with fresh meat, fresh potatoes, bread, beer and a few more luxuries (my particular thanks to the Communication Staff aboard *Protector* who sent me a large parcel of reading material). There arrived also a dog, which seemed to have found its way into the launch, a she named 'Peso'.

After the *Protector* had gone, preparations were made for a move to a more southerly area. The 612 was crated up and stowed aboard, tents, food, clothing and survey equipment were all made secure, and then there was the trouble of finding room for us. Finally we sailed south, leaving behind one of the party and the dog.

After a four hour trip we arrived at a large island called Chavez approximately in position $65^{\circ} 35'$ south, $64^{\circ} 28'$ west. Camp was made consisting of three two-man tents, and a small two-man pup tent for me and my wireless, what a squeeze. I was a little bit worried about the set due to the handling it had received in the journey, and during the small rocky climb up to

the camp site. Unfortunately my fears were justified as the aerial tuning unit was rather badly damaged internally. I tried to short circuit the damaged unit but to no avail, so reluctantly the 612 was abandoned and from then on the 622 was our mainstay.

Weather became bad for a time and long periods were spent in our sleeping bags in the tents. The reading material came in very very useful then.

With the advent of good weather we began to range around carrying out our programme of survey, geology and marine biology. By this time summer was drawing to a close and low temperatures were felt. The inland waters were also beginning to freeze over and great care had to be taken that we were not frozen in with new ice.

Our work took us further and further south until during March we found ourselves crossing the Antarctic Circle still proceeding southwards, but ice conditions made us turn back and make for our camp on Chavez, and bad weather and ice conditions still further forced us to pack up that camp and return to the rear base. And that more or less finished the expedition. Apart from a few things to be done locally we had finished our job, and were satisfied.

On the 15th March I joined Base F in the Argentine Island Group where I was to winter, and on the 10th April I said my goodbyes to the survey party as they left on the R.R.S. *John Biscoe* for home. I also said my goodbyes to the

Biscoe too, for I would not be seeing her until January 1959. I felt rather lonely as she sailed away.

Base "F" where I am now is an eleven man base where an assortment of scientific work is carried out, and radio sonde weather balloon and general weather observations are in progress. Most of this work is connected with the I.G.Y. arrangements.

I have my own wireless cabin here, my transmitter being an 89Q and my two receivers being Eddystone 750. The hut is quite large and very comfortable, being equipped with all the essentials to make life bearable. The pin-ups are wonderful, but not quite the real thing.

Everywhere is frozen up now. The sea is

covered with ice as far as we can see, and this is very welcome in one way for long ski marches can be done to keep us in trim. We are what is called a static base. We do not go tearing around the countryside on a sledge with nine dogs attached. Skiing is our main relaxation and apart from the sprains and bruises, keeps us fit and content. The temperature is quite low now, around the minus 22°F mark (or fifty degrees of frost) but we expect it to go lower still as winter passes through. We only see the sun for about three hours a day when it appears just on the horizon to the north. The remainder of the time is either dark or twilight.

Well that's all for now, I will write again when the boat calls so until next time all the best.

VOICE PROCEDURE

(After Lewis Carroll)

The Walrus and the Carpenter foregathered for a matter;

They wept like anything to hear such quantities of chatter;

"If this could all be stopped," they said, "it would not matter."

"If seven 'Bunts' and seven 'Sparks' broadcast for half a year,

Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "that they could make it clear?"

"I doubt it," said the Carpenter, "Let's have another beer."

"If only folks would start," he said, "by saying who they were,

And whom they were addressing, 't would be easier to bear:

Establishing identity, alas, is all too rare!"

"A rumbling basso voice is very difficult to hear; The late-lamented Gigli would be easier on the ear;

We can't a'l sing like him; but let the voice be high and clear.

"Of clarity and brevity contrive to be a lover; And when you want an answer back be careful to say 'OVER';

This tells the chap the other end you're waiting to discover—

If he has heard the phrase aright, when 'ROGER' he replies,

Unless you've told him to 'READ BACK', in which case he complies,

And, starting 'I READ BACK', repeats the phrase." He wiped his eyes.

"But if the clot the other end should sing a different song,

Repeating incorrectly what you've tried to pass along,

Repeat the phrase more clearly; but start off by saying 'WRONG'.

And if you cannot hear, or if some word is not quite plain,

Don't say 'Beg pardon?', 'What was that?', or 'Will you please explain?'

There's only one thing you must say, and that is 'SAY AGAIN'.

But if you think the message wrong: (For instance, if a bearing

Is not within the Arc of Post), don't seek recourse by swearing,

But use the proword 'VERIFY'. Such non-senses need squaring."

Then, if the card he has mis-read, he answers the objection

Not with such words as 'Sorry' or 'Scrub out the latest section';

Again the proword he should use: In this case it's 'CORRECTION'.

And so," the Carpenter concludes, "we can remove all doubt,

And cut out all the back-chat, and forbear the rules to flout".

"I get you, Chips," the Walrus said, "I should say ROGER—OUT."

E.W. NEWS

If you can't break a "Racket"—join it!

We continue to prosper in the Radio Special Branch. The Branch build-up is proceeding, but we can still absorb more volunteers to offset the loss of National Servicemen, either to train as Radio Specials or additionally as linguists.

Our linguist friends at Pucklechurch have now moved to Tangmere, with married quarters available at Littlehampton. Linguists at sea should remember that refresher courses can be arranged direct with:—

R.N. Unit, R.A.F. Tangmere, Chichester, Sussex.
Tel. Chichester 2643.

Not quite a holiday with pay by the sea, but very nearly!

If you want to read the "Racket"—write it!

The next edition of "Racket" has been delayed—mainly for lack of suitable material from outside sources. If you have anything of interest to contribute please send it to the head of E.W. Section, H.M.S. *Mercury*.

E. W. Re-union

It is intended to hold another re-union, on the same lines as last year, some time in the Autumn Term. The exact date has yet to be decided and will depend on the movements of the Fleet. Efforts will be made to choose a date which enables as many past and present members as possible to attend.

N. A. T. O.



Communication Staff, Channel Headquarters, Portsmouth.

Official photograph

CINCHAN

This year being the tenth anniversary of N.A.T.O., we who serve in the dual role of C-in-C Channel (CINCHAN) N.A.T.O., and C-in-C Portsmouth (National consider it suitable to enlighten our friends on the workings of this organisation. But first of all let us explain that except for victualling purposes we do not all work and play in the Semaphore Tower. It is only the Buntings, ably assisted by the Port Signalmen (ex-Chief Yeoman) who are privileged to enjoy the panoramic view of the harbour and its distant surroundings.

The Command W/T station is sited in the Channel Offices (formerly the Old Tactical School) opposite Admiralty House. We are very pleased to say that in the manning of this station we are ably assisted by eight fair damsels who reside in the Duchess of Kent Barracks.

The Main Signal Office next door to the W/T office is manned by civilians all of whom are ex 'sparkers' or 'buntings', and for the older members of the fraternity, who knows but you might find among them your old 'Chief'. Such stalwarts as Ginger Surry, Eric Peacock, Reuben Rogers and John Ryder just to mention a few of the many that still serve the cause under the guidance of Sam Weller, whom we congratulate on his award of the M.B.E.

Why should we be writing an article after so long you may ask. The answer is quite simple. We started by mentioning N.A.T.O. and we at

Portsmouth form the nucleus of CINCHAN's communication staff to which quite a number of you lucky people will be assigned temporarily for the Autumn N.A.T.O. exercise shortly after reading this article. Once a year we up 'bag and baggage' and move to our underground Headquarters at Fort Southwick, leaving behind the civilian team to look after the National role.

We cannot conclude without mentioning the Command touchtyping School which is the kingdom of C.C.Y. Taylor whom the R.O.'s claim is a Buddhist owing to the fact that they have to remove their shoes before entering. It is sited at the rear of the Staff Officers Mess. In addition to typing and morse instruction, facilities will shortly be available for teaching voice and teleprinter procedure.

We recently said farewell to Lieut. Cdr. Stearns who has gone to the *Bermuda* (we wish him smooth sailing), and welcome in his place Lieut. Cdr. Eveleigh, who is endeavouring to rehabilitate himself to the 'Pommie' way of life after two years with the 'Kiwis'. Amongst others who have recently left is R.S. Bunting who has joined *Mercury* for the next S.D.'s course. We wish him success. Our football team for next season has been strengthened by our recent signing on of that old *Mercury* star left winger, R.S. (Darkie) Lawes. Congratulations to L.T.O. Polhill who played several games in goal for R.N. Barracks last season, also to Wren Munday for having been selected for the W.R.N.S. Netball team in the recent inter-

Service Tournament.

We welcome back Leading Wren (since been rated P.O.) Clarke after a recent accident on her motor scooter and congratulate her on her recovery. Best wishes go to Leading Wren Humphreys on her recent marriage. Being a true 'sparker' she 'opted' for a Radio Supervisor, and having executed this manoeuvre, she became a 'grass widow' while her husband sailed for the Med.

Talking of weddings we congratulate 2/O Goldring on her recent engagement to Lieut. Cdr. Macklow-Smith (ZEST). We shall be very sorry to lose her from the team, but what better way for her to make her exit. We wish them both the very best of luck. Note: The above are two very good examples of "Communication Security".

JOINT THREE ARMED FORCES COMMUNICATION SCHOOL AT CHIAVARI Outset and Growth

The need for a common basis of knowledge amongst wireless operators of the three Armed Forces arose since the Second World War, when marked difficulties in joint operations had to be solved due to the different standards and training of the Armed Forces.

This very need was stressed after the war, for the importance of close-co-operation between the Army, Navy and Air Force was always increasing. Accordingly in August 1950 a school was set up at Caperna (Chiavari). The school was officially opened on 1st April 1951 and commenced dealing with courses early in 1952.

It was decided that the school should meet the following requirements.

1. To bring up to date and to improve the knowledge of all Communications Petty Officers.
2. To train junior officers of the Communications Branch.
3. To raise the professional standards of Army, Navy and Air Force N.C.O.s appointed for permanent service.

These three requirements had to be met when Italy was included in NATO and adopted NATO procedures.

Besides the Joint Courses which represent the "raison d'être" of the School, several courses peculiar to each Armed Force have been organised during recent years. In addition, during 1957/58, the range of training was extended to include that of Army conscript Wireless Operators, and in 1958/59 the training of Navy conscript Wireless Operators was also undertaken.

Statute

The inter-Service characteristics of training activities are shown by the School statute. The School organisation includes a Command Section and the two subordinate divisions, studies and logistics. The School Commanding Officer can be either a Naval Captain, an Army Colonel or an Air Force Colonel. The two divisions are headed by Commanders or Lieutenant Colonels. These three appointments are so arranged that each of the Armed Forces is represented in one of them and the appointments are changed every two years.



Joint Three Armed Forces Communication School, Chiavari.

Instructional Organisation

Classes are limited to a maximum of 25, and are only subdivided when dealing with communication equipment. The syllabi include: procedure, reception and transmission, teleprinters and typewriting, radio and telegraphic equipment, electrics and radio theory, and English language. There are over 40 classrooms most of which are fitted out with communication equipment: in addition there is a tape relay centre, a communication centre, an aerial navigation room and a meteorology room. The school also has its own printing and photographic section.

Amenities and Welfare

These include a cinema, gymnasium, tennis, volley ball and basket ball courts, an Officers Club, an N.C.O.s Club, a Students' Club, and a Rating's Entertainment Hall.



HAFMED

The main activities—a triumph of understatement—affecting the N.A.T.O. communications world in Malta this year have been the annual major exercise "Medflex Guard" and the move of the Malta Comcen underground.

Medflex Guard

This was our biggest exercise for 1959 and it lasted for nine days in three watches. The Comcen—the old one above ground—handled a total of 14,234 messages with success and good humour and we received a good recommend at the end.

It is a very interesting experience to see the various nationalities combining efficiently in the Comcen and to find that a duty Signal Officers' roster of a Greek Lieutenant, an Italian Lieutenant and a 3/O W.R.N.S. can and does produce all the answers required of it. The use of English as it can be spoken and written only by a N.A.T.O. officer caused us much amusement.

The only signal which gave us a lot of trouble, especially in the crypto centre, was eventually found to be in Turkish plain language. Is there an idea here for the future?

R.N.R.

For the exercise we were lucky to have, as usual, the valuable assistance of a number of officers,

including one W.R.N.R. officer, and communication ratings of the R.N.R. They did their usual first class job and we hope that they enjoyed their visit and will come and help us again. Captain and Mrs. Seymour-Haydon gave an excellent cocktail party after the exercise at which the reserve officers were able to meet all the Communicators we could muster in Malta.

The New Comcen

The new underground Comcen was occupied on Sunday 7th June. It is a fine centre, well planned by our predecessors and nicely decorated. A quote from a statement made by a P.O. Wren is: "Not only has the Navy supplied us with new offices but has excelled itself by going 'contemporary' and painting them in various shades of blue, green and pink . . . we must agree that it makes a change from the drab cream colour which usually adorns our walls." In addition to paintwork we have air conditioning and some difficulty with the plastic covering over the corticine. It is worthy of note that the move was completed from the old Comcen in one forenoon. Nobody has asked for Tracer Action yet so we think that we managed to avoid losing any signals. The Commander-in-Chief inspected the Comcen on the Tuesday after the move, and C.O.A.S. Admiral Tyrwhitt—walked round three days later. During the C-in-C's visit he was asked to judge the designs submitted by the members of the communication staff for a badge/crest board to hang over the Comcen entrance. Some excellent designs were submitted.

Outstanding Business

Another major exercise "Sidestep"—this time N.A.T.O.-wide in September.

The production of a U.S. flag with 49 stars by 4th July!

Officers

In Malta we have eight R.N. officers in N.A.T.O. or part-time N.A.T.O. appointments, one 3/O W.R.N.S., 1 Lieutenant Colonel Royal Signals and a Wing Commander R.A.F. In addition there are 1 Commander U.S.N., 1 Lieutenant Commander French Navy, and Lieutenants from Italy, Greece and Turkey.

Elsewhere AFMED Communication officer appointments are held nationally—Gibraltar (GIB MED) U.K., Algiers (MEDOC) France, Naples (MEDCENT) Italy, Athens (MEDEAST) Greece and Ankara (MEDNOREAST) Turkey. A Commander (C) R.N. is at Ankara for liaison duties.

Ratings

In Malta the Comcen serves both CINCMED and CINCAFMED and is manned in the main by U.K. personnel. A number of billets are however, filled by N.A.T.O. personnel of other nations as follows:—

Italy 3 C.P.O. Tels, 1 Ldg. Tel.

France 2 P.O. Tels, 1 Ldg. Tel.

Turkey 2 C.P.O. Tels, 2 P.O. Tels.

In the HAFMED S.D.O. the U.K. personnel are supported by an Italian C.C.Y. and a Greek Yeoman.

No summary of personnel would be complete



Senior National Representatives at HAFMED

without a reference to the Maltese. As messengers, these do that thankless task with good humour and in the Island T/P and Tape Rooms they form an invaluable part of the Comcen organisation.

May we introduce you to our trophy and the rules for winning it. There is no prize for guessing who is the present holder.

COMSWANEURMED

Communications Swan Round Europe
and the Mediterranean

(Presented by Lieutenant Commander
W. FITZHERBERT, R.N.)
(in his national hat)

1. The trophy can be competed for by all FULL members of the Communication Division, HAFMED.

2. To be considered eligible for the trophy the contestant must fulfil all of the following qualifications:—

- (a) He/She must sit in his/her office at least 4 hours a week.
- (b) He/She must be between the ages of 17 and 65 (this is to cover all 3/O W.R.N.S. and Colonels U.K. Army).
- (c) He/She must have visited a N.A.T.O. country with no better reason than for
 - (i) Shopping
 - (ii) Change of Air
 - (iii) Sightseeing
 - (iv) Visiting a friend
 - (v) Taking leave with free passage.
- (d) He/She must swear to uphold the spirit for which this trophy is awarded even when under investigation by the N.A.T.O. Budget Committee.
- (e) He/She must have taken every international and National holiday during the past 12 months (extra points are scored for holidays of nations not belonging to N.A.T.O.).

3rd. D. S.

Ten years of N.A.T.O. . . .

Well, we've had ten months of it and we're still going strong. As this is written we're still at it but it looks like being our last N.A.T.O. exercise before we sail for home in July. Still, on the Med. station you can never be sure of anything. Barrack and other provincial newspapers, please copy.

The Squadron commissioned in September—*Saintes* (Captain (D) 3) on the 2nd, *Armada* and *Camperdown* on the 9th. We assembled in Portland on the 14th and sailed for Gib. on the 20th, the older by several runs ashore and by our first communication exercises. And there, right outside the breakwater, was N.A.T.O.—all lined up and ready for us in the form of exercise "Shipshape."

The facts must be faced—exercise "Shipshape" touched us and we didn't even have to remember such basic facts of N.A.T.O. life as the *other* way of hoisting speed-flags. But it was, nevertheless our first experience of N.A.T.O. and so it counts.

Our work-up followed in Malta—but there was nothing very N.A.T.O. about that—it was too short and to the point for one thing. Then there was a Squadron run to Tunis—but that was terribly British and very diplomatic—you didn't mention the French except in a whisper. But it was a good run, and *Saintes'* T.O.s made a masterly job of erecting a flagstaff outside the British pavilion at the international fair in very quick time.

The first real international trial was "Medaswex 26", with the Italian Navy off Malta. The weather turned sour and the crypto was quite exciting up top too. But as a result it was with the sure feeling that it couldn't be much worse that we approached not long afterwards and this time minus *Camperdown*, the port of Toulon to take part in "Medaswex 27", with the French and a squadron of Canadian ships including H.M.C.S. *Bonaventure*.

Lying alongside with all the others in company before sailing we experienced another aspect of N.A.T.O.—the thrill of the unexpected. Even such routine occasions as colours, sunset, and dress overall are lifted out of the rut when guns go off all round you, strange bugle calls confound you, and dressing lines struggle gallantly towards the masthead on jackstays. The exercise was less exacting than "26", despite the fact that many of the signals were in French, which tested the R.O.s with "tiddley E's" etc., and incidentally caused the S.C.O. to be shaken more often than he bargained for, Captain (D) was S.O. of the URG escort—the "Fighting Five", the Captain of one being very keen of Brigitte Bardot. "Suivez-moi, Brigitte" is not a group in any book, but such is the solidarity of N.A.T.O. that one ship at least understood it and formed astern. Tactical Primary became rather more tense when the *Huron* collided with the *Maille-Bré-e* (tiddly Es again), and the French departure-screen commander, in a voice like Charles Boyer, ordered the *Huron* to "stand clear of your victim".

Over Christmas *Saintes* and *Armada* got a pier-head jump to Cyprus: during January and Febru-

ary *Camperdown* continued the good work with N.A.T.O. when some communications ratings went skiing in Italy with the Italian army. One went so far as to break his leg but history doesn't relate what emergency signal he made or whether it was understood. We only know he used the plainest of plain language and it wasn't printable.

In April *Saintes* and *Armada* were sent into the Atlantic to take part in exercise "Dawn Breeze"—the Home Fleet evidently needed some stiffening to cope. On the way they called at Marseilles—but there was nothing very N.A.T.O. about that, except the spirit of co-operation shown by the locals. A good run, Marseilles.

"Dawn Breeze" was, of course, mostly U.K. but our two ships were again screening the URG most of the time and we had some Portuguese escorts in company. We had a little trouble to begin with: Tactical Primary was choked with lengthy expressions of goodwill passing between the Senior Officer of the Portuguese escorts and the URG Commander. After that things settled down, although we were not unhappy to be detached to act in the aggressor role by attacking the carrier force. This was a fancy dress "do"; *Saintes* and *Armada* each rigged two canvas funnels to deceive searching aircraft into thinking we were two more *Apollos*. One result of the attack was the following signal on the broadcast:

FM CINCHF

TO D3

From COS.

OTTO, OTTO, BURNING BRIGHT
IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT,
YOUR LIGHT WILL BE FOREVER HID

UNLESS YOU TELL US WHAT YOU DID.

The T.Os were sending signals in verse for days . . .

Leaving *Armada* for self-maintenance in Gib, *Saintes* returned to Malta on 28th March, and on 1st April arrived in Naples to represent the R.N. for N.A.T.O.'s 10th Anniversary celebrations. We were due to be reviewed at a line of buoys, but the weather was chancy and nobody appeared to have much confidence in the buoys. So we anchored, in company with a French destroyer, a Greek frigate, an Italian destroyer and an American destroyer. We lay in a somewhat sinuous line and were reviewed the following day by CINCSOUTH and the Italian Minister of Defence in an Italian C.M.S. whose unfortunate Captain fought valiantly to drive at an equal distance from each ship in the line.

On 6th April *Saintes* returned to Malta, and the Squadron once more reunited, embarked on the next serial—the Malta N.A.T.O. 10th Anniversary celebrations. By this time our dressing lines almost took off by themselves at the mere mention of the word N.A.T.O.—in the event they went up too early in *Saintes* because some senior seaman "thought he heard the pipe"—an interesting and original variation of the oldest excuse in the Service.

Followed yet another N.A.T.O. occasion—exercise "Medflex Guard." By this time, perhaps, we were all getting a little blasé about N.A.T.O. and though there was for the Communicators enough to do, we were not as extended



Official photograph

AT AMSTERDAM

Left to right: "De Moor", "Agincourt" and "Utrecht".

as we have been. We even found time, on occasion, to feel sorry for the unfortunates in the shore Comcens who, to judge by some of the delays, were having it rugged.

The Squadron steamed straight off for Cyprus after the exercise and "went national" for once—not that we dislike N.A.T.O. but it's nice to have your hat on the right way round for a change. There we all got busy preparing for inspections, and *Saintes* was sent off to Yugoslavia for a short visit.

There's not of course much N.A.T.O. about Dubrovnik either, although two communications ratings did succeed in displaying the solidarity of the Atlantic Alliance by taking a massive meal one night, plus all the trimmings, off some rich American tourists in the best hotel in the place . . .

Assembled again in Malta on 29th May, on completion of *Saintes'* inspection by F.O.F. Med, the Squadron licked its wounds and embarked large quantities of those little sealed envelopes, neatly numbered in series, which keep O.O.Ws and tactical primary operators busy throughout the night when on passages. We sailed, in company with *Birmingham*, for Barcelona on 1st June.

Barcelona was a good run, even though there were rather too many communication exercises

the morning after (what it is to travel with a Flagship). But a good time was had by all, and we sailed regretfully on 9th, not exactly refreshed perhaps, but better all the same for exercise "Sardex."

This was a bombardment exercise off the south tip of Sardinia—a somewhat one-sided contest as bombardment exercises are apt to be. It was strictly N.A.T.O. but Italian participation was limited to one spotter (allocated, on each and every occasion of firing to *Saintes*) and some Incursori, or underwater swimmers, who launched a rather unsuccessful attack in company with some Royal Marines, on the anchored Fleet one night. And finally, as this is written, exercise "Whitebait"—not N.A.T.O.-wide but still international so it counts. We begin to feel we're pretty hot stuff at working with ships of other nations. And, as "Whitebait" ends, it is nice to receive signals such as the following:

FM USS MERIDITH

TO HMS SAINTES

ZZC. GLAD TO HAVE WORKED WITH THE FINEST SIGNAL FORCE IN THE WORLD.

It would, perhaps, have been even nicer if *Saintes'* operator hadn't made *Meredith's* repeat the word "glad" four times.

WEST INDIES H.M.S. TROUBRIDGE

At last the *Troubridge* has stirred its literary talents and sends this article as its contribution to the Magazine.

We arrived at Bermuda (alongside Admiralty Wall, Ireland Island) on June 14th to take over the broad pennant of S.N.O.W.I. (Commodore W. J. Parker, O.B.E., D.S.C.) a fellow Communicator, from *Ulster*. We fully expected a gradual turn-over but to our dismay all the logs and suchlike pertaining to communications matters, were unceremoniously 'dumped' in the office and about the quickest turn-over ever executed, was carried out.

On the following day *Ulster* sailed for "Seaway Royal" (Royal Yacht escort duties) and it was perceived that all the tactical operators on the bridge and flagdeck had smiling faces and an air of abandon, caused no doubt by the load being lifted from their shoulders. Incidentally, Commander Rusby is Captain of the *Ulster*, he is also an ex-communications officer and at one time V.I in *Mercury*.

To continue the story, we managed to recover slowly but surely from the chaos of the turn-over, and are now quite confident that we can iron out any snags that may occur.

At the beginning of the commission we had what is termed a "small ships Signals Officer" who since his relief by the Staff Communications Officer and Staff Officer Operations, Lt. Cdr. Ridley, has obtained many other jobs.

We have, at one time or the other used all the books we carry and the Government Telegraph Code is the bane of all our lives.

Of course there are many advantages in being

on a Station such as this, plenty of swimming and sport and superb weather, although adverse comment was heard concerning the latter because of its prolonged absence during the first week.

There are three main reasons for a ship being out here namely, showing the Flag, protecting British interests and hurricane guardship duties. The most important one of these being the first, as there is very little trouble and very few hurricanes that do a large amount of damage. We all have a glorious time with runs ashore in the many islands, where large amounts of rum and coke are consumed as it is a very popular drink and very cheap.

C.R.S. Dence is heard to comment upon the amount of time we spend at sea, he declares that the number of L.W.E's he took from Leydene are completely overshadowed by it. C.C.Y. Weston sustained the first major injury in the field of sport by getting in the way of a viciously wielded cricket bat whilst keeping wicket, this injury necessitated having stitches in it, he has not felt like wicket keeping since and to rub salt into the wound we lost the match.

We have had our "howlers" the better ones being, "Where is the Keycard kept for this system, Chief?" The message was in G.T.C. Recently we received a signal with *Ulster* in the text which read, "ULSTER TROPICAL CLOTHING DRESS C AND E No. 13 NEGAT CLOTHING". It was later corrected to "ULSTER NEGAT NIGHT CLOTHING".

Our staff consists of C.R.S., A/R.S. Saunders, R.O.2s Hynes, Banner, Butler, Allen, Williams and R.O.3 Ogilvie on the Radio side, on the Tactical side we have the C.C.Y., L.T.O. Whitby-Smith, A/L.T.O. Howell, T.O.2 Rainer and T.O.3s Gill and McLeod.



The New M.S.O. Simonstown

M.S.O. SIMONSTOWN

It is with great pride that we are able to report the occupation of the new M.S.O. The move was the culmination of many weeks waiting, false alarms, and mess deck buzzes, but it was well worth the wait. Whereas before, there was not enough room, there now seems to be just that little extra, which of course, is always an advantage.

The new building, which is on the same site as the previous M.S.O. has W/T and V/S store-rooms, transmitter room, changing room with spacious lockers and hanging space all on the ground floor. On the first floor there are the M.S.O. and W/T receiving bays, teleprinter office, crypto centre, with a passage leading to the office of F.C.O.

The new mast is also an improvement on the previous one, in that it is taller than its predecessor thereby enabling ships in the dockyard to see the prep more easily than before, this difficulty arises from the fact that the background is the range of hills behind or should I say above 'Snooky' and Communicators who have done a South Atlantic commission will recall this. I say 'new' mast but, in actual fact it is the one which was at the old R.N.H.Q. and originally was a spare for the 'Lowestoft' class cruisers.

That is all from us here at 'Snooky' and to Communicators everywhere we wish them 'Alles van die beste', and 'Tot siens' till next issue.

S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL, SIMONSTOWN

We regret that we missed the last issue and it looks as though we will miss this one too unless we can get a small amount of jet propulsion into the effort.

Our population of humans is, at the moment, less than that of 'porkers'. Whilst we have lost two classes of humans recently, three of our four sows have produced litters of respectable size and after losses we have 28 little 'uns foraging. It does look as though we will have a prime Christmas this year. R.S. Hayward, our "Vark Voorman" (Pig Boss) wants to return to U.K. in October, but is loathe to leave the swine behind. What are the quarantine regs. on bringing home the bacon?

We have had youngsters from *Albion*, *Lynx* and *Chichester* here recently, qualifying for R.O.2 etc. Some of them "enjoyed" sleeping on our beds—Ain't sailors quaint?

Our much vaunted boasting of 6 months ago about being fitted out as a modern frigate causes hollow laughter among the cloisters at midnight. The O.C.W. and S.E.E. and ilk have forgotten that we exist and the gear is still lying around in long suffering anticipation. 'Tis rumoured that one loudspeaker has been swiped, but we feel that a pile of prehistoric dust in one corner could have once been the pattern article. Of course the delay could be one of those, oh so fashionable hitches, like who makes the chalk mark on the wall for O.C.W's depot, to bash holes so that C.Es dept. can put in plugs so that C.E.E's dept. can put up wood so that C.E.E's dept. can run

some cables so that . . . ad nauseum. Cor! let's have a strike.

The "Classic", heard a few weeks ago, "Hey Yeo, nip down and ask that class of Buntings, who have just finished course, what ships they are going to so we can make the drafting signal".

Warrant Tel. H.T. (Buster) Brown has left us to join F.C.O's (S.A.N.) Staff and C.P.O. Tel. Jim Sproates will soon be on our duty roster. C.P.O. Tel. Mick Warr goes to *Good Hope* to relieve him. A drop of salt air will do us good.

Our soccer team, five regulars of which are from Cape South, is doing well this year. Played four, lost four. C.R.E. Gordon Licence must not read this bit.

We were to have combined with Slangkop in the hockey league. We gave them the names of eleven players but not one has been selected so

far. Guess they must have lost the list.

Our O i/c, Lt. Armstrong, has traded in his old worn out Morris Minor, it could only do 70 going up the Red Hill Road, for a spanking Morris 1000. He isn't too pleased with it though, as it also tends to become airborne whilst taking corners at 90. The road gangs have been busy lately widening the Red Hill Road. Curious coincidence.

Our standard of living is rising steadily. The concrete decks are being covered with corticene. On old timer, known secretly as "Mr. Klaver" is snitching little off-cuts. We suspect that the cork table mats he had as a wedding present, nearly twenty years ago, are wearing a little thin.

The O i/c's motto "THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE ME" is still hoisted bravely, we expect to see it in pennant form soon.

CARRIERS

H.M.S. EAGLE

After our Christmas spell in 'Guzz', we once more wended our way Medwards for the usual Gib-Exercises-Malta-Exercises routine, with one break at Naples. Hopes (or fears) of a dull ending to the commission were dispelled by "Dawnbreeze 4" and the assembly of ships in Gib prior to that exercise. About that time, Gib harbour could have been renamed "The Sargasso Sea" as it became quite a graveyard of ships. First, the U.S.S. *Bailey* re-entered with a large hole in her starboard quarter caused by a collision with a U.S. supply ship, followed by *Centaur* and *Cavendish* with heavy weather damage to catwalks and guns. Our catapult fell over whilst recovering aircraft from North Front, necessitating rapid repair in the Bay, and, to cap it all, *Corunna* and *Blossa* "had words" at sea and had to return with sundry large holes. The only people smiling were the Gib dockies and possibly a few members of ships' companies relieved at dodging a big exercise.

"Dawnbreeze" itself proved to be an interesting exercise in which the EW boys came into their own and the Communicators were in the centre of it as usual. Although we had some snags they seem to have been less than normal for it must be one of the first exercises when a C-in-C has congratulated the Communicators during a washup. Modesty, of course, forbids mentioning C-in-C's flagship during the exercise. After the last ZKJ we gave the sailor's farewell to little sister *Victorious*, whose Scimitars had provided us with a change in the celestial scenery at times, and whose communication staff showed such a lot of cheerful co-operation, despite natural rivalries.

So back to 'Guzz', Easter leave, and then—what was for most of our families at least—the high spot of the commission. We were able to show our folks how marriage allowances etc. were earned, by taking them to sea for a day and letting them see the flying. None of this "to the Sound and back" for the *Eagle*! We gave them the whole works including some rough weather.



Official photograph

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales receiving a miniature grog tub during his visit to H.M.S. "Eagle"

Harry showed his mother where he worked and lived, and Fred introduced his wife to his dhoby bucket and tot. Relatives and ratings were smiling continuously for the benefit of the press and the B.B.C. and it is hoped that when they boarded the tug in the Sound they knew a little more about their menfolk and their Navy. Four hundred satisfied customers and taxpayers.

Brest was our next port of call. A rather unusual place, combining a brand new main town area (a Phoenix-like aftermath of R.A.F. bomb-



A 'string bag' lands on H.M.S. "Centaur".

Official photograph

thence to sea again, this time joining up with the American 6th Fleet for an exercise providing air cover for a combined landing of British and American Marines in the Tobruk area.

On completion of this exercise, and at the time of writing this article we are proceeding south down the Red Sea, in very hot weather, hoping that we shall not have to come back through it again on the way home! Our destination is Aden for a short visit, and then into the much dreaded Persian Gulf where it is intended we *Centaurs* will act as guinea pigs so that you, our reliefs in carriers, may visit the Gulf under better living conditions.

Our congratulations go to R.C.I. Macindoe who has been selected for the (S.D.) course and we wish him success as indeed we do his relief in *Centaur*, R.C.I. Rogers.

Finally we honestly believe that so far we have acquitted ourselves quite well in the communication world, not always without the normal minor errors, but our T.C.I. is still wondering what in fact they do teach in some Junior Training Establishments; we would suggest that a little more English might go down well.

H.M.S. VICTORIOUS

If you want an interesting life with plenty of time at sea, then ask for a draft to *Victorious*.

If, on the other hand, you want to see all the ports of Europe, we would suggest that you try *Tyne*.

Since our return from the Mediterranean last January, it has been a series of exercises interspersed with periods at Pompey and a couple of very short visits to Aarhus (Denmark) and Oslo, the latter two, in company with *Tyne* and a number of other ships.

During this period, we've taken part in "Dawn Breeze", "Shopwindow" and "Fairwind", in each case wearing the Flag of F.O.A.C.

In some ways, one exercise is much like another

but "Dawn Breeze" was rather different from the normal run of things. For much of the time, ships were in a very widely dispersed disposition and, of course, this had its effect on communications. We discovered that *Victorious* was haunted by a horrible hoodoo which did its best to cause internal interference on nearly all our H.F. circuits. It was particularly active on Voice where it was not uncommon for one unfortunate user to hear at least two other voices on his line whilst he was trying, usually rather irately, to sort out his own business. Some of the language heard beggars description. We still haven't rid ourselves of this most unwelcome visitor and, consequently, life has had its ups and downs for the Radio Department and also for the S.C.O., all of which goes to show why so many Communication Officers seem to end up with duodenal ulcers.

Interference in Carriers is a most serious problem. We hope that some new filters designed by A.S.W.E. may help to reduce the trouble.

However, it hasn't all been difficulties. In fact, at the "Dawn Breeze" wash-up, C-in-C H.F. stated that this was the first exercise in which communications had worked, for which we feel we must accept much of the responsibility.

Victorious is almost at the end of her first commission and, by the time we finish, we hope to have ironed out all the various snags so that those lucky ones who join her next year should find life a bed of roses. In addition, our technical wizard, Lt. Howell, ably assisted by C.R.S. Clarke and R. S. Lucas, has almost transformed the B.W.O. with various devices which we hope will become standard throughout the Fleet.

So, as we fill in our Drafting Preference Cards, hoping that C.N.D. will oblige, we shall think of those whose good fortune it will be to serve in this ship next year and for whom we have done so much.

The K-Maker

If you're ever faced with the problem of making a jamming safety signal consisting of non-stop

K's, try the *Victorious* method.

We couldn't spare an auto-head for the job and so, C.R.S. Clarke designed a K-Maker.

This consisted of a cam fitted to a record-player motor. The cam was cut so that a spring-loaded contact arm held against it allowed a letter K to be generated.

The whole gadget was then connected into the KHB and onto a 603 Transmitter.

It worked on a non-stop basis for 24 hours during which it made 93,000 Ks. Just imagine that on hand-morse.

For further details, write to the Research Department, H.M.S. *Victorious*.

CO-OPERATION

(SD) (C): "I suppose you will want copies of everything, Sir?"

(N): "I don't want any signals, thank you. I'll get the buzz from someone."

H.M.S. ALBION

This being the last opportunity before paying off, we of *Albion* salute you! By the time this appears in print we hope to be steadily steaming northward to the land of fog, smog, grog, and all those other little things that make life so dear to the heart of the meandering matelot. Unlike the usual contributions from we of the flat-top fraternity, this will not be a trumpet solo of miles steamed, hours flown, aircraft launched, ad nauseum! Instead, let this be a sweet little summary of exercises endured, runs ashore remembered, and generally speaking an account of an enjoyable if energetic interlude between shore jobs!

We commissioned in May, 1958, and quickly got into our stride, heading for the Moray Firth, but barely had we reached it than we had to go all the way back to Portsmouth, drop our aircraft, embark lots of transport and a Marine Commando, and head rapidly for the Mediterranean. There we disembarked our load, embarked our aircraft which had flown out to join us and down to the eastern end we went, collecting the flag of F.O.A.C. in

the process. Cyprus was a hot and sticky place, and one and all were glad to return to U.K. in September and take a fortnight's leave!

In October we left for the Far East Station. We had a rapid exchange of experiences with *Bulwark* in Malta, sailed for "Medaswex" and Port Said. We were a day behind our schedule on leaving Port Said, because of the absence of the pilot allocated to take us through, but this, in turn, saved us a trip up to Aqaba, where the last of 'O' Force was being embarked by various other Fleet units. We steamed on to Aden, where we had a pleasant if sticky stop-over, just long enough for some welcome 'rabbit runs'. From Aden we sailed for a mixed navies exercise, called "Mid-link", and on completion went into Karachi. There we were most hospitably entertained by the Royal Pakistan Navy, and our stay seemed all too short.

From Karachi we sailed with R.N. Fleet Units, and exercised all the way to Singapore. By the time we had reached the Base we were all feeling quite ready for a run ashore. Our self-maintenance period over, we left for Hong Kong, where we spent a very merry Christmas, and celebrated the advent of 1959 in no uncertain manner. A further exercise followed, and we then headed south for Guadalcanal and New Zealand. Our view of Guadalcanal was marred by poor weather, but we received mail there, so gloom was quickly dispelled. At Auckland, which was our first land-fall in New Zealand, it seemed that most of the city had put itself out to entertain us. Life was very hectic, it being most difficult to fulfil all the social commitments that arose but despite that, it was with heavy hearts that we left that sunny and delightful spot. Our next sojourn was at Wellington, the 'windy city'. It was less welcoming in weather, but what the climate lacked in warmth, was more than made up for by the inhabitants. Once again the pace set was fierce, and whilst not pretending that it was a relief to get away, at least it did ensure a certain amount of rest!

From New Zealand we went to Tasmania.



The first NA 39 lands on H.M.S. "Victorious".

Official photograph.

Hobart was our destination, and our visit was a very opportune one, since it coincided with the centenary of the Royal Hobart Yacht Club, and a fiesta spirit prevailed everywhere. Once again we began to feel the strain, and we found the trip over to Sydney very handy for 'charging our batteries'. Sydney we hoped to be able to take at an easier pace, since we had a self-maintenance period there, but, alas, this applied more to the ship than to the ship's company. However, a week between Sydney and Melbourne based on Jervis Bay, did a lot to help.

Melbourne was our next port of call, and although the weather was most unkind—we caught the first rains in ages—we still had a whale of a time, and sailed for Fremantle quite glad of a long trip before us. Flying was ruled out for much of the way, because of the famed swell in the Great Australian Bight, which had the ship rolling 30 degrees and pitching considerably too. At Fremantle it seemed that at least half of the population of Western Australia had come down to greet the Fleet, composed as it was of British and Australian Fleet Units. The fair city of Perth threw open its doors to the Navy, and there were none who were glad when the day dawned upon which we said our farewells to Australia.

Back at Singapore we had another self-maintenance period, and also commenced our preparations for "Sea Demon," the largest scale S.E.A.T.O. exercise carried out since its inception. This was carried out in two phases, one in which we remained in the Singapore exercise area, and carried out routine practices, and the other in which we sailed for Manila, and for eight days took it in turns to guard the Fleet and its replenishment units, and to strike it, being at all times harried by submarines, American and British. On completion we had a two-day stopover in Manila for the wash-up and then returned to Singapore.

After two days we again sailed for the Singapore exercise area, where we put on a shopwindow display for the benefit of V.I.P.s, both Service and Civil. This was followed by a self-maintenance period and then we sailed for Madagascar and South Africa. The long trip to Diego Suarez was very pleasant, but we were very glad of the opportunity to go ashore and stretch our legs, when the opportunity at last arose. A very friendly spirit permeated the area, and it was a little difficult to realise that the wrecks we could see in the harbour were the outcome of a less friendly visit by Fleet Air Arm units some fifteen or so years ago!

From Diego Suarez we went to Durban, where the reception was rather like that usually meted out to members of the film fraternity . . . people lined the breakwater and the bluff, and cheered and clapped as we entered . . . fittingly, the loudest were received when we dressed ship overall, it being H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday. Here the weather was kind, being warm by day and cool by night. Our welcome, however, was warm at all times, and the lavish entertainment laid on by all for our benefit left many of us speechless. Our six days quickly passed, alas, and we sailed for Capetown, exercising with R.N. and S.A.N. units en route.

Before entry into Capetown we staged another shopwindow display, which was attended by Civil and Military V.I.P.s, the weather conditions were perfect for it, and especially for the aerobatics, and many appreciative remarks were overheard. Our stay was for ten days, doing the last of our self-maintenance schedules before 'Pompey', and it too, quickly passed. There were entertainments galore, and the area is a shutterbug's paradise . . . at least fifty per cent of the ship's company went up to the top of Table Mountain in the cable car, and voted it the best ten bob's worth of the trip. The views from it are outstandingly good. Alas, all good things come to an end, and we sailed on the Latin-American leg of our cruise on Tuesday 30 June.

Unfortunately the editorial deadline prevents from rounding off this account with details of visits to Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro but if all reports are true we are going to need that fifteen day sea-trip from Rio to 'Pompey' just as much as we needed the fifteen days from the Cape to Buenos Aires. Any volunteers for the East of Suez carrier? Don't forget . . . you, too, can have a draft-chit like mine! In fact, I'll even exchange with you. Just drop me a line. I need a couple of quiet years at the School, in which to recover!

BOOK REVIEWS

OUT OF THE SMOKE by R. E. Parkin. A splendid novel, which I have had the privilege of reading in manuscript form has been written by R. E. Parkin ex C.P.O. (R.A.N.) and Chief Quartermaster of H.M.A.S. *Perth* at the time of her last magnificent fight against overwhelming odds and the Japanese in Sunda Strait.

The story "Out of the Smoke" leaves for dead all other accounts of those stirring events and it is a tale all sailors will relish, and which, I think, is destined to become a best seller. It is of particular interest to all the R.A.N. present or past members.

Ray Parkin was one of the last men to speak to the late Captain H. Waller, D.S.O., R.A.N. and because Parkin had to get out from the Lower Steering position he was one of the last to leave the ship when ordered to do so by the Captain.

The novel tells in stark, economical prose the events of the battle and those of the ensuing couple of weeks, during which time a party of the survivors "borrowed" a boat with the intention of sailing home to Australia.

In the boat were two officers, five Chief and Petty Officers and a few junior ratings. This little company elected Parkin to be Skipper of the boat, he being a most capable seaman.

The hero of the novel is called John, but the story is, of course, autobiographical and John's thoughts and ideas are those of Parkin himself. He is John. All the men in the boat are scrutinised, weighed up and described accurately and thoroughly, though their names are thinly disguised. These men will readily recognise themselves, and some may even get a slight shock; some could be indignant! But described they are, and their nerves and thoughts are there for us to see, as though they had been laid bare by a surgeon's scalpel.

No other writer I have read, apart from Conrad, has a truer eye for the character and reactions of the ordinary seaman or the sea, or what he feels for his ship, and Parkin voices all the things we ordinary fellows feel but are not sufficiently articulate to express. He is always looking beneath the surface of things and discovering truths that are not so readily apparent to the unthinking.

R. E. Parkin describes vividly the moment of unbelief when he comes to realise that the ship is doomed; the agonising experiences of the oil-drenched survivors struggling in the dark and choppy sea; the nightmare of the gun flashes and the reverberations of the Japanese salvos as they struck at the stricken *Perth*; his own innermost thoughts throughout this awful time.

All padding is removed from this tale and nothing is allowed to impede the movement and engrossing interest of the story he has to tell, so that one feels after reading it that it has been well worth while. And strangely enough, one feels that he has missed something important in life because he was not present to suffer with these brave men on this occasion. And it is not all tragedy by any means. There are some superbly droll and amusing situations, as could be expected in any description of the antics of an average group of seamen.

The story ends when, through lack of water and food, the gallant little company are forced to land and are promptly flung into the status of P.O.W.

R. E. Parkin, an artist of no little ability who has had the distinction of putting on his own "One Man Show" in Melbourne and winning high

critical praise, has illustrated the book with his own drawings, and these add to the attractiveness of a fine novel.

I should add that I am not alone in my estimate of the excellence of this striking story of courage and determination. Such expert critics as Laurens Van der Post and Cecil Day Lewis, Professor of Poetry at Oxford University, as well as the astute British publishing house of Hogarth have given it extraordinarily high praise. I have no doubt that it will make an extremely exciting film.

The book will be published about Christmas time this year and will cost roughly eighteen shillings sterling, or twenty-two shillings and sixpence (Australian). I commend it to your notice in the firm conviction that it will be enjoyed and cherished.

C. H. NICHOLLS, M.B.E., Lt. Cdr., R.A.N.

Note by Editor: Captain H. Waller, D.S.O., R.A.N., qualified in signals in 1925, on the same Long Course as the Earl Mountbatten of Burma.

RADIO CIRCUITS: A STEP BY STEP SURVEY. By W. E. Miller, M.A. (Cantab), M.Brit.I.R.E. Revised by E. A. W. Spreadbury, M.Brit.I.R.E. Published by Iliffe & Sons Ltd., Dorset House, Stamford St., London, S.E.1. Pp 172 and two foldouts. Price 15/-.

This is the fourth edition and new material has been added to include transistor receivers, car radio, FM/AM receivers etc. The book itself, as the name suggests, takes the reader in easy stages through the superheterodyne receiver. The treatment throughout is non-mathematical and easy to follow. Complete circuits of receivers are also given.

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SPORT

Alas! Our £15,000 is still safely tucked away in the Treasury Purse. It was anticipated that work would begin on Hyden Wood by the 1st June but at present the blue-print is being tossed from 'in basket' to 'out basket' with regular monotony. At least the drainage and water mains have been laid across the field—let's hope we get the pavilion to put at the end of them.

Cricket

The fortunes of the Establishment XI have fluctuated this season. The wicket at Broadhalfpenny Down has been playing faster this season and it has been more trying for the 'spinners'. Runs have been more plentiful compared with last season and it has been usual to see 350 runs being scored on a Saturday afternoon—not all against us.

Apart from the usual fixtures, we have welcomed this season the Romany C.C. and the London New Zealand XI to Broadhalfpenny Down—the teams travelling from London. Both games started at 1130 and, between licensing hours, the cricket was enjoyed! It is hoped that we may have the pleasure of entertaining these clubs for many seasons to come.

In the second round of the Command Knock-out Competition we dismissed *Dolphin* for the modest total of 99 in reply to our 144. In the semi-final we are drawn to play Royal Naval Barracks.

The inter-departmental league is now very nearly completed and it would appear that the Miscellaneous Section might well lead, they have won all their games to date and have but one game left. The inter-departmental knock-out competition starts during the first week in July when the Wardroom will endeavour to retain the trophy.

Athletics

The Establishment Sports Day is well and truly over. The weather was very kind to us and a large crowd joined the competitors in St. James' Park for the afternoon.

It was expected that the New Entry Division would win, indeed their points total indicated this to be the case until the Signal School Mess provided the big shock of the afternoon by winning not only their semi-final pulls at the Tug-of-War, but also the final. This magnificent effort gave them a one point lead over the New Entries and earned them the Athletic Trophy.

The highlight of the afternoon was the obstacle race. This was an open event, and to all the volunteers we give hearty thanks for providing the laughs. After complete immersion in the water tank the soapy slanting board proved almost unassailable. Slither after slither, down they came, but it took one competitor, who seemed to enjoy the casual trot round the course, little time to solve the problem. Down slid his confederates so up slid he—over he went first time and completed the course whilst his fellow laggards were pondering over his success. In retrospect, perhaps the obstacle course did offer one benefit—whilst the spectators stood in sweltering heat the competitors enjoyed a refreshing dip in the water tank. Congratulations to Lieut. Cdr. R. J. Green on winning this event.

Mrs. J. A. C. Henley, the Captain's wife, very kindly presented the prizes. News of the Wrens' successes appears later, but it is opportune to say that one young lady holds sufficient cups to start her own licensed premises—so watch our Christies!

Final positions:—Signal School, 54 points; New Entries, 53 points; C.P.O's & P.O's, 45 points; Wardroom, 35 points.

The Minor Establishments' Athletics Sports are to be held shortly at *Sultan* and we hope, barring accidents, to bring back the trophy this year. Our team is very sound with possibly only one weakness—the high jump. After our efforts in this competition we shall have to consider entering either as a team or individually, for the Command Competition proper.

Tennis

There is a dearth of really good players this season but nevertheless the spirit and flesh have been willing. Our friendly fixtures have proved most enjoyable, and to date the successes and defeats are even.

Unfortunately in the Command Knock-out Competition 1st Round we met formidable opposition in *Vernon* and went down gloriously.

Sailing

The new yacht was officially handed over to H.M.S. *Mercury* on 11th March at the Portsmouth Command Sailing Centre. Lady Grantham very kindly consented to name and launch *Meon Maid II* at the ceremony which was attended by a large number of distinguished guests.

Organised sailing started immediately after the launching and as usual, there has been keen support for Dog Watch excursions from both ratings and the W.R.N.S. We hope to better last year's figures in this respect and so far the fine weather this season has helped to keep our numbers well above average.

During the Easter leave a shake-down cruise was arranged to Dartmouth and from there to Cherbourg. The return passage across the Channel proved the great value of the new D/F set in bad visibility and allowed us to make a satisfactory landfall in thick fog.

The racing programme started in earnest in May, and the results so far are summarised below. It is thought that the boat has already proved herself to be exceptionally well-handicapped and in fact on the R.O.R.C. Cherbourg race she kept well within sight of the much larger boats for the entire

race, which lasted nearly three days. Ocean racing is a pleasure in *Meon Maid II* as the standards of accommodation are much higher than a 50-square metre, and it is possible to devote more energy to racing the boat well and less to merely surviving.

In the small amount of rough weather we have experienced the yacht has behaved very well indeed, dry and with little motion (although usually enough to make most people seasick!).

The programme for the rest of the season includes the Fastnet in August, the Cowes-Dinard and the Round the Island Race in July and a number of shorter day races including the remainder of the Monarch Bowl Series. Next year we shall have another 'sister' to compete against as H.M.S. *Collingwood* have been allocated a repeat *Meon Maid* and she should be ready for sailing at the end of March 1960. Once again the funds for her are being generously provided by the Nuffield Trust for the Forces of the Crown.

Meon Maid II has attracted a great deal of attention and admiration wherever she has been, and there is no doubt that she will give years of instruction and enjoyment to officers, ratings and Wrens. We are very fortunate to have her.



Launch of "Meon Maid II"

Official photograph



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RACE RESULTS (to 24th JUNE)

Race	No of Starters	Position
Lymington—Warner—Cowes (28 miles)	5	2
Southsea—Dartmouth (105 miles)	3	2
Round the Buoys off Dartmouth (12 miles)	15	8
Coastal Race off Dartmouth (25 miles)	10	1
First Monarch Bowl	6	1
RORC Southsea—Le Havre—Royal Sovereign—Cherbourg (260 miles)	12	2
Second Monarch Bowl	8	1
Third Monarch Bowl	8	1
RORC Southsea—Lyme Bay—Spithead (225 miles)	12	1

In the RORC Cherbourg Race, *Meon Maid II* also achieved second best corrected time overall out of 22 starters, and in the RORC Lyme Bay Race won the Wolf Rock Bowl as First in Class III.

Whalers and Dinghies

A number of ratings and Wrens have received instruction in sailing. In the Yarmouth Series for R.N.S.A. 14-ft. Dinghies, the Combined Team entered by *Excellent* and *Mercury* are so far unbeaten, and in the Asmara Series for 'Fireflies' one race has been won, and another awarded to the Combined Team as a result of a sail over. Several whalers' crews have been away for weekends, and more could be sent if coxswains were available.

Shooting

The Summer Term has been a very successful one. At the Portsmouth Command Rifle and Revolver meeting, *Mercury* won:—The Excellent Cup for Revolver, plus 4 medals; The General's Cup for Revolver Tiles, plus 3 medals; The Purser's Cup .22 league Division III, plus 6 medals; Senior Officer Revolver 1 medal.

In addition 9 individual medals were won.

These successes were closely followed up on May 13th when the Juniors and Wrens won The Queen Charlotte Cup plus 11 medals.

The outstanding shots were: Captain J. A. C. Henley, D.S.C., R.N., revolver; C. R. S. Kingston, both rifle and revolver; R.O.3 Davies, rifle; Wren Verrall .22 and .303.

We might have done even better if the "Old Men", the Gunnery Officer, (Lt. (SD) (C) J. T. Franks) and the Chief G.I. (C.P.O. Lacey) had been able to run 600 yards firing every 100 yards without getting too puffed.

We hope to go on to greater things and our thoughts are now turning to a 200 yard firing range which has been proposed within the establishment grounds.

Camping

This is a new innovation. Each Friday afternoon one Leading Hand on Advancement Course and nine New Entries can be found erecting their weekend camp by the river at Pulborough. Fortunately each weekend party has been blessed by good weather but I must quote this extract from the "Camping Guide"—'during prolonged spells of rain this area is subject to heavy flooding—beware during silent hours'.

A log is kept of the weekend's activities, which incidentally provides amusing reading. The river alongside the site is ideal for bathing. Local sightseers have frequently visited the site to satisfy their curiosity and on one occasion were almost detailed off as "galley party". Whilst on the subject of food, perhaps it would be enlightening to all those about to return to the "Alma Mater" for the Advancement Course if I again quote, this time from the Camping Log. "1900—Supper of stewed steak, potatoes—Meli acting chef and what a mess. Chefs please note new way of boiling potatoes. Half fill the fanny with water, empty in potatoes straight from the sack and leave to boil for about an hour. If this is the Maltese way "N.D.A. please no more Med. commissions." A good time was had by all—fair comment!

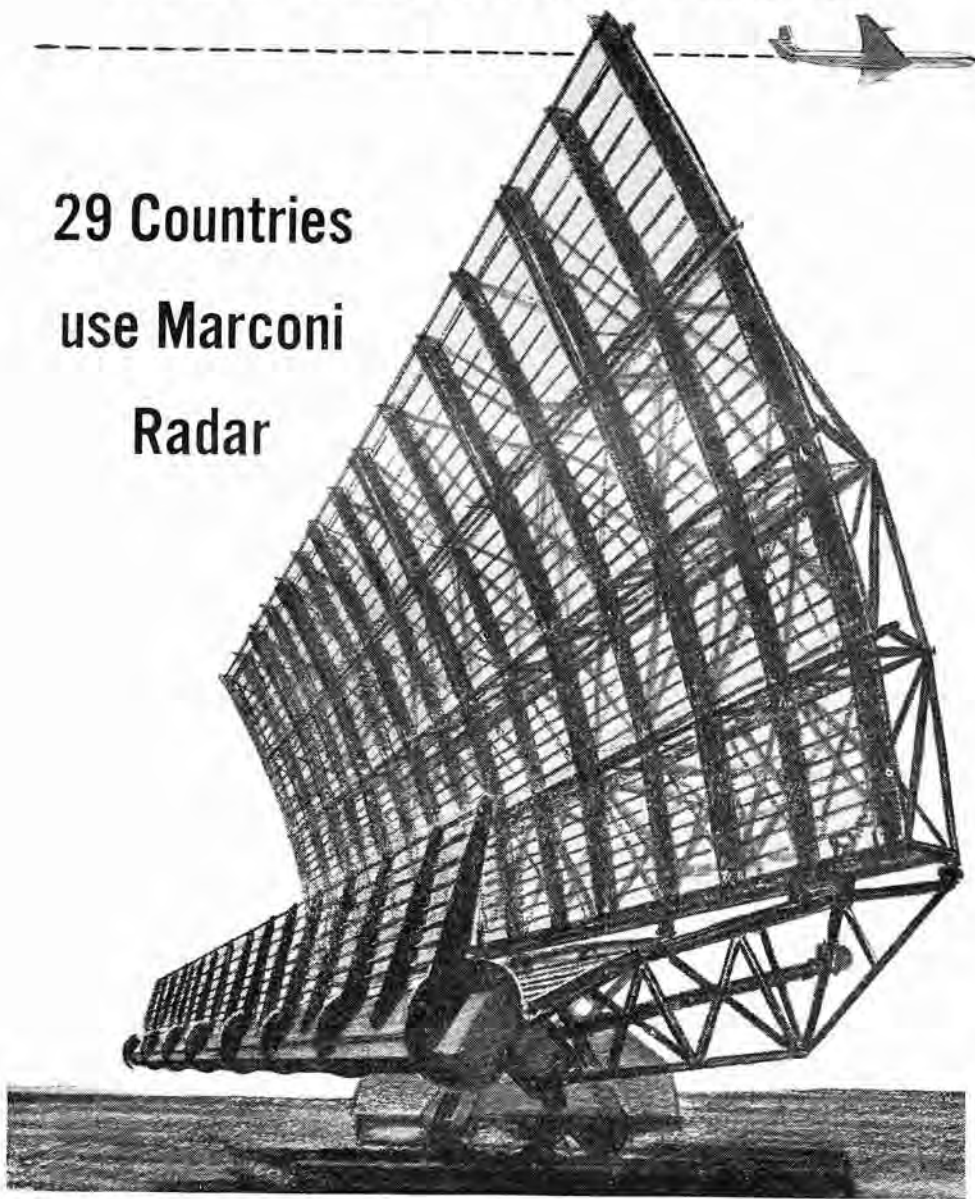
Since the last issue Petty Officer J. W. Binks has left us. We were sorry to see him go but all those who were able to witness this year's Royal Tournament will have seen his labours of love! He was



H.M.S. "Mercury" Shooting Team.

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selected to train the Combined Women's Services Display Team and without doubt their success at Earl's Court is due in no small way to the manner in which John W. B. carried out his task. Now he has been recruited to his "Alma Mater" at the P.T. School. We wish him well and thank him for all his efforts in *Mercury*.

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

Greetings once more to all Communicators in all the far flung reaches of the Empire from us 'poor unfortunates' braving the perils of warm beer, too much T.V., overeating, over-imbibing and the rigours of the long bus ride into civilisation.

The Summer Term has gone smoothly, old faces have appeared and disappeared, courses have 'coursed' and departed after the inevitable 'Class Run', but there have been two additions to the mess that will be remembered for quite a while (at least until next year). These are in the shape of two Cups—one with the inscription 'H.M.S. Mercury Sports Day Aggregate Cup', and the other 'H.M.S. Mercury Tug-of-War'.

Yes, confounding all the old adages about—'youth' and training, the mess carried off the Sports Trophies from under the envious eyes of the New Entries and C. & P.O's. We held our own in the field and track events, but the greatest praise goes to the tug-of-war team, eight stout men and true, training exclusively on foaming tankards of tepid ale, who in two straight pulls reached the final against the C. & P.O's. At this stage we stood the chance of winning or coming second to the New Entries and tension mounted as the two teams took the strain. They nearly had us too—the mark was wavering on the line—then, I don't know whether someone mentioned Mackesons or not but back we went and that was IT. This is the first time that the Signal School Mess has won the Sports Cup since 1950 so everyone is feeling pleased with himself.

This business about the beer isn't quite so bad as it was—and we have it on very good authority that steps are being taken to keep it cool and in time we may even see a refrigeration unit installed. Of course that 'glamour girl of the beer pumps'—Dot—has been gone quite a while now but still on a quiet evening a ghostly voice is heard plaintively requesting the services of the 'Cowboy'.

Dances in the mess have rather gone by the board—which will be regretted, I'm sure, by all the older mess members who have memories of nissen-huts and big get-togethers in the Cinema. 'Aaarrr—things baint loike what they used to was in the ol' days, it's this danged Terrible Version I tell 'ee.'

For those who have been with us more recently and who knew L/Sea 'Dolly' Gray—I'm most sorry to say that in a recent accident whilst riding his motor cycle he lost a leg. He has the heartfelt sympathy of all the mess.

So as our ship (stone-wall frigate) swings slowly round its buoy in the peaceful Hampshire countryside and the 'SUN' (Rising) waits patiently down in Clanfield with open doors for the first flood of payday toppers—we say farewell . . . and sink rapidly back to sleep.



"Sniffing Party"

[What are they doing? — Watch this column for developments]

IT TAKES SOME DOING

Consider yourself a 'Do-It-Yourself' type for the next few minutes, and we will embark on the task of solving one of the most difficult problems yet faced by man, including Khrushchev and the like. Firstly we need about three hundred steel bars thirteen feet long, (for those who are superstitious fourteen feet long) and two inches in diameter; twelve steel girders thirteen feet long, (again fourteen feet in length for the sailors who won't go to sea on Friday the thirteenth) these being four inches thick. Having acquired these, we will build a cage strong enough to house a tiger.

Assuming that we have completed the cage, so we think, find a point on the bottom of one side of the cage, and cut a hole just big enough for a tiger to get his head through—assuming of course that the tiger is a male. Having done this, take a point diagonally opposite and cut another hole exactly the same size. Now, the cage is more or less complete, and we will embark on a slightly more difficult task, namely, catching a male tiger with a head just big enough to fit the holes which we have cut into the cage to house the tiger we are hunting.

To do this efficiently and with as little trouble as possible, it is essential to have a jam jar with a screw top, one pair of tweezers, one pair of binoculars, one black-board and easel and finally one piece of chalk. To save expense we can borrow these onboard; binoculars from the flag-deck or bridge, tweezers from the doc and the black-board, easel and chalk from schoolie. As for the jam-jar, well, if we are benevolent about rot-time, we may get one from the N.A.A.F.I. manager's assistant.

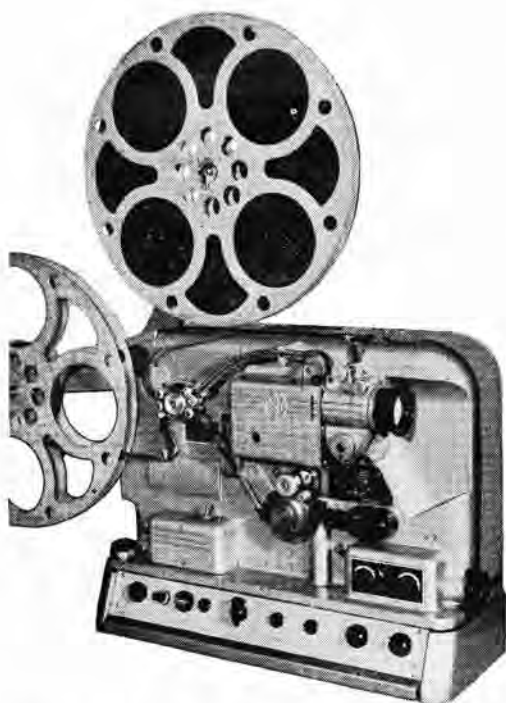
Also, to save expense of travelling we will assume that we are already residing in India or in any other country to which tigers do not have to be imported. Now all we have to do is to take

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a stroll into the jungle and find a suitable clearing where we can set up our black-board and easel. If we cannot find a suitable clearing one can be obtained by writing to The Royal Society for the Prevention of the Ground-Nut Clearing scheme, c/o The House of Argument, London, who will forward one packet in an attractive box tied with silk ribbon—state colour preferred—post free in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland only, overseas postage to be prepaid.

Having fitted ourselves up with a clearing we are now ready for the main job. At this point I must stress that too many people should not attempt this task at the same time as there will be so many clearings that the surrounding jungle will completely disappear, and without the jungle we will not get the tigers in attendance, I hope my reasoning is sound.

We now set up our black-board and easel and inscribe on it with our piece of chalk $2+1=1$ (the brighter readers will think this a little odd). Well never mind, we cannot all have E.T.I. behind our names and anyway tigers are very intelligent animals as we will soon find out. Now climb the nearest tree and wait.

We have now waited long enough, and our tiger appears in the clearing, on seeing the black-board and what is written on it he rolls over with mirth, laughing at our little equation, (I told you, these tigers are damn clever). Now is your opportunity; take up the binoculars and focussing them on the tiger the wrong way round we will

make him look small, and while he is looking small, pick him up with the tweezers, pop him into the jam-jar and screw the lid on firmly making one or two holes in same so that the tiger can breathe properly.

The most difficult part of our job has now very successfully been accomplished, all that remains are one or two very minor details. Firstly, we must have a plank long enough to reach diagonally across the cage from hole to hole. Having placed this in position we can now put the tiger in his new home, giving him a couple of hours to do his joining routine and to stow his gear. Assuming that he is now comfortably settled in, ask him very politely if he would mind climbing the plank and sticking his bonce through the hole in the top side of the cage; he, being very ready to oblige, (after Tanky has lashed him up to the beef from the fridge) will do this without even asking what the buzz is. When he is up there get him to scarp down the plank at 30 m.p.h., and shove his nut through the hole diagonally opposite, then turn him around and get him to gallop up the plank at 60 m.p.h., and ram his dome through the other hole. By increasing his speed 30 m.p.h. on each trip I want you to work out how fast he will have to travel before he can get his nut through both holes at the same time.

Having solved this simple problem, please drop me a line and let me know the answer as I am going off my rocker watching this b—— tiger of mine chasing his perishing tail.

FAR EAST

HONG KONG

The winking, vigilant eye of H.Q.S.S. no longer clamours for attention as a ship rounds North Point for the 'buntings' have long since been installed within the walls of Tamar. The 'sparkers' remain on the hill carrying out Morning and Evening Colours but they too will soon retreat to the confines of the tunnel. The dockyard changes daily. Gone are the massive gooseneck and portal cranes, only shells remain where once stood gleaming pump and power houses, and hourly these shells are reduced to untidy piles of rubble and twisted steel. As the run down is completed the 'Pearl of the Orient' will soon be considered one of the C.N.D.'s proverbial plums for the overall number that will remain could barely man a 'Daring'. Indications are that the Communicators will be the most strongly represented.

For we who remain there is still sufficient to justify our existence. We are still an area receiving station and with the revival of East-West trade our commercial traffic shows slight increase. Although only one ship-shore component remains there is a trace of competition between some operators to better their predecessor's log turn over. On the other hand we have our malingerers. After exercise "Sea Demon" the Far East Fleet, accompanied by the carrier *Melbourne* and cruiser *Royalist*, came to spend their leisure hours in and around our waters before they departed southwards for exercise "Saddle Up".

Regarding the staff; Lieut. Denny has recently

departed to U.K. for leave and a new appointment. C.R.S. Henderson departs shortly leaving C.R.S. Baker, recently promoted, in the chair. Amongst the new arrivals are R.C.I. Snell and L.R.O. Wagget and Gamet. C.Y. Hogan is unfortunately leaving us before time owing to recurrent 'tum' trouble.

The watchkeeping routine affords the maximum amount of free time and filling in one's leisure hours is by no means difficult.

The Communicators' Welfare Committee have rendered sterling service, and since September last have given us many excellent socials. With the warmer weather will come a variety of functions, including banyans, skittles at the C.F.C., snooker, darts and shooting to name but a few.

The Communication Department does not now have sufficient numbers to form sports teams, but somehow this year they have entered the seven-a-side hard-court hockey.

Individuals are not backward in coming forward, for the Branch has represented the Navy at Hong Kong at rugby, hockey, soccer, boxing and swimming. I say 'has' purely because the title "Navy at Hong King" in competitive sport has lapsed, owing to the small numbers remaining the Commodore was forced to withdraw the Navy from all leagues.

Having participated in leagues for 50 years the withdrawal is equally unpopular with both the Navy and the civvies, however it was a move that had to be taken. To mark the occasion of the

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Navy's withdrawal, a cocktail party was given by the Navy Sports Club. Old Navy players will be pleased to know that they can renew acquaintances in "friendlies" as often as numbers permit. Others in ships of the Fleet visiting Hong Kong need not despair for all Navy men worth their salt have been affiliated to local clubs and I would hasten to add that the standard set here is on a par with many professional sides back home.

As you may have read, Hong Kong was recently subjected to torrential rain, in fact 23 inches were recorded in 4 days, causing landslides, the carrying away of hutments and the collapse of many houses—sad to relate there were over 50 deaths. Both road and rail communications were severed. Communications as far as we were concerned were only affected by the very bad static and by remote cases of water-logged cables.

L.R.O. Garner who recently deserted us and went to 3rd A.O.B.R.A. has begged that they be given a mention. Since they have such an able correspondent in R.O.2 Sillars who recently hogged two and a half columns of the SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, it would have been more fitting for him to have written for them. For those who may join this small band, the day to day routine includes considerable mountaineering whilst fully laden with set and batteries, and on reaching the objective, sitting in the scorching heat calling for fire from the ships. There is now a requirement for all ratings to be parachute trained and this carries with it an addition in pay of 6/- a day. Recently R.S. Bailey went south to take part in "Saddle Up", a S.E.A.T.O. amphibious landing exercise, a novel experience for a 'sparker'.

H.M.S. HIGHFLYER

All a well known author had to say of Colombo (home of H.M.S. *Highflyer* more or less) was "The sun rises in the morning and it sometimes rains in the evening". He wasn't far wrong, but your correspondent will endeavour to satisfy Ceylon West Old Boys, nostalgic no doubt for the swaying palms and comfortable beds, with a little more news. As far as work is concerned we have managed to remain in touch on our Fixed Services most of the time and our ship customers call us from as far afield as the West Indies, the North Sea, and the Sea of Japan. We are always glad to hear from you all—so don't forget, GZP is the call sign.

Now to sporting and social activities. When we last wrote there was a severe drought and the playing field was in such a state we had to give up games for a time. However it has been in full use for a couple of months now, and L.R.O. Lucas has been leading a gang of dedicated and perspiring men in preparing No. 2 ground which is now just about ready. Soccer has again been the predominant game: we just failed to take the six-a-side cup off the R.A.F. Katunayake this year but are in the final of the inter-wing league and the first XI under L.R.O. O'Brien should win it. 'A' watch under R.O.2 Morley have again won the inter-watch cup. There has been a hockey revival and our team under R.O.2 Meaker entered the inter-Services league—they acquitted themselves very well against some stiff opposition and although no

games were actually won, many valuable lessons were learnt! Officers, Chief & P.O.'s won the inter-part cup, making up in cunning what they lacked in wind. Draftie has been sending us a lot of 'Westoes' recently and so what is more natural than there should be talk of rugby. A hastily organised seven-a-side came second out of four in a tournament at Katunayake and spurred by their efforts a XV is taking the field this week under R.O.2 Wooley.

On the social side our newly converted cinema and theatre has been a great boon. The First Lieutenant organised an excellent concert in May and many pillars of *Highflyer* society were seen in characteristic poses—among them L.R.O.'s Hoy, Jones and Blackwell and R.O.2's Swain, Lawson, Mosely, Wingett, Beattie and Chalkeley to mention just a few, and many wives lent glamour to what would otherwise have been a pretty ugly occasion. At the moment a play is being rehearsed and will be presented to the public on July 1st.

The Families Club has started activities in the old Sick Bay and the bachelors have opened up a rival concern, the "Charlie Club"—you have to be a Carlsberg drinker to join; not a very strenuous entrance test. Other recent activities have included the construction of a large chicken run near the galley. R.S. Harder was in charge of operations, and it has been named Fred's Farm in his honour. He is usually to be found in its vicinity encouraging his 25 charges to lay, and to go on laying.

We have had our share of drafting changes, and prominent amongst those leaving is Lieut. Williams, who has been here nearly three years. We wish him every good fortune in his next job, and extend a hearty welcome to his successor Sub Lieut. Richards. C.R.S. Fairley is also leaving shortly and so is R.S. Cory.

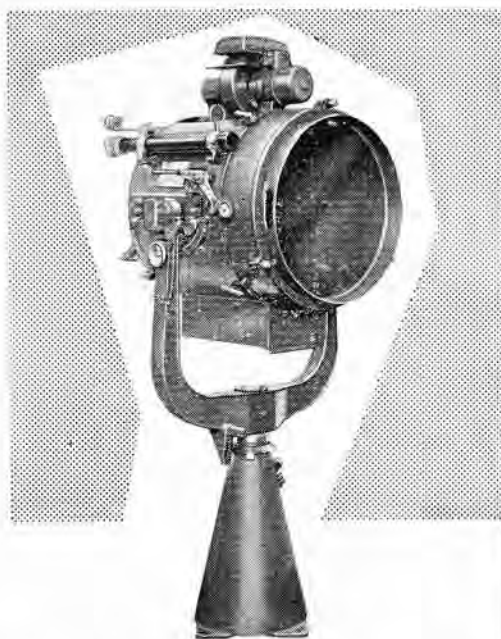
The "Highflyer News" under the editorship of C.C.Y. Kitching is still going strong and the 40th edition came out this week. Any old boys who would like to become subscribers are invited to send 12/- for 12 editions postage paid.

BOOK REVIEW

PRINCIPLES OF TRANSISTOR CIRCUITS. By S. W. Amos, B.Sc.(Hons), A.M.I.E.E. Pp167 & viii. Published for Wireless World by Iliffe & Sons Ltd., Dorset House, Stamford St., London, S.E.1. Price 21/-.

The first two chapters of this book give a very clear picture of the properties of semiconducting materials, their behaviour as non-linear rectifying devices and the action of point-contact and junction transistors. Then follow chapters on the methods of connecting transistors in amplifying stages and bias stabilisation.

A fairly simple mathematical treatment of the transistor using its equivalent circuit is given, together with a chapter, which is particularly good, on the use of the transistor as a large signal amplifier. A generalised picture of transistor receiver design concludes the book with some notes on the more recent developments in this field, e.g. the invention of drift transistors and surface barrier types in order to increase the "a" cut off frequency.



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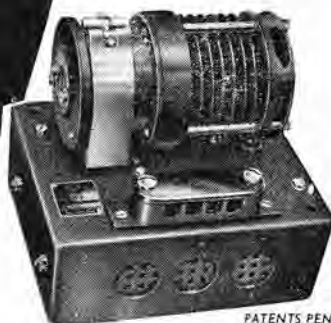
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Model shown is for the control of a 28 Volt D.C. generator for use on aircraft.

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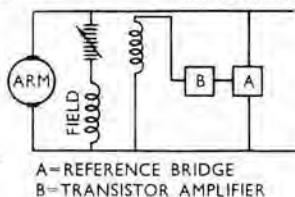
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PATENTS PENDING

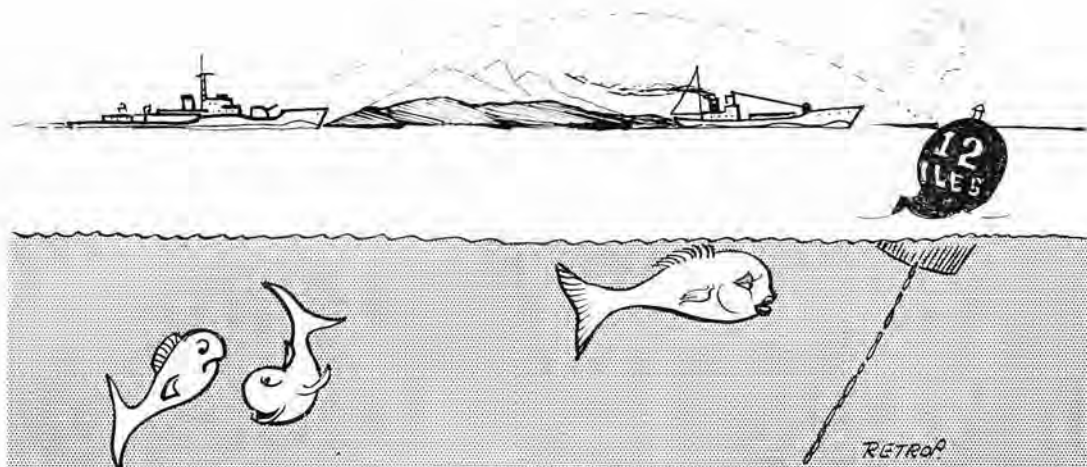
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"With all those men fighting over her, what chance have we got?"

ICELAND PATROL

You can have your gales at home
When the sea's a mass of foam,
There's nothing like a gale of Arctic spite
As we found out to our cost
When the summer ice and frost
Turned our Duffle coats the purest shade of white:
When the rolling *Dunkirk* lay
Off cold Iceland through the day,
And the gales would make you very sick again,
You couldn't look at rum:
You could only suck your thumb
And sadly sing the trawlerman's refrain.
"O Dinn, Dinn, Dinn, where the mischief have
you been,
We thought you'd gone and left the Spearmint
scene.
We're tired of all this work
Just to feed the damn *Dunkirk*,

And we wish you'd buzz off home, you Gung
O'Dinn."

But the pagan God of War
Would hang around off shore
And watch us while the trawlers' nets did burst.
Then the Kremlin took a hand,
Building castles in the sand
Claiming as the Reds discovered Iceland first,
Then all the fish were theirs;
They were going no half shares
They were going to have the lot, their gales and all,
Though the gun-boats bustled out,
There wasn't any doubt
Which one of the two would crumble first and fall.
"O Dinn, Dinn, Dinn, it's all your heathen fault
For persistently attempting gross assault.
If you hadn't tried to chew
Enough to cause an ashen hue
To your cod you wouldn't add Siberian salt."

QUIZ

In the Sunday papers and magazines there are now appearing many quizzes. Some are for husbands, some are for "The Great Lovers" and some for the sporting types. None however, appear for the serviceman, especially the seafarer.

Have a go at this quiz and see if you are the "Tops with your Ops".

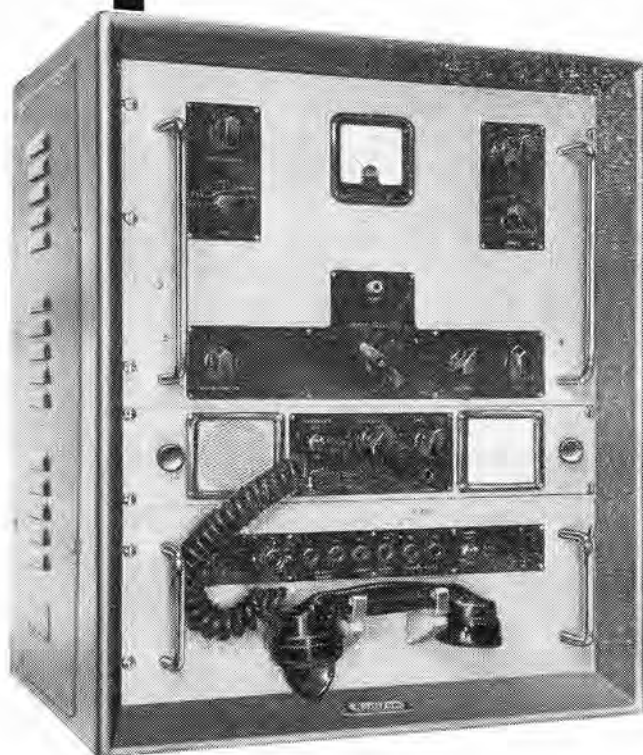
1. If offered a drink of your chum's tot, would you:—
(a) Kindly decline the offer, informing your friend that his needs are greater than yours.
(b) Accept sippers graciously.
(c) Take gulpers with great gusto.
2. Your oppo asks for a cigarette and you are on the very last of your ticklers with payday 7 days to go. Would you:—
(a) Roll a tickler for him, excusing yourself for rolling dust.
(b) Offer him someone else's "tailor mades".
(c) Tell him where the canteen is and the times of opening.

3. On being asked by your chum to do him a sub so that he may go ashore. Would you:—
(a) Offer to do it for him, at a cost.
(b) Say you are going ashore knowing very well you have not the slightest intention of going.
(c) Gladly offer to do it for him. Making sure he has sufficient money.
4. You and an Old Ship have a blind date with a couple of girl friends. Would you:—
(a) Manoeuvre him over so as the good looking girl of the two is nearest you.
(b) If the girls turn out to be rather plain, suddenly develop a sudden illness caused by sea time in the Far East.
(c) Take pot luck.
5. On being ragged in the bathroom. Do you:—
(a) Tell a few home truths too.
(b) Sulk and offer to take the occupants of the bathroom on, one at a time.
(c) Grin and bear it.

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THIRD METHOD of SSB eliminates the need for expensive filters and critical adjustment.

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COMPATIBLE — for use on single sideband or in conventional double sideband networks.

COMPACT — only 14 ins. deep, for conveniently mounting on desk or table top.

CLIMATIC SPECIFICATION — continuous rating -20°C to $+55^{\circ}\text{C}$

Brief Tech. Specification

Power output : 60 watts P.E.P.

Frequency range : 2 - 10 Mc/s.

Channels : 4 crystal controlled spots

in any part of the range.

Dimensions : $25 \times 21\frac{1}{2} \times 14$ deep.

Power supplies : 100-125v or 200-250v AC

or transistorised 12 or 24v DC

Power consumption : 280 VA for

60 watt output.

for R/T
or CW
operation

With all the advantages of single sideband, giving an effective power output of 500 watts double sideband, the GR.400 is still as simple to operate as an ordinary telephone. The first transistorised radiotelephone, this new model further enhances the wide range of Redifon radiotelephones—many thousands of which are in use all over the world.

REDIFON LIMITED Radio Communications Division, Broomhill Road, London S.W.18
Telephone: Vandyke 7281 *A Manufacturing Company in the Rediffusion Group*

6. If on a run ashore with your messmates it is your turn to pay for a round of drinks. Do you:—
- Decide to make a long phone call to your mum.
 - Hurry everyone to empty his glass so as not to miss buying a round.
 - Make sure everyone has a full glass before asking.
7. One of your closest friends has won a large sum of money on the pools. Do you:—
- Congratulate him, adding that it couldn't have happened to a nicer chap.
 - Go green with envy and start spreading buzzes that it's a big swindle.
 - Hint aloud on the messdeck that everyone should be taken ashore.
8. On being detailed for a foreign draft. Do you:—
- Throw a fit and become "Excused Boots".
 - Request the Barracks to dig up your mile long welfare pack.
 - Accept your fate with a stout heart and cheery smile.

Well! How do you rate?

Are you the "True blue Oppo" or the "Dumb Chum?"

Check your score.

- a—3, b—2, c—1.
- a—3, b—1, c—2.
- a—2, b—1, c—3.
- a—2, b—1, c—3.
- a—2, b—1, c—3.
- a—1, b—3, c—2.
- a—3, b—1, c—2.
- a—1, b—2, c—3.

and this is what your marks mean.

- 18 or over—You are the quiet stiff upper lip type, who is the tower of strength in the mess. But you must take care, otherwise your halo will gradually strangle you.
- 10 to 17—Taking it by and large, you are not so hot as an Oppo are you?
- below 10—How low can a man get? You know by now just what a decent blankety blank you are. But that doesn't bother your type. You'll drive that big car of yours full of girl friends with no care. You lucky blighter, you.

FIRE

It was the witching hour of Evolutions, tea time of course. The 'buntings' were poised for action on the bridge, ready to hoist anything from the Communications Officer (they hoped) to the panties Jayne Mansfield wore in the film "A Girl Can't Help It". Equally alert were the 'sparkers' below waiting to provide everything from "Music While you Work" in the tiller flat to setting up the 89 on the foc's'le.

Out of the babel of orders was heard, "Communications Department provide Knapsack Foam Fire Fighting Apparatus abreast the break of the foc's'le, make foam". The Communications Officer tried to look terribly busy elsewhere, the Navigating Officer, grabbed the nearest T.Os. "Jones, Johnson, down below get a knapsack foam thing

and make foam on the side nearest 'D'." Messrs. J. & J. whereupon rotated and reorientated their axes with looks of horror upon their normally cheerful faces. Knapsack foam making thing, what's that? "Bloggs, if you are not doing anything particular would you organise the foam," said Pilot to the Communications Officer. The latter, having been found out, immediately assumed a look which would have done credit to the Chief of London Fire Brigade, and rushed down several ladders.

Meanwhile, the 'sparkers' having heard the cry over the Action Intercom, had not been idle, and on arrival, the Communications Officer found the Radio Supervisor surrounded by his crew manfully endeavouring to connect a four inch hose to a two inch connection on a tin box which intuition, it could not have been anything else, told them was a knapsack foam making thing. The arrival of such august reinforcements did nothing to ease the situation. "It must be this end," "No! that end," "Doesn't this thing unscrew?" "Give it to me," etc.

The Communications Officer who if lacking fire fighting knowledge did not lack resourcefulness, (after all what are evolution for?) dragged a startled P.O.M.E., who was already manning a two man manual, starting a portable diesel pump, and making C.S.A. smoke, into the conference, swiftly rated him J.R.O. and said, "How in the h..... does this thing work?"

A swift explanation, and in a flash there were Communicators flying in all directions, and of course, foam would be provided in a matter of seconds. But somehow it did not seem to work that way. The hydrant selected to provide the necessary water was at the other end of the ship; there always seemed to be plenty nearby when sailors were scrubbing decks. As for the hoses, they were all made up the wrong way (of course), the joining pieces were all seized up or would not fit, and someone had obviously been hiding most of them.

At last came the cry, "switch on", and the staff stood back to watch the results of their labours. What, no joy? Only a yell from the First Lieutenant, "Who the blazes said anything about pre-wetting?" This only happened with three lengths of hose and at last the hose could be seen to be swelling visibly with water in the direction of the foam maker. "Standby". This was really it, we hoped Capt. D was watching. A thin trickle of brown liquid flopped listlessly over the port side. It seemed that every part of ship had a "Fire" and pressure was nil.

However, if you happen to have a fire that requires a Knapsack Foam Fire Fighting apparatus to extinguish it, just dial MVDRO9. Jayne Mansfield's scanties? We relegated them to bright-work rags in disgust, it seems that sort of initiative is not what is required.

A.S.C.O. to budding R.O.2

"What watches would you expect to keep if the ship was on passage from Malta to Gibraltar?"

Budding R.O.2

"24 about Sir".

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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE—Although every endeavor 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
J. G. B. ARMSTRONG ...	Lt.	Staff of F.O.A.C.	French Language Study
R. J. ATTRIDGE ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Bermuda	Flowerdown
A. E. C. BEST ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Seahawk
H. P. BOYS-STONES ...	Lt.	Long Tac. Course	Cavendish (Capt. D.8)
H. J. C. BRIDGER ...	Lt. Cdr.	Newfoundland	A.S.W.E.
M. BROAD ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Ausonia	Birmingham
C. F. BRYANT ...	A/Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.S.T	Cavendish (Capt. D.8)
B. A. N. BUCKLEY ...	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	F.E.W.O., Med.
C. G. BUSH ...	Lt. Cdr.	B.J.S.M.	Signal Division
H. F. CAMPBELL ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth
D. W. CHAPMAN ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Meon	Staff of F.O.S.T.
R. T. CLARKE ...	Lt.	Mercury	Woodbridge Haven
R. L. COPP ...	Lt.	Mercury	Adamant
E. D. DOLPHIN ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Hermes
J. DURNFORD ...	Cdr.	B.N.T.S. Turkey	Lochinvar
H. D. Y. FAULKNER ...	Lt.	C-in-C H.F.	Staff of F.O.F.H.
D. A. K. FINLAY ...	Lt. Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	D.W.R.
J. H. FORD ...	Lt. Cdr. (SD) (C)	Aphrodite	Staff of C-in-C Nore
R. G. FRANKLIN ...	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	Mercury	Gambia
J. T. FRANKS ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	R.A.N. Exchange	Mercury
J. S. GEORGE ...	Lt.	Central Staff Med.	Mercury
P. M. G. GREIG ...	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of F.O. Gib.	Belfast
R. S. I. HAWKINS ...	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Aphrodite
E. M. G. HEWITT ...	Lt. Cdr.	Woodbridge Haven	Mercury
G. J. HINES ...	Lt. Cdr.	Corunna	Mercury
J. B. R. HORNE ...	Cdr.	Fulmar	B.N.T.S. Turkey
G. JUBB ...	A/Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	Meon
H. R. KEATE ...	Cdr.	Ganges	Striker i/c
R. W. KEOGH ...	Lt.	Mercury	Meon
R. B. KNIGHT ...	Cdr.	Bagdad Pact	Cdr. (D) Portsmouth
D. LARKINS ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Malta S.T.C.
C. A. LAURENCE ...	Lt.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
G. M. LLOYD ...	Lt. Cdr.	Bermuda	Staff of F.O.F.T.
A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH ...	Lt. Cdr.	Zest (Capt. T.S.3)	A.S.W.E.
P. MARTINEAU ...	Lt. Cdr.	Agincourt (Capt. D.4)	Mercury
J. R. MCKAIG ...	Cdr.	Ganges	D.D.W.R.
J. W. MEADOWS, O.B.E., R.E.M.	Cdr.	Signal Division	Mercury
D. C. MITCHELL ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of F.O.F.H.	Staff of C-in-C H.F.
D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E. ...	Cdr.	AFMED	R.N.B. Chatham
R. C. MORGAN ...	Cdr.	Aphrodite	Signal Division
W. D. NEWMAN ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Kranji	Signal Division
W. NIPPIERD ...	Lt. Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Hermes
M. F. PARRY ...	Lt.	Mercury	Eastbourne (Capt. F.4)
R. J. PITT, M.B.E. ...	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Laymoor i/c
P. C. PRINCE ...	Lt. Cdr.	Eagle	Ganges
E. G. N. REUBENS ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	Seahawk	Falcon
M. A. H. RICHARDS ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Eagle	Highflyer
H. H. RIDLER ...	Cdr.	Mercury	S.H.A.P.E.
I. ROTHWELL ...	A/Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Bermuda
G. E. SAMPSON ...	Cdr.	Cabinet Offices	F.C.O., F.E.S.
D. G. SEARS ...	Lt.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.A.C.
J. SHACKELL ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Tyne
N. T. J. SKITT ...	Lt. Cdr.	R.C.N. Exchange	Ark Royal
J. B. SNOW ...	Lt. Cdr.	Adamant	Reversion to R.A.N.
P. W. SOCHALL ...	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Corunna (Capt. D.4)	R.A.F. Tangmere
P. W. SPENCER ...	Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	R.N. Staff College
P. D. STEARNS ...	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth	Bermuda

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
D. L. SYMS	Cdr.	R.A.N. Exchange	Reversion to R.N.
L. R. TANTON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Gannet	Mercury
F. R. THORPE	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Terror
J. R. G. TREGHMAN	Capt.	President	Eastbourne i/c & as Capt. F.4
R. J. TRUDGETT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Condor	Ark Royal
J. E. WALLIS	Lt. (SD) (C)	R.A.F. Pucklechurch	Mercury (N.P. 1712)
P. LA B. WALSHE	Lt. Cdr.	Signal Division	Personnel Panel
P. J. WARRINGTON	Lt. Cdr.	A.S.W.E.	Kranji
H. W. WATSON	A/Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Vernon	Lochinvar (Capt. M/S Home)
	R.A.N.		
K. WOLLAN	Sub Lt. (SD) (C)	Cavendish (Capt. D.6)	Mercury
A. R. WOOD	Lt.	Mercury	F.C.A. Med.
R. J. E. WOOLEY	Lt.	Cavendish (Capt. D.6)	Falcon
A. WRIGHT	Sub Lt. (SD) (C) (CD)	Osprey	R.A.N. Exchange

PROMOTIONS

To Captain

E. H. LEE, D.S.C.

J. R. MCKAIG

Provisional Selection

I. F. SOMMERVILLE

To Commander

H. R. KEATE

Provisional Selection

W. FITZHERBERT

P. C. PRINCE

To Lieutenant Commander (SD) (C)

A. SMITH

C. H. COX

To Lieutenant (SD) (C)

R. A. COBB

J. ASH

W. G. DARTNELL

R. BRADBURY

F. A. JUPP

P. A. WILLIAMS

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

S. R. SMITH (1.1.59)

R. KINGSTON (1.1.59)

R. M. S. WILSON (17.1.59)

K. THOMPSON (23.1.59)

A. J. SCARDIFIELD (25.1.59)

J. S. ALLEN (27.1.59)

J. E. WEST (29.1.59)

E. W. RICHMOND (31.1.59)

D. O. JONES (31.1.59)

J. F. TAYLOR (31.1.59)

To Lieutenant Commander

A. H. DICKINS

R. J. GREEN

L. J. KELAHER, R.A.N.

G. F. N. KNOX

J. B. RUMBLE

J. B. SNOW, R.A.N.

To Second Officer W.R.N.S.

Miss E. M. ROBB

To Acting Sub Lieutenant (SD) (C)

W. G. BRIGGS, C.R.S.

R. CARROLL, C.R.S.

A. W. J. CRANDON, R.S.

J. K. DEMPSEY, C.Y.

D. JACKSON, R.S.

S. JACKSON, C.R.S.

W. A. U. JARVIS, R.S.

K. REITH, C.C.Y.

P. WAILES, C.R.S.

R. BAKER (1.4.59)

T. E. CLINTON (30.4.59)

Communications Yeoman to Chief

Communications Yeoman

P. ATKINSON (3.1.59)

D. G. WALSH (16.1.59)

M. HUNT (29.1.59)

C. BRAYLEY (19.2.59)

S. WILLCOX (27.2.59)

E. J. EVERID (1.3.59)

A. HENDERSON (2.4.59)

RETIREMENTS

C. D. BONHAM-CARTER, C.B. ...

F. W. H. CHATTEN ...

F. W. COOPER ...

R. S. FOSTER-BROWN, C.B. ...

Miss M. E. HUNTER ...

R. B. MONTCLARE ...

G. C. WALLIS ...

Rear Admiral

Lt. (SD) (C) A.F.O. 1955/57

Lt. (SD) (C) A.F.O. 1955/57

Rear Admiral

3/O W.R.N.S. B.R. 1077 Art. 0318

Lt. Cdr.

Lt. (SD) (C) A.F.O. 1955/57

BIRTHDAY [HONOURS

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C.B. (Military) ...

O.B.E. (Military) ...

M.B.E. (Military) ...

M.B.E. (Military) ...

Vice Admiral J. G. T. INGLIS

Rear Admiral C. D. BONHAM-CARTER

Cdr. J. W. MEADOWS

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