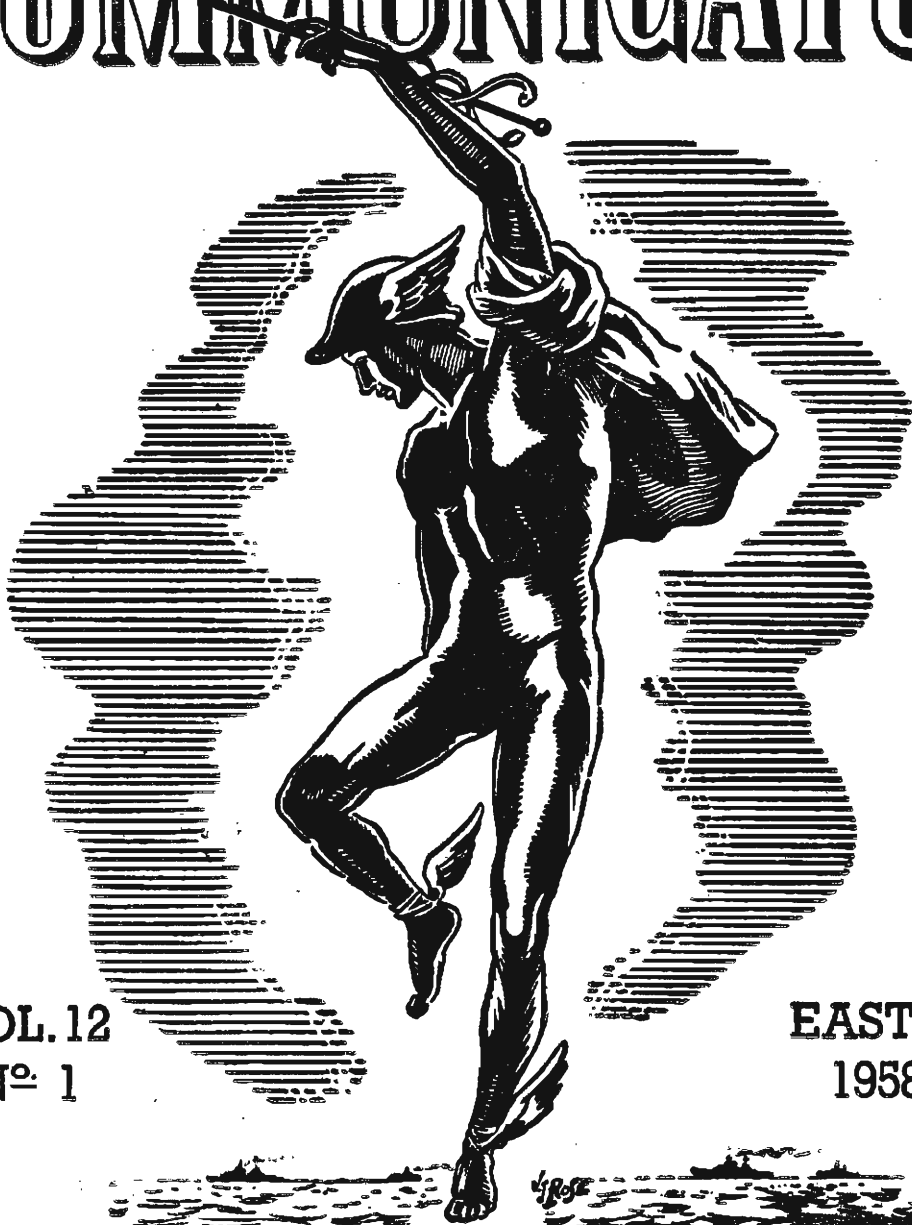


THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 12
Nº 1

EASTER
1958

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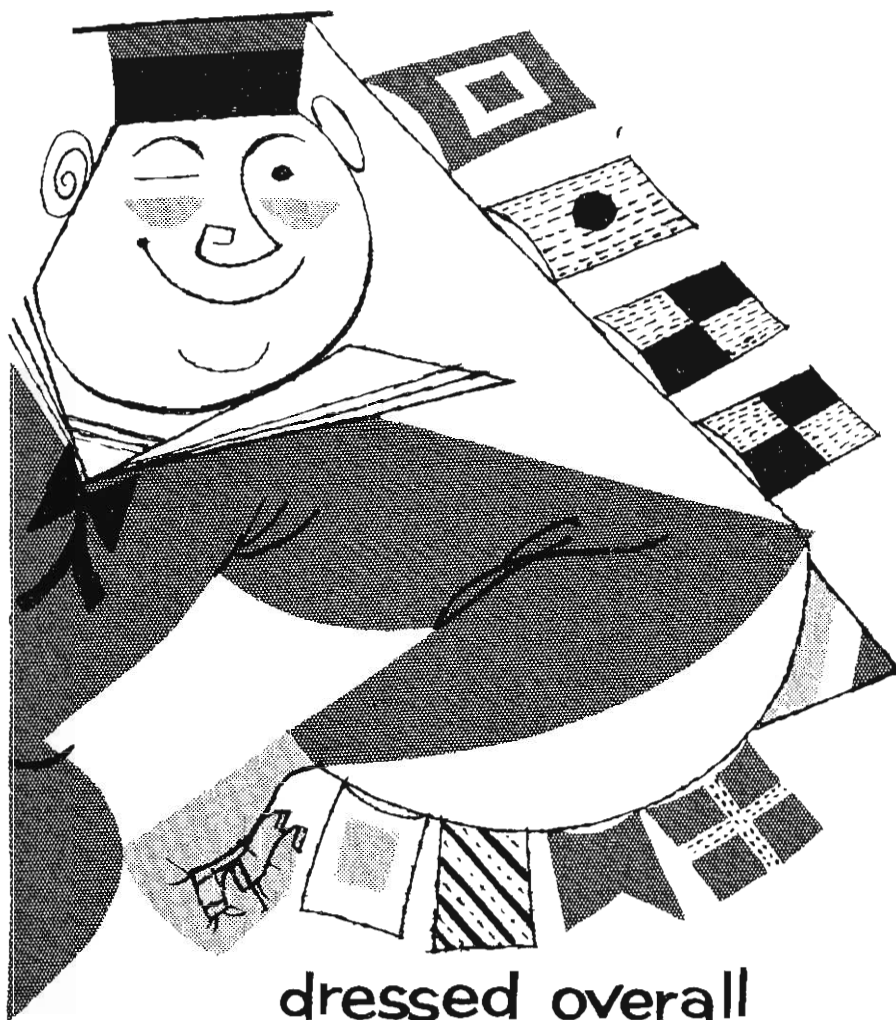
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

EASTER 1958

VOL. 12. No. 1

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EDITORIAL

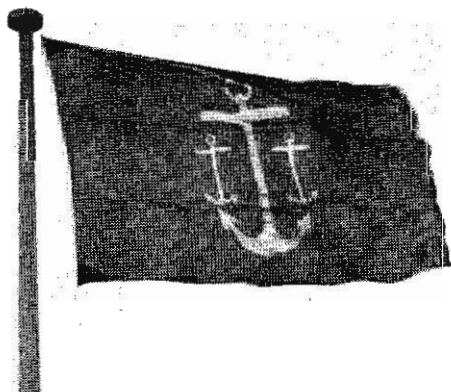
We appreciate that Easter was early this year and that time is precious to us all, but we feel that a lack of appreciation exists amongst some of our readers of the need to actively support their Magazine. This is particularly true in the case of contributions for the Special Feature Competition, where we had hoped for illustrated articles to be entered. To stimulate interest in this field, we have increased the prize to three guineas.

A number of letters were received for the 'Deliberate Mistake' and a draw made to establish the winner. What was it? . . . on page 164, the death of Woodhouse was given as 1546 instead of 1564. It should have been obvious, in view of the rest of the paragraph, that he would have been taking 'dead man's shoes' one step further . . . We hope to catch you out this time!

IN PASSING

We would like to congratulate YS G. T. W. Rylie and P.O. Tel. T. B. McLean on winning the Herbert Lott Prize for coming top of their Instructors' course; and at the same time to give a pat on the back to P.O. Tel. (SWS) G. Hardman, P.O. Tel. (SWS) J. Webb and L./Tel. (SWS) A. Frost of Whitehall W/T on being awarded the bar to their L.S. and G.C. medals in December.

LET'S HOPE WE HAVE A GOOD HARVEST FOR THE SUMMER EDITION.



Reproduced by kind permission of The National Maritime Museum

AN HISTORIC FLAG

The flag in our photograph is that of the old Navy Board upon whose seal its unusual arrangement of three gold anchors on a red field is based. It was established by patent in 1545 and abolished in 1832.

However, it has now been given a new lease of life as the flag of the National Maritime Museum and on special occasions it will fly proudly from the 103 foot mizzen mast of the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, now erected in the grounds.

TRAINING AND ADVANCEMENT

Some cases of undue delay in the advancement of Ordinary Rates to Able Rates, recently brought to the notice of *Mercury*, indicate that there is a need to draw the attention of all concerned to their responsibilities in the matter.

All juniors of the Communication Branch, on passing out of the Training Establishment, are made aware of the conditions required for advancement to Signaller and Telegraphist, and it is expected that each individual will make every effort to qualify for advancement in the minimum time.

Divisional Officers and Senior Ratings should, however, see that the interest of the Juniors and Ords. does not flag, and encourage them to prepare and present themselves for examinations as early and as often as needs be before the Service qualification of 15 or 18 months is reached. It should rarely happen that an Ord. exceeds this Service time qualification without having been examined, but, if it does occur, there must be a good reason, and that reason must be reported without delay to the Administrative Authority.

All officers of the Communication Branch are invited to read Q.R. & A.I. 3122, 3123 and 0893 in addition to the relevant articles in Part II of B.R. 1066 and to bear these instructions in mind when framing Fleet, Squadron or Departmental Orders, carrying out inspections, arranging periodical or extraordinary examinations etc.

P.O. TEL. REUBEN RODGERS

On February 19th, 1958, the Signal School witnessed the end of a long and well-played innings when we bade farewell, after 41 years service, to P.O. Tel. Reuben Rodgers.

In 1948 he was the first man to receive a bar to his long-service medal, and had he served a further four years would have been due for the second bar.

Throughout his long career he was always very interested in Welfare, and is at present Chairman of the Portsmouth Local Committee of the R.N.B.T.

From 1945 to 1948, P.O. Tel. Rodgers was President of the Petty Officers' Mess in *Mercury* and won the Veterans' Race each Sports Day during that time.

Looking back over his experiences since his first days aboard H.M.S. *Powerful* in 1917, Reuben says,

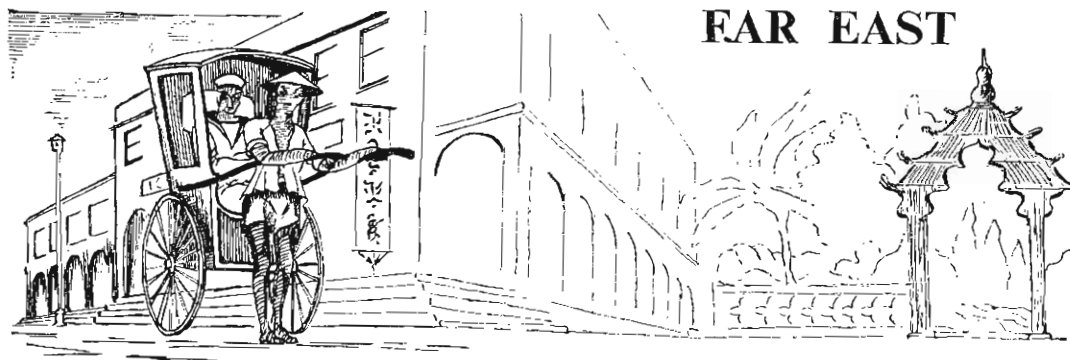
"The pay and conditions have improved immensely since I joined . . . a sailor and his family are far better off in their standard of living today . . . in my opinion, the ideal career for a man in the Navy will not be achieved until a super-annuation scheme can be adopted for him, and the physically fit man, if recommended, be allowed to serve until 50 years of age."

We are sure all Communicators will wish him fair winds and a safe anchorage in his new life.

PERSONALITY PAGE



Petty Officer Telegraphist REUBEN RODGERS



FAR EAST

H.M.S. ALERT

After being in commission for 8 months we have finally got down to writing an article. Being a "Spiv" ship (Cdr. Sommerville's opinion) we naturally get around quite a bit and no sooner had we commissioned, than we were away on our first cruise. We naturally had our teething troubles (two sets working in the wireless office), but fortunately they didn't last very long.

Our first cruise was to various Malay States and Borneo. Not having been on it, I'm hardly qualified to comment though I gather from various sources that it wasn't too bad. L. Tel. Rowbotham had the lot on his back for that period.

Next came "Merdeka" celebrations and for that we were at Port Swettenham. Several of the Ship's Company taking the opportunity to go to Kuala Lumpur to witness them.

Hong Kong was our next stop and without doubt it was the best to date. After ten days of life we once more made our way back to Singapore.

Rangoon, so I have been told on many occasions, is a wonderful run ashore and it being our next call we were all looking forward to a wonderful time. We got it too, though not in the way expected. The British community there really opened everything up to us and to this day the lads speak of the lavish way they were entertained. As for the place itself, well it wasn't as expected.

All these cruises had been farewell visits by the last C in C, Sir A. K. Scott Moncrieff. On arrival back in Singapore from Rangoon, we bid him farewell, after his last trip in *Alert*.

Our bows then pointed Northward again and it was once more Hong Kong. This time for a self refit period. Needless to say, everyone was highly delighted. Our P.O. Tel. managed to get two runs ashore in before being hospitalised for some ten weeks. "Sam" our Yeoman was soon back to his old haunts, having got his feet under the table during our first visit. During our stay we had the Fleet Regatta and Sports, *Newcastle* taking the Cock whilst *Royalist* excelled in most other fields.

It was back to Singapore at the beginning of December. During that month we had one little

diversion, being sent to Singapore Roads complete with boarding parties at the ready when things first began to happen over the Dutch in Indonesia. Once that was over, it was just a matter of preparing for the Christmas festivities. We were very well entertained by some well known *Mercury* characters. Yeo's Statham, Benfield and P.O. Tel. O'Brian being probably the best known.

On January 1st we began another Malayan Coast cruise with the new C in C, Sir Gerald Gladstone, to say his "hullo" and our most recent one covered Bangkok, Saigon and Phnom Penh. We are the largest warship ever to have gone to the latter. The "Times of Malta" reported the visit to Cambodia of a tug. This news was kindly passed on by the Captain of *Surprise*.

At the time of writing we are once again on a Malayan cruise, this time with FOMA. He is saying his "farewells" as the appointment shortly ceases to be.

Topic of conversation at the moment is our next cruise. Yes, the long awaited trip to Japan. As all the Staff are swotting up on their "steam bath drill" of Summer 1957 edition, I only hope they are not disappointed. Any recent amendments to above drill will be forwarded for next edition.

HONG KONG

The decision to close Hong Kong Dockyard has given rise to a fair amount of speculation concerning the future of the Communications Centre and Stonecutters W/T, but the Navy will still be seen ashore here after the men in brown have disappeared.

The Communication Branch has long been noted for the manner in which it preserves its calm in times of crisis, but sad to say we practically lost all control on the morning of 3rd February when by 9-30 a.m. the first tea boat of the day had failed to appear. Never in my 30 years in signals have I seen such a flurry of activity. Flash messages were passed back and forth between the various offices, and the Chinese C.Y.S. and Yeoman were despatched at maximum speed to trace the tea wetting coolie and report. For thirty minutes it was touch and go



"A weaving of Communicators"

whether Hong Kong W/T would go off the air but eventually the brew was distributed and things got back to normal.

Two Chinese Telegraphists were recently hauled before the D.O., having been absentees from Divisions. The first pleaded that he was taken ill whilst at home and his father had prescribed treatment and ordered him to remain in bed. When asked to explain why they did not report to the Naval doctor both replied, "My father is a doctor". The D.O. decided that he was insufficiently conversant with the ways of the East to pursue his enquiry any further.

The social activities continue to go with a swing and regular monthly dances and socials are held. On 22nd February a dance was held at the Hong Kong R.N.V.R. Headquarters, invitations to which were sent out to the Communicators of H.M.C. Ships *Crescent*, *Skeena*, *Fraser*, *Cayuga* and *Margaree* who were paying us a brief visit. The Hong Kong R.N.V.R. have been absolutely first class in giving us free use of their splendid hall and facilities and we are most grateful.

Yet another Chinese New Year has come and gone with the accompanying four days of ear-splitting fire-crackers and calls for "cumshaw" leaving us all a little hard of hearing and a lot lighter in pocket. It would be much appreciated by all Far East Communicators if we also received thirteen months pay a year.

COMMUNICATIONS BADGE

In the Christmas edition of THE COMMUNICATOR the Mediterranean Fleet Inshore Flotilla suggested an alteration in the Communicators' Blazer Badge. The Editor called for views on this matter.

A census taken in Hong Kong W/T and M.S.O. produced the following opinions on the present badge:

FOR.....11 IMPARTIAL.....5 AGAINST.....21
Number who have the badge.....15.

It was noted that 7 out of the 11 'goods' were from V/S ratings.

The most popular suggestion for improvement of the badge was the inclusion of the figure Mercury as the main theme with a nautical background or slant to differentiate from the Royal Corps of Signals. Consider a competition an excellent idea.

H.M.S. NEWCASTLE

Our last article came in for a deal of criticism for not mentioning the Staff's sporting activities—we'll put that right this time. The trouble of course was that everyone had Regatta fever and all else was forgotten.

It was a great surprise to everyone that a ship lying in dock in Singapore could manage to get sufficient trained crews up to Hong Kong and snatch the COCK from the formidable Kiwis. The Communications whaler's crew contributed by winning their race (OF COURSE!).

Having completed our refit we sailed for a working up period during which time we carried out an extensive bombardment off the Malayan coast, met and saluted the C. in C. F.E.S. in "Alert", then back on the "Tramlines" to Hong Kong to embark F.O.2 F.E.S. staff for a cool Christmas and New Year.

An orgy of spending always results from a visit to Hong Kong and the bars don't get all the boys' money, as every mail left for U.K. with large whacks of 'rabbits'. The arrival of the Flag Staff made the mess deck seem crowded but as they were all old faces it was just a matter of organising the run ashore "to include". By the way, P.O.T Anstey is still waiting for his W.I.s course but has become indispensable and will no doubt be out here when we come back for our next 'komish'. Our stay in

"Honkers" was remarkably free from exercises, although we carried out the usual N.G.S. exercise and sent A/P.O. Tel. Jones and O./Tel. Dixon to do the N.G.S. course.

We also put on a pantomime (?) to show *Tamar* that they weren't the only ones who could do that sort of thing, and watched the S.C.O. Lt. Cdr. Fawcett grow older with each performance.

Back on the old route to Singapore; but this time only pausing to pick up about 200 army personnel on our way to Rangoon for a five day visit. The object of this visit was the unveiling ceremony of the Rangoon Memorial, dedicated to the officers and men of the Land Forces of the Commonwealth who died in Burma during the war. The opening ceremony was most impressive and the natives decidedly friendly—it's a good job they were too, as the booze was 6/- a bottle.

C.Y.S. Noble and C.P.O. Tel. Williams were entertained by a daughter of Lt. Cdr. S. G. Smith (ret.), well remembered by a lot of senior Communicators.

The ship's sporting activities continue with success and we have beaten both the Aussies and the Kiwi's at rugger (achievements in themselves).

The Communicators are always well represented in all games; during the commission Yeo. Whitlock has scored over 70 goals for the ship's soccer team and L/Sigs. Holiday and Barnett, Tel. Gordon and Menzies plus lots of others can always get a game of rugger (often in the first team!) whilst Tel. McGirr knocks 'em cold in the ring. We can turn out a good inter-Part team at anything, including Uckers. Anyway we can always beat KRANJI!

We are now back in Singapore preparing for the Fleet Concentration and it seems like the old days with three cruisers and eight destroyers and frigates present. The V/S boys are thrashing up on Departure Screens, etc., and no doubt have a heavy week ahead.

The 'sparkers' will be wetting the 'kai' for them whilst the RATT does all the heavy work! The new pay code has brought its problems: all the O.D.s have been issued with small canvas bags in which to stow their spare cash and are being taken to instructions on Income Tax (especially the surtax section).

The S.C.O. says its sheer blackmail and that he'll have to get married in self defence.

H.M.S. NEWFOUNDLAND

The ship re-commissioned on 20th January, the commissioning service being attended by F.O.M.A. Rear Admiral G. A. Thring, D.S.O. The Captain, Captain A. R. Hezlet, D.S.O., D.S.C., and the Commander, Commander P. S. Beale are submariners, so we can expect to dive during a typhoon.

The majority of the new ship's company were flown out here under the Air Trooping Scheme by

Skyways and Airworks Hermes Aircraft from either Blackbushe or Stanstead.

The trip from Delhi to Calcutta on the C.Y.S.'s aircraft was made over New Year's Eve, consequently all on board had a good excuse for a binge and just about drained the aircraft of spirits and beer.

On arrival at Bangkok we had our first encounter with the climatic conditions, walking off the plane into blinding sunshine and a temperature of nearly 96 degrees. The last leg of the journey, in our particular case, was a bit bumpy as there were lots of clouds, and when descending through them to land, we were rocked about. We arrived at Paya Lebar, Singapore, in pouring tropical rain.

After being lodged in *Terror* for a few days, the general policy was to draft one or two flights at a time to the ship in the dockyard. The whole of the new ship's company was finally installed by the 18th January, and we were ready to go by the 20th.

We sailed for our work-up period on the 24th and have just returned from completing it. Exercises with R.A.F. aircraft, in company with frigates, *Crane* and *Mounts Bay* and the Australian destroyer *Voyager* have been the order of the day, plus several visits to Palau Tioman. The last day of the work-up started very early for us, at 0330 to be precise, when the ships went to Action Stations and tracked down the above mentioned destroyer.

To break the monotony of the work-up, the Communicators reported on a five-a-side football tournament held ashore, using a 622 as a radio link.



"I like the Navy—the Master at Arms likes the Navy—why don't *you* like the Navy?"

THE COMMUNICATOR

H.M.N.Z.S. ROYALIST

H.M.N.Z.S. *Royalist* has been raising the tone of the Far East Station since July 1957 having taken the task of Fifth Cruiser Squadron Canteen Boat and because of this we well know the meaning of "—and the last shall be first". However, before returning to Ao Tea Roa in June we feel it fitting that THE COMMUNICATOR should be told a little of our doings.

We commissioned in Auckland early April '57 and sailed for Aussie on the 20th May to carry out our work up programme prior to joining the Far East Fleet. We spent six weeks working up, where our time was divided between Jervis Bay and Sydney, the former, although a picturesque and delightful spot for artists, yachties and nudists (with the Fleet at sea of course), is no place for a thirsty matelot a hungering after the usual desires of Jolly Jack and we were most grateful for several happy stays at Woolloomooloo, during which time some of our folk ventured as far afield as Kanimbla in the Blue Mountains while some of the more intrepid, with complete disregard for personal safety, explored deep into the heart of that truly rugged and somewhat famous area King's Cross.

During our Aussie tour (Ah! Happy days) we were using the last two letters of our International callsign on voice circuits and were known as Whisky Papa (what we are known as now is unprintable) and following a particularly tedious day of Gunnery serials—and we all know how tedious they can get even if the delay is caused while the aircraft streams another sleeve—during such an occasion we received the following signal from *Voyager*, who had been watching our efforts 'Have a Whisky Papa—You need it'.

We arrived on station mid July and one of our first assignments was a visit to Pesang for the Merdeka ceremonies, where a colour party from the Signal Departments of *Royalist*, *Anzac* and *Tobruk* participated in the impressive ceremony of the final lowering of the Union Jack. Following several further visits to Singapore (where we supplied a platoon for the presentation of the Queen's Colour) and Hong Kong, we found ourselves in the land of the Cherry Blossom where we spent a very pleasant five weeks and a not so pleasant week in that barren and uninspiring terrain that comprises Korea. Unfortunately, the Japanese cruise was marred by an epidemic of Asian flu which waylaid a large proportion of the Ship's Company and caused the doctor and his staff to take over Messdecks, Cabins and the Rec Space for use as Emergency Sick Bays. Fortunately, however, it departed almost as suddenly as it arrived and by the end of a fortnight we were almost back to "business as usual".

In all, we visited three Japanese ports and the majority of the Ship's Company took all available leave. On arrival at Yokosuka we berthed alongside the U.S.S. *Los Angeles*, which resulted in many friendships being made even to the extent of

complete messes swapping ships for dinner each day during our stay. The hospitality afforded us not only by our host ship, but by all concerned at the base was of the high standard associated with our Seato cousins and much appreciated by all on board. We also visited Kobe and Sasebo where the Ship's Company made the most of the sightseeing trips which were laid on and much purchasing of 'rabbits' took place.

It was during our visit to Korea that we had the misfortune to lose one of our staff, Telegraphist Peter Mollinson, who died when one month short of his twentieth birthday, from the after effects of Asian flu, and was buried in the New Zealand plot at the United Nations Cemetery, Pusan, which has been described as the only beautiful spot in Korea.

From Japan we returned to Hong Kong to take part in the Fleet Regatta and though we missed the Far East Cock by seven points to *Newcastle* we managed to romp home in the same event for the 5th C.S. Cock. Our trophy cases vouch for our sporting prowess and we could easily be mistaken for the bullion ship of the Far East Station as we hold the majority of the trophies available for competition and may we be permitted to quote here an extract from *Cavaliers* logreq signal which she made when returning to Singapore after the Hong Kong Bisley '(d) 5 cases of trophies for *Royalist*'.

By far the duller period of our Far East time was our refit over Xmas and New Year in Singapore, but some relief was obtained from our rather cramped confines by the entire Ship's Company being accommodated in H.M.S. *Terror*.

Our future programme includes the Admiral's inspection, plus SEATO visits to Borneo, Hong Kong and Saigon also on the schedule, then our sights are set on July 4th (American Merdeka) when we go alongside at ZLE.

HUMOROUS INTERLUDE: Whilst the ship was anchored in Plover Cove H.K. a Banyan Party was organised on the beach, transport ashore being via whalers, R.F.D., rafts, etc. and during the process of preparing the communications barbecue we discovered a contender for the Olympic Decathlon event. One of our rather rotund Leading Telegraphists was gathering wood for the fire, having just lost a few battles with San Miguel (we must help the China Fleet Club sign rental) when one likely looking branch he picked up turned out to be a brown snake, whereupon he hurled said snake in javelin fashion about 7 miles at the same time breaking the 100 yards sprint across the beach into the water, where he was promptly stung on his double rotund portion by a jellyfish the size of a soup boiler, which caused him to break the freestyle swimming record back to the beach where he turned on a fire walking exhibition and disappeared up the side of a young mountain Hillary style pursued by the S.C.O. whose snorkers he had trampled into the flames. Needless to say he has never been the same man since.

We take off our hats to...



THE "MERCURY" TEAM on winning the Command cross-country cup



CYS WOOD on the award of the B.E.M.



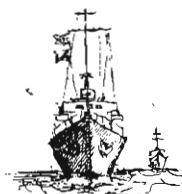
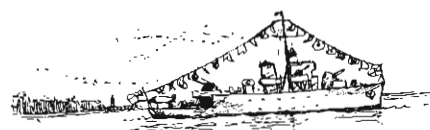
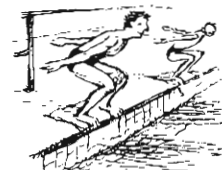
O.Tel. SOPPETT on being selected to represent the Navy in the Inter-Services cross-country Championships



CPOT(S) CLIFFORD on the award of the B.E.M.



THE COMMUNICATION WHALERS CREW OF "NEWCASTLE" in helping their ship to win the Fleet Regatta



SIGNALLING (BRITISH RAILWAY'S VERSION)

No doubt you are all experts at signalling as performed in the Royal Navy, but how many of you sitting safely in a train going "up the line" think about another very efficient signalling system which is enabling you to do just that.

Fixed signals were not introduced until 1834, some years after railways were in use. Earlier trains were regulated by the hand signals of railway policemen, and trains proceeded on a time-interval system. So if one train were delayed on a single line it could cause chaos.

The first signal was used in 1834 on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway and it consisted of a red flag stretched on a wooden frame and fixed on a vertical rod pivoted on a post. With the frame facing the driver it signified "Stop-Danger" and parallel with the track "Line Clear". Later the flag was replaced by a board painted red and at night lamps were mounted on the board.

Many other types of signals were tried from time to time including a ball signal resembling a high water signal on piers. The first semaphore signal—that is with an arm, as in present day practice—was introduced in 1841. In the earlier days the arm in the horizontal position indicated "Stop", inclined downwards at 45° "Proceed with caution" and when allowed to fall and disappear into a slot "All Clear".

A signalling system is still obviously necessary today to maintain a safe distance between trains. The maintenance of this safe distance is the main principle of the system. To effect this principle the line is divided into sections, each controlled by a signalman whose main task is to see there is only one train in one section at any one time. To do this the signalman must be able to pass a message to the driver telling him to stop, because the next section already contains a train, or that he may proceed as the next section is clear.

To convey his message the signalman has two main types of signal. The first and most important is the "Stop" signal being a red rectangular arm with a white band. When this is on the horizontal or "On" position the driver must stop at or before the signal, but if it is raised or lowered 45° it is safe to proceed.

This is simple enough but a driver has no telescope or binoculars, nor has he the advantage of that modern miracle—radio, so he must know the position of the "Stop" signal long before he reaches it because a train weighing 500 tons and travelling at 60 m.p.h. needs a considerable distance to stop in.

To warn the driver of the position of the stop signal a second type is used—the "Distant signal". This is a rectangular signal with a swallow tail and painted yellow with a black chevron.

The important difference between a "Stop" and a "Distant" is that if a "Stop" signal is in the "On" position it must not be passed, but a distant signal in the "On" position tells the driver to be ready to

stop. The "Distant" signal is so placed in advance of the "Stop" so that the fastest and heaviest trains will have time to stop, the distance apart of the signals depending, among other factors, on gradient.

The signalman can now warn the driver of his intentions before the train arrives at his signalbox but he must also work in conjunction with the signalmen controlling the sections before and after his. The whole system is based on passing a train from one section to another and so the signalman is equipped with a block telegraph which not only passes messages from one box to the next but is also electrically interlocked with the signals to prevent a signalman letting a train into the next section without the consent of his colleague. It does not work as a continuous telegraph to all signalboxes but only from one to the next so each signalman must receive the message given in a special code of rings, and then transmit it to the next. (Imagine V/S relaying by directional in column!)

The block telegraph employs a morse key (but morse code as we know it is not used) and an indicator which can be set in three positions. The normal position when there is no traffic is "Line blocked", the second "Line clear" and the third "Train on line".

If a signalman at A wishes to send a train to B he first calls the attention of B by tapping the morse key once, causing a bell to ring at B. A offers the train to B by describing it in special code. If B's section is clear, B would acknowledge by repeating back and place his indicator in the "Line clear" position. The movement of this indicator electrically unlocks A's "Stop" signal allowing the train to pass A. B then asks the next signalbox along the line to accept the train by the same procedure. When the train passes A he telegraphs to B the "Train on line" message. B acknowledges and puts his indicator to that position. When the train has passed A's "Stop" signal, plus a quarter of a mile, A signals to the previous signal box "Train out of section", replaces his signals to danger and his indicator to "Line blocked". B subsequently does the same and this procedure is followed for each and every train.

It is evident therefore that it is impossible for a signalman to make any move to send a train into the next section without the consent of the signalman in charge of that section.

So much for an ordinary block section. To allow for the working of junctions and stations, an added refinement known as "Station limits" is introduced. Now a section (instead of consisting of a "Distant" and a "Stop" signal) has additional stop signals as well called "Home", "Advance Home", "Starter" and "Advance Starter", etc. Within the "Station limits" signals points are mechanically interlocked so that no conflicting movements can be made. At night "Stop" signals show red for stop, green for clear and "Distant" signals show yellow for caution and green for clear.

In fog until a fogman arrives on duty, signalmen work at twice normal safety distance, i.e., he makes sure that the next *two* sections are clear. Once the fogman is on duty normal working is resumed.

An important development in recent years has been the introduction of coloured light signals and the huge semaphore gantries are gradually being replaced by things rather like traffic lights which can be seen outside major stations, and on important lines. Their beam is capable of penetrating the thickest fog.

In spite of the accidents that are reported the old system is really very safe indeed. Between 1943 and 1954 passengers travelled 759,000,000 miles in safety for each fatality in a railway disaster.

BRIDGE 'Has the voice net gone off the air?'

OFFICE 'Yes, we just had a power failure.'

BRIDGE 'Well why don't you let us know when you are going to have a power failure.'

OFFICE '(Despairingly) Roger.'

* * * *

From *Dainty*.

To F.O. 2 Med.

Info. S.M.1

M.S.O. 20 MINER 6 boarded at 0340 to remove one Petty Officer who was drunk at request of Medical Officer. Full report is being sent.

(Ref. Guard Ship's brief report.)

"THE STORY OF LITTLE RED HOODING RIDE"

Once upon a time there was a little French girl whose father and grandfather had both been Chief Yeomen of Signals. She had been christened Mp6p6p3. Now her father had given her some good advice by saying:

"ZC6—112F".

One day (KV11W) she met a little English boy, also from a naval family, and his name was Mp4p4p4 and he said to her:

"INT—NL2—YS—YW,"

but Jasmin replied:

"INT I CORPEN 19W."

so Michael answered:

"A,"

and "I"

and "JO4W,"

but Jasmin wasn't that sort of girl at all so she said:

"AA—ZN—L1C"

and

"AA—ZJ12—6W12B,"

but Michael had met French girls like Jasmin before so he said:

"NEGAT—IV"

and

"XFB—KT10W,"

and poor little Jasmin (who didn't understand XFB as it's a British supplementary group but understood the rest of what Michael had said)

SHOUTED, CODE NOVEMBER CHARLIE
AND FIRED A RED ROCKET.



WHICH NATO CAPITAL IS THIS?

(see page 55 for answer)



EAST INDIES

CEYLON WEST RECEIVING STATION

During the last week in January we received the editor's plea for contributions for the Easter number. This almost sent us frantic as, up to then the Christmas edition had not arrived. However, this state of affairs did not last much longer. Our parcel duly arrived during the first week in February and we were then able to sit back and read about the carryings on of our chums.

Life on the station, purely from a work point of view, has calmed down considerably again after a very hectic six weeks or so during December and January. With a sadly depleted staff, a greater volume of Christmas telegram traffic was handled than in the previous year although we still fell about a thousand short of the all-time record for December.

Just as we were beginning to think of a lull in traffic and a welcome break, disaster overtook Ceylon in the form of floods. Warships proceeded to assist the stricken island and naturally the traffic rate jumped. The Americans brought the carrier *Princeton* together with two destroyers, and the amount of traffic these three conjured (I can think of no better word) up, had to be seen to be believed.

When the operation was completed, Admiral Briggs (U.S.S. *Princeton*) made a congratulatory signal to this station on the handling of his traffic, and S.B.N.O. Ceylon made quote: The number of signals at least three feet long which appeared on my desk each morning bore silent testimony to the amount of work done. Well done. Unquote.

The floods did not really hit us, being confined in the main to the Trincomalee area and the East coast. We merely had eight inches of rain from Christmas day morning to Boxing day evening, and although compared with other places we weren't flooded, it was almost possible to swim on the football field.

Ceylon West became the clearing house for civilian mails to and from the Trinco area as the railway services were completely disrupted, and there

were no civilian trucks making the trip through the jungle. Naval trucks started making the trip within a few days of the disaster, even though it wasn't a very comfortable ride for the escort seeing that large sections of the road had been washed away when the Kantali tank was breached in a couple of places.

Things now are more or less back to normal. The railways are working again, though they left the square wheels on the carriages when the repairs were made.

The social life of the station continues, but with perhaps not quite as much vigour as of yore. Probably because (a) some of the shining lights have returned to the land of their birth and (b) because of the influx of small children which prevent MUM from attending social functions as often as she would like. However, the usual dances have been held and pronounced outstanding by all concerned. Whist drives take place almost every other week and of course, there are the usual rock and roll sessions, skiffle, and the odd classical concert.

Sport as far as is possible takes place during the dogs, hockey and football being the most popular. We still take on the odd local team and we still achieve about the same degree of success and failure. Recently the darts and snooker competitions have been reinstituted and the games are of a fairly high order (so is the session in the bar afterwards). Cricket is played periodically, usually against visiting merchant ships, and we are indebted to the local Mission to Seamen Padre for arranging these matches for us.

As we go to print we are enjoying a visit from the fleet flagship, H.M.S. *Gambia*, which is refitting in Colombo dock.

In a few days time we are to be honoured with a visit from the band of the Far East Air Force, a visit to which we are all looking forward.

During the coming week also we are anticipating a visit from the Commander in Chief East Indies Station and also from the Captain of H.M.S. *Gambia*, Captain Dunsterville, an old Communicator

who at one time served for a short period here in Ceylon West. These visits are always welcome, as we see so few strangers in these parts.

* * * *

From Ceylon West W/T.

Regret I cannot print you owing to heavy monsoon storms.

From Whitehall.

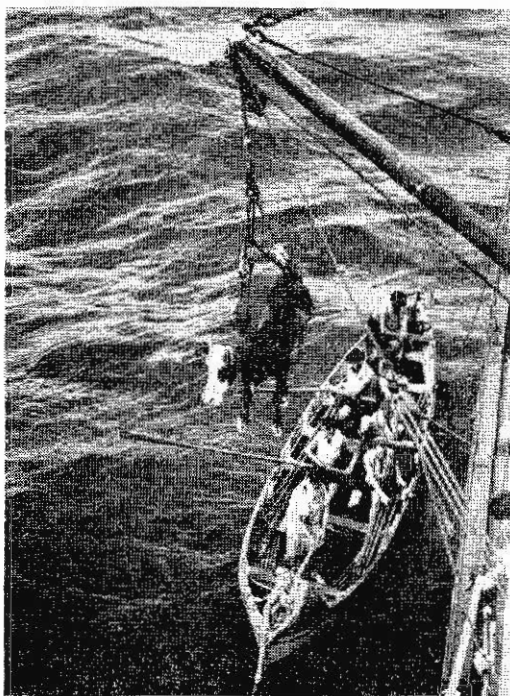
I cannot understand this as both Malta and Singapore are printing me perfectly.

From Ceylon West W/T.

Report why message D.T.G. so and so addressed to R.A.F. Hospital Katunayake and R.A.F. Hospital Changi was not passed to addressees.

From Signal Centre R.A.F. Katunayake:—

This message was not passed because it only contained -T- in the head.



"Two-Six"

H.M.S. LOCH FADA

By the time this article appears in print, we will be plodding homewards.

Looking back on the commission, even as a later arrival, I can see that it has been an interesting, and far from boring, twelve months with the East Indies Fleet. It has really been what the tourist agency would term a "Circular Tour". We have ranged from Bahrein to Karachi, down to Aden, Muscat and back to Bahrein.

Our tour has taken in a variety of duties, some of them far removed from what one would expect of a man-o-war, the most unusual being the transportation of two miniature heifers from Socotra to Bahrein.

Communicators who were aboard the *Wild Goose* a few years ago may recall presenting the ruler of Bahrein with a miniature bull. The *Owen* later provided the said bull with an equally miniature wife, who, unfortunately, died in calf birth. The result was a frustrated miniature bull. Miniature bulls must have miniature wives, and these were only obtainable at Socotra. The Sultan of Socotra was approached very diplomatically, and he was found willing to sell.

After a struggle through the surf and a rather choppy sea, two rather despondent looking young ladies were slung onboard.

They soon settled down in their stalls, however, and an A.B. was selected as "heifer sweeper". The heifers appeared to be quite happy during the voyage to Bahrein, and received V.I.P. treatment on arrival.

It has since been signalled that one miniature is quite content with his two wives

On the social side, the highlight of the commission has definitely been Aden. We spent Christmas and New Year there, instead of at Trincomalee, as was the original intention.

We were very fortunate in obtaining an alongside berth, and the festive season was well and truly celebrated. 'Rabbits' started to rear their heads on the messes. The bank books took a bit of a thrashing, but a few weeks on patrol will put that to rights.

The stay at Aden was followed by two days at Djibouti, which was also greatly appreciated.

We then proceeded to Berbera, British Somaliland, where a general strike had brought things to a standstill. The *Gambia*, wearing the flag of C. in C. E.I., had already been there a few days, and her ship's company had unloaded a cargo of sugar from the M.V. *Clan McTaggart* into lighters and dhows.

Once again, Communicators were in the fore. A shore signal station was established, using type 622's, manned by the V.S. and R.P. departments. Very well they did, too.

The W.T. department was fully occupied with VA's and the usual increase in cryptographic traffic which seems to result from any minor operation.

The V.S. department were somewhat short staffed by the absence of Sig. Arkell. He had left Aden onboard the S.S. *Iberia*, and found himself enroute to Colombo, there to face the wrath of S.B.N.O. Ceylon. The department was made up to four watches by the generosity of our Royal Marine Detachment, who loaned Marine Signalman Scarborough.



"Check Away"

Our docking at Karachi was the next on the list, and, although Karachi is probably one of the most expensive places in this part of the world, the staff appeared to find the money from somewhere and there were plenty of thick heads around.

For the docking itself, although only a small Naval dockyard, we found the "dockyard maties" very helpful, and we were able to get all the assistance we required.

The most spectacular task of all was the painting of the whip aerials. The dockyard crane was utilised for this, and many cameras were focused on Tels. Woodland and Henderson swinging over the ship in a "bucket".

Yes, for Courtesy, *Cleanliness* and *Helpfulness*, Karachi Dockyard takes some beating.

After the docking, we returned to the Batinah coast for patrol duties, relieving *Loch Ruthven*, who went for her docking. There we discovered that "Talib" and his followers were still at the top of the mountain where we left them some months ago. But moves are afoot to shift him

Ships must have fuel and men must eat, so off to Bahrein, to collect three months' stores. The buzzes that started!

Two days were spent storing, and then back to the coast to join *Loch Fyne*. Our first patrol was short lived. We returned to Bahrein for the Commanding Officer and Engineer to attend a Board of Enquiry, —as members we are happy to say

And so we caught up the most interesting job of the commission.

A shipping agency, Gray Mackenzie, asked that three type 622 portables, together with operators, be loaned to them to provide communications whilst they demolished eighty tons of explosive that had been transferred from the wreck of the *Seistan* to a barge moored about three miles off Sitra Fuelling Jetty.

Early in the morning, P.O.Tel. Fothergill with Tel's Woodland, Barnett and Nelson, left the ship by R.A.F. launch, and, collecting an American demolition expert enroute, proceeded to Sitra.

Installing Woodland on the jetty as the shore link, we proceeded out to sea to meet the agency's tug and launch. We passed the *Seistan* on the way, and all that was left of her was the fore part of the vessel. The midships and after parts were blown clean off.

The tug already had the barge in tow, and was preparing to anchor it.

Transferring P.O.Tel. Fothergill and Nelson to the agency launch, the R.A.F. launch then went to the barge, and put the demolition team onboard. This was no mean feat, as there was quite a sea running, and a hefty bump alongside was not to be thought of

The fuses were set, and both launches then proceeded to put distance between themselves and the barge.

The result was not the terrific explosion that was expected, but something more in the line of a depth charge exploding deep. Water was thrown to quite a height, and a "mushroom" of smoke rose to several hundred feet.

The 622's performed very well, the range being something over ten miles, from very small launches, and one was running continuously for over six hours.

For what remains of the commission, we have only Batinah coast patrols to look forward to, until we start that long hike

The *Loch Killisport* is due about the 25th March, we hope!

Just a note for the visual staffs of ports of call between the Gulf and Portsmouth

The Blue and Yellow Flag, with a Black Bat superimposed, is not an atomic-age skull and cross bones, but the "Batinah Coast House Flag", worn, proudly, by all the frigates that have been engaged on a very monotonous and, in the height of summer, very uncomfortable, duty.

Three shore billets would please P.O.Tel. Green, Yeoman Law and myself, to while away our ten months or so before we don our bowler hats, spats, and brollies.

IT WAS ALL SO EASY 60 YEARS AGO

'In most instances the object is made to appear and disappear; and in others it is made to change its position, so that one position shall represent the appearance and the other the disappearance of the object. The symbols are determined by successive appearance and disappearance at regulated intervals, constantly recurring after a fixed pause.'

Definition of Flashing Signals

The Sailor's Pocket Book 1898.

(By Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, G.C.B.)

Definition—The statement of the precise nature of a thing. (Concise Oxford Dictionary).

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

VERSATILE GENIUS

The world to-day knows SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE principally as the man who perfected a practical system of communication by telegraph, and as the inventor of the Morse Code. Yet, in his own time Morse was famous as an artist, and, indeed, he considered himself primarily to be an artist, regarding his scientific interests in electricity and telegraphy as little more than amusing and diverting hobbies.

Samuel Morse was by no means unjustified in this attitude, for he was, in fact, a very fine artist, and probably the most gifted of America's 19th century painters. As recently as 1932 the Metropolitan Museum of New York honoured his memory by holding a one-man exhibition of his work, and his pictures to-day are valued at large sums.

Young Samuel and his two brothers went to Yale, where Samuel graduated at the age of nineteen, and under the necessity of choosing a career, plumped for art. Despite vigorous parental opposition, he stuck to his guns, and when his work won praise from the foremost critic of the day, Samuel was permitted to proceed to England to further his studies.

Morse spent five productive years in London, becoming internationally famous at the age of twenty-two when one of his pictures was chosen among the best nine in a total entry of more than two thousand at the Royal Academy. His best work was in portraiture, and he was soon inundated with commissions and earning a good living.

Returning to America in 1815 he found himself a celebrity and Society's favourite, so that soon he was earning more than ten thousand dollars a year with his portraits. After some years, however, an economic depression kicked the bottom out of the portrait business, and, looking about for employment, Morse was appointed to the newly founded New York University as Professor of Sculpture and Painting, the first professorship in the fine arts established in the U.S.A.

But Morse was now keenly interested in, and spending all his money and leisure time on, the hobby he had never forgotten. His work was directed to one end; "The instantaneous transmission of intelligence by electricity to any distance" to use his own expression. The idea for this had come to him in 1832 while on a voyage from Europe to his home, and he had worked at it unceasingly during the whole of the passage. When he had landed in New York his artist's sketch book was full of drawings of an instrument and circuit, the basic principles of which have never changed, and which is still regarded as a masterpiece of simplicity.

By now Samuel was extremely poor and he decided to make some money with a novel idea. He painted a huge canvas, a monumental work,

showing the interior of the exhibition gallery of the Louvre in Paris, together with no fewer than 37 masterpieces hanging on the wall. These pictures, originals by Murillo, Van Dyck, Corregio and others, were all copied faithfully and in detail. The work, when exhibited, caused comment and controversy among the critics, but failed to interest the general public, and the venture, instead of earning money drove him to the verge of bankruptcy.

Morse was now so penniless that he could not pay his rent so he moved into his studio at the University. To save money for his experiments he even cooked his own meals, which were not quite as good as his pictures. Apart from financial difficulties he had others, being compelled to manufacture each part of the equipment needed; batteries, insulated wires; the lot.

For his first receiver he utilised an old picture frame, with the works of a clock to draw a ribbon of paper under a pendulum, to which a pencil was attached. The pencil point swung back and forth making a wavy line which could be read as dots and dashes. This was a start, but was not good enough, and soon, in 1836, he hit on the idea of the relay, using the transmitted signal in one circuit to open and close contacts, making it possible to send each dot and dash separately along the wire.

On January 24th, 1838, Morse gave his first demonstration of sending messages over the electric telegraph wire, which was so successful that a petition was addressed to Congress on Samuel's behalf, seeking funds to further the work. It soon became apparent, however, that the Government was not interested, and Morse therefore went to Europe to take out patents there. His application in England was refused! The French granted a patent but neglected to pay for it, though the invention was appropriated by the Government and used extensively, as it still is.

Embittered, Morse returned to his native land, there to resume his efforts to get Congressional support, with as little success as before. Regretfully he turned to a new field.

In Paris he had become friendly with Daguerre, and Morse now set about building the first camera made in America. Together he and Professor John Draper took the first photographs ever made in the Western Hemisphere.

Income from this field kept the wolf from the door, and meanwhile, Samuel continued to apply to Congress for funds to progress his first love, the telegraphy experiments. Eventually 30,000 dollars was voted, but not without severe opposition. In fact some Congressmen were so convinced of the futility of the scheme that they tried to add a rider to the Bill that part of the money so voted should be diverted to support Mesmerism!

Morse now began the construction of a forty mile underground telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore, obtaining aid from a friend, Ezra Cornell, who invented a trenching plough which was supposed to dig the trench, lay the cable and cover it, all in the one operation.

When 27,000 dollars had been expended, Samuel found to his horror that his wire could not efficiently be insulated for underground use, whereupon he and Cornell "accidentally" wrecked the plough beyond repair. They were forced to string the wires aloft on poles.

The line was completed in May, 1844, and the first words transmitted were, "What God hath wrought".

Despite the successful outcome of the work the Government were still disinterested, and this is the reason that telegraph business in America is still in the hands of private companies, for the development of Morse's invention was left to private enterprise.

In 1858 the Governments of many countries, including Austria, Belgium, Netherlands, Russia,

Sweden, Turkey and the Vatican made grants of money to Samuel Morse in recognition of their use of his invention. Britain and America, with France, declined to fork out.

For years Morse had been experimenting with submarine cable, backed by wealthy groups of businessmen, and after three failures a successful Transatlantic Cable was laid in 1866.

Morse was now an old man, having been born in 1791. His last years were spent in unsuccessful attempts to enter politics. He failed in his candidature for Mayor of New York, and his attempt to enter Congress on a slavery ticket was equally fruitless.

That he was possessed of a fine intellect, and a vigorous mind and body can scarcely be doubted; he was sixty-seven when his second wife produced the last of his offspring.

The Gentleman to whom we Communicators owe so much sweat and tears and profanity died peacefully in 1872, a few days short of his 81st birthday.

PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH



Sentinel Rock, Hout Bay, Cape Province, South Africa



S. A. S. A. STATION

GATEWAY TO SOUTH AFRICA

Capetown—Mother city of the Union. What a city! A city of contrasts, of beautiful buildings old and new, inhabited by a kaleidoscope of races—Dutch and English, Malay and Chinese, Cape Coloured and Natives belonging to the many tribes of Southern Africa.

From the sea, Capetown presents a breathtaking panorama—the first view of Table Mountain can be seen from sixty miles away. The mountain forms Capetown's back garden wall. A wall, 3,500 feet high and as much a part of the city as the Sugar Loaf mountain is to Rio de Janeiro.

The mountain is an infallible weather prophet. When black misty clouds from the north-west cling to the face of the mountain and fall down into the city, the umbrellas and raincoats are the order of the day. If thin wisps of white cloud from the south-east collect over the plateau-like summit, a fine day is assured. On a windy day, the south-easter gathers together the clouds to form a gigantic white table cloth to spread over nature's table. It is said that the mountain smiles when all is well, and broods when conflicts and troubles beset the people at its feet.

Table Mountain! What has it seen and heard? The original Hottentot tribes of the Cape wandering along the shores of Table Bay. The coming of the Dutch under Commander Jan van Riebeeck, appointed by the Dutch East India Company; a stolid and puritanical race of people pioneering an unknown land to make a half-way house between the fabulous east and the industrialised and commercial west!; it saw the British occupation, the gay parties and society functions of a forgotten era; conflict between nations, between races, slavery and its emancipation, act of Union and the first Union Parliament.

The main city of Capetown to-day is a draught board of streets containing modern shops, department stores, ships' chandlers and warehouses. The 'Old Mutual' building is the highest in the Union rising to a height of 283 feet. From morn till night coloured newsvendors shout their cry 'Argie', 'Argie', vyin, with each other to sell the bundles of

'Cape Argus' and 'Cape Times', the two daily papers. Flower sellers in Trafalgar Place provide a blaze of colour the whole year round with their tubs and buckets full of flowers grown in the Cape—carnations and roses, freesias and chinchinches, chrysanthemums and proteas, the last being the national flower. Hansom cabs mingle with the motor cars, trolley buses and all the vehicular traffic of a modern age. The hansom, a survival of the past, gives a romantic touch to the late night cinema patrons preferring a leisurely journey home. Capetown's public gardens provide pleasant and quiet relief from the hurly-burly of the city traffic. Here, children with their nursemaids promenade and feed the pigeons and cheeky squirrels who live protected lives in the care of the city council. Close by are the Houses of Parliament, Government House, Museum, Public library, Art gallery and the Cape Archives where the Capetown of the past is born again in the records and history books.

The Malay quarter of the city is an area veiled in mystery and tradition. Red fezged gentlemen, sari clad women, domes and minarets, Mosques and tailor shops, jocular Malay funerals and Malay cooking. A slice of the Orient maintaining its customs in a western metropolis.

Then District Six—the coloured quarter. A hodge-podge of buildings and people. Washerwomen and servants, labourers and stevedores, and, as in every big city, its quota of pick-pockets and drug pedlars. The Cape Coloureds love their music. Many Afrikaans folk tunes and songs were born in the homes and streets of District Six. Intense rivalry prevails amongst the many troops of guitar and accordion bands. Narrow dusty streets at Christmas time become transformed with a carnival atmosphere when the coloured community presents its Coon Pageant.

What of Dockland? Not the usual dirty congested appearance that most large ports present, but a dockside leading onto wide thoroughfares and green lawns. Duncan dock, the larger and newer of the two docks built on land reclaimed from the sea, is a scene of never ceasing activity. Day and night, ships

call to load and unload or perhaps only to take on water and fuel before proceeding to their destinations. Capetown offers every facility and warm hospitality to ships of all nations. The dry dock, one of the largest in the world, is able to accommodate the largest of the world's modern tanker fleet.

In a few decades, Capetown will offer a new vista to returning travellers. The large tract of land reclaimed from the sea has new roads laid out and building operations are well advanced. Much forethought has gone into the development of this piece of land called The Foreshore, so that none of the customs, traditions and originality of old Capetown built up over the past three hundred years will be lost to future generations.

All Africa is beyond. Capetown is the gateway.

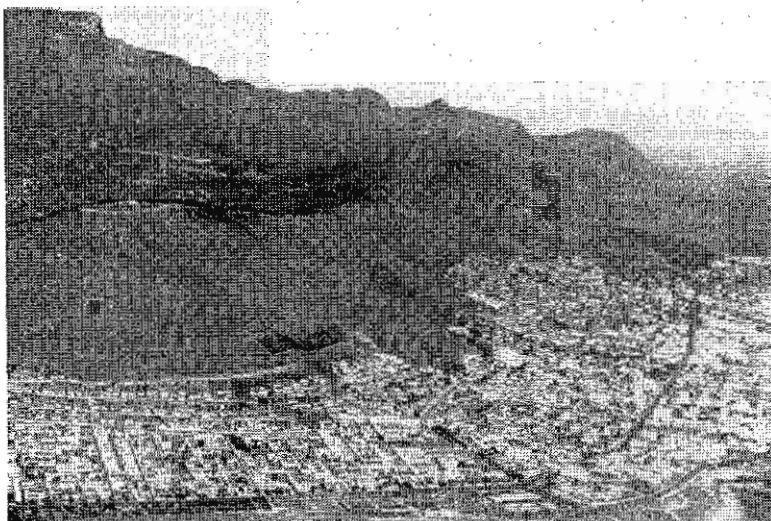
S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL, SIMONSTOWN

While the Editor and his associates of the Magazine for whom this article is written lie beneath a blanket of snow, and suffer the hard bite of yet another English winter we here in the Cape, who envy them not one little bit, parade around throughout the day in 10's and 10A's. This, however, does not prevent the rain from reaching us although the amount we have had here, above Simonstown, during this summer cannot be dripped about even by the R.N. ratings.

Since we last posted our contributions to THE COMMUNICATOR our C.O., Lt. (SD) (C) Armstrong, has joined the ranks of those thousands before him and sold his birthright to become a member of the S.A.N. He will continue in his capacity as Commanding Officer of this Signal School, and his personal motto "The Sea shall not have me" is now to be framed and hung in the place of honour above his desk.

We told you when we last wrote that we were following in the footsteps of our mother *Mercury* and starting a pig farm but on a very small scale. Our sow Marilyn (36, 100, 36) is soon to become a mother and before the end of March we hope to hear the thunder of at least 40 little trotters.

1958 began with a real explosion for the instructors as all of them found themselves with a class. At present we have on course one L/Tel. (Q) class, 8 of the ratings being R.N. Tels from Slangkop while the other three were supplied by the S.A.N.



One S.A.N. Sig. and two S.A.N. Tel. (Q) classes are in commission and every rating is as keen as mustard to become a Communicator.

Amongst our ranks we have quite a number of athletes and a number of them took part in the S.A.N. team eliminating events. We regret that none of those who entered from the School here qualified to represent the S.A.N. against the Army and the S.A.A.F., but they had a go.

The Navy as a matter of interest really showed the other two Services the way home on the day of the inter-Service Sports and walked away with all the honours.

This year bush fires have been at their worst, and thrice our boundaries have been threatened.

It is almost a year now since we chopped to the S.A.N. and so far a good 100 members have graduated herein. When next you hear from us we hope to be able to tell you that at least half that number again have received their diploma.

SLANGKOP W/T

"Stop mooning about," said the Chief to his satellites, "and send a spacegram to THE COMMUNICATOR." We came down to earth with a bang, exchanged our Dan Dare and Superman comics for a pussers S.O.48-75 capable of 18 W.P.M. and commenced our tri-annual journalistic endeavours.

We have had our fill of bush fires this summer, some of them menacing the station, but we have managed to fight them to a standstill. Despite our successes however, there is no truth in the rumour that the Union Government are negotiating for our release to create a permanent bush-fire team.

Recent advancements include Tels. Beachamp, Jackson, Schofield and Robinson to Leading Tel., P.O. Tel. Briggs to Chief and Bonzo to Leading

Rat-catcher. In addition, six tels (at great expense) are at present on course for Leading Tel. at S.A.N.S.S. Klaver and there is a growing queue for the next course already.

Oddest departure of recent months is Tel. Kane, of the S.A.N., a Glaswegian who is going "foreign" to U.K. to pick up the new S.A.N. sweeper *Windhoek*. Others who have left us include P.O. Tel. Smith to civvy street in Rhodesia on the Civil Airways Staff. He says he is the O.D. of the watch and employed on tea-wetting. Seriously though, you need a morse speed of up to 30 w.p.m. for this sort of job so you budding immigrants, beware. Leading Tel. Slack goes out to S.A. civvy street shortly and has a good job locally. Recent U.K. drafts include Tels Glassett, Mitchell and Whitehead, all no doubt wangling a quiet number in Chatham before the axe falls.

Gerry Fuller still runs successfully for his Cape Town club and goes to athletic meetings between the Cape and Port Elizabeth quite regularly. Apart from such individual efforts however, there has been little sporting activity mainly due to leave, courses and fighting fires. However, plenty of swimming, indoor games and some judo classes have compensated for the lack of outdoor games.

We shall shortly welcome *Protector* to Simons-town on her way home to Pompey from her Antarctic duties. Congratulations to her ship's company, incidentally, for the *Shackleton* rescue before Christmas.



YOUNGSFIELD M.S.O.

The annual Cape Area Exercise "Capex" which took place at the beginning of the summer, was, it is believed, a great success despite the number of 'ghost' submarine contacts. Anyway, only one sub. berthed at Simonstown on completion. From a Communicator's point of view, the move to the

M.H.Q. from the M.S.O. involved a considerable amount of 'humping'—on a Sunday too!! As this was the first opportunity of testing communications from the Comcen with a very skeleton staff, things went quite well and 'blasts' were kept down to approximately one per watch.

With the 7th F.S. away on their East Coast cruise, time is on hand for BKK's and TPX's. We are even fitting a biffer lamp to rehabilitate the youngsters into the mysteries of flashing.

On the social side, we have had two births, one marriage and no mortalities. Yeoman Adams and L. Sig. Woodall are the proud fathers, Adams for the second time of asking, and L. Sig Conibear was wheeled before the altar in Capetown on the 8th February. He vanished to the Wilderness for his honeymoon. Weather permitting, every second Sunday, our one and only three tonner is loaded with wives, kids and sweethearts plus grub and liquid refreshments, and sets out on a mystery tour. Around 1800 it can be seen returning and the 'Club-ites' cagerly scrambling out to get home and cleaned so that they can join the throng waiting for the shutters to go up in the bar at 1900. Surprising how the pains and stiffness of sunburn vanish after some 'firewater' has been consumed.

HOW THEY GOT THE NEWS IN THE GOOD OLD VS DAYS

The following extract from the Signal log of H.M.S. *Cumberland*, 1100 to 1130, 28th November, 1909, showing semaphore signals exchanged with S.S. *Yearby*, may be of interest to readers in the light of A.F.O. 18/58.

"CUMBERLAND"	"YEARBY"
Would you like the latest news	Repeat
Would you like the latest news	Gh Sliw
Would you like the latest news	Sliwer Jlease
Would you like the latest news	What
Would you like the latest news	What news
Press telegram	Whi
Press news	Where
Latest news from London	No
Goodbye	Yes
Goodbye	Have nit git all message

MASTERPIECES

O/Tel. to P.O. Tel.:

Has whatever happens up there, when I make this switch down here happened yet?

On A.A. Gun Co-ord:

Tug: When do you intend to start the stop watches?

Ship: I read back for check, "When do you intend to start the dog watches?"

OUR NATIONAL FLAG

What with a large daily newspaper giving away over a million miniatures of it on Empire Day, the Americans displaying it everywhere during the recent visit to their country of our Queen, an airline removing it from its brochures and Civic authorities of a certain country allegedly refusing to attend a meeting because it was flying alongside their own flag at their meeting place, our National Flag has been making news recently.

Originally meant to symbolise the Union of England and Scotland, and later of England, Scotland and Ireland, it has become the emblem of British peoples everywhere and as such is the pride of millions. The present design was established in 1801 but prior to this it had an extremely varied career.

Long before the initial Union between England and Scotland each of these countries had made its choice of a National Flag.

As its national emblem England had chosen the Cross of St. George. The exact date is uncertain but there is no doubt that it was in use as such in 1277. Oddly enough, this is almost a century before St. George, a foreign Saint, gained supremacy from other Saints of a far more national character as the Patron Saint of England (generally taken to be 1350 when the Chapel of St. George at Windsor was founded in thanks for his supposed help at the Battle of Crecy). St. George was essentially a soldier's Saint, and proved most popular especially in the East where his original flag was a representation of himself on horseback slaying the dragon with a spear, this eventually being changed to the present Cross of St. George by the Republic of Genoa. The Crusaders believed his intervention gave them victory on many occasions and it is probably due to his immense popularity with them that he eventually gained supremacy in England. The St. George's Cross was first flown at sea by English ships at the latter end of the 13th century, and by the end of the 16th century had taken the lead as their distinguishing characteristic.

Scotland had chosen the Cross-Saltire of St. Andrew. It is not known just when, but was probably at a very early date. Unfortunately the earliest Scottish records were lost at sea in the ship which was returning them after they had been carried off, together with the Stone of Destiny, by Edward I. However, it was certainly in use as such in the 14th century, for when planning a raid into England orders were given that every man in the Scots Army was to wear a white St. Andrew's Cross before and behind, and there is also a recorded payment for a ship to be supplied with a banner with a white St. Andrew's Cross in the middle. No set ground colour seems to have been essential though, and in the 1540's this was yellow and red (Stuart colours) though after this date the prevailing colour seems to have been blue. The Scots made up their minds at a

very early date as to who was to be their Patron Saint. There were several rivals for this position, but in the first half of the 8th century the King of Scotland founded a Church at St. Andrews with new clergy who brought the relics of St. Andrew with them, and this Saint soon became the more popular and has remained unchallenged ever since.

Ireland never developed a National Flag common to all people as did England and Scotland. When the Order of St. Patrick was instituted, the red saltire, which was originally the arms of the Earl of Kildare, was taken as the badge of this Order. The Irish showed little enthusiasm for this, however, and never took kindly to it. Since the red saltire was of such a convenient form it was chosen for introduction into the Union Flag of Great Britain when forming the combined flag of England, Scotland and Ireland. St. Patrick was a native of Scotland but spent almost all his life in Ireland and is in the truest sense a national Patron Saint. He never had a serious rival. There is no ancient flag, and no symbol, except the shamrock, associated with his name. He is not entitled to a Cross as he was not a martyr. With the little information available on flags flown by Irish ships, it appears there was no recognized Irish flag until the 18th century when a green ensign with a harp and crown in the centre made its appearance.

On the accession of James I, in 1603, which brought about the Union of the English and Scottish crowns, bitter disputes arose between English and Scottish seamen, previously "foreigners" to each other, as to the precedence of each other's National Flag. In an effort to settle this James issued a proclamation in 1606 to the effect that henceforth all ships of the Kingdom of Great Britain should fly in their maintop the Cross of St. George and the Cross of St. Andrew joined together according to a form made by the heralds. At this time it was called the British flag and was intended to be flown only at sea by both warships and merchantmen. This was the first Union Flag.

More disputes arose, as it was impossible to combine the two flags without giving precedence to one of them. On one occasion a quartered flag consisting of the St. George's Cross and the St. Andrew's Cross was used but even this caused argument as to which flag should occupy the upper canton near the mast—the place of honour. Eventually it was settled that the red cross, the white border and the white cross-saltire should be of the same width. All the same the Scots never really took to the new flag and rarely used it.

In the late 1630's a proclamation was issued that the Union flag, as it was now being called, was to be flown by ships of the Royal Navy only. This was considered necessary due to foreigners failing to pay proper marks of respect to ships of the Royal Navy and who used the excuse that until they were shot at they had no idea that they had encountered the

King's ships. This proclamation did not state where the Union Flag was to be flown. This was probably the outcome of the general practice which had come in about this time of flying it at the bowsprit and when so flown it was termed the "Jack".

On the execution of Charles I in 1649 the Union between England and Scotland was dissolved and ships of both countries went back to their old National Flags.

Very shortly after this the Council of State decided on a new "Jack" for normal use, symbolising the Union of England and Ireland, consisting of the St. George's Cross on a white field nearest the mast and a harp of a blue field for the fly. It was known as the "Commonwealth Cross and Harp Jack".

A few years later, in 1658, Scotland was once again united with England and the Cross-Saltire of St. Andrew ordered to be joined with the Cross of St. George. The Union Flag now consisted of St. George's Cross and St. Andrew's Cross superimposed with a harp in the centre. This lasted only a few months however and yet again the Cross of St. Andrew vanished and orders were given for the Commonwealth Cross and Harp Jack to be flown.

On the return of Charles II in 1660 the Union Flag once again reverted to its original form—the St. George's Cross and the St. Andrew's Cross joined together—the harp being taken out of all flags "it being very offensive to the King." The Union Flag still remained the prerogative of the Royal Navy,

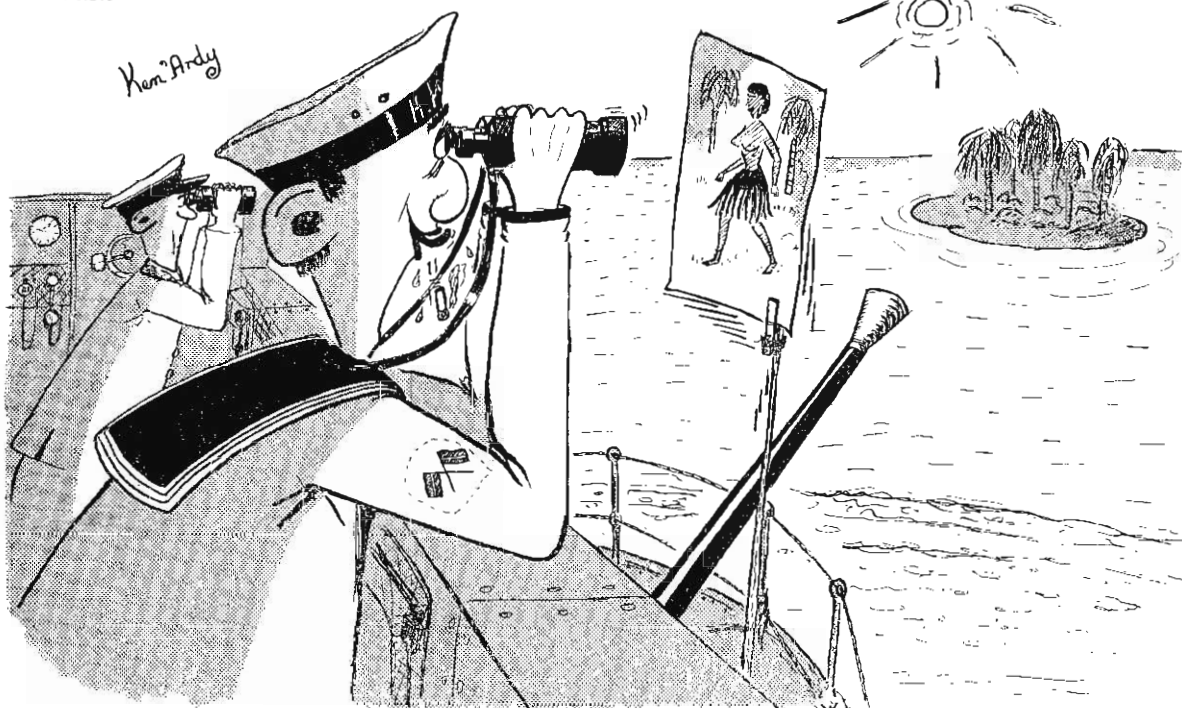
though the merchantmen tried hard to gain possession of this right due to the privileges, such as freedom of pilotage, which the flag would have given them.

In 1707 the Union of England and Scotland was made complete, the first article in the Treaty of the Union providing for the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew to be joined together as thought fit by the Queen, it being finally decided by Order in Council of the same year that "the Union Flag continue as at present".

The beginning of the 19th century saw the final change in the design of the Union Flag. With the Union of Great Britain and Ireland a proclamation was issued that the Union Flag consist of the Cross of St. George conjoined with the Cross of St. Andrew and saltire of St. Patrick. From this date the Union Flag seems to have ceased being the prerogative of the Royal Navy and has been flown by all including private individuals. In 1908 the Government announced that it was to be regarded as our National flag.

The present Union Flag is never made in strict accordance with its original design, but then it seems fated to misrepresentation even to its name. Strictly speaking a "Union Jack" is a Union Flag flown at the jackstaff of one of H.M. Ships, yet this technical distinction is seldom applied, for practically all our newspapers and even the B.B.C. and Government officials often refer to "our National Flag, the Union Jack".

PRIZE WINNING CARTOON





MEDITERRANEAN

"SEA GRAPES"

Her Majesty's Ship *Wouldn't Duck* was on Cyprus Patrol. Ordinary Signalman Collins was ready. He knew he might be called away at any moment to board anything from an ocean liner to a trawler. Mentally, he checked his equipment—boots and gaiters, webbing, Type 615, hand flags, signal pad and, of course, a pencil. He was just imagining the admiring glances of the lady passengers of the crack liner as he leaped up the ladder, when—

"Away boarding party." What is it? Oh, only a trawler, still never mind, he would do his duty and who knows he might find General Grivas himself skulking in some odd corner. "Collins! Get down in the boat." "Yes, Sir." Not so easy getting into a boat with all this equipment. Damn! there was his signal pad floating away between the boat and the ship's side, and how did the 615 aerial manage to get caught under the Officer in Charge's tin hat? "Sorry, Sir."

Aboard the trawler Collins' eyes looked keenly round. It was up to him to keep up the honour of the branch as the eyes of the fleet. Nothing suspicious—still there was one thing that was odd—why should a trawler at sea have so many grapes on board. Still better not say anything just yet—don't want to make a fool of myself. What was that? "Yes, Sir. Report—Am investigating Greek Cypriot who has grown moustache since identity photograph was taken." Good, got that away alright.—Blast, there's the ship covering us with black soot, they're always doing that, you should see the Flag deck sometimes "Say again" sounds odd but I suppose I'd better report it "From the ship, Sir—Suggest you now investigate negro crew." I don't see anything funny.

The weeks passed and Collins managed to keep the 615 aerial out of the Cypriot Policeman's trouser leg most times. Still he was not happy—he still could not understand why nearly all the trawlers had so many grapes on board, no one else had mentioned it but perhaps they weren't so observant. Must ask the Chief when I get back, he may think I should report it.

"Chief, why is it that nearly all the trawlers have so many grapes on board?" "Grapes? They're sea

grapes of course. They grow on the sea bed and get caught up in the trawls. Didn't you know that?" Ah, that explains it. "Thank you Chief", Good job I didn't report it or they would have thought me a fool.

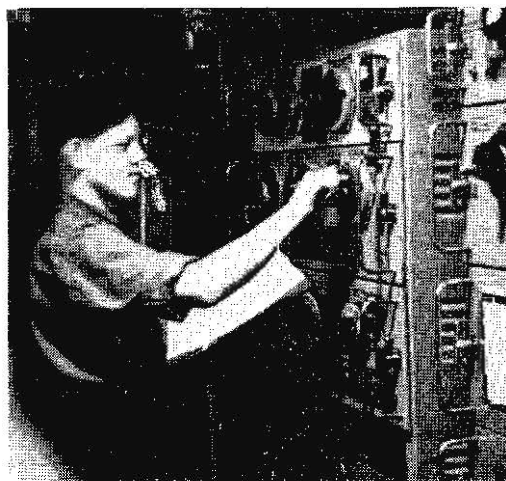
That is why Ordinary Signalman Collins is hoping to return to Cyprus Patrol for he has developed a passion for sea grapes and I would advise you, if you are ever in those waters, not to miss this famous Cyprus delicacy.

"RAC".

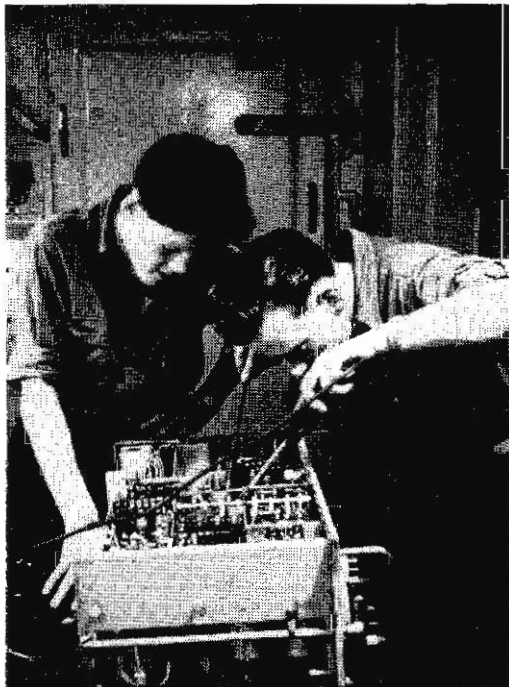
H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM

Sitting here writing this article makes one feel displeased with one's lot. Our first—and only free weekend in eight and in front of me I have the Editor's appeal for bigger and better articles. He very nearly didn't get one from the 'Bum this time. Let me tell you why.

As reported in our buzz department last time, we arrived in Chatham on December 18th and were busy having leave and so on until we sailed on February 4th. In fact some people were so busy having 'leave and so on' that they didn't even turn



"0905"



"0907"

up for work on 4th February. None of them Communicators, thank goodness. In fact, we left with three more hands than we arrived home with—one Ord. N.S. Tel. from *Mercury* and two Juniors from *Ganges*.

We left Chatham on 4th February with two certainties in our minds. One—we would be home again on April 1st (which fools day?), and the period in between would be one of unceasing activity.

Two—during the eight weeks away we would have to (a) undergo an Admiral's inspection, (b) take part in "Marjex" and (c) take part in "Dawnbreeze". In fact, some stoker worked out that we would spend more time at sea in the eight weeks than we would in harbour. The ship may be 21 years old, but she's standing the strain very well. Not so some of us.

Our trip back to Malta was full of shoots, repexs, exercises (sundry) and general drills. It was during one of the latter that we "killed" the P.O. Tel. and let "Punchy" Posner, one of our *Ganges* lads, loose on the 602E. You can see the result in the two accompanying photographs. All we need for proof is a clock in the photo for the first picture was taken at 0905 and the second at 0907.

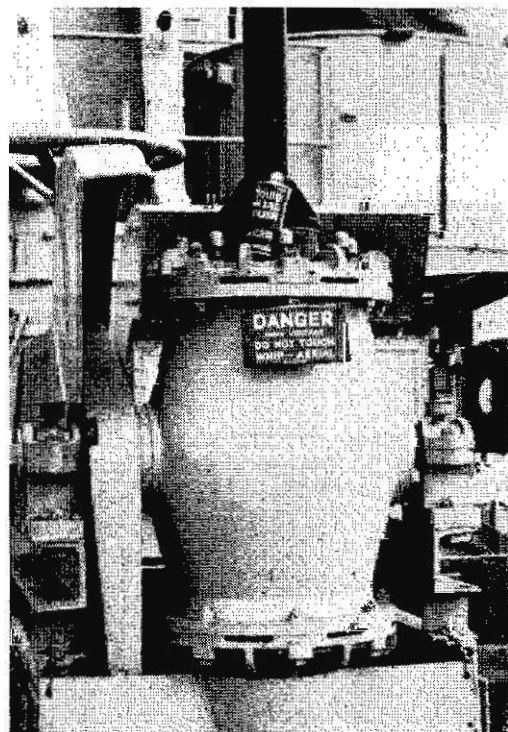
The Admiral's inspection went off very well. Our offices were called 'spotless' by the Commander, 'perfection' by the Captain and 'most beautiful' by the Admiral. All our own S.C.O. could say was 'Too much dust loafing around'.

After the Admiral's inspection—which took four days and involved an aforementioned 'Punchy' in a

kit muster—we had two clear days in which to buff up on "Marjex." During that time our hockey team played *Sheffield's* Communicators and, wonders to relate, won. Out of 39 games played, that's our second win! Thanks, Shiny Sheff!

"Marjex" was great fun—especially when we and *Sheffield* attacked, as surface raiders, a disposition of the Combined U.S. Sixth Fleet and Mediterranean Fleet, spread over a diameter of some 140 miles.

Well, that's behind us and now we are in Messina, wearing the flag of Admiral Sir Robin-Durnford-Slater, who is leaving us soon to join *Kenya* in Napoli. After a week in Grand Harbour we shall be ready to play our part in "Dawnbreeze", have some Easter leave and then join up with the Home Fleet. No chance of a cruise to the West Indies, is there?



The story behind this photo may serve as a warning to others. A rating who should have known better placed the full tin of Bluebell where you see it, to test the sharpness of his camera focussing. Having taken his picture, he forgot the tin and walked away.

Later that evening the Lifebuoy sentry reported flames coming from a whip aerial. On investigating, we found the tin of Bluebell badly scorched and just ready to explode. Naturally, for POTS had been putting nearly 300 amps into it from the aerial.

H.M.S. DECOY

After a bumpy start to the commission we now seem to be in full swing. We commissioned on the 27th August under the command of Captain F. P. Baker, D.S.C., R.N., and went almost immediately to Portland for our working up period, but an unfortunate accident with the breakwater which failed to alter course on the execution of our signal, caused a two week delay in our departure for the Mediterranean.

Shortly after our arrival in the Mediterranean we were given the privilege of being the first ship of our squadron to do duty round Cyprus, which proved monotonous but necessary. In consolation we were given a weekend in Beirut which lived up to the sailor's conception of a good run ashore.

On one occasion while at anchor our O.D. was left on the bridge by himself. The Chief Yeoman was called to the bridge with the message that he could not understand why the "Owen" was circling us. On gaining the bridge you can imagine the Chief's wrath when he saw the "Owen" flying ZJ INT 1! After dealing with the matter the Chief asked the O.D. why he had not reported it, to which the prompt reply was "I thought it was her signal letters Chief".

We spent Christmas and New Year at Malta which was pleasant but uneventful if you disregard our Communicators taking D.S.'s whaler and therefore starting an inter-squadron war.

The New Year was launched with "Janex", the results proving that we had a better Christmas than we thought. As a reward for our valuable efforts we were sent to Monaco where the local inhabitants took our gun salute as a sign that a new heir to the throne had been born.

Eight energetic members of the ship's company tried to walk to La Spezia, our next port of call (some 150 miles) but our only representative collapsed the second day out.

Throughout the period our Communicators have been proving their prowess at soccer by winning the inter-Part Cup and supplying a strong contingent to the ship's team.

Now having completed our self maintenance we are ready to start the packed programme prior to our returning home in June.

G.H.M.

H.M.S. DIANA

H.M.S. *Diana* commissioned at Devonport on 26th August, 1957. Our first attempt at sailing for the Mediterranean was on the 2nd September only to find ourselves back in 'Guzz' a couple of days later having escorted one of H.M. ships, under tow. Finally with R.F.A. Tug *Director* (a diesel electric paddle tug) in company we sailed for Gibraltar.

The start of the commission indicated that plans or programmes were not for us; our signal logs are full of cancelled arrangements and this has been a feature of the commission till now.

Foreign visits have been most rare, having only visited Naples and Savona but we understand that

visits to Trieste and Barcelona are forthcoming.

We are now commanded by Captain P. W. W. Graham, D.S.C., R.N. who joined us mid-December 1957 whilst the ship was on Cyprus patrol. He is also a Communicator and many of the senior ratings will remember him as F.C.O. Home Fleet in 1949.

In addition to the weekly practices at Malta we have taken part in "Autex 1957," "Janex II" and "Febex" and valuable experience was obtained from these exercises. Transmitting and receiving a real live signal is an experience for junior ratings in these days of speed letters and telephones.

Like all ships we commissioned with the Temporary Manning Standard complement which has since been supplemented by the courtesy of *Mercury*, *Ganges* and R.N.S.S. Devonport. The feature of the staff is youth and with it goes all the training problems that are with us today. We think that there is very little difference between S.T.C.'s and ships these days.

The S.C.O., Chief Yeoman and Chief P.O. Telegraphist's patience in training us is now bearing fruit and with all the rough edges smoothed off we can look forward to the rest of the commission with confidence. (S.T.M.'s permitting.)

H.M.S. DUCHESS

We are now over the halfway mark of the Mediterranean leg of the commission in *Duchess*, and, with our black topped after funnel, are D.5.

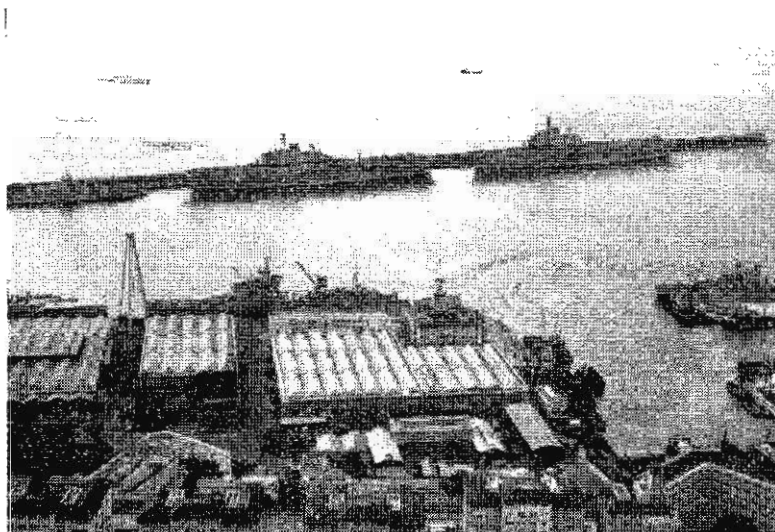
Since finishing our work up in the Mediterranean we have had an interesting time visiting Rome, Tripoli and Beirut. We have just finished our spell of Cyprus Patrol where the S.C.O. and Chief Tel. wore out a pair of shoes each in the first fortnight rushing to the VHF office to try different combinations of Aerials and transmitters on Maritime Voice Net.

We played at soldiers for a day in Cyprus where that "Hero" of the New Territories, Daredevil Digby carried the 622 ashore looking very smart and efficient but complaining because there was no one to carry his batteries. Three battling buntings went along with 615's and even the Coder joined the party as H.Q. writer. Everyone was most surprised when all the sets were found to be working, except the Chief who, of course, knew they would.

We have also been able to give the seamen some exercise and training with their blocks and tackles and things in shifting a whip aerial which was being temperamental when we were far from cranes and buckets in the dockyard. We suspect they loved it even though they wouldn't admit it.

We are now frantically swotting up the orders for the forthcoming exercise with the 6th Fleet, taking place in March. The S.C.O. thinks it would be easier without any orders at all, and of course our R.A. members say we would be better off without the exercise let alone the orders.

Next time you hear from us we hope to be in Home Waters giving MTN nightmares.



"Eagle," "Ark Royal," Sheffield" and (nearly) "Kenya" at the "Boiled-oil Base"

FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

"As the ship that is tired returneth,
The signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
Her speed she reneweth again."

... And so it has been with the First Destroyer Squadron over the past three months. *Lagos* and *Hogue* have been refitting at Gibraltar, while we in the leader, *Solebay*, have been throwing a suitable amount of red lead around in Malta.

No halyards to hoist flags on; no aerials to transmit or receive on—just sheer bliss . . . yards of H.P. air leads, paint spraying gear, electric cables and rain, rain, rain. Is there no happy medium between a force eight gale in a heaving Office or soaking bridge and this? Perhaps not, but one answer has been found for us.

" . . . though perchance ye grow weary,
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave for the good of the Service,
As soon and as oft as may be."

Now our refits are over, many of us have taken some leave, and with an interesting programme ahead of us (*Lagos* has already been to Nice and Naples) we look forward to returning to our Home Ports and the welcome that no doubt awaits us.

H.J.P.A.

FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON G.S.C.

Before going on Cyprus Patrol, *Corunna* won the Squadron Soccer Championship, beating *Agincourt* 3 - 2 after extra time.

Agincourt and *Barrosa* will shortly be relieving *Alamein* and *Corunna* on the Cyprus Patrol, thus greatly adding to their sea time.

Agincourt's communications department is setting a hot pace in sport being favourites for their ship's inter-Part Soccer Championship and also being the boat-pulling champions. Among their more spectacular feats was a 1 - 0 hockey victory over Malta Comcen.

Shortly a number of the lads will be flying home for a couple of exotic weeks in the backwoods of the savage U.K.

* * * *

The Communicators of the 4th Destroyer Squadron offer their deepest sympathies to the parents, friends, and relations of Telegraphist Gibbs, who was lost overboard whilst with a boarding party serving aboard H.M.S. *Alamein* during Cyprus Patrol.

H.M.S. EAGLE

Since our last epistle, we've spent the festive season in our little grey home in the West—if I may use the phrase in these days of mixed complements! However, Haslemere notwithstanding, we are still very largely Westos in *Eagle*, and one wonders how much recent Naval developments like the cessation of the Nore Command will affect our social life in general. Inter-command rivalries did produce a certain amount of keenness and interest, as witness any messdeck argument in "mixed" ships—fortunately, usually on a bantering note.

On the 28th January we sailed for Gib. and the Med. in company with *Ark Royal* and the frigates of the Dartmouth TS, *Eagle* wearing FOAC's banner. En route, our rejoining squadrons had weather opposition to their return from parent N.A.S.'s which meant that when they were finally embarked we had to get a rare old wriggle on in order to make our E.T.A. at Gib. We all had a severe dose of "20-odd knot twitch" on arrival at the

boiled-oil base. Three days there produced its usual toll of thick heads, bent suits, and slight cirrhosis of the liver—a situation which gradually cured itself during “Febex” on the way to Malta. Not a really complex exercise, “Febex” more or less filled in time and got us more conversant with section M.D.

Looking in front of us is “Marjex” with the U.S. 6th Fleet where we intend to show the ‘gobs’ how to do things. Though “Marjex” only takes four days, the paperwork involved in the exercise orders must have meant a few shiny trouser-seats in the Pentagon or some other American nerve centre.

Items of interest in the sporting world have been pretty varied, must notable from our point of view being the excellent win by Sig Coombes, in the inter-departmental cross-country race. The comms team came third in points placing. The football team is still trying to have its trial match to sort out the potentials, probables, possibles, and “Why don’t you take up Uckers?” amongst us, and there is a rash of challenges to be met.

The Med. Fleet Comms. Dance has come and gone, with its usual night of freedom for alcoholic Ords to call the SCO by his nickname with only a raised eyebrow by way of retribution, and an opportunity for a certain three-badged P.O. Tel. to prove his ageless youth by having a rock ‘n’ roll session regardless of what the band was playing.

No prominent howlers come to mind, except perhaps the junior who said that receivers were prevented from vibrating because they were fixed on “Brazilian mountains”. Probably the same one who thought that a Turkish matelot was as Ankara-faced.

Oh well, the fleshpots of Toulon on the 14th March and then home for Easter leave will help to fill in time till a gentle voice in my ear says “Pots, what about the article for the Summer edition . . .”

H.M.S. KENYA

After spending a most enjoyable summer on the Med. Station we reluctantly prepared ourselves for the odious task of a three months refit which began in October.

During the two and a half months that followed, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the disrupted circumstances, and were not sorry when station leave was so unexpectedly granted. Some of us were fortunate enough to fly home to U.K. to spend it, but the majority of us spent a relaxing time at Krendi Rest Centre.

Early in December saw us clear of the refit and a short while was spent at sea before enjoying the festivities of Yuletide.

On December 25th, the Captain made the customary messdeck visit. On arrival at the communication mess he was greeted by the strumming of the communications impromptu skiffie group which he appeared to enjoy.

Exercise “Febex” took us to Gibraltar where we acquired our “rabbits”.

A point of interest is the Chief Yeoman’s enthusiasm in budgerigar breeding, much to the amusement of the staff.

By the time this gets to print we shall have returned to U.K. to wear the flag of F.O.F.H. after being relieved of the flag of F.O.2 Med. by Sheffield.

GIBRALTAR MSO

Despite the numerous changes in the Staff viz. arrival of 18 W.R.N.S. personnel in October to replace junior rates the function of the Main Signal Office and C.R.R. has not deteriorated one iota.

Except for initial teething troubles experienced by all and sundry in a big changeover, the Staff appear, subject to subsequent repercussions, to have performed with credit during the recent short visit of a somewhat depleted Mediterranean Fleet backed up by such miscellaneous units as A.C.S., D.T.S. and replenishment unit to make a grand total of 17 ships.

Due to an accident in December we were without the services of Lieutenant Setford, Officer in Charge M.S.O., but had as a temporary relief Lieutenant Coomber of F.O.2 Mediterranean’s Staff who performed his somewhat arduous duties in an admirable manner at such short notice. We welcomed as his temporary relief Third Officer Evans from G.C. Island who undoubtedly proved an asset to the



“George says the Navy’s fine when you get used to the language. He had a ***!! good time in Gibraltar”

Crypto Department and provided adequate instruction to advance-conscious W.R.N.S.

To end on a tragic note the entire Staff at Dockyard M.S.O. and W.H.S.S. join in extending their sincere condolences to the relatives of the late Signallman R. W. Smith, fatally injured in a motor cycle accident on the night of Thursday, 9th January.

Les Girls

Since last going to press, three of our small number have become engaged, namely P.O. Wren P. Hailwood to P.O. A. Lilley, R.N. (The Admiral's Cox'n). P.O. Wren J. Lord to Sergeant T. Bennett, R.E.M.E. (Traitor!) and Wren S. Taylor to Y.N.2 J. Sage, U.S.N. (another traitor). At least the Petty Officers were first to start the ball rolling for a change. Who next is a big question!

We have had three advancements to L/Wren: R. O. Wilkinson, P. I. P. Wynne and E. N. A. Dawson. L/Wren Powell is now P.O. Wren Powell making our total five P.O. Wrens, three L/Wrens and 10 Wrens.

Sport has played a big part in our lives out here. It isn't very often we win, mainly because we have to play male teams. We did play the W.R.A.C. at hockey and won comfortably. Our sports rep is kept busy trying to arrange these hockey matches and getting people interested in squash and sailing. The latter isn't quite in season, but we have had a few instructional lessons from the Admiral's Coxswain. The last time he took five of us out in an R.N. whaler, there was hardly any wind at all, so we bravely pulled the boat across the harbour and eventually found a bit of wind which took us outside. A few minutes later we discovered the pintle had snapped off and the coxswain was half way out of the boat hanging on to the rudder, which was eventually shipped. A police launch came to our rescue and towed us back. It took us an hour to get out and five minutes to be towed in! Fruitless efforts.

Most of us have been on day trips to sea in the *Vigilant* and *Lagos*, which were enjoyed by all except yours truly, who turned a delicate shade of green with the rise of every wave. Visits onboard the U.S.S. *Manley*, U.S.S. *Saratoga* and U.S.S. *Canberra* were very interesting. One amusing incident happened when we were boarding the launch to go onboard the *Saratoga*, the wind blew P.O. Wren Lawrence's hat into the harbour, a boat was launched to rescue same and of course the hat had to be worn, dripping wet or not!

On that note we say 'adios amigos' till the next issue.

P.K.H

MALTA COMCEN

When our present F.C.O. (on whom great blessings flow) joined us last year, he expressed his desire to see more Comcen personnel taking part in sport and recreational activities. We are still wondering whether he knew just what he was starting! Suffice to say we have had a goodly share of sport.

But what an amazing range of hobbies is indulged

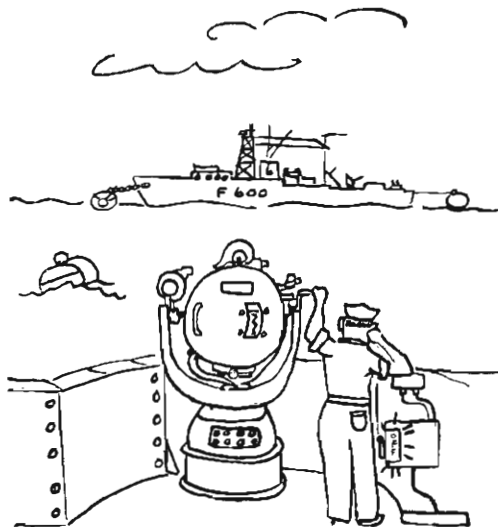
in by people here. A few years ago, few people owned a camera. To-day—well—it's almost part of the 'rig of the day'. Jack ashore is apt to be festooned with camera, flash, tripod, light-meter, etc. Conversations are full of "35 mill", "Snapoflex 6" or "Fotocolor" or such topics. Photographic textbooks abound and their attraction is not the "Artistic Poses" alone!

We have some music fiends too. No—not the long-haired O.D. types, mooning about "Tchaidvorsakoff's Liphook Symphony". These characters have been studying the theory of music with a view to taking the Royal Academy of Music Examinations. So, interspersed with "Put a route chit on that —" and "Give three copies of —" one hears murmurings of "Semi-quaver rests", "contradicting the occidental" and "Dominant 7th and its Inversions".

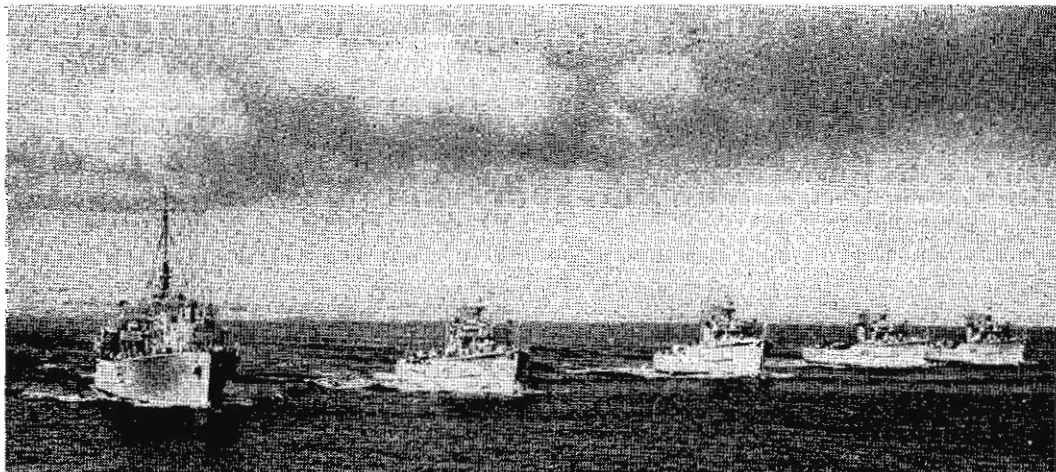
An earlier mention of sport reminds me that our hockey team has been castigated by its manager after each game. Nothing is ever completely right in his eyes. Rule-books and instructional books have been waved frequently. Strict compliance with the book almost drives us, in the words of Prof. J. Edwards, "stark, raving teetotal".

There was a time when we thought "training programmes" were something to do with advancement. Now we know better. Model trains are quite a craze. What with OO, HO, TT, split potential, mailing points, and so on, every time someone mentions signals, the 6.15 from Liss whistles through! It is a fascinating hobby—whether you buy the trains for your son to play with, or whether you are the type who says "but you never see a 'Great Agnes Western' 0-6-0 hauling a Farsons Tanker!"

Plastic models—the "Make-up Kits" were for a while very popular but have now almost disappeared



"I've called her for half an hour Chief but she won't answer. Must be a solid O.D."



"Woodbridge Haven" and the Inshore Flotilla

because once you have made a few of these models you have made the lot. Of course, sailing ships are always popular among modellers—for, with ingenuity and some patience, one can go about fitting correct rigging—running and standing—ignoring the "instructions" if they are not quite authentic. It is amazing how effective a hot needle can be when working with plastics—if you are quick!

One rating runs a "knitting machine" and will also produce printed cards, invitation or calling, within a reasonable time.

There remain old favourites—rug making, embroidery, oil-painting (by numbers). One of our number was building a boat in his garage. Another is building a scale model of an Inshore-sweeper—in matchsticks. The W.R.N.S. seem to go for languages. Their leaves in Sicily and Italy have some bearing on this, no doubt. (The ratings of other nations who work here appear to have already dealt with *that* problem, by the way—our Turkish Chief converses in English with an Italian who has a fairly accurate grasp of French!)

Who knows—we might even start on Communications next!

H.M.S. WOODBRIDGE HAVEN

N.D.A. has taken a keen interest in the communication departments of both *Woodbridge Haven* and the inshore flotilla since the publication of the Christmas issue of THE COMMUNICATOR, and there are more than a few new faces in various shades of U.K. pallor in the bars along Sliema front. The relief situation is well staggered through the year due to differing drafts (accompanied or unaccompanied), and drafts for courses etc. This situation makes for continuity in the ship certainly, but whether it is a good thing in other respects I'll leave to the personnel managers at *Mercury* and N.D.A. to thrash out.

However, to end 1957 we had a very enjoyable four days stay at Beirut and took advantage of an opportunity to get to know our American cousins a little better as COMSIXFLT was in company in the U.S.S. *Salem*. We recommend to any Communicator who has a chance to see how their counterparts live and work in the U.S. Flagship to take it. But life is not all beer and No. 1 suits and our next visit was more operational . . . Cyprus Patrol.

To anyone who has suffered the boredom of patrol life I need not enlarge although we in this case, were fortunate to be in the vicinity when the S.S. *African Prince* suffered an underwater explosion engineered by EOKA which holed her under the waterline. We have high hopes of a little extra in the way of Salvage Money! (All this and a Pay Rise too.)

From Cyprus we were pitchforked into exercise "Dragex Medukus", a minesweeping exercise in which U.S. M.S.O.'s combined with our own C.M.S. (or MSC's as the Good Book says). The exercise was controlled from *Woodbridge Haven* in Sliema and as far as the communications were concerned was outstandingly successful. This was followed by a local exercise "Woodex Four", in which some Italian MSC's took part and was in most respects similar to the "Medukus."

To round off a plod of patrols and exercises the minesweepers departed to Sicily to get themselves involved in a festival of flowers and by all accounts thoroughly enjoyed themselves . . . as they well deserved. The *Woodbridge Haven* went instead to dry dock.

* * * * *

Heard during a particularly busy period—Ord. Sig. answering the Flag Deck telephone, "The Chief Yeoman can't speak to you now he is replenishing."
(1105?—Editor).

LEAVING GEIRANGER, NORWAY



SERVICE WRITING

The following caught the eye of airmen who read the magazine *Air Power*. In the interests of Joint Service Writing and "JASSMANSHIP" in general we sought and were granted permission to reproduce the letter here.

"Service writing we are told, should be clear, concise and convincing." This letter from a Fijian Ministry of Works Employee at R.N.Z.A.F., Lauthala Bay, might well serve as a model.

'Application for extension of Leave.

To The Executive Engineer:

Respected Sir,

When I got to the building (job No. B24) I found that the hurricane had knocked some of the bricks off the top. So I rigged up a beam with a pulley at the top of the building and hoisted a couple of barrels of bricks to the top. When I got through fixing the building there was a lot of bricks left over, I hoisted the barrel back again, secured the line at the bottom and then went up and filled the barrel with extra

bricks. Then I went down to the bottom and cast off the line, unfortunately the line was heavier than I was, and before I knew what was happening the barrel started down and jerked me off the ground. I decided to hang on, and half way up I met the barrel coming down and received a severe blow on the shoulder, I then continued on up to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley. When the barrel hit the ground it busted the bottom allowing the bricks to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and so started down again at high speed. Half way I again met the barrel and received severe injuries to my shins. When I hit the ground I landed on the bricks, getting numerous painful cuts from the sharp edges.

At this point I must have lost my presence of mind, because I let go the rope. The barrel then came down and struck me a heavy blow on the head, putting me in hospital for three days.

Respectfully request five days extension of leave.

Yours remember,

(Sgd.) Viliame.'

BIBLICAL SIGNALS

(See page 35 for answers)

Quoting from the Bible in signals used to be a very popular exercise of wit and memory, and many officers vied with one another over the number and aptness of the quotations they carried in their heads. It must be admitted, however, that a surreptitious list was often kept in the back of the Fleet Signal Book on the bridge.

Destroyer officers indulged in this form of sport more than the remainder of the Fleet, and the following useful quotes are taken from a list compiled over the years by a Chief Yeoman.

The scene is a cold, dull and misty morning. The time 0900 and Captain (D) arrives on the bridge.

'Flags, make to the squadron ROMANS 13, 12'. As the Leader gets underway, the eagle eye of Captain (D) scans the remainder of the squadron.

Noticing a line over the side of the junior ship, he calls her attention to the fault adding 'PROVERBS 3, 11-12', and receives an apologetic 'JOB 7, 21'. Having scrutinised another ship and sighting nothing amiss 'ECCLESIASTICUS 19, 29' is signalled.

During manoeuvres, one of the squadron receives 'PROVERBS 21, 16' or 'ECCLESIASTICUS 13, 10' for bad station-keeping.

Later, at a rendezvous with a convoy for a major NATO exercise when the merchant vessels have formed up (D) makes to the escorts 'ACTS 2, 1' and on leaving the lee of the land passes '1 KINGS 5, 9' to the 'SO BLUE FORCES'.

An 'enemy' aircraft is sighted close on the port bow, the escort in the sector concerned receives

'PROVERBS 6, 9' to which he can only reply 'ISAIAH 56, 10'. The air attack now develops, and from astern comes 'ACTS 2, 2-3'. The E.F.C. condemns this as out of place by means of '1 TIMOTHY 6, 20'. Just before dawn the following day the engine-room department of a screening ship ahead is scorned by 'EXODUS 13, 21' but 'ECCLESIASTICUS 22, 24' would have been an alternative.

The leader of a frigate squadron joins to augment the escort and is greeted with 'ECCLESIASTES 4, 9-11'. Having been in company with (D) before, she flashes 'ECCLESIASTES 9, 11'.

During subsequent attack on a submarine, 'JOB 5, 12' is reported by the attacking ship, and is followed by 'JOB 7, 10' after a second attack. The E.F.C. congratulates her with 'PROVERBS 31, 29'.

On completion of the exercises, the squadron returns to harbour. As the first destroyer nears her alongside berth she observes an earlier arrival has not left her room to secure. A curt 'PROVERBS 24, 15' or the alternative 'PROVERBS 25, 17' is sent to the offender. Captain (D), however, is not amused and blasts with 'EZEKIEL 7, 8-9'.

On securing (D) invites his old friend the C. of S. ashore to 'ECCLESIASTICUS 9, 10' but is answered with a regretful 'LUKE 14, 20'.

After a spirited celebration in honour of a promotion or any other excuse, '2 KINGS 4, 19' is fair comment.

It is hoped that this article may enthuse some the present day Communicators to sprinkle this elegant form of expression into the mundane mixing bowl of everyday signals, and old hands might care to suggest other quotes from the good old days.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

We pride ourselves in being able to answer most questions but even if Sir Winston once said: "The impossible we can do now—miracles will take a little longer"—this one is still going unanswered—1030A Wed 22nd—Phone rings.

Me "Chief Yeoman; Lascaris."

Him "A/C.D. here. Can you help me?"

Me "Certainly."

Him "Remember the two Greek subs that returned to our control last month—Pipinos and Delphin?"

Me "Ycs."

Him "Well, I'll tell you what's happened old boy—we have removed all name plates, numbers and every other means of identification except the Greek Hull markings Y8 and Y9 and we don't know which is which now. Can you help us?"

Me "I'll try—ring you later." (I'm still trying—wonder if he is still waiting!)

EASTER PRIZE WINNERS

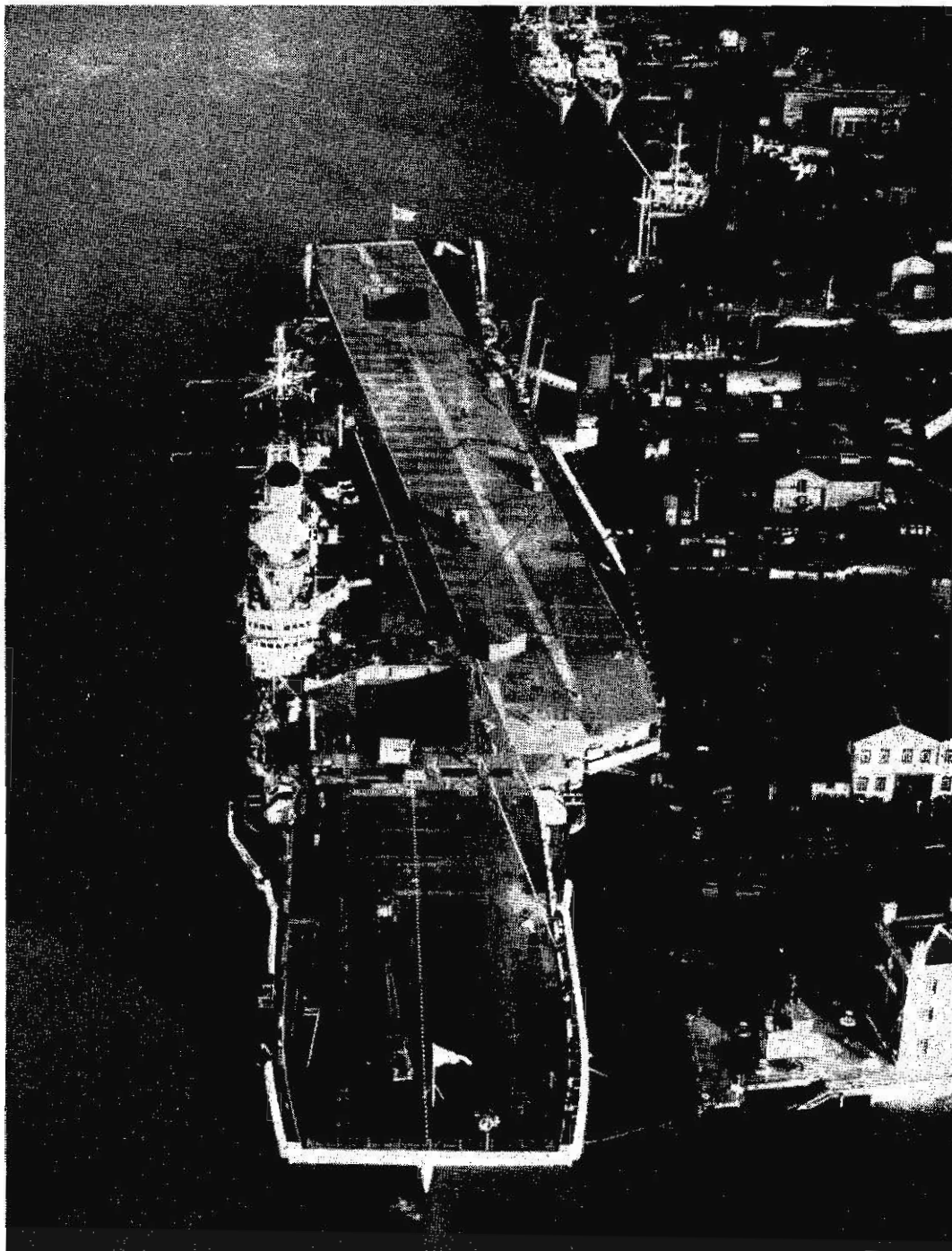
The prize for the **Feature Competition** is divided between the authors of "*Versatile Genius*", ANON R.A.N.* on page 16 and "*It's a Trogg's Life*" by L.TEL. HODGSON of H.M.S. "Ganges" on page 33.

The Prize for the **Cartoon Competition** is awarded to P.O. Tel. HARDY (see page 22).

The Prize for the **Photographic Competition** is awarded to C.P.O. Tel. E. V. HOWE, M.H.Q. Pitreavie (see page 17).

The Prize for the **Deliberate Mistake Competition** goes to P.O. Tel. G. REED of H.M.S. "Tamar".

*Will the anonymous author please contact the Editor for his prize money.



H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS"

PRIZE WINNING FEATURE

IT'S A TROGG'S LIFE

There were about twenty of us in the train from Glasgow—piled into five reserved compartments and surrounded by a mountain of bags, grips and assorted paper parcels. You would have thought some of these blokes were going to the North Pole judging by the stuff they had brought with them.

When we all tumbled out of the train at Ipswich there was a cold wind blowing—it remained with us for the next 55 weeks. However, the coaches were waiting and we embussed and set off on the 12 mile trip to *Ganges*.

The sight of the tall mast rearing above the buildings caused a gasp to go round the bus, and when one of the lads whose brother had been in the Navy said we had to climb over it, we received the news with mixed feelings.

I'd always wanted to be a "sparker", but it wasn't all plain sailing. Sure, they were willing to let me volunteer for Communications, as they called it, but during my fourth week I had to take a school test and a Morse aptitude test.

I got through O.K. and the end of my fifth week saw me, with 24 other Juniors who comprised the new sparkers class, marching behind the Royal Marine Band to join the Main Establishment. We were no longer Nozzers—we were TROGGS! I don't know which Instructor was inspired to call us by that 'orrible nickname, but Troggs we were and Troggs we remained for the next 50 weeks.

Chief Tel. 'Knocker' White was our Instructor. Knocker by name and Knocker by nature as we found out when we fell foul of him, but a humorous glint in his eyes always gave the lie to his gruff exterior.

He was a huge barrel-chested man with a voice to match, but possessed infinite patience which was surely tested to its utmost during the first weeks of our course. Instructions took place in the Signal School extension, a long low building lying a few yards away from the main school and for me the thought of getting into the main school with all its mysterious looking receivers to mess about with spurred me on to master the interminable 'dit dahs' and 'dah dit dit dits' of those first weeks.

When we did make the Signal School proper, it was only to find that the magical No's 9 and 10 classrooms were still way out of our reach on the upper floor, and we had to be content with standing in awe gazing through the windows in the upper corridor at the blase senior classes doing a weird and wonderful thing called 'Witex'.

Our dreams of the future were usually broken by the stentorian voice of the typing Chief informing us that he was 'awaiting our pleasure' . . . and if we didn't get there in five seconds flat we'd be doing backwards for ever more.

Of course, between you and me, a Junior Tel.'s life is full of ups and downs long before he gets to

sea. I always seemed to be either down with pre-examination nerves or up with post-examination relief. These blokes what plan the course must have done some of this 'sykologibal warfare' 'cause just as you're settling down to enjoy yourself, along comes a blooming exam. Mind you, these exams are only the same thing as you've been doing but to make things difficult there's usually a Leading Tel. standing in front looking fierce and saying 'No talking' . . . 'Keep your eyes on yer own paper' . . . and, worst of all, 'Anything I can't read, I marks wrong'.

In between exams and more exams we indulged in a little light relief called Expedition Weekends. This is a Divisional skylark, and although it doesn't concern the Signal School, it does quite often concern Communication classes and—to our delight—Instructors.

I feel sorry (almost) for any greying and aged Chief who is sent to *Ganges* in the twilight of his Service career. Especially if he has visions of a quiet, restful spell ahead of him, pottering around his garden in the married quarters and occasionally casting a fatherly glance in the direction of his class. For he will find himself one dank and miserable morning being whisked away to some outlandish spot in the midst of a crowd of exuberant youths dressed in a collection of piratical rigs that would make Nelson wince. He then has the unenviable task of guiding this menagerie over the 40/50 miles back to *Ganges*. As this usually means camping out enroute he can be quite sure of a heavy dose of 'flu plus a collection of beautiful blisters.

Passing out in the 35th week meant more than a badge: in fact I had difficulty in deciding which gave me the most pleasure, the badge or the fact that we were now allocated 9 and 10 classrooms for our practical.

Of course I was familiar with them by now for at cleaning stations on Saturday mornings I'd always contrived to get them—this was different though, we were actually about to use them. Sitting at a proper bay with a receiver in front of me I really began to feel like a Wireless Operator—'course the first time the Chief said "Switch on a" read the Broadcast" it knocked some of the cockiness out of me. For a start, I hadn't a clue how to get the broadcast even with an S1 in front of me; however, Chief showed us and in a few minutes I was in a ship at sea battling my way across the Atlantic with everybody seasick and only me and the skipper left to keep the ship going A signal pad making contact with my starboard ear brought me back to reality and the fact that I'd missed three NLs.

Morse and Procedure now had to make way for RATT. I can't say I felt very happy about it at first; standing in front of a glorified typewriter

tearing off signals wasn't my idea of being a sparker. The Chief and the L/Tels, who sometimes took us when the Chief was off duty, said I'd change my mind after I'd spent a few years with earphones glued to my head . . . and that nobody asked me my opinion on RATT, anyway. What it amounted to for us was that we started to do much more touch typing. The part that did interest me was the conversion of No. 6 classroom. Lots of wonderfully new equipment seemed to be going into it and one caught snatches of talk about 'frequency shift' . . . 'Ratt bays' and 'bauds'; which were all the more tantalising as I realised that I would have finished my course before it was all ready.

The most horrible thing about the pre-final exam in the 45th week is that you don't realise it's upon you until the last moment. After a pleasant Saturday afternoon's sailing or a smashing game of football, you come back into the mess to change for the cinema and somebody says 'It's the pre-finals on Monday'—you heave a boot at him and desperately reach for your notebook. Somehow you get through! Some people say the pre-final is designed to show you how much you're going to fail your finals by—in any event, it is the prelude to four weeks intensive cramming coupled with belated and friendly overtures to the E.A.B. staff who are going to mark your exercises.

At last it's all over—you've passed—the sun comes out and the draft chits come in. In an unbelievably short time you are no longer a Junior Tel. on course but a Junior Tel. awaiting a flight number to a ship on some far distant station.

There is leave to come and goodbyes to say—the last few days when you Lord it over the Troggs you're leaving behind. The eager and persistent questions 'Is it a good ship?' . . . 'Will we sleep in bunks, Sir?' . . . 'How soon do you think I'll have to go on watch?' . . . ad infinitum! Somebody even lets the words 'Old Knocker' slip out and just manages to dodge out of range.

This was *Ganges*—you've fallen in on the parade for the last time—you'll never double round that parade ground again, and three weeks seasonal leave is a thing of the past.

The old order changeth,
Yielding place to new.

TAPE RECORDERS— SHIPBORNE EXPERIENCE

If the layman looks twice at an advertisement for a tape recorder he is greeted with such mundungus as . . . 3 B.T.H. shaded pole motors, to British and American Standards with Aximuth adjustment . . . overall response . . . 50-12,000 cps +/- 3db . . . Flux density 10,000 lines . . . To the really technical this may be thrilling, but to the average person it doesn't tell him if it is "Sailor-proof", minds being hawked around the messdecks, works well under severe conditions of vibration, or minds being put on D.C. supplies although designed for A.C.

Of course there are always those smart Alects who say that they would never need to know the answer to such questions, or that could never happen in their house. True, it may not happen in your house, but the writer was called upon to buy a tape recorder for the Ship's Company and he can assure you from practical experience that these are the questions to put to the salesman.

In "Britain's Biggest and Best" we have three tape recorders. The Pusser supplied RB 50A and a fourteen channel simultaneous recorder, a "Truvox" being bought by the Welfare Fund. In terms of usefulness they can be disposed of as follows: The pusser's model gives such poor reproduction that it is only fit for the Signal Officer to record messages to his wife. (The new pusser's model, though giving far better reproduction, is so expensive that it can only be afforded by Government Departments, not Welfare Committees.) The 14-channel "Monster" records wonderfully but you have to go to A.S.R.E. to play back your recording. The S.R.E. (Truvox) has stood up to 10 months continual use including the tests enumerated above, and is still performing excellently.

There will always be arguments between "musical aesthetes" as to the relative merits of the Hi-Fi record over a tape-deck, but the simple inescapable fact is, that anyone who honestly thinks the S.R.E. is capable of faithful reproduction of modern records, is just plain ignorant. This disposes of the Radio-gram addicts, and I now want to point out briefly some of the advantages we have found from the purchase of a tape recorder.

Whilst in harbour B.B.C. programmes have been recorded at times when the S.R.E. is not allowed to operate. This is done by the S.R.E. operators and doesn't entail turning out the Tels. (S) as used to happen when using the pusser's equipment. Various play reading groups have been formed and, when polished enough, have had their efforts recorded and the result played over to the ship. A number of "Down your Mess" record programmes have been put on, and if you have closed circuit TV. then there are many other uses.

A library of about 15 long playing tapes has been collected, thus each time of going to sea in the many areas where B.B.C. reception is either not good enough or not worth listening to, the ship can put on about 5 hours a day of good programmes, for at least 5 days. Not the least of the assets is the ability to record the news at good reception times and play it over the S.R.E. at set times each day, i.e., 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. Also watchkeepers can be catered for as repeat broadcasts are made of popular or important programmes.

If any ship thinks it is worth investigating the purchase of a tape recorder, one of the same make as used by us can be recommended. In addition the company concerned give very generous terms. To allay any suspicions it can be stated that the writer has no connections with the firm whatsoever.

BIBLICAL SIGNAL QUOTATIONS

(see page 31)

Romans 13, 12. *The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.*

Proverbs 3, 11-12. *My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction. For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.*

Job 7, 21. *And why does thou not pardon my transgression and take away mine iniquity? for now I shall sleep in the dust and Thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.*

Ecclesiasticus 19, 29. *A man shall be known by his look.*

Proverbs 21, 16. *The man that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead.*

Ecclesiasticus 13, 10. *Press not upon him lest thou be thrust back.*

Acts 2, 1. *And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.*

1 Kings 5, 9. *My servants shall bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea, and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there and thou shalt receive them, and thou shalt accomplish my desire in giving food to my household.*

Proverbs 6, 9. *How long wilt thou sleep O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep.*

Isaiah 56, 10. *His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark: sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber.*

Acts 2, 2-3. *And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the houses where they were sitting and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.*

1 Timothy 6, 20. *O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called:*

Exodus 13, 21. *And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light to go by day and night.*

Ecclesiasticus 22, 24. *Before fire is the vapour and smoke of a furnace.*

Ecclesiastes 4, 9-11. *Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow but woe to him that is alone when he falleth for he hath not another to help him up. Again if two lie together then they have heat, but how can one be warm alone?*

Ecclesiastes 9, 11. *I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong neither yet bread to the wise nor yet riches to men of understanding nor yet favour to men of skill but time and chance happeneth to them all.*

Job 5, 12. *He disappointeth the devices of the crafty so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise.*

Job 7, 10. *He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.*

Proverbs 31, 29. *Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

Proverbs 24, 15. *Lay not wait, O wicked man, against the dwelling of the righteous. spoil not his resting place.*

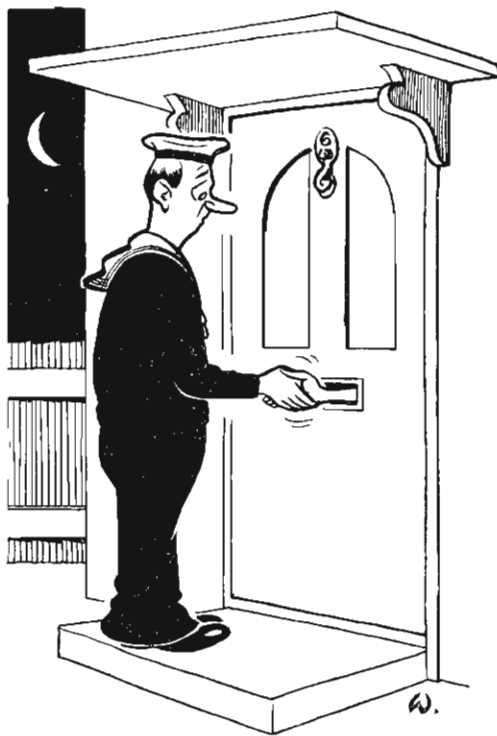
Proverbs 25, 17. *Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee.*

Ezekiel 7, 8-9. *Now will I shortly pour out my fury upon thee and accomplish mine anger upon thee and I will judge thee according to thy ways and will recompense thee for all thine abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity. I will recompense thee according to thy ways and thine abominations that are in the midst of thee, and ye shall know that I am the Lord that smiteth.*

Ecclesiasticus 9, 10. *Foresake not an old friend.*

St. Luke 14, 20. *And another said I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come.*

2 Kings 4, 19. *And he said unto his father: My head, my head and he said to a lad, carry him to his mother.*



"Thanks for a nice evening, sailor"

HOME STATION



H.M.S. BERMUDA

When this article is published we should be in Portsmouth giving Easter Leave prior to our departure on 10th April for the Mediterranean portion of our G.S.C.

Our cruise with the Home Fleet to the West Indies commenced with the first visit of the ship to her parent Colony where we were received with unparalleled hospitality. The ten days we spent in Bermuda were all too short although everyone was pleased to get to sea again if only to catch up on lost sleep.

After Bermuda, we visited in turn, Barbados, Bequia, Grenada, St. Lucia and Dominica, where the swimming was excellent if nothing else. We return to U.K. with plenty of sunburned Communicators.

The S.C.O. did a short spell as acting A.D.C. (unpaid) to the Governor of the Windward Isles when he and his lady were embarked.

So far, in the communication's world, we have more than held our own with the remainder of the Home Fleet, and we are now looking forward to embarking the Flag of F.O.2. Med. and really getting down to some hard work.

S.T.C. CHATHAM

With the momentous news that Chatham Royal Naval Barracks is closing down, the days of our S.T.C. are numbered and so we rather imagine that the Victualled Members of H.M.S. *Mercury* will be greatly increased, if our guess that we will join you materialises.

Before this happens, we have C. in C. Nore's Annual Inspection of Chatham Barracks, so we are busy preparing for that whilst maintaining our classes under instruction.

When the Inspection is completed we lose our accommodation in Cumberland Block and move into the Main Barracks. This is not popular as we are very comfortable in our present billet.

To absent friends, perhaps particularly in Bermuda, the news that the "DOGS HOME" closed down last month will come as a sad blow; it looks very forlorn now. In spite of the above gloomy news Chatham S.T.C. goes on much the same for the present.

N.O.A.S.S. CULDROSE

The Naval Observer and Air Signal School sounds, no doubt, very impressive, but I don't suppose many Communicators realise just what is achieved down here in the heart of Cornwall. For the benefit of the unenlightened this is fairly briefly what goes on.

The CYS teaches cryptography and fleetwork to the Observer courses, also he has his own little mast plus a set of size six flags and each morning hoists a signal which is read by the pupils and reported to their instructors.

The P.O. Tel.(WI) teaches Air organisation and is Course Instructor to WI's (Q) and the W.R.N.S. Communicators; the latter being known as 'Hoggard's Honeys'.

Five P.O. Tels (Air) are kept busy with the Observer courses. At present we have one Long 'O' course and two Short 'O' courses. A P.O. Tel. (Air) is attached to each short course and two to the Long 'O'. The courses are in three parts. Part 1 is the basic period and the Flying P.O. Tels nurse their classes through wireless procedure, voice procedure and buzzer. After two trips to familiarise them with the Cornish coastline, they then fly as often as possible doing radar homings, wave changing and WPX's. All the WPXs are assessed on their merits—NIL assessments are required. Part one flying is done in Sea Princes.

They then move to parts 2 and 3, flying in real aircraft i.e. Gannets, and carry out Navexs', Plotexs' and still more WPX's. The course instructors man the ground station when their classes are aloft and that, together with their numerous other duties, keeps them fairly busy. All the P.O. Tels (Air) have to fly themselves now and again.

One of the main attractions for the W.R.N.S. Sigs. and Tels. is, of course, their trip in a Sea Prince. These trips are very popular with the girls—so, I am told, are the paper bags.

We have our own W/T Office with a general service P.O. Tel. in charge and when P.O. Tel. Porter isn't arguing on the merits of marriage allowance he supervises the efficient running of station MMXs which are transmitted thrice daily. He will be leaving us for warmer climes in April and will no doubt plague *Loch Alvie's* married men instead of us. We wish him all the best.

In the past quite a few ex-Communicators have passed through here and gained their Observer wings. This term Sub. Lieut. Robinson is with us.

Unfortunately this year flying has been restricted owing to the Cornish climate which compares favourably with Manchester, and we have heard a rumour that floats are being fitted to the aircraft.

At the end of this term we bid farewell to Commander 'O' Rome, the Officer in Charge, who leaves us to join the staff of FOAC. We wish him every success in the future.

THE DARTMOUTH TRAINING SQUADRON

The Dartmouth Training Squadron is now well in the groove and in the last year some 230 Midshipmen have passed through our hands and joined the Fleet as Acting Sub-Lieutenants. This has kept us very busy as in the communicating world we give them as much practical experience as possible,—voice exercises, acting as yeoman of the watch, instruction on the flagdeck and in the offices (not ship/shore!) and at night as Signal Midshipman of the watch calling up merchant ships and listening to the tall stories of the National Service Ordinary Signalmen.

The First Division of the Squadron now consists of *Vigilant*, *Venus* and *Roebuck* with *Carron* doing a refit and being taken over by *Venus* Ship's Company in the summer when that fair lady goes in for a face lift. *Jewel* and *Acute* of the Second Division still do their day (and night) running from Dartmouth. The Third Division, M.F.V.1063, has been palmed off on some unsuspecting gentlemen in Scotland—sighs of relief all round.



"This is Unknown Station—Roger—Out!"

The First Division normally operates in the Portland Area with a few foreign visits here and there and returns to Dartmouth every third weekend to change round the Midshipmen. We managed to get down to Gibraltar before Christmas and do our training from there for ten days. This spring we have been much more ambitious as we decided to chase the sun and with the co-operation of Their Lordships, who agreed to change round two terms of Midshipmen in Malta by air, are just completing a very enjoyable (and hardworking) Mediterranean Cruise. We sailed at the end of January and our normal quiet existence was soon disturbed as we found ourselves dashing round the Atlantic Ocean after Britain's mightiest carriers. A breather in Gibraltar, reading all sorts of orders we'd never heard of, and we were off on an exercise with the Med. Fleet. Signal lamps winked all round and at one moment even the S.C.O. found himself on a 10". It was all good fun and G for T (Good for Training). We had a very good fortnight in Malta where everyone was very kind and long suffering and we hope to come back next year. Our programme was carefully organised so that we were in for the Communicator's Ball and we are now in Leghorn liaising with the Italian Naval Academy before returning home to blizzards and warm beer.

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

By Easter, 183 National Service Ordinary Signalmen and Telegraphists will have passed out since we started training this special intake in January, 1957. In addition to these ratings, a total of 976 Officers and ratings were trained in the Devonport Signal School during 1957 and at the end of the Easter Term we expect to have some 200 people in the classrooms. This busy programme has been keeping us all very happy.

We are now beginning to benefit from the many improvements which have taken place in the buildings and gardens during the past twelve months. At the same time we send our condolences to our "Oppo's" at Chatham over the recently announced closure of the S.T.C.

With so many youngsters around sport continues to thrive, with soccer much to the fore. R.N.S.S. have won the U.S. League Div. III in a canter and are in the semi-finals of the U.S. Junior Cup and the Commodore's cup. In the "Round the Barracks Run" R.N.S.S. entered three teams and were successful in retaining the cup and medals. In the Command Cross-Country championships we secured 5th place. Ord. Sig. Harvey was 15th and has been selected to represent the Plymouth Command in the Inter-Command Championships.

Two more old stalwarts have gone to pension recently: C.Y.S. Peter Spence who is going to recruit at Wrexham (how a "Geordie" will make himself understood in Wales I don't know), and C.Y.S. "Darby" Allen who is going to sell 'Oggies' to long distance drivers (the R.N.S.S. Radio Van

has taken on a new lease of life!). We wish them both success. Our late First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Perryman left us for H.M.S. *Torquay* and uprooted two "barrack stanchions" C.Y.S. Sandey and C.P.O. Tel. Harwood to take with him. Salt water must look awfully strange to all three.

HOWLERS FROM GUZZ

1. *Question* Write short notes on 'Man Aloft Boards' and their stowage.

Answer (By N.S. Ordinary Telegraphist.) Man aloft boards and their stowage are important in that a man who is going to fix an aerial or do something dangerous connected with electricity must sign a form, so that, if something happens to him his dependents will get compensation. The form he signs must be kept in the C.B. Office.

2. *Question* Who keeps 500 kc/s.

Answer (From *Ark Royal* Ord. Tel.). The least competent operator of the watch, Sir.

DOLPHIN AND THE FIFTH SUBMARINE SQUADRON

The current belief among the Communicators in Fort Blockhouse is that "the pen is mightier than the sword". This has been proved time and time again. The latest instance of this age-old truth was provided by the now very much respected magazine *THE COMMUNICATOR* which has succeeded where all other well tried methods failed miserably. In its last edition it referred playfully to the fact that our rotund C.P.O. Tel. Doyle was a barrack stanchion. As an almost certain result the skids were put hastily under "Dear Jacky" and he has been banished to the land of the 'Oggies. It is possible to cross our parade ground freely now that the "Diversion" signs have been removed: We wish him well in his fascinating new job of looking at the submarines in the Reserve Group at Devonport. His place has been taken by C.P.O. Tel. Cryer, of whom, we are sure, more will be written in the future. C.Y.S. Blood, our amiable Communicator on FOSM's staff is now rapidly approaching the "moment of truth" and leaves the Service in May for the cold, bitter world of civilian life.

For a place where it is popularly supposed by General Service ignoramuses that nothing ever happens the Term has been surprisingly busy, submarines, coming and going, commissioning and decommissioning, diving and surfacing with astonishing frequency. Yet despite all this activity, or because of it, scarcely a day goes by without meeting old friends. for this is a smaller world: where everyone knows everyone and the off-duty activities of X in Base A are known to all Communicators in



"My, my! That's a nasty bad tooth you have there!"

Base B far quicker than normal wireless channels could convey the news—or so it seems.

The Upper W/T Office, now renamed Archway W/T since its modernisation, still provides a good cup of coffee although not until the submarines have sailed for the day!

We sent greetings to all those ill-paid submariners in the far-flung outposts and who are doubtless pining to get back to hear the Pier Head Quartermaster's stentorian cry of "FLAG EASY, DOWN". (Always up to date, us!)

R.N. UNIT. R.A.F. PUCKLECHURCH

Introducing the Unit with this our first contribution, it must be stated that, contrary to some reports, we do not wear Air Force blue puttees and berets although the cap ribbon is "President".

We are tucked away in a sleepy old corner of the west, but the local population will vouch for the fact that we do our best to preserve all the famous (and sometimes quaint) habits for which Navy people and Communicators in particular, are noted. But seriously we fit in very well with our opposite numbers in the R.A.F. In fact C.P.O. Tel. Clifford was about to apply for Life Membership in the Sergeants' Mess but a draft chit to Bahrein has put paid to that!

The first long course of Linguists will have left us before this edition is published and course No. 2 will be well settled in. There appears to be a fair quota of sportsmen in this course, notably L/Tel. (S) Fisher and the Unit should be well placed in the current inter-Part soccer competition.

As this edition goes to press, we
are taking a spot of leave and then the
very full programme for

[illegible]

...the Home Fleet in January we were sent to act as local Squadron for four months, the thought of the rest of the Fleet heading towards the sun in the West Indies was a relief. The Island covered in snow. We also had

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

H.M.T. "Devonshire",
c/o Bibby Bros. & Co.,
Martins Bank Buildings,
Water Street,
Liverpool 2.

Dear Sir,

It may be of interest to some Communicators who are nearing the end of their time and who are thinking of becoming a civilian seagoing sparky to know more of the life in the Merchant Navy.

First you would need a Postmaster General's Certificate in Radiotelegraphy, either First or Second Class, to obtain which you would have to attend one of the Radio Colleges for six to nine months for the 2nd Class ticket and a further three to four months for the 1st Class. Of course some 'gen men' may do it in less time, but I should warn you that the Radio Theory, Magnetism and Electricity Papers are no

H.M.S. "Mercury".

Dear Sir,

Recently I have argued with a number of Communication ratings, both 'buntings' and 'sparkers' that the British National flag is, in fact, the Red Ensign and not, contrary to common belief, the Union Jack.

Very few people have agreed with me on this point and yet I am convinced that I am correct, but can find no conclusive proof to support my theory.

However, in the Manual of Seamanship Vol. One, Chapter II on the question of signals it would appear that the Union Flag represents Great Britain and Ireland only (apparently this does not include Wales!).

In the section concerned with 'The Origin of the Red, White, and Blue Ensigns', it states:—

'This cannot be stated with entire accuracy without a great deal of detail. Broadly speaking, the Red, White and Blue Ensigns originated through the Fleet being divided into three coloured squadrons, the Red being the senior.' This system was found to be very inconvenient and it was abolished in 1864. The Red had been the senior colour and in the 17th century gradually got adopted as the *national colour*'. It goes on to say, "the White Ensign should be used by the Navy, the Blue Ensign by the Naval Reserve, and the Red Ensign as the *National ensign* by all other ships".

This "seems" to confirm my argument but not fully. Could an "ensign" be a national "flag"?

Anyway perhaps THE COMMUNICATOR could sort out this problem (if there is one) and if perchance I am right, and the Red Duster is the national flag, I thought it might make an interesting article in the magazine and enlighten those 'buntings' who don't know the most important flag of all.

Yours faithfully,

GEOFFREY EXLEY, L/Tel.

The article on page 21 gives the answer to this but to elaborate a little on the Red Ensign:—

In 1634, Charles I forbade any but Royal Ships to carry the Union flag, and in 1707, Queen Anne decreed that merchant vessels should fly a red flag 'with a union "jack" in the upper left canton'. In 1801 it was stated in a Royal Proclamation that the union flag should be displayed on all His Majesty's forts and castles and in all H.M. Ships—but not by H.M. subjects—this has never been amended.

In 1864 the red ensign was ordered as the distinguishing flag of the Commercial Marine, and again in 1894, the Merchant Shipping Act states:—

"The Red Ensign, . . . usually worn by merchant ships without any defacement or modification . . . is hereby declared to be the proper *national colour* for all ships and boats belonging to any British subject, except in the case of H.M. ships and boats or in the case of any other ship or boat for the time being allowed to wear any other national colours in pursuance of a warrant from H.M. or from the Admiralty.—Ed.

BOOK REVIEWS

TELEVISION EXPLAINED. 6th Edition by W. E. Miller M.A., M.Brit.I.R.E., revised by E. Spreadbury, M.Brit.I.R.E., published by Iliffe and Sons at 12s. 6d.

The new edition has been greatly enlarged to include switched tuning, automatic gain control, flywheel synchronisation and other topics.

The book aims to give an introduction to the subject and assumes a knowledge of ordinary radio receivers, but no knowledge of television circuits. It is very clearly written and is non-mathematical with its standard of block diagrams plus basic circuitry.

* * * *

TELEVISION RECEIVING EQUIPMENT. 4th Edition by W. T. Cocking, M.I.E.E., published by Iliffe and Sons at 30s. (postage 1/6) 454 pages.

This book deals with the circuit design of T.V. receivers in a very thorough fashion, it being intended for those about to take up television servicing. The theory starts from scratch, but the book can be considered as a follow up to "Television Explained."

* * * *

PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RECEIVER By S. W. Amos, B.Sc.(HONS.), A.M.I.E.E., Published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd., 15 pages, Price 2s. 6d. (by post 2s. 10d.).

With the introduction of R.F. transistors it is now possible to construct a "superhet" receiver with transistors in all stages having a performance comparable, on the medium and long waves, to that of a normal valve receiver.

This reprint, of a series of articles in WIRELESS WORLD, describes the theoretical and practical design of a battery-operated portable set using seven junction transistors, four of which are the A.F. type and three are the latest R.F. type. A point contact diode is also used for detection.

A.F. power output exceeds 300 milliwatts and the sensitivity is such that with its built-in ferrite rod aerial the push pull output stage can be overloaded by Brussels and Hilversum when the set is used in the London area.

The receiver operates from a 4.5 or 6 volt dry battery and at the latter voltage there is a current drain of only 25 mA. A type PP1 battery, costing three shillings, will provide 150 listening hours which means a running cost of one farthing an hour.

Anyone building a portable receiver would be well advised to use transistors for not only is there the reduced running cost, but also a transistor lasts many times longer than a comparable valve. The main disadvantages are that they are slightly more noisy and at present more expensive. A kit for a receiver similar to the one described in this book costs approximately £10—£12, while most commercially produced transistorised sets cost over twice as much.

SUMMER 1958 ISSUE

Contributions by 1st July

Bulk Orders by 16th July

LOW COST HIGH QUALITY AMPLIFIER WITH ALTERNATIVE RE-AMPLIFIERS by P. J. Baxendall, B.Sc. (ENG.), Published by Iliffe and Sons Ltd., 29 pages. Price 3s. 6d. (by post 3s. 10d.).

There is a widespread belief that high quality (or Hi Fi) sound amplifiers are expensive. This need not be so, particularly when the equipment is intended for use in domestic surroundings.

The author states that many of the dicta of "high fidelity experts" are based on hearsay rather than fact (Do you agree?). For instance statements of the power necessary for realistic reproduction of an orchestra in an average living room may range from 10 to 20 watts in this country, or 20 to 100 watts in America.

A statistical analysis by the designer of the main amplifier described in this booklet has shown that an undistorted output of more than 5 watts is rarely called for, even by "enthusiasts" given a free hand to adjust the volume control to their liking. He has therefore designed an inexpensive amplifier of this power with a very high standard of performance.

Careful choice of operating conditions for the output valves and the application of adequate feedback has enabled an output transformer of comparatively simple design to be employed with complete stability. This output transformer is normally the most expensive component in a Hi-Fi amplifier, often costing over £5.

A choice of alternative pre-amplifier and tone control designs is given; one of simple construction for use with a crystal pickup and the other of much wider scope with provision also for a microphone input.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We thank the following for

CARTOONS

Mr. E. Wilkinson on pages 8, 27, 35 and 38.
P.O. Tel. Hardy on page 37.
"Johnno" on page 43.

PHOTOGRAPHS

WRN V. D. Kane on page 51.
Lt. Cmdr. Claxton on page 30.
L. Sig. J. Conibear on pages 19 and 20.
Y. S. Tunks on page 49.

IT NEVER RAINS . . .

(A day in the Life of a Signalman)

One cold November evening in 1938, I attended a performance of a popular film and had settled myself down to a good comfortable show accompanied by one of the fair sex. Everything was going according to plan, when a weird and obviously hastily written slide appeared on the screen detailing my humble self to report to one of the establishments in the area for special duty—a shocking reminder that the Navy is always on the job. Having taken leave of my very pleasant companion I went with all speed to the establishment concerned where I found that a party consisting of a telegraphist rating, four engine-room ratings, four seamen ratings and myself was to commission an Isle of Wight paddle steamer early next morning under the command of an R.N. Commander and that, after coaling and provisioning, we would be sailing for a day's exercises with one other such craft. The object of the exercise was to sweep in pairs and review the difficulties thereof.

The next day did not start well! We had some difficulty in berthing alongside the coal barge and whilst this was being done I was addressed as "boy" which caused much annoyance to myself and a quick word of explanation concerning my recent promotion to Ordinary Signalman.

It was a proud moment when we slipped and I stood on the bridge, whistle in hand, White Ensign flying in the breeze, feeling full of confidence and at peace with the world. We had embarked the usual V.S. stores for such an exercise, including a box of rockets and lighting material which had been thrust upon me by a fellow Signalman from a ship which we went alongside before sailing, and which I had reluctantly taken to keep the peace, but which I felt sure would be of no use to me and only a nuisance whilst out on our day trip.

The eyes of many were upon the unusual sight of an Isle of Wight steamer, still in its natural state, flying a White Ensign and saluting the major war ships as she passed on her way out of the harbour. The weather was calm and it did not look as though anything out of the ordinary could possibly happen on such a day.

On arrival in the exercise area we proceeded to stream sweeps in slow time, my job being to handle the various V.S. signals and to act as relief quartermaster. Shortly after this the Telegraphist rating, whose only equipment was an old fashioned portable battery set, reported to the Captain that a force nine gale was imminent. How right he was! Within an hour the gale was upon us and to make matters more difficult, one of the sweep wires wrapped round the port paddle and put it completely out of action. In addition, the sweep wires parted and our consort paddle steamer reported by semaphore that she was having difficulties with her engines and could give us no assistance. The visibility dropped to zero and the ship began to roll to an alarming angle: the

engine room staff were virtually paralytic with seasickness caused by the peculiar rolling motion of these craft and the operation of our starboard paddle became less and less effective. On peering into the Captain's cabin, which was also the "radio room" the Telegraphist rating was sighted amidst the bits and pieces of what remained of his radio set—there was obviously no hope there of requesting any assistance. Periodically attempts were made to contact anybody or everybody by the Aldis lantern, which was battery driven, during brief improvements of the visibility, but without success. In addition the battery became weaker and weaker and there were no spares. Our navigation problems did not fare any better: we were helpless and drifting precariously close to an unknown shore. Late in the afternoon it was obvious that we were going to hit the beach and possibly become a total loss. Heating the battery on the galley fire I continued to use the Aldis lantern to flash "S.O.S." in all directions but even this became quite hopeless. By this time the Telegraphist was acting as coxswain and the two other remaining members of the crew still able to stand continued to keep the engine room functioning. After two or three dangerous experiments I managed to fire a rocket and continued to fire the whole box of them in the hope of getting assistance quickly. Suddenly out of the darkness two destroyers appeared and offered their assistance. After several dangerous attempts, one of them took us in tow and brought us to a suitable anchorage at Spithead.

On anchoring, about midnight, we went below for a meal. In the first class saloon we found we had run out of food except for potatoes, butter and bread, which had to suffice. Whilst discussing the pros and cons of our experiences there was a shout from the bridge and, on rushing up, I discovered to my horror we had dragged our miniature anchors and were about to go aground somewhere in the Stokes Bay area. All available hands manned the engine room and after a very laborious period of zigzag movements with our one paddle we managed to arrive back somewhere in the anchorage. Thereafter it was necessary to keep moving constantly. However, we had now run out of coal and it became necessary to use some of the fittings of the first class saloon as fuel. Some little time after this we heated the Aldis battery almost to melting point, rushed to the bridge and in a short period of slightly better visibility got into contact with Horsand Fort Signal Station and requested tugs immediately, though we had little hope of being taken into the harbour in this heavy gale. However, about an hour later three tugs collected us and managed to get us into harbour where we berthed alongside *Excellent Steps* and we all went to bed, it being close on 4 a.m.

Early in the morning I was awakened from my very comfortable bunk and on leaping out discovered

to my amazement that I had virtually to walk uphill to get to the bridge ladder. On the bridge it could be seen that the tide had gone out and the starboard paddle, resting on *Excellent Steps*, had tilted the ship to an alarming angle. I hoisted "Willie" Code and many were the shouts to passing dockyard mateys for immediate assistance. At least five tugs closed us and attached the necessary wires but as we were pulled off the steps the starboard paddle was smashed in two places.

We were reberthed alongside a cruiser and all appeared to be well but during the afternoon a further severe gale blew up and we broke adrift and found ourselves wallowing in the middle of the harbour. Further requests for assistance produced tugs which berthed us at a buoy and again we felt that at last our ordeal had ended, but No, late in the evening we were found to be making water far too fast and once more assistance was summoned and obtained. We remained in this state until the following morning when it was thought prudent, after the number of visual messages I had made I suspect, to open the lock gates and take us in to a far safer and healthier berth out of harm's way.

"JONUS"

MISCELLANEOUS

From a Wren Sig. (Q.) paper.

Q. When are musters of S.P.s carried out?

A. Quarterly, by two disinterested Officers other than the S.C.O. and the C.B.O.

* * * *

From a New Entry paper.

Q. What is a back general?

A. The Army equivalent of a Rear Admiral.

* * * *

From a Yeoman (Q.) paper.

Q. How do you make S.O.S. on a bell?

A. Ding ding ding, Dong dong dong, Ding ding ding.

A TROUBLESOME T.B.S.

SCENE: The East Coast of Australia—The Fleet on Exercises. (1949).

PARTICIPANTS:

An Australian destroyer (Un-named).

Flotilla Communications Lieutenant (Un-named).

A certain Chief Tel. (Un-named).

Various junior ratings of W/T staff (Un-named).

Chief Tel. (up voice pipe to Bridge). "Lt.— Sir, TBS on the blink again."

Lt.— (down voice pipe to W/T office). (Angrily.) "What! Well get it working again or throw the B— thing over the side."

Chief Tel. (Very soberly). "Aye, aye, Sir."

Chief Tel. turns around to his staff (an evil glitter in his eyes); "Here's where we show that — — — something."

Swiftly issues orders to staff, who:—

- (1) Switch off power supply to TBS.
- (2) Disconnect power supply and aerials.
- (3) Dismantle TBS from its resilient mountings.
- (4) Place TBS in obscure corner of W/T office under a bench.
- (5) Throw two mail bags over TBS., effectively hiding same.
- (6) Resume normal communications (MINUS VHF).

Some time later:

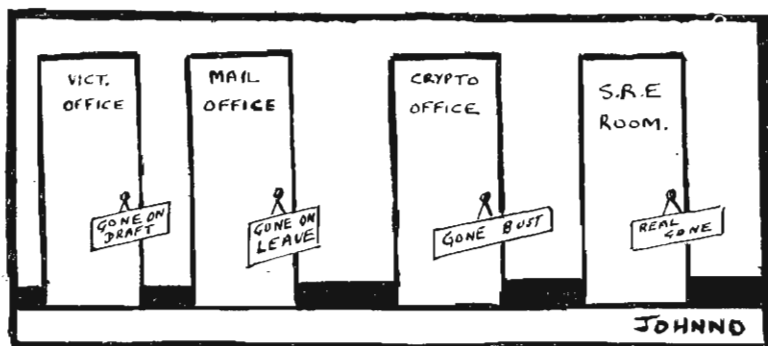
Lt.— enters W/T office: "Chief, what's the story on this—" stops abruptly as roving eye sees blank space where TBS normally situated.

Chief Tel. (Valiantly maintaining straight face whilst glaring at staff who try to suppress giggles). "Well Sir, couldn't get it working so obeyed orders and threw the B— thing over the side."

Lt.— (Makes motions with both hands — face slowly changes colour as he mentally tries to calculate price of one slightly used TBS. Utters sound like that of a dying Bunyip, and slowly staggers from W/T office).

Five minutes later. Chief Tel. recovers from laughing fit, departs to Chief's mess, managing to get out between giggles, "This will slay them."

Staff replace TBS.



"THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CONVERTED SIGNAL BOSUN or ODE TO TYPE 612 ET"

I've suffered this commission, as never yet before,
But still continue smiling, and coming up for more,
612 E.T.'s the bugbear, that puts me in a fret,
The problem's not yet solved itself, and never will
I bet.

It started off at Chatham, before I joined this cruiser,
Fixed up to join on Sunday night, found I'd backed
a loser,
She'd wandered off to aid distress, ended tidebound
at Sheerness,
Entered lock at Tuesday noon, even then I joined
too soon.

Left unprovided with a grot, duty both weekends,
the lot,
Dishing matelots out with tot, wife calling me a clot,
Putting all my cares away, resolved to fight another
day,
S.C.O. Nore's inspection tour would help me even
up the score.

Alas the lion's final roar even made the Captain
sore,
Transmitters useless left and right, the U.T.R.'s
a shocking sight,
L.R.R. and D.F. too, really now, it's up to you,
To go and organise your crew instead of drinking
witches brew.

Get remote lines tested through, stick loose pages
down with glue,
Train your hands before you go, in reading morse
and things, then lo',
When you sail upon the ocean, you will early gain
promotion,
Thus did gloom on me descend, he was supposed to
be my friend.

One last word before you flee, show me your 612 E.T.
Haven't got one, What a fool! Wasted time in Signal
School,
You cannot go to sea without it, final warning, don't
dare flout it,
Have it ordered right away, I'll come and look
another day.

Dashed a signal off to Risley, faster than snap shoot
at Bisley,
612 please, make it snappy, got to keep my Captain
happy.
Reply received gave me no pain, coming down by
special train,
There is no further need to worry, you will have it
in a hurry.

D.S.O. now enters score, please remove it from the
store,
We cannot let it lay around, costing Pusser many
a pound,
Alas, we found out much too late, there was nowhere
to hide the crate.
Ship's passages were much too narrow, even for the
small wheelbarrow.

No option but to leave it set, in lonely state, upon the
jet.
This annoyed Commander more, every time he went
ashore.
Until at last to save my neck, we carted it to Upper
Deck,
Left it there until we sailed, when Commander
rudely hailed.

Don't you know it's time to go; take that rubbish
down below,
Trundling crates around the ship, soon fell under
Jimmy's grip,
Remove that case from smoking space, pronto, if
you know your place.
Where to put it? What the heck! Take it back to
Upper Deck.

So back again to open spaces, 612 in all its cases,
The Bosun's tidy mind to harrow, especially the
wheelbarrow.
Look old boy, are you quite sure, you really have
not got a store?
I'll help you out said good old Bo, provided you're
prepared to go.

See Commander, make it hot, he will sympathise a
lot,
Tell him that you're looking for a proper pukka
wireless store.
Taking Bo's advice to heart, I retired my hair to
part;
Ended on Commander's mat, made escape through
Sick Bay Flat.

My worried face lit up with glee, this is just the place
for me,
Recovering from my troubled state, sent for Chief
Tel. and his crate,
Cutting short all idle chat, stowed the thing in the
Sick Bay Flat,
Here at last we'll find no foe, clean forgot the P.M.O.

Look old boy, with all our ills, we need that hole to
pass out pills,
Have had complaints from my P.O., lift your case
and onward go.
Sick Bay P.O. the little worm, is setting up a photo
firm,
He only ever lifts his hatch, for selling off developed
batch.

Progress to date was much too slow to satisfy the
F.N.O.,
En route now towards Bahrein, Navy starts on his
refrain,
Let us come to understanding, must be tested before
landing,
My instructions don't you flout; get those tiddly
batteries out.

Staggering from this mortal blow, suppliant now to
F.L.O.,
Wonder why he looks so placid; finds he hasn't
any acid,
Leave that problem until later, get to work on
generator,
Plumber's union we bespoke, petrol please to drive
our smoke.

Smiling face of F.E.O. next appears in M.S.O.,
This petrol that you want for genny, don't you know
we haven't any;
Can't lock that stuff up in store, have to get it when
ashore,
But to help you test your mule, will order some when
next we fuel.

Senior seeming somewhat sore, in course of time
arrived at door;
Your petrol now is nicely stowed, we will help you
test on load.
Chief Tel. soon arrives on spot, aims to muster all
the lot,
Opens cases and much later, announces please no
generator.

Ship search now goes on in style, and in a very little
while,
This news is very hard to bear, the generator isn't
there.
Send a signal back to base, have you found a packing
case,
Reply from Captain could not mask; for generator
you did not ask.

Completed story is not yet, for we have alas to get,
Another crate or so and more, bits and pieces from
the store.
But the moral hard to bear, concerning bits that were
not there,
To understand you cannot fail, test the thing before
you sail.

Goodbye my friends, until next issue, happy sailings
may I wish you,
When you are lying on your bed, spare a thought
for my grey head,
Trying to redeem my slip, still humping bits around
the ship.
Do not delay with idle chat, I've got to move from
Sick Bay Flat.

(SIGNAL BOSUN CONVERTED BUT UNREPENTANT).

SUMMER 1958 COMPETITIONS.

Entries must reach the Editor
by 15th July

The decision of the
Editorial Staff is final

SPECIAL FEATURE

A prize of three guineas
will be awarded for the best article.
Illustrations will count towards
the prize

CARTOON

A prize of one guinea
will be awarded for the best cartoon

PHOTOGRAPH

A prize of one guinea
will be awarded for the
best photograph

DELIBERATE MISTAKE

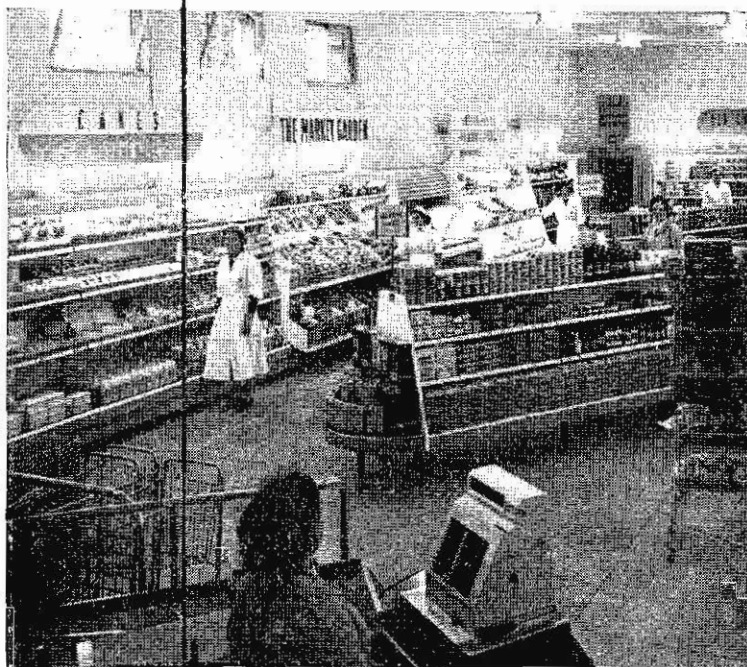
A prize of half a guinea
will be awarded to the successful
discoverer.
The draw will be made
early in August

Self Service

Every housewife likes to shop in comfort and that is why Naafi is in the process of converting its grocery shops throughout the country to the Self Service system.

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Take advantage of this excellent service by shopping at your nearest Naafi Self Service Store and remember that the discount you get means 13 weeks' shopping for the price of 12.

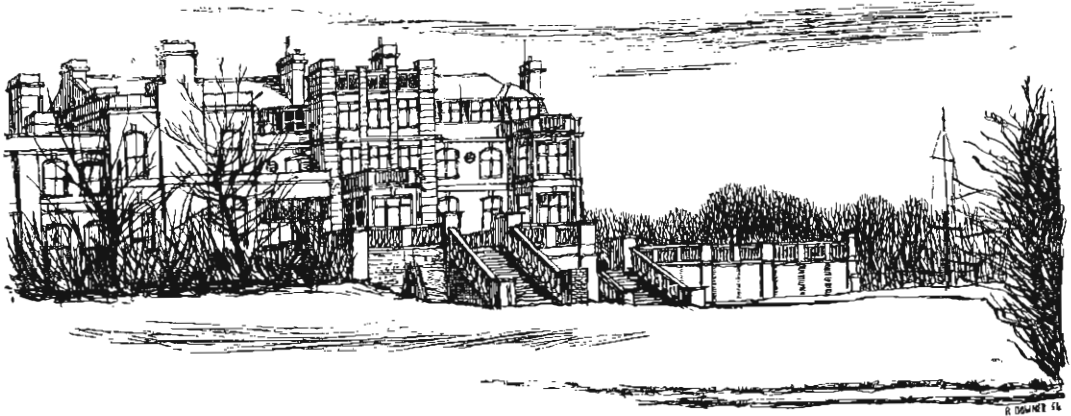


This

Go-ahead

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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEFS' CHATTER

We hope there is enough space to squeeze us in to the Magazine this time as we got the order of the boot from the last edition. (*Them as is keen gets fell in previous. Ed.*)

The mess drafting situation is pretty fluid at the moment. Out to grass went:— C.P.O. Tels. Rockstro, Westwood, Bond and Palmer (Ex S/Ms). C.Y.S. Palmer, Bovington.

Outs.

Craig (C.G.I.) *Torquay*
 Bennett (C.P.O.T.) *Cheviot*
 Conway (C.Y.S.) *Cavendish*
 Morton (C.P.O.T.) *Cavendish*
 Stew (C.Y.S.) *Afrikaner*
 Green (C.P.O.T.) *Kranji*
 Ferguson (C.P.O.T.) *Forth*
 Rowlands (W/YEO S.A.N.)
 Afrikaner
 Fouche (C.P.O.T. S.A.N.)
 Afrikaner
 Hayward (C.Y.S.) *Cheviot*
 Smith, F. (C.Y.S.) *Eagle*
 Hunter (C.Y.S.) *Tyne*
 King (C.P.O.T.) *Tyne*
 Abbott (C.Y.S.) *Albion*

Ins.

Austin CH. Cook
 Bunting (C.Y.S.)
 Bird (C.Y.S.)
 Barnden (C.P.O.T.)
 Blaikie (C.Y.S.)
 Cartmell (C.P.O.T.)
 Carter (C.Y.S.)
 Clapson (C.P.O.T.)
 Dugan (C.P.O.T.)
 Fry (C.P.O.T.)
 Goulding (C.P.O.T.)
 Hirst (C.Y.S.)
 Lacey (C.G.I.)
 Laurie (R.E.A.)
 Lamb (C.R.E.A.)
 May (C.P.O.T.)
 Maye (C.P.O.T.)

Mountbatten Block is not yet occupied, but we hope to move in by the summer. If we have any major gales before then, don't look for the mess in its usual place when you come in from "furrin parts" it will probably be in front of the ratings' accommodation!!!

We are at present wondering what influx we can expect from the closing of Nore Command and Chatham Barracks, let's hope we don't have to double up!

The new C.G.I. is very keen to get a mess rifle team going, with a view to taking part in some

out-of-the-establishment shoots! So anyone with a 'shootin' eye' please contact him when you come in.

"Foreign Accompanied" is another "manana" for most of us, as the present volunteer list will take about five years to work through; so you can say farewell to the thought of a change from that "Nasty 'Oggin". Lets hope "our Ernie" doesn't volunteer for anything or we shall be in a state!

Our congratulations to C.P.O. Tel. Clifford, and C.Y.S. Wood on the award of the British Empire Medal.

We are hoping to make a wall of plaques in the mess lounge of Mountbatten Block, so I should be very pleased if all ships and establishments, who take THE COMMUNICATOR, will "do the honours" and send us one of theirs as soon as possible, so we can get crackin'. If you are generous we should have a really good display. All Commonwealth Navies are welcome to make their additions please. I will say thank you in advance.

COMMUNICATOR 'SPIEL'

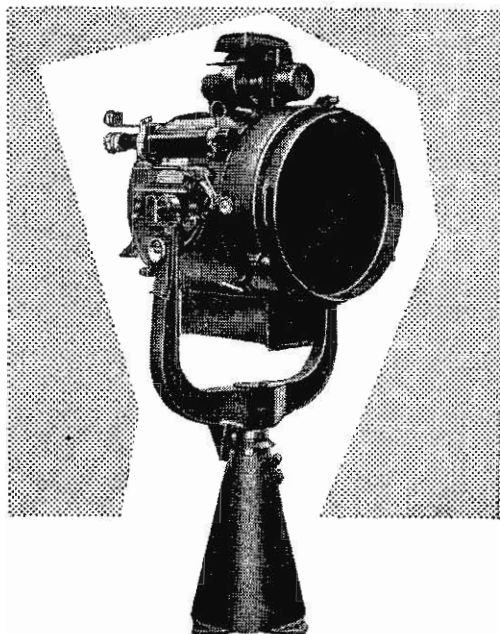
Little change is evident in the Mess since our last contribution. The R.A. Members continue to live luxuriously—the Victualled Members continue to live . . . The structure might just hold together until we move into the new block.

The more energetic members of a couple of years ago may be pleased to know that the "Hacking Table" has reappeared, and the cry of "Any Two" or "Hummy" is to be heard regularly.

The usual festive occasions took place at Christmas, the children especially having a fine time. Presents for all were distributed by a rather portly Father Christmas alias Yeo Ashworth.

"Ingliclip" Block received a D2 by the 'high-speed' dockyard painters during (and after) Christmas leave. The closing of Portland and Sheerness Dockyards now seems more understandable!

Regarding sport, the Mess soccer team managed



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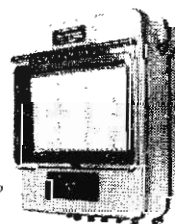
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to reach the semi-final of the knock-out competition after playing the C.P.O.'s 3 times—once by using radar in low vis—but the youngsters of the S.S. mess proved too much for them. The A team of the curved stick fraternity have managed to make the "Losers" competition. All types of indoor sports are flourishing but no details are to hand at the time of going to press!

"MERCURY" PRODUCTIONS

Since last going to press, two productions have been presented.

The pantomime 'Dick Whittington' was the successful result of the versatile pen of Lieut. D. A. Jones and played to packed houses on both nights of its presentation.

In February, the Kenneth Horne comedy 'Yes and No', together with 'Showcase' formed a double feature programme of lively entertainment which was enjoyed by a capacity audience.

An extract of 'Yes and No' was later entered in the Royal Naval Drama Festival at R.N.B.

Our photograph shows a general view of the pantomime cast—sorry, no prizes for recognition!



SPORT

The highlight of the Term has been the excellent display by our cross-country runners. For the first time in the history of the Command Cross-Country Championships, the name of *Mercury* has been inscribed on the Senior Trophy. Under the worst possible conditions, driving snow, a treacherous *Dryad* course, in places ankle deep in mud, and a bitterly cold wind, the Senior team outran a field of eleven teams to win. A fine display of team spirit and guts! In the Junior section we came a worthy third out of seventeen teams to *St. Vincent* A and B teams. "Champers" flowed from the cup the following morning.

The culmination of the cross-country season has been the selection of O/Tel. Soppett and O/Sigs. Hiscock and Bennet to represent the Command in

the Inter-Command Championships at Britannia Royal Naval College; the results of which are awaited as pen is put to paper.

The conversion of "White Lodge" to a pavilion has fallen through. It is hoped that a large type pavilion will find its way to Hyden Wood in the very near future.

The development of Hyden Wood has gone one stage further—approval in principle has been given to the laying of a cricket square—we now await the benevolent nod from C-in-C to proceed.

Inter-Part leagues—soccer, 7 aside hockey and squash—are well under way despite the bad weather. The Signal School are fighting it out with the New Entry Division in the Soccer League—alas for the Wardroom!!

We bade farewell to Lt. Commander A. Mackenzie at the end of last Term. We wish him will as N.1 in *Centaur*. L/Seaman Terry Weeks has left the P.T. Staff to train the Portsmouth Command Field Gun Crew—look out Chats and Guzz! In his place we welcome P.O. John Riley who is already displaying his talents in the soccer team, and his cheerfulness around the Establishment.

SOBERTON SITREP

Several changes have taken place recently at Soberton Towers, but its outward appearance is still much the same. Quite a number of trees from either side of the main drive have been chopped down and carted away. It seemed rather alarming when so many were marked for cutting, but now that it is all over, it doesn't look too bare and the daffodils have survived.

Inside the painters have been at work. The new Rec. Room colour scheme (mushroom walls and blue grey paintwork) is certainly more attractive than the original cream and brown. Most of the other downstairs rooms are now sage-green. Some new pictures have already been ordered and before long we should have new floral curtains.

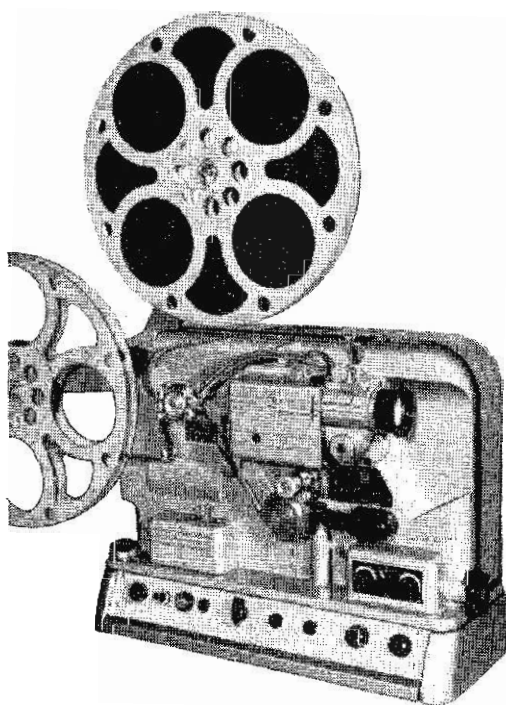
For those who haven't been here for a long time,

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Out on Parol

we now have a "shop" run by the Quarter's Staff.

Frank, the boiler man, had to retire a short time ago because of ill-health, but after a spell in hospital is now much better, and was in the "Pink E" recently asking about the Wrens.

Numbers of trainees are at present in the forties. We are now up to Sigs 93 and Tels 8. So far this year we have had only two W.R.N.V.R.'s but no doubt many more will join us before the end of the summer.

Wren Tels Fisher, Middleton and Westacott were chosen recently to play hockey for the Command. Some others from Soberton have become

very keen on rifle shooting and under the guidance of the Chief G.I. have made an extremely good start.

We are very interested to hear that H.M.S. *Soberton*, one of the new Coastal Minesweepers, has just commissioned. Best wishes to all her crew and especially to the Communicators.

TOP TEN

'Tricia, Chris and Betty P.
We hope your knees are brown,
Joan and Nicky still enjoy
The lights of London Town.

Si alone in Portsmouth,
And Peggy's down at Lee
Jo and Betty stay at home,
And Joy's across the sea.

There are some others of us,
But those we just ignore,
For now they have deserted
The branch they 'loved' before.

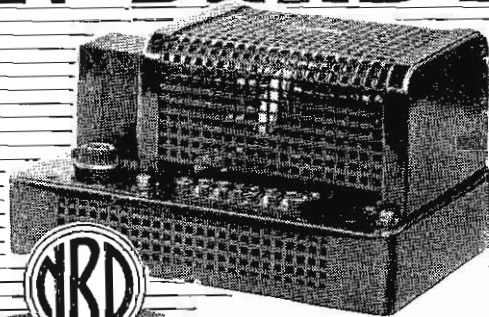
We thought this should be written,
So at least we've had a try,
And now it's up to 'Milton'
In the next to make reply.

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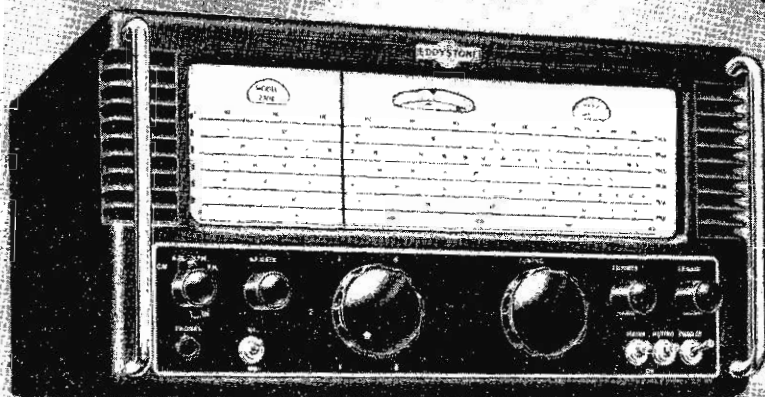
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THE RESERVES

EX-COMMUNICATORS

An H.Q. Reserve is being started to man naval Communication and Plotting facilities at M.H.Q. Rosyth.

Volunteers who may be either (civilian) men or women must be over 17½ and have completed N.S. (There is no upper age limit). Volunteers must live in the Rosyth, Edinburgh, Glasgow or Dundee areas.

The following "C" categories are needed:—Telephonists, T P operators, cryptographers, telegraphists, message handlers, and typists. No previous experience is necessary.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

write The Staff Officer (H. Reserve)
c/o Flag Officer, Scotland,
Pitreavie, Fife.

for further information.

H.M.S. GRAHAM

Like the poor we are always with you, slogging away in our endeavours to keep abreast of these modern times. Already hopes are burning high that we shall be given RATT and Teleprinter equipment to train with in our own centre, but so far the only promise is in the "future". Perhaps some kind Fairy Godfather in A.C.R.'s Mansions will read this and take pity on we poor orphans of the storm.

Training jogs along merrily, and we have held some additional Crypto classes on Sunday afternoons for those interested. Recently we held a mock Communication exercise, and while it did not go as smoothly as we hoped, much valuable experience was gained as a result. Next time we'll be a little less ambitious.

Our M/S tender *Clyde* is undertaking four 14 day cruises this year, in rapid succession, so all those craving seetime can fulfil their desires. Those of us less fortunate, will hie ourselves off to courses in search of Higher Rate.

We hope to organise a brief Signal exercise during the Easter weekend, mainly for the young bloods of the Branch. On the social side we are trying to form a Communication Branch Social Club, where we can congregate at frequent intervals, and let off any surplus steam.

Our Chiefs and P.O.'s held their Annual Dinner recently, and a tribute was paid to the passing of the R.N.V.R. Whilst we regret the ending of our long association under the familiar call sign, we hope to continue trading under our new R.N.R. status for many a long day to come. Even our old stalwarts the R.N.V.(W).R. are disguising themselves as the Telegraphist Branch R.N.R., but even so, will still be around to add their quota of discord to the ether.

In conclusion, while there are no doubt many changes ahead of us, in the Reserves, we hope to take them all in our stride, complicated or otherwise, still holding to our old motto: "Anything you can do—we'll do our darndest."

R.N.V.(W).R. TRAINING CENTRE BIRMINGHAM

No. 3 DISTRICT

Northampton Training Centre is the first Training Centre of No. 3 District to be modernised. Premises at 3 Gold Street have been vacated and new ones obtained at 56, Sheep Street, Northampton. W/T Gear at present being fitted include a 603, 619 C.D.W. and C.D.Y. Work is going apace and trials should be carried out by the end of March. Following closely will be the modernisation of Leicester Training Centre at 144, London Road, the W/T Gear being of the same kind as at Northampton. Birmingham and Nottingham Training Centres are also to be modernised but are at present either waiting a decision on proposed new premises or looking for suitable premises.

Both Birmingham and Nottingham are looking forward to the return this year, of several of their members now completing National Service.

Birmingham and Leicester Training Centres recently contacted number 3 District's affiliated ship H.M.S. *Agincourt* at Malta and we look forward to further contacts after she has completed her spring exercises and visits to Mediterranean Ports.

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

A former Communications Officer of the Division and a war time Ce Officer has been appointed in command of the Division—Captain Bernard Smith, vice Captain Alan Turner. We are hoping for "Favoured Nation treatment".

Chief Yeoman Hampson celebrated his half century on the 8th February with a Communicators' Social. Manchester, Preston and Warrington supported in spite of very bad weather. No one was certain whether Chief celebrated his fiftieth birthday or fifty years in the Service.

Manchester has recently completed a refit and Preston commences in April. Warrington has gleaned crumbs from the rich man's table in taking Manchester's T.C.S.

The proposed Unified Reserve appears to preserve the identity of the Wireless Reserve. Following the virtual cessation of pre-National Service recruiting, we hope that any R.N. personnel domiciled near one of the four sections in the District and finishing their time will still retain sufficient interest to put in one night a week at their local unit. It might sound silly if you are waiting to come out, but you will be amazed at the number of ex R.N. who have signed on in the Wireless Reserve.

SOLENT DIVISION, R.N.V.R.

The 12th October 1957 was a great day for Solent Division. We celebrated our Tenth Anniversary by



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dining the First Sea Lord, Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Other guests included the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, Admiral Commanding Reserves and the Mayor of Southampton (who, incidentally, is the Admiral of the Port of Southampton).

The Division's sea going tender, the coastal minesweeper, H.M.S. *Warsash*, was employed with other R.N.V.R. coastal minesweepers in the large N.A.T.O. exercise, "Standfirm". After this exercise, the visit of H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, U.S.S. *Forrestal*, H.M.S. *Barrosa* and six U.S. destroyers to Southampton gave the atmosphere of a Navy Week to the town, and, of course, Solent Division played its part in exchange visits. H.M.S. *Teazer*, the R.N.V.R. training ship, visited Southampton in late October.

The Division's Communication Branch has gained top marks of twelve R.N.V.R. Divisions for the past year in the V.S. W/T and Coding weekly exercises between Divisions. Much credit is due to our permanent Staff Instructors for this result. Our previous highest position was third.

Our Communications Officer, Lt.-Cmdr. R. S. Young, has been Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Warsash* on several cruises.

Leading Wren Grimes has been selected to go to Gibraltar for the next exercise.

Our latest news is that our Crypto Officer, Lieut. (Sp) D. McCarraher, is the proud father of a daughter, Jane, whose godfather is the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Kenya*.

Many Communicators will envy the writer, who, being a R.N.V.R. Communicator, can prepare this Magazine contribution by his own fireside, "away from it all".

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

This is reputedly a true story, concerning one of the seagoing tenders of a Northern R.N.V.R. Division.

One day the ship was visited by a high ranking Engine Room dignitary, who was somewhat disconcerted to find himself greeted by a most unwelcome shower of soot descending from aloft, covering both him and the surrounding deck.

Knowing the ship was diesel-engined, he naturally absolved his own lesser minions for causing the trouble and on enquiry, traced the transgressor to the ship's galley. Swiftly he shot below to find why the galley range should continue to belch its Vesuvian eruption with gay abandon.

Entering the galley, he found the cook engrossed in his culinary machinations, working heatedly over a red hot oil-fired range, and with a brief introduction to the obvious distaste of the belligerent cook who deemed his presence uncalled for, he set to work, manipulating the range control valve until quite satisfied that he had achieved success.

Alas, on returning up top, he discovered that the "black rain", from on high, continued to shower all

and sundry as before, and once more he returned to employ his vast technical skill in controlling the recalcitrant range.

After further struggle, he arose, satisfied that he had now mastered the Black Arts, and once more adjourned up top to inspect the fruits of his labours below. Only partial triumph greeted his eyes, for although the Stygian fall of soot had undoubtedly thinned somewhat, it still fell in sufficient quantity to swirl around into every welcoming nook and cranny.

But our mechanical V.I.P. was made of sterner stuff, and undaunted, he again hied himself to the galley to do or die. No mundane galley range would defeat his persuasive touch. The cook looked on, his Caledonian blood boiling at this unwarranted intrusion into his domain, whilst the gallant E.O. wrestled anew determined to win at all costs.

At length, he arose, puffing slightly, but quite certain that victory was his, and up on deck this was confirmed—no unseemly smut fell to mar the scene.

Returning to the galley, with an "I told you it could be done" expression, he proceeded to instruct the non-technical mind of the hapless cook, on how to regulate his obnoxious range. "You see my man, just keep the valve so, and there need be no soot."

Dourly, the Scottish rating glowered at his Instructor, then failing to control his pent-up wrath, burst forth, "Aye sirr, ye've cured the soot right enough, but the galley fire's gone out, and I'm trying to cook the perishin' supper."

Inspection proved the cook correct and with a baffled look the crestfallen Engineer departed in contrite silence, refusing to meet the sullen hostility of the still simmering rating.

The range was duly flashed up anew, and the cook continued to carry on with his task and up top the soot laden air befouled the ozone as before. Subsequent chimney cleanings at regular intervals, have done much to curb the fault, but still a fine rain of black muck erupts, causing the deck sweepers to curse Cook Dante in the nether regions below.

WEST versus WEST

(The perils of RN/USN exchange schemes)

The Leading Hand of the watch is giving directions over Gareloch HIC to tug *Saucy* to come alongside, when the U.S. SO(O) rushes in and grabs the microphone, bellowing: 'SAUCY HOLD OFF ISA SAUCY HOLD OFF'.

In a broad West Country accent, *Saucy* replies: 'Say again your last *Adamant*, there's some damn Yank interfering with you'.

N.A.T.O. CAPITAL

Shown on Page 12 is PIRÆUS port of ATHENS

Marconi's hand in sea power...



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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. G. B. ARMSTRONG ...	Lt.	Long Course	Staff of F.O.A.C.
J. W. A. ASH ...	S/Lt. (SD) (C)	R.A.N. Exch.	Staff of F.O.A.C.
A. E. C. BEST ...	Lt. (SD) (C)	St. Angelo	Mercury
G. A. F. BOWER ...	Lt. Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	Newcastle (C.S.5)
H. J. C. BRIDGER ...	Lt. Cdr.	R.N. Tact. School	Newfoundland
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To Rear Admiral

J. M. VILLIERS, O.B.E.

To Captain

R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.V.O., M.B.E.

A. A. T. SEYMOUR HAYDEN

To Lieutenant Commander

R. I. ATKINSON

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B. A. N. BUCKLEY

St. J. H. HERBERT

A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH

M. J. L. FREEMAN

To Lieutenant

J. A. SANDERSON

TO CHIEF PETTY OFFICER IN THE COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

To Chief Yeoman of Signals

NIL

To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

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