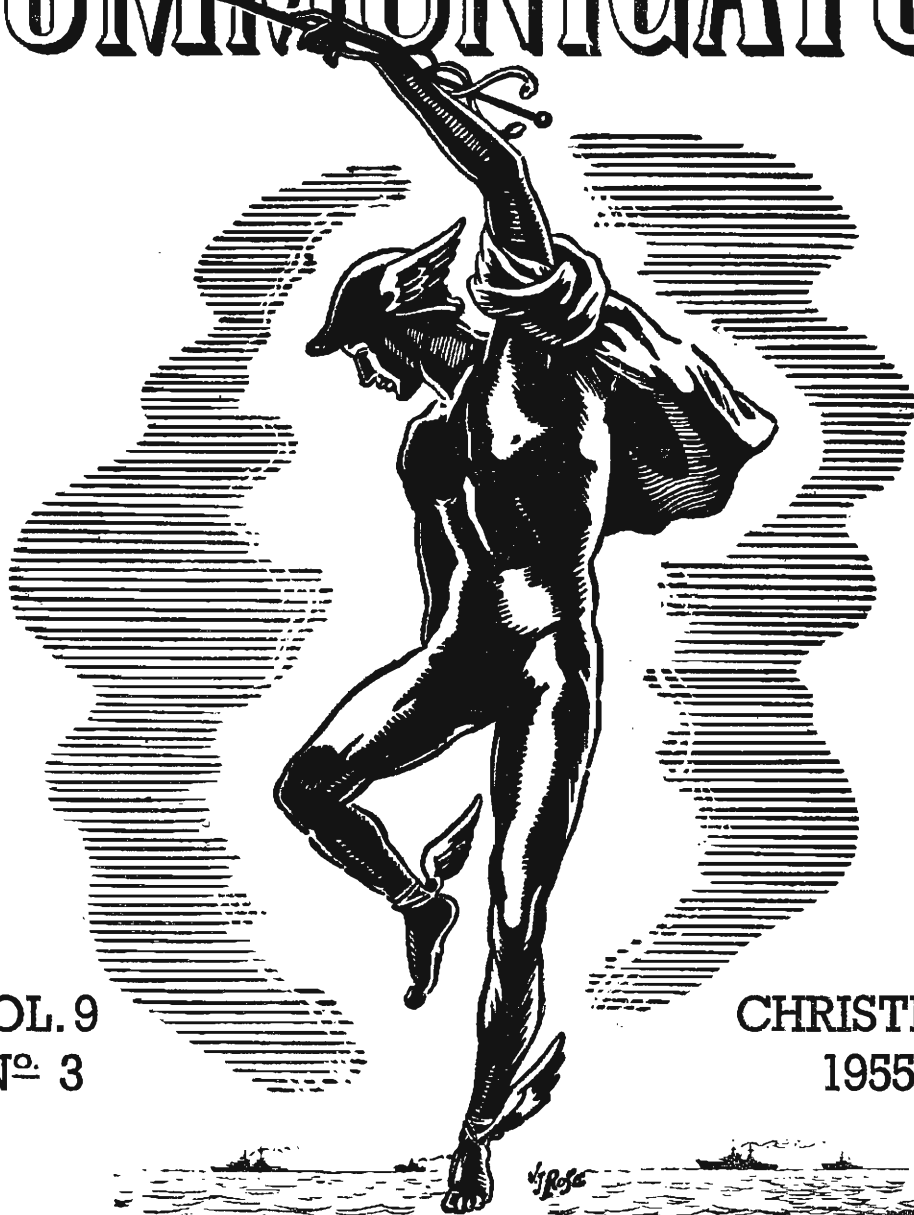
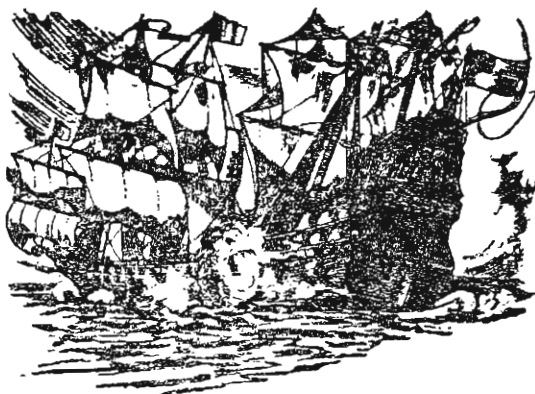


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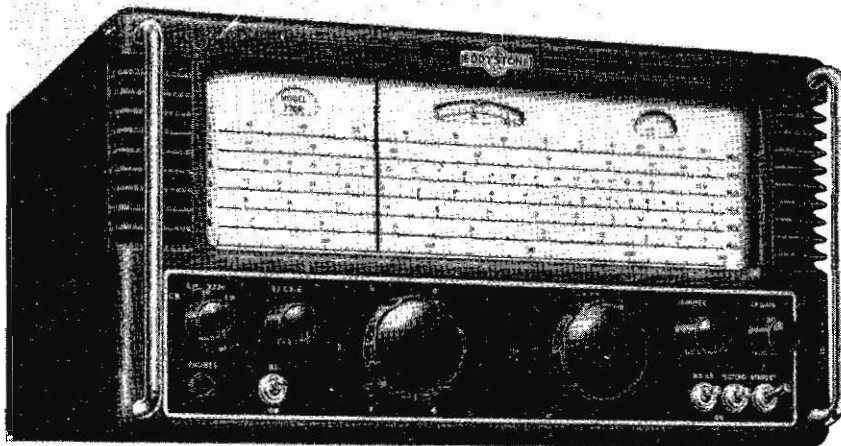
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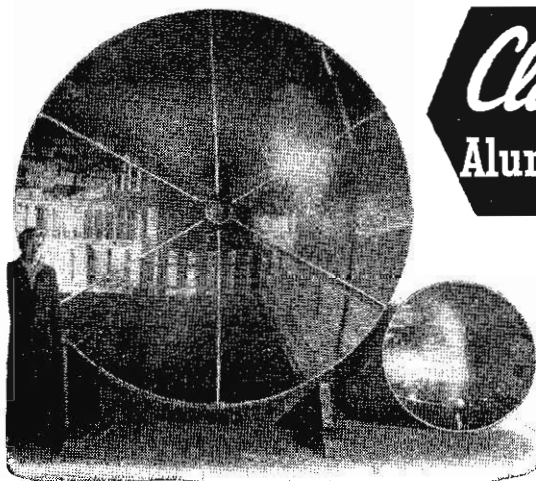
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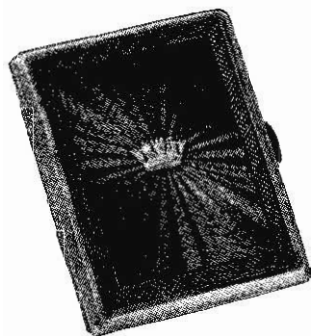
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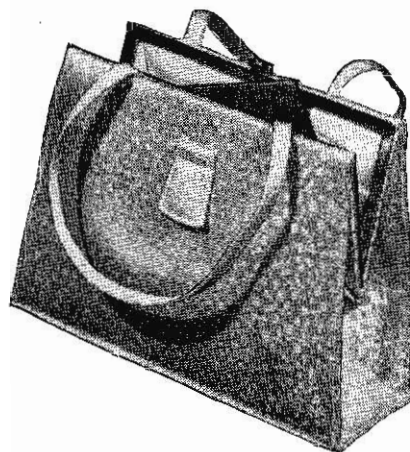
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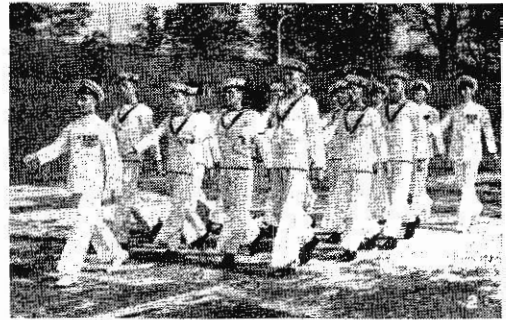
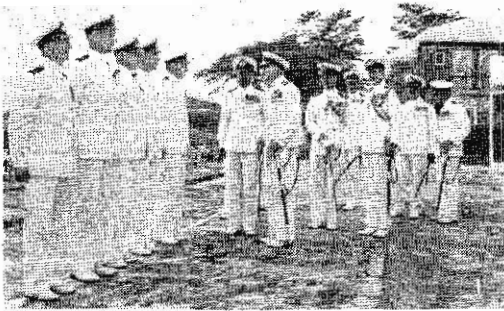
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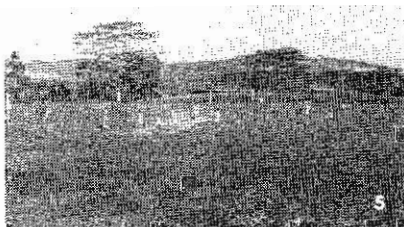
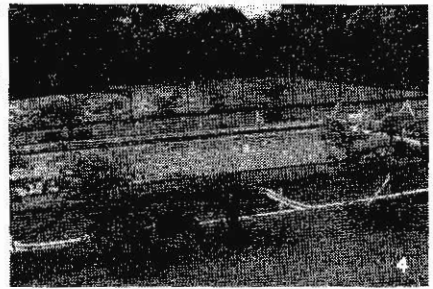
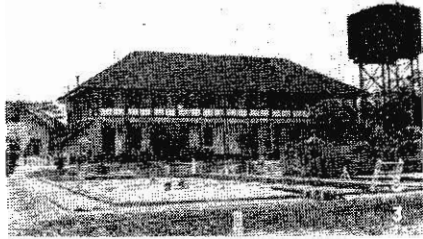
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Winning
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1. Inspection by Rear Admiral E. H. Shattock, C.B., O.B.E.
2. Signal Training Centre Division marching past at the inspection.
3. The swimming pool with accommodation block beyond.
4. Swimming pool and tennis courts.
5. The sports grounds.
6. Denger girls at work on the new CRR foundations.

H.M.S. "CARDIGAN BAY"

We have actually had some live exercises out here - A/S with *Telemachus* off Hong Kong, and with the U.S.S. *Ronquil* in Japan. We also specialise in bombardment and are sufficiently well up to take what else may come (and we certainly get it in the case of typewriters) -but no smuts on the flagdeck, please.

We wore the broad pendant of Commodore Unwin in Hong Kong before we left on our usual

northerly run in August—P.Y.Do., Y.P.D. and Yokohama for good measure. We liked it, and Kure (Pearl of the Orient?) too. And then we had a trip to Penang just to take our minds off our forthcoming inspection at Hong Kong. We did actually finish all the corrections before FOSICFESTA came onboard.

At last we've got the Fleet more or less together, and we sail with high hopes for the regatta next week. Pukaki's Communicators rather fancy their chances.

H.M.S. "MODESTE"

We joined *Modeste* the first week in July 1954 at Singapore, being the first to commission a ship as a complete ship's company under the Air Trooping Scheme. (One up for Pompey.) After a rapid turnover, lasting some one and a half hours, our working-up period of approximately one month took place in the Pulau Tioman area (an island off the east coast of Malaya)—no doubt well known to many of you for its crystal clear water, white sandy beaches, abundance of fish, and not forgetting the occasional shark.

Since the work-up we have steamed rather more than 28,500 miles, conducted two exercises in Japanese waters, and participated in the recent Combined Fleet Exercises ("Anzex"), in the South China Sea. We have had a reasonably good tour of the Far East Station, inasmuch as we have had two trips to Japan, two weeks of West Coast of Korea patrol, a visit to Bangkok, numerous visits to ports around the coast of Malaya, a trip to Kuching (Sarawak); and finally a trip "Across the Line" to the Cocos-Keeling Islands, where we have just spent an unpleasant week due to torrential rains and very blustery S.E. trade winds. We are now returning to Singapore, where we shall spend two days prior to sailing for Kuantan (East coast Malaya) to participate in a ceremonial parade to mark the transfer of the State Capital from Kuala Lumpur.

In mid-September we sail for Hongkong, where we shall commence to "limber up" for the Small Ships and Fleet Regattas which are to be held in Junk Bay during the second week of November. Shortly after winning these, we shall return to Singapore and prepare for de-commissioning in December.

As to the sporting side of our commission, the emphasis lies on Uckers, Dominoes, Crib and Wrestling (Tiger Tops at Singapore, San Migs at Hongkong, and Tory in Japan). With the exception of water polo, the more strenuous sports of football, hockey, cricket and rugby are best left unmentioned. The water polo team, however, ably represented in the Branch by P.O. Tel. Northover, (Captain), and Tel. Southurst, have lost only two games out of the sixteen played this year, one of which has already been avenged. In the Fleet Sports held recently at Singapore, our squadron team (three of whom were from *Modeste*), fought their way through to the final against *Newfoundland* to whom they lost 7-0.

In the Small Ships and Fleet Regattas held in Junk Bay last November, our Boys crew literally paddled away with their Small Ships Race (unfortunately, there was no Fleet Regatta race for boys). Our Young Seamen and Electrical and Miscellaneous crews likewise paddled away with both the Small Ships and Fleet Regatta trophies. As for our Communications crew—enough said!

With the end of our commission now on the horizon we are all busy getting together those rabbits we should have bought months ago, ready for that great day in December. We sincerely hope that our successors will have as enjoyable a commission as it has been our good fortune to have. Those selected twelve of you who have been hoisted out of your various hiding-places to relieve us will no doubt encounter great difficulty in disentangling yourselves from your moorings, but, fret ye not! We shall be waiting with open arms to greet you. We have heard that we shall be home for Christmas, but we are not being too optimistic about this in view of the fact that *Newcastle* re-commissions by air just before us.

HONG KONG

An inter-Services Tattoo was held on November 3rd, 4th and 5th which was a really splendid show, Hong Kong Flotilla producing a Tel. for the guard; this was all we could spare owing to pressure of work. We were, however, able to spare C.Y.S. Hunt and Yeo. Gale on the nights in question for the very important duty of breaking the Governor's flag and generally assisting with the many jobs required on the flag staffs, halliards, etc. Splendid models of *Victory* and *Ark Royal* were highlights of the Naval Display.

Hong Kong Wireless have now lost the services of Cable and Wireless Operators which has caused a marked drop in efficiency on Ship/Shore. Most of our operators are now Chinese with no previous experience so we ask ships to be patient with us until we can get these newcomers into shape and make Tels. of them.

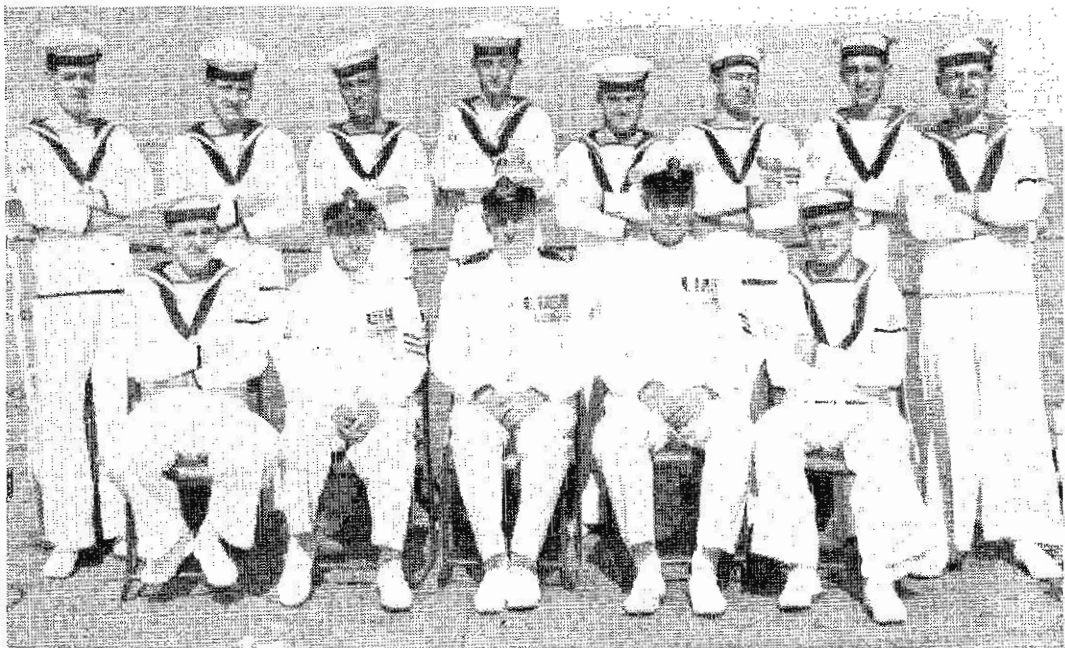
In the M.S.O. we are better off with most of the Chinese ratings "old hands" kept strictly under control by Say On, our Chinese Chief Yeoman. Although a good half of our British "juniors" have changed, the new ones are learning fast and the Yeomen of the watch are bearing up under the strain of increased traffic with the Fleet here.

There are compensations, however, and one of these is meeting "old ships" again. One particularly pleasant event was the Communicators' Social Night we had at the China Fleet Club on Monday, 31st October, when all ships were well represented.

H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

Since our last appearance in the Magazine *Newfoundland* has finished her refit and once again headed for the open sea. It was with much pleasure that we leaned on the guardrail and looked at the clean water rushing past the side after three long months of the dirty oily variety found in Singapore dockyard.

While the ship's company were living in *Terror* a very ambitious sports programme was embarked upon. Leagues of all sorts appeared and the Division managed to be well represented in all of them.



H.M.S. "Newfoundland" Communication Whaler's Crew. Back row: Tel. Bliss, Tel. Sterne, O/Tel. Gomes, Tel. Coney, Sig. Standing, Sig. Hiscock, L/Sig. Simmons, L/Sig. Dickson. Front row: L/Tel. Will, P.O. Tel. Westwood, Mr. Jones, S.C.C.O., Yeo. Brunsdon, L/Sig. Bailey.

Hockey seems to be our best sport. We only have to beat the Electrical division and we have won the league. When the soccer league closed we were fifth against some very fine competition. Taking advantage of the *Terror* swimming pool the ship held its swimming gala in which I am afraid the Communicators did not do too well. The swimming captain says, "Sorry, I can't remember exactly where we came in."

We really do shine in boat pulling though. At the ship's regatta held in Stonecutters Bay on 20th October, the Sparkers' crew were first in, and the Buntings second, thereby taking all the silver oars which were offered for the two best crews. Both crews were unfortunately drawn to pull in the same heat, which the Sparkers won. As we had five boats available and there were only four heats, the Buntings managed to get into the final with the best time for a second. In the final our two crews were in the lead from the start and there was only a couple of lengths in it. The same two crews are hard at it now to beat the rest of the fleet in the fleet regatta.

During the refit there were a lot of very strong buzzes about us "doing" an Australian cruise. It turned out that the buzzes were quite right except that for *Newfoundland* read *Newcastle*. All that lush living (and etc.), will have made them soft though and we should be the holders of the fleet cock before this is in print. Instead of Australia we had a short trip to Labuan and Jesselton in North Borneo.

Both places did very well in the reception they gave us but there were too many thirsty matelots for the resources of Labuan. Jesselton must have been tipped off because, try as we might, we could not see all their beer off. On the way up to Hong Kong towards the end of September we spent a most enjoyable weekend in Manila. Things are very dear there but it turned out that you didn't need a cent to have a good run ashore due to the hospitality of the Phillipine Armed Forces and the European and American residents.

EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Hong Kong is at the moment, November 2nd, filled with ships and it is sad that only two of them are from the Eighth Destroyer Squadron. *Cossack* and *Cockade* are in the harbour here and *Comus* is refitting in the Dockyard. *Concord* is refitting in Singapore and *Consort* is duty ship in the Malayan Area. It is a great pity that we weren't able to gather more together for the regatta and the sports that lead up to it; nevertheless the squadron is progressing well through the various competitions and next week the hours of agony spent pulling will, we hope, be vindicated.

In the last report *Concord* had just re-commissioned and she is now well worked up, in fact enduring, as I say, a refit in Singapore. *Cockade*, who

has been longest in commission, has been in this part of the world for some time and expects to refit in the spring. *Cossack* re-commissioned by air in June, was followed by *Comus* in July and *Consort* in September. It may be possible to get the squadron together in the New Year but the various commitments of this widely spread station seem to pull rather hard in opposite directions.

Concord went "Huking" in July and *Comus* and *Cockade* took part in a "Huk" in August. These exercises are perhaps the highlights of a ship's commission out here.

We were joined in June by two R.A.N. destroyers H.M.A.S. *Arunta* and H.M.A.S. *Warramunga*. How nice it is to see their sleek "Tribal" lines and we have thoroughly enjoyed having them with us. *Arunta* came on the August "Huk" and *Warramunga* took part in the one before that.

Concord, *Cockade* and *Comus* have therefore had a chance of visiting Japan and they all thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a lovely country and although the entertainments seem often a little obvious and somewhat "Americanised," there is much to see and it is always well worth while making a trip inland and seeing something of the very beautiful country which is not noticeably effected by the war. Most of the ships have visited Kure and the passage through the Inland Sea must be one of the loveliest in the world. Some of us managed to get to Hiroshima and it is extraordinary to see its recovery from the "bomb."

Before the August "Huk" the Squadron took part in some exercises with the French aircraft carrier *Bois Belleau* who is a lovely ship acquired from the U.S.N. and in excellent order. The French Navy are justly proud of a very smart and efficient carrier.

Comus hit the headlines recently when she went to the aid of a British merchantman who had been assaulted by a Chinese Nationalist warship on her way into Foochow. The merchantman was forced by gunfire to retire and made the passage the following day under the protection of *Comus*. The warship appeared again and was most aggressive, even to the extent of firing some rounds, but she desisted after warning and retired covering her loss of face with a number of rather insolent signals which were made without difficulty by light. It was an interesting incident and like so many similar occurrences in peace-time came near to being dangerous. *Comus* subsequently returned triumphant to Hong Kong, and, narrowly escaping a couple of typhoons, bedded down for her refit.

After re-commissioning in June, *Cossack* ran for about a month in the Malayan area before starting her refit. Three months seemed a long time and the ship was glad to escape to Hong Kong. Whilst in Singapore numerous Communicators took the opportunity of visiting Kranji and other places, some even went as far as Japan, and others to Colombo for exercise "Jet".

Now that the Leader is in Hong Kong, and the other ships will soon be completing their refits we

look forward to a straight run with some good exercises with the Carriers in the Spring and some equally good visits in between.

Result of F.E.S. Regatta.

Small ship communication race, 1st, *Comus* who also won 8th D.S. Cup.

Communications Race Fleet Regatta, 1st, *Modeste* Fleet Cock 3rd F.S.

H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE"

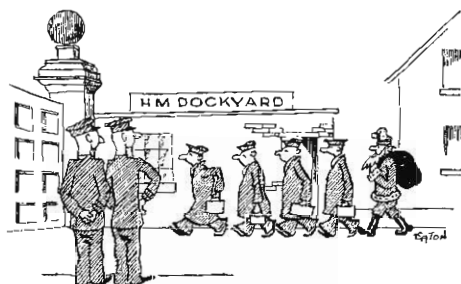
There's an old adage about water flowing under bridges, and quite a lot of it was to pass beneath the famous Sydney Harbour bridge before *Newcastle* arrived there on her highly successful Antipodean Cruise. After the previously reported "Anzex," we returned to Hong Kong for a brief visit, then retired gracefully to Singapore Dockyard for a self refit. During this period relays of Communicators were accommodated in H.M.S. *Terror* and once again, thanks largely to Telegraphists Strudwick, Metcalf and Signalman Davies, the department was able to retain the swimming shield won last November.

The inevitable windy hammers and the local weather combined to make life onboard rather unpleasant, however, like all good things, bad things also come to an end, and on the 26th August we sailed, wearing the flag of F.O.2 in charge Far East Station for the first port of call on our cruise to Australia and New Zealand.

Great preparations were made to have the ship in tip top form for our arrival, and they were adequately rewarded by the reception received at Fremantle.

At Melbourne the Ship's band, "The Magpies," came well into their own, making many broadcasts and visiting hospitals, giving marathon performances. In fact in one hospital they played in 23 wards; L/Tel. Lomas, who is now enjoying his L.F.S. leave, was a very active member of the band which now boasts of broadcast performances from Rangoon to Tokyo and Korea to Katoomba.

The Branch had its own tribulations here; an attempt was made to link the ship into the tape network, which was a good idea—except that on the other end it seemed that each watch had its own ideas



of T/P procedure. Confusion reigned supreme until we reverted to normal T/P procedure.

From Melbourne we journeyed South to New Zealand and made land fall at Dunedin, where it would seem a part of Bonnie Scotland's population has been transplanted—entering Dunedin harbour is more like proceeding into a Scottish Loch.

Morale received a boost at Dunedin, which was certainly not diminished by our reception at Wellington, where the "Magpies" again excelled themselves with a four hour concert at a local hospital, visiting 25 wards during their show.

As everywhere else, visitors came aboard with children ambling about like cart-loads of monkeys, and the ship was very nearly stripped of everything by the souvenir hunters, except the gangway and the 6 inch guns. As is normal in these overseas ports, romances blossomed rapidly; perhaps it was the language they had in common.

Our final call in New Zealand was Auckland, where many of us took the opportunity to visit the "thermal" regions of Rotorua and obtained many interesting photographs of geysers in operation. We found our way into H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel* where we met many ex-R.N. personnel, and at noon we were duly initiated into the Sunday Sippers' Society. At this stage of the cruise many of us were beginning to regret leaving each port more and more—indeed one seaman married a young lady he had met in Dunedin. After a rather bumpy passage in which we lost our whaler for a second time this commission, the ship arrived off Sydney in time for the Flagdeck to sight and report an overdue yawl which was two days adrift.

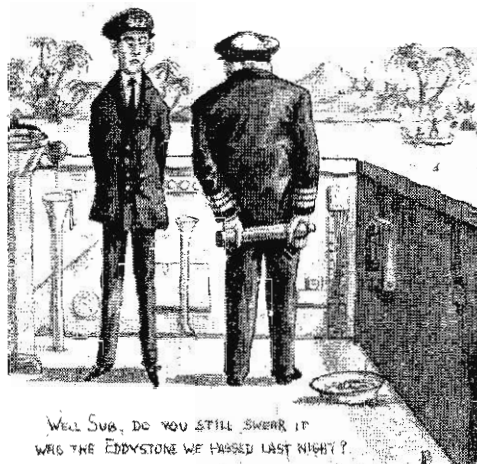
In Sydney we spent six glorious days—for some a new experience, for others a renewal of old acquaintances and places. Does anyone remember Cairo House, the accommodation for the staff of F.O.I.C. Sydney in the war years; it's still there but now has a new face and is now the Cairo Hotel, though the palm trees which line the drive seem to have grown but a foot or two since 1946. Again we were linked up with the tape relay system, but with less teething troubles than before. Visitors were numerous and it goes without saying that the only types onboard were those of the duty watch. A wonderful reception awaited us at Newcastle-upon-Hunter, New South Wales, about 100 miles north of Sydney.

Arriving off the entrance at 0700, we found light aircraft from a local aero club carrying out a formation fly past and salute, followed by a display of aerobatics, whilst the local broadcast station gave a running commentary as we proceeded up harbour to our berth. From the time we arrived until we sailed, there seemed to be a never ending flow of sightseers along the jetty, whilst on visiting days the ship was absolutely swamped—people had

come from miles around to see the ship, and what's more—the Ship's Company. One waggish Q.M., on completion of visiting hours when souvenir hunters had had a heyday, piped, "All visitors are requested to leave the ship," and followed up after a pause with the word "behind."

The reception that the Ship's Company received here was beyond description, and will possibly never be experienced by any of us again. The local radio station devoted most of the evening to playing record requests for the remnants of the duty watch left aboard. Invitations flowed freely—a Ship's Company of 8,000 could not have satisfied the hospitality we received, and our final departure was indeed a fitting and memorable end to a very pleasant cruise. Despite the very early hour, the jetties and wharves of the two mile long harbour were lined with hundreds and hundreds of cars, and thousands and thousands of waving men, women and children. As the ship drew slowly away from her berth a tremendous burst of cheering broke out, and in honour of this unique occasion, naval tradition stood aside and the Ship's Company gave three hearty cheers in return. For some the shore side attractions proved too great, and we left some unofficial immigrants behind. One fortunate individual came aboard by way of a fishing boat and jumping ladder over the side—the cost of an air passage to Hong Kong must have cooled his ardour!

Now, en route to Hong Kong, we are preparing to turn the flag over to *Newfoundland*, then make our way to Singapore where we de-commission on the 16th November.



WELL SUB, DO YOU STILL SWEAR IT
WAS THE EDDYSTONE WE PASSED LAST NIGHT?

An American destroyer new to our Signal methods was seen in the Atlantic flying two flags: Church Pennant and Interrogative Flag. On being asked what the signal was intended to mean she replied:
GOD, WHERE AM I.

AT THE PALACE OF THE FOURTH WIFE

The crowds were pouring into the State Capital for the celebrations, but no such liquid description could be given to the progress of the car which met us at the airport. Impressive, if slightly shabby on the outside, with the Sultan's Coat of Arms upon the door, the interior was dilapidated in the extreme, and when it got under way it made a noise which in any normal car would mean that it was essential to stop and see what was the matter. If the window was shut one was liable to be trapped inside by a lack of interior door handles, and had to resort to an undignified scrabbling at the glass to attract attention in order to get out. The car required considerable forethought to drive as there appeared to be a full turn of play in the steering wheel, and the driver had to wind vigorously, well before altering course: the powerful horn was frequently used and we noted the way pedestrians, cyclists and motorists left the road or pulled into the side on hearing it; the first impression was that they knew the sound of the Royal klaxon, but the second impression was that they knew the Royal steering. The car clock set the tone of the whole conveyance, it hung lopsidedly from the division and bore no allegiance to Greenwich or any other zone, it kept State time: it was stopped.

We had been invited to stay, as the guests of the Sultan, at the Istana of the Fourth Wife. Each of the four wives lives in her own Istana in the vicinity of the Capital. The Istana proved to be by no means a palace and was an unimposing house with a run-down garden on the outskirts of the town; perhaps the Fourth Wife gets fourth choice in palaces as well as in cars. We were greeted most courteously by the Sultan and his wife: the Sultan, a large man for a Malay, with an imposing and once athletic figure, his wife a smiling and pretty ex-dancing girl. After a few pleasantries we were left to take stock of our rooms. These were more comfortable than first appearances had led us to fear, with European furniture, electric fans that worked, rattan beds and comfortable chairs; the holes in the mosquito nets were off-set by the sign of a thoughtful host or hostess—a fiit gun. The bathing arrangements, although at first sight adequate, with an electric heater bigger than the bath, were in fact erratic as the supply of water went on and off at unpredictable intervals. The balcony which surrounded the whole of the first floor was occupied in the rear of the house by the Ladies of the Household, including from time to time the Fourth Wife, who chatted and ate there during the day, and slept there on mats during the night. We were attended by a venerable retainer of benign appearance who spoke quite good English, but this advantage was nullified by the fact that he was stone deaf: he was only able to tell us what he thought we had said, which was usually some way from reality. He informed us that the Sultan had told him to send the "motoor car" for anything we might need which the Istana could not supply. At

one stage we gave "Rip Van Winkle," as we called him, two shirts for laundering and were somewhat surprised next morning to be presented with a bill from a Chinese laundering firm to whom they had been handed; it seemed strange for a palace to charge its guests for laundry.

The morning after our first night's stay we attended a ceremonial parade on the Padang. The Sultan made an impressive figure in his National dress and topped every man on parade by at least a head, as he inspected them with a natural dignity. We had heard of the water sports to be held later in the forenoon but had been given no definite information on how we might view them, so we changed into less formal clothes and mingled with the gaily attired crowds on the river bank. Half an hour after the scheduled start of the water sports nothing appeared to be happening, except that a melee of decorated motor boats and multi-paddled fishing canoes could be seen further down the river. In order to see these more closely we chartered a little out-board motor sampan at the Customs pier and instructed its coxswain to take us to see the boats. This he did, and we spent some time threading amongst the weirdly decorated craft and talking to the crews. There seemed to be little or no organisation and soon two of the boats lost patience, suddenly took off from the remainder, sped up the river with their paddles flashing to the irregular rhythm of their chant and could not be halted by the cries of those who remained behind. At last someone attempted to bring the confusion to order, there was much shouting through megaphones and backing and filling of boats as they tried to get into line for what appeared to be an inaugural procession. Unfortunately our coxswain, whose sampan did bear a few timid streamers to conform to the general gaiety, was either stupid or brow-beaten and allowed himself to be forced into line. We thus rather unexpectedly found ourselves bringing up the tail end of the procession in our little motor sampan. I am not sure who was more surprised, the Sultan or ourselves, when we reached the other end of the course to find that all the V.I.P.'s were sitting on chairs in a float by the river bank to witness the festivities, an arrangement of which we had been told nothing; he looked a little horrified at the sight of his principal guest bringing up the rear of the water carnival in a sampan, but managed a brave smile as we detached ourselves from the "fleet" and went alongside the float to pay our respects. We only wished we had not left the Admiral's flag on the car.

Our midday meal was a picnic given by the Mentri Besar on a local beach. This was a most elaborate affair with tents to keep off the sun (the ladies under one and men under another), mats to keep down the sand, and curry cooked on the spot. We bathed in a warm sea, not very comforted by the advice that one should go out just far enough to avoid the jelly

fish in the shallow water, but not far enough to meet the sharks in the deep water. The meal was delicious strange sausages of rice and meat cooked wrapped in leaves so that they looked like plump bananas, rice fried in a form of ghee, satay sticks of chicken with a hot sauce in which to dip them, and a locally caught curried tunny, which fell from the bone in a mouth-watering way. After lunch we climbed once again into our car, which was sounding more than ever like an underground train, and returned to the Istana to recover for the evening's festivities.

The main event of the evening was a Celebration Ball. For this a large balai, or dance floor, had been built at one end of the Padang. This balai was a large roofed structure raised five feet off the ground with flights of steps from the Padang, having a dais for the orchestra at one end, and surrounded on the grass of the Padang by tables and chairs, bar and cold buffet for 400 guests. A complex organisation, so perhaps it was not surprising that one point had escaped attention—that of ordering an orchestra. The awkward situation arose of having 400 guests and no music to which they could dance. The Brigadier, a staunch supporter of the bar, thought this was the best dance he had ever attended. While efforts were being made to find some music we strolled round the Padang, on the outskirts of which the various communities of the town had set up small stages from which they were giving their own shows to the crowds. There was ronggeng (Malay dancing), Indian Opera, what appeared to be a Punch and Judy show in shadow play with oriental devils and princesses taking the place of the characters we know, and the counterpart of the Pierrot show, complete with the "funny man." The latter was funnier than he intended when, in a scene involving setting fire to a newspaper, he also set fire to himself and rushed round the stage with his costume blazing. The stage quickly became filled with the entire cast in various states of disarray endeavouring to stop the curtains catching fire, and the scene ended in confusion. By the time we returned to the balai three substitutes had been found for an orchestra none of which could be termed successful. The first was a group of Indian instrumentalists who accompanied a singer apparently giving an impression of the bag-pipes, the second was a couple of old jazz gramophone records which quickly palled when played one after the

other, and the third was the musical talent from the Pierrot show we had just seen. We retired in good order at about 0200, resisting the appeals of the Brigadier to drink one more toast to those famous Generals Gordon and Booth, and clambered into the car to find that the Admiral's flag had been taken as a souvenir by some merry-maker during our absence.

The next morning we bade goodbye to His Highness and the Fourth Wife, assuring them in all truth that it had been an entertaining stay. Our ailing car rumbled its way to the airfield where we found waiting for us an R.A.F. aircraft which was happily in better mechanical condition, and soon the State Capital was far behind.



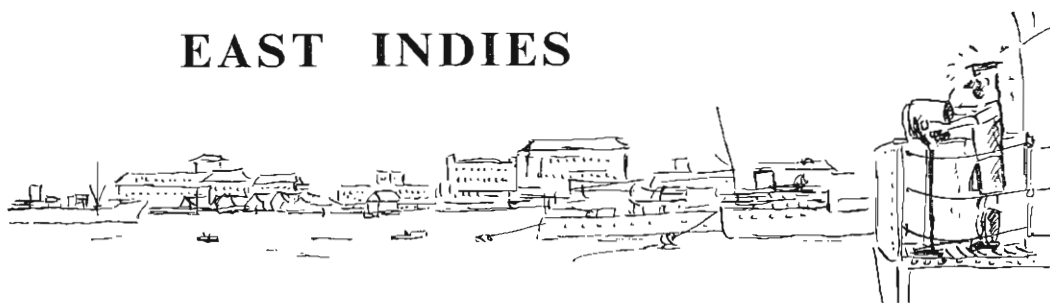
FINDLAY

"What makes you fink I did it?"

From C.-in-C. Portsmouth to Admiralty, repeated to C.-in-C. Plymouth, C.-in-C. Nore, C.-in-C. Rosyth:
REFERENCE ADMIRALTY MESSAGE . . . A CHAOTIC SITUATION HAS ARISEN. WRENS ARE NOT ALLOWED CLOTHING COUPONS ON THE ASSUMPTION THEY RECEIVE UNIFORMS, BUT THERE IS NO UNIFORM AND OVER 1,000 WRENS IN THE PORTSMOUTH COMMAND ARE STILL IN PLAIN CLOTHES. AT SOME ESTABLISHMENTS NEW ENTRY WRENS ARE NOW WORKING IN BARE LEGS TO SAVE THEIR PAIR OF STOCKINGS FOR WALKING OUT. IN DUE COURSE A LARGE NUMBER OF WRENS WILL BE WORKING IN A STATE OF NATURE WHICH ON MANY GROUNDS WOULD BE UNDESIRABLE . . .

From C.-in-C. Plymouth to C.-in-C. Portsmouth:
SUGGEST YOU APPLY FOR FIGHTER COVER.

EAST INDIES



THE "ARGEA PRIMA" AFFAIR

The saying goes: "Out of sight out of mind." This certainly applies to ourselves and our fellow sufferers in the Persian Gulf, as we are quite sure that very few people have heard of the "battle" we fought just inside the Gulf last May. *Loch Killisport* versus *Argea Prima* started on 19th May and was finally won in Bahrain on 1st June.

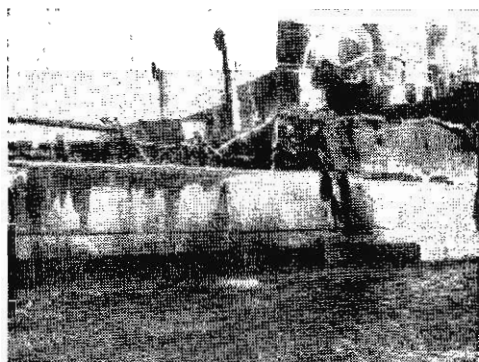
We had hardly anchored at Muscat on the morning of Thursday May 19th when we received an Operational Immediate signal ordering us to the assistance of an oil tanker, on fire after collision near Farur Island, 320 miles away.

The Captain, who was involved in official calls, returned on board immediately, and flashing up both boilers and the ship's company, we steamed away at top speed to the scene of the accident. On our arrival at 0630 the next morning we circled the damaged *Argea Prima* once and then sent our boarding party to reconnoitre. They found that the tanker was deserted except for oil, flames and smoke.

She wasn't even flying an ensign. Her Italian crew were aboard the *City of Newport*, a merchant ship standing by together with the U.S. seaplane tender *Valcour*.

Loch Killisport now went alongside the undamaged starboard bow of *Argea Prima*, the better to fight the fires that were raging in the after part of the tanker. We started this dangerous task dressed in blue

shorts and sandals only whilst our American cousins who had followed us looked more like visitors from outer space.

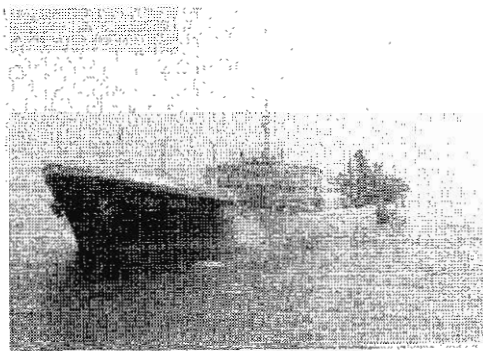


"*Argea Prima*", collision and fire damage, port side, aft.

Argea Prima was bound for the Med. with 30,000 tons of crude oil when she had her argument with the Dutch freighter *Tabian*. 2,000 tons were spilt when numbers 9 and 10 cargo tanks were cracked open to the sea, but that still left 28,000 tons. Fortunately for us, the fire never caught this lot. The inferno blazed down aft, below the shattered superstructure and around the engine and boiler rooms, and in the refrigerator spaces. The small fires on the tank deck were soon put out. But it took 36 hours of continuous effort to bring the fires aft under control.

Meanwhile, the Italian skipper of *Argea Prima* had signed the right forms and agreed to be towed to Bahrain as soon as we were ready. However, 2,000 tons never did have much chance against 48,000 tons, and the weather had the last say; a shamal blew up at just the wrong moment, and all our efforts to get the tanker moving in the right direction were foiled.

Our failure now persuaded the Italians to try raising steam and move themselves. Unbelievably, the fire had not penetrated the engine and boiler rooms (we had seen to that), and at midnight on 24th May the tanker was steaming her own erratic course towards Bahrain under our escort. The liaison party of the L/Sig. and F.X.P.O. whom we



"*Argea Prima*", as we first saw her. A brand new ship on her second run from Mena.

had left in the tanker were having the time of their lives.

Loch Insh came down from Basra to relieve us as escort and we pressed on back to Bahrein. We still hadn't quite finished though, as even when *Argea Prima* got there herself we had to take it in turns to guard her until the Admiralty had received a suitable deposit from her owners. This happy day arrived on the glorious 1st of June.

Although we had a fully-qualified newspaper reporter on board, neither his tape recording nor his other reports ever reached the papers. Sorry, this is not strictly true, we did hear that the "Cyprus Times" and the "Children's Weekly" had got the buzz... We do hope to see our names in an A.F.O. entitled to salvage money one day, and although we'd like to go on and tell you more, we feel that we've said quite enough for one instalment.

C-IN-C. EAST INDIES

Peace once more reigns in this tropical paradise of Trincomalee where this M.S.O. hides, and the only outward signs of uneasiness come from the lucky (or in some cases unlucky) members of our staff who will accompany the C-in-C. on his annual Persian Gulf cruise which commences on the 19th October (more rabbit runs).

The East African cruise, which was mentioned in our last literary work, has now receded into the past together with "Jet 55" which also gained a mention last time.

Our ports of call on the East African cruise proved to be even more hospitable than expected and all places proved to be "strangers" paradises; in consequence we had the usual collection of "hang-overs." Mombasa was one of these paradises and here there were also opportunities for those with other interests by way of trips to national parks to see wild animal life in natural surroundings. Of course nothing could be guaranteed on these trips as one party found out after two hours in the back of an open lorry. All they could bring back were memories and sore portions of the anatomy.

Whilst at Mombasa, Vice Admiral and Mrs. Norris, together with the members of *Gambia's* theatrical team paid a visit to Nairobi. This lasted for about a week, during which time the theatrical types successfully presented their show "Up Spirits" on about four occasions to different social gatherings. No member of the staff was fortunate enough to make this trip so more intimate details of Nairobi are few though reports were good.

One could, I suppose, go into more lurid detail about our ports of call which included Mauritius, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Seychelles but there are some who will, in the near future, be able to visit these places for themselves and others to whom this article will bring back pleasant memories, especially of Seychelles.

Now we come to the climax of our year—"Jet 55," which was a collection of fleet exercises performed by J.N., R.P.N., R.CY.N., and R.N. ships and

authorities plus of course the R.A.F. This joining of forces also provided a cavalcade of sport in which inter-Navy and inter-Ship matches were played in almost every sport including tennis and golf. The standard of play in all games was unusually high and true sportsmanship was at its highest. The game of note was the hockey final in which India and Pakistan, having in the earlier rounds proved their supremacy over the other Navies, could not decide between themselves, and the resulting draw was a worthy conclusion to a fast clean game—one of the best seen in Trinco for a long time.

"Jet" from the communications point of view went as smoothly as could be expected and more traffic was handled than was thought possible by most of us. For the final phase of the joint exercises the majority of the staff were flown to R.A.F. Negombo to man the maritime headquarters there. The two forces taking part were directed from M.H.Q. and various snags were unearthed when it was found that certain staff officers of Red force were also acting as referees for the fight. There was only one M.S.O. and C.Y.O. which therefore handled all traffic and a certain amount of difficulty was experienced trying to remember who was who when the time came for distribution. Out of all this turmoil and strife there emerged one 'Sparker' who now proudly boasts that he was "blasted by C-in-C. personally instead of through Flags which is the normal routine." During our stay at Negombo we worked hand in glove with the R.A.F. and in all got on very well with them especially during night watches in which they provided us with boxes of sandwiches and an urn of tea which was never allowed to get empty.

So ended "Jet 55" and after the panic came peace and quiet once more. Things will remain like this until the commencement of the Persian Gulf cruise when things will start to look up a little. On completion of that comes the Sparkers' Annual Outing to C.W.R.S. to help our fellow slaves with the Christmas rush of telegrams, etc., which will be well under way by the time this article goes to press. Those members who go afloat will on their return hold things down this end with a little help from the staff of S.B.N.O. Ceylon and so we shall move gently into the New Year.

TRINCOMALEE M.S.O.

The Communication staffs of S.B.N.O. Ceylon and C-in-C. E.I. at Trinco have shown up very well in the sporting world.

Tel. Kitchen, competing in the Police Sports open events, won the 100 yards and long jump.

The *Highflyer* cricket team, ably managed by Mr. Setford. C.C.O., contains a good number of communication ratings notably Tels. Brown, Kitchen and Marshall, and Y.S. Kitchen.

In the sailing world P.O. Tel. Hutchinson is a leading light and invariably is first past the post in the weekly sailing races in Trinco Harbour.

Communication ratings are well to the fore in the base soccer team. Sig. Allan recently played for the R.N. side during the "Jet" matches against the visiting Commonwealth Navies. At the moment of writing the F.C.O. is cursing football, as he bent a toe in a recent match when the *Highflyer* Wardroom battled with the *Gambia* Wardroom. The sailors tried hard but were finally sunk to the score of seven to one of which the F.C.O. contributed two goals.

A cricket match between *Gambia* and *Highflyer* Communicators ended in an honourable draw.

Whilst one can hardly associate hunting with the above sports it is perhaps worth mentioning that P.O. Tel. Hutchinson shot a leopard whilst hunting in the vicinity of Trincomalee.

H.M.S. "GAMBIA"

Our last contribution was written from Trinco just before we sailed on our first cruise as flagship of the East Indies station. We are now at Bahrain at the beginning of our second cruise, of which more anon. Also included in the period under review was Exercise "Jet 55".

Taking events in chronological order, however, the East African cruise is first. Visits were paid to Mauritius, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Mahe in the Seychelles Islands. We were met everywhere with overwhelming hospitality.

In the communications world, we had our ups and downs at first with missing broadcast numbers and transmitters that "fell over" at inopportune moments. These trials and tribulations were gradually overcome as the staff gained more experience, however, and by the end of the cruise our "ZDK rate" had dropped.

Our first acquaintance with the Royal East African Navy was made at Mombasa. To be frank, 95 per cent of us had never heard of them before, but we found them extremely efficient Communicators in all respects with the possible exception of "voice" but then very few of us could speak Swahili either. H.M.E.A.S. *Rosalind* accompanied us to Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam carrying out various exercises on passage.

Our return to Trinco on July 26th was closely followed by the commencement of joint exercises at Trinco 1955 (hereinafter "Jet 55"). To supplement our small fleet, we were joined by *Crane* and *Opposum* from the Far East and *Loch Killisport* from our own Persian Gulf division. H.M. Submarines *Acheron* from the South Atlantic and *Artemis*, with a pier-head jump from Fort Blockhouse, completed the R.N. contingent.

From the R.P.N. we were joined by the 25th D.S. and one frigate. The I.N. contributed I.N.S. *Delhi* wearing the flag of F.O.F.I.F., the 11th and 22nd D.S., two frigates and a fleet oiler. Further interest was provided by the presence of R.A.F. Sunderlands and Shackletons, and Sealands of the Indian Naval Fleet Requirements Unit. Last but by

no means least, we had the company of H.M.Cy.s. *Vijaya*, an ocean minesweeper.

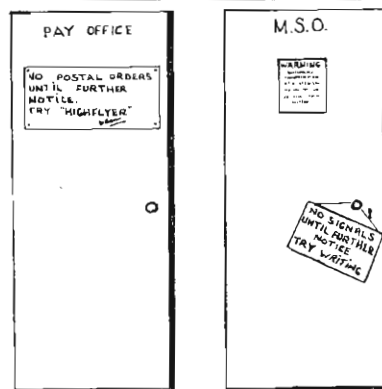
H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

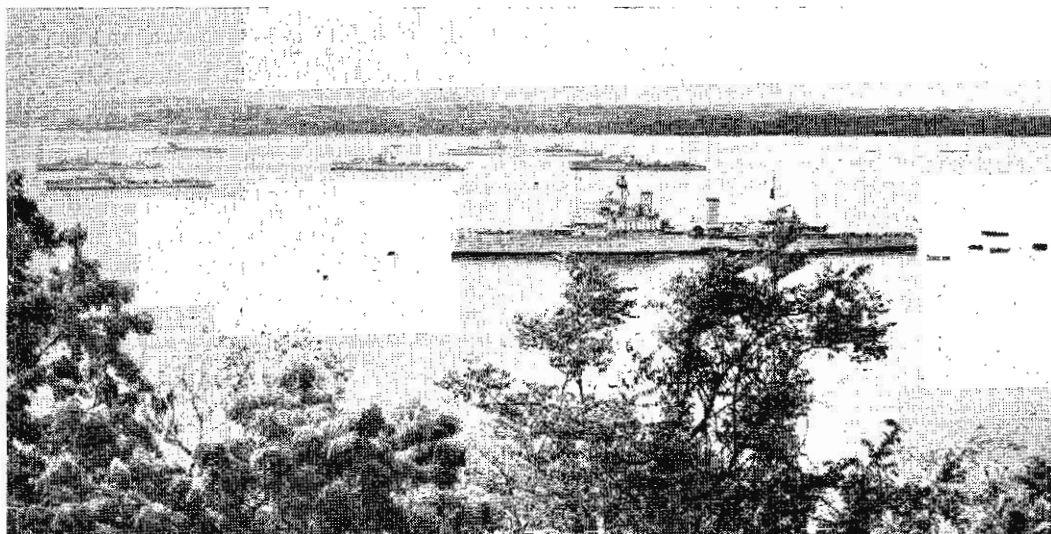
To the tune of "Happy Wanderer" *Loch Alvie*, under the command of Captain E. T. Graham, R.N., sailed from the North Lock, Chatham, on July 25th for further service on the East Indies Station. After calls at Portsmouth and Portland we headed for Gibraltar arriving on August Bank Holiday Monday. It was here on the Tuesday we met *Pelican* who was just returning from a spell on the South Atlantic Station.

Wednesday morning saw us once again on the move and we turned towards Malta, where we were to spend a month working up. The usual exercises were carried out and we were lucky in having *Carron* working up with us for part of the time.

Our biggest day was when we sailed in company with some of the Med. Fleet ships on August 29th for exercise "Augex." A full day's gunnery exercises and manoeuvres were carried out. At midnight we dispersed to go our various ways. We were off to Messina and arrived early on the 30th. The Marine Band had been there to take part in a carnival and it was our job to take them back to Malta. Two delightful days were spent in Messina. Arriving in Malta on the Friday we finally said farewell on the 6th September when we sailed for our proper station. Early on the 15th we had a 'Welcome' signal from C-in-C. East Indies and so we had returned "Home."

Quite a while was spent in and around Aden for the next month. Several places in the Aden Protectorate were visited, and we also went to the relief of the Island of Socotra; calling at Mukalla we loaded up with dates and millet and took them to Hadibo, capital of Socotra, to relieve the famine. Owing to the lack of rain the crops had not grown as they should have and the people there were starving. The ship's company did a very good job of work there as the stores had to be unloaded over open beaches and by the dug-out type of canoes. The Sultan of Socotra was very thankful for our help.





Official photograph

Ships of the Royal Navy, Royal Ceylon Navy and Indian Navy at Trincomalee for the Combined Naval Exercises in the Indian Ocean. H.M.S. "Gambia" in the foreground.

"BLUEBOTTLE" 1955

Bluebottle is the Dragon Class Yacht that was given to H.M. The Queen and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes in 1948 as a wedding present.

Every sailing season a naval officer has been selected to be Sailing Master of the yacht—a job normally lasting two seasons—and this last season, and for next season too, I have been lucky enough to be chosen.

For those not acquainted with the Dragon Class, they are 29 feet 10 inches in length, have a beam of 6 feet 5 inches and a draught of 3 feet 9 inches, and weigh just under 2 tons. The normal crew for the boat is a helmsman, a foredeckhand (who has to compete with the spinnaker) and one other.

Bluebottle has a royal blue topside with a gold leaf line and a red bottom colour—the same as H.M.Y. *Britannia*. *Britannia* now uses the same firm for the topside paint but, whereas a year ago the tins were labelled Bluebottle Blue, they are now named Britannia Blue.

Dragons are found at most of the major yachting centres around the British Isles, and, of course, there are large numbers of them at various places in Europe. One of the main things I have noticed this season is the great variety of sailing conditions around the British Isles, with the result that different centres tend to concentrate on a particular class, or classes, of boats to suit their local conditions. As a general purpose boat, it would be difficult to find a more suitable class than the Dragon.

Before the season starts, one has to draft out a programme for the yacht bearing in mind the R.Y.A.

Regatta Fixture list, places where the yacht has not recently visited and invitations that have been received from Yacht Clubs.

In travelling around England and Scotland, she normally goes on a large lorry. Although it would be possible to sail her to most places, the time factor with a tight schedule makes this impossible. When going abroad, unless it is just across the Channel to France, she is normally shipped as deck cargo.

The real highlights of this year's programme were the visits to Stockholm and Copenhagen.

At Stockholm the Royal Swedish Yacht Club were celebrating their 125th anniversary and had invited as many foreign yachts as possible to attend. A total of over 500 yachts collected at the regatta at Sandham (an island in the archipelago outside Stockholm). Of these some 310 were in keel-boat classes and included eleven 8-metres, twelve 6-metres, thirty-four 5.5-metres, thirty-three Dragons, fifty-four Folkboats, and thirty-eight Stars. A truly impressive sight which one will be very fortunate ever to see again.

At Copenhagen some Anglo-Danish Dragon races were organised at the same time as H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's visit to the British Trade Fair. Six British Dragons were shipped over in H.M.Y. *Britannia* and raced with some eighteen Danish Dragons. The competition is very keen over there in this class and the British yachts acquitted themselves well by gaining 2nd (*Bluebottle*) and 3rd (*Vana*) places in the week's points total—the Danish Olympic helmsman being in first place.

Bluebottle ended the season having gained 40 flags (seventeen 1st, seventeen 2nd, and six 3rd) in 63 races.

G.H.M.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

By Admiral Sir WILLIAM JAMES, G.C.B.

A talk given to the Ship's Company, H.M.S. "Mercury" on 20th October, 1955, in connection with the 150th anniversary of the battle.

"Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet. If the Indian Empire, the trade of London, and all the outward and visible ensigns of our greatness should pass away we would still leave behind us a durable monument of what we were in the sayings and doings of the English Admirals."

"Would Robert Louis Stevenson have said that if he had been able to look into the future—if he had seen two wars with the whole world as battlefield; if he had seen armies of a million men deployed in the battle line; if he had seen that majestic spectacle—the British Grand Fleet of the 1914-18 war proceeding to sea, seven miles of Dreadnought battleships, a massive battle cruiser squadron, five cruiser squadrons and 110 destroyers; if he had seen great formations of aircraft taking off nightly to strike at the enemy's heart; if he had seen, instead of a war-drama on a small stage with a few Statesmen, Admirals and Generals in the leading parts, a stage which was the world and large numbers of leading actors on whom the spotlight of publicity was playing?"

"Might he not have thought that the sayings and doings of the Admirals of the sailing era would fade away into the background? But as we know he wrote something true and lasting. We still commemorate Trafalgar and link with the battle the name of Nelson, and I believe that we will always do so.

"We can see one reason for this if we look into the future—for we have no doubt that 150 years hence the people of this country will be commemorating VE day and linking with it the name of Winston Churchill.

"In the last war we stood alone for a long time. We were at periods in dire peril of defeat, and being reduced to a second class or even third class power. Our sea lines of communication came perilously near to being severed and no courage, no determination could have survived severance. Throughout those years when the issue was in the balance every man, woman and child looked to Winston Churchill to stave off defeat and lead them to victory. 150 years ago we also stood alone. Napoleon had overrun the continent. He himself said that he only needed to control the Channel for six hours to pass his armies across and complete his conquest of Europe. The only thing that stood between him and his ambition was the British Fleet, manned by splendid men who strove to better their best for their Commander-in-Chief, Nelson. Every man, woman and child looked to Nelson to stave off the dreaded invasion and set the country on the path to victory.

"You will see that there is an exact parallel

between these two periods in our history. They are the two periods when we came dangerously near to falling under the heel of a conqueror.

"May I first say something about Nelson to explain how it was that he had won the complete confidence of the people before the Trafalgar campaign.

"It is widely believed that Nelson, like so many of his contemporaries, saw a lot of fighting when he was young and gained promotions for his services in battle.

"That is not the case. Nelson never heard a shot fired until he was a senior captain and he crowded all his glorious fighting into exactly ten years.

"He was 3rd Lieutenant of the flagship in the West Indies. The 1st Lieutenant was promoted, the 2nd Lieutenant was invalided and the Commander-in-Chief had been so struck by Nelson's power of command and his qualities as a seaman that he appointed him 1st Lieutenant though he was only nineteen. He was such an efficient 1st Lieutenant that he was promoted to Commander shortly after his twentieth birthday and appointed to a brig. He did so well in his brig that he was promoted to Captain before he was twenty-one.

"So he was still relatively young when as a senior Captain he commissioned the *Agamemnon* for the Mediterranean. His first experience of naval battle was the now forgotten Battle off Toulon. His Admiral dithered when the French fleet was sighted. Nelson crowded on sail, and, alone and unsupported, steered for the enemy line. He chose a large three-decker and by skilful manoeuvring soon had her at his mercy. He was about to take her prize when he was peremptorily recalled. His name was now on everyone's lips. It was again on everyone's lips when seeing that the Spanish fleet would escape from Jervis unless something was done to check their advance he broke with all tradition, left the line, crowded on sail and charged the centre of the Spanish fleet. The impact was terrific, the Spanish advance was checked and Nelson took prize of two Spanish ships, both more powerful than his own.

"Then came his one failure. An attack on Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands was planned; it was to be a combined operation with a large contingent of soldiers from Gibraltar. The soldiers failed to appear. Jervis, now St. Vincent, and Nelson decided it was worth trying with seamen and marines only. The opposition was far too strong. It ended in disaster and Nelson lost his arm. He was very depressed and thought that his naval service was ended but St. Vincent wrote "Mortals cannot command success; you and your companions have

certainly deserved it by the greatest degree of heroism and perseverance that ever was exhibited. I will bow to your stump tomorrow morning if you will give me leave."

"Home until his arm was healed, then back to join St. Vincent and, after much arduous service in boat fighting off Cadiz, his first great opportunity. St. Vincent had orders to reoccupy the Mediterranean and he gave Nelson his ten best ships to watch the French fleet off Toulon.

"The French fleet evaded Nelson's frigates and for three months he was casting first East and then West to find them. Then at last the lookout reported the masts of a fleet in Aboukir Bay. The Battle of the Nile was decisive; it ended Napoleon's dream of an Eastern Empire. All but two of the French fleet were captured or destroyed. A most interesting feature of the battle was that no signals were made by Nelson. During the long chase he had called his Captains together whenever the fleet was becalmed and explained exactly what he intended to do for every posture in which he might find the enemy—so no signals were necessary.

"He remained in the Mediterranean for nearly two years and then returned to England, soon to find himself again afloat as 2nd in command of a fleet destined for the Baltic. Russia, Sweden and Denmark were about to throw their lot in with Napoleon; their fleets would make the total enemy navy overpoweringly strong; something had to be done to stop this. St. Vincent, now 1st Lord, had no faith in Hyde Parker, the C.-in-C., and appointed Nelson as 2nd in command. There is an interesting description in a letter, of Nelson pacing up and down the C.-in-C.'s cabin, arguing, gesticulating and eventually compelling the C.-in-C. to give him the necessary number of ships to attack the Danish fleet at anchor off Copenhagen.

"The Battle of Copenhagen was decisive. The Danish fleet was destroyed and the Northern powers decided against joining Napoleon.

"Home, but not as he hoped, for some rest. The people were terrified of invasion and the only way to allay their fears was to appoint Nelson to command the Channel flotillas. When peace at last came, Nelson had his first rest since he commissioned the *Agamemnon*. War again broke out 19 months later and St. Vincent appointed Nelson to command the main fleet.

"Napoleon did not trust his Admirals to fight a pitched battle and he devised a ruse to give him command of the Channel. Villeneuve was to sail with the Toulon fleet, be joined by a Spanish fleet from Cadiz and the French fleet from Brest, and sail to the West Indies where he was to ravage British trade and possessions.

Napoleon knew that the British fleet would go after him and his plan was that Villeneuve was to recross the Atlantic and evade the British Fleet, leaving it looking for him in the West Indies.

"Nelson joined the fleet off Toulon and established

a blockade. For 18 months he kept the sea. It is a remarkable story. He had no staff, he was always up at daylight writing letters and orders, he kept that fleet watered and provisioned and complete with spars and sails and kept everyone on their toes for over 18 months. There is nothing to equal this remarkable performance in our history.

"Then the French fleet escaped the frigates. Nelson cast in every direction but it was some time before he knew that Villeneuve had passed Gibraltar. He at once went in chase. He reached the West Indies in time to stop Villeneuve doing much damage but owing to a false report he started on the return passage to Europe five days behind Villeneuve. When Nelson went ashore at Gibraltar it was the first time he had landed for two years less five days.

"Villeneuve had put into Ferrol; Cornwallis was watching him; Collingwood was watching the Spanish fleet; there was nothing to be done for the moment; Villeneuve was in fact disobeying his orders; Nelson sailed for Portsmouth.

"But before long Captain Blackwood of the frigate, *Euryalus*, arrived home with the news that Villeneuve had gone to Cadiz to join the Spanish fleet. Nelson at once embarked in the *Victory* and sailed to join the fleet off Cadiz. Letters show the effect of his joining the fleet. Every sailor was now certain that there would be a battle and a great victory. Nelson called on board his Captains and explained his plan of attack. It was quite original. He intended to attack the centre and rear and leave the enemy's van out of the battle by advancing against the enemy line in two parallel columns at right angles to the enemy line. We can picture the scene off Cadiz. The frigates inshore watching for the first signs of the crossing of the royal and t'gallant yards—the sure sign of preparing for sea; the linking ships eagerly watching the frigates for a signal; the sailors in the fleet crowded on the foc'sle and nettings watching the linking ships.

"Then at last they saw signals flying from the linking ships and knew that the day they were always talking about was not far away.

"Whilst it was still dark the sailors were all up on deck on the morning of the 21st and as the dawn rose they saw Cape Trafalgar silhouetted against the eastern sky and a long way away, perhaps ten miles, the shadowy shapes of a long line of ships.

"At 6.40 Nelson made the last manoeuvring signal "Bear up and sail large" and the two flagships turned towards the enemy line and the ships of their division followed in succession. There was very little wind. Slowly, oh so slowly, the British fleet moved towards the enemy line. That five hour period of tension has no parallel in history. We can imagine the silence, only broken by the flap of a sail or the creak of running rigging and the subdued talk round the guns.

"Then at long last the *Royal Sovereign* reached the line and the first shot heralded one of the greatest sea battles in history.

"400 guns were pointed at the *Victory* and their crews were confident that they would blow her out of the water. But she survived this terrible salvo and held steadily on with sails and spars wrecked. Passing under the stern of the French flagship, the eagerly awaited order was given and the seamen applied the slow match to their guns and almost blew the stern off the Frenchmen.

"On further to come to grips with the *Redoubtable*.

"The ships following the flagships each chose an opponent and soon the battle was fully joined.

"By 4 o'clock firing was dying down; there were then eighteen French and Spanish ships taken prize or burning.

"Nelson lived to know that his method of attack had been completely successful and to know the number of enemy ships taken or destroyed.

"I have not time to dwell on that last scene in the cockpit. It is a very moving story. All I will remind you of today is that Nelson's last whispered words just before he died were "God and my country."

"One last scene. The midshipman of the watch goes to the desk to write up the log. There are only a few lines in which to record all that has happened. He knows there has been a victory; he can see the enemy dismasted ships lying amongst the fleet, but the sailors are not cheering and some of the older men are crying. He enquires and is told that Nelson is dead. He scratches his head, licks his pencil and writes "Partial firing continued until 4.30 p.m., when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, he then died of his wound."

"That boy succeeded where men of ripe scholarship would have failed. He fades out of history but the man who died of his wound has ever since been the symbol of that seapower that has spread British influence all over the world. Their sayings and doings stir English blood like the sound of a trumpet. Pray God they always will."

TURKISH CEREMONIAL

Those who like to keep their ceremonial handbooks up-to-date might be interested in the following account of the procedure followed when inspecting a Naval guard at a Turkish port.

On arrival I was received by a Turkish Naval Guard. As I stepped out of the car, the guard came to the "present." It was then my duty to shout in a loud voice the word "MERHABA" (Hullo). The whole guard, still at the "present," then shouted the reply "SAGOL" (Good Health).

The task set me became increasingly difficult because my next shout was "NASILSINIS?" (pronounced NASULSUNUZ?), (How are you?). To which the guard again replied "SAGOL."

I then inspected the guard at the "present": it was not reported to me but it was made clear that this was the moment for me to inspect. Some of the men in the ranks followed me round with their eyes; I am not sure whether this was part of

the drill, or merely curiosity; I think the latter.

After completing my call, I was then subjected to the final ordeal which was to shout to the guard, which was once more at the "present," the even more difficult word "ALLAHAISMARLADIK" (pronounced ALASMARLADUCK), (Good Bye). To which the Guard replied with yet another "SAGOL."

I thought the Guard had a very much easier task than I did!

ADVANCEMENT NOTES

Provided there is no radical change in the numbers allowed, 1956 should prove a boom year so far as advancement is concerned.

In consequence we are faced with a very heavy training programme and it is observed that the numbers volunteering for courses (especially for Leading Signaller and Yeoman of Signals) are too small to meet our requirements.

Ordinary Signallers and Telegraphists very often do not apply to be examined for the Able rate until they have passed the minimum age limit, for advancement. In the past this may have been due to ignorance of the regulations but all New Entry ratings are now issued with a card on leaving the Training Establishments setting out what is required of them if they are to make the most of their opportunities.

Some important changes have recently been introduced which call for some comment.

First, the new rule that Signallers and Telegraphists must have nine months seniority before they can apply for a Leading rate's course. (A.F.O. 2214/55).

This has been introduced so as to ensure that they show their ability in the Able rate before being recommended for a Leading rate's course and to remove anomalies which arise when recommending ratings who have been ante-dated in their seniority as Signaller or Telegraphist.

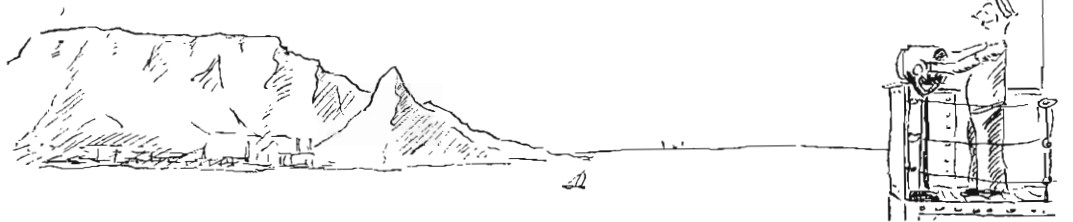
The new system of Provisional examination (A.F.O. 2753/55) is designed to allow candidates to obtain the full benefit of the new Limited Correspondence courses before attempting the Provisional examination.

Candidates may apply to be examined at any time after they have been recommended for a course. There is, however, a proviso that they must have made adequate preparation before their application will be accepted.

It has also been decided that they may make a second attempt, six months later, if they fail at the first. Successful candidates will be advanced to Category 'C' on the course roster and will be given preference so far as drafting requirements permit when making up classes, thus enabling them to obtain Class 'A' pay earlier.

It is hoped that these measures will encourage more men to pass the Provisional examination and reduce the present very high rate of failures.-J.S.W.

SOUTH ATLANTIC



Things on the "weekend station" have not been quiet by any means since our last article appeared in THE COMMUNICATOR. Perhaps the most important items are those preparatory to the "dreaded turnover," and pride of place must be given to a visit to the various establishments by the Inspector General of The Union Defence Forces, Major General H. B. Klopper, D.S.O. and his Staff. An interesting sidelight on this point is that the Inspector General is the only South African Equerry to Her Majesty. The General appeared to be most impressed with all he saw, particularly the carbon filament lamps in the battery charger at the S.T.C. (it was a coolish day), and with the way the R.N., S.A.N. and civilian staffs work together at Slangkop.

Two or three weeks after the Inspector General's visit Captain R. P. Dryden-Dymond, S.A.N., also walked round the communications set-up. He will eventually relieve the Captain in Charge, Simonstown.

We reported in our last contribution that Simonsberg has been trying to push the village into the sea. Great efforts have been made by the Municipality to hold the mountain back, so far with some little success. Although a few more buildings have had to be evacuated, there are no additional casualties to the list of Hotels—praise be!!

Life at the Signal Training Centre has been almost hectic of late. Apart from analysing the communications side of the annual combined exercise "Durbex," courses have been at their heaviest, no less than six being under way at one time. This included an eight weeks course for Sub. Lieutenants qualifying for their "second"—a feature which is to be repeated more frequently. At the end of October a course will be commenced for P.O. Tels., S.A.N. qualifying for Chief. Next year a total of twelve courses is planned, excluding Refreshers, "Ords. for Chief," etc.

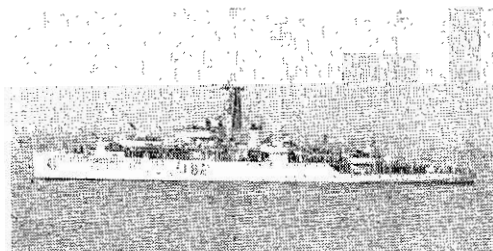
On the personal side, we send our salaams to Mr. Hancock, and wish him luck in his next appointment. We also congratulate Mr. Neville, S.A.N. (Oubaas) on being promoted to the rank of Warrant Officer II (the shape of things to come?). Lastly, we say farewell to C.Y.S. (The Oracle) Hunter, who will be on his way home by "press" time—to him also, we wish all good fortune in the future.

H.M.S. "MAGPIE"

Quite a series of interesting events have taken place since our last appearance in THE COMMUNICATOR—if you don't recall our last appearance pal, guess you must have missed the last edition, so trust you will bear in mind the Editor's note—"Back numbers are obtainable"—way back!

During our recent West Coast cruise, our Communicators found life generally quiet, but frequent working on "Five Ton" with the Coast Stations en route to Pointe Noire in French Equatorial Africa added additional strain to the much maligned Type 60EQR. Up to this particular time we had graduated with this relic working on 500 kcs. from a range of just off the breakwater at port of call, to something like 30 miles when the set was completely swathed in cotton wool and coaxed to the limit—is it a wonder that when looking for Pots, he could be found flying his kite (Emergency transmitter Type 611), and if asked what he was doing, dryly replied "there's still a chance of us getting through yet!" Since these moments of madness, we are now happy to relate that the set is going like a bomb, and ranges up to 250 miles have been achieved with Coast Stations without having to use the whip.

The most recent event in our calendar was the trip to Tristan da Cunha. It is known, with some justification, as the Lonely Isle, since it is some 1,500 miles from the Cape, in the nethermost part of the South Atlantic. About once every three years, the Navy pays a visit to this British outpost, and it is during these visits that a dental survey of the islanders is made. This year, we felt our ship was like Noah's Ark conveying Bertram Mills' Circus. At least we had a fair selection of animal life with us





Keeping a "competent" watch, L/Sig. Whitlock and W/Tel. Bone, at Tristan da Cunha.

—female too. There were two sheep dogs namely Vic and Moss, for use on the island, apart from our other passengers.

Firstly, there was the Gough Island Scientific Survey Expedition, the members being commonly known as "The Boffins," some eight in all. The other passengers consisted of The Archbishop of Capetown, two Dental Surgeons, Father Macauley a Roman Catholic Priest, two families and their progeny, and finally a Met. Officer. The latter, by weird rites over weather charts, made a prophesy when some 600 miles from Tristan, that, with a final dash of full speed (17 knots), we would arrive on a fine day.

Luckily for the Met. Officer we had favourable weather on our arrival and were able to disembark all passengers and stores by the end of the day. To assist the unloading and control of boats on the beach, a Signal Section consisting of a Leading Sig. and Leading Tel. was landed. The Leading Sig. set up his Aldis on the hill behind the beach, whilst the Leading Tel. moved on to the settlement and set up a signal station with a Type 622, being joined later that evening by the Leading Sig.

After the Administrator's concurrence had been obtained, the White Ensign was flown from a jury mast from colours to sunset over the signal station, the ceremonial being conducted from the ship. During the war Tristan da Cunha was commissioned as H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle* as a weather station. On the third day of the visit this link was renewed at the celebration of Queen's Day, when a colour party carrying the White Ensign and a guard were paraded on the island's "Quarterdeck." The bearing of the colour party and guard on a grassy slope with a gradient of 1 in 6 was exemplary. In spite of professional briefing, the light relief was provided by a young Sea Cadet's tussle, which ended with the Jack halfmasted and upside down. Official disclaimers from the branch concerned have been received.

The islanders, of whom there were some 350 with only seven surnames, were always interested in the

signal section, which remained ashore throughout the four day visit, being victualled and accommodated in the hospital. The signal section were nearly marooned in the end, due to the islanders' reluctance to handle boats in the heavy surf.

Names on the Admiralty chart of the island bear little resemblance to those passed down through generations, and used locally. In spite of the remoteness of Tristan from civilisation, the islanders show no lack of graphic description. This is shown in their choice of names, one beach being called "Down-where-the-Minister-landed-his-things" and another the "Ridge-where-the-goat-jump-off." Following the Hydrographic Services' example, *Maggie* hopes to leave its mark on local nomenclature after taking part in the island's Sports Day, when four ratings' prowess in one of the flat events, earned for the sports ground the title "Down-where-the-Navy-carried-the-donkey."



On the island there is a Met. Station, the weather reports being transmitted three times daily by Tristanradio to Capetownradio. The operator, a Mr. 'Nick' Meyer, who by trade is a radio engineer, has of late found himself with the dual role of engineer-cum-operator owing to the departure of the regular operator who has taken up a sea-going post. As yet, no one has volunteered to fill the position of operator on this isolated island, and therefore Nick being an enthusiastic "Ham" has made an excellent substitute. A radio schedule was maintained daily with Tristanradio throughout the return passage with a final farewell to our friend Nick on going alongside at Simonstown.

The Expedition is shortly to be transported to neighbouring Gough Island for their six month scientific survey. Their radio operator will be taking on the additional duty of Postmaster throughout their stay, using Tristan de Cunha postage stamps with a Gough Island frank.

Our return passage was uneventful except for the sight of the ship's company galley which looked like the interior of the Tristan Crayfish Canning Factory, for it was crammed with mess kettles and buckets full of crayfish being boiled on the range.

The Unexpected

Following is the unparaphrased text of an SLT from a gentleman whose wife had just presented him with a son and heir.

"Well done girl I never knew you had it in you".

SLANGKOP WIRELESS STATION

Springtime is here. From the mountains around us, down through the Wireless Station, and on to the sea, it is a mass of vivid colour, and always there is at least a breeze to stir the multitude of wild flowers. Enough to make even the least interested appreciative and to wonder. But not to wander, especially now—that would indeed be foolish. Remember, we are situated in the wilds with only a barbed wire fence to keep the bush at bay. Moles are undermining everything, and there's movement in the grass—the old puff adder and cobra, no doubt, and they are very real and most unsociable in the spring and early summer.

We have said farewell to H.M.S. *Pelican* whose Sparkers were held in such high esteem. Almost a legend on the South Atlantic Station, it would have been their due reward if the regatta "Cock" she wore so proudly on sailing, had been supplied with Sparkers' wings. *Pelican's* relief, H.M.S. *Sparrow*, arrived a little while ago, and their W/T staff came out here to see things for themselves: may they have a happy commission.

Prior to their sailing in H.M.S. *Magpie* we were visited by members of the Gough Island Expedition. Equipped with a 60 watt transmitter they hope to work with us thrice daily, sending met. reports and private letters. By arrangement with the G.P.O. each member is allowed one fifty word letter each way per fortnight at a penny per word. These are sent to and from England by airmail.

Will there be any sportsmen among our new arrivals? We hope so. We are still enjoying our effort in the recent port cross-country race. Yes, (ex-Slangkopians take note), we actually managed to enter a team. Watchkeeping may not be the ideal way to train for a 3½ mile run, but the team did it, and made us feel more than satisfied by being placed third of the eleven teams entered. We can't leave the race without a word of praise for C.R.E. Read and his Staff, of Cape South, who gave a commentary, despite appalling weather conditions, that was in every way up to B.B.C. standards.

We fielded a cricket team too, and though Lever Brother's eleven gave us something of a thrashing, one or two showed promise as possible Fleet cricketers. We have been supplied with a new net, rigged on a substantial tubular steel frame, 15 yards long and 10 feet high. It is perfect and will no doubt improve our batting and bowling immensely.

M.S.O. DURBAN

Yes it's us fellows from "Darkest Africa" again to let you know what's been going on in our backyard.

For a few days we were elevated to the heights of M.H.Q. Durban and were greeted to sights of large quantities of scrambled egg moving past our office—

like a caterer's dream. The office itself was elevated and became traffic centre-cum-MSO-cum-filing cabinet-cum queries. It was noticeable how vague our replies were in regard to the whereabouts of certain signals at the beginning of the exercises, but eventually it sorted itself out and if no signal could be found there was always the "General file." The wireless department came off in grand style with all bays occupied and sported a P.O.O.W. who solicitously moved around like a hen looking after her chicks. Of course the strain on production was great and so private enterprise radio productions came to a standstill, but they're off to a grand start now though, with T.V. as a sideline.

All is quiet once again with the departure of the F.S. *Gazell*, H.M.S. *Pelican* and H.M.S. *Magpie*, and now with our own ships away we are now able to write articles for Magazines and letters home. (Sounds as if we've never had time to breathe.)

There have been a few changes in our staff, and amongst our occupations we now number a Football magnate, a lonely hearts organiser and a Fleet photographer-cum-draftic-cum-base Communications Officer.

"Tot siens!" and bottoms up.

H.M.S. "SPARROW"

After a somewhat shaky start we have now reached the stage where we can receive Broadcast "SA" fairly comfortably (22 w.p.m. made twice through). Our communications staff consisting of Yeoman, 2 Sigs. and 1 O. Sig., P.O. Tel., L/Tel., 1 Tel. and 3 O. Tels. (about half the size of the Pompey manned *Magpie*).

On arrival at Simonstown we attempted to make ourselves into Communicators in 14 days, but we cannot yet report much improvement—but who knows, we may succeed.

At the moment we are on a West Coast Cruise Flying the flag of CINC SA (no extra staff!) and after four days still attempting to communicate with Lagos Radio, who apparently have never heard of B.R. 129 and A.L.R.S. Vol. 1; we have now established the fact that ships are calling on his answering frequency. Even Cable and Wireless could not give us a satisfactory explanation. This problem we hope to solve for ourselves in the very near future.

We will draw to a close with prospects of three horrible months in Simonstown refitting etc., and hope to emerge with a brand new W/T office, KHE, etc., etc., to replace our existing system of plug and lead down the voicepipe. Yeoman's No. 1 standing order is: "Keep those lamps polished lads we may need them soon!!!"

A Junior's Jury

"That piece of wire is no good for an emergency aerial Pots, it's only got one end."

(H.M.S. *Birmingham*)

COMMUNICATOR AT WORK

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHIST

I have been inveigled into writing this, I presume, for the benefit of the General Service personnel, in an effort to induce you to join our Merry Band of Pilgrims. If it has that effect you will be very welcome, for we need Sparkers. More important though, you will not come with false ideas of the glamour of this small section of the Navy. The biggest drip in a submarine, from a new arrival, is "but I'm a Sparker." That's right, you are, but let me give you a slight idea of what you will be doing.

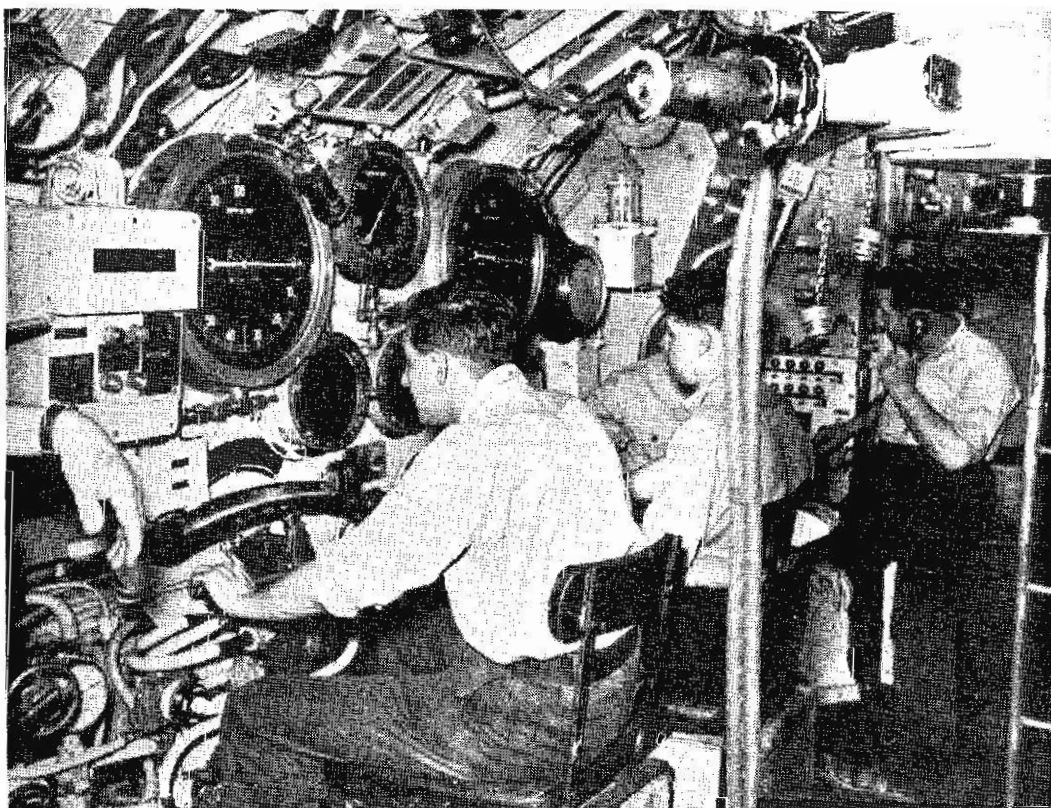
Around half past six you'll get a shake, and after washing in a space big enough for a TBL, (along with twenty or so others in turn), you have breakfast. (Fruit juice and then something on toast).

Ten past eight. Harbour stations. No, put down your pencil, you won't need it yet. You are on the telegraphs, or maybe even on the casing. If the Bunting is sick, or absent for some other reason, you may even be on the Bridge. It will probably be the telegraphs though. It is a quiet little job, just relaying messages from the bridge (you'll need your phonetic alphabet for that) and passing the main

motor and engine orders. Nine o'clock brings a change, for you fall out harbour stations, and then really down to communications—"Take that bunch of keys and wind and check all the clocks." That isn't a long job, and you'll finish just as diving stations is piped. You are on the telegraphs again, doing the same job, except that after a while there is no-one on the bridge.

Once the boat has dived, and the trim has been caught, diving stations are fallen out, but we are doing attacks today, and you are attack team, so don't go away. You are STILL on the telegraphs. One Sparker will get a change and read off the periscope bearings, but you have only just joined the boat so it won't be you.

The forenoon soon passes, and eventually there is a break for lunch. Down tot, and then relieve the Leading Tel, for his tot. We are still dived so there is only Loudspeaker Watch on Rugby to keep, but there is always one Tel., in the office. Then back to the mess for a sumptuous meal of roast!!!! Roast meat, roast potatoes and roast cabbage (the Chef couldn't get through the control room to it). After that, come what may, tinned fruit. After you've gulped it down, the Leading Tel. needs another



Watch diving stations in a submarine.

AMERICA AND WEST INDIES



“SUPERB” IN THE PACIFIC

The Summer Cruise to the Pacific Coast of North America began June 20th. Sixteen days after sailing from Bermuda, *San Diego (Calif)* saw our arrival. We were greeted at this big U.S. Naval Base by half a dozen high school girls, scantily clad, dancing on the jetty. It was surprising that the ship secured in so short time for it seemed that the girls were receiving more attention than the ship, and one could almost feel a list of a degree or two on the jetty side. Goodwill was extended to all by the U.S. Navy during our stay.

On 11th July we sailed for *San Francisco*. The passage was made for the most part in fog; in fact there seems to be as much fog off the Californian Coast as around our own waters. The entrance to San Francisco harbour was blanketed by fog when we arrived and it was only with concentration that we could even see the outline of the Golden Gate bridge when passing immediately beneath it. With a central berth the attractions of the city were within a few minutes walk. The Mark Hopkins Hotel boasts an observation room and from it one has an unparalleled view of the city and harbour. Here in San Francisco a number of the Branch fell under Cupid's spell if subsequent requests for leave to revisit the city were anything to go by.

Then followed a week at Portland (Oregon), Seattle and Vancouver.

From Vancouver to Esquimalt is but a few hours' steaming. At Esquimalt, the R.C.N. West Coast base, *Superb* was invited to take part in the regatta which she won in a convincing manner. C.Y.S. Mitchell coxed the junior ratings' whaler, with three Communicators, to victory.

On August 18th we were underway once more, this time for Santa Barbara a small Californian seaside resort. After spending the weekend there we moved on to Long Beach, another big naval base. Nearby Hollywood was a big attraction and some were lucky enough to visit M.G.M. studios and see a picture being made.

September 3rd marked our arrival at Acapulco (Mexico). The Blue-jacket guard and R.M. Band left the ship for Mexico City where a parade was held.

Unfortunately it rained heavily throughout our few days' stay and wrought havoc with the paintwork; the ship looked a shadow of her former gleaming self when we sailed.

CANADIAN COMMENTARY

May we introduce ourselves? Our name is *Aldergrove*, our official designation and address being H.M.C. Naval Radio Station, “Aldergrove,” Aldergrove, British Columbia.

To those readers of *THE COMMUNICATOR* familiar with the naval radio stations Aldergrove, B.C. and Matsqui, B.C., through having worked them or having seen them listed, it may be of interest that the two were combined and commissioned as an establishment on 1st June of this year. Formerly, each station was an independent unit with its own Officer-in-Charge.

The receiving site is just outside the village of Aldergrove, some 35 miles from Vancouver. The transmitting site is at Matsqui, B.C., seventeen miles away. A competent staff of electrical personnel is borne in each station, but all other men—Communicators, Supply, Ratings, etc., are employed at the receiving site.

Each station has its own permanent married quarters in close proximity, these being by far the best accommodation in the surrounding areas. Farmlands, flat around Matsqui, and undulating in the Aldergrove area, surround both sites of the Establishment.

The transmitting station is rather frighteningly located, since a large mountain slopes away from its back door while the mighty Fraser river flows almost past our front. While, to the best of our knowledge the mountain hasn't moved during the last few years, 1948 saw the river's rampaging waters inundate the station and surrounding areas to a depth of about twelve feet. All transmitters and associated gear are, needless to say, installed above the foreseeable “high water mark.”

Living quarters for single men's messing facilities are available only at the receiving site of the Establishment. Married quarters deserve special mention, being of a most attractive one-storey design. Neatly kept lawns and gardens, both flower

and vegetable variety, are much in evidence and are indicative of interest of all concerned.

The only Royal Navy personnel to visit the Establishment since its commissioning have been Lt. Commander Pelly (F.C.O. C.-in-C. America and West Indies in *Superb*), two junior Officers and two Chief Petty Officers. This visit was made while the flagship was in Vancouver last summer.

H.M.S. "KENYA"

The first impressions, we are told, are always the ones that count, but we hope that we shall not be too severely judged on this our first contribution, because we have only just started our commission.

All of us were glad to leave Rosyth dockyard after the refit. Lying alongside the canteen was a great temptation, and if we had stayed there much longer we might have set up an M.S.O. in the bar.

Soon after commissioning, the "volunteers" received a shock in the form of a change of programme. Our first twelve months of this G.S.C. will take us half way round the globe. Although visual signalling will remain constant throughout, the "Sparkers" are making all endeavours to bring up-to-date "S" orders of which it was heard to be said, "Stow those away, we won't need them out there." Ditto for Crypto Staff.

After our arrival in Bermuda on the 10th November we sail for Guantanamo (Cuba) at the end of the month for our work-up with the old station stanchion *Morecambe Bay* and our American cousins. Christmas and New Year will be spent in Bermuda, and then we go on a Caribbean Cruise. That will take us into April/May. From there we traverse the Atlantic to enjoy a six weeks visit on the South Atlantic Station.

Continuing our Cook's Tour, we proceed up the East African Coast, through the Suez Canal and spend the remainder of our time (approximately end of July until October) with the Med. Fleet.

When we come back we don't want to have to say, "Wot! you still up here?"

P.S.—... It's all right once you get settled down!

H.M.S. "BURGHEAD BAY"

We have had a varied commission, starting with our leaving the U.K. five days late due to very heavy seas, which lasted ten of the twelve days' passage to Bermuda. After four weeks work-up we sailed for Port Stanley (Falkland Islands) via Trinidad, Georgetown, Recife, Maceo, Santos, Vittoria and Punta del Este.

We had two trips down to the ice regions while at Stanley. The first was to Potters Cove and Deception Island, in which we chipped ten tons of ice off the upper deck one morning and the second was a rush trip to repair a generator at Signy Island. Back then to Stanley for a few more weeks (where the killick Sparker went overboard with three cameras after QBR celebrations). We left on June 13th and proceeded to Jamaica with stops at Montevideo,

Santos, Recife and Trinidad, where we had three weeks' self-maintenance alongside the U.S.N. Base, then on to Kingston to start a three months tour as Hurricane Guardship.

Our spell of Guardship over, we sailed for Bermuda on September 17th arriving on the 22nd. We are due to stay there for seven weeks before returning to Plymouth on 23rd November prior to paying off.

"PROTECTOR" GOES SOUTH

After a rather depressing start to the commission, things began to look better after we arrived at our first port of call, Freetown. This was followed by 12 days at sea before arriving at Montevideo where we certainly showed the flag.

The staff are now settling down very well and the enclosed mess is appreciated by all. Shortly we will be leaving for the Antarctic and we wish all Communicators a Merry Christmas; ours will definitely be white!

H.M.S. "MOUNTS BAY"

As we were comparatively new on the station at the last time of going to press, the scope of an interesting news bulletin was then very limited. Now, with a few months' experience both good and bad, we have a broader outlook.

We arrived on the America and West Indies station on 14th April 1955, under the guidance of Captain C. P. Norman, D.S.O., D.S.C., and our Pilot and Communication Officer, Lieutenant Reffell. We were immediately engaged in battle with the *Superb* and *Veryan Bay* at the Fleet Sports and Regatta. On both these occasions we were unfortunately placed last, the communication whalers' crew fighting a losing battle in a "bum" boat.

On leaving Bermuda we had travelled 19,357 miles which included the Bahamas, Jamaica, Barbados, Trinidad, British Guiana; Recife,

WINNING CARTOON



"I THINK HE'S RUNNING OPEN."

Salvador, Rio de Janeiro and Rio Grande in Brazil; Montevideo and finally to the half way house, the Falkland Islands.

Communications were, in the early stages, very strenuous for our very junior staff, broadcasts being the "bechers brook." The usual "farmyard broadcast" at Port Stanley was a novelty being operated by "Syd" who used the ending sign "cheers for now, out." Little headaches were experienced all round with weather reports that didn't materialise and ship/shore work with a T.C.S.

We received copies of the Summer edition COMMUNICATOR after the R.M.S. *Fitzroy* brought them along with the six weekly delivery of sea mail

from Montevideo, and though they were about two months late, they were all very much appreciated. One copy is at the moment on its way to Deception Island in the Antarctic, where one of the operators at the W/T station is an ex-Chief Yeoman, and another an ex-Radio Mech.

To the time of writing this letter we have sailed from Punta Arenas, the most southern city in the world, on our way back North. Valparaiso is on the agenda which includes places in Peru and Ecuador, Panama Canal and Kingston, Jamaica. By this time Christmas will be close upon us as will Ireland Island, Bermuda.

B.D.D.

IMAGINATION

By L.Sig. CLIMIE

The Admiral glanced at his favourite maxim—as it hung above his desk on a plaque. "Use your imagination," said the gold lettering. He lay back in his cabin chair thankfully and sighed.

The last commitment of the year had been dealt with. Christmas had come once again to provide a welcome breather from inspections and parties, etc., which are an Admiral's inevitable lot.

(The parties in question by the way are not to be confused with sailors' parties, who have legs). Anyway, he lay back in his chair thankfully. He had finished his year's work by lecturing the ship's company on the need for every man "to use his imagination" while in the Service.

"Imagination could open up new vistas of creativeness—it could spur them on the road to higher things"—Yes although he said so himself, it had been a great speech and he had probably made a great impression on quite a few minds. Indeed a fitting ending to the year. Ah yes, imagination was a great thing!

However, tonight was going to be a quiet one for him, for a change.

No Christmas party, no ship's dance—just a hot bath, and afterwards, an hour with his favourite authoress (book form that is).

He winced mentally at the recollection of the last ship's company dance. Some awful woman had fastened on to him and asked damned silly questions all evening, like: "Do you really sleep in a hammock Mr. Hayes?"

He could have forgiven her about the hammock, but the *Mr. Hayes!* blast her!

If only women would use their imagination.

Tonight anyway he would be safe from feminine folly.

But just to make sure—

He picked up the phone—

"Yes sir?" answered a cultured voice.

"Ah Flags, I want to impress upon you that on no account am I to be disturbed this evening. I don't give a damn who it is."

"Yes sir—er, what do I say should someone call?"

"Say? Use your imagination man: Tell 'em I'm seasick or something."

"Er—yes sir. Very good sir."

Flags winced as he laid down the phone.

It was *always* "Use your imagination."

The Admiral sighed as he replaced his phone. Ah yes, imagination was the thing.

He picked up the daily paper and remembered only just in time, that Admirals don't whistle at pin-up pictures.

"So, French film star Fifi was in town—mmm—stimulating."

He coughed.

Imagination could be dangerous!

* * * * *

Flags stared as the car pulled up abreast the lantern-lit gangway—he stared even more so as a pair of shapely legs appeared followed by the usual shapely form.

He tweaked his tie nervously.

"I say," he whispered to the O.O.W., "are we expecting this?"

"I hardly think so, sir," answered that worthy, nodding towards a group of Middies gathered on the quarterdeck playing deck ludo.

Flags jumped hurriedly.

"God Lord," he gasped, "I see what you mean."

He waved frantically.

"I say you chaps—cave."

But the group were too engrossed.

"She's coming, sir," hissed the O.O.W.

"Oh Lord," Flags gulped, as the vision ascended daintily.

The quartermaster strangled the beginnings of a whistle at the horror-stricken look from the O.O.W.

Flags blushed redly.

"Ahrrm—good evening," he coughed, "Er—welcome to the—er—flagship."

"Snake eyes": shouted a voice.

The smile froze—

Flags jumped as if shot and flung a startled look at the Middies. "Ha ha ha," he tried to laugh, "they are playing—er—deck ludo. "Snake eyes is double one you see, ha ha, not—er—you."

"N'est ce pas."

"Good Lord," gulped Flags, "you're French."
She patted her hair prettily, "Oui, and you are Engleeshman."

Having exchanged identities suitably, a silence befell.

The O.O.W. fidgeted nervously.

Flags coughed.

"Er—is someone expecting you—er—."

She fluttered her lashes, "Oo la la—but of course."

Flags felt at rather a loss.

"Er—quite," he hedged.

Another silence followed.

He tried again.

"What I mean is—er—who is expecting you?"

She winked coquettishly.

"You do not know, cheri?"

Flags shook his head dazedly. It wasn't every day he was called cheri.

"Why ze Admeeral of course—he has invited me to dinner zis evening and—"

She hesitated coquettishly, "Comprenez vous."

Flags wriggled, he comprenezvousd all right, but surely the Admiral hadn't forgotten a date with such a dish and yet he had distinctly said he was not to be disturbed.

"You will take me to heem?" she asked wistfully looking up at him, sensing his dilemma.

Well, what else could a Flag Lieutenant do under such circumstances?

"Follow me," he croaked, feeling all weak at the knees.

* * * * *

The knock on the door was so unexpected that the Admiral leapt out of his bath like a hooked tarpon.

Damn and blast! He had warned that Flag Lieutenant he was not to be disturbed.

Where the hell was the towel! Blast the soap!

Another knock on the door failed to improve matters.

Snorting like an overworked warhorse the Admiral tied on his dressing gown and stalked to the door.

Pulling it open he glared at a startled Flag Lieutenant.

"What in blood and thunder do you mean by this—eh?"

"I thought I told you—."

The Flag Lieut. cut in hurriedly.

"There's a lady to see you, sir."

"I don't give a damn if the Queen of Sheba's here," the Admiral snorted, "I'm having my bath—."

"So I see," said a soft feminine voice.

The snorting was suddenly strangled.

"Ahrrr—ahem—good grief—I say—I'm dreadfully—."

The girl brushed gracefully by—.

"No, no, no—I weel wait, you must finish your bath."

The Admiral tottered visibly.

"I say—Ahrrmm—there must be some—" He looked appealingly at the Flag Lieut. gulping air in the doorway. Flags lifted his shoulders helplessly.

The girl sat down displaying a disconcerting area of nylon knee.

"I am waiting cheri," she smiled coquettishly, "but you weel not be long—no? Fifi is—how you say?—full of imagination for the Engleesh Admiral who has invited Fifi to his beeg sheep."

The Engleesh Admiral swallowed desperately—imagination? She meant admiration surely—or did she?

Flags caved hurriedly to organise the stewards.

He too was full of imagination, and some admiration too.

What had happened?—her knees were really quite distracting.

* * * * *

"Well sir," explained Signalman Biggs, before the table. "I saw the party—er—girl's picture in the paper and I was sort of using my imagination—kind of."

The Admiral winced.

"Go on," he grated.

"Well sir," gulped the offender, "I wrote out an imaginary signal—sort of—inviting her onboard—kind of imaginary sir—sort of—"

The Tribunal's face wasn't exactly encouraging.

"Go on," it said dangerously.

"Well sir," Biggs stammered, "when my relief took over—he saw the signal and says, 'What am I supposed to do with this Ops?'" "I nearly told—sort of—, instead I says to him, for goodness sake use your imagination wings, and he did sir."

A battlecruiser arrived in harbour after a long patrol at sea to receive a signal from her flagship saying that she—the flagship—was unable to take her turn on patrol, so the returning ship would have to refuel and put to sea again.

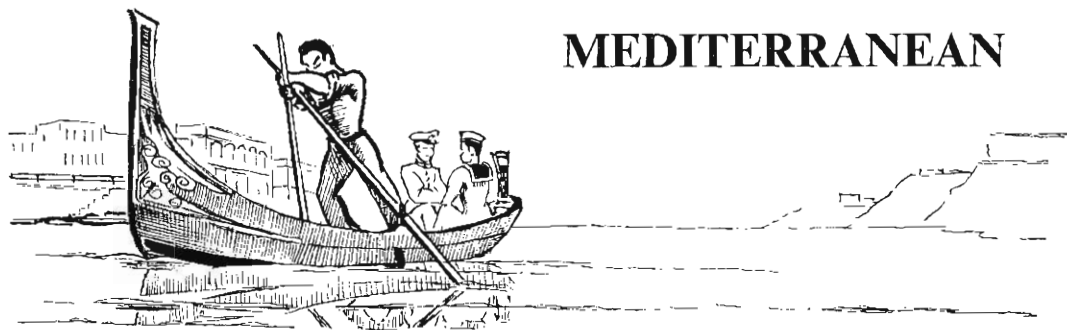
On setting out for the second time the battlecruiser's marine band were on the quarterdeck, playing a tune which had very rude words. As she passed as close as possible to the flagship:

From Flagship:

ON LEAVING HARBOUR WHO SELECTS THE BAND TUNES.

The Seagoing ship replied:

NORMALLY THE BANDMASTER BUT ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS THE CAPTAIN.



MEDITERRANEAN

A NEW HEADQUARTERS LIFE IN CYPRUS

This is our first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR but with the changeover from Egypt to Cyprus, when we said goodbye to our Wrens, followed by the current slight unpleasantness, we feel that there is some excuse.

Our base is in Nicosia at Army G.H.Q. where we are completely surrounded by soldiery and barbed wire, and our job is to keep F.O.M.E. in touch with the outside world.

To this end we have two SWB8s mounted in trailers, to which has recently been added an 89Q, the whole being situated a dozen miles away in the middle of nowhere; and this with a couple of diesel generators constitutes our transmitter station. A few B28s and a recently acquired B40, a perforator and auto head together with the usual CYP equipment, were all fitted into a large nissen hut close to G.H.Q. This is our M.S.O. With the advent of the Commandos, the Amphibious Warfare Squadron and recently half a dozen Coastal Minesweepers in addition to our Patrol Boats, our traffic level has shot up into the clouds. In September alone we handled 951 encrypted signals with a total of 70,033 groups and 1,019 unclassified signals. This of course necessitated an increase in staff and a number of unsuspecting Signalmen and Telegraphists and one or two Petty Officers as well, resting in Chatham or spread around the Med. Fleet suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves in aircraft bound for Cyprus.

Living conditions are a little different, to say the least of it, from normal naval standards—army tents, army messing in an army camp, and NO TOT.

However, the weather is generally pretty good and we don't get snowed in, although we occasionally get snowed under. Working with the Army presents all sorts of problems in message handling, but now that we have got the hang of their peculiar filing system, it isn't too bad. The question of minor alterations to offices, when we have to rely on the Army completely, is rather a different matter. To get a bench altered, a shelf put up or a small rabbit arranged are all relatively easy matters in the Navy, but not so with the Army. The number of formalities

to be gone through is staggering and by the time that the R.E.s get round to the job, anything up to three or four months may have elapsed.

After prolonged and complicated negotiations, we recently acquired a bench for our newly constructed S.C.Y.O., the only equipment at the time being two chairs and a safe. As the bench was a little too long to fit into the office we shortened it quite simply with a saw, replaced the legs and fitted it in the S.C.Y.O. with the minimum of trouble. When the army form one thousand and something dealing with office furniture arrived we pointed out politely that the bench was 11 ft. 6 in. and not 12 ft. 6 in. long. The army 'Q' Section is still trying to puzzle out a way to substitute Bench, Office, 11 ft. 6 in. etc., etc., for Bench, Office, 12 ft. 6 in. etc., etc., in their records. Our suggestion that the desk had originally been made of green wood and that it had shrunk when it dried out in the hot weather was received in stony silence.

However, lest we give a wrong impression, we hasten to add that the Army is very helpful whenever it can be.

A run ashore in Nicosia is always interesting. There are the usual cinemas (some open air), cafes, bars, cabarets, etc., that can be found throughout the Middle East. Strangely enough, there is no public transport system so one has to walk, or, if a baron, take a taxi. The alternative is to take one's life in one's hands and cycle, as most of the locals do. They seem to have a complete disregard for any other road user, be devoid of any road sense and of minor items such as brakes, lights, or rule of the road. Talking of this, the only rule here appears to be that if you meet another car you should leave it to starboard, but apart from that you can do pretty well what you like. The local population, especially the older people, do not appear to be particularly ill disposed or unfriendly, at least, not in Nicosia, and even when the younger members of the community decide to liven things up a little with a demonstration or a bit of flag hoisting, their energy seems to be directed more against property than against any personnel in particular.

Recently things have livened up in Cyprus, culminating in the island wide disorders and

demonstrations of Friday, 28th October—the anniversary of the Greek entry into World War II. These demonstrations, in defiance of H.E. The Governor's orders, were quickly and effectively dealt with by the "South Staffs," the Gay Gordons and of course our own R.M. Commandos, who are well trained in anti-riot and street fighting. Armed with batons and protected by steel helmets, shields and anti-gas masks they waded into the demonstrators and wielded their batons with great effect.

With the aid of tear gas bombs the demonstrations were quickly broken up, numbers of prisoners were taken and there were quite a few broken heads. It is hoped that these very firm measures will prove to the "locals" that to quote Sir John Harding, "They will achieve nothing by lawlessness." However, as far as we are concerned these things only happen occasionally in Nicosia and our only real discomfort is that the town, including most of the best night spots, is placed "Out of bounds" about once a week.

Limassol and Famagusta, of course, have been under curfew off and on for a number of weeks, but to quote an old Naval saying "Up ladder, Jack, I'm inbound"—we don't live there!

In conclusion, we repeat—its never dull here.

KETTLE, H.M.S. *Aphrodite*

MALTA M.S.O.

At each time of writing, there has been some exercise or other to comment on. That is still the case as we have, since summer, had the magnificent effort called "Lifeline." Running concurrently with another N.A.T.O. exercise, this put a very great strain on our communications.

I would have taken an even greater delight in writing this from the place visited on the Second Summer cruise. The Communicators of C-in-C's staff upheld the traditions of the Branch in no mean manner during this cruise and coming back to Malta was an anticlimax. Of course you will all have heard of Venice and how nice it is, but Venice at Film Festival time is beyond any one's wildest hopes. It was surprising to see just how many matelots developed a sudden studious interest in films and the film world.

The Lascaris mast has, at last, had a D 2. This state of affairs was reached when a wobble was felt up top, which called for a survey, which showed that things were not as they should be. While repairs were being done, ship shore acrials were out of action, but all the operators who thought they were in for a quiet time got a bit of a shock. Shipshore was worked from Zebbug, meaning that the lads had to hop out there to keep their watch; no doubt they at least are glad that things are back to normal.

Our contingent of W.R.N.S., bless their cotton socks, wishes to be remembered to all and sundry. They feel that, as this piece is always written by a male, they are apt to be forgotten, so let me say here and now that they are very much alive and kicking,

whenever the occasion demands. Matrimony keeps claiming a few, others just pass on gracefully leaving those that remain to give of their best between leaves and Italy.

We have had a highly successful cricket season and now our energetic feelings are turned to soccer, and, for the first time ever, rugby. It seems that whatever the shape of the ball, Communicators will have a go at it, although rugby is found to be a little bit taxing out here. Any ship that gets here can always fix up a game of soccer just by using the phone to Malta M.S.O.; we are only too pleased to get out there and run ourselves into the ground. P.A.

H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

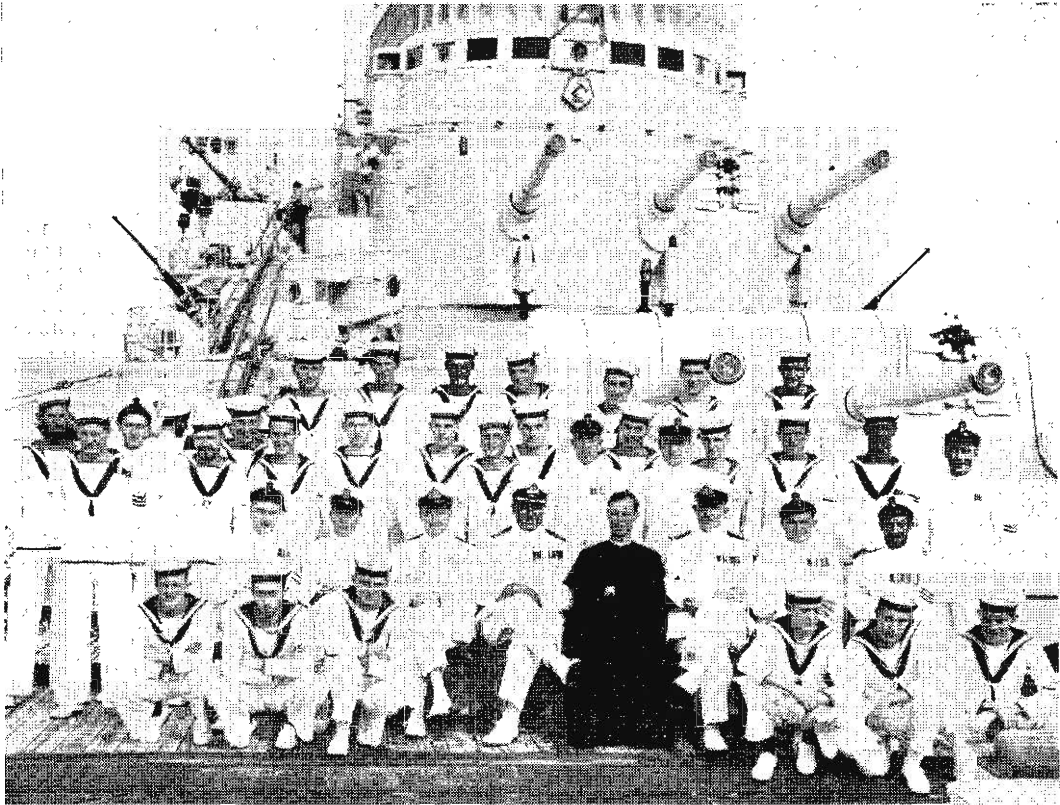
This being our first communique to Communicators via THE COMMUNICATOR since starting a new General Service Commission I feel it quite in order to name some of the personalities we have onboard. No one who has passed through *Mercury* in the last twelve months would feel a stranger onboard the "Brum" as we have Capt. J. R. B. Longden, O.B.E. (ex-Captain of *Mercury*), Rev. Scott (ex-Padre and nurse on sports day of *Mercury*), Lt. Troubridge (last Long Course), Mr. Whiffen (ex-W/T 1), P.O. Tel. C. Taylor (ex-Secretary of the P.O.'s Mess, *Mercury*), together with several other Communicators who have recently taken W.I.s or P.O.s courses. Then last, but not least, we have junior rates who have just completed training there.

Although we sailed from Chatham for the Med. on the fourth of August, the actual commissioning date was the nineteenth of July. The normal work-up period followed but this was rudely interrupted in mid-September to take the Royal Marine Commandos to Cyprus. This trip is worthy of note in as much as we embarked and disembarked the Commandos (sucking their ice-creams), plus luggage and vehicles, and did the round trip to Cyprus and back (something like two thousand miles) in five days.

Directly on top of this followed a short trip to Taranto with ships of the Fifth F.S. and *Surprise*; on this occasion we flew the Flag of C-in-C. We then went back to Malta for two days and then away again for the ten day N.A.T.O. exercise "Medflex Champion." In this our younger members were well and truly initiated into the mysteries of fleet exercises—we even had a "Subsunk" thrown in for good measure but this luckily turned out to be "House a fraud." The exercise terminated on our arrival at Izmir where the staff were able to have a well deserved run ashore.

H.M.S. "DEFENDER"

It was, on the 14th June, 1955, that H.M.S. *Defender* was re-commissioned. It was not long before we arrived at Malta. We straight away plunged into the "What's this for" and "This doesn't work" part of the commission—namely our "working-up" period. Four weeks later, punctuated by frequent short stays in Grand Harbour for discussions on how a turret should work, and that



Communicators of H.M.S. "Birmingham."

sort of thing, we prepared ourselves for the Second Summer Cruise. Ports visited were Venice and Ancona.

First things first—Venice. In company with the now famous "Film Festival Frigate", H.M.S. *Sheffield*, H.M.S. *Surprise*, and our sister ship H.M.S. *Delight*, we arrived on the 1st September for a stay of nine days. During this period with Film Festival at its height, all ships were invaded by glamorous personalities of the screen. Much spit and polish was put on by all, before Eunice Gayson, Mary Ure, Linda Christian and Belinda Lee stepped aboard, escorted by their male counterparts, Jack Hawkins, Edmund Purdom, Donald Sinden, James Robertson Justice and Corporation. It may also be added that Lt. Commander J. B. Miller, our First Lieutenant, whom some of you may recall as the ex-editor of this Magazine, made himself very popular with the celluloid celebrities, assuming the role of upper deck guide-in-chief.

On leaving Venice we parted company with the *Sheffield* and *Surprise* to make our way down the Adriatic coast with *Delight* and *Blue Ranger* in company for a four day stay at Ancona, but this visit, dampened by the rain, came as rather an anticlimax after our hectic stay at Venice.

Next came the trials and tribulations of "Medflex Champion" after which we spent three days at Naples for the "wash up." Everyone seized the opportunity of visiting such well known places as Rome, Pompeii, Vesuvius and the "Snake Pit" of which previous visitors may well be aware. When in Rome, "do as the Romans do"—there was a Wine Festival on—need we say more!

H.M.S. "FORTH"

It has been reported that *Forth* has yet to appear in our Magazine. That being the case, here is episode "one" with more to follow.

Having cleared the desk of exercise "All In" and "Medflex Champion" we now prepare for "Medflex Six" and "Sexte IV". Our S.C.O., Lieut. Cmdr. Warrington, editor of all communication orders, continues to work overtime ensuring the smooth running of these exercises.

We say farewell to Mr. Ellison who has decided to go from "below" the surface to "above" it. Eglinton should suit him providing he doesn't put all aircraft on 16 kcs. Mr. Larkins has now taken his chair and also the "rut" marked Mr. Ellison on the quarterdeck.

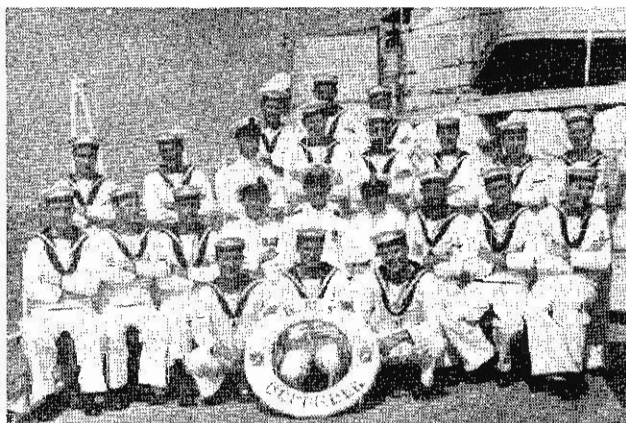
H.M.S. "DEFENDER" AT THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL



Top left:
"Another sheet
of long pad
please, "bunts".



Top centre:
"Write down,
Chief Yeoman".



Top right:
An Ex-Editor's
"Perks".

Centre:
Our
Merry Band



Ashore in Ancona.



Jack Hawkins, Belinda Lee, Eunice Gayson
and Donald Sinden.

nearing completion close to the Dockyard Tower, and, with an excellent view of the harbour and plenty of fresh air, it is generally felt that this will prove a welcome change from four years underground since the "Bedenham" explosion.

To the north the transmitter station now sports yet another triatic, anchored halfway up the towering face of North Front, while preparations are in hand for the erection of a 600 foot mast to support the L.F. aerial array.

Windmill Hill Signal Station looks as smart as ever and will no doubt be further brightened by the gardening enthusiasts when they have had time in which to put to good use some ten loads of earth recently imported from "The Mount."

During "Lifeline," and probably for the first time in the history of the station, Army signallers were employed as second hands of the watch to assist a much depleted Naval staff.

Sporting activities flourish and the soccer team, despite many changes, promises well for this season. Last September in the recently opened Nuffield Swimming Pool at Little Camp Bay a Royal Navy local team, comprised mainly of staff members, won the Minor Units Swimming Championship, a victory for the Navy for the fifth year in succession.

H.M.S. "JAMAICA"

To be given the task of writing the final article for our Magazine for the present commission of *Jamaica* is no mean one, for much has happened since that bleak November day in 1953 when first we boarded our ship. Not surprisingly the final moment has been postponed as long as possible but now September 5th is almost here and it is a case of now or never. This will be our faithful

typewriter's final fling before we discard it and close our permanent loan list. Our S.C.O. is leaving us for A.S.R.E. while Mr. Daykin is bound for R.N.S.S. Devonport.

At the end of our last Med. cruise there was a most unseemly rush to leave *Jamaica* before she sailed for her island namesake. Among those to go were Yeoman Cox to leave prior to his Signal Instructors' Course in which we wish him every success; Yeoman Head to Commander-in-Chief Med's. staff and a continuation of his Malta honeymoon; and that maestro of the keyboard, L/Tel. Kelly, who is now a happy butcher in civvy street. May he tap the till keys as well and as often as he did the typewriter keys.

Looking back over the commission there are some obvious highlights perhaps worthy of recording. May, 1954, Invergordon and a raw Flagship trying to cope with a really hectic spell. We hope that not too many of our readers had cause to curse the Flagship's Communicators. The fruits of our toil were 10 never-to-be-forgotten days in Copenhagen. Then, on to Navy Days at Chatham. September, 1954 and into "Morning Mist" with all its extra work but again we were rewarded by a visit to Avonmouth to give Bristolians the chance to see their ship. Again we had a wonderful welcome and great fun before going on with the Fleet to Gibraltar. Alas we did not return to Christmas in our homeland but joined our brethren at Malta. Our spell in the Med. had little in the way of unusual activities apart from the somewhat hectic visit of the Home Fleet to Malta with H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, and the momentous visit to Alexandria after a gap of many years.

Then came the climax with the Cruiser Efficiency



Cup and dare we say it, we were a gleaming ship. We then played at film stars and then sped on our way to Jamaica. The welcome given to us in Jamaica, celebrating their tercentenary, beggars description. Chief Ycoman Hawkes set up shop as "Grippoes Organiser" and some idea of the welcome can be gauged from the fact he was constantly calling for more and yet more to answer the many invitations. Everybody had a terrific time as the Jamaicans, both white and coloured, could never do enough for us, and we became even more proud that our ship bore the name JAMAICA. Two of the more spectacular events were the presentation of the Freedom of the City of Kingston, for which Communicators supplied an armed platoon, and the Governor Sir Hugh Foot's party in the grounds of Kings House where over 300 officers and ratings were entertained to a lavish spectacle of West Indian dancing, calypso singers, etc., and as always, the food and drink were free and unlimited.

H.M.S. "DARING"

Greetings for the first time from the new commission Communications Staff of *Daring*. Thinking back is a definite strain on our overtaxed Mediterranean memories, but it is a fact that the ship re-commissioned in "Guzz" on August 22nd, most of the Ship's Company joining by direct method, i.e. route march from R.N.B. into the dockyard, led by the "sign on" strains of the Bootneck Band. A good start, as they managed to get lost (never having been in the dockyard before, we suppose), and led us to *Diana*, *Decoy* and then purely by accident to *Daring*. However all hands had enough breath left to join heartily in a short commissioning service on arrival.

After three weeks preliminary work up we sailed at 9 a.m. September 19th for Malta to join the Med. Fleet for a few months. By 10 a.m. we were back alongside with a steering gear defect. All can appreciate what speculation that caused amongst the natives but they were all wrong; we were away again by noon, this time successfully.

Strange things do happen at sea . . . *Daring* changed from destroyer to cruiser on arrival in the Med . . . amazing, but I must report that the rest of the staff are still quite normal.

First sighting reports of Malta were made by the Buntings on September 27th and many six suits with "size tags" still firmly attached were seen on the "upper."

Since our arrival we've had a full week alongside *Ranpura* putting right some engine-room defects but the rest of the time has been spent adhering rigidly to the W.P.P. ploughing the ocean around Malta

G.C. and using every known form of communication except perhaps a call from the foc'sle.

However, the Communications Division in general have managed quite well and are settling down to work as a team under the direction of Lieut. Nicholson, R.A.N. (S.C.O.), C.P.O. Tel. Rockstro and C.Y.S. Allen, both of whom have the most unusual powers of gentle persuasion.

R.N. AIR STATION HAL FAR

Greetings Communicators all, particularly those at our brother/sister Air Stations. We have all had a fairly busy summer with many flying visitors, including the four R.N.V.R. Air Divisions from U.K., and a very welcome visit from the new D.S.D., Captain Stannard.

The main runway having been dug up, things have quietened down recently, but the advent of the *Ark Royal* in early November, together with 809 Sea Venoms Squadrons, will we hope, keep us on the hop once again.

The building of the new Receiver Station is now nearly completed, and the new Transmitter Station should be started soon. Steps are in hand to see if a new Control Tower can be conjured up to complete the set up; all being well, we should be the pride of the F.A.A. as far as communications go—one day!

No doubt ex-Hal Far sparkers spend many unhappy hours wondering what happened to the money they so generously gave to Chief Tel. Davis every other Friday. We are happy to set their minds at rest! Chief had a mental blackout, and armed with the tea-boat money, we all rushed down to Birzebbugia (The "Redoubt") one evening where we had little trouble in disposing of same.

The feminine side of the staff have as usual been in the news. Four Wren Tels. (Brown, Duke, Lawson and Robinson) and one Wren Sig. (Pierson), have all successfully passed the provisional exam. for Ldg. rate. Early in October the S.C.C.O. (Mr. Mardlin), assisted in woman power wastage by successfully giving away Ldg. Wren Sig. Joy Walker to the Fleet Air Arm.



On her maiden voyage to Malta the paint peeled in a distressing manner from the sides of H.M. Yacht *Britannia*. The captain reported the matter in detail to the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, on 20th April, 1954, concluding his signal as follows.

. . . PEELING HAS EVEN OCCURRED RIGHT UP MY STERN.

From Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean:

I AM MUCH RELIEVED TO FIND THAT IT IS YOUR SHIP AND NOT YOU WHO WILL BE UNFIT FOR POLO.

EAST AND WEST VISIT OF H.M. SHIPS TO LENINGRAD

The original idea of an interchange of British and Russian Naval visits came from the Geneva Conference at the Eden/Kruschev level and *Albion* was originally scheduled to be the flagship of the British Squadron. However, it was found that she had too large a draught to negotiate the River Neva, and, casting around for an alternative, the choice fell on *Triumph*.

We sailed on the 26th September, ostensibly for Majorca, our first port of call on our Mediterranean cruise. As soon as the ship's flight had been embarked, we turned round and, much to everyone's consternation, headed instead for Invergordon to clean out seven weeks of Dockyard dirt.

After five days at Invergordon we set off for Leningrad on the 7th October.

After a miserable three days of fog, drizzle and rain on the way across, we anchored for three hours' quick work over the side before meeting C-in-C. Home Fleet in *Apollo* with *Diana*, *Decoy*, *Chevron* and *Chieftain* in company. (It is interesting to note that *Triumph* now had the largest collection of musicians in one ship since the war—with the possible exception of *Vanguard* during the South African cruise in 1947.)

The Squadron arrived off the Leningrad light vessel at 1400 on the 12th October; punctually a Soviet destroyer came through the columns with bands playing and, after the national salute and reply, a pilot was embarked and *Triumph* prepared to follow the destroyer up the swept channel, past Kronstadt Naval base and up the canal leading through the marshes and shallows to Leningrad.

At Kronstadt were a few of the older Russian ships and also a few new destroyers and two "Sverdlovs."

The canal leading to Leningrad is very narrow, and the docks and ships lining it make it all the narrower. From the waving and cheering crowds on the banks, it was obvious that our reception would be friendly, and during our stay, these masses of eager, curious people were never far away.

The last stretch was navigated, with tugs secured ahead and astern, at a very slow speed, so slow, in fact, that our moorings were only finally reached after dark.

As we were so late in arriving, no leave was given on the first night, but everyone was content to pace the flight-deck watching the enormous crowds on the embankment some twenty yards away. Some of the ship's company went further than this and, after some preliminary cheering and clapping, proceeded to give the crowd some songs which went down very well.

Daylight next day gave us a better view of our berth and the River Neva, which flows out to the sea at a steady 2 knots and is about the width of the Thames at Westminster. Our berth was just

below the Smidt Bridge which had opened to allow the other five ships of the Squadron to secure at head and stern buoys just above it.

At either bank there were plenty of landing stages, some newly painted for our visit, and with shops on them selling souvenirs at ridiculous prices due to the artificial rate of exchange (watches at £100, small pottery ashtrays with views of Leningrad 35/-, newspapers 2/6).

A broad road ran down either bank and a facade of 19th century houses sadly in need of a coat of plaster or paint flanked the other side. Lots of quite serviceable passenger and cargo-carrying trams, a few private cars, and hundreds of people, all in the most drab clothes were in evidence. The only well-dressed people appeared to be Service personnel.

Although it was quite possible to go ashore by oneself, a large number of organised visits had been laid on on such a vast scale that one was left with few opportunities for independent sorties. To step ashore in a party or independently was to be submerged in a mass of smiling Russians, pressing money, postcards, every kind of souvenir and even bottles of vodka into one's hands. All the time they demanded autographs, cigarettes, and "Queen pennies." This eager curiosity and warm interest lasted throughout the whole of the visit—one couldn't move anywhere except in the midst of a large and friendly crowd.

Most of the questions asked interminably showed a great interest, and an innocent one, in conditions in Britain. There were very few which could not be answered on the grounds of security, and these were very naive; most could be warded off with a counter-question of the same sort which always brought a laugh.

The keenest questions were on the comparison of living conditions, wages, costs of living, State welfare and Health services, etc. The Russians hardly ever believed and almost never understood our replies to their questions on these subjects.

Typical of the organised invitations received were visits to the Naval Museum, the Art Gallery, the Circus, Cinema and Ballet.

The first was undistinguished except for some excellent models; there was an interpreter and a guide and one soon saw evidence of the effort to boost Russia to the Russians—we were shown the first telegraph, aeroplane, wireless and pictures showing the glorious Soviet Navy convoying supplies to Russia by the Northern route, and, the guide added as an afterthought "American and British ships helped in these operations"—this they firmly believe to be true.

The Art Gallery was very good indeed and had some lovely 19th Century paintings but not much of an earlier vintage. Housed in what was once a Grand Duke's palace, and one of the best-preserved

buildings in Leningrad, it represented a "cross-section of Russian art through the ages, with the accent on the People"—our guide. Although not a special day, there were far more people walking round than would have been found in an English Art Gallery—a possible explanation being that people go there to find the colour that is so lacking in their daily existence.

The Circus and Cinema were enjoyable but not unusual. Again the buildings were dingy and the equipment old but quite serviceable. No interpreter was necessary at the Circus, but one was provided at the Cinema, where the film "Lion Tamers" (about circus life) was shown. In colour, and good colour at that, there was little make-up used and the actresses wouldn't hold a candle to Miss Monroe!

The Ballet was completely deserving of its world-wide reputation. The Kirov Opera House rivals Covent Garden for interior beauty. The performances were on a grand scale with superb dancing and scenery and incredibly good "effects"—the depicting of the flood of Leningrad in "The Bronze Horseman," for instance, had to be seen to be believed.

The Soccer match between the Squadron and the Leningrad Officer's Club was well attended by a crowd which obviously were keen that the British team should do well. After the match, the ceremony of Beating Retreat by the R.M. Band was undoubtedly one of the most successful items on the British side of the programme.

On the Friday a force 7 gale had been ridden out quite comfortably with the addition of another wire out to the stern buoy, but a further gale on the Saturday night produced some interesting results. The Russian weather forecasts were very accurate, and a tug was already standing by to lay another stern buoy when the gale hit us from the starboard quarter. Before the new buoy could be laid, the very strong wind, coupled with a rise in the river level of 8 feet, caused the original buoy to drag. In the space of some ten minutes *Triumph's* port quarter was close alongside one of the landing-stages. Luckily no damage was done and the ship was reberthed two hours later. *Chevron* and *Chieftain* also dragged their stern buoy and were reberthed with the aid of tugs.

The Squadron's original sailing time of 0800 on the 17th was changed. But because of high winds, the 0200 time of sailing was postponed and the Squadron eventually got under way at 1400.

On clearing Kronstadt the Squadron, with the exception of *Apollo*, who remained a further day at Leningrad, anchored, in order to avoid the danger of floating mines in the Gulf of Finland having been released by the gale.

On the return passage to U.K., the Russian Squadron which had been visiting Portsmouth was passed and friendly signals exchanged by light.

Looking back on the visit, one was left with the impression of the genuine curiosity and friendliness of the man-in-the-street.

C.R.

THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON VISITS PORTSMOUTH

Coinciding with the visit of the Royal Naval Ships to Leningrad a Squadron of Russian Cruisers and Minelaying Destroyers visited Portsmouth, being delayed somewhat in their arrival by a liberal covering of fog.



A typical Russian Sailor.

Photo by courtesy of "Portsmouth Evening News"

The cruiser *Sverdlov* (Flagship) tied up at South Railway Jetty and that from a historical point of view was almost unique in itself, as the last time the Russian Navy paid an official visit was before the first World War.

Before the ships arrived preliminary conferences reduced all to a state of holding their breaths to bursting point, but this gave way to sighs of relief as two extremely helpful Russian Naval Attaches said "YES" to almost everything proposed in the programme. This was of course arranged to show them as much as possible, both naval and civil, and to entertain them to the utmost.

The entertainment started even with the official calls on the first day, as most of the Russian Embassy Staff who came down had brought their wives with them for the occasion and the calls developed into small receptions. At the first one Admiral Golovko (The Russian C.-in-C. Baltic), was prevailed upon by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth to have a drink, and vodka was duly produced. Before a somewhat startled audience the vodka went down the Commander-in-Chief's throat to the accompaniment of a muffled choke and a gasp.

In consternation the bottle was produced and to everyone's relief the Admiral laughed it off by pointing out that not only was the vodka Jugoslavian, but as he came from the Caucasus where the national drinks are wine and brandy, he rarely touched vodka.

This was all done in a splendidly jovial tone and it was in this spirit of genuine bonhomie that the visit continued from then onwards.

The Russians were very easy to get on with unless official decisions were required; these were difficult to obtain. The parties went splendidly however, and the interpreters recalled for the occasion were worked extremely hard teaching the English to say "ZA VASHA ZDOROVIA" and vice versa "YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH."

In the general conversation of sign language a certain amount of unlicensed barter went on in cigarettes, matchboxes, and other small articles of mutually strange design. At least one British Rear Admiral was seen, having captured a box of Russian cigarettes, to be as happy as he might have been capturing a much more difficult prize at sea.

For our entertainment the Russians brought with them a team of dancers with bands of musicians to accompany them. As all these, including the "Ballet Master," were naval personnel and were almost more professional than our Royal Marine bands. They were extremely good and captivated all who had the luck to see them perform (which they did on all possible occasions). In the anxiety to get them to the right bus in one instance they were rather hustled around, and the hustler was rebuked by the Ballet Master in no uncertain terms because, as he pointed out, the Ballet could not possibly perform well at the other end if they started off by having

their temperaments disturbed by such untoward rushing about.

The Russian sailors were young and fit and predominantly cheerful. They had a wider range of duties than ours; thus a sailor has to do a three month spell as wardroom steward. They had nice messdecks and appeared to be satisfied with the food though it would not have appealed much to our "matelot."

With the extra men they brought with them for the visit, it appeared that the duty watch had to stay on the upper deck owing to lack of space below.

The signal ratings were the only sailors without a cap-ribbon saying "Baltic Fleet." They had a special ribbon with "Communicator" written on it. All of them really were allowed ashore by themselves, and apart from their own excursions they were taken on bus trips all over Hampshire and round London.

Although it was difficult to stray from the programme (the Russians frowned on all improvisations) there were occasions when a tour, that was supposed to finish with a decorous tea in a decorous teahouse, managed to expand into a thoroughly enjoyable party—run round the public houses of Hampshire that barely finished at closing time.

Where shopping was concerned they tended to buy clothes; but on the whole many of our manufactured articles had little appeal except as novelties.

They enjoyed "window shopping" rather as a child enjoys a Christmas Tree once a year, and stared curiously at all that Western civilisation could produce. They returned from their shopping expeditions with many purchases, amongst which I would guess that the greatest single sale was in fashion magazines.

The number of cars on the road frankly amazed them.

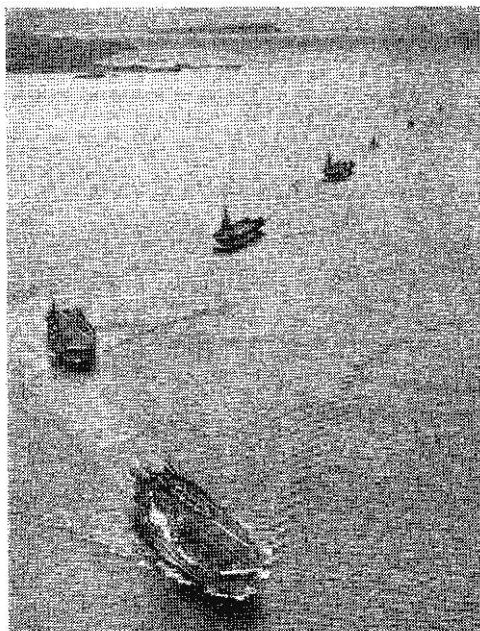
Dinner on board their ships was just as imagined. Caviare and vodka, and other exotic foods and wines in stately profusion. All very, very good except for the figure. One Russian Admiral asked why it was that English women starve themselves. He had noticed a lady of about fifty with lines on her face, and maintained that the same face filled out to a buxom Russian standard would have shown no such wrinkles at so early an age. There was no lady on board at the time to raise any objections.

With the aid of much hard work in the background, what was undoubtedly a most successful visit came to an end, with presents being mutually exchanged between the Commanders-in-Chief; and the Russians giving away a lot more keepsakes besides.

Politics never once raised the glimmer of an ugly head, and as clean and proud as they had come in, the Russian Squadron sailed, signalling farewell to C.-in-C. Portsmouth, in a profusion of flags from *Sverdlov's* yards that would have delighted any signaller—if it did not make him envious.

G.A.R.G.

FLEET AIR ARM



Corpen for the Carriers, a rare opportunity ("Eagle," "Centaur," "Albion" and "Bulwark").

H.M.S. "BULWARK"

The ship's visit to Stockholm was an outstanding success. In the approaches we were greeted by a very daring deck-level fly-past of modern jet fighters of the Royal Swedish Air Force, and we were escorted by a squadron of Royal Swedish Naval M.T.B.s up to our mooring berth. There it seemed as if the whole of Stockholm had turned out to greet us. The Swedes were very excited, this being the first visit of a squadron of R.N. Ships since before the war, and during the whole of the six days visit, Stockholm had a sort of carnival air.

Representatives of all the Home Fleet Ships in company assembled on the Flight Deck for divisions and inspection by H.M. King Gustav VI. *Bulwark* had the honour of wearing his flag, that of Admiral in the Royal Navy and Commander-in-Chief of all British units in Swedish waters, for the occasion.

The Swedes were overwhelming in their kindness and friendliness and our visit was a very memorable occasion of Scandinavian hospitality at its best.

On July 6th and 7th we were again "on the air," this time on B.B.C. T.V. Two programmes entitled "No Ordinary Ship" were broadcast. A small army of technicians, engineers, cameramen and commentators had been previously embarked, and the

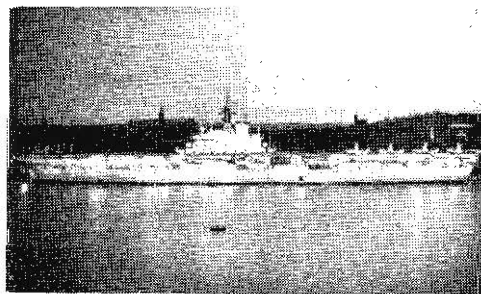
programmes, showing the operation of aircraft and the organisation in a carrier, were highly successful.

For the technically minded, the B.B.C. used three cameras, five commentators and transmitted the visual signal on approx. 200 mc/s FM, and the sound signal on approx. 90 mc/s FM to a relay station on the Isle of Wight about 15 miles away. The home transmission was received perfectly clearly on board.

The ship returned to Portsmouth on the 8th July and the B.B.C. then rigged a stage on the after lift, brought some of their top variety artists on board and presented us and the vast Home T.V. audience with a show entitled "Lower the Gangway." This included the famous "Television Toppers"; such glamour was, not unnaturally, very much appreciated.

During the summer leave period when the ship was opened to visitors for Navy Days no fewer than 40,000 were welcomed aboard.

The beginning of the Autumn Term saw us in company with our two sister ships *Albion* and *Centaur* and under F.O.A.C. in *Eagle*, operating together for the first time, in exercise "Sea Enterprise" off Norway. Traffic was heavy, the weather was extremely unpleasant and we were thankful when it was all over, but it was very valuable experience. Entering Trondhjem Fiord afterwards, the four Angles made a most impressive sight.

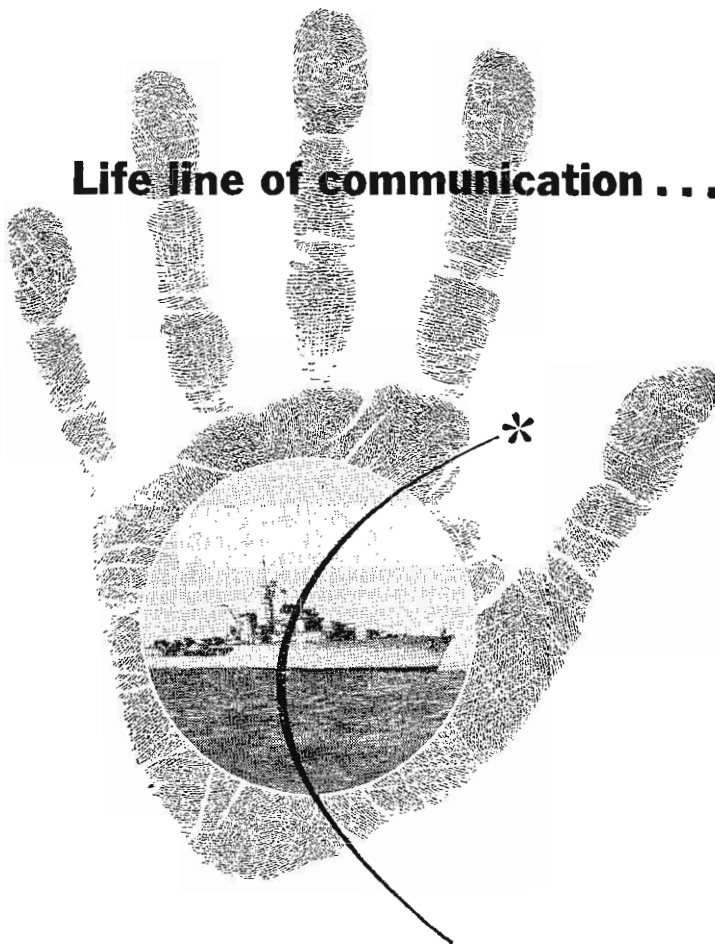


H.M.S. "Bulwark" floodlit at Stockholm

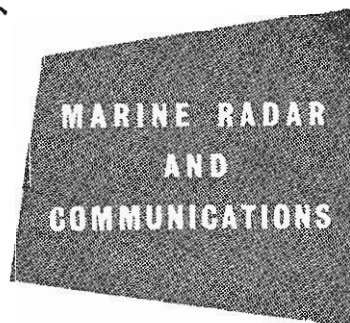
H.M.S. "ALBION"

Our somewhat chequered career (G.S.C.) is well advanced and the New Year will see us eastward bound with Hong Kong as our ultimate destination, during which time for a period we shall fly the flag of F.O.A.C., and indulge as usual in any fleet exercises that may be going on. After "Sea Lance," "Sea Enterprise," "Running Tide" and "Phoenix" we do not anticipate much trouble. It must not be thought that this is a complaint, for we had a pleasant four day diversion at Copenhagen, where the local brew was tasted and found to be expensive but satisfying.

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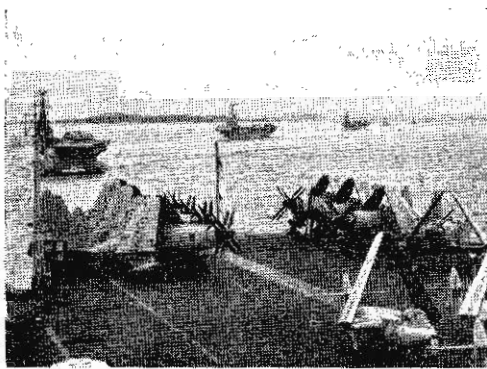
MARCONI

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LG 2

Our recent trip which enveloped most of the Med. and Baltic, and included exercises with N.A.T.O. and American Forces, ended on November 4th when we secured at MSJ (that's not a Radio Call sign). We are looking forward to a return visit and shall derive much pleasure in vying with the local brains in the matter of CXM6's.

Regarding matters parochial—we have had an elevation to the peerage, and Fred Bellamy now sports three shining buttons on each arm. The crypto office has now the appearance of a Red Indian Reserve, so abundant are the chiefs.



"Eagle," "Centaur," "Albion" and "Bulwark" leaving harbour.

NAVAL AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

The term report is brief to leave ample space for our other interesting contributions that the Editor will have received.

Air Day was a financial success. The S.C.O. provided the commentary and we are sure that if Their Lordships could spare him, the B.B.C. would pay a handsome transfer fee. The Communications Department raked in the lolly by means of the "Postcard Greetings." The sales resistance of the locals was high. They were awed by a clanking teletypewriter and the pulsing light/buzz of a transmitter but still would not buy our wares. Your correspondent, who had but recently arrived in the area, thought that he was north of the Border.

On Sports Day the Wren Communications Division swept the board. This athletic victory was in main, due to Wren Tel. Morrison, who won five events. A trophy is rampant on W.T. Operators Logs in the C.R.R. Later, Wren Morrison was to establish a long jump record at the Women's inter-Services Athletic Meeting.

After Summer leave, interest was stimulated by the approach of Admiral's Inspection. Enough said, we all know what these are like.

We have had a good share of V.I.P. visitors. It has been stimulating to have visitors come and see

us at work and not just to see our best suits. Red letter days were the visits by the Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury* and the Director W.R.N.S.

At the end of November, Lt. Cdr. H. K. Serjeant will be swopping the problems of the "Birdheads" for those of "Fish-heads" with a vengeance. Rumour has it that he is going to live with the submariners. As no one (except everyone in the department) officially knows of his relief we extend a west country welcome to whoever it may be.

R.J.T.

R.N.A.S. ANTHORN

Despite the isolation of our little windswept peninsula, we have had a very busy Autumn Term, with our small but active Communications Branch taking a big part.

The first event after Summer Leave was a very successful Anthorn Air Day complete with a fun fair, crossing the line ceremony, various exhibitions of Service life and work, ending with Ceremonial Sunset.

The comedy "As Long as They're Happy" produced by Anthorn Dramatic Society went down well, including our P.O. Wren, who, for the sake of the art, had to "faint" several times during the performance.

Our next production is "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" for the Christmas Panto, and after very keen competition for the leading roles, we find half our staff taking part, including Snow White herself.

R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

As many of you know, our main task is Anti-Submarine warfare, and here at Eglinton the Naval Air Anti-Submarine School provides the initial training for Pilots, Observers and Telegraphists (Aircrew) in this field. Having completed the A/S training, aircrew are drafted to "front line" squadrons to "work up," prior to joining their parent carriers.

We have two such squadrons here at present—812 and 820. 812 Squadron are in the process of forming up and are equipped with Gannet aircraft. P.O. Tel. Buick is at present sorting out his Tels. into crews. A crew consists of the Pilot, Observer and Tel. (Air) and it is the practice for them to fly together on all flights. 820, however, have been formed up since July 1951, and last year, using Avenger aircraft, were operating from *Centaur* in the Med. On 7th March, 1955, the Avengers were replaced by Gannets and recently the squadron was operating from *Bulwark* when she visited Trondhjem.

Volunteers for the Branch are still required, so "roll up me lucky lads."

P.O. Tel. (Air) WEAVER.

CHRISTMAS FARE



Christmas-time, the season of rejoicing, is traditionally celebrated around the party table. Wherever these festivities may be held, their success will depend upon the fare provided. Make sure that your table is bountifully laid with the best of good things by ordering your supplies from Naafi. Wherever you may be, Naafi has available a splendid variety of Christmas Fare, of an exciting excellence. Be in good time—place your order with Naafi today.

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HOME STATION

THE FIRST DESTROYER
SQUADRON

Here it is, the "Swan Song" of the First Destroyer Squadron; November finds us all in our home ports for paying off, docking and re-commissioning, *Chevron* and *Chaplet* to Pompey, *Chieftain* to Chatham after a long but enjoyable General Service commission.

Our recent cruise found us all together at the start in Invergordon, and then we commenced to split up, *Charity* to Rosyth for docking, *Chevron* and *Chaplet* to Korsor for exercise "Strong Enterprise," *Chieftain* to exercise "Sea Enterprise." After Denmark, *Chaplet* returned to Loch Eriboll for Bombardment Exercise and thence to Pompey for docking and re-commissioning. *Chevron* and *Chieftain* joined the Leningrad Squadron and I think it is generally agreed that this was a thoroughly enjoyable visit. Chief Tel. Crate had great opportunities to practice his Russian, the remainder of us took great pleasure in playing at film stars or noted celebrities by signing literally hundreds of autographs. Never before have so many people welcomed the fleet, the landing points for libertymen being a mass of people. However, all good things must come to an end and we returned to Rosyth to commence our final exercise, "Phoenix One."

In the new commission *Chevron* relinquishes her status as leader to *Chieftain* and both the Chief Tel. and Chief Yeo will re-commission this ship. The remainder of the Staffs will disappear to their new places of abode, and so in this final rendering we wish to the new commissioners a happy commission.

H.M.S. "DECOY"

Our visits on this cruise have included Narvik, Trondhjem, Copenhagen and Leningrad.

At Narvik the younger side of the staff again tried their talent at mountaineering, while others were able to take part in a game of football against a local Narvik team.

On leaving Narvik we headed west and braved the "cruel sea" for Exercise "Sea Enterprise." After four days of rolling in heavy swells, we joined forces with our "enemy" (the Home Fleet) and sailed into Trondhjem. From there we proceeded to Copenhagen to find the British Industries Fair in full swing.

Here "grippos" in the form of brewery runs were organised, and sightseeing tours were very cheap.

We had a splendid time in Russia. Our liaison people, Russian Buntings and Sparkers (2nd class P.O.s) gave us Russian cigarettes. These are somewhat like Turkish ones (about the length of a "king size" English) but two-thirds of the cigarette was a cardboard cylinder.

At the time of writing this (at Rosyth), we still have three visits to make - Middlesbrough, Portsmouth and Dartmouth, finally arriving in Guzz for our refit on the 21st November.

H.M.S. "ROMOLA" (5th F.M.S.)

Hail all fellow Communicators from this outlying part of Europe known as Iceland. We are now coming to the conclusion of our Autumn cruise in this region where "blue noses" prevail and we are much looking forward to a well deserved leave.

The W/T section of our communications staff consists of a Leading Tel. who sighs wistfully at the mention of Londonderry, a Tel. who recently considered claiming an iceberg as part of his beloved Cornwall; and two N.S. O/Tels. who are quietly passing the time till 56. The V.S. section has a Leading Sig. and one Sig. who is also N.S. and reminds us by repeating at intervals "16 weeks to go!"

So much for the staff. We have little to report on the sports side. During the squadron regatta the L/Tel. cox'd the miscellaneous boat . . . the result slips our memory. The Tel. took part in a hockey match and that result has also conveniently been forgotten. The only other recent exertion was an inter-mess tug-of-war which took place on the jetty at Akureyri, where three of the communications staff strained themselves to no avail.

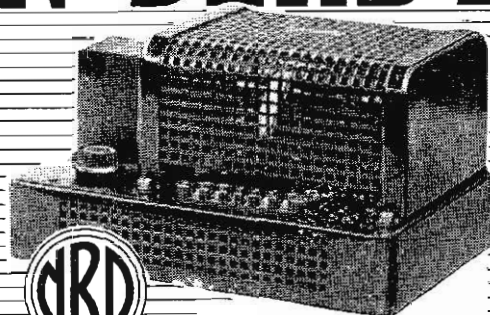
Now what do we do? Our main job in life is fishery protection which is mainly rendering assistance as required by trawlers and jogging the memories of their law-abiding skippers as to the fishing limits. It is known for an occasional one to drift inside these limits but this is strongly discouraged by a fleet of Icelandic gunboats who seem to have a keen nose for poachers.

During these patrols we call in various ports both in U.K. and Iceland. The highlight of this cruise will be the visits to Liverpool and Swansea en route to Devonport.

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H.M.S. "TRIUMPH'S" LOG

Since September, 1953, *Triumph* has been making 3 three-monthly cruises each year with about 200 Cadets on board. Amongst the modifications to the ship are extra accommodation in 'B' Hangar, innumerable additional boats, and a Voice Trainer for 20. We have been in the habit of going to the West Indies in Spring, Scandinavia in Summer and the Mediterranean in Autumn.

Having just left Devonport on this year's Autumn cruise, our programme was then interrupted on receipt of the information that we were to embark on a goodwill mission to Leningrad. No one knew of this until we sailed from Devonport (except the initiated few and of course the "dockyard maties" at Invergordon). Our first intended contact with the Russian Squadron making their way to "Pompey" was to be in the Baltic, everyone waited anxiously to exchange signals with them but a thick fog threw the V/S Dept. out of the picture and despite hard pressure on the key of the TAJ coupled with "extra little tickles of PA resonance" by our Chief Tel. (Arthur Burt), it appeared that the Russians were "5 ton deaf."

C.-in-C. Home Fleet, Sir Michael Denny, was then transferred by jackstay together with forty others from *Apollo* to *Triumph* (his communication staff eagerly awaited, duly arrived—one Yeoman of Signals!). This caused some consternation since *Triumph*, being a non-operational carrier and only a single line ship, had to cope with some 20,000 groups of encrypted traffic in one month, a Fixed Service with Admiralty, plus the enthusiastic reams of news from five press correspondents and, not to be outdone, a B.B.C. representative (total volume of press traffic was 27,000 words). However, after the usual initial panics, all settled down exceptionally well to a steady grind, the department being shepherded by Lieut. Cmdr. (C) Rusby and Mr. Rich. S.C.C.O. Several communication ratings were then drafted from the remainder of our Squadron in company.

In the past our programme of training has often been interrupted with unusual incidents. In Autumn 1953, shortly after the disastrous Greek Islands earthquake, we took thousands of garments from Malta in order that the numerous victims might be clothed. The Spring of 1954 saw us steaming full speed for Puerto Rico with a seriously ill officer. It is of interest to note that we obtained news of this officer's progress entirely through the amateur radio network there. (Many a budding "Ham" was born in *Triumph* on that day.) And so to Summer 1954 when we suddenly became C.-in-C. Plymouth's Flagship on operation "Loyalty." The survivors of the S.S. *Empire Windrush* were taken by us from Algiers to Gib. in the Autumn of 1954. W/T Dept. being shaken into activity with hundreds of "I am safe" telegrams to Portishead radio. In the Spring of 1955 we transported the President of Haiti from Jamaica to Haiti and took C.-in-C. Plymouth to

Brest during the Summer. Finally, this Autumn cruise, and our last, was not destined to be uneventful, in that we flew the Flag of C.-in-C. Home Fleet in Leningrad. We are now looking forward to our various ports of call in the Med., some of which are Villefranche, Barcelona, Malta, and Gib., returning to pay off on December 12th. Cadet training will then be taken over by the Dartmouth Squadron whose Senior Officer will be aboard *Vigilant*.

P.H.B.

AUTUMN IN "TYNE"

At the time of writing we are nearing the closing stages of the Autumn cruise, and the end of November should once more see *Tyne* propping up the wall in Pompey Dockyard.

This cruise has mainly been one of exercises, carried out in our capacities as CINCEASTLANT and CINC HOME FLEET, although Oslo provided an enjoyable time for certain members of the staff. "Sea Enterprise" saw half the staff at Northwood while *Tyne* was at Trondhjem for three weeks performing the duties of a Maritime Headquarters and ship-borne wireless station—which gave our crypto bodies a very busy time. On completion of the exercise the Fleets joined us for two days and traffic reached a terrific peak. It was almost a joy to sail for Oslo, even though the weather reduced the numbers available for duty!

Shortly before the start of the cruise we welcomed C.P.O. Tel. Bennett as our new Staff Chief, Chief Yeoman of Signals Briggs as the ship's C.Y.S. and on arrival at Rosyth we were joined by the doyen of New Entry Instructors, C.P.O. Tel. Dugan, who has taken over ship's duties. We also said farewell to Mr. Schofield, who left us for "far away places," our new "crypto king" being Mr. Pearce. This time in Portsmouth will see us losing several senior members of the staff who are on their way to being called "Mister."

F.E.W.

H.M.S. "TUMULT"

And what a commission it has been! For a ship based at Londonderry, we have spent remarkably little time there, this being due to frequent detachments for such services as trips to the Clyde area for exercises with fast submarines; to lonely Scottish lochs for torpedo trials; lightning visits to Liverpool to while away an odd week-end. Then quite recently we escorted the President of Portugal through the Channel to Sheerness. But our most successful trip of all was the Third T.S. visit to ports in south-western France. In company with the *Volage*, we visited the fishing port of St. Jean de Luz, hard by the Spanish border. Our visit, although brief, was from our point of view, and we like to think that it was reciprocated, very successful. The weather was perfect, the wine divine, and les femmes—vive la France!

Pye Telecommunications announce a NEW TWO-WAY RADIO EQUIPMENT

Demonstrations of a new equipment, designed in Cambridge, have been given in London recently to representatives of Police and Fire Services, Local Authorities and Industrial Organisations. This equipment has been designed to defeat the chronic shortage of two-way radio channels.

Known as the Pye "Ranger", it is the solution to the frequency shortage which is ham-stringing mobile radio users in Great Britain!

The new equipment operates on a channel spacing of only 25 Kc/s—a quarter of the customary spacing—thus potentially quadrupling the number of mobile radio channels. Robust construction, excellent performance and carefully selected components make it capable of operating under arduous conditions and in any weather.

This mobile radio is designed for fitting in the dashboard of ordinary cars and vehicles. The price of the equipment, notwithstanding its many-times improved specification, is approximately the same as that of earlier equipments which it now replaces.

Please write for full details



Perhaps we ought to mention that there are odd occasions when we do work, and work hard; then again, unless one is a "native" of Londonderry, life can be just a little tedious; not that we have succumbed to our environment for we have managed to collect such trophies as the "Efficiency Cup," Squadron Soccer Cup, the "Cock" at our Regatta. In this the *Comus* crew, ably coxed by Yco. James and trained by P.O. Tel. Hickey on a diet of L.J.X.s, astounded themselves and everyone else, by winning by at least six lengths. And last, but by no means least, we won the .22 competition, and at the time of going to press look like retaining it for another Term.

H.M.S. "URSA"

The ship, completing her conversion as a type 15 frigate, was lying in a Jarrow-on-Tyne shipyard when our advanced party arrived consisting of Chief Tel. Welburn (an outcast from *Dolphin*) and L/Sig. Crompton (just an outcast). The main party arrived on the 28th June in *Newcastle* and was accommodated in the local Army barracks for the night, joining the ship in time for the commissioning ceremony next day. As a result of this draft, the staff increased its numbers and now consisted, in addition to the above, of one Yeoman (Harding), two Sigs. and two Ord. Sigs., and three Tels. Having gathered our wits about us we found ourselves deep in acceptance trials, followed by two weeks "work up" at Portland. Then came summer leave during which the rest of the staff arrived, headed by L/Tel. Forsythe and including three more Tels., Ord. Tels. and two Boys for each department. In addition two Dutch ratings, L/Sig. Petit and L/Sig. Potter joined us for their qualifying period on British ships. They have since left us for *Diamond* and *Duchess* after which we believe they return to Holland. If they read this we should like to wish them good luck and say thanks for very valuable services. We in *Ursa* will always be pleased to welcome any communication ratings from Holland if these two are a typical example of the branch.

After leave we returned to Portland for two more weeks "work-up"; then came our first N.A.T.O. exercise "Centreboard," in which we were joined by *Urania* in which Captain F6 was embarked. The exercise lasted twelve days during which time the weather for "the Bay" was a matelot's delight. The "washup" was held in Lisbon, and this gave a good opportunity for us to see the sights, although few of us got past the "Texas" bar. A communication "washup" was held onboard U.S.S. *Valley Forge* and the main point which emerged was the complaint by the Americans that N.A.T.O. Navies do not give each other sufficient information about communication equipment carried with especial reference to crystals, confusion having been caused during the exercise over this.

HOME FLEET TRAINING SQUADRON

The myth that this squadron does nothing else but swing around the buoy at Portland is forever exploded. A few years ago, when the squadron was made up of two immobilised battleships, it was certainly true; and later on, when it consisted of the *Implacable* and *Indefatigable* it went little further than an annual trip to Gibraltar and an occasional trip to Brest or somewhere not too far away. But since the squadron was formed of *Theseus* and *Ocean* it has taken a full and active part in the Home Fleet cruises and in several major N.A.T.O. exercises, all of which whilst adding to the interest and enjoyment of men under training on board the two ships, has on occasions placed a fearful strain on the ships' complements, which, we suspect, was designed for—swinging around the buoy at Portland.

Since Easter the squadron has taken part in two important N.A.T.O. exercises, and carried out an ambitious summer cruise which took us to Liverpool, around the Scottish ports with *Theseus* going to Bergen and *Ocean* to Hamburg, finishing up with a visit of the former to Scarborough and the latter to Margate.

Early in September, ENOSIS reached even into the Staff Office of F.O.T.S. with the result that *Ocean* speedily left the "Pirates of Penzance" to their own devices, loaded at Plymouth and proceeded with haste to Cyprus, whilst *Theseus* loafed in the Floating Portsmouth. *Ocean* hadn't been back a fortnight or so before both ships were helping out the Army again, ferrying vehicles to Cyprus and calling at Malta, Gibraltar and Tangier on the way back.

The squadron carries out a wide variety of training for officers and ratings, including newly joined Instructor Officers and Royal Marine Officers, Naval Air Cadets, National Service Upper Yardmen, Junior Seamen, Junior Signalmen, S.S.M.(E)s, R.N.V.R.s, etc. The instructors of the Junior Signalmen's classes "mother" their classes in just the same way as in the shore training establishments and in consequence find themselves performing duties entirely unconnected with signals. Nobody turns a hair on hearing the pipe "Chief Yeoman in charge of the funnel, close up," in these ships.

H.M.S. "FLEETWOOD"

It must be many long moons ago since the name *Fleetwood* appeared in this Magazine, but after careful consideration and calculated deliberation we decided that an endeavour should be made to let it be known that we are still very much mobile in spite of our great age.

Since pre-war days *Fleetwood* has been running continuously, and now, being in the Portsmouth Squadron attached to A.S.R.E. we appear to be "flogging the 'oggin'" more than ever before.

A very pleasant weekend was spent in St. Malo, at the beginning of this Term. For two members of



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our V/S staff it proved to be a "lost weekend" but nevertheless our duty of ferryboat to the R.M. Bands was carried out successfully despite crowded messdecks, etc. Our next job was to act as Guard Ship during the Cowes Regatta—only a 3-day job which eventually lasted for seven days rather to the disappointment of our many Portsmouth natives. Then after a short leave and self-refit period, *Fleetwood* departed for trials in the North Sea, less the P.O. Tel. who remained behind keeping constant watch on Maternity Broadcast. The P.O. Tel.'s temporary relief, a very cheerful L/Tel. from *Boxer*, kept everybody on their toes by his alacrity and keenness. After three weeks very hectic sea-time our return to Portsmouth was hailed with delight.

2nd TRAINING SQUADRON

In the early days of the Christmas Term Captain (D), feeling that time was hanging heavily on our hands, ordered a somewhat unusual Dog Watch Exercise.

Each ship was required to submit a poem of not more than four verses "extolling the delights of Portland."

For reasons best known to those who dwell here this subject hit the jackpot and brought forth a spate of works, some great and some not, but all manifesting a ready if not caustic wit. It became evident that not everyone enjoyed Portland.

Captain (D) had difficulty in judging which ship had won the Poet Laureate's trophy, but as *Brocklesby* had submitted six very fine poems she was acclaimed the winner.

"THE POISE OF PORTLAND"

"What is it, then, this girt and rocky pile
That looms into one's view, vague in the murk
Of clammy, evening fog? Volcanic isle?
Or Scylla, mateless? This colossal work
Of Earth's upheaval, when 'twas void and dark.
Or is it Gibraltar?" "No, none of those."
"For sure it's a barren land, and bare, and stark,
What is it? Tell us. Will you not disclose?"

"That is an isthmus, the Bill of Portland;
It hangs from the coast on a shingly strand
No island, though some people call it one;
Inhabited by men and ships, whose work
Is hunting black steel fish that nearby lurk
And on that hill, a frigate, made of stone."

H.M.S. *Brocklesby*

MORE NEWS FROM THE SURVEY NAVY

Greetings once again from H.M.S. *Vidal*; we hope we don't "Rockall" of you to sleep with this session.

Since our last report in the Summer issue we have covered quite a bit of ocean doing an "Oceanographical Cruise", and for those younger Communicators (and bariack stanchions), we have bottled more water than you ever sailed over.



Back row: P.O. Tel. J. Carter, Tel. T. Cook,
Tel. R. Ralph.
Front row: Lt. C. Robinson, Tel. P. Simons,
L/Tel. C. Pieters.

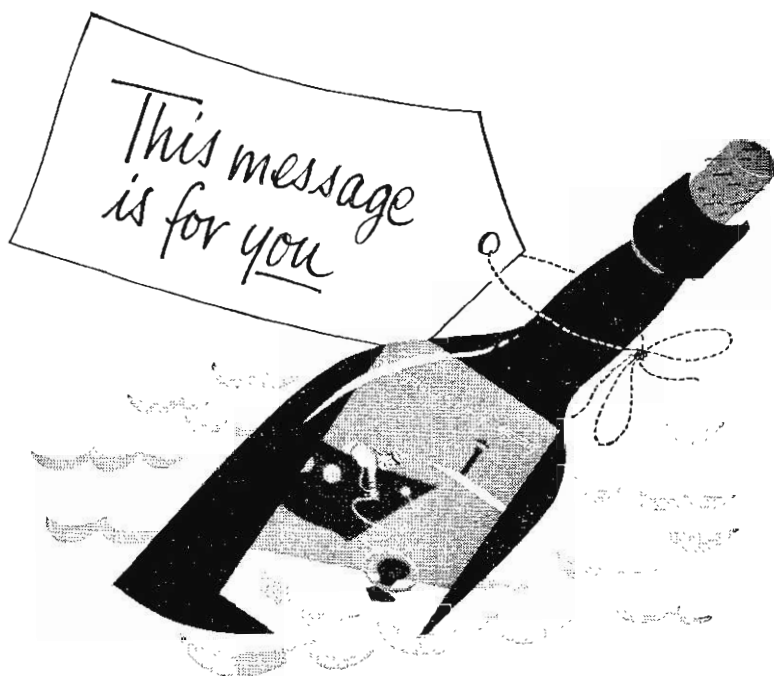
These Survey activities took us way up into the Arctic Circle where we operated from 46-30 East to 75-15 North and the furthest West was 1 degree just to see how the gales were going. That 46-30 East is the same longitude as Abadan in the Persian Gulf. Anyone sweating down there?

The *Vidal* steamed a matter of 6,400 miles, stopping 91 times to take samples of the seawater, seabed and all the other things that go to make up an Oceanographical Survey Cruise (some mouthful that). 1,114 bottles were filled with samples of seawater from various depths of the ocean, the deepest being 1,870 fathoms. We are still wondering if this water will bring back memories of the sea to the research boffins in the Admiralty.

Tromso was our operating base; we thought things would be quiet for a period, but, much to our dismay the 1st D.S. appeared from out of the Fiord. In no time a hand message came onboard—"set watch on circuit so and so, etc.", we searched ACP 131 for the necessary "group". As usual things sorted themselves out in time and we found ourselves in UHF. We sat back and listened for someone to answer "Mike Baker" but queer callsigns were being used. Then we got a buzz from a grapevine which went "C/Yeo from S.C.O. Leave the Survey Navy well alone, Chief, and let them keep their own watches!"

The Norwegian Communicators were very good to us. Our first contact with their base was by the old faithful TBS and we were answered by a Garbo voiced female—naturally we had many signals to send.

After our return to the UK we had a small duty to perform for Our Queen and Country with the annexation of Rockall. The numerous buzzes going round the ship as to what we were going to do were fantastic, only two of the Branch knowing what was happening. There was, I am happy to say, no blood shed during this operation! The Telegraphists were the "backroom" boys for this very special operation;



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with Nan Love, Weathers, Helicopter and Seabot communication circuits manned constantly, we were on our toes.

Anyone who would like a photo of the Rock or anything of the operation can obtain one from us. Nice Rockall Photos, mister!

When this number is issued we shall be in Port Royal, Kingston, Jamaica.

H.M.S. "GANGES"—GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

H.M.S. *Ganges* is fifty years old this year, and as you can see from the accompanying photographs, changes have been appreciable in dress and welfare; but generally the opinion of many is that "the old place hasn't changed much."

Boys now wear No. 8s instead of duck suits and running barefoot over the mast before breakfast is frowned upon these days; but, the mast is still in its place (and in use frequently). We still have the original H.M.S. *Ganges'* cannons and bitts on the quarterdeck and the covered way is as long as ever.

Months ago it was decided to celebrate the 50th anniversary by throwing *Ganges* open to parents and old boys on October 29th; about 3,000 people attended this very successful day.

During the afternoon we laid on all sorts of activities for the visitors to watch—swimming, horn-pipe display, football, cake making, handicrafts, field gun competitions, rugby, shooting, sailing, parade training—in short, every activity in which boys indulge.

At about 4 p.m. a ceremonial Sunset Parade was performed, which, traditionally at *Ganges*, includes a spectacular mast-manning ceremony.

This is particularly impressive to visitors, for, during the playing of the evening hymn a boy stands on top of the mast and, during the actual hauling down of Colours, salutes. When you realise that the mast is 142 feet high, you can understand that the manning ceremony, all done with precision to music, requires not only practice but a liking for heights.

After the ceremonial Sunset, light refreshments were served and then the famous *Ganges* annual firework display was started. Terms like "spectacle" and "impressive" hardly seem suitable to describe a display that included a torchlight procession, £600's worth of fireworks, 4,500 spectators, a sailing ship, the Queen's head and a walking elephant all done in fireworks.

Admiral Sir Philip K. Enright, K.B.E., C.B., was the principal guest of honour at the ceremony and it must have brought a flood of old memories back to him, for he was once a Boy 2nd class in *Ganges* and, during the '30's was the Commander of the Establishment.

I have deliberately failed to mention the Signal School in the general description of our Jubilee Celebrations, for they deserve a mention all their

own, even if only for all the hard work that went into the organisation.

H.M.S. *Mercury* very kindly lent us several old Signal books (our special favourite being the Man with Six Arms demonstrating the "homograph" or "Every man a Signal Tower") and a few battle ensigns with which to show off the traditional aspect of communications, but we kept apace with the modern times by having T.P. machines and a voice recorder available to satisfy enquiring school boys and mechanical dads and they came in very handy to blind ex-Buntings (circa 1920) with science.

A notice just inside the door stated that since 1945 *Ganges* has sent over 3,500 Communication Boys to sea, a creditable effort, considering that when the boy leaves he not only knows a great deal about naval life and communications, but he is also proficient in the things a sailor ought to know—boat-work, games, damage control, gunnery—in fact, he has a good all round naval knowledge, besides the six months spent at school.

A Visitors' Book was started for the occasion and in it can be seen many famous Communication names, including, amongst others, Admiral Fitzherbert, the father of our present S.C.O., who was Captain of the Portsmouth Signal School between 1932 and 1934. Another was that of C.Y.S. "Tiny" Fuller, D.S.M., B.E.M., on a visit from T.S. *Arethusa* for the occasion. What a man "Tiny" is—and that remark bears no relation to his size.

Both masts were manned for the occasion, with V.1 and his manoeuvring boards in the centre of the playing fields; ships were formed, manoeuvred and re-formed with remarkable ease, this being the result of much practice.

The Sparker boys had a chance to practice their fantastic set up, which consisted of an organisation designed to "Find your boy by Radio." To do this, we set up a central control point in the training office which was in contact with four outstations by portable Type 622. Parents who had lost their sons or couldn't contact them just asked the nearest out station for the whereabouts of their boy.

The only query that went unanswered was "Can you tell me the whereabouts of Boy Walker," initials, division and mess all unknown. As there are three Walkers in Benbow Division alone, we couldn't cope with that one.

We considered it a very successful day—even the weather was kind to us in a week of showery rain, but I think the "Button Boy" (the one who stood on top of the mast) summed it up typically. His comment to the local newspaper was "It was smashing."

H.M.S. "ADAMANT" THIRD SUBMARINE SQUADRON

Not having included an article for a little while we have decided to inform the communication world that we are still in operation, although there were rumours we were to act as chaser to *Implacable*.

*At this Festive time, when
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The Season's Greetings
and Best Wishes for
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Mr. Pearce C.C.O. has left us, being appointed to the *Tyne*, and has been replaced by Mr. Enders, C.C.O., C.Y.S. Moore also is on his way to the *Newcastle*. In his place we have C.Y.S. Southwood. L/Tel. Scott enjoyed a short stay and has been relieved by L/Tel. Porter, another native on the staff. Most of the killicks have only about six months to do, but for the information of future staff, married quarters are very hard to come by.

H.M.S. "MAIDSTONE" AND SECOND SUBMARINE SQUADRON

The running of submarines has carried on without untoward incident since the last report. We were pleased to have the Dutch submarines *Walrus* and *Tijgerhaai* and the Danish submarine *Saelen* with us on various occasions during the past months. *Walrus* took part in Exercise "Tiderip" during which time various N.A.T.O. ships added a touch of colour to Portland harbour. *Saelen* and the X craft *Minnow*, have recently joined the squadron, and the X craft can carry out O.O.W. manoeuvres.

The never-ceasing arrival of new and the departure of old and well known faces continues. Mr. Dolphin relieved Mr. Sproson who has moved to a warmer climate in the Mediterranean. Leading Signaller Hallam took nuptial vows during the summer leave and was drafted soon afterwards—all good luck to him and his wife. P.O. Tel. Pomeroy left for civilian life and a job with the G.P.O. and P.O. Tel. Room for Malta. We were especially pleased to have P.O. Tel. Hignett R.N.V.(W.)R. onboard amongst the many R.N.V.R.s that visit us.

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

At long last the Submarine Service has been blessed with a new main transmitter, the Type 623, to replace the old venerable Type 55; this we understand is comparable with the 600 series. Believe it or not, *Dolphin* will in the near future be fitted with a R.A.T.T. Broadcast Bay which from a submariners' point of view is definitely "out of this world." It remains to be seen whether this new toy will ever be fitted in submarines.

H.M.S. *Acheron* recently returned to Fort Blockhouse, after a long trip round the Cape, calling at Freetown, Simonstown—where it is understood P.O. Tel. Marston and staff enjoyed the hospitality of Slangkop W/T station—thence to Durban and Trincomalee, for exercises with S.A.N., R.P.N. and I.N. Ships. H.M.S. *Artemis* was despatched at short notice to Trincomalee, when *Acheron* became harbour bound for a spell.

From the instructional angle, we are running a correspondence course based on *Mercury's* pre-course guidance notes, designed to assist those

wishing to go through for higher rate, and to keep others on top-line, we hope!

Quite recently we lost our mainstay, C.P.O. Tel. Beveridge, who, "so he said," kept the Fort communications going. However, his relief, C.P.O. Tel. Doyle, seems to be able to keep things up to scratch, during the odd moments when not required to act as Mess Treasurer.

POMPEY CALLING

At the time of writing we are settling down after the hectic days of the large scale exercise at the beginning of the Term, when we were all grasping the "Lifeline" for a living. This was the largest N.A.T.O. exercise ever to be attempted, and, judging by the volume of traffic, we believe it. CINCHAN's Headquarters, manned by Communicators from all walks of life, in addition to our own Portsmouth staff, dealt with over 800 signals daily. This number, on the surface, does not seem excessive, but when it is considered that 80 per cent of the traffic required encryption and that practically all signals required at least five separate transmissions to clear, the overall total was considerably greater. A completely new method of transmission was tried out during the exercise with great success. Routine or deferred unclassified signals were merely placed in an envelope together with a receipt note and sent off to London airport where they were emplaned to all parts of the N.A.T.O. Command.

In spite of the N.C.S.O.'s and Operational staffs calling it a Naval Control of Shipping Exercise it was, we consider, our exercise and proved a severe test on all forms of communications.

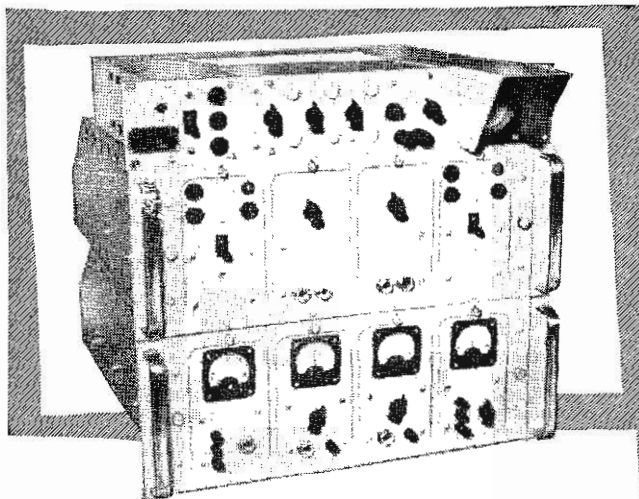
During the Term we have seen a variety of ships visiting the port. A Polish squadron in September was followed in October by the most successful visit of the Russian Squadron. They came up on Coastal Common dead on frequency etc. four hours before their ETA. The Central Signal Station came into its own on this occasion and hoisted lots of flags to speed them on their return trip. Not to be outdone the Russian flagship hoisted with great rapidity even more flags in reply. At the time of writing we have the Brazilian Training Ship *Duque de Caxias* paying a short visit.

A.E.R.

ADMIRALTY WIRELESS (T/P ROOM)

Now we have been here a couple of years, we thought it was time to let you know how we are getting on. We took over the teleprinter room at Admiralty from the civilians, and since then it has become an entirely Wren show with a W.R.N.S. officer in charge, within the administration of the Wireless Station.

We felt very much at a disadvantage since both the civilians in the Teleprinter Room and the Shore Wireless Service nucleus of the Wireless Room had been established such a very long time, but both were extremely helpful, and now after a couple of



A.T.E. Telegraph Equipment

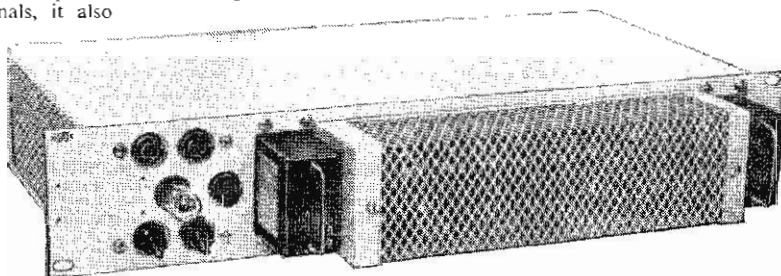
TELEGRAPH DISTORTION MEASURING SETS

This equipment is available either in portable form or arranged for standard width rack mounting. There are two units each $18\frac{1}{2}'' \times 11\frac{1}{2}'' \times 13\frac{1}{2}''$, both mains driven, either may be used independently for certain tests or both may be used in combination to cover a comprehensive series of tests. These tests, which need not interfere with normal transmission, cover transmission and reception. The transmitting unit can send perfect or distorted signals at any speed from 20 to 80 bauds. It can generate reversals and character repetitions and incorporates a 100 character test message sender. An additional feature of this unit is its use as a relay tester.

The receiver unit indicates the distortion on a *working circuit* without interrupting the service. Each element of a start-stop signal appears separately on the CRT which produces a spiral time base display, suitable for operation at speeds from 20 to 80 bauds.

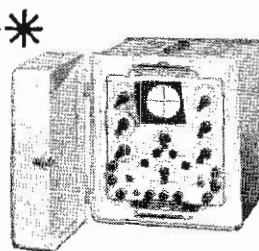
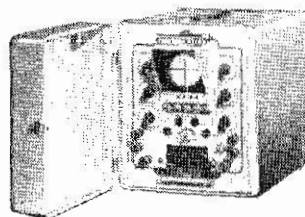
* REGENERATIVE REPEATER

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years of struggling along feel we might raise our voice a little.

We work just about everything in the book, the only trouble there being that some of our gallant and allied friends aren't using the same book! We have been known to cope amicably (in the main) with this situation, but on occasions (principally on the D.T.N. Switchboard), when it has been discovered that we are not all using the SAME CALLSIGNS, operators have been reduced to the cup-of-tea and two-aspirin stage. However, it is all an interesting experience which we feel is not given to most teleprinter operators at a small station, and as such is quite exciting.

There are rather a lot of us, but even so we could do with more! The constant loss in marriage releases has to be seen to be believed, our loss being mostly the R.N.'s gain! We live in extremely comfortable quarters, with new and to scale furniture. Socially of course the city has everything to offer, and both the Wrennery and the Wireless Station run occasional dances and outings, with sports very much to the fore.

A very different aspect of Navy life this, but most enjoyable.

LONDONDERRY AIRS

Our first visitors this Term were the Portuguese ships *Tejo* and *Vouga*; unfortunately the short time they were able to spend here did not permit them participating in any major exercises, but they certainly made a success of those in which they did.

This visit was overlapped by a force consisting of the Norwegian ships *Oslo*, *Stavanger*, *Haugesund*, *Tromsø*, *Sarpen* and submarines *Kya* and *Utsira*, together with the Netherlands ship *Evertsen*, *Van Ewijk* and submarine *Walrus*. At the same time a N.A.T.O. Joint Unit Course and Joint Tactical Course consisting of Netherlands, Portuguese, French, Danish, Norwegian, United States, South African and Australian personnel were being held in the Joint A/S School; so for a month Derry was undoubtedly a N.A.T.O. Base.

All our N.A.T.O. visitors have set a very high standard of communication efficiency, and it is most encouraging to note that not one crystal had to be loaned to any of them; also that they all made great use of VS and are most proficient in this method of communication.

We have just said goodbye to the U.S. ships *E.A. Greene* and *Bristol* and are preparing to welcome the 4th D.S. and 4 U.S.D.D.s to keep us busy till the end of the Term.

THE INSHORE FLOTILLA

It may be that in the future the majority of the ships of the Royal Navy will be small and many of them minesweepers. It may be interesting therefore to tell our readers a little about our flotilla and how it works. First the ships themselves—we have permanently based at Harwich the 104th and 105th

M.S. each of 6 Coastal Minesweepers and the 232nd M.S., consisting of 8 Inshore minesweepers. Both these types of ship are built of wood and are driven by diesel engines. The Coastal Minesweeper is a ship of 550 tons and manned by three officers and 36 ratings, while the Inshores are of 150 tons and have two officers and 12 ratings. The Inshores are designed to sweep estuaries and comparatively sheltered waters while the coastals are capable of sweeping the channels well off-shore along which our coastal convoys will proceed in war.

The 4th M.S. led by Captain M.S.4 in *Bramble* are administered by the Commodore Harwich, and while they return to their home ports for leave periods, are frequent visitors to Harwich and form part of the Inshore Flotilla. We also operate the 51st M.S., the Diving ships, from time to time. This Squadron, which is permanently based at Port Edgar, exercise frequently with the Inshore Flotilla.

The names of the ships give a clue as to their function. The 4th M.S. have well known names which you all know, *Bramble*, *Rattlesnake*, *Rinaldo*, etc. The Coastals are named after villages and they end in "TON," the inshore names in "HAM," and the 51st M.S. ships in "LEY."

Each of the small sweepers carries one Telegraphist (plus a Leading Tel. in the Squadron Leader). The Coastals carry two Signalmen (one of whom is a Leading Hand in the Squadron Leader) while the Inshores carry one each.

The Flagship of the Commodore Harwich and of the Inshore Flotilla is the *Mull of Galloway*, a converted Liberty Ship which is based at Harwich and acts as base and maintenance ship for the coastals and inshores. Round the "Mull" are moored various types of concrete and steel barges which together make up the "artificial harbour" on which the small ships berth. This artificial harbour is moored in the River Stout halfway between *Ganges* and *Parkeston Quay* which some of you may remember lies on the Essex shore of Harwich harbour.

With the Communicators in the Depot Ship there are 80 or more of us keeping the signalling going in the Flotilla. We have just started communication training in earnest in the Flotilla now that the Depot Ship has an increased complement.

Earlier on this Term we had an international N.A.T.O. exercise called "Hard Tack." French, Norwegian, Belgian, Portuguese and British ships were berthed together in the Artificial Harbour (I wonder what our friends thought of it!) and went to sea together carrying out similar minesweeping tasks.

Each Term two or three minesweeping exercises are carried out which last for a week or more. The time between is fully filled with individual ship practices, trials and British and foreign visits. Each ship seems to get a foreign visit of a few days each Term and also interesting visits to small British ports not accessible to bigger ships.

WHEN YOU LEAVE THE ROYAL NAVY

JOIN

THE

R.N.V.R.

(Signal Ratings and Coders (Ed.))

OR

R.N.V.(W)R.

(Telegraphist or Telegraphist (S) Ratings)

•

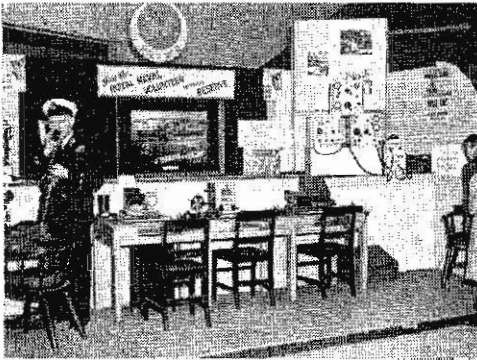
ANNUAL BOUNTY

TRAINING AND TRAVELLING EXPENSES PAID

•

Write for details to **The Staff Communications Officer to the Admiral Commanding Reserves, Admiralty, Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, London, S.W.1.**

Life in the Inshore Flotilla is full and there is never a dull moment. Sports are good; the Flotilla has its own grounds at Harwich as well as being kindly invited to use the splendid *Ganges* grounds. Everyone, however well or badly he plays, can always get a game. Drips are few except perhaps about the "bright lights of Harwich" on a February Monday evening with a cold east wind blowing over the North Sea, but if you don't like Harwich you can always take off to Ipswich!



R.N.V.R. stand, Midland Radio Exhibition.

No. 3 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W).R.

The period August to November has witnessed a pleasing increase to our total strength throughout the district. This has come about by having a stand in the Midland Radio exhibition held in the Nottingham Ice Stadium for the week 19th to 24th September, advertising in the local press of various towns, writing to those who we think may be interested, contacting Sea Cadets and Scout organisations and quite a bit of personal effort by many.

The Autumn months saw a week-end training by the District Officers and Ratings at R.N.A.S. Bramcote which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Many ratings enjoyed a free "flip," the aircraft being piloted by Officers of the R.N.V.R. (Air). Some who were loath to trust their life and limb to "week-end" flyers prior to "tot" time found unsuspected daring in the afternoon!

We look forward to our frequent contacts on the "air" with H.M.S. *Apollo* our affiliated ship, and hope to extend our scope in the near future with contacts with our fellow reservists in Canada and New Zealand. Twice recently Birmingham Training Centre with assistance from Northampton and Nottingham Training Centres contacted H.M.S. *Birmingham*, first time to welcome her home from foreign parts on behalf of the Lord Mayor, and the second to bid her "au revoir." Officers and ratings of H.M.S. *Birmingham* were feted on a two day visit to the "Second City."

Our Wednesday Night broadcast conducted by A.C.R. from South West Tower London has been

somewhat marred recently by the use of our L/F transmitter for, we suspect, NATO exercises. This leaves the Reserve with one 89Q to "pump" out the Broadcast on H/F. Shades of the B6 and B11 era when one needed amplified eardrums. Operators in such circumstances find that the pencil comes back to its own.



Photo by courtesy of "Bristol Evening Post"

Training ships of the Severn Division R.N.V.R. berthed at Mardyke Wharf, Bristol. Left to right: "Flying Fox," "Locust," and "Venurer."

RESERVE NEWS FROM BRISTOL

So far as living memory goes, this is believed to be the first contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR from the West Country and it is a joint effort from the "Sparkers" of the Bristol R.N.V.W.R. unit and the "Buntings" of Severn Division.

Our signal officer is Lieut. Sawyer, assisted by Sub-Lieut. (Sp.) Head, and working in close collaboration, we have Chief Yeomen Govey and Anton, and Chief Tel. "Froggy" Morellec.

Aiding and abetting these stalwarts are Yeoman Hodge and L/Sig. King and L/Tel. Lifton, who is the only surviving "founder member" of the Bristol R.N.V.W.R. unit when it was re-started after the war.

The supporting cast contains many of our "old boys," now returned from National Service and during the past 18 months we have welcomed back Tels. Edwards, Shaw, Grimstead, Challis, Isaac and Nethercott and Sigs. Ireland, Hannam, Cornish and Green.

But before I get any further (and to repeated cries of "Ladies first"), let me introduce our very enthusiastic Wren Sigs. and Tels.

With the exception of L/Wren Sig. Davies (our senior Wren), they are all without any previous Service experience, and are rapidly becoming proficient at their dots and dashes, flag wagging, teleprinting, etc. We have a good percentage of passes for higher rates and particular mention must be made of Wren. Tel. Jeanne Richards who has recently passed Part 'A' of the L/Tels. exam.

Amongst our former shipmates, now serving in the R.N. we send greetings to O/Tel. Cox and O/Sigs. Hopes, Murphy and Eastlake. In particular, we must send our congratulations to ex O/Sigs. Flower,

Careers in Telecommunications

In establishing and extending communication systems throughout the world the telecommunications industry has grown to an early and full maturity. It is an industry vital to the development of modern society, with immense possibilities for the future.

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Standard Telephones and Cables Limited

TELECOMMUNICATION ENGINEERS

CONNAUGHT HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2.

Harris and James on their recent promotion to Midshipmen.

Midshipman James is now serving in H.M.S. *Triumph* and has recently taken part in the Home Fleet visit to Leningrad. During the visit to Russia, he was lucky enough to be among the party of officers who travelled to Moscow and he relates a rather amusing story regarding an "exchange of signals" at the Ballet, between the members of his box and a fascinating damsel in a box on the opposite side of the theatre.

Midshipman Harris is serving with Coastal Minesweepers, and Midshipman Flower with the Fleet Air Arm.

Among our distinguished visitors this Term, we have welcomed the Director of W.R.N.S., Miss Nancy Robertson, and S.C.O. to A.C.R., Lieut. Cmdr. Marwood, who paid a farewell visit before leaving his present post to take up a new appointment.

Our Training Ships are the *Flying Fox* (ex-World War I 'Q' ship) and the *Locust* (ex-Yangtze gunboat). Our seagoing tender is the Coniston class minesweeper *Venturer*.

This summer, *Venturer* visited several foreign ports in Denmark, Holland, Portugal and . . . Scotland, and also carried a landing force of Marines on combined operations against our neighbours in South Wales.

R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

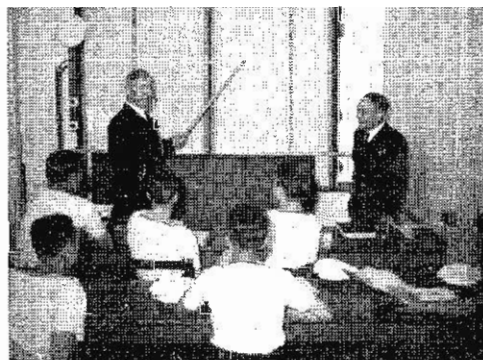
Since our last contribution, Lieut. Cmdr. Peter Brooke has relieved Cmdr. Calf as O.-in-C. C.Y.S. Alf Whitby has assumed duty in the C.B. Office vice C.Y.S. Reg Skelton and C.P.O. Tel. Bill Sell has moved into the Regulating Office vice C.P.O. Tel. Fred Venus, who will have completed his fifth-five and retired in his Ford consul to civvy street long before this article appears in print.

Jamaica arrived in Chatham in August, and duly disgorged the ever smiling C.Y.S. Fred Hawkes and his merry men into our midst, and *Superb* is in the yard waiting her turn to do likewise with C.Y.S. Mitchell and his mob. One venerable S.C.C.O. looking at the exam. results for Signalmen, was heard to lament "It's a far cry from the days when 'Scottie' gave them 'Nothing but the best' for their motto."

Drafts to *Chequers*, *Chieftain*, *Narvik* and *Centaur* have either departed or are in the process of doing so, and Mr. Claxton having settled comfortably into the Drafting Chair vacated by Lieut. Annis, is now busily engaged in sorting out the talent for *Superb* (with yet another Communicator Captain). One wonders when some of our more senior O.D.'s are going to make a determined effort to qualify for higher rating, and thus collect the rate for the job many of them will have to fill anyway. Perusal of practical results on joining, and shrewd questioning of the candidates, viz. "When did you last read a biffer?" does seem to suggest that far too many Senior Rates, and yes, "dare we say it" S.C.O.s and

C.C.O.s seem to turn a blind eye to Article 4.5 of S.T.M.s., the one headed "Communication Instruction."

Sporting activities have increased since Lieut. Cmdr. Brooks firmly overrode the protestations of the 1st Lieut. (Working Parties) and V.I and W.I (Instructional) and introduced a Wednesday afternoon sport and fresh air campaign- "Get out there and play or provide support from the touchline." Instructional time thus lost is recovered on Dog Watch "Voluntary?" and Saturday forenoon instruction.



R.N.S.S. Devonport's model room

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

Socially, the school has been practically at a standstill, the only events of note being those arranged by the C.P.O.s.

This apparent lack of interest by the junior ratings is due mainly to the fact that their accommodation is in the Barracks and visiting the school for social functions would involve a trip by boat, with a steep climb from the pier to the Signal School itself. What we lost here we gained in other ways.

During the Summer months three clubs were started. The first of these, the Duck Club, has now drawn successfully to its conclusion. When one considers the fact that the members were for the most part, amateurs, the unscheduled mortality rate amongst the ducks was very low. The Fishing Club proved very popular during the warm summer evenings and on "make-and-mends," as did the Sailing Club.

Interest in shooting was stimulated by the introduction of a spoon competition. This is shot off every Friday, the winner being presented with a crested silver spoon. It is a handicap competition, each entrant naming his own handicap up to a maximum of 25 points.

On the soccer side we have entered for the Commodore's Cup Competition, and are members of the United Services League Division where we are placed 4th in the League out of eleven teams.

H.K.K.

H.M.S. "MERCURY" CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' MESS

To all "Sparker" and "Bunting" Chiefs everywhere, the Chiefs of *Mercury* say "hello" once again.

On 1st July, the Mess said farewell to Chief Yeo. Sigs. Hirst who had been Mess President since January. His untiring efforts have improved considerably the amenities available in the Mess, and we were indeed all very sorry to see him leave H.M.S. *Mercury* to join the *Tyne*. Chief Yeo. Sigs. Alec Raisey has relieved him.

Perhaps the biggest social event held in the Mess was on Thursday, 15th September, when a re-union of the Chief Communicators took place. At the same time the R.N.V.R. (W/T) Instructors happened to be here for their week's refresher, so one can imagine the talk between "old ships."

Undoubtedly the highlight of the evening was when the President of the Mess, Chief Yeo. Sigs. Raisey called on Lieutenant Commander C. E. H. Robson, R.N. (retired) and Mr. Morley, both ex-Chief Petty Officer Communicators, to recall the history of their service in the Royal Navy.

One felt the warmth and admiration for these two gentlemen, as the contemporary Navy heard their forbears mention such things as "battle fleet," "now in the year 1906," the names of now famous Admirals, who were but junior Officers in their days, as history unravelled itself from the tongues of these old sea dogs. Mr. Robson and Mr. Morley were old ships on the *Essex* in 1911.

Needless to say a re-union would not be complete without an impromptu act from those attending; among these, Ch. R.E. Percy Hancock an ex-C.P.O. Tel. told certain stories in his own inimitable way . . . you should have heard the one about the . . . oh!, I almost forgot, this is an article for THE COMMUNICATOR. Incidentally, it is intended to hold a re-union again next year, so if any Chief Communicators are in "civvy street" by then, or if you are serving in a ship or establishment locally, do come along; you will be more than welcome. Further details will be promulgated nearer the date.

During the week commencing 9th October it was the turn of the R.N.V.R. (V/S) Instructors to visit *Mercury* for their refresher. Although the re-union did not coincide with their visit they nevertheless enjoyed their stay and expressed their appreciation for the hospitality which was offered. The highlight of their visit was a challenge to a duel at soccer under Queensberry rules and catch as catch can. The final result was 1-1, but the contributory factor of this result could be traced to the whole of the R.N.V.R. Instructors' team packing their goal-mouth when the whistle blew to commence play.

In the field of sport generally the Chiefs have been giving a reasonable account of themselves. At the beginning of the soccer season several matches were played and about half of them were won.

Way back in July the Summer Dance was held. Once again an enjoyable evening was spent by all. The decorations were again under the direction of C.Y. Sigs. Bill Boyd, who has taken over from the artist touch of C.P.O. Tel. "Froggy" Morrellac. Due to the fine weather it was possible to arrange the verandah outside the mess to form a "beer garden."

Coming now to more recent events, once again a grand fireworks display was given on 4th November. Needless to say this was a special thrill for the children, and after the display a large scale tea was provided in the Mess for the wives, children and friends of mess members.

Regarding the construction of the new C.P.O.'s Mess, there is very little to report. Workmen are now in the process of clearing the site for the block which will incorporate all Messes. It seems that it will be a few years yet before the Mess will be on a par with the C.P.O.'s accommodation.

P.O.'S PATER

With the drawing in of the nights, outdoor sport (no comment) has been restricted, but we have kept the flag flying at soccer, being at the time of going to print unbeaten in the League.

The light has now been focussed on those of our members who have led a misguided youth. In full swing at the moment are the eliminating rounds to decide the "Indoor Sports Champ of the Year" in such fields as table football, billiards, snooker, crib, darts, etc.

After a most successful social evening following a display of fireworks on "bonfire" night, celebrated here on Friday the 4th November, which needless to say was appreciated far more by the parents than the children for whom it was actually intended, we are now preparing our usual end of term activities—a Children's Party and a Dance.

Finally, we have to report that our Secretary, P.O. Tel. Pratt, was admitted to hospital a short while ago. He appears to be progressing favourably, and I am sure you will join us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

TEL (S) NEWS

Glancing through back numbers of our Magazine I find that it is customary to apologise for any absence from past issues, always supposing that the editor and his "far flung" readers (what an unhappy metaphor!) are breathlessly awaiting your modest contribution.

I do not offer any such apologies, but am extremely rueful at missing the issues in which we might have appeared, as I find that our previous articles have been somewhat of a recruiting nature and have brought better response than A.F.O.s seem to have done—humble apologies to Their Lordships.

I pause here, cap in hand, to say farewell to some of our old brigade who have decided to swap uniform, although I can't imagine the Edwardian rig suiting many of them. I hope they'll forgive us for not wishing individual "Good Lucks" but really there are, sad to say for the Tel. (S) Branch, so many of you this year.

Chief Coles will go to pension and, for various reasons, P.O. Tel. (S) Uzzle, Ford, Phillips, Underwood, Lambeth, L/Tels. (S) Merrick, Pilley, Harlock, Blyth, Pickard, Eyres, Vickers, Edgington,

IT'S WORTH KNOWING—II FITTING WIRE AERIALS

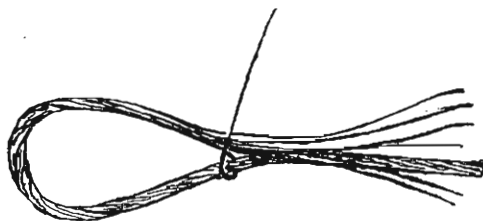
A large amount of the noise and interference experienced on radio receivers is caused by loose ends of wire on the aerial itself. Protruding ends of wire are also responsible for a number of torn flags.

Figure 'A' illustrates how both interference and torn flags can be achieved.

Figures 'B', 'C' and 'D' show in three stages the correct method of making a whipping on an aerial.



A



B

Tels. (S) Lauchlin, Carr, Muspratt and Reid depart early January—bon voyage, lads.

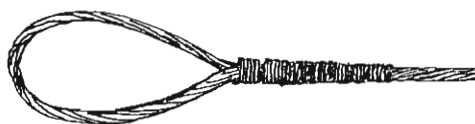
Competition to enter the Branch is as keen as ever, but, as always, we have room for the best (A.F.O. 1497/55 refers). Earlier in the year P.O. Tel. (S) Qualifying Class No. 1 course was held and P.O. Tels. Matchett, Smith, Shier, and Cook entered. Class No. 2 has now started and we expect it to bring us up to current allowances of Petty Officers, although for how long is hard to forecast.

The end of the wire is rove through the eye or end of the insulator. The wire is then unstranded for about four inches for a yard arm receiving aerial or about eight inches for a main roof aerial, each strand being straightened and laid along the main part of the aerial as shown in figure 'B'. Each strand of wire in turn is then wound tightly round the whole. Figures 'B' and 'C'. The whipping is then finished off by the ends being squeezed in tightly between the binding with a pair of sharp nosed pliers (figure 'D') giving a neat appearance and a noise free aerial.

If the whipping is then tinned with solder it will ensure that none of the ends ever protrude. J.T.H.



C



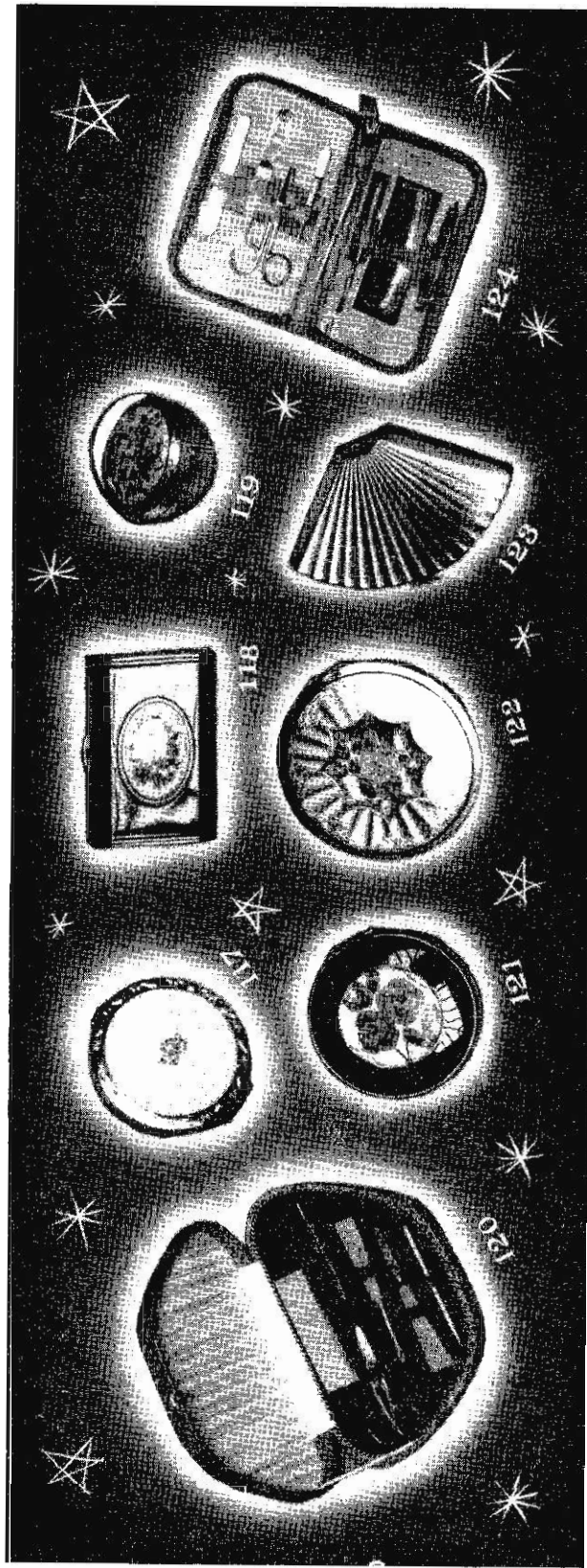
D

MARRIED QUARTERS AND HIRINGS IN THE HOME PORTS

In the last issue we quoted figures for Portsmouth and Devonport. Here are those for CHATHAM.

Roster	Number on Priority Roster	Date of Application of men at top of Roster	Number on General Roster	Married Quarters available
Chief Petty Officers	1	10.10.55	3	242
Petty Officers	2	10.10.55	5	
Leading Rates and below	—	1. 7.55	47	

NOTE: The above figures apply to Admiralty Hirings; the first of the Married Quarters will probably be available by mid-1956.



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MONTHLY ALLOTMENTS ACCEPTED

CREDIT TERMS AT CASH PRICES

*This photograph is
taken from our 1955
mammoth catalogue*
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a copy today*

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
E. G. B. ANNIS	Comm. Lt.	Pembroke	Mercury
C. K. ANTHONY	Lt. Cdr.	Sheffield	Mercury II
J. W. A. ASH	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.	Capt.	Mercury	J.S.S.C.
J. S. AUSTIN, D.S.C.	Lt.Cdr. R.A.N.	President	Gannet
I. M. BALFOUR, M.B.E.	Cdr.	Daedalus	Saker (B.J.S.M.)
A. R. BARROW	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	St. Angelo (Staff of F.O. Malta)
W. A. B. BLAND	Lt. Cdr.	Bermuda	President (D.R.E.)
C. D. BONHAM-CARTER	Capt.	President	Glasgow
H. P. BRADLEY	S.C.C.O.	Terror	Ganges
P. J. BROOKS	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Pembroke (Officer-in-Charge Signal School Daedalus)
A. G. BROWN, D.S.M.	S.C.C.O.	Sanderling	Daedalus
A. A. BROWNE	Lt.	Mercury (long course)	St. Angelo (Flag Lt. to F.O.2 Med.)
R. F. BULLER	Cdr.	St. Angelo	Alert in cmd.
Earl CAIRNS	Capt.	President	Superb in cmd.
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Pembroke	President (London Div. R.N.V.R.)
P. A. CLARK	C.C.O.	Mercury	R.A.N. Exchange
T. W. F. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Rooke	Sanderling
G. B. CLAXTON	S.C.C.O.	President	Pembroke (Drafting Office)
D. W. COGGESHALL, D.S.M.	S.C.C.O.	R.N.Z.N. Exchange	Mercury
F. A. CULLIFORD	S.C.C.O.	Birmingham	Aphrodite (Staff F.O.M.E.)
G. H. H. CULME-SEYMOUR	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Flowerdown in cmd.
J. E. DAYKIN	C.C.O.	Jamaica	Drake (R.N.S.S.)
E. D. DOLPHIN	C.C.O.	Bermuda	Maidstone
P. W. DOLPHIN	Lt. Cdr.	President	Theseus (Staff of F.O.T.S.)
J. DURNFORD	Cdr.	Cochrane	President (R.N. Staff Course)
R. DURNFORD	Lt. Cdr.	President	St. Angelo (Staff of C-in-C.)
D. O. DYKES	Lt. Cdr.	Newfoundland	President (Staff of CINCEASTLANT)
The Hon. J. C. EDMONDSON, D.S.C.	Cdr.	Terror	Tyne(Executive Officer)
P. T. EDWARDS	Lt. Cdr.	Saker	Newcastle
P. ELLIS, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	R.A.N. Exchange	Vernon
C. ENDERS	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Adamant
R. D. FRANKLIN	Lt. Cdr.	Undine	Jufair (Staff of SNOGP)
M. J. L. FREEMAN	Lt.	Saintes	Mercury
R. D. GALLIE, D.S.C.	Capt.	President	President (N.A. Buenos Aires)
R. N. GIBB	Lt. Cdr.	President	President (D.N.I. for JIB)
Miss S. M. GOLDRING	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	President (Staff of CINCAFMED)
E. GOUGH	C.C.O.	Ganges	President (Whitehall W/T)
Miss J. M. GRONOW-DAVIS	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Daedalus (Staff of F.O.A. Home)
N. E. C. HAMMOND	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	President (Staff of COMNAVCENT)
B. HANCOCK	S.C.C.O.	Afrikander	Mercury
W. J. HEATH	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Raupura
A. L. K. D. HERBERT-GUSTAR	S.C.C.O.	Vernon	Dolphin

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
G. J. HINES	Lt. Cdr.	Birmingham	Cochrane (Staff of F.O. Scotland)
P. N. HOWES, D.S.C.	Capt.	Vernon	President (N.A.1 S.L.)
R. W. HUGHES, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	R.A.N. loan	President (D.S.D.)
J. D. JACKSON, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury II	Seahawk
C. A. JAMES	Cdr.	President	Mercury (Exec. Officer)
J. M. JESSOP	Lt.	R.A.N., loan	Daedalus (Staff of F.O.A. Home)
H. R. KEATS	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Chieftain
R. B. KNIGHT	Cdr.	Mercury	Dalswinton in cmd.
G. F. N. KNOX	Lt.	Mercury	Undine
D. LARKINS	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Forth
A. G. LEWIS	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Glasgow
J. LITTLEWOOD	3/O W.R.N.S.	Victory	Mercury
G. C. LLOYD	Lt.	Jamaica	Mercury II
E. MACKENZIE	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Battleaxe
L. R. D. MACKINTOSH	Lt.	Mercury	Kenya
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I. PETRIE	S.C.C.O.	Dolphin	Mercury
J. R. PHILLIMORE, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Gannet	Mercury
A. H. PORTER	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Kenya
S. M. RIGBY	2/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Victory (Staff of C.-in-C.)
I. G. ROBERTSON, D.S.O., D.S.C.*	Capt.	President	Grenville in cmd.
A. V. SALTER	S.C.C.O.	Drake	Vigilant
The Hon. D. P. SEELY	Cdr.	Mercury II	President (R.N. Staff Course)
H. K. SERJEANT	Lt. Cdr.	Seahawk	Dolphin (Staff of F.O.S.M.)
N. T. J. SKITT	Lt.	Crane	Mercury
P. W. SPENCER, D.S.C.	Lt. Cdr.	Thesus	Mercury
P. J. SPROSEN	C.C.O.	Maidstone	St. Angelo (Staff of CINCAFMED)
R. F. T. STANNARD, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Capt.	Daedalus	President (D.S.D.)
P. E. D. STEARNS	Lt.	President	Narvik
D. P. SWALLOW	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Drake (R.N.S.S.)
F. R. THORPE	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Newcastle
C. G. TONKIN	C.C.O.	Tamar	Drake (R.N.S.S.)
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER	Cdr.	President	Surprise in cmd.
J. E. S. WALLIS	C.C.O.	Meon	Mercury
Miss P. A. WARD	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	St. Angelo
P. K. WELSH	Cdr.	President	Blackcap (Executive Officer)

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E. D. PALFREY	D/JX.166721
H. CURD	D/JX.136494
P. O'BRIEN	C/JX.607243
A. J. RUMSEY	C/J.929249
J. A. PAGE	C/JX.140004
M. J. CHANDLER	P/JX.152348
P. MOTTERAM	P/JX.159819
H. BROWN	P/JX.163306

To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist

G. J. ROACH	D/JX.145976
R. A. PIERCEY	C/JX.292543
J. D. CARTER	C/JX.153885
J. D. MITCHELL	C/JX.155823
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