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# RNARS Newsletter



*Summer 1998*



# ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

(Affiliated to Radio Society of Great Britain)

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Front Cover photograph — Don G3HZL and young friends — See page 5.

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# CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

By Kerry Ambler G8RWE #2419

Yes! Another new Chairman! Trevor Day has now taken up his appointment in *HMS Montrose* as WEO, and I have just taken over as your new Chairman. I thought it appropriate to start with a short resume of my connection with the RNARS. I became licensed at the tender age of 15 and joined the RN in 1983 as a Wren Radio Operator. Almost immediately upon joining *HMS Mercury*, Mick Puttick sought me out and ordered me to join the Society — I think my response was "Yes Chief!". I spent almost 5 years on the 'Lower Deck' before being promoted. My appointments since then have all (except for one) been in the Communications world, to include a 'foreign' working for NATO in Belgium. Upon my return to the UK in 1994 I was appointed to Commcen Whitehall in London and joined the RNARS Committee. Just over two years ago I joined *HMS Collingwood* as the New-Entry communication Training Officer, an appointment that includes acting as Ex Officio.

Simon Lewis GM4PLM, is currently serving in the establishment and has kindly volunteered to act as the temporary Ex Officio until he returns to Faslane in October this year. I expect the replacement Ex

Officio to be a Warrant Officer rather than a Lieutenant, and this will make the Committee's life easier as a separate 'sponsor' to liaise with the WO and Senior Rates Mess will not be needed. As you may have noticed we also have a new Patron. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Edward Ashmore will be spending most of his time abroad in future, and Admiral Sir Peter Abbott has kindly agreed to become our Patron.

Admiral Abbott hopes to be able to attend the AGM. One more change is imminent! Commodore John Chadwick will be relieved by Commodore Peter Davies CBE on 21st July. Commodore Chadwick has been very supportive of the Society and has been consistently impressed with the enthusiasm and dedication of the members. He leaves us to be promoted Rear Admiral and becomes FLAG OFFICER TRAINING AND RECRUITING (FOTR).

I hope that our new President will be able to attend the AGM.

Speaking of the AGM. Mick Puttick has kindly offered to organise the Social in the usual venue. There is plenty of accommodation available in the Mess at a very reasonable rate (Roughly £15 for two nights with all meals and roughly £6 for one night with evening meal and breakfast). The Social event promises to be the usual success and I hope will be well

supported. There have been mixed reactions to this Rally. The attendance was doubtless affected by the poor weather as well as by the adverts going in rather late. Unfortunately, overall the Society lost money on the day. However, we are confident that next year will be much better and hopefully, not so wet! There seems little doubt that the vast majority prefer the traditional format to combining the event with Field Gun Day, and I am sure this will be a topic for discussion at the AGM. As you will no doubt remember, Tom Biddlecombe often used to say "its only a hobby". My Motto is *"Don't knock a volunteer"*. We are all busy people nowadays and any voluntary commitment takes away some of our precious time. All volunteers deserve our gratitude and support. The Society always needs volunteers, and if you are interested in serving on the Committee or helping to organise any of our events, please write to the Secretary or myself.

I look forward to seeing you at the A.G.M. 73's Kerry.

## SECRETARY'S SCRAWL

You will recall I am sure, that at the last AGM the Chairman announced that I would be relinquishing my position as Honorary Secretary, to date from the 1998 AGM. No-one has volunteered to take over as Secretary yet! I cannot stress enough that despite what some of our members think — You DO NEED a Secretary and you need one before the next A.G.M. in order that he or she can take over when the new Officers and Committee are announced. I have enjoyed doing the job and have derived a lot of satisfaction from it, however I have no choice in the matter. I am unable to continue and must resign the position at the next AGM.

I note that some members have taken the point that the forthcoming increase in Subscriptions is totally due to the increases caused by the Newsletter. This is not the fact at all although there have obviously been some increases there. The Committee have been very worried over the past years, and more so just recently, that we are having to make use of the Building Society Accounts to keep the Society running. Our Treasurer has been asked to provide a break-down of the Society Fiscal state over the last ten years, which he will produce at the forthcoming A.G.M. This should show that our

accounts have been showing a consistent downwards movement during this time. This means that the Society is living beyond its means and has therefore had to dig into its financial assets. It is this, along with other increasing costs which has prompted your Committee to suggest that an increase from £7 to £10 per annum would alleviate this problem, at least for a period of time, probably another ten years. I can think of no other Society or Club which has not increased its annual subscription each year since we had our last increase. In fact most other Clubs and Societies charge an annual subscription and another fee for any weekly or monthly club activity.

Now to the mundane points which need to be brought up in this epistle. Once again I have received letters and telephone calls and even a "Visitor" with various things to say about the Newsletter and the general running of the Society. I have also been informed of the very few members of the various nets who are very strong on how the Society should be run and how the Committee are not doing their job correctly. I personally feel very strongly that these views should not be aired over the air, rather that they be communicated to my "office" in writing so that it can be investigated, considered and where

necessary corrected. On the air anyone can listen, get half of the truth and tarnish our good name. I only wish that these few would put their actions and energies into a written complaint or suggestion so that the Committee can act to put the matter right. This vociferous few who are giving our Society a very tarnished name with other amateurs World-wide. If they would only engage their brains before opening their vocal orifices things would probably be better all round. The people who do most for the Society are those who do not shout about what they are doing and those who do the least are those who shout the loudest at all times.

Having said the above, I do hope that it will sink in to the right places and we shall have no more bellyaching over the nets. If you wish to make a point, however trivial, write a letter to the Secretary and IT WILL BE BROUGHT UP IN COMMITTEE. Where a decision will be taken and communicated to the necessary people concerned. For those of you who are sufficiently interested, I shall be moving up into the Midlands and will be back on the air as soon as I can get a set of aerials up, in the meantime I shall also be Mobile for a period whilst I sort out a suitable abode. I can still be contacted via John/G4VUG who is looking after my mail forwarding



etc., and for which I thank him most gratefully. It does show that a few members do have the good and continuous running of the Society at heart.

I have nothing further to say this time but I am ever hopeful of receiving volunteers for the post of Secretary before the next A.G.M. when the Committee will be able to take a vote on who — of the many — will be voted in to take over from me.

All for now,  
73 es 88 deWally G4DIU.

## **ENCOURAGING THE NEXT GENERATION**

By Don G3HZL

There are lots of comments these days about Amateur Radio dying on its feet because of the lack of young recruits to our wonderful and exciting hobby. Often we hear radio amateurs being compared to train spotters and others known as the anorak brigade. Well, I have been trying to dispel that negative image and it has been great fun. It all began with Thinking Day On The Air in February of this year. First moves in the weeks preceding that event, was to visit the Guides and Brownies in this district, Threapwood Division that is. Fortunately our local District leader, Ilsa Cheeseman is G1DOG, so

she was all in favour, as long as I did the organising and provided gear and operators. I found the Brownies and Guides to be very interested and enthusiastic and I really enjoyed my visits. Drumming up support from our club members was much more difficult, we have 60 plus members in our local club, but only four were prepared to give me some of their time, others wanted to know if a bar was being provided, what do they think we teach the young ladies and I can operate without the necessity of an alcoholic fix every few minutes.

On the 15th of February we (the few, and as normal the oldies) erected masts and rigged antennas at our local Church hall, ready for the 21st and Thinking Day. Came the day and conditions were lousy, so negative HF operation and conditions even on 80 were not all that brilliant, so the lasses were disappointed that we did not manage to speak with more distant parts, but with just a simple dipole at 40 feet high, we did well to contact a reasonable number of other TDOTA stations and the sixty plus young ladies, ranging from five year old Rainbows to 17 year old Guides, plus adult leaders and parents all enjoyed themselves. It is a good venue, with a kitchen, so plenty of tea, coffee and soft drinks to sustain life. Every girl spoke to at least one station, some wanted to speak to every one

and I know ten Brownies who grabbed the mike ten times. A very tired G3HZL eventually closed the station on Sunday morning and with assistance lowered the mast, at least we know what to do next year, but I will not have girls staying overnight, despite the fact some wanted to. There is only one large room and I was kipping there, so unless partitions are provided I am not being left alone with lots of young girls. Since that event I have been spreading the word, by visiting them all again and teaching them a little more about communications and so far 31 Brownies now have their communications badges and that's

only two packs completed and we have at least another seven in our district, in fact I nearly ended up as a male Tawny Owl at the last pack, the girls wanted to know if I could come every week, but they are an enthusiastic lot around here and it is something that a lot of us in the hobby could do (maybe there would not be so many objections to masts going skywards if we spread ourselves around a bit). It does not involve too much hard work, its mainly time, but two meetings usually suffices to teach the basics for the badge and you see some very interesting designs for QSL cards, some of these young lasses are



*Club Classroom — from left, Marianne, Chrizanne, one male pupil hidden behind Chris G4OUG my co-instructor.*





*Rebecca the one who prepares attractive food, at nine she is taller than Brown Owl.*

excellent artists. The most difficult part is fulfilling the speaking on the air section of the badge (not essential) and that means dismantling my station, making up simple antennas, arranging for another radio amateur to be on the air to provide the other end of the link, fortunately our club treasurer is always willing to come up and so far we have used 28MHz and 144MHz, antennas are easy to make and rig for those bands. The best part, its fun and we are introducing young blood to our great hobby, do not forget we have a rapidly ageing amateur radio population and we must do our level best to introduce

youngsters to the sport. One nine year old is beginning the novice course this Wednesday (19th May), and I am hoping that many more will follow in Marianne's footsteps (I will keep you up to date on her progress), me being the novice instructor for my pains, I do my level best to get the young blood and its handy, Nick and Andy who were successful in the exam in December, have done all the tree climbing for me, so you can thank them for the improvements in the G3HZL signals, they are also learning the code (guess who the instructor is — me once again). Things are progressing wonderfully, I have been to the

Fulford Brownie pack for six consecutive Mondays, because Brown Owl Linda has had no second adult, it seems that mothers are just as reluctant to give up their time as are the majority of radio amateurs and I have been invigilator for many other badges, it is easy to judge art work, preparation of food, I would have readily eaten what young Rebecca prepared (I was always the only one who would sample my sisters cooking, when she was at school, I have a cast iron stomach).

Ex matelots of my vintage can also judge such things as sewing, I was always having to re-do my sea cadets attempts (some times their mothers attempts at sewing on their badges), oh how I hated a badge that was just tacked on. Last week I introduced the lasses to the morse code, some had a natural rhythm and they could easily become proficient in the code. Next thing is signal flags (any one possess a set of bunting?), but I expect that I will have to use stocks of coloured paper, they will be also given talks on HMS Belfast, HMS Plymouth and those ships histories, have plenty of material for that task. One good thing it keeps you feeling young and the girls have their wish of me coming every week granted. The novice class is progressing well and I have another nine year girl amongst the pupils, Chrizanne, her mother

Kim who is on the course said that Chrizanne wanted to come and I said bring her along and she is a bright youngster, hopefully three more YL's on the bands sometime in October and all three want to learn the code, so if you hear them on 80 cw, please, please encourage them.

Our team of novice tutors have had no failures since we began, a couple of drop outs, but all who have sat the exam have passed and the ages have ranged from eleven to seventy plus, but its the youngsters I am after. A station will be operated from Marsh Primary School Summer Fair, so another chance to recruit a few more youngsters to the hobby. So come on you others, get off your rear ends and get out into the community and pass on your knowledge, its better than hiding yourself away in your shacks and hopefully your XYL will trust you. It is an ideal way of making your retirement much more interesting and do not come up with the usual excuses, such as "I can't teach", everyone can teach, but please, please do not talk down to the youngsters, treat them like equals and keep to first names, build up a good relationship and they will respond. Be prepared to answer probing questions, but try to as truthful as you can in your replies, do not try to blind them with science, because todays children

often know more than you do and they are much more computer literate than I will ever be. It will keep your grey matter stirred up, which should help you to live a longer and more rewarding life.

Don, G3HZL

## **G**UINEA PIGS by Graham GOLEH

I suppose it all really started with the usual banter on board HMS Belfast at the Easter week activity period between Bob G0FEK, Rudy ON4AGV and myself. Anyway nothing more was thought of it until one afternoon in July when I was working in the garden and my wife Sandy came to find me to say that Bob (that Marine cook) had phoned and seemed all excited saying something about Belgium and a special call and could I please phone him back. Thinking it was a message from Rudy to say that BMARS had a special event call on sometime I duly phoned Bob to find him still excited and after muttering something about ON4CLM and Belgium and Rudy talking to the committee it soon became clear that Bob and I had been invited to Knokke to represent the London Group (HMS Belfast) RNARS as their guests in the first week in November.

When I mentioned this to Sandy she was keen that I should accept the offer as it did seem a great honour (yes she had met Rudy and Bob and still thought this) it also meant she could have a week of peace and quiet!!

After many packet messages back and forth it transpired that Bob and I were to be I quote GUINEA PIGS (who did the squeaking and who did the oinking is another story but it cost bob a fortune ).

ON4CLM is a special callsign to commemorate the relief of Knokke by the Canadians in the second world war who marched from Hoofd-plaat to Knokke and the march (34 km it seemed more like miles) is still done today by many hundreds of people of all ages to celebrate the occasion.

After a lot of discussion as to how we should go it was with Ian's G0UED help that we decided finally on "Le Shuttle", the thought of carrying all the duty free back if we went by ferry was I think the deciding factor, also we could do the round trip for £35 the way we worked it.

I arranged to pick Bob up at 0830 on the Friday morning with the wife's car (after having asked her first of course you've seen the adverts), we set off for the tunnel only to hear on the radio that an unexploded bomb had been found

and that the A13 and south carriage ways of the M25 were to be closed, so we had to go another route. We arrived at the bridge over the Thames just as the man on the toll was changing his shift to be confronted by a computer that seemed to have a bug, after about 15 minutes we were at last on our way again. On arrival at the terminal all seemed to go well until after getting our duty free's and checking to see when we were to be called for our train we discovered that we had been giving the wrong letter and it was for a train an hour later so after a visit to the help desk we were summoned to the area to await boarding, the first row went then the second row and we were just about to start our engine when it flashed up on the board that "sorry but train was full next one in 30 minutes" by this time we were wondering what else could be around the corner, we were soon to find out. Not only did we only just get on this train, last but not one, but as we entered the train we heard a rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat, you guessed it, the antenna was playing a tune on the deck head, as we came to a halt one of the crew pointed to the roof of the car so I thought I had better remove the 2 meter whip, I must admit when told we were in excess of 90 miles an hour through the tunnel I found it hard to believe as it was so

smooth, the trip through was uneventful and finally arrived in France and the sign came on start engines, so we dutifully obeyed and started to drive off only to hear rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat once again, I had taken off the wrong antenna the offending one was the car aerial, so much for our quiet arrival in Calais, all eyes being on a little white Citroen AX with two now rather red faced ex Marines in the car. As there was no fuelling station on the UK side our first priority was petrol, luckily a few hundred yards up the motorway was a petrol station so we pulled in and filled up, but the exit was not back onto the motorway but onto another road so we followed the signs for the A16 only to end up coming back past the road we had joined from, (some how we had missed the Brussels turn off) so back we go again and this time we went round the roundabout twice before finding the turn for the right road. Once on the A16 it was straight forward, motorway right through, then we saw the sign Oostende and thought it time to give Roger ON6WR a call as we had been told he would listen for us on 145.475. Yes you've guessed it, I had forgotten to put the 2 meter whip back on so we had to look for a turn off onto a minor road to put the matter right. Having done this and a quick illegal U turn to get back onto

the motorway, we put out a call for Roger to be told by Frank ONICFV that Roger was getting the jeep ready for the Saturday march and that he would guide us in. When asked, he told us we should exit at the Zeebrugge turn off, and yes, at that moment we were just passing it, so we carried on to the next turn off and when asked by Frank to give him a marker we told him we had a sign in front saying UITRICHT thinking it was a town only to be met by gales of laughter at the other end and Rudy then taking over and trying to keep his voice steady (we were later told it meant exit) and saying that we should now go back onto the other carriageway and then come off at the Zeebrugge turn off as told earlier. Then it was plain sailing into Zeebrugge only to be met by the bridge being up for a cargo ship to pass. We had been sat in the queue talking on the radio when Rudy again told us that if we went to the left and followed the road alongside the canal we would come to another bridge that would be down and it would save waiting, so no sooner said than done. Once on the bridge we came across some tram tracks and was told to watch out as cars have become stuck and visitors are prone to having accidents with the trams. Safely negotiated, we are now on our way to Oostkust and the shack to be met

outside by Rudy. I think the others were still in tears of laughter.

Once in the shack we were made at home and introduced to all the other ON's that we had not met before, we were then shown our accommodation that was to be home for the next eight days.

After setting up the camp beds and stowing our gear Rudy took us to a super market which was very much like our Cash and Carry's. We purchased food for a few days and was then taken on a trip around the area arriving back at the shack to sample a few beers with the boys, by this time I thought I had better phone Sandy to let her know we had arrived safely only to be told that the telephone booths were cards only and that as it was a holiday the shops would be shut. Once again the helpfulness of Frank showed up in the production of a card from one of the members but was told it was old and may not work. Anything was worth a try to put Sandy's mind at ease, but alas the card did not work so was hoping to get one on Saturday.

The opening of the shack was attended by some of the local dignitaries and the Canadians from the NATO base in Belgium who would be doing the march. After the presentations every one mingled and had a chat, I got chatting to a Canadian called Bob who used to



live in Sussex and was a teacher just finishing four years in Belgium and had made up his mind he was going to do the march before going back to Canada, the alarm bells should have started ringing then.

Rudy said it would be an early start in the morning as we had to be at the march early and he would take us in the jeep.

**SATURDAY** morning up at six ready by seven, no Rudy so a few contacts on the radio. Finally Rudy and Frank arrive and we are set to go. We both get in the back of the jeep and are told to sit on something soft. Have you ever wondered what it is like to travel in a refrigerated lorry that has square wheels, there were no doors on the jeep, we found out why we should sit on something soft when we started to go over the cobble stoned roads. After being overtaken by two pushbikes and a pedestrian (only joking Rudy) we arrived at Hoofdplaat the start of the march. The evening before Rudy had asked us if we wanted to stay with him and Frank in the jeep but Bob and I had made up our minds that we were going to do the march (we must have had a brain storm).

We just had time to sign in pay our fee and off we went the icicles breaking off our chin as we walked.

We started off as we meant to go on, at a leisurely but fairly brisk pace and of course after a few kilometres

was starting to be overtaken by the more vigorous walkers. After a while we heard a vehicle behind winding its way past the walkers and honking and when we turned we saw Rudy and Frank in the jeep. They said they were keeping an eye on every one; we think they were expecting to find us on the side of the road in a heap.

Before setting out on the march we had been told that Father Joseph ON6SJ would be keeping a rear guard action and pick up any stragglers in the mini-bus.

One thing we did notice was that although we were in Holland, the police gave priority to the marchers when it came to crossing the roads, cars were made to wait rather than the marchers.

Passing one of the check points we did notice Rudy and Frank getting stuck into a butty of some kind.

The first stop was in Oostburg and whilst purchasing a coffee and hot dog the lady on the stall gave us the usual biscuit that goes with coffee and when we asked if we could buy some to take with us she produced a box and said they were a gift, (this was just some of the hospitality that we were shown). We didn't stay long just time to finish our food visit the little boys room and off we went again. After another five or six kilometres we found that



the people who had overtaken us at the beginning of the march were doing so again after having spent longer at the stop so felt our plan was working. The next stop was at Retranchement, and this one did our morale no end of good. As we were entering the town we met Frank who was on foot who told us that Rudy was in the cafe on the corner. When we asked him jokingly where the jeep, our back up was, we were told it had broken down and they had to be towed in. It was now our turn to have a laugh.

Again a quick stop just to have our passes stamped and off we went.

Once again we were being overtaken by other marchers but all who passed would say hello and some would linger and ask who we were and seemed a little surprised when we explained we were ex Royal Marines, it doesn't seem that many British people have done the march.

One of the blessings was the weather, it was cold but not too cold, but the best was the heavy mist as some of the roads were straight and miles long so not being able to see the end of them was better than looking at an endless mass of tarmac.

The route takes you past the ONZ shack at Oosthoek and once reaching there thought it was just a little way to the end. How wrong we were! Mind you, as we passed

through Oosthoek the band started up, and we found ourselves marching, then as the music disappeared into the back ground we found ourselves once again looking forward to the end which seemed never to come. We found ourselves in the centre of Knokke and were trying to keep in contact with some of the other marchers but lost them in the throng of shoppers. Finally we had to ask a policeman who informed us the finish was in the market place, second turning on the left. He forgot to say that was another 2 miles away, well it seemed that far, as we turned the corner of the market place there was the tent, the end at last. We filed in, had our pass stamped for the fourth time, and was given our award, our sew on badge and car sticker that will be displayed with pride. Who said we were past it, and we were not the last finisher's!!

Mind you it then hit us that we were in a strange town, no means of transport, and the thought of that 3 kilometre walk back to Oosthoek was a nightmare, then it appeared, that apparition from heaven in the form of Peter ON4CGA who was there to pick us up with his car.

On arriving back at the ONZ shack we found that a meal had also been prepared for us, so we gingerly sat down and got stuck in, most enjoyable, the hard part was

standing up again after. Needless to say we both slept well that night.

Upon arriving back at the shack and before sitting down to a meal Frank informed me he had managed to get a card from Luc ON1DHR the Tram Mobile operator so was able to at least phone home before the Monday when the shops opened, (this part is a sore point for Bob), Luc also does an award for when he is mobile in his tram and both Bob and I have one which we hope to produce in a future newsletter.

ON6NF/M, working from a Jeep of U.S vintage an A.T.V built in 1943 that was stationed along the route with Roger ON6WR and Paul both working C.W. made many contacts and managed to keep going all day. Saturday night was spent on the radio, Bob on the HF and I on the VHF which, at 22.00 seemed to be quite open as I was making contacts into France, Netherlands, UK, and a large part of Belgium. I must admit I did enjoy the chats with the ON stations that I made contact with and I did meet a lot on the following days when the station ON4CLM was run by the different Clubs and Associations the BYLC, BAFARS, BMARS, if I have missed any I do apologise but Bob and I say thank you all for the wonderful hospitality shown us. I did make contact with one ON station who's call escapes me at the moment and was called

Joseph who mentioned that he tried to get into one of the UK nets on a Sunday morning to speak to his friends in London that turned out to be friends of mine as well, in fact we belong to the same club. Some stations wanted an HF contact as well so I was able to give them the frequency that Bob was working. At about 00.30 Sunday morn we decided to give up as the march was now beginning to tell on us and we do, I must admit, need our beauty sleep.

**SUNDAY** we awoke and did a little operating before the others arrived and once again were ready and waiting for Rudy, Frank, and Bart ON4CAB as they were going to take us to see Sluis, a very pretty little town. Both Bob and I were ushered into this smart Mercedes car that turned out to belong to Bart (someone is on a good wage) just joking Bart, and off to Sluis. We were given the history of this Town by our guides as we drove along and after finding a place to park went off to do our sight seeing. It is a town that sells everything from cheese's to gifts to bric-a-brac and even some shops that are meant to brighten up some peoples lives ( I was not going to mention the sex shops in case the wives got the wrong idea of the purpose of our trip over here). After buying our wives a few things, NOT from those shops, and a walk around

the ramparts it was time to make our way back to base. Once again the evening was spent on the radio or chatting to our excellent hosts.

**MONDAY** once again, up, and make a few contacts. Today was the AGM of the BMARS and we all assembled in the bar. The committee all very kindly agreed to hold the AGM in English so that Bob and I were able to follow. During the meeting Bob and I were very kindly presented with two tickets for the theme park on the water front in Zeebrugge. At the end of the meeting Bob and I presented to the BMARS a model of the Belfast made in pewter and also a picture. Every one seemed to be pleased and we adjourned for the usual photo session.

**TUESDAY** Rudi took us once again to do some shopping as we were getting a little low on food, and another day spent in the shack operating and chatting and trying to work out if anything that Pol said was making sense, (just joking Pol you made a great barman).

**WEDNESDAY** was our day for visiting. We'd had an invite to go and see our friendly local Bobby (policeman) Eddy ON1DJZ and then on to be shown around Bruges by Bert ON4CBM and then back to his house to eat a lovely meal, prepared by his good lady Christiane ON4CBI. We both jump in the car and I give

my instructions to Bob to shout if I start to drive on the left side of the road (he said it would probably be more of a scream) and off we go, with I think nearly all of ON land listening on the radio to give us instructions Hi. We arrived at Eddy's without too much trouble and spent a pleasant couple of hours watching a video of the Landings and relief of Knokke and having a chat. Then it was time to once again get in the car and brave the Belgian traffic (I did notice that the area we drove around the traffic was a lot lighter than in the UK especially if you are used to the London traffic) we were given instructions by Eddy at first then Rudy took over and finally Bert was able to pick us up and give instructions to his house. I must admit it was a lot easier driving on the right hand side of the road than I had expected, mind you the wife said I should find it easy as that was the side I usually drove on in the UK, sarcastic or what?. On the way to Bruges we passed through a quaint little village called Damme with it's old church and cobbled stone road, which was a lot smoother driving over in a car with round wheels Hi! We were met by Bert at the door and introduced to Christi. After a chat and a coffee, off to sightsee Bruges and take some photo's. After passing the smallest house, photographing the tallest

tower and having a coffee in the lowest cafe, it was time to return for lunch and sample some of Christi's cooking. I had mentioned before about the telephone and that in Belgium the kiosk's are card only; what I hadn't mentioned was that Bob had not yet phoned home (ET has a better track record than Bob for phoning home) and took this opportunity to do so, well almost, he actually got Christi to do it and try to calm down Daphne (Princess) but he still came away with red hot ears, and rightly so Hi. At about 23.00 whilst enjoying a coffee I suddenly realised that I had not brought the keys for the club that Rudi had given us and after a quick call on the radio we were informed that everyone would be gone by 23.30, so a quick goodbye and off we go again in the car. This time it was dark but still no problems driving, we arrived at the shack just as Rudi was about to leave and after a little more operating we also go to bed.

**THURSDAY** this was our day to visit the theme park at Zeebrugge and as Rudi was busy Frank volunteered to take us. On the way to Zebrugge Frank said to keep a look out for Barts 'Pear Tree', it's really a vertical antenna but he calls it a pear tree for planning permission Hi. Once in Zeebrugge we go straight to the theme park and have a look around. The park also

includes a Light Ship and a Russian Submarine, we were then shown the Navy Yards and told this is where Rudi works as a mechanical engineer; we did notice that all the vehicles had their bonnets up as to whether this has any bearing on Rudi's' change of career we do not know Hi. We then passed Franks place of work the Weather Bureau and after a drive around back to the shack.

**FRIDAY** and Rudi takes us to see paul ON6NF at his garage and we have a nice chat and a sample of the port. We were also going to be shown the largest chandelier in Europe that resides in the Casino in Knokke but unlucky for us the Casino was closed, so Rudi took us on a drive around the sea front and showed us the Atlantic Wall and a few other sights., then back to the shack and a bit of operating in between our packing for the trip home tomorrow.

One person who will remember Bob is Freddie ON1DLD who was the target for one of Bob's membership drives for the RNARS and the L/G.

This was also the day that Rudy had asked us to put on our Number one's to be presented with our ON4CLM Awards and also the Flanders Award which is for working stations in the boundary of the County of Flanders. This is a very

nice award that looks like parchment and is displayed on the shack wall with the other three awards. We were also presented with our Tram Drivers Radio Amateur Award for working Luc as Tram mobile on Thursday evening. Eddy had also risen from his sick bed to give us a tape each of the Relief of Knokke so it seemed like an early Christmas.

During our stay the French lorry drivers had decided that they wanted a holiday and that we should all join them and so proceeded to close off the motorways. Owing to this we both decided that the best thing was to leave early on the Saturday morning even though our train did not leave till 23.00. We drove back to Calais on the coast road, and we both advise you that if you are doing this trip and not in a hurry this is the way to go as it shows you a lot of Belgium that you will never see on the motorway. All was fine until we got to Adinkerke and met some Brits coming the other way who said there was a lorry blockade at the canal bridge but they seemed to be letting cars through. On our arrival at the bridge the lorry's were certainly there but no drivers, so we drove through gratefully and picked up the A16 to Calais. Once in Calais more shopping (in fact a lot of shopping for Bob he was still trying to sweeten up Daphne) and luckily

we were able to catch an earlier train and get home before midnight.

All told it was a very enjoyable and enlightening trip and we have since been told that the committee at ONZ and BMARS have agreed to make this a yearly event with possibly more guests being invited. If you have the chance to go, Bob and I can strongly recommend it and would like to thank all concerned. The BMARS for the invitation, all the ON'S who made us so welcome, **and of course our dear wives for allowing us to go!!!**

De Graham G0LEH.

## SWL COLUMN AND NEWS

BY DON G3HZL#12

Very little input this time, just a letter from John Swann and a phone call from Eric, RN4508 in Switzerland. Eric was a member of "Harry Tate's" navy, those heroic band of the RN Patrol Service and he would like to hear from others who suffered on those very small ships. I gather from stories I have read and heard from G4BCJ, that they were real hardships, always wet and cold and with some very eccentric skippers, but also a very close knit community. John is inquisitive about



some of the ship names that I have mentioned in my letters to him, asking where the heck were Gosling, Goldcrest and others. I can remember some of them, such as Fulmar, Blackcap, Peregrine, Kookaburra, Nuthatch, Puffin, Chaffinch but I cannot remember where some were or all the many RN Air Stations names, so come on you ex Airy Fairy's, WAFU's please write and tell me their names, it would be lovely to find a history of all the FAA establishments and their locations, plus some of the many other shore establishments, such as Ariel etc. The promise of better conditions on the bands has not been fulfilled but there was an all too short period when things began to look up and the skeds that Wally, G4DIU, Ian G3APO and myself have with George ZL4SEA were extremely good, with 579,589 and occasionally 599 reports being exchanged but its back to normal again now, with 539 being the norm and QRN levels this side being bad. Not been all that active of late, because of many other diversions, mainly Brownie Guides, I have been visiting the local packs once again and teaching them their communications badge, so far 31 young ladies now sport that badge and it looks like that is going to become an ongoing feature of my life, so if you do not hear me on the nets, I am surrounded by enthu-

siastic young ladies, dressed in Brown and Yellow. For the past six weeks I have been acting Tawny Owl with the Fulford pack, Linda (Brown Owl) having lost her helpers, although some parents have at last volunteered, but the girls want me to keep on coming and teaching them various other things. Marianne from the Fulford pack has begun the novice course, plus another nine year old, Chrizanne daughter of Kim, another of my pupils and two mature OM'S, all progressing well. I believe in putting something back into the hobby, because certain persons gave me a lot of their time when I was a young beginner and its the only way to get new blood into the hobby and do we need it, because the amateur population is becoming older and older and we need to attract the youngsters, to replace us ancient mariners, we are not going to live for ever, so please think of passing on your knowledge. Do not say you have not got the time, you make time and please do not say the young are not worth it. Give them something interesting to do and they respond. They might be a trifle boisterous at times, but they have lots of energy and extremely enquiring minds. Do not talk down to them, treat them as responsible young adults, even if they are only seven, eight and nine year olds. The Brownies all call me Don and I



prefer that, I hate being called Mister. Its fun (as John G4KGT well knows) and you will enjoy yourselves. Sorry for the short piece, but as I said no input, so unfortunately very little output.

Don, G3HZL RNARS0012.

## EDITORIAL

I never cease being amazed by people! There are those who never ever write a letter let alone a whole article! Then there are those who send in for every issue, without fail. There are those who write some very nice letters which helps this old codger to 'keep at it!' And there are those who are quietly Beavering away, helping where help is needed, always ready and willing to 'just mind the shop!' at all the Rally's, or who continue week after week, year after year doing the same job of running the Net, do you ever stop to think what that means to homelife, to have to be on the air at the particular time, regardless what else you would sooner do?

This is not what I was going to say in the Editorial this time! However the Summer Newsletter is ready to go to the printers tomorrow, and I started to write the FINALE, the Editorial, and I got to thinking of all the hours that the

'VOLUNTEERS' put in, unpaid of course! Ladies and Gentlemen I salute you and applaud your efforts, for without them our Society would not be in existence!

One last word! By the time that this has been distributed to members in the UK. We will have only two calender months left before our present Secretary hangs up his Secretarial bonnet. Wally at the moment is in the Midlands looking for a house, so it will be impossible for him to continue in his present job. The time is slipping by for learning about the job! If you are thinking of trying your hand at the job, PLEASE do it now!

One last thought, what I think is called a homily!

I do wish that the rain would stop just so that we can lift  
OUR EARLY POTATOES!  
Don

**THE CLOSING DATE  
FOR THE WINTER  
NEWSLETTER IS  
THE 23rd OCTOBER  
1998.**

# THE SHIP'S CAT

by G3LPN Phil #0193

I suppose it is true to say that most ships have them; one is almost tempted to say that they have always had 'em, but on reflection that can hardly be true. That is not to say that this was any choice of the feline population who have been around for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years — and always knew a free meal when they saw one, but rather that the goal-posts have been moved in the cat's favour over the last hundred years or so.

Back in the days of sail, and indeed up until the mid-eighteenth century, it was forbidden to even consider bringing, or allowing on board *"any furry creature, or animal alive, other than for food"* on pain of 'keelhauling', or even 'hanging from the mizzen'! It was considered extremely unlucky and further, that such animals caused disease, which on the face of it they probably did, seeing that veterinary standards were pretty low, and most so-called domestic animals probably suffered from the mange and considerable internal parasites. However, as the status of the average household moggy gradually improved, and the 'privateers' (the 'Jolly Roger' brigade) with their buccaneering ways preferred to keep weird animals with which to impress their susceptible quarry; hence the

parrot on the shoulder and the monkey dressed as one of themselves, cats suddenly found that they could get past the RN Recruiter without even having to lie about their age.

The old pirates and buccaneers were not unaware either of the fact that ships could be a home for vermin and nearly always held their compliment of rats and mice. Long before some seafaring genius had thought up the idea of hawser guards to thwart the clever tight-rope act of *rattus-rattus*, the wily Long John Silver had decided that sharing a little of his salt horse with a feline friend was no bad thing. Rats were far more ravenous and destructive than cats in any case, and not half so endearing for the average homesick sailorman. Rats had received a particular bad press too after several particularly nasty outbreaks of the plague, and once it was realised that they might indeed infect a whole ship's company the sailorman's resolve to sever any relationship whatsoever in their direction became a terrible one indeed.

Incidentally, have you ever met a matelot who has seen a small rat? I never have. Be it the smallest, most miserable and insignificant rodent that ever ventured from his ball of oakum, once spotted by a seafaring man, the instant highly vocal



reportage of it will become a shout of disbelief that rats could grow so huge.

"Hey! I've just seen a ***DIRTY GREAT RAT!***". The subsequent immediate search will be by grown men armed with deck-scrubbers, belaying pins, and Carley-float paddles sufficient to vanquish an animal the size and ferocity of a rampant rhinoceros!

Yet show any hirsute son-of-the-sea a tiny ball of fluff with whiskers and the ability to feign a miaow without actually making a sound — and he comes over all maternal.

After their emancipation the feline population took to seafaring as easily as a pools-winner takes to

the good life. Not only did ships provide a warm, dry, safe haven with the possibility of a ready supply of free lunch, there was the unlimited free foreign-travel where an enterprising Tom could do a quick run-ashore, hell-bent on seduction of all sorts of interesting native females who no doubt were just as ready to succumb to the wiles of a sailor as their owners, — (notwithstanding they didn't speak the language!).

It was said that cats learnt to recognize the Blue Peter and rarely went AWOL when ships were due to sail. Not surprising really when the ship was not only a safe haven, bound for yet more interesting possibilities, but was also full of

great 'softies' ready to fuss and cosset one, provide one with tit-bits, and see to it that one had a special spot to sleep in the Mess. Some cats even managed to persuade their daffy male shipmates to fashion special small hammocks for them so that they were not only warm, dry, and in the lap of luxury, able to ignore with a bored yawn the mutterings of middle-watchmen as they struggled into their oilskins on a filthy night that was neither fit for man nor beast, but also safely out of harm's way from their clattering and unsteady sea-boots in the dim but snug lower decks. You think I jest?, not a bit of it. Take a look at the picture which is a genuine WW2 snapshot.

Of course, if the ship had the bad luck in wartime to argue with a tin-fish or a magnetic melon, you were on your own the same as everybody else. No use saying you were excused compulsory swimming, or that fur-bikinis were not really meant to be got wet!

Like the matelots they were, some survived, some did not. Stories of strange survivals abound down the ages since Jonah and the Whale, and fact is often stranger than fiction.

On Friday 13th November 1941 (as ominous a date as one could wish perhaps!) the British Fleet Carrier HMS Ark Royal was

returning to Gibraltar in company with a Cruiser and a Battleship. Despite reports by the Germans to the effect that they had already sunk her several times over, much to Lord Haw Haw's embarrassment the big lady was still very much in evidence and had just flown off some thirty-seven Hurricanes and seven Blenheim bombers en route for the relief and aid of Malta. The Carrier's luck eventually ran out when Kapitänleutnant Fritz Guggenberger in U81 managed to place himself in a favourable position between Ark Royal and her escort. His salvo of four torpedoes from periscope depth blew a huge hole in the carrier and, after a long struggle by rescue ships to save her, she finally rolled over under tow and sank early the next morning just twenty miles from Gibraltar. One man died, but happily the rest of her complement including Oscar the ship's cat, survived.

Now the interesting thing about Oscar was that he was German. He had been rescued from the wreckage of the *Bismarck* in May 1941 by the destroyer HMS Cossack, on board which he quickly settled down to a diet of 'tiddy-oggies' while doing a crash-course in British Navalese instead of the Bratwurst und Germanic swear words to which he was accustomed! Some of the five and a half months later while escorting Convoy HG75 from Malta,

HMS Cossack herself had the bad luck to run into a tin-fish from U563. Most of the destroyers crew — including Oscar, were rescued and taken back to Gibraltar where Oscar got a draft-chit and something of a promotion by being appointed “ship’s cat” to the Navy’s hitherto most successful Aircraft-carrier, HMS Ark Royal. The next month when the Ark kept her rendezvous with Fritz Guggenberger’s U81. It transpired that, seamen being what they are, always a rather superstitious lot, Oscar was by now looked upon as being perhaps something of a Jonah and was henceforth banned from serving aboard HM. Ships.

He was subsequently transferred to the RNR. and banished to a Seamen’s Home in the city of Belfast where he died snug and peacefully in 1955, aged eighteen nautical feline summers. The Home burnt down . . .

Jonah or not, Oscar was a survivor, and many of his feline cousins, both in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine, survived, often amazingly, when their snug little seagoing home ran into something rather unpleasant. Superstitious or not, there is usually a Bagsy Baker or a Knocker White around in their hour of need who, while loudly refuting the idea that they might have a soft spot for animals — (‘load of ’ole rubbish innit?’) . . . will grab a scruff o’ the neck, and find room

*somewhere* on the Carley Raft!

Cat’s know that, you can bet!

How else would they have become connoisseurs of *fish*? A cat’s a land animal — innit? — Fancy a tin of “Herrings-In” Tiddles?  
Phil G3LPN.

## **WIRELESS AND THE TITANIC**

**by VK2EBA ALLAN BRETT  
SENT IN BY FRANK WEBB  
VK2FJW #2424**

Since the James Cameron blockbuster movie, the events of the fateful night that the Titanic foundered have captured the public imagination and focused interest on that topic. Yes! I have been caught up in the fever also. What did happen on the night of 14/15 April 1912? I have looked at more documentaries, listened to more commentaries, and read more books on the subject than I was required to read to obtain my licence.

It is a fascinating subject — the failure of the latest and greatest technological transport master-piece of the then new century. In retrospect, one of the bitter historical lessons of over confidence. But what of the part played by wireless? (Note the use of the original name of the physical manifestation of the



phenomenon on which our hobby is based). The story of the distress calls from the *Titanic* has been repeated in many amateur radio publications particularly the use of **SOS** being sent for the first time. What actually did happen? Was this story true? Did the operators on the *Titanic* keep sending until the encroaching water flooded their radio room? Did they go down with the ship? The answer to these questions and many other examples of heroism and human failings which this disaster produced can be found in the records of the two official hearings, the United States Senate hearing, and the British Court of Inquiry.

As often happens in real-life situations 'Truth is stranger than fiction'. The most recent blockbuster movie is a must see and many parts are based on the recorded facts, however, many are not and are the result of 'artistic licence'.

One of the closest representations still remains the 1958 black and white British production, 'A night to remember', based on Walter Lord's excellent book of the same name. Those CW buffs among our numbers will find that the Morse depicted in this film is actually readable. This film also spends much time on the most ironic event in the chapter of calamities which befell the stricken liner, that being the Marconi operator on the *Californian*

shutting down his operations half an hour before Jack Phillips (the *Titanic's* first operator) commenced sending distress signals. It was most probable that the *Californian*, which was the nearest vessel, could have responded long before the *Carpathia*, the eventual rescue vessel, but for this unkind twist of fate.

You may have noticed that the *Titanic's* wireless operator was referred to as a 'Marconi' operator. Yes our old friend Guglielmo really had the game sewn up relative to maritime communications in 1912. The operators all worked for him and he hired them out to the shipping companies.

Wireless and the operators played a pivotal role in the *Titanic* disaster. Operators were by today's standard overworked and underpaid. According to testimony, Jack Phillips aboard the *Titanic*, forwarded an ice warning from the *Amerika* to Cape Race regarding ice about 19 miles southward of the *Titanic's* course. This message was never sent to the bridge probably due to the work load which he had to carry. At 9.05 pm about two and a half hours before the collision with the iceberg, the *Californian* sent, 'We are stopped and surrounded by ice.' The reply from the *Titanic* was 'Shut up. I am busy. I am working Cape Race' Cyril Evans, the operator on the



*Californian*, stated to the British inquiry that he was not insulted by this rebuff as the larger or faster ships took preference in sending their traffic. Evans had had a long day in any case, he had been on duty since 7 am that morning and therefore he retired to his bunk at 11.30 p.m.

The operators on the *Titanic* were required to work six hours on and six hours off. Even at the cost of 12s. 6d for ten words and 9d. for each additional word, the passengers lined up (at least the wealthy passengers) to send a message home via this new-fangled service. The remuneration for operators, from the evidence given by Marconi, started at \$4 to \$10 to \$12 US per week with board and lodging. It was no problem to fill these positions as the rate of pay was considerably more than their land based colleagues. Another point of interest was the age of the operators involved in the saga. Jack Phillips was 24 years old, Harold Bride, the *Titanic's* second operator was 22 years, Cyril Evans of the *Californian* had only six month's experience at the age of 20 years, while Harold Cottam of the *Carpathia* was 21 years old.

At 11.46 pm Sunday April 14, the lookout on the *Titanic* rang the bell three times and activated the ships telegraph. 'What do you see?' came the request. The answer was,

'Iceberg right ahead!' The events which unfolded then did not have any immediate effect on the two operators. Jack Phillips was flat out getting through the traffic which had accumulated. Harold Bride was in his bunk but was turning out early to relieve Phillips, who as we have seen had a heavy shift. Harold Bride had just taken over and Jack Phillips was preparing to turn in when Captain E. J. Smith appeared and said, 'You had better get assistance'. Jack Phillips came back into the room and took over and commenced the distress messages at about 12.05 am Monday 15 April 1912. Phillips and Bride then stayed at their posts even after they were relieved by the Captain. According to Bride the *Titanic's* wireless was functioning until ten minutes before the ship's final death throes at about 2.20 am Monday April 15. As we have seen, Jack Phillips as the principal operator, came back on duty and commenced sending CQD followed by MGY. CQD was the Marconi conventional distress signal and MGY was the *Titanic's* call sign. While SOS was also used, there was much discussion at the American Senate Inquiry as to whether CQD actually stood for an abbreviation and if it was in accordance with the international convention. Marconi himself replied that it was not in accord with international convention

but that it was a conventional company signal. He went on to say that the international distress signal decided at the Berlin Convention was SOS. The first reply to the CQD call was from a German ship, the *Frankfurt*, which although some 200 miles distant, had a very strong signal. The operator on this vessel evidently became confused and did not recognise the gravity of the situation as twenty minutes after being sent the *Titanic's* position in latitude and longitude, he sent, 'What is the matter?' This proved too much for Phillips who snapped back with a message to the effect that the *Frankfurt's* operator was a fool and to keep out. This may have been injudicious as was pointed out in the American Senate inquiry, but as it turned out the *Frankfurt* was much too far distant. In the meantime another more promising reply had been received from Harold Cottam on the *Carpathia*. Cottam received the *Titanic's* call merely by chance. Like Evans, the *Californian's* operator, he had been on duty since 7 am and was due to turn in for the night but he still had his headphones on awaiting a reply from another vessel when he overheard Cape Cod trying to contact the *Titanic* with a bunch of messages. (Remember this was 1912 and the range of transmission was restricted and much of the traffic relied on third party trans-

mission). Imagine Cottam's surprise when he called the *Titanic* with, 'I say OM do you know there is a batch of messages coming through for you from MCC?' (Cape Cod's call sign), and received, 'Come at once it's CQD, OM. Position 41'46N, 50'14W'. Cottam replied, 'Shall I tell my Captain? Do you require assistance?' The cryptic reply was, 'Yes come quick.' Despite Cottam racing to the bridge with the CQD message and the consequent awakening of Captain Rostron, the master of the *Carpathia* and his heroic efforts to push his ship beyond its capabilities, it was about 4 hours before they arrived at the scene, too late to save the 1,527 who perished, but in time to rescue those who had survived the night in lifeboats.

Phillips and Bride remained at their posts after being released from their duties by Captain Smith until they could no longer transmit due to the failure of the generators. They had been in touch with other ships and stations including the *Titanic's* sister ship, the *Olympic*. When they came onto the deck all the lifeboats had long been launched and some of the officers were attempting to get off the last collapsible boat which was attached to the roof of the officers' quarters. The attempt was only partially successful, the boat being washed off as the *Titanic* broke apart and sank.

The lifeboat ended up inverted with Bride being trapped under it in an air pocket. He was eventually able to extract himself after a considerable time and make his way onto the top of the overturned boat. Phillips also managed to make his way to the same boat but died of exposure during the night. Bride survived with frostbitten feet and injured ankles and was picked up by the *Carpathia*. Bride's participation in the actual events was not to end there as he was carried to the wireless room of the *Carpathia* towards the end of the survivors trip to New York to relieve a totally exhausted Cottam who had been on duty since receiving the 'come at once' message from the *Titanic*.

Bride received \$1000 and Cottam \$750 for the sale of their stories to the press of the day. These payments caused some controversy at the time as it appeared that the Marconi organisation had told them to maintain their silence until they reached New York thus depriving a news hungry public news of the tragedy.

As a result of the part played by wireless in the events surrounding the loss of the *Titanic*, 24 hour radio watch was introduced. The strange set of coincidences which resulted in one radio operator shutting down at a critical time and another contacting the stricken liner by pure chance would not be permitted to

happen again. On the debit side, the *Titanic* operators actions in ignoring and not passing on several ice warnings contributed to numerous oversights which when taken as individual events, could not be regarded as serious, but when combined reached overwhelming proportions. For the operators it was clearly a case of overload of often frivolous messages from the wealthy passengers. On the credit side, both operators stayed on even after they were released from duty by the Captain, only ceasing transmission when their spark failed due to the failing generators. The sending of the first SOS distress call was made at 12.45 am on 15 April 1912. The Captain had called at the wireless room to ascertain the progress of the attempts to summon assistance and enquired as to which distress call was being sent. CQD was the reply. Bride recalled that SOS had recently been agreed as the international distress signal and suggested that Phillips might send that as well, 'it might be the last chance you have to send it', he added prophetically.

There was little emphasis given to this historic event in the evidence presented to the US Senate inquiry at which Bride and Marconi appeared. CQD was the Marconi company distress signal. Phillips and Bride were both Marconi men, and

so were almost all of the participants in the passing of messages that night with the exception of the operator on the *Frankfurt* (the operator who was called a fool by the frustrated Phillips).

Did the operator on the *Frankfurt* recognise the CQD message? 'Certainly' replied Marconi. Although the wireless equipment on the *Frankfurt* had been supplied by a German company and SOS had recently been adopted by the Berlin Convention, it was a Marconi company of which Marconi was a director and as such used the Marconi conventional signals and in any case, CQD was more widely recognised than SOS. (This is an example of the almost total control which Marconi exercised over the 1912 maritime communication scene with the Marconi distress signal being rated above the international signal).

As stated in the opening to this discussion, the story of the *Titanic* is one of human failing, sacrifice and endeavour, and the night when WIRELESS CAME OF AGE.

**Our thanks for a very interesting article Allan VK2EBA, and our thanks also to Frank Webb VK2FJW RNARS 2424 for sending it in. Our acknowledgements to the Westlakes Newsletter (Been there! got the call VK2DCJ . . . Don GW4DUY . . . Editor).**

## THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

**An eye witness account by Mick G3LIK**

The idea of a single ship fighting against colossal odds has always attracted the admiration and imagination of the British. There is no more famous occasion in Naval history than the fight of Sir Richard Grenville in the 500 ton *Revenge*, against a huge Armada of Spanish men of war. In the days following the Great Armada, Queen Elizabeth was not prepared to lose any share of the treasure that she could obtain through her sailors. Her plan was simple: squadrons of English ships would lie out in the Atlantic for the Spanish treasure ships on their way back to Spain. A thousand miles out is the little group of Islands called the Azores, a favourite stopping off place for ships to replenish stores and water. So naturally enough Philip of Spain used this as a rendezvous with his warships to escort them home to Spain. It was near this group that the English ships waited for the returning Spaniards.

This was the scene of the last fight of Grenville and the *Revenge*.

In the spring of 1591 the Queen had mounted an expedition of six warships under the command of Lord Thomas Howard in the *Defiance*, Grenville was Vice Admiral



of the fleet in the Revenge. Meanwhile another squadron was cruising off the coast of Spain under Lord Cumberland in the event that any fish should slip through the net. It was Cumberland who learned that Philip had sent an armada of fifty ships to escort the treasure ships. On learning this Cumberland sent his fastest sailer the pinnacle Moonshine racing to warn Howard. The pinnacle arrived just before the Spanish warships, in fact Howard's captains had scarcely time to weigh anchor before they were attacked.

Hastily the Admiral gave orders for his ships to stand out to sea but asked Grenville to pick up the sick and wounded from the shore first then join his comrades. As Howard stood away from the island into the west wind and Grenville made ready for sea the Spanish fleet came round the west end of Flores directly between Grenville and his Admiral. An ordinary man might have done what Grenville was advised to do by his sailing master and run before the wind. He saw the huge Armada looming up on his weather bow in two huge squadrons and decided that he would sooner die than dishonour himself, Queen and country. He calmly gave orders to the helmsman to sail the Revenge between the two enemy wings and join his Admiral in the most direct way, that is, on a straight course. To

his men this seemed lunacy but to disobey Sir Richard Grenville would bring about dire consequences, the little English ship began her long journey through the middle of the Spanish fleet.

For a while the Spanish sailors looked down on the Revenge incredulously. The lane to freedom seemed clear and as both the Revenge's broadsides barked at the ships that were passing the Spanish gunners realized that this was no joke but a serious battle. The first part was only too brief, at the end of the clear path of water the huge high-decked flagship of the fleet the 1,500 ton San Philip drew closer to the Revenge blocking her path, the path through was in fact a cul-de-sac. There was no collision as such: while the giant approached the dwarf, her great towering bulk took the wind from the Revenge's sails and Grenville's ship was brought to a stop. As the Revenge and the San Philip wallowed alongside each other, the rest of the fleet drew apart to give room to manoeuvre and two ships from the leeward and windward wing came up to bombard the Revenge. The time was three in the afternoon. With cool deliberation, finding that his tiny size afforded him some protection from the three tiers of the Spanish Flagship and her guns could not be depressed enough to have effect,

Grenville loaded his guns with cross-bar shot and at point blank fired a broadside into the San Philips side. Even a monster of her size could not take this treatment, and when the next broadside bellowed out, the Spaniard shifted herself with all diligence. While the men below in the gundecks continued to shoot at any ship that came into range through the gun ports, those on the upper decks were committed to repelling the boarders who swarmed over the rigging and gunwales with companies of soldiers from 200 to 800 men. The Revenge had no additional personnel at all, every man jack who could stand was involved in repelling boarders. Suddenly in a lull in the fighting another English ship appeared, it was the victualler George Noble of London, whose captain had brought her through the Spanish fleet to offer help to Grenville. The grim bloodstained Admiral was moved to grin at the offer, and told the little cockney captain to sheer off and save himself.

The Battle continued. When darkness fell many of the English sailors were wounded or dying, Grenville had been wounded once but not seriously enough to leave the deck. An hour before midnight he was hit again in the body by a musket ball fired from the rigging of the Spanish alongside. He fell to the

deck and the surgeon rushed over to him, but as he bent to tend to the bleeding, he himself was shot through the spine collapsing across Grenville. The sailors rushed across the deck to remove the surgeons body and set the Admiral on his feet.

Needless to say the Spanish marksman had his musket trained on the group, and as Grenville got up another ball caught him in the head. The light of a hopeless dawn crept along the horizon. Fifteen times had the Spaniards sent in fresh ships to take the Revenge and fifteen times had the Englishmen sent them packing. Now most of the English were dead or wounded, their weapons bent and blunted and the powder almost gone. They were no longer ordinary men, but stalked round the upper deck like mutilated ghosts, red eyed from lack of sleep and black faced from the burn of powder. In the midst of them, propped up in a chair by the mast, his black beard stark against the pallor of his face and wet redness of the bandages round his head and chest, sat Grenville, smiling and beyond fear or care. His only words were "Fight on, fight on". Something of an eeriness seemed to affect the Spaniards.

By no normal standards could they overcome the little ship lying in their midst, yet they surrounded the Revenge like jackals attacking a



wounded lion and would not approach for fear of what might become of them. In full daylight Grenville ordered for an inventory of the survivors. On the upper deck only forty were left alive, the sick men in the hold had long since died, there was no water to drink, not a mast left standing, and no weapon to fight with.

Grenville growled for the ship's master gunner to come. 'For fifteen hours against fifteen thousand men you have fought like Englishmen. Now we are finished. Let us die like men. Fire the cannon into the magazine and split the ship so that the Spanish dogs might never walk on our English oak in triumph'. The gunner looked and bowed and walked below to the gun deck. The sailing master and the captain hurried after him, consulted for a minute and then came back to Grenville. He did not care that the Spaniards might release their prisoners to fight again, he only wanted his orders obeyed. While the captain vainly tried to persuade Grenville to surrender, the sailing master went over to the Spanish flag ship and treated with the Admiral, warning him that nothing would prevent Grenville from sending his ship to perdition, if the Spaniards would not accept his terms. Rarely can the Spaniards have been so generous with prisoners: all lives

were to be spared and all the company sent back to England although ransoms were to be paid by those who could afford it. None need fear of imprisonment or forced labour in the galleys. With the promises of the Spanish Admiral the master returned aboard and persuaded the majority of the survivors to trust the Spaniards. The master gunner fonder of honour than life drew his sword and would have killed himself had not his comrades not disarmed him and locked him in his cabin. As the Spanish boats swarmed alongside, one by one the English sailors left their captain in his seat by the mast alone. The Spanish officers came aboard, treading warily on the decks slippery with blood and littered with corpses humbly approaching the lone figure by the mast. His physical strength had all gone and four of them were able to lift his chair to the side of the ship which had become a slaughterhouse.

On board the Spanish flagship, Grenville did not last long. In a few hours feeling his end approaching showed not a sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish and said 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that has fought for his country, queen, religion and honour . . . Whereby my soul most joyfully

departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that has done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he finished these or other such words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any heaviness about him. Four ships were said to have been sunk as a result of the action. After the death of Grenville when the much battered prize had been manned by her captors and the few English prisoners dispersed into Spanish ships, the fleet set sail in a rising storm. Fourteen ships in all, including the Revenge and her prize crew, were cast onto the rocks by the Isle of St. Michaels.

#### **PLEASE NOTE:**

**The acting Secretary is now:**

**JOHN GREEN G4VUG.**

**14,CRANMORE CLOSE,**

**BROADMEAD,**

**TROWBRIDGE BA14 9BU.**

**Tel: 01225 761472**

All correspondence should go to John at the above address, except for:-

Changes to Nets and times should go to Mick G3LIK.

Articles for publication should go to

Don GW4DUY

Subs should go to the Treasurer

Ron G0LKO

ALL QTHR.

## **A WEEKEND SAILOR'S STORY**

**By George Dance #4417**

On a grey Saturday morning HMS St David, the sea tender of the South Wales Division RN Reserves, set sail from Cardiff to rendezvous with HMS Venturer from the Severn Division RNR. HMS St David was a "Ton Class" coastal Minesweeper (ex Crichton when in service with the RN) I was the Radio operator and we were to take part in a five day minesweeping exercise in the Moray Firth followed by a five day courtesy visit to Elsinore in Denmark. After a fairly smooth passage up the Irish Sea we rendezvous with HMS Kilmory off Belfast. We rounded the top of Scotland during the hours of darkness eventually tying up alongside at Invergordon. The next five days were hard work for the seamen on the sweep deck, and quite busy in the W/T office decoding and encrypting messages and running communications. If my memory serves me right we swept five practice mines which we had to bring inboard for re-use in Future exercises.

The following Saturday we set sail in a force six for Denmark with a very rough passage through the Skagerrak. In the Baltic we were approached by a Russian warship to within a few cables and we could see them studying us through binocu-

lars, our Captain told everyone not closed up on watch to go onto the upper deck with their cameras and train them on the Russian, with that the Russian ship took off at high speed and soon vanished over the horizon. We berthed in the centre of Elsinore near the Danish Royal Yacht. My first job was to go ashore to collect the mail. On the quayside I asked a nautical looking chap in cap, tee shirt, shorts and flip flops directions to the Post Office and was directed in perfect English. I was later told the nautical chap was in fact the King of Denmark.

The Danish authorities had laid on football matches and a visit to the Carlsberg Brewery in Copenhagen with the evening free in the city. After a very interesting tour of the Brewery we were taken to a large reception room with tables heaped with all the different brews, within a few minutes the tables had been emptied and a team of young ladies came in with fresh supplies telling us we were to drink as much as we wanted (a silly thing to tell Jack!). Later a very happy band of sailors staggered out to the buses to be taken into the centre of Copenhagen and told we would be picked up for return to the ship at 1.30 am. We all headed for the Tivoli Gardens and had a good meal before exploring the gardens and sampling some more of the local brew. After a

memorable evening we found our buses and returned on board, we were all the worse for wear but we all behaved ourselves in true Naval fashion.

The following day I went on another trip to Copenhagen and spent the day exploring this fine city followed by the customary visits to the local bars and nightclubs. We were made very welcome by everyone we met and were sad when the time came to leave. We came back via the the Kiel Canal where we took on board a pilot who we could have done without. We were astern of the other two sweepers and when about half way through the sweeper ahead of us stopped for no apparent reason and our pilot made no attempt to avoid her, a collision was only averted by the prompt action of our Captain going full astern and stopping with a few feet to spare.

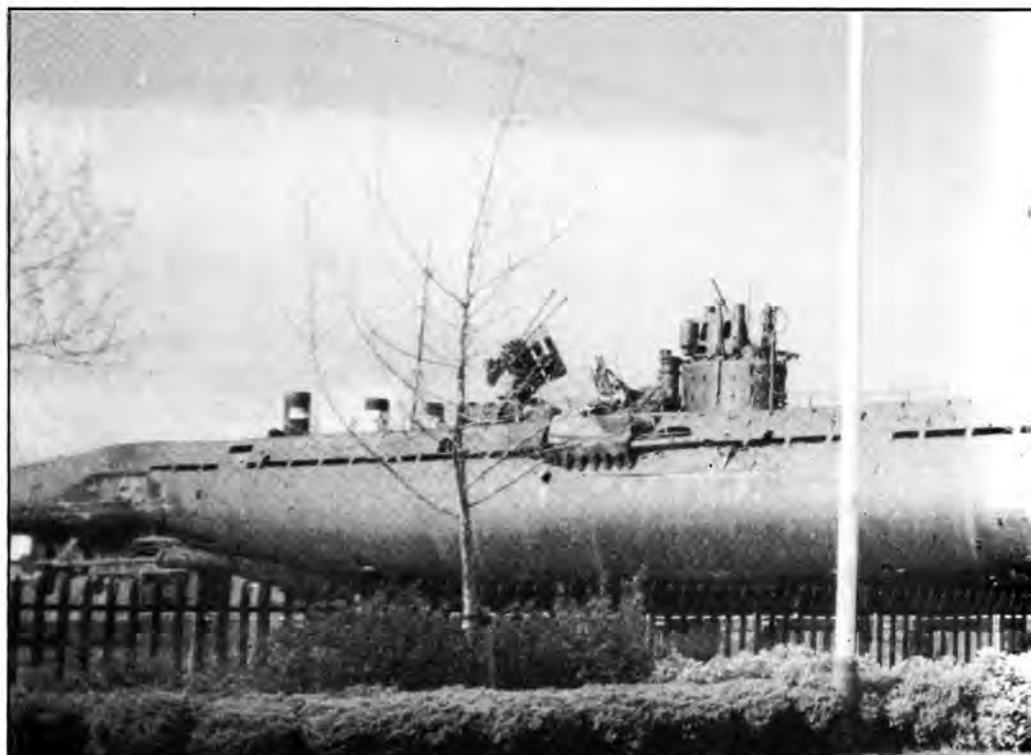
We bade our farewells to the Kilmory and the Venturer before returning to Cardiff our fourteen days annual sea training completed for another year.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

First letter is from John G3LNK who lives in Newcastle under Lyme. I will not publish it all as I am sure it would embarrass John, in it he says how much he enjoys the N/L and then goes on to say that he is enclosing two photographs which he took at the Merseyside AGM on 25th April.

"Enclosed are two photographs I took whilst at the Merseyside AGM. The first one shows some of us in the wardroom of HMS Plymouth, coming to the end of the AGM. Our

Chairman, Fred G8HTP, is about to call "UP spirits" and as you can see Ron G3SGQ, is standing up ready and waiting! The AGM went well and we all retired to the BIRKENHEAD RNA/MNA for a buffet and further refreshments of the liquid kind. The second is a picture of U534 the U-Boat raised by the Danish Company Den Bla Avis from the North Sea. It is a superb site and as you approach the historic Warships it stands majestically some 20 feet in the air." (Will do my best John to try and persuade the Printers to put it into the N/L complete! . . . Don)



*U534 at Birkenhead after salvage from*

Letter from Bill G0IEC with some information and a clipping from a paper on the origin of the expression "The Andrew".

The name "the Andrew" was first used at the time of the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. A press gang operator called Andrew Miller acquired such a reputation in the Portsmouth area that it came to be said that his victims had been snatched into "the Andrew".

*Editors Note:*

*Thanks Bill for that information, the thought occurred to me that it was a good thing that his name*

*wasn't something like "Montmerency Miller"*

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#### LETTER FROM VK LAND

The next letter is from VK2FJW Frank Webb of 39 Quarry Road, TERALBA.NSW 2284. Enclosed is a copy of the Westlakes A.R.C. with a story about the Titanic and the Communications involved when she hit! However Frank says in his letter "By the way, I am ex HMS CARISBROOKE CASTLE 1943/4 and HMS SEFTON 1944/5. ANYONE AROUND?"



*from the North Sea by a Danish company*



Do you recall the Lulworth Frank, ex American Coastguard Cutter, I spent the last couple of years of the war on her, and took her back over to Boston Mass after the war. Don GW4DUY.

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Letter from our dear old Treasurer — G0LKO, somehow he had been given the callsign of GILKO which rightfully belongs to a gentleman in Huddersfield, my apologies Sir, if you should see this, my fault entirely, and I hope that it hasn't caused you any problems. Ron I have corrected the call in the list of Officers, my apologies. /Don. Editor.

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LETTER from Geo Allan

Secretary of MEGS. GM4HYF  
RNARS 3520.

I am writing to ask if you think Society members would be interested in a service of Practice Morse Tapes tailor made to the speed and format required. We have already made this offer to other organisations such as G-QRP Club, FISTS, and Morsum Magnificat readers with all of whom I am personally connected and it has proved very popular. I felt that being a member of RNARS it would be only right to make the same offer to fellow members of the Society so long as the Committee were in favour of the idea in principle. There is no charge other than postage and the operator concerned supplies the required C90 cassette tape. This is



*A.G.M. in the wardroom of the Plymouth. Our illustrious chairman, Fred G8HTP, is about to call "up spirits" — Ron G3SGO stands up ready! Then off to the RNA and MNA Club — Food and good company.*

up-dated in speed and/or format as often as is required. The service was started a number of years ago and aimed primarily at operators who were aiming at the 5 and 12 WPM Morse tests but it soon became apparent that it was also being used as Morse practice by operators anxious to improve their speed. The top speed requested so far was 50 wpm, though what the operator is using this tape for is anybody's guess!

Address to get in touch with Geo, who is QTHR is 22 TYNWALD AVE, HIGH BURNSIDE, RUTHERGLEN, GLASGOW G73 4RN.

THIS SERVICE IS FREE of charge, suggest any enquiries should enclose a S.A.E please. (Editor).

## LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE RSGB

Dated 7th May 1998

Addressed to The Secretary of  
RAFARS RNARS RSARS.

Dear Colleague,

RSGB has recently been involved in discussions at the Radiocommunications Agency on proposals for the transmission of high speed data

over the mains supply network using frequencies in the HF part of the spectrum.

Could I ask you please to pass these 'up the line' to the appropriate branch as an additional input on the subject? Please feel free to comment on the matter in your Society magazines.

73 de I. J. Kyle G18AYZ/M10AYZ  
RSARS 58 president

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### H.F. MAINS SIGNALLING A position paper prepared by the RSGB EMC Committee.

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### INTRODUCTION

The Radio Society of Great Britain (RSGB) is the internationally recognised body in the UK representing the interest of some 60,000 licensed Radio Amateurs and a large number of short wave listeners. This paper has been prepared on behalf of the Society by its EMC Committee, in response to commercial proposals for 'mains signalling' in the High Frequency (HF) band 3-30Mhz.

## HISTORY

Mains signalling is not new to those working in the amateur radio service who have been at the forefront of many communications developments. During WW2, radio amateurs in USA employed 'mains signalling' through the public mains utility network when use of the internationally recognised amateur frequencies was suspended. The methods employed were in keeping with the technology of the time. Substantial ranges were achieved using simple equipment and low transmitting power, it being recognised that unwanted radiated emissions could interfere with other services. Although radio frequencies were indeed injected into public utilities electricity mains supply, they were almost certainly radiated by domestic house wiring and the utilities overhead power distribution system, communication over the distances involved could not otherwise have been achieved.

## MAINS SIGNALLING

Mains signalling is essentially a 'bi-directional' cable system transmitting and receiving data using radio frequencies to and from remote 'direct to line' connected terminals. In principle, it is no different to television, sound and/or interactive multimedia signals distributed via a cable network and for which emissions to the spectrum are

tightly controlled. Many such systems include, or have provision for, a signal return path.

The current commercial proposals for HF mains signalling require considerable transmission bandwidth. Unless the mains cables are suitably screen, terminated and filtered, signals cannot be confined to power distribution cables alone and will be radiated by all connected wiring. Even with low power, such emissions have the capacity to interfere with other radio services over considerable distances, hundreds of miles is quite possible. The HF (short wave) spectrum is a valuable commodity, supporting vital 'Safety of Life', local and world-wide broadcast and commercial communication services as well as the amateur service. The frequencies proposed for mains signalling fall below the 10MHz part of the spectrum, where radio propagation is most consistent throughout the eleven year sunspot cycle. If permitted for mains signalling, much of the HF spectrum would become **permanently unusable**. Work on digital techniques for short wave broadcasting and other services has commenced and is on the threshold of a revolution, digital terrestrial radio transmission techniques offer new and exciting prospects to a medium that has long been used on an international scale. Mains

signalling as proposed would make much of this work of little benefit.

The diplexers (DP) shown in Fig 1 allow RF to be injected into and received from the mains supply cables and may or may not contain low pass filters to minimise the levels of RF signals reaching the house wiring. If the diplexers do contain filters, they should also be fitted to houses where power line telecommunications is not used to reduce radiated emissions from house wiring in such houses. Filters will also be required to be fitted to street lamps, to prevent them acting as 'vertical radiating' antennas.

#### RADIO INTERFERENCE POTENTIAL

It is the RSGB's contention that mains signalling on HF frequencies is a cabled system covered by the requirements prEN 50083-8. Even if low signalling powers are employed it is believed that HF mains signalling will be incapable of meeting the emission or immunity requirements necessary to avoid interference to and from other services. There is a high probability that wideband emissions from mains signalling systems in the HF spectrum from connected domestic wiring would exceed levels allowing radio and telecommunications apparatus to operate as intended (UK Statutory Instrument 1992 — No 2372, part 1, section 5, clause 4).

Further, the immunity levels of the mains signalling equipment are likely to be compromised by legitimate amateur radio transmissions which may have power levels up to 26dBW on adjacent frequencies. It will be difficult if not impossible to implement mitigating measures in such cases. International Standard IEC 1000-2-5: Electromagnetic Compatibility (EMC) — Part 2 Environment — Section 5: Classification of Electromagnetic Environments, quotes RF field strengths of up to 10V/m in the vicinity of amateur radio transmitting stations in an urban environment. Amateur transmissions in the HF band will be picked up by the radio amateurs own and neighbouring house wiring and RF power fed back into the mains distribution network.

\* A precedent has already been set. In the 1980's Rediffusion Ltd. distributed television and sound by means of a cabled distribution system on a 5.5 MHz HF carrier system. Although tightly controlled and with carefully balanced transmission lines and terminal equipment input circuits, system emissions were such that it was quite feasible to receive useable television signals without actually being connected to the system. The system suffered from poor immunity to local amateur and some broadcast and commercial

transmissions, many of which were using quite moderate power. Systems had to be re-routed or cable apparatus replaced by conventional equipment when local interference problems could not be resolved. This option is not open to mains signalling systems, it is not feasible to disconnect a consumer from the power line. There is every possibility that a transmitting station could be installed in an area served by mains signalling. It is difficult to see how the resulting interference and system immunity problems could be solved.

On cost grounds, it appears that diplexers (fig 2) would only be fitted in houses which take the power line telecommunications service and that the diplexers may not contain any filtering. If the diplexer does contain filtering, it would need to be fitted where the service cable enters the house, probably after the supply company's fuse. If the diplexer does not contain filtering, it could be fitted anywhere on the mains wiring in the house or be an integral part of the modem. The configuration is as shown in Fig 2 and the cable to the diplexer is screened, or a balanced twisted pair, similar to UTP (Unscreened twisted pair) LAN (Local area Network) cable is used, the modem might comply with the level 'B' emission limits of BS EN

55022 and IEC 61000-3-8. The modem and diplexer together would also need to comply with the relevant standards in respect of conducted emissions into the electricity company's service cable and conducted emissions into the house wiring. If the diplexer does not contain any low pass filtering, the level of conducted emissions into the supply network and the house wiring, would be identical.

Mains signalling using HF is claimed to be a cable distributed system but mains power distribution cables are very inefficient HF transmission lines; they are designed for 50 Hz power distribution. Without substantial screening, shielding and filtering to prevent emissions, particularly from domestic wiring, substantial levels of pollution will occur to the short wave radio spectrum against which no mitigating measures can be applied. If HF mains signalling is permitted and established, large portions of the radio spectrum will become totally unusable on a permanent basis, an unacceptable position. *An important part of the Radio-communications Agency's role is to protect radio frequencies from pollution from 'non radio' sources including emissions from cable communication systems.*

Emissions from domestic house wiring connected to HF mains



signalling, radiate to a far greater extent than perhaps envisaged. An experiment has recently been conducted to determine the possible range of a low power signal in the 3.5 MHz band. With an output power of less than 50mW (comparable to that proposed for mains signalling) and a modest antenna, a CW (Morse) signal was fully readable at approximately 100 miles distance during day and night conditions. Receiving stations have confirmed that they used standard SSB 2.4kHz receiving bandwidths, not narrow band CW filters. Mains signalling will not use antennas as such but the signal will be radiated by all connected wiring and emissions would occur over the total service area; a form of distributed antenna system. It is understood that the radio frequency power fed into the low voltage electricity distribution network from the electricity substation or from the customers premises equipment would be in the order of 10-50 milliwatts. This is at least 57 decibels or 500,000 times the power limit permitted by EMC standards such as EN55022(B) and prEN50083-8.

Emissions from HF mains signalling would not be confined to the permitted frequencies by filtering. Non linear loads can also cause spurious signals to be generated in the HF, VHF and UHF

bands. Such a phenomenon is known and has been observed near Medium Frequency (MF) broadcast transmitters where intermodulation products are generated in the mains distribution network.

Radio propagation at the lower HF frequencies is such that there is a high probability of interference being caused to the radio services of other administrations on an international basis. Little protection is likely to be achieved by leaving commercial or other 'sensitive receiving areas' unconnected, they may still suffer unwanted interference, perhaps even more so than the amateur service, by virtue of the high gain and/or directional receiving antennas that may be in use. Mobile HF stations may find reception totally blanketed by high level emissions from nearby properties; it is impossible to predict the location of a mobile HF station and of course only simple transmitting and receiving antennas are feasible. Emissions could be intercepted by the use of suitable equipment. The system may also suffer interruption or degradation by the operation of local transmitting stations.

Assuming a 'monopoly situation' is to be avoided, it is difficult to see how other 'mains signalling' suppliers, wishing to provide a service, could be accommodated. Unless frequency sharing is feasible,

more frequencies in the HF spectrum will be required. As frequencies increase, higher radio frequency transmission power levels will be needed, further exacerbating potential interference problems.

## LEGISLATION

Member states of the European Economic Community are bound by the EC EMC Directive 89/336/EEC requiring them to implement measures relating to apparatus which is liable to cause electromagnetic disturbance and to apparatus the performance of which is liable to be affected by such disturbance, in the UK by:

### STATUTORY INSTRUMENT — 1992 No 2372, ELECTROMAGNETIC COMPATABILITY

#### *the Electromagnetic Compatibility Regulations*

Part 1, section 5, clause 4 of the Statutory Instrument states:

*(4) without prejudice to the  
generality of paragraph*

*(2)(a), the electromagnetic distur-  
bance generated by relevant  
apparatus shall*

*(A) not exceed a level allowing  
radio and telecommunications  
apparatus to operate as intended;  
and*

*(B) be such as not to hinder the use  
of apparatus of any of the des-  
criptions listed in Schedule 3 hereto  
(being descriptions listed in the  
illustrative list of the principle*

*protection requirements in Annex  
III of the EMC directive) where that  
apparatus has an adequate level of  
immunity in its usual electro-  
magnetic environment so as to  
allow its unhindered operation  
taking into account the levels of  
electromagnetic disturbance gen-  
erated by relevant apparatus  
complying with applicable EMC  
standards.*

It is our considered opinion that proposals for cabled mains signalling in the HF spectrum are in direct contravention of the European EMC Directive 89/336/EEC and UK Statutory Instrument 1992 No 2372. The system is such that emissions cannot be confined to the mains cable network and will be radiated to the HF spectrum in the frequency bands used by the system. Such emissions are not a requirement of the system operation but a function of the practical inability to engineer mains signalling systems to the standards necessary to prevent unwanted emissions. Spurious signals are also likely to be generated on other radio frequencies by imperfections in equipment connected to the same distribution network.

## APPLICABLE STANDARDS

*It should be noted that com-  
pliance with a Standard does not of  
itself confer immunity from legal  
obligations.*

BS EN 50065-1 + AMD.3. 1996

**CENELEC. GENERAL REQUIREMENTS. SIGNALLING ON LOW VOLTAGE INSTALLATIONS 3KHZ-148.5 KHZ-ELECTRO INTERFERENCE.**

**PREN 50083-8 CENELEC (FINAL DRAFT). CABLED DISTRIBUTION SYSTEMS FOR TELEVISION, SOUND AND INTERACTIVE MULTIMEDIA SIGNALS — PART 8: ELECTROMAGNETIC COMPATIBILITY FOR INSTALLATIONS.**

PrEN 50083-8 is a probable new British Standard, it covers the frequency range 0.3 MHz-3.0GHz and cross references to numerous 'Normative references' (other related CENELEC or IEC standards) quoting them where appropriate throughout the text. It further recognises in Section 1, Scope, the risk of interference to other services from cabled distribution systems.

*To minimise the risk of interference to other radio services caused by possible radiation from a cabled distribution system and to limit the possible penetration of external signals which may interfere with the operation of a system, it is necessary not only to use equipment which satisfies the requirement regarding limits of radiation and of immunity to external fields but also to ensure the integrity of all cable connections on each item of active or passive cabled distribution system equipment.*

The standard further lays down the maximum allowed radiated levels together with methods of measurement. Annex A (informative) additionally makes specific reference to the Radio communications Agency standard MPT 1520 which remains valid instead of the European Standard until removed.

MPT 1520-RADIO COMMUNICATIONS AGENCY. Radiation limits and measurement standard; Electromagnetic radiation from cabled distribution systems operating in the frequency range 300 kHz-30Mhz. The maximum interfering field strength permitted at 10 metres distance from a complete system in the 2190.5 KHz to 30 MHz range is 20 dB(uV/m)

**IEC 61000-2-5: ELECTROMAGNETIC COMPATABILITY (EMC) PART 2 — ENVIRONMENT — SECTION 5: CLASSIFICATION OF ELECTROMAGNETIC ENVIRONMENTS.**

Table 5.2.1 lists 'Sources and range of disturbance degrees for radiated oscillatory disturbances'. For amateur frequencies this may reach 10V/m at a distance of 10 metres in a residential, urban environment (Table A.2). IEC 61000-3-8 — (1997-08) ELECTROMAGNETIC COMPATIBILITY (EMC) — PART 3: LIMITS-SECTION 8: SIGNALLING ON LOW VOLTAGE ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS —

## EMISSION LEVELS, FREQUENCY BANDS AND ELECTROMAGNETIC DISTURBANCE LEVELS.

IEC 61000-3-8 (1997) applies to mains signalling in the 3 Khz to 525 Khz range and specifies disturbance limits in the frequency range 3 Khz to 400 Ghz. There is no current published CENELEC equivalent (EN) standard.

### SUMMARY

- \* Radiated emissions are in direct contravention of the EC EMC directive 89/336/EEC and UK Statutory instrument 1992 No 2372, The Electromagnetic Compatibility Regulations.
- \* Emissions in the radio spectrum cannot be confined to the mains power distribution cables.
- \* RF emissions cannot be confined to permitted frequencies by filtering, other measures will be required.
- \* Interference signals can be radiated over considerable distances, possibly affecting vital 'Safety of life' and other essential radio communications.
- \* Radiated emissions can be intercepted.
- \* The proposed system may suffer interruption or degradation. It is not immune to interference from permitted radio transmitters.

### RECOMMENDATION

The Radio Society of Great Britain raises a very robust objection

to the current commercial proposals for mains signalling in the High Frequency spectrum. The Society will take all measures open to it to oppose the introduction of mains HF signalling. The RSGB considers the potential permanent loss of a significant and important part of the HF Spectrum as being of far greater international importance than the short term commercial benefit of mains signalling in the HF spectrum.

The Radio Society of Great Britain recommends that all proposals for mains signalling in the High Frequency spectrum be firmly rejected unless they can be shown to comply with existing standards for mains conducted emissions and immunity.

*Note from Editor. This report from the RSGB covers the use of 11 A4 pages, which printed in full would considerably increase the cost of the 'Summer N/L'; however this subject is far too important to ignore entirely, so I have abridged the version received from the RSGB, and have reduced it by leaving out the Appendix, two drawings of probable layouts of mains signalling, and an A3 page extracted from the Electronic Times dated 20th April. The remainder is a verbatim copy of the information received from the R.S.G.B. I hope very sincerely that you will read it and think very carefully of its implications. Don GW4DUY.*

# NORTH POLE OPS

By CPO Jim Belles,  
USN (retd) #3913

Most people associate a DX-pedition with an exotic locale and predominantly warm climates. Take, for example, Mike's (W1USN) yearly pilgrimages to the Caribbean or Owen's (GU0ALD) extended holiday on Pine Island. I guarantee that almost no one in their right mind actively pursues a DX-pedition to the North Pole — except me!

Canadian Forces Station (CFS) ALERT is a polar research station at coordinates 82.30 North 62.19 West on the Northern tip of Ellesmere Island. For the uninitiated, that's about 400 nm from the North Pole. Sources say Alert is the most northerly continuously manned (staffed) community in the world. Yours truly can believe it! I cannot imagine there being much life, particularly human, north of Alert. You would, however be surprised at the abundance of animal life in the area. The morning I departed, I saw a pure white arctic fox foraging for food. Sightings of wolves are common (thankfully I did not meet up with any), as well as Arctic hare. Seals, Musk-ox, Caribou, Lemmings and Weasels (Ermine) are also occasionally seen.

History indicates that Alert was first settled in the early 1950's as a part of the Joint Arctic Weather

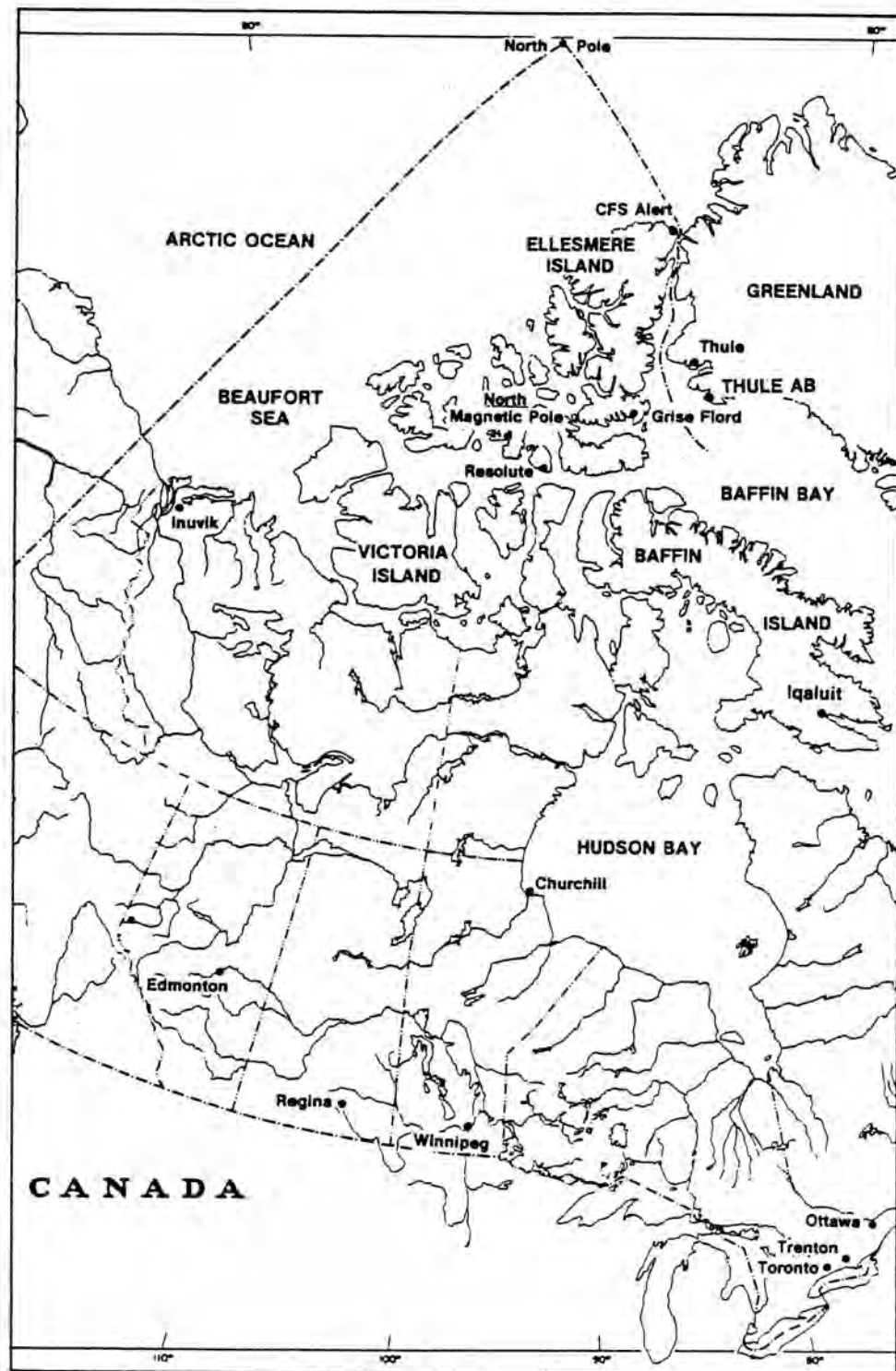
Station System. Weather research still plays an important role in the station's mission today. The Canadian military joined the station staff in 1958 to conduct radio propagation studies in the high latitudes.

CFS Alert was named after HMS Alert which wintered off Cape Sheridan, 9.7 Km East of the present station, in 1875-1876. She was under the command of Sir George Nares, whose expedition was the first to set foot on northern Ellesmere Island. Since that time, the station has been the stepping off point for most of the attempts to reach the North Pole, the latest (from my sources at the time of this writing) being the expedition of Sir Ralph Fiennes and the Trans-global Expedition in the spring of 1982. The corridor walls are lined with plaques and pictures commemorating these achievements and the important support role played by station personnel.

It is recorded that only two ships have ever reached CFS ALERT; the US Coast Guard Icebreaker **Staten Island** in 1953 and the Canadian Coast Guard Ship **St Laurent** in August 1971. The latter went on to 82.59 North, further than any surface ship until the Soviet Icebreaker **Artika** reached the North Pole in August 1977.

At the time of my visit, in





November 1996, the station was home to about 120 Canadian military and civilian personnel. These hardy folks are engaged in all kinds of fascinating research projects. Besides the previously mentioned radio propagation studies, which is how I managed to sneak a visit, there are numerous active scientific studies of the atmosphere. These mostly centre on the alarming build up of greenhouse gases and the ever-widening hole in the ozone layer which, we are told, seems to be largest at the Pole. Military personnel spend up to 6 months at the station while the civilian scientists, assigned to Environment Canada, usually spend 13 months.

The station itself, as you can imagine, is almost self-contained. The main building contains sufficient housing (rooms) for the normal population plus the ever-present stream of visitors. Also in this building is a well-equipped galley (the food was exceptional), store (I did the majority of last years Christmas shopping there), Post Office, Bank, Medical clinic, Library, FM Radio Station and video rental. There is a computer club, photo club, woodworking shop, and, of course the Ham Shack. **VE8RCS** (Royal Canadian Signals or Real Cool Spot depending on your particular persuasion) is actually located in the Gymnasium building

which is about 100 yards from the main building. Besides the shack, the gym houses a curling rink, a bowling alley, a basketball court, and probably the best selection of weights and exercise equipment north of Hudson Bay.

The gym is also the gathering point when the fire or crash alarm sounds. Unless, of course, the fire is in the gym itself. Because of the inhospitable climate, it is a requirement to be in full arctic kit any time you venture outside. This includes a parka, wind pants, arctic mitts, hat, scarf, and either mukluks or overboots. Getting suited up in all of this gear while the klaxon is blaring in your ear gave me a renewed respect for fire fighters. Thankfully all of the alarms during my stay were drills and none of them occurred in the middle of the night.

Getting back to the well-equipped Ham Shack, the primary HF transceiver is a Yaesu FT990. We normally ran the accompanying linear at between 400 to 600 watts. I was told that there were two towers sporting a TH-5 and TH-6 atop each. Since it was pitch black outside, I had to take their word for it. You see, the Arctic is in near (twilight) to total darkness at this time of the year (actually from October to March). The other six months, the sun never totally sets. All routine outside maintenance is, therefore

performed during the summer (day-light) months. The reason I mention this is that the TH-5 had previously broken its rotor and had been secured, pointing North/South, for the winter. During my stay, the TH-6 suffered a similar casualty during a particularly nasty wind storm (a common event as I was to later learn). Since no one is permitted to climb the towers in darkness, I can only guess whether the wildly swinging antenna survived until the Spring.

I had always listened intently as my Canadian co-workers described in vivid detail, their Alert experiences. Having myself spent some time in such garden spots as Diego Garcia

(British Indian Ocean Territory) I can relate somewhat to isolation. However at least the weather on DG was a bit milder. During my stay in Alert outside temps of  $-25^{\circ}\text{C}$  were the norm. When the wind kicks up, it can get much colder. A fact that I was soon to realise personally. One evening a group of us "visitors" were invited on a tour of the weather and environmental facilities. Their labs are up to 8 Km away from the main site so that emissions from the station do not interfere with their atmospheric readings. The weather was calm when we departed by snow cat, a small tracked vehicle used for overland travel. By the time we made the short drive to the weather station, an intermediate stop, to watch the nightly release of the weather balloon, the wind had picked up considerably. But the visibility was still good, so we set out for the longer run to the environmental lab. By the time we bounced our way to the lab, had the tour, and began to head back to the main station, it was blowing a full gale and the visibility was next to nil. Our party took refuge in the transmitter building and for the next two hours played cards and drank hot chocolate until the weather cleared. Old timers say the weather changes quite rapidly in Alert. Standing there in my parka, mukluks and arctic mitts, I suddenly



*Plaque located on the door  
leading into VE8RCS*



*The Author wearing my parka, at the controls of VE8RCS*

realised that one could very easily perish in such a hostile climate. That realisation gave me a renewed sense of respect for the people who man this lonely outpost!

Fortunately this was my only personal encounter with the weather. The rest of my problems during my short visit were all radio related — primarily POOR PROPAGATION! My arrival on November 16th, coincided with the start of the 1996 International Navy Contest. After dropping my kit in my barracks room, I immediately located the custodian of VE8RCS, quickly introduced myself, and quite unceremoniously ran off with the key to the shack. I was tuned up and

ready to go when I heard Greg (N5OKR) WORKING THE UK ON 14,333. Unfortunately not a peep was heard from the “G’s”! I spent the entire contest searching (and calling) the RNARS frequencies and made not a single additional contact. I did however run into Greg again about four hours later and managed to give him Zone 2 for the Sweepstakes.

During subsequent trips to the shack over my two weeks stay in Alert, I was able to work Bill (WA1HMW), a few of the “G’s” and a couple of the Canadian Society members. Those cards have long been in the mail. So if you worked me at VE8RCS during November

1996 and have not received a QSL, please let know. Will I have another opportunity for a DX-pedition to the North Pole? With my July 1997 retirement from the U.S. Navy, it is highly unlikely. Even though I would like to make it back to see what the place looks like in the daylight! I can honestly say that I enjoyed my short stay. My hat is off to the men and women of Canadian Forces Station Alert. They made my experience a truly memorable one. For that, I thank them — one and all!

Article credits — Historical information on CFS Alert was courtesy of the Welcome aboard package published by the Canadian Armed Forces. The map, showing the location of CFS Alert, came from that document.

*Our thanks also to Major E. MacLean Canadian Forces for allowing this article to be published in our Newsletter . . . Editor.*

## **T**HE LAST VOYAGE OF M906 BREYDEL

By **M. de MEYERE #4280 ON4BRN**

In 1956 after being months abroad, we were finally able to sail M906 Breydel from Seattle (USA) to Ostend. Now in 1997, the mine-sweeper was towed from Zeebrugge to Rupelmonde for its last journey. All those who had been members of the first crew, were invited on the 25th of November to participate in this trip. Everybody was expected to be on board between 1600 and 1700 hours. Due to circumstances, I was already present at the Naval Base of Zeebrugge at 0900 hours. Within an hour I started to embark 10,000 Litres of fuel. This after 41 years of absence as ex-second engineer of Breydel!

Thanks to the assistance of two obliging active-service Machines-mates many problems were solved. Where was the dipstick? Which tank had to be connected? Reconversion tables (gallons to litres)? Unfindable! Connectors to branch the fuel hose? Not on board any more! So we disconnected the valve and put the hose straight into the supply pipe. Assuming that everything would function as it should, we gave the order to start pumping. Unfortunately, somewhere a valve wasn't open yet and the brave pump operator took a shower of diesel fuel in the biting northwestern wind.





Finally, after a lot of grumbling, we were embarking diesel fuel. This event immediately recalled memories of what happened in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in 1956, on the return from America to Belgium. At a certain moment during that crossing we had to embark fuel. Or, in Naval terms "replenish at sea (RAS)". The personnel in the engine-room as well as the people on deck were extremely well trained for the job. When we were a few moments from giving the signal to stop pumping the unthinkable happened. In the middle of the hose, halfway between the huge aircraft carrier and our little boat, we saw a large bulge appear that became bigger and bigger. The inevitable happened;

suddenly Breydel was dripping diesel fuel starboard side from forecastle to stern. A very annoying event for the confident US Navy. It was efficiently solved though, we received a 16mm film projector, and the necessary excuses. The deck personnel couldn't blame the "black gang" this time. Furthermore, under the watchful eye of the machines-mates and their encouraging comments, they had to start repairing the legendary cleanliness of Breydel.

Back to November 1997 now. One by one the veterans came on board. The untidiness and neglect of the ship was the first thing they saw. Everywhere there was junk, inside as well as outside. We started clearing the forecastle and the quarterdeck to

make room for the mooring ropes, as we had to be towed shortly after.

Inside the cold was terrible. The ship hadn't been heated for weeks. Would the 60kw generator that supplies heating and light still work? Bad Luck! After a thorough investigation we found that the circulation pump had disappeared and that somebody had started dismantling the switchboard. As there is a legendary solidarity between Navy people, we were able to get help from the technical personnel of the Naval Base. Until 0100 hours we did all that was possible to generate electric power. When we finally succeeded, it was only for a short while. As we had expected, there were problems placing a load on the 60kw generator, due to a bad cooling system. So there was no heating. The only thing we had was emergency lighting.

At 0400 hours we were towed to Flushing, sailing like a ghost ship, no navigation light, no engines, no steering gear, no means of communication, no life jackets, no fire extinguishers. Never the less all went fine, until we arrived at Flushing! A river tug would take care of us for the rest of the trip. Soon the rather boisterous crew of the tug were causing problems; Breydel was rocking from port to starboard. The lines snapped. Result:

the foremast, part of the railing at port side went down. A second tug came to our assistance with such enthusiasm that the hull and railing on port side were also damaged. We began to wonder whether our destination was *Rupelmonde* or the breakers!

Near the 'Steen' at Antwerp the first tug finally put a towing line in a V-shape. This made it easier for the ship to stay on its course. After we passed the 'Steen', the Press, the local TV Crew, The Mayor and the Bench of Aldermen of Rupelmonde climbed on board Breydel like real sailors, whilst she was still sailing. As we were mooring at the ferry of Rupelmonde, we once again sustained damage at the forecastle. None of all those problems, the adventurous last voyage, the 32 hours without sleep or even the cold could break the spirit and enthusiasm of former sea dogs like us!

The Mayor and the Bench of Aldermen have the intention to establish a harbour museum in Rupelmonde. Breydel would be used as a museum ship on which pedagogic and tourist activities could take place. This is how we saved M906 Breydel from the breakers!

Maurice de Meyere. RNARS 4280.

# INTERNATIONAL NAVAL CONTEST 1997

## RESULTS RNARS RESULTS

Psn	call	RNARS	No.	QSO's	Points	Multi	Total
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### CLASS "A" — MIXED MODE

1.	G3LIK	RNARS	4	124	1051	92	96692
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### CLASS "B" — ALL BANDS CW

3.	G3OOK	ANARS	180	294	2102	140	294280
5.	G3YAJ	RNARS	3384	277	1906	132	251592
6.	GM4SID	RNARS	1629	262	1837	129	236973
10.	DL3ZBJ	RNARS	3419	246	1569	124	194556
20.	UA2FT	RNARS	4400	160	1105	90	99450
21.	OE6PN	MF	155	112	931	81	75411
24.	DJ7AC	MF	329	128	902	72	64944
26.	KA4IFF	RNARS	1626	96	870	71	61770
28.	G3AWR	RNARS	1195	109	874	61	53314
33.	SM6NM	RNARS	4471	100	810	53	42930
34.	RN1NV	RNARS	4263	107	737	56	41272
38.	ON4CBM	MF	756	90	629	54	34506
39.	SM4CTI	RNARS	4029	79	627	54	33858
44.	DL8BE	MF	194	59	537	51	27387
51.	SM6DER	RNARS	507	63	504	39	19656
52.	F5YG	RNARS	3948	64	460	41	18860
56.	M0AEK	RNARS	1050	52	422	37	15614
64.	IZ7ANO	INORC	353	39	336	33	11088
65.	SM6JSS	RNARS	1461	47	480	29	11020
69.	PA0HRM	RNARS	2885	40	283	27	7641
76.	UY5OQ	RNARS	4404	26	224	21	4704
83.	HB9ANE	RNARS	3493	23	158	14	2212
88.	OF1UP	RNARS	4390	8	71	7	497

**A FULL LIST OF ALL THE RESULTS IS AVAILABLE FROM G3LIK,  
PLEASE SEND A S.A.E.**

## **SALVAGE OF MAILLE BREZE 1953.**

**The following story has been sent in by DOUG G4BEQ RNARS 626.**

Reading John's article on the above vessel made me think that perhaps members would like to hear the final chapter of the story. As stated, the accidental firing of torpedoes, note the plural, fitted with warheads and pistols, stowed in the fore and aft position resulted in an explosion sealing off the forward section, starting fires, trapping, without means of escape, many of the ships company. There was either no escape hatch, or it was destroyed in the explosion. The crew were unable to climb out of the normal

ports although many tried. There is a harrowing story of Medical Staff going round the forecastle area in a small boat administering injections. She settled on the bottom in shallow water and remained there for 14 years.

With the passage of time there was concern that oil would leak from her. She was fairly close to the shipping channel and the possibility of ammunition still in her magazines becoming unstable. Why this had not been removed soon after the event I have no idea!

In 1953 work started on what was to become a very difficult tidal lift. The job was completed in late 1954. Fortunately we still had a considerable Admiralty Salvage



Organisation at that time with two very interesting characters running it. Captain Fell and Peter Fleck. The former wrote a very interesting book "The Sea Surrenders" telling of his Salvage experiences — well worth a read. I wonder how many members served on Ocean Tugs, Salvage and Boom/Net vessels. I spent some 12 years in them after leaving the Submarine Service.

First as a diver, then Boatswain, Navigator, First Lieutenant and finally in Command. Great days!

Considerable preparatory work was carried out by divers to cut away most of the top hamper to prepare her silt filled hull for eventual lifting. Messengers were used to drag 9" salvage hawsers under the keel. If you have never spliced a 9" hawser you can hardly claim to have been a seaman! Two lifting craft were positioned on each side, one forward, one aft, to which the hawsers were attached, and to make life really awkward, the Destroyer had quite a list on her!

To prevent the lifting craft riding over the wreck four Bar/Net BDV's were used. Each one layed a stern anchor and steamed towards her nominated lifting craft and secured by the bows, or "Horns" for all you old "Boomers". This meant the stern anchor was laid some 200 yards away from the wreck. A stern anchor on a Bar Boat is usually 5 tons and

attached to the after winch using a 4½" wire, usually about 900' long. At Low Water Springs all the slack was taken up on the 9" hawsers and stoppered. Pumping out of the lifting craft then commenced. The Bar vessels steamed full astern taking up the slack on the stern anchor wire as they did so. Come High Water the wreck was now cradled in its slings and clear of the bottom. Using Tugs and various other vessels she was eased inshore until she grounded on Ardmore Bank. A second tidal lift was then necessary to get her in a condition for eventual towage to the breakers yard. I am not sure which one that was.

Once the wreck was raised there was some very unpleasant and very dirty work to be carried out by the Naval manned vessels. In particular "**Barrington**", she brought all the coffins containing the remains of the Ships Company for a proper burial ashore. Also the task of removing ammunition from the magazines filled with silt, and dumping it off Arran fell to the Naval contingent. Interestingly, she still had her depth charges in the racks, some primed, but fortunately set for over 100 feet. Not good practice in "safe" waters! These were also disposed off in the same area and countermined. As they say "stranger things happen at sea", as



is illustrated next. Although all the remains were skeletons and the wood on all the rifles stowed in their racks were eaten away, large amounts of paper documents could be clearly read.

Strewn around were sailor's letters which apart from being water stained were perfectly legible to anyone able to read French. Someone had been to a Paris show. There was 1 programme depicting Charles Trenet supported by Maurice Chevalier and this was only damaged after it came up by the continuous rain that is normal off the Tail of the Bank.

I am unable to remember all of the ships and vessels involved but the following were some of them. HMS Barrington-Barberque-Martinet and RFA Succour.

If anyone intends passing through Greenock they will find a memorial at the top of the hill overlooking the spot where this tragedy took place. Each year, when the Navy was based in Greenock, a parade took place at the memorial to honour the dead.

The memorial referred to by Doug is situated on Lyle Hill, and a picture has been loaned by John G4KGT #1364 with acknowledgement to the photographer I. A. Duncan.

## A JOB ON THE OTHER SIDE

By M. G. Robinson ex RN Tel,  
Article sent in by Ray GOFQT.

The evening papers on the 4th June 1942, and the dailies on the following morning carried front page banner headlines such as:

"COMMANDOS ARE HOME — CASUALTIES SLIGHT" (London Evening Standard)

"COMMANDOS IN WOOLLEN CAPS AND SHORTS RAID NAZIS — Germans fire on Germans" (Daily Sketch)

The reports painted a glowing picture of a successful raid; the truth was somewhat different. I was a Naval Telegraphist, having enrolled in the RNV(W)R in June 1939, and had served two years in a mine-sweeping trawler. In April 1942, together with others, I was drafted to HMS Dundonald II near Troon, Ayrshire, where we discovered that our purpose in life was to land with advance troops on enemy beaches, and there establish communications between the beaches, assault ships and landing craft. We were kitted out in khaki battledress, army boots and gaiters but retained our Naval headgear, a motley crew we must have looked! After two weeks induction into the mysteries of Combined Operations (mainly square bashing) we were moved down to Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where a force was

being gathered to carry out large scale raids on France.

A considerable number of Naval communications personnel, signalmen, telegraphists and coders, were involved under the command of LT. P. Howes, DSC.RN (later Rear Admiral) with routine activities being carried out under S/Lt R. S. Evans who had trained as a Beach Signals Officer.

St Nazaire and Bruneval both very successful operations, were in the past. Dieppe was yet to come. Meantime life in Cowes, with billets in the former Holiday Camp at Gurnard, was very pleasant, and thoughts of what the future might hold did not greatly trouble us. One fine afternoon in early June, I was on the promenade with a friend, a regular telegraphist, a survivor of the Cruiser "Barham" (should be Battle Cruiser I think-ED), when S/Lt Evans approached and said he had a job for us 'on the other side'. Now to two 'innocent' matelots this could only mean over on the mainland, just across the Solent somewhere. How stupid can you be! In no time at all we were on our way, in company with several other Telegraphists, in an 'R' (Eureka) boat which delivered us to one of the former Belgian or Dutch cross channel ferries which had been converted to carry ALC'S (the pre-American designation). We then

realised something was on. Briefing must have been minimal - all I can remember is being told that a Commando raid was to be carried out near Boulogne and which craft we would be in. We steamed off up Channel and some time during the night, were loaded into the ALC's and headed for the French coast. When we hit the beach, for what would have been a dry landing, it quickly became apparent that we had picked a wrong spot, because as the ramp was lowered, machine gun fire erupted from both sides and tracers could be seen crossing just in front of our bows. At the time, I had the impression a couple of the leading Commando's who were braced for a quick take off, might have made the beach, but with hindsight I think I was probably mistaken. At any rate the German fire was very accurate across our bows and to step out into that would probably have been suicidal.

Consequently, the ramp was hastily raised and the Boat Officer, a Sub Lieut., decided to pull off, presumably with a view to trying to re-beach at a less unfriendly spot. However, attempts to kedge off proved ineffective and we appeared to be well and truly stuck. Situated starboard side, midships, I was keeping my head well down, the more so as my aerial seemed to be attracting attention from the

German gunners. The Subby instructed me to radio that we were stuck, which I did only to receive the terse response "pipe down!".

By this time the machine gun fire had been joined by mortar shells which started to land uncomfortably close and it may have been this that prompted our kedge winch into effective action, because, at last, with the help of engines astern, we managed to ease off the beach. By then it seemed that everyone else was withdrawing, so we also headed out seawards. As dawn broke an MGB or ML came alongside and took off the Commando's leaving the Subby, Coxswain, motorman and myself. We were offered a tow which we accepted gratefully but the speed of the MGB was too much for us and we had to cast off, otherwise we would soon have been bows under. Suddenly we were alone with not another craft in sight. It was a beautiful fine, warm, summer morning and we seemed all set for a pleasant if lonely trip home. However acting as a self-appointed lookout I spotted over the starboard quarter smoke on the horizon and discerned several ominous looking fast craft approaching. I believe I called the Subby's attention to this with the words "Don't look now Sir, but I think we're in for trouble!".

Now what I did not know then

was that the RN had one flotilla of Steam Gun Boats, commanded by Peter Scott. At any rate, much to our relief we spotted their White Ensigns, they hauled alongside, checked that we were OK and steamed off hell for leather leaving us to our own devices. Yes it was a pleasant trip after all, one small ALC all by itself, blue skies, calm seas, not a plane or ship to be seen and incredibly no trouble all the way. We beached at Hastings to find reporters and photographers waiting. My face should have featured in one of the Daily Sketch pictures, had I not ducked down to ensure my Mother would not be shocked to discover what I was doing — she thought I was shore based! (Well I suppose I was in a manner of speaking!). Even so, the camera still caught the top of my head. Evidence I treasure, as it proves that at one time I did have a reasonable head of hair.

Many years afterwards I spotted in the Daily Telegraph the obituary of one of the Commando Officers who had taken part in the raid **Major Gordon Webb**. Only then did I learn that the raid had taken place at Hardelot, a small resort near Bologne. According to Major Webb the purpose of the raid had been to secure some advanced equipment from a radar station said to be sited there, but in the event the recall was

signalled prematurely by accident making the raid abortive.

Whether there was any truth in the press report that Germans fired on Germans is questionable. What did happen, according to Major Webb, is that as the commando's were returning to the boats they were fired on by the boat party. Only then did Webb remember that the leading Commando had a stutter and could not articulate the password! Fortunately for Webb and companions no-one was hurt. The Hardelet raid although much hyped up by the Press, appears to have achieved nothing worthwhile unless one counts useful experience for the real thing. In itself it is barely worthwhile relating — certainly I have never seen mention of it in any post-war literature. This then is simply a 'one person' experience of a very minor event in the history of RN Beach Signals.

## **The life and death of HMS TYNEDALE 1940-1943**

**By A. R. Thomson #2834**

Tynedale was built on the Clyde and launched in June 1940. Final completion was in December 1940. I joined her in January 1941 after having done three months aboard a

converted cross-channel ferry. This was after having completed my nine months training as a Telegraphist in Devonport Barracks. For some reason my first ship was decommissioned after only three months so I was relatively inexperienced on joining Tynedale. Two other Tels joined with me, both straight out of training school. The next day after joining the Bosun's mate came up to us and said "The Captain wants to see you". We trotted up to his cabin and stood before him and I, as spokesman, said "you sent for us sir". He looked at us with a smile on his face and it was then that the penny dropped. We'd been had! Tynedale was of the new HUNT class, 1000 tons displacement, twin four inch guns fore and aft, one Pom-pom aft and no torpedoes. She also carried 50 depth charges. Top speed was around 30 knots and a range of 3,500 miles at half that speed. Compared with today's ships she was small.

Her main job was to be convoy escort in the English Channel between Portsmouth and Milford Haven. It was in Portsmouth in March that we had our first baptism of fire while alongside the dockyard. We were caught in an air raid and sustained engine room damage from near misses. I was in the wheelhouse with the Captain and Gunnery Officer, relaying gun direction

information to them from over the telephone. One of the near misses landed in the sea right alongside the bridge and I think I must have tried to make myself very small indeed because the Captain asked if I was alright!

Convoy work continued till October and then we were caught in another air raid, this time in Plymouth. This was during the time when Plymouth was being very heavily bombed. With only half our crew the Captain decided it would be healthier if we went out to sea till it was over. I can remember standing in the forecastle doorway looking aft as we went down river and I was aware of what seemed like hundreds of incendiary bombs hitting the upper deck. Most of them just bounced overboard and I kept hoping there were no bombs among them. We continued with the convoys until March 1942 and then we were detailed as escort with HMS Atherstone for the raid on St Nazaire. On 26th March 1942 we sailed in company with Atherstone and the Destroyer Cambeltown plus an assault force of one MTB and 16 ML's. It was only after the war that the full extent of the operation became known to us. On the way south we attacked a U-Boat and brought it to the surface with depth charges. All hell broke out with every gun we had shooting at it. It

was so close alongside that our four inch guns could not be depressed enough. The U-Boat sank out of sight and we congratulated ourselves on what we thought was a kill.

The attack on St. Nazaire duly took place with Tynedale and Atherstone patrolling some miles to seaward ready to assist the surviving ML's. Whilst on patrol a force of five German Destroyers was sighted and suddenly the W/T office was full of people wanting to know what the score was. We all thought that our luck had run out but after a running battle lasting about ten minutes the Germans made off and we all breathed a sigh of relief. A few ML's made it back out of the Estuary but they were badly shot up and wounded men crowded their decks which were red with blood. After taking the men onboard two additional Destroyers arrived from Plymouth and we had an uneventful trip back to base.

Convoy work in the Channel continued with an occasional cross Channel foray in company with other destroyer groups attacking enemy coastal forces. Late in 1942 I left the ship for a course for Leading Tel in Plymouth Barracks, rejoining the ship on completion of the course. On the first of March 1943 Tynedale left for the Med, where she became part of FORCE H. Up to July 1943 it was mostly convoy work



along the North African shore but early in July we were part of Operation 'Husky' the assault on Sicily. After that it was more convoy work between Malta and Algiers. In late July my Leading Tel promotion came through and since I was now surplus to requirements I had to leave the ship. I went into Barracks in Algiers but I was soon posted to the Naval W/T station on Maddalena Island off the North East coast of Sardinia where I remained until the end of the war.

On the 12th of December 1943 at 0700 Tynedale was sunk by a German torpedo which struck her Port side just forward of the funnel. she quickly broke in two and the forepart sank quickly, the explosion must have wrecked the W/T office which was in the area of the hit. It was believed another torpedo hit her aft.

I conclude this narrative with two strange coincidences. The U-Boat which sank Tynedale was U593 the very same submarine and crew which we thought we had sunk on the way to St. Nazaire. The other coincidence was that the only one of the W/T office staff survived, and he was the man who was my relief! . . .  
A. R. THOMSON RNARS 2834.

*Editor's Note: My records show that L96 was sunk 12/12/43 by U593 off Bougie, thanks for the story, however, I was interested to*

*read about your quick elevation to killick sparker! Very quick even for those days, and it occurred to me that you must have had previous knowledge of sparking. So I checked on your call which you did not put on the letter, and found that you were licensed 61 YEARS AGO! Before the war in fact, and it struck me that there could be a lot of information which could be of great benefit and interest to some of the youngsters who have just received their licences. How about another article please Alex on that subject, or indeed any subject to do with our great hobby!*

*Don GW4DUY.*

## **RADAR REMEMBERED**

**By Ian Anderson-Mochrie  
W/G3VCM #0343**

The article by Dave G3VXM 0433 (you must be about my vintage Dave) in the Spring 98 Newsletter brought back a few memories. I served on board HMS SHEFFIELD in the mid 50's as an REM and I can remember a few things about the Radar Equipment. My LREM had a strange teaching philosophy, he thought I should learn about the bottom halves of the Radar Sets and the best way to do this was on my hands and knees. Even better if I could

scrub out the Radar office whilst I was down there! Dave mentions that Sheffield was fitted with Radar type 281 and is absolutely correct. I also think we had 271, the main subject of Dave's article. Makes sense 271 for surface detection and ranging, 281 for air early warning.

The 281's aerial was a huge 'bedstead' mounted on top of the main mast. The feeder was Pyrotenax (coax) which tends to absorb moisture, thus lowering the insulation. One of my many menial tasks was to climb the main mast and drive the moisture down the pyrotenox with a blow lamp. The feeder had a pitch box at the base of the mast and when all the water had been driven out we refilled the box with black pitch. It was a messy business. I spent three years on board and climbed that mast many times.

The 281 had separate transmit and receive offices. You could almost feel the radiation when the set was in use. For some reason, the transmitter office was always infested with Cockroaches. I hated going in there, the smell was overpowering. Someone will put me right if I am wrong, but I think the 281 was succeeded by the 960 ( I joined submarines and lost touch with the surface world).

SHEFFIELD was of course a sister ship of HMS BELFAST and in

some ways was perhaps more worthy of preservation as she was fitted out internally in STAINLESS STEEL, donated by her adopted city. Hence her nickname "Shiny Sheff". During my time on board we were based at Bermuda and cruised throughout the Caribbean and Pacific. It was really tough duty!

A couple of interesting asides. There was a picture in Sheffield's wardroom which still had a piece of BISMARCK's shrapnel embedded in it, and the Captain, whose name eludes me, had a very nice looking daughter who became Baroness von Thyssen, wife of the wealthy German Industrialist. On leaving the Sheffield I went to COLLINGWOOD for LREM's course and then joined HMS LOCH KILLISPORT for two years in the Persian Gulf. The ship was fitted with Radar type 293 which was probably the successor to the 273 Dave talks about in his article. Our set was either P or Q version with a large stabilised dish aerial which could be rotated and trained vertically for aircraft tracking. The Radar office was on the upper deck aft of the funnel and because of this it was always a bit sooty. The office was my home from home, I even slept up there! By this time I had become acquainted with the upper halves of the equipment! Loss of HT was the most common problem with the 293, I used to

"chase" the HT line with a hammer, when there was no spark to the Hammer Head I'd found the faulty component! I got plenty of shocks and it's a wonder that I am still alive.

I was just thinking — when equipment you have worked on is displayed in a museum you really have become AN OLD TIMER!!

## **FROM THE COLLINGWOOD MUSEUM**

### **A TYPICAL W/T OFFICE OF THE 1920's**

**By Dave G3VXM 0433**

The first exhibit one comes to on entering the museum is a reconstruction of a typical W/T office of the period 1924 to 1933, this radio cabin is almost exactly as it would have been on an RN ship of that period. The first thing that strikes you is the style of the inter-unit wiring most of it being bare copper wire of about 12 gauge, considering some of the voltages present, being in such a cabin in rough seas does not bear thinking about I guess a modern day safety inspector would have a field day. Most of the equipment came from the second W/T office of H.M.S. Resource a

depot ship for small ships and destroyers and from RNC'S Dartmouth and Greenwich. The main transmitter associated with the office is a type 37B the original set from Resource being situated at the rear of the office behind the operators chair, it had a range of 350 miles at a frequency of 100 kc/s to 1365 kc/s. Later sets of this type were considerably modified in 1930, 1933 and 1940, the direct descendants therefore operating well into the war. The office was designed for one man operation and all the controls arranged to be within easy reach of the operator. The secondary transmitter which can be seen to the left and above the 37B is the type 4H, it was for communicating inter-ship with a range of 10 miles at a frequency of 375kc/s to 1365kc/s with low power mcw. The receiving arrangements incorporated a three valve straight set M3B and a K5 hetrodyne unit these being situated at the extreme left and right of the operators bench respectively. The M3B is designated an 'amplifier detector' in effect a three valve straight (TRF) receiver the NR14 type valves being clipped to the front of the unit. The K5 hetrodyne unit was used to set up the frequencies of the ships transmitter and also as a beat oscillator to resolve CW signals in the receiver. It contains seven colour coded coil packs for different

frequency ranges, the pack in use being mounted vertically in the centre of the set the others being stowed in the top part of the unit. Also there is a corresponding set of circular coloured dials to match the coilpack in use and give accurate calibration. The office is complete with two period brass morse keys and also a pair of vintage bakelite telephones, the whole cabin giving a feel of a sparker's lot in the mid 1920's. Alongside the radio office is the main transmitter from HMS Resource a type 36 which was fitted on that ship in 1928. This gave a frequency coverage of 75kc/s to 500kc/s and 4.16mc/s to 17.1mc/s and ran an astounding 5 to 7 K.watts using three NT23B silica valves in parallel and being fed directly into the aerial, the aerial ammeter reading a mind blowing 70 amps fsd.

## **FROM THE COLLINGWOOD MUSEUM**

### **ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA & ALBERT**

**By Dave G3VXM 0433**

One of the Collingwood Museums more unusual treasures are some artifacts from the old Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert. This ship was

actually the third vessel to bear the name the first two being paddle steamers the third a screw driven steam yacht. The original V&A was renamed Osborne in 1884 and continued service as a Royal vessel up until 1874 when it was replaced by a new yacht of the same name which had an interesting later radio connection in the latter years of the century. The Queen becoming concerned with the Prince of Wales health after a recent accident asked Marconi to install the 'new' wireless equipment in the yacht and at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight so that they could keep in touch. The subsequent trials were most successful even over non visual paths across some of the more hilly parts of the island, the Royal family being most pleased with the outcome. In the meantime Queen Victoria used the yachts tender 'The Fairy' up until the launch of the new principal yacht from Pembroke Dock in 1855, which took on the name Victoria & Albert its first major duty being the 'Peace' fleet review on April 23rd the following year to commemorate the end of the Crimean war. This event which comprised a gathering of 240 ships the largest number ever assembled for such an occasion was notable for the fiasco with which it concluded. After the Queen on board the Royal Yacht had sailed down the starboard

line and returned down the centre of the lines a mock battle was staged by a number of gunboats the enthusiastic gunfire was supposed to have been returned by the shore based forts. This return fire failed to materialize as the Lt Governor in charge realized at the last moment that he personally was expected to foot the bill for this extravaganza and hastily withdrew the munitions leaving a pregnant pause to conclude the proceedings. The third Victoria & Albert was launched in May 1899 also from Pembroke Dock and after an eventful fitting out when it all but capsized, it was a twin screwed steel ship eighty feet longer than her predecessor clad with teak to maintain the internal temperature at an even level, although launched in Victoria's reign the Queen never sailed in her its tour of duty starting with the new King Edward VII and on in to the reign of his son George V. The museum exhibits included silver plated heater and some rather 'dinky' electric light fittings, there is also a rather grand telephone set which of course is also silver plated, perhaps it may have come from the Royal suite itself? On a more mundane level another part of this display shows one of the yacht's switchboards a very impressive piece of heavy electrics made of solid brass on a heavy slate base. This

particular exhibit brings back some childhood memories to me, as a young lad my father took me down to the dockyard in Portsmouth specifically to have one last look at this grand old lady as she was about to be towed out to sea and scuttled. At the time I remember not being too impressed at this rather tatty ship which was little more than an old battered hulk. She had after all spent many years languishing about the harbour serving as an accommodation ship and the ravishes of time had not been kind to her. Lets hope this indignity is spared her latter day counterpart HMV Britannia!

## **RNARS A.F.S. RESULTS**

**By Sid GM4SID.**

RNARS entrants in the AFS/CW contest dropped from 45 last year to 38 this time, but the SSB entry increased from 7 to 8. Last year we had eight full 5 operator teams but this year we can only produce two full teams in the CW contest and one 3 operator team in SSB. This year, I asked anyone on internet to send their logs to me by e-mail. Only Dave Hind, G3VNG sent his logs for both the CW and SSB contests by



this method. One other member attempted to send his CW log but he had used a word processor on it which corrupted it with formatting codes. The RSGB had asked for AFS logs by internet if possible this year but when I e-mailed the complete entry of 38 CW logs and summary files to the RSGB, they were rejected. Another e-mail to the RSGB managing director eventually elicited the reason — although the contests committee had decided that they would introduce this method in 1998, they didnt tell RSGB HQ. Communicators cannot communicate. Our entry for both contests was eventually accepted e-mail but I sent a floppy by post just to be sure. The results are given in the tables below. To all those who took part, thank you. You should see the corrected scores in the June or July Radcom. The next RNARS contest is in November, the rules appear elsewhere in this edition of the Newsletter.

C.W. AFS CONTEST 1998.  
R.N.A.R.S. Team Results.(RNARS membership is confirmed by RNARS Nr.).

Team	Member	Score.	RNARS
Colchester	G3GLL	2320	3176
	G0IBN	1910	3314
	G3YAJ	1870	3384
	G0DID	1180	2917
	G3YEC	890	1727
			8170

Portsmouth	G3LIK	2070	4
	G3JTG	1590	1811
	G3KOJ	1120	594
	G3CRS	800	1636
	G0FOD	620	3170
			6200
Birmingham	G3HZL	790	12
	G4SFO	1490	2203
	G3TZM	1280	328
	G3LNL	1070	4094
			5630
Barrow	G3IZD	2060	45
	G3KKJ	1340	3601
	G0CHV	960	3460
	G3RFE	890	476
			5250
Rosyth	GM4SID	2100	1629
	GM3UM	1170	895
	GM3CFS	960	803
			4230
London	G3LCS	1430	38
	G4BUV	1370	2043
	G3YYF	1120	600
	G3OZY	300	67
			4220
Liverpool	G3HQB	1910	539
	G4SYC	1120	3645
	G0IGB	650	4057
	G4RBE	400	2390
			4080
Middlesbrough			
	G3AWR	1370	1195
	G4FCH	870	1921
	G3MXZ	850	431
			3090
Plymouth	G0JCY	1070	3426
	G3VNG	850	366
	G3AQM	680	422
			2600

Swansea	GW4XQK	980	2695
	GW4KVJ	220	2042
			1200
Lowestoft	G8NT	840	3216
			840

## SSB. AFFILIATED SOCIETIES

### CONTEST 1998. (SSB)

#### Colchester

G3YAJ	1310	3384
G3YEC	1060	1727

Colchester	G0DID	1010	2917
			3380

London	G3YYF	1120	600
	G3OZY	350	67
			1470

Birmingham	G3HZL	1170	0012
			1170

#### Middlesbrough

G4FCH	860	1921
		860

Plymouth	G3VNG	480	366
			480

voyage. The old Union-Castle was purchased by Safmarine, which in 1977 ended the usual "lavender hull" trips to the Cape. To commemorate the centenary year (2000) a special trip is being organised by Union-Castle. The chartered vessel is the old "Victoria" (28,000 tonnes) sailing on December 11th, 1999, from Southampton. The ship will be in Capetown to celebrate the new millennium, then sails on round Africa and the Med, returning to Southampton on 15th February. Full details are available from Union-Castle, Town Quay, Southampton.

### Telford Rally.

This year was held on Sunday May 10th the weather remained mainly clement all day. To share with members who have not been to Drayton Manor rally. The venue is a large country park, close to Tamworth in Staffordshire. The park is full of attractions for all members of the family, especially the kids. Attractions include a large fun fair, a zoo, various country walks and lots of cafes, restaurants and snack kiosks, plus, a large radio rally with loads of traders and stalls, many outside. Helping on the stand was Don G3HZL, who, as usual did sterling service in welcoming members and sharing the stand duty. We had many visitors and interest was shown in the literature, commodities and various flags we had on display

## AREA REPS REPORTS

By Peter Area Co-ordinator

G3RDR RNARS 241

### General Interest.

An item of news which may be of interest to members, particularly those ex-Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, is the return of "Union-Castle". This is for one planned trip only and its centenary

— White ensign, Red ensign and Union Flag. A total of 24 members signed in, (same as 1997) rally. Forthcoming events in the area are Elvaston Castle Rally (June 14th), Telford Rally (23rd August), & AMS 98 Rally November at Bingley Hall Stafford.

**John G3LNK 4094**

### **McMichael Rally.**

I have booked a table for the RNARS stand at the "McMichael" Rally on Sunday 19th July 98. Haymill Youth Centre, in Burnham, near Slough.

**Diana G0RNO 3926**

### **RNARS RALLY HMS Collingwood.**

Once again the RNARS Rally was back to a "Sunday" on 7th June 1998, being held on the HMS Collingwood sports field. The weather was kind, though windy and the rain held off until nearly the end of afternoon. Attendance was good and most of our regular traders were with us, plus model boats, Repeater Groups, RAYNET, Bring and buy etc. The RNARS tent was manned throughout the day and 80 members signed in.

**Peter G3RDR 241**

### **Longleat Rally**

A good rally on a rather muddy day, RNARS in attendance 64 members signed in and some new members joined. The table was assisted by G0BID, G3OZY, G4DIU.

**John G4VUG 2241**

## **NEW BOOKS!**

We have been advised of the recent publication of the following Books.

**MMS172** (A Telegraphists experience of wartime mine-sweeping).

This book is available in Hard Covers at £10.95 + £3 Post and Packing from: Albert Rigby, 39 Clifford Road, Princes Risborough HP27 0DP or by phone from 01844 345776.

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The other is yet to be published, it will appear on the 29th July 1998.

This is called **CQ-GTSM** and is sub-titled 'Diary of a maritime Radio Officer.' The author is Ross Bradshaw and the book is published by Seawolf Press ISBN 0 9532781-0-7 Price £12.95

The Advance Information Sheet suggests that this book would be of interest to anyone interested in matters maritime in general or marine radio in particular. Since coming into the public eye with the sinking of the Titanic, the sea going Radio Officer has always been associated with ships in difficulty. Few books cover the activities of the Radio Officer, fewer still have the wealth of Photographs or technical information as found in CQ-GTSM, which has been compiled from the author's seagoing journal.

# RNARS Nets and Frequencies +/- QRM

## UK: All times local

Monday-Friday	1130-1330	3740/7055	The Bubbly Rats Net	G0HMS/G3VLL
Monday	1400	3575	QRS CW Net	G3AWR/G3UEC
	1900	3743	N.W.SSB Net (News @ 2000)	GW0JXW
	2000	145.325 (S13)	London Group VHF Net	G4BCJ/G4UOX
	2000	144.240	Teeside VHF CW Net	G4ANL/G4JXR
	2000	3750	RNARS N.I. Net	GI0URN
	2045	145.350(S14)	Teeside VHF Net	G4ANL/G4JXR
Tuesday	1900	3528	RNARS CW Net	G0JCY
	2100	1965	RNARS Top Band SSB Net	GW0JXW
1st Tue ONLY	2000	3520	Code Proficiency Run / News	GB3RN
Wednesday	1400	7088/3740	RNARS White Rose Net	G3YHA/G3OZY
	1900	3740	RNARS SSB Net(News@2000)	GW0JXW
	2000	145.400 (S16)	Stand Easy Net	GI1HP
Thursday	1845	3666	RNARS UK NE SSB Net	G4FCH/G4AXF
	1900	3545	Scottish CW Net	GM0RNR/GM3HUN
	1930	51.51	RNARS 6m Net	GB3RN
	2000 GMT	1824	RNARS Top Band CW Net	G3AWR
	2000	145.575 (S23)	RNARS Scottish 2m Net	GM0RNR/P
Friday	1400	3740	Inter Service SSB Net	GW4XKE
	1900	10118	RNARS 30m CW Net	LA1IE/G3AWR
Saturday	0900	3660/7088	RNARS NE Saturday Net	G3UEC/G3AWR
Sunday	0830	3666	RNARS SSB (News @ 0900)	G3LIK
	1000	7055	RNARS Northern SSB Net	GM4BKV
	1030	145.400 (S16)	RNARS Cornish VHF Net	G0RIZ
	1100	7020	RNARS CW Net	G3WP/G3AWR
	1100	3660	RNARS West Country Net	G0GRY

### DX NETS: ALL TIMES GMT.

Daily	0330	7075	ANARS SSB Net	VK1XX/VK4CY
	0400	7090	VK2 RNARS Net	VK2FYM
	0430	14175	ANARS SSB Net	VK1XX/VK4CY
	0800	14303	Maritime Mobile Net	G4YZH/G4FRN
	1800	14303	Maritime Mobile Net	G4YZH/G4FRN
Monday	0930	3615	VK2 RNARS SSB Net	VK2FYM
	1000	3615	VK5 RNARS SSB Net	VK5RAN
Tuesday	1800	3740	MARAC SSB Net	PA3DKX/PI5MRC
Wednesday	0800	3620	ZL SSB Net	ZL1BSA
	0930	3527	VK CW Net	VK4CY
Saturday	1430	21360	RNARS DX Net	WA1HMY
Sunday	0600	14052	RNARS VK CW Net	VK4CY
	0800	3740	MARAC SSB Net	PA3DKX/PA0QLD
	0930	3555	MARAC CW Net	PA3CVU/PA3EBA
	1230	14335	RNARS Isle of Man Net	GD3LSF/OE8NIK
	1430	21360/28933	RNARS DX Net	WA1HMY
	1830	14132	RNARS Canadian SSB Net	VE2DOH/VE7BQM
	2000	14294	North American SSB Net	WA1HMY

RNARS Scene of Action frequencies are designated:-

VHF	145.400
HF CW	1824, 3520, 7020, 10118, 14052, 18087, 21052, 24897, 28052
HF SSB	1965, 3666, 3740, 7055, 14294, 14335, 18150, 21360, 28933

Net Controllers please advise of any changes or amendments to **G3LIK 01705 255880** or @ **GB7SUN** or **QTHR**