THE COMMUNICATOR

VOL. 1
Nº 4

CHRISTMAS
1947

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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

CHRISTMAS 1947 ■ VOL. I. NO. 4. ■ ONE SHILLING

CONTENTS

	page		page
Captain's Christmas Message	4	New Zealand's Inland W/T Station ..	26
Editorial	5	"Docac" Visits A.S.E.	28
Telegraphist at Radiolympia	6	The Tie	29
Let's Talk Shop	10	Communications Old and New	30
Going the Rounds in *Mercury*	14	Visit to Marconi's	33
Knocker White	16	W.R.N.S. Notes	35
Round the Home Establishments	17	Topics of Signal Importance	37
To Mercury	23	Communications Gazette	39
Round the Fleet	24	Current Courses	47

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THE COMMUNICATOR IN 1948

For reasons given in the Editorial of this issue, the magazine will be published **three** times during 1948, in an enlarged form.

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SIGNAL SCHOOL
H.M.S. MERCURY

Photo by LENARE, Hanover Square, W.1

I would like to take this opportunity of Wishing all Officers and Ratings of the Communications Branch A Happy Christmas and Successful New Year

EDITORIAL

This Christmas Number of the magazine brings us to the end of our first year of production and to the end of Volume One of THE COMMUNICATOR.

We have now had sufficient experience to form some idea as to whether our efforts to give the Communication Branch of the Royal Navy its own journal have been successful, and indeed whether we were justified in attempting the task at such a time as a year ago, when things could scarcely have been more difficult.

The measure of our success is indicated jointly by our sales and the breadth of our circulation, our contributions, our advertising support, and last, but not by any means least, the editorial mail bag.

We now despatch 2,000 copies of every issue to addresses as widely scattered outside the United Kingdom as New Zealand, the United States of America, South Africa, Japan, China, the East Indies and the Mediterranean. The magazine is read extensively outside the Branch, outside the Navy, and indeed outside the Empire. Important institutions of world-wide fame honour us by compiling complete files of the magazine, and congratulatory letters have reached us from contemporary journals of long and high standing whose editorial opinion is much prized.

By the radio industry THE COMMUNICATOR is recognised as a significant force in the communications world, and in the amateur radio sphere our influence increases with each issue.

All this is very gratifying, but it is nothing compared with the reward we get from the letters we receive daily from members of the Communication Branch who find in our columns a real link with their fellows, which, they say, has been a long-felt want. The enthusiasm shown in these letters leads us to think that we are on the right lines and that we have come to stay.

With this encouragement we can go on to the production of Volume Two, in 1948. But we feel that it will be as well, here and now, to state briefly what are the principles on which editorial policy is framed.

First it should be mentioned that everything done in connection with THE COMMUNICATOR is *voluntary*. The editors, artists, authors and distributors are all in this because they like doing it. The magazine is produced in so-called spare time and odd moments, and nobody gives any orders. The Communications Branch has responded to our efforts in remarkable fashion and everywhere signalmen of all categories have undertaken to act as local agents as sub-editors, collecting material and distributing copies.

This manifestation of good will is very satisfying and it is perhaps most seasonable to comment on it in a Christmas number.

Our attempts to portray the communications life of the Navy has made us realise that the R.N. has a natural pulse rate of three times per year. The "terms" at the home training establishments, the cruises of the fleets, even the financial audits of the Navy occur thrice yearly. It is by now perfectly clear to us that we have got to do the same.

Also, the scope of our representation has increased so much that, if we are to produce a balanced effort, giving adequate expression on the one hand to the literary and artistic talents of our contributors and on the other to the life and activities of ships and establishments, we shall have to increase the size of each issue. Unfortunately there are printing and paper restrictions to conform to; distances are so great that each issue takes months to reach the periphery of the naval communications sphere; and contributions sometimes take months to reach us.

Thus, in 1948, we propose in Volume Two to produce three issues of THE COMMUNICATOR, at Easter, Mid-summer and Christmas. The size will be increased on our original format by about twenty-five per cent., and the cost per issue accordingly. This means that the annual subscription will remain the same, and the value for money to the reader will undoubtedly go up.

Details of these changes are given elsewhere in our pages. We think that, if we have come to stay, we might as well settle down and be comfortable!

From the depths of our editorial arm-chair (Admiralty pattern, Windsor, without arms) we extend with great sincerity our good wishes to all Communicators associated with the R.N. and R.N.V.(W)R. and to all their confederates who wield spanners, ropes, pistols, fountain-pens, avometers, sticks of chalk, and the like. We wish you all an excellent Christmas and signal success in the New Year.

Greetings!

A TELEGRAPHIST AT RADIOLYMPIA

I WENT TO OLYMPIA (on the pre-view day, a blue Press ticket and orders from the Editor) prepared to be impressed. I was. My first impression, on entering the Grand Hall from Addison Road, was of an apparently interminable series of limitless vistas of radio receivers with their entrails indelicately exposed, countless purposeful and energetic technical types doing things with Avometers, a vast but over-occupied floor space knee-deep in paper and corrugated cardboard, and a background noise of preparation which blanketed all other sound. It reminded me of the C.C.O. of the *K.G.V.*

Somebody handed me a voluminous programme and a sheaf of Press notices ("hand-outs," to the initiated) which seemed to cover everything. There was so much descriptive literature available that I began to feel faintly dishonest. My tour of investigation seemed to be dropping into the spoon-fed category, like doing a technical paper with the aid of B.R.222. Yet duty demanded that I should see the best of everything, and it was with something like dismay that I discovered, on dipping into my programme, that there were 190 exhibitors, occupying stands numbered up to 235 and covering 86,000 square feet. I realised that, in order to find the most interesting exhibits, I must rely on that peculiar instinct which nearly always enables a sailor to find the right place even in the wrong ship.

Instinct got off the beam and led me into a yard full of packing cases and a very large horse attached to a very small cart. The horse got under way in the leisurely but impetuous manner common to very large horses and approached me, obviously with the intention of asking me what I would like to see. A packing case promptly fell off the back of the cart and landed on one corner, as packing cases usually do, and I had a fleeting glimpse of shivered satinwood and more (but not enough) corrugated cardboard. The horse looked reproachful and I said "Press," very loudly and firmly, intimating that I was not prepared to accept responsibility for anything. Giving the instinct another chance, I homed on Avometer Hall.

Everybody at Radiolympia (except the horse and representatives of the Press) seemed to have an Avometer. It is an intriguing instrument, familiar but mysterious, versatile but unpredictable. And its ubiquity and popularity are largely due to its pleasing appearance and its many fascinating features—the selector switches which click so rapidly and convincingly (like a Wren Writer) and always finish up in the wrong places, the amusing little gadget like a miniature Jack-in-the-box which always jumps up and refuses to go back, the P, Q and R knobs which are never in the right alphabetical sequence, the adjusting screw which enables almost any desired reading to be obtained, and, above all, the button marked "$\div 2$" which I have often yearned to press but never dared, lest the instrument should split itself into two equal parts. I have always wanted an Avometer, and have never been allowed to have one—for long.

A demonstrator decided that I was interested in testing receivers. He put his Avometer down, thought again and put it away in a drawer, and insisted on demonstrating an impedance bridge and instruments for measuring distortion factor, "Q" and amplifier gain. He offered to test my loud-speaker cone suspension by means of a Stroboflash, to determine the degree of my fidelity and locate my shorted turns and, finally, to calculate the humidity of my cabinet. I thanked him, and, feeling slightly unwell, left him to his Stroboflood, his Microflash and his Avometer.

Brandishing my blue ticket and saying "Press" at suitable intervals, I drifted with the tide up some stairs and through a pair of swing doors into another world. Here were no hurried painting and arranging and clearing up. Everything was more than

ready, immaculate, quietly efficient. The lighting was tastefully subdued, there was an atmosphere of tranquil and hospitable luxury, and the utilitarian drugget of the exhibit stands had given way to a sumptuous, ankle-deep pile carpet. The glare and bustle of the Grand Hall seemed infinitely remote. A young person of incomparable charm, who should have been a television announcer, asked me, as though it were her only concern in the world, what I would like. A number of things occurred to me, but I sternly repressed them all as irrelevant and suggested a Minoscope or perhaps even a Weston Analyser. She handed me a large gin and vermouth and, after an appropriate pause, asked me with even more graciousness and solicitude if I would like another. I felt better. I began to warm towards Radiolympia. The trifle was heavily laced with non-culinary sherry, the gateaux breathed the fragrance of Martell. This was Radio-nectaria, Radio-ambrosia, Radio-arcadia, Radio-utopia. This, I decided, must be the Freedom of the Press.

In the National Hall two uniformed officials were guarding an inconspicuous door. They looked so exactly like dockyard policemen that I felt in honour bound to get past them.

"Press," I said, frigidly. Not good enough.

"THE COMMUNICATOR," said I, magnificently. I was through.

Spotlights, limelights, searchlights. Microphones, megaphones, saxophones. A beautiful blonde with a big banjo, a juggler regurgitating an endless succession of golf balls into a top-hat, chorus girls so long-stemmed that they appeared bifurcated up to corsage level. Orders, instructions, interruptions. A brigade of R.Es. obviously erecting a Bailey bridge on the other side of each bulkhead. I was in the television studio, witnessing the final rehearsal of "Cafe Continental." I wondered what the first rehearsal was like. A red lamp glowed and additional, unsuspected batteries of searchlights blazed. The din rose in a swift and intolerable crescendo, taking aural saturation level in its stride. Pandemonium. Chaos. No Tommy Itma. I groped my way back to the comparative calm of the arena.

A lady showed me a delightfully coloured brochure and pointed out that she had two high-slope variable-mu-pentode output stages in push-pull and a phase-splitter. It sounded uncomfortable, even dangerous, and I was reminded of the atom and my divide-by-two button. A rival demonstrator assured me that his frequency response with bass and treble control in level position was flat plus or minus 2 db from 40 to 12,000 cycles per second. I was enchanted. Practically every word he had uttered had some definite meaning, only two words had more than two syllables each, and yet so far as I was concerned the entire statement might just as well have been in Arabic. Some reply or acknowledgment was essential, so I looked quickly at one of the many circulars I was gripping and asked him if I could rely on his sensitivity being better than half a microvolt at max. gain signal/noise ratio 10/1. He confessed sadly that I could not, unless I was export. A third enthusiast recommended to my notice a

series of three band-pass filters with high-Q coils for variable selectivity. I listened carefully because gradually, unwillingly, I was becoming interested in the Jaberwock language which seemed to be the vogue. But he spoilt it all by over-stressing negative feed-back, which recalled the juggler and the golf balls and struck me as both unattractive and retrogressive. But I was prepared now, and although my next acquaintance nearly blew me out of the water with an I/F amplifier over-all bandwidth of 20 kc/s ensuring minimum side-band cutting, a triode-hexode frequency-changer coupled through permeability-tuned transformers and one diode of the second detector providing demodulation, I maintained my morale sufficiently to ask him, quite calmly, if his speaker flux density was over 13,000 gauss. That settled him.

A pensive angel was brooding over a direct-printing machine. I remembered in time that the auto-telegraphy patois was slightly different, so I shook up my kaleidoscopic and growing bundle of radio literature and grabbed a handful of gaudy details on single-side-banded five-unit diversity rhombic multi-channel voice frequency shifts.

"What system is this?" I asked the angel. "Creed—Western Union—Siemens-Edison—Peek Frean—Abracadynametric?"

"Hell," said the angel.

"Press," said I, and passed on.

Impressions began to crowd upon me. Bifocal tone, band-spread fly-wheel tuning, image rejection and second-channel elimination. Radio sets which looked like folding cameras or Avominors, cocktail cabinets, sideboards surmounted by aquaria, bookcases, armchairs, classroom globes, family Bibles and even perambulators. Prices from £12 to £1,500. Sufficient all-wave communication equipment on the Standard and Marconi stands to replace all the Lend-Lease apparatus ashore and afloat. The penultimate and concluding stages of a chromium-plated, 130-kw H/F transmitter which appeared to be constructed entirely of speed-boat propellers and motor-cycle exhausts. Museum pieces ranging from a B.41 via FMC, B.28 and M.50 to the induction coil which featured in the initial wireless trials fifty years ago. Its excessive spark-gap length cried out for readjustment, and the taking of such a liberty required some apology.

"Press," I said.

When I came round I was sitting in a remarkably comfortable easy-chair, with an electrical snood spread over my head and strapped to a pad under my chin. I wondered whether I was about to undergo a perm or a mud-pack. Somebody said, "I think he'll be all right now," and bent over a machine which was emitting a broad strip of paper inscribed with two perfectly straight lines. I asked questions and was told, very gently, that my mental activity was being recorded. Yes, anything happening in the brain would produce irregularities in the lines. No, the instrument never failed and never lied. It was registering zero cerebral disturbance and I was still certifiably unconscious. I

was released, and the two pencilled lines leapt up to datum level.

The instinct led me through Television Avenue and, making a wide detour to bypass Stand 211 (occupied by the Metropolitan Police), to Electronics at Work and Play. I was invited to assume control of the electronic train, to trap a burglar, to talk to a taxi in Cambridge and an air liner over the Azores, to send a cable to Barbados and a radio-photo to New Zealand. It was too much. Clutching a now almost unmanageable cargo of technical fiction under my left arm, I stumbled through a mews, a garage and a public lavatory into the open air.

While I was regretting that I had not brought a suit-case for the mass of literature I had accumulated, I became aware that I was gripping in my right hand something small, compact and rectangular, fitted with a strap handle. Wondering vaguely what it could be, I was suddenly smitten by a paralysing possibility. With a slowly dawning horror, irresistibly, but with a desperate reluctance, incredulous, yet with a relentlessly growing certainty of the awful truth, I looked down to see what I was carrying.

It was an Avometer.

S. R.

"Has the weather forecast come through yet, Sparks?"

LET'S TALK SHOP!

Warrant Communication Officer

Since the last issue of The Communicator the introduction of the W.C.O. has been announced in A.F.Os. The first course is to start in January, 1948, at Leydene.

The syllabus for this course has not been an easy one to prepare, because of the different background of the candidates. The principle adopted is that as much of the course as possible should be joint instruction, but in some subjects the ex-Buntings and ex-Sparkers have to be divided to give the needed bias in "opposite" subjects. Incidentally, the ex-Sparkers are to be given plenty of practice in cultivating bridge sense.

It seems likely that there will be a fair number of vacancies for W.C.O. for some years to come, but competition for selection will be fierce. Would-be candidates can give themselves a helping hand by delving into the "opposite" subject in their spare time, but remember that officer-like qualities are a deciding factor in selection.

Future of the Communication Rating

Rumours have probably reached stations abroad that it is under consideration to amalgamate the Sigs. and Tels. and form the Communication rating. There is no smoke without fire, but set your minds at rest. As far as we can see at present, there is no likelihood of any such amalgamation for many years. The standard of operators in the V/S and W/T branches now isn't as high as we would wish. If the two branches were amalgamated the over-all standard would inevitably fall.

Teaching Theory and Technical to W/T Ratings

When the "L" Branch is fully manned, the standard of theory and technical knowledge required of the Telegraphist Branch should not be so high as in former times. Some steps are already being taken in this direction. A technique is gradually being evolved in Signal School for teaching radio by popular methods —with the accent on demonstration rather than on basic theory.

Closing of H.M.S. *SCOTIA*

We must say goodbye to H.M.S. *Scotia*, where nearly 22,000 young Communication ratings have been trained, as this Establishment is about to close down. In future, Special Service Signalmen and Telegraphists will be trained at R.N. Signal Schools, Cookham Camp (Chatham), and Fort Southwick (Portsmouth).

R.N. Signal Section, Vicarage Road, Devonport

We offer many congratulations to this establishment on the way they have settled in to their new abode. Rumour has it that all the Chiefs and P.Os. of the Devonport Division are now fully qualified dog-watch gardeners.

Touch-Typing

The six-week touch-typing courses are now carried out concurrently at Signal Schools, Leydene, Cookham and Vicarage Road for training Signalmen and Telegraphists from fleet and shore establishments who can be spared without relief. These courses are becoming increasingly popular in spite of the difficulty of reduced complements and it is hoped to keep the courses full during 1948.

C.in.C., H.F., has set up a small Touch-Typing School in Portsmouth Dockyard for use of ratings from the H.F. who can only be spared part time. Besides these courses, all new entries, whether Boys or adult ratings, are taught touch-typing during their preliminary training. Some ratings have passed through Leydene who can now type an S.B.X. at 95 per cent., but with a hand-written S.B.X. they only obtained 50 per cent. Just a sign of the times.

Attention is again invited to the fact that touch-typing will becomes a compulsory examination subject on 1st July, 1948, and that when courses for advancement are involved, candidates are expected to have reached the touch-typing standard before the start of their course.

Teleprinting

As a result of the closing down of *Scotia*, the major portion of teleprinting training will be transferred to Leydene and Fort Southwick. At these two establishments, full switchboard and teleprinting operating will be taught as soon as the equipment is transferred.

New Signal Books

You will have seen A.F.O. 3919/47 which announces:

1. That conversion courses on the new books will commence next year, be of one week's duration and start on the first and third Mondays of each month. It is hoped that as many leading rates and above as possible will be spared for the courses.
2. All courses which finish on or after 1st July will be taught the new books.

V/S Signalling

Judging by some examination results seen in Signal School, the standard of semaphore isn't nearly as high as it should be, and a number of ratings have failed in examination as a result. In the words of one of our older members, "In my young days, we used to be able to make semaphore with our feet and read it with our eyes shut—times have changed."

Notes from the Mediterranean tell us that there is plenty of flag signalling, and that those who think the art is dead had better get a draft chit to that station.

V/S COMMENTARY

We are often being asked two questions, one about Dressing Lines and the other about the "Paying-off Pendant." Here are the questions and answers!

Dressing Lines

Q. If more flags than shown in the V.M.H. are required, what flags/pendants does one use?

A. This should be laid down by the senior officer of the squadron or flotilla. This ensures uniformity amongst ships of the same squadron/flotilla.

If you are "nobody's baby" you cannot do better than repeat the appropriate line, omitting 'SN /PP or FL Y.

Most of these troubles will disappear when the new signal flags and dressing line plate are produced.

Paying-off Pendant

Q. Are there any rules laid down for the size of the pendant and the occasions on which it should be used?

A. There are no rules about the size, it being considered that, as the pendant is traditional, the size can be left to the individual ship. Before the war the occasions for its use were usually laid down in the Station Order Books.

As a point of interest due to the fact that the paying-off pendant is a glorified masthead pendant, it is doubtful whether a paying-off pendant should be worn at the same time as an Admiral's flag.

A case in point was, in 1932, when Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield (now Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield) left Malta for the United Kingdom, flying his flag in H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*. Then the ship's company provided a paying-off "flag", the size of which was 32 breadths (*i.e.*, 24 ft. by 36 ft.)

W/T COMMENTARY

Owing to the advent of the Warrant and Commissioned Communication Officer described above, this will be the last W/T Commentary to be written by a Commissioned Telegraphist, as such. The old Warrant Telegraphist, however, will continue to crop up in the news, as recently did Mr. Kirkwood, King's Messenger, who had the onerous duty of taking the Sixteen Nations "Aid to Europe" Agreement to Washington. Many Telegraphists will remember him

"You wiv yer 'ands in yer pockets like a bleeding Electrical Officer! Lend a 'and"

as W/T3 at Leydene during 1943-1944, a time when Naval W/T procedure was undergoing a major change.

Even in these austere days the W/T Department has its bright moments. First there was the rating who thought that the object of W/T Fixed Services was "to avoid overworking the W/T Staff"; and then there was the Yeoman (Q) who said that "W/T hazards are skip distance, poor or weak transmitters and atmospherics." Our special thanks go, however, to the Sub-Lieutenant (Q) who remarked in his examination paper that "a transmitter has to be very high and big to transmit to submarines."

To all Telegraphists, wherever you are, we wish you as happy a Christmas and as bright a New Year as the austerity conditions of the present permit.

"L" BRANCH COMMENTARY

During the period under review, the number of classes under training has fallen to the very low level of two classes of R.E.M.2 (Q), but, in case this statement leads one to assume that the instructional staff is having an easy time, we hasten to add that several pastimes have been arranged for them, such as T/P maintenance courses, overhauling and modifying instructional equipment.

The tempo of training is again increasing, and by the time this goes into print R/M1 will once more be scratching around for instructors, classrooms and equipment. A new, and novel, training commitment is in the offing, for there is a very strong possibility that we shall soon have to commence instruction in D/F calibration. Not to be caught napping in this direction, we have started to collect the necessary equipment and seek the assistance and advice of A.S.E. and the Portsmouth D/F Calibrating Officer.

We welcome Lt. Cmdr. (L) W. Alder as the first "L" Branch officer to become the head of our department. As an old member of the Communication Branch he will find many friends among the ex-W/T officers and ratings in the "L" Branch staff. His predecessor, Lt. Cmdr. J. W. Meadows, has gone to H.M.S. *Vanguard*, taking with him the gratitude and appreciation of the ex-Chief and Petty Officer Telegraphists (known in some quarters as "Meadows's Private Navy"), for whom he strove so hard to obtain the best conditions of service.

The process of transferring large numbers of ratings to the "L" Branch is bound to produce quite a few queries, and we think it might help some of our readers if the answers to a few of them were given here.

Q. Are tool kits being issued to Radio Electrician ratings?

A. At present there is no authority for the issue of tool kits to R.E. ratings, but the matter has been under consideration for some time and it is expected that an A.F.O. on the subject will shortly be issued.

Q. Leading Telegraphists (W/T 2) transferring to the "L" Branch. What happens to their position on the advancement roster?

A. They are transferred to the Radio Electricians' roster in the same relative position as they held for Petty Officer Telegraphists, and if they reach the top of the roster, and there is a vacancy, they will be advanced to R.E., irrespective of whether or not they have done the conversion course.

Q. When are ex-W/T ratings likely to do the conversion course?

A. They are called in by drafting authorities according to drafting and various other considerations. Neither *Collingwood* nor H.M. Signal School has a hand in it.

Finally, in case members of the "L" Branch are beginning to wonder if they are ever going to sea in these austere days, a recent Admiralty letter states that the following may be counted as sea service:

Shore W/T and Royal Naval Air Stations home and abroad.

Instructors' jobs in training establishments.

Combined Operations.

BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

The Bugle Boy has a run ashore

AMATEUR RADIO ACTIVITIES

Great progress has been made in the "Ham" Shack (call sign G3BZU) since our appearance in the last issue of this magazine.

A meeting of all those interested in amateur radio was held in October and, although attendance was small, enthusiasm ran high.

Captain Firth, M.V.O., D.S.O., R.N., has kindly consented to become our first President. C.R.E. Hannam was unanimously elected Hon. Secretary, the purse being retained by W/T 2.

Among other items decided was that a small monthly subscription should be made by members to cover incidental expenses. Club meetings will take place on a selected day in the first week of each month; the actual date will be promulgated as widely as possible.

We have recently obtained a quantity of electronic components, and from it have produced an excellent 20-metre transmitter; so we are now able to work on all bands below 14 mc/s. We shall be ready for the 21-mc/s band as soon as the G.P.O. releases it. Experiments are being carried out with UH/F tuned line oscillators and with half-wave dipoles.

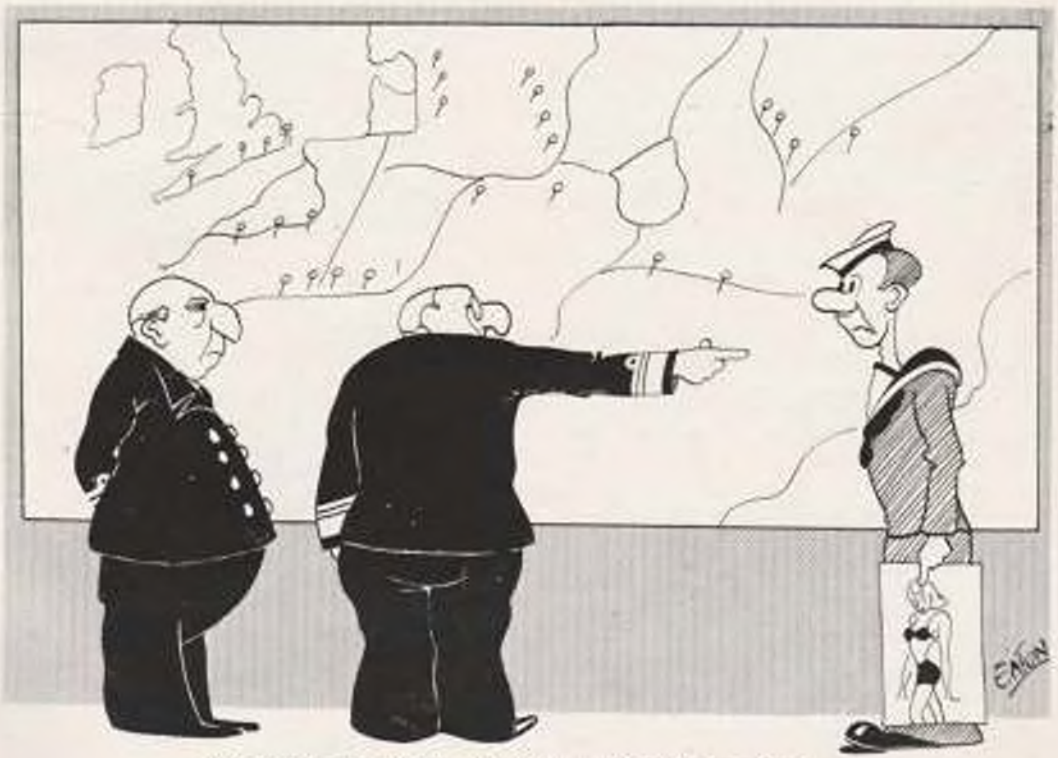
The walls of the shack are covered with Q.S.L. cards and more pour in with every mail. Our latest achievements are 100 per cent. contacts with Australia, America, South-East Africa and Russia, and we regularly work Italy, Denmark, France and Germany by phone. All on 25 watts!

Although it is not proposed to overcrowd our shack, there are still vacancies in the club for enthusiastic would-be members. Those interested should contact the Secretary or W/T 2; they will be most welcome. Come and join us and learn radio the interesting way! See what you can do yourself, with 5 watts of D.C. power.

A very friendly letter was received from Mr. Kentsbeer, President of the South Hants Transmitting Society, with an invitation to visit them at their club meetings, held on the first Thursday of every month in the Civic Centre at Cosham.

Thank you! We will do our best to attend and meet you.

W/T 2.



"For the last time, Pobjoy, we've only enough pins for ourselves"

GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

ENTERTAINMENTS

Dramatics

"Mercury Productions" has been one of the many naval amateur dramatic societies which have suffered lately by the drafting of some of their principal performers.

"Busman's Honeymoon," the play by Dorothy L. Sayers, had to close down while still in the rehearsal stage at Leydene, and visits by the *Dryad* and *Excellent* Players had to be cancelled.

Willing helpers have, however, closed the ranks, and another *Mercury* pantomime, this time "Little Wren Riding Hood," will be presented before the Christmas leave.

Visiting Shows

The Victory Players, headed by John Elliott, gave their usual talented performance when, on the 16th September, they presented "Acacia Avenue" in the Mercury Theatre. We look forward to seeing them here again on the 18th November, when they are bringing us "For the Love of Mike."

Miss Selwood arrived on 7th October with her young ladies and gave us a fine performance of dancing and singing which was followed a fortnight later by the Kestrel Players from Worthydown with their latest production, "Lady be Careful."

On Sunday evening, 2nd November, Ken Dallimore, late of the Windmill Theatre, brought us his revueette "Round and About" which was a most popular performance. We shall be seeing him and his company again in the New Year, when they have promised to bring us their new show.

The latest visit we have had was from the Waterlooville Amateur Dramatic Society, whose plays we have enjoyed in the past. This time they presented "March Hares," by Harry Gribble, which proved a great success.

We were unfortunate in being unable to have the Forces broadcasting show "The Sharpshooters" in October, but the "Squadronaires" Dance Band, together with a variety show, broadcast from Leydene on Wednesday, 26th November. This was a great event.

Dances

A most enjoyable fancy-dress dance was held in the Theatre on Thursday, 9th October. A very good outside band was engaged and the large number of fancy dresses showed great ingenuity, especially those of the Wrens, which, in many cases, were productions of "something out of next-to-nothing."

The bi-monthly *Mercury* dances at the Town Hall, Petersfield, will in future be held for the W.R.N.S. Sports Fund and the Building Fund of the Royal Sailors' Home Club, Portsmouth, so roll up and support us.

WARDROOM NOTES

The mellow autumn is giving way but slowly to the winter. The low sun shines upon the sweep of golden trees, and lights them up into a breath-taking glory. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of an ancient car, which grinds its way past the deserted tennis court on its last spoonful of saved-up basic. The newly joined officer passes through the main door of Leydene House and falls over a warning notice which tells him that the roof of the hall is in danger of collapse. He learns that the Christmas dance (very restricted—no transport) will therefore be held in the Wardroom. He wanders into the Anteroom and is offered a drink. Henceforth he must buy his own, but is pleased to hear that the no-treating rule has averted a threatened shortage of spirits. The Anteroom is quiet, because the Long Course have left and taken the noise with them. It is also rather drab, but this is being attended to, thanks to generosity from within and without, and the good intentions of a select committee which will no doubt pave the way to better things. He politely opens the door to admit three august personages of assorted sexes, bearing a large sack which promises potatoes but yields only mushrooms. These will be peeled and consumed chiefly by the V.M.s, who are all about to hibernate. He is amazed to observe that many officers

Our Oldest Inhabitant Retires,
Sig. Lt. A. E. Brown, Div. Officer, Leydene.

have deserted sunny lands to spend the winter on a hilltop in Hampshire, but agrees that the remote situation may be conducive to study. He hears that recent guest nights have been devoted to entertaining the Burghfield Wren Officers, R.N.B., Portsmouth, and those greying stalwarts who have lent support to the Communications Branch for so many critical years.

Finally, he notes the guest night which will be graced by the presence of the C-in-C., Portsmouth, and departs to study the mass of papers which collect in these difficult times.

SPORT

In the Summer Number we remarked on the possibility of two Ship's Company tennis courts being constructed at Leydene before next summer. This statement was too optimistic; investigation has shown that the cost would be prohibitive, the estimate being approximately £1,800, none of which may be charged to public funds. Whitedale courts will have to be resorted to again next year for the enthusiasts who do not mind the inconvenience.

For the cricketers, it is hoped to return the playing table at Soberton cricket ground during the winter, which will make it a less "sporty "wicket.

The short days have considerably restricted the playing of games after working hours. In an establishment like *Mercury* too much lost time cannot be accepted by ratings on course. The Wrens, however, are playing netball on the Broadwalk during the lunch hour and there is no reason why other ratings should not do likewise.

Mercury, handicapped as always by its isolated position, did not enter a team for the Command Cross-Country Race, but several of our numbers are helping our more fortunately placed sister establishment, R.N.S.S., Fort Southwick, and we wish them every success.

We regret that before the next number of the magazine we shall have lost our Sports Officer, Mr. A. J. Feltham. We wish him a very happy and prosperous New Year in "Civvy Street."

SOCCER

Despite the kindness of the weather, and our new pitch, the Establishment team, playing in United Services League, Division 1, has so far failed to win a point. This is very disappointing, as on several occasions we were unlucky to lose, particularly against Whale Island, *Dolphin* and *Vernon*. When R.N.B., Lee-on-the-Solent, visited us, we did well to hold them to a draw up till a minute from time, when they scored from a penalty.

In the first round of the Navy Cup we were soundly beaten by Royal Marines, Eastney, but as they won the competition last year we were not despondent.

There is no doubt that our boys can produce attractive football, but we are not sufficiently consistent. Changes in the side cannot be avoided owing to drafting, but some of our opponents have these troubles too. Fitness is absolutely essential and the team which is quicker on the ball and lasts out better usually wins. Ratings who hope to represent the Establishment regularly must keep in good condition, and training should be accepted as a normal requirement of any good player.

We have just concluded the first half of the Inter-Part League. Altogher, fifteen evening games were played, arousing considerable enthusiasm. Fierce barracking often inspired the quaint antics of some of the contestants. However, these matches were most enjoyable and we hope to have a repeat performance as soon as evening light permits. The Sparkers proved invincible, while the Petty Officers have the distinction of supporting the league table. There is keen rivalry between the Officers and the Chiefs to see who can turn out the most aged team!

The Ship's soccer has suffered the loss of its organising genius, Instructor-Lieut. E. J. Brewer, who, after two seasons' hard work in getting soccer going at Leydene, has left the Establishment to join H.M.S. *Mauritius*.

RUGGER

The season started with a nasty shock. We went to Longmoor full of enthusiasm and came back well and truly beaten by 24 points. However, the story doesn't end there. Just recently we revisited the Royal Engineers and beat them—8 points to 3. It was the toughest game we've had so far, but the memory of that first licking kept us going. Bravo, the pack! We've given all our opponents something to think about. Most of the games have ended with very little difference in the scores—just the single try or goal which gave the victory.

Chief P.O. Tel. Kerr has left us and we miss very much his cry from the touch-line: "Go low, damn you, go low." We hope to hear that voice when we play *Collingwood*.

Shortly we shall be losing most of the present team and the New Year will probably see a fresh set of players. Signalman Cresswell, our star stand-off half, will soon be demobbed, while others are being drafted.

We wish them all the very best wherever they may be going, and thank them sincerely for the enthusiasm they've shown for Signal School rugger.

OPERATION ONION?

According to the Government order for the control of the sale of green onions, it is forbidden to sell onions smaller than 1¾ inches. "Dimensions are to be measured by taking the circumference at right angles to the axis." We hope this evolution is catered for in the new Fleet Signal Book.

THE CIVILIANS IN OUR MIDST

For many of the civilians this will be their third post-war Christmas at Leydene and their first as an entity in THE COMMUNICATOR. To most of them the two years and more have passed pleasantly and they are acquiring the regular habits of the confirmed stanchion. Some had already known the feel of civil life before Adolf started "minding their interferences" for them; Christmas at home had come to be a reality, after many on foreign stations. The return to civil stability—such as it can be these days—must be doubly welcome to them. Others entering the civil sphere for the first time had not known the spaciousness of pre-Hitler-war days—whether they were good or bad.

As a community the Leydene civilians have become more or less static, with no more than an occasional going or coming, a state of affairs which we imagine is now common to most shore establishments.

To all our counterparts in other establishments, as well as our many other friends both inside and outside the Service, we send our good wishes for this festive season and hope that each may attain that which he (or she) desires for 1948.

E. P. D.

MARK AND SPACE

We are enchanted to learn from THE BACK ROOM WINDOW, published at A.S.E., Haslemere, that our back-room boys have recently had a visit from the Vice-Controller. Was his journey really necessary?

* * *

A very old Chief was heard recently to comment that "Radio nowadays consists of A/T., R/T., L/T., H/T., I/T., W/T., and a touch of D/Ts."

* * *

A Few Gems from *Ganges*

"Ships exchanging station proceed at one knot more than the maximum."

"On the forecastle, flag four means four cables out, flag Uncle means all the cables out."

"Signal Books are mustered once a day by an Officer specially dedicated by the Captain!" (*Verba Sap.*)

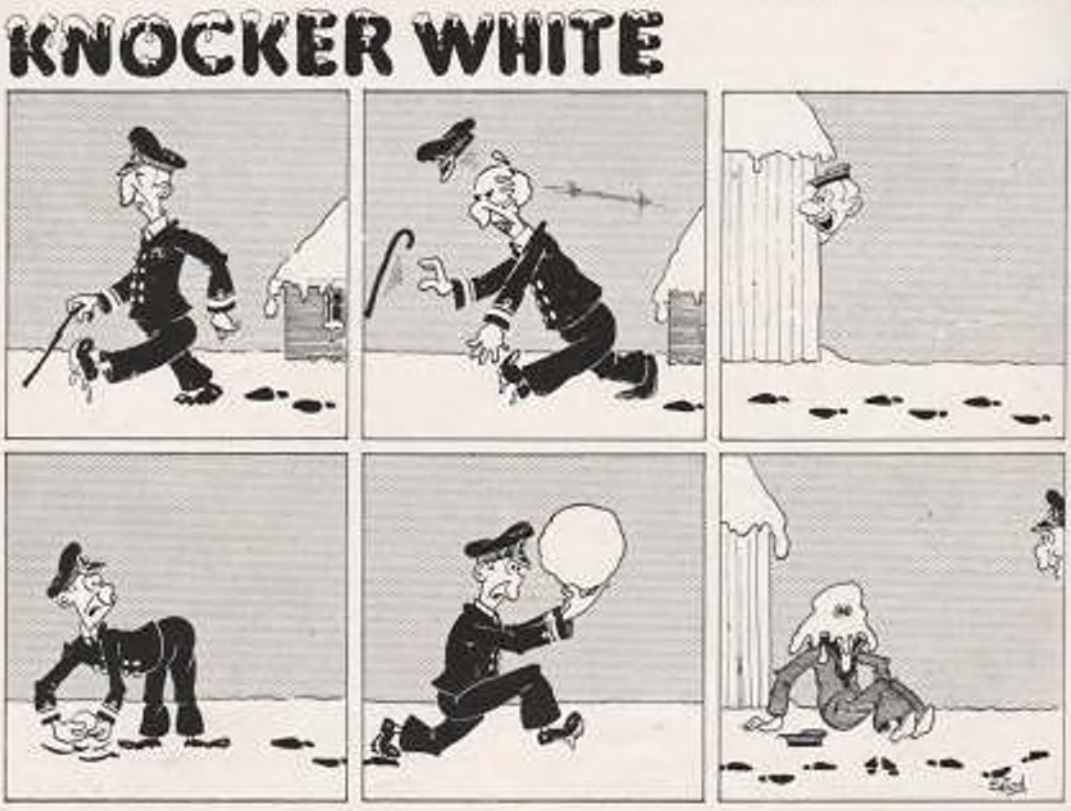
DEPARTMENT OF GIVE NOTHING AWAY.

"The Main Body is that part of a Battle Fleet so called for a definite purpose."

* * *

And a Very Bright Gem from Combined Signal School

By a Soldier: "A 'Pongo' is an expression used by a Naval Gunnery Officer when his salvo hits the target."



ROUND THE HOME ESTABLISHMENTS

R.N.S.S., FORT SOUTHWICK

The shades of autumn have passed and we are eagerly awaiting Christmas leave. Until the clocks went back one hour, we were performing night manœuvres to find the Upper Parade Ground for Work Ship at 0700 and it was rumoured that we were to be issued with R/T sets.

"The Arsenal of the U.S. League" are still in the lead, but unfortunately our unbeaten record has now been lost. We have, however, gained a great reputation and a great many points, as our opponents will ruefully remember. The progress of the team and of its respective members is watched keenly, especially that of the centre half. Our best wishes to the team and to its manager, P.O. Tel. O'Connor, who has now made his last journey up the line (best of luck, Dave!); and to C.Y.S. Neale, who has taken over from him.

Rugger is another sport which has been warmly supported, and the inmates have worked hard to prepare a pitch and posts. As yet the weather has been against us, but we have played several matches, and one of the trainees plays for the U.S. side. For this hard work C.P.O. Tel. Sargent and O/Tel. David must be thanked, and may we wish them better weather in the future?

Little has changed in the general organisation of the camp, except that No. 3 Mess has been converted into a Ship's Company Mess to house the greatly expanded number of men awaiting draft, much to the temporary disgust of its former residents.

Fires are now permissible in messes and class-rooms. These, needless to say, are a success, although not always roaring! Much guile is being displayed to procure wood and coke.

One platoon of V/S ratings has returned to the Fort and once again we enjoy the rather amusing spectacle of arms flashing and men moving almost as if radio-controlled! We welcome them and expect that their practical demonstration of executive signals will teach us much about fleet manœuvres.

Owing to the shortage of transport, the weekly camp dance has had to be discontinued, and we rely more and more on the shows and plays which are periodically brought to the Fort. For these we are very thankful, and look forward to each new presentation with great interest.

The play for the British Drama League Festival has finally been decided upon—"The Duke in Darkness"—and the cast are earnestly learning their parts. This added mental strain to that of Morse is causing some of us to wonder at the behaviour of our mess-mates; we hope that it is not the last straw. . . . !

The Music Circle is well patronised; its programmes are varied to suit all tastes in classical music, and our congratulations must be extended to O/Tel. Mogford on arranging these evenings, and our thanks to the R.N.B. Musical Library for the records they so generously lend.

Our Rover crew has been rearranged and considerably enlarged since summer leave, and the crew has helped to run two general camping week-ends in Borden Wood (where, incidentally, they helped to extinguish a fire) of some twenty ratings each; and also one week-end in the grounds of H.M.S. *Dryad* for members of the Rover crew alone. These camps proved a great success, and, had the weather been more appropriate, we should have had many more. The Padre must be thanked for his work in arranging them. The evenings in the Rovers' Den are very instructive as well as interesting. We understand that, as troopers have given lectures on first-aid, no longer will the sick bay be bothered by such trifling ailments as broken collar-bones or fractured limbs.

In conclusion, may I say that we have had a very successful period since summer leave and our activities are in full swing for the approaching winter months?

For Christmas and the New Year, very best wishes. Fort Southwick! Carry on the good work.

K. E.

COMBINED SIGNAL SCHOOL

First, a word of introduction. Official documents will inform readers that this establishment will "keep alive the technique of signalling in a Combined Operation." To that end, the School is under the charge of a naval officer and has a sufficient complement of all Services to man a Headquarters Ship and to establish the special Signal Sections which would be used in a Combined Op.

The School opened at Fremington, in North Devon, in May, 1946, and with valuable help from a team of Radio Mechanics lent by Leydene, and buildings literally tossed up by prisoners of war, we took our first Basic Course of Royal Marine Signallers in August, 1946.

The manning situation has naturally upset us quite a lot, but nevertheless we have been able to welcome a few R.N. on basic courses and Leydene has sent us two officers' courses on visits. We are indeed hoping for more "dark blue" during 1948 and can assure them of a warm welcome.

We have now settled down and the inter-Service life works out well—what Jack loses on the "tot" he gains on the free dhobey. By and large, we try to get the best which each Service has to offer and we certainly learn a lot about each other's way of life.

The Combined Signal School (the R.N. and R.M. well represented) is now climbing up in the North Devon Football League and has considerable support.

J. R. B. H.

Visit of C.S.S. to H.M. *SCOTIA* November, 1947

Inspecting the Guard

By Courtesy of the "Leigh Journal"

The Band Marches Past

H.M.S. *SCOTIA*

Happy Christmas to *Scotias* the world over, and today, 17th November, it's jolly well snowing as a seasonal gesture! Unhappily, it's good-bye too. On 20th December training is to be transferred to Fort Southwick and Cookham Camp, and in the early New Year our paying-off pendant is hauled down. A total of 21,774 communication ratings and Wrens of all categories will have left us to join the fleets and establishments throughout the world. To all, a special word of greeting and happy memory, and best wishes wherever they may be. In this living greeting it is timely to render honour to those many of *Scotia* who went forth to sea in war and gave their lives in action.

It is sad to record that this parting of the ways also marks the end of the National Service communication rating. As a young sailor he is the equal of any in courage, keenness and enterprise, and, from his point of view, the opportunity of joining the best club in the world for a couple of years is closed: the opportunity of getting around out of his own street to meet new faces, to see for himself a bit of the world he reads about, and to have a taste of the sea and the friendship of a ship's company, which, as witnessed by yarns of the "stripeys" over a glass of beer in the local, is something to reminisce about with true feeling.

Our own activities to close the year look like a welter of parties. We hope not to lose too many typewriters at the final count!

We would like to wish Mr. Titcombe and Mr. Upton good health and happiness in their forthcoming retirement, and we extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Titcombe on his promotion to Signal Lieutenant a fitting reward at this time of closing down.

We must say good-bye soon to things we count as commonplace; but only in saying good-bye shall we realise how they'll be missed—C.Y.S. Burrell in the V/S Store; the Master and his beau gendarmes (ha, ha!) C.Y.S. Froud; the Green Window; the Bells of Peover; where's Duke or Peter or Jess? Commander (S) on three stops in the chapel: Mr. Hardy waging a war of nerves on the hockey field; the Wrens at P.T.; the Chief and P.Os.' comic capers on the football field with C.Y.S. Clarke as Rule Brittannia (and in the classroom, too, it seems—well done on both sides!); and Number 11—or is that a promise!

To end our formal days we were honoured by a visit from C.S.S. on 12th November to inspect the Establishment. He left with us fitting words to draw the final curtain on paying off H.M.S. *Scotia*; a reminder that, from her, thousands of communication ratings had played a vital part in the winning of the war. Those surviving would remember happily the ship as they knew her; although paid off in substance, she would remain alive in spirit with all those who had been shipmates in her.

Good-bye—and good fortune!

H.

R.N.S.S. COOKHAM

Since our last contribution the summer has had its fling and autumn has now enveloped us. In a camp such as this, thickly interspersed with chestnut trees, autumn really means something. Every evening for the past month all hands have been seen raking among the leaves in search of chestnuts—the genuine chestnuts, not mere "conkers"! It has been rumoured that a few ratings now have a permanent kink in the neck as a result of this interesting pastime. Hopes are high that the chestnuts will keep until Christmas and many "pickling" recipes are being tried.

Our instructional commitments have now been extended to include the Part 2 training of Ord. Sigs. The first batch are expected to arrive at the end of November.

The inclement weather has put rather a damper on our D/F courses as far as practical working with aircraft from R.N.A.S., Ford, is concerned. Nevertheless, we do manage to get exercises in, and this practical instruction has been found to be really valuable. By doing actual bearings to the camp from a radius of approximately fifty miles, operators appreciate the importance of accurate and speedy bearings.

The "axe" has now started to fall and we will soon be losing some of the stalwarts who have assisted in keeping Cookham on the map since its inception. The following officers are leaving:

Tel. Lieut. F. Bunker, M.B.E., R.N. (retired).
Tel. Lieut. T. W. Bacon, R.N. (retired).
Mr. A. V. Shelley, D.S.C., Ty. Comd. Tel., R.N.
Mr. C. W. Harris, Ty. C.S.B., R.N.
Mr. J. R. Middleton, Ty. S.B., R.N.

Also worthy of mention are two C.P.O. Tels. To all those who have uttered those discouraging words "Roll on, my twelve," we commend C.P.O. Tel. Innes, age 62, who at the outbreak of hostilities signed on for the "Emergency" and has been with us ever since; and C.P.O. Tel. Clinch, who is a good example of everlasting youth. He is 55 years of age and is known by all as "Erbie." When the list for volunteers is placed on the games notice board the name "Clinch" is invariably first on the list, and we number him among our most valuable assets in the football and cricket world. We owe much to their distinguished services, and extend to them our sincere good wishes in their honourable retirements.

In the sphere of sport the camp is very active, soccer, rugger, boxing and hockey being particularly popular at the moment.

As the evenings lengthen, the need for more entertainment is apparent. The Camp Entertainments Committee has therefore increased its already numerous activities. Gramophone recitals and dances are well-established features of our programme, and Saturday evening whist drives have now been instituted. O/Tel. Edwards has been very busy organising the recently formed C.A.D.S. (Cookham Amateur Dramatic Society). Their first production will be the play "Quiet Week-end," and it is hoped to present it before the Christmas leave period starts.

The Camp Concert Party—"The Communicators" put on their autumn show, "Let's Do It," on 11th and 12th November. The party, composed exclusively of trainees, showed a great wealth of talent. Their musical items were very popular and selections on the accordion, violin and piano were all well performed.

In conclusion we would like to wish all friends of Cookham Camp a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

"COOKHAM FRY."

R.N.S.S., DEVONPORT

The chill winds of winter which maroon working men on the Bishop Rock Lighthouse have by no means expended their energy when they whistle up Saltash Passage and strike Vicarage Road Camp amidships. So far we have not been even mildly perturbed, but we look forward rather apprehensively to the rigours of the coming months.

Since our last bulletin appeared, we have seen more changes in the staff here. Lieut. W. B. Willett, R.N., leaves us to ship the aiguillettes of Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Sir Robert Lindsay Burnett, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., LL.D., the new Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth. Our new Officer-in-Charge will be Lt. Cdr. (C)(O) P. B. Schonfeldt, R.N., an aviating communicator. Telegraphist Lieut. W. A. F. Maybourn, R.N., will be taking over Divisional Officer from Signal Lieut. A. F. Lamble, M.B.E., R.N. who, so rumour tells us, is going to take over the Mayoralty of Torpoint. We feel sure that he will introduce the same efficiency there that has characterised his stay with us at Glen Holt and latterly at Vicarage Road. He will be sorely missed by all West Country communicators—officers and ratings alike. Mr. W. Mighall, Cd. Signal Boatswain, R.N., will soon be replacing his cap and badge by headgear of more varied hue. We look forward to seeing him strolling past the camp gates with a trilby adorned *a la mode*. The suggestion that he has ordered an overcoat heavily padded at the shoulders, and reaching almost to his heels is, we hear, quite untrue.

Our diaries have recorded several important events since the autumn issue of THE COMMUNICATOR. The most recent was the visit of Their Majesties, The King and Queen, to Plymouth to mark the inauguration of the rebuilding of the city. The Signal School provided the Royal Standard Party of Chief Yeoman of Signals Coles and Ldg. Signalman Southall at the inaugural spot, and many were the demands (or rather pleas) for flags, bunting, and decorators which were received. All were met and we rather basked in a spot of reflected glory.

The visit of C.S.S. and the Training Commander on 15th October was much appreciated. They walked round the class-rooms and inspected the camp thoroughly. Afterwards a small gathering of Communication Officers from the port and ships in harbour was held in the Wardroom.

We have settled down to a steady round of instructions and work ship, and hope, in the near future, to take back the Ldg. Tels. and Ldg. Sigs. (Q) classes which had to be sent to Leydene during our early days at Vicarage Road. The gravel paths we referred to in our last letter are being edged with small flower beds, but the drip tins are still an unfortunate necessity in some huts, and the quarter-mile hike to the dining-hall will, we fear, be permanent. Vegetable plots have begun to take shape and the earlier good work of the

first arrivals has been carried on by the camp working party.

In the field of sport we had, unfortunately, to withdraw from league tournaments, as we were, at the time when nominations had to be sent in, uncertain as to our exact future. We are playing friendly games with teams which are in the various leagues, however, and so far have achieved 80 per cent. success. Of course, we are suffering considerably from the loss of our own private recreation ground on Roborough aerodrome—one of the many losses which our transfer from Glen Holt inflicted upon us.

The West Country communication world is well represented in the Devonport United Services team. C.P.O. Tel. R. Stovell has been made captain of the team and has also played for Devon. P.O. Tel. Tarr, another United Services player, has also played for Devon. Tel. Williams and Ldg. Sig. Woodward, have both played for the Services team, and C.P.O. Tel. Williams, another Services player, has had a trial for Cornwall.

As with all the Navy, the news of the immobilisation of the Home Fleet ships has given rise to a certain amount of speculation. We wonder what the future will bring, but are content to wait and see.

We at Devonport take this opportunity of wishing all West Country communicators, and, indeed, all communicators, wherever they may be, a very happy Christmas. We hope to see them at Vicarage Road as soon as possible.

H. P.

NAVAL AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

Work on the Establishment progresses apace. Cable trenches are dug, cable is miraculously available, and the trenches are filled in again. The courtyard gets muddier and muddier.

The cricket field has been converted to football and hockey. The second ratings' mess is complete and our concert hall is available for lectures, instructional films and entertainments.

Besides the concert hall we have four lecture rooms, with another one coming as soon as the canteen moves to its permanent site; nine radar and wireless practical rooms, some of which are not yet fully fitted; and the usual staff offices and maintenance workshops.

Fitting of D/F equipment in the air-raid shelters proceeds. We now have FH4, DFG24, FV5, FM12 and RV4, with AH6 and FV4 on the way. Our own transmitting and receiving stations are still some way off—they will also be in the shelters on the cricket field.

783 Squadron, consisting of Ansons fitted as flying classrooms, under the command of Lt. Cdr. Tuke, attached to the School. Its headquarters are at Lee; the pilots live with us.

Unfortunately, suitably fitted Ansons are becoming scarcer and scarcer and we expect some to be replaced by Barracudas in the near future. These will not be nearly as suitable as Ansons, as they will carry only two besides the pilot. Doves are our distant dream.

At the time of writing, we have the following courses at the school.

No. 1 Aircrewman Conversion Course. This course leaves us at the end of November to join the new Aircrewmen's School at St. Merryn on 1st December to complete their navigation and reconnaissance training.

No. 15 T.A.G. II (Q) Course. This course completes in mid-November. A new course is not expected for some weeks.

No. 44 D/F Course. This course consists of telegraphists training for duties at naval air stations. They complete at the end of November, when another course joins us.

No. 2 Extended Service Observers' Course. A refresher course for officers returning to the Navy for a further four years' service.

In addition, we have a Lieutenant Commander Ops designate and a Radar Instructor designate for the Operational Flying School at Lossiemouth.

The ND Branch have now discovered us and send their qualifying and dagger courses for a day or so.

For the benefit of those who pass this way by air, we have included an aerial photograph of the Establishment.

We are very close to Lee Aerodrome. This has its advantages: we are close to our squadron and we are able to maintain close contact with the air world; we see all types of aircraft in flight; the other day, during the visit of the S.O.T.C. to Lee, we were witness to the display of the best formation aerobatics by a couple of Sea Hornet 20s, that most of us had ever seen. A glider looped the loop—a very unusual sight—and somebody heard a jet!

But there are disadvantages. The air is never silent. We get used to most types of aircraft—even a Sea Otter—but *never* a Harvard!

Connection with the air world is mentioned above.

It is a fact that shore establishments do tend to become divorced from current thought, opinion and ideas outside their particular orbit, and we are no exception. For this reason, we are most anxious that all those connected with air radio in any shape or form, particularly those who are users, should help to keep us up to date by visit or by letter of what is turning over in people's minds in ships, squadrons and stations.

We in our turn hope to be able to provide up-to-date information on all subjects connected with air radio for anyone who requires to refresh his knowledge in this line of business.

Finally, the staff of the Naval Air Signal School would like to use the medium of THE COMMUNICATOR to convey their Christmas greetings to all one-time members of the staff or pupils, either here or at Arbroath; to the staffs of all signal schools and establishments; to those who sit on stools in ships or stations and talk to and home the chap in the air; to those who design and to those who maintain airborne radio equipment; and, finally, should this magazine find its way perchance to a crew room, to all those back- and front-seat airmen who use and depend upon their radio.

ADMIRALTY W/T, WHITEHALL

COMMUNICATIONS INSIDE ADMIRALTY

The only communication ratings employed in the Admiralty are those working in the wireless rooms, known collectively as "Whitehall W/T." At present this staff numbers approximately 170, recruited from all three depots.

Until 1939, Whitehall W/T was manned entirely by officers and ratings of the R.N. Shore Wireless Service. Now, however, nearly 80 per cent. of the personnel are either Continuous Service or National Service.

In the future many hundreds of members of the Communication Branch will undoubtedly serve for a period in the Admiralty, and this article is designed to give a brief outline of the general organisation.

On appointment to Whitehall W/T, all officers and ratings have to find their own accommodation, the normal allowances being payable in lieu of quarters and victualling. All are employed on watch-keeping duties, normally in four watches. At the moment the period of service is officially one year.

Receivers and an aerial system are available for use in emergency, but normally all reception in the wireless rooms is on terminal equipment only, teleprinters in the case of radio T.P circuits, and direct printers for the high-speed Morse circuits. All transmission and reception is remote-controlled from Whitehall W/T over voice-frequency-operated land-lines. The transmitters are housed in five main stations, the receivers in two stations.

Inside the Admiralty, in addition to the wireless rooms, there are the main Admiralty teleprinter rooms and the War Registry. The wireless rooms are manned entirely by R.N. staff, but the teleprinter rooms and War Registry are 100 per cent. civilian.

The War Registry is divided into sections, each of which has a particular responsibility. For example, "In" and "Out" traffic are kept quite separate. Another section deals with "Through" traffic. The "Duty Signal Officer" is a member of the War Registry staff responsible for routeing. All cyphering and coding, not only for Admiralty, but for all shore authorities in the United Kingdom, is carried out in a War Registry section.

The wireless rooms and teleprinter rooms are the links between the War Registry and the outside world. Through Whitehall W/T, contact is maintained with all overseas commands via the fixed services and with all ships at sea via the "GM" and "BN" broadcasts.

Whitehall W/T is in direct teleprinter communication with Portishead Radio. This link is used as the contact between the Admiralty and the Mercantile Marine. In reverse, this is the channel over which H.M. ships at sea communicate with shore authorities.

Through the teleprinter rooms contact is maintained with all naval authorities in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, and with the War Office and Air Ministry. In addition, the teleprinter rooms are directly connected to all civil departments of H.M. Government, the Central Telegraph Office of the G.P.O., and to Cables and Wireless.

War Registry, main teleprinter rooms and wireless rooms are interconnected by pneumatic tubes. Unclassified traffic to and from addresses in the United Kingdom, other than Admiralty, does not pass through War Registry, but only through the wireless and teleprinter rooms.

The internal circulation of traffic to Admiralty addresses is carried out in War Registry, where the necessary typing pool is available.

Radio telegrams to and from both H.M. ships and merchant ships are handled exclusively in Whitehall W/T. The internal organisation of the wireless rooms is such that traffic is split into three categories:

(a) Radio telegrams of all kinds.
(b) "Out" traffic. } Excluding radio telegrams.
(c) "In" traffic. }

The staff on duty in the wireless rooms are employed in four distinct sections:

1. Operators on fixed services and broadcasts.
2. Message handling "In."
3. Message handling "Out."
4. Message handling radio telegrams.

Approximately 50 per cent. of all traffic handled in the wireless rooms is radio telegrams. The particular section handling this traffic is employed in a separate office with its own teleprinting and taping staff.

Whitehall W/T is connected by V/F land-lines to all the home ports, enabling the port W/T stations to control the home station broadcasts immediately

on request. In practice, messages are, therefore, keyed from the command of origin and not from Whitehall W/T.

Intercommunication between the wireless rooms and the associated transmitting and receiving stations is mainly by "G.P.O. sounder." This method of Morse reception is strange to most new members of the staff, but telegraphists quickly become proficient.

In future, proficiency in typing will probably be the ideal qualification for members of the Communication Branch employed at Whitehall W/T. Apart from the broadcasts, only three Morse circuits remain, all the others having been converted to radio teleprinter. Even on the Morse circuits traffic is normally transmitted by perforated tape, the services of a typist again being necessary. A year at "Admiralty Wireless" should be invaluable to all communications staff in view of the varied experience gained in all types of traffic handling and in modern methods of telegraphy.

At the moment, we in Whitehall W/T are making plans for handling a large number of Christmas greetings to and from seafaring folk. Christmas week is the busiest time of the year in the Admiralty wireless rooms, but this does not prevent us from wishing ALL members of the Branch a happy Christmas and good luck in 1948.

T. D. G.

H.M.S. *GANGES*

As this is our first appearance in THE COMMUNICATOR it may be of interest to "Old Gangesians" to read what has been going on here during the past few years.

All the Boys were transferred to *St. George*, in the Isle of Man, in June, 1940, and *Ganges* was used for training H.O. New Entries. One of the better-known pupils here during this period, Godfrey Winn, has since written a book about his experiences.

Ganges returned to Boys' training in January, 1946, when all the classes from the Isle of Man were transferred to us.

There had been no Communication training during the H.O. occupation, and the Signal School was used as a part of the Gunnery School. All traces of this have now been removed, except that our lawn, which was used as a parade ground, has never quite recovered from the shock. Ghostly footsteps, said to have been heard in the upper corridor at the dead of night, are thought to be those of a Gunner's Mate who lost his whistle there in 1943.

There are now 298 W/T and 230 V/S Boys under training (three W/T Boys to two V/S is the theoretical proportion) in twenty-six classes. The V/S and W/T classes are paired off, so that there is a twin class in each mess.

A new class is formed every five weeks, and the length of the course is forty-five instructional weeks. This means that Communication Boys are here for about fifteen months altogether, allowing for leave messengers' duties and New Entry time.

Except for two touch-typists, all our Instructors come from Chatham.

The main event in the Communication world this term has been the V/S and W/T Efficiency Competition. A new type of competition was tried for the first time, instead of the old separate Flag Hoisting and W/T Competitions. The new competition is a sort of relay race. A message is handed to the first representative of each team at the starting point. He passes it by W/T to point 'B.' Point 'B' relays it by voice to point 'C.' Point 'C' transmits it by flashing to point 'D', and 'D' passes it by semaphore to 'E' where it is hoisted by flags. The competition was won by Drake 219/220 Classes (219 W/T and 220 V/S), their best run being 31 seconds.

A special run was held at the end of the competition in which the V/S Instructors, led by Mr. Ellis, beat the W/T Instructors, under Mr. Childs, with a run of 21 seconds. The competition area was not quite as big as it might have been and it has been alleged that the success of the V/S Branch was not unconnected with the vocal powers acquired from years on the flag deck.

The *Ganges* Amateur Radio Club is starting this term and we should shortly to be in touch with some of the other amateurs in the Communication Branch. We have not got a call-sign yet, but hope to be able to announce it in the next number.

Plans are in hand to convert part of the Gunnery School into an extension of the Signal School. The extra space is needed to house teleprinters and other new gear, and to provide some more classrooms and a mock-up B.R.R. and S.D.O. Unfortunately the economy axe has fallen and we don't look like getting any more than we can do ourselves.

Now that the Signal Section in Portsmouth Barracks has gone, it seems as though we shall have to rest content with being the only signal school with glazed-tile walls.

R. B.

A CRY OF DESPAIR

The temples of God scatter over the earth ;
The prophets in argument vie.
"We are chosen to utter the Word of the Lord ;
Our Faith, which is Truth, cannot die."

I wish I could pray as Moses prayed,
By the sea, with his fugitive men ;
But God is cut up in a million bits
And He won't go together again.

J. O. F.

TO MERCURY

Perverse but comely pagan god,
Divine communicator,
Incentive of the clueless clod,
My patron-mediator,
The streamlined deity who rules
The realm where "passing" ardour cools
That paragon of Signal Schools,
Our Alma Mater.

Embodiment of speed and grace
And bound by no specific
Restrictions as to time and place,
Deceitful and prolific,
Depicted in an eager pose
(And in the minimum of clothes)
By Phidias and V. J. Rose,
You are terrific.

A Wren who may, perhaps, regret
Some pardonable blunder
Will pause before your statuette
To gaze entranced, and wonder
What countless volts of dirty work
Behind that peerless torso lurk—
It's time we had a show-down, Merc.,
So stand from under.

A forward child, you early left
Your cradle and your rattle
And, choosing a career of theft,
Stern-walked Apollo's cattle.
And "cautioned" (since you played the lyre)
You promptly robbed your noble sire,
The Ocean God, the God of Fire
And God of Battle.

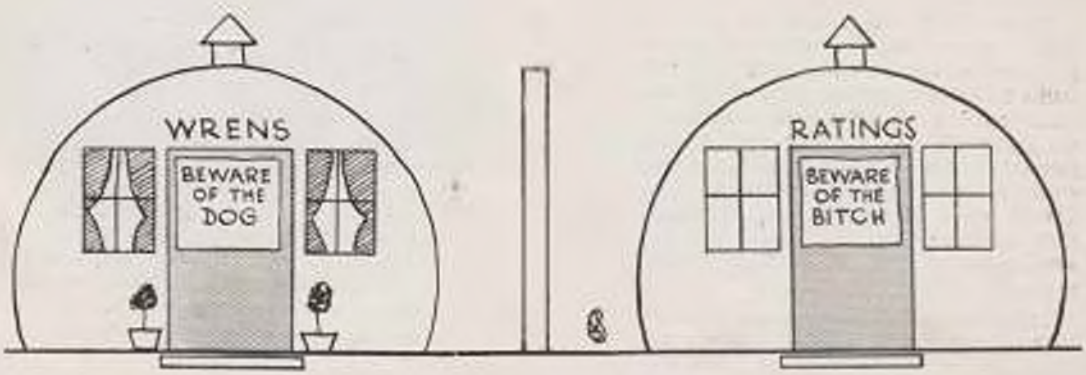
Winged herald, most divinely shaped,
You plundered, pried and pandered.
With naughty naiads, lightly draped,
You frolicked and philandered.
With voice of silver, cheek of brass,
You qualified (without a pass)
As minor prophet, second class,
Or lower standard.

Marauding kleptomaniac,
Resourceful, sly, athletic,
Whose victims (with the booty back)
Became apologetic.
Your winning charm, persuasive smile,
Your smooth approach and ancient guile
React upon our modern bile
Like an emetic.

And though your mildest exploits make
Our pale corpuscles curdle,
You always felt impelled to take
Another, higher, hurdle.
And once, particularly smart,
Took Venus (in a sense) apart
And, having won her willing heart,
You pinched her girdle.

Divinity of crooks and thieves,
The Prince of Peculation,
We wear your wings upon our sleeves
In slavish imitation;
But, living, let the others live,
And *never* rob a relative—
We think you are the classic spiv
Of all creation.

Io. (Tel. W.R.N.S.)



ROUND THE FLEET

HOME FLEET

Details of the Home Fleet's Autumn Cruise have, of course, been widely publicised in the Press, more so than perhaps any other naval activity since the end of the war. Certain statements have been just a little misleading, and it is probably just as well to point out the facts as they appeared to us, and their repercussions on the communication departments of ships in the Home Fleet.

We were naturally disappointed to miss our trip to the Moray Firth, with the opportunities of taking part in combined exercises with the Royal Air Force and with practically every naval authority from Portland Bill the longer way round the coast, to Kinnaird Head. But there was perhaps, in the Staff Office, just a hint of the atmosphere you might expect in a class of Mr. Giles's schoolboys on being told that there would be no homework that week-end.

Anyway, having got over the news, we settled down to bigger and better communication exercises at Portland. The weekly programme finally clocked an "all-time high" of some forty-two different serials, and began to rival Captain-in-Charge's efforts in foolscap consumption.

Most ships, especially the destroyers, put in frequent periods of sea time in and around Portland, exercising independently or in their squadrons or flotillas. Even the flagship managed to escape from her telephone buoy, and successfully completed a series of 14-inch and 5·25-inch full-calibre shoots. The Fifth Destroyer Flotilla spent an extremely busy and profitable week working with the Joint A/S School at Londonderry, during which the communications team took part in many interesting exercises.

Our main object at Portland during this period was to increase the practical operating standard of the junior V/S and W/T ratings, and to develop a team spirit in the Fleet as a whole, and in the individual squadrons and flotillas. Various types of exercise were carried out with these aims in view. Junior operators obtained good value from C.X.M. 58, in which they were encouraged to hammer away on the key, happy in the knowledge that nobody was going to jump on them too severely for ham-fisted indiscretions. Having graduated on this, they moved on to passing "live" traffic on harbour-training wave. In the case of the destroyers, lack of bodies made it necessary to omit the graduation step, but they managed to compete successfully. Senior ratings were teased weekly by a combined V/S, W/T and general knowledge quiz. Certain senior officers were seen to retire hastily to their cabins one forenoon following a guest night, when waste-paper baskets suddenly appeared at the mastheads of all ships in harbour.

Things were coming along nicely when we received the news that part of the Fleet was to return to home ports. At first sight, this looked like a serious blow to our training programme, but after a week alongside it became apparent that we were not going to be quite as badly off as we expected. Although practically all our junior continuous and short-service ratings were immediately grabbed by the Drafting Commander, we found that most of the senior ratings were still there, together with a limited number of boys and very ordinary tels. and sigs. Consequently exercises are still going strong, although on a somewhat reduced basis owing to limited numbers and continual requests for "the boards." C.S.2 is still keeping the air busy down at Portland, and a long-distance communication exercise simulating ship-shore procedure has been laid on for anyone who feels strong enough to compete. Up to the present, we have had takers from all ports, and it seems to be going well.

At Portsmouth, with the invaluable assistance of Leydene and the local communication staff, we have been able to set up senior and junior ratings' touch-typing classes in the lecture room of the old Tactical School in the Dockyard, ably conducted by C.Y.S. Odell. The senior class have also had a week's worth of Instructional Technique, a limited amount of D/F, and odd visits to places of general interest to the communicator.

In conclusion, we can safely say that there is no foundation of fact whatsoever in the rumour that certain well-known members of the Communications Branch have set up a lucrative business selling Christmas trees assembled from the aerial outfits of Home Fleet ships at home ports.

Tailpiece

We have heard that a certain misguided genius is doing well in the pools with "lucky lines" obtained from a machine frequently found in the C.C.O.

H.M.S. *IMPLACABLE*

As most of the contributions to THE COMMUNICATOR in the past appear to have come from shore establishments, we, in H.M.S. *Implacable*, one of the few sea-going ships on the home station, think it is time that you heard from us.

After forming part of the escort of Their Majesties in the *Vanguard*, *Implacable* left the Home Fleet in March, refitted at Rosyth from April to September and became Training Carrier towards the end of September, operating in the Firth of Forth and Moray Firth.

A certain amount of new equipment was fitted during the refit, but no serious communication difficulties have arisen. Great use has been made of the ship-shore radio telephone link, both on VH/F and H/F. The four H.O. Ordinary Telegraphists, who live at the Y.M.C.A. and man the portable type 682 at Invergordon, regard their job as a soft number.

The ship's eight thousandth deck landing took place

on 19th November, but the pilot flew ashore before the Captain had presented him with the customary bottle of wine. We expect to complete over one thousand and two hundred landings in the period September-December, 1947. Amongst those who completed their deck landing training on board was a R.C.N. qualified Signal Officer.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Mr. Reynolds, Cd. Signal Boatswain, when he went to join the staff of V.A.2, Mediterranean Fleet and we are now equally sorry to hear that his relief, Mr. Harris, is going to retire early in the new year.

Apart from the communication staff, we have three well known Leydene "old boys" on board:

Commander (S) V. R. Jordan, O.B.E., who was the first Supply Officer of *Mercury*,

Commander (L) L. S. Bennett, who, when in the Instructor branch, taught "theory" to many a long course, one of which included *Implacable's* Signal Officer. In spite of this, the "L" branch have yet to take over W/T maintenance in this ship, and

Our stalwart mate of the upper deck, Lieutenant L. Jackson, who was S.B.2. in 1942 and S.B.1. in 1944.

We are now in the Moray Firth doing a period of fairly concentrated flying, when the weather permits, and are hoping to finish this by mid-December, in time to send the first watch on leave from Devonport on 20th December. This will be our first visit to our home port since the middle of the Easter leave period.

J. A. P.

AMERICA AND WEST INDIES

H.M.S. *Sheffield* sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, to Bermuda on 10th October, having completed her cruise along the east coast. Warm hospitality was extended at Philadelphia and Annapolis. At Norfolk

"Sporting Comms" of the "Shiny Sheff"

there were twenty-seven American flag officers present at a reception on board, and on the last day the flag and senior officers were so numerous that orders had to be given only to "pipe aboard" the former.

H.M.S. *Porlock Bay* returned to Bermuda on 8th October, on completion of her extensive cruise of the Caribbean area.

PACIFIC

The cruiser *Belfast* returned to Portsmouth on 15th October after serving in the Pacific since June, 1945.

MEDITERRANEAN

The cruiser *Liverpool* arrived in Chatham on 27th October. She is to pay off after a commission of more than two years in the Mediterranean.

The submarine depot ship *Wolfe* left for Plymouth, leaving the destroyer depot ship, *Woolwich*, for dual duties.

IS YOUR SIGNALMAN REALLY NECESSARY?

Ten Naval Signalmen, not so long ago,
Were drafted to a Naval Base to man the C.C.O.
Ten trained Signalmen, things were going fine,
One got draft without relief—then there were nine.
Nine good Signalmen more than pulled their weight
Till an A.S.G. came up, leaving only eight.
Eight brave Signalmen with work for eleven,
One went on a Killick's Course—thus there were seven.
Still seven Signalmen, but things were getting grim—
One lost a signal and that finished him!
Six splendid Signalmen—Quick, an A.F.O.,
Greatly over complement, one will have to go.
Five dogged Signalmen, with signals by the score,
One went hysterical and then there were four.
Four weary Signalmen "Where's that F.S.B.?
Chuck it over here, chum"—Oh, dear me!
Three desperate Signalmen getting signals through,
One got "Class B" release and left the other two.
Two frantic Signalmen always at the run—
"Get out of my bloody way!"—then there was one.
One little Signalman struggled like a hero,
Till it drove him "round the bend"—then there were zero.

Not a single Signalman to man the C.C.O.
"Close down the Naval Base and draft the F.C.O.!"

S. B.

POETIC JUSTICE

A Yeoman came to Heaven's Gate.
His head was bent and low.
He asked the keeper of his fate
Which way he had to go.

"What have you done, we first must ask,
To seek admittance here?"
"A Wrens' Instructor was my task
For many a weary year!"

"Come right inside; we won't inquire
To see if you've done well;
Put on your halo, choose your lyre
You've had your share of hell"

ANON.

NEW ZEALAND'S INLAND NAVAL W/T STATION

An important link in the world chain of British naval communications is Waiouru Naval W/T Station, the major establishment of its kind in the area of the New Zealand Station. Situated in the very centre of the North Island of the Dominion, it is just about as far from the sea as can be in a country where the remotest point is not more than 100 miles from the nearest coastline. The establishment is a few miles from Waiouru, a railway station situated 185 miles north of Wellington, on the main trunk line to Auckland. Lying at an elevation of 2,660 feet above sea-level, Waiouru is the highest point on that railway route.

Waiouru Naval W/T Station was built during the war and opened for traffic in 1943. It rapidly became one of the focal points in Allied naval communications in the Pacific. Doubtless, many communicators who served in the British Pacific Fleet during 1944-45 will remember Waiouru very well indeed. The receiving and transmitting station, lying seven miles apart, are equipped with high-power H/F transmitters and receivers and extensive aerial arrays.

During the war, the staff included a high proportion of W.R.N.Z.S. telegraphists, who gave splendid service and, in fact, provided most of the operators in the receiving station. After the conclusion of hostilities, the W.R.N.Z.S. were demobilised and Waiouru is now staffed wholly by male communication ratings of the Royal New Zealand Navy.

Waiouru, though in an extremely isolated situation —the nearest small township is fourteen miles away— provides much in the way of sport and recreation for its staff. Lying on a huge open plain at an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, it is subject to great climatic variations. The weather in winter is extremely cold, with strong gales, severe frosts and frequent heavy snowfalls. In summer the weather is normally very good, with an abundance of sunshine and frequently high temperatures, though sudden and severe "cold snaps" are not uncommon.

During the winter there are ski-ing, tobogganning and other sports, including, of course, Rugby football. In the summer time the chief recreations are cricket, tennis and swimming. The Waiouru area, however, offers many other attractions. Hares and rabbits afford plentiful shooting and there is good deer stalking to be had close at hand. Trout are fairly plentiful in the rivers and streams, and the great Lake Taupo, barely forty miles distant from the station by a good motor road, is a fisherman's paradise.

A few miles north of Waiouru lies the extensive Tongariro National Park, which embraces Mount Ruapehu (9,175 feet), Mount Ngauruhoe (7,515 feet) and Mount Tongariro (6,458 feet). All are actively volcanic—the two first-mentioned very much so from time to time. Incidentally, Waiouru is a Maori name, meaning "Parting of the Waters."

R/T AND ENTERTAINMENT BROADCASTS FROM WAIOURU, NEW ZEALAND

Early in 1947, the idea was conceived of employing some of the high power H/F equipment in the Waiouru W/T Station of the Royal New Zealand Navy to provide a radio-telephone service with Admiralty and Australia which could be integrated with the normal telephone service in Navy Office, Wellington.

Preliminary tests were carried out with satisfactory results, Whitehall and Canada both giving good reports of their reception of Waiouru's R/T transmissions. For various reasons it was not possible to continue the tests with Admiralty, and subsequent experimental work was carried out with H.M.N.Z.S. *Bellona*, which, at the time, was on a training cruise in New Zealand waters.

Initially, Waiouru used an R.C.A. double-channel 2·5 kw. transmitter, fitted with modulating equipment, feeding suitable aerials. Later, however, the R.C.A. modulator was employed with a Marconi S.W.B.8. transmitter with greatly improved results, and the system was then extended to Navy Office,

Wellington, 180 miles south of Waiouru, using the normal telephone channels for transmission and reception.

The first opportunity of putting Waiouru's radio-telephone system to a practical use came in connection with the visit to New Zealand in August of F.O.(Air) Far East (Rear-Admiral G. F. Creasey, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O.) in H.M.S. *Theseus*. A visit of one of H.M. ships is always a notable naval occasion in New Zealand; and in view of the fact that the first port of call of *Theseus* and her attendant destroyer, H.M.S. *Cockade*, was Wellington, capital city of New Zealand, an extensive programme had to be prepared.

The day after *Theseus* sailed from Brisbane, in Australia, for Wellington, contact by R/T was established and thereafter schedules several times a day were kept until the ship arrived in harbour. The technical side was extremely successful and two-way conversations were carried on between Navy Office, Wellington, and *Theseus* in the same way as if an ordinary telephone were being used. As the ship approached New Zealand, continual changes in frequency were necessary, but, with one or two exceptions, reception was Q S A 4/5 throughout. It was thus possible for the whole programme of the visit to New Zealand to be fully discussed between the Staff Communications Officer in Navy Office, Wellington, and the Admiral's secretary and flag-lieutenant.

Another aspect of the employment of R/T at Waiouru was the question of the wireless entertainment of ships' companies while employed on cruises to the South Sea Islands. The New Zealand National Broadcasting Service stations are all in the M/F broadcast band and reception is unreliable in the Pacific Islands area. It was therefore decided to employ the Waiouru R/T transmitter to broadcast entertainment programmes to H.M.N.Z. ships cruising outside the normal range of New Zealand National Broadcasting stations. A highly successful series of broadcasts was directed to H.M.N.Z.S. *Bellona* during her recent cruise to the islands of the Pacific.

New Zealand Press news was broadcast daily, and by arrangement with the New Zealand National Broadcasting Service the results of sporting events, and running commentaries, were rebroadcast at suitable times, together with certain musical programmes. These broadcasts were rediffused in *Bellona* and proved extremely popular. In addition, they provided much material for inclusion in the ship's daily newspaper, which was produced by the Communications Department.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM NEW ZEALAND

The Communications Branch of the Royal New Zealand Navy send to their fellow communicators throughout the Commonwealth and Empire greetings for the festive season.

In the language of the Maori: "MERI KIRCHIMETE A HAPE NUIA KIA KOUTOU KATOA."

"DOCAC" VISITS A.S.E.

"Good morning," said our visitor, closing the office door behind him and putting his brief case on our desk. "I'm from Docac."

We stared at him a little blankly, and he repeated the name rather more slowly "Docac," he said; "you know, the department of Correlation and Co-ordination."

As a matter of fact we didn't know, but, having learnt the folly of admitting ignorance on such important matters, we allowed our eyes to light up with a long-practised glow of sudden enlightenment and recollection, and murmured, "Oh, yes, of course, Docac . . . Won't you sit down?"

We motioned our visitor to a chair, and when he was seated we profferred our cigarette case. Cigarettes being what they are these days, we were more than a little grateful when he explained that he didn't smoke you know . . . not since the budget . . . mind you he *had* been almost a chain-smoker once . . . over forty a day, but that was a long time ago . . . we all had to make our little sacrifices these days, didn't we?

We nodded vigorously, and applied a match to our own cigarette with a distinctly guilty conscience. "Docac," we were thinking. "What the hell was it, and what did it want with us?"

By now our visitor had opened his brief-case, and was busily fumbling amongst the enormous sheaf of papers which it contained. Presently he emitted a satisfied "Ah, here we are," and withdrew a couple of foolscap sheets, pinned together in their top corners, and bearing the unmistakable evidence of having been through the "Ormig" machine. These he placed before us, indicating that we were to read:

"DEPARTMENT OF CORRELATION AND CO-CO-ORDINATION"

"ASSESSMENT OF EFFORT FOR THE YEAR 1947, AND ESTIMATION OF MAN POWER FOR 1948."

We were about to read on when our visitor intervened: "Of course," he said, "this doesn't really concern you, because you're N.I., but we're thinking of doing the same thing for you next year, and we want to get your reactions to the idea. We are going to——"

"Please," we ventured, "what is N.I.?" and even as we spoke we knew we had blundered. A look of stricken horror appeared momentarily on our visitor's face, and we could see that he was having some difficulty in concealing his contempt. At last "Non-Industrial, of course," he replied, and hurried back to where we had interrupted him, as if glad to be rid of so painful an incident.

"As I was saying, we are going to assign to every man a 'value factor', based on a fundamental unit of work-capability, and an appropriate weighting number. The lowest factor will be 1, and the highest 100, and we shall be able to see at a glance if any work has got too high a proportion of high-factor staff or vice versa. This will help us to make sure that important work is not allowed to lag behind schedule while the not-so-important stuff never claims more than its fair share of effort."

He paused for a moment, obviously waiting for us to realise the supreme brilliance of this plan, and to congratulate him on its excellence. We remained silent and glanced furtively at the clock, for we had just remembered that we had promised some information for a meeting which was due to begin in ten minutes' time, and we should have to make some pretty quick telephone calls to get it.

Our visitor was evidently rather hurt by our lack of enthusiasm, but, seeing that we were not going to acclaim his genius, he launched into more explanations. Mercifully, the telephone bell rang.

"Excuse us" we apologised, and added rather unnecessarily, "The phone . . . Hallo . . . double five three seven . . . yes . . . who? . . . Never heard of him; oh, just a minute though, you don't mean the Doughnut chap . . . sorry, yes, I mean Docac . . . just hold on please . . . It's for you," we said, handing the receiver to him.

"Fillington-Smythe here" he announced into the instrument. "Oh, yes . . . yes, sir . . . yes, sir . . . certainly, sir, right away, sir . . . thank you, sir."

He gave us a very important look: "The Captain wishes me to spare him a few moments," he said. "He is very interested in my department. I'll be back later, if you'll excuse me," and before we could give our glad assent, he was gone. A few minutes later the phone bell rang again. It was the Captain, and he wanted to know what the devil we meant by sending some imbecile called Fillington-Smythe to waste his time. "But didn't you ask to see him, sir?" we gasped in astonishment.

"Look here," he thundered, "can you think of any one single reason why any man in his senses would want to see Mr. Fillington-Smythe?"

We had to admit that we couldn't. "Then if you imagine I sent for him," concluded the great man with inexorable logic, "you evidently have doubts as to my sanity . . . Docac indeed"; he almost spat the words into the microphone and rang off.

We felt pretty shaken at this, and we don't mind admitting it, but just then our typist came in and remarked to the world at large that she hoped the Captain wouldn't be too angry with Mr. Smythe. She was obviously very much amused.

"You don't by any chance know anything about a phone call asking him to see the Captain?" we demanded, for we were beginning to suspect foul play.

"I know who made it, if that's what you mean," she replied, and then, changing the subject: "If you don't get on to Admiralty straight away, you'll never have those figures in time for your meeting."

"All right, all right," we growled, "but how the devil did they know his name?"

But she was already booking us a call to Admiralty, and didn't answer. And we never heard what became of Docac either . . .

"AFTERGLOW." A.S.E.

IN EXCELSIS

How still the night! How brightly shines the moon!
How ghostly lies the silent countryside
Bathed in the brilliant silver light
That gleams along the narrow winding lane
And casts grotesque uncanny silhouettes
Beneath the trees!

How quiet the fields! Of all that lives and moves
How empty and deserted is this place!
Even the wind has gone away
And left the branches of the great, tall trees
Silent and still, and black, and strangely dead
Against the moon.

The silence is immense, it strains the ear
With listening to the soundless depth of night;
It seems that time itself has ceased
Save when, from far away, a clock will sound
The hour, and then be still, as if it waits
Some answering call.

The heavens are a velvet canopy
Of soft, deep blueness, where the crescent moon
Hangs motionless, its silv'ry shape
Bathed in the Royal Majesty of Light
By which a hundred million winking stars
Are put to shame.

The ground is cold and hard, and white with frost
That glistens in the soft and eerie light
And cracks when trodden underfoot;
All Nature is asleep beneath the cloak
That Winter's magic artistry has spread
Across the earth.

But suddenly the silence of the night
Is broken by a merry peal of bells
From far away across the fields;
And e'er a moment's passed, from nearer by
Another happy carillon rings out
With joyful tongue.

From far and near the silv'ry notes begin
To call and answer, and to call again
Their age-old message through the night:
"Peace and Good Will," they sing, "Good Will and Peace,
Good Will to all mankind; Peace and Good Will,
Good Will and Peace."

And up above, beyond the brilliant moon
A sudden light breaks in the eastern sky
As if the dawn has come too soon;
And climbing swiftly in the firmament
The wondrous miracle is born again . . .
A bright new star.

D. B
A. S. E.

THE TIE

(Extracted from poem in Summer Number, 1947)

We proudly announce its arrival
(In very restricted supply),
An elegant emblem, survival
Of fashions refusing to die.
Attractively azured and prettily pearled,
A banner of beauty, a pennon unfurled
To gladden the eyes of a war-weary world
The Communicant Officer's tie.

Though owning no civvies but flannels,
(C) Officers needing a tie
Should, through the appropriate channels,
To Signal School, A/Sec., apply,
Observing that all applications as yet,
Without an exception, I think, have been met
And dealt with by Negative ("No No")
Nanette,
Who drafts the expected reply.

CANCEL LATTER HALF OF LAST VERSE AND SUBSTITUTE

As Stocks are now available (C) Officers wishing to purchase a Signal Officer's Tie should apply to:

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,
H.M. SIGNAL SCHOOL,
LEYDENE HOUSE,
NR. PETERSFIELD, HANTS.

Price :- 5/6d. each. Plus 1 Clothing Coupon

COMMUNICATIONS OLD AND NEW

Way, way back, before you could make a switch and twiddle a knob to hear your favourite radio programme and see your favourite television star—even before the days of cat's whiskers and crystals—there were ingenious methods of communication in existence.

I suppose one of the first systems employed was the broadcast method. Can you imagine the mastodon of earlier times rearing his head and trumpeting loudly before he rushes through the forest as a warning that one of the mightiest animals is hungry and looking for a meal or a mate?

A little later we see the cave man broadcasting a warning to the prowling beasts of the night by lighting a fire outside his cave. The Ancient Britons broadcast the fact to all Romans and other visitors that they belonged to this other Eden by painting themselves with woad.

Much more recently we hear of Red Indians doing a kind of dot-dash signalling with a blanket over a smoky fire, to call their fellow scalp-hunters to the feast of a nice tender white man who is roasting on the spit. I'm told Boy Scouts do it even to this day, though not with such cannibalistic intent.

There is a rather tragic legend of signalling at sea which took place even before the days of the fast fading bits of multi-coloured bunting that still sometimes flutter from a masthead. An old man's favourite

son put out to sea to do battle; it was to be a fight to the death. If he was successful, he promised he would give his father news of the victory by setting a white sail for the return voyage instead of the usual brown one. Some months later the offshore fishermen returned and brought tidings to the old man that they had seen his son's boat, and that it was wearing a brown sail. The father went himself to look out to sea, confirmed his fear that ill had befallen his son, and in anguish committed suicide on the beach. Later his son stepped ashore, victorious, and not until he heard the news of mourning did he realise that in his ecstasy of victory he had forgotten to change his sail.

I will not say much about the form of signalling used by some native races, known universally as "bush telegraph." Suffice to mention that these communicators keep the code to themselves and have a knack of disseminating information with a speed and degree of accuracy that many of the modern systems have failed to improve upon.

Another elementary way of signalling took the form of messages written on paper and placed in a bottle by shipwrecked mariners. (Nowadays ancient mariners content themselves with somehow getting models of their ships into glass bottles.)

One method which must not be omitted is the carrying of messages by pigeons. A European carrier pigeon service was used extensively by Mr. Reuter to keep *"The Times"* of London supplied with up to

date information. Paratroopers have used pigeons on quite recent occasions.

The British Admiralty instituted a system of telegraphing messages to their "men of war" by chains of semaphore towers on prominent hilltops, and today one finds ruins of these towers and hills marked on maps as Telegraph Hill. Mr. Reuter I believe also made use of this method to beat the despatches ferried in the American Steam Packet by buoying his news sheets as the vessel passed the Irish coast. The information was recovered by a sailing cutter and then telegraphed across to London before the transatlantic ship put into port. Later, however, the visual telegraph was replaced by a cable over which a form of morse signalling was used.

Since the days of Marconi and other pioneers incredible improvements have taken place. We can now sit in our English country cottage and talk by telephone to our friends in their room at Shepheards in Cairo—if we don't mind paying about a pound a minute, and we can, for a few shillings, send birthday greetings to our relations in Australia knowing the message will arrive in a few hours by cable. We can even bowl along in our fast roadster listening to Bing Crosby crooning over the American N.B.C. network, or the news in Welsh. This, however, cuts both ways because the police car that cannot overtake us to stop us for speeding simply has to talk by radio telephone to the town ahead and we find a reception committee of blue uniformed men across the road awaiting our arrival.

Concluding with a word about direction finding. D/F is not just a black art understood only by radiomen. I'm told mosquitos use it too. The female of the species is supposed to vibrate the hairs on her antennae so that an almost supersonic noise is produced. Let's say she is on the left of the gentleman mosquito; then his left antenna picks up the note and vibrates in sympathy. He circles round to port until both his antennae are vibrating at the same pitch, and flies in on the beam to his mate. Hence the multiplication of mosquitos.

H.H.R.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The above article is not part of our series "A SURVEY OF NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS" which will be continued in subsequent numbers.*]

MANURIAL TOWERS,
COWPLAIN.
November, 1947.

SIR

My recent summary compulsory retirement from the Service is now common knowledge to most of your readers, and I would not abuse the hospitality of your columns by using them to vent what must be an obvious grievance to all those aware of my record at Leydene in the capacity of Sullage Horse.

If I may say so without loss of dignity, however, it was a matter of keen disappointment to me that I was never allowed to take up my life in the Wardroom Mess, as I had so carefully prepared to do.

My friend the Local Fox once remarked that ingratitude was always a sure characteristic of a vigorous people; the truth of this was brought home to me somewhat painfully when, after a most perfunctory medical, I was rushed through my demob. routine with indecent haste and finally given a hearty slap (which could not have been meant kindly!) across my buttocks and urged through the "OUT" gate to cries of "There goes old Catsmeat!"

I can say with some satisfaction that never for a moment did I forget, throughout this humiliating experience, my resolve always to be a "willing horse" and I conducted myself with head high and a cheerful countenance.

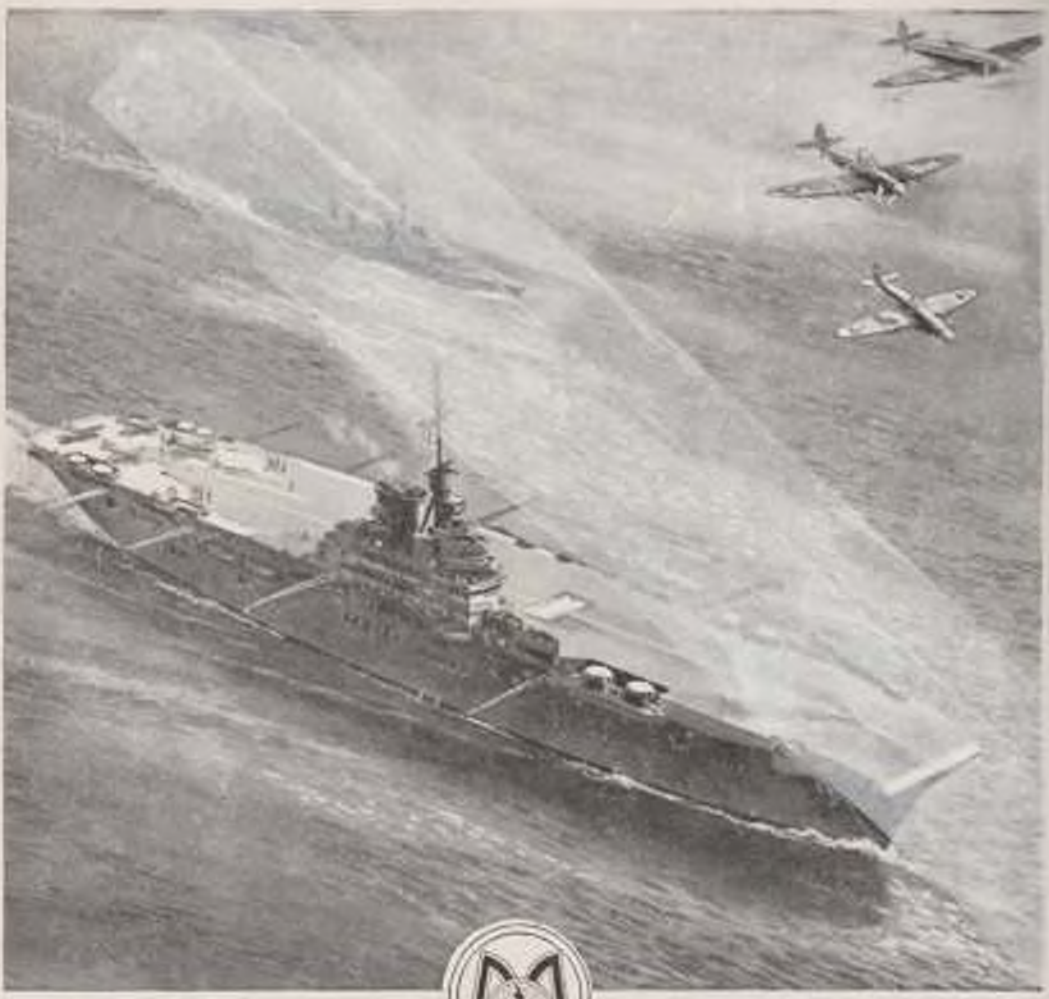
Since then I have had much time for reflection and I feel impelled to express to the many friends and well-wishers, which I'm sure I must still have at Leydene, my deep sense of their loss as well as my own. I even miss the homely fellowship of the Sullage Cart, with its occasional opportunities for a little horse-play, and the encouragement given me by the Wrens in many a sweet moment of a passing caress.

It is gratifying to know that I have left, here and there, my mark upon the Signal School. Many an old-stager in the communications world must feel, like myself, that the new-fangled methods of getting things done will have difficulty in reaching our ancient but unsurpassed standards of efficiency.

I purpose to spend my retirement in writing "A Survey of Sullage Disposal throughout the Ages" in addition to following up my old hobby of gardening. I shall always be pleased to see any of my Leydene friends at the above address if they have a gash evening.

Please convey my heartiest greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all associated with Leydene (except the driver of the Lister Truck).

I am,
Most truly one of yourselves,
G. G.
Sullage Horse, R.N., (retired.)



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MARCONI

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AN INSTRUCTIVE VISIT TO MARCONI'S

When, as a Wt. Tel. (Q), I was confronted by a syllabus which looked as though it extended well into infinity, it was comforting to see that a day had been set aside for a visit to Marconi's. This day became a milestone in the course, and our hopes were high when we set off on our jaunt to Chelmsford.

On arrival we were met by Mr. Coningsby, of Marconi's, who immediately put us at our ease during the short walk to the factory, where we rather self-consciously noted a display of flags and bunting and felt that really they shouldn't have bothered, for only too well do we know the trouble that Dress Ship can be! Also a mass of colour greeted us on the lawn, where beautiful, stately tulips were in full bloom! (Who was it who darkly hinted that they were only planted in pots for our benefit?) I must admit I looked closely at our party and not by any stretch of imagination could I conjure up a V.I.P.—though the Commissioned Electrical Officer did look rather resplendent in his new suit—but it was at this point that the cruel blow of disillusionment fell, for Mr. Coningsby explained that Marconi's were celebrating their Jubilee, and hence the colourful display! So, in some confusion, we entered the main hall there to be greeted by a very refreshing young lady receptionist.

The actual tour of the factory provided interests wide and varied, and I couldn't hope to put on paper more than a fraction of what we saw, but equipment and incidents which have remained fresh in my mind I must record so that succeeding classes will know what to look for.

Starting on the ground floor we saw the famous SWB series in their earliest state. One of the brighter sparks in the class said: "Of course there's nothing in the SWB 11," and for once I had to agree, for we were looking at the empty shell of an SWB 11 (Major). It was noticeable that when we saw the completed SWBs. which were being converted to single side-band working, all that the aforesaid bright spark was capable of was nodding his head.

One of the engineers working on the SWB was an ex-P.O.T. He mentioned that his service had been in the "Kaiser War" and did I remember the first valve transmitter in the Navy?

At this stage we were split into parties of four or five. I think this scheme was to make us appear less obvious targets for the many O. D. Tels. and Radio Mechs, who, I feel sure, were sprinkled among the mechanics industriously working away at their benches. Confronted by a host of C.P.O. and P.O.Tels., they simply couldn't resist this chance for good-humoured banter (but whose face was red when a shout was heard "Get some sea-time in, Chiefy!"). They were definitely no respecters of the campaign medals, though on the whole it was easier to run the gauntlet there than it was in the girls' department, where we were greeted by expressive whistles, and one girl I noticed pointed out "Schoolie" with the naive remark "What a smasher!" I thought the reverse rather applied. Pity the poor C.P.O. Tel. who should have known better than to get lost on that floor.

My party was directed to a beautifully finished transmitter which occupied the ground area of a "Prefab" and wasn't unlike one in appearance. This was the biggest set I have seen—a 100-kw Marconi transmitter for broadcast work. Seeing is believing. Several of them are installed at the Daventry Station of the B.B.C., but at the moment the emphasis, as with most things, is on export, and the set I was looking at was for Turkey. All controls and adjustments were in Turkish. Orders were on hand for Radio Athlone, Spain and Sweden.

These high-powered sets can be either crystal-controlled or continuously tunable by use of temperature-compensated master control. The high-precision crystal drive has accommodation for up to ten crystals and the frequency can be changed from one spot to another in less than five minutes. This very rapid change caused some surprise when we saw how it was achieved; the pre-set tuned circuits were mounted on small trunks and parked at the rear of the set, and when a change of frequency was desired, double doors were opened in the transmitter and the new circuit, complete on truck, was run into position. Positive contact was ensured by guide rails on the floor. In fact, it looked rather like putting a small car in a garage.

Whilst in the transmitter section we saw the latest in design of Marconi marine equipment. A very novel idea is adopted here; instead of the transmitter being numbered, which I think is always confusing, the capabilities of any transmitter is made obvious by its name, *i.e.*, "*TRADER*"—M/F 7 pre-selected spot frequencies suitable for coastal ships; "*OCEAN SPAN*"—M/F—H/F 37 pre-selected spot frequencies, thirty of them in the short-wave band and crystal-controlled. The range is almost world wide. "*WORLDSPAN*" speaks for itself and is the Ocean-span fitted with a high-power amplifier to give increased range.

At the close of the morning tour all the parties rendezvoused for late lunch. I cannot dwell long on this excellent meal, but it had everything—drinks on the house, which appealed to more than the only Scot in the class, very good company presided over by Mr. Wykes, of the Test Department, and a leg show for the elect. In conversation, "Schoolie" said he had never seen a pair of nylons. (What these "Schoolies" find to talk about!) Well, nothing daunted, our perfect hostess, who happened to be wearing nylons, showed a shapely leg that would have been good for the front row of any of "Mercury" productions.

Alas, time was the enemy and we had more to see, not confined solely to radio. Diathermy equipment

was now shown to us, and here we saw high-frequency cutting for surgical operations and deep-heat treatment for muscular complaints. Experiments had been carried out on horsemeat to determine the frequencies required for the various type of cuts and for the cutting of fat, etc.

When the time approached for us to make our departure we still had much to see and we could have spent a week there and not have been satisfied. We gathered in the main hall of Marconi House to say good-bye to our kind hosts and we had a last moment to spare for a very interesting souvenir of the war.

It was a model to scale—a miniature plan of the complete Marconi Works in Chelmsford, correct in every detail and found in a fire-gutted air field in Germany by officers of an R.A.F. wing. It had been constructed from photographs taken by Luftwaffe recco planes and was used in the three bombing raids made on the factory.

And so we left, having had a most enjoyable and educational day; but I wondered what was going to happen to the seemingly endless rows of B. 29 s.

And how did Franklin ever think of that oscillator!

E. E. S.

SOMEWHERE IN NETHER HAMPSHIRE.
8th December, 1947.

SIR,

In the Autumn Number of your magazine you published an article over the initials " A. H. B." entitled "Rambles from Leydene" purporting to describe the Pilgrims' Way.

Our Society was so interested in this article that we devoted our Sunday ramble of 19th October to following "A. H. B.'s" suggested route.

The result is that we are now encamped in the wilds of Hampshire, where we have been marooned since that date. The natives are most unfriendly, as we have to exist on what we can purloin when their backs are turned. So far we have failed to make ourselves understood, and the wildness of our appearance—we have only our shorts and shirts (having eaten our boots and smoked our socks)—is not conducive to good relations.

Also the younger female members of our Society are becoming very concerned about what their mothers will say.

We would deem it a great favour if in your Christmas Number you could prevail on "A. H. B." to write another article for the purpose of getting us back from here to where we started.

I enclose our last shilling, in anticipation, for the Christmas Number.

I am,

Yours very earnestly,

Y. LEGGIT, *Secretary*,

Study of Ancient Pilgrims Society.

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W.R.N.S. NOTES

The high note from the Wrens' point of view has been the visits to H.M.S. *Illustrious*. Two parties of twelve Wrens and two officers had a day at sea and thoroughly enjoyed it. They were shown over the ship and were able to watch the trials. The second party were particularly lucky in being able to watch a jet-propelled aircraft landing on and taking off. There was great competition for these visits and we hope there will be some more next spring. Meanwhile we are most grateful to Captain Edwards for making it possible.

A W.R.N.S. dance was held on 6th November—this time in the cinema, so that there was room for Soberton Wrens as well as those from Leydene. The Wrens also much enjoyed the fancy-dress dance held on 9th October and showed much ingenuity and originality in their costumes. They were well represented at the Trafalgar Day dance in Petersfield.

A short-hand Class was started in September and it is taken twice a week by Third Officer Fergusson. Those who started then are getting on well, though the class has been diminished by drafting. A new class for beginners is now starting.

It is hoped to have a handwork class as soon as the materials can be obtained, and it is expected that this will be popular.

The foundations for the new hut are getting on well. This was intended to take in Ship's Company Wrens when Soberton was derequisitioned, but it is now required as extra accommodation for the increased numbers expected after H.M.S. *Scotia* closes down.

We would like to thank First Officer Fehr and the Quarters Officer of H.M.S. *Scotia* for sending us some very nice blue curtains and other amenities which will be very useful here.

Chief Wren Jordan was awarded her second good-conduct badge on 13th November. She will be leaving the Service soon, but we are glad to have had a second "stripey," even if only for a few weeks.

The *Mercury* Wrens supported the Y.M.C.A. Christmas Fair, which was held on 18th and 19th November, by sending some very attractive gifts. We hope our efforts will have helped to swell the funds.

Four Wrens from *Mercury* (two Writers and two Wrens Signal) are sailing to Malta at the end of November. There are any number of Wrens here who wish they were going too, especially those who remember last winter at Leydene.

Mr. D. S. Washbrook very generously sent £2 to spend on something to benefit the *Mercury* Wrens. This has now been used to buy books for W.R.N.S. Sick Bay, and we would like to express our appreciation for this kind thought.

Wren Driver—"Excuse me Chief but have you a longer dip-stick? This one in the car won't reach the oil"

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E.24

TOPICS OF SIGNAL IMPORTANCE

The First Lord of the Admiralty, replying to criticisms of the Services cuts, stated that the numerical strength would still be three times that in 1939. The Royal Navy target for next March is 147,000. The expenditure for all three Services in 1947 was about £900 millions, which, he submitted, was too big for a peace-time Budget.

Mr. A. V. Alexander, Minister for Defence, stated that the immobilisation of much of the Home Fleet was necessary in order to provide trained men to give overseas strength. The ships would be maintained in commission, and in an emergency could be made fully operational at short notice.

According to an Admiralty statement, men will be allocated to ships and establishments manned by their own Port Divisions, except on foreign stations, where temporary adjustments will have to be made irrespective of depots.

* * * *

H.M.S. *Pelorus*, the fleet minesweeper which helped to clear the entrance to Cherbourg after the Normandy landings, has been handed over to the S.A.N.F. It bears the name made famous by Pelorus Jack, the New Zealand pilot dolphin, which regularly led ships through the winding passage of French Pass. After being shot at and wounded by a passenger, Pelorus Jack was protected in 1904 by an Act of Parliament, an unusual distinction for a fish.

* * * *

The R.N.V.(W)R. is at present restricted to ex-sparkers, but will later be extended to radio enthusiasts aged between 18 and 45. A man undertakes to serve for five years at a time, with a maximum of 20 years, or 25 years in the case of Chiefs and P.Os., for whom the retiring age is 55. During each period of five years, twenty-eight days training with the Fleet is necessary, and a maximum of sixteen hours instruction every three months. The annual bounty is £5 and the efficiency grant ranges up to £3. Uniform is supplied, and 1s. an hour, plus travelling expenses, is granted for instructional attendance.

Volunteers are organised into units of ten to twelve men, and trained by a Leading or P.O.Tel. R.N.V.(W)R., assisted by an active service Naval Telegraphist Instructor.

The R.N.V.(W)R. is thus an inexpensive means of getting "on the air."

* * * *

Scorpion and *Battleaxe*, the two new destroyers of the "Weapons" class, have been handed over to the Navy. Their length is 365 feet, breadth 30 feet, and complement 290. They are fitted with four four-inch and six smaller guns, and two Pentad revolving torpedo tubes.

Personal

The following important appointments were announced on 25th October:

Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.V.O., to be Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Station, in succession to Admiral Sir Algernon U. Willis (May, 1948).

Vice-Admiral Sir Cecil H. J. Harcourt, K.C.B., C.B.E., to be a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Chief of Naval Personnel in succession to Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power (March, 1948).

Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas H. Troubridge, K.C.B., D.S.O., to be Flag Officer (Air) and Second-in-Command, Mediterranean Station, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Cecil H. J. Harcourt (January, 1948).

Vice-Admiral R. H. Portal, C.B., D.S.C., to be Flag Officer (Air) (Home) in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas H. Troubridge (10th November).

Miss J. T. Kidd, O.B.E., has been appointed Senior W.R.N.S. Officer on the Staff of Commander-in-Chief, The Nore. Chief Officer E. A. Maclean succeeds Miss Kidd as Senior W.R.N.S. Officer, Plymouth Command.

* * * *

Australian Naval Responsibilities

Work on four new destroyers to be built in Australia is to begin immediately. Mr. Riordan announced that by 1952 Australia would have twenty-six ships in commission and a reserve of eighty vessels. Naval manpower would be two and a half times the pre-war strength. He also said that if British naval strength were reduced in the Pacific, Australia's present plans of naval expansion might have to be reconsidered.

GIBRALTAR.
30th October, 1947.

SIR,

I should be most grateful if you could allot sufficient space in the next COMMUNICATOR for the enclosed short comment.

Much has been written and said about radio and kindred scientific methods of communication. We also know that semaphore has become, or is rapidly becoming, a lost art.

Casual conversation leads one to believe that V/S will be relegated more and more to the background as progress is made in the new art.

I do feel that the poor old V/S does require a fillip, otherwise we shall be suffering from an inferiority complex.

Can we be assured that these new methods of communication will reach the same high degree of efficiency as did V/S in its heyday? We hope so, but I wonder!

I am,
Yours faithfully,

T. E. F.
C. S. B.

For the Royal Voyage to South Africa a *Standard Radio* Type D.S.10 Transmitter was installed in H.M.S. Vanguard to give to the Royal Party facilities for telephoning to any extension in Great Britain or South Africa, and to transmit programmes to be re-transmitted by the B.B.C. and South African Broadcasting stations.

Standard Radio Type D.S. 10 5 kW Transmitter—first of its kind to use air-blast cooling of valves. It has a frequency range of 2.5 to 25 Mc/s and operates on up to three C.W. channels with independent keying; or on two C.W. channels with common keying or one C.W. and one PHONE channel with simultaneous transmission on two different frequencies. The equipment is remarkably compact and is designed for tropical conditions.

Standard Radio

Standard Telephones and Cables Limited Radio Division

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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

RECENT PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Although every endeavour is made to ensure that the information conveyed in this section of the magazine is correct, we must ask readers not to treat it as authoritative in the strict sense, and to grant us their indulgence if occasional errors are made.*]

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
R. C. ARMSTRONG	A.Wt. Tel.	Mercury for Course	Agincourt
W. ALDER	Lt. Cdr. (L)	Collingwood	Mercury vice Meadows
A. AITKEN	Lt.	Mercury	Ausonia vice Milward
E. G. B. ANNIS	A/Cd. Tel.	Lanka	Promoted Cd. Tel. 1.10.47
A. A. AUSTEN	Sig. Ltd. (Ret'd)	Wildfire	To be released
A. E. C. BEST	Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Triumph
H. P. BRADLEY	A/Wt. Tel.	Cleopatra	Mercury for duty at R.N.S.S. Fort Southwick
A. D. BLACK	Lt.	R.A.N. Service	Maidstone
R. W. BRIGGS	Lt. Cdr.	Tamar	Re-appointed on promotion to rank of Commander
J. E. BROCKLEHURST	C.E.O.(R)	Collingwood	Mercury for A/T Course
J. C. S. BROWN	A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Highflyer	Promoted Cd. Sig. Bos'n 1.10.47
R. BRADLEY	A/Cd. Elect. Offr.	Mercury	Promoted Cd. Elect. Officer (R) 1.10.47
T. M. F. BURT	A/C.E.O.(R)	Collingwood	Mercury
E. BRISTOW	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Sheffield
G. S. BROWN	W.E.O.(R)	Mercury II	Ariel
C. G. BUSH	Lt. Cdr.	Daedalus	Mercury for Course
R. BENNETT	A/Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	Drake for Devonport Signal School
F. A. BAKER	Cd. Tel.	Mercury	Mercury for duty at Fort Southwick
S. W. BROOKS, D.S.C.	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Ausonia	To be released
A. E. BROWN	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
F. G. BUNKER, M.B.E.	Tel. Lt. (Ret'd)	Pembroke	To be released
T. W. BACON	Tel. Lt.	Pembroke	To be released
F. W. F. CLARKE	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Mercury for duty at Fort Southwick
E. S. COBB	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Diadem
E. W. COGGESHALL, D.S.M.	Y. of S. C.JX151900	Troubridge	Promoted A/Sig. Bos'n 12.9.47 and apptd. Mercury for Course
W. J. J. CLAXTON	Snr. Chief Officer	President II	Mercury for duty at Fort Southwick
E. C. CHILDS	W.E.O.(R)	Mercury	Tamar
C. H. COX	C.P.O. Tel. C/JX142421	Mercury	Promoted A/Wt. Tel. 6.10.47
A. J. CONDON	Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	Pembroke
J. E. CHAPPELL	W.E.O.(R)	Mercury	Terror
H. COWARD	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
A. P. CUDE	Ty.A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Merlin	To be released
G. H. COX	Ty.A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	To be released
D. E. COX	Cdr.	President	Placed on retired list
C. L. CHAPRONIERE	A/Cd. Tel. (Ret'd)	Ferret	To be released
D. M. C. CREASEY	Tempy A/Cd. Tel.	Nelson	To be released
M. CHANDLER	Tel. Lt. (Ret'd)	Resource	To be released
A. G. V. COOKE	Ty.A/Cd. Tel	St. Angelo	To be released
F. W. DENNY	Sig. Bos'n	Illustrious	Ocean
P. DAWNAY, M.V.O., D.S.C.	Capt.	Victory I	President for Course
G. F. DAY	C.E.O.(R)	Collingwood	Pembroke

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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
A. F. Doughty	Ty. A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	To be released
F. H. Dunlop, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Malabar
P. Davie	Lt.	Sussex	President
A. Driscoll	Tel. Lt. Cdr. (R)	Lochinvar	To be released
W. A. Deacon	Sig. Lt.	Mercury for duty at H.M.S.S.	Mercury for duty at R.N.S.S. Fort Southwick
W. L. Driver	Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Pembroke	Wildfire
D. J. Donovan	Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	St. Angelo
J. A. Dodds	Ty. Tel. Lt.	Mercury	To be released
C. J. M. Eliot	Lt. Cdr.	Duke of York	President
C. C. Ennever, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Maidstone	President
J. M. A. Ennion	Lt. Cdr.	Cochrane	Lochinvar
J. J. Earney	Ty. Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	To be released
W. P. Edney	Wt. Tel.	Sheffield	Excellent for Lt.'s Course
W. G. C. Elder	Cdr.	Belfast	Mercury II
A. P. W. H. Fleet	C.E.O.(R)	President II	Promoted Lt. (L) 1.10.47
A. G. Fillingham	Ty. Actg. Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Released
R. F. J. Forty	Lt.	Hornbill	President
D. A. Forrest	Lt. Cdr.	Highflyer	Mercury II
R. Farrelly, D.S.M.	Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	Mercury for duty at R.N.S.S. Fort Southwick
A. J. D. Feltham	Ty. Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	To be released
C. F. Gray	Wt. Tel.	Tamar	Sussex
T. L. Gates	A/CEO (R)	Mercury	Rooke
E. F. Hutton	Ty.A/Cd. Tel	Mercury	To be released
G. S. Henwood	Ty. Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	To be released
N. W. Harris	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Mauritius
H. D. Hynd	Tel. Lieut. (Ret'd)	Pembroke	To be released
J. B. R. Horne, D.S.C.	A/Lt. Cdr.	Appledore	Promoted Lt. Cdr. 1.10.47
R. C. Hearn	A/Wt. Tel.	Sussex	Tamar
W. A. Hardy	Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	Pembroke for duty at R.N.S.S Cookham Camp
M. Hodges, O.B.E.	Capt.	Ariel	Victory I
W. Head	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
R. H. Hughes	Wt. Tel.	Vengeance	Excellent for Lt.'s Course
E. W. Harris	Ty.A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Implacable	To be released
C. W. Harris	Ty.A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Pembroke	To be released
S. H. Hewison	Tel. Lt. Cdr. (Ret'd)	Victory	To be released
D. A. Jones	A/Wt. Tel.	Goldcrest	St. Angelo
G. R. Jeffery	Tel. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury II	To be released
F. D. Kelly	Lt.	Daedalus	Mercury for Course
D. D. Knight, D.S.C.	Lt.	President	Terror
R. H. Lander	A/W.E.O.(R)	Collingwood	Mercury II
D. R. Lewis	Lt.(A)	Daedalus	Mercury for Course
Miss A. K. D. Long	2/0 W.R.N.S	Pembroke (CE)	St. Angelo (CE)
E. P. Leeson	Ty. Lt. (Sp)	Pembroke	Released
F. Laister, D.S.M.	Ty. Actg. Cd Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	To be released
A. F. Lamble, M.B.E.	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Drake	To be released
L. S. Leggott, D.S.M.	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
F. M. Murray (R.A.N.)	Sig. Bos'n	Mercury	Illustrious
G. A. Milward, M.B.E.	Lt. Cdr.	Kent	Mercury

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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
W. D. MANNING	Sig. Lt. Cdr. (Ret'd)	Mercury	Reverted to Retired List
O. F. MCGILLIVRAY	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
W. MIGHALL	Ty. Actg. Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Drake	To be released
J. R. MIDDLETON	Ty. Sig. Bos'n	Pembroke	To be released
N. E. J. MASTERS	Ty. Lt. (Sp)	Mercury	To be released
G. D. NUTT	Lt. (A)	Liverpool	Newcastle
J. C. NEWING	Lt. (A)	Wolfe	Forth
A. H. OWEN	Tel. Lt.	Mercury as O-i-C O.S.E.D. Funtington	To be released
E. D. PLUMMER	A/Wt. Tel.	Dido	Crispin
D. M. PUNTER	A/Wt. Tel.	Solebay	Montclare
P. H. PAGE	Lt.	Truelove	Rifleman
W. PARKIN	W.E.O.(R)	Collingwood	Mercury II
E. W. PEARCE	Sig. Lt.	Victory	Mercury for duty at R.N.S.S. Fort Southwick
W. G. B. PAYNE	Sig. Bo'sn	Vengeance	Pembroke for duty at R.N.S.S. Cookham Camp
F. W. PICK, D.S.C.	Cd. Tel.	Montclare	Highflyer
H. J. PETERS	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
I. PETRIE	Wt. Tel.	Vanguard	Highflyer
F. J. PITT	Ty. Wt. Tel.	Crispin	To be released
C. PALK	Tel. Lt. Cdr. (Ret'd)	Victory	To be released
S. G. PRISMALL	Tel. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
L. REYNOLDS	Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Implacable	Triumph
F. R. REID	T/Actg. Cd. Tel.	Mercury	To be released
J. P. L. REID	Capt.	Dido	Cleopatra
R. B. RICHARDSON	Lt.	Kent	Promoted to Lt. Cdr. 1.11.47
A. E. RYAN	A/Cd. Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	Mercury for duty at R.N.S.S. Fort Southwick
E. E. STRASSER	A/Wt. Tel.	Sirius	Bruce
L. J. SMITH	Lt.	President	Lochinvar
G. E. SAMPSON	Lt.	Mercury	Boxer
H. SURRY	Ty. C.S.B.	Mercury	To be released with rank of Sig. Lt.
A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, D.S.O.	Capt. (Serving as Cdre. 2nd class)	Cdre. Ceylon	President for Course
J. C. STOPFORD, O.B.E.	Cdr.	Victory	Norfolk
H. W. SHELDRICK	Ty. Lt. (Ret'd)	Drake	Released
P. B. SCHONFELDT	Lt. Cdr.	Daedalus	Drake
P. J. SPROSON	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Battleaxe
F. L. SHORT	Wt. Tel.	Goldcrest	Transferred to 'L' Branch Mercury for A/T Course
A. V. SHELLEY	Ty. A/Cd. Tel.	Pembroke	To be released
R. SATCHWILL	Tel. Lt. (Ret'd)	Mercury	To be released
E. J. TIBBLE	Wt. Tel.	Bruce	Transferred to 'L' Branch in rank of W.E.O. (R) Collingwood for Course Mercury
R. J. TRUDGETT	Sig. Bos'n	Fame	To be released
C. TITCOMBE	Ty. Actg. Cd Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	
C. M. W. THOMAS	Lt. Cdr.	Howe	Anson
L. R. TANTON	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Forth
E. A. J. UPTON, D.S.M., B.E.M.	Ty. Sig. Bos'n	Scotia	To be released
R. M. WHITE	Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Pembroke for duty at R.N.S.S. Cookham Camp

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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
F. E. WALKER	W.E.O.(R)	Mercury	President for R.N. W/T Cleethorpes
W. B. WILLETT D.S.C. ..	Lt.	Drake for Devonport Signal School	Drake on Staff of C-in-C Plymouth
E. I. WILLIAMS	Cd. Tel.	Excellent	Promoted Actg. Lt. 21.9.47
R. W. WALTON	A/Wt. Tel.	Mercury	Vengeance
J. WOOD, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Merlin	Woolwich
A. C. WARNER	Sig. Lt. (Ret'd)	Drake	Released
F. J. WYLIE	Capt.	Victory	Released
C. WILD	A/C.E.O.(R)	Mercury II	Mercury for A/T Course
C. WINCHESTER	Tel. Lt. Cdr.	President	To be released
C. R. WALKINGTON	Ty. Wt. Tel.	Mercury	To be released
A. G. W. WINTER	C.E.O.(R)	Mercury	Promoted Lt. (L) 1.10.47
R. D. M. YOUNGSON ..	Ty. Actg. Cd Sig. Bos'n	Transferred to List 1 of the permanent R.N.V.R. (Tyne Division) in the rank of Sig. Bos'n., R.N.V.R.	

SOMEBODY HAS FORGOTTEN TO ORDER HIS COMMUNICATOR

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD (See page 47)

ACROSS—1, Excommunicated; 9, Arabic; 10, Insulate; 11, Acclaims; 12, Debunk; 14, Impedes; 15, Uranium; 17, Invoice; 19, Sparkle; 21, Effort; 24, Stand-off; 25, Vocation; 26, Travel; 27, Christmas Cheer.

DOWN—2, Caballero; 3, Machine; 4, Units; 5, Insider; 6, Ad. Lib.; 7, Eaton; 8, Capacitive; 13, Kempenfelt; 16, No Red Tape; 18, Catmint; 20, Plastic; 22, Froth; 23, Okapi; 24, Sonia.

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Lieutenant Gautham Singh, Royal Indian Navy.
Lieutenant R. B. Fanderlinden, Royal Indian Navy.
Lieutenant M. Sharif, Royal Pakistan Navy.
Lieutenant E. J. Debu, Royal Indian Navy.
Lieutenant V. A. Kamath, Royal Indian Navy.

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(Completes 2nd January, 1948—names published in Summer Number of this magazine.)

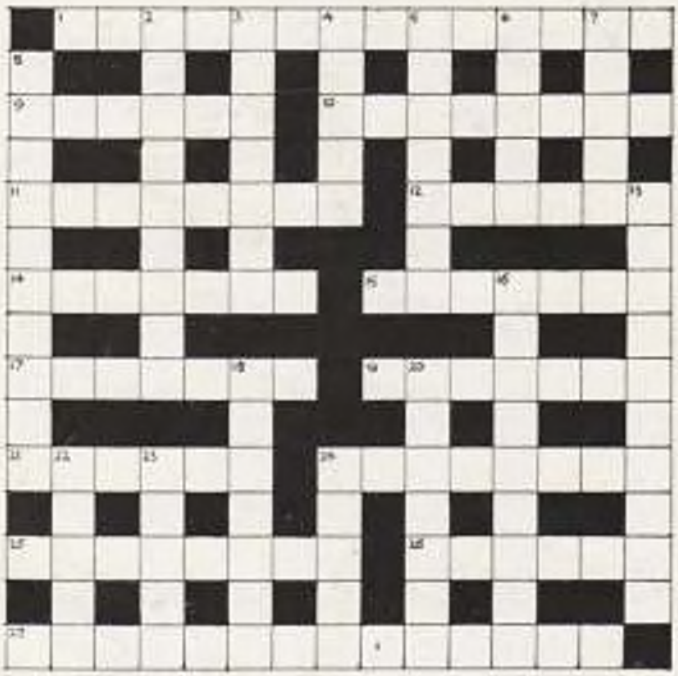
INTERNATIONAL LONG COURSE

Lieutenant-Commander C. Zervos, Royal Hellenic Navy.
Lieutenant-Commander A. A. Psilvas, Royal Hellenic Navy.
Lieutenant E. H. Van Rees, Royal Netherlands Navy.
Lieutenant P. Slevin, Eireann Naval Forces.
Sub-Lieutenant S. Helmy, Royal Egyptian Navy.
Sub-Lieutenant J. A. Lagomarsino, Argentine Navy.
Sub-Lieutenant J. M. Escalante, Argentine Navy.

COMMUNICATIONS CROSSWORD

(*See page 45 for Solution*)

Across—1, Signalled once and expelled from the Church (14). 9, Near-eastern, by gum! (6). 10, Sail tune on the Dee Sea and stop it (8). 11, The short account demands applauding shouts (8). 12, Wakey! Wakey! (6). 14, The devils surround the minister and delay progress (7). 15, Source of atomic energy (7). 17, A Bill for carollers? (7). 19, How Telegraphists twinkle? (7). 21, Hard work ends with a strong point (5). 24, This Rugby footballer should have an easy time (5, 3). 25, Occupation (8). 26, It is restricted for most, but not for the Navy (6). 27, Hurrah for leave and food as well (9, 5).



Down—2, Call a bore a Spaniard (9). 3, Scottish son of Hine? (7). 4, Volts, Pints, Pounds (5). 5, Red is in, not out (7). 6, Plenty for the Romans (2, 3). 7, Consumed by our cartoonist (5). 8, A civic tape (anagram) (10). 13, Admiral signaller (10). 16, This government shortage would not cause restrictions (2, 3, 4). 18, This perennial plant begins with an animal and ends with a herb (7). 20, I follow the ultimate in a policeman for material (7). 22, You blow it and like it (5). 23, This animal starts well (5). 24, Press on, I am coming. She's there. (5).

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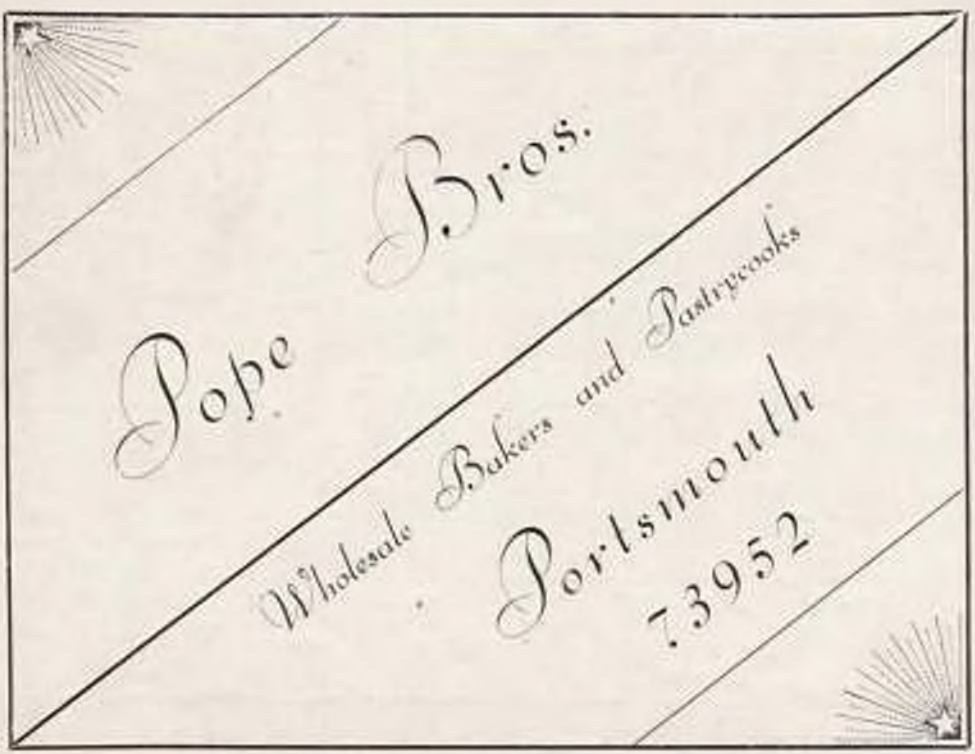

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