

THE
COMMUNICATOR



VOL. 13
N^o. 1

EASTER
1959

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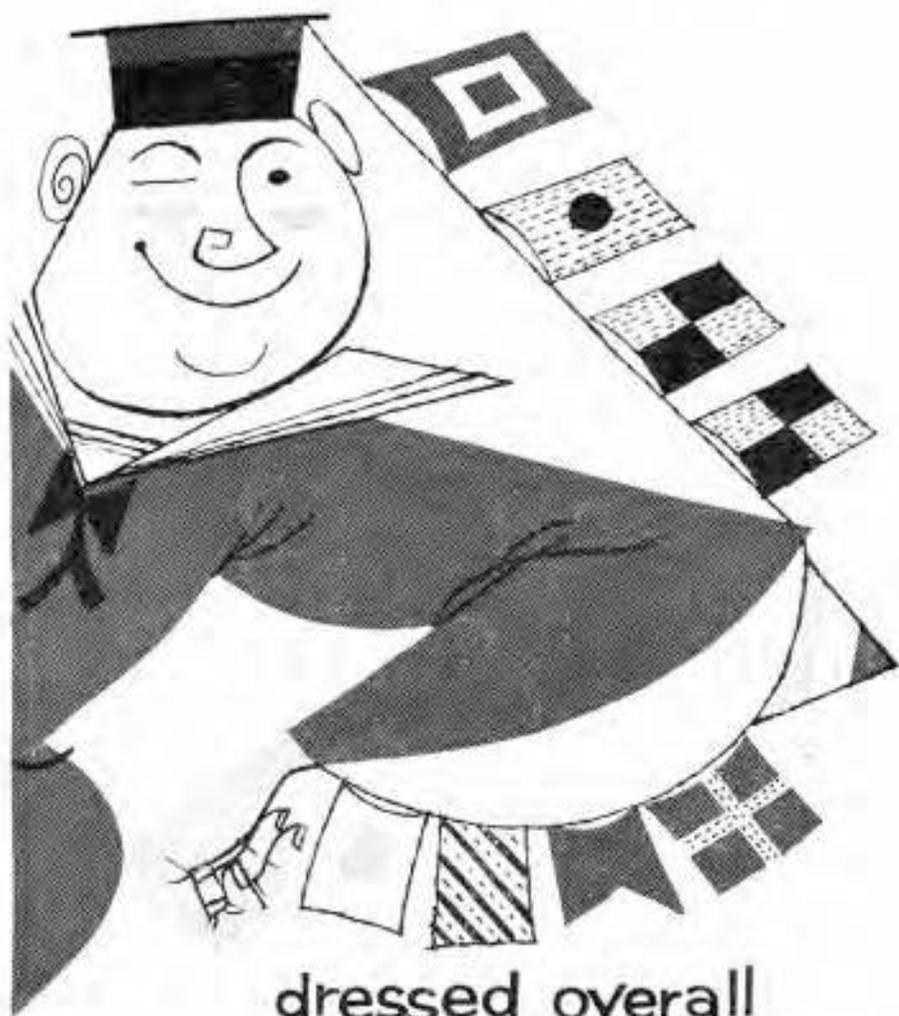
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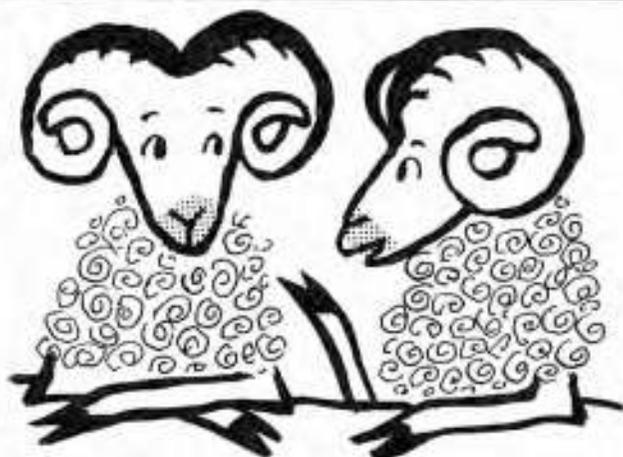
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THE COMMUNICATOR

The Magazine of the Communications Branch, Royal Navy

EASTER 1959

VOL. 13, No. 1

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PUBLISHED AT H.M.S. "MERCURY"

CAPTAIN J. A. C. HENLEY, D.S.C., R.N.



- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1937 | Qualified in Signals. | 1947 | Promoted Commander. |
| 1938 | H.M.S. <i>Duncan</i> . | 1948 | Staff Course. |
| 1940 | Staff of V.A.C.O.S. | 1950 | H.M.S. <i>Charity</i> in command. |
| 1941 | H.M.S. <i>King George V</i> , Fleet Wireless Assistant. | 1952 | Joint Services Staff College, Directing Staff. |
| 1942 | Staff of B.A.D. Washington. | 1954 | Promoted to Captain. |
| 1944 | Signal Division, Admiralty. | 1955 | <i>St. Angelo</i> , Captain (Q) on staff of C-in-C Mediterranean. |
| 1945 | Fleet Communications Officer, East Indies Station. | 1957 | H.M.S. <i>Diamond</i> in command. |
| | | 1959 | Captain, H.M.S. <i>Mercury</i> . |

EDITORIAL

Your Magazine certainly has its ups and downs. With the very short Easter Term it has been difficult to assemble sufficient material to make up this issue. There have been very few drawings or cartoons for some time, so if anyone has any ideas in this field, such efforts would be particularly welcome.

Signal School March

In the last issue, suggestions for a suitable march were sought and a few ideas have come to hand. These vary from an original composition, which is now having expert investigation, to Musical Comedy and the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. Among the ideas is the Song of the Vagabonds from *The Vagabond King*, where a parodied line . . . 'To hell with Mercury' might appeal to some. The entry of the Peers from *Iolanthe* might go something like: 'Bow, bow New Entry Training Classes . . .' Then there is the Tarantara Chorus from the Pirates of Penzance and also the Pirates' Chorus from the Last Act, "With Cat Like Tread". No decision has been reached yet, so the competition is still open to anyone who has a suggestion to offer.

Old Signal Books

From the depths of some dusty store, Admiralty has brought to light a number of old Signal Books, which are being inspected and catalogued. It is hoped to find some extracts which will amuse the modern Communicator and if so, they will be published in these pages.

In this connection some old files, dating back to 1895 were 'discovered' by the Pack Office in *Mercury*. The trials of Masthead Semaphore in the Mediterranean Fleet certainly achieved some remarkable results as did the method of hoisting flags by means of kites so that they could be read at greater distances. It would appear that a large part of the ship's company was needed to get a flag airborne with the wire being payed out from the fore'sle while the kite was launched from aft. This, no doubt, gave the bunnings a good laugh in those days.

Pigs

Very little has been written in these pages about the Pig Farm. Since it started in 1950, it has swelled the Welfare Fund by many hundreds of pounds, built a squash court and paid for the S.R.E. system in Mountbatten Block, to quote just a few of the benefits it has given to the Establishment. After living for many years in the containers of old wireless vans, the pigs are now being rehoused in a modern farm style, which, it is claimed, should result in even bigger profits for the general benefit of all.

Gardening

For the information of those who have not been to *Mercury* for the past year, a wide lawn has been made in front of Mountbatten Block and cut right through the trees to the Broad Walk. The sides are

now being planted with flowering shrubs and roses and, given a few years to develop, it should provide a very pleasant spot to sit around in the summer.

Moon Maid II

The new yacht, whose details have already appeared in these pages, after arousing considerable interest in the Boat Show, is now in the water and preparing for the summer racing season. We hope to be able to report many successes in the next issue.

Lost and Found

A letter from the Joint Services Air Trooping Centre, Hendon, has been received enclosing two copies of the group photograph shown on page 21. They were left there when a draft from Singapore passed through, so if the owner will state his claim, the Editor will be pleased to send the pictures on to him.

Weather

How much the weather had to do with the flu epidemic in *Mercury* is uncertain, but the Medical Department has certainly been kept busy with a large number of cases, with some of the accommodation having to be turned into temporary Sick Quarters. Apart from a very cold spell which started at the end of January, there has been little to complain about, except for many days of persistent fog. All that is over and forgotten now and we look forward to a bright and cheerful Summer. After last year, we certainly deserve one.

TECHNICAL NOTES

It seems a very short time since the last edition of *The Communicator* came out, but one cannot help Easter being so early. I hope that by now you will have seen A.F.O. 11/59 and A.F.O. 'S' 27/59, the advent of which was forecast in the last Technical Notes. The first amendment to B.R. 222 is now being prepared and will include fuller articles on the new UHF equipment.

A new portable lifeboat set, Type 629, will be reaching ships very soon. It replaces Type 611. With the new set, not only can you send the distress signal either automatically or by hand, but you can receive a reply, and know that someone has heard you! A well known firm has recently produced a transistorised lifeboat set which is light and compact, and which will work off one small battery for twelve days and nights. So who knows, more changes may be on the way. Some modifications to the standard Rait layout can also be expected shortly.

The Technical Section in *Mercury* is bidding farewell to two of its most stalwart members, C.R.S. Dence and C.R.S. Kelson. They must be well known to many who, with their help, have managed to master the mysteries of 'maxes' and 'mins'. We wish them luck in H.M.S. *Troubridge* and the S.T.C. Malta respectively, and hope that we will be welcoming them back some day soon.

CHIEF OF THE DEFENCE STAFF



Secretary to First Sea Lord

D.S.D. would like to offer the First Sea Lord the sincerest congratulations of the whole Signal Branch on his new appointment.

(Sgd.) E. T. L. DUNSTERVILLE,
Director of Signal Division.
31st December 1958.

First Sea Lord,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.
31st December 1958.

My dear Dusty,

Thank you very much for your letter conveying the congratulations of the Signal Branch.

Will you please convey my gratitude and appreciation to them for their expression of good wishes.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sgd.) MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA

HOME STATION



H.M.S. TYNE

The absence of copy, which might have thrown a light on the activities of the Home Fleet Flagship, is much regretted. Although one year has passed since *Tyne* commissioned for this very responsible role, no news seems to have filtered to the outside world, from the department that normally reproduces words in print, at the rate of about five thousand a day, (sometimes more at a peak).

However the aim of this article is not to boast about professional skills, or the amount of work we get through in the ordinary day, (Goodness knows, most large communication centres fight the same battle) . . . but to try and excuse our otherwise stony silence, and to put *Tyne* back on the map as it were. So saying, here follows a resumé of events covering the last year as seen from the Flagship of the Home Fleet.

When *Malden* returned from the West Indies Spring Cruise of 1958, the change-over of the Commander-in-Chief's staff to *Tyne* was effected with little or no fuss, and the theme of "One Big Happy Family" of Ship, Staff and Home Fleet Pool continued under rather better conditions (communications wise anyway) in a recently re-fitted ship. So the work of providing C-in-C Home Fleet (also wearing the N.A.T.O. hat of CINCEASTLANT) with a working communication organisation was assumed by *Tyne* at the same time being Depot Ship to the Second Submarine Squadron.

The major events of the last year for the Communications Staff of the Flagship have probably been the exercises and Fleet gatherings, and successively, we took Exercises "Northern Lights II", "Ship Shape" and "Sharp Squall III" in our stride (even though we did play the part of a humble merchant ship most times, *Tyne* was there, and sometimes Commodore too!). The Fleet gatherings at Invergordon and Gibraltar during the Summer and Autumn cruises were also communication highlights, but we do realise that we are after all just doing our job. Of special note perhaps is the effort put in by the Radio Communication Staff during "Northern Lights II", a most worthy effort in radiating a multiple frequency RATT broadcast, and coping with a range of fixed service schedules over a two-week period.

Although the Factual Communication Staff haven't had many opportunities to display their

finer tactical arts, they do a splendid job as message handlers, and much has been learnt from their stay in Gibraltar, when we connected ourselves to Fixed Service 35 and went "on net" . . . we really did become a floating M.H.Q., and the necessity to be one hundred per cent in "routing detail" was brought home to us.

No article I'm sure would be complete without acknowledgement of the good liaison which has existed between the Staff of C-in-C and that of F.O.F.H, Lt-Cdr. Shattock and his assistant Lt. Mitchell probably took many aspirins on occasions of implementing, assuming, and handing over control to C-in-C of the various communication organisations which have been used over the past year.

There is no truth in the rumour that the Flagship goes to all the best places . . . we've only been to Oslo, Copenhagen, Rotterdam, Cadiz and Hamburg, apart from visits to the remote parts of Scotland and N. Ireland since commissioning, and as we look forward to four or five more weeks in the sun down South before returning to help support South Railway Jetty for Easter, we can only hope that our next year (in the Flagship) is as pleasant as the last has been.

H.M.S. TIGER

Owing to the fact that I forgot to order any Christmas COMMUNICATORS, and have only just been able to lay my hands on one, I find that there is just less than a week in which to get this article into the Editor's hands. I trust that you will forgive its rather hasty composition.

I thought that you would see *Tiger* in Portsmouth before you saw this number of THE COMMUNICATOR. We might just win but I doubt it. *Tiger* is due to commission on March 17th, sailing from Clyde finally on March 21st and arriving at Pompey on March 24th, and are we looking forward to it. The majority of the ship's company come from 'down south' and none of us has quite got used to the rigours of a Glaswegian winter.

There isn't much to say about *Tiger* in this issue that you won't soon be reading in the national press so perhaps a line or two about our Contractor's Sea Trials would be of interest, especially as they

must be the first involving a cruiser since before the war.

Contractors Sea Trials (C.S.T.s) are carried out by the Contractor, with the assistance of certain Admiralty dockyard officials, to assess the smooth running (or otherwise) of the main machinery. During *Tiger's* C.S.T.s we also took time out to fire our guns, which are very new.

John Brown's man the ship from stem to stern and the ship, officially, is nothing to do with the Navy. Any officers or ratings onboard during C.S.T.s are there purely as observers, or by request. The only exception to this, it is worth noting, are four R.O.s and one T.O. who are required for communication purposes.

A warship being steamed by several bowler hatted gentlemen is quite an experience and one not to be missed if you get the chance. Some of the rigs are a bit outlandish too; our Quartermaster spent most of his time in a track suit. Needless to say, none of the routine is very 'pusses' and the pipes—Oh, the pipes! My favourite one was made one evening whilst we were at supper. The voice said, in a thick Scotch accent "Will Willie MacPherson put steam on the whistle, please".

We managed to give our equipment a good thrashing during this period, and at one time were on three H.F. nets and two V.H.F. That's not much for a warship, but of course, we were a warship-in-embryo only and had but four R.O.s onboard.

Our future staff position gradually becomes clearer and the two Chiefs will be C.C.V. Bill (of H.M.S. *Mercury*) and C.R.S. (R.C.D) Gray of H.M.S. *Tyne*.

Some of our staff might get a bit of shock when they join us and find that they are not working with the Communication Department at all, but are out on loan for three months as messmen or members of chippy's working party. We are working a system of Communal Duties, in which all departments are required to lend a hand(s) and no one is excused. This system is necessary where Seamen are reduced to a minimum, and the greater number is required for gunnery maintenance purposes.

I would like to close by thanking *Adamant* and Rowyth W/T for all the generous assistance they have given us in the past few months, and if we can ever be of help to them, they've only got to say the word. (But we've got no stationery to spare!)

H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM

With the ship sitting on the bottom of a dry dock in Gibraltar it's hard to record what has happened since we sent in our last contribution.

Having now overcome our initial commissioning troubles the department has settled down well and lost signals are a thing of the past—we hope.

'Sharp Squall' was the major headache we had to contend with during the last three months. In the planning stage Lieut. Carter, during one of his rare periods of sanity, was heard to mumble some-

thing about building two additional type 88's on the Flag Deck. We eventually sailed from Gibraltar, flying the flag of Flag Officer Flotillas Home, having overcome our equipment difficulties and hoping that the M.S.O. team would not die of fatigue before the end of the exercise. Like most N.A.T.O. exercises 'Sharp Squall' had its minor set backs, but on the whole, from a Communicator's point of view, it went very well. The volume of traffic to ships at sea did not appear to be excessive at any time. Perhaps this is a good omen and originators are at last thinking twice before making unnecessary signals. The standard of voice operating was very good considering the language difficulties. Frequency changing was also good although one ship was heard to say that she regretted her inability to shift circuits as it would take one hour to change the frequency of her equipment. This incidentally was not a British ship but it does show the difficulties with which some of our N.A.T.O. friends have to contend.

After these five hectic days at sea we retired to Brest where we were made very welcome by the French Naval Forces. Then home to Chatham, and Christmas leave.

Refreshed from leave on the 19th January, we sailed from Chatham for Gibraltar and to exercise with H.M.S. *Gambia* en route. This trip, to say the least was not uneventful. The first night out one of the Maltese cooks swallowed his denture which necessitated us proceeding to Spithead at 0400 to transfer the rating to Haslar. The next night was spent in the Channel standing by H.M.S. *Feeless* who had engine and battery trouble. As a force nine gale was blowing at the time and *Feeless* could only make good three knots, we all spent a pretty uncomfortable night including the rating on watch in the B.W.O./M.S.O. who found many new types of 'portable' fittings.

As yet we have not had much opportunity to prove ourselves in the field of sport although we have recently formed Communications football, hockey and rifle teams, also a whaler's crew. L.R.O. Kerr and R.O.J. Moyce are in the ship's boxing team and although beaten when the ship boxed H.M.S. *Eagle* they both put up extremely good fights.

The flag of Flag Officer Flotillas Home has now been transferred to H.M.S. *Gambia* and we wish her all the very best of luck and good communicating. We would also suggest that the large pair of binoculars on *Gambia's* quarterdeck should be permanently loaned to the M.S.O. to enable the staff to read Commander Hicks-Beach's writing.

By the time this article is published we will once again be at sea, this time with the Mediterranean Fleet with whom we hope to renew old acquaintances and sample the sunshine.

SUMMER EDITION

See page 39 for dates and details.



Naval Component of the Allied Forces Northern Europe Signal Section at Kobsos, Norway.

HQ. A.F.N.E. LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Greetings from Norway. We apologise for not having written an article before, it's all on account of the weather!

After the skiing season started last year, nothing was heard of the communication line for weeks, hospital bills were so high we just couldn't afford a pencil. We started to write for the Summer edition, but H.M.S. *Tjue* paid us a very welcome visit and somehow the article was never completed. Now we have yet another skiing season upon us, igloos are not what they used to be and somebody knocked out a block of ice, thinking it was a window, so we were snowed up for a few weeks and couldn't get to the pillar box. This time we sent up to the North of Norway for a team of reindeer and with luck you may be reading about us in the Easter edition.

As is always the way, people are coming and going and it was with regret that we said goodbye last year to Captain Ashmore, 2/O Mattinson and L.T.O. Payne. We wish them every happiness in their new postings. We were very pleased to welcome in their places, Captain McCrum, 2/O Swallow and L.T.O. Underwood.

P.O. Wren Geddes took the plunge and married Sergeant Chiverton U.K.A. in February last year and on Boxing Day increased the population with a son, Anthony James. More celebrations were forthcoming when Mrs. Stockwell presented a

daughter, Donna Teresa, to Yeo. Stockwell and when Radio Supervisor Lewendon became Chief Radio Supervisor.

Some of us will be saying farewell to H.Q. A.F.N.E. before the end of the coming Summer and will be waiting to welcome our reliefs, "you lucky people". You can be assured of a very good commission out here, the work is interesting, the people, both at work and outside of it are most friendly and hospitable. Providing that you are not too much of a fireside lover and enjoy outside life, you can look forward to spending many memorable hours of leisure. Sweden and Denmark are within easy travelling distance and both countries are well worth a visit.

We promise to endeavour to subscribe to future editions of our Magazine and are wondering how many of you are scratching your heads and figuring out why you have not heard of this draft before.

4th DESTROYER SQUADRON

After returning from the Mediterranean Station in late September, 1958, the Squadron split up and went their merry ways. *Cerberus* and *Albatross* to Chatham, *Agincourt* and *Bacchus* to Portsmouth, there to give well deserved leave and have certain defects remedied and generally make ready for the H.S.S. part of the G.S.C.

When the time came for the Squadron to join up again to carry on the good work, alas, *Alamein* failed to appear on the scene, due, it seems, to a heated argument over the gramophone in the Wardroom, sounds like a good case of the "cool cats" not keeping so cool!

And then there were three.

Agincourt, *Coronna* and *Barraso's* first duty was to go to the land of leprechauns and porter (the latter being more firmly believed in, of course), namely Northern Ireland for three weeks of concentrated A/S exercises and all that is dear to the hearts of the J.A.S.S. It is said that the aforementioned diehard's musath watered with the prospect of having three ships to play with, not having had so many for some time. We were all put through our paces in no uncertain terms or should I say through our concentric or eccentric circles and the likes, all in all a most enjoyable time was had by one and all especially the 'cha cha' merchants.

On completion of the "Derry" exercises we returned to our Home ports to give leave; at this point the Communications ratings of the Fourth D.S. would like to wish all their counterparts in all four corners of the world a rather belated Happy New Year.

Immediately after leave, we three turned our noses north, so far north in fact, that Scotland could be termed 'south'; Iceland—where, amid gales and trawlers we wend our often weary way, we have yet to find 'Kilroy was here' prominently chipped out of a glacier or iceberg, still, one never knows, Kilroy appears in the oddest of places.

The next time anyone says "I thort I saw a fishing smack, atrawling within bounds" will presumably be struck rather forcibly with a freshly caught halibut or other such denizen of the deep.

I think a word of praise and perhaps condolence is due to the Communicators and crew of the F.P.S. who are having to do so much time up here, we amateurs are fed up after having done a week; well done, lads, the remainder of the Branch is thinking of you and sympathising.

Whilst in Portsmouth, the *Agincourt's* staff was increased by the arrival of C.V. Johnson, and L.T.O.s O'Mara and Ward, with such a large staff it's just like the good old days, I wonder who that member of the staff was who thought that 'Splice the Mainbrace' was to put a whipping on the yardarm.

This will probably be the last article from the Fourth D.S. as the squadron is due to break up and individual ships go in for conversion and modification, etc., so until some future member of the Fourth Destroyer Squadron's staff writes, it's au revoir and the best of British luck.

H.M.S. SCORCHER

Considering that we have only been in commission a bare four weeks, there is really nothing much to relate, but it might be a good thing to remind you General Service wallahs that 'sparkers' and

'buntings' live in other things besides aircraft carriers and shore establishments.

Scorcher is one of the few small 'S' Class submarines left in the Royal Navy and after the past few years of submarine modernisation and streamlining, she has emerged looking pretty much the same outside as she did when she fell off the stocks in 1945.

The same could be said about the equipment in the wireless office, where the most modern article we've got is a B40c. However, the old 89Q is still as faithful as ever, and our 86M and TCS have still plenty of life left in them.

The Staff comprises of one R.S., one L.R.O., two R.O.s and (when he's not ashore fetching the mail) one T.O. There seems to be quite a lot of us for one small submarine, but besides "sparking" and doing postman there are mysterious things like periscope reader, forward planesman, control room sweeper, attack team and telegraphs, in all of which our Communicators have to be well versed. And we must not forget the Tobacco Caterer, which is another name for "Pots".

Still, life is interesting and certainly not boring, in a few days time we sail for Scotland and our work up, then back to Portland to play clockwork mouse for A/S Frigates.

I'd like to conclude by saying, that if any of you are thinking of volunteering for submarines, go do it now. A well known punishment in submarines is to be "sent back to Gens".

THIRD SUBMARINE SQUADRON

The split in the Empire, or, H.M.S. 'Adamant' goes into Dock.

In the far corner of Scotland at the head of a Loch called the "Gare" lies an outpost of the submarine service called Faslane. We are true empire builders, our base is being built round that grand old lady the *Adamant*, until we fill in the fourth side of the base she will occasionally slip away shedding for as long as possible the cares of her demanding



brood who clamour for succour and signals. On 6th March she is planning to escape for a fling in the Western Mediterranean and then at the end of March she will succumb to the arms of Rosyth's Dockyard for a course of rejuvenation. In the meantime the Squadron must carry on and the responsibility for support then rests heavily on an L.S.T. called appropriately, *Ben Nevis*.

Approximately half our communication staff, plus any Communicators we can beg, borrow or steal, will man our shore main signal office and remote control equipment in *Ben Nevis* which will be used as an accommodation ship for the base staff. Be careful then all you *Mercury* Communicators; lock yourself in your rooms and keep off the broadwalk at night as we are planning a raiding party to augment our skeleton crew and you might become one of the skeletons.

Seriously though, we really are building up a submarine base suitable to handle a dozen or so submarines of the latest design; we already have *Porpoise*, *Rorqual* and *Gravins* on our pay roll with *Narwhal* about to join.

The recreation facilities are improving rapidly and a house is going to be converted to a Chief and Petty Officers' Club this summer, in addition to an improved Fleet Club for junior ratings. With a cinema show in *Ben Nevis* every night and Glasgow 30 miles away there is plenty for an off-watch Communicator to do.

H.M.S. SEA EAGLE

H.M.S. *Sea Eagle's* or S.N.O.N.'s Crypto and Wireless Office at Londonderry is typical of its many counterparts in the Royal Navy, having its normal and busy periods, the busy periods being when the joint A/S exercises are taking place, usually with about nine or ten ships taking part (Destroyers, Frigates, Subs, a Tanker and S.D.B.s).

During the Autumn Term Exercises we had the pleasure of communicating with our N.A.T.O. friends *Dao Tejo*, *Vinga* (Portuguese), *Utina*, *Utaver*, *Arandal*, *Narsvik*, *Tijerhaal*, *Sarpen* (Norwegian) *Zeeleeuw* (Dutch) *Du Chayla* and *Casablanca* (French), not forgetting our own 3rd T.S., 1st D.S., 4th D.S., 3rd S.M. Squadron and S.D.B.s. One of those exercises will never be forgotten by T.O.I Kelly on R.A., he was loaned to *Wave Regent* for the exercise only, owing to a gale he could not be transferred, and ended up by spending a couple of miserable days at Greenock wondering what the wife would say.

S.T.C. CHATHAM

Although faces are constantly changing, we few 'barrack stanchions' notice very little change in the old place. It seems to be settling down into a nice, quiet retirement. At the beginning of the year, there were enough leading hands to have at least two or three in charge of a party of one hand. That problem has been dealt with successfully by loan drafting some to Whitehall W/T which I feel sure will be able to put them to some useful purpose; and the remainder of the excess to H.M.S. *Royal Arthur* at Corsham where they will endeavour to learn to become great leaders of men.

Having such large numbers that classrooms have hardly been enough to cope, it is natural to assume that we could at least raise a decent soccer and hockey team, rugby however doesn't seem to be generally popular as we have no team as yet. The soccer eleven are showing their worth so far this Term. The communication department have two players in the depot eleven (L.R.O. Roach and R.O.2. Gilhespy) but as usual, drafting commitments take a heavy toll upon the team each week. At the end of last Term, the hockey team were beaten in the final of the Depot Knock-out Competition, but so far this Term they are still in the running, so all we can do is hope they win this time.

We must humbly apologise for not entering an article for your last issue of the magazine. To recapture a little of last year's memories, it might be wise to mention that the S.T.C. did not attract much attention at August Navy Days as a "Cockle and Winkle stall" was placed just outside! We intend to rectify that this year. For the benefit of all *Mercury* readers, L.T.O. Bartlett is now Sheriff in the N.A.A.F.I. 'Ranch House'.

We shall all be sorry to see the departure of the Officer-in-Charge, Lieut. Chatten, who is due to be relieved in the near future.



"Aw heck, Cap'n! You know jolly well that it's stand-easy."

AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE

No doubt it will be a revelation to many readers to learn that some communication training takes place at H.M.S. *Thunderer*, Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon.

Primarily, this training, unspecialised as it is, is given to Naval Air Cadets and Iranian Cadets, the former during their three-month general naval training prior to flying training as either pilot or observer, and the latter during their one-year Royal Naval training before beginning their specialisation as either seamen (in Persia) or Engineer Officers (continued at Manadon).

Communications form a small but nevertheless important part in the syllabus of Air Cadets during this pre-flight training. This syllabus includes buzzer, flashing, single colours and meanings of all naval flags and pennants, basic fleetwork and ceremonial.

Great importance is placed upon their ability to take charge. Thus, as soon as they have an idea of parade drill and orders, they take over, their instructor only coming into the picture when they get on the rocks.

The spectacle of marching manoeuvres being carried out at Manadon must often mystify and perhaps dismay the Engineering students. One keen young gentleman appeared on the scene as XRAY ZULU INDIA PORT was being executed. Amazed, he demanded to know who was in charge. When it was explained that the movements carried out by the Cadets were correct in every detail and that what they were doing was not to be found in the Parade Training Handbook, he retired redfaced, to suffer some severe leg pulling when the buzz got around.

To further their training Air Cadets perform daily the duties of Colour Guard, signalman, preparative man, and Bosun's mate. Despite a run through

first, one Cadet managed to change halyards and instead of the Ensign hitting the block he found it "in hand". The penalty? Six times round the parade.

Within the College, communication instruction is given to a class of 10 Iranian and 1 Lebanese Cadets, but is limited, of course, to Intco.

Before starting the first lecture with them, advice was sought regarding the language problem. "When you get stuck" the lecturer was told, "pick out a Cadet who can speak good English, make sure he understands, then tell him to explain things to the others in his own language". This was done but upon getting stuck and telling the one who spoke good English to explain in Persian to the others, the reply was "But I cannot speak Persian, I am Lebanese".

However, this language barrier is an obstacle which can be overcome and knowledge somehow is imparted to the Iranian Cadets. One such Cadet when asked to describe the function of a microphone executed a neat detailed sketch in the middle of which appeared a black blob clearly but erroneously arrowed—COAL! But what's in a name?

The only established Communicator in the College is a Radio Communication Supervisor whose duties include daily flag hoist (meaning published in Daily Orders), dressing ship, buzzer, flashing (semaphore has been removed from the syllabus), Ceremonial (Q.R. and A.I. Chapter 12 and 13 off by heart), Basic Radio theory, V/S and W/T procedure and occasionally Parade Training to back up the one Chief G.I. when three classes overlap. Mess life is always entertaining, he says, there being a combined C.P.O. and P.O.s mess comprising artificers, "bird men" and "fish-heads".

The most discussed topic at the moment is the question which was put to a senior C.P.O. by a visiting Senior Officer:



Marching Manoeuvres.

"What was you last ship?"
 "Eagle, Sir" he remarked. But what he omitted to point out was that it was *Eagle* 1940.



Flag Hoisting

S.T.C. DEVONPORT

After the hectic period of reorganisation before and after Christmas the S.T.C. has now taken on its new look and is going flat out on its various training programmes.

At the time of writing there are some fifty officers and ratings under full-time instruction, consisting of 15 V/S, 17 W/T, 10 Coder Educational, 7 Emergency Crypto and last but not least one Royal Marine Signaller, and also 30 under part time instruction. The permutation of instructors and classrooms is becoming almost as complicated as the Reg. Chief's pools, but far more successful.

It is most encouraging to see so many of our ex-trainees returning to the scene of their crimes to take the T.O.2 and R.O.2 examinations and even more encouraging considering the percentage of passes. Very few R.N.R.s have visited us so far but that is probably due to their trait of mixing business with pleasure during the summer months. It is hoped that they will choose the appropriate fortnight this year, although, believe it or not, we are experiencing an official drought at present.

Much to everyone's regret the S.T.C. was unable

to live up to the old Signal School's tradition on the soccer field, and lost the final of the R.N.B. league to the Gunnery School. With the fall in strength during December this was almost inevitable but our 8-0 win in the first game of the Commodore's Cup has put us back on the map with more hope of success this Term. On the map perhaps but off the target as the efforts of our three .22 teams for the Captain Selts Cup aptly showed. It is apparent that the recommissioning of our own rifle range must be given top priority with under nineties getting backward biffers. At present the only one to be excused will be the O-i-C.

There has been many 'ins and outs' over the last few months. Too many to enumerate here but we wish all our 'Outs' the best of luck in their new jobs and all our 'Ins' the best of British. It will be pleasing to West Country Communicators to note that with the present drafting margin, although complement billets are rare, our supernumeraries are spending a month or so with us between drafts.

The C-in-C, Plymouth, Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, K.C.B., D.S.O. visited the establishment in November for his annual inspection and was very pleased with the efforts of all concerned.

C.C.Y. W. Smith saw C-in-C's inspection through, then flew off to Malta to save for a car. He was relieved by C.C.Y. Hutchings (a sitting down job at last, he is gradually getting accustomed to working with "They Maids".) Shortly afterwards L.T.O. Grayley was relieved by L.T.O. Wright. The Wren Comms come and go, and we have already had five in the last 6 months (Wren Comms Brierley, Thompson, Martin, Beeson and Houston).

The Spring Term has been exceptionally quiet, only the fifth D.S., *Zest* and *Eastbourne* visiting us for a short exercise period, in fact the only item of note being that we have said goodbye and wished the best of everything to that veteran Signal Officer, Lieutenant Shead, our B.C.O. 2 who has departed for civvy street, we can just imagine him entertaining the civvies with his "I remember when I was at..."

We have also regretfully said goodbye to Lt.-Cdr. M. St. Q. Wall, the B.C.O. who was always busy and yet always willing to help and listen with a sympathetic ear to any queries or troubles at any time of the day. We wish him a very happy commission with F.O.A.C.

In their places we have welcomed Lt.-Cdr. G. Bower and Sub-Lt. Briggs. Some readers may be interested in the set up here, the M.S.O. is entirely manned by civvies, the Crypto Office by a C.C.Y., L.T.O., T.O.I. and two Wren Comms. The Joint A/S Teacher by a C.Y. an R.S. and an L.T.O. The Wireless Office by C.R.S. Snowden (also manager of the United Services soccer team), 3 L.R.O.s and a host of Wrens who are named here for the benefit of "Old Ships", Leading Wren Tels Jones, Smith, Newell, Cutting, Wren Tels Bonfield, Taylor, Pettigrew, Hall, Sheren, Raeside, Walton, Causeley-Corder, Gostelow and Kerr.

R.N.A.S. BRAWDY

Had I not been bullied by the Editor into writing this in mid-winter when the wild Atlantic winds whistle and whine their way amongst our bleak surroundings, I could no doubt have whiled away a paragraph or two describing our pleasant patch where happy Tactical Operators (horrible phrase!) idly nurse the sod and where "sparkers" learn the finer points of bricklaying.

As it is we lug round the steam heating to the steady drip-drip of our regulation 316 inches of rain per annum knowing (that at any minute the S.C.O., with fiendish delight, will at best, hustle us into the wild and windy outside world to lay, take up, rewind, unwind, re-route or generally strangle ourselves with field telephone wire or at worst, organise us into a small army to trudge across the waterlogged countryside burdened by "portables". Admittedly, there is usually a pub at the end of such a crawl—held in front of one like a carrot in front of a donkey, but whether such is sufficient compensation for the ensuing coughs, colds, bronchitis and "leek pullers cramp" it is difficult to say.

Not having introduced ourselves recently we should, for the benefit of new readers, tell you that Brawdy is in Pembrokeshire, just off the main road from Haverfordwest to St. Davids, and at the northern end of St. Brides Bay, that large lump caten out of the coast of South West Wales. Like most Air Stations we live a rural existence which does not suit all, but the S.C.O.'s motto being "You want good draft chits, we have them" life



"Wait until I get you home. One glass of the Vicar's pursnip wine and you offer to fight the best man in the house."

here is short but sweet, and after half a dozen duty watches we are packing our buggs again (P.S. to Welsh natives—passionate and otherwise; it's not really as bad as that but it sounds good). I regret to say that we have no female staff in the shape (or shapes) of Wrens, though we have a small contingent of charming civilian switchboard operators who twinkle through the casement windows at love starved R.O.3s but remain immune behind iron bars and "No male ratings admitted" notices.

In between Witesing, Groupexing, Channel Bravoing and complying with A.F.O. "S" 15/58 we enthusiastically further the boundaries of the Communications world in all directions, with concrete paths, dwarf walls, and in recent months—marsh reclamation. The Commander views our physical empire building with a certain amount of apprehension not to say suspicion, while S.C.E. looks upon us as a form of fifth column to be debated earnestly at meetings of shop stewards and the like. However, our landscape gardener, R.O.2 "Capability" Cope is now off to sunnier climes so until we again draw a Chief Gardener's Mate to our bosom, no doubt our building and cultivation programme will come to a grinding halt.

Last year saw us taking quite an active part in the "Exped" activities of the station—"Exped" to the uninitiated being "Expedition or Recreational training". Under the enthusiasm of L.R.O. Waggett several teams were raised to paddle Hiawatha fashion down river from Haverfordwest to the open reaches of Milford Haven, whilst other intrepid types wallowed around in the peat bogs of the Prescellies (our local range of mountains) to such an extent that local farmers look upon it as the rule rather than the exception to find matelots in such outlandish places. In addition the S.C.O. organised his own expedition; a camping, hiking, cliff climbing and general endurance test combined—up the Towy valley some seventy miles away. The remainder of the staff never expected to see them again but sure enough had penny-like they rolled up several days later having apparently had a fine if exhausting time in which the sinking sand scene from "Ice Cold in Alex" was re-enacted several times on mountain-top bogs with, admittedly, not quite such devastating results. Apparently this did not deter them for the notice board has already sprouted a proclamation to the effect that volunteers are required for another such jaunt. Quiet number at a Naval Air Station?—don't you believe it!

HE MAY BE RIGHT

Question: Explain "MINIMISE".

Answer: It means that all messages that aren't of any importance and can be sent by post, etc., are put in the wastepaper basket.

R.N.A.S. CULDROSE

Our new satellite, the helicopter hovering and landing ground at Predannack "commissioned" in January. This site, an old R.A.F. airfield down near the Lizard, is used chiefly by 705 Squadron whom we welcomed this Term.

We have temporarily said "goodbye" to 824 and 845 Squadrons, embarked in *Victorious* and *Centaur* respectively, and to 831 Squadron Venoms, who are enjoying (?) a spell at Malta. 849 Squadron as usual, is widely dispersed. Only H.Q. Flight remains with us at the moment. A, B and C Flights are in *Eagle*, *Victorious* and *Centaur* respectively, whilst D Flight is enjoying *Albatross*'s hospitality in more distant parts. We expect to have most of them back with us just before Easter, after Exercise 'Dawn Breeze'.

The latter will keep us pretty busy. We shall be operating 831 Squadron and a visiting squadron of Venoms on one side and our old friends of 206 Squadron (R.A.F. Shackletons) will be based here on the opposing side—in other words, our "enemies".

The School of Aircraft Handling, including the M/T Driving School is now firmly established here.

Advance information—our Air Day will be on 25th July, so just arrange your holidays and book your hotels to coincide please.

Quite a few of our Wrens are getting drafts to romantic (?) sounding places such as Gibraltar and Malta, so next Term we shall be seeing lots of new faces around the department.

R.N.A.S. LEE-ON-SOLENT

H.M.S. DAEDALUS

Lee is now very much in the process of change. Under various plans H.M.S. *Ariel* is beginning to infiltrate from Worthy Down and the flying task of the Station is being reduced.

701 and 705 Squadrons (both helicopter) have already left, together with the School of Aircraft Handling, leaving us with 781 (Communications) Squadron and the Fleetlands Test Flight. Our Photographic and Safety Equipment sections have been closed, the latter being incorporated into the Safety Equipment School at Seafield Park nearby.

Very shortly (the "chop" date will probably be during the Easter leave period) it is planned to civilianise the Air Traffic Control Services including the air communications, which will involve a very drastic cut in our Service communications staff. Eventually, the whole of the aircraft side of the station will be sited on the North side of the airfield and the mass of buildings on the South and East sides of the airfield will belong in the main to the Air Electrical School. It is planned to complete the *Ariel* move by the end of 1960.

Lee will then consist of Flag Officer Air (Home)'s headquarters, the Air Electrical School, 781 Squadron, Fleetlands Test Flight, four F.A.A.

Medical Units, the Safety Equipment and Survival School and the Naval Aircraft Maintenance Examination Board at Seafield Park together with the four F.A.A. Technical Units including the Naval Air Radio Installation Unit already at Lee-on-Solent.

Whether the ship's name will be changed from *Daedalus* is a matter for conjecture.

From the communications viewpoint the outcome will be that the Service radio operator staff will be reduced to two who will be responsible for Flag Officer Air (Home)'s W/T communications. All the operators on the aircraft voice frequencies will be civilians employed by a civilian contractor, and the communications equipment will be maintained by Admiralty civilian labour. Unfortunately this will result in the loss of some nine good air experience billets to the Communications Branch but such, it seems, is "The Way Ahead".

R.N.A.S. LOSSIEMOUTH

So far this year's weather has been most kind, in this, the Navy's most Northern Air Station. Only a little snow, but severe frost by night and day has given us clear skies and serviceable runways which have resulted in many air diversions from air-fields in the South suffering from fog.

One such diversion was a Shackleton aircraft with forty R.A.F. passengers going on leave who had to finish their journey by train.

The modernisation of the C.R.R. is now nearing completion. Sound proofing this office is expected to make life more pleasant from jet noise. All we need now, is the ventilation system which is the next step.

Most of the bugs have been taken out of the new control system, that has been in use since October, and making use of facilities for tape-recording on up to twelve channels is standard practice. UHF channels are also being guarded. Assistance in manning Master Diversion Airfield frequencies is being given by R.A.F. Operation Clerks, and we now have one R.A.F. Senior Aircraftsman Telegraphist Two, undergoing instruction for duty as the Supervisor of a watch in the C.R.R.

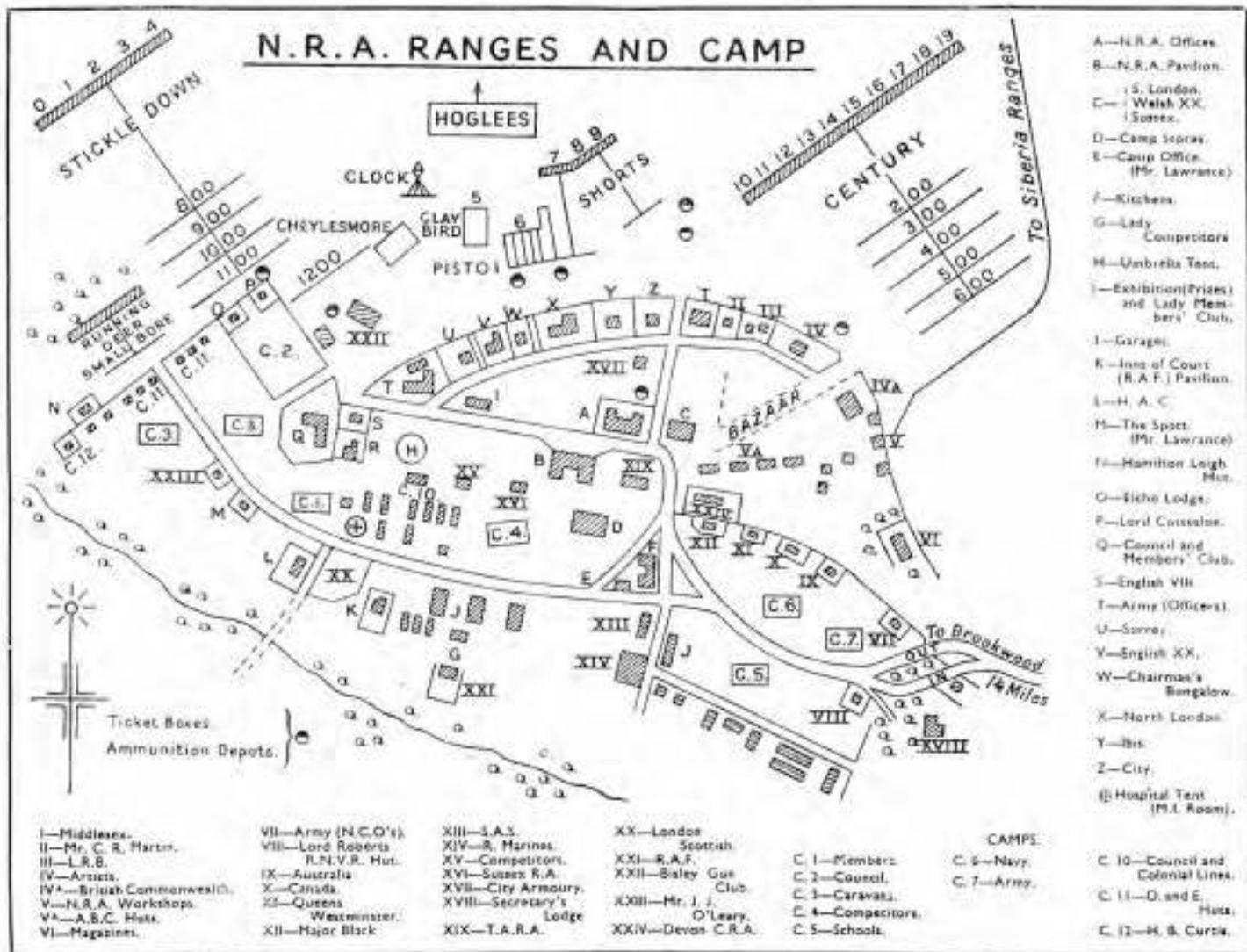
The number of stations available to take part in the 'Northern Groupex' exercises decreases monthly, with Eglinton's departure in April only Abbotsinch and ourselves will remain for the popular(?) Wednesday morning exercise.

Departures

R. S. Henderson in January for H.M.S. *Dunbar* after only six months here at Lossiemouth. I. Wren Hewitt-Taylor for Yeovilton, and Wren Batsy for Halfair, and on the civilian side Mrs. Lee (ex-Wren Telegraphist Urquhart) from the T.P. office, for first addition to the family. Also Miss McGinnis of the Switchboard for marriage.

Arrivals

R. S. Gill from *Balwark*, R.O.2 Ruxton from sea and Jubb from training.



Layout of Bisley Ranges.

HOLIDAYS WITH PAY

Late in June one hundred Officers and Ratings will be throwing a few things into a bag and boarding buses and lorries en route for a glorious three weeks holiday in the Surrey countryside. When they finally climb out they will be at Bisley, the home of the National Rifle Association and Mecca of marksmen from all over the Commonwealth. The hundred, twenty-five from each of Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport and Home Air Commands, will have been selected from competitors who did well at their respective Command Rifle Meetings earlier in the year and who have been available for about six weeks training since then.

About forty hopefuls start this training period and are gradually whittled down by C.N.D., by recalls to Ship or Establishment, or just by the fact that they cannot shoot as straight as the next man. Eventually the Command team emerges. At least eight of the team have to be new faces who have never been to Bisley before (Tyros) so there is plenty of opportunity for anyone who can shoot reasonably well and who can be spared, to get on the band wagon. Even if they do not make the team, much can be learnt during training. A Chief G.I. Range Instructor who had been on Tipnor Range for four years, said recently that he had learnt more about shooting from the amateurs (non-gunnery types) than from his ordinary training. The main qualification to get into a Command Team is to be able to shoot under Service Conditions (Service Rifle (A)). The Rapid and Snap competitions are the ones on which to concentrate.

During the six week training period, Rifle, Revolver and Sub-Machine Gun teams are selected from results obtained. Each team must contain a number of tyros so everyone may take part. A number of friendly matches are also fired during this period.

Apart from the Revolver and Sub-Machine Gun competitions there are two distinct forms of Rifle shooting namely:—

Service Rifle (A). In which the rifle is used without the aid of a sling or special sights. These shoots are at any range up to six hundred yards and sometimes involve running, firing from the standing or sitting position, rapid and snap shooting in uniform.

Service Rifle (B). In which the rifle may be supported by a sling, special sights to allow for wind adjustment may be used, and padded jackets and big hats are the dress of the day. These shoots go as far back as one thousand yards from the target. Apart from the wind factor (which can be considerable) it is not unlike .22 shooting on an indoor range.

When the four Command Teams arrive at Bisley they move into a tented camp which is very comfortable. Camp equipment and large camp beds are provided and there is ample room in a tent for the two or three bodies it houses. Meals are provided at the R.N.R. clubhouse.

The first week is the Navy week and the four Commands fire about twenty-five competitions to decide the ownership of twenty-two team and individual cups, various trophies and special medals. In addition, members of winning teams in events get a medal or bar each. After a good week of cutting each others throats, the hundred combine and become the R.N. contingent at the National Rifle Association Annual Meeting.

The N.R.A. was founded in 1860 and originally housed on Wimbledon Common where Queen Victoria fired the opening shot. Later however, they moved to Bisley Common near Woking, and have been there ever since. Some idea of the size of Bisley can be gained from the layout. Century Range has one hundred targets and Stickle-down fifty targets, in both of ten. During the National meeting, competitors fire three to a target, so on Century for example, three hundred riflemen and rifewomen are shooting, and when they finish another three hundred take their place, and so on until all the entrants for the competition have fired. The organisation of the competitions is really excellent.

The N.R.A. meeting is open to All Comers but some competitions are restricted to certain groups, there is one solely for R.N. Teams who have come from all over the Commonwealth and from Commonwealth forces in Europe, and individuals from all over the British Isles.

In the National meeting the Naval Competitors are firing mainly for themselves in events they have paid to enter. These entrance fees can be anything from five to twenty pounds depending entirely upon how much the individual wishes to spend and for how many competitions he may wish to enter. A few events are compulsory, because the Navy enters teams to run concurrently with individual events so although still shooting for himself he may also be counting his score in a Navy team. To help meet the expense of these fees the Royal Naval Rifle Association makes a small grant and some Establishments also subsidise their members in the team. Last year for example, R.N.B. Portsmouth gave a liver to team members from R.N.B. Also, a generous rate of subsistence is paid whilst at Bisley, enough to cover the cost of meals and some to spare. All this plus the fact that competitions have quite a long prize list (some reserved for tyros) means there is a fair chance of breaking even or perhaps making a bit. The highlight is of course the Queen's Prize, two hundred and fifty pounds for the winner. It has yet to be won by a Nisy Competitor.

During the N.R.A. fortnight all the big matches are fired. The Services clash on nine occasions with various weapons, the Counties of Britain twice. There is the National Match between England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and the Empire Match.

Naval competitors have been included in teams for all of these.

With the Centenary of the N.R.A. occurring in 1960 some changes have been seen since Queen Victoria fired that round on Wimbledon Common, and many more are on their way. With the new type of rifles coming into service many of the present competitions will have to be modified or re-designed. The Army in particular, are pressing for more competitions to be of the running and jumping type, to aid their battle training programme. Fortunately the N.R.A., although largely dependent on the Services for men and material is not controlled by them, so it can strike a balance between the Service and civilian requirements. However, as the last batch of .303 ammunition has been made and no more will be manufactured, some changes will have to be made as it is gradually used up. The N.R.A. will undoubtedly weather this storm as it has others in the past.

So if you want a holiday in the open air, with good company, plenty of beer and the necessary thirst, I can recommend Bisley, especially as you get back just in time for Summer Leave.



The Dinner and Smoking Concert

OF THE

Signal and Wireless Staffs
Mediterranean Fleet

HELD AT THE

Royal Clarence Theatre, Malta

FRIDAY JANUARY 5th 1912.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

Signal and Wireless Officers, Mediterranean Fleet

COMMITTEE.

PRESIDENT

Henry H. Rowe, Ldg Sig. H.M.S. Exmouth

TREASURER

Stanley Johnstone, Yoo. H.M.S. Swiftsure

SECRETARY

Claude A. Smith, Ldg Sig. H.M.S. Exmouth

REPRESENTATIVES

Buckton-G. Binkins, L.S.	Hampshire-G. L. Bullimore, II Y
Caselle-W. H. Fuller, II Yoo.	Heist-J. Donovan, Sig.
Compton-T. Quarry, Yoo.	Lansford-E. J. Hudson, P.O. Ex.
Deering-J. Fantasy, L.S.	Orde-G. Pusey, L.S.
Orde-S. A. Brooks, Yoo.	Russell, T. Atkinson, Sig.
Peterson-J. Walling, L.S.	Suffolk-H. Watts, II Yoo.
Quander-Mo. Gave, Sig.	Triumph-W. Crane, L.S.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Reference the issue of THE COMMUNICATOR for Xmas 1958, page 157, I was interested in the list of Officers who had been in charge of the Signal School at Devonport.

On looking at my Signal History Sheet, I see that it is signed by M. Kennard, after I had finished a re-qualifying course in 1908.

In those pre-Shotley days, all Signal boys from the Training Ships (mine was *Boscawen*) went to Portsmouth Signal School for a course before being rated and drafted to their respective Depots.

I was rated Signalmán, which was the lowest Signal rating in those days; the next step was "Q.S." Qualified Signalmán, on the 2nd May, 1906, and I arrived at Devonport Signal School on 9th May, 1906, and was drafted to the destroyer *Lerion* on 1st July, 1906.

I seem to remember that there was a Commander in charge of the School before Lieutenant Kennard, but he probably had some other job as well. I know that there were 4 Chiefs, and six Yoo's S.I.s and three Signal Bos'uns.

Hoping it will be of a little interest, I have enclosed a programme of the first concert held in the Mediterranean Fleet. This was intended to be an annual event, to strengthen the co-operation of the Visual and W/T branches. W/T as a separate branch was fairly young in those days and there was a certain amount of rivalry. I don't know if the concerts were continued after 1912, as we paid off in that year, I was in the *Jed*, a destroyer. You will notice on the programme that there were several 2nd Yoo., a rating abolished later. The names of the ships are interesting also.



The photograph was taken at the Spithead Review in H.M.S. *Ocean*, Rear Admiral Sir Robert

Arbuthnot, Captain Frederick L. Dreyer, C.B.,
2nd Flag of the 2nd B.S.

Kind regards & good luck

H. MULLIGAN, Lieut. Cdr.
(SP) R.N.V.R.
Services Liaison Officer, Sea Cadet
Corps.

19 Styan St., (ex-Yeo Sigs).
FLEETWOOD

* * * *

Sir,

Greetings from Karachi. I know Karachi is not a Communications Centre or a Royal Naval Station, but as three ex-Wren Communicators (now in Communications with the U.K. High Commission) we feel we are quite a little W.R.N.S. detachment. So if anyone is in Karachi we'd love to see them.

MAIRA THOMSON
DOROTHY BEALE
KAYE HUNTER.

c/o U.K. Mails Branch,
C.R.O.
Downing Street,
London.

* * * *

Sir,

Now that we have all had time to thrash our way through the new 'S'1, I wonder if I can find anyone in favour of a change in the message layout, as shown in Section 5, Plate 1.

It would seem to me that a layout as suggested below would be more in keeping with the remainder of our layouts as used in V.S., W/T and T.P. My suggestion is as follows:—

From _____	Priority _____
To _____	Unclassified _____
Info _____	D.T.G. _____

The proposed change, small though it is, seems more easily than that shown in 'S'1 and appears (to me) more logical. As I know that several ships are using the layout mentioned above, in preference to that in 'S'1, would it not be better to adopt a common system, rather than have small differences in individual ships.

One other point occurs whilst on the subject of this new book, and that is with regard to Article 679. The historical section of the Admiralty rely a great deal on signals for much of the detail of any history they are writing. With all due respect to our buntings, is everyone sure that they are the best qualified to set aside 'signals of historical value' to be returned? Aren't many likely to be overlooked, and therefore lost for ever, as a result of this somewhat haphazard method of selection? Could not a better system be devised?

H.M.S. Tiger.

"TO THOSE ENTITLED"

In Naval history down they'll go,
Those names we've known since long ago,
Yeoman of Signals, Leading Tel,
Sparkers and Buntings too, as well
As Pots, that's P.O. Tel to you—
All now no more, farewell, adieu;
High ordinance decrees complete
The old-time tallies, obsolete,
So must they pass from Naval story,
Richly endowed in all their glory;
For modern parlance now holds sway
More fitting in this present day—
Chief Radio Communication Supervisor.
It puts the public so much wiser;
Or Tactical Communication Operator,
Alas poor Bunts, your new creator
Has rendered you but T.C.O.
That by this tally all will know,
Flags, Aldis lamps, take second place—
Machines have come to win the race;
Thus keyboards now you'll thump each day,
With fingertips you'll wage the fray,
Along with Sparks, now R.C.O.
To batter out the signals, so—
"England Expects . . ." will now take shape
Upon a length of ticker tape—
Or better still, sail in, to bat,
To Back-room Boffin's music—RATT,
With further melody subscription,
From Coding Bay's Machine Encryption—
Whilst L.R.O.s on watch do prow,
And L.C.T.O.s up top, scowl—
At all this electronic wonder
Which robbed them of their old-time thunder;
But in this time of high-speed pressure
There's little time on watch for leisure,
Flag hoists are out, Code Books have vanished,
The morse key too, is all but banished—
Until that day, when scientists too
Further improve with something new,
Producing ROBOTS, to replace
We poor, slow-witted human race—
With titles fresh to grace the pages
Writ large by Drafting Office sages;
Leading ROBOT (Communication),
Should fill Their Lordships with elation,
Or Yeoman (ROBOT) Tactical,
Inhuman, but so practical—
You smile, yet it may come to pass,
Sad day for us indeed, alas—
With ROBOT Captain dishing jankers
To lesser minions, mere tin rankers;
Till that time dawns, we'll struggle on,
With titles new to ponder on,
Though what's the betting after all,
You'll hear the old familiar call—
'Hallo there, Bunt', or 'Pots' once more,
Just as you did in days before—
Despite Top Brass and all their games,
With spades still spades—the Name's the Same!
"MUTTERBICK".



FAR EAST

H.M.S. HIGHFLYER

Owing to force of circumstances I have been shanghaied into writing my first article for THE COMMUNICATOR since I joined the establishment. It is all very well being the Editor of your ship's newspaper, chasing other people to write articles, but when the boot is on the other foot, well!

We have now settled down to our steady daily work, having recovered from our Christmas excess. It might be worth while to mention (for the benefit of old Ceylon Westites) that over 11,000 telegrams were handled during this period, this only being about 1,000 short of the all time record. Being a 'bunting' I now know all about Ship/Store Commercial Routing, Q.S.L.s, etc., but with all sincerity, as a 'bunting', I take my hat off to 'sparks'.

We have just commenced our sporting activities again, and our football team has topped everything by beating the Ceylon Combined Services twice, 4-1 and 8-4, this with some of our regular players absent whilst playing for the Combined Services. If you remember from the last edition our teams also won the Wattala Cup and the R.A.F. League. Some of our old players have gone or are going shortly but Draftie has done us well, by providing us with excellent reliefs.

We hope by the time this edition is published to have completed our own *Mercury* cinema and theatre. Our thanks for this must go to the First Lieutenant (Lt. Hopkin) whose brainchild it was, and R.E.A. Miles and his staff, although not Communicators, are digging out and doing a really professional job.



Ceylon West Football Team



Lost and Found—see page 5

Anyone who wants to get brown for leave should come here. We are smack bang in the middle of a drought, which has forced us to bring in water rationing. Although not as bad as the Desert Army's pint per day for all purposes, things are looking grim, and no doubt any day now, we will find prayer mats facing the East for is it West and the ship's company praying for rain. Strangely enough, last year around this time, people were just recovering from the flood disaster.

Well I hope I have given you a fairly thorough idea of what's happening here, so cheerio until the Summer edition.

H.M.S. DAMPIER

On the West Malayan Coast survey grounds

It seems to me that units of the "forgotten Navy" never seem to make the pages of THE COMMUNICATOR or if they do the occasions are so rare that I cannot remember the last. For those of you who are wondering what the "forgotten Navy" is, it is the Survey Navy or, as H.M.A.S. *Quiberon* so aptly put it on passing us recently, the "working Navy". None of your glamour cruises for us, not even a Fleet exercise to break the months of surveying, each and every day is the same, the boats going away from the ship at 7.30 a.m. and returning at 5.30 p.m., or even later. These boats take away 622's which are manned either by the officer in the boat or by one of the "dabs". Apart from the occasional use of "opposites" and non-U procedures, which you have to overlook (have any of you ever tried explaining the Basic Message Format to a Dabtoe?) communication with the boats is quite good.

Besides the work mentioned above we also have Two Range Decca Slave Stations to man and this

involves the use of T.C.s and the services of two R.O.2's. During the autumn survey we had our stations approximately thirty miles apart, one situated on the fringe of a plantation the other in the jungle. These stations were manned by R.O.2's Bryant and Colmer. You've heard of the "sea stories", but they don't have a patch on the "weirdie tales". Colmer returned onboard sporting a set and . . . the best case of nerves seen up to now. He swears that all the weirdies were at least six inches in length, but then who are we to doubt his word. L.R.O. Brownsword relieved Colmer for the last two weeks of the survey (after repeated requests from Colmer for a relief) and in his brief time ashore he managed to burn himself rather badly while doing cooks, he had the primus blow up on him. He is completely recovered now we are pleased to say.

For the benefit of the relieving R.S. whoever he may be, you would do well to take a course in mountaineering and jungle trekking. R.S. Simpson and R.O.3 Aberdeen recently climbed nearly 2,000 feet through dense jungle vegetation, in company with the Communication Officer, to the top of Bukit Pangkhor. The purpose of the journey was to take bearings to fix positions in the survey area. On arrival at the top, after a two hour climb, they found that the local labourers had done a thoroughly good job of clearing the area in all directions except the right one. On instructions from the Comms. Officer they proceeded to cut down a tree some four feet in diameter but gave it up after making a very small vee to the depth of approximately six inches. The tree was later successfully blown out of the way with demolition charges.

Other duties performed by the Communications Branch, by the signal side of it that is, is Tide Watching, sitting on some remote fish-trap recording the rise and fall of the tide every half hour. The

L.T.O. recently spent five days completely alone on one of these fish traps and loudly voiced doubts regarding his safety during a spell of roughers, although told that the fish traps have been there for over ten years, this thought still didn't comfort Charlie Apps. There being a humorous side to everything, no sooner had he voiced his fears that the trap was going to collapse than, over the radio came the song "The only man on the Island", unfortunately he didn't hear it. On the Radio side an occasional trip away in the boats (on the pretext of bettering communications) is made by the R.O.s during their twenty-four off.

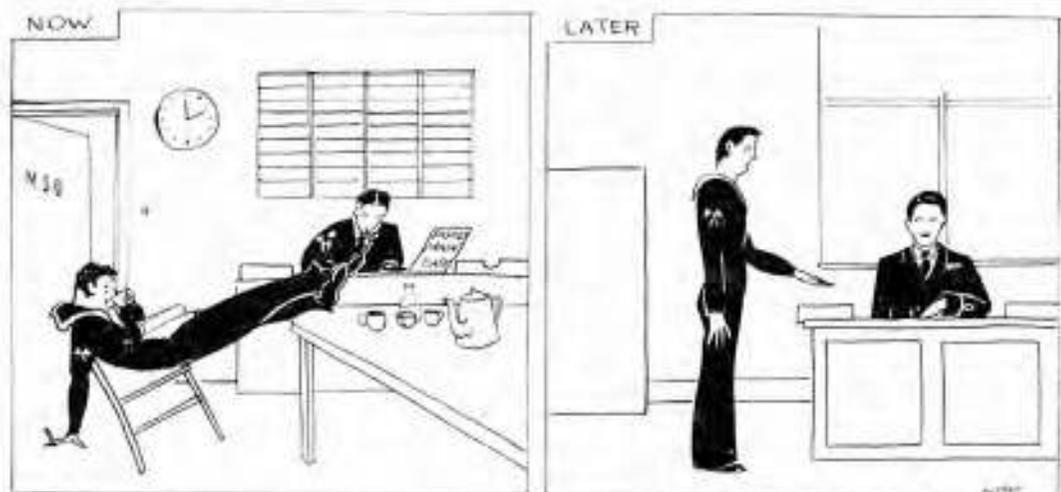
During our Christmas period in Singapore the two R.O.s Aberdeen and Brown, went to Kranji and were successful in their examination for seconds . . . there are now loud protests when referred to as Third.

We are due in Hong Kong in three weeks time for a four week visit during which time ten days leave each watch is to be given, needless to say this is eagerly awaited. After Hong Kong our programme, subject as always to alteration, is that we return to Singapore for a three week self refit finishing late

April. We then go up the East Coast of Malaya for three or four months before returning to Singapore for a four week self refit. On completion of the refit we are destined for exploration of unsurveyed parts of the North Borneo area, at least the R.O.s L.T.O. and T.O. are, some "lucky" R.S. now reading this will have the pleasure of accompanying them as the R.S. is due to return to England in October.

For the "piso" Communicators this is the ship, weeks on end at sea, hardly any chance of going ashore and every opportunity to save "hundreds" during the commission. So any of you who fit the above description remember, if you get your requests in early you just might make it. We shall be very pleased to see you in December. For the relieving Signal personnel it might be interesting to know that there is no flag hoisting (other than the prep), no semaphore and veritably little flashing but, you have sufficient typing to keep you busy for at least one hour per day, providing you aren't a speed king and plenty of painting to do on the tidley flagdeck. Whoever may relieve us can look forward to the first couple of months of refit in Singapore, then, well, your guess is as good as mine.

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!



Details of Refresher Courses are contained in AFO3033-58

Thinks: "This is a quiet number for a Tactical Communicator."

Divisional Officer: "You have a draft to a frigate on a GSC . . ."

" . . . but Sir I haven't been to sea for six years."

REQUIEM FOR A TROGG

by GEORGE

I don't think many of us slept that night. I know we were all up and about when C.R.S. 'Knocker' White came to shake us at 5.30, for at last, at LONG LAST the day had arrived when we would leave *Ganges* for good.

We'd have never believed it possible, but it was with a feeling of nostalgia that we trooped out to the washplace for the last time and clanged the tin washbowls around, then back into a mess that looked strangely different with bedding rolled up and kitbags piled high on the mess square. Into our 'sea suits' and up to the C.M.G. for breakfast and the chance to bask in the envy of our fellow juniors. I seem to remember that we spoke to them with a rather patronising air.

Then it was zero hour! As a P.O. Junior (yes, I'd been kind to my men) I was handed a stack of papers containing instructions for our journey, and then clambered into the lorry with the others for our last ride to Ipswich Station.

There were three of us for H.M.S. *Caryslish* and we were three very tired and dishevelled J.R.O.s by the time we staggered out of the train at Plymouth with our kitbags and cases. A lorry was waiting and within a few minutes we were on our way to Devonport Dockyard.

The sights and sounds of our first dockyard rather bewildered us and I wondered briefly how I'd ever find my way out again, but my thoughts were with the ship and tired as I was my first glimpse of *Caryslish* filled me with a nervous excitement. She was great! A sleek destroyer leader whose lethal lines impressed me so much that not even the horrible, muddy squalor of the surrounding dockyard could detract from them.

We humped our kit over the narrow gangway and piled it on the deck. A rather bored sailor, wearing a long watchcoat which almost reached to the deck, looked us up and down.

"You lot from *Ganges*?"

We all wore cup-tallies proclaiming the fact, but I thought I'd better answer.

"Yes sir".

He raised his eyebrows at the 'sir' but didn't say anything.

"Take them to the Cox'n" he said over his shoulder, and a younger edition of himself stepped forward, jerked his head to indicate that we should follow him and disappeared round the torpedo tubes.

We charged after him. By tea time of the next day we'd seen everybody who could claim the slightest authority onboard, had a slip of paper absolutely covered with signatures and were bonafide members of H.M.S. *Caryslish's* ship's company. We'd been issued with our hammocks, slung them, fallen out of them, taken three quarters of an hour

to lash them up and generally decided that there were certain definite advantages about an ordinary bed.

At 0730 on our second day onboard we presented ourselves at the Main Wireless Office. Here everything was done to make us feel at home, as bucket, scrubber and cloths were thrust upon us, and familiar sounding phrases informed the three of us exactly how a Wireless Office should be scrubbed out. The Office itself came as quite a surprise, it was much more spacious than the one we'd encountered briefly in the *Saladin*, and the use of Formica, Fablon and Waverite surfaces on all the bays in pastel shades and stripes, plus coloured lampshades gave it a Coffee Bar atmosphere which was certainly more cheerful to work in.

One part of our training which seemed to have been completely neglected at *Ganges* was coffee making!—and in this respect I would like to point out to the powers that be, that as far as the Fleet is concerned we are quite useless to them until we've mastered this art. This also includes tea making, for I regret to report that the first time I was sent to the galley to wet the tea, I produced rather a delicious brew with the water that had been used to boil the vegetables!

However, despite our incompetence as 'kyc' boys, we did start watchkeeping straight away. In three watches at sea AND manning operational waves by ourselves. I'm not crowing about this because we were pretty useless, I know it was a combination of nerves and lack of experience, but that's small comfort when the killick of the watch is relying on you and you only turn up half a signal.

Most of the trouble lay in the fact that we'd had very little experience of hand-made morse. I'd done O.K. in training mind, 100%, at 22 W.P.M. and 98%, at 25's in my finals, but the first time I sat on C.C.N. I thought they were using a different morse code. Y'know, I've wondered since why they don't make tape recordings of various CW and R/T circuits and play them to the senior classes at *Ganges* to give them an idea of what to expect.

We had one advantage, being a leader we carried a Chief Sparker and he seemed to be possessed with the patience of Job as far as we were concerned. He certainly needed it when giving us instructions—it must be very frustrating to spend an hour explaining something in the simplest possible way and then find that only a tenth of what you've been talking about has sunk in! It didn't help either when one of my oppos was asked what a Trebler was and replied that he wasn't quite sure but he knew his dad used something like that on his football pools.

I suppose the ideal answer would be to send all Juniors to large ships so that they could be kept

under training until they were of some use, but until that Utopia is reached I guess we'll have to keep on going through the same growing pains, and senior rates will continue to go grey before they're thirty.

We used to hear a lot at *Ganges* about becoming good 'Naval citizens' as well as good 'Sparkers', the trouble was, nobody warned us what the rest of the citizens would be like. Take dress for instance, to our kit-muster conscious minds the appearance of the ship's company was rather shattering. We shuddered to think what would have happened if they'd rolled up to Monday morning Divisions at Shotley dressed as they were. And these were proper sailors, something we wanted to be more than anything else. The temptation to ape them was very great though any ideas in that direction were firmly squashed in the Office. I've since realised that their rather piratical rig was extremely practical for the conditions under which they worked and I've also remembered that the same sailors in the ship's company at *Ganges* were just as well turned out as we were. There's an awful lot to learn! We're still full of youthful enthusiasm for instance, but it's liable to be dampened slightly by the character we met a while back. He was a three badge stoker and he'd been dripping for a solid half hour. The killick of the watch on deck told him rather scathingly that he was a silly old ——— who didn't know when he was well off. Stokes spat over the side and then turned round to lean against the guardrail.

"Yer may be right", he said, "But if yer don't drip THEY may get ter think yer like it, an' if they get ter think yer like it THEY'LL stop trying to make it enjoyable, if THEY stops trying to make it enjoyable it'll be 'Orrible—*THEN* yer'll have something to drip about anyway, wont yer?" and he disappeared in the direction of No. 1 boiler room.

There are two things on which I have become an authority after a rather painful apprenticeship. One is ditching 'gash' and the other is burning paper! You'd never believe how many 'wheres, whens and hows' are connected with ditching gash onboard a destroyer. Ditching it over the side is frowned on at any time and especially if there happens to be a sailor on a stage painting the ship's side in that vicinity. I suffered for days after that little episode. Then there's paper burning. Another Junior and I had been ashore in Malta to burn the paper and we'd staggered back to the F.C.D.T. jetty in Sliema Creek looking as black as the ace of spades. Unfortunately for us, Flag Officer Malta had also chosen that morning to board his steam pinnace and take a look at the Destroyers anchored in Sliema Creek. We both leaned nonchalantly over the railings as this interesting looking boat steamed past us—we'd never seen anything like it before. The Officer of the Watch nearly leaped into the boat to get at us when we arrived back alongside.

"You miserable little morons", he raved, "don't you realise what you've just did!"

His grammar had slipped in the heat of the

moment. We were completely dumbfounded.

"Did you or did you not see a pinnace steam up the creek while you were on that jetty?"

Realisation slowly dawned.

"Yes sir".

"WELL!"

"I thought it was a dockyard tug sir".

The fact that F.O.M's pinnace is painted from stem to stern in immaculate blue enamel, is beautifully appointed and has a tall brass funnel which is polished until it gleams like gold will help you to understand that my explanation did very little to help our case when we saw the Captain next day.

And now, all that is behind me. I know where to ditch the gash, I can recognise Flag Officer's barges, I've mastered the art of sleeping in a hammock and writing 'kye'. Believe it or not I also—very occasionally—manage to read a signal without having to ask for repetitions. Most important of all, I saw the Captain again this morning but this time it was for the purpose of severing for ever my connections with a Trogg's life. I am now an R.O.3—and a little more respect if you please!

I know I've changed a lot from the bloke who joined up over two years ago in Glasgow. Well you'd expect a person to change in that time wouldn't you, but I think I've changed for the better, and if I have, then the credit for that must go to the Andrew—or more specifically the people whose influence I've come under since I joined.

Two years... TWO YEARS of basic training which I told you all about in "It's a Trogg's Life" and "Jolly Trogs are our Men" and now I'm an R.O.3 and really starting to learn my job. One thing's for certain, by the time the Royal Navy's finished with me I ought to be a darned good Radio Operator and let's face it, there's still a good measure of satisfaction to be obtained out of life by doing a job properly.



I've just burnt down "A" Block.

WFI
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S. A. S. A. STATION

SLANGKOP W/T

Since the last edition we have successfully come through the annual Christmas difficulties, both on and off duty. As usual, at Christmas, the watch going off always looked fresher than its relief.

The bush fire season is now in full swing, the camp having been "threatened" twice in the past week. On both occasions the Slangkop bush fire-fighters have saved the day. It was also very thirsty work and we ran out of beer at one stage.

On the social side, things have been rather quiet of late, but with Christmas over we hope to resume the monthly dances and to hold the occasional social.

The cricket team has at last managed to win a league match and this plus two friendly wins, gives us a record of three won and three lost. We expect great things in the future!

All the new arrivals of late have been S.A.N. The numbers of R.N. personnel are now beginning to dwindle.

Joek King was married recently and is soon to leave us. Amongst the departed was a chicken belonging to the "Squire of Slangkop" which died mysteriously of lead poisoning. The C.I.D. was not called in!

We take this opportunity of saying goodbye to our O.I.C. Lieut. Whiffin and family and welcoming our new O.I.C. Lieut. Garton and family.

Don't forget, you sea-going Communicators, come and see us when you are in port. Apart from giving you an insight into the working of the "other end" we promise not to run out of beer again. Tot siens.

YOUNGFIELD M.S.O.

Here, in sunny South Africa, we are enjoying just the sort of weather which you people at home dream about. Naturally the summer has brought with it, as always, our quota of bush fires, but the occasional trips into the bush are the only black spots on an otherwise wonderful summer. Christmas was celebrated in the age old manner and produced its own particular brand of upsets to one and all.

The title of "Married Man's Station" will be further enhanced in the very near future when

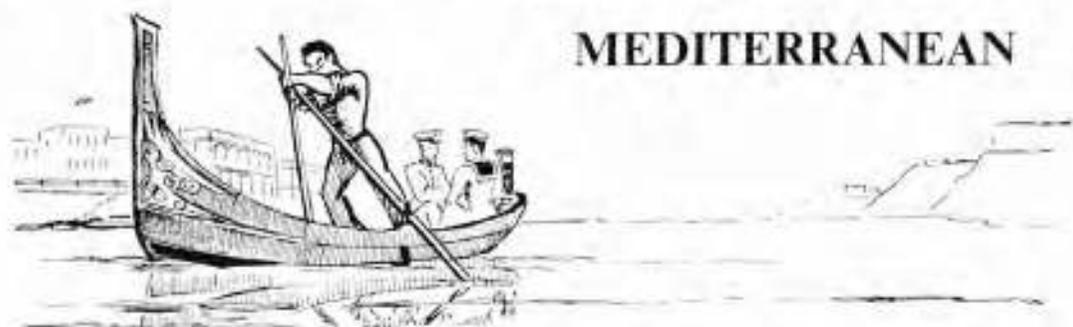
another member of the staff (A/L.T.O. Pratt) enters for the matrimonial stakes, leaving just one remaining single member.

January saw the addition to the staff of R.S. (S) Bullock as E.W. exponent cum staff R.S., he being the only representative of his department on the station. Needless to say he is being rapidly indoctrinated into the mysteries of message handling, etc.

As our new F.C.A. (Lt. Garton) will no doubt be firmly settled in by the time this edition is published, we would like to take this opportunity to welcome him to the station and tender our best wishes for the future to his predecessor (Lt. Whiffin and family) on his return to U.K.



"We tried the rum in Jamaica and the tobacco in Havana--what do we try here?"



H.M.S. APHRODITE

For the benefit of all ratings who may be drafted to *Aphrodite*, I'd like to take this opportunity of giving you a rough idea of what to expect when you get there.

H.M.S. *Aphrodite* is the official name for the R.N. Base in Cyprus and it is split up into three sections. Nicosia (M.H.Q.), Famagusta (Maintenance Commander) and Episkopi (H.Q. of F.O.M.E.). This article is on the Episkopi section.

We are at the moment the "Flag Ship" of F.O.M.E. and we're situated approximately 15 miles from the port of Limassol, at the eastern end of the island. Our main job is to look after two destroyers and five C.M.S., which are on patrol round the island, and we have a frequency of 3222.5 kcs as Cyprus L.C.N. We have five teleprinter circuits, Fixed Service 16 (Malta Cyprus) and land lines with Nicosia, Famagusta and the local R.A.F. and Army Comcentres.

It will be necessary for you to bring your "civvies" with you, as they are worn all the time when off watch. "Civvies" are available here, but the quality is poor and the prices high.

We have a well stocked canteen where English beer can be bought for a shilling per can; duty free cigarettes are rationed to 130 per man per week, and are the usual price of one shilling per packet. Wines and spirits are on sale at the N.A.A.F.I. Shop and are about half price compared with the U.K. prices. We also have a number of "Givvy Clothes" shops and a "Decca" record shop, where there is a wide selection of discs, radios and gramophones.

We are well looked after for entertainment, as well as being allowed ashore now, we have two cinemas in the Cantonment, one of which is in the open air and used only during the summer months. These houses are run by the Army Kinema Corporation and films change five times per week, the films are fairly modern, but we get our share of whatever is going. C.S.E. shows occur about once per month, but during the Xmas period are usually every fortnight; these are quite good and are recommended. Dances are occasionally held, but are usually regimental "Do's", although an open door is

MEDITERRANEAN

normally extended to "Jack". Sporting activities are arranged by our P.T.I., P.O. Wigley (ex-Ganges), and *Aphrodite* has earned herself quite a reputation on the field. Swimming is very popular, and there are three beaches within easy reach (Passer's transport); one of the beaches houses a sailing club, and is open to all personnel able to handle a boat; boats are available so there is no need to bring your own! There is also a Saddle Club and a Polo Club. Tennis courts are alongside the M.S.O. and during the summer months the 'buntings' find it hard to keep their eyes on their work. One of our R.E.M.s is hoping to be allowed to start a Judo Club, and once the buzz spreads we should do very well in this line.

There is very little else to add, so I'll leave it to you to find out the worst.

This time too we put in a word about the more senior hands in the marriage department by introducing a Births' column. The wives of Lieut. Hearn, L.R.O. Parkes, L.T.O. Collins and T.O.2 Williams have added four very young Communicators to our watchbill.

We feel that on this occasion we must mention our colleagues of the Electrical Branch at North Front transmitting station, who have had a very trying time of late. First of all, two stronger-than-usual gales blew all their aerials down, and to crown it all, last week 11.7 inches of rain fell in 21 hours and several transmitters became water-logged, as did the engines of all our cars—and the Wrennery.

However, when the grounds have been fit for play, sport has flourished. A combined North Front and Communications soccer team has given a very good account of itself and a Communications mixed hockey team has only lost one game this season.

So we look ahead through the year—Home Fleet visits, N.A.T.O. exercises, the usual pattern of communication life, enlivened by the fact that every such occasion brings a host of new faces, mostly Reserve Wrens, to augment the staff, to gladden the hearts of the more romantically inclined of *Rooke's* ship's company, and as the Officer-in-Charge glumly put it, to keep him busy making security violations reports.

Until the next COMMUNICATOR, "Adios".

GIBRALTAR COMCEN

We must apologise for missing the last edition, but our duty script writer was suddenly and unavoidably whisked away to the Military Hospital, where she spent five dreary weeks, away from night watches it's true, but with barium meals as the staple diet, she says she didn't enjoy it. In the general flurry of the Home Fleet visit, her article remained unfinished and unnoticed, so we missed the Christmas COMMUNICATOR. However, having detailed the same writer again, we hope to be in time for the Easter number, although it must be admitted, it was only the pancakes for tea today which reminded us that the sands were running out.

Most articles contain a catalogue of movements, which we know are so very boring to read for those who do not recognise the names, but as it is so enjoyable when one does suddenly find an old familiar one, we have decided that this article must be no exception.

Our most distinguished departure was that of the Flag Officer, Gibraltar, Rear Admiral R. S. Foster

Brown in the first week of February, closely followed by Lieut. Cdr. P. G. M. Greig, the Flag Lieutenant and B.C.O., about a week later. At the farewell Divisions in H.M.S. *Rook*, the Admiral greatly encouraged the seamen by telling them that he had reason to believe that they would soon be assisted in their work, by trained animals, as he had received a signal that day which read "Request one small cat to paint ship's side". But back to our movements. Arrivals, Lieut. Cdr. Brooks as B.C.O. and Third Officer Valerie Sibley as his assistant; P.O. Wrens Dobic and Adamson, Wrens Hibbett and Moore. Leading Wrens Wynne and Fulton have left us for U.K., and P.O. Wren Bennett, although demobbed, remains in Gibraltar on the strength of R.E.M.E., awaiting Junior's arrival.

The wheel has now turned full circle and the first commission Wrens are packing their bags and wishing that time wouldn't pass so quickly. Spring is coming and five more have become engaged. Leading Wren Robb and Wren Robertson are to be married just in time to beat the tax man.



"I said we shouldn't have turned right after Clanfield!"



M.V. "PORT VINDEK"

"YOUR OLD SHIP"

The motor vessel *Port Vindex*, a fine looking ship of the Port Line Ltd., London, now bears little resemblance to an aircraft carrier, but that was her job during the war years.

She started life on the slips of Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., Wallsend-on-Tyne, being laid down as a merchant ship, but soon after the war started, the Admiralty took her over and completed her as an escort aircraft carrier. She emerged from her builder's yard in 1943 as H.M.S. *Vindex*.

During her naval service she took part in Russian convoys and worked with the Second Escort Group (Western Approaches) which was then commanded by the late Captain F. J. Walker, C.B., D.S.O., R.N. She also saw service in the Pacific theatre.

When she was released by the Royal Navy after the war, Port Line Ltd. acquired her and sent her back to her builders for conversion into a merchant ship, the work being completed in June, 1949, when she was renamed *Port Vindex*.

A twin screw motor vessel, she has a gross tonnage of 10,489 tons and a speed of 16 knots.

Port Line Ltd., a subsidiary of Cunard Steam-Ship Co. Ltd., operate cargo passenger services between Great Britain and Australia and New Zealand; and New York and Australia and New Zealand as well as joint services with other companies between Canada and Australia and New Zealand.

MEMORIES OF H.M.S. "EFFINGHAM'S" 1927 to 1930 COMMISSION

The ship was at Trincomalee on one of the rare occasions when another ship of the squadron, namely *Enterprise*, was in company. A pulling regatta was held and ships laid out kedge anchors. Afterwards, the Commander personally supervised getting in kedge and whilst doing so dictated a message to a junior V.S. rating who stood on the fringe of the crowd. The message was read back and accepted as correct by the originator. "*Effingham*, *Enterprise* from C-in-C E.I. A charge on Trincomalee will be made after tea tonight." On the bridge the C.Y.S. queried it, but eventually allowed its transmission saying, "I suppose it's the officer's way of saying there will be a gin party to celebrate the regatta". After a short space of time, *Enterprise* came back with "Yoor — not understood." Down went Chief to the Commander, only to be informed that, he thoroughly agreed. Consternation for both when the Commander was told that he was the originator of the message quoted. Then with their two wise heads together, they found the answer, *Effingham* being a flagship was entitled to a Royal Marine Band, whereas *Enterprise* was not. She had, however, managed to raise a Bluejacket Band but unfortunately had no bandleader, but serving in *Effingham* was the ex-bandleader of R.N.B. Portsmouth. The signal

should have read "Discharge of Stoker Lee will take place after tea tonight."

Later, *Effingham* sailed from Bombay under sealed orders. Once at sea, lower deck was cleared and everyone informed that the village of Sur in the Persian Gulf had been annexed by tribesmen and that *Effingham* was to rendezvous with *Cyclamen* off Sur and ensure the restoration of law and order.

On arrival the Admiral received the brigand chiefs, complete with cutlasses and bristling armoury, onboard *Effingham*. Persuasive talk having failed, the entire party were escorted around the ship. On the saluting gun deck, the Admiral pointed out a fort-like building to the right of the village and informed the brigands that, if the village was not vacated by 0900 the following morning, *Effingham* would open fire with the four pounder on the building. If they did not go then, the seven point five inch gun would be used on the village.

At the specified time, *Effingham* ran up the signal for *Cyclamen* (who had four inch guns) to "Open Fire". *Cyclamen* fired one round, blasting a huge hole through the target building; then as previously arranged, ceased fire. The result was spectacular—a rapid evacuation of the village, brigands on horseback to over the hills and far away. One could practically read their thoughts. "In the name of Allah, if that's what the little gun can do, what will the monster be like?"

Then there was the occasion when the Commander, inspecting the ship's side from a boat, sighted a tell tale streak leading from a porthole. The leading

hand of the mess responsible was sent for and instructed to place the culprit in the report. The mess in question talked it over, and eventually the Master-at-Arms read out a charge at the defaulters table. The Commander was a little surprised to find it was the leading hand of the mess before him and asked "Why didn't you tell me it was you when I sent for you to find out who was responsible?" The somewhat crestfallen leading hand replied, "Well sir, I couldn't put any particular rating in the report, because they have all at some time thrown gash out of the port. We decided to draw lots to decide who should take the rap. My name came out of the hat, so I put myself in your report." The outcome was a caution with advice on taking charge to see such things were not repeated.

Effingham returned to Portsmouth in February, and prior to paying off, was in number 13 dock. One morning at the customary 'Both Watches' the Commander ordered them to fall in four ranks on the jetty abreast the ship. When the Captains of Tops had reported, the Commander announced: "I fully appreciate that you must all find the climate quite a contrast to that of the East Indies Station and that a cup of tea can be very comforting. The work must, however, be done, and slipping away to the dockyard canteen in little batches is not helping. I therefore consider it a better policy that we proceed as a party to the canteen, have our cup of tea and doughnut, and then return for the work in hand.—*Effingham*, 'Shun—In fours right turn—Quick march.'—G.L.B.

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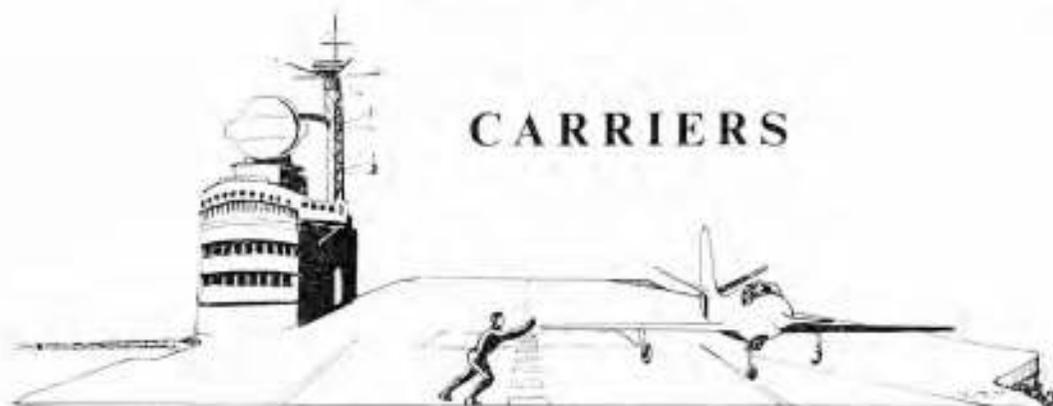
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As a carrier with only 6 months of our commission behind us, we are nevertheless beginning to feel proud of our efforts and can now put on record, despite 8 weeks alongside for leave and dead load trials, 10,000 steaming miles, 6,000 of these being steamed in the English Channel between Portsmouth and Lands End with the occasional evening's rest in Brixham or Torquay, much to the annoyance of our many Plymouth natives.

Centaur has now completed the first of her three work up periods and it appears that most of our Communicators think they are at last living up to their motto and coat-of-arms: i.e. "Swiftly Fierce" and "Looking like men and working like horses". The only rewarding factor so far has been a short operational visit to Messina; not everyone's cup of tea but a welcomed rest in fact it would appear that when we departed no one had thought of drinking tea. We have heard, however, that after Easter there are better things to come, before we depart for the Far East. Our next two work up periods involve a lot of night flying and no doubt a lot of opposite watches for the 'sparkers' and 'buntings', perhaps by the time we have completed these periods we shall modify our coat-of-arms and change the bow and arrow for a whip.

As in all ships beginning a commission from a two year refit there were, and still are, some snags to iron out. One of the most amusing experienced in

Centaur to date and purely to do with a certain newly arrived *Mercury* New Entry prodigy, in his first ship, on his first wireless circuit (CCN), receiving his first signal. He received the signal in first class form but had no idea what to do with it, so he sat peacefully at his bay and typewriter admiring his splendid effort until sometime later when the log was checked and the signal was discovered to be the missing link. The moral of course being: do not only teach them how to read 'em all the time, but what to do with 'em also.

Centaur's greatest achievement so far is the catapulting of eighteen and a half tons dead load from her starboard catapult. This is the heaviest load so far ever catapulted by a British carrier and was achieved whilst carrying out trials with the *Sea Vixen*. To the non-aircraft minded personnel this can be likened to catapulting a double decker bus from a standing start to approximately 12 knots in 2 seconds. Our only other achievement is the completion of 1,000 arrested landings of our own Squadron aircraft, *Sea Vixen* and *Scimitars*. Our casualty to date is the loss of a helicopter which while operating with *Tally Ho* suddenly took to water. Thanks to the efforts of *Tally Ho* there were no casualties and the crew returned aboard having had a none too warm swim in the Mediterranean.

Previous commission *Centaur* Communicators will no doubt be interested to know that the vibration in the L.F.R. has not been satisfactorily overcome and operators still need to be "resilient mounted" themselves before being able to tune one of our 603's whilst we are travelling at our critical speed.

Our sporting activities have not yet been outstanding but we have at least the satisfaction of beating our 'Guzz' rivals, the *Eagle* Communicators, 5-2 at soccer, and so spoiling, it is said, their unbeaten record. The Communicators quiz team feature well in the ship's indoor entertainment programme and are so far unbeaten. With the talent available we should do well in the future in all fields of work and recreation.

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H.M.S. WESSEX— R.N.R. SOLENT DIVISION

We have once again changed our skins, and the past year has seen the departure of an abbreviation which evokes many proud memories—R.N.V.R. The long-toothed ones feel sorrow, but have nevertheless been equally proud about the other famous abbreviation which we have acquired—R.N.R. This merger already shows signs of success, and a fine spirit reigns.

On the domestic front the Division has had an exciting year, one of the highlights of which was the unique view of five of our Staff Instructors each receiving the bar to his long service medal. Between them they had 150 years of service, what is more, they were still smiling! The presentation was made before the Ship's Company at the Captain's Quarterly Inspection in December, and was greatly applauded. Communicators will be interested to know that contrary to popular belief, being a Communicator is not a process which hastens one to the grave, as two of the recipients were C.C.Y. George Braxton and C.R.S. A ("Dickie") Doe. Needless to say, we are extremely impressed with this record on their part.

The sea tender *Warsash* has again had a busy year, and has been away most weekends through the Spring, Summer and Autumn months. In addition, she has taken part in a number of 14-day cruises, which have included exercises and visits to foreign ports. We particularly remember the hospitality of our French Allies who entertained the 101st Mine-sweeping Squadron composed of R.N.V.R. "Coastals" during the official visit to Cherbourg in September, led by A.C.R. in *Tenzer*.

During the ensuing foul weather of "Exercise Shipshape", *Warsash* suffered a little main engine trouble, as a result of which it was confidently hoped that a day in harbour would be assured, as the necessary spares from ashore were absent. However, *Dalrointon* rose nobly to the occasion by supplying the missing parts after self-surgery, resulting in the following addition to the biblical signal collection:

WARSASH to
DALSWINTON "Proverbs Chap. 14 Verse 21",
DALSWINTON to
WARSASH "Psalm 107 Verse 23, Psalm 140
Verse 5 last sentence I hope".

For those of you who are still in the age group for the R.N.R. there is always a warm welcome in this Division, and by way of encouragement to the unmarried ones we might note that our Wren signals complement is suffering a constantly high loss on account of marriage. The replacements, however, are still keeping up the same high standard.

The end of the year once again saw us at the top of the Reserve Communications Exercise Table with

94 marks, and we congratulate all our Communicators on their hard work week by week, and the team spirit they have displayed.

We offer our congratulations to the following on their:—

- (a) *Promotions*: C.C.Y. A.C. Topley,
R.S. Insoe,
L.T.O. T. Martin.
- (b) *Marriages*: Wren Sig. M. A. Burbidge,
Wren Sig. E. Pearce.
- (c) *21st Wedding Anniversary*: C.C.Y. Braxton,
C.C.Y. Baker.

Lastly, it is with no little sadness we that have to report the retirement, in November last, of our Wren Divisional Officer, 2/O Jean McCormack. 2/O McCormack came to us in 1952, when the Wren Unit was first inaugurated at H.M.S. *Wessex*, and has, for the last six years, given us the unstinted benefit of her vast knowledge of the intricacies of the Communications world. Her departure was indeed a great loss to us, but we wish her every happiness in her "retirement".

No. 3 WIRELESS DIST., R.N.R.

The most notable achievement in No. 3 Wireless District, R.N.R. has been the promotion of its Commanding Officer, to Commander R.N.R. Commander F. H. Humphris, R.N.R. has been connected with the Reserves for over 20 years during which time he has done much yeoman service for No. 3 Wireless District in particular and the whole of the Reserves in general.

Leicester Training Centre has now completed her modernisation programme and the 603 regularly "booms" out on R.N.R. frequencies with encouraging results.

The strength of No. 3 Wireless District at the time of going to press is 6 officers and 109 ratings with 3 Chief Instructors R.N. attached for Instructional and other duties, mostly clerical. Many of our ex members are serving their National Service in the R.N. and we anticipate that most of them will return to us on completion. Our optimism stems from the fact that some 80% have returned to us in the past in lieu of service in the R.N.S.R. They are most welcome.

Many and varied are the forms of continuous training offered to the Reserves this year including training at Malta and Gibraltar and journeys to continental ports on the R.N.R. Division's C.M.S's.

Lastly it must be put on record that the W/T exercises with H.M.S. *Mercury* are much enjoyed by No. 3 Wireless District. Nottingham has the proud record of taking part in every exercise since its re-organisation and seems always to be amongst the leaders each week.

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TELEPRINTER CHATTER

I am a Signal Wren, and this is my first job—so I'm keen, see? Well, one day, the Signal Officer said that he was going to read the riot act. Someone had sent him a stinking letter, all about the mistakes that the T.P. Operators make. The boss read out the list of procedure errors and said that we were to follow the procedure laid down in the "Commonwealth Naval Supplement" and—cut out the chatter. One of the girls, she had been here at least two months, said "Please sir, we do not have that book". The boss replied, "Copy on order—dismiss". Now, I could not understand how one followed the procedure in a book which was not available, I asked our civilian messenger, who is a Naval pensioner and knows all about the Navy and its customs, Freddie, for that's his name, gave me the Ancient Mariner look and said, "The Navy has been run like that for centuries".

I had the afternoon watch and I was determined that my teleprinting would be faultless. It was quiet, warm too, and I was just a little drowsy. One of the machines gave the hum and click-click-clickety-click which usually means something coming in. No print appeared, so, just to encourage them, I typed: ELLO ELLO TO U and then the following appeared

WHO DAT
ME SAME AS BEFORE
SAME ERE
OH GOOD SHOW
ARE U GINGE
NO
WELL WRU
ME
ELLO ME ELLO YOU
ARE U BUSY
NO IM ME
HA HA VER GOOD
WERE WASTING PAPER ARENT WE
YEP
DONT U CARE
NOPE
O
WHAT U SIT ON A PIN
NO A CHAIR
LOGIC
ELLO
ELLO AGAIN
WANT A CANCER STICK
NOPE
BRAINY
WHY
JUST R
O
PIN AGAIN
NOPE
A CHAIR
YEP
LOGIC AGAIN
YEP

BRAINY TOO
YEP
WHY DONT THEY HAVE WRENS AT UR PLACE
BECAUSE IT AINT SAFE TO HAVE WRENS AND SAILORS TOGETHER
O LOGIC WELL ITS NEAR MY OME
CHESTER
NOPE
WIGAN
NOPE
MANCH
YEP UG
WHY UG
JUST UG
I DONT LIKE MANCH EITHER
WE AGREE THEN
YEP
U SURE CAN TALK
TKS
WHO AM I
ME
THAT IS CORRECT AND ME HAS TO CARRY ON WORKING
ME TOO CHEERIO
BI BI TKS FOR INTERESTING NATTER

The machine was cleared and I was left, alone with my crime. Quickly I tore it off and moved towards the waste paper basket. I paused, and thought no, it was mine, it was personal, it was so nice to talk to someone you did not even know, I folded it carefully and put it in my handbag.



"He said his name was Tom Bola"



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DRAFT CHITS

How many 'sparkers' have experienced the doubtful privilege of going through a full precommissioning routine? Quite a few no doubt, I would like to tell you about a friend of mine called Eustace. This poor young Tel. suffered this agony but . . .

The beginning of the end, as the saying goes, really started in January '57. Eustace was serving in the Pompey Squadron and life was more than tolerable. Three days sea time a week! Never Mondays because that was just after weekends. Never a Friday because that was the beginning of all good weekends. Now, contrary to some ideas, Chief was a benevolent type and for a wet of his neaters the Cox'n turned a blind eye to 'sparks' three successive long weekends a month. But Eustace was dissatisfied! he wanted to move on! he wanted to further his professional ability. So, one crisp Tuesday morning in early January his request for a 'Foreign no preference' was forwarded by a surprised Captain (on RA). For Eustace, life settled back to its normal pace: duty 1 in 5, long weekends, turn to at 0800 and listening to Housewives' Choice each morning. About April Eustace began to worry. Had "They" forgotten him? He decided to slap in again. He did and once more Skips forwarded his request.

Now at that time a menace to all barrack stanchions was beginning to make himself felt. His name was 'Ernie', NDA's bread and butter. 'Ernie' must have heard Eustace's plaintive appeal for, lo and behold, about the second week in May he 'did his best'. The killick scribe walked into the W/T office, or rather he had to force his way in. The Buffer, Ch. G.I., CYS, and Ch. Tel., were listening to the 2.30 from Sandown Park and amongst the gathering he found Eustace correcting the ALRS's.

"Here's your draft chit Sparks." Our friend's eyes lit up. Was it Tamar? Kranj? Combined Ops? No. How his face fell, it was just a common much unwanted G.S.C.

One of the aims of 'Ernie' is to prevent unnecessary barrack drafts. Ship to Ship is the idea, we're told. This probably explains why Eustace went to *Mercury* for two weeks, and RNB Portsmouth for a day before joining his new ship *Chudness*! As things turned out Eustace was glad he was sent to *Mercury*. He learnt about things called RATT, Two Tone Modulation, KTM, FSK, and Loop Currents. As an active side line he also found that OD WRNS 'sparkers' now graced *Mercury*, with their Soberton transport and the Pink E.

During his two weeks at *Mercury* he met some other comms. going to the same squadron. Surprisingly there was only one other 'sparker' from the Pompey division for *Chudness* so perhaps 'Ernie' did "sort 'em out".

Are Telegraphists the only people in the Navy who will insist on talking shop? I think so. From

dawn till dusk, in the cinema, in the beerbar, on watch, off watch, North Camp or not, someone is always discussing sparkery: when its not IT's its SWABS or something similar. Eustace's new 'oppos' were no exception. It didn't take long to find out that one came from Burnham, another from Whitehall, (not the mansions) and another held down a flying desk at Ford. Inevitably each told the other how he held the place together and the tall stories grew into skyscrapers.

Time eventually passed, Kit was packed, despatched to R.N.B. for *Chudness* and off Eustace went on leave. During that time he gradually accustomed himself to the idea of a G.S.C. and by the end of his two weeks he was "raring to go". August 26th was an eventful day in Eustace's life. He entered R.N.B. for the first time. A G.I. stood erect in front of the gates. Temporarily he unfroze.

"O are yer? Where are yer goin'?" Undeterred Eustace spoke in the best A.C.P. 125 manner, and with a succinct *Chudness* he passed through the historic portals. A huge blackboard in the customary naval manner invited ratings for *Chudness* to report to the Barrack Control.

For those who haven't done a barrack routine it's something to be avoided. The idea is that you queue for half an hour before someone tells you that you're in the wrong place then, after eventually finding the right queue, you start again. This took Eustace a forenoon. Now, because he was going on draft next day, he did a farewell tour of the place in the afternoon! During the dinner hour Eustace in company with his future shipmates went into the gym and there he met his future D.O. He was asked and answered the usual questions, enlightening neither person, and so ended his stay in barracks.

August 27th. The new commission marched out of R.N.B. into the dockyard over innumerable railway lines, caissons and finally on to *Chudness* at SWWTB. It took a week, a few bruises and crushed feet before Eustace realised that W/T offices fitted in *Chudness* class destroyers were much too small, even for the reduced complement. Chief took over the 2nd, POTS discovered the 3rd and D.F. and in general everybody looked forward to the coming weekend. During that week ASRE fitted new D.F. loops with specific instruction not to scrape the special paint—it took a good week of the O.D.'s time to get them gleaming under the auspices of Jimmy!

At first, mess life bewildered Eustace. Strange people kept appearing and vanishing. Who were they? After about 3 days he had his answer. Bunts! He even discovered a Coder buried beneath a pile of H.E.T. papers and a book on "Calculus Simplified". Under the competent organisation of the killicks the things necessary for an efficient office were soon organised. Namely a bucket plus scrubber and cloth, 200 Kc's, and the "Daily Mirror". Of course Eustace went bundles on the equipment. In particular the two 603's fascinated him, while the

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RATT—well, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. After a few days a new personality began to make itself felt. Yes, it was Chief. To Eustace's delight Chief showed him how to tune the 603 the correct way and before long the Mechs. had their first outstanding job of the comish. But Eustace was not deterred. The 618 in the 2nd interested him, Chief gave him a greater chance than he anticipated; the 2nd was to be his cleaning station.

After a week *Childness* went to sea to find out if things worked properly. An unknown voice began bellowing into the intercom! Later it was identified as that of the C.Y.S., "ZJ int 1" was heard. Over the A.I.C. another voice (Jimmy) told someone to shut a screen door using Q.S.Z. procedure. (The reason I mentioned Q.S.Z. was because he hasn't stopped using it since and quite frankly its getting us down).

Then came the climax. Chief uttered:—
"Eustace set watch L.C.N." This was it. No more tall stories, no more "When I was there" stories, but the real thing. Painfully he swallowed.
"Me Chief?", he muttered. His voice sounded very hoarse.

"Yes you, Bay 3. The 602E is plugged through."
To him those staccato phrases spelt disaster.

A deathly hush fell on the office. Only the high powered fan could be heard. The killicks apparently unconcerned sat smoking nearby with a "Now we'll know" expression, the O.D.'s stopped work and stared; Chief developed a sudden interest in the notice-board and in general the tension rose by leaps and bounds.

Design 5. HT on . . . click . . . The green light glowed. There was no holding back. Eustace, sweat glistening on his brow blinked twice and with a damp palm set the key off in a rhythmic clicking. In his phones faint morse quickly sang back at him. He had been expected. The first entry into a new log was made.

MTN DE GKYT ZKE K
GKYT DE MTN R AR

It was all over. Up spirits was piped and miraculously the Chief disappeared. The killicks took on a human look and barked the O.D.'s into life. The new comish had started.

FN NOIC (T)
TO NHQ
INFO TISSA GAMBIA
C OF N's 210435z NOTAL. Request strength of R Cy Band and details of all instruments.

2. Request following marches be brought
 - (i) Old Comrades.
 - (ii) Abide with Me in A Flat.

DTG 210548 Z

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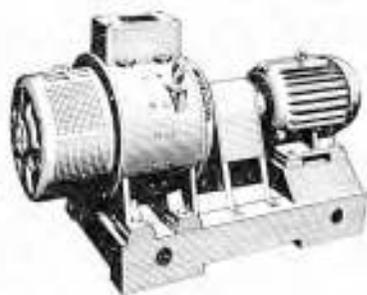
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Result of Easter Competitions

No eligible entries for either the **CARTOON** or **PHOTOGRAPHIC** sections were received so no award is made.

The result of the "**MERCURY MARCH**" competition is still undecided (see Editorial on page 5).

The **SPECIAL FEATURE** competition has a dual award—"George" for "Requiem for a Frog" (page 23) and "McHammock" for "To Those Entitled" (page 19)—they will each receive two guineas.

A NIGHT ON THE MOORS

It was a cold clear day in February when my friend and I left the camp on an "Initiative Test", our destination—Dartmoor Prison. This all sounds simple, but we had to abide by the following rules: To be back in the camp in under 24 hours, to take only fourpence in cash to make a telephone call if necessary, and finally, not to break the law in reaching our objective.

We left the camp at approximately 1230 and started walking towards Bristol. After an hour we reached Staple Hill and got our first lift. The owner of a green jeep took us on the main Bridgewater Road.

We did not have to wait long before a fruit lorry stopped at a garage, which at that moment we happened to be passing. The driver was an ex-Corporal in the R.A.F. and seemed very pleased to have some company. He was going to Cornwall, but said he would drop us off at Exeter. After passing through Taunton steam started to rise from the engine, and we were forced to stop at a nearby transport cafe. We were lucky enough to get a lift in a car, which had just drawn up, after giving our friend, Tel. (S) Peasey a lift.

The driver took us to the other side of Exeter and we started walking towards Ashburton, a distance of 25 miles. We had been walking about an hour and a half when a car stopped to our persistent thumbing! We were compensated a little by the knowledge that the driver was passing through Ashburton.

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Ashburton. We made enquiries at a local restaurant and found that it was 14½ miles to Princetown, and that it was practically impossible to get a lift to the prison at this time of night. There was only one thing to do—walk. So off we started on the long trek.

We went up Chase Hill which was very steep (1 in 4), through Newbridge with the River Dart underneath. Then up Newbridge Hill, through Dartmeet and on to Poundsgate. We then came out onto the moors and with the wind howling across the empty spaces it seemed very ghostly. We came across plenty of wild ponies, in fact, we sheltered with a few during a brief shower. At last, after four hours of walking we came into Princetown. We went straight to the prison gate, and told the warders the nature of our visit. They gave us a stamp and signature as proof of our visit. One warder jokingly said "You're not stopping then?" At which we remarked "Haven't got the time mate!" and off we set on our return journey.

We were lucky this time, as we were able to get an Army lorry back to Ashburton. It just happened that the Army were doing exercises on the moors. We walked about seven miles from Ashburton before getting another lift for a short distance.

We had a couple of hour's sleep on a bench by the main road, before we were awakened by a police patrol car. They wanted to know why we were loitering at that time of the morning. After explaining to them and showing them our pay books they drove on—without even giving us a lift!

As it was already five o'clock in the morning we decided to walk on. We soon got a lift by lorry to Bridgewater and with various other lifts reached Bristol just before nine o'clock. We had to walk to Staple Hill, or to be more accurate we just about crawled there. We managed to get a lift in a lorry from there to the camp and arrived at the main gate just before ten o'clock.

Looking back over the visit I'm wondering whether they should change the title of "Initiative Test" to "Endurance Test"! Although I thoroughly enjoyed this new exploit it took the whole of my long week-end before I could walk properly on my sore feet. But, to tell the truth, it was worth it and I'm looking forward to the next one.

What one dit can do.

From CENTAUR to F.O.A.C. Info EAGLE (After carrying out a strike on the 'enemy' carrier).

Have carried out strike on one bird class carrier. Signal as received in EAGLE.

Have carried out strike on one third class carrier. Result: Acid feelings in EAGLE for a week until CENTAUR learnt the worst and rectified the mistake!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We thank Mr. Ted Wilkins of Hambledon for the cartoons on pages 10, 11, 14, 25 and 35.

Introducing the *Redifon* Type **RA.10**

A NEW TRANSISTORISED SSB ISB RECEIVER ADAPTOR

- DSB/SSB/ISB Reception.
- Full, partially suppressed or totally suppressed carrier.
- Upper/Lower Sideband Selection.
- AFC correction ± 3 Kc/s.
- Self-contained - A.C. Power Unit and Dual A.F. Amplifiers.
- Built-in monitor speaker and tuning indicator.



Facilities:

Reception of:

- (a) DSB full carrier signals using either sideband reconditioned or local carrier with AFC or local carrier without AFC.
- (b) SSB partially suppressed carrier signals (up to 26 dB) using upper or lower sideband reconditioned or local carrier with AFC or local carrier without AFC.
- (c) SSB totally suppressed carrier signals using upper or lower sidebands - local carrier without AFC.
- (d) ISB partially suppressed carrier signals (up to 26 dB) - reconditioned or local carrier with AFC or local carrier without AFC.
- (e) ISB totally suppressed carrier signals - local carrier without AFC.

The RA.10 is completely self-contained with A.C. Power Unit and built-in dual A.F. Amplifiers, thus eliminating the need for interlocking with existing receiver power and audio wiring. Separate audio outputs associated with the upper and lower sideband are provided and a monitor speaker may be switched to either channel as required. The use of transistors reduces the size, weight, power consumption and heat dissipation to a minimum.

Input Impedance:
75 ohms.

Input Level:
0.1 Volt, r.m.s.

Unwanted Sideband Rejection:
Better than 50 dB.

Intermodulation products:
Better than 30 dB down.

Automatic Frequency Control:
Up to ± 3 Kc/s.

A.F. Response:
300-3000 c/s. within ± 4 dB.

A.F. Output:

(a) 1.5 W. at 3 ohms for external loudspeaker.

(b) 0.5 W. at 3 ohms for internal speaker.

(c) 4 mW at 600 ohm balanced (upper sideband).

(d) 6 mW at 600 ohm balanced (lower sideband).

(e) Low impedance headphones output, internal speaker muted when in use.

Tuning Indicator:

A meter is provided to assist in tuning the adaptor.

Power Supply:
100, 125 and 200-250 V.

50-40 c/s. Single Phase, A.C.

Power Consumption:
30 W. approx.

Dimensions:
19" wide x 3" high x 13" deep.

Weight:
27 lbs.

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GOING THE ROUNDS IN "MERCURY"

CHIEFS' CHATTER

As this is being compiled, *Mercury* is in the grip of one of these icy spells, with which all who have spent a winter here will be far too familiar. We had fog, snow, frost, ice, in fact the lot; as usual, quite often the R.A. coaches on the hill have to substitute the manpower of their passengers for the horsepower of their engine.

The mess remains pretty much the same as when we last went to press, except that the numbers of members has increased, and we are now 82, but there have been some outside changes, some of the flowerbeds have given way to grass, and there are more and improved car park facilities.

During the Term we have welcomed C.R.S. Hamblin from Ceylon W/T, C.R.S. Hollywood and C.C.Y. Andrews from Devonport, and C.C.Y. Ovenden from *Vigo*. In addition C.R.S. King is paying us a fleeting visit before going on to Singapore, C.R.S. Walker comes from *Dryad*, C.C.Y. Bill en route to *Tiger*, C.C.Y. Cotterill from Hong Kong, C.C.Y. Mayers from *Diamond*, C.R.S. Peichey from Malta, C.C.Y. Cox on promotion and C.R.S. Lawes en route to *Shotley*.

After a long sojourn the skids have recently been placed under C.R.S. Bellamy who is leaving for *Belfast* after giving us a long spell of yeoman service on the mess committee. The bar at our social won't be the same without him. Also leaving us is another stalwart on the mess committee after serving us well as secretary, S.C.P.O. (S) Wyre to *Bermuda*, C.R.S. Sullivan who many will remember from his term of office as Mess President, is going to *Tyne*, C.R.S. Clapson is detailed to *Zest* and C.R.S. Harding to *Dryad*.

The main social functions held in the mess during the Winter Term were a great success. We gave our dinner and stag for C.P.O.s of the Canadian Squadron which visited Portsmouth, this was enjoyed very much by all, then, over the Christmas period there was the usual Children's party, again a great success, but best of all, the Xmas dance provided us with what was most probably the greatest number ever to attend a C.P.O.s' dance. We all hope this will be maintained in our social activities of the future.

"P.O.s' PATTEN"

This has been such a short Term that one has found oneself caught napping with this contribution. It is being written almost at the point of a gun. I might warn future Secretaries that towards the end of each Term, the President, not to mention others, looks meaningfully towards the Sec., muttering something about "Communicator . . . time we had it in . . . you'll produce something of course? . . ."

Having started, what can one write about? There was the usual Christmas Dance and Children's Party. Both apparently a success. A new addition to the Christmas festivities was the Mess Dinner. This proved popular and, depending upon Mess finances, may become a feature at each Term end. It so pleased the President that he handed cigars to each of the Mess Committee! The photograph was taken by C.Y. Tunks.

Talking of Presidents—we have had yet another change. R.S. Jones is now C.R.S., and at the time of writing, Keith Smith is taking over. Other promotions you will see at the back of this Magazine. All that needs to be said is that Jack West chose a



P.O.'s Mess Dinner

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Plessey

good way in which to dodge a draft to the Far East. He considers he is now eligible for a further period of stopped draft in *Mercury*—as a Chief! However, congratulations to all who came to the end of the 'long wait'.

On to sport. Fred Starmer now has a fellow active member on the rugger field, the Mess soccer team still remains unbeaten—the only one in the league. The hockey team are unbeaten after one game.

SPORT

At last we can announce a windfall! Their Lordships have appropriated £15,000 to the development of Hyden Wood into a first class sports ground. It is hoped that work on the project will be starting shortly and when completed will provide full size rugger and hockey pitches and a thirty yard cricket square. The development will enable a four lap to the mile running track—six lanes—to be used during the athletics season.

Before the ground work starts we are hoping to obtain approval for work on the pavilion to get under way. Approval for the latter however is still awaited.

Soccer. Since the last bulletin the standard of soccer has shown a marked improvement and since Christmas the Establishment XI have played their weekly fixtures and have come through without defeat. The invasion from Devonport of the Junior Signal Ratings has in no small way contributed to the revival.

Hockey. Unfortunately the XI met its "Waterloo" against H.M.S. *Daedalus* in the Navy Cup Competition by 3 goals to 1. Owing to other commitments it has not been possible to field our strongest team this Term but nevertheless the results have been satisfactory.

Rugger. The shield for the winners of "B" League in the Command has been awarded to us and will shortly be residing in the trophy case.

In the Command Knock-out Competition the XV reached the semi-final, when, in a hard fought

contest against H.M.S. *Victory* we were beaten by 11 points to 8. It should be said that we were handicapped by the loss of two players due to injury.

A large number of the team have again this Term represented various United Services XV's at the weekends. R.O.3. Stephenson again is selected for the U.S. 1st XV.

Cross Country. In the Spring Championships held at Southwick we said 'goodbye' to the trophy we won the year before. Once again the competition was very high, H.M.S. *Victory* winning the Senior Trophy. To all our runners hearty congratulations for their endeavours.

Boxing. L.T.O. Coquerel and R.O.3 Moonlight have both represented the Command team this year and show signs of becoming invaluable members of the team for some time to come. Unfortunately both are in the same weights and thus one has to give way on eating if both are to fight on the same programme. Moonlight has been fortunate to eat and thus make a higher weight.

Last month a fixture was held against *Dryad* in the Signal School Dining Hall and many interesting bouts were seen. The contest was very close *Dryad* winning by 4 bouts to 3. A pity they could not have matched both Coquerel and Moonlight, who for the benefit of the spectators put on a first class exhibition bout—without doubt the best of the evening.

Inter-part games are now reaching a climax with all parts of ship going flat out to win the respective competitions. The winter season will finish with the rugby sevens due to start a fortnight before the end of Term.



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COMMUNICATIONS GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS

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

Name	Rank	Whence	Whither
Sir PETER ANSON, B.E.L.	Commander	Albert	Tactical School
W. J. B. G. AYRES	Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Whitehall W/T
S. F. BERTON	Commander	F.C.O. Med.	J.S.S.C.
G. A. F. BOWER	Lt.-Cdr.	Newfoundland	Sea Eagle
M. BROAD	Lt. (SD) (C)	Vigo	Ausonia
H. A. CHEETHAM	Lt.-Cdr.	Royal Charlotte	R.A.F. Pucklechurch
W. G. DARTNELL	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Sheffield	Mercury
W. M. DAWSON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Staff of CINCFMED	Delight
D. DOBSON	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Vigo
L. G. DURLACHER, O.R., O.R.E., D.S.C.	Vice Admiral	F.O.2 i/c F.E.S.	Admiralty
P. ELIAS, D.S.M.	Lt. (SD) (C)	Aphrodite	Flowerdown
M. C. EVELIGH	Lt.-Cdr.	Philomet	Staff of C-in-C Portsmouth
I. FERGIE WOODS	Lt.	Grenville	Teazer
R. D. FRANKLIN	Lt.-Cdr.	Newfoundland	Albion
G. FROUD, D.S.M.	Lt. (SD) (C)	B.N.T.S. Turkey	Mercury
A. W. GARDON	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Afrikaner
P. W. W. GRAHAM, D.N.C.	Captain	Diana	Comnavnorth
C. F. GRAY	Lt. (SD) (C)	Bellerophon	Terror
D. W. GREEN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Eagle	Mercury
C. W. F. HAMMOND, D.S.M.	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Staff of C-in-C Plymouth
The Viscount KILBURN, D.N.C.	Captain	Tyne	Commodore, R.N.B. Ports- mouth
T. M. LAING	Lt.	Duchess	Mercury
P. R. LEES	Lt.	Mercury	Signal Division
D. R. LEWIS	Lt.-Cdr.	Staff of C-in-C Plymouth	D.N.I.
W. H. M. MACKILLIGAN	Lt.-Cdr.	Vigilant	Staff of C-in-C Plymouth
A. J. MARDIN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Terror
E. W. McCULLOUGH	Sub.-Lt.	S.T.C. Devonport	Belfast
P. A. MYTTON	Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Pucklechurch	Whitehall W/T
D. A. P. O'REILLY	Lt.-Cdr.	Mercury	Surprise
R. J. P. W. FERRISMAN	Lt.	Torquay	Scarborough
A. M. RALPH	Lt.-Cdr.	D.F.C.O. Med.	Tyne
J. J. RIGGS	Lt. (SD) (C)	Diana	Mercury
C. W. ROBERTSON	Commander	J.S.S.C.	Staff of CINCFMED
I. ROTHWELL	A/Sub.-Lt. (SD) (C)	Flowerdown	Mercury
M. SANDS	Lt.	Flag Lt. to C-in-C Med.	Staff Course
B. K. SHATTOCK	Lt.-Cdr.	Birmingham	Gambia
D. E. SHUTT	Lt. (SD) (C)	Mercury	Central Staff Med.
J. A. SHUTTLEWORTH	Lt.-Cdr.	Signal Division	Flowerdown
V. SIBLEY	3rd Officer	Mercury	Rooke
M. E. St. O. WALL	Lt.-Cdr.	Sea Eagle	Staff of F.O.A.C.
K. M. TEARE	Lt.-Cdr.	Signal Division	B.J.S.M. Washington
J. R. G. TRENDSMAN	Captain	Staff of CINCFMED	President
A. F. TILLEY	Lt.	A.W. Squadron	A.W.H.Q.
J. F. VAN DEN ARND	Lt.	Vigilant	Flag Lt. to C-in-C Med.
C. J. WHIFFEN	Lt. (SD) (C)	Afrikaner	S.T.C. Chatham
M. L. WOOLLCOMBE	Commander	B.J.S.M. Washington	F.C.O. Med.

PROMOTIONS

To Commander

G. H. MANN

C. RUSHY

To Lieutenant Commander

E. M. G. HEWITT

P. M. STANFORD

LONG 'C' COURSE

Lieutenants M. FULFORD DONSON

T. J. W. SERGEANT

H. M. BALFOUR

M. A. STOCKTON

R. M. ALLEN

J. T. LORD

J. PENNY

T. F. R. CROZIER

J. M. S. ELKINS

N. I. C. KETTLEWELL

D. T. HUNT, R.A.N.

W. H. KELLY, S.A.N.

Communication Yeoman to Chief Communication Yeoman

A. T. BILE (15.11.58)

T. E. WARDEN (16.11.58.)

A. J. ANDREWS (29.11.58.)

C. BARTLETT (13.12.58.)

J. APPLETON (21.12.58.)

G. BENFIELD (30.12.58.)

J. COX (31.12.58.)

RETIREMENTS

C. D. SHEAD

T. R. BROOKS, M.B.E.

E. E. COLGATE

G. H. H. CULME SEYMOUR

Lt. (SD) (C) (A.F.O. 1955/57)

Lt.-Cdr. (SD) (C) (A.F.O. 1955/57)

Lt. (SD) (C) (A.F.O. 1955/57)

Lt.-Cdr.

SUMMER 1959
COMPETITIONSENTRIES MUST REACH THE EDITOR
BY JULY 6th

- SPECIAL FEATURE:
PRIZE OF 3 GUINEAS
- CARTOON:
PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA
- PHOTOGRAPH:
PRIZE OF 1 GUINEA

The decision of the Editor is final

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