

THE COMMUNICATOR



Sadly this edition is in a very poor state with the cover and the first/second pages missing. Also a picture has been cut out on one of the pages. Otherwise it is complete.

The Director of the Signal Division and his Staff wish all Communicators a Happy Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year.

I have sent the following letter to Admiral Mountbatten on his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean.

"All of us in *Mercury* were delighted to hear of your appointment as Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, and send you our heartiest congratulations.

"We are very proud that the most important appointment in command of a Fleet will now be held by a Signal Officer and that his second in command is also a Signal Officer"

J. G. T. INGLIS, *Captain.*

EDITORIAL

The Editorial Staff has been reinforced by the addition of two ratings, the one to represent Chief and Petty Officers, the other to represent Leading rates and below. This is not Empire Building. It fulfils a need which has been felt for some time, and as a result it is hoped that a well-balanced opinion will be available.

To assist in keeping the Magazine "live," all Stations, Fleets, and Signal Schools have been asked to nominate one officer and one rating to act as THE COMMUNICATOR representatives. The idea being to establish a personal touch so that we can explain difficulties to each other as well as issuing requests to you and receiving your suggestions. At the time of writing only three nominations have been received, which is disappointing unless, of course, this is all that are left. Although we have not seen an up-to-date Navy List since before the war, we feel that there should be a few more knocking around somewhere and hope that the names will arrive shortly.

The financial side of a Magazine of this nature is always to the fore, and you may well say, "Can't we hear about something else?" The subject would never be mentioned if one simple rule was followed: "Payment in advance for the number of copies ordered for each edition." We are sure that this would be much easier for you as well as for us. It is appropriate here to say something about the retiring Treasurer. Thanks to her enthusiasm we are solvent. She has been largely responsible for the success of the Magazine and she has kept her accounts and the Editorial Staff in good order. We would like to wish

her, on behalf of all of us, every success in civilian life. We will be delighted to give her a good reference.

Two more requests: Could individual subscribers let us know when they change their address? Finally, if you happen to buy something as a result of one of our advertisements, please say so, not to us, but to the firm with whom you are dealing. This will please the firms and encourage them to renew their contracts with us.

We want more contributions. The more we get the better the selection and the better the result. There must be a lot of interesting things which you could write about. We cannot all be humourists or artists, but most of us have seen or done something a bit out of the ordinary. Don't sit on it. Write and tell us about it. We'll sort the English out for you if it's not up to ETI standard! Why not tell us about your hobby? There are sure to be others interested in it and that will start a correspondence on the subject. If you know an infallible method of backing race-horses or filling in football coupons, let us know about it. We'll keep it in the Branch. One Chief Yeoman is supposed to be writing an article on "Keeping Snakes." We hope that his silence is not an indication of anything unfortunate.

It has been decided to start a section for "Letters to the Editor." Suitable letters will be published with editorial comment (when necessary) and this should provide a field for friendly argument.

To end, we would like to thank all those who have sent us contributions, and to say that we hope they will send us more as well as encouraging their friends

to do likewise. It is not always possible to reply to each letter personally, so please accept this as our acknowledgment.

OBITUARY

Everyone will have been sorry to hear of the death of Lieutenant-Commander J. D. Williams in an aircraft accident.

WEATHER REPORT

The introduction of the typewriter into the communication office is not a welcome addition to the office by some L.H.O.W.s when they are confronted by the 0600 weather.

The following was received:

GBXZ

P

260500z

FM . ADMTY

TO . OJ

HOME SLEET FORECAST MASSAGE. INTER-FERENCE FROM THE 0001z CART 26th SEPT 1951.

THE CHEEP DISCUSSION OVER THE ENGLISH FLANNEL IS ALMOST SEDATARY. ALE WARNINGS ARE IN OPERATION IN FORECAST AREAS NORTH FINISTERRE, POLE, PLYMOUTH, SOUTH CANNON, MUNDY, IRISH PEA, PORTLAND AND TIGHT.

BROADCAST FOR 12 SOURS FROM 0500z 26th SEPT. IRISH TEA, SUNDY, PLYMOUTH, FORTLAND, RIGHT. SOUTH TO SOUTH VEST COURSE 5 TO 6 DECEASING TO ALE FORCE 8 AT CHIMES. BEERING TO MOUTH PEST TO VEST, FORCE 6 TO 7 BY REASONING. ROWDY TO DOWNCAST. BATTERED BRAIN OR FLOWERS, INABILITY 4 TO 8 TILES, SEDUCED TO 2 TO 4 PILES IN PAIN.

CLOVER, THAMES, NUMBER, TYNE, SOUTH TO SOUTH VEST, FORCE 5 TO 6 WITH RISK OF WHALES ENVELOPING BY MIDDAY, CLOUDY, BECOMING AWFUL AT TIMES. OCCASIONAL RAIN OR TOWERS. VISIBILITY 6 TO 10 SMILES INDUCED TO 2 TO 4 WILES IN DRAIN.

FORTH, CLOPARTY, BARE ISLES, NORTH EASTER, MORSE 4 TO 5.

SHANNON, FISHNET, MOLE, FINISTERRE. SOUTH WEST TO REST FORCE 5 TO 6 BY LEVENING. INVESTING TO SALE FORCE AT TIMES.

LOOKOUT FOR A FATHER 12 SHOWERS FROM 1700z. LONG TO MALE FORCE BLINDS, INSINUATING AND CARRYING FROM NORTH ZESTERLY IN MOUTH WEST ARENAS TO BEASTLY IN EXTREME NORTH AREAS.

260500z



SECURITY TEST

By order of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, *Mercury* carried out a security test on *Dryad* to find out whether the camp and its offices were physically secure. The rules required that those entering *Dryad* should be in plain clothes. There were no other restrictions except that force was not to be used to evade capture. Umpires in *Dryad* knew the exact time of the test, but otherwise there was complete secrecy.

In effect, eight officers from *Mercury*, in four groups, entered *Dryad* and Fort Purbrook (two groups to each establishment) during the dinner hour on a Monday in September. It is sufficient to say that none were detected, except by the Umpires, that they completed their business and departed.

The photographs are printed to warn others what a naval officer looks like when he is trying to look like a dockyard matey.

Names (*large group, left to right*): Mr. Mosedale, S.C.C.O., Lieut. Townsend-Green, Commander McCrum, Lieut. Morton, Lieut. Daubney, Mr. Petrie, S.C.C.O. *Small Group*: Lieut. Bower, Lieut. Cdr. Wake-Walker.



LOOKING BACK ON COMMUNICATIONS

One fine day, way back around 1184 B.C. (if the ancient historians are to be believed), King Agamemnon launched his victorious attack on Troy. Next morning the news was brought to his wife, Clytemnestra, by a runner. Now, being a thoroughly bad lot, her first move, no doubt, was to throw out a few of her many admirers, in readiness for the King's return. But we are not at this point concerned with the ensuing scandal. The significant thing is, that a message was passed from Troy to Athens overnight.

Nowadays someone would want to know what was wrong with our RT/P machines if we took that length of time to pass a signal over the equivalent distance. But King Agamemnon had no RT/P machines. The fastest thing he could muster was a horse and even a horse would not have covered that much ground in one night. No, he simply lit a fire on a hilltop, when the battle was over—and went to bed.

His spies, waiting for this pre-arranged signal, followed suit on other hilltops all the way to Athens, and the last man had to run down the hill to the palace. It was a tribute to the King's ingenuity—and incidentally, the first recorded instance of V/S being used.

Obviously, this method suffered from a lack of versatility, but at least it served its purpose.

Later on it was to be used again in various ways, not forgetting, of course, the Red Indian smoke signals, which are quite authentic.

It is worthy of note that the bonfire system was still being used in this country as recently as the eighteenth century.



English 17th Century Beacon

Another king, one Cyrus of Persia, also had ideas about speeding up communications. And he set up lines of towers on hill-tops, fully equipped with "men of leathern lungs." These men bawled out short, staccato messages to one another all along the line like irate G.I.s, and trusted to luck that the wind was not against them.

This was known as the "Human Voice Telegraph." Perhaps the daddy of them all in the branch of the Service was Stentor, who was reputed to "have the

voice of fifty men." He was in at the siege of Troy and shouted the Commander's orders to the besieging host.

Later on, the Rosicrucians, not to be outdone by mere voices, popped up with a weird and wonderful system known as the "Flesh Telegraph." This consisted of the mutual grafting of a piece of skin from the arm of one person to the arm of another. Off the skin was tattooed the letters of the alphabet; and by pricking the letters in turn, the second person could feel a prickling sensation under the corresponding letters on his own arm and so spell out a message.

At least that was their story and they stuck to it.

Not less fantastic was the theory of the "Navel Gazers." Their special line was thought transference. They maintained that by gazing at that indelicate portion of their anatomy, they could transfer thought to another person or persons. No mention is made of batch working, however. Nevertheless, it is recorded that amazing results were obtained and that it was recorded as a most stable method!

All of which leads me to think that, in present-day mess-deck evolutions, there is more than meets the eye.

Much has been written on the Tibetan method of speeding up communications, known as "Lung-Gom." They, kind souls that they were, singled out a poor unfortunate body and locked him up for a period of three years, allowing him absolutely no exercise whatsoever. He was then considered to be sufficiently apathetic to respond fully to their particular brand of hypnotism. He was duly entranced and assured that he could run over great distances at high speed without showing signs of fatigue. Not only was the subject convinced of this—he also did it! Some of the performances put up by these "Trance-Runners" made Phidippides' little trot look like something decorating a milestone.

Unfortunately, the measurement of distances in those days is rather difficult to decypher, but the parchments hold on record that some of the runners were continuously mobile for a week!

The birth of the African "Talking Drums" is something we shall probably never put our finger on. It has been used since mere man can remember and is still in use to-day. But I shall dwell on this method only long enough to point out that no system of code is intended.

The rhythm and timing themselves are not important as such.

Articulation is the secret. The drums are pounded in such a way as to simulate the intonation of the human voice.

I hasten to add, however, that it is doubtful if a civilised person could understand the drums even if he spoke the language, for the sounds produced would, most probably, be intelligible only to those accustomed to the same way of life as the drummer.

Then, of course, there was, and still is, the heliograph. No one seems to know who originated the

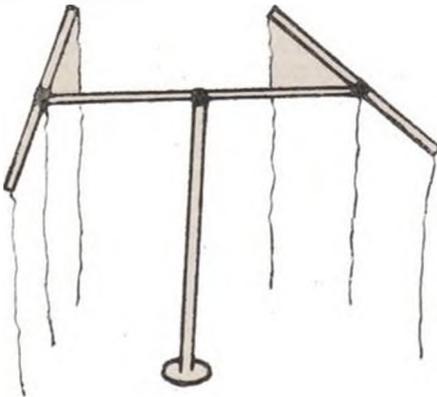
idea, but history tells us that it was used to flash a signal from Athens to Marathon in the year 480 B.C., and also that it was installed in Pharoah's lighthouse nearly 300 years B.C. The Emperor Tiberius employed it to communicate with the shore from his retreat on the Isle of Capri, the Moors in Algeria used it in 1100 A.D. and it again came into fashion during the Afghan and Boer wars. In some cases a burnished shield or breast-plate was used as a reflector, but no matter what the instrument, the effect was the same.

The search for speed went on and as a result several ideas were brought into use during the first 1500 years A.D., but it was not until 1670 that anything worthy of mention was produced, tested and proved. Then Sir Samuel Moreland invented the "Tuba Stentorophonica." This was a type of megaphone with which the inventor conversed with King Charles II over a distance of one-and-half miles. Perhaps it was as well that no one told poor old Sam about a very similar instrument which Alexander the Great used 300 B.C.

Flags were first used for signalling by the Duke of York and afterwards by James II in the English Navy. Enter the codline stretchers. It is rumoured that some of the original flags are now being converted into No. 8 suits!

Another brainy fellow was Bishop Wilkins who, in 1694, evolved a code using two different audible notes and a five-unit tapping system. The effect was rather like garbled Morse; but Wilkins' code relied more or less on a combination of tonal variations and not on rhythm as with the Morse code.

Volumes have been produced on the subject of semaphore. It seems that almost everybody had ideas about it; but the first one to be put to practical use was that invented by a chappie called Chappe, a Frenchman. He approached the French Government with his idea, but for some time public opinion was against him, and twice he had to flee from the mob who believed that he was bent on revolution.



Chappe's Semaphore

Eventually the idea was adopted, and in 1794 a series of stations were set up between Paris and Lille to a distance of nearly 150 miles.

This semaphore consisted of a vertical rod, upon which was mounted a bar of wood, pivoted at the centre and at each end of this bar was a shorter bar. It was worked by a system of pulleys and was quite a versatile instrument but much more complicated than that used to-day.

Lord George Murray proposed to the British Admiralty in 1795 a six-shutter optical telegraph which was accepted.

Each of the six panels of the Murray telegraph was supported on a horizontal axis and could be easily turned through an angle of 90 degrees, so as to present either the face or the edge of the panel to the observer at the distant station. A total of six different and easily distinguishable signals could be sent by this means.

In 1824 the British Admiralty were using both the six-shutter telegraph and the two-armed semaphore.

Private persons, however, were barred from using these systems which were employed only for official messages.

Many other inventions were brought to light and some of them were used, but until the advent of wireless nothing was done which could really be said to have speeded up communications to any appreciable extent.

Now we have wireless and we are, in the opinion of Professor Einstein, at the end of our search for speed. He says that nothing is faster than light and we know that wireless waves are practically as fast as light.

But do you really believe that, in this atomic age when science is still young, we have established something that is to stand for ever? Something that will never become obsolete?

Well, maybe

F. G.

TYPICAL SIGNALS

TO: MAINE
FOR SURG. CDR.
RPC COCKTAILS 1945 TONIGHT.
D.T.G. 1400K.

TO: COSSACK
FOR SURG. LT.
YOUR 1400K. M.R.U. HAVE JUST RECEIVED A CASE OF LEPROSY.
D.T.G. 1405K.

TO: MAINE
FOR SURG. CDR.
YOUR 1405K. BRING IT OVER, WE DRINK ANYTHING.

D.T.G. 1415K.

FROM THE FAR EAST

The Far East Fleet activities should really be written up by a seagoing Communicator, rather than by one who spends most of his time polishing a desk in Naval Headquarters at Singapore. Alas! the Communicators up North have been kept too busy to be able to spare the time for this article, so I will endeavour to give a fair picture of the Fleet's activities.

H.M.A.S. *Sydney* has relieved *Glory* who has gone south to refit in Australia. We hope, just as the ship will come away renovated and rejuvenated, the ship's company will not come away too much the worse for wear. On leaving the operational area the Flag Officer Second-in-Command congratulated *Glory*, and told her that the tune which they played to *Theseus* on arrival in Japanese waters was completely vindicated. The tune was, of course, "Anything you can do, I can do better." In fact, *Glory* did do better in numbers of sorties flown, and now *Sydney* is attempting to break the record once again. *Kenya* is now on her way west and we wish her luck after some very hard work in Korean operations.

The Fleet has had plenty of work to do up North, some of it routine patrols and escort duties and other more interesting jobs, such as "Mudlarking" (the expression used for offensive trips up the Han River). These sorts of operations call for more worries for everyone, the Communication staff included, but it does give people a chance to see the country—only it's a bit near on both sides! Cryptography plays a major part in the Communicator's life, and it is being considered that Telegraphists should be taught to work a Morse key with both hands, as well as working a typex machine with their feet. Anyone who has had experience of playing a cinema organ will be excused the course.

The Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Guy Russell, recently visited Hong Kong and the Fleet in Japanese and Korean waters and was able to see the Fleet in action during a visit to *Belfast* off Korea. The Flag addition of Signalmen and Telegraphists got a breath of fresh air away from Singapore in *Alert*, and in fact they were only three days out at sea when they came to grips with the edge of a typhoon.

The Signal Training Centre began its first Ldg/Tel. (Q) and Ldg/Sigs. (Q) Course at Kranji, Singapore, in the middle of October, with ratings from the East Indies Fleet joining those from the Far East Station. The move of the S.T.C. from Hong Kong may have been a disappointment to those people who prefer the bright lights of the Fleet Club to the quiet, country atmosphere of Kranji, but for several very good reasons the move was made; no doubt the results at the end of the present course will prove that the change was a wise one.

As the "Peace Talks" reach their seven hundredth and ninety-sixth meeting, we wish all Communicators at home and abroad a very Happy Christmas and a

Prosperous New Year. May it not be long before we are spending Christmas under more pleasant conditions.

N.B.—Contrary to popular belief, we have not sold our birthright for a "mess of *Janaps*."

267 A.O.D.R.A.

Most of you have heard of us by now, but since our last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR things have changed slightly, for now we are being fully equipped from Army sources inasmuch as our mode of transport is concerned, for we have now a technically equipped vehicle which is not, as many of the branch seem to think, a large building with numerous TX's, but merely a lorry containing two T.C.S.s and one Type 62; so much for talking shop.

We are still climbing mountains humping our sets, batteries and other accessories, but alas no wrist watches. This caused great concern at Bombardment Control Headquarters (B.C.H.Q.) when a signal was received without a D.T.G., and upon being queried by the op. of the watch, back came the reply from sparks on top of the hill in his O.P., "Sorry, sun is behind the clouds."

Speaking generally, the Observation Posts (O.P.s) at the tops of hills are not usually dangerous to get to, but recently one of the jeeps overturned on a particularly bad part of the jeep track, both occupants were thrown clear. Needless to say the jeep is no longer serviceable. This particular O.P. is now being equipped with a "Mule Service." Does anyone know of any *Mule Driver's Courses* going?

Sport in the unit is of a very high standard. In the six-a-side Hockey League we gained third place, which is very good considering the number of changes in the team due to drafting. On the swimming side (Water Polo) two of the unit have been representing the Army team.

Although our unit is only twenty-two strong we manage to field two soccer teams, both of which are just finding their feet, "A" team having already gained victories over Tamar "Comms.", H.M.S. *Constance*, and various Army teams in recent matches. We have high hopes of doing even greater things yet.

So with this my first (and probably my last) contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, I bid you cheerio and not *too* many IMI'S.

MANGO.

H.M.S. "BELFAST"

(September, 1951)

Carrying on from our last contribution, the R.E.s, with apologies, did manage to get the varied assortment of W/T equipment working again after Singapore. To the R.E.s—well done.

SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY NAVAL BASE, DURBAN

Amid the introduction of new signal books, flags, procedures, etc., and a change of name from a "Naval Force" to a "Navy," we make our debut in THE COMMUNICATOR. Perhaps a short history of our Service would not be out of place.

In the piping days of peace before the World War, our Government decided to commission a survey ship and two minesweepers. These ships formed the nucleus of the "South African Naval Service," which was based on Simonstown. This Service was all but abandoned immediately prior to the war and was later reconstituted as the "Seaward Defence Force" during the early days of the war.

The expansion necessitated by the defence requirements during those days brought with it a further change of name to the "South African Naval Forces." As such, we have progressed to our present status, and from 1st July of this year we became the "South African Navy," or "Suid-Afrikaanse Vloot," with a permanent base at Salisbury Island, Durban.

During these formative years, and we do not claim to have left the formative stage, our ships, many of them converted whalers and trawlers during the war, and our personnel, have served in, and visited, many parts of the world. Some of you may remember our orange flash worn on the cuff.

Our Communicators are trained and work on similar lines to those of the Royal Navy. There is no difficulty in working with ships of the R.N. or the other Commonwealth Navies, the basis being a common one. Association with the South Atlantic Station and Squadron is close, and in fact we share many of the communications facilities available in South Africa. The latest of these facilities to be placed on a joint basis is the Signal Training Centre at Simonstown.

Although the "Branch" at the moment is of necessity a small one, we are making progressive steps towards the ideal of bigger and better, and it is hoped that when we next go to press, we shall be able to record further improvements.

We take this opportunity of extending our best wishes for the Festive Season to all other Communicators and, in particular, our oppos. at "Snookey."

SALISBURY ISLAND W/T

This being our first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, I would like to say "greetings and salaams to all fellow-Communicators." There is not very much known of the South African Navy outside South Africa at the moment, and I would like to give you an idea of what goes on behind the scenes as it were. First off, we have a fixed service with Simonstown, and at times we are fairly busy (some would say "quite normal"). As well as the fixed service, we have skeds every two hours with

our Reserve Bases, which are situated in different parts of the country. Between Simonstown and the bases we can quite easily be very busy at times.

We are a licensed amateur radio station with the call sign, ZSS LZ. The station is open to all sparkers who would like to have a bash at working "hams." We have contacted quite a number of different countries and have received QSL cards from behind the "Iron Curtain" among many others. Our cards are displayed in the office and we will soon have a deck-head of variegated colours.

We usually work on 7 mc/s and 13 mc/s and, after a change around, the station is just beginning to get back into its stride again. Well, that is quite enough from me for the first time, so will say "cheerio and happy days."

S.A.N. Tel.

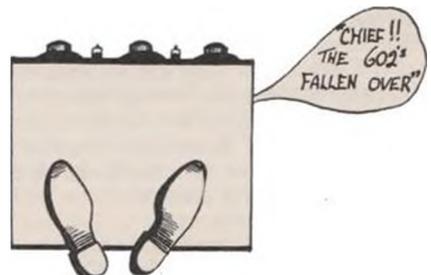
M.S.O. SALISBURY ISLAND

In the past two to three years, since actually taking over Salisbury Island from the Royal Navy, a large improvement has been made in the signal organisation of our Navy. From the point of view of the M.S.O., merely typing one or two copies of perhaps thirty signals per day, we are now in the matured stage of having the noise of typewriters, teleprinters and telephones to make an office equivalent to the average "mad house" of a battleship M.S.O.

A small but quite efficient staff is employed and maintain continuous communication with our "mates" of the R.N. at Simonstown; the whole set up is now shown in S.I. Briefly, we are the Navy Centre of the Union, all traffic being passed through us to Pretoria and Simonstown. The Reserve Bases, having a W/T instructor, are also in the organisation.

The South African Navy generally are keen sportsmen and last season we did very well in the hockey, soccer and Rugby world. The Rugby League champions were the S.A.N., the soccer team (the first season of entry) finished second in the league and won the Chiazzari Cup, and winning promotion to the First Division. The hockey team finished second in their League. Also we have a good fishing club.

This being our first introduction to THE COMMUNICATOR, we would like to wish all Communicators our sincere regards and just say "Howdy" from the M.S.O. Cyphers of S.A.N., Salisbury Island.



To the query, "Where is the *Belfast*?" the answer, as always, is "Off the West Coast" (and not where Jan comes from).

Those Communicators who think they have got the ACP's weighed off—are invited to join us. Once again the Q.F.S. (not an official abbreviation except on this station) is piling on the sea-time and at the time of writing I must include QRM—Gunfire! Our usual routine now appears to be two weeks "out" and two days "in"—we are now "out"—hence the QRM. (listen to the B.B.C.).

The East coast of Korea, our present assignment, has as many varied targets to keep the gunners on their toes (as does the West coast); only yesterday we silenced a shore battery, or so the opsum read.

How those Chiefs at *Mercury*, with their table, chair, wardrobe, mirror and mats will envy us!!! COMMUNICATOR, Summer 1951, "Chief's Chatter" refers.

Now that the Korean winter is approaching one or two comforters and balaclavas from the Wrens at Soberton would be appreciated—or are they fully occupied? You lovely people!

Handed in by our youngest O/Tel. a signal addressed:

F.O.2. i/c FES. ASHORE INFO F.O. 2.i/c FES. AFLOAT FROM F.O.2. i/c FES ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

In conclusion, farewell to our late Signal Officer Lt. Cdr. Shuttleworth (Stand-by Reserve Fleet), and welcome to Lt. Cdr. Paterson, D.S.C., and our thanks to Kranji W/T for making our rest period at Singapore a real make and mend.

P.S.—Q.F.S.: Quick Firing Ship!

8th DESTROYER FLOTILLA

The 8th Destroyer Flotilla, comprising H.M. ships *Cossack* (D.8), *Constance*, *Comus*, *Consort*, *Cockade*, *Concord* and *Charity*, has been playing its part in the Korean war ever since it began in 1950.

Long hours and increased watchkeeping for Communication staffs has been the routine, and spells in Hong Kong or Tokyo comparatively infrequent.

Little opportunity has been had for the Flotilla to work together, except when on the screen of the West Coast Carrier (consisting now of two British and two American Destroyers) and a hectic three weeks near Okinawa when *Cossack*, *Consort*, *Cockade* and *Charity* formed an attack unit for large-scale American A.S.W. exercises.

All ships of the flotilla have either just, or will have shortly, recommissioned. The usual arguments as to how long the paying-off pendant should be have occurred! New staffs find our very American set-up a bit strange to start with, and Mr. F. Morris, the Flotilla C.C.O., has been visiting ships in turn as they work up and attempted to explain to new arrivals such mystic things as "gross breaches."

"alcompacks," "shackle code," "cite numbers," etc., and a fast broadcast.

Lieut. G. H. Mann relieved Lieut. W. H. M. MacKilligan as Flotilla Communications Officer last May.

Good luck and a happy Christmas to all Communicators from "Brittidesfloiteight."

H.M.S. 'GLORY'

(A.C.1 & C.T.E. 95.11)

We are at present in the middle of the last patrol of our first tour of duty in Korean waters. In a few days' time H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, with the 21st Carrier Airgroup embarked, will be taking over the duties of A.C.1. and the British Operational Carrier in the Far East, and our best wishes will be included in the turnover. Whilst the *Sydney* manoeuvres (English spelling) the "Corpen Club" around Point Oboe and becomes acquainted with T.G.95, T.E.'s, Fleact's Japan and Korea, Comcotrons, Comcardivs and Comnavfe, etc., we will be sailing south to Sydney, N.S.W., for rest and refit.

During the past six months, our airgroup, the Flying 14th, have broken every worthwhile record ever set up by an airgroup working from a light fleet carrier; not without loss, eight of the group have found a place in North Korea, "That will be forever England!" For its outstanding work, which included the record of eighty-four sorties on one day in early September, this on the last day of an eight-day patrol, during which we averaged fifty plus, the ship received "Chocolate" Signals from the C-in-C. F.E.S., F.O.2 F.E.S., Vice-Admiral C. T. Joy, U.S.N. (Comnavfe), Vice-Admiral Martin, U.S.N. (Com. 7th Fleet), Rear-Admiral Dyer, U.S.N. (C.T.G. 95) and the First and Fifth Sea Lords respectively.

It naturally follows from all this (of what avail the loaded tube, etc.) that Communicators are kept very busy, and from boy to S.C.O. we all find ourselves working longer hours for longer periods for less shore leave than ever before. The Cryptographic analysis for a patrol often produces some staggering figures (which for security reasons, etc.). The introduction of A.C.P.129 in T.G.95.1 on 7th September commenced smoothly within T.E. 95.11, consisting of R.N. and R.C.N. and U.S. ships, a fairly mixed bag such as the A.C.P.s have been designed for. Ships in company at other times have included Dutch, Australian, New Zealand, United States, Colombian, and many of our own, so that Allied Communications are very much the thing and all A.C.P.s should become effective just as smoothly.

Towards the end of August, typhoon "Marge" upset the normal course of offensive operations and forced all naval units in the Yellow Sea to clear a path for her. Rear-Admiral Scott-Moncrieff was flying his flag in *Glory* at this time, and owing to "Marge" we had a much larger number of ships in company than is usually to be found in these waters, which the Admiral successfully manoeuvred

out of "Marge's" turbulent path.

An additional spot of excitement occurred one day, when we sent one of the U.S. Screening Destroyers to investigate a junk passing close by. This proved to be running war material to the enemy, and so the crew were taken off and the craft set ablaze by gunfire. Some blaze I can assure you, which brought from one Ordinary Sig., an on-the-spot rhyme:

Twinkle, twinkle little junk,
Don't you wish you'd done a bunk,
As you burn upon the water,
For running what you didn't oughter.

"Getting on in the Service."—During the past three months, two Ordinary Tels. have passed for Tel., two Ordinary Sigs. for Sig., others will try again. Two Sigs. and one Tel. visited Hong Kong S.T.C. to qualify for Leading Hand and returned "Q," which gave a certain amount of satisfaction all round as they had been spared without relief, not an easy thing to do in this "Communications War."

In between patrols we manage to catch up with a little football, cricket, boat sailing and hockey. Though nowhere near enough, it all helps to relieve us of our "combat fatigue."

During a transfer at sea, with the *Belfast* alongside, her R.M. Band gave a musical fifteen minutes (our own R.M. Band were busy preparing rockets for the *Sea Furies*), and for our benefit, "Will ye no come back again" and "Waltzing Matilda," just one of the many little incidents that help to brighten up an otherwise monotonous patrol.

By the time you read this we shall probably have had fourteen days station leave "down under" and have commenced working up for the return trip and another tour of duty under the United Nations Flag.

With "Kaesong" in mind, "Peace on earth, good will towards men" and "A Merry Christmas to all Communicators," wherever ye may be.

A. V. S.



HONG KONG H.Q.B.F.

We at Hong Kong are, of course, too busy to spare much time to write this article, the correspon-

dent in particular! Requests for repetitions, checks, M.S.O. Re-dists, etc., buying Christmas parcels for U.K., borrowing money for same, trying to win a Tombola for same, and then packing same . . . well, . . . but even so, we feel that we must rush our contribution for this, the Christmas number, though it may be a small one.

Firstly, may we all send our very best wishes to all Communicators wherever they may be, and wish them a very merry Christmas, and hope that they can obtain their Christmas spirit with the ease that we shall; it is rather a shame that one has to come such a long way to find it.

At the time of writing some biggish changes are in the process of being undertaken. The Far East Broadcast is coming back, if only temporarily, to its rightful home of Hong Kong, and we are also opening up a Fixed Service to Sasebo. It will be a smooth running affair by the time this is in print. We frequently hear from old friends when they come from the Operational Area for a well-earned rest at Hong Kong, and the walls of the China Fleet Club resound to tales of mighty deeds done—oddly enough we then realise we are not the only ones who have work to do.

In the world of football we have just begun the season and have played our first inter-Divisional game, which we are elated to have won 6—1. We are particularly delighted with this result, because we beat the team who were the runners-up to us last season, and are therefore extremely hopeful of continuing the good work and landing the trophy for the third year in succession. We are trying to get our C.P.O. Tel. to resume football, but his excuse is that he is "frightened of his knees." It is perhaps rather unkind that someone suggests "he is too flipping old." Mr. Cobb has been trying to get a boxing team in being and perhaps this will be a fact in the near future.

FLASH—Ldg. Sig. Keane has volunteered to take the lead in forming an "ukkers" team.

Although no trophy has been secured (because there isn't one!) we have done extremely well with our water polo team and have only lost one match in two seasons, and out of the seven players we have had no less than five in the R.N. team in the local league.

There are a number of changes due within the next few months, so we would like to warn the stanchions at Chatham and Devonport to have a clean up on their tropical gear. There are also a number of the Korean War "Veterans" due soon to be relieved. So to all of you—don't forget to bring your soccer boots.

E. S. C.

KRANJI

For the benefit of those who have never been here, those who may be on their way out here for the first time, those who have never heard of the place and those who will surely come out here during their

"sparking" (or, for that matter, "bunting") career—Kranji is situated some twelve miles from the City of Singapore. I would emphasise, at this point, the word "City"—Singapore having but recently been elevated to this dignity by Royal Assent.

"Kranji" (the Malayan word for a rare fruit-tree which once grew abundantly on the present site) is situated on a small hill in the country a few miles outside the naval base, it covers a large area of land strewn with grass, palms, papaya, rubber and many other varieties of strange tropical plant life.

Almost daily the face of Kranji is altering; for what has, since 1935, been strictly a "sparker's" domain, is now undergoing an expansion in order to accommodate our brothers-in-arms, the M.S.O. "buntings," who are expected shortly from Keppel Barracks.

It is estimated that our numbers will be increased from 80 to 120 on this score, in addition the S.T.C. (recently moved from Hong Kong) has been established here, which has meant an increase in population.

This augurs well for the swelling of the Welfare Funds and the general improvement of our sporting activities. Even with its present low complement, Kranji has long given a good account of itself on the football field and topped the Third Division throughout the current season, only to be edged into second place in the final game. However, I would venture to prophesy that, ere long, Kranji will be fielding a team to compare with Singapore's standard of First Division football.

Here, now, a word or two in the ears of the many who know Kranji of old:

Gone are the days of Nissen hut accommodation. A brand new building has sprung up on the foundations of the old Nissens, and is occupied by the Malayan Police and Asian Operators. The two buildings, which were originally occupied by the Asians, have been renewed, redecorated and reaccommodated by "A" and "C" watches.

"Rose Cottage" (the once dilapidated spectre) has now been rejuvenated and stands spick-and-span awaiting occupation as a "Chief and P.Os. Mess."

It is "in the wind" that Dockyard are soon to start work on the extension of the C.R.R. This will entail the pulling down of one or two walls. A tall order! For when one talks of walls at Kranji, one thinks in terms of four feet of solid concrete!

The C.R.R., completed in 1941, was built to be bomb-proof, having a roof and walls of thick concrete. It is an interesting point, in passing, that the Japanese, during the occupation, used this building for communication with the Japanese Fleet, and in order to camouflage it from the air, they piled earth on the roof and grew tapioca and bananas on it!

Another building (so dear to the hearts of all "Kranjis") which is shortly to undergo a transformation is the "Kranji-Club." This is also to be extended and, in addition, a bar installed. I need hardly enlarge upon the virtues and many assets of such an improvement! So fast, in fact, are the improvements going forward that it appears that one

leading hand had to spend the night in the heads, that same room having been his cabin before he went on afternoon watch!

It may be said that with all these prevailing and forthcoming changes, Kranji, with its new Commanding Officer, Lt. Cdr. D. R. E. Calf, D.S.C., R.N., looks to the future with an air of optimism.

We all join in wishing Lt. Cdr. Ridler the best of luck in his new appointment at home.

H.M.S. "JASEUR"

29th September, 1951, marked the first anniversary of the commissioning of H.M.S. *Jaseur*, flotilla leader of the Sixth Minesweeping Flotilla. Three more ships were in commission by the New Year, and the job of bringing these ships together to form an efficient force was well under way by February. It meant plenty of exercising and sea-time and the Communication branch were well to the fore—especially the V/S ratings.

March brought a trip from Singapore to Hong Kong for more minesweeping exercises under far more pleasant climatic conditions and in different waters. The stay lasted for six weeks and everybody enjoyed the change of atmosphere and scenery after the long months of seeing only the shapes of workshops in Singapore naval base. On the return journey a visit was paid to Saigon, where N.A.T.O. exercises were carried out with the French fleet. This proved to be very helpful to both Fleets and also amusing, especially during the voice exercises. The French provided good entertainment for us during our visit and a good time was had by all (only two were lost to the foreign legion, but they have since returned and paid the price). The French naval units sailed in company with the flotilla, and on reaching the open sea the ships paired off and did individual exercises which were quite successful. We then sailed to Singapore to take up the new appointment of Malayan Coast Patrol.

The first patrol took us first to Kota Bharu in North-East Malaya and the ship provided a contingent for the King's Birthday parade in which the P.O.Tel. had the role of "Sister Anna." From there the ship proceeded to patrol the East Coast, searching suspicious looking craft and generally scaring the wits out of would-be gun-runners and opium smugglers.

In between patrols more minesweeping exercises took place, also Admiral's inspection of the flotilla at sea and of individual ships in harbour. The Communication branch came through the inspection with flying colours which was achieved by much hard work on everybody's part.

In July the ship proceeded to patrol off the Borneo coast in search of pirates, the first port of call being Jesselton where a portable transceiver was embarked for fitting into a padunkun (small junk, used by the people of Borneo for fishing and carrying cargo). This was fitted at Tawau and a trial run was arranged

for the following day; a look of dismay appeared on the P.O. Tel.'s face when informed that he was to accompany the District Police Officer on the trip. The day arrived with rather a heavy sea for "small" ships and the little party went aboard armed with Bren guns, Stens and rifles and plenty of ammunition in case of emergency. The communication test proved very satisfactory, a good standard of voice communication being maintained the whole time. No pirates were encountered and the party returned aboard looking as though they had spent a day at Brighton. The last place visited was Labuan and then back to Singapore.

A large, full-scale war exercise was then carried out by the whole flotilla which had been brought up to five ships by the commissioning of H.M.S. *Lioness*; H.M.S. *Lisander* has now joined us to become the sixth member of the flotilla. Full co-operation was given by the R.A.F. and we had three days' minesweeping under war-time conditions.

October brings the ship's annual refit and the programme after that is not known, but we are all hoping for a few more interesting trips in addition to maintaining the minesweeping efficiency that has been attained during the first year of the commission.

SINGAPORE MAIN SIGNAL CENTRE

We have now got used to the idea of war inside N.H.Q. and peace without, and during our "snowed under" periods we wonder why there are not more of us to do the work, and then in our fairly quiet periods we wonder why there are so many of us.

The well-worn expression "life goes on much the same" seems to have applied over the past three months. There has been one major change in that Commander Kennard was relieved by Commander Horne; others have crept quietly away without relief and left little gaps which we have found it very difficult to fill.

The long-awaited transfer from Keppel Barracks to Kranji has not materialised yet. Some of the more selfish ones among us hope that it never will, but plans for the transfer are now in course of preparation and it now looks as though we will have shifted house by the end of the year.

In anticipation of the move to Kranji, Keppel Barracks gave a "Farewell Dance" at the Shackle Club on 1st October. It was a howling success, of course, and the committee and N.A.A.F.I. are to be congratulated on the arrangements made. We could not have done better if we had hired the Raffles Hotel for the evening.

In the sports world we have held our own quite comfortably. The Ruby enthusiasts seem to be even more enthusiastic after acquiring a few scars, and although we have nothing to write home about in the hockey department, the season is young and we'll show 'em yet.

Now is the time for seasonal greetings, and in

wishing our brethren everywhere A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year we think especially of those Communicators "Up North" from here.

H.M.S. "UNICORN"

This being *Unicorn's* first entry into THE COMMUNICATOR, it would be fitting to cover her past (briefly) two years' activities.

The ship sailed from Devonport on 22nd September, 1949, and eventually arrived at Singapore on Trafalgar Day *that year* (despite the long term she spent "UP THE TROT").

After spending six months at or around Singapore, she went up to Japan on the cruise (peaceful mission). On return to Singapore the "BUZZ ABOUT GOING TO GUZZ" came true, the majority of the Communications Staff were exchanged with "time-expired men" from the station (L.F.S.). The ship sailed, bound for the North, not so peaceful a mission, and so the ship entered a new sphere of life, and these were some of the duties:

H.M.S. "UNICORN"	} All of the same line. (drips from the L.F.S.)
FORT UNICORN	
UNICORN CASTLE	
WAVE UNICORN	

And she has continued to run on the same "tram-lines," except for the occasional bit of excitement: such as the first aircraft carrier to bombard the coast of Korea.

In the sporting world the Communications carried away the hockey inter-Part trophy, which was extremely creditable considering the small number there were to select a team from (twenty-two).

As the majority of the original *Unicorn* Communication ratings will be at home (I hope) when this edition goes into print, may we "strugglers-on" wish them all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and enjoy your well-earned leave." "SAYONARA."

VOICE ? R/T ? R.T? VOICE ?

There's the Basic Message Format and the Diagram Schematic,

Yes, these and other Yankee terms are now quite automatic:

But when the O.T.C. maneuvers with the signal of his choice,

We don't know how to execute, by R/T or by Voice?

We know the color of our flags, we've spelt center right at last,

We've learned to do a rum and coke and found out how to cast;

But when we've written R/T with oblique stroke or a slant,

We read the latest A.F.O. and find out that we can't.

We know our electronics, we keep watch on T.C.P. We take our orders like a lamb from any O.T.C.; But, to those who are deciding (if it isn't too unkind), Between the terms R.T. and Voice; Oh! Please make up your mind.

JOURNEY INTO PARADISE

Attention all you married men! There must have been a time in your life when you have wished to get away from everything. To get away from that harpie who haggles and nags from dawn to dusk. To get away from that aged harridan, who, by some strange trick of fate, has been bestowed on you as a "mother-in-law." Yes, this is but a thought that has come to many of us long-suffering husbands.

Quite recently, however, two Yeomen of H.M.S. *Glory* brought this thought into reality. They went for a short leave into one of the lesser frequented parts of Japan. 'Tis said that they went in search of local colour and a rest from the rigours of the Korean Campaign. On subsequent interrogation we can but assume they had a surfeit of one and nothing of the other! Perhaps you would like to hear the story from one of these lucky and now much-envied Communicators.

"When this leave was offered us, both my fellow-Yeoman and myself jumped at the opportunity. After six months of arduous duty in Korean and Japanese waters, we were rapidly becoming candidates for 'battle fatigue!' So, with this thought in mind, we applied to spend a few days at a little Japanese town called Matsuyama. Here, we thought, there would be peaceful surroundings, prodigious amounts of sleep and copious quantities of beer. In fact, all that any self-respecting 'veteran' could hope for. As yet, we knew of nobody who had been there before, and it was to be very much of a venture into the unknown. As it eventually turned out, Matsuyama was an all-too-brief venture into paradise.

"Hidden away in the Inland Sea, and well off the beaten track, it might discourage the ordinary casual visitor. But bringing forth hitherto undreamt powers of tenacity, we were determined to find it at all costs.

"So, very early one fine morning (i.e. before colours!!) we found ourselves on board a Navy-commandeered Jap tug in search of the Inland Sea ferry-boat, which was known to be going to the island of our choice. Eventually it was seen and we transhipped at some convenient landing place. From then on it was a lazy journey around the many islands of the Inland Sea. This has often been called the "most beautiful sea in the world," and it is easy to see why. Islands, large and small, dotted the sea in a profusion as glorious as stars on the cloth of night. Whether large or small, these rugged landfalls had two things in common—their rocky foreshores and the mantles of trees that carpeted the island tops with a crown of green. Some of them had felt to a varying degree the heavy hand of man as he waged his struggle for a livelihood, but most were as wild as the ages.

"Our ferry-boat threaded its self-important way amongst these islands, calling now and then at tiny landing stages to pick up more passengers, or maybe to get in a fresh cargo. It was easy to see that the

arrival of the ferry was a major interest in the daily lives of these island-bound people. As soon as we turned the headlands, people began to drift down to the jetty. Probably to see whom and what the boat was bringing them. After a short turn-round that many a shipowner in the U.K. would envy, the ship's loudspeaker would play a final skirl of music to the crowds, and the ship would slide astern into deeper water.

"Some three hours after leaving the *Glory*, our ferry-boat nosed its way alongside for the last time. With the farewell strains of Japanese music in our ears, we left the ship and settled down in the carriage of an electric train that stood waiting. Within a few moments we were off again, this time bound for the town of Matsuyama. It took some thirty minutes to reach this place, so you can see how large our particular island was. Here we discovered ourselves to be in the town centre, and still a street-car ride from the intended destination.

"At last we fell out at a station with the curious name of 'Dogo.' This was it! Our hotel turned out to be like any other hotel in Japan. Single storied and with much polished woodwork. The rooms were inordinately large and carpeted overall by closely woven rice straw. Furniture was virtually negligible, as it consisted only of a toylike dressing table and a larger lacquered table which was only a foot or so high. From this table we came to devour many an excellently cooked steak, etc., whilst sitting on cushions that later performed sterling service as after-dinner sleep-enticers! At night it is the Japanese custom to take one's ease on a quilt mattress placed on the floor. It is but the thought of a few seconds to realise why the Japanese don't bother much with high ceilings. Their floors are infinitely comfortable! For those who would be friends with Bacchus, there is the additional relief of never falling out of bed!

"The many corridors that ran through the house occasionally opened out into the inevitable ornamental garden, with its rockery and fishpond that contained the grandfathers of all goldfish. To all you doubters and mocking birds, I hasten to add that this extremely desirable residence had all the other mod. cons., even though they were a little quaint.

"The food, cooked in Western fashion, was par excellence. Perhaps a rather unexpected touch was the service provided. Maybe it was because we had both received general approbation, but one maid insisted on doing battle with the beef steaks herself, and fed the lucky Yeoman mouthful by mouthful. Whilst her 'Lord' leaned back in luxury, she even poured the coffee into his mouth, and waited for his nod before moving the cup away! This was the life we had joined for! The sort of life the recruiting posters hinted at, but which up to now had been an unfulfilled dream. In no time at all we pushed out all thoughts of our other life, and settled down into this new one. Some forty minutes away from Dogo, on

the train, there was an excellent sandy beach, but who could waste forty minutes plus with these pleasures so near at hand? At first we were rather disconcerted by the Japanese customs of not wearing shoes inside a dwelling house, and the quietness thereto, but this shyness soon wore off.

"For our other entertainment there were a variety of beer parlours and cabarets, all containing their quota of beautiful hostesses, whose sole function appeared to be to brighten the immediate horizon and lifting glasses to the mouths of their reclining patrons. Not too far away were the neon-lighted and superbly appointed Geisha houses. Outside each were numbers of immaculately coiffeured girls, each in national dress, trying her best to lure Jolly Jack into her palace of pleasure.

"Amongst these happy surroundings we wished there were more than twenty-four hours in a day. There was so much to be enjoyed that our days were all too short. This was the real Japan as it has been for centuries, and unmarked by the advent of the occupation. These people were happy to see a Westerner, and seemed to derive great pleasure in exacting a smile or a few words of Japanese.

"Our nights were spent in the time-honoured fashion and, just as inevitably, so were the mornings after! After one of these hectic evenings, the perfect antidote was discovered for one who has wine and dined not unwisely, but too well. It was an hour or so in the local 'hot spot.' This was a form of public bath, where the segregated sexes bathed in almost boiling sulphur water! Apparently years ago it was the custom of non-segregation, but this is regrettably not so now. Here, for the equivalent of 2½d., we divested ourselves of any aches and pains, and emerged into the cooler world somewhat pinker, but otherwise new men.

"Alas! these joys were not to last and all too soon it came time for us to begin the long, unwelcome journey back to our ship. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and can but suggest that as a paradise for downtrodden husbands we know no equal or better. In fact, it is our earnest wish to once again take that long, long journey before we go home."

Well, that's their story!!! All you need now is a ticket to the F.E.S. and good luck. As for me, I'm mugging up on a Japanese phrase book till my request is approved!!!

K. P. W.

Question: Write brief notes on the Emergency Crypto Channel.

Answer: This channel would be used, for example, on a raft or in a boat after the ship had been sunk.

* * * *

Paraphrase is a means of

Chopping up a message in two parts, thus taking out the most important part.



WIRELESS WORLD DIARY, 1952. Hiffe & Sons Ltd.
Price 6s. 1½d., leather binding; 4s. 3½d., rexine.

Once again Hiffe & Sons Ltd. have produced the "Wireless World Diary", and not before time, for the dog-eared condition of the reviewer's 1951 copy proves how often it has been useful.

The whole value of any diary lies, not in the diary part itself—which is fairly standard for any competent publishers—but in the information contained in the preface. The "Wireless World Diary" is particularly valuable in this respect, for it contains a surprising amount and variety of the kind of material which is of immediate practical use and which would normally take hours of research to unearth.

The technical data was compiled by the staff of "Wireless World", and ranges from the base connections of some 670 valves to such things as wire tables, coil design, abacs, etc. Altogether it is a very satisfying production.

It may be noted in passing that the changes from last year's Diary consist of the dropping of the review of the Wireless Telegraphy article (one of the few things which the reviewer had never read, anyhow) and the inclusion of a note on the particular marking of "grade I" resistors.

RADIO VALVE DATA, Published by "Wireless World",
Dorset House, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.
Price 3s. 6d. (postage 4d.). Size D4to (11 × 8½).

This is a new edition of a well-known reference book which has been brought right up to date. The products of eighteen British manufacturers, as well as the standard American valves, are tabulated according to their type and function, and there is an excellent index, so that even those who are used to handling American valves can find their way without difficulty through the almost incomprehensible jumble produced by the British valve industry. Over 100 cathode ray tubes are also listed.

All the characteristics required for any normal (and most of the abnormal) uses of each valve are given in a clear and concise manner; things like physical dimensions, which are very rarely needed, are left out for sheer lack of space.

For anyone who, like the reviewer, has to use British valves—even occasionally—this book is undoubtedly worth its weight in gold.

MEDITERRANEAN

H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

Since our last contribution we in *Euryalus* have not been idle. On relief at Bahrein by *Mauritius* on 6th June, we steamed back to Malta where the dockyard took over, and in three weeks of feverish activity prepared us for our second visit to the Persian Gulf. Upper deck showers were installed and table fans issued to messes which seemingly gave the world to understand the *Euryalus* was "air-conditioned!"—a sad misnomer.

Thus prepared, and with the Flag-deck sporting a brand new awning, we sailed from Grand Harbour on 9th July, bound for Abadan; no date had been given as to our return, a point not missed and much mourned by the "natives."

"Gared-up" in the Suez Canal a week later we had a brief visit for our "Chummy" Regiment, the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers, then stationed at Moascar. On this occasion we exchanged sober greetings, time and place being inappropriate for the customary L.F.-*Euryalus* "obligation" to become inebriated when in company! As we cast off to continue our passage the last audible comment was to the effect that we would be b— lucky to get back to Malta via the Suez!

On 21st July we entered the Shatt-Al-Arab, and by 0845 that morning had completed the "turn-over" from *Mauritius*, observed with regret her stern disappearing round the bend, and settled down to our vigil off Abadan. We had with us the Persian



... turned over M.S.O. to "Mauritius"

minesweeper *Palang* (ex-H.M.S. *Fly*) as potential opposition.

With the exception of forty-eight hours at Basra we "sweated it out" off the oil port for eight weeks in a temperature averaging 115 degrees and, occasionally, in such a degree of humidity that to take a deep breath put one in danger of drowning! Climatically it was most unpleasant, the "date ripening" wind, prevalent in August, being the bane of our existence.

We Communicators were shaken from a state of coma to one of chaos, but within twenty-four hours, in true *Euryalus* fashion, even the chaos was "organised"—"covering chits" which "covered" everything made their appearance, we could actually hear Ceylon on VAs and the MSO watched, not without misgivings, our crypto return jump from a pleasant minimum to the quarter of a million group mark!

A "break" in the form of one bottle of beer per man was issued at 1800 each evening. Iraqi boys in frail home-made boats fought gallantly for the "empties" and willingly rendered songs from their somewhat limited English repertoire (principal among which was "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep!") as compensation! Their handling of the ramshackle craft was remarkable, even so, more than one bottle, regretfully ditched from the upper deck, broke upon a brown head during the course of our visit!

Sport was out of the question, but the entertainment committee rose to the occasion with a f'c'sle Ukker competition, whist drives and a first-class concert party in which P.O. Tel. "Caruso" Hakin's rendering of "Napolitano" and "Violetta" received a deserved ovation.

It was without regret that we turned over "M.S.O. Abadan" to H.M.S. *Mauritius* on 15th September and steamed at a steady 25 knots to join the Medi-



"Crypto—Abadan Style"

FIFTH FRIGATE FLOTILLA

Before starting on a brief but eventful review of the life of the Fifth Frigate Flotilla, I would like to correct the misapprehension under which the Hon. Ed. was labouring when he mentioned us in the last number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* as belonging to the Home Fleet. We are all very proud of our "dates left U.K." and our Riviera tans and would take this opportunity of emphasising our allegiance to the Med. Fleet. (Hon. Ed. please note.)

So much for that; the Yeomen and P.O.Tels. of the Flotilla made the Flotilla Communication Officer's life unbearable while that blot remained on our escutcheon!

(Humble apologies—Ex. Hon. Ed.)

By the time the Christmas number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* is in print, we shall have one year in. We were formed in October, 1950, and consisted in those days of two Black Swans and two Lochs. Since then our numbers have risen and fallen, like the flags on our yardarms, until now we have five ships, only two of which can claim to be "originals." However, we appear to be fairly settled at last (except *Surprise*, who can still not definitely decide which flotilla she likes best!).

Regarding our history since October. We're very proud of our sporting achievements, so let's take them first. *Peacock* won the Fleet Tug-of-War with a team which was very ably coached by C.P.O. Tel. Noyes, while the flotilla won the inter-Flotilla Pulling Regatta Cup, *Peacock* winning the Destroyer Command Cock. In Hockey our flotilla team managed to get into the semi-finals before being torpedoed by the first S.M.F. As for our Water Polo team, it includes no less than three Yeomen and one P.O. Tel.!

We're also proud of our cruising, having visited ports in France, Greece, Turkey, Transjordan, Egypt, Italy, Cyprus, Crete and Gibraltar during 1951. As for our linguists—they reckon that having exercised as a flotilla with the Greek, French, Egyptian and Italian Navies, the new books should hold no worries for them!

Now for our communications. Well, there are better men than me to comment on them. At least our telegrams always manage to get through, which is, after all, the main thing.

May we close this brief account of ourselves by saying that we hope to meet you all again in the next edition of *THE COMMUNICATOR* and take the opportunity of wishing all Communicators everywhere a very happy Christmas (and don't forget our reliefs!) from seventy-odd key bashers and halliard haulers of the Fifth F.F.



"... more than one bottle."

terranean Fleet units at Istanbul ten days later; in a temperature almost 80 degrees below that to which the upper-deck had been subjected in the "Shatt," and with unlimited scope for "self-indulgence," a good time was had by all during the four-day visit.

Euryalus is now back in Malta about to undergo her annual refit. The soccer, rugby and hockey teams are getting in some practice, we hope, therefore, to record many Communication successes for inclusion in our next article.

Staff Changes.—Yeoman Holdsworth left us early in July for the Malayan Naval Force and Yeoman Martin for U.K. (Foreign Service expired), their places have been taken by L/Sig. Fleming and Yeoman Pemberton respectively. P.O.Tel. Tinkler has been "elevated to the peerage" and now sports brass buttons on his sleeves, he too will be leaving us shortly for U.K.

In conclusion, we would like to send our condolences to Yeoman Hall on the staff of S.N.O.P.G., whose acquaintance we made in Abadan. Half-a-hundredweight of "Prickly Heat" powder and a drum of "Izal" are being despatched to him by the next trooping carrier.

J. R. W.

ETNOS.

FIRST DESTROYER FLOTILLA

Having spent some seven weeks at that well-known seaside resort, the Persian Gulf, the Communicators of the First Destroyer Flotilla think that their friends may be interested to hear how they "enjoyed" themselves.

Arriving at Malta on Friday, 13th July, after the First Summer Cruise, it was only natural that bad news was awaiting—that we must be prepared to sail after the week-end for an unknown destination. The natives could hardly believe their ears! However, on Tuesday it actually happened and we began our trek of some 5000 miles to the Shatt-el-Arab (That really *is* its name.)

From one operational command to another we sped, making ourselves warlike *en passant*: the sparkers fitting their gasmasks, the buntings polishing their pet oerlikons, until one day we became part and parcel of the Persian Gulf Division and added more chaos to the already overworked wave, P.G.W.!

South of the river the humidity was intense, rising frequently to 96 per cent. V.S. watch had to be cut to a minimum to avoid unnecessary exertion, a step which must have been the cause for the air-conditioned sparkers putting their noses still higher in the air.

On our way to Basra, we passed *Euryalus* at Abadan. Our "oppos." there did a first-class job dealing with an immense volume of traffic under extremely trying conditions which included no shore leave whatsoever. Opposite her was the Persian *Palang*, an ex-Algerine; she used to go to Action Stations at the slightest provocation and maintained continuous look-out from the crow's-nest. It was always worth coming on deck at the changing of watches merely to see the look-out's relief climb up there to shake his chum before taking over!

Further up river the weather was better. At Basra it was hotter maybe, but much dryer, and the R.A.F. swimming pool was a godsend. All of us not on watch would go there in the forenoon and just soak, while in the afternoon, after a siesta, cricket might be played in a sun temperature of 160 degrees. Our S.C.O. was heard to remark one day that "Only mad dogs and signalmen go out in a Basra sun."

We also learnt a lot about propagation—QSA2—QRK2 being given from thirty to forty miles away when using TBL. Useful VHF trials were also carried out with the local Vampire squadron.

But at last the sad day came when we had to say good-bye to those things most dear to our hearts—the daily dozen (salt tablets)—the steaming glasses of beer—the delicious blasts of red hot air, and last but not least, our beloved Shatt.

Never before have we looked forward so much to meeting the Third D.F. as we did on 13th September, the day when they began relieving our flotilla, but I

think they were slightly mystified by a large banner on the side of *Chequers*—
ABA DAN GOOD TIME. KU WEIT AND SEE
WHAT I MENA.

H.B.N.M. "GREECE"

As far as I know the B.N.M. *Greece* has never before sent a contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, but it has been on our minds for some time and we have felt guilty at not sending a little help to our Magazine.

The Mission has a staff of four Communication ratings: 1 C.P.O. Tel., 1 C.Y.S., and 2 Tels. The two chiefs are borne primarily for instructions with the R.H.N., whilst the Tels. work MC broadcast and shore-shore for outward traffic.

The Greek Signal School is at the moment suffering as we did in R.N.B. before the war, but by early next month they will have their own School at Skaramanger (near Salamis Island), the latter being the base of the R.H.N. The new school will be a very lovely building, but I cannot go into any details at the moment as it is still under construction. I notice, however that it has a number of Leydene ideas and the courses are based on ours. Unfortunately, the language difficulty prevents us from doing much personal instruction, so we work with Commanders Psyllas and Zervos and Lt. Cmdrs. Stathakis and Papassfakis who are all Long Course Leydene.

The Communication ratings generally are very keen to learn and do well in their exercises and manoeuvres, they have a large number of conscripts in their Navy though, and therefore their junior rates are a bit of a problem. They no sooner get them trained up before their period of service is over and another batch arrives.

Our chief difficulty is on voice circuits, but I don't think we should criticise them too much on this point; after all, how would we get on if we spoke Greek instead of English?

Things are rather unsettled at the moment, as now that Greece has joined N.A.T.O. their books will be changed for the third time since 1945, and it looks as though the American Mission will do most of this work. Also their ships are now American and the British ships on loan to them are being returned. As far as we know at the present we will be responsible for their training, but our future seems somewhat uncertain. In the sporting world we cannot do much on our own, but the Communicators are always well represented in the Mission teams.

MALTA M.S.O.

It is not easy to talk of events in Malta M.S.O. as life is much the same from day to day, and month to month. The traffic graph continues to rise, but recently it has been eclipsed by the rainfall graph which, to everyone's great relief, has at long last stopped its spectacular rise. During this rain we have seen some weird and wonderful sights. The tunnel was transformed into a river joining a whirlpool

at one end and the wardroom area turned into a lake at the other, not to mention a second Niagara Falls to F.O.M.s offices below. Perhaps the best sight was the officer who arrived in bare feet and umbrella, but he was wiser than many who had to brave the torrential showers in nothing but tropical rig. "Once bitten twice dry" was quickly the motto, and the watch on began to appear in sea-boots, oilskins and every other rough weather article in their possession. All this is just by way of telling the Fleet that the advantages of shore life are at times dubious, not that we expect them to believe it.

Meanwhile within the M.S.O. itself we have seen many changes of personalities, foremost being those of Chief Yeomen Jennings and Fisher, who have been replaced by Chief Yeomen Wallbank and Farmer. In the cypher rooms there is a non-stop procession caused sometimes by the regular reliefs, but all too often by the continual high standard of beauty which brings its inevitable matrimonial toll. The most recent casualties were P.O. Wren Stuart and Ldg. Wren Edmonds. At the time of going to press the conversation in the cypher room seems to be centred on the Communicators' Dance, and in particular who will be duty and what to wear. The men can be grateful that no such similar indecision and worry about dress is in store for them.

In the meantime, at the other end of the M.S.O. the Ship-Shore and NATO circuit operators are rapidly becoming linguists, a fact particularly noticeable during harassing moments, and the P.O.O.W.s are still waiting to win the "Jackpot" on the fruit machine. It is rumoured that four slants will win this Jackpot, but even then the winner has to find the donor. Could it be F.C.O.2?

Finally, we would like to place on record:

"The ship who called with an indefinite call-sign to ask whether three broadcast coddress messages affected her."

"The American sailor who, on meeting a Wren wearing the new 'Commander-in-Chief' cap ribbon, was heard to remark, 'Gee, you ain't kiddin, you ain't really the Commander-in-Chief.'"

H.M.S. "MANXMAN"

Still being a comparatively newly commissioned ship, we have not collected much news for the Magazine, but I'm sure a few lines will help.

The ship commissioned at Chatham on 2nd July, 1951, after hurriedly being taken out of reserve—the state of the wireless office proved how quickly the dockies moved.

Fortunately, after a lot of teething trouble, we are just getting our heads above water. The ship had a few trials at Portsmouth, Portland and Scotland before paying a welcome visit to the Isle of Man. As this ship is the namesake as well as the adopted ship of the island's inhabitants there were numerous grippo outings. The staff's biggest drip were the twenty-four off-watchkeepers on Sunday when all

the bars were closed.

We sailed from Pembroke Dock on 9th September for Gib., settling down to BN's for the trip and tasting our first part of the Med., when we transferred to Mikes.

It was pleasant sailing, once inside the Med., until the day of our arrival at Malta—unexpectedly at this time of the year it rained, which only damped the aerials and Yeoman Prentice's spirits. Since being at Malta the weather has been exceptionally bad, though it did not deter the ship from its usual working-up programme—thankfully the staff is well seasoned and stood up to the numerous exercises that were showered on us.

In our third week of working up, the ship was rushed away to Tripoli to stand by to take the Grenadier Guards to Egypt; this move was not at all popular to the few natives on board; nevertheless we stayed at Tripoli for a week testing the N.A.A.F.I. beer, etc. We embarked about 140 Guards and took them to Tobruk, moving on after disembarking them to assist the *Gambia* at Port Said in the task of handling British merchant ships in and out of the canal. We have been overwhelmed with Crypto work for the size of our staff; we are not the ZNN champs. yet so we leave you sweating it out with De Kessops.

H.M.S. "LIVERPOOL"

August saw the beginning of the second Summer Cruise which entailed a number of new scenes for *Liverpool*—Corfu and the Greek Islands were familiar places, of course, likewise Cyprus, where we got in quite a lot of exercise. The exercise period called for a concerted effort from the Communication Branch, even to the extent of landing a "Fire Fighting Communication Party" again. Luckily the blaze was of only a minor nature and no haggard, smoke-begrimed operators and duty sets returned on board.

From Cyprus we made the much-publicised visit to Split, where was landed the inevitable "shorelink." The local inhabitants eyed us with some suspicion when we landed the portable, but as it was set up in the British Consulate, on the balcony overlooking the harbour, we were free of the usual curious crowds of spectators. The Consulate staff were most effusive in their welcome and treated us well during the time we were encamped there. The highlight of the visit, of course, was the inspection of the ship's company by Marshal Tito, already much described in the home newspapers and periodicals.

On to old stamping grounds, namely Naples, where some of the staff were fortunate enough to get a couple of days' station leave which they spent in the ever-beautiful Isle of Capri.

Retracing our steps, as it were, our next port of call was Istanbul. For the most part a new port to add to the list of places visited. Landing the portable again gave two or three ratings the opportunity to exchange views with the harbour police, as we set up in the Liaison Office on the jetty. My, but it gets cold there at night!

Back at Malta once more but only for one day, as *Symphonie Deuk* was imminent and we had to rendezvous with the French and Canadian ships at San Raphael. Then followed two crowded weeks of exercises which called for another big effort from us all. The brightest periods, of course, were the week-ends when all ships put into port; *Liverpool* was fortunate in being given Villefranche as an anchorage, though no doubt ships' companies berthed at Nice, Golfe Juan and Mentone will think themselves equally lucky. Communications during the exercises were, in the main, very good.

An almost tearful farewell to the Cote D'Azur paved the way for a rough crossing to Malta, where many were glad to be "Home" again, whilst others pined for the gayer *bonhomie* of our last ports of call.

There were some long faces after only one day back though, when we were on top lines for a quick departure, but all's well again with the receipt of a "NEGATIVE TARE QUEEN." (Old Books!!)

H.M.S. "RICASOLI"

Although writing our contribution to the Christmas number, we are still only partly through the Mediterranean summer, but fortunately have been lucky this year, being blessed with a cool and even rainy one. This has proved most acceptable, especially with regard to the new Admiralty Policy of flying out reliefs, who have not unduly felt the heat on arrival.

We have been kept pleasantly busy with plenty of young aspirants to fame, and there has been no shortage of classes, most of whom have shown quite good results in their struggle.

With regard to sport, we have at least acquitted ourselves honourably, and in some have excelled.

It has been a great year for sailing, and regular week-end expeditions to Comino and Gozo have been carried out. Fortunately, with no casualties, apart from one crew who had two successive runs of bad luck, firstly being lost at sea for thirty-six hours, and secondly by losing their boat on the rocks at Bahar-ic-caq. Both times they were under the able (?) command of Telegraphist Peacock. No doubt the experience gained was well worth the escapades!

Landing (Ban-Yan) exercises have also been carried out on the baked beaches at Cominetto.

We are very lucky to have the Fleet Bathing Centre right on our doorstep—and excellent use has been made of this, together with the gaily coloured sunshades and "music while you swim."

Now we have the soccer season to look forward to. Already we are relaying the soft gravel pitch in eager anticipation.

In conclusion, may we take this opportunity to send to *Mercury* and all other Signal Training Centres our wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

N.L.O. TRIESTE

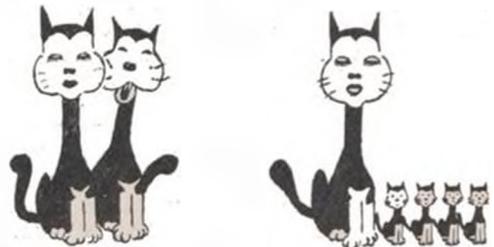
From our one-roomed shack, which is teashop-cum-M.S.O.-cum-W/T Office, we (P.O. Tel. & 2) send greetings to all readers of *THE COMMUNICATOR*. In the following paragraphs we hope to be able to provide a picture of our "goings-on" here, in this, the first Trieste article ever to appear in this Magazine.

Although only a small station, the daily buzz of GYZ/8/10 continues to drum our earphones, helping us to while away our time. The only other occasions we are in contact with the outside world, apart from IMI's and ZDK's which we try to keep to a minimum, is when ships of the Med. Fleet pay us a visit. The other side of our work is mainly concerned with the Army and consists of exercises which entail rigging a 3-tonner with a 19 set and spending our time around Trieste establishing communications with Army trucks similarly rigged. Relations on the whole generally run smoothly, but of course differences of opinion do arise which are usually "ironed out." We also take part in all troop shipping movements by providing a communication link between Navy and Army authorities.

As for sporting activities these are very few and far between. During September we played our one and only cricket match of the season against an Army XI. Difficulty was encountered in our attempts to raise a team, but with the help of our Italian driver, NLO's cook and the two telegraphists from A.O.B.R.A. this was overcome. Needless to say, we lost. It is our intention to get some early "net" practice in for next year's game which should help us to turn the tables in our favour. As regards soccer, so far this season we remain unbeaten (having yet to play our first game). This record we hope to maintain throughout.

We hope for the next few months the forecast will remain fair. We might add that no vacancies will occur for some time!!

In closing, we wish all Communicators a Very Merry Christmas wherever you may be.



"Combined Operations!"

H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

Our previous correspondent having left us for fresh fields, volunteers for the job were called for, and there being no lack of these, the task fell, as usual, on—you guess who!

After being delayed by fog for twenty-four hours in Devonport (much to the delight of the natives—or most of them, anyway), we slipped and proceeded on 5th September to carry out a deck-landing training period. This lasted for three weeks, during which we had a Dutch squadron with us, and a very nice crowd they were.

On Monday, 24th September, we left Portsmouth for our first day of "Shopwindow." For those who have experienced the delights of this little game, it is futile to add further comment. For the uninitiated—you don't know what you've got to come! We had four days of it and entertained—we hope—the Ordnance Board on Monday, the R.A.F. Staff College on Tuesday, Foreign Attaches on Wednesday, and finished up on Thursday with members of both Houses of Parliament. Quite an interesting, if strenuous, week.

And now came a welcome break in our somewhat monotonous job. We embarked 826 Squadron and sailed for Gibraltar and Malta, exercising the said Squadron *en route*. As your correspondent has not been that way for almost—I nearly slipped up there—for a long time, it was quite a nice change to renew acquaintance with bottles of "blue" and the delights of Valetta and Sliema. The opportunity was taken to top up with "rabbits" of all descriptions, and if everyone is honest, H.M. Customs and Excise should have quite a nice little haul on our arrival back in U.K.

We met our late C.C.O., Mr. Froud, who appears to be very happy and contented in the S.T.C., and who was heard to say he did not mind if it lasted five years.

After a short stay we embarked 827 Squadron for passage home, so that now we had a squadron of Fireflies and one of Firebrands. We were supposed to exercise both these whilst on passage back to Gibraltar, but the weather was against us and nothing very much was possible. In fact, it was the worst weather I'd experienced since joining the ship fifteen months ago. (Who said "draft chit"?) A number of the staff suffered from *mal-de-mer*, but we got by.

Before reaching Gibraltar we joined up with the Home Fleet to take part in an attack on the Rock. Our task was air strikes on various parts of it, and on completion we did a spot of carrier drill in company, thus giving our V.S. department a chance to rotate the axis and do such-like queer things that Buntings love to do! It appears that we came through this ordeal very well, as the Captain told the Signal Officer at Divisions on Saturday that we'd done a good job—not even getting a mild "bottle" from the Higher-Ups. You see, ours is a lonely job; we're not used to working with the Fleet, and our wireless

equipment is oh, so very old!

As this is being written we are on our way to Portsmouth to disembark the two Squadrons and to grab a week-end if possible. Then, so help me! another "Shopwindow!"

After that our programme is due to include a fortnight's self refit somewhere and there are various aircraft trials to carry out too. Anyway, we should be back in Guzz for Christmas leave, which is more than some can say.

And on that note we will close down, hoping we shall be with you next time. Good luck and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Communicators everywhere.

A. E.

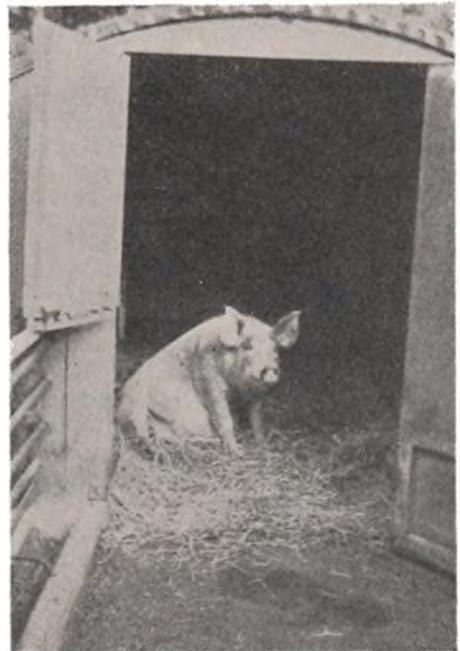
"MERCURY" PIG FARM

In spite of the remarks in our last issue, a start has been made with breeding our own litters of pigs. The first litter arrived on 26th October—just too late to vote. There were fourteen little piglets but only nine have survived.

However, a start has been made and we hope to increase our scope during the coming year.

A photograph of "Amber," the happy mother, shows her shortly before her family's arrival.

"Mercuria," our other sow, expects her happy event shortly after Christmas.



"Amber"

GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

NEW ENTRIES

CRICKET

The final of this competition was played on Thursday, 19th July, and resulted in a win for the New Entries "A" team against the Wardroom by 2 wickets after a very exciting tussle.

The Wardroom batted first and against some good bowling by Schofield could only muster 77, having made a good start with 57 for 3. The fielding and catching of the New Entries was very smart and very few runs were given away.

The New Entries innings started disastrously, 2 wickets being down for only 1 run, but a stand between Knight and Schofield brought the score up to 37. Schofield continued to bat well, though giving two chances, and the score was taken to 63 for 6 wickets. Two more wickets fell with the scores level at 77, and every run had to be fought for. The winning hit was made by Schofield with two wickets still to fall.

Mrs. Wells presented the trophy to the winning team.

E. H. LEE,
Honorary Secretary.

W.R.N.S.

"In September, *Mercury* Wrens gave a dance and cabaret. We are not sure whether the dance made the cabaret or the cabaret the dance. We'll let you judge for yourselves, but we enjoyed them both. We think that some people may be wasting their time in the Wrens—not that we mind."



The cabaret team

CHIEFS' CHATTER

The Mess, what a "Mess"! Imagine my surprise on coming back from a month's leave at 0230 on Monday, 20th August, to see the office windows barred, the door swinging backwards and forwards, to observe the starry sky through the burnt-out roof, and lastly to get the first smoky sniff. You see, **NO ONE TOLD ME, CHIEF!**

Great praise was apparently due to: C.Y.S. Munro, as a Fire Chief he excelled; C.Y.S. (Tom) Smallwood who dashed in through flame and smoke and rescued the kittens; C.P.O. Tel. (Bungy) Williams who did his security round efficiently—awake; C.P.O. Tel. (Phil) Filmore whose dash saved the cash.

Yes, as most of you have already heard, the dining hall and servery were gutted on the night of 20th July.

The repairs are nearly finished and we hope to be using them again shortly; of course, the completion date has been "in three weeks" for the past three months.

The mess voted that the N.A.A.F.I. should take over the Bar. Their technicians have been busy measuring up and ordering new lino, furniture, curtains, etc., and when the S.C.E. have done their bit, the mess should be well rigged out and comfortable again.

In the entertainment world, owing to the small amount of space, we have been restricted to social evenings (boozy do's), dart matches, etc. We have also had a couple of runs out by coach here and there, and with C.Y.S. (Windy) Breeze as M.C. we had a very enjoyable evening with Portsmouth Royal Naval Association as our guests (last one before the fire).

In the world of sport the "Old Men" have not excelled, but there is still some life in the old bods yet, as shown by our seven-a-side soccer team, ably led by (Goals) Filmore and backed up by (Stomach) Clark, an S.I. "Q" C.Y.S. refugee from Chatham.

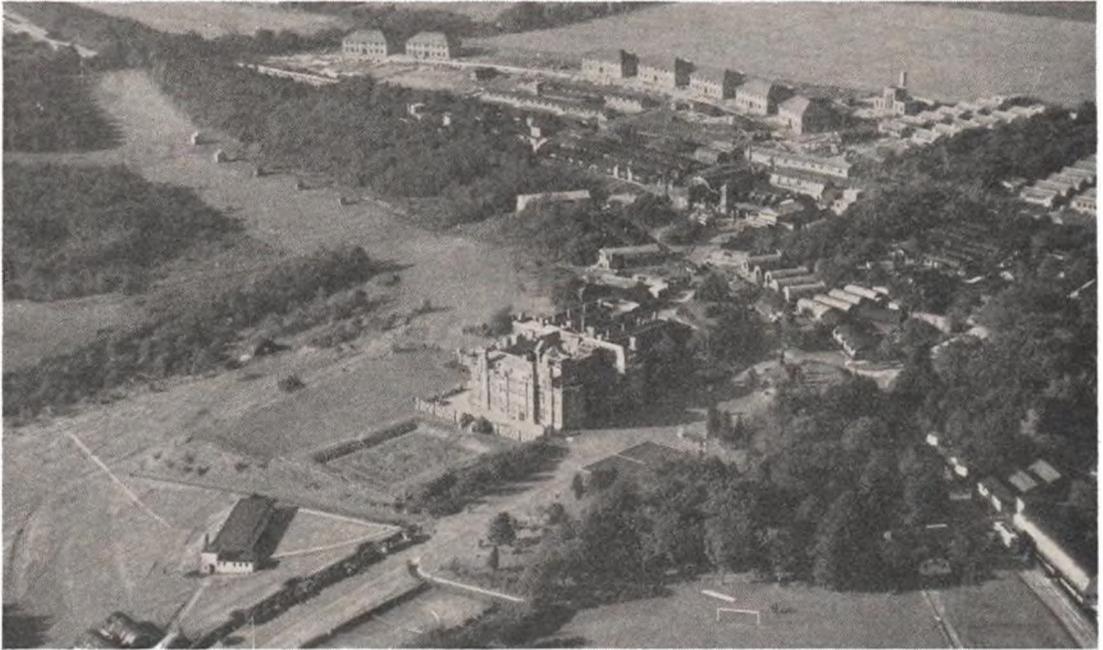
The 25 yards .22 range is becoming a favourite dinner-time fratting centre. C.Y.S. Stanley and Hilton are getting tons of practice, each having been rewarded with a small cup for gaining the highest monthly aggregate.

In the Summer Edition I note you were told about the nice new cabin accommodation which we expected to occupy by November. But owing to supply of raw materials, etc., etc., this has been put back six months.

In conclusion, from all of us here in *Mercury* to all you elsewhere, we wish a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. E. B.

NEW ACCOMMODATION AT "MERCURY"



The top floor of the first new brick-built block was informally occupied on 11th August, some eleven months since the building first started to rise from the ground.

Work was not, by any means, complete and the electricians were still fitting out the lights and power plugs as bags and hammocks were carried up the stairs.

Each block consists of four rooms on each floor, each room housing ten ratings so that there will be eighty ratings to a block. Washing and toilet annexes are provided on each floor and a dhobey room on the top floor with a drying room on the ground floor. The whole building is heated by steam radiators from a boiler house and power plugs are fitted for electric irons.

These houses are being built, under contract, by Messrs. John Hunt of Gosport, and will eventually house all Communication ratings of Leading rate and below, whilst two blocks will be occupied by the Petty Officers until their own blocks are built and the Chief Petty Officers are also having their own block which is still under construction.

When peace finally reigns again, two more blocks will probably be built and the numbers in each room will be reduced to eight and one room in each block will be used as a quiet room, but that is some way ahead.

The second block was occupied on 17th September, and it is hoped that the third block will be ready in November. (In fact it is now occupied.)

Various delays, mostly due to the shortage of steel,

have held up the completion of the boiler-house, but the builders have done a fine job in spite of all the difficulties.

The blocks have been built on a crescent to the west of North Camp, and each block is named after a distinguished Naval Officer of the past who has contributed to the formation of our Signal organisation. Their names are: "Knowles," "Blake," "Kempfenfelt," "Pascoe," "Popham," "Jackson" and "Inglefield."

It will not be long, we hope, before all ratings are comfortably housed in these commodious blocks and the Nissens will be relics of the past.

THOUGHTS WHILE THINKING

Our language suffers vile abuses
By those who make our syllabuses
And callous of the crime thereby
Call their offspring syllabi.

With "Opus, opera" as criteria
They might have called them "Syllabera."
While "Corpus" the body, has plural "bods,"
So why not call them "Syllabods."

Or, simply, seeing what the fuss is,
Just call them plainly syllabuses.

THE OLYMPIC THREE-DAY EVENT

We believe that Lieutenant John Oram is the first naval officer ever to be invited to train for an equestrian event in the Olympic Games. Early this year he was given leave on half-pay to train for the three-day event Olympic Trials, which were held at the end of April at Badminton Park, the home of the Duke of Beaufort. The Navy had two representatives at these trials, the other being Lieutenant Pearn, R.M., riding a R.M. charger. Lieutenant Oram's mare, "Philippa," was unfortunately eliminated on the second day owing to a refusal to undertake the "Coffin" jump, but the R.M. charger, "Bambridge Boy," went well until the show jumping on the third day, when he too was unfortunately eliminated by refusals. Since these trials Lieutenant Oram, "Philippa," and "Bambridge Boy" have all been asked by the British Horse Society to go into training for the Games next year, and all have been given leave!

There are three equestrian events in the Olympic Games, the three-day event, the show jumping and the dressage. The latter is the only one in which women are allowed to ride. The show jumping team has already been announced and will be captained by Colonel Harry Llewellyn. It is not yet certain whether Britain will be sending a team for the dressage. All these teams consist of three riders and one spare, but one or two more people are always trained in case of mishaps, and to allow the selectors a wider choice. The three-day event trainees number six or seven for the four places of those that will travel to Helsinki at the end of July next year.

The one- and three-day events are becoming increasingly popular as a form of sport and the increases in attendance at Badminton this year for the three-day event were astonishing. It is estimated about 20,000 people were present on the second day to watch the steeplechase and cross-country phases. The one-day event is really a small three-day event and normally includes a dressage test, a cross-country course and a show jumping trial.

The three-day event itself is divided as follows: first day, dressage; second day, roads and tracks, steeplechase, and cross-country; third day, show jumping.

The dressage on the first day consists of a laid-down test that is designed to show the judges whether the horse is well trained (i.e. supple, obedient, and light to the aids). Dressage is a word borrowed from the French, because to convey the same meaning would take us a sentence. Simply, it means, "schooling a horse so that it is instantly obedient to the wishes of the rider, with the latter using the minimum of effort." From this it can be seen that every horse that is well broken will have been dressaged to a small extent. Dressage as applied to the main equestrian event mentioned above is of a higher degree altogether, and the horses are expected to do a test

including difficult actions like the piaffe (a slow-time, high-stepping trot) and other "high school" movements. Preparation for this "high school" work takes many years and the horse has to do perfectly all the elementary paces and movements before starting on the more difficult ones. The test for the three-day event dressage will include simple movements at the walk, trot and canter and transitions from one pace to another. Easy enough to say but difficult enough to do well!

The second day of the event is given to an endurance test divided into phases as follows:

Phase		<i>Approx. Distance*</i>
A—Roads and Tracks	..	3 miles
.. B—Steeplechase	..	2½ "
.. C—Road and Tracks	..	5 "
.. D—Cross Country	..	6½ "
.. E—Roads and Tracks (run in)	1 "
Total		17½ miles

* These distances were for this year's trials. In the Olympic Games the total distance is about 22 miles.

All these phases had to be completed in a certain time and were run concurrently. "Bogey" time for the course was just over one hour forty minutes. In all phases the competitor is penalised for being over the time allowed, but only in two of them, the steeplechase and cross-country, can he gain points for being before time.

The steeplechase is done at a fair gallop, and the cross-country at a steady strong canter. The speed for phases "A" and "C" can best be described "as if one had started twenty minutes late for a meet normally an hour's hack." In other words you do not walk unless you have to. Phase "E," the run-in, is short and done at the best canter the horse can manage at the end of the cross-country.

The steeplechase course is quite normal with bush-fences and perhaps a post and rails. The cross-country courses on the Continent are not necessarily big (nothing over 4 ft.) but are bound to be tricky; doubles, trebles and quadruples and many peculiar (to us) type fences that require a horse with guts and judgment. A common remark that many people make when looking round the cross-country fences is: "Old Dobbin (the favourite hunter at home) wouldn't look twice at most of these, I don't know what all the fuss is about!" The fuss, of course, is the fact that the horse doing them will have done about twelve miles hard going before taking on the nine miles across the cross-country course!

The third day is the show jumping. Again, the jumps are nothing spectacular, in fact nothing more than 4 ft. But the penalties are heavy. Ten points for every fence knocked and the same rules as for the second day, 20 for first refusal or run-out, 40 for second, 60 for third and elimination for fourth—60 for fall of horse or rider. The object is to test the

stamina of the horse. Can it jump about fifteen show jumps willingly and freely after the tremendous effort of the day before? The competitor is lucky to trot up a completely sound horse for the vets. on the third day—and he still has to make it jump!

Horses with the right temperament and the stamina to do all those things are naturally hard to find, but England and Ireland can still boast about the finest horseflesh in the world. The difficulties begin when we have to find the people to train them and the money to do it with, this being about the only country whose teams are not helped by the Government! However, given luck it is hoped that our three-day event team will be somewhere up at the top of the list at Helsinki.

Lieutenant Oram recommences his training under Captain Collings at Porlock, Somerset, early in January as one of the three-day event trainees. In this we wish him the best of luck and hope that he will be chosen as a representative of the Royal Navy in our Olympic Team.



CHANGE OF PORT DIVISIONS

L/Tel. J. Wright, C/JX 152547, 60 Hut, R.N.S.S., St. Mary's R.N.B., Chatham, would like to change from Chatham Port Division to Portsmouth Port Division, since he lives in the Isle of Wight. Chatham itself has excellent facilities and is ideal, of course, for anyone living in or near London.

If there is anyone who is willing to effect such a change, will they please get in touch with L/Tel. Wright at the above address.

"A ROYAL AND HIS GUN"

As into the stormy Yellow Sea,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Aboard the Carrier *Glory*,
A Leatherneck cleans his gun.

For months I've cleaned this ruddy gun,
Was his sad and doleful cry.
And as for targets hostile,
They have always passed us by.

The Furies and the Fireflies,
Daily, bravely have a go,
Releasing bombs and rockets,
On the "Chicoms" down below.

And as all day I sit and dream,
Though often I only sits,
Over yonder in Korea,
They are blowing blokes to bits.

As once again they come in sight,
In formation, close and neat,
How I envy these who combat,
Sitting in a pilot's seat.

Bad approach, wave off, a floater,
Over the side he disappears,
From the wreckage crawls the pilot,
Not yet for him a widow's tears.

Dear old Bofor, how I love you,
Quoth the Royal tenderly,
You don't fly around the heavens,
Ending in the deep blue sea.

Only fools and birds go flying,
Is what I was always taught,
In your shade I'll write my letters,
Of these battles being fought.

And when at last I leave Korea,
With my medals, two or three,
I'll remember with much longing,
Of those nights I slept with thee.

EX. SIG. "OBSERVER,"
Glory.

A recent Organisation paper carried the following question:

"Why is it that V.H.F. transmissions can often be received at great distances?"

One person in reply wrote:

"The skyward is caught in what are termed 'ducks' and is carried along in it for a great distance and suddenly drops. This is caused through a great amount of heat."

ELEPHANT FOR SALE

I wonder how many Communicators still serving recall the following true story of Colombo W/T in the dark days of 1942?

Once upon a time there was a Staff Communicator (Fred to his colleagues) who was (I quote) "a tiger for work" and in consequence all the lesser Communicators had to grin and bear being work-tigers as well, though of course, the grinning part was strictly optional.

Now amongst these work-tigers were two—"D" and "M"—who between them mustered some fifty years of communicating, during which they had never made an IMI. So you will see that they were not really work-tigers at all—they were Rara Avis—privately, Fred thought them crows.

Well, as these two Communicators, crows playing work-tigers, were always as dry as fish, and daily associating with

- (i) The Chief Tiger,
- (ii) A Wavy-navy work-tiger who was as inquisitive as a jackdaw, and
- (iii) Another of like ilk who was as mischievous as a monkey,

it is not surprising that with so much natural history floating around they one day acquired an elephant—or at least a lot of people thought they had.

It happened like this. One Independence Day (the day when these two birds drew their monthly ration of sherbet—one bott. of Australian gin or whisky each) they foregathered at the setting of the sun as usual and as the tide slowly ebbed they cooked up the following.

During the forenoon of the day after next, "D" was to be seen work-tigering under an almost insupportable burden of worry. When the inquisitive one inquired the reason for this, "D" was to be reluctantly persuaded to unburden himself thus:

"Well, the night before last, being Independence Day, old 'M' came round to my place for a few snifters. He was looking down the old bargain column in the TIMES OF CEYLON when all of a sudden he says, 'Listen. For Sale. Young male elephant. Rs. 1000. Wouldn't it be a lark to buy the so-and-so.' Well, so-elp-me, by the time the sherbet had reached a sandy bottom we had bought the b-- the elephant I mean. We both wrote out cheques for Rs. 100, 'M' wrote a damn silly letter about paying balance on delivery and nipped out and posted it. Well, yesterday morning we sent a wire cancelling it, of course. But 'M' has just rang me up to say that the bloke won't play. He's had a wire from him saying, 'Contract must stand stop Elephant railed and due Bambalapitiya Station 1730.' 'M' has rung the Zoo but they won't touch it and he's flapping round now trying to get somewhere to put it. What the hell are we going to do?"

Everything went according to plan. As expected the inquisitive one did inquire, and, in strict confidence of course, wormed the story out of the reluctant

"D," and, glory be, swallowed it hook, line and sinker. Then, with all possible despatch, spread it far and wide.

Later that forenoon "M" arrived in the naval offices, and for the benefit of sundry observers he and "D" retired to a corner of the C.R.R. and staged a first-class row. This convinced the waverers. These two crows were normally so thick that it must be true. As the day wore on many were the covert grins that "D" and "M" intercepted from their lawful masters. During the afternoon, still at loggerheads and registering gloom if not despair, they surreptitiously, but not too much so, drew a coil of stout rope from the store and stowed it handy to the side entrance.

Proceedings were now given an unforeseen and unexpected fillip by the mischievous one who, as Duty Signal Officer, originated the following:

"General from F.O.I.C.

E.T.A. Elephant Bambalapitiya Station 1730. As many as possible are requested to attend. Gifts of branches of trees and bunches of bananas will be welcome."

Unfortunately for him there was a slip up in his carefully arranged distribution, and Captain (Operations), a retired officer not much given to laughing, and who had had a more than usually harassing day, received a copy and "smoked" it not at all. The explanation demanded caused the mischievous one considerable embarrassment. This also got full staff distribution and finally even the Admiral got to hear of it and thought it "damn funny." In passing, it is not known to this day whether Fred bought it or not, as, coming upon his two minions by surprise, he eyed them darkly and said: "I'd like to know what you two (mess-deck adjective) pirates are really up to."

However, to continue. The stage was now all set and at about 1645 the crows, with a seagull (pensioner P.O.Tel.) in company carrying the rope, left the offices by the side door—well remarked by several spies.

They arrived at the station a few moments before 1730 and found success beyond their wildest dreams. There were two car-loads of mostly Wavy-navy and civilian cypherette spectators, ably led by the inquisitive one, complete with branches, bananas and beer.

The train puffed slowly in, and by sheer luck there was a large box-car next to the guard's van. The spectators crowded round grinning and the inquisitive one asked the guard, a Eurasian gentleman, obviously without a sense of humour, "Is that the elephant?". Of course, there not being any elephant and all hands laughing three bags full, the guard suspected a leg-pull and in sibilant but quite understandable English started to tell the inquisitive one his fortune. In the ensuing wordy battle the birds considered it prudent, albeit, reluctantly because of the beer, to draw stumps, and they slunk unobserved around the rear of the train and away like thieves in the night.

The following day the entire Base Staff, with one solitary exception (the inquisitive one), thought it a good show and the birds were naturally preening themselves a trifle. Little did they know that the tide was about to turn. That having served it out they were shortly to be on the receiving end. It started when they both received apparently genuine cables on official forms and in official envelopes.

"D's" read:

"European mahouts very rare stop Can offer permanent and remunerative employment with circus stop ends Bertram Mills."

"M's" thus:

"Whats this about elephant stop Dont you bring the b home with you stop ends Lil (his wife)."

During the next few days they both received literally dozens of telephone calls like this: "Is that Mr. 'D' (or Mr. 'M')? This is the manager of Elephant House (the local mineral water factory). Can we make you an offer to use your photo on our labels." Or, "This is Miss X, and Oh Mr. 'D' (or Mr. 'M'), I have just heard that elephants have the the most amazing love-lives. Is it true that they—" And so on, dit-dah-dit-dah-dit-dah, almost without end. Believe it or not, but after a day or two of this, both of them would far rather have picked up the phone and heard the Chief Tiger's ominous growl, "Come up and see me" than the word "elephant." However, like all things, good or bad, it came to an end, and eventually they were able to go on playing work-tigers happily (optional) ever after.

D. D.

THEY SEEK YOU

They CQ here, they CQ there,
They CQ every ruddy where.
The amateurs are on the air,
Keen on finding who and where.
To this noble cause aspiring,
Never weary, never tiring;
They want a card sent to their station
From every ham shack in creation.
On through the night while others sleep
Their CQ's on the air they heap,
'til at last the dawn will find them
With lots of QSO's behind them.
Now this may be a pleasant way
For some to pass the time of day.
But carried on into the night
They're keen—or else their minds ain't right!

C. W. O.

SIGNAL

Nonsuch from Neverwas.
Intend to collect boats from you at 1130. Do you concur.

D. T. G.

A TELEGRAPHIST

AN APPRECIATION

He leers and groans, this stalwart Brave,
And halts the rabble on Port Wave,
With airy gesture, flick of wrist,
Transmits as if, with jaundiced fist,
The world's his oyster, though of course,
Don't ever say he can't send Morse!

So press on Jack, away dull care,
Torture the Bourgeois of the air,
And if they missed your first time sending,
Blame N.S. O.D.'s, discharge pending,
Ah woe to those who share the Fleet
Of a one badge Tel. who sends with his feet.



C.C.O. (examining O.Sig. for Sig.): "Give three occasions when we dress ship overall."

O.Sig. (after much deep thought): "The King's birthday, the Queen's birthday and George Washington's birthday."

* * * *

Chief: "Why don't you use your initiative?"
Boy Tel.: "Please, Chief, I wasn't issued with one."

CEYLON WEST W/T STATION

Although reputed to be the largest R.N. Wireless Station outside of U.K., it seems that few Communicators have much knowledge of the "workings," or even the whereabouts of Ceylon West W/T. Lack of mention in THE COMMUNICATOR possibly accounts for this; for one must go back a very long time to find news of the activities of Ceylon West within the familiar covers of the Magazine, but it is hoped that these lines will remedy the matter.

The term Ceylon West W/T embraces both the Receiving Station (CWRS) and the Transmitting Station (CWTS). CWRS is situated at Welisara, about eight miles out of Colombo, and the establishment extends over about 125 acres, mostly taken up with what is commonly called "jungle," but more closely resembles thick scrub, over which the receiving aerials are spaced. The accommodation buildings, comprising two ratings' bhandas, dining-hall and galley, Chiefs and P.O.s' block and several other buildings, including the canteen which also serves as a cinema and main social centre, are situated on a slight rise, amongst coconut trees, looking over this scrub land. A winding road, a five to ten minutes' walk, connects them with the actual Receiving Station building.

CWTS is located eight miles further out in the "wilds," at Kotugoda, near to the site of what was once Radio S.E. A.C., but is now Radio Ceylon under the control of the Ceylon Government. Although almost three times larger in acreage than CWRS, "Transmitters" is more isolated, and is the abode of a very much smaller community. The living quarters are contained in one block, partitioned in order to accommodate Chief and P.O.s and ratings. Quite close to this block there is the ratings' dining-hall and galley, at one end of which there is the canteen and lounge. As is the case at CWRS, the actual station averages about ten minutes' walk distant from the accommodation buildings, along a road, above and on each side of which stretch the transmitting aerials.

A room devoted to teleprinter circuits and high-speed bays, and another to Morse circuits, a files room, workshops and a space housing the diversity equipment adjoining, combine to make the receiving building. A TP circuit connects us with the parent MSO at Trincomalee, about 160 miles distant, a fact that is probably not fully appreciated by those Communicators who have had occasion to contact us. The distance involved between the MSO and the receiving station presents no little difficulty, especially when the land-lines, which are maintained by non-naval authorities, are out of order, as they so frequently are. At such times we resort to VHF RTP, and when this also fails we revert to HF Morse, known quite appropriately as EM Fix (Emergency Fix). Other land-line circuits include one to each of Colombo MSO, Anderson W/T, the R.A.F. Station

at Negombo, and the Central Telegraph Office at Colombo. On the RTP side, we have, at the time of writing, continuous services with Whitehall and Fayid and a daily contact with Harman lasting until traffic is cleared.

The Morse room houses the ship/shore bays, six in all, two operators each on 8, 12 and 16 mc/s continuous. One transmitter serves each frequency, but the operators have individual keying. The level of naval traffic has risen considerably in recent months owing to the oil dispute in the Persian Gulf and the additional H.M. ships in the wireless area, and because of this the ship broadcast, which is normally combined with the Area 3 M.S. Schedules, is at present a separate broadcast. The broadcasts are likely to remain separate for some time, for no sooner will the Christmas rush of greetings telegrams be over, than we will be required to cope with the projected Royal Tour to Australia. Once upon a time it could be safely said that the bulk of our traffic was commercial, but now the Naval Routing Bench personnel are every bit as busy as their colleagues on the Commercial Bench. We have, also, Morse fixed services with our friends in India and Pakistan, and various daily, weekly and monthly contacts with a variety of authorities, notably the Americans at Asmara and the French at Diego Suarez, Madagascar.

At CWTS the transmitters are placed in four rows in the main T.R. or main hall, and the commitments are such that very few of them are ever idle. Besides providing for the needs of the receiving station, one transmitter is assigned to Anderson W/T to provide a link with the Cocos Islands, and, subject to service commitments, two transmitters are placed at the disposal of Cable and Wireless for services with U.K. and Melbourne. During local daylight hours a third Cable and Wireless service to Singapore is sometimes provided if required. These services using the Cable and Wireless code work at speeds of approximately 250 to 300 words per minute.

The principal recreation at both stations takes the form of sport, but owing to unsporting activities elsewhere there is a dearth of opponents at the present time. Soccer is probably the most popular, and it was once our boast that we had a very good team, but drafting to U.K. has sadly depleted our strength, while there has been a marked shortage of talent in the incoming drafts. We have been wondering whether *Mercury's* success last season in the Navy Cup accounts for this state of affairs; but we hasten to state that this was not in mind when the reference to "unsporting activities" was mentioned earlier. There is no shortage of Rugby enthusiasts, and during the season the Falcons XV can be seen turning out regularly; but in this case, too, it would seem that we have more enthusiasm than talent, because we do not win many games. However, it is generally accepted that the opposition is of a high standard. Cricket is equally popular, and in this field "Transmitters" come into their own, as they have been known to field a complete team from their comple-

ment of approximately twenty, but as a rule they are augmented by the nearby Army and R.A.F. Transmitting Stations and by CWRs, who can, of course, field a side of their own. Hockey has never really "caught on," but we always manage to field a team, and the skipper of the side, Tel. Dunne, was recently selected to play for the Combined Services XI. The tennis courts at each station are seldom unoccupied. Several of our numbers participated in the Ceylon A.A.A. Championships, but only one gained a place, Tel. Bassett gained 3rd place in the pole vault with a jump of 10 ft. 3 in., this without practice and previous experience. He has since represented Ceylon A.A.A. in athletic contests.

Next in popularity is probably the cinema, a 16 mm. showing once weekly at "Transmitters" and a 35 mm. showing four nights weekly, programmes changing twice weekly, at "Receivers." Another regular station entertainment is the once weekly whist drive at CWRs, and there have been "impromptu dances" to gramophone records in the canteen, the wives of the married accompanied ratings on the station acting as partners. Plans are progressing towards a Grand Station Dance to be held in November, before this article is published, and as our other efforts in this field have been highly successful, all are looking forward to this occasion.

On a personality note: we recently tendered our farewells to the Officer-in-Charge, Communication Lieut. Wilkins, the Electrical Officer, Lieut (L) Fleet, and to the C.C.O., Mr. Garton. We welcome in their place Lt. Cdr. Phillimore, Lieut (L) Brown and Mr. Best, S.C.C.O. The last is not remaining with us long, as he is due to take over the duties of P.W/T.O., Trincomalee, for a short period before taking up a sea-going appointment early in the New Year. He is to be relieved by Mr. Evans, C.C.O., who has already sailed to take up his appointment. There has also been a change round in the Regulating Staff at CWRs: C.P.O. Tel. Jones replacing Bill Barnden who is no doubt giving Pompey a chuck-up after an absence of two-and-a-half years from Fratton Park. It so happens, though, that C.P.O. Tel. Jones is at present on compassionate leave in U.K., and whether we will see him again this side of Christmas is a moot point. There is soon (?) to be an even greater change round when another twenty-five of our personnel complete their length of foreign service, the writer of this included, but in the meantime, all at Ceylon West extend Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year to Communicators everywhere, and "Au Revoir," whether our meetings be here, at home, or through the medium of this Magazine to which a regular contribution is intended in the future.

HOME FLEET NOTES

INSHORE SQUADRON

In the summer issue of THE COMMUNICATOR we appeared under the title "Harwich Minesweepers." In the next one, after the forthcoming changes in nomenclature, perhaps our title will be "Home Minesweeping Flotilla." At present we consist of the 4th Minesweeping Flotilla of 8 Algerines, the 104th Minesweeping Flotilla of 8 M.M.S.s and the 232nd Minesweeping Flotilla of 8 M.S.M.L.s, and we are still growing. The base staff is at present in *Mull of Kintyre*, the Reserve Fleet Maintenance ship at Harwich.

We were not sufficiently worked up to take part in the International Minesweeping Exercise "Factotum" in Holland in July, and Britain was represented by the Fishery Protection Flotilla and some M.M.S.s from Lochinvar. The Fishery Protection Flotilla joined forces with the Algerines of the Royal Belgian Navy to form one complete flotilla. *Bramble*, flying the flag of the C.-in-C., Portsmouth, did however manage to get to Amsterdam in time for the post-exercise conference and that famous week-end when, with forty-five sea-weary minesweepers in port, Amsterdam was turned over lock, stock and barrel to the N.A.T.O. Navies.

After the leave period we went to Campbeltown to sweep firstly an old submarine exercise minefield and then a practise minefield laid by *Manxman*.

"Assess Baker," the Channel convoy exercise, then followed in mid-October, with the Algerines acting in their secondary role as A/S Frigates and the M.M.S.s plodding along as part of a convoy. At the moment (end of October) the 232nd M.S.F. is working up at Portland, the 104th is on its way to Kiel to operate in the Baltic, and the 4th is based on Den Helder, the Portsmouth of the Dutch Navy, for operation "Sandeel." This consists of sweeping an area round the break in the France-Denmark cable in the mined area off Texel, so that the cable ship can come and repair it. First of all the break had to be located. This is done by sending a series of pulses along the cable from the Danish end which are picked up by the Danish engineer in *Rinaldo*, who follows the cable along until the pulses stop. It's a rather dull operation, but we get one week-end in Antwerp!

We have all been most impressed by the fluent command of English possessed by the Dutch communication ratings on the one hand and by Dutch senior officers on the other.

On one famous occasion the F.C.O.'s exasperated voice was heard on the T.B.S.: "Bearman! Hurry up and make Love to me by light."

H.M.S. "MAIDSTONE"

We have been thinking for some months that it was time the *Maidstone* and the Second Submarine

Flotilla made their bow in THE COMMUNICATOR.

Perhaps it is the fact that we have recently returned from our annual seven weeks at sea that makes us feel fit to rub shoulders with the rest of the Navy. During the cruise we steamed 4,061 miles in sixteen days, which isn't too bad for the ship often referred to as "R.N.B., Portland." We have now reverted to nine months notice for steam.

This is not meant to indicate that we hibernate for nine months doing nothing. We have up to ten submarines running continuously with each doing an average of four days at sea a week. Normal operational communications with the attendant tension concerning "Surfaced Signals," added to an intensive Communications Exercise programme, keeps everyone busy.

Maidstone took a leading part in F.O.S.M.'s Summer War, in roles varying from the Commodore of a Convoy to a Floating Headquarters in the Outer Hebrides. The Convoy was organised and manoeuvred by W.I.M.S., a book about which C.Y.S. Patterson and Y.S. Tyler seemed to remember more than the rest of us had forgotten, which is saying a good deal. In our role as a floating headquarters, all traffic for submarines on the rugby broadcast had to be cleared on ship/shore, and it was interesting to see the beginning of messages coming out on rugby while we were still transmitting the end to Portishead. One evening some traffic for rugby was

cleared through Singapore. *Maidstone* received a bouquet from Portishead at the end of the exercise for the efficiency of her ship/shore working, and C.P.O. Tel. Ashworth looked happier than he had done since he was told that it would be another eighteen months before he would go on point duty in Harrogate!

SEVENTH FRIGATE FLOTILLA

The Seventh Frigate Flotilla has not as yet appeared in print in THE COMMUNICATOR, or at least not as far as the Seventh Frigate Flotilla knows.

At the moment we consist of four frigates widely spaced over the corners of the globe. *Burghhead Bay* is in the West Indies enjoying, we suspect, the delights of rum from its native source. *Bigbury Bay* is refitting after returning from the same place and is now (so the rest of the Flotilla thinks) giving an incredible amount of leave in Portsmouth. The remainder, consisting of *St. Austell Bay* (the Leader) and *Veryan Bay*, are sojourning in the sunshine of Gibraltar with the rest of the Home Fleet.

The Seventh Frigate Flotilla is a comparatively new baby. However, we have got over our teething troubles we now no longer consider ourselves anyone's baby. We have settled down to the odd life of an escort flotilla playing with or alternatively being played with by the larger and less manoeuvre-

Personal Appearance

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able members of the Fleet. However, we have managed to keep our end up fairly well.

For *Veryan* and *St. Austell*, Londonderry is now an old home, and many is the time we have wound our way up the river to disturb the sanctity of the Third Training Flotilla. We have also been taking part in a number of North Atlantic Treaty Organisation Exercises with the Norwegians, the Dutch, Frenchmen, Belgians and many others, and our ability to decypher Double Dutch spoken by a Frenchman, with all due respect to the latter, who have been doing absolute wonders in a foreign language, on *Fleet Wave*, is improving rapidly. At the moment of going to press our Communication Whalers' crews are stirring up the harbour considerably: *Veryan Bay* is slapping paint all over her transmitters in preparation for an inspection (!). We are learning the new signal books and preparing for the arrival of three Portuguese Men-of-War (warships, not fish), for whose work-up we will be entirely responsible during their six-week stay. It is remarkable how much can be done by so few in so short a time.

We send a welcome to *Bigbury Bay* whom we will not see till next cruise, and finally the undermentioned work of art is dedicated to anyone who would care to increase the size of the flotilla:

Four little frigates went to sea,
Happy and chatting and smiling,
But one found Jamaica a sight more beguiling,
And then there were only three.

Three little frigates all too few,
Had never been known to frown
Till one went to rest in Pompey Town
And then there were only two.

Two little frigates both having fun,
Went for a trip to Gib.,
One said, "Gor blimey this inspection's no fib."
And then there was only one.

One little frigate slow and small,
Unhappy and ill at ease,
Was finally sunk by a Portuguese,
And now there aren't any at all.

ANON.

H.M.S. "SWIFTSURE"

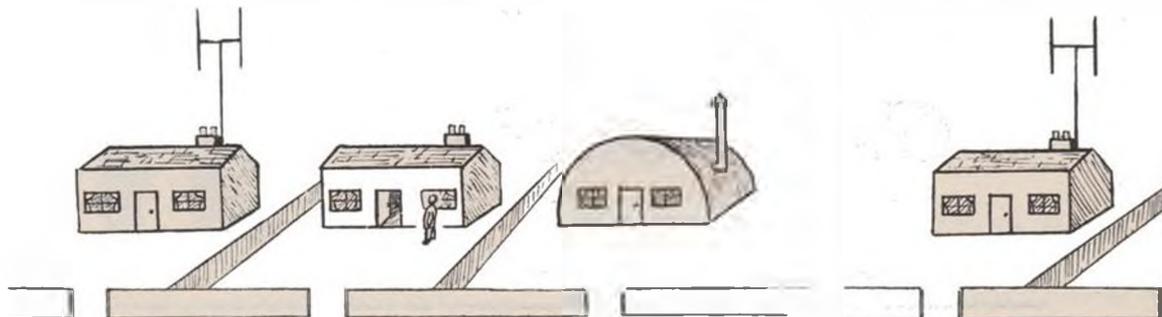
In the past we have miserably failed to support our Magazine with any form of contribution. This article is, therefore, notable for being our first, if for nothing else.

At the time of writing we are well embarked on the Autumn cruise, which bids fair to be rather an anti-climax to last cruise. To reminisce briefly. Exercise "Progress" was interestingly and, from a communications point of view, successfully carried out. Some of our Chief and Petty Officers convivially rounded off the exercise at Cherbourg on board H.N.M.S. *Tromp*. Alcohol and signals were discussed in varying degrees well into the small hours. How well was obvious from the Chief Yeoman's aspect next morning. The Festival of Britain visits to Glasgow, Newcastle, Scarborough and Margate were undoubtedly a success, though constitutions and pockets were sorely tried by this prolonged round of the fleshpots. Several senior members of the staff irretrievably lost their good reputations, some more than once, but all in a gentlemanly manner.

Our return to Chatham and Summer leave was a welcome relief from the gay life of preceding weeks. A number of drafts were effected during the leave period, that of Yeoman O'Brien to H.M.S. *Surprise* being the most noteworthy. Good luck, Paddy. Most of us returned refreshed by the seasonal rest, but the usual inevitable regrets were apparent on sailing.

The current cruise, as has been hinted, promises little but work. Dundee may provide some relief, although the preparation necessary for Exercise "Assess" will possibly serve to subdue us a little. A spell at Invergordon has passed in comparative peace, lightened by the Fleet Athletics. We had the pleasure of beating *Indomitable* at soccer, hockey and rugger. She in turn pipped us by two points in the athletics, but was herself beaten by the 5th D.F. A certain amount of gloom was cast in the shape of evolutions ordered at unexpected moments by C.-in-C. However, we survived without too many painful episodes.

And so to the present when "Assess" and exercises on passage to Gibraltar are looked forward to with some trepidation and crossed fingers. To round off



this, our initial contribution, we have a howler which may be worthy of print.

Situation: Reception of a rather private signal by light.

L.H.O.W. (reading signal): "— this is strictly *entre-nous* at the moment."

Sig. Boy (writing down): "—this is strictly *entre noo* at the Gaumont."

SWIFTY.

H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE"

The flag of C.-in-C. H.F. (Admiral Sir Philip Vian, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O.) was transferred in March from *Vanguard* to *Indomitable* at Gibraltar with all the usual panics in the M.S.O. as to which officer was where, and when? and if so had he? It was transferred only after *Indomitable* had, in coming alongside on our initial visit, poked her bows into the quarterdeck of *Vanguard*. The S.C.C.O. (we were A.C.3 at the time) wanted to give the flagship a pair of "danglers" for not having an ensign flying, as at the time it was sort of wrapped around our port bower anchor. The staff was lying on *Vanguard's* quarterdeck. We were diddled, however, because *Vanguard* immediately put one up at the peak.

Our first taste of a C.-in-C.'s communications on the way home from Gibraltar gave us only minor headaches. (We hadn't time to get any major ones.) The fleet did a few exercises on the way back, which was just as well after the various reunions ashore before sailing.

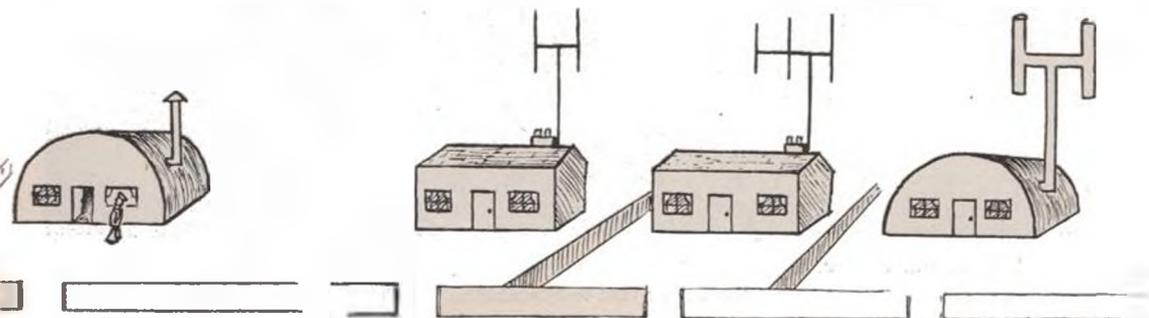
The Summer Cruise opened as all cruises seem to do, with visits to all the most uninteresting places in the world (to a Pompey native). We embarked No. 4 R.N.N. and 860 R.N.N. Firefly and Seafury squadrons, together with our own 813 Firebrand squadron, and did a lot of flying training on the way north (Westabout) to Invergordon. Our first stop was at Bangor where the stout and porter at least made up in part for the almost constant rain.

We next visited those glamorous ports of convoy days, Loch Ewe and Loch Erribol, where the Boy Telegraphists had to march ashore with portables on their backs and assist the remainder of the boys'

division attack the Marines. After six hours ashore they returned on board footsore and weary, but not hungry. The supply department had rigged up field kitchens and made supper. Instead of victualling for 150 men ashore, Chef had put some spares in. The boys came back bloated, but how they suffered! The next morning they were too stiff to bend their knees to scrub the L.R.R. deck.

On arrival at Invergordon we took over the communication organisation from *Swiftsure* and did our first taste of B.N. guard, Harbour Broadcast, etc., for the Fleet. It gave us good experience, although there were those amongst us who wondered "whether it was worth the pension." After the period of weapon training and a very welcome fortnight in Rosyth for self-maintenance, we sailed for the N.A.T.O. exercise "Progress," doing a two-day convoy exercise on the way to Duarnenez Bay, where we met the other N.A.T.O. Navies. "Progress" lasted eight days and was composed of ten phases, each of a different activity. English was the standard language used, and it was remarkable how well the other nations spoke it. I am sure that if we were asked to run a Fleet Wave in French we would have "had our chips." As in most Fleet exercises the Communications department were in two watches; however, we survived. After a two-day stay in Cherbourg with all the other Navies we sailed for Stockholm.

To approach Stockholm it is necessary to follow a channel through an archipelago; at times so narrow it appeared that we could almost touch the banks of the hundreds of islands through which we weaved. The Swedish people turned out in force to wave as we passed. With their naturally bright and colourful dresses and the background of the green islands, it was a sight that many of us will not be privileged to see again. We were the largest warship ever to make the passage. We anchored for the night in one of the larger stretches of water before going into Stockholm proper. Our visit was an official one and calls were exchanged throughout our day of arrival. The following day we were honoured by a visit from King Gustav Adolf the VIIth of Sweden; he inspected the guard and took the salute as we marched past. Afterwards we put on an exhibition of fire-fighting, marching and counter-marching, and





King Gustav of Sweden taking the salute at his inspection of H.M.S. "Indomitable" during the visit to Stockholm

cutlass drill. The following day the King came for an informal walk around the ship. Ashore the town welcomed us (some say with open arms!!!). There were visits galore and parties by the dozen. The Swedish people in the warmth of their friendliness have no equal. After seven days of this we again steamed amongst the islands and so back to Rosyth to begin the second part of the cruise. In passing, we had fired 147 rounds in salutes during our stay at Stockholm.

In Scottish waters we carried out a period of independent flying exercises in which some of the "air boys" showed how independent they were of arrester wires and how dependent upon barriers. We gradually made our way via Scapa, Oban, Ayr and a week in company with *Vengeance* to Douglas for one night before going on to Liverpool. Douglas was an old stamping ground for many of the Communications staff, having done their training at *Sr. George*, now back again as a holiday camp. The night was gloriously warm and sunny, and our C.C.O. was heard to remark that Onchan Head was nearly as busy as the Broadwalk.

The visit to Liverpool was a very welcome one, it gave many north countrymen a chance to show the ship to their relatives, many of whom had never been on board a warship before. Of a visit of six days we were open to visitors for five of them. Liverpool gave us a grand time, they threw open the buses and trams and the overhead railway, sent along a couple of hundred cinema tickets per night for the main cinemas, dances, tours and with typical north-country hospitality invited lots of men into their homes. The visit was marking the opening of the Festival of Britain in Liverpool, and it was a festival. We also found out in one of our more serious moments that the 612 would work from the inside of a troop carrier in North Wales and still raise the ship QSA5. *Indomitable* arrived back in Portsmouth on 27th July for Summer leave and docking. During this period we lost about 50 per cent. of our staff. It was quite a blow. To those who have left us for other jobs we wish God speed, keep your powder dry.

The Autumn cruise started in much the same way as the Summer cruise, long faces for a few days until we all got settled. The usual headaches and some near heartbreaks. We dug into a highly concentrated programme of exercises both general and communications. We took our hats off to the humorist who, when asked what he would do if a torpedo had struck the ship, said: "Blow up my bland lifebelt." After a spell at Invergordon we had a five-day break before transferring the flag of C-in-C. to Rosyth for the period of exercise "Assess." For "Assess" and the passage to Gibraltar we experimented with three straight watches to save that constant "opposite watch" complex. It was rather successful. As a private ship traffic only soared instead of going sky high. At Gibraltar after ten days exercising we were ready for a break. We got one—we painted ship.

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We are now in a fair degree of twitch about our Admiral's inspection. The S.C.C.O. and C.C.O. are biting their nails wondering if their staffs knew all the emergency arrangements. They should worry; as they will be probably "killed off" at the beginning I don't see what they are bothered about. I'm the poor "bod" that is worrying, it will be just my luck to be picked for kit inspection.

In the sport world we haven't done too badly. We won the inter-Part soccer last cruise. I agree we have been knocked out of it this time, but there is a Spring cruise coming. In the regatta we have five crews training, of which we will put two in the races. In the Athletic meeting we came second to the Midshipmen. The personalities in the department in sport have been: Yeoman of Signals Stockton, Telegraphist Beattie, Athletics; Yeoman of Signals Woodall, Telegraphist Beattie, Soccer; Lieutenant Swan, Leading Telegraphist Pursey, Hockey; Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Goulding, Cricket.

To end, we in the *Indomitable* would like to extend our Christmas Greetings to all Communicators and especially to those who have served with us and have either left the Service or gone to other jobs.

A Happy Christmas everybody and a prosperous New Year.

H.M.S. "THESEUS"

Most Communicators are aware that *Theseus* was detached from the Home Fleet for nine months during the latter part of 1950 and the beginning of 1951, and will no doubt have read at various times in the press the work which the ship performed whilst in the Far East.

On her return to U.K. in May this year, the ship was taken in hand at Portsmouth Dockyard for refit, so that it was not until after the Home Fleet had left for Scotland that *Theseus* once again became operational.

With more than half the ship's company new to the ship, *Theseus* undocked and sailed for Spithead and trials on 13th September, and power to her arm, proudly displayed the Flag of A.C.3. (Rear-Admiral Caspar John), who, with his staff, transferred from *Vengeance* at the beginning of September.

Trials being satisfactorily completed, *Theseus* then proceeded to embark her aircraft squadrons, these consisting of 802 (Sea Fury), 814 (Firefly) and No. 4 Royal Netherland Navy Squadron (Firefly). It was particularly encouraging to find a squadron of Dutch planes, pilots and personnel embarked for training during the current cruise, and the happy relationship which has existed between the different squadrons and personnel of two nations in one ship, is proof that The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation exists, not merely as something on paper, but as a formidable deterrent to any "would-be aggressor."

The Dutch personnel return to Holland at the end of the cruise, and with them go the best wishes for continued success from their British hosts who

will be sorry to see them go, yet withall, the richer for having known them.

To return to the activities of *Theseus*, it must be mentioned that the period 13th September until the end of that month was spent in working up in the Channel, and time was limited since various tactical and strategical exercises had been planned for the Home Fleet, in which *Theseus* was required to play a major role. Deck lands by day became a matter of routine with the weather as often as not proving unkind, but training proceeded without any major mishaps, with the ship anchoring as a general rule at night, at some West Country port between Portland and Penzance.

On 1st October, *Theseus* weighed from Penzance and headed north for the Clyde, arriving at Rothesay on 5th October, where natives of the "Far Flung Outposts" were enabled to get a short week-end, otherwise normally denied them.

The beginning of the following week saw the commencement of "Assess" with *Theseus* once more resuming her role in company with other units of the Home Fleet. Three months in dockyard hands, the installation of additional VHF equipment and change over to common aerial working, all combined to give rise to numerous teething troubles, evidenced by grunts, snorts and other unclassifiable emissions emanating from the A.D.R. and terminating in the B.R.R. with the former obviously conveying a distinct displeasure with the latest "set-up." To all of which the Signal Officer (Lieut. Cdr. Forrest), with admirable *sang-froid*, batted with complete confidence, and ably assisted by Mr. Yeates, C.E.O.(R) and his two Chiefs, Pratt and Warren, eventually succeeded in wearing down all opposition.

From the "buntings" point of view, "Assess" was equally engaging. Mr. Moates, S.C.C.O., declaring war to the death on all aerials and other contrivances, ornamental to the mast, but detrimental to his flag displays.

With all our teething troubles we are given to think that *Theseus* acquitted herself with honour when in due course we received from the Flag Lieutenant (Lt. Cdr. Richardson) an encouraging signal of appreciation from the Admiral (A.C.3). It now remains for *Theseus* to show her metal in the regatta which takes place at Gibraltar shortly after this goes to press. The Communications will be entering two crews, and despite somewhat scratch training owing to the ship's late start on the cruise, and subsequent movements, we hope to give a good account.

We take this opportunity of saying *au revoir* to Mr. Foxlee, C.C.O., and other Communicators too numerous to mention individually, who left the ship prior to this cruise, and wish them luck in the future.

To the Admiral's staff we wish a happy stay in *Theseus* and hope the ship may be privileged to wear the flag for a long time to come.

TALKING OF TRAIN JOURNEYS

Racing from a London terminus to Edinburgh, Cornwall or Brighton; rattling along the Inner Circle; Dieppe bound from Marseilles; or, silently suffering in that Arab tram-cum-train between Alexandria and Sidi Bishr; to most of us trains have become solely a none too convenient, or comfortable at times, but necessary mode of transport. No longer exciting as it was as a child, or terrifying as it must have been to our great-grandparents. One simply looks upon them, some with more distaste than others, as the link between the home and the office, workshop, relatives or this year's selected holiday resort. And the majority of us have our boredom relieved when our destination is reached.

Broadly speaking, our journeys traverse very drab routes. Towns present the dilapidated back gardens and lines of smoked washing of their terraced houses or tenements; here and there an old tin shed with a rusty bicycle wheel or frame on its roof and the dirtiest side of their blocks of flats and factories. While country, generally, finds us winding through patchwork fields, an orchard, and passing an occasional farmhouse, herd of cattle, flock of sheep and level crossing.

There is, however, one journey—and a none too luxuriously comfortable one either—from which nothing could distract, one that will hold any normal possessor of sight and the power of reasoning in intense, silent, unforgettable interest. For, during this twenty-two mile, sixty-five minute ride, with its twenty-eight jolting starts and similar number of comparatively smooth stops, one observes practically all phases of life, and nature at its best. Beauty, cleanliness, leisure and wealth; disfiguration, squalor, toil and poverty. For this reason the majority of passengers, Simonstown bound from Cape Town in the Cape Peninsula of the Western Province of South Africa, do not look utterly bored or doze in the corner seats.

Cape Town station is, with little variation, identical to any other one might name. Swarms of noisy,

hurrying people of all nationalities and tongues window display cabinets, dirt and litter, bookstalls—paper boys, and ice-cream vendors in the summer. The hardened "regulars" usually leave there reading a paper or a book, as one does elsewhere, but it isn't long before the magnetic surroundings have arrested far more of their attention than their literature is capable of doing.

Two shrill blasts on a whistle—which remind one of a soccer match—gives the sleepy a rude awakening, whilst the following rough jolt or so of the train seems to say, "Just to make sure," and Cape Town is slipping away. Table Mountain with all its splendour—gracefully deflecting little white clouds over its head—makes a perfect background for the American style skyscrapers, busy streets and shops and bustling people, though it completely ridicules their magnitude and importance. Gazing in awe above all man-made things time seems to stop, noises pass unheard; that massive, flat-topped, grey-brown contour, with its green pine tree-covered lower slopes, rules supreme.

Coming to with a start, one finds the ticket collector guard—the man with that rude whistle—asking for the second time, though probably the tenth, for the tickets. In English and Afrikaans alternately, maintaining an even temper through experience. Whilst adults smile, girls giggle and little boys laugh.

Table Mountain, with its associates, Devil's Peak and Lion's Rump, remain in the background for a few miles, but at ground level the docks rapidly disappear and goods yards and factories thin out to reveal, here and there, a few hovels of crumbling cement and rusty corrugated iron in which, through financial necessity, some "Cape Coloured" people exist. Surely these people have every right to allow resentment and bitterness towards humanity, the control of their thoughts and actions, but, strangely enough, few of them do. The children of these struggling tenants shout, laugh and wave as the train passes. One feels sad that their fate in life should be such, especially with the splendour of Table Mountain—a memorial to strength, goodness and freedom, and which can still be seen by craning the neck—so vividly fresh in one's mind. However,

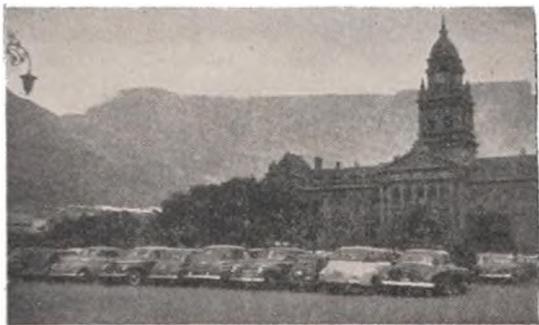
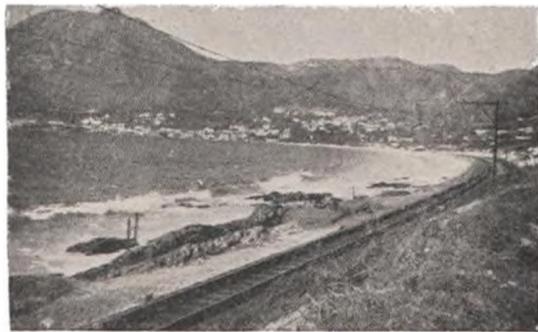


Table Mountain from Cape Town Station



The Last Little Bay—"Simon's Bay"

with all their squalor and misery, these hovels are in fact minor palaces to some that could be seen within the radius of a few miles.

The train rattles on, each stop, two blasts, shout and accompanying jolts leaving this poverty and distress farther behind. Now the mountains are not so high, though more rugged and rambling. A large barren patch with its surrounding singed trees and shrubs is the hideous scar of a recent "bush fire." On the lower slopes large houses, of unmistakable architecture, are spread out in well-kept gardens. One begins to wonder if those hovels and coloured children—who looked as if they needed a good meal and definitely needed new clothes—weren't just an illusion. A few more factories—how ugly—a timber yard, a town, but still serene mountains for a background. How high will builders continue here? Will they ever realise their ambition, cover and conquer them? That it appears is their aim. How strange to see so many brick and concrete buildings, mainly bungalows—"houses" to the Springbok—with painted iron roofs. Tiled roofs are in the minority together with thatches and shingles, though corrugated asbestos sheeting seems to be, quite understandably, the modern roofing material.

In contrast, tranquility. A lake practically covered with long, slender reeds, swaying gracefully, their heads rippling in the breeze, while a few strange birds paddle aimlessly in its dark, sheltered, smooth pools and winding channels. A board at the next station, unnecessary but practical, reads "Lakeside."

The air smells salty and in the distance through the opposite window the sea appears. Expectantly one moves to the other side of the carriage. Here is unique False Bay, this is Muizenburg. A seven-mile stretch of white glittering sand and the most inviting blue rollers, each identical in detail until they break noisily and scud along the beach; their regularity so contrary to the rugged surroundings, without which this might well be Sydney or California. Here the wealthy and the poor race shorewards together, in reckless abandon, on their purchased or home-made surfboards.

Leaving the rollers behind one finds oneself running parallel with the sea, its laughing ripples lapping against the track's very foundations in places; winding in and out of little bays and coves, each with their multi-hued rocks, some with small, half-moon shaped beaches, little warm pools and frequently strands of thick, snake-like seaweed, a memento of stormy days. A lone penguin eyes the train with butler-like tolerance. A solitary statuesque angler ignores all. On the other hand, the mountains rise from within a few feet of the track; while those on the distant side of the Bay rise to even greater heights—if not shrouded by mist—rich purple-brown silhouettes against the sky. They form a natural fort, guarding their enclosed beauty.

The twenty-eighth jolting start and alas! one is winding into the last little bay. At the end of this strip of sand lies Simonstown. A group of fishermen, their boats beached, are hauling in their laden net.

A flock of screeching birds hover, swooping now and then to snatch an easy meal as a fish or so escapes. Above, nestled in a sheltered crevice of the mountains, which here have windswept sand-dunes at their base, are numerous corrugated iron shacks—"Tin Town"—a native location. Its inhabitants may have few worldly goods, but Nature has enhanced them with a perfect view.

JUST DREAMING

I'm sitting here in a lovely warm office before a typewriter, and from where I'm sitting I can see the sun shining out of a clear blue sky, and I can hear the sound of Aircraft Handlers throwing their aeroplanes around the flight deck below me. I've just had my tot and the dinner seemed as good as you'd get at the Ritz any day. Then I drifted up on watch about 12.30 p.m. to find the office tidy, the "In" tray empty, and the log nice and neat. A smile awaited me as I opened the door, "Oh, you shouldn't have bothered, I'm quite happy here," said the Signaller I was supposed to relieve, "still, I suppose you want to write some letters this afternoon, so I'll let you take over the watch." Then he picked up his case and slippers and trundled off down to the mess. I sat back in the arm-chair with my feet on the desk and selected one of the Yeoman's fags out of an array of packets that he leaves on the desk for us, and then my thoughts turned to work, and I shuddered, "Ah! well, I might as well force myself to make that acquaint chit out before I settle myself down for an afternoon's nap." So with a great effort I heaved myself out of my deep, comfortable arm-chair and groped my way to a typewriter, but an accident befell me, I tripped over the waste-paper basket and was just hitting the deck when I felt my shoulder gripped and a voice said, "Come on, Geordie, you've got the afternoon and you've got a load of signals to type, so you'd better wake up." So you see, pal, it was no good, I was "just dreaming."

D. L., H.M.S. *Glory*.

ODD SIGNALS

TO : SINGAPORE NAVAL GENERAL
Dress for officers attending The Cocktail party at NEE SOON on Friday, 14th September, is plain cloths.

"What-loin or dish?"

* * * * *

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TO. C.-IN.C. F.E.S.

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September '51.

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Manual.

2. FAILURES

The number who fail the examination after having undergone their course is still higher than it should be and can be traced to lack of preparation for the course. The courses are not designed to teach fundamentals, and unless a man has at least the standard of knowledge required for his present rating he stands little chance of acquiring the additional knowledge required to pass for higher rating. In particular, it is essential that he should keep up-to-date in his practical so as to avoid wasting valuable time in having to read additional exercises.

The effect of a failure is far-reaching, and besides seriously affecting a man's position on the advancement roster, involves the loss of pay for being passed for higher rating. So do not put in a request for a course and then forget it. Make the most of the time you are waiting for your course to improve your chance of passing. The Signal Training Manual gives details of the standards of knowledge required.

3. SIGNAL AND WIRELESS INSTRUCTORS

The position as regards Instructor rates has recently been reviewed, and in addition to increasing the total numbers allowed, the numbers per depot have been re-allocated according to the total number of Signal and Telegraphist ratings borne in each Port Division. This means an increased number to be trained during 1952 and requires a larger number of volunteers than are at present forthcoming.

The work performed by instructors is of the greatest importance and calls for a high degree of ability and aptitude.

Chief Petty Officers, Petty Officers, and Leading Rates of four years seniority who have passed for Petty Officer Telegraphist or Yeoman of Signals are eligible to be recommended, and any of the above who feel they have a bent for teaching should request to be considered as volunteers for a course.

4. ADVANCEMENT UP TO AND INCLUDING SIGNALMAN OR TELEGRAPHIST

The provisions of A.F.O.2712/51, which promulgates the new system of advancement up to Signalman or Telegraphist should already be well known, but it has been found in H.M.S. *Mercury* that a number of ratings are not aware of these improved conditions.

Briefly the changes are:

(a) All Boy Entries are advanced to the Ordinary Rate on reaching the age of 17½, and may, if qualified, be advanced to Signalman or Telegraphist on attaining the age of 18 years and 9 months. Their advancement to Signalmen or Telegraphist may be antedated according to any acceleration gained either under the old or the new regulations (but not under both), and in any case not to a date earlier than 1st April, 1951.

1. ADVANCEMENT PROSPECTS

The following extracts from a recent analysis of the Communications Branch are of particular interest.

It is estimated that the following numbers of vacancies for advancement will occur in 1952:

	Ports- mouth	Chat- ham	Devon- port	Total
For C.P.O. Telegraphist	11	14	7	28
For P.O. Telegraphist ..	36	40	49	126
For Leading Telegraphist	62	61	70	193
For C.Y.S.	12	14	12	45
For Yeoman of Signals	41	37	42	120
For Leading Signalmen	71	57	63	191

Note.—It is emphasised that the figures given are only estimates based on facts which are liable to changes which cannot be foreseen, e.g. changes in the numbers allowed, invalidings, etc.

The overbearing of Chief Yeomen which has persisted since the end of the war and which has limited advancement to 4 per depot per year, will have been worked off by the end of 1951, and advancement to C.Y.S. will resume the normal flow of about 12 to 15 per depot per year.

From the above it will be appreciated that the prospects offered for early advancement are still exceptionally good, and in order to make the most of their opportunities, ratings should request to qualify for higher rating as soon as they are eligible and confident of being able to tackle the course and examination. Some men are under the mistaken impression that they must wait for someone to recommend them. This is not so. The first requisite is that they must *volunteer*, and then, if they are considered suitable, a recommendation will be forwarded to the Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*, which will place them on the roster for a course and establish their basic date for the advancement roster. Full details of the qualifications required by a man before he can volunteer are given in the Signal Training

(b) All other ratings are required to serve 18 months in the Ordinary Rate and may gain up to 4 months seniority as Signaller or Telegraphist as a result of their E.T.2. and professional examinations.

5. FIFTH-FIVE AND SIXTH-FIVE ENGAGEMENTS

Whereas the "Fifth-Five" was introduced to assist in overcoming shortages in certain higher ratings, it is now Admiralty policy to give the widest possible opportunities to suitable volunteers for this engagement, subject to manning needs and the maintenance of a fair rate of advancement in each branch. For the present this engagement will be open to all suitable Chief and Petty Officers.

The "Sixth-Five" engagement will be introduced during 1953 in time to give the first men engaged under the 1949 "Fifth-Five" scheme an opportunity to volunteer for further service. Fuller details regarding "Fifth-Five" and "Sixth-Five" engagements are to be found in A.F.O.s 2601/50, 2650/51 and 2651/51.

J. S. W.

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

Since last we wrote there have been one or two changes in our ranks: C.P.O. Tel. T. Richardson has left us to become a civilian and is now back in his native country, Co. Durham.

Wren Muriel White has likewise become a civilian, leaving only poor Leading Wren Eileen Hiscock to hold the fort until another colleague in arms is found. Any volunteers will be assured of a good escort to and from the station in the person of Leading Telegraphist Jack Barbour, who specialises in escorts for lonely Wrens!!!

C.P.O. Tel. R. Hughes has joined the staff in Dundee, and C.P.O. Tel. Sherrington in Glasgow. To both of them we extend a greeting. Since the Wrens are in Dundee, C.P.O. Hughes will have able assistance.

T. A. N. Brown in Edinburgh has been promoted to Acting Petty Officer Telegraphist.

Lieutenant Commander S. M. Mainland, the Section Officer in Edinburgh, has recently returned from a course at the Signal School, Devonport, where, by all accounts, he had a very good time, presumably he will now refer to himself as Lieutenant tackle Commander.

Wick Training Centre still continues to flourish in the outposts of Caithness, although we note that no member of the Queen Anne's staff has yet braved the rigours of the Scottish weather so far north of the border.

Aberdeen, under Lieutenant A. Birnie, still continues to flourish, and there is even hope that the Centre may be officially opened shortly, how shortly only the Dockyard knows.

The Commanding Officer has returned from fourteen days' training in the Office of C-in-C., Portsmouth, and apart from spending some time in Portsmouth, he also visited the Air Signal School

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leaving the Service that they can do their reserve time in the R.N.V.(W.)R. to their profit and enjoyment of leisure time.

In No. 3 District, which covers the Midlands, we have main Instructional centres at Birmingham, Leicester, Northampton, Nottingham and R.N.A.S. Bramcote, Nuneaton, with smaller units at Peterborough and Coventry, and are due to set up at Dunstable. Altogether we have 100 R.N.V.(W.)R. ratings who enjoy the facilities at these places at least twice a week.

Herewith a short story which we produce for the reader's enlightenment which we declare to be true:

THE NAVY DOES THINGS IN A BIG WAY

Following upon the opening of the Birmingham Training Centre of the R.N.V.(W.)R., the Section Officer achieved some remarkable results by forwarding S.134D's to Dockyard Departments. The first effort, asking for one dozen tea spoons, produced one dozen of the largest table spoons ever seen.

Next a demand was made for a dozen deck cloths for use by the charladies when scrubbing the floors. Imagine the surprise when one dozen specially made canvas sheets were received each measuring about 12 feet square!

The final effort was a demand for an Ascot heater for canteen purposes. In due course a telephone message was received, stating the fitter was waiting to fit the heater. The Section Officer set out for the Training Centre with some trepidation to open up for the gas fitter and was amazed to find the road outside the Training Centre completely blocked with police cars standing by trying to manoeuvre a large Babcock and Wilcox boiler round the traffic island outside. Imagine his relief when he found that this was nothing to do with the Training Centre, and that the gas fitter was standing by the door with "our" boiler tucked neatly under his arm.

A. G. J.

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beer to suit all tastes!

RADIO SHOW—1951

Communicators whose bearing and distance from Earl's Court in early September prevented them from attending this colourful and interesting display will be glad to hear that the Royal Navy stand was among the principal attractions. From opening time in the forenoon a steady stream of citizens increased hour by hour to a peak of over 1,000 per hour to make a daily total of over 4,000. This is exactly as it should have been, seeing that the Radio Industry Council who run the Show has as its Director, Vice-Admiral Dörling, a Communicator of some renown, also that this year's Show was opened by the Fourth Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, whose contributions to Naval Communications need no mention in the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR.

Under the direction of the Chief of Naval Information a team of officers devised and directed, artificers created, and operators demonstrated under normal working conditions, except for their No. 1's, some aspects of electric and electronics used in battle. Air-warning radar, direction finding, air and surface plotting and wireless communication were all presented in the life. Apart from a model showing the "aircraft" whose "echoes" appeared on the P.P.T., everything was genuine and the Sparker on watch read and touchtyped Malta Broadcast under the public nose as your reporter watched him.

Members of the R.N.V(W.)R. manned their station in the evenings and joined in whatever was going on. This brought many enquiries (was it the B28?), including serious applications from Britons living in Morocco, Czechoslovakia and British Columbia.

The display was enclosed in what really did resemble a cruiser's bridge, with beautiful models of *Sheffield's* mast and aerials and of H.M.S. *Contest* beside the bulkhead openings through which the crowds surged to see and hear, possibly, exactly what you were doing at the same time.

G3CDR

G3CDR (also one-time operator of G3DID) is now the sole operator of VS6HR and is especially interested in contacting the Signal Schools and establishments at home.

A modified T.C.S. is doing excellent work on 14 megs. and a push-pull 807 P.A. is being built and will be on the air when 28 megs. opens up at the year-end.

With 60 watts input good reports have been received in U.K. Q.S.O.s, both with a folded dipole (300 Ω ribbon) and air end fed antenna 3λ long.

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY H.M.C. COMMUNICATION SCHOOL

By the time this issue of THE COMMUNICATOR is in your hands, H.M.C. Communication School will have moved, painted out and rewired in its new location in H.M.C.S. *Cornwallis*. The move was accomplished with a minimum loss of instructional time and a complete absence of confusion. *Cornwallis* is situated on the Annapolis Basin, 150 miles west of Halifax, near Digby, Nova Scotia. The Annapolis Valley is renowned for its beauty, apples, blossoms and cider.

The school has now attained its two major objectives. One, the much-needed extra space for class-rooms, technical rooms, laboratory, etc.; and two, the increase in instructional hours brought about by being relieved of the majority of housekeeping duties in R.C.N. Barracks, Halifax, N.S.

Cornwallis, being a New Entry training establishment, the Communicator in the R.C.N. now finds himself involved once a week in the so-called "Black Magic" of battalion drill. It was a very short time until we realised that this was merely a rather clumsy variation of marching manoeuvres in which the immediate executive method is used almost exclusively.

Any self-respecting Communicator who has used a flag-deck voicepipe half full of water, or read through QRM/N5, finds the competition of the band, the Battalion Commander, Parade Gunnery Instructor, etc., only of minor annoyance.

The school itself has been completely renewed throughout and is rapidly becoming the show-place of the establishment. As the various components are completed it is hoped to establish a photographic record and forward it for the readers of THE COMMUNICATOR.

A Communication Training Centre was left behind in R.C.N. Barracks, Halifax, to train the teams from the Fleet, run the Barracks Message Centre, and generally advise the other training schools.

The Division of the branch into Visual and Radio has been completed: the old hands are happy and the youngsters are developing that spirit of friendly rivalry that has been so conducive to efficiency in the past.

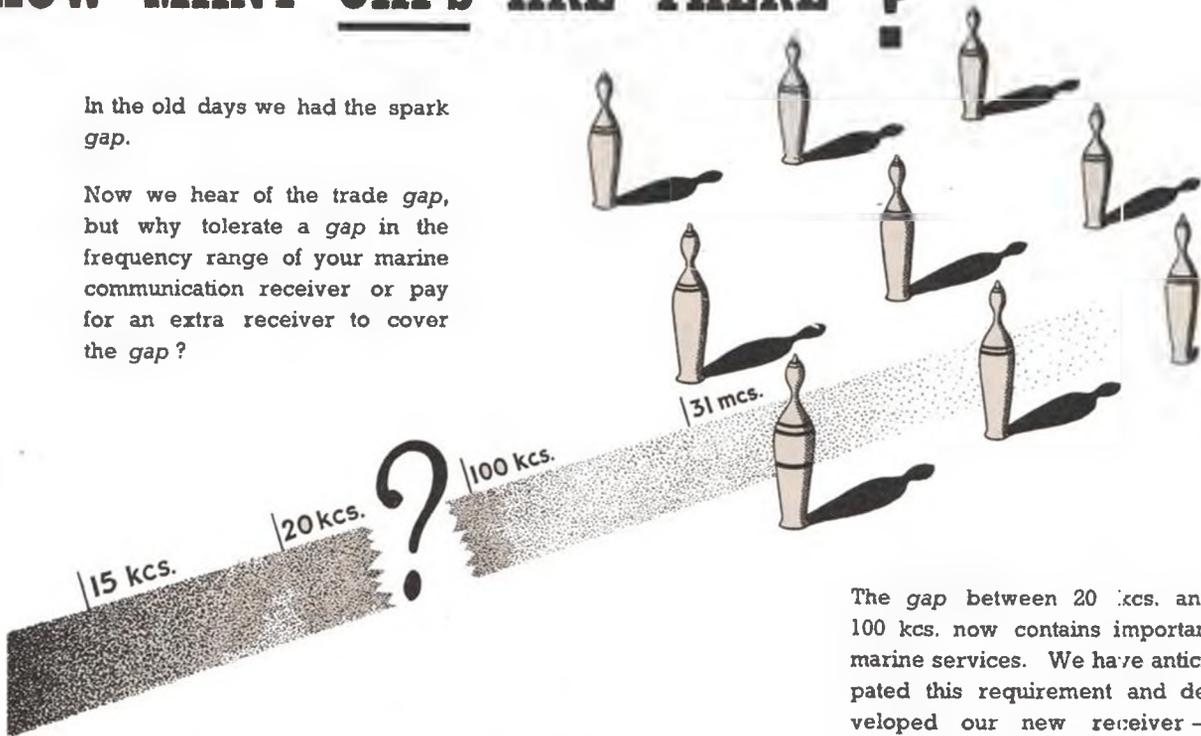
The Wrens, God bless 'em, are back again. A number of W.R.C.N.(R.) are being enrolled for continuous naval duty at radio stations. They are undergoing their new-entry training in *Cornwallis* in addition to learning the fundamentals of radio telegraphy in our school. Needless to say, the morale of our Communicators (Male) has soared and an increasing amount of voluntary evening instruction is noted.

Commander R. W. Murdoch, R.C.N., recently Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. *Beaconhill* (frigate), has just relieved Commander J. A. Charles, R.C.N., as Officer-in-Charge. Commander Charles has

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proceeded to Naval Headquarters as Director of Naval Communications. His predecessor, Commander M. G. Stirling, is now Executive Officer of the cruiser *Ontario*.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Lieutenant Commander (C) Thomas Colson Mackay, D.S.C., R.C.N., who was killed in an automobile accident in Phoenix, Arizona, early last month. Lieutenant Commander Mackay joined the Royal Naval College in 1939 and served continuously at sea throughout most of the war in H.M. and H.M.C.

ships. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in 1943 for valorous service as First Lieutenant during a submarine kill by H.M.C.S. *St. Laurent*, destroyer.

Lieut. Cdr. Mackay qualified in H.M.C.S. *St. Hyacinthe* in May, 1945, and since then had done excellent work in the branch in H.M.C.S. *Magnificent*, Ottawa and Washington. He was killed whilst on leave just prior to taking up his appointment as Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. *La Hulloise*.

R. W. M.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

Greetings for Christmas and the New Year to all Communicators from the bods in the domain who are just beginning to feel the warmth of the year where the land is bedecked with the gay green banners of Spring.

As we commence our COMMUNICATOR news from "down" here, a strong south-easter is blowing (a "white" one as opposed to a "black" south-easter) and howling as it rushes through the tall masts and aerial systems of the Cape South W/T Station. It does help to keep the heat down, as the Summer (very late this year) has now commenced, we hope, having quite a few false alarms, in "Indian Summers," causing some ills and chills.

There have been very few changes in personnel since we last went to press. Mr. Goulding, S.C.C.O., has joined us early in July as Officer in Charge, Signal Training Centre, Klaver, the very pleasant and well-equipped place in the rarified atmosphere on top of the "Berg" that overlooks Simonstown. Lieutenant Webber is still with us and is expecting to hear of his relief's departure from U.K. any time now. Lieutenant Webber then expects to sail with his charming family (much to the latter's regret) from Capetown about the middle of December.

A very successful fortnight's combined exercise was carried out at Saldanha Bay in which ships of the South Atlantic Squadron and South African Navy took part. Much experience was gained in all branches of the Service, and on the Communication side the new books were used with success, the Communication staffs of the South African Navy doing exceedingly well in this direction.

H.M.S. "ACTAEON"

Before putting many words to paper, we crow that we are "Cock of the Fleet" of the South Atlantic Squadron for 1951, as determined by us in a really decisive victory in the pulling regatta—inter-R.N./S.A.N.—held at Saldanha Bay.

This was really the culmination of many weeks of arduous training, and for our defeated opponents' information: formulating various methods of boat efficiency, i.e. boat scraping with blow lamp, drying

out, and tender care of the under parts. Good tips for the future! besides which was our firm belief in our capabilities to bring it off this time and recover the cup from H.M.S. *Nereide* who had a sweeping victory last year, and of course the satisfaction of having put one over our more adult cousin the Flagship. The weather was all that could be desired and the enthusiasm was remarkable all round. Tote procedure was worked very efficiently on 3295 kc/s using W/T, evaluating the odds at 16s. and 10s. respectively for our first and second wins. The W/T office was well in pocket. P.O. Tel. Norman, Yeoman Lennon, Sig. Belfitt and Tel. Lawlor figured in our crews. After this a super-Cock was erected surmounting an oar and lashed in a prominent position before the bridge to bear witness to the victor as the *Actaeon* steamed through "The Bullnose" into Simonstown harbour.

The Communication staff resolved itself to the working of exercises, V/S and W/T, throughout the ten-day period at Saldanha which only let up for the pulling and sailing regattas. This included a big dip into the new procedure, and through these practices we elucidated all the commercialised waves which seem to overlay the old method and went wholeheartedly through a concise list of A.C.Ps. in finding out answers, on top of this was included a general knowledge quiz which demanded a fairly superior knowledge plus the use of an Encyclopedia. This was enjoyed by all in the staff, as well as the S.A.N., whose Afrikaans pronunciation and gen. on South Africa put them in the ascendancy. It was beneficial to all.

Between cruises there was a vacuum created in which time we bolstered up the wall in the dockyard and were on hand for the annual refit plus two week's leave. Speculation was rife beforehand of the suitability of taking a plane to Jo'burg or maybe "Voor-trekking" up-country, which two of our staff, Sig. Belfitt and Tel. Lawlor did.

We are now looking forward to Christmas with our yearly dance and big eats, etc., whilst the West Cruise looms closer with no clues of our impending stops on this trip. Needless to say, Equatorial Africa is no stranger to us.

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In an ending note we Communicators record the change in command and welcome Captain T. D. C. Jamieson, R.N., who was appointed to *Actaeon* in mid-October. To our previous skipper, Captain T. D. Ross, R.N., we wish every success and as happy a time as we trust he had aboard *Actaeon*.

COMSTAFAC.

H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

Since last reporting we have travelled the East Coast, spent a hectic ten days at Saldanha Bay and in between times even spent a few days alongside at Simonstown. Now we are getting ready for the West Coast cruise. Anybody want to swop? On our way to Durban the squadron was joined by several units of the South African Navy, including *Jan Van Riebeck*. We indulged in some hectic exercising which was enjoyed by all concerned. Having a real submarine was something different.

At Durban as usual the highlight was the July handicap, won this year by the only filly in the race. Maybe this was the reason most of the Communication staff showed a profit. None was so lucky as Ordinary Tel. Keefe. Before the first race he stood scratching his head. Not a clue! a chap standing near him comes over and says, "Do so-and-so." Keefe looked sideways at him as the bloke says, "Go on! if it doesn't come up I'll give you your money back." To cut a long story short, Keefe went through the card showing a profit of close on £40. It's not true that the remainder of the staff spent the rest of the time in Durban looking for the bloke.

Our stay at Diego Suarez was relieved by the experience of one our staff who was fortunate enough to witness the ceremony of "sacrificing the bull" to the crocodiles; the show takes place at Aniero, about sixty miles inland from Diego Suarez.

Radio telephone trials between the ship and Simonstown were very successful. The old "Type 57" behaved grandly until just off Madagascar. After that, well, we think we should have worked up a French accent.

After our return to Simonstown the S.T.C. was in operation again, and our congratulations to Ord. Tels. Daelman, Wrigley and Ord. Sigs. Ward, Greenslade and Brooks who passed for higher rating.

Saldanha Bay days were essentially exercise days. We will go further and say Communication exercise days. Altogether there were present *Bermuda*, *Actaeon*, *Nereide*, *Jan Van Riebeck*, *Bloemfontein*, *Transvaal Pietermaritzburg*, not to mention the naval gym ashore with its complement of six Ordinary Tels. with six weeks' training. We went in for a welter of W/T procedure, voice procedure, wave changing, quizzes and what have you. Everybody entered into the spirit of the thing and a good time was had by all. Here a special word must be said for the South African ships who had almost no Communication ratings aboard.

The Commander-in-Chief had a lot of nice things to say about the communications and the co-operation

between R.N. and South African ships and aircraft.

Our own special thrill came on regatta day when our whaler's crew won the miscellaneous race. The whole staff to a man were on them in a big way. Yeoman Jones and his merry band of L/Sig. Townsend, Sig. Puckle, Tel. Booth, Tel. Neil, and Ord. Tel. Shimmin did not let us down. Taking the lead at the start they held off a determined challenge by *Actaeon* to win by three lengths. The remainder of the staff are still trying to get their voices back.

Bush fire days are here again, and until we leave for the West Coast no doubt we will be having lots of bush fire exercises and maybe a fire or two just to liven things up. Just as we printed that, the C.C.O. came in and said "There's going to be a bush fire exercise this week"—that seems a good cue to turn it up.

Until the next time all the best to all of you from all of us.

B. R. N.

CAPE EAST W/T STATION

The Station sees the year out with a rapidly changing staff, having said reluctant farewells to R.Es. Dunn and Halstead who have departed with their wives for the "frozen North," the latter newly wed and still trying to look debonair. It is understood that the marriage underwent its major trial at Twickenham with the Springboks.

To balance we greet a new member in the person of R.E. Robins who, coming from our sister Station, Cape South, has obviously seen the intellectual light.

On the sporting side we have two very keen "Reg. Harris" types in Tels. Warr and Martin, advertised in local cycling events as overseas riders. The remainder of the staff are still struggling to keep fit round the snooker table.

In conclusion, we would like to state that an article for the "Autocar" would have been more in our line. The mess can now boast of three master Austins and one Sunbeam Talbot sports. Talk on the intricacies of the internal combustion engine runs rife, although owing to an unfortunate mishap between our sports and one master Austin, the mere mention of a recumbent exhaust pipe brings a deathly hush.

To all ex-members may we wish a very Merry Christmas and say that the grunTERS are still multiplying and fattening nicely thank you.

CAPE SOUTH W/T STATION

Christmas is here once more, the traffic will be fast and furious, but from the midst of it all Cape South takes the opportunity of wishing Communicators everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Though Christmas is a time of general festiveness, we at Cape South are under a cloud owing to the death of L.R.E.M. Henry (Bob to his friends), electrocuted on duty in August. Our deeply felt sorrow will be echoed by the many who knew Bob,



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and they will know that they have lost a good bloke. To his parents and fiancé we say that our thoughts are with you in your bereavement.

Welcomed to the station is C.R.E. Simes who terrorises the Cape South in his four- (though come to think, two-) wheeled Austin; with the arrival of Mrs. C.R.E. he has taken over the Gunner's Cottage and associated bush veldt which, in time, he is spasmodically attempting to clear and get ship-shape. During one bush-clearing expedition, "Morbid," the station lady dog, was investigating a strange noise in the undergrowth and was bitten by a puff-adder. With typical "morbid" tenacity she hung on to life, but after fifteen hours passed away to other hunting grounds.

Prospective candidate for Shotley is Tel. (Geo.) Pyott and Ella's latest sprog, a son named Garry, born in August. We believe that Garry is growing fast, but know that he has a long way to go before he reaches his old man's proportions!!

L.R.E.M. Southam has become the discovery of the newly commenced cricket season, being selected both for his batting and bowling capabilities. Good luck to him, and his efforts are appreciated for getting a practice-net built in the "Bundu," and for keeping the interests of the other members from waning.

Anglo-South African relations have been further improved by two Springbok sparkers who were up here on an experience course. Owing to the rain it was impossible to play off any tennis tests which undoubtedly would have been lined up.

That is all from Cape South for now, then, again we send Greetings and the Best of Luck to all. Good-bye Chaps.

S.T.C. KLAVER

Mr. Goulding, S.C.C.O., had barely set foot in South Africa when he was whisked away to Durban for talks between F.C.O. and S.A. Navy representatives on the question of Joint Communication training at Klaver. This was the basis of a most successful meeting between the R.N. and S.A.N. representatives held in Simonstown recently and from the results of which it is anticipated joint training will commence in mid-January. By this time it is hoped that the main block (to old residents "the sanatorium") of Klaver will have been decorated for our use as the accommodation for the Instructors and classes under instruction.

In the meantime we have kept on the good work of training, having put through an examination after refresher course for Tels. and Sigs., and at the present have a course for Leading Tels. under way, Instructor Lieutenant Waller, R.N., again helping out by taking the theory instruction.

In addition the S.T.C. has been humming with activity through the prompt and ample response of the dockyard departments of Simonstown in getting our equipment up-to-date.

Now that training is commencing on a larger

scale, it is hoped to recommence the Witex with *Mercury*, arrangements for which will be made shortly.

We were honoured by a visit from the Chief of Staff, Captain H. P. Currey, O.B.E., R.N., and Staff Officer Operations, Commander P. J. Norton, D.S.C., R.N., who appeared quite impressed with the S.T.C. equipment and its layout.

SLANGKOP W/T STATION

In this festive season edition of our Magazine we would first like to wish all other Communicators the "Compliments of the Season" from Slangkop W/T Station.

In the immediate future the event of major importance is the departure of Lieutenant and Mrs. Webber. As Officer i/c Cape W/T Stations, he has steered Slangkop safely through many troubles, and, working harder than any of us, his constant enthusiasm in all spheres and sound judgment has been an inspiration to all of us. May we say "thank you" from Slangkop for leaving it so much improved and from those of us who have been in Wynberg Military Hospital, "Thank you, Mrs. Webber, for your cheerful visits." "Bon Voyage" and may we wish yourself and family every success and happiness in the future.

We take this opportunity to welcome Lieutenant F. T. Low and C.P.O. Tel. Raven to the Station, and whilst on the subject we might mention that not a few of our "older hands" will be due for U.K. early in the New Year, so for future Slangkopians, "Swot Commercial" is the slogan.

Having weathered the storm of new procedures and call-signs, the immediate object is to prepare for the Christmas rush. Much oiling of T/Ps "Perfs" and operators "joints" is taking place, and L/Tel. Buckman walks round with that "Check the Log—Make a Service" look in his eye.

Congratulations to L/Tel. S. Thompson and Tels. Kennedy and Robson on their recent marriages, and to those anticipating marriage in the near future we would repeat the little story of "How much to let the wife know of the job."

"His wife rang up the 16 mc/s operator and asked if he could get a 'sub.', to which he replied regretfully that all other 16 'meg' operators were ashore; imagine his face when she said, 'Perhaps a 17 'meg' operator would look out for you.'"

Summer is here now and the cricket nets and tennis courts are having their fair share of usage while other ratings enjoy the Cape surf at Muizenberg and other resorts in their leisure hours.

This season our ranks are swelled by four South African Naval Tels., whom we welcome, and who have settled in like veterans; in fact, by the way our Station hounds follow Tel. May around it would seem their affection for Tel. Jefferson is seriously threatened. We must thank them for the introduction of the guitar to Slangkop and the unshakable cheerful-

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Christmas parties . . . puddings and pies . . . iced cakes and ice cream . . . crackers, apples and oranges. Party-time again for the youngsters, with all its attendant excitement, hustle and bustle.

NOW is the time to entrust Naafi with the entire catering arrangements for the greatest event in the children's calendar. Naafi, specialists in Services' catering for *all* occasions, will gladly prepare a variety of party menus from which a selection can be made, and Naafi will carry out the catering from A to Z, ensuring the success of the jolliest Christmas Party ever!



NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces.
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ness of Tel. Saunders; one would think that he, and not Tel. J. Smith, was going home shortly.

The Slangkop Social Club (short title S.S.C.) is now in full swing after some very hard work by Tels. Readings, Mist and Hand, and by their ingenuity and persistence the 16 mm. cinema shows and socials are gaining popularity, whilst for the most serious minded there are excellent gramophone recitals.

In the sporting world, congratulations to Tel. Hanlon on his further successes by winning the naval amateur welterweight championship of the South Atlantic station and his weight in the S.A.N. v. R.N. boxing competition here.

Finally, we would tell all old Slangkopians that "Brick" the hound has not yet bucked up and still maintains only second place to "Butch" who at least did growl at somebody once.

P.S.—I wonder should we say anything about one of our Tels. who was searching to pick the Met. report from Brazil? He told his P.O.O.W. he couldn't hear the Met. Station, but a "sparker" was having a yarn with his chum on the air and had mentioned that he had met Bazil!!

RADIO TELEPHONE

This was originally under the heading of H.I.C., but we have been doing trials in this at long distance. Trials on the South Atlantic station were abandoned in February, 1950, after several attempts had yielded poor results.

In February, 1951, the F.C.O. decided to reopen these trials using H/F between Simonstown and H.M.S. *Bermuda* when absent from the port. The target was to be communication on R/T up to 150 miles from Simonstown.

Our problem at the short terminal was that no money was available for expenditure. No voice transmitters were available at the W/T stations. S.T.C. Klaver had a type T.B.M. available but no staff to operate it. Slangkop Rx station was only suitable reception positions, but no remote cable to the dockyard exchange was available.

It was therefore decided to install a Tx type 89M (retrieved from N.S.O. Sale List) in Simonstown M.S.O. T/P room, and a Rx B40 (available from Slangkop) in the M.S.O. This apparatus was monitored by the M.S.O. staff and fed through an A.P. linking unit to dockyard exchange.

The type 89 itself needed a complete overhaul. This was done and the equipment quickly installed. First trials were carried out with Fleet Flagship, using 89P whilst at Durban on 11 mc/s employing "Over" procedure, but no linking unit. This worked quite well.

Other trials were carried out from just south of Durban, using two frequencies and linking units. This did not work too well, but reasonably successful communications were carried out, the Simonstown end being through the dockyard exchange. This was considered quite a good start, but subsequent

tests as the ship proceeded towards Simonstown were disappointingly poor. This valuable experience led us to decide upon the following facts:

- (a) Considerable increase in power output at ship and M.S.O. was needed.
- (b) Considerable frequency separation was necessary unless carrier wave was of such strength as to operate A.V.C. of receiver.
- (c) Reception onboard was subject to heavy radar and other noise interference.
- (d) Reception at M.S.O. was subject to heavy T/P and M.T. interference.
- (e) Because of (a) to (d) inclusive, propagation condition, choice of frequency, etc., had to be ideal to carry out successful R/T conversation. Problem (a) was overcome by the ship using 57 DMR and shore using the S.T.C. Klaver's T.B.M., this latter being possible by the recent appointment, and joining, of an officer as O.I.C. S.T.C. Klaver.

The dockyard telephone engineers (S.E.E.) provided a line to the S.T.C. from the M.S.O., thus enabling the T.B.M. to be modulated from this position and through the linking unit from any dockyard telephone position. This proved to be very satisfactory.

The Flagship proceeded to Saldanha for exercises on 24th September. The R/T was put into operation with the M.S.O./T.B.M. on 4700 kc/s and Flagship 6350 kc/s. This system worked admirably and successful conversations were carried out between the Flagship and Staff Officers ashore in Simonstown.

Successful tests were also carried out between M.S.O./T.B.M. (Simonstown) and Salisbury Island, using 11220 kc/s and 12790 kc/s respectively.

It is hoped further valuable experience can be gained and this system improved upon.

We take the opportunity of extending our congratulations to the following

1. Lieut. Webber on his award of the M.B.E.
2. Tel. Hanlon in winning his weight in the R.N./S.A.N. Boxing Competition.
3. *Bermuda* Communications racing whaler in winning the "Royal Visit" Cup at Saldanha Bay.
4. C.Y.S. Stevenson (late *Nereide*) on his elevation to C.Y.S.
5. C.P.O. Tel. Walker on his being selected for the next C.C.O. Course.

THIS QUARTER'S SMILES

(Guaranteed to be true)

1. A certain Ordinary Signalman replied to the question, "What are the main points to remember when signalling to an aircraft by flashing 'by.'" "The signalman should, if possible, keep out of the sun."

(With apologies to B.R. 792(2) Art. 812 (a) (iv).)

2. Shore station from ship INT QRU K.
Ship from Shore station R—SVC=No=K.
3. Shore station from ship IMI WA—Part K.
Ship from Shore station WA Part—icipation K.

ROUND THE HOME ESTABLISHMENTS

H.M.S. "PRINCE ARTHUR"

To follow the usual beginning to these notes, the author should say how busy we have been, and how frantic scribbling and burning of the midnight oils was required to ensure that this arrived at Head Office in time. Alas! we can offer no such excuse this time, but find the task no easier for all that. Is it because our heads are buzzing trying to forget the old books and the old new books? (Who was the P.O. Tel. who shook the whole school with the refrain of old "Blue 18 George 10 down"? All right, relax, we are not that far behind the times; it was an R.F.R. on first day of call up.)

Now what items of news can we poor orphans, without even a home within the precincts of Main Depot, conjure up to amuse and interest the world-wide readers of this Magazine?

The fish pond! Yes, it's a fact at last, complete with fish, bullrushes, bird bath and a rather woe-begone water lily. That is not "hot" news, but maybe these little-known facts in connection with it are. Remember C.Y.S. Rosenberg, the bane of all yeomen in Sliema Creek? If only they could see him now, slipping furtively into the Camp after the school departs. Off shoes and socks, roll up trousers, and into the pond to clean it out.

RADIO TERMS EXPLAINED SIMPLY



IONOSPHERE



NEGATIVE
HALF
CYCLE

Communicators come and Communicators go, but who ever thought to see the departure of "Wally." Yes, the time has come for him to follow in the steps of *Mercury's* fabulous "Jackie," and next term he settles down to enjoy the "delights" of civvy street. It is reported that his main occupation will be chasing up slack daffodils and mismuster roses.

Who was the young Communicator on watch in the M.S.O. who, asked by the O.O.D. the whereabouts of *Royal Prince*, gave this snappy answer: "Up the Khyber Pass, back of the N.A.A.F.I. Club, sir"?

We feel here that we must inform all our readers, who in the past have averred that Depot would collapse should "Scurs" Chambers ever receive a draft chit; this great event has at last occurred (R.N.B. Camarata), but Depot still stands to "welcome" your return.

With limited numbers and many changes due to drafts, our soccer team leaves much to be desired. However, we still strive and hope for fame. But if the glory is not to be ours, let us say to *Mercury*, "Hold on to all you have, and may the fame of the Green and Whites grow ever greater."

The many Chief and Petty Officers who have enjoyed the pleasures of *Mercury* ask me here to make public their thanks to their counterparts there who always extend the hand of welcome and make life on course so much more pleasant.

No notes on the doings of *Prince Arthur* we feel would be complete without this howler: Question—Decrypt. OC- LR1--2XA—35—25—172K K13—120—UU=1634A.

O/Sig. taking Sigs. exam. (verbatim reply):

Invert the columns in succession from the rear, ships passing on the port or starboard side as indicated of the ship ahead. 2 large objects bearing 135 25 miles. Am investigating unidentified radio transmissions 172 MC/s believed to have originated in the vicinity of the Fleet, pulse rates 130. Ship holding pendants 120 is on fire. We feel no comment is necessary.

In closing, all Communicators at *Prince Arthur* wish all fellow-Communicators at home and abroad, a very merry Christmas, and may those of you abroad soon enjoy the company of your loved ones.

H.M.S. "CONDOR"

Once again, Greetings from Arbroath!

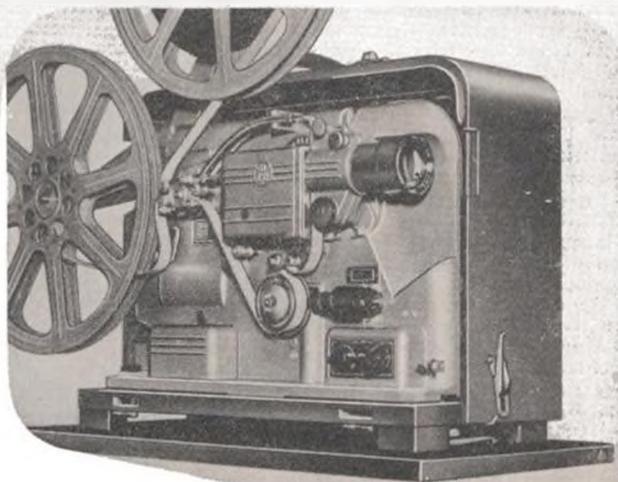
We would have said Sunny Arbroath, but after several weeks of Indian Summer, we have had several weeks of Arctic Winter, with temperatures low enough to trouble the proverbial brass monkey.

Much has happened since we last appeared in print: we have had two different lots of aviators working up on the station, much to our delight; while their presence has meant plenty of work, it has also meant a change of atmosphere after working



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hours, with new faces at the various station functions, and several marriages have either taken place, or about to—proof positive!

Another break in routine was our annual inspection by F.O.G.T. That was quite a break. The Wrens were complimented by the Admiral on their parade appearance, and the evolutions on the day after certainly kept us all busy: the "invaders" broke into the P.C.B. and there followed a period of hand-to-hand fighting accompanied by the throwing of Chinese crackers. However, the Amazons of the staff eventually won, and the invaders beat a hasty retreat. The state of the paintwork, however, bore mute testimony to the bitterness of the struggle, and after the hours of overtime put in on it, prior to the inspection, almost brought tears to the eyes of the Signal Officer!

The simulated L/T breakdown exercise gave us a hectic spell for a fortnight, and much of the week-end following it was spent in trying to catch up with lost shut-eye. However, we are undaunted, and await the next one with interest if not enthusiasm!

We have lost several members of the staff since then, demob. claiming its toll, and ere long we will be losing several more: marriage looming up—that seems to be a bug that gets one up here, even the Signal Officer succumbed to it just after the Inspection—maybe that was the last straw!

Ah weel, that's a' for the noo. See you again at Easter!

QGH.

R.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL, DEVONPORT

Greetings to all Communicators after a reasonably fine Summer and Autumn. We are now looking forward to the festive season once again, so from the West Country, our Greetings for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to all.

Improvements to the roads and living huts continue to go forward here. One great amenity has been added in the last few months.

Stories had been circulating our signal school that a rifle range could and would be built without incurring Government expense. It was not until the merry month of May, just after the arrival of our new Captain (Cdr. Kennett, R.N.) that the above project was taken seriously. In spite of a full instructional programme our First Lieutenant found it possible to release a few hands to begin excavating operations. Plans were quickly drawn up. C.Y.S. "Sammy" Dagnall, Kenneth K. Ellison (C.P.O.Tel.), and Yeoman "Nobby" Hunt were assigned the task of digging out approximately 350 tons of earth and rock—mostly rock—with the aid of four picks and five shovels and a band of husky Communicators when available. It took the gallant band five long, back-breaking weeks to unship this great amount of rock and soil. A target for each day was set; if this was reached the diggers were awarded liquid refreshment by Kenneth K. Needless to say, refresh-

ment was well and truly earned on the first day, but on the second day the crafty "Kenneth" moved the target mark during "Stand Easy," but again the diggers caned the crafty Chief.

The problem was the supply of stones, etc., for building the range walls, even .22 bullets must be safely enclosed. C.Y.S. Dagnall suggested that nothing could be more fitting than stone from the old Signal School, R.N.B., which had recently been demolished. This was approved by "The Authority"; transport arranged weekly and sixty tons of this excellent stone was manhandled to Vicarage Road.

By this time the "Dockyard" doubted the Communicators' building ability and put the "kibosh" on the project for one month. They were eventually convinced that the Royal Navy could tackle any job, and building commenced at the beginning of August.

The "Guzz" weather for a change has blessed us with a fair amount of sunshine, so that now the completion of a really fine .22 range is in sight. The Commodore, R.N.B., Devonport, opened the range on 26th October, 1951. Almost all the workers have gone on draft, but their efforts remain and are greatly appreciated by all miniature rifle shooting enthusiasts. It is hoped that "Devonport Signal School" will retain its pre-war supremacy in this sporting pastime.

* * * * *

The following few paragraphs were contributed by our Regulating Chief Yeoman, who says he was there!

Lord Nelson, was besides other things, famous for his signal "England Expects"; Jellicoe, too, for his "Engage More Closely"; but how many know that the present Captain of *Mercury*, Captain J. G. T. Inglis, is also famous for his signal. It was during the Combined Home and Mediterranean Destroyers Exercise in 1938. *Galatea* as R.A.D. had command of five flotillas somewhere west of Gibraltar. During a lull in high speed manoeuvres, he, as Flag Lieutenant, made the unpardonable error of not using the phonetic alphabet. Result, one letter was hoisted incorrectly, making the signal read: "Land Signalmen for marching manoeuvres."

The first indication we received that anything was amiss was D.3. making "Request use of your Walrus," followed quickly by various other witty and sarcastic signals, "My sigs. are not fitted with Sea Floats," "Request permission to proceed," etc.

The word was soon passed round the Communication Officers of the Fleet as to whose fault it was, with the result that at the Communication Officers' Dinner at Gib., Lieut. Cdr. Inglis was very solemnly presented with a brass ship flying his signal: "Land Signalmen for Marching Manoeuvres"!

* * * * *

In passing, we would like to include these two howlers:

Tuesday Divisions—

C.P.O.Tel. (to end rating front rank): Go down to



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the mess and get a brush. (Clothes brush being implied.)

Rating returns, much to the amusement of all concerned, with a *bass-headed* sweeping broom!!!!

* * * * *

At a recent technical examination—

Examining Officer (to rating under exam.): On what frequency do you think I am operating?

Rating: About 16 Kc/s, sir!

E.O.: Are you sure?

Rating (scratching his head): Yes, sir.

E.O.: Well, just go outside and see if you can pick up Rugby's B.'Cast without a receiver!!!!

R.N.A.S. EGLINGTON

Towards the end of our Summer term we had the annual inspection from the Flag Officer Flying Training, at the conclusion of which the Admiral said that "There was not much wrong with Eglinton." Perhaps it is more towards Christmas time that R.N.A.S. Eglinton really comes into her own, and very few people can then find anything wrong with this much maligned and very damp part of the British Isles. Lying as we do, so close to the Land of Plenty, the annual "turkey run" is now beginning, and it will not be long now before the airfield reaches saturation point, when, on occasions, it's difficult to find one's way to the control tower through the mass of V.I.P.s, turkeys, hams, and all the other accoutrements of Christmas fare.

On 13th August we had the honour of hoisting, for the first time, the Flag of our previous Captain, Rear-Admiral Couchman, on his promotion to Acting Rear-Admiral and appointment as Flag Officer Flying Training. We would like to wish him every good fortune for the future.

There are now six squadrons at Eglinton, and as the station holds the record for the number of day flying hours per month for the Home Command, the Communication staff always have a full day's work, especially as our complement of W.R.N.S. is now about 30 per cent. below that allowed.

Our W.R.N.S. Communication staff has been sadly depleted during this term, mainly owing to releases and foreign service drafts. We claim also to have the highest wastage to the matrimonial stakes of any Home Establishment. We were sorry to lose P.O. Wren Saunders and Wrens Atkinson and Eustace; the former is no doubt enjoying winter sports in Norway, whilst the latter two are avoiding Farouk's talent scouts at Fayid. Lt. Cdr. Durnford, our late S.C.O., and his family, we understand, proceeded to the West Indies, where we would wish them a happy commission.

R.N.A.S., FORD

On 8th September the Station held its first Air Day

since 1947. The weather was kind and an attendance of 10,000 gave every appearance of having a good time.

The Communications Division still keeps its high standard in the field of sport. We now hold the Athletic Cup, won last June on the Station's Annual Sports Day. We have entered teams for the Station inter-Part football, hockey and cross-country competitions. In addition to retaining the inter-Part Football Cup, we hope to gain honours in the others. Also adding to our honours we carried off the Cricket League Cup last summer.

Many of our "old hands" have been drafted since the last edition of *COMMUNICATOR* went to press and the staff has almost completely changed round. We welcome the R.F.R. Telegraphists to our midst; their numbers increase on almost every occasion of a relief being sent here. We hope they enjoy their stay with us and that they will not find Ford too far away from home.

For the benefit of all who have served at Ford and who may read this article, the centre of attraction for a "run ashore" seems to have changed from Brighton to Lancing. Joe Maudsley, I believe, is known as the "Frank Sinatra" of the Farmers Hotel, Lancing. There is one exception to the popularity of Lancing: one, who shall be nameless, still makes the "Black Dog," Yapton, his first and last call.

With our thoughts still at the "Farmers Hotel" and the "Black Dog," we will say cheerio and good luck to Communicators everywhere.

NAVAL SIGNAL SCHOOL

Since last going to press, our Captain, Captain T. G. C. Jameson, R.N., has been superseded by Captain W. L. M. Brown, R.N.

The following changes in our Instructional Staff have taken place.

Lt. Cdr. Hughes vice Lt. Cdr. Phillimore, Chief Instructor and First Lieutenant.

Lieut. Munns, Mr. Clare and Mr. Robson vice Mr. Newman, Mr. Suggitt and Mr. Brench.

C.P.O. Tel. Jones vice C.P.O. Tel. Chambers, and in addition several of our Aircrewmembers have also left for sunnier climates.

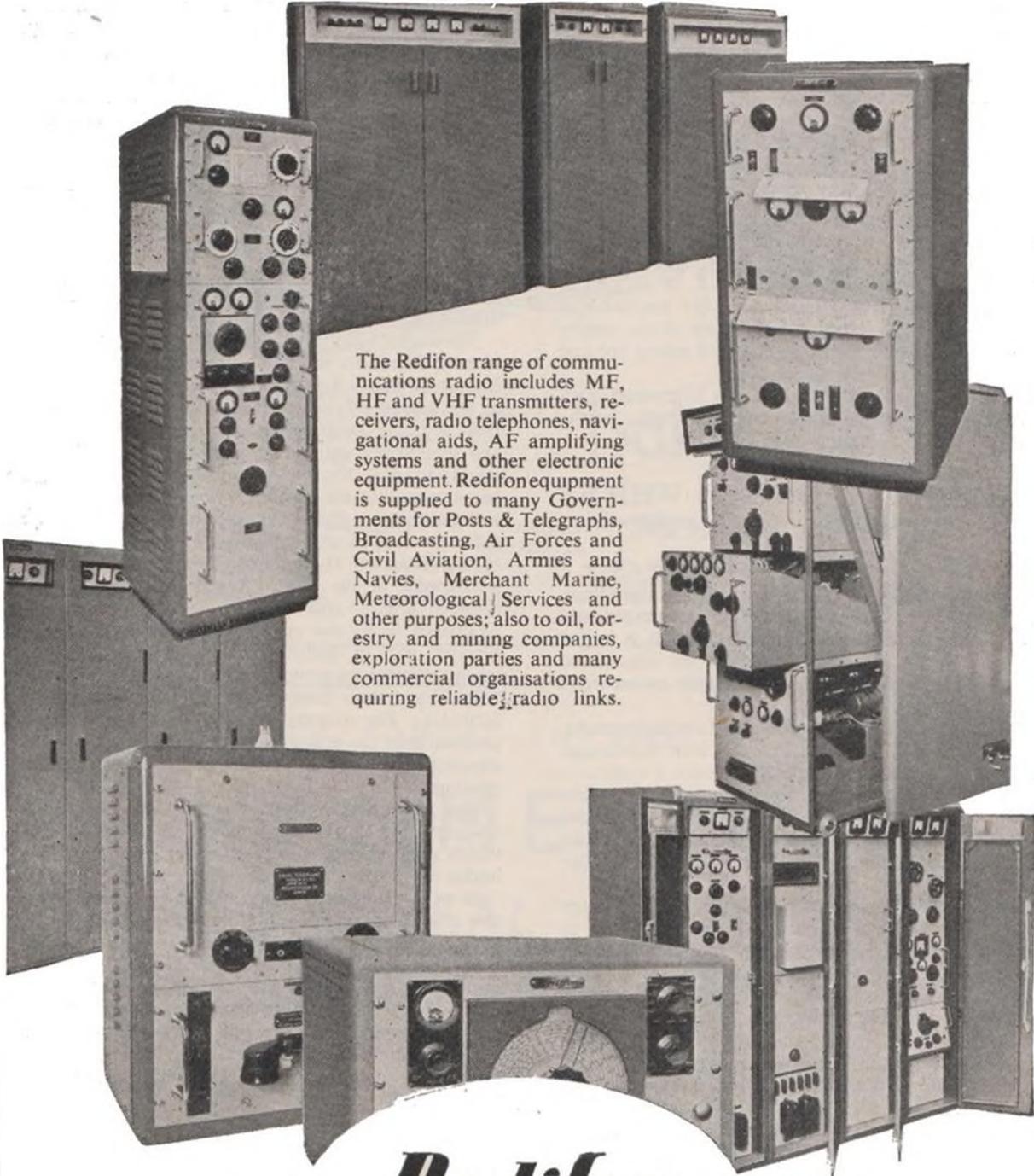
To all new arrivals we extend a hearty welcome, and to those who have left us, all success in their new appointments.

Our various courses have kept us fully occupied this term. We were particularly glad to have No. 4 C.C.O.s (Q), No. 7 W.S.I., and No. 2 C.O. (Q) with us.

No. 8 Observer Course, a mixed course, consisting of 5 R.C.N., 3 R.N., 4 R.N.V.R. midshipmen, and 1 Prob. Obs., R.A.N., are going strong and will soon be passing on to R.N.A.S., St. Mirryn.

Nos. 2 and 3 Observer Refresher courses have passed through successfully to complete a further period of service with Naval Aviation.

J.O.A.C., N.D., R.N.V.R., and W.R.N.S. courses



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have also paid us frequent visits during the term.

A very enjoyable evening in the form of a cricket supper was given as a farewell to No. 7 Observer Course, and Lt. Cdr. Jackson, who was temporary First Lieutenant at the time.

SPORT

Our cricket team, although constantly changing, successfully won the Commodore's Cup for the inter-Part cricket. In spite of frequent bad weather, our swimming pools were a boon during the summer. It was quite a pleasant sight to see nymphs taking the water on Wednesday afternoon, i.e. W.R.N.S. in the static water tanks. The Wednesday Recreational Make and Mend is a welcome feature of the weekly training programme, and hockey and soccer are just coming into their own again.

Finally, we take this opportunity to extend to all Aviators and Communicators our best wishes for the coming season and the New Year.

EXPERIENCE GAINED WHILST PLANNING EXERCISE "SILVER-STRAND"

The following diatribe is submitted for guidance to those who have never had any previous experience of planning a combined operation, and it is hoped may cut down the time needed to get acquainted with the local layout should an exercise be mounted from the same area again.

The planning staff assembled in Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, at various dates between 26th March and 20th May, which gave the early arrivals a chance to get the groundwork done. Having witnessed my first razor gang fight outside the gates of the Barracks between Bearsden and Maryhill locals I felt I had gained enough local colour to remain indoors after dark.

After the day's arduous planning conferences were over, 1400 saw me studying the lie of the land at Loch Lomond and Gareloch. In order to put myself in the position of one who would have to land on foreign islands after a water crossing, I procured a small boat and actually went on the water.

Whilst in the Gareloch one day I idly cast a large Silver Devon when there was a large swirl and a splash. I did not see the fish, but during the next few casts I was able to see quite clearly a fish of between 4 and 5 lbs. following in a few inches behind the minnow. The graceful lines and the speckled back marked it down unmistakably as a sea trout.

Now the Gareloch is about a mile wide and seven miles long from the head to its junction with the Clyde at the Rosneath Narrows. The shores all around, up to 10 ft. in depth, provide good feeding ground for the shoals of sea trout which are getting into condition before ascending the Leven into Loch Lomond, and on to the spawning beds in the headwaters of the Falloch, Endrick and Fruin. Provided

the surface of the loch has a fair ripple and the sun is not too bright, the angler can fish with expectancy. A wet fly of the normal Scottish pattern (Teal and Green, Butcher, Peter Ross, Turkey Tip, Irishman) cast either from the shore or from a boat, near the entrance of a fresh water burn, should get a rise before long. The fish are rather wary, and once one has been missed it is seldom that it takes again. In this case it is better to carry on and go back to it later. Great activity can be had towards dusk with the Red and Silver Terror worked fast. The fish take without hesitation and rush off with a series of leaps up to 3 ft. out of the water. By these tactics many are able to unhook themselves and the total bag is not always representative of the evening's sport.

The angler need not despair as weather conditions worsen. The more wind and rain the better the sport. I recently killed five nice fish in less than an hour in the middle of a sleet storm blowing Force 8. A light spinning outfit is used on these occasions and any spinner will attract a fish; but it is not sufficient merely to cause the quarry to follow, and experience has shown that the natural minnow treble-mounted will be taken readily whilst other lures have no effect. (Minnow can be obtained from a pond at the back of the Shandon Hydro using bread and bent pin. The owner of the hotel takes his dog for a walk between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. on summer evenings. Approach from the railway line above the hotel through gap in hedge just beyond level crossing; when sufficient minnows have been caught, approach "Doc." and keep them in a 10 per cent. solution of formalin.) The minnow brought in slowly without artificial spin has proved most effective. In the rough, clouded water the fish take well and come again after missing.

One day, fishing from my favourite spot with "Hardy Jock Scot" light tackle, I landed a fish which upon inspection was found to have some lost hooks of our own design embedded in its lower jaw.

In general the size of the fish is not spectacular, and one cannot expect to kill more than half-a-dozen over 3 lb. in the course of a season. The largest I have seen caught on rod and line was 6 lb., but I once saw an evening's haul by the local poachers, who by netting round the Narrows collected twenty fish of between 9 and 12 lb. plus thirty odd pounders.

I am convinced that starting off with this local knowledge, planners for the next amphibious operation should achieve better results.

T. G.

A garbled signal was received from an American authority about two months ago:

As received on original—

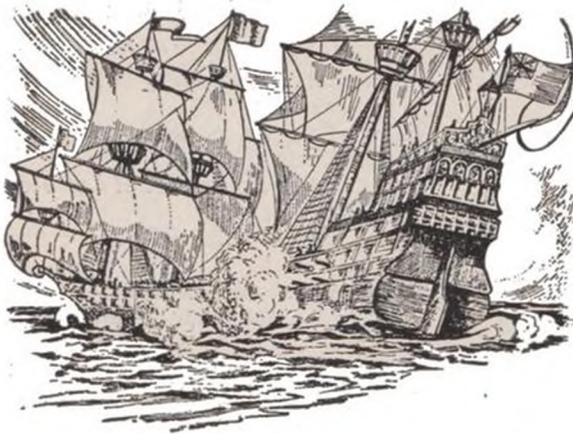
"HAVEXWOMENFORYOU."

As typed and distributed—

"HAVE ? WOMEN FOR YOU."

It should have read—

"HAVE TWO MEN FOR YOU."



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TOO TECHNICAL?

Old Bogey K., whilst still alive,
Once tried to use the F.V.5.
But people said he was too green
To work out bearings on a screen.

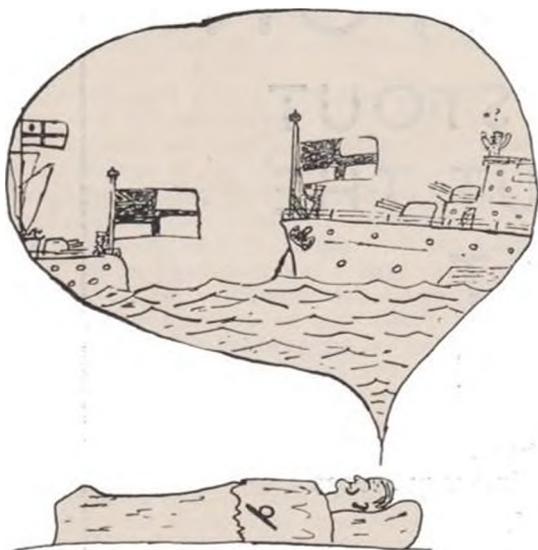
He'd swing the cursor round and round
Until at last a spot was found,
When he would say to one and all
"I fear this is too technical."

"Request for bearing" someone screeched,
Until at last a time was reached
When Bogey gave a mighty shout,
"It can't be true, I've worked it out."

He screamed the bearing out with glee
Thinking "There's no flies on me."
Then there came a fearful roar,
"That bearing should be TWO-five-four."

Now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no way of checking it,
And poor old Bogey all forlorn
Was sentenced to be shot at dawn.

The moral of this tale of woe
Is, don't say Yes when you mean No,
Or venture Green when it is Red,
Or like old Bogey you'll lose your head.



"THE C.C.O.s NIGHTMARE"

"WHAT IS A P.O. TEL.?"

(With apologies to all the people concerned)

Between the sweet naivety of Boy Tel-Hood, and the dotage of a fifth-five, comes the quixotic creature known as a P.O.Tel.

A P.O.Tel. is a composite of Cart-Horse and Grind-stone,
with a dash of vitriol to flavour.

To a C.C.O. he is always just:—
Just coming, Just going or Just doing!

He is exasperation with Carbon on its fingers,
righteousness with a time of despatch on its cuff,
doe-eyed innocence when a signal is adrift.

He dislikes O.D.s, INT ZDK's, too much traffic,
reading on watch,
and the bloke who shook him for the Middle when
he had all night in.

He likes, going up the Line, other P.O.Tels.,
morning watch Kye and tot-time.

He is a magician with remote control over the raising
of one's cap,
a mechanical genius beset about by obstinate
machinery,
a technical wizard lost to the world of science,
a school-master-cum-father-confessor and the ab-
ridged version of the
Encyclopedia Britannica all rolled into one.

And when one's had a shaky run ashore and turns-to
the following day,
nursing a gargantuan hang-over, he makes your
day by gently murmuring,
DROP THAT B——, and GRAB A SCRUBBER!!!!
ANON by Request.

SHORT SKETCH entitled:

"ONE SHOULD THINK BEFORE MAKING A NOISE"

The Ship: *Peacock.*

The Time: A forenoon in August, 1951.

The Place: The after lobby.

Enter: A Senior W/T Rating. Proceeding to the Shore Telephone he dials a number again and again, getting more bad tempered each time.

Enter: Leading Electrician's Mate.

Senior W/T Rating: "What the "blankety-blank" is wrong with this "blankety-blank" phone?"

L.E.M.: (Pointing out that ship is halfway between Somerset and Parlatorio wharves in the middle of shifting billet.) "Lotta water round the ship."

Exit: Senior W/T Rating very red faced.

(C.P.O.s Mess.)

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To Lieutenant

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Lieutenant Commander to Commander

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L. N. T. Kempson J. W. Meadows, B.E.M.

Second Officer, W.R.N.S., to First Officer, W.R.N.S.

Miss A. K. D. Long.

To Communication Lieutenant

F. A. Baker C. O. Sadler
P. M. Swiney

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. D. JACKSON	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Eagle
J. TIMMS	C.C.O.	Nigeria	Theseus
R. G. SWALLOW	Capt.	D.S.D.	Director of Tactical School
J. W. DAUBNEY	Lt.	Forth	Mercury
A. E. C. BEST	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Highflyer
C. O. SADLER	S.C.C.O.	Highflyer	Mercury
R. S. FOSTER-BROWN	Capt.	Loch Insh	D.S.D.
B. D. GALLIE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Tactical Course	Cleopatra in command
R. F. BULLER	Lt. Cdr.	Britannia	Mercury
D. D. KNIGHT, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Staff Course	Indefatigable
C. C. WAKE-WALKER	Lt.	Belfast	Agincourt
C. PALK	Tel. Lt. Cdr. (Rtd.)	—	D.R.E.
A. V. M. DIAMOND	Lt. Cdr.	Wild Goose	Ganges
K. C. M. FLEETWOOD	Lt. Cdr.	Lent Danish Navy	S.C.O. Plymouth
E. C. S. MACPHERSON	Lt. Cdr.	Ceylon	Gannet
J. DURNFORD	Lt. Cdr.	Gannet	F.L. and F.C.O., C.-in-C. A. & W.I.
P. W. SPENCER	Lt. Cdr.	Zephyr	Mercury
I. F. SOMMERVILLE	Lt. Cdr.	S.C.O. Plymouth	F.C.O. H.F.
R. W. HUGHES, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	F.C.O. E.I.	N.A.S.S. Seafeld Park
R. MUNNS	Communication Lt.	Mercury	N.A.S.S. Seafeld Park
W. D. NEWMAN	C.C.O.	N.A.S.S. Seafeld Park	Glasgow
E. M. SIMPSON	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ceylon
E. S. COBB	C.C.O.	Mercury	Tamar
R. W. EVANS	C.C.O.	Mercury	Highflyer
R. G. DREYER, M.B.E.	Cdr.	Belfast	D.S.D.4.
J. B. PATERSON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Ganges	Belfast
THE HON. J. C. EDMONDSON	Lt. Cdr.	F.L. to F.O. Air Home	Cleopatra
L. L. GREY, D.S.C.	Lt.	Staff of Capt. D4	F.L. to F.O. Air Home
Miss M. A. GLENDINNING	3/O W.R.N.S.(Ce)	Pembroke	Gamecock
N. L. T. KEMPSON	Cdr.	F.C.O. H.F.	R.N. Staff Course
R. F. T. STANNARD	Cdr.	Vanguard	J.S.S.C.
C. P. MILLS	Cdr.	J.S.S.C.	Concord in command
C. R. WILLIAMS	Cdr.	Tintagel Castle	J.S.S.C.
I. C. MACINTYRE	Lt. Cdr.	Staff Course	Tyne
J. C. G. MARTIN	Cdr.	D.S.D.4.	Allied Forces H.Q., Northern Europe
H. LIDDLE	S.C.C.O. (Air)	Sea Eagle	Sea Hawk
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P. HANKEY	Cdr.	Loch Alvie	F.C.O. Med.
J. GOLDSMITH	Lt.	Mercury	Mermaid
J. S. WILSON	Lt.	Mermaid	R.A.N. Exchange
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Staff of F.O.T.S.	F.C.O. F.E.S.
G. H. H. CULME SEYMOUR	Lt. Cdr.	Theseus	S.B.N.O.M.E.
R. F. WELLS, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Mercury	Chieftain in command
R. F. PHILLIMORE, M.B.E., D.S.C.	Cdr.	Gambia	Mercury
B. T. TURNER, D.S.O.	Cdr.	D.S.D.	Saker
R. H. COURAGE, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	Flamingo	Blackcap
C. B. BROOKE	Capt.	J.S.S.C.	Nereide
J. L. BUCKERIDGE	Cdr.	D.S.D.2.	D.S.D. India
R. DURNFORD	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Glasgow
M. L. WOOLCOMBE	Lt. Cdr.	Vengeance	—
E. A. MOSEDALE	C.C.O. (Air)	Mercury	Falcon
J. T. HEADON	C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
Miss A. K. D. LONG	1/O W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Sea Hawk	Mercury
Miss D. E. TALMA	2/O W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Daedalus	P.A. to D.S.D.
Miss M. E. BRETTON	3/O W.R.N.S. (Ce)	Drake	Daedalus
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN	Lt.	Mercury	A.W.S.S. Fremington
G. F. BARRON	C.C.O.	Highflyer	Mercury
D. McD. PATCHETT	C.C.O. (Air)	Sea Hawk	Landrail
R. M. WHITE	S.C.C.O.	Mauritius	Mercury
N. J. WAGSTAFF	Capt.	Drake	N.A.T.O. Defence College
P. KEITH-WELSH	Lt. Cdr.	A.W.S.S. Frem- ington	Falcon
H. H. RIDLER	Lt. Cdr.	Kranji W/T	Mercury II
J. B. D. MILLER	Lt.	St. Angelo	Mercury
R. SWIFT	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Vanguard
J. A. SHUTTLEWORTH	Lt. Cdr.	Belfast	Staff of F.O.C.R.F.
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G. W. GREET	C.C.O.	Vengeance	Warrior
R. COOMBER	C.C.O.	Ceylon	Mercury
R. H. FOXLEE	C.C.O.	Mercury	Mercury II
C. O. SADLER	Communication Lt.	Highflyer	Mercury
F. T. LOW	Communication Lt.	Mercury	Afrikaner
J. A. J. JOHNSON	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Sea Eagle
R. H. HENSMAN	C.C.O.	Warrior	Mercury
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON	Cdr.	Mercury	D.S.D.2.
C. C. ENNEVER, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Indefatigable	President
A. E. RYAN	S.C.C.O.	Triumph	Mercury
F. A. BAKER	Communication Lt.	Sea Eagle	St. Angelo
L. A. D. SETFORD	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Agincourt
T. S. COOPER	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Broadsword
J. W. A. ASH	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Solebay
L. A. ROE	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Forth
W. M. DAWSON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Swiftsure
J. E. S. WALLIS	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	A.W.S.S. Fremington
D. C. MITCHELL	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Montclare
J. LAWN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury II	Terror
G. B. GOODWIN	C.C.O.	Montclare	Falcon
E. H. BIGGS	S.C.C.O. R.A.N.	Mercury	Tyne

Retired

Rank

H. JUKES	Communication Lt.
SIR ANGUS E. M. B. CUNNINGHAME- GRAHAM, K.B.E., C.B.	V.A.
Miss A. N. MACDONALD	2/O W.R.N.S. (Ce)

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