

SINGAPORE M.S.C.

With the lapse of the appointment of F.O.M.A., the Commander in Chief F.E.S. hauled down his flag at Phoenix Park and took over the Administrative Block in the Naval Base as his headquarters. Any Communicator who has been dragged from his hammock to go and collect a classified 'OP' by hand from Phoenix Park will appreciate the distance over which the office equipment, furniture and files had to be shifted; others can contact L/Sig. Connor who will give a graphic description of every yard of the eighteen miles involved. The transition was organised by Lt.-Cmdr. Jessop (F.C.A.) who saw to it that not only did we stay in business the whole time, but that our standard of service never faltered. True, "Minimise F.E.S." was ordered (a doubtful asset as the volume of deferred traffic seemed to increase automatically) but even though the last day's traffic in Phoenix Park was handled by the watch squatting around like coolies at a bus stop, not as much as a

weather report went astray. The forenoon watch on the 13th March swung smoothly into operation from the Naval Base.

After three months, however, the settling-in process is still going on. The F.C.O., Cmdr. E. C. Thorne, R.N.Z.N., is still engaged in a staff battle to get a streamlined distribution system working, and S/Lt. Stanley is busy on a time and motion study in the M.S.O. The crypto staff, their office acoustically panelled and air-conditioned before our arrival, have nothing much to worry about except the imminent departure of Miss Cheshire, which is causing gloom and despondency. During her time with us, she has learned a considerable amount about customs in the Senior Service, and acquired a glossary of naval terminology without losing any of her ultra-femininity.

In the social sphere, we have recently had a Communications Dance in the Kranji Club. A lot of hard work was put in by Tel. Parsons and his helpers and the Royal Marine band performed splendidly and everybody enjoyed a fine evening. Our sporting achievements are few and far between. There are stalwart Communicators who turn out for soccer and hockey (in teams composed mainly of Writers and Seamen messengers), but as most of us are continuously watch-keeping, organised sport has proved too difficult for anyone to get enthusiastic about. We do have devotees of other sporting activities, the indoor variety being as popular in Singapore as anywhere else. Yeoman Bayfield (partnered by 'Ops') for instance, reckons to win a canteen of cutlery at any whist drive. On the pampas, roping instruction is given by L./Sig. Holland, our talented star with a lasso. Among the motoring fraternity, Yeo. Crouch hopes to get into the Stirling Moss class after enough practice up the Yio Chua Kan and Thompson Roads, whilst Yeo. Edwards, whom he relieves, hopes it won't be too long before he achieves it.

S.T.C. KRANJI

From this seat of learning in a far flung outpost of the British Empire (is the last still an obscene word?) we salute our Alma Mater, and offer the following, in the hope that it may be of interest, even to those who (perish the thought) go down to the sea in ships.

Those of you who remember the S.T.C. with affection or tolerance, depending on whether one was R.A. or Victualled, will be interested to know that improvements, long mooted, have at last been carried out, and the grim-looking, dilapidated one-storied building, has been made to look even more grim and dilapidated, by the addition of a new second storey.

In this storey, there are now five airy and bright classrooms, plus the Training and Regulating Office. The old Voice Room has been converted into a W/T P.P./Instructional Cinema/Voice Room. The 'Fingals Cave' at the back of the old building

has been converted into a Technical Transmitter Classroom, linked by a KHF with a 'mock-up' of a Frigate's B.W.O., complete with RATT, on the upper storey. Of the remaining four classrooms up top, one is a V/S model room, one a Teleprinter/Typewriting classroom, and the remaining two, lecture rooms. The old Number One classroom, is lost to us, and has been commandeered by a detachment of the cloak and dagger brigade (complete with Sandeman hats and cloaks).

Apart from the actual erection of the classrooms, most of the internal work has been carried out by the S.T.C. staff themselves, plus that Welsh Wizard of Electronics (well known to ex Kranji-ites), 'Taff' Owens of S.E.E. Dept., without whose wholehearted co-operation and advice, the S.T.C. would not, even now, be functioning.

All the six instructors here, are participants in the 'native stakes' run each day at the appointed hour, the only handicapper being the opening hours of the bar, and while waiting for starters orders, each of us tries desperately hard to ignore the huge whacks of L.O.A. and R.A. bestowed upon us by a benevolent government.

Life here is good, but we still manage to get through a fair proportion of prospective candidates.

We have had Communicators from practically all the ships in the Far East, for 'Q' courses, Refresher Courses and Examinations, including a representation from R.M.N. and R.M.N.V.R. We've had Australians, New Zealanders and (even *Mercury* can't match this) Communicators from the Fijian Volunteer Reserve. In fact, every year something like 200 have passed through our hands.

Being martyrs to duty, we don't really want early reliefs, so cure your impetuous desire to volunteer to relieve us of our arduous duties. In spite of snakes, the heat, dampness and strikes, we still feel we can best serve our Queen and Country, by struggling on, thus releasing the cream of the branch (you, dear reader) for Her Majesty's Ships.