

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 9
Nº 1

EASTER
1955

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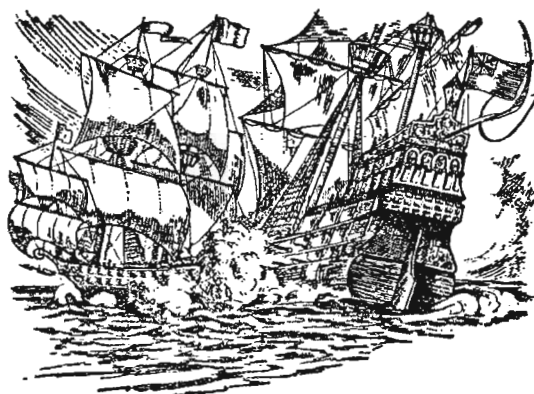
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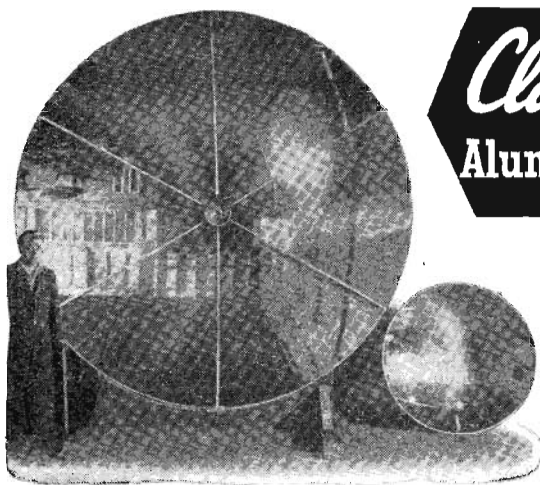
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

EASTER, 1955

VOL. 9. NO. 1

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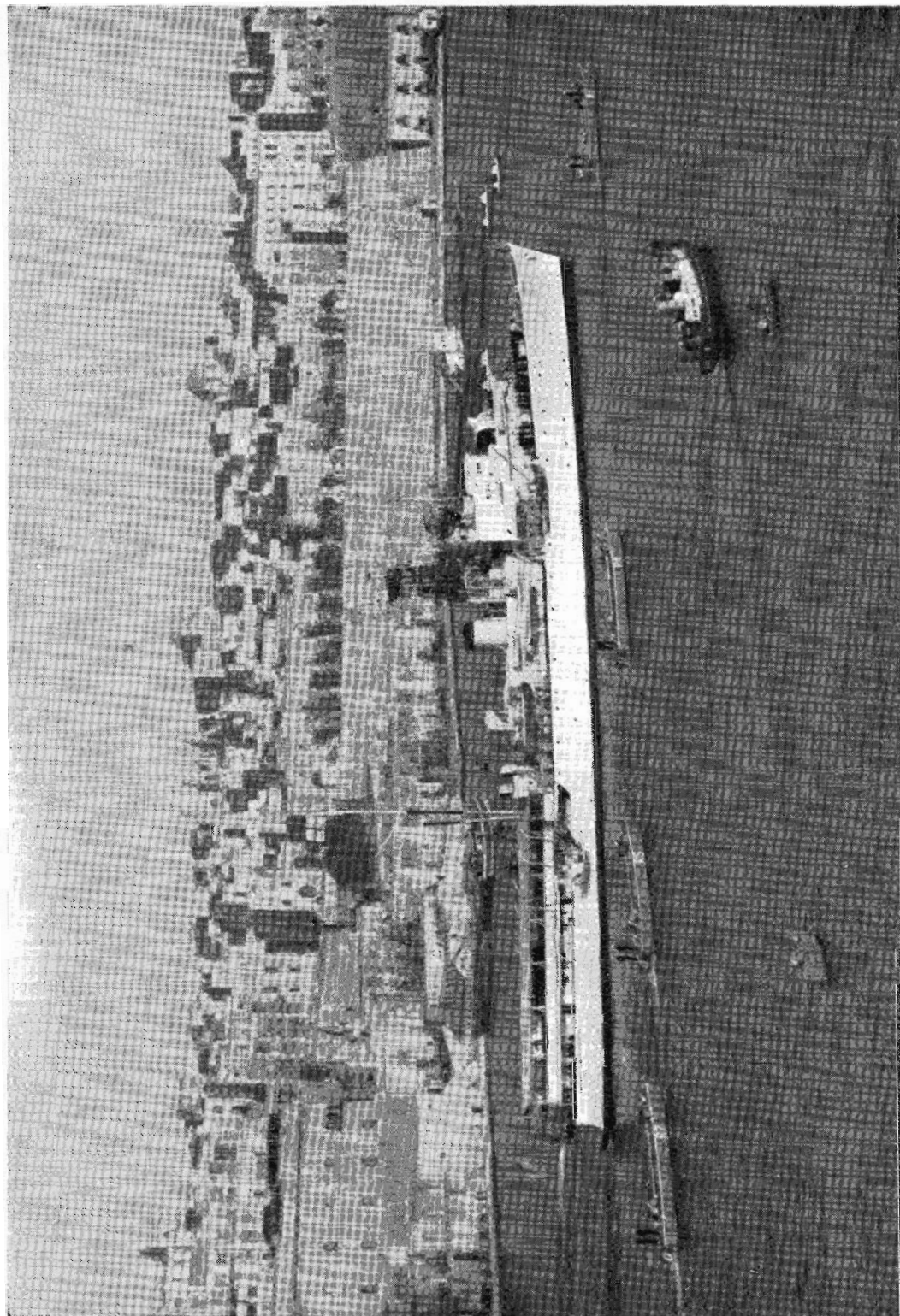
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H.M.S. "Surprise" leaving Grand Harbour with Admiral Mountbatten aboard on his departure from the
Mediterranean Command

(Official Photograph)

EDITORIAL

Of all the articles in *THE COMMUNICATOR*, it would be no surprise to the editor to find that the Editorial was read by the smallest number. However, in case you are one of the few, once again thank you to all who have sent in contributions. Any ship or establishment who sends in an article with their news in general is never refused. A short story, poem or cartoon will be accepted on its merits, but a news-letter from H.M.S. *Nonsuch*, telling fellow Communicators about gales, rugged duty and/or smashing visits to Istamboul, Copenhagen and so on, will always be included, although the editor reserves the right to edit the material! Therefore, if such a contribution does not appear, it can only be because it is too late. This is not mere churlishness, as you might think, but because the Magazine will not appear in time unless the printers get their copy sufficiently early. The Summer number—closing date for all contributions is June 17th and your attention is drawn to the Competitions details on page 64.

Lastly, since the editor and staff were determined to be noticed, we show you below the scene in H.M.S. *Mercury* on the day the Christmas number was finally made-up."

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

The prize for the best Short Story to be published in this number has been awarded to Leading Signaller Climie for the story on page 13, entitled "The High and the Mighty."

RADIO SHOW DATES

The next National Radio Show is to be held at Earls Court, London, from 24th August to 3rd September, 1955, with a preview for overseas and other special visitors on 23rd August.

The period chosen is approximately the same as in 1954.

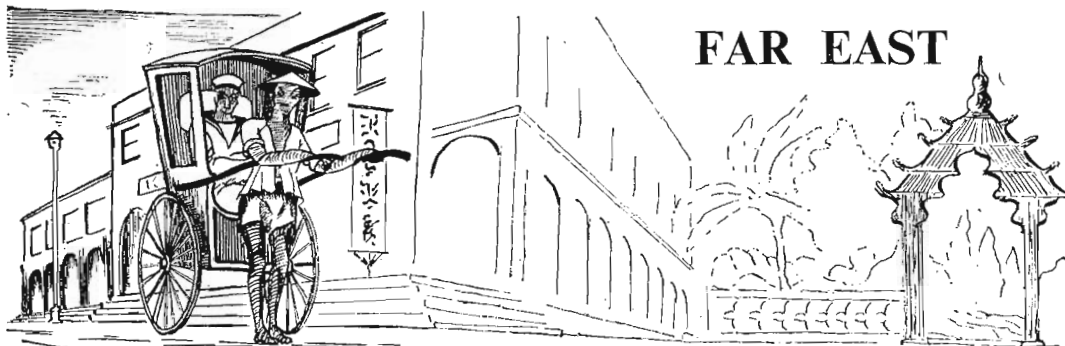
Meanwhile planning proceeds for a smaller exhibition, the Northern Radio Show, to be held at the City Hall, Manchester, from 4th to 14th May.

Organisers of both exhibitions are the Radio Industry Council, 59 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD COMPETITION

The winner of this competition was Miss S. Wells of Chichester to whom goes the prize of One Guinea. Beside solving the Crossword the winner suggested the following clue for 4 down: "The French get involved with a smooth piece. Some legs!" (eleven).





THE FLIGHT LIEUTENANT TO THE REAR ADMIRAL

or

THE ONE MAN BAND

One or two of you who have read in THE COMMUNICATOR the accounts, from ships, establishments and commands, of exploits in every skip distance in the world may have remembered that there is a Flag Officer Malayan Area, and may have gone further and wondered why there was no contribution from the communication staff which must surely exist to plan and control the ramifications of communications in this vital part of the world. It is diffidence alone which has engendered this omission, for the staff numbers one, the Flag Lieutenant cum S.C.O., and I have been reluctant to write an account consisting solely of my own doings. For this reason I will not bore you with an impressive account of my activities since I arrived here in November 1953 or of the many and varied aspects of the communications of the Malayan Area. Nor can I tell you that old "Nobby So-and-so" has just been relieved by "Blinker What's-his-Name"; I have been here the whole time. I have met Communicators of many nationalities passing through the great port of Singapore; Dutch, Swedish, Portuguese, French, Indonesian, Thai and American, as well as those from the Commonwealth Navies; I have tried every form of transport from Dyak dug-outs across a Borneo river to a helicopter into a jungle clearing, and the signals have dealt with everything from the oldest to the newest, as shown by the following interchange:

FROM: FOMA
DTG: 300525Z UNCLASSIFIED
TO: C IN C FES
INFO: SIMBANG ROUTINE

BR 1950, Article 2120. Request approval for hire of elephants to salvage fuselage of crashed helicopter in termite area. Not possible to salvage by air. Estimated cost dollars 1500.

DTG 300525Z

(Reference: exceptional payments authorised by the Captain)

FROM: C IN C FES UNCLASSIFIED
DTG: 300854Z ROUTINE
TO: FOMA
INFO: SIMBANG
Your 300525Z. Approved
DTG 300854Z

FROM: SIMBANG UNCLASSIFIED
DTG: 120406Z PRIORITY
TO: FOMA
INFO: C IN C FES

C IN C FES 300854Z. Elephants decline to embark in tank transporter or alternatively, having embarked, immediately disembark. It is therefore impossible to move them to scene of crash in economical time. No political significance is attached to their non-co-operation.

2. Request approval to engage local aborigines at total estimated cost of dollars 2000. DTG 130406Z.

At first I did have a slight doubt whether I should call myself the Flag Lieutenant or the Flag Lieutenant Commander, but I need not have imagined that the oriental mind would permit such a simplification of the problem. I got some inkling of the confusion which could occur when I first telephoned Nelson House, the Admiral's residence, from the office and was answered by one of the Chinese stewards:—

Steward: Ielloulllo Nelsol Ouse.

Flag Lt.: This is the Flag Lieutenant . . .

Steward: Glone out.

Flat Lt.: What?

Steward: Flalietellant glow out, glow out to offess.

Flag Lt.: No, no, this *is* the Flag Lieutenant.

Steward (firmly): Not in.

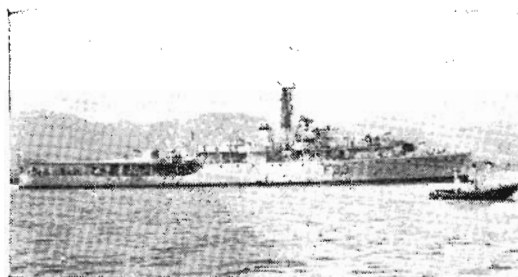
Flag Lt.: Oh My God!

Steward: My God? I go look see for him.

Steward departs, presumably in search of some Deity, leaving a frustrated Flag Lieutenant on the phone. The premonition was correct and the corruptions of the title have flowed in; the Flag Officer to the Admiral, Flat Lieutenant Commander Smith, the Flag to the Commander, the First Lieutenant to the Flag Officer, and so on, rivalling,

in variations on a theme, the advertisements of the well known steel tube manufacturers. The favourite remains, however, the effort of one more ambitious than the rest who bestowed the resounding title of "The Flight Lieutenant to the Rear Admiral, Belsen House".

Oh well, we can but bow to the inevitable and say "make it so": we enter the Chinese Year of the Ram with a quiet confidence that it will bring the unexpected and the sure knowledge that whichever of our three telephones ring it is pretty certain to be a wrong number.



H.M.S. "OPOSSUM"

The fighting 33 must first tender her apologies for a somewhat lengthy absence from these pages, owing to the old girl undergoing a very needy face lift. However, our refit now behind us, completed early in December, we can say that a few miles have since passed beneath our keel.

Being a fairly new crew, it has, as to be expected, taken a little time to get familiar with the ship, the usual number of snags being found in each department. But now that we are getting into full swing, I think we can safely consider ourselves a formidable opponent in the Far East Fleet. Indeed, we are one of the most heavily armed frigates afloat. To date, we have had a very interesting trip to Manila, (which, for the benefit of Barrack stanchions, is situated in the Phillipines).

In company with *Crane* (F.3), I believe we are the first British warships to have been there for a number of years. Our arrival aroused a great deal of curiosity, not only from the natives of the place, but from the British and American population as well.

A wide range of entertainment was placed at our disposal on arrival, Jack as usual taking full advantage of the facilities going. The range varied from trips around the Island to visits to historical sites. Even the field of sport held forth its challenges to us, which were immediately accepted, the combined teams of *Crane* and *Opossum* giving a very good account of themselves. The Phillipino Soccer, Cricket and Hockey teams will no doubt remember the beating for some time to come.

A trip down to the local brewery of San Miguel proved very staggering to say the least; Jimmy's list

of mis-understood ratings the following morning served to prove the point.

We have just completed a strenuous eight days of Squadron exercises, which proved to be a thorough shake down for all. The results are not yet known, although we do know that we have once again walked away with the Rifle team cup.

The ship's Basket-Ball team, composed mainly of Tels. and Radio magicians (this also includes our flying P.O. Tel.), has met with quite considerable success, considering the standard of Army teams in the area. Our losses we are pleased to say, have not been to ships.

If our present programme goes to schedule, we shall be sailing for Singapore on the 14th February, whence it is believed that we have a very interesting trip to Bangkok in company with *Alert* (C.-in-C. FES) and *Modeste*.

A visit to the land of milk and honey is also in the offing, and we are all looking forward to it.

To all Communicators we wish a belated although sincere happy New Year. And we hope that reliefs will be prompt on arrival.

H.M.S. "CRANE"

We would like to start this, our last contribution this 'Comish,' by wishing our previous correspondent every success in his new venture.

Since our last effort *Crane* has taken the place of *Opossum* in refit, and she looks in an even worse state than the latter did at this stage, but then that's to be expected . . . she is older!

The Squadron managed to get in some combined exercises as well as the Fleet Regatta before splitting



H.M.S. "Crane" Communications Whaler's crew. (Standing) Lieut. Skitt, A/L. Sig. Tyrer, Tel. Taylor, Coder (Ed) Shelton. (Seated) Tel. Heaton, Sig. Maconnachie, L.Tel. Cutler.

up once again. *Crane*, we are pleased to report, became the successor to H.M.N.Z.S. *Pukaki* by winning the 'Small Ships' regatta, whilst the 3rd F.S. were runners up to the 8th D.S. in the Fleet Regatta. It was a great occasion for the small ships.

We have seen from an article in the "Guz Gazette" that our fellow Guzzonians aboard *Opossum* deny that they are biased against us, and they also strongly deny the slander that was prevailing after the regatta; that, had the regatta course been headed away from Hong Kong, our crews would have been deprived of their homing instincts. Perhaps it is as well to say here and now that their loyalty has never been in doubt.

Whilst on the subject of the regatta we would like to record the wonderful spirit and sportsmanship of *Concord's* Communications crew against whom we had two good races. One they won to become the crack Comms. crew of the Fleet, and the other we won to take the "Small Ships" trophy. Both races were keenly and closely contested and on the whole two good days sport was enjoyed by all. In the Squadron sports we only just managed to snatch the Soccer trophy by beating *Opossum* on goal average. *Opossum* took both the Rugby

and Hockey trophies, whilst *Modeste* literally ran away with the Cross Country. We also managed to pull off 'The Fighting Efficiency Trophy,' to which the Comms. staff contributed by keeping the lines of communications open to the utmost satisfaction of the various departments who had cause to use them.

Prior to going into refit, in company with *Opossum* we paid a visit to Manila, and in spite of the high cost of living a good time was had by all, with various tours, individual 'Up Homers' and a full programme of sports arranged. The European Community certainly excelled themselves. Their hospitality was overwhelming, to such an extent that some of the hardened 'Grippe Rangers' were heard to say that they had never experienced anything to equal it.

By the time this appears in print we will be thinking about packing our bags for the trip to U.K., but at the moment we are wondering who are the lucky chaps who have been detailed off as our reliefs. One thing is certain, they will be a welcome sight when they do arrive. So with the happy thought of 'U.K. in Summer' before us, we say farewell once again from the land of Wanchai Blues and China Nights.



H.M.S. "CARDIGAN BAY"

We had an excellent Typhoon dodging record until JUNE came along in September, 1954. We were just doing an upkeep in Japan, after signing off as Com-BritCortron Four and half the 95.'s on the West Coast and Inspection in August.

Then true to our colours our Paying off pendant was fashionably made in Hong Kong and worn without mishap.

Some of the old Communication team helped to steam the *Glory* home, some actually flew, others got station jumps and the S.C.O. stopped aboard as his knees weren't brown enough.

However, C.Y.S. Clare and C.P.O. Telegraphist Sullivan are old China hands. So we got off to a splendid start to the new Commission *late* in October, when all eleven of the new Comms. messdeck lost no time in challenging Kranji to a game of soccer, and the S.C.O. was told if he didn't want to play would he do a sub. please. It being a telephone watch this was a reasonable request, but the game was cancelled and so we are still waiting to field this signal team when we do our refit in Singapore around Easter.

St. Brides Bay is still with us in the 4th F.S. and so is H.M.N.Z.S. *Kaniere*. (Hong Kong feels that they should be allocated the callsign GBR). It was unfortunate that they should miss the Fleet Sporting week and the Regatta in December, when our department Whaler came third to *Crane* and *Concord* in the Fleet Race, and in which the small ships swept the field.

We went to Nippon for Christmas, where the current rate of L.O.A. is 217 yen. Then, at 312300Z December we sailed for P.Y.Do where the Siberian wind did blow more cold than charity. Things hotted up, however, at Kobe.

After "Cardex", east of Formosa to little old Hong Kong. You'll be hearing from us Foreign Service Sailors again in the South West Monsoon.

EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Our ultimate paragraph in the Christmas number dealt with *Concord*. As all the ex-*Concord* Communicators will be eagerly reading this number we take the opportunity of wishing them well. We were sorry to lose you but we think you ought to have gone. We welcome the new ship's company and hope they do as well. As *Concord* seems to attract Communicator C.O.'s perhaps this will be the case.

Cockade we haven't seen for a long time. She helped out in Malaya then went into refit. *Concord*, *Consent*, *Comus* we had with us before we sailed for Japan, leaving *Consort* behind. We three embarked on a Hunter-Killer exercise. The one highlight in a very miserable tossing around was a demonstration to the U.S. ships, of three ships firing anti-submarine mortars simultaneously. (Successfully we may add).

No sooner had we arrived than *Consort* left us for Singapore. That left three for the Regatta. Here in the Small Ships Regatta we had to take on *Crane*, *Modeste*, *Opossum*, *St. Bride's Bay*, *Cardigan Bay* and the T.A.N.'s *Shoalhaven*. In addition *Alert*, *Newcastle* and *Birmingham* cluttered up the course. *Cossack* kept challenging *Concord*, but when the final results came to be added up it was *Crane* who had won the Regatta with *Concord* second and *Cossack* third.

Next day *Concord* and *Cossack* jointly represented the Destroyer Squadron in the Fleet Regatta. Here the 8th D.S. came first and we held the Fleet Cock.

As the usual address of Commander-in-Chief Far East Station is Phoenix Park, Singapore one might be forgiven thinking of the old song which says "They tell us that the Admiral is as nice as he can be, but we never see the Admiral, because the Admiral has never been to sea." We feel sure that Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station is as nice as he can be, but he does go to sea. The day previous to the Regattas the Admiral went to sea and conducted manoeuvres with the Fleet (what's left of it). We had nine ships anyway.

From the Communications angle things really opened up. F.O.2 Staff and *Birmingham* W.I., made arrangements for four communications courses to start, on the ships' return to Hong Kong in December. The course was interrupted for the Regattas and also for Christmas, but sufficient instruction was given to enable Ordinary rates to pass professionally for the Able rate, while the Able rates were given a good course in preparation for taking a course, or in preparation for the next provisional examination. This meant that various ships had none of their own in the classes, yet had to provide instructors. Why, one Chief Yeoman and one P.O. Tel. were prised away from S.T.C. Singapore! Immediately after the course our last destroyer left us and *Comus* sailed to join the rest at Singapore.

We would like to tell you of two things which are to be done to improve the lot of the ships visiting Singapore. We attended two meetings, one in Singapore and one in Hong Kong, at each of which something was done which we hope will have far-reaching effects. First Singapore. Why there are not cases of matelots running amok in the clammy Singapore heat, especially in ships in the dockyard, we have never been able to understand. Suffice it to say that there are three outlets. One to go into Singapore which, understating it, is expensive. The second is to go the three miles up to the Fleet Canteen in *Terror*. The last is to get in all the sport you can. This means you want grounds.

During the war the sports grounds were used by the Japanese as hard standing for motor transport. As Japanese motor transport includes tanks, you will appreciate that the drainage systems were completely destroyed. The Works Dept. were asked to renew them, but the same old trouble each time: "Sorry, no money." At the meeting of the Singapore Naval Amenities Committee, commonly called SNAC, we

learned that S.C.E. had been very co-operative in getting out specifications for draining number 4 soccer ground. They had had three types of drainage under observation and had specified the best of these. They had vetted the contracts for us and the tenders. They gave us the benefit of their experience with the firms concerned, and we decided eventually to spend about 8,000 Malayan Dollars on the job. The firm said they would do the job in 8 weeks or, if the weather was good, in 6.

The necessity for drainage may be gathered from the 1953 rainfall for Singapore City, the Naval Base, and for England. The difference between the rainfall in Singapore City and the greater amount in the Naval Base for that year amounted to the same as that for the whole of England (including Manchester!). Say that you get about 120 inches a year on the Naval Base, the reason for drainage is obvious. Hence the rule that games must be abandoned if it comes on to rain hard. Number 4 soccer pitch was decided on because soccer seemed the most important game played. Hockey was provided for by sand pitches and a reasonable grass pitch. The Commander-in-Chief had hopes of the Works Dept. completing the drainage of number 1 ground which included the rugby and cricket areas.

The meeting at Hong Kong was that of the Far East Station Central Amenities Fund or FESCAF. Here, a report was discussed, made by a working party which was set up to improve the sailors' lot in Singapore. They discussed whose lot should be improved first of all, then went on to various ways of doing it and the objections. Finally, they decided to investigate the possibilities of having a canteen or club, inside the dockyard. They set limits as follows, £15,000 for serious consideration but up to £35,000 would be discussed. For £35,000 the club built would be very indifferent, so they had to think of something else. They saw close to the main gate a concrete building which seemed to fill the bill.

They went into it with the dockyard, and decided to recommend that the Navy should take over the building and convert it, but bear the cost of transporting the dockyard department concerned elsewhere. This would cost £5,000, but the building could be converted to a club having a bar, snack bar, quiet rooms, lockers and changing facilities, with separate spaces for Chief and P.O.s—all for £2,000. In effect a club for £7,000.

The FESCAF committee looked at it and decided to recommend it. It is now in the hands of Admiralty who we hope, will give it favourable consideration. And then the next time you come to Singapore you may have a club in the dockyard.

And so we await the next phase of our exercises. This is to be Hunter-Killer for two ships, *Cossack* and *Consort* and then, after *Cossack* returns from Hong Kong, the Squadron will all be together again, and will Captain (D) be able to go to town!



(Photograph by Nat Tong & Son)

H.M.S. "COSSACK"

We write this in the calm before the storm. The storm to come being, perhaps the busiest period ever in the career of this ship. Strangely enough, our letter starts off with a storm. We had just sent off our article for the Christmas number and were settled down ready to sail for Japan. We have it on record in the pages of this Magazine, that as soon as we set out, along comes a crop of gale warnings etc. This time was no different except for one thing. We sat tight and the storm came to us. We should have sailed on the Friday but we were ordered to stay in harbour. Approaching us at 14 knots was typhoon PAMELA. She was due to pass within striking distance of Hong Kong. So Friday instead of putting our nose outside we tied up to a buoy in the harbour. All the other ships in the dockyard were also secured to buoys. Two of them—*Modeste* and *Opossum*, being in Dockyard hands had no ship's company on board, just an emergency party. The dockyard was completely cleared, except for tugs which themselves had boiler power available (Coo! We nearly said steam up). The many merchant ships pulled up their anchors and stole away. Almost the last to leave was the P & O *Chusan* which was due to sail on the Sunday with the Christmas mail for U.K. They went out of the main harbour to Junk Bay and other typhoon anchorages.

Saturday morning came with a fresh wind blowing. The sky was a bit overcast but things seemed quite normal, the ferries were running. The only sign was the Royal Observatory, issuing reports on the progress of PAMELA and the various typhoon warnings being issued. The wind increased, and clouds appeared, driven by much faster winds. Then the sea got rough. All ships had steam at immediate notice. By ten o'clock the ferries had to stop running. By now the clouds were almost on the water. The sea would one minute be rough, then the rain poured down with such force that the waves were flattened down to an oily swell, until that particular lot of rain had passed, then the sea got up immediately.

The centre of the typhoon was due to pass Hong Kong forty miles to the Southward about noon. Fortunately, this is what happened. We were sitting down to dinner just about then, when suddenly, quite out of the blue, came the pipe "Close all screen doors and X and Y opening." Then, "Duty part of the watch

stand by with fenders starboard side." Two lighters which had been in tow had broken adrift and were being swept across the harbour. Each had a crew of two trying helplessly to get the lighters to answer their helms. They passed us just out of reach and headed for *Opossum* who was next in line. They did not hit her and managed to get steerage way in the comparatively slack water between her and *Concord* who was next. *Concord* then asked for a tug, and in due course a dockyard tug came out and took the lighter away. The other lighter had passed too far out to have a line thrown and was carried right down the harbour towards Green Island. Wonder of wonders, it was carried up alongside a jetty, where, even more surprising, were some men watching it. They secured it alongside the jetty, and that was that. *Concord* made a signal commending the crew of the lighter on their seamanship. The typhoon passed and by three o'clock the ferries had started running again and the wind had died down. We once again topped up with oil fuel and then with *Concord* and *Comus* in company, sailed on our way North.

The original plan had been to sail with *Birmingham* and rendezvous with the U.S. 7th Fleet about which you have heard so much. We were to do combined exercises, then proceed to Sasebo. In fact the three destroyers sailed straight up through the Formosa straits to Sasebo where we joined *Birmingham*. The same day we all sailed for Chinhae. This is a Korean Naval Base, at which we were to join in the celebration of the (South) Korean National Day. The next day we sailed for Kure. Kure is on the Inland Sea. To get to the Inland Sea one way lies through the Shimonseki Straits. If you look at them in an atlas, you would think that there was no strait there at all. Sailing along the calm flat sea under the stars you look at the lights of the street lamps lighting the horizon all the way round you: A beautiful scene. Then you begin to suspect that there is something wrong. There is. There ain't no gap in them star lights. Even where you came in the gap seems to have disappeared. The lights ahead get brighter and brighter and then you realise that there is a channel, with buoys. But look at each side and for all you know you're going up the main road on a 'bus! In fact we nearly rang the bridge and asked them to stop at the Post Office so that we could post a letter. Eventually we were through. Incidentally, it seems you *MUST* go through the strait at fourteen knots, to take advantage of the current.

We duly arrived at Kure, where certain Communicators who shall be nameless—if not blameless—broke their vows "No shore till we get back to Hong Kong." Well Turkish baths and massage could happen to any one, or could it Yeo? Then along the Inland Sea to the Pacific and Yokosuka. We certainly knew that we were out of the Inland Sea. And we thoroughly agree that the "Pacific isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Yokosuka greeted us with a down-pour which did not deter anybody from going ashore. Then we did some exercises in Sagami Bay. We had many wonderful views of Mount Fuji. This is the highest mountain

in Japan, 3,776 metres—no you work it out—and so we could see it quite clearly rising above another mountain range. We even had views of the clouds encircling it. All this when we were fifty miles away.

After one more day in—it didn't rain this time until we'd been in one hour—we sailed for the Hunter-Killer exercise. The Carrier with us, *Sicily*, tried to teach us the hunting technique with helicopters but it was rough. More than that, it was rough the whole time. In fact the upper deck was out of bounds for most of the trip. Veg. and potato locker smashed, boats damaged and the one undamaged boat had its davits damaged. So we came out of it in not very good shape and made for Hong Kong. This gave rise to one of our classic sets of Daily Orders. Here is paragraph 2 of Thursday, 2nd December.

"The Japanese Cruise and the HUK are now over and we are on our way to Hong Kong. Looking back at that period one can say without exaggeration that we all learned a lesson and acquired useful experience both ashore and afloat.

"ASHORE: The Cash Officer tells me that we spent over 1,000,000 yen, and the Doctor tells me that some of you did your best to keep him busy. (There were several broken arms through the rough seas too). "AFLOAT: Commander (E) tells me that we burnt 740 tons of oil fuel (with very little smoke) and drank 515 tons of water. We are nearly spudless, butter-less, cheese-less and veg-less. Well let us take it all with a pinch of salt (there is still some salt remaining in No. 1 Provision Store), and hope the Victualling Staff have learnt their lesson.

"The weather was foul throughout, and we learned a lot through that; mainly how to secure for sea, how to move about the ship, how to sleep, how to eat. (I hear that one of the messes had to pass the one and only remaining cup around and have their tea in sippers). But above all we learned how to work in rough weather. I was impressed by the state of the ship down below during the Saturday rounds and daily walks round the ship; and I was more than impressed by performance of R.P. Team, Communications Department . . . Well done."

We made it to Hong Kong and then had a week's self-maintenance period. We made good the defects and got the ship looking better. We did have our Christmas in Hong Kong and we all thoroughly enjoyed it. Then came the New Year. But we are running ahead of ourselves. The big Communications event in December was a course or rather four courses organised by Staff of F.O.2. and *Birmingham*, which ran until the end of December with time out for Christmas and also for the Regatta.

The Regatta was preceded by Fleet Exercises with the Commander-in-Chief at sea conducting them. This was on the Monday morning and afternoon, then we all anchored in Junk Bay. The next day was the Small Ships' Regatta. There were the ships of the Third and Fourth Frigate and the Eighth Destroyer Squadrons. We did our best to beat *Concord* but couldn't quite make it. The next day was the Fleet

Regatta and the 8th D.S. was represented on a 3 to 2 basis by *Concord* and *Cossack*. Between us we won the Regatta for the Destroyers and so, on the next morning, *Cossack* returned to harbour with the Fleet Cock proudly displayed. *Concord* sailed shortly afterwards with our good wishes.

Since the New Year *Cossack* has been out exercising or doing trials until the last week in January when we went into dock for a brief self refit. We are now doing trials again ready for the fray. I said it was the calm before the storm. Our present programme is, sail for Yokosuka, two days, then to sea with the U.S. Car Div, for—yes—that's right another Hunter Killer down to Okinawa; then we do the Korea ration plus Admiral's Inspection, which takes us up to mid April. We have Squadron exercises in Hong Kong as soon as we get back from this, and then we sail for Singapore. Not to rest though, oh dear no, we get a Malayan Patrol as well. Then in June we pay off and fly away. We'll be seeing you.

H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE"

We completed our Singapore refit on time and sailed for Hong Kong for the Christmas period and to take part in the Fleet Regatta. Under the guidance of F.O.2 Far Eastern Station in *Birmingham*, the Far East Fleet left Hong Kong Harbour for a few exercises preparatory to mooring in Junk Bay, where the Regattas were held. The Small Ships Regatta was won by H.M.S. *Crane* who had produced some very good crews. The two Portsmouth ships *Concord* and *Modeste* were by no means disgraced and many punters were better off financially for backing them.

The Fleet Regatta was won by the 8th D.S., our placing was third. The telegraphist's crew triumphed in the 5th C.S. race and were duly presented with silver oars; the signalmen's crew were scrubbing out for a week after the race; we understand the C.Y.S. backed them to win! It might be some consolation to add that the Regatta training was carried out during the refit period at Singapore in the face of certain greater attractions.

Signals, rumours, and what have you, put F.O.2 on board *Newcastle* about 20th January but finally it was cleared up by his not coming at all and arrangements were made for his Flagship (*Birmingham*), and *Newcastle* to visit Singapore officially from 22nd—24th January. We sailed in company from Hong Kong and, after carrying out a number of successful exercises on the way, anchored in Singapore Roads. The two days at Singapore were spent socially in more ways than one and need no further comment. On completion, *Birmingham* sailed for Saigon and *Newcastle* for the Port Dickson area to spend a couple of days (and nights) bombarding the Terrorists. I hear this was laid on because a number of Telegraphists had recently completed a bombardment course at Hong Kong. Whilst bombarding we painted the ships side and also fired a salute to the Sultan of Selangor who visited the ship, (photographs in the "Daily

Telegraph") which proves you can do three things at once.

Our next commitment was to take the Commander-in-Chief Far East Station and Lady Lambe to Rangoon for an official visit. On this trip we had the privilege of flying a full Admiral's flag to see what it looked like, before we eventually got our own Admiral. The *Newcastle* was the first ship to visit Rangoon since 1948 and the visit was very well organised: many Communicators gazed wistfully at the shore as we left perhaps thinking of all the Barons they had found there. The saluting log came into its own on this visit—7 salutes: 116 guns.

This part of our programme over, we sailed from Rangoon via the Mergui Archipelago for Penang. We stopped for a few hours to look at the small islands where the Chinese delicacy "birdnests soup" is gathered. The birds, sea swifts, build their nests in caves and the local inhabitants knock these down twice a season. Experience has shown that the bird will only rebuild twice a season, so being big-hearted they leave a nest for the bird.

On arrival at Penang, the Commander-in-Chief disembarked to *Alert*, after what had been a very interesting trip. On the 11th February, Rear Admiral Elkins, the F.O.2 designate arrived onboard for passage to Singapore. He comes to *Newcastle* officially on the 18th February and we expect to sail for Hong Kong, and perhaps Japan, for our next trip. The next issue will contain some if not all of the details.

In the field of sport, *Newcastle* did very well by winning the Soccer Shield, beating the Third F.S. in the final 5—1, and also winning the seven-a-side Rugby competition, the Communicators soccer contribution—Leading Tel. Lawes and O/Tel. Metcalfe, doing trojan work. Challenged by *Birmingham* whilst at Hong Kong the Communicators, despite the absence of our ships team players, managed to win 3—2 after some good playing by Tel. Clark. Our normal goalkeeper, C.P.O. Tel Green, was also absent, because it was thought Happy Valley ground would prove too much for his poor legs.

It happened

Signal Boy enters the M.S.O., water and blanco streaming down his face.

C.Y.S. "Where have you been?"

S.B. "Waiting for a boat to return to the ship."

C.Y.S. "Did you have to stand in the rain all the time?"

S.B. "I couldn't see from under cover."

C.Y.S. "Why didn't you remove your cap to save it being spoilt?"

S.B. "It wasn't raining when I went out Chief."

Operator transmitting on Ship/Shore to GZP

Op: "He's making QSP hookey!"

L.H.O.W. "Don't make anything, how do you know he's not a Russian."

Finally to Communicators wherever they may be, our very best wishes and Happy Foreign commissions in the future.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

By Leading Signalmán Climie

Pedlar's smile was a little contemptuous as he studied his broken finger nails. Simpson always seemed to be reading that damned book of his—"Ballet for Beginners." Evidently he was a toffology rating. "Ballet for Beginners!"

With a dirty looking stain on the cover Pedlar noted. Damned pansy—that's what he was. Him and his high falutin' ideas—Who the hell did he think he was? Just because he had some relation in Kenya, and could afford to fly there on leaves, he imagined he was somebody!

They were all the same his type—Just look at him sitting there! Not a muscle in sight!

Pedlar spat irritably. Most of the lads seemed to respect Simpson. They all did in a way. Except Pedlar! Pedlar hated his guts—AND everyone like Simpson who pretended to be high and mighty! Bah!

It was time Pedlar showed "Ballet for Beginners" who was mighty.

He scowled across the mess—But how? It would have to look natural like. He would wait for an opportunity—yes—Pedlar would wait with pleasure!

Simpson laid down his book slowly and looked at the bulkhead clock.

Time?

It didn't matter—

He picked up the red writing wallet lying beside him, and zipped it open.

A photograph suddenly slid from the jumble of envelopes, he reached for it hurriedly as it side-slipped to the deck. But a hand much quicker snatched it from under his outstretched fingers.

"Well now . . ." leered Pedlar, raising the photograph for inspection, "What have we here?"

"Why, its a bit of stuff!" he exclaimed in mock surprise, "And a bit of alright too!"

"Yours?" he smiled as Simpson reached for it.

"Give me it" said Simpson, a slight strain in his voice.

"Oh I don't know about that!" Pedlar grinned, stepping back.

He turned the photograph over—

"Taken in Nairobi eh? And listen to this lads—

"Till Death Do Us Part
Joan."

"Now ain't that sweet—!"

Simpson paled visibly. Slowly he rose to his feet.

"Give me that photograph!"

Even Pedlar was surprised at the peculiar note in Simpson's voice, but he recovered himself quickly.

"If you want it that bad —" he grated, "COME AND GET IT"

Simpson stood trembling—

"C'mon—" Pedlar mocked, "Show the boys what "Ballet For Beginners" has learnt you! You blot" Steel fingers strangled the words in his throat. The face began to contort with the pressure—"Till death do us part—" Pedlar heard Simpson whisper, as if from far away, "Till death do us part—"

Pedlar's face grew red as he fought for breath. The onlookers became uneasy as his colour changed slowly to a kind of blue.

"Ere Simpson—" cautioned one, "Steady on" But the fingers only tightened.

"Quick!" gasped someone, "Haul him off—He'll murder the bloke!"

Hands pulled at Simpson as Pedlar's eyes began to bulge, but still the fingers held their grip.

There was a shout and the First Lieutenant appeared through the bulkhead door—

A fist drew back and slammed home.

Simpson collapsed to the deck, and Pedlar drew breath like a child with the whooping cough, while the mess looked on anxiously.

It was some time before he recovered sufficiently enough to speak—

"He went bloody mad, Sir!!" Pedlar croaked, "Bloody mad!"

The First Lt. nodded slowly after hearing what happened.

He looked at Pedlar with hard grey eyes—

"Yes—he went bloody mad alright."

Pedlar fingered his throat nervously.

"For your information Pedlar, the girl in that photograph was his wife—"

"I said—WAS," continued the cold voice, "Because she was a victim of the Mau Mau a few weeks ago."

Only the quiet tick of the bulkhead clock disturbed the quiet that followed.

"They found this beside her—" added the First Lt. after a deep breath, "She had been reading when they attacked."

Pedlar stared at the book—

As the officer turned to go, the men swallowed uncomfortably.

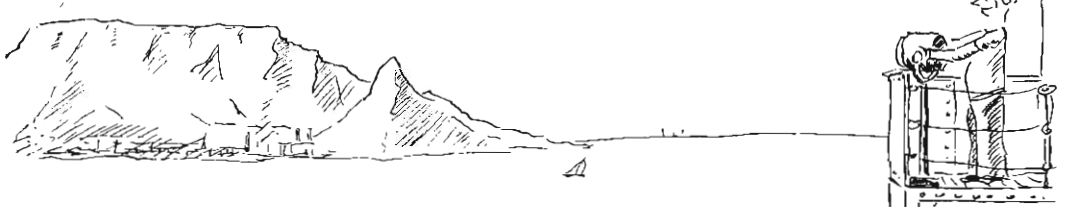
"By the way Pedlar" said the First Lt., rubbing his right fist thoughtfully, "When Simpson recovers—send him to me. I—I've an apology to make."

But Pedlar never heard.

He was still staring at the dull stain on the covers of

"Ballet For Beginners."

SOUTH ATLANTIC



Once again we sound the drums, (one for a short, two for a long—A.C.P. 129 etc.), in the hope that the Editor is on the beat. Apparently we've not been getting through to *Mercury* in time for previous editions although all our other receiving stations in U.K. have no difficulty. Is this anaprop?—and peculiar to Leydene? Perhaps we should bring the "boffins" to bear.

The Admiralty mission having left us for home to report, we all await the outcome with interest. Is "Snoeky" to go South African after all these years of happy association with the Royal Navy? Time alone will tell. Perhaps now, when we shall probably be headlined in the near future, is the time to describe for the benefit of those who have never had the pleasure of serving in the South Atlantic command, the R.N. activities out here.

The Commander-in-Chief, South Atlantic (at present Vice Admiral I.M.R. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O.*) has his headquarters in Simonstown in the Cape Peninsula, 20 miles south of Capetown and on the western shore of False Bay. From there he administers a command extending from 20 degrees north on the west coast of Africa to the Antarctic, and to 10 degrees 40 minutes north on Africa's eastern seaboard. In the west the command extends to 40 degrees west and in the east to 80 degrees east.

Establishments in Simonstown, apart from C.in-C's Headquarters, consist of H.M. Dockyard (East and West Yards) and H.M.S. *Afrikander*. These are under the command of the Captain-in-Charge, Simonstown (Captain H. F. Bone, D.S.O.*, D.S.C.*, R.N.) Subsidiary to H.M.S. *Afrikander*, and forming part of that establishment, are the Command Wireless Station at Slangkop (translation Snake Hill), 11 miles out of Simonstown on the other side of the Peninsula, Cape East Transmitting Station at Faure out on the Cape Flats some 32 miles northeast of Simonstown, Cape South Transmitting Station and the Signal Training Centre at Klaver Camp, on top of Red Hill, 800 feet above Simonstown and 6 miles from the town by a winding mountain road, or alternatively reached by 268 steps up the mountain side!

Slangkop W/T (alias Capetown Radio) has the dual function of handling both commercial and naval traffic, being manned by about 15 Union Post Office operators and some 40 R.N. Telegraphist ratings, plus a sprinkling of S.A.N. Telegraphists. The officer

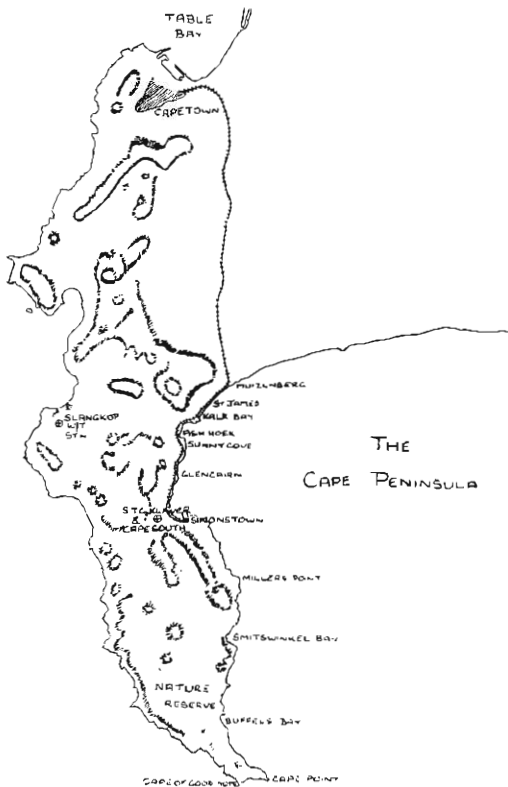
in charge of the commercial side is a Union Post Office official and the officer in charge of the naval side a Communication Lieutenant, (at present Lieutenant Webber). Both Cape East and Cape South are, of course, linked into Slangkop by landline. The area covered by Slangkop includes Naval areas SA and S (20°N to 90°S, 74°W to 80°E) and commercial areas 2 and 2A (10°S to 90°S, 74°W to 80°E).

Cape South and East are in the charge of a S.C.E.O. (R) (at present Mr. Yeates) and each has a staff of a C.R.E. plus about 14 electrical branch ratings. Equipment is of the normal shore station type.

The Signal Training Centre is mainly employed on the training of Communication ratings for the S.A.N. Permanent Force (Regulars). Courses for R.N. ratings from Slangkop and ships are run as and when the ratings can be spared. It has a S.C.C.O. (Mr. Hancock), in charge with a S.A.N. Warrant Communication Operator, (Mr. Clarke, ex R.N. Signal Boat-swain), as his assistant. The instructors are jointly supplied by the S.A.N. and R.N. in the proportion of 2 S.A.N. to 1 R.N.

The South Atlantic Squadron is, at the moment, reduced to one frigate, the *Pelican* (Captain A. Davies, R.N.) but we are expecting "bigger" things in the future when the new commission scheme gets into its full stride. It will be appreciated that the station comprises a very large area for one ship to cover. At the time of writing she is on her way back from Madagascar after taking part in exercise "Coelacanth" with S.A.N. and French units. Cruises on the East and West African coasts are salient features of a seagoing commission on the South Atlantic Station, together with exercises with the South African and French navies. The ports of call are all noted for their hospitality (will anyone who called at Durban during the war ever doubt this?), and are always very gratified to receive a visit from one of H.M. ships.

No article on the South Atlantic would be complete without a reference to the climate and the wild life. By and large "Sunny South Africa" is no idle boast, as we realised when we read the reports of Winter in U.K. We have our "Southeaster" (also known as the "Cape Doctor") which blows hard for long periods at a stretch and can become irritating, but we can plan our days in the open during the Summer with a fair amount of confidence that the weather will be good to us.



The South of the Cape Peninsula contains the Cape of Good Hope Nature Reserve, famous for its baboons and buck of various kinds, and the mountains of the Peninsula have their quota of these animals. A troop of baboons gathered at the S.T.C. to read the morning "flasher" not so long ago! Poisonous snakes are also common, the most prolific being the cobra and the puff adder, so a snake bite outfit is part of the local kit. Fortunately no occasion for their use has arisen for several years.

On the whole, anyone receiving a draft chit to the South Atlantic can look forward to a happy commission in amenable surroundings. It will really be a pity if the British "matelot" has to delete Simonstown from his already depleted list of "homes from home."

SLANGKOP W/T

On receipt of the Christmas edition of THE COMMUNICATOR we found to our disappointment that the article from the South Atlantic was not included but we can assure you that we here in the land of sunshine and Southeasters wished all Communicators at home and abroad a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year.

It is with much regret that we have to report that after a very hard 48 on which ended at 1200 on Christmas Day, the whole of the forenoon watch were passengers in the Naval 'bus which crashed soon after leaving Slangkop. This rather marred our Christmas and, more important, left the station shorthanded, as almost all the passengers were admitted to hospital.

We are still feeling the pinch from this accident, and during the still busy period between 25th December and 2nd January the C.P.O. Tel. was observed wearing 'phones and the Officer-in-Charge doing a refresher on the morse code. Nevertheless, with all our misfortunes we won the day.

At the time of writing, the Quarters look like a battlefield. O.C.W. is digging trenches and burying pipes which lead to a very involved drainage system. Whether it will work or not remains to be seen when the rainy season commences. With a trace of doubt in our minds we have kept the boats back in case we should find ourselves either with Slangkop running away to the Atlantic or the Atlantic running into Slangkop.

Since our last article to be published we have seen many changes in staff. It seems a pity that so far as the station is concerned the single men should return to U.K., just when they are getting the hang of the work of a shore station and are gaining experience from working operators of practically every country worth a mention.

One funny incident we feel we must report. It happened one Thursday not so long ago when we were all waiting for the Captain to arrive at Divisions, the Chief having detailed one rating to keep "lobs". Two or three minutes later the rating ran up to the Officer-in-Charge and reported that the Captain's car was coming down the road. This was the signal for a show of nervousness, squaring off of caps, straightening of medals and the Officer-in-Charge ensuring his sword was on the correct side. After the rattle of the cattle-trap indicating that a car was approaching a nervous rating reported that what was thought to be the Captain's car was in fact a baker's van. This produced laughter from the ranks and unprintable remarks from the Officer-in-Charge.

"Tot siens" and all the best to Communicators everywhere.

ON FAILING TO PASS

I regret that my brain
Simply will not retain
That store of electronic knowledge,
That one must amass
In order to pass
For a rate that is paid like a Rajah,
So I'll just have to wait
In my ignorant state
Till my head gets a little bit largah.

B.O.J.

A GUIDE TO YOUR RESETTLEMENT

All of you, in the Service, whatever your engagement may be, will, at some time, have to find an answer to the inevitable question "What shall I do about my Resettlement?" To those of you who are not pensioners there are two primary alternatives—to re-engage or to 'go outside'. Re-engagement is a form of Resettlement which offers Security, Good Pay, a Pension, and Comradeship. Not all civilian jobs have all these to offer. If however, a decision is made to 'go outside' then you should make up your mind about the kind of employment you would like and, if possible, prepare for it.

One means of preparation is by Correspondence Course, and facilities are provided for courses of study under the Forces Correspondence Course Scheme. Many of these courses are in preparation for examinations which are of considerable value when you leave the Service. The courses cost 15/- each and cover a wide range of subjects, including such subjects as Radio and Television Servicing, Telecommunication Engineering, Civil Service Examinations, Salesmanship, General Certificate of Education, Insurance, and Agriculture. Further information about these courses can be obtained from, and applications made through, your Education Officer. Where a suitable course is not available under the Forces Scheme, financial assistance towards part of the cost of an Approved Civilian Course may be obtained through your Education Officer provided the application for assistance is made **BEFORE** the course is started.

There are also two kinds of practical course available as an aid to Resettlement. These are:—

E.V.T. COURSES, which are full-time Resettlement Courses lasting one month and which can be taken in each of the Home Ports. A list of courses available is held by your Education Officer. You can apply for a course within the last six months of your engagement and are given priority in accordance with length of service (National Servicemen may use facilities of E.V.T. Centres on a voluntary basis and in their own time). It should be noted, however, that only one E.V.T. Course can be taken, and that only if you can be spared without relief.

GOVERNMENT VOCATIONAL TRAINING COURSES, which are full-time training courses and which may last anything from six months to two years. They are taken after leaving the Service and are held either at a Government Training Centre, a Technical College, or in an Employer's Establishment. Trainees receive pay whilst on course and are often found employment afterwards. There are two schemes open to ex-Servicemen—the 'General Scheme', which is open to all; and the 'Ex-Regular Scheme' which is open to ex-regulars with three years service or more. Lists of courses available are published from time to time in the Services Resettlement Bulletins which are held by your Education Officer, and further information

may be obtained through your Local Employment Exchange.

Resettlement information is published approximately monthly in the form of the "Services Resettlement Bulletin" mentioned above. This booklet is sent to all ships and contains sections which give information about Training Schemes; the Regular Forces Employment Association; Professions; Qualifications; Information peculiar to each of the Services; Oversea Settlement; and General Resettlement. You are advised to look at these Bulletins *now*, even if you still have some time to go before the termination of your engagement.

The Civil and Foreign Services attract quite a number of Servicemen, and entry into various branches and grades is by examination and interview. The following are the most popular examinations:—

CIVIL SERVICE (CLERICAL GRADES). Separate examinations for ex-Regulars (October) and ex-National Servicemen (June and December). Typical work: Tax offices, Employment Exchanges, Offices of Customs and Excise.

CIVIL SERVICE (EXECUTIVE GRADES). Separate examinations for ex-Regulars and ex-National Servicemen (both in July). Typical work: Grade 'C' Officers in Government Communications Headquarters, Tax Officers, Audit Examiners.

FOREIGN SERVICE (GRADE 6 POSTS IN BRANCH 'B'). Separate examinations for ex-Regulars (October) and ex-National Servicemen (June and December). Typical work: Clerical work of Foreign Office, Coding, Cyphering in Communications Department.

FOREIGN SERVICE (GRADE 5 POSTS IN BRANCH 'B'). Separate examinations for ex-Regulars and ex-National Servicemen (both in July). Typical work: In Foreign Office or abroad. Responsible work of an executive nature requiring judgement and resource.

ASSISTANT PREVENTIVE OFFICERS (WATERGUARD SERVICE). Open examination (March) Typical work: Boarding vessels, detection and prevention of smuggling.

OFFICER OF CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Open examination only (May and December). Typical work: Supervising at Ports, Docks, and Airports, Bonded Warehouses, Distilleries.

If you are interested in any one of these examinations you can obtain current regulations and application forms by writing to: The Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1. It should be noted that completed application forms should be submitted about two months before the date of the examination.

Some "sparkers" may be interested in employment as Civilian Radio Operators in the Admiralty Civilian Shore Wireless Service, entry into which is by interview and test. Full details of conditions of service are given in A.F.O. 2663/53 and the new

pay scales are given in A.F.O. 441/54. Vacancies also occur from time to time in the Diplomatic Wireless Service, entry into which is by a proficiency test in telegraphy (25 w.p.m.) and interview. Further information may be obtained by writing to: The Personnel Officer, Diplomatic Wireless Service, Hanslope Park, Hanslope, Wolverton, Buckinghamshire.

For those of you who wish to find employment as W/T operators in the Merchant Navy or in Civil Aviation, The Postmaster General's 1st or 2nd Class Certificate of Proficiency in Wireless Telegraphy is a must. Details of these certificates may be obtained by writing to: The Inspector of Wireless Telegraphy, Overseas Communications Department, Headquarters Building, St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Although the practical side of the examination requires at least three months' attendance at a Wireless College after leaving the Service, the theory side may be prepared for by a Correspondence Course.

Service with H.M. Coastguards is another avenue of Resettlement for ratings of the Communications

Branch with 12 years service or more. Full details of conditions of service and pay scales are given in the Services Resettlement Bulletin No. 8 of 1954.

An organisation which works closely with the Ministry of Labour and National Service and which can help to find you a job is the National Association for Employment of Regular Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen (short title 'Regular Forces Employment Association'). The head office of the Association is in London and there are Branch Offices in most of the large towns throughout the country. A list of these branches, together with names and addresses of job-finders, is published from time to time in the Services Resettlement Bulletin.

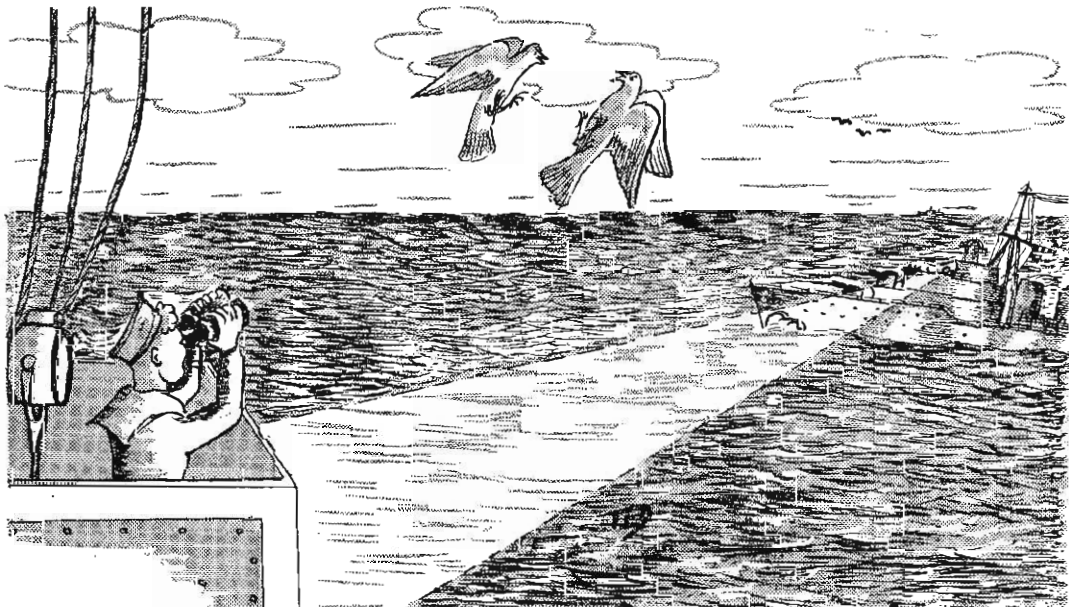
For the Officer there is the Officers' Association which looks after the interests of all those who have at any time held a Commission in Her Majesty's Forces. A comprehensive article on the work of the Association is contained in Services Resettlement Bulletin No. 11 of 1953, which all Officers should make a point of reading.

The Resettlement Officer, H.M.S. *Mercury*, will be pleased to answer questions by post about Resettlement in the above, or any other field.

THE ROYAL NAVAL BIRDWATCHING SOCIETY

Did you know that this Society exists? It was formed in 1947 specially to report sea birds, their migration routes, etc., and is the only Society in the world organised for this purpose. It can provide a very cheap hobby and help pass away any spare time, off watch. Subscriptions cost 10/- a year for officers and 7/- a year for ratings. This entitles you to receive the periodic bulletins issued by the Society

and a copy of its Annual Report the "Sea Swallow." Most ships now carry in their Library a copy of W. B. Alexander's "Birds of the Ocean" from which most sea birds can be identified. If you wish to join, or know more about it, please write to the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Commander C. E. Smith, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Ceres*, Wetherby, Yorkshire.





EAST INDIES

THE STAFF OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

At the end of September we welcomed back to the Station, *Newfoundland*, who had been on loan to the Far East, wearing the flag of F.O.2.F.E.S. One can easily understand why they were somewhat "browned off" having to return to the East Indies after hearing the yarns of their wonderful sojourn in China and Japan. Everyone has a fishing rod, though we're not quite sure what they landed! However, they cheerfully took us on our annual cruise to the Persian Gulf (the Staff rabbit run), calling at Bombay on the way, and at Karachi on return. The trip to the Gulf itself was uneventful, and the people, as always, were most generous.

The visit to Karachi brought a highlight worthy of mention, when we took part in the R.N./R.P.N. Regatta, producing a "Staff" whaler's crew; this with only 10 Communicators to choose from! The *Newfoundland* Communicators beat us by $\frac{1}{2}$ of a length for first place in our particular race, with the R.P.N. Communicators well astern. This was no mean achievement, which brought us much praise, but regretfully, no medal. In December we welcomed *Loch Insh* at Dubai, prior to taking part in Exercise "Shop-Window"—better known as "The Gun Busters Birthday." This exercise is designed to show the local Arab leaders the strength of our protection, and on the whole, was quite impressive. The Communicators played but a small part, keeping contact with the jet aircraft, which gave an extremely good bombing and aerobatic display.

Early in January, we did a short cruise to Calcutta. This was the initiation trip for the new F.C.O., and the "swan song" for the Flagship. We have since said farewell to "*Newfie*"; we wish them a happy Homecoming, and some nice quiet numbers in the "School". They have earned both. This, in addition to the departure of *Wild Goose* and *Wren*, has left but two frigates to support the name "East Indies Fleet," though we look forward to seeing more ships on the station.

We have settled down in Trincomalee once again, and will remain here until May when the new Flagship *Gambia* is expected. (Don't panic, she's manned by Devonport). The Staff (Pompey), will then for the first time be completely surrounded by "Janners". This causes much speculation about Oggie diet, and of course we are swotting up on the names of Plymouth Argy's first team. If work goes as smoothly as with our "Guzz" friends already here on S.B.N.O.'s staff, then we have nothing to worry about, though, if only for the sake of seeing FAMILIAR new faces, we hope the future E.I. Frigates will get a fair whack of Portsmouth manning—we don't mean to worry the stanchions unduly.

One of the more recent innovations in Trinco M.S.O. is a new typewriter. It caused much consternation at first, but we have now cottoned on to the fact that to type a fullstop, you *must* go into Upper Case. The first efforts looked something like this:-

FROM M M M M M M M M B M M M M M C EYLON
ROUTINEM TO M M M M M M M C IN C EMIN
UNCLASSIFIEDM INFO M M M M M M M
R M B M N M O M C O L O M B O 041340 Z M

Needless to say they didn't get any further than the checker, though one bright boy suggested cutting windows in the Ormig Master "To save typing it again."

Commander-in-Chief's Staff, together with S.B.N.O.'s staff, continues to take a leading part in the sporting and social activities of *Highflyer*. The popular and successful dance/socials are still run about once a month, and the Communicators are well to the fore in all the sports leagues.

TRINCO CALLING

With Easter upon us and the Monsoon changing from Wet to Dry, we shore based Wallahs of Trincomalee, wish all Communicators, home and away, the seasons greetings.

This year we welcome to our sunny shores a new Fleet Communicator, Lieutenant Commander David Lewis, who relieved Lieutenant Commander Willett. The latter is now, we hope, safely installed in a nice

quiet number somewhere near home, after a very arduous turn of duty on the East Indies, controlling its so spread out communication lines, and in between times decorating mountain tops with new fangled V.H.F. Stations, to say nothing of his prowess at the tiller and wielding a wicked willow when the occasion demanded. Of the former, we especially wish him a happy term of office as "head man" and a pleasant stay with us in Trinco.

The Port Radio Officer, S.C.E. O. Coleman (an ex-Leydenite), occupies a seat in N.H.Q. and works correctly, even if the gear doesn't. The C.C.O. is beginning to think about a relief, and has started on his turnover notes. They, by the way, are both natives (metaphorically speaking, of course).

The staffs of Commander-in-Chief (Portsmouth) and S.B.N.O. Ceylon (Devonport), are once more billeted and working as one team in the N.H.Q. This leads to much keen rivalry and terms such as, "Mutton-head", and "Solid" are equally applied to both sides. However, the team works pretty well and plays even better, winning most of the sporting events. We have several new faces on both sides, and with G.S.C. in full swing, many more smiles. A fair number have families with us, but the housing problem is rather sticky, so 18 months alone isn't so bad. As ever, there's plenty of time for games of all sorts, and excellent swimming and "Banyan" facilities. Leave up country is a special treat and well looked forward to. Our monthly Dance-cum-Social run by the Junior Staff, is another "Do" we all enjoy and we give Leading Tel. Fraser full marks for starting them.

Now we all start preparing for our yearly high light, the Joint Exercises with the Indians and Pakistanis. This year we look like having upwards of twenty ships to play with. On these occasions the standard of communicating is very high, and even the smallest frigate boasts a C.C.O. and almost a carrier's complement of Communicators. We look forward to seeing many familiar faces again in messes and bars and to swapping yarns in Leydene.

We close with the hope that you will call in at N.H.Q. if you visit Trinco on your way East.

H.M.S. "LOCH ALVIE"

Two months ago we were sweating in the sun of Colombo, and now we shiver in the snow in Chatham Dockyard. So to an end has come the 10 month Foreign Service commission we all thought was going to be two and a half years. In those ten months we have steamed just on 32,000 miles and our saluting guns have fired 307 rounds of ammunition.

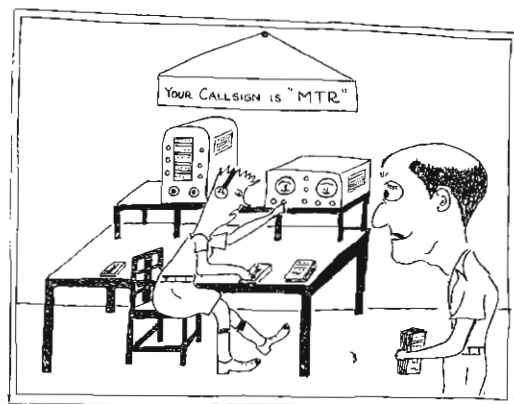
At the end of our last contribution we were about to leave for Colombo. Our next stop was Male in the Maldiv Islands, a delightfully clean place. No dogs are allowed on the Island, there are no Policemen and only three automobiles; one owned by the Sultan, one by the Prime Minister (who incidentally preferred his bicycle), and a lorry owned by the Army. A very nice time was had in Male before we headed for the West Coast of India and visited Alleppy, Cochin, Calicut,

Mangalore and Janjira. At all places except Cochin we had to anchor some way off shore, and no H.M. Ships had paid any visits since 1928. At Mangalore a game of cricket was played—alas, we were badly beaten even though the Chief Tel. sent his left arm fast balls down the pitch for two hours non stop. A few hours were spent in Bombay for mail etc. before we again pointed our bows northwards and made our way to the Persian Gulf. Here a month was spent visiting small islands, and some of us met a few old friends. Our Commander-in-Chief's sea inspection was carried out at Bahrein with *Wild Goose*, and the general feeling is that we did quite well.

On 29th November we again sailed, and retraced our steps to Bombay, where a few days were spent. We happened to be there when the Governor of Bombay died, and the ships Officers represented, and laid a wreath on behalf of the East Indies Squadron. V/S and W/T exercises were also carried out with the Indian Navy. The 8th December saw us once again heading for Colombo for a three week self refit period. Living ashore in the B.S.S.I. made a very nice change. Some of us were very sorry to leave—but all good things come to an end.

Three weeks were spent in the Aden Protectorate when we took the Sultan of Socotra to Mukalla Al Ghaida and Quishn. By the way, does anybody know what the Quaiti National Flag looks like? Come on you ceremonial kings!

Two days in Aden, and we sailed on the 22nd January with our paying off pendant flying, on our way to Gibraltar. Four days were spent there, where we met the Home Fleet, and on the 9th February we sailed in company with *Sparrow*, whom we later left to make her way to "Guzz" while we went to Sheerness. At 16-28 on Sunday 13th, we had our first contact with England—Portland Bill, and on the Monday, at 0900 we arrived Sheerness to deamunition before coming up river on the Tuesday, and locking in at 1500 to be met by Wives, Families and Sweethearts.



"I can't raise him, Pots. Someone keeps blotting me out calling MTR".

TRAVELS IN A JEEP THROUGH SCOTLAND

Sunday, 17th October, 1954—time 8 a.m.—place, Glasgow—weather, heavy rain—transport, a jeep with no side protection. Not a very good beginning for a trip to Cape Wrath. With Leading Tel. Eyres as driver, and Leading Tel. Burnett as back seat passenger, we set off with Cape Wrath lighthouse as our ultimate goal.

Our first day's travel was scheduled to end at Inverness, and I had decided that the route we would follow would be through Loch Lomond country, Glencoe, and along the whole length of the Caledonian Canal. I am willing to take anyone's word that the Loch Lomond area is a famous spot—it gave no hint of beauty that Sunday, although perhaps my personal discomfort made me less appreciative of any natural beauty. Glencoe was most impressive and awe inspiring, with low cloud capping the tops of the hills. I was expecting the Macdonald ghosts to appear at any moment. If any COMMUNICATOR readers think that things sometimes get rugged, they should spend a fortnight on site with the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Squad, whom we saw and had a yarn with in the Glen. From Glencoe, where we had lunch, on to Fort William, past Ben Nevis, past the rugged Commando Memorial which is a few miles outside Fort William, to Fort Augustus and eventually into Inverness. The journey along the canal is a beautiful drive, and not even our utilitarian conveyance detracted from its beauty.

Our Monday journey was from Inverness to Aultbea. Although our journey was uneventful, we came into contact with roads that really are single track roads. Two things are noteworthy. Firstly, the hydro-electric schemes—the "power of the glens"—all the completed stations of which we saw, fitted wonderfully into the countryside. Secondly, at Poolewe, there is a sub-tropical garden, now I believe under the care of the National Trust. If any of you get into the Loch Ewe area, this garden is well worth a visit.

Our third day's journey was through Sutherlandshire—the county very much in the news during the January snows. Not ten miles from Aultbea we had our first surprise—Gruinard Bay Hill. This is an unsurfaced hill with an average descent of 1 in 5. The approach to the hill gives no indication of its steepness, as the main hill is concealed by a sharp right angle bend. Not the best sort of hill for a jeep with no hand-brake, and a trailer on tow. Through Braemore, with its beautiful falls, and so into Ullapool for "elevenses". I had never heard of Ullapool before this trip, but it's a busy little fishing port, and the day we passed through the town its pier was lined with fishing boats, all busily off-loading their catches.

From Ullapool across mountainous country to Kylesku Ferry and surprise number two. At this remote spot, there is a very efficient car ferry, which operates for eight hours a day in winter. From Kylesku to Durness, and only eleven miles short of our goal. That eleven miles included the Kyle of Durness, and even our jeep needed help to cross that. On Thursday, 21st October we crossed the Kyle. An overgrown rowboat, two planks, an outboard engine and tons of confidence resulted in one jeep and L. Tel. Eyres being deposited safely on the other side. On Friday, 22nd October, we finally arrived at Cape Wrath itself—but no road map we saw told us that the eleven miles of road to the lighthouse, were the most tricky eleven miles of the whole journey.

Journey's end brought our total mileage to 486 miles and actual running time 18½ hours.

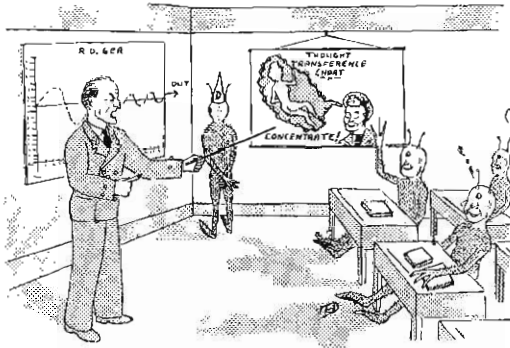
So, if you have a car, lots of spares, can carry out running repairs, and feel like doing something different try the real Highlands for a motoring holiday. And if you get to Cape Wrath lighthouse, don't forget to sign the visitors' book, and give my kindest regards to the lighthouse keeper—Mr. Foubister—and to his charming wife.

THE ORDINARY SPACEMEN

C.P.O. Tel. Beake (better known as Chiefy Beaky) was worried. Never before in his ten years as a stopped draft instructor had the outlook appeared so gloomy, but then never before had he taken such a peculiar Class as the Ordinary Spacemen. The Class had started off well enough using a special syllabus produced by the heads of the various sections, all of whom were fully conversant with the latest developments in space travel through having listened to radio serials. Unfortunately, however, Chiefy Beaky's radio could only get the Third Programme and he found himself somewhat at a loss when dealing with such subjects as screens in free orbit and cryptographic though transference. His Class had become increasingly bored and restive

as he sank deeper into the mire. Had they chattered, rolled ticklers, or just slept like any other Class it would not have been so bad, but they just sat and stared, their single eyes wide open, but obviously unseeing. As these eyes followed his every move, Chiefy concluded (correctly as it happened), that they were being controlled by one part of the brain while the rest of it was busy elsewhere. When (remembering his I.T.) Chiefy asked one of them a question, the eye of the one he addressed would rotate like a Catherine wheel before taking on any form of expression, and the answer was always the same, "It's all in the A.C.P. and A.C.P.'s will be obeyed without question at all times."

Half-way through the course, Chiefy set them a



Basic Exam, and as he expected, they all failed miserably. The course Officer (who was worried about what he could put on their 264's) begged them to do some backwards and privately told Chiefy that he'd better get them up to standard as the Training Commander had only recently been deploring the failure rate and if they all dipped somebody was going to get a foreign. Thus threatened, Chiefy had used up all his snooker time in swotting up on inter-planetary communications, but with only the syllabus and an American comic confiscated from one of the New Entries to assist him, he succeeded only in becoming more muddled. Now the Class were due to do their finals and, barring a miracle, poor Chiefy was faced with disaster.

"It's not as if I hadn't tried," he moaned to his oppo in the Mess, "but its hopeless. Look at the stuff they have to know: fifty different space bombardment nets to start with and Common Space-Fleet Interplanetary Tactical Tertiary—just try saying that after you've had tot."

His oppo, a W.I. who had been employed in the Signal School in various duties ranging from pigman's mate to milkman, but never as an Instructor, was somewhat overcome by this but offered his sympathy.

"I suppose," he suggested, "there's no chance of a fiddle?"

Chiefy looked suitably shocked.

"Well," his oppo continued hastily, "surely whoever marks the papers won't know very much about it either?"

"They don't as a rule," replied Chiefy gloomily, "but Lieutenant Flagg-Stick is all about on Jet Morgan and I can't see him letting them get away with much. He told me he's set them a stinker of a paper: the first question's a diagram that's worse than an In Unclassified going round an M.H.Q."

"You need a photographic memory for that," remarked his oppo, secretly wondering what an M.H.Q. was.

Suddenly Chiefy lost his worried frown and gazed at his oppo in admiration. "That's it!" he cried excitedly, "photographic memory! These Martians use their eyes like cine-cameras all the time. If only

they had some notes to film they could take them in to the Exam with them."

"You couldn't get hold of Flagg-Stick's notes, I suppose?"

"He hasn't got any. He just listens to Radio Luxembourg." Chiefy sounded worried again.

"Pity they can't use their ears as tape recorders," remarked his oppo, "or don't they have ears?"

"Not visible ones anyway. If it hadn't been for the mad rush at the stand-easy bugle call I'd have thought they were deaf. They even watch the T.V. with the sound off."

His oppo gave Beaky a pitying look.

"If you hadn't been so busy with that comic lately, you'd know there's a space serial starting on T.V. tonight. Get your Class to film that and they'll have enough guff to baffle even Flagg-Stick. He hasn't got a T.V. so he won't cotton on."

Beaky greeted this plan with enthusiasm and departed to find his Class. They were all quite willing to co-operate and promised to muster round the T.V. set at the appropriate hour.

A fortnight later, Chiefy Beaky, en route for warmer climes, was saying farewell to his oppo.

"But what I don't understand," said the latter, "is what went wrong? How come they all dipped if they did as you suggested?"

"Blame the B.B.C.," replied Chiefy, "they changed the programme at the last minute. Those Martians didn't know any better than to carry out their orders and when Flagg-Stick marked those papers he got a complete re-run of the Cup Final."

TRIALS OF A TRAINEE

Little Wren sits on the end of the bench
Short bitten pencil in frozen hand clenched
Hush, hush, make not a sound,
This little Wren's a telegraphist bound.

"F's do not answer, I'm sure that's right,
What shall I do at the dance tonight?
This room's jolly cold and my hands are like ice,
There's a hole in the wall there, I'm sure we've got mice."

"P.O.'s looking now, so I'll do some more.
Oh, Lord—what on earth does G stand for?
I said at the start that I'd hate P. and O.
But I do like the look of that new C.C.O."

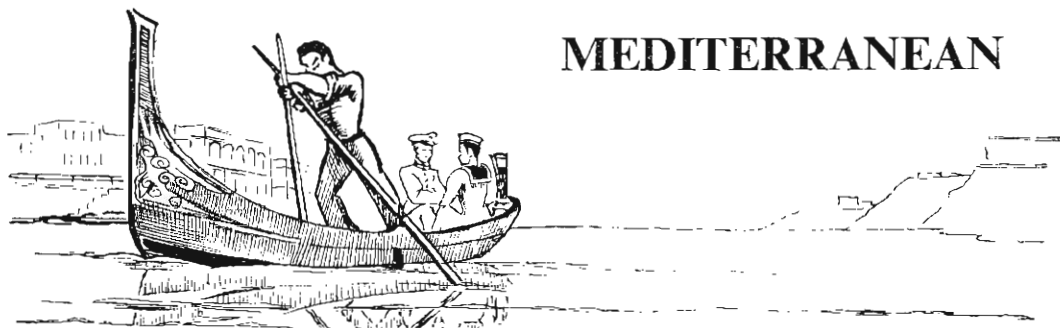
"I expect, like the rest, he'll still have a wife,
I can't think what G means to save my life.
Time's nearly up and I've one more to do,
Ah—at last I've finished, it means Pass To."

Little Wren sits on the end of the bench,
Short bitten pencil in frozen hand clenched,
Hush, hush, whisper who dares,
The C.C.O. comes in to answer her prayers.
(Apologies to A. A. Milne).



THE FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON.

(Official Photograph)



MEDITERRANEAN

H.M.S. "JAMAICA"

We must start our article with an apology to the editor for our failure to render an article for the Christmas edition. The many plaintive letters from disappointed readers so shamed us that we were forced to drown our sorrows in an extra large glass of Marsala. We trust that our oversight will be forgiven and that some measure of recompense may be found in this short epistle.

Since the balmy days of Copenhagen last summer, where we were given the honour of wearing H.M. King Frederick of Denmark's Admirals Flag (thus adding *Jamaica* to the illustrious record of H.M. Ships, recorded on the canvas of the flag, who earlier received this honour), we have defied our many critics, and gone from strength to strength. Our offices are, as the result of much hard work, not only clean and tidy but producing very good results in spite of the very ancient equipment installed. The buntings proudly boast that the flag deck is the cleanest part of ship on the upper deck. Alas! Sad to record that their flag-hoisting does not always achieve such a high standard. The result no doubt of over reliance on voice circuits.

Our introduction to the "Med" has been fraught with many surprises, not the least of which was the sight of Vice Admiral Reid (F.O. 2 Med.), transmitting a personal semaphore message to *Blue Ranger* during a replenishment exercise enroute Algiers to Malta. Do any of our older readers ever recall an officer of such seniority sending a semaphore message to his wife?

Callsigns, etc. have all provided their own particular headaches. But generally speaking we found little change (weather apart), in our transfer from the Home to the Mediterranean Station. Perhaps the sight of so many ships we knew back home has helped us here, and in particular our old friends *Aisne*, *Corunna* and *Diamond* from our home port.

Apart from a short visit to Algiers in January we have at the time of writing failed to escape the charms of Malta. However, cruise time draws near and we hope that our younger members will

not be disappointed by the routine "Showing the Flag" visits to Mediterranean ports. Mention visits and you will ten to one come to the subject of "*Jamaica* for *Jamaica*" in July, a proposed visit that, while in the air, is by no means certain. By an overwhelming majority vote we hope to send our end of commission article for the Summer number with a verbal and pictorial report of our visit.

With the advent of G.S.C. the native element in the staff has been fairly small but a few of the wealthier members have had their devoted spouses with them for varying amounts of time. To those who follow in our footsteps a word of warning here. The fare is £42 and there is no L.O.A. to assist in the high cost of living, so beware of making rash promises on "draft leave."

Still on the subject of marital bliss let us extend our congratulations and best wishes to Yeoman of Signals "Vic" Head and his bride to be, who take the plunge in March and will be firmly spliced before publication of this article. Visitors to "Derry" may recall his bride, Wren Sig. Shirley Walkington, late Eglinton.

Staff changes have been far too numerous to record them all here, but to all who have left us we send sincere best wishes for the future and extend the warm hand of welcome to their reliefs.

With young and somewhat inexperienced staff some howlers are expected. The following two seem worthy of recording. The perpetrators shall be cloaked in anonymity. In the wireless world we had the amazing signal from *Bulawayo* "SURFACED." While a young signalman surpassed himself in Grand Harbour by hoisting a "Jack" at the staff for a submarine getting underway before colours.

Friends of P.O. Tel. Richmond will mourn his loss of "Face" when after weeks of struggling to produce an hirsute appearance he was rapidly overtaken in a matter of days by a now bearded Yeoman of Signals Jessopp. He rapidly joined the ranks of early morning sore chinnners once more.

C.P.O. Tel. Aphorpe runs a flourishing photo firm and as a result many a young sparker's girl friend back home proudly shows her friends a

posed photo (sorry Chief, portrait) of her man at work.

C.Y.S. Hawkes has tried to speed our departure from Malta by attempting to destroy the island from Ricasoli demolition range. Not only did he fail in this but, on the last occasion, when accompanied by the S.C.O. he failed completely in a task set by the staff. The S.C.O. returned intact, though it is reliably reported that in anticipation of future visits he has ordered a toupee.

Sig. Rose and O.Sig. Jackson have endeavoured to entertain us with a noise loosely described, by the S.R.E. announcer, as singing. To the unfortunates compelled to listen, it sounded more like a rasp being drawn across sand paper.

In August our run as a team will end and already the air is full of talk about "shore jobs," "quiet numbers" and "Leave." We fear that draftie is going to shatter many a fond dream before the last Autumn leaf has fallen.

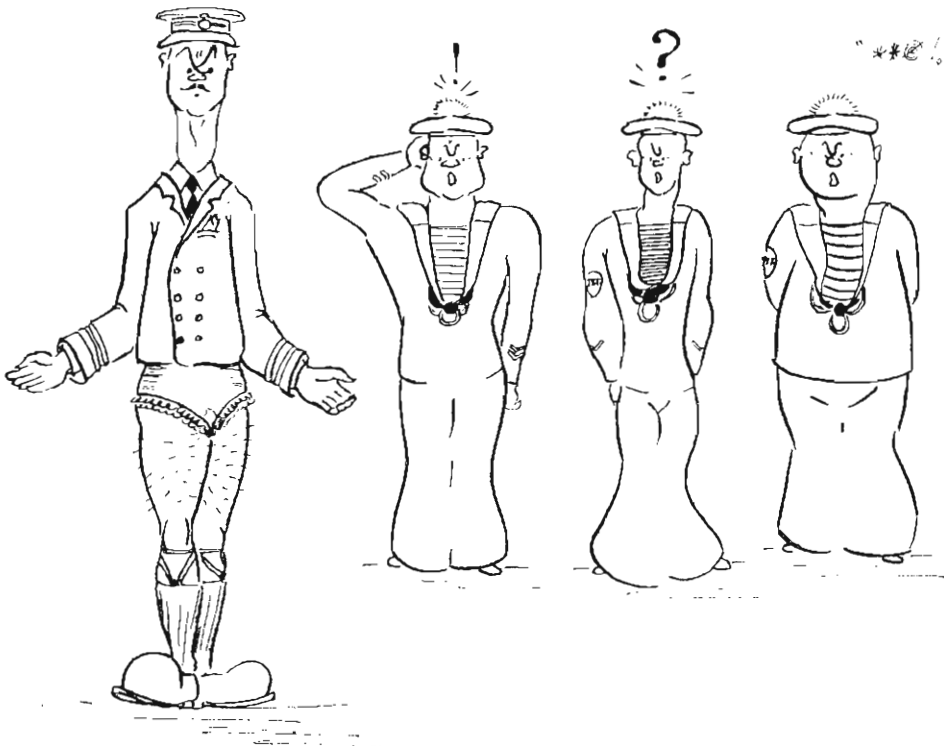
"CALYPSO JOE"

MALTA M.S.O.

The time between Christmas and Easter seems to grow less and less as each year begins to pass its way along. No sooner have I wracked my brains to get off an article to cheer the lonely heart at Yuletide than up bobs a letter to remind me of the closing date for Easter contributions.

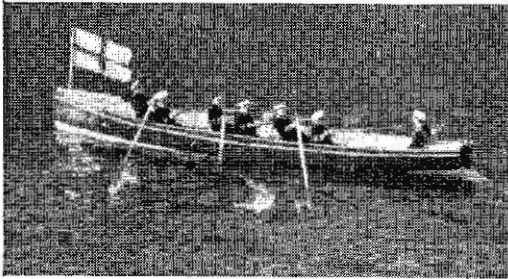
In spite of the short lapse of time between 'Rags,' much seems to have happened. Many ships have passed through Malta, either on their way to or from various stations, which has given us a chance to see faces of people we would not see normally for a 2½ year stretch. Most of them have naturally been G.S.C. or the abbreviated Foreign Service bods, which has given us 'Stickers' quite a broad view of what each different type thinks of the new scheme.

Our gallant football team has had a very good season to date and should be able to hold their own for the remaining few weeks. Apart from our



SIGNAL TO C-IN-C. MED.

"Grateful if short briefs on Senior French Naval Authorities could be supplied."



(Official Photograph)

The NATO team pulls together. Flag Officers of divers nationality from the Staff of C.-in-C. AFMED pull Admiral Mountbatten to H.M.S. "Surprise"

own commitments, we have also supplied the backbone of R.N.B. Camarata's soccer team, which fought its way through to the semi-final of the Fleet Knock-Out Competition before finally going out to *Phoenicia*. Much has been said about football out here, no doubt much more remains to be said, but most of our lads seem to think that a little bit of mud now and again would make things much more interesting, especially when playing local teams. To finish off the sports review, let me just say how much we are looking forward to that match of matches, Home Fleet Communicators versus Med. Fleet Communicators, which is due to take place when both fleets visit Malta during March. The result? Does that really matter?

Having mentioned the Combined Fleets visit to Malta, it is more or less correct to mention the fact that we will have 41 ships here. This is causing much consternation to the LCN operators and is also going to mean a few buntings getting out their signal cards and learning the meanings of the little dots and dashes thereon. Imagine some Tel. being told 'QRY 41' when he comes up with a ZBO -P!

The Communications Dance (it was not called a 'Ball' this year; anyone who was present can no doubt tell you why), went like a bomb. Fortunately it was held on a Saturday night, which gave the more fluid people all day Sunday to get over the effects, although one particular young woman was still feeling woozy (I think that is the correct word), a week later. Says she, "There must have been something in that orange squash!" Says he, "There must have been some orange squash in that Something!" I had the night watch; I cannot tell you any more about the do, except of course what has been told to me, probably exaggerated to such an extent that you would not believe it anyway. However, not one person has said that they did not enjoy themselves, so let's leave it at that.

With the advent of Summer, the weather has been glorious of late. Many thoughts are turning to swimming, barbecues and the like. (This sounds a little harsh on you people in U.K. as, at the time of writing, I hear you are all more or less snow-

bound). Some of the staff are taking a daily dip already, most of them very keen water polo enthusiasts determined to loosen the necessary muscles before the season opens. Which is all leading up to the end of this little article, because instead of starting off with a splash, I was determined to finish with one. See you again in the Summer number.

GIBRALTAR M.S.O.

Units of the Home Fleet have been with us again. They approached the Rock hidden by a rain squall so heavy that even the vigilant watch at Windmill Hill failed to sight them until they had entered the Bay. With occasional bright intervals, rain and squalls continued during the stay making sports grounds unfit and, amongst other events, washing out a planned Home Fleet v. Gibraltar Communicators soccer game. Although the number of vessels is few, a fact particularly noted by those Communicators who can recall the days when the Home or Atlantic Fleet filled all berths of the harbour and overflowed into the Bay, the quality looks excellent to a keen observer watching the smart and purposeful manner in which units of the Fleet come and go daily in execution of the many serials of the W.P.P. As always happens of course, a natural consequence of the Fleet's presence, the amount of signal traffic handled by Gibraltar M.S.O. (still hidden away inside the Rock), has reached high figures, and the Officer-in-Charge faces the age old problem of finding hands to compete with traffic.

During the comparatively quiet period immediately prior to the festivities of Christmas, the Flag Officer, Gibraltar carried out his annual inspection of H.M.S. *Rooke* the thoroughness of which, for us Communicators, was intensified by the presence of the Med. Fleet Communications Officer. The severity of all inspections is, however, usually mellowed by touches of comic relief, and in this case one good laugh was provided by a Communicator's whaler which was sent away on a mission coxswained by the Wardroom P.O. Steward. After cruelly punishing themselves over a distance of a few cables, the brightest member of the crew loudly declaimed to the coxswain and all others within earshot that it would be easier if they sat on the side of the boat AWAY from the side each oar was shipped!! And Lo! it WAS easier beside being the proper way to man and pull a whaler's oar.

At both the North and South ends of the Rock peninsula small forests of masts have grown and matured to full height during the past six months or so, and from these will be suspended the aerial array required in the plan for modernising Gibraltar W/T. The story being passed round that the signal mast at Windmill Hill has been struck as a compensating necessity against the crop of new W/T masts is absolutely untrue.

On the playing fields we Communicators continue to set a good standard. The inter-Part Soccer competition has been won with a series of victories, and up to

six Communicators have played for the local Royal Navy team. To perpetuate the longstanding friendly sporting rivalry which exists between the Staff of Cables & Wireless Ltd., and their Naval opposite numbers, a silver cup has been purchased for annual competition. In the first event of the series a splendid soccer game ended in honours even at 3 goals each. *Rooke's* hockey team has been greatly strengthened by the energy and skill of Captain Stopford, ably supported by the Flag Lieutenant and lesser stars of the communication department.

By the time this article is before the eyes of the readers of THE COMMUNICATOR it is anticipated that the Officer-in-Charge, Gibraltar M.S.O. will have been relieved, in which event we present our wishes for a happy leave followed by a period of bracing sea air as a recuperating change from the dust, heat and diesel fumes of the Tunnel.

S.T.C. RICASOLI

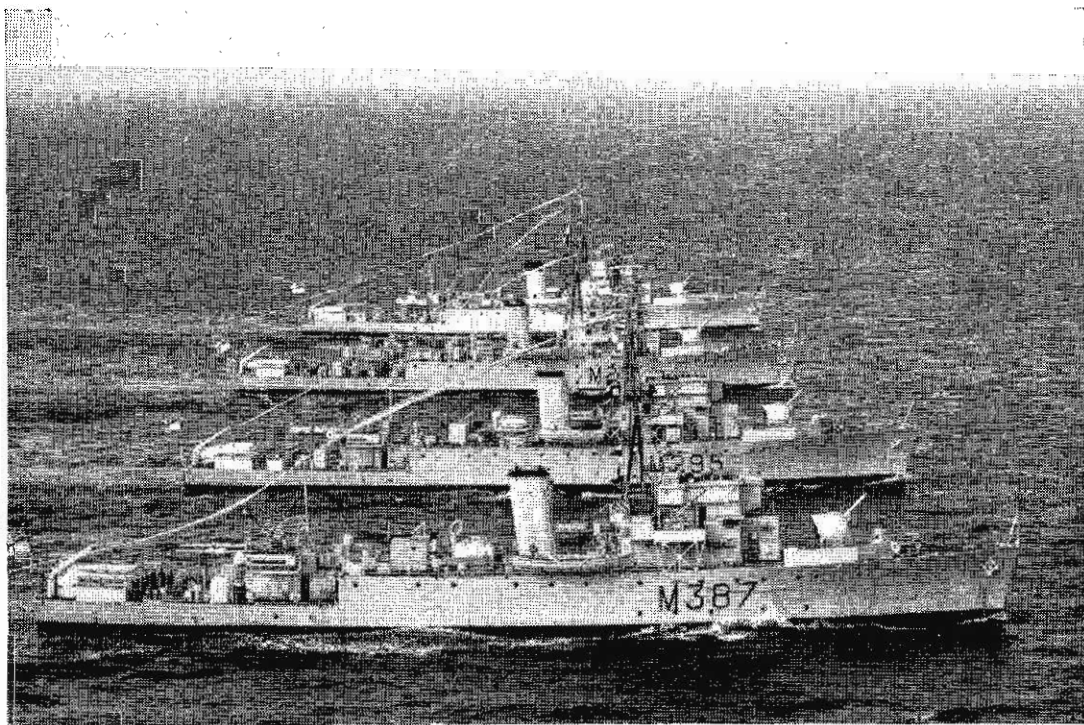
Since our last contribution, we have increased our numbers under instruction to an all time high. As an example, during the month of January, 67 Communication ratings passed through for various courses.

At present, we have a Course of Leading Telegraphists' Qualifying and Leading Wren Telegraphists' Qualifying under way, but, unfortunately, there is little prospect of Leading Signalman's Qualifying Course being formed in the near future owing to the lack of recommended candidates on the Mediterranean Station. So, all you young Signalmen with ambition, buck up and request to your Commanding Officers to be recommended for Leading Signalman.

We have welcomed quite a number of young Pakistan Communicators from H.M.P.S. *Tughril* for advancement courses to Signalman and Telegraphist lately—it is always a pleasure to have them and to examine them, as they work so hard and are so keen. If their U.K. opposite numbers would only put in half as much work, we shouldn't have such high failure rates among Telegraphists and Signalmen Qualifying.

All young Ords. *must* realise that to pass for Telegraphist or Signalman they *must* be up to the standard required by S.T.M's—there is no question of "Oh well, I've failed twice, they're sure to pass me the third time!!"

There is really not much excuse for an Ord. Sig. who, after a fortnight's refresher course, during his examination for Signalman, was asked "What is an



(Official photograph)

Final departure of the Second M.S.F. from Malta to pay off. Reading from top to bottom: "Recruit", "Rifleman", "Plucky" and "Chameleon"

'A' and a 'B' General Message?', replied, "An 'A' Message is one that cannot be attacked by a crib and a 'B' message is one that can!" The same rating, when asked to write down the Components and Elements of the Basic Message Format, wrote, "PRECEDURE, PREFICS, TRANSMISSION IDENTITY, PRE-SEDECE"—don't they teach spelling at School these days?

To conclude, the best "howler" of the Term from an Ord. Tel. being questioned on Receiver B.40. When asked "What is Cross-Modulation?" he replied, "The interference you get when steaming along between two Carriers!" Upon the Instructors' suggestion that it would have to be the *Albion* and *Centaur*, he answered, "Oh no Chief, you'd get the same effect between *Eagle* and *Glory*!"



(Official Photograph)

Operation Noah's Ark

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

Greetings to all Communicators from the sparkers and bunting tossers at Hal Far, Malta. Particularly kind thoughts to everyone shivering in the U.K. whilst we enjoy the balmy (Barmy!?) Mediterranean sunshine.

Hal Far's Communicators now total thirty-two, of whom twenty are Wrens. In spite of reasonable allowances, and accommodation available within two miles of the camp, only three of the lads have their wives out here. Anyone getting a draft chit should think hard about bringing their families, because although there are some disadvantages, it is ideal for young children, with a good naval school available, plenty of sunbathing, etc.

Since the last edition, we have had many changes of staff, and best wishes are sent to the following 'Old Timers,' now gone: Tel. Hudson and Wren Sigs. Hutchinson ('Spliced' while at Hal Far), ex-Leading Wren Sigs. Richards (joined the U.S.N. by marriage), Tels. Robb, Young, Glew (accepted for Tel. (Air)), and Baker, Leading Wren Tels. Grierson and Clarke, and Wren Tels. Harrison, Harding, Senogles and Jones.

Finally (just to disillusion anyone thinking that they can come for a loaf!)—we have a happy but busy staff who have seen a great increase of work over the last year. We seem to have the elements of about 10 Squadrons at Hal Far for most of the time—American, Dutch, French, R.N.V.R. Squadrons from U.K., *Albion*, *Centaur*, etc., this certainly keeps everyone on the hop. The existing transmitter and receiver equipment being inadequate for the job, we shall soon be getting new separate transmitting and receiving stations.

We kid ourselves that Hal Far is the busiest Air Station going these days. Chin, Chin.

REPLY TO A SALUTE

This article appeared in "The Weekly Scotsman" published on 6th May, 1954, and is reproduced by kind permission of that paper.

The published description of the scene when the *Britannia* steamed out of Tobruk with the Royal Family on board says that, when the crews of the four escort ships cheered, the Queen waved in reply, the Duke of Edinburgh saluted, and "Prince Charles and Princess Anne managed a compromise between the two."

This strikes us as being the perfect way of saluting—something combining formal acknowledgment with a certain degree of hail-fellow-well-met affection. We don't exactly know what the gesture looks like, but we imagine that a salute finishing with a cheerful upward wave of the hand (instead of bringing the hand smartly down to the side on the word "Two!") just about expresses it.

Of course, the drill known as "cheering ship" is itself a gesture expressive of a good deal of whole-

hearted cheerfulness. When you see several hundred sailors take their caps off and give three smart upward flourishes of the caps (being careful not to throw them into the sea) accompanying each flourish with a cheer, you must inevitably feel, if you are the person honoured in this way, that something more than a formal acknowledgment is called for.

History has recorded how a distinguished Flag Officer once devised an unusual acknowledgment of a salute. The occasion occurred some 40 or 50 years ago on the China Station. The Admiral, who was Commander-in-Chief of the China Fleet at the time, was fond of taking a morning swim. One morning, having done so, he scrambled on to the lowest step of the starboard after ladder, took the towel which he had left hanging over the hand-rail and, removing his swimming trunks, gave himself a brisk rub-down, and then wrapped the towel round his middle.

It was at this moment that a cruiser, going to sea for exercises, saluted the flagship as she passed. The

Admiral heard the "Still" sounding on board the cruiser, looked across, and saw every officer and man on deck standing at the salute.

For a moment, we are told, he was nonplussed. Then the traditional resourcefulness of the Royal Navy instinctively asserted itself. He deftly removed the towel from his waist and—in the words of another Admiral who later recorded the facts—"waved it in a dignified manner to the passing ship."

That is the sort of gesture which robs formality of its chill (and in the climate of the China Station it probably caused no chill to the Admiral either). In short, saluting and the answering of salutes should not be a mere drill movement. Whether (in rare emergency), it is done with a towel, or whether it is done with a happy compromise between respect and affection, it should be a human interchange of greeting—briefly, a salutation.

ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY

Much water has flowed under the bridge, the whereabouts of which is still undecided, since H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel* Communicators have contributed an article on a combined message form (RNZN 57G).

This is being written on the eve of Christmas but unlike most branches of the Service who close down for the holiday period, the Communicators continue to serve for 24 hours per diem. *Irirangi* W/T station in particular have their busiest period at this time of the year.

As a matter of interest to our cobblers in the R.N. who have never served in these waters, a description of the command would, I feel, not be out of place.

The New Zealand Naval Board (equivalent to the Admiralty), operate from Wellington at the southern end of the North Island, whereas the naval base, consisting of H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel* and H.M.N.Z.S. dockyard, are situated in Auckland about 480 miles to the North. In the centre is our link with the outside world, H.M.N.Z.S. *Irirangi* which lies 2,660 feet above sea level under the shadow of Ruapehu and Ngarahoe, both active volcanoes. H.M.N.Z.S. *Tamaki* is our Boys' Training Establishment, sited on Motouhi Island eight miles from Auckland. In addition R.N.Z.N.V.R. headquarters are situated at Auckland and Wellington in the North Island and Christchurch, Dunedin and Lyttleton in the South Island.

Each and every one of these establishments are tails of the comprehensive teleprinter network of New Zealand.

Our Fleet consists of 2 Cruisers, 6 Frigates, 4 "Bathurst" Sweepers, 2 "Bird" Class Corvettes and numerous smaller craft, not forgetting our very hard working Fishery Protection Squadron of 2 H.D.M.L.s.

H.M.N.Z.S. *Kaniere* is at present serving on the Far East Station, and will be relieved after 12 months by another Frigate. Frequent cruises are made round the Pacific Islands by units of the New Zealand Fleet.

Special Service Communicators at Home who are nearing the end of their time, desiring a change of climate, take note. We are still very much below complement.

PHILOMEL STAFF NOTES

As is normal, but seldom usual, we place our ladies first:—

Girls on joining were categorised as W.R.N.Z.N.S. (Coder) but after the slight pause of four years it has now been decided that W.R.N.Z.N.S. could be employed in more variable spaces. We are therefore now known as W.R.N.Z.N.S. (Signal) not always (Single). Having aspired to the dizzy heights of W.R.N.Z.N.S. (Signal) one is assigned a duty in the Main Signal Office. The female staff should consist of one P.O. Wren, two Leading Hands and six qualified ladies. Out duties vary.

One normally starts in the capacity of messenger thereby ensuring prompt delivery of messages to good looking junior officers who cannot take Action anyway. From there, one is promoted to typist, and with early experience still in mind, endeavours to use Xray initial instead of fullstop. Further and final advancement consists of being permitted to mark your favourite officer "Action" on all types of signals. Firm in the knowledge that female minds are unpredictable we make every endeavour to perfect communications and distribution without the aid of married wardroom or senior officers.

Our M.S.O. male staff are the most mobile Communicators employed in that capacity. Changes are many, possibly equal to the number of comments produced as a result of the opening sentence! However, between 1200 and 0800 daily the majority of signals are handled by one Leading Hand and one less-junior rating. Proof positive that the facts above on behalf of lady sailors might possibly bear some semblance of truth, be it ever so little.

During the latter part of the reign of Captain Hardie as N.O.1./C. Auckland many "witty" signals were originated and received. A classical example being his personal idea on a branch title for W.R.N.Z.N.S. employed in the communication department. Both signals are worth reproduction; not, of course, without permission from Lieutenant Commander Townsend-Green.

"Personal for D.N.S.C. I have always believed a signal was an inanimate object. Request confirmation title of Wren Signal vide Navy Order 154/54 is correct, and if so that a Signal Boy will in future be styled a Boy Signal."

The reply to this signal indicated that, like A.F.O.s, Navy Orders are always correct:

"Personal from D.N.S.C. Confirmed Wren Signal correct. This is a peculiarity of the branch which has

originated from the new theme of standardisation of nomenclature.

"2. By tradition one refers to Signal Boys and Boy Tels.

"3. Because of the Senior Wren Signal categories being different from the men's this was not possible, i.e. compare Wren Signal, Leading Wren Signal, Petty Officer Wren Signal with Signal Boy, Ordinary Signalman, Signalman, Leading Signalman, Yeoman of Signals.

"4. The incompatibility of similar nomenclature for males and females is evident, etc."

FORGET US NOT

"I still say you can't do without V/S," the bunting pointed out airily: "and what about W/T silence, what then, eh? Who gets rid of the traffic next door?" His thumb indicating the direction.

"I know, but . . ." broke in the sparker—to no avail.

"You depend on the electricians. Anyway, what happens in a power failure?" The bunting over-rode his reply.

"We've got batteries," the sparker asserted defiantly.

"Batteries, bah!! We don't need 'em not with flags," the bunting triumphed.

"Yes, but what about long distance . . ." And so the argument goes on. So many times heard on a mess-deck, in offices, in the wardroom; each branch asserting its claim, and rightly so, to the responsibility for good communications. And while they banter thus, wallowing deeper in the controversy, each endeavouring to overcome the other's argument, they always forget to consider the *real* workers of communications.

Yes, you do forget us. We are the ones who make your efforts possible. Without *our* efforts you are nought; even your most primitive modes of communication are really dependent upon us. But because some of you have learned the secret of movement and control of matter, especially the means of directing our efforts, you now count yourselves masters. It is in this role only that you operate as communicators. For it is we, your slaves, who really do the work.

How? Press a key. What happens? A few million of us are thrown into, and about, a man-made fair ground of maze paths, only one of which may be taken; filled with spiral ways, dead ends and filters. All are which you have designed solely to make *us* work which, incidentally, we do happily, though by nature lazy. Eventually we are flung out of the system and projected in streams into our more natural environment. Here, admittedly, some of us do attempt to desert you; we are often impeded—then you cuss and blame us thoughtlessly—but most, with luck get where you want us. Then again we are subjected to a man-made hurdy-gurdy before, eventually, the originators thought is

produced to the recipient. So you have wireless communication.

That, however, is not the full extent of our works. A muscle is contracted, a flag signal hoisted, and once more we are set to work. This time through a natural medium rather than man-made; and the signal is received. So you see for both branches we are your workers. Your radio, telephone, lamps, flag signals, even your very thoughts are our efforts. Some of our efforts lie outside your sphere: radar, lighting, heating—even life itself—show you signs of our toil.

What are we? You cannot see us. We travel with the speed of light; when you move us we are your faithful and obedient servants, so long as you control us, that is. Let us loose without that control and we can, and will, destroy, though not intending, and no longer will you be the masters.

You call us *mere* "electrons" but please try not to forget us.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE NAVY'S PAST

Dear Sir,

May I suggest for future publications of THE COMMUNICATOR an adaptation from different novels on heroic epics in the life of the Royal Navy? Also, I suggest a picture of different first and second world war warships who stand out among others for the outstanding part they played and also the terrific fight which some of the enemy warships contrived.

I know all this does not touch the Communications Branch directly but they would make interesting stories.

Yours faithfully,

R. T. HARRIS.

(Editor's Note:—This suggestion is similar to that published in Letters to the Editor in the last issue under the title "Tales of Yesteryear." The Editor would be particularly grateful for photographs of some famous ships of the era 1910 to 1945.)

AN OLD CUSTOM REVIVED

Dear Sir,

An interesting custom was revived during the Mediterranean Fleet's farewell manoeuvres for Admiral Mountbatten.

The Commander-in-Chief was flying his flag in *Surprise*, and each Flag Officer led the ships of his command past on an opposite course at a distance of three quarters of a cable. As each flagship drew abreast of *Surprise* the Admiral's flag was dipped in salute, the flag of the Commander-in-Chief being dipped in reply.

B.H.K.



AMERICA & WEST INDIES

H.M.S. "SUPERB"

Within a very short time of our arrival at Bermuda we were required to set up a wireless station at Admiralty House. The object being two fold, first to provide the Commander-in-Chief and Staff with a Naval W/T Channel during his Flagship's absence in the Caribbean and secondly to cut the cost in cable and wireless charges.

Accordingly the Type 612 ERT complete plus two H.F. Receivers were landed and within a short space of time trials were successfully carried out with Halifax W/T.

Leading Tel. Palmer, Tels. Worthington and Rowbotham made up the team and their efforts saved the crown over 1,000 pounds in less than three weeks.

At the end of October the ship arrived at the U.S. Navy Base at Guantanamo Bay (Cuba) to "Work Up". A comprehensive practice programme was drawn up and completed. On the last day of the work up we assumed tactical command and took the cruiser *Newport News* and twelve destroyers to sea.

Our next duty was to embark President Tubman of Liberia and his suite at Port Au Prince and take them to Kingston, Jamaica. Yeoman of Signals Taylor excelled in making the President's standard. The trip from Port Au Prince was made overnight and the President and suite disembarked in the forenoon at Kingston.

From Kingston we went to Montego Bay and then back to Bermuda on 1st December.

Arrivals at Bermuda in December included *Burghead Bay* from U.K. *Morcombe Bay* from the Far East and *Bigbury Bay* from Antarctica.

The Spring Cruise started on 7th January. Exercises had been arranged for the Squadron on the way South but weather deemed otherwise. Very strong gales led to them being cancelled and *Superb* proceeded independently, the passage to Nassau being made in very rough seas.

January 17th we met the S.S. *Golfio* wearing the standard of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and had the honour of escorting her into

Kingston. During our stay we met our opposite numbers in the Royal Corps of Signals.

Early on 23rd January *Superb* arrived Cristobal in readiness to transit the Panama Canal. All the pre-entry canal regulations having been complied with it came as a shock to the Commodore when told by the American authorities that the ship could not proceed until she was thoroughly dusted or sprayed with D.D.T. This was done and *Superb* entered the Gatun Lock some two hours late.

A commentary was given whilst passing through and practically everyone was on deck the whole time to see this wonderful engineering feat. The Pacific Terminal was reached at 1600.



Yeoman Taylor making the Standard of the President of Liberia.

The Crossing the Line ceremony was performed on the 25th. Neptune's Court had novices in plenty to initiate.

By the 26th we were in the Humboldt Current and the sea temperature was down in the fifties. This current keeps the temperature incredibly low for places located in and near the tropics.

On the 28th we arrived Callao. It will be remembered that the *Kon-Tiki* began her voyage here.

Lima, the capital, is within easy reach of Callao and proved to be a great attraction. Some very fine silverware can be bought there at moderate prices.

Trips had been arranged to Rio Blanco high in the Andes but unfortunately they had to be cancelled because of land slides.

Now *Superb* is at Valparaiso and both the British Community and the Chilean Navy are doing their best to make our visit an enjoyable one.

The Falkland Islands by way of the Magellan Straits is our next stop followed by Montevideo, Santos, Rio, Trinidad, Grenada, Antigua and then to Bermuda on April 15th.

From sunny Valparaiso we say "Que lo pase usted bien" to Communicators everywhere.

H.M.S. "ALBION"

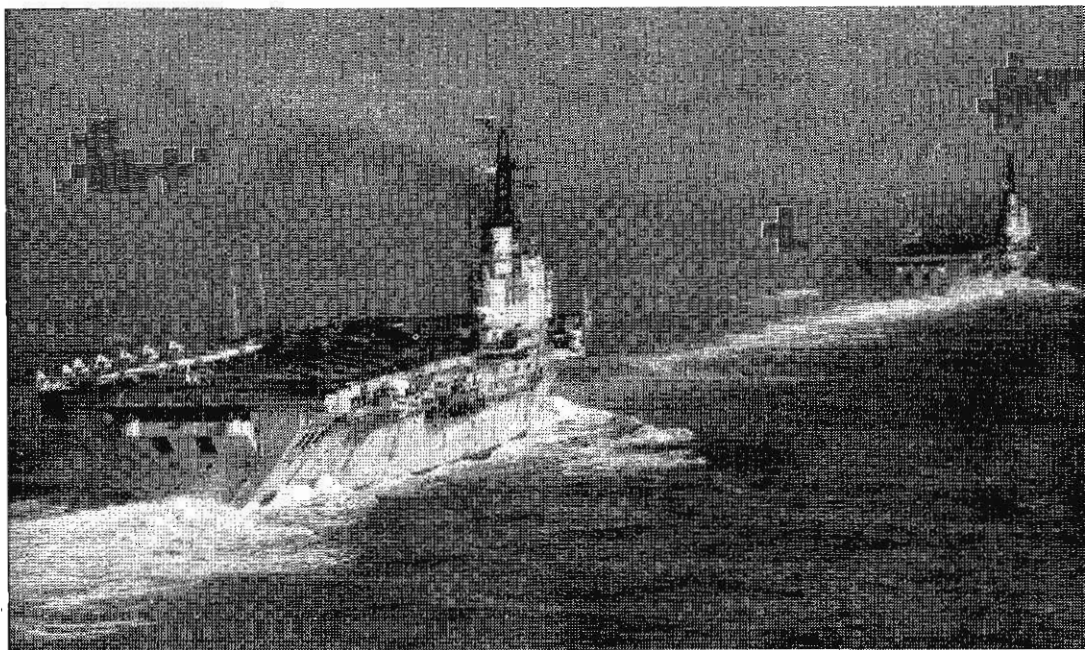
Since our last contribution our stay at Malta came to an end, whence, after an intensified programme of cleaning, maintenance and sorting out of offices, etc. we sailed for exercises and a three-day visit to Toulon in company with our sister ship *Centaur*, flying the flag of F.O.A.C.

We entered Toulon on the 20th January and an enjoyable time was had by all, who took advantage the trips so well organised by our Padre (the Rev. Healey), and also enjoyed the amenities offered by surrounding districts such as Marseilles.

An added attraction was the appearance of the American Orchestra of Lionel Hampton at the Opera House, Toulon, and a sighting report filtered through to the M.S.O. that night of two

Communicators from *Albion* up in the "Gods" with their mouths full of yardstick (1 yard of bread roll filled with French delicacies), beating time to the band with the rest, while spluttering out "Hey Bob a re Bob."

Leaving Toulon behind us on the 24th we proceeded for more exercises and joined the U.S. Sixth Fleet on the 26th January, comprising the U.S.S. *Randolph* (C.T.G.), Fleet Train, Battlers, Cruisers and Destroyers. We had a very hard but enjoyable time with them carrying out replenishment, flying operations, manoeuvres, tracking exercises, etc., with a visit by helicopter of F.O.A.C. and Comsixthflt in the middle of it all. Much benefit was derived from it by the junior ratings,



H.M.S. "Centaur" and "Albion"

(Official photograph)

this being the first time most of them had worked with American ships and they acquitted themselves well, both W/T and V/S. This was rewarded by both Comsixthft and F.O.A.C. with a "BZ" to the carrier squadron.

On the conclusion of the exercise there was a fly past of British aircraft over the U.S. Fleet, which was a grand sight to behold, followed by U.S. Cougar aircraft flying over the sisters and diving through the sound barrier.

During the passage, both before and after the U.S. exercises, *Centaur* and *Albion* carried out Flag Hoisting, 27 yokes, voice, authentication, W/T procedure exercises, etc., which greatly helped to keep both sides on their toes and also gave us a good look at our "New Bible" the latest version of the A.N.S.B.

Since our last contribution our Captain G. H. Beale has been relieved by Captain W. A. F. Hawkins, O.B.E., D.S.C., D.S.O., and a warm welcome is extended by all Communicators.

Hoping to be back with you all in the "Communication College" at Leydene very soon.

THESE FLAT TOPS

Pity the poor small ships Chief Yeoman drafted to his first carrier. Over tea in the mess the Captain's Coxswain tipped him off that when the Captain came to anchor he liked a dutch log thrown over the side to indicate the way on the ship. They were to anchor that night under darkened ship conditions. Before they came to anchor the Coxswain dutifully found his way to the bridge and presented a bag of logs to the Chief Yeoman.

The appointed time and place arrived. The Captain moved out to the wing of the bridge.

Captain (on telephone)—"Let go port anchor."

The cable could be heard going out.

Captain—"Chief Yeoman, dutch log."

C.Y.S.—"Dutch log gone, Sir."

Captain—"Are you something mad?"

C.Y.S.—"Why, Sir."

Captain—"Then tell me which way we're moving."

The log reposed beautifully in the centre of the Flight Deck!



(Official Photograph)

CAN YOU GUESS?

Zulus dancing in the hangar of H.M.S. "Warrior"

"A NAVAL WEAPON OF THE FUTURE"

The Author of this article has sent the Editor the following comments:

When this article was written just over ten years ago, it was expected that guided weapons would make their appearance in the Fleet about 1955. With the end of the war however, less money and research effort became available, and development would appear to have been slowed down. Priority would seem to have been given to ground to air guided missiles. Recently, though, there have been references in the Press to the fitting out of the "Girdleness" as the Royal Navy's first Guided Weapon Ship.

An interesting article appeared in the Daily Telegraph on the 14th January, 1955, which stated that guided missiles will form the main armament of the Swedish destroyers "Smaaland" and "Halland", now under construction at Gothenburg.

The use by the Germans of the so-called "Flying-Bomb" prompts the suggestion that this idea could be adapted and used by the Navy as a weapon of the future. Comparatively few details of the flying-bomb have been published as yet, and when more is known the suggestion may prove impracticable; moreover, the assumptions made below may not be scientifically possible—only the scientists, technical experts and ship designers can decide. Nevertheless a theory is here put forward so that it can be judged for what it is worth.

We must first look at least fifty years ahead and accept the fact that the design of our larger warships will be changed considerably, even revolutionized; the instruments, machinery and weapons which make up the warship of to-day will be, if not things of the past, then very much developed both in design and accuracy. Secondly, we must formulate new ideas on naval tactics as the result of these changes. We have been doing this from day to day in the present war in order to keep our ideas abreast of the developments of such naval weapons as radar. Moreover the design of the warship has changed considerably in the last fifty years to meet the requirements of scientific developments and new weapons. The primary naval weapon, the gun, was originally invented and designed for use on land and was only later put into ships; the aeroplane, which was also invented and designed for use on land alone, has now become an essential component of naval warfare; both are strong arguments in support of the suggestion that the design of the warship has always been, and always will be, altered to keep up with the progress of scientific research. The aircraft-carrier, to take the clearest example, has now become a natural unit of the battle-fleet. In the same way it will be necessary for new ships and machinery to be designed to meet the particular requirements of the flying-bomb if it is developed as a naval weapon.

From what little is generally known at present about the German flying-bomb it is probable that it will be unsuitable as a naval weapon in its present

design. But the principle remains, and if the projectile is scientifically capable of adaptation there is more than one form in which it could be used by the Navy. Apply the principle first to the shell, and it would take the form of a rocket or jet-propelled projectile with small fins to ensure stability and with a means of being radio-controlled. If desirable, an accurate time-mechanism could be incorporated to stop the impulse device and to jettison the fins at a pre-set range in order to present a smaller target to the enemy's defence. If necessary, a small clamped gyro fitted inside the shell could possibly, when precessed by the same time-mechanism, apply a torque to the projectile and start it spinning in its trajectory. The principle could also be applied to the torpedo in a similar way, although in this case a low trajectory would be essential to facilitate entry into the sea. In both cases it is necessary to consider whether it would be more practicable to develop a weapon sufficiently small to be used in warships, or to adapt it in more or less its present size, and to design a ship for it. If the former, the weapon would have to be small enough to be easy to handle and stow, so that a justifiable number could be carried on board and fired fairly rapidly: if the latter, then it would have to be large and powerful and accurate enough to make up for lack of numbers.

It is difficult to foresee in which form the projectile will be developed. The large projectile, while probably more tempting to the designer, offers a good target for the enemy's radar warning sets and to his gunfire, and would be little more than an advanced form of "Queen Bee" filled with high explosive. But if the principle of the flying-bomb can be applied to a projectile analogous to the shell or torpedo of to-day, then in fifty years' time the navy will have a weapon which will enable it to join action with the enemy at ranges at least two or three times that which we fight to-day.

In whichever form the projectile is developed, some means of firing it from a ship would be required. This would entail designing either new or larger guns or a catapult arrangement for making it airborne. Alternatively a new design of aircraft-carrier will probably be necessary if the larger projectile is judged to be more suitable for naval use.

Once the projectile is in the air and the propulsion device started, it will be controlled by radio on to the target. At the long ranges which will be in use, several "aids to control" will be necessary, and in this radar will play an important part. Already certain of our radar sets enable us to follow salvos of shells in the air on to the target, and radar spotting and control are becoming more and more reliable as the sets become more accurate. The P.P.I. form of presentation, which is being rapidly developed, will facilitate this in the future. Thus the radar display unit (P.P.I.) will be the primary "aid to control," so that in the final development the controller will

steer the projectile on to the target by radio control and assisted by radar—this will probably be termed “radio radar control.” Separate control channels, incorporating their own radio-control frequency, P.P.I. and controller, will obviously be required to control each salvo that is in the air at the same time. Spotting aircraft could be employed as a secondary “aid to control” by day. The course and speed of the enemy will be determined by radar plotting as at present before opening fire, and a modified fire control clock will calculate the necessary allowances for enemy travel, wind, ballistics and so on.

The advantage of this projectile will be its greater range over that of the shell of to-day. In its early stages it will not naturally be so accurate as our present gunnery, but as with any other new weapon, proficiency will be attained with practice and training. It will have the inherent disadvantage of any other form of radio-controlled device, namely, that it will be liable to the jamming counter-measures of the enemy. However, it might be feasible to turn this to our favour by devising a means by which the projectile could home on to the enemy's transmissions as soon as they start.

R. S. I. HAWKINS

TELEGRAPHIST (S) BRANCH

Once again we commence our article with an appeal for still more volunteers. During the present build-up period we are in need of P.O. Tels. (not W.I.s) (Portsmouth and Chatham), L.Tels. (all depots), Tels. and O. Tels. (mostly Portsmouth). As in a previous article it is emphasised that we welcome the right type of rating—the man who is interested in this specialised work. We are not keen on the character who changes over to Tel. (S) purely to avoid some disagreeable job or draft chit. If you are genuinely interested in a conversion course, do not hesitate to put in your request. We look forward to seeing you in North Camp, *Mercury*, and can assure you that, if life has become rather hum-drum, it will not be so in the future. (For confirmation of this, see Tel. (S) ratings employed on B.B.9).

Now to the more domestic side of the branch. At the time of writing there is the usual deathly hush in the North Camp section (office excepted), peculiar to “springtime” in the Tel. (S) branch. A Mercury contingent numbering nineteen is at present showing the flag with the Home Fleet, and enduring the rigours of Gibraltar (“eyes down”). C.P.O. Tels. (S) Couperthwaite and Wilkinson are the bandmasters on this occasion. The survivors here are almost all employed on watchkeeping duties. Even so, we have not been reduced to the level of the Bonfire 9 period when Minnie was obliged to wear a pair of ‘phones.

One of the main topics of conversation among Tels. (S) at present is the proposed new drafting plan for the branch, of which we have heard faint whispers. As the

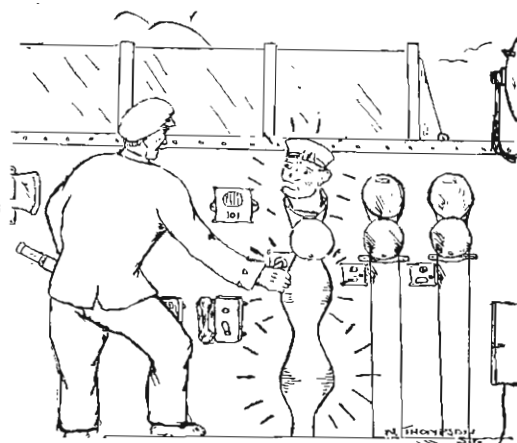
plan is still more or less in the embryo stage, any comment and/or criticism must be withheld until some future date. This at least can be said—a great deal of work is being put into the setting out of this plan, both at Admiralty and *Mercury*, in order to ensure a fair drafting cycle for all ratings. Mr. Ash fully endorses that last statement, and, to prove the point, one dayman is employed with a watering can keeping R11's desk and surrounding area at a workable temperature!

On 26th January, Lieutenant Commander Mann vacated R1's chair, which is now occupied by Lieutenant Commander Prince. Lieutenant Commander Mann does not take up his new appointment as Sailing Master to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh until April, but all the branch will join in wishing him good luck and fair weather in the future. Of one thing he may be sure—during his period of office, his “ship” was a happy one. We welcome our new R1 with the hope that his stay with the Tel. (S) branch will be both pleasant and rewarding.

Since our last article we have bid au revoir to C.P.O. Tel. (S) Horn, L. Tels. (S) Pilley, Arrowsmith and Tel. (S) Carr, who have taken the plunge into civilian life. We wish them well in their future careers. It would seem that having led the “gypsy” life of a Tel. (S) for so long, the wanderlust remains even after donning the bowler hat. Of the four above, Mr. Horn is now in Canada and Mr. Arrowsmith in Australia. Earlier last year Mr. Holbrook left for New Zealand.

Lastly, as this and past articles have originated in *Mercury*, we feel sure the Editor would welcome contributions from other sections of the branch. So let's hear from the Kalkara Rangers and Ulster Wanderers.

From all at *Mercury* to warriors everywhere, good cruising and best wishes.



For the last time—This is Flag deck !

HOME STATION

WHITEHALL
WIRELESS STATION

On reading through ancient and modern COMMUNICATORS, very little seems to have been said about Admiralty. Admiralty, the hub of Naval communications throughout the world, and the only place to turn to for answers to your queries. To most sparkers, (I say sparkers because there is very little employment for signalmen here), the word "Admiralty" should make one quake and think of signals with texts consistent with a Master at Arms report, E.G. "Tel. Bloggins did on the 10th Feb. contravene paragraph 10 etc. of this A.C.P. and the A.C.P. . . ." No! quite the contrary. Of course when the occasion warrants that type of signal it is made and respected, but usually Duty Officer to Duty Officer advice suffices.

Part and parcel of GYA's job is to handle traffic from any source. When this concerns various Armies, Air forces, American, Pakistani, Indian, Dutch, French, Belgian and other authorities etc., one must realise it calls for a very high degree of traffic handling coupled with a personal knowledge of certain routines and organisations not found between the covers of A.C.P.'s and W/T order books. Part of the organisation we are proud of is the fact that we cannot accidentally lose a signal without the fact coming to light at midnight of that 24 hours. For at midnight each day a complete serial number check is carried out on every signal received and/or dispatched from this office regardless of route. This sometimes takes most of the night from midnight and is much too complex to be carried out by one person. It is done usually by two senior ratings and sometimes requires more than two. This job calls for infinite patience and plenty of thumbing through hundreds of signals. Very seldom is a night watch long with this job to be done, sometimes much too short. Much of the credit for this organisation must go to the O.I./C., Lieutenant Grosset, Divisional Officer Lieutenant Amos and the other officers of GYA for their constant supervision of the situation and to the largest W/T order book anyone has ever seen. Not to be forgotten are the operators on their various services, not only here but also scattered around the world.

At the time of writing this, the Home Fleet is leaving their various home ports daily, and proceeding to rendezvous for their exercise serials. And, in consequence, NL broadcast is becoming more heavily

loaded each day (as you ship men most probably know). For most of you it will be back to sea after Christmas holidays, brushing away the cobwebs and sliding into top gear once more, but for Whitehall things are a trifle easier after the Christmas rush, when we handled telegrams to the count of 60894 . . . that is between the 1st December, 1954, and the 1st January, 1955. The busiest day was Christmas Eve when we handled 4565. All these, of course, being in addition to Naval traffic. But by the time this goes to print Christmas will be a long way behind us and we shall have taken part in various exercises here and there. Admiralty plays an important part in most of the major exercises taking place around the coast of U.K. and the Med. Further afield doesn't usually interest us except that the call signs can look awfully queer. Signals arrive with exercise codewords in the heading and operators don't know whether it is a bad splash of QRM or a new kind of addressee. The signal that found its way on to the routeing bench the other night didn't need any codewords. It was addressed to EARTH info ADMIRALTY from THE MARTIAN FLEET—E.T.A. ASIA 23rd SEPTEMBER 1973—Tor 1900 Svc "Inter-planetary Primary". The router didn't complain about the signal, No, he only wanted to know where the routeing indicators were.

With the advent of six Wren Tels here, one of the shore wireless P.O. Tels was detailed off as an instructor in the forenoons. A casual listen to him making them an S.B.X. produced the most startling results . . . GBI. and —A— AVC playing a Prominent part, and code groups vaguely resembling NYKO.

In the sporting world Admiralty can hold its own at most things. A soccer team is turned out most weeks and, although we do not play in a league, manages to give a good account of itself. At cricket we do exceptionally well, and our all day match with Flowerdown receiving station is eagerly looked forward to by the sports fans. The swimmers enjoy the membership of the Admiralty swimming club, and at the moment, we hold various trophies in this sport. And if tea drinking was put on a sporting basis we could give our Whitehall compatriots a run for their money.

With the new G.S.C. drafting organisation in force we are seeing a lot of coming and going. P.O. Tel. Gilvary after reigning nearly two years here has left for warmer climes; may he long remember HZKC. P.O. Tel. Cooper has also left to put his knowledge

gained here to use in a smaller ship; four hour watches should not worry him any longer. Leading Tel. Goode has gone to join the Staff of Commander-in-Chief, A.F. Med. We hope he puts his knowledge of NATO to a useful purpose.

Amongst our ranks we have a member of the "Arctic Expedition" recently joined, complete with snow shoes, anarak suit and stories about the Abominable Snowman. Anyway most of the Korean veterans took a back seat when he spoke of how cold it was. Up until then they had reigned supreme with their ice floe stories. He is to be congratulated upon receipt of the Polar Medal.

If anyone should see an ex P.O. Tel murmuring ZDA 93 to himself send him along here where we will give him a route for Malta. And to the Leading Tel. who wakes up in the night shouting, "I never signed it", just a few more midnight checks and you'll be okay.

To all Communicators everywhere may we wish happy Easter and the best of luck.

HOME FLEET TRAINING SQUADRON

In recent years it has become the habit of successive editors of THE COMMUNICATOR to send letters to Signal Officers calling for contributions to the Magazine.

He says that his work is made much easier if he has plenty of contributions. How right he is. Dear children, this is called Decentralisation. Does your Signal Officer follow up this letter with a polite little note. "Dear Bloggs. Can you write something? I'll edit it before we send it on."

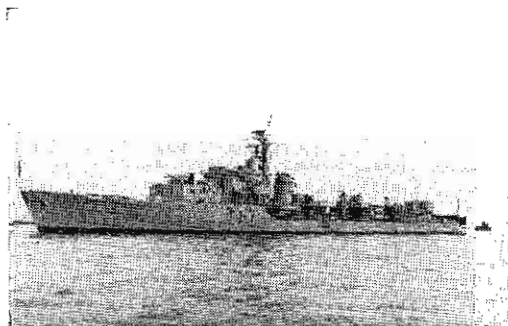
There comes a time when even the most fertile imagination dries up between the confines of four metal walls swinging around a buoy at Portland. However I like reading THE COMMUNICATOR (particularly if someone else has bought it), so I suppose we in the Training Squadron ought to do our little bit.

Now I cannot finish without saying something about our activities. We train. We also lost the semi-final of the football knock-out competition 8-1. The less said about our activities the better.

Finally may we send through these columns our best wishes to O/Tel. Cook, whom we left behind at Brest with severe burns. We hope to see him back soon.

THIRD TRAINING SQUADRON

It has been a very long time since we of the Third Training Squadron have made any contribution to our Magazine, in fact this learned gentleman cannot ever remember seeing our "doings" in print before. We now boast, we believe, the largest operational squadron of frigates in the Navy, there being seven of us, as follows (in strict order of sequence numbers of course), *Wizard* (T.S.3),



H.M.S. "Tyrian" [Second Training Squadron].

Relentless, *Tumult*, *Urchin*, *Volage*, *Loch Veyatie* and *Loch Ruthven*. *Tumult* has recently joined us and we wish her a happy commission. Let us then recap in order to get the right picture of life in Londonderry. Exercise "Bright Bonfire Nine" is now practically forgotten by all who took part except perhaps *Relentless*, who now has some brand new bows after getting tough with H.M.S. *Vigilant* in the early hours of the first morning of the exercise. Next time she promises to use the gangway. But before leaving this delicate subject, it must be mentioned that when the two ships collided, *Relentless*, thinking she had struck a fishing smack, made to *Vigilant* "Have struck a fishing vessel." *Vigilant*, who must have been trying to sort himself out of *Relentless*'s jackstaff halyards replied "Roger out." Not funny, but this must surely be the classic example of "Brevity consistent with clarity" (Old GSI refers).

Our work this Term has been very much of a routine nature. We have had some American destroyers visit us and we managed to get off some useful exercises with them. *Volage* is at present abroad in Scotland having a "facial" whilst here in Derry the poor old taxpayer has lost deal again, his hard earned lolly being spent on paint, getting *Urchin* and *Loch Ruthven* up to scratch for Captain D's Inspection. It has been said (by *Loch Veyatie*, we suspect) that it would take more than a can of paint to get either up to scratch, but we won't pursue that paint (sorry) point, especially as it would be grossly unfair to ridicule *Urchin* who did such yeoman work during the recent blizzards in Caithness and Sutherland.

On the social side of life here, the most recent activities have been the Ships' Company dances of *Urchin* and *Relentless*, the latter's being her paying off dance. She is leaving the squadron at the end of March and will be relieved by *Hardy* who is due to join us in . . . ah but we mustn't say in case they think we're rushing them. Suffice to say that we were expecting her to arrive with holly hanging from her yards. This will be the first "built from the keel job" we've had in the squadron, so we are very curious about her.

Recently several ships have had the chance of a weekend away from Derry and among places visited were Fleetwood and Liverpool. Needless to say, snow ploughs had nothing on the first wave of bods on their way to the nearest station.

At this point we should like to offer our congratulations to C.Y.S. Clark who recently left us, on the award of the B.E.M., and to tell him that C.P.O. Tel. Rennardson has also left us. On the week after his departure a groaning noise was heard from the Foyle Club, and it was feared that the jolly old place was in danger of falling down, but no, it was just a burst water pipe which left the club under 4 inches of water. There was no truth in the rumour that the barman was weeping over the departure of the worthy Chief Tel.

Reports have been reaching us from *Wizard* that the operations room crew cannot work for periods longer than half an hour. This is no doubt due to that foul object that Yeoman Williams smokes. We don't know what it is in the bowl, but the First Lieutenant was complaining that he was low on manillas.

Signalmen, can you do a Donegal weave? No it's not an easy version of the Mambo, just the latest form of evasive steering. But in order to confuse the poor signalman, it's not really a weave it's a zig-zag. That is all our news but we leave you with this thought . . .

We may not be a very glamorous squadron, but we are the only squadron who can take station on our leader whilst already proceeding at stationing speed. It isn't easy, and they are putting the Lough Foyle buoy back in position sometime next week. Have a good leave all.

5th SUBMARINE SQUADRON AND H.M.S. "DOLPHIN"

No sooner had we squared off the Christmas number of THE COMMUNICATOR than we received a letter stating final dates for contributions and orders for the Easter number. What with the prospects of marking homework papers in a few weeks hence, and writing an article for the Magazine life is hectic!

To all those Submarine Communicators who are familiar with the picturesque radio equipment installed in *Dolphin*, they will no doubt be delighted to hear that new equipment has now arrived and we hope to instal it in the near future, although the Navy Estimates cutting down by £12,000,000, may hold up proceedings slightly.

The Communication Soccer team goes from weakness to weakness, but we always turn out a team. Very surprisingly, eight Communicators volunteered (from you to the right), to take part in the Cross Country race, and as a team we came in 9th out of 12. Considering the circumstances we did very well.

This Term we welcome detachments of the Royal Canadian Navy, to train for service in Submarines. In exchange for knowledge of the Submarine Service we are receiving first hand accounts of life in Canada, and in the Canadian Navy.

The 5th Submarine Squadron are as usual putting in a great deal of seetime (five day week plus weekends). Units are showing the Flag in Rothesay and Marsilles and are far too busy to write of their adventures, so we bring our contribution to a close.

H.M. SUBMARINE "AMPHION"

Easter Greetings from sea-going *Amphion*!

I don't know if this is our first contribution, but it might be the last as we are never in Harbour long!

As a submarine we are mostly exercising all the time, and don't get many cruises, although last year in June we sailed up the River Severn (in pouring rain!) and into "Ye olde town of Bristol". We had a glorious time here, due to the back door of the "Shakespeare" being opposite the sub, though many couldn't remember much about it till they had the usual hangover in the morning.

We also had a visit from the Ray Ellington Quartet including Marion Ryan, who seemed to brighten up the interior paintwork brilliantly! (Our budding photographer was persuaded to take some photos that would record their visit; if the photos hadn't come out properly I wonder if he would be alive to-day.)

Last Term was spent nearly always at sea, and finished with the three weeks' summer war, complete with Admiralty gales and winds. Stuck in the middle of nowhere in the outer Hebrides we sure were glad to dive!

This Term we are once again on exercises. We could do with some more chaps. Cheerio.

SUBSPARKER.



SUMMER WAR. Action stations for wireless department, H.M. Submarine "Amphion"

THIRD DESTROYER SQUADRON

At the time of writing, the Third Destroyer Squadron is once again at Gibraltar. This is a happy hunting ground of ours for, whilst in the Med. Fleet during the first half of our General Service Commission, we all did a refit here at one time or another.

We are now settling down in the Home Fleet and getting used to working with the different publications and orders. We are finding also that we have a great advantage in being able to work together and remain as a team without the drafting worries of the non G.S.C. ships of the Home Fleet.

During "Shortlop One" we experienced our first rough weather of the commission—quite a change from the placid blue of our summer period in the Mediterranean.

The following howler occurred during a recent exercise. We had just transmitted our starshell policy and night intentions when this query arrived:

INT WA STARS—HELL ???

COASTAL FORCES

Since our last letter, Coastal Forces have had a fairly full programme. After defence of the East Coast exercises in October based on Lowestoft, preparations were soon being made for our Baltic exercises with the Danes and Norwegians. Early November saw the two operational squadrons, one of Fairmile D type, which are now getting a bit long in the tooth, and the other of the more modern Gay class, firmly secured in Copenhagen. It takes visits to ports such as this for us to discover how many of our Base Staff, of all departments, really are interested in our maintenance and how they suddenly become quite indispensable! After tasting the "fleshpots" of this "Paris of the North" for five days and the "staff" having really settled down in their luxury hotels ashore, no one was particularly keen to get down to the serious side of our visit.

The first part of the exercises proved of great value to all three countries Coastal Forces, but then the weather broke and remained gale force for weeks on end—so long in fact that some people were getting worried about making Pompey for Christmas. However, there was a stretch of reasonable weather and all boats returned in time for a well-earned Christmas leave period. Some came direct, via the Great Belt, Kiel Canal, and Den Helder, whilst other boats dropped off for a quiet cruise through the Dutch canals. One boat on the way out managed to take the wrong turning in the canals and ended up in a duck pond with barbed wire round her screw (so the story goes). As a result of this she took a more direct route home.

This spring and summer will prove an interesting period for Coastal Forces, as the new Dark class boats are, at long last, due to come into operational service, and with them less antiquated communication equipment. Masts are being made as low as possible, and so we say farewell to flag signalling in F.P.B.'s. With all due respect to the "V" section, this method of signalling in Coastal Forces never did serve any

practical purpose except for the occasional fair weather "fun and games" at manoeuvring.

After further exercises off the East Coast in March, we look forward to a bit of fair weather running next summer, when we hope to visit some Continental ports.

H.M.S. "TUMULT"

The ship has at last left the murky waters of the river Mersey, and found its way back to the even more murky waters of Portsmouth, after much ado about nothing over the signing of the papers to say we belonged to the Royal Navy.

We spent three weeks propping up the wall at Portland, and hardly went to sea at all because of the rough weather. As for the Communications staff, the V.S. side of it is very small for a ship of this size, with one Yeoman, one Leading Hand, and two Sigs. We did have a Boy Sig. but he got lost in the Mersey somewhere, which was all the better really, as we would have had two Knocker Whites onboard.

One of the V.S. staff has gallantly put his name forward for the Pompey field gun's crew, thinking he will not go to Londonderry with the ship on 12th January. But other people have other ideas for him!!!

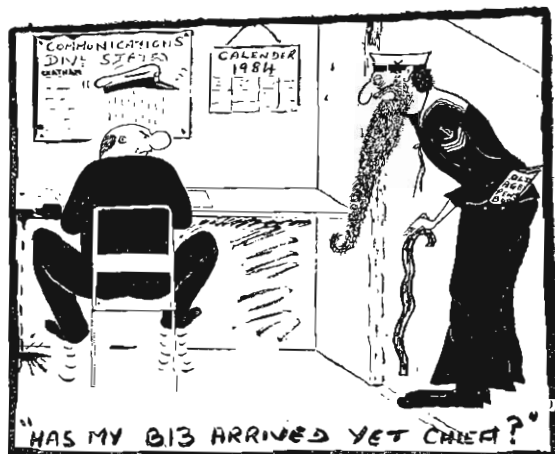
One final item of interest before we sign off.

Captain to Quartermaster on watch: "Don't throw snowballs any more, at least, not whilst I am on the upper deck."

And so we bid you farewell until the next time, singing that good old song "Take Me Back to Good Old Derry, On the Banks Of the Foyle".

R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

Whilst most of the country has been held in winter's icy grip, with cars and trains marooned in snow drifts, and some areas depending on "air drops" for sustenance, we at the R.N.S.S. Chatham have been basking in "nature's smile."



The snow has been sufficiently abundant for snowball fights, but not bad enough to prevent the "natives" getting home, although the 'bus strike has made things very difficult for them, but the knowledge that those "foreign" will extend their deepest sympathy has given them added strength. The icy roads have prevented the "Band" performing and so gladdened the hearts of those who would normally stand freezing on the parade ground with their hats off. The sun shines warmly, the Cumberland horse chestnuts are sticky, and birds are mating. The First Lieutenant has been refurbishing the lawn mower and renewing the garden tools, and in the Buffer's Store his early potatoes are sprouting ready for planting. He himself seems to be walking with a jaunty air, and the Wrens, instead of being followed by the sailors, now walk hand in hand with them. One can feel that spring is on the way.

The majority of us are either on course or awaiting our respective ships to commission, and when the latter happens there will be a few quiet numbers going. We have back with us, in from *Relentless*, Leading Telegraphist Hammond, surely the most ancient of Leading Tels, who fell into the job of "postie" once again, with, he believes, an extra shove from the Regulating Chief—(old ships).

C.P.O. Tel. Howe is leaving the S.S.R.O. for South Africa. We shall miss him but are certain he will make a success of his new job. His successor, C.P.O. Tel. Venus from the C.B. Office, now has the job well in hand, and we are sure he will be as helpful and discerning as his predecessor. The C.B. Office is now under the reign of C.Y.S. Skelton. C.Y.S. Whitrod is shortly to lose his quiet number in the Divisional Office and with C.Y.S. Daniels will soon be on his way to S.T.C. Kranji, Singapore. The Buffer at Cumberland Block changes every time the bell strikes as usual, but the Chief Buffer at *Prince Arthur* goes on for ever. Mr. Wright left for Singapore last Term to relieve Mr. Argent, who has now joined us. He is taking over V.I from Mr. Simpson, who is going to Malta after Easter. We were sorry to lose Mr. Hollis who retired in

January, and is now making his mark in commerce. Mr. Denny is relieving Mr. Bale in the Divisional Office. The latter is taking his "wine still" to Sheerness. Mr. White is still W.I., but I fear he will soon be off to foreign climes. Mr. Hooper is now C.B. Officer. We are looking forward to welcoming Mr. Nash and Mr. Haggart in the near future.

The Commodore has carried out his inspection of Prince Arthur Camp and Cumberland Block for this Term, and, as usual, was impressed and pleased with all he saw. All concerned are now beginning to think ahead to May when we look forward to being inspected by The First Lord of the Admiralty.

In the world of sport we have held our own and owe it in large measure to the "Old Brigade," to wit, the C.O., 1st Lieut., C.P.O.s Stankiste, Lucas, Burton, Crate. Without them we should have been hard put indeed to raise a full XI at times. It is a regrettable fact these days that far too many of us seem to feel that we are "too old at 25," although it must be conceded that, in the case of the juniors, a great deal of talent is lost because of the uncertainty of the time they may expect to spend in R.N.S.S.; at present three weeks is the average.

To those who will be joining us we do say, even if you are merely passing through, we can always give you a game if you submit your name to the Sports Officer. The demand for talent always exceeds the supply and you merely have to be an enthusiast not a star performer.

Buzzes from the Divisional Office

A few B.13s have been floating around and times of waiting are forwarded as a rough guide. No. B.13s received for senior rates.

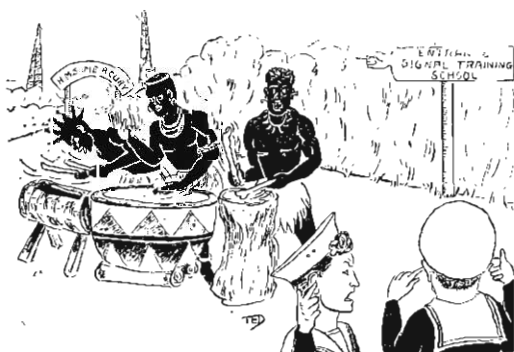
Ldg. Sig. to Y.S.	3 years.
Ldg. Tel. to P.O. Tel.	2½ years.
Sig. to Ldg. Sig.	Nil received in signal school.
Tel. to Ldg. Tel.	2½ years.

The above information has been extracted from recent advancements, but RED INKS must be taken into consideration before "smacking in to see someone." Via the "grapevine," advancements will be speeded up in the near future so don't give up the ghost just yet.

R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

Whilst almost the whole of the country groans under its blanket of snow, Plymouth remains practically clear, despite several falls of snow. The thaw usually sets in within forty-eight hours, and once again conditions are back to normal.

The most noteworthy event of the Christmas Term was the play "Easy Money," which was produced and acted by a combined W.R.N.S. and Signal School Cast. They are at present enthusiastically preparing another presentation for the Command Drama Festival.



"They came with the last RNV[W]R Class."



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Designed as a general purpose wireless set to a British Admiralty specification, Type 619 is surely the most versatile set in the world.

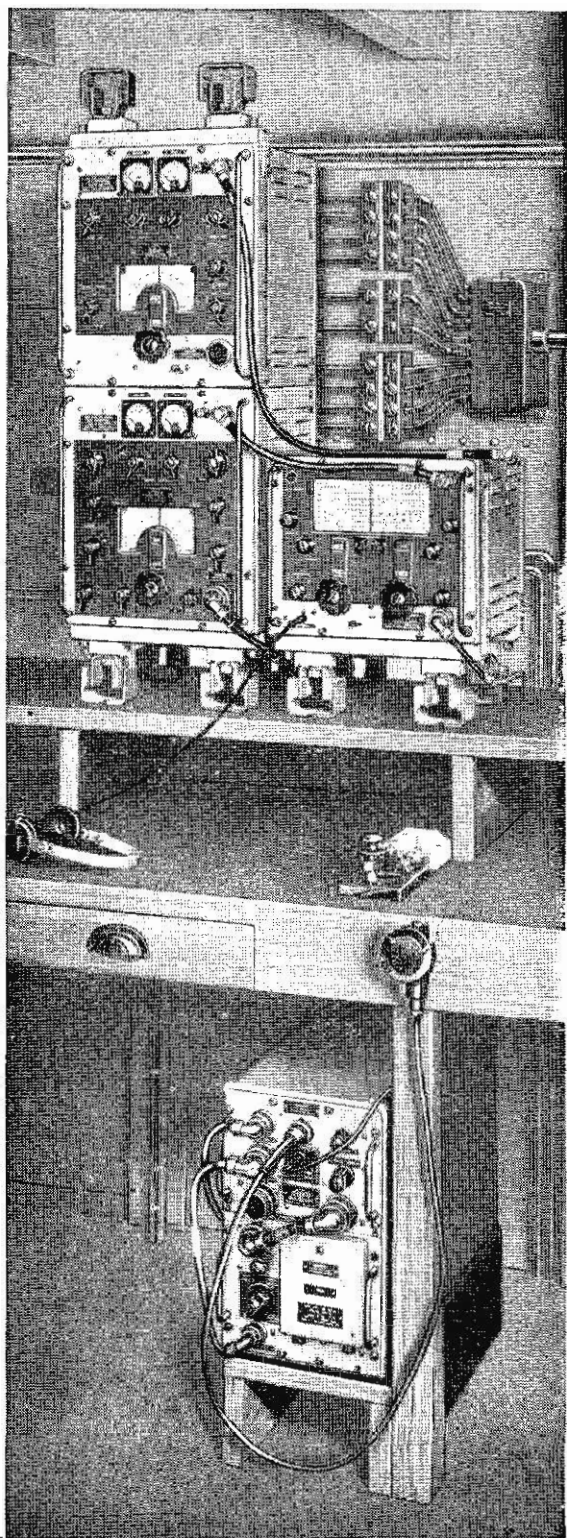
- ★ Receiver C.A.T. can receive A1, 2 or 3 signals over the whole band 30 mc/s—160 kc/s (10-1900 metres), and A1 signals down to 60 kc/s (5000 metres).
- ★ It is especially designed to suppress re-radiation with its consequent risk of interception and D.F. by enemy submarines in war.
- ★ Transmitter 619H can radiate A1, 2 or 3 emissions from 1.5 mc/s to 16 mc/s (200-19 metres) at a mean power of 40 watts.
- ★ Transmitter 619M can radiate A1 or 2 emissions from 330-550 kc/s (910-545 metres) at a mean power of 15 watts.
- ★ Type 619 can be matched into any aerial system. The transmitters are so designed that they cannot overload if the aerial is shot away or short circuited in war or by accident, and remain ready for instant service when an alternative aerial can be connected.
- ★ A specially designed vacuum relay provides listening through on a single aerial. Type 619 is robust and small. Mounted vertically it occupies the space of a tall man. In cramped wireless offices it may be mounted as four separate units.

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The present Term has provided no startling changes, though the Signal School has been gradually improving its facilities. New equipment, an A.T. Room and a Telephone Switchboard operating classroom are amongst the additions. The training of W.R.N.S. switchboard operators, formerly carried out at the M.H.Q. Mount Wise, is now a signal school responsibility.

A very successful Valentine's Ball was held in the camp Gymnasium and was attended and enjoyed by over 400—beer, balloons, beautiful Wrens and all the fun of the fair were there.

Sporting activities have been disrupted by too much rain, which is a pity, as we were leading our respective soccer league and holding our own in the hockey knockout competition.

The most popular sport currently is .22 shooting, and the R.N.S.S. have made a very good start in the Captain Sells .22 competition. The Chief Petty Officers' team knocked out the Barrack Guard, the present cup holders, with a score of 587 out of a possible 600, and the Wardroom, Petty Officers and Junior ratings teams have all won their first round matches.

We, of the R.N.S.S. Devonport, send our best wishes to all west country Communicators.

BILLY GOAT

Living-in members of St. Budeaux Camp will be familiar (especially when the wind is from the North), with the goats which roam in the vicinity, unhampered and unworried by the horrors of modern warfare as practised by the A.B.C. School.

During a night exercise we had taken prisoner a Commando who stubbornly refused to give away any information, no matter how persistently we questioned him.

He did tell us, however, that members of his unit had been ensconced in a dilapidated building to the north of the depot for some time. They fell to debating which smelled worse; the aforementioned goats or the citizens of a Near Eastern state, who formed part of the crew of an ammunition carrier they had been detailed to board. Considerable sums were wagered on this question; and the agreeable officer in charge was made judge and stake-holder.

First they brought a goat into the building. The Officer fainted. The men, who had bet on the goat reached for the money. Their triumph was short-lived, however. Somebody brought in a captured citizen—and the goat fainted.

DROLL DRAMA AT ST. BUDEAUX

The autumn and winter months have added lines to the normally smooth foreheads of Lieutenant Commanders Carter and Cameron of this school. They have been helping to produce a play—or rather two plays. The problems of choosing the

right play, producing scenery, selecting the cast, etc., are not covered in the Instructor Officer's Handbook or Regulations for R.N.V.R. Officers.

For instance:

First Wren: "I know of a play which needs no scenery at all."

Second Wren: "Yes, it goes like this. In the first scene I'm on the left side of the stage, and the audience has to imagine I'm eating dinner in a crowded restaurant. Then in Scene Two I run over to the right side of the stage and the audience imagines I'm at home in my drawing room."

Lieut. Cdr. Carter: "And on the second night you imagine that there is an audience out front."

Or:

First Wren: "All I do is walk across the (enthusiastically) stage. But it's a start."

Second Wren: "Too bad it isn't Drury Lane. (cattily) Your part would be twice as big."

But their efforts produced excellent results. At the Gala performance of "Easy Money" no less than five Admirals were present, one of whom was heard to tell the producer that the other companies would be beaten hollow in the Festival.

Others were not so kind.

Messrs. Carter and Cameron took it all in their stride.

As Schoolie said after seeing a rival company's performance:

"The plot was designed in a light vein that somehow became varicose."

And as Lieutenant Commander Cameron remarked after seeing another:

"The . . . Company played Goldsmith last night. Goldsmith lost."



from Mobiles

Napoleon's pertinent remark that an army marches on its stomach remains true for all time. But the fighting man is no longer dependent upon the resources of the country in which he campaigns. Today, it is the vital role of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes to provide a catering service to Her Majesty's Forces, wherever they may be. For this purpose Naafi has a skilled buying organisation that samples, tests and purchases all necessary requirements which are despatched to Naafi establishments the world over.

to Messing

H.M. Forces are catered for from their nearest centre which may be a canteen, a club, one of a fleet of between 400-500 mobile canteens, or a messing store. Moreover, the payment of cash rebates and discounts and the provision of clubs and other amenities give to the Forces direct benefits from

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R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

An interesting article in a recent national newspaper if read and hoisted in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer might well ease the problem of Wren Communication drafting. The basic idea is to allow newly married couples the year's tax benefit irrespective of the marriage date. The rush to get married before the end of the financial year would then become unnecessary and the consequent searching for reliefs might well be spread over the year. It certainly would help us here, as we are expecting at the moment no less than 10 trained and experienced girls to leave us this Spring Term. This number includes one who will be led to the altar at Easter by no less a person than our C.C.O., Mr. Clarke, to whom we offer our congratulations.

"Any food parcels?" This query might well be expected by the casual visitor to Eglinton. The M.S.O. and P.B.X. block is surrounded by double thicknesses of barbed wire, notice boards stating "BEWARE—ANTI-PERSONNEL MINES LAID IN AREA" "PATROL DOGS IN VICINITY." Attempt to get in, and armed guards demand to see every pass ever issued, finishing up with birth certificates where doubt lingers in their mind! These precautions have become necessary because of the activities of that section of our 'neighbours' who consider us a foreign occupation force stationed here to annoy them. Are we never to be free of the fear of armed aggression? Clear of barbed wire and careless talk?

A week (and still enduring), of spring-like weather (due to the atom bombs?), has resulted in maximum flying. The three weeks or so we were bogged down with rain, snow and slush has caused feverish efforts to catch up on lost time. The CRR, for a quiet peaceful place, somewhere to spend the odd half-hour over a cuppa and a smoke, is now a near bedlam. Instead of requests for 'something to do to keep the watch employed' (Type 66s humped around in the snow was not appreciated!), it is "Can you spare a hand for Charlie 5?". It is generally accepted that the state of plenty to do is infinitely the better situation.

We would like to congratulate our Chief Wren Switchboard Operator Gilbert on being awarded her Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. She is very probably the only Wren Communicator with the Blue Peter.

The Northern Air Division, 1830, 1831 Squadrons have had several successful weekends with us. Although it means weekend work for the duty watch it is appreciated that such work is essential.

The B.B.C. Northern Ireland Service visited us on 2nd February and recorded their feature programme "Up Against It." It took the form of a quiz; the Service team consisted of the First Officer Wrens, a Wren and two male ratings and they were competing against a team from the B.B.C. The result was a tie. One question asked of a Chief was "What is the Gut?" After a brief description



Battle Zone? Security precautions at R.N.A.S. Eglinton. The buildings in the background are the H.Q. Block (left) and the P.C.B. (right).

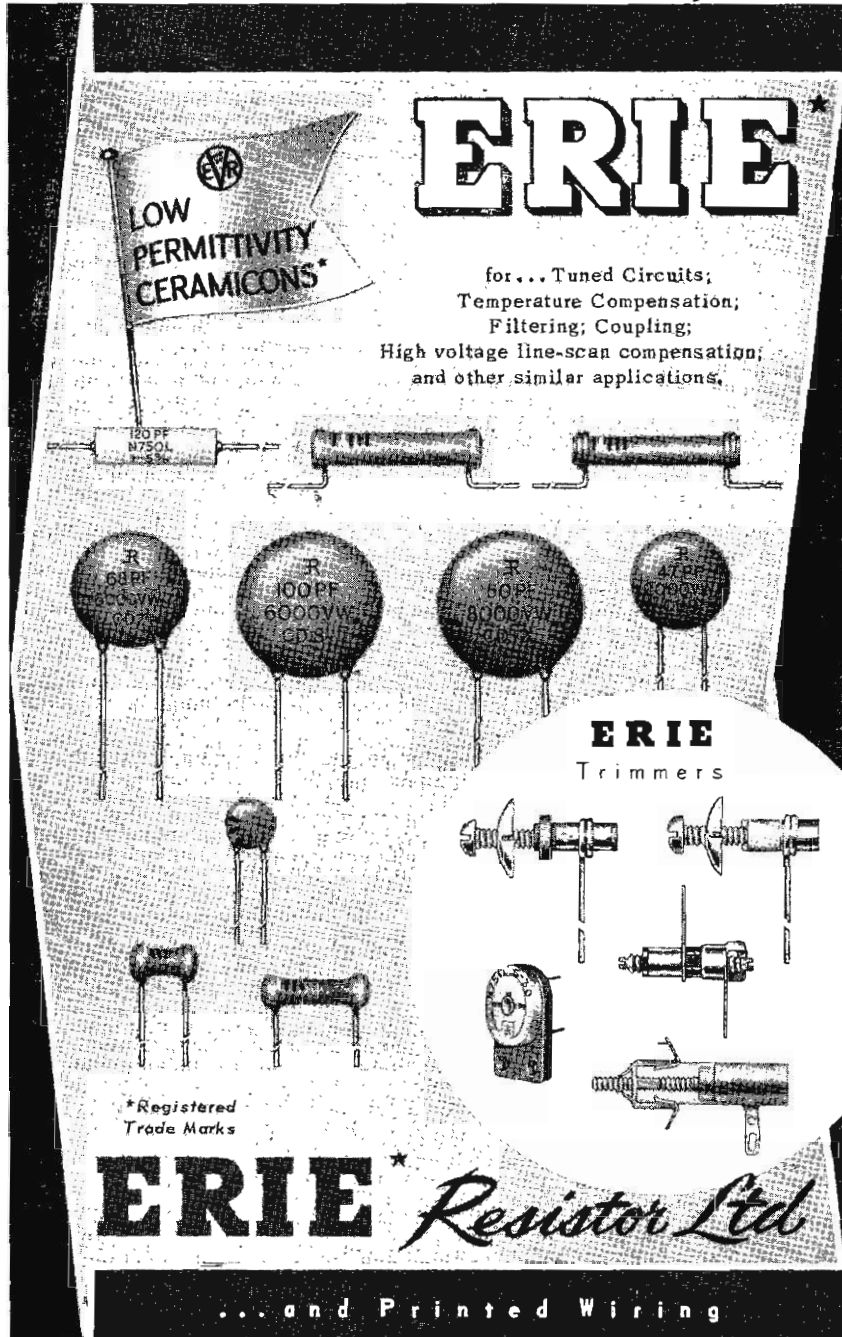
of where it was, etc., Malta, a street running down a hill, he ended with "As you get lower—well you er—get lower!" A quite apt description.

The Director of W.R.N.S., Commandant N. M. Robertson, accompanied by Superintendent E. M. Hampson has just paid us a visit during our second Arctic spell and seemed suitably impressed by the efficiency and bearing of the W.R.N.S. Communication Staff. On the same day a W.R.N.S. Officer well-known to the Communication Branch, First Officer A. Long, arrived to take over the duties of Unit Officer at Eglinton.

LONDONDERRY AIRS

Our Winter Term ended with the Communication department at flying speed. Exercise "Bright Bonfire 9" having been followed immediately by a visit of the 6th Frigate Squadron together with H.M.S. *Delight* who were in turn immediately followed by U.S. Ships *Dashiel* and *Kepler*. Both these parties spent two weeks and were put through their A.S.W. paces by the Joint A/S School and the Third Training Squadron.

"Bright Bonfire 9" kept the department hard at work in the role of "The peace loving people's Republics," and provided invaluable experience



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for all concerned. We borrowed ComNorLant's Broadcast H.N., with which we controlled the surface forces, and had the usual half share of Rugby for controlling the submarines, both of which were operating against the forces of the "Imperialist Capitalists." We were also initiated into the mysteries of the inter-Broadcast A/T Network, which proved exceedingly successful from our end, and certainly made traffic handling very simple. Our crypto team, which consisted largely of R.N.S.R. Ord. Sigs. doing 14 days training, did remarkably well in spite of being out of practice. All sections of the department were ably backed up by our civilian M.S.O. staff who dealt with the huge volume of traffic most efficiently and without any additional assistance.

Being on this overseas station, we were not, unfortunately, able to avail ourselves of the free long weekend offered as a reward for the hard work.

Regrettably we have said goodbye to a well-known Londonderry character in Mr. Thatcher, for many years M.S.O. Supervisor, who has joined the Admiralty Police at R.N.A.S. Eglinton, and have welcomed Mr. Rodaway from *Dolphin* in his place. Both have many years experience of Communications and are staunch members of the branch.

The Spring Term so far has been very quiet, our usual flying courses have continued, and we have had a visit from the U.S. Des. Div. 241. The Third Training Squadron has now reached a total of 7 ships so we are able to carry out larger exercises despite the lack of visitors.

March sees us welcoming the Long 'C' Course for the first time, and we hope that this visit will become a permanent feature of future Long 'C' Courses.

Matrimony and advancement courses have taken their normal toll of the department. Nevertheless we are, for the time being at least, still overborne with Wrens.

The following is an Extract from Port Wave Log . . .

FROM ??? QSA5 QRKI QRM.
FROM MGK. WHAT IS SOURCE OF QRM?
FROM ??? INTERMITTENT TRANSMISSIONS
FROM STATION USING A BUG KEY AND
CALLSIGN GYA.

* * *

EXAMINITIS

The practical crypto. exam. was drawing to its close. One pupil could be seen racking his brain frantically As the papers were handed in he said "I'm sorry Sir, but I'm afraid I've failed. I couldn't attempt question 6 and it carries 25 marks."

Question 6 read "Machine crypto. held separately."

M.H.Q. PLYMOUTH

No doubt you wonder what we do all day,
But rest assured we're all in the fray;
The C.R.R. manned by a mixed squad in blue,
The remainder is staffed by a civilian crew.

The S.C.O. is the universal Head,
God Bless him poor chap he's soon to be wed;
With invites to the wedding we all are okay,
MTI we feel sure will wrap up for the day.

One, a civilian, is next on the list,
He has a wise head and an agile wrist;
Alone in his office he sits there with Rita,
She makes all the tea and sometimes Bourn-Vita.

Mr. Morrison too of the C.Y.O.,
His job is the Crypto, you probably know;
He has Typex and Natex and C.C.M. too,
At times when he's chokka the air is quite blue.

Then we come down to the M.S.O.,
The ruler in there is the D.C.O.;
He sits proud and prim in his little chair,
And many's the headache that comes out of there.

The T/P of course should not be forgot,
To Mrs. Tregurtha is given this lot;
Each day at Sunset her brood will take flight,
They will never, if ever, work on thro' the night.

Telephones too will be heard in the Moat,
For the G.P.O. have their oar in the boat;
The head of that gang is our Mr. Spry,
He keeps check on lines with an eagle eye.

The maintenance staff have their work cut out,
With repairs up at Staddon and also Redoubt;
An occasional yelp from the S.D.H.Q.:
At Bovisand means there's more work to do.

Let us not forget the Wrens and others,
Whom Chiefie thinks were best with their mothers;
The P.O.s of Watches are ne'er in a flurry,
Though N.L.s and Port Wave are their *constant*
worry.

* * *

INT

"If Seven Wrens, with Seven Keys,
Transmit for half a year.
Do you suppose" the P.O. said,
"The message they could clear?"
"I doubt it" said the C.C.O.,
And gave a bitter leer.

(Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

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CABLE AND WIRELESS THE SINGAPORE FACTORY

Cable and Wireless is a company, formed in 1934 to take over and operate the telegraph services of the 'Eastern and Associated Telegraph Companies', Pacific Cable Board and various W/T circuits, the most important of which was the British Post Office Beam.

Although many of its former operating areas have been taken over by the new national or dominion governments, the Company still operates its services, either itself or through associated companies, in Crown colonies and those foreign countries in which concessions are still held. It also owns and maintains a 150,000 mile network of British submarine cables, and has its own fleet of eight cable ships.

Messages are sent by cable and by wireless. But wireless circuits are only operated at maximum efficiency periods and are auxiliary to the cable.

Special services are provided as the necessity arises, examples being the provision of the Telcom field wireless unit in Korea, and the extension to a 24 hour service in Nairobi for the benefit of the Services in Kenya.

For the Bermuda Conference, Cable and Wireless flew in seven tons of equipment and sixty-three men. For the Royal Tour, apart from message facilities, radio picture facilities were available via Malta, Singapore and Nairobi. The need for extra facilities for the Coronation period last year is easily realised. What may surprise people is the coverage of the Test Matches in 1953. The Australian Press required ball by ball commentaries of each game. They got them—by cable too.

The Company's cable factory is situated in Singapore, and cables about to be renewed completely are those in the Red Sea, Mediterranean and East Indies areas. The Red Sea cable is 1,950 miles long; of this, 450 miles have been relaid at a cost of £1,000 per mile; the remaining 1,500 miles comes slightly cheaper at £M1½.

One of the Gibraltar—Malta cables is due for renewal at a cost of £M½. But perhaps the biggest job is the Singapore—Djakarta cable of which 570 miles have been completed and there are 2,700 miles still to be laid.

The Cable Factory in Singapore supplies the majority of the cable. Damaged during the war, it was rebuilt at a cost of £M½. It manufactures cable for all Cable and Wireless requirements, its annual production being 800-900 miles of all types.

The core of the cable comes in coils which are welded together and reeled up. This core is then passed through a rotating machine which wraps brass strips round it very tightly. It has been found by experience that this is essential to prevent corrosion. The brass strip is in small coils similar to the black insulating tape and though in short pieces the speed and strength at which it is wrapped makes it as

effective as if it were endless. The brass wrapped core then passes through what looks like a coil winding machine; a big wheel having a number of bobbins of string on the circumference, followed by a second rotating in the opposite direction. Both of these wrap layers of string round the core which then passes overhead to be coiled down again in a small concrete vat, for all the world like a static water tank. An interesting point is that the cable passes not over a complicated pulley system but over a bicycle wheel, suspended by its axle. The rim of the wheel holds the cable in its groove nicely, and as the weight is not great the cable gets the benefit of a pulley suspended on ball bearings.

In this vat the cable is impregnated and then passed on to the next winding machine. This is on a bigger scale than the first and uses first tarred twine then wire. The tarred twine itself is supplied in hanks, untarred. In the factory there is a small tank of tar at just below boiling point maintained at that temperature by steam. A channel conducts some of this away to a chamber in which the twine is submerged and rotated until completely impregnated. Then it is given treatment to remove excess tar, dried and finally wound on to bobbins. Another channel conducts a stream of tar to the winding machine through which the core passes.

As the core comes through the big machine it is wound with this tarred twine, then with thin wire also on bobbins. The end of the wire on one emptied bobbin is welded to the next full one so that the wire wrapping is continuous. This means that perhaps a dozen endless wires are being wrapped round the cable at one and the same time, and immediately tarred by passing through a jet of tar. One operator looks after this end of the machine. He watches the bobbins of wire and as one becomes empty he stops the machine by a brake and shuts off the tar. Then a welder comes along and a labourer with a new bobbin of wire on a truck—for it is heavy. The new wire is welded to the end of the old, the bobbin placed in position and the machine restarted.

From here the cable goes overhead to be coiled down in big concrete vats. No, it doesn't stick, for the tarred cable is cooled by cold water at the end of the machine and as it reaches the vat—or tank—it is treated by the simple process of being broomed down with distemper. This prevents it sticking.

The vat holds the cable until the cable repair ship comes in for it. The vats are just inside the factory and right at the end of a jetty.

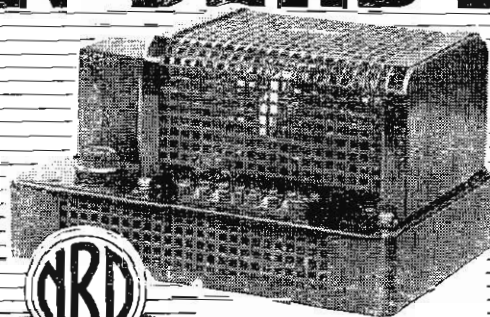
It is a surprising thing that the main parts of the cables laid so many years ago are quite serviceable to-day. It is only the in-shore sections which fail for various reasons—besides being brought up on "hooks". Cable and Wireless like to know just where you hooked it up too—it saves a lot of time and trouble. Most of the charts used when the cable was laid are inaccurate—some of them very much so. SCUD

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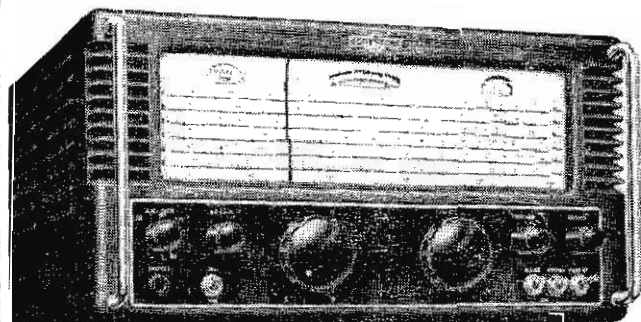
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STUDIO ENGINEERING FOR SOUND BROADCASTING by members of the Engineering Division, British Broadcasting Corporation. General Editor J. W. GODFREY. Published, by arrangement with the BBC, for "Wireless World" by ILIFFE AND SONS LIMITED on 1st February, 1955. Price 25s. 0d. (postage 6d.). Size $8\frac{3}{4}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". 208 pages. 108 diagrams, 9 plates. Cloth Bound with jacket.

This book has been compiled for the primary purpose of training BBC technical staff in the general principles underlying operational procedures at the Corporation's studio centres. It is now made available outside the Corporation in the belief that broadcasting staff throughout the world on both the engineering and non-engineering sides, will find a great deal of interest and practical value in its pages. Some of the information is specific in that it relates to equipment and procedures specially designed to meet BBC requirements, but the greater part of the text, dealing with principles of audio-frequency engineering, has a very general application.

The first chapter explains the development of the chain of acoustic and electrical equipment necessary in transmitting a broadcasting programme. Subsequent chapters deal with transmission quantities; acoustics for broadcasting and microphone placing; amplifier equipment; studio technical equipment, including outside broadcasting, recording and other facilities; control rooms and their equipment; programme circuits on Post Office lines, monitoring facilities; and the broadcasting organisation's own communication system.

The technical level is practical rather than academic and should present no difficulty to the readers for whom the work is intended.

* * * *

THE EDDYSTONE 145 Mc/s GUIDE (Price 1s. 6d. plus 2½d. postage).

THE EDDYSTONE CATALOGUE (Price 1s. 0d. plus 2½d. postage).

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR RECEIVER (Price 1s. 0d. plus 2½d. postage).

Published by STRATTON & CO. LTD., West Heath, Birmingham, 31.

Copies of the three "Eddystone" publications advertised in the last issue have been received by the Editor.

THE EDDYSTONE 145 Mc/s GUIDE is a 16-page booklet which gives very full circuit and construc-

tional details of a four-valve converter, a five-valve transmitter, and details of the "Eddystone" 145 Mc/s Beam Aerial Array.

The converter uses B9G valves which are readily available and give excellent results on V.H.F. A stabiliser valve is incorporated to minimise frequency variation due to supply voltage fluctuation. External 200-250 volt H.T. and 6.3 volt A.C. heater supplies are required.

The companion transmitter uses a 12 Mc/s crystal oscillator (6V6), followed by a trebler, two doublers (QV04/7) and a twin beam tetrode push-pull output stage (QV 04/20). The P.A. stage can be amplitude modulated by a modulator with a 15 watt output. External power supplies required are 300 volts H.T. at 220 mA and 63 volts A.C. at 4 amps for the heaters.

All special components, such as tuning units, chokes and transformers, and drilled chassis, can be obtained from "Eddystone" dealers.

The "Eddystone" 145 Mc/s Beam Aerial Array is a Yagi array using a folded dipole with two directors and one reflector. It is constructed from brass and finished with weather resisting black stone enamel. The retail price is £4 16s. 3d.

All the special components required for constructing the 145 Mc/s converter and transmitter described above, and many other components, are listed and priced in the current EDDYSTONE CATALOGUE.

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR RECEIVER is a 12-page booklet which gives up-to-date information on aerials, earths, minimising electrical interference, care of batteries and the use of loudspeakers. The information is, however, very elementary, and though it will doubtless help the novice, the experienced "ham" will find little that he does not already know.

THE CHANGING SCENE

It was a Marine, whom we hauled out of a rubber boat on the Tamar, who told me this story:

He had been (so he said), in a camouflage unit in Cyprus. One day a comely young W.A.A.F. was walking alone along a dusty road when she saw a shimmering lake in a grove of beautiful green trees. Not a soul was in sight. On an impulse, she took off all her clothes, and had a fine swim and sunbathe in the altogether.

Suddenly, she saw an officer heading purposefully in her direction. She made a dive for her clothes, and sighed with relief when she got the last button closed before he entered the glade.

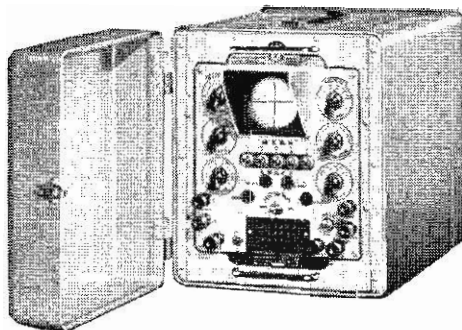
The Officer paid no attention to her whatsoever. He walked to the edge of the lake, turned about, and barked:

"Camouflage section, Shun! Quick march!" Every tree around the lake marched off.

a new **T.D.M.S**

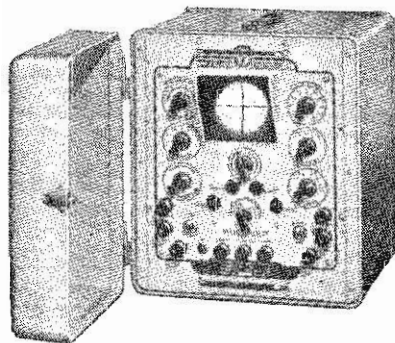
The T.D.M.S. 5 & 6 are portable sets designed to measure distortion at any point in a radio teleprinter or line telegraph circuit without interfering with normal transmission.

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THE YEOMAN'S BASKET

By Leading Signalman Climie

"CLEAR THOSE BL - BLOOMIN' FLAGS!" shouted the Yeoman, taking off his hat and wiping a sweating brow. He had only just managed to change the "Bloody" to "Bloomin'" in time.

IT WAS A STRAIN HAVING TO REMEMBER THAT THERE WERE PARTIES ABOUT.

Regatta days were always helluva days for Yeomen. If a flag got fouled or something, you had to lean over the bridge and ASK the bunting "Would he mind clearing it."

These parties were all over the place and they might be offended if they heard him bawling "CLEAR THAT B—"

"No" thought the Yeoman "I'd better not even think that word today—"

"Yeoman!" cried a cultured voice, from the compass platform.

"Coming sir" answered a very harassed man of signals.

The two buntings on the flag deck felt decidedly uncomfortable.

Having a party watch them hoist flags was alright—

But the Captain's wife—that was different! As they bent on the flags, they felt all fingers and thumbs.

She had been watching some time, and she was getting on their nerves.

"Excuse me" said a cultured voice.

The buntings jumped—it was her!

"Do you think I might be allowed to try hoisting a flag?"

Two signalmen looked at each other for help.

"Er—Yes Miss—sorry—Ma'am I think it would be all right"—one said, "Being the Captain's Wife."

Her smile made their hearts change their minds about keeping a regular beat.

"What do I do" she asked, coming rather close.

"Er—" stuttered the other, "Yo— you fit the clips in like this."

He suited the action to the words.

"Oh I see!" she exclaimed, picking up a flag

"Like this?"

"That's right Ma'am, now we have to wait till the Yeoman tells us to hoist.

"I see—" she nodded, "This IS exciting!"

The two buntings exchanged looks.

"Hoist!" roared a voice.

"Right" nodded a signalman, "Haul on the rope Ma'am."

Up went the signal in little jerks, slid back—stopped—then rushed the last few feet to the block.

"Och!" she gasped, "Isn't it exhaus'ing!"

Two buntings coughed hurriedly.

"It is rather."

"Yeoman!" bawled the Captain "What in blazes have you got up there!!!"

The Yeoman glanced at the mast hurriedly.

A Red Ensign was fluttering bravely among alien flags.

He rushed to the end of the bridge.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT DOWN THERE—GET THAT BLO—" he bit his lip "THING DOWN!"

A signalman stared up at him with eyes frantically signalling.

The yeoman took off—

"DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE DIANA DORS!—GET IT DOWN!"

Who hoisted the thing anyway?"

Like a mute the signalman remained silent.

"SEND THE BASKET UP TO ME!!" Bellowed

a now livid Yeoman, throwing all caution to the winds, and snorted back to the compass platform.

The Captain's wife under the bridge stared curiously at the crimson faced signalmen as they hauled down the flags hurriedly.

"Something wrong?" she asked in a small voice.

Two signalmen couldn't trust themselves to reply.

Several moments elapsed.

She tried again.

"What did he mean—" "SEND THE BASKET UP TO ME?"

Two signalmen wanted to die—

"Er—" one stuttered, frantically trying to think of a way out,

"He wanted—"

His oppo never heard the rest, having retreated hurriedly without shame.

"Ah!" smiled the Captain, catching sight of his wife,

"There you are my dear. I've been wondering where you could have possibly got to. Enjoying yourself?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, "I've been helping the signalmen to hoist flags."

The yeoman winced visibly.

"Something seemed to go wrong" she continued, patting her hair.

"I've an awful feeling it was my fault"

Both Captain and Yeoman coughed hurriedly.

"Oh really my dear?" the Captain fingered his tie nervously.

"Yes darling, I'm almost sure it was."

She looked at the Yeoman.

"Oh Yeoman, I heard you ask for this, so I brought it up.

The Signalmen are so busy."

The Yeoman stared at the M.S.O. waste-paper basket without moving.

"Is something wrong?" she asked in a small voice.

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Youths who wish to do their National Service as Signalmen or Telegraphists in the Royal Navy are guaranteed entry if they join the R.N.V.R. or R.N.V.(W.)R. at least 12 months before call-up.

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There is full-time employment available at certain R.N.V.R. Divisions and R.N.V.(W.)R. Training Centres for Pensioner Chief Yeomen of Signals and Chief Petty Officer Telegraphists as VS and W/T Instructors up to the age of 65 subject to health and efficiency.

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THE LAST DAYS OF KRANJI W/T 1941-42

Following the article in our Easter number, the following has been received from Mr. H. W. Radwell, who was P.O. Telegraphist and later C.P.O. Telegraphist at Kranji W/T Station from November, 1939 to February, 1942.

"Mid 1941 saw the big influx of personnel to Kranji. Extra ratings from here, there and everywhere arrived, including some New Zealand Telegraphists, Extra Royal Signals, R.A.F., C.S.W.S., Singapore Police, with, of course, extra Domestic and Coolies. Then came the Wrens, thirty in all, headed by Second Officer Betty Archdale, one time Captain of the British women's cricket team that toured Australia, and a Nursing Sister Q.A.R.N.N.S. I believe, though not again sure, that they were the first Wrens to be drafted abroad during the war. They were all rated C.P.O. Tels. before leaving U.K. This was a psychological "manoeuvre" to keep them aloof from the junior ranks and ratings, but human nature being what it is (and the average temperature at Singapore is 85°), you can guess that courtships started almost immediately. Their duties were entirely "Y". Amahs had to be taken on to look after their needs.

"By now the station staff inclusive had risen to over three hundred.

"In December, 1941, the new "W" building of re-inforced concrete was nearing completion. An air raid siren and look out "crows nest" were installed on the steel lattice mast. The night of 8th December put the siren into operational use.

"The Japs landed at Alor Star and came through Malaya like a knife cutting through butter. The Europeans up country came south, across Johore causeway, and down to the ships ready to evacuate them. Lieutenant Commander Sandwith gave instructions to all volunteers that could drive a car to "do" the fourteen mile stretch of Bukit Timah Road and return with all cars left by the evacuating civvies on the roadside. Kranji looked more like one huge car depot! These were parked around the Perimeter because we knew the inevitable would happen.

"The *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were later sunk by the Japs off the east coast of Malaya. The Royal Marine survivors from these ships were accommodated at Kranji, and were then seconded to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders for fighting up country.

"Early January, 1942, evacuation of station staff began, some to Colombo, some to Batavia, thus leaving only a skeleton crew at Kranji. The Chinese domestics and Indian coolies filtered away of their own accord.

"On 9th February, 1942, the Malays were told to destroy their uniforms and return to their Kampongs. They were not under the Naval Discipline Act."

The story of the last two days at Kranji is well illustrated by these extracts from the log compiled at the time by the New Zealand Telegraphists who were detailed for Look-out Duties.

"8th February, 1942

0800 Approximately fifteen shells fell on the Station Grounds.

Shrapnel on the old "W" building.

One shell through the Warrant Tel's. Bungalow.

One shell through Police Quarters.

One shell through Recreation Room.

Water main hit.

One shell through Ratings' Quarters.

0845 Shelling eased a little.

Fall of shot now towards the East near Mandai Hill.

0917 Shelling commenced again in this direction. The Japs have an Observation Balloon up over Johore Bahru.

0924 Tubular mast and several aerals shot away. Shells falling close to this building (New "W").

0929 Jap plane overhead spotting fall of shot.

0930 Lull in firing.

Lieutenant Commander Sandwith reconnoitres for damage.

0937 Bombs falling to the south alongside Bukit Timah Road.

1003 Bombing and shelling Bukit Panjang village.

1015- Spasmodic firing by our Ac-Ac.

1030 The Japs are after our artillery position south of the station.

1040 The Japs are shelling us again.

Fall of shot near the Malays quarters and coolie lines.

Some shells falling outside the rails.

1100 Shells falling just outside the rails amongst the rubber trees.

1111 One shell through the Engine Room.

Bombs or Shells in quick succession straddle Chief and P.O.'s Mess.

Direct hit on Galley.

1114 Shells falling between the Main Gate and Warrant Tels. Bungalow.

One shell hit alongside "The Ranch."

1115 "Y" Bahru straddled.

1224 Stick of Bombs (about twenty) fell in vicinity.

1246 Shells falling between Kranji oil fuel depot and the canal.

1317 Shells falling north of Bukit Mandai."

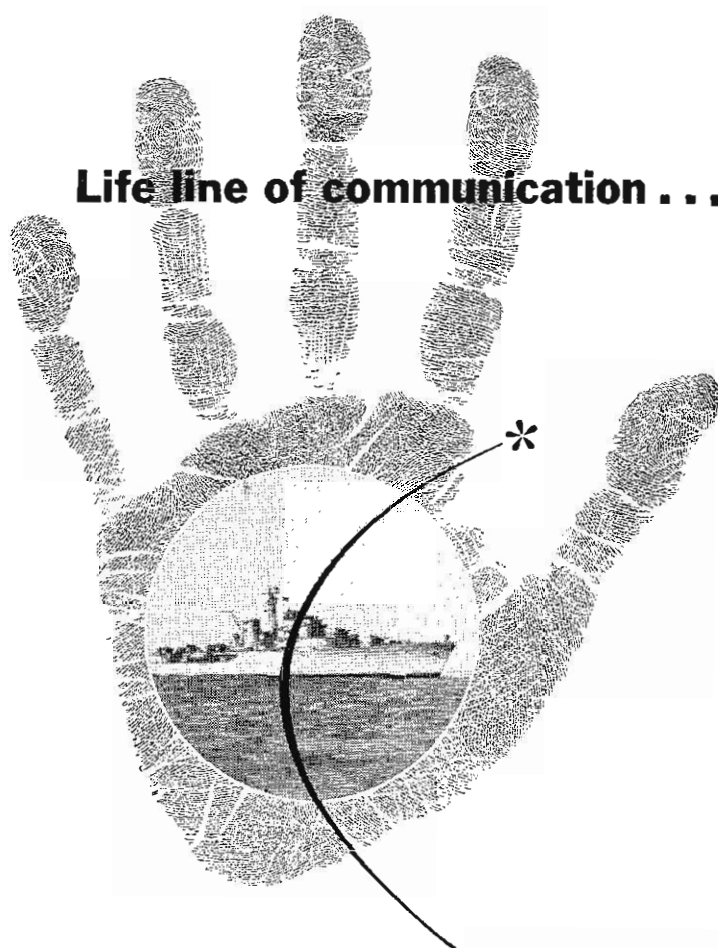
The rest of 8th continued in the same way right until Midnight.

"9th February, 1942

0001 Activity by our Artillery quiet.

They are behind us to the South at Bukit Gombak.

Life line of communication . . .



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- 0045 Bren guns crews close up around the building. I am ordered to burn our remaining Confidential Books in the Traverse. Am almost blinded by the smoke and the Operators are coughing and choking in the building, so it has to be done outside. This makes me a nice target but the job gets completed.
- 0100 Artillery and machine gunfire in the vicinity of Johore Straits."
From now until 0800 artillery fire alternated with bombing.
- "0855 Shell hit 4 feet in front of this building. Look Out drawn in.
- 0900 Shells passing overhead.
- 0930 Quiet.
- 0956 Stick of bombs very close to the south.
- 1004 Heavy stick of bombs much closer.
- 1030 (Approx.) Orders via field telephone from H.Q. Sime Road to evacuate. Disconnected

receivers and power packs, smashed up diesel generator and all remaining gear. Shot and killed "Lady" the station pet bitch rather than leave her to the Japs. We then left the Ensign flying and disconsolately made our way to Singapore town in just what we stood up in, our mode of conveyance being the cars that survived the bombing and shelling. Many did not; but I am pleased to say there were no personnel casualties on the station itself. Only one Royal Signals driver from Kranji was killed in the Naval Base by a bomb splinter.

The night of 9th February was spent at the Oranje Hotel which was used as a shepherding station for all shore based Naval personnel, and on 10th February the last of Kranji W/T Station crew B.J. were evacuated off the island in H.M.S. *Scout*."



H.M.S. "Bermuda" takes it green

Photo: "Times" of Malta

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H.M.S. "MERCURY"

CHIEF'S CHATTER

Greetings to all Communication Chiefs everywhere, not forgetting Chiefs of other Branches who have in the past resided in *Mercury* and may be fortunate enough to read a copy of THE COMMUNICATOR.

No sooner do we shake off the effects of Christmas Leave during the Easter Term than we find ourselves preparing and thinking of leave again. However short the Term the usual changes among us inevitably occur.

One familiar "figure," well known to all who have served in *Mercury* any time during the last three years, left us for the West Country last January.

We can now safely walk the roads of *Mercury* without fear of being run down—as was the wall! Also at least six more members are now aware that we really do have a fire in the bar each night when watching T.V., etc. The sale of Smith's Crisps has dropped too since this member left us.

Another notable change in our midst is the

drafting of our late President to Corsham; please note this is not a seagoing ship.

Two other ex-Presidents passed through our portals recently, C.P.O. Tel. Johnson to Pension, and C.Y.S. Blood to H.M.S. *Newfoundland*.

The long discussed new mess block is at last in the "on paper" stage. If the artists impressions displayed on the N.B.s are anything to go by, it certainly will have a "Waldorf" appearance. However, the rumour going around that we shall have to engage on a "seventh five" before we move in, is somewhat exaggerated.

Sporting activities to date have been restricted due to appalling weather conditions. However, we compensated for this by running two organised social evenings, one in January and one in February.

The success of these made one wish for the days of "our own Bar"—alas gone for ever we fear.

To conclude, may I extend, on behalf of all members, good wishes to past and present members.

As T.V. "Pancho" would say— "Adios Amigos."

J.W.H.

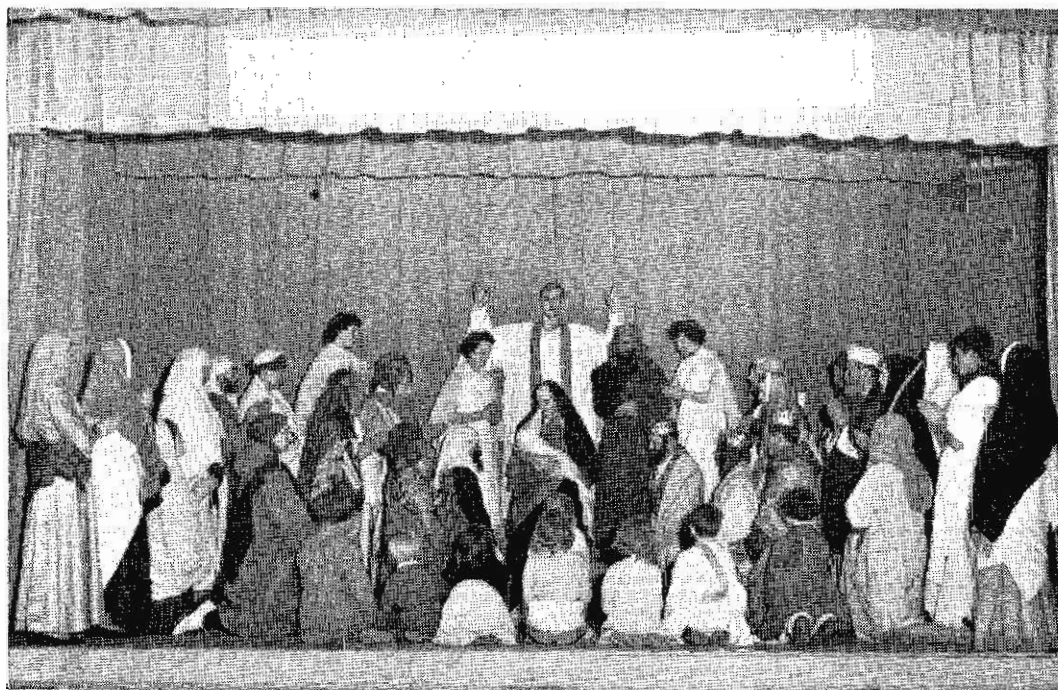
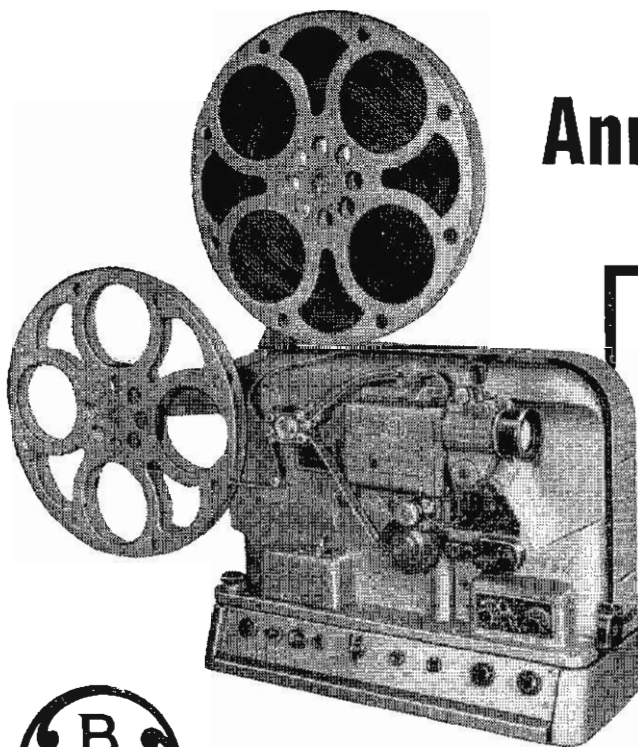


Photo: Chas. White, Medhurst

THE TABLEAU FINALE OF H.M.S. "MERCURY'S" NATIVITY PLAY.



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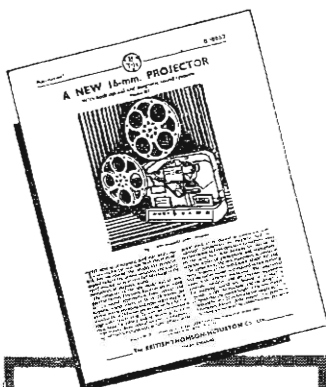
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Football

This Term the Soccer teams got off to a bad start, with many postponements due to the frozen and icy state of the grounds. The U.S. League tables as far as *Mercury* is concerned, have been more like a game of snakes and ladders as we have been up and down the rungs so many times.

In the Waterlooville and District League we had also led a 'yo-yo' life on the ladder, but have managed to stage a come-back and have fought through to the Final of the 'Festival Cup,' which we hope to play off just before Easter Leave.

Hockey

We have been slow to get under way this Term, again due to the grounds, and have seriously considered substituting a 'puck' for the ball, and calling the team "Mercury Menaces" before entering them in the Ice Hockey Leagues.

Rugby

Many postponements have been necessary this Term—again, the grounds (the frozen wastes of Antarctica), and the team are beginning to get rusticated.

Some of the lads still keep in trim by Saturday games with the Petersfield R.F.C. and manage to give a creditable performance most weeks.

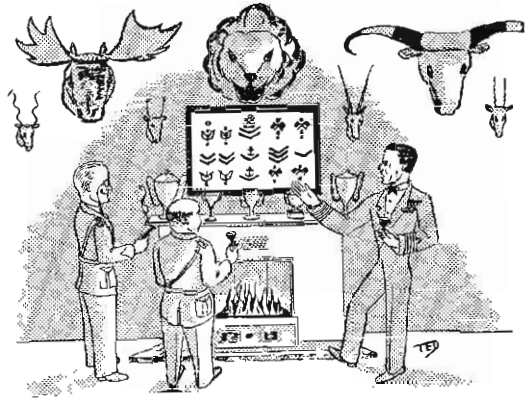
Fencing

Our entries for Phase 1 were not as many as we at first expected, but we were able to get three representatives forward into Phase 2, and are keeping our fingers crossed, hoping we may have some Command Fencers in our midst by the end of Term.

P.T. Staff

We have bidden fond farewells to 'Paddy' Byrne, 'Pincher' Martin and John Dutton this term. Paddy has returned to the P.T. School for course, and Pincher and John have gone to *Maidstone* and *Newcastle* respectively, where no doubt they will continue their Soccer and Hockey activities.

On one occasion I had a Sten Gunner, a Leading Telegraphist, whose features on the silver-screen would hardly make a young girl's heart flutter. I was told that in the final year of the war he won a very high French decoration, but he was so ugly they could not find a French General to kiss him.



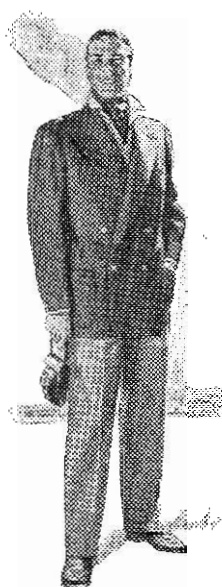
"... and these I got on the Leydene Wardroom Shoot."

MERSEY DIVISION R.N.V.R. AND No. 4 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W).R.

The community of Communicators is thriving in the North West. We are now feeling the benefit of the return of post-national servicemen, six having re-joined us in the last three months. The first intake of Wrens have completed their first three-year engagement and all look like signing on for a further term, in some cases in spite of matrimonial commitments. Manchester Training Centre continues to grow in numbers and the Warrington Section is looking forward to occupying new quarters. Preston lags behind and we would welcome any ex-Tels. living in that area. 8 Fox Street is the address.

The W/T Office in *Eaglet* is very congested these days. Trying to read a Broadcast while a Typex class is in session is not easy. The Chief Yeoman has his difficulties too; the biggest at present is trying to house two teleprinters in an overfull M.S.O.

Big talking point at the moment is the forthcoming exercise "1984." First discussed last September we rather feel the B.B.C. T.V. service stole a march on us. With Ulster, Clyde and Mersey C.M.S.s and S.D.B.s Northern and Scottish Air, and Clyde and Mersey R.M.F.V.R., the exercise will include Minesweeping, a night encounter and a beach assault, culminating, we hope, with the kidnapping of Professor Goldstein. In addition to the sea force, M.H.Q. will be manned at Liverpool and Glasgow which naturally will make a great demand on our trained personnel. With volunteers from Nos. 1 and 3 Districts we are hoping for sufficient to work three watches.



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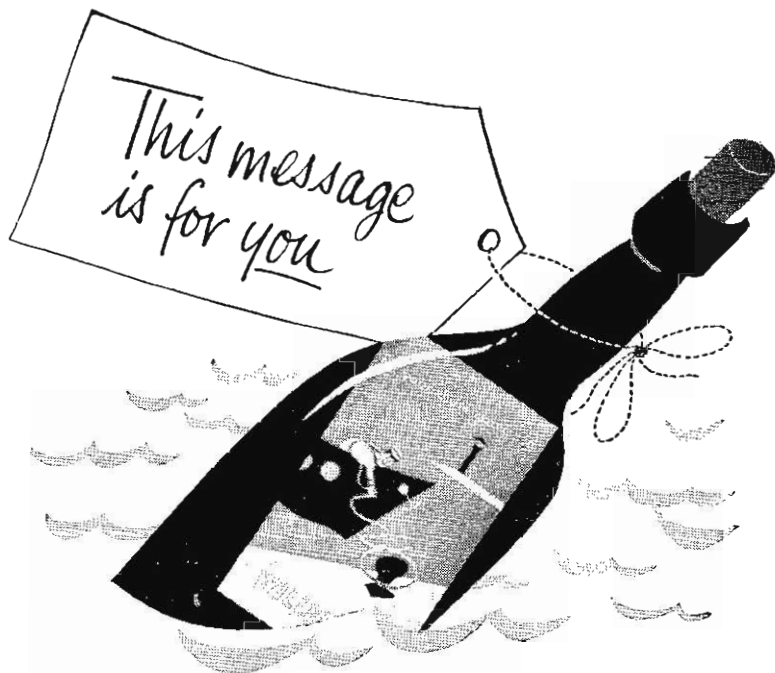


COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

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
C. K. ANTHONY	Lt. Commander	Tamar	Sheffield
R. AITKEN	Comm. Lieutenant	Tyne	Mercury
A. E. ARGENT	S.C.C.O.	Terror	R.N.S.S. Chatham
A. BARLOW	S.C.C.O.	Euryalus	R.N.S.S. Devonport
H. S. BENNETT	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Battleaxe
R. BRADBERRY	C.C.O.	Ocean	Rooke
E. BRISTOW	C.C.O.	Mercury	Eagle
D. E. BROMLEY-MARTIN	Captain	President	President (Chairman B.J.C.E.B.)
C. B. BROOKE	Captain	President	Comnavnorth
W. C. BROWN	C.C.O.	Ceylon	Mercury
E. BURROWS	C.C.O., R.N.Z.N.	Delight	President (R.N.C. Greenwich)
J. C. CAMPBELL, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	President (R.N.C. Greenwich)
K. McN. CAMPBELL-WALTER	Rear Admiral	Sheffield	F.O. Germany
M. G. CHICHESTER	Commander	President	Contest in Command
E. S. COBB	C.C.O.	Tamar	Royal Albert
R. A. COBB	C.C.O.	Mercury	Terror
F. W. COOPER	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Tyne
H. R. CORNELL	Lt. Commander	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Grenville
Miss V. J. CORTVRIEND	3/O W.R.N.S.	St. Angelo	President (D.S.D.)
P. J. COTTLE	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Osprey
Miss S. M. CRUMBY	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	St. Angelo
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Commander	R.N. Staff Course	Terror (Staff of C.-in-C. F.E.S.)
J. W. DAUBNEY	Lt. Commander	Warrior	President (D.S.D.)
A. E. P. DEANE	Lt. Commander	Mercury II	Cumberland
E. D. DOLPHIN	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Bermuda
P. W. DOLPHIN	Lt. Commander	Peregrine	R.N. Staff Course
R. G. DREYER, M.B.E.	Commander	Scorpion	President (D.C.N.S.)
L. G. DURLACHER, O.B.E., D.S.C.	Rear Admiral	Terror	Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel (P.S.)
D. O. DYKES	Lt. Commander	Ganges	Newfoundland
Miss M. E. EUNSON	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	Victory (R.N.B. Portsmouth)
W. FITZHERBERT	Lieutenant	St. Angelo	Ganges
J. H. FORD	Comm. Lieutenant	Drake	Pembroke (Staff of C.-in-C.)
R. S. FOSTER-BROWN	Captain	Ceylon	President
G. FROUD, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	Tyne
J. B. GALLAGHER	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Agincourt
J. GOLDSMITH	Lt. Commander	President	Peregrine
A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX, D.S.O.	Captain	Victory	Mercury
C. W. F. HAMMOND	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Royal Prince
N. E. C. HAMMOND	Lt. Commander	Recruit	Mercury
P. HANKEY, D.S.C.	A/Captain	Mercury	President (Chairman of E.C.S.A.)
R. S. I. HAWKINS	Lt. Commander	President	Tyne (Staff of C. in C. H.F.)
J. A. C. HENLEY, D.S.C.	Captain	S.O.T.C.	St. Angelo



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M. J. HOSEGOOD	Lieutenant	Mercury	Victory (Flag Lt. to C.-in-C.)
Miss M. E. HUNTER	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	St. Angelo
E. L. HYATT	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Gambia
J. D. JACKSON, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Forth	Mercury II
D. A. JONES	S.C.C.O.	Royal Prince	Newfoundland
VISCOUNT KELBURN, D.S.C.	Captain	President	S.O.W.C.
N. L. T. KEMPSON	Commander	Magpie	Tamar
Miss M. R. KINGSNORTH	2/O W.R.N.S.	President	Mercury
J. K. LAUGHTON	Commander	R.N. Staff Course	President (D.R.E.)
P. D. LLOYD	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Gambia
Miss A. K. D. LONG	1/O W.R.N.S.	Nuthatch	Gannett
E. W. McCULLOUGH, B.E.M.	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Delight
F. D. MILLER	Commander	President	Victory (Staff of C.-in-C.)
J. B. D. MILLER	Lt. Commander	Mercury	Defender (as 1st Lt.)
D. T. MILLS	C.C.O.	Mercury	Gambia
G. A. MILWARD, M.B.E.	Commander	President	Daedalus (Staff of F.O.A. (H))
D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E.	Commander	President	Cochrane for Pomona
A. S. MORTON	Lt. Commander	R.N. Staff Course	Cossack (as 1st Lt.)
R. L. W. MOSS	Commander	Montclare	President (D.S.D.)
A. C. O'RIORDAN, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Afrikander	Victory (Staff of C.-in-C.)
P. H. PAGE	Lt. Commander	President	Newcastle (Staff of F.O.2 F.E.S.)
H. PATTISON	S.C.C.O.	Tyne	Mercury
R. J. PITT, M.B.E.	Lt. Commander	Tyne	Mull of Galloway
E. D. PLIMMER	Lieutenant	Mercury	Royal Albert
J. A. ROBERTSON	Lt. R.A.N.	Bramble	Mercury
L. A. ROE	C.C.O.	Mercury	President (R.N.C. Greenwich)
Miss S. M. ROGERS	3/O W.R.N.S.	St. Angelo	Drake (Staff of C.-in-C.)
G. E. SAMPSON	Lt. Commander	Sheffield	Pembroke (Staff of C.-in-C.)
A. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.	Vice Admiral	A.C.R.	C.-in-C. F.E.S.
THE HON. D. P. SEELY, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Gambia	Mercury II
L. SLOANE	Lieutenant	Concord	Lochinvar for Foulness
L. J. SMITH	Commander	President	President (Staff of C.-in-C. Eastlant)
R. A. STANLEY	C.C.O.	Cossack	Mercury
J. A. STROUD	Lieutenant	Grenville	Mercury
L. R. TANTON	C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Mercury
K. M. TEARE	Lt. Commander	Mercury II	Eagle
J. R. G. TRECHMAN	Commander	Aisne	President (D. of P.)
P. LA B. WALSH	Lt. Commander	Osiris	President (D.S.D.)
R. W. WALTON, B.E.M.	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	President (Whitehall W/T)
P. K. WELSH	Commander	President	R.N. Staff Course
W. B. WILLET, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Highflyer	Sea Eagle
P. A. WILLIAMS	C.C.O.	Agincourt	R.N.S.S. Devonport
D. A. WILSON	A/C.C.O.	Mercury	Sheffield
J. WOOD, D.S.C.	Commander	Tactical Course	President (Staff of Tactical Course)
A. WRIGHT	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Ocean

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L. G. DURLACHER, O.B.E., D.S.C.

To Lieutenant Commander

C. RUSBY
W. T. T. PAKENHAM
H. R. KEATE
H. S. BENNETT

To Communication Lieutenant

W. J. G. B. AYRES

RETIRED

H. V. BRUCE...	...	...	...	Lieutenant Commander
R. DANCE ...	...	...	...	Communication Lieutenant
C. O. SADLER ...	...	...	...	Communication Lieutenant
G. F. C. HOLLISS ...	...	...	...	Commissioned Communication Officer
G. F. SHORT ...	...	...	...	Commissioned Communication Officer

LONG "C" COURSE

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Lieutenant E. S. SPENCER
Lieutenant H. B. PARKER
Lieutenant T. M. LAING
Lieutenant B. A. N. BUCKLEY

Lieutenant I. S. SANDEMAN
Lieutenant C. D. M. RIDLEY
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