

THE
COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 8
Nº 1

EASTER
1954



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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

EASTER, 1954

VOL. 8. NO. 1

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>		<i>page</i>
EDITORIAL	5	FAR EAST	29
ROYAL TOUR	5	WRENS FASHION PAGE	33
HOME STATION	8	EAST INDIES	34
A.S.R.E.	14	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	35
WOMAN TROUBLE	16	THE FIGHTING S.B.A.	36
"IT'S A LONG TIME, BUT . . ."	17	R.N.V.R. NEWS	39
AMERICA AND WEST INDIES	18	ARSON AND GOLD LACE	39
ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY	21	SOUTH ATLANTIC	42
AN ARTICLE FOR THE COMMUNICATOR	23	H.M.S. "MERCURY"	44
THE TIE	24	H.M.A. SIGNAL SCHOOL	47
ADVANCEMENT NOTES	25	THE SHIP	49
MEDITERRANEAN	26	COMPETITION CROSSWORD	51
ENGLISH HERALDRY	Centre of book	COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE	53

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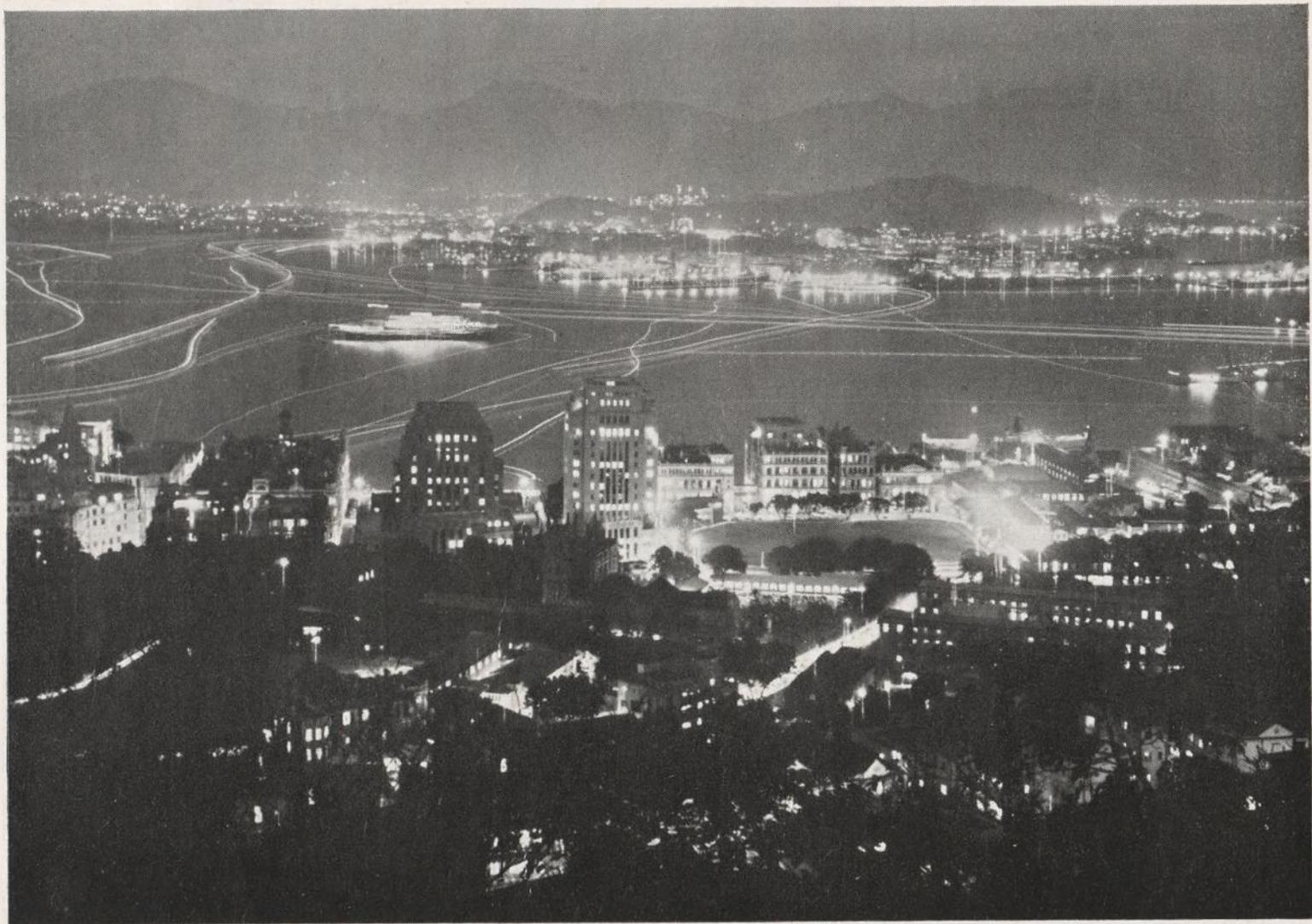
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HONG KONG- VICTORIA HARBOUR AND THE MAINLAND



EDITORIAL

The circulation of the last number went bounding up, and was again a record, by over 500. Congratulations to all those who worked hard to produce the orders (and the cash!), and also to those who kept us supplied with contributions. The more we get of the latter the better, so continue to send *anything* you think may be of interest—photos, drawings, stories, and so on—and please send them as early as possible.

R.N.V.(W.)R.

A pamphlet on the R.N.V.(W.)R. is enclosed with this number of the Magazine. If you are interested write *now* to the Staff Communication Officer to Admiral Commanding Reserves for more detailed information. If you yourself can't join,

pass the pamphlet on to someone who can, for example a friend who is due for National Service.

COMPETITION

The prize of One Guinea for the best drawing has been awarded to Ordinary Telegraphist Lo Swee Keat of the Royal Malayan Navy, for his drawing which is reproduced on page 31. The prize for the best photograph has been awarded to Commander J. B. R. Horne for the photograph which is reproduced as the frontispiece.

Details of a Crossword puzzle Competition are given on page 51.

SUMMER NUMBER

All contributions for the Summer number must reach the Editor by 18th JUNE 1954, and orders for copies by 9th July.

ROYAL TOUR ROYAL NAVAL PARTY 1,000 IN S.S. "GOTHIC"

S.S. *Gothic* with a unique and harmonious mixture of R.N. and M.N., has at last graduated from New Zealand to the sunny shore of Australia. Before we dash ashore on rabbit runs we would like to tell you a little about *Gothic* and our activities.

The Communication party is led by Commander R. R. B. Mackenzie, M.B.E., R.N., who has, in addition to Communications, numerous other duties, such as O.I.C. Naval Party, Flag Commander to F.O.R.Y., O.I.C. Barges and Stores and Press Liaison Officer.

C.P.O. Tel. V. Fisher, a well known figure in *Mercury's* technical pool, and C.Y.S. R. Bailey ex-H.M.S. *Glasgow* are heads of departments which consist of four L/Tels., four Tels., four L/Sigs., and last but by no means least, one Sig. (The four L/Sigs. are in four watches taking charge of him, so we'll leave you to guess who does all the work).

Lt. Cdr. N. E. F. Dalrymple-Hamilton, M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., heads the Royal cypher party of Second Officer J. Bevan and Third Officers S. Rigby and D. Wilson, W.R.N.S. (Stone wall frigate

personnel beware—"East of Suez, West of Panama", so don't shoot these Wrens a salty line!)

To the wireless staff fell quite a variety of new and interesting commitments. Radio telephone contacts, several times daily with London and Barbados and later with Fiji, Wellington, Sydney and Melbourne. Daily Radio picture transmission to any of the above stations except Fiji. Routines, several times per day with Whitehall on C.W. for the exchange of traffic and press.

We have one main transmitter, our pride and joy, and ours exclusively—a S.W.B.11., housed in a cramped compartment below the mainmast and regrettably next to the watchkeeping fireman and greaser's sleeping space! You will appreciate how welcome we are down there. To fulfil the above commitments this 20KW gem has been running almost continuously under the loving hands of Mr. Corbett, one of its civilian constructors, the Chief Tel., and L/Tel. Sanders (known affectionally in the mess as "Swabby").

On this installation we transmitted over 78 pictures on the outward journey using a Muirhead "Belin"



NAVAL COMMUNICATION STAFF IN S.S. "GOTHIC"

Back row: Tel. Houldsworth, L.Tel. Sanders, L.Sig. Major, L.Sig. Ashworth, L.Tel. Castle.

Centre: L.Tel. Wright, L.Tel. Smith, C.P.O. Tel. Fisher, Cdr. Mackenzie, C.Y.S. Bailey, L.Sig. Green, L.Sig. Milligan.

Front row: Tel. Pidgeon, Sig. Chatterton, Tel. Campbell.

picture transmitter housed, much to our V/S staff's discomfort and displeasure, in the M.S.O., but they have come to acknowledge its value even if it's only because they get a good look at the "Times" photographer's pictures, and argue as only a Bunting can, about 'phase' and 'synch pulses'! In addition to the above, over 100 pictures were transmitted by our staff on our facsimile panel over line circuits during the four days of Christmas at Auckland.

Our three Tels. have read continuous ship broadcast in spite of the stay noise so often present when the S.W.B.11 is radiating, which incidentally manages to energise practically everything metallic in the after part of the ship, as the Merchant Seamen will confirm, but as Chief says, "They're always Frigging in the Rigging". Mr. Godfrey Talbot wasn't frigging the day we left Tonga—he was broadcasting from the poop deck below the aerials, and the steel band of his headphones got quite 'hot'. However we are pleased to say he was quite relieved, even pleased, when we told him that such electrical treatment is very good for thinning hair!

The Tels. also form part of the Royal and Staff Barges crew whenever they go away, carrying a portable type 621.

Gothic carries four *Marconi* operators by Board of Trade Regulations, but they keep entirely to

500 kcs and their own Merchant Ship schedules, apart from transmitting outgoing press. Their transmitter is a Marconi type "Ocean Span" which drives a "World Span" amplifier, an arrangement similar to our 602/605, and we borrow it quite frequently for ship/shore working, having keying facilities on our own side of this small office.

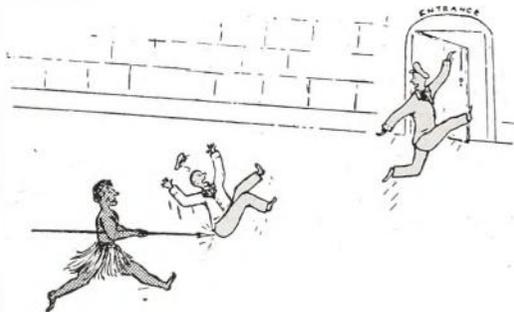
Thanks to our V.S. colleagues, T.B.S. has been taken from us and they have encountered more than the normal difficulties of commissioning and running the V.S. department of one of H.M. Ships plus the little (?) peculiarities of a Merchant Ship. However, considering the size of the staff and the numerous and varied duties, they have fared more favourably than expected. Colours during Dress Ship for instance entails the clearing of the lower deck of all the V.S. staff, and in most ports of call, being the Senior Officer, we have to conduct morning and evening Colours. It's a rare sight to see a Merchant Ship conduct Colours for Aircraft Carriers, Cruisers and Destroyers of four different Commonwealth nations. The problems of running dressing lines whilst the ship's derricks are in action, breaking 16 breadth silk standards and Admiralty flags at the precise moment, have reduced the C.Y.S. to but a shadow of his former self, and he was built like a greyhound when he first joined!

We have carried out Dog Watch manoeuvres with our escorts, but always had to inform them that it takes rather more than thirty minutes to reduce or to increase speed a knot or two and to treat with scorn such signals as "Station Speed 24".

The M.S.O. is a constant source of wonderment. The amount of bodies that are crammed in the small space is amazing to say the least, and as usual everything happens at once. Teleprinter, Telephone, Facsimile, Duplicator and the inevitable "Donkey", not to forget the poor hand on watch trying to attain 100 odd words a minute on the typewriter.

Now to the lighter side of life. We have had some laughs.

Our greatest was at Auckland at Christmas when an invitation was sent to us all for an evening's entertainment by the Maori people, who were in their native costume. The Chief Tel. and the C.Y.S. tried to make an exit early in the evening in search of 'refreshment' and had just made the main road when out of the darkness came a big Maori in native costume, brandishing a spear and calling: "Is you men off de Gottic? Back inside de 'all pleese". Our wandering minstrels were promptly turned about and marched back to the hall at spearpoint!



Then there was the time when the L.H.O.W. phoned the bridge and spoke to the O.O.W. who was a very junior Deck Officer. It went just like this:

L.H.O.W.—"We wish to bring the high power transmitter 'Up', is it all clear on deck down aft?"

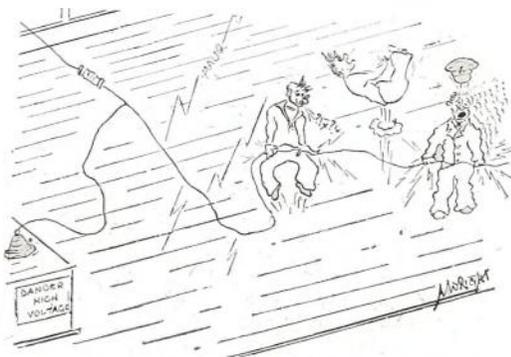
O.O.W.—"I'll check and ring you back when it's all O.K."

Thirty minutes later and still no reply, L.H.O.W. contacts O.O.W. down aft surrounded by seamen working derricks and masses of tackle.

L.H.O.W.—"We are still waiting for your permission to transmit high power".

O.O.W.—(Looking very bewildered): "You only wish to transmit? I understood you wanted the transmitter brought 'up' on deck".

I'm sure the Organisation Pool will appreciate the one in this picture; we thought this sort of thing was covered by "Radio Hazards". Anyway it occurred whilst entering Sydney Harbour.



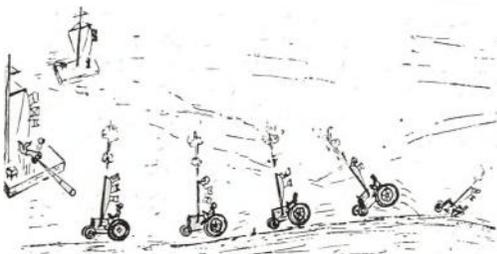
Overheard in M.W.O. Chief Radio Officer to Junior thumping key: "Hurry up and clear that telegram; the seamen have got the aerial down on deck but we still seem to be getting through to some(body)"

We have received a wonderful reception at each of our ports of call and enjoyed a few days leave in the New Plymouth area of New Zealand (no 'oggies in this area). As a result, several members of the staff are now expert milkers and sheep shearers. A couple of the Buntings can carry out simple manoeuvres with a pair of David Brown tractors, still using "Station Speed 24".

You will all know the tale of the O.D. who was sent with a broom to sweep atmos. off the aerials, or to draw straw from the Naval Store to feed the Donkeys, but have you heard this new one which occurred one night en route for Auckland?

The duty Royal Cypher W.R.N.S. Officer requested the L.H.O.W. to give her a shake at 0400 should any Royal Cypher have been received by that time. At 0345 she was woken by the enthusiastic L.H.O.W. saying, "There's no traffic Ma'am, so you won't want a shake at 0400 now, will you?"

Before closing we would like to say a very sincere 'Thank you' to all the shore stations and ships who have given us wonderful co-operation, more especially at times when Mr. Heaviside has almost won.



"Where the devil do those 'Gothic' chaps think they are—back in New Plymouth?"

HOME STATION



4th DESTROYER SQUADRON

Since the last number, the Squadron has joined forces again and the cruise started on a good note from the sporting angle. The Squadron won the Lockhart Cup for boxing against the other Squadrons of the Home Fleet Flotillas in the competition held on board *Indefatigable* at Portland. The cup now resides in *Barrosa* who, according to Capt. "D", did most towards winning it. The only sparker who entered (who cares about good looks) got his eye split practising and was unable to take part in the competition proper.

Gibraltar in the Penns was much better than Portland in the wilds, and various Communicators were seen in La Linea enjoying themselves, as well as in such distant places as Malaga.

We were to have paid visits to Malaga and Ceuta, but this fell through and the entire Squadron went to Casablanca where the European Community gave us a wonderful time. Night means nothing in Casablanca and things start getting warm during the Middle. The number of First, Middle and part of the Morning watches kept was terrific, and funnily enough no one complained.

The Squadron took on the locals at various sports and except for rugby didn't do too badly. The rugby team seemed to be suffering from either lack of practice or too many late nights and got trounced 40-5. It was good fun however even though C.C.O.4 stopped one on the head which temporarily put him out of commission.

We were rather sorry to leave Casa-B (pronunciation from the local community) but all good things come to an end and we returned to Gibraltar to carry out the Gairdner Cup flag hoisting which was won by *Agincourt* after quite a struggle with *Corunna*.

Various V.I.P.s came to sea in the ships of the Squadron during the exercises. C-in-C HF visited *Agincourt*, *Aisne* and *Corunna*, whilst F.O.F.H. went out in *Barrosa*.

One small query, what does one do when one hears "Execute to follow Zero Charlie Nan"—wait or crack on?

One more concerning the same book and indeed the same group but at a different time. It had already been made, a pleasant straight forward Zero Charlie Nan and "Roger" given, when up came Control with a frantic "Cancel my last transmission".

(*Editor's Note.*—For those who don't know all the groups in the D.S.T. by heart, CN means "Drop a lifebuoy and recover using seaboard". Signals are obeyed as soon as seen when made by *flag signal*, vide para. 2 of the instructions.)

3rd SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Numerous buzzes concerning the relief of *Montclare* by *Adamant*, keep us in a state of expectation, though by the time the change is effected few of us will be here.

A short docking trip to Liverpool is in the offing for this Rothesay landmark; the question is, "Will we make it?". Having been operational so long without a serious overhaul, running repairs barely keep pace with frequent failures of various sorts. Our main concern is to hold the fort until *Adamant's* oft predicted arrival is a *fait accompli*, and to enable the boats to maintain their envied status as 'the operational squadron'.

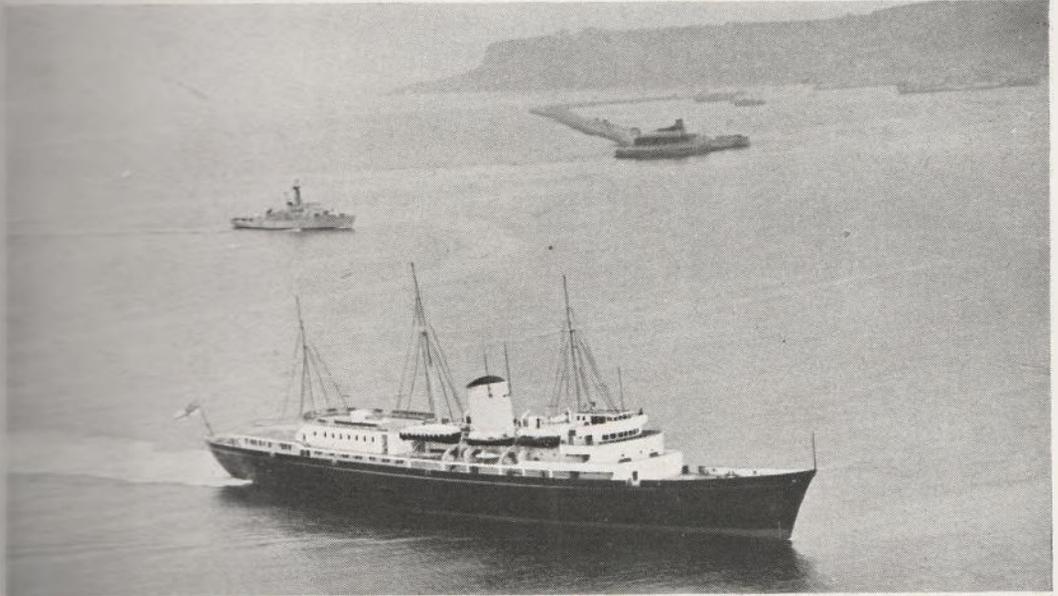
Amongst visiting ships, have been *Volage*, *Savage* and the Royal Yacht *Britannia* during acceptance trials in the Clyde area. The smaller vessels have been several T.R.S.B.s from Lossiemouth, transiting the Caledonian and Crigan Canals to reach Rothesay. The only allied visitor this Term has been the Dutch destroyer *Holland*, here to do speed trials over a measured mile. Congratulations to their Communicators for their standard of operating.

Despite the number of ups and downs in a submariners life, the depot ship staff also has some brighter moments, such as the reply to a question requiring a quoted reference. The bright rejoinder? "Your . . . Not have book, No can look".

Another odd conversation:

Chief: "Why aren't you wearing your phones over your ears?"

Operator: "Please Chief, I can hear better this way, I'm deaf in that ear".



Royal Yacht "Britannia" at Portland.

H.M. YACHT "BRITANNIA"

Now that the initial work up period is over it is possible to find a relatively peaceful spot in which to sit and get on with typewriter and paper to produce our first article for the Magazine.

The Communication Complement represents all the Divisions, made up as follows:—
12 Chatham, 6 and Devonport, 7.

The Wireless Department have one Chief Tel., three L/Tels. and six Tels., and the Chief Yeomen (one in lieu of a Yeoman), three Yeomen, three L/Sigs. and two L/Sigs. now in *Gothic* who will

be seen, both departments are top heavy with wireless fittings, and it is no unusual sight to see the Chief in the Station One with his Deck Yeomen and the rest of W.T. Department spread out polishing Mansion Polish energetically, like the W.T. Department with the C.Y.S. in the hands of the Holystone Gang on the Flag Deck.

It may be said that the experience for all of us is the same—there is no Tannoy system exists on the upper deck in the Yacht. To facilitate passing orders a variety of systems are used, some being different

coloured wooden or metal plates each with its own meaning, and some hand signals. Everyone in the ship is very semaphore conscious, this providing a very convenient method of passing orders.

With regard to the layout of offices, the B.W.O., M.S.O., S.C.Y.O., T.R. and T/P Room are all contained in the deck below the Compass Platform, the B.W.O. and M.S.O. being combined, and the S.C.Y.O. and T/P Room being contained within the same office. Our odd man out is the Facsimile Room which is in the after part of the ship.

Dress ship is quite an evolution, the lines being in four parts, one of which (Fore to Main) necessitates two bodies going up inside the funnel complete with line to shackle on fore and aft. This isn't quite so bad as it sounds as the funnel is cooled inside and spacious and contains soot extractors.

Both departments have had ample exercises in all the many situations we expect to meet in the future.

On the entertainment side, we are extremely well represented in the Yacht's Concert Party and on the sporting side of events, even to the extent of a Darts Team which had a very successful evening in Weymouth.

H.M.S. "DOLPHIN"

The Easter Term has almost concluded but with putting in so much sea time and proceeding on L.W.E. Leaves it is difficult to believe that long leave is just a few weeks hence.

During the Term we have had a new Flag Officer Submarines who flew his flag for one day in a submarine which had to proceed to sea. Officers remembered just in time to delay the submarine diving until the flag had been transferred to "terra firma". With the change of Admirals we welcomed Lieut. Cdr. (C) R. B. Richardson who has relieved Lieut. Cdr. (C) D. A. Forrest who has departed to Londonderry from where he will no doubt be watching the submarine world with an eagle eye, ready to pounce if we slip.

Leading Telegraphists in the Submarine Service who have qualified for P.O. Tel. are doing very well at present owing to the shortage of P.O. Tels. and a number are being drafted to Submarines in lieu of P.O. Tels.
P.S. "Mariner" analysis is still being squared off!

LONDONDERRY AIRS

The end of the Term slowly draws nigh, and here in Derry, Spring has finally decided—after much snowy deliberation—to smile benignly on Erin's green valleys once more. Shure, we'd nearly given up hope of ever getting our sprigs of shamrock ready for the 17th, but now that the rain has ceased its near incessant patter on our scuttles and the snow has gone (like that of last year), we're all ready to venture forth in Paddy's fields and salvage what remains of our dear little plant—sea boots or no!

New faces and personalities figure prominently in our near brand new staff; the axe has fallen steadily on the stanchions and the few who do remain wonder indeed if to-morrow won't see them on their respective ways—bags and hammocks at the short trail. Mr. Johnson, S.C.C.O., is shortly due to depart and we wish him every good fortune in his new sphere of activity. It has been suggested that an appropriate parting token would be 'one lantern (swinging)'—is there a Boswell in the Staff?

Chief Tel. Coates has gone in the swim on the foreign pool, or mayhap by the time he reads these words, he'll be briefly attired aboard *Crane* dreaming of the many "haircuts" he had in Doherty's Coiffeur du Centre!

Chief Tel. Catlow now rules the roost with his iron will.

Spring Term hasn't sapped our mental energy quite as much as the fall. We still retain poignant memories of South Pass, ancient Mariner, and a multitude of LJX 29's which nearly drove us all bonkers.

Illustrious and *Perseus* combined to give us a busy start this Term and the U.S.N. we have always with

us—or so it seems. The latter seem to have grown quite fond of J.A.S.S. and its revolutionary methods of A/S warfare and the resultant signal traffic is betimes more than the L.H.O.W. can be reasonably expected to cope with while at the same time keeping his/her temper.

We've had more than our share of S.A.R. up north here and the noble efforts of the local squadron haven't gone unmentioned. Gale warnings galore too, but the L.J.X.'s still go on unperturbed by the might of either wind or weather. Incidentally which carrier asked on Port Wave if she should set watch on NL's to clear her traffic to us?! And which submarine did we instruct (on S.O.S.M.'s orders)—not to slip, when at that very moment she was shipping it green, 320 LOUGH FOYLE BUOY 15!

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

Greetings to our West Country compatriots from a Vicarage Road now entirely under new management. Our Commanding Officer and First Lieutenant joined right in the middle of the first stage of the move to our new quarters and so are right in at the ground floor. Portions of the School here seem to vanish over night and we are pleased to report good progress in the imposing classrooms at St. Budeaux. Unfortunately, a slight snag appears to have cropped up in the living quarters side of life and it now seems that only our Chief and Petty Officers will live in the Signal School, whilst junior rates will be accommodated in R.N.B.

At last we have a "stopped draft" scheme for instructors and with the introduction of the Hired Housing scheme a good many Chiefs and P.O.s have actually been seen to smile. Come on men, polish up your I.T.!

THE CHIEF'S MESS

This will most probably be our last contribution before the long awaited (and hoped for?) move to the W.R.N.S. Quarters at St. Budeaux where everything from instructions to distractions will be close at hand.

The expected collapse of the Signal School with the departure of Dai Davis for Malta has been averted by Messrs. Geordie Patterson and Monty Banks who have very kindly agreed to carry on for another five years. Sky Turner and Paddy Macbride proceeded to take up civilian occupations in January. We don't know where "Mac" went but "Sky" got a job with the Post Office, hence the increased charge for telegrams!

With the introduction of shorter foreign commissions and General service commissions any mention of that noble word "Ship" generally causes strained looks to appear on many faces. Some of our more expert snooker players have even miscued this week!!

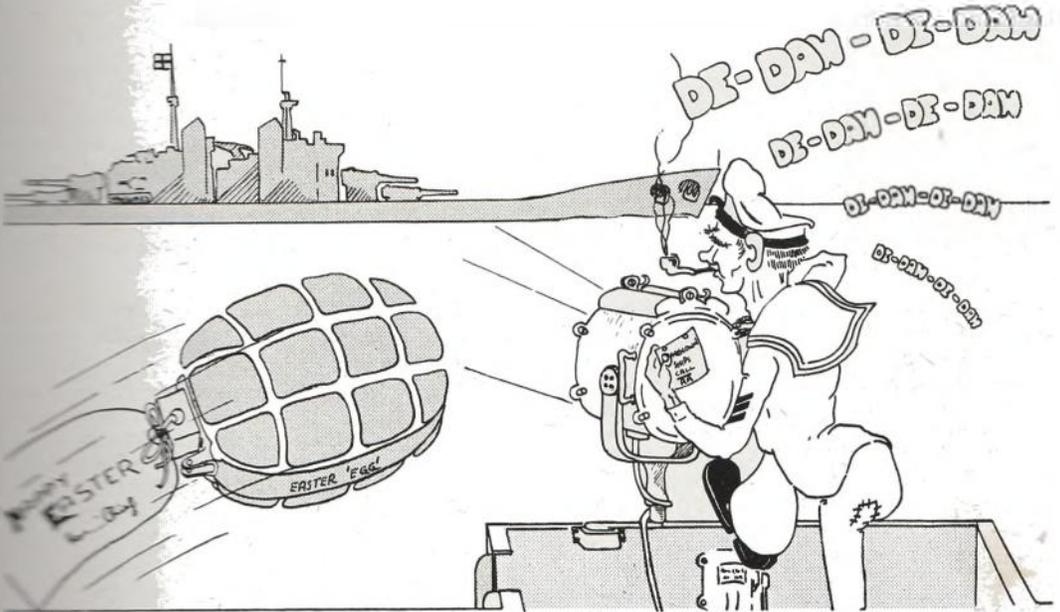
H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

This is being written from No. 1 dock in Gibraltar dockyard, where *Vanguard* has been sitting like a woody hen for some weeks past.

Our Spring cruise has, unfortunately, been a cruise in name only. Leaving Portsmouth on January 21st, we made our stately way to Gibraltar, alone and unescorted but not afraid! Within a week we were in dry dock. However, the docking is now happily over and we have four days at sea during the Combined Fleet Exercises and then the "get together" with the Med. Fleet. During that week we hope to watch the Home Fleet Communicators beat the Med. Fleet in the annual football match.

a highly successful bus trip to Malaga saw thirty-eight of the department under the able direction of C.P.O. Tel. (Ernie) Butcher, pay a visit to this delightful spot. La Linea has been visited by many of the staff, but as all these visits have been purely informal it is regretted that no details are available. We have heard, however, that it is better to enter Spain through the Customs post, rather than walk round the wire fence into the neutral zone—especially at about 11 o'clock on a Saturday night.

If any ship requires advice on painting ship aerials, may we send our Tel. Cook to advise them? Once again, he was hoisted aloft in a bucket, by the



Christmas leave saw many changes in the communication complement. We said goodbye to C.P.O. Cowdray and C.P.O. Tel. Kelson, the two chiefs, and welcomed C.Y.S. Hale and C.P.O. [unclear] in their places. Four P.O. Tels. joined us—[unclear], Parkyn, Mansfield and Fleming. The [unclear] spends his time in the secrecy of the Crypto [unclear] but has been known to emerge. On one [unclear] occasion he was seen in the Bridge Wireless [unclear] where someone asked him what ship he was [unclear] and could they do anything for him?

In the world of sport, we have managed to keep [unclear] and Ldg. Tel. Meade is playing for *Vanguard* in the final of the King's Cup. Mr. Smith the [unclear] C.C.O. has been observed on many [unclear] on the tennis courts (we wonder just what [unclear] was?) He was last reported to be [unclear] up squash!

The Communication Staff have almost all [unclear] to visit Spain on one pretext or another;

biggest crane in Gib. dockyard, to clean and paint the whips on the forward funnel. This was a splendid opportunity for all the dockyard maties and ship's companies to down tools and watch the operation with gaping mouths. Fortunately all the seagulls were otherwise engaged!

Sunday, February 28th, will stand out as a red letter day in the M.S.O. Once again a cigarette end carelessly thrown away resulted in a nasty blaze. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the M.S.O. was blazing furiously for half-an-hour whilst fire parties and others did their best to put it out. It's a warning to all M.S.O. watchkeepers—don't allow smoking when your duplicating spirit containers are open. You may be really unlucky and suffer far more damage to both material and personnel.

Finally, does the Electoral Registration Officer know that according to our operator "a bye-electron" is pending in Harrogate?

H.M.S. "EAGLE"

The Home Fleet Exercise programme is now well under way—communications in all respects well to the fore. *Eagle's* huge staff of 50 'sparkers' contains only five tels. What important species they are! On the lower end of the scale we have 17 Ord. Tels. and 15 B/Tels. Even after the few weeks since we left Guzz, signs of promise are showing in quite a few of the under 18's. With Flying Training always having top priority, it is difficult to organise any fixed training schedule for our juniors. They do however, have to keep watch and all W/T lines are manned by them.

On arrival at Gib., *Vanguard* Communicators challenged us to a soccer match, but much to our chagrin, we found that somewhere in the bowels of the 'Rock' the Chief P.T.I. had allocated both pitches to no less than eight teams from various ships. On No. 2 pitch, our allocation (?), four teams did in fact get onto the pitch, but although they all wore different colours with 44 players milling around, it was somewhat of a stalemate. Someone then suggested tossing a coin, winner to take the field. *Eagle* is still waiting to play *Vanguard*.

When the Home Fleet sail for U.K. and Easter leave at the end of March, *Eagle* remains in the Med., visiting Toulon, Naples and Malta during April. We expect to take part in escorting H.M. the Queen during her visit to Malta and Gibraltar. *Eagle* hopes to arrive home in late May, commencing refit in June.

THE SECOND TRAINING SQUADRON

The period between digesting the Christmas issue and producing the Easter article seems so short that we find ourselves looking round at one another, wondering whose turn it is. As usual, a toss up in the absence of the chap who is going to do it has solved the problem.

Our activities, of necessity limited in scope have, for the last few weeks, included the following. We proudly announce that we are now fitted for and with U.H.F. and are impressed by its performance. As an extra channel we found it extremely useful during communication exercises. When tested with no less eminent a unit than *Britannia*, it proved highly satisfactory and the "gold plated" aerials of the Yacht were a joy to behold. Towing, replenishing and manoeuvres were also carried out and Flaghoist was used quite successfully. Just before the conclusion of this episode *Tyrian* lost the tack but before our blushes were too obvious, the impossible happened and a "tackless" GEORGE was waving in *Britannia* without visible means of restraint. (We shall understand if this small incident is censored, but we have photographs to prove it.)

Shrinking complements are leaving their mark on the Squadron but somehow there seems no

diminishing of activity so far as "Osprey's Floating Classrooms" are concerned and for the discerning listener "One Able Tack One Easy Nine" can still be heard just outside Weymouth Bay. The Squadron C.Y.S. departs on 4th March and the Squadron C.P.O. Tel. will also leave this month (both without relief). It is said that the Chief Yeoman already regrets having audibly mentioned, during a visit to Leydene, "20 years in the R.N. and never had a carrier". So far was the thought from his mind that when they said "Albion", he thought it was West Bromwich.

Recent additions to the family, include some new twin funnel S.P.C.s (Seaward Patrol Craft). Names like *Shalford*, *Greatford*, *Aberford* and *Camberford* replace M.A.S.B.s 3050, 3053 and 3001 and we hope they will like being with us. The M.A.S.B.s have gone to reserve.

Our new "Leader" *Grenville* will soon join having completed her full conversion at Chatham and following her later will be *Undaunted*. These two will fill the gap caused by the paying off of our two old friends *Zephyr* and *Myngs*, both of whom have done yeoman service for the experts of Underwater Detection and Control. Their absence has been keenly felt. B.H.

R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

The task of the station is increasing by leaps and bounds, and by the time this number appears we shall have the first all-weather jet fighter squadron working up with us, as well as 1834 Squadron R.N.V.R. and the piston fighter training.

Since the all-weather boys plan to fly literally in all weathers and at night, and the R.N.V.R.s of course, at the weekends, we shan't have much peace.

The many exercises laid on to prove that we're not a bit frightened of T/P breakdowns have been keeping our Tels. busy and it was with reluctance



'Stale News in Greenland'



Greenland Expedition—A Camp on the Storstrom Glacier.

we gave up the particularly Machiavellian GROUPEX, which was nipped in the bud just as endless paper ships in the Irish Sea and paper frogmen busily laying atomic mines off the coasts were about to blossom.

The Chief Tel. scored when it was *Heron's* turn to conduct GROUPEX. In answer to one of the questions the Chief Tel. at Culdrose replied:

"Relevant publication not held."
 which he received the uncompromising answer:
 Look on the fourth shelf of the cupboard in the office of the C.R.R."

After a somewhat haphazard start, in which fixes were given with a startling variation of accuracy, the Southern Fixer Service, directed by Yeovilton, has now been worked up to give pin-point positions. The *Heron* F.V.4, after three aerial changes, and various vicissitudes, is at last serviceable.

R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

There is a move afoot to arrange a get-together of Communicators in the Northern Ireland Command, possibly a dance or social. The Guinness shares would show a rapid rise in the market if this does come about. The Liffey Waters are still being brewed by men of acquired taste, but horror of horrors some of our young ladies put lime juice in it!

Has it struck you that as soon as an A.G.M. is transmitted on the broadcast regarding pay 90 per cent accurate copies are always produced? wonder why!

Some extracts from Daily Orders, Signal Logs, etc.:—

"Volunteers are required for the Station Dance Band. A knowledge of music desirable but not essential".

* * *

"To: A.T.T.S.

Your 301106 Jan. Midshipman should join ship at Londonderry on 7th Feb. for 20 days cleaning."

* * *

From the A.S.L. "Please send your signals very slowly as we have left our Sparker ashore by mistake."

R.N.A.S. ANTHORN

There has been an almost complete change of staff since our last contribution. Among the notables who have left are P.O. Wren McKinnen and L/Wren Musselwhite who have been demobbed. Our W/T staff is now reduced to one P.O. Tel. plus one, with more work to do.

Operating with the *Illustrious* for a week gave us quite a busy time, our IN and OUT signals jumping from a mere forty a day to nearer forty per hour.

807 Squadron joined the station at Christmas, and with two voice operators in Anthorn's C.R.R. it seems almost full!

Past Anthorn SW/Ops. will be interested to know that the P.B.X. has been painted out a sea green enamel, instead of the off cream distemper.

AIR ARM SPRING REQUIEM

I crave a small space in this number
To tell of poor Signal Wren Binks,
Who made such a classical blunder
That the name of our Air Station stinks.

On the first day of April, dear reader,
Young Binks' heart was brim-full with joy,
For the pilot of eighty-one leader
Was just then her number one boy.

Channel Dog was young Binks' job that morning,
But her heart was in channels sublime.
In her mind single life she was scorning,
In her ears wedding bells seemed to chime.

Now an uncertain pilot was flying
At two thousand feet through thick cloud;
Found his engine was suddenly dying
And on Dog voiced his troubles aloud.

In Wren Binks' ears not a word lingers
Of MAYDAY broadcast far and wide;
For her soul was in bliss and her fingers
Were tapping out "Here Comes the Bride."

The uncertain pilot's Sea Fury
Intercepted a haystack at speed;
And quickly a small Naval jury
On a Signal Wren's guilt were agreed.

When the Board of Inquiry accused her,
Wren Binks stepped up smiling and pert;
Yes, the man's April fooling amused her
But she didn't see how he got hurt.

The First Officer pleaded "unstable
While balance of mind was disturbed".
Wren Binks has switched over to Able;
Distressed pilots are now less perturbed.

A.S.R.E. PORTSDOWN

Strictly speaking, the title of this article should be "First Impressions" since the 'C' Department decided that the newest arrival should be the ideal "volunteer" to write a few words for THE COMMUNICATOR.

My own feelings on return from the Med. Fleet and receiving an appointment to *Mercury II* were somewhat mixed. I had, of course, visited Haslemere some five years ago, but all I could recall of A.S.R.E. Portsmouth was a long flat-roofed building on the top of the hill—the building of which seemed to have caused the excavation of an enormous amount of chalk.

However, recourse to an old copy of THE COMMUNICATOR showed two excellent articles on this establishment and revealed the rough idea of

my future job. Was I to join the ranks of the "Application" team—or be a type of travelling salesman with the "Communication User Inspection Officer"? The answer I found was to be a little of each.

On joining in the worst weather Pompey had produced for many years, I reflected that whilst a city set on a hill could not, indeed, be hid, it could certainly be a trifle inaccessible.

Gaunt skeletons of buildings showed that A.S.R.E. although already a small township, was still expanding. The population seemed at first glance to consist of dozens of Boffins, thousands of civil servants (both office and sweeper types), a handful of assorted Naval Officers, and not a Blue-jacket in sight. Indeed it was something of a shock to find that the Colour Party consisted of one Admiralty Policeman.

Acquaintance with the Communications Office revealed a total of five officers "Static"—or fairly so—and two "travellers", whose knowledge of train services, hotels, pubs and landladies daughters in all parts of the British Isles is matched only by their mastery of the A.F.O. on Subsistence Allowance. The whole team is presided over and directed by a Commander (C).

Casual mention of a project coming to full fruition in 1960 was a little disconcerting at first, but Communicators at sea, struggling with equipment "left over" from wartime refits would be highly delighted with plans afoot to give them enough sets to cope with all the waves, circuits, channels or nets any Department may ask for in the future. Of course the problem of *where* to put these equipments, and *who* is to man them is still very much with us but then, hasn't it always been?

Phrases such as "Ship Acquaints", "Draft Type Staff Requirements" really do come to mean something in the course of time, whilst phone calls from various departments in the Admiralty as well as from firms all over the country testify to the trials and tribulations of bringing into service just *one* new set.

The article in the Easter number of THE COMMUNICATOR last year described the "Application Officers" job here very well, but I feel it is well summed up by the words of a Senior Officer on my arrival here—"We don't want you to *invent* anything—just use your Common Sense and experience". W.D.N.

RECENT EXAMINATION ANSWERS

Question: Define 'Personal For'.

Answer: This means that the message is for everybody and it doesn't matter who sees it.

* * *

Question: Define 'Basegram'.

Answer: A message that is not so important that it cannot wait until a ship returns from her commission.



British North Greenland Expedition photographs by courtesy of "The Times".

BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION

1. Surface view of Northice, the central Icecap station.
2. Entrance to the tunnel leading to Northice.
3. P.O. Tel. K. E. Taylor erecting a wireless mast on the shore of Britannia Lake.
4. 'Weasels' in Borg Fjord.
5. C.R.E. H. R. Dean in the Wireless Room.
6. C.R.E. H. R. Dean building an igloo.

WOMAN TROUBLE

The Leading Signalmán scowled as he read the note:

There will be a Wren coming up to-morrow forenoon—warn the lads—C. Y. S.

Screwing the offending missive up into a tight little ball, Hooky flicked it derisively over the side of the signal station.

"Heard this one lads?" he called, "there's a Wren coming up here to-morrow forenoon". The lads responded with varying reactions.

"Cor!—and me with a boil on me neck", complained one.

"Whacko!" said another, "must get my gold badges on".

Hooky scowled even more, "Bloomin' gigolos, that's all y'are. Wrens!—pah! Troublemakers, that's all".

"Haven't you ever had a date Hooky?" asked an Ord. Sig. pityingly. "They're good sports the Jennies. Why—when I used to go to the N.A.A.F.I. Club in Guzz . . ."

"Gerrouffit" growled the killick contemptuously. The O.D. scuttled off feeling hurt. "Silly old codger—doesn't know what he's missing", he grumbled to himself.

Unaware of being a "silly old codger", Hooky rolled a tickler pensively. "Just watch me show her a thing or two about signals to-morrow", he grinned suddenly, giving the completed tickler a final lick. "She just won't have a clue, you'll see!" The lads grinned back dutifully, "Yeah! You show her Hooky!"

* * *

* * *

The lads hung about self-consciously as Hooky pointed out the ships in the creek to the Wren.

"Nice bit of stuff!" whispered one to his oppo.

"Wish I was a killick", replied the oppo wistfully, glancing at the gold badge shining bravely on his arm.

The phone interrupted their musings.

"Yes?" enquired the Ord. Sig. He listened for a moment. "Yes—okay; Hey Hooky! the M.S.O. says make P.S.B. to the *Aciduous* for one officer now".

"Right!" rapped back Hooky, only too glad to show how efficient he was. The lamp stuttered briskly as he tapped out the call. For some minutes he beat a rhythmic tattoo, but for all the answer he got he might as well have been where a certain range of popular song mountains are.

"Right!" snapped the now irate Hooky, "Put his kippers at the dip!" The Ord. Sig. jumped to his bidding, also keen on showing the Wren a few things about signals.

"Excuse me"—interrupted a feminine voice. Hooky looked round graciously. "Yes dear?" The lads sniggered fitfully. "You're using a black light", said the she-bunting. The sniggering stopped abruptly.

Hooky put one hand incredulously round the lamp and pressed the shutter with the other. The hand remained unlit, but the face obliged with a suitable redness. "Could've sworn I made the switch", he coughed.

The O.D. surreptitiously lowered the pennants and tried to appear nonchalant. A light began to wink from the *Aciduous*.

"Take her", said Hooky to the O.D. as the phone rang, and he escaped gratefully to answer it.

The Ord. Sig. hopped to the light and crashed out a "king". "Ssst—" hissed the feminine voice again. The O.D. looked round graciously, "Yes, Honey?" "Black light", said Honey apologetically. "J . . . J . . . Jingo", stammered the chagrined operator and slammed up the switch. The light in the *Aciduous* flicked rapidly.

"Eh??" blinked the Ord. Sig., scratching his hat thoughtlessly. "INT Kippers?" volunteered the nice bit of stuff. "Yeah! That's it" gulped the unhappy hero. "Heh Hooky! What shall I tell them?" "Tell them to scrub round" replied a sweating Hooky, wiping a fevered brow. The Ord. Sig. hesitated. "Care to have a go Jenny?" he asked brightly. "Why—yes", said the girl readily. The lamp clacked to the pressure of her manicured hand.

On board *Aciduous*, a signalmán nearly fell over backwards but managed to give a weak "Roger". "What's he say?" asked the Yeoman, noting the glazed expression on the bunting's face. "He said—SORRY DARLING—SCRUB!"

* * *

At the signal station, the bunting tossers were nervously keeping watch. The presence of the Wren was beginning to upset their notions of being Jolly Jack Tars. The incident of the "Black Light" had undermined them somewhat. The phone rang again causing them to jump and then look sheepish. "I'll take it", said the Ord. Sig. determined to cut a dash somehow. He lifted the phone. "City desk—Editor speaking!" The wink he gave the Wren was very clever.

His introduction as City desk was met with a cold silence. "Captain speaking—" said the voice at the other end after some heavy breathing. "Editor's name please—". The phone dropped from the "Editor's" trembling hand.

"Who is it?" whispered Hooky, also trembling. The O.D. placed four fingers eloquently across his cuff. Hooky experienced a feeling of nausea—being reduced to an "Editor's" rank was hardly a happy thought. He struggled to think how such a catastrophe could be averted.

The voice at the other end began to rage. "Answer me—damn you—do you hear? Damn it! Answer me!!" A manicured hand gently eased the O.D. out of the way, and picked up the phone. "Yes?" said

AMERICA AND WEST INDIES



ROYAL ESCORT

Dressed overall and with a backcloth that only Jamaica can provide—blue sea, blue skies and the Blue Mountains, *Sheffield* in company with *Gothic*, prepared to sail from Kingston on the afternoon of 27th November for duties which were to take us far into the South Pacific. Ceremonial handbooks replaced the ANSB, and Q.R. & A.I. the Mooring Board, while the Flag Deck reverberated with quotations of para's, sub-para's, articles and clauses of this and that as our normally mild V/S staff argued over chapter and verse of whether or not Masthead ensigns should be worn in addition to the Jack whilst engaged on Royal Escort Duty. Faint muttering could still be heard even after a stern, last minute decision was received from the powers-that-be that they should.

Apart from the honour of being assigned the Royal Escort Duty we were rather intrigued at the thought of showing the Home Fleet to far-flung Polynesia, 8,000 miles from Pompey!

Before arriving at Cristobal we took station ahead of *Gothic* and acted as saluting ship for the gun salutes. Inside the harbour Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked for a road trip which took them through Colon to the Miraflores Locks. For most of us the Panama Canal was a new experience and for those who remember the salt flats and leering camels of Suez, a very much more pleasant and interesting one. At Balboa we went alongside and a few hours later the *Gothic* with Her Majesty and the Duke once more embarked, joined us on the other side of the basin. Next morning, with a minimum of ceremony, both ships slipped out into the Pacific.

The highlight of the voyage for us was the afternoon of 30th November when we stopped in the Gulf of Panama and Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh came aboard accompanied by the Flag Officer Royal Yachts. Q.R.s were hastily thumbed again, pulses quickened and nerves taughtened and it is on record that the Chief Yeoman's heart stopped beating while the Royal Standard was broken at the Main. All went well though and no

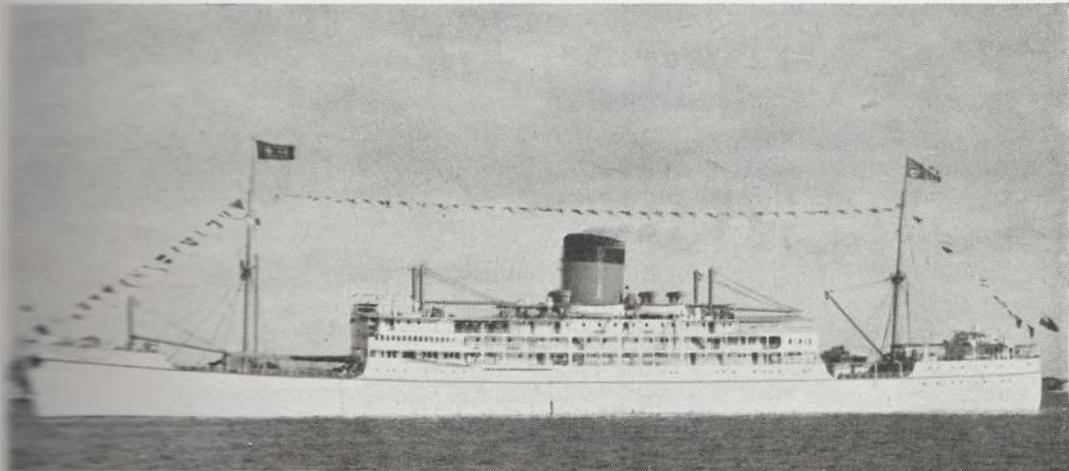
doubt the hour will go down as the most honoured of the commission. After a March Past by the ship's company on the Quarterdeck the Royal party went for'ard for a mass photograph taken on the fo'c'sle. For the benefit of our W.R.N.S. readers I regret that I, a mere male, do not consider myself competent to describe what Her Majesty was wearing on that great occasion.

Two days later we passed a vote of "no confidence" in the Met. Officer when on the Equator we hit the worst weather since "Mariner" and crossed the Line in overcoats and sea-boots. However, the full ceremony was duly observed and Davy Jones' M.S.O. worked with a will to cope with the amazing amount of traffic, much of it for INFO to the Royal Yacht, originated by the fertile mind of King Neptune's S.C.O.

We carried out a number of simple manoeuvres with *Gothic* and varied our station daily to provide a change of scenery for the Royal Party. The sparkers were kept on their toes helping with the heavy wireless traffic and we understand the S.C.O. did a nice business hiring out the V.H.F. Admin. wave for Officer to (W.R.N.S.) Officer conversations. The Dog Watches were enlivened by a Ship's Quiz and with the sparkers as winners and a P.O. Tel. as



The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh being piped aboard H.M.S. "Sheffield"



S.S. "Gothic" getting underway at Port Royal, Jamaica.

...the Communicators' prestige went up
...and down.

The day of our rendezvous with *Black Prince*
...and a few miles South of the
...of islands we turned over our
...to the safe keeping of the R.N.Z.N.
...180 degrees and as we passed
...side of *Gothic* we gave three hearty
...followed by a final 21 gun
...Alford went the honour of
...to "Splice the Mainbrace"
...enough and despite its not being
...everyone appeared to know!

H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD"

...months of being the mainstay of
...Pompey Dockyard and two weeks
...to the facts of life during
...H.M.S. *Sheffield* finds herself once
...the flag of C-in-C America
...Station with the flag of COM-
...SCARIB bravely fluttering in the
....

The "Sunday Dispatch's" excellent
...on our behalf by describing us
...after "Mariner" we did not
...Pompey time (loud groans
...but proceeded post haste to
...put the Buzz Monger's noses
...had insisted that we could never
...and B.W.O. door repaired
...but after that initial set back
...their forces.

...we had just enough time in which to
...for sandals before rushing off
...where *Superb* had most unwisely
...in the British Guiana trouble.
...at the end of the affair otherwise

P.O. Tel. Lawton (who has now unfortunately left us), and his cronies might have suffered the same fate as the Army Communicators who were, we learnt, "Cryptographically exhausted". After a turn over of almost indecent haste, *Superb*, with cries of "It's all yours chum" sped away into the distance for Chatham, home and beauty.

The Chief's Mess won another member on our return to Bermuda when Yeoman Pine's B.13 came through. It is rumoured that the excess complement question is not arising as after Chief Yeoman Pine's performance in the Royal Guard at Jamaica the Gunnery Officer is bribing the S.C.O. for a new Chief G.I. (Whale Island papers please copy).

In Bermuda the juniors struck up acquaintance again with those two essentials of any good Seaman's equipment—"strongers" and grey paint—and under Yeoman Walsh's patient guidance we lost our "Mariner" look (of which we were secretly rather proud) and the Flag Deck took on an appearance fit for a Queen which, with our Royal Escort duties not far ahead, was as it should be. Dressing lines for overhaul were dragged out of the "Coal Hole", a most suitable title for what is surely the most inaccessible V.S. store in the Service, and our seamstresses worked with a will to repair the ravages of the parts of ship who on these great occasions seem to delight in dragging them over radar aerials and any other awkward obstruction which will tear the flags to ribbons.

Christmas and the New Year saw us at the U.S. Naval Base at Rodman at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal where an invaluable two weeks was spent in getting used to the upholstery of the more luxurious types of American automobiles.

This pre-cruise training had the result that there are now those amongst us who refuse to travel in anything less than a 1953 Cadillac. Halifax was



Her Majesty the Queen talking to Commodore Campbell-Walter during her visit to H.M.S. "Sheffield" in the Gulf of Panama.

kind to us during this period and with everything fairly quiet Yeoman Haffety expended his zeal on the four walls of the "nerve centre" with a "pot and two". Despite the psychological approach to the colour scheme there has as yet been no noticeable difference to the furrowed brows of our M.S.O. Watchkeepers. At the other end of the ship the C.C.O. as O.O.W. kept his end up by frantically complying with page 140 of the last COMMUNICATOR and dipping to a constant stream of Merchant Ships in any one of which he expected "F.F." to be embarked.

We started our Caribbean Cruise on 8th January and after a few days at Curacao popped into Trinidad where C.P.O. Tel. Carter availed himself of a "Grippe" run to investigate the possibility of sinking some of the Broadcast operators in the Pitch Lake. It is rumoured that on arriving there he found it full of treble X and decided that this was too good a fate for an O.D. and more fitting for a much more senior rate. In the Islands we took the opportunity of sending three or four "sparkers" ashore on each visit armed with a Type 46 to act as a shore link; a break with routine which was highly popular and very convenient. It was not until Barbados that we got any adverse comment on our organisation and that consisted of a remark to the C.C.O. by an Officer returning from shore to the effect that he had never heard a Radio with a feminine giggle before. "Sporadic 'E' old man", came back the reply which even for a C.C.O. (ex-V.S.) sounded pretty convincing.

At Havana we had our first glimpse of the shape of things to come with the night sky blazing forth the virtues of "True Form Brassieres" and the like while the nearest Radio entreated us to "swill Bacardi Rum" morning, noon and night, which

judging from the fat heads next morning was a most successful advertisement. At Vera Cruz this was followed up for some of our more fortunate members by a stay of four days in Mexico City. P.O. Tel. Quinn and two Signalmen were the lucky ones and we hear that when all else failed they had to fall back on a supply of five barrels of beer a day. In such luxury we feel that it was good of them to come back at all.

The time of writing finds us at New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. It was suggested that we enter a float for one of the processions entitled "The Joys of Communications" but as this was not very well received in certain quarters the matter was dropped.

BOOK REVIEW

TELEVISION RECEIVER SERVICING: VOL. I: Time Base Circuits. Published by TRADER PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and distributed by LIFFE & SONS LTD. Price 21s. Postage 8d. 187 illustrations.

This book is mainly intended for the radio service engineer who, having already become skilled in the art of fault-tracing in radio receivers, wishes to extend his activities to television. It does not attempt to teach the principles of radio servicing, but extends them to the more complex circuits and techniques of television.

The author describes each section of the receiver and shows how to check that the waveform is correct at the input and output of each section. Comprehensive information is given on fault location, and how to isolate a faulty section from the rest of the receiver.

Vol. I covers the time-bases and their associated circuits; and probably at least half the problems likely to be met occur in these sections. Vol. II, now in preparation, will cover the remaining sections of the receiver.

R.N.Z.N. OR WHAT GOES ON DOWN UNDER

Have you heard of H.M.N.Z.S. *Irirangi*? Did you know that the area covered by the Naval Broadcast from *Irirangi* is three times as big as the area covered by Whitehall?

Judging from some signals we've seen, there were many long faces in the communications world when the Royal Tour was planned and it was realised that the Royal Yacht had, while steaming across the Pacific, to maintain contact with a British Naval Broadcast.

However, by the time New Zealand was reached we had replaced the frowns. Communicators in *Gothic* and *Sheffield* will tell you that WV was 600 miles outside the New Zealand Station and the equivalent of NL being readable in Chicago.

Probably they may also add, the morse wasn't very good at times. That's because we are a young and growing Navy, and are still short of senior and experienced rates. We have P.O. Tels. who four years ago were Telegraphists.

However, our youth makes us keen and now on completion of the Royal Tour of New Zealand we had proof of our achievements of 1953. Notable among these was the work of H.M.N.Z.S. *Irirangi* in relaying two DS13 SSB transmitters for relaying Her Majesty the Queen's Christmas Broadcast direct to New Zealand.

You will have heard of the tragic train accident which took place in New Zealand on Christmas Eve when a flood carrying away a railway bridge. This happened some 10 miles from *Irirangi* in a very populated district, and the same flood carried away all the land lines between Auckland and *Irirangi* over which the speech was to be relayed to the transmitters twenty hours later.

At 0600 on Christmas morning the Post Office began the replacement of these special 6 kc channels.

By mid afternoon all was once more normal. The transmitters were due on the air at 2000 for the hour before the speech was due. Just before the lines to Auckland once more went out and emergency arrangements were made at the receiving station to pipe reception of the Christmas Broadcasting station to the transmitters relaying the speech to U.K. This was very much an emergency measure and the relay was not too hot. Three or four minutes to nine the lines to Auckland were plugged more—no time to test them—the transmitters were plugged through—silence, would you believe it—loud and clear came through Her Majesty's speech, being relayed over 12,000 miles of cable to U.K. by R.N.Z.N. transmitters.

Subsequent reports from B.B.C. engineers told us that 90 per cent of the speech was relayed in U.K. and the reception from this Naval channel. Mean-

while no one in the establishment had slept for 24 hours. Except for the watch on, the train disaster had occupied all hands—mostly scouring the river banks for possible survivors in uninhabited country.

Turning elsewhere in New Zealand, we hear that our D.N.S.C. has built himself an airy palace on the roof of our Navy Department in Wellington. He assures us that its design is the latest layout of Communication offices and that shortly we will be controlling all our activities directly from there using 180 miles of landlines to key transmitters and pipe reception to and from *Irirangi*. Whether or not it is technically proficient, his colour scheme certainly keeps us on our toes. We can't turn round without seeing a new colour. No two walls are painted the same and we even have a scarlet ceiling in one room.

Lastly we hear we are to be allowed to develop our own Signal School in the Naval Barracks, H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel*, in Auckland.

Yes, we surely are growing up—and would welcome any of our readers to join us at the end of your current engagements. Our Liaison Officer in London can give full details of pay and passages for yourselves and families. (See also advertisement on page 46).

Don't forget we have New Zealand Communication Wrens too who will be only too keen to help you men settle in. Their efficiency is well known in the Naval Dockyard in Auckland where one, stripped to her undies, was seen, not so long ago, to dive into the dry dock (full of water at the time), to recover a signal which had blown from her hands.

H.M.N.Z.S. "BLACK PRINCE"

Many miles of ocean have passed under the ship and many stitches have gone into our dressing lines since we took over from H.M.S. *Sheffield* as escort for the Royal Yacht *Gothic* near the Marquesas Islands on December 10th.

From there we escorted *Gothic* to Fiji, Tonga and Auckland and during the Royal Progress through New Zealand we were present whenever Her Majesty was in the vicinity of the larger ports.

On January 30th we again escorted *Gothic* on completion of the Royal Tour of New Zealand and finally handed over our duties to units of the Australian Fleet in the middle of the Tasman sea.

The highlight of the whole tour for us was the visit of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness to the ship on December 16th. They spent more than an hour on board meeting the officers and witnessing a march past of the Ship's Company round the Quarterdeck. The Ship's Company then assembled forward and Her Majesty graciously consented to having her photograph taken surrounded by us all.

Dressing ship became a matter of daily routine and during the 55 days of escorting we dressed overall on 31 days, with masthead flags on 13 days, and there were thus only 11 days on which we were not dressed. This we venture to suggest must be a record.

After our escort duties finished we visited Hobart, Tasmania, for their 150th anniversary celebrations. Also present there were H.M.S. *Ceylon*, H.M.C.S. *Ontario* and H.M. Australian Ships *Australia*, *Vengeance*, *Quadrant*, *Condamine* and *Shoalhaven*. As we so seldom have the opportunity of meeting other ships we greatly welcomed this chance of getting to know and exercising with them all.

Now we are back in Auckland having the leave which we were not able to take over Christmas. Looking back on the past three months we have indeed been fortunate to have played such a large part in this memorable and wonderfully successful Royal Tour.

MERRY CHRISTMAS?!!

Have you ever been at an Area Receiving Station at Christmas? You have? But did you have a Royal Tour to cope with as well?

Your correspondent arrived here in July. At least that is what the calendar said; the thermometer appeared to be at variance, but it appeared that one must be prepared to make concessions. However, it was finally established that in spite of the presence of considerable quantities of frost and snow, Christmas had not yet arrived and indeed was some way off.

But 'it' had started. Your correspondent was asked the leading question which opens this article and had to admit that he had not had the pleasure. Whereupon his ears were assailed with grim facts and figures, and he was shown an impressive mass of signals for December 1952 which to the casual eye appeared to equal in bulk the total signals for the rest of the year.

Meanwhile other activities were afoot. "Chiefy" was observed to be going round with the hat, and the agreed claim that we had subscribed to the tea boat only last week was stifled by the cryptic remark "Christmas Cards".

Then, in this age of RATT we have the T/P Christmas card, and it was discovered that P.O. Tel. Dot and Ldg. Tel. Dash with their heads together in a corner were not playing Noughts and Crosses but were busily engaged in devising a suitable one. Ideas ranged from a Kiwi supporting a crown to a Picasso version of the local mountain, but we eventually settled for a simple Christmas tree, mainly because time just "crep" upon us. (At the end of the festive season we were completely shattered to receive the portrait which appears on this page from a certain MSO on our line T/P, which we had to admit was excellent, though it was suggested that somebody must have an awful lot of spare time.)

But back to the task. The days lengthened, the sun shone, and your correspondent tried vainly to

picture himself eating hot Christmas pudding in the blazing sunshine. The letters MAUQ began to fill the local ether and the traffic graph crept steadily upwards. Chippy was called in and a mass of message trays and tape reel racks were constructed, so that we should at least know where we were (??)

At last came the day, with the *Gothic* on the broadcast, and everybody on this side of the globe wishing Merry Christmas to everybody on the other side. Gremlins, propagation, all played their part, and suddenly it was over. The Queen was in New Zealand, Christmas had gone and it was back to normal.

We have carefully put our Christmas cards away for next year, likewise the message trays and tape reels some of which I am pleased to say were not used. We are determined to produce a bigger and better T/P Christmas card by starting to design it around August. Above all, we coped, as no doubt our successors will do. But *they* won't have a Royal Tour as well.

On the serious side of *Irirangi's* Christmas the following points are of interest.



Teletypewriter Christmas Card

The "Christmas Card" pictured above was produced by Ldg. Tel. Williams at Navy Office, Wellington, and was transmitted from *Irirangi* to Admiralty, Harman and Vancouver. The length of tape required to transmit it through the auto-head was 73 feet, approximate running time 47 minutes.

peak period, traffic overall increased to normal volume.

In addition to handling much of the Royal Tour traffic, two main transmitters (Standard Telephones 13's) were successfully used for S.S.B. transmissions of the Queen's Christmas Day broadcast. This necessitated several trials during November and December all of which reduced normal test service circuit time.

The Taranaki railway disaster which occurred on Christmas Eve was twelve miles from Iirangi. In addition to opening up a test line to Auckland Police and to the scene of the accident, approx. 7,000 words of press copy were prepared to Wellington and Auckland for news coverage by T/P, and the staff voluntarily joined in search and rescue work in their off watch time.

Operational life had its lighter side such as the following signal received by T/P for broadcast on the day broadcast when the *Gothic* had arrived at that time 500 miles away.

FROM N.Z.N.B.

THE *GOthic* Operational Immediate
 This Office report indicates their personnel are being on jetty alongside you unable to get connected to connect teleprinter.

FROM S.S. Iirangi

D.W.C.

AN ARTICLE FOR THE COMMUNICATOR

"There is a chit in my office from the Editor of THE COMMUNICATOR, wants an article for the Easter issue. How can one off will you?"

"Aye, Aye, Sir".

This quarterly conversation piece is beginning to get the ideas. The weather, staff changes, work done, reports etc. churned out quarter after quarter, but I'm particularly interested. Let's be original, shall we?"

"How?"

"Take a correspondence course in Journalism or Short Story Writing?"

"Easily said, but have you tried it?"

"I have."

A 1,000 word test story sent up with a 'Do you think I stand a chance' plea attached.

The reply . . . "You have a natural talent for writing the story, although the climax was improbable" (I'd seen it done!) "it was well told. Enrol today and join the ranks of the well-paid men."

"I joined."

My first real effort was returned by my Instructor. The paper was the wrong size (Pusher does not supply it in accordance with Fleet Street standards). There was more red ink than black type. The plot was vague, the narrative stilted, and I had broken every grammatical law ever invented. The typing—well!

After a week of sulking I dashed ashore, bought some special paper and roughed out my next 1,500 word masterpiece. There—an O'Henry in embryo!

An anxious week and then the results. If my last effort was a red mess then this would have given the Senator a heart attack!

All the previous mistakes plus some I had apparently overlooked.

Lesson three followed after much soul-searching.

Ah! encouragement at last.

"That was a better plot, but written entirely in retrospective vein. Avoid this, and rewrite on these lines . . ."

I rewrote on those lines and what happened?

"Where is the original narrative? It is far too short. Forget that plot and try another".

Right, another plot then. An entirely new twist on the Football Pools, there, that's topical!

But no!

"This subject is of no interest to the publishers. It was worked to death even before the War; avoid cliches, give your characters life, etc., etc."

I'm on Lesson 9, being topical, avoiding cliches, swotting up on grammar, buying special paper by the quire, losing weight rapidly, wearing my finger to the bone on the typewriter, and the telephone rings . . .

"About that article for THE COMMUNICATOR".

"Yes Sir?"

"See if you can make it more interesting and topical this time".

"Aye, Aye, Sir".

(Rejection slip should be addressed to
G.C.)

THE ADMIRAL AND THE BISHOP

An Admiral and a Bishop, both of whom had married rather late in life, found themselves waiting outside the maternity ward of a hospital.

Their vigil was ended by the arrival of a nurse who announced that they were both fathers of healthy and handsome boys.

"Your son is just like you, Admiral", said the nurse, "even to the colour of his hair. Now if you come back in about an hour you will be able to see your new son".

"Jolly good", said the Admiral, "I shall return to my ship and fire one of my guns."

"Your son is just like you too", said the nurse to the Bishop, "except that he has red hair. Now off you go and come back in about an hour. And tell me, what will you do while you are waiting?"

"Red hair, did you say?" inquired the Bishop, "I shall go straight back to the Cathedral and fire one of my Canons!"

SIGNAL BRANCH TIE

The Signal Branch tie may be worn by all past and present members of the Communications Branch.

The design consists of alternate blue and grey diagonal stripes of equal width, and the tie is available from A. Fleming & Co. Ltd., and from Waterman's, the Camp Tailors at H.M.S. *Mercury*, in two qualities, price 6s. 6d. and 12s. 9d. It is also obtainable from Messrs. Gieves and some other naval tailors.



"The term 'may be worn by all Officers and ratings of the Signal Branch . . .' does not apply to uniform"

THE TIE

Sig. Swithers had enjoyed his leave immensely. For six glorious days and nights he had been Mr. Swithers, in spite of the remarks of his oppos about his new suit. It was an expensive one, this civilian suit of his, and when wearing it he felt and looked like a man of some consequence. To heighten the effect of being a member of the plutocracy, he had cultivated the very necessary accent to go with such plumage. And so for six happy days and merry nights, Sig. Swithers, R.N., had been accepted as a businessman, banker or film star off duty, wherever he had cared to wander.

There remained but one night more in which to masquerade, and as he produced his ticket at the door of the hotel Phoenicia, Swithers determined that tonight would be an exceptional one. He nodded condescendingly as the gentleman in evening dress at the entrance bowed a respectful "Good evening, sir." The expression on his face indicated that he, Mr. Swithers, was used to this sort of thing.

The dance seemed to be one of those informal ones, and with the exception of the doorman, the predominant wear for gentlemen was lounge suits.

The atmosphere was warm and genial, and after a personal call at the bar, Swithers reflected a senes of well-being in keeping with the amount absorbed. Full of pseudo confidence in his ability to charm, he proceeded to try his luck with a young lady, who seemed to be without an escort.

His efforts to amuse were not unrewarded, and in a comparatively short while, he had become well entrenched, if that is the right expression. "By the way, Reggie," said his object d'amour, "You haven't told me what you are yet", and as he suddenly spluttered over his drink, she added, "I mean, what you do—what your job is." Recovering from the shock of her question, Reggie managed to smile mysteriously.

"Ah! woman", he sighed romantically, "forever curious". Fortunately, he didn't notice the stare this comment engendered, and continued musingly as he toyed with the glass in his hand. "Well," he said, "if you must know, I'm a communication technician in the Royal Navy."

Her eyes widened in a gratifying way. "Oh!" she gasped, "that sounds awfully difficult."

He shrugged his shoulders in a modest way. "It is really, but it's all in the day's work of course."

"Of course", she said in a small voice, obviously deeply impressed. "Daddy, I'm sorry to say, hasn't much time to tell me about such things. At least if I mention the Navy at all, he sort of 'Hrrrrmphs' if you know what I mean".

"I see", said Reggie looking thoughtful, "we are often misunderstood by 'the man in the street' as you might say, but they generally come round to our way of thinking in the end. We are not all Wine. Women and Song you know!"

She laughed prettily. "Oh, Reggie, really—" They were interrupted in their merriment by the approach of an elderly gentleman, "Are you alright my dear?" he boomed, looking her companion up and down in an uncomfortable way.

"Oh, Daddy", she gasped hurriedly, "This is Mr. Swithers, communication technician in the Royal Navy. Reggie—my Father".

As Reggie got to his feet, he heard quite plainly a 'Hrrrrmph!' Undaunted however in his chivalry, he extended a hand. "Glad to meet you old boy". "Damned glad!", snorted the elderly one giving him a searching stare. "Well, I mustn't stop, my dear", he said, switching his gaze to his daughter, "I've left your mother on her own and she doesn't like it when I'm away too long", and with a paternal smile he stalked off.

Swithers sank gratefully back into his seat. "Nice old boy, in spite of the 'Hrrrrmphs'", he said.

She laughed in a relieved sort of way. "I'm glad you didn't mind, he's a dear really".

* * *

It was Sunday forenoon and Swithers stood again dressed in his best suit. Only this time, it was his number ones. Sig. Swithers dressed as a sailor was awaiting the inspection philosophically. His leave

er and he had enjoyed it. Pity he had to return
time to catch up divisions but he couldn't
it had been a good leave.

"We would hurry up", whispered someone.
silence", roared a voice.

ers winced, "Ah yes, leave was well and truly
Now he could hear the convoy of brass
in his direction, a stop here, a stop there, and
gathered himself up to his full height expectantly.

he scrambled egg on the hat passing him
began to relax in the way that sailors do
the danger is past. Just as he had completely
himself, the hat appeared again, and
in front of him.

His startled eyes were met by a pair of fierce blue

"I see you at the Phoenicia last night?"
the presence.

ers wilted—"Er—I think so sir", he

"Enjoy yourself?"

"Er—I think so sir—that is—"

"Hrrrrmph! I see you were wearing a communi-
cation technician's tie", continued the hat after a
thoughtful silence. Swithers felt quite ill.

"Yes—they're quite distinctive don't you think?"
persisted the presence.

"Er—yes sir—quite". A burst of coughing helped
Reggie out.

"Hrrrrmph".

The hat moved out of range, and a dumbfounded
Captain and First Lieutenant stared at Sig. Swithers.

"See me in my cabin afterwards", whispered the
First Lieutenant out of the corner of his mouth as
the retinue passed.

"Yes sir!" gasped Swithers dutifully.

"She might have said she was an Admiral's
daughter", he thought dismally, turning a lobster
shade of scarlet as the rest of the division grinned
at him.

W. CLIMIE, L.Sig.



ADVANCEMENT NOTES

of Acting Time (A.F.O. 342/54)
The introduction of Provisional Advance-
ment in 1951 the long-established rule which
previously advanced Leading or Petty Officer
would have a probationary period of not less than
one year at the "Acting" rate was abolished, so as
to remove a definite distinction between men who
were fully qualified and those who had only passed
the Professional Examination.

After a trial period, however, it has been found
desirable to reintroduce this rule and as from
January 1954, all advancements to the Leading
Petty Officer rating in the Communications
Branch will again be on an "Acting" basis for a

minimum period one year's actual service in the
acting rating, during which time the rating concerned
is to be regarded as on probation. Ratings who have
been advanced on a Provisional basis will also be
required to pass the examination at the conclusion
of the full qualifying course before they may be
confirmed in their rating.

In order, therefore, to tell whether an "Acting"
rating is fully qualified or has only passed the
Provisional examination it will now be necessary to
refer to his Signal or Wireless History Sheet.

Advancement to Signalman and Telegraphist
*Abolition of Training Class Certificates (A.G.M.
334A of 2nd January, 1954).*

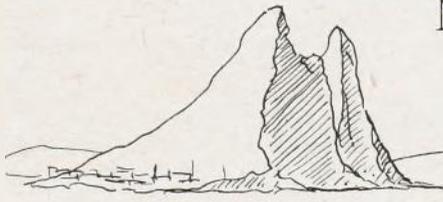
In the past many men have been held up in their
advancement to Signalman or Telegraphist because
they were unable to obtain their Training Class
Certificates at the appropriate time, through
circumstances beyond their own control. It has
therefore been decided that these certificates shall
no longer be a requirement for these advancements
and in future (a) Field Training will be included in
New Entry Courses, and (b) the "Opposite" subject,
i.e. "Wireless" for Signal ratings and "Fleetwork"
for Telegraphist ratings will be included in the
professional examination for Signalman or Tele-
graphist respectively, the passing percentage being
75 in both cases. The standards of knowledge
required are laid down in Tables 4 and 17 of BR 1792
(Signal Training Manual). J.S.W.

THE LONG ARM

From the Portsmouth Evening News.

"William W - - - -, serving in H.M.S. Vanguard
at Malta, was fined 2s. 6d. by the Havant Magistrates
yesterday for permitting a chimney at his home in
Emsworth to catch fire . . ."

MEDITERRANEAN



H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

The Christmas number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* arrived in *Bermuda* very appropriately on Christmas Eve, which day also found us near the end of yet another stretch of Canal Zone duty. In spite of a lack of shoreside amenities the festive season was celebrated with numerous trips to the locals—"The Stag Inn" and "The Magnet". On board, the usual dressing up and mess-deck festivities, complete with the Communicators Band, took place. One strange "two Badge Killick Bunting" was observed who turned out to be the Sugar Charlie Oboe. Our recently acquired yardarm "vases" were for a few minutes (until the C.P.O. Tel. fulminated) put to their more obvious use—that of holding Christmas greenery. We wonder if A.S.R.E. foresaw this?

In January with the flag of F.O.2.Med., we proceeded on a brief cruise to Leghorn, where we spent a few pleasant days sampling the "wine of the country"—namely Vino Bianco and Chianti. This was all the more enjoyed due to the fact that we had just previously successfully completed Admiral's Inspection.

Whilst at Leghorn, excursions were made to Florence, Pisa and Rome. The Roman Catholics from the ship, together with parties from *Daring* and *Glory*, were very fortunate in having an audience with the Pope at the Vatican. Snow and hail did not deter the "Oggymen" from enjoying to the full the attractions of North Italy. The C.P.O. Tel. can even sing "Alf a pound of flour and lard" in Italian.

On return to Grand Harbour the Q.H.M. remarked that the draught was greater than usual. This no doubt was due to each member of the Ships Company being in possession of a music box and a marble replica of the Leaning Tower (Customs Officers are requested to forget the last remark).

Another interesting visit was to Elba and the scene of the B.O.A.C. Comet disaster. As usual the cry was made for more Communication ratings, which we provided in form of two L/Tels. and three Signalmen, complete with Aldis lamps and Type 615's. They were required for the Italian trawlers engaged in salvage work and returned to the ship after a month, enriched, if in nothing else, in their vocabulary.

In the sporting line we have done our best but opportunity has not been plentiful. Our one proud boast is of Ord. Tel. Beddal who recently became the Welter-weight champion of the Heavy Ship and Med. Fleet Competitions.

H.M.S. "SURSAY"

This is the first time that *Sursay* has contributed to *THE COMMUNICATOR*. An Isles Class Danlayer should be seen and not heard, seems to be the general opinion of the bigger ships. However, we feel that *Sursay* is too often seen and very seldom heard, the latter particularly by Malta Ship-Shore.

We are engaged on Operation "Elba Isle" under the control of Captain M/S Med. in H.M.S. *Wakeful*, soon to be relieved by *Whirlwind*. We are now the oldest inhabitants of the British Salvage Force here, having spent a month of almost continual darning. Mess-deck mutters assert that we are darning the Villa Napoleon next, the only place we seem to have missed to date.

Underwater Television has proved itself a boon to deep-water identification, and the Comet should be salvaged, given reasonable weather conditions, by the time the Easter edition goes to press. You are probably more in the picture at home than the people on the spot who feel rather like third-rate Pantomime Cinderellas.

The department consists of one Tel. and two Buntings under the experienced eye of Lieutenant P. R. Lees; some of you will remember him as a Ldg. Sig., before his elevation to the Wardroom. He hopes to qualify as a Lieutenant (C) in due course.

SECOND FRIGATE SQUADRON

On leaving Trieste in mid-November the Squadron carried out an exciting night encounter with an Italian M.T.B. Force directed from a base ship whilst on passage to Malta.

Heard on *Mermaid's* bridge during the exercise: "Bridge this is Office. We are in touch with the Italian base ship—over".

"This is Bridge. Roger".

Awed voice in rear of the bridge: "Blimey, the Chief Tel. is in touch with an Italian Space Ship!"

The Christmas and New Year period coincided with our self-maintenance period which precluded much SELF maintenance being carried out. One of the highlights was the Mediterranean Fleet Communications Dance, held in the Hotel Phoenicia Ballroom. Though this is now only a memory, it is one that will not fade—till the next dance anyhow—for those who remember being there!

Settling down to the normal routine again was helped along by *Janex*, *Fofex*, and *Febex*; in which the Second F.S. was well to the fore. Then came the time to leave Malta for the Canal Zone. The Squadron sailed in company from Malta on February 17th, exercising with units of the French Fleet before setting course for Port Said.

Passing through the Canal we took up our "posts". Canal life can be very interesting if one is a fisherman, a bunting, or a bird watcher. Great varieties of fish for the fishermen, flags of all nations on the buntings, and thousands of seagulls for the ornithologists!

Our duties to date have taken all ships the full length of the Canal and back—with a call at Suez en-route. The situation is an ever-changing one, something like our movements!

Overheard on Fayid L.C.W.:

S.C.O.: "Take that operator's name!"

W.: "INT ZZB1".

Reply: "Daphne—Is that you Jimmy".

S.C.O.: - - - (fainted).

H.M.S. "OSIRIS"

Since our last letter many changes have taken place and apart from a few stalwarts we have an almost entirely new staff, including Mr. Day, S.C.E.O. (R) as Officer in Charge W/T Station.

Life at the moment presents a fairly dismal picture as the Khamsin season is upon us and completely curtails our main activity of swimming and beach parties. However, the Wrens are maintaining their sea legs by "swotting" for skipper tickets at the local sailing club.

For a small community we have done quite well on the Winter sports fields. The football team finished third in the Signal Regt. inter-troop league and the hockey team headed the league until the league was closed for want of support from the troops. Great credit to the teams whose motto of "I'm not much good but I'll have a go" proved its worth. The Wrens, not to be outdone, intend to show us all that "Quality if not Quantity" counts for a lot and have entered a W.R.N.S. team in the Womens inter-Service Hockey tournament.

Our only entrant in the Sig. Regt. Novices Boxing Tournament discovered that a poke in the "tummy" after a couple of bottles is not so funny. In spite of this and hard training on sixty cigarettes plus numerous bottles, not to mention R.A., he still maintains that it was good fun and well worth it.



COMMUNICATION STAFF AT R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

Back row: Sig. Hutchinson, Tel. Harding, Sigs. Crone, Stocker, Powney, Tels. Harrison, Senogles, Drysdale.
 Centre: Sigs. Macpherson, Springett, Pike, Tels. Hudson, Baker, Marine Sutherland, Tels. Young, Robb, Clarke, Sig. Wilesmith, Tel. Boden.
 Front row: L.Tels. Carter, Stephen, P.O. Wren Tate, S.C.C.O. Mosedale, Lt. Cdr. Kane, C.P.O. Tel. Thomas, L.Tel. Nicol, L.Sig. Hockley, L.Tel. Grierson.

We are soon to bid farewell to our "hosts" 3 G.H.Q. Signal Regt., for after a period of eight years in their camp we are shortly to move into 42 Field Survey Regt. Obviously too much shop with the "Signals".

To end, the following signal was received over the T.B.S. from a Squadron (not American) in the lake here: "Ships will be weighed by signal and are to 'Forge Ahead' in order of etc. . . ."

Best wishes for the coming Term from—

"THE DESERT SHIP".

MALTA M.S.O.

Without giving a resume of the 'Comet' Operation, it is worthy of note that, once again, our well worn staff has been called upon to perform their duties in places other than a comfortable signal centre. Pier head jumps were very prevalent, and from what the returning explorers say, the whole thing was very interesting.

Being slightly confused with the differences in spelling, NATO and British, one bunting has decided to revert to basic basic English, and started with a vengeance by 'furling Quarterdeck orning'. Needless to say he came very near to furling his own 'orning.

Whether a mistake has been made or not is hard to decide, but during the past three weeks dockyard employees have been wandering around the place wielding brushes full of liberal amounts of distemper. This could be classed as Spring cleaning, because if one did not spring quickly enough, one would find oneself wearing a new yellow suit. The general opinion is that the place looks better for the work put in, and it is now possible to see what is being written on the wall.

The annual inspection carried out recently gave rise to a little bit of humour. One of the Maltese messengers 'got fell in' with the Communications Division, and the Admiral, on reaching him, asked how long he had been on the station. The reply '24 years' brought forth a look of amazement from the Admiral, and a jangling of medals from those in the close proximity.

GIBRALTAR M.S.O.

From the 'bowels of the Rock', the oft repeated cry: 'snowed under'—up to the shoulders anyway. But, even though the peak has yet to come, we are not grumbling as we have the invaluable assistance of those Communicators loaned from U.K. for the Fleet visits. We would like to say a sincere 'thank you' to the Drafting Commanders for managing to help us at times such as this. And, of course, we are all looking forward to welcoming all our 'old ships' and friends during the Combined Fleets visit.

Just before Christmas, Windmill Hill said 'au revoir' to C.Y.S. Paul; and 'au revoir' it may prove to be, as the 'grape vine' has told us that Peter is

en-route to Gib. again in the Training Squadron. Talking of Chief Yeomen, Sydney C. Bunkin would like it to be known in the I.T. Section at *Mercury* that the R.N.B.T. have no connection with his house purchasing schemes. Not only is S.C.B. awaiting his relief but all four P.O. Tels. are due for Home Service this year. But we must warn intending volunteers that our cry will once again be 'Not only QRM and QRN but also QR BLASTING' as some more of the Rock is due for removal.

The new office block next to the Tower is beginning to take shape and we hope to be reading this year's number of THE COMMUNICATOR at Christmas within its comforts.

Our soccer team have again performed quite well in the inter-Part League; and the department have supplied three regulars in the R.N. local team who are, once again, League Champions.

S.T.C. RICASOLI

Instructions at the S.T.C. Malta have proceeded at a slightly increased tempo since the last contribution as we have had the Fleet in harbour a little more than in the past, with more ratings consequently available.

At the time of writing we have almost completed the first qualifying course for Leading Wren Signals and after the initial shock of seeing Wrens coming through the portals of *Ricasoli*, everyone has come to accept them. We have been able to provide all the facilities required for their training, thanks to the assistance given by Lascaris, R.N.A.S. Hal Far and H.M.S. *Glory*, and for good measure the spot of parade drill provided by H.M.S. *Ricasoli* weekly divisions, though it is doubtful if this received the appreciation it deserved. We are expecting a regular flow of Wren classes in the future.

Anyone visiting us these days will probably have quite a shock to see our really elaborate and up-to-date mock up of a destroyer's wireless offices and equipment. We have almost finished a complete refit of all our technical classrooms, including the Model room, and we can now claim that we have quite a presentable set up—which works!

We are in almost complete agreement with the A.G.M. on the serious deterioration of writing and spelling, so much more in evidence with the newer entries into our ranks; the spelling can be excused to an extent by the familiarisation of ratings with things N.A.T.O., but not the writing, criticism of which might well have been extended over a wider field. We also hope the Board of Education was on the distribution.

Two howlers from one of our latest qualifying courses:—

"Corpen is a Red pendant with two square balls".

"Taut Wire measuring gear is used when it is necessary to cut a length of wire".

(In mitigation—they were more interested in transmissions through the ether).

FAR EAST



H.M.S. "COSSACK"

Following the episode of "grippoes, stranglers and headhunters" (in the Christmas number), *Cossack* returned to Hong Kong and began at once her self-refit. This would appear to have been necessary for we came out to take part in Squadron Exercises with the promise of a further docking to replace our worn out rivets, and even some shipside

The Squadron Exercises were really a gala occasion for Captain (D) for the first time had the opportunity to play with. We did all the exercises in the water. We even landed a large landing party complete with portables (no, not so that the rear could keep step with the front!).

Over our four days were looked forward to with a competitive spirit. In the pulling regatta, the Communication Branch of the ship was well represented. In the racing whaler we had a Yeoman, in the all-owners crew we had one P.O. Tel., while another P.O. Tel. was coxswain, and we had our own communication whaler.

We can't win the Regatta. Our whaler, so lovingly looked after during the two weeks before, was stove in during the evening, by a particularly heavy sea, the Hong Kong R.N.V.R., who were out with the whaler, very kindly offered to lend us their's. However, less we do not blame our non-winning on the whaler we were just not so good as *Concord*. As a result we came second, just ahead of *Constance*.

We came first just ahead of *Constance* in the General Drill. One example of the close co-operation between Flag Deck and Upper Deck was the "weigh the butcher and hoist the number of pounds". The Yeoman of the Flag Deck looked out towards the beefscreen, butcher held up his hands and we had 150 hoisted before the repetition of the signal had ended. The umpire was not only surprised, he was suspicious. So he sent down his order to weigh the butcher personally; the result was 150 pounds.

When the Dock was remarkable for the sorry state of the rivets, the speed of the Chinese labourers, and the sumptuous bathroom set-up (Naval Dock—please copy). But we were not sorry to leave the dock, for the dock workers there were working

from 0700 to 2200, and did their pneumatic hammers make a noise? Our ears were limping for days after.

We left Hong Kong and sailed for Japan with *Concord*. We carried out exercises with her, and as we entered the inland sea we were joined by *Comus* and all three of us entered Kure. From there we and *Comus* sailed for Yokosuka, where we spent Christmas Day. Then almost next day we were in the throes of a Hunter-killer Exercise with the U.S.N.

One of the signals we received gave us a pleasing picture of a naval chaplain in his clerical garb, riding a bike, armed with a pink parasol, on a wire stretched between the tops of two very high masts. The text went something like this. "Chaplain has offered to conduct services tomorrow for Action Adeeeds X circuit riding and high lining would be responsibility of ships requesting his services. . . ."

After a short time at Okinawa, we sailed for Hong Kong. Almost immediately our TBL which has already been referred to in THE COMMUNICATOR as battered, just went back on us. The trouble was at the machine end. A spare armature was fitted and this also gave up after 20 hours. So we called on our next best set and it came up every time—the TCS.

After a short rest the squadron put to sea again for exercises, and for two days we even had six ships together. Not only that but we even got the *Birmingham* to come out of harbour and play with us. This is a record.

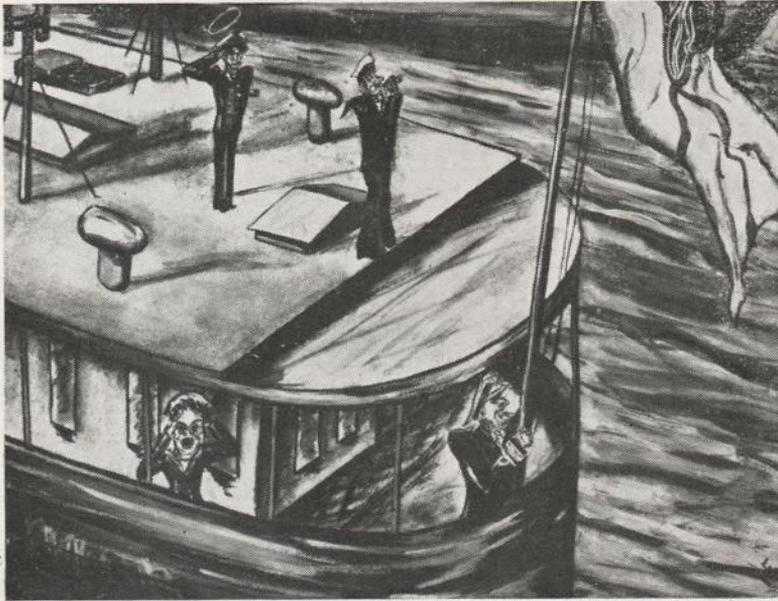
Then came our last voyage—an exercise of course. It was wonderful while it lasted. Just imagine a broadcast that wasn't allowed to send any Admin. Traffic, and W/T silence so that you couldn't make any. All right until the silence was lifted. . . .

Anyway we arrived still all in one piece and yesterday we said goodbye to all the old "Commissioners". So they leave *Cossack* as they found her way back in 1951, in Dockyard hands.

E.J.S.

H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE"

Early March this year will see us, with several other units of the Far East Fleet, taking part in large-scale exercises with the U.S. 7th Fleet between Hong Kong and Japan. We follow this with a self-refit in Hong Kong; perhaps we shall be able to get



NAVAL CEREMONIES: SUNSET

An occasion that must be unique in the history of the Signal Branch is depicted in this picture. The scene is on the H.M.S. *Ladybird*, in November 1952. The Signalman was late for Evening Colours, and when the "Still" was sounded the Admiral came out of his day cabin and hurried down the Ensign. The Officer of the Watch was blissfully ignorant of anything being amiss, and was very surprised two minutes later, to receive "Report reasons . . ." from F.O.2.

The original picture was painted by Lt. A. J. W. Frost and was presented to Rear-Admiral Clifford.

alongside instead of the 8th D.S. getting all the perks.

We are (we think) officially the Flagship of the sea-going (*Tyne* take note) F.E. Fleet, but have only worn the flag for short periods. Even then we have not really known whether it has been the flag of F.O.2 F.E.S., FOSICFESTA, C.S.5., COMBRITCRUFE, C.T.G.95.1., C.T.U.95.1.9., or Father Neptune!

The ship has had visits to several Japanese ports including Yokosuka, Nagasaki and Kure (*Newcastle's* Home from Home). We also had one visit to Pusan in Korea, where many of us were royally entertained by Army units there.

In sport the Communicators have shone at hockey, having twice won the ship's Hockey Knock-out Cup. At Singapore, in combination with the S. & S. Division, we topped the bill in the ship's athletics. Several members of the staff, including our Tweedledum and Tweedledee (Y.S. Brogden and L.Sig. Doughty) have played regularly in the ship's rugby team, but we seem to have failed to produce much in the way of soccer players; too much watch-keeping being blamed for this.

In conclusion, no doubt some are wondering why we have suddenly decided to contribute to *THE COMMUNICATOR* and no doubt others know only too well! We strongly suspect that by the time this is published some readers will already be considering themselves "Newcastle New-commissioners", and the writer knows about 35 widely travelled, war-weary (but very happy) Communicators who will welcome these "New-commissioners" to S.R.J. and a very good Pompey ship some time in JUNE.
C.F.R.

KRANJI WIRELESS STATION

If this article appears in print we in this "static stone frigate, sitting in the jungle", have several people to thank, as it will have arrived by unorthodox means! It seems to be a habit of ours, missing the post.

In the last twelve months the station has really been altered, and we have now got the surveyor's pegs in to mark where the new C.R.R. is going to be. We have had a lovely "static water tank" built near the tennis courts to increase fire fighting efficiency. It is having a diving board too! The first swimmer is expected in it any day now. In 1939 the staff who were here then (30 all told), commenced digging out a corner of a bank near the C.P.O.'s Mess and in 1940-ish that hole became Kranji's swimming pool. During the occupation, or just after, the bottom collapsed and until this coming month there hasn't been anywhere to swim. That old pool is now being made into a badminton court.

We are very interested in the history of this station, so if any readers can give us any gen we will be glad to receive your letters. We have been told of a Jap tunnel below the old pool, but don't really believe it.

That blight on our landscape the coal dump and incinerator outside the canteen have gone. We have now got a pleasant garden where thirsty sailors can drink the local brew and watch the birds and the bees. The canteen has been extended and the "Kranji Club" is now the venue of frequent dances once again.

THE SIXTH MINESWEEPING SQUADRON

The squadron, now unfortunately consisting of four ships only, *Jaseur*, *Magicienne*, *Maenad* and *Michael*, took part in Exercise "Sonata" which stretched the communications to the full, even with extra hands loaned from ships in refit. This exercise was a great change from our normal role of hoisting black balls, etc., and notebooks were hastily consulted concerning RUM and COKE and other aspects of fleetwork, rather forgotten since our qualifying courses.

Since Christmas the highlights of the period have been *Lysander* and *Lioness* sailing home to help relieve the manpower shortage; A/S exercises off the East Coast of Malaya and a short minesweeping exercise at Hong Kong to be followed by a cruise to some ports in Borneo.

* * *

'Office'

'Bridge'

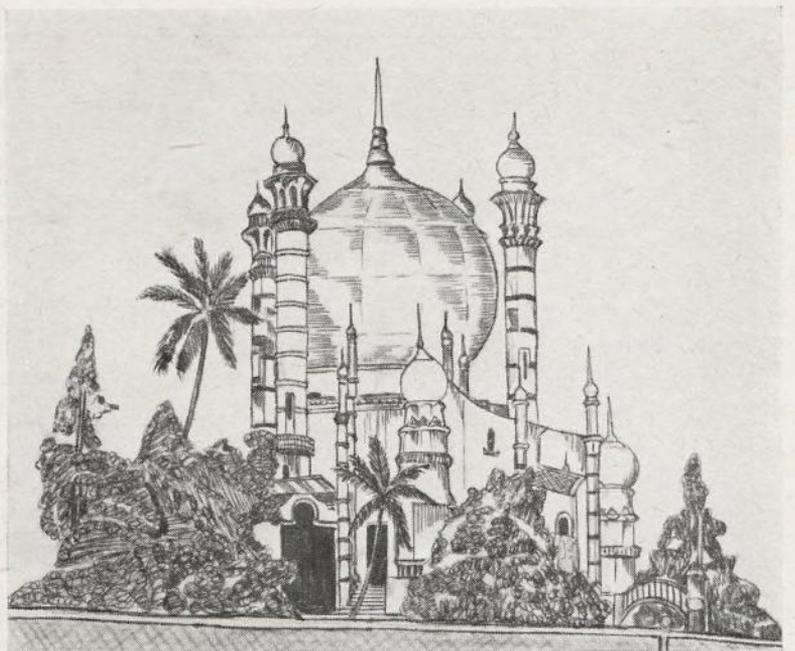
'Check the T.B.S. Can't raise *Magicienne*.'

'Roger'

'Office'

'Bridge'

'When you've checked the T.B.S. call him from down there—you're nearer the set.'



A Malayan Mosque

Since our last article appeared we have had the Coronation Celebrations, our highlight being a high sign overlooking the main north south Singapore-Malaya road, and a bonfire. The C.C.O. has been looking for two of his spare tyres ever since. In August last we had the Annual Johore Grand Prix one of South East Asia's premier motor events. It was watched in force, Johore being only five miles away.

In the sporting world we have had some success, being half way up the Singapore Amateur League, and having had a lot of fun at hockey and cricket this season.

Finally, in how many ships and establishments does this happen some date in January, May, October?

C.C.O. to C.C.O. (having just received the Editor's order): "Don't forget the *Communicator* articles for the next issue, having remembered it early we must get a good crop. Any in yet?"

C.C.O. (Who dreaded this query rearing its ugly head): "No, Sir, I won't forget. We've some talent on cruise". (Thinks—Can't think who).

C.C.O. pondering, vaguely apprehensive.

Later same forenoon. Exit C.Y.S. and C.P.O. Tel.

C.C.O.'s Office muttering: "Why does he want to write the article, he's not a cripple?"

Later same forenoon, in the P.O.'s Mess. The C.P.O. Tel. and C.Y.S. have come for a conference with the Yeomen and P.O. Tels. (Time 1115). Ideas are submitted, discussed, considered unprintable. Exit C.Y.S. and C.P.O. Tel. still thirsty.

Day Minus One—No article—C.C.O. frantic—C.Y.S. unapproachable—C.P.O. Tel. disappears—P.O.s worried—Troops being like drains.

Day. H Hour Minus—S.C.O. and C.C.O. hanging in cabin Hot—No Cigarettes—No Patience—No Article.

Hour Minus One. The article written three times—now working on S.C.O.'s cigars, and with effort.

Hour Minus 15 Minutes. S.C.O. rings for Postman. Article ready, Postman

Hour. Postman appears. Article despatched. Exit C.C.O. and S.C.O. glowing with pride. Peace for three more months.

KOREAN 'OPS': TOUCH-TYPING

If you've just been ashore in Japan,
Or your ship's run aground in the Han,
You should first do your best,
Later make up the rest,
Then it goes to the cryptograph man.

If the Chief is around, on the snoop,
And your typewriter roll's in the soup,
If you've manned the wrong line,
Or you're blowing a bine,
You can always invent the odd group.

If your ship's in the teeth of a gale,
And your power supplies totter . . . then fail,
You have nothing to do,
They can send the stuff through
In the General Post Office mail.

If you can't tell the twos from the threes,
If you miss a whole group when you sneeze,
If you MUST make a bog,
Leave it out of the log,
But you must go on bashing the keys.

If you still have no orders for Guzz,
If your galley has no proper buzz,
If you can't hear a sound,
'Cos there's static around,
Then you type out a signal that does.

If you think my advice is in jest,
If you know that you're doing your best,
You should just volunteer,
To remain in Korea,
But you'll find I've gone home with the rest.

P.G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Drawings on pages 11 and 17 are by L. Sig. P. H.M.S. *Cleopatra*; on pages 35 and 41 by L. Sig. P. H.M.S. *Phoenicia*; on page 42 by Wren S. Dunlop, R.N.A.S. Anthorn; on page 31 by Ord. Tel. Lo Swee Keat, H.D.M.L.3508; on page 2 by Sig. Gibbs, Whitehall W/T; on page 37 by T. Griffiths, R.N.B. Camarata; and on page — by Ord. Tel. Downer, H.M.S. *Mercury*.

Photograph on page 4 was taken by Cdr. J. B. Horne; on pages 19 and 20 by Chief Cook Critchley, H.M.S. *Sheffield*; on page 45 by the "Ports and Shipping" section of the "Evening News"; on page 9 by P.A.—Reuter; on page 33 by Transatlantic News Features Ltd. and the "Daily Telegraph"; all British North Greenland Expedition photos are reproduced by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"; and those on pages 32 and 47 are official Admiralty photographs and are copyright reserved.



H.M.S. "Ocean" and H.M.C.S. "Nootka" replenish from R.F.A. "Wave Victor".

WRENS FASHION PAGE



A Piece of Cake!

One of the latest and simplest forms of headgear whose appearance is the Cake Frill hat. This white is the obvious choice, this delightful hat can of course be equally attractive in a variety of other colours, depending on the outfit to which it will be worn. It is of course possible to choose the colour of the outfit to suit the cake frill; but this means unheard of to alter everything else to suit some small accessory. Interesting thoughts on the matter, which appeared not long ago in *The Times*, and are reproduced herewith by permission of that paper, were prompted by the announcement that a French *couturier* had designed a hat which would only be complete if it included

LILAC POODLE

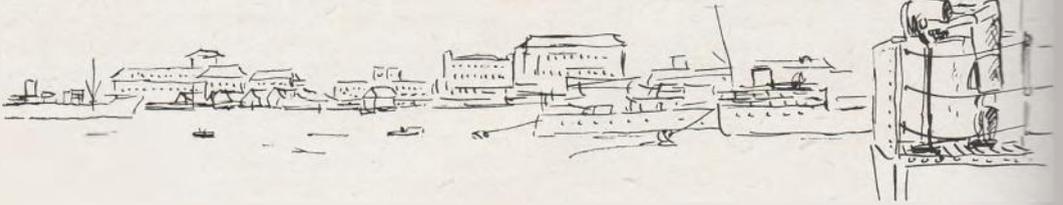
There is a report about a well-known Paris dress designer, "going from the sublime, he proposes to dye the poodle, dyed lilac, to match milady's lounge outfit". This is a sentence which will strike different people in different ways. Some will feel that "going from the sublime" should either have read "going to the sublime" or else been omitted altogether. Others may question the indispensability of the adjective "live". *Il faut souffrir pour être en mode*—nobody knows that better than the ladies who have to write about fashions; but the ladies who could be induced by even

the most autocratic *couturier* to carry a dead dog about with them must be very small. It is, however, the stipulation that the dog should be a poodle and should be dyed lilac on which most thinking people will focus their attention. In canine circles the view is widely (though not perhaps very justly) held that merely to be a poodle is, for a dog, a slice of atrociously bad luck; and the idea that an animal already suffering under this grave handicap should in addition be dyed lilac will arouse horror even among those breeds who hold the intended victim in contempt.

Human beings are likely to react less emotionally. Men will reason that, if women really think that technicolour lap-dogs are going to enhance their attractions, nothing will save Toto and Miki from the vat; but they will realize at the same time that, although many of the hats women wear are monuments to the fallibility of their predatory technique, there does reside in the sex a certain basic cunning, a sixth sense that warns them which lures will attract and which repel their prey. To most men a lilac poodle will seem to fall into the latter category. A lady who makes her appearance leading a panther on a chain is not by any means every one's cup of tea; but in some hardy souls the sight of the carnivore produces a feeling of affinity for its mistress, whom they assume to possess (like themselves) an exotic nature and with whom—for they are generally men of great physical courage—they lose no time in scraping an acquaintance. Much the same applies to a lady with a boa-constrictor, while one with four Labradors, or a leash of otter-hounds, though she may not find herself quickly surrounded by the cream of the *intelligentia*, can be fairly sure of picking up a homesick countryman or two. But it is difficult to imagine what sort of man would feel drawn to a lady because she had a lilac poodle to match her lounge outfit. Indeed nothing (unless it be a puce bull-terrier) seems more calculated to stifle the involuntary exclamation "By Gad! What a stunning girl!" upon the lips of even the most hardened *roue*.

In the give-and-take of social intercourse milady would, no doubt, establish contacts with the opposite sex; but it is painful to imagine the banality of the conversations to which her four-footed accessory would inevitably give rise. "Rather unusual colour, isn't he, your little dog?" "Yes." "Nothing the matter with him, I hope?" "No." So it would go on. Reluctant though one is to deny the ladies any legitimate outlet for self-expression, churlish though must seem any aspersion upon the impeccability of a dress-designer's taste, one may be forgiven for expressing the conviction that, if milady's lounge outfit and her poodle have got to be the same colour, it will really be better for all concerned to make the dress match the dog rather than to tackle the problem the other way round.

EAST INDIES



H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

For the past two months, H.M.S. *Newfoundland* has been resting in the King George VI graving dock at Singapore. Refitting has been a period of hard work but has been rewarded by the ship's company being able to live ashore in H.M.S. *Terror* and enjoy the wonderful sporting and canteen facilities offered by that Establishment. Of course the most welcome aspect of living ashore has been the additional Local Overseas allowance coming in every other Friday.

Shortly the ship returns to the East Indies Station and resumes the duties of Flagship. It will only be for a short time as, at the end of May, when *Birmingham* returns to the U.K., we are being transferred temporarily to the Far East.

Whilst in the East Indies the ship will spend almost a month as escort to the Royal liner *Gothic*, and everyone is looking forward to the visit of Her Majesty to H.M.S. *Newfoundland*.

L.W.O.

CEYLON WEST W/T

It was thought to be a good idea if two ratings of the Miscellaneous Branch wrote this article for THE COMMUNICATOR, so it became the lot of the P.O. Cook and the Mechanician.

Your immediate thoughts are of course "What do they know about it anyway?" Believe it or not, however, after being trapped on this wireless station for two years we know as much about Rhombics, Service One and Gaps on morse keys as anyone else in the Service. In fact our vast knowledge of Naval Communications has been noticed in higher circles and we have been privately informed by Codress message that it would be a waste of time to send us back to our own Branches, so two very quiet numbers are being kept open for us at Leydene.

Getting back to Ceylon West, however, we must admit that living, working and playing with, and for, the Communications Branch is quite an unusual and pleasant task. Co-operation is very good except for "Pereira's" transport* but we suspect that petticoat trouble is the reason for this.

* *Pereira*. The term applied to a married rating with his family out here.

For a Station of this size, with a ship's company of roughly one hundred men, we can produce Soccer, Cricket, Rugby, Hockey and Water Polo teams which do the Station credit. Taking into consideration that about half of the ship's company are always twenty-four on, we reckon this is quite an achievement.

Old members of Ceylon West may like to know that the Receiving Building is not now known as such any more but has been renamed "The Pentagon". We have now so many more rooms and doors that one is inclined to get a little puzzled as to exactly where one is.

The Station itself was inaugurated as the Bar GZH Ranch on Sunday 7th March, when the first of the ship's company's bullocks arrived. It is hoped to purchase one or two of these 'beever' each month and we should have a sizeable herd in about six months time. It is recommended that the ratings on draft to the Bar GZH should do the six-week cowboy course (held in Arizona, I believe) before taking passage.

These animals are difficult to handle, one rating having been tossed on the day of inauguration. Prizes are being offered for the best design for a branding iron which must incorporate the Station callsign.

Ratings who serve in the Bar GZH will have the notation "Able to control a large herd" inserted in the "Record of Experience" section of their Service Certificates. This will automatically ensure shore jobs in the future.

TRINCOMALEE M.S.O.

We are glad to say that the Communications Mess has been putting on a monthly Dance and Social which has been a huge success. Those of you who have done a commission here in Trinco will realise how much any form of additional entertainment is appreciated.

At the present time we are in the throes of a Decathlon, to which fifteen of us have challenged any other Department in the Trincomalee Area. It is not surprising that this form of competitive sport has brought untold zest into our games. We are fortunate enough to have quite a few all-rounders, of whom Sig. W. A. Williams stands out

It is rather too early as yet to prophesy as to our chances out of the four or five challenges we have already accepted, but if lose we must, we shall go down with flying colours.

In April, H.M. The Queen will be visiting us here in Ceylon, and even though unfortunately we will not be seeing her in Trincomalee, the preparations for the forthcoming visit touch our department in no uncertain manner. C-in-C's Staff will be aboard

the Flagship for escort duties from the Cocos to Aden and some of S.B.N.O.'s Staff will be backing up Colombo M.S.O.

To the lucky ones of you who will be relieving us in the future, especially if you are married and intend to bring your families out with you—a letter addressed to this M.S.O. will give you details of the housing situation and advice on the problems of housekeeping, etc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OPERATION "FLOODTIDE"

Dear Sir,

I wonder how many Communicators reading the very interesting article "Operation Floodtide" in your Christmas number recognised R. A. Hutcheson-Collins as the young hostilities P.O. Tel. "Jumper" Collins who served most of the war in H.M.S. *Duke of York* wherever she sailed the world's oceans on her many operations.

I am sure all who came in contact with him will unreservedly acclaim him as a wireless genius both in maintaining and operating.

During the 2½ years I served in *Duke of York* I cannot remember a single occasion when our extensive wireless equipment failed us, even after many days of continuous wireless silence in heavy gales. As soon as it became necessary to transmit there was never any doubt but we raised the shore station first call. In the *Scharnhorst* action off North Cape the whole of our wireless equipment was brought into use simultaneously, with never a failure under the most trying conditions.

All this was mainly due to the untiring efforts of "Jumper" Collins, a shy but brilliant young Petty Officer Telegraphist who, I fear, in a swiftly moving period, never received the recognition he deserved, but he must be remembered well by many Communicators, some of whom now command the Queen's ships.

Yours faithfully,

E. J. Webber,
ex W.Tel. H.M.S. *Duke of York*.
1942-1944.

"OLD SHIPS?"

Dear Sir,

I should like to express my appreciation of THE COMMUNICATOR for the splendid work it does; it has enabled me to maintain a living contact with the 'Branch' during my recent long illness.

If possible, I should like to be able to tell my many friends in the Service, through your pages, of my deep appreciation for the contact which many have kept with me, and that I should be pleased to continue hearing from them.

I expect to be able to resume a civil occupation in the Spring, and would be glad to hear of any contacts in the world of Communications.

Yours faithfully,

DESMOND J. BOOTH,
(ex-Yeo. Sigs., Chatham).

The Cottage,
Cogenhoe,
Northampton.

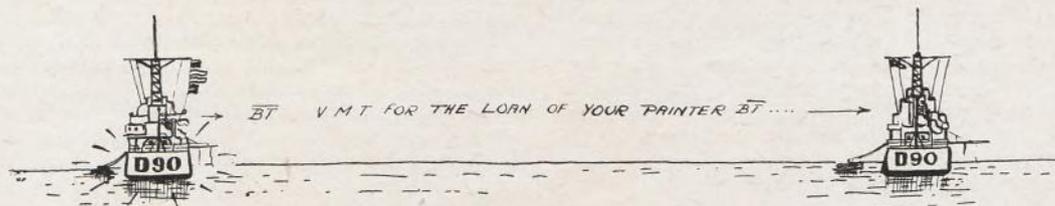
BORROWED PLUMES

In an after-dinner speech recently, Mr. Henry Willink, Q.C., described how, during the First World War, his battery was inspected by General Sir Henry Rawlinson.

Riding round the battery General Rawlinson approached a Subaltern seated on his horse at the head of his section. The Subaltern was wearing the ribbon of the Military Cross.

"Where did you get your Military Cross?" asked the General, showing a proper interest.

"Where did you get your miserable horse?" was what the Subaltern misunderstood the General to say. So, to the shocked surprised of all present, he replied: "Borrowed it for the occasion, Sir."



THE FIGHTING S.B.A.

By KENNETH SHAW

It is usual for the First Lieutenant of an Establishment to be awkward at times. But if you asked Clubs, this business was due to a very misplaced sense of humour.

There was even a rumour going round the bubbly tub that it was "Jimmy's" idea of getting his own back on the P.T.I. for the embarrassment that the latter had inflicted on the First Lieutenant at last year's sports.

Anyone knows that there is no target in the javelin event, and all that Clubs had done was to point this out. True, it had been in the hearing of all the other officers and their wives, but this turning of the tables was not a sporting attitude to take, to say the least. But one thing was certain: the man was determined to stick to his decision.

He had ordered Clubs to train "Dobbin" for the Boxing Competition, and he had to get him into the finals.

Some people have names which suit their appearance, their habits, or their idiosyncrasies. Dobbin's suited him down to his size twelve boots.

In his place of duty, which was the Sick Bay, Dobbin was quite at home and the complete master of the situation.

But the P.T.I. in his wildest imagination, couldn't picture him on the canvas, not even if he was on his back. And all this was the reward for daring to put the First Lieutenant into the picture on sports day. Why hadn't he kept his mouth shut?

"I expect he wants him to win as well?" he said bitterly to the Chief when he heard the order.

The Chief smiled sympathetically. "Yes, he does!" Everything was now clear, except for one small difficulty. Dobbin didn't wish to fight. Oh, he was very polite about it; it was a great honour and all that, but, "No thanks, Clubs. I really hate anything to do with fighting".

Now if Dobbin didn't like fighting, what, you might ask, was he doing in the Armed Forces? That is another story, but suffice it to say that his distaste for pugilistics was quite genuine, for he had been a male nurse and of a very gentle nature. Hence his calling to the sick berth profession.

Now, in any Establishment, the P.T.I. has considerable influence, since every man, at some time or other, has to enter his domain.

In the preliminaries, all the would-be champions drawn against Dobbin, in some strange way developed peculiar complaints, and there were frequent visits to the Sick Bay whenever a round was due. The symptoms of the complaints manifested themselves in various ways, but all were provoked by the same cause—success in the boxing ring against the favourite pupil of the Lord of the Gymnasium would have seriously prejudiced the peacefulness of their existence in the future.

Thus it came about that Dobbin reached the finals.

In the Master at Arms' office there was a calendar with a thought for the day on every new page. One day when Clubs was in there, the thought was this: "Ignorance is the cause of all fear".

Clubs who, besides going about reading thoughts for the day, also tried to improve his education by listening to the radio, had heard someone on the air say that "Ignorance is bliss".

Applying these two bits of wisdom to his own difficulty, he went to call on his champion in the sick bay.

There was a week to go for the big night and Dobbin was uninformed about his progress in the competition since his first refusal.

He certainly didn't know that he was in the final. The thing, thought Clubs, is to break it gently and to offer him an incentive, a carrot to the stubborn donkey.

"But I didn't make any promise", Dobbin protested, when the whole diabolical plot was revealed to him.

"No, but I did", was the reply.

No way of escape was available, and Dobbin had to stay and listen while Clubs displayed the trophy, which, he was sure, was going to adorn the wall of the sick bay after the fight.

"Dobbin", said the man in the white vest, "look at this". He pushed the gleaming silver under Dobbin's nose, and watching vainly for a glimmer of ambition to illuminate the black glare of terror in the champion's eyes.

"There's nothing to it. And just think of seeing this on the wall every morning when you turn to—"

Dobbin picked up the cup and fondled it in his acid stained hands. But then the thought occurred to him: I've got to win it first. He put the trophy back onto the table. "No, I can't do it".

It was time for Clubs to play his last card and he did this by placing on the table a photograph.

"This is your opponent, Dobbin. What do you think of him?"

Now if Dobbin hadn't known that his right shoulder was two inches higher than his left and he was knock-kneed and not bow-legged, he might have mistaken the picture for a poor representation of his own body. Indeed, in both cases you could count the ribs, and the arms hung a bit too near the knees. The resemblance was remarkable.

"How tall are you?"

"Five eleven", said Dobbin.

"Marvellous. Why, that's nearly six feet".

Dobbin thought about this for a while and at last came to the same conclusion. "What has that got to do with it? he wanted to know. "Well, look at your opponent, man. He's a dwarf against you".

Suddenly, Dobbin who had been staring at the shelves in the treatment room, turned on Clubs and said shortly: "All right. I'll do it".

Clubs was overjoyed. But there was a stipulation from Dobbin.

"Who's the Ref?" he asked.

Now in the Establishment there were two boxing referees. One was the young enterprising Buffer, and the other an elderly Chief who was waiting to go outside. He was a 'regular' at the sick bay and Dobbin knew all about his ailments.

"There's a choice", said the P.T.I.

"I want the Chief", said Dobbin.

Clubs hesitated. "But he's too old. Doubt whether he'll do it. Anyway he's going deaf and can hardly move about".

"I know", said Dobbin.

"And besides, he's colour blind and can't smell, or anything. He's dying, I think".

"I know. But if he doesn't ref, I'm not going into that ring".

As the P.T.I. walked out of the door a smile passed over the face of Dobbin, the fighting S.B.A.

* * *

On the night of the fight the hall was packed. There had been some fierce scrapping in the other weights, and the spectators smoked impatiently as they waited for the entry of Dobbin and his opponent.

In the dressing room, Dobbin was calm and smiling confidently. "Everything is going to be fine", he told the worried Clubs.

Dobbin had heard a lot about the terms used in boxing: first round K.O.s, clinches and back-peddalling. He determined to give the critics the chance to use all of these when they wrote up his victory.

At the bell he got up warily and looked at his opponent. It was then that he had the shock of his life.

Clubs must have got hold of the wrong snap of this bloke. In fact there was no resemblance at all.

True, Dobbin was a good bit taller than his opponent, but that was his only advantage. For the rest, Dobbin was about half the weight of the other man and the movements of the pair in the ring could have been compared to those of a young tiger and a great lunging cart horse.

This no doubt explained the laughs and jeers from the spectators.

But Dobbin only tucked in his chin and gritted his teeth. He would have them laughing on the other side of their faces soon.

For the first minute Dobbin gave the critics the opportunity to use the phrase "back-peddalling"; then suddenly he went into a clinch. And the next move was one which nobody had seen before. Clinging to the neck of his opponent with one glove, Dobbin proceeded to use the other as a sponge to wipe the nose of his enemy.

The crowd roared at this; some laughed and others, who had come to see a decent fight, shouted Dobbin to stop making love and get on with the fighting.

Then it happened. With a quick jerky movement, Dobbin uppercutted his way out of the clinch and, as his opponent staggered, pushed him again in the face with his glove. It was no punch, that, more like a push. But it was enough, and Dobbin stood back while the Ref. counted.

* * *

After the fight the P.T.I. went to the dressing room and picked up Dobbin's gloves. They had been lying on the bench, and there was a sickly smell in the room. He put the gloves to his nose. Ether.

Then he smiled. That was why Dobbin wanted the Chief as Ref. The Chief had no sense of smell.

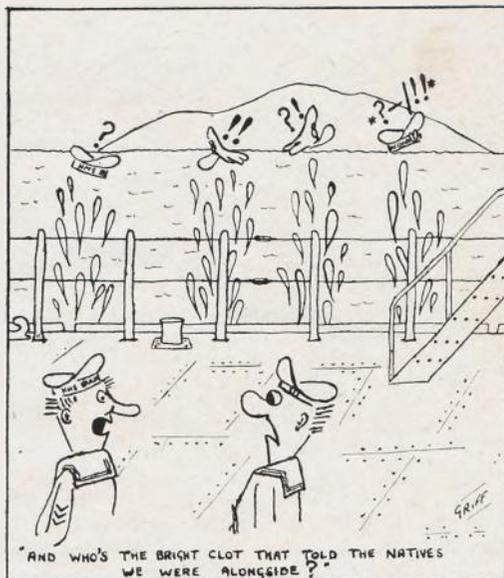
But Dobbin's opponent had.

MANOEL ISLAND M.S.O.

The M.S.O. has now moved from the dark and cramped space of one dingy Nissen hut to the more palatial quarters at the F.C.C. Although we are rather short of space still, the general improvements are most worthwhile.

Our soccer team has followed the example of the Signal School of playing well together and 'manoeuvring as a single unit'. It therefore gives me much pleasure to announce that they won the inter-Part soccer trophy for the second year running. You can rest assured that every endeavour will be made to win this trophy for the third successive year. Signal Schools please note that there is a hidden message here for them.

R.H.F.





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R.N.V.R. NEWS HULL DIVISION

The first time mention of the above Division appeared in THE COMMUNICATOR and for a start we were glad to give our strength. We have at the moment six R.N.V.(W).R., six R.N.V.R. (V.S.), six R.N.V.R. WT and nine W.R.N.V.R. plus one R.N.V.R. Coder Petty Officer and many Communicators, especially Telegraphists, are about to leave the Service they will be missed in the Division. We have heavy commitments in our Minesweeper, and other courses to be taken. We have done our best to be present but would like to improve our efforts, so Hull Communicators please let us know how you would like you to join us.

No. 5. DISTRICT

No. 5 District enters the "net" with a report Numbers are on the increase, Leeds and Scarborough, and are off to sea discharges. We are keeping a steady pace in National Service and reports indicate we are maintaining a good standard.

Leeds and Scarborough Units visited T in February, where in the Citadel, they witnessed the "manoeuvres of the famous Royal Naval Communications Squadron". The C.C.O., with great zeal and patience, explained each party and gave an easily understood and comprehensive account of the activity. A deep impression on all, from Chief Petty Officer and one Telegraphist was heard to say "No NL's? I'll never curse the operator again". The general verdict as expressed by several of the party was "do we get drafted to GYA for our services? S.C.O. to A.C.R. please note).

We are endeavouring to send a good number of members to the R.N.V.R. Jubilee, but so far, the weather has a tendency to prevent arrangements being made so far ahead.

Radio Training Centre

We are still sending out to N.S. a steady flow of members and we now have members drafted to all parts of the world except submarines. Maybe this could be remedied? The days for recruiting from the ranks seem to be over but numbers coming from other branches of the Service, and from other parts of the world are keeping the "older end" up.

We are working with No. 881 Naval Bombardment Squadron Royal Artillery (T.A.), is being maintained in a "stand-by, etc.", find their way down our ranks accompanied by all that is loudest in QRM.

We have a few enthusiasts who maintain they can operate and operate a Type 52 ERT quicker than any other body of men. Any takers?

ARSON AND GOLD LACE OR ALL IS NOT GOLD

Lofty glared belligerently at his messmates. They were plainly amused, after listening to his story of injustice, and offered no sympathy. Lofty had just seen the Captain who appeared to possess the same outlook as his friends, plus a complete indifference to Lofty's plight.

An hour previously the Commanding Officer of H.M.S. *Spaniel* had listened patiently to Telegraphist Cuthbert Hobson.

Briefly, it would appear that Telegraphist Hobson had quite recently suffered the indignity of abandoning ship with his companions at an exercise for that purpose which had taken place during a certain dog watch in Sliema Harbour.

Hobson was always original, and his method of abandoning ship had been both original and spectacular, for—unlike his comrades—he had entered the tranquil waters clad in his finest serge suit, with gold badges and lanyard.

It had been Hobson's intention to proceed ashore after having had a most refreshing siesta on the messdeck lockers. It was therefore not unnatural that the Captain's desire to exercise his Ship's Company had clashed with Hobson's private arrangements.

The Coxswain was a most conscientious gentleman and had personally ensured that the customary clearing of the Lower Deck prior to the exercise had been efficiently carried out. This evolution was a major contribution to Hobson's involuntary immersion.

Lofty had told the Captain that he had not seen the notice that had warned the Ship's Company of the pending abandon ship exercise; he was earnest, but his Captain was not impressed by his reasoning.

Slowly the merciless machinery of naval justice had dissected the case for the defence. It was observed that Hobson had failed to "Keep himself up to date" and that his reaction to the Coxswain's lawful command was "slovenly". There was also an unpleasant reference to the fact that Hobson was "Out of the rig of the day" during the exercise—which was like twisting the knife in Hobson's metaphorical wound!

Lofty had decided that capitulation at this stage would be most prudent and might well avert an unnecessary reduction in income which could seriously impair gold badge replacement on his suit (then drying in No. 1 boiler room).

The Coxswain's ceremonious dismissal of Telegraphist Hobson from the Captain's table had been too flippant and joyous for Hobson's peace of mind, but he had swallowed hard and moved away to tell his messmates of his fate.



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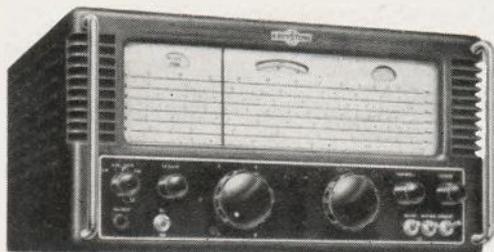
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Sadly this section has been cut out of this issue. Anyone who has an original copy and could send me a scan of what used to be here I would be grateful.

... an aim in deterring the safety of his ship, a fire-fighter—no less!

He was to man a "Nuswift" and diligently operate in the vicinity of the starboard waist, should the ravages of an inferno single out this portion of the ship for fiery destruction.

At the appointed hour the Ship's Company were thrown into the task of controlling damage, and Telegraphist Hobson manfully seized his fire-fighting appliance and proceeded in the direction of the starboard waist where a most fearful blaze was said to be raging.

Every Petty-Officer in the Navy seemed to be there, shouting the odds and, presumably to impress the First Lieutenant, the Coxswain demanded that Hobson should demonstrate the operation of the cylinder which he was then clutching.

After an anxious pause, the chemicals were persuaded to react according to plan and a steady stream of liquid was projected from the flexible hose in the most convincing manner.

One or two of the remainder of the party added their contribution and all were afforded a first rate display of the fire fighting capabilities of *Spaniel* when left in the hands of those who were assigned to preserve her intact against the violence of the enemy.

It was unfortunate that the Captain's Mess jacket and regalia were at that time laid neatly on his bunk almost three feet from the scene of action.

Perhaps more unfortunate was the fact that the scuttle of the Captain's Cabin was wide open, for it permitted the ingress of a generous supply of chemical liquid which—in unskilled hands—is injurious to certain materials, among which may be listed "Doeskin" and "Gold Lace".

The uncontrolled jet playfully traced an intricate pattern across the upper portion of the Dress suit, "washing down" the miniature medals and brass

Captain too had suddenly apologised to Captain D because it had been necessary "at very short notice" to cancel an earlier acceptance to an invitation to dinner.

If the other buzz was true, it should be interesting to know how the Captain dealt with "a casualty necessitated by the exigencies of the Service".

Gold lace must be quite a price! "LARRIGIN"

REMEMBER

The high standard of THE COMMUNICATOR is maintained because members of the Branch send plenty of interesting matter and pictures to the Editor and also because the ADVERTISERS whose announcements continually appear in our pages, give us their support.

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ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

A target-towing tug, observing the fall of shot getting unhealthily close to herself, made to the firing ship: --

"We aim to please.

You aim to please."

PLUMBER'S NIGHTMARE

From *Sheffield* to F.O.H.S.: "Second boiler has now disintegrated".

Later: "My 271315. For 'boiler' read 'whaler' "

SQUASHED

From *Sheffield* to dim outline: "What ship?"

Reply: "Darkened".



Sadly this section has been cut out of this issue. Anyone who has an original copy and could send me a scan of what used to be here I would be grateful.

As our Bush Fire season draws towards its close and the weather grows cooler we can reflect that we seem to have been remarkably fortunate this year. Slangkop has not been evacuated once and Cape East, Cape South and the S.T.C. have all been materially unaffected.

Baboons have been more of a nuisance than the blazing bush as one of the S.T.C. Yeomen is only too ready to testify. One fine morning he found a troop of about 50 strong grouped very closely round the Signal House reading the S.F.X. being made on the D.S.L. When someone tried to open the door of the Signal House to see how the exercise was going the Yeoman thought the baboons had arrived to complain about the light or his Morse and firmly refused entry to all and sundry. Fortunately the troop decided to leave in time for the imprisoned Yeoman to emerge for lunch.

We regret to report that Mr. Clarke has had to renounce his claim (announced in the Christmas COMMUNICATOR) to being the only serving and surviving Signal Boatswain. He now rejoices in the rank and style of Warrant Communication Operator S.A.N. and is busy impressing us with his skill as an artisan.

Training of S.A.N. ratings for the Communication Operator rate goes on apace at the S.T.C. with two classes under way at the moment and a third commencing in early April. It is still too early to envisage the advantages or otherwise of "one man doing both jobs" but it would seem feasible provided the "one man" has sufficient powers of absorption both physically and mentally. The question will remain unanswered until the finished product has been proved and tested at sea.

Sparrow returned on the 26th February from a cruise on the West coast and Flagship *Euryalus* leaves for a short East coast cruise on the 22nd March. *Kempenfelt* is due to leave for U.K. shortly so the Reserve Fleet in Simonstown will then be reduced to *Wager* only. S.A.S. *Jan van Riebeeck* is still undergoing her refit and representing the S.A.N. in the Dockyard.

H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

Since the last article from *Euryalus* much water has passed under the keel. The West coast cruise accounted for most of the water, something like

6,000 miles being covered by visiting such places as Matadi, Freetown, Dakar and Takoradi. Anyone who considers this a good cruise and would rather be doing the rounds of these places instead of catching the first boat from Leydene or Victoria Road may apply to exchange with any member of the staff.

The highlight of the visit to each place appeared to be Beating the Retreat which was accompanied by the meticulous hauling down of colours at the time of sunset as ordained by the powers that be. The powers of Admiralty appear to tend towards the miraculous on these occasions they cause the sun to set early or late as may be required.

The return trip was marked by a spasmodic scraping, chipping and painting in readiness for our first C-in-C's inspection. There was little time



"Pantomania"

For our usual communication exercises during this emergency period. However, in the usual routine of a West Country ship, none was needed, as we subsequently proved at Saldanha Bay (the western end of the South Atlantic) where we carried out our usual efficiency test. Communications were maintained in spite of everything. Dead men were seen dropping a key on Port Wave and eventually the Admiral had to wipe out the whole lot with an atomic bomb.

Our next article will tell of the rigours of the East coast cruise (Durban, Port Elizabeth, etc.). A week of course will be the annual exercises with the French and S.A.N. ships and this year the Home Fleet Squadron. Six weeks in Durban is a hard one—such hardships in store for us—however we shall each one of us strive to be Britain's most efficient ambassador in blue.

SLANGKOP RADIO

Having attained a high standard of "anti-bush" under Lieutenant Low and C.P.O. Tel. we now look forward to a comparatively easy season.

A great interest is being shown in boxing these days but there are still those among us who maintain that Uckers contains plenty of exercise for

them. Leading Tel. Flint (just to be different) has gone in for Judo and developed the habit of relieving his predecessor on watch by a flick of the wrist and a throw over the shoulder. Simonstown Sick Quarters have their own views on this new procedure.

Communication Lieutenant Low will be leaving us shortly. We wish him all the best in Civvy Street, and meanwhile prepare to welcome Communication Lieutenant Webber as Officer-in-Charge of the Cape Wireless Stations.

EARACHE

A certain Tel. was dabbing black lacquer all over the place in the 3rd wireless office. Whilst doing this, the Chief came in. Apparently the Tel. had been waiting for this because he dashed into the B.W.O. grabbed the phone and rung the 3rd. The Chief picked up the phone, and placing it to his ear heard, "Chief don't use that phone, I've just painted it."

* * *

P.S.—Believe it or not but this started off as a full blooded story of about 200 words, but after it had been round the mess a couple of times this is what I finally got back.

R.L.T.

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H.M.S. "MERCURY"

SPORT

FOOTBALL

Drafting and Instructions took more than their usual heavy toll early this Term, and it was difficult to produce a consistent and settled side. Consequently our gradual slide down the Div. 1 League table was inevitable. However, the bad period seems past, and now our team is on the up and up.

In the U.S. Div. 3 and the Waterlooville and District League the New Entry Division, under the management of C.P.O. Tel. Noyes, have provided nearly all the players. Although we cannot win either league this year, we are well up in both, and the outlook for next season is very encouraging.

RUGBY

We have had a few lively games, the best one against H.M.S. *Excellent* who won by a narrow margin. Our one success was the match against Guildford College whom we beat 15-3. We are now looking forward to the Sevens tournament. Worthy of mention is P.O. Corns, P.T.I., who has ably captained the side, and about whom the team has revolved.

HOCKEY

Our Hockey fixtures have been sadly curtailed since Christmas, and altogether fourteen games had to be cancelled due to the bad weather. We have continued to win the majority of our matches and we now have only two more to play. Our record to date is 14 won, 3 drawn and 5 lost.

SQUASH

The new Squash court has been in use for the first time this season and has proved a great asset. Both courts have been in constant use by Officers and ratings and we can now play five string matches instead of only three. We managed to get as far as the semi-final of the Portsmouth Command inter-

Establishment competition, where we were beaten by *Vernon*. For the first time we have produced a ratings team and have had two enjoyable fixtures against *Collingwood*. Marked keenness has also been shown by the Wrens.

SHOOTING

Mercury has upheld her high standard of shooting, especially in the small bore events, where Juniors came third in the Command .22 league. It was rather ironical that after ten of the eleven matches had been shot we were holding first place, but failed to win the last match. Worthy of note are the individual performances of Wren Eagle who shot for the Command on equal terms with the men, and also for the Navy Wrens team, and L. Cudden who has shot for both the Command and the Navy.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The season has given us in *Mercury* the chance to wallow in the mud and mire (to say nothing of the snow) that has surrounded the Establishment. Although our shivering bodies have been turned early in the morning to circumnavigate Leyden, we found our reward in the Spring Command Cross-Country championships when, to the surprise of all, including ourselves, we finished second in the Junior race.

WATER-POLO

Mercury has entered in Div. B of the Portsmouth Command League again this season. Experience has shown that to do well a minimum strength of twelve is needed to counteract drafting effects. Our record last season was Played 12, Won 7, Drawn 2, Lost 4, and our position in the league was third. This was a considerable improvement on the previous season, and if we are to win the league this year more players will be needed.



C.P.O. Tel. Tuckwell, until recently President of the C.P.O.'s Mess, in his cabin in the new Accommodation block.

CHIEF'S CHATTER

During the present Term, visits have been made and returned by the Petersfield Bowling Club and the George Inn, East Meon. It is rapidly being brought home to us that our standard of ability at Darts and Bowls is deteriorating. We have the

usual number from the West Country and I fear Drake must turn in his grave.

C.P.O. Tel. Tuckwell has, due to drafting, relinquished the post of Mess President and turned the job over to C.P.O. Tel. Hodge. George has gone to sea in *Albion*. We wonder if she will be top of the League like the West Brom. of the same name. C.Y.S. B. Hilton goes with him. What will the Petersfield ratepayers think of this, we wonder?

The Football Knockout has not yet been finally decided but there's life in the old dog's yet, and we already have a space on the shelf for the Cup.

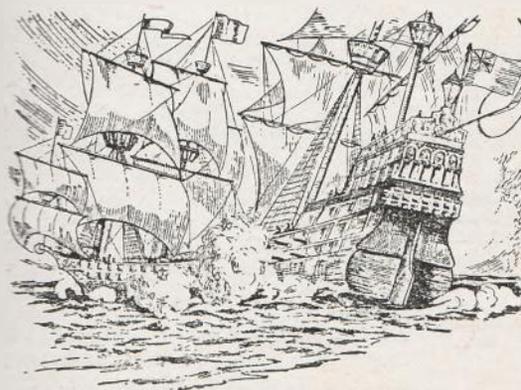
Back home here, we are being referred to as Rich Chiefs, and we are all agreed that the very substantial rise of pay is very welcome—it's no more than we're worth, of course. However there is no truth in the buzz that some of the mess are selling their Morris 10's and going in for 1½ litre Rileys. Not yet anyway.

We've seen the proposals for the new Mess and they're first class. Approval to build has already been given and we hope to see some action in the near future.

Farson's of Malta have been told to increase production. C.Y.S. Bicknell is due to pay another visit to the sunny isle soon.

C.Y.S. Beddows and Fowles have left us to join the great world outside. We wish them every success in their new venture.

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The Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, Admiral Sir John Edelsten, arrives at H.M.S. "Mercury", and inspects the Guard in the Main Hall.

Members from India, Pakistan and other countries are proving excellent Mess Members and are showing no mean skill at Darts, Snooker and Billiards.

Our Mess recently visited us and expressed surprise at our "Palace", and agreed that this should be the standard accommodation for all "C.O.s". The central heating really comes up to the mark during the recent very cold weather.

Our C.C.O. course is gradually reaching its final goal and everyone is looking forward to a well-earned rest. J.H.

EMMA SIGNAL SCHOOL

The visit of Her Majesty The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh has been the focus of our attention for the past months. The Signal School provided for them in Charge, four C.C.O.s and eight members of the R.A.N. Brigade from Flinders Naval Depot, who "lined the streets" in Melbourne from the Admiralty to Government House. The Queen is inseparably with the Mall from

Buckingham Palace to the Admiralty and included the St. Kilda Road with its avenues of lime trees. The weather was perfect and it was a Very Great Occasion for us all to be present to greet and salute Her Majesty and H.R.H. on the day of their arrival in Melbourne.

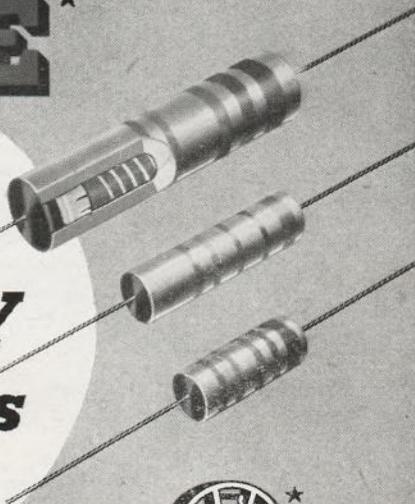
On 2nd March H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh presented the Queen's Colour on behalf of Her Majesty to Flinders Naval Depot. The weather was again perfect and after the Parade had marched past, H.R.H. inspected the R.A.N. College and toured the Depot, ending his tour at the Wardroom where all officers were assembled on the lawns.

A notable example of the rapidity of the Naval World Wide Communication network occurred recently when a welfare report at a place in the North of England was requested on behalf of an ex-R.N. rating by a routine message to Combrax Devonport. The reply was received ten hours after despatch from here.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article was salvaged from the B.O.A.C. aircraft which crashed at Singapore. It is regretted that the photographs which were also in the package could not be reproduced in the time available.

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THE SHIP

more than I have written about ships and but has anyone ever sat down and the sturdiest ship of all and its tough, battered crew? I doubt it, so for a read of the Tilbury—Gravesend craft to most of us I daresay, Tilbury on the Essex and the Kent shores. Not a very long trip, hazardous and only the fittest ship, and then only if no other transport is available. First she has to dodge the monsters that put into the Port dodging in and out of them their way up or down the river. The can be very tricky at certain times of the year there is something even more dangerous than any Atom Bomb that ship has to bear, and that, Dear 'Marelot'. Every night around about demons tear down the road board, regardless of life and limb, to crew, passengers (if enough to travel by this route), and the ship.

the moment that you are a You purchase your ticket at the and start to stroll leisurely down the waiting boat at the pontoon. your blood curdles as you hear a roar thousand pounding feet. Looking to see a wave of blue Elephants have nothing on there is a rather greater chance of charge than of coming out of the piece. Your best bet is to get out of the unless you consider you can I must point out no one can a marelot when he is either running this case, a boat.

the screams and moans of the horde will pour onboard the spots for "debarking" on you ever reach it, that is). The will be absolutely helpless on the and steam lines rigged in case is invaded. Once the mob can pick yourself up and slink the of sneers and growls Remember you are just a one false move will prove The wreckage left in the wake be catered for by the staff on the been in hiding from ten to an intrepid member of the and carrying a sten gun, assuming of course that

some grinning moron hasn't already cut the rope adrift. The ship shudders under the strain, and gradually pulls away from the jetty. This is definitely a journey you are going to remember as long as you live, and the way things are going it doesn't look as if that will be very long either. By now some of the leaders, influenced by "gulpers" and "ormig juice" are shouting threats to the Captain on the bridge and to the stokers frantically shovelling down below. This Captain knows more than any other Captain in the world what to do with his ship, having been told so many times by unkind sailors. Other dillingers will be dashing round and round the ship, casting overboard anything that happens to be in the way, and ripping off guardrails for use as weapons ready for the intended assault on unsuspecting Essex. For goodness sake keep out of sight because one word out of place, or one look of utter disgust, and before you know it you will be cast over the side. The other shore will now be within hailing distance, and you may notice a very old Public House standing there with a huge sign proclaiming that it is "The End of the World". By this time you will be in earnest agreement.

The ship will now take on a decided list as thousands of frenzied sailors move to the side ready to leap ashore and dash for the waiting train to take them to all points up to and beyond Barking Creek. You will be praying that the ship won't fall apart before you can get ashore.

The sailors in the front line will be preparing themselves to make a terrific jump for the rapidly approaching jetty and those at the back will be encouraging them with raucous shouts, and jabs in the back with any available instrument. Perhaps about twenty intrepid sons of the sea, who, by the way, consider themselves the world's best long jumpers, will now take off, complete with case and burberry, and hurl themselves towards the jetty. Some will find themselves safely ashore and will streak for the train, but there are always a few who don't quite make it and will drop into the icy cold water, struggling gamely to the end. On no account is it wise to shout "Man overboard" or "Stop Engines" because in no time you will be with them. The Captain will be dreaming of his hard earned pension and little cottage in the country, so nothing will make him stop until the ship is alongside. At last the remnants are gone, leaving behind them various oddments such as collar bones, ears and in some cases legs and arms. Having ascertained all is quiet you now creep ashore, leaving the Captain and crew to patch and reinforce their domain ready for the repeat performance at five the next evening.

A.W.

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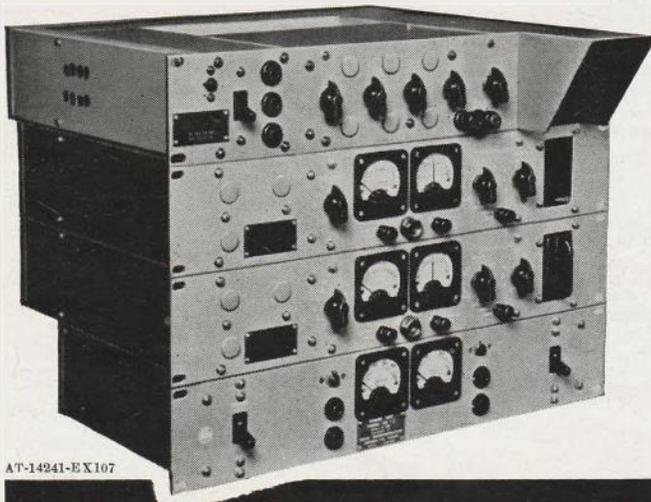
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Answers will be judged on the basis of the number of words correctly spelled. To avoid cutting up the pages of your COMMUNICATOR, list your solution on a plain sheet of paper. Don't forget to include your full name and address.

CLUES DOWN



1. Sea power? (4, 5).
2. They govern engines and men (10).
3. Roman net makes this decoration (8).
4. Non-vegetable colouring (7,3).
5. Cause loss of prestige in China (6).
6. You might find this fairy changed on the beach (4).
7. Grand, band or hand (5).
8. It may be private in America (3).
13. A snake with plumage (7, 3).

15. Hard sea oil makes this unusual flower (4, 6).
17. Far-seeing but one-eyed (9).
20. Virtuous forest for horses (8).
23. It takes a great effort to filter (6).
25. The wrestler tries to avoid it (5).
28. One has five (4).
29. This river is in the alphabet (3).

2. 31.
3. not raised (7).
4. get mixed up in it (9).
5. had its innings (7).
6. obviously not a duck (8).

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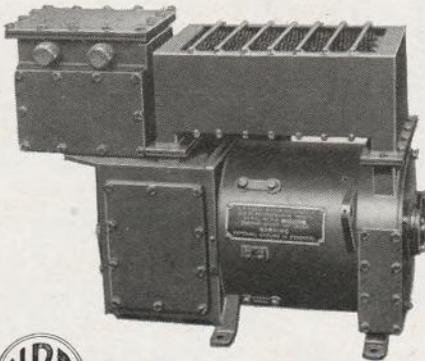
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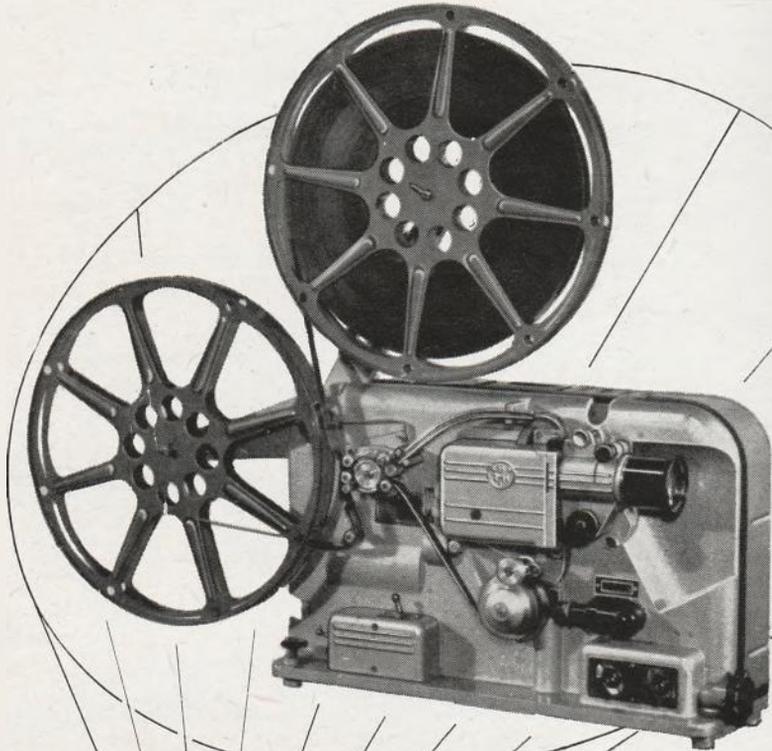
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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
A. AITKEN	Lt. Cdr.	Harrier	Mercury as 1st Lieut.
B. C. ATKINSON	Lt.	Mercury	Hornet
C. A. BAKER	Commn. Lt.	Ricasoli	Mercury as D.O.
D. A. BERRY	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Pembroke
E. A. B. BLAND	Lt. Cdr.	Sea Eagle	Bermuda
F. W. D. BRAY	Cdr.	Mercury	F.C.O. Home Fleet
G. W. BRIGGS	Cdr.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
H. BROAD	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S., Chatham	Mercury
I. C. S. BROWN, D.S.C.	Commn. Lt.	Mercury	Ricasoli
J. C. BUCKERIDGE	Cdr.	D.S.D., India	Rinaldo in command
K. J. BULLER	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.2. Med.
L. R. E. CALF, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Tyne	Birmingham
M. W. H. CHATTEN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	St. Angelo. Staff of C-in-C Med.
N. J. CHENEY	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	Mercury	Defender
O. G. CHICHESTER	Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C A.F.S.E.	Tactical Course
P. S. CLARKE	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S., Devonport	Diana



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G. DENNY	Lt. Cdr. S.A.N.	Mercury	S.A.N.
W. R. DAVIES	A/C.C.O.	Cochrane	Newcastle
W. DAVIES, M.V.O., D.S.C.	Captain	Tactical Course	Glasgow in command
A. V. W. DAVENPORT, M.B.E.	Cdr.	St. Angelo	R.N. Staff Course
D. C. DEVLIN	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of D.S.D.
W. G. DRYDEN, M.B.E.	Cdr.	President	Scorpion in command
A. C. L. DUNSTONVILLE	Captain	D.D.S.D.	A.C.O.S. to C-in-C Med.
J. EDWARDS	Lt. Cdr.	President Min. of Defence	Cochrane
W. G. FAWCETT	Lt.	Mercury	Mermaid
W. FENNER	Lt.	Mercury	F.L. to C-in-C Med.
D. G. FERRIS	Lt. Cdr.	Dolphin	Sea Eagle
W. G. FOSTER-BROWN	Captain	D.S.D.	Ceylon in Command
D. G. FRANK	C.C.O.	Mercury II	Ranpura
Wm. H. A. GLENDONNING	3/O W.R.N.S.	Daedalus	Mercury
Wm. G. H. GOLDING	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
A. GRAY, R.N.S.	Cdr.	Mercury (T.C.)	Mercury (Exec. Officer)
J. G. GIBSON, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Drake	Albion
A. G. G. GILLES	C.C.O.	Tamar	R.N.S.S., Chatham
J. G. B. GIBSON	Cdr.	Mercury	R.N. Staff Course
A. G. GIBSON	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ceylon West W/T
T. G. GIBSON	Lt. Cdr.	Gannet	Mercury
T. G. GIBSON	Lt. Cdr.	Peregrine	Montclare
W. GIBSON	Commn. Lt.	Pembroke	Drake. Port V/S Officer
J. GIBSON	Lt. Cdr.	Falcon	Staff of S.N.O.P.G.
W. G. GIBSON	Lt.	Hornet	F.L. to F.O.2 i/c Med.
W. L. T. GIBSON	Cdr.	President	Magpie in Command
J. W. GIBSON	Captain	S.O.T.C.	A.C.O.S.(C) to CINCFMED
A. GIBSON	Cdr.	Drake	S.H.A.P.E.
D. GIBSON	S.C.C.O.	Swiftsure	Superb
D. G. GIBSON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Seahawk	Eagle as S.C.O. to F.O.H.S.
J. GIBSON	Commn. Lt.	Terror	Staff of CINCEAST- LANT
Wm. J. LITTLEWOOD	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Victory
A. C. GIBSON	Lt.	Tyne	Jamaica
W. G. GIBSON, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Eagle	J.S.S.C.
L. E. D. MCKINTOSH	Lt.	Mercury	Cossack
A. G. GIBSON	Cdr.	A.C.R.	Mercury (Training Commander)
W. G. GIBSON	Lt.	Mercury	Cumberland
A. C. G. MARTIN	Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C A.F.N.E.	President (duty with D.S.D.)
W. T. WOODWARD, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of A.C.R.
J. G. GIBSON	Lt. Cdr.	Theseus	R.N.S.S., Devonport
C. F. WILLS, D.S.C.	Captain	Mercury	D.D.S.D.
D. F. WILLS	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Gambia
D. C. MITCHELL	C.C.O.	President	St. Angelo
W. B. WENTCLARE	Lt.	Tyne	Newcastle
Wm. J. E. MORELAND	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Daedalus
A. G. WINDALE	S.C.C.O. (Air)	Falcon	Daedalus
D. G. L. NASH	A/C.C.O.	Victory	Newfoundland
D. C. NASH	Lt. Cdr.	Vulture	Goldcrest
W. B. NEWMAN	C.C.O.	Glasgow	Mercury II
W. NEWMAN	Lt.	Mercury	F.C.A. Med.
C. B. NIXON	Lt. Cdr.	Montclare	Falcon

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
R. A. H. PANTER... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Gambia	Mercury
W. L. PAYNE	Lt.	Mercury	Cardigan Bay
J. R. PHILLIMORE, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Highflyer	Gannet
J. A. PHILLIPS	Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	Forth as Exec. Of
D. A. POYNTER, M.B.E.	Lt. Cdr.	Terror	St. Angelo
P. M. REES	Lt. R.A.N.	Mercury	F.C.A. Home Flea
L. REYNOLDS	Commn. Lt.	St. Angelo	Ricasoli
R. B. RICHARDSON	Lt. Cdr.	President (D.S.D.)	Dolphin
C. W. ROBERTSON	Cdr.	R.N. Staff Course	Staff of R.N. 350 College
P. J. RUSHBROOKE	Lt.	Myngs	Eagle
H. K. SERGEANT	Lt. Cdr.	Ocean	Seahawk
L. A. E. SETFORD	C.C.O.	Mercury	Highflyer
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.	Superb	Sheffield
D. R. SHEPPARD, M.B.E.	Lt. Cdr.	Tyne	Mercury
E. V. STEVENS	Lt. R.A.N.	Mercury	Venus
J. A. STROUD	Lt.	Eagle	Tyrian
B. T. TURNER, D.S.O., O.B.E.	Cdr.	Staff of SACLANT	N.A. Oslo
G. C. WALLIS	C.C.O.	Swiftsure	Mercury
Sir M. G. C. WARMINGTON, BART.	Lt. Cdr.	Daedalus	Peregrine
E. J. WEBBER	Commn. Lt.	Mercury	Afrikander
M. L. WOOLLCOMBE	Cdr.	Cochrane	R.N.S.S., Devonport

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 C. P. MILLS, D.S.C.

To Lieutenant-Commander

P. J. BROOKS
 J. GOLDSMITH

To Commander

R. W. D. BRAY
 A. V. M. DIAMOND, M.B.E.
 P. G. LOASBY D.S.C.
 J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.

To Acting Lieutenant

K. C. H. CADMAN, R.N.Z.N.
 R. SAMBOURNE
 L. SLOANE

To Senior Commissioned
Communications Officer

A. G. BROWN
 F. W. COOPER
 R. C. KEITH-REID
 C. J. J. KEMP
 R. J. TRUDGETT
 To Second Officer W.R.N.S.
 Miss M. R. KINGSMORTH

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