

The Newsletter of the
Royal Naval Amateur
Radio Society
Summer 2016



HMS Jackdaw – Crail, Fife
Swordfish being armed with torpedoes

www.rnars.org.uk
The RNARS is affiliated to the RSGB

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Promotion for our patron First Sea Lord; Admiral Sir Philip Jones KCB

In the great cabin of the world's oldest commissioned warship; HMS Victory, Admiral Zambellas formally handed over command of more than 30,000 men and women, nearly ninety warships, nuclear submarines and support vessels, the helicopters and jets of the Fleet Air Arm and the elite Naval infantry of the Royal Marines to the man who has overseen the day-to-day operations of the Royal Navy since 2013 as its Fleet Commander.



During his three-year spell in charge, Admiral Jones will oversee the aircraft carrier HMS Queen Elizabeth's entry into service. Her sister ship, HMS Prince of Wales, will begin sea trials and the world's most advanced fifth generation jet aircraft, the F-35B Joint Strike Fighter, will operate from a Royal Navy ship for the first time.

Admiral Jones said: "We owe Sir George a huge debt of gratitude; through this vision and leadership, the Royal Navy's credibility has been strengthened immeasurably, and with it our self-belief; it is a legacy that will stand the test of time.

"In these uncertain times, the Royal Navy continues to protect our nation's interests at home and around the world. In the years ahead, the introduction of the two largest aircraft carriers, the largest warships in our history, will change entirely how the Royal Navy operates. Our sailors and marines are the best in the world, and I intend to keep it that way. With the support of our civil servants and our families, I will use all my energy and experience to lead them to success. Together, we will make the most of our opportunities, and address our challenges head-on, as we ready ourselves for this exciting new era of British maritime power."

MOD press release

Chairman's Chat

Welcome to the summer edition of the newsletter. It should always be remembered that the quality of any publication is dependent on the material available. We all have something of interest in our lives but unfortunately the majority of members are reluctant to share it. If you have any hints or tips that could help others, especially the newly licenced members, then let Colin have them. He is always on the lookout for short articles to provide variety and fill in those odd spaces, and remember pictures are always handy.

I sometimes wonder if members actually read the newsletter as regardless of how many times the subject of subscriptions comes up, some members still cause the membership secretary many hours of unnecessary work through failure to pay on time or submit the correct amount. I always find it interesting that members whose first language is not English have little difficulty in understanding the rules yet some "locals" have great difficulty in following the information supplied.

Preparations are well in hand for HMS Collingwood Open Day and it is good to see that the appeals that were put out for members to assist have resulted in some positive replies. We will not be transmitting ATV this year as the repeater; GB3IV has been dismantled and will eventually be re-sited on higher ground outside HMS Collingwood. The new site is yet to be decided and will not come under the RNARS banner.

Wishing everyone all the best for summer and remember, please help the society's membership secretary by keeping your subs up to date and don't forget the Newsletter editor.

Doug



Volunteer/s Urgently Required

Following Bill's (G4FRN) passing, it has come to the notice of many the need for a controller or controllers to share in the running of the Maritime Mobile Net daily at 08:00 and 18:00 on 14.303 MHz. Can you help?

With sufficient volunteers, the work load could be shared out, names to General Secretary Joe Kirk as soon as possible; details on the inside front cover.

Data Privacy - Edward Snowden

Whatever you think of Edward Snowden personally he does have some credibility on the subject of keeping your computer data private. In a recent interview he listed a number of techniques that could help to protect you and your data.

Use Tor when browsing. You don't have to use Tor all the time (it does slow things down considerably and some sites will also block Tor traffic). But if you are looking at or for something that you feel is sensitive, then either set up your browser to work with Tor or use the Tor browser.

Use an ad-blocker. Says Snowden: "As long as service providers are serving ads with active content that require the use of Javascript to display, that have some kind of active content like Flash embedded in it, anything that can be a vector for attack in your web browser – you should be actively trying to block these."

Use a password manager. It doesn't matter how many surveys and reports come out that tell people to use different passwords and complex passwords, a huge percentage of us maintain borderline idiotic approaches. The simple answer is: get a password manager. It will protect you.

Use two-factor authentication. Many services such as Gmail, Twitter, Dropbox, Hotmail, and Facebook offer this now for no charge. So even if your password does get exposed, you still have a backup such as a text message to your phone to secure your information.

Use apps that protect your information. Snowden suggests the smartphone app Signal, which encrypts both your phone calls and texts. It's free and easy to use. Although of course, following a high-profile argument with the FBI, it would appear that Apple's messaging service is also pretty secure (although Snowden would probably have doubts).

Use the HTTPS Everywhere browser plug-in. This comes from the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF) and will try to force all browser communication to be encrypted.

Encrypt your hard drive. This is comparatively easy these days but you have to be careful to do two things: one, have a longish phrase to

make it worthwhile; and two, make damn sure you remember that phrase. There will be a slowdown in performance but nothing too bad if you have a modern machine.

Be smart with your security questions. Stop using your mother's maiden name for everything. Likewise your first school. The key is to mix things up as much as possible so if someone does get into one of your accounts, they can't use the same information to get in everywhere else.

The full interview can be found here: <http://tinyurl.com/ohy499p>

Submitted by *Joe Kirk*

Didn't They Do Well

You may remember me writing about RNARS Member 4937; the Marconi Amateur Radio Circle in Malta with the call, 9H1MRC. The RNARS also presented them with a transceiver at their previous location in Mellieha in the north of Malta but they then moved to Mtarfa, near Mdina, after finding a suitable location.

Well "suitable location" is a bit of an understatement. Let's describe the outside of the building as a 'jungle' and the inside wasn't much better with junk including abandoned rusty vehicles, dead dogs, no doors, no windows, etc. However, the site contract was signed in 2013 and it was then that the hard work began.

They set to and built walls, obtained and fitted doors and windows, installed electrics including a generator and batteries, solar panels, etc. because there is no mains electricity supply.



They have also installed a water system, shower, toilet, kitchen and many more facilities. They also acquired furniture and one of their members, Steven, 9H1SF (RNARS 4898) bought a job lot of crockery and cutlery for the club.

They have also acquired some historical radio and communications items which are on display in one of the rooms they have made inside the building.

The outside has been transformed from the original 'jungle' to a pleasant area including furniture and gazebos, fences and a garden area. The furniture, etc. has been made from recovered wood. In fact there is a buzz going round that if you have any wooden

pallets laying around, watch out because MARC is about and they might ask you for them to make up some more wooden items!

Their radio activities continue in between all the working activity with displays at various locations including the San Anton Gardens



during the open days, the Military Mtarfa days and at the Local Council in Birkirkara in the centre of Malta. Recently, they also hosted a JOTA (Scout Jamboree on the Air) station.

There are a number of social events held throughout the year including barbecues, now that they have made all the furniture to accommodate guests and the food.

Overall, the members have carried out a tremendous amount of work over the time since they acquired the site. They have posted many photos on the web site: <http://tinyurl.com/jcsml52> and on Facebook <http://tinyurl.com/zlddvwd>

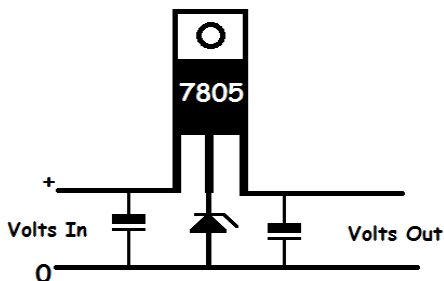
Visitors are made very welcome at the club site in Mtarfa, but it is best to contact Joe 9H1AJ or Steven 9H1SF for days and times of meetings, normally held on Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday mornings and Thursday evenings. The number 51 bus will take you to the club; the stop to ask for is “Regimenti”.

Bill, 9H1BX RNARS 328

More on the 78 series of voltage regulators

As a follow up to the nine volt power supply described by Jurgen H Timcke using the 78xx series of voltage regulators in the Spring edition, if you are looking for an odd voltage, a zener diode can be used along with a 78XX regulator.

In this example a 7805 will give an output of 6.5 volts with a 1.5 volt zener wired between the common leg and the zero volt line, but in this example, ensure the heatsink is insulated from ground!



Always a handy way of obtaining a voltage out with the ranges provided by the 78XX series of regulators.

Colin (GM6HGW 1870)

Submariner's 'BANYAN' aerial

Or; my version of the Sky Painter with credit to an article by Ian Thomson GMØURD in RADCOM July 2014

Introduction

During my service in the RN, serving both in surface fleet and conventional submarines, I have always enjoyed a 'run ashore' that involved going by boat or on foot to remote or unusual places to refresh my 'batteries' and participate in outward bound activities. One particularly memorable trip took place in 1959, when serving on HMS Centaur, a light fleet carrier on a trip to the Far East and beyond. During a stop-over in Singapore, an outward bound event was organised to take a number of crew members by whaler to a remote island; Paula Tioman, the event was billed as a 'BANYAN', a reference to the tree that grows in that part of the world. I can't remember seeing such a tree but when we reached the island, it was full of coconut palms and dense undergrowth; and a great time was had by all, even took cans of beer with us for refreshment! Whilst serving in the third submarine Squadron, based at Faslane, activities included climbing BEN ARTHUR situated at the head of Loch Long, where in the 60's serving on HMSM Walrus, we practised torpedo firings and the 'run ashore' was a chance to climb the local high peak during breaks in seagoing activities. Not to forget the 'boarding party' training, ashore in the Gareloch, involved in using plastic explosives and blowing up rocks on the local farmer's hillside fields! Great fun! Also enjoying a ceilidh at Inveraray Castle on Loch Fyne! and the dances in Campbeltown on the Kintyre peninsula.

Fast forward the clock some thirty odd years and still enjoying the great outdoors, albeit somewhat more sedate nowadays I also have an allotment size five rods to provide my fresh veg. My current QTH is 'postage stamp' size and suffers from much QRM/QRN from locally generated electrical sources, which produce many unwanted noises and distractions to receiving signals from other stations, this necessitates operating portable on as many occasions as humanly possible. Nowadays, using my 'limo' as transportation and operating platform, gives me a greater range and also much appreciated comfort.

Operating portable gives me the freedom to find an area that is electrically quiet; plus invariably my power is QRP 5 watts, from a

Yaesu FT817. Have operated using many different aerials both commercial and homebrew, and always on the lookout for something new and refreshing;

Technical Section

In the July 2014 edition of the RSGB RADCOM magazine is an article titled The SKY PAINTER, a 40m field day antenna support system by; Ian Thomson, GMØURD. I read his article and decided hey; why not make one yourself using the principles of Ian's design hence the creation of the: submariner's 'BANYAN' Aerial, ideal for use on the 40m Bubbly Rats Net and suitable for the RNARS 21410 kHz North America DX Net. Easily transportable, minimal time to assemble and erect, fixing to a pole anchored and supported by either a surveyor's tripod or an antenna mounting support held in place by vehicle front offside wheel. Or any other support method desired.

Parts list

- 1 redundant TV Yagi aerial, first removing the reflector, dipole and directors, leaving a clean boom, with support bracket and clamps.
- 2 x CB antenna mirror flat bar mounting bracket 3/8 screw fitting/SO239.
- 2 x PL259 phono plug.
- 2 x 40m helical whip. (I utilised Ampro type).
- 2 x 4mm banana plug.
- 1 x PL259 suitable for type of coax.
- 1 x RG58 coax length approx. 5m with a short section at tip with inner and outer pared back, suitably insulated for fitting of banana plug to each section with RF choke wound onto former, close to feed point, (see photo) and PL259 connected to Transceiver interface point.
- 1 x pole nominal 12 – 15 feet long.
- (Suitable support system as aforementioned).

Assembly instructions

Secure the two mirror mounts on mid-point of boom, close together opposite facing at 45 degrees angle. (See photos below); attach a PL259 phono plug to SO 239 socket of each mirror mount. The phono plug arrangement allows contact only to centre point of SO239 (plus it gives a certain amount of weather protection). Extend to extremity the whip section of each helical antenna and secure with grub screw. See section on tuning at final adjustments. Screw the whips onto the CB

mounting brackets, I recommend adequate support during this operation to prevent strain on threading and securing process.

Remember the two dipoles will be at 45 degrees angle pointing upwards. Attach the pared sections of coax with banana plug fitted, to each of the helical whips at the PL259 plug interface, thus creating a dipole arrangement. Support the RF choke by tying to the boom 'U' bracket to prevent strain on banana plugs. The boom and its 'U' bracket and clamping system is now ready to connect to the pole / mast. Secure the boom complete with dipoles and coax fitted to top section of support pole, it is possible to achieve this by laying the support pole generally in a horizontal position and supported near top just clear of ground to allow the aerial assembly to be safely secured. Raise mast with aerial assembly fitted into upright orientation and secure to support structure. Connect coax with PL259 to TX/RX. Make sure suitable an earth system is employed, especially when operating portable.



Operating Procedure

When satisfied it is safe to apply power to the radio, carry out matching of aerial to achieve minimum VSWR. From experience I fine tune the aerial by utilising a matching unit with my LDG autotuner connected direct to Yaesu FT817. Others may want to run without an ATU, if so then adjustments to whip length will be the order of the day, this can be achieved at about six feet off the ground level but allow for variation when mast returned to operating height. The third harmonic of the 40m whip can be operated on 15m band. In addition a separate

arrangement of one whip section can be operated as a standalone vertical, for DX working.

Conclusion

Have found the dipole configuration to give very satisfactory results on 40m band (Bubbly Rats Net) and achieved good results on the 15m band RNARS DX net, I've also powered the aerial with 100W and works just fine!

The aerial characteristics show very sharp nulls at the ends, hence I make the support pole hand rotatable to home in on strongest received signal point. I've operated the dipole arrangement from my QTH with height of aerial only 5 feet off the ground with little or no detrimental drop in dB values. I'm looking into the ramifications of making the two helical whips into a vertical phased array configuration. All in all am very pleased with the dipole aerial and my thanks to Ian/GMOURD for his technical feature in RADCOM.

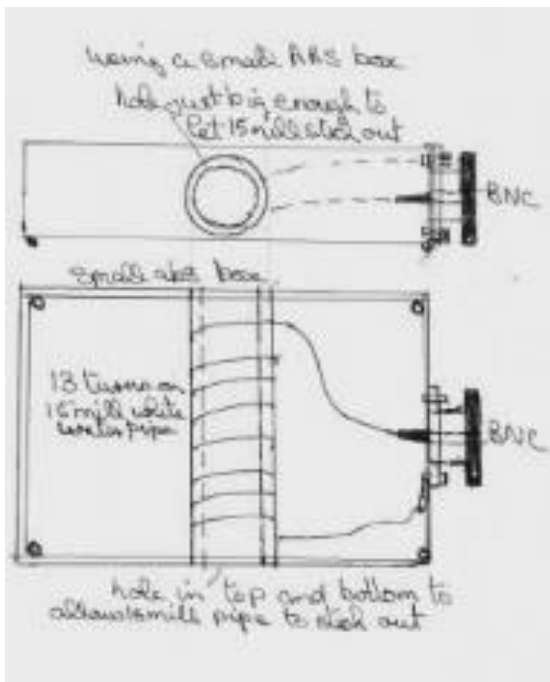


Doug GØLDJ 3686



Hand-Held Aerial Improvement

I read with interest, the article on hand held antenna extension of the counter poise. When connecting to an external antenna it's a bit of a pain, having to use an adaptor, then going back to the helical (rubber duck), removing the said adaptor. This has resulted in the connecting pin breaking on the SMA socket on the radio. This bit of kit eliminates this and also the mislaying of the helical. I've been using a bit of kit that I made years ago, that considerably increases the range of VHF and UHF hand-held radios.



All you need is a small ABS box about 3" x 2" x 1", a bit of 1/2 inch WHITE plastic water pipe and a BNC panel socket. A bit of insulated thin wire could be found in your junk box. The pipe is cut to length as shown in the diagram and wound with thirteen turns of the wire, leaving enough to solder each end onto the BNC centre and the other to its fixing bolt with a soldered tag. The box is then drilled at the top and bottom to allow the pipe to just poke through the top and bottom of the box. This is glued to fix it in position as shown. You may decide to use a different termination to connect to the external antenna. A more efficient aerial



can now be connected to the BNC socket for improved performance.

It works by inductive coupling and there may also be some capacitive coupling, between the helical aerial and the wire coil. My house is like a Faraday cage, so using the supplied helical didn't give very good results. Connecting my Slim Jim antenna in the attic made out of a coat hanger, and the hand held works a treat linked to it. I have also used this in the car with an aerial on a mag mount

I also have one for 70cm constructed the same way which feeds an UHF aerial at the other end of the roof. If you need a dual UHF / VHF box, you'll need to wind twenty-three turns to cover both bands.

Glenn GØGBI 3481

HMS Belfast Easter Activity



A very warm welcome to our new members and up-dates

New Members

Admiral Sir Philip Jones KCB RN	SWL	5000
Steve Bradley	M6SRE	5001
Steve Challis	MØHSU	5002
Ian Hutchinson	M6IHH	5003
Ed Davies	G4XVV	5004
William Roberts	MØHHM	5005
Richard Williams	M6RZP	5006
TS Alamein (Sea Cadet Unit)	SWL	5007
John Causer	M6GZG	5008
Bob Wright	DU7ET	5009

Re-joiners

John Deamer	G4SJY	2648
Steve Sutcliffe	GØMPI	3401

Changes

No reports

Resigned

Dick Sellen	G3YAJ	3384
Russ	G4SAQ	4982

Silent Keys

Jim Clegg	G4BIC	0461
Colin Thomas	G4IZI	1695
Trevor Knight	G4ZXK	2633
Willie Jones	GØPWP	3947
Ian Richard	G3APO	1936
Bill Noyce (was resigned)	GØOBM	4104



A Caribbean Cruise, courtesy of Grey Funnel Line

It was the spring of 1961 and I was PO Tel (Radio Supervisor) on board HMS Wizard, part of the 1st Division of Dartmouth Training Squadron and we were taking Midshipmen and Cadets on a three month cruise to the West Indies. This was done to take advantage of the better weather for the Mids' and Cadets' training.



First port of call was Bridgetown in Barbados, very hot and humid and no time for a run ashore there as I was up to my neck in training programmes etc. We called at another island which I forget, before we came to St. Vincent, Kingstown. The locals were all very friendly and the rum flowed like, er, rum! A trip to climb Mount Soufriere, situated on the other side of the island, was organised and I took part in this as it was a weekend 'do'. We trekked across to Georgetown which is situated at the foot of the mountain, and camped just outside the small town prior to the climb the next morning.

Of course there was a bar nearby and we generously partook of the local refreshment served there. Suffice to say I didn't find my tent that night but woke up next morning lying on a pile of broken glass. Fortunately there were no injuries and I attended the briefing that our guide was giving us about the climb. I say 'climb', but it was to be more of a walk really, following a well-defined path to the 3000ft summit.

We set off, most of us having not eaten or drunk anything beforehand, with the weather fine but rather warm and very soon we were in need of something to drink. The only thing we could find to eat along the way was bananas. Have you ever tried eating a banana with a caked up dry mouth, desperately in need of liquid? It's not very pleasant and

we were glad when we finally reached the top of the mountain. It was an extinct volcano (though I believe it was the one that erupted many years later) and the scenery was great. We couldn't stay very long (thankfully) and we set off back down to Georgetown and some liquid refreshment. We had a lorry to take us back to Kingstown and the ship sailed first thing next morning.

We visited a couple of other islands, the names of which I have forgotten, but there was one island we visited where I was visited by four local radio amateurs.

Whilst in the West Indies we were required to monitor the Antilles weather net and listen out for hurricane warnings. We also sent our weather observations on this net twice a day and discovered that the network was manned by radio amateurs on the various islands. So when we put in to an island, I'd invited them to come aboard and four of them did. I gave them a tour of the ship which greatly impressed them.

It was during this cruise that we had a regular Sunday morning sked with our adopted Sea Cadet unit, T.S. Wizard at Totnes in Devon. It was done on HF and CW and we rarely missed a contact with the unit and I'm told that the sea cadets were 'dead chuffed' to be able to maintain contact with 'their' ship in the West Indies. It was a feather in our caps, and the staff were keenly interested in it too.

After a couple more visits, the ship was scheduled to visit the British Virgin islands and in parallel with this visit, a party of midshipmen were to be put ashore on a nearby island called 'Beef Island' and tasked with making a chart of the lagoon there. Accompanying them would be several crew members and there was to be a radio link with the ship. I managed to get in this party as radio operator with a 622 HF transceiver operating from a 12 volt battery system. Skeds were arranged for twice a day.

On the day of arrival, the first sked was kept and established two way comms by CW. Meanwhile, after everything had been brought ashore, a few of the lads went on an exploration of the tiny island and came back to report that the island was uninhabited but that they had found a kind of ferry to the next island. So we left the midshipmen to

their work and set off to find this ferry. It consisted of a wooden raft tethered to a strong rope which went from a tree on 'our' island across about twenty-five yards of water to a neighbouring island. So we all piled on board the raft (about six of us) and pulled ourselves across. A rough track led up a hill and from there we could see several tin huts dotted about amongst the trees. So we walked a bit down the other side and someone spotted a 'Coca Cola' sign on one of the tin huts. Further investigation revealed that it was indeed a bar.

Inside was in semi-darkness but when we entered, the proprietor switched on some lights. We then discovered a really old juke box and we asked if it worked. The man disappeared outside for a moment and we heard a petrol generator starting up and the juke box came to life.

We spent several hours there before we realised it was getting dark outside and decided to return to our camp. One of our number had imbibed rather a lot and was what we call 'legless' and needed support to walk back. However, someone found a bicycle and we managed to sit him on this bike while a man on each side of him kept him upright. It was quite a struggle to get to the top of the hill and whether it was an accident or not, somehow the bike slipped from our grasp and it took off at a great rate of knots straight down the other side of the hill toward the ferry, whereupon the passenger fell to the ground in a heap. We checked him over for injuries and found none. Alcohol is a great anaesthetic isn't it.

When we arrived back at our camp, I discovered it had been raining and the 622 was all wet. I'd missed the evening sked but decided to try and raise the ship just in case, but somehow I got a finger across wet battery terminals and got a shock – which decided me to leave it till the morning and get some sleep.

The rest of the weekend went off without incident, the midshipmen completed their task and the ship returned in the evening to pick us all up.

After three months away, we, in company with the other two ships of the 1st Division DTS, set off for the UK, heading for Plymouth (Devonport) when we received news that the DTS had been allocated a six weeks slot of Iceland patrol (cod war) and Captain (F) allocated

Wizard the first two weeks. So instead of going home we were heading for Iceland instead, a move that caused a lot of muttering on board. The lads were not best pleased. However, that is another story, kept for another time.

I wonder if today's Caribbean cruises have any adventures like mine did? And I got paid for it as well.

Ken G3RFH RNARS 175

Sea Story

Continued from the Summer 2015 Newsletter

Eric Bray's published autobiography.

Following a particularly involved combination of coloured bits of cloth, the telephone buzzed. When the L.R.O. answered it, a voice clearly said, - "What the hell does that mean?" Our L.R.O. put his clip-board down, and stepped back, to where he could read the signal we were flying. "Pull it down, you dozy buggers!" He ordered, "That says Turn Port Starboard Anchor Diver's down Ten!"

"Does it?"

"They are pretty colours, though!"

"I'm colour-blind! They all look the same!"

"Stop mucking about! This is serious stuff! Nelson could read them!"

"Then they invented radio!"

"Nelson who?"

"Do you mean Nilsson, the singer?"

"Oh, just hoist this message, for Chrissake!"

Bunts tacked several flags together, and gave me an end. I latched them onto the halyard, the rope, using the Inglefield clips, squashed 'O's made of brass, with a notch cut into the long side, in such a way that they linked together, when one was at ninety degrees to the other. "Hold it! Stop! That's upside down! The pennant goes at the top!" "Which is the pennant?"

"Oh Gawd help us! The long thin one!" He held his head in his hands.

I pulled the flags down, round, and up again on the other side of the loop of rope that ran up to a pulley at the top of the mast.

“What does it mean?”

“Read it, then tell me.”

“Er-. I totally failed to recognize any of the flags.

The other lot, across the valley, also hoisted a group of three flags.

Our L.R.O. grabbed the telephone. “Your lot’s as bad as mine! Let’s head off to the canteen!” The ‘phone squawked agreement.

“Right, you lot, Sort this lot out, and put ‘em away. If a Pig wanders past, look busy. Don’t wander off until ten to, and don’t go wandering in the bushes, there’s a colony of Adders down there!

“What are they?”

“Poisonous snakes, you nutter!”

“What do they look like? Someone asked.

“Like subtracters, but different!”

Someone held up a blue flag, with a white cross diagonally on it.

“What’s that?”

“Scotland!”

“There’s no pigeon-hole for Scotland.”

“Put it in ‘S’ then.”

“The ones already in there are different!”

“Then they are in the wrong place!”

We eventually sorted them out by pulling flags out of pigeon holes, starting at the top left, until all the remaining ones were of the same pattern and colour, then finding all the loose ones that matched. When we had finished, there were two pigeon-holes that remained empty, and two little piles of coloured rag on the floor. None of us knew which pile went into which hole, so we guessed.

We later learned that the next group along had to spend the first half-hour of their session sorting all the flags out into their proper places. They blamed another class, who were ‘passing out’ that week, for playing a practical joke.

The next few weeks progressed along similar lines, with one exception. As our Morse skills improved, we progressed from hand-sent code, at a speed of two letters a minute, to machine-sent code, and a couple of words a minute! Alongside this, (see, the lingo does go in, eventually!), we began to learn ‘procedures’. Or - what form the message should take, for example, - “You, this is Me, message number one, urgency

level, date and time, message contents, ending details”. It was similar to writing a letter to someone, but with different phrasing. It wasn’t written in long-hand, though, on paper it reads, - “GYOU de GME, sn01, R, 221035Z // (message text) // k.” The letter G identifies the sender as British, all ships and aircraft are designated G-something. The urgency rating, r = routine, or sometime soon, p = priority, or before the routines, o = now! and z = ten minutes ago! The numbers are the date, then the time, by the 24 hour clock, and the Z means Greenwich Mean time. (A indicates B.S.T.) The // merely acts as a separator identifying the start and end of the content of the message. The end details could be k or ar. K meant, roughly, your go, and ar meant nothing more to say. At first, it seemed like a pile of gibberish, but eventually, we began to make sense of it.

Once we began to make real progress, we were introduced to the delights of North Camp. This was a fenced off enclosure of Nissen huts, and one end of a long chain of very tall scaffolding like radio masts. Just inside the fence, to the left of the main, and only, gate, was a genuine Stone-age fort. To uneducated eyes, it was a bump in the grass, surrounded by a shallow dip that was a filled-in ditch. If it hadn’t been for the plaque identifying it, I wouldn’t have known any different.

North Camp is where the ‘real’ radios lived. There, we were introduced to the delights of the Murphy B40 radio receiver. It was a tall metal box, stuffed full of valves. On the face, there was a tall, narrow, glass window, which was the tuning scale, below which was the tuning knob. Down each side ran a cluster of ancillary controls. With this, we began learning our trade. I won’t bother going into detail, because if you are interested, you probably have already met one, and if you aren’t, you couldn’t care less! Suffice to say, we learned how to tune in the desired station, and commenced MMX. (Morse Manual eXercises!).

It was no different to the other classroom, with the electronic whistle, only now we had real live interference, and not the clinically clean on/off tones, separated by total silence. Our reception accuracy crashed, until we learned how to pick out the Morse signal from the rubbish, while writing with one hand, and fine-tuning the receiver, constantly, with the other, as the transmitter, the receiver, and the noise drifted in frequency a few percent.

In North Camp, we also practiced our Radio- Telephone procedures, and MKX, using the B40 and a real transmitter, which was restricted to the radiated power of a dead flea, so that we couldn't embarrass anybody with our ineptitude! It was quite common, at first, for one of our number, having been 'called' by another, to pick up the microphone, press the transmit button, then freeze, having completely forgotten what to do or say next. There would be a long, static-filled, silence, followed by a strained - "Errrrrr!" or a startled "OW!" as the nearest R.S. applied a stick or heavy book to the brain-frozen trainee. That expulsion was usually followed by a sheepish "Er, what did you OW! I mean, say again, please! OW! Er, over!"

Later in the course, some of us, those still surviving, were introduced to the UA3, an obsolete, and very basic, radar detector receiver. It was what was called a 'wide-band' receiver, as it had very basic tuning, consisting of a switch that could select a chunk of frequency band several hundred megs wide, unlike a 'proper' radio, that can tune down to a few fractions of that. The UA3 was another steel box, stuffed with valves. (Transistors were in their infancy, and the silicon chip hadn't been invented; according to the Ministry of Defence!).

On the front, a six inch, round, cathode ray tube had pride of place. Round its circumference was a compass ring, which on a ship, would be connected to the gyro-compass, and therefore always point to true North. A secondary ring was fixed. Straight up, (12-o'clock), was ahead. Left, (9,) was port, or red. Right, (3) was starboard, or green, and behind, aft, was (6), with all the degrees between, of course. If a radar beam was detected by the set, a green line would extend from the centre of the screen, out towards the edge, pointing in the direction it was supposed to have come from. The longer the line, the stronger the signal was. Most radar's use a rotating dish of one form or another, to 'aim' the beam, so the result on a receiver is a 'bloop' followed by a pause, then another 'bloop', as the beam passes your receiving aerial.

We were expected to time the interval between bloops with a stopwatch, to obtain the aerial rotation period, the a.r.p. then make an educated guess as to the function of the radar. The bloop tone in our skull-crushers was supposed to help. A long, low burp, with a slow a.r.p. signified a search radar, while a quicker, high pitched

tak,tak,tak, would probably be a navigation set. If it went deedledeedledeedle, in a long burst, it would be a gunnery radar, which had no rotation period, and one going takkatakatakka would be most likely an aircraft radar, where the dish wagged from side to side, rather like an oscillating fan, only much more rapidly.

Once we had learned the basic signs, we had to combine it with the R/T procedure! “Ah, this is, er – I’ve forgotten my bloody OW! Oops.” Silence, “This is G-ME, er, racket number one, (New contact number one), ah, er, OW! Bearing er 030. Er, Oh, yeah, over OW!”

Then, invariably, “G-ME, this is Control, (The R.S.), say again, and include some useful information! Over!” “Er, Sorry, R.S. er, This is –“ And so on. While the victim was stumbling over the basics, the R.S. would abandon his console, walk round to the victim’s cubicle, and apply the memory encourager, with the spoken reminder that all transmissions can be detected! The punctuations applied could often be heard over the radio, as well as directly.

Gradually, it was hammered into us, (literally!), and we became novices, barely able to provide a useful function. Little did we know, when finally ship-borne, it would mostly confined to scrubbing, sweeping, chipping, painting, spud bashing, and making the ‘wets’. (Brewing up!) Now and then, during daylight hours, we would be allowed to listen in, on a spare set of ‘phones, our results compared with those of the experienced operator, then chucked into the bin! Interspersed with all this was the usual routine of classroom work, marching and rifle drills, mess inspections, kit musters, school work, P.E, swimming, obstacle course, haircuts, and all the other miseries inflicted on trainees, in a constant cycle.

Summer went, and winter came. Swimming lessons were suspended, because the outdoor pool was frozen solid! That lesson was replaced by snow-shovelling. We had to keep the foot-ways and the public main road through the middle of the camp, open.

Spring arrived, the snow and ice melted, and the obstacle course became a total mud-bath. Once a week, we came in from it, completely plastered, head to foot, and shaking with the cold. We quickly learned to go into the showers in our boiler-suits, and wash them and us

simultaneously! The most important thing was to keep the plughole free, or the water overflowed, and ran down the stairway, causing extreme wrath from the mess-rooms below!

Finally, it was the passing-out exams. NAMET again, then all the same stuff as before. Drill with and without rifles, P.E. Obstacle course, swimming, Then into the classrooms, teeth chattering, fingers numb from the cold water, Morse, typing, Teleprinter, UA3, Radio procedures, bookwork, kit muster, mess inspection, medical, (presumably to see if we had survived?), then a chance to re-try any dodgy scores or fails. By some miracle, we all passed.

That Sunday, we were allowed the whole day off. No Church parade, no cleaning duties except our mess. Most of us stayed in bed, in a semi-comatose state, for as long as our bladders could stand the strain.

On Monday, it was back to the grindstone, with a difference. The lessons occurred, in their proper places, but instead of the normal tedious messages to transcribe, we were entertained by a string of dirty jokes, rude stories, and improbable anecdotes, in place of the usual material. We still had to write down, or type, the Morse, if we could stop laughing long enough. Towards the end of the final lesson, that day, we were issued with our JRO3 badges, and warned that they had to be correctly sewn on to the right bits of kit in time for the first lesson on Tuesday. Then we were dismissed, and sent to our mess to get on with that task.

Tuesday was not routine, in any shape or form! We were marched to the Medical Centre, and again used as pincushions, getting jabs for everything from Tetanus, via Typhoid, to Yellow Fever. As each JRO was 'done' we were sent to our mess with instructions to lie down for an hour. Some didn't make it as far as the door, so were draped haphazardly on a line of 'zed-beds' that had been assembled, ready.

Somehow I reeled drunkenly back to the mess, but the stairs defeated me. I sagged onto the bottom one, the room spinning, until I was rescued by a passing RO1 from another mess. In response to his question, I think I replied, - "Fee' like 'm pished, but haven't tushed a drop!"

“I’d better get you to the Medics!”

“Mind m’ arm. Jush c’m back. Fulla jabs!”

“Oh, You passing out?”

“No, jush ver’ dizzshy – Oh, yeah! Thish week!”

He took me under the armpits, and carried me up the stairs. “Ere y’are, skin, that’s your mess.”

“Thanksh, pal. If I shee you, ‘ll buy y’ a pin’.”

“Who yer talkin’ to, Sparks?” A waiting Medic took me in tow. “Which is your pit?”

“Thish one.” I clung to it, trying to raise the strength to climb up.

I was tossed in, and left to sort my arms and legs out. I seemed to have too many. The rest of the class must have dribbled back in eventually, but I knew nothing of it. I woke up at some time in the mid-afternoon, running with sweat, shivering, and aching, like I was suffering a severe dose of flu. My arm was stiff. As I moved, the bed began performing back-flips and somersaults, while I hung on grimly.

“Ow yer doin’ son?” A strange face peered at me.

“Bloody awful!”

“You’re over the worst, you’re coherent again!” A thermometer was shoved brusquely into my mouth.

“Undred! It’s coming down, now. Stay put for a while, then you should be ok!”

“Thanks, I think!” The bed was just spinning on its axis, now.

“I gotta watch your chum, he’s having a rough one.”

The face disappeared.

I found that if I kept absolutely still, eventually the bed did the same, but if I as much as twitched an eyeball, off we went again!

Later, I woke again, desperately thirsty. Without thinking, I sat up, prior to jumping down, then grabbed the bed-frame, in preparation for some more aerobatics. But the deck stayed the opposite way to up, so I cautiously lowered myself, one handed, the other arm wasn’t working too well, then lurched to my locker, from which I removed my plastic mug, then went in search of water. The first half-pint failed to reach the bottom of my neck, so I sent another in search of it. That one came

straight out through the pores in my skin. The third one stayed in for a while, and I began feeling a bit less grotty.

A few of the others in the class were up and about, although not very active. Nobody was saying very much, apart from variations of “Watch my arm, or I’ll break your neck!”

“Anyone know what we’re doing, this arfo?” Someone queried.

Silence for a minute, then, -“It is arfo! It’s nearly tea and sticky time!”

“Oh!” A pause while it sank in, “Well, let’s get to the front of the queue, for a change!” Nobody moved.

“Well, I’m bloody starving!” We seemed to have missed lunch. The speaker stood up, then carefully negotiated the doorway, favouring an arm. A ragged queue drifted out behind him, all walking lopsided.

Wednesday dawned, and all of us except the one in sick-bay, were issued with a sheet of A4, printed on both sides, then marched off to the Medical Centre.

“Oh, God, not again!”

This time, though, it was the turn of the Dentist, who peered, poked, prodded, scraped, polished, and on occasion, drilled and filled, before signing us off as not required for further treatment. Next on the list was the Medics, who examined all our puncture wounds, and any new spots and rashes, before signing us off as still alive.

We worked down the list, getting signatures to say that all bills were paid, all loan gear returned, and we weren’t on a ‘wanted’ list for any misdemeanours. Eventually, only one item was left, the bedding issue, which was needed for the night.

The more astute ones amongst us caught on to what was going on, and we spent the rest of the day dhobeying, ironing, and packing all our surplus kit, ready for a quick departure. I never did find a successful way of packing items that were folded square, into a floppy, eighteen inch round tube which, fully extended, was six feet tall, without them getting thoroughly crumpled!

I began by stuffing all the tropical whites into a plastic sack, which then went into the bottom of the kit-bag, so that when it got dumped

into a puddle, somewhere, only the kitbag, and not its contents, would get wet and muddy. My Number Ones, the 'Best' suit, with gold wire badges, was next, as I would need my no 2's tonight. I had just finished, and was left with my clean smalls for tomorrow, when the R.S. came into the mess, and told us to start packing our kit, as we were being drafted, tomorrow! Two of us were going to Scotland, the rest were bound for Portsmouth. Tonight, you are exempt number Two's, as you will be scrubbing this mess from top to bottom, after the evening meal, ready for the next shower of useless reprobates!" He leered at us. "First thing in the morning, return your bedding to stores, so that it can all be boiled, to rid it of all your bedbugs! Don't forget to get your chitty signed, or you will have a nice bill chasing you! I'll see you all in the morning, when I come to inspect the mess." He left us to it.

I think we stopped buffing up the linoleum on the deck at around midnight, following several threats of violence from the mess below, if we didn't stop the bleedin' noise!

After breakfast, we all clumped off to the bedding store, to hand in our counterpane, two blankets, a pillow, and a mattress cover, then get our chitty signed to prove that we had. We trailed back to the mess via the NAAFI shop, where we stocked up on all the things we thought would be unobtainable for a while, such as soap, nutty bars, toothpaste, pen refills, and the like. These we crammed into any available space in our kit bags. That done, we sat around, waiting, with nothing further to be done until the mess had been inspected.

Outside, a canvas-backed truck came to a halt, then its engine stopped.

Half an hour later, the R.S. tramped in, with a Leading Seaman we hadn't seen before. He had a perfunctory look around, then said, "Right, lads, Listen up, and zip your mouths!" He nodded to the L.S. He, in turn, referred to a clipboard, and a wad of envelopes, then began calling out our names, one at a time, followed by 'Ermes, or Rosyth, lucky bugger!. As each of us was called, we were given an envelope, which contained our joining instructions, and two travel warrants. One of mine was Manchester to Portsmouth, via Reading, the other Petersfield to Manchester, via Reading. I knew that

Portsmouth was somewhere near Southampton, as I had relatives there, but Reading? I thought you did that to books!

“Right lads, you’ve all got your tickets. You Pompey ones,” He paused at the blank looks. “Pompey is Portsmouth, you lot, take your kit bags down to the truck, and chuck ‘em in the back. They’ll be waiting for you on the dock when you get there. You Rosyth lads, there will be a jeep for yours, in a few minutes. There will be a freebie bus waiting at the Guardhouse, to take you to the station. Don’t miss it, or you will have to go on the Public, and pay for it! Travel in your Number Ones!” He registered the dismay. “Serves you right for jumping the bloody gun! Don’t take all day, and don’t make any mess in the mess, or I’ll have the lot of you back here!”

R.S. Metcalfe added his bit. “We don’t want to do that, because we’re glad to see the back of you, and I’m going on leave, too Good luck to you all, and don’t disgrace me!” They left, to a mad melee of JRO3’s digging into their kit bags for the required change of kit, then shoving the rest back in. The sort of cylindrical bags were now all lumpy and bumpy, and stray Mars bars were scattered on the floor, where they had fallen.

Outside, a truck horn blared, then a stentorian voice bellowed, “Come on, you lazy gits! I haven’t got all day!” We scrambled downstairs, drag-carrying our kit-bags, and chucked them into the back of the truck, as demanded. The two lads bound for Rosyth looked around helplessly. “What yer waitin’ for, an invitation? Get ‘em in!”

“But we’re going to Rosyth, not Portsmouth! There’s supposed to be a jeep for us.”

“The Yanks ‘ave jeeps! Get ‘em in the back, they’re all goin’ the same place, the stores!” The driver bellowed. “Get in with ‘em, then you will ‘ave the right ones, at the other end!”

Unwitting, and obedient, they did. The truck roared off.

When we walked down to the Guardhouse, to hand in our watch cards, and be released to the waiting bus, the two were frantically unloading all the bags into the stores. The freebie bus went without

them, as they learned the hard way never to volunteer for anything, no matter how the request was phrased!

When they caught up with us at Reading, where some of us were waiting for connecting trains, they said that they had been ‘pulled’ several times, for being scruffy, on the way to the Guardhouse. They had conned a ride in a Land-Rover, to the station, and arrived just as the train left. That left them with an hour to wait for the next train, and the heater in the waiting room was broken.

I knocked on the front door, at home, because my parents had never seen fit to allow me a key. Mother opened the door. “Oh, it’s you. Why didn’t you write, to say you were coming home? When do you go back? You had better come in, or the neighbours will gossip!”

Dad was still at work, at seven in the evening, and would be here later, physically present, but mentally absent, as normal.

The sole topic of conversation was – “SHHH, I’m watching Coronation Street!”

Later, I was kindly informed, that as I was now a wage earner, I was required to pay for my lodgings, (at home!), and a share of the electricity and gas bills. I was also told that if I wanted my bedroom kept empty, it would cost me £5 a week when I was not there and £20 if I was. That meant that I owed her £480 in back-rent, and how long did I say I was staying?

Ten days? That was £30 more, please.

I said, - “Pardon?” I had £25 in my wallet, and £30 in the Post Office.

She explained it again. When I asked whose idea it was, I was offered the Royal We, meaning she told Dad, and he agreed - to shut her up.

I let the silence build for a while, as she had turned the TV off now that her programme had finished. Obviously, she still thought that I was the naive schoolboy who had left, twenty months earlier.

After a while, I reminded her, that as a trainee, I was paid the vast sum of five pounds and ten shillings a week, out of which I had to buy soap, etc, so in that same period, I had only earned £440!

She then demanded to know how much cash I had, to which I replied, - “Enough so that I wouldn’t need to ask for a loan.”

“Then you will have to owe it, and pay it back next time you come home.”

“Is there any tea in the pot?”

“You know where the kettle is.” She turned her attention to her knitting, and ignored me, when I offered to tell what I had been doing.

In the morning, Dad was up at six, preparing to catch the seven-o-clock train to Sale, for work at eight. I rose as well, and joined him for a cuppa and a bowl of cornflakes. (“Easy on the milk, Son, she gets upset!”), then asked his opinion of the previous night’s non-conversation.

“You know what she’s like.” He whispered. “I had no say in the matter. It’s your decision what you do about it.”

I walked down to the railway station with him, said my goodbyes, as we were travelling in opposite directions, and cashed in my travel warrant to Portsmouth.



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Summer Caption Competition

Captions please for this rather menacing picture of former submariner and now CPO SCC Carl Mason (GWØVSW).

Carl is a flying instructor with the sea cadets and pictured during a recent cadet camp.

Captions to the editor; see editorial for contact details.



Spring caption competition; in third place was Paul (G4LNA) with; **"Sorry Sir, chart was upside down"**. In second place Henry (MØZAE) with; **"Are we there yet?"** However, Ken Randell came out on top with; **'Never enter a strange harbour on a falling tide'**. Why did Ken choose this caption; read his epistle below.



Way back in 1975, whilst living on the Isle of Man, I was the proud owner of a 24ft Bermudan rigged sailing yacht called 'Trident of Man'. One day, with my crewman Alan and my ten year old son Tony aboard, we sailed north from Ramsey bound for Peel. At this time I was a Coastguard Officer stationed at Peel but working at Ramsey rescue headquarters. I had planned the route on the chart and worked out the time of high water at Peel and estimated time of arrival.

We had a pleasant sail with good weather and no incidents and arrived off Peel at the expected time. Lowering the sails, the Yanmar diesel engine was fired up ready to enter the harbour under power.

Whilst proceeding across the outer harbour I thought there were very few boats tied up to the outer quay and thought the water was lower than it should have been, but thought no more of it. Getting into the inner harbour I could now tell that the tide was almost half ebb and could see the bottom! I had grossly miscalculated the time of high water and as we touched the bottom, I yelled to Alan to get the legs on.



The yacht was a fin keel hull which meant when sitting on the bottom, the yacht would tilt right over on to her beam ends if nothing was done to support the hull. The 'legs' were bolted on each side of the hull and kept the boat upright. Alan was quickly over the side where the water came just over his waist and we managed to get the legs secured OK. All this time, Tony was sitting on the fo'c'sle with his legs dangling over the side singing away and thoroughly enjoying everything that was going on. Meanwhile his mother was on the quayside about ten yards distant from us, enquiring; "why have you stopped there?" She not being knowledgeable of maritime matters, it took a lot of explaining. Eventually, Alan waded ashore with Tony on his shoulders and his mother took him home, whilst Alan and myself remained on board to await the incoming tide and get re-floated.

Lots of people came down to see us stuck in the middle of the harbour and it was very embarrassing for me being the resident Coastguard and expected to set an example among the sailing fraternity.

A long time later the saying which is the title of this piece, came to mind but I can't recollect where it came from. The thing was that Peel was not a 'strange' harbour to me and I should have known better. Luckily no damage was done, except to my reputation!

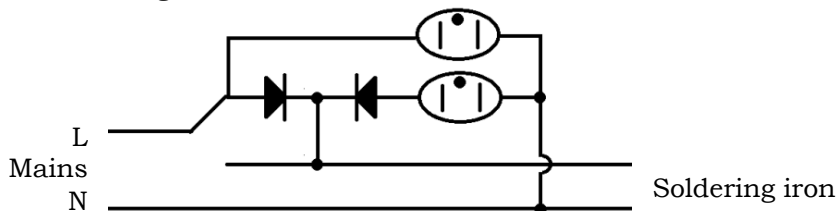


Ken G3RHF RNARS 175



Soldering Iron Tip Saver

If, like me, one of the first things you switch on when you get in the shack is your soldering iron, perhaps this little homebrew gadget will save you a few pennies in replacing tips for your soldering iron. It is also very much cheaper than a temperature controlled iron; and being a Jock, that's a big incentive!



First of all, you are dealing with domestic **mains voltages**, so be careful; very careful.

Some of you will recall my simple circuit was published several years ago in the Newsletter before I was editor. However I was asked to reproduce it by Doug (GØLDJ) who thought new members might benefit from the idea.

You'll need a couple of diodes, miniature neon bulbs and a switch all capable of handling mains voltage. The components can be built on tag strip or connector block and, importantly, housed in an insulated plastic project box.

With the switch in the position shown, power is reduced to the soldering iron by about half to a point where it remains hot, but not hot enough to melt solder thereby reducing the corrosive effect of the flux; a sort of standby mode and only one of the neon bulbs illuminates. When full power is needed, flick the switch and both neon bulbs light up and in a few seconds your iron is up to temperature and ready to use.

A deluxe version with a micro switch coupled to a rest for the iron would allow a degree of automation between low and full power when removing the iron from the rest.

Colin (GM6HGW 1870)

James Thomas Clegg, G4BIC 1921 - 2016

James Thomas Clegg was born on 28th May 1921 in Oldham, Lancashire.

At school in Mossley Cheshire he won a scholarship to Openshaw Technical College. He left full time education to take up an apprenticeship with a subsidiary of Metropolitan-Vickers.

Jim volunteered to join the RAF in 1940; however, when he returned to work, he was persuaded to join the RN as there would be better opportunities to develop his electrical engineering skills. He received his call-up papers for the Royal Navy in June 1941.

Following six weeks basic training at Hayling Island, he was sent to Roedean School which had been commandeered and become HMS Vernon. He attended the Navy Workshops at the Grand Hotel Brighton to undertake a trade test, Jim passed as an Electrical Artificer and undertook nine months specialist training, specialising in radio direction finding (RDF). Following training he joined HMS Frobisher in 1942.

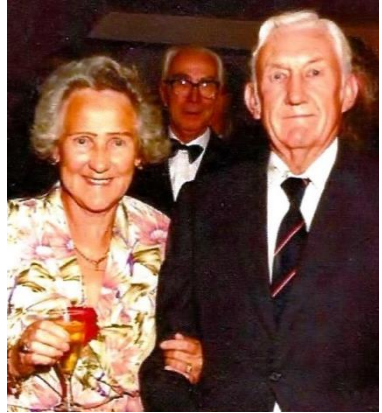
An immense armada of ships collected together for Operation 'Neptune', the naval part of 'Overlord'; the invasion of Normandy. Jim's involvement in the Normandy Campaign began, as he once said: "very early on the morning of 6th June. It was still dark and we were at our stations waiting for instructions, when the Captain's voice came over the speakers and said that our job was to flatten Ouistreheim. We had to bombard it, firing at tank parks, to make it easier for the troops who were landing on Sword Beach."

HMS Frobisher was then sent towards Le Havre, where a large German gun was firing at the fleet and the landing bases on the coastline. They were required to sail up and down to draw the fire of this gun: "which we did with shrapnel hitting the side of the ship and quite a few men on deck were wounded.

On 8th June, HMS Frobisher returned to Portsmouth, replenished and deployed as depot ship at Arromanches. On 18th July it was hit by a bomb from a single aircraft, with six dead and twelve wounded. At the end of July HMS Frobisher transferred to a new location off

Courseulles and on 8th August it was hit by a long range circling torpedo fired by an E-Boat and as a result retreated to Chatham dockyard for repair.

At the end of his Normandy campaign, Jim went back to Roedean School as a Chief Petty Officer and then stood by the completion of the frigate HMS Loch Achray on Teesside. It was here he met Marjorie Cleaver at a dance and married in Oldham in December 1944.



HMS Loch Achray became the flotilla leader of the 8th Escort Group, working in the Western Approaches and took part in the sinking of U-1024 in the Irish Sea on 13th April 1945. After the signing of Peace in Europe, he sailed to the Far East until the finish of the war in August 1945.

Jim left the RN on 17th May 1946 and returned to the Manchester area, taking up a position as maintenance engineer with Ferranti Electrical Engineering in Failsworth. In 1947 he immigrated to South Africa and at the end of his working career at Cape Town City Council he was Chief Engineering Assistant in the Distribution Department. Jim and Marjorie had a daughter Sheila born in 1949. They returned to the UK 1977 and retired in 1983 settling in Bramhall, Stockport, where he lived until his passing. Marjorie was taken ill and Jim looked after her doing everything for her with outstanding devotion until Marjorie passed on in December 2006.

As an active member of the Normandy Veterans Association in Stockport, Jim organised all bar one visit to the commemorations of the D-Day events in France. Jim and many of his fellow NVA members were presented with the Legion d'Honneur at a ceremony in France in 2014. Following the Service at Bayeux Cemetery he was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Later, he went to Arromanches and was seated next to the Duchess of Cambridge who heard some of his wartime adventures.

Jim became Chairman of the Stockport and District Normandy Veterans Association. When the Association was due to be disbanded in 2014, he took an active part in saving the branch. His links with Normandy were recognised being made an Honorary Citizen of Sainte-Croix-sur-Mer which he called; “the small village with a big heart”. This motto has since been adopted by the village. With two other veterans, Jim was made a Freeman there.



His funeral took place at Stockport in March 2016 and was attended by his family and many from the Veterans Association. The RNARS was represented by Bill Mahoney (G3TZM), Peter Hardy, (G3VNH) and his father Dick (G3TIX). During the service, a moving letter was read out from the Mayor of a nearby town to Sainte-Croix-sur-Mer. At the same time as the ceremony in Stockport, flowers were being laid in memory of Jim at Sainte-Croix-sur-Mer, a tribute to a great man, a good father and a loving husband.

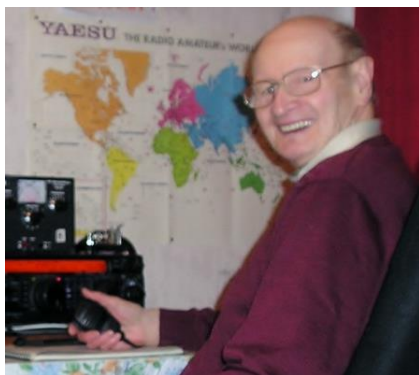
Bill Mahoney G3TZM 328

Me in my shack

Jim Smith (MMØCJF) sent in this picture of himself in his shack.

Jim spent his sea time in the MN and rose to Assistant Cook on a monthly rate of £14. Jim went on; “for entertainment we had a shelf of well-thumbed books with pages missing, a crib board and if lucky, a dart board with blunt darts and no feathers”.

Don't be shy, if you have a picture of you in your shack, please send it in.



Rally Reports

Only one report this time from the Norbreck rally in Blackpool back in April where eighteen members signed in and four visitors left with application forms.

Blessed with good weather, the rally was exceptionally busy. Running the RNARS stand were Ken G3FFH, Peter G3XGE and Fred G2IV.



Peter G3XGE & Ken G3RFH

About three months ago I purchased a car dash camera, mainly because my insurance gave me a reduction in premiums if one was fitted; I got mine from eBay.

It cost less than £10, from China of course, and has worked extremely well until a few days ago. The camera was fine but the power pack that fitted into the lighter socket of the car gave in. What made life a little bit more difficult was that the micro USB socket that fitted to the camera was wired differently from the normal cameras that can be charged from a USB port.

My first thought was to build a small unit using a 7805 chip but then a quicker solution hit me. I have no doubt others have come up with the same idea in the past but I have never seen it mentioned anywhere.

My first thought when the power pack turned its toes up was to purchase a phone charger in the local pound shop that fitted in the accessory socket providing five volts via a USB socket. As I mentioned earlier this proved a no-no due to the camera plug wiring. Then a bright thought struck me. Why not open the power pack and remove the inside and substitute for the failed one. Bingo. It was a perfect replacement and all it cost was a pound.

Doug



Look who joined us for dinner

Three of our gang are members of the Senior Rates Mess, HMS Collinwood, and recently enjoyed a mess dinner held in the Wardroom due to alarmingly unwanted furry guests in the Senior Rates Mess (rodents).

Guest of honour was larger than life thespian Brian Blessed and Captain Andy Jordon.

Not pictured, as he was behind the lens; Mick Puttick.



Captain Andy Jordon RN
& Brian Blessed



Alison & Ray



Penny & Phil



QRT – Editorial

As always, a very grateful thanks to all who have sent in contributions, without articles, there wouldn't be a Newsletter. Going to four editions a year means I will need **YOUR** help to fill forty-four pages; I and a few regular contributors cannot be expected to do it all.

I have a couple of long articles which I will be serialising, but desperately need short and medium items. As I've said before, items

on service life, amateur and service radio, constructional hints and tips and anything in between. Even a picture for the “me in my shack” helps fill a few column inches and how about our newer members sending in a few lines about themselves? I’m not looking for great long epistles, even half a page helps and allows for a greater variety and mix of material.

Now a reminder about copyright; please don’t send items copied from web sites, printed publications or pictures without the permission of the author or publication concerned. If reproduced in the Newsletter, the RNARS and myself as editor could be found in breach of copyright. Let’s face it, how would you like something you have put a bit of effort into being used without your consent? It’s theft.

For those of you who receive your Newsletter via e-mail, you will have noticed that we’ve had to change the way it is delivered. This followed a couple of infected e-mails sent from members addresses which killed the laptop I was using for the Newsletter. In future you will receive an e-mail containing a link where you can download the Newsletter. So far, there have been no adverse problems reported.

As a consequence of my previous RNARS newsletter address being spammed and infected, I’ve had to change the address for RNARS e-mails. The address to use is: **news@colinsmagic.com** and remember to ONLY put **RNARS** in the subject.

Time to close now; as I said in my last editorial, I was up in front of the sheriff (Scottish judge). I had a sore throat and was continually coughing whilst giving my evidence. I got myself in deep trouble when I asked the Sherrieff if I could suck a Fisherman’s Friend. (For those not in the know, a Fisherman’s Friend is a cough lozenge with a fiery hot flavour).

Take care, Colin

Mobile:	07871 959654
Home:	01592 774085
Skype:	colintop
Postal:	26 Crathes Close, Glenrothes, KY7 4SS, UK

RAFARS & Royal Signals ARS Nets

RAFARS	Time	Freq	Control
Daily	1100 A 1830 A	3.71 3.71	GØSYF GI4SAM G3HWQ MØRGI
Monday	1900 A	3.7	G3PSG GØBIA
Tuesday	0730 A 1400 A 1900 A	14.27 7.015 3.567	G4IYC
Wednesday	1500 Z 1530 Z	14.29 21.29	?
Thursday	1830 Z	14.17	ZC4RAF
Friday	0730 A	14.055	CW Net
Sunday	0900 Z	5.403	?
First Monday of the month	1000 A	3.71	?
RSARS Nets	Time	Freq	Control
Monday - Friday	1000 A	7.17	GW3KJW M3VRB
Monday	1830 A	3.585	GM3KHH (RTTY)
Tuesday	1400 A 1600 Z	7.17 14.18	MØOIC G4BXQ
Wednesday	0600 Z 1030 Z 1830 A 2030 A	14.143 3.615 3.565 1.946	Various ? GM3KHH 2EØBDS
Thursday	1400 A 1800 A	7.17 3.743	GØRGB G6NHY
Friday	1830 A 1830 A 2000 Z	3.583 3.565 14.055	GM3KHH (PSK31) High speed CW CW
Saturday	0600 Z	14.143	SSB
Sunday	1000 A 1100 A 1100 A	3.565 7.17 3.745	G3JRY (Slow speed CW) GW4XKE GM4FOZ
Joint Service Net	Time	Freq	Control
Sunday	0900 A	5.4035	G3RAF
Tuesday	1900 A	5.4035	G3RAF

Volunteers Urgently Required

Since Bill's (G4FRN) passing, it has come to the notice of many the need for controllers to share in the running of the Maritime Mobile Net daily at 08:00 and 18:00 on 14.303 MHz. Can you help?

If there are sufficient volunteers to run the net, the work load could be shared out. Names to Joe Kirk as soon as possible; details on the inside front cover.

RNARS Nets

All frequencies +/- QRM. DX nets are GMT; UK nets are GMT or BST as appropriate. The list is compiled by Mick Puttick G3LIK
mick_g3lik@ntlworld.com – 02392255880.

UK	Time Local	Frequ	Net	Control
Daily	2359-0400	145.727	Midnight Nutters	Vacant
Sun	0800	3.667	News 08:30	G3LIK
	1000	7.065	Northern Net	GM4VUG
	1100	145.4	Cornish Net	GØGRY
	1100	7.02	CW Net	G4TNI
Mon-Sat	1030	7.065 / 3.743	Bubbly Rats	GØGBI GØOKA GWØSFI MØZAE
Mon	1400	3.575 / 7.02	QRS CW	GØVCV
	1900	7.088 / 3.743	North West-News 2000	GØGBI
Tue	1900	7.028 / 3.528	CW Net	G3RFH
Wed	1400	3.74 / 7.088	White Rose	G4KGT
	1930	3.743	SSB News 2000	GØOAK
	2000	145.4	Stand Easy	Vacant
Thur	1900	3.542	Scottish CW	Vacant
	2000 GMT	1.835	Top Band CW	GØCHV G4KJD
Fri	1600	10.118	CW	SM4AHM
Sat	0800	3.74/7.088	GØDLH Memorial Net	GØVIX
DX	Time GMT	Frequ	Net	Control
Daily	0800	14.303	Maritime Mobile	Volunteer/s required
	1800	14.303	Maritime Mobile	
Sun	0800	7.015/30555	MARAC CW	PA3EBA/PI4MRC
	1430	21.41/28.94	RNARS DX	WA1HWW
	1800	Echolink	Echolink	VE3OZN / K8BBT
	1900	14.33	N American	WA1HWW
Mon	0930	3.615	VK SSB	VK1RAN/VK2RAN
Wed	0118-0618	7.02	VK CW	VK4RAN
	0148-0648	10.118	VK CW	VK4RAN
	0800	3.62	ZL SSB	ZL1BSA
	0930	7.02	VK SSB	VK5RAN
	0945	7.09	VK SSB	VK1RAN/VK2RAN
Thur	1430	21.41	RNARS DX	WA1HWW
Sat	0400	7.09	VK SSB	VK2CCV
	1330	7.02	VK CW	VK2CCV
	1400	7.09	VK SSB	VK2CCV
	1430	21.41	RNARS DX	WA1HWW

RNARS activity frequencies									
FM	145.4								
CW	1.824	3.52	7.02	10.118	14.052	18.087	21.052	24.897	28.052
SSB	1.965	3.66	3.74	7.088	14.294	14.335	18.15	21.36	28.94

RNARS Commodities

Item	Price
Body Warmer , embroidered with the new RNARS logo, your name and callsign. Colour: Black only Sizes: S to XXXL	£30-00 P&P £3-00
Polo shirt , embroidered with new RNARS logo, your name and callsign. Colour: Navy only Sizes: S to XXXL	£16-00 P&P £3-00
Sweatshirt , embroidered with the new RNARS logo, your name and callsign. Colour: Navy only Sizes: S to XXXL	£16.00 P&P £3-00
Fleece jacket , embroidered with new RNARS logo, your name and callsign Colour: Navy only Sizes: S to XXXL	£21-00 P&P £3-00
Gold blazer badge with new RNARS logo	£10-00 P&P £2-00
Lapel badge with new RNARS logo	£2-00 P&P £1-00
RNARS Tie with old logo	£4-00 P&P £2-00
RNARS Log Book	£4-00 P&P £2-00

Size in inches:

Small 36-38	Medium 38-40	Large 40-42
Extra Large 42-44	2 Extra Large 44-46	3 Extra Large 46-48
4 Extra Large 48-50		

RNARS Commodities Order Form
PLEASE write clearly and use block CAPITALS
Photocopies of this form are accepted

Call-sign | RNARS No: _____ | _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Post Code: _____

Telephone: _____

Advisable to check before ordering as to availability in your size.

Item Description	Size	Colour	Qty	Price	P&P	Sub Total
Total Payment £						
Enclose cheque payable to: Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society						

Overseas members, please add £5 to cover additional postage.

Send orders to: Doug Bowen GØMIU
14 Braemar Road, Gosport, PO13 0YA
E-mail: g0miudoug@btinternet.com

Please allow fourteen days for delivery and while these prices are correct when going to press, prices do vary and are subject to change.