

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 9
Nº 2

SUMMER
1955

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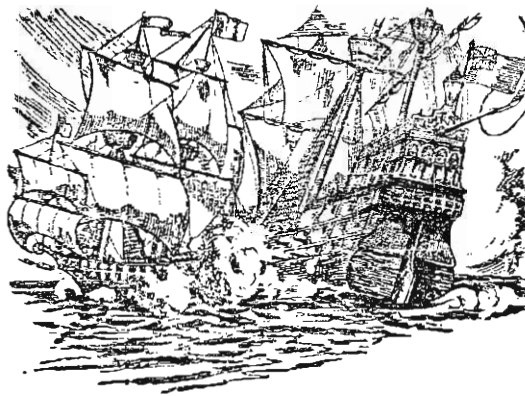
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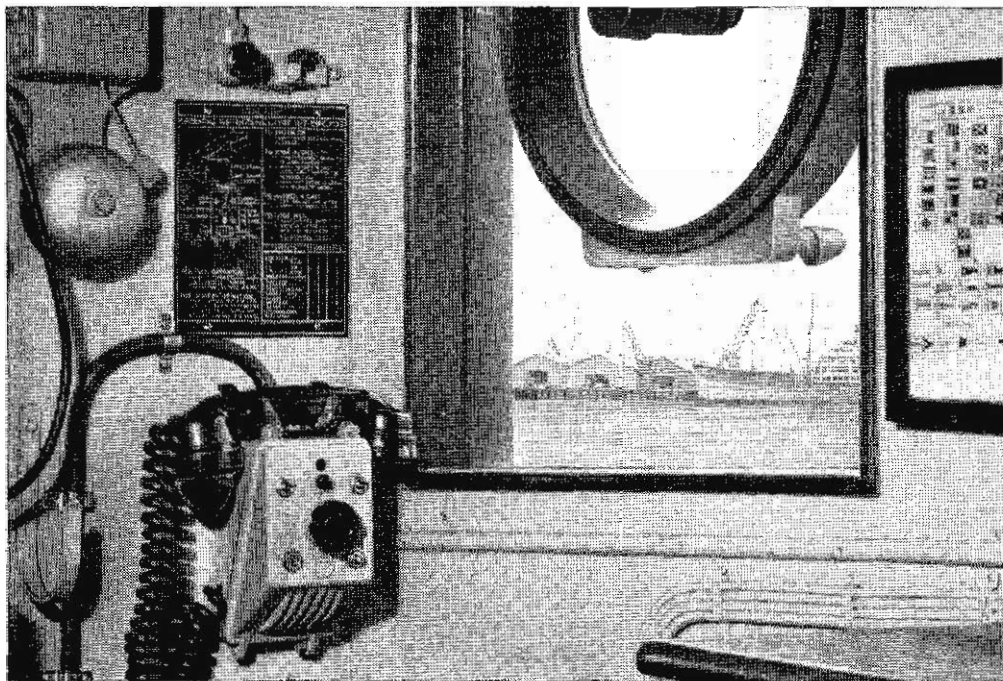
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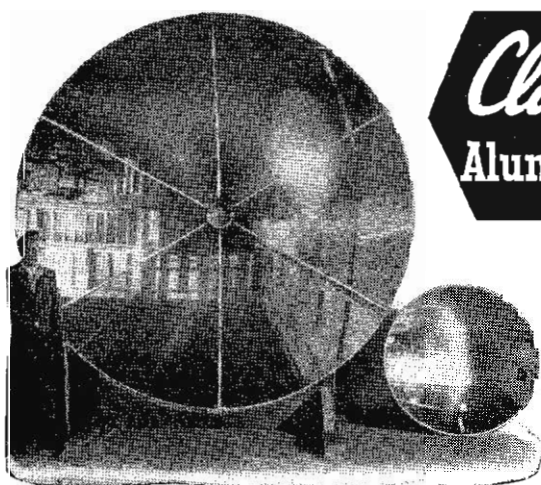
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1955

VOL. 9. NO. 2

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"THE COMMUNICATOR"

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TOP OF THE LONG COURSE 1925
FIRST SEA LORD, 1955

FOREWORD

by

CAPTAIN A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX,
D.S.O., R.N.

Almost exactly ten years ago when I was the Commander at Leydene, an enthusiastic young R.N.V.R. Officer asked me whether he could try to start a Ship's Magazine. Many were dubious of the success of such a venture and there were visions of a quickly dwindling enthusiasm resulting in financial loss and general failure.

Being rather loathe to dampen the enthusiasm of the R.N.V.R. Officer concerned and being keen on the idea myself, I gave permission for the idea to go ahead and thus started "The Sparker". It was locally produced, small and amateurish, but well supported and spread rapidly through the Branch. Now under its changed and more appropriate title and with vastly improved production, it has become the popular and splendid Magazine it is.

The editorial staff at Leydene put in a deal of hard work, but there would be little for them to do without copy to work on and it is all of your contributions that provide that copy. I believe that with still more help from you all the scope of the Magazine can be further increased. A great deal of thought is being put into the matter at this end and I would like to ask you all to do the same. The gossip chat about the Branch and its activities from ships, squadrons, W/T and air stations is welcome and obviously popular but there is, on the whole, a lack of articles and drawings of more general interest and we would welcome more copy on these lines. We also always welcome new ideas and suggestions for improvements. So much for this Magazine. The Branch as a whole has many problems on its plate and I hope to be able to write more on the subject in the next issue. In the meantime I should like to wish the best of luck to all in the Branch wherever they may be.

EDITORIAL

So this is what it is like to go to press; reading, checking, cutting, typing, while all the time the days flit by until suddenly everything is forgotten in the final rush of getting it all away. One's mind by this time has been carried from Malta to Marmarice, Larnaka to Leydene. Perhaps carried is not quite the right word, communicated would be better, because

one cannot escape noticing the interest that is shown in *your* news by the "opposite watch" in South Africa, Stockholm (by the Home Fleet), Singapore and most of the Seven Seas. They want to know what you are doing and this puts THE COMMUNICATOR on the map.

There are some fine articles in this issue. When you turn the pages over you will be surprised to see that we have been on a cruise; well THE COMMUNICATOR has, and if you do not believe me turn to page 74. *Superb* has been round the Horn and *Newcastle* nearly as far north. We hope you will agree that these articles, to mention just a few, make good reading. There are one or two other new types of article too which may interest you.

Readers in the East Indies and Far East may have received a reminder for this edition after the closing date (which always appears on the final page), in the best "clanger" fashion. An over-keen member of the despatch section seized hold of these letters, stacked to go by air mail, and popped them off by sea. Sorry about this: the Editor assures his readers out there that he does realise that it's a long, long way and will make every endeavour to get material and the Magazine to you by the quickest possible means.

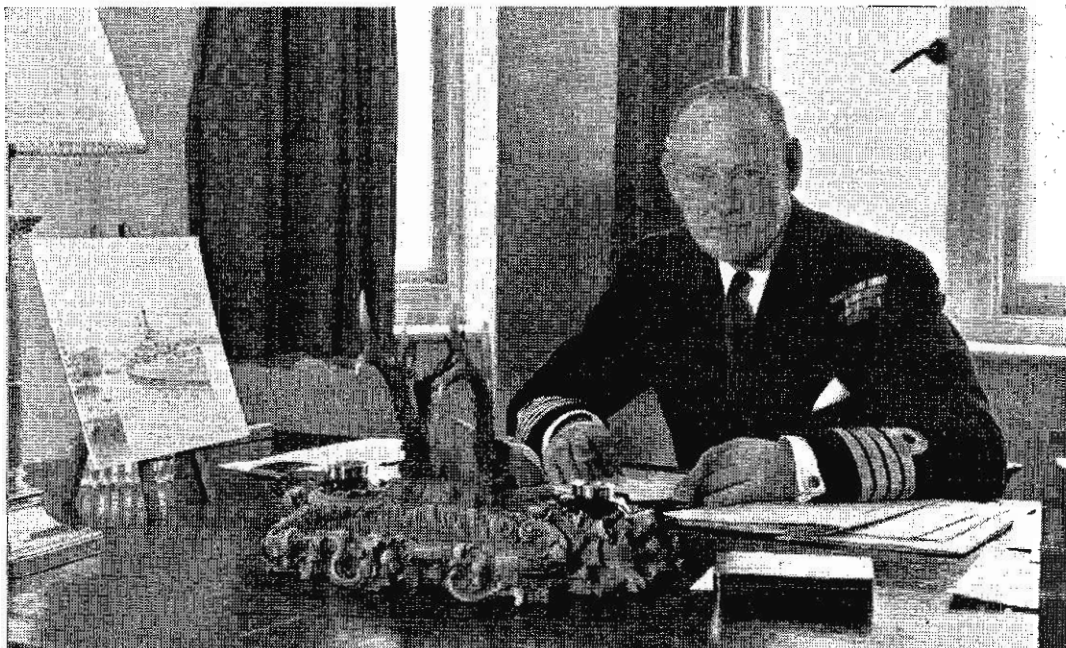
Are you one of the many people with a story? The further your "corner" perhaps the more interesting your yarn. We need a great deal more material if we are to keep the standard of the Magazine high. Three more competitions are announced on page 130. Have a go yourself: there are several prizes going.

At the beginning of the Summer Term we said goodbye to Captain Longden, whom we wish a happy and successful commission in *Birmingham*. We extend a warm welcome to Captain Gordon-Lennox who is no stranger to the Signal School and incidentally, was instrumental in starting the first Communicators' Magazine in 1946.

Portsmouth Communicators will be sorry to hear that Padre Scott is leaving after nearly three years at *Mercury*. He has participated in so many aspects of life here that he will be greatly missed.

The Magazine staff have said goodbye to Lieutenant Commander Miller, who has coaxed THE COMMUNICATOR skilfully through the previous two editions; we wish him every success as First Lieutenant of *Defender*. We are losing our Secretary, Leading Wren Theobald, whose typewriter has danced through four editions of the Magazine in peerless style.

In conclusion we would like to thank the many writers who have sent in material once again. The minesweeper *Essington*, with her three Communicators produced an article for us within a month of commissioning, which we think a wonderful effort. The closing date for contributions for the Christmas edition is 11th November, 1955, mark it in your diary and if you have not written for some time, or have never written before, send us your news, views or short stories.



CAPTAIN A. H. C. GORDON-LENNOX, D.S.O., R.N.

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 1937 | Qualified in Signals. | 1945 | Executive Officer, H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> . |
| 1938 | Chatham Signal School. | 1946 | D.S.D. 10 Admiralty. |
| 1939 | Flag Lieutenant and Signal Officer to Rear Admiral Commanding 1st Battle Squadron. | 1948 | Commanding Officer, H.M.S. <i>Surprise</i> . |
| 1939 | Flag Lieutenant and Signal Officer to Rear Admiral, Alexandria. | 1950 | Promoted to Captain. |
| 1941 | Signal Officer 16th Destroyer Flotilla. | 1950 | Chief Staff Officer (Plans) to Commander-in-Chief, Home and Channel. |
| 1942 | Flag Lieutenant and Signal Officer to Rear Admiral, Destroyers Home Fleet. | 1953 | Imperial Defence College. |
| 1944 | Senior Staff Officer, H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> . | 1954 | Commanding Officer, H.M.S. <i>Mermaid</i> and Captain (F) 2nd Frigate Squadron. |
| 1945 | Promoted to Commander. | 1955 | Captain H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> . |

THE NEW LOOK IN NAVAL COMMUNICATIONS

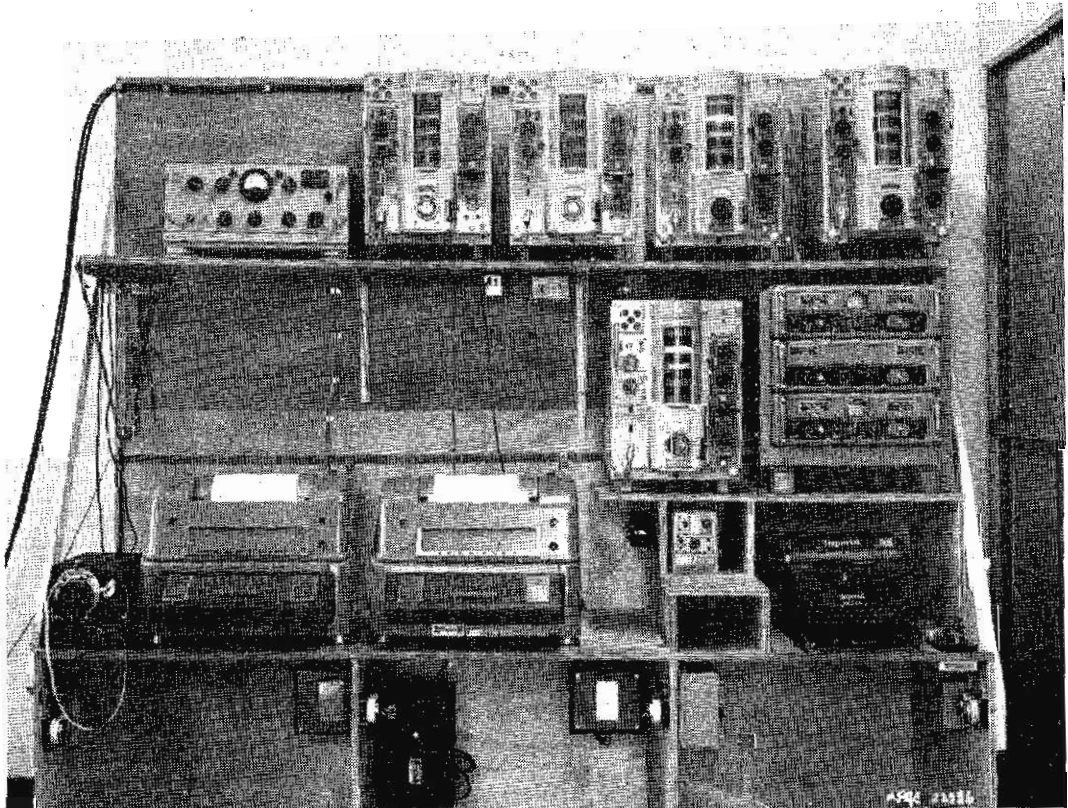
SHIPBORNE RADIOTELETYPE—RATT

By the time this article appears many of you will probably have seen and operated the new RATT equipment shortly to be fitted in ships of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets; for those who have not, the photograph will give an idea of what it looks like. This shows a standard RATT bay as it is hoped to be fitted in Ocean Minesweepers, Frigates and above, but when space does not permit this there are alternative layouts. The equipment consists of two teletypewriters Model TT 69A/UG or TT 70A/UG (lower left), which work with standard B.41 receivers and slightly modified B.40 receivers (middle and upper right), and the ships standard UHF set, type 691 (not shown), in conjunction with the other RATT units, the "Converter/Comparator" (middle right), and "Two Tone Modulator" (upper left) and their associated switches, plugs and power supply units. An important point for operators is that it is nearly all mounted on desk level or above, which allows plenty of leg room unless it has been fitted over a mass of electric cables or steam leads!

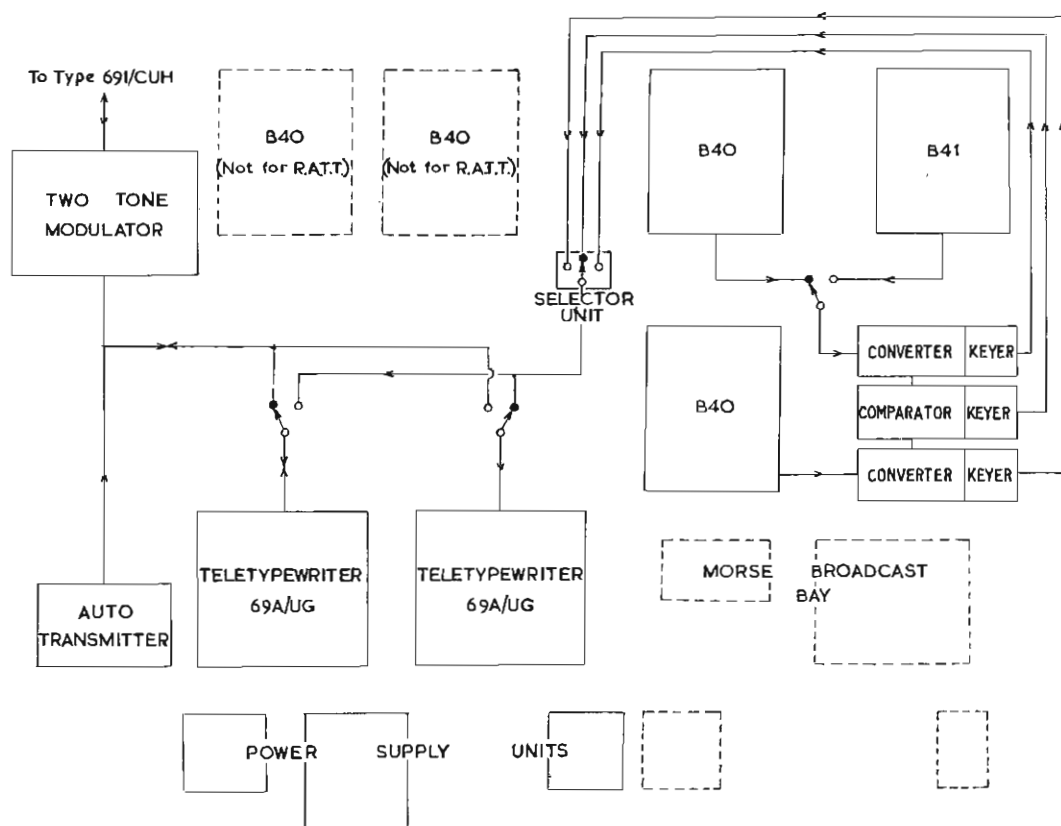
A ship fitted with the standard bay will be capable of simultaneous RATT reception of an HF/LF broadcast and transmission/reception of a direct UHF net. If only one of these is required the HF/LF receivers or UHF set are available for other uses, and the second teletypewriter becomes a standby, or is used to double up the first one if additional copies are required.

It is not intended to describe the technical working of the shipborne equipment in great detail, since this is available in the handbook and in the A.T. film strip. The following brief description will however serve to explain the block diagram, particularly if it is read in conjunction with the simple account of the principles of RATT which appeared in the Summer 1954 number of THE COMMUNICATOR.

The RATT HF/LF broadcast is frequency shift keyed. The output from the receiver is fed into the converter unit, where it is converted into D.C. impulses to operate the teletypewriter. Two receivers can be used simultaneously, tuned to different



Standard Ships RATT Bay



broadcast components, with each receiver feeding its own converter, and the two converters being fed into the comparator. The function of the comparator is to select the better of the two signals from the converters and use this to operate the teletypewriter by means of its own keyer. This system provides what is termed "diversity reception." If, however, it is not necessary to use diversity reception only one receiver and its converter need be used, and the output of the converter then keys the teletypewriter direct or via the keyer unit of the comparator. The selector switch connects the keyer in use to the teletypewriter.

For U.H.F. the Type 691 is used in either AM or FM, and the mark and space signals are carried by modulating at either 700 c/s (mark), or 500 c/s (space). These frequencies are in the audio range and are known as 'tones.' The system is termed "Two Tone Modulation," and as can be seen, is a form of MCW. The necessary conversion from D.C. teletypewriter impulses to tone signals for transmission, and the reverse process for reception, are both carried out in the "Two Tone Modulator."

The operating of shipborne RATT should come easily to anyone who has operated line teleprinters, since the radio procedure is largely based on normal

T/P procedure. The advent of a RATT Net has, however, introduced complications, especially in the procedure for calling and answering. To assist ships to train up their staffs in the new procedures, short conversion courses are being arranged at the U.K. Signal Schools commencing this summer.

The exact uses to which RATT will be put are of course not yet known, and will develop with experience. It is likely that a UHF Net will develop with experience. It is likely that a UHF Net will replace the present Harbour Voice Intercom in most major ports, and that a similar net will become standard for use in a force at sea for administrative traffic and long messages which cannot be passed by V.S. A great advantage of UHF RATT over its voice counterpart is the far higher rate of transmission of encrypted messages. Further uses for tactical UHF RATT will undoubtedly be found.

The Home and Mediterranean Fleets are likely to copy a RATT ship broadcast, and the greater traffic capacity thus achieved may well enable some revision of peacetime broadcast routines, and allow a reduction in the number of lines manned. For example it may become possible to carry the major part of meteorological traffic on the ship broadcast.

Finally, however, a word of warning. The prime advantage of RATT is that it replaces the human operator and speeds up signalling. For example, a RATT broadcast operator will be able to cope with two to three times as much traffic as was previously handled by a morse broadcast operator and his callsign breaker. This is unfortunately only achieved by sacrificing the reliability of the human being, who can discriminate between the wanted signal and unwanted interference in a way that no machine can ever do, and as a result RATT is very susceptible to interference. The RATT bay cannot be left unattended and the operator must keep a constant eye on the cathode tube to make sure the receivers are correctly tuned. There are likely to be occasions when the interference is too great for satisfactory RATT communication but when morse communication is possible.

Morse operators therefore should not get the idea that life will be a bed of roses once the shiny machines arrive onboard, for it is certain that we shall have our full measure of teething troubles in the early stages of shipborne RATT. Telegraphists have a lot more typewriter bashing ahead of them yet, perhaps a great deal more than some people expect.

W.T.T.P.

PRIZEWINNERS—SUMMER 1955

CARTOON COMPETITION

Winner, Telegraphist Rowlands, M.H.Q. Portsmouth, £2 2s. 0d.; Additional Prize, Telegraphist Findlay, R.N. Air Station, Stretton, 10s. 6d.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Winner, Leading Signaller Climie, H.M.S. *Laertes*, £2 2s. 0d.; Additional Prize, Telegraphist E. Jones (Leading/Telegraphist (Q) 47), 10s. 6d.

COMMUNICATION TERMS ILLUSTRATED



"One in the Pipe . . ."

SALES TALK . . .

OR HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

This is the story of Sig. John Slater,
Who refused to buy a COMMUNICATOR,
When approached on the point by his C.C.O.,
He just shook his head, with a definite "No,
Your promises and threats are of no avail,
I'll stick to the 'Mirror' and the 'Week-end Mail'."

The C.C.O. naturally taken aback,
Reported the crime to his boss, the 'Flag Jack'.
"This raling is mad," he cried in alarm,
"If allowed to run loose he is bound to cause harm,
There's no room in my staff for a man of his sort."
"Very well, then," said Flags, "He'll have Captain's Report."

John's messmates, of course, very soon heard the news,
And like their D.O., they had similar views,
O.D.'s sneered in his face, Leading hands ran him down,
And, to make matters worse, Yeomen kicked him around.
His life was sheer misery, until in the end,
He very soon found that he hadn't a friend.

To rectify things, Slater did try his best,
But, by now t'was too late, he was under arrest.
The Captain roared out "This is gross mutinee,"
And passed the case on to his C.-in-C.,
He, in turn, grimly promised to make John's life 'hell',
And the sentence proclaimed "ninety days in a cell."

Watched day and night by a 'crusher' in gaiters,
He was forced to read heaps of COMMUNICATORS.
And, soon he could see what a fool he had been,
Why! They were the best magazines that he'd ever seen,
Well written, instructional and also so funny,
Said John, to himself, "Well, here's value for money."

Of his later life I could tell many tales,
Because, on request, he took over the sales
Of this Magazine, and, as some of you know,
For his excellent work, he was made C.C.O.
And, when his sales double, as they're bound to do later,
We'll be calling our hero "Lieutenant John Slater."

The moral of this yarn can easily be seen,
Because, if you're wise you'll buy your Magazine,
Thus raising your prestige—if you don't you'll be daft,
For besides, there's the risk of some horrible draft.
So, in closing my tale, my advice is to you,
Just be like your author—I always buy TWO!!

T.W.S.

H.M.S. *Seascout*.



FAR EAST

THE CRUISE OF THE "COMMUNICATOR"

During our long refit in Singapore (early February until late April), station leave was granted, and so we decided that it was a good opportunity to explore some of the West Coast of Malaya from seawards, land exploration being a little dicey. We borrowed an M.F.V. from H.M.S. *Terror*, fitted a type 612 and during the trip maintained three routines a day with Kranji on L.C.N., communications being most satisfactory at all times.

The crew consisted of: S.C.C.O. Culliford (Skipper), Lieutenant Rumsby (Engineer), Yeoman Blaikie (Coxswain), Ldg. Sig. Goode (Ch. Cook), Sig. Aldis (M.S.O.), P.O. Tel. Harvey (P.O.O.W.), L/Tel. Shaw (Leadsman), L/Tel. Ives (Mate of the Upper Deck), Tel. Donaghue, O/Tel. Osborne and O/Tel. Stoneham (Deck Hands), O/Sea. Joslin (M.S.O. Messenger).

After the usual flap, we completed storing and fuelling and sailed from the Naval Base for Singapore Harbour at 1200 on the 24th March and after a quiet trip we arrived at Singapore and secured in the basin alongside the Malayan Volunteer Reserve training Ship H.M.S. *Laburnum* at 1630. Most of the crew took advantage of our berth and had a run ashore in Singapore during the evening.

On Thursday 25th we slipped at nine-thirty and headed out through Keppel Harbour and up the West Coast for an island, Pulau Pisang, where we anchored in a small bay on the south side at four in the afternoon.

The island or rather group of three islands are very thickly wooded and the only landing is at a small stone jetty leading to a steep path climbing up to the lighthouse on the summit. The dinghy was hoisted out and we spent the evening swimming and fishing and a couple of the more energetic types climbed up to the lighthouse. Shortly after dark the weather unfortunately began to deteriorate and we twice dragged our anchor during the evening. We moved out a little and put a second pick down and the M.F.V. sat the blow out fairly comfortably.

The wind and sea eased at dawn and at eight-fifteen on Friday, having had a swim and breakfast, we weighed and sailed for Benut a small township

three miles up the narrow Benut river. There are only two feet of water on the bar at low tide, and the channel is unmarked so it has to be negotiated within two and a half hours of high water, and with a certain amount of caution. We approached the coast with Leading Tel. Shaw swinging a valiant lead up forward and calling out "Deep Nines and by the mark seven, etc.," which didn't convey much except that there still seemed to be plenty of water under foot. Some other seamanlike language floated aft when he accidentally wrapped the lead line round the coxswain's neck.

After we crossed the two fathom line we used a twenty foot bamboo-pole, which we had cut at Pulau Pisang, as a sounding pole and very cautiously felt our way up the channel and into the mouth of the river and after a three mile trip up the narrow winding river, rather reminiscent of the "African Queen" we secured alongside the diminutive jetty at Benut. The local Policeman and Customs Chappie called and their visitors' book was duly signed. After lunch most of us decided that a rest was indicated but one or two of the more energetic characters went ashore exploring. In the evening we wandered ashore for a look round and to do some shopping, followed by a fairly large section of the locals—Aldis and Joslin found a billiards hall and played a game, much to the amusement of the inhabitants, who appeared to be in the Horace Lindrum class. In the evening we attended the local cinema show which is held in the school playground once a fortnight. In between reels the audience stream off to the nearest market stalls for lemonade etc., and when all returned the show continued. We finished off the evening with a sing song on the foc'sle in front of a fairly large and enthusiastic audience. Strong QRM in the form of Chinese Music from a local eating house was experienced but we just about held our own.

We intended to sail for Pontian, a small town about twenty miles down the coast, on the tide the following morning, but unfortunately the engine refused to start and it was four hours' hard work later that Lieutenant Rumsby got it to turn over.

By this time it was too late to get out of the river and round to Pontian on that tide, and as the next high tide was midnight we decided that as we had a comfortable berth we might as well stay.

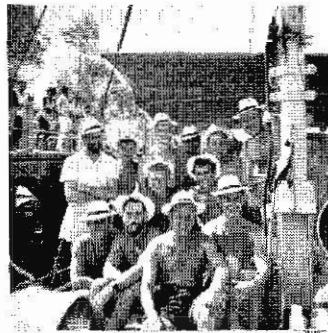
We topped up with water from the village tap, a rather lengthy business involving ferrying the water down stream in barricoes and then syphoning it into the tank. The rest of the day was spent exploring the river in the dinghy, shopping in the village and fishing over the side. The fishing experts landed several large crayfish, a number of ghastly looking catfish and about half a hundredweight of debris in the course of the day. Once again we finished off the day with a sing song.

The following day, Monday, we sailed on the tide, and after cautiously sounding over the bar, set course for Pulau Pisang again for a last swim before turning south for Singapore. At 1215 we anchored off Pisang and after half an hour's swimming we weighed and set course for Singapore. All went well until three-thirty when we ran into a rain squall with visibility down to about a quarter of a mile. Fortunately our last fix on the land off the island of Kikup had been fairly good, and when we ran out of the rain about four-fifteen, Sultan Shoal beacon was sighted about four miles away on the starboard bow. A few minutes later, after a few preliminary splutters the engine stopped and left us floating gently backwards on the first of the ebb. After ten minutes of this we decided that something must be done so the awning was taken down and hoisted on the foremast and with a good wind from astern we began to make way again, slowly it's true, towards Singapore.

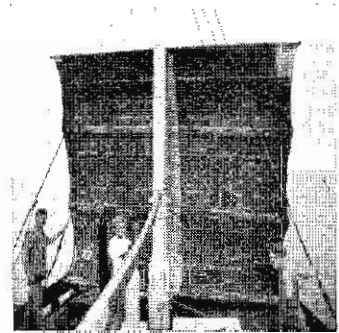
Sterling work by the Engineer eventually coaxed the engine back to life and with the sail lowered we were made for Singapore at about half speed in the gathering dusk. We had a rather tricky passage through Keppel entrance in the dark against the full force of the ebb tide but at eight-thirty we rather thankfully tied up in Laburnum Basin.

On Tuesday morning, technicians arrived from H.M.S. *Terror* with spares but despite the fact that they worked until nine-thirty in the evening the engine remained obstinately silent. Wednesday morning they returned and a few minutes after eleven o'clock we were rewarded by a rather startling explosion accompanied by the disintegration of the engine room fanlight and hatch cover, the sudden and unpremeditated appearance on deck of three somewhat tattered technicians followed by fire in the engine room.

This was quickly dealt with by use of the Methyl Bromide extinguishers fitted in the wheelhouse and connected to sprays fixed round the sides of the engine room. After inspecting the damage when the



The Crew



"Soldier's Wind"

smoke and fumes had cleared later, and discovering that the fore bulkhead had split from top to bottom, we rather reluctantly decided that the trip had come to an end. We disembarked in the afternoon and returned to H.M.S. *Terror* by lorry, slightly bloodied but with heads unbowed. So ended the cruise of M.F.V. 715, renamed for the occasion "H.M.S. *Communicator*."

Despite our odd difficulties, we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. We learned a lot about cooking on primus stoves, a little about seamanship and coastal navigation, and can heartily recommend to any Communicators refitting in Singapore, a trip up the west coast of Malaya as a pleasant way of spending a few days' leave.

H.M.S. "CARDIGAN BAY"

At the beginning of March, in company with *St. Brides Bay*, we cruised across to Guam in the Marianas to make the first visit of the Royal Navy since the end of the war. (Our saluting log is getting quite full now.) It was a tropical paradise, and for four days we were very well looked after by the U.S. Navy.

Afterwards we went to Sarawak, and then *St. Brides Bay* went to North Borneo, which we had visited last November. We called at Labuan, and later had an exciting 75 mile trip up the Rejang River to Sibul. The bush telegraph worked well, and a good measure of integration was achieved with the Dayaks.

After this it was straight into a long refit in Singapore, with tropical routine, station leave, courses at Kranji (S.T.C. = Singapore Turf Club), and a lot of *Terror*.

In the sporting world we must quickly correct the impression given on page 12 of the Easter Number that those Geordies beat the other Frigate Squadron in the Fleet soccer final—it was the 4th F.S. who played the final—fielding three *Cardigan Bay* Communicators, too!

Congratulations to Coder Peel on being a regular Navy cricketer in Singapore. Mention must also

go to our own regulars, Leading Telegraphist Sides (soccer and hockey), Leading Signalman Graley (hockey), Leading Telegraphist Leigh (cricket), Telegraphist Platt (soccer) and the scorer, Signalman Ellis (soccer, that is).

Kaniere goes back to Auckland shortly, and we are sorry to see her go. *Pakaki* takes her place in the Squadron. We're thinking of appropriating a few kiwis, because it is not a good thing for the Leader to have less hands than her wingers! (Drafty please note).

Some of the staff caught up "Anzex," but the ship missed it. The refit ends soon (E. and O.E.) and we shall be in little old Hong Kong again in July. Watch out for the China mail in the Christmas Number.

We end on a sad note. Poochy has passed away. She joined the ship in Turkey many years ago. All who have served in *Cardigan Bay* will miss this old Lady of the Sea.

EIGHTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

As we write the Squadron is once more split up, three being at sea in "Anzex" and two at Hong Kong, and one semi-detached member just arriving from the United Kingdom. This is *Cheviot*, eagerly awaited by *Cossack's* communications staff, for their reliefs are known to be aboard.

When we wrote last, *Concord* had just recommissioned at Singapore and was working up in the Malayan area. *Cockade* was about to recommission (March), *Cossack* and *Consort* were on their way north for a Hunter-killer exercise and *Comus*, after refitting at Singapore, was doing trials.

Cossack and *Consort* duly arrived at Yokosuka and after preliminary A.S. exercises took off for the main HUK exercise. Each of the three British ships, *Cossack*, *Consort* and H.M.C.S. *Sioux*, was in a different group. Captain (D) 8 was S.O. destroyers. There were two U.S. squadrons taking part, one of destroyers and one of destroyer escorts. There seemed little difference between the two types except for the number of guns, six in the destroyers and three in the escorts. This phase of the HUK ended

in Okinawa. Here we three remained from Wednesday 9th to Sunday 13th, being joined on the Saturday by *Comus* who had just arrived from Hong Kong via Formosa Straits patrol. *Comus* did preliminary A.S. exercises with the U.S. ships and then another exercise back to Yokosuka which she reached on the 28th. Meanwhile *Cossack*, *Consort* and *Sioux* had sailed to rendezvous with her. These included dawn encounter and torpedo attacks complete with smoke screens. We, that is *Cossack* and *Consort*, received provisions from *Newcastle*, and *Sioux* rigged hoses to be fuelled from *Newcastle's* stern, this being a dummy run only. *Sioux* was detached to go to Sasebo, the U.S. and Canadian base, while we went on to Kure, the British and Anzac base.

After two days *Cossack* and *Consort* sailed for Chinhae collecting *Sioux*, sailing from Sasebo, on the way. We left *Consort* in Chinhae preparing for Captain (D)'s inspection and with *Sioux* sailed to patrol the West Korean coast. Of this we need only say "When you've seen one island you've seen the lot." Back in Chinhae we played "general drill" with *Consort* as part of her inspection and in preparation for our own. We detached *Sioux* to return to Sasebo and with *Consort* proceeded through the Shimonseki Straits into the Inland Sea and so back to Kure. Across the narrowest part of the Strait—actually called "The Narrows" runs a highpower cable. It looked at one time as if *Cossack's* mast would just touch. The height had been increased by the addition of the H/F D/F aerial and there did not appear to be much room to spare.

Consort left us here to go on to other ports and a sightseeing and flag-shewing cruise ending at Tokyo. *Cossack* completed preparations for Admiral's Inspection. At the end of this week *Cossack* was at Kure, *Consort* in the Inland Sea, *Comus* at Yokosuka, *Concord*—working up—had reached Hong Kong, and *Cockade* was working up at Singapore after re-commissioning.

By the end of the following week—Easter weekend—*Cossack* was in the middle of F.O.2's inspection at Sasebo, *Concord* had just arrived at Sasebo from Hong Kong, *Comus* and *Consort* were at sea in the Pacific making for a rendezvous with *Cossack* on Easter Monday. *Cossack's* harbour inspection completed, we sailed for the sea inspection on Easter Monday with *Newcastle* and *Concord*. After the inspection F.O.2 and his Inspection Staff returned by *Newcastle's* boat and we continued on our way South. We were joined by *Comus* and *Consort*. *Newcastle* turned off for Tokyo and we continued south as nearly a complete squadron as we could be. We carried out squadron exercises on the way back to Hong Kong where *Cockade* had arrived in the meantime.

After the ships of the Eighth Destroyer Squadron have re-assembled at Singapore, *Cossack* will recommission; she will be followed by *Comus* and later by *Consort*. *Cheviot* we understand will have a



"L/Tel. Jones, are you sure you read that rendezvous correctly?"

refit crew. We ourselves hope to return to the United Kingdom shortly so this is our last contribution. We take the opportunity of wishing our successors well and trust that news of the Eighth Destroyer Squadron will continue to find its place in THE COMMUNICATOR. SCUD.

NORTH WITH "NEWCASTLE"

Since the last communique to our distinguished Magazine our movements have included visits to Japanese and Korean ports of Kure, Kobe, Sasebo, Yokosuka, Inchon Paengyongdo, Yongpyongdo and Chinhae—the Korean seat of nautical learning, where our Royal Marines carried out a ceremonial sunset ashore in the Naval Academy. After the calm waters of our Northern cruise, Communicators found themselves in impecunious straits on our return to Hong Kong, and Post Office Savings Books have borne the brunt of impending bankruptcy. The best things in life are not free!

Returning to Hong Kong many of us were the guests of the 1st Battalion Kings Own, who trooped the colour on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday. The impressive ceremony was performed just south of the Chinese border in the New Territories, the new F.N.280 replacing the Lee-Enfield rifle. Afterwards we were their guests for dinner.

Pulo Tioman, 130 miles North East of Singapore, was the island setting for our pre-Admirals inspection work-up period, where for ten days vast quantities of paint and energy were expended at all hours. Many Communicators took the opportunity to go on a swimming and banyan party ashore where one evening Yeoman Lowndes and Leading Telegraphist Haines vied for the Philip Harben medal, producing a splendid meal of potmess, steak and onions, washed down with several pints of beer. They have since disclaimed all responsibility for the cases of malaria at present resident in the ship's Sick Bay.

Our inspection over, Admiral Elkins having complimented the ship's company on the pre-war standard of cleanliness and efficiency, many of my brother Communicators proceeded ashore to the fleet canteen for a quiet pint. One Telegraphist, who shall be nameless, was nearly run down by a motor boat through the mistaken impression that he had the rightful ability to walk upon the waters of Johore Straits.

The Combined Commonwealth Fleet Exercise—"Anzex One", is now in progress, this being the first major fleet exercise in which we have participated. Finally, we wish Communicators everywhere the very best of luck, especially to those in Devonport. We'll be welcoming you onboard next November and wishing you a Happy Christmas.

Bar of Chocolate?

"G.D.P. you know that 'manoeuvre well executed' you just gave *Concord*? Well, Captain 'D' has just made 'manoeuvre NOT well-executed.'!!!"

H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

This is the first time that *Newfoundland* has been in our Magazine since the ship was recommissioned at Pompey in February. There isn't much to tell since, as soon as we arrived on the Far East Station we were invaded by hordes of Singapore "dockies" and we are still trying to get rid of them.

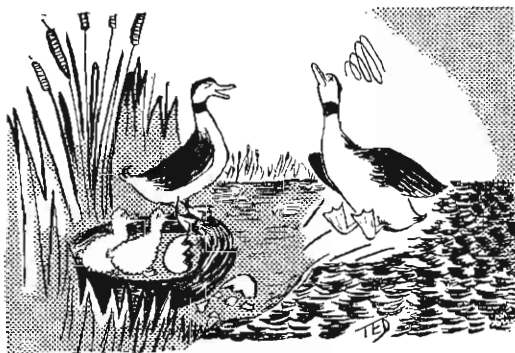
We had a very uneventful working-up period at Malta which was interrupted by having to take part in the combined fleet exercises, for a day, with the Duke of Edinburgh embarked in *Britannia*.

On leaving Malta we called at Argostoli with the last cargo of earthquake relief stores. The town presented a wierd sight, every single house had been shaken. Rebuilding seems to be well under way and there are many new red roofed buildings standing amongst the ruins.

Our arrival on the Far East Station was rather spectacular. We made a brief stop in Singapore Roads to pick up press and official observers and then sailed to carry out a bombardment in Johore. I don't think the Commander-in-Chief even knew we were there. The day after the bombardment we had commenced de-ammunitioning at Singapore and the next day the aerials were all down; we had started the refit.

At the time of writing there is a very small staff onboard. Most of us are at Kranji W/T for the duration of the "Anzex" exercises. After that there are two or three R.F.A.'s to be manned by Communicators from *Newfoundland*. I doubt if we shall recognise one another when we all join forces again.

In the sports world we have only played twice as a division. Once, football against Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Noye's boys from the *Sheffield* and the other, also football, against our own forecastle division. I regret to say we lost both matches. S.W.

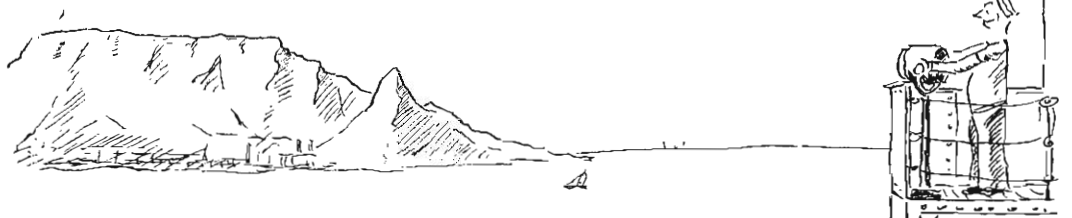


They'll grow down until they're grown up and when they're grown up they won't grow down!

THE COMMUNICATOR

SOUTH ATLANTIC

79



As forecast in our last article, the R.N. is now better represented in the South Atlantic with the advent of *Birmingham*, *Maggie* and *Acheron* in addition to *Pelican*. *Birmingham* arrived in Durban from the Far East Station on 24th May and is to carry out a cruise to Lourenco Marques, Diego Suarez, Tulear and East London wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief before leaving Simons-town for U.K. on 20th June. *Pelican*, *Maggie* and *Acheron* are at Durban taking part in exercise Durbex with S.A.N. and French units until early July when *Pelican* sails for U.K. *Maggie* is then to carry out an East coast cruise returning to Simons-town on 29th July and *Acheron* leaves for the East Indies Station on 11th July.

With the bush fire season now drawn to a close we can congratulate ourselves on having been let off very lightly this year. No R.N. property has been really menaced although one fire did creep uncomfortably close to Klaver Camp. Threatened landslides have become the order of the day in Simons-town itself as fears are expressed that the mountain Simonsberg will attempt to move into the main street when the heavy rains arrive. Already several shops and a hotel have been evacuated in anticipation. In the interim we bask in the winter sunshine.

The Signal Training Centre at Klaver is confined to one S.A.N. Signaller and one S.A.N. Telegraphist course at present but the tempo is to quicken in July and August when six courses will be under way. A new departure is the training in communications of S.A.N. Sub-Lieutenants, the first course being due to commence in July. The same month will see the relief of the present Officer-in-Charge (Mr. Hancock) and the installation of Mr. Armstrong in his stead. Mr. Clarke (now Sub Lieutenant S.A.N.), will of course remain.

We still await the result of the talks on the future of Simonstown with no indication of any change except that the South African Minister of Defence and Chiefs of Staff are now in London for talks with the British Government.

H.M.S. "PELICAN"

Greetings to all Communicators from the staff of H.M.S. *Pelican*. This, a rather belated contribution, is being written near the end of our General Service commission in the South Atlantic. Since leaving England in August last year we have travelled several thousands of miles and visited many places

in Africa including Freetown, Lagos, Bathurst, Monrovia, Takoradi, Loanda, Saldanha Bay, Luderitz, Calabar, East London and Durban. We also visited two places in Madagascar, Diego Suarez and Tulear. Our Madagascar journey was inspired by exercise "Coelacanth" during which we exercised with S.A.S. *Simon van der Stel* and the French ships *Gazelle*, *Alidade*, *La Grandiere* and *Jeanne D'Arc*. Also taking part were units of the French and South African Air Forces.

We have had the usual run of Air/Sea Co-operation exercises plus bombardments and other forms of entertainment. We are now about to sail for "Durbex 1955." Units taking part with us will be Ships *Birmingham*, *Maggie*, H.M. Submarine *Acheron*, S.A.S. *Somerset* and F.S. *Gazelle* plus units of the R.A.F., S.A.A.F. and French Air Force. It promises to be rather hectic for a few weeks but we hope that *Pelican* will do well and so round off a successful tour of duty on the Station.

On 8th July we say farewell to the South Atlantic Station and point our beak in the direction of Chatham, home and beauty where we are scheduled to arrive on 11th August. All of us have enjoyed the commission even though at times we have been "up to our necks" but we will be very pleased to be home again for a well deserved spot of leave.

With thoughts of U.K. in our minds we take leave of all you fellow Communicators and wish you all that you wish yourselves wherever you may be and look forward to renewing old acquaintances in the near future.

SLANGKOP W/T

At present you at home are perhaps more than a little bit inconvenienced by transport difficulties (natives excluded) while we have a dependable 3 ton truck. We sympathise with you and hope you are very soon back to normal. Our transport doesn't run as often as we would like it to, nor is it as comfortable as it might be, but it does run regularly. Soon we should have our bus in commission once more. With regard to the Christmas bus accident we are happy to say that the casualties have nearly all recovered.

C.P.O. Telegraphist Trotter has been relieved and all here wish him well. In the next six months about a half of the present staff are due for relief so a word to those who are to follow.

Slangkop W/T is about seven miles from Fish

Hoek, the nearest sizeable place. It has an excellent beach and Simonstown, four miles away, provides all that Fish Hoek lacks. Of course you can go further afield. On the station we have a good canteen, billiards, table tennis, library, and out of doors a first-rate tennis court and badminton. Occasionally we have a dance, usually held at an hotel in one of the towns, and other ideas are being considered. So we don't fare badly off duty. Even so life is very much what one makes it.

In the way of sport we find it difficult to field our own teams but a fair number of the staff are regular members of Fish Hoek F.C. Though this is a civilian club the team is mainly R.N. and they give a good account of themselves.

Others find Slangkop W/T an ideal place for study. A dozen copies of pre-course notes for higher rating are in use at the moment and other courses under way include Radio, Photography, and Chiropody.

The weather, even in South Africa, is a topic and we are on the verge of Winter. Rain has been expected for some days, and its effect on our lines to Cape South and Cape East feared, but the sun still shines. We are told by the local experts that all the signs are for a dry season so we cross our fingers and continue to hope for the best.

H.M. Submarine *Acheron* arrived recently at Simonstown and P.O. Telegraphist Marsden and his staff were welcomed. All showed keen interest in all they saw and together we ironed out a few difficulties. Our visit to the ship was enlightening and, warming. Good luck H.M.S. *Acheron*.

We invite anyone arriving on the South Atlantic Station to visit us. Transport will be provided and it is a pleasant journey. There must be someone here you know, yarns can be swapped and queries sorted out and there's always the canteen at the end of it. We hope you will accept our invitation.

SOUTH WITH H.M.S. "SUPERB"

To bring readers up-to-date it is necessary to go back to mid-February when *Superb* sailed from Valparaiso for the Falkland Islands by way of the Magellan Straits. The western half of the 300 mile straits is extremely precipitous and grim looking, but after passing Cape Froward, the southernmost point of South America, more pleasing scenery comes into view. Punta Arenas, the most southerly town in the world, is the focal point of industry and communications in the Straits. We anchored off there for one night. The people derive their livelihood from the export of wool, hides and frozen meat; mainly to ports on both sides of South America.

On Sunday 20th February we anchored off Port Stanley and met for the first time the Frigate *Vernan Bay* who has been doing her duty in the bleak Antarctic. Considerable interest was shown by our sparkers in the news and messages that were relayed over the Farmers Inter Com frequency (4500 Kc/s). It made a change to hear such items as shopping lists passed by outlying people to the station controller in Stanley. It was here too that we embarked five Emperor Penguins for passage to Montevideo and ultimately the zoo at Miami. The Surgeon-Lieutenant and the then Commander (E) became the penguin sweepers and forcibly fed them with "Herrings In" (after removing the "In"), an amusing operation for the onlookers.

We said goodbye to the Falkland Islands on the 24th and arrived at Montevideo on the 28th.

Our visit to Montevideo coincided with the inauguration of the new President. *Superb's* guard and band was accorded the great honour of leading the parade of the Uruguayan Armed Forces in the march past, the newly elected President Luis Battle Berres taking the salute. A trip was arranged to Swift's corned beef factory for a large number of ratings. Apart from this, there were the usual attractions that most big cities have to offer.

On Saturday 5th we sailed with the Minister of Defence, the Inspector General of the Navy and Chief of Staff embarked to review the Uruguayan warships at anchor in the Bay. On conclusion the Uruguayan Frigate *Artigas* came alongside, our guests disembarked, and *Superb* sailed for Santos.

The first thing to attract attention on approaching Santos was the large number of skyscrapers along the waterfront and then the enormous size of the port; miles of quayside filled to capacity with ships of practically every nation—a fine opportunity for Signalmen to learn the foreign ensigns and House Flags. Whilst here the majority of the ship's company visited Sao Paulo, an up and coming city, some four hours by bus from the port. The roads connecting the two cities are remarkable, being hewn out of solid rock in places and carried by bridges high above ravines in others. This road climbs from sea level to a height of several thousand feet and the traveller has splendid views at every point of the climb. Whilst at Sao Paulo a trip had been arranged to the nearby snake farm at Butantan. From all over South America live snakes are sent here where the venom is extracted and made into serum as an antidote for those unfortunate enough to be bitten. Anyone who sends in a snake gets a free bottle of the made-up serum.

With the all pervading smell of coffee in the air we sailed from Santos for Rio de Janeiro arriving on 13th March.

Rio. The very name, coupled as it inevitably is with the famous beach at Copacabana, gives the imagination plenty of scope and for the wealthy tourist no doubt it justifies their highest hopes. The harbour is reputed to be one of the finest sights in the world. I don't think this will be disputed by those lucky enough to see it, although I am told that Sydney lays claim to first place.

Sightseeing tours were arranged to the famous Sugarloaf mountain, Corcovado, the huge statue

of Christ standing high on a hill overlooking the city, and other places of interest.

The principle souvenir appeared to be the Butterfly tray. Some were exquisitely executed with the dazzling colours of tropical butterflies inlaid at the bottom of the wooden frame and with a glass top.

From Rio to Trinidad is a long stretch. We were at sea ten days. At Trinidad, Captain C. L. Firth, D.S.O., Royal Navy (Retired), came onboard. Many Communicators will remember him as Captain of the Signal School from 1946 to 1948. He has settled down in Trinidad. Here it was, at Government House, that a large number of the ship's officers met the newly arrived Australian Test Team. Some ratings went to see the famous Pitch Lake in the south-western corner of the Island.

Trinidad was left behind a.m. on the 4th April and p.m. on the same day the ship anchored off St. George's, Grenada, for a few days before proceeding to Antigua, and finally arrived at

Bermuda on the 15th April, having steamed over 13,000 miles on a "showing the flag" cruise.

Since arriving at Bermuda the Squadron regatta and sports have been held. The Communications racing whaler's crew won their race, Chief Yeoman of Signals Mitchell driving them home. In the Squadron sports, Lieutenant Shattock, Telegraphist C. Rowbotham and Ordinary Telegraphist Sparkes did extremely well, all gaining prizes.

Communication exercises have been carried out with *Mounts Bay*, *Burghhead Bay* and a variety of R.C.N. ships which are often exercising in Bermudian waters.

On 20th June *Superb* sails on the Summer Cruise, calling at San Diego, Portland (Oregon), Seattle, Vancouver, Esquimalt, Santa Barbara, Long Beach, Acapulco (Mexico), Rodman Naval Base (C.Z.), Kingston before arriving back at Bermuda. From there we sail to arrive at Chatham on 7th October.

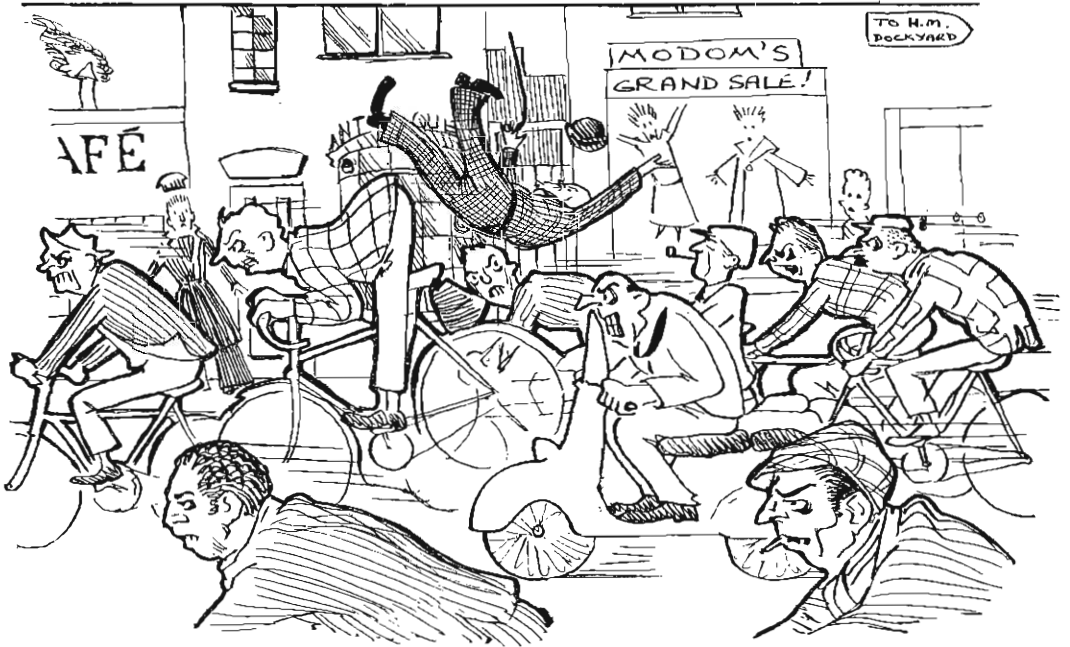


H.M.S. "SUPERB's" Communication Racing Whaler's Crew.
(Left to right) Tel. C. Rowbotham, Sig. R. Higgins, C.Y.S. F. Mitchell,
Tel. P. Worthington, O.Sig. G. Salmon. (Seated) L. Tel. P. Palmer



↑ 4.59 P.M.

↓ 5.01 P.M.



ENGLISH!

by a BELGIAN

What's it like to operate Tactical Primary in a foreign language?

First of all, let me introduce myself before starting any comment. I had the great honour to serve at the end of the last war in the Royal Navy until my government called me back like many other men of R.N. Belgian Section, to form the core of the actual Belgian Naval Force.

Since then, we have kept a constant contact with the Royal Navy by means of exercise and official visits. Hundreds of men have joined our young Navy as well: they consist almost entirely of volunteers.

In Belgium two languages are spoken—Flemish (very similar to Dutch) and French. A large proportion of Belgians speak both languages; many of those living on the coast and in the larger towns speak English as well—many Shakespearean words are the same in Flemish and English except for the pronunciation. This accounts for the fact that about three out of ten Belgian sailors speak English.

In the Communication Branch, Chief Petty Officers, Petty Officers and below who are on course receive one hour of English instruction each day.

This means that all Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers have a good knowledge of English while the remainder should have a working knowledge requiring only plenty of practice. Voice procedure training is carried out only in English.

In spite of all this, many of our operators are in serious trouble when receiving messages from R.N. ships on voice circuits for three reasons:—

1. I think some British operators do not realise that they are talking just too fast for us.
2. The pronunciation of the words (received with ease by the R.N. spark) is often not clear enough to distinguish the meaning of a word.
3. Our operators working in such circuits get excited and then lose the remaining chance to pick up the message.

The use of the phonetic alphabet to spell out difficult words usually avoids too many repetitions. I find that the use of signal code, such as A.C.P. 175 should be more employed in N.A.T.O. exercises in order to avoid language difficulty.

Only a few A.C.P.s, such as 124 and 125, are printed in Flemish/French the remainder being in English.

To R.N. Communicators from your Belgian friends "Meilleurs souhaits."

Premier Maître ROBERT HENRY,
Belgian Naval Force

A NEW SERIES

IT'S WORTH KNOWING

Curing eye-piece trouble on 10" and 20" S.P.s.

The rubber eye-pieces supplied for attaching to the open sights of 10-in. S.P., 20-in. S.P.'s, etc., which invariably fall off owing to the loose fit of the female end over the male end of the attachment, can be firmly stuck on with "Bostic C" compound. The small quantity required can usually be obtained from your friends in the electrical workshop or engineer's store.

How to fit a becket to an ensign

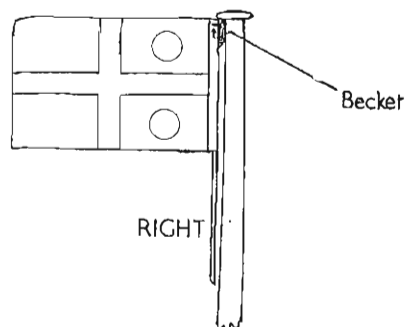
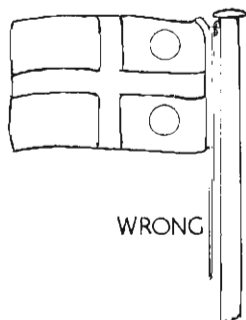
When fitting a headstick to an ensign or Admiral's flag, etc., remember to fit a becket as well. The headstick and the becket have different functions; the headstick allows the clip on the flag to be affixed

below the top edge of the flag, whilst the becket controls the free end of the flag at the upper end of the headstick, so that it remains in position close up to the halliard.

If the becket is not fitted the result will not be neat or tidy. It should be just big enough to allow the clip of the free-running end to pass through it.

Signals blowing away? Try this

To hold the message form when using a 10-in. S.P. for transmitting a message, suspend two medium size magnets on a piece of twine so that one magnet hangs down each side of the back of the projector barrel. The message form placed under the magnets will be held flat and secure against the steel back of the projector. (Be wary if your ship is still fitted with a magnetic compass if you decide to adopt this aid.)





EAST INDIES

We have all been settled down in Trincomalee since January, and now looms before us the East African cruise, starting from Trinco on 27th May for Mauritius, and returning via Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Seychelles. The "natives" are receiving their last minute instructions for "rabbit" buying from their spouses and offsprings, and the boys who are courting the local beauties (mostly Admiralty civilian's daughters) are either frantically trying to get out of the cruise or issuing strict orders to their messmates to "lay off" whilst they are away. We shall not have time to report on the cruise itself before this article is due in *Mercury*, so will leave that until the next number.

When we last wrote, the East Indies fleet had been sadly depleted, but now we are gradually coming back to our usual strength—one cruiser and three frigates. *Gambia* arrives in a few days time, and *Loch Lomond* will follow shortly after from the Mediterranean where she is working up. We already have an East Indies staid hand in *Flamingo* (S.N.O.P.G.) and, if the crew is a new commission, the ship is such an old stager here then she would know her own way around this station. *Loch Insh* we had in Trinco with us for a short spell soon after arrival on the station; she did Commander-in-Chief's inspection before commencing her tour of the Persian Gulf.

The next event in our lives after the East African cruise will be J.E.T. (Joint Exercises Trincomalee). This is an annual exercise lasting for about one month, and by far the most interesting period of the year for us. We have much more work to cope with of course, but if last year is any criterion, everyone seems to pull that little extra work out of reserve for J.E.T. This year we expect to have upward of 25 ships of the I.N., R.P.N., R.Cy.N. and R.N. This, in addition to R.A.F. and Indian Navy aircraft, will give us something like 46 ships and authorities working together.

The football season came to a close in April; all Communicators acquitted themselves well in this sport. The 'Communications Team' beat the Chief

Petty Officers and Petty Officers (the latter also represented by one C.Y.S. and three Yeomen) in the semi-final of the Johnson Cup with a walk-over, after a 1-1 draw—perhaps the Chief and Petty Officers hadn't the youthful stamina to play either extra time, or another match—we shall never know. However, after going through to the final, the Communications team were beaten by the R.A.F. side from China Bay who seemed to have flown in reinforcements!

And now for a word about golf. Anyone who has been to the Rest Camp at Diyatalawa will remember its lovely open-spaced 9 hole course, and many of you may have bashed the 'little white ball' around there too. Now of course the sport has been extended to Trincomalee, where we boast a short, but extremely interesting course of 10 holes. Just two years ago it was a mass of jungle. Golfing in Trinco is very cheap, and amongst the Club members, we have six Communicators, each with a 24 handicap as yet, though there are definite signs that the near future will see this reduced for most of them.

CEYLON WEST RECEIVING STATION

Having received a bottle from the Editor for 'Negat Report' last issue, an all out effort is being made this time to supply a couple of articles for printing.

Main point of interest is the progress of the married quarters, the first flat being scheduled for completion in August.

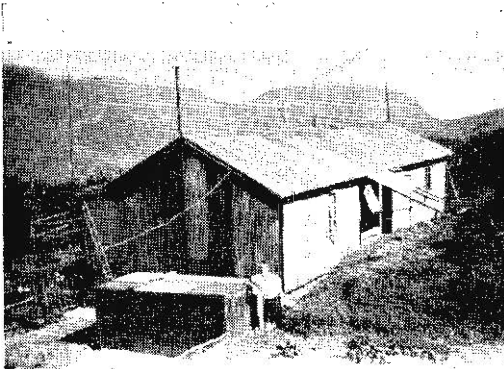
Cars are in evidence a great deal, the owners being OC(2), First Lieutenant, C.C.O., Chief Telegraphist, Chief R.E.A., three Leading Telegraphists (all R.A.), three bachelor Petty Officers joint owners one car, and two of the lads also joint owners of one. Maybe these facts aren't of great importance, but it does show where all the money goes.

As for sporting activities. The inter-Watch football has only just begun, so no information is forthcoming at present. The station team is still

maintaining a high standard of success. Telegraphist Matthew and Tillyard have gained Combined Services badges, and several play for the Ceylon Sports Club as well as Ceylon West Receiving Station. Hockey is doing a grand job of making Ceylon West Receiving Station a name to be feared (no, not by accidents), by soundly beating opponents home and away. They play in a local league and so get to meet teams who would otherwise have been safe! Cricket is played, though not as often or regularly as is liked. Having already battled with Police and Prison warders, we now turn to ships to challenge.

In conclusion may we wish all ex-staff the best of luck. P.E.J.

RANGALA WIRELESS STATION CEYLON'S EAST-WEST V.H.F. LINK



The many Sparkers and Buntings, who have worked the T.P.s' between Trincomalee and Ceylon West, may be interested to know that, after nine years, Rangala Wireless Station has closed down. Its place has been taken by a new station at Lagalla fitted with latest type automatic Marconi 48 channel equipment, 10 channels for telephones and the remainder for teleprinters.

This station acted as a V.H.F. link for T.P.'s between Trinco and Ceylon West Receiving Station. It was situated on the Central group of mountains, and on a particular range, called "The Knuckles", at a height of 5,600 feet, 26 miles from Kandy. The distances from the station to Trinco and Ceylon West are 85 miles and 63 miles respectively.

The first equipment used were R.A.F. T1131 transmitters and P38 receivers, the transmitters being later changed to Type 87's. These transmitters have been almost continuously in operation since being installed five years ago. The aerials for this set up were horizontal Rhombics. Used as a radio phone between either Trinco or Ceylon West, results were generally very good.

Power was supplied by two 15 KVA Lister Diesel generators with a small Coventry Cub generator (5.6 KVA) as a standby.

The station was situated in the jungle, about two miles from the nearest road, and all stores and diesel fuel had to be carried by elephant or estate labourers over the last part of the journey. The fuel was carried in five gallon drums on the heads of the labourers.

The staff comprised two telegraphists, one cook and a diesel mechanic, with two labourers for keeping the camp site clean and generally doing the heavy work. The accommodation consisted of a bed-sitting room for the telegraphists, and another room at the opposite end of the shack for the Asians (cook and diesel mechanic). The middle room of the shack was used for the radio gear. It was an "all electric" home with electric cooker, refrigerator and fires. (The average temperature being 55 degs. to 65 degs.)

Except for the times when the monsoons changed, the station was practically always obscured in cloud and the rainfall was very high.

The actual closing down was quite a strain, due to language difficulty and to the number of labourers, who milled around looking for stores to be carried



"Hauled taut and belayed."

to the roadside, and seeing what they could take for themselves. The cost of closing the Station was 3,712 Rupees. (£278 10s.).

It took 20 days to close the station, and 53 labourers were employed. They carried loads ranging from 20 to 200 lbs., and were paid 2 rupees for every 50 lbs. Six 5-ton trucks were used to transport the stores from the roadside to Trincomalee. Elephants were also used and these carried approximately a ton each trip.

H.M.S. "GAMBIA"

Commissioning day has come and gone once more so "Greeting" to all Communicators from present Gambians. February 8th was the fateful date and after many trials and tribulations, not in the communications department, we finally sailed from "Guzz" for a general service commission as flagship of the Commander-in-Chief East Indies on 1st April. Let us hope the date was mere coincidence.

Our passage to Malta was enlivened by a few exercises with R.A.F. aircraft and also by a stay of two days in Gibraltar, which gave some of our junior staff their first run ashore in a foreign port. Malta greeted us with a very heavy programme of exercises, necessary when trying to fit a six week work-up into three weeks. Naturally a fairly heavy strain fell on the communications department but everyone pulled their weight and we like to think that we at least held our own with the Mediterranean fleet ships. This was probably because most of the ships were either newly commissioned like ourselves or in Dockyard hands.

The work-up being successfully completed we sailed for Trincomalee on 30th April via Port Said and Aden. The passage was uneventful except for exercises carried out with R.A.F. Aden, and we arrived at Trinco on 17th May. We are now flying the Flag of Commander-in-Chief, East Indies, but so far have seen very little of his staff. This will no doubt be rectified in the very near future as we sail on 27th May for the East African Cruise which includes visits to Mauritius, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and Seychelles. At this point we hasten to add that the staff need not fear the rigours of an "Oggie" ship. The inhabitants are friendly, if a little hirsute perhaps, - we have probably the only bearded Boy Telegraphist in the Navy. We trust they will find us at least as efficient and co-operative as our predecessors on the station.

The ship's staff has shaken down very well under the able guidance of Mr. Hyatt who will be no stranger to Pompey readers. He was perhaps a little bewildered by the language and customs of his first "Guzz" ship at the beginning but he has got us taped now. Yeoman Benfield will also be well known

to recent inhabitants of the P.O.'s Mess at *Mercury* where he was president for some time. While Chief Yeoman of Signals Smith and Yeoman Fallon are no strangers to Trinco as both have spent a commission here ashore in the past. We have done very well in the field of sport although opportunities have been few. Time was found in Malta for a Ship's athletic meeting however, and the Communications branch were a very close second to the Royal Marines. We haven't been idle in the training sphere either and several of our numbers have passed for higher rate since commissioning and several more are swotting hard for provisional examinations in the near future.

Finally we wish all Communicators the very best of good fortune from this "Pearl of the Orient." Until Christmas, when our reliefs should be "looking shaky," cheerio from Gambians.

MAWRADCOMDISORGTWO

The trouble season in Bahrain opened earlier than usual this year.

With thoughts still wistfully lingering on our Christmas dinner we, the members of Bahrain M.S.O., were galvanised into action by the sudden ditching of an R.A.F. Anson. Despite every effort by H.M.S. *Owen* to locate and rescue survivors, only two bodies were found.

After this rather macabre start to the year, things brightened up when a Turkish squadron paid a visit to Bahrain, followed in quick succession by a French squadron and the I.N.S. *Tir*. Despite minor difficulties, e.g., we couldn't speak Turkish and the Turks couldn't speak English, we managed to muddle through quite well. (We will now pause and remember with gratitude the "Q" code Opsigs.)

After a lull of a few weeks in which thoughts were collected, we were again rudely awakened with the news that the Ruler of one of the Sheikdoms along the coast was in danger of being usurped. After looking up the meaning of "usurped" M.S.O. Bahrain went into action. B.28's were switched on, the duty Sparker was dragged unwillingly back from the end of Jufair Jetty, where he was whiling away the forenoon fishing, and pencils were borrowed from the Canteen Manager. No sooner had peace, quiet (and the throne) been restored when an 8,000 ton freighter decided to pick an argument with the 19,000 ton tanker *Argea Prima*, which was loaded with 28,000 tons of crude oil. Oddly enough the freighter won! The *Loch Killisport* went to the assistance of the *Argea Prima* and after rather a hectic struggle, put out the fires on board. She then attempted to tow the tanker back to Bahrain but after waltzing around the Gulf in ever decreasing circles it was agreed that a 1,200 ton frigate cannot tow a 47,000 ton tanker which has no steering gear working. However, it all ended happily ever after.

XMAS NUMBER 1955

Full details of closing dates, contributions, etc., will be found on page 130.

Now that the G.S.C. is in full swing we are saying regular "Hallo's" and "Goodbye's" to a steady stream of ships. The *Owen*, *Wren*, and the Ship's Company of the *Flamingo* have all departed for U.K. and the *Loch Insh* will shortly be on her way home. We look forward to meeting the Communicators of the *Loch Lomond* due at Bahrain shortly.

She will be the first Chatham ship up here since the *Owen* left. Due to the heat, sports activity has been confined to swimming events. The latest water polo match saw a combined team from the R.N. Base, *Loch Killisport* and *Loch Insh* beaten by a team from the Bahrain Petroleum Company to the tune of 9-3.

NEW ZEALAND

H.M.N.Z.S. "OLPHERT" —

R.N.Z.N.V.R. WELLINGTON

One evening each week throughout the year has a special significance for many youths in New Zealand's capital, Wellington. I speak of those who were born at a time when 18 odd years later they find themselves called upon to become very involved in a 'state of affairs' called the compulsory military training act. Long before their 18th birthday, High School boys here can be overheard discussing the merits of the three Services and it is of those who apply for, and are accepted, for service in the R.N.Z.N.V.R. and more especially the selected few who are today qualifying in the mysterious and intricate subjects which are so simply explained away as "Communications", that I speak.

Having accepted the inevitable of one night a week for three years for changing from 'civilian' to 'service' we look at what transpires on these occasions.

H.M.N.Z.S. *Olphert*, named after the late Captain Wybrant Olphert, V.R.D., R.N.Z.N.V.R., first Commanding Officer of the Wellington Division, is situated adjacent to the Wellington waterfront. Apart from other marks of distinction, the building is readily identified by the impressive array of aials on the 300 foot masts. The work of the Communications Branch is typical of each of the four N.Z. Divisions, though each Division of course considers it has no equal.

Approaching 1930, will see sailors converging from city and suburbs by all possible means of conveyance and on foot. Having put aside thoughts of office, warehouse, and employment generally, they arrive to struggle with problems of another kind (if late, the 1st Lieutenant's report). Though every walk of life is represented, the Communications Branch appears as an orderly and uniform group, identified by the badges on individuals' arms and no longer by their contribution to the land and income tax department.

Under the supervision of their R.N.Z.N.V.R. Yeomen and Leading Hands and permanent staff Chief Telegraphist, the evening commences. *Olphert* Communicators comprise university students studying accountancy, science and law, draughtsmen, a process engraver, taxi driver, schoolteacher, travelers, clerks, salesmen and a company director. Many and varied are the subjects discussed at 'stand easy' and other leisure periods. However, all have one

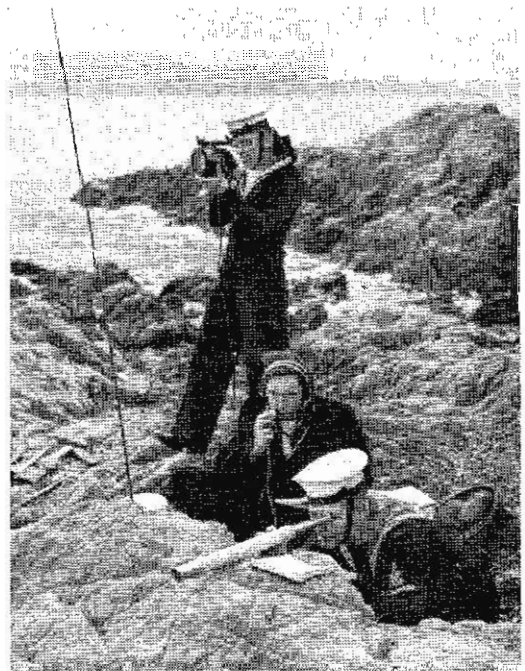
common objective,—to become more efficient and qualified signalmen and telegraphists for the Navy.

Flag-hoisting, flashing, semaphore and flogging the S.P.'s might occupy the signalmen while the telegraphists are carrying out a W/T exercise with the other three N.Z. Divisions. At 2130, with brains teeming with prosigns and flag meanings, 'secure' is sounded for another week.

The S.D.M.L. provides weekend relaxation and exercises throughout the summer months on cruises to the scenic beauty of Marlborough Sounds in the South Island, combined with which are exercises with Army and Airforce Units all doing a similar job of work.

With the assistance and guidance of the regular Service and with the aid of COMMUNICATOR we keep abreast of affairs in the Navy and the R.N.V.R.

Come what may our Ship's Motto stands. "Fortis in Arduis"—"Strength in adversity."



Exercise "Oriental"

H.M.N.Z. MINESWEEPER "KIWI"

Too little we are told is heard from this part of the world, therefore I will switch on and say howdy to the many Communicators who read your very interesting Magazine. I am calling from one of New Zealand's smaller ships, a Minesweeper, appropriately named *Kiwi*. Our Communication staff consists of one bunting and one sparker, both of whom have a longing for the jetty when things start to get rough.

We are engaged on training duties throughout most of the year and take on reservists, new entries and sea cadets for weekly trips. Recently in company with the frigate *Hawea* we did a three weeks' cruise to the Fiji Islands and a good time was had by all. No need to go into details about a run ashore in the Pacific Islands! Unfortunately on the return journey the elements were against us, and we spent four very uncomfortable days before arriving in Auckland looking very weather beaten. Luckily the *Hawea* did broadcast guard for us and that relieved us immensely. Let us hope we don't get it any rougher than this or we will really be calling you from down under—way under.

Simple

Heard on the Flagdeck during a convoy exercise when *Black Prince* was Convoy Commodore: "I don't know why she's flying a large flag Xray, we all know it's an exercise!!!"

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Fed up and far from home—that's how he felt as he mooned his way through Devonport Park. Children were still running about the trees in spite of the rapidly waning daylight, and the couples on the benches were gratefully edging closer to one another. Devonport Park it seemed was like any other park—a prairie full of adventure to the children, wonderland to lovers; he sighed. To him, it was just a park with the numerous pathways all leading to no-where—when you were on your own, that's how you felt—fed up AND far from home.

Home! How different things would be there! He would be with his girl. It was strange how the presence of a girl changed things! She would cause time to suddenly fly with winged feet—make a park into a Paradise. He smiled—yes, his girl would do those things if she were present now. Even make him forget that his feet were aching! But she wasn't here, so he would have to sit down. He could just make out the silhouette of the person already seated on the bench. There was no mistaking that hat—he was a matelot. Aw well—you never could get away from matelots when in Guzz. He slumped into the seat, splaying his feet out gratefully—whew!—what

a relief it was! His hand went to his jumper a cigarette would be just the job now. The flare of the match made him think of the words "A Light in the Wilderness."

Glancing briefly at the motionless figure at the other end of the bench, he blew a cloud of smoke. Evidently somebody else was fed up and far from home. The cigarette was well down before the thought occurred to him. His companion had been unusually still for a matelot.

"You been wandering about too?" he asked conversationally.

The figure turned—"Aye—that I have."

After some moments had elapsed, he tried again: "Grim on your own, isn't it?"

Again the silhouette moved—"Aye—that it is."

Old fashioned type of bloke this, he thought, curiosity aroused. Probably been in donkeys years—"Small ships?" he asked, betting that the answer would be "Yes."

"H.M.S. *Doris*," replied the strange one.

"The *Doris*?—Never heard of her I guess."

"No—like as not, you haven't mate."

He waited, but the silhouette matelot didn't elaborate.

"A.B.?"

"Aye—Matthew Wise—A.B., that's me, mate." answered the matelot, suddenly rising, "Must be getting under way mate, time's a flying."

He stared at the figure as it wandered off into the gloom.

"—rum cove that!" he thought.

He felt suddenly cold.

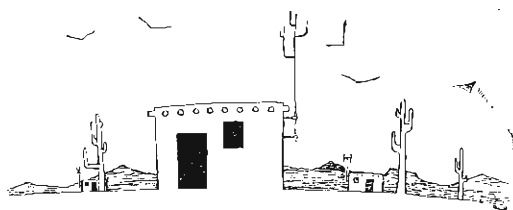
"Must be getting under way," he told himself, shrugging his shoulders, "Like Matthew Wise there."

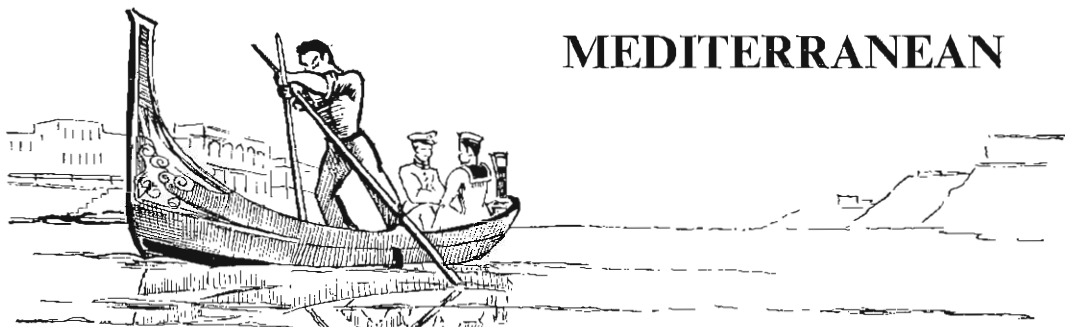
He set off laughing, then halted after a few steps. Time for another fag so it was—as the match flared he noticed the gun mounted on stone. Curiously he leaned forward, shielding the flame with his hands. "THIS GUN," read the tablet, "CAPTURED FROM THE BOERS DURING THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, 1899-1902, WAS ERRECTED HERE BY THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S. DORIS IN MEMORY OF THEIR SHIPMATES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THAT CAMPAIGN."

The match spluttered protestingly as he held it closer to the list of names which flanked the memorial. He didn't feel the burn of the flame on his fingers as he read:

MATTHEW WISE, A.B.

L/Sig. CLIMIE.





MEDITERRANEAN

MAIL FROM MALTA

It seems rather peculiar to be writing an article for Malta M.S.O. whilst lying at anchor in Larnaka, Cyprus, but stranger things have been known to happen. It was suggested that I remain behind in Malta during the Med. Fleet First Summer Cruise, for the purpose of writing this article and also getting in the order for the Summer number of the 'Rag.' For some reason or other this suggestion did not meet with even a hint of approval! In my baffled state of mind, I will, however, attempt to give you as clear as possible a picture of what has been happening to the hub of the Mediterranean communications organisation.

First and foremost, since last going to press, we had some white skinned visitors from the United Kingdom, in the form of the Home Fleet. This was a pleasurable visit, as, due to the increase in traffic, we had the loan of several Wrens from U.K. to help us out. Apart from giving a very welcome and willing hand with signals, they also balanced the budget, so to speak, in the entertainment world.

Needless to say, the visit of the Home Fleet brought a very heavy increase in signal traffic. Everything went very well once they had become accustomed to the set-up. We received a cherished bouquet from Commander-in-Chief when the Home Fleet left.

There is talk going on at the moment of our moving into our underground offices, known locally as the 'Caves', for the duration of Exercise "Lifeline" later this year. Apart from anything else, this move will give the decorators a chance to move in up top and carry out some long overdue painting, alterations and so forth. What it will be like down below is as yet a mystery to at least 95% of us, as the last time the 'Caves' were activated was over two years ago. No doubt there will be a few snags at first, but it is generally considered that after the first week or so all should be running smoothly (including the messenger who will have to go up to the bridge with signals to go by V.S.).

I would like to be able to give you a clear picture of what is going on in the world of sport, but this is impossible. When we left Malta, the cricket and water polo teams were just being formed, with great

enthusiasm too, and should by now be well established. The Barbecue bus trips to the various beaches were just beginning again.

A word to those individuals who slipped back to U.K. before paying for their Easter number of THE COMMUNICATOR. I was able, by a crafty gamble on the Cup Final, to cover my losses, but have lost just a little bit of faith in human nature. It is my great hope that whatever happened to the money, it did at least bring some enjoyment.

Now it is time to get out into the sun again and so I will bring this little masterpiece of literature to an end. Not too many telegrams during Navy Days please, it will be the height of summer here, which is 'Toot' tumbling time, and even the youngest sparker resembles the unforgettable Spaz Chambers.

P.A.

S.T.C. MALTA

Since the last contribution quite a number of changes in staff have occurred. Firstly, Mr. Attridge, S.C.C.O., has returned to his native land and has been relieved by Mr. Broad, C.C.O.

Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Chambers has been relieved by Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Cartmell. We are wondering whether "Farsons" have lost anything by the change-over.

Once again in the field of sport, "the old brigade" were well represented in the yearly athletic meeting. Age before beauty, so first things first. Lieutenant Brown, Officer-in-Charge, won the veterans race; Chief Yeoman of Signals Cowdrey was second in the "spud and spoon" race (aided by some adhesive tape and a firm thumb). Chief Yeoman of Signals Corbin threw the discus, an event fraught with peril for nearby spectators, and Mr. Broad entered for the mile, but stopped on the way to give us a little show piece on Greek mythology. Something to do with "Achilles and his tendon." Unfortunately this necessitated a spell in R.N.H. but we are happy to say that he is now back with us again, fit and well.

Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Dence and Chief Yeoman of Signals Kemp were nominated to arrange children's races. The canteen manager is still wondering where all the extra sweets went.

At present a new Leading Telegraphists Qualifying course is under way, running concurrently with a Leading Wren Signals course.

The usual fortnightly refreshers for Ordinary Signalmen and Ordinary Telegraphists go on ceaselessly, and we have just started V.S. classes for R.F.A. quartermasters.

The "new-look" in all the technical classrooms carries on, and it is beginning to assume the proportions of a "show piece", all of great benefit to the classes under instructions.

THE AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE SQUADRON

We do by far the greater part of our job working with the various partners of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and find that this improves our knowledge of the working of the "other fellow's" mind to some extent, and in so doing, we are also improving our own knowledge of amphibious warfare. In this part of the globe there are six members of NATO—Britain, France, U.S.A., Greece, Turkey and Italy—and up to press we have at some time or other worked with them all.

One of the main problems of our untiring efforts is the language question. One exercise may be with the French (as in the case of one completed a short time ago). This was not so bad, as our ex-Grammar Schoolites managed to get by with their schoolboy French. However we have to work with them all and not many people can speak all these languages fluently or for that matter, even have a rudimentary knowledge of them. Still we have managed to get along so far.

So if you want to see life with the French Foreign Legion, Greek Commandos or American Marines, get yourself a draft chit to the amphibious warfare squadron and see them at work. Carrying tanks, guns, vehicles and commandos, shifting a complete circus outfit including the menagerie or carrying prefabricated houses, hotels to earthquake-devastated Greece, is all in the day's work to the ships in the Squadron. Just for the record, the Squadron consists of H.M.S. *Meon* (Landing Ship Headquarters Small), H.M.S. *Striker* carrying 7 L.C.A.'s, H.M.S. *Reggio* (equipped with the same), H.M.L.C.T. 4040, H.M.L.C.T. 4001 and last but not least H.M.M.L. 2583.

In closing I would like to take this opportunity of saying goodbye to Mr. Wallis our C.C.O. who has carried the can for the squadron since its formation nearly three years ago, and bidding welcome to his successor Lieutenant Lowden. To all members of the squadron cheers and all the best. See you around sometime and don't forget the motto of the amphibious warfare squadron.

"United we Conquer."

J.C.

"DECOY'S" DIT

Time is getting short—not only to race this through to THE COMMUNICATOR—but also for our

return to the United Kingdom after a (hard?) spell in the blue Mediterranean.

At the moment we are enjoying a lazy spell alongside the dockyard wall in Malta, getting brown for leave, after being forcibly thrown out of the Summer Cruise and Fleet Regatta by a few gremlins who chose to go to work on our arrival at Istanbul.

During our stay in the Mediterranean we have visited many places of interest, with a spell of duty in the Canal Zone last Christmas. Here communications with the Durham Light Infantry proved to be rather amusing due to their interpretation of ACP 125A!

Whilst the ship was in the Great Bitter Lakes, a run ashore was organised by the C.C.O. (H.A. Josephs, R.A.N.), and was given the 'tally' "Operation Flea". Here it was observed that many sparkers and buntings proved themselves to be very agile mountaineers, whilst being loaded down with portables (of different shapes and sizes), batteries, Aldis and hand flags. Full marks were given to the ratings, who with the aid of a few cigarettes and piastres, enlisted the aid of a native and his donkey to carry their side of the operation, in spite of being told that camels were not to be used. Needless to say the operation was a success as far as communications went, and everyone arrived back onboard looking tired and bronzed by the desert sun, and half the desert in their boots, equipment and teeth.

Three of the W/T staff were lucky enough to be entertained for a week ashore by the 2nd Battalion, Durham Light Infantry; with about 40 other ratings

RUNNER-UP IN THE CARTOON COMPETITION

by Telegraphist FINDLAY



"Now what on earth did I tie that for?"

from the ship; they were introduced to the Army way of life, and survived the Army meals (three a day). Trips to the desert were frequent, where demonstrations were given on field guns, machine guns, and bazooka-fired rockets. We were also allowed to hire a "Stewart" tank. They have no gun turret as they are used solely for basic training. An engineer mechanic gave a rather startling driving display: in spite of the broad expanse of desert confronting us he proceeded to head at high speed for a stationary wrecked tank. We escaped a head-on collision but continued our mad dash over the sand and rock at high speed.

Not only that, two more ratings of the same branch tried to take a "Champ" (modified jeep) into the N.A.A.F.I. for a drink, but that didn't work either, so they gave up and walked in. In spite of the mechanical frolics and stories about the killer dogs which patrolled the camp at night, a good time was had by all.

During the recent Admiral's inspection, the Communications Branch upheld its good standard, in spite of the gremlins who always seem to come out specially for "Admirals." However, they didn't stop us winning the Fleet Bombardment Trophy, or the prize for the most efficient "Daring" in the Mediterranean. We haven't decided what to spend the prize money on yet, as we've been too busy trying to live up to our reputation!

Communications with NATO countries have been very good. We have worked with all the countries laid down—Italy, France, Greece, North Africa, and (after much tuning and frequency changing) Turkey.

Bright Spark

Telegraphist who has just received "QTC ZTA8—9506" shakes the duty Leading Telegraphist and says, "I have been told to set watch on ship/shore telephone, but can't raise him on 9506 kc/s, Hookey!" *H.M.S. Decoy.*

H.M.S. "ESSINGTON"

It was on Saturday, 25th May, this year that H.M.S. *Essington* commissioned for service with the 108th M.S.S. Hitherto known on the builders books as CMS 34, we emerged, a gleaming new toy for the Base Staff at *Diligence* to converge upon, with fittings for this, fittings for that, until the day arrived when we were "Ready to Proceed."

From the communications side of things, we have three Communicators—I Signalman, 1 Telegraphist and 1 Ordinary Signalman. At the time of writing, this complement seems quite sufficient, but when we join up with our squadron things will probably change, and no doubt, in common with everyone else's favourite moan, we shall be 'worked to death.'

H.M.S. *Essington* is the first of the Coastal Minesweepers to bear the numbers 108 on her funnel. Later in the year we shall be joined by other Coastals and by H.M.S. *Woodbridge Haven*, who, carrying

Captain (M/S) Mediterranean will be our Senior Officer and Depot Ship.

Then, having all worked up to what is known as an extremely high state of efficiency, we shall sail from London for the Island of Sunshine in the Mediterranean—Malta. We are replacing the old 2nd and 108th Minesweeping Squadrons who paid off a few months ago and which did such stalwart service in clearing up the Greek minefields. Our commission is for eighteen months, based on Malta, but married men accompanied by their wives may remain for the full two and a half years.

So once again the "Minesweepers Bar" along Sliema Front will surely echo to the song "Sweeping, Sweeping, Sweeping" and many happy times are being looked forward to by one and all.

We will endeavour to keep in touch with our fellow Communicators through the pages of this excellent Magazine, so au revoir until the next edition, when we hope to include a photograph of our 'Mighty Dreadnought.'

D.W.G.

H.M.S. "MARAUDER"

Swapping from a Captain (F) to a Fleet tug is quite a change but after nearly three months I have just got used to it. Our ship, H.M.S. *Marauder*, is one of the Buccaneer class, and H.M.S. *Brigand* is a sister ship.

Our complement consists of about 40 officers and men, the stokers and seamen being Maltese, and the key ratings English.

Our main job is target towing, but occasionally we get a salvage job. The last one was bringing back H.M.S. *Wrangler* from her run ashore at Villefranche last February. Since then we have been in dockyard undergoing repairs, and sad to relate, no Fleet Tugs have been running because *Brigand* was also in the dockyard having her annual refit.

During this period all the target towing was taken over by the dockyard tugs *Expert*, *Prompt* and *Diligent* and they did extremely well. Naturally each time they went out they had to have a bunting and a sparker, so away we went each time. In all we did eight trips on the *Expert* and two each on the *Prompt* and *Diligent*. In addition to all these trips I have just got back from a fortnight's cruise in H.M.S. *Barhill* the Boom Defence Vessel. So you can see that one has to be fairly versatile in this job.

Regarding equipment, *Expert* carries a Type 60 and a TGY Transmitter with CR 300 Receiver, *Diligent* and *Barhill* carry battery driven TCS, and *Prompt* a battery driven TV5. The gear we have onboard is much the same as *Expert's* with the exception of a FM12 and a TNS in lieu of the 60. This is shortly to be replaced by a Type 618 and a Marconi Oceanspan. All sets will then be on power, and batteries will be purely for emergency use. *Brigand* has been fortunate enough to have been fitted out with the above gear which is proving a huge success.

Do not run away with the idea that it is all work and no play because we have a cricket team between the two of us. *Marander* can make up one on her own providing the O.O.D. does Duty Sig. We have had three games and each game we lose by fewer runs. There is a chance that we might win one if the season is extended long enough.

Our future is very uncertain. There are the usual "buzzes" floating around, but I am still betting that when my relief arrives out here (next April) we shall be propping up Parlitorio Wharf as usual.

Cheerio till next issue and don't forget, not too many hits on the B.P.T.

H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD"

After a long rest from active duties with the Fleet, on the America and West Indies station, we commissioned at Portsmouth on 26th January for a General Service Commission. After a quick shake-down at Portsmouth, we sailed for Malta at the end of February and no sooner had we arrived than we were pitchforked into a Combined Fleet Exercise "Sea Lance." The Communicators had a hard grind but acquitted themselves well. We were very unfortunate to leave behind Chief Yeoman Fisher who went sick almost the day before we sailed. We are glad to hear that he has now arrived in Malta as fit as ever and will no doubt be waiting on the jetty when we return.

After a week in Malta with the Combined Fleets, where we met many old faces, we sailed away to the seclusion of Marsa Xlokk for our work-up. In the next six weeks we got well and truly worked up, in more senses than one. As a reward for our labours, we were sent to the International Film Festival at Cannes in the early part of May. Many hours were spent on watch outside the Carlton Hotel where most of the stars were staying. It was one of the occasions when the opposite watch closed up voluntarily.

After a very happy week, we left somewhat dejectedly for Malta to get back to work again. We spent a week alongside in Malta preparing for the First Summer Cruise and then having taken on our duties as the Fleet Flagship, we sailed for Istanbul. Commander Diamond was with us and we were very pleased to welcome Lieutenant Cremer, who had just arrived in the Mediterranean, as our F.C.A. Other Staff personalities include C.C.O. Mitchell and his cryptographers, with Chief Yeoman Brooks and his M.S.O.'ists.

We have had our fair share of sport so far. At football, we have defeated *Glasgow, Newfoundland, Diana* and *Duchess* Communicators. In the inter-Part, it took the winners to beat us in the semi-final. We have a fair cricket team and one or two stars in the ship's water polo team. Our regatta crew have been busy and it remains to be seen what their fate will be at Marmaris.

Finally, the best of luck from the "Shiny Sheff"; we are all looking forward to hearing once again "GZU de GXTL."

STOP PRESS

Marmarice, Thursday; *Sheffield* communications crew, coxed by Chief Yeoman Joe Brooks and trained by Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist John Noyes, won Khedivial Cup in Mediterranean Fleet Regatta communications whaler race; 2nd, *Diana*; 3rd, *Jamaica*; 4th, *Duchess*; 5th, *Diamond*. *Sheffield* crew stroked by Leading Signalmen Michael Rey with Sig. Alex Clarke, Sig. D.O.G.S. Betts, Tel. John Mott and Leading Sig. Terry Bolton as crew — ANTHONY.

(SLT from H.M.S. *Sheffield* to the Editor).

FIRST DESTROYER SQUADRON

We must apologise for being absent from the Easter number due to refitting in Gibraltar where the rain was the only subject, and to the fact that *Chaplet* was in dock in Malta. However, First Destroyer Squadron colours were kept flying by *Charity* and *Comet* who took part in a cruise to the Levant and Cyprus in February.

We ended our tour in the Mediterranean with the spring cruise which took *Chevron* and *Charity* to Naples, Antibes, Gibraltar and Algiers.

The squadron now consists of *Chevron* (D1), *Chaplet*, *Charity* and *Chieftain* who has just commissioned. We said farewell to *Comet* in April and she has joined our relief in the Med., the 6th D.S.

We have just spent ten days in Invergordon carrying out various exercises and at time of writing are self maintaining in Rosyth. Our future programme takes us to Londonderry, Northern Norway and thence to Pompey for summer leave.

In *Chevron* we have said goodbye to Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Stephen and Chief Yeoman of Signals Hubbard, who have both returned to Chatham College, and have now welcomed to the staff Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Crate and Chief Yeoman of Signals Hales. It is rumoured that both will join *Chieftain*, the future leader, for a general service commission in the Med./H.F. sometime in the winter months. Petty Officer Telegraphist Weaver has returned to flying duties, happy amongst the bird-men once more. Yeoman Enoch departed for discharge and will now be trying to sell insurance policies to the inhabitants of Melbourne. Talking of civvy street, Yeoman Morris, we understand, has joined these ranks and is qualifying as a Chiropodist.

We have little else to report at present so we join in wishing Communicators everywhere Happy Days, QRK 5's and no ZUF's.

FOURTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

It is sometime since news of our Squadron appeared in the COMMUNICATOR and so here are a few lines to let readers know that we are still going strong.

We commissioned last December and sailed for a General Service Commission in the Mediterranean

on the 13th, being the first squadron to commission as a whole under the new scheme. Leaving U.K. naturally caused a few caustic comments to be passed, but now that we are well into the commission, spirits are high and we are eagerly looking forward to the date of our return to U.K.

Due to refit programmes we have not spent much time together as a squadron, in fact not since late January, when *Barrosa* left us for a refit in Gibraltar after the Flotilla Command cruise to the Eastern Mediterranean. During this cruise we called at Beirut (Lebanon) which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Unfortunately the visit was marred on the last day by the loss of three ratings from *Aisne* in a sailing accident.

The visit of the Combined Fleets to Malta enabled us to see many of our old ships and great rivalry ensued between the Squadron and the 3rd D.S. whom we relieved out here. We managed to defeat them in all sporting fixtures except in the whaler race which was won by *Barfleur*, with *Agincourt* a close second. We are indeed looking forward to our next meeting when they relieve us. After the Combined Fleet Manoeuvres *Agincourt* and *Aisne* visited Naples with the Mediterranean Fleet and we then went on alone to Civita Vecchia, near Rome. We need say no more!

At the time of writing *Agincourt* is refitting in Malta and will shortly be replaced by *Aisne* who

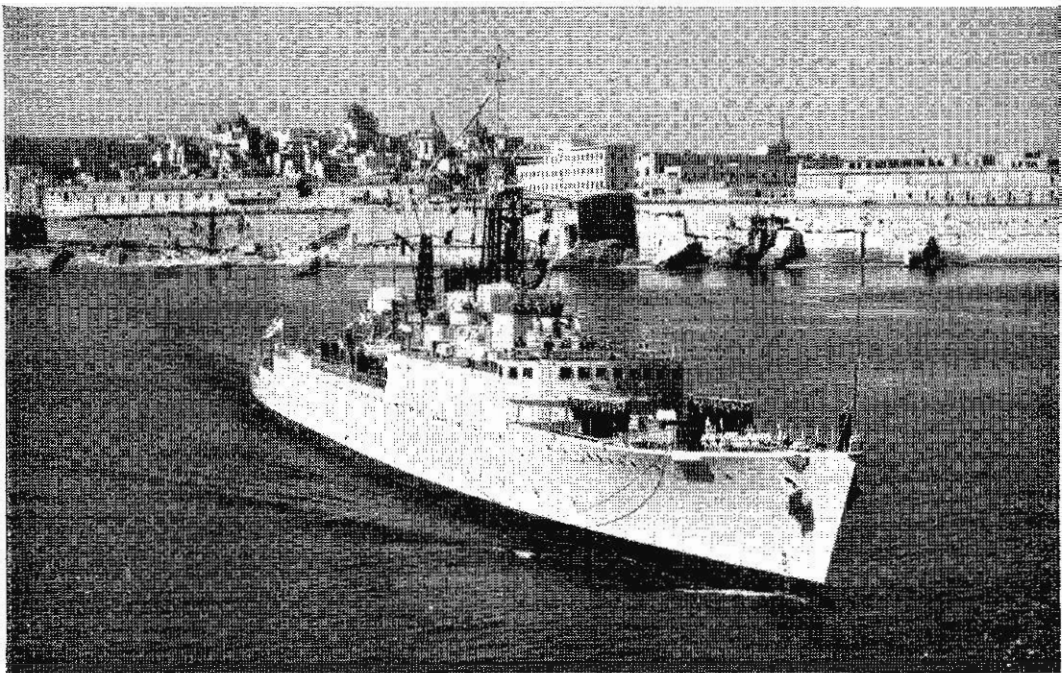
has just completed her inspection. *Corunna* is refitting in Gibraltar having replaced *Barrosa* who, at the moment, is the only operational ship left to carry on and uphold the name of the "Fighting Fourth." We expect to be together again on the great occasion of our return to U.K. in September.

The Squadron soccer cup was won by *Barrosa* and the hockey cup by *Corunna*; we are still fighting it out at cricket. We are most proud of having won the Flotilla Command Arbuthnot trophy within a month of joining the station, *Agincourt* coming first, *Barrosa* second and *Aisne* fourth.

Finally a note for budding signalmen. During *Aisne's* inspection she became the flagship of Emir Siddi Bin Gash and wore the appropriate standard of a mail bag with a black St. George's Cross. Incidentally, Commander A. Gray, D.S.O. is her Commanding Officer; he will be remembered by many as the Training Commander and afterwards Executive Officer at Leydene in 1953/54.

FIFRIGRON

Many NATO exercises have been planned, executed, cancelled and washed up, since news appeared in the COMMUNICATOR. The Squadron has played its more or less monthly part in such exercises as "Novex," "Decex," "Janex" (alias Catch Can), "Febex," "Etceterex."



H.M.S. "Wrangler"

Official Photograph

Remembered from the end of last commission were Fleet high speed manoeuvres on 10th December to wish farewell to Admiral Lord Mountbatten as he left Malta in *Surprise*, and *Wrangler's* and *Roebuck's* participation in "Medflex Two" (a most successful NATO A/S exercise based on Toulon) in January. This was followed by one of *Wakeful's* visits to her second home port, *Theoule*, while *Wrangler's* visit to Villefranche ended in tragedy, as she dragged anchor and went aground in sudden storm shortly after 0400 on Saturday 5th February. Although she was towed off forty hours later by a NATO force of tugs, the damage was beyond Fleet resources to make good permanently. After first aid repairs, she was towed back to Malta by *Marauder* who was good enough to comment that *Wrangler's* station keeping was impeccable.

The rest of the squadron took part in "Sea Lance" when our only regrets were that we were not permitted to have a personnel melee with our "opposites" the "scheming" Sixth (no that is not a misprint for steaming).

When the Combined Fleets left on the 22nd March, the squadron had the honour of escorting the Royal Yacht from Grand Harbour to sea, complete with Jack and Paying Off Pendant.

Then followed a race between *Wrangler* as leader and the rest of the squadron. The former had to get herself seaworthy (with Dockyard assistance) and the latter had to show the flag at Bone and Phillipville before shopping at Gibraltar, and clocking in at the home ports. Starting with a handicap of a week and 14 knots, the final score was 12 hours and rather more than 14 knots. We had painted 'Pompey 4th April' on the ship's side in dry dock and thanks to many factors, including idyllic weather, we arrived on the dot.

Re-commissioning day was Wednesday 13th April and was celebrated in all three home ports; Portsmouth for *Wakeful*, Chatham for *Whirlwind*, and Devonport for *Roebuck*. In the Leader we said goodbye to C.Y.S. Cockings and C.P.O. Telegraphist Trott, and also among many others, two members of the *Mercury* Navy Cup team, P.O. Telegraphist Thomson and Signalman Cracknell. In their places came their no less eminent reliefs, C.P.O. Telegraphist Fisher and C.Y.S. Pine, amongst many others who combine together to form the squadron team in all three ships.

We left Portsmouth on 15th April and stopped at Portland and Gibraltar, finally reaching Malta on 28th April. Our ranging at Portland ended with the Senior Staff Officer's kilt at the dip at the yard arm and Ordinary Signalman Patrick O'Donnel Munro playing the pipes for the benefit of a sceptical Wren ashore.

However, one does not sail a brand new squadron across the seas without incident. Things which worked only a week ago last commission are not so hot this week this commission; one ship leading the column just stopped of her own accord one night

without noticeable warning, while another followed every R by light with an IMI usually after the second IX.

Four weeks' work up, was followed by harbour training and three or four days at sea each week. Seven days out of routine to 'paint ship' gave *Wakeful* and *Whirlwind* a chance to get their hands on the gremlins who have now been sent back home to the United Kingdom, to prepare for future re-commissioners. Since then we have taken "pongoes" to Tripoli, been threatened with bombardment exercises, and landed commandos on Gozo. Flexibility is the watchword of the A/S frigates.

SIXTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

The Sixth Destroyer Squadron, now consisting of *Battleaxe* (Captain D), *Scorpion* and *Comet*, recommissioned in mid-April, and three days later sailed for the Mediterranean. On passage we discovered that the Engineering Branch have devised a new method of ensuring that they are left alone by the Communicators—low pressure steaming. This enables the ship to have a higher economical speed, but also means that they cannot use their engines for station-keeping purposes and must therefore be stationed some distance apart and act independently. All very unfair to the V.S. Department.

After a fairly hectic work-up in Malta, culminating in a Squadron inspection at sea by Flag Officer Flotillas, the Squadron split up. *Comet* is now refitting in Gibraltar among the *Senoritas*, whilst *Battleaxe* and *Scorpion* went to Port Said and Famagusta and are now about to join up with the fleet for the Regatta at Marmarice—the Scapa Flow of Turkey.

The visit to Port Said was the first formal visit since friendly relations have been re-established with Egypt. The Egyptian flag ship E.R.A. *Tariq* (a former Bird Class Sloop) was sent specially from Alexandria to act as our liaison ship. Egypt seemed rather tame to those with wartime memories. Nevertheless we were quite surprised when C.O.6 did eventually return from Cairo—in one piece.

Our visit to Famagusta coincided with the local Queen's Birthday Parade. *Battleaxe's* guard, which included a small Communications element, stole the show by parading our ceremonial battleaxe—ceremonial pundits please note.

Unfortunately, the locals seem to have decided to show their feelings about "Enosis" by maiming some of the members of *Battleaxe's* communications racing whaler's crew.

Contest joins the Squadron in September and then all ships return to England in time for Christmas. *Red Face Corner*

Scene: A flag hoisting quiz conducted by F.O.F. in Sliema Creek.

Question: What is the signal for telling a submerged submarine to alter course 180 degrees."

Action taken by C.Y.S. Hutchings: Shout over the loud-hailer to the flag deck "Come on . . . get a move on . . . TURN . . . TURN . . . TURN . . ."

Action taken by a certain Portsmouth Frigate lying nearby: Three "TURN Pendants" hoisted.

H.M.S. *Battleaxe*

R.N.A.S. HAL FAR

Oh dear! Once again—cudgelling the old brain box for a newsy letter for the COMMUNICATOR. But what to say? Well, the weather in Malta is now perfect; tropical routine in force—an early start at 0645—flat out until 1300—then watchkeepers apart, all the staff trotting off to the beaches to sunbathe and swim, armed with snorkels, flippers, etc

Our fairly large Communication Staff, a mixture of Wren Signals, Wren Telegraphists and Telegraphists, seem to enjoy life out here, and as evidence we are hoping the Editor will include the new photograph. One small thing before we say farewell for another three months, the Yeoman in the front row says she is sorry her eyes are shut, but she works so hard here she just *had* to have forty winks.

GIBRALTAR

EUROPA-EYE VIEW

The combined Mediterranean and Home Fleets did not make use of Gibraltar this year, and we greatly missed the sight of a warship-filled harbour with its bustling boat traffic, the bands and the bugles, the streams of libertymen, the hum and gaiety of a packed Cantcen, the music and the roaring voice accompaniments of the Main Street

bars, and, probably most of all, we missed the crowds, the noise and the banter that has always attended the inter-fleet sporting events.

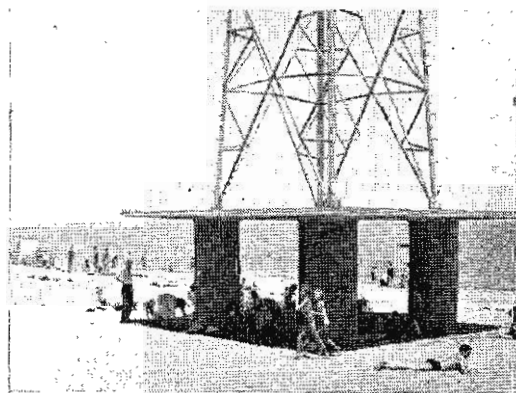
Although our allegiance is bound geographically and by A.F.O. to the Mediterranean fleet ships whom we so rarely see, our associations are much closer with the Home Fleet who appear in the Straits two or three times each year to animate the Gib. Communicators with both extra work and pleasure.

Their first visit this year brought David Woodward of the B.B.C. recording "Spring Cruise" into which he managed to squeeze a word or two on Windmill Hill Signal Station. On the return from Malta during the last week of March, the H.F. augmented by the Netherlands Training Squadron presented a magnificent spectacle as, in perfect weather conditions, they kept excellent station on *Britannia* for the approach and entry. The Royal Yacht wore the Flag of Admiral of the Fleet, the Royal Standard of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and the Trinity House Flag, but on Sunday, 27th March, His Royal Highness delighted the hearts of all Gibraltarians by wearing at the mizzen his flag as Admiral of the Royal Gibraltar Yacht Club. The departure for Home waters was more serious and warlike than spectacular, being between the hours of 0315 and 0530 on a Monday. To the eyes of the Signalmen on watch at W.H.S.S. and by the picture given by Type 974, the pre-dawn sailing operation was carried out most efficiently.

Easter week-end brought another august visitor, the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean, Admiral Sir G. Grantham, in his flagship *Glasgow* with two destroyers and *Surprise*. On sailing, this small but



R.N.A.S. HAL FAR.



smart looking squadron, treated us to a series of flag signalled manoeuvres, good use of which was made in the oral examination of a Leading Signaller candidate.

Landmarks for many years, since 1912 in fact, the two multi-stayed wireless masts at Europa have, section by section, been cut down leaving the seven recently erected towers to take the aerial array which the former could not support. Can any other Station boast such a uniquely sited wireless tower as that now adorning Eastern Beach? This, the easternmost of a rhombic at North Front, was strongly objected to in the planning stage by local Councillors as being a serious encroachment on the amenities of Gibraltar's most popular bathing beach. A meeting

on the sandy site attended by the Deputy Governor, the Colonial Secretary, the Flag Officer, Gibraltar, Commander Rushbrooke, Lieutenant Stokes, the C.E. and S.C.E. thrashed the problem out to an amicable settlement, the R.N. assuring the objecting faction that, far from spoiling the beach, it would be possible to erect the tower in such a manner as to enhance the amenities of the sun drenched strand. The picture illustrates how well the C.E. Department executed the Flag Officer's assurance.

The Communicator's soccer team ended the season on a high note by defeating Cables and Wireless 5-1 in the second round of the Communicators' Cup games. The cricketers have so far played three and won three, each game being a hard battle on an extremely hard wicket.

Mr. T. Clarke has been relieved by Mr. R. Bradberry as Officer-in-Charge, M.S.O., which is STILL reached by way of Sandy Bay tunnel although it is hoped that the new above ground M.S.O. will be ready for occupation before the present year is out.

With 910 successive daily appearances at Windmill Hill Signal Station already logged away, Lieutenant Stokes awaits relief by Lieutenant Ayres: this will probably take place at the end of June.

Cryptography on Skids

Extract from Witex orders

Publications to be used

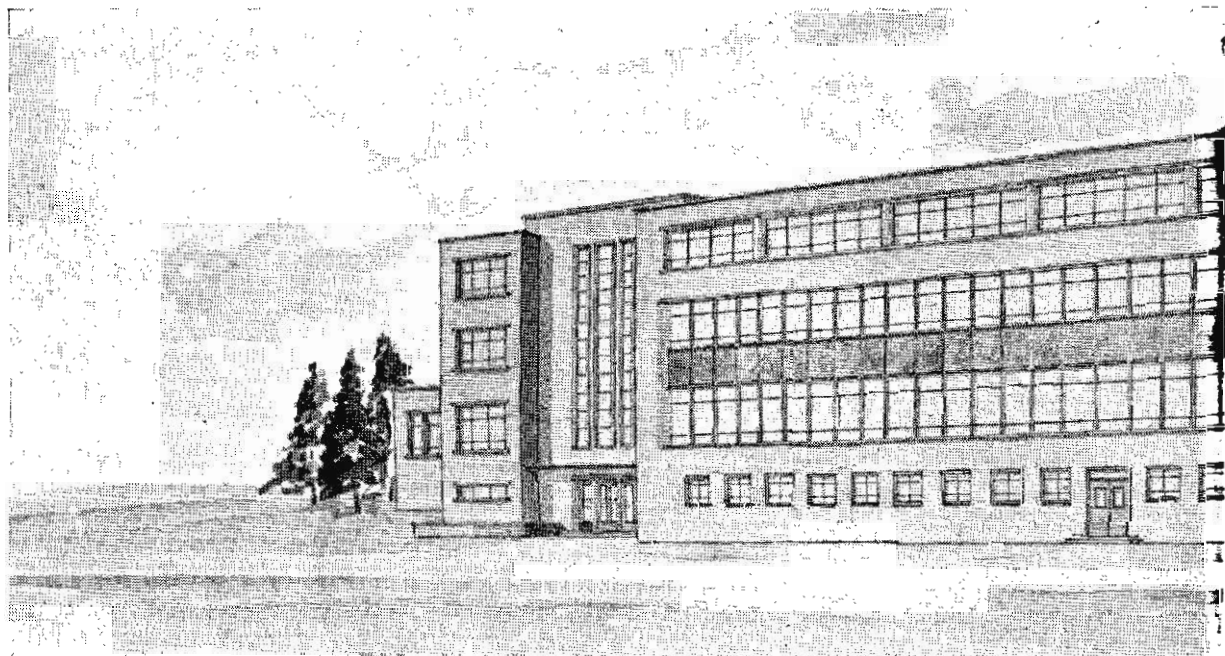
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Edition

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Lubricating Groups

Current



H.M.S. "MERCURY'S" NEW MESS and RECREATION BLOCK

The picture on these pages shows the new Mess and Recreation Block which will be erected in West Camp by about 1958. The site is being cleared now in preparation for the new building which will replace the existing Signal School Messes, Galley and N.A.A.F.I. Canteen.

The floors will contain some of the following facilities:—

Basement: Chief Petty Officers', Petty Officers' and Ratings' Cloakrooms—Telephones.

Ground: Chief Petty Officers', Petty Officers' and Ratings' Messes—Mess Presidents' Offices.

First: Chief Petty Officer's and Petty Officers' restaurant — Ratings' restaurant — Chief Petty Officer's, Petty Officers' and Ratings' Visitors rooms. Ratings' T.V. room, Lounge, Billiards room, Bar.

Second: Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers will each have T.V. room, Lounge, Billiards room and Bar. N.A.A.F.I. Staff.

N.A.A.F.I. facilities, modern cafeteria and washing up facilities will also be available, and there will be a new galley with preparing rooms and store rooms.

AN ODE TO POMPEY BILL

A reply to the "Ode to Westo Ben"
by "Anon"

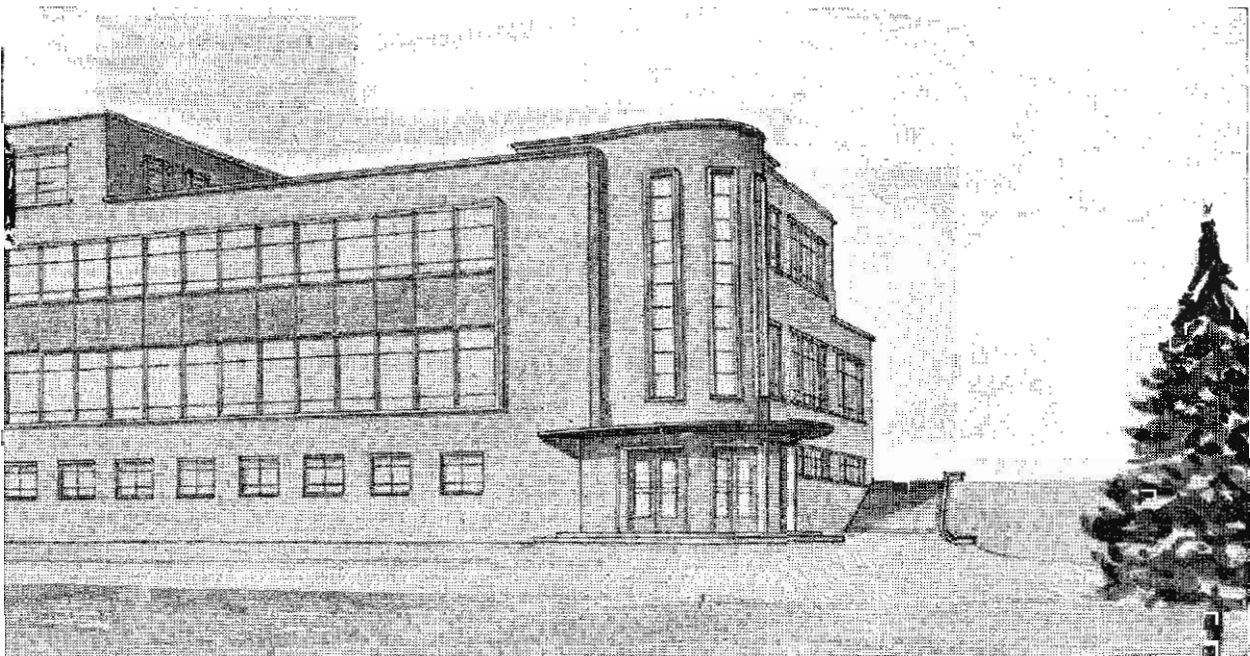
Here is the tale of Pompey Bill,
Whose knowledge of Crypto was almost Nil,
This is the reason Westo Ben,
Makes the necessary ZNM's.

"Anon" did so right to spare his name,
For Nelson's boys are all fair game,
When on the job of Crypto staffs,
Their muddled minds cause raucous laughs.

The Pompey lads were all about,
But Guzz is tops without a doubt,
But Ben the sad faced Janner,
Never once did drop a clanger.

They ZNM then scream and shout,
But Jan plods on till it comes out,
If patience is a virtue then,
What virtuous folk are all "DRAKES" men.

To send a bouncer is nought achieved,
And, if truth must be believed,
Jan sends out less than anyone,
Especially less than poor "Anon"
This is true of course—we know,
We work in a Janner M.S.O.



TOPSIDE SACRED

By FRAD.

It was one of those evenings when everyone fell to spinning yarns after supper. You know how it is—after you've been at Invergordon for about three weeks—no cinema—fed up with uckers—and the weather certainly didn't make it worth the trip ashore for a couple of pints—not when you're junior boat and it's about half an hour's run anyway.

The old chief pusser sat in his usual corner by the hammock netting—slowly pulling on his pipe and listening to the others. He wasn't very happy and he wasn't very miserable—it was his last cruise anyway—he'd be a pensioner in a couple of months. He thought it a bit hard to have to serve in a "boat" at his time of life—but there it was—he never did seem to get on with Drafting Commanders. He could have "gone up the office" and written a letter to the missus—but there wasn't much to write about—and he'd been intrigued to hear how far some of the yarns could go. Shot and shell had been flying round the mess—bombs had fallen all over the place—shipwrecks—collisions—hurricanes—earthquakes—everything had happened and the stories of personal heroism were truly amazing. He puffed away in silence until the G.I. had finished a particularly accurate burst of "ack-ack", resulting in the sudden end of several enemy aircraft and then he cleared his throat.

"You know," he said, "I envy some of you young chaps. I wish I could look back on my service and remember bits of exciting events—but then nothing like that ever happens to blokes in our branch. We're just dull uninteresting unromantic blighters. I'm lost in admiration at the courage, skill and prowess of all of you—so much that I'm tempted to tell you of the one occasion in my life when I was called upon to display those three qualities.

"It happened when I was a youngster in a surveying ship in the Indian Ocean. We'd been away a long time and provisions were a bit short—when our frig. broke down. We had a long passage from one group of islands to another where we had to carry out a survey and the lads were getting a bit fed up with M. & V. and corned dog by the time we got there. Well, Jimmy sent me ashore to see if I could arrange local purchase of a bit of fresh meat—but would you believe it—of all the islands we had to go to—this one had a religious caste that believed all animals sacred—and forbade the shedding of blood, so it was hopeless to try and wangle a bit of beef or mutton.

"Well when I got back, Jimmy cleared lower deck and told the ship's company and of course there were drips all round. However, I had an idea that I put to Jimmy—who said alright, and the long and short of it was that me and tanky and a couple of volunteers took the whaler ashore after dark and set out to pinch a cow. Now this was a very dangerous business because if we got caught we'd have been lynched—but we thought of the ship's

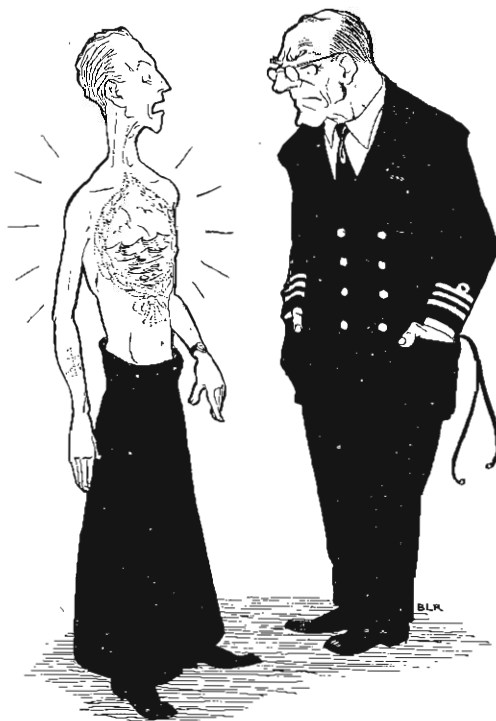
company and decided to risk our lives. We got ashore alright, unseen, and crept through the jungle up to the village; we had to lay low for a long time till everyone was asleep, and then we crept to the paddock where the animals were tied up. Twice we had to stop because we thought someone had heard us, but at last we made it and grabbed the nearest beast. Tanky put his hand over its mouth to keep it quiet and we lifted it up and carried it back through the jungle to where we'd beached the whaler. It was a bull and a very small one at that—but it was better than nothing.

"We daren't try and kill it on the island—it might make a noise and we couldn't risk leaving bloodstains, so we took it back alive and tied it under the break of the fo'c'sle till morning.

"Next day we sailed before sun-up, and when we were out of sight of land, we thought it safe to slaughter the bull. Seeing it in daylight it certainly looked very thin and small—but you can't look a gift bull in the mouth, especially when you've pinched it. Unfortunately we couldn't pole-axe it, the horns crossed over its head and were in the way,

WINNING CARTOON

by Telegraphist B. L. ROWLANDS



"But Doc! There was a ship on it before I ate that canteen oggy!"

so we decided to cut its head off. Tanky was a bit nervous about this because he didn't want it to suffer, but I had an idea that would make sure we got him in one. We took the bull up on the fo'c'sle and put a line round his horns and ran it through a ring bolt in the deck. Then Tanky stood by with the cleaver. I was going to count three and heave—and as his neck stretched out, Tanky could whip his head off with one blow.

"Everything was ready, I slowly counted three and heaved. Its a pity that bull was so thin—I pulled him right through the ring bolt! We both fell over the side, and were eaten by sharks. Oh well—Goodnight all . . ."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the "Star").

EVERYTHING A SAILOR REQUIRES

A sailor should possess:—

1. Initiative

Example:—

O.O.W. (answering telephone): "O.O.W. Mercury."

Voice: "Knowles Block here. Can you change the S.R.E. programme for us?"

O.O.W. (temporarily rocked back but curious): "Why?"

Voice: "We want to hear the Goon Show."

O.O.W.: "Who the - - - is that speaking?"

Voice: "O.Tel. Snoggs, Sir. The Goon Show's on now on the other programme."

O.O.W.: "Get off this - - - phone at once. Get off."

2. Ambition

Example:—

Young Sailor (in Naval Dentist's chair). "How long does it take to be a Dentist, Sir?"

Toothy (in vicious mood): "Oh not long, six to eight weeks you know. Do it through E.V.T. usually. Now open wide."

Next day the following request as read by an amazed D.O.: "To see the Commander through the D.O. to take E.V.T. for Dentist."

3. Courage

Example:—

New Entry (to O.O.W.): "Can I go ashore please, Sir?"

O.O.W.: "Have you handed in your card."

N.E.: "No, Sir, I haven't got it."

O.O.W.: "Where is it?"

N.E.: "I believe J.Sig. Bloggs has it, Sir."

O.O.W.: "You believe? Don't you know?"

N.E.: "Well I gave it to him last weekend when I did him a sub, Sir."

O.O.W.: "Well go and find him, get it back and then report to me."

N.E.: "I can't, Sir, he's ashore. Can I have a chit from you to let me ashore please, Sir."

O.O.W.: "No. You must get your card back first."

Do you mean to tell me you've been going about without a card for five or six days?"

N.E.: "I didn't think I would need it until a few minutes ago Sir, when J.Tel. Smith asked me to go ashore with him. Can I have a chit please Sir, until I get my card back."

O.O.W.: "No you cannot. Report to me with your card immediately you get it back."

4. Obedience

Example:—

A duty officer, having put down for a shake at 0300, adds the remark alongside "With a whistle and torch please."

O.O.W.'s messenger enters duty officer's cabin at 0300, shines torch in his face and blows loud repeated blasts on the whistle in the startled officer's ear. "0300, Sir."

FLAG HOISTING— GETTING THEM DOWN

Method is essential not only when hoisting but when hauling down and stowing away the flags. If the hints for hoisting given in the Visual Signalling and Equipment handbook are used in conjunction with those given below you will find that the whole operation of flag hoisting runs smoothly and you will never find yourself "up the creek" through getting in a tangle and having a foul deck.

1. Always bend the clips of the halliards or flag to each successive flag while the latter is *still in the locker*.

2. When hauling down, the routine should be: No. 1 (who was on the head), hauls down and passes the flags under his left arm to No. 3, making no attempt to unbend the flags until the head of the halliards comes to hand. He then unbends the halliard and, keeping the clip in the palm of his hand, takes a turn with the halliard around his hand. *He keeps the halliard in his hand while stowing away the flags, which he does starting with the top flag.*

No. 2 lowers the hoist, keeping sufficient tension on the halliard to enable No. 1 to control the portion he is hauling down. He stands well clear of Nos. 1 and 3. No. 3 (who was on the tack), receives the tack from No. 1, unbends and stows away the flags from the bottom.

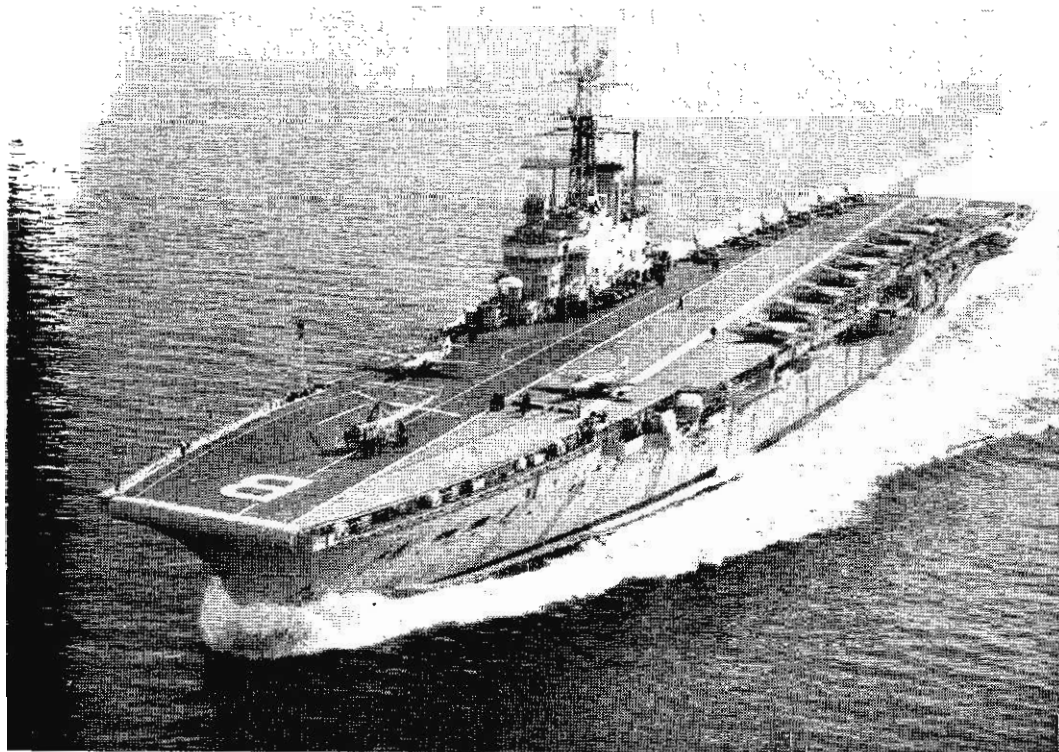
3. Always stow the flags with the clips outboard and during the hauls re-stow any flags whose clips hang out of the pigeon hole obscuring the flag below.

R.E.K.

FAROE ISLANDS FORCES OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION

Communicators who served in the Faroe Islands during the last war may be interested to learn of the formation of this Association. Details may be obtained through the Hon. Press Officer, 64 Blenheim Crescent, South Croydon, Surrey.

FLEET AIR ARM



H.M.S. "BULWARK"

Wearing the Flag of Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham.

R.N. AIR STATION, LEE-ON-SOLENT

It is high time that this premier Naval Air Station, which is the home of Flag Officer Air (Home), Flag Officer Ground Training and Combrax Lee spread the air gospel to a wider Telegraphist field.

From the flow of prospective Telegraphists (Air) candidates it seems that we are becoming more widely known, the Air Branch attracting some of the very young Telegraphists. They are joining a select service, which, apart from extra pay, appeals to the sense of adventure, and which has many highly interesting jobs.

The Telegraphist Air Gunners Association holds monthly meetings in London and other sub-districts and has socials and dinners at intervals throughout the year.

The rail strike provided us with an opportunity of showing the value of aircraft; an air Clipper service covered the United Kingdom Naval Air Stations. 300 hours were flown with 365 passengers and some freight. Visitors are very welcome; if you are contemplating a transfer to Telegraphist (Air), meet in—it is usually possible to arrange a flight.

H.M.S. "BULWARK"

At last we make our debut into these informative pages, whence our two sister ships *Albion* and *Centaur* have already preceded us. We have been in commission some nine months now, and have been operating in Home Waters as "Trials and Training Carrier"; "Trials" means a whole lot more to us than was intended in the title, because we have had plenty. Vibrating power packs and St. Vitus Mod. units have been the more formidable of our opponents, but we are slowly winning!

Our activities to date are too numerous to give more than a few details and have been primarily the training of fledgling pilots in deck landing practice, and trials of new Ministry of Supply aircraft, from points ranging from the Moray Firth to Portland Bill.

Last Term saw the ship at Invergordon for a quiet weekend, for some, during which time a communication team consisting of a P.O. Telegraphist and two Ordinary Telegraphists were required to accompany a detachment of Royal Marines in a landing exercise and route march of about 50 miles.



Landing Party—Invergordon, February 1955

This was carried out in deep snow and a sub-zero temperature but in spite of all the difficulties, communications were maintained with the ship for the entire 48 hours using Type 622 equipment, at times even while on the march. This was no mean feat considering that one man must carry the battery, another the set, complete with swaying aerial, and a third operate it, all with interconnecting leads.

We have recently returned from Oslo, where we had the honour of taking Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham, who presented mementoes of H.M.S. *Devonshire* to the people of Norway. We were inspected by His Royal Highness the Crown Prince and the people of Oslo gave us a great welcome. We were very sorry to leave such generous and hospitable people as all who have been there will testify. Many were the "Skaals" and "Jeg elskte degs" on departure and there are many who hope for an early return visit.

At the time of writing we are preparing for more deck landing training to be followed by a visit to Stockholm. Judging by the invitations already received this should prove to be very popular;—more about this next time.

The ship has been "On the Air" in other ways too. The B.B.C. broadcast a 40 minute programme in



Left to right—P.O. Tel. Crew, O/Tel. Bailey, O/Tel. Rae

the Home Service on 26th May giving commentaries on the complete operation of aircraft entitled "Find, Fix and Strike." This was achieved by having some seven commentators in various parts of the ship, some actually airborne, each with his own microphone and relaying amplifier to a special VHF transmitter being used as a ship/shore link operating in the 30 to 40 Mc/s region. The airborne commentators used the aircraft's normal equipment; apart from this the B.B.C. brought all their own equipment aboard, including batteries.

Three Television programmes are now being planned to take place from the ship operating off the Isle of Wight on 6th, 7th and 8th July. This will be the first occasion of a "live" Television programme being broadcast from an H.M. Ship and should prove very interesting.

Recent departures to civvy street include C.P.O. Telegraphist Hawks, P.O. Telegraphist Radley, Yeoman Saunders and Leading Telegraphist Harmer; we wish them every success in their new life. A.C.

Fresh

Signalman (after clearing signal): "Thank you, the name's Kemp here, what's yours please?"

G.P.O. Operator (female): "Don't try and get fresh with me, Jack."

H.M.S. "ALBION"

The 1st April saw *Albion* coming alongside Middle Slip Jetty Portsmouth with the Combined Fleet Exercises behind us and the prospect of a well earned leave ahead. We had been in the Mediterranean since the previous October, most of that period having been spent at sea, either exercising or carrying out independent flying.

The roar of jet engines has now been replaced by the rhythmic beating of chipping hammers and dockyard drills, etc., and preparations are going ahead for 1st July when we again put to sea. On completion of our shakedown cruise *Albion* departs for the Mediterranean once more for exercises with H.M.S. *Eagle*. This will be the first time we have been in company with *Eagle*, so no doubt there will be keen competition between the two ships as was the case with *Centaur* and *Albion* previously. We are looking forward to operating with *Eagle* and would like to say "Welcome back to the Carrier Squadron." We feel sure that we shall have a grand time together.

Albion is now half-way through her General Service Commission, the Communicators have settled down extremely well, and everyone concerned has done a grand job. We are sure that the good work will continue. Many candidates have been successful in passing for the "able rate," both V.S. and W/T. RATT trials with existing equipment are progressing satisfactorily and are providing valuable operating experience for members of the staff. We are now hoping to fit an Auto Transmitter and

Teleprinter 7 BPN 3, much to the delight of P.O. Telegraphist Matthews and R. E. Miles (RATT Kings).

H.M.S. "CENTAUR"

At the time of writing this article, *Centaur* is just about to enter the Bay, but nobody seems to be worried over the prospects of bad weather as we are heading in the right direction,—to Pompey and some well earned leave, after 11 months of good honest work in the Mediterranean.

Exercises "Sea Lance" and "Springex Baker" were a very trying time for all as we then had the flag of Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers. As far as the carriers were concerned both exercises were very good value from the communication point of view. We found out just how many lines could be manned efficiently in a modern carrier. Our best effort was 35 lines during "Sea Lance" (this total includes lines for A.I.O. use). That was with every transmitter, receiver and control line in use. The combined staffs of F.O.A.C. and *Centaur* were in two watches during the whole exercise and did amazingly well considering the hours they were on watch.

Since the Home Fleet left Gibraltar we have slowly worked down. First our sister ship *Albion* left the station. We worked with *Albion* as a carrier group for most of her short stay in the Med. and were all sorry to see her leave the station.

Before leaving Malta, F.O.A.C. and his staff left us and we said goodbye to Lieutenant Commander S. Berthon (Flag Lieutenant and S.C.O.) and Mr.

Shead S.C.C.O. The Communication ratings of the Flag staff are taking passage back to U.K. for leave.

We have visited Southern France twice in the last six weeks, once to Beaulieu and once to Gulfe Juan. The latter visit, which was at the end of May, was by far the more popular as the weather was very warm; everybody acquired a tan for leave and, of course, the Bikini season had started.

Our Admiral's Inspection, which was on Friday, 13th May, went off very well considering the date. The Communication division had a very smart turn-out and excelled themselves in the march past. The offices were a pleasure to see, every rating at his cleaning station had his own idea how he was going to get his little part of ship the best, and many were the 'magic potions' which were secreted in the various offices to get the deck up to date.

Our next major effort will be exercise "Shop-window" in Home Waters. The idea of this exercise is to show the Navy to Members of Parliament, Staff Courses, Naval Attaches, etc. The accent will be on the carrier.

After this we shall have a short self maintenance period and in August we shall be back to work again with the Carrier Squadron. It is hoped that by November the squadron will have four carriers to work together as a carrier group,—the first time that four angled deck carriers have worked together.

Trifling with Technical

Questioning Examining Officer: "What set would you use on Tactical Primary?"

Answer by Pupil: "Headset."



Communication Staffs—Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers and H.M.S. "Centaur"

THE NAVAL OBSERVER AND AIR SIGNAL SCHOOL

Here in the West Country, few changes have taken place during the past year, but some interesting ones are envisaged for the future.

A Long (O) Course, drawn from General Service Lieutenants, has been re-introduced. The course is on a par with other specialist courses, and lasts nine months. The first is to start here in August 1955.

"Old girls" will be pleased to learn that our long-awaited F.V.10 is now operational, rendering the wind-swept trek to the D.F. unnecessary. However, those destined for Bramcote are still required to "swing it" officially out in the R.V.4 hut.

The visit of the Fifth Sea Lord (Rear Admiral A. N. C. Bingley, O.B.E.), to present "wings" to No. 21 Observer Course after passing out, gave us the opportunity to produce the picture of our Communications Instructors being inspected.

R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

I thought I was getting a little long in the tooth in the Branch but recently a team of motion study

experts arrived here to give the crews working in the the new F.A.A. aircraft, Gannet, the once over to ensure that their work with the increasingly more complicated equipment doesn't call for impossible demands of concentration. They brought with them as part of their equipment a spark gap transmitter! Before *my* time but not so the S.C.O. who dug deep into his store of knowledge and enjoyed, as I did too, a period of reminiscence and nostalgia. It says a lot for the old equipment that an efficiency team still use it; perhaps they haven't heard of the 600 series?

Has anyone any original ideas on how to get the younger members of the staff to produce articles or even assist in producing the Station contribution? They enjoy reading it; we have nearly a 100 per cent response for copies, but mention the fact that you want a few words or a couple of snippets of news and it's "Well I'm not much of a hand at that sort of thing" or "Yes I'll dash off a few lines for you" and as far as that goes you're still waiting and he/she is still dashing--ashore. Short of financial inducement (not yet tried), that's as far as we get.

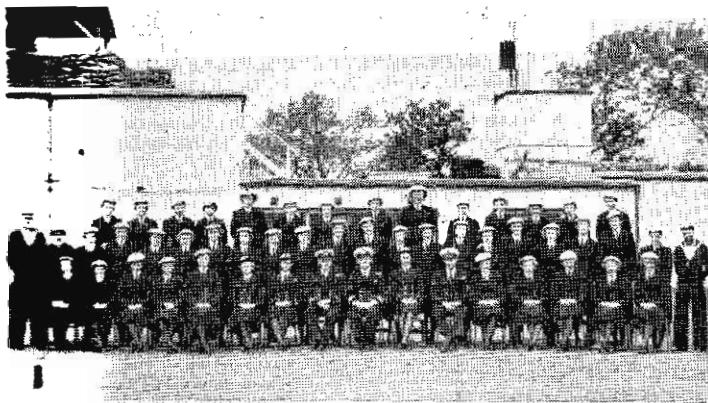
J.R.P.



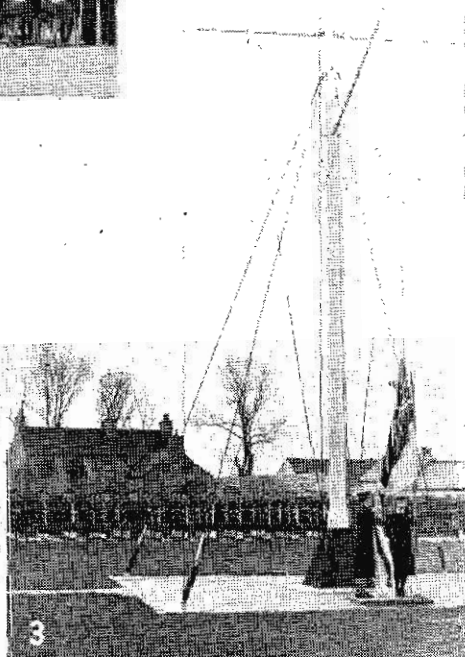
VISIT OF FIFTH SEA LORD TO R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

(Left to right) P.O. Tel. Kings, C.P.O. Tel. Bonny, C.P.O. (Air) McCabe, Aircrewman (1) Jarvis, Captain Bentinck, Lt. Cdr. Sergeant, Admiral Bingley, Mr. Gray, S.C.C.O.

ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION, EGLINTON



1. The Communication Staff
2. Lovely Lollipops at the "Northwest 200" Motorcycle Event
3. Colours
4. Liaison with H.M.S. "Carisbrooke Castle"
5. Chief Wren Gilbert receives L.S. and G.C. Medal from the C.O. (Captain T. W. B. Shaw, D.S.C.)



"FILMING FIRST HAND"

A film is being made on the Communications Branch

To go and see a good film is a relaxing, and often up-lifting, experience. To have even a small part in the production of a film is exacting and frustrating and can bring out the worst in one.

A film unit 'on location' is a strange menagerie of assorted beasts. Firstly there is a four thousand pound elephant called Blimp; big and unwieldy and fitted with rubber-tyred rolling legs—a wheel for each foot. This elephant needs unexposed 35 mm. film and three phase A.C. for its meals, and it is carefully looked after by a headkeeper and three assistant keepers. The headkeeper provides a variety of lights so that the elephant can see into dark corners where the prey lurks. The second keeper rides on Blimp's back and directs the fourth keeper (whose name is always Grips) who keeps him in motion. The third keeper has a tape measure and constantly measures the distance between the elephant and the prey. The result is whispered to Blimp through a small hole in his head.

The big lion (King of the Beasts) is in general charge, but expects the headkeeper to have Blimp in the best position to rush in upon his prey. This sudden and silent approach is known as 'tracking', while neck movements made by the elephant are either 'pans' or 'tilts'. The big lion often borrows Blimp's left eye and uses it to decide the best way of approaching the prey. The headkeeper tries to discourage this sometimes by arranging for all the lights to be out when the big lion starts to look through the elephant's left eye.

Many other animals all try and help Blimp to chase his prey. A secretary bird (the female of the species) is to be found hopping about in Blimp's way and trying to record all that is going on, as well as timing each period of silence. This last is preceded by the assistant lion making his blood-curdling call of "SILENCEPLEASESHOOTING TURNOVER", closely echoed by a quick "MARKIT" from the third keeper and a grunt of "ACTION" and/or "CUT" from the big lion.

Blimp attacks his prey in complete silence so that three monkeys may hear the startled cries made by the Blimp's prey as he moves in to devour it. These monkeys are most insistent that no other noise, except that made by the prey, should be heard during this grim and savage slaughter. Should any other sounds be heard like the tapping of the menagerie woodpecker fixing the backgrounds, or from the two electric eels who assist the headkeeper with lighting the prey from all sides, the head monkey is very angry and this makes the big lion cross. Poor Blimp has to then track back and start again after a further cry of "SILENCEPLEASE SHOOTINGTURNOVER" from the Assistant lion.

During all this the prey, whether a single bun or a whole bag of buns, remain quiet and only after growls of "ACTION" from the big lion do the cries of terror start.

To provide the Communications Branch with a thirty minute instructional film it has been found necessary to employ this whole zoo for some three weeks, and to feed Blimp with over twelve thousand feet of film as well as feeding the lions and monkeys and all the rest of the menagerie.

The cast were as follows:—

Blimp	35 mm. movie camera
Big lion and assistant lion	Director and Assistant Director
Three monkeys	Sound crew
Headkeeper	Cameraman
Other keepers	Camera crew
Secretary bird	Continuity girl
Woodpecker	Set carpenter
Two eels	Electricians
Buns	Actors

SELECTIONS FOR SIGNAL AND WIRELESS INSTRUCTORS

It appears that there is some doubt as to how the selection in H.M.S. *Mercury* of candidates to take the course for Signal Instructor and Wireless Instructor is done; the explanation is as follows:—

The roster is compiled for each depot on a points system, the points being allocated as follows:—

	Marks
(a) For an 'H' Recommend	20
(b) For each annual assessment of 'Supr' over the preceding 5 years*	6 or a max. of 30
(c) For having passed E.T.2—5 marks, H.E.T. 10 marks	10
(d) For marks gained in principal subjects in the examination for Yeo./P.O. Tel., up to a max. of	30
(e) For each year remaining to serve to complete current engagement, 1 point, up to a max. of	10
	Max. 100

*Note:—The assessment immediately following advancement to P.O. or C.P.O. rate is disregarded.

As each S.1303a is received, it is placed on the roster according to the number of points gained. Before the actual selection is done, each man's Commanding Officer is asked to send in an up-to-date S.1303a in order to ensure that the points score is completely up-to-date.

It will be seen, therefore, that the date of recommendation has no importance in the case of selection for Instructor—it is the man with the highest score who is selected regardless of how long he has been on the roster.

The selection is, however, limited by drafting availability (men in the Far East cannot be relieved, for instance), and by the fact that no man can be selected within two years of the end of his current engagement unless he undertakes to sign on again. The actual numbers chosen depend on vacancies.

Home Station



H.M. YACHT "BRITANNIA"

So far this year we have had a very active and interesting season, starting with the trip to the West Indies with Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, one which I need hardly state was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and one which brought us many new friends.

The wireless department were kept extremely busy with the extra chores of radio telephone and a mysterious box of tricks known as Pye radio link. This equipment was landed at various places to provide a link between the local telephone exchanges and the Yacht. Every possible assistance was rendered by the local authorities and indeed it was found that quite a few of the baronial Cable and Wireless technicians were ex-P.O. Telegraphists. Many happy times resulted from this.

Dress ship was of course encountered many times, but this has now been brought to a fine art by all departments concerned. Many readers may have seen our Fore to Main Line which is laid out on top of the funnel. At first it took some getting used to, but now, except for the occasional snag which could crop up on any ship, all is well. Spare a thought for the lucky chap who has the task of humping the line up inside the funnel and staying up there until dress ship is over.

A very successful concert took place during the tour, the department being well represented;—amazing how many of the costumes resembled bunting in the material choice.

On completion of the West Indies trip we sailed for Gibraltar and thence to Villefranche to embark His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh, and then left for "Sea Lance", an exercise which although putting quite heavy pressure on us, as on other ships, was enjoyed by all.

Homeward bound after a break in Malta saw us also taking part in "Springex Baker" and "Springex

Charlie". Many readers will remember those too.

The exercises gave us the opportunity of exercising *Britannia's* wartime role as a hospital ship.

As Commodore of the Convoy, we found that this meant everyone being on his toes, and a strong pull for siren wires in the visual department was considered an advantage. The buntings budded out as professional smoke puff firers and they felt duty bound to loose off a few rounds at any aircraft that chanced to approach whether friendly or not. I believe at the conference after the exercise one of the enemy pilots stated that he received such heavy fire from "A Hospital Ship" that he had to shoot it up.

Our convoy lights were a work of art produced by Pompey Dockyard and all credit must go to them for a first class job. If they had also fitted a winch on the Flag Deck to hoist them with, it would have been absolutely perfect.

By the time this goes to press we shall have finished our Norway and Scottish trips and be enjoying Summer leave. In the future we expect to visit Wales, the Isle of Man and Denmark. We are looking forward to them all immensely. That about empties the jackpot for this time, but in closing I would like to say that C.Y.S. Bailey is leaving us soon for pension. We offer him our best wishes for the future.

THE LAST OF THE "COUNTIES"

A few words from the last of the three-chimneyed County liners. I'm afraid it will most likely be short and sweet because we've had no time for sports and little time for the social whirl. However, since the period of dockyard conversion and initial-sea-trials-to-see-if-everything-works are now over (the worst part we hope!) we are expecting great things from our massive communications staff of two Chiefs, one Petty Officer Telegraphist, five killicks

and eleven. Names have been taken for most known and unknown sports and activities—not without a certain amount of arm-twisting and tot-promising—and consequently we are now looking to the sporting future with hope, a little trepidation and a faint determination to have a bash at whatever comes up. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen. Personally I entertain a doubt here and there, especially since this venerable correspondent has been shaken rigid by being asked (!) to seize an oar along with four other unfortunates in a whaler.

In case any of you have seen our tri-stumped silhouette hurtling along the skyline in the vicinity of the oggy-breeding area and wondered what our role in modern warfare is to be, perhaps a word or two of explanation will be in order. We are a trials cruiser, a title that covers a multitude of sins. We test everything that the brains of the boffins can produce, from new-style cook's aprons to three-inch machine guns and stabiliser fins. Incidentally these last enable us to knock up a thirty-degree roll in a flat calm sea, much to the astonishment of passing merchantmen. By the time this gets into print we shall be in the "sea in the middle of the earth" and possibly cantering merrily up Crucifix Hill, taking care, of course, to avoid all those dead gharry horses at the top! It is rumoured that we shall be visiting Italy and the Cote d'Azur, not forgetting that Maltese paradise—MX. We return in October to be torn apart again by the denizens of the dockyard.

The "clanger and howler" department has only one example this far, one which could come under the heading of "The Chief Yeoman's Dilemma." A certain Ordinary Telegraphist amateur yachtsman, manning tug wave on the compass platform, offered advice to the Captain on the employment of the tug off the bows—a situation keenly appreciated by those who realise the sanctity of the compass platform. Exit Chief Yeoman Banks with eyeballs doing 80 r.p.m. The S.C.O., has had, we hope, little trouble from our side. He is also responsible for upper deck trails, boats, and quarterdeck, so we hope to keep the snags down to an absolute minimum, despite the shortage of staff. Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Tait and the Chief Yeoman of Signals shepherd us on our weary way and we hope to pay off with a passably clean sheet. This ex-Whitehall warrior will endeavour to keep a record of interesting incidents for the next issue, so till then, Sah-ha from the Cumbrians.

Heard in the Voice Trainer

New Entry from Instructor:
"Request test transmission".

Instructor from New Entry:
"Request granted".

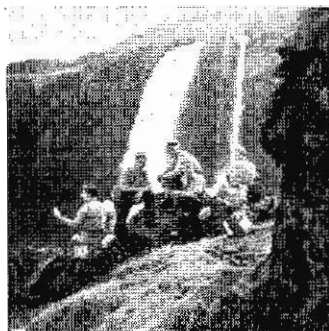
H.M.S. "MAIDSTONE" and SECOND SUBMARINE SQUADRON

As it is over two years since *Maidstone* and the Second Submarine Squadron featured in the COMMUNICATOR it is time this was remedied. *Maidstone* has been the home of the Squadron for nine years and is now a well known Dorset landmark and indeed due to be included in the next issue of the Ordinance Survey map. She does, however, have her sea outings to dispel the theory that she is kept afloat by a pile of tins on the harbour bottom. In April she visited Bordeaux together with *Solent* and *Sleuth* to sample, amongst other things, the local wine. Recently she has had three days at Hvalfjord before taking part in F.O.S.M.'s summer war. Here, the healthy members of the department went on a 14 mile hike, during which Yeoman Wicks persuaded all, except the Signal Officer and C.C.O., to help him search for birds' eggs,—but to no avail.

During the exercise, Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Hamblin, himself an ex-submariner, was kept busy with his staff and the BWO was a buzz of activity; even the broadcast bay had its six monthly outing. There followed two quiet days at Loch Ewe before returning to Portland where we are now tucked away under the Bill.

At the time of writing we have nine submarines alongside, including *Saalen* who is a welcome visitor from Denmark. This is our highest score this Term but we hope to better it when the Dutch submarine returns next week.

A word on sport. The soccer team reached the final which was played off at the beginning of Term but lost to the Supply and Secretariat. Ordinary Telegraphist Bishop was fourth in the annual cross country race but unfortunately the rest of his team were in double figures and the final placing showed us rather low on the list. Chief Yeoman of Signals Young's .22 rifle team got through the first round



H.M.S. "Maidstone" Hiking Party at
Thrandarstadir Waterfall, Iceland

but were beaten by the final winners of the competition.

The flow of arrivals and departures continues and amongst the new faces are Leading Signalman Thorogood, Leading Telegraphist Bourton, Signalman Warden and Ordinary Signalman Wood. All good wishes to those who have moved on elsewhere.

Finally, an open invitation is offered to all Communicators who should ever happen to visit Portland. Please ask us for any assistance if needed, for although there is plenty of scope for superb rabbits in a depot ship, we do manage to get the authorised jobs done as well,—sometimes. J.B.R.

THIRD DESTROYER SQUADRON

This Summer Term contribution will be the last from the Third Destroyer Squadron this commission. *Saintes*, *Barfleur* and *St. Kitts* recommission in August before returning to the Mediterranean.

As a squadron we visited Bremen in early May. It was generally agreed that this was the best "run-ashore" port we have visited this commission. The German population gave us a very good reception and organised some excellent bus tours. From Bremen we went to Northern Ireland where we had a three weeks anti-submarine course at Londonderry. On completion of this period the squadron dispersed, with *Barfleur* and *St. Kitts* returning to their Home Port to refit and pay off, and *Saintes* rejoining the rest of the Home Fleet for a few days at Invergordon.

From Invergordon *Saintes* sailed for Oslo where we had the great honour of becoming the senior warship afloat in the world. This was while flying the flag of Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham for his visit to Tromsø to present the town with the ship's bell of the *Devonshire* as a memento of the evacuation of the Norwegian Royal Family during the war. *Saintes* goes on to Reykjavik before completing the cruise with visits to Great Yarmouth and Hastings and then back home to Portsmouth, where we, in turn, have a short refit and then pay off.

The middle of August will see many of us up at *Mercury* again before we disperse to our new drafts. The signal staff of the squadron would like to take this opportunity, on completion of the first general service commission, of wishing our successors every good fortune in the future.

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

As usual life in the Submarine Service during the Summer Term has been very busy and interesting. Some persons unknown at Leydene endeavoured to deliver us a lethal blow by drafting C.Y.S. Webb away from *Dolphin* just before the commencement of Exercise "Fishplay" but they did not succeed. Even so we wish him well on Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet's Staff and thank him for services rendered whilst in *Dolphin*.

The exercise once again was a great success due to Civilian M.S.O. Staff, General Service, Submarine, R.N.S.R., and last but by no means least W.R.N.S. Communication ratings working together as a team. The sight of W.R.N.S. Communicators in *Dolphin* certainly caused a few eyebrows to raise and collars to be squared off. The most amusing remark passed in all innocence by one of the W.R.N.S. after receiving a signal from a ship asking for 3,000 gallons of water and 300 lbs. of cabbage was "What a lot of water to boil the cabbage in!"

The 5th Squadron Submarines are now making up for exercise time by visiting the Baltic Ports and we here in *Dolphin* reckon that a certain P.O. Telegraphist illustrated "on patrol" in the Easter number is now expending this pent up energy. Incidentally the photograph does not give a true picture of how all P.O. Telegraphists spend their time at sea.

Unfortunately we have had one tragic event in the submarine world, the accident in H.M. Submarine *Sidon* at Portland and our sympathies are extended especially to the relatives of Telegraphist C. D. Clayton who so tragically lost his life after having been in submarines for such a short time.

"LONDONDERRY AIRS"

Ships may come and ships may go, but *Sea Eagle* goes on for ever. I am reminded of Tennyson's poem by the fluctuations in numbers of attached vessels during the current Term. Less than a month ago we had over twenty ships in Londonderry; today there is one. However, this is only brought about by the lull between courses, and the fact that our "regulars" the 3rd T.S.—have taken advantage of this to disappear on a pleasure cruise to French ports. We wish them a happy time, and trust they return relaxed and refreshed—they will surely need it, to cope with the remainder of the Term.

Fewer ships mean fewer signals, and we who remain appreciate the easier tempo in order to get our second wind.

Our visitors this Term so far have been the 3rd Destroyer Squadron and the American DesDiv 202; this week we welcome the 1st Destroyer Squadron, our last visitors before Summer leave.

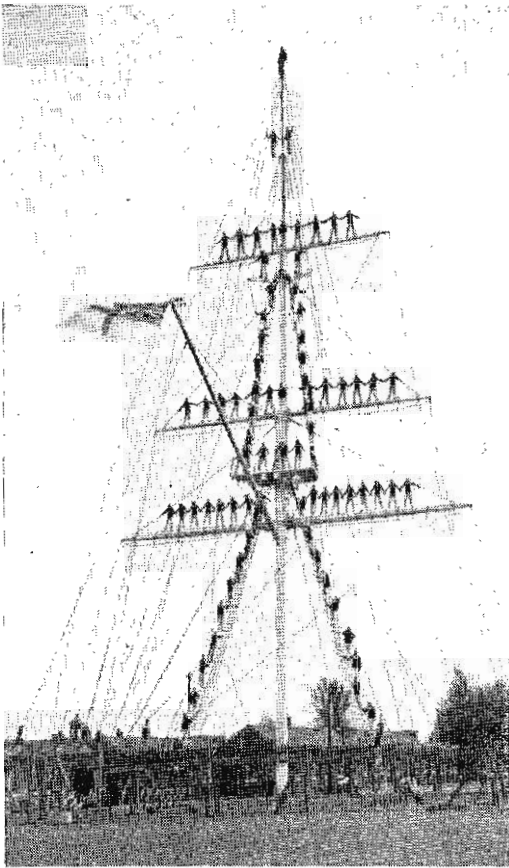
We were sorry to have to say goodbye to Lieutenant Commander D. A. Forrest who has gone to Leydene (how some of us exiles envy him) and in his place we welcome Lieutenant Commander W. B. Willett.

Foresight

Yeoman to O/Signalman: "How far can you see the horizon from the flagdeck?"

Reply: "Oh, about 10 miles, but if I climb the mast I can see over it."

H.M.S. "GANGES"



Manning the Mast Ceremony

It is a fact that, unless you have been to Shotley either as a Boy or as an Instructor, you do not know very much about what goes on here in the way of training Communication Boys. Briefly what happens is this.

Boys are recruited from all over the country between the ages of 15 and 16. They join the annexe of H.M.S. *Ganges*, where they spend 4½ weeks learning the elementary things such as how to dress and keep clean, kits, parade drill and lectures on naval subjects. One of these lectures is given by the Signal Officer, whose job it is to "sell" the Communication Branch to New Entries and so obtain volunteers from whom to select two classes, one W/T and one V.S. After various tests which include Morse Aptitude, Intelligence, Dictation and Eyesight, the volunteers are interviewed by the Signal Officer and the successful candidates are classed up. Senior W/T and V.S. instructors, having had two weeks to learn the syllabus and the ins and outs of the Boys' routine in the Division, take over their classes on the

day they march over to the Main Establishment.

Now begins a 50-week course during which time the Boys are turned out to be good naval citizens and reasonable operators in their own Branch. In spite of the taxpayers' millions being spent on secondary education the Boys, who have been classified in the annexe as Advanced Course, General Course (Upper) and (Lower), have to spend a great deal of time in School. The course is therefore split up as follows; the first five weeks full-time Technical, followed by 36 weeks half-time Technical and half time School, and the last nine weeks full-time Technical. Until the 8th week on course the W/T and V.S. Boys do the same syllabus of Buzzer, Flashing and Semaphore, and at the 8th week test, the decision is made whether to change Boys from one class to the other or whether to revert them to seamen.

Throughout the course there are numerous tests and examinations, the two big hurdles being, in the Boys' opinions, the 25th week when, if successful, they are allowed to put up a badge, and the Finals. Failure at any test renders a Boy liable to backclassing five or more weeks into a more junior class or possibly reversion to seaman as unlikely to make the grade. Backclassing is unfortunately all too frequent but necessary due to the fact that the allowance of the more intelligent A.C. Boys is only 19 per cent of the total numbers allowed and not 100 per cent as it was pre-war.

During their time in *Ganges* the Communication Boys have their fair share of period of Kits, Gunnery, P.T., Seamanship, A.B.C.D. and general lectures. They also do a period of work-shop in the Establishment.

We like to think that although we are not getting the large number of recruits that we should like and although we are limited as to the number of A.C. Boys, the Boys passing out of *Ganges* are basically the same reliable material of which the Communications Branch has been comprised in the past.

THE NEW ALPHABET IN PROSE

ALF A. BRAVO, a sort of a CHARLIE, DELTA new pack of cards. The ECHO of a FOXTROT from the GOLF course adjoining the HOTEL in INDIA annoyed his wife JULIET. He weighed just six KILOS when born in LIMA (the capital of Peru), a twin of his brother MIKE. These two rather cared for NECTAR but brother OSCAR and PAPA in QUEBEC were a pair of ROMEOS. Being accustomed to life in the high SIERRAS and a good kid at the TANGO he donned UNIFORM to fight for VICTORY but WHISKY got the better of him. He fell down a cliff and had to go for an XRAY which was carried out by a YANKEE ZULU.

Communicators-under-training Division.
H.M.S. *Theseus*.

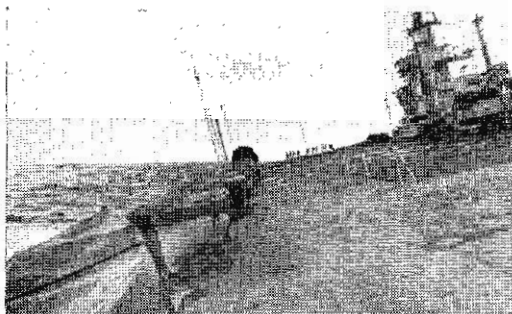
H.M.S. "OCEAN"

The *Ocean*, attached to the Training Squadron, has not to my knowledge ever contributed to the Branch's own Magazine, so I will now break this unbelievable record with a brief article to bring us into the limelight, and also show that the Training Squadron does occasionally get off the "milk tins."

We are at this very moment preparing to proceed to a buoy in midstream at Plymouth in preparation for our return journey to Portland tomorrow. We have completed our annual refit in our Home Port, having been here since 27th April.

Here is a brief resume of our previous trips during the last twelve months. We sailed 28th July last to take over from *Indefatigable*, and on 21st October we sailed for the Autumn cruise in company with *Theseus*. During the trip to Gibraltar we took part in inter-ship exercises and acquitted ourselves in the good old Guzzonian style.

After a five week stay in Gibraltar we had a much enjoyed break at Tangier and after an extremely rough voyage we arrived at Portland on 3rd December for a well earned Christmas leave.



In the Bay

On 14th March we proceeded on the Spring cruise during which time we took part in extensive N.A.T.O. exercises and helped to escort His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh home on completion.

In conclusion best wishes to all Communicators wherever they may be.

H.M.S. "TYNE"

We are afraid that *Tyne* missed the boat with the last issue of THE COMMUNICATOR, but even amid the many distractions of Stockholm we hope we shall make the grade this time.

As usual we have our crop of new faces, in fact since we are on Home Sea Service we cannot guarantee to keep a stable ship's company for more than one cruise.

Since the rugged Combined Fleet Exercise we have so far had an easier cruise—and we are hoping that our time in Scandinavia (Stockholm, Aarhus and Gothenburg) will give us some new interests and friends.

At the end of the cruise we say goodbye to several in the department who are going outside: we wish them all the best.

As is befitting a Fleet Flagship whose staff is both "efficient and intelligent" (see "The Times" dated 2nd June), it is difficult to find any instances of "Communication Clangers" but we are sending one in with this contribution.

Heard on the Flagdeck at Invergordon

L.H.O.W.: "How long has D1 been in *Chaplet*?"

C.C.O.: "D1 is in *Chevron*, has been all the cruise."

L.H.O.W.: "No he isn't, he's in *Chaplet* now."

C.C.O.: "Rubbish, D1 is in *Chevron*."

L.H.O.W.: "Well, look at *Chaplet* entering harbour—she's flying Desig D1!"

(C-in-C. H.F.)

R.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL CHATHAM

Life proceeds at Chatham at its customary tempo of fits and starts, with "flush" and "famine" states and routines designed to compete with the vagaries of "Draftee". Unfortunately "Draftee" too enjoys this game, and delights in producing "flushes" on occasions when all the "greybeards" and "bald-heads" of R.N. Signal School have predicted "famine" and vice-versa. As a variation, "Draftee" loves to introduce "flushes" of Junior Rates with no available instructors, (this pleases the First Lieutenant and gardening proceeds apace), or a flush of Senior Rates with no-one to instruct (this pleases no-one, least of all the Senior Rates).

RATT has now been firmly grasped (by the tail) and installation is almost complete. Apart from the customary teething troubles we hope to be able to give future classes up-to-date practical instruction (for a change).

Since our last issue we have sorrowfully bid adieu to Lieutenant Commander Colville who has departed to swell the ranks of Commercial Television, and Commander Calf is now firmly established in the chair. We have not noticed any slackening of tempo, in fact, with the Officer-in-Charge "living in" the Signal School now appears to operate on a daily 24-hour basis.

We finally said farewell (for the third or fourth time), to Mr. White on April 11th. We hope he is now happily settled at Kranji, and well set to beat his predecessors all time record of long service in that billet.

Drafts to *Cossack*, *Delight* and *Defender* are on the way. *Birmingham* will also have gone by the time you read this.

Exercises "Great Nore" and "Springsong" passed off reasonably uneventfully in early April. Mr. Haggard and his platoon did not appreciate the rain in their efforts to defend the Isle of Grain; neither did his contemporaries in the Duty Communication Officers' Union when Mr. Haggard retired to R.N.H. to recover from his wetting.

The threatened visit of the First Lord did not materialise in mid-May, delayed no doubt by the General Election, but is now to take place on 22nd July. Later attractions have been the visit of Captain Gordon-Lennox (Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*), and the Queen's Birthday Parade Ceremony. R.N. Signal School was represented by one complete platoon and the Mast Party. The parade this year took place on the U.S. Rugby Ground at Gillingham under the auspices of the Royal Engineers (by kind permission of the Captain of Chatham Gunnery School). We thought our platoon did well and marched splendidly and refrain from mentioning the names of the illustrious members of the Mast Party, who had great trouble breaking the Commander-in-Chief's Flag at the critical moment. We trust that they will have better luck on future occasions during their commissions in *Birmingham* and *Cossack*.

The Captain, H.M.S. *Mercury*, was pleased to commend us on what he saw of us during his flying visit. Alas, we fear that our gardens and living accommodation made a bigger impression than our instructional facilities. However, we derive some consolation from the fact that our illustrious "old boy" Commander A. H. Messinger was impressed by the strides made in our instructional effort since his days as a Leading Signaller in the drafting pool. At least our scheme of complement passed review without reduction, and will we hope, ultimately

provide shore berths for a couple of Leading Hands.

Captain Gordon-Lennox arrived for his visit dead "on time" despite the difficulties created by that railway strike, much to the relief of the Telegraphist who thumbed a lift in his car in the hope of "catching up" Queen's Birthday Parade rehearsals. Needless to say, the said Telegraphist did not appear in subsequent absentee lists. The fame of *Mercury* extends even unto the wilds of the Medway Towns. There was another Telegraphist who, accompanied by his oppo, got a lift from London to Chatham and spent the journey describing how he proposed to slip his foreign service draft. But he really should have made sure that the well-dressed owner of the car was not the Communication Drafting Officer.

We have been pleased to welcome this Term, numerous W.R.N.V.R.'s and R.N.V.(W).R.'s for refresher courses, but the precedent of sending the girls away with bunches of flowers has not been pursued, since the Irish girls wrote and thanked the *WRONG C.C.O.*! Rumour has it, that the Night Trainer is being resurrected after many months of idleness.

The Signal School is running two teams in the inter-Part Knockout cricket competition and both are off to a good start, having got through the first round. It is our aim to put on an all Signal School final.

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PEACE AT M.H.Q. PLYMOUTH

It was on the glorious 22nd of May,
That M.H.Q. Plymouth entered the fray.
"New Moon." Ah, yes. That was the title
Of this exercise with communications vital.

All surface craft and R.A.F. too
Comprised the ones called Forces Blue,
Whilst six submarines were all we could muster
To form the doughty Orange cluster.

The main Ops Room very soon opened up
What with subs going down and planes going up
The plotters, poor dears, with plenty of zest
Just settled down and gave of their best.

The Duty Commander was kept on the go
Prodded no doubt by the S.C.O.
Convoys were soon moving to and fro
Ploughing from Brest to Plymouth Ho.

The C.Y.O. came next on the scene
With signals galore for the escort screen,
These were encrypted by the boys from the School,
With the occasional roar of "Wrong book—fool."

The M.S.O. was packed to the door
With so many hands, it couldn't hold more.
With typing, checking and filing too
And the proverbial ormgig turning one blue.

Controlling all traffic were the XDCO's
There was quite a variable number of those,
One C.C.O. and Chief Yeo so sure
And a 3/O Wren to add her allure.

The C.R.R. was well in the fray,
With Broadcasts "SC", "NL" and "PA",
Ship Shore and Command Wave were also quite
busy.
And the Frenchmen on HIC made everyone dizzy.

For three days and nights we were in the fight
With everyone longing for air and daylight
But at last there came that day of peace
When hostilities were ordered to cease.

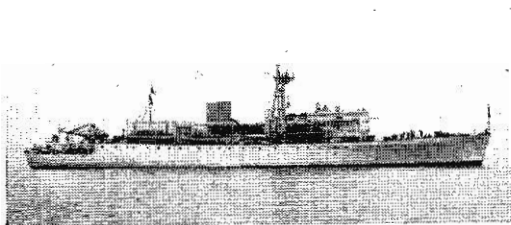
Now once more we feel more at home
Tho' we saw no ships or bubbling foam
Congratulations we received galore
'Twas M.H.Q. that won the War.

Too Young . . .

Yeoman to Signal Boy: "Go down on the
Compass Platform and relieve the killick for a
smoke."

Signal Boy: "But I don't want to smoke, Yeo."

NEWS FROM THE SURVEY NAVY (H.M.S. "VIDAL")



This, I believe, is the first occasion that *Vidal* has made a contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR, but we hope that it won't be the last by the present staff, and that our reliefs will continue with the good work.

Vidal, which is the first prefabricated, all welded vessel to be built in the Royal Dockyards, was launched in Chatham on the 31st July, 1951. Her main armament occupies one half of the flag deck space, and is recorded in somebody's permanent loan list (I'm sure) as Guns—Saluting No. 4.

The bridge is a Chief Yeoman's dream—'tons of space', but we feel sure that, on the commencement of our survey season, the Hydrographers will commandeer most of it, and Bunts won't even have room to drink his Stand Easy tea in peace.

Our survey period this season, so far, has been spent in moving from No. 3 basin to No. 2 basin, and eventually to the "Survey Billet", but we hope to be around the A. and W.I. at Christmas.

At the time of writing the rail strike is on, so being a patriotic ship, the label on our windscreen says:—"FREE LIFTS, AT YOUR OWN RISK—TO SPITZBERGEN."

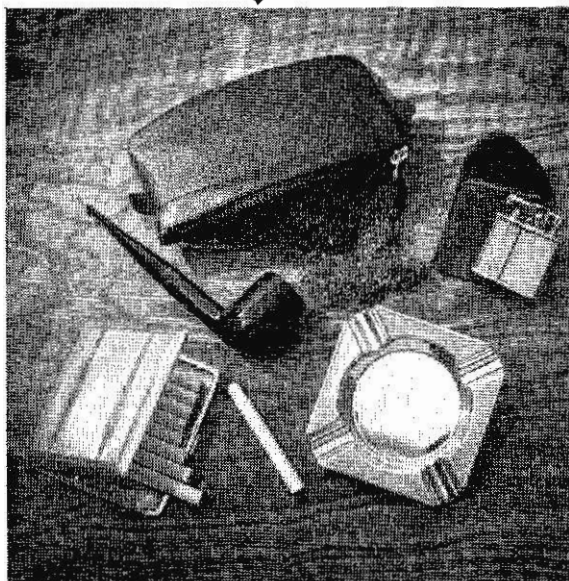
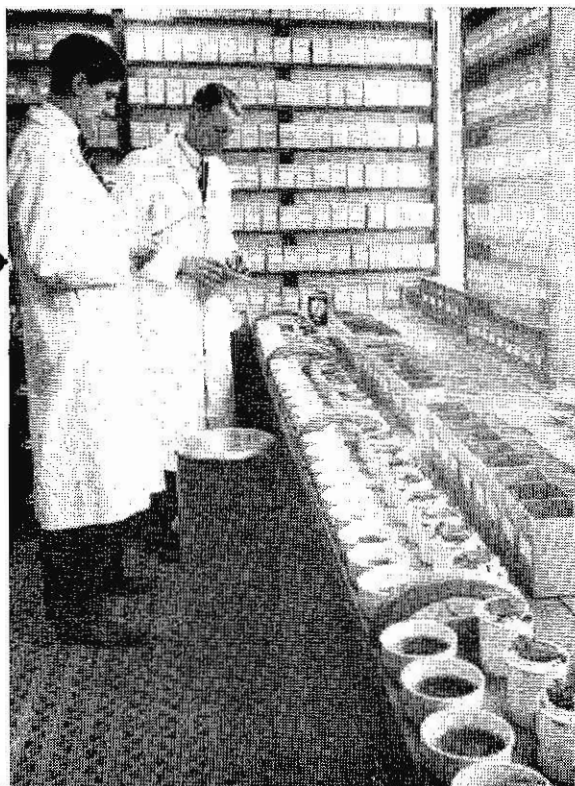
No. 3 DISTRICT R.N.V.(W.)R.

Our parish includes centres at Birmingham, Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Dunstable, Peterborough, Derby and Bramcote. All told we can muster 121 officers and men and one Wren. Our latest arrival is C.P.O. Telegraphist Butcher recently out to pension from *Vanguard*.

The annual trainings selected by the ratings are varied and interesting. The Mediterranean, Oslo, Oporto, Gibraltar, French ports, Germany and Holland, figure in the Cruises. Quite a few ratings have selected *Mercury* in an endeavour to pass for higher rating, hoping that there have not been too many changes to the books.

If you have no other obligations, when you leave the R.N. come and join the happy throng. You will do yourself a bit of good as well as helping the Olde Country.

A.G.J.



A cigarette and a cup of tea—two of the minor pleasures of life, but such as few would be without. This is as true of the members of Her Majesty's Forces as of most of us.

As the official caterers to Her Majesty's Forces, Naafi has the task of ensuring that a cup of tea and a cigarette are always readily available.

So it is that Naafi serves more than 154,000,000 cups of tea a year and is one of the biggest buyers of tobacco in the United Kingdom. Behind the scenes, the vast network of Naafi's buying, testing, sampling and distributing organisations deliver blended teas and tobaccos and cartons of cigarettes wherever Servicemen and their families may be.

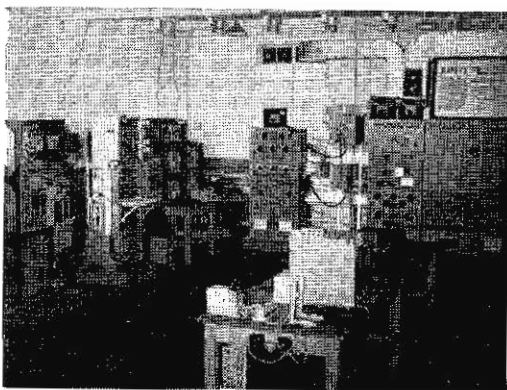
To see that Servicemen and women enjoy to the full their tea and tobacco is but one of the many and varied duties of . . .

...this many sided

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R.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL DEVONPORT



The New TR

Roast duck and green peas for August Bank Holiday. Yes, you would most likely be enjoying such a meal, were you a member of the Signal School "Duck Club". We started out with 120 three weeks old ducklings in early May and are now watching them grow ready for the table.

From ducks to RATT, which is the latest addition to our already "de luxe" C.R.R. This has been installed since the Easter leave period and is now in good working order.

Whitsun Navydays found our usual team in the R.N. Barracks drillshed, with an improved display site. As always, our main objective was the sale of sixpenny Radio Post Cards, "Send a Greeting Message and Watch it Transmitted From Here." We employed two Type 612's at our main display site and a Type 622 at each of our two out-stations in the dockyard. All greetings messages were transmitted direct to the C.R.R., where a typing and stamping team forwarded the Navyday postcards on through the usual G.P.O. channel. Profits amounted to over £13, which was a substantial increase on the previous two Whitsun Navydays. The public also made good use of our free telegram service to relatives in H.M. Ships at sea. These telegrams went by teleprinter from the drillshed direct to Admiralty to be dealt with by Whitehall W/T.

The training programme keeps going at a fairly high pressure with a mixed bag of W.R.N.S. "Q", Leading rates "Q", Able rates "Q", pre-commissioning classes, W.R.N.V.R.s, R.N.V.R.s, Officers Crypto, Yard Craft Signalmen, etc., and a never ending stream of examinations.

Admiralty approval has now been given for Junior and Adult Entry Signalmen to carry out the first half of part 2 of their training here. This will

mean three or four more stopped draft jobs for V.S. instructors.

We are holding our own in the sporting world, third in the R.N. Barracks divisional athletics and we have won our first league cricket match of the season.

Exercises such as "Widcombe Fair," "New Moon" and "Westward Ho," keep the Signal School magician busy producing hands.

The Signal School and Wren Chief Petty Officers and Wren Petty Officers joined forces on June 21st and held a summer ball in the St. Budeaux Gymnasium.

Otherwise, life goes on at its normal pace; we take this opportunity of sending our best wishes to all West Country Communicators.



The Rec' Room

A.V.S.

Our Advertisers

Once again we thank all those firms who support our Magazine and hope that all members of the Branch will bear them in mind when ordering goods they market—mentioning "The Communicator" of course.

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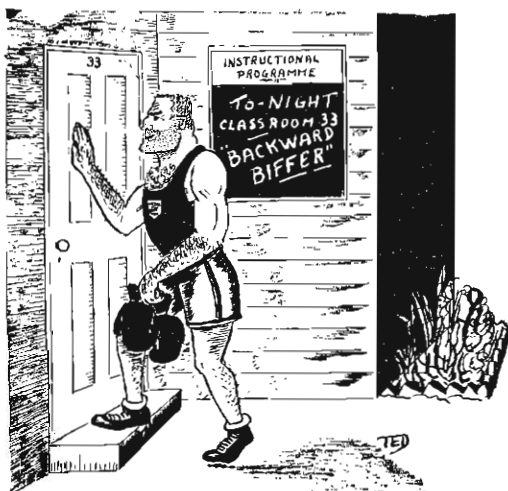
"IT"

Butch sat there, his mind a conflict of strange fears, foolish but genuine ones which he could not dispel. The thought of "it" terrified him. Try as he may he could not keep his mind on the letter, and the radio seemed just a conglomeration of useless noises. All the crazy individuals around him were shouting and laughing but he could not join their confident and apparently carefree circle.

The slow hands of the clock on the wall seemed never to move; every minute seemed an age. The suspense was driving him crazy for he knew that in exactly fourteen minutes he would have to face it for the first time. He had seen it done before but had never done it himself. They had forced him now, and he had no choice but to face it like a man. Everyone he knew would be watching and this thought did not make it any easier.

At last the time had come. Up the stairs he went and along the long dimly-lit passage. Up and up more stairs he went, passing other individuals who all seemed to have no troubles at all. Then he reached the door. Here he hesitated, and then with an unsteady hand he clutched the handle and turned. Pushing the big door open he stepped into the brightly-lit, smoky and noisy interior. He had now passed the point of no return.

Suddenly panic possessed him and he would have turned and ran had not a steady quiet voice said, "Well, now you have come, you may as well get started." Slowly he looked round seeing pairs of eyes piercing him, some cold, some laughing and some indifferent. He knew that no sympathy lay here. Then he approached the thing—the instrument of his mental torture. Nonchalantly the individual handed him the equipment and he fought down his sudden sick feeling to listen to the list of dry facts being pumped at him.



Then this cool individual stretched out his hand and made a switch with a dramatic sweep of his hand. Out of the loudspeaker came that dreaded but so well known sound, operating him like a robot. At last he was doing it himself and as the "Dah dah dit, dah dit dit dit, dah dit dit dah . . ." reached his ears, the cold voice of the individual said, "Your next number is NL 135."

(Tel. E. JONES).

A NEW SERIES.

SPORTS CORNER

SOCCER HINTS

Do you know that:—

- (a) A full back should invariably mark the wing man, and should stick to him, even if he switches position with his inside man?
- (b) A forward, inside the opponents penalty area should kick the ball with his knee well forward and above the toe, so that he doesn't score Rugby goals?
- (c) When heading a ball for distance, jump up to meet it; but when 'directing' a ball over a short distance you should 'drop' your head, shoulders and neck under it?
- (d) When you dubbin soccer boots (after first having cleaned and dried them) care should be taken to work the dubbin into the stitches thoroughly, but the hard toes should not be dubbined?

Laws of the Game—Simplified:—

- (1) The ball must pass COMPLETELY over the side line to be out of play; and COMPLETELY over the goal line (between the posts) for a goal to be scored.
- (2) You are 'offside' if *in line* with a defender when the remainder of the off-side rule is applicable, as the law states . . . "two defenders *between* the attacker and the defenders' goal" . . .
- (3) The law for scoring a goal covers hand ball by both attacker and defender, even if the ball would not have been a goal but is deflected in . . . "unless played, pushed or propelled, by the hand or arm of an *attacking* player."

E-J.M

Trials of Life

Signal received from Bridge with no precedence.

LHOW to Bridge: "What precedence on this signal please?"

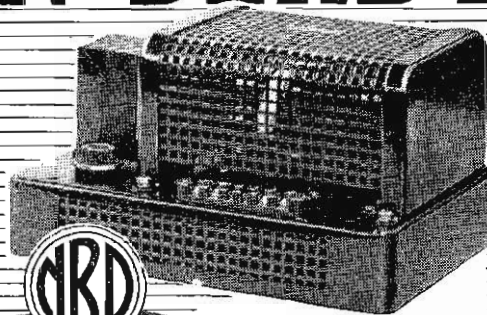
Bridge to LHOW: "As soon as convenient."

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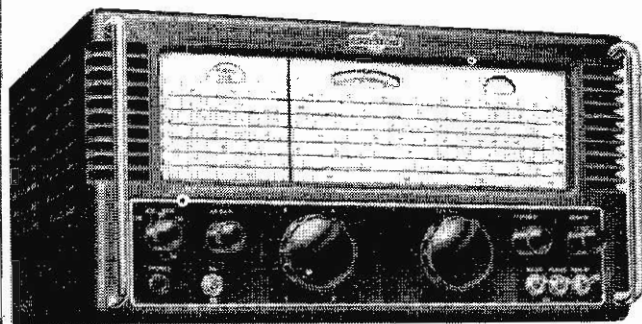
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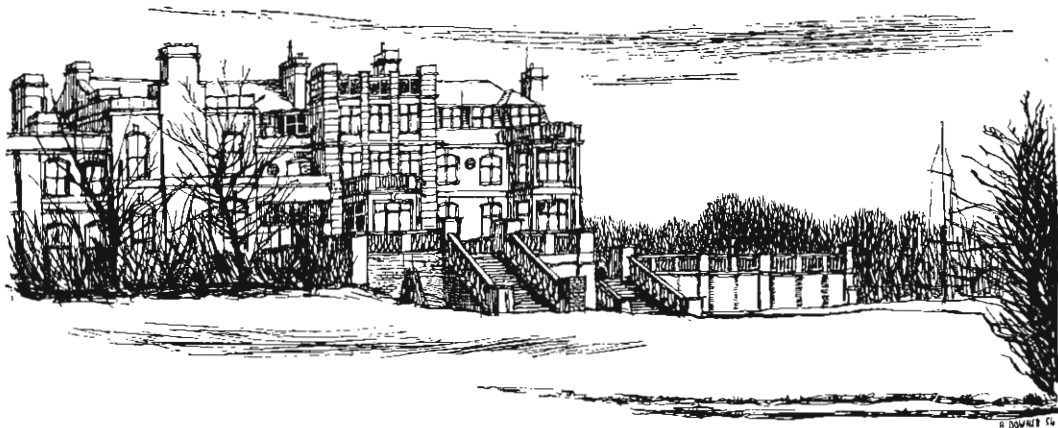


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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEFS' CHATTER

Greetings to all past and present Mess Members wherever they may be.

Since our last contribution in the Easter Term issue we have, as usual, seen many changes in the Mess. The last Term ended with a successful Mess Dance, ably decorated in Spring-like fashion by "Froggy's" successor, one C.Y.S. Boyd, also from "Guzz". He is now worrying about the scheme for the "Xmas Dance", he apparently works two terms ahead of time. Another organised Social was also held in May and was enjoyed by all those attending, even though attendance at Mess Functions in these days of 75 per cent R.A. members and convenient married quarters, still leaves a little to be desired.

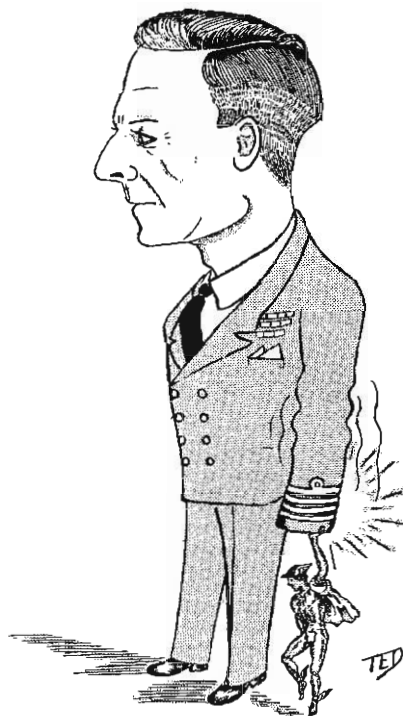
Only one member has gone to "civvy street" since our last issue, C.P.O. Telegraphist D. Williams, to whom we all wish every success.

A W.I. Course has recently ended, so we have lost a further three members. The current one has only one Chief - from Devonport.

Our long standing member of many years, C.P.O. Telegraphist Parsons is unfortunately in R.N.H. Haslar, where he has resided for the best part of three months. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The annual Sports Day was quite a success, if only from the "big eats" point of view. Our hefty tug of war team was beaten in the first heat, and we thus saw a unique spectacle of the *Mercury* C.P.O.'s Mess being represented in the other events by a 100 per cent non-Communicator team. As it is well known that they were in strict training for weeks beforehand on scrumpy and bubbly, their efforts on the day had to be seen to be believed, which proves that it is the "spirit" that counts, not age; —well done all concerned.

We have a small contingent of R.P.N. C.C.O. (Q's) with us again. They were very disappointed on Sports Day that there was no egg and spoon race,



"E.B.A." Taking the Weight

as they had been training on eggs for a couple of weeks.

The T.V. is still operating successfully and the bar ably run as always by "Joan". If you are around Pompey anytime, please do pay us a visit, you will be more than welcome.

The new Mess is still in the foundation stage,

“The security of such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions”

The modern mariner is protected alike “from the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy” with the aid of Marconi equipment.

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but 1960 is a fair estimate of date of completion, so we only hope that the present Mess can stand the strain until that time.

Best wishes to all for now, and may you all enjoy a happy leave, and happy commissions for those away from us.

P.O.'s PATTERN

Greetings to all ex and future members. Our apologies for failing to join the net in the Easter Number. We did in fact despatch our contribution but due to a technical hitch it failed to appear in print. The Mess is still steaming at about normal speed in spite of our numbers going up and down. R.A. members now out-number the virtualised but together we still are only 83 strong. Owing to our non-appearance at Easter perhaps we may quote again our Mess Officials. Yeoman of Signals C. Farnell assumed Presidency in January and is still with us, and P.O. Telegraphist C. Taylor still has a tight hold on the safe keys. A few weeks ago we lost the leader of the Entertainments Committee, Yeoman of Signals "Pusser" Hill, who has joined *Cossack*. In wishing him a happy commission we thank him for all the good work he did for the Mess during his stay with us.

Sports Day was held on 15th June and although we did not win the championship we did not come in last; a good effort was made by the few who represented the many.

On the social side we have held our end up and our Social Evenings have been a great success. We are at present busy with preparations for the End of Term Dance but unfortunately this time we will not be able to advertise the buffet as "Fergy's Food" as that master of the culinary arts, P.O. Telegraphist Ferguson, is now serving in *Comus*.

The clearing of the site for the new Mess block is progressing and it is hoped to commence building by the end of the year. It is also hoped that the Mess will assist in the decoration of the new lounge and to this end we would welcome your help; this may be accomplished by sending the President a small plaque of your ship's crest. Such a gesture will be very much appreciated and may-be, in a couple of years' time, it will give you an excuse for a sea yarn with your pint of "scrumpy."

Finally we look forward to seeing you join the Mess (in your turn) once again and send you good wishes for a "fair sail."

VALEDICTORY FROM LONG COURSE R

What a praisable, laudable
Too tapc-recordable,
Highly inflammable
Terribly jamm-able
Misunderstandable
"S" and "X" bandable
Long Signal Course it's been. - - - D.A.P. O'R.

THE SOBORTON GHOST

Do you believe in ghosts? Probably not, but practically every Wren who has ever been there will have heard of the Soberton ghost. The story varies from Class to Class and has changed considerably over the years, but the name remains the same—Clarissa. As far as I know, no-one of that name has ever lived in the house. In any case the building is only about sixty years old and therefore hardly eligible for haunting. However, in spite of its youth, Soberton Towers looks as though it ought to be haunted and it is therefore not surprising that the legend of the ghost has grown up.

Yet in spite of all reasoning, and at the risk of some of the present inhabitants who may read this spending sleepless nights, I am still quite convinced that there is a ghost, though I doubt if its name is Clarissa. Wrens and ex-Wrens I have met who lived in the Towers ten or twelve years ago, have told me that there was a story of a ghost in those days; and more recent inhabitants who claim to have come into contact with it have persuaded me to investigate the whole matter. I have in fact made a start at this. From observations in the past few months, I think I have the times of haunting "weighed off" pretty accurately, and also the parts of the house specially favoured by the ghost.

Research is not helped by the fact that many people are loath to admit that they have seen or heard anything unusual—probably because their cabin-mates are liable to accuse them of drinking too much scrumpy. But I can assure any Wren, past or present, who cares to write to me about anything at all concerning the ghost, that her information will be treated in all seriousness. If enough data is forthcoming, I hope to produce an article in the next number which should get the ghost well and truly "taped." To assist in this, the following information would be especially useful:—

1. Appearance—particularly regarding wearing apparel.
2. Peculiar noises heard.
3. Date and time of manifestation if known.
4. Location.
5. Atmosphere—did it appear friendly or otherwise?
6. Actions of ghost.

I do not propose at this stage to reveal my own experiences with the supernatural, as I would like any information I may receive to be completely unbiased; but I am most anxious to find out as much as possible from independent sources so that I can convince the doubters that I have not gone completely round the bend. Any correspondence should be addressed to me: P.O. Wren Ring, Soberton Towers, near Droxford, Hants., and the results of my psychic research will, I hope, appear in time for the ghost-story season at Christmas.

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Transport Officer—Up

THE SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS H.M.S. "MERCURY"

Left to its own devices, the Signal School Mess has managed to stay out of sight but, we hope, not out of mind during recent editions of *THE COMMUNICATOR*. Pause for apologies!

However, your scribe, though faced with the not too enviable position of being elected a somewhat reluctant pioneer in the literary world, will endeavour to put "Old Ships" in the picture so far as *Mercury* is concerned.

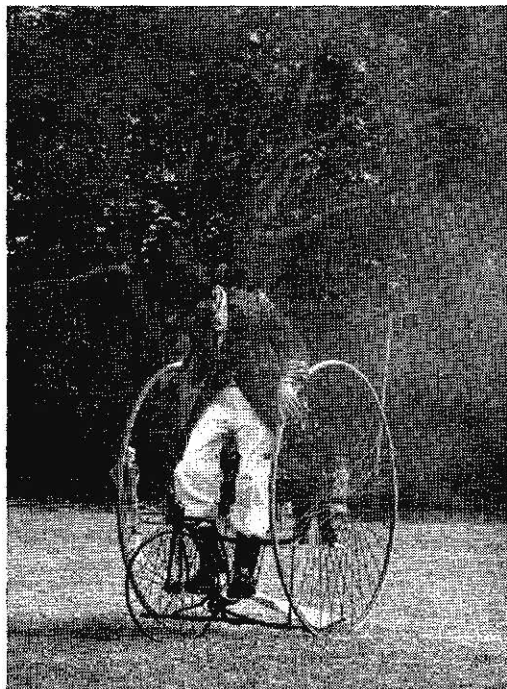
Captain J. R. B. Longden has left for a more rollicking life in *Birmingham* and has been succeeded by Captain A. H. C. Gordon-Lennox, whom "old" Communicators the world over will remember as the Executive Officer of the Signal School in 1945. We extend to both our best wishes and hope they have very happy commissions with their respective commands.

In the sporting world, though pipped by the Seamen and Miscellaneous Division for the Sport's Day Shield on 15th June, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we did at least win most of the events, and that but for a "tariff" system of scoring we would have won and made a clean sweep of it to boot. To single out any one person in particular would be unfair, for the whole team pulled out the stops and really did us proud.

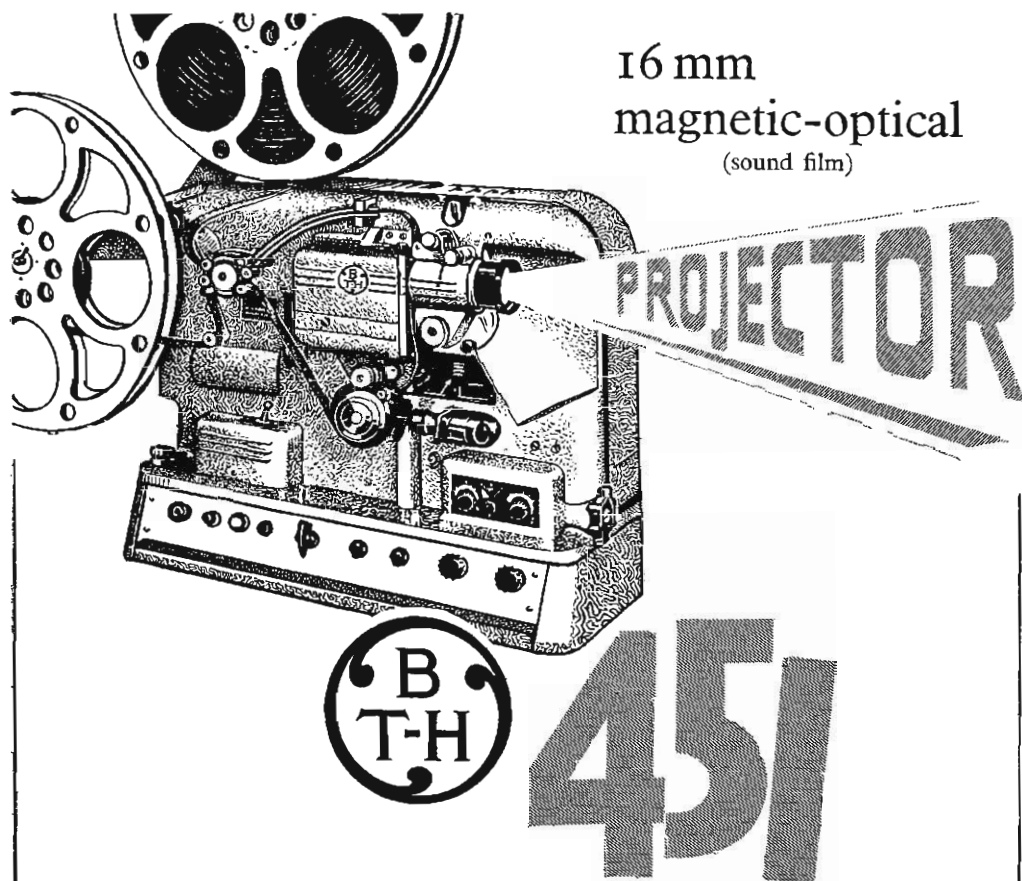
Going back a little further to the soccer season, we won the Waterloo League Festival Cup—but though well represented throughout the season, we have since, I'm sorry to report, withdrawn from this particular league. We also won the inter-Part Competition, so all-in-all a fairly successful season was enjoyed.

With the Summer upon us, it was pleasant to hear the clean hard crack of bat hitting ball on the Broadwalk a few weeks back, but all thoughts of cricket were promptly swept aside when shouts of "Hit him out of de Park, Mack", "Strike One" and various other yells of encouragement accompanied the strike. The Signal School Mess was entertaining Canadian visitors from the *Ontario* to a game of baseball—and—without making the final score too obvious, suffice it to say that a good game was enjoyed by one and all. Following the game, the Entertainments Officer really excelled himself and put on an exceedingly good Variety Show in the Cinema. Star turn of the evening was "Jiver" Hutchinson, whose rendering of "Cherry Pink" and "Apple Blossom White" left quite a few of our Wren friends cooing with delight—it is almost true to say that we had a miniature Festival Hall of our own that night.

To help eke out Mess Funds, a Mess Levy of 6d. has been introduced—before groans of dismay echo throughout the Fleet, let me assure Communicators that the 6d. is paid only on joining and is not a monthly or even annual levy. P.E.H.



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APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. ADAMS	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Theseus
R. C. ARMSTRONG	C.C.O.	Mercury	Afrikaner (S.T.C. Klaver)
R. I. ATKINSON	Lieutenant	Mercury	Saintes
R. J. ATTRIDGE	S.C.C.O.	St. Angelo	Royal Albert
W. J. G. B. AYRES	Comm. Lieutenant	Mercury	Rooke
R. BENNETT	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Hornet
R. D. B. BIRCH	Lt. Commander	A.F.N.E.	Fulmar
C. D. BONHAM-CARTER	Captain	President	Vanguard in Comd.
M. BROAD	C.C.O.	Illustrious	S.T.C. Ricasoli
P. J. BROOKS	Lt. Commander	R.A.N. loan	Mercury
T. R. BROOKS	S.C.C.O.	Seahawk	Mercury
J. A. BUCHANAN-WOLLASTON	Lt. Commander	Centaur	Terror (Staff of F.O.M.A.)
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C.	Lt. Commander	Birmingham	R.N.S.S. Chatham
D. J. CHENEY	Lieut. R.N.Z.N.	Defender	Mercury
G. CHRISTIE	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ganges
P. A. CLARKE	C.C.O.	Sheffield	Mercury
E. S. COBB	C.C.O.	Royal Albert	Mull of Galloway
E. E. COLEGATE	S.C.C.O.	Ganges	St. Angelo (Staff of C.-in-C. Med.)
R. F. CONNELL	C.C.O.R.N.Z.N.	Eagle	Mercury
D. H. CREMER	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	St. Angelo (Staff of C.-in-C. Med.)
J. A. N. CUMING	Lieutenant	Mercury	R.A.N. exchange
D. J. DONOVAN	S.C.C.O.	Cochrane	Staff of F.O.F.H.
W. G. C. ELDER, O.B.E., D.S.C....	Commander	President	Terror (Staff of C.-in-C. & Deputy Head F.E. Defence Secretariat)
J. H. ELLIS	Comm. Lieutenant	Victory	A.F.N.E.
R. W. EVANS	C.C.O.	Mercury	Ark Royal
M. J. FITZGERALD	Lieutenant	Phoenicia	President (A.C.R.)
D. A. FORREST	Lt. Commander	Sea Eagle	Mercury (Personnel Officer)
H. GORMELY, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	Cochrane
P. W. W. GRAHAM, D.S.C.	Captain	S.O.T.C.	President (A.D.N.I.)
P. G. M. GREIG	Lieutenant	Daring	Mercury
N. W. HAGGAR	C.C.O.	Bermuda	R.N.S.S. Chatham
W. A. HARDY	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Terror (Staff of C.-in-C.)
R. H. HENSMAN	S.C.C.O.	Theseus	Mercury
St. J. H. HEBBERT	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Crane
J. B. R. HORNE, D.S.C.	Commander	Tumult	J.S.S.C.
VISCOUNT KELBURN, D.S.C.	Captain	S.O.W.C.	President (Instructor at N.A.T.O. Defence College)
C. KENNEDY	C.C.O.	R.A.N. loan	R.N.S.S. Devonport
R. E. KENT	S.C.C.O.	Staff of F.O.F.H.	Mercury
R. B. KNIGHT	Lt. Commander	Newfoundland	Mercury
J. R. B. LONGDEN, O.B.E.	Captain	Mercury in Cmd.	Birmingham in Cmd.



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Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
G. W. LOWDEN	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Meon
R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.V.O., M.B.E. ...	Commander	President	Consort in Cmd.
G. H. MANN	Lt. Commander	Mercury	H.M.Y. Britannia (for 'Bluebottle')
E. J. MELZER	Lieut. R.A.N.	Long 'C' Course	Woodbridge Haven
F. MORRIS, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	Mercury	St. Angelo (Staff of C.-in-C. Med.)
K. MORTON, D.S.M.	C.C.O.	R.A.N. loan	Mercury
E. G. L. NASH	C.C.O.	Newfoundland	R.N.S.S. Chatham
I. H. NICHOLSON	Lieut. R.A.N.	Long 'C' Course	Daring
W. NIPPIERD	Lieutenant	St. Angelo	Defender
D. A. P. O'REILLY	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Cossack
W. T. T. PAKENHAM	Lt. Commander	Terror	Centaur
R. PENSON	C.C.O.	Coquette	R.N.C. Greenwich for courses
J. A. PHILLIPS	Commander	Forth	Staff of C.-in-C. Af. Med.
D. M. PUNTER	A/Lieutenant	Excellent	Woodbridge Haven
P. M. REES	Lieut. R.A.N.	Tyne	R.A.N.
E. G. H. REUBENS	C.C.O.	Terror	Coquette
H. H. RIDLER	Commander	Saker	Romola in command
J. J. RIGGS	C.C.O.	Warrior	R.N.S.S. Devonport
J. A. ROBERTSON	Lieut. R.A.N.	Mercury	R.A.N.
W. R. D. ROBSON	Lieutenant	Mercury	H.M.Y. Britannia
J. B. RUMBLE	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Maidstone
A. E. RYAN	S.C.O.O.	Osiris	Victory (Staff of C.-in-C.)
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON	Commander	R.N. Tactical Course	N.A. Madrid
J. A. SHUTTLEWORTH	Lt. Commander	Fulmar	A.F.N.E.
E. M. SIMPSON	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Ranpura
A. E. SMITH	C.C.O.	Theseus	R.N.C. Greenwich for courses
B. J. STRAKER	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Tyne (Staff of C.-in-C.)
W. SWANSTON	C.C.O.	Condor	Eagle
P. TROUBRIDGE	Lieutenant	Long 'C' Course	Birmingham
R. J. TRUDGETT	S.C.C.O.	Mull of Galloway	Seahawk
A. E. WALKER	C.C.O.	Ranpura	Tamar
R. F. WELLS, D.S.C.*	Commander	Peregrine	President (D.S.D.2)
C. J. WHIFFIN	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Birmingham
R. M. WHITE	S.C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Terror (Kranji W/T)
P. A. WILLIAMS	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Theseus

PROMOTIONS

To Admiral

SIR RALPH A. R. EDWARDS,
K.C.B., C.B.E.

To Captain

E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.
P. N. HOWES, D.S.C.
N. H. POND

To Commander

R. F. BULLER
D. R. E. CALF, D.S.C.
J. DURNFORD
R. B. KNIGHT
D. A. POYNTER, M.B.E.
The Hon. D. P. SEELY

To Lieutenant Commander

J. D. MACPHERSON
W. P. MAIN

To Acting Lieutenant

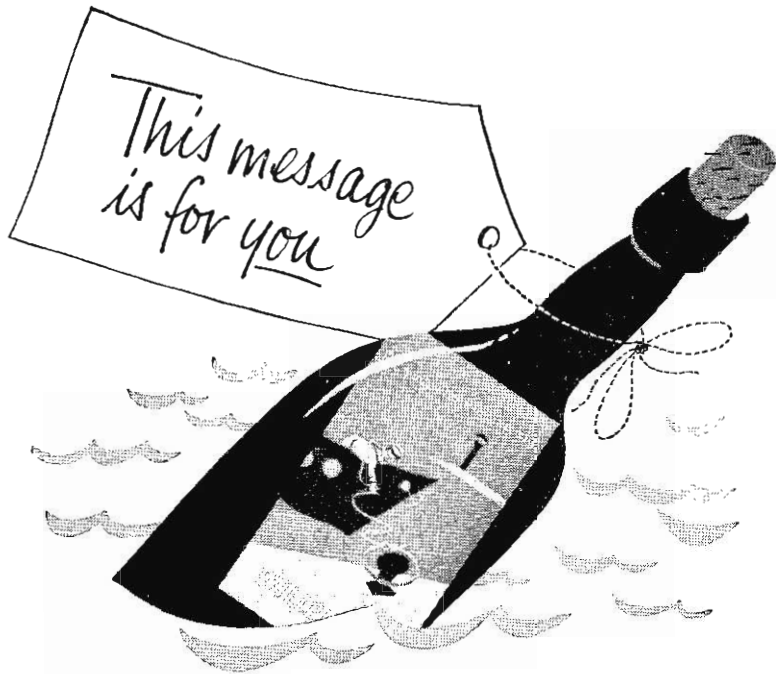
D. M. PUNTER

To Senior Commissioned Communications Officer

H. E. HALES
W. A. HARDY
T. C. M. SILVERTHORNE
H. P. BRADLEY

To Second Officer W.R.N.S.

Miss S. M. GOLDRING



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PROMOTIONS (Continued)

To Chief Petty Officer in Communications Branch (since 1st April)		To Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist
To Chief Yeoman of Signals		A. WELBURN, C/JX 158762
H. SURRIDGE, C/JX 156337		A. H. J. WILSON, D/JX 146016
J. ROYSE, D/JX 134875		
M. CHANDLER, P/JX 152348		

RETIRED

E. W. J. BANKES, A.D.C.	...	...	Captain
R. F. COLVILLE	...	...	Lieutenant Commander
W. JAKES	...	...	Communication Lieutenant
A. M. LOVELOCK	...	...	Senior Commissioned Communications Officer
J. E. GRIFFIN	...	...	Commissioned Communications Officer

HIRINGS AND MARRIED QUARTERS IN THE HOME PORTS**PORTSMOUTH**

Roster	Number on Priority Roster	Date of Application of men at top of Roster	Number on General Roster	Married Quarters Available
Chief Petty Officers ...	1	1.10.54	130	532
Petty Officers ...	2	23.9.54	150	
Leading rates and below ...	1	1.10.54	240	

NOTE—The above figures apply to Admiralty Hirings; the first of the Married Quarters will be available in July, 1955.

H.M.S. "MERCURY"

Chief Petty Officers ...	—	26.5.55	4	17
Petty Officers ...	—	23.5.55	3	15
Leading rates and below ...	—	—	—	14

DEVONPORT

Chief Petty Officers ...	1†	18.11.54	45*	340
Petty Officers ...	7†	20.10.54	67*	
Leading rates and below ...	5†	17.8.54	146*	

NOTE—The figures for Devonport apply to "Hirings" and not to Married Quarters. 840 of the latter are being built. A small number are expected to be ready in September, 1955; by May, 1956, if plans materialise, large numbers should be available.

†Average waiting time under one month.

*Average waiting time seven months. This figure may not appear to correspond to column 3, but is due to ratings at the top of the roster not requiring a quarter as soon as they reach the top.

CHATHAM

No figures are available yet, but it is hoped to include details in the next issue.

COMMISSIONING FORECAST

August 1955	H.M.S. <i>Contest</i>	Mediterranean
September 1955	H.M.S. <i>Saintes. Barfleur, St. Kitts</i>	Mediterranean
October 1955	H.M.S. <i>Kenya</i>	America and West Indies/Home Fleet
October 1955	H.M.S. <i>Ulyses</i>	Mediterranean
October 1955	H.M.S. <i>Pelican</i>	South Atlantic
October 1955	H.M.S. <i>Veryan Bay</i>	Home Fleet/America and West Indies
October 1955	H.M.S. <i>Loch Insh</i>	Home Fleet/East Indies
November 1955	H.M.S. <i>Undine. Urania</i>	Mediterranean
November 1955	H.M.S. <i>Newcastle</i>	Far East Station
December 1955	H.M.S. <i>Chevron, Chaplet, Chieftain</i>	Mediterranean
January 1956	H.M.S. <i>Loch Fyne</i>	Home Fleet/East Indies
February 1956	H.M.S. <i>Superb</i>	East Indies/Home Fleet

COMPETITION CROSSWORD

Solutions should be addressed to The Editor, THE COMMUNICATOR, H.M.S. *Mercury*, East Meon, Nr. Petersfield, Hants., marked "CROSSWORD" in the bottom left-hand corner of the envelope.

The closing date for letters to be received is 15th October, 1955. In addition to solving the Crossword you are required to suggest a better clue for 8 down (marked with a *). The sender of the best clue for 8 down with the correct solution will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

If you wish to avoid cutting up the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR, list your solution on a plain sheet of paper. Do not forget to include your full name and address.

ACROSS

1. This connection between ships suggests fumbling to victory (10).

6. Precious metal (4).

9. A designation assigned to a message by the originator (10).

10. Where do you go to find the bar? (4).

12. The conger is all mixed up in the salad vegetable—I could cry about it (6).

14. Thanks a million—I can talk to the Indian (5).

17. Girl's name (3).

18. The . . . homeward plods his weary way (Gray) (9).

21. Mother's all-round girl gives us wonderful food (5).

22. Much here I travelled in the —s of 6 across (Keats) (5).

23. When a tune is in ragtime I make a derogatory implication (9).

25. Receptacle (3).

26. Cut up the orange and remove a dark-skinned object (5).

27. He is surrounded by a superlative way to carry out the command (6).

32. I am against pictorial religion (4).

33. Decorative light carrier (10).

34. Musical composition to give enjoyment (4).

35. If you keep on keeping on you will come to ruined spires and a temporary dwelling (10).

DOWN

1. The kind before your eyes (4).

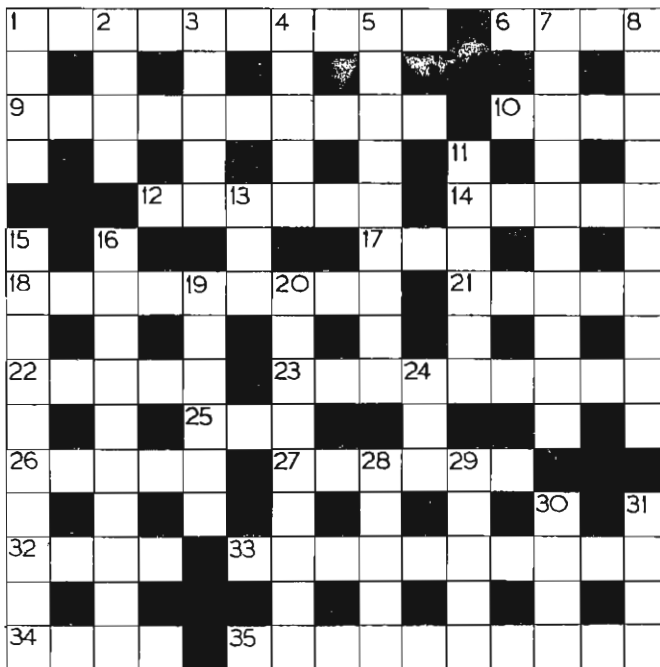
2. A bird without feathers (4).

3. Female relative (5).

4. Old officer with a rope's end to thread a way through the Channel (5).

5. Small silver coins of Southern U.S.A. (9).

7. Decorative—I have a broken colour in mind (10).



*8. Annoyed (10).

11. Part of a flower (6).

13. Licentiate in Theology (abbr.) (3).

15. Real education (10).

16. Alias the gannet (10).

19. This makes the lamb go all over the place (6).

20. The sailor does not wait till this is broken before splicing it (9).

24. The cold removed one thousand of the mice (3).

28. Abode of the dead (5).

29. Man who is up nearly last—his sails are mixed up (5).

30. Can do better than ordinary in naval circles (4).

31. The ship's pigs must be kept away from this spar (4).



Christmas is coming!!

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● CARTOON COMPETITION

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For the best cartoon submitted. Entries should be marked "Cartoon Competition".

Entries should be in Indian ink on white art paper (or chart paper).

The decision of the Editorial Staff is final in each case.

All competition entries must be addressed to The Editor, "The Communicator," H.M.S. "Mercury," Leydene House, East Meon, Nr. Petersfield, Hants, and should have the rank/rating, name and address of the entrant clearly indicated.

In addition to the above, articles of general interest, short stories, and accounts of your activities are always needed.

**CLOSING DATE FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS AND ENTRIES,
FRIDAY, 11th NOVEMBER, 1955.**

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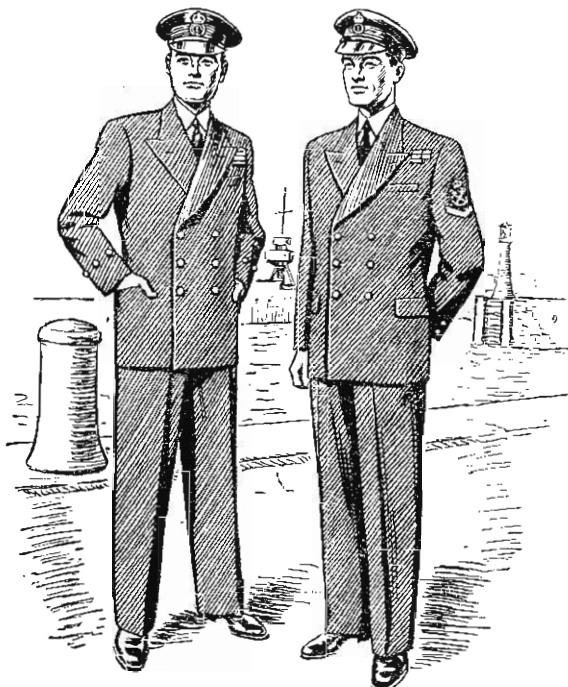
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