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THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 8
Nº 3

CHRISTMAS
1954

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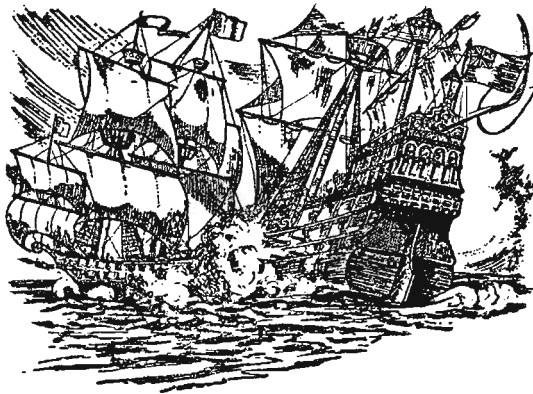
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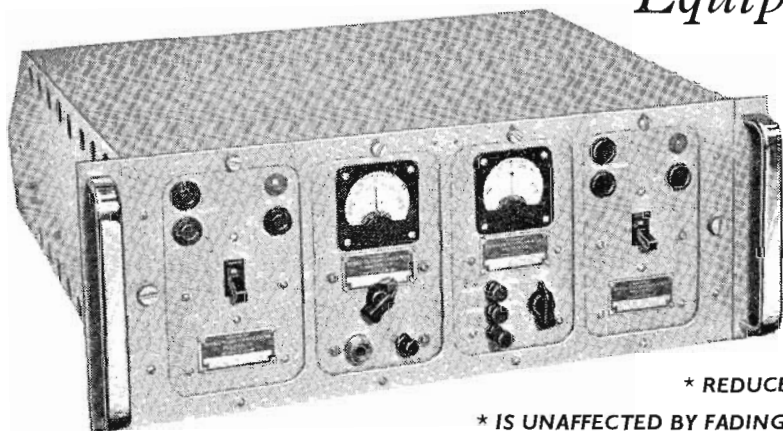
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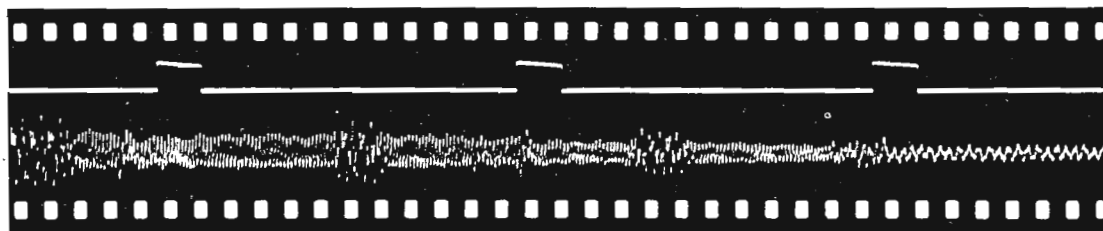
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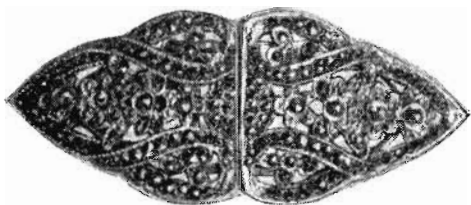
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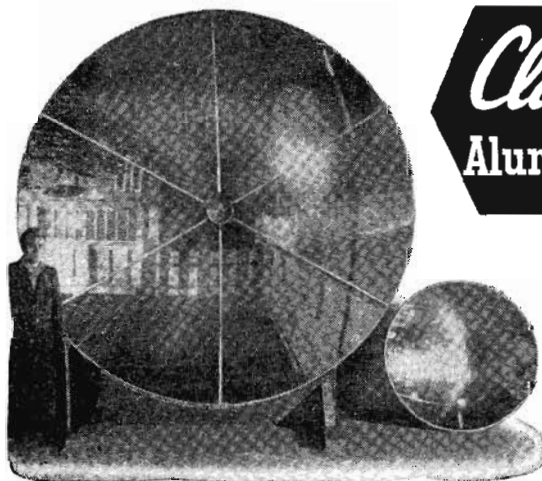
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

CHRISTMAS, 1954

VOL. 8. NO. 3

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EDITORIAL

As we have now undergone yet another inevitable change of editor, it would not perhaps be out of place to say, on behalf of the present editorial staff, how much we appreciate all that has been done for the Magazine by the late editor, Lieutenant Commander B. H. Kent. During his term of office, THE COMMUNICATOR has gone from strength to strength, and I know all regular readers will agree what a good publication it is.

Once again a flood of contributions has come in, and inevitably there are many which cannot be printed, due to lack of space, the similarity of an article already included and other reasons. Unless we have very much more to choose from than we can print, we shall be unable to maintain the high quality of the past, so please don't be discouraged if your contribution does not appear. It may yet appear in a later number, in any case. To all who have sent in something for this number, we are most grateful, whether it is printed or not, and we fully realise the amount of time and trouble you have taken. It is not possible to thank everyone individually, so please accept this as acknowledgment.

In case any readers are in doubt, we would like to reiterate that THE COMMUNICATOR is not an official publication, nor is its sale restricted to members of the Service. It is *your* Magazine, and is available to anyone who wants to buy it, so if any civilian friends express an interest, tell them how to obtain their own copy.

It now remains for us to wish all readers, wherever they may be, a very Merry Christmas, and a happy and successful 1955.

THE CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE CHRISTMAS—REAL OR FALSE ?

What do people mean when they think of having a jolly good Christmas? They think of having a family party with lots of food and drink, plenty of fun and games, presents for the children, with the house bright and jolly with the holly and the mistletoe, a few days free from the necessity of going to work and finally the not unpleasant feeling that, even if it has cost a good deal more than could really be afforded, it has been jolly well worth while. All very good, but you can enjoy all that, and then have missed the real Christmas altogether!

There can be no real Christmas without Christ, and we cannot really find the Jesus of Bethlehem by doing nothing more than turn on the radio to hear other people sing carols, however beautifully they may sing them. We must remind ourselves that the coming of the Christ Child at Bethlehem was, if it

had any meaning at all, the central event in all human history. Nothing has ever happened that meant more than did the Coming of that Child in that Stable at Bethlehem.

If that statement seems to you to be at all exaggerated then get back to the Gospels and ponder over those Nativity Stories in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke. They are so familiar to us that no ordinary reading will suffice, we must let our minds brood over them, we must let our imaginations work upon them until in our inmost hearts there is our own cherished picture of what happened there at Bethlehem, and then we must think out their meaning, not only for ourselves but also for the world.

We are accustomed to sing "O come, all ye faithful," at the tops of our voices, and the chorus loudest of all

"O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord—"

but have we always remembered what the second verse of that well loved carol tells us about Him, that He is God of God, Light of Light? And that is just what the Nicene Creed tells us, just before it goes on to express the meaning of Christmas in words of incomparable clarity and brevity, speaking of the Lord Jesus, "Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man."

These words seem to be such a tremendous affirmation of God's truth that many of us kneel whenever we recite or sing them in the course of the Holy Communion Service, but we should all reflect on the obvious fact that if they are true, as Christian people believe them to be, then the fact commemorated at Christmas is of the utmost importance as God's mighty act for the eternal welfare of our souls.

It is God who comes to us in the person of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, and He comes in all the wonder of Infinite Love, and we cannot, therefore, keep the real Christmas without going to His House, as members of His Family, to praise Him in the Family Worship and the Family Feast.

Wherever, you may be then, at this Christmastide, ashore or afloat, at home or overseas, I hope you will attend your Church or Chapel on our Saviour's Birthday, especially as Christmas Day is a great Festival second only to Easter. Here, in H.M.S. *Mercury*, the services will be as follows:—

Christmas Eve

2330 Mid-night Holy Communion with Carols.

Christmas Day

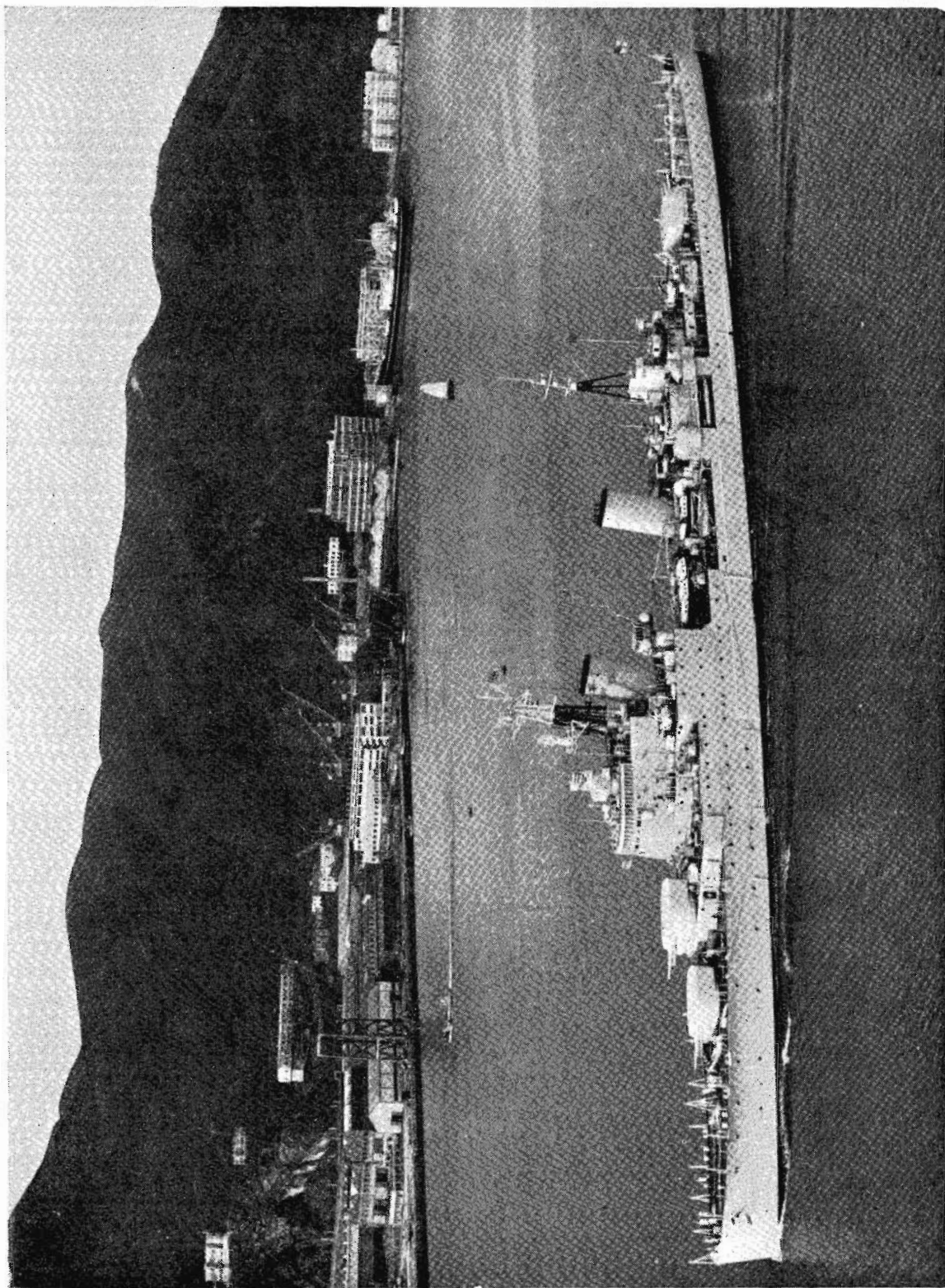
0915 Holy Communion.

1015 Carol Service.

Families and friends will be welcome at any of the above.

J. G. SCOTT,

Chaplain, Royal Navy.



H.M.S. "Birmingham", wearing the flag of the Flag Officer Second in Command, F.E.S., sailing from Hong Kong for exercises
(Official photograph)

what? Anyway here are *Comus*, *Concord*, *Consort*, *Cossack* together for . . . yes for one whole week. Then up we split again.

Cossack has just returned from the modernisation and refit in Singapore, the remaining ships from Exercise "Satex". By all accounts they know the whereabouts of one more coral atoll that is simply asking for an H-bomb. However, that is just one of those things. The Squadron has been greatly cheered by the award of modified local over-seas allowances to seagoing ships. This removes yet one more big drip. All ships are now practising hard for the Regattas to be held in December when we shall be having English summer weather (with modified rainfall of course). We welcomed back to *Cossack*, C.O.8., Lieutenant Mackintosh, who had been gaining experience with the Squadron. He was so through-going that he even gained experience of R.N.H. too, not his fault we hasten to assure our readers. We have just said farewell to Mr. Stanley C.C.O.8. We would point out that he was "longest out" and didn't just follow *Constance* off the station. Mr. Stockton who relieved him, came out in *Glory*. We welcome him to the Squadron and hope that he goes home in glory.

Mr. Stanley, C.C.O.8, had been "looking out for" C.O.8 in *Cossack* and so was not able, personally, to say goodbye to the other ships of the Squadron. He asked us to pass on to them and to those who have gone already, his sincere wishes for the best of good fortune. On our part we are sorry to see him go, but glad that he will be back home. We wish him a good leave and congenial appointment to follow.

"Satex" provided the Squadron with some interesting occasions. One was during Officer-of-the-Watch manoeuvres, those much hated things that take place as soon as a meal appears on the table, and are designed to swell the profits of the makers of digestive remedies. On this occasion, however, something useful was achieved. The ships

did an emergency turn thereby avoiding a squall of rain. They went round it.

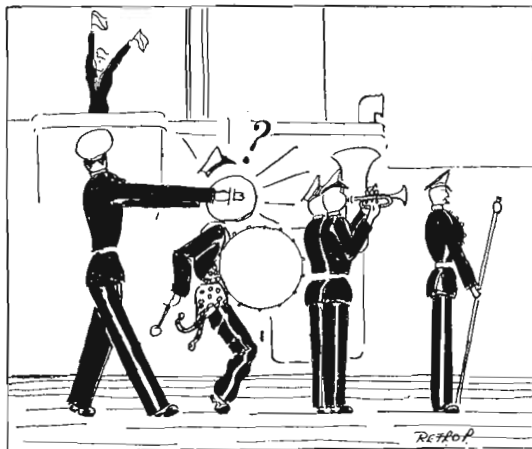
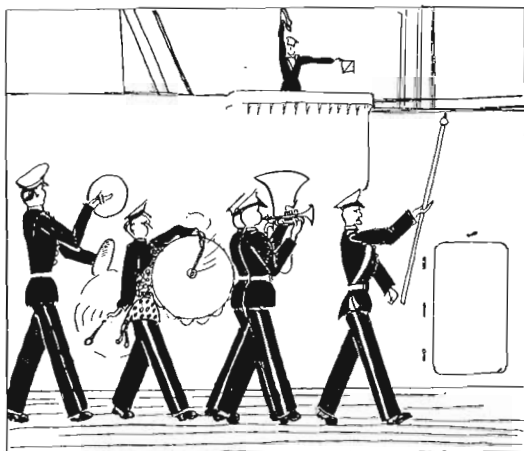
On other occasions when communication was VHF only, in order to communicate with the next ahead the destroyers had to turn out of line 30 degrees in order that their VHF dipole could be clear of the effect of screening by the funnel and bridge superstructure, the aerial being on one side of the diesel exhaust. It is rumoured that a new manoeuvre is being concocted to fit this one.

When a destroyer is operational she is in four watches in harbour, two at sea and one in exercises. Any operation thus places a strain on the communication staff especially on the wireless staff. "Satex" was no exception, and in order to rest the staffs in the small ships after the exercise was completed, the following arrangements were carried out. *Birmingham* assumed guard on Broadcast. Traffic was passed in in two ways on voice net manned by V.S. ratings or by V.S. manned by officers. It apparently worked so well, that we would like to say future operation orders please copy. It is to the Officers credit that they did cope with unexpected things like INT ZDK, ZXU's etc.

Our "longest out" *Concord* sees the end in sight, in fact the cry resounds ROJ. No, you work it out for yourselves. It had to be January: they hold the Regatta Cock. There is going to be a battle royal in December when the Squadron is together in Hong Kong for a sports festival and regattas. There is no truth in the rumour that this is to develop appetites for Christmas Dinner; talking of which leads us to say, "and Happy Christmas to you too."

H.M.S. "COSSACK"

After nine months away from Hong Kong we are home again, for at least seven days! We have completed our long modernisation and refit programme and once again we are operational. At least, we hope our teething troubles will soon be



over and the Dockyard errors and omissions corrected. We should soon be heading North where typhoon "Pamela" is waiting to greet us. As we write this she has slowed to four knots preparatory to veering and coming down to meet us. But this will be history by the time you receive this news.

Talking of history we seem to have got through a variety of experiences during our stay away from Hong Kong. We seem to have said "Goodbye" with monotonous regularity to ships sailing from the station. The Sixth M.S., our own *Charity* and *Constance*, now three of the Bay class frigates. Some went away to the strains of the bluejackets band, some to the Royal Marine Band, some to the band of the Hussars, some to the band of the Ghurkas, and some to our own band of faithful cheerers.

Each ship to go left someone behind who hadn't done long on the station, etc. The result is a curiously mixed ship's company. We paid off and recommissioned in February. We had then a few ratings who had joined the ship during the last six months of her commission. A few more joined to recommission her. Later on some more came. Then at the end of July we had the balance of the ship's company. In between whiles we acquired one from this ship, one from that and so built up a staff. Even so, every now and again someone reaches the limit of eighteen months on the station and away he goes. This ship does not come under the 18 month commission system having recommissioned before that was introduced so we seem to keep open house for any rating who has been on the station a little while, not long enough to go home, but too long to start an 18 month commission.

We have achieved some notoriety with our emergency TCS transmitter aerial. This appears at the top of a deck trunk, level with the squid house, and runs horizontally for all of fifteen feet underneath the awning, and the backbone lighting. Yes it does work. Yes we know what B.R. 222/333 says about aeriels but . . . Apparently we should have had a whip like the rest of the squadron, but the Dockyard took one look at our coat of arms and decided one was enough.

The flag deck is at the moment deciding just where the flag deck is. The M.S.O. opens on to a space occupied by guns and gun barrels. Our chromium plated S.P.s are adjuncts to ammoclackers. The tops of the flag lockers are used for washing and painting the mast. There is a move afoot to have a memorial plate fixed inside the M.S.O. as a memorial tablet. The difficulty is of course to get inside the M.S.O.

Seriously, we have been done over, and now have a decent control system. Gone are the days of "NO8 here, I want the 86 on the forward bulkhead line and 87 number two on the 86 line." Never mind, things progress. Nowadays it is, "What do you want supposing it works?" Teething troubles did we say, there have been so many we think they have developed into growing pains.

As we said, we are now back in Hong Kong and

on our way to Japan on a short cruise culminating in, yes that's right, the inevitable hunter-killer exercise. Our friends in *Comus* will be with us. We two took part in one about this time last year, but on that occasion we started later, and spent Christmas Day at a buoy in Yokosuka Harbour, cold and wet. This year we hope to be in Hong Kong for Christmas and we won't care how cold or wet it is.

So to all of you from all of us, best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

A GREAT OCCASION

After O.O.W. manoeuvres on 22nd October, 1954, the Eighth Destroyer Squadron in company with *Birmingham* (wearing flag of Flag Officer Second in Command Far East Station) were ordered to take station on *Birmingham* as follows: First Division consisting of *Concord* and *Comus* one and a half cables on the starboard beam, Second Division consisting of *Consort* and *Cockade* one and a half cables on the port beam.

At 1925K stop engines was ordered and at 1930K the Destroyers lowered their whalers. Shortly afterward four whalers could be seen pulling to *Birmingham*, taking the Commanding Officers to dinner with Rear-Admiral G. V. Gladstone, C.B.

Each boat carried a lantern and the boat's crew were in No. 10's with sandals and life-jackets.

Whilst dinner was in progress the Destroyers, under the Command of their First Lieutenants, were formed in column astern of *Birmingham*, speed of advance 13 knots.

At 2230K the Destroyers closed *Birmingham* and the Commanding Officers returned to their ships.

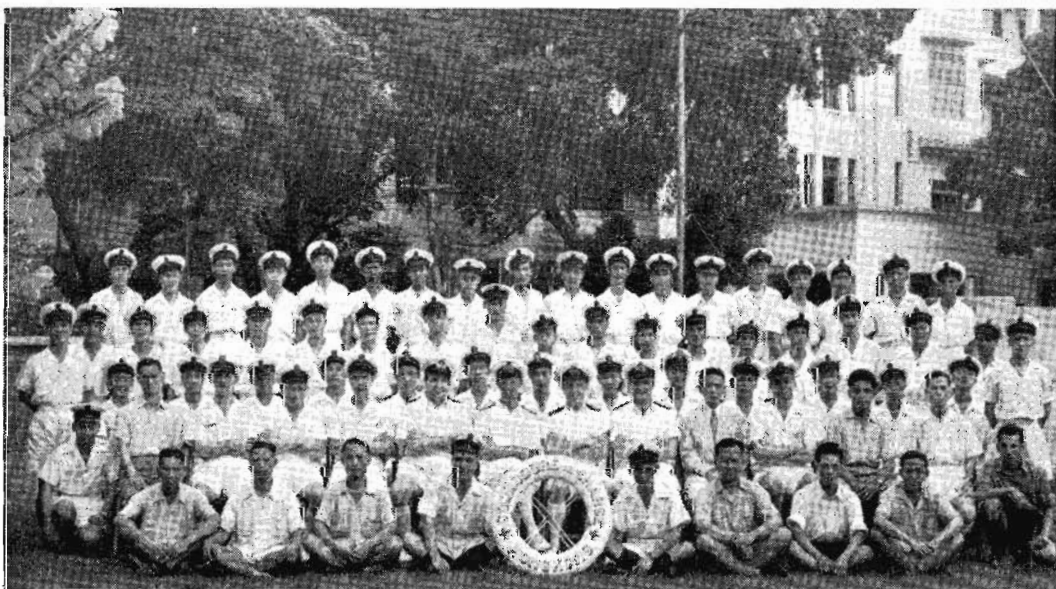
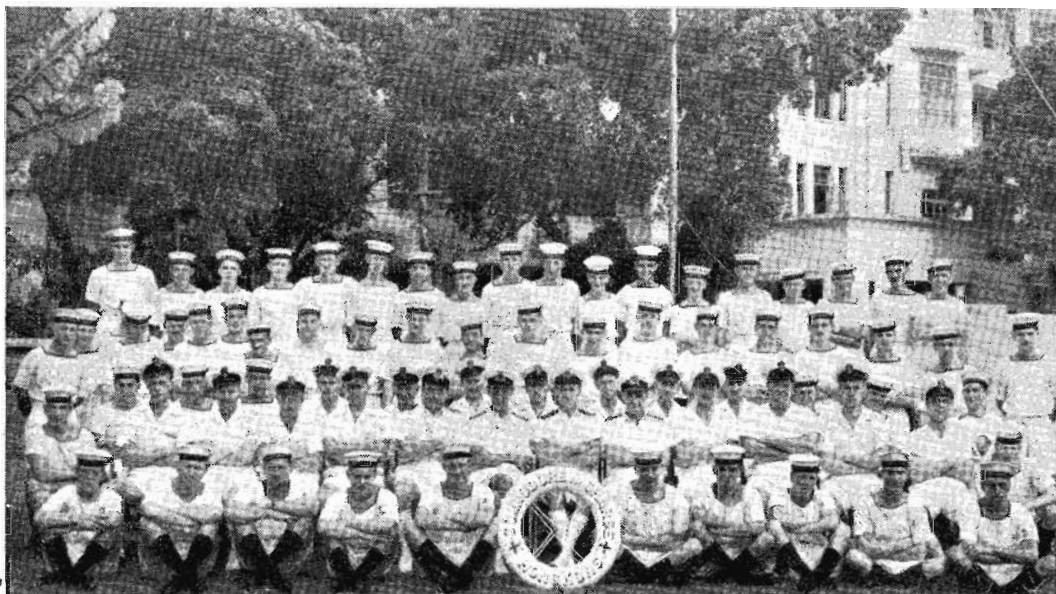
THIRD FRIGATE SQUADRON

As far as can be ascertained this will be the first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR covering 'The' Squadron since the Easter edition of 1953, a lapse for which we humbly apologise.

The Squadron now consists of three ships, *Crane*, *Opossum* and *Modeste*—*Pukaki* (New Zealand's able representative), having sailed for her home port and some well earned leave in the early part of August. We were all sorry to see her leave and take this opportunity of wishing her ship's company a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Their sporting qualities will long be remembered.

The *Opossum* and *Modeste* have just recently recommissioned, *Opossum* being the 'Baby' of the Squadron by about one month. However, under the guidance of 'Father' we expect her quickly to overcome her teething problems, and consider it won't be long before she is showing the 'Old Un' how it should be done. Except for a short period when exercising with a number of Indian Naval Ships which included the old *Achilles* under her new name of *Delhi*, the Squadron hasn't worked together

HONG KONG COMMUNICATIONS STAFF



since the recent recommissionings. At the time of writing *Modeste* has just returned from the Northern Waters, to the quiet and peaceful haven of Hong Kong to rest after their "backs to the wall" battles in Kure, Kobe, etc. We have no doubt the Geisha girls and their more modern offspring of the 'Garden of Eden', 'The Domino', 'The Seven Seas' and the like took advantage of the new blood in their territory. The *Opossum* is having her face lifted in dry dock—and boy! what a lift—the old girl looks in a sorry state. *Crane* is about to leave for Northern Waters and the land of the rising sun to renew old acquaintances and, we hope, make new ones.

The departure of *Pukaki* leaves the outcome of the Squadron regatta open. She well and truly wiped the board last time—did someone say that *Crane's* officers won their race? Oh! alright—she nearly wiped the board.

In closing we would like to wish all the old crew of *Opossum* and *Modeste* the best of Christmases and trust they all find themselves surrounded by the ones they love during the festive season. And to Communicators the world over, the best of the Season's Greetings.

H.M.S. "CRANE"

The *Crane* continues to plough her way through the waters of the Far East, carrying out a more or less routine tour of the Hong Kong—Singapore—Japan area. All these places have their special attractions but somehow Japan seems to top the popularity poll. Various suggestions have been put forward in explaining this phenomenon, from the price and quality of Kirrin beer to the excellent facilities available to the match box collector.

The 'Powers that be' in the drafting office have been giving the staff a great deal of attention just recently; newcomers to the staff include C.P.O. Telegraphist Cottam, Coder Shelton and Signalman Bennett, and more recently Signalmen McConnaghie, Gingell and Tyrer, the latter three being drafted from H.M.S. *Cardigan Bay*. While the ink is still drying on the paper, Ordinary Signalman Brooks has arrived to relieve Yeoman Roberts. While welcoming all these newcomers, the old faces will be sadly missed; we wish them a safe journey home and a happy Christmas. In the world of sport the staff as a whole has been very active, including among its activities water polo, soccer, hockey, rugby, cricket and mountaineering. Various R.N. sides have contained members of the Staff—Lieutenant (C) Skitt and Leading Telegraphist Cutler (Hockey), Telegraphist Heaton (Cricket) and Coder Shelton (Rugby), while Telegraphist Whitman claims the title of 'Chinese Checkers Champion' but also insists he is not turning native.

As a concluding note to this rather long awaited communication from the *Crane*, a quick glance into the crystal ball shows quite a rosy picture. The immediate prospect is a cruise around the Paradise Islands of Japan, the buzz has it that we are to visit

Kure, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and Sasebo. This tour should just about manage to suit the most varied of tastes. Further into the future we are due to go into main refit early in the new year, getting the ship ready for the change over when we recommission in June.

And so, as the sun sinks slowly over the quaint little shanty town nestling in the hills and the *unforgettable* aroma of Wanchai Wafts on the evening breeze we say farewell from this far flung outpost of the Empire!

HONG KONG WIRELESS STATION

Since you last heard from us, Lieutenant Commander Anthony has left for the U.K. and Lieutenant Lloyd has assumed duties as S.C.O. Another new face is Mr. Dartnell who has replaced Mr. Cobb.

C.P.O. Tel. Howarth is at the moment recovering from his first week's station leave, and by the way he is embedded in his flat at North Point, he will see many more station leaves before he returns to U.K. with his wife.

Having been down the tunnel while the C.R.R. has been redecorated and rewired we have made a few friends with the W.R.A.C.S. stationed here, and now that we are once more in the fresh air, the arrival of the W.R.A.C.S. going on duty is greatly looked forward to by some members of the staff.

A couple of weeks ago we revisited the San Miguel brewery and besides depleting their stocks on the premises considerably, the firm's profits have risen ever since, due to the combined efforts of the staff in general and about six ratings in particular. Great amusement is still derived from visiting the Queen's Picture House and seeing the advert which tells us we can enjoy a "Quiet and peaceful evening at the Luk Kwok Hotel." Personal experience belies this statement.

With the closing down of several services previously run from Hong Kong w/r, the new aerial array mentioned last time now has little purpose to serve, and the greatly increased number of daymen affords us the opportunity to alter a famous speech in saying that "Never before has so little been done by so many in so long a time" with due apologies to the originator.

At the time of going to press, the general sports season has only just begun and already we find the staff well represented in the local Hong Kong R.N. sides. So far we have contributed four footballers in Tels. Brownell, Johnson, Cotton and Shaw, three cricketers in Tels. Medhurst, Coles and Roach, and last but by no means least two rugger types, the S.C.O. and L./Sig. Rattigan.

During the summer months, which should have been wet and hot but ended just hot (Hong Kong's highest temperature in thirty odd years), we found time for tennis, basketball and water-polo. The Communications Tennis Club's one outing, although

ending in defeat, showed great promise for the future, but that was before the future got too hot. Our newly formed basketball team finished the season in the top half of the Army's H.Q.L.F. League and the least number of points against in the whole league.

Tel. Shaw free-styled himself into third place in the 440 yards during the Colony Junior Championships. He also captained the R.N. Water Polo throughout the season, leading the team to the top of the Second Division. Others of the staff who helped in this undefeated run were Tel. Morgan and L./Tel. Brockwell.

We reluctantly said Goodbye to L./Tel. Brockwell half way through the summer, and we are sure that he, the last of the Pompey outcasts, will be a great sporting asset wherever his future commissions lie.

On winning the "Uckers" Championship, Tel. Ricketts promptly donated his winnings to charity, for fear of losing his Amateur Status. The money went to that deserving cause "The San Miguel Home for Destitute Beer Drinkers."

No casualties so far in the line of sport, but it is rumoured that the C.P.O. Tel. sprained his ankle last week while running to catch the 1600 'bus.

So with our best wishes to all those who have left or are about to leave, we say Cheerio until next time.

R.N. WIRELESS STATION KRANJI

Many's the time I've criticised articles in THE COMMUNICATOR, with such comments as "Same old stuff" or "That's of no interest at all" and, many's the time I've muttered to myself, "How much better I could write an article." In an unguided and very unwise moment, I was fool enough to say so, and thus started a most harassing and nerve wracking period.

Some articles fill the gap nicely by referring to well known characters (well known to whom?) in such succinct and witty phrases as "and Jan Pearce will shortly be leaving for U.K.", and "we welcome our new C.C.O. Mr. Finks, and hope he has a pleasant stay with us." Unfortunately this course is not open to me, because I couldn't care less whether J.P., or anybody else for that matter, left for U.K. or Hades itself. As regards Mr. Finks—well, I've still got some years to serve, so least said soonest mended (I've searched the Navy List, and as far as I'm aware there is no Mr. Finks, but if by some mischance there is, I'm sure as a fun loving, handsome and efficient C.C.O., he'll see my point). However, having been commissioned to write about Kranji, I must endeavour to do so, and if I fall into any of the traps which are so prevalent in an article such as this, and of which I have been so intolerant, please bear with me.

We are, as you are probably aware, tri-depot. Chatham provide the Instructors for the S.T.C., Devonport man Kranji Wireless Station itself and members of the Master Race man the M.S.O. at

Phoenix Park. However, in spite of the difference of race and language, we all manage to pull extremely well together, as H.M.S. *Terror* found to their cost, when we walked away with their athletics shield, and came second in the Swimming Gala. We also were runners up in the Singapore Naval Hockey Cup, in face of such strong opposition as the R.M.N. and C.-in-C.'s Staff. Due to that perpetual bugbear of all Communicators, watchkeeping, we didn't do as well as we might in soccer and cricket, but at least, we never gave up trying, and gave everybody a run for their money.

Our social activities too, have been successful and our dances are making quite a name for themselves (a good one I hope).

As is to be expected, a fair proportion of our number have their families with them (particularly Senior Ratings), and judging by the number of them that do extra time on the station, the climate and financial side must be very satisfactory.

That about winds up the Kranji news to date, and to those of you who may be joining us in the near future, we will do our best to make you welcome and you will enjoy your stay here.

"DID MARINE STUBBS SWIM THE PACIFIC?"

A message arrived for transmission on T.B.S. Harbour Net informing the N.P.M. (Naval Provost Marshal) at SASEBO that one of *Kenya's* Marines was adrift.

On T.B.S. "Flag this is *Kenya*"

D.T.G.

From: "KENYA"

To: "N.P.M."

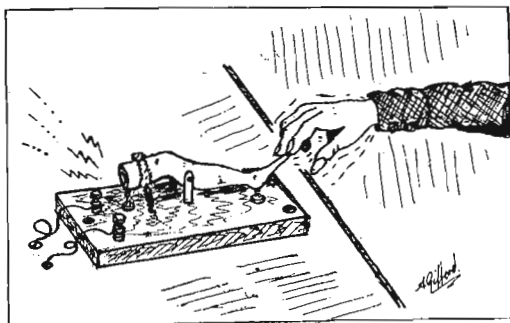
"Marine Stubbs PO/X . . . absent over leave from 2230. Description is as follows, etc."

On GUAM FOX Broadcast (Several hours later):
D.T.G.

From: "N.P.M." (U.S. Navy Radio at Honolulu)

To: "H.M.S. KENYA"

"Regret no trace Marine absentee this Command."



A SPACEMAN IN THE SIGNAL SCHOOL

It was, for once, a sunny afternoon at H.M.S. *Mercury*. The sentry, a Tel. called Greenhorn, was sitting in his caboosh by the main gate, while behind him a flashing exercise was in progress in Joe's Meadow.

Suddenly, Greenhorn's attention was attracted by a whirring noise, and, looking out, he saw a large silver disc floating over the cinema. At the same moment, the Yeoman in charge of the class on Joe's Meadow ceased flashing and stood open-mouthed watching the thing as it slowly circled round and landed behind the tennis court. His class, who had naturally failed to notice anything amiss, remained unaware of the arrival of the strange craft until it was almost on top of them, when they with one accord dashed for cover.

By the time the disc opened up, somewhat in the same manner as a shell-fish, the Yeoman had recovered from his surprise.

"Tell the Officer of the Watch!" he yelled to the sentry.

Greenhorn hastily jumped to the voice pipe and informed the O.O.W. that a flying saucer had landed in Joe's Meadow.

As was to be expected, this information was greeted not only with scepticism but downright disbelief.

"But it has, sir!" protested the unfortunate Greenhorn, "in fact there's someone getting out of it now."

Having done his duty, the sentry did not feel obliged to wait for further comments and he emerged from his caboosh to find the Yeoman accepting a cigarette proffered by a little man wearing a regulation space suit. He lifted his helmet to light his own cigarette and both Greenhorn and the Yeoman were somewhat taken aback to find he was completely bald and his only facial features were a slit-like mouth and an enormous eye which seemed to be looking at them both at once.

"I was afraid I wouldn't find this place," he began, "they told me it was always surrounded by cloud."

"It is usually," admitted the Yeoman, "but now you're here you'd better come with me and see the O.O.W."

"Well, I really want to see someone connected with Training," the spaceman explained, "we have heard in Mars that this is *the* Signal School and we have come to do a course here."

"How many of you are there?" queried the sentry, looking suspiciously towards the flying saucer.

Some of the flashing class had advanced on this and one of the bolder ones made to peep over the edge. Immediately he was seized from inside and dragged down into the interior.

"As you can see," the spaceman remarked, "my friends are only too anxious to make the acquaintance of their earthly counterparts. Only ten of us have come on this trip, but we thought if we all passed the course that we would send some more."

The Yeoman led the spaceman on to the road where, as they made their way towards the O.O.W.'s hut, they met two S.B.A.s carrying a straight-jacket. "Have you seen the sentry, Yeo?" one of them asked, and then, seeing the spaceman, they both dropped their burden and ran.

"There seems to be an awful lot of doubling going on here," the spaceman remarked, "it's almost as bad as Whale Island."

"I am afraid," apologised the Yeoman, "that practically everyone will double away when they see you. They all think they're seeing things."

"Quite understandable," the spaceman conceded, "but as you didn't run away I take it you're used to strange sights?"

"Oh yes, but not so early in the day as a rule. Still, you won't cause any comment in the Chief's Mess —". The Yeoman broke off, a disturbing thought having occurred to him. "Er— what rank are you?"

"In my own planet, I'm Assistant Deputy Director of Inter-Planetary Communications," he replied, then added, "but I'm quite willing to fall in with anything you may decide. What do I most resemble?"

The Yeoman thought it politer not to tell the truth, so suggested a Coder Special.

As they approached the O.O.W.'s hut, the spaceman dutifully stubbed out his cigarette and replaced his helmet.

"You'd better wait out here," suggested the Yeoman, "I'll tell the O.O.W."

No sooner was he inside the door when a zealous R.P.O. approached, and seeing the spaceman, demanded to know whence he had obtained the fancy number 8 suit? The spaceman explained that he was born in it. This was too much for the R.P.O. who turned purple in the face.

"That's enough," he roared, "you can come with me to the Reg. Office."

"But I'm waiting for the O.O.W." explained the Spaceman, "and the rest of my Class will be here in a minute to do their joining routine." At that moment the other nine spacemen arrived, rounding the corner with their right arms above their heads.

"Down!" yelled the Classleader, and the Class halted in front of the R.P.O., who, on seeing so many of them in the strange attire, momentarily wondered if perhaps a Passive Defence Exercise was in progress. Before he had time to order them to remove their helmets, the Yeoman reappeared, accompanied by the O.O.W.

"These are the spacemen, sir," explained the Yeoman, "they say they've come to do a course here."

"Spacemen? Rubbish! Take those helmets off!" ordered the O.O.W.

The spacemen complied and let the O.O.W. take the full benefit of their gaze. He turned slightly green, and backed into his office.

"Main Gate!" he yelled down the voice pipe.

"Main Gate, Sir."

"What do you mean by letting these creatures in the camp without informing me?"

"But I did, sir," protested Greenhorn, "I reported that a flying saucer had landed on Joe's Meadow."

"Well you couldn't have expected me to believe that. Is this—er—flying saucer still there?"

"Yes, sir. There's a class of Buntings minding it."

"Well make sure it stays there. I'm sending these creatures back in a few minutes and I want you to make sure they all take off in it."

"Very good Sir."

The O.O.W. came out of his office and addressed the new arrivals.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I fear there has been some mistake," he announced.

"Surely not, sir," protested the Assistant Deputy Director of Inter-Planetary Communications, "this is the Signal School isn't it?"

"Oh yes. But I'm afraid you've come a bit too early—you didn't send us an E.T.A. you know, and these things take time to arrange. Why not fly round in your saucer for a bit and come back in a few months' time? You won't be missing anything because the books are bound to have changed again by then."

The spacemen considered this, rolling their eyes at each other in some form of communication as yet unknown at the Signal School.

The O.O.W. watched them apprehensively, undecided as to whether it was worse to have them on the premises in which case he would have some explaining to do and the ship's routine would almost certainly be put out, or to get rid of them, in which case nobody would ever believe they had been there.

At last, the leader of the spacemen spoke. "We have agreed to go back for a while, but we shall be back again one of these days so we would be grateful if you would see that there is a course organised for us. We will try and send an E.T.A. next time, but it may be difficult as we have not yet found a system of transmission faster than our flying saucers."

"We'll be expecting you, then," said the O.O.W., "I'm sure our Instructors will find you a pleasant change from their present Classes."

With that, the spacemen did a smart about turn and marched back to their vehicle. Dislodging the curious Buntings, they scrambled inside and flew away, watched by the fascinated Greenhorn.

"They've gone, sir," the latter reported as they disappeared from his view.

"Thank goodness for that," answered the O.O.W., "and you'd better keep an eye open in future so we get a bit more warning when they come back."

If, on some sunny afternoon, you see a sentry at the Main Gate gazing skywards, he will not, as you might think, be slacking at his task, for it will probably be Greenhorn keeping his eyes skinned for the visitors. When he told his mess-mates about the incident, they accused him of dozing on duty,

even the Yeoman decided that he must have overdone his lunchtime session. But Greenhorn knows better, and when, one day, a flying saucer lands on Joe's Meadow and the first Martian Long Course starts, the O.O.W. will have to be released from his padded cell.

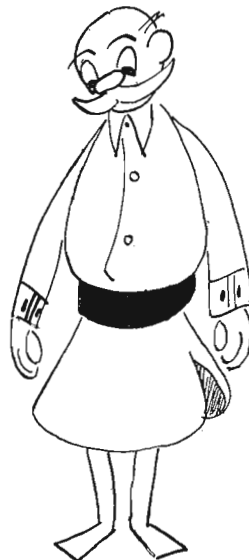
TO MY TYPEWRITER

Och small mavhinw of mifhty skill
You turn my ginfers at your will,
You ask not what I want to say
By typew your wish, as though at play.

And when it comes to typing Morse!
You laugh as I sit therw and curse,
Sometimes you help me—just a bit—
Then put me rong—OI could spo5.

I try with all my might and main
To type correctly—but in vaine,
It sewms as though you told the keys
To change their places as they pleese.

And yet I'll pay you back, you see.
One day a tipyst I WILL BEE,
And then I'll shown no leniency
When that day comes YOU'LL typw for me.
ANON.



EXTRACT FROM SIGNAL FROM AIR H.Q., MALTA

"The dress for the Battle of Britain Ball on 17th September for Officers of the Royal Air Force will be no. 8 RAF Dress (Tropical Mess Dress), I.E. soft white double cuff shirt, soft white turn down collar and cummerbund."

NEW ZEALAND R.N.Z.N. COMMUNICATION TRAINING SCHOOL

In the Easter 1954 number, reference was made to the possibility of the R.N.Z.N. having their own Signal School.

This possibility has now become a fact and the Royal New Zealand Naval Communication Training School has been established as part of H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel* and the R.N.Z.N. Barracks in Auckland.

In the very best tradition the first step was to take over a house. A very small house but enough to give us three classrooms to add to two already in use in the Barracks, plus an Office for the Officer in Charge. The Regulating and Divisional Offices, the I.P.O., E.C.P., and what-have-you are located in the kitchen and laundry; this time we have everything *and* the kitchen sink. A useful adjunct in a "Kiwi" establishment where a "cupper" is a national habit.

Our immediate aim is to train Adult Entry C.S. Ord. Sigs. and Tels., R.N.Z.N.V.R.s and W.R.N.Z.N.S. of all rates together with Crypto and Refresher courses when required. We hope in the not too distant future to have consolidated and developed sufficiently to cope with C.S. Leading Rates.

At the moment we are flat out producing Syllabi, Test and Question Pamphlets and all the other things a brand new school requires. We are leaning heavily on the pamphlets and training memoranda generously supplied by *Mercury* and are trying to follow on a great tradition in all things, as well as taking over a house.

One of our "Foundation" staff, Petty Officer Telegraphist Drew, will have started his C.C.O. (Q) course in *Mercury* when the Christmas COMMUNICATOR appears. We wish him the best of luck in his course, a good appointment and a happy and successful first commission as a C.C.O.

The "New Boy" in the Commonwealth and Empire Communications Training School Circle wishes all our colleagues, wherever they may be, a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous 1955.

R.N.Z.N.V.R. HEADQUARTERS (H.M.N.Z.S. "PEGASUS")

The Christmas number having produced some news of our regular Navy, it is about time someone let the R.N. know about the R.N.Z.N.V.R., although our news from the communications angle will be limited.

From a Ship's Company of over 200 reservists, we in the Communications Branch muster one Chief Tel., two Leading Tels., one Leading Sig. and twenty-two Tels. and Sigs. In addition we carry an Active Service Chief Yeoman as Communications Instructor. Our Divisional Officer and Assistant Divisional Officer are both ex-signalmen.

At present our Communications Instructor is C.Y.S. Bill Holman who, in May, relieved C.Y.S.

"Buster" Brown who has joined the Frigate *Kaniero* in Korea. Both Instructors are ex-R.N. ratings who have joined the R.N.Z.N. on completion of their R.N. Service.

Our communications instruction revolves around one two hour parade weekly, with voluntary classes for those wishing to qualify for higher rate. In addition we do a minimum of seven days sea time annually, although many of us take advantage of any cruises to Australia and the Pacific Islands in *Black Prince* or one of the Frigates.

Communication Branch ratings figure prominently in all the Division's activities. In our Pipe Band we muster four pipers and three drummers, and in the dance band, which looks as though it will get away to a flying start, we are the backbone of the instrumentalists. The Branch acquitted itself well in the annual musketry shoot and swimming sports, held last March.

Since the R.N.Z.N.V.R. recommenced its activities in September, 1948, when we drilled in the pre-war Headquarters (situated very conveniently over a brewery) we have moved around quite a bit. A fire in the Brewery gutted our H.Q., notwithstanding the 50 gallon beer barrels sculling about—we think the local firemen were more interested in saving them. We then moved to R.N.Z.A.F. Headquarters for a while, until we degenerated to the lower level of a tin shed for about eight months. Now, however, we are the envy of every Division in the Dominion. Our new Headquarters ("The Slaughterhouse" to us, and Captain J. E. Slaughter, R.N., until recently Second Naval Member) provides us with every facility of training that is available. For instance our Drill Hall provides the biggest and best dance floor in Christchurch.

During our wanderings, the most we could do, as far as the "Sparkers" were concerned, was to get close up on procedure with the "walkie talkie" sets, by taking them home and calling up each other in the evenings (each rating acting as a Station).

The Signalmen just had to grin and bear bags of hand flags and flashing. However, it all bore fruit when we did our annual Sea Time, reports on our practical being better than our usual low. Right now, due to the efforts of our Chief Tel., we have a first class w/r Office. The Chief shortly hopes to gain wireless touch with some R.N.V.R. Divisions at Home. So you Jokers in U.K. if you see a lot of hieroglyphics looking like a KIWI you will know who the originator is.

The Signalmen have their lecture room fitted up with a standard full size light-up pattern manoeuvring board. It's amazing just how easy a bunch of Rockies can get the Fleet into complete chaos but its even more amazing just how easily they may be reformed simply by pulling a switch. In our eagerness to become familiar with this new (to us anyway), form of instruction, the old Tufnell Box is rapidly being lost under a dense layer of dust.

To end our story for this issue we wish to congratulate Lieutenant Commander P. B. Austin, R.N.Z.N.V.R.—our Divisional Officer—on his being the recipient of the Long Service Medal in recognition of his Service as a rating in the V.R., and also our pride in having Chief Tel. Eric Sorensen, who was personally presented with the B.E.M. by Her Majesty the Queen in January last. Chief Tel. Sorensen joined the Canterbury R.N.V.R. (N.Z.) as it was known in those days in 1932, and has served his 22 years in a manner that we could all do well to emulate.

H.M.A.S. "HARMAN"

Spring is with us again and the Station is looking very attractive with pansies and poppies a riot of colour, and our avenues of Japanese Cherry blooming profusely.

On 26th August *Harman* was inspected by Rear-Admiral H. A. Showers, C.B.E., F.O.I.C.E.A., and his staff who appeared to be pleased with the appearance of the Station. On 19th October we were honoured by a visit from His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, who took the salute at a march past of the Ship's Company, afterwards walking around *Harman* and *Belconnen*.

Our swimming pool has been excavated and all

hands will soon be busy mixing and laying cement and concrete to complete the job. It is expected that the W.R.A.N.S. will take as much part in this as the male ratings. The sports oval has been graded and seeded in preparation for cricket and other summer sports. These improvements are mainly due to our new Captain, Commander (C) A. D. Black, R.A.N. whose enthusiasm and energy seems never to abate. He took Mr. Shiplee, C.C.O., on a fishing trip which involved mountain-climbing and miles of walking. They returned with six lovely trout, the smallest of which weighed 2½ lbs. and the largest 4 lbs. Mr. Shiplee, however, lost several inches off his girth and was stiff for about a week.

Inter-Watch sports (Basketball, Softball, Obstacle Races, etc.) are in the process of organisation and keen competition is likely to ensue. Chief P.O. Tel. G. Dawson, ex R.N. (Chatham) is going to form an Archery Club, so that if all else fails us we will pass traffic by bow and arrow.

By the time you read this, Christmas will be upon us, our busy period, and we will be sweltering in the heat of the Australian Summer and envying you your White Christmas, so when the Whitehall Operators have difficulty reading us because they are shivering so much, don't forget that we will be busy wiping perspiration from our brows and keys.



RATT Trials and Tribulations by Tel. Denham, H.M.A.S. "Harman"

BRITANNIA LAKE PAYS OFF

By Instructor Lieutenant Commander R. Brett Knowles

Lest you might think that we have a Lake class of ship in service, I will begin by saying that Britannia Lake was the Main Base of the British North Greenland Expedition in 77° N, 24° W and the recipient of the messages NL addressed to XPN. Next you may wonder why a blue striper is writing this. Our Army Signal Officer had to return to U.K. in 1953 for medical reasons and being an enthusiastic "ham" I took his job over in addition to my own.

Our communication set up was simple, there being three main routines daily with the Icecap Station, *Northice*, thrice daily with the local weather net and thrice weekly with GYA. At peak periods we added a nightly routine with Angmagssalik to clear private telegrams. In the spring and summer the travelling sledge and weasel teams joined in the *Northice* routine, when buzzes of mutual interest were circulated and occasionally a musical programme was broadcast from one or other of the bases. Once a month the B.B.C. made us a special transmission over which our relatives sent messages and latterly spoke themselves. This programme was rebroadcast to all field parties so that a dog sledger could hear it on his hand crank set, or a weasel team 400 miles out, on their radio.

Our last winter soon passed and during it Ken Taylor was able to get out sledging from time to time. On these occasions I took over the GYA routines and one of the scientists would send the local weathers. If the Danish weather stations had a message for us, the scientists soon found out that making QCS could get them out of many a difficulty. Fortunately the Danes did not use the Z code and so could not make ZBM2 to us. During the winter we often worked amateurs in U.K., using my call G3AAT/OX and many a friendship was made, not only with the hams back home but also with Canadian Arctic stations. QSL cards will in due course be sent to verify these contacts, in fact as soon as the cards are printed.

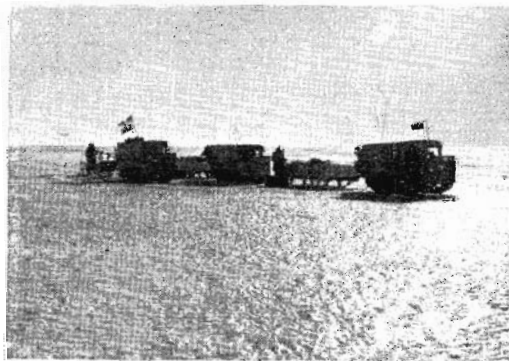
Come the spring, I set out with a weasel team as Navigator and assistant Seismologist. Dog teams and manpack parties went as well and soon base was left to the two Taylors, Ken and Pete. They were used to one another's company, having wintered together at *Northice* in the first year. Each day we had contact with them and the *Northice* crew to pass our weather and to clear private and Service traffic before getting on to the buzzes. While travelling I struck up a friendship with the Americans who were also on the Icecap, having an hour or so CW QSO every other day. The other weasel team, who were going out through Thule actually met most of the American operators and were well entertained by them.

Eventually all parties except the weasel teams had returned to base and it became our job to return over

the 400 miles to base, picking up the *Northice* crew en route. Dixie Dean had been there for fourteen months and reckoned it high time to leave. While travelling out West, one of our weasels blew up and since I had been operating solo up to that time, I took its two crew as passengers. With the addition of the *Northice* crew of four there was a total of nine men to go in two weasels and so, to ease the overcrowding, one of my trailers was converted into a covered wagon where three men travelled in their sleeping bags. Dixie fixed them up with a B46 and they were on my weasel intercom circuit. They had a very effortless journey home save when my port track broke into a crevasse and all hands had to turn to to heave it out.

My weasel died from a broken connecting rod some ten miles from Britannia Lake, but all our gear was carried to within a mile of the Lake by the surviving weasel and we manpacked it the rest of the way. So everyone was at base who was going home that way and stores were packed up. With the arrival of the first Sunderland, I took to Zachenberg an Army WS 52 and the rhombic aerial that for all the winter had been on the frozen lake, handling all traffic to and from Whitehall w/r. Less than 24 hours after landing at Zachenberg, our South Base, contact was made with GYA and two days later XPN1 at Zachenberg took over the UK circuit. Final farewell to GYA was made from XPN, Britannia Lake, and the station closed for good.

The sudden arrival of ice, drifting down Young Sound to Zachenberg made our immediate departure essential and the O.C. R.A.F. gave me an OO which he wanted cleared as soon as I could. There was no GYA routine till next day and so there was nothing for it but to try to raise Portishead. We had no wavemeter or Ship/Shore crystal so I had to net to a merchant ship and call after he had finished. Portishead were very helpful and I cleared not only



(Official photograph)

Weasel team on bare ice



Main Base in Spring

the OO but a service to GYA saying that our next routine might not take place and giving warning of the closing of XPN1.

Together with thirteen of our sledge dogs we flew to Iceland and the following day to Pembroke Dock, where, thanks to Portishead, our relatives were waiting to greet us. The Gravity weasel team, who had arrived about a month earlier, sent a representative to meet us and it must be some comfort to

them to hear now, from Reuters press, that they arrived in Thule in the middle of October and were expected home at the end of that month.

So ended the Expedition and soon most of us will be back at our everyday tasks with only memories to remind us of the two years we spent up there. In the cable-ese of one of the press men who came to see us, "It is an experience I shall unforget."

From the Communications point of view it was an entire success, thanks to the keenness of both professional and amateur sparkers up there and the untiring efforts made by Whitehall w/t to clear our traffic each routine despite heavy QRM and weak fading signals.



(Official photograph)

Army WS 19 hp being installed in a Weasel

CHRISTMAS NUMBER CARTOON COMPETITION

The best CARTOON (in the opinion of the Editorial staff), to be published in this number is that on page 163, sent in by 3/O. S. M. Crumby, W.R.N.S., to whom has gone the prize of One Guinea.

This trip came after a hurried dash down to Port Said to bring 42 Commando back to Malta. During the Summer cruise we took the Commander-in-Chief to Palmas Bay (where our Communication whaler's crew only failed by a canvas to win in the Fleet Regatta), Calvi and Yugoslavian ports. Soon after our return to Malta, we carried out a ceremonial reception for H.I.M. the Emperor of Ethiopia; during this, the First Sea Lord designate exercised command of the fleet at sea for his last time. We also had the almost unique privilege of wearing his Trinity House flag. (Note for ceremonial kings, Admiral's flag at the fore, Trinity House flag at the main.)

To finish our article, we send to Communicators, wherever they may be, best wishes for a happy Christmas, a prosperous and promotion filled New Year.

MEDITERRANEAN FLEET GREET THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA

The Emperor of Ethiopia spent two days in Malta on his way home to pay his State visit to Her Majesty the Queen. His departure from Malta in H.M.S. *Gambia* was marked by a series of manoeuvres and demonstrations by the Mediterranean Fleet.

The Commander-in-Chief flew his Flag in *Glasgow*, in which H.E. The Governor was also embarked. *Surprise* acted as escort to *Gambia*, and as soon as they were clear of Grand Harbour the Fleet Air Arm and Royal Air Force carried out a fly past, and four Helicopters of 845 Squadron then formed up as close escort to *Gambia*.

Glasgow and *Bermuda* carried out a throw-ahead shoot using red and green 'K' shell, and Flotilla Command, augmented by three Darings and the 25th D.S. (R.P.N.) carried out a close formation torpedo attack at high speed, closing in from each bow until less than 2,000 yards from *Gambia*.

Perhaps the most spectacular demonstration was given by *Duchess*, *Diamond* and *Decoy*, formed in line abreast half a cable apart, who steamed close up the starboard side of *Gambia*, each ship firing a salvo of Squid by signal as they passed. The explosion of the combined salvo was a fine sight.

The submarines *Sanguine*, *Seneschal* and *Teredo* then approached from ahead, turned 90° outwards when abreast *Gambia*, and dived and surfaced in unison. They were followed by *Centauro* demonstrating catapulting and landing a Division of Seahawks.

By this time the Fleet was formed in two Divisions one mile on either beam of *Gambia*. The weather was unkind, to say the least, and it was necessary to reverse course at this stage to enable the rest of the programme to be carried out down-

wind. This necessitated a gridiron to get each Division back on its own side. The Fleet then steamed past *Gambia* on a similar course, and when seven cables clear ahead, carried out a gridiron across her bows. The two Divisions then did a further 90° turn onto the opposite course, and at the same moment all ships commenced firing a Royal salute.

The First Division, led by *Glasgow*, immediately wheeled 180° to starboard and steamed up the starboard side of *Gambia*, passing her at a distance of half a cable. The second Division led by *Bermuda* wearing the flag of F.O.2, wheeled so as to follow the First Division, but passing close up the port side. As each ship passed three cheers were given for the Emperor, who acknowledged them from a position on *Gambia's* upper bridge. It was unfortunate that the steam past coincided with a heavy rainstorm, but despite this and the following sea which caused ships to yaw a good deal, the manoeuvre was successfully completed, and the Emperor, who must have been getting extremely wet, was obviously most interested in it all.

Constance and *Charity* then joined *Gambia* as her escort for the voyage home, and the rest of the Fleet moved clear, while helicopters began their round collecting photographers and films from various ships. *Glasgow* closed *Gambia* and both the Governor and the C-in-C were transferred by jackstay to take their leave of the Emperor.

Later Sir Robert Laycock was transferred by jackstay to *Surprise*, his flag being broken at the main as he stepped on board. The Fleet formed in column, and steamed past as a welcome to the Governor who had taken office only a week or two earlier. The weather had moderated slightly, and ship's companies were able to man ship as they passed *Surprise*, again at a distance of half a cable.

This concluded the day's manoeuvres. It was a fitting demonstration for the Emperor who has always been a loyal friend of the United Kingdom, and a suitable welcome to Major General Sir Robert Laycock who had at one time succeeded Admiral Mountbatten in an important 'naval' command—Chief of Combined Operations. It also gave an opportunity for Admiral Mountbatten to carry out a series of high speed manoeuvres with almost the entire Mediterranean Fleet on the last occasion on which he will be in command of the Fleet at sea during his time as Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean.

MEDITERRANEAN FLEET DARING CLASS

We, that is *Duchess*, *Diamond*, *Diana* and *Decoy*, have been in commission for well over two months by now and are well 'stuck in' to our general service time. 31st August, when we marched out of the barracks gates to cries of 'get your knees brown'

now seems a long time ago. Sailing a few days later with a completely new ship's company was certainly quite an experience as we went straight out into the 'Bay' at its worst! In fact the only time a certain telegraphist was seen to smile during the trip to Gib. was when the S.R.E. operator put on 'I'll see you again' at supper time!

Since arriving at Malta we've all been kept pretty busy. Five fleet exercises during a six week work-up was rather more than we had expected but from our point of view nothing could have been better, as everyone very quickly realised what was required of them. One of these exercises was the fleet display put on for the Emperor of Ethiopia as he passed through on his way to the U.K. and this, as everyone admitted, was a real buntings and sparkers benefit!

Our individual contribution was steaming past *Gambia* in line abreast, half a cable apart, and firing a simultaneous broadside of Squid. Afterwards, everyone said it looked 'A bit of all right!'

Most of the Med. Fleet are finding some difficulty in telling us apart as we have no pendant numbers on our sides and the only easily distinguishable one is *Diana* with her large raked funnel. Consequently we feel that we may sometimes escape a few 'bottles' through mistaken identity and get a few undeserved ones instead!

Our work-up is now officially over and while *Diamond* is doing her first spell in the Canal Zone, *Duchess* and *Decoy* are enjoying a six day visit to Genoa! *Diana* will be in and out of Dockyard Creek for another fortnight and is then off for a swan to Naples. Still, *Diamond* will be in Malta over Christmas.

One word of advice to other ships coming out to the Med. from the Home Fleet is to stock up well with stationery, as the level of signal traffic is much higher here than at home. We are all running short already!

And finally, a few howlers.



Ord. Sigs. Pollard and Wyncole and Ord. Tels. Hutchins and Le Comte of H.M.S. "Forth" in St. Mark's Square, Venice

Who were:—

The Ord. Sig. who thought that semtex was a typex channel between lower decks?

The Boy Sig. who, on being ordered 'Bend on only, Div p2 turn, more to follow' was ready to hoist 'Div p2 Turn B'?

The Ord. Tel. who asked where the switch for the dead lights was?

F.O.F. MED.—MANOEL ISLAND M.S.O.

The staff here is at present undergoing quite a number of changes and by Christmas most of the old faces will have left. Commander J. K. Laughton has gone (but not been forgotten) and his place has been taken by Lieutenant Commander B. H. Kent—a name not unknown to readers of THE COMMUNICATOR.

Last month, P.O. Telegraphist Cummins (Devonport), was married at Holy Trinity Church, Sliema. The Flag Officer, Flotillas, Rear-Admiral R. D. Watson, C.B.E., and Mrs. Watson, honoured us by attending this ceremony. No doubt all Communicators will join us in wishing the happy couple a long and happy commission.

The first heavy rains of the Autumn forced us to vacate 25A Mess—the old Nissen hut living quarters alongside Manoel Island Club, and the staff is now accommodated in H.M.S. *Phoenicia*.

Who was the P.O. Tel. of the watch at Lascaris who, having told a certain carrier by operating signal to "Call 9506" (P.O. Tel. of the Watch), was surprised, when, sometime later the carrier concerned asked, "What is the strength of my signals on 9506 Kc/s?"

The small ships of the Mediterranean join forces in wishing all Communicators and other readers of THE COMMUNICATOR a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

This being the first rendering since the start of General Service Commissions, we introduce ourselves as *Chevron* (D.1), *Chaplet*, *Comet* and *Charity*.

We recently bid farewell to our last Leader, *Chequers*, who after nine years in the Mediterranean has returned home for modernisation. At the same time we welcome *Charity* back to the fold after her "short cruise" in the Far East (five years).

Our recent cruise has included visits to Brindisi, Ancona, and then by the kind hand of fate a pleasant trip to the South of France, *Chevron* to Nice, *Chaplet* and *Comet* to Villefranche, where everyone took the opportunity for a good run ashore.

Before sailing for the South of France, the First Destroyer Squadron took part in "Cree," which were manoeuvres and exercises in honour of His Imperial Majesty Emperor Haile Selassie. After the

exercises *Charity* formed part of the escort to the United Kingdom and then recommissioned.

We are to join the Home Fleet next spring, being relieved out here by the 6th Destroyer Squadron.

Chevron is a "Pompey" ship but Captain D's staff come from Chatham. However, after a few days the Communicators settled down very well; inter-port rivalry being kept alive by spirited "ukkers" games.

Trials of Life

As read by the Mike Operator:

Donations are to be sent in CASES.

As transmitted:

Donations are to be sent in CASH.

SECOND MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

CARBONARA BAY, SARDINIA—a scene of rugged mountain beauty overlooking a blue Mediterranean sea, a countryside sparsely inhabited, beautiful bathing beaches, wild rocky hills just asking to be climbed, what could be a more ideal place for exercising communication landing parties!

The idea was to set up communication stations on vantage points round the bay. The targets were really quite straightforward. *Recruit*—a pimple of a hill 1,607 ft. high, *Chameleon*—a slightly less formidable target 594 ft. high and *Plucky*—a ruined tower 210 ft. above the sea. Then, of course, there was a variety of equipment to be taken—aldis, type 622 portable, batteries, semaphore flags, pads, a chair for the C.Y.S.—but regrettably, the ormig duplicator had to be left behind.

The rig was relaxed—there being a definite preference for mountaineering accoutrements.

The assistance of mules, ponies, dogs or other indigenous beasts of burden was not allowed.

By 0830 that Friday morning, the ships' teams were ashore. On all sides, columns of sturdy Communicators commenced the long ascent. *Plucky*, however, before proceeding, called a "Pow Wow", refreshing themselves with local beer which their crafty L/Sig. had stowed under a conspicuous bush the previous night.

By 0930, all stations were in position and communication established. Unfortunately, *Recruit's* main position could not be advanced any further than the 900 ft. mark although two members of the team set off at a cracking pace and reached the summit by 0945 where they were observed to be sending semaphore—but just who read it is not quite clear. *Recruit* also called Malta but mighty Lascaris would not answer or so the P.O. Tel. claims. One point, *Plucky's* semaphore was readable 5 miles away—whilst from *Chameleon* was received "After Everest, this was easy. Signed Hilary"—a joke much enjoyed by all.

And so, as mid-day approached and the heat increased, a rapid descent back to the beaches was made—where everyone plunged into the



"RECRUIT'S" MAIN STATION

Setting up the equipment—to the left can be seen the Squadron at anchor

inviting sea and had a refreshing and well deserved swim.

Thus ended a most successful operation, a break away from the day to day routine of the M.S.O. and W/T Office, an opportunity for everyone to show individualism—including the L/Sig. from *Plucky*—and finally and not least, a check on the portable equipment.

FLASH

The news has just come through that the Squadron is returning to the U.K. at the beginning of December to reduce into Reserve. A sad end! However, "Home for Christmas" is the great cry now, although perhaps many will regret the warmth of the Mediterranean as they huddle round fires in the midst of an English winter.

This will be our last contribution—we say goodbye and we wish you all a "Happy Christmas."

H.M.S. "WAKEFUL"

This is our first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR and incidentally, it will be our last. For we pay off when the next edition (Easter) is due, and twelve smiling Communicators will wend their weary way into the heavenly portals of our valhalla, Leydene.

We have no doubts whatsoever that we shall not last long there, for rumour has it that the Signal School is devoid of 'Spare' Communicators, owing to heavy commitments of General Service Commissions.

We can claim some fame on our short commission even though the *Wrangler* may try to steal the limelight from us.

We were the first warship to use Television to search for the Comet G-ALYP as opposed to identifying contacts, indeed we found the major portions; at one time trailing two television cameras (one Pye, one Marconi), 600 feet below us.

Up to the time of writing we have not yet missed a Cruise or Major Fleet Exercise (Fifth F.S. please note).

On a recent cruise we visited the port of Theoule (South of France), and the town was so impressed by the *Wakeful* that we have had an offer from the Mayor of Theoule for the town to adopt us. It is believed to be the first time a town on a foreign station has made such an offer to one of H.M. Ships.

During one Fleet Exercise the *Wakeful* was on Convoy Escort Duty with a Squadron of Turkish Minesweepers. The operator on Tactical Primary tried to pass a Plain Language signal to one of them; after 25 minutes he was almost "doing his nut" trying to spell phonetically the phonetic symbols used to spell a word. Finally the Turkish Umpire we had onboard took over the microphone, passed the signal and had the reply all within a minute. He handed the mike back to the operator with an expression as much as to say "There you are, anyone can do it if they try." Has anyone a book on "How to learn Turkish in Three Easy lessons?"

Mirthful Moments on Mikes

"C.-in-C. will be afloat FRYING his flag."

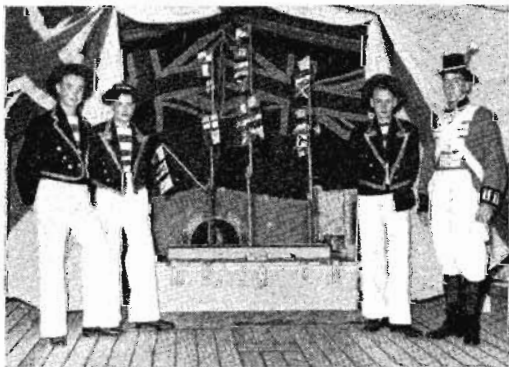
Heard in the Office

P.O. Tel. "Who is your relief?"

Operator. "I don't know but he follows me."

H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

The ship has recently returned from the Mediterranean where the last few months were not without their excitement. There was a fleet regatta, which was so hotly contested between the two Devonport cruisers *Bermuda* and *Gambia* (the latter won the fleet cock, but *Bermuda* shared the cruiser cock with her). Soon after, we said good-bye to our rivals when they brought the Emperor of Ethiopia to U.K. In the steam past that ended the Mediterranean



The uniforms worn by the gangway staff. They were made by the sailmaker of H.M.S. "Bermuda"

demonstration we were so close to them that it was almost possible to shake hands as we passed!

Back in Malta for a short period before we ourselves left for U.K. most of the natives were busy packing their families off home and many farewell parties were thrown, including the official cocktail party, which was held on Trafalgar Day and recalled by display and dress of the Gangway Staff that great day in Naval History.

A short stay in Gibraltar brought us into contact with the *Jamaica* and F.O.F.H., whose flag we will shortly hoist for the Spring Cruise, which will take the ship back to Malta via the South of France.

Many of the staff will, however, be leaving before then, some to start life as civilians and others for courses. *Bermuda* will nevertheless still be going strong and showing the Home Fleet what she can do. Meanwhile the ship's company are taking a well earned leave.

We in *Bermuda* wish all Communicators, the world over, a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

H.M.S. "RICASOLI"

Courses for leading rate continue to pass through the S.T.C. with varying degrees of success. It would perhaps be as well to emphasise that a course is meant to revise and polish rather than to teach a candidate from "scratch"; a little pre-course "rubbing-up" pays very good dividends.

Leading Wren (Q) courses continue to produce good results.

In the sporting field, Communicators in *Ricasoli* do not allow Father Time to sabotage their efforts. The Wardroom swimming team had two Communicators in their trio and won the inter-Part shield, as the average age of the team was forty-two, this was not a bad effort. The (S) boys were not to be outdone in this element; Leading Tel. (S) O'Shea produced some fine form in winning the diving event, while P.O. Tel. (S) Wells was an ever present for *Ricasoli's* Water Polo team. Wren Sig. Cruikshank distinguished herself at the *Ricasoli* and Fleet aquatic sports in both diving and free style.

Inter-Part soccer demands a "clear lower deck" procedure to produce teams. The ancients of the staff in Wardroom, Chief and P.O.'s teams do not seem deterred by pension pains. C.Y.S. Corbin, playing at right back for the ship, still induces a healthy respect in opposing left wingers.

AN ODE ON THE NEW PHONETIC ALPHABET

"ALFA" yelled "BRAVO" as "CHARLIE" tore across the "DELTA" listening for that elusive "ECHO" of a "FOXTROT". "GOLF" "HOTEL" somewhere in "INDIA" is sure some place, but of course "JULIETT" didn't know it was many many "KILOS" from "LIMA".

"MIKE" and "OSCARs" "PAPA" were staying in "QUEBEC" and discoursing on the "SIERRA's" when "ROMEO" dressed in "UNIFORM" suggested a "TANGO" for the next dance.

"VICTOR" was full of "WHISKY" and "it sure was like "NECTAR" of the bees" he heard the "YANKEE" "ZULU" murmuring as he prepared for his first "XRAY".

H.M.S. "ROOKE"—GIBRALTAR

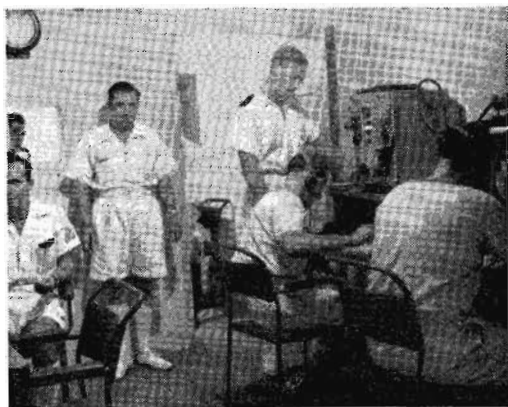
Since ending our last communique from the rock we have lost Commander Rushbrooke, to whom we wish good luck in his new appointment, and have welcomed Lieutenant-Commander Wake-Walker as our new S.C.O. and Flag Lieutenant. Another recent appointment is that of Captain Stopford, who will be well known to many old *Mercury* stanchions, and who is now our Chief Staff Officer.

We still perform our arduous duties in the bowels of the rock—"The Salt Mines", as M.H.Q. is affectionately termed, with the accompanying humidity and incessant blasting—the "blasting" being in every sense of the word, by the way!

The Branch continues to shine in the world of sport, despite our watchkeeping programme, which sometimes obliges us to call upon ex-Communicators in the Regulating Branch to revert to their original rating and belt a ball about under our colours. We did extremely well at cricket during the season, some of us qualifying for the R.N. local team. Lieutenant Stokes, descending from the rarefied atmosphere of Windmill Hill,



Can you recognise this? The Campanile, Venice



(Photograph—E. R. A. Smith, H.M.S. "Forth")
Submarine H.Q., Malta—The Wireless Office

proved that he can wield a deadly bat and disturb a worthy wicket. Another boost to Branch prestige arose from the Command Swimming Championships, from which *Rooke*, pulled down the Minor Units Trophy for the fourth successive year. The winning team in this water walk-over included no fewer than eight Communicators, led by Mr. Clarke, our C.C.O.

We are now embarked on the soccer season, and have so far won all matches. Our victories include two thrashings administered to Captain D.3's Communications Staff. The R.N. local players include eight of our candidates, five of whom usually play in each match.

Unfortunately life in the *Andrew* is not one endless round of fun and games, and exercises of a more serious nature have occupied much of our time between matches. For Exercise "Black-Jack" we were reinforced by a miscellaneous assortment of male ratings and a bevy of beautiful Wrens from U.K. establishments. Our genial Jaunty—better known in journalistic circles as "Nestor"—had some strictly professional dealings with two of the girls. He had to bring them up for absence over leave, and still blushes prettily when recalling the experience. We hope all "Blackjacks" arrived home safely and wish them all the best for their well-earned leave—or wherever their next draft chit takes them! Since H.M.S. *Saintes* is at present refitting at Gibraltar we have her Communicators to assist us during the Home Fleet visit commencing on 26th October. While wishing the Home Fleet a very pleasant time at Gibraltar we are prepared for the communicational worst in the way of extra traffic, and in accordance with our finest traditions we hope to cope . . .

Before signing off from this remote outpost of the Empire, nestling in the sinister shadows of the forbidden city, La Linea, we would like to wish all readers a very Merry Christmas and a convivial New Year.

THE PERSIAN GULF

"What have you done to be sent to the Persian Gulf? The writer was several times asked this question during his foreign draft leave. But all of us out here are confident in the knowledge that only the best men are sent to the Persian Gulf to do one of the most important jobs that fall to the Royal Navy, often under arduous and trying conditions.

Most of the oil consumed in the sterling area comes from the Persian Gulf, and about 400 tankers a month enter and leave the Gulf to take it away. The British position in the Gulf is quite special and most important.

In the huge peninsula of Arabia the boundaries have never been well defined, and since it is largely desert inhabited by wandering Bedouin tribes it mattered little. But when immense oil fields were discovered there over the last fifteen years, and experts have predicted that more equally large ones only wait to be proved by "wildcat" (trial) drilling, every acre became a possible source of undreamed of wealth.

Now it happens that Britain already has treaties with the small sheikdoms on the southern coast of the Persian Gulf. These were made with the local rulers when we pacified the area and suppressed the pirates that were attacking the shipping off Karachi and Bombay.

These treaties allow Her Majesty's Government to conduct the sheikdom's foreign affairs and guarantee their territory, but in no way interferes with their internal affairs. Because of our responsibility for their foreign relations they do not have any dealings with other countries except through H.M.G.'s representative. He is known as H.M.G.'s P.A. (Political Agent). The P.A. also has jurisdiction over British and other non-Arab foreigners.

It is unlikely that there will be much demand for a change in the British position here for a considerable time, unlike in Egypt and Iraq, because the sheikdoms are so small and some immensely rich from oil like Kuwait, and they are all potentially wealthy, that unless they were under the protection

of some friendly non-Arab power they would soon be swallowed up by their large Arab neighbours. The ruling sheiks are well aware of this, so the present arrangement suits both sides very well; the small states have their security assured whilst the British gain considerable commercial advantages.

There is no British garrison in the Persian Gulf apart from the R.A.F. in Iraq. In the Trucial Oman States there is a small force of British officered levies for local use. So you can see the importance of the frigates of the Persian Gulf Division.

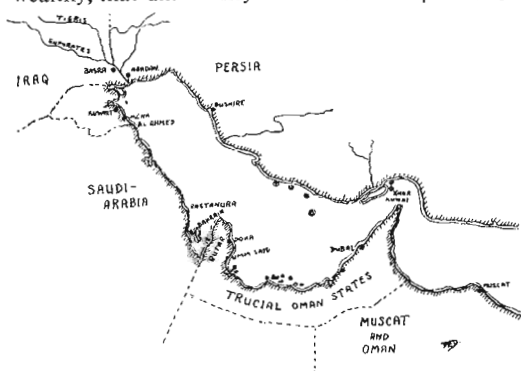
The Persian Gulf Division is part of the East Indies Fleet. It consists of three specially tropicalised frigates, the *Wild Goose*, *Flamingo* and *Wren*. By the time you read this the *Wild Goose* will be back in U.K. for the first time in eight years and will be starting a long refit at Chatham. They are Commanded by the Senior Naval Officer Persian Gulf (S.N.O.P.G. pronounced 'snopgee'); everyone in the Gulf knows who SNOGP is. At the moment SNOGP is Captain A. S. Webb, R.N. who also commands *Wild Goose*, in 1955 it will be Captain V. A. Wight-Boycott, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., in *Flamingo*. His only Staff Officer, apart from the ships specialist officers and his secretary, is his S.O.O., who for some time has always been a Communications Officer, and it is considered one of the most varied and interesting jobs going. At present Lieutenant Commander J. Kane, R.N., holds this appointment.

If there is any trouble in this fairly large area one of the frigates is always the first on the scene, and you can be sure there is plenty of scope for trouble here. Since the war all of the following emergencies involving ships of the P.G. division have occurred, some several times: piracy, slaving, island snatching (all potential oil fields), rival oil companies infringing each others concessions, a mutiny in the local levies, frontier disputes and danger to European lives and property from local mobs, to say nothing of the normal incidence of distress at sea.

Few pretend that the Persian Gulf is an attractive place. Because of the tension over Abadan, Persia itself has been closed to us for some time, but we look forward to visits there before long. On the south coast there are to the east the jagged and barren mountains of Muscat and Oman, whilst in the centre and the north are the featureless deserts of Arabia.

Half way down the southern shore is the island of Bahrein which is one of the protected sheikdoms already referred to. Oil was drilled in Bahrein as long ago as 1932, so with the resulting prosperity, and thanks to the Ruler's most able British adviser Sir Charles Belgrave, it is the most advanced of the little states.

There is plenty of well water at Bahrein, if rather brackish, which makes for quite a lot of greenery, principally date gardens. Here the Navy has a very



small base. The facilities are meagre, but they are being improved every day. There is a canteen, some playing fields and officers and ratings each have a swimming pool; but apart from that the only attraction is shopping in the town of Manama's extensive bazaar.

About every six weeks frigates go to stock up with frozen provisions from the R.A.F. cold store at Basra at the head of the Gulf. This is the main port of Iraq and is 85 miles up the Shatt al Arab, the mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Most consider Basra to be a welcome change, for it is the only place that frigates go alongside in the Gulf. They go alongside a pier at the R.A.F. base where the canteen, swimming pool and sports grounds are close at hand. Also for those who are interested, there are in the town a few bars and cabarets that are not out of bounds.

Kuwait and its oil port of Mena al Ahmedi are about the most popular places for a flag showing visit. Here, the huge oil camp and the attendant contracting firms are always keen to meet the Navy, play them games and entertain them royally.

In the Summer the Gulf is really very hot indeed, July and August being the worst months. The most uncomfortable area is the central Gulf which

includes Bahrein. Here the humidity regularly rises to 100 degrees, usually at night, so there is no relief after dark. This is because the Persian Gulf is so shallow, rarely exceeding forty fathoms, and very high sea water temperatures are achieved in summer, 95 degrees and over is quite usual.

All the living spaces onboard the frigates are air conditioned which makes life onboard quite bearable. At first it appears strange to see an H.M. Ship out of working hours in a hot climate with all the scuttles and screen doors shut and only the quartermaster on deck. It makes us wonder what life was like in ships of the Persian Gulf Division before the days of air conditioning.

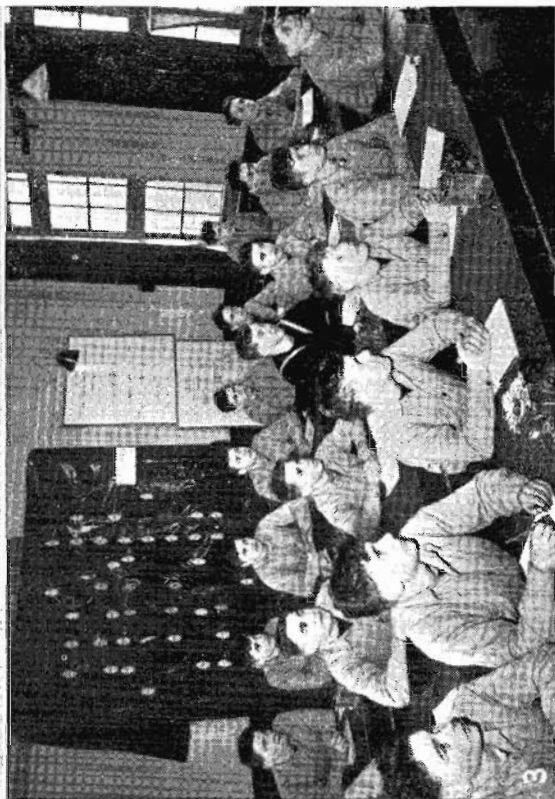
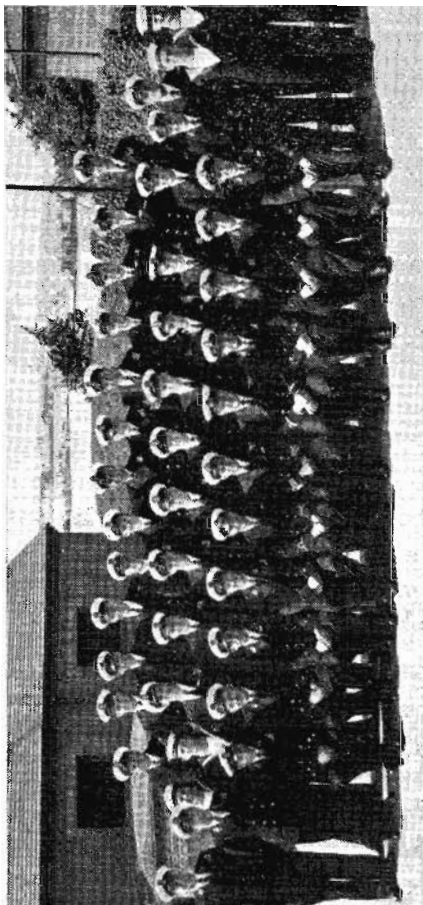
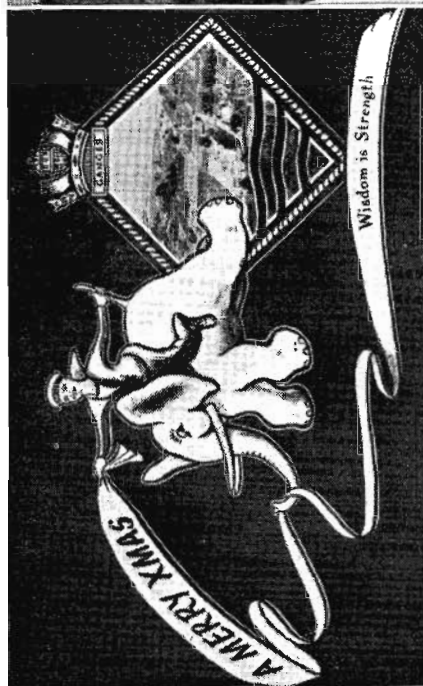
An important privilege that we have is an issue of one bottle of beer per man onboard when at a place where there are no canteen facilities. Also air freighted fresh vegetables and fruit, when others are not obtainable locally, can be purchased by the supply officer and sold to the messes at normal issuing prices.

About every six months the frigates go to Colombo for docking and refit. This is a welcome break for all. Both officers and ratings live ashore in hostels or hotels whilst the ship is at Colombo and a week's leave in the hills can usually be organised.



DOLMABACHE PALACE, ISTANBUL

Looking south across the Bosphorus, with the Asia foreshore in the background



(Photograph by kind permission of Tudor Photos Ltd., Ipswich)

H.M.S. "GANGES"—1. (Top right) The signal school staff—Summer, 1954; 2. Morse typing instruction; 3. V.S. procedure.

"THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS"

by Wren C. N. Paul

A lifetime is composed of many memorable experiences, and the recollection of some may cause either pleasure or regret that dims with the passing of time. Yet one memory will live with me forever, my first glimpse of the Victoria Falls at the height of their splendour, rushing over the cliffs with tremendous force as though propelled by a supernatural power.

We drove up to Northern Rhodesia in a rainstorm, along the narrow winding roads, experiencing all the discomforts of travelling in these regions, quite unprepared for the wonderful sight awaiting us at the end of our journey and indeed thinking that the rain would obscure its glory. As we neared our destination, we could hear the roar of the falls, their awe inspiring beauty heightened by the rainbow that had fallen across them.

Then into my mind came the natives' description of the falls, which translated means "the smoke that thunders," and no phrase could be more expressive. Impetuously they rushed forward as though releasing a gigantic energy they could not contain, the spray rising up in a white mist. One became oblivious to everything except the thundering roar that would never decrease in volume, the tremendous flow of water that would rush forward for ever. All the wonderful achievements of man faded into insignificance beside this miracle wrought by nature.

Though we uttered exclamations no words were audible; the grandeur of the falls had so greatly exceeded our expectations, that we were left speechless.

During our week's holiday we learnt everything about the district. We saw the "Silent Pool", so named because of its striking contrast to the falls. Surrounded by majestic cliffs, the Silent Pool had a peaceful tranquility, a mystic beauty so different to the turbulent flow of the falls.

We climbed down to the very heart of the falls where all the waters meet, known as the "Boiling Pot". There we experienced a sensation not altogether pleasant as we stood immediately below the falls, deafened by the noise, seeing the heads of crocodiles rising above the foam.

The week passed swiftly. We never tired of gazing outwards to the falls, becoming absorbed by their wonder, their roar continuously beating in our ears. As we drove away on the final day, I listened to the roar slowly diminishing as we got further away, then I seemed to hear the words echoing within the road, "return to us, return to our immortality."

EASTER NUMBER, 1955

All contributions for the Easter number must reach the Editor by FEBRUARY 28th and orders for copies by MARCH 14th.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR TALES OF YESTERYEAR

Dear Sir,

May I suggest a small space in your future editions for news of yesterday's personalities of the Branch? I am prompted to ask this after reading that most interesting letter from Commander Paris re climbing Nelson's Column. I am sure many of your readers remember him as the Regulating Officer of the old Signal School and were pleased to have news of him.

What of the great Samuel George Smith who delighted in keeping the signal staffs of the Atlantic Fleet on their toes when he was in *Delhi*.

Where is that Wizard of the early Short Waves, name of Kirkwood I believe, who boasted he could get Hong Kong from Invergordon on no aerals but could not raise the next astern on all the aerals of the *Nelson*?

What happened to that 6½ foot Telegraphist who used to lead the Bluejackets Band out of R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth, by throwing his mace over the top of the archway of the gate. He had a brother equally as tall who used to play cricket for Sussex, and what a fine sight they made walking round the U.S. Sport ground Portsmouth when playing Hampshire and the band playing under the trees.

Those fine pictures you print. Could we have one or two of the good old days? Such as Castille Signal Station, Malta in all its glory in the days when sparkers were only Cocoa Hops for the buntings. It might even inspire the present day "Telephone Operators on a Voice Circuit" to better things.

Yours faithfully,

T. E. BROWN

Communication Lieutenant, R.N. (Retd.)

[Editors Note.—Contributions for such an item will be most welcome for future editions, particularly photographs].

* * * *

Dear Sir,

We were glancing through the Summer number again when we came to page 89. We would like to congratulate Chief P.O. Telegraphist Fox on his bar to the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal (see photograph).

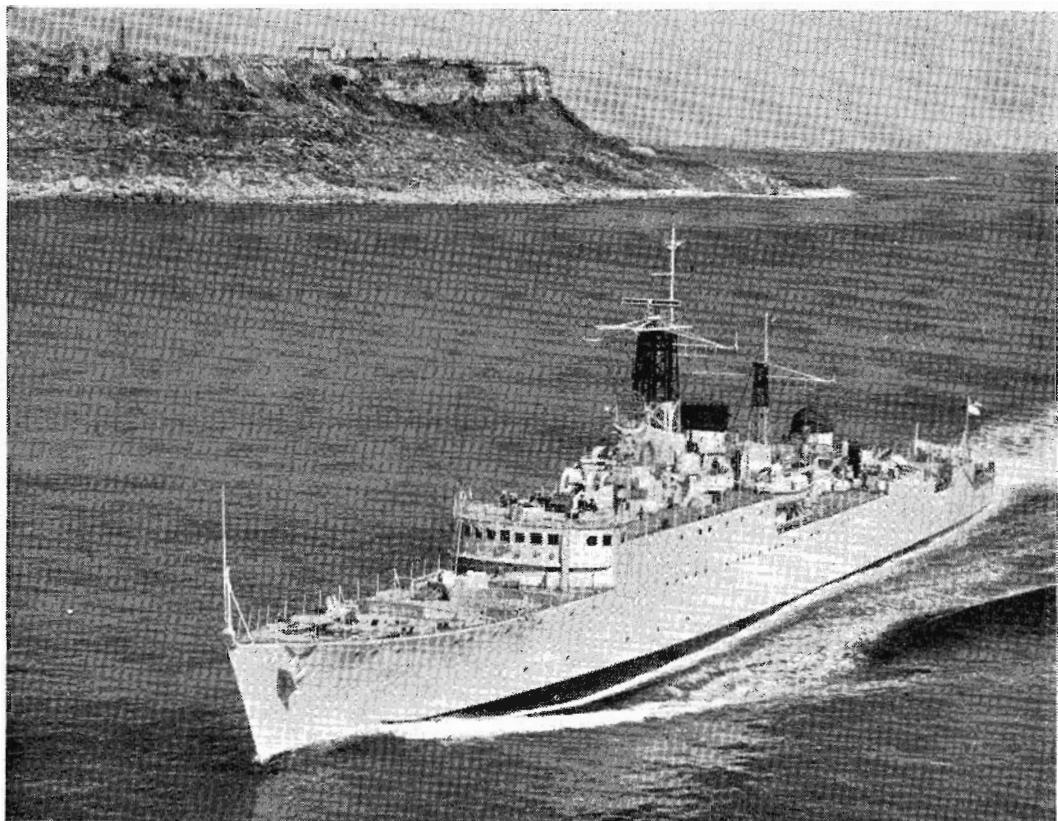
Now that *Birmingham* has returned to the station we hasten to assure ex-*Birmingham* Communicators that *Terror's* garage and trees have now been removed from *Birmingham's* upper deck (see caption).

Best wishes to all concerned,

E. JOHN SCUDDER.

Petty Officer Telegraphist,

H.M.S. *Cossack*.



H.M.S. "Grenville" (T.S.2) leaving Portland

HOME STATION



H.M.S. "TYNE"

As this account is being written *Tyne*, in company with the majority of the Home Fleet, is lying alongside the Mole at Gibraltar. We have been here a matter of ten days and have a similar period to go before we sail again for one or two foreign visits and then back to U.K. for Christmas leave, and all the joys associated therewith!

However, to recount our past adventures since we became the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet: as is well-known, *Tyne* is the temporary replacement for *Vanguard* while the latter

is undergoing a long refit at Devonport. Many have been the buzzes concerning whether or not the Flag will re-transfer when *Vanguard* comes forward, but in spite of the 'dinkum oil' from several (usually) reliable sources, we are still as much in the dark as ever, and probably won't know either way until the New Year.

The Admiral's Staff transferred to us in Portsmouth about the middle of September.

Having completed the transfer satisfactorily, we proceeded to Plymouth for two days, and on 23rd September we sailed to take part in Exercise

"Morning Mist." We were allocated the duty of Commodore of a Convoy. Throughout we were escorted by Canadian and R.N. ships, but were joined from time to time by H.N.M.S. *Karel Dorman* and her escort who were acting in a support role. The exercise did provide good practice for us in the use of A.C.P. 148 and V.S. and all in all enabled us to shake down as a new ship's company.

We returned to Plymouth for one day after our part in the exercise, and arrived Glasgow on 4th October. The ship was berthed at Springfield Quay, and any Glaswegian will realise just how close to the centre of the city that is! The trip up the Clyde was most interesting to those of us who had not previously traversed it, and the amount of shipping under construction opened all our eyes.

A weekend at Plymouth and then down to Falmouth for the fleet to assemble prior to the passage to Gibraltar. Exercises occupied most of the time on passage, and provided, incidentally, a searching investigation into the use of a single flag signal to indicate that 'Commanding Officers have time for the next meal', using WIMS!

Many are the changes which Drafty has inflicted on us; most of our old ratings from *Vanguard* went to *Mercury* after the Summer Cruise, but quite a few came to *Tyne*. C.Y.S. Hopewell and C.P.O. Tel. Tinkler are our respective heads of departments, and are steadily driving into our heads 'the way things should be done' and, (*Mercury* influence here) can glibly quote the book and paragraph number to support their sage statements. C.P.O. Tel. Stamp continues to conduct the communication exercises with his enviable aplomb, and C.Y.S. Hale also continues in supervising the M.S.O. and message handling side of things. A new addition to our 'Chief's Corps' is C.Y.S. Andrews, who is to be congratulated on his recent election to Home Fleet Lower Deck NAAFI Representative.

As this is being written we are running with perspiration caused by the prevailing humid climatic conditions of Gib., but soon, as Christmas approaches we'll be wishing for every moment of warmth which we're now experiencing. However, whether you are hot or cold as you read this, let our sincere Christmas Greetings for a wonderful and happy Christmastide be conveyed to you from the Communicators of *Tyne*, Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet and CINCEASTLANT.

HOME FLEET TRAINING SQUADRON

We are always being asked "Well, what do Communicators do in the Training Squadron?" We swing round A5 and A6 buoys in Portland, we go to Torquay for odd weekends, we sail on cruises with the Home Fleet and go to Gibraltar—and we have an unaugmented staff of Ordinary Telegraphists and Signalmen who cope remarkably well. In so far as training is concerned we have at the time of writing (9th November) 58 Ordinary Signalmen and

Junior Signalmen in *Theseus* and 54 in *Ocean* with a further 44 joining when we return to U.K. (at the moment we are in Gibraltar). Since July, 1952, a total of 458 Communication trainees have joined the Squadron and we hope they are serving the Fleet well: A serious word to all Signal Officers—do try and keep their kits up to the very high standard they have when they first join you.

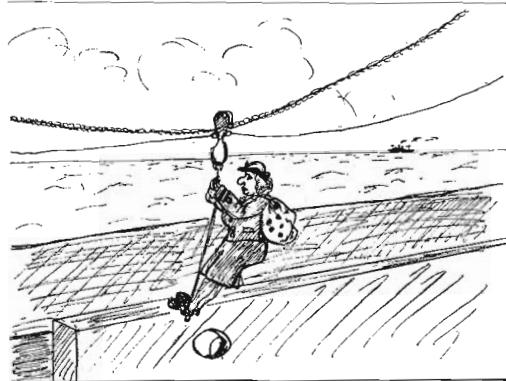
The Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*, has visited us recently and also the S.C.O. has arranged for several of the Communications Officers of the Fleet to walk round and see for themselves what happens here. We also give signal training to Upper Yardmen and Aviation Cadets and one recent howler from an Aviation Cadet on the meaning of Flag Baker was "This flag means eyes front when marching on the Flight Deck." In the field of sport, one of the trainees classes won the inter-Part deck-hockey and we are hoping for some success in the Fleet Novices Boxing.

In ten days time we're off to Tangier. That seems about all there's time for so—"Romeo—out".

H.M.S. "THESEUS"

At the moment of writing we are at Gibraltar wearing the Flag of F.O.T.S. After a rather rough start (which included unconduted tours of such places as the Black Dog, Gloucester, and Guppy's), we are settling down to Training Squadron routine. It is rumoured that the Chief's, including C.P.O. Tel. R. K. Jones and C.Y.S. Strachan, are unable to take afternoon siesta owing to the soothing voice of G.I.'s and the sound of hobnailed boots on the Flight Deck above their mess.

Exercise "Southbound", in which we have just participated, has proved (we hope) very instructive to our young and limited staff. It almost proved very destructive to two of the Destroyers that accompanied us. We paid a fond farewell to Joe (P.O. Tel.) Huggett whilst at Weymouth, and are still curious as to what he has done with the small beribboned "Guzzunder" that was presented to him as a parting gift from the staff. It made a good hat in



Sea Bag Delivered

a "pub", but do not think he will be able to use it as such in civvy street. Shiner Wright, ex-President of the P.O.'s Mess at *Mercury*, arrived as P.O. Tel. Huggett's relief. His first question on meeting the Yeoman and P.O. Tel. was "Is Blue Watch Long Week-end this week." The reply being in the negative he has now set fire to the other motorcycle. To complete this, our first attempt, here is a Training Squadron Howler: Definition of "The Main Body". Marilyn Monroe.



H.M.S. "Alcaston"—leader of 104th Coastal Minesweeper Squadron

THE INSHORE FLOTILLA

This being the first contribution from the Inshore Flotilla, is more of an introduction than a news letter.

The Inshore Flotilla was formed and based at Harwich in 1951. The Commodore (Commodore J. Lee-Barber, D.S.O. and Bar, R.N.), flies his broad pennant in H.M.S. *Mull of Galloway*, the Headquarters ship. H.M.S. *Mull of Galloway* is berthed between Shotley and Parkeston Quay and forms part of the artificial harbour where the small craft of the Inshore Flotilla lie.

The Inshore Flotilla at present consists of 4th Minesweeping Squadron (eight ocean minesweepers), 104th Minesweeping Squadron (eight coastal minesweepers), 232nd Minesweeping Squadron (eight inshore minesweepers), H.M.S. *Dingley* (The Home Station Clearance Diving Team)

Service in the Headquarters ship is Home Port Service. Service in the minesweepers is Home Sea Service.

Ships of the Inshore Flotilla are commissioned as follows: Portsmouth—2 oceans, 2 coastals and 2 inshores; Devonport—2 oceans, 2 coastals and 3 inshores; Chatham—4 oceans, 4 coastals and 3 inshores. If the name of the ship on your draft chit ends in "ton" or "ham", perhaps we shall be seeing you.

A coastal minesweeper has two Signalmen and one Telegraphist, an inshore minesweeper, one Signalmen and one Telegraphist. In the small craft, the ability to "make a duff" and "let go aft",

are necessary additional accomplishments. The Telegraphist is expected to keep the bugs out of Types TCS, 608 and 86M. Disregard the standard of knowledge laid down in the S.T.M.

A five day sea week is normally guaranteed. Only complete failure of both engines may give one an extra day in harbour. The minesweepers often pay social visits to ports in the area at week ends. The Flotilla takes part in N.A.T.O. exercises and visits to the continent are made.

So much for our introduction, watch the next number for our news.

NIL DESPERANDUM

The following is an extract from the Nore Command Log covering exercise "Haul".

"2230 MTL de . . . INT QRK K

(Nil heard)

Called at frequent intervals until 0100 but unable to contact MTL.

0100 Given message precedence operational immediate to transmit. Still unable to contact MTL".

A neat piece of wave-changing then obviously took place as the next paragraph reads as follows:

"Called MTI, MTN, MTO, GVK and GKL but nothing heard. Could not think of anyone else to call. The only stations heard were Vancouver, Malta, and the Ostende trawler wave which suggests abnormal propagation".

It is asking rather a lot of a T.C.S. to expect it to reach Malta or Vancouver and I hardly think that the Powers that be would appreciate the message concerned being passed via Ostende (with the added difficulty of not speaking the language).

What do the denizens of the premier Signal School advise in a case of this kind please? I should add that the only other transmitter carried is the 86M and difficulty has been found in trying to use it as a stand-by on ship/shore!

HEARD OFF HARWICH

L/Tel. on Voice: I am broadcasting this to you in case your transmitter has fallen over, if you can't hear me give a flash by light!



Inshore Minesweepers

Admitted the 8 Coeds had a severe setback when they discovered that they had to do crypto work instead of teaching E.T.1.

Very courageously this Term we entered a soccer team in the *Dolphin* interpart league. So far we have always been able to field a team of 11 who although not eligible were at least Communicators. We had consistently lost our games until last week when we had 67 to select from and won our first game which upset everyone's football coupon. When *Mercury* visited *Dolphin* in the first round of the Navy Cup it was a grand sight to see all the Barrack Stanchions from that far flung outpost of the Pomponian Empire around the touchline. Of the result of the game we do not reveal our feelings but only comment that we could not cheer for the wrong team.

We now await the return of Submarines who wish to spend Christmas leave at Blockhouse so that we can boost up our sales of THE COMMUNICATOR Magazine.

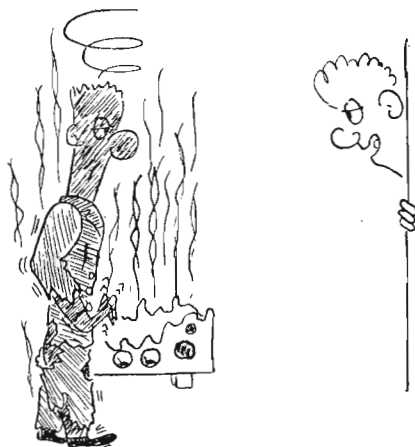
R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

Forty-five flying days to Christmas! Whacko! This Term, the longest in our year, has slipped by, even though in August, on returning from 'summer' leave, we were saying, "eighteen weeks to Christmas leave—what an age!"

Nothing out of the ordinary has happened this Term: the Admiral has inspected to his satisfaction, the Civil Lord has paid us a visit. 1830 R.N.V.R. Squadron have had a couple of 'flying visits', and that would appear to be our sum total to date except of course our common round and daily task—high pressure flying training day and night. Wren Communicators drafted here can expect plenty of work in all departments. A recent census of the hours worked weekly by each category of the branch produced a figure so high that it was checked thrice before being accepted. It wasn't realised that there were so many working hours in a week!



The Monks' Bridge, Stretton, Nr. Burton-on-Trent



"You did say 'Press the key,' didn't you, Pots?"

How difficult it is for a layman to write an article for a Magazine such as THE COMMUNICATOR. To maintain interest without becoming stereotyped, avoiding topics that can only be interesting to the few. In a burst of enthusiasm the pen is grasped and a couple of pages of copy is produced but on re-reading and editing half of it is scrubbed as being "duff gen" and of no interest, and one is left with a line or two which seems familiar, as indeed it is 'cos 'twas in last terms issue!!

The crop of 'blacks' over the air, on signals and Daily Orders are surprisingly low, a couple come to mind:—

Extract from new punishment regulations:

"Rating	Punishment
Boy	Canning"

Extract from Daily Orders (Irish edition!):

"The soccer match which should have been played yesterday will be played tomorrow if it's not played today because of the weather."

With the noise of fireworks becoming faint—astern, and the strains of "Sleigh Bells" slipping in the musical programmes heralding the coming Christmas we at Eglinton bid you Adieu.

R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH

Summer fell on 5th August this year. At least, we were on leave at the time. We think it fell so hard that it never recovered. We're told that the winters are mild up here—we'll see!

Staff changes occur as frequently as a woman changes her mind; in under six months we've had more than 100% change of Telegraphists. The Wrens are more static (not the kind of static you're thinking of)—and we expect to see a few more of them soon, to relieve Telegraphists.

L Tel. Collyer returned bruised but triumphant from Lee, having won the Heavyweight Novices Boxing.

Stop press news is that we have won our first two ties in the inter-Part .22 shooting. How, we don't know!

Air Day was a tremendous success. The biggest crowd ever, over 10,000 turned up—and when one considers how sparsely populated this area is—that's a big crowd. The weather was kind (it didn't rain until *after* the display)—and the crowd saw a really first class flying display, as well as a static display and many side shows. An amusing interlude occurred over the advertising of the Air Display. A raid was made on our R.A.F. neighbours at Kinloss, where amongst other pranks "Come to Lossie Air Day" was painted in large letters on their parade ground. The R.A.F. retaliated *after* the show. We woke one morning to find a 40 ft. fir tree growing right in the middle of the airfield and the place plastered with "Join the R.A.F." posters.

On the work side, we are kept pretty busy. The Home Fleet's visit to the area, "Dawn Haze" and visits by other ships to the Moray Firth all add to the watchkeeping. Our aerobatics display teams were giving shows all over the country—mostly on Saturday afternoons—so a few make-and-mends went for a "burton."

Recently, we've been helping Rosyth on Scotland Command Wave. Rosyth have difficulty in maintaining touch with ships to the North and West, and we have been able to assist quite considerably.

Some of you who read this will certainly come here one day. By and large, it's not too bad—but don't get the idea that it's a Billy Butlin's holiday camp.

CROSS PURPOSES

The following incident took place during the recent exercise "Morning Mist".

The 4th D.S. was steaming in formation, speed 26 knots, and ships were darkened. The ship next in line called *Agincourt* (D.4) by light. *Agincourt*, seeing that the light being used was too bright, informed the next in line of this by flashing prosign "D" at him. The result of this action? The 4th D.S. exempt *Agincourt* reduced speed by 5 knots!

TYNE DIVISION R.N.V.(W.)R.

Christmas is not so far off at the time of writing this article so Tyne Division send Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for 1955 to all Communicators—especially "Geordies"—wherever they may be.

Released Continuous Service Ratings—Join the R.N.V.R.

Ex-Continuous Service Communication Ratings can earn up to £12 a year plus expenses, maintain Service friendships and keep up-to-date by joining the R.N.V.R.

Part-time National Service Ratings—Join the R.N.V.R.

Part-Time National Service Communication Ratings (except Coders (Special)) can earn more money and choose when to do continuous training by joining the R.N.V.R.

Pre-National Service Ratings—Join the R.N.V.R.

Youths who wish to do their National Service as Signalmen or Telegraphists in the Royal Navy are guaranteed entry if they join the R.N.V.R. or R.N.V.(W.)R. at least 12 months before call-up.

Pensioners—Join as VS or W/T Instructors

There is full-time employment available at certain R.N.V.R. Divisions and R.N.V.(W.)R. Training Centres for Pensioner Chief Yeomen of Signals and Chief Petty Officer Telegraphists as VS and W/T Instructors up to the age of 65 subject to health and efficiency.

WRITE FOR DETAILS TO THE STAFF COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER
TO THE ADMIRAL COMMANDING RESERVES, ADMIRALTY, QUEEN
ANNE'S MANSIONS, ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON, S.W.1.



"I can't deny your department's efficient Chief, but . . ."

Many "odd bods" are thronging the Wireless Office these days as the M.S.O. is being reconstructed. More Chippies than that running around with rulers, bits of wood and wearing worried expressions. The Killick of the Watch battles his way through with signals while Chief takes refuge on top of the TX. Throughout it all, Yeo stands doggedly on guard outside his office making sure no one interferes with his new baby—Typex.

Recent examinations for Telegraphist have produced some good results and some good answers. A ship in the Med. wishing to pass a signal to a ship in the Atlantic sends it by ship/shore to Malta w/r who then sends it (probably by carrier pigeon) to a shore station in the Atlantic who then passes it to the ship in question. Some guy must be awfully lonely out there in mid-Atlantic!

BOOK REVIEWS

LAPLACE TRANSFORMS FOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS by B. J. Starkey, DIPL. ING., A.M.I.E.E. Published on 5th July, 1954, at 30s. 0d. (postage 8d.) for "Wireless Engineer" by ILIFFE AND SONS LTD. Size 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". 280 pages. Cloth bound with jacket.

Laplace transforms are extremely useful in providing quick solutions to a great range of engineering and physical problems, and often save much laborious calculation.

The great value of this book is that the language used is well known to engineers in general, and the method of explaining the problems is particularly familiar to electrical engineers.

The work is a general introduction to a very large subject and a physical approach to the problems is used as much as possible.

"WIRELESS WORLD" Diary 1955. Published October, 1954, by ILIFFE AND SONS LTD. Size 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ ". 79 pages of reference material—plus the usual Diary

pages. Morocco leather 5s. 10d. Rexine 4s. 1d., including Purchase Tax. (By post 6s. and 4s. 3d.).

Data for receiving aerials for the forthcoming commercial television transmissions and the proposed V.H.F. sound broadcasts is given in the reference section of the "Wireless World" Diary, now in its 37th year of publication.

The reference section also includes useful formulae, graphical design data and base connections for nearly 600 current valves. In fact, it provides in tabloid form the kind of technical and general information frequently required by those interested in radio, but seldom readily available.

* * * * *

RADIO VALVE DATA: Characteristics of 2,000 Valves and C.R. Tubes. Compiled by the Staff of "Wireless World." Fourth Edition. Published on 23rd August, 1954, at 3s. 6d. net (postage 4d.), for "Wireless World" by ILIFFE AND SONS LTD. Size 11" x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (100 pages).

The latest edition of this widely-used reference book contains full operating data on over 2,000 types of British and American radio valves and some 200 cathode-ray tubes. Seventeen British valve manufacturers are represented, all of whom have co-operated with "Wireless World" in ensuring that the information given is accurate, comprehensive and up-to-date.

Have you seen these EDDYSTONE PUBLICATIONS?

The current illustrated Eddystone Catalogue provides comprehensive information on a wide range of radio components and accessories. A number of new items are included and generally the Catalogue is full of interest. Eddystone products are renowned for high quality and by choosing them you ensure PEAK performance and complete reliability. The Catalogue costs 1/- (plus 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. postage).

This booklet gives details of a three valve converter using easily obtainable valves and capable of an excellent performance. It is intended for use with a receiver (of any type) which can be tuned to 10 Mc/s. The companion transmitter is of efficient design, and operates conveniently from a single external 300 volt H.T. supply. Text, drawings and photographs are clear and make construction easy to follow. Price 1/6 (Plus 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. postage).

This interesting booklet assists the short wave enthusiast and considerably improved reception can be secured by following the advice and suggestions given. Useful information is provided on aerials for shortwaves, for general purpose and for shipboard use. Other sections deal with earths, electrical interference and kindred subjects. Price 1/- (plus 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. postage).

AVAILABLE FROM YOUR
EDDYSTONE DEALER OR BY POST FROM
STRATTON & CO. LTD. WEST HEATH, BIRMINGHAM 31.

The main tables give the electrical characteristics of each valve, and separate tables show their base connections. The main tables further classify the valves into current, replacement or obsolete types, as recommended by the makers. An index enables any valve to be found in the tables immediately, while a valuable new feature is the full list of equivalents.

* * * *

THE ART AND SPORT OF SAILING by W. N. D. Lang. Published by W. FOULSHAM & CO. LTD., at 3s. 6d. 92 pages.

The author, in his preface, says that his book "is an attempt to interest others in a sport which has given the writer more healthy pleasure than any other sport that he has tried to master."

His love of sailing is apparent from the first page to the last and he writes about his hobby concisely and amusingly, and always takes pains to explain simply the terms he uses.

Everything the beginner needs to know about sailing, be it tying knots, buying a boat, coming up to a mooring, formalities on visiting a foreign port, or just plain sailing, is contained in this excellent little book, and any manoeuvres which might seem difficult to the newcomer are clearly illustrated by diagrams.

* * * *

RADIO LABORATORY HANDBOOK by M. G. Scroggie, B.SC., M.I.E.E. Published on 23rd August, 1954, at 25s. net, for "Wireless World" by ILIFFE AND SONS LTD., 436 pages, 299 illustrations.

The sixth edition of this well known book has been almost entirely rewritten and greatly enlarged. It is now a valuable reference book for all those interested in radio and the vast field covered by the word electronics, so much so that the name is now a little misleading.

(Continued on page 155)



"Please Chief, here's the Headset"

WRENS BEAUTY COLUMN

Probably the worst bugbear with which Signal Wrens are expected to cope, is Ormig. This horrible purple carbon adheres to our hands and is frequently transferred to our faces where, in spite of being a sign of hard work, it does little to enhance our appearance. It can only be removed with methylated spirit which leaves the skin hard and rough, and even then it has a habit of sticking to our nails. The only effective way to overcome this is to work some barrier cream well into the hands and nails before starting work in the M.S.O.—it will not prevent purple-covered hands, but at least the dye will come off in soap and water. An alternative is to wear rubber gloves—if you can stand the remarks.

Long nails are always a nuisance to anyone who types, and it is much better to concentrate on keeping them well shaped with tidy cuticles. A "Cutipen" is a good assistant in nail care and, incidentally, is excellent at removing unsightly tobacco stains. There are many good hand creams on the market and it is well worth using one after washing, especially if you wash in Ormig juice.

Now that Wren Hairdressers are no more, we have to rely on our own efforts for setting. It is surprising how many girls decline to use a setting lotion when they pin up their hair, but this is a false economy, as when a wave-set is used, the set lasts twice as long. Even if you are stationed out in the wilds it is worth while having your hair thinned and trimmed professionally once in a while to prevent the damage caused by helpful friends from becoming permanent.

One is always hearing Wrens complain that it is impossible to look glamorous in uniform, but one of the main reasons why so many of them look better in plain clothes is that they take much more care of them. Uniforms are so often left lying about in cabins whereas it is only a matter of seconds to hang them up properly—there is an excellent gadget recently marketed which can be fixed on to the end of an ordinary coat-hanger to enable it to take several skirts and a jacket. A weekly press and clean-up with "Dabitoff" or some similar cleaner should keep your suit in good condition.

Nylons, both uniform and civilian, always seem to ladder quickly, but much can be done to lengthen their life, such as reinforcing toes as soon as they are bought, and by drying them away from direct heat. Yet how many times do you see Wrens hanging nylons on radiators, which apart from rotting the fabric usually have rough edges which cause snags.

Lastly, when you are going ashore, dressed to kill in your newest creation, please do not spoil the effect, as so many Wrens do, by wearing a "pusser's" raincoat over the top and carrying a uniform shoulder bag—you might as well wear a football jersey on Divisions, the result is the same.

P.S.—If anyone knows how to look glamorous in a gasmask, I would be glad to hear it.

COMPETITION CROSSWORD

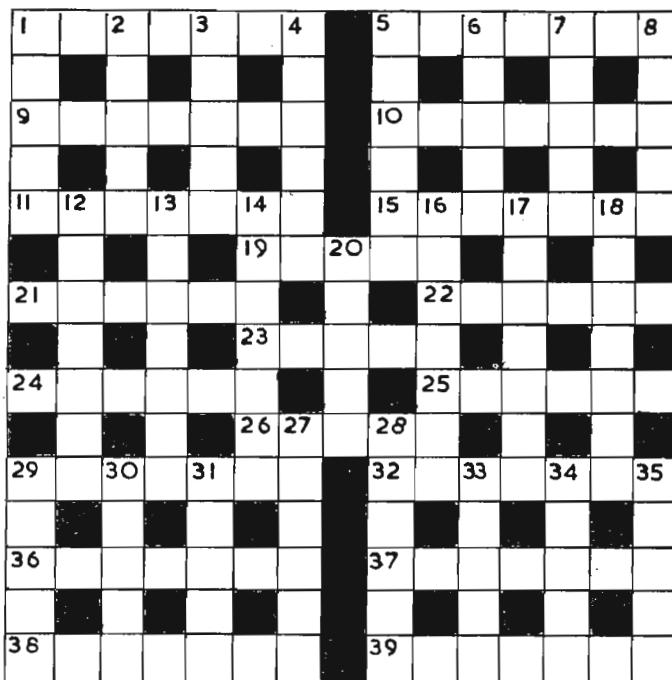
Solutions should be addressed to The Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, H.M.S. *Mercury*, East Meon, Nr. Petersfield, Hants, marked "CROSSWORD" in the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope.

The closing date for letters to be received is February 28th, 1955. In addition to solving the Crossword you are required to suggest a better clue for 4 down (marked with a *). The sender of the best clue for 4 down with a correct solution will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

If you wish to avoid cutting up the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR, list your solution on a plain sheet of paper. Do not forget to include your full name and address.

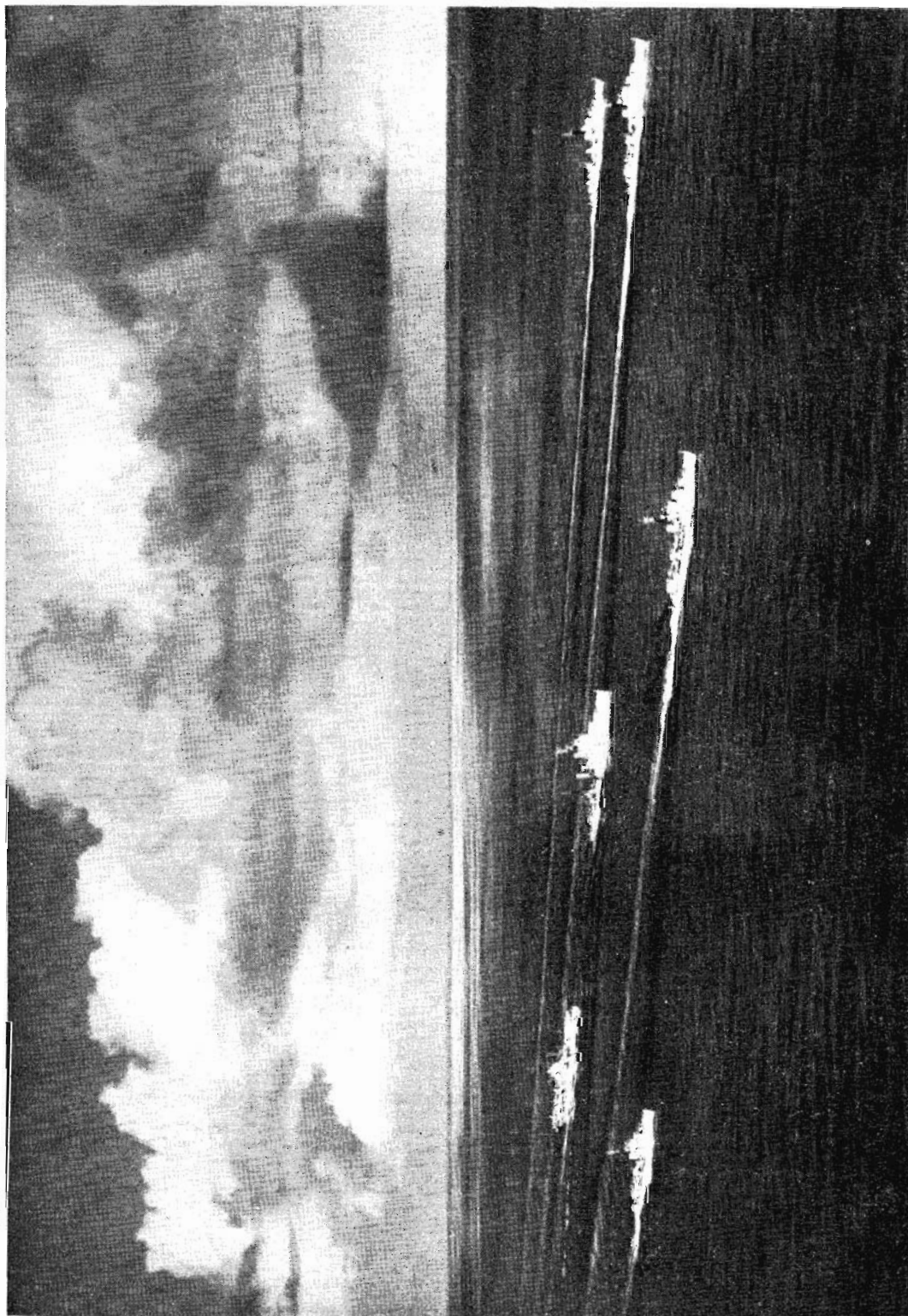
ACROSS

1. Fawn around fifty to get a bit of ship's equipment. (7)
5. Small print—measure back to get a Spanish dart-thrower. (7).
9. Capacity of no agent (7).
10. Going easily the lamb has got entangled with a trap (7).
11. Stimulant from a moor-hen (7).
15. The high point in the evening meal calls for greater clarity (5 & 2)
19. Roughly ten in hesitation go in (5).
21. I'm not in the revised article but a drink is the answer (6).
22. Adamant time by a Cockney inflames (6).
23. Felon loses his alternate—that distinguishes him (5).
24. Will upset a smack or be caused by one (6).
25. First pitch, then glue together the old book (6).
26. She'll divert the stream of unconsciousness (5).
29. An aged Red will pull down in confusion (7).
32. What has she given Nelson? You've got narrow ways (7).
36. The Ringer on a War-monger (7).
37. The Boy at the Nore when shifted turns out dishonest (7).
38. A matelot will know the little one about mixed spam (7).
39. Worthy and important (7).



DOWN

1. Let's have a song—hold it! (5).
2. More public yet more secret (5).
3. You nag at nothing—break it up and dig it in (5).
- *4. Cricket team (6).
5. Quiet uplift gains applause (6).
6. A hundred can twist knitting (5).
7. Lap No. 500 finishes the ice (5).
8. You prig! alter your ways and decorate yourself (3 and 2)
12. Break up the boil which in France is called "angled" (7)
13. Adjust your air supply and give us another song (4 & 3)
14. The study has been turned upside-down and contains a distressed foreigner—I am furious (7).
16. It caused talk when a dissolved pearl was given to a total abstainer (7).
17. Carries logs and metal (7).
18. Not likely!! (7).
20. Mangled deer are fit for nothing (5).
27. Camp around an occupier (6).
28. I add five to fifty-five (errors and omissions excepted)—its pretty mixed but it will come out (6).
29. Get up a method of letting a horse breathe—what's the outcome? (5).
30. Look! in the hole is a dance (5).
31. Roam about and a perfume will be found (5).
33. Only the lowest of the low will repair a drain (5).
34. The Cockney girl's poetry will perish (5).
35. A wet and a flowing sea.
A wind that follows fast. (Cunningham) (5).



Units of the Far East Fleet Exercising off Hong Kong

Official photograph

RADIO MALAYA

As part of our training programme in *Cossack* a visit was arranged to Radio Malaya for Ships of the squadron present in Singapore, for communication and electrical ratings. This was accomplished in one afternoon beginning at 1.30 and ending about 5.30. We were taken on a conducted tour of the transmitter buildings at Jurong and then the studios at Caldecott Hill. But first let us explain how Radio Malaya works.

On 1st April, 1946, the Department of Broadcasting was established jointly by the Governments of Singapore, and the Federation of Malaya. It had seven objects in view. The order and wording of these is interesting and serves as a key to the whole set-up in Malaya.

1. to provide a full and regular news service.
2. to focus listeners' loyalty and interest upon Malaya.
3. to encourage responsible discussion on matters of public interest.
4. to stimulate interest in the work of the Government.
5. to raise cultural standards.
6. to broadcast to schools.
7. to provide entertainment.

This is done by dividing Malaya into five broadcasting divisions. There are studios, offices and medium wave broadcasting stations at Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Penang, and Malacca. In addition there is a short wave broadcasting station at Singapore serving Malaya.

We were met at the Jurong Transmitting Station by the Engineer in charge, Mr. Stanley. He explained the set-up outlined above and then conducted us round the station shewing us the gear and how it was used to fulfil the objects above.

The medium wave transmitters have been acquired gradually. This sounds almost like hire-purchase. In a way it is like it. Government departments are notoriously niggardly with finance. The need for the transmitters was there but not the money. So the station staff produced two sets from old Japanese sets that were taken over. These were run until the position eased. At the moment Jurong has two fairly new transmitters made by Amalgamated Wireless of Australia, and the first few stages of an old Japanese transmitter—the final stage not being required.

The short wave transmitters were again varied, two being commercial sets, one "made on the spot". The aerials for the medium wave sets need extending and new ground has had to be purchased in order to put up more masts. The H.F. aerials are so designed as to cover all populated areas of Malaya. The transfer from set to aerial feeder is via a special unit built at the station to effect lossless transfer.

Two big diesel units are available as standby against power failure. Jurong also works on sets for the other stations. One example of what they have to

do takes up one line of the "Official Government Annual Report." "The new 250 watt medium-wave transmitter at Malacca, originally designed and constructed for short-wave commercial operation, was modified for medium-wave broadcasting at the Jurong transmitting station, Singapore."

The input to the transmitters comes from the studios by landline—about 12 miles of it. It is monitored before and after it is fed to the transmitter. The station has also built its own test equipment, especially that for checking valves on arrival from U.K. or Australia, soft valves being far too common. The station crew has quarters on the premises, and is typically Malayan: European, Chinese and Malay, all mixed.

The official figures for Service for 1953 speak for the efficiency of the station. Total transmitter hours being 26,506 hours 50 minutes. Total time lost 14 hours, 13½ minutes, or as a percentage 0.05 per cent. Of these only 7 hours 40 minutes were actual transmitter faults. The number of hours broadcast weekly is 240 which is just a few hours less than the Home, Light and Third Programmes together.

As the programme side belongs to both the Transmitting side and the Studio side we will explain it here. Radio Malaya transmits three networks, simultaneously. The Blue network, devoted almost entirely to English, the Red to Malay, Tamil and Chinese and a little English, and the Green to Chinese. Programmes operate continuously from 6.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. though not on the same net all the time. In addition there is another network which does not go out on the air. This is the Gold and Silver network of Rediffusion, supplied direct from Radio Malaya. The studios at Caldecott Hill were next visited. Here we were shewn the older types first, then taken through the recording room and the control room to the new studios and the main auditorium. We were surprised to find that little live broadcasting is done. Programmes are recorded well beforehand and put on as required. News broadcasts, interviews and some discussions being the exceptions. The recordings are disc types. A large gong caught our eye in one studio. Our guide explained that this was a Green network studio and the gong was for the announcer to indicate a change of language. This of course caused more questions and elicited the information that there were not, as we had supposed, just two Chinese languages spoken in Singapore—Cantonese and Mandarin, but these two and another six—Hokkien, Teochew, Foochow, Hainanese, Hakka and Shanghai. Add to this the other networks' languages of English, Tamil and Malay, and you appreciate the nice timing necessary in the control room. Most of the newer apparatus and practically all the control room rack-mounted equipment has been built by the station staff, and very well it has been done too. The studios are divided into three types; auditorium; (a small theatre with dual control boxes), five studio suites and three continuity suites. A continuity

suite consists of two rooms, one seating an announcer with a "break-in" microphone, the other with a speaker desk and control panel and a small library shelf of gramophone records. The name and the equipment suffice to describe its use. We were not shewn over the auditorium as an orchestral concert was about to be recorded. Actually your scribe had already been there to a Forces programme and had been involved in a quiz competition, becoming richer by Malayan \$ ten. Which ain't to be sneezed at these hard times.

"I AM A PUSSEY'S DAUGHTER"

By "Susan"

You may wonder why it is that I'm writing for your Magazine—after all, I don't even belong to the Navy—I haven't left school—but all the same, I am old enough to understand when things go a bit too far, and I think you should all hear about Daddy, if only as an awful warning.

You see, I'm not just a pussy's daughter, there's nothing very remarkable in that, but I'm a *Pussy* pussy's daughter. I don't mean *I'm* pussy, but my Daddy's a *pussy* pussy. I'll say he is! And between you and me it's a bit wearing. Not that

he's got to the Stage of "Hands fall in" or "Divisions" every morning, after all he isn't Executive, but it's getting on that way, and if he ever gets appointed to *Ceres* or *Phoenicia* you can bet your bottom dollar he'll have us at it.

It wasn't so bad when he was younger, or perhaps I didn't notice so much then—but since he got that brass hat—oh, my goodness! The first thing that happened was the "Household Standing Orders". Mummy came into my room one Sunday morning with a bundle of typewritten papers in a folder and said, "Daddy's produced some orders for the family. When you've read them, initial beside your name, and pass them on to Johnny and the twins. You'd better read them out to the Baby and he can scribble something with his crayons".

Well, of course, we all had a bit of a giggle about it, and didn't take it too seriously until the Thursday night when Daddy came home and went to his study after tea. He hadn't been there long when I heard him shouting for Mummy, who was out in the garden. So I asked him what he wanted and he said, "Tell your Mother I'm waiting for her to read-in. I want to balance the main safe".

Well, would you ever? There was a flaming row because Mummy hadn't kept all her bills, and the



Communicators of H.M.S. "Forth" in camp at Astakos, Greece



"I might warn you we are considering removing you from the C.B. Office!"

outcome was that now she has to keep a cash book with Code Numbers for things like grocers' bills and shoe repairs, and the kids' pocket money is signed for in the "Casual Book".

Then there's the business of "Cleaning Gear"! Mummy never used to bother much as long as we had all that was wanted—a couple of packets of "Side" or "Turf", here and there—the odd bar of "Fanlight" or tin of "Tarpic", and if she ever saw anything new advertised, she'd always try it out. But not now-a-days! Oh no! Daddy gets everything and locks it in a cupboard marked "No. 2 Store", and doles it out every Friday night.

As for food—well—you can probably guess what it's like. Mummy makes out the menu on Wednesdays, Daddy approves it on Thursdays, and we send out our weekly orders to the butcher, grocer, baker and greengrocer on Fridays. And woe betide us if we order too much! We have to try and save a little each week to pay for Christmas! Of course, we *used* to have a cook, but we can't keep one now, not with Daddy inspecting all the meals before they're served. They all hand in their notice after a week, and Daddy tells everyone he's granted them a "compassionate discharge" to save his face.

During these school holidays I'm acting as Daddy's secretary, for training, and have to keep his correspondence log. Up to the present I haven't put up any major blacks, not like last hols. when I was doing "stores". Daddy was carrying out A's and A's in the bathroom and I sent off a replenishment demand to the ironmongers for 144 lbs. of 1-inch screws instead of 144 in No., and when they arrived we couldn't get the box through the storing hatch, I mean the back door.

I haven't time to tell you any more, but you can see what I mean, can't you? And I do feel that you all ought to try and control your enthusiasm for the job, don't you?

Well, I must clear Daddy's "out" basket—Hello! A Private and Confidential! Not properly

stuck down! Now, if I just ease my pencil under the flap . . . ah!

Gracious! A letter to the Local Medical Officer asking for confirmation that an addition to complement has been approved and can be expected in January !!!

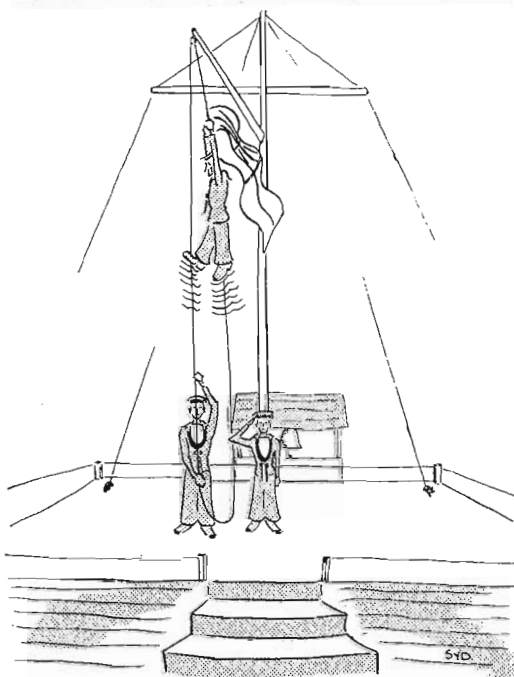
Well, what do you know? The old so-and-so's still human enough to organise *that* any way!

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 150).

The early chapters deal with the layout and furnishing of an up to date laboratory, without getting beyond the scope of the amateur. Further chapters deal very fully with the types of apparatus available both commercial and improvised. Some of the types dealt with include sources of power and signals, indicators, standards and composite instruments like bridges and Q meters. The book not only deals with the tools available but discusses adequately the fundamental technique of measurements in the laboratory, the appraisal of results and the reduction of errors.

One of the special features is the system of cross references and the selected references to further information. It is very difficult to read so comprehensive a book without expecting too much from the text. The only criticism that can possibly be levelled is that in enlarging the new book the price has increased to 25s., it is now in the text book class and can hardly be termed as a handbook.



EAST INDIES

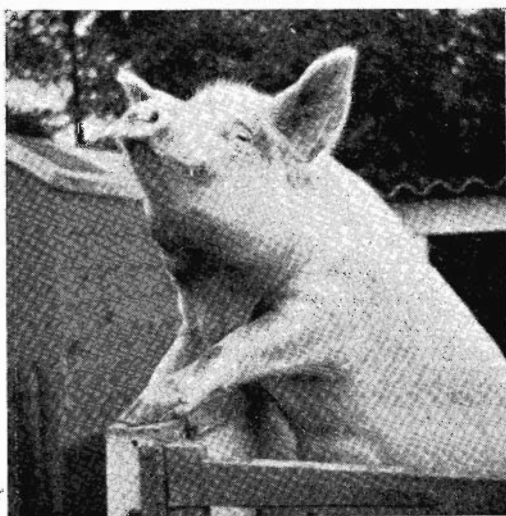


H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

There are, no doubt, many Communicators sitting around their Christmas fires in England this year with thoughts of warmer climes, and some in particular thinking of their foreign draft chits to H.M.S. *Newfoundland*. As we swing around a buoy in Trincomalee at Christmas time we shall be thinking of these few, and waiting for the day seven weeks hence when "Newfy" will steam into Portsmouth. After two years east of Suez we shall welcome our reliefs with open arms and look forward to a couple of months leave with loved ones in the homes from which we have been away so long.

The majority of us have spent the last two festive seasons away from our homes, some of us three, so there is no need to mention that every member of the staff shares the excited feeling sailors have shortly before their return to England.

Newfoundland commissioned on fireworks day 1952 and since then our travels have taken us nearly 60,000 miles, visiting nearly forty different ports and over twenty-five different countries—to Mauritius in the South, Kenya in the West, Iraq in the North and Korea and Japan in the East.



"That signal gone yet, flags?"

The commission has brought many new and varied experiences for us all—exercises with the U.S. Seventh Fleet, Typhoons in the Pacific and China Seas, the sweltering heat of the Persian Gulf and safaris in East Africa. On the lighter side, we think of the many different brands of liquor to be tasted in the Eastern hemisphere, some of it good, some of it bad, and the things we have eaten have varied from sheep's eyes in Arabia to special fried rice in Hong Kong.

Perhaps the last six months have been the most interesting of all, starting as flagship of F.O. 2 i/c F.E.S., with the only occasion our guns have been fired in anger—against communists in the Kedah Peak area of Northern Malaya—on to Borneo, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Korea and Japan. Ah! romantic Japan, where music plays deep into the night, the wine tastes better and women love sailors more than anywhere else in the world. The scenery, the "rabbits", the food and hospitality make the country a matelot's paradise. Even four months after leaving the land of the rising sun the echo still goes around, the girls, the girls, how beautiful they are!

Late September saw our return to the East Indies Station, once again assuming the duties of flagship for another cruise to the Persian Gulf oil ports. But now, our time in foreign parts is drawing to a close. Shortly the ship will sail westwards for the last time. Perhaps some of the younger members of the staff are disappointed but their time will come again. From the older ones, it's "Roll on Leydene" and stand by for some salty stories. Happy Christmas everyone.

H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

Since my last epistle to the COMMUNICATOR *Loch Alvie* has been in many weird and, I may add, many wonderful places on this expansive station. Since commissioning on 8th March up to 31st August we had steamed 17,072 miles. R.A. Communicators please note—Tons of Sea Time—wrong station for you.

After our work up at Malta we met *Loch Quoich* at Aden with her WELCOME painted on a piece of canvas gaily strung on the forecandle. This was our first port of call on our new station. A week

in Aden and we were off to the Seychelle Islands. Alas no sooner were we past the breakwater when the anchors decided it was time to be dropped again. The shaft on the capstan was fractured. With both engines going full astern we managed to pull up before any damage was done, and, by the grace of God, no casualties. I must say we have some wonderful breaks onboard here. As we were in the fairway there was nothing for it but up hooks by hand. What a job. A good evolution with only a couple of shackles out but a different proposition with both out to their full extent. We finally moved out of the fairway, and the capstan was working again in the early hours of the morning of 10th June, and so we sailed merrily on our way to that little bit of heaven (for some), Mahe, which is the capital of Seychelles.

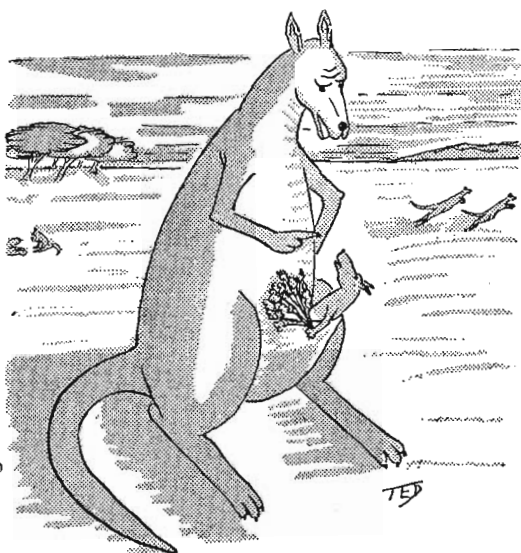
Without a doubt this place was built for sailors. Plenty of sport, soccer, cricket, etc. The place was in an uproar when we played a comical football match. Don't quite know who looked wettest—Yeo with his beard flowing in the breeze as the Shiek of Araby or Chippy dressed as a tramp from goodness knows where. It certainly went down very well with the locals. Whilst at Mahe we embarked the Governor and his wife and took them to the Aldabra Islands, a bit more of the Seychelle Group. We then returned to Mahe for a few more days before finally taking our farewell. For some, our departure was a sad event; even the Midshipman had to borrow the Yeoman's telescope for a last look. Ah! Love is grand.

We called at Lamu and Malindi, both in the Mau Mau country before arriving at Mombasa where we met H.M.S. *Ceylon*. Communication exercises were carried out with her and plenty of beer drunk ashore. We sailed in company and carried out two days' exercises; a rare thing for two ships to be together on this station. On parting company *Ceylon* went to Seychelles and we set course for Mauritius, rendezvousing off Port Louis at 0400 with H.M. Submarine *Tudor* from Durban. We entered harbour at 0630 and went alongside for our first time since leaving Chatham. The C.P.O. Tel. and Yeoman were "Up Homers" with C.P.O. Tel. Goldsmith who is the C.P.O. Tel. of the Mauritian Volunteer Naval Force. He has a hard job training his two sparkers. (For Chatham Communicators: C.P.O. Tel. Goldsmith is an ex-Chatham L/Tel.—he requires no relief), Mauritius is thoroughly recommended to anyone wishing to retire on his pension. It was with heavy hearts we left Port Louis and started on the ten day trip to Trincomalee with *Tudor* in company. On the way we passed through the domain of His Britannic Majesty King Neptune (we couldn't do it on the way South because of "roughers"). As usual plenty of skylarking took place on this memorable occasion.

Our first sight of our "Home" base was on 2nd August two months after joining the station.

The Ceylon, Indian and Pakistan Navies joined us there for the JET exercises of 1954. There is no doubt about it, their communication ratings have things weighed off to a fine art. *Loch Alvie* was Senior Officer Frigates, beating *Flamingo* by a short head, and we were promoted F.14 for the occasion. A hectic two weeks sea exercises were carried out, when the communications staffs were well and truly tried. Trinco looked very desolate when all the fleets sailed, leaving just *Ceylon*, *Loch Alvie* and *Tudor*. *Ceylon* deserted us on 3rd September, flying her paying off pendant and is due at Portsmouth today (1st October). We trust they all had a very happy homecoming (Yeoman Palmer please note). Now things had quietened down, we had ten days' leave each watch at that delightful place Diyatalawa where numerous pints of the local brew "sludge" was consumed, Communicators to the fore. On our return from leave we were greeted with Commander-in-Chief's inspection. Two forenoons this was carried out. Our sea inspection is at Bahrain next month. We are all waiting with our fingers crossed for the reports.

At present we are alongside Mutwal Quay in Colombo having escorted *Tudor* round. Tomorrow we sail on our next cruise which takes us to the Maldiv Islands, India and the Persian Gulf. I will endeavour to cover these for the Easter number, and so to all Communicators wherever you are from *Loch Alvie* Communicators we wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS.—R.R.S.



"Throw those away and promise me you'll never pick dandelions again"

CEYLON WEST RECEIVING STATION

Since our last printed article the new drafting regulations have been brought into force and the complement face of the station is changing rapidly. "Troopers" permitting, all the unaccompanied ratings who held the fort last Christmas, should have left or be ready to leave before the Christmas rush commences this year, although the Pentagon Staff (The C.P.O. Tel.) is hoping against hope that they will be with us to raise the total number of telegrams to a new high level.

With the arrival of "The New Blood" the station's sporting and social activities have increased, and this last quarter has seen the Welisara Football Stadium on which was held the first full athletic meeting since 1949. Competition was keen, but "C" watch, led by that worthy successor to P.O. Tel. Strong, P.O. Tel. Foster, won the day with a handsome lead in points. They even pulled the Daymen's Tug of War Team, who had as their anchor that station stalwart, Chief Mechanician Prior, by two straight pulls.

Sports day was brought to a close with a dance which was held on the Tennis Courts. This proved an outstanding success and led us into our latest entertainment venture, which was a fancy dress dance. The costumes proved that "Sparkers" have not yet lost the touch of improvisation, but the outstanding effort was made by Tel. Walker who converted old teleprinter roll boxes into a Robot complete with flashing eyes and an "Old Rob" nose. An uninvited guest to the dance was the bullock of Matador C.C.O. Howell which proved useful in the clearing of the floor for the judging.

In the local sporting world, C.W.R.S. has been well represented, with Tel. Hodson touring India with the Combined Services Rugby team, Tels. Matthew, Farrell and Tillyard being chosen for the Combined Services Soccer team and a relay team consisting of L./Tel. Weeks, Tels. Dixon, Peet and Woolacott ran second to the Ceylon Air Force in the Ceylon Army Sports.

The station is gradually being renovated, the dining hall and the Bhandas have recently been redecorated and it is hoped that by the beginning of the year the "thunder-boxes" will be replaced by water-borne sanitation. For those married ratings who, it is reported, are queuing up outside the Regulating Officer, *Mercury*, to volunteer for this station situated in "The Pearl of the East", I would like to say that there are no married quarters attached to the station yet and outside accommodation is expensive and becoming more difficult to obtain.

We cannot close this article without some mention of our latest arrival, the First Lieutenant, who was heralded to the Station with rumours of field training and, some even mentioned a field gun crew for inter-

Port competition, but in spite of all this the Pentagon Staff have him on the short list as a possible for Service One at Christmas. Already he is able to send RUM on the provision waggon horn.

Lastly, Communicators at Ceylon West Receiving Station wish Communicators everywhere a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous and Peaceful New Year.

BAHREIN W/T

MAWRADORGCOMONE

This is probably the first epistle from M.A.W. No one knows who we are, except of course C.W.R.S. Yesterday, working ship/shore with GYZ, the operator at Malta asked the name of our station. For the benefit of others equally ignorant we are Bahrein—a major W/T station (not officially but because of the number of RPC's and PSB's received and got rid of).

We have one of the most modern W/T offices ever seen. It has to be seen to be believed!!! Our five B28's all go off when teleprinter with Cable and Wireless comes on (two of them gave up the ghost and stayed off). As far as the transmitters are concerned we are pretty well off. Until a few months back the operators managed on a couple of TCS's and a very temperamental T1190. Then someone (presumably the last S.O.O.—(apologies to Lt. Cdr. (C) Morton) snooped around and found of all things a few SWBS, a couple more T1190's and an R28—whatever that is. It's so big you couldn't get it in the Admiral's day cabin on an aircraft carrier. Our first casualty since finding same was an Arab, who, being lazy, rested on an aerial. He nearly "rested: period" but was lucky enough to get away with a hole in his side.

The staff (peacetime) consist of one killick and five tels. When SNOGP is ashore it goes up by two tels. and a Chief Yeoman. Peace reigns at the moment—SNOGP is roaming the Gulf.

Just now we are in the middle of a very violent anti-dust campaign (L./Tel. Tatton please note) in preparation for Commander-in-Chief's visit next month. The present dayman, Tel. Aloysius Bartholomew Marmaduke Allen Chilton is up to his eyes in it. He reckons some of the dust has been here since the station opened. It certainly must have been there sometime because at "ucking out" stations the other day we found a signal in the old Administrative Code.

The living quarters are quite good. Tons of H. & C. but which is H. and which is C. we don't quite know. All messes are air conditioned and it's a case of putting clothes on to come indoors. My bed is water cooled as well, the cat visits it occasionally.

More to follow—I've till next Easter issue to think of it.

PRESS

The C.-in-C. told Flags, and Flags told the C.C.O. "Can we read the press for the Admiral's morning tea?"

The C.C.O. saluted and then he said, "Why certainly," "I'll go and tell the Chief Tel.; I wonder where he'll be?"

The C.C.O. he went down the ladder very trippingly, he went along the passage to the wireless office door. He found inside the Chief Tel. addressing very angrily

A bunting who had left upon the deck an apple core. He said to the Chief Tel.

"Now listen very carefully,"

"I want the morning watchman to leave the ship/shore key and read all the press routines in order that we may provide some reading matter with the Admiral's morning cup of tea."

The Chief Tel. said "Well Sir,"

"Now please don't think me difficult, We always try to please, Sir, I think you will agree, but please ask the S.C.O. to notify the Admiral That many people nowadays prefer the B.B.C." The C.C.O. told Flags and then Flags said to the Admiral,

"Excuse me just one minute, Sir, presuming you are free

Although my department can manage it quite easily, The B.B.C. is better if I choose the frequencies." The C.-in-C. said "Bother," and then he said, "Oh Deary me."

"I wish," he said, "I didn't always have to ask you twice."

"I hate to have the wireless on, it spoils my digestion, You must admit that tummy ache at breakfast isn't nice."

Flags replied, "Now there, there,"

and went and told the C.C.O.

The C.C.O. said "There, there," and went to tell the Chief.

The Chief Tel. said "There, there, I didn't really mean it,

I'll make sure they do it, although it may be brief."

The C.C.O. returned to Flags, and Flags went to the Admiral,

"The Press will be read, Sir," he said, "although it's brief."

The C.-in-C. said, "Thank-you Flags, now listen to me silently,"

"Listen to me silently you unctuous brackets C." "Nobody," he said, as he threw down his spectacles, "Nobody," he shouted jumping on them savagely, "Nobody," he screamed, "could call me a fussy man,"

"BUT"

"I do like that little piece of paper with my tea." (With apologies to A. A. Milne).

Afloat or Ashore Call for Calder's

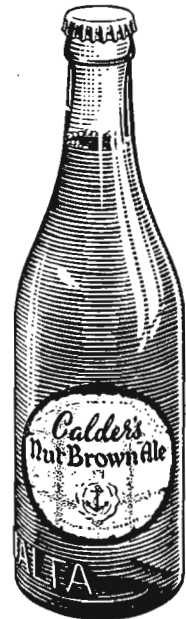
MALTA'S FINEST ALES

Afloat or ashore, Calder's Anchor or Nut Brown Ale is the popular choice. Call for Calder's for real enjoyment and lasting satisfaction.



ANCHOR ALE

Brewed from the finest hops, malt and yeast — the most refreshing summer drink.



NUT BROWN ALE

The perfect Brown Ale. Smooth, full-bodied and satisfying.



FIRST FOR THIRST

NAAFI

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Father Christmas may not be able to arrive by helicopter at your Unit children's party this year; but if Naafi plans your catering arrangements he will not be missed. Naafi specialises in Service catering for all occasions, and knows how to provide all those good things that children dream of at Christmas time.

★ ★ ★

Entrust everything to Naafi this Christmas and give the children a party that will be gay and unforgettable.

The
Official Canteen Organisation
for H.M. Forces
Esher · Surrey



AMERICA AND WEST INDIES



H.M.S. "SUPERB"

On 26th August the General Service Commission began, twelve months of which will be spent as the Flagship of the America and West Indies Squadron.

It can well be imagined that, after five months in dockyard hands nothing less than an all out effort was needed to get the ship into anything like the standard expected of any H.M. Ship in commission.

Superb sailed for Portland on 1st October, and spent one week there doing various trials before sailing for Bermuda on 8th October.

Saturday the 16th saw our arrival in Bermuda; the glorious weather that greeted us was what we had all longed for last Summer at home.

As we approached Admiralty House we fired our first salute on the station. We entered harbour late afternoon and berthed ahead of the "Shiny" *Sheffield*. It seemed that the whole of her Company were on deck to cheer in her relief.

Monday the 18th the Queen's Colour was taken over, an impressive ceremony; Leading Signalman Ayden represented the Communication Branch in the Guard.

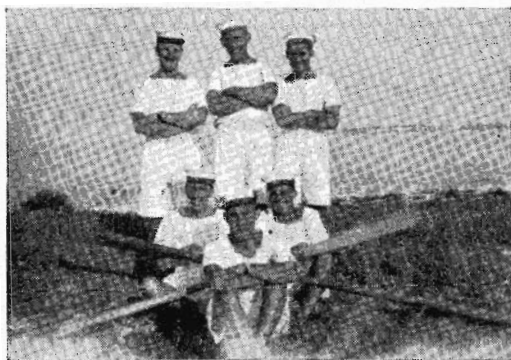
Forty-eight hours were allowed for the turn-over between Flagships; from the Communication point of view it was a sound one; much preparation had obviously been made by our predecessors to ensure that it ran smoothly.

At the end of the month we sail for Guantanamo, a big American Naval Base in Cuba. Once there we will do our "work up" and perhaps visit other ports before returning to Bermuda for Christmas.

We wish Communicators everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

H.M.S. "BIGBURY BAY"

If you think you can stick four months in the depths of the Malvinas (to the uninitiated: The Falkland Islands, South Georgia and Deception Island), at 63 degs. South, with mail both "in" and "out" about every six weeks if you are lucky, then volunteer for the Frigates on this vast Station. "Sea Time" . . . "you don't know what sea time is" could well be the cry of the O.D. or Sig. after his spell of duty on the A. & W.I. Station.



Winning Communication Whaler's crew, A.W.I.
Regatta April, 1954

Reports of a poor Summer in U.K. this year have filtered through, but don't grumble chaps, Summer time in the Falklands commenced on 26th September and on the 25th we had six inches of snow on the upper.

The brighter side of the commission means Rio de Janeiro (Brazil), Montevideo (Uruguay), Punta Arenas (Chile), round "The Horn" in winter to Talara (Peru), Beunaventura (Colombia) and through the Panama Canal. This is half the qualification of using the expression "East of Suez and West of Panama". The budding Leading Sigs. and Yeomen should know 50% of the foreign ensigns required for their exams off by heart after a year of the Drafting Commander's "Home Fleet Sea Time". For Sparkers requiring variety in their operating, the South American area of the A.W.I. Station provides more than enough. Contacts with Brazilian and Uruguayan stations have shown that great patience and not a little Spanish and Portuguese are required. Numerous variations of our callsign Mike Victor Sugar (Sierra) Mike have been experienced including Maria Vittoria Sofia Maria. The local Falkland Island net Controlled by Sid Summers (ex-army), must be heard to be believed as it is a combination of local ship/shore, latest gossip, medical advice and telegram delivery service. Although our multilingual W/T contacts

Careers in Telecommunications

In establishing and extending communication systems throughout the world the telecommunications industry has grown to an early and full maturity. It is an industry vital to the development of modern society, with immense possibilities for the future.

Established in the industry as the largest telecommunication manufacturing organisation in the Commonwealth, Standard Telephones and Cables Limited is engaged in the research, development and manufacture of all types of electrical communication and control systems.

The Company offers permanent positions to suitable young men who have completed National Service and who wish to embark upon a civilian career in telecommunications. Requirements are for University graduates in electrical or mechanical engineering, physics or mathematics and holders of a higher national diploma or certificate. Opportunities are offered in development and manufacturing departments or for training in patent work. A post-graduate training scheme is in operation. Those interested are invited to apply in writing to the Personnel Manager.



Standard Telephones and Cables Limited

TELECOMMUNICATION ENGINEERS

CONNAUGHT HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2.

might be described as fascinating we'll vote for Portsmouth Port Wave anytime.

Spit and Polish is the key word to Ceremonial and "Showing the Flag", which is the main duty of ships of the Squadron, but we do have our exciting moments, such as running aground on our way to Porto Alegre (Brazil), and going to the assistance of the Uruguayan Destroyer *Uruguay* aground on English Bank, Montevideo.

H.M.S. *Sheffield* jealously guards her Flagship perks for visits to the U.S.A. and Canada but we are hoping for a few "crumbs from the rich man's table" after our three week self refit in Bermuda in December, before returning home in April to recommission.

Don't leave it too late to smack in that request for the A. & W.I. Station.—E.C.T.

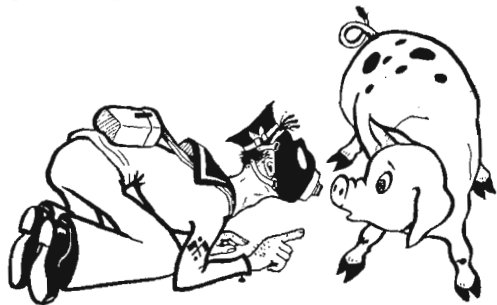
RADIO COMPONENT SHOW, 1955

As a result of a ballot for space in the Radio Component Show, to be held at Grosvenor House from 19th April to 21st April, 1955, 131 stands have been allotted and 11 more will be allotted shortly, a record total. A preliminary list of exhibitors shows seven newcomers to the exhibition. The Ministry of Supply will again be exhibiting although no stand is yet allotted.

An innovation this year is that instead of circulating admission tickets, application cards will be issued, one to be filled in and forwarded by each intending visitor, in return for which he will receive a ticket if his application is approved. Prospective overseas visitors, however, will receive their tickets as in previous years without application.

Considerable overseas interest in the exhibition is again expected, the exports of British radio and electronic components in the first nine months of 1954 having shown an increase in value of 30 per cent as compared with 1953.

The full title of the exhibition is the Twelfth Annual Private Exhibition of British Components, Valves and Test Gear for the Radio, Television, Electronic and Telecommunication Industries. It is organised by the Radio and Electronic Component Manufacturers' Federation, 22 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.



AIRCRAFT CARRIER SQUADRON

H.M.S. "ALBION"

The months of July and August were fully occupied with further trials and the shakedown period. However, by the end of September, *Albion* had taken on her two Westland S.51 helicopters, "C" Flight of 849 Squadron (Westland Wyvern turbo-prop strike aircraft) and 898 Squadron (Hawker Sea Hawk jet fighters) and was on her way to the Mediterranean Station.

Additional communications staff were on board as it was the intention of Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers to hoist his flag in *Albion* shortly after her arrival in Malta.

The ship arrived at Gibraltar on the 5th October and remained there for six days. This period was spent in painting ship and the Communications Department played their full part with enthusiasm. Helped by the perfect weather the painting was completed in time and *Albion* looked very smart when she sailed.

The passage to Malta was used for further intensive flying and *Albion* entered Grand Harbour on the 19th October.

The next seven days were very usefully employed in participating in the full programme of communication exercises and getting ourselves thoroughly acquainted with Mediterranean practice.

The flag of F.O.A.C. was broken on the 27th October and a further period of flying is now taking place.

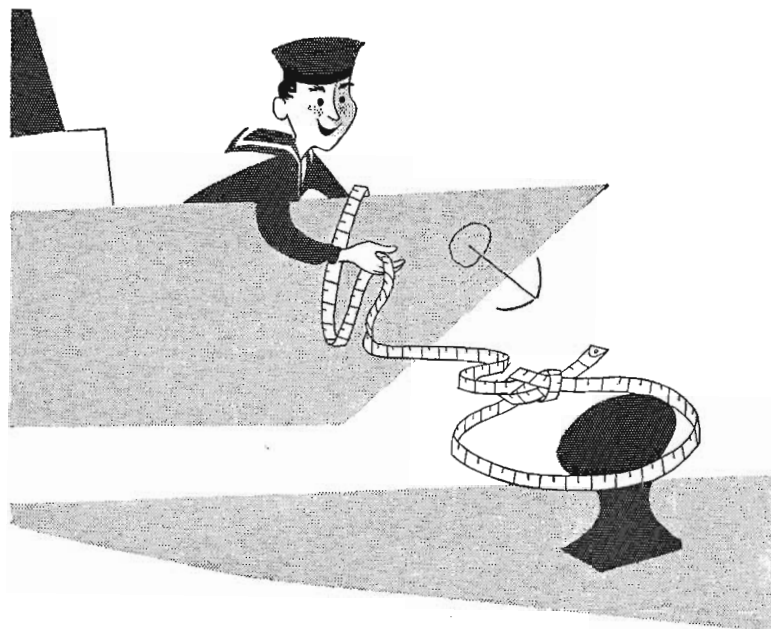
Although the work up will not be completed until December, *Albion* will be taking part in a fleet exercise in November, and it will not be long before she will be playing her full role as an operational carrier.

H.M.S. "CENTAUR"

I think we owe an apology to the Editor for not having gone to print in THE COMMUNICATOR for such a long time. This being due to finding the Editor's circular in an out of the way drawer it, having been stowed away very carefully by the divisional office runner, when he had been having a 'tidy-up' session.

We have now reigned on the Med. Station for just over three months and we have found that we were not as efficient as we thought we were when we arrived. However, having now practically completed our work up period and taken part in a few exercises, we now consider that we are in a reasonable state to join up with the Fleet and give a good account of ourselves.

Our last operation was the removal of the Army (BETFOR) from Trieste. Having landed all our squadron aircraft and personnel, we proceeded with *Roebuck* and *Whirlwind* in company to evacuate some 1,500 soldiers, numerous vehicles, and approximately 110 tons of stores. The embarkation was



Willerbys and 'The Pusser's Serge'

In a recent article in a recent issue of a certain Royal Navy Magazine (which shall be nameless) the author refers to 'replacing the pusser's serge with the pin-head drape-shape'. When you call at Willerbys for your shore-going rig (or your new P.O's uniform) you'll find they don't talk quite like that... But you *will* find a splendid range of top-quality cloths to choose from, and tailoring by men who know their job, and prompt and helpful service (and a Ready-to-Wear Department as well). And you *will* find the Allotment Scheme in full swing, and very reasonable prices. Why not write—or better still call and ask for a copy of the folder explaining... *the WILLERBY way!*

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completed within 48 hours of arrival without any serious hitch, but due to bad weather the ceremonial Hand Over parade had to be cancelled at the last moment in order to allow *Centaur* to sail at an earlier time than was originally planned.

On arrival at Trieste we took over w/t and Crypto guard for N.L.O. and BETFOR sigs. We made the L.R.R. into a combined communication office with a small liaison team from the Army in attendance; they did a grand job as they were the only people on board who were able to decrypt their P/L signals.

Centaur has now taken over the flag of Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers (F.O.A.C.) from our angular sister H.M.S. *Albion*. (At the time of writing, the staff of F.O.A.C. are down in the bowels trying to sort out their bits and pieces and hoping that this will be their last move for some little while.)

We find that giving the Mike operator's name when requesting INT ZDK's of missing numbers acts as a good deterrent to sleepy operators, but on receiving the following signal we wondered if we really should have to break a fairly good record:—"From C.-in-C. Med. . . . Your . . . It is confirmed that time in coal mines does not count towards Good Conduct Badge."

We are due to arrive back in U.K. at the end of June and to pay off at the end of the year. So perhaps certain gentlemen, at present resident in various shore establishments, having read this, would like to make their plans accordingly.

Exercise Incidentals.

Heard on Tac, Primary:

1. "I am the Westerly ship all the others are to the East of me."
2. "The enemy is to the North East of me. My course South West 25 knots."

GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEF'S CHATTER

The rather longer Winter Term is as good as over, and the Mess has seen a great many changes in its membership.

Before proceeding, the Mess would like to extend their deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of the late C.Y.S. G. Muspratt who died suddenly on the night of Monday October 4th. With twenty-seven of his fellow R.N.V.R. and R.N.V.(W.)R. Instructors he joined us for a two weeks' course on that date, and his death was keenly felt by all.

Whilst they were with us, we held a reunion evening for ex-C.P.O. Communicators, and ex-Mess members, and a very successful evening it was, too. We had a goodly number of guests, including one C.Y.S. who went to pension in 1923. Next year we hope to hold a similar evening, and in subsequent years as well. There must be a large number of ex-Branch members who would be delighted to visit the old *Alma Mater*. It was strictly a "stag" evening, so those who still had some were able to let their hair down.

In the field of sport we've produced—when required—Rugby, Soccer and Hockey teams, and though we haven't shone as brightly as in the past, we've glowed pretty well considering how long we've been burning.

Some of the members who have left—or will have by the time this gets into print—are, C.P.O. Tel. Shove, C.P.O. Tel. "Froggy" Morellec, both to sea, C.P.O. Tel. Doe to pension and C.Y.S. Floyd who also went to pension and thence to the South African Navy. We wish them all the best of luck.

Preparations for our Children's Xmas party and our end of term dance are proceeding, but



Photo "Evening News" Portsmouth

C.Y.S. Andreson after the presentation of the B.E.M. on board H.M.S. "Victory"

we will miss our C-in-C Decorators ("Froggy" Morellec). We will—despite this—still manage to look very Christmassy, and we trust our guests will enjoy themselves.

The next C.C.O.'s (Q) and W.I.'s (Q) courses are due to start shortly, but the number of Chiefs in both courses is very small. Our present numbers are as low as they have been for some time. We are down to 55 at present, only 20 of whom live in.

In closing, we would like to extend to all fellow C.P.O. Communicators wherever they may be serving, our very best wishes for a Merry Xmas and the best of luck in the coming year.—J.H.

P.O.'s PATTERN

Greeting to all "ex" and future members from the lucky ones with their feet under the table. In our last "patter" we mentioned that the mess strength

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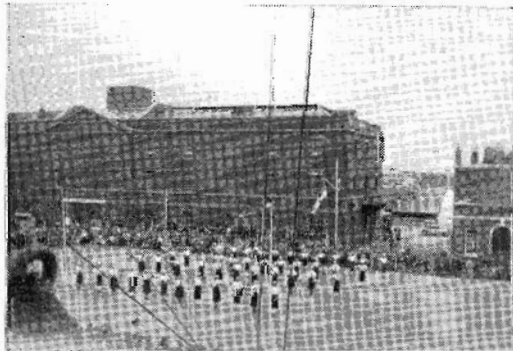
had been reduced to the lowest level for many a year. We now report that it has been lowered still further and our numbers now are 70 (including R.A. members and our non-communicator mess mates). The effect of the new drafting system has now been felt and the "oldest inhabitant" can only boast of 20 months in the same berth. The mess has seen practically a complete change round in the last few months, including the departure of our late President P.O. Tel. Wright to the Training Squadron. His temporary successor, Yeoman Sigs. G. Benfield has now settled in office, ably assisted by the Secretary P.O. Tel. C. Taylor, and the Mess Committee, Yeo. Sigs. C. Hill still leads the Entertainments Committee who are making our "Guest Nights" a great success, reminiscent of "ye olde times". The Mess amenities have been enhanced recently by the addition of a new billiards table anchored in Jackson Block and we are now purchasing a new T.V. set to reap the benefit of the Isle of Wight transmitter.

In the field of sport we have fared quite well in spite of reduced numbers; we even have a netball team! (the remark, after being beaten 6 to 4 by the W.R.N.S., that "You can't beat women at their own game" should not be taken too seriously).

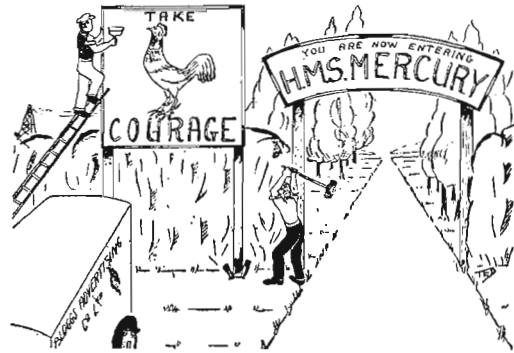
Preparations are now well in hand to meet the needs of the festive season with our Children's Party and Mess Dance, decor for the same being in the care of P.O. Tel. G. Evatt who painted the murals in the lounge some years ago.

The next C.C.O. (Q) course will be starting in a few weeks' time and we will be seeing our old friend, the T.V. knob twister, Yeo. A. Porter once again after completing a full five months foreign in the Far East.

Finally we send the seasons "Greetings and Best Wishes" to all Communicators, especially those who will be spending Christmas in far climes, may your stockings be well filled and may you have a safe and speedy return home.



Portsmouth Navy Day—Musical semaphore display by naval ratings and WRNS from H.M.S. "Mercury"



"CLUBS" COLUMN

Soccer

The season at the Signal School started off with a flourish, and both the 1st and 2nd XI's did well, but as the season progressed—and the weather worsened—the initial effort of our team subsided, and they became bogged down, as we have now lost some of our League matches, and were knocked out of the Navy Cup in the 2nd round.

We have, however, one brighter note to strike, and that is to congratulate Ord. Tel. R. Campbell on being selected to represent the Royal Navy—the School's first Navy representative player for some years. Whilst congratulating 'Jock', we accord the appropriate noises (with signs) to H.M.S. *Boxer* for 'body snatching' him the day following his first selection.

Congratulations to Ord. Sig. H. Lyall for having been selected for the Portsmouth Command (together with Jock Campbell), in the Sussex match mid-October. May we wish these two 'Jocks' well in their new ships, hoping that they settle to a happy and sporting life.

Hockey

Having completed our inter-Part eleven a-side Knock Out, we have taken the opportunity of some seasonal work by dressing the turf at our Hyden Wood ground.

We are still heavily committed in the inter-Establishment games and the Knock Out, and will continue with these games on the Bat and Ball ground.

Rugby

We hold a slight advantage on our 'home' ground at Lower Farm as we study the tide rips and current when going "down hill with tide." "Dolphins" were certainly in their own element (with and against the tide), when they decisively beat us.

Secret training sessions have also been held on the Broadwalk at the early part of this season, and the Regulating Staff were quite perturbed when breaking up a huddle of 'bods'—to find that it was not a Wren in danger, only scrumming practice.

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**Boxing**

We entered seven competitors for the Command Novices' Competition and gained the Command Featherweight through O./Tel. G. Elliot.

Hope was pinned on him to carry off the Royal Navy Novices' Championship in his weight, and although he did exceedingly well to win his preliminary and the Semi-Final, both on knock-outs, fate was most unkind to him in the Final, which he lost on a technical knock-out at the end of the 3rd round although he led on points over two rounds.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Communicators everywhere will wish to thank the Firms who continually support our Magazine by taking space in its pages. We hope that when requiring any of the goods they advertise, first thoughts will turn to our friends, and a mention of our Magazine when making a purchase will please both the Advertiser and the Editor.

APPOINTMENT OVERDUE

Dear Mr. Editor, Sir,
I hardly like to infer
That you are behind the "March of Time".
But my appointment to H.M.S. *Saker*
Shown in the Summer Number COMMUNICATOR
Would seem you were guilty of a heinous crime.
From your editorial comment,
Either my work on the N. American continent
Has been for 15 months given gratis and free,
Or instead of being a hardworking lad
And taking the good with the bad,
I have been on an almighty spree.
Whilst I would have loved to have done the latter
I am afraid the cause of this 'ere natter
Is to get you to take the blame:
And in your Winter edition
To be contrite (or else "perdition")
By clearing the Ennever good name.

[*Editor's Note:* This refers to the appointment of Lieutenant Commander C. C. M. Ennever, D.S.C., from *Campania* to *Saker*, shown rather belatedly in the Summer number of the COMMUNICATOR. Many apologies for the implied slight!]

COMPETITION

A prize of ONE GUINEA will be awarded for the best SHORT STORY to be published in the Easter 1955 number of "THE COMMUNICATOR".

Closing Date for entries is FEBRUARY 28th, 1955.

The decision of the Editorial staff is final.

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
A. AITKEN	Commander	Mercury	President (D.S.D.)
H. M. ALDERTON	A/C.C.O., R.N.Z.N.	Mercury	Boxer
E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.	Commander	Alert	Mercury (as executive Officer)
H. S. BENNETT	Lieutenant	President (D.N.I.)	Mercury
S. F. BERTHON	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Albion
R. D. B. BIRCH	Lt. Commander	Superb	Staff of Comnavnorth
G. A. F. BOWER	Lt. Commander	Saintes	R.C.N. loan
H. J. C. BRIDGER	Lieutenant	Agincourt	R.A.N. exchange
P. C. BROOKER	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Afrikander
R. H. E. BYRNE	Lieutenant	Wrangler	R.A.N. exchange
THE EARL CAIRNS	Captain	Ganges	I.D.C.
J. C. CAMPBELL, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Relentless	Mercury
H. A. CHEETHAM	Lt. Commander	Ceylon	President (D.S.D. and D.N.I.)



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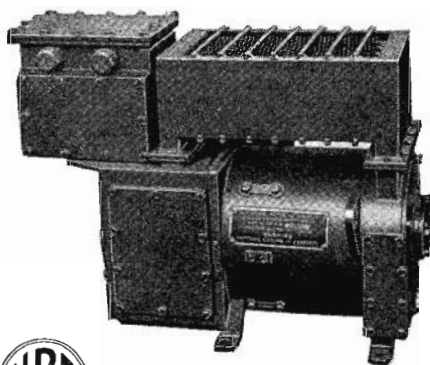
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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
C. H. COX	S.C.C.O.	Curlew	St. Angelo
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Commander	Mercury	R.N. Staff Course
W. G. DARTNELL	C.C.O.	Defender	Tamar
P. DAVIE	Commander	Mercury	President (D.S.D. and D.N.I.)
A. V. M. DIAMOND, M.B.E.	Commander	R.N. Staff Course	Staff of C.-in-C. Med.
D. DOBSON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
P. W. DOLPHIN	Lt. Commander	R.C.N. loan	Peregrine
R. D. FRANKLIN	Lt. Commander	Heron	Undine
B. D. GALLIE, D.S.C.	Captain	President	J.S.S.C.
A. W. GARTON	S.C.C.O.	Glasgow	Ark Royal
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE	Lieutenant	Diamond	Duchess
A. GRAY, D.S.O.	Commander	Mercury	Aisne in Command
C. F. GRAY	S.C.C.O.	Tyne	Seahawk for N.A.S.S.
L. L. GREY	Lt. Commander	Triumph	Mercury
J. E. GRIFFIN, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Albion	R.N.S.S. Devonport
J. D. HANRON, D.S.C.	Commander	President	Staff of J.S.S.C.
W. J. HEATH	S.C.C.O.	Newcastle	Mercury
J. A. C. HENLEY	Captain	Staff of J.S.S.C.	S.O.T.C.
R. M. HENSMAN	S.C.C.O.	Implacable	Theseus
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.O.	Commander	R.N. Staff Course	Tumult
M. I. HOSEGOOD	Lieutenant	Chequers	Mercury
W. L. IRVING	Lt. Commander	Illustrious	Heron
H. A. JOSEPHS	A/C.C.O., R.A.N.	Mercury	Decoy
F. A. JUPP	C.C.O.	Decoy	Mercury
B. H. KENT	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Ranpura
D. D. KNIGHT, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Eagle	Mercury as First Lieut.
M. H. LETHBRIDGE	Lt. Commander	St. Angelo	President (D.S.D.)
D. R. LEWIS	Lt. Commander	Mercury II	Highflyer
G. M. LLOYD	Lieutenant	R.N. Tactical Course	Tamar
P. D. LLOYD	Lt. Commander	R.A.N. exchange	Mercury
P. G. LOASBY, D.S.C.	Commander	J.S.S.C.	B.J.S.M., Washington
I. C. MACINTYRE	Lt. Commander	Vanguard	Royal Prince
W. H. M. MACKILLIGIN	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Terror
A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH	Lieutenant	Mercury	Wrangler
J. D. MACPHERSON	Lieutenant	Mermaid	R.N.C., Greenwich
W. MAGRIAN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N. loan
W. P. MAN	Lieutenant	Cumberland	Mercury II
C. J. MAIR	Lieutenant, R.C.N.	Mercury	Diamond
MISS J. MATTINSON	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	St. Angelo
J. W. MCCLELLAND, O.B.E., D.S.O.	Commander	Terror	S.H.A.P.E.
A. G. MCCRUM	Commander	Mercury II	Concord in Command
J. W. MEADOWS, B.E.M.	Commander	Magpie	Staff of C.-in-C., Portsmouth
J. M. S. MILLINGTON-DRAKE	Lieutenant	Mercury	Bramble
R. B. MONTCLARE	Lieutenant	Mercury	Agincourt
R. C. MORGAN	Lt. Commander	Implacable	Mercury
A. S. MORTON	Lt. Commander	Wild Goose	R.N. Staff Course
THE EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., L.L.D., D.C.L., D.S.C.	Admiral	Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean	A Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff.
P. A. MYTTON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Relentless
J. C. NEWING	Lt. Commander	Goldcrest	Phoenicia (Aphrodite)
A. R. J. ST. Q. NOLAN	Lt. Commander	President (D.S.D.)	President (D.R.E.)
R. A. H. PANTER	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Mercury II
W. J. PARKER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Captain	Concord	President (D.N.R.)

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. B. PATERSON, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Jamaica
D. C. PELLY	Lt. Commander	R.N.Z.N. (loan)	Superb
J. E. POPE	Commander	Jamaica	President (D.S.D. and D.N.I.)
P. C. PRINCE	Lt. Commander	R.N.C., Greenwich	Mercury
L. REYNOLDS	Comm. Lieut.	Implacable	R.N.S.S., Devonport
C. RUSBY	Lieutenant	Mercury II	Triumph
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Commander	Rooke	St. Angelo
J. A. SANDERSON	C.C.O.	Indefatigable	Albion
N. SCHOFIELD	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON	Commander	President	R.N. Tactical Course
C. D. SHEAD	S.C.C.O.	Terror	Centaur
G. F. SHORT	C.C.O.	Boxer	Mercury
D. E. SHUTT	C.C.O.	Theseus	Staff of F.O. 2 Med.
A. E. SMITH	C.C.O.	Vanguard	Theseus
I. F. SOMMERVILLE	Commander	Staff of C.-in-C. Portsmouth	St. Bride's Bay in Command
P. W. SPENCER	Lt. Commander	Birmingham	Theseus
P. E. D. STEARNS	Lieutenant	Cossack	Mercury
E. V. STEVENS	Lieutenant, R.A.N.	Undine	R.A.N.
M. A. STOCKTON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Cossack
J. C. STOPFORD, O.B.E.	Captain	Ceylon	Rooke
B. G. VANN, M.B.E., D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Newcastle	President (D.S.D.)
N. J. WAGSTAFF	Captain	President	Apollo in Command
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER	Commander	St. Angelo	J.S.S.C.
M. E. ST. Q. WALL	Lieutenant	Jaseur	Mercury
P. J. WARRINGTON	Lt. Commander	President	Forth
A. WRIGHT	C.C.O.	Duchess	R.N.S.S., Chatham
J. E. WRIGHT	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S., Chatham	Terror
R. WRIGHTSON	Commander	Staff of C.-in-C. Plymouth	Mercury II

PROMOTIONS

To Vice-Admiral

J. P. L. REID, C.B., C.V.O.

To Senior Commissioned Communication Officer

R. H. FOXLEE
D. MCD. PATCHETT
D. W. COGGESHALL, D.S.M.
W. D. NEWMAN
A. V. SALTER

To Lieutenant Commander

R. D. FRANKLIN
G. A. F. BOWER
P. C. PRINCE
N. E. C. HAMMOND

To Communication Lieutenant

E. G. B. ANNIS
J. H. ELLIS

RETIRED

SIR PEVERIL B. R. W. WILLIAM-POWLETT,

K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

G. AFFLECK-GRAVES

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