

# THE COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 7  
Nº 2

SUMMER  
1953

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# THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

SUMMER, 1953

VOL. 7. NO. 2.

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE

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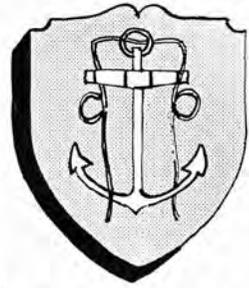
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## Elizabeth the Second

By the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith.

## CORONATION DAY IN A JAPANESE PORT

Although the rain tried to dampen the spirit of Coronation Day, the Royal Navy in Sasebo City, Japan, refused to be beaten and, despite the weather, held their own Services to mark the *first* day, Elizabethan era.

The major Ceremony of the day was a Parade of Ship's Companies of British Commonwealth Ships, held onboard H.M.S. *Ocean*.

All ships present, which included H.M.S. *Tyne*, H.M.S. *St. Bride's Bay*, H.M.C.S. *Crusader*, H.Neth. M.S. *Maurits* and H.M.S. *Cossack*, sent a contingent of men to the Divine Service, which was conducted by three Chaplains from various ships taking part.

It was interesting to note that several American ships in Sasebo also sent contingents of Officers and men to pay tribute to the Queen on this glorious day of Hers and ours. Speaking to the American sailors afterwards it was clear that they were keenly interested in the Coronation Ceremony, being deeply impressed by all its historical associations, and being, I think, a little envious of our love and devotion for Her Majesty The Queen.

They shared our good wishes to Her Majesty, cabled that morning to Buckingham Palace by Rear Admiral Clifford, and they joined in the National Anthem with much fervour.

Among those watching the Parade was the Governor of Nagasaki Prefecture, the Commander U.S. Seventh Fleet (Vice-Admiral J. J. Clark U.S.N.), Nurses from the local British hospital ship, H.M.S. *Maine*, and many others.

After the inspection and Divine Service, a Salute of 21 guns was fired, followed by three cheers for Her Majesty The Queen.

Immediately on conclusion of the actual Ceremony, Admiral Clifford announced the receipt of a signal, for which we had all been waiting. It came from the Queen, and said simply "Splice the Mainbrace". Her Majesty received a gratuitous roar of congratulation at that announcement, which must have echoed its way around the world.

In the afternoon a Coronation Day Football Match was played ashore, in the Municipal Stadium and then many sailors of the British Fleet retired to their respective clubs to watch floor shows, given by Japanese entertainers, to mark the closing of a great day.

One rather pleasing note struck the end of a memorable day. On all of their circuits, the armed forces networks of Japan, Korea and Guam broadcast two and a half hours of the Coronation Service and Marchpast and from the most amazing assortment of Japanese shacks and huts could be heard the familiar chimes of Big Ben with, faintly in the background the cultured accents of a B.B.C. Commentator, being swamped by the local Japanese Radio Stations translating the Ceremony.

So ended a truly wonderful day, during the whole of which our thoughts were constantly being drawn to those at home, hoping and wondering if they were thinking of us, as we were of them.

COMMUNICATOR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

## ON TOP OF THE ABBEY

Not only was the Communications Branch well represented in the Coronation procession, but a number of Communicators were on duty on top of Westminster Abbey on June 2nd. C.Y.S. Neale and Yeoman King were stationed on the Annexe roof, and Yeoman Hill was on the North West tower of the Abbey with the Abbey Flagmen.

The week preceding the Coronation was spent in rehearsing the drill to be carried out, and in fitting headsticks and clips to the flags and standards which were going to be used. The Flagmen's protests that toggles had always been good enough in the past were quickly over-ruled.

An electric bell system was fitted between the Annexe and the roof, and N.W. tower, to enable the Gold Staff Officer on duty in the Annexe to signal the exact moment at which the Standard or flags were to be broken or hauled down.

After one rehearsal, the Ministry of Works representative pointed out to the assembled company that there was about a million pounds worth of Communication equipment in the Abbey. "However", he continued, "when we wanted to pass a message from the Annexe roof to the Tower just now, the only way to do it was for the bunting-

lossers to use semaphore".

The routine on Coronation Day commenced with the hoisting of the blue and yellow Abbey Flag on the tower at 0500.

The Royal Standard was hoisted, made up for breaking, on the Annexe Flagstaff, when the bells of St. Margaret's rang out, and the increased volume of cheering indicated that Her Majesty was approaching. One ring on the bell as the Queen entered the Annexe was the signal from the Gold Staff Officer to break the Royal Standard.

Some twenty minutes later, when the Queen moved into the Abbey, the Standard on the Annexe was lowered. Immediately Yeoman Hill and the Flagmen broke the Royal Standard on the tower, and lowered the Abbey Flag.

As Her Majesty left the Abbey some two and a half hours later, the reverse procedure was carried out, the Standard being broken at the Annexe flagstaff for the second time, and the Abbey Flag re-hoisted on the N.W. tower.

When the Queen finally left the Annexe for her return to Buckingham Palace, the Royal Standard was hauled down, and the Union Flag was broken, to remain flying for five days and nights.

## THE BROKEN MONOPOLY

*Author's Note: This yarn is not new. It originated in the hoary days of "arc" and "spark" and therefore the probability is that among a new generation of Communicators there are many who have not heard it—and so—no apologies to those who have.*

Now it is a fact that any individual or group of individuals holding or controlling a monopoly will do everything in their power to prevent the slightest infringement. It is also a fact that in time nearly all monopolies are broken.

Well, this yarn concerns the breaking of a Naval monopoly and of the dour fight put up by the well organised holders to prevent it.

To get a true picture of this monopoly in its heyday we must hark back many long years. In the Fleets of those days there flourished a hawk-eyed, nimble-footed specie of matelot who called themselves the "Eyes of the Fleet". They were also called other things but more generally Buntings. These birds stalked their poops and bridges with that nonchalant air of sublime confidence (an attitude later to be aped by lesser species; notably Gunners and Plumbers) which was meant to impress upon all beholding that they were the absolute centre-piece of the King's Navee around which all else revolved. In the realm of Communications they stood supreme—and alone. They were, in fact, the holders of a monopoly ages old.

The years rolled by with this happy state of affairs continuing and greater and greater became the Buntings' prestige. Suddenly, at the dawn of the 20th century, like Summer rain from a clear blue sky, came an ominous, disturbing rumour. Wherever Buntings were gathered together, whether on messdeck or in wardroom, there were furtive whisperings of what was to prove a word of doom—WIRELESS.

Rumour had it that soon a new specie of matelot using the new-fangled invention would be able to communicate invisibly with other ships or bases ashore even though they were over the horizon.

Now, although this rumour was ridiculed and derided by the Buntings elder statesmen, feared by lesser members, and, let it be noted, believed by a few far-seeing heretics, it had the immediate effect of welding them, for the time being, into a solid block of opposition. Later, sad to relate, there were defections from amongst their ranks. Renegades who deserted to the other side.

Rumour in this case, as often, proved correct, but by the time the new matelots (called Sparkers) could communicate over horizon distances the organised opposition had developed a very fine strain of carrier pigeon that could fly back to base from relatively vast distances out to sea. And for a time the Buntings were well content.

But, relentlessly, the range of wireless increased and soon the Buntings found, alas, that their pigeons were unable to make the grade and were falling into the sea.

At this stage a few of them ratted.

An emergency meeting of the committee representing the large mass of the faithful was held and resulted in the adoption of what promised to be a simple and effective solution. The pigeon would be crossed with the seagull so that if the carrier got tired it could come down on the water and rest for a time before proceeding. However, the pigeon-cum-seagull was not the unqualified success anticipated; in the pre-plastic era it proved almost impossible to make a message container small enough and light enough to be 100% waterproof and many messages reached their destinations illegible.

Here a few more Buntings baled out.

The remainder promptly voted defeat out of the question and their next line of action proved a near master-stroke. The pigeon-cum-seagull was crossed with a parrot so that should the script of messages become damaged by sea-water the pigeon-cum-seagull-cum-parrot could deliver them verbally.

For a while all went well and the Buntings were again well satisfied. Oddly enough it was not the march of science which next rendered the feathered communicator a liability, it was a deterioration of Britain's relations with a foreign power—a continental power.

Secret agents of this power found out about the pigeon-cum-seagull-cum-parrot and forthwith large numbers of fast, far-flying hawks were trained to range in search of them from bases on the continent. Heavy were the casualties they suffered.

Here a lot more Buntings took cover.

Those remaining reformed, closed their ranks and fought on. A specie of small but incredibly fierce hawk was imported and crossed with the pigeon-cum-seagull-cum-parrot to afford fighter protection. And again they were sent off with high hopes.

The pigeon-cum-seagull-cum-parrot-cum-hawk fought with such ferocity that it was now the turn of the hawks that sought them to suffer grievous casualties; but, before the Buntings had really had time to congratulate themselves our devilishly ingenious potential enemy finally spiked their guns by introducing a form of IFY. The experts of this ill-disposed power had quickly realised that in breeding the pigeon-cum-seagull-cum-parrot-cum-hawk the Buntings had in all probability produced the most voracious bird in existence and so with base cunning they despatched a number of small, fast vessels to patrol off our principle bases with their quarterdeck awnings spread and heavily laden with gash, while concealed at various strategic positions matelots armed with large butterfly nets were stationed.

This fiendish, unprincipled counterstroke, together with further increases in the range of



W.R.N.S. in the Coronation Procession entering Trafalgar Square from Whitehall.

wireless, proved too much for the Buntings and serious opposition was ended.

At this time, a large number, excluding the intensely loyal and the very obstinate, requested to turn over to the new branch, but to their disgust they found that all the best jobs had been filled; partly by the earlier deserters from their own ranks and partly by that arch enemy of all matelots—the bootneck. This softened the blow and cheered the loyal, obstinate and disgusted alike; for, they asked, who wanted to belong to a branch formed largely from a wholesale cross between their own unspeakables and a herd of water buffaloes?

And so it came to pass that the major part of the Buntings' empire was gone with the wind—wireless could do the job better and quicker. But note, not all was lost. There remained unbroken one small corner of their hitherto overall monopoly and it remains unbroken to this day. True, only the hierarchy amongst them are concerned. These are the Keepers and Custodians of the Admiral's or Captain's log. So zealously has this last remnant of their once all powerful empire been guarded and cherished that it is likely to remain in their keeping for all time. For, even supposing the Navy became more democratic than it is today, who can imagine the Chief *Sparker* being allowed to show the Captain the log?  
D.D.

## CHAPLAIN'S LETTER

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury sounded the true prophetic note in a recent broadcast when he said that the Queen's consecration and dedication "because we are her people, speaks a word straight to us and the nation for all to hear and obey".

It was said of King George VI that he always looked back to his Coronation as the moment of the supreme dedication of his life to the service of his peoples, and we may be sure that the memory of her Coronation will live no less vividly and impressively in the heart and life of his daughter, our Queen.

We ourselves should remember that the Coronation is not the end but the beginning, and a clear call to all of us to dedicate ourselves to similar service and devotion to duty—duty to God, our Queen and our fellow men.

I think Sir Francis Drake, who wrote the following prayer, has a special message for our time.

"O Lord God, when thou givest to thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same unto the end until it be finished, which yieldeth the true glory".  
J.G.S.

## H.M.N.Z.S. "ROTOITI"

Our second term in Korean waters was confined to the West Coast and mainly to one sector, so much so in fact that it is understood it may be renamed "Kiwi Korner". One interesting departure from the above was a 14 day H/K exercise with H.M.S. *Morecambe Bay* and numerous U.S.N. ships, the highlight of this was having the news delivered every morning by helicopter, the "Whirlybird News!"

Communications while "up the coast", came into the "over-work" category, nevertheless this has been of great value, it certainly produces good, and versatile, sparkers, as anyone who has had to work R.O.K. Navy ships on a voice net can confirm and in our case it proved that you can't wear an 89M out with too much work.

The V/S staff are also kept far from idle, with TBS to man, volumes of typing and many messages to be sent on by hand or V/S, and the bitter cold to contend with during winter.

We would like to mention the good work done by *Ladybird's* communications staff. They were always most co-operative and did a lot to smooth the Crypto path for ships in the Operational area.

Their directions for finding the C. & P.O.'s Club in Sasebo were also very good, to the writer's sorrow, and incidentally it would be interesting to have a certain Staff Yeoman's views on a recent unusual happening in the vicinity of this Club.

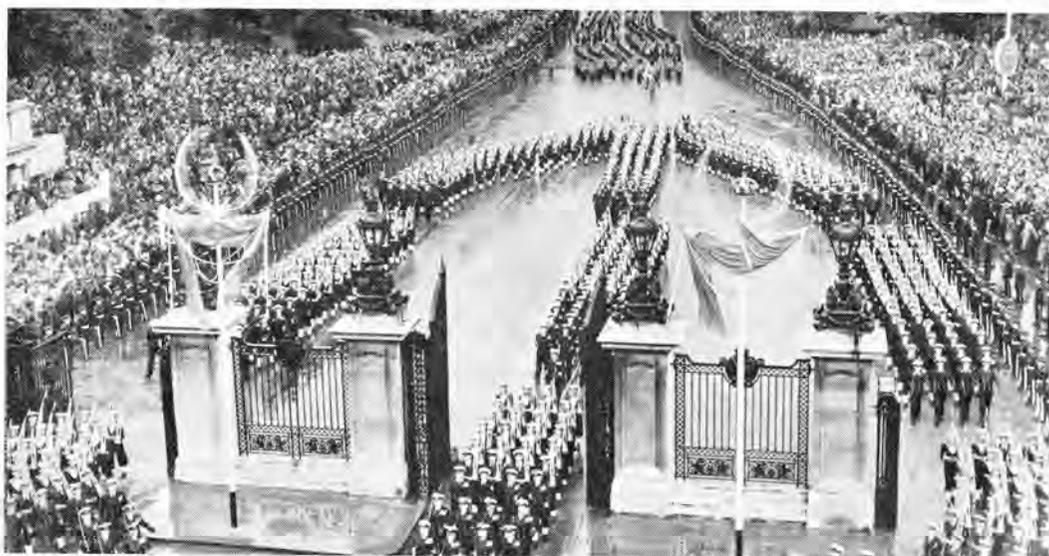
Now we're home again paying off and if anyone says a Kiwi can't fly he should be around when the "Fighting 625's" Ship's Company proceeds on long leave, next Friday.

## H.M.N.Z.S. "TAMAKI"

The establishment, New Zealand's principle Naval training station, is to be found on the western peninsula of Motuihe Island in the Auckland harbour. The only means of transport to and from the island is provided by two converted Fairmiles augmented at times by the addition of S.D.M.L.s. This, for instructors and libertymen, entails an hour's journey, sometimes pleasant, sometimes not so pleasant. *Tamaki* is compensated, however, for its comparative isolation by the fact that during the summer months it has two of the most ideal swimming and picnic beaches in or near Auckland. For Naval training purposes, recreational or boatwork, one beach may always be used as the lay of the island is such that there is always a lee side to Auckland's prevailing winds.

May we mention and offer our sincere congratulations to Wren Petty Officer N. Gunn, a stalwart of the M.S.O., *Philomel* for many years, on her selection as the only New Zealand Wren in the Coronation contingent.

Plans have been formulated for a new and improved school which will be in line with the expansion of the R.N.Z.N. The changeover to new books progressed quite smoothly but the majority of instructors sadly lack the essential practical experience in using these books; hence queries have arisen and it is only by joint discussion that they are ironed out. One small difficulty we have found is that flags Roger and Yoke are in our opinion overburdened and present no little trouble for signal boys to memorise.



The Naval contingent passing through the gates out of East Carriage Drive before entering Oxford Street.

## R.N.V.(W.)R. NOTES

### GRIMSBY

We are pleased to greet C.P.O. Tels. Hutton and Richardson who resume with their old rate.

We were well represented on both American Cruises and now our summer list of requests for Sea Training is swelling.

At present, the Coronation is foremost in our minds and the District has supplied nine stalwarts for the procession and street lining parties.

We are extremely proud of our W.R.N.V.(W.)R., who apart from their general keenness have excelled themselves by supplying one P.O. Tel., one Ldg. Tel., and two Ord. Tels. for *Mariner*.

Good progress is being shown on the non-continuous training side. Attendances are good and every Friday night the whole District takes part in a combined exercise, being controlled from Grimsby.

Leeds has completed a successful bombardment exercise with the T.A. The equipment was installed in record time and communication quickly established with the T.A. and the operational aircraft.

We will be pleased to welcome into the fold any Communicators who are due for "discharge", so "come and join us" and keep in touch with the wireless world and with "old ships".

### SHEFFIELD

We are pleased to welcome the enrolment of C.P.O. Tel. A. J. Hutton (ex-Pompey) who resumes service at his old rate.

C.P.O. Tel. S. Green is still "suffering" from the 1st "Yankee" cruise. Chatham Communicators who remember him will chuckle at "another green rub" for "Flash" Green.

Our members returning from R.N.S.S. Devonport are full of praise for the welcome accorded by Vicarage Road.

We have six members serving N.S. engagements, letters are always appreciated by the "stay-at-homes".

Any Communicator visiting Sheffield will always be given a welcome at 218 West Street.

### LEEDS

At the time of going to press the main topic of conversation is the Coronation, so to carry on in this strain let us proudly proclaim that we had two representatives at the Coronation. One in the procession and one on street lining duties, also two taking part in the Fleet Review.

Two of our members have recently braved the Atlantic to spend twenty-eight days on board the *Perseus* and it would appear that the second trip was by far the more enjoyable, or at least so we gather from our second voyager—Tel. Fallowfield.

Our W.R.N.V.R. Unit now numbers three and we look forward to the day when we shall complete our Wrens established complement.



The best things in life are free . . .

## A. & W. I.

The programme for the Flagship's Spring Cruise sounded exotic. Such alluring places as the Bahamas, Trinidad, Bahia in Brazil, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Rio were to be visited, and as if to afford a little recuperation a weekend at the Falkland Islands had been thrown in also.

We Samba'd and Rumba'd our way as far as Bahia but there, as with tired feet and gay hearts we turned towards the Falkland Islands, the air became saturated with OPs. The ship increased speed to 20 knots and with pink signals fluttering round us we arrived at the Falkland Islands in time to bid "Bon Voyage" to *Snipe* as she trotted off armed with two policemen to arrest some foreign trespassers on the football field at Deception Island.

Apart from visiting the penguins, collecting sheep skins, and eating quantities of mutton there is very little to do at the Falkland Islands. This is just as well as signal traffic for the depleted communications complements of *Snipe* and *Superb* was very heavy and we did not get ashore much. Just as we were beginning to loathe the sight of mutton and were wondering if *Superb* would be able to get away in time for the Review, the reprieve came. She had been in the Falkland Islands for six weeks instead of the three days that had been planned. We sailed for Rio where the *Superb* and later the *Sulpe* shopped for their return home.

For a few days in May Bermuda had the appearance of once again being a Naval Base with *Superb*, *St. Austell Bay*, *Veryan Bay*, *Snipe*, H.M.C.S. *Wallacburg* and H.M.S. *Andrew* in or about the Dockyard. Then all but *Veryan Bay* sailed home, *Andrew* snorting all the way; soon Bermuda was bereft of any of Her Majesty's Ships as *Veryan Bay* went for a cruise in the Caribbean, *Bigbury Bay* remaining in the far South. Now we await the return of the Flagship from the Review, due to arrive just before the Big Three. Then off we will go again for a cruise, this time on the East Coast of America, and please, no more sheep.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I received my copy of the Easter Number THE COMMUNICATOR and, as far as I read, I think it is the best issue to date. Unfortunately, someone else in the Mess was of the same opinion and waltzed my copy away. Being the only C.Tel. in Barracks I hope the Seaman Chief who has it realises what he is missing in the way of a Branch Magazine . . .

R.N.B. Devonport

R.M.R., C.P.O. Tel.

\* \* \* \* \*



Dear Sir,

After having read THE COMMUNICATOR several times we all agree that your periodical gives full credit to its name.

In the Royal Netherlands Navy we have a similar monthly viz: "Vlag en Vonk", which means "Bunting and Spark", and in this periodical we have been repeatedly writing about our stay on board ships of the Home Fleet. The co-operation between the English and Dutch signalmen has always been excellent though there were some insignificant differences of opinion owing to the language difficulties and different traditions. The reception on board has always been most cordial; we have always been treated as guests and we should like very much to reciprocate this if practicable. Anyhow we consider this an excellent opportunity to thank the respective communication staffs for the extremely agreeable co-operation during our stay on board and we sincerely hope that the bonds of friendship between the communication personnel of the Royal Navy and the Royal Netherlands Navy will not only continue to be as they are, but also be strengthened in the future.

J. TAK

P. H. M. DERKSEN

H. JANZE

J. J. PRINSEN

J. DE SERA

J. SCHOUWBURG

H. FLOHR

R. Neth. N. Signal School,  
Marinewerfkade, Amsterdam.

## AERIAL GUARD RAILS

Dear Sir,

On page 27 of the Easter number was the quip: "Then there was the Officer who asked Sparks why couldn't the guard rails be used as aeriels?" I am still trying to find out what's funny about this.

If the stanchions were made a quarter wave length long and spaced at intervals of an electrical half wavelength at current antinodes on the guard rail there is no reason why the guard rails should not be used as aeriels on a single frequency and where high angle radiation was required.

R.N.S.S. Chatham P. W. HAYLETT, P.O. Tel.

*Ed. Comment:*—Yes, and you would want a second set of guard rails to keep people away from the first.

## COMMUNICATOR'S PAY

Dear Sir,

We have been discussing the relative pay of the Communication and Seaman branches. With this Scale A and B, and waiting time of three years, it means we lose quite a sum of money, in as much as the P.O. rate in the Communications branch is reckoned as a second class rate. And if a Yeoman S.I. gets made Chief he goes on the lower rate of pay, whereas a Seaman P.O. holding a first class rate goes on the higher.

I would be glad if you would look into this and publish a comparison between two imaginary ratings, one a Seaman and the other Communications, showing their passage up the ladder of advancement.

Yours Sincerely,

R.N.S.S. Chatham.

A.B. Yeo.Sigs.

Dear Sir,

During the past few years a Telegraphist has had to achieve higher standards of knowledge in Communications, and learn more and more Crypto, yet his pay has not gone up accordingly.

Touch-typing is a further requirement (a Writer gets 6d. a day for being able to type). Why does an A.B. R.P.3 for instance get 6d. a day *more* than a Tel? He learns how to read a P.P.I., to plot, and make Sitreps and so on; or in the case of the Gunnery rating, how to fire a gun, to march on the parade ground, etc., and once learnt these things never change. In our branch things are always changing and there is always new stuff to learn, yet we get paid less than the A.B.

Also a Tel. on joining an Air Station has to learn all about VHF D/F for example; at Admiralty all about RATT. One could name countless different jobs which a Tel. has to adapt himself to. In other professions new standards and qualifications attained result in an increase in pay.

Yours, etc.,

"A. Tel".

*[Editorial Comment]*

While THE COMMUNICATOR is not the place for discussing pay and Service conditions, it is felt that a comparison of the rates of pay of the Seamen and Communication branches, together with a summary of other facts which have been most carefully considered and must be taken into account, would be of interest. The following information, which is an extract from a letter from the Director of the Signal Division, is therefore published as a special case to show the other side of the picture. Further correspondence on this subject cannot be entertained.

A comparison of the rates of pay shows that in the Ordinary and Able rates an outstanding Seaman can earn more than an outstanding Communication rating. In the Leading rate the Communication rating can achieve the higher rate of pay by passing professionally, whereas the Seaman has to pass both professionally and for a 2nd class S.Q. to earn the same rate. The Seaman rating with a 1st class S.Q. gets the higher rate of pay on advancement to P.O., whereas the Communication rating has to wait three years. On the other hand the Seaman rating with a 3rd class S.Q. stays on the lowest rate of pay all the time.

These differences are however affected by variations in advancement prospects, which are governed by three main conditions:

(a) The proportion of higher ratings allowed in each branch by Port Division numbers. This is very much bigger for Communication than for Seaman ratings (for example, the percentage of the whole branch that may be Leading or higher rates at any one time is Seamen 31.7, Sigs. 50.2, Tels. 48.2).

(b) The proportion in each branch who eventually achieve advancement to Leading rate and above. Roughly this is Seamen 56%, Sigs. 94% and Tels. 95%.

(c) The re-engagement rate. Here the Seaman has the highest rate, the Tel. the lowest.

The result of (a) is that Communication ratings have a much better chance of advancement in the long run. (b) means that a large proportion of Seamen never get on to the advancement roster and therefore those that do travel faster. (c) means that the Seaman roster is cleared more slowly than the others, particularly the Telegraphist, who has thus enjoyed more rapid advancement during the last three years than both Seamen and Signalmen.

Taking the average of advancements over the last three years, the Seaman has been advanced to Leading Seaman 7 months earlier, and to P.O. and C.P.O. 7 months and 16 months later respectively, than the average of corresponding Communication ratings.

A further factor which must be taken into account is that the number of Seamen allowed to qualify for each S.Q. is strictly limited by Quarter Bill requirements. Thus a C.P.O. may be unable to

qualify for more than the 19/- rate, whereas the C.P.O. Tel. can be reasonably sure of achieving the 21/- rate.

It is often possible to take particular instances in which one branch seems to be at a disadvantage with another, but the overall differences may not be so marked. The indications are that if the Seaman and Communications branches were made exactly equal for pay and advancement purposes, the Communicators might well lose on the change.]

**PENNANT OR PENDANT?**

Apart from some acid remarks in the letters to the Editor which appeared in the last number, there does seem to be some uncertainty as to how to spell this word in these days of N.A.T.O.

Dictionaries don't help much, since they differ amongst themselves; the most accurate are probably those that ascribe the same meaning to both words! However, they are generally agreed that *pendant* refers to a hanging ornament or banner. The policy intra-R.N. therefore is that it is to be spelt *pennant* when used in the Signal sense (e.g. Pennant Five), and *pendant* when used in the ceremonial sense (Masthead Pendant).

# HOME STATION

## R.N.S.S. DEVONPORT

Just before Easter leave we were honoured by a visit from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, to present a new Queen's Colour to the Plymouth Command. Vicarage Road was well represented among the unarmed parties and the Barracks used a great deal of our stock of bunting to decorate for the occasion. Camp personnel were also required for Coronation Day parades both in Plymouth and in the Capital. The morning of June 2nd unfortunately brought rain in Plymouth, which persisted throughout the service and march past, but local reports were nevertheless full of praise for a truly smart turnout.

Whitsun weekend saw the first of this year's Navy Days and R.N.S.S. ran the usual display in the Dockyard. Our main attraction was the Greetings Cards at sixpence a time to any address in the United Kingdom and free radio-telegrams to any ship at sea throughout the world. The latter type of message was restricted to actual relatives of Naval personnel serving overseas, but the number of young ladies in the Plymouth area who have cousins serving in H.M. Ships is astonishing!

Finally, the Fleet Review deprived us of several stanchions on loan to various ships, but these chaps have now rejoined after an exciting experience. Truly a fitting conclusion to a splendid series of Naval Occasions in this long-to-be-remembered Summer.

Three more classes of W.R.N.S. Tels. have passed out this Term and have been replaced by three new ones.

The Indian Naval detachment which joined us earlier in the year have now left to join their new ships on the Mersey and are missed by all in the Camp and, let it be whispered, by quite a few of the local female population who have been heard to sigh for just one more glimpse of those gorgeous turbans! We will shortly be welcoming a contingent of Venezuelan Naval types who are due to join us prior to manning a brand new vessel being built at Barrow.

Our intended move to the new quarters at St.

Budeaux now looks very real indeed, detailed plans having been worked out, and it now only remains for the Dockyard to prepare the way for a quick change-over sometime in October.

In the world of entertainment, the Chiefs and P.O.s have both held social evenings which were unanimously acclaimed as successes. We hope to be able to book the "Exmouth Hall" in Devonport for an End-of-Term Ball sometime before Summer leave. One concert was held very early in the Term in which a local concert party gave us a splendid evening's entertainment. One of the performers, Tel. Hood, was recently in R.N.H. where he had the good fortune to perform before Miss Tessie O'Shea. Tessie was kind enough to acclaim him as a talented, up-and-coming young comedian, a view shared by all who were fortunate enough to witness his performance in the Rec. Hall.

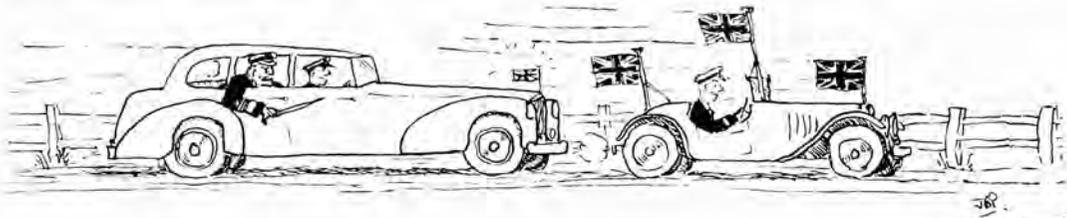
Perhaps the biggest and certainly the newest attraction in Vic. Road these days (or rather nights) is the T.V. receiver recently installed on trial in the Library. We were fortunate in seeing the whole of the Coronation very clearly indeed and though some fading is experienced, owing to our being outside the accepted T.V. area, it seems to be generally considered jolly good entertainment value by all who patronise it.

The Editor has no small enough print to publish our disappointment at the loss of our Soccer status at the end of the season—again due to sudden drafts, which left us with only a scratch eleven to complete a really hard programme. Hard lines, after such a splendid performance earlier in the season.

And now it only remains for us all here in Guzz to say Cheerio to you all and wish all Home Service wallahs a pleasant Summer leave. To those serving in far-away places with strange sounding names, may the time pass quickly and when it does eventually draw to its close—Welcome Home.

### Overheard on Tactical Primary

"This is JIG ZEBRA, Roger, Wilco. My receiver is U.S. Out".



## R.N.S.S. CHATHAM

It is with regret that we shall shortly say farewell to the "Bird", who wrote the majority of this article for THE COMMUNICATOR.

Congratulations to the Chatham entry to the S.I. "Q" 11 stakes, and we hope Yeo. Markins has recovered sufficiently to finish the part he missed. It is understood that a tragedy overtook one of the course and we offer our sincere condolences to Yeo. Hearson on the loss of his wife.

It is not now possible to give the names of all the people who are leaving us for civilian life, but about fifteen C.Y.S. will have left us by August and a finger check tells us the total is thirty-one for 1953. The numbers of C.P.O. Tels. is not known but is suspected to be between fifteen and twenty by the end of the year, and for Yeomen and P.O. Tels. and other ratings, numbers are such that we wouldn't hazard a guess, but maybe the C.R.O. may have something to say on the numbers leaving the Divisions. They all have our best wishes for their future welfare and success.

A stranger reported to the S.S. the other day. He'd been at *Mercury* so long we thought he was P.JX. Anyway, he won't reign long as he has also received a "Laughing Chit" to *Centaur*—with the writer. Both Signal Schools may now commence to tremble.

Comm. Lt. Driver has at last decided to part brass rags with the R.N. and by the time this goes to press he will be "Mr". May we hope he has as much success outside the Navy as he has had in it.

We didn't finish so well in the football league—one from Cricket is still in its infancy, but we have managed to beat a Depot team selected from Hawke Block which seemed to have pleased the cricketers no end.

The Signal School Officers did extremely well at shooting, winning the "Forest Cup". Their score was so good that it was a big factor in helping the Wardroom to win the Nore Command aggregate cup.

The third anniversary of the move from Cookham to our present site passed rather unnoticed as it practically coincided with the Coronation. We were well represented in the Coronation, having many of our numbers in the Royal Guard, Processional Unit and the back room boys in Clapham deep shelter.

Our Easter Navy days was a bumper show this year, as it was a kind of anniversary effort, the R.N. Barracks having been opened fifty years before. We even had an old Type Two working in the drill shed. The show included many other antiques as well as the most modern equipment and we were beginning to wonder whether there was any equipment left in the Signal School during these days. It was a great success and very well patronised. "A Signal Success".



## R.N.A.S. EGLINTON

The Department was honoured by the inclusion of Chief Wren Switchboard Gilbert in the Wrens, contingent of the Coronation Parade. Unexpected publicity came our way when a photograph of Signal Wren Humfrey, with *Gannet* Cap Ribbon well to the fore, appeared in the "Daily Mirror". She had been selected, together with one other Wren from Eglinton, to represent the W.R.N.S. at the Royal Tournament. Chief Wren Tel. Evans, attended the Royal Review of the Fleet at Spithead and was fortunate in embarking in H.M.S. *Persens*. We all, of course, look forward tremendously to the visit of Her Majesty The Queen to Northern Ireland, and her departure from our Airfield on July 3rd.

After long and honourable service, the Barracudas of 815 Squadron have at last succumbed to the onslaughts of age. It is understood that a suitable site has been prepared at the Kensington Science Museum. The Squadron has been re-equipped with Avengers.

The Station Sports were held in June in bright sunshine. We entered a Communicators' team in the W.R.N.S. Athletic Cup and after a very good effort, managed to secure second place. We have been runners up for two years now, maybe "Third Time Lucky" next year.

In order that the unknown author of the article "Visit from the Gods" shall no longer wonder whether the three Graces are still with us, we pass on the following information. The attractions of Mother Earth have proved the Achilles Heel to two of these exalted beings. One has already become spliced with a mere mortal, and the other, the gods willing, is heading fast in the same direction. We ponder the fate of the third.



WESTMINSTER ON CORONATION NIGHT. WAITING FOR THE FIREWORKS.

## FIRE A ROCKET!

The cry "Fire a Rocket!" is well known to all Yeomen, who in peace time at any rate, always keep a weather eye open for the hoist "Zero Item Baker"; and having successfully fired it (even if the colour was unexpected) before anyone else, they are unlikely to forget that the next drill is almost certain to be "Fire another".

But it isn't often that a Chief or P.O. Tel. gets the opportunity to fire not one, but several hundred rockets all at once.

Ten members of the current C.C.O. (Q) Course had this experience on Coronation night. Armed with Type 615s, tin hats, and in some cases lifebelts, they formed the Communication Party for controlling the vast firework display on the South Bank site. Two more were stationed on the North Bank with the B.B.C. Television Unit, listening in to the Control net and briefing the Commentator on what was happening. (Although the latter could obviously see what was going on, and also had a programme of events, there was so much of it, and it was so continuous, that after the first two items he was completely baffled and relied implicitly on the radio reports on which he based his commentary.)

The show opened on the stroke of half past ten with a 41 gun salute of maroons, during which the Royal portraits were shown. The cheer which greeted the picture of Her Majesty was magnificent—across the river it sounded as if the whole of London was roaring its approval.

The Battle was on! For the next 55 minutes there was no let up. Something was fired at least every 30 seconds—and it wasn't just a single something. Never less than a hundred rockets went off at once, or a dozen dustbins filled with Roman Candles (powerful ones too, so that it didn't matter if you forgot to lift the lid off—except that even a tin hat is not much protection against a dustbin lid!). There were mines fired on barges—30 at once, which looked to the control party exactly like a battleship blowing up (those on the barges confirmed this view); shells of all sizes, up to 16 inch, fired out of enormous drain pipes, catherine wheels 40 feet across, trees 50 feet high, and a waterfall 600 feet long.

The show went exactly according to plan, except for one minor mishap. One of the shells, fired about half way through the display, landed right on top of the Finale—and up it went, all one thousand five hundred rockets! Not that it mattered, there was so much noise and fire and excitement during the last two or three items that no one missed the rockets at all.

It was better than Matapan and Alamein rolled into one, and the debris along the South Bank afterwards went to prove it.

But perhaps the happiest cheer of the lot shattered the silence after the show when one of the many craft on the river fired—one single red rocket.

## H.M.S. "VANGUARD"

### C. IN C. H.F. & C. IN C. EASTLANT

Our Summer Cruise started on May 8th when we left S.R.J. flying the flag of C. in C. H.F. and proceeded independently to Portland. We arrived there the following day and remained for three weeks. The time was spent cleaning, painting, testing illuminating circuits, etc. ready for the Review. Communications Exercises were hampered by painting aloft in most ships and painting was hampered by the inclement weather and the fact that so many officers and ratings were out of the ship daily rehearsing for Street Lining, Colour Party, etc. for the Coronation.

On May 28th we left Portland for Southend-on-Sea where we spent Coronation Day. *Vanguard* Communicators were represented by Tel. Harrold who was one of the Street Lining Party, and the F.C.A., Lt. Knocker, had the honour of carrying the Queen's Colour. Naturally the matelots wit came to the fore and he is now rudely referred to on the Messdeck as "Sister Anna".

Southend gave Communicators a bit of a break and the "locals" treated us very well.

From Southend we returned to Weymouth Bay for a last few days "clean ship", thence to Spithead for the Review. Enough has already been said of the Review and all Communicators know well the work involved. Taking into consideration the shortages of personnel due to Liaison Staffs for foreign warships, etc., I think we can say things went reasonably well. To give some idea of the traffic handled, *Vanguard* B.W.O. were dealing with something like 250 ship/shore signals a day when guard for group WW1 and the number of messages sent by hand and V/S was also very high. May I point out to all communicators that under our N.A.T.O. title of CINCEASTLANT we have a small number of our staff stationed ashore? They are known as CINCEASTLANT (shore link) and are allocated address groups, etc. During our stay at Spithead we passed several encrypted signals to them on ship/shore—only to have them passed back to us on broadcast "R"!

Now with the Review behind us we are at Portsmouth enjoying a little relaxation (negat crypto).

Incidentally, who was the Cryptographer who encrypted the distribution at the end of the text?

*Heard outside the Crypto Office when the ship was open to visitors:*

*Visitor:* "Cryptographic Office! What does that mean?"

*Crypto Rating:* "That's a new name for Cypher Office, Madam".

*Visitor:* "Oh! Is it? Can you tell me what won the 2.30 at Newmarket this afternoon?"

## M.H.Q. PLYMOUTH

Mid-May saw us in the throes of Annals Four and traffic handled both in and out, reached a peak of about 85 signals an hour.

After the Exercise we all breathed a sigh of relief but it was short lived as Nan Love suddenly turned into a Canadian broadcast and we were kept busy looking up unfamiliar callsigns.

With the approach of the Coronation, things really began to move. There were forty-four ships making their Coronation visits to seaside towns around Britain and the majority of them were on Portwave. We wish to extend to all Communicators on those ships our thanks for their patience whilst they "stood in the queue" with their ZBOs and our regrets to those who had a QRL flung at them by our harassed Wren Portwave Operator.

Our next exercise, which is a much larger affair, starts in late September and lasts for four days—another N.A.T.O. Exercise with about nine different nations taking part. For this Exercise the R.E.s have to "get cracking" and fix up another 3 Bays, so we shall have a house full in the C.R.R.

## R.N.A.S. FORD

We must begin by mentioning our latest recruits—eight Naval Airmen who have joined us vice active service Tels., and whom we welcome to the friendship of the Communications Department. After only four weeks training at R.N.S.S. Seaford Park they have taken over their duties as voice and D/F Operators (FY 10) with surprising efficiency and keenness; and we may even find them taking over Witex soon!

At the Coronation of Her Majesty The Queen, we were represented in the Procession through London by two of our Staff. Despite the 'drips' at the preparatory training programme, which consisted of the inevitable squad drill and route marches up to a distance of fourteen miles, they were very proud to have taken part.

Unfortunately we could not take any active part in the Fleet Review, but all the jet aircraft which formed part of the fly-past used Ford as their base. Rear Admiral Couchman, who led the fly-past in a Vampire aircraft, also took off from here. It was indeed an impressive sight to see as many as sixty jets lined up on the runway waiting for the signal which was to send them thundering into the air and needless to say the roadway bordering the Eastern side of the Airfield was jammed with cars and sight-seers.

800 and 803 Attacker Squadrons have now left us for a six weeks cruise in Scottish waters in their parent ship H.M.S. *Eagle*, and in their place we welcome the 3rd Royal Netherlands Navy Squadron, whom we trust will find their stay in the beautiful Sussex countryside an enjoyable and pleasant one.

Some weeks ago we founded the Communications Darts team which proved highly successful. After

beating up the local champs and winning the "Gallon" on two occasions, both matches being played away, we have unfortunately received no further challenges.

Owing to the great success competitors from Ford achieved in the Command Rifle meeting—no less than eight members qualified for Bisley—we have been encouraged to form a Ford Rifle Club. Permission has been obtained to use the Duke of Norfolk's Range at Arundel Castle, and for the sum of 2/6d. per annum many instructive and pleasant evenings may be spent.

## R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

On May 8th, in the traditional brilliant sunshine, we celebrated another Helston Flora Day. There was no flying and Helston was in party mood all day. The chief interest was the midday dance in which our Captain and several officers took part, resplendent in morning coats and toppers (big day for Moss Bros.).

On May 14th, we conducted an all day onslaught on H.M.C.S. *Magnificent* and the Canadian Coronation Squadron on their way up Channel and on 20th May we were up all night taking part in Exercise "Annals", for which Culdrose provided night fighter defence of the convoy. Then the Coronation, then the Review, now Air Day, what can the future hold?

Leading Wren Tel. Hassam was chosen as the only Wren Tel. to take part in the Coronation Procession and several of us saw her on T.V. wearing her very "pusser" hat.

We have had two trips to sea from Falmouth in the R.M.L. Despite the heavy swell, all feet remained firmly on the deck. Needless to say, local chemists had a sudden rush on "Quells" and have since replenished their stock in hopes of another great "sale".

Talking of sailing, our S.C.O. is throwing all caution to the winds and taking a crew of Wren Communicators down to the Helford River once a week with the idea of entering the Whaler Race against the *Vanguard* when she visits Falmouth in July.

The day this contribution is due for press will be our "Air Day" and all are busy with preparations. Amongst the static displays, the Communicators will have their usual "stall" (ugh! sorry).

Chief Wren (SW/BD) Stark has gone, but only to Plymouth, where she is training New Entry Switch Ops. P.O. Wren Sig. Lamb has taken a very rash step and transferred to the Welfare Branch. We're sorry to lose her and wish her all the best in her new work.

## From a member of the N.A.T.O. Long Course

"I can read these S.B.X.'s up to about 16 words a minute as long as they stick to English; it's when they start going into a foreign language that I get stuck".

## LONDONDERRY AIRS

Since our last effort—and it was an effort—life in the Emerald Isle has varied from the rush and toil of visits from a U.S. Hunter Killer Group, and the 6th Frigate Squadron to the almost cloister quiet of the Coronation and Review, for which we were denuded of all our ships and submarines; even the S.C.O. abandoned ship and flew to Canada, and at the time of writing is still there waiting for his aeroplane to be repaired.

Summer occurred on Sunday, 7th June—the author was duty—and we are now enjoying a mild Indian Winter with every river and stream in full spate, and filled with leaping salmon and trout.

Next month we are going almost completely "N.A.T.O." with visits from Dutch, Danish, Norwegian ships and aircraft and with French aircraft in addition, but we would not miss it for all the Mainbraces ever exercised or spliced.

On July 3rd we are being honoured with a visit from Her Majesty, and the staff are busy rehearsing for the Royal Guard and Street Lining, and at present the watch changing rather resembles the changing of the Guard at Whale Island.

In the sporting line the Communicators beat the Wrens at cricket, but lost to the C. and P.O.s, our wicket-keeper, C.Y.S. McMeekin playing in sea-boots, the hardier types wading in their bare feet.

To conclude we give you a short list from our tame Wren (TR) who thinks that:—

A Subsmash is a relief who doesn't turn up.

A channel frequency is one used between Dover and Calais.

"Synops" means a good run ashore.

An emergency set is a beard grown in a hurry.  
H.M.S. *Sea Eagle*

## THIRD TRAINING SQUADRON

Yet another of our worthy ships *Creole* has fallen by the wayside, having taken herself for a well-earned rest in Reserve. It is interesting to note that *Creole* was one of the original Derry Flotilla when the Joint A/S School first began its operations shortly after the war.

Recently, anti-submarine operations have been overshadowed by anti-rust and dirt operations, as the Squadron prepared for the recent Coronation Review, but up to the end of May we had our fair share of Submarine chasing.

During early May we were visited by one of the United States Hunter Killer Groups consisting of an Escort Carrier and Six Destroyers. They stayed with us for a fortnight, and we carried out several exercises with them. During these exercises some of our Squadron had an advance taste of "things to come" as portable U.H.F. sets were fitted in the British ships taking part. One interesting fact to note was that the American destroyers used a U.H.F. ratt circuit as an intercommunication line between themselves with great success.

In a fortnight's time the 3rd T.S. hold their own review when Her Majesty The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh pay a state visit to Northern Ireland, embarking in our leader *Rocket*, for the trip from Lisahally to Derry.



"There'll be a Coronation right enough, if someone doesn't move soon!"

## ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION

The accent this Term has been on the Admiral's Inspection, and of course June 2nd. We managed to persuade our Admiral to come along earlier than originally intended in order that all our Guard and Band would be in the same heap at the given moment instead of the front rank servicing aircraft, the second practising for the Coronation, and the third rigging for the Coronation Ball.

In case any young Communicators are wondering why Admirals' Inspections always have to be carried out, here is the story.

Once upon a time (make sure at this point to look like a very old C.C.O. (Air) short of complement, and work up a tremor in the voice) there was a nice kind Admiral who was due to carry out an Admiral's Inspection at R.N.A.S. *Arctica*. This Admiral hated to worry people, particularly his Staff, young sailors and Wrens (especially the Wrens who have to turn out at 1000 on these occasions). Well at the very last moment this Admiral made a signal cancelling the whole show, and gave all hands a make-and-mend instead. Now instead of everyone being grateful, some very curious things happened.

The signal containing the cancellation was made in a very high grade "burn before" sort of crypto system, and was sent on the "old boy" system to Air Traffic Control. There it was much admired as it was thought to be the Paisley Coronation route. However, eventually an ex-Chief Yeoman Air Traffic Controller recognised parts of it and, rather belatedly, the vital signal was conveyed by the high speed A.T.C. system of communications, based on witchcraft and mirrors, to the M.S.O. Having finally decrypted it, the Yeoman emitted undecipherable throat noises and refused to present the Captain with the fateful signal. The C.C.O. took a firm hand and told the Yeoman to smack it into the Secretary's IN tray when he was out, and let him take it in to the Captain. Subsequent discreet peering through the Sec's door revealed the magnificent bearing he maintained throughout. With admirable composure (see "The Cruel Sea") he marched into the Captain's Office. The door closed, and a pane of glass broke seven blocks away.

The effect on the Commander, who had worked this air station up to a frenzy over the last six months, was galvanic. He retired forthwith and bought an airfield of his own near Loch Lomond, had an Admiral's Inspection every day, wrote his own reports, and became an Admiral in the Scottish Navy several years later.

The First Lieutenant took to painting bricks white and carrying ornamental boulders from place to place, which he also painted white until he ran out of paint, when he was persuaded to retire. He now sells white paint in Icelandic dockyards.

The Commander (S) made only one striking remark which is now the first page in the Cookery manual. He subsequently devoted his time to inventing methods of cooking sausages. He was retired after his 99th experiment, when he had detailed a cook to hold the banger in the slip-stream of an Attacker. The sausage was cooked, but unfortunately the cook was done first.

The story eventually reached the ears of the Editor of the "Daily Glimmer", who published it in the form of a strip cartoon, thereby increasing his circulation by several hundred thousand.

Thus it came about that a very high ranking Admiralty Civil Servant (what rank no one knew, except that he was allowed a fire and two carpets in his office), found himself faced with these extraordinary happenings every time he opened his paper at Stand-Easy. He decided that this sort of thing could not be allowed to go on, and that the only thing to do was to forbid Admirals ever to cancel their inspections. So that is why Admirals' Inspections are always carried out.

R.N.A.S. *Abbotsinch*

And then there is the story of the Sparker who wasn't too well up on his opposite subject . . .

Whilst showing a Wren round the flag deck he put her in a most embarrassing situation, when he misunderstood the Chief Yeoman's order to "Down em all".



WHAT NAVAL HARBOUR? (see page 123)

### THIRD SUBMARINE SQUADRON

H.M.S. *Montclare*, being the focal point of the "Third", sends greetings to Sparkers and Buntings all. For the benefit of those joining us for Summer/Winter sports in Scotland we spend a good deal of time at a buoy in Rothesay Bay, Isle of Bute, but manage to keep our "Duty Frees" by joining a N.A.T.O. exercise, etc. fairly frequently, including an annual trip abroad. Accommodation for families is available at Rothesay in the Winter, though 'hard pushed' during the Summer months.

Just back from the Review, a hectic week with V/S repeating duties for eighteen ships and our own Squadron of ten. Good work all round with a special mention to the C.C.O. Mr. Mitchell, C.Y.S. Smallwood, Chief Tel. Johnson and Yeo. Bigg.

Finally, a warm welcome to Cdr. R. L. W. Moss who has just joined *Montclare* as Exec. Talk about a new broom!

P.S.—Which Portland depot ship made to *Posamton* (Siamese)—"Use N.A.T.O. Procedure"?

### ESCORT FOR MARSHAL TITO

It is high time that the Second Training Squadron added a contribution to the growing strength of COMMUNICATOR. Our task is not wildly exciting but our numbers are large. The Squadron at present consists of: two "Z" Class destroyers, one half-conversion ex. "T" Class destroyer, five Castle Class frigates, one modified Hunt, one modified River Class frigate, three Isle Class trawlers and three S.D.B.s. A grand total of sixteen assorted vessels.

Our main task is to provide floating classrooms for H.M.S. *Osprey* and we have two ships covered with weird contraptions for C.U.D.E. In these roles complements are very reduced, but all told we number some ninety-five communication ratings.

Other varied duties fall to our lot, including all main Home Station exercises, and at present, Coronation visits and the Review are matters of moment.

Recently Captain (D) was Senior Officer of the Channel escorts for *Galeb* bringing Marshal Tito on his first visit to England. *Galeb*, despite earlier press rumours concerning her size, is about 4,000 tons and is fitted with diesel engines which were running in after a recent major overhaul. Her normal role is that of a cadet training ship and the row of shapes on her foredeck (at first thought to be a well drilled guard), turned out to be a set of training binnacles which were carefully covered and uncovered with her armament.

In proper keeping with a V.I.P. vessel, she wore a number of flags and colours which were all slightly embellished versions of the new type Yugo Slav ensign. The Marshal's personal flag was at the fore, with Admiral Berni's flag at the main and a union flag on the fore-yard arm. Escorting ships were



"One other point—remove the cover".

dressed with masthead flags and illuminated Yugo Slav ensigns at night.

*Galeb* was an impeccable formation guide, although she found cornering a la N.A.T.O. rather tricky. H.M.S. *Myngs* had the honour of passing Marshal Tito's personal message of thanks to Her Majesty the Queen, and it was with relief that those involved (C.Y.S. Hilton and C.P.O. Tel. Sargent), heard correct extracts from it on the B.B.C. the following evening.

The Second Training Squadron run their own C.X.M.s at Portland and will welcome any lonely ships working up here if they would care to take part.

2ND TRAINING SQUADRON

### R.N.A.S. ARBROATH

Up here at Condor the Signal Wrens have reached an all time record of 217 signals in one day, including 75 outgoing ones and a total of almost a thousand in one week.

May I suggest that any Signal Wren who wants a foreign draft comes to Arbroath, because no less than four Signal Wrens have gone out to Malta from the M.S.O. here since February. Our staff is continually changing due to demob, marriage, etc.

The W/T Staff were kept very busy until the end of April when 802 Squadron was here. They will be busy again during the next fortnight when we are having a Squadron from R.A.F. Syerston, and again after leave when we are having another Squadron. Believe me it is quite an event for Arbroath!

## FIFTH DESTROYER SQUADRON

Since the beginning of March, the career of this Squadron has been rather chequered. After the combined fleet visit to Gibraltar where for the first time for many years we saw five British Aircraft Carriers alongside, albeit two of them training ships, *Gabhard* sailed to escort Marshal Tito to the Thames and subsequently went into Chatham to pay off.

*Cadiz* then sailed for the U.K. and *St. Kitts* changed ship's companies and Squadrons with *Gravelines* to join the Third D.S.

*Gravelines* sailed for Chatham at the end of the combined fleet visit leaving, for the second year running, *Solebay* and *St. James* to reinforce the Mediterranean Fleet for a period after the Spring Cruise. On 26th March we sailed from Gib. to escort Marshal Tito, in *Galeb*, to Malta. On closing *Galeb* to transfer newspapers we all had a close view of the Marshal, smiling as in nearly every one of his photographs.

On arrival at Malta we had once again to try to re-learn M.S.C.O.s and the complications of routing at Malta, (i.e. is M.I.S.S. automatically responsible for the Fleet Film distribution centre?), not to mention the effort required to keep an up-to-date state of whose flag was flying where. Malta was sunny and warm, but most of us would have willingly exchanged that for the cold, rain and mist of Number 3 basin at Chatham. We spent a month there altogether, visiting Naples for a week in the middle. This was an unfortunate visit in many ways, because the rain came down non-stop for the first three days, and after that it was nothing to write home about. The expression "Sunny Italy" is now treated with the gravest suspicion by all onboard.

On returning home we had our deferred Easter leave and are now about to sail to Spithead for the Review. *St. James* and *Cadiz* are again with us at Portland, but at the Review it will be for the last time, because the day after we all sail to our Home Ports to pay off and then the Fifth D.S. will be no more. Draft orders for all Communication ratings in excess of a private ship's complement have already been received onboard *Solebay* and the paying off pendant is all ready to be hoisted.

## FOURTH D.S.

Having completed the first half of the Summer Cruise, the Fourth D.S. is now looking forward to a spell of heather, haggis, bagpipes and kilts. *Agincourt* and *Coruma* have been nominated as official Naval Representatives for the visit of H.M. The Queen to Edinburgh, while *Aisne* and *Barrasa* will be in close proximity at Rosyth.

The programme to date has been fairly hectic. Such foreign places as Woolwich during Coronation week, followed by four days at Hastings have been very popular. We were presented with a brochure commemorating the visit and a free pass to many items of sport and entertainment. Needless

to say we didn't think of William the Conqueror, and our own battles will be equally well remembered, having stormed many a maiden's heart.

Regretfully (luckily for some) we left Hastings without mishap for the Coronation Review and the biggest green rub ever, namely duty SAR boat over the weekend. D.4 selected us, out of thousands of destroyers, but we gained a small chuckle by watching *Vanguard* trying to make "Janes Fighting Ships" look silly where silhouettes were concerned when the Fleet "unlit".

To finish off, we would like to wish all Communicators (including *Sverdlov*) Good Vodkas, and Happy Radio Warfare.

## H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE"

The unsettled political situation in the Mediterranean prolonged our stay on Foreign Service. However, time passed, and on the 27th April we sailed from Malta to Gib wearing the Flag of Admiral Mountbatten. In company we had the Australian and New Zealand Coronation Contingents, which were borne aboard *Sydney* and *Black Prince*.

On leaving Gib a rare Athletic meeting was organised by our Sports Officer. Most people thought he was a little ambitious when they realised that on the day chosen for the finals, we should be in the centre of the bay. As it happened, conditions were ideal and we were able to transfer competitors by sea boat from our attendant destroyers *Solebay* and *St. James*. The meeting was a great success, with the usual track events. Field events were the Tug-of-War and throwing the Medicine Ball. Of the novelty Races, the Veterans Race in particular provided universal amusement with the communication's entry—C.P.O. Tel. "Mungy" Parsons, a firm favourite. He was selected not so much for his ability as for the fact that one yard advantage was allowed for each year over forty. In a race of 100 yards it can be clearly seen that M. Parsons didn't have very far to run. With the veterans lined up, our representative was nearest the finishing line, but there was a gasp of disappointment from the expectant comms supporters when "Mungy's" ears failed him. He didn't hear the report of the starting gun even though it was discharged alongside his right ear! His first notion that the race was in progress came when a horde of old crocks stumbled past him. He did, however, manage to get 6th place, but we feel that had there been more than six entrants he may not have done as well.

Our Quiz team won the ship's inter-departmental Quiz competition by defeating the Petty Officers in the final. One tricky question that didn't catch Tel. Nicklin napping was "Which football team won the F.A. Cup and hasn't played a game since?" Easy, isn't it? But remember, he had only 15 seconds in which to answer.

This will, no doubt, be our final contribution as "Indom" is being placed in reserve after the Review.

## JOHN PASCO

### FLAG LIEUTENANT IN H.M.S. "VICTORY" AT TRAFALGAR

John Pasco entered the Navy in 1784 at the age of nine and a half, as Captain's Servant in the *Druid* 32. After two years in this ship, he was transferred to the *Pegasus* 28, commanded by the Duke of Clarence, in the West Indies.

Between 1790 and 1795 he was employed as Midshipman and Master's Mate, serving in no less than eight ships, mostly in the Channel and West Indies.

He attained the rank of Lieutenant in 1795, and in 1797 was appointed to the *Immortalite* as 'First'.

He joined H.M.S. *Victory*, Flagship of Lord Nelson, in April 1803. Pasco was the Senior Lieutenant on board, but Nelson's practice was to make the officer first on his list for promotion do the duty of Signal Officer, and the junior, that of First Lieutenant. This was unfortunate for Pasco, as in the promotions made after the action, he only received a Commander's commission, while Mr. Quilliam, who was actually the sixth-Lieutenant, was at once advanced to Post rank. Pasco also had the misfortune to be severely wounded by a grape-shot in the right side and arm, for which he did, however, receive a grant from the Patriotic fund, and later a pension of £250 per annum.

He served on half pay until 1808, then commanded various ships, and in 1811 was advanced to Post rank.

His subsequent career is devoid of much excitement, though it is of interest that in 1846 he returned to take command of his old ship, the *Victory*, at Portsmouth. In 1847 he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of the Blue. He was retired the same year, and died in 1853.

A pencil note on the back of the portrait, which is reproduced by kind permission of the National Maritime Museum, says "Staff Commander John Pasco, painted in 1839, aged 46". However, this does not fit any of the Pascos, or Pascoes, serving during this period, nor is the uniform quite right for 1839. The undress coat might have been worn by a Master, Lieutenant, Commander or Captain between 1795 and 1825. The single epaulette would have been worn by a junior Captain between 1795 and 1812, or by a Lieutenant from 1812 to 1832, but never by Masters.

The buttons appear to be of the 1795-1812 variety, so it seems probable that the painting is in fact of our John Pasco, but was done in 1811 or 1812.

Pasco is best known of course as the man who hoisted Nelson's signal on the morning of Trafalgar. He describes the occasion in a letter written after the action:



"His Lordship came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the Fleet "England confides that every man will do his duty"', and he added, "You must be quick for I have one more to make, which is for 'Close Action.'" I replied, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute *Expects* for *Confides* the signal will be soon completed, because the word *expects* is in the vocabulary and *confides* must be spelt". His Lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, "That will do Pasco, make it directly". When it had been answered by a few ships in the van he ordered me to make the signal for 'Close Action' and to 'Keep it up'. Accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant masthead and there it remained until shot away".

The signal when hoisted drew from Collingwood the well known remark, "I wish Nelson would stop signalling—we all know what to do". Nothing could have been a greater tribute to Nelson's leadership.

The inscription on the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square omits the word 'that'. There is, however, no doubt of the actual wording of the signal since it is recorded in the logs of most of the ships present.

The signal code used was Sir Home Popham's Code of Telegraphic Signals or Marine Vocabulary, published in 1803.

B.H.K.

## "NORTHICE APPLEJACK" FOR CHRISTMAS

After the sledge party left us in October our first task was to unpack all the food and equipment and put it under cover before it became drifted over with snow. This job proved to be a race against time as the light was fading fast. Everything takes much longer up here in the extreme cold and high altitude and 24 hours a day seems quite inadequate. There were times when I wondered if I would ever complete fitting up the equipment before Dixie Dean arrived to relieve me. Gradually the radio "set up" began to take shape although the batteries were quite a headache. Some were lost in the air drop and most of the remainder were cracked, but by using pitch from the top I was able to seal up most of them. The loss of the acid mixing bucket was solved by using the pyrex cooking dishes, much to the horror of my comrades. Wind generators provided power for the hut lights, B46 and B47, rotary transformer and some of the scientific equipment. Petrol generators supplied the current for charging the remaining banks of batteries including the power for the main transmitter. This has an output power of approximately 100 watts. All the radio tools were lost in the air drop, but luckily I carried a small roll of tools with me on the sledge journey. The type 612 modulator and power pack was in quite a mess as the parachute failed to open and it came down from a height of 800 feet, disappearing so far down in the snow that it was nearly included in an R.A.N. rate book.

The U.S.A.F. at Thule informed us they would make a Christmas airdrop and from then on we sent them regular weather reports. This caused great excitement among us, but not for long. Over a period of a month two attempts were made to locate us and both failed in spite of outside electric lights and a large number of petrol flares as we now had perpetual darkness. The aircraft went back to the States with a failure in the navigational equipment and we had to wait for another aircraft to complete the drop.

December 16th was Instr. Lt. Rollitt's birthday so Pete and I made quite a number of the usual party delicacies including a cake. An altimeter was taken from the crashed aircraft and given as a present. (This then became part of the Station met. equipment). The acid for the batteries came in plastic four gallon jars and I put one of these to good use as a still and produced "Northice Applejack", which has since become quite famous both for its qualities as a purgative and for its alcoholic content.

On Christmas Day only the essential routines, plus cooking and scientific observations, were carried out. We listened to the Queen's Broadcast and then played gramophone records, consuming the remainder of the Applejack. We made the most of this as it was to be our last, having lost three cwt. of sugar in the airdrop. After the Christmas break we started work again in earnest. Radio masts were

put up and a tunnel about 40 yards long dug connecting the conservatory to the "Hydrogen Caboose". This was a hut made of snow blocks used for manufacturing hydrogen in a weird and wonderful machine known as the "Hydrogen Bomb". A lattice mast for met. instruments was also erected. Every evening we used to have chats with many of the American and Canadian Arctic Weather Stations on the amateur bands. The return of daylight in the beginning of February, even though it was only for an hour a day, to start with, gave us a new lease on life. Day by day the hours of daylight increased until we saw the sun for the first time.

February 15th brought us the long awaited airdrop and we each received a present. Also in the bundles were magazines and books, cookies, fresh spuds which clicked like billiard balls when knocked together, steak and cabbages. All this was so wonderful to us that not much in the way of work was done for the rest of the day. February was also our coldest month, the lowest temperature recorded being minus 82 F (114° of frost). With the return of the light the boys at the Depot started planning for the coming journeys, and reconnaissance parties left to find a route from Danmarkshavn to the base across the Storstroem Glacier.

April brought us tragedy in the death of Capt. Hans Jensen, Royal Danish Army. Whilst descending a mountain when surveying with Lt. Brooke, R.N., he slipped and fell to his death. During April, after a tough time, the first two weasels found a route across the Storstroem Glacier and reached base with rather badly damaged sledge trailers. The remainder then crossed over the Glacier to base and all were busily engaged for a week in repairing the damage. The weasels form two teams, one the gravimetric and one the seismic. The latter were carrying out the relief of the icecap crew before continuing with their programme and they left base on May 11th "flagging" a route through the crevassed areas for the team following them up on the icecap. We were relieved on May 18th, a day of great excitement for all. The only parts of the hut visible to our reliefs were the ventilators and the chimney, as the roof was below the surface of the snow. Very shortly all fourteen of us were in the small hut and we were reading our mail. This had been flown from Copenhagen to Mestersvig then brought on dog sledge by a Danish Trapper and the Danish Army sledge patrol 200 miles to Danmarkshavn. From there to our base a distance of 60 miles across the Storstroem by weasel and then 250 miles across the icecap to us. That evening we had quite a party as a little booze had been brought up for the occasion. Being the first for eight months it had an unusual effect.

On May 23rd we left for base, meeting the gravimetric team on the way, and arrived on the

28th, having been on the icecap for over nine months. We had a nice reception waiting for us, including a large cake made by the Expedition Leader. I have now settled down here with communications which includes a daily routine with Whitehall W/T. Quite a lot of traffic passes in and out on this circuit and conditions are not always as good as they might be, but thanks to the patience of the operators at the other end we do clear all our traffic. The making of XPNs for long periods was

made easier by the construction of an "XPN ogram" from a gramophone motor and turntable. This produces XPNs merrily, allowing me to light up the old pipe in comfort. At the time of writing this article it is snowing quite heavily outside so I think I'll postpone my Summer leave until 1954. Best wishes to all Communicators from Greenland.

*Britannia Lake,  
N.E. Greenland.*

K. TAYLOR, P.O. TEL.



## BOOK REVIEWS

### SIMPLE HERALDRY— CHEERFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

By IAN MONCREIFFE and DON POTTINGER. Published by THOMAS NELSON & SONS LTD., 3 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Price 10/6d.

All Signalmen have, of necessity, a certain interest in heraldry, if only to be able to recognise certain flags and standards. For those who would like to pursue the matter further, there could be no pleasanter way of so doing than settling down and browsing through this book.

It explains heraldry in a lighthearted and amusing way, with humour and wit, and a panoply of delightful coloured illustrations on every page. The appeal of the book is almost universal—it shows the meaning and use of heraldry from the origin of armorials in the Middle Ages down to the arms of such well known people as Earl Mountbatten, Lord Beaverbrook, and Cdr. Douglas Fairbanks.

The Royal Arms are fully dealt with, so are "Arms and the Family", which includes heirs, more heirs, and still more heirs, who may accumulate so many quarterings that their coats of arms would need an elephant to carry them. (As a matter of fact, an armorial elephant rug was to be seen at the 1951 Edinburgh Festival.)

"Arms and the People" deals with Realms, Fiefs, Towns, and even such bodies as the Lanark Fire Brigade and Queens Park Football Club.

But whether one is interested in heraldry or not, this book, by the Falkland Pursuivant-Extraordinary and Herald Painter Extraordinary to the Court of Lord Lyon King of Arms, is worth having for the amusing and informative illustrations.

RADIO DESIGNER'S HANDBOOK. 4th Edition Edited by F. LANGFORD SMITH. Published May 1953 by ILIFFE & SONS LTD. Price 42s. 0d. (postage 1s. 6d.) 1,474 pages.

This is thoroughly recommended as a comprehensive reference handbook for all who are interested in the design and application of radio receivers and audio amplifiers.

The main subjects are: valves and valve testing; general theory and components; audio frequencies; radio frequencies; power supplies; design of complete A-M and F-M receivers, and reference information.

The work deals in detail with basic principles and the practical design of all types of modern radio receivers, audio amplifiers and record reproducing equipment.

The book is a self-contained source of information but also exhaustive bibliographies are provided.



## FAR EAST

### THIRD FRIGATE SQUADRON

The picture headings of the Station contributions are a good idea. One of our Chinese Stewards was asked to translate the notice hanging outside the building in the Far East heading and all he could say was "Not velly plover".

*Crane* came down to Hong Kong in March for R and R followed by *Opossum* for their annual refit. *Modeste*, the new member of our family, went north in April for her first patrol and she now qualifies as a "veteran". *Sparrow* went north after Captain (F)'s inspection in April. It is a great pity that we never have a chance to operate together as a Squadron and we see far too little of each other.

Hong Kong went very gay over Coronation. *Birmingham*, *Crane*, *Consort* and *Charity* were lying at buoys and illuminated ship. Ships were dressed and salutes fired and, of course, the Mainbrace was spliced on Coronation Day. Most of the larger buildings in Hong Kong were floodlit or outlined in lights and crowns and Royal ciphers were much in evidence. The majority of merchant ships of all nations were illuminated and even the ferries played their part in brightening up the Colony.

On the nights of June 2nd and 3rd firework displays were given. It was not a success on the first night, so the Navy were called in to help by H.E. the Governor, and it was certainly a most impressive display on the second night. The display was controlled on H.F. the Type 622 playing an important part. One lady asked us if it was true that the fireworks were being let off by wireless, so not to disillusion the dear soul we told her "Yes, it is all done by remote control. A man in the office ashore presses the key and off go the rockets". (Refitting authorities please note this new A and A for ships).

The S.C.O. is to be seen these days scanning every trooper that comes in as he has heard that his relief is on the way. Most of the Communications Department have been employed scraping and painting his tin trunks to the detriment of other essential work.

H.M.S. *Crane*

### ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY

I very much doubt if there are many Communicators who know of the existence of this small, but up-to-date "Signal School"; however, in the near future an A.F.O. will be published asking for volunteers for a V/S and W/T Instructor and this Magazine offers an opportunity of informing any would be volunteers of the work they would be required to undertake.

The principal work is the instruction of communication ordinary rates, and giving guidance to the trained men on any problems which may arise. The R.M.N. Communication Department at present consists of 1 C.P.O.Tel., 2 Yeo Sigs., 1 P.O.Tel., 5 Tels., 5 O/Tels. and 5 O/Sigs. We are anxious for any liaison with *Mercury*, probably due to the expression "That's how it is done in *Mercury*", which, by the way, covers a multitude of sins.

Progress in the last two years has been slow but sure, which is to be expected with an infant not yet able to fend for itself. The Communication Department however, has obtained a fair amount of training equipment, including an up-to-date Practical Procedure Teacher, and Copy/Morse Typing bays. When we move into our new training block, we hope by then to have established within this barracks a very nice little "Mercury III".

The new Royal Malayan Naval Barracks are situated just inside the Rotherham Gate, Singapore Naval Base and during the past two years, buildings of very impressive aspect have mushroomed around us. Personally speaking, I would say that this will eventually be one of the finest Naval Establishments in the world.

In conclusion and without any "Flannel", we (both C.P.O.Tel. and Yeo Sigs.) recommend this job to anyone who is at all interested in Instructing. It provides a change, is very interesting, and results seem to make it worth while.

\* \* \* \* \*

*From a Leading Tel. (Q):*

"Radio Hazards are precautions taken to prevent loss of love from induced currents and voltages".

### H.M.S. "COSSACK"

We are still throwing in our enthusiastic, if somewhat small, weight to the total pressure put on by the famous United Nations Blockading Fleet, Task Force 95. This being our third tour of operations off the Korean Coast, we are beginning to think ourselves as something of veterans—eagerly awaiting "rotation". So far, the Drafting Commander obviously hasn't seen eye to eye with us on that touchy subject, but we are still living in hopes. Before we get on to tell you how we've been spending the last few months, may we say that we've received the Editor's latest letter, telling us that the Magazine is at last solvent and may be able to branch out into bigger and better things, which pleases us greatly. THE COMMUNICATOR has always been a great favourite aboard this good ship and the interest has not been confined to the Sparkers/Buntings' Mess. When our own Christmas edition finally put in a reappearance, after having travelled from the Wardroom right through the ship to the Stokers' Mess, one Electrician was heard to remark "damn fine Magazine. Wish the 'L' Branch had one as good as that". Which prompts us to give you a ZFG of that much ZFG'D remark "It's up to you".

Although you've heard it before, and probably will again, it might sound better coming from a

lowly "boat" than from the lofty heights of the Editor's chair. The Editor can only guarantee you chaps the cover—he can't fill it with items of interest unless you send him something interesting to fill it with.

Our last letter, rather hastily bashed out on to a grubby old piece of paper, was typed to the musical accompaniment of windy hammers, cranes, blow torches and the frenzied swishing of paint brushes. Our two month refit had developed, to everyone's undisguised joy, into a mammoth four month "D2", mostly confined to the "Fiery Monster" department.

During the refit our heartrending cries for another transmitter fell on stony ground and back we came to view the prospect of trying to keep two H.F. waves (ship/shore and one other) on only one rather ancient TBL, with a certain amount of gloom.

Where on earth we could have put the other TX (had we got it) was a question of King Solomon size, but even a vague promise of a little interest from someone—anyone—would have been appreciated.

We did our best in several different directions; but the fact that our share in the refit consisted of supplying GZO with operators and painting the office out was hardly our fault.



"Charity" in rough and wintry conditions off the West coast of Korea.

The spell of frantic activity of working up was broken only by such things as marching past the new C. in C. and attending the Queen's Birthday Parade. Both ceremonies were held on *Tamar's* tiny parking lot, seriously referred to in official quarters as a Parade Ground. On the former occasion, the proceedings were somewhat enlivened by watching a Lieutenant R.N.V.R. being very Whale Island and dignified, complete with 'sword at attention', gracefully disappear down a ruddy great drain, conveniently dug around the edge of the Parade Ground.

Our titters broke into howls of glee, when we saw that his file of sailors, so intent on swinging their arms and marching with "heads up—eyes in the boat" sort of style, failed to see him collapse and calmly marched on, right over the top of him. Poor old Joe.

Our exercises came to a grand finale on the weekend of April 24/26, when we entertained soldiers from the Dorset Regiment onboard. The outstanding memory of that weekend is the Carley Float Race, in which the Communications Division entered with great gusto and much brandishing of bunting, looted from the V/S Store. As you can see from the photograph, the Comms. were smartly turned out, if nothing else, but of course, we never won. The rules of the race were—no butting, boring or boarding. Apart from breaking all those rules, we suffered considerable QRM from the Coxswain of the float—Mr. Bligh—who would insist on blowing a whistle to set the pace. Furthermore, the Buntings in the boat would insist on trying to re-orientate the Carley Float, despite the fact that we had no rum or coke onboard. The grand finale came when the Carley Float's crew mutinied, flung the Coxswain over the side



One of the reasons why bunting costs so much!

(Left to right: Tel. Chappell, Y.S. Hunton, L.Tel. Wright, P.O. Tel. Thompson, Sigs. Higgins, Bridge, L.Sig. Smith, L.Tel. Eaton).

and then gaily paddled back to the ship. Incidentally, my whistle is still wet from that ducking (no pun intended).

The Army were greatly interested in the Communications of the ship, but somewhat out of their depth. The biggest wireless set they'd ever seen was a Type 88 (615 to we professionals), apart from Mum's Teevee Set up the line, so we were able to air our somewhat inexpert and un-accurate knowledge with carefree abandon, to the complete satisfaction and mystification of all concerned.

We left Hong Kong in a blaze of gloom on May 4th, and apart from about 18 hours we've been at sea ever since. Our efforts have not gone unnoticed—"Old Hefty", Chief P.O. Tel. F. T. Venus, B.E.M. of H.M.S. *Cossack*, has just been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, for Services in Korean waters. We of the Communications Staff sincerely think that our own effort is also recognised in the award to our Chief for which we are truly grateful.

\* \* \* \* \*

No prizes offered, but the following signal was received aboard H.M.S. *Cossack*, and action was expected to be taken at once. What would you have expected to do, or, alternatively, what do you think was going to happen?

TO ... H.M.S. *Cossack*.  
FM ... U.S.S. *Bairoko*.

Ships being accepted by helo will keep clear of fantail, crane after mount forward and depress and send crew independently to place wind 30 degrees on starboard bow.

Answer

In English English, as opposed to American English, the signal would, we think, have looked thus:

TO ... H.M.S. *Cossack*.  
FM ... U.S.S. *Bairoko*.

When the helicopter arrives, the Quarterdeck is to be cleared of all hands and 'Y' turret trained forward, barrel depressed. The ship is to steer an independent course to place the wind 30 degrees on the starboard bow.

FROM ... ST. HELENA TO ... "BERMUDA"

1000Z Ascension advises three dentures found in car after cricket Sunday 7th December. Please ascertain if belong to one of company and indicate disposal.

FROM ... "BERMUDA" TO ... ASCENSION  
Are teeth marked with broad arrow please.

\* \* \* \* \*

To C.S. Auckland. From N.Z.N.B.

Your 130910. Appointment of bliss being affected from 7/5/53 accordingly.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Philomel info N.Z.N.B. From N.O.C.A.

All ratings drafted to *Bellona* for cruise to U.K. are to be vice trained men.



Coronation night in Hong Kong. "Crane", "Birmingham", "Consort", "Charity".

## HONG KONG W/T

The sports report is rather brief owing to the hot season coming in. The major items are cricket and water-polo. No major games have, however, been played and we are more or less getting into our stride. A new venture is Chinese softball, a sort of 7-a-side soccer with a small ball played on a hockey pitch. This is played in gym shoes and is somewhat fast and furious. We are hoping to enter a team in the local league.

We are proud to have taken no small part in the Colony's Coronation festivities. The outlining of H.M. Ships in harbour, *Birmingham*, *Charity*, *Crane*, *Consort* and four M.M.S.s of the 120th Flot. made a very impressive sight. The switching on and off of these illuminations was controlled by us (Voice), as were also the magnificent fireworks display put on by the first four named ships. The timing was accurate and a joy to behold, although we suspect some dab-dab on one of the ships was a little disgruntled or colour-blind as an odd colour occasionally was seen to be mixed up with the general scheme. However, the watching crowd (an estimated one and a half million) was highly delighted and the local press highly praised the Navy's effort.

The number of U.S. ships reading Fox Easy grows daily and we wonder, at what precise percentage do we start addressing calls to NERK instead of GBXZ. Traffic from Guam, FX145, increased to such an extent recently that we had three "In" lines, two RATT and one W/T, as well as getting bunches of Hand messages from the U.S.

ship in harbour. We're not sure whether to call it "Triplex" or "Quadlex" but think it must be some sort of a record.

The American way of separating dual precedences with a slant baffled somebody into producing "Morecame Bay" out of R/NM on the "Fruit Machine".

Owing to the number of United Nations' ships and Authorities we work with, we are conversant with most of the abbreviations in use, such as COMFAIRWINGJAP CINCFESTA CANCOM-DESFE USNAVRADSTA (No, you work them out for yourself). But on getting a signal to pass to CANFLAGCORON we were completely stumped. Frantic searching through books failed to provide any answer although we did work out RON as short for squadron and CANFLAG as short for Canadian Flag Officer in Charge; but of who or what? Eventually we found out it stood for Canadian Flag Officer in Charge Coronation Contingent.

## COMPETITION WINNERS

The prize of ONE GUINEA for the best CARTOON has been awarded to Ord. Tel. Lee, H.M.S. *Boxer*, for the drawings on pages 108 and 121.

The prize of ONE GUINEA for the best SHORT STORY has been divided between S.C.C.O., F.R. Dore, H.M.S. *Mercury* (for "The Broken Monopoly", on page 70), and Tel. S.W. Bennett, H.M.S. *Meon* (for "Shaggy Dog", on page 114).

## H.M. FERRY CARRIER

How I love to ride a Ferry,  
Where . . . . .

Oh! pardon me. Hullo one and all, this is the *Unicorn* once again, but this time we're not an Aircraft Carrier. No, they haven't taken the deck up. I believe the general idea is to delude the enemy into thinking we carry Ferries instead of Aircraft, as the title is now 'H.M. Ferry Carrier', hence the song. Don't tell anyone, by the way, as it's all terribly hush-hush.

The most important part of the 'Buntings' job nowadays appears to be ringing radio shops, trying to find one with a record of the above mentioned song, which is now our signature tune. We tried Radio Malaya and they said that they were sorry but they had just destroyed their last copy. I think it was revenge for kidnapping the Stars of the show, "Variety Fanfare", for a show onboard on the 27th May.

At the moment of writing the *Unicorn* is recuperating after a strenuous 'recreational' cruise up Malaya's West Coast. The first stop was at Cape Rachado where we planned doing "general drill" and in order to make this safe, we sent thirty-odd (one word) Marines charging ashore with rifles, machine-guns, hand-grenades and whistles. They cleared the area without meeting any resistance from the bandits, and we later discovered 2,000 Malayan Home Guards camped a few hundred yards away.

General drill completed, we sailed for Penang where for two days, we wore the flag of C. in C. F.E.S. He had originally intended to join us by helicopter, but finally came in a good old-fashioned boat.

Then to Port Swettenham where the Royal Naval Association generously gave the ship a most welcome sum of money, which was used to subsidise the train fare to Kuala Lumpur, bringing it down from \$1.40 to \$0.50.

On the Southward trip from Port Swettenham, five Army Austers practised landing on. There was a tense moment when a sergeant tried to rub some of the paint off our forward 4-in., but unfortunately his aim was bad and he missed them by a couple of inches.

Back in the Naval Base, Singapore, we carried out the usual painting and polishing routine getting the ship ready for the Coronation Celebrations, for which we are anchoring in Singapore Roads.

Where music is so merry . . .

H.M.S. *Unicorn*

## H.M.S. "BIRMINGHAM"

Some days after our arrival at Kure following a patrol off the West Korean Coast and whilst doing the rounds in the department, the S.C.O. came across various items of portable equipment, i.e. 615's, 612ET and 622's—the serviceability of which he was not well assured. As a result of this, carefully made plans were issued for a large scale exercise, testing both men and equipment. Hence, a forenoon some days later, Sigs. and Tels. were seen proceeding shorewards, resembling mountain pack mules. The C.C.O.'s suggestion that water transport should be arranged was scornfully rejected by the S.C.O.'s remark, "The exercise will do them good". At the same time, Chief Tel. Hayward, after enquiring the way from the L.R.R., was seen on the Flag Deck carefully tending his Petrol Genny, having its first airing. Despite opposition from the weather, mainly rain, all stations came through QRK 5, and the Chief Tel. breathed again.

We wish the very best of luck to C.Y.S. Johnson, as he ventures out into "Civvy Street", and in his place extend a hearty welcome to C.Y.S. Husler.

Shortly before our departure from the Coast, the ship's Coronation Guard Platoons were formed. Communicators comprised one platoon, despite such famous last words as "They can't have me, Chief", and they spent several forenoons en route drilling on the forecastle.

Coronation Day Celebrations in Hong Kong were most impressive. Besides all the ceremonial of the R.N., Army and R.A.F., the Chinese themselves staged a Dragon Festival. For those who have never had the fortune to witness such an event, we must say it is a sight really worth seeing. The Dragon itself was fully 150 feet long, and on its three mile journey from Wanchai to Central Victoria was continually weaving from one side of the road to the other. In order to do this it required 150 men working in relays.

The whole Ceremony of the Coronation was relayed by the B.B.C. Overseas service and fortunately for us, by kind permission of the S.R.E., reception could not have been better.



"Unicorn" floodlit in Singapore dockyard.



"What the young one's join up for and the old one's sign on for".

THE C. & P.O.'s CLUB, SASEBO

### H.M.S. "TYNE" STAFF OF F.O.2., F.E.S.

We are happy to report that H.M.S. *Tyne* has arrived at Sasebo and relieved H.M.S. *Ladybird* as the Headquarters ship of the Flag Officer, Second-in-Command, Far East Station, and that the latter ship has successfully completed her voyage to Hong Kong. It is now rumoured that *Ladybird* is to be sold to a Siamese firm, and so perhaps in years to come ships visiting Bangkok may see her there in a different guise. The turnover from *Ladybird* went off very well and now after two months in *Tyne's* more spacious quarters everyone is very appreciative of the change.

The work here is characterised by the very high degree of co-operation that has been achieved with the U.S. Navy. There are occasionally times when we fail to understand each other, however. The other day we found that the abbreviation P.T.O. was quite meaningless to our allies. The best they could suggest was 'plain ties only', which, as it appeared on an invitation, was apt, if inaccurate.

For more positive evidence of the high degree of integration we have achieved, all our ships under U.S. operational control on the East Coast of Korea now copy Guam Broadcast only, while U.S. ships working with us guard F.E.s instead of Guam. This was made possible by the introduction of a new fixed service between Guam and Hong Kong, and a good deal of extra work on the part of Hong Kong W/T.

Co-operation of a more social nature rests firmly in the hands of the S.C.O., who more often than not can only be traced through the medium of a Navy Speedleiter, addressed c/o the Communications Center of some glamorous Pacific atoll. Our routing of these sometimes does not produce the desired effect, due we suspect to the lack of a link between the Center and the beach—Waikiki, for instance—where he is sunning himself.

The staff at present numbers ninety-one, of which twenty are normally on loan to ships in the operational area. There is no shortage of volunteers for this duty, even after the goal has been reached and gratuity qualifying time has been put in. An exception is the Staff Yeoman who rarely knows whether he is coming or going, and who spends his nights dreaming of plunges to the bottom of the Yellow Sea from a jackstay, with the Sea Safe hung round his neck.

Communicators were well represented in the *Ladybird* rugby team, which finished the season very well, winning 21 out of 28 games. We unfortunately lost both our games with the best Japanese team in Kyushu, but this was more than compensated by the visit to Kukuoka for one of the games.

The Chief and P.O.s Club continues to be well patronised, although the older hands say the floor shows aren't as good as they used to be.

We have just lost three of our stalwarts, P.O. Tels. Marsh and Wollan, and Yeoman Oliver, and welcome their reliefs, who are now being watched carefully for the first signs of 'Sasebo Twitch'.

### H.M.A. SIGNAL SCHOOL

Our new theme song is "I left my heart in an English Garden" so the craze is on and every spare moment is spent digging, planting and weeding, and by the time Spring arrives our garden should look like a three masted ship dressed overall. Any spare tulip bulbs will be gratefully received and might enable us to grow some Leydene varieties. It has been suggested that a question in horticulture be included in Crypto. instructions papers in future.

We were all very envious of you with your Coronation and Naval Review, but thanks to the B.B.C.'s magnificent coverage, we were able to hear all that went on. We paraded the Queen's Colour on Coronation Day and Spliced the Main-brace in beer and lemonade, much to the disgust of our ex-R.N. bubbly fans. Next year, of course, we are looking forward to the visit of Her Majesty and then we will really be able to celebrate.

Association football fans will be pleased to hear Mr. McKenzie is still hard at work and with the arrival of so many people from over there, there is a growing demand for the old round ball. I think I must say, however, Australian Rules Football and Rugby are pretty firmly entrenched here.

*Howler:* In a recent Exam. paper a question was asked, "Why is O.T.P. so secure?"

*Answer:* "Because it is of such a complex arrangement that the most intelligent are completely baffled and even when encrypted correctly and with all books supplied, very few people are able to decrypt it".



"Glory's" side party 'dress ship' and say Goodbye.

### 168,000 MILES

After another six months of Korean winter operations, the long-awaited day had arrived at last. This was to be the last day of our twenty-fifth and final patrol, and the beginning of our homeward journey. All went well, and for the final land on, the island and sponsons were well filled with goofers; everyone was glad to see the day end without mishap. A little later, Padre Knight conducted a memorial service in honour of the twelve aircrew who had lost their lives during this recent tour of operations.

At dawn on 17th May both *Glory* and *Ocean* entered Sasebo anchorage for the turnover. *Ocean* had brought our paying-off pendant from Malta and this being our last Sunday on the station we collected it quickly to hoist at colours.

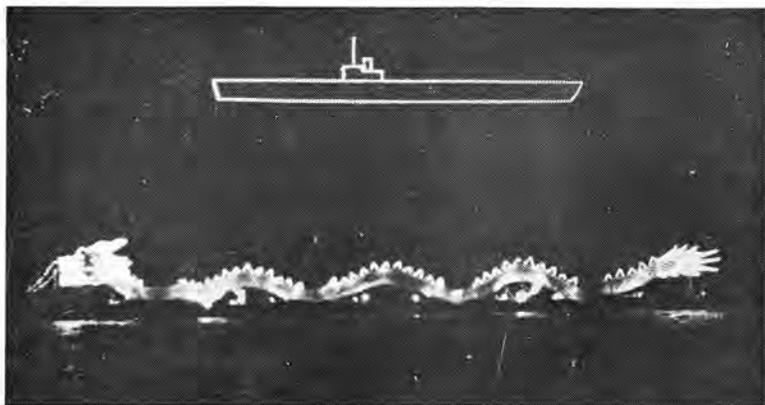
Hong Kong was a very welcome change after Sasebo and Kure, and here we spent five days and most of our money. Though a drizzly day for leaving Hong Kong, our Chinese side party dressed their sampan overall with the words 'Goodbye' and 'Goodluck' (old books) and gave us the usual fire-cracker send-off.

1st June found us in Singapore roads. On Coronation day we dressed overall, illuminated ship, gave a firework display, the Royal Marines went ashore to Beat the Retreat, and the Fleet drank to Her Majesty's health on 'Splicing the Mainbrace'. Then followed three days in Singapore dockyard unloading cargo from the forward area and loading up for the U.K. We left looking as much like a cargo carrier as an aircraft carrier, with u/s aircraft, dozens of motor cars and lorries, crates and boxes of various sizes, and 'Berthe', a Malayan tree bear for onward routing to the London Zoo. During our stay we had a pleasant game of cricket at Kranji in which they just beat us by one stroke of the bat. And on the evening before we sailed, many of us attended the Communicator's Coronation Ball at the Adelphi Hotel.

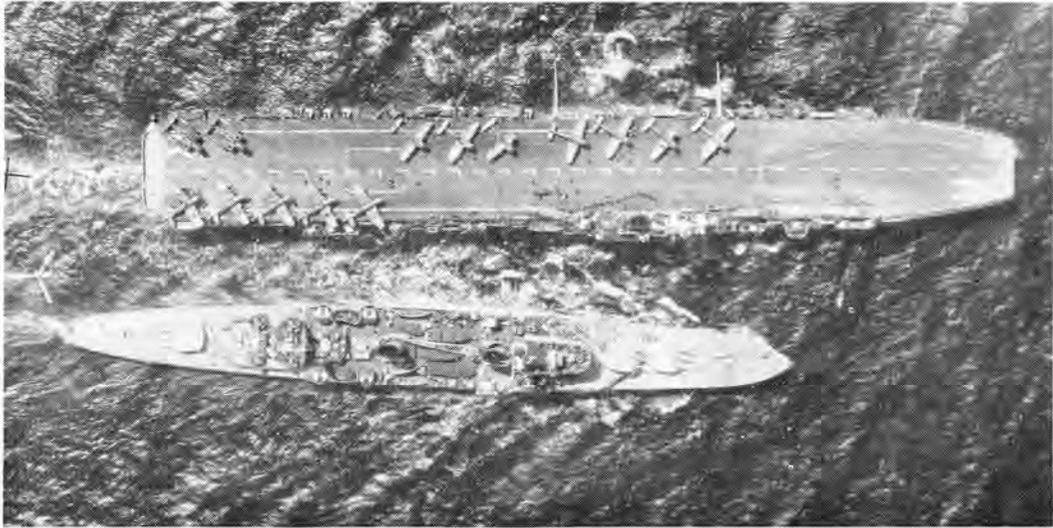
As this will be our last contribution, I would like to take you briefly through the commission, which began on 30th December, 1950 with a Chatham crew. We sailed for a short work-up in the Med., and commenced Korean operations on 26th April. Since then we have completed three tours of Korean operations, a two month refit in Sydney, and a four months in the Med. after the second tour. This has been a wartime commission and in many ways an unpleasant one. Our future more than three months ahead has always been uncertain, and our return to U.K. twice delayed.

Statistics can be very boring, but behind them is a story of hard work, endurance, and a wealth of experience gained.

We steamed 168,000 miles during the commission, which is about six times round the world. 338 transfers at sea, often under the rough and wintry conditions that exist in the Yellow Sea. 9,500 operational sorties against the enemy with a loss of twenty-one aircrew, every loss bringing home the fact that this was war. An average of ten thousand groups a day, which speaks well for the maintenance of the machines and endurance of



"Glory" apparently flying over a dragon in Singapore Roads.



"Glory" and "Birmingham" carrying out a jackstay transfer in the Yellow Sea. A helicopter hovers astern in case of accidents.

the team, who were in three watches throughout.

During fifteen months actually in Korean waters we were screened by more than one hundred destroyers from six different nations.

And now the full commissioners are due for eighty-one day's leave. Seven days to each watch on arrival and then up to Rosyth for a refit, where the remainder will be taken as it can be fitted in. The ship will be re-commissioning for Home service and we hope that the new commission will keep *Glory* in the news. Fair flying weather to them.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have an M.S.O.-ist who sent a Fleet Air Arm Pilot on *lone* service to the R.A.N.

\* \* \* \* \*

During a jackstay transfer some false teeth went across in a large bag with some other gear, and the following signals were exchanged:

From *Glory* To *Crusader*

We sent a bag with teeth intact,  
You sent it back still fully packed.  
The next event we'll try by chopper  
Flown by our most expert dropper,  
Please put the Coxswain underneath,  
Mouth wide open to catch his teeth.

From *Crusader* To *Glory*

We're sorry that the bag unpacked  
Returned to *Glory* all intact.  
Our Coxswain poised as seems most proper  
To catch his teeth, will wait your chopper.  
With many thanks your Dentist due,  
Will try to stick them in with glue.

(Chopper is of course the helicopter).

## APPREHENSIVE NOSTALGIA

Oh for the days, for the days long since past,  
When familiar flags fluttered high on our mast,  
Oh for the days of the arc and the spark,  
When signalling stopped just as soon as 'twas dark.

Oh for the times of the salty Chief Yeo.,  
Who knew all the groups in the book and who swore,  
By his telescope, hand flags and dear F.S.B.,  
That Sigs weren't what they were when he came to sea.

Oh for the days when no voice channel chattered,  
And admin. was the only real coding that mattered,  
When sparkers read morse made by hand, with a pencil,  
And buntings duped signals in jelly with stencil.

Gone are those days far into the past,  
Now we've got desigs and corpens and cast,  
Now we've got tertiaries and C.I.P.P.s,  
And a special compartment to keep our S.P.s.

Now we have persons who's paramount aim,  
Is producing new books on the rules of the game,  
Now we have boffins who work like mad beavers,  
To produce involved cyphers and awesome receivers,

Is the day coming?  
It surely must be,  
When electronic brains  
Will replace  
You and me.

J.R.T.

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATION

For the Coronation festivities in the Cape Peninsular H.M.S. *Euryalus* paid a five day courtesy visit to Cape Town. The ship's company were well entertained ashore, and reciprocated with Cocktail parties and by being open to visitors. On Coronation Day a Type 46 was sent ashore to Signal Hill to synchronise the firing of the Royal Salute. Cape Town was attractively decorated and illuminated, especially Adderley Street, the centre of which was one long floral decoration.

Simonstown, not to be outdone, had more than its share of bunting displayed from stoeps and windows.

The announcement of the conquest of Everest a few days earlier inspired the Communicators of Slangkop W/T to form a similar expedition for the conquest of Chapmans Peak. They set out at 1000, carrying with them a 20 foot pole, a white ensign and a battle ensign. They had to climb in an icy wind through a bank of cloud, and the ground was wet and slippery, but when they reached the top, the sun was shining. They lashed the pole to the survey quadrant, and at 1350, amid cheers, the ensign was broken at the masthead. This successful expedition was fully reported in the "Cape Times" the next day, the paper stating that on their return to Slangkop they celebrated in—orange squash.

H.M.S. *Nereide* is once more alongside in "Snookey" after a pleasant East coast cruise, including visits to Durban, Port Elizabeth, and those never to be forgotten ports in Portuguese East Africa, Beira and Nacala. At Nacala a visit was laid on to a sisal plantation to enable them to discover the secret of growing their own boat's falls, the process including lots of Scotch and beer. As Nacala is the middle of the lion country, rifles were the rig of the day. It is perhaps fortunate that the King of Beasts did not appear, as Scotch and rifles never did mix very well.

Later on *Nereide* had a spell at Saldanha Bay. The main industry there is fish canning and each night the ship managed to get into the factory's slip-stream. Fishing lines appeared all over the ship, and in no time the upper deck resembled a fish-mongers slab—Sandshark, Elf, Skate, Mackerel, and a whole host of others whose names defy spelling.

After a few weeks as "Flag", and the only ship in the South Atlantic Squadron, the arrival of *Euryalus* put *Nereide* back as 'Canteen Boat' and the Main answer, which is all they have left after dressing Simonstown for the Coronation.

At Klaver Camp the S.T.C. is kept busy with an average of 45 ratings, mostly S.A.N., on course. The N.A.A.F.I. up there is now looking more like something from one of the Home Ports having been refurnished under the Admiralty scheme, which certainly improves the taste of a Lion 'bier'.

Two unusual requirements for portable W/T sets occurred recently. Three Types 46 were used in the Golf championships held in the Cape Peninsular, so that up to the minute results could be posted in the Club House. The three operators concerned have now become golf enthusiasts.

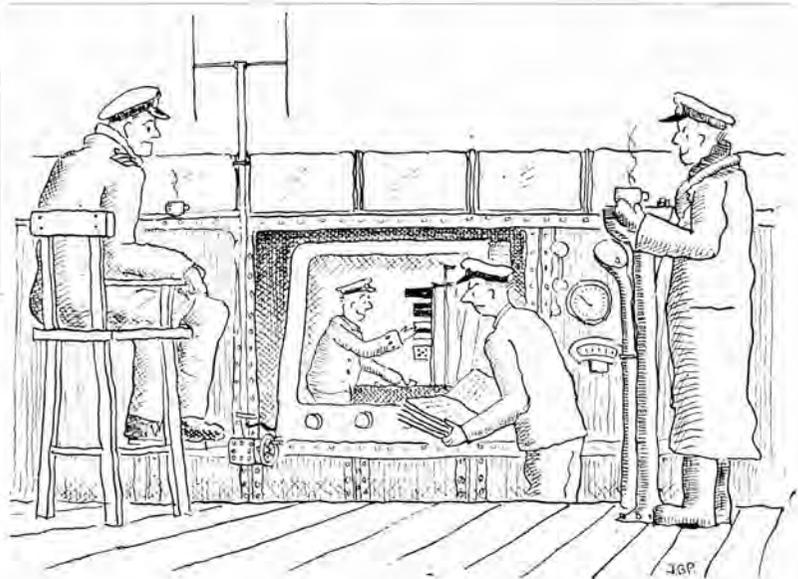
When H.M.S. *Euryalus* was due to enter dry dock at Simonstown, the movement looked like being postponed because of thick fog. Nothing daunted the Captain ordered Types 615 to be landed and stationed at each capstan on the dock side. One set on the bridge enabled orders to "heave in" or "veer" to be passed as necessary, and the ship was docked on time.

### A JOKE BY AN ORD. TEL.

*Jock the Sparker*.—Single to London please.

*Clerk*.—Here you are sir, change at Crewe.

*Jock*.—No fear, I'll hae my change noo.



## COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S COMMENDATION

or

## HOBSON'S CHOICE

As Lofty Hobson made his hazardous way across the inert body of a fallen comrade and an upturned table towards the rarified atmosphere outside, his attention was diverted to a Stoker who had just stopped a passing Gharry. For, quite apart from the novel manner in which the Stoker had stopped the Gharry—he had used his head instead of his hand—the generally accepted method, the face of the Stoker had (prior to this little accident), seemed familiar.

"Isn't that the bloke who was mentioned in C. in C.'s Commendation"? asked the lengthy one.

His 'oppo confirmed, adding that such a commendation would greatly assist one's advancement through the Service.

Lofty pondered over the subject after he had made arrangements for the next "run ashore" and bidden Claude adieu. Maybe it *was* flannel thought Hobson, but two years is a long while to wait for the "hook" and such a commendation certainly would help to speed things up.

Descending the steps by the K.G.V. hospital, Lofty imagined himself performing some dashing act of heroism—saving the Admiral's daughter from drowning or extinguishing the flames of a ravaging fire. Better still, driving a blazing petrol lorry at speed into Valletta Harbour. Such an act might be rewarded with the G.C. he mused, an interview from the "Times of Malta", possibly an account over "Rediffusion".

He waved aside the entreaties of a Gharry driver and continued on his way towards the Customs House steps.

His oppo was right, "Given a favourable set of conditions, almost anyone could perform an act which could be regarded as 'heroic' in the eyes of one's fellows". That's what Claude had said, and Claude should know, he had a "first" in General Knowledge and English (apart from being first in Flag-hoisting)!

It was a fine night and the harbour was very peaceful as the dark outlines of the ships were revealed by the upper deck lights. The flickering lamps of the dghaisas bobbed up and down as they plied between shore and ship with their hilarious cargoes. The shrill note of a bo'suns call was carried across the water to him as he checked by his watch that it was indeed "Pipe Down". "Slinger" would be taking the "Ki" to the office now, and the "Chef" would have said for the hundredth time "Hot water is for the Middle Watchmen not the First Watchmen".

Suddenly Lofty's reverie was shattered by the sight of a red glow which had appeared almost ahead of him. His heart pounded violently as he saw the

glow reflected on the faces of the crowd which surrounded the source of the illumination. Gosh! a fire! and—on a lorry too! This was too much!

A mass of jumbled thoughts were rushing through his brain . . . "Given a favourable set of conditions . . . " Heck! this was it!

The fighting blood of generations of Hobson's surged up within the breast of the latest heir to the Hobson Heritage as Lofty positively catapulted himself forward to meet the challenge which lay ahead.

Ignoring the wild shouts of the crowd he leapt upon the running board and into the driving seat of the ancient vehicle yelling "Stand ba-ack", and wrestled feverishly to start a protesting engine.

The hot smell of burning wood was in his nostrils as Hobson let in the clutch and fumbled with the accelerator.

As the lorry gathered speed, the shouts of the crowd were almost deafening in his ears.

The vehicle shuddered violently as it developed a speed which the owner would have considered impossible (or at least undesirable). It fairly shook and swayed as its outraged engine reached new pinnacles of endeavour, and pieces of burning material were hurled from it in the course of its headlong flight.

On the left Grand harbour. The water suddenly appeared very black and sinister. . . . Must go through with it now. The sweat glistened on Hobson's brow as the shaking lorry approached the water's edge. Would the front wheels only go over the edge . . . would the vehicle sommersault and trap him beneath that burning mass . . . would the lorry explode? . . . horrible torturing thoughts.

NOW! . . . Hobson need not have worried about the lorry failing to clear the jetty; it fairly leapt into the air, its engine racing as the back wheels left the ground.

For what seemed an eternity, the vehicle hovered over the forbidding waters, its shadow outlined eerily in a flickering light which surrounded it like a halo. Then; SPLA - ASH!

Water flooded in around him as the lorry quickly settled down in its unusual medium—like a Matelot having a mess change! Hobson struggled frantically to open the door of the cab against the pressure of water . . . "Fool! why didn't I jam the accelerator and steer from the running board . . . might have jumped clear . . . I'll drown for sure"!

After what seemed an age, Hobson finally broke surface, his lungs almost bursting. The horrible searing of steam had ceased, and the water showed no sign of the turbulence of the three minutes ago.

Small portions of charred substance bobbed up and down beside him like . . . like, roasted

Chestnuts! Good heavens! ROASTED CHESTNUTS!

Lofty hardly heard the irate voice of the dghaisa men around him, or the shouts of the vendor and his cheated patrons. In his mind he heard only the Coxswains sonorous voice . . . "Sir, Telegraphist Hobson, on the night of . . . to the prejudice of good order and Naval discipline . . ."

Telegraphist Hobson could see yet another arrangement with his shore-going oppo going wrong.

In fact, he anticipated that the opportunity to make further arrangements would not occur for some considerable time.

But then, Claude would understand; he had a "First" in General Knowledge and English and would realise that Hobson *might* be in circulation again before his ship paid off—"Given a set of favourable conditions"!!

LARRIGIN.

## U.S. NAVY L.F. TRANSMITTING STATION

Those readers who have served at Naval Wireless Stations and particularly those involved in the construction of such stations, may be interested to read the impressions formed by the writer on visiting a U.S. Navy station site.

The project was born in 1946 when the expenditure of 6,000,000 dollars on a new transmitter station was approved—due to rising cost of materials and labour the cost is now estimated to be about 20,000,000!

The general plan entailed finding a suitable valley and using the hills on each side to support an aerial roof, a method of obtaining aerial height which has been used very successfully in at least two previous station arrays. In this case the area embraced some 60,000 acres of virgin territory and preliminary work consisted of chopping down several thousand trees, to the annoyance of the inhabitants—black and brown bears, deer and smaller wild life. Originally it was intended to remove all the felled trees and to leave no stumps higher than two feet, but experience showed that the logs would be useful in holding loose soil on the hill sides. A crawling weed has also been planted to meet the same requirement and to keep down ordinary (vertical) plant growth. Next a stream was diverted to avoid flooding the building sites in the Spring thaws and to utilise this natural supply for cooling the distilled water system in the transmitter. Thirty-five miles of road are under construction from the entrance to the grounds along to the station buildings and thence up each side of the valley to the hill-tops, where the aerial supporting towers are situated. There are six 250 feet towers, of lattice steel construction, each side. As the ridges are some 2,000 feet above the valley bed, the effective height of the roof will be about 1,500 feet above the transmitter. The roof itself will span the valley in two W arrays, each horizontal leg being fed at the centre. Since each span will be over a mile long, and the cable in 1-in. diameter stranded copper-bronze, the strain on the insulators and aerial towers will be very great. (The stringent tests undergone by the insulators, in mechanical and electrical stress, result in 98 per cent rejections!).

All the buildings on the site have screening mesh built into the walls. This is earthed to an earth mat consisting of copper wires running out radially 2,300 feet from the transmitter, every degree

approximately. The total wire in the mat is roughly 300 miles.

The transmitter itself consists of orthodox high power circuitry filling room-sized compartments and developing about 1 megawatt at the output. (Incidentally some care is necessary when handling the final stage valves; they cost 11,000 dollars each). The output can be fed to duplicate aerial loading coils, each in its own room completely lined with copper sheet. Interlocks on the screened doors break the control circuits to permit safe access. Power is transferred to the aerals by transmission lines carried by towers about 180 feet high. Dust and/or moisture settling on the insulators and causing flashover of the 100 kv. is one of the problems to be faced. To maintain a fairly constant load, not only when keying, but with varying capacity as the aerial sways in the wind, or sags under the weight of snow and ice, will call for continuous adjustment of the supply in bad weather.

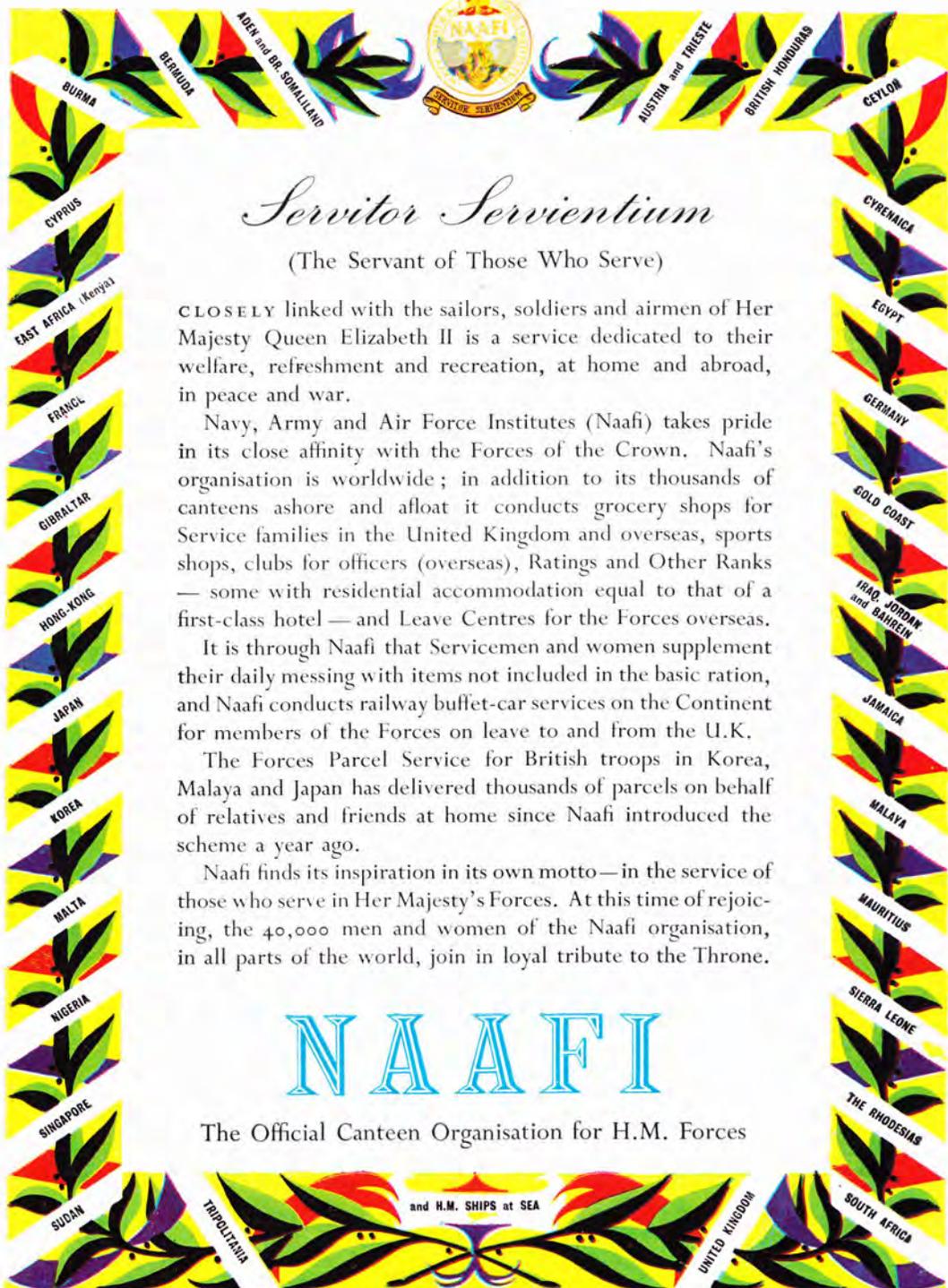
In addition to automatic cut-outs there is an impressive display of coloured lights, warning gongs etc., at the control console.

The usual administrative block, accommodation buildings, boiler house for central heating, and dining room are there; also a fire station that would swell the civic pride of any small town. (Forest fires hereabouts burn for weeks sometimes and the possibility of fires caused by induced electricity from transmissions is very real.) Another problem arises in Winter when the station may be isolated by snow and the roadways up to the aerial towers and the linking station become impassable. To meet this difficulty it is proposed to construct a cable railway. The alternative is to use a helicopter!

### "HAIRCUT SIR?"

The following story, which has appeared in the National Press, in various versions, is in fact quite true.

Mr. Coomber, C.C.O., one of *Mercury's* representatives in the Coronation procession, was Duty Officer at Earls Court one night, when a Sailor approached him wearing a Guardsman's bearskin, and on top of that, his Naval cap. He simply saluted and said "Do you know where I can get a haircut. Sir?"



# *Servitor Servientium*

(The Servant of Those Who Serve)

CLOSELY linked with the sailors, soldiers and airmen of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II is a service dedicated to their welfare, refreshment and recreation, at home and abroad, in peace and war.

Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes (Naafi) takes pride in its close affinity with the Forces of the Crown. Naafi's organisation is worldwide; in addition to its thousands of canteens ashore and afloat it conducts grocery shops for Service families in the United Kingdom and overseas, sports shops, clubs for officers (overseas), Ratings and Other Ranks — some with residential accommodation equal to that of a first-class hotel — and Leave Centres for the Forces overseas.

It is through Naafi that Servicemen and women supplement their daily messing with items not included in the basic ration, and Naafi conducts railway buffet-car services on the Continent for members of the Forces on leave to and from the U.K.

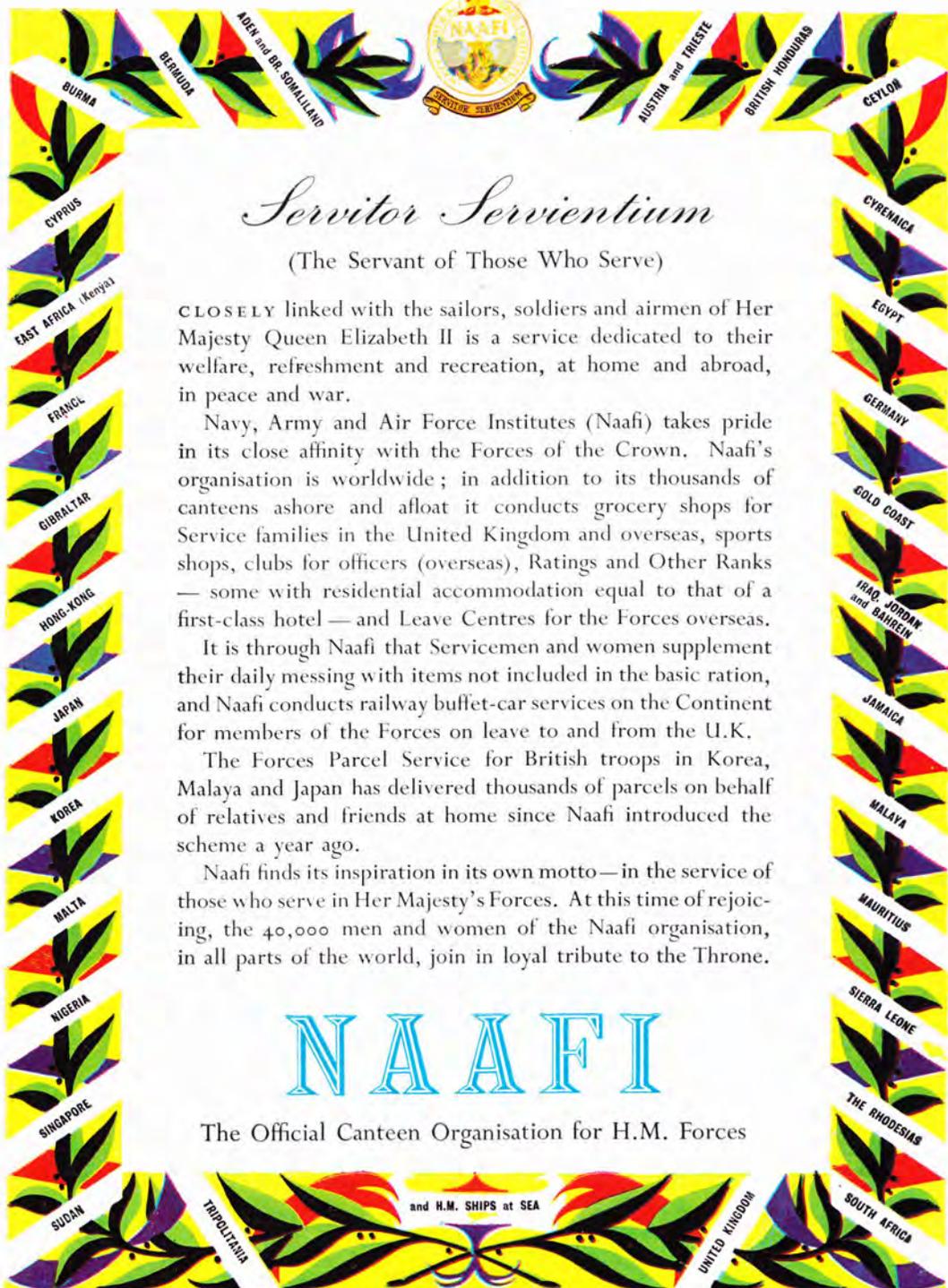
The Forces Parcel Service for British troops in Korea, Malaya and Japan has delivered thousands of parcels on behalf of relatives and friends at home since Naafi introduced the scheme a year ago.

Naafi finds its inspiration in its own motto—in the service of those who serve in Her Majesty's Forces. At this time of rejoicing, the 40,000 men and women of the Naafi organisation, in all parts of the world, join in loyal tribute to the Throne.

# NAAFI

The Official Canteen Organisation for H.M. Forces

and H.M. SHIPS at SEA



*“ Long Live the Queen ! ”*

THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF OF NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE INSTITUTIONS  
WHO ARE PROUD TO SERVE H. M. FORCES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,  
IN LOYAL GREETINGS TO THEIR PATRON, HER MAJESTY

**Queen Elizabeth II**

ON THE JOYFUL OCCASION OF HER CORONATION







## *The Loyal Toast*

GLASSES are raised and the toast is honoured.

Whether the occasion is one of particular ceremonial or one of informality, the mellow warmth of well-chosen wines sets the seal of satisfaction to the event.

The connoisseur in the Services turns to the business which is conducted expressly for Her Majesty's Forces. For Wardroom and Mess, Naafi has in stock wines and spirits of the highest quality, as expertly stored as they are chosen. In Naafi's fine cellars, wines reach perfection under ideal conditions.

For special Service occasions, Naafi catering is of the faultless style and standard only to be expected from an organisation long experienced in the particular needs of the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force.

Naafi caters for all Forces' functions and festivities. Wedding receptions, re-unions, "Corps Weeks", "Navy Days", "At Homes", children's Christmas parties . . . whatever the event, Naafi can be relied on to provide the expert touch.

# NAAFI

The Official Canteen Organisation for H.M. Forces. Ruxley Towers, Esher, Surrey.

## MORE FLAGS OR "A T I"

Trundling up and down the great river—and believe it or not, we have trundled well over 2,000 (land) miles since the end of August—we still, from time to time, turn to the International Code of Signals and there find intellectual refreshment. For this great work is like the said great river—at each inspection you see something new. And, as our custom is, we would refresh you too.

Take the fine group **A T I**.

**A**—blue and white, for the Navy; **T**—red, white and blue, for Britain, and **I**—black on yellow, a flag used in the Army, we believe, to indicate an Indian latrine. Anyhow, a good Imperial hoist.

And what does it signify? It signifies:

"THERE IS NO NEED FOR ALARM".

But when, you may say, would the mariner wish to spend time bending and hoisting three flags with such a message? If there is need for alarm he will indicate the cause, and, if he can, the remedy, by the appropriate signals, such as:

**H B X**—"HAWSER OR ROPE HAS FOULED MY PROPELLER"

followed, of course, by:

**L O M**—"HAVE YOU A SPARE PROPELLER?"

or one of the medical hoists, like:

**L W Q**—"RASH LOOKS LIKE ROSE COLOURED SPOTS",

or (a signal of which many will be glad to know):

**F O Q**—"ENGINES ARE DEFECTIVE AND VERY DIFFICULT TO RESTART IF ONCE STOPPED".

(We cannot, by the way, pass "restart", even if it is said with flags.)

Or the troubled mariner may use (though I am not clear how), the delightful **G J J**, which means: "I AM STOPPED IN DENSE FOG".

I say "I am not clear how", because few mariners I know would think of hoisting three flags in a dense fog to communicate any important thought. I shall be told, I suppose, that they may send it by morse with the whistle or siren. That would be "long blast, long, short—short, long, long, long,—short, long, long, long". But by the time that had been sent and received, surely the other ship would have run you down?

(Well, we won't argue about that.)

Or he might hoist **L V I**—one of the most wordy but delightful groups in the code.

**L V I** means: "CAN YOU SUGGEST ANY MEANS WHEREBY MY RADIO APPARATUS COULD BE MADE SERVICEABLE?"

But, *when*, for goodness' sake, you say, would the mariner want to say that? What would be the *circumstances*? What sort of answer could the receiving vessel make—not knowing, for example, what is the *matter* with the radio apparatus?

Our answer to these pertinent questions is "We haven't the least idea". But (rare, we think, among mariners), we have actually made this signal. The King was about to broadcast and our little "wireless"

went phut. So we tried **L V I** on the celebrated shore-station at —, where Mr. — is generally ready with a neat riposte in bunting. He was, as he confessed later, flummoxed. The best he could do was **U B**—"YOU SHOULD MAN YOUR RADIO ROOM".

To which we replied, rather prettily (we think): **G J U**—"I HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE WITHOUT SUCCESS. PLEASE ADVISE FURTHER".

Or—to go back to the troubled mariner—he might, on the morning after, for example, send:

**H C Q**—"HEADACHE IS VERY SEVERE", coupled, perhaps, with:

**P C P**—"TONGUE IS COATED".

He might say:

**K M X**—"PAIN IN BELLY IN ONE SPOT",

or

**K O J**—"PARALYSIS ALL OVER",

or (a rather snobbish hoist):

**J P B**—"YOUR NAME IS NOT ON MY LIST, SPELL IT".

or:

**E H Y**—"HOW MUST I STEER TO AVOID THE CENTRE OF THE CYCLONE, HURRICANE, TYPHOON?"

There are innumerable signals to indicate misfortune and invite assistance, information, or advice. This is easily intelligible; for when there is no misfortune present the mariner does not say much, or want to say anything. He sits and thinks. Certainly, unless challenged, he will not deem it necessary or fitting to hoist a signal to say that the weather has cleared (**Q I Q**), or that calm prevails (**C R X**). Challenged, of course, he knows how to reply: and if a passing ship says:

**R S**—"IS ALL WELL WITH YOU?"

pat comes the answer:

**A U L**—"ALL IS WELL".

(How delightful, by the way, to be able to do *italics* with flags!).

"But *when*", you say, returning firmly but admirably to the original point, "will the healthy mariner ever wish to signal 'There is no need for alarm'? Only the wordy, hysterical, landlubber, who does not have to communicate by flags, would think it worth while to say such a thing".

Well, we will tell you; for we have used this signal. We remember well that sad day when the news came of the French collapse. It came to this out-of-the-way corner of the island by the One-o'clock News. A great many mariners, the sun being "definitely" over the yard-arm (B.S.T.), were assembled at the celebrated "local"; and though no heart quailed, there were one or two, shall we say, expressions of regret. England was, after all, alone and all that. We therefore returned to our ship and hoisted:

**A T I**

The signal station ran up the answering pennant, and a thrill ran through the little fleet. From that moment the absence of France from parade did not matter. She was on leave. She is.

It is a pity that the civilian cannot express himself

also in this gay and decorative fashion, I suggest that all loyal and stout-hearted citizens should purchase the flags A T I and fly them constantly from their rigs. Also the signal A U L.

There may be a law against this. But who cares?

And, strangely enough, we do not think there is.  
A.U.L.P.H.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Sir Alan Herbert and the proprietors of Punch, in which magazine this article appeared on 20th November 1940.)



### H.M.S. "CEYLON"

Since our last report we have relinquished the flag of C. in C. East Indies Squadron to H.M.S. *Newfoundland*.

Mr. Brown, our new C.C.O., was overjoyed to join us just in time for the annual Joint Exercises with the Indian and Pakistan Navies, which were held during April. Normally the Ceylon Navy takes part too, but this time H.M.Cy.S. *Vijaya* was en-route to U.K. for the Coronation. No matter what the exercise, Gunnery, Radar, A/S or what you will, they all tend to develop into pure communication exercises: this was no exception. The V/S department was delighted—at last a fleet of ships—A.N.M.I. could be dragged out from some dusty archive. The ships were soon dodging about all over the ocean; concentric, eccentric, asymmetrical and horseshoe screens were being formed and disbanded in rapid succession, to say nothing of operations concerning every kind of vegetable imaginable. Three cruisers (*Ceylon*, *Newfoundland* and I.N.S. *Delhi*), four destroyers and four frigates in company—a post-war Admiral's dream.

The annual Musketry Course will be held at Diyatalawa Rest Camp soon after we leave Colombo. This course takes two out of the fourteen days we shall be there; a golden opportunity to catch up on lost sleep. The next event of interest is the East African Cruise, during which time many of the younger members of the staff will be presented with their first "Crossing the Line" certificate. Kenya, Zanzibar, Tanganyika and the Seychelle Islands are on the visiting list. It is rumoured that the Communication Staff are busy learning the African equivalent of, "Me good Mau-Mau".

## EAST INDIES

### CEYLON WEST W/T STATION

Greetings once again from the R.A.'s Paradise (never mind what the R.A.s think about it)!

Our sports field has had its face lifting completed, after three months' work, and was handed back to us in time to play our first game on Coronation Day. Unfortunately the monsoon broke three days later and the pitch is again unfit for play.

Another of our popular camp concerts was held in mid-May and was a great success, but it is feared it may be the last as our producer, Ldg. Tel. Jim Crossley, is leaving us soon (he hopes). Our loss will be *Mercury's* gain.

Our Coronation Day celebrations found everybody in a happy mood, egged on perhaps by the "splicers", and a "village" garden fete, which was held in camp during the afternoon and was well supported. The football match previously mentioned (in which the Badgemen beat the non-Badgemen 3—2) was followed by tea, and the celebrations ended with a dance, the interval of which was a display of Kandy dancing by a troupe of "Devil Dancers" and a fireworks display in which Ldg. Tel. Charlie Cozens, with a couple of henchmen, braved the dangers of setting off locally made fireworks.

Ceylon West will also be changing its face in other than the football field world during the coming year, when we are to have ten married quarters built, a separate power station, and the Receiving building is to be modernised.

We asked the only Engineer Room Branch representative at C.W.R.S. to write our article this time, for a change. Unfortunately we are pressed for time and like all good Stokers he is at present suffering from a hangover, but one of his main queries is "Why do Sparkers scrub out with gloves on?" He is also rather upset because after

having had Service 1 for breakfast yesterday, Bombay for dinner, Asmara for tea and C. in C.'s woppity wop wop wop for supper, it now appears that today's menu is the same.

As a fond word of farewell, Home Fleet stanchions beware—our nine R.F.R. Killicks are due for a relief shortly.

### STAFF OF C.-in-C.

Shortly after our arrival back in Trincomalee from our Spring Cruise we were joined by our friends of the Royal Pakistan and Indian Navies for the Joint Exercise Training period. This is a much looked forward to event as it is the only time of the year that we of the East Indies Station get any chance of working with other ships. The tireless enthusiasm of the R.P.N. and I.N. were very much remarked upon.

The main event on the sporting side was the final of the hockey when the R.P.N. repeated their success of last year against the I.N. in a match in which any hockey connoisseur would have failed to find fault. During one of the sailing races it was decided to shorten the course and the signal "Sugar Tack Zebra" was ordered to be hoisted. The conducting ship unfortunately left out the Tack, much consternation being caused to all ships, it being 1500 on a Make and Mend Day and Sugar Zebra being the signal for "Stream Fog Buoy".

When F.C.O.'s family left U.K. much amusement was caused by a signal from Whitehall W/T

announcing "One large and three small pieces of shore equipment for Ceylon embarked in H.M.T. *Empire Trooper*". Even more amusement was caused when a disturbed Officer-in-Charge of Ceylon West who had seen the signal on its way through, rang up the F.C.O. demanding to know what the equipment was, why he had not been told about it before and anyhow there wasn't any room for it, etc.

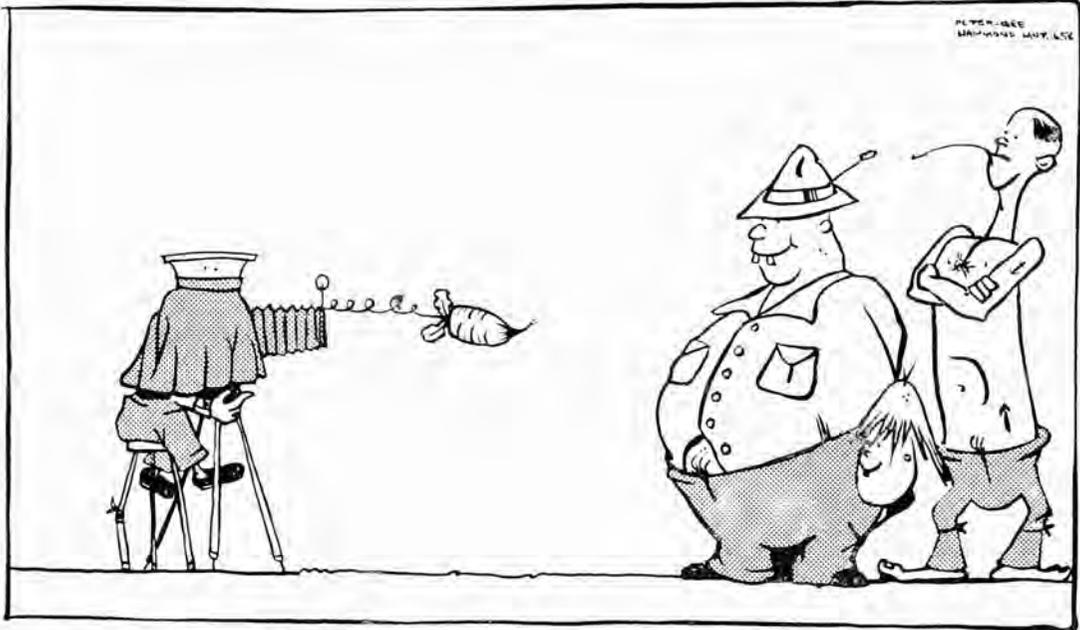
### H.M.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND"

We've travelled a few thousand miles since Easter and in our programme of visits have included Aden, Mogadishu, Mombasa and Colombo. We have, of course, spent several weeks "buoy swinging" in Trinco.

Before leaving Trinco. in mid-May for an East African cruise, the C.-in-C. and his staff were embarked. This brought to the Sparkers the added burden of Fixed Service 151 and to the Buntings tons of typing.

Now, once again, we are back in Mombasa in the troubled land of Kenya. Our immediate programme takes us to Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika, then down to Mauritius before returning to Trinco. for leave period at the end of July.

Since becoming Flagship we have found out that there are many places in this world worse than Scapa Flow. However, we have had our good "runs". The local brewery always seems to be an attraction. Here in East Africa, there have been several educational



"All ratings whose homes are in Norfolk muster on the flight deck for group photograph".

**COMMUNICATION LIEUTENANT E. J. WEBBER, M.B.E., ROYAL NAVY**  
**DIVISIONAL OFFICER, H.M.S. "MERCURY"**

Royal Hospital School, Greenwich ... ..	1919
<i>Ganges</i> as Boy 2nd class ... ..	1922
Rated Boy Telegraphist ... ..	1923
H.M.S. <i>Delhi</i> , Special Service Squadron on round-the-world cruise ... ..	1923-27
Rated Ord. Tel. ... ..	1924
Rated Tel. ... ..	1925
Qualified for Leading Tel. ... ..	1926
H.M.S. <i>Caradoc</i> ... ..	1927
H.M.S. <i>Vivid</i> (R.N.B. Devonport) ... ..	1927-28
H.M.S. <i>Saumarez</i> ... ..	1928
H.M.S. <i>Concord</i> ... ..	1928
H.M.S. <i>Tamar</i> for Seletar W/T Station, Singapore. Worked first H.F. Service, Singapore—Whitehall ... ..	1929-30
Rated Leading Tel. ... ..	1930
H.M.S. <i>Vivid</i> ... ..	1930-31
H.M.S. <i>Greenwich</i> (Destroyer Repair Ship) ... ..	1931-33
Qualified Provisional P.O. Tel. ... ..	1932
H.M.S. <i>Glorious</i> (Med. Fleet) ... ..	1933-34
H.M.S. <i>Drake</i> (R.N.B. Devonport) ... ..	1934
Qualified W/T 2 ... ..	1934
H.M.S. <i>Broke</i> ... ..	1935
Rated P.O. Tel. ... ..	1935
H.M.S. <i>Victory</i> for Warrant Tels. Course ... ..	1935
Rated W/T 1 ... ..	1935
H.M.S. <i>Rodney</i> (Home Fleet) ... ..	1935-36
Promoted Warrant Tel. ... ..	1936
H.M.S. <i>Exeter</i> (Med. Fleet) ... ..	1936
H.M.S. <i>Ramillies</i> (Home Fleet) ... ..	1936-38
H.M.S. <i>Resolution</i> (Home Fleet) ... ..	1938
H.M.S. <i>Tamar</i> (P.W/T.O Hong Kong) ... ..	1938-41
H.M.S. <i>Drake</i> (Signal Section) ... ..	1942
H.M.S. <i>Duke of York</i> (Home Fleet) ... ..	1942-44
H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> (Technical Instruction) ... ..	1944-45
Promoted Commissioned Tel. ... ..	1945
H.M.S. <i>Cormorant</i> (later <i>Rooke</i> ), Officer i/c Rock W/T, Gibraltar ... ..	1945-46
H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> (W/T 1) ... ..	1947-49
Promoted Communication Lieut. ... ..	1949
H.M.S. <i>Afrikaner</i> (Officer i/c Cape W/T Station) ... ..	1949-52
H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> (Divisional Officer) ... ..	1952



outings "on safari" two hundred miles into the heart of the jungle to see big game in its natural state. We have found out that a pussers three tonner is not an ideal vehicle in which to see the interior of Africa.

Then again, Baron von Grippo is always cropping up. In this ship he has adopted a new name—"Mr. Empire Builder". In our Chief Yeo, and Chief Sparker we have two champions in the art of strangling. Wherever they go, Mr. Empire Builder follows. We wonder, do Chiefs do a course on the subject before leaving Leydene?

We have had our laughs too. Half the Staff attempted to grow beards. The Chief Sparker soon shaved his off when he found out that Mr. Empire Builder disapproved.

By the way, who said that an executive signal could not be cancelled after execution? An Ord. Tel. who wrongly executed Turn Nine to the Fleet recently, shouted "No, No, don't do that" into the mike—they didn't either.



## ADVANCEMENT NOTES

### The Advancement Rosters

Much useful information is given in A.F.O. 1720/53 which shows the state of the advancement rosters at 1st April, but it is easy to draw wrong inferences from it and it is emphasised that, under present conditions, it cannot be regarded as a guide either as to when a man with a particular basic date may expect to be advanced or as to future prospects in general.

As was explained in our last article the Port Division numbers had to be revised consequent on the changed situation which permitted the release of all retained men and we are now overborne in varying degrees in all rates.

This has resulted in a temporary decline in the numbers being advanced and until we have reduced

to our correct numbers advancement is bound to be at a much slower rate than previously.

Thus, for example, although the tables show that the rosters for Devonport Petty Officer Telegraphists and Chatham Leading Telegraphists are dry and it might be thought that advancement in these cases would continue to be rapid, there was an overbearing of 50 Devonport Petty Officer Telegraphists and 28 Chatham Leading Telegraphists on 1st April and because of this their advancement will be reduced to a "trickle" (2% per half year) until these overbearings have been dispersed. How long it will take to reduce to our proper numbers is impossible to estimate, as during a transitional period such as this there is no reliable indication as to the numbers who may re-engage, etc.

### Telegraphists (F) and (S) Branches

Port Division numbers have now been allocated for the Telegraphist (F) and Telegraphist (S) Branches so that they are provided proportionately from each Depot and I have been asked if this means the setting up of separate advancement rosters for them.

It is understood that this is not so and that they will continue to be advanced within the Branch in order that they shall not be at a disadvantage because of the small numbers involved.

In order, however, to maintain the numbers of these branches at their correct strength, it may be necessary to make adjustments from time to time by returning some ratings, who are in excess of the numbers allowed, to general service duties.

J.S.W.

## FLEET AIR ARM

All were pleased to see the return of this familiar and battle-tryed title, but the Fleet Air Arm of to-day is a different thing from that of the days of the old "string bags"; jets flash past at the speed of sound (one Pilot is reported to have failed to receive a signal because it never caught him up!), helicopters flit from ship to lawn (Royal ones too) and back again with monotonous regularity. However, the Communicator's headaches remain much the same and those who want a little cryptography can try their hand at these Fleet Air Arm abbreviations which confront the airborne (and air-worn) communicator daily.

A few common and easy ones to start with:

P.C.B. F.R.U. A.S.W.O. R.N.A.R.Y.

A little more difficult now:

C.B.A.L.O. C.F.S. S.M.P. H.C.O.

(but not what you think)

N.A.R.I.U. N.A.F.D.U. D.I. F.A.E.

Now for a few teasers:

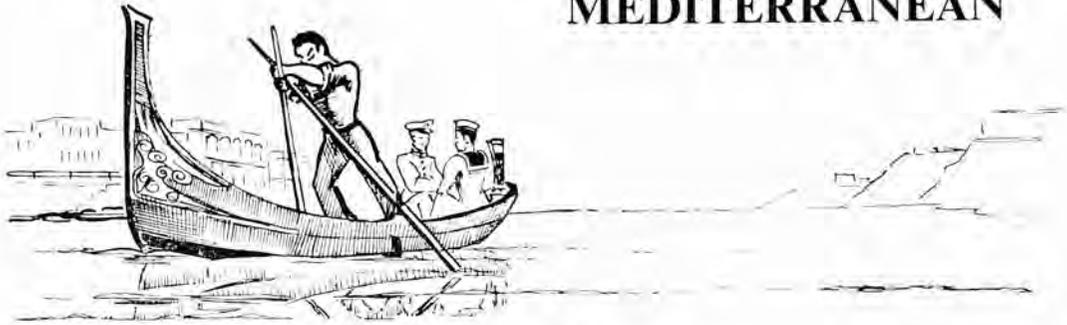
A.N.A.L. N.A.M.E.B. O.F.S. M.T.P. L.R.S.

Finally the classic which will defeat anyone:

N.I.V.

The answers to these can be found on page 121.

## MEDITERRANEAN



### MALTA M.S.O.

HAFMED (and not HALFMED as previously reported!) has come into its own and almost everyone now serves at *least* two masters.

On a memorable day in March, the National flags of the six N.A.T.O. countries represented on the staff of CINCFMED were broken at the mastheads of the six poles situated on the bastion of Lascaris. A simple but moving ceremony which has added yet another page to Malta's Naval history.

Since then we have been peopled by races of diverse tongues but, happily, of uniform purpose. Our N.A.T.O. operators are settling down nicely and it is not uncommon for a Frenchman to relieve a Greek operator who may be transmitting a message in Italian to a Turkish station, using English equipment (and American procedure!)

During the Coronation, we of Lascaris contributed to the local celebrations with an illuminated Crown and the symbols 'E II R' beneath. (It is to the credit of our Scots C.R.E., who assisted in this work, that he suppressed a natural desire to make certain amendments to the title!)

Looking into an almost empty harbour must have caused the older inhabitants to make a mental comparison with other days when the massive illuminated outlines of capital ships, which then crowded the harbours, added their splendour to the fireworks and displays commemorating other Royal events of the bygone era.

Past Lascarians will learn with pleasure that Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to bestow the award of the Coronation Medal upon Miss Lilian Fitt, whom many will recall has served continuously on the C.-in-C.'s communication staff at Malta since those less happy days of 1939.

Since Spring we have seen little of our roving Mediterranean Fleet. Some units took part in the Coronation Review at Spithead, others left to keep an eye on the activities of the mess-mates of Jim Irish.

There was heard one day a somewhat original reflection upon a mild rebuke which had been administered to an errant female. The lady's

comment was "He said some awful things to me—but he didn't look as though he meant them!"

Another performance was given by a Crypto Wren Petty Officer who became involved in a drain incident. One of her underpins wandered into a drain grating, necessitating the removal of *two* bars from the frame which imprisoned her.

With the introduction of tropical rig and summer picnics, the Wrens—original to the last—have devised a new 'hair-do' to provide the answer to warmer weather and increased swimming activities. It could be described as the 'Coronation Cut'. Fifty per cent of the hair is removed and what remains is made to taper towards the nape, presenting an effect not unlike an inverted coconut!

Senior officers of this station have resumed the custom of using Biblical quotes to express their views. Because of this, the S.D.O. Yeomen have been furnished with a copy of the Bible. As no corrections have been issued to this publication since it was brought into force some three hundred years ago, the Yeomen feel capable of dealing with any reference which may be quoted.

Our M.S.O. improvements continue apace, and with the passing of each Rounds day some fresh product of ingenuity is devised for Chippy 'Oscar' to manufacture. The challenge seldom goes unanswered and scientific aids to Communications leave Oscar's shop in an endless stream.

### CHEERS!

Recently in one of the Med. Fleet destroyers, the Ldg. Sig. took some signals on the reporting board into the Wardroom to show the Captain. The Captain had a glass in his hand which he gave to the Ldg. Sig. to hold while he took the board and lifted it up to read the signals. Taking this upward movement at its face value the Ldg. Sig. promptly drained the glass, handed it back, retrieved the board and walked out, blissfully ignorant of the Captain's astonishment at finding his glass completely empty.





C. IN C. MED's COMMUNICATION STAFF 1953

- Back row:* Sig. Richmond, Tel. Smith, L.Tel. Tandy, L.Sig. Spreckly, Tels. Marley, Rowe, Whitfield, Woods, L.Sigs. Webb, Mockford, L.Tel. Hassell, Tel. Woodman, Sig. Clarke, Tel. O'Mara, L.Sigs. Files, Gunderson, L.Tel. Patteson, A.B. Farrugia, Tel. Johnson, L.Tel. Obee, A.B. Saliba.
- Third row:* L.Wrens Layt, Saunderson, Crooks, L.Tel. Butcher, Sig. Copeman, L.Sig. Firman, L.Tels. Hunt, Marshall, Tel. Moore, J.Tel. Boulding, L.Sigs. Newell, Moore, Sigs. James, Pinder, Peterson, Wren Barratt, L.Wren Clift, P.O.Wren Bentley.
- Second row:* P.O.Wren Dobson, Ch.Wren Priday, CPO Tel. Short, CYS Rosenberg, Commn. Lt. Draycott, Lt. Macpherson, 3/O Cortvriend, Lt. Cdr. Davie, Capt. Hankey, Lt. Cdr. Oram, 3/O Lawder, Commn. Lt. Reynolds, SCCO Walton, CYS Dickinson, P.O.Wren Ayliffe, P.O.Tel. Taylor.
- Front row:* Yeo. Walker, Poole, P.O. Tels. Munroe, Garratt, Rowbottom, Yeo. Freeman, Dow, P.O. Tels. Chapman, Allcock, Ayres, Marshall, Evans.

## MALTA—1953

Grand Harbour, gregales, the Gut and goats may be all that some of us remember about Malta, but if you can once drag yourself past Toni's and Tigne and lay aside the inevitable bottle of Blue Label, you will find that there is a lot to learn and much to be seen.

The best way to see Malta is undoubtedly by car. I cannot recommend the buses and, if you treasure your bones, you will prefer to walk. The buses have become the real natural hazards of the Maltese roads. The goats are far more intelligent. In fact, honours go to the animals on all counts; the dogs react to the horn with a precision unseen in the children and the donkey carts are conducted with quiet decorum. To revert to the buses, avoid them at all costs, and if in a car, be ready with your reverse gear.

The elimination of buses means that you must have a car. If yours has been entrusted to the tender care of S.N.S.O. it will arrive one day. You can, of course, hire a car, at a price, but here you must be careful. It is always disconcerting to see your back tyre overtaking you and gambolling merrily on down the hill, and if you happen to knock over a perfectly harmless stone wall you will find that the intricacies of insurance demand that you pay for the utterly insignificant damage to the car. This is a poor way of spending your L.O.A.

Driving does have its hazards apart from the human and animal elements. It is as well, for instance, to know where you are going. You may suddenly find yourself climbing a rock strewn hill, or going down a flight of steps; or you may be so hemmed in by houses that no escape is possible. It is then that you meet a bus. The other day I learned, to my cost, that Zeebug is not just a Wireless Station. It is a place where the buses join hands and dance in the Square and dart down the narrow streets in an endless conga.

Wet weather brings more grief. You progress forwards, backwards and sideways but mostly crabwise. It is worse than Leydene in a snowstorm. However, when you have mastered these and many others you will enjoy your sightseeing; from the cliffs at Dingli to the dome at Mosta, the ancient temples, the walled city of M'dina and even an anxious sea trip to Gozo or an early morning visit to the Blue Grotto.

In the Autumn, when the rains come, the Island turns itself very quickly from glaring brown to an unexpected greenness and the people turn their thoughts from lying on the beaches and schnorkel fishing to more energetic sports. These have recently been much enhanced by the formation (by an Officer of considerable equestrian ability who dabbles, on occasions, in signals), of a pack of hounds. These animals, led by a Dachshund, gloried under the name of the Hamrun Harriers until forced to change it to the Draghounds, not, I

understand, because of the indignation of the stray cats, but because of an unfortunate incident when they appeared in the local football pools as an "Unlikely Draw".

Houses are a distinct problem if you are thinking of bringing your family out. The wretched husband, who is no good at choosing a house anyway, arrives first and spends some unhappy weeks on the search. He will have been furnished with his wife's requirements:—"A house with four bedrooms, sitting room, bathroom, dining room, all mod cons, nice garden, garage, overlooking sea and easy reach of private beach". It is not long before he realises that this Utopian dwelling is nowhere to be found and takes a two roomed flat on the top floor with paraffin cooking and a similar device for heating the bath water before transferring it to the hip bath. The nearness to the sea can only be surmised by the content of salt in the water. The water problem does not end here. I invited my family, hot and sticky from a gruelling flight, to live for two days in a house without so much as a drop of water. This seemed unfair when a friend spent the early hours of the morning, at the same time, baling out after an overdose.

It is a strange thing about Maltese houses that they have no passages. You get quite used to going through bedrooms to get to bathrooms, though perhaps the converse is not quite so simple.

Throughout the summer, with the sun beating down on a flat roof and the rooms completely airless, you console yourself by saying "Won't it be wonderful in the winter". In the winter, when the rain is beating down and the stone floors are icy and the wind is whistling through the house, you say, "Won't it be lovely and cool in the summer".

As I said, there is a lot to learn. There is a lot of history and a lot of fun, but in the domestic field you learn the hard way. Somehow people never tell you the things you really want to know; or is it that we don't really listen when they tell us. But whatever it is and before I finish, and just to remind myself that I am writing for THE COMMUNICATOR, remember this: When in conversation with a "Local", a receipt is not an acknowledgement and you will almost certainly be given an IMI after you have been given a receipt.

*Note*—The Officer mentioned earlier has recently added a rolling machine to the wooden horse used for polo practice; just to get used to the idea!

*From the Ce Course:*

*Question:* How can you tell whether a ship is fitted with HF DF or MF DF?

*Answer:* By the shape of the aerial. If it was a loop aerial it would be MF, if a cardioid it would be HF.

### H.M.S. "DARING"

Greetings to all readers from No. 2 dock, Gibraltar. We are two-thirds of the way through our refit, with the result that we're all two-thirds round the bend. Before docking we were mixed up in a Combined Fleet exercise off Gib, when we were bombed, torpedoed and shelled. That didn't worry us; what did, were those dear little callsigns. We were ever so happy doing them, especially with faulty machines.

We went in to refuel at Toulon, and left very hurriedly after an atom (exercise) bomb had been dropped on us.

We left Malta for Gib to refit early in April, along with much groaning from the natives. John Attard is following up in his dghaisa with our dhobeying. Those of you who have had a docking period in Gib will remember the typical "Billingsgate" odour from No. 1 dock after the fish have been trapped for a couple of weeks.

The Communicators have figured largely in the ship's concert party which has been doing the rounds in Gib. Chief Charlie Henswood, as M.C., gives the slick patter to all and sundry and has them in stitches, so "Tiny" Chief Tel. Littlejohns sews them up again with his sweet warbling.

We weren't lucky enough to be home for the Review, but we sure don't hold anything against those who were and who also had seven days leave.

### H.M.S. "GLASGOW"

The main news from the Fleet Flagship is the result of the intense sporting spirit. The Communicators won the Cross-Country race and came second to the Wardroom in the Ship's Sports. Communicators formed a strong percentage of the ship's team which won the Cruiser Cup at the Fleet Sports and the Arbuthnot Trophy. O/Tel. Hampton was selected to run in the Navy's Cross-Country team in the inter-Service Cross-Country race and did well to come fifth, the third Navy man home. Finally we have in Tel. Hone the combined Fleets, Middleweight Boxing Champion.

The main communication activity was with the Combined Fleet Exercises and "Rendezvous", a N.A.T.O. Exercise where once again we had the opportunity of working with Communicators of other nations. What most impressed us was the difference between our first N.A.T.O. Exercise when we arrived on the Station and "Rendezvous". No matter what nationality was in command, Communications went smoothly and efficiently, the language difficulties of six nations being overcome very well. *Glasgow* wore the Flag of F.O.F. Med. in the Combined Fleet Exercises, but was a private ship as British S.N.O. in "Rendezvous". Coming home for the Review was a welcome break in our foreign commission.



"How do you hear me? Over!"

### SECOND FRIGATE SQUADRON

No doubt the pages of this number will be full of the Combined Home and Med. Fleets' visit to Gibraltar; so we will add no more than to extend to the Gibraltar Communicators the fervent hope that they have recovered their breath, tempo, temper, and their doubtless hard-earned spare time in which to write disgustingly detailed articles on bullfighting. As for our stay at Gib we can only say that it was the best alcohol holiday many of us had had for some time.

To those of you (the clever ones), who remember that the large contraption in the far corner of one of the stables at Leydene is fitted with something that does something to, or with, Queen Bees, we would like to say that we have recently shot down two of the Queen Bees' successors—known as drones. At least, they stopped flying while we were firing.

It was during exercise "Rendezvous" that all the screening ships were allowed a smack at these pilotless aircraft performing the most extraordinary acrobatics above us, controlled by the U.S. cruiser *Roanoke*. Dummy air attacks are always rather lively affairs for us in *Mermaid*. They gather a good crowd on our rather small bridge and there is great competition for any phone. A microphone is of course a real prize if you can grab one, but the prize of prizes is the brown smoke puff pistol. It is worth at least three microphones.

The Drone attack was a real field day, the verve of which was increased no end by a rather vague order covering the use of Flag Baker, and the various interpretations offered.

### Flying Saucers Outdated

" . . . and the Carrier takes up a position to leeward of the fleet to enable her to have a clear run to take off".

## HOMECOMING

Two-and-a-half years had been a long time. He had done foreign Commissions before and thought nothing of them, but this one had been different. Hadn't been married five minutes it seemed before the draft chit came through, "Far East somewhere", the P.O. had said at the office.

He could remember how the words, so casually said, had stabbed at his heart. The clock on the wall had registered the moment with a white impartial face—two o'clock.

Yes, at two o'clock that day, life had become, for him, a battleground of mixed emotions. Gladness had won for a time when there had been the unexpected leave to go on and then fear had taken over as the precious hours had poured themselves away.

The fear that he might lose her had lurked always in the background. Two-and-a-half years—he was bound to—it always happened like that. But time had proved his fear false, her letters had been regular and uncomplaining. She had been lonely, yes, but she could bear it, and did, for him.

"You've your duty to do and I've got mine". That's what she had said and the words had made him feel proud. "Her sister and her husband had visited her every so often, he had never met them, but he would when he came home". Yes, he could practically repeat her letters word for word. He had lived for these letters.

Sometimes though he had been really threadbare and then he would go and have a yarn with the Padre—it helped having someone to talk to. But now it was all over, a thing of the past, and here he was, back in good old Fraylesbury again.

"Wilson's hill please".

"Been abroad, Jack?" said the conductor, handing over the ticket.

"Yes, Far East", he tried to sound casual.

"Thought so", grinned the man, "Quite a tan you've got there, the girls won't arf go for you!"

"I hope not", he countered, "I'm married!"

"So the little woman will be waiting for you then?"

"Nope, haven't told her I'm due to-day, it's to be a surprise".

Everyone in the bus smiled in his direction—

"Here y'are Jack, Wilson's hill".

The conductor waved cheerily as the bus moved on. This was it then—the moment he dreamed about—longed for.

A few more yards and—

He felt for the key under the mat.

Yep, it was there, the routine was still the same apparently.

Close the door quietly now—this was a surprise mind. The sitting room door was half open, he pushed it slowly—

His wife was sitting on another man's lap! He could hardly believe his eyes—but—but—

They stared at him in amazement: With a whirr of

gears the electric clock struck-one-two. Two o'clock. Something inside him snapped.

His wife screamed as he advanced slowly—

"Now just a minute old chap—", began the man, but he never knew what hit him and the rest remained unsaid. Nothing mattered now, nothing. He gazed at the slumped form with unseeing eyes.

"Oh George", cried his wife kneeling beside the prostrate figure, "George; please wake up darling!"

So it was George—darling—

"How long has this been going on?" he asked, his voice sounding hollow.

"Oh do something", pleaded his wife hysterically.

It was too much, he slumped into a chair, after two years, and then this.

Someone hammered at the door. He rose, mechanically—

"Neighbours wanting to know what the screaming is about I suppose, well, I'll tell them—yes, I'll say".

He reached the door and swung it open—the woman gasped with surprise, "Why Eric!", she quavered, and flung herself into his arms. He was all confused as she sobbed on his shoulder—gradually the girl regained her composure, she dabbed her eyes shamefacedly.

"I'm sorry darling", she began, "It is such a shock seeing you after all this time".

"Edith!" He blinked with amazement, the woman was his wife.

"Who—who is the girl in—", his voice trailed.

"Why Sis of course, and her hubby, they always visit me on Fridays".

"Sis? Hubby?"

"Yes darling, my twin sister and her husband. Now, I'll introduce you properly". She took his hand.

"I'm afraid we've already met", he gulped as he followed her inside.

H.M.S. *Phoenixia*

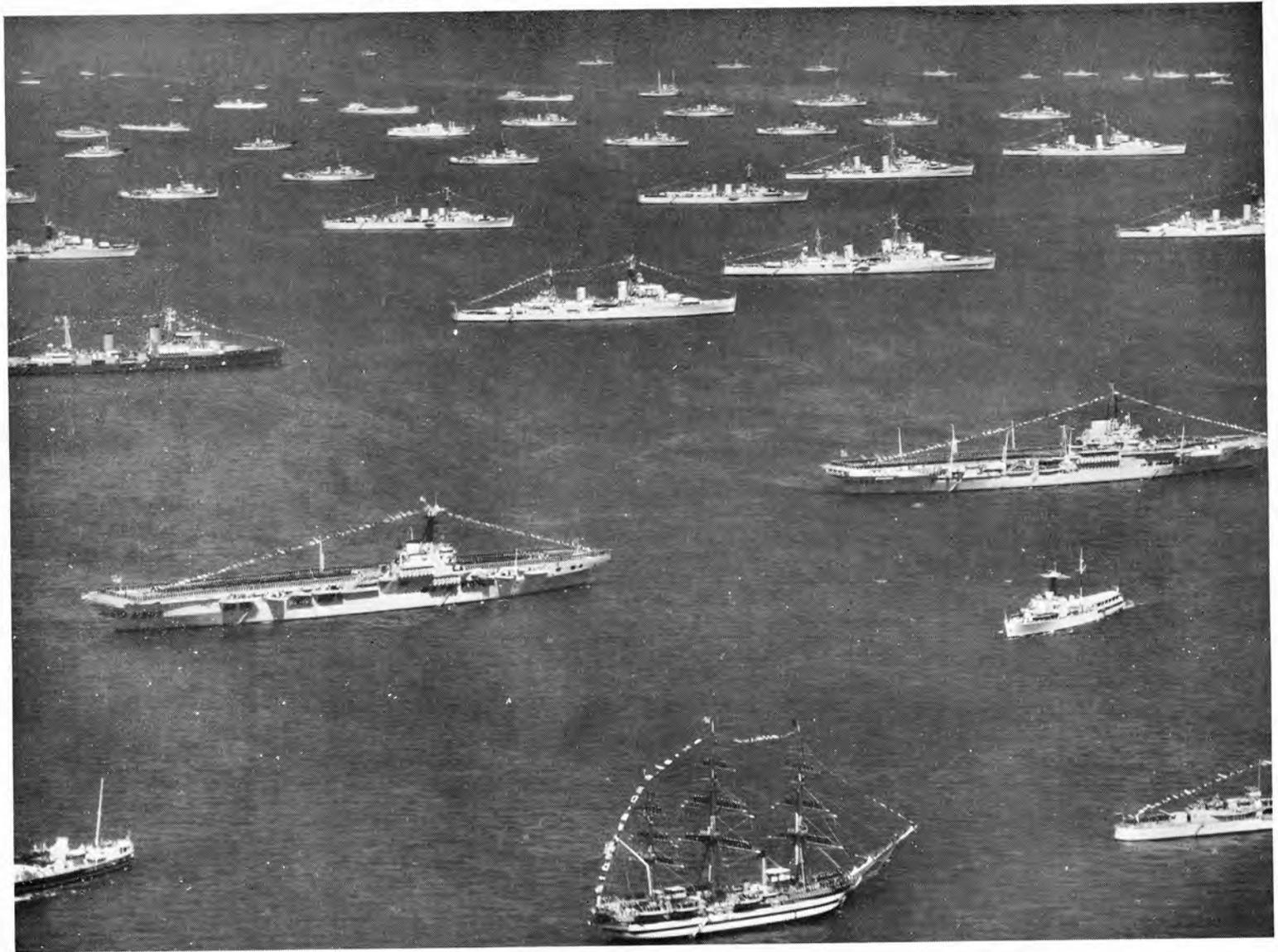
W.C., Sig.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Drawing on page 105 is by P.O. Tel. Drummond, Whitehall W/T; on pages 76 and 96 by Lt. Cdr. Paterson, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on pages 115 and 125 by O. Tel. Waller, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on pages 108 and 121 by O. Tel. Lee, H.M.S. *Boxer*; on page 75 by P.O. Buckle, H.M.S. *Montclare*; on page 73 by P.O. Tel. Scudder, R.N.S.S. Chatham; and on page 87 by L. Sig. Pope.

Photograph on page 94 is by Tel. Henderson, H.M.S. *Glory*; on pages 102 and 119 by C.P.O. Tel. Andrews, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on page 78 by Lt. Cdr. Kent, H.M.S. *Mercury*; on pages 68 and 72 by Associated Press Ltd.; and on page 71 by Keystone Press Agency.

REVIEW OF THE FLEET BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



“Patricia” leading “Surprise” through the lines, between “Theseus” and “Amerigo-Vespucci”.  
(Names of ships are given on page 129).

## OVERLAND TO MALTA

I am writing to give some outstanding impressions of my journey in a new Morris Minor from *Mercury* to *St. Angelo* by way of France and Italy.

Having disembarked at Calais I clung to the right-hand side of the road through the docks with great concentration, hoping that I would so impress myself with the obvious necessity of doing what the Romans do, that when I turned onto the ordinary road I could relax and rely on instinct. I relaxed according to plan and having turned in the direction of the town, I noticed that some fool seemed to be intent on running head first into me. This object coming towards me was a giant lorry. The fellow was leaning out of his driving window and was actually yelling at me. Steady, I said to myself, and applied the brake rather reluctantly. The lorry swerved by me and left the road empty in front of me. A moment's meditation—aha! I'm on the wrong side. Looking about me I saw a notice—it simply said "Keep to the Right"—in English. That cured me for the next ten days.

The next milestone in my journey was Paris, where I decided to make for the Hotel Excelsior, not far from Le Gare du Nord. I stopped here and there to ask, and people either said just straight on, or *C'est tres difficile* to explain. Which indeed it was even had I understood the language perfectly. But after about an hour's search, I stumbled on my goal.

A single room was far too expensive and I was fobbed off onto another hotel which was full, and then from there to another and eventually to a very small hotel behind the Opera. I retired to a most sumptuous double bed and woke to the rattle of a coffee cup to enjoy a normal continental breakfast of croissants and coffee.

I must explain this business of a double bed. Both in Italy and France if one is to be sure of getting a single bed one must ask for a single bed and not for "une chambre" or you will be given a double bed every time, which of course is rather a waste. The idea of a male unaccompanied is as foreign to their nature as good cooking is to ours.

It was difficult getting into Paris, but it was far harder getting out. From L'Opera I tried to orientate myself, saying this road, that road, blast we must be going round a second time—I've set eyes on that gendarme before, and so on, all the time desperately trying to avoid any serious argument with any other road users in that appalling melee of Parisian traffic. Somehow I survived and found myself blithely cruising at 55 m.p.h. for the south.

At Chambéry I had the car serviced, taking her round to a Renault garage where she was lifted in the air. The garage man was extremely amused by the situation and produced a most useful pamphlet, an advertisement by Esso, giving all the phrases for car maintenance and their French equivalents which enabled me to get excellent service.

## WHEN AT MALTA

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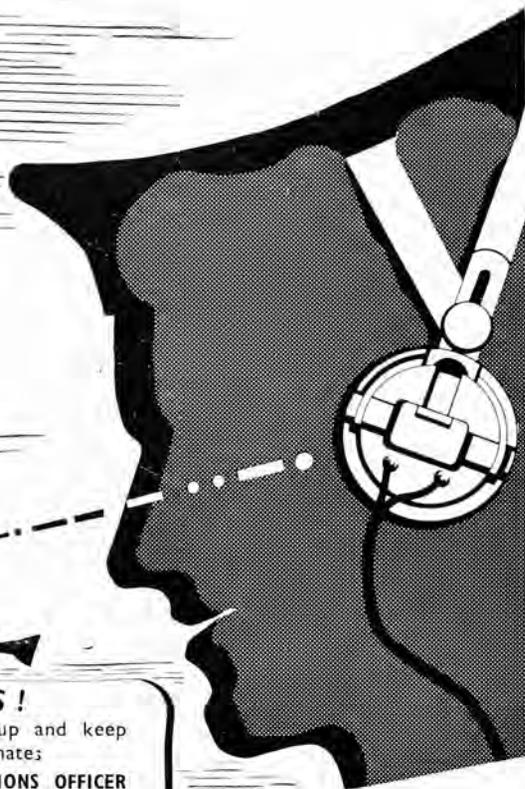
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On over the Alps. There had been some at home who had doubted the Morris Minor's ability to tackle such mountainous roads, but they were all discredited. Naturally one had to change down to second frequently and exercise considerable patience, but at nothing did she stall. In fact the gradients on that particular road were nothing compared to the very steep winding roads of Southern Italy.

The Northern plains of Italy are very dull. In Turin the shops are very fashionable, and the town has an air of wealth about it.

After Turin I aimed at Genoa and found myself stopping at a barrier on the Autostrade to pay my toll. There was a knock on the window and a young chap, very flashily dressed, asked for a lift. Nearing Genoa I posed him the question from my little conversational guide, "Can you show me the way to a good but inexpensive restaurant?" He nodded assent. From then onwards it was in his hands. I was led to a really squalid little place. A dirty little girl of about fifteen came and took my order. Minestrone and beefstecca. Our friend seemed happy to watch me for a while but was pleased to accept a beer which I offered him. After a while he tired of watching and ordered for himself, but when the bill came it was on one slip and I paid for the lot.

Before saying goodbye we paused at a tobacconist shop, in the rear of which was a girl having her hair done. Just as I was leaving she appeared, was greeted by my friend and introduced to me. She was immensely proud of her English which consisted mainly of stock phrases such as "Say is that so" and one in particular, "Say wait! Take it easy". Her appearance was very curious, a thin face with glinting eyes and very prominent magenta coloured lips. Her hair was swept back to a bun and she looked fairly gipsy like. She said, "What no donne" and I said that was right and then she said in rather a drawl, "What, you no like girls?". That was too much and left me spluttering a mild protest.

I bolted for the car but my friends came too. I got into the car and the girl followed by the man got in the other side. I made it quite clear that I did not expect to be accompanied and they were quite affronted. Can you imagine three piled into the front of a Morris Minor? To have a guide in a strange city is a great help so I did not object too strongly. Changing gear was a somewhat delicate operation because the gear lever was entangled with the girl's legs, a movement which often invoked her favourite exclamation: "Say wait! Take it easy". (It was only after she noticed that I was wearing a Signalman's tie that she realised what my intentions were and stopped objecting). I was not sorry to leave the two of them where they wanted to go, and to press forward along the Italian Riviera. The road in this mountainous country was just like a switch-back, and at times one had the weird sensation of motoring through cloud. It was about eight in the evening when I reached Aquapendente and I still

had thirty miles to drive before reaching Viterbo where I was to spend the night. I stopped for petrol and a very fat boy who was in charge extolled the virtues of the roadhouse to which the filling station was attached. Evidently Robert Taylor, Mussolini, Ingrid Bergman and others, had stayed there and as I was travel weary, I decided to add one more illustrious name to his list. I regretted that decision. Though once again I had to take the most humble room, I was disgusted to find that the sheets were by no means clean. I raised Cain and all the women in the hotel rushed to change them, gushing apologies! Apparently it was where the fat boy from the filling station normally slept and they had quite forgotten to change the sheets.

Then to Naples, where I arrived amidst a torrential downpour. The streets, which were cobbled, were extremely slippery and I was horrified to be spun round several times whilst driving through the town. The surface of the roads was the worst I encountered. The roads were rutted and scarred by the war and great craters still existed which played merry hell with the springs. Naples may once have been a beautiful city but now it smacks of nothing but the Yankee dollar. All the Albergos seemed to be named after states in America, and at those I enquired, rooms were excessively expensive. A longing to see the last of Naples determined me to drive another thirty miles to Salerno for the night.

From Naples southwards, although the country improves, the roads deteriorate and the villages become more and more poverty-stricken. I prayed that nothing would go wrong with the car because other cars passed only occasionally and there are pitifully few garages. But my luck held. Casenza is the most fly-blown place of all, it's the only large place south of Naples and is little cleaner than La Linea.

Now to the Messina ferry where the express trains from the north are shunted onboard in sections and if there is any room left then cars are allowed on.

From Messina to Syracuse where I supervised with trepidation the hoisting of my car into the *Star of Malta*, enjoyed a good dinner and was up early the next morning to witness our entry into Grand Harbour, my journey's end. The best part of 1,800 miles was behind me.

H.C.

### SIGNAL OFFICERS' TIE

Stocks of ties are no longer held by the Assistant Secretary, H.M.S. *Mercury*. They are now obtainable from Messrs. Gieves, 22 The Hard, Portsmouth, price 12/1 post free.

A further stock of ties which will cost approximately one guinea each has been ordered by Gieves and should be available shortly.

## SHAGGY DOG

Apparently when the war ended a certain rating decided that, in view of the good work the Navy had done, they should have a bonus. He was so insistent in this view and converted so many others into thinking the same way that the result was a mutiny.

The rating in question was therefore court martialled on a charge of inciting mutiny and the charge was proved, so the Royal Navy seemed certain to have its first "hanging from the yard" since the Spithead Mutiny.

The time set for the hanging was nine o'clock, and a quarter of an hour before this time, in a ship in Plymouth Sound, the gold braid started to assemble. Never before had there been such a distinguished gathering of officers; everyone that really mattered was present to witness this memorable occasion.

At five minutes to nine a great silence fell over the crowd, as the condemned man was brought on to the upper deck. In the deathly hush, the warrant was read out and as the Admiral stumbled through the last sentence the faint roll of the drums could be heard. Forward went the little band to the place where the rope already hung loosely from the yard. But then, as the noose was put over the rating's

head and the Chaplain offered up a last prayer, the silence was shattered.

"Stop! This cannot go on".

Everyone turned towards the place where the First Sea Lord was standing (for surely only he could stop the proceedings at this stage). Alas, the First Sea Lord was just as surprised as everyone else; his eyes, with a hundred others, were focussed on a very insignificant little Petty Officer, for it was he who had uttered the words that had stopped this solemn occasion.

"This cannot go on", the little man repeated.

The First Sea Lord fixed him with one of those looks that had made him so famous, a deep cutting scowl, which was reputed to leave the receiver speechless.

"You, a Petty Officer, have the audacity to tell me, the First Sea Lord, that this must stop - - - I'll have you stripped man!"

But the little Petty Officer didn't even flinch, he just looked that great man straight in the eye and said:

"As long as I'm P.O. Tel. of this ship, no man goes aloft when the 'Safe to transmit' boards are still in".

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## GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

### CHIEF'S CHATTER

The Summer Term has been dominated by the Coronation, the Naval Review and the numerous official and social activities which follow in its wake. The Mess was host to two ships—H.M.C.S. *Sioux* and the Spanish Cruiser *Miguel de Cervantes*. A social evening was laid on for them and although the start of the party was marred by lingo trouble, the night ended in a spate of "Mananas" and "Hasta la vistas". In fact, a very pleasant evening—with Television as the star turn.

INS and OUTS. We welcomed back to the fold our two Coronation Procession stalwarts, C.P.O. Tel. Hawks and C.Y.S. Strachan, who after six weeks extensive training at "Whaley" marched in London on June 2nd. Both appeared to have lost much surplus weight.

The axe has fallen on more of the Old Contemptibles and no longer shall we see our esteemed rum caterer, C.Y.S. Gallup, C.Y.S. 'Peggy' Neale in the Divvy Office, and C.Y.S. Alfie Winder.

Sports Day came and went but mention must be given to John Noyes for winning the Discus and to Reg. Stovell and Dennis Larkins for their respective efforts. Congratulations to these three on being selected to represent *Mercury* in Command Sports. In all other events on Sports Day we were exceedingly good spectators.

It is with regret that I tell of the draft chit served on our esteemed President, Albert Blood, he goes to H.M.S. *Montclare* and we are sorry to see him go. Would anyone due home from foreign shortly like his job?

### P.O.'s PATER

Two days after returning from main Easter leave, N.A.A.F.I. assumed responsibility for the bar. Opinions as to the various advantages or disadvantages are still heard in the Mess. A vast improvement is expected in the Lounge when the new furniture, lino and fittings are installed, but at present only the painting has been completed. Currently, the Mess is betwixt and between the old standard and the expected new.

The annual Soccer Match for the Crombie Cup was held on St. James' Park at the close of the season. Many will remember the finalists last year when the Sparkers beat the Petty Officers—and neither of those teams saw fit to change the honour of reaching the final this year. Good football was played by both sides, although a heavy wind made ball control extremely difficult. Extra time appeared imminent, when in the last desperate moments the Sparkers scored the one winning goal.

Breaking from tradition—rightly or wrongly—our Whitsuntide Dance was held in Kimbells Ballroom, Southsea. About 250 people attended and the



"Just up the road from Clanfield, he said . . ."

majority, we are happy to state, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Drinking was curtailed somewhat (the bar wasn't fifty foot long!). Nevertheless there can be little doubt an appreciable amount was consumed. P.O. Tel. R. Dudley and partner with Yeo. Sigs, Stannard and Mrs. Stannard won the prizes, the former couple performing miracles of statuesque composure which would have pleased Epstein!

Following almost immediately upon the seven-a-side hockey, which we won, came the eleven-a-side competition. Four games have so far been played without loss which gives great hope of retaining the Cup.

More R.F.R.s are coming along to complete their training and we are happy to greet them to the Mess. One can never really determine just *what* training they do, but they normally enjoy their spell, if only to be rid of the Missus for seven days.

### Rude Awakening

A certain Duty Officer at *Mercury*, having Middle watch rounds, asked for a shake, with torch and whistle.

He was somewhat shattered when, at 0130, he was woken by the Messenger shining a torch in his face and blowing long blasts on the whistle.

He now gets hold of these implements before he turns in.

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## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

All Contributions for the Christmas number of THE COMMUNICATOR must reach the Editor by 14th November, and orders for copies by 4th December.

*Price for Bulk Orders:* As from the Christmas number, the price for Bulk Orders will be 1/7d. per copy, post free, *irrespective* of the number of copies ordered.

The price for Individual copies remains at 1/9d., post free.

### W.R.N.S. NOTES

Chief Wren Brazier and P.O. Wren Glass have left us, and most visitors to Soberton will remember P.O. Wren Dawson and will probably be surprised to hear that such a stanchion as she has eventually been drafted; her successor is P.O. Wren Hirst whose prowess on the cricket field will be well known to many.

In addition to the classes of Signal Wrens, and the Tels. who come to do a fortnight's training at Seafield Park, we have this Term seen another course of P.O. and Leading Wren Sigs. 'Q' and a number of W.R.N.V.R. W/T, T/P and Coder courses. The standard achieved by these 'reservists' in their very short stay compares most favourably with the 'regulars' and we hope that some of these 'V.R.'s' will be coming back again in future years.

A high standard was attained on Sports Day in all the W.R.N.S. events, *Mercury* winning the invitation relay race. The Wrens who attempted the obstacle race won the admiration of all spectators, and how they managed the transformation from their bedraggled appearance at the end of the course to their re-appearance at the Sports Day dance remains a mystery.

Leading Wren Charlton was lucky enough to be chosen to represent *Mercury* in the Coronation Procession. Many others, less fortunate, took advantage of the extra leave granted to go to London and establish "squatter's rights" to see it, while those left behind watched in comfort on the T.V.

Just after the Coronation we were visited by P.O. Wren Gunn of the W.R.N.Z.N.S. who was particularly interested to see *Mercury* having heard so much about it from her compatriots in the Branch. Could there be any significance in the fact that one of the first places she wished to see was the Broadwalk? Her uniform aroused much interest and the Wrens here were green with envy when she assured us that all New Zealand Wrens wore the same. For the benefit of the curious, it was similar to that worn by W.R.N.S. Officers, but with red badges.

We also received a short but welcome visit from Second Officer Stevens of the W.R.A.N.S. who told us that Australian Wrens have to qualify in both W/T and signals, a fact that is very impressive to those still struggling to pass out at one or the other.

On the Saturday preceding the Review, a most

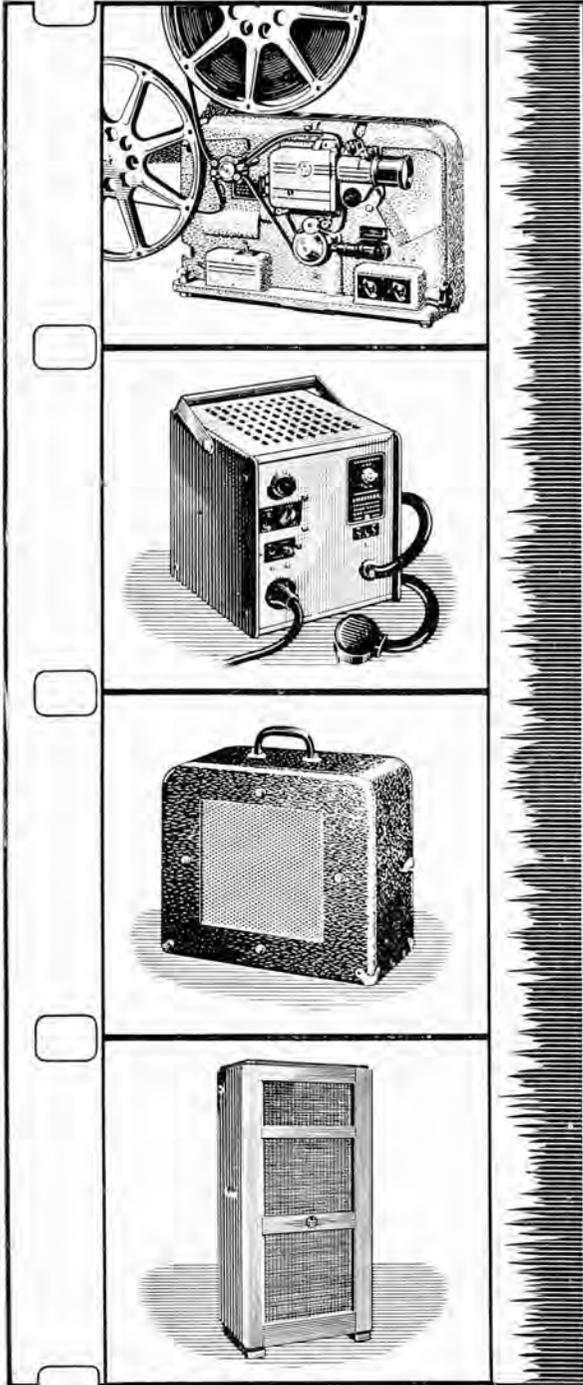
successful dance was held at Soberton to entertain three of the visiting ships, H.M.C.S. *Stonx*, I.S. *Tir* and the Spanish Cruiser *Miguel de Cervantes*. In spite of language difficulties and the necessarily small proportion of girls, everyone enjoyed it and the spectacle of Spaniards dancing the "Gay Gordons" and one of the Indians rendering "Shot Gun Boogie" will long be remembered.

The *Mercury* Officers' Stewards who were honoured by being chosen to wait at the Royal Sherry and Dinner Parties in H.M.S. *Surprise* and H.M.S. *Vanguard* have already become quite well known through the national press and fully deserved the glowing reports they received. All of them were thrilled and justly proud of their wonderful experience.

### WRENS' FASHION COLUMN



Ostrich feathers are in the fashion again this year. This delightful creation is by Erik, of Paris and London, and is reproduced with his kind permission. Of stripped and scorched black ostrich on black baku straw, it is known as the "Porthole Fringe". We think it would come in very handy when trying to read flashing exercises on the Broadwalk on bright, lazy, Summer afternoons.



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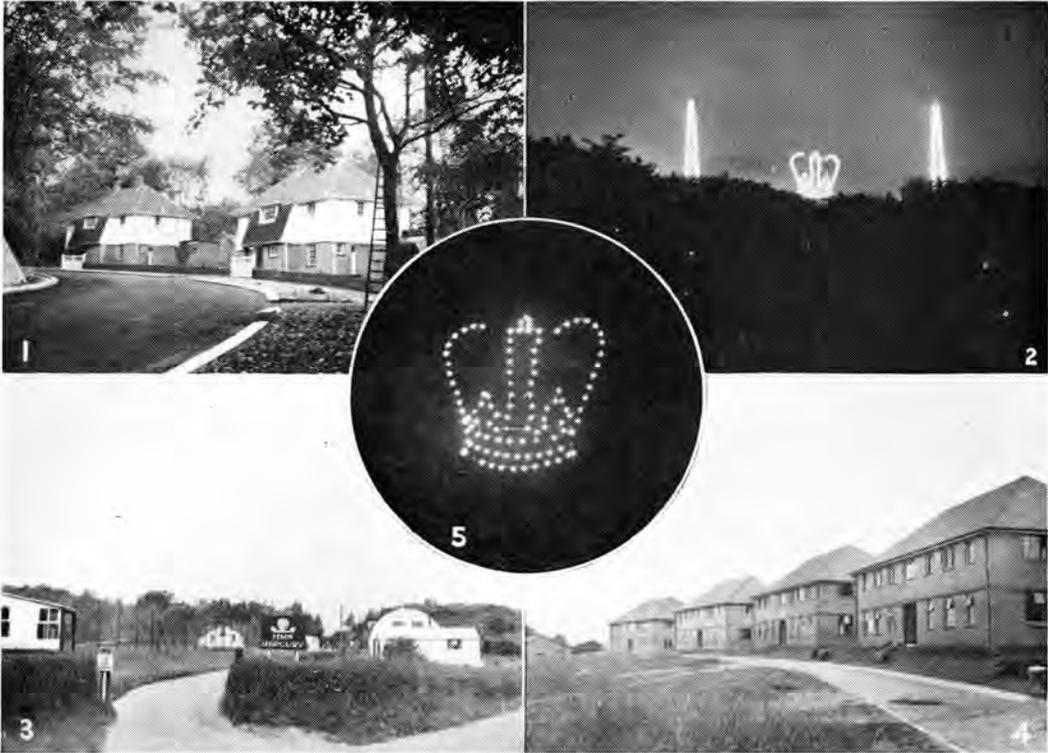


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DRAMA PRODUCTIONS

The main production of this Term was to have been the farce, "Tons of Money", but, owing to drafting commitments and sickness of members of the cast, this has had to be postponed.

*Mercury* entered a team for the Drama Festival and, on March 18th, produced their one-act play, "The Distant Drum" at R.N.B.'s theatre, having given a show at *Mercury* the previous week—together with a Ship's Concert.

The results of last year were, unfortunately, repeated and *Mercury* once again came second to H.M.S. *Excellent* by two points. After six weeks hard, though very enjoyable work, the team was very disappointed, but the experience gained was very valuable and will, no doubt, stand us in good stead when we make a fresh onslaught on the Command Cup next year.

Next Term we hope to produce another Pantomime and a three-act play, but as our producer is leaving us at the end of this Term, our crying need is for a new one—so if anyone is keen on having a crack at producing a play, the Entertainments Officer will be very glad to hear from him.

CHAPEL OF ST. GABRIEL

I feel bound to express what ought to be the gratitude of all of us to Messrs. T. Firth & Sons, of York, for the gift of a long strip of carpet. This will be a great help in our effort to improve the interior of what is gradually becoming a really fine chapel. I must also thank Chief Wren Lambert who, in addition to her constant care of the altar linen, has made up the new window curtains so beautifully.

My good wishes to you all.

J.G.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seen outside the camp tailors

"Round white caps are in;  
Square up pay day".

\* \* \* \* \*

L.H.O.W. (After receiving several signals from O.D. on watch).

"Why have all these signals the same T.O.R?"

O.D. (After hesitation).

"I think the clocks must have stopped."



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## SPORT

## WATER POLO AND SWIMMING

We suffered a heavy blow when three fine players were drafted a few days before the start of the season. However the first match v. *Dryad* resulted in a decisive 9—0 victory, exactly the score by which *Dryad* beat *Mercury* in the opening match last year. Two matches have since been played in which we beat *Vernon* 6—3, and *M.T. & R.E.* 7—0. Eleven matches remain to be played and with such an excellent start it is hoped *Mercury* will repeat the 1950 success by winning 'B' League cup.

Wren Meyers has been selected for the Command Swimming team.

## SHOOTING

Whilst gaining no trophies, *Mercury* teams were placed second at the Port rifle meeting in the Revolver Tiles and Team Snapshooting events. 3/0 Cardew was 2nd in the W.R.N.S. individual shoot and Mr. Messer 1st in the Pensioners' event. P.O. Tel. Kingston is representing the Navy at Bisley.

## TENNIS

*Mercury* was beaten in the inter-Establishment knockout by R.M.B. Eastney, but we have won all our matches so far in the Chilcott cup. Cdr. Gray and Mid. Black are representing *Mercury*.

All six entrants from *Mercury* in the ratings Command Tournament reached the semi-finals; Y.S. Burrows and R. E. Cooke reached the Doubles finals.

An additional ratings hard court is projected for next season.

## ATHLETICS

The Sports were held earlier than usual this year and took place on Joe's Meadow on 20th May. After several days of heavy rain we were lucky enough to be greeted with a blue sky and warm sunshine which added to the pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

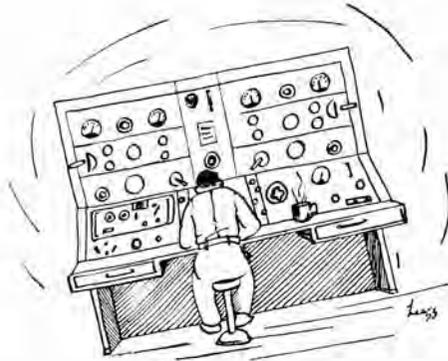
Final points at the end of the meeting were New Entries 80, Seamen and Misc. 44, P.O.s 37, Wardroom 29, Sparkers 18, C.P.O.s 14 and Buntings 0.

During the afternoon the New Entries gave a display of P.T., and some of the Wardroom, encouraged by the Padre, gave their impression of life at St. Trinians.

In the Command Athletics Championships *Mercury* produced full entries for all events and succeeded in finishing 4th in the Men's events, and 2nd in the W.R.N.S.

## CRICKET

Owing to bad weather and various holidays the season got away to a slow start. However we look forward to fielding a strong, consistent side which will more than hold its own within the Command. To date we have played 10 matches, won 2, drawn 1 and lost 7.



Sandy Macpherson?

## ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATIONS ON PAGE 103

P.C.B.	Protected Communication Building.
F.R.U.	Fleet Requirements Unit.
A.S.W.O.	Air Station Weekly Order.
R.N.A.R.Y.	Royal Naval Aircraft Repair Yard.
C.B.A.L.O.	Carrier Borne Army Liaison Officer.
C.F.S.	Central Flying School.
S.M.P.	Special Maintenance Party.
H.C.O.	Hangar Control Officer.
N.A.R.I.U.	Naval Air Radio Installation Unit.
N.A.F.D.U.	Naval Air Fighting Development Unit.
D.I.	Daily Inspection.
F.A.E.	Front Line Aircraft Establishment.
A.N.A.L.	Air Equipment Authorities Allotment Order.
N.A.M.E.B.	Naval Aircraft Maintenance Examination Board.
O.F.S.	Operational Flying School.
M.T.P.	Maintenance Test Pilot.
L.R.S.	Electrical Repair Shop.
N.I.V.	Not in Vocabulary.

## EX-EDITOR SHOT AT!

We have just heard that the last Editor of THE COMMUNICATOR was recently shot at while enjoying a quiet bathe on the shores of Gozo. We are glad to be able to record that the shot missed, and after a chase round the island the malefactor was captured and is now in gaol awaiting trial.

The present Editor wishes to announce that he is thinking of resigning as soon as a suitable relief can be found.

## Stop Press

It is now understood that the gentleman who fired the shot is a native of Gozo who is unable to read English.

The present Editor has decided not to resign after all.

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## TECHNICRIME

There was consternation at Much-Learning-on-the-Hill. One morning, when a Wireless Transmitter classroom was unlocked, Leading Telegraphist Tukean was found lying on the floor, apparently electrocuted. Exhaustive efforts at artificial respiration failed and, to all intents and purposes, it appeared that yet another 'expert' had fallen victim to over-familiarity with his equipment.

There was naturally an enquiry into this regrettable occurrence. Tukean had last been seen in the Dog watches on the previous evening when he had gone up to this classroom to do voluntary revision with his friend P.O. Tel. Tuphase. The latter told the enquiry that he had left the classroom at 1800 to go down to Portsmouth, leaving Tukean to continue playing with the sets on his own. Despite a thorough examination of the whole incident, no conclusion could be reached other than that Tukean had been accidentally HiT by H.T.

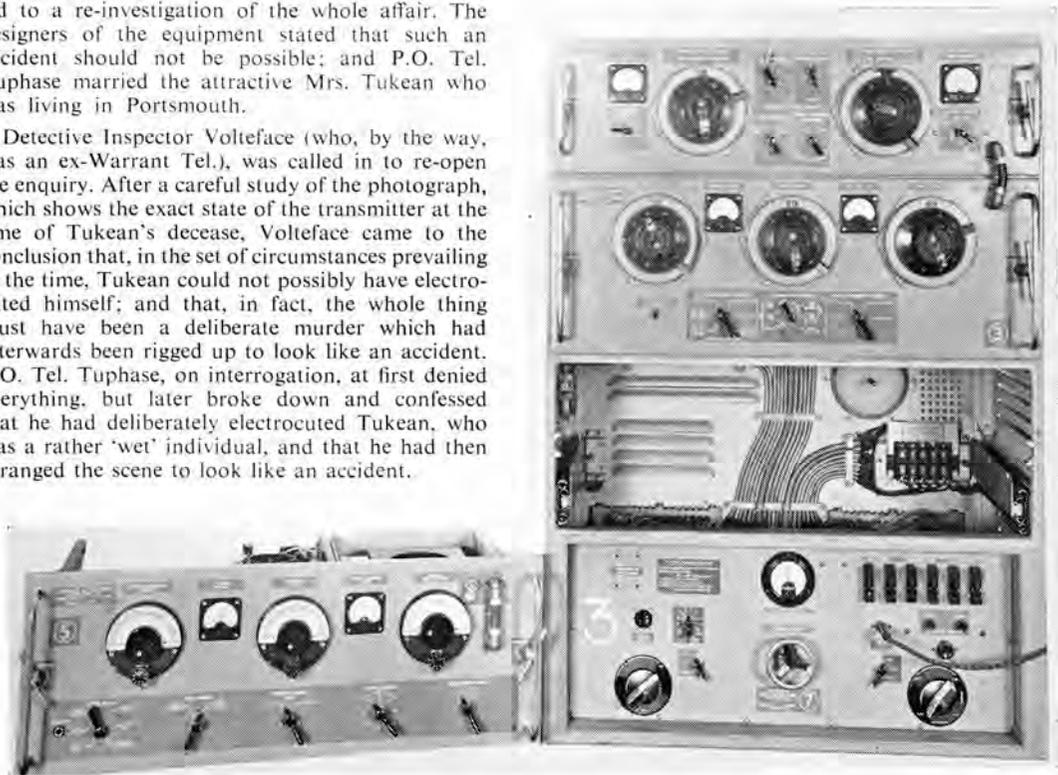
Some weeks later a combination of circumstances led to a re-investigation of the whole affair. The designers of the equipment stated that such an accident should not be possible; and P.O. Tel. Tuphase married the attractive Mrs. Tukean who was living in Portsmouth.

Detective Inspector Voltface (who, by the way, was an ex-Warrant Tel.), was called in to re-open the enquiry. After a careful study of the photograph, which shows the exact state of the transmitter at the time of Tukean's decease, Voltface came to the conclusion that, in the set of circumstances prevailing at the time, Tukean could not possibly have electrocuted himself; and that, in fact, the whole thing must have been a deliberate murder which had afterwards been rigged up to look like an accident. P.O. Tel. Tuphase, on interrogation, at first denied everything, but later broke down and confessed that he had deliberately electrocuted Tukean, who was a rather 'wet' individual, and that he had then arranged the scene to look like an accident.

There are two reasons why Voltface knew that this was no accident. One is Technical, and the other is obvious (or, at any rate, non-Technical!). Telegraphist ratings are invited to solve the former, and Signal ratings the latter. It must be noted by Telegraphist ratings that, even with the 4AD transmitter out and the gate switches functioning correctly, it is still possible to touch live H.T. behind the control panel. The question is: why did Voltface know that this could not have occurred? Solutions received will be kept until October 15th, when they will be opened at random, and the first correct answer to *each* question to be opened will earn the sender a prize of TEN SHILLINGS.

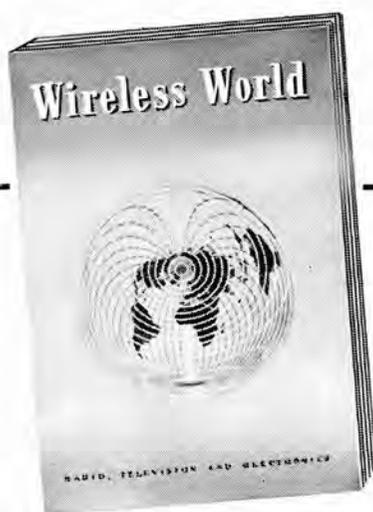
Replies should be marked "TECHNICRIME" on the outside of the envelope, and should be addressed to The Editor, "THE COMMUNICATOR", H.M.S. *Mercury*. The Editor's decision is final.

(All characters and places mentioned above are, needless to say, *entirely fictitious!*)



WHAT NAVAL HARBOUR? (See Page 82)

This is a view of Trincomalee, Ceylon, looking towards Naval Headquarters.



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## ANSWERS TO EASTER RADIO QUIZ

(See page 61 Easter number)

1. It is possible to design a receiver with zero I.F. Such a receiver is called a synchrodyne or homodyne. The L.O. frequency is identical with that of the incoming R.F. carrier so that the output of the frequency changer is the difference between the carrier frequency and the sideband frequencies, i.e. the modulating (audio) frequencies. The frequency changer is followed by a low-pass filter to remove all unwanted frequencies. The receiver possesses a high degree of selectivity and is free from second channel interference. It does however require a pre-amplifier to raise its sensitivity to that of a normal superhet. Moreover, it is essential for the L.O. to be accurately synchronised with the R.F. carrier.

2. A swinging choke is used in transmitter power supplies when good regulation is required over a wide range of load conditions. Provided the choke inductance is above a certain critical value then a normal choke input filter produces a direct voltage whose value is about two-thirds of the peak voltage applied to it. The critical inductance necessary to maintain a continuous current increases as the current decreases. If the choke were to have a constant inductance independent of the magnitude of the direct current it would be necessary to use a choke whose inductance is above the critical inductance on light loads since this is then a maximum. However, if a choke could be used, the inductance of which is high on light current loads and lower on full loads, and above the critical value at all intermediate loads, it would serve the purpose, and would be smaller and cheaper than the large constant inductance choke.

3. Electrons arriving at the screen of a cathode ray tube produce secondary emission at the surface and some of these secondary electrons have sufficient velocity to reach either the anode or the aquadag coating. Electrons not having sufficient velocity fall back to the screen. Equilibrium conditions are set up when just as many secondary electrons return to the power supply as reach the screen in the beam. The screen is thus maintained at a constant voltage which in a radar set is of the order of 100 volts below the anode.

4. A double superhet contains two frequency change stages. The first changes the carrier to a high I.F. and this is reduced by the second frequency changer to a low I.F. The former minimises second channel interference and the latter adjacent channel interference. Hence the main advantage is the considerable increase in selectivity.

5. (A). No M.C.W. facilities are provided on H.F. with Tx T.B.L. because then the M.C.W. oscillator is used as the 1st. I.F. amplifier. (B). "Step" 2 of the Tune-Operate Switch of the T.B.L. should not be used for reduced power because facilities for

operating Tx on reduced power are provided by the plate voltage regulator.

6. Over modulation of the T.B.S. is avoided by the Mod. Limiter valve which applies a negative bias to the input stage of the A.F. amplifier when 75 per cent mod. is exceeded (Voice only).

7. Red and blue calibration curves are provided for wave meter G61/G62 because the "Wavemeter" turning control adjusts either 1 or 2 capacitors depending on the position of the switch. In G61 the Red range covers 1000-1550 kcs. and the Blue range 1550-2000 kcs. Thus the dial itself covers a smaller frequency range and is hence more accurate. G62 is similar.

8. The "Red Light" associated with the following equipment indicate:—

- (a) Type 602E Control Panel—emergency alternator running;
- (b) KFD/E/F/GR/T Control Unit—Tx is being used;
- (c) Wavemeter GN—A.C. is applied to G73;
- (d) 86M—A.C. is applied to Rectifier SE8;
- (e) T.B.S.—A.C. is applied to Tx and Rx filaments.

9. The scale of the H.F. aerial ammeter fitted with 605 is uniform because the ammeter is a moving coil instrument, fed with D.C. from the diode rectifier; whereas the M.F. meter is a thermo ammeter, the reading of which is proportional to the square of the current.



"What's your E.T.A.?"



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## IN THE NEWS

### Russian Navy

To-day, the Soviet Navy has about 20 very powerful cruisers, over 100 destroyers and more than 350 submarines of all classes. All ships are kept manned, with the result that Russia has today the second largest Navy in commission in the world. The Royal Navy is not mobilised, but its full material war strength is today greater than the Soviet Navy, and second only to the U.S.N.

The Soviet naval forces are dispersed in four main fleet areas, but by far the greatest part of their strength is concentrated in the Baltic and in the Northern seas.

### Centenary

April 1st was the centenary of the introduction of the continuous service engagement in the Royal Navy, a turning-point in the history of naval recruiting. Under the original scheme, a rating over the age of 18 might join the Navy for 10 years. Hitherto naval recruiting had been haphazard. A volunteer, attracted to a particular warship by lustily worded recruiting posters, promising bounties and an abundance of prize-money, grog, and battle, or by the fighting reputations of individual captains, joined nominally for five years, but in practice for a single commission of three or four years. Large numbers of seamen were impressed into service, particularly before 1815, either being rounded up by roving press gangs in seaports or taken off merchant vessels by naval boarding parties. Ships' Companies were reinforced by drafts of convicts for many years after the Napoleonic wars.

### Gas Turbines

A new test house for Naval gas turbines has

been completed at the National Gas Turbine Establishment, Farnborough, Hants. Ships will have power generating sets in the very near future. Smaller ships will undoubtedly have Gas Turbine propulsion, and Gas Turbines may well be fitted in aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and frigates as boost sets for use when the full power for which the ship is designed is required, other forms of power for propulsion providing for the range of speed below the top fifth of power. This application, which would enable steam turbine designers to produce more efficient and economical steam turbines, is also of paramount importance.

### The Rhine Squadron

The Royal Navy's Rhine Squadron was formed in the Autumn of 1949 for the purpose of co-operating with the Army on the River Rhine in the British Zone of Germany. It carries out cross-river exercises with military forces using various types of landing craft and also co-operates with the River Police in directing civilian traffic. The vessels used include a number of ex-German naval air/sea rescue and torpedo recovery craft.

### Singapore's Floating Dock

Tugs have begun towing a 9,000-ton section of the Singapore naval base's floating dock to a British shipyard. Travelling at a speed of four knots they hope to complete the voyage via Suez in three months. The massive dock, which has been raised from the sea bed, will be scrapped. Work is still in progress on the other section of the dock, which twice has been at the bottom of the sea. In 1942 British naval engineers sank the dock before the Japanese occupied Singapore. The Japanese raised the dock and used it until 1945, when American aircraft sank it.



"Surprise" passes astern of "Montclare" during the Review of the Fleet.



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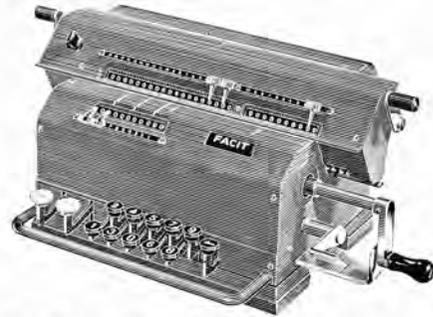
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## MILESTONES OF THE GRAMOPHONE

Thomas A. Edison in 1877 conceived the idea that a gramophone record was possible, although he could never have guessed how much progress would be made in the next 75 years. In those early days Edison used a cylinder covered with tin foil. A needle was made to rise and fall in a groove at a frequency corresponding to the intelligence recorded. This needle in turn caused a diaphragm to radiate sound waves in a similar way to our throats when we speak. Emile Berliner in 1887 developed a record made of zinc, and while reproducing from this record he noticed that the grooves were strong enough in themselves to guide the sound box, and he was able to eliminate the screw device from the apparatus which he called the 'gramophone'.

The first wax disc original was produced in England in 1901. Early recording artistes were chosen for their power rather than for their quality but, as conditions improved, singers and players of real merit were persuaded to record, Caruso making his first record in 1902.

In June, 1925 a great advance was made by the introduction of an electrical system of recording. A microphone received the vibrations which then passed through filters, were amplified and fed to an electrical cutting head. This admitted a greater range of frequencies, with flexibility of control, and the records were so far in advance of their acoustic predecessors that within three months all recording was electrical.

During the thirties there came the electro-magnetic pick-up, the electronic valve, and the moving coil loudspeaker, and by 1943 it was possible to record practically the entire aural range of frequencies.

The great drawback with standard records which revolve at 78 r.p.m. is that it is only possible to average about four and a half minutes on a 12-inch record. During the war a record was developed which would play much longer. At first, ordinary speech was recorded on a 12-inch record which

played for half an hour. The outcome of this was 'Books for the Blind'.

In 1950 the Decca Record Co. of England, and the R.C.A., of America, issued their first long-playing records. The sizes were the same as the standard discs—10 and 12 inches; the extra time was achieved by cutting two and a half grooves for every one, and reducing the speed of rotation from 78 to 33½ r.p.m.

Now it is possible to record entire acts of opera and complete movements of symphonic music as each side of a 12-inch record will play for up to 25 minutes. Not only is uninterrupted music a feature of these records but they are pressed on a new plastic that almost eliminates surface scratch, and so reproduction is vividly illuminating.

Initially there are certain disadvantages that must be overcome, a modified type of pickup being required, also a motor that spins at the new speed.

The new 45 r.p.m. discs marketed by E.M.I. are also of the microgroove type, but being only 7-inches in diameter are not strictly in the long-playing category. They have a playing time comparable with that of a 12 inch standard record, but score on very light weight, easy storage, comparative unbreakability, and, as the playing band is narrow, tracking error is almost eliminated. These records are the obvious choice for the shorter recordings of popular music and instrumental items.

The Decca Record Co. make quite a nice playing desk, which can be used in conjunction with a ship's S.R.E., Model 33a. Costing nine guineas, including tax, it consists of a single speed turntable rotating at 33½ r.p.m. and a light-weight crystal pickup with a semi-permanent needle. The makers offer an attractive discount on all their equipment and records (A.F.O. 4378/51).

Standard records will not disappear for some time to come as more than half the gramophones in the world are of an acoustic type which cannot be modified. R.L.

### THE NAVAL REVIEW

(See Page 110)

- G Line:** *Amerigo-Vespucci* (Italian), *Tromp* (Dutch).  
**F Line:** *Theseus*, *Illustrious*.  
**E Line:** *Quebec* (R.C.N.), *Superb*, *Sheffield*, *Swiftsure*.  
**D Line:** *Diamond*, *Apollo*, *Manxman*, *Cleopatra*, *Dido*.  
**C Line:** *Laertes*, *Pickle*, *Cheerful*, *Rattlesnake*, *Bramble*, *Welcome*, *Romola*.  
**B Line:** *Barnstone*, *Barndale*, *Bullfinch*, *Welfare*, *Orcadia*, *Rinaldo*.  
**A Line:** *Sursay*, L.C.T.403, L.C.T.4044, L.C.T.4038, *Reward*.

### THE OTHER "MERCURY"

The Officer of the Watch at *Mercury* recently spent what should have been a quiet Saturday afternoon trying to decide what to do with a double-decker bus that turned up at 1400 and announced that it was ready to take the party to Southampton. What party, no one seemed to know. The Bus Company said their instructions were quite clear—send a bus to *Mercury* to take a party to Southampton. But no one seemed to have ordered it and there was no sign of any passengers.

It was only after much research that the secret was revealed; the bus should have gone to the Training Ship *Mercury*, anchored in the Hamble River.

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## COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

### RECENT PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
E. G. B. ANNIS ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Cochrane	Pembroke
R. C. ARMSTRONG ... ..	C.C.O.	Bermuda	Mercury
J. W. A. ASH ... ..	C.C.O.	Solebay	Duchess
R. J. ATTRIDGE ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	St. Angelo
E. G. BALE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	R.N.S.S. Chatham
I. M. BALFOUR, M.B.E. ... ..	Cdr.	President	Daedalus
A. BARLOW ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Euryalus
S. F. BERTHON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Kenya	Mercury
E. H. BIGGS ... ..	C. Lt. R.N.Z.N.	Tyne	Ranpura
G. A. BLOODWORTH ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Indomitable
R. W. BRIGGS ... ..	Cdr.	Mercury II	R.A.N. (Exchange)
P. C. BROOKER ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Forth	Mercury
T. R. BROOKS ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Ladybird	Tyne
J. A. BUCHANAN-WOLLASTON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Saker	Centaur
R. F. BULLUR ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Swiftsure
R. H. E. BYRNE ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Wrangler
The Earl CAIRNS ... ..	Captain	St. Austell Bay	Ganges in Cmd.
Miss D. A. V. CHALKLY ... ..	3/0	Mercury	R.N.S.S. Devonport
G. CHRISTIE ... ..	C.C.O.	R.N.S.S. Chatham	Mercury
D. W. COGGLESHALL, D.S.M. ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Maori
T. S. COOPER ... ..	C.C.O.	Broadsword	Decoy
P. J. COTTLE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Mercury	Illustrious
G. H. H. CULME-SEYMOUR ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Osiris in Cmd.	Mercury as Personnel Officer
J. A. N. CUMING ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Maidstone
D. J. DONOVAN ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Pembroke	Cochrane
D. O. DYKES ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Ganges
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Miss M. A. EUNSON ... ..	2/0	Mercury	President
M. C. EVELEGH ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	St. Angelo
P. FARRELLY, D.S.M. ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Ganges	Maori
K. C. M. FLEETWOOD ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Drake	Terror
J. GOLDSMITH ... ..	Lt.	Mermaid	Staff of D.S.D.
H. GORMELY, D.S.M. ... ..	C.C.O.	Condor	Mercury
R. W. GRAHAM-CLARKE ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Vanguard
L. L. GREY, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Devonshire
P. C. M. GREIG ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Daring
N. W. HAGGAR ... ..	A.C.C.O.	Euryalus	Bermuda
H. E. HALES ... ..	C.C.O.	Sheffield	Eagle
N. E. C. HAMMOND ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Fierce
B. HANCOCK ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Kenya	Afrikander
W. A. HARDY ... ..	C.C.O.	Illustrious	Mercury
J. T. HEADON ... ..	C.C.O.	Tyne	Ranpura
R. H. HENSMAN ... ..	C.C.O.	Mercury	Implacable
T. H. HORNOLD-STRICKLAND ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Euryalus	Bermuda
W. L. IRVING ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Illustrious
C. A. JAMES ... ..	Cdr.	Mercury	Concord in Cmd.
J. R. JAMIESON, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Lent R.A.N.	Cumberland
J. M. JESSOP ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	R.A.N. (exchange)
A. J. S. KNOCKER ... ..	Lt.	Vanguard	Rocket
J. K. LAUGHTON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Staff of D.S.D.	Gambia
Miss M. H. LAWDER ... ..	3/0	St. Angelo	Mercury
M. H. LETHERIDGE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Lent R.A.N.	St. Angelo
G. C. LLOYD ... ..	Lt.	Ladybird	Tyne

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
J. D. MACPHERSON ... ..	Lt.	St. Angelo	Mermaid
R. R. B. MACKENZIE, M.B.E. ... ..	Cdr.	Cochrane	S.S. Gothic
I. C. MACINTYRE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Tyne	Ranpura
G. H. MANN ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Vanguard	Mercury
D. V. MORGAN, M.B.E. ... ..	Cdr.	Mercury	President
R. L. W. MOSS ... ..	Cdr.	Staff of D.R.E.	Montclare
R. B. MONTCLARE ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Defender
W. F. PATERSON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	R.N.S.S. Devonport	Mercury
I. PETRIE ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Indomitable	Mercury
MISS S. M. ROGERS ... ..	3/0	President	St. Angelo
W. T. RICH ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Lent R.A.N.	Mercury
J. J. RIGGS ... ..	C.C.O.	Defender	Mercury
A. SMITH ... ..	C.C.O. (Air)	Lent R.A.N.	N.A.S.S.
J. A. SHUTTLEWORTH ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Jamaica	Terror
P. W. SPENCER, D.S.C. ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Birmingham
P. J. SPROSON ... ..	C.C.O.	Terror	Maidstone
D. R. SHEPPARD ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Ladybird	Tyne
N. T. J. SKITT ... ..	Lt.	Mercury	Crane
E. M. SIMPSON ... ..	C.C.O.	Ceylon	R.N.S.S. Chatham
A. F. SYMONS, M.B.E. ... ..	Lt.	Plucky	Rifleman
C. M. W. THOMAS ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Mercury	Staff of D.R.E.
MISS J. L. TURNBULL ... ..	2/0	Mercury II	Mercury
C. G. TONKIN ... ..	C.C.O.	Maidstone	Tamar
K. A. TOWNSEND-GREEN ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Daring	R.N.S.S. Devonport
P. LA B. WALSHÉ ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Illustrious	Osiris in Cmd.
C. J. WHIFFIN ... ..	S.C.C.O.	Implacable	Mercury
R. WRIGHTSON ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Highflyer	Drake
J. E. S. WALLIS ... ..	C.C.O.	A.W.S.S.	Meon
M. L. WOOLCOMBE ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	Swiftsure	Cochrane
J. WOOD, D.S.C. ... ..	Cdr.	President	Peacock in Cmd.
R. I. ATKINSON ... ..	Lt.	Newcastle	} Mercury for Long (C) Course
H. J. C. BRIDGER ... ..	Lt.	Seahawk	
D. S. CHENEY ... ..	Lt.	R.N.Z.N.	
N. F. FAWCETT ... ..	Lt.	Pincher	
M. J. L. FREEMAN ... ..	Lt.	Hornet	
L. R. D. MACKINTOSH ... ..	Lt.	Crossbow	
A. M. C. MACKLOW-SMITH ... ..	Lt.	Gamecock	
P. MARTINEAU ... ..	Lt.	Euryalus	
J. M. H. MILLINGTON-DRAKE ... ..	Lt.	President	
W. NIPPIERD ... ..	Lt.	Hornet	
W. L. PAYNE ... ..	Lt.	Hornet	
D. J. CRONIN ... ..	Lt. Cdr.	S.A.N.	

## PROMOTIONS

## To Commander

J. D. HANRON, D.S.C.  
E. H. LEE, D.S.C.  
C. W. ROBERTSON  
M. L. WOOLCOMBE  
C. B. H. WAKE-WALKER  
The Hon. J. C. EDMONDSON, D.S.C.  
D. C. WELLS, R.A.N.

## To Lieutenant

M. J. FITZGERALD ... .. C.C.O.  
G. W. GREET ... .. C.C.O.

## Retired

G. F. BARRON ... .. C.C.O.      A. T. COURTNEY, O.B.E. ... .. Lt. Cdr.  
W. S. HANDCOCK ... .. Commander      F. H. FOSTER ... .. Lt. Cdr. (Invalid)

## To Communication Lieut. (Air)

H. P. PAYNE ... .. S.C.C.O. (Air)

## To Communication Lieut.

P. H. DRAYCOTT ... .. S.C.C.O.

## To S.C.C.O.

W. A. J. STAMMERS ... .. C.C.O.  
A. N. GARTON ... .. C.C.O.  
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