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THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 7
Nº 3

CHRISTMAS
1953

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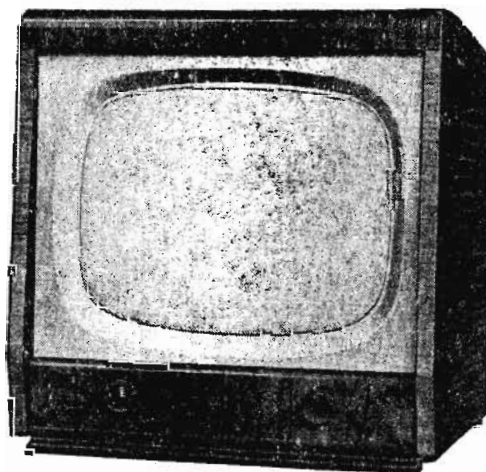
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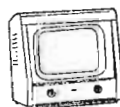


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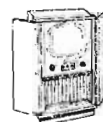
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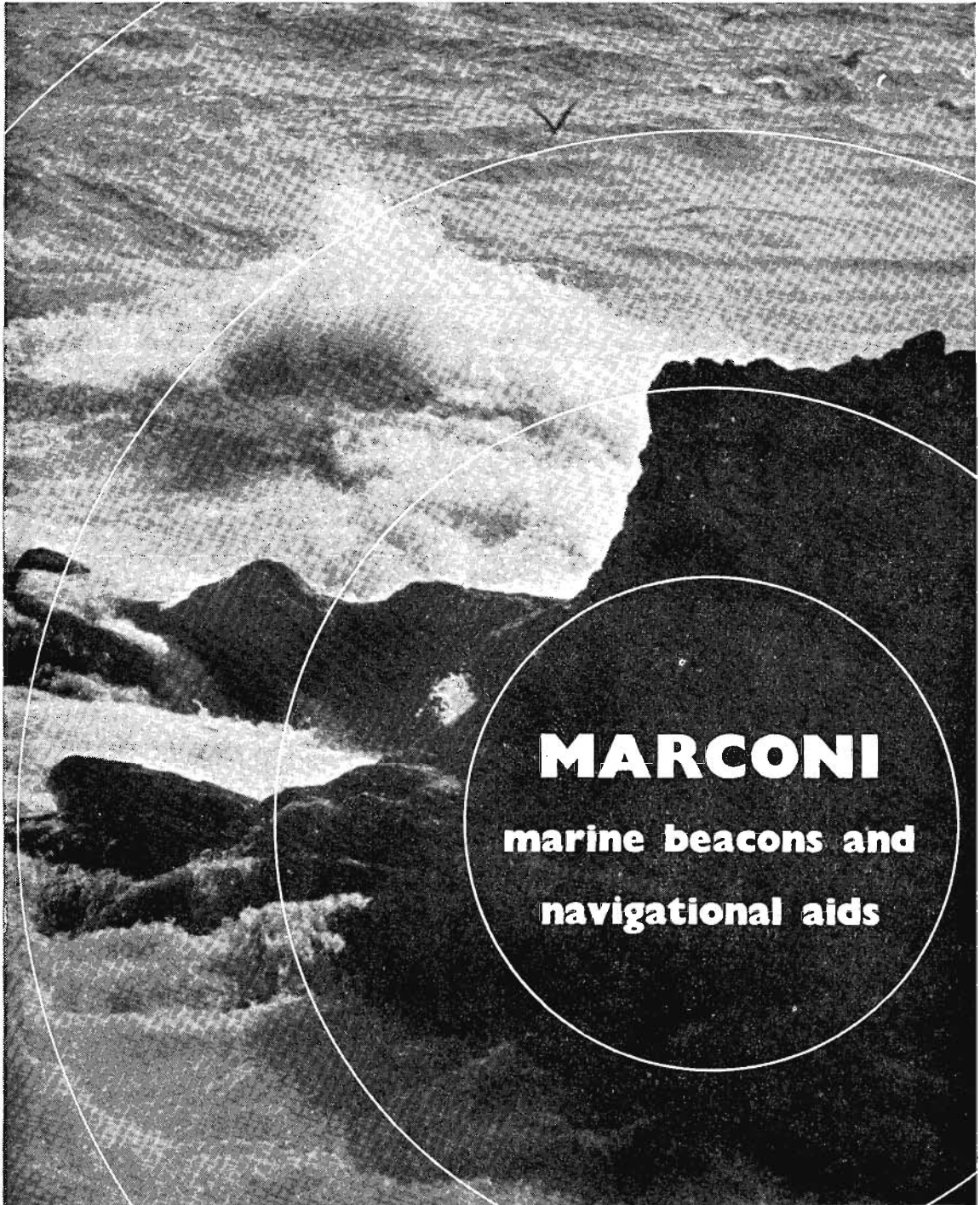


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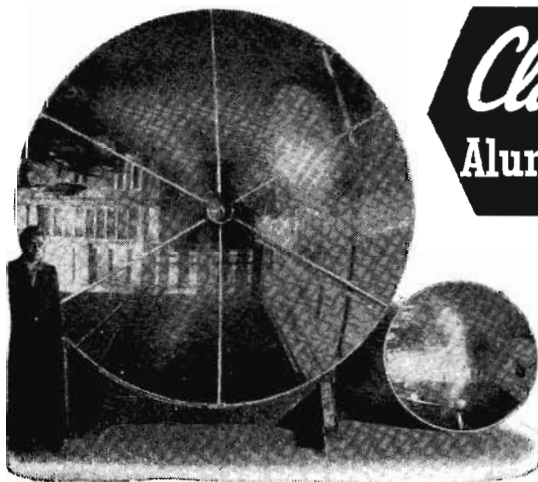
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

CHRISTMAS, 1953

VOL. 7. NO. 3

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"THE COMMUNICATOR"

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Christmas in Switzerland

As a change from the sea, we have gone to the Engadine for this sunny snow scene. It shows the village of Pontresina nestling in the Bernina Valley, not far from St. Moritz and the Italian frontier.



THE CIRCULATION of the Summer number broke the record once more, and this one looks as if it will do even better. Thus although printing costs have again been increased, we expect to avoid having to pass this on to our customers; we shall certainly be able to do so if we can maintain this circulation.

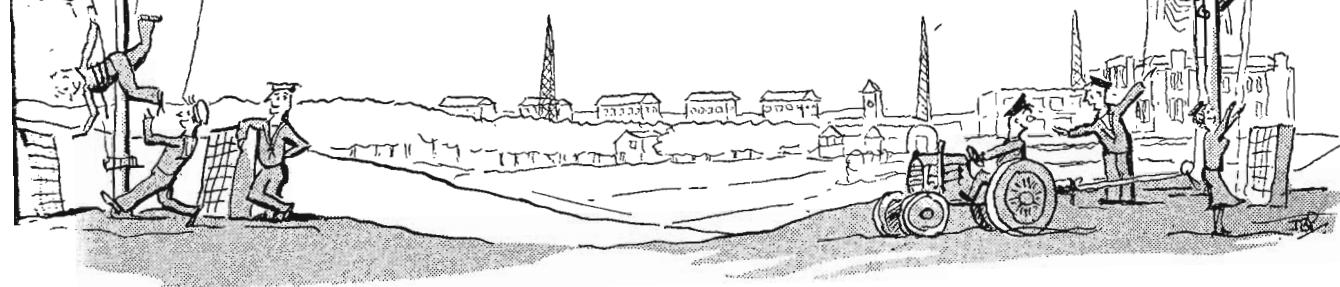
As far as the size of the Magazine is concerned, we will be able to keep this up too, so long as we get a steady stream of contributions. You will see on page 172 that further prizes are being awarded for drawings and photographs. The more you send, the better selection we can make. Editing of articles will always be necessary to achieve the best balance, but we feel sure that authors realise that this is for the best. One of our regular contributors now marks the paragraphs of his articles in coloured ink—to help the Editors do their pruning! The paragraphs to be deleted first are marked Red, those to be deleted next Blue, and so on. He is very considerate, rarely leaving a paragraph without a colour marking of some kind.

We try and keep a small stock of material 'in hand', so don't be disappointed if your effort doesn't appear straight away.

One further point—there is an important announcement about the Signal Branch tie on page 138.

All contributions for the Easter number must reach the Editor by 12th MARCH 1954, and orders for copies by 26th MARCH.

We send Best Wishes for 1954 to all our Readers—and a special good wish to the team of Communicators in S.S. "Gothic" for the success of their important task during the Royal tour.



TELEGRAPHIST (S) BRANCH

This, being our first contribution to the pages of this world-wide Magazine, is by way of introducing the branch to all Communicators.

There have been one or two A.F.O.s published calling for volunteers for the branch, but judging from our own past experience, there are probably those among us who never get around to reading current A.F.O.s (other than the "Egyptian" variety). This small article is, therefore, an attempt to bring you up to date.

It may be remembered that during the last war, Tels. (S) served both afloat and ashore; with the arrival of "peace", these were disbanded. The present branch began in February, 1949, and has, naturally, suffered a certain amount of growing pains. At present we are still in the process of building up numbers, particularly of junior rates.

The job itself tends to be of a more practical nature than that of a General Service Telegraphist, and there is ample scope for the enthusiast with any fresh ideas or suggestions. Having volunteered and been accepted, ratings are given a conversion course of approximately seven weeks in *Mercury*. Incidentally, anyone who visited us in the early days of the branch will be surprised at the improvement, both from the instructional and classroom angles.

Courses for advancement are as for General Service, ratings being placed on their respective port division rosters upon successful completion of courses. In view of the fact that ratings joining the branch are permanently based at *Mercury* in between drafts, it is possible that at some future date, some form of central roster may be decided upon. At the present this is merely wishful thinking.

Due to the proportion of junior to senior rates at present borne, newcomers will find that the branch has quite a democratic flavour. By this is meant that you will probably find yourself in two watches with a Chief (and his turn to scrub out!) or one watch with a P.O. It matters not what the rate is but how well the job is carried out. We want, and welcome, the type who is prepared to pull his weight with the minimum of supervision.

From the drafting angle (for security reasons it is not possible to go into details), our commitments have been, and still are, so various and irregular, that it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules. This thorny question has recently been tackled and a fair and acceptable system is in the course of production. One thing is assured, and that is that a foreign commission, as our commitments are at present, will not come around as often as in General Service, and can usually be met on a voluntary basis. (Yes, we are trying to sell the branch to the right types.)

On the more domestic side, there appears to be a widespread belief that, having been accepted into the branch, one automatically becomes a life member of

North Camp and a permanent resident of Love-dean M.Q.s. Much as we all strive to achieve this Utopian state of affairs, it is regretted that such a belief, if held, will only lead to disillusionment. At the same time, it is true to say that the chances of spending the greater proportion of one's time ashore (even if it is in interrupted periods) and of obtaining married quarters, are greater than would be the case in General Service. Once again, this applies particularly to junior rates.

Lastly, if at any time you are passing through, or stationed in *Mercury* and would like any further details of the branch, we will be only too pleased to see you in North Camp.



"Damned silly place to hang up a stocking".

SIGNAL BRANCH TIE

It has been decided that the present Signal Officers' tie should become a tie for the Communication Branch as a whole, and that in future it can be worn by both officers and ratings of the Branch. It is hoped thereby, to foster still further the spirit and comradeship of everybody in the Branch.

This tie consists of dark blue and grey diagonal stripes. In order to make sure that the proper pattern is available, arrangements will be made for the tie to be sold by certain Naval Tailors, and it is hoped to include full details of the design, prices, etc., in the Easter number of the *COMMUNICATOR*.

It is of interest to note that the idea of the Signal Officers' tie and its design was thought of by Admiral The Earl Mountbatten in 1924.

BASEGRAM HALL

The scene is the stone-balustraded terrace of Basegram Hall. Above us, full of dull clickings, buzzes, oscillations, wiring diagrams and Wrens, broods the Hall itself, casting a shadow over the summer day. Small wonder that we look so dejected. We are still on our Signal Course and are doing an S.F.X.

The trouble—or one of the troubles—about being at Basegram Hall is that you do things for weeks before you know what they are. So with an S.F.X. I did one every day until a careless word, dropped in the wrong quarter, revealed to me that it was a Standard Flashing Exercise.

Flashing (or "Bobbing" if you wish it to appear that you have been in the Navy for some years) is the process of making Morse by light. It is of course extensively employed at sea, where it is rarely seen by signalmen until the Officer of the Watch says, "Bobbing, Bunts", and then turns away (if he can't read it himself) or tries to correct the signalmen (if he can).

There are also many Officers of the Watch who just stand and look as if they can read it.

Once the signalmen on the bridge are aware that a ship is calling them they spring to an enormous lantern which is almost invariably placed behind an even larger obstruction, and they beat up and down on the handle like a tom-tom. The Yeoman watches them for a minute or two, mouthing oaths to himself, then says: "Come along. Get him on the six-inch, then". The six-inch is a smaller lantern from which a ship can always be seen perfectly, but when wanted it is always stowed in the wheel-house or Signal Office.

Eventually communication is established on a very small lamp indeed, and the signalmen, who have been cursing each other, now direct a steady stream of oaths towards the sending ship. They curse it for having too bright a light or too weak a light, for making the message too fast or too slow, for making bad Morse, for directing the light badly and for making the signal at all.

The contents of the message are called out in a curious language, so that in its early stages it may read as follows: "From Charlie in Chokey. Detach and proceed. Time of orange 1717 annie rotchet". This has the great advantage of meaning little to anyone except a signalman: but in time it comes out of the machine in respectable guise, save for the signalman's thumb: "H.M.S. 'Wombat' from Commander-in-Chief. Detach and proceed. Time of Origin 1717".

However, all this is fairly advanced technique and nothing to do with a Signal Course at Basegram Hall. Here, as we read our S.F.X. our concentration is so great that none of us has any idea what any signal is about. It is not only that the eyes water and bulge from the head, but the least sound becomes an intolerable distraction. And the terrace of Basegram Hall is full of sounds, chiefly those

of birds. Legitimately, a signal read there should read somewhat as follows:

"H.M.S. 'Caustic' tweet-tweet from Captain miss. Miss again. Damn. Tweet-tweet. Blast. Something boats crews are to. cow shifting in a field. unless crews are. tweet-tweet. miss. and now we have music while you work once again. miss. something rig of the day".

The above, moreover, takes no account of any additional sabotage by members of the Course.

During an S.F.X. the class divides into pairs, of which one victim reads the signal and the other writes it down. The one who writes has his back to the light and the pairs are so spaced that they cannot hear one another. It, is, in fact, so carefully thought out that it is quite a shame that the system has flaws. These are (a) the man writing down gets interested in bird-life in the valley and forgets to write down, (b) that a hundred yards would be too little if everyone is to avoid hearing what Lieutenant Copping is saying.

This would be fine if Copping were a good reader of Morse, but unfortunately he isn't. If he says B for Baker, you can be fairly certain that the letter is F for Fox or, if he has recently taken a Wren to a dance, L for Love. This fact, coupled with the abuse that is hurled at Copping, transforms the exercise into a sort of surrealist fairy-play. Thus: Copping: D O F —no, I mean L not F; no, it's G. DOG.

Crimp: Shut up, Copping.

A Cow: Moo.

Copping: Who me? T O B —no D—G H P Q. Ha Ha fill it in afterwards.

A Dog: Wuff-wuff.

Chorus (whispering): Sip sip sip sip.

Flake: Towards.

Copping: Yes, that's it. TOWARDS.

Chorus: Shut up, Copping!

Copping: Who, me?

At this point the situation tends to get out of hand. Lieutenant Flake says it is monstrous and Lieutenant Gapp, who is very temperamental, strides away into the woods in protest and peers at the rest of the exercise from a beech tree, half a mile away. The only person who is totally undisturbed is Lieutenant Copping himself—as befits a man who has been known to read a paper volume called 'The Keen Boy's Guide to Wireless' in the ward-room of Basegram Hall.

Since all our exercises are marked it may be wondered how the prevalent confusion affects our percentages. It is true that we manage to collect an occasional word from someone else at the end of the exercise when the Yeoman's back is turned. But in any case there is no need to worry. The Yeoman collects our papers and bears them off to a fastness within the Hall, where he has a system of working out marks that transforms the worst exercise into immediate respectability.

When he returns your copy is still the same and very depressing indeed—but scrawled across it is the magic symbol 79%. We think he does it with a slide-rule.

In any case the S.F.X. represents the end of the working day. As the shadows fall through the woods we walk down the hill and turn in to the hospitable parlour of "The George".

"Ah, Yeoman", we say, "what's yours? A beer? Six pints, please, Mr. Collins".

Perhaps—you never know—that has something to do with our marks.

[Written by a member of the R.N.V.R. (Ce) Course, this article is reprinted with the kind permission of the Editor of "Punch", in which Magazine it appeared in 1943.]

H.M. CANADIAN COMMUNICATION SCHOOL

Apart from our primary duty of training Communicators for the Fleet, we are called upon to perform—and sometimes even volunteer for—extra-curricular labours. Foremost among these has been the promotion of the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets Corps in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. The job was divided into two parts: firstly advertising, and secondly raising funds. Needless to say the medium of our publicity drive was radio. A bargain was struck with the directors of Station CJIS (Yarmouth) who agreed to give us approximately £1,000 worth of advertising time in return for one live and eight recorded broadcasts. These programmes were produced by the Cornwallis Navy Radio Players, a group composed of Staff Officers of the Communication School and their wives, under the experienced direction of Commissioned Officer (SB) H. Hargreaves (ex C.Y.S., R.N.). The programmes consisted of plays for children with a half-hour comedy for the live show, while the "Commercial" before and after each production explained to the Youth of Yarmouth the benefits to be gained by joining the Sea Cadets, and also urged the citizens to buy tickets for a ship's company concert.

This Variety Show "The Navy Entertains" was the money raising part of our activities, and most successful it proved to be after playing to an audience of over 750 where "standing room only" was the cry ten minutes before the curtain went up. With the exception of the Cornwallis Band and one or two other performers, the Communication School provided all the cast. Quite the most spectacular item on the programme was a display by Communicators of clubswinging to waltz-time, the clubs being fitted with coloured lights and the act being done on a blacked out stage. While the people of Yarmouth were obviously enjoying themselves, we doubt if they got half the kick out of the show that we did.

H.M.C.S. Cornwallis

P.D.

DON'T FORGET TO DIP!

Admiralty General Message 230A of 20th May drew attention to the increase in the number of complaints regarding the failure of H.M. Ships to dip their Ensigns in reply to Merchant ships.

It is important that this courtesy should be meticulously observed. Failure to do so can only be because a poor look-out is being kept.

A London Evening paper recently published a letter from a yachtsman who wrote:

"Sailing last week in the Solent I was careful to observe the traditional courtesy of dipping to all vessels of the Royal Navy and the Royal Yacht Squadron. Not once was my gesture acknowledged. I passed as well three ships of the U.S. Navy and again I dipped my flag. Each time my salute was correctly returned.

The Royal Navy may no longer be the largest—but that is no reason for it no longer to be the politest".

The following letter received at the Admiralty from the Master of a foreign merchant vessel also emphasises the importance of avoiding any discourtesy by failing to dip in reply. So keep your eyes open!

"To The Commanding Officer
of The Royal Navy,
London.

With this letter I make notice to you that I never will good-willingly dip my flag for a ship flewing the white ensign!

Reason—1. Some british minesweepers were overhauling my vessel last summer in the North Sea. I hoisted my flag and dipped when the leading boat was on the hight of my bridge. No answer!

2. In march this year I passed a british speed-or patrolboat on the river Elbe. I dipped my flag. No answer!

3. This morning I passed at 9 a.m. on Sherness Road a british airplane-carrier, a destroyer and a transporter. All ships at anchor were flewing the white and blue ensign. I dipped for all ships separately always hoping to find among the hundreds one seaborn sailor to keep upright the traditional use on sea. No answer!

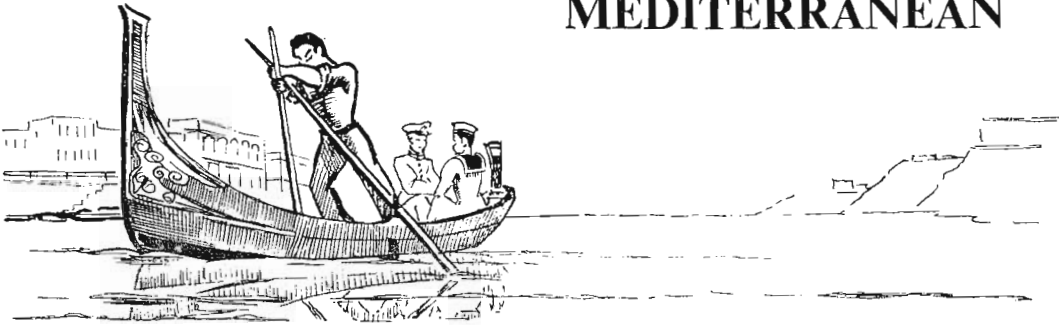
If the postwar british navy should have left the old path of seamanlike tradition and politeness or is eventually not willing to estimate my flag I am not able to bring its flag further on my personly respect.

(Signed) F. F——
Captain of the motor vessel——"

LT.-CDR. G. D. W. RAM, M.B.E., R.N.

Everyone will have been very sorry to learn of the death of Lieut-Commander George Ram in a motor accident. We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Ram.

MEDITERRANEAN



H.M.S. "DARING" AT ARGOSTOLI

On the morning of the 12th August, 1953, whilst carrying out a rather dull gunnery exercise off Malta, H.M.S. *Daring* was ordered to return to harbour forthwith.

Within five hours the ship was steaming at 28 knots to the relief of the Ionian Islands which had been struck by violent earthquakes early that morning. Two hundred tons of stores had been embarked, including almost every conceivable item besides a jeep and several motor cycles. On the wireless side an additional nine Type 615 portables had been supplied.

H.M.S. *Gambia* had been diverted from the Canal Zone to Zante and it was a race as to which ship reached the area first. In fact both ships reached their destinations, *Daring* at Argostoli, at crack of dawn on the following morning.

The devastation at Argostoli was most apparent and the population was clamouring to be evacuated from the Island. No major war vessels of other nationalities had yet appeared and so it was the Captain's job, in co-operation with the Greek authorities, to lay the foundation of what was eventually a full-scale relief operation, supported by the following ships:—

- 1 Fleet Carrier and 1 Heavy Cruiser (U.S.);
- 5 Light Cruisers (3 R.N., 1 Italian, 1 French);
- 1 Frigate (R.N.); 3 Destroyers (Greek) and about 10 Landing Ships, together with numerous Landing Craft.

All major ships set watch on British Common Tactical Secondary, and on C.T.P., when in company.

Admiral Mountbatten arrived at Argostoli by "Sunderland" on the first evening, spending the night on board *Daring*. He then carried out a tour of inspection at Zante (H.M.S. *Gambia*) and Port Vathi (H.M.S. *Wrangler*).

Within three days a "Sunderland" air lift had been started between Malta and Argostoli. *Daring* had by this time set up quite a commendable shore H.Q., by commandeering a very flimsy water front

cafe of wooden construction which was consequently not a heap of rubble.

Sitreps from the three principal port committees were being interchanged and reported to Malta by the three British ships at these ports. The large quantity of supplies being brought in by ships and aircraft was thus distributed to meet the most immediate requirements.

Ship's Companies were working full out, none more than the Communicators who certainly handled a most creditable amount of traffic. The ship's main transmitter (Type 603) was almost continually on the air, passing ship shore operational signals and a very large quantity of press traffic.

In addition a Type 612 ERT transportable was landed at the Shore H.Q. and used for direct working on C.T.S., mainly for passing sitreps between ships of Task Force 55, which for this purpose included the U.S. Ships. With a Shore H.Q. in operation and the ship being at anchor, the majority of signals had to be passed to and from the ship by Type 615 portables; these proved to be invaluable both for this purpose and for use by rescue, demolition and medical parties.

Throughout this period, tremors could still be felt and the local population had not yet recovered enough to be able to cope with the situation.

On the 5th day, however, Vice-Admiral Norris in H.M.N.Z.S. *Black Prince* arrived at Argostoli and it was decided to carry out a gradual withdrawal, but not before the New Zealanders had done some useful work ashore as had units of the 3rd Commando Brigade, which was landed by H.M.S. *Reggio*. The latter ship carried out an excellent beaching on a badly damaged piece of concrete foreshore, securing her headrope to a telegraph pole which was unfortunately soon uprooted.

H.M.S. *Daring* left Argostoli on 18th August, having been relieved by H.M.S. *Wakeful*. Our destination was Piraeus with a number of injured and other Greek personnel, transitting the Corinth Canal on route.

S.T.C. MALTA

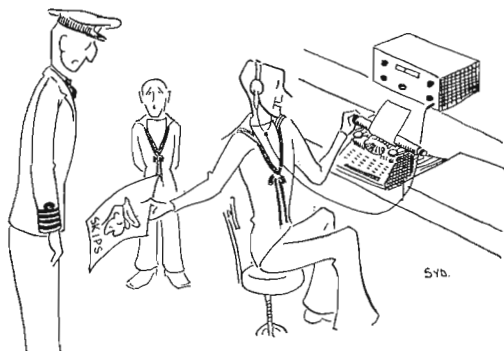
At the moment we are suffering, like most other S.T.C.s, from the lack of candidates for Leading Rate courses—or rather the lack of availability of ratings from ships. It is a great pity that we cannot have a "Communication Pool" on the Mediterranean Station as we had during the war. Then, ratings in ships due for courses for Leading Rate could be temporarily relieved. However, it is not possible under the present manpower restrictions and so we have to make do with smaller classes of about six.

There was a big gap in instructions during June and July when the S.T.C. almost failed to justify its existence when most of the Mediterranean Fleet returned to U.K. for the Coronation and then were at sea for Exercises. We actually had one period of fourteen days when we had not one rating under instruction. This was the ideal occasion when the Officer-in-Charge and his No. 1 (both ex-Radio types) got down to learning how to rotate a Screen Axis.

Perhaps our prize exhibit at the moment is an ex-Chief Stoker who came to live in Malta and re-enlisted as an A.B. on the Degaussing Range and is now qualifying as a Signaller! He is pretty good too.

We are all looking rather apprehensively to January next when we expect to start training our first class of Wren Sigs. for Leading Wren Sig. We are buying up the stock of handkerchiefs from the Slop Room at St. Angelo, as, from previous experience of teaching Wrens in Leydene, we have found them an essential item especially when a nasty big Chief forgets himself and calls them "clueless clots" or suchlike.

To conclude, the other day, a C.P.O. Tel. was berating one of the O.D.s here for his poor S.B.X. results and the O.D.s reply was "Well Chief, the morse in the Mediterranean seems different from the morse at Home".



"Better ditch this—if the Skipper sees it he'll shave off".

MALTA M.S.O.

It is the custom at this time of the year to reflect upon the events of the past twelve months and to consider the most outstanding achievements.

"Reflection" at Lascaris is however, generally reserved for those who have been called upon to account for an action which has earned someone's displeasure. It is thus an unpopular condition!

"Achievement" with us can be regarded as a stable condition, dictated by the unrelenting battle to give service—and leave!—despite the demands and vicissitudes of circumstance. It is thus an incredible condition!

The capricious fingers of our civilian typists continue to reach new heights in their quest for original signal reproduction, and we may reassure our readers that "Miss Fired" was not a virtual member of a certain ship's company, nor did a Greek submarine proceed "On petrol!" as was hitherto supposed!

A new departure had been for us to exchange Communicators from our staff with those from ships in dock and to send our chaps to sea. Many tanned faces among us testify to this "browning off".

The Greek earthquake disaster challenged the resourcefulness of the Mediterranean Fleet and was adequately met by the abundant supplies and industry provided by those who were called upon to assist our stricken friends.

An exercise of note was that in which our flagship *Glasgow* was raised to the "Pierage" by securing her stern to the beach in Greece to act as a shore station for Exercise "Weldfast". A feat she performed with unqualified success.

Our journeyings to the 'Rabbit Warren' have been less frequent this year owing to certain structural alterations now in progress. (The term "progress" is loosely applied).

Hafmed's Radio Communications are with us still, although all other departments formerly housed in Lascaris—after receiving their initial training—left us for a more palatial edifice in Floriana from which they fly their multi-coloured flags.

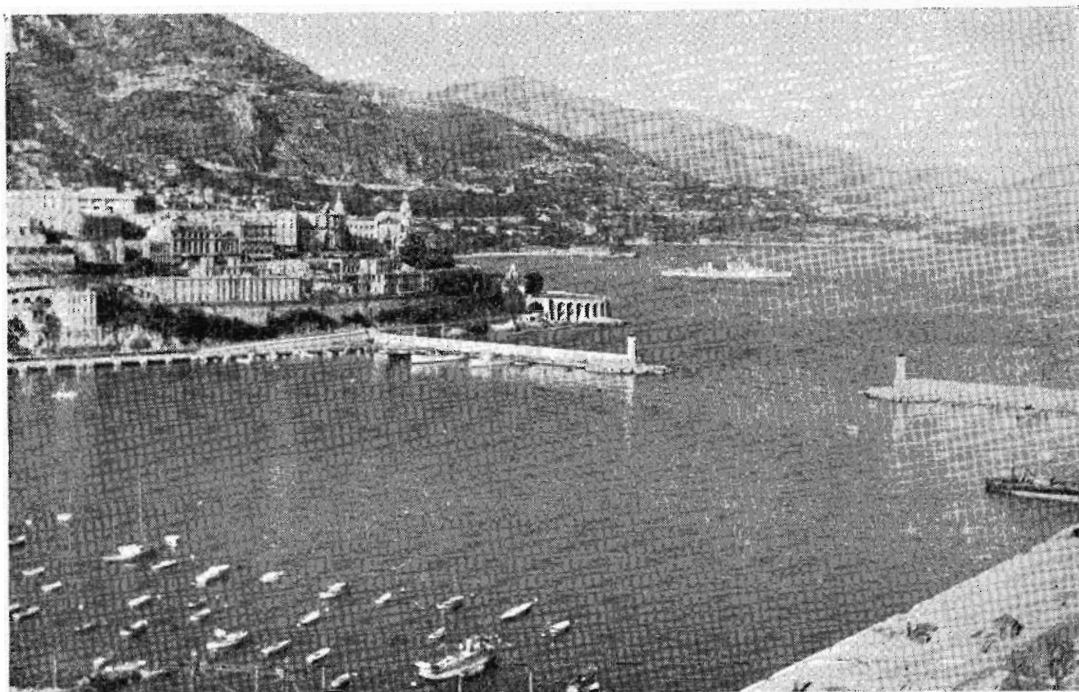
Recently we have formed a Lascaris Sports Committee and plan to pool our resources, both physical and financial, with other Lascaris inhabitants (Writers, etc.), which should produce a good strain!

Some consternation was caused recently when "Blues" were ordered to be worn. It is perhaps reasonable to suppose that the dictates of habit should cause some to confuse coverage with beverage!

ODdisms

From the Bridge: Ask — "Where are you going?" on Fleet Wave.

O.D. (Fleet Wave operator): — this is —. Where are you going on Fleet Wave over.



CAN YOU RECOGNISE THIS HARBOUR ? (see page 183)

AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE SQUADRON

To the Barakka loungers the ships and craft of the Amphibious Squadron have now become an accepted part of the maritime scene, and the Mediterranean Fleet has taken us for their own.

During the past few months a grand total of nine ships have been on the Squadron "role" at one and the same time, *Meon*, *Striker*, *Dieppe*, *Reggio*, *Messina*, L.C.T.s 4001, 4040, 4063 and M.L. 2577. In these days of short ship squadrons we feel this constitutes a record. Unfortunately this happy state of affairs did not last, *Dieppe* and *Messina* answered the call of the Reserve Fleet, and L.C.T. 4063 decided to go her own way, so now we are six.

For the first time the Squadron took part in the Summer Cruise to Greece and Turkey, and of course the crop of exercises on passage. Somewhat naturally by virtue of the Squadrons speed, not to mention shape, we found ourself designated the "convoy", thus a comparatively quiet time was had by all and considerable satisfaction afforded by watching others do all the work. It is reported that the signal staff of the Flagship had difficulty with the L.C.T.s because they say that even with a cruiser glass it is difficult to tell whether she is answering a signal or drying out football stockings ready for next season.

After the unfamiliar role of a fleet unit the

Squadron really got down to its own business. Set in Greek waters, the exercise involved lifting the Royal Marine Commando from sandy burrows and depositing them on a marshy beach at the dead of night. From that point the Royals ploughed inland amongst the mountains, and from all reports had the time of their lives, the local populace proving very hospitable indeed.

Communicators, on receiving a draft chit to the Squadron, must be prepared for the unorthodox, for they will certainly find novel situations with which they have to cope, well outside the province of *Mercury*. For instance are YOU prepared to wade around in three feet of water shifting rocks from the bow doors, or to coax a mouthful of sustenance between the disinterested lips of a khaki clad figure? It should be noted that alcohol is not included under the heading of 'Sustenance'. Let it not be imagined that such labours go unrewarded for a slight swelling of the pay packet in the form of 'Hard lyers' may be your lot. In all fairness it must be added that the newcomer will find new interests, a happy crowd, and a chance to work with other services, not only British but of all the N.A.T.O. countries, and acquire knowledge that is of vital importance in war.

CINCAFMED

A very busy major communication centre is often a tense place, and the laughs produced by the thoughtlessly drafted or incorrectly distributed signal gives much relief. Here are a few genuine examples, only the address has been changed to avoid any heartburn. Incidentally, our N.A.T.O. staff of French, Greek and Italian Telegraphists thoroughly enjoyed the last issue of THE COMMUNICATOR and are looking forward to the next.

From: OIC Com Cen Catania. *To:* OIC Com Cen Tobruk.

This morning we had a carrier keying system breakdown and a man burnt up, this afternoon we had a transmitter burn up and a car burn up—seems like we're all fouled up. Will watch this from now.

From: ? *To:* C-in-C
C-in-C's 221004A. In view of ships boiler cleaning regret unable to take part in W/T Exercises.

From: ? *To:* Bridgeway. *Info:* Capt. Air. Skyraider aircraft being sent to assist now, communications by lamp or Malta Broadcast—Mike.

From: Malingerer. *To:* C-in-C. Have set watch on Mikes. Nothing heard yet. First number M.163.

From: Eddylad. *To:* Malta W/T. Nothing heard of Malta W/T. No Weathers received but not now required, too late.

2. Many thanks for your help and co-operation during voyage.

FOURTH HOLE UP ON THE LEFT

C.P.O. Tel. Irving only reigned for a short while in our sunshine, he is now "Flogging the Cat" in the wilds of Leydene on a W.I.'s course. With I and V in his name he should be good at his Amps, Volts and Watts. He will probably need to build up his W.R.N.S. Resistance to pass 100%.

"Mariner" gave us a lot of headaches during its short run but many good lessons were learned and we thank all our "additional" who helped us to see it through. Who said that "Sense of Duty" and "Pride of Achievement" were things of the past in the Branch, let us kill that one "stone dead". Nearly all showed keenness to make a good job of the exercise. Any shortcomings were due to lack of experience and not to lack of keenness.

Windmill Hill continues its good work on top of the "Rock" and the M.S.O. still "Fathoms down under" has received a new coat of paint to brighten it up. W.H.S.S. and the M.S.O. are exchanging signalmen so as to give the M.S.O. lads a little time in the fresh air for a change.

In conclusion, don't forget—if passing Gib., the address is Sandy Bay Tunnel, Fourth Hole up on the Left. Do come and see us.

M.H.Q., Gibraltar.

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

It is a year since readers heard from Hal Far, but we wish to assure them that life at this Mediterranean seaside air station has not been wholly cool beer and warm bathing in the last twelve months.

Even so, compared with the record activity in 1952, after *Eagle* and *Indom.* had sailed for home last spring, pressure of work has not been so great. But we are expecting increased activity very shortly, for by the time you read this the U.S. Navy V.P. Squadron (Neptunes) will have moved from the R.A.F. Station at Luqa to Hal Far. They will take the place of the R.A.A.F. fighter wing that left Hal Far during the summer and now have their own station at Takali where the white ensign no longer flies.

Our new C.R.R. in the rear of the new Control Tower nears completion. It is beautifully spacious and airy, and although Air Traffic are getting a new control desk, we, unfortunately, are to have our same old control system recreated upstairs.

Everyone is agreed that our helicopter S.A.R. flight is a great acquisition for the station. Besides their S.A.R. duties, their uses are wide and various, and most of the Communications staff have already been up in one.

Recently heard on a Ship/Air Practice channel in answer to a query as to whether a hit has been obtained on the target: "I am towing this target, not pushing it!" We also have a Wren, who when told to call Hal Far 903, did not hesitate to get onto the main exchange telephone.

COMPLETE STORY

During the Greek Earthquake there were a great many signals. It was usually possible to be aware of the start and finish of a situation but seldom possible to know all that happened in between. However, there was one incident in which the whole story became known. It went like this:—

FROM: FOF Med. *TO:* FO2 Med.
INFO: NONSUCH
SO & SO.

CTF 55's 171141 and So and So's 171840. Request Type 612 ET may be transferred from Nonsuch to So and So for period of duty with TF 55.

Heard in the Staff Office

"I see Nonsuch is transferring her 612 to So and So. I know its working all right. I tested it during her inspection".

FROM: SO & SO *TO:* FO2 Med.
INFO: NONSUCH.

612 ET collected today Tuesday and found to have following defects and deficiencies.

- No petrol electric generator.
- No receiver B47.
- No Handbook.
- Transmitter unserviceable, but capable of repair.

H.M.S. "MERMAID"

Leaving the great concourse of shipping which went to make up the Fleet Review we "exercised" our way back to Malta.

When the Malta 'natives' proclaimed to one and all that there were only 'seven more hammock nights' to go we settled down to our foreign commission once more.

Eighteen ships arrived off Malta on June 27th and we are wondering if the L.C.W. operator at Lascaris has got over it yet.

After a week in Sliema Creek we left Malta for Seville and anyone who thinks that only oranges come from Seville ought to pay it a visit. We had a wonderful reception as we were the first R.N. ship to call there since 1937.

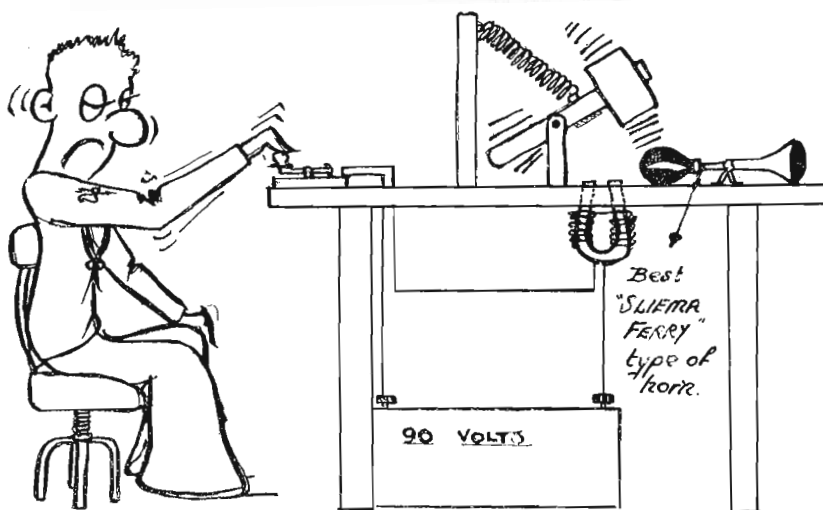
From Seville we returned to the comparative calm of Gib. and settled down in *Rooke* while *Mermaid* had her refit, with several trips over the border to break the monotony.

Two Tels were lent to Lascaris during the refit, one of them taking passage in an American submarine, and obtaining a chit to prove that part of his commission was spent under the Med.

We returned to Malta in October and then went on to Piraeus with *Maggie* and *Peacock* in company. Piraeus greeted us with a rainstorm to end all rainstorms, but once alongside we soon settled down to the 'Greek routine'. We found that the legal tender varies from day to day, one day its Boots and Suits, the next Bread and Cheese, and so on. The following conversation is alleged to have taken place in the Kit Kat at Piraeus.

"Hey Nobby what's a Greek urn?"

"Oh, about a quid a week I should think".



"Emergency Transmitter Type B.H.1".

H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

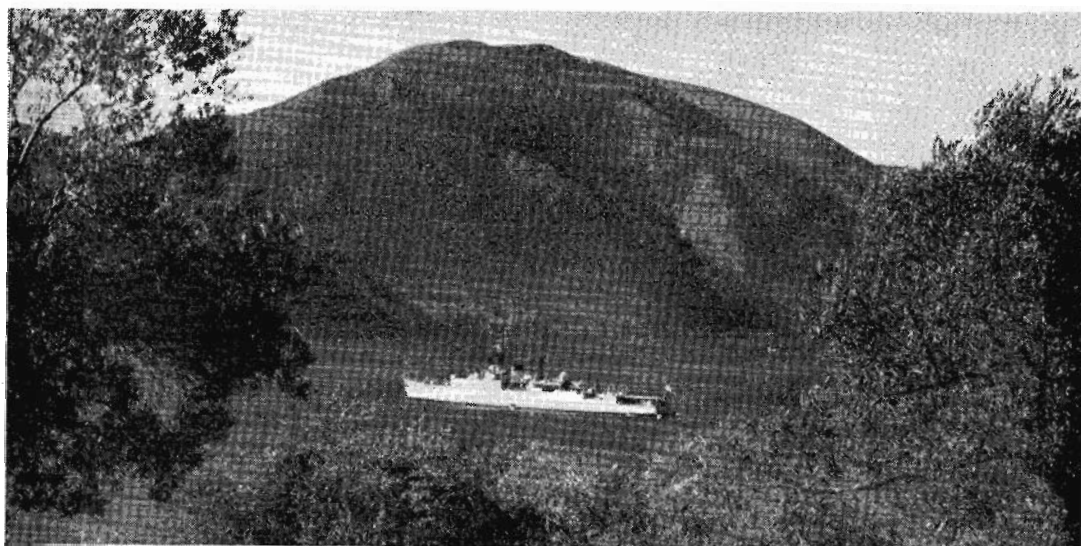
After spending the Coronation in Cyprus, where a wonderful time was had by one and all, there followed a most popular visit to Beirut, where bus trips were arranged to such places as Baalbek and Damascus, the latter being ideal for buying 'rabbits'. F.O.2 Med and staff left us at Beirut, and after our three weeks holiday away from the Canal we returned there again to relieve *Ranpura*. With amusement restricted as usual to deck hockey at Navy House, swimming at Port Fouad, and the Stag Inn, we prepared for an Admiral's Inspection.

Much to the delight of the rich whites, *Gambia* relieved us in early July and we had a few days in Malta before sailing for the Fleet exercises and First Summer Cruise, again wearing the flag of F.O.2 Med. In the customary panic of General Drill at Batika Bay, we were much heartened when items from a Carrier for the flagship were delivered to us in error by helicopter, and merely required a new label and conventional onward routing to become our own efforts. Strenuous official visits to Athens and Istanbul followed, and then we were detached to Rhodes with H.M.N.Z.S. *Black Prince*. Our most pleasant break there included bus trips to the Valley of Butterflies.

As we arrived back at Malta the Ionian earthquake broke upon us. We spent 12 hours in suspense, then 24 hours loading everything conceivable in the way of relief stores, from baby's bottles and Elsans to tents and many hundreds of tons of food and clothing. Army trucks and water bowsters were loaded wherever they would fit, Mogas and Avgas drums half covered the quarterdeck, and after some rapid dockyard work burning off fittings aft, we loaded a helicopter on to 'Y' turret and another on to the quarterdeck. Admiral's Inspection was deferred

to December, and with a heavily boosted Communication staff, we sped to Zante and relieved *Gambia*. The helicopters flew off without difficulty and did magnificent work. A jetty signal station, and several portable radio links to the refugee camps and helicopter base kept the Communicators busy, and we found much satisfaction in doing our work at Zante.





"Wrangler" amongst the Greek Islands.

FIFTH FRIGATE SQUADRON

When *Whirlwind* arrived in September, the Squadron were all together for the first time, with *Wrangler*, *Roebuck* and *Wakeful*. (To keep the W's in line, the R. of *Roebuck* is often pronounced as a W). It was a very pleasing sight to see all four lying in Sliema Creek. But not for long, as we sailed for Navarin two days later.

Navarin, as far as some of us were concerned, was chiefly notable for the unusual length of the pulling course of the Fleet Regatta. So, anyhow, someone behind kept reminding us. We must have cheated on the length of our practice courses.

The most worthwhile, and indeed, the most interesting time was had by *Wrangler* and *Wakeful* when these ships were sent to the Greek Islands to help after the earthquake. If it hadn't been for the devastation and great misfortunes ashore, the visit would have been remembered for the beauty of these Islands. Mountains rose sheer out of the crystal blue sea interspersed with green valleys and white villages. Only on approaching closer could one see that these villages were virtually piles of rubble. After such devastation, it was a surprise and a tonic to see, on the north eastern coast, one village which was untouched. Yet, such are the cruel whims of an earthquake, a bare half mile away a similar village was completely levelled. Several of the Communication staffs went ashore with their portables—they will long remember what they saw.

Summing up, it has been a most interesting period, including visits to Athens, Istanbul, Taormina and

of course, the Canal Zone. The fish from Lake Timsah are highly recommended. The V.S. Staffs are getting used to their rather unusual and difficult layout—lookout from the bridge is very poor. The use of a smaller size of flags (4's) has helped to overcome the short height of the yardarms. On the W/T side, we are very fortunate. The equipment and layout are a pleasure to operate, with but this excellent equipment, the finest of its kind out here, a high standard is, and should be, expected.

H.M.S. *Wrangler*

V1 STANDARD

All readers who have served in Malta M.S.O. will know Miss Fitt, who sent us this letter which was recently addressed to her.

Dear Miss Fitt,

I wish to employ myself in the Lascaris. I'm write to you because when I asked to whom I want to speak they told me we don't know who, so they gave me the information to write to you, I hope that you know who was for this responsibility, even if you got any vacant with you especially if you send me at the waiting list, or if you recommend me with somebody else.

I have passed the final examination (V1 Standard) with the certificate, now I copy it for you. My occupation is especially as a Typist, Salesgirl, or any kind of work. My age is 16 years old.

I hope that you'll answer for this letter.

Thank you.

Yours truly,

Tessie C.

Note:—We think V1 should improve his standard!

THE MED. SPARKER'S LAMENT

I would like some compensation for the way I've served the nation,
So please send me for vacation to some country on the station,
Where I, with much elation can indulge in relaxation,
For unlimited duration.

And herewith my declaration that for this consideration

I'll return to my vocation with a new infatuation
To enhance our reputation without more remuneration.

Written in indignation after weeks of festeration
By the pride of Med Station—

PORTERHOUSE the revelation!

W.B.

(Written, needless to say, after a rather long and enforced stay on board. His name isn't Porterhouse, as a matter of fact).

"WHO SAYS IT'S EASY?"

Heard on the Bridge at 1230.

"How do I know when they are all in Station?
When they've got Easy close up?"

WORSHIP AT THE TEMPLE

The Fleet had just carried out O.O.W. manoeuvres after leaving Athens and was passing close by a Greek Temple.

"FO2 from COS. We are about to worship at the Temple of Poseidon".

"COS from FO2. Consider SOO and FCA would be suitable sacrifices on this occasion".

* * * * *

O.D.: I've lost the Broadcast, hooky.

L.H.O.W.: Well, find it quick.

O.D.: How can I? I don't know what he's making!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Drawing on page 181 is by L.Sig. Pope; on pages 137 and 179 by Lt. Cdr. Paterson, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on page 159 by Sig. Gage, R.N.S.R.; on pages 138, 168, 170, 189 and 191 by O.Sig. Ross, H.M.S. *Glory*; on page 151 by P.O. Tel. Scudder, H.M.S. *Cossack*; on page 145 by L.Tel. Feiler, H.M.S. *Forth*; on page 185 by L.Tel. Richardson, Whitehall W/T; on pages 142, and 162 by O.Tel. Waller, H.M.S. *Pembroke*; and on page 185 by O.Tel. Lee, H.M.S. *Boxer*.

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"DON'T LET FOREIGN SERVICE HINDER YOUR ADVANCEMENT"

Having experienced rather more than the average periods of serving abroad, I hope these notes may encourage serving ratings to take advantage of all the facilities that are offered whilst drafted away from Home Ports.

The fact is that at no time was I, as a rating, able to take a course or examination in either of the Signal Schools at home. My examination for Telegraphist took place in the Swedish Naval Barracks at Stockholm, and subsequent examinations for Ldg. Tel., P.O. Tel. (Provisional) and P.O. Tel. (Final) took place in the S.T.C. Malta.

Though nowadays the final P.O. Tel. can only be taken at *Mercury*, A.F.O. 2200/52 allows for Provisional Examinations for Ldg. Tel., a course for Ldg. Tel., and Provisional for P.O. Tel., to be taken away from U.K., and the Basic dates, which in most cases are based on the date of the request for such examinations and courses, determine one's position on the roster for subsequent advancement.

In these days when waiting periods for advancement are almost negligible, no rating with any gumption at all need feel he has to sit back and wait for long periods to improve himself. Each two years spent abroad should be considered as just so much wasted time if, at the end of the commission, a man has not either improved his substantive rating during that period, or at least have qualified for advancement to the next grade.

Advancement has improved out of all recognition from those days when the normal waiting time was six years for the hook and even more for the P.O.'s rate.

Stagnation of rosters is a thing of the past, but lack of initiative can leave you dawdling along well behind your chums if it falls to your lot to get a foreign draft chit and you don't follow it up on arrival at the new ship or station with a request to qualify for higher rate. F.T.L.

MALTA

Yellow and blue is our colour scheme
And grey where the warships lie.
The yellow earth meets the yellow brick
And the blue sea meets the sky;
And the gleaming green of the window screen
Or the red of the dghaisa's prow
Are lost in the glare of the sun's hot stare
In Malta now.

The clang of bells is our symphony
And the donkey's strident bray.
The vendor's cry that begins at dawn
Is replaced at the end of day
By the firework's bang and the evening clang
Of the bell for the evening vow
Till the fading light brings the peace of night
In Malta now.



RT. HON. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., O.M., C.H., M.P.
LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

LORD WARDEN AND BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS

The Confederation of the Cinque Ports originally consisted of Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Hythe, ranked in that order. Soon after the Norman conquest Winchelsea and Rye were added but the first name had become too firmly rooted to be displaced, and the newcomers were referred to as the two "Ancient towns".

The origins of the Confederation are lost in pre-Norman history, but are probably based on the Roman defensive system of fortresses established to guard the South-Eastern shores of Britain.

The Barons of the Ports were originally the Freemen of the towns, but the style was later restricted to the Mayors, Jurats, and (up to 1831) M.P.s elected by the Ports, two to each. Their right to the title is recognised by many old statutes though in 1606 the use of the term in a message from the Commons drew a protest from the Lords that they "would never recognise the right of any member of the Lower House to the title of a Baron of Parliament".

Their particular duties were to provide and maintain ships of war and fighting men, in return for which they were granted great and special privileges. These privileges were given in "charters" granted by successive Sovereigns. That of Edward I dated 1278 is the earliest that has survived, but it contains references to earlier charters back to the time of Edward the Confessor. The charter of 1278 was granted "... for the faithful service which the Barons of our Cinque Ports have hitherto performed to our predecessors Kings of England, and recently to ourselves in our late expedition in Wales, and for the good service which they will faithfully continue to perform in future to ourselves and our heirs".

The Barons were set free of the general legal system of the realm, from the heavy duty on wine, and so on. This was conditional on the supply of "... their full service of 57 ships at their own cost for 15 days, when summoned by ourself or our heirs".

Apart from these privileges, the Barons also had the right of bearing the canopies over the Sovereign and his consort at Coronations, and of dining at the table on his right hand at the Coronation banquet.

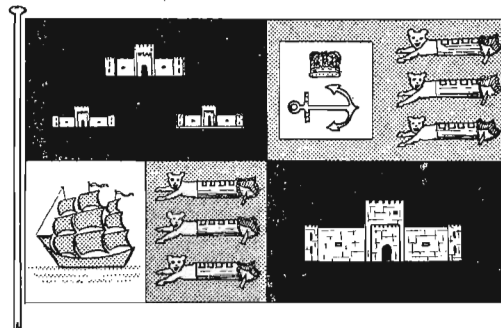
Each canopy was usually borne by 16 Barons, and the canopies and their adornments were subsequently divided between them as payment for their services.

The bearing of the canopies appears to have been no easy matter, and Coronations were not always the dignified and rehearsed ceremonies that they

have become in recent years. At the Coronation of King George IV, the Barons had not even seen the canopies until the day of the ceremony. A contemporary writer records that on arrival at Westminster Hall they decided to bear it up and down the Hall two or three times for practice. However, they found it was "... impossible to carry it steadily for want of previous exercise, and as the galleries were filled with company of both sexes, who were much amused at this attempt at drilling, it was soon judged expedient to discontinue it".

Though they no longer take an active part in the Coronation Service, they still have the right of attending, and a number were present in the Abbey this year, wearing their scarlet cloaks, black knee-breeches and swords.

The office of Lord Warden was hereditary in the early days, but this ceased in the reign of Richard I and from then on it was held by a distinguished person, unconnected with the Ports, whose duty was to see that the Barons honoured their obligations in return for the privileges they enjoyed. The Lord Warden was also Constable of Dover Castle,



although the two offices were quite distinct, and he had a maritime jurisdiction as Admiral of the Cinque Ports Fleet. The first official Admiral was Gervase Alard who in 1299 commanded the 30 ships provided to support Edward's campaign in Scotland.

Lord Wardens in recent times have included the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, the Prince of Wales (afterwards King George V) and, since 1941, Sir Winston Churchill.

The flag of the Confederation includes, in the second and third quarters, the three lions of England dimidiated (halved) with the sterns of ships, described by one historian as "the most curious frolic in all heraldry". B.H.K.

SHINER'S BOTTLE

by DON SIDDONS

Shiner Wright was worried and unhappy.

Yesterday his future had been full of promise, his career stretched out before him like a shining ribbon, but now . . . cupping chin in hands he sighed.

To Shiner's mind his crime was not serious. Simply in order to provide for a little celebration on his Birthday, he'd bottled his tot.

As a Chief Petty Officer he knew the regulations; that he must dispose of his tot of neat rum each day as it was issued; that it must not be sold nor given away; that amassing a store of the potent spirit was strictly forbidden. Yet he felt he was hard done by. Everyone did it on special occasions. Tradition had it that the practice started at Trafalgar, Nelson himself had turned his blind eye. However, he couldn't excuse himself by pleading that Nelson hadn't minded.

He considered his probable punishment. Stoppage of leave if he was lucky—a black mark. Disrating or loss of a badge was more likely—more than a black mark, a massive blot. He almost wept for his snow-white record.

Shiner was miserable.

The Jaunty, on the other hand, was happy. At last he'd cornered his arch-enemy, C.P.O. Wright.

He knew of Shiner's nearing Birthday and it was no secret that Shiner was saving up his tots. Nor did it need much imagination to guess where they'd be kept. As the "Rounds" procession wound through the C.P.O.'s mess that morning he flicked open the door of Shiner's kit locker and there was the bottle of rum.

The Jaunty exulted as Shiner was taken before the Officer of the Watch and charged. The bottle was irrefutable evidence.

* * *

The O.O.W. was thoughtful. Responsible for the safe custody of the evidence he was trying to think up a secure stowage for it, pending C.P.O. Wright's appearance before the Commander.

He could lock it in the Spirit Room but that would mean finding another officer to relieve him while doing so. Then he'd have to collect the special key, find the Duty Petty Officer, climb down endless steel ladders and open up several watertight doors, each held tightly shut by ten steel clips.

"Why do they always put the Spirit Room in the most inaccessible place?" he bemoaned. It would take all of twenty minutes and he was in a hurry. Even now he was impatient for his relief to take over so he could get ashore for a game of golf and a night at home.

His brain clicked! The cells. They were handy and the keys were under the direct control of the O.O.W. Within a few moments Shiner's bottle was under close arrest in No. 1 cell.

His relief turned up five minutes late and the O.O.W. dashed off, his mind filled with the problem

of lunching, changing into plain clothes and catching the boat ashore in thirteen minutes flat.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock that night Stoker Grimes returned onboard after an evening ashore. Grimes was happy too, he'd drunk a lot of beer, his favourite pastime. As he reached the top of the gangway he staggered a little, but, remembering his duty, made a determined effort to straighten up and salute the O.O.W.

It should have been the perfect salute. It could have been if, in his enthusiasm to show he was quite sober, Grimes hadn't rather overdone the upswing of his right arm. As it was, the momentum proved too much for his already tottery balance; he spun round and fell flat on his face.

The O.O.W. eyed him dispassionately.

"Put him in No. 1 to sleep it off", he ordered.

* * *

At six fifteen next morning the Duty Petty Officer came to rouse Grimes; he was apparently lifeless. The Medical Officer was fetched; a diagnosis made. Hastily Grimes was taken ashore to hospital.

At the same time Shiner was roused in the C.P.O.'s mess. He'd been awake till the small hours trying to think up a plausible excuse. None had come to him when finally he dropped off into an uneasy sleep. Now he racked his brains anew, pondering bitterly on the wide-spread belief that the brain worked better first thing in the morning. He grunted disdainfully.

News travels through a ship at incredible speed and he soon heard about Grimes and the rum. Urged more by the faint hope of being able to take advantage of Grimes' contretemps than by any fixed plan he made his way to the cells. All was quiet there but—the door of No. 1 was still open! With a quick glance round he slipped inside and there under the bunk was his bottle. Grabbing it he hurried away.

Reaching his mess he sat down, trembling a little. So far, so good. The evidence was gone but the doctor would know Grimes was poisoned by rum; besides, the bottle of spirit had been seen by the Jaunty, the O.O.W. and several others. He shook his head. If the bottle couldn't be found his case was no nearer dismissal. Larceny would be suspected—so would he. He was deadly calm now.

In a flash it came to him. "Let them find the bottle—with something else in it!"

On top of the dregs of rum he quickly poured a little of the varnish stain he'd been using on his home-made photo frames and shook up the mixture. Stealing back to the cell he replaced the bottle and went to breakfast.

* * *

Shiner was smiling broadly. He'd got away with it. True, the Commander had been puzzled. He was no fool and he suspected funny business. Shiner stuck

to his story that it was a mixture for French Polishing with which he'd been experimenting.

"That's why it made Grimes so ill, Sir", he explained. There was a spot of rum in it, he agreed, but the regulations didn't forbid the use of the rum ration to make French Polish.

The Medical Officer was bewildered. His evidence was definite—"rum poisoning". No he'd never heard of French Polish poisoning, nor did he know if the symptoms would be similar.

The Jaunty was furious. He didn't suspect funny business; he was convinced of it but he couldn't prove it. Worse, he'd been made to look a fool.

"After seventeen years in the Navy don't I know a bottle of rum when I see it?" he asked plaintively.

He ground his teeth as Shiner passed with springy step.

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

Nereide was called for duty on the America and West Indies Station during September and latest reports have it that a change from mutton for lunch would be more than welcome. However, she expects to go on home in the New Year so parting was by way of being sweet sorrow.

Sparrow arrived, fresh from Korean waters, to relieve *Nereide* in August and is finding her reversion to peacetime and showing the flag a pleasant and welcome change.

Kempenfelt and *Wager* continue to represent the Reserve Fleet alongside the wall in Simonstown but rumour has it that there may be movement in the not very distant future.

Our South African cousins have their representative with us in the *Jan van Riebeeck* (ex-*Wessex*) who is nearing the end of her lengthy refit.

At the S.T.C., up in the clouds of Klaver, a venture is being made into the unknown with the innovation of training Communication Operators for the South African Navy. The scheme provides for a rating carrying out both visual and wireless duties until he reaches the P.O. rate when he elects to specialise in one or other of the branches. The initial course, from A.B., Cook, Steward, Stoker, etc. to Communication Operator is scheduled for nine months and will be both intensive and extensive.

Mr. Hancock took over the S.T.C. from Mr. Goulding in July, but Mr. Clarke, S.A.N., (the World's only remaining Signal Boatswain?), of course remains.

SLANGKOP W/T

With our staff of 40 augmented by hands from the Flagship from time to time we continue to handle our suprisingly large volume of traffic in harmonious conjunction with the South African "Post Kantoor".

The Bush Fire season approaching, Comm. Lt. Low has his Fire Rangers posted but we hope evacuation will no longer be necessary as the bush knives have been kept busy.

H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

As Flagship of the South Atlantic Station wearing the flag of our Communicator Admiral (Vice-Admiral Sir Peveril William-Powlett) we completed our first East coast cruise in August having enjoyed the hospitality of East London, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Lorenzo Marques and Majunga.

Combining business with pleasure, in company with S.A.N. and French units, we carried out our annual Durbex during the cruise. The F.C.O. seemed to find a great deal of pleasure in ordering every screen except a panoramic and every group except BZ. However, after running hot the TBS' and TBYs we are convinced that both our French and S.A.N. counterparts are gluttons for punishment. The "Lady in White" sang us away from Durban as she has done for so many ships over so many years.

A few weeks alongside in "Snooky" and we are now on our West coast cruise which includes visits to Boma, Matadi, Lagos, Freetown, Bathurst, Takoradi and Loanda.



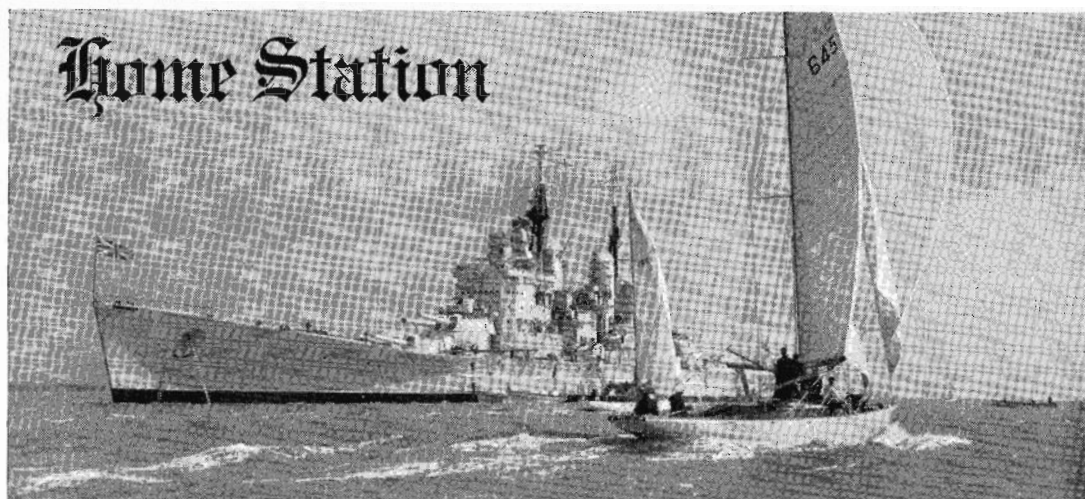
Some recent Examination Answers

Pan Pan Pan.—Made when a member of the crew is taken ill.

Hand Message.—An Exclusive from *Mercury* to R.N.B. Portsmouth, for example, which would go by Diplomatic bag.

Procedure.—The way in which things are done.

(Note.—We find it difficult to improve on the last one ourselves).



SIXTH D.S.

The ships of the Squadron sailed from their Home Ports, and joined up off Harwich early on 3rd September. We then made our way to Stonehaven, where we spent a few days shaking off the dockyard cobwebs and making ourselves presentable before joining the Fleet at Invergordon.

The great day came and we sailed from Invergordon for Exercise 'Mariner' on 22nd September—in a downpour. The weather steadily got worse as we approached the rendezvous with the Americans, and on the morning we joined up it was blowing very hard, and the visibility was such that we could only see our two neighbours on the screen. So what should have been an impressive display of sea power laid out before our eyes fell a little flat. 'Fleetwork' too was somewhat restricted by the fact that the destroyers could only do ten knots into the sea. Except for one day, these storm tossed conditions were to prevail until we got back to Greenock.

The next excitement was to catch *Swiftsure*, acting as a raider, coming South through the Denmark Strait. *Battleaxe*, *Crossbow* and three destroyers were detached to search. We made contact, and were just closing in, when the umpires told us that *Vanguard* had been engaging for over an hour and that *Swiftsure* had been sunk. Our dash down sea at high speed produced several memorable lurches, and the loss of carley floats and a Skimmer. In the Wireless Office the hope was expressed: "I suppose they have some clever way of securing the 605 to the deck".

Meanwhile *Scorpion* had stayed with the Main Body, and found it most interesting. One manoeuvring signal is reported, which might give the voice procedure section something to work on—"Emergency turn nine make it left" by the immediate executive method.

After *Diamond* and *Swiftsure* were in collision

Battleaxe acted as escort to *Diamond* for a day, while she steamed towards home. But the weather forecast gave no hope of a smooth passage, and so *Diamond* went back to Iceland to wait for her chance to slip across, while we rejoined the Task Group.

Soon after that we parted company with the Americans, and on 3rd October, a fine sunny morning, we came up the Clyde. Even to southern eyes it looked welcoming, and to the Scotsman it meant a week end.

There are easier ways of getting from Invergordon to Greenock than via Iceland, but our one regret was that we did not see an iceberg—nor a polar bear.

* * * * *

PARDON—YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING!

After Exercise 'Mariner', the following exchange of signals took place.

From shore authority:—Your on arrival requirements included 225 pounds lead. Please signal type of lead to S.N.S.O.—".

From ship:—"Your - - for lead read bread. Not now required".

A MODEL OF PROPRIETY

When a well known artist arrived at his studio the other day, his model started towards the screen to disrobe.

"Don't undress", the artist told her, "I won't be painting to-day. I've got a bad headache and I'm just going to make myself a cup of tea before I go home".

"Oh, please let me make it for you", asked the model. The artist thanked her, and told her to make one for herself as well. Just as they settled down to drink the tea, the artist heard familiar footsteps in the hall.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "Here comes my wife. Get those clothes off, quick!"

R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh departed from R.N.A.S. Eglinton on July 3rd, on conclusion of their State Visit to Northern Ireland. Meticulous care was taken to ensure that the appearance of the Station should be beyond reproach, and the ceremonial perfect. The only doubtful factor was the weather, but fortunately the sun shone brilliantly. The scene of departure with the gleaming "Vikings" of the Queen's Flight, Royal Guard, manned perimeter track and V.I.P.s in full dress, provided an event we shall long remember. Yes, it was definitely Eglinton's Day of the Year, and made up for all that we had missed of the Coronation Ceremonies earlier.

Air Day was held early in September, with its variety of flying displays and in addition a parachute-jump. On this occasion, unfortunately, low cloud base and rain somewhat limited the more ambitious efforts.

The rigours of D/F watchkeeping have been considerably reduced now that the F.V.10 is a working proposition. A well-heated brick-built hut is a much appreciated substitute for a draughty cramped railway container on a wet dark night. From the efficiency viewpoint, F.V.10, G.C.A. and A.H.6 should provide a first class Safety Setup, to combat our normal murky weather conditions.

FOURTH D.S.

Most of the period since the last number has been spent by the Squadron refitting in its Home Ports. *Agincourt* was lucky; luckier perhaps than any other ship in the Home Fleet—for she had memories of a week spent in both Helsinki and Malmo to dream away the idle hours, windy hammers permitting, when it was impossible to enter the spaces where we Communicators normally work.

Mark you it hasn't been all idleness; for the Squadron sent a large contingent to sea for "Mariner". Even C.O.4 went to the U.S.S. *Iowa* to study American methods, though we cannot swear to his allegiance to Coke.

Now we are all out again and fast shaking away the cobwebs of the Dockyards, and even if they don't get blown away by Portland gales, they certainly will be by the intensity of our weekly gunnery programme.

For the future, there are two points of note: firstly, the Leader is being inspected, and the rest of the Squadron are thoroughly enjoying themselves seeing her on the 'defensive' for a change. And, as a Squadron, we have the honour of carrying out S.A.R. duties when Her Majesty The Queen flies from London to Gander on November 23rd. After this duty, we have a week at Londonderry in which to study the latest in Jassmanship, and then back to our Home Ports to start the Christmas festivities.

THIRD TRAINING SQUADRON

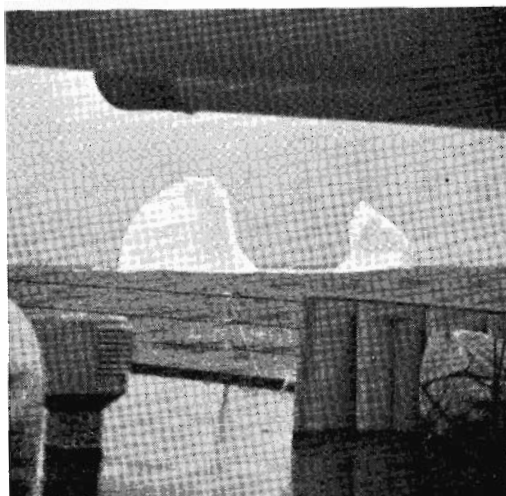
The Third Training Squadron has been seeing some radical changes lately; the last ship of the old Londonderry Flotilla, H.M.S. *Crispin*, is about to pay off. She has been in commission for eight years, nearly all of which have been spent in the Land of the Shamrock.

The Squadron now consists of *Rocket* (Capt. D.), *Tenacious*, *Relentless*, *Volage*, *Loch Ruthven* and *Loch Veyatie*. *Virago* came from the Home Fleet for three weeks to help us out while various members of our flock were in Dockyard hands, and we are expecting H.M.S. *Orwell* (Capt. D. Plymouth), to increase our numbers in December.

We see quite a lot of the other N.A.T.O. nations in the course of our duty and social life, including Dutch, Norwegian, Danes, French, Canadians and the various U.S. Hunter-Killer groups, not to mention units of the Home Fleet. Co-operation is very good and a lot of good English may be learnt whilst listening to the "foreigners" on voice circuits.

Rocket and *Loch Ruthven* paid a visit to Liverpool on the occasion of the laying-up of the Old Queen's Colours of the Devonport Command in Liverpool Cathedral. The people of Liverpool proved very hospitable and some of the English members of the ships companies took advantage of the weekend that was given.

In the world of sport our activities are somewhat curtailed by the shortage of grounds and the prevailing weather conditions in Londonderry. *Crispin* provided herself with a farewell trophy by winning the Squadron Sports, and *Loch Ruthven* convincingly won the Squadron Regatta which was held only a few days after she had joined the Squadron.



Sighted during "Mariner".



"Methods of Communication haven't changed much" (See page 171)

H.M.S. "HORNET"

The Autumn Term in *Hornet* started somewhat tamely, except in the Communication Office. There the air was thick with yarns about Summer leave, some incredulous, and others so fantastic as to make Baron Munchausen seem a rank amateur.

Outside the insane influence of the Communication Office we in *Hornet* started warming up for Exercise 'Mariner'. This included the inevitable night encounter exercises with the equally inevitable arguments afterwards as to who sank who first.

'Mariner' itself was marred by extremely bad weather which reduced our activities to a minimum (Who said Hooray?).

After a very enjoyable stay at Delfzijl, in North Holland, lasting one week, the Second F.P.B. Squadron sailed for its 'Mariner' operational base, Den Helder. Whilst at Delfzijl we were joined by the Elbe Patrol Squadron and the Weser Patrol Squadron (U.S. Navy) both of whom later rejoined us at Den Helder and became our partners with H.M.S. *Obdurate* for the exercise.

There are two incidents which are worth recording here. One is of the Sparker who, whilst at Delfzijl, went ashore in thick fog to get the weather report on the understanding that owing to the fog the squadron would not be sailing until much later. He returned after ten minutes to see the stern of the last boat disappearing in the thick fog and in the general direction of Den Helder. He rejoined his boat by obtaining a "hitch-hike" in the other squadron for the one hundred odd miles which separated him from his tot.

The second incident occurred when the Second Squadron "attacked" the convoy route off Great Yarmouth. One destroyer and the First F.P.B.

Squadron were sailing along in company all blissfully unaware of the "enemy boats" amongst them. After we had delivered our "fish" and had scored two mythical direct hits each on the destroyer, we pulled out, still unscathed. Some fifteen minutes later the following signal was intercepted:

From: Destroyer "P" *to:* FPB.1. The undoubted success of tonight's operation was due almost entirely to you.

The Second Squadron is now at Dartmouth and those of the Communication Staff left in *Hornet* extend our heartfelt sympathies to the Sparkers of the three squadrons who are at this moment most probably being galvanised into frantic action by a voice bellowing down the W/T office voice pipe "Up top Sparks, somebody's calling us by semaphore" or "What does this flag hoist mean Sparks?" and whilst they are up on the bridge attempting to read the mysterious gesticulations, being shrieked at by Those in Command "Whats wrong with the T.C.S., I can't raise anybody?"

In the field of sport *Hornet* has had the honour of meeting *Mercury* at soccer whom we thrashed 8-4, and we hope to repeat the score next year when we meet them in the First Division of the U.S. League.

H.M.S. "CENTAUR"

H.M.S. *Centaur*, laid down in 1943, has at last torn away all wires, shaken off the air lines and power cables and sailed from Harland and Wolff at Belfast.

The period of waiting for commissioning day was long and sometimes tedious, but it must be said that the stand-by party, which consisted of the C.C.O., C.P.O. Tel. and four Tels. faced up well to all adversities and did a good job. The main duties of this party, other than having rabbits made for their landladies, was to ensure that offices were built and equipment installed in accordance with Admiralty specification, and that the general positioning of fittings was satisfactory to the user. In the later stages the accent was on rigging aeriels and External Communications trials.

To the uninitiated, External Communications trials may seem a quiet number, in fact it entails a considerable amount of work. In *Centaur* we were most unfortunate in being alongside one of Harland and Wolff's largest cranes which affected both transmission and reception considerably. The only time we were able to obtain any really good results was in the evening, so that it was nearly all dogwatch work. However, we had lots of QSA5—QRK5's and also "Loud and Clear" from Ceylon on voice using a type 603. We would like to thank all ship-shore operators at Burnham, Ceylon, Simonstown and Malta for their co-operation; we are sure they are glad to hear the last of GKYG's calling and testing tapes.

Commissioning day was highly organised by the Gunnery Department with coloured routes for all parties; there is still doubt if the organisers could understand the system. The ship has all bunk sleeping billets—there was some concern that one would not be able to remain embunked for a full night's sleep without rolling out, but all has gone well and the bunks have proved very satisfactory.

We have had our various troubles in the department; Yeoman Morris was lost for a couple of days looking for his sewing machine, and he was eventually found in the Naval Store Office explaining that although S.N.S.O. Chatham had sent us three nice new sets of flags, they were the flags which went out of date when the new books were introduced. All these minor difficulties were soon overcome and within 48 hours the department was working with reasonable efficiency, although even now there are quiet rumblings from the V.S. staff about the Signal Distribution which was compiled by the C.C.O. (Ex. W/T).

At present we have only a very small communication staff totalling 22, but we will be up to full peace complement about next April. It was a sad blow to find that after leaving the makers and only four weeks at sea we were to be taken in hand at Portsmouth for a five months refit, during which we will be fitted with an angled flight deck.

Did you hear about the M.S.O. messenger who approached a certain Lt. Cdr. in the Wardroom and said, "Excuse me sir, are you the duty S.B.A.?"

or better

The Leading Sig. who asked the Chief Yeoman where the lamps for the carbon arc 20-in. were kept?

FIRST SEAWARD DEFENCE SQUADRON

This small unit, administered by the Seaward Defence regime in H.M.S. *Defiance*, consists of three converted Fairmile 'D' M.T.B.s and the only active S.D.M.L. at home. The Squadron is represented at all the seaward defence exercises, last year visiting Cherbourg, Rosyth for 'Castanets' and Bergen for 'Mainbrace'; and this year Portsmouth, Portland and Harwich, and the Clyde for 'Mariner'. Two of the boats, prototype conversions of the class now building, can muster four H.F. and two V.H.F. sets each, including two Pye commercial sets being used experimentally. In time of stress constant watch on three waves has been maintained, the controlling S.D. wave, an inter-boat plot wave, and V.H.F. with aircraft.

The shore control in S.D. exercises is manned, if that is the right term, by Wrens of the S.D. school, who on occasions produce some rather odd answers. For example:

0200 in the Clyde. Female voice, rather harassed, trying to find out where an errant patrol craft had strayed: "Lakeshore, this is Bainbridge, are you in position of Modesty. Over?"

Female voice, still harassed, to barely heard and possibly slightly chokka M.A./S.B.: "Damask, this is Bainbridge, you are very weak, press your key harder, Over." "This is Damask, I am pressing my key harder, how do you hear me now. Over?"

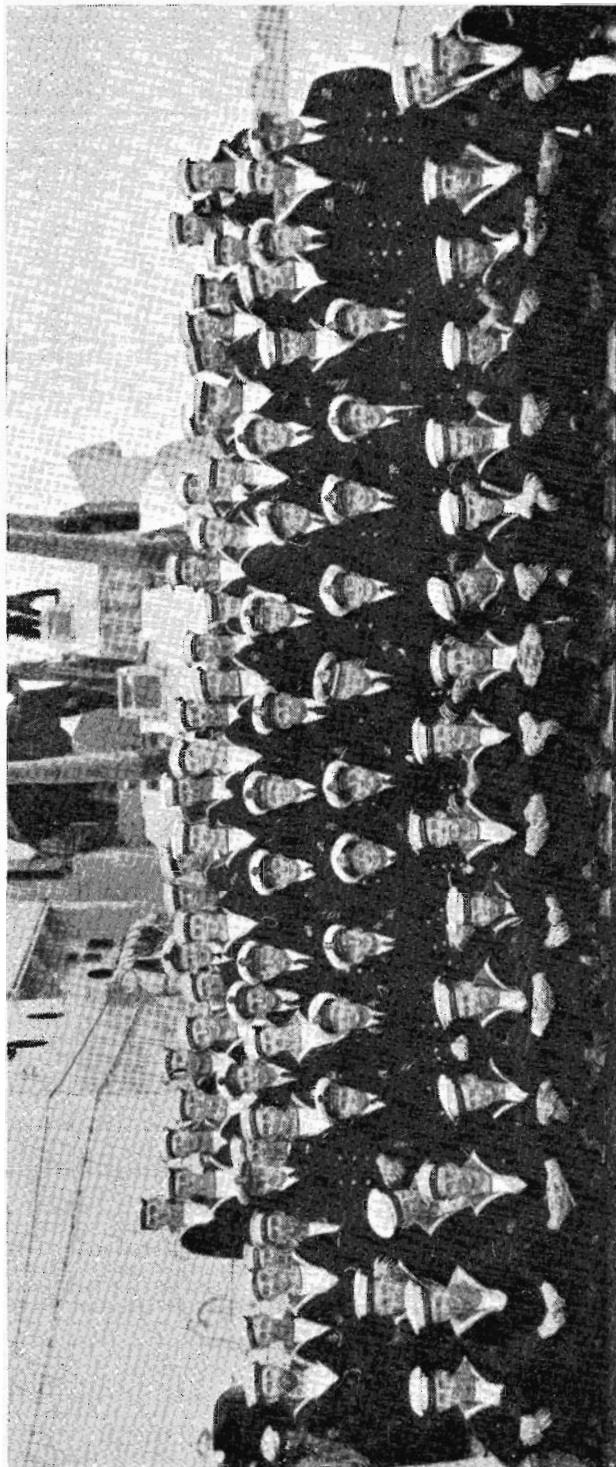
Query from S.D.H.Q. to L.C.T. acting as boom vessel: "Affix, this is Bainbridge, are your clocks Zebra time, Over?" "This is Affix, I have no clock, only a wristwatch, Over."

S.D.H.Q. called a patrol trawler and received the reply:

"Bainbridge, this is Bloodshed, say again, I was talking to the voicepipe, Over."

From November, the Squadron has joined the Second Training Squadron at Portland, and has reverted to the more mundane employment of U.C. training for *Osprey*.

The three Fairmiles produce five fairly veteran Tels., all from Portsmouth, who find themselves doing a lot of odd jobs they didn't learn on course — all to their benefit. Sewing in headsticks, and climbing the mast with masthead pendants wasn't exactly in the syllabus, though I suppose it could be called 'opposite subject'. So if you flash a M.A./S.B. you may get a funny answer—two useful groups that have been learnt are "AS" and "W".



COMMUNICATION STAFF OF CINCEASTLANT, C-IN-C HOME FLEET, AND H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

Back row:

O.Sig. Baker, Sig. Kingham, O.Sigs. Stevenson, Kellard, Tel. Scott, L.Sigs. Douglas, Nixon, Coder Herbert, Tels. James, Leggington, L.Sig. Tutchings, Tels. Laws, Wilton, L.Tel. France, Tel. Cook, L.Tel. Richards, Sigs. Bance, Daltry, Hudson, L.Sig. Jones, Tel. Dunn, L.Sig. Gates, Tel. Stenson, L.Tel. Trevett, Tels. Woodmore, Batchelor, Brown, Reynolds, Harold, L.Sig. Ingham.

Third row:

L.Sig. Johnson, L.Tel. Ticehurst, Tel. Fewsdale, L.Sig. McKelvie, L.Tel. Anthony, P.O. Tel. Carroll, Tel. Rimington, L.Tel. Gibbs, Coder Ward, L.Tel. Snow, Coder Phibbs, P.O. Tels. Haydon, Watt, Yeo, Sigs. Hogan, Atkins, Andrewes, Gill, P.O. Tel. Nelson, L.Tels. Boltwood, Welch, Yeo, Sigs. Boobyer, L.Tel. Parfitt, Yeo, Sigs. Anders.

Second row:

Sig. Stevenson, Tel. Bownes, P.O. Tel. Hyatt, Chief Yeo, Sigs. Woodhead, Cowdray, Commn. Lt. Swift, Lt. Cdr. Pitt, Cdr. Hanron, Lt. Graham-Clarke, CCO Dartnell, CPO Tels. Kelson, Butcher.

Front row:

Tel. Jones, Sigs. Russell, Moseley, O.Sig. Hodson, Tel. Moore, O.Sig. Mackay, O.Tels. Banks, Butler, Jones, Newman, Blakeborough, Hamner-Strudwick, O.Sigs. Bostock, Butt, Sigs. Jones, Oggier, Hames.

H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

As usual the Home Fleet foregathered at Invergordon at the beginning of September and the next few weeks were full of intensive communication exercises while everyone tried hard to understand the orders for "Mariner!" Short titles were banded around freely, much to the bewilderment of the uninitiated, and there was some amusement over the orders for the logistic support force which revelled under the name of COMMOBLOGSUPFOR. However, everything sorted itself out in time and after a week's pre-"Mariner" exercises at sea, the C-in-C and his operational staff left us for Northwood, taking with them about a quarter of the communication staff as well. *Vanguard* was a private ship once again!

Then we sailed for "Mariner" under the orders of F.O.H.S. and rendezvoused with the U.S. portion of the Striking Fleet somewhere south of Iceland in the middle of a force 9 gale! Shortly afterwards we were sent off with the *Macon* and *Des Moines* to hunt for the *Swiftsure* acting as a raider, but as they couldn't go as fast as us in the huge seas, we eventually pushed on alone, crashing through the gale at 25 knots! Great relief was felt on the flag deck and in the B.W.O. when we were able to cease tactical communications and we heard no more such odd phrases as 'My rudder is right' coming over tactical primary. Eventually we found *Swiftsure* after an exciting time amongst icebergs, when amateur photographers popped up all over the ship, and duly 'sank' her. Meanwhile planes from U.S.S. *Bennington* attacked us instead of *Swiftsure* and so we shan't know the real result of the battle till it has all been analysed.

The raider action was our 'big moment' in "Mariner" and we think we justified our existence all right. It was also noticeable how this and the incessant gales that were tossing the destroyers around put an end to the old saying 'Give me the boats any day'.

The gales worried *Vanguard* a little too, strange though it may seem, as we lost one boat and our maximum roll was 21° which is not bad for a battleship.

Then back to the Clyde where C-in-C and his staff rejoined us. Many were the arguments on the messdeck as to who had had the most rugged time. After a week off Greenock we rejoined the rest of the Fleet at Invergordon in mid-October and as *Eagle* had pinched the flagship buoy for her self-refit, we sat at anchor off Cromarty in quiet seclusion.

However, the most important piece of news has been left to last and that is that *Vanguard* managed to win the Southwood Cup again. Most of our team are now due for relief so will Drafty please arrange some equally good footballers in exchange?

SECOND TRAINING SQUADRON

Our dark and possibly questionable "goings on" off the East Coast in "Mariner" shall remain shrouded in mystery until after the great analysis. Our "successes" were certainly revealing.

Our task during the "work up" was to befriend H.N.M. Ships *Evertsen* and *Kortenaer* with F.S. *Spahi* and *Tirailleur* to complete the party. N.A.T.O. Communications seemed, from our end, to go with a swing. One comment overheard from an aircraft to *Spahi* was, "Your English and Voice procedure are very good". The inevitable reply was, of course, "Say again, Over". In all, this phase was very satisfactory from a Communication angle and the camaraderie apparent between the ships' Staffs had to be seen to be believed. An abundance of "Bols" and Iced Lager may well have had some influence.

Zephyr has been enjoying a somewhat intense spate of activity during her "Reserve Commission" (she was to have paid off and reduced some months ago). She went to help with a stranded *Wave Ruler* just before the exercise and eventually joined up with "Mariner", a little out of breath but covered with glory.

Odd jobs since "Mariner" have included a Diplomatic trip to Guernsey carrying the retiring Governor home to Southampton and the newly appointed Lieutenant Governor to St. Peter Port. Both these trips were carried out with the proper amount of ceremony including the appropriate gun salutes for which purpose *Myngs* became a saluting ship having installed a brace of three pounders. The salute was fired alongside but no casualties were reported. The P.O. Tel. "executed" the salute at the moment the "oath" was taken, from an effective if precarious position on a window ledge in the States Law Courts Building using a type 46 as a medium. This was quite an advance on the request in the State Letter which asked for a signal by heliograph.

The wind blows cold over the "races" and we wonder if, like last year, we shall need a lifebelt to walk along the jetty.

Epilogue.—We wonder if this is the beginning of the end

One of our brood, who shall at present remain anonymous, was ordered, during "Mariner" to "Return to harbour and ring M.H.Q." Ouch!! Not an arrow left in the quiver. (The C.O.'s feelings were hurt too . . . The call cost him 7/-).

A.D.R.—"We're getting a double trace on the F.V.5."

B.W.O.—"O.K. don't lose 'em, we'll keep one for tomorrow".

R.N.A.S. FORD

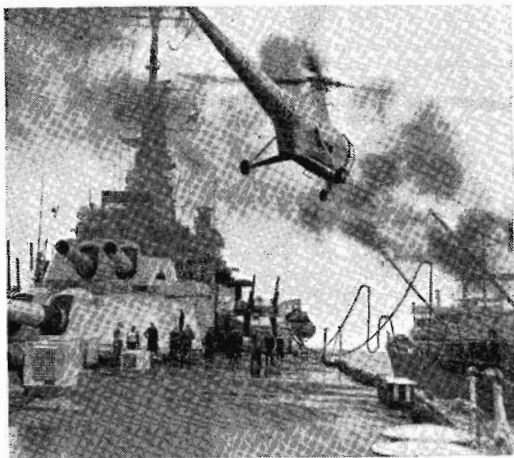
The time for producing the Christmas number of our Magazine has arrived, but unfortunately it finds us in the grip of the Drafting Commander. Only the Naval Airmen, who comprise nearly fifty per cent of our staff, remain intact as a body, if we can disregard courses, weapon training and Royal Guards.

The weather has been so bad here at times, that after the last sub came up the duty runway requesting Q.D.M. Portsmouth, rumour had it that the Captain was considering re-opening Ford as a flying boat base.

Life is fairly hectic at times in the C.R.R., particularly when we have to provide more frequencies than available sets, with the odd "Pan" or "Prince" to make things a bit more lively. There was also, of course, the P.O. Tel. (Flying) R.N.V.R. who came in one Sunday morning to show the C.P.O. Tel. how to tune a set.

Speaking of "Pans", the last kite that 'pranged' in the Channel was fished out so quickly by Ford, that the aircrew barely had time to get wet. Keep it up.

And of Princes. The Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Ford, was both speedy and thorough. Notwithstanding the short time at his disposal, he found time to visit most parts of the airfield. The Duke's scheduled arrival by air caused quite a flap in some departments. Fir cones suspended on threads were seen to be poked surreptitiously from Met Office windows, but the weather, which hadn't changed for days, proved to be so bad that he came by road. It cleared up sufficiently to enable His Royal Highness to watch a very interesting air display and to pilot his own "Devon" aircraft back to Hendon, not forgetting on the way, to ring up the Palace by radio-telephone to order late tea. Don't get any ideas, that's not what ours is for.



"Vanguard" fuelling from "Wave Victor".

LONDONDERRY AIRS

As this is being read, the exiles will be placing their blue bundle handkerchiefs in the schoolroom, and preparing for their quarterly trek to England, Home and beauty. Our Wrens will be combing seaweed and spindrift out of their hair, and subconsciously reaching for a bucket after their trip to sea in the 3rd T.S.

The Autumn Term commenced with a 'Mariner' work-up which included normal JASS training (No, we don't teach the Creep), Ocean escorts, and Carrier Patrol groups, in which were included all the Teutons and one Romance. We had more ships on our Port Wave than Malta has on Broadcast Mike.

'Mariner' brought a large influx of staff and as far as submarine communications were concerned we think the exercise was a success.

The monsoon is still with us, and has been for three successive contributions, and will, it is expected, be with us for many more. It disproves one fallacy however, that is, Danny Boy's oilskin was never in the drying room.

This, we think, is a record. At Londonderry we have a staff of 25 and we order 34 copies of the COMMUNICATOR. Can anyone beat it?

Mention here should be made of our R.A.F. colleagues who work with us. After their initial shock at being "posted" to a Naval establishment they settle down to accept the organisation of a Naval Wireless Office, and become useful members of the staff. They even buy the COMMUNICATOR.

H.M.S. *Sea Eagle*

R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

It seems a long time since the Summer, yet it was only at the beginning of this Term that we were striving to win the Station Knock-out Sailing Competition. After several successes in local regattas our whaler, crewed entirely by Communication Wrens, reached the semi-final, only to be beaten by S. and S., the eventual winners.

No doubt "Mariner" will be mentioned elsewhere in this issue. Here our task was to fly "Orange" strikes against "Blue" convoys in the Channel. If we couldn't find them there was a severe temptation to give our Radar station a ring, as they were working for "Blue".

Operation "Solitaire" may not mean much to you but it certainly does to us. It is a sort of monster General Post in the Air Command. We have lost the Naval Air Fighter School to Lossie (Helston comment:—ain't it quiet without they jets') and we have received O.F.S.1(A/S) with one Squadron from Lossie. At the end of November the Observer School and two squadrons arrive from St. Merryn. Finally, and of more direct concern to Communicators, the Naval Air Signal School transfers from Seafeld Park and reopens here as part of the new combined Observer and Air Signal School in the New Year.

We don't expect any difficulty with the Observers as they should have been indoctrinated with the Cornish language at their old Station, but N.A.S.S. may need a bit of rehabilitation when they get "down along with we". Anyway we are standing by to welcome all these new "Seahawks" and look forward to seeing lots of Communicators passing through the new School.

H.M.S. "DOLPHIN"

Quite a large quantity of water has swirled past the bastions of H.M.S. *Dolphin* since we last contributed an article to the COMMUNICATOR so here goes.

At the time of writing we have six running submarines each with a complement of one P.O. Tel., one Ldg. Tel., two Tels., and one Sig., and two reserve boats whose Communicators are all occupied as aide de camps to submarine Officers (why do

Officers always insist on a Communicator for an assistant!). With so many boats running, Communicators are in short supply. One Tel. was sighted at 1110 this forenoon wheeling a load of N.A.A.F.I. buns. At 1120 he was guarding Submarine Exercise 'Wave'.

Exercise 'Mariner', except for squaring off the analysis, is now a distant (happy?) memory. From a submarine Communicator's point of view this went off very well and the NATO exercises are proving their worth, so much so that three P.O. Tels. walked off their submarines after the exercise instead of being carried off as in the past.

Now a few words about submarine Communicators. They are not at a disadvantage compared to general service Communicators; all are treated the same as far as selection for courses goes, and they go on the same advancement roster.

ODE TO "MARINER"

(To the tune of Uncle Tom Cobby)

First Sea Lord, First Sea Lord, give I some fresh air,
All along, out along, down in the moat,
For I have been playing at Mariner Fair,
With Comnorlant, Comgiblant, Cinchannel,
Cinceastlant, Old Uncle Macsaclant and all,
Old Uncle Macsaclant and all.

We've sunk all the U-boats, made paper ships sail,
Filled out the forms (Green) made bandits all wail,
Ignored all the minefields, caught Royals at Prawle
Point

For Comnorlant, Comgiblant, Cinchannel,
Cinceastlant, Old Uncle Macsaclant and all,
Old Uncle Macsaclant and all.

A flash coming in makes us all ghastly white
Till we find it was sent out last Saturday night.
The signals pile up like a newt when its tight,
At Comnorlant, Comgiblant, Cinchannel,
Cinceastlant, Old Uncle Macsaclant and all,
Old Uncle Macsaclant and all.

The weather men scowl, and the plotters all natter,
We're all round the bend and it couldn't be madder,
(I do miss the Wren at the top of the ladder)
Say's Comnorlant, Comgiblant, Cinchannel,
Cinceastlant, Old Uncle Macsaclant and all,
Old Uncle Macsaclant and all.

We've fought our last battle, its over and done,
We're all going home now the victory's been won.
Our Orange opponents are whacked to a man
By Comnorlant, Comgiblant, Cinchannel,
Cinceastlant, Old Uncle Macsaclant and all,
Old Uncle Macsaclant and all.

"MARINER" PERSONALITIES

Many strange personalities were encountered during Exercise "Mariner". Perhaps one of the best known to those who fought the battle deep in the bowels of the earth below Fort Southwick was the gentleman who confronted the panting, exhausted Communicator as he scaled the last of the several hundred steps on his way off watch—COMSTAIR-LANT.





CAPTAIN R. S. FOSTER-BROWN, ROYAL NAVY
DIRECTOR OF THE SIGNAL DIVISION

1930	Qualified in Signals.	1942	Signal Officer, Londonderry.
1931	Signal Officer in charge of Wireless Controlled Target, H.M.S. <i>Centurion</i> .	1943-44	Staff Signal Officer to Admiral Max Horton, C.-in-C., Western Approaches.
1932-33	Signal Officer, 2nd Destroyer Flotilla.	1944-46	Commander, H.M.S. <i>Ajax</i> .
1934-35	First Lieutenant, H.M.S. <i>Sandwich</i> .	1946	Promoted Captain.
1936-38	Flag Lieutenant and Squadron Signal Officer to Rear-Admiral James Somerville, R.A. (D) Med.	1947	In Charge of Naval Division, Control Commission, Austria.
1938	VI, H.M. Signal School.	1948-50	Deputy Director of Air Organisation, Admiralty.
1939-40	Fleet Signal Officer, Home Fleet.	1950-51	Captain (F), 6th Frigate Flotilla.
1940	Promoted Commander.	1952	Director of the Signal Division.
1941	R.D.F. & D/F Officer, W. Approaches.		

OPERATION FLOODTIDE

During the East Coast flood disaster early this year, amateur radio enthusiasts helped to maintain communications. One of those who performed sterling services was R.A. Hutcheson-Collins, an ex-P.O. Tel., who later turned over to the (L) branch, became a Chief Radio Electrician, and who now lives in Grimsby.

At about 1840Z on Saturday 31st January, the day the *Princess Victoria* was lost, Collins (G3AXS) was listening to Humber radio in contact with S.S. *Levenwood*. The ship required the aid of tugs and urgent medical advice for the First Officer who was ill. Tuning to 1825 kcs, Collins was just in time to hear Humber ask North Foreland to deal with this request as his land lines were down. Humber then went silent, apparently involuntarily, so Collins rang Mablethorpe exchange and asked if they knew that the land-lines to the station were down. They didn't and were glad to have the information.

The *Levenwood* was still frantically calling Humber radio but getting no reply. After some hesitation, Collins called them on 1650 kcs and asked if he could help. Telling the *Levenwood* to listen on 1735 kcs, to which he retuned his transmitter, he then telephoned the Grimsby and District General Hospital, obtained the medical advice required and passed it to the Master of the *Levenwood*. He then arranged for a tug to be sent to the ship's aid, and kept watch until midnight, when the Master reported that the ship was under control, the First Officer comfortable, and that he could manage for the time being.

Early on Sunday morning Collins again set watch but there was still no sign of Humber Radio being on the air. By this time the M.V. *Menapia* had broken adrift from the tug that was towing her, and was in difficulties. The Humber Light Vessel had also broken adrift and was running before the gale with S.S. *Melrose Abbey* desperately trying to render assistance and to contact Humber Radio. Collins tried to phone Humber Radio but found that all communications between Grimsby and Mablethorpe had broken down, and therefore got onto the Humber Conservancy Board and informed them of the plight of the light vessel. They asked for its position from the *Melrose Abbey*. At about the same time an unknown vessel was heard reporting that the "Red Cliff Buoy" was floating rapidly down river, and this was passed on to the Conservancy Board. The latter asked Collins to instruct the *Melrose Abbey* to pass on to all shipping the new position of the Humber Light Vessel.

At about 1100 the trawler *Bombardier* was heard asking for a tug as her steering gear was out of action, and this information was passed to her owners. A little later the *Levenwood* reported that the First Officer was out of danger, and the ship was safe. The *Menapia* however was still in distress and drifting. The tug which had been sent to her aid,

had been diverted to another ship in a worse plight. By mid-afternoon she reported that she was in dire distress. The tug owners were informed and they immediately sent another tug to her assistance. The *Menapia* was trying to give her position to North Foreland radio, but owing to aerial trouble in the ship North Foreland were unable to hear her, and the message was passed on by phone. The *Menapia* was also having reception trouble, and was continuing to call for help, so Collins called another ship which happened to be in the vicinity, and asked her to pass on the fact that assistance was on the way.

The Humber Light Vessel had by this time managed to anchor, and the *Melrose Abbey* therefore proceeded. The *Bombardier* eventually reached a safe anchorage with the aid of emergency steering gear, and she was called and told that assistance was on the way, and her position was passed on to her owners.

This was thought to be the end of the emergency, but at 2100 on Monday evening the M.F.V. *Roda* was heard calling Humber Radio. After she had called for 45 minutes with no reply from any coast radio station, Collins established contact on 1825 kcs. The *Roda* reported that she had run aground, due to the Humber Light Vessel being out of position. Collins immediately informed the police.

By this time the tide had receded and left the *Roda* high and dry, so that the Coastguard was able to walk out and climb onboard. He then called Collins and asked him to pass on the necessary information, and watch was maintained until no longer required.

That really was the end of the story, but it is of interest to note that it seems to be a habit of Collins to get mixed up in this sort of thing. In 1946, under the callsign VS6DY, he and K6ROJ provided the only means of communication with the outside world from the Island of Oahu, during the Hawaiian disaster.

(From an article by Mr. F. R. Peterson which appeared in the R.S.G.B. Bulletin of March 1953).

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

If you have trouble with your dipoles, as most Sparkers do from time to time, why not try an idea successfully used in H.M.S. *Cossack* in Hong Kong recently. All you need is the co-operation of the Dockyard Fire Brigade and the job is finished. We asked the firemen to send down their longest ladder. With a sailor standing on the top of the fire escape, and a mighty turntable to hoist him heavenwards, the dipole was changed, the firemen were glad of the exercise, and everyone was happy . . . including the Buffer, for climbing a mast by "Remote Control" doesn't interfere with the paintwork.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IFFISHUNSIE!

Dear Sir,

What has happened to the standard of Telegraphist ratings?

During the war and the years immediately following, a 'sparker' had to be on top line at his job, a first rate operator, quick to check a mistake, and intelligent in all things, including education—but now!!!!

As a broadcast operator I sit for hours receiving morse which is received by countless hundreds of other ratings. I wonder if they have the same opinion of the so-called sparkers who are responsible for transmitting that morse? Here are a few of the outstanding irregularities of the various broadcasts these days:

1. Tapes are left off the transmitter head for far too long during silent periods, and quite often when they are on, they are upside down!
2. Tapes are not checked during transmission of signals as closely as they might be.
3. The interval between signals is not always sufficient to allow for logging the previous one, then there often follows a period of silence.
4. Hand transmissions of short signals and corrections are quite often unreadable owing to "stropky jack" speed or just plain incapability.
5. C.-in-C.'s broadcast tops all! The spelling is absolutely outrageous—cancal, bouy, ninth, seperately.
6. Spacing between words and groups is Nil.
7. Speed! Even our R.F.R. can read it, even a wolf cub could read it, and I sit here going Mad doing my one finger exercise, PLINK, PLONK, PLINK, PLONK, PLANK, PLUNK!

I wonder, are the trainees from R.N.S.S. put on the broadcast bays these days? And is there such a thing as a 'broadcast check' without actually asking for it from Admiralty? Oh for the good old days of IFFISHUNSIE!!!

Yours, etc.,

H.M.S. *Apollo*.

W.H.H., L.Tel.

WHO DUNNIT?

Dear Sir,

Looking at the "who-dunnit" in the last number I felt certain, even allowing for the ultra-modern design of furniture fitted in ships to-day, that it *wasn't* a kit locker with a combination lock. I was relieved to find confirmation of these views in the text.

Anyone who stays behind for voluntary instruction *deserves* to be murdered!

Yours, etc.,

Malta M.S.O.

R.S.

"WEAR" OR "FLY"?

Sir,

Reference H.M.S. *Vanguard's* contribution to the Summer COMMUNICATOR—"we left S.R.J. *flying* the flag of C.-in-C. H.F."—are not flags *worn* as stated by *Indomitable* a few pages later?

We always look to our flagship for guidance and correct phraseology.

Yours, etc.,

H.M.S. *Galatea*,

Humber Division R.N.V.R.

L. Smith, C.Y.S.

(Pensioner).

Ed. Comment: There is certainly some confusion as to the correct use of the terms *wearing* and *flying*, and this subject recently cropped up in the correspondence columns of "The Times". Captain Russell Grenfell deplored the use in an official history of the war of the term "a man-of-war wearing an Admiral's flag", and also conjured up visions of "an elderly and portly officer standing on the quarterdeck wrapped round with a voluminous St. George's Cross rather like a Roman Emperor". He thought that the word *wearing* had been disinterred from ancient obscurity by some pseudo-traditionalist during the last war and foisted on a Navy that did not want it. Although several other correspondents agreed with him, many pointed out that the term *wear* had appeared in official publications for many years. This correspondence finally evoked the leading article "Flag Wear" which is reproduced on the opposite page.

It is possible to quote numerous contradictory historical references in support of either *wearing* or *flying*. Q.R. & A.I., the Seamanship Manual, and other books, apply the terms in varying ways and are not entirely consistent with either view.

The generally accepted way of using the terms, which is taught in *Mercury*, is that the ship *wears* the Admiral's flag, while the Admiral *flies* his flag in the ship.



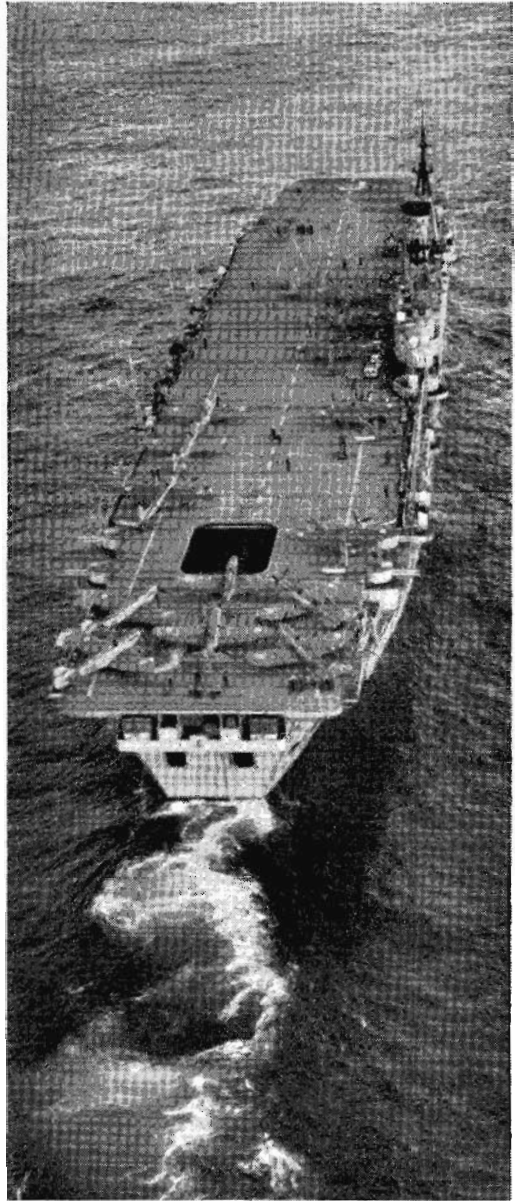
"Have you got permission to grow that?"

FLAG WEAR

Many a timid landsman must have found the recent correspondence (in "The Times") as to the propriety or otherwise of 'wearing' a flag most refreshing to his spirits. He is naturally a little frightened of sailors and particularly on the highly technical subject of flags. If on some loyal or patriotic occasion he proposes to adorn his own modest dwelling with a flag, he is terrified out of his wits lest some sailor should come along and cock one contemptuous nautical eye at it; he knows that he will have put the confounded thing upside down—he is even a little nervous about it as a button-hole on flag day. Therefore he is considerably cheered to find these sailors, 'wery fierce' as they always are, attacking not him but one another. In particular he enjoys their fine ill-disciplined fury. It was a Captain who began it and yet two Commanders fall boldly upon him, and inferentially on the Admiral who, we gather, has supported his views. He is likewise full of admiration for another correspondent, apparently a mere landsman like himself, who dares to joke etymologically about an Admiral wearing a flag by wrapping it round him. What a pleasantly rotund picture! He begins to think that he will never be quite so frightened of sailors again.

It may be, of course, that his flag-terror is not really inspired by sailors at all, but goes far farther back into his childhood's days; that it is due to some inhibition or suppression—psycho-analysts will know the right word—due to an early study of *Struwwelpeter*. Those who know the picture will remember that the naughty little boys who laughed at the poor blackamoor were all wearing flags, and that when Tall Agrippa dipped them in his mighty inkstand they emerged the blackest little miseries. It was a dreadful punishment, but it was the spoiling of those lovely red and green flags that was the hardest to bear. That left an impression which has never faded. And yet if flags can revive terrifying memories, so they can also bring back supremely happy ones. There must be many of us who can recall with an exquisite thrill the great Atlas, at the beginning of which were two pages of the flags of all nations. It was the kind of book that dwells in some romantically secret spot, behind the sofa or under the piano, so that the seeker crept to it on all fours, and once there remained entranced during the whole of one wet afternoon. What glorious combinations of stripes were there! What crosses, what eagles, what elephants! In any poetry that we knew, those flags were never worn, but they flew and they blew most beautifully.

(Reproduced by kind permission of "The Times")



HELICOPTER'S VIEW
OF
"EAGLE."

APRIL WITH N.A.T.O.

The different uniforms to be seen in the Headquarters of the Allied Forces Southern Europe in Naples are numerous and exceedingly varied, the most impressive being the Italian carabinieri in their black and scarlet frock coats and cocked hats. In spite of this array, my arrival on temporary duty as assistant to the B.N.L.O. created quite a stir.

At every entrance were stationed both a U.S. Marine and an Italian carabinieri, who saluted with great flashings of white gloves and thunderous stamping of heels every time one passed through. As I went in one door, I saw out of the corner of my eye both sentries rushing to the big "Uniforms of the Nations" placard which hung nearby. When I reappeared the Marine asked me diffidently, "Do you speak American?" "Yes", I replied, "In spite of being English". I was then asked to point myself out on the placard, but no women's services were shown. They had decided that I must be in the R.A.F. (because of the blue braid) or in the Greek Navy (because of the diamond). When I explained what I was they couldn't understand why I didn't have gold braid like the Naval officers. I was constantly asked what was my equivalent rank in the U.S.N. and I always replied firmly "A Lieutenant J.G.", feeling that to go by stripes and call myself an Ensign was rather too much of a comedown.

However, one U.S.N. rating from the Staff Message Centre remained unperturbed. When the real assistant, whom I was relieving while she went on leave, asked him to take pity on me if I had to bother him over some problem, he replied between chews, "Women never bother me", and slouched away.

All signals, requests for transport and so on had to be countersigned by an "Authorised Officer". Authorised Officers were not easy to find. Several times in the absence of the B.N.L.O. I chased round after Colonels and Captains, only to find that they were not Authorised, though the sergeant in the next office was! And how I cursed every time I had to go to someone else's office. The security rules were so strict that one was allowed to leave nothing unattended in one's office, and so had to spend ages locking everything up, just to pop next door for a couple of minutes. At the end of the day a certificate had to be signed asserting that one had locked everything away, emptied the In and Out trays, drawn the blinds, shut the windows, turned off the lights and left no cigarettes burning.

The arrival of *Solebay* and *St. James* in the middle of April provided entertainment, but during working hours nearly drove me mad owing to the vagaries of the F.M.O. in Malta. A typical afternoon would go as follows:

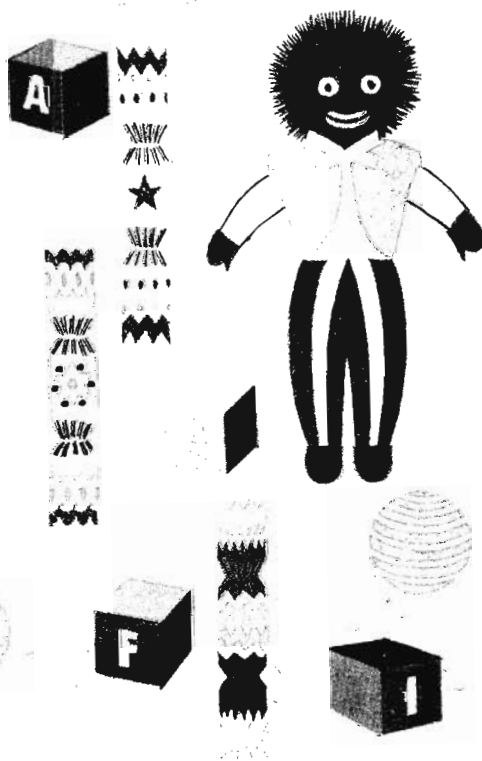
Soon after lunch Leading Seaman Snooks rings up from the British Consulate—three miles away—to say that he has some mail for the B.N.L.O. and can I collect it. He has no transport and the civilian

buses are hopeless. I tell him to stay there while I see what I can do. I appeal to the Deputy H.Q. Commandant (a British Army officer), who kindly lends me an R.A.F. sergeant who drives down in his own car and shortly reappears with the mailbag. It is addressed "B.N.L.O., Naples c/o H.M.S. *Solebay*". Inside is a small bag for the B.N.L.O. and three bags for *Solebay*.

After counting up to ten I reach for the telephone and am put through to the Italian Navy exchange, whose operators speak only Italian. "H.M.S. *Solebay* per favore". "Non capisco". "H.M.S. *Solebay* per favore". "Non capisco". (hopelessly). I think hard, and produce, "Navire Inglese *Solebay* per favore". "Ah! Solerbye! Si, si". I am put through and the Quartermaster answers. While he is sending for the Officer of the Watch another voice breaks in. "I suppose you couldn't tell me who to get on to about a licence for using an amateur transmitting set? I rang up the Post Office, but they only speak Italian, and I can hear a lot of hams round here and I want to be able to use my set, see". I see, but am unable to do more than thumb through the H.A.F.S.E. telephone directory and give him the number of someone in the Wireless Office who sounds as though he should be more knowledgeable. The voice thanks me and is replaced by the Officer of the Watch who has no one to send for the mail and no transport anyway. With a sinking heart I cross the passage to the Transport Office. "Can you possibly let me have a car to take some mail down to the *Solebay*?" "Gottes chit?" "Well, not yet, but . . ." "O.K." says the bullet-headed, very young U.S.N. rating behind the desk, "Seeing you're so beautiful I'll sign the chit. Take this out to the driver of car 40". "Thank you", I gasp. "Oh that's alright, I can't refuse you anything!" I totter back to my office wondering whether I should have drawn myself up and said, "Call me Madam!" but decide that I would endure a good deal in order to get transport so easily. Having made sure that the bags for *Solebay* do not contain anything for B.N.L.O. I find car 40 and say to the Italian driver, "Molo Anguino, per favore". All goes well until he takes a left turn instead of going straight on. "Hi", I say, "Molo Anguino". "Castel Anguino?" "MOLO Anguino". Much pointing and gesticulation ensues, all this in the middle of the road while the traffic swerves past cursing. At last the driver gives in and sulkily turns round, while I shout "Destra" and "Sinistra" as appropriate, to give him no excuse for going wrong again. When we do get to the jetty my temper is not improved by the discovery that I have a two inch wide ladder in one stocking. The mail is handed over, an offer of tea regretfully refused because I dare not keep the car waiting, and I get back to the office in time to catch the telephone. "This is the Chief Tel. of *Solebay*. Can you tell me who to get on to about a licence for an amateur transmitting set? . . ."

NAAF TOY FAIRS

Wherever you may be celebrating Christmas your first thoughts will be for the children. The best way to make them happy is to visit your nearest Naafi Toy Fair. There you will find a wide range of exciting toys for boys and girls of all ages — everything that Father Christmas could be asked for.



The official Canteen Organisation for H.M. Forces, Ruxley Towers, Esher, Surrey

A stylized, high-contrast illustration of children's faces and party hats. The children have simple, smiling or surprised expressions. They are wearing various party hats, including one with a striped band and another with a flower. The background is filled with geometric patterns like checkered and dotted squares. At the bottom, there are small star-like symbols and a pattern of small flowers.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Young eyes sparkle with excitement and anticipation . . . at Christmas time the children call the tune, and a merry one it is!

Party-time, with its gaily decorated and illuminated Christmas tree, its gifts for the very young and their older brothers and sisters, balloons and crackers, brightly coloured streamers and . . . most important of all . . . wonderful things to eat and drink!

Naafi, specialists in Services' catering for *all* occasions, provides the essentials for the youngsters' own very special occasion; in addition to supplying fascinating things for the table, Naafi can provide a matchless selection of exciting toys for children of all ages . . . and arrange the decorations. In fact, you can entrust *everything* to Naafi.

The official canteen organisation for H. M. Forces
RUXLEY TOWERS • ESHER • SURREY



WINES • SPIRITS and CIGARS

WINES AND SPIRITS

Christmas is an occasion of rejoicing and one that can only be suitably commemorated in Wines and Spirits of the finest quality. For you to send to those at home, NAAFI has in store (matured to perfection) cases of the choicest vintages: the perfect gift to warm the heart and bring good cheer.

Ask your nearest Naafi shop for folders of the complete range of presentation cases. Naafi will despatch them to any address in the U.K. on receipt of your instructions.

CIGARS

After wine comes the cigar. For those of the finest quality choose from the NAAFI Christmas range. Your family and your friends will appreciate their mellow perfection (and so will you if you spare a box for yourself). But please place your orders early—for the best things in life are much sought after!



The official Canteen Organisation for H.M. Forces
RUXLEY TOWERS • ESHER • SURREY



CHRISTMAS FARE

Christmas celebrations have
their chief excitement —
traditionally and properly —
in the family gathering
around the party table.
It is there that the merriment
reaches its climax,
and the good things
spread before us reflect
the essence of the
year's greatest festival.

Make sure that *your* party table
is laden with the finest
fare. Naafi's Christmas
supplies for Wardroom,
Mess or family gathering
are bountiful and varied,
whatever the need may be.

But, may we urge your
placing orders at the earliest
possible moment, please.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H. M. Forces

RUXLEY TOWERS • ESHER • SURREY

April 25th is Italian Liberation Day and a whole holiday at H.A.F.S.E., so the evening before I washed my hair, counting on a lie in next morning. But at 0230 I struggled to the surface to hear the phone ringing. It was Staff Message Control, who had a Priority message for the B.N.L.O. from Malta, with a follow-up "Please expedite delivery to addressee". The B.N.L.O. was *in* Malta, so I thought I had better find out what it was in case it was from him telling me to do something. Cursing, I plucked all the hairpins out of my still damp hair, climbed into uniform and went down to wait for my transport. When I got to the H.Q. I discovered that the signal was from Malta, Personal for B.N.L.O. Thinking unkind things about the D.S.O. in Malta M.S.O., I made out a curt S.V.C. suggesting that they deliver the signal by hand.

I decided to spend the rest of the day exploring the countryside and took a bus to Camaldoli, whence, I had been told, there was a pleasant walk through the woods back to Naples. The bus decanted me in a little square which was a complete deadend, bounded on three sides by a parapet and then a precipice, and on the fourth by a high blank-faced building with a big gateway in the wall. I asked the bus conductor which was the way to walk to Naples, but my Italian and his English being equally scanty he realised only that I wanted to return to Naples, and tried to persuade me to stay in the bus. After a good deal of conversation which was obviously getting us nowhere we had collected quite a crowd of people all most anxious

to help, but as their idea of helping was to shout at the tops of their voices we did not progress. Finally the conductor gave up, and pulled the bell by the big gateway. After a bit a bearded face appeared at an upper window, listened to a stream of excited Italian and disappeared again. Then the postern was opened and the bus conductor and I were ushered in by the face, which turned out to belong to a monk. He wore rather off-white robes, smelt strongly of garlic, and I fancy his beard was accidental rather than intentional. However, he was willing to assist and wondering what would happen if I was discovered inside a monastery, I embarked on another attempt to explain what I wanted. After a good deal of marching up and down the cloisters saying "così", and some Latin at which even a dog would have blanched, light dawned. I was taken outside and shown an obscure track which vanished round the corner of the building. Muttering "Grazie molto" I set off at a good pace hoping that I did not look rich enough to be worth following and robbing. I must have looked English rather than American for in spite of this inauspicious beginning I had a very peaceful, pleasant walk through woods composed of young birch and hazel trees, and carpeted with all kinds of flowers, notably a little deep rose-pink cyclamen with a delicate scent.

Next day the real Assistant B.N.L.O. returned, and with some regret I left the fleshpots of Naples, where I had lived chiefly on asparagus at 6d. a bundle, and flew back to Malta. M.H.L.

BOOK REVIEWS

WIRELESS WORLD DIARY, 1954. Published by ILIFFE & SONS LTD. Price: Morocco leather 5/10, Rexine 4/1.

Contains 80 pages of general and technical information on radio matters. Besides many useful formulae, it includes design data for aerials, directory of radio organisations, base connections for some 500 valves, licence regulations, resistor and capacitor markings, standard frequencies, and television channel frequencies.

GUIDE TO BROADCASTING STATIONS. 7th Edition. Compiled by the staff of WIRELESS WORLD and published by ILIFFE & SONS LTD., Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Price 2/- (postage 2d.).

This useful pocket book has been fully revised and corrected up to 1st August, 1953. It lists, both geographically and by frequency, all European long and medium wave stations, and over 1,600 short wave stations with a power of 1 kilowatt or more.

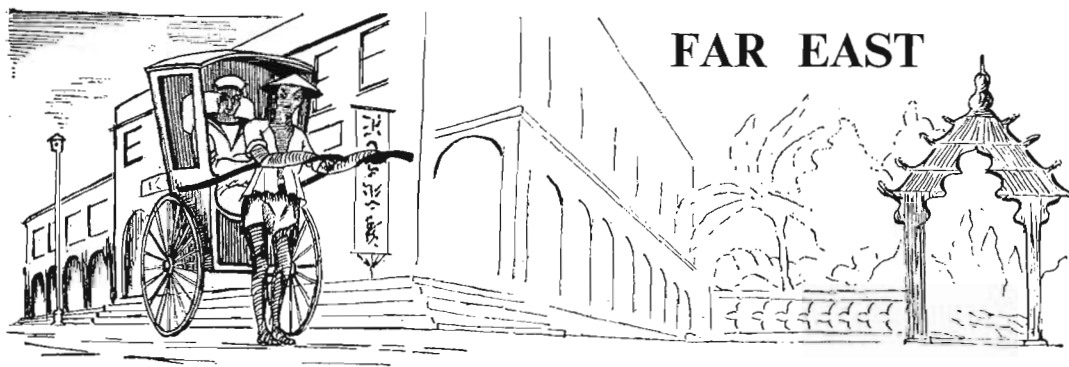
The long and medium wave list shows allocations under the Copenhagen plan, and also gives details of stations using frequencies not allocated under the plan; the frequency, wavelength, power and

location of each station are given. The short wave list includes the call sign in addition.

Other tables give details of over 40 European television stations, 160 VHF stations, Consol transmitters, and standard-frequency stations.

TELEVISION ENGINEERING "Principles and Practice", Volume I. Fundamentals, Camera Tubes, Television Optics, Electron Optics, by S. W. AMOS, B.Sc., A.M.I.F.E., and D. C. BIRKINSHAW, M.B.E., M.A., M.I.E.E. Published by arrangement with the B.B.C. for "WIRELESS WORLD" by ILIFFE & SONS LTD. Price 30/- (postage 8d.).

This is the first volume of a text book on television engineering written by members of the B.B.C. Engineering Training Department, primarily for the instruction of the Corporation's own operating and maintenance staff. It is a comprehensive survey of modern television principles and practice, on both the transmitting and receiving sides. It is essentially a book for students in which the specialized knowledge of the B.B.C. Engineers is placed at the disposal of all those interested in the development of television engineering.



H.M.S. "SIMBANG"

"I don't know whether I'm a P.O. Tel or an A.H.I". This plaint was voiced at R.N.A.S. Sembawang, Singapore, and hints at the problems of the Telegraphist staff who inhabit half a nissen hut next to the Control Tower.

When aircraft leave an airfield in U.K., they are fairly sure to be bound for some reputable landing place. At *Simbang* however, we have helicopters, famous for their ability to land anywhere. Operating against bandits in the Federation of Malaya, a S.55 may be briefed to aim for some Buddha-forsaken strip where the O.I.C. is an ageing tea-planter, or a native policeman, to whom a departure signal, supposing he had the equipment to receive it, would mean as much as a chit on nuclear physics.

The problem is solved with the aid of the army and police in Johore Bahru. Both have H/F R/T networks covering most of the Federation and maps showing the units disposed from day to day. Hence some odd addresses for departure signals, but a reasonable hope that overdue action if necessary will be taken.

It isn't only the helicopters. "Auster" aircraft of 1902 Flight A.O.P. also operate from *Simbang*. They fly indefatigably in all weathers. If the runway is under water (and this immersion is sometimes achieved in about ten minutes), they land on the hardstanding. Since the bandit emergency began, they have flown over 50,000 hours. It is nice to know where they are and when they will come back.

Then there is the R/T, which at *Simbang* has more gremlins than that. The "Furies" and "Fireflies" flown on test will be heard one morning at 1,000 feet twenty miles away, and the same afternoon from overhead will sound like sea lions through scramblers. When aircraft from H.M.A.S. *Sydney* paid us a two day visit recently, we held our breath. Fortunately the gremlins were having time off.

The "Valettas" ejecting parachutists are usually audible, but the only aircraft loud and clear are the

Devons carrying V.I.P.s. There may be a moral, but we won't discuss it.

Which, broadly, is why communications at *Simbang* are almost a twin of Air Traffic. Which is as it should be. (U.K. stations please note.) Which is why we patted the plaintive P.O. Tel on the back and complimented him on his acumen.

ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY

The last few months have been rather hectic, the main reason for this being the annual inspection of the Royal Malayan Navy by the Flag Officer Malayan Area.

As is the customary procedure, a three week work-shop was proclaimed, and the usually peaceful Malayan scene was disturbed by the hum of recently evicted insects, both winged and wingless, the slash of the grass cutters, and the frantic swishing of industrious brooms. One of the main features of the clean-up was "Operation Laba-Laba", which to the uninitiated means spiders. These insects seemed to be rather nomadic in their habits, and no sooner were they moved from one place, they would appear in even greater numbers in another. We finally compromised by leaving them in a state of false security until the night before the inspection, and then eliminating them to the best of our ability. One rather diminutive trainee, possibly a victim of mis-directed occupational therapy, slashing at the grass with rather a large grass cutter, was heard to say that he didn't think that grass grew on ships, but we hastened to reassure him in case he got the wrong idea.

In addition to having two Telegraphists undergoing the Leading Telegraphist course at the S.T.C. Kranji, and four Ordinary Signalmen aboard H.M.S. *Alert* for sea training, we have been taking part in the "Comex" daily from the Signal School, and our young ratings have gained valuable experience, and, we think, held their own with the R.N. ships in harbour from time to time.

H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

It has been whispered that *Birmingham's* present re-fit in Singapore comes just in time, as it were. Mainly to relieve the sometimes overwhelming load which her various staffs, outstandingly the Communications, have had to carry during the past months.

We would not wish to puff ourselves up and say we played one of the biggest parts in the struggle on the now ever popular "Coast", for indeed how could we ever achieve such measures of success as did our little "Chatham Brother", who's daring exploits have filled the pages of both this Magazine and CHATS. As a matter of fact, we have all looked forward eagerly to meeting her round the task group, but somehow, one or two crumbling dockyard walls in and around Hong Kong and Singapore seem to have had prior claim to her close support!! We respect you Captain Bligh, likewise the Blighters, but we happen to know which is the best ship on the Far East Station

And here's her latest news!!!

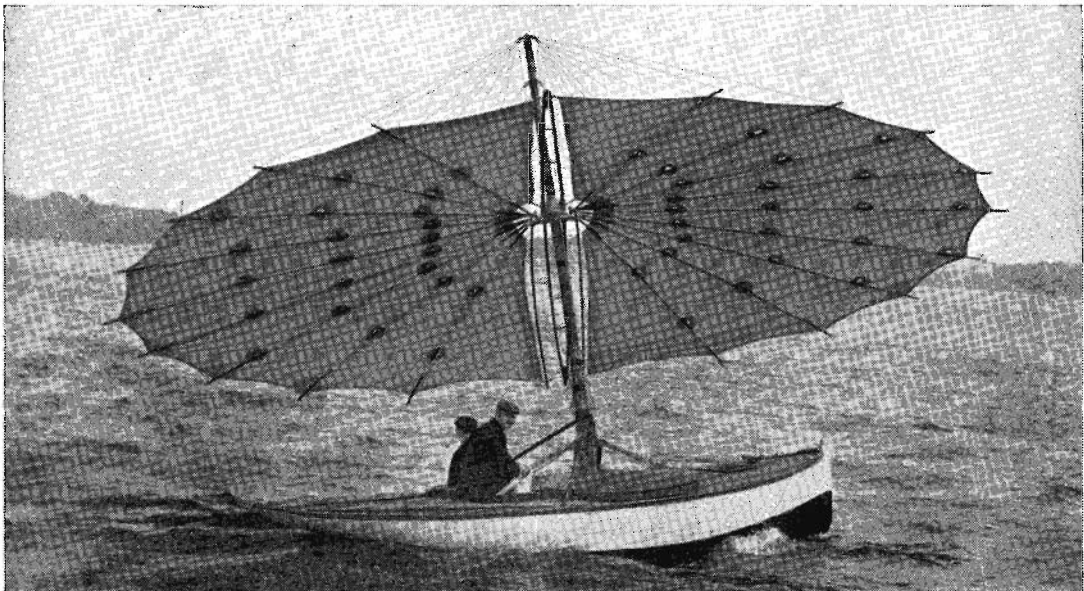
Birmingham Communicators, sorely in need of a good change, were recently able to close down ship-board watch. The usual sighs of relief were heard when the last B40 was switched off, and the covers placed on the flag lockers; incidentally it is worth noting that we relinquished watch on the Broadcast for the first time since September, 1952, except for one day in Hong Kong. Now at last are we able to enjoy all the good things that FOMA's country has to offer, which includes some dozen draft chits to Kranji W/T Station, and a further bout of watch-

keeping. Keep it up Brum's, show 'em our standards.

Action indeed came our way when the operator on 500 Kc/s heard the faint distress signals of the Panamanian Tanker *Tongshui*. We were only a few hours from our destination, wearing the flag of F.O.2. F.E.S., Rear Admiral E.G.A. Clifford, when we intercepted the stricken ship's call for help. She was aground on Pratas Reef, South East of Hong Kong. We increased to 20 knots and reached the spot at practically the same time as the Canadian Destroyer *Athabaskan*. Although she was firmly aground, there was no immediate danger to the ship and crew of twenty-nine, and we left *Athabaskan* to watch over her until her company's tug arrived from Manilla.

On the sporting side, the Communicators have proved themselves extremely keen and capable, if not always successful. Hockey seems to be the strongest, and in interpart matches we have not lost during the last six months. Yeoman Howard leads the team in battle, and manages them with great success. Football finds us holding our own, against sometimes overwhelming odds. Unfortunately our inspired player-manager, P.O. Tel. Burden has not been able to turn out in our colours, owing to the first claim of the Petty Officers' team.

In conclusion may I repeat a few timely words of, if not faith, certainly wisdom? Heard at the Communicators' ball in Singapore recently. A senior Communicator to an appreciative audience of *Birmingham* P.O. Tels., "No flannel Pots, *Birmingham* is the best ship out here!!!"



Flying whaler? This strange apparatus was known as the 'Cyclone' or 'Umbrella' sail.

H.M.S. "UNICORN"

As part of the British contribution to the Korean war, one light fleet carrier was assigned to carry out patrols off the west coast of Korea, alternating every eleven days with an American carrier of roughly equivalent type, which was based on Sasebo. During these patrols the maximum possible number of sorties were flown against enemy communications and troop positions.

The British carrier spent harbour periods replenishing alternatively at Sasebo and Kure. She operated "Sea Fury" fighters and "Firefly" strike reconnaissance aircraft, and it was necessary to have an organisation to provide her with replacements for aircraft lost or damaged, and to remove unserviceable aircraft for repair.

About once every six months replacement aircraft were ferried out from the U.K. as far as Singapore. At R.N.A.S. Sembawang (which was commissioned largely from *Unicorn's* air repair department in June, 1950, and where most of our workshop machinery had been landed) these replacement aircraft were depreserved, modified if necessary and test flown. The aircraft were then carried by *Unicorn* to Japan, where they were transferred to the operational carrier during her replenishment period or occasionally flown on direct when she was at sea.

A Naval Air Repair Section, staffed from *Unicorn*

was established at Iwakuni, an Air Station near Kure, owned jointly by the R.A.A.F. and the U.S.A.F. This R.N. Section, besides maintaining a stock of replacement aircraft, also held air stores and carried out test flying and airfield dummy deck landings for new pilots.

August proved to be a hectic time for the ship, for as well as docking in Sasebo for a week, no less than nineteen days of the month were spent up the west coast of Korea. During the patrols we operated four aircraft in roughly every other event. No major difficulties were encountered, but our record was marred on the final day when a "Sea Fury" failed to flare out, floated over the arrestor wires, and opened up to go round again. The aircraft cleared number one barrier, but caught the top wire of number two with the arrestor hook. The wire parted and the aircraft landed on top of another which was being parked at the port side of the flight deck.

The first aircraft went overboard but the pilot was rescued by helicopter. The pilot of the parked aircraft suffered severe facial injuries as not only was his aircraft crushed but the impact caused the aircraft to career round the deck park in circles and finally come to rest, on fire, when it crashed into the jumbo.

Our trip home has not been without incident.

On 31st October we went aground in the Suez Canal, the tide quickly swinging the stern round to the other bank till we completely straddled the Canal. There we stayed for four hours until a rising tide and two tugs pulled us off.

We have so far flown our paying off pennant on four occasions, and its length is 700 feet. It requires six Met. Balloons to keep it off the deck and all the wives of the C.C.O. to keep it off the flight deck wireless aerials.



"Now, now, Hookey—we must have a little more patience with our O.D.s".



H.M.S. "OCEAN"

After our first six-month period in Korean waters, from which *Ocean* emerged as the holder of the Boyd trophy for Naval aviation and a collection of records unlikely to be surpassed for a very long time, our second tour in the same area was interrupted by the armistice and consequent cessation of hostilities. This, of course, gave rise to the usual speculation on the possibilities of an early return to U.K. and the inevitable tide of "buzzes". However "My Lords" demanded their full pound of flesh, and we now anticipate arriving home just in time for Christmas.

From a communications point of view we have done more than hold our own among a very mixed bag of attendant ships—American, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and Dutch—many of whom held very different ideas on the subject of signalling procedure or the maintenance of circuit discipline.

We had our laughs too. There was the American operator, who, being given "— execute to follow, Station King eleven —", came back immediately with "O.K., feller, I'm on my way!", which left our frantic Bunting no alternative but to bellow back, "But you ain't been told to go yet!"

Then there was our Boy Tel., who, in reading a signal said, "— packages in number three, I spell —one, two, three —!"

Our usually reliable M.S.O.-ists also had their moments. One signal was distributed, much to the embarrassment of the S.C.O., quoting "Chinese loving allowance 90 dollars per month". We handled several queries on whether the same amount might be drawn by personnel who had Japanese lovers, and how did they prove it, etc., etc.

Finally, the following conversation overheard on the flag deck deserves recording:

Ord. Sig. (Sighting a Liberian vessel): Hey, Yeo, what flag is that?

Yeoman: Oh—er—it's an American flag.

Ord. Sig.: American? But it's only got one star!

Yeoman: Yes—er—well, it's the special ceremonial flag flown by American vessels in foreign waters.

Ord. Sig.: Oh!

Yes, but somehow we managed, and always had time to laugh at ourselves. There were some great runs ashore in Japan—Sasebo, Kure, Yokohama—and for some a three-day leave period at Ebisu, on the outskirts of Tokyo. One of our more romantic Sigs. swears he is returning to Japan at the first opportunity to marry the girl of his dreams, but, as he said the same thing at Singapore, Hong Kong, Trinco, Cyprus and Malta, we don't take him too literally.

Now we are speculating on the little prize packets which our friend the Drafting Commander will no doubt present to us in the not too distant future. Would it be too much to ask for a dear little frigate, with single operator periods, no "hockey sticks" to raise and lower, no tangling battles between halyards and aerals and no roaring, screeching, whining aircraft to shatter the dreams of the nodding broadcast operator?

H.M.S. "TYNE"

Now that the Korean war is, we hope, ended we look forward to the prospect that our stay in Sasebo will also come to a close, and hope to see the bright lights of Hong Kong in the near future.

The Communication department has had a well earned let up with the reduction in signal traffic, but this has been somewhat offset by the reduction in staff.

Needless to say certain mishaps have occurred much to the embarrassment of the unknown wit but to the amusement of the listeners-in. We are thinking of the young Ord. Tel. who was on T.B.S. for the first time, and having made numerous errors called out in a panic "Belay the last pipe!"

Many of the old hands are off having settled the war for us, and we have lost our three mainstays, Chief Tel. Farrant and Chief Yeomen Leythorne and Webb who will soon be back in England.

In the sporting sphere all is well. Coming first to our minds, naturally enough, is the rugby team. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Gray, our S.C.C.O. and non-playing manager, they have won the vast majority of their matches, as also have the soccer and hockey teams. Apart from the fierce but friendly inter-ship encounters we have enjoyed the hospitality of the Japanese who, though comparatively new to these sports, never fail to give us a hard fought and enjoyable game, afterwards washing away our bruises with Saki (Japan's national drink).

Sasebo continues to flourish making obvious use of its natural gifts, and the females in the Chiefs' and P.O.s' Club are still showing all their talents, much to the delight of the Chief Yeomen, but nevertheless the thought that we might get Christmas in Hong Kong is a pleasant one.

O.D.: Signal here, hooky.

L.H.O.W.: Does it concern us?

O.D.: No, but it's interesting, I'll read it out—

L.H.O.W.: You had better report it for info.

O.D.: I'll stick us in with the info addressees then!

OVERHEARD LATER

L.H.O.W.: ??? "%"/@£!—and make it a good scrub too!

SHOWING THE FLAG

or
STRANGLERS, GRIPPOES AND HEAD HUNTERS

At long last H.M.S. *Cossack* had been detailed off for a peacetime cruise, and on August 29th we left Hong Kong for a 'showing the flag' trip that was to take us to Singapore, the Malay States, and Borneo. After the usual exercises and a short, warm stay at Singapore, we sailed for the lush greenery of Port Swettenham. The soccer team landed, and, playing in fine fettle, trounced the locals 9-1. Port Dixon was reached on the 6th September, where similar conditions prevailed and the football team won 10-1.

Malacca next, where the team was brought down to earth with a thud by being beaten 2-1. Whilst at Malacca we were given a crack at the Terrorists. After consultations with the Army, we agreed to do a twenty-four hour interdiction shoot at a pre-arranged area. At the rate of 10 shots per hour, the daytime shoot was a welcome change, but during the night the sound of gunfire kept most of us awake, used though we are to the sound of 4.5's leaving the barrel. After a few days we received the expected "Damage Report" full of the usual Army terms that foul up Sparkers, like "Arty", "Bty" and "Ack Pip". We learned that the area had been well splashed by our gunners, and that *all* of the enemy had been dispersed. Our swollen heads shrunk a bit when we reached paragraph two. That said: "All the enemy were dispersed, one being killed, one wounded and the last seen running". At ten rounds per hour, for twenty four hours . . . Let me see . . . Oh, doesn't matter . . . You taxpayers can work it out.

Then away for a month's cruise around Borneo. To those of you who have never visited Borneo, let me just mention that it is still, largely, a primitive land, dependent upon British and Australian leadership in matters of trade and finance, so that,

gathered in the small townships one will find the "Club" and the local sports ground, which provide the never changing white population with their only means of recreation. Naturally enough they are always very pleased to see Jolly Jack and the welcome one gets is, at times, just a wee bit overpowering. Ours was no exception.

The route up to Kuching, our first port of call in Borneo, was through a "mountain stream", a piece of jungle straight out of a Hollywood set. Within a few hours of our arrival, the whole township had turned out to welcome us, bringing with them enough crates of beer to satisfy even our thirsty throats.

From Kuching we proceeded to a small place called Lutong, where we were due to oil. The Electrical Party were thrown into some confusion by being asked to provide enough amps for the boat alongside us to successfully pump the oil in. From the Oiling Station we went to Jesselton, another lovely town set among the wonderful foliage of a tropical country. If Jesselton were memorable for nothing else, it would at least ring a small bell in the minds of a certain Chief and three P.O.s who, after coming off adrift, were asked why they didn't signal the ship for a boat. Told that they had no signalling equipment, the Officer of the Watch said that they should have flashed a "P.S.B." from the headlights of their car. For that display of lack of initiative they spent the next fourteen days learning the Morse Code. From Jesselton to Tawau, in one easy stage and, as each new town was reached, the welcome seemed to be more so, and the scenery more lovely. The local Doctor was in charge of the hospitality and a grand job he made of it.

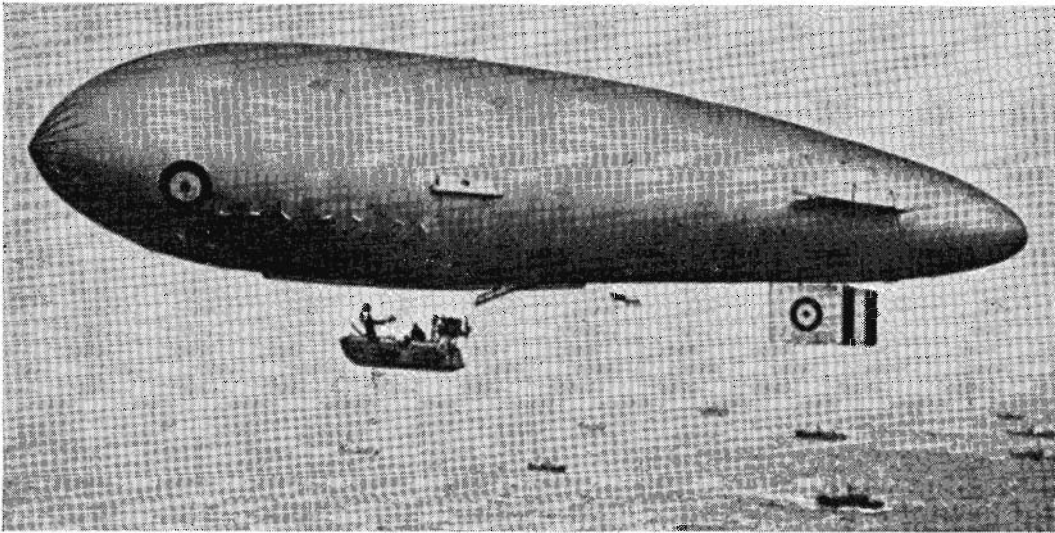
Cossack sailed the following morning, much to the disgust of many fat heads, for Sandakan, where we were booked for a two days stay. Each port had arranged for trips to rubber plantations and barbecues, and Sandakan was no different, except, perhaps, that we were getting a bit more blasé about it all. Each dinner time the Q.M. would pipe for "25 hands to visit Mr. So and So's Rubber Plantation", but this getting rather tedious, the Q.M.s now just piped "All men wishing to strangle, muster amidsthips".

From Sandakan to Kudat, where a twenty-four hour stay was taken up mostly with official calls, and then on to our last port of call, Labuan.

We are all sorry to leave wonderful Borneo. Throughout the cruise, we had been in constant routine communication with shore authorities and there's nothing you can tell us about OBGs ETAT telegrams.



"Dear Mum, Christmas out here isn't quite the same as at home . . ."



“... in the last thirty years”. (See page 154).

ODD ODE—TO A PROBLEM CHILD

In days of yore, before our time,
When Sammy Morse was in his prime,
A child was born in humble cot;
A silver spoon was not his lot,
But rather, by caprice of fate,
A well-worn diode marred his plate.
Thus every time the poor child cried,
His infant screams were rectified!

His Mater thought it rather odd
That from her off-spring's chubby bod
Instead of gurgle, grunt or groan,
Came oscillations, full of tone.
It puzzled her and bothered Pa
To hear an anguished dah-di-dah
Mouthed, R5, by son and heir
When nappies needed instant care.

(Of course Marconi had not yet
Evolved the first crude wireless set);
And so our hero's Mum and Dad
Were flummoxed by their little lad.
The local pundits did not help;
They said: “Why don't you drown your whelp?
“What ails that kid? What *is* the noise?
“Why isn't he like other boys?”

Pa called in Doctor, Nurse and Vet,
But even they were forced to get
From Whitehall's hallowed vaults, a rule:—
‘Should child be reared in Lab. or School?’
The powers that be began to hedge,
They couldn't class him, Min. or Veg.,

So quickly, (and quite right, we wot),
Marked ‘Matter pending’, then forgot.
Which leaves our hero (in a way)
A dusty problem, in a tray.

Four decades passed; across the trail
Obscurity had drawn it's veil
Through error by some ink-stained sage.
The ‘child’ had now reached middle-age,
And though tongue-tied, and rather dumb,
He could at least be said to hum.
Then all at once, like Haley's star,
A dictum came from London far—
He must before the ‘beaks’ appear
At A.S.R.E. Haslemere.

Thus now your scribbling bard may tell
The sequel to whate'er befell
Our hero, who, without a doubt,
No longer felt the odd man out.
For in that sacred haunt he found
Some odder fish than he around.

Love came at last, his life's complete;
He fell, poor fool, at Venus' feet.
A cute B19, half his age,
Bewitched him with her R.F. stage;
Before he knew what he had said,
He int-errogged her ‘K’, to wed.
They set up house and made their heaven
Inside a disused 57;
And soon, if I know what's afoot,
They hope to increase their output.

“UMPH”

COMPETITION

TWO PRIZES MUST BE WON!

ONE GUINEA will be awarded for the best DRAWING, and ONE GUINEA for the best PHOTOGRAPH, published in the Easter number of "THE COMMUNICATOR".

CONDITIONS

1. Entries **must** be the work of the Contributors, and not have been published previously.
2. Closing date is **12th March, 1954.**
3. The decision of the Editorial staff is final.

STAND-BY! STAND-BY!

The Officers of H.M.S. *Dryad* invited the Officers of H.M.S. *Mercury* to dinner, apparently with some misapprehension, and one of their number was inspired to write the following verses:—

Start fattening calves and decanting the wine;
The Lords of the Ether are coming to dine;
The pillars of fashion are donning their best,
To visit the wreckers who dwell Sou-Sou-West.

Let's set about writing some singable staves,
Extolling their genius at ruling the waves;
Let's put them to music and code them in Morse,
And buzz them through dinner, one verse to each course.

Let's think up some off-colour stories, and let's—
On suitable circuits, waves, channels or nets—
Transmit them discreetly, addressed to the men,
But close down on pow'r if D/F'd by a Wren.

We'll talk scramblers with soup, A.C.P.s with the fish,

T.B.S. with the entree, and then, if they wish,
Devote both the sweet and the sav'ry as well
To consigning the Yanks to a Signalman's Hell.

But that still leaves us time to discuss with dessert
That *divine* Victor Stiebel's bolero and skirt,
Which bolster the bosom and flatter the hips,
And at Leydene are fastened with Inglefield clips.

For we're nothing if not up-to-date with the shop
That Mercury mutters when munching its chop;
And we will, if it kills us, disprove that to log
Is a vital requirement for putting on dog.

So hold fast, fellow-wreckers, and see that your socks
Are close-up, and your made-up black ties are two blocks;

The Signal contingent are ready to slip:
God knows what's in store, but we're all at the dip!

ANON.

H.M.A. SIGNAL SCHOOL

Here at Flinders Naval Depot it has been a quiet winter but next year is expected to bring forth a large number of recruit Tels and Sigs and the school will be humming away like an industrious beehive.

Our gardens are beginning to put forth a nice splash of colour and by the time H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh visits us, should be at its best. C.C.O. (Gardens) is to be seen running about with snail killer, etc., and is always crying about how his lawns will not grow, and a few minutes later bemoaning the fact that he cannot find a good lawnmower. The question now is what is the effect on the radiation of a twisted dipole when a bed of gladioli is sown two wave lengths out of phase beneath it.

Trafalgar Day was once again celebrated with a display in a Melbourne park. The Signal School's contribution was a musical semaphore presentation of Nelson's famous signal performed by a combination of WRAN telegraphists and the current P.O. Tel. (Q) class, who put any signalmen to shame with their flawless performance.

Already the chits are out about Christmas leave and all Communicators are eagerly looking forward to a visit to their next-of-kin. It is hard for non-Ranites to realize how far members of the R.A.N. travel on leave. The West Australians have a 2,500 mile train journey before reaching home. Nearly all the interstaters have at least three days travelling, some as much as seven days, so leave means a great deal to those of us who only see our families perhaps once a year.

JOBS FOR THE BOYS

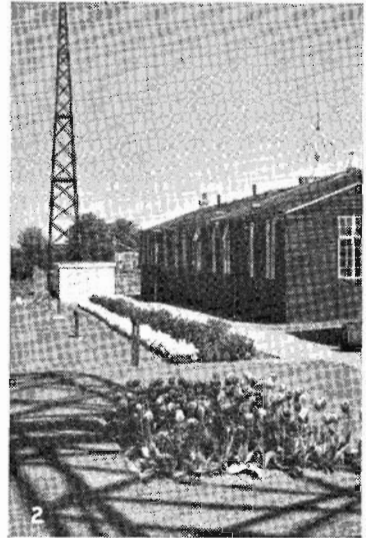
Extract from a recent Draft note:

From H.M. Ship: *Mercury*. Date: 20th September, 1953.

To join H.M. Ship: Turnberry Lighthouse.
Ratings to report to Lighthouse Keeper.

Ed. Note: When they got there, they found they were accommodated in caravans—with double beds!

PICTURES FROM NEAR AND FAR



1. Britain's newest Carrier operating in the Ionian Islands. H.M.S. "Bermuda" flying off helicopters on arrival at Zante during earthquake relief duty.
2. R.N.S.S. Chatham—Prince Arthur Camp.
3. H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh at R.N.A.S. Ford.
4. Her Majesty The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh at R.N.A.S. Eglinton during their State visit to Northern Ireland.



EAST INDIES

STAFF OF C-IN-C EAST INDIES

A visit to Mauritius rounded off our Summer Cruise where we saw a fine Tattoo organised jointly by the Mauritians and H.M.S. *Newfoundland*. One of the highlights of the programme was a display by the M.N.V.F. of marching manoeuvres conducted entirely by flags. This was very impressive, and a credit to the Force as well as to their instructor, Leading Tel. Goldsmith of Mauritius W/T.

The end of July saw the Staff again installed in Trincomalee whilst the flagship was refitting in Colombo.

One main incident stands out in our minds during this period. A strong smell of burning in the vicinity reminded the P.O.O.W. of other disastrous fires in M.S.O.s, and in less than five minutes no fewer than four fire engines complete with crews were on the scene. With zest unknown before in Trincomalee the local firemen literally threw themselves from their engines to the ground amid a medley of hose pipes and other fire fighting equipment. Their enthusiasm we are glad to say was wasted. The M.S.O. still stands and the local road menders have been encouraged not to leave smouldering tar barrels around.

Sailing manoeuvres are being encouraged at Trincomalee using the R.N.S.A. dinghies, and though we have not yet had more than eight boats out at a time we hope to be able to work up to at least twelve—if of course we can overcome the natural doubts of those concerned with boat repairs.

We are at present in the middle of our yearly Persian Gulf Cruise, and as usual have been well entertained by the people at Bahrein and Kuwait. Now we are all looking forward to our call at Bombay, and to be able to stock up with rabbits before returning to Trinco for Christmas.

H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

After a few weeks comparative "rest" at Trincomalee on returning from East Africa, the engines of *Newfoundland* turned again in mid-October to bring us on a tour of the Persian Gulf oil ports.

Everyone has heard many stories of "the Gulf"—of the heat, the sand, and the oil. After visiting Kuwait, Bahrein and several other places, we have nothing to add!

Shortly we return to Bahrein for the visit of the First Sea Lord and then show the flag in several other out-of-the-way places before visiting Bombay and returning to Trincomalee. In December we leave for our annual refit at Singapore.

Back in August, everyone enjoyed a fortnight's leave at H.M.S. *Uva*, the United Services rest camp situated amongst the tea plantations of Diyatalawa, four thousand feet up in the central hills of Ceylon. Much hidden talent came to light on the golf course and tennis courts there. After several days study a certain C.C.O. discovered that in golf, the general idea is to hit the little white ball and not the mounds of turf around it. Maybe it was the mountain atmosphere!

Unfortunately, we recently lost P.O. Tel. Kavanagh who has returned to Leydene. He is greatly missed. Whilst amongst us, this gentleman steadfastly maintained that with his demob. suit he will purchase a black bowler hat and put it in a place of honour in his sitting room. He plans it to be situated under an inverted goldfish bowl, surrounded by his other prizes and to bear the inscription "The hardest earned trophy of them all".

From Mena-al-Ahmedi we extend the Season's Greetings to all Communicators. To those of you in more remote places than us (and we are sure there must be some)—Keep smiling! We are.

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

The return from Summer leave saw many anxious faces among the Stanchions in R.N.S.S. and, true to their expectations, the Camp foundations were shaken when most of them were unseated and sent off to take part in N.A.T.O. Exercise "Mariner". However, they are now back in their normal jobs, still shuddering when the word Sea is mentioned.

Our new quarters at St. Budeaux are coming along well and May or June next should see the change-over.

Sporting facilities will be better after the move. At present we are handicapped by lack of grounds but despite this, have managed fairly well to hold our own. The Soccer team are finding things rather heavy going in U.S. League Division II, but that's mainly due to the fact that our old friend, the Drafting Commander, never gives us the chance to field the same team twice. Numerous hockey matches have been played with ships from the dockyard and results have been most satisfactory. Our sincere thanks to R.N.B., whose generosity helped us to purchase the gear required. On the same lines, Deck Hockey is now an established sport and keen rivalry has already sprung up between the C.P.O.s and P.O.s teams. After two drawn games the P.O.s managed to bring it off with a 5-4 win. Finally, in the sporting sphere, any Table-Tennis, Basket-ball, Volley-ball or Badminton enthusiasts should brush up their game before entering the portals of R.N.S.S., as these games have a good following here.

We were recently honoured by a visit from C-in-C Plymouth, Admiral Sir Maurice Mansergh, K.C.B., C.B.E., who came to say goodbye. West country Communicators take this opportunity of returning his good wishes and hope that he has a quiet and happy future in his retirement.

Our departures among the older hands include C.Y.S. (Wee Jimmy) James, C.Y.S. J. Allen and C.P.O. Tel. Ainsworth—all to Civvy Street. Good luck to them all in their new spheres of life.

GENUINE HOWLERS FROM THE WEST COUNTRY

During a recent local exercise, the following was intercepted.

"Outstation, this is Control—Your frequency is half an inch high". (*N.L. Broadcast is now radiating on 1,000 yards*).

A C.Y.S. was allocated B13 (Nissen Hut) to instruct junior W/T Ratings in their opposite subject. Imagine his surprise, when having drawn the key, he found that B13 was the W.R.N.S. Toilet.

Incidentally, Devonport field gun's crew do not believe that all wise men come from the East (Chatham please note).



ADVANCEMENT NOTES

During 1953, advancement has been reduced to a mere "trickle" owing to reductions in the numbers allowed which were made to compensate for the release of those men who were recalled or retained beyond their time. This phase is now, happily, almost passed and it is expected that 1954 will see a healthy improvement in the number of advancements in all ratings, especially in the case of Signal Ratings who, since 1945 have, in addition, had a considerable overbearing of Chief Yeomen to the detriment of their advancement generally. This overbearing has now been eliminated in all three Port Divisions and it is estimated that there will be vacancies for approximately 20 Chief Yeomen in each Depot during the forthcoming year and this, of course, will also be reflected in the advancements to Yeoman and Leading Signaller.

Volunteers for Courses

There has been a marked decline recently in the numbers volunteering for courses for higher rating especially among Signal ratings. No doubt this has been due to a large extent to the slow rate of advancement referred to above, but with improved prospects ahead, a marked increase in the numbers volunteering is expected. It is therefore important that you should put forward your request to be recommended for a course without delay, otherwise you will "miss the boat" with no-one to blame but yourself. Advancements being controlled by "basic date", which is the date of volunteering, it follows that even a small delay may have far reaching effects on your future.

Training Class Certificates

These have now been abolished and embodied in the Progressional Examination (AFO "P" 446/53).

Preparing for Courses and Examinations

Having put in your application for a course, don't sit back and wait for something to happen. It has been proved time and again that only by making some preparatory effort can you be reasonably sure of passing. At the very least, be quite sure that you are up-to-date in the standards required for your present rating. This advice applies with even more force with regard to Provisional Examinations. It is no use waiting until your Commanding Officer receives information that you have reached the top of the course roster and may be examined Provisionally. Put in your request and start "swotting" straight away. A little *regular* study now will save a lot of cramming later and pay big dividends in the future.

PERSONNEL INDEX OFFICE

The Personnel Index Office (known until recently as the Central Records Office) was introduced in H.M.S. *Mercury* on the recommendation of the Organisation and Methods Branch of the Admiralty in March 1948, and has now firmly established itself as an indispensable part of the Administrative and Training organisation.

Index cards are held for all Communication ratings of the three Port Divisions, as well as 'dead' cards of those who have left the Service or the Branch.

The system used for the 'live' cards is the Roneo-dex Flat Visible system which ensures very rapid recording and supply of information. The most important source of information is the Form S.161 which is rendered by ships and establishments and

shows every change made on a rating's Service Certificate. In addition to the usual records of next-of-kin, movements, advancement, date of birth, etc., the 'tumbler' method enables the card to be flicked over to its reverse side where examination results (from S.1124s), recommendations for courses (S.1303a), educational and special qualifications are shown. Incidentally this is the only source of information from which duplicate History Sheets can be compiled. The Service Certificates of all ratings joining *Mercury* pass through the P.I.O. and it is thus possible to bowl out discrepancies, check the record cards, and if necessary bring History Sheets up to date.

The system particularly lends itself to the use of coloured markers which readily show *In Mercury*, *On R.A.*, *On Course*, *Detailed Foreign Service*, *Passed for Higher Rate*, etc. It is also possible to count the number of ratings in any rate whose engagements will expire in any of the next five years. This is of great assistance to the Training staff in forecasting future course and training requirements.

All ratings report to the P.I.O. during joining and drafting routine and such information as is permissible is readily available to them. Basic dates, and the results of examinations are the most common inquiries.

The P.I.O. is also responsible for nominating all Portsmouth ratings for release, and the general supervision of the release routine. It is interesting to note that in 1952, 277 ratings were discharged to shore through *Mercury*. This brings the total since July, 1945, to just over 14,000. These, together with the pre-war cards, swell the 'dead' system to some 75,000 cards.

S.R.S.



"Gay Fencer" - Commanded by Lieut. (C) H. R. Keate, R.N.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES

With advancement continuing at its present rate, one often hears a Yeoman or a P.O. Tel. remark that he will be drawing his old-age pension before he gets a change of Mess. It is therefore refreshing to ponder on the possibility of accelerating advancement, albeit by drastic means, as envisaged by a certain Yeoman Dogsbody. This gentleman received his inspiration after seeing the film "Kind Hearts and Coronets" at the ship's Cinema. In the film, the central character had to dispose of nine relations who stood between him and a title. Dogsbody's task was a trifle more difficult, as there were some 49 others ahead of him on the Chief's Roster.

However, being a man of iron resolve, he was not to be put off by sheer weight of numbers and therefore made up his mind to be drafted to the Signal School where he supposed would be found a greater galaxy of Chief Yeomen than anywhere else. Manoeuvring such a draft was not easy as it was necessary to put in for an S.I.'s course and although possessing much determination he was not overwhelmed either with brain power or recommends. However, all obstacles were eventually overcome and one bright morning our hero arrived at H.M.S. *Mercury* where he was accorded the usual welcome for Yeomen on course.

Within a few hours of his arrival his first victim had been selected. This was the Chief who was foolish enough to complain when his usual seat on the natives' bus was innocently occupied by Dogsbody. The method of the victim's removal was even swifter than the selection. An accidental push as the unlucky Chief hung on the platform and he was quickly flattened beneath a removal van which was coming along behind.

The second victim simply asked to be chosen by criticising Dogsbody's prowess on the .303 range and was appropriately disposed of by a bullet, the body being discovered behind the target where the poor man was assumed to have wandered in error after having had a lunch-time scrumpy session in the mess.

Victim number three was one of Dogsbody's instructors, he had been reported missing for several days before his body was discovered, by which time the scent was cold. This was hardly true of that appertaining to the corpse but as it had been hidden away behind the piggery, nobody had noticed the difference.

By this time our hero had been at *Mercury* a fortnight and, not wishing to remain for too many Gas Parades, decided to step up his campaign which though successful so far as it went, was

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somewhat on the slow side. Thus, some tinkering with the steering gear of the Cosham transport accounted for some sixteen Chief Yeomen at one go. It was regrettable that a few Chief Tels. had to join them, but Dogsboddy was not greedy and was only too pleased to be able to assist some of his sparker friends up their own roster.

Pleased with this success, he continued his removals at the rate of 2 or 3 per week until by the time he was half-way through his course he was top of the roster and the clothing store was out of Chief Yeomen's badges. At about this time, over a pint in the mess, Dogsboddy was moved to remark to his oppo. on the peculiar machinations of fate which had brought him so close to his life's ambition. His oppo., who did not appear to find anything suspicious in the mass removal of the obstacles to that ambition, contented himself

with agreeing that it was all most beneficial and drinking to Dogsboddy's future.

Two days later an extra loud quacking from the ducks during Divisions led to the discovery of Dogsboddy's corpse in the static water tank. At the Inquest it was decided, after evidence had been given by his opposite number, that the deceased had been in a most suicidal frame of mind probably due to certain rumours (brought to light by the same witness) connecting him with several unexplained disappearances from the Chiefs' Mess.

The following week, when celebrating his own advancement, Dogsboddy's oppo. was noted to be steering well clear of his erstwhile messmates. He did not intend to make the same mistake as his dear departed friend, who, in concentrating on those before him, had forgotten the one who came directly after.

CROSS-DYKES AT LEYDENE

Cross-Dykes, as opposed to other types of defensive prehistoric earth works, consist essentially of a ditch with a mound on either side; they usually cross the line of an ancient road running along the crest of a hill (a ridgeway) and end in a natural obstacle. They are to be found in different parts of England (e.g. Berkshire and Yorkshire) but are commonest among the chalk downs of the South Coast.

Usually there is only one ditch, sometimes two ditches and rarely there are three. There are only two pure examples of the treble cross-dyke, one at Tichthorn Down in Dorset, the other at Leydene, where these ditches divide the two halves of North Camp.

Their exact age is very much in dispute. From the fact that post Bronze age pottery has been found in Sussex ditches, some authorities place them at between 900 to 600 B.C., while others attribute them to the "Dark Ages" which followed the departure of the Romans, i.e. between A.D. 400 and 900. All authorities combine however to refute the popular story that they are of Roman origin.

Their purpose is also very much in dispute. They could be defensive, they lie across ancient highways and their ends cannot be turned (ours at Leydene must have ended in thick woods), but most warlike earthworks do not offer the enemy the protection of a mound on his side, but have a steep slope towards the attacker. However, they would break up a charge by mounted men or chariots.

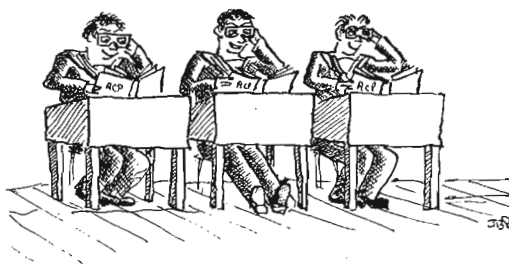
They could be tribal boundaries, but they never seem to be long enough to enclose any great area. They may have been to prevent cattle straying, but are only to be found on exposed hill tops, and seem to be over elaborate for this purpose.

Dr. Curwen, in an article published in January 1918 in the Journal of the Sussex Archeological Society, suggests that they were "Covered Ways"

by which, in the unsettled early ages, men and their cattle could cross the chalk downs without appearing on the skyline and thus avoid detection by their enemies. It must be remembered that in those days the ditches would be deeper, the side steeper, and men and beasts smaller (i.e. cattle the size of Shetland ponies).

A more recent theory, put forward by Dr. Williams Freeman in 1932 is that they were used for collecting and sorting out cattle, which would run wild and would be rounded up annually and then forced into single file for identification or marking, by making them pass down a steep-sided ditch, with banks on either side.

Further examination of the ditches by experts may produce additional evidence of their age or their purpose, but it seems unlikely that definite proof will ever be obtained of who built them or why. They are of undoubted archeological value and are protected as an Ancient Monument; no work or building must be done which would disturb them and they are inspected from time to time by an Inspector of the Ancient Monuments department of the Ministry of Works, who on his last visit in 1949 was not very pleased to find that we were keeping hens on the site. J.C.G.



Self study.

IN THE NEWS

GIANT FRAME FOR TESTING SHIPS

A giant frame for testing ships' structures, capable of crushing the bows of a destroyer like a nut in a pair of nutcrackers, has been constructed for the Admiralty. It is believed to be the first of its kind in the world.

The building containing it is at the Naval Construction Research Establishment, Dunfermline.

The frame is a large box, made up of steel cells, with a hinged door at one end, the inside dimensions of the box being 69 feet long, 33 feet wide, 39 feet high. To each cell in the roof, walls and floor can be fitted powerful hydraulic jacks, operating on the principle of the modern motor-car jack. These jacks can exert loads of 500 tons horizontally, vertically or at angles up to 45 degrees. From each end leads of 2,000 tons can be exerted horizontally.

The purpose of the frame is to make experiments on full-scale structures. The testing equipment so far available to naval architects and structural engineers has been capable only of testing small-scale models, from which it was once considered that accurate comparisons with the full-scale design could be made. It has become evident, how-

ever, that the behaviour of some materials, particularly steel, can be fully and correctly assessed only from experiments made on structures in which the thicknesses of the materials, the sizes of the members and the methods of connecting them together are faithfully represented at full scale. Thus the large testing frame will open a new era in the accuracy and scope of the information on heavy structures available to designers. It will be possible to test structures up to given loads or to continue testing to the point when the structure collapses, and to measure the strains imposed.

The first job to be carried out in the new frame will be a test of the bow structure supporting the steam catapults in the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*. This new type of catapult imposes very heavy forces on its supporting structure when an aircraft is launched and it is necessary to be sure that the structure built into the ship is strong enough to withstand these forces, yet not stronger than is necessary. In the absence of the new testing frame it would be necessary to allow more generous factors of safety to ensure that no part was too highly stressed, thus causing greater weight.

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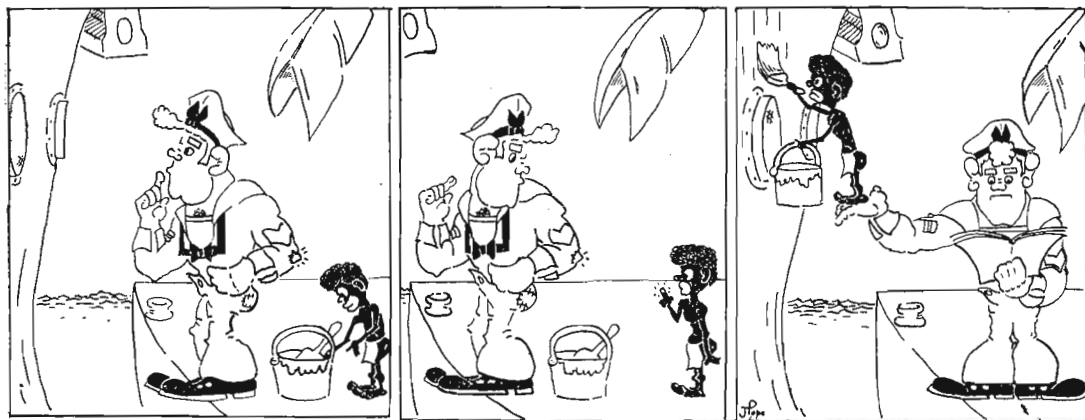
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A WHALE-MARKING EXPEDITION

An unusual enterprise in marine research, a cruise in which whales will be marked in the Antarctic to obtain information on their movements, migrations and distribution, is to take place shortly.

The marking of fish is a well established method of research by marine biologists who study the fisheries and the problems of conservation of the stocks of fish. The method of marking is to fire from a 12-bore shot gun a numbered marker, which lodges in or under the blubber, and to offer a reward for its recovery if the whale should later be killed.

Before the war, over 5,000 whales were marked in the Antarctic during the "Discovery Investigations" under the Colonial Office. Some hundreds of these have been recovered and have given valuable information on the whales' migrations and distribution. They continue to be recovered in small numbers every year (ten were received in 1953). But although such long-term marks are useful, little marking has been done since the war, and more information is much needed.

LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "DUNDAS"

The first anti-submarine frigate to be launched for the Royal Navy since the end of World War II, H.M.S. *Dundas*, was launched at the Cowes, Isle of Wight, Yard of Messrs. J. S. White and Co. Ltd. on September 25th.

The *Dundas* has an extreme length of 310 feet and a beam of 33 feet. She is powered by geared steam turbines of advanced design. Her armament includes three Bofors guns and two three-barrelled anti-submarine mortars. These are of the same design as those fitted in H.M.S. *Rocket*. Each can fire a pattern of large projectiles with great accuracy, and the projectiles can be set to explode at a pre-determined depth. These weapons can be trained over a wider arc than previous types of anti-submarine mortars.

The *Dundas* is the first contract built frigate in the post-war programme to be launched. H.M.S.

Salisbury, an aircraft direction frigate, was launched at Devonport Dockyard in June of this year.

NEW A/S AIRCRAFT

A new type of naval light anti-submarine aircraft, to be known as the "Seamew", was taken off the secret list recently and was flown at the Farnborough Air Show. The aircraft was built by Short Brothers and Harland Ltd.

The "Seamew" is powered by a Mamba airscrew-turbine and is designed so that it can be mass-produced quickly and comparatively cheaply. Carrying a crew of two, the aircraft is equipped to carry special electronic search equipment and anti-submarine weapons. The "Seamew" is not a hand-some aircraft: since range rather than speed is of prime importance, the fuselage is not streamlined and the undercarriage is fixed.

The new aircraft has been specifically designed for operation from light escort carriers and merchant vessels fitted with flight decks. The "Seamew" could also fly from short coastal airstrips. The "Seamew" has been ordered in quantity by the Admiralty.

OIL POLLUTION RESEARCH

As a contribution to the campaign against the pollution of beaches by oil residue jettisoned by ships, the National Institute of Oceanography will shortly initiate an intensive research into the surface currents in the North Atlantic to the West of the British Isles.

It is planned to drop into the sea 10,000 plastic envelopes, many of which will eventually float ashore on the coasts of Britain and other N.W. European countries. Each envelope will contain a franked addressed postcard, on which will be printed a simple questionnaire, and a small sheet of instructions for completing it. The instructions will be printed in eight different languages. A reward of half-a-crown, or its equivalent in foreign currency, will be paid to the sender of each postcard which is received by the National Institute of Oceanography at its headquarters at Wormley, near Godalming, Surrey.

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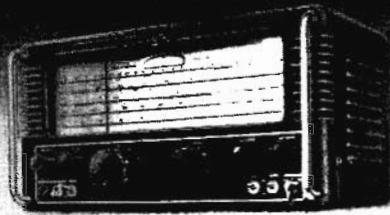
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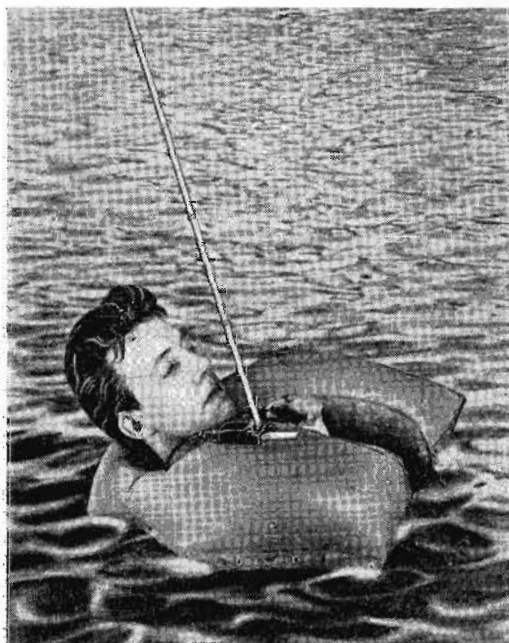
THE RADIO SHOW, 1953

"This is the British radio industry's greatest effort yet for promoting television at home and abroad and for meeting a new demand for better listening", said Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Almain, when he opened the 20th Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court.

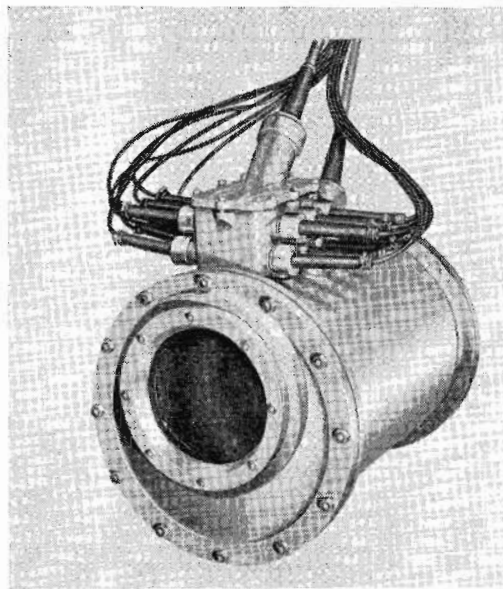
The centre of attraction was a temporary studio built by the Radio Industry Council for the BBC at a cost of £20,000. The public, nearly 1,000 at a sitting, could see ten Sound programmes and eight T.V. programmes, as well as many rehearsals.

Round the glass walls of a second, miniature studio within the Radio Industry Control Room, nerve centre of the Show, visitors saw other T.V. programmes as they were transmitted to the general public.

Radio sets have sold so well this year that manufacturers are convinced that T.V. may be helping Sound radio sales, partly because of the divided interest in a household between Sound and T.V., and partly because T.V. sound sets a very high standard. Many useful and attractive new receivers and radiograms are marketed and at least one T.V. manufacturer is making Sound radio a feature of his sales effort. Sidelight on the popularity of sound is the increasing number of tape recorders for use in the home.



"SARAH"



Underwater Television camera.

The wider aspects of radio and electronics are demonstrated by exhibits which included: the first public clock controlled by radio pulses from Rugby, accurate to thousandths of a second; an instrument on which the public could test the accuracy of their watches; medical electronic equipment for testing heart and lungs; a microscope with a television-size screen; the National Physical Laboratory's machine which plays (but never loses) games of noughts and crosses with visitors; and one of the Ministry of Supply's guided missiles with some of the plastic encased electronic components on which Britain's lead in this branch of defence largely depends.

The new Air Sea Rescue equipment exhibited by Messrs. Ultra Ltd. is known as: Search and Rescue and Homing—"SARAH". When in the water an operator is fitted with both a Radio Beacon transmitter including aerial, and also a Speech unit, so that he can talk to the Search aircraft. The new rescue equipment is certainly a great improvement over our present "WALTER".

E.M.I. have developed a very useful T.V. camera and vision unit for underwater reception, which is a development of the type used in the search for the submarine *Affray*. D.A.S.

WHAT NAVAL HARBOUR IS IT ?

The photograph on page 143 shows the harbour at Monte Carlo, looking East towards Menton and the Italian frontier.



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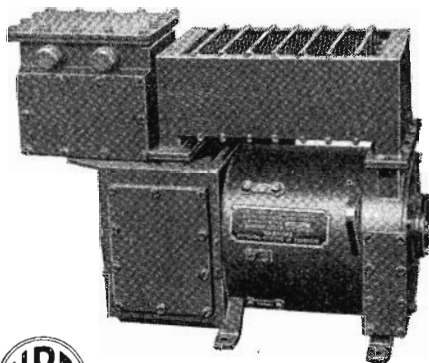
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SHORT STORIES FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Mother: "I'm told you put treacle on Willy's hair. I never heard of such a thing. Whatever possessed you?"

Son: "It must be original Sin".

* * *

The customer is always wrong—in the Police Force.

* * *

A parson who had been appointed as prison chaplain preached his farewell sermon to his congregation from the text: "I go to prepare a place for you".

* * *

Elderly Vicar, to his young Curate and successor: "You will be longing for my death".

Curate: "You put it the wrong way round; it's your living I long for".

* * *

A Bishop taking a walk by the river with his two lovely daughters, spoke to an angler: "Is the fishing good?"

Angler: "Very; are you a fisher?"

Bishop: "I'm a fisher of men".

Angler (looking at the daughters): "You've mighty fine bait".

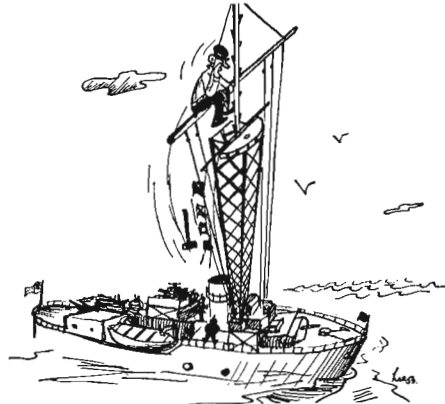
* * *

I apologise for the above stories instead of the usual letter but activities have been and are becoming so intense that time has not been on my side to write fully. I do, however, take this opportunity of wishing you all, wherever you may be, a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. If you have the love of Jesus Christ always in your hearts and worship the Prince of Peace on His Birthday in your Church or Chapel, the real meaning and joy of the Holy Season will indeed become much more apparent than to those who fail in their religious duties at this time.

J.G.S.



"The next short break is a long time coming . . ."



"Below!"

COMPLETELY INSULATED

Ordinary Signalman Nuthead was very forgetful and not over endowed with grey matter. He had even been known to attend Sunday Divisions without a jumper. Despite friendly prodding from the Chief he never improved and eventually was taken as a defaulter to his Divisional Officer and was awarded (how nicely this is put on official documents) one day's No. 16. On the second occasion this was increased to two days but Nuthead still lived up to his name.

The third time, the Divisional Officer said, in a tone reminiscent of a kind Uncle, "It appears to me, Nuthead, that you are living in the clouds, you are not properly earthed—let's have a look at your shoes". Nuthead dutifully showed his rubber soled footwear.

"There", said the D.O. "I knew it. You are insulated. The electrical speech waves cannot pass through you and so do not register properly. Now go away to the boot maker and have those rubbers replaced with metal studs, then you'll have good conductivity".

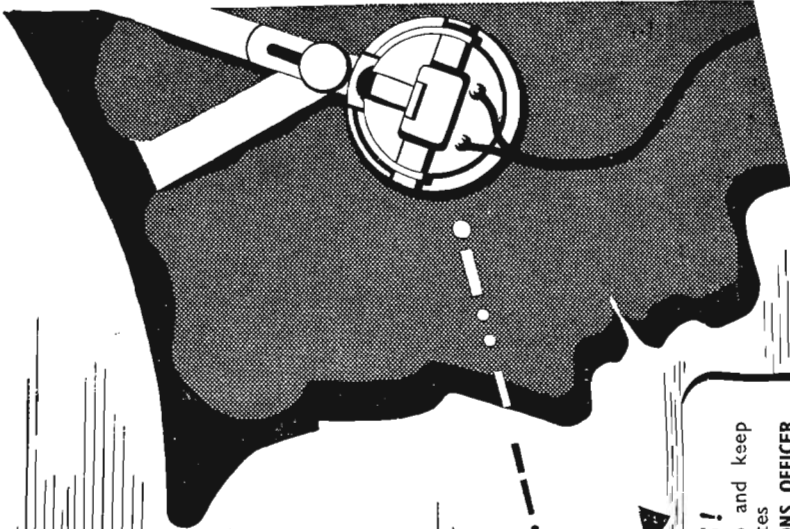
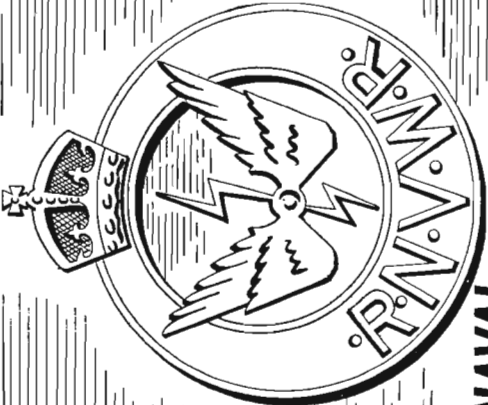
Nuthead went on his way and in due course reported to the D.O. that his shoes now had studs. After inspecting soles and heels covered in Blakeys best, the D.O. said, "Now that's better. Everything that's said to you will be able to complete its circuit right back to earth and you'll have no more trouble.

Nuthead said, "Thank you sir", and turned smartly about only to trip over the cabin door step.

He got up, firmly faced his guardian and reported, "Please Sir, I don't believe you!".

WREN GEN

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No. 5 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W.)R.

We say "Goodbye" to Lt. Cdr. F. Jackson, V.R.D., M.B.E., R.N.V.(W.)R., who has now left the Active List as Commanding Officer and, although retired, is still carrying on as Section Officer, Grimsby.

The promotion of Lt. Cdr. (L) J. R. Senior, R.N.V.R. to Commanding Officer is very well received, although a "foreigner", an (L), and he is very popular in the District, being well known for his keenness in advancing the cause of the Reserve.

This year's Admiral's Inspection was held at Leeds and the Inspecting Officer was none other than Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*. We trembled when this was announced but "stout hearts" won the day and a good impression was given. The Captain spoke to each man and woman on the parade and we are pleased to say that this has made a great impression, especially on our pre-National Service lads. Leeds and Bradford Units are to be congratulated upon their first-class "Stand-easy". It is a known fact that everyone missed the "last bus", even the V.I.P.s.

The District was represented at the "Meet the Navy" Exhibition at Scarborough by members from Leeds, Stockton and Sheffield Units and their stall was always a scene of attraction. Their main activity however was in endeavouring to keep the fingers of small boys out of the 5G transmitter. We thank other Districts who "worked" the Exhibition, but a special mention must be made of Lt. Coles R.N.V.(W.)R., of Bath, who kept constant watch with the Exhibition on both days.

SHEFFIELD UNIT

Although the Training Centre is still being fitted out, progress is being made and our numbers stand at 25 despite influx into R.N., both C.S. and N.S. and we are still looking for new members, especially ex-R.N. "types".

A display was held in the Gaumont Cinema and the ingenuity exercised is worthy of comment. H.M.S. *Sheffield*, then in dockyard, was approached with the view of exchanging messages between the citizens of Sheffield and the ship's company. A 5G and B40 were installed in the foyer of the cinema and operated in the 4 mc/s band. The signal was picked up at the Training Centre, passed through a relay circuit and retransmitted with Type 89M, using 2 mc/s band, to the *Sheffield* who replied on 5 mc/s. The channels were opened by the Lord Mayor sending greetings to the Captain whose reply impressed all present, including the Press. This "set up" was manned for a full week. On the Saturday, the citizens of Sheffield were pleasantly surprised to see the equipment manned by W.R.N.V.R. operators borrowed from Hull and Leeds for the occasion. P.O. Tel. Edna Wilks, of Leeds, was the centre of attraction, both for her

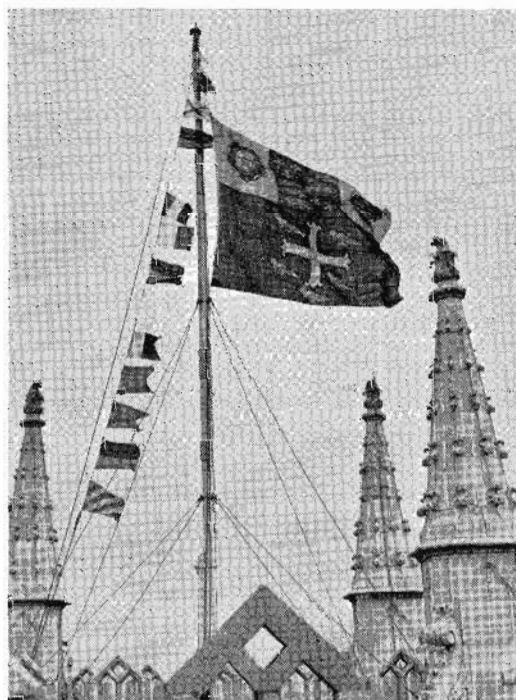
operating ability and her smartness. The exchange of signals, was received with delight by the ship's staff but we can state that the resultant "dates" were only DTGs. The Sheffield Unit wish to record their thanks to their shipboard comrades for helping to make the event a great success.

In closing, we make an appeal to all ex "Sparkers", and those soon leaving the Service, to "Come and join us". At least look us up. This also applies to chaps on leave. We have Centres at Newcastle, S. Shields, Stockton, Sunderland, Scarborough, Hull, Grimsby, Leeds, Bradford and Sheffield, where you will always be more than welcome.

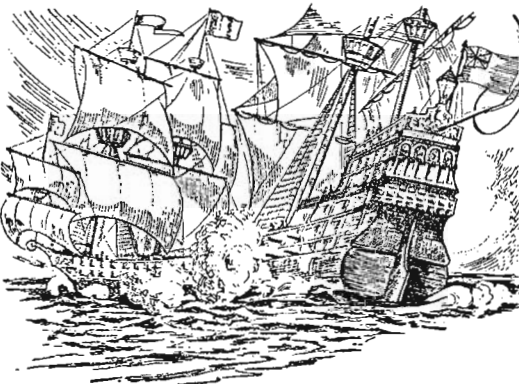
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Volunteers should write to the Staff Communications Officer to the Admiral Commanding Reserves, Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James' Park, London, S.W.1., for further details, stating their preference, if any, for the area in which they wish to serve. Applications from ratings still serving will be considered.



Signal flags lent by the Royal Navy flying over Westminister Abbey, alongside the Abbey flag.



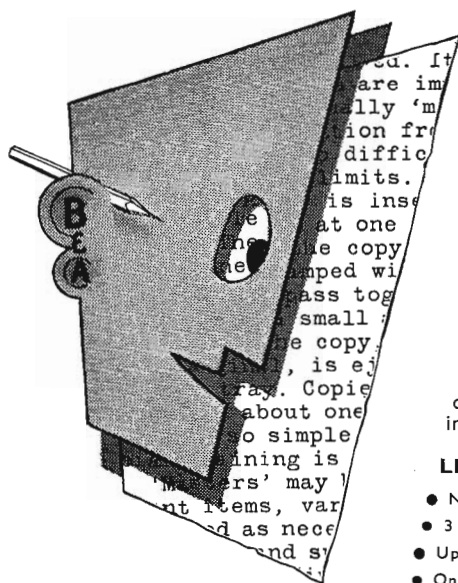
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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

We started this season badly, being at a particular disadvantage, since Exercise "Mariner" took away many of our best players. However, the team has begun to settle down now, and we have beaten *Collingwood* and *Dolphin* in league games, and *Victory* in the first round of the Charity Cup. The Charity Cup is the only Knockout Competition in which we remain, meeting R.M.B. Eastney in the next round.

In U.S. Division III we have fared better, being about midway in the league.

The Waterloo and District League has been given over entirely to the New Entries. It provides valuable talent spotting opportunities, and we have held a leading place in this league so far.

In the first XI the most constant personalities are Jan Tozer, still with us at left back, "Clubs", (P.O. Hare, P.T.I.), Captaining the team and centre half, P.O. Lilley, Yeoman North, A.B. Kelly, Ord. Tel. Reid, Yeoman Woodhall, Sig. Turner, Ldg. Sig. Simmister (now gone alas), and A.B. Booth in goal.

A bitter blow shortly coming to us will be the loss of P.O. Hare, who has captained the side so ably for three seasons, and who has played such an indefatigable game in every match. It will not be easy to replace him.

RUGBY

This year we have plenty of keen players and a full fixture list. Unfortunately, drafting and working-up for exams have meant that many of our best

players have often been unable to play and that there has been little opportunity for training as a team.

Although some of our results have looked rather like cricket scores, we have had some first-class games and our home ground, at the bottom of the hill towards East Meon, has kept in good condition.

HOCKEY

The hockey season has started well for *Mercury* with seven matches won, two drawn and two lost; we feel confident that we can keep up this good record despite drafting and training commitments.

The W.R.N.S. have also shown great keenness this season, and are due to meet *Victory* in the final of the Command Tournament later in the season. We expect them to bring back the Cup.

BOXING

The New Entry Division held their Annual Championships in the Cinema on October 1st and there were many spirited bouts. Although somewhat lacking in the higher ethics of ringcraft, the competitors showed plenty of pluck and determination and are to be congratulated on the fine evening's entertainment they gave the large audience.

Mercury was represented at every weight in the Command Novices Championships, but in general the opposition was slightly older and rather fitter, which of course told in the end. We did have our successes, however, and Tel. Beach overcame all opposition and won the Championship in the Middleweight Class. Junior Tel. Rowbotham, despite ill-luck in the draw, only just failed to reach the final of the Welters. As a team *Mercury* came third. Our boxers were ably trained and seconded by Ldg. Tel. Shepherd.

SHOOTING

In the new .303 Autumn League *Mercury* came eighth out of fourteen Establishments competing, not a bad effort considering our size.

This new competition has been very popular—each Establishment enters one team of 6 of whom 4 count. The shoot takes place every Saturday forenoon, commencing with sighters at 0830 and finishing at about 1115, the practices being two sighters and seven to count at 200 yards and 500 yards, or 300 yards and 600 yards on alternate weeks. The League lasts ten weeks.

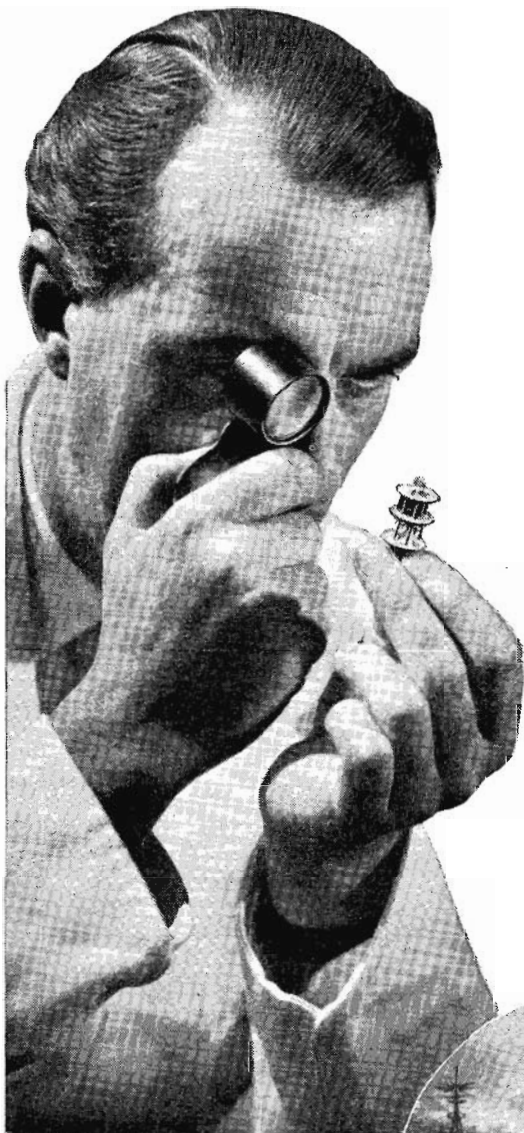


"From: "Chequers". To: "Glory".
Happy Christmas . . ."

O/Tel.—Can they close down Chief?

Chief.—Can WHO close down?

O/Tel.—I don't know, I didn't ask them.



New mass production techniques will satisfy demand for communications and industrial valves with "Plus" qualities

THE development of valves capable of withstanding severe operating conditions has occupied the attention of designers on both sides of the Atlantic for some years. Considerable progress has been made in strengthening or "ruggedising" electrode structures, but the mass production of such valves has presented serious difficulties.

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CHIEF'S CHATTER

With Mess members decreasing at the present rapid rate, it is estimated that by Easter 1955 there will be no-one available to contribute this article. Sign on, Chaps. You may be a W.O. someday!!!

The Naval Estimates apparently approve further progress in the building programme, which include our Dining Hall, Lounge, etc. to be erected adjacent to the accommodation block. Facing the "Palace", we now have a large lawn, and by next Summer we hope this will be suitable for Bowls and Clock-Golf. So anyone with old golf clubs (used about once), will be welcome additions to complement.

Outdoor sporting activities this Term saw the Mess as runners-up in the Soccer competition, an excellent performance, and third in the Hockey League. Indoors the picture is less rosy. We lost the "Blood Shield" to the W.R.N.S. P.O.s at "UKKERS", were quickly K.O.d in the Table Tennis Tournament and for the first time on record, a non-Communicator's name appears on the Snooker Shield. Congratulations to Chief Writer Martin, S.B. No. 1, seven years in *Mercury*, due for Foreign 1992.

We were admirably entertained by Petersfield Bowling Club in September, where we won every game except one (at snooker). The bowls match resembled a game of marbles, with "Skip" Morellec, well topped up on bitter, scattering woods, jack, and players, showing respect for their ankles with Truman-like deliveries.

N.A.T.O. Exercise "Mariner" almost emptied the Mess for three weeks, earlier this Term. About the same time an unusual epidemic, known as "Marineritis" struck the Camp, leaving many hobbling on crutches, or complaining of various unheard of symptoms. Duration of illness, three weeks.

Departures this Term include C.P.O. Tels. Dence and Parsons to Malta and *Implacable* respectively, whilst C.Y.S. Woodhead has joined *Saintes*. C.P.O. Tels. Nelson and Swain took their "Twelve", and Reg Stovell left us for *Ganges*. Which reminds us,

we are now one short in the Bridge School (Hilton and Sargent need not apply). Any volunteers report to P.I.O. on joining.

Approaching Petersfield from *Mercury* is a brick wall. You've seen it? Herbie Rockstro didn't. Result—Pete Rural Council got a new wall; Herbie a heap of junk. But he's proud of that wall. He should be. He paid for every brick (and a few more).

P.O.'s PATTTER

Yeo. Harvey succeeded Yeo. Haffety as President in the middle of August, and has now himself been relieved after only two months in office, by Yeo. Cunningham.

Once again "Sam Goldwyn" Mitchell is in the throes of organising and moulding a Pantomime. If ability is on par with enthusiasm it has every promise of being a first rate performance. Needless to say 'Buck' Taylor (still with us) is again performing.

The Mess Entertainments Committee are making headway fast, having organised a Whist Drive, Christmas Dance and Childrens' Party in rapid succession, and have much hopes for enlivening the Mess socially. P.O. Tel. Fred Bellamy deserves an especial mention for his efforts.

Those of you who have not been here since August of this year, will not recognise the Lounge. Since N.A.A.F.I. were voted in (a year ago) the "grot" has been repainted, decorated and furnished. Between bar hours it looks a picture, during Bar hours it's comfortably crowded. To the N.A.A.F.I. effort the Mess contributed by way of a Radiogram (enabling us to hear the same record thirty-one times a day) and several boat crests adorning the walls. Crests are extremely difficult to obtain and we appeal to you all to "fix chippy" and send us your ship's crest.

Progress appears to be coming along with the new P.O.'s accommodation and Mess. The Nissen huts in West Camp are, at long last, being dismantled and we hope our new 'Palace' is to occupy this site.

This season the Mess agreed to provide two teams in the Crombie Cup tournament, and though both sides finished at the respectable end of the table the result was perhaps a trifle disappointing. Next year will be a different story for we fully intend to have that "Jug" in the Mess.

We started the Hockey League co-favourites with the Wardroom and true to form the vital game for the "Pot" proved to be a battle between the P.O.s and a very strong Wardroom eleven. Though we led all the way by the odd goal our opponents fought every inch and did very well to equalise in the very last minute, making the final result a draw. This meant that the trophy had to be awarded on goal average and in this respect we had the edge and so retained both our unbeaten record and the championship.



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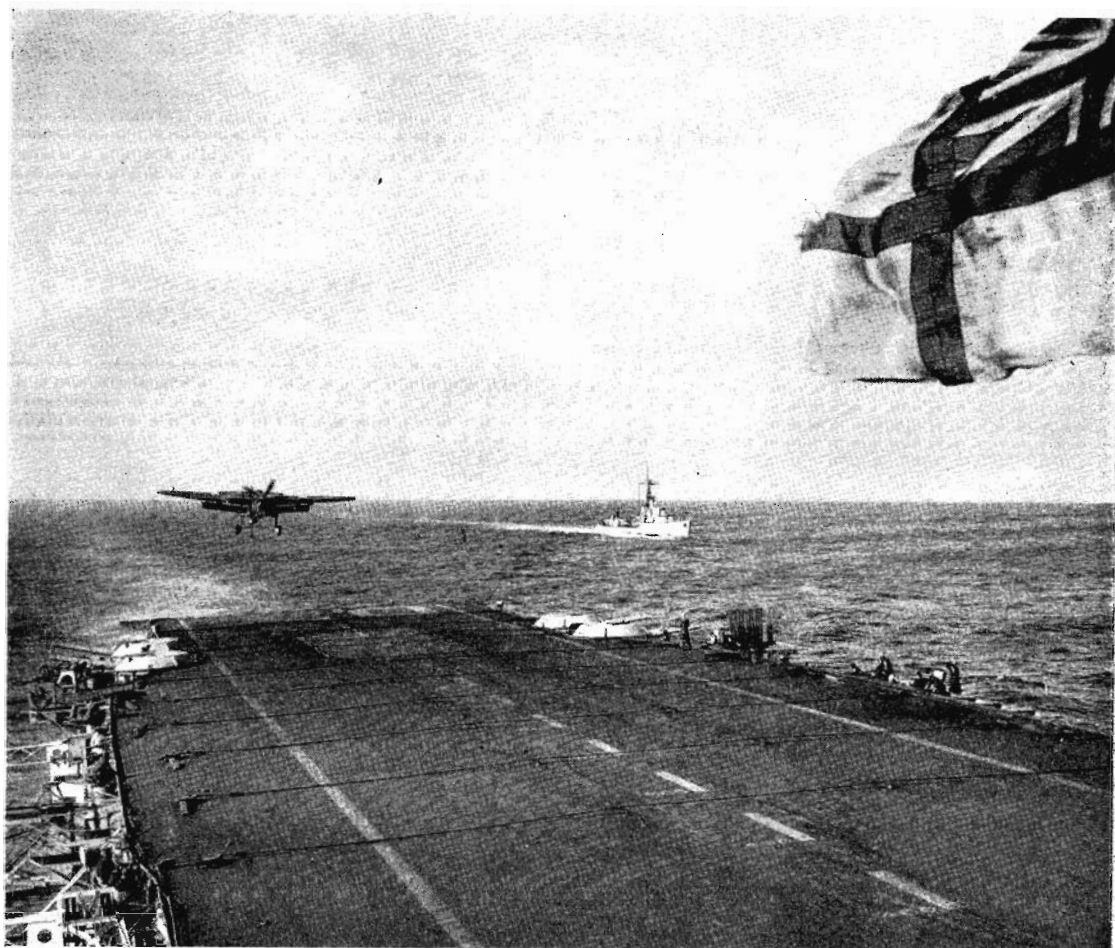
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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

RECENT PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. W. ASH	C.C.O.	Duchess	Mercury
W. J. B. G. AYRES	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Mercury
G. M. BENNETT, D.S.C.	Captain	S.O.T.C.	N.A. Moscow
Miss J. L. P. BEVAN	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	S.S. Gothic for Royal Tour
E. H. BIGGS	Comm. Lieut. R.N.Z.N.	Ranpura	Mercury
G. A. BLOODWORTH	S.C.C.O.	Indomitable	Glory
T. R. BROOKS	S.C.C.O.	Tyne	Seahawk
A. C. I. BURNHAM	Comm. Lieut.	Terror	Pembroke
E. BURROWS	A/C.C.O. R.N.Z.N.	Victory	Delight
D. R. E. CALF	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury II	Tyne
C. D. BONHAM-CARTER	Captain	N.A. Rome	D.R.E.
G. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Cleopatra	Gannet
W. S. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Pembroke	R.N.S.S. Devonport
C. B. CLAXTON	S.C.C.O.	Condor	H.Q. A.F.N.E. Oslo
A. D. LENOX-CONYNGHAM	Captain	Mermaid in Cmd.	D.S.D.
R. COOMBER	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Seahawk (N.A.S.S.)
T. S. COOPER	C.C.O.	Decoy	Drake
J. R. J. COWLIN	Lt. Cdr.	Fulmar	Daedalus
W. G. DARTNELL	C.C.O.	Vanguard	Defender
J. W. DAUBNEY	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Warrior
J. E. DAYKIN	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Jamaica
A. E. P. DEANE	Lt. Cdr.	Terror	Mercury II
A. V. E. DELAMAIN	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
A. V. M. DIAMOND	Lt. Cdr.	Ganges	St. Angelo
D. C. DOUGLAS	Lt. Cdr.	Swiftsure	Mercury
R. DURNFORD	Lt. Cdr.	Glasgow	Staff of D.R.E.
J. H. ELLIS	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Victory
L. ELLISON	A/C.C.O.	Victory	Forth
M. A. EUNSON	2/O W.R.N.S.	Whitehall W/T	Staff of D.S.D.
D. R. H. FERGUSON	Cdr.	President	Mercury II
D. A. K. FINLAY	Lt. Cdr.	Glory	Mercury II
W. FITZHERBERT	Lieut.	Crane	Mercury
G. FROUD, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Mercury
B. D. GALLIE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Cleopatra	Staff of D.S.D.
A. W. GARTON	S.C.C.O.	Dolphin	Glasgow
G. GOULDING	S.C.C.O.	Afrikander	Goldcrest
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN	Lt. Cdr.	Drake	Philomel
J. D. GRESSON	Lt. R.N.Z.N.	Fierce	Mercury
L. L. GREY, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Devonshire	Triumph
J. E. GRIFFIN, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Albion	Drake
E. N. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Birmingham	S.S. Gothic for Royal Tour
R. G. HEARN	C.C.O.	Eagle	Mercury II
B. HENDY	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	A.F.N.E. Oslo
P. N. HOWES, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Staff of D.N.I.	Chaplet in Cmd.
J. R. JAMIESON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Cumberland	R.A.E. Farnborough
F. A. JUPP	A/C.C.O.	Victory	Decoy
R. E. KENT	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Staff of F.O.F.H.
E. H. LEE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Rooke	Bluejacket



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C. R. WILLIAMS	Cdr.	Victory	Staff of Saclant
P. A. WILLIAMS	A/C.C.O.	Victory	Agincourt
Miss E. D. WILSON	3/O W.R.N.S.	President	S.S. Gothic for Royal Tour
L. A. WOLFE	S.C.C.O.	Gannet	Mercury
A. WRIGHT	A/C.C.O.	Victory	Duchess

PROMOTIONS

To Vice-Admiral

A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

To Lieutenant-Commander

H. V. BRUCE

W. H. M. MACKILLIGIN

To Commissioned Lieutenant

J. C. S. BROWN

R. SWIFT

To S.C.C.O.

R. H. HENSMAN

C. D. SHEAD

F. W. DENNY

R. J. ATTRIDGE

E. E. COLEGATE

D. A. JONES

R. COOMBER

Retired

J. H. F. CROMBIE, C.B., D.S.O. ... Rear Admiral

R. MUNNS Comm. Lieut.

W. L. DRIVER Comm. Lieut.

To A/C.C.O.

F. A. JUPP

P. A. WILLIAMS

E. G. L. NASH

J. PEARCE

W. C. WATERS

W. R. DANIELS

A. E. SMITH

L. ELLISON

R. PENSON

A. WRIGHT

J. A. ROBERTSON

D. T. MILLS

J. E. DAYKIN

F. NICHOLSON, R.A.N.

E. BURROWS, R.N.Z.N.

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K. D. KAUSHAL	Lt.	I.N.	M. P. AWATI	Lt.	I.N.
G. HAWES	Lt.	I.N.	D. A. KAMATH	Lt.	I.N.
M. NAZIR	Lt.	R.P.N.	R. K. KAUL	Lt.	I.N.
M. ABBAS	Lt.	R.P.N.	C. M. EDWARDS	Lt.	I.N.
D. MANOUSSAKIS	Lt. Cdr.	R.H.N.	C. F. CASTENSKIOLD	Lt. Cdr.	R.D.N.
T. VERE	Lt.	R.Nor.N.	S. A. D. SANTOS	Lt.	P.N.
D. N. WENTHOLT	Lt.	R.Neth.N.	A. P. D. MIRANDA	Lt.	P.N.
E. PEDONE	Lt.	Italian N.	F. MORETTI	Lt.	Italian N.
J. THORSEN	Lt.	R.D.N.	E. J. H. BLEEKER	Lt.	R.Neth.N.
C. TAVARES	Lt.	P.N.	L. OSTIGAARD	Lt.	R.Nor.N.
			O. LONGVA	Lt.	R.Nor.N.
			A. ALEXANDRIS	Lt.	R.H.N.
			J. VASILADIS	Lt.	R.H.N.

FINAL SMILES

When the child asks you where he came from it's your duty to tell him, instead of snarling that if you knew you'd send him back.

* * *

Who was the (C) officer, on his way back to the Med. after the Review, who bellowed over the Intercom: "B.W.O. Bend on only?"

* * *

N.A.T.O. on the mast

Formation Singly is hoisted. "Ah! Refugee boat required alongside!"

Who was the Wren who, in her message handling organisation, left a chair for the Ormig Master?

* * *

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