

THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 12
Nº 3

CHRISTMAS
1958

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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

CHRISTMAS 1958

VOL. 12, No. 3

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Editor:	Lieutenant Commander W. F. PATTERSON, R.N.
Art Editor:	Sub-Lieutenant A. H. PORTER, R.N.
Treasurer:	Sub-Lieutenant D. LARKINS, R.N.
Editorial Staff:	Instructor Lt. Commander A. T. BRETON, R.N.
Secretary:	L/Wren M. V. MINTER
Business, Production and Advertisement Manager:	MR. EDGAR SERCOMBE, 2 Station Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

CONTRIBUTIONS

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A Happy Christmas and A Prosperous New Year To You All

FAREWELL FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE SIGNAL SCHOOL

The activities of the Communication Branch are fully covered in this number of *THE COMMUNICATOR* and it is not necessary for me to enlarge on them. However, I should like to take the opportunity of saying two things. First; to express our appreciation and grateful thanks to the First Sea Lord for his generous gift of two Mountbatten Coats of Arms, which have been prepared by the Maltese Sculptor, Mr. C. Apap. By the time you read this, the Coats of Arms will be adorning the Chief and Petty Officers' and Junior Ratings' entrance halls in Mountbatten Block. Photographs will be included in the next issue.

Secondly, to send my best wishes to all members of the Communication Branch, who have given me such loyal support, before I hand over to Captain J. A. C. Henley, D.S.C., on 21st January, 1959.

C. A. Newoke

EDITORIAL

Since the last issue, Work Study Teams have descended on *Mercury* and, after going through the Galley and Cafeteria in a very thorough manner, have now expanded their activities into other fields. At present they are concerned with the design of the projected new Administrative Block, to achieve the best possible layout, with the offices concerned in the best position in relation to each other, so we all hope to see a really noteworthy building in a few years time.

An apology is made for the late issue of this edition, but as many contributions were late in coming in, we have been unable to feed the printer with material in time to meet the hoped for dates. The problem is well explained in the following poem, sent in from an Air Station, 'somewhere in England'.

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Oh what can ail you men in blue
That for your mag. you cannot write.
Are you so busy all the day
And too darned tired at night?

What do you do you men I wonder,
Or is it really hard to guess.
I'm sure you don't spend all off-duty
Writing letters in the Mess.

Do you then ashore just wander,
Aimlessly to "mooch" around,
Then pop into the "Pig and Whistle"
Until the "Time Gents" call shall sound?

Or do you with a maiden suiter,
To see a thrilling movie show,
Or to some local dance hall take her
There to jive on heel and toe?

Oh what can ail you men in blue,
Who read this mag. which others write.
One word or two for those who know you
Would help to add to their delight.

A very large number of excellent photographs have been sent in and it is regretted that many of them have not been reproduced. They cost more per square inch than print and as the last thing we want to do is to put up the price of your Magazine, the number has had to be limited. Please don't be discouraged if your contribution does not appear. There is nothing the Editor likes better than material of better quality than that of the articles submitted for inclusion.

Seasonal greetings to you all and the "Merry Xmas" for 1959.

THE RADIO SHOW 1958

"One day," I said to the Editor, "it would be fun to go to the Radio Show and goof at the usual stand. I had to run many years ago." As quick as a flash a press pass was produced, a car laid on and I was there! This seemed too good to be true, and was—I had been nominated to write an article on the Radio Show for this magazine!

In various trade journals you can read all about the technicalities of the show, so this article has been written for the layman and the Tactical Operators, giving one individual's general impression of what "they" had to offer "you" besides ballyhoo.

"Stereophonic reproduction" was this year's "U" phrase. There was a maze of demonstration rooms in which to hear various firms' equipment, all of which, of course, reproduced standard recordings better than the type for which you had just paid a vast sum. In practice the results were terribly disappointing. I listened to stereophonic tape reproductions and records. Both seemed to suffer the same drawback, namely that unless you sit in exactly the right position and the outputs of your two amplifiers are exactly balanced you lose the stereophonic effect. Naturally this is basically inherent due to only two tracks being used. If one could afford a system of about five tracks as that used in a cinema this critical position of speakers could be eased.

Stereophonic tape I heard had been played 500 times and was in excellent condition; stereophonic records which had been played many times less seem to wear very very quickly. The conclusion I came to was that a tape recording with a greater overall life is a better buy than an LP record.

TV sets were much the same in performance as those used during the previous year; naturally their shape and form has changed (as cars do from year to year), but basically the 14-in and 17-in. models are still the most popular.

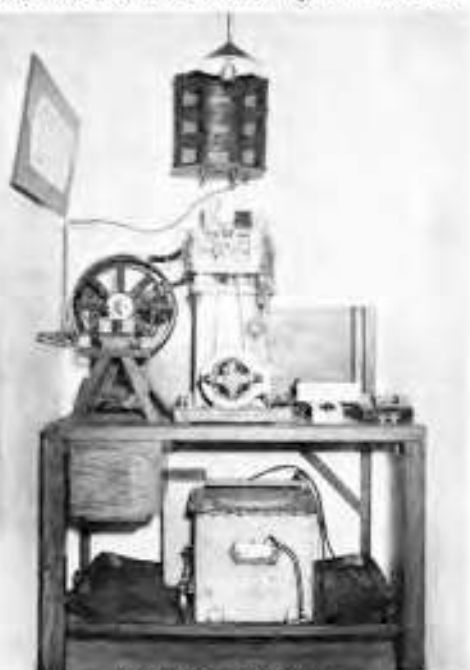
Only a few firms have gone in for a separate I-F strip or other such arrangements for the V.H.F. radio side of a TV set. Personally, I believe that until it becomes accepted policy to have your V.H.F. radio unit entirely separate from your TV side and only use the power pack and output valve as the common points, V.H.F. radio through a TV set will never be as reliable or as good in quality as the plain steam radio V.H.F. set.

Also don't forget if part of your TV set or radio packs up in most combination units—you lose the other half too, i.e., all your eggs are in one basket.

It was very noticeable that consoles are receding in popularity because of their price and because the TV set is ceasing to be a piece of furniture to be admired, but is treated more as a necessity. The quality of the sound on most of the table models was very bad in comparison with consoles. On most stands I noticed the picture was on all sets but the sound only came out of the console models with decent speakers and baffle boards. Did you know the output on sound of most TV sets is only 1½ watts

and from a 1½-in. speaker as opposed to the average radio set which gives up to 3 watts from say a 3-in. to 7-in. elliptical speaker? This is an important point if you are a HI-FI enthusiast and think you'll get quality from the output of a TV set's speaker.

Some startling pieces of equipment were push button TV sets a TV., V.H.F. and stereo record player all in one, battery V.H.F. radio sets, portable stereo record players, 18 different types of tape recorders, 24-in. tube TV sets. One point to note is that the printed circuit radio or TV set, though no doubt cheaper to make, is very near an impracticability for the average amateur to mend. They are often done in plug in units and have to be returned to the manufacturers for repair, so expect higher maintenance bills in the future on your home sets.



MARK 1 (TYPE 2)

ROYAL NAVAL STAND

To the modern Communicator, avidly watching some electronic wonder as it churns out traffic at high speed or perhaps tuning some transceiver by means of the simple process of pressing a button, it is surprising to reflect that at the turn of the century the only means of communication between ships of the fleet was visual, and that wireless was the fantastic dream of a few long-haired eccentrics.

The story of the introduction and development of Naval radio communication is an enthralling one and, this year being the fiftieth anniversary of wireless in the Fleet, this same story was expertly unfolded on the Royal Naval Stand at the Earl's Court Radio Exhibition in September.



1908

Briefly, yet concisely, the Great British Public were shown the first transmitter and receiver built by Captain H. B. Jackson, R.N., of the Naval Torpedo School H.M.S. *Defiance*, which achieved successful radio communication with H.M.S. *Scourge* at a range of 5,800 yards in 1897.

A mock-up of a typical wireless office of 1908, fitted with the Mark 1 (type 2) transmitter was the next exhibit—it was frequently noticed that some elderly gentlemen gazed through tear-filled eyes at the sight of the equipment they operated in those far-off days.

An interim linking exhibit of the developments up to 1928 including such weighty monsters as the Poulsen Arc transmitter, and a Quenched Spark transmitter; some of the first valves produced and the model MD receiver (one of the first valve receivers used in the Royal Navy) brought visitors up to a typical 1928 wireless office—a greater number of less elderly gentlemen formed the nostalgic group here as they exchanged yarns of their experiences with the type 37 transmitter, the receiver outfit model 'C' (first designed 1912) with amplifier M3B.

The transmitter room of a modern frigate contrasted sharply with the 1928 office, and brought the public right up to date with the very latest equipment including the type 693 U.H.F. transmitter—100 watt output, 1750 channel—which will be fitted in the fleet shortly. This exhibit was patronised by the more technically minded members of the public and many questions were asked regarding the

capabilities, cost and necessity of so many complicated pieces of electronic equipment.

The modern wireless receiving office was the Mecca of hundreds of young boys and girls who seemed to develop ten fingers on each hand as they hammered frantically on dead morse keys, swung energetically from the controls of B40s and B41s and generally proved beyond all doubt the robust nature of the modern receiver.

The 'Air' side of communications was represented by a Whirlwind helicopter suitably stripped to reveal its radio installations aft, together with a number of V.H.F. and U.H.F. transmitters and Mullards new S.S.B. H/F low power transceiver which, by means of an endless tape, enabled the visitors to listen in to actual test transmissions of the equipment between aircraft and shore during a recent transatlantic flight.

Other interesting exhibits on view were a 20 man life raft (fully inflated) with the associated type 629 auto-transmitter; the RACAL receiver; the MUFAX recorder; the submarine indicator buoy and the remote control receiver HR 71-72.

The new noise excluding headphones for use in noisy compartments, achieved by the magnetic inductance of a loop around the compartment and picked up by a minute transistorised receiver in each earphone was a great success and would, of course, make voice pipes a thing of the past.

A large scale model of H.M.S. *Bulwark* which, by means of a control panel, gave a demonstration of the deck lighting system of an angled deck carrier



1928



1958

with the mirror landing aids and a model of *During* showing her aerial array completed the show.

The estimated number of visitors to the Naval Stand was about 260,000. But, as always, the whole show was made worthwhile by the comparatively small percentage of really interested people, and particularly by the blind, who were personally conducted over the stand and surprised us all with their knowledge and their super-sensitive hearing and touch.

Amongst the interesting personalities who visited us, the arrival of Mr. A. E. Matthews, suitably escorted by a naval 'guard' to view the helicopter and to send a telegram to *Ark Royal* caused one of the biggest crowds to collect.

TECHNICAL NOTES

You may think that you have been gazing at the same old equipment in the Office for a long time now but changes are taking place, and we are going to see many more in the next few years. Unfortunately, many of them can't be discussed here.

Besides the new UHF equipment, the Navy has recently acquired 40 Marconi Single Sideband Transmitter-Receiver, Type HSR 21. Some have already gone out to the Mediterranean. They should do a lot to help HF voice communications, often a sore subject.

Nearly all of us are now familiar with Ratt, and it is a cheering sight to see enthusiastic T.O.s doing "dog watch" in the Technical classrooms at Mercury. Their results are often quite as good as the R.O.s.

The 5-part filmstrip S.A. 611 entitled "Automatic Telegraphy and Shore-Station Equipment" is being withdrawn from all holders except *Mercury* and S.T.C.s. A condensed version of this filmstrip in one part called "Introduction to Ratt" is being issued instead. This covers the basic principles required for an intelligent understanding of Shipborne Ratt, S.T.C.s, Large Ships and Leaders will get a copy, and it will also be available on loan from film libraries.

The reprinting of B.R. 222, the "User's Guide to Wireless Equipment" has now been finished and it has been distributed. We are hoping to get the distribution increased, so more copies may be on the way. As well as being a useful book of reference, it should be of great assistance to anyone preparing for advancement. So if you are working for a provisional exam, exam without course, or have been recommended for R.S. or L.R.O., get hold of a copy and you'll soon be on top of Technical.

TRAINING AND ADVANCEMENT

A.F.O. 1023/58—A.B.C.D.

FOR ADVANCEMENT QUALIFICATION

Every man must know his A.B.C.D.—if he does not he is a danger to his ship and shipmates as well as to himself. Nuclear weapons and modern weapon systems have made quick and efficient Damage Control and Passive Defence measures even more VITAL than ever before and, because of this, the Board of Admiralty has decided to make qualification in A.B.C.D. essential to advancement for all ratings in all branches.

This rule will come into force on 1st January 1959, after which time, *unless they have passed an examination in A.B.C.D.*, men who qualify for higher rating may not be advanced or confirmed, except:

- (a) Ratings may be advanced who have not been able to qualify in A.B.C.D. due to lack of sea-time, BUT they will have to qualify within six months of joining a ship.
- (b) In recognition of the difficulties in studying for an examination while Temporary Manning Standards are in force, the Admiralty has conceded that until one year after Temporary Manning Standards have been withdrawn, a man may be advanced to a higher rating for which he has qualified, but he may not be confirmed.
- (c) A man already qualified professionally for advancement before 1st January 1959, need not qualify in A.B.C.D.

It is clearly in every man's interest to qualify in A.B.C.D. as early as possible.

CHIEF COMMUNICATION YEOMAN CLARKE, D.S.M., B.E.M. 1934 to 1958

June 27, 1933	Joined <i>Ganges</i> as a Boy.
Oct. 10, 1935	Left <i>Ganges</i> for sea.
June 19, 1936	Specially rated Ordinary Signalman.
Mar. 20, 1937	Rated Signalman.
Sept. 15, 1939	Rated Acting Leading Signalman.
Sept. 15, 1940	Rated Leading Signalman.
Sept. 19, 1940	Rated Acting Yeoman.
Nov. 3, 1941	Rated Yeoman.
Mar. 31, 1942	Mentioned in Despatches.
Nov. 28, 1944	Awarded Distinguished Service Medal.
Dec. 11, 1946	Rated Chief Yeoman of Signals.
June 16, 1952	Awarded Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.
Jan. 1, 1955	Awarded British Empire Medal.

Like most men of his calibre Chief Yeoman Clarke is reticent about the highlights of his career, so that the details of how he won his decorations must remain shrouded in the mists of time. However, it is known that he won his D.S.M. while serving with Captain M.S. 14 on "D" Day, and later on was Mentioned in Despatches while with the same Squadron in the Mediterranean. Finally, towards the end of his career in January 1955, he was awarded the B.E.M. while serving with Captain Le Fanu (now Rear Admiral) in the 3rd Training Squadron.

It is perhaps fitting that he should bring his career to a close in the place where he began it all 24 years ago. He arrived at *Ganges* to take a Class through their course on the 24th January, 1957. It is typical of the man that he should make a resounding success of this his last commission in the Royal Navy, and in that, an effective mirror of all that has gone before.

The fact that it was a success was ably demonstrated. His Class broke the Signal School Record in their finals and were liked as a Class both in their Division and in the Signal School. Their success in both respects was due entirely to his untiring efforts on their behalf and his own great enthusiasm for his job which he managed to convey to them. Now that they are scattered throughout the ships of the Fleet, he will be glad to know that the reports that have so far reached *Ganges* concerning their progress have been very encouraging.

In a man who makes every day a great event, to be lived to the utmost, it is difficult to describe him with specific examples; so perhaps the words of Drake Divisional Officer sum him up most completely.

"Chief Yeoman Clarke had a tremendous personality which commanded deep respect and brought a laugh a day to all who worked with him."

And now, at the end of your Service life, we, as representatives of the Communications Branch of the Royal Navy; and speaking in particular for all those who have served with you, give you our very best wishes for the years that lie ahead.

OWLS ON A TURKEY TROT

"The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat,

"They took some honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five-pound note."

The aircraft carrier *Eagle* was steaming 100 miles from Cyprus when an unexpected visitor did a shaky circuit of the 800-ft. long flight deck before making a bad landing. It was a deck landing which will not be recorded in the official deck landing log, however, because it was made by a cock short-eared owl, distressed and exhausted on a migratory flight across the Mediterranean! Twenty-four hours later his mate arrived in an equally unorthodox manner to make a 1958 version of Edward Lear's well-known poem.

The owls refused to leave the ship when she arrived at Istanbul, despite detailed plans by the ship's company to arrange a ceremonial launching.

A signal to the Admiralty says the two owls have been "placed unserviceable and have been taken below for repair."

Ornithological experts among the carrier's 2,000 officers and men are puzzled by the owls' refusal to leave their temporary quarters after their 800-mile

lift across the Mediterranean. They think their refusal may be connected with the steak and vegetables they have been eating. It may be because they fear entry on foreign soil without passports or clearances to fly over without permission.

On the other hand, it is rumoured, the owls want to sign on with the carrier and visit the United Kingdom to look up some other owls who flew here the hard way. In that case, reports the ship, they will be signed on as local entries and given a medical in accordance with Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions.

H.M.S. *Eagle* was the first British aircraft carrier ever to embark an operational squadron of jet fighters, so she is glad of the arrival of two wise old owls to notch up another record.

As owls are nocturnal, attempts are to be made to get the owls off on a "night launch", but the ship's cat will be as sorry as the rest of *Eagle's* company to see their feathered guests leave. Nevertheless, care has been taken to ensure that the three animals have not had the opportunity to meet formally.

After all, it is not every day that owls land on an eagle to be fed on steak and then fly off for Turkey.

PERSONALITY PAGE



During his recent visit to H.M.S. "Ganges", Captain Brodie took the opportunity to say goodbye to Chief Communication Yeoman Alfred Clarke who left the Communications Branch in October after 22 year's service.





H.M.S. NEWCASTLE LAST CONTRIBUTION FROM THE EIGHTH OF HER NAME

Since our last report was forwarded from Sasebo we have covered 15,272 miles across the Pacific and Atlantic to good old "Pompey". We, *Newcastle* Communicators, have circumnavigated the world, half by air and half by sea.

The last leg of the commission has been really almost too good to be true. Starting off in Japan, most of us found that all the tales we had heard from the elder brethren were quite true. The American base at Sasebo is a good deal smaller and less active than in the days of the Korean war but "Black Market" street and other landmarks still remain.

After a weekend in Sasebo the ship moved on through the Inland Sea to Kobe. Unfortunately rain and low visibility spoilt the trip and put a damper on our ardent photographers. However, the 'sparkers'—as they were in those days—had a few entertaining moments on 500 Kes with Kobe. A really wonderful time was had by all the staff in this very friendly port, the only trouble being that the money ran out too soon.

Next we visited Yokohama and were greeted in great style by "Miss Yokohama 1958" and a band. Trips to Tokio and sporting activities made up a good visit. Sig. Barnett and Tel. Gordon distinguishing themselves in the rugby XV, which beat Rykko University.

From Yokohama we faced the Pacific and the long haul to Pearl Harbour. The monotony of the long voyage was broken on crossing the Date Line by the arrival on board of the Grand Master of the Ancient Order of Golden Dragons, in the person of C.C.Y. Noble, and his retinue, amongst whom was L.R.O. Wadsworth.

The Treasury would only allow us a brief two day stop at Pearl; but most Communicators managed a visit to Honolulu for a first glimpse of the American way of life and also the golden sands of Waikiki. During this visit we flew the Flag of C-in-C. F.E.S., Admiral Sir Gerald Gladstone, and a fair amount of

FAR EAST



ceremonial was involved—we hear that 17 Admirals and 11 Generals came up the gangway in the space of 1½ hours!

After a farewell address from C-in-C. F.E.S. we headed north-east for British Columbia. Our visits to Victoria and Vancouver were at the invitation of the Canadians to join them in the British Columbia Centenary Celebrations. The first week was spent in Esquimalt Naval Base culminating with the Review of R.C.N., U.S.N. ships and ourselves in the Royal Roads off Victoria by H.R.H. Princess Margaret on Tuesday, 15th July. In the evening after the Review there was a firework display which many considered better than that at Spithead. A memorable day ended with "Splice the Mainbrace".

Whilst in Esquimalt our host ship was H.M.C.S. *Sheena* and as we were berthed alongside many of the staff took the opportunity of meeting their "oppos"

A.B.C.V.3, etc.—and having a conducted tour of their ultra modern St. Laurent class DE. There was plenty of interest in both the technical and habitability sides.

The day after the Review the fleet steamed up to Vancouver for Fleet Week in the Commercial Centre of B.C. In both cities Communicators had a chance to show off as there were 14 of us in the Royal Navy contingent which marched through the streets in the parades which started the week.

The welcome from the Canadian people in both places was something which had to be seen to be believed. Quite apart from the crowd of 20,000 which lined the waterfront to watch the fleet enter Vancouver, the overall hospitality was overwhelming. It is no exaggeration to say that everyone in the ship except the duty part of the watch were 'up homers' with Canadian friends every day of the visit.

All good wishes to Sig. A. Johnson whom we left behind in Vancouver to join the R.C.N.

As we left Vancouver we were very proud to receive the following message from CANFLAG-LANT:—

"It has been an honour and a very great pleasure having you and your fine ship with us for the Naval Review and at Esquimalt and Vancouver.

Your keenness, obvious efficiency and co-operation have added much to the various activities. I was most impressed by *Newcastle's* cheers during the Review. Thank you very much for coming. Good Luck to you all, Good sailing and a Happy voyage home."

After 14 days of this tremendous entertainment the two days at sea on the way to San Francisco were a much needed blow through. Once more the red carpet was out and the Ship's Company was well entertained. *Newcastle* got a tremendous write up in the press and the children's party we gave featured for 10 minutes on the local television.

At San Francisco the ship's cricket team was the first R.N. team to defeat the local cricket club which was largely due to an inspired knock by C.Y. Whitlock and some crafty bowling by L.T.O. Holiday.

Unfortunately, we only stopped four days in San Francisco before continuing south to Panama. However, off San Diego, just to prove we were still a warship, we carried out exercises with the U.S.N. and shot down a radio controlled target, showing that we could work as well as play with the best.

The transit of the Panama found all Communicators crowding the 'upper' with cameras. And so at last we reached the Atlantic.

A hurried stop at Kingston for stores provided a final run ashore for rabbits before the final stage. Whilst at Kingston we discovered that what was originally thought to be a pleasure cruise by the Governor to Grand Turk Island was, in fact, an Official Visit so an emergency call for a Governor's Flag was put out. It was answered in full by C.R.S. Evans who painted a far better coat of arms and laurel wreath for our size 10 jack than that subsequently provided by the colonial A.D.C. on a size 6 flag. A stitch in time by C.Y. Butler and the 'Castle' was ready for H.E. Any offers from ships without artistic Radio Supervisors?

The ship has been hounded across the Atlantic by tropical storm "Becky" and hurricane "Cleo". These two fast and voracious females have left their scars but no other damage.

And so at last to Portsmouth. We may not have done a great deal of communicating of late but we reckon to have made our mark with practically all the Commonwealth Ship Shore stations.

Kuala Lumpur

H.M.S. CHEVIOT

Since our recommissioning on May 5th the majority of our time has been spent in Singapore, the few exceptions being a short work-up at Paulau Tioman, a brief but very enjoyable visit to Hong Kong, and a fortnight of 'Jei '58' fooling about as a surface raider, and getting sunk at least half a dozen times in the process. Subsequently it was found necessary to return to Singapore for a refit!

During this rather long period with the barrack stanchions and R.A.s at Kranji W/T and *Tecum*, some of us took station leave in and around Singapore, whilst the remainder wandered off to cause chaos amongst the pongos at Seremban—this we managed to do quite effectively with the aid of Yeo. Ings and his gang from the *Newfoundland*. Three days of our visit were spent at Kuala Lumpur, where the Army and R.A.F. arranged Auster flights and tours of the locality which included a brewery (unfortunately non-alcoholic), a most interesting visit to a rubber plantation and a Malayan police V.H.F. network station.

The refit, like any other, ended in a mad rush to get the ship operational. Our second work-up was limited to four days in order to arrive at Saigon in time for the National Day of Independence. As the only foreign warship invited, our arrival met with great enthusiasm from the South Vietnamese who turned out their naval band and guard of honour for this occasion. There followed three days of displays, parades, lunch and dinner parties at the British Embassy and private residences for the ship's company. After this hectic time, we left Saigon en route to Hong Kong where the Far East Fleet regatta takes place on 18th November. At present we are the sole representative of the Squadron unless *Cosack* manages to send a crew up. Nevertheless we are confident that, with Spike Hughes at the helm, and Taff Jackson as one of the crew, we will beat Topsy (scrumpy) Turner's supposedly crack crew from the *Cardigan Bay*.



HONG KONG

At the time of writing the divorce of our 'buntings' and 'Sparkers' has just been made 'absolute'. As a result of the general naval run-down in Hong Kong the Commodore-in-Charge has moved his office from Headquarters British Forces into H.M.S. *Tamar*, taking with him, of course, his Staff and also the Crypto and Main Signal Offices. The C.R.R. now remains in solitary splendour in what has become known locally as "that fairyland up the hill". Meanwhile, the 'buntings' are tripping over each other in the less spacious (but temporary?) accommodation in *Tamar*. There is an unconfirmed rumour currently circulating that, due to the close proximity of teleprinters, perforators and typewriters, the C.Y.O.W. is to be issued with ear-plugs for use when answering the phone.

In the social world the activities of the season seem to have got off to a good start with a succession of three Social-cum-Dances all of which were successful, judging by the fact that the local Communicators were far outnumbered by their guests.

At the time of going to press we in Hong Kong will be enjoying another Far East Fleet Communications Dance which we are hoping will be as great a success as last year's event, in spite of the smaller number of ships present.

We are able to offer two 'howlers' this time; one signal and one supplied by a journalist of the local press.

During the planning of a Naval Defence Exercise it was suggested that aircrews should have a week of flying prior to the exercise (for local familiarisation) . . . from an un-named typist came "aircrews should have a 'knack' of flying prior to the exercise".

And there it was gone! "The owner of the second motor-cycle found it missing in Nathan Road."

China Mail, 14th November.

Finally, though we shall all be loath to leave the

mystic East, we are nevertheless looking forward to enjoying the luxurious accommodation now offered by the Home of Communicators.

TRINCOMALEE M.S.O.

On 16th September 1958 the Royal Naval Main Signal Office finally closed its portals, thus severing one of the last links of the Royal Navy with Trincomalee; an association which has lasted approximately 147 years when the first Naval Stores were transferred from Penang in 1811. Appropriately enough a small Naval Stores organisation still remains looking after the Oil Fuel Depot and they will be the last to leave.

Since our last contribution to THE COMMUNICATOR (some 15 months ago), Trincomalee has undergone some drastic changes and it is, indeed, a far cry from the days when the M.S.O. was manned by the combined staffs of C-in-C. E.I. and S.B.N.O. Ceylon until the present day when our complement consists of one C.Y., one L.R.O., one R.O.2 and two T.O.2.s.

Since our V.H.F. Link was dismantled in April of this year, our only method of communications with the outside world have been with a type T.C.S. Collins Transmitter and two A.R. 88 Receivers. Considering all the aspersions cast on the character of these sets we must admit that, coupled with the able assistance of P.O. R/E Cudmore, they have stood up to the pounding remarkably well.

Our watches have consisted of S.O.P.s on Broadcast 'V' and clearing all out traffic on Ship-Shore. This routine before we started was very nearly doomed with all the prejudices under the sun but there again we managed to scrape through unscathed without too many headaches to the P.O.O.W. at C.W.R.S. I hope.

Although "J.E.T. 58" was controlled by the Royal Ceylon Navy this year and "per the book" S.B.N.O. took no official part in it, in actual fact our work was increased twofold what with taking a good 40 per cent of "J.E.T." H.Q.'s crypto in and out and different times of the exercises. So instead of being passengers as envisaged we played a moderate part in "J.E.T. 58" after all.

Trincomalee itself has taken on rather a deserted look. The majority of the building and installations have been occupied by the R.Cy.N., including H.M.S. *Highflyer*, R.N.H.C.T., R.N.A.D.; but many remain completely unoccupied. The sports fields are



Hong Kong's answer to the Yama Show

occasionally used but not very often and the "Sportsman's Arms" has been closed much to the regret of the personnel remaining here. One other noticeable fact is that there are no longer any R.N. Police in the Yard as the Ceylon Navy are manning their commitments with naval ratings.

During these past months we have been living in comparative comfort, the Petty Officers accommodated in 'Temple Cottages' and the junior ratings in 'Surgery House'. The food is excellent and we are virtualising ourselves the same as married accompanied ratings would do. Despite all these comforts and what one would call a "quiet number" we will all leave Trinco with very little regret on 30th September, 1958. The total complement of H.M.S. *Highflyer* (Trincomalee) at the time of writing is eleven which is a vast difference in numbers compared with two years ago.

By the time this article is published the Royal Ceylon Navy will have the Yard completely under its control so we take this opportunity of wishing them well and offering our sincere good wishes for the future of their young but up and coming Navy. At the same time the Communications Staff offer

their best wishes for the future to Captain G. H. Evans, Royal Navy, who at present is the Senior British Naval Officer, Ceylon, but who will take up his new appointment as Naval Adviser to the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Ceylon, on 20th September, 1958.

To conclude this final chapter in the history of Trincomalee we quote Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Navy under Charles II:

"In truth a mighty fine anchorage but lacketh stores and water".

CEYLON WEST RECEIVING STATION

Those of you whose knowledge of Ceylon West W/T Station is confined to the three pages it occupies in S.3-58 (and that is the majority of Communicators) take note. We have now inherited the mantle of our former protector, H.M.S. *Highflyer*. Yes, we are indeed H.M.S. *Highflyer* herself, battle honours and all, the Captain's pennant flutters proudly from the masthead. Our name ship is the Naval Adviser's Barge (late C-in-C.E.I. Barge) last heard of being crated in Aden for onward passage to Colombo.

It has been an eventful four months: to begin with on July 1st Ceylon became part of the Far East Station (Draftie please note). Within three days two anxious Staff Officers, one a celebrated Communicator, arrived hot foot from Singapore wondering what on earth they had taken on—after all a wireless station in the jungle conjures up all sorts of visions—snakes, grass skirts, or what you will. However, in spite of the curfew, we gave them a pretty good time and they departed promising to come again some day.

We were beginning to look forward to a nice quiet time after 'Jet 58' when the Middle East crisis hit us—and all other Communicators as well; at least they couldn't alter our cruise programme! However, we didn't allow that to interrupt our Sports Day and some very fine athletics we saw too. R.O.2 J. R. Walker was Victor Ludorum for the second year with victories in the long jump, hop step and jump, 440 yards and second place in the 100 yards and 220 yards. Station records were broken by R.O.2



Staff of S.B.N.O. Ceylon



STAFF OF C-IN-C, F.E.S.

Walker in the long jump and R.O.2 Thomas in the 100 yards. The 100 yards record now stands at 10.8 secs. Relieving chaps on watch was a problem so if you wonder why something went wrong on 8 Megs Ship-Shore with a signal you were making on Saturday afternoon 9th August, someone who had just run a mile probably took over the bay from an operator who had to dash away and hurl a javelin.

The dust and small stones of the crisis subsided gradually but another upheaval of a different nature was on our hands as Trincomalee Naval Base was due to be finally evacuated by September 30th and the last six weeks were taken up with rabbit hunting expeditions to Trinco, and all the last minute packing and disposing of stores.

We have been left with a nucleus Base staff of our own. They arrived with records stretching back over the years so if you want to find out what happened to that 1949 Travelling Expense claim which never turned up you are welcome to come and hunt for it.

And so October arrived and with it came H.M.S. *Alert* flying the Flag of C-in-C, F.E.S., Admiral Sir G. Gladstone. It was very nice to see some real salty matelots again—and to thrash them at soccer. The C-in-C. honoured the Stations with a visit, unfortunately during torrential downpours.

Since then we have been very social—firework display—Hallowe'en Ball, parties for U.S.S. *Greenwich Bay* and H.M. Neth. Ship *Groenigen*. We have also won the R.A.F. inter-Wing soccer league and have had five players nominated for the annual Scotland v. England soccer match. Thanks are due to Draftie for such excellent soccer players; but what about those hockey experts we asked for last time? The cricket team also needs a wicket-keeper, a good slow medium bowler, and two or three who can make some runs.

And now to personalities: C.R.S. Seaton relieved C.R.S. Hamblin at the beginning of October. The former had quite a surprise when he arrived. "Nice quiet number, whole place is closing down in a year or two: just put your feet up and enjoy yourself," he had been told by those who know best; he is beginning to realise we are not quite dead yet! Lieut. Bloodworth has been relieved by Lieut. Hopkin, who is Base Supply Officer as well. L.R.O.s who have left us include Mott and Thomas, and the arrivals, Coldbreath, Connors and Knight.

A final note to those who are drafted to H.M.S. *Highflyer*; it is situated 11 miles North of Colombo and two miles from the sea. Don't believe all those stories about snakes, but do bring your football boots.

KRANJI AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

Since August 1957, there has existed in Kranji a small group of radio enthusiasts, led by R. S. Matthews (VS1HU/G3JFF/VS2MA), who have, in their spare time, been enjoying their chosen profession in a more leisurely manner.

On August 12th, 1957, the Kranji Amateur Radio Club was formed, with a membership of seven interested persons. Due to the reorganisation of the C.R.R., we were able to take over the old telephone exchange as a club room, and were also allowed to keep one of the old "Adastral" masts for our own use. The call sign VS1HU was issued to R. S. Matthews "on behalf of the K.A.R.C." by the Singapore Telecoms department, and with the aid of a borrowed T.C.S. transmitter and a B28 receiver the club was on the air. Though the T.C.S. limited our operations to 7 Mc/s amateur band, many interesting and varied QSOs were being logged. It was soon felt however, that the 14 Mc/s amateur band would really produce the DX, so, as a stop gap until the club transmitter was completed, a modified ET 4336 was put into operation.

Soon the DX really started to roll in, and some of the DX fiends were spending anything up to eight hours at a time on the air!!! QSOs ranged from Hope Island in the Arctic to the American IGY base in the Antarctic, and from Fanning Island

in the Pacific to the principality of Liechtenstein in Europe. Our 1,388th contact also produced our 100th country—FK8AT in French New Caledonia.

By this time the club transmitter had been completed—Geloso VFO driving a single 807 and a 250 ft. long wire antenna. Thus equipped, and with the addition of an AR88 receiver, we were able to operate additionally on the 21MC/s and 28 Mc/s amateur bands, and being able to choose our frequencies with due regard to time and conditions helped our DXCC score immensely. At the time of writing, with 5,234 contacts made, 186 countries have been worked in all continents and zones of the world. We have also worked all the American States (including the 49th!!), and every country in South America.

Interesting contacts have been: VP2VB/MM (Yacht in middle of Atlantic), ZL1ADC/MM (H.M.N.Z.S. *Royalist* off Japan), OD5AF/AM (Aircraft over Ceylon), W7UVR/M (driving at 60 m.p.h. in Arizona Desert), SM8BYG/MM (Persian Gulf on Cargo ship), CP1CJ/AM (flying from Ecuador to Peru) and LA2JE/P (Hope Island, ARCTIC OCEAN) to mention a few.

The club will shortly be on the air with a new transmitter running 50 watts on all bands to a 6146. This transmitter, a KW Vanguard, has been purchased with a grant made from the Nuffield Trust.

Also under construction we have a cubical quad beam for 21 Mc/s and 28 Mc/s.

Several of the club members have also got their own licences since joining the club. These are: L.R.O. Gadsden (G3MTP), L.R.O. Lane (G3MQX), L.R.O. (S) Robinson (VS1JR), R.O.2 Poole (G3MRC, VS1FW, VS2FW), L.R.O. Miles (VS1GM). Other members are: L.R.O. Jones, R.O.2 Brown, R.O.1 Rothwell, R.O.2 Burtwell, R.O.2 Timson and civilian W/T Operator H. Yathe.

Visitors to our club room have come from far and wide, as our visitors' book will show. These have included VK3DU (Federal Secretary of the Wireless Institute of Australia), VR2AP (Cable and Wireless, Fiji), ZD4CC (Army, Ghana), ZC5AB (R.A.F. British North Borneo), ZL1ARD (R.S. of H.M.N.Z.S. *Rotiti*), GW3ITD (Wales) and many locals from Singapore and Malaya.



"The Gang"

Members of the club have also paid visits to local amateurs and to visiting amateurs from ships (R.N. and Merchant). A most notable visit was made to the Cunard luxury liner *Caronia* when KP4BI from Puerto Rico was visiting Singapore. This gentleman turned out to be the owner of a rum distillery in San Juan, and he certainly knew how to "brew" many varied and wonderful cocktails with a rum base, as we soon found out. A visit to the Radio Office of the *Caronia*, and the ensuing chat with the ship's radio officers (who congratulated our Ship-Shore operators on their efficient traffic handling) was most interesting.

It is hoped from the above description, that new arrivals to "Devils Island", who are in any way interested in Amateur Radio, will make their presence known as soon as their joining routine has been completed. They can be assured of a welcome with open arms, and a chance to let their names be known throughout the world by Amateur Radio.

M.J.M.

OLD TALES

Operation COAT was the code word given to the passage of a reinforcement from Force H at one end of the Mediterranean to the Mediterranean Fleet at the other end. The force was late, and only arrived one day before the already planned attack on Taranto.

From C-in-C. Mediterranean to Flag Officer Force H: Thank you for my coat, I nearly caught a cold waiting for it. I still have no trousers but intend taking those off Mussolini shortly.

From Senior Ship to Junior Ship: Your Jack is upside down.

From Junior Ship: This is how it was received from Naval Store Officer Portsmouth.

From Senior Ship: Some people would drink sulphuric acid if it came in a gin bottle.

Dark night. North Sea.

From Destroyer A to Admiralty. Have been hit right aft by mine.

From Destroyer B to Admiralty.
Reference Destroyer A's signal.
Not mine but me.

From small South Korean craft to British Patrol vessel: We put to patrol at 2000. The sea is bad. My ship she is like rags and I have no confidence in him this weather. I beg with pardon you must tell me put ashore.

During World War I an Admiral had invited a friend—Lady A. to lunch the following day. In the morning his Squadron went to sea and he made the following signal to the captain of another ship which was remaining in harbour: I had invited Lady A. to lunch today but as we are sailing unexpectedly I would be glad if you would give her luncheon instead. I am leaving my barge behind with orders to report to you. This may make it easier for you to look after Lady A. Please make whatever use of her you like.



"Mercury's" Ham Club is known to have raised Clunfield—Ed.

We take off our hats to...



C.C.V. A. J. Rosenberg, D.S.M. on being awarded the R.E.M.



The Volunteer Band of H.M.S. "Sea Hawk" on winning the 1957 and 1958 Bambara Trophy





MEDITERRANEAN

THE SHINY SHEFF

Seasons greetings from the 'Shiny Sheff' or should it be the 'Silent Sheff'. We plead 'exercitis' for not submitting articles in previous editions but an effort had to be made this time, if only to pay tribute to an old lady who has, at last, come to the end of a glorious career. *Sheffield* may never again play ambassador or lead the way in a N.A.T.O. exercise for she goes into reserve in January.

Since leaving our quiet numbers in *Mercury* we have steamed well over 50,000 miles (5,004 in September and 5,529 in October are typical examples), from inside the Arctic Circle to the Persian Gulf, Invergordon to Istanbul, Bremen to Bahrain and collected four different flags on the way... F.O.F. Home; F.O.2 Med.; C-in-C; Med.; F.O.F. Med. We even flew the last two at the same time on different masts for a whole forenoon much to the delight of the Lascaris camera enthusiasts. An R.F.A., a Troopship, Salvage vessel, A.W. Headquarters ship and even Wrens sleeping in the dining hall, we are used to it all by now!

Finishing off our Home 'leg' we had the honour of being the only R.N. ship present in an American replenishment formation (Form 60 for the A.T.P. 1 experts) in company with the mighty *Forrestal*, *Saratoga* and approx. 100 U.S. ships. A spell of Asian 'flu sent us to the Channel Islands instead of Bordeaux but there was a great consolation in store for us, a week at Bremen, we being the largest ship to visit there since the war. The ship's crest was changed to crossed steins of beer for the week.

The first six months of the Med. 'leg' are best forgotten for although we paid visits to Algiers, Tripoli, Split, Aranci Bay and Bari (our home port), it was just one long exercise after another. Of course we were more than a little proud of our gunnery souvenirs such as the Bombardment and A.A. trophies. In those far away days it was an automatic ZDK if we received a signal negative *Sheffield* as an action addressee and it was only on rare occasion that the Flagship berth in Grand Harbour was occupied by its rightful owner.

The last part of the commission has been a little more interesting but some of you stanchions would be surprised how far the limits of the Med. station

have been extended: these days, its nothing to find yourself 'cooling off' in Bahrain during the summer cruise.

Of course after enjoying five glorious days in Venice, something drastic had to happen to bring us back to earth. It did, for we were soon to see a canal without gondolas. Before that we had been enjoying the usual flagship perks (modern navy) by having a long stay in Cyprus waters with a Lebanon patrol thrown in to break the monotony.

Despite being in three watches the Comm. team made their presence felt in and under the water polo pitch, sometimes floodlit and came near to winning the inter-department K.O. competition.

We fully concur with *Eagle's* remarks (Summer edition) re trying to work with R.A.F. sparkers. The general opinion of the Radio Supervisors is that R.A.F. communications are out of this world and they should stay there.

The end of July saw great excitement in the ship for there was a buzz that the Malts had decided to let *Beynada* leave Grand Harbour to relieve us; it was true enough for the C.R.S. decided it was time he came back to us. It's not true that the 86m refused to function on chopper net when it heard that 'Chiefly' was dropping on the still insists he was fighting the terrorists ashore.

On finally arriving back in Malta we found that *Ceylon* had also acquired the Grand Harbour habit, and so it was that we were shortly greeting Jim Irish & Co. Incidentally the sparkers at Imailha seem to have a private 'hate' session as soon as they hear the word warship on the air.

What a greeting we received in the Gulf, having missed the tanker collision by about an hour (our FM12 is very backward), the Army saw in us a heaven-sent opportunity to qualify for duty frees and so one hot and sticky morning we awoke to the cry of 'Away all Boats' as our landing parties attacked Jezirat Halul. Missing a dip into the salvage money bucket by the lack of choppers, insult was added to injury when we won the unenviable task of getting *Melika* seaworthy again so that she could say farewell to that 'matelots haven', Muscat. Benefits were reaped, however, for we rated up a few more Aden millionaires and a 'rabbit' store had to be opened up on board.

Back into the Med, again, said "Hello" to Famagusta, picked up the flag and soon found ourselves transiting the Dardanelles for a visit to Istanbul. As we go to press it's back to the old routine again with Medaswex 26 and 27 and a brief "Hello" to our dhaisa man again.

In the sporting field the Comm. Division have been well to the fore—interpart sport—winners and frequent challengers for the Commander's Cup—representatives in ships' teams. In particular we commend L.R.O.s Simonite and Woodfin on the cricket field, L.R.O. Lloyd for rugby, L.T.O. Gore with a rifle, S.C.O. on the hockey field and last but by no means least A.S.C.O. Sub. Lt. Dartnell our favourite supporter.

Forecast for the future are visits to Toulon, Haifa, Valencia, Christmas with the Christmas Tree (B.R. 222 *Sheffield* project) in Malta and New Year in Naples, not forgetting an Admiral's inspection to see us off the station. It is easy to relive all our various visits for the C.C.Y. has become a rabid colour enthusiast in the camera world although not all his pictures are 'blue' (just some of them). We sign off with a special seasons greetings to the Drafting authorities, our fate is in their hands and we shall all be grateful for small mercies.

Finally, just in case our sense of humour hasn't been blunted altogether, Chatham is *Sheffield's* home port, our last foreign visit will be to Pompey where we pay off.

Signals

At Aranci Bay during bad weather.

From FORT DUQUESNE To SHIPS I.C.
If present weather conditions continue, minced beef will be issued on Monday.

H.M.S. DIAMOND

Coming to the end of our General Service Commission, we the Communicators of the *Diamond* (the main jewel in the Queen's crown), look back on the last eighteen months as an instructive and knowledgeable period. During this time we have served in such troubled areas as Cyprus, the Lebanon, Chatham and Portsmouth.

Having no signal officer onboard we have come through the task set us admirably. For Communicators with courses at *Mercury* next year we advise you to "swot" hard, as our present Captain (J. A. C. Henley, D.S.C., R.N.) is taking over as C.S.S. Besides his many tasks onboard he has had quite a

good refresher on ship and fleet communications.

In between exercises we have had pleasurable visits both home and abroad; we recall Newport (Mon) for our romances and lack of watchkeepers, and Rotterdam for our trip to Brussels for the World Fair.

We are well represented in the ship's teams, three soccer, one hockey, one rugby and yet another causing a splash in water polo.

Our ship's trophies consist of the Home Fleet soccer and hockey cups.

In between visits and sporting activities, we have appeared in most of the major exercises, collecting our fair share of rough weather, much to the rum rats' delight (setting watch on as required).

In mid-December we return to Chatham for Christmas and paying off leave. And if draftie is kind, we may find ourselves one of those obscure barrack stanchions.

MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ELECTRONIC WARFARE UNIT

This is our first contribution to THE magazine so may we briefly introduce ourselves? We consist of, besides the F.E.W.O. who we occasionally see flashing past in his car on the way to the beach, Lieutenant Pearce (Officer-in-Charge) two C.R.S. (S), one R.S. (S), one A.R.S. (S) and one L.R.O. (S) shortly to become an A.R.S. (S). Our unit is in two well appointed huts near the Manoel Club—this site was chosen after a lot of thought and is from our point of view very convenient (for Hop Leafs, Salvos).

We are open for business to anyone in the Fleet, officers or ratings who are keen to learn something of the noble art and we continually run advancement courses for (S) ratings, refresher and acquaint courses for all interested, and day to day training and exercises. We encourage (S) ratings of the Fleet to visit our unit as often as possible while their ships are in harbour so that we can exchange ideas, technical know-how and general gossip. Sometimes the reverse happens and we find F.E.W.O. has organised a little "jolly" at sea for us to get the colour back in our cheeks.

Whether it is the happy contented lives we lead or the Maltese influence of our surroundings, the interesting fact remains that the six married men in the team have produced four boys and one girl in the past 12 months and that is not the end of it so we hear.



I'm going to Station 6



I'm going to Station 6



I'm Going!



In a recent course for senior N.A.T.O. communication ratings, the Turkish Chief produced this poem though he does not claim it as his original.

Why English is so hard?

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen not oxes,
Then one fowl is goose but the two are called geese
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the plural of house is houses not hices.
If the plural of man is always called men
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen.
The masculine pronouns are he, his and him
But imagine the feminine she, this and him
So English I think you all will agree
Is the trickiest language you ever did see.

MALTA COMCEN

Personnel here are observed mumbling something which sounds like "BLUE, "RED" and "FRU". Outsiders are heard to remark "Poor girl" or "Poor fellow", and observed to be carefully trying to avoid conversation with them.

There is, of course, a reason for this peculiar behaviour but it is only known to a few understanding persons of the Lascaris communication tribe who

work in the message factory, or in its surrounding areas.

Medical officers would probably diagnose "Recorder shambles" or "Routers rash", but we who know call it "Middle East Blues".

We are recovering but slowly from the trials and tribulations of "Medflex Fort", the Jordan-Lebanon-Iraq episodes, Cyprus and the other little hotbeds which help to make a Communicator's life so "interesting" in the Mediterranean.

Miracles we are glad to say are possible, the D.O.I.C. kept us in four watches which helped to reduce the burden and made life somewhat more pleasant for everyone. If any person is inquisitive and would like to know how we did it, they are invited to ring the Comcen Regulating Office, Tel. No. D.9505 but, and it is a big BUT, don't be annoyed if your feelings are hurt.

Now that the United Nations have stepped in we pray that we can now start giving leave, take part in advancement courses, and enjoy the fruits of our labours.

Old faces are disappearing and new faces can be seen every week. It would require far too much space to give everybody's name but of the senior rates C.C.Y. Tyler has been relieved by C.C.Y. Clare, C.Y. Bolton by C.Y. Lockett, C.Y. Burton by C.Y. Ashworth, C.Y. Bullery by C.Y. Cherriman, R.S. Sherriff by R.S. Goodman, R.S. Hunt by R.S. Toms, R.S. Deighton by R.S. Perrow, and last but not least Chief Wren Spencer by Chief Wren Timmouth.

To those who have left or are soon leaving we say "Au revoir, and good sailing in your new appointments", and to new arrivals "A pleasant and happy commission and may you manage to keep your names out of 'YE OLDE BLACK BOOKE'."

The Maltese winter is now upon us and winter sport is under way, hockey and soccer being the most popular. We seem to be holding our own in both of these sports being well placed in both of the leagues. Stalwarts deserving special mention are Phelps and Metcalfe in soccer, and Goode and the veteran Trotter (he suffers from twinges after each match) in hockey.

Social entertainment has got off to a fine start and the first social was held in Manoel Island Club on 3rd November. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by three watches to the strain of the R.M. Band from

H.M.S. *Phoenixia*. The usual beer drinking competition took place between "sparkers" and "buntings" which was won by the latter by a short and frothy head.

A fancy dress Ball has been arranged for the 12th December at the Vernon Club: unmasking takes place at midnight.

Special puts on the back to C.C.Y. Chandler and his hard working social committee for their untiring efforts in making these evenings so enjoyable.

PORTIA

H.M. frigate "X" was approaching Cyprus. Her officers had decided that the birthday of one of their number, which occurred on the following day, warranted a celebration: so the steward had been commissioned to go ashore and buy a sucking pig.

The commission duly executed, the steward handed over his lively and protesting black charge to the ship's butcher for despatch and preparation. But here occurred an unexpected hitch. "Butch" proved to be a humanitarian. He took one look at the pig and flatly refused to perform the necessary operation.

"I'm a butcher", he averred, "I cuts up meat—yes—but I ain't a killer. What! me cut that pore little perisher's throat? Not me! Not ruddy likely! You get someone else to do it!" And he ambled off, muttering to himself about the injustice of expecting him—HIM! to illtreat that pore little . . .

So now what? Volunteers were called for, rewards were offered, orders were issued, but could one be found among all that ship's company to do the necessary? Not one! For such is the soft heart of Jack afloat. A quandary, no less!

But now they were on passage once more—Malia bound. And strange to say, there appeared on the funnel deck a little pen, soon to be followed by a little sty, a little wooden trough. Food was regularly placed in that little enclosure and "Portia", so named by the ship's Doctor, disported herself daily therein to the delight of all beholders—excepting the First Lieutenant.

Time passed, as it has a habit of doing, and inevitably Portia grew—as pigs have a habit of doing when fed from the choicest of ship's stores. The patter of little feet on steel decks gave place to the thunder of hooves when some one or other of the doting crew called to pass the time of day.

Portia's fame spread far and wide. She was the pet and wonder of the Fleet (excepting Jimmy-the-One!). Great was the excitement and feverish preparation when it was announced that the Admiral's wife—no less—wished to make Portia's acquaintance. All hands turned to (excepting Jimmy-the-One!) and polished her gleaming hide till it shone

anew, with sandpaper filched from stores and which she duly ate; with ether and cotton wool from the quack's cupboard, which she duly ate. And the result was declared by all (excepting Jimmy-the-One!) to be fit for even an Admiral's wife's inspection!

At last—Nemesis! One day a careless matelot left his opened can of "battleship grey" in Portia's way. Whether she thought it was the new spring fashion no one will ever know. But she rolled—and wallowed—and squirmed—and wriggled, till all one could see were four grey hooves above a gleaming grey tummy. All, all was grey and still—except for two bright eyes which seemed to say "Now isn't that nice?" And along came Jimmy-the-One!

"My Paint! My Paint!" he wailed. "Send for the quack!" and when that unsuspecting wight appeared:

"The mess I can stand, the smell I can stand, the indignity on my decks I can stand but THIS—I will NOT stand! The pig MUST GO!"

The fiat had gone forth. But how? The problem appeared insoluble until the Surgeon-Captain ashore, approached by the quack, offered a solution. "I have a garden," he said, "an orchard—plenty of room for her. Let her pass her remaining days till Christmas and then—oh joy—roast pork for dinner!"

So, without the knowledge of the tender-hearted crew, it was arranged and Portia—all half ton of her—was hoisted overside at dead-of-night and transported to what should have been her earthly paradise.

And the sequel? Portia, bereft of her shipmates, sought the quietest, shadiest and remotest corner of her new home, laid herself down—and died.

"ODE TO AN R.O."

An aid in learning the new titles

As J.R.O. I went to sea,
And soon became an R.O.3.
I had a short exam to do
Then found myself an R.O.2.

An L.R.O.'s Course next was done,
And I was called an R.O.1.
Then back to sea I had to go
And wait to pick up L.R.O.

So I worked hard and led my Mess,
And earned a write-up for R.S.
Once rated, then I thought I'd try
To get on course for R.C.1.

Now that, and H.E.T. are past,
I'm going through for Sub. at last,
In brackets (SD), brackets (C),
And brackets (Q) (Ex-W/T).

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS



Who said "Turn 18"?

H.M.S. CENTAUR

At last Devonport Dockyard has given up its two year meal ticket and now in the shape of *Centaur* it actually floats and also operates aircraft although, for the time being, still in the trial period.

On the wireless side there were at first several snags, mainly of a technical nature, mostly due either to dockyard faults or lack of knowledge on the part of some of the users. However, at the time of writing, all W/T equipment is in top condition and our thanks are offered to the Electrical Department, led by C.R.E. Adams, himself an ex-P.O. Tel.

The V/S Department to my inexperienced eye is running smoothly enough, although rumblings have been heard coming from the person of the Chief Yeoman about unmentionable sparkers and crypto.

In the field of sport, things have not yet settled down but it seems we should be able to produce a good team at both soccer and hockey. This, of course, will depend to a large extent on how much hard work we get when fully operational, but we will have some juniors on board by then. They will be joining us in time for the trip to the Mediterranean commencing some time in the New Year.

The messing arrangements on board are good; not all the comforts of home I know, but better than most ships. The Radio Supervisors have a mess shared only with six P.O.M.E.s and the mess is considered by the Commander to be about the best in the ship. Incidentally Commander Pope is an ex-Communicator himself but has changed from things like "set watch on" to "two days scale". Some of you may remember him as S.C.O. to F.O.F.H. about five years ago. Others best for the memorable cocktail party (dress-seasoned sailors) in Portland Canteen at the Spring Cruise in January, 1954.

Advancement prospects are good on board, and, since commissioning, all but one of our R.O.s have

passed for R.O.2 and not to be outdone the S.C.O.2 has now become Lieut. Hyatt, R.N. Congratulations to them all.

H.M.S. EAGLE

This will be the penultimate article (how these S.P.s help our English!) of the commission, since we pay off in April. We know we shall be home for Christmas and the New Year (stand fast the security party—pause for self-pity) but what the early New Year holds for us is still in the lap of the Gods. Never has a ship's company studied the pros and cons of the Middle East situation so closely, and each new outrage by some bumptious sheikh acting like a make-believe dictator is viewed on our messdecks as a personal affront and a direct threat to "Christmas with the party". With *Victorious* still in the teething stage we feel—without conceit—that our presence will be vital in the event of a local conflict, as the papers so politely put it. However, we are all banking on passing the Breakwater and entering the Sound about the 5th December, so there will be quite a few homes in U.K. on Christmas morning with Granny well in evidence smoking a hookah pipe, Grandad wearing a fez, and Aunt Matilda swinging off a pair of castanets! Judging by some of the literature purchased in our travels, Uncle Fred will be in the shed, reading and giggling nastily!

Since our Magazine last went to print, our life has more or less centred around Cyprus, with its attendant boredom as regards the bright lights, and hectic activity as regards flying programmes. We passed our 10,000th sortie mark some time ago (*Ark Royal's* please note!) and though constant repetition of this is fast driving us earthbound fish-heads up the old proverbial, it is nevertheless a considerable achievement. A self-refit and banyan spell in Malta every six weeks or so has stopped us



Visitors to "Eagle"

from going completely bonkers, for which we are grateful to homeward-bound *Albion* and *Bulwark* who gave us a relief. Whilst on the subject, I should like to place on record our gratitude to the Army and R.A.F. in Cyprus for their unbounded hospitality. Burdened as they were with their own troubles they still found time to welcome us to their homes, clubs and canteens, and though we entertained them onboard on occasion, it in no way way balanced things up.

On one occasion we had the real pleasure of taking to sea with us a considerable number of our sisters-in-arms (apt expression) from Hal Far and Whitehall Mansions. Unfortunately, it was only for the day and they watched the flying and trooped around the ship poking their pretty noses any—and everywhere... well, almost! The lass who manned our end of Ship-NAS is welcome to come in my watch any time. When they transferred to a CMS to return to Malta the proportion of male to female was drastically reversed! We hope they enjoyed the trip as much as we enjoyed having them.

One break from the Cyprus monotony was a week in Istanbul with *Sheffield* and *Trafalgar*. Not

normally—I gather—a brilliant run ashore, the chance of a hinge in a port other than Malta was snapped up by practically everyone, aided as we were with a very favourable rate of exchange. The sight of certain members of the staff trying to master the intricacies of a belly-dance in a night club would have turned Jerry Lewis green with envy! The British residents laid on a beerfeast and dance nightly in the French consulate which was well patronised, though the female shortage was pretty critical. The usual cocktail and childrens' parties were laid on and the topic of Cyprus was studiously avoided.

In the sporting line, *Eagle's* boxing team has been going great guns, with R.O.J. Taylor a regular—and winning—member. In our last competition at Gib, the ship's team fought a combined team from the Gib. A.F.A., R.A.F. Gib, *Rouke*, and the Home Fleet, and we won 9-4. Taylor fought a Leading Patrolman in his bout and—needless to say—had plenty of vocal support. Though the patrolman put up a plucky fight and received grudging applause, Taylor won on points. Comms' success in soccer, "Round-the-Rock-relay", etc., has been moderate and we like to think it's the result of an overdose of watchkeeping.



"Eagle's" 'pod looks gild.

Lt. Green and Sub.-Lt. Ash leave us this Christmas without relief and we wish them well in their new appointments. Lt.-Cdr. Prince and Sub.-Lt. Richards will continue to wield the whip and we hope to spend the latter part of the commission in a slightly quieter way than heretofore.

H.M.S. VICTORIOUS

How does it feel to be in "Britain's latest and most modern carrier"? Perhaps most would reply, sadly, that one carrier is much the same as another and that they'd rather be in small ships.

Victorious, however, is different from the others. First of all, she's comfortable. The two Communication messdecks are both enclosed and are almost like the Ritz. Everyone has bunks; there is a red corticene deck—attractive curtains and tablecloths (NOT contributed by the Navy), a bookcase, a settee, and on the door a crest of *Mercury*. The general effect is good, but mind you, the Communication messdecks are the best in the ship—at least we think so.

Secondly, the lay-out of the ship is, on the whole, good—and simple to follow. The B.W.O. is not too far away from the Radio mess—although the M.S.O. being on top of the island, is another matter. But then, why have an M.S.O. there at all places.

Finally... the food is excellent—lots of big helpings! The Chef is actually liked on board here.

The ship, of course, has only just become operational: the work-up is behind us and we Communicators reckon we're ready for anything. Traffic is just not high enough for us.

As for our staff, we can't grumble. Some of you will remember C.C.Y. Cox at *Mercury*. His smile keeps the T.O.s happy. Then there's C.R.S. Clark ex-*Gangex*; the R.O.s really appreciate his military bearing.

Some of our equipment is of interest so here are some details:—

Reception of 50 Baud Met. Traffic

It has been thought for some time now that with present equipment it was impossible to receive International Met. transmissions of 50 bauds. In fact Admiralty is now in the process of distributing 50 baud modification kits for ordinary 7B teleprinters to enable them to be used in conjunction with the standard Converter—Comparator outfits at present fitted in ships.

In *Victorious* we provide the Met. Officer with 50 baud International Met. whenever he requires it by using the standard U.S. T.T.Y. Though designed for 45.5 bauds, 50 bauds is well within the capabilities of this machine. All that is necessary is a slight adjustment of the control which is referred to in the handbook as the "Range-finder Control". This control is graduated from 1-120 and is situated on the right-hand side of the machine.

Flight Deck Magnetic Broadcast System

This equipment provides one way telephony communication from control positions to a number of selected personnel of the Flight Deck Handling Parties, enabling them to receive orders from the F.D.O. or Flyco positions whilst Jet engines are running. It is at present fitted in *Victorious* and one or two of the other modernised carriers.

It uses a transmitter radiating in the 72 to 80 Kcs band with a power output of 130 watts and transistorized receivers built into the helmets of the flight deck personnel. The transmitter radiates a continuous carrier. Control personnel can switch into the circuit to amplitude modulate the carrier. The



"Victorious" at high speed—note the Tagan Aerial on top of the mast.

transmitter output is fed to the aerial which consists of a loop completely encircling the flight deck at deck level.

The helmet receivers are extremely small wide band straight sets and no channel changing is necessary when the transmitter frequency is altered. The system is acclaimed by the Fleet Air Arm personnel and simplifies carrier jet operating.

H.M.S. GRAHAM

Clyde Division R.N.R.

Now that we are all duly signed up in the new R.N.R.,—though not without a sigh of regret for the passing of the old order—we are still trying to get used to those new-fangled names, and somehow they seem pretty insipid compared to the old tallies. Still we must move with the times, and no doubt once we get used to them, we'll roll 'em off our tongues in style.

Not being the proud possessors of that wonder machine called RATT, we have recently ventured

forth to H.M.S. *Adamant* at Faslane, where we have actually gazed upon the THING, and been shown how it's all done. It was a most interesting tour of inspection, and our thanks are due to our hosts for taking the time and trouble to instil into us the basic 'know-how'.

Our V/S Instructor, Chief Yeoman Butler, has recently acquired the bar to his long-service medal, so any time now we expect to give him a free transfer to the Chelsea Pensioners. Training continues apace, and as the Winter social whirl is getting into its swing, life is far from tedious.

Currently we are having visitations from the ratings standing by the new cruiser *Tiger*, fitting-out locally, and who knows, they may just have a gash RATT machine to spare us. We can hardly wait to see the light—the green one, that is! Apart from counting the weeks until Bounty Night and its attendant lolly, and the thought of having to sew on those new R.N.R. shoulder flashes, life rolls on much as usual up here amidst the swirling Scotch mists.

Prize Winning Article

" . . . JOLLY TROGGS ARE OUR MEN".

BY GEORGE (Please contact Editor for prize)

You've heard from me before. I wrote a few months ago and told you how much I'd enjoyed *Ganges* as a Communications Junior. There was one little episode I forgot to mention—our trip to SEA—I suppose I must have been trying too hard to forget it at the time.

You see, there comes a time in every Junior's life when he must leave the sequestered calm of his Training Establishment and venture on to the briny. NATURALLY we look forward to this time more than any other period during our training—how little we know! None of the horrifying accounts of our instructors concerning life at sea can deter us. Sea sickness is something everyone else suffers from except us. Don't they know, we're Matelots!

Often during our course we'd seen the long grey lines of the destroyer allocated from time to time to *Ganges* for sea training, lying off the pier, or throwing up a curling bow wave as she headed for the open sea. We'd seen superior looking Juniors trekking down to the foreshore, past the Signal School, carrying mysterious looking objects which we were told were called Safari Jars (though exactly what that meant we weren't quite sure) and we'd envied them with all our hearts. And now our turn had come!

I was rather disillusioned from the start. The day commenced with a thick blanketing fog that obscured everything except the back of the Junior six inches in front of me who was following the Junior six inches in front of him. What the bloke in the front was following I never did find out. I also discovered that the mysterious bundles we had seen others carrying contained nothing more exciting than "Corned Dog Sandwiches" and the Safari Jars turned out to be glorified Thermos flasks containing "UGH!"—thick greasy soup.

When we arrived at the Pier our spirits sank even lower. A grey, swirling, clammy blanket enveloped everything. Except for the water slopping round the wooden supports beneath our feet the river just did not exist, and as for our destroyer the only indication that she was there at all was the ghostly clang of her ship's bell as the quartermaster rang it at frequent intervals to inform other denizens of the river of her existence.

I thought of our Chief, C.R.S. "Knocker" White sitting in his Mess, chuckling at the thought of his intrepid sparkers on this their first encounter with life at sea. It wouldn't have been so bad if we could have seen the blooming stuff. We waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, after about three-quarters of an hour the fog began to lift and the vague outlines of our destroyer became visible: our hearts began to lift too, as increased activity around us indicated that a "Trot" boat was being prepared to take us out.

With a clang of telegraphs and a swirl of water from our stern, we came to a stop amidships of

H.M.S. *Saladin*. A thin wobbly looking rope ladder stretched up to the deck, we navigated it like a brace of bow legged monkeys and mustered in the waist. Two piratical looking Chiefs bore down upon us, cleaved their way through the middle, and sent half of us up on the foc'sle and half of us down aft to take up stations for leaving harbour. This shook us rather, because we'd been expecting to spend the day either having quiet burns in the W/T office or looking majestic on the bridge. Worse was to come . . .

We cleared the breakwater and found to our delight that the sea was smooth as a mill pond. We weren't really so sure of what our reactions would have been if it had been rough, and we were relieved that there was going to be no danger of us disgracing ourselves by being seasick. Our complacency was short lived. "You, you and you, get these lifebelts on and stand by to man the sea boat!" I struggled into my lifebelt and wondered if we were sinking. We weren't but that didn't make matters any better. A whaler was swung out on the port davits, hanging over a frothy sea that seemed to rush along beneath it. The only access to this precariously hung boat was an even wobblier ladder than the one we'd had to climb to get on board. Somehow we made it, and then they started to lower us. There was only one thing wrong, nobody had thought to ask the Captain to stop the ship. I said a mental goodbye to my girl friend and closed my eyes, AND SOMEBLOOMING DIDN'T LET US DROP!! The next thing I knew I was instinctively swinging my oar outboard and pulling like mad as we dropped astern and away from the ship. A short pull back to the ship which had hove to, the falls were clipped on and I sat back to be hauled up. "GET UP THEM BLANKETY BLANK LIFE LINES," I awoke with a jerk. I'd wondered what those ropes hanging down into the boat were for and now I knew.

After we were safely back on deck and had divested ourselves of our lifebelts we were taken for'd through the break of the foc'sle and into the Wireless Office. We squeezed into a tiny little room that seemed overcrowded with bodes and mysterious looking equipment. Was I destined to work in places like this for the rest of my life? The persistent hum of a ship underway at speed began to beat into our conscious minds; the heat and fog of the office began to weigh down on us oppressively. Suddenly I didn't feel so good. The Senior Radio Operator on watch took a massive pipe out of his pocket and lit it. Clouds of heavy tobacco smoke billowed round my head. That was enough, regardless of what the Radio Supervisor who was showing us round might say I fought my way to the door and staggered out onto the upper deck. I chose a right old time. "ALL JUNIORS LAY AFT, MAN THE WHALER'S FALLS." In my state it didn't mean a thing to me, but I was

caught up in a rush of Junior Seamen from the foc'sle and borne along until I found myself with a rope between my hands.

"Down slack on the falls." We walked backwards. I nearly tripped up. "Marry the falls." MARRY! what the devil was he talking about. "Hold the two ropes together you miserable Trogg." I did. "Hoist away." We bent our backs to it and the whaler rose swiftly out of the water and up to the blocks. "High enough." . . . "Separate the falls." A member of the boat's crew who hadn't made it up the life lines tumbled over the side of the whaler and onto the deck. "Ship's side fall hoist." . . . "High enough" . . . "Marry the Falls." . . . "Falls in hand; ease to the life lines." We walked slowly forward as the lifelines took the strain.

I felt O.K. again and 'Cooks to the galley' sent me hurrying to where our bag meals were stowed just as eagerly as anyone else. It's marvellous what sea air can do to a Junior's appetite on a calm day. The corned dog sandwiches tasted wonderful, and when the Comms. mess sent us some gash Manchester tart on deck—well I ask you.

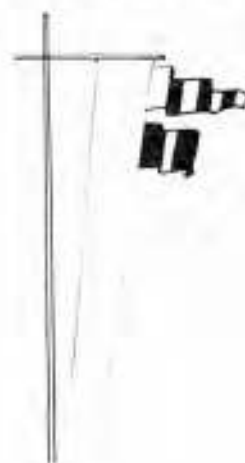
In the afternoon we really did get cracking on our own department. The W/T Office began to make sense as everything was explained in terms which we could understand. And as we learned what it meant surprisingly enough it seemed to get larger and less congested. A Junior who we'd known at *Ganges*, and who was now on top line to be rated O.D. turned out to be the only "regular" sparker in the *Saladin's* Comms. staff apart from the R.S. I must admit that the sight of him quite nochalantly, and I might add competently, taking over Nore C.C.N. gave me a lot of confidence in my own capabilities in the not so distant future when I would be drafted to sea. Mind you, the way voices suddenly rapped out of pipes, and messages were whisked away and returned

through yet more pipes rather hazed me, but I suppose it's just one of those things you get used to—it certainly didn't seem to worry the blokes on watch.

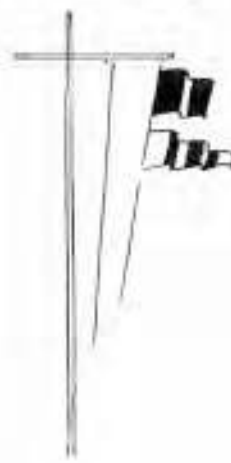
We left the Main Office eventually and started a tour of inspection. Those of us who had opted for R.O. (S) had more than a passing interest in the 3rd Office and the knowledge that if everyone was killed in the Main Wireless Office up for'd, we could still operate from the Second Wireless Office down aft should have inspired us but didn't. We proceeded to the Flag Deck where our J.T.O.s were disporting themselves, and viewed the maze of aerials high above us on the Foremast. I was surprised to learn that the "Main Roof", which I'd read about, was nothing more exciting than a few bits of wire stretched between the two masts. I think I must have had some idea of a prefabricated roof complete with tiles which could be erected over the ship in wet weather.

It was with surprise and a tinge of regret that we realised that H.M.S. *Saladin* was heading back for *Ganges*. The day had passed all too quickly and a glimpse of our own kind doing a proper job of work under what seemed to us to be much less strict supervision made us long for the time when we would be at sea ourselves. The *Ganges'* Trof boat came alongside, over the side of *Saladin* we went with much more confidence than we had felt when we clambered on board that morning. Of course our Instructor and the D.O., the S.C.O. and other Officers at the Signal School all asked us questions about how we'd liked it, what we had learnt, etc., etc., and I don't think our answers helped them a lot or were very explicit in any way. You see it's not something you can explain, it's something you feel. For me it was a glimpse into the future and a realization of why I had joined, and now I was sure that I'd made the right choice.

I'm going to turn RIGHT



I'm going to turn LEFT



I'm going to Dog-Watch Instructions



H.M.S. GANGES

Life goes on very much as before at the Signal School *Ganges*, the main changes being in the faces and the weather. However, this Term had one day underlined in RED on all the Term calendars—this was the visit of the Captain of the Signal School.

During his stay he spoke personally to every Communications Instructor in *Ganges*—a formidable task as you will see from the photograph—and then walked round the School and saw some of the classes under instruction.

Captain Brooke's visit occurred at an interesting stage of our development here. We are increasing our intake of prospective Communicators with every recruitment, and now have a grand total of 35 classes under instruction. Old boys will be interested to hear that we have had to take over the Theatre for pre-final and final examinations, and classroom allocation has become more involved than filling in your football pools.

DARTMOUTH TRAINING SQUADRON

Since you last heard from us the Dartmouth Squadron has moved around much more than our territorial title would imply.

After providing the escort for the *Britannia* around part of the West Country we returned to Devonport for a rest. However, almost immediately, *Carron*, with Captain (D) embarked, set off as the British contribution to the escort for the International Sail Training Race from Brest to Corunna and the Canaries. Pressing invitations were issued to Communicators of the Squadron and also to the 2nd Training Squadron to join her for the trip, and she eventually sailed with a communications staff worthy of a destroyer. Just as well for she found herself the Senior Officer of an escort which consisted of French, Portuguese and Spanish ships manning a circuit to yachts of many nationalities taking part in



COMMUNICATIONS S

TATION

the race and issuing weather forecasts and time signals. In quick succession visits were paid to Brest, Corunna, Las Palmas, Tenerife and Gibraltar before returning home to summer leave. The other two ships of the First Division, *Vigilant* and *Roebuck*, had finished their leave by this time and were off to take part in Exercise "Ship-Shape", into which the Division advanced with some trepidation, with Communicators from the Second Division embarked.

However, despite a rough passage, we survived and returned to our task of training Midshipmen and Cadets.

During this time the Second Division had been ferrying Midshipmen and Cadets of the B.R.N.C. to the north of Norway, to take part in a survey.

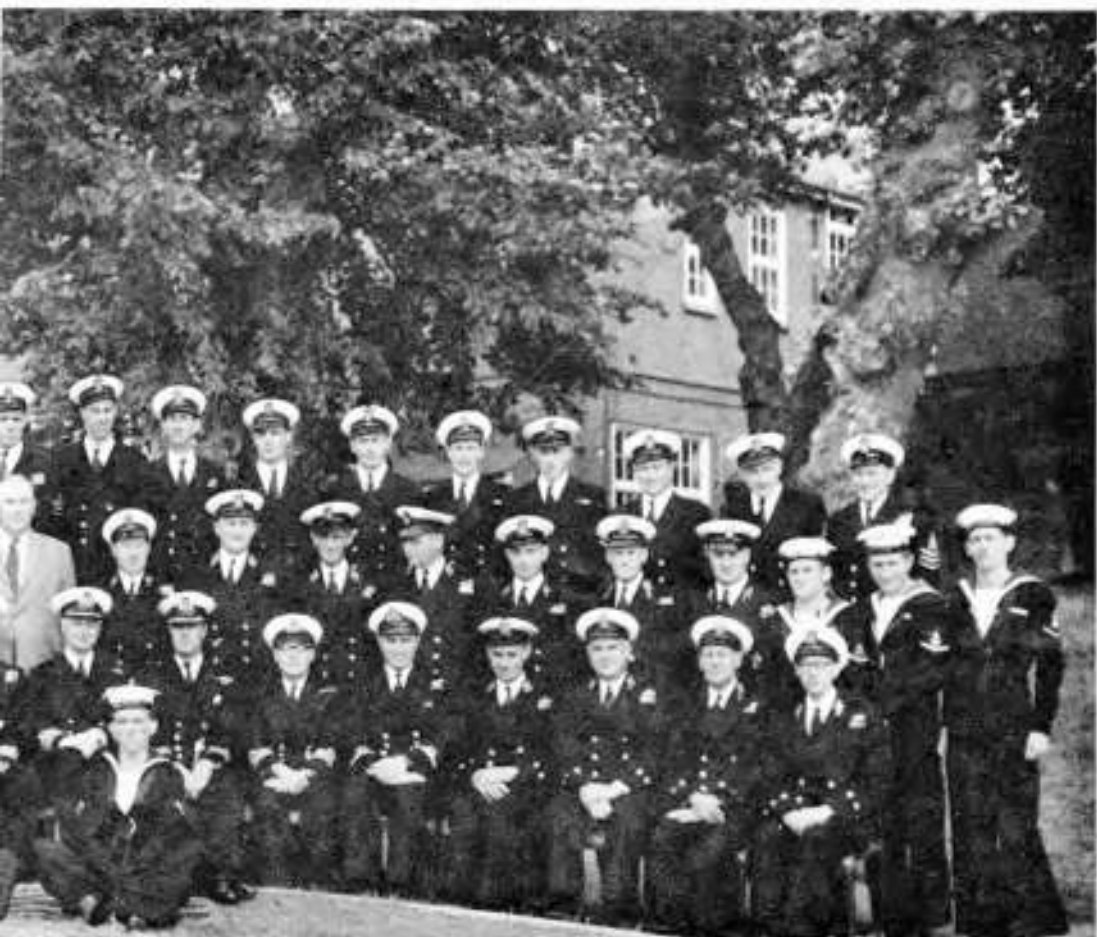
Shortly afterwards, all five ships were exercising through the Channel on their way to Antwerp (with the S.C.O. trying hard to remember how you manoeuvre divisions). There we docked in the centre of the town and went off to visit the Brussels

Exhibition. This proved a tremendous success, being visited by nearly everyone in the Squadron.

Following this we returned to Portland and exercises, moving on to Plymouth for the inspection of the Leader by Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, C.-in-C. Plymouth. This was for all the First Division a day packed with incidents, ranging from pre-wetting as we passed the Breakwater whilst simultaneously co-operating with a Shackleton hunting a Submarine, to "making fire at the yardarm".

Next we went up to Scotland to give our sparkers a chance to drive another Command crazy and for a visit to Glasgow where the "foreigners" had a good weekend.

Now we are off to Gibraltar where we hear that the Home Fleet can't wait for us to take part in yet another exercise; followed by more and more exercising for our Young Gentlemen with a brief visit to Lisbon on the way home for Christmas. However, we expect to return to the Mediterranean in the New Year to continue our training.



FF. H.M.S. "GANGES"

Jewel and *Acute* are also fitting in a visit to Bristol and a minesweeping exercise as well as their normal training task.

"Are YOU this good?"

Received on the Squadron Ratt net.

Ship (cockily): When are we shifting to 34C2R?

The Leader (smugly): Reply . . . This is 34C2R

Diminutive reply: . . . R AR

H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM

The new commission started well with good weather, and on the whole we have been fairly well blessed ever since. After a very short work up at Portland and Summer leave at Chatham we were soon in harness with the fleet. Flag Officer Fjotillas, Home Fleet, joined late in August. The cruise to

date has been a varied and interesting one; work up, exercises and visits to Bantry Bay, Eire, Bordeaux, France, Tangier and quite a lot of Gib.

Bantry Bay, contrary to belief, we found was not another Scapa Flow. It was an interesting and very pleasant visit. Bordeaux lived up to its national reputation and the measure of success was to be seen by the damp handkerchiefs waving farewell; certain Communicators cannot be spared some of the blame for this!

We have not yet excelled in the sporting world although L.R.O. Kerr and R.O.3 Moyce have put up a good effort at boxing. Sailing has caught on well and coupled with this we should have the making of a good team for the regatta—due to the number of times gentle zephyrs have refused to get us back to the ship. Not the least of our achievements was the sailing of a whaler by the Communicators' crew from Tangier back to Gibraltar in 10 hours. Also on the credit side—depending on one's point of view—we played a mixed team from GIBCOMCEN at hockey; being gallant of course we lost, but this probably accounts for the invitation to tea with the W.R.N.S.

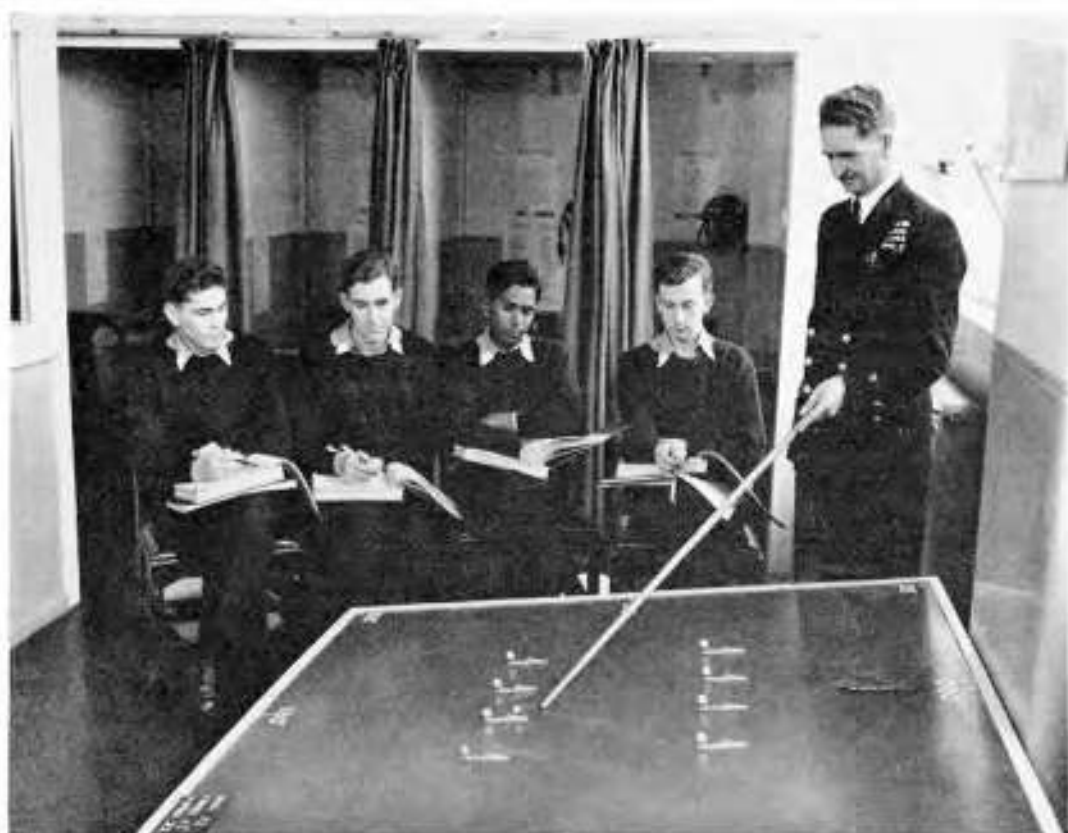
Now all we have left is Exercise 'Sharp Squall III', a short visit, to Brest for washup and dear old Chat's for Christmas leave. After Christmas we look forward to renewing acquaintances with Communicators in the Med.

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BRITANNIA ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE DARTMOUTH

In July, the College had the honour of being presented with a Queen's Colour, bringing it into line with the R.M.A., Sandhurst and R.A.F. College, Cranwell. The colour presentation was carried out by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Her Majesty was indisposed and had to cancel her visit to Wales and the West Country.





The Manoeuvring Floor

The wet weather held off just long enough for the Parade to be held outside, where, with the First Sea Lord and Flag Officer Royal Yachts in attendance, the signal world was well represented.

During a tour of the College, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the recently instituted Manoeuvring Floor and Voice Teacher. Here manoeuvring signals are passed by voice and tape recorded. The Midshipmen in each of the cubicles draws out each manoeuvre using the Signal Books as necessary. Then, the tape is played back, and the model ships follow through on the floor itself, so that voice and manoeuvring are combined to give a live picture of simple O.O.W. manoeuvres.

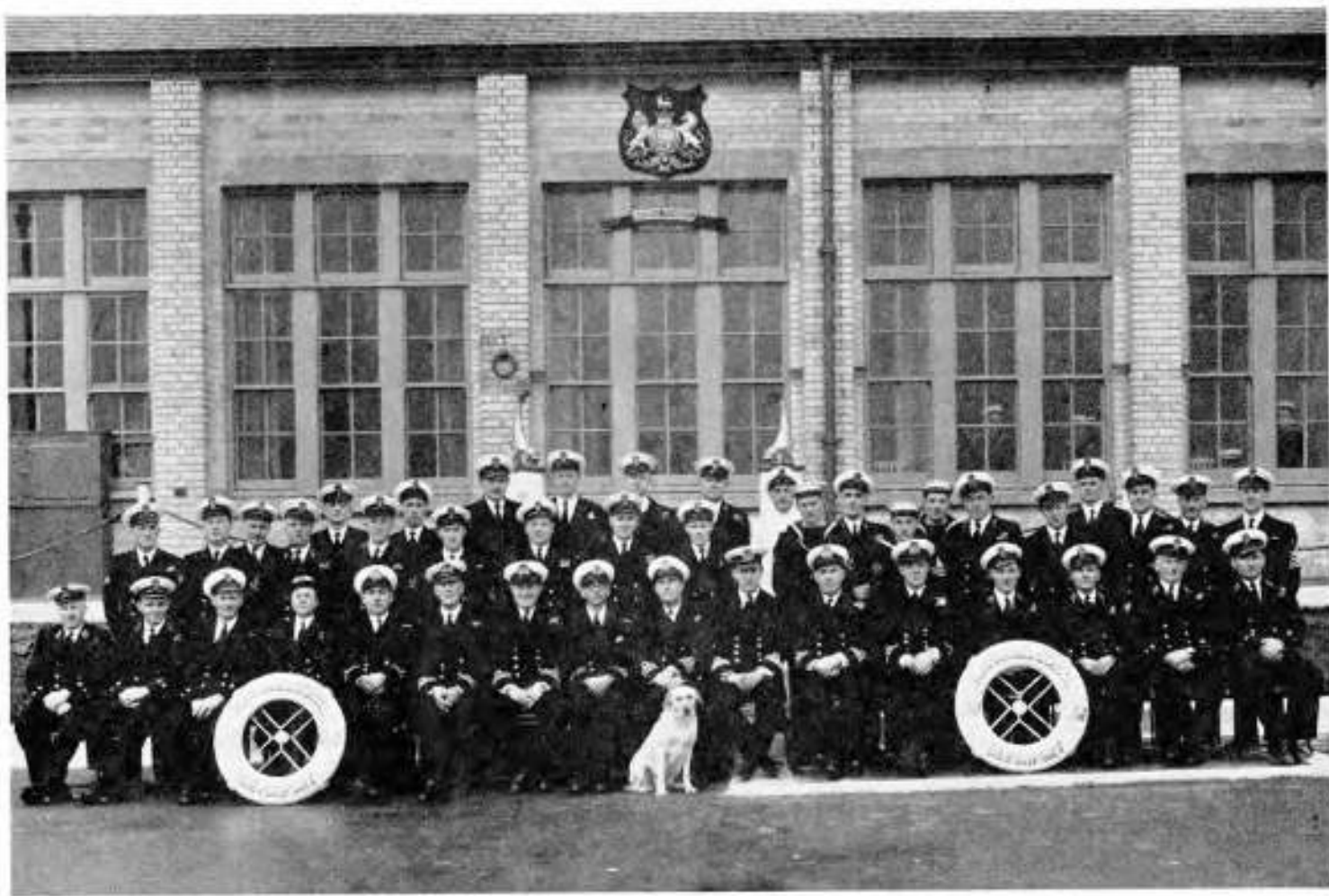
THE R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

On the 1st December, 1958, the Royal Naval Signal School of the West Country closed down and its place was taken by a Signal Training Centre. It is a far cry from the days of yore when the Seamanship Room in the Royal Naval Barracks had a little corner from which the mysteries of signals were taught. Then, such subjects as "Hoisting

the battle cloak" or "The correct procedure for holding the megaphone for voice transmission" were prominent in the curriculum. With the advent of wireless telegraphy more room was required, and the Signal Section was given its own classrooms and became the first Signal School, Devonport. That was in 1901 and the school occupied the small buildings near the gymnasium, on the site now occupied by the very modern Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers Messes.

Certain characters come to mind. Who does not remember "The Feuhrer" now Lieut.-Cmdr. S. G. Smith R.N. (Retired). This remarkable man even though getting on in years, had a voice like a fog horn. It was a very sorry day for any miscreant coming in front of "Samuel George". How could anyone forget "Burglar" Watson—officially Chief Petty Officer Telegraphist Watson: the man who could be relied upon to produce anything at any time for anyone (on a strictly cash basis).

It was in the spring of 1942 that the Signal School made its first move from the Royal Naval Barracks Glen Holt, which had been a holiday camp for



Staff of R.N.S.S. Devonport

nudists before the Admiralty took it over. It had everything except the seaside lovelies, much to the disgust of all concerned. The title "Royal Naval Signal School" was given to this establishment. A newcomer to the School, on being interviewed by the "Feuhrer", would be told, "Your 'uts are your 'omes while you're 'ere" and "There's 'ooks in your 'uts to 'ang your 'ats on".

The Communicators struck camp again in August, 1947, and moved from these rustic surroundings to the R.N. Camp at Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux. A considerable number of hearts were broken when the School shifted, especially in the two locals, "The George" and "Lopez Arms". Vicarage Road Camp was a collection of Nissen huts built for the U.S. Forces. The huts were all fitted with heat controlled oil stoves which became a boon to the livers-in. One had to be very careful regarding the throwing of lighted cigarettes on the ground outside the huts. The Americans had, during their stay, liberally sprinkled the ground with the paraffin and it was quite easy to set the soil alight. The Americans with their normal big heartedness, had left behind enough breakfast cereals to keep the Signal School going for nigh on two years. A small section of the camp was also taken over by the Command E.V.T. Officer and the facilities were made available to the Signal School during the dog watches. It is known that a considerable number of communication ratings became experts at glove making.

Seven years later on 22nd July, 1954, the R.N.S.S. was moved again, this time to a site on St. Budeaux Hill once occupied by the R.N. Detention Quarters and more recently by H.M.S. *Impregnable*, the Boys' Training Establishment. The camp was shared with the W.R.N.S. and the A.B.C.D. School. A large barbed wire fence separated the W.R.N.S. quarters from those of the Signal School, but the name *Impregnable* was dropped.

From the heights on which the camp is situated, one can see far up the St. Germans River, down the

Hamouze and over the Dockyard. The building and classrooms were ideal and the very tall training mast was a suitable landmark and training aid. Amongst its tasks, the Signal School has latterly been carrying out the Part II training of National Service Communication ratings, for whom the proximity of the Dockyard (for Ship visits) and Dartmoor (for character training expeditions) proved useful.

The following is a list of O i/c Signal School Devonport:—

1901—05	No records held.
1906—09	Lt. Malcolm A. Kennard.
1910—12	Lt. Gerald Sowerby.
1913—14	Lt.-Cdr. James M. Pison.
1915—18	Lt.-Cdr. Cyril D. Fenn.
1919—20	Cdr. John H. K. Clegg, O.B.E.
1921	Cdr. Hugh B. Robinson.
1922—25	Lt. James Patchett.
1926	Lt. E. M. Manners.
1927	Tel. Lt. A. Dean.
1928	Comm. Sig. Bosn. W. G. S. Slade.
1929—31	Tel. Lt. W. S. Bloodworth, M.B.E.
1932—34	Sig. Lt. S. G. Smith.
1935	Comm. Tel. S. T. Showell.
1936—38	Cdr. J. H. C. Minter (Ret.).
1939—46	Lt.-Cdr. V. J. Robinson (Ret.).
1947	Lt.-Cdr. P. B. Schonfeldt.
1948	Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Phillimore.
1949—50	Lt.-Cdr. I. R. Mason.
1951—52	Lt.-Cdr. W. L. Irving.
1953	Lt.-Cdr. D. O. Dykes.
1954—55	Cdr. M. L. Woolcombe.
1956	Cdr. J. Durnford.
1957—58	Lt.-Cdr. R. S. I. Hawkins.

During the week commencing 1st September this year, 222 ratings were under instruction, made up as follows:— 173 N.S. Trainees, 11 Course "JT", 3 Course "JS", 2 R.N. Copy Typing Course,



A view from the mast



H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent talking to W.R.N.V.(W)R.s

10 Ceylon Navy Copy Typing Course, 17 R.N.V.(W)R. Morse Progress Course and 6 W.R.N.S. Switchboard Operators. Other classes under instruction have also included:— Senior V.S. and W/T Refreshers, Yardcraft Signalman, R.N.V.(W)R. New Entry Training, Teleprinter Training and Crypto Courses.

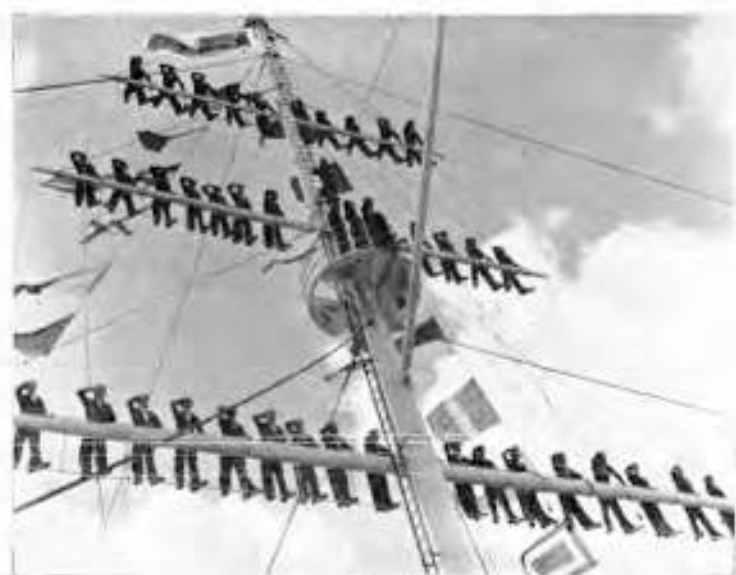
The Signal Training Centre will remain at St. Budeaux in charge of a Lieutenant (SD) (C), Lieut. A. Salter being the present O i/c. It will be situated in a small part of the main classroom block, though the Central Receiving Room and some transmitters are also being kept in use. All the staff will be accommodated in the Royal Naval Barracks and they, together with ratings under instruction, will travel daily to St. Budeaux by road or boat (according to the weather); the W.R.N.S. have kindly made arrangements to provide mid-day meals at St. Budeaux.

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

Memories have been awakened by the previous article and it is only necessary here to record the many notable events of this Term to bring our readers up to date.

Shortly after our return from Summer leave training was commenced for the 'Round the Barracks' run; twice round the barracks course, a marathon of no mean proportions, as anyone who has humped his kit round there will appreciate. R.N.S.S. entered two teams of eight who romped home to win the first and second team prizes and the first three individual places.

The soccer season is in full swing and the United Services Division III shield will almost certainly reside at the School for another season because, at the time of writing, there are only three games to play and all previous seven have been won with



Men Aloft

46 goals for and only 2 against. In the R.N.B. league the School has won its first four games and is sitting comfortably at the top of the table. On the rugby field we are well represented in the barracks team and a few stalwarts have been noted by the Devonport Services selectors.

Early in October the Commander-in-Chief Plymouth made his final inspection of the School which was marred only by the weather. The trainees manned the mast on his departure in the best Services tradition irrespective of the west country monsoon.

On the 15th October, H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent paid a visit to the west country. Her itinerary included a tour of Plymouth City Centre, which is a magnificent achievement of reconstruction after the devastation of 1942, and a visit to the W.R.N.S. quarters, St. Budeaux. Technically the Signal School was not involved in Her Royal Highness's visit to the W.R.N.S.; but in fact we were in the thick of things, and the Press made the most of it when the trainees manned the mast.

Late in October, the Ship's Company held their final dance which was undoubtedly one of the highlights of the Term.

"Gunpowder, treason and plot" was aptly remembered on The Fifth by a fireworks display which was followed by hot-dogs and dancing organised by the W.R.N.S. It is still not quite clear why the O.O.D. insisted on searching the wardroom basement during middle-watch rounds.

The C.P.O.s and P.O.s (R.N.S.S. and W.R.N.S.) held the R.N.S.S. Farewell Ball on November 13th.

This was a really gala affair attended by everybody: at least on one was unaccounted for and we were delighted to be able to entertain the Senior Officers of the port and their ladies and the Captain of H.M.S. *Mercury*. The following forenoon Captain Brooke looked round the section of the School which will comprise S.T.C. and talked with the Senior Rates. November 28th saw the end of our training activities when some 80 trainees and their instructors entrained for *Mercury*. We have left behind a Signal Training Centre as a port of refuge for West Country Communicators.

Since the Summer number went to press, we have said good bye to Lieuts. (SD) (C) Barlow and Wright who have won their "golden" bowlers and we wish them all success in their civilian life. Lieut. A. Salter and Sub-

Li. Fletcher are remaining with the S.T.C. and we say "Goodbye and good luck", to all those other officers and instructors who will be going their separate ways at Christmas.

H.M.S. TIGER

Despite any claims that *Victorious* and *Eagle* might make in this issue, I thought you might be interested to hear from the really latest and greatest; now getting very near to her commissioning date.

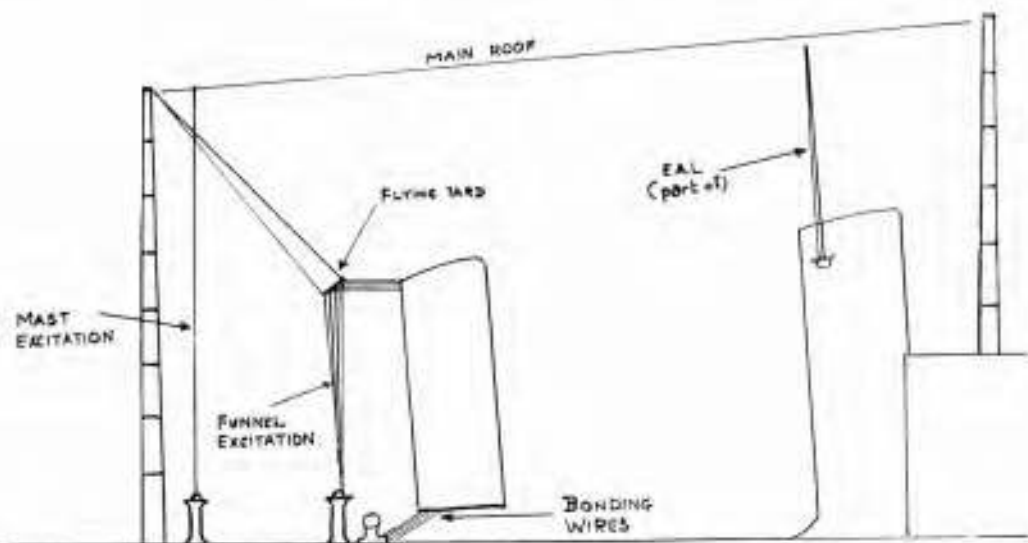
We are still in the hands of Messrs. John Brown Ltd. of Glasgow who have built a long line of highly successful warships, from the early Dreadnoughts to the latest million pound frigates, and in between times have built such masterpieces as the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*.

I don't think I need to tell you about the bunk spaces, dining halls and hot and cold electric showers dotted around the ship. That's all old stuff in this modern navy, but users of electric razors might be interested to hear that the domestic power is 115v A.C.

Perhaps a mention of the offices would suit COMMUNICATOR readers more.

From the point of view of layout *Tiger* is very much the conventional cruiser but the equipment fitted inside is so modern that some of it is not fitted in any other ship.

Another novelty is our aerial rig. We are 'first of a class' in this respect. That means that *Lion* and



Blake (being built in other Dockyards) will be fitted with similar aerial systems but that we shall have the job of chasing the bugs out of it. (To give an example. Last night, when I commenced this article, our main roof had five legs. Tonight, and for ever more, it will have four.) As a model of our aerial system appeared in this year's Radio Show, I think I can include a sketch of it without breaking any rules.

As this rig is brand new we have had to improvise a great deal and we are, by now, quite immune to sailors' wisecracks about our 'exciting funnel' and even the 'flying yard' is accepted as conventional. It may be of interest to know that, besides the two signal officers—suitably disguised as dockyard mates—we have had to use R.E.s (air) from Abbotsinch, welders, boilermakers, teams from A.S.R.E., riggers and electricians to get the outfit rigged. And that discounts all the impracticable suggestions we've had from the bo'suns and gunnery types.

The sketch shows the layout very simply—it is slightly more complex than that—and two major problems are now in view. One is dressing ship and the other is our first refit, when it might have to be overhauled.

As our programme stands at the moment we are due to commission in February and arrive in Portsmouth the same month. Pompey ratings will bear with us, I hope, if we are a little late in appearing. Delays do sometimes occur in such modern and costly ships.

The signal officers of *Tiger* for her first commission are Lt.-Cdr. St. J. Herbert, and Sub Lt. R. Thompson, either of whom will be pleased to hear from any future 'Tigerites' if you have any queries. (H.M.S. *Tiger*, c/o J. Brown Ltd., Clydebank, Glasgow, is the address.)

Until we commission everyone is required to live in digs. We have plenty of suitable addresses available; a dockyard week (Mon.—Fri.) is worked and, rain excluded, everyone at present in *Tiger* seems to find much enthusiasm and interest over 'building a ship'. See you next Easter!



Salesgirl—"The words are lovely—"To the only girl for me!"

Sailor—"That's the card miss—I'll take two dozen please."

A CRYPTIC VIEW OF "SHIP-SHAPE"

You're going on an Exercise, they said to us one day,
And our thoughts began to wander to somewhere
far away.
We rather hoped CINCELANCANT would need
our services,
BUT CINCHAN sent a signal and for two weeks we
were his.

We got ourselves all up to date and tried to memorize
The bits that we'd forgotten from the good book
C.O.I.s.
Then off we set for Northwood—'twas eight miles if
a yard,
Prepared, by those who'd been before, to work
extremely hard.

The briefing was impressive and we felt we mustn't
fail
To pull our weight and do our bit as well as any
male.
So down into the tunnel to stand beside our posts;
The Crypto room was dreary, but the RAF were
charming hosts.

Well we sewed a bit and crocheted and knitted 14
sweaters,
We talked all night and then all day and wrote a mass
of letters.
It really was so cosy that it almost seemed a shame,
To have to stop the card game just because a signal
came.

It wasn't very often though that such a thing
occurred,
And whether it was Flash or not we'd treat it as
Deferred.
We'd pass it round from hand to hand and have it
out on show.
They'd sometimes have to beg of us before we'd let
it go.

And when at last the Ships were knocked completely
out of Shape,
We still had lots of paper left and quite a bit of tape.
The thought that kept recurring as we said our last
goodbyes,
Was that Ship Shape was for us a very gentle
Exercise.

PRIZE WINNING PHOTOGRAPH

By C.R.S. E. V. Howe of M.H.Q. Rosyth



"PIPES AND DRUMS"



S.A.N. SIGNAL SCHOOL, SIMONSTOWN

Summer is upon us again, and as this is being written, the first bush fire of the season is having a go down below (just where all good fires should be). Summer, too, brings cricket, to the intense delight of the C.O. Apart from Fleet and inter-Service games, in which we hope to have our share of representatives, we, together with Cape South, have entered a team in an inter-Ship League. Our record to date is 100 per cent, having beaten *Frysmaat* outright. A team from Youngsfield have also entered this league and they started brilliantly by skittling out Slangkop for nine runs!

While still on sport, our soccer team finished the season tying for second place in the inter-Ship League with *Natal* only one point behind the winners. We feel that had we not lost the services of C.R.E. Gordon Licence for the last two games, we would have probably won the Cup.

As we mentioned in the last issue, all our old American equipment has been shifted to make room for the new gear, but unfortunately, the Dockyard cannot take on the work until the New Year. When the work is completed we shall have a complete "mock up" of a Type 12, with a few extras. Training has always been based on *Mercury* syllabuses for Leading and P.O. rates, but we have been hampered by lack of modern equipment. By then we shall have ALL the necessary gear except VHF DF.

'Capex' has come and gone for another year; owing to the 'Hanky Panky' in the Middle East, only *Alaric* was here to represent the R.N. We hope that next year we shall have surface ships in quantity too. We also hope that the name of the exercises will be changed—it is now the trade name for a local brand of fertilizer—and we feel sure that our efforts are not THAT bad.

In early October the inaugural Communicators' Dinner-Dance was held at the St. James' Hotel. It was very well attended, and the general opinion seemed to be that it was first class. We were honoured by the presence of the S.A.N. Chief of Staff, Admiral

S. A. S. A. STATION

Biermann, and the C.O.s of Ships and Establishments. We were disappointed that C-in-C: S.A.S.A. and his Chief of Staff could not attend. For those expecting to be in Cape waters next year, enter 2nd October in your 'date books.'

Howlers

From definitions of Radio Hazards:

- (i) Fuses should be given to the O.O.W. and put on O.O.W.'s board with all the transmitters and radar equipment liable to cause accidents to men aloft.

- (ii) Aerials must be shackled to earth.

Noise Limiter: When a signal is out of phase this will prevent it going any further.

A.C.: When sauce is supplied it sets up a magnetic field in your transformer which rises and falls.

YOUNGSFIELD M.S.O.

As the M.S.O. staff seem to be singularly lacking in the literary arts, it becomes my lot to produce our small contribution, lest it should be forgotten that M.S.O. Youngsfield is still playing its part in our organisation.

Since the last issue three new faces have appeared on the staff thus giving us a fifty per cent staff change in less than six months, but, so far, we have still managed to cope, and have even managed to send one rating to S.T.C. Klaver to endeavour to improve his financial status. With the R.A.s already holding a two-thirds majority, the chances are that this will be even greater in the near future. Of course, it does sometimes happen that a single man manages to go home still single.

Although events elsewhere rather overshadowed Exercise 'Capex' and robbed us of all R.N. participants except H.M. Submarine *Alaric*, any subsequent reduction in signal traffic was not noticed.

The Afrikaner Social Club is still flourishing and with summer almost upon us, is now busy planning trips to the beaches, etc. It is still a debatable point whether these trips are really for the families or for the poor shorebound sailors.

S.A.S. VRYSTAAT

Most days of the year, somewhere between the Kunene Mouth and Cap Ste. Marie, down to Fifty South, a slim, silver-grey, sea-stained Type 15 may be seen, bone in her teeth, watchful, deadly—yes, "Frystaat".

This deserves a closer look . . .

On the flag-deck, sunlit and spotless, we find sprawled the V/S staff, glistening and sun-browned, keen eyes narrowed, peering at the closely written pages of lurid paper-backs—brownest and shiniest is the Warrant Yeoman.

Between decks, stumbling along the dim tunnel known as the Burma Road, we home naturally into the B.W.O., focal point of the ship's Kwela-Skiffle-jive group and, on first sight, scene of a medieval pogonotomical revival (why can't the tels. shave properly?).

Watched over by an emaciated Warrant Tel, muttering, "Why don't They pipe down? Why don't They leave me alone? How many hands do They think I've got?" the radio operators go about their lawful occupations. Always "Watch on, Stop on" at sea, they still find time to chew gum, lose signals, utterly confuse the R.H. system, get lost somewhere and yet remain continuously in the W.O. Tel's hair.

This has gone far enough.

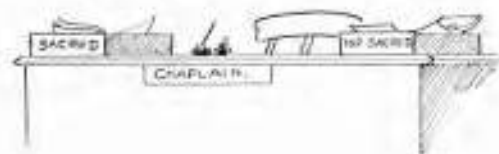
On our peregrinations over the Southern Oceans, we are usually accompanied by our Squadron-mate, *Good Hope*. She is an elegant Despatch Vessel (converted Loch) known affectionately as "that — poodle faking — gin-floated — can".

We hope to be joined next year by *Transvaal*, another Loch, which is modernising at present. In the meantime what we lack in homogeneity and quantity we more than make up for in—ah!—efficiency.

Our big complaint is that we see too little of H.M. ships and submarines out here. We are hoping for bigger and better "Cupex's" in future, and also for a chance to work with the French and Portuguese Navies and the U.S. South Atlantic Force.

We found that the best post-exercise washup was the Communicators' Dinner-Dance which went off very well and which we thoroughly enjoyed. The only flaw was when our W.O. Tel. whipped out his Ship-Shore log from under his stuffed shirt and was heard to say, "You've only got to read it and you'll know what I mean!"

The Patrol and a South African Police mobile van cleared up most of the wreckage!



SLANGKOP

Summer has come again to South Africa, and we at Slangkop are making the most of the sunshine. Swimming trunks are out of moth balls and sunbathing is once again a popular between-watch pastime. Dreams of a white Christmas are remote. Nightmares of a "snowed-under" one are more appropriate.

Looking at things from a Service point of view, highlights of the past four months have been the annual Admiral's Inspection, which we survived, and the temporary detachment of our frigates to the Middle East trouble zone, in support of the troops sent to the assistance of King Hussein's regime in Jordan.

Appearance of the canteen, dining hall, galley and bathrooms have been much improved by a fresh coat of paint recently. We have also scrounged a lot of rubble and laid down a path through the bush to the tennis court. With the bush fire season here again we've also been burning fire breaks to protect the quarters.

Nature has endowed us with some souvenirs of the Admiral's visit. Some shrubs planted on the morning of his arrival have unexpectedly flourished, thus repeating an earlier freak when some lilacs planted on the morning of a Captain's inspection survived and are still helping enhance the appearance of the station.

Goalposts have given way to wickets again, and we have entered a team in the Simonstown Intership Cricket League. Our first two games resulted in heavy defeats, but despite this we are optimistic about our future prospects. Tennis, swimming and water polo also offer an outlet for those in search of exercise.

Keeping pets is always popular among matelots, and Slangkop is no exception. Ted House keeps us all guessing as to how many rabbits he has at any given time; Johnny Double has two budgies and the Squire has his chicken farm. The cat, drafted here when Chief Howe went home, is still thriving and a worthy assistant to Leading Ratter Bonzo when necessary.

Our social life is fairly full. In addition to regular monthly dances at a local hotel, which are popular and well attended, we recently held a successful social on board, at which chief Sharkey Ward sold glimpses of his Yul Brynner hairdo for a pint a time. We are also holding a children's party in the near future.

Periodic changes in the composition of the staff continue, with an increasing percentage of married accompanied ratings arriving. Unfortunately, space doesn't permit the listing of all the "Ins" and "Outs" but our best wishes follow all our departed friends and we wish those who are about to join us a happy commission.

AIR COMMAND

R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH

Since the last time in print, many changes have occurred, both in Staff, and the activities of the station.

Watchkeeping "round the clock" was assumed when Lossiemouth took over as Northern "Master Diversion Airfield" on 21st October: a job expected to last until mid 1959.

Very few remain of those who were here, at the beginning of the year, and of those who remain, all have draft ebbs. Among some of the departures during the Spring, and Summer, have been Sub-Lieut. Link who accepted a golden bowler, C.R.S. Rutherford to *Birmingham*, R.S. Trappitt to Far East, and R.O.2. Fowles to Civvy Street.

1958 has not passed without some achievements in the athletics field, for the relatively small staff (the M.S.O. and P.B.X. are civilian manned), noticeably L/Wren Hewitt-Taylor in hockey, squash and track and field events, L.R.O. Richardson and R.O.3. Steele in the station rugby team, L.R.O. Pictou in the station hockey side. During the Summer months the station Wrens club swinging team, made up principally of Signal Wrens, proved to be a popular item at Local Agricultural Shows and fêtes, etc.

"Air Day" passed without a hitch when a crowd of approximately 12,000 paid to see our own aerobatic teams of Scimitars, Sea Hawks, Vampires and Venoms show their paces, together with visiting Vulcans, Victor, Shackletons and small fry. This was followed, later in the year, by a most active F.O.F.T.s Annual Inspection, when the Type 66's, with key positions manned by Wren Sigs., contributed to realistic Defence Exercises that were commended by all.

With three resident training squadrons, and the four first line squadrons that will be based upon us in the future, and a busy Aircraft Holding Unit established here, our distribution of signals goes up daily, but no record of the amount of methylated spirit used is available, but it will surely menace the supply available for use in toy steam engines that will be given this Christmas time.

Congratulations to R.S. Henderson who arrived on the station in August with a few days only to spare, before Mrs. Henderson presented him with a sixth child (a daughter, Sonia).

The S.C.O. must be congratulated on the success of his bloodhound Anna, who collected three cups at the Bloodhound Field Trials in October, which gives satisfaction to those of us who had to act as the "convict" on many training runs.

No grumbles up here on the weather this Autumn, fog has been rare, like rain and wind, though we have had our fair share of frosts. The real winter does not start in this part of the world until the

New Year, so those of you who expect to get drafted to "Lossie" be prepared, one can get to the P.C.B. and the Tower without snowshoes, but on many days rubber boots are a must.

Engagements

L/Wren M. J. Smith and Lieut. Mason. Miss Campbell (switchboard op.) and P.O. Wilson.

"NEW LOOK" AT R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

To draw a comparison between a famous fashion house and a Naval Air Station is not as peculiar as one might suppose. During recent years, ladies of fashion, whose husbands had pockets sufficiently well lined to afford it, have paraded themselves in a variety of outfits, one of which was known as the "New Look". This Term, we at Culdrose have had a "new look", but we haven't been concerned with fashions, such as changes in uniform, as have the Army and R.A.F.—but with changes in faces, equipment and policies.

The first change took place when we returned from Summer leave—was it really Summer leave with all that rain? We welcomed Lt. L. G. Howard from Lee-on-Solent and said farewell to Lt.-Cdr. St. J. Herbert. The latter slipped quietly away to prepare a brand new cruiser for duty with the Fleet of the future. It is rumoured that this particular ship is to be the latest thing in communications, and we would like to take this opportunity of wishing all her staff "bon voyage".

Another new arrival is C.R.S. Evans. He appeared in October to relieve C.R.S. Green, who departed with H.M.S. *Ulster* in search of a warmer climate and genuine Jamaica rum. C.R.S. Evans' main occupation is instructions for the predominantly female staff. (*Note from the S.C.O.—"Predominately? My foot! Evans and I are the ONLY males."*)

With Lt.-Cdr. Herbert's departure we tackled Exercise "Ship-Shape". Never, in our opinion, was an Exercise so inaptly named. After many harassing hours and with the co-operation of the Communicators of the Observer School, we eventually sorted out the orders. We performed in both roles—friend and foe. At one time it was a debatable point as to which side we were on. Was it our fault if we knew what the "enemy" were doing if they insisted on passing their signals to our Ops. Room? We don't know whether or not we won the "war" but we survived and minor details such as R.S.(A) Binwell (another new arrival) being airborne before his joining routine was completed, were accepted as a matter of course.

In addition to our "new looks" we think it only fair to mention the following Communicators who have left the Service, and we wish them every success and all prosperity in their new civilian careers.

They are, R.S. (A) Cameron, Buckley, Curtis and L.R.O. (A) Adams.

Another "new look" was an honour unique in the annals of Fleet Air Arm history. The Freedom

of Helston was conferred upon H.M.S. *Seahawk*. The Commander tells us that this does not entitle the Ship's Company to free beer, but that we are entitled to free rides on the trams that do not exist.

Our next "new look" is in the shape of a new policy for the training of Observers. This was started with No. 34 Course, and as yet it is too early to ascertain whether the new 17½ week course will prove as successful as the previous courses.

U.H.F. conversion and modernisation proceed more or less to programme. We have hopes that one day the C.R.R. will look a little less like a builder's yard. The C.C.N. plugboard proved a little tricky at first, but everyone knows how to work it now.

The 1958 S.D. (C) Officers Course spent a fortnight with us learning the intricacies of air communications and the every day routine of a Naval Air Station. We were very sorry to see them go.

Our last "new look" for the time being, will be with us in the New Year. This is comprised of 705 Helicopter Training Squadron and the School of Aircraft Handling. 845 Squadron are here already with their "whirlybirds" and we expect further additions later on.

In conclusion, if anyone is planning a winter holiday on the Cornish Riviera, they may be interested to know that, according to the Met. office, we had a drought at the end of October. (A drought is officially declared after 15 days without measurable rain). We had 15 days without rain and then the drought—which lasted all of 24 hours!



Fifth Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir Manley Power, K.C.B., Captain Barber, Mayor of Helston and Commander Sturdee at the saluting base for the march past after the Freedom ceremony.

R.N.A.S. ABBOTSINCH

Dipping my pencil in the ink to write a letter to you fellows, I've made a great discovery—it's not possible to write with a pencil dipped in ink; but if you had to read my scribble, you'd say I can't write in any case, which brings me back to my point, if in fact I was ever there: our usual vain search for some literary aspirant to charm you all with a few short crisp sentences from this far-flung outpost, this sun drenched Monte Carlo of the north! In my last article I tried to shame a certain class of people into stirring their grey matter into fleeting life, just long enough to say 'howdy folks' to you less fortunate beings toiling in the world's less romantic places, but do they care? Oh yes it's romantic enough, it isn't, I don't know what it is that changes my staff of Wrens so quickly. Perhaps it's just another way of escape.

We still enjoy some of the best weather in the world, although kind nature filters the sun through a layer of cloud to prevent us getting sun-stroke and sprays us with rain to keep us cool. Our watercress does very well—in fact I've just mustered it—ugh!

Our staff has been sadly depleted since my last letter and putting my telescope to my optic I see no sign of improvement; which reminds me of a little occurrence in my youth. It was in the dark days of the war when three watches didn't have to be reported to C-in-C., and life was 'ard, I was, but a lad and second hand of the watch presided over by a benign old insurance clerk dressed up like a leading signalman. The middle watch dragged by, and the flag ship had already called us on a dimmed light to make sure we were awake, so nothing was likely to happen to keep us from sleeping, which, of course, no good signalman would do. Some means of keeping awake had to be found and what better than a game of telescope cricket. Perhaps I should explain to the less fortunate that a telescope is basically a metal tube with lenses inside, designed to peer through at Wrens and young courting couples on Sunday afternoons. It is also fitted with a sliding sun shield at the looking-out-of end to protect the snooper from the glare of the sun. Now this shield on the older scopes becomes very loose and when the scope is used as a cricket bat makes a noise very like that of leather on willow—many is the ball that is whipped through the slips by a bored signalman.

Our game progressed very well until the normal click gave way to a different sound, followed closely by a clunk on the flagdeck of the *Heemskirk* laying alongside us, and there was the end of my scope—gone! lens as well! How can I tell the Chief that I've lost the end? We searched that flagdeck by Aldis lamp and the Dutchmen helped too, but it was gone . . . Off Caps, did lose by stupid wilful act, the end of one telescope pattern you know what. Pay the cost plus stoppage of leave. The rest of the watch was spent thinking up my defence, and the

morning watch were asked to help by daylight, but by 0800 when the *Heemskirk* was casting off there was still no sign of it, until she heeled over slightly, and from under the locker rolled—you guess. The ships were now about 25 yards apart and getting further, when by shouts and gestures we conveyed to the astonished Dutch signalman that it belonged to us, and like a good out fielder he heaved it back, smash into the side of B turret! to fall a crumpled mass to the deck. The shield was completely flattened, but the lens was still intact. It cost the Yeoman his tot to have it straightened out, and put me against cricket for the rest of my life. But all's well that ends well.

R.N.A.S. YEOVILTON

The tempo, in what once may have been considered a quiet number for Communicators, continues to increase, as forecast by Captain Law on his arrival; and the peace of the Zomerzet countryside is shattered by the screams of Jets by day and night. In the C.R.R. one of R. S. McKay's diversions has been the recording of complaints from the local residents, on REH4.

The station was honoured, during the Term, by the visit of H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent who came to open that splendid venture in N.A.A.F.I. administration, the Heron Club. In July the First Sea Lord flew in too, meeting 'old ships' (which included the S.C.O. Lieut.-Comdr. J. D. MacPherson and C.R.S. R. C. Thomas) and informing us that we could look forward to the delivery of Sea Vixens to add to the gaiety. (This does NOT foreshadow an increase in the female complement!) Meanwhile, with the naval stores only too glad to take action on A.F.O. 1406/58 Lieut. C. G. Tonkin continues to juggle with about £10,000 worth of crystals as his contribution to 'keeping the flammers flying', (and continues to avow "that any resemblance between the Fleet Air Arm and the Royal Navy is purely coincidental").

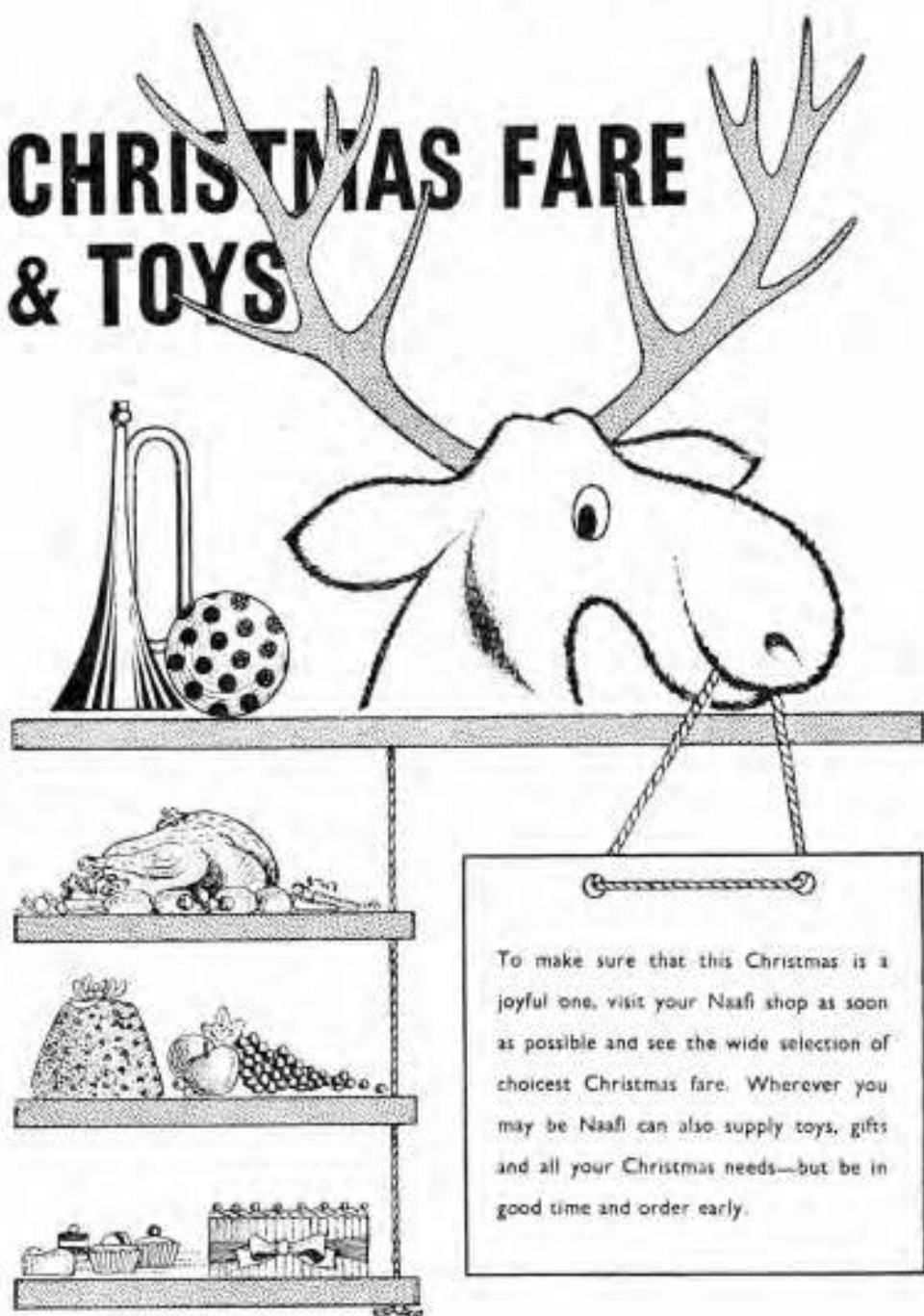
Finally P.O. Wren Jean Adams left us for Admiralty, the M.S.O. being taken over by 'Jerry' Chambers, who was able to enlighten the Captain that "Mary Tennant will take over Southern Fixer when she gets rated next Thursday".—"And who's rating her?"—"You are, Sir!"

REQUIEM FOR THE TELEGRAPHIST AIR GUNNER

The older members of the Communications Branch will remember with appreciation those now extinct birds—the T.A.G.s. They included some real characters in the naval sense of the word and many and varied are the tales told of their deeds—and misdeeds.

Although T.A.G.s were not included in the old Royal Naval Air Service they formed part of the crew of multi-seat aircraft from about 1922 onwards.

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flying in such fantastic machines as Avro Bisons and Fairey 3D's. For braving the elements in such craft they received the princely sum of £1- per day flying pay. Their training was brief in the extreme. Provided they could maintain W/T touch with the ground over three or four cross country flights they were in—and no wonder when one imagines the extremely fickle and antiquated W/T equipment which they were called upon to operate. It required a good sparker to get the thing to oscillate at all, particularly in the slipstream of an open cockpit.

These flying Tels. provided the W/T operators of all naval aircraft between 1922 and 1936 operating from carriers, battleships, cruisers and even one ill fated submarine. From all, except the carriers, seaplanes were used and were catapulted off to be landed on the sea alongside the ship and recovered by the ship's crane. Hooking on for recovery was no picnic with a fair swell running or in a choppy sea.

In the carriers in the earlier days arrestor wires were unknown, let alone today's angled decks, mirror landing aids and the like, so that these early fliers prayed for wind once they were airborne even more fervently than their forbears in sail. It was most unusual to find one with 500 hours flying time to his credit who had not been in "the drink" at least once—and he took pride in producing the watch he had "rescued" from the aircraft to prove it. These watches were always screwed very lightly to the side of the cockpit to facilitate rapid removal on such an occasion. They were, in Naval Store parlance, a "desirable item".

In 1936 when war clouds began to drift, their Lordships decided that with the rapid expansion of the Fleet Air Arm envisaged, sufficient Tels. could not be spared from the Fleet to fill all the vacant aircraft back seats which would be forthcoming. It was therefore decided that the title should be changed to Air Gunner and that in addition to Tels., Seamen and even Signal ratings would be allowed to volunteer for these duties.

The Seamen and Signallers buckled to with great enthusiasm (by that time flying pay had risen to 2-6 per day!) and within a fairly short time were as proficient in the art as their Tel. counterparts. Arrestor wires had arrived but in many cases this only meant that the aircraft went over the side instead of the bows!

By the time war began there were some two or three hundred Air Gunners made up partly of the old stagers but mainly of the new breed. How well they acquitted themselves is now part of history and is shown by the high percentage of awards which they received. They were still flying in open cockpits—mainly in Fairey Swordfish—and with an equipment which required a novel operation known as "lickers and tappers" to establish whether or not the receiver was operating. This consisted of licking the finger and tapping it on a point fitted on the face of the receiver to produce a clicking noise in the phones. In the transmitter, master oscillator and amplifier

coils had to be withdrawn and exchanged for a change in frequency as did two coils in the receiver. And, of course, the aerial trailed underneath the aircraft and was reeled in and out by a winch in the cockpit.

With the influx of "hostilities only" ratings during the war a selection were entered directly as Air Gunners and took their place alongside their more seasoned comrades, bringing the numbers up to almost a thousand. They took their full share of the brunt of the conflict, many of them being killed in action or lost at sea and many were taken prisoner. They too achieved their full share of decorations.

After the war it was thought that the Fleet would be sustained by single-seat aircraft. The training of Air Gunners was allowed to lapse, and the Air Gunner Branch to die out, except for a few stalwarts who were by now known as Aircrewmembers. Then policy was changed with the impending arrival of bigger and better aircraft with bigger, better and more intricate electronic equipment. And now we had no T.A.G.s. The obvious answer was to recruit from the Fleet a rating who was familiar with radio equipment and conversant with communications procedures. The wheel had gone full circle and the Telegraphist was called forward again, this time to be known as a Telegraphist (Flying) and to be employed mainly in anti-submarine aircraft.

However, this phase was short-lived. New techniques in submarine hunting required a different type in the back seat of the aircraft and training of Tels. (F) ceased in July, 1957. As their periods of four years with the F.A.A. expire they are being returned to General Service, so by 1961 we shall again have no T.A.G.s. They are allowed to wear their wings and to volunteer for flying again should the requirement arise.

One wonders just how long it will be before the requirement in fact re-appears and we once again see the Telegraphist wearing his two pairs of wings in earnest.

"I don't fly for pleasure,
I don't fly for fun,
It is my ambition to hack down a Hun
But as for deck landings
At night after dark,
As I told "Wings" this morning—
— that for a lark!"

(Wartime F.A.A. Canteen Song)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

PHOTOGRAPHS

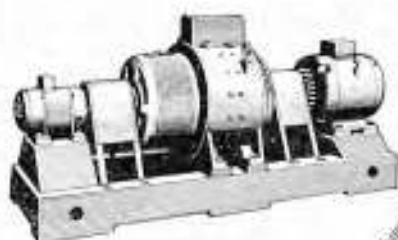
L.T.O. Jackson ... on page 135

C.Y. Tanks ... on pages 172 and 174

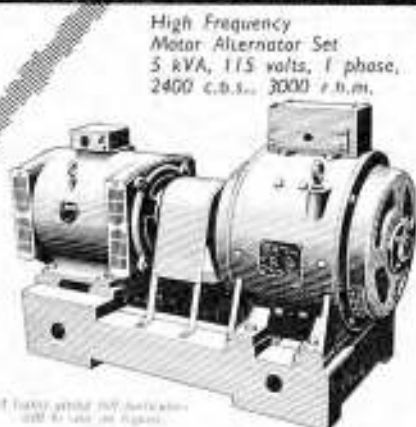
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"Johnno" ... on page 160

"Anon" ... on page 163

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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEFS' CHATTER

After the first full Term in the new block the general opinion is that it is excellent, and we can assure those who are absent that to live in it on your return is something you can look forward to. The Mess Committee with the solid backing of the mess are trying their best to make the extra facilities for your pleasure as good and as up to date as the mess itself. To that end we have recently acquired a new 21-in. TV., radiogram and a dart board, and the number of books in the mess library is gradually increasing.

Since the last *Communicator* there has been a change of Presidency, and we now have C.R.S. (S) Maye, firmly in the chair combining this duty with his normal one, with C.P.O. (G I) A. Lacey as Vice-President.

Recent arrivals include C.R.S. H. Jones from Malta, C.R.S. G. White from Singapore, C.R.S. R. Hickey and C.R.S. E. Scutt from Malta. Farewells include C.R.S.s C. Tinkler and E. Green to Kranji and C.R.S. G. Laws to Malta; and leaving shortly will be C.R.S. K. Dence to H.M.S. *Troubridge*, C.R.S. V. Fisher to *Daring*, C.R.S. (S) Howick and C.R.S. J. Kelson to Malta. We have had to bid a fond farewell to C.C.Y. J. Hirst and C.R.S. F. Dugan to pension and C.C.Y. C. Edgecombe and C.C.Y. H. Bunting will be following shortly. Another stalwart, C.C.Y. Woods, has gone to R.N.R. Hove.

The mess is fairly full at the moment, a number of recent promotions have arrived and we appear to attract a large proportion of the Work Study Teams.

P.O.s' PATTEN

Since I last wrote in this Magazine, the Mess, as a building, has changed little. An odd crack here and there perhaps, but it seems to have settled down on its foundations quite happily. The contents, however, have altered considerably. Les Saint, who was here for so long that many considered he had relatives at C.N.D., departed at long last in July—the prospect of a draft to sea so appalled him that he “went outside”. A recent letter discloses that he is now involved with the Security Forces in Cyprus, in, one assumes, a non-combatant role. It is gratifying to see that he at last volunteered for a “foreign”. Good luck to him in the future.

The vacant chair was soon filled by that well-known gentleman with the prominent features—C.Y. Carter. Despite a number of planned, but not executed, coups d'état, he remained Leader of the Party until his elevation to the “Peerage” next door, on which we must congratulate him. “Squeaky” Lowe of “Bridge-over-the-River-Something” fame

also made it on the same day. All this caused a by-election which resulted in R.S. D.O. Jones being returned unopposed. The Vice-Pres. C.Y. Chetwynd, now goes in daily fear of “liquidation” since it has been rumoured that the President plans to fill all three chairs in the office with R.S.s.

Before all flag-waggers become extinct, I would like to record a pleasant event that took place during the Term. I refer to the wedding of C.Y. Ron Cull. This worthy took the plunge quite happily and now trots off home each available week-end with a gay look in the eye. Little does he know.

Over to sport. The beginning of the Term saw the completion of the inter-part cricket tournament. We managed to reach the final against the Wardroom. Since about half of the current Long C Course seem to play like old Blues, we didn't stand much chance. The only consolation we gained was that of bonus points for faster scoring per over! It is worthy of note that R.S. Bill Davis played a big part in all the games we played, hanging on here for the final before he flew off to Malta—again! We touch-line players miss him now that the football season has started.

Freddy Starmer—the only active rugby player in the Mess!—sampled Civvy life and couldn't face it. No rugby?

We have played only a couple of inter-part soccer games, with so far, an unbeaten record. This, with hockey, is suffering the usual suspension until the lighter evenings. We have held a snooker competition, for which two shields were obtained. “Dutchey” Mulholland left his piano for a while to win the singles and R.S.s Prosser and Hanson took the doubles title. No competition has yet been organised for “Uckers” although the game flourishes well during the dinner hour. The old ‘uns and the young ‘uns play in two separate groups, though not in any way rivals. The young ‘uns have their own sets of dice, so if you are joining, kit yourself up.

SIGNAL SCHOOL MESS

Christmas Greetings to all Communicators in the far flung reaches of the world from the “Showplace of the Navy”. That is no idle boast either—we have been in Mountbatten Block for 5 months now and Admirals galore have come to stand wide-eyed, open mouthed and amazed at the splendour afforded the residents of our country holiday camp.

The fact that we acquired two new billiards tables was celebrated by running a snooker championship and to the sound of clinking pint pots accompanied by ‘Dixie’ dulcet tones inquiring after the ‘Cowboys’. I. Cook (O) Brownhill cruised in a very able winner closely followed by R.O.J. Eastop. Both winner and runner-up have cups to show for their prowess.



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Turning to more strenuous pastimes, eleven able men and true have managed to get the Mess team to the top of the Football League. Matches have been curtailed owing to poor visibility—it gets dark early up here in the winter. We fielded a pretty fair hockey team too.

For the less agile the TV. room now boasts a 21" set which is in constant use each evening. Anyone who remembers the weekly dances in the cinema will be pleased to know that dances are now held on a decent floor—that of the dining hall. They are now run monthly on the 3rd Thursday of the month. The 'blank' fortnight is brightened by a 'live show' in the cinema. The Summer End of Term Dance was held to be the best one we've had for many a term and we are now up to our eyes in organising the Christmas one.

ESTABLISHMENT SPORT

There is but a mere echo of last Term's activities on Broadhalfpenny Down as our sporting pursuits pulsate from Leydene to Soberton.

Hockey

Hockey is in full swing and to date the team has enjoyed a successful season. In the first round of the Navy Cup Competition, *Salmon* was defeated by 7 goals to 1. The second round is due to be played at Seaford Park against *Dardania* just before Christmas leave. This promises to be a hard fought contest—let's hope the 'Met' boys can produce a good 'flying' forecast on that day. Lieut. A. R. Wood (Long Course) and Petty Officer Binks, P.T.L., are representing the Command and we hope they will be invited to play for their "full blue" before the season ends.

Rugby Football

The rugby XV has gone from strength to strength having played all games without loss. Two games in the U.S. League remain to be completed before Christmas, against *St. Vincent* and *Dolphin*. The

latter should be the stiffest game of the season as their record is comparable with our own. It is worthy of note that we have fielded fifteens consisting entirely of ratings with one exception. The standard of play has been good and the players have been fortunate to have the regular support and construction advices from Cdr. Gilbert, Surg. Cdr. Hanson and Lt.-Cdr. Paltridge. There has been a decided "club" spirit about the rugby and this has helped considerably to promote enthusiasm among the players.

Association Football

Our fortunes at soccer have wavered at a comparable rate to those of the England XI. The keenness has been there but this has been debited by the lack of football skill. Goal scoring opportunities have arisen but the forwards have been too slow to seize them. The defence has been uncertain and has not settled down as one would have wished. In the first round of the Navy Challenge Cup we were defeated by R.M. Eastney by 4 goals to 3 after extra time had been played—this was a poor game from two poor sides. We defeated *St. Vincent* by 5 goals to 2 in the 1st round of the Junior Challenge Cup competition and have to play the Reserve Fleet in the next round.

Cross Country

This season has been marked by the introduction of a 'fixture list' for our runners. In many cases the opposition has been very strong but much experience has been gained. There has been a very good display of keenness, enthusiasm and guts from all participants but unfortunately we were unable to repeat last Spring's form in the Command Autumn Championships. In the junior event we were placed 7th and in the senior 4th. It is fair to say that the standard in the Command has shown a vast improvement, but that should spur our teams on to greater efforts between now and the 1959 Spring Championships.

Basketball

Being the 'freshers' to the game in the Command, our results so far would not appear to be encouraging. Much time and effort has been spared by the enthusiasts and M. A. A. Jackson to training and coaching at R.N. Barracks each Monday evening. We have been called upon to provide players for the Command team and it should not be long before our fortunes take a turn for the better. This is a fine, fast game and it is pleasing to see such keenness prevail despite some of the heavy defeats we have sustained.



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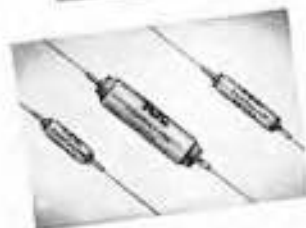
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Boxing

This Term has seen the first inter-Establishment boxing contest in the Command promoted at Leydene. Last month we raised a team of novices to take on a combined team from *Vernon* and *Dolphin*. The result was 7 bouts to 2 against us but all our boxers (first time in the ring) gave of their best and displayed a high degree of guts and sportsmanship. It is hoped to arrange other fixtures next Term. From the spectators viewpoint these evenings appear to be appreciated and worthwhile.

R.O.J. Fogerty this season became the R.N. Novices Open Featherweight Champion, while I.O.T. Coqueral has been selected to represent the Command in the Fly-weight class. C.P.O. Denne, P.T.I. and Mr. James (M.T. section) have given much of their time to the training and coaching and their efforts have been readily rewarded.

There is no news to report on the Hyden Wood and new pavilion projects. The latter has just about reached the drawing board stage. Meanwhile numbers taking part in organised sport increase and our ground situation remains as before with Hyden Wood no better. Proverbially speaking though "every cloud has a silver lining". We are well up among them but the right one is yet awaited.

In conclusion it is pleasing to say that the P.T. Staff reports no changes since we last went to print.

SAILING

During last season *Meon Maid* was used to the full. A total of over four hundred officers, ratings and Wrens have sailed in her, both racing and cruising. Owing to her age, it was not possible to enter the yacht for any off-shore races, but she took part in nineteen races round the buoys in the solent area. In these she took six first, two seconds, three thirds and fourth place in five out of the remaining eight races. Despite the rough weather in which some of the races were sailed little or no

damage was done to the boat or her gear: a tribute to the effort put into her refit last winter. The most spectacular success was achieved by Inst. Lt.-Cdr. Smith in winning the Royal Albert Yacht Club's Gold Cup at Southsea.

In the middle of October, *Meon Maid* made her last voyage under *Mercury's* ownership and was handed over to H.M.S. *Dolphin*. It was a sad occasion, but we look forward to seeing her sailing next year under her new name of *Cyclops* and wish her good fortune.

"Meon Maid" II

The new boat is nearing completion at Emsworth. The sails in terylene have been finished by Ratsey and Lapthorne at Cowes, and her R.O.R.C. Sail number will be 1107. It has been decided that she will be given white topsides, a very dark blue boot topping, and a light blue bottom colour.

Meon Maid II will be exhibited at the Boat Show at Olympia from December 31st until January 10th by her builders, Aero Marine of Emsworth Ltd. This arrangement has helped us to get several items for fitting-out and we hope that many Communicators from the London area will take the opportunity of seeing the yacht.

Launching date is planned as March 9th, when Lady Grantham has very kindly agreed to perform the christening ceremony. After that it will be a matter of carrying out acceptance trials and then preparing for the first of the R.O.R.C.'s races in May.

PANTOMIME

This year Aladdin was selected as the story on which to base the Leydene Panto. As usual considerable liberties had been taken with the original and the traditional Widow Twankey, instead of running a laundry, was the manageress of an inferior canteen. The sign outside had the letters TAAFI on it—no connection with any other firm—which stood for

"Twankey's Almost Always Found Inside"

The part of the Widow was ably played by Lieut. Woodcock, the Sports Officer, who had the difficult task of following the high standard in the part of the Dame set by Commander "Jake" Sommerville in previous productions.

Glamour was provided by the Wren chorus and by Sister Gallagher and Wren Clarke as Aladdin and the Princess. They contrasted well with the villainous sorcerer, played by Instr. Lieut.-Cdr. Paltridge.



The Chorus

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They were well supported by Wishee and Washee, C.Y. Dainty and L.T.O. Roberts, whose solo singing was a welcome feature. Notable contributions were also made by Sub-Lieuts. Thorpe and Drummond as the Emperor and Executioner and by R.S. Orchard and L.T.O. Taylor as a Guard and the Genie. R.S. Mulholland with his accomplished piano playing provided the music and the stage

scenery was designed and made by Sub-Lieut. Porter to his usual high standard. Lieut.-Cdr. Paterson had managed to tear himself away from appointing officers for long enough to write and produce the show.

Our thanks go to these and all others who helped both on and off stage for a good evening of entertainment.

EASTER 1959 COMPETITIONS

ENTRIES MUST REACH THE EDITOR
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PRIZE OF 1 GUINEA
- PHOTOGRAPH:
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The decision of the Editor is final

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It has been suggested that *Mercury* should adopt a suitable march for use at Divisions and on other appropriate occasions.

A prize of £1 is offered for the accepted idea. Just put your suggestion on a sheet of Signal Pad and post it to the Editor. If you can also write a suitable lyric you may win an additional £1.

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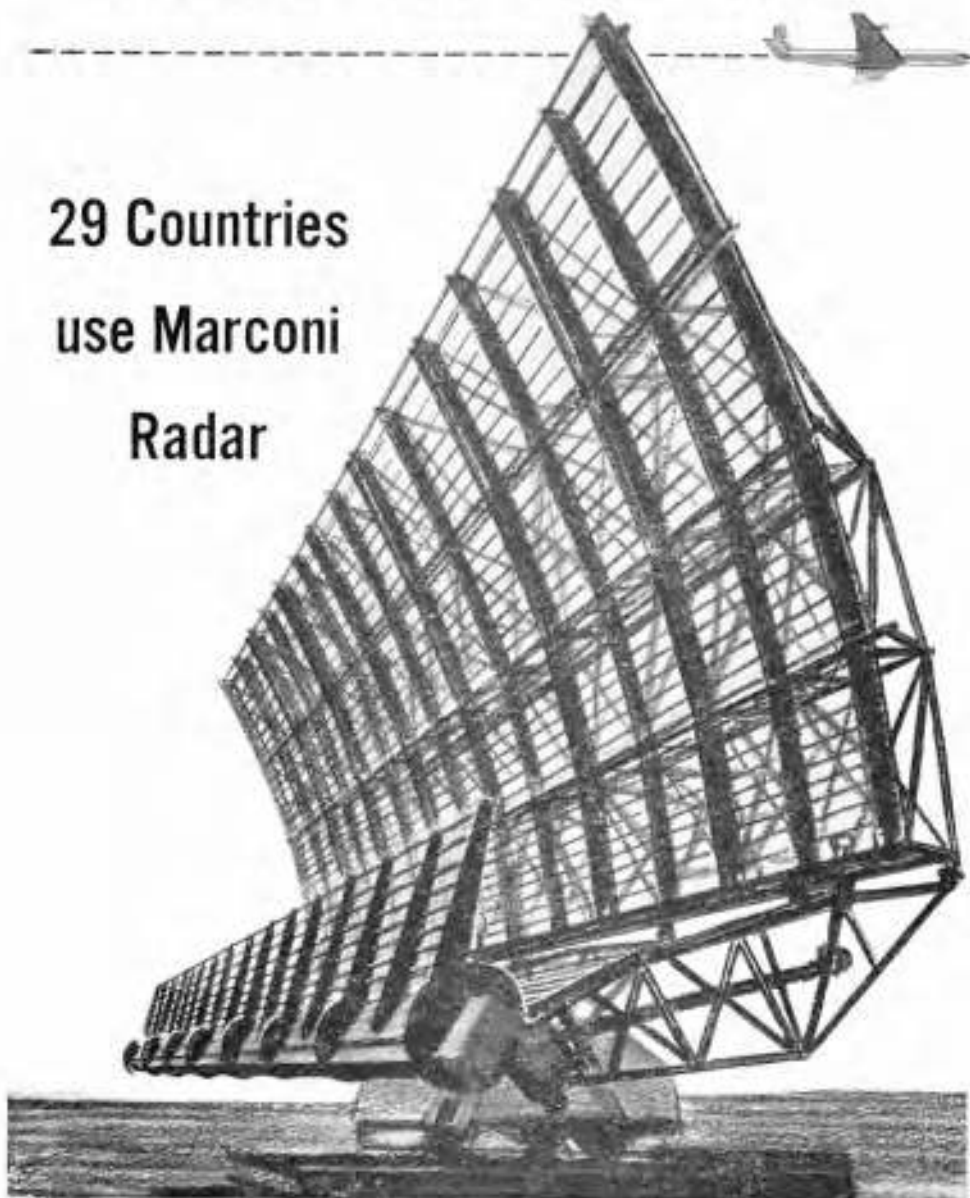
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APPOINTMENTS

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
H. J. P. ADAMS	Li.	Solebay	Cerberus II
C. K. ANTHONY	Li.-Cdr.	Bulwark	Central Staff Med.
J. W. ASH	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Staff of F.O.A.C.	Mercury
E. B. ASHMORE, D.S.C.	Captain	Victory I	Blackpool I/C and as Capt. F.6
W. A. BLAND	Li.-Cdr.	D.R.E.	D.S.D.
G. A. F. BOWER	Li.-Cdr.	Newfoundland	S.N.O.N.I.
A. E. P. BIGGS	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	A.S.C.O. Staff of S.N.O.N.I.
C. B. BROOKS	Captain	Mercury	President
P. J. BROOKS	Li.-Cdr.	Decoy	Rooke as Flag Lieut.
H. BROWN	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Aphrodite (F.O.M.E.)	Dainty
C. F. BRYANT	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Osprey—Staff of F.O.S.T.
A. C. I. BURNHAM	Li. Cdr. (S.D.) (C.)	Royal Charlotte	Bellerophon
THE EARL CAIRNS	Rear Admiral	Victory I	R.N.C. Greenwich
H. A. CHETHAM	Li.-Cdr.	Royal Charlotte	R.A.F. Puckchurch
M. G. CHICHESTER	Commander	Phoenixia	President T.I.C.4
R. A. COBB	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Decoy	Mercury
E. W. A. COLLINS	Li.	Ganges	Mercury
R. COOMER	Li. (S.D.) (C.)	Osprey	Mercury
N. E. F. DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, M.V.O., M.B.E., D.S.C.	Commander	Scarborough	Britannia
W. R. DANIELS	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Ranpura	Forth (Capt. S.M.I.)
A. V. M. DIAMOND, M.B.E.	Commander	Blackpool I/C	Staff of CINCHAN
E. D. DOLPHIN	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Aphrodite
H. D. Y. FAULKNER	Li.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Staff of CINCHF as F.C.A.
N. F. FAWCETT	Li.-Cdr.	Newcastle	Mercury
M. J. I. FREEMAN	Li.-Cdr.	Britannia	Staff of CINCHF as F.E.W.O.
F. J. P. FRENCH	Li.-Cdr. R.C.N.	Armada	Reverts to R.C.N. Service
J. GOLDSMITH	Li.-Cdr.	R.N.Z.N. exchange	Osprey as Flag Lieut. and S.C.O.
A. H. C. GORDON-LENNON, D.S.O.	Captain	Newcastle I/C	Shore Establishments Complementing Team
E. GOUGH	Li. (S.D.) (C.)	Whitehall W/T	Staff of CINCHF
J. D. GRISSON	Li.-Cdr. R.N.Z.N.	Mercury	Reverts to R.N.Z.N. Service
C. W. F. HAMMOND	Li. (S.D.) (C.)	Bulwark	Mercury
MISS S. HARRIS	3/0 W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of CINCMED (Ce)
R. S. I. HAWKINS	Li.-Cdr.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Mercury
J. A. C. HENLEY, D.S.C.	Captain	Diamond	Mercury I/C
ST. J. H. HERBERT	Li.-Cdr.	Seahawk	Tiger
T. H. HORNBY-SPRICKLAND, D.S.C.	Li.-Cdr.	Mercury	D.R.E.
G. JUBB	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Flowerdown
F. A. JUPP	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Peregrine	Mercury
N. G. KEMP	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Lenya	Gambia
J. L. B. LARKINS	Li.	Staff of Capt. F.6	Britannia
P. R. LEES	Li.	Gambia	D.S.D.
D. A. LORAM, M.V.O.	Commander	Loch Fada	J.S.S.C.
N. B. D. MACRAE (R.A.N.)	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Vernon	Reverted to R.A.N. Service
C. P. MILLS	Captain	Pembroke I	Capt. (D) 2nd D.S.
D. MILLS	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Royal Charlotte	Flowerdown
D. P. MILTON	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Newfoundland	Reverted to R.N.Z.N. Service
F. MORRIS	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Drake	Mercury
K. MORTON, D.S.M.	Li. (S.D.) (C.)	Gambia	Mercury
D. H. B. NEWSON-SMITH	Li.	Tyne	Daring (2 D.S.)
I. J. NIMMO (R.A.N.)	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Ark Royal	Reverted to R.A.N. Service
D. A. P. O'REILLY	Li.-Cdr.	Mercury	Surprise
H. B. PARKER	Li.	D.S.D.	Mercury
D. C. PILLY	Li.-Cdr.	Staff of CINCEJ	D.S.D.

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
Miss E. M. M. PETERHAM	3/O W.R.N.S.	Phoenixia	Mercury
R. J. PITT, M.B.E.	Lt.-Cdr.	Armada	Mercury
F. D. RIVERS	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Aphrodite (F.O.M.E.)
C. W. ROBERTSON	Commander	D. of P.	J.S.S.C.
I. ROTHWELL	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Flowerdown
J. B. RUMBLE	Lt.	Dartmouth	2 years exchange in R.C.N.
J. C. RUSHBROOKE, D.S.C.	Commander	Daedalus	Saker
K. SCHOFIELD	A/S/Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Osprey—Staff of F.O.S.T.
C. M. SEYMOUR	Lt. R.C.N.	R.C.N. Service	Mercury R.N. exchange
A. A. T. SEYMOUR-HAYDON	Captain	N.A. Madrid	CINCFMED
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.-Cdr.	Kenya	Birmingham
I. F. SOMMERVILLE	Commander	J.S.S.C.	Staff of C-in-C. Portsmouth
P. W. SPENCER, D.S.C.	Commander	Staff of R.A.N.L.O.	R.N. Staff course
W. G. STOCKDALE (R.A.N.)	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Cerberus II	Whitehall W/T—R.N. exchange
Miss D. P. SWALLOW	2/O W.R.N.S.	Phoenixia	Staff of CINCFNE
L. F. TATE	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Forth	Mercury
Miss D. THURSTON	3/O W.R.N.S.	Mercury	Staff of CINC MED
J. E. WALLIS	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Aphrodite (F.O.M.E.)	R.A.F. Pucklechurch
P. P. L. WALLS	Lt.	Mercury	Blackpool
F. C. WIGG	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)	Mercury	Ganges
J. S. WILSON	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of CINCHP	Staff of CASPG
M. L. WOOLCUMBE	Commander	Saker	Central Staff Med.

PROMOTIONS

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D. A. JONES

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To Lieutenant (S.D.) (C.)

G. CLARKE
J. PEARCE
F. C. WIGG

To First Officer W.R.N.S.

Miss D. E. TALMA

Radio Supervisor to Chief Radio Supervisor

W. H. COOK (1.5.58.)
K. G. C. MASSFIELD (1.8.58.)
J. G. LOWE (1.9.58.)
R. CARROLL (1.10.58.)
P. R. C. LEWENDON (1.10.58.)
E. J. SCUDDER (31.10.58.)
R. S. RICHARDS (31.10.58.)

Communications Yeoman to Chief Communications Yeoman

A. E. CROWE (1.7.58.)
F. W. WEEKS (1.8.58.)
F. K. CARTER (1.9.58.)
P. HOLDSWORTH (1.10.58.)

RETIREMENTS

I. M. BAIFOUR, M.B.E.	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Cdr.
G. A. BLOODWORTH	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)
J. R. J. COWLIN	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt.-Cdr.
P. J. HALL	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt.
P. HANKEY, D.S.C.	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Commander
A. L. K. D. HERBERT-GUNTER	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)
E. MCKENZIE	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Sub Lt. (S.D.) (C.)
W. MAGORIAN	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)
M. T. MARWOOD	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt.-Cdr.
Mrs. S. MITCHELL	(B.R. 1077 Apr. 0320)	2/O W.R.N.S.
E. A. MOSDALE	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt. (S.D.) (C.)
R. A. H. PANTER	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt.-Cdr.
Mrs. J. SHARLAND	(B.R. 1077 Apr. 0320)	2/O W.R.N.S.
C. STOKES		Lt.-Cdr. (S.D.) (C.)
R. SWIFT		Lt.-Cdr. (S.D.) (C.)
B. G. VANN, M.B.E., D.S.C.	(A.F.O. 1955-57)	Lt.-Cdr.
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