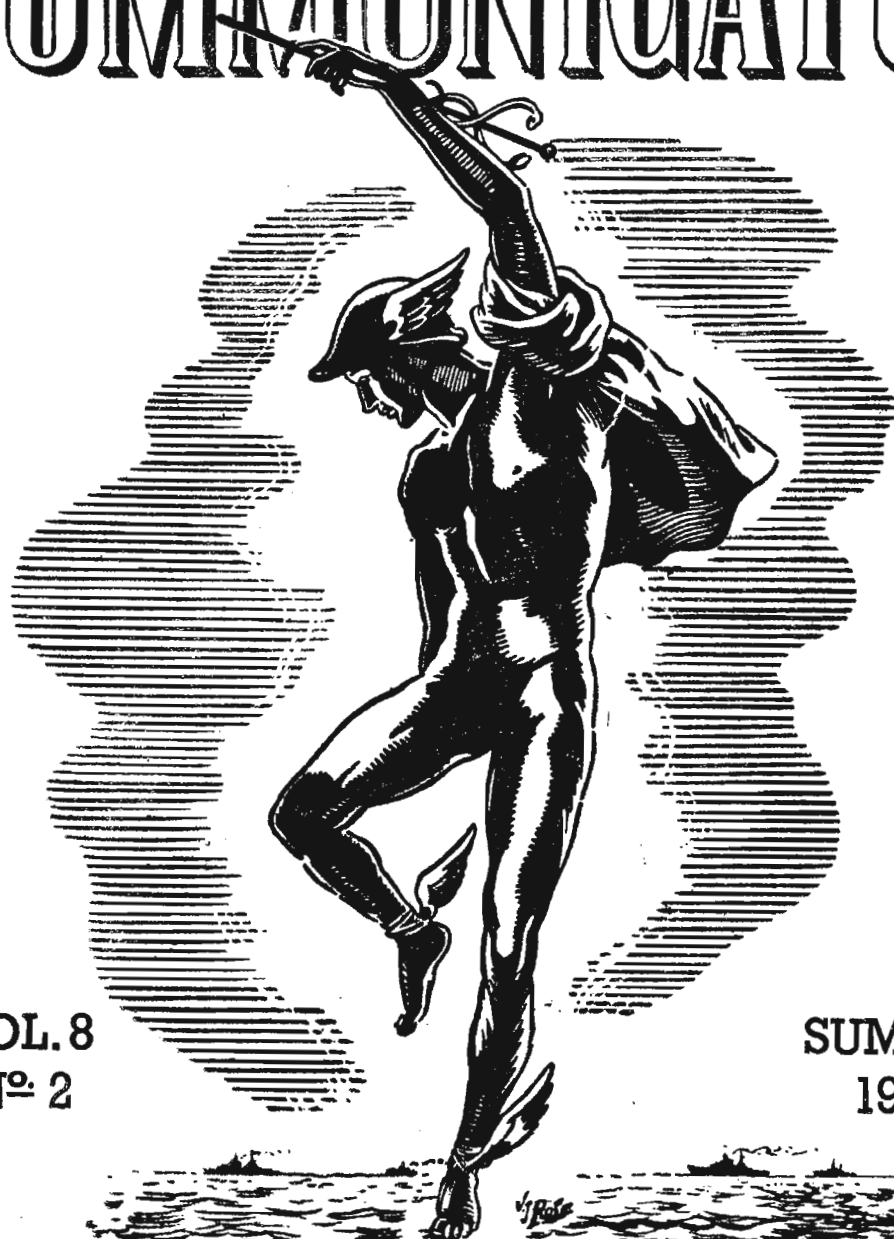


THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 8
Nº 2

SUMMER
1954

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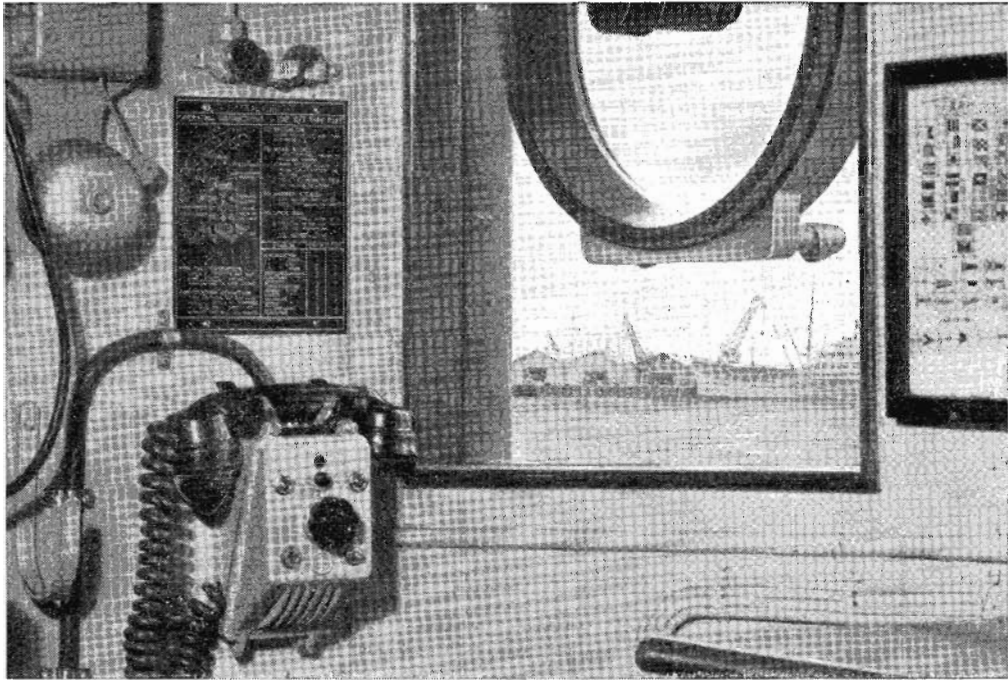
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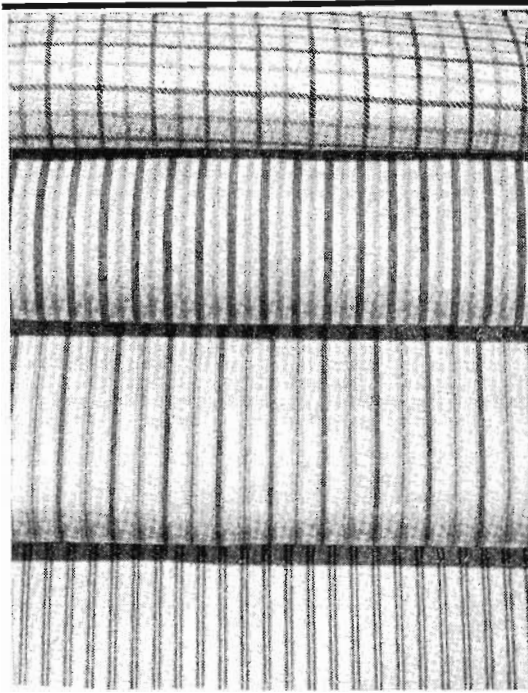
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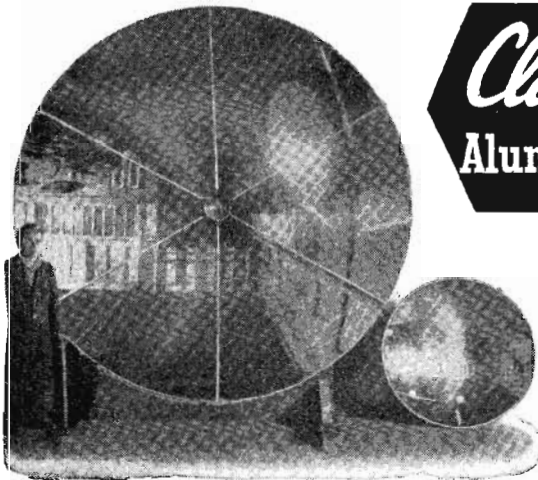
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1954

VOL. 8. NO. 2

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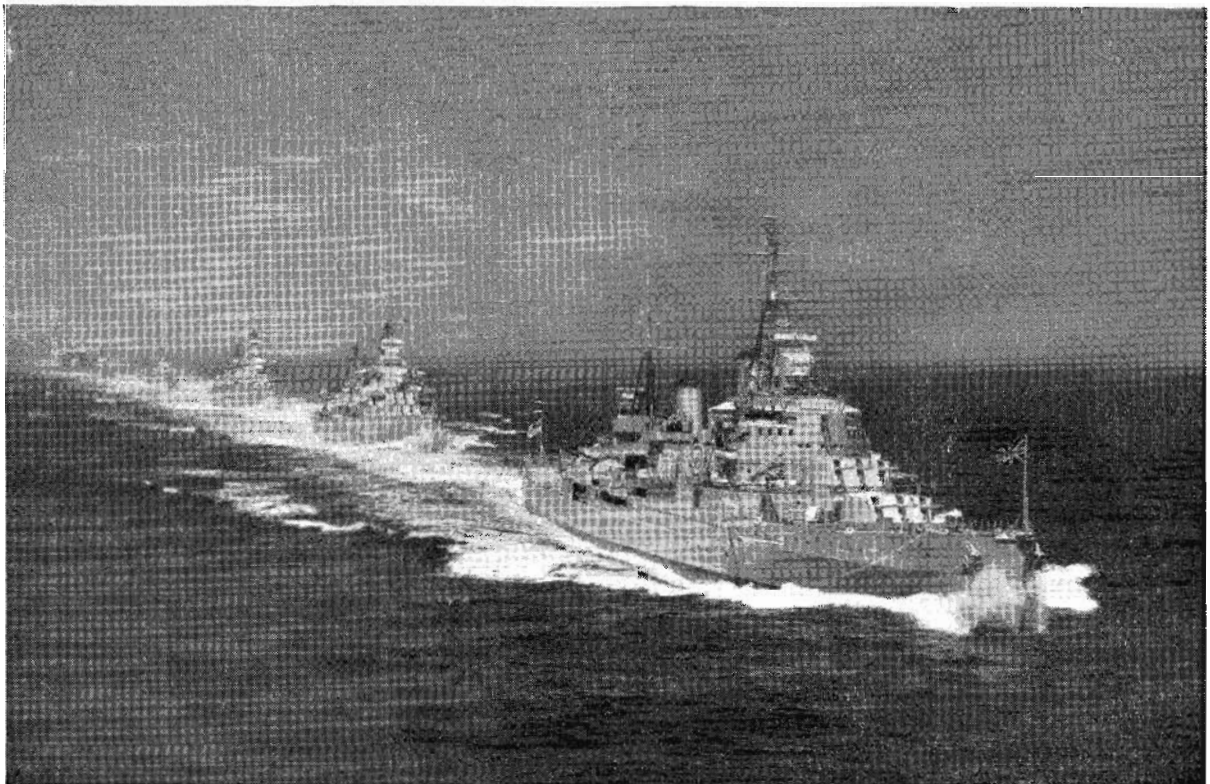
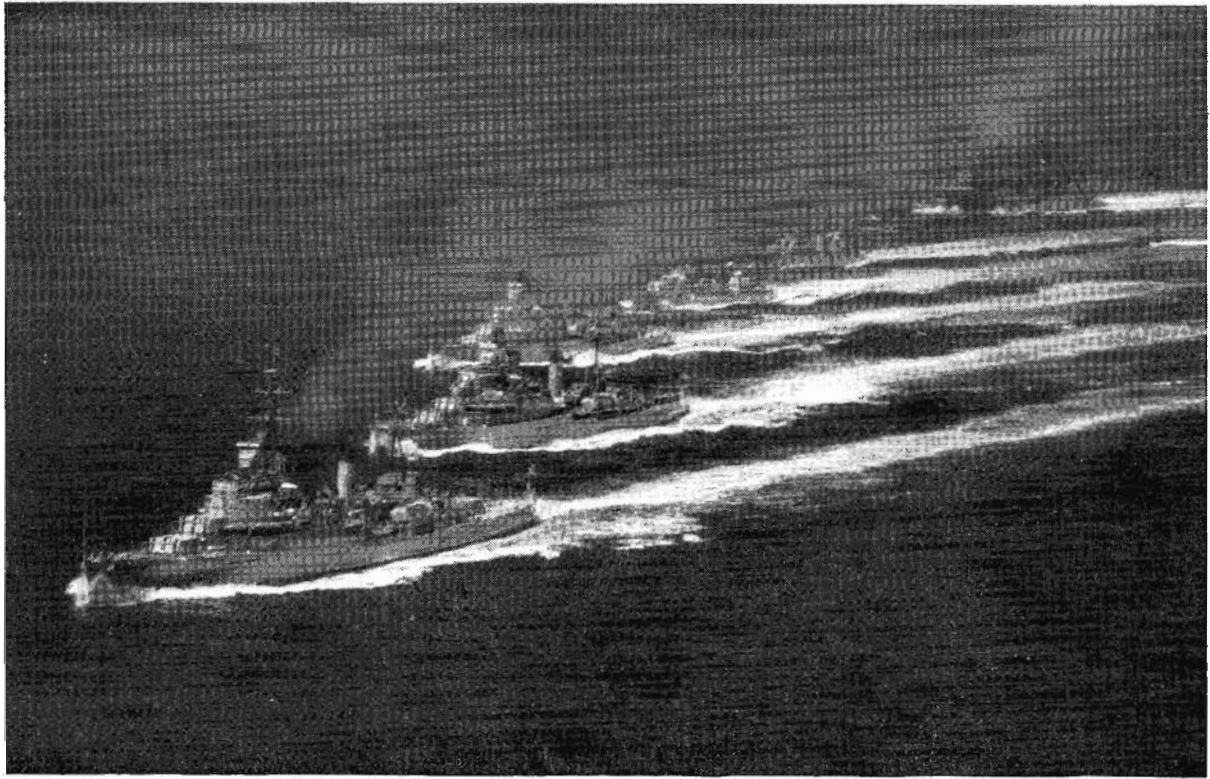
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THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET GREET'S HER MAJESTY
From van to rear: "Glasgow", "Gambia", "Bermuda", "Delight", "Daring" and "Eagle"



WELCOME HOME

The Royal Barge leaves "Britannia" at Tower Bridge for the trip up river to Westminster Pier. The escort are (from right to left) "Gay Bombardier", "Gay Charioteer", "Gay Fencer" and (out of the picture) "Gay Charger".

RADIO SHOW, 1954

Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., is to open the National Radio Show at Earls Court, London, on August 25th. The exhibition remains open until September 4th.

The exhibition for the first time is to include a demonstration by the B.B.C. of outside television broadcasts as well as studio broadcasts on sound and television. Television programmes from seven different sources—six of them within the exhibition—will be seen continuously on the screens of several hundred domestic receivers. Cameras used will include the small industrial types and the "roving eye" which is a self-contained camera and transmitting unit, making it free of cable connections.

Radio-controlled models will be among the electronic "side-shows", and this year the Royal Navy rejoins the Army and the Royal Air Force in the Services section.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

All contributions for the Christmas number must reach the Editor by **12th NOVEMBER 1954**, and orders for copies by **3rd DECEMBER**.

SPORT AND RELIGION

The connection between sport and religion is a very old one. According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, one of the earliest references to sport is in the 23rd Book of Homer's "Iliad" written about 850 B.C. Those sports were organised by Achilles as part of the funeral solemnities of his great friend Patrochus. We know that they were real sports because Homer tells us that Diomedes won the chariot race, Epeus the boxing, and Ajax the wrestling.

However, long before Homer, sport had a large place in religious ritual. There is no doubt about it that ball games, in particular, were originally ritual performances associated with certain seasons. The ball often represented the sun, and the teams were Winter and Spring. The aim of Spring was to get the ball away from Winter so that the crops might prosper.

A considerable amount of research has been carried out in connection with the origin of games, and the conclusions reached by anthropologists is that games, just like drama, were to begin with,

religious in character. Shrove Tuesday used to be the great day for football in this country, which suggests some sort of relation between sport and religion.

In these days, of course, sport has lost its connection in that particular sense with religion. The batsman, as he hits the ball for six is not conscious that he may be driving away the forces of evil or anything like that. However, religion and sport have this in common, namely that they emphasise the great brotherhood of man.

In the year 1743, as Trevelyan tells us in his "Social History of England" it was being said that "noblemen, gentlemen and clergy" were making "butchers, cobblers or tinklers their companions" at cricket, and when Kent beat All England by one run in 1745, Lord John Sackville was a member of the winning team and his gardener was the Captain. That kind of mixing did much to sweeten human relationships and Trevelyan goes on to say that if the French nobility had played cricket, then their houses would not have been burned.

On the cricket pitch, on the football field and the running track we do well to remember a verse from the Book of Proverbs "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is maker of them all". It is a tragedy to find the world split up into groups which seem to make little attempt to understand each other. There is a similar cleavage even within nations where there are strikes, unofficial strikes, lock-outs, etc. There must be more co-operation between man and man, nation and nation, the world and God.

A salesman dreamed that he had gone into the next life. There he found all former salesmen separated into two groups, the failures lodged in one place, the successes in another. He watched the failures, a thin hungry-looking mob, while the waiters came in to serve dinner. A waiter went down one side of the table and up the other, laying out great helpings of delicious food but, strangely enough, he was preceded by another waiter who fixed to each diner's arm a long iron spoon. The spoon rendered the arm absolutely rigid so that it could not be bent at the elbow. As a result the men could not eat. He then went to the successes, where he saw a crowd of genial, well-fed and happy gentlemen. There he witnessed the same procedure as he had seen in the other place. But here the long spoon rigidly fixed to the arm of each diner, proved no difficulty at all. Each man dipped his spoon into the food and fed the man next to him. Returning to the first group, he saw one of the hungry salesmen and asked him why they did not do the same thing. He got the reply, "Feed that crook next to me while I'm starving? Not on your life!"

It is a fallacy that dies very hard that when you help someone or give something away, you are necessarily the loser. In most cases you gain more than you ever lost. When our Lord said "It is more blessed to give than to receive", He was not advancing

some idealistic theory, but He was stating a plain fact.

After all, the team spirit which is part and parcel of all true sport, is really the Christian spirit. The lessons we learn on the playing field need to be translated into the game of life. If men can play together, there is no reason why they should not work together. It is only by working together and in co-operation with Almighty God that we can make His wonderful world into what He intended it to be.

J. G. SCOTT,

Chaplain.

THE USER'S GUIDE TO WIRELESS EQUIPMENT

A limited number of copies of the preliminary edition of B.R. 222—The User's Guide to Wireless Equipment—were distributed in July.

The object of this new book is to provide the user, in one volume, with all the information which he readily requires to know about any wireless set in use in the Fleet. It contains a description of every set, with details of the function of all the controls and a full tuning guide on operating instructions.

It also contains information concerning many other 'Technical' subjects such as Nomenclature, Aerials, Radio hazards, Emergency arrangements, Shore Stations, R.A.T.T., Batteries, Portables, Merchant Ship equipment, etc.

It is hoped that this limited preliminary edition will be followed up in due course by a permanent B.R. with the same number and title.



"Arm vertical, index finger along the stave . . ."



THE HELSTON FURRY DANCE

Helstonians claim that the Furry Dance is the most important annual event in these parts. Culdrosians retort hotly that it's not a patch on Air Day. Then we buy each other beer, and everyone is happy. For happiness is the theme of this traditional Cornish May-time festival which attracts Corns—sorry!—Cornishmen from all over the world.

To make their long journeys worth-while the pubs stay open all day, while to relieve them of boredom (and their loose change) in between the main items of the day's programme, roundabouts, dodgems and all manner of sideshows move in. The streets are decorated with flags and flowers and greenery and everyone is in holiday mood.

So R.N.A.S. Culdrose, that isolated piece of England on Cornish soil, conforms as far as possible. Sunday routine is worked for leave and the N.A.A.F.I. tea bar stays open an extra five minutes. For decoration a large blackboard outside the Guardroom exhorts passers-by to 'Off Oilskins', to encourage the suit-shy to sally forth in all their glory.

Not that oilskins should ever be necessary on Flora Day. The weather wouldn't dare! Helstonians proudly boast that it is always fine for the Furry Dance even if it has been snowing ten minutes previously.

For weeks beforehand the dance is the main topic of conversation, with the gentlemen delving into ways and means of increasing their capacity, and the ladies grossly overworking that feminine question: "What are you going to wear?"

To a 'foreign' participant the dance is a cross between an endurance test and an Admiral's Inspection. Processional, the route takes the dancers up and down steps and hilly streets and in and out of shops and houses for some three and a half miles, under the critical eyes of about forty thousand spectators, with the gents resplendent in morning suits and topplers and the ladies scintillating in long 'Ascot' frocks and picture hats.

Unlike Admiral's Inspection everyone is joyous and laughing. For the dance, though dignified, symbolises Light after Darkness, the arrival of fertile Spring after barren Winter, the victory of Life over Death.

Like the Inspection its origin is definitely pagan, but whereas Culdrosians can go back only to King Alfred, Helstonians can trace the Furry Dance way back into the Dark Ages before Christianity. Then, a few years ago—in A.D. 459 to be exact—Saint Michael the Archangel is said to have appeared at Michael's Mount, and since he is Helston's Patron Saint it wasn't long before the festival found a place in the Church calendar.

As one would expect, the festival has gathered about it a whole crop of legends. One has it that St. Michael fought the Devil in the sky above Helston. Eventually he scored a direct hit with a thrown rock which made Satan fall into nearby Loe Pool and drown. The onlookers expressed delight at their Saint's victory by dancing through the houses and streets.

Another tells of a devastating plague which swept through Helston. The inhabitants fled to the woods and fields and when the plague died down they returned waving flowers and branches and dancing back to their homes.

A third says St. Michael was fighting the Devil at Mont St. Michele in France when he ran out of ammunition and was forced to retreat to his Cornish mount. The Devil was afraid to cross the water in pursuit so he threw the Lid of Hell at him. It missed the Mount and fell harmlessly in the centre of Helston, and the inhabitants danced for joy at their Saint's escape.

There are many more tales, all remarkable for the fact that their telling seems to provoke an unquenchable thirst in the throat of the narrator. With compelling authority one inhabitant insists that he knows exactly where the lid fell and looking at him one could almost believe that he'd been there in

person at the time. Possibly the fact that the alleged spot is now occupied by a popular hotel has something to do with his anxiety to act as guide.

Whatever its origin, the festival is both moving and gay, and if ever you are fortunate enough to receive one of those treasured invitations to 'dance the Furry' don't turn it down. You'll find it one of the most exhilarating and happy experiences of your life. S.D.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NAVAL STEEPLEJACK

Dear Sir,

This 'close-up' photograph of Nelson on top of his column was given to me by Mr. Larkins, the steeplejack, in 1946 when I was serving in the Signal Division, Admiralty.

In preparation for the Victory Day celebrations, I had been detailed to arrange for six dressing lines of Naval flags to be flown from the top of the column to bases in Trafalgar Square, and on my 66th birthday I climbed the column to see how the work of fitting the wire strop to carry the dressing lines was progressing.

Commander P. Matheson and myself are, I believe, the only two Naval officers to have climbed the column, and I think I am the oldest man ever to have done so.

Yours faithfully,
W. R. PARIS,
Signal Commander, R.N. (Ret'd.)

PAYING-OFF PENDANT

Dear Sir

On Sunday 16th May and again on sailing for the U.K. on 21st May, H.M.S. *Birmingham* flew a paying-off pendant in addition to the flag of the Flag Officer Second-in-Command, Far East Station. This was also done on arrival at Singapore on 26th, where the Admiral struck his flag.

This departure from correct procedure may possibly result in a number of letters to the Editors of *The Times*, *Communicator*, *Portsmouth Evening News*, *John Bull* and so on from "Shellback," "Salthorse" and Signal Officer *Andromeda* (1904), so I take this opportunity of spiking their guns by informing all those who wish to offer their advice or air their knowledge, that we also are well versed in ceremonial and that formal consent was obtained from F.O.2 for the ship to wear both his flag and a paying-off pendant.

Yours etc.,
F.W.D.

S.C.C.O., R.N.

P.S.—Can any of your readers name the last occasion on which a ship wore both a flag and a paying-off pendant?



BOOK REVIEW

THE OSCILLOSCOPE AT WORK by A. Haas and R. W. Hallows. Published at 15/- (Postage 6d.) by Iliffe and Sons Ltd. 102 diagrams and 217 oscillograms.

The cathode-ray oscilloscope is an instrument of remarkable versatility and diverse uses in many branches of electronics, but the user may not always be aware of all its possible applications. This book is a practical guide to these applications, having especial reference to radio and television receivers, and will prove invaluable to anyone desiring to get the best out of his oscilloscope.

Although, as its title implies, the book deals mainly with the uses of the instrument and correct interpretation of the oscillograms produced, it also contains much valuable information on oscilloscope circuits, construction and adjustment, while one chapter is devoted to explaining how it can be made to diagnose its own troubles when faults develop.

HOME STATION



H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

This report originates as we proceed north to Scapa after successfully carrying out a 15" bombardment on Cape Wrath in company with *Jamaica* and *Duchess*. Incidentally, for all you disbelievers, let it go on record that *Vanguard* can fire her main armament; and with hardly any damage to her internal fittings either!

During leave, work on board was progressed in the installation of RATT equipment in preparation for "Operation Loyalty" and the associated press traffic which would require to be cleared on that occasion.

Sailing from Portsmouth on 7th May in company with the 4th D.S. we proceeded to Brixham, where, joined by the 6th F.S. and other ships taking part, we commenced rehearsing for "Loyalty"—the meeting and escorting of the Queen in H.M.Y. *Britannia* up Channel on 14th May. Unfortunately, poor visibility on the actual day prevented the people gathered at vantage points ashore from witnessing the various manoeuvres we carried out, but not so the little boats which came out and invaded the formation, at times to an alarming degree. The day's press traffic on board was 10,000 words, and the RATT equipment proved a godsend in both speed and ease of handling. Both the V/S and W/T departments were extremely busy throughout, but all agreed that the hard work was justified by the results achieved.

After bidding farewell to Her Majesty (by the whole fleet steaming past and cheering ship) the ships proceeded their different ways; *Vanguard*, suitably braced by *Britannia's* "Baker X-Ray", steamed for Brest where the Commander-in-Chief made his official calls in his N.A.T.O. capacity of CINCEASTLANT.

Vanguard anchored outside the breakwater, a fact much bemoaned by the old hands of our last visit—not so much from the boat trips involved, but because last time, when alongside, a team of French Wrens manned the shore lines of the ship's telephone exchange.

C-in-C and a lot of his staff left the ship at Brest for conferences at Northwood, and so we sailed as a private ship for Rosyth. At Rosyth we anchored just to the east of the Forth Bridge, and lacking a telephone buoy, we made use of our Radio telephone

to link us to the G.P.O. exchange ashore. It was however, rather unnerving to hear all sorts of dramatic messages interrupting one's conversation, which originated from the local police V.H.F. net.

The buzz that a bright white light crossing the Forth at a fair height was challenged by *Vanguard*, is of course hotly denied by the buntings.

Further exercises took place en route to Invergordon where the C-in-C's inspection of *Vanguard* occupied two days. Speaking of that, we are very much obliged to *Agin-court* who, when asked to comment on the strength and readability of one of our emergency transmitters replied, '... Note clear and musical.' Tuning forks are now being issued to all Petty Officers of the Watch in the B.W.O. to maintain this high standard!

Odd Snippets:

Heard in the final instructions of a message on Local Command Wave at Gib. "C WA CATE—GORY".

* * *

On the flag deck: "No, it's not for us Yeo, He's calling 23B."

* * *

Is it really true that C.P.O. Tel. Butcher has a Pensioner's Procedure Questions Pamphlet to swot up?

H.M.S. "JAMAICA"

It is not true to say that we all grew to like Pompey so much that we just didn't want to leave, but we would like to say thank you for the many kindnesses from Portsmouth ships and Command during our extended stay.

Let us recount our introduction to our gallant ship. She was lying out at the trot and the weather was anything but pleasant when after an express train special from Chatham to Portsmouth we at last arrived on board. First thing to shatter the calm of the buntings was the daily order which read "with the advent of V.S. ratings morning and evening Colours will in future be dealt with by this branch!" Nothing in that, you might say. How wrong you are, for alas no sign of ensign or jack anywhere. They were finally discovered in a corner of the Commander's office. Next came a look round compartments. The first place visited was the

"C.C.O.". Before our gaze were large numbers of dusty B.28s with, rather ominously we thought, lots of apparently unconnected wires everywhere, the whole suspended on a shelf that looked liable to collapse at any moment. In the signal distribution side of the C.C.O. we discovered one rusty ormsg, and no amount of persuasion would induce handle or roller to rotate. However, as the only typewriter had two missing letters and was also a trifle rusty it didn't look as if we should duplicate for some considerable time. In fact, it was approximately six weeks before we received duplicating equipment, but we managed fairly successfully on one borrowed typewriter producing one copy each for the Captain, daily log and the Wardroom file.

But at long last February dawned and the balance of the Ship's Company arrived from Chatham and a real start on preparations for sea began.

The delights of Pompey slipped from our grasp and one horrible morning we suddenly realised that we were at Portland and for us the toil must now begin. We started off on the right foot by sending the Captain over to wait on F.O.T.S. one hour too soon. Here let us state that semaphore, the forgotten art, started the message, request for repetition followed and the all too convenient 10" S.P. was reverted to. Failure to spell out important times had the disastrous result mentioned. It was here that a signal went astray somewhere in the pneumatic tube setup. A frantic Yeoman Cox rallied his henchmen, motors were started and stopped, cut-outs cut, boosters boosted, and eventually with a roar resembling a tube train approaching, the following arrived in the operations room: a large number of signals previously written off as lost for ever, twelve cartridges, some orange peel, several cigarette ends, and various other matter not normally found in pneumatic tubes. Another problem that had baffled the experts had been solved.

Our next port of call was Chatham where in the confusion of 24 hours leave to each watch we suddenly found ourselves a flagship with about ten times the previous amount of traffic.

Recent activities have included working the R.N.V.R. unit at Dundee prior to our visit. As the unit consists mainly of W.R.N.V.R.s we all look forward to the girls coming onboard for tea and the dance to follow.

We are looking forward to meeting all the Med. Fleet communicators when we arrive out there in mid-October and we take this opportunity of saying farewell temporarily to the many friends we have made during our short spell in the Home Fleet.

SECOND TRAINING SQUADRON

Grenville was commissioned in March, after a full A/S conversion at Chatham, and added the black top to her funnel after Easter. Since then, her time has been largely occupied with trials and flag showing visits to Bornholm, Ostend and Amsterdam.

At the end of June she is escorting the Swedish cruiser "Tre Kronor" carrying Their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden on their state visit to London and will be present during Cowes week as guard ship. However, she will soon come down to the realities of ping-running, 1A and S.S.T.

The composition of the squadron remains the same, *Undaunted* will be joining us in August to replace *Helmsdale*, and we shall then have fourteen ships in our type organisation. The squadron was well represented in "Operation Loyalty". *Grenville* flew the flag of C-in-C Portsmouth for the Solent escort, and *Tyrian* and *Brocklesby* joined up with the Home Fleet. The Leading Sigs. lost their hair overnight, trying to organise their two hands in three watches. The Castle frigates were represented in a miniature review at Spithead.

The programme of summer week-end visits is a welcome change from the sombre mass of Portland Bill, and we are all envious of our two smallest brethren, *Shalford* and *Camberford*, who find themselves visiting Oslo and Copenhagen in July. *Tyrian* spent Whitsun as part of the British Squadron at Cherbourg and Arronanches for the D Day celebrations, and *Tintagel Castle* was representing the Senior Service at the Southampton regatta.

In spite of this, our time is really spent working at full pressure with A/S classes from *Osprey*, and those of you who join the squadron for Home Sea Service after 18 months foreign will find yourselves looking at the distant slope of Portland Bill from area Easy South at least four days a week.



"Bunts—she's bobbin'."

The Old Salt gives the Signaller a friendly tip—though we hope the Signaller rarely needs it.



The original Bluenose?

Lieut. Angus Erskine of the British North Greenland Expedition seen just after returning to main base from a survey.

ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA"

Our first period of Royal Duty has been completed and I think it would be in order to say that all went very satisfactorily. The odd teething troubles that inevitably crop up in a new ship have been sorted out; cured where possible, and at last the organisation is running smoothly.

For the Wireless Department the very unusual feature of a daily routine with London Radio Terminal has been mastered and is now considered just a part of the normal day's work for the Radio side of the staff. I might mention here that *Britannia's* Senior Wireless ratings spent four days in London at the G.P.O. Radio Terminal where they were taken over the whole box of tricks from start to finish and had, thanks to the very co-operative staff at the Terminal, a very entertaining and instructive period and left with a very good idea as to how "the other end" works.

In the Visual Department many snags have been overcome, even that "heart in the mouth" moment when one says a swift prayer that the Royal Standard will break when it should do. Also we are now accustomed to the novelty of flag hoisting in silence—complete silence—although at times it is a great temptation to come out with a good old "down of all".

Our staff has now been brought up to strength with the addition of those lucky few who were in the *Gothic* for the complete Tour, and all have settled in well together.

As has been announced in several national newspapers, the next trips for *Britannia* are to Cowes and Dartmouth in July, then in August off to Canada to bring H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh back from his visit. I need hardly add that all aboard are looking very eagerly forward to the latter trip, such phrases as "CANFLAGANT and COMCAST-AREA" are now very much in use these days.

A most inspiring sight during the return to U.K. was the meeting of the Mediterranean and Home Fleets with *Britannia*, the manoeuvres carried out would have gladdened (and probably did) the hearts of many an ex-C.S.B.

Most noticeable around Pompey these days is the Signal School badge and tie, and it has more than one good use—one of our Yeomen entered a shop some days ago in civvies to purchase a particular brand of cigarette only to be told by the male counter assistant "NOCANDO". As the Yeoman left the shop the assistant commented on his blazer badge and it transpired that the latter was a Sparker on leave; needless to say the next day the Yeoman had all the cigarettes he wanted of that particular brand . . . Per Signa Sapientia.

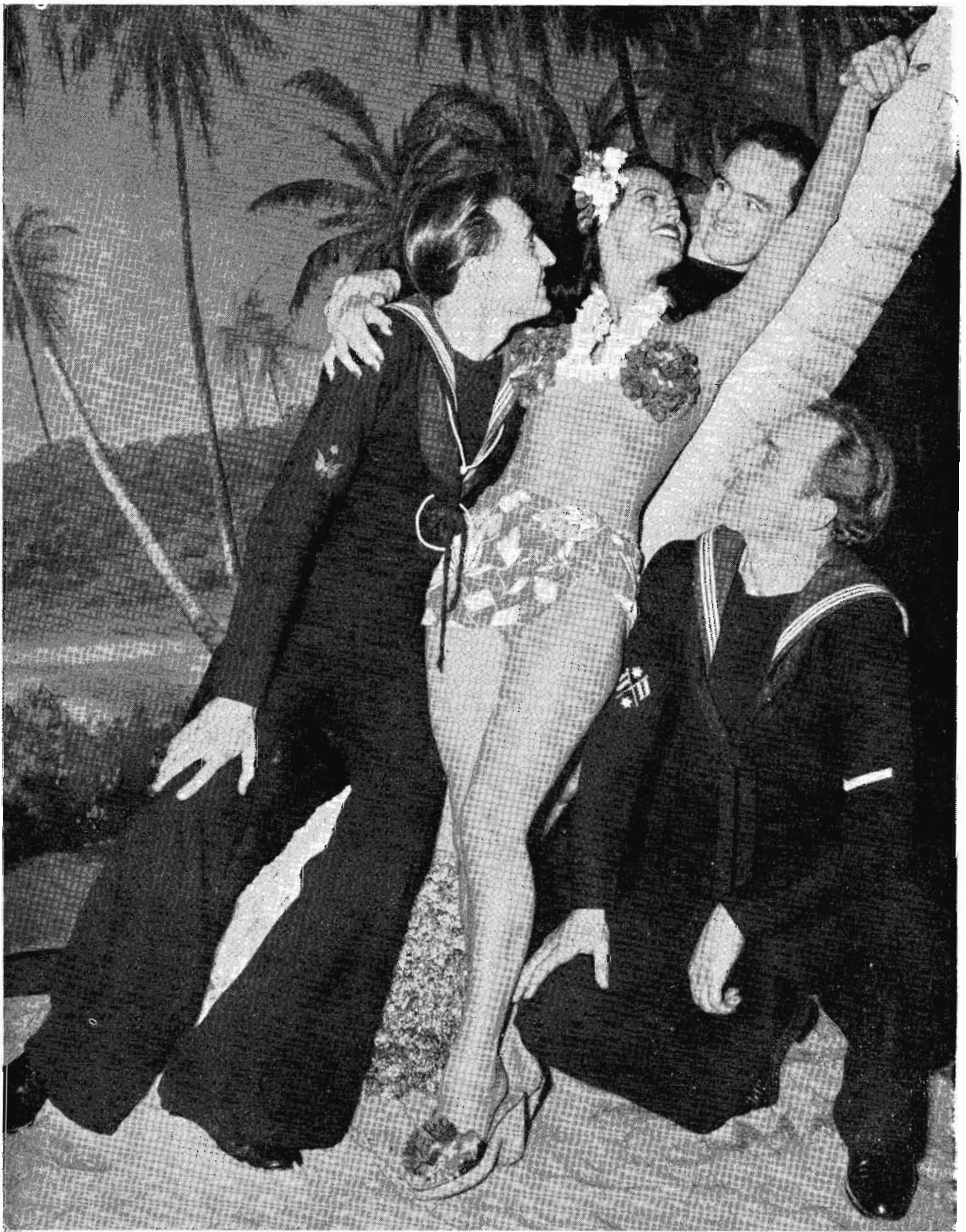
THE BAR FLEET, ROSYTH

Prior to joining this specialised service, seemingly the last remaining remnant of the "Old Navy", I didn't know what a Bar-Boat was, never knew there were Coal-Burners still remaining in the Service, and thought that all seamen were specialised in gunnery, T.A.S. or other such technical jobs. Here seamen *are* seamen, they can splice wires, tie knots and do a thousand and one jobs that seem to be lost in the General Service ships. Here the stokers *are* stokers who wield rakes and shovels and carry buckets full of ashes.

Also, here is a service where Bunts and Sparkers learn to be Jacks of all Trades and get little opportunity to master their own. Not that all Bar-Boats can boast a member of each branch, usually the complement consists of one lonely bunting. On him falls the lot of Postman, Q.M., Chef, Steward, Writer, Captain's Sec., General Messenger, Bunting and for short distance work Sparker as well. Apart from that he has to keep the bridge clean, the wireless office clean and the books up to date. Coal dust, soot, funnel dust flies everywhere, and like all good ships they invariably manage to turn stern to the wind.

Like the Survey boats we do most of our operating during the summer months; from October to March it usually is too rough to work. Ideal for seasick sailors but it cuts hard liers in half.

Anyone thinking of slapping in for the Bar Fleet make sure you can work a T.C.S. or use a 10-inch successfully first.



LADY, TAKE CARE!



UP TO HIS NECK

Signal Wrens Peake, O'Hanlon and Hannan on the set with Ronald Shiner at Pinewood Studios. On the opposite page Laya Raki attracts the attention of Telegraphist Catchpole, R.E.M. Truman and Signalman Flynn. Invited to visit Pinewood, this party of Communicators from Whitehall W/T travelled to the Studios in Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Rolls Royce, and spent the day watching the film "Up to his neck" being made.

Ronald Shiner plays the part of an Able Seaman who has been stranded on a desert island for ten years and doesn't know that the war is over. He is eventually rescued, and is charged with desertion. However, he manages to prove that he was actually sent to the island to look after some valuable Naval stores, and so he becomes entitled to ten years back pay. On the strength of this he has a small run ashore in Hong Kong, but finally decides to return to be King of the island where he has left his large family.

R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

Activities this Term have been of a more varied nature than usual. We were asked to provide the internal communications for the North West 200. This is the annual motor cycle road race run over the Coleraine-Port Stewart-Port Rush circuit. Five positions around the course were manned by Wren Tels. and Wren Sigs. using type 66s and their task was to report to the Stewards accidents (fortunately there were none), breakdowns (several), and be generally helpful to the Road Marshals patrolling the course. Everyone who took part had an excellent outing, the net worked perfectly and the sight of Geoff Duke on his Gilera lapping at 97.3 m.p.h. was enough to compensate the inconvenience of set lugging and bag meals.

Next came a requirement for a Ldg. Wren Sig. and three Wren Tels. to fly out to Gib. with others

drawn from different stations, to help out in the M.H.Q. in a 4-week exercise. (How I would like a 4-week foreign commission even though La Linea may be out!). Volunteers were called for and after the Signal Officer had extracted himself from an eager heap of feminine communicators the fortunate four were chosen. Up to the minute information indicates that they are having a fine old time. (Notice any difference on F X 35, Admty?).

H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent visited the station during her tour of Northern Ireland on the 29th May and inspected the Wrens. Unfortunately the weather was unkind and the March Past, so carefully and thoroughly rehearsed, had to be called off. After the inspection Her Royal Highness had tea with the Wren Officers and, as she left the station, the Wrens lined the route and cheered her on her way.

THE NAVAL OBSERVER AND AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

After much shuffling of equipment, personnel, and ideas, the old Naval Air Signal School has transferred from the glories of the Solent to the lovely setting of the West Country. (Some misguided souls suggest that the third letter of "West" is superfluous.) Part of these shuffles has meant a surrender of our individuality, since the school has become an integral part of the Observer School, late of St. Merryn. We are still trying to think of a suitable short title, since "N.A.S.S." is now obsolete, and "Naval Observer and Air Signal School" does not readily lend itself to abbreviation.

The new set-up is most advantageous to us, as we now carry out our instruction and duties within the scope of a large air station, where pupils rapidly become accustomed to working as part of the Naval Air Command. This does not mean that Communicators divorce themselves from the doctrines and standards of *Mercury*, but that they are given the opportunity to live and work in the atmosphere of the air world, which it is essential for us to understand and appreciate if we are to provide adequately all the services required of us by the aviators. The atmosphere of "Alma Mater" is maintained by Communication Ratings using marching manoeuvres to move about, which sometimes causes amusement to the uninitiated. We all got a big laugh when some civilian workmen "answered close up" when they turned a corner the other day. The Wrens have done well in maintaining the Communicator's reputation for smartness in dress and drill.

The transfer of the School and its launching was successfully accomplished by Lieutenant Commander D. D. Knight, who quickly tired of his new toy and went off to sea. He has been succeeded by Lieutenant Commander H. K. Serjeant, who, being a qualified Observer as well as a Communicator, gets a double welcome here.

The school has most spacious (and sometimes chilly) classrooms, and no effort has been spared to provide the best facilities. For example, one literally steps from the classroom on to the hardstanding to embark in an aircraft, which is a considerable saving in time over the "Seaford Park-Hamble" method. There are two squadrons of aircraft (Sea Prince and Firefly) attached to the School, and aircraft for "live" D/F training are always available. Flying trips are sometimes difficult to arrange, since the claim of the Observer under training is paramount, and the weather, and serviceability of aircraft, are not always favourable. However, every effort is made to give everybody the chance to experience the difficulties of the airborne operator first hand.

We look forward to welcoming our future pupils, and to seeing again some old faces. We wish the best of luck to all Communicators, from Cornwall, where, although civilisation does end at Plymouth, we still do *not* qualify for L.O.A.

H.M.S. "EAGLE"

Eagle was adrift sailing for the Spring Cruise, but caught the Fleet up in time for the combined fleet exercises, for which the Director of the Signal Division was embarked.

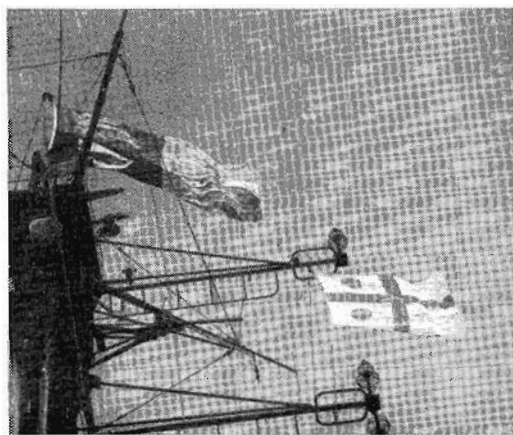
The Home Fleet deserted us at the end of March and we sailed from Gibraltar to take part in exercise "Medflexible", as a unit of the Med. Fleet. This was a N.A.T.O. exercise, and communications played a great part, signals being received in several foreign languages, not forgetting American.

Our visits to Toulon and Naples were very enjoyable, though our arrival at Naples was delayed owing to being diverted to help in the search for a crashed Comet aircraft. The search was a period of intense communication activity, when we found the N.A.T.O. organisation really worked. At the peak, we had over 20 lines manned.

On Wednesday 14th April, we arrived at Malta only to find that the wind was far too strong for us to enter harbour, and it was three days before the weather allowed us to enjoy the pleasures of the Med. Fleet stronghold.

Whilst at Malta, we had the honour of being twice visited by members of the Royal Family. On the first occasion, Prince Charles and Princess Anne were shown over the ship, and seemed to enjoy the rides around the flight-deck on two tractors which are painted fire-engine red; these have since been named after the Royal Children.

The second occasion was the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh. Her Majesty visited the hangars, inspected the Ship's "Trophies" and took the salute at a march



A modern carrier's mast is not the best setting for the Royal Standard, but never has it been more proudly flown.

(You think the Rear-Admiral's flag should have been struck? Then just check on Q.R. & A.I. (1943) Articles 37 and 110—short visit).

past of the ship's company. Whilst on board a number of senior ratings were presented to Her Majesty, amongst whom was C.P.O. Tel. Rogers, who represented the Communications Department.

Between these two Royal visits, *Eagle* had the honour of participating in the Royal escort from Tobruk to Malta, operating aircraft and helicopters for the entertainment of the Royal Family.

On Friday 18th May, we sailed from Malta for home, stopping for only a few hours at Gibraltar and finally anchoring at Spithead on May 26th.

We then spent a few days working up for "Shop-window" and the following week saw us at sea once again, taking Staff officers, Members of both Houses of Parliament and other officials for day trips, to show them how an aircraft carrier operates.

We finally arrived in Plymouth Sound on June 5th, having had a long but enjoyable cruise, and looking forward to a well-earned Easter leave.

LONDONDERRY AIRS

What with training squadrons flying flags which even bewilder our C.Y.S. and solitary leading Sig. V.I.P.s arriving en masse, and a Royal visit as well we're surely on our toes up here in Northern Ireland. The dressing lines have been in and out of the lockers at a speed which must put any French Government to shame; on two separate occasions the executive signal to dress and undress ship was broadcast on Port Wave and proved a success even beyond our sceptical aspirations. The highlight of the Term was undoubtedly the visit to *Sea Eagle* and R.N.A.S. Eglinton of H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent on May 29th. A very commendable parade of the W.R.N.S. Divisions earned us a welcome "makers". C-in-C Plymouth also came to see us and seemed very pleased. By now the W/T office deck is so highly polished that some of the staff fear to gaze at it when they come on watch—the reflections are strangely uncomplimentary!

Cupid has sent many shafts our way this Term and our female staff is once more near brand-new. We've already lost three of our seasoned veterans (GBR, P/W and BAR) in holy wedlock.

At the moment of writing we've got with us a Portuguese and a Royal Danish Naval Squadron, and the R.N.N. and U.S.N. have also graced our waters of late.

From our tame Wren:—

"A dead space is a pusser's graveyard."

"Intercoms are foundation garments for an undertaker."

"A super-hep receiver is one which will receive Radio Luxembourg negative QRM."

Problem for R.E.s.

If one multiplies a Frenchman by an Italian and gets a Scotsman what is one doing?

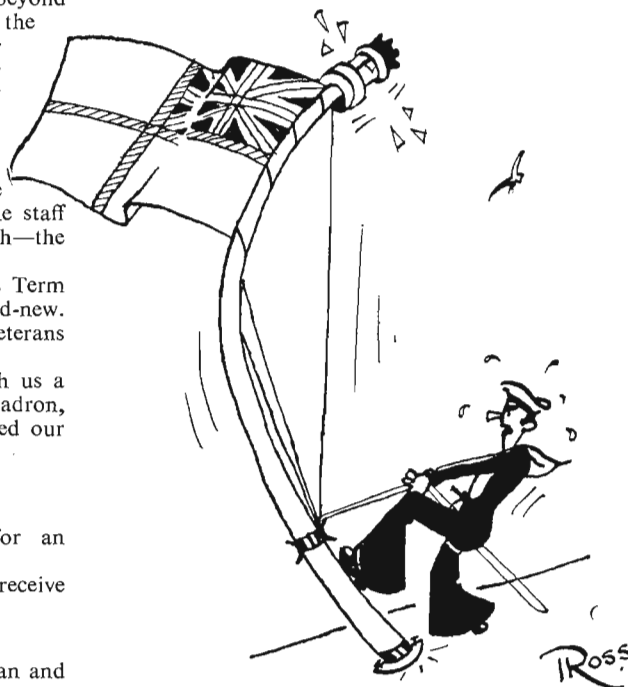
(Solution next issue).

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

At long last we are writing from our new quarters at St. Budeaux. After many months of planning and large scale alterations on the part of the Works Department, the Signal School is now firmly ensconced in what was formerly the drill shed at the W.R.N.S. Quarters with quite a slice of the old theatre thrown in for good measure. All the classrooms are thus concentrated in one block, with the exception of the C.R.R. and T.R. which are well separated buildings outside the main block.

The School is now run as a 'day-school' with only instructors living in, whilst other communication ratings are housed in Benbow block of the Royal Naval Barracks. Any Chatham communicator will recognise the situation immediately as we are now very much in line with that distinguished establishment at Prince Arthur Camp, except that we in Guzz have rather further to travel and have to do so mainly by boat.

It was with very nostalgic feelings that we vacated our old home of independence—even though in our last few weeks there, two attempts at "Destruction by fire" only just failed. In the first instance, one of the living huts was gutted completely. But 'it's an ill wind . . .' and one notices how very smart certain



"I'll give 'im 'alyards flapping!"

ratings are looking in their new uniforms! The second effort occurred in the main galley at night, and only the prompt and determined action of the duty watch (assisted by four fire engines from Plymouth!) kept Vic. Road on the map at all.

The Term has also had its fair share of 'Naval occasions' commencing with a large scale exercise, "Drake's Drum", to test our local defences from every possible angle. Apparently the drum still beats strongly, because the final analysis showed that we beat off our attackers—communications being well to the fore. On the ceremonial side, we were pleased to welcome Princess Margaret to the West Country for the unveiling of the Naval War Memorial on the Hoe on May 20th, followed by an impressive Review in honour of H.M. The Queen's official birthday. On both occasions, the School was well represented among the unarmed parties besides handling local communications.

The Pakistan contingent have at long last gone off to Liverpool to commission their new destroyer, and we would take this opportunity of wishing them God-speed on their impending return to home waters.

The Chiefs are feeling the pinch with regard to lack of numbers, but are manfully striving to keep their social activities alive. Their darts team entertained a team from the Standard Inn, Devonport and managed a draw, but lost the return match, 8-1. The old order certainly changeth, and C.P.O. Tels. Dracup, Claughan and Tombs have all left us during the past month to become Captains of Industry. On the incoming side, we welcome Chief Yeomen McGowan and Leythorne. Having lived on a diet of gramophone needles for the past 36 years, it is hardly surprising that Jan Leythorne finds himself Regulating Chief.

The P.O.'s mess is in an even worse state than the Chiefs. P.O. Tels. come and go with amazing swiftness. Yeomen seem to have gone to earth—or are they all overseas? To see one in the School is indeed a rare sight—and a brief one at that.

* * *

From a recent W.R.N.S. P. & O. Paper:—

Q. "What do you understand by radio hazards?"

A. "A radio hazard is an aerial seduced by a current."

UNDERWATER V.S.

"... (then) ratings of the Signal School, in period dress, held a signal message competition, during which they demonstrated methods and equipment used throughout the ages.

One of the most modern pieces of equipment used was the asdic-lamp, driven by a light-weight generator, which looked like a bicycle-cum-vacuum pump.

However this equipment was invaluable during the war, when it was used by advance raiding parties."

SOUTH EASTERN GAZETTE.

H.M.S. "HORNET"

We are very proud to have taken part in Operation "Loyalty". The 1st F.P.B. Squadron consisting of F.P.B.s 5516, 5002, 5033 and 5035 took over from ships of the Home Fleet the duties of escort to H.M. Yacht *Britannia* for the final part of her homecoming through the Solent. The 2nd Squadron consisting of *Gay Bombardier*, *Gay Bruiser*, *Gay Charger*, *Gay Charioteer* and *Gay Fencer* carried out the escort up the Thames. Both Squadrons took over the escort with an extremely "close manoeuvre"—approaching *Britannia* from ahead in two columns and passing as close as ten yards on either side of her; then turning sharply outwards and forming up into a close screen. This manoeuvre does not appear to be covered by anything in "The Book". The press gave us a good write-up, even the B.B.C. mentioned us and although the commentator's "bright sunshine" came down in buckets it didn't dampen our spirits. The hoisting of "BX" later gave us a much needed uplift, particularly the sparkers who had been braving the weather doubling as flagwaggers, all the manoeuvring having been carried out by flags.

The early part of June saw the 1st and 2nd Squadrons up at Lowestoft for various exercises, the most difficult of which seemed to be getting the archaic radio-van up there and setting it up as a Communication centre. The road trip up was more or less uneventful, but it did get rather monotonous changing the tow-rope from the radio-van's bows to her stern as she and the maintenance truck took it in turns to tow each other for varying distances and for equally varying reasons. The business of manoeuvring the said radio-van into position at Lowestoft caused lots and lots of schoolgirl language to purify the air. A haggard looking P.O. Tel. was heard to ask a local for the loan of a horse and harness, and there must have been several very nice residents who wondered how the railing in front of the Customs-house suddenly acquired a very distinct list to starboard. However, these and other matters were eventually straightened out to everyone's satisfaction. After acrobatic evolutions getting the aerials up everything refused to work, and some very tired boffins spent half the night drying damped waves and damper sets, unchoking plugs, or maybe it was un-plugging chokes, only to find next morning that all exercises were cancelled owing to the sea being force 2 or something. The Communication centre staff (P.O. Tel. and one plus one educated coder) consumed a nominal amount of tea, about two gallons per day, did crosswords, ogled the local beauties crossing the swing bridge and answered the telephone, sometimes, or otherwise had a very harassing time. Oh, I forgot to mention—we did actually raise somebody once, although I rather think he was on the wrong frequency. He shouldn't have called us on 200 kcs.



BOILING WAKE

H.M.S. "DOLPHIN" AND FIFTH SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Without a doubt the great event of the Term has been the Submarine Command's participation in Operation "Loyalty".

Although manoeuvring by executive method has been successfully carried out by surface ships for some years, it has seldom been found necessary for submarines to wheel and turn together, so the news that eight boats would have to perform these evolutions brought frowns to faces of the uninitiated in *Dolphin*. The Signal Books were unearthed and presented to Buntings whose hands were calloused from working Aldis Lamps but to whom Fleetwork was a manoeuvring—board exercise. The telegraphists were heard muttering "Execute to follow break" like Macbeth's witches and the P.O. Tels. all had on their brightest organising expressions. Both the T.C.S. and the 86M were remotored to the bridge by means of long menacing leads through the conning tower and after the initial shock of seeing everything work, plus a couple of "dummy runs", all was ready for the day.

So, on the 14th May, Flag Officer, Submarines, accompanied by his Flag Lieutenant and S.O. (O) embarked in *Alliance*, and followed by seven submarines left Portland to meet Her Majesty The Queen. Once in the rendezvous position column was formed in the order *Alliance*, *Artful*, *Acheron*, *Trespasser*, *Subtle*, *Scorcher* and *Selene*, and simple manoeuvring was carried out. The voice procedure was excellent and would have done credit to a Home Fleet destroyer squadron if that can be taken as any criterion.

At one time it looked as though we should be cheering a grey bank of fog but visibility gradually improved until for the first time that day the whole column was visible to the Flag Officer. As zero hour (1615) approached a biblical like plague of flies descended upon us and made life really miserable for a while. They stuck to submarine frocks, crawled inside collars and up sleeves, and hundreds were sucked down the conning tower into the engine room to annoy the stokers. Soon we saw the first ships in the approaching formation and *Britannia* appeared, shining, even in the grey light. It was quite an evolution cheering. Have you ever tried giving three cheers with a mouthful of flies? It sounded as though we were trying to gargle with sand.

Britannia kindly sent a signal saying that Her Majesty was on the lower bridge but we were only to obtain a fleeting glimpse of the Royal Family before the Royal Yacht passed on down the line. Then it was all over, and we "Yoke Miked" back to harbour in three groups hearing, when we arrived, those stirring words "Splice the Mainbrace", which completed a happy and memorable operation.

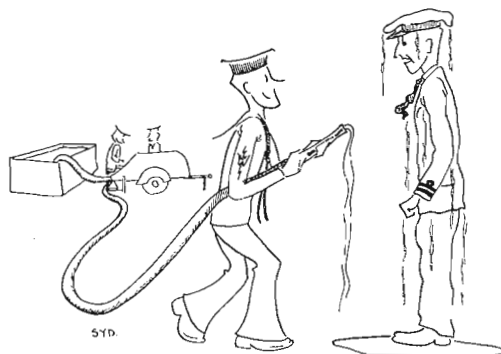
THIRD SUBMARINE SQUADRON

One invariably hears Rothesay referred to as the Riviera of the North, and is apt to treat the idea with a certain amount of scepticism. But lo and behold, whilst Test cricketers are prone to wearing galoshes and gamps, we up here swelter in weeks of sunshine so that make and mends are spent sailing, cricketing and golfing (the latter is rapidly becoming popular amongst the Communicators. Buntings handicap: not being able to see the ball; sparkers handicap: not being able to hear vociferous shouts of 'Fore'). Numerous paddle steamers bring hordes of day trippers to Rothesay and a sailing whaler, crewed by Communicators, whilst burning a distress candle to call the depot ship's attention to two overturned dinghies during a race, received a great chuck-up from the numerous passengers lining the steamer's deck! Needless to say, the distress candle was not seen by the depot ship.

Sailing races take place each week-end, though great care is being taken not to scratch, mar or otherwise deface paintwork, thwarts or sails before F.O.S./M.'s inspection.

Despite the levity, our training programme continues apace, both for S/Ms exercising at sea and the Depot Ship instructional training of communicators. Boys and Junior rates are given every opportunity to undergo a course of instruction for advancement—it is our big drip that we no sooner get the staff well up than they are drafted and a new batch of bodies to be trained arrives!

Of the boats, *Tireless* and *Tally-ho* have been away on longer cruises this Term than usual; the latter is due to surface any time now after crossing the Atlantic by 'underground.' Other boats have been to Scandinavian ports for brief visits—the last that most will take from *Montclare's* side, as *Adamant*, it is hoped, will be taking over Depot Ship duties after Summer leave.



"Fool! I said 'For Exercise'."

(Well, come on all you experts—what should he have said? Or was he right?)

H.M.S. "ALBION"

Ten years after the keel had been laid down *Albion* was commissioned on 24th May. On completion of the inspection by the Captain Superintendent, Contract Built Ships, the advance commissioning party embarked at Wallsend-on-Tyne where the ship had been built by Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson. Although H.M.S. *Albion* was now commissioned she had not been officially accepted, and therefore continued to wear the Red Ensign.

The main commissioning party arrived at the local station at 1630 the next day and marched down to the ship headed by the firm's brass band, which was extremely good and looked very smart in its grey uniform.

On the 27th we sailed from the Tyne for the final machinery trials. On completion the Captain signed for the ship and the White Ensign was hoisted and the Masthead Pendant was broken. Shortly afterwards the majority of the civilians were disembarked and the ship sailed North about for Portsmouth.

Since that date trials have been taking place each day, and already the wireless equipment has been completed except for the D.F. which will be calibrated very shortly.

It is a very busy time for the Communication Department, but the staff have settled down well and have by now got accustomed to canvas bunks and cafeteria messing.

The future programme indicates that the ship will sail towards the middle of September to work up, probably in the Mediterranean.

H.M.S. "BOXER"

The prime topic of conversation and discussion in the department is the change in drafting status of local Squadrons, from Home Sea Service to Port Service. A wit on board has defined Port Service as "Service in any port but your home one" and for a "shore station" we certainly perform some amazing tasks on the rolling side of Outer Spit Buoy.

Shortly after Easter during exercises with our Dutch counterpart, the R.P. training ship H.N.M.S. *Soemba*, we had many opportunities both onboard and ashore in Holland, of getting to know well the Dutch communicators, and *Boxer* ratings would here like to put on record their thanks for the kindness and hospitality of their Dutch opposite numbers. We look forward to meeting them again in the near future.

The Branch is at the moment doing intensive training for the Squadron Regatta which takes place in early July. We have already mastered such nautical terms as "Bows", "Oars", and the like, and a harrassed C.C.O. is now attempting to make us pull twice our weight on every possible occasion.

No Sparker could ever write about the *Boxer* without mentioning our control system, the "Knobbly". Perhaps the kindest comment that can



One of the latest pieces of Wireless equipment. If you don't know what it is, turn to page 91.

be made about it is that the installers must have realised its limitations (to put it mildly!) at an early date, as it is believed that we are the only ship cursed with its presence. J.P.

SIXTH FRIGATE SQUADRON

The Summer Cruise has kept us busy but we have had plenty of variety. Operation "Loyalty" went off well, though we had a worrying time when numerous small craft got in the way just as we were about to do our turn in at speed to steam past the Royal Yacht.

Since then we have visited the Scilly Isles, Portland, Invergordon and Scapa with Squadron or Fleet exercises going on most of the time, and we have Norwegian, Danish and English seaside resorts to look forward to before Summer leave. In *Venus*, when volunteers were called for to live ashore in Brighton to set up a Shore W/T Station, the Chief was nearly knocked down in the rush.

Our Squadron Regatta, held in Scapa, was won by *Venus*, though in the Fleet Regatta the Sixth F.S. did not do too well. However, the Communication crew came third in practically a photo finish.

* * *

Heard on the bridge:—

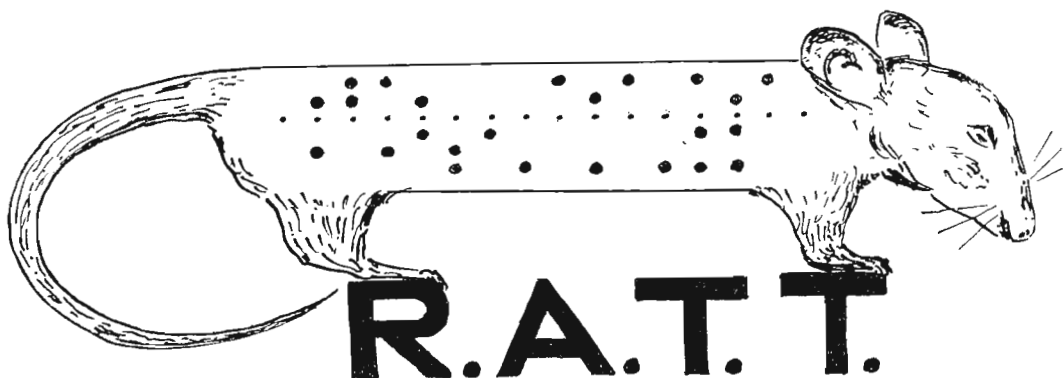
Capt: O.O.W., we are far too close! Why aren't we in station?

O.O.W.: Because we are the guide, Sir.

* * *

O.O.W.: Signalmen, why aren't we showing the flag for "sucking back?"

Signalmen: Because we are "blowing through, Sir."



With the imminent introduction of R.A.T.T. into ships for Broadcast reception and for close range tactical inter-communication, it is felt that a short explanation of what R.A.T.T. means may not come amiss.

The Americans call teleprinters 'teletypewriters', and hence R.A.T.T. stands for 'Radio Teletype'. It is sometimes known as R.T.P. or Radio Teletprinter. It is one of several forms of Automatic Telegraphy which are in existence, the object of all of which is to speed up communications and to supersede, as far as possible, the human operator by a machine. Automatic Morse and Hellschreiber are two other examples of Automatic Telegraphy.

The machine used in R.A.T.T. is the teleprinter or teletypewriter, which can be regarded, at the transmitting end as a typewriter which transmits signals in the 5 unit code, and at the receiving end as a typewriter which accepts signals in the 5 unit code and prints them on a piece of paper.

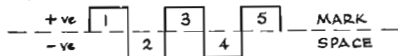
There are many signal codes in existence of which the best known, to Sparkers at any rate, has so far been the morse code. The 5 unit code is much the same as the morse code, except that all the symbols transmitted are of the same length. Instead of a combination of dots and dashes, each character consists of a combination of positive and negative impulses, or 'marks' and 'spaces'.

Consider the letter Y:—

MORSE CODE

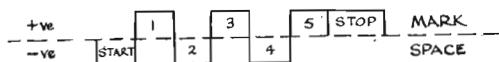


5 UNIT CODE



It will be realised that it is somehow essential to synchronise the speeds of the motors driving the transmitting and receiving teleprinters, especially if the two machines in question are several thousand miles apart. In fact it is not possible to do this, and the system generally adopted to achieve synchronis-

ation is to precede each 5 unit character with a START impulse of one 'space', and to follow each character with a STOP impulse of one and a half 'mark' elements. The 5 unit code as used with our teleprinters now becomes what is known as the 'seven and a half unit Start Stop code', and the letter Y now looks like this:—



A teleprinter therefore is a machine which produces combinations of positive and negative impulses corresponding to the letters which are typed on its keyboard. When used with radio, these impulses must be caused to key a radio transmitter. There are three main methods of doing this, all of which are in current use in the Royal Navy:

(i) *Interrupted Carrier Keying*, sometimes called 'On-off reversed keying'. In this method the mark impulse keys the transmitter, which is idle during the space impulse. In the same way as a morse operator presses the key for a dot causing the transmitter to radiate, so the teleprinter causes the transmitter to radiate each time it emits a 'mark' impulse. But whereas in morse the transmitter is idle or spacing between dots and dashes, it will be seen that in R.A.T.T. the transmitter is radiating between characters because the STOP element (which is held on between characters) is a 'mark'. Hence the term 'On-off reversed keying'. The reason for this is to ensure that the transmitter is radiating for a longer period than it is idle in order that the A.G.C. circuits in the receivers are kept steady, thus providing a more steady and stable signal.

I.C.K. requires no extra equipment at the transmitting end over and above that required for morse transmission; at the receiving end all that is required in addition to the receiver is a box called a D.C. Bridge which converts the audio note produced by the receiver into a D.C. impulse which, through a Creed relay, actuates the receiving teleprinter.

(ii) *Frequency Shift Keying*. In this method the transmitter radiates continuously, on one frequency

for a 'mark' impulse, and on another frequency a few hundred cycles apart, for a 'space' impulse. For instance, the transmitter may radiate on 4145 kcs for 'space' and 4145.8 kcs for 'mark'.

The advantage of F.S.K. over I.C.K. is that the receiver has a continuous signal coming in, even though it will be varying over this few hundred cycles 'frequency shift' all the time. On the other hand, extra equipment in the form of a 'Frequency Shift Drive Unit' (or 'Keyer') is required at the transmitting end. This Drive Unit varies the frequency of the transmitter to correspond to the mark and space elements being transmitted by the teleprinter. At the receiving end, the D.C. Bridge used with I.C.K. is replaced by a box called a 'Converter' which sorts out the two audio frequencies from the receiver into positive or negative impulses (Marks and spaces) to drive the teleprinter direct.

(iii) *Single Side Band.* This method is really Keyed Tone Modulation. Each teleprinter is caused to key one audio tone Generator for 'mark' and a different audio tone Generator, usually 120 cycles apart, for 'space'. The carrier wave of the transmitter is modulated by whichever audio tone is being keyed by the teleprinter. One side band only of the resulting modulated carrier wave is transmitted.

Up to six teleprinters, each keying different audio tones for mark and space, can be carried on one side band. At the receiving end, filters sort out the audio tones coming out of the receiver, and allow each audio tone to pass through to the teleprinter to which it belongs, the tone being converted to a D.C. impulse before reaching the teleprinter.

As may be imagined, comparatively large and expensive equipment is necessary for single side band working, although the traffic capacity of one radio circuit carrying six teleprinters on one sideband and (possibly) six separate teleprinters on the other side band is very high.

So far we have been thinking of an operator typing out a message on the keyboard of a teleprinter, and thus we have really been considering Manual Telegraphy rather than Automatic Telegraphy. To make the operation of R.A.T.T. more automatic, the transmitting operator types out the signal on an instrument called a 'keyboard perforator' which produces a tape perforated to correspond to the signal. This tape can then be placed in an instrument called an 'automatic transmitter' which automatically transmits the positive or negative signal elements to line or radio in the same way as the teleprinter did.

At the receiving end, the signal can be read on an instrument called a 'reperforator' instead of, or as well as, on the receiving teleprinter. The reperforator produces a tape identical to that which was fed into the auto transmitter at the transmitting end. This tape at the receiving end can then be torn off the reperforator and placed in the outgoing auto

transmitter of another circuit. Hence the term 'tape relay' which is merely a form of 'switching' or 'relaying' between one circuit and another. On most circuits nowadays a Printing Reperforator is used at the receiving end which produces a tape on which is also overprinted the text of the signal in plain language; thus the operator is able to see at a glance the address and text of the incoming signal contained in the perforations on the tape.

It might be thought from the above description that R.A.T.T. will be an easy solution to quicker and more automatic communications. It must however, be remembered that a machine cannot reason in the same way as the human brain can. The machine cannot detect the difference between the wanted signal and unwanted interference in the same way that a human operator is able to. It is liable therefore to receive interference thinking that it is part of the wanted signal; also it will be unable to read the wanted signal if there is any high degree of extraneous noise or interference. It is therefore essential that the signal to noise ratio is very good, and much better than is necessary for human reception. Hence, on long distance circuits it is normally very necessary to use what is called Diversity Reception, to achieve maximum Signal to Noise ratio.

The machine and associated equipment also require a much higher degree of maintenance than does the human operator with his signal pad, pencil or typewriter. It is also more expensive.

There are in existence at present various forms of 'error detecting' signal codes, similar to the 5 unit code but slightly more complicated. The object of these codes is to provide a means whereby, if there is doubt as to the correctness of the reception of a particular character, a symbol is automatically printed to indicate that an error has probably occurred. These error detecting codes are in widespread use on Commercial radio and cable circuits, and it is possible that, with the difficulties inherent in obtaining foolproof reception in a ship, they may well be used in the future in the Royal Navy.

S.F.B.

BALANCE OF POWER

Russia has at last begun to hand over to the Americans at Istanbul some of the naval vessels borrowed during the war for defence against Germany. And the Americans, it is reported, have decided to lend them straight away to Turkey for defence against Russia. It will save cartage, for one thing. Other nations interested in subscribing to this circulating navy are advised to put their names down early before the Germans, with their well-known logical turn of mind, apply to use the vessels for defence against Turkey.

PUNCH.

CHURCHILLIANA

Speech in the House, 1952.

"Personally I am always ready to learn, although I do not always like being taught."

Minute to Second Sea Lord, 1939.

"Will you kindly explain to me the reasons which debar individuals in certain branches from rising by merit to commissioned rank? If a cook may rise, or a steward, why not an electrical artificer or an ordnance rating or a shipwright? If a telegraphist may rise, why not a painter? Apparently there is no difficulty about painters rising in Germany!"

Speech in the House, 1935, on being asked by Mr. Baldwin not to indulge in panic.

"It is very much better sometimes to have a panic feeling beforehand, and then be quite calm when things happen, than to be extremely calm beforehand and to get into a panic when things happen."

'Savrola'.

"It is hard, if not impossible, to snub a beautiful woman—they remain beautiful and the rebuke recoils."

Writing of the disaster on Spion Kop, 1900.

"One lad of about nineteen was munching a biscuit. His right trouser leg was soaked in blood. I asked whether he was wounded. 'No, sir; it's only blood from an officer's head,' he answered, and went on eating his biscuit."

Memo to Chief of Combined Operations, 1942.

"Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves."

Speech in the House, 1942.

"It had many defects and teething troubles, and when these became apparent the tank was appropriately rechristened the 'Churchill'."

Speech in the House, 1951.

"I really do not see that I am called upon to draw up such precise regulations for those who may be departing on week-ends. It does not follow that the week-ends are spent in idleness. I have often known them to become more fruitful than the mid-week period."

'Triumph and Tragedy'.

"I do not see any other way of realising our hopes about a World Organisation in five or six days. Even the Almighty took seven."

Speech at Margate, 1953.

"Personally, I like short words and vulgar fractions."

Speech in the House, 1950.

"The argument is now put forward that we must never use the atomic bomb until, or unless, it has been used against us first. In other words, you must never fire until you have been shot dead. That seems to me . . . a silly thing to say."

'The Hinge of Fate'.

"There is no doubt that people like winning very much."

'The Grand Alliance'.

"It is dangerous to meddle with Admirals when they say they can't do things."

Speech in the House, 1952.

"I understood that we were in entire agreement before I said what I said, and after I said what I said I also understood that we were in entire agreement."

Broadcast, 1939.

"Russia is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

Reply to an American feminist who asked what the role of women should be in the future.

"The same, I trust, as it has been since the days of Adam and Eve."

Speech in the House, 1952.

"I have always considered that the substitution of the internal combustion engine for the horse marked a very gloomy milestone in the progress of mankind."

Speech in the House, 1944, on being asked to avoid the mistakes made after the war of 1914-18.

"I am sure the mistakes of that time will not be repeated; we shall probably make another set of mistakes."

'The Gathering Storm'.

"It is a curious fact about the British Islanders, who hate drill and have not been invaded for nearly a thousand years, that as danger comes nearer and grows, they become progressively less nervous; when it is imminent, they are fierce; when it is mortal, they are fearless. These habits have led them into some very narrow escapes."

Speech in the House, 1937.

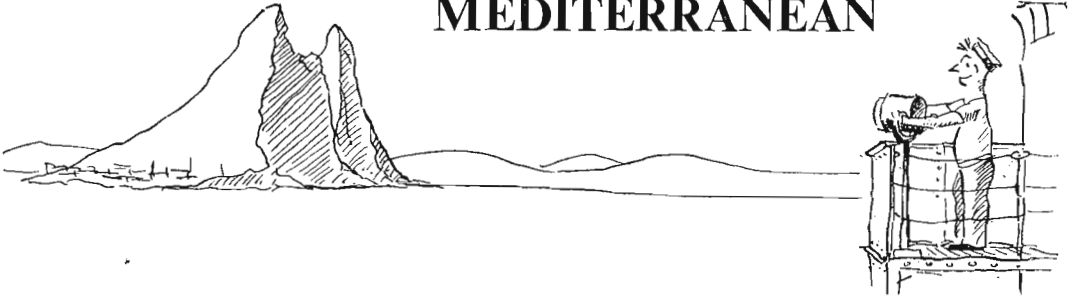
"I acted with great promptitude. In the nick of time, just as Mr. Snowden was rising with overwhelming fury, I got up (and withdrew the tax on kerosene). Was I humiliated? Was I accused of running away? No! Everyone said: 'How clever! How quick! How right!' Pardon me referring to it. It was one of my best days."

On his 75th Anniversary, having been asked if he had any fear of death.

"I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the great ordeal of meeting me is another matter."

(With Acknowledgment to "Sir Winston Churchill: A Self-Portrait" by Colin R. Coote, published by Eyre and Spottiswoode).

MEDITERRANEAN



MALTA M.S.O.

Our greatest event since last going to press, was the visit of Her Majesty The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh to Malta. Perhaps some readers have never seen Lascaris; well, from the signal bridge one has a good view of the approaches to Malta and the whole of Grand Harbour is laid out before us. This made it possible to witness the whole approach of *Britannia*, with full escort, in all its splendid grandeur. For this Royal occasion, Lascaris was open to the wives and children of all our staff, who had grandstand seats. Richard Dimbleby gave a much better description of the event than I could ever hope to do, but I would like to put on record that we here enjoyed to the full our small portion of the Royal Tour.

On *Britannia's* first visit to Malta, en route for Tobruk, the attention of the Bridge personnel was slightly distracted one afternoon by the activities of Prince Charles and Princess Anne. On the bridge of the *Britannia* a signalman was wopping out semaphore whilst astern of him were the Royal Children enjoying a game of football with a Cap, White, Round, sailor for the use of. It is rumoured that no one would believe the poor matelot's story at the following Sunday Divisions.

The new style suits have been under trial by several members of our staff and the general opinion is that they are indeed an improvement. The persons concerned, however, are just a little weary of them. Every parade that has taken place since the arrival of the suits has had to be attended by the owners, to enable the various inspecting officers to ask each one his opinion. One of our more hard up laddies passes this off by saying that: "I would go to Divisions every day for a FREE suit"; but then, he didn't get one.

Exercises have greatly affected our manning problems, and look like continuing to do so for some time to come. As a result, we have been switching from four watches to three and back again so quickly that everyone is getting dizzy. This seems to have caused a rise in the marriage stakes, as we have three weddings forecast so far this year. Probably the people concerned have decided that they have been together for so long now in three watches, that they might just as well spend the rest of their lives together.

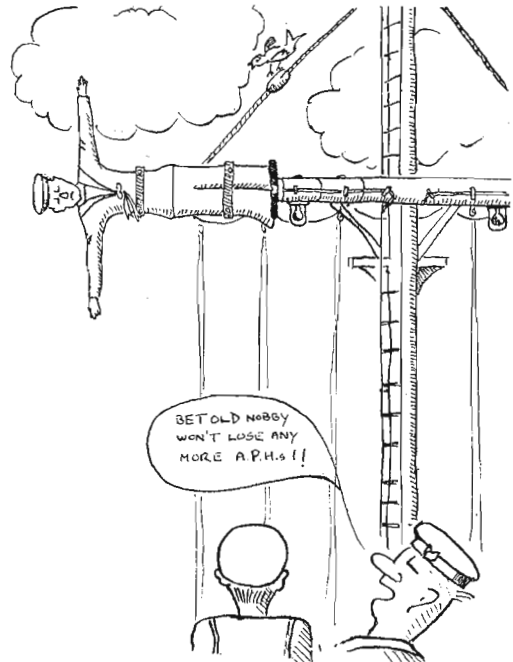
MANOEL ISLAND M.S.O.

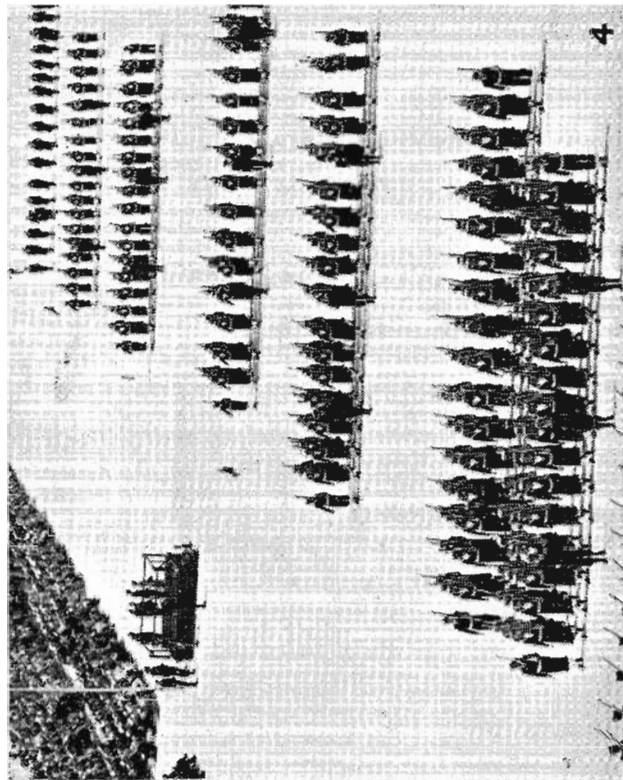
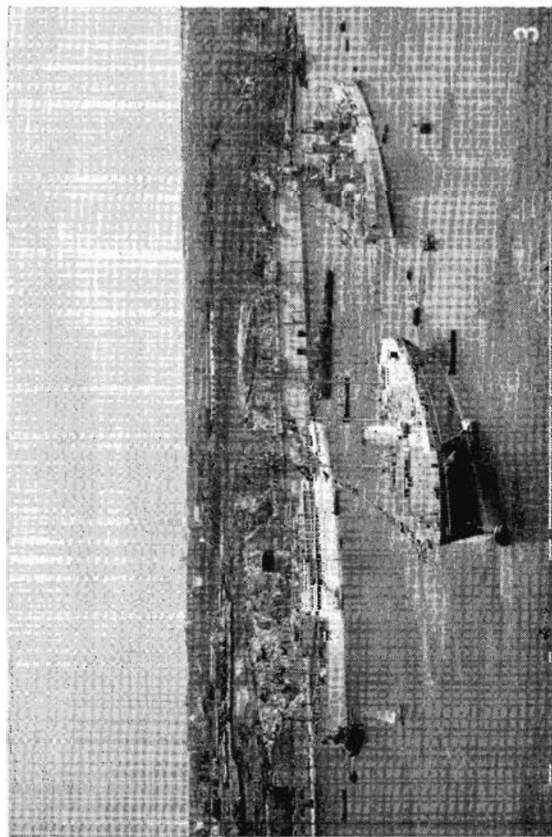
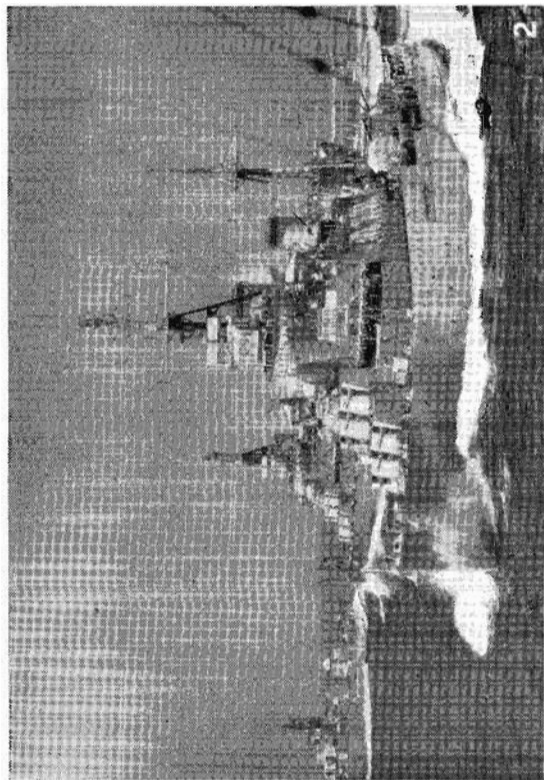
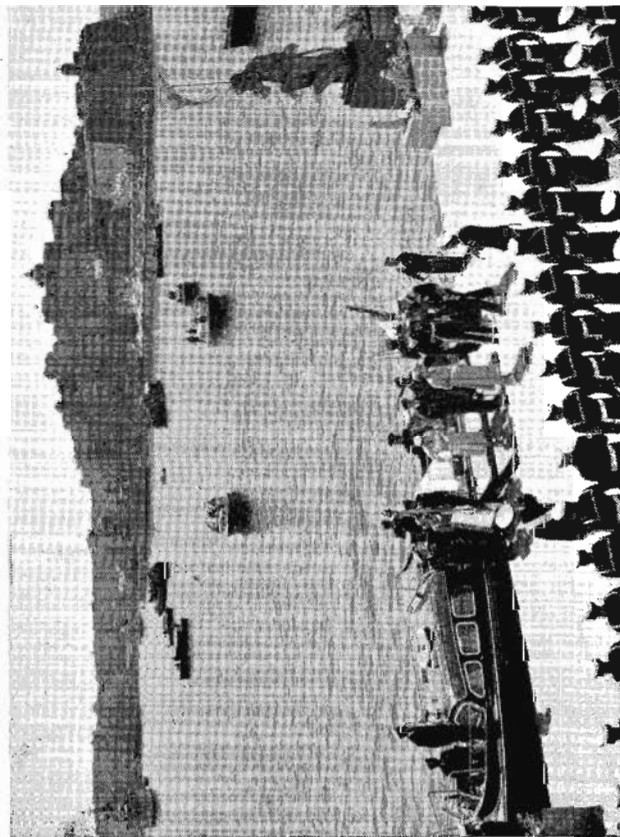
Since writing last, the old M.S.O. has been converted into a lounge and recreational space. The new M.S.O. has now been well run in and has the addition of a Crypto Office.

Yeo. Winstanley (Dev.) assisted by Sig. Rogerson (Dev.) had the honour of breaking the Royal Standard at the Combined Services Parade held during H.M. the Queen's visit to Malta.

A request was recently played over the Mediterranean Fleet Broadcasting Service for the 'Ships in Sliema Creek' from 'M.I.S.S.' entitled "Answer Me." I do not think the request was intended to be as plaintive as the song, nevertheless we are now awaiting the inevitable replies.

R.I.I.F.





ROYAL TOUR IN THE

1. Her Majesty the Queen lands at Customs House, Malta.
2. "Gambia", "Bermuda" and "Delight" escorting "Britannia".
3. "Gothic", "Britannia" and "Glasgow" in Grand Harbour.
4. Combined Services Parade on Floriana Parade Ground

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR

The visit of the combined Fleets certainly loaded the communication channels, and gave us all at Gibraltar plenty to think about. The day the Fleets arrived the Training Squadron lowered cutters and whalers in the vicinity of Ceuta then entered Gibraltar leaving them to make their way by sail. This was a fine sight from Windmill Hill Signal Station, and a most unusual one.

Another very spectacular event was the "Beating of the Retreat" by the massed Bands of the Royal Marines augmented by the Pipers of the Royal Scots Greys. On completion, the Bands were given a rousing ovation by a very large crowd of spectators.

The Signal Officers Dinner was held on the Quarter Deck of H.M.S. *Glasgow*, C-in-C Med. and F.O.2 Med. being present. Lieutenant Stokes, Officer-in-Charge W.H.S.S. and Mrs. Stokes had a very jovial gathering of Branch Officers at their bungalow at Europa Point.

A rather severe easterly gale during the Fleet visit caused the loss of the Spanish Minesweeper *Guadalete* not far to the East of Gibraltar. H.M.S. *Superb* was ordered to sea to help, but the vessel had sunk before *Superb* arrived in the area.

Right at the end of the Fleet's visit we had the *Empire Windrush* disaster, and we had a revival of wartime depot scenes of survivors walking round with all sorts of comic rigs.

C.Y.S. Bunkin has finally vacated his "Hole in the Rock", his last act was the organisation of a Communicators' bus trip to Jerez. The main attraction was the "William and Humbert" Bodega, famed throughout the world for its excellent Sherry. The party received a very warm and friendly welcome (even though Her Majesty's visit was not far off), and after a very interesting tour of the Bodega were able to sample all brands of Sherry of all vintages. The supply was unlimited and free. (Note this place in your diaries as "Well worth a visit", if the opportunity knocks).

We now have a small contingent of W.R.N.S. Communicators on loan to assist in "MEDSHIP-ABLE". We at W.H.S.S. no longer hear the usual background remarks when in contact with the M.S.O. by phone. They are all hoping to fly over to Tangier for a day's visit before they go home.

And finally, the greatest event of all, the Royal Visit. This was very short but very, very sweet. Gibraltar was freshly painted and extremely well decorated for the occasion and the Gibraltarians gave Her Majesty, The Duke of Edinburgh and their adorable children a welcome which I am sure they will long remember. It was very moving to see tears of sheer joy, emotion and deep loyalty just rolling down the cheeks of men and women alike. The Services parade for this Royal occasion was first class, and the Naval contingent, interspersed with Communicators "for stability", was excellent.

SECOND M.S.S.

These last few months have been a lean period for the sweepers in the Mediterranean. Since last November, the Squadron, with the exception of *Sursay*, has been refitting—and only now are we starting to shake off the dirt and grime of the dockyard and becoming active units once more. It has involved paying off our old leader—*Fierce*—and commissioning *Recruit* in her place.

Sursay, our valiant danlayer, has kept the old flag flying for us—and no doubt all will have heard of her exploits in connection with the salvage of the Comet which crashed off Elba—whilst, in the sporting field, *Plucky* walked off with both the light and heavy-weight Tug-of-War Championships in the Fleet Athletics.

As a matter of fact, the salvage of the Comet has been almost entirely a Minesweeper Communication commitment and many are those who have had a draft to Elba. The change of air was appreciated particularly by the Signalmen who, living in not inconsiderable comfort at the Belimare Hotel, Porto Assurro, drawing fat allowances, and eating first class meals with 'vino' thrown in, were loathe to return to Malta.

These days are all but over—and very shortly, the Squadron will once more be on the air.

One final word—the 2nd M.S.S. is now one of the few units on Foreign Service in the Mediterranean which, for the married man, has distinct advantages. Any volunteers?

FIFTH FRIGATE SQUADRON

It's been a busy few months. The Squadron has covered the Mediterranean Command from Gibraltar to the Gulf of Aqaba culminating with a most unusual occurrence—all the four ships together with our tails to Navy House at Port Said. That's only the second time that it's ever happened but it wasn't for long as *Wrangler* and *Wakeful*, much to the joy of the Natives, left for Malta after only five hours in company.

Roebuck was excused duties during Operation Elba Isle when the rest of us had a busy but interesting time looking for the Comet. So P.O. Tel. Houghton missed the opportunity of adding to our total of 50,000 words of "Presse". We know how much he regrets this. "Touchline" saw three of us escorting a convoy which didn't derive much protection from our powerful surface armament against a strong raiding force. Pakistan communication ratings from *Tariq* were lent to us and a great help they were.

After Gibraltar came a visit to Bone where a couple of pieces of bunting settled ashore and would have remained there if L.O.A. and Ice Money had been granted.

On our way to Port Said we paid a short visit to Malta; then on to seven rather dull weeks. So dull indeed that we had communication ratings

volunteering to do escort duties down to Fayid. Maybe it was to meet the Wren who sent on L.C.W.: "Wrangler is keeping watch on Practical Secondary"

At the end of May we left *Whirlwind* and *Roebuck* to guard the fortress, especially the warehouses, and back to Malta. On reaching the breakwater the Natives' smiles soon changed as *Wrangler* and *Wakeful* altered course to the North at 25 knots to search for a man overboard.

"Vicar" and her "Threadbare" squadron carry on but I'd like to know who picked our callsign.

Wrangler to Helicopter . . . "Where are you?"

Helpful Helicopter . . . "Up here."

H.M.S. "BERMUDA"

At this moment we are giving F.O.2 Med a ride round the Eastern end of the pond, and enjoying it too. If you've been to Beirut you'll get the idea. It's not all play of course, we are showing the flag in a big way and taking the President of the Lebanon to sea, and exposing ourselves to the gunfire of *Daring* and *Delight*; let's hope the six degrees throw-off leaves no room for tolerance.

A little while back we had the honour to escort Her Majesty The Queen, and of course the Med. Fleet 'did it big' as we are expected to, passing at half a cable and turning 180° at two cables, certainly rather breathtaking.

Some of us have been trying to promote foreign relations, our well-known Chief Tel. ending up the other evening playing the piano at a dance on a Turkish ship and another member of the staff fraternising with our ex-enemies and coming back full of good food, beer and 'Gemutlichkeit'.

Well unless the crack in the other Guzz cruiser widens dangerously, we'll be with you in U.K. again in November, meanwhile we'll continue to

get on with the job quietly and efficiently, and leave the trumpet blowing to those with most wind.

* * *

No one said goodnight.

C-in-C from Capt. (D) during 'Meet The Queen manoeuvres: "Am turning in now."

* * *

Well, he is a big chap.

From Eagle's flying programme: 1330—Two Avengers to Hal Far with Richard Dimbleby.

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

Life at Hal Far, basking in the Mediterranean summer, is now very cheerful, with plenty of fine swimming, sailing, tennis and so on. For the information of anyone getting a draft out here, families usually follow their husbands by air in about six to eight weeks, a good arrangement which gives time for accommodation to be arranged, and providing one takes the rough with the smooth, it's an excellent spot for married people. We have a mixed complement of male ratings and Wrens which also works out well for the bachelor.

A big move is now pending. The old C.R.R. with its mass of untidy wiring is at last being abandoned, and by the time this is published we shall be installed in a brand new C.R.R. with better facilities and lighting; whilst at the same time the small M.S.O. is being moved into a bigger and better office. Tropical routine is now in force, which means a flat-out period from 0700 to 1300 and then apart from the duty watch, a good zizz, sunbathe, or what have you.

By a serious omission, the photograph of the staff in the last COMMUNICATOR missed out a most valuable member, whose pride was greatly hurt by this tactlessness. We therefore enclose, with 'Meows to all' a photograph of—'Bunts'!



Nice and quiet.



Getting busy.



It's been hell!

SECOND FRIGATE SQUADRON

Since last writing from the Canal Zone we have received some unexpected news which makes us feel both happy and sad. Happy because in the not too distant future we shall again see the green fields and the Mild and Bitter—not just the weather!—of the U.K. Sad because the Second F.S. is coming to an end and all will go their separate ways, leaving only happy memories of our times together.

We returned to Malta in mid-April from the Canal Zone and spent the next fortnight "Spring" cleaning for our eagerly awaited trip to Tobruk and back as escort for Her Majesty in *Britannia*.

We arrived at Tobruk on 30th April in advance of *Britannia* and sailed the following day immediately. The Queen embarked shortly after noon. During the return passage to Malta we witnessed scenes of ceremony that will long remain in our memories. The meeting with the remainder of the Mediterranean Fleet some two hundred miles from Malta was indeed a spectacle.

The Squadron sports, held shortly after the Royal visit, were our last "recreation" for a time as we had received the sad news that the Flag Officer Flotillas had expressed a desire to inspect us in *Mermaid*. In the Service tradition this was "passed down the line" and Captain (F) expressed a likewise desire so far as *Peacock* were concerned.

Both inspections were carried out during the first week in June and immediately afterwards all three ships entered the Dockyard for a well-earned rest.

We conclude by saying Good-Bye to the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR, and those of us in *Mermaid* and *Peacock* hope you have nice weather for Summer leave as we should be spending it with you.

H.M.S. "RICASOLI"

In the last contribution mention was made of the first W.R.N.S. Sigs. Class. Now comes the end of the first W.R.N.S. Tel. Course and it should be stated here that, after quite a few holidays at Easter, The Queen's visit and Whitsun, this class has acquitted themselves very well indeed. Congratulations.

The Leading Sigs. and Leading Tels. courses are progressing favourably and the S.T.C. has been busy since April with regular classes and refresher courses; even E.M.s are taken for touch-typing courses. A course of R.F.A. Maltese Signal Boys passed their examination successfully and are now let loose in the fleet.

There are still vacancies for the Leading Sigs. course and more names are required for the roster, so come on you prospective Leading 'Rag Tearers' and request for a course. It's not so very difficult.

Now that Summer has come to Malta, the Fleet Lido is a great attraction for the courses at the S.T.C. and quite a lot is learnt (I hope) in the dog watches.

TELEGRAPHIST (S) BRANCH

We must begin this, our second article in THE COMMUNICATOR, by warmly congratulating Leading Telegraphist (S) Davidovitz on the award of the British Empire Medal.

Since our first appearance in print in the Christmas number, the Branch has gradually expanded until we are eighty-five strong. Three new courses have passed out and, at the time of going to press, are enjoying the benefits that can come only from a Home Fleet Summer cruise. Applications for transfer to the Branch continue to come in, and the drafting authorities at the various depots are very good to us in releasing men to undergo courses in *Mercury*. It is however, quite a task to get five or six men together in one place and at one time in order to convert them to Telegraphist (S) ratings. One of the things we cannot do at present is to recall a person from some far-flung out-post of the British Empire after that person has done only a few months away from home. If you think the Tel. (S) Branch is the thing for you, and you are in barracks or your ship is in Home waters, then put in your request, and have your name forwarded to *Mercury*. If you are abroad, then put in your request before your time abroad expires, and your name will be noted. The terms of A.F.O. 2524/53 are still applicable, and these are that the rating volunteering must have served at least six months at sea either as a Telegraphist or Ordinary Telegraphist, and must have at least three years of his current engagement still to be completed.

With the advent of General Service commissions, a great deal of drafting has been going on in H.M.S. *Mercury*, but Tel. (S) ratings proceeding on draft are generally recognisable, as they either leave the establishment wearing neatly tailored civilian clothes (provided by pusser) and in their own transport, or they go dressed in No. 8's. Our commitments continue to be irregular and rather unpredictable, but since Christmas, everyone in the branch, apart from a few stalwarts in the Med., has had a change of scenery; we have also provided film extras, and Leading Tel. Read spent a wonderful month clambering around various pieces of gymnastic equipment at Earls Court.

For the future it is now certain that a National Service entry will be starting shortly, and it is hoped that this entry will mount up to about 100 a year. The Continuous Service entry will also be increasing to a total strength of 100. If you think that there are now only about fifteen vacancies for Tel. (S) conversion ratings, it must be remembered that we, in our Utopia, also have losses through normal releases, and our replacement requirements for the next twelve months are fairly high. If therefore you feel you are cut out to be a Tel. (S) let us have your 1303a, and leave the rest to us.

THE AGE OF STOLEN CODES

Based on incidents related in "Secret and Urgent" by Fletcher Pratt,
published by Robert Hale Limited.

The early years of the present century might well be called the 'Age of the Stolen Codes'. This activity seems to have centred round Vienna, where the international manoeuvres of the period were concentrated.

It was there that an astute Russian spy, observing details of the unsavoury private life of Colonel Redl, Head of the Austrian espionage and counter-espionage organisations, used this information to blackmail him into handing over many of Austria's war plans, and a copy of the Austrian military code book. These treasonable acts were not discovered until 1912, and had much to do with Austria's defeats in the early part of the war.

About the time this scandal was breaking, the head of the Austrian code department went to his safe one day and took out the code book. Opening it he was dismayed to find that while the cover resembled the real book in every detail, the inside consisted only of blank pages. This particular mystery solved itself quite quickly and rather ludicrously. The thief turned out to be an Italian countess who had become the mistress of a Staff Lieutenant in the code department; she thought that her connection might enable her to make a small fortune. During her calls on the Lieutenant she noted details of the appearance of the code book and was able to prepare a dummy book. On a subsequent visit she was easily able to engineer the switch and the Lieutenant unwittingly locked the dummy in the safe.

The countess then sent her emissary to the Russian embassy with an offer to sell them the code, for which she was certain she would get a good price. Unfortunately for her, the Russians had already got a copy of the code from Colonel Redl, although the Austrians had not yet discovered this. Much to her surprise therefore, the Russians turned down her offer, and even went so far as to inform the Austrians of the name of the emissary and the purpose of his visit. The countess was quickly tracked down and had no alternative but to return the code book and flee the country.

The Austrians were also neatly caught by a Serbian gentleman who offered to sell them a copy of the Serbian diplomatic code. It was in manuscript, having been painstakingly copied, he said, by his nephew who was employed in the Serbian code department. The Austrians rather naturally demanded some guarantee that the code was genuine. The Serb offered to leave it for a few days trial. This seemed a reasonable arrangement, and when a couple of encrypted telegrams arrived a day or two later addressed to the Serbian Ambassador, copies were passed by the telegraph office to the

code department where they were rapidly decrypted with the aid of the new code book. The Serbian gentleman was promptly paid his fee of 10,000 kroner.

It wasn't until five days later that another telegram for the Serbian Ambassador was intercepted. This one however seemed to be completely corrupt. To try and discover what the trouble was, the Austrians eventually made up a dummy message in the new code and got one of their agents in Belgrade to transmit it to the Serbian Ambassador, marked 'Urgent'. Less than an hour after its receipt, an angry secretary from the Serbian embassy was at the telegraph office demanding repetitions of three messages which he said had arrived in a hopelessly garbled condition. They were the two which the Austrians had decrypted from their newly purchased code book, and the dummy one. The code book had of course been a fake, cooked up by the Serbian gentleman who had got his accomplice in Belgrade to send the first two telegrams. He successfully relied on the well known laxity of the Serbian embassy staff, who had not worried unduly about the first two corrupt messages and only took action when the third, marked 'Urgent', arrived.

In the East the Russians anticipated that the Germans probably had, or shortly would have, broken their military code. Rather cleverly, they went on using the old systems right up to the outbreak of war as though they suspected nothing. They had previously prepared a new code, and on the day war was declared this was delivered to the Army Commander, General Jilinsky, who, rather too cleverly, ordered the old books to be destroyed.

The Russians advanced into the East Prussian province, the First Army from the East, and the Second Army from the South, the two being separated by the Masurian Lakes, and their only communication being by radio.

The story goes that General Jilinsky at this time got involved in a series of champagne parties; whether this is true or not, he made the mistake of issuing the new code to the First Army, but forgetting, until it was too late, to issue it to the Second. Both armies having already destroyed the old books, there was nothing for it but to communicate in plain language.

A message from the First Army to the Second saying that the advance of the former was being halted for three days to enable supplies to catch up was intercepted by the Germans who, although superior to either of the Russian armies, were much inferior to the two combined. The intercepted message told them enough, and the Germans mounted a concentrated attack on the Russian

Here's the answer to your Catering problems

Special occasions within the Forces, at home and overseas, call for meticulous preparation.

Re-unions, Corps Weeks, Sports Days, Gymkhanas, At Homes, Service Weddings... all demand careful planning, and all involve "an eye to detail" which cannot be left to chance.

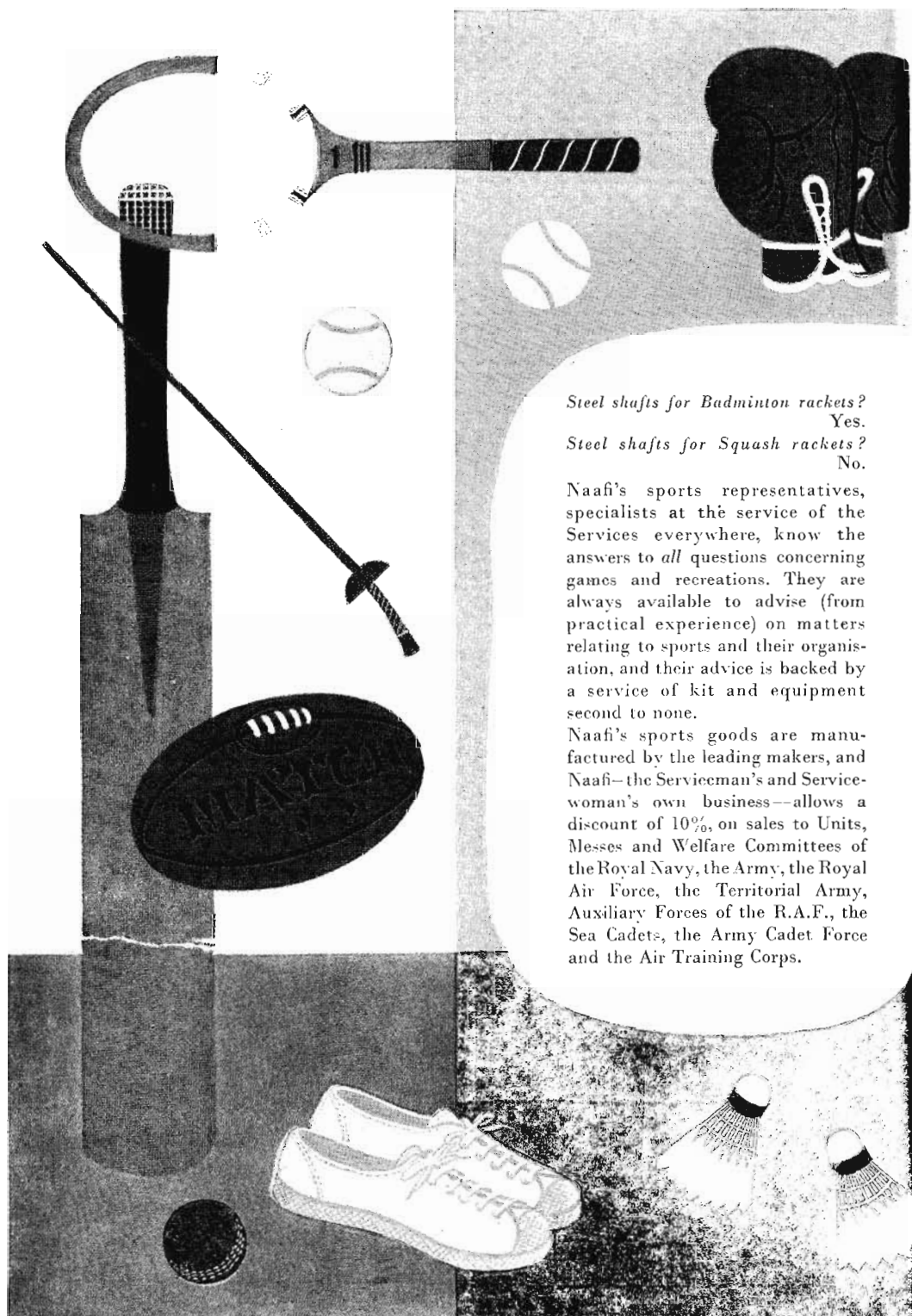
The problem of catering for numbers great and small is one which can be solved with the minimum of concern and the maximum of confidence by the appointment of Naafi, the Services' own catering specialists.

Enquiries are invited, and Naafi's District Managers will be glad to call by appointment to discuss your special requirements.

A selection of exceptionally attractive menus will be provided by Naafi, without obligation, from which choice may be made. And the prices are as moderate as the catering is faultless.

NAAFI

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



Steel shafts for Badminton rackets?

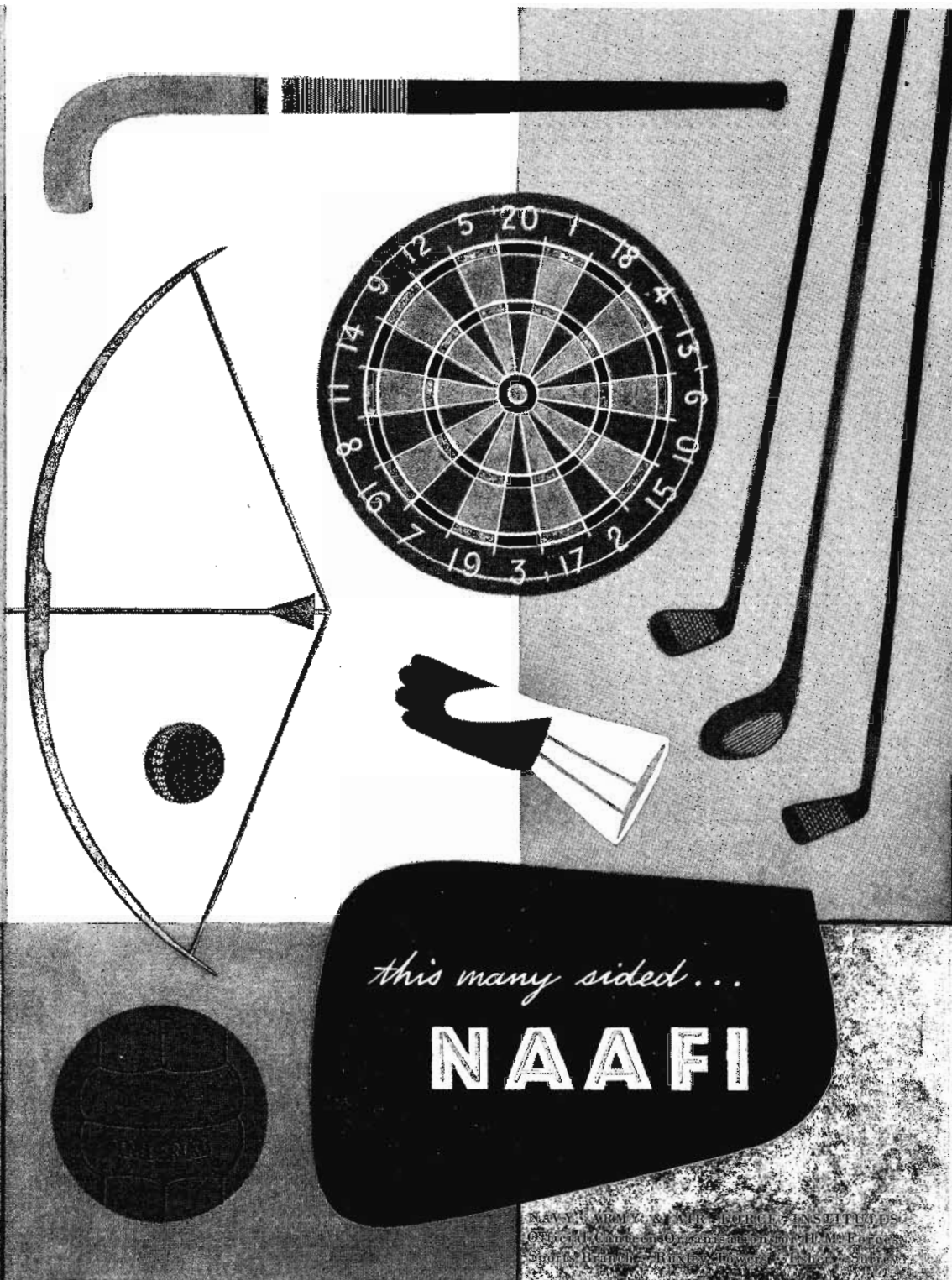
Yes.

Steel shafts for Squash rackets?

No.

Naafi's sports representatives, specialists at the service of the Services everywhere, know the answers to *all* questions concerning games and recreations. They are always available to advise (from practical experience) on matters relating to sports and their organisation, and their advice is backed by a service of kit and equipment second to none.

Naafi's sports goods are manufactured by the leading makers, and Naafi—the Serviceman's and Servicewoman's own business—allows a discount of 10% on sales to Units, Messes and Welfare Committees of the Royal Navy, the Army, the Royal Air Force, the Territorial Army, Auxiliary Forces of the R.A.F., the Sea Cadets, the Army Cadet Force and the Air Training Corps.



this many sided...

NAAFI

NAVY, ARMY & AIR FORCE INSTITUTES
OFFICIAL ORGANISATION OF THE ROYAL
SPORTS BRANCH - RANKING HOWE'S - RANKING SUPPLY

WINES AND SPIRITS



The connoisseur of wines knows his vintage years when, from the sun-drenched vineyards, comes fruit of the vine that has the promise of an especial excellence.

The Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes employ experts to choose wines and spirits of this finer quality. Carefully stored in modern cellars and perfected in maturity, Naafi stocks pay tribute to all occasions that call for wine. In Wardroom and Mess, make this year a vintage year with wines and spirits from Naafi. Write for wine list, or visit your Naafi shop for all your requirements.

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The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces
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Second Army, practically wiping it out. Three weeks later they were able to do the same to the First Army, and Russia was started on the long and slippery slope which led to ruin and revolution.

At the same time as the soldiers were being marched off to captivity, Russian sailors were winning a substantial victory in the code war. The German Navy were in the habit of raiding the Russian Baltic coastline, and on one such raid the light cruiser *Magdeburg* ran aground in a fog. When the fog cleared the Russian fleet was seen to be in sight, and the *Magdeburg's* Captain sent an officer down below to get the code books, bound in lead, which were to be taken by boat as far from the ship as possible and thrown overboard. However, by the time the officer got on the upper deck again the Russian ships had begun to shoot, and he was blown into the water.

Later, when the Russians had captured the ship, one of their officers ordered all bodies to be recovered for burial. Seldom has an act of humanity been better rewarded; one of the first bodies to be picked up was that of an officer clutching the lead bindings of the code book in his arms. The Russian officer sensibly assumed that the inside of the book could not be far away, a diver was sent down, and within an hour had recovered the German Naval code books complete. The books were sent by destroyer to England, where the Admiralty had already set up its famous decoding department in 'Room 40' under Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, and were a great help to the experts installed there, enabling them to decode nearly all German traffic with little difficulty for the next couple of years.

It is only fair to say that the Germans were having considerable success in decrypting the British systems; it was rather a curious situation, with both sides successfully decrypting enemy messages but failing to appreciate that their own messages were probably being dealt with in the same way.

Another system employed by the Germans in the first war was broken, as so often happened, almost accidentally. For months the radio station at Nauen followed its regular evening broadcast with a series of signals transmitted so rapidly that they hardly appeared to be separate sounds. The Allies studied these signals for a long time and eventually concluded that they must be some method of testing the apparatus.

One evening on board a British Monitor in the Mediterranean, the officers were playing some gramophone records, including records of programmes put out by the station at Nauen. Putting on the last record, the officer running the concert forgot to wind the gramophone. The instrument slowed down near the end of the record, just at the point where some of this "lightning gibberish" had been recorded. As it slowed, so the gibberish turned into quite readable morse groups.

This, and other signals which had also been corded, were found to be messages from the

German High Command to the German Commander in East Africa. The messages were in a pre-war Army system which the Allies had long ago broken. It had been impossible to get the new books to East Africa, so the messages had been encrypted in the old system, recorded from a buzzer, and played over the air at several times the correct speed.

At Brussels the Germans had a big radio station from which they broadcast messages to German diplomats all over the world. One of the operators at this station was an Austrian named Szek. He had been 'screened' before the Germans employed him, but they had apparently failed to discover that his mother was English, and that he himself was bitterly anti-German. The British intelligence service lighted on these facts, and got in touch with him through an English spy. Szek agreed to steal the German Diplomatic code. He copied down a few groups whenever he was alone, passing them on in due course to the English spy. The task was completed after some months of hard work, and Szek was told to stay on at the Brussels station to avoid arousing any suspicion in the minds of the Germans, and the British were careful to avoid disclosing the fact that all German diplomatic telegrams were being read.

Eventually, early in 1917, a message was decrypted which it was considered would do more damage to the Germans if made public than if kept secret. This was the famous Zimmerman telegram, when the German Ambassador in Mexico was instructed to work up an alliance with Japan to attack the United States with the aid of Mexico, Mexico being offered three American states in return. The publication of this message had a considerable effect on American public opinion, and was a contributory factor in encouraging them to enter the war.

The Germans immediately began an investigation into affairs at Brussels. Young Szek left his job, and contacted the English spy who got him out of Belgium and arranged his passage to England. In fact he never arrived, and it can only be assumed that the Germans caught up with him before he escaped from the continent.

One of the difficulties experienced by front line troops was in preventing their telephone conversations being intercepted. When the United States entered the war, they imported some Choctaw Indians to act as telephone operators, using their own language, which was expected to baffle the German interpreters. The idea was too much of a success; the Indians were unable even to understand themselves over the telephone, and in any case their language had no equivalents for such un-Indian devices as 'machine-gun', 'barrage' and 'zero-hour'.

Returning from one of the last great Zeppelin raids on London in October 1917, a number of the airships encountered unexpected headwinds and ran out of fuel. One of them eventually came to earth in a field near Chaumont, which happened to be an

American Army headquarters. It occurred to one of the officers there that the airship might have been carrying some code books, that they would have found difficulty in sinking them in Naval fashion, and that with a hydrogen gas-bag close at hand they would be unlikely to try to burn them. Finding no books on board the airship, he sent out a search party along her track. After some hours work no less than twenty-two sacks full of scraps of paper had been recovered.

Piecing the bits together was a mammoth job, but finally a complete chart was produced which was found to give all the coded positions used for reporting the whereabouts of German U-boats. A second book which was reconstructed gave the call signs of every surface ship and submarine in the German Navy, together with the periodically changing key. This information was of great value in finally turning the tables against the U-boats. The following month six were sunk, and their own sinkings fell to an all-time low from which they never recovered.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A (more or less) True Story

The chap in *Loch A* - - - - had just got as far as the first BT in his semaphore, when Sig. Swithers, who was reading, spotted the badge.

"Well—Swipe me!" he shouted to his oppo, "that's guy's a Sparker!"

"Let's have a look," said the oppo, anxious to see for himself. "You're blooming right!" he gasped as he stared through the 'scope. "Blooming good semaphore too."

Sig. Swithers nodded: "It blooming is." (As the reader may have noticed, blooming was the favourite descriptive term in force at that time.)

"Here," shouted a now startled oppo as he realised the significance of "... BT—K". "What about the blooming signal then?"

"Swipe me," spluttered Smithers who had been so intently admiring the Sparker's efforts that he had forgotten to read it. He swung off on the lamp "IMI AA BT—K."

The figure in the distance waved cheerfully in

reply, and began the requested repetition. "IMI AA BT—BT K."

"Damn!" said Sig. Swithers, "Not that perishing BT." He rattled the lamp again.

"FIRST BT" said the light.

The figure pushed his cap onto the back of his head in shocked surprise. Up went the alphabetical wearily, and he began again. Swithers stared with intense concentration. "Roger," he breathed as the figure made BT—K very pointedly. Giving a long "R" on the light, he was suddenly overcome by a chummy urge.

"A NICE DROP OF SEM SPARKS."

The figure waved back with an air of "That's all right mate," then he, too, decided to say something.

"THANK YOU VERY MUCH BUNTS," he signalled. Swithers was delighted; it wasn't every day that he was called Bunts. With a satisfied sigh he returned to the Captain's seat on the bridge, and put his feet up comfortably.

"You don't get this outside," he remarked pleasantly to the binnacle; the binnacle naturally made no comment. Swithers began to roll a tickler.

"Oi!" interrupted a voice, "here he is again."

There again was a figure waving from the bridge of the *Loch A* - - - -. With another sigh, Swithers manoeuvred himself out of the chair, and got behind the telescope.

"Crikey! It's an officer this time, without his coat on. Looks like a Middy! His oppo had a look. "Well, what do you know! Better give him a "K" I suppose." Swithers nodded, and away went the "K". "Cor! He's blooming good," continued the oppo as the figure swiftly and accurately completed the message. "Right," said Swithers, "Give him a Roger." His oppo complied.

"Now make—MIDDY'S SEM VERY GOOD—might as well let him know he's good, eh?"

The message was sent and the two Buntings awaited the figure's reaction. Almost immediately a light began to flicker—"FROM COMMISSIONED GUNNER—THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

CLIMIE.

COMPETITION

A prize of ONE GUINEA will be awarded to the Artist who draws the best CARTOON to be published in the Christmas number of THE COMMUNICATOR.

The subject matter of the Cartoon must have some connection with either Communications and the Communications Branch, or Christmas.

Closing date for entries is FRIDAY, 12th NOVEMBER, 1954.

The decision of the Editorial Staff is final.



SPOTTED LADY

Readers of the last number of "The Communicator" will remember that we deplored the fashion reported from France of dyeing pet poodles to match milady's lounge outfit. It seemed so much simpler to tackle the problem the other way round. We are delighted to learn that our advice has been taken to heart, and are fortunate in having secured a photograph showing one lady who has gone to the trouble of purchasing an outfit to match her pet dalmation. If the idea catches on it should bring a new touch of variety to the fashion parades this summer.

"HIP, HIP . . ."

One of the orders to the Minesweepers anchored in the Thames to welcome the Queen at the end of the Royal Tour, said that the "Hooray" in the cheering should be preceded by "Hip, hip."

Doubts were cast on the accuracy of this order by those in *Cheerful*, and they signalled to the Senior Officer in *Bramble*: "Interrogative two hips or three."

Back came the reply: "Two as in Marilyn Monroe."

PATTERN NO. 44—24—40

Conclusion of a lecture to New Zealand Wrens on 'Care and Custody':—

"The most important thing to remember is physical security; if your chests aren't big enough, request to see the Captain."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Drawing on page 66 is by Capt. J. E. Broome, R.N. (Ret'd.); on pages 105 and 63 by Lt. Cdr. Paterson, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on page 79 by P.O. Tel. Evatt, H.M.S. *Glasgow*; on pages 62, 71 and 97 by Sig. Ross, H.M.S. *Glory*; on page 93 by P.O. Buckle, H.M.S. *Montclare*; and on page 74 by Tel. Waller, H.M.S. *Pembroke*.

Photograph on page 67 is a British North Greenland Expedition photo, by courtesy of *The Times*; on page 64 by Larkin Brothers; on pages 61, 80 and 90 by *The Times*; on pages 73 and 94 by A. Turtle, *Portsmouth Evening News*; on page 87 by Henry Ramage and the *Daily Telegraph*; on page 87 by the *Brighton Daily News Service*; on page 88 by *P-A Reuter*; on page 111 by Lt. Cdr. Sir P. Anson, H.M.S. *Mercury*; and those on pages 60 and 107 are Official Admiralty photographs.

* * *

R.A.F. TO THE RESCUE

From: R.A.F. North Front

To: F.O. Gibraltar

One Shackleton returning to Malta a.m. 18 June will uplift C.P.O. Wren.

= 150730Z

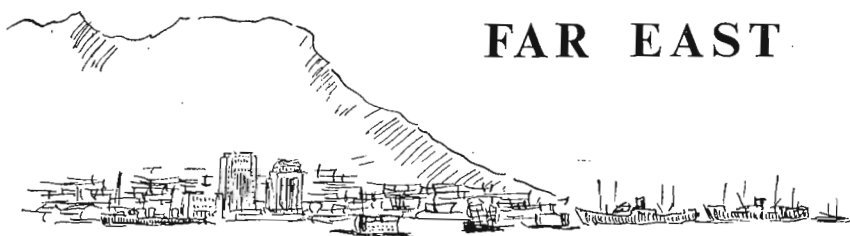
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STRAW NONSENSE

The favourite inexpensive nonsense fashion this year has been the 'straws in the hair' type of hat. We have had the 'Porthole' Fringe, the cake frill and the haystack, and now, shown in the photograph above, comes the latest best-seller, the 'Ragged Robin' bonnet.

FAR EAST



THE EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

There never was a time when there were eight ships in the Squadron. Normally, like the little girl in the poem we say, "We are seven." One of us is usually away refitting. On all too rare occasions the remaining ships of the squadron are together; in the past year this has occurred only twice.

Last November the available ships of the Squadron spent a fortnight together at Junk Bay. Squadron exercises took place, concluding with General Drill and pulling and sailing regattas.

Another trial to any attempt at organised exercises is the recommissioning of ships. Someone has always just recommissioned or is just working up. *Charity* last August, *Cockade* in October, *Constance* in November, *Comus* in January, *Consort* in March. *Cossack* just have a skeleton crew with the promise of "more in July". *Concord* is our veteran. We hope they do not have to do a 2½ year commission but it's getting on that way.

Our training returns show a high standard. It has been very interesting to watch the improvement of junior communication ratings who commissioned ships. Their steady progress is a tribute to themselves and their senior ratings. The Squadron instructional staff consists merely of C.O.8 and the C.C.O. who "floats" in the squadron, and a W.I. who doubles as P.O.O.W. in *Cossack*, and Squadron Instructor.

Our exercise period came to an end when ships sailed on various duties.

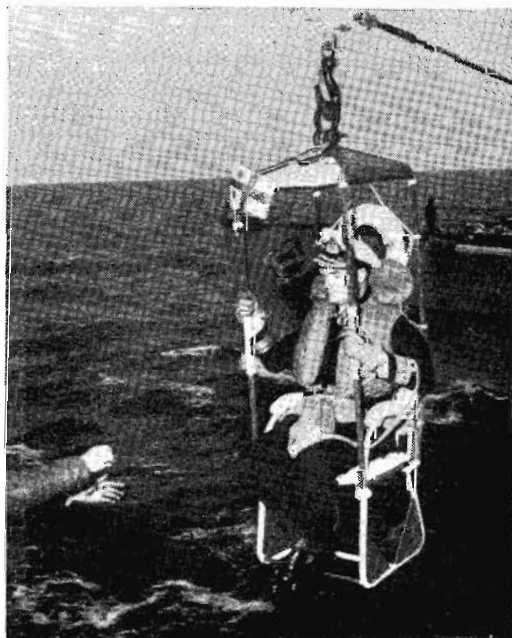
Comus departed North for Japan and Korea, to be followed later by *Concord* and *Cossack*. *Constance* had to withdraw suddenly into a refit. This is reminiscent of "Pardon, your slip is showing." The story goes that she went into dock to have her hull scraped and painted. A dockyard official walked on board and said to the engineer officer "Have you looked at your funnel lately?" Truth to tell it was leaning over. Anyway *Constance* started her refit then and there, very quickly negative funnel.

We have said farewell to the ships of the Sixth M.S., the last to leave being *Maenad*. In fact the 8th D.S., *Alert*, *Defender* and some of the frigates are all that remain. Why, we've even had to borrow a cruiser from next door. We are not too sure who is here to-day and who will be gone to-morrow. We confidently hope that it will be us.

HONG KONG WIRELESS STATION

At long last we, in Hong Kong, are beginning to feel the benefit of the Korean cease-fire, and our thoughts have been able to turn to more peaceful things.

Though we miss our sea going 'oppos' in our strolls to the dear old C.F.C.—and, let us say it, their "hair raising" exploits during the war—we have had the satisfaction of knowing that we served you. Sorry it had to be at 27 w.p.m., but we had to put one over the U.S. ships reading F.E. somehow.



TRANSFERRING HIS FLAG

Vice-Admiral Scott-Moncrieff, who was then serving as Flag Officer Second-in-Command Far East Station, giving a practical demonstration of what is meant by this well known phrase. He was transferring by jackstay to an American carrier from "Belfast".

Our L.E.P. staff are still as efficient as ever and let us assure old GZO'ites that P.O. Tel. Hau Chan Fan—Peter—is still very much with us, and still marking the M.T.X.'s.

Mr. Cobb, the Officer-in-charge, has decided that he can no longer be the longest serving officer in the Far East and is going home for the start of next football season, and we shall be giving a welcome to Mr. Dartnell.

Many changes have taken or are taking place in the station—a brand new aerial array which really works, new A/T room, freshly painted offices, neon lighting—comfort with efficiency is the watch word of the day. By the time you read this, we shall all be living in *Tamar* once again with the memory of Raleigh Block a thankful past.

Our latest addition is the Sports Trophy Case presented by our outgoing Officer-in-charge. We hope very much that old GZO'ites will know through these columns, that our efforts, combined and individual, are now on display in the station. We are extremely proud of this, as we are the only Chatham element of *Tamar*, and although we have our Bunting oppos from Guz to help, we shall never allow an "Oggie" to be displayed therein.

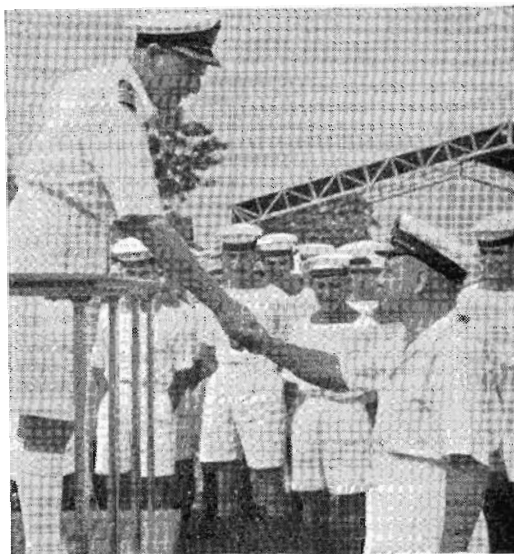
The H.K.C.F.C. (Hong Kong Communications Football Club) finished up unbeaten winners of both the Tamar League and Knock-out Cup—with only two drawn games during both series. We provided a hard core for the two Royal Navy teams in the Hong Kong 1st and 2nd Divisions, which produce a very high standard of football. Players for these teams from Hong Kong Wireless were Brockwell, Wilson, Cotton, Smith (J), MacMillan, Cobb and Signalman Donnachie. Our Officer-in-charge was Chairman of the R.N.F.C. and also ably managed both teams throughout the season. We are especially pleased that he was made team manager of the Hong Kong F.A. team, which include among them many young professionals from League Clubs at home.

Incidentally, we won the Cup after a replay by the only goal, scored by the S.C.O., and we were all really delighted that it was he who made 'the double' a fact.

In Athletics our station has given Tel. Medhurst as the Hong Kong Champion and record holder of the 1 mile Walk and he has a hobby of collecting silver ware for our trophy case in races of 1 mile and above.

It is our proud boast that whatever we are challenged we will turn out a team for any sport from "Uckers to Baseball"—but regret that this must exclude, on climatic grounds, Ice Hockey.

Well, there it is; please forgive our boast of prowess, but we are right on top of the world at present, and as we read of so many sparkers working *Gothic* during her world Cruise, we really prefer to change the subject rather than to say a common place "So did we."



Chief Tel. Fox being presented with a bar to his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal by Capt. Greening on board H.M.S. "Birmingham"

H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

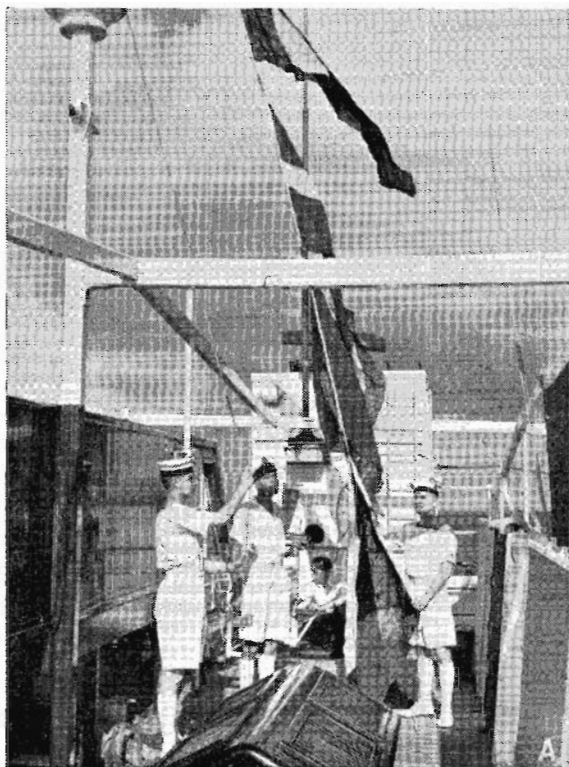
The Communications Staff has always been noticeably the most cheerful department in the ship, probably because a hard working team is a contented team, but never have there been such smiling faces as appear upon the Flag Deck and in the various offices at the present time.

Whilst this is being written the ship is midway between Singapore and Aden hurtling at maximum economical speed for Chatham, F.S.L. and recommissioning, and this should be an appropriate time to dig up a few statistics, i.e. Mileage against INT ZDK's, but the only facts we are really interested in are that it is 26 days to Chatham and recommissioning day is 7th July.

The S.C.O. is taking his squash rackets out of moth balls and trying to decide whether the balls he has borrowed will see him through the forthcoming season or whether to return them to their owners and enjoy the thrill of having some of his own.

The S.C.C.O. bemoans the fact that after long years of loyal service he is going to Chatham for the first time, and suggests that he be permitted to make his own way into Portsmouth by dinghy when off the Needles; this being turned down, he wretchedly enquires if the South Eastern and Chatham Railway still operates.

The Chief Tel. and Chief Yeoman are debating the panic among their longest at home opposite numbers, and the main topic among all other ratings is much the same as two years ago—women. A few of our younger hands are worrying about what their fathers are going to say about their tattoos.



NAVAL COMMUNICATION STAFF ON BOARD "GOTHIC"

- (a) L.Sig. Green, C.Y.S. Bailey and L.Sig. Milligan on the flagdeck.
- (b) Mr. Gore, B.B.C. Engineer, Commander Mackenzie and Mr. Godfrey Talbot, B.B.C. Commentator.
- (c) C.Y.S. Bailey and L.Sig. Green repair the pure silk hand sewn Royal Standard.
- (d) L.Tel. Smith and one of the ship's Radio Officers in the wireless room.

At Hong Kong our paying-off pendant, flown in addition to Rear Admiral's Flag, created the anticipated comment and elicited the interesting suggestion from *Charity* that a paying-off pendant when so flown should not have the vertical red bar. There has been a little cross-talk between the V/S and W/T fraternity due to three feet being chopped from an A.W.G. and a bent A.P.H. but Yeoman Page preserves an oriental calm and tells the Chief Tel. to save all comment until we reach Chatham and then collate his remarks as we have to hoist and lower the pendant five times more.

Pre-Depot Kit Musters are in full swing and the Boy Scout badge goes to Ord. Tel. E. . . . who when told to produce two caps produced them triumphantly—both blue—(Lat. 06 N Long. 80 E). We couldn't catch the S.C.C.O.'s remarks, he never swears in English.

And so we come to the end of two very happy and successful years, all have worked willingly and well and played equally so. Training has taken second place only to operational requirements and six ratings have passed professionally for Leading rate, and we return with only one Ordinary rate, he having joined the ship as a Boy six months ago.

To the new commissioners we say "Welcome" and "Over to you". They take over a working and well equipped concern (apart from a few books and odds and ends we can't put our finger on) and we wish them all success and happiness during their forthcoming venture to the mysterious and fragrant East.

H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

After spending the majority of the first seventeen months of her commission visiting East African, Persian Gulf and Indian ports wearing the flag of C-in-C E.I., *Newfoundland* has received a "loan draft" chit to the Far East Station as flagship of F.O.2 F.E.S.

When the news of our transfer was first heard, eyes sparkled at the thought of the bright lights of Hong Kong, Kure and Sasebo. Such places are never seen in the East Indies. On second thoughts, there were many gloomy faces at the prospect of coming into contact with busy twenty-seven w.p.m. ship broadcasts, CTG's CTU's COMDESDIV's and all that goes to make an operational Fleet.

For our last job on the East Indies station we had the honour of escorting the Royal Liner *Gothic* from Cocos, across the breadth of the Indian Ocean to Aden, on the last stages of the Queen's Commonwealth tour.

Newfoundland relieved the Australian Fleet South East of Cocos on April 5th and with H.M.S. *Ceylon* completing the escort, the three ships sailed into the Cocos Islands—tropical islands where neither police force nor currency exists and the brawny men and dusky maidens go their daily round far from the cares and worries of this turbulent world.

The full grandeur of the palm strewn islands with

their long white sloping beaches was not at its best due to the foul weather conditions. Her Majesty was conveyed ashore across the choppy waters of the Great Lagoon in *Newfoundland's* motor boat. The weather was hardly fit for the occasion and the giant basking turtles and multi-coloured tropical fish which usually abound, were absent. Even so, one might think that one had stepped straight into "Robinson Crusoe", especially when the owner of the islands came on board, clad only in white duck trousers and with a knife stuck in his belt.

The visit to this tropical paradise lasted only a few hours; the three ships departed bound for Colombo, where great crowds of many castes and creeds loyally awaited Her Majesty's visit.

Amongst her many engagements in Colombo, the Queen found time to honour *Newfoundland* with a visit. Indeed the highlight of the commission.

Her Majesty looked radiant in a beautiful yellow dress with a close fitting white hat and white accessories. It was a source of amazement how she always looked so cool and refreshed in the appalling heat.

Several ratings had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. The royal couple walked round the ship, visiting the Galley, Sick Bay, Chapel, Laundry and Bakery, where they were presented with a magnificent chocolate iced cake, built in the shape of a rum tub.

After visiting the fo'c'sle and being photographed with the entire ship's company they took luncheon on the quarter-deck before departing after a visit lasting some two and a half hours, leaving everyone with many happy memories.

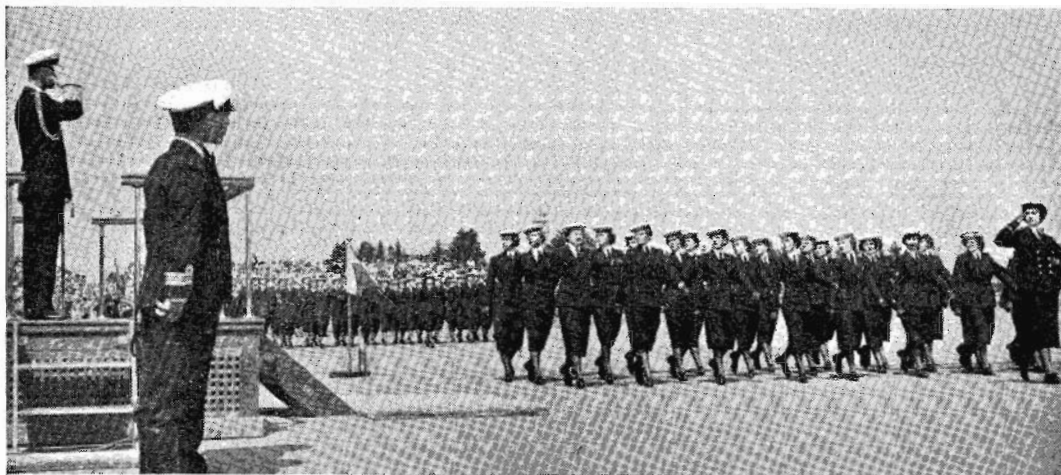
Although we missed the Coronation Review at Spithead last year, we were again honoured by Her Majesty with a "Review" of our own in Aden harbour. Ships companies of the Royal Escort manned ship and three cheers were given for Her Majesty as she passed each closely in the Royal Barge. It was noticed how close scrutiny was given to all details on every occasion by the Duke of Edinburgh.

After being in the Far East only a few days the ship was called upon to co-operate with Malayan security forces in an operation against Communist terrorists. A very successful six inch bombardment was carried out on Communist hideouts in the Kedah Peak district of the west coast on two occasions, considerable damage being inflicted on the terrorists.

The future holds visits to Borneo, the Phillipines and Japan. How we are looking forward to the latter!

WHAT WAS IT?

The new equipment shown in the photograph on page 75 is a pair of stirrups for standing in when adjusting aerials at the end of the yard-arm.



Wrens march past the Duke of Edinburgh during his inspection of Flinders Naval Depot, Australia.

AUSTRALIA H.M.A.S. "HARMAN"

The last three months here have seen quite a change in *Harman*. Our new Tape Relay Centre is now open and the girls and boys who keep it going as yet cannot realise they are out of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" where they have worked for so long.

The new T.R.C. presents a sweeping expanse of tiled rubber floor, large window filled walls and row upon row of gleaming equipment, and at night-time the fluorescent lighting shines like a beacon on the hill. The entire Station has been re-floored in red and cream tiles and the painters are still busy repainting the main Wireless Office.

Winter is upon us and the chill icy winds sweeping off the snows of Mt. Kosciusko make radiators a necessity day and night, but already the Chief Tel. is planting and planning the garden for our Spring burst of colour.

Recently here in Australia we received a visit from Admiral Halsey who was present in Canberra for the 'Coral Sea' celebrations, also the big United States Carrier *Tarawa* and the destroyer *O'Bannon*. The sound of these two ships on Ship-Shore delighted the W.R.A.N. Operators who took their traffic, and after their departure from our area the following message was received:—

"*Tarawa* reports *Harman* Ship-Shore far superior to any provided in the U.S.A."

Winter sports are in full swing and we are most fortunate in having Tel. A. Folbigg selected to play Rugby Union for Australia against New Zealand next month.

Mr. Shiplee, C.C.O., states that he is going to continue trying to learn to ski, so any loud bumps and large depressions in the snow will indicate his progress.

CARRY ON, SON!

Able Seaman Wilson sat on the port accommodation ladder of H.M.S. *Tobago* and gazed around the harbour. The cruiser lay in Grand Harbour with the ship's company painting ship in readiness for a forthcoming inspection. It was quite cool on that side of the ship; with only ten minutes to stand-easy, Stripey lit up a cigarette and sighed gratefully in the shade.

Above him on the quarterdeck Lieutenant T. I. Meadows—Tim to all and sundry—glanced at his watch again. Six minutes since the Able Seaman had put his paint brush down and sat back.

"Er—you down there, what are you supposed to be doing?" he said eventually.

Stripey surveyed him. "Smacking crabfat on this flaming ladder," he answered pleasantly.

"Come up here," he was told.

Stripey lumbered to his feet and went up the ladder.

"Now," said Tim, "That's not the way to answer an officer and you shouldn't use bad language either."

Stripey said nothing.

"You take my telescope, I'll go down the ladder and you can ask me what I'm doing." (Show by example, the Commander had told him in his last ship). Tim went down the ladder and picked up Stripey's paint pot and brush. He began to paint vigorously.

Stripey looked down and said "Oi, you. What are you supposed to be doing?"

Tim stopped painting, straightened up and replied smartly, "Painting the ladder, Sir." He emphasised the last word.

Stripey looked at him, then, "Carry on, Son," he said, "I'm going forward for a cup of tea."

NAUTIVOX

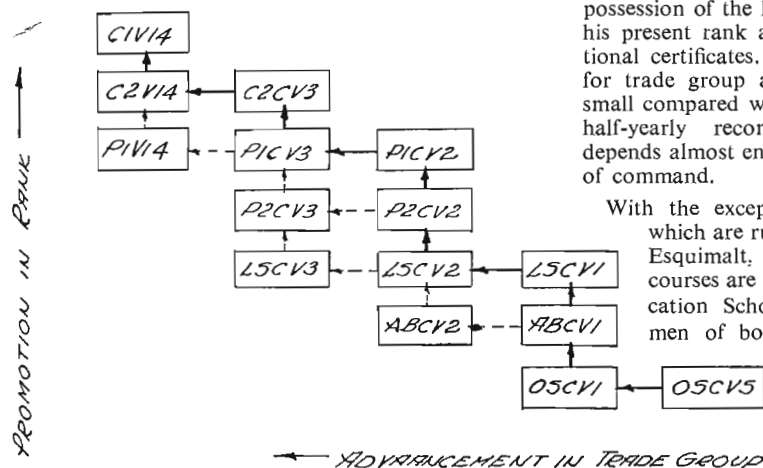
ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY

To the uninitiated the rate structure in the R.C.N. is something of a mystery, made more mysterious by the facts that branch badges differ from those in use in the Royal Navy and that at first glance it appears there are no stores ratings, no writers, no cooks and no stewards, because men in these branches are dressed as seamen.

After the war in order to standardize tri-service pay and allowances two additional ranks were introduced into the R.C.N., the Chief Petty Officer Second Class and the Petty Officer Second Class, the latter being in some respects equivalent to an Acting Petty Officer in that he does not change his uniform on promotion, but on the other hand he may be required to live on the messdeck when the Petty Officers Mess is overcrowded or when no separate mess for P2s is available.

In addition to rank, each man has a trade group qualification, depending upon his professional skill in his own branch. These two, rank and trade group, are indirectly dependent upon one another, a maximum and minimum trade group being laid down for each rank.

The Communications branch is divided into two trades, Communicator Visual (CV) and Communicator Radio (CR) with a third trade Communicator Crypto (CC) being restricted to Reserves and Wrens in peacetime but open to regulars in war. Each trade is divided into four groups, for example CV1, CV2, CV3 and VI4 (Visual Instructor, the highest group) in the Visual branch. The combination of rank and trade grouping is best explained by the diagram, the thick line showing the normal avenue of promotion in rank and advancement in trade group.



Upon the degree of responsibility and skill required by different branches depends the length of service requirement for the same trade group; for instance, nine years total service is needed before a CV3 can qualify for VI4 whereas a Radio

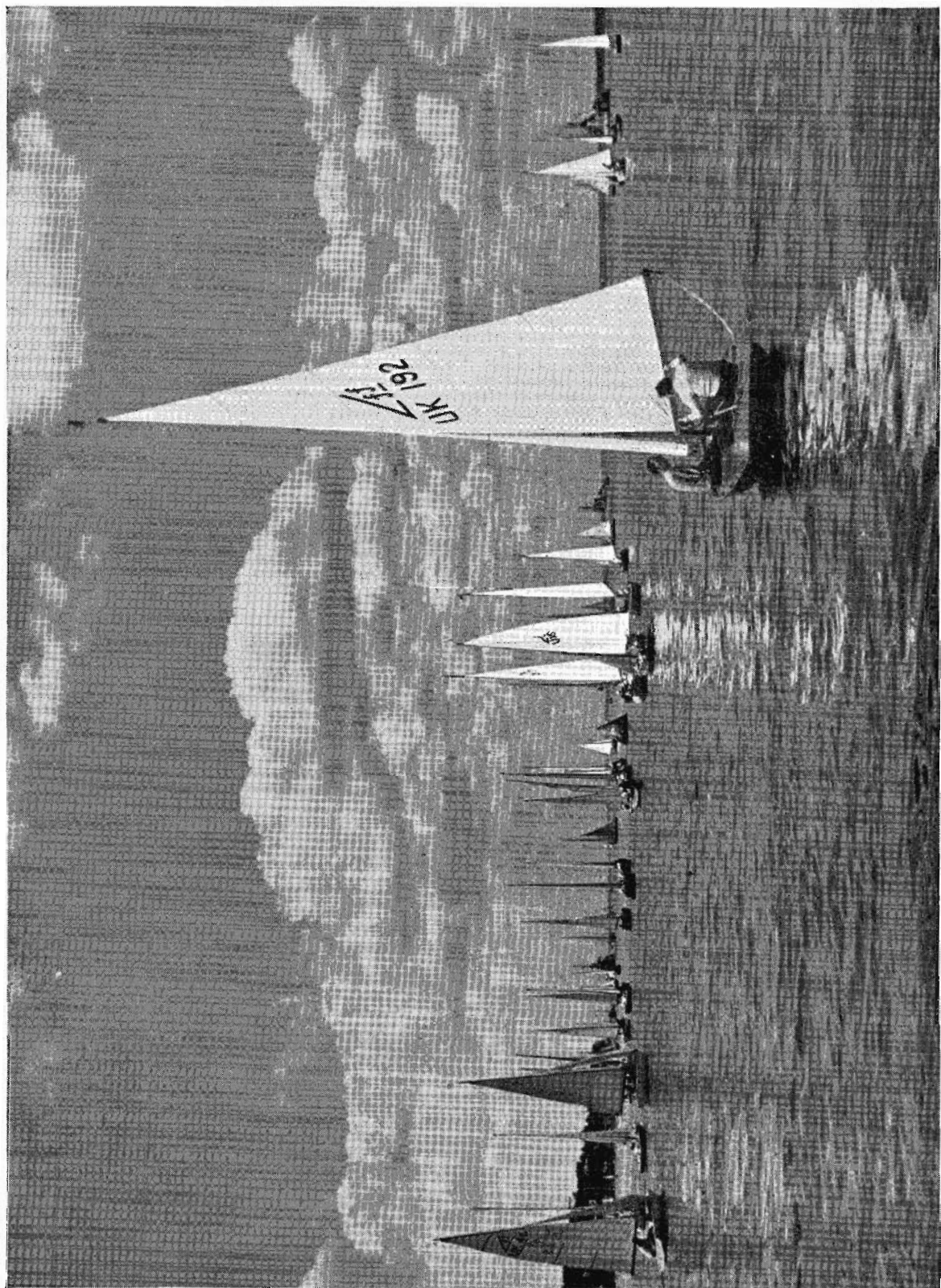


Technician may qualify for RT4 after only seven years' service. Selection for promotion in rank is by position on the roster, a man receiving points for degree of suitability for the higher rank, for possession of the highest trade group obtainable in his present rank and for the possession of educational certificates. The number of points awarded for trade group and educational qualifications is small compared with those which can be gained in half-yearly recommendations, thus promotion depends almost entirely upon leadership and power of command.

With the exception of trade group 2 courses which are run at the C.T.C.'s in Halifax and Esquimalt, all Communications professional courses are conducted at H.M.C. Communication School in H.M.C.S. Cornwallis for men of both port divisions. This means that a West Coast man must travel upwards of six thousand miles on each occasion of taking a course to qualify for trade group 1, 3 or 4.

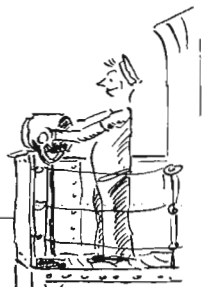
Although the title Petty Officer First Class Communicator Visual Trade Group Three may be very descriptive, the cry of "YEOMAN!" is still to be heard on the bridges of Her Majesty's Canadian ships.

P.D.



LIGHT AIRS

SOUTH ATLANTIC



H.M.S. "EURYALUS"

The swan song of H.M.S. *Euryalus* is about to be sung—at least so far as this commission is concerned. Their Lordships have decided that the Ship's Company have spent far too much time—and money—enjoying the delights of the South Atlantic Station, and will be better employed in waters new. Even as I write, Natives are becoming Non-Natives. Wives are departing for their homeland to prepare a place for the weary sailor to rest his head when he eventually arrives home—after the last strenuous weeks making up for lost time, off the leash.

Not too much sea-going has marked the passage of time since the Easter article, although such time as we have spent at sea has been busily spent in throwing lumps of metal all over the ocean, night encounters and the like. The torpedoes apparently caused dismay to one family of seals who, after a very close inspection decided that Darwin's Theory might very well be adapted to them.

The highlight of our activities has been the Regatta. *Sparrow*, S.A.S. *Pietermaritzburg* and *Euryalus* Port and Starboard being the contestants. Unfortunately S.A.S. *Simon van der Stel* was unable to take part. The cock was won jointly by *Euryalus* port and starboard with 23 points each. Communication Staffs being what they are these days, it was not possible to produce a Communication race, such oarsmen with the necessary stamina being absorbed in the Miscellaneous crews.

As foreshadowed in the last article, we are about to depart Simonstown for the East Coast cruise, albeit a shortened one, wearing the flag of our new Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral I. M. R. Campbell.

Nine days only remain to us after the cruise before we leave these hospitable shores. August 19th will see the ship in Devonport again with a new crop of Natives—bona fide this time.

We do leave behind a couple of props to bolster the morale of the local population. Yeo. Finnie has decided to enjoy his pension, declining years and the local brandy in South Africa, while Ldg. Tel. Quick is disappearing into the hinterland in the general direction of Rhodesia. Yeo. Milligan and

P.O. Tel. Threlfall are remaining to complete their commissions at S.T.C. Klaver.

"Tot Siens" till we see you in one of the Signal Schools.

The following signals were passed between 1835 and 1841 on the night of May 12th 1954 whilst waiting in False Bay to proceed for a night shoot:—

Unknown Station: VE VE VE VE

Ship: Warship *Euryalus*

Unknown Station: Good Luck

Ship: From whom please

Unknown Station: Steenbras Rivermouth Tea-rooms

Ship: Goodnight

S. R. T.: Same to you men.

* * *

To C-in-C from frigate alongside oiler:

"Oil cannot be transferred as the oiler is passing water."

* * *

SLANGKOP RADIO

Since the last article from Slangkop we have welcomed Communication Lieutenant Webber as our new Officer-in-Charge. At the moment the turnover period is still in progress, so everyone and everything has to be on top line while we are under the eyes of our two Officers-in-Charge. One good result of this is that we have successfully passed the first inspection by the new C-in-C. South Atlantic and our living quarters and gardens bear a bloom not seen for a long time.

Regarding our communication commitments we still seem to be dealing smoothly with our steady flow of traffic and are now ready to grapple with anything that may come our way from the combined British, S.A.N. and French ships when they commence their exercises.

During the next few weeks we shall be losing a large proportion of our more seasoned operators and welcoming in their place a large proportion of O./Tels. Is this the new drafting scheme? However, no doubt we shall hardly notice a ripple and carry on at our accustomed pace.

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"Communicators" will already be familiar with the various versions of the receivers B40 and B41 in use by the Admiralty.

Improved versions, using the latest valve types, with enhanced performance and providing additional facilities will soon be coming into use.

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CROSSWORD COMPETITION

The solution to the Crossword puzzle published in the last number of THE COMMUNICATOR is given below. The first correct solution to be opened was sent in by Wren M. J. Smith, H.M.S. *Mercury* to whom the prize of One Guinea is being sent.



AN ODD ODE TO "JAN"

This is the tale of "Westo Ben",
Who always made a "ZNM"
To signals which were quite O.K.
When worked out in the normal way.

The Pompey lads were "all about"
And always got *their* signals out.
For, unlike "Ben" the sad-faced "Janner",
They always had a cheerful manner.

They didn't hang them up to dry
But always had another try.
And even if it never broke
They still knew how to take a "Joke".
Whilst Ben, as miserable as sin,
Would drip like H - - and just "jag in".

That's not the attitude to take;
For what about if old "Jan Drake"
Had not hopped out and had a go
When Spanish ships sailed past the Hoe?

So, "Westo", work a little harder;
Think of Drake, and the Armada.
Smile a little once a day;
Your signals break down right away.

ANON.

THE VOICE OF DOOM

A true story

"Course 239 Sir," repeated the helmsman. The Officer of the Watch registered the reply and thought of other things. It was a quiet night with a soldier's wind blowing from astern, pushing up the sea so that it rocked the vessel gently. There was nothing to look at. With the sky overcast even the stars were absent and the possibility of a passing ship more remote than the hope of getting an egg for breakfast before Sunday. The bridge telephone buzzed. His eyes accustomed to the gloom, the O.O.W. found the hand-set easily.

"Bridge here."

"Cockell won his fight," a familiar voice answered him. "Have you heard the latest cricket score?"

"No."

"West Indies all out for 139."

"139?" The O.O.W. was agreeably surprised.

"139?" echoed the man at the wheel.

"Yes, 139," replied the O.O.W. still surprised that England should have started so well. "Thanks," he answered his unseen caller and replaced the hand-set. He looked for the biggest sandwich in the supper box and munched happily. England stood a good chance of winning this Test.

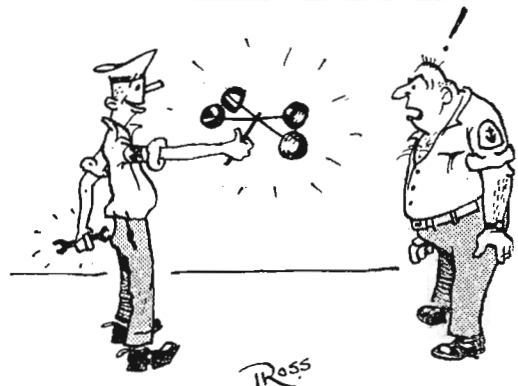
* * *

In his cabin, the Captain sat at his desk writing. The pencil rolled across the desk and cannoned off the bulkhead before slewing through ninety degrees to take another course which landed it underneath his chair. Without rising, he leaned over the arm to get it. The co-ordination was perfect. The roll and his unstable equilibrium dropped him neatly on the pencil while the chair slid gently away. A voice of doom blasted the silence of the bridge.

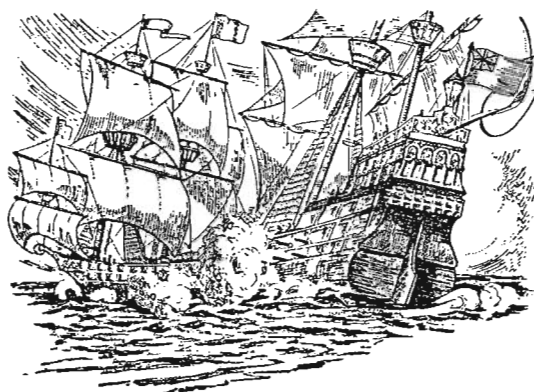
"What b course are you steering?"

"Er— 2-239 sir," stuttered the Officer of the Watch.

"139 sir," came the voice from the man at the wheel.



"Look what I found up the mast Hookey—soup ladles!"



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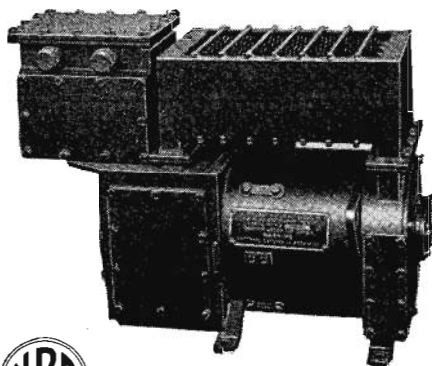
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phone Portland 2295

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THE TRANSISTOR

Will it replace the radio valve?

The invention of the Transistor was announced by the Bell Telephone Laboratories of America in July 1948. It came as the result of an extensive research programme on semi-conductors carried out by both Britain and America during the war; in particular the possibility of producing a solid state amplifier was investigated. The advantages of such a device seemed to be its long life, simplicity in that no heater and no vacuum would be required, and its small size.

At the present moment transistors seem to have fulfilled much of their early promise, and although they are unlikely to supersede radio valves, there are several applications in which they are superior.

It had been known for some time that certain crystalline metals like germanium could be used to control electric currents. It was found that if carefully controlled quantities of impurities were introduced into ultra-pure germanium they upset the metal's orderly atomic pattern, creating a restless structure of microscopic holes and wandering electrons. When a current was passed through the metal the holes moved, rather like bubbles in a liquid, and the wandering electrons rushed to fill the empty spaces. By controlling the distribution of the holes and electrons, and adding electrodes, the unit could be made to act as an amplifier.

The germanium crystal used is only about 1/16th inch square. Germanium is plentiful (it can be extracted from chimney soot) but it has to be refined to a fantastically high degree of purity before it can be used in the transistor—one part of impurity to 100 million parts of germanium makes it unfit for use—and 'doping' it with controlled impurities is an equally difficult business. This is the main reason why transistors are at the moment rather expensive and are not yet in mass production.

Transistors need only a fraction of the power necessary to drive a radio valve. For one thing no heater or screen supplies are required. This means there is much less unwanted heat to be got rid of, glass can be eliminated since no vacuum is required, and the transistor can be a very small, solid unit. In its standard mounting it is a small metal tube half an inch long, and less than a quarter of an inch in diameter, with three "cat's whisker" electrodes sticking out.

The life of a transistor has been estimated at over 70,000 hours, and in fact there seems to be no reason why it shouldn't run indefinitely. For this reason transistors will not be plugged into sets, but will be permanently wired in, thus saving cost and space. From the radio receiver point of view, since there are no heaters to warm up, a set fitted with them will come on the moment the power switch is made.

Car radios using transistors could be built one-tenth the size of present day models; and the power

they would take from the battery would be no more than that necessary to light the dial lamp.

Another important use for the transistor lies in the electronic brain. Valve operated 'brains' are already performing calculations in a few hours that previously took years of paper work, but they have run into limitations of heat and size imposed by the valves they use, and the latter are comparatively short-lived. Replacing the valves with transistors brings the size down to more practical proportions, and to some extent gets rid of the heat problem, though if overdriven transistors will burn out. The R.C.A. of America have produced a transistor operated electronic computer which is only a tenth the size and uses a sixtieth of the power of a similar valve operated machine.

Amateur radio enthusiasts in Britain recently claimed to have made the first two way communication using valveless radio sets. They established communication between Leicestershire and Buckinghamshire, using radios that could be held in one hand.

When comparing transistors with valves it must be remembered that they are still at an early stage of development. They are superior for a number of switching applications, and may be highly efficient amplifiers at low power levels. Where size is important they have obvious possibilities—deaf aids, 'vest-pocket' radios, proximity fuses, and so on. Where replacement of defective valves is difficult, and reliability is essential, for example in the repeaters of ocean telegraph cables, the transistor will certainly come into its own.

But, like most things, the transistor has some shortcomings as well as advantages. In overall performance the valve is still superior, and shows a flexibility which the transistor does not, and probably will not, possess. The transistor has a limited high frequency response—the upper frequency limit with the first transistors was of the order of 10 mcs, though experimental ones have now been produced to operate at over 50 mcs. The operating frequency depends on the spacing of the electrodes, which really resolves itself into a problem of precision engineering. But even with the smallest practicable spacing (about .0005 in.), the operating frequency will be much less than that possible with a valve. One reason for this is that the electrons move very much more slowly in the semi-conducting material of the transistor than they do in the vacuum of the normal valve.

Another disadvantage is that the performance of the transistor deteriorates very seriously at moderately high ambient temperatures, which excludes it from many Service applications.

The cost of transistors is high at the moment—several times that of the equivalent valve—but there is some prospect of this being overcome when mass production is achieved.

It is certain however that the transistor has come to stay. The full scope of its possibilities remains to be seen.

EAST INDIES



The much regretted illness of the Commander-in-Chief has caused the visit of C-in-C's staff to East Africa to be cancelled and until October the staff will remain ashore here in Trincomalee.

Highspot of the last few months has been the Royal Tour. Many of us have only just about recovered from the almost overwhelming influx of signal traffic.

With the two cruisers away from Trincomalee, H.M.S. *Newfoundland* in the Far East, and H.M.S. *Ceylon* in East Africa, we are taking things comparatively easy until the first week in August when the combined Staffs of C-in-C E.I. and S.B.N.O. Ceylon will be awaiting the arrival of the Indian and Pakistan Fleets for the joint exercises at Trincomalee.

Sailing has been our outstanding interest during the last few weeks and the Trinco R.N.S.C. have provided everyone with facilities for instruction in sailing a dinghy—prior to passing a cox'n's test. If everything turns out as hoped the Communicators should be able to man a fair sized fleet of dinghies before many weeks have passed.

H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

H.M.S. *Loch Alvie* was commissioned for service on the East Indies Station by a Chatham crew in Portsmouth Dockyard on 8th March, 1954.

She had been in dockyard hands for modernisation and in addition to all new radio gear and other numerous gadgets fitted on such occasions we are now the proud possessors of four Q.F. saluting guns which were manufactured between 1893 and 1901 and are fitted on our Quarterdeck.

On the day we commissioned we left R.N.B. Portsmouth preceded by the Portsmouth Blue-jackets Band; marched down Queen Street and through the Dockyard Main Gate past H.M.S. *Victory* to number two basin where *Loch Alvie* lay looking very smart with her new coat of paint.

From Portsmouth we went to Portland for a few days sea trials and then to Chatham for four days leave each watch before sailing to rendezvous with the Royal Yacht at Portland. We joined *Britannia* on the 15th of April and sailed for Malta. The journey out was very interesting, a battle of wits ensuing between the watch on the bridges over quizzes. On Easter Sunday as we neared the Straits we closed *Britannia* and passed two Easter Eggs,

by heaving line, for the Royal Children. There were shrieks of delight when the boxes were opened. I am afraid we haven't got deck hockey weighed off to such a fine art as *Britannia* as she managed to beat us in both games.

Our four week stay in Malta is rapidly drawing to a close. We are due in Aden on the 2nd of June where we expect *Loch Quoich* to be waiting for us with their tongues hanging out, dreaming, no doubt, about a nice pint of English beer.

Famous last words:—

Yeoman:

"For Exercise—Hands to Emergency Stations."

Ord. Sig.:

"What does that mean Yeo? Carry on typing?"

Incidentally, which signal station would insist upon hoisting numeral flags instead of pennants when hoisting signals from A.C.P.148? R.R.S.

H.M.S. "CEYLON"

We much regret not having provided "copy" for the last edition of THE COMMUNICATOR, but we were far too busy ashore in Australia to accomplish more than a few lines home telling the folks we were "Up Homers" with Miss So-and-So. Goodness knows what the married men amongst us wrote, but undoubtedly it included a description of Australia's "many attractions".

Our cruise to Australia had a dual purpose, firstly to represent the R.N. in the sesquicentenary celebrations at Hobart, and also to provide a Royal Escort for Her Majesty back to Ceylon. It was a cruise that will not be forgotten for many a day by the members of the staff. Indeed, the enchantment of "Down Under" was so great that two of them decided to make it their permanent home, and we've seen neither hair nor hide of them since leaving. Others of the staff intend emigrating as soon as convenient (legally of course), so the place must have something to offer. One of the signalmen was noticed wandering around the flag deck at Sydney with his mouth open and a dazed expression in his eyes . . . Yes, he married her before we sailed!

We visited Hobart, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Freemantle. Each of these places had their own sort of welcome and hospitality to offer us, but the one which reminded us most of home was undoubtedly Hobart. Here the people were as English as the English, and the fair young ladies were

something taken right out of M.G.M.'s Hollywood Studios.

In Melbourne we said goodbye to Captain Stopford and welcomed Captain R. S. Foster Brown. From Signal Officer to Signal Officer; H.M.S. *Ceylon* may rightly be said to have a distinct communication bias.

The Royal Escort from Freemantle to the Cocos Islands comprised H.M.A.S. *Vengeance*, two Australian destroyers and ourselves. It was a pleasure working with our friends of the R.A.N. and we were sorry to say goodbye to our last link with that "Land of Promise". At Cocos we were joined by our sister ship (let her be nameless) who very early in the proceedings made a signal requesting to dress ship in slow time as they did not want to damage their dressing lines!! The Chief Yeoman's face was a study, we had dressed ship by that time at least a dozen times at lightning speed and each time the S.C.O. complained it was not fast enough. Then came the great day, when in perfect weather the ships were stopped in the Indian Ocean and H.M. The Queen came aboard. After the officers and a number of the Ship's Company were presented to Her Majesty, we all marched past and then went forward for a mass photograph. Alas! The staff were well to the rear, being situated amongst the main roof aerials, and consequently unrecognisable. However, that seemed to be the most appropriate place to put us even though a certain O/Tel. was "bashing it out" on full power, wanting no doubt to pick up his Chief's rate before 1999.

At the time of writing we are on our East African cruise, having just left the island of Mauritius, where we made the acquaintance of ex-L/Tel. Goldsmith who is now worked to death in the Mauritius Navy, teaching both his operators to read morse.

Our future movements are bound to make the most hardened of you go cold all over—returning home on 1st October, recommissioning and then . . . Who knows?

Well it's our turn to catch the R.A. bus to Cosham. So watch out for the date . . . 1st October . . . We'll be there . . . Will you? G.S.

"MEONMAID"

After a good refit over the winter, largely due to the hard work of Petty Officer Lilley, the *Meonmaid* was towed down to *Vernon* and launched on 20th April. She then spent ten days at Sparkes' Boatyard in Chichester harbour for some major refitting items (doubling twenty-one cracked frames, fitting High-field levers on the runners, and having a proportion of the keel bolts withdrawn for examination).

Since then she has been greatly in demand, and the "booking" book looks very healthy. On a cruise to France in May, the trip across of 59 miles was done in ten hours—a good average for any yacht. On the racing side, we have managed to win the first three races of the five for the Monarch Bowl and are hoping that our good fortune will continue.

Afloat or Ashore Call for Calder's

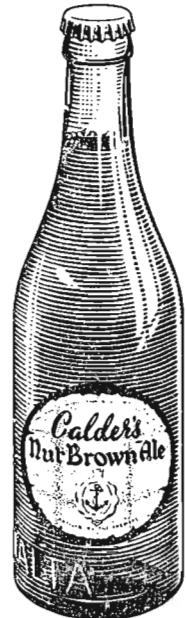
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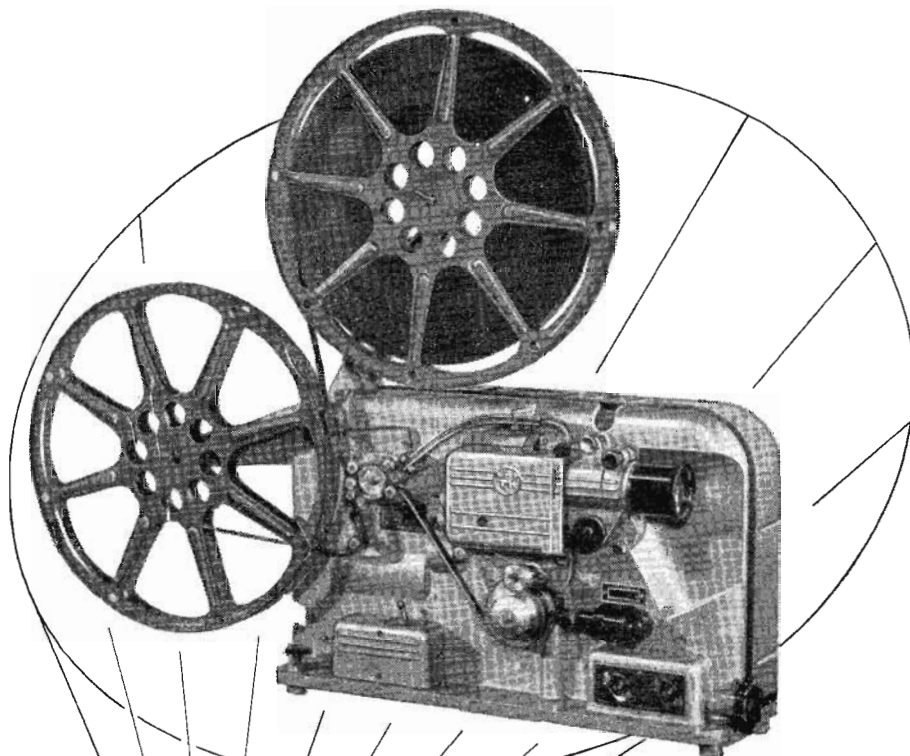


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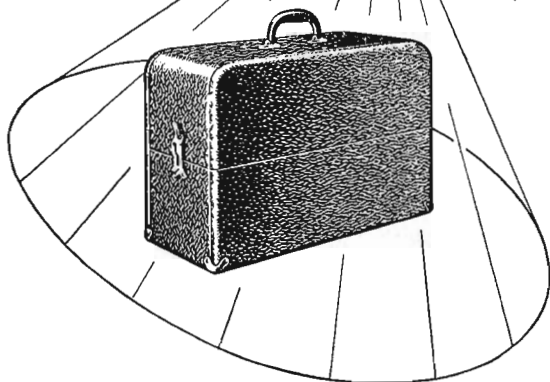


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AMERICA AND WEST INDIES



Communicators have to come out to this Station before they can fully appreciate just how vast an area is covered by the phrase "America and West Indies". With a cruiser flagship and four or five frigates our hunting ground stretches from the Arctic to the Antarctic, down both sides of North and South America, and includes that hotch-potch of islands known as the Caribbean. The Commander-in-Chief A.W.I. (whom U.S.N. Communicators refer to as "Sinkarewee") has three headquarters; one is ashore in Bermuda (not even in the West Indies so we have discovered), another is ashore in Norfolk, Virginia, where he carries out his N.A.T.O. duties as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, and lastly the Flagship H.M.S. *Sheffield*. These separate headquarters are the cause of severe cryptographic headaches. "Different ships different long splices" said the latterday communicator but "Different headquarters different cryptosystems" says the A.W.I. communicator. This sets us longing for the days of the ancient Greeks when the most secure crypto system was conducted by shaving the heads of the messengers, pricking the message in indelible ink on their bald pate, allowing the hair to grow again and then repeating the shaving when the messenger arrived at the other end. Even this system had to be changed in the end as the ancient Greeks had not the benefit of modern hair lotions and some of the more elderly messengers were devastated to find themselves prematurely bald.

All ships travel around a lot on this Station. "Showing the Flag" is a routine matter and we are constantly on the move visiting a part of the world that the rest of the Navy rarely has an opportunity to see. Life is not all ceremonial however, and we do have our squadron exercises. Carrying out precise manoeuvres with a cruiser and three frigates is amusing, especially when one hears the Officer of the Watch in the frigate say "Starboard two and a half", when altering course in the wake of the Flagship. We stopped travelling for a few weeks in April and managed a "concentration period" in Bermuda for sports, shooting matches and so on. H.M.S. *Cygnets*, with us temporarily from the Mediterranean, cleared the board at the pulling regatta including the communicators' race.

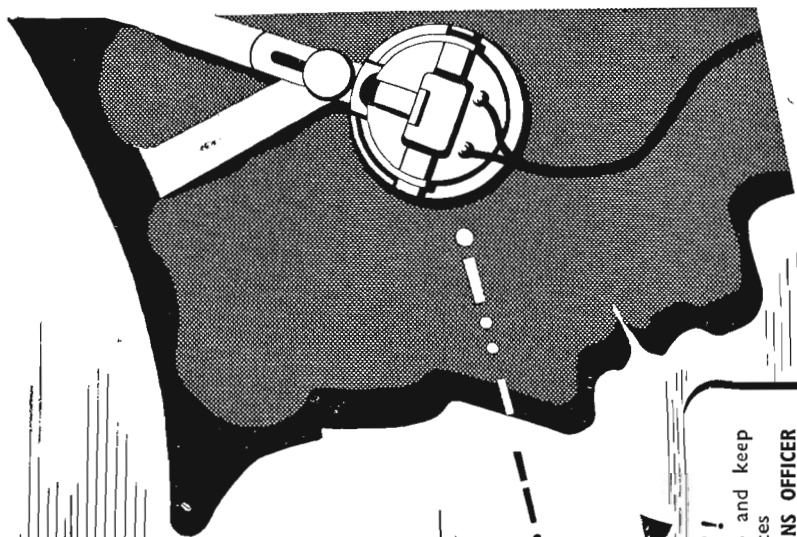
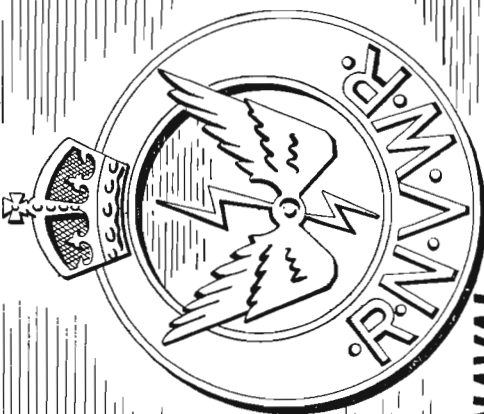
Technically, we are learning fast how to communicate with our American cousins. The language with its accent on abbreviations requires practice. For instance if "Cpubinfo" is seen in the address, remember it means "Chief of Public Information", "Hic" stands not for "Harbour Intercom" but "Hydrographic Information ad hoc Standing Group".

This column cannot be closed without giving a much deserved "chuck-up" to the Communicators of the frigates, frequently operating for long periods thousands of miles from their nearest base. It takes the ship in the Falkland Islands six weeks to report "am in station" after leaving Bermuda, and they often spend hours trying to clear their messages on ship-shore when there is sporadic "E" about.

H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD"

Our Spring cruise, partly reported in the last number, came to a climax with a visit to the Lone Star State which gave us a real Texas welcome plus a spot of English atmosphere in the way of the weather. At the end of the week we were quite convinced that we had reached the be all and end all of bigness and that the "Texas Almanac" was correct in that "Texas occupies all the Continent of North America except the part set aside for the United States, Mexico and Canada". As we were all initiated as "Texas braggarts" I feel it only right and proper to point out that mousetraps are needed to catch mosquitoes, men (and presumably women!) are so tough that they sleep between sandpaper sheets, and the grapefruit are so enormous that nine make a dozen. Enough said!

Talking of mosquitoes; a later visit, and an unexpected one, was to Grand Cayman where with the Royal Marine Band we boosted local pride and patriotism during the opening of the Island airport. Rumour had it that the local girls were mad keen to marry Englishmen so we sent our portable and Shore Link Team ashore with a certain amount of trepidation, marriage certificates and strict instructions to resist all advances. Unfortunately for them the advances came from another direction when at

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sunset the mosquitoes descended in droves, and the frantic pleas for help were not for rescue from the wiles of women but for tins of anti-mosquito cream. Hard luck.

Jamaica as always was a pleasant stay but after three months away from home I don't think anyone was sorry to see Bermuda again except the O.D.'s who foresaw weeks of never ending "Biffers" and a chance for C.Y.S. Pine to fulfil his one ambition and become the World Biffer Transmitting Champ—followed closely, I might add, by P.O. Tel. Quinn.

Early May saw us off again with a night encounter with *Burghead Bay* and *Cygnets* to keep the ball rolling, followed by exercises and manoeuvres till we reached Norfolk, Virginia. There we modestly sat ourselves down between a vast array of carriers, battleships and cruisers, highlighting our visit with the Royal Marine Tattoo which as usual, and to our immense satisfaction, "shook the Yanks". Coming within the orbit of SACLANC we could not help but suffer a little from the N.A.T.O. twitch so Yeoman Hafferty was not altogether surprised when, after the shore phone was connected, a caller from the inner sanctum told him that "Your number is 2-26789 and your title is BRITNAVCOMCEN-NORVA". The M.S.O. felt that at last it had won a N.A.T.O. hat.

One more cruise in which we expect to taste the delights of the East Coast of the States and Canada and then we turn our backside on the dollar area and make haste to South Railway Jetty. It is rumoured that "Schooly" is going to run re-

indoctrination classes for our ace stranglers so that the slide into relative poverty can be taken in a philosophical frame of mind; but when all is said and done I think most of us will be pleased to see the Gosport Ferry and travel on a Corporation bus.

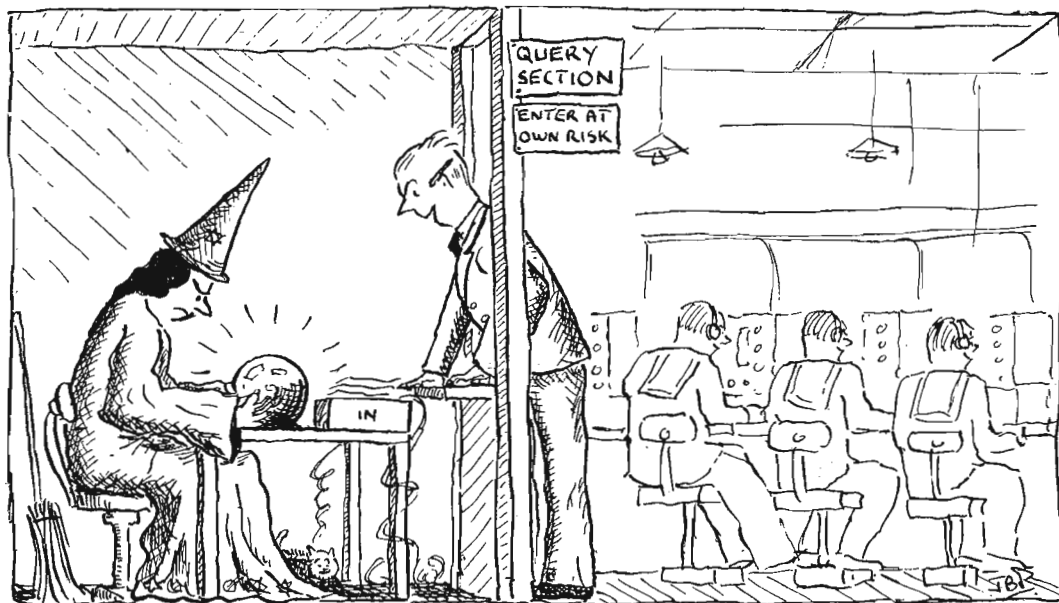
TYNE DIVISION R.N.V.(W.)R.

'Better late than never' seems to be our motto as it has taken about two years to get down to this article—a belated 'Greetings' to all Communicators.

We are rather down on strength at the moment having just lost our last batch of Watchers to National Service; also Ldg. Tel. Clark, who after many years of faithful service has just gone 'outside'. We hope he isn't feeling too lost without us. So we now have Chief, two Tels, plus our new entries, one P.O. Wren Tel. and nine Wren W/T—nine having survived out of the original fifteen! They have just returned from a very successful Crypto Course at Chatham Signal School—home from home so they tell us.

This summer we hope to be able to arrange some weekend training with the Portable Sets and also W/T Exercises when our Minesweeper is at sea. Last time we did this (the Wrens first experience of Manoeuvring Exercises) the 'Executive' was rather slow in following and Yeoman temporarily ran out of bunting! We are hoping also to visit Whitehall W/T.

Any Communicators will be sure of a welcome if they care to look us up.



"Got those callsigns out yet, Mrs. Higgins?"

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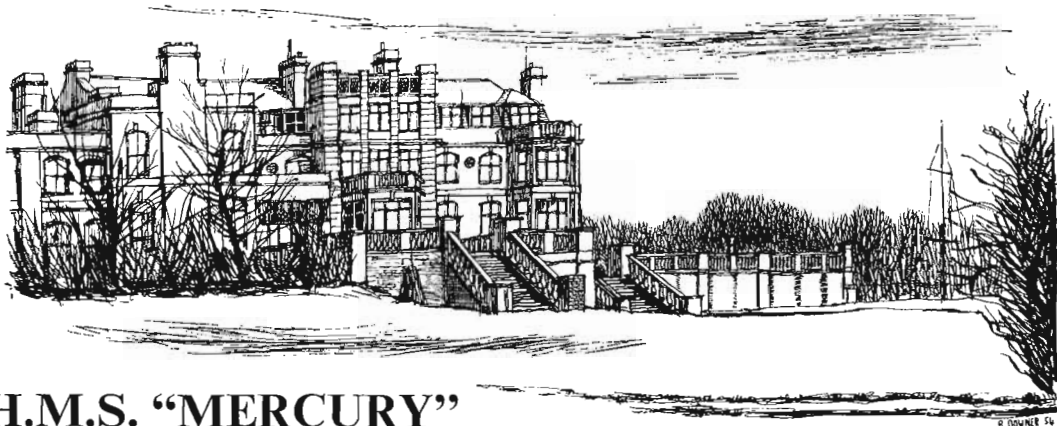
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H.M.S. "MERCURY"

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TOT TIME TITTLE-TATTLE

The theme for this article should be cats—the four legged variety. Every caboose, cubby hole and mess of every description has its own litter of cats, all claiming of course that theirs are the best. As I sit typing this I have four of the little so and so's doing their level best to take over the office entirely.

I remember some years ago as a young sparker a P.O. Tel. told me that he always liked being in the Signal School during the Summer because it was so very nice! We are now one week away from Midsummer's Day, and I must admit that there was a day some time back when the sun shone.

Since the last number of THE COMMUNICATOR we have seen quite a few changes here. Messrs. *Albion*, *Saintes*, *Glasgow* and *Newcastle* have whittled our numbers down to such an extent that the New Entry Division almost reigns supreme. Judging by the results on Sports Day when they had the grand total of 98 points compared to the S.S. Mess 13, we buntings and sparkers of the S.S. Mess are on our last legs.

A small change is to be noted in the S.S. Mess now. The President of the mess (L/Tel. Bunting) has no vice president. He is ably assisted by a mess committee of four. Shortage of hands generally is the reason for this, but it is working admirably.

Just before Easter leave we had our end of Term dance in the mess lounge. Despite some cries of "too small" it went off very well. The top mess deck (at that time used by the N.E. Division) was turned into a lounge and bar. The weather was not very kind to us, and a rather muddy mess was the result. In spite of that however, a good time was had by all.

A more recent event was a trip to Reading to have a look over Simmonds Brewery. A nice tea was laid on for the thirty mess members and a social evening followed. Judging by some looks the next day a good time was had by all. Our spokesman was

heard to say in reply to one of the Directors, "Come on lads, three rousing claps for Simmonds . . ." Some stuff this brew!

This Term's funny story concerns the New Entry who wanted week-end leave and was told to put in his request to see N.E.D.O. He did—like this—"Request to see any D.O. . . ."

I think he has made up his mind by now.

J.B.



THIRD SEA LORD AT "MERCURY"

Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, Third Sea Lord, spent a day at H.M.S. "Mercury" recently. He toured the whole camp, visited classes under instruction and took the salute at a march past of the entire Signal School. The photograph shows him leaving PASCO accommodation block, with Captain Longden, Commander Gray, Lieut. Plimmer and Commander Aitken.

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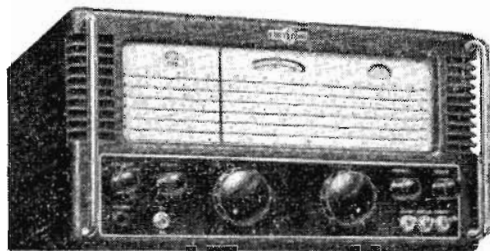
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CHIEF'S CHATTER

This Term has been overshadowed by the extremely sad incident which occurred in May. Three of our members on the W.I.'s "Q" course were killed in a flying accident at Culdrose in Devon. They were C.P.O. Tels. Harding (Portsmouth), Abbotts (Chatham), and Irvine (Devonport). Their loss was felt keenly by all the mess, and without a doubt, other Communicators who knew them will be as moved as we were by the sad news.

Sports Day this year will no doubt have been mentioned in some other article, but sufficient to say that though we didn't actually shine, at least we glowed a little, from the efforts of the not so old "old 'uns." C.P.O. Tel. Larkins is even due to represent us in the Portsmouth Command inter-Establishment athletic championships.

There have been several changes amongst the members since our last issue. The "Paid Servant" of the mess, C.P.O. Tel. F. Hawkes, Mess Secretary, has gone to finish his time standing by H.M.S. *Bulwark*.

Chief Writer Sheppard has taken over office and since that department usually does about four years in the School, he will probably be known by all before he leaves us.

C.P.O. Tel. E. Green has finally got himself back to duty after close on four years in hospital following his motor cycle accident, and has now left us to join H.M.S. *Newcastle*. He sails for points east at the end of June, and will no doubt find many changes to cope with. C.P.O. Tel. (S) R. Green has been relieved at 'Derry by C.P.O. Tel. (S) V. Rees and is back in office up at North Camp. C.Y.S. Woodhead has completed a full seven months foreign in *Saintes*, and is back with us now, and lots of old faces are due to join before the end of August.

The plans for the new Mess Block have finally been approved and building is due to start shortly. From all accounts it should be even more of a "palace" than the new cabin accommodation. The back end of '56 should see it finished.

The C.C.O.s (Q) are due to finish on July 23rd and the W.I.s (Q) have already done so. The three Chiefs who were left in the course after the accident mentioned earlier—C.P.O. Tels. Cartmell, Ryder and Stankiste—were all successful. We hope all the C.C.O.s (Q) will also make it. J.H.

P.O.'s PATER

Since the last number of THE COMMUNICATOR the new commissions have reduced the strength of the mess to the lowest ebb for many a year. June 10th saw the departure of the oldest inhabitant, Yeo. A. Porter. This ardent television knob twister will be sadly missed, and "Decor by Porter" will no longer grace the Pantomime and Play programmes.

Our new President, "Shiner" Wright now sits firmly in the chair, and all the mess wish him a

happy and successful term of office. Ex-President "Cuts" Cunningham has departed for warmer climes and we take this opportunity of congratulating him on a highly successful Presidency.

The old Entertainments Committee (with the exception of "Buck" Taylor) has left us. P.O. Tels. Vinnicome and Norman to Civvy Street and Fred Bellamy to the *Albion*. Their hard work and initiative resulted in some really excellent dances, socials, and outings. Yeo. Hill, P.O. Tels. Taylor and Lambert are at the moment carrying on the good work.

Eric Holmes the late secretary has left us for *Redpole* and his place has been taken by that mathematical genius P.O. Tel. J. Davis.

The Bittern (Red Flannel) Ladies Club paid us a return visit on 8th June. Beer flowed freely and an excellent time was had by all. In the real sporting line, the P.O.s did quite well in the field events, thanks to P.O. Newton winning the Hammer, Shot, Long Jump and Hurdles, and P.O. Tel. Wailes winning the Javelin and being placed in several other events, including a gallant second in the Pole Jump. On the flat, the heats had a demoralising effect due to our willing horses coming in last. However, there were no heats in the three miles which enabled us to finish with an appropriate note, with a placard carried on a Yeoman's back "To the Bitter End". Nobody remembered to tell the runner when he reached the end, and to the amusement of all he did another lap. Sports Day Dance was well attended and gave Yeo. Chapman a chance to have a last artistic fling before leaving us, by producing a cabaret in which the P.O.s were well represented as Can-Can girls.

In the Hockey League our long standing Cup is at stake. We have not lost a game yet, but drew against the S.S. Mess.

We seem to have a comparatively strong cricket team and have won all matches to date.

DABBIE'S CORNER

Attention all Seamen in and around *Mercury*, whether you be in the cooler or wandering around Siberia with a broom in each hand and a dustpan between your molars. Here at last is some consolation for your toils (and boils), also a jolly good excuse for a scrumpy consuming gathering at the dabbies tombola table. Our efforts in the sporting field so far are highly commendable; apart from being quietly confident about the inter-Part Hockey cup, we won the "Crombie" cup, and came a merited second in the Sports. Also we had a moral victory over the Wrens at rounders (moral being "We wuz robbed.").

It was with much sorrow that we heard of the New Entry being bitten by a snake, but whether our sympathy is with the youth or the snake is a much debated issue among the troops.

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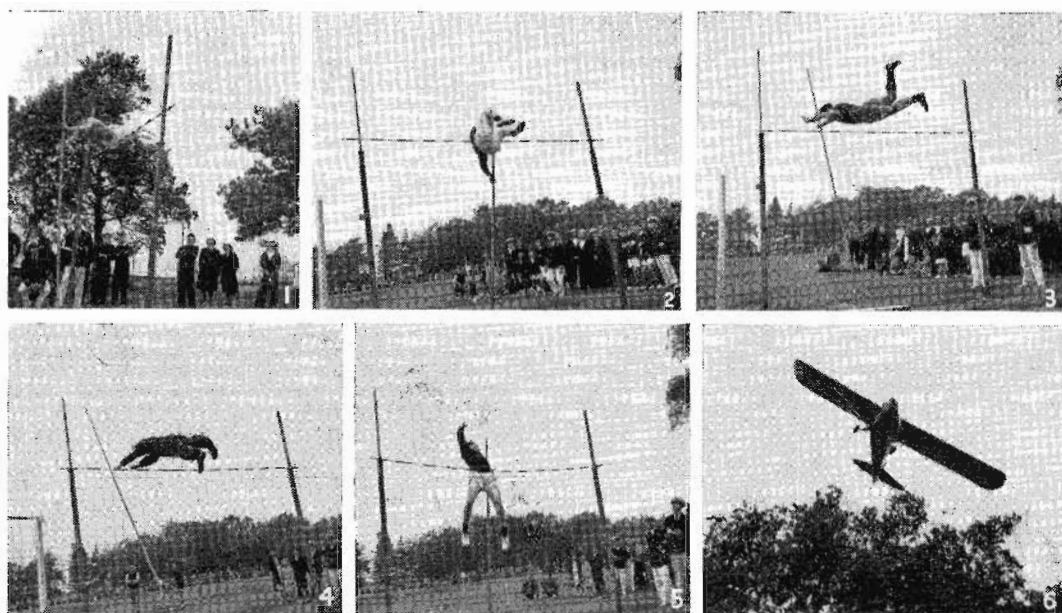
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DIFFERENT WAYS OF GETTING 'UP'

Sports Day at "Mercury" showed that there are many different ways of getting a bit higher than the other fellow.

1. L.Sea. Dutton, winner of the pole vault with a height of 9 ft. 6 in. shows how to do it.
2. and 5. Ord. Tel. Menzies.
3. Sig. Marks
4. P.O. Wailes
6. Lieut. Macklow-Smith who appeared to be trying to go under rather than over the bar. But then he didn't have a pole to help him.

COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
Sir P. ANSON, BART.	Lt. Cdr.	Agincourt	Staff of C-in-C Plymouth
Miss J. L. P. BEVAN	3/O W.R.N.S.	Staff of F.O.R.Y.	Staff of D.S.D.
G. A. BLOODWORTH	S.C.C.O.	Glory	Heron
H. J. C. BRIDGER	Lt.	Mercury	Agincourt
E. BRISTOW, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Ricasoli	Mercury for Conver- sion Course
M. BROAD	C.C.O.	Mercury	Illustrious
I. W. BROBEN	Lt. R.A.N.	Diamond	R.A.N.
C. G. BUSH	Lt. Cdr.	Drake	Cleopatra, Staff of F.O.C.R.F.
E. W. A. COLLINS, B.E.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ricasoli
H. R. CORNELL	Lt.	St. Angelo	R.N.S.S. Devonport
F. A. CULLIFORD	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Birmingham
W. G. DARTNELL	C.C.O.	Defender	Tamar
W. M. DAWSON	C.C.O.	Swiftsure	Mercury
C. C. M. ENNEVER, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Campania	Saker

Name	Rank	Whither	Whence
R. W. EVANS	C.C.O.	Highflyer	Mercury
M. C. EVELEGH	Lt.	St. Angelo	Rocket
N. F. FAWCETT	Lt.	Mercury	Chequers
D. R. H. FERGUSON	Cdr.	Mercury II	President
J. T. FRANKS	C.C.O.	Unicorn	Mercury
M. J. L. FREEMAN	Lt.	Mercury	Saintes
R. H. GEORGE	C.C.O. (Air)	Heron	Gamecock
G. B. GOODWIN	C.C.O.	Jupiter	Mercury
R. W. GRAHAM CLARKE	Lt.	Vanguard	Diamond
D. W. GREEN	C.C.O.	Mercury	Terror
N. E. C. HAMMOND	Lt.	Mercury	Recruit
J. T. HEADON	C.C.O.	Ranpura	Mercury
G. J. HINES	Lt. Cdr.	Cleopatra	Birmingham
R. E. HOOPER	S.C.C.O.	Highflyer	R.N.S.S. Chatham
T. H. HORNYOLD-STICKLAND, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Bermuda	Dryad
G. H. P. HUNT, B.E.M.	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Newcastle
J. G. T. INGLIS, O.B.E.	R.A.	Victory	D.N.I.
J. A. J. JOHNSON	S.C.C.O.	Sea Eagle	Bulwark
C. J. J. KEMP	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Glasgow
A. J. S. KNOCKER	Lt.	Rocket	Mercury
P. T. LAWMAN, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Gannet	Tyne
D. A. LORAM	Lt. Cdr.	Dartmouth	President (Equerry to H.M. The Queen)
R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.V.O., M.B.E.	Cdr.	Staff of F.O.R.Y.	D.S.D.2
W. MAGORIAN	S.C.C.O.	Superb	Mercury for Conversion Course
C. J. MAIR	Lt. R.C.N.	R.C.N.	Mercury
P. MARTINEAU	Lt.	Mercury	Glasgow
J. S. K. ORAM	Lt. Cdr.	Glasgow	Mercury
W. F. PATERSON	Lt. Cdr.	Glory	A.W. Signal School
D. M. PUNTER	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.N.C. for Courses
L. REYNOLDS	Comm. Lt.	Ricasoli	Implacable
Miss S. M. RIGBY	3/O W.R.N.S.	Staff of F.O.R.Y.	Mercury
L. A. ROE, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Ricasoli	Mercury
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Rooke	St. Angelo
D. B. SANDERS	Lt.	Cardigan Bay	Dartmouth
R. F. T. STANNARD, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	Victory	Daedalus
F. M. SWINEY, M.B.E.	Comm. Lt.	Implacable	B.J.C. (E)B.
D. L. SYMS	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Bulwark
J. M. VILLIERS, O.B.E.	Capt.	S.O.T.C.	Bulwark in Cmd.
C. C. WAKE-WALKER	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Rooke
W. G. WATERS	A/C.C.O.	Pembroke	Superb
F. C. WIGG	C.C.O.	Newfoundland	Sea Eagle
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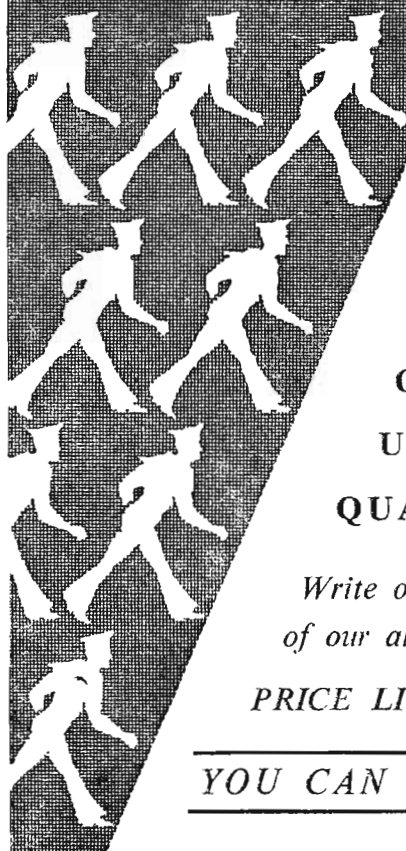
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