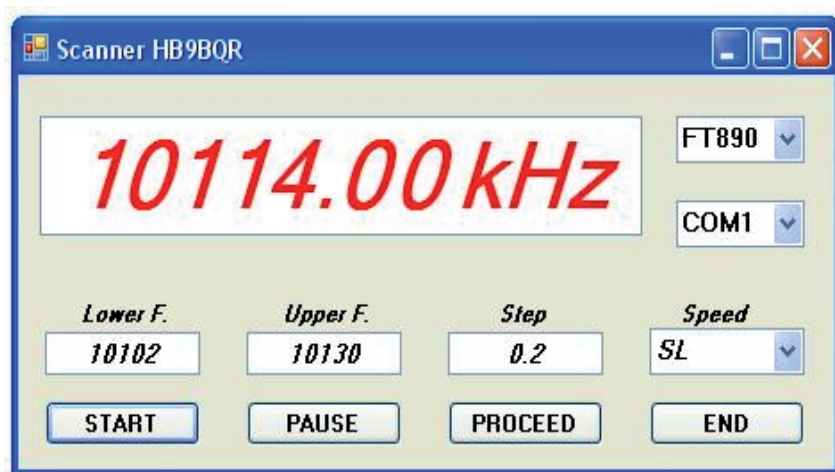


ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY NEWSLETTER - SPRING 2009



A home built (software) Scanner for Amateur Radio

by Roland Burkhard
HB9BQR



ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

(Affiliated to Radio Society of Great Britain)

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ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER, SPRING 2009
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Chairman's Chat.

Welcome to the Easter edition of the News Letter. I hope that everyone had a super Christmas and hope that the New Year is treating you well and healthy.

Conditions are still not perfect on the bands, but have their peaks and troughs for contacting members, we hope things will improve from now on as we are now coming out from the bottom of the cycle and can look forward to better times ahead.

Once again please look at the RNARS web site, which Jim 9H1RN has updated for you and hope that you will pass your comments on to him as you scan the various portions of the site, this is supporting you as members so please look and forward any updates or comments to Jim.

The AGM in 2008 was very poorly supported compared with other years, and we hope the committee have come up with a new system to try out this year. I have an apology to make to everyone, that one of the bottles of Rum was donated by Peter Kirby, G0TWW, from the RSGB and also that the

RSGB supplied two items of free membership for one year to the RSGB as raffle prizes, my mistake in not making this clear in the AGM report, and I gave myself a slap on the wrist for this.

You will have seen last year that a great number of members failed to up-date their dues, by either Bankers Order or by cash, I hope that you will all please note the annual dues are to be made on 1st April each year and that you have made the required note of the £15 that is required.

You will notice the list of new members on the Committee; please communicate if you have any questions to ask them especially the Sub Committee enquiring about your thoughts about the 50th anniversary of the Society which comes up next year, so please voice your thoughts on this ASAP so that they can proceed with the arrangements.

Mick Puttick G3LIK

Chairman RNARS

**RNARS AGM
HMS COLLINGWOOD
10TH OCTOBER 2009.**

The RNARS AGM will be held in the WO's & Senior Rates' Mess at 1400. There will be an opportunity to visit the HQ Shack, before and after the AGM. Please note that the meeting will commence at 1400 prompt, so please arrive before this time. RNARS Commodities will be available in the HQ Shack after the AGM. Tea and coffee will be available after the AGM.

The format has changed this year, in that members can obtain a lunch in the mess, which will cost no more than £2, to be paid as you order on the day. The bar will be open from 1200 and lunch is between 1200-1300.

After the AGM there will be a raffle with tea/coffee and biscuits, this will give more members a chance of buying raffle tickets. Due to the dwindling numbers attending the Social evening, the committee have decided to forgo it for this year and see what the 50th anniversary brings forth next year.

There will be limited

accommodation available in HMS Collingwood Please contact the Accommodation Office in HMS Nelson to book this on Tel 023 922720120. You can Email them on customerservices-accommodation@fleet-support.co.uk Therefore members can come down on the Friday night and stay.

Once again there will be NO ® NO Pussers rum available on the day for purchase.

Please send details by e mail or post as below ASAP to allow for car registration to be given to security, to:

Mick Puttick G3LIK, 21 Sandyfield Crescent, Cowplain, Waterloooville, PO8 8SQ. e: mick_g3lik@ntlworld.com

NAME

.....

CALLSIGN

CAR REG

RNARS No.....

Names of Guests (who may attend the AGM but not speak to or vote on motions)

QSL card printing:

At the AGM Mick promised

to publish the contact details of the person printing cards for the Society. He is UX5UO, Gennady V. Treus, PO Box 83, Kiev-113, UA 03113 UKRAINE, e mail: ux5uo@i.com.ua.

He sent me this mail: (Ed)

“GE Robin,

Thanks for your interest in this service. Yes, our UK rep. person is M0OXO, Charles R. Wilmott

charlie.debbie@btinternet.com

60 Church Hill, Royston, Barnsley South Yorkshire, S71 4NG, United Kingdom.)

Please see <http://www.ux5uoqsl.com/> for further info.

This days we are one of most popular QSL printing company in the World.

Regards, Gennady UX5UO

Editor's report:

In the Autumn issue members were asked to vote as to whether they'd like to see more

‘democracy’ in the society, and a possible amendment to the C&R was suggested, which would have given members the opportunity to send in motions for the agenda, to have this published in advance, and to allow for proxy voting. Since only 6 (SIX) replies were received (all in favour), the matter has now been dropped. ‘Must be a ‘Naval’ thing – democracy, what’s that?

There was an insert concerning celebrations of the Society’s 50th anniversary next year – I think the replies to that (and to Diana’s e news item) were initially in single figures, the committee did wonder why they should bother! However, the anniversary sub committee is moving ahead, planning a nonresidential event, and more news will follow as soon as possible.

The last issue contained some appalling ‘howlers’. Entirely my fault, and this has convinced me that I must stand down as Editor as well as Secretary. I have told the committee that I will act no longer than the end of 2009 (assuming I remain fit enough to last that long!), but it would be preferable to have someone else take over one or both jobs earlier

than that.

We all get older, of course, but the rate of my slow down is more rapid than most. I was struck in the back last summer when on a RAYNET event*, and after several stays in hospital have been advised not to travel more than short distances for at least the next six months to a year. Thus I resigned from the RSGB Board, as my role involved visiting clubs and attending meetings all over the country. Then in January I ruptured a second Achilles tendon, and am now 8 weeks into the 14 total when I have a cast on my leg and hence can't drive even the 3 miles to town.

As far as being Editor is concerned, these don't affect that role, but two other things do – first, arthritis is advancing at an amazing rate in my hands, and I can't read my scrawl/writing, nor can I type for more than a few minutes. Worse still, my memory and general common sense seem to be deserting me, hence the errors last time. When contributors send in hand-written or typed material, I dictate this via a head set onto a laptop. This involves a good programme (Dragon), but it makes many

errors in transcription, so I have to go through it and correct by hand. For the last issue I did this, and then transferred the copy to my Mac computer for the final layout. For some reason I still can't fathom, I used the raw text and not the version I had corrected, and worse, never noticed this. My humble apologies to the authors and to you all, as I shall now repeat those items, hopefully correctly this time!

I regret, therefore, that I can no longer accept typed or hand-written articles. If you wish to submit one such, please find a friend with a PC to re-type and send to me as an e mail.

Also, please note that any Editor must reserve the right to shorten or amend articles if necessary.

Potential Secretary or Editor? Please contact me for an informal chat if you'd like more information.
01671 404 387

[The story reads like a Monty Python script! My RAYNET Group, South Sussex, was to assist the British Red Cross with comms, using their superb mobile control centre and equipment/frequencies. I was to write up by*

the event as part of a Public Service manual. As requested, those who could do this turned up a day before the event, which was the Eastbourne Air Show, 'Airbourne', and helped with setting up the tents and marquees which would form the 'field hospital'. It was blowing a gale, and the base was located in gardens between two tall terraces, thus funnelling the wind. The Red Cross were well organised, and I found myself alongside others holding one side of a large tent whilst the opposite side was pegged down – the wind was so strong it took several of us just to stop the tent taking off and starting the airshow a day early. I was struck a terrific blow in the back, fell forward and landed on top of one of the lady organisers, both of us in a flower bed. Those standing to one side saw that a large double Portaloo, provided by contractors who had not pegged it down, took off in the wind, and flew for about 15 metres until I bravely (?) stopped it. Reactions of the observers varied from deep concern to uncontrollable laughter! After resting for a while, I was able to carry on.

Anyway, the pains became worse and I saw a GP, then an orthopaedic surgeon. X-Rays showed some damage, but an MRI scan was

needed. This was booked, at Dumfries, but when being winched into the tunnel the width of my shoulders was too great, and I became jammed – out with screwdrivers and partial dismantling of the machine. Some discussion followed, mainly as to whether it would be worth shipping me to Edinburgh, where there is a slightly larger scanner, but it was decided that since this was only a couple of centimetres larger, it wouldn't be large enough. So, I was then sent to Bishop Auckland, on the other side of the country to my home, where there is an 'open' MRI unit, a device with one side 'missing' for small chaps like myself (6'7" and 23 stone+). This time my shoulders went in OK, BUT I then became stuck, not with my tummy, but because the distance from my spine to the front of my chest was too great, so home again. During this time, the pain in my back was no worse, which encouraged the surgeon, and there has been a gradual improvement in mobility, except when I sit in a car for any period, when it locks or cramps in one place – this resulted in

a trip to a casualty department in Wakefield when on my way home from a January RSGB meeting, and then a painful ride home in a RAC recovery vehicle – sent for my car, not me!

Here comes the real Monty Python bit: The last discussion at hospital involved a suggestion from a student that I be sent to Edinburgh, where I would fit in the machine ‘for sure’. The consultant pointed out that the machine there was about the same size as the one in Dumfries, but the Glasgow Medical student said,

“No, not the hospital. They have a large, adjustable one at the zoo capable of taking a sedated elephant!”

There the matter rests – my NHS Trust can’t afford the fee unless there is a clear need, and since I’m recovering, that seems unclear.]

Copyright:

A member submitted an article some time ago (before my time in post), and says that he stipulated that if published, it must carry with in a note that he retained copyright. The article was eventually published, BUT without the notice. Another member liked the article, copied

it, and published it on his own website, from where it was copied by others. Unfortunately the author intended that the article form part of a book he was to publish. He has since managed to have the copies withdrawn from display, as far as he knows (the internet is a massive place to search). The committee have discussed, and the situation will be re-stated in each issue from now on, as follows:

Those submitting articles for publication in the Newsletter thereby claim and retain the copyright. Where the article has been sourced elsewhere, in whole or part, the member concerned is responsible for obtaining permission to publish. Sources include both printed and electronic ones, such as the Internet.

Members wishing to copy an article from the Newsletter for any purpose MUST obtain permission from the author (requests may be sent via the Membership Secretary if the author’s address is not known), and if consent is given, must acknowledge this in the reproduction, and are

also requested to mention that it was published in the RNARS Newsletter.

Another correction, from Wally, G4DIU : The dates under Toms' photograph on page 36 should read:-

Chairman RNARS 1976 - 1979 and 1987 - 1994. This also applies to the text in the article.

Copy dates:

Spring: 10th March

Summer: 10th July

Winter: 10th October

These are the absolute final ones – please try to submit copy as soon as you can.

73 de Robin GM3ZYE

Great News: GB100FAA

As this goes to press we have heard that the Society has been given NOV's for the operation of SPECIAL EVENT STATIONS TO CELEBRATE 100 YEARS OF NAVAL AVIATION

On 7th May 1909 the Admiralty began a process that was to lead

to the formation of the Fleet Air Arm. As this year is the Centenary Year of Naval Aviation, there are a number of events and publications throughout the year to celebrate and commemorate this event.

The Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society is to operate a special event station during May 2009. The station will have the call sign GB100FAA and will be operated by members of the Society, initially from HMS Collingwood at Fareham and latterly at the Royal Naval Air Station at Yeovilton in Somerset.

The RNARS Chairman Mick Puttick says: "This is a chance for us to assist in publicising this historic occasion. Contacts with the special event stations and with RNARS members will also count towards the awards issued by the Society."

Operation will be on SSB and CW on the usual RNARS frequencies, band conditions permitting, and, +/- QRM: A special QSL card will be available. It is expected that a 2 metre FM station will also be operational. More information about the awards can be found at: www.rnars.org.uk.

Cover Article:

A home built Scanner for Amateur Radio

By Roland Burkhard, HB9BQR

ro.burkhard@bluewin.ch

This scanner project was intended as a self-educational project. I wanted to familiarize myself with Visual Basic 8 and so I decided to do this by working on something useful for me. Maybe some of you will find this project of some interest. My scanner is a weekend project, but only if one knows how to control his target-equipment via commands in V.24 - basic knowledge in Visual Basic 8 is essential.

Visual Basic 2008 - efficient and free of charge

Visual Basic is an efficient object-oriented programming language. It resembles 'Visual Basic for Applications'. This is the programming language integrated in the actual Microsoft Office versions (MS Word, MS Excel, etc.). Visual Basic 8 offers a comfortable integrated developing environment. The best part is: Visual Basic 8 can be downloaded free of charge [1]. The only condition is user registration with Microsoft.

Visual Basic 8 is available within a suite of developer tools - the Studio Express Editions of Microsoft. There are four member tools offered: C#, C++, Web Developer and Visual Basic (I use only Visual Basic). The tools have some restrictions compared with the full versions; however, they are well suitable for beginners and hobbyists. The applications created may be used without any restrictions, commercial use included. Some basic training is needed to be able to utilize some of the possibilities offered with these tools.

A common problem for Ham Radio Operators and SWLs

Often one would like to work on something off-air, and at the same time monitor a number of channels or a frequency range within two borders. I specified my scanner to be developed to offer selectable borders, vari-

able scan speeds and adjustable scan step width. Scanning stop and interruptions are performed manually (Alternatively the scanning could be stopped based on an adequate signal received. Both, my transceiver and the receiver permit S-meter readout via V.24. Nevertheless, I've not used this up to now.)

See fig. 1 for my scanner user interface, i. e. the project result. Note the selected scan range (10.102 to 10.130 kHz) the reading showing 10.114 kHz. Scanning proceeds with slow speed in 0.2 kHz steps. (Colour image on the cover).



Fig. 1

The scanner user interface display produced with Visual Basic 8 is similar in appearance to Windows.

Devices which may be controlled by the Scanner

The Visual Basic 8 scanner program resides on a standard PC; I'm using operating system Windows XP. The devices selectable are a transceiver (Yaesu FT890) and an older communications receiver (Rohde und Schwarz EK890). Both devices have V.24 interfaces and can therefore be controlled externally. The interfaces and control commands are well documented in both manuals. Their device interfaces (hardware, connectors and control commands) are rather different. Frame 1

presents a setting example for the frequency 10.118 kHz, mode CW and bandwidth set narrow (Obviously, the outlined example entries are valid only for these devices).

Frame 1:

The transceiver FT890 control command format is demanding:
Data rate is 4'800 bits/s, 8N2. Five 8 bit blocks are requested to be sent in the grid pattern 100/10 Hz, 10/1 kHz, 1 MHz/100 kHz, 100/10 MHz, 10 (hexadecimal format).
Therefore for a 10'118 kHz set, a string "00 24 01 01 10" (hexadecimal) must be transmitted (the final 10 is the command for "set frequency"). In addition, if necessary the command for mode CW and narrow bandwidth must be transmitted subsequently.

The setting for the EK890 is easy:
All parameters (data rate, parity, etc. are selectable
The frequency, the operation mode CW and the bandwidth 300 Hz is set in one string:
The command string is merely "=F10118000, M3W30 #" (= is linefeed, F represents frequency set, # is carriage return).

Frame 1

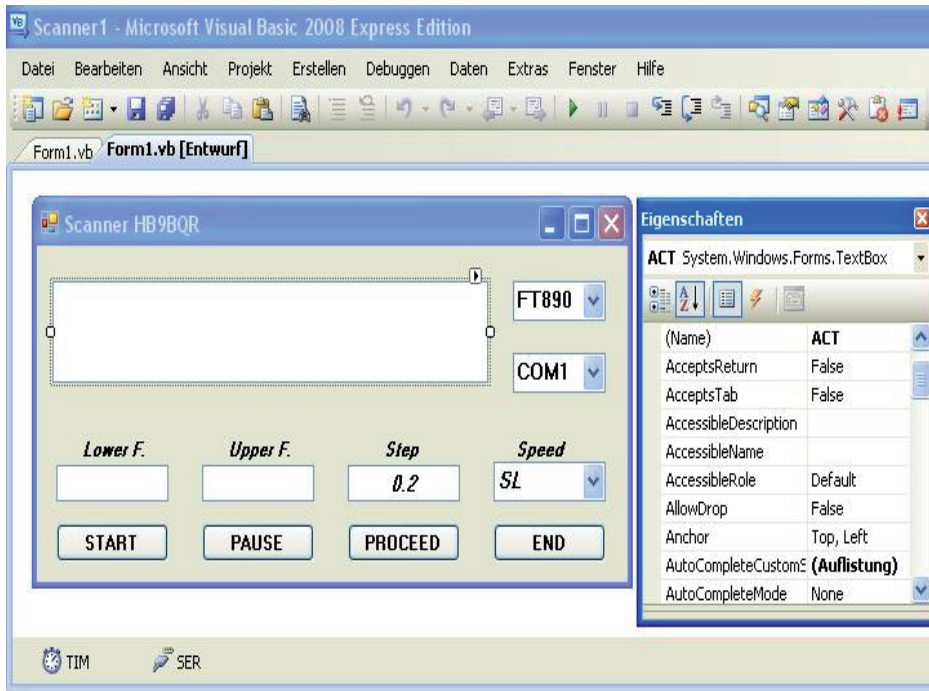
The device control commands for the transceiver FT890 and the receiver EK890

The Control Commands via PC must interface correctly

The PC must have a V.24 interface (For the FT890 an external level converter TTL-V.24 is necessary). Suitable cable connections must be created and connected (For two devices either two V.24 ports or with a V.24 switchbox). The device settings and the programmed software command sets must be matched precisely. Prior to start the programming work it is wise to ensure correct matching. The set commands can be tested with a terminal software or a communication program (e.g. Hyper Terminal).

Fig. 2 (Next page)

The development environment of Visual Basic 8 provides a good level of support for the programmer.



The Analysis/Testing

After the hardware setup and the control command verification, the program analysis can be started. This step is essential. Avoiding this step will result in bungling and the programming will take too much time (In my case it was an self-education project and, therefore, not everything did run linearly or smoothly).

The scanner user interface can be freely created. A user-friendly developing environment (fig. 2) provides good support. The user form window is arranged in the left region. On the right we see the active 'property' window.

The developer works with the form Scanner HB9BQR. The form has an active TextBox ACT. A part of ACT's properties is visible on the right side. The ACT TextBox will later present the actually set frequency. The smaller TextBoxes below permit input of lower and upper scan frequencies, step width and scan speed. The Command Buttons below

start and pause the scan and permit resumption. Scan can be stopped and the application closed by END. On the top right the device the V.24 port may be selected by the two ComboBoxes, both set by default (for FT890 and via Port 1).

Below on the left are the objects TIM (timer) and SER. (Port V.24). As a result of the programming the buttons, as well as all other input and output functions will work and present like other Windows applications.

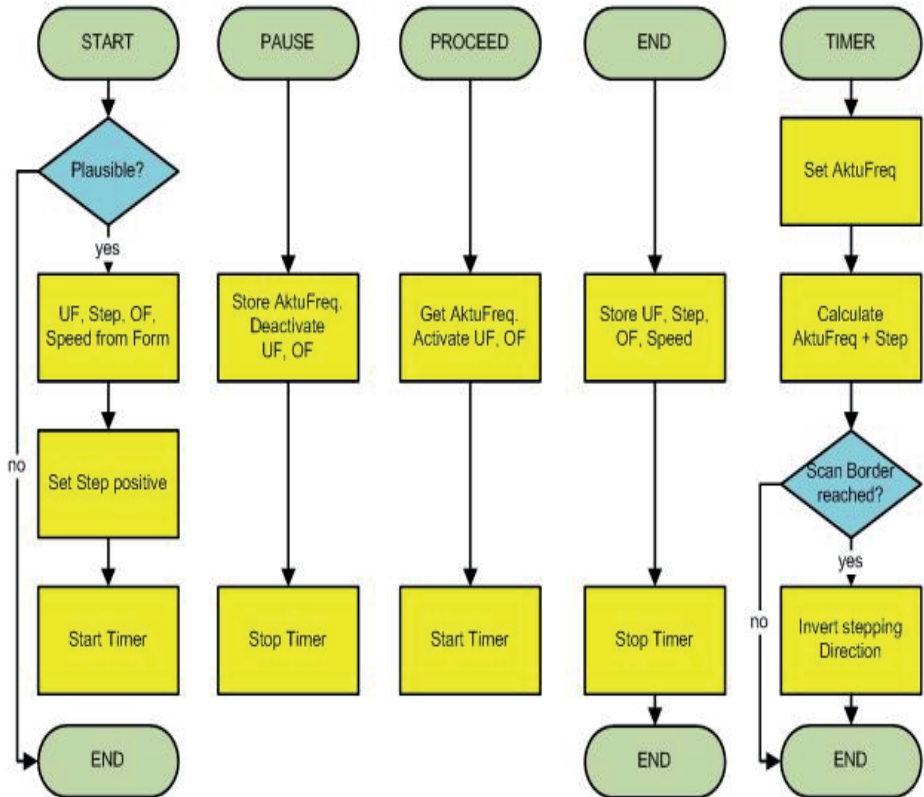


Fig. 3

The scanner application is subdivided in these five compact sub-programmes

Fig. 3 shows the program analysis results. Each of five small software routines are started by clicking one of the buttons (START to END). Visual Basic offers timer functions. The TIMER subroutine event on the right is started repeatedly according to the cadence set in input field SPEED). No resource-consuming waiting loops are needed.

By clicking START an initial plausibility checking is carried out. Subsequently, the scanner scans first from the lower tape border towards the upper one. On reaching the border, the scan direction changes to scanning downwards. On clicking PAUSE the scan process is temporarily stopped and will be continued by PROCEED. When quitting the scan program the values are stored in a text file. When starting again, the last values will be loaded again.

Some impressions of the program

Frame 2 presents a part of the developed program, (The entire program is about seven times longer). The main program consists of five small subprograms which are started by events. Events are the clicks on the buttons START to END and the TIM event according to figs. 2 and 3. The part of the program shown is Sub Tim_Tick. This subprogram will be released automatically by the timer in cadence given by speed (SL in fig. 2 means scanning scanning slowly). Shown is the query of the device connected ("If ME.GER..."). Then, after "Else" the computation of the actual frequency (ACT) presented in the form, followed by the EK890 command transmission (As shown in Frame 1). The baud rate is set and the telegram is compiled (The port selection was already done). The instruction "write (Sendstring)" sends the command to the receiver and sets it to the new step frequency. Fourth-last to the second-last line sets the direction (upward or downward scan). If the actual frequency is higher than the high border frequency, the step width on is switched negatively. If it is lower than the low border frequency, the step width becomes positive. In the other cases the scanner proceeds in the same direction.


```

'This program is executed according to timer cadence
Private Sub TIM_Tick(ByVal sender As System.Object, _
...
If Me.GER.SelectedItem = "FT890" Then
'From here set command for transceiver FT890
...
'From here set command for receiver EK890
Else
    Me.ACT.Text = ActuFre & " kHz"
    Sendstring = vbLf & "F" & Val(ActuFre) * 1000 & vbCr
    With SER
        .BaudRate = 2400
        .DataBits = 7
        .StopBits = IO.Ports.StopBits.One
        .Parity = IO.Ports.Parity.Odd
        .Open()
        .Write(Sendstring)
        .Close()
    End With
End If
'From here scan downwards or upwards?
ActuFre = ActuFre + StepFre
If ActuFre >= HighFre Then StepFre = -StepFre
If ActuFre <= LowFre Then StepFre = -StepFre
End Sub

```

Frame 2

Extract from the HB9BQR scanner program (Part of TIMER)

Flash back/Review

The small project has been great fun. The program has proved its usefulness to me. It was not intended for to third parties, but you may enjoy it? However, Visual Basic Studio would permit the production of an .EXE file which can be run on other PCs without Visual Basic environment.

Are you interested to start your own project? Here some ideas:

- Contest software
- CW-software
- A contact database
- An individualized calculator
- An equipment control for the radio shack
- A timer to switch equipment on and off
- And many others.....

[1] <http://msdn.microsoft.com/en-gb/vstudio/products/bb931331.aspx>
(UK)

Corrected Article:

More on RAYNET by Roy, G4PRL, #4844

Dear Robin,
Greetings from (GUZ) South Devon.
Having read the article in the Spring 2008 newsletter entitled “on the Raynet front” by Terry, G0SWS, RNARS 3286, I enclose further information that may be of interest to members.
As a young lad living on the edge of the Norfolk marshes in 1953 I found myself very much involved in the devastating floods and the aftermath at that time. My father, G3HWR, was an avid 160m man (then known as the Trawler Band), and had serious antennas for that band.

He did have an antenna 7 miles long, although at the time of the floods we were using a mere 1800 feet EFW fixed a 20 ft poles and lashed to willow trees out over the wet marshes. So, even with a mere 10W or so, all that was permissible at the time, he put out a serious signal.

His actions at the time resulted in him being one of the founder members of RAEN/Raynet referred to in Terry’s article.

A couple of years ago I was lucky enough to make contact with Pat, G3IOR, who then put me in touch with an old friend of my father, Doug, G3HRK. Doug was in the process of writing a book on the history of Raynet and of course this would incorporate information about the 1953 floods. I was delighted to offer Doug my father’s

account of the events of the time as well as my own memories of the period.

I am delighted to say that Doug has kindly given me permission to extract from his publication that part dealing with my father's involvement in the disaster. I enclose a copy of those events, taken from his book.

This is an excellent and very thorough publication for anyone who has an interesting Raynet and in ham radio in general. The title is "Be Prepared, Keep Prepared" RAYNET. A copy of this book together with further information can be obtained from Mr D.Willies, BEM, G3HRK, who is QTHR.

(DF WILLIES, 17 CAMPION WAY, SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK NR26 8UN, according to QRZ.COM – Ed)

As a final note I have just read a book that would, I'm sure, be of interest to many members. It is called "When I was on the Tartar (Black Cat Sea Stories), as told by Jack" by Michael Payne. I have no vested interest in this book but did find it a thoroughly amusing read.

Edited Extract begins:

.....By an extraordinary coincidence, with great good fortune and as recently as October 2005, I made contact with the previously unknown (to me) son of Dick - Roy Hunt, now G4PRL.

..... Roy and I have exchanged numerous letters and a most interesting story has unfolded.....

Initially relying on his memories of being a teenager living at home with his parents in Acle at the time of the Floods, Roy provided interesting stories about his Dad's involvement at that time. These were backed by two letters from RSGB HQ, signed by John Claricoats, acknowledging receipt of G3HRW's response to the Society's request for information from all those who had been involved during the floods.

In recent exchanges, Roy reported that he had uncovered accounts of these activities written by G3HRW himself during 1989 for an article in his local club magazine (the Dartmoor Radio Club). These papers were found in sealed boxes that had been removed from his Dad's home after his death..... I am reproducing the story based on the

accounts originated by Dick and also the recollections of the part played by Roy himself.

During the evening of Saturday the 31st of January 1953, Dick, G3HRW, was on duty in the Acle signal box in his capacity as a Railway Signaller. Acle is 8 miles inland from Great Yarmouth and, significantly, just 6 inches below sea level. The weather had been bad for two or three days with heavy rain and strong westerly winds. At 2230 hours Dick received a telephone call from his colleague in the next signal box down the line towards Yarmouth, reporting that there was a lot of water all around him, that the dykes were full and the water was spreading across the fields. It was evident that his colleague was getting worried as he rang Dick every few minutes reporting that the situation was deteriorating. The last train from Norwich to Great Yarmouth was due to leave Norwich at about 2330 hrs and just before that time the Signaller down the line from Acle rang Dick to say that the rail lines were under a foot of water and at the last train from Norwich would not get through and that he was leaving his signal box and going to a safer

place..... the train arrived at Acle about midnight with about 14 passengers on board, who were bound to Yarmouth.....He held the train at Acle, and he was told that Great Yarmouth was flooded and “you must provide taxis for the 14 passengers in order to get them to places of safety where they could stay overnight” -- Great Yarmouth added that they had just found the body of the drowned woman outside the station.

Once Dick resolved the situation of the train passengers he closed his signal box and, following his customary practice, went into his shack to monitor the Top Band before retiring to bed. On this occasion and in view of the adverse weather conditions, he fully expected to hear considerable activity on the shared band from coastal shipping and the fishing fleet at sea. But what he found was more than that -- it was total chaos -- “all hell was let loose”. Maydays and calls for help were everywhere. Caister coastguard (just north of Great Yarmouth) was trying to bring some semblance of order to the situation. By that time Humber Radio was off the air and it appeared that North Foreland Radio was also having difficul-

ties. It was clear that one aspect to giving great concern to the Coastguard was the fact that the Lightship marking the Goodwin Sands (off Kent) had dragged its anchor and was out of position. This, in itself, was adding to the already hazardous conditions in the North Sea. However, the density of distress calls made it almost impossible for the Coastguard to get the warning across to shipping in the area. The gales were unremitting, the desperate calls for help continued, and the confusion was sustained. A nightmare situation.

After a period of time, it was apparent to Dick that the crews of Lightships and fishing vessels at sea were becoming aware of conditions ashore..... news of the severe flooding was causing concern for the welfare of their families. ... Caister coastguard could not help as they had lost landline contact with Yarmouth. It was soon after this time, in the early hours of the morning, the Dick decided it the time had come to him to provide some assistance. Netting his Top Band VFO controlled transmitter on to the Caister coastguard frequency (within the amateur Top Band allocation) he waited

to the Coastguard station to go on standby. Dick then quickly called the skipper of the Smith's Knoll Lightship and offered to get information on family welfare if names and addresses could be supplied. It was rapidly agreed that this would only be done when Caister was on standby, the frequency clear of distress traffic and that the information would be best in short bursts. Caister Coastguard then continued with their traffic, obviously having heard G3HRW's transmissions but making no mention of them.

This fascinating story goes on to tell how Dick acted as a relay between the lightship and of the town authorities, providing seamen with information as to their families.

After an hour of so, Smiths Knoll called G3HRW and passed the first batch of names and addresses, and this continued in bursts until 0700 – it seemed to Dick that Caister were deliberately leaving gaps to allow the passing of this welfare traffic between the lightship and Dick, but they made no mention of this traffic. Remember that this was completely contrary to Dick's license conditions, and he was fearful of the consequences – at the same time he felt that the des-

perate situation warranted these actions. His wife and his teenage son, later to become G4PRL, Roy, played their parts by carrying messages round the town. It is interesting to note that at no time did the Coastguard station challenge or attempt to override the traffic but neither did they acknowledge them since they would realise that they were strictly illegal according to the terms of the licence. Dick continued to man his signal box during working hours and continued with his relays at other times. Dick continued with the humanitarian traffic over the following days, whenever off shift, not only on behalf of the lightship crews in the area but also for fishing vessels further away.

That these efforts were greatly appreciated goes without saying -- his family never had to buy fish again whilst they remained in Acle! The fact that no action was taken against him or all the others involved in passing traffic shows that common sense can sometimes prevail. Dick, to his credit, reported his actions to the RSGB as requested and two letters from John Clarricoats, G6CL, of RSGB headquarters, are in the file.

Another Corrected article:

Three stories from W. Lester Gray, M0CPH, # 4604

RMS Queen Mary, and more ...

In early June last year my XYL and I were touring SW USA, which included two nights in Los Angeles. So, we took at the Metro line to Long Beach (an hour's ride), and visited RMS Queen Mary. Of course I went to the radio room and took a few photographs - image inside Winter 2008 front cover. I also signed the visitors' book with my name and call sign.

There are positions the four operators, perhaps even five. The facilities are used by the Californian Association of Amateur Radio Operators, who have about 100 members able to use the facilities. I also toured the ex-Russian submarine "Scorpion", located just in front of RMS Queen Mary. This is a triple-propeller submarine.

One morning in January 1956 whilst at RNAS Hal Far we had four Gloster Meteor T7s of 728 Squadron (FRU) airborne, exercising with ships at sea. It was a wet morning with low

cloud, borderline for flying. All aircraft were using VHF channel "L." and I was the operator on that channel. However, the exercise had to be abandoned due to poor and deteriorating invisibility. One of the aircraft, piloted by Lieutenant Hayes, RN, reported a fuel state of 50/50. Within a very short space of time he made an emergency call "Pan Pan Pan -- intend landing on the first runway in sight". Nothing further was heard from or seen of the aircraft. Of the remaining three aircraft one managed to land back at Hal Far with the help of a GCA. Another landed at RAF Luqa, and of the remaining one reported that he had a green from RAF Takali and was going in there. I was interviewed by the Squadron CO (Lieutenant Commander Drake, RN, I think) as part of the inquiry into the loss of Lieutenant Hayes. He had the logbook for channel L and I was just asked to confirm what was entered there.

In March 1956 HMS Ark Royal was in the Malta area working up the squadrons of her air group, 809 Squadron, which was operating Sea Venoms, but the aircraft had some kind of difficulty with their arrestor gear. Once launched

from the ship they could not alight back on the ship. Therefore the Squadron was based at RAF Takali, because the main runway at Hal Far was closed for resurfacing and the alternate runway was too short to operate jets. Our flight of Meteor T7s was temporarily based at RAF Luqa. HMS Ark Royal was to take part in a NATO exercise in the Western Mediterranean, so 809 Squadron had to operate out of a French naval air station near Oran. All the male W/T staff from RNAS Hal Far were temporarily drafted to Oran aboard tank landing craft HMS Reggio for the duration of the exercise, along with two AVTUR Bowsers on the tank deck. I stayed in Oran to operate a CW service between the French naval radio station (C/s FUK) and Gibraltar, so I messed with the Frenchies, drinking red wine with my meals as is the French custom. Being the only Englishman, I was the centre of interest.

Report on Southeast Essex Rally 2009. Carl, G3PEM - #1917

The rally was held on the 1st February 2009 at the usual venue that has been used for this rally. The attendance was about the same as on previous years, being one of the firsts in the year it is well supported. A number of local clubs supported the rally by taking a rally stand to advertise their clubs and societies. The RNARS table was situated in the main hall, alongside the other special interest groups stands. I arranged a display of RNARS pictures and commodities for our members and the public's viewing. This year a total of seven members signed the book and it was very nice to meet with old friends.

Report on Cambridge Rally - also by Carl

I was due to attend this rally on the 1st of March, however during the week before I developed gout my right foot so was unable to drive. Stop laughing it was B**** painful. My apologies to any members made the journey to the rally especially to talk to me.

Bournemouth Amateur Radio Society Annual Sale 2009 by Ernie G3UAZ

The 22nd annual sale was held on Sunday 8th March 2009 in the halls at Pelham's Park, Kinston.

Although there was less accommodation this year than in 2008 the Rally was well attended.

It was evident by the keen interest taken at each stand that the great majority of visitors were radio enthusiasts.

Inspection by the writer revealed that there is still plenty of radio equipment of high quality still available on the surplus market. For instance I saw a 100 watt ATU for sale for 15 pounds and was sorely tempted. The absence of a plethora of useless computer bits and pieces was very comforting to me.

The RNARS stand stood out well with its colourful White Ensign attracting much attention. A total of 11 members signed in with two possible joiners. Our stock of T shirts was reduced by two. .

The proceedings ended at 14:00 hrs, no doubt the impending Sunday lunch having something to do with that.

After packing up, G3UAZ, G0NUM and G0KXN adjourned to the restaurant for an enjoyable repast; thus concluding a pleasant and successful Rally.

**Life In The RN – conclusion –
3rd of 3 parts.**

**By the late George Stead
G0GSQ # 4417
(kindly sent in by Diana,
G0RNO)**

Well that was two jobs in the 6 months. They did change us around so a new job as Liberty Boat's Crew, a Diesel launch, to me it looked like mini tug boat; a good well deck astern with good seating for liberty men, also a funnel amidships and a small wheelhouse for the sail maker our cox. My job was bowman at the sharp end with boathook and to sort out liberty men as regards seating, again we were turn about with another crew so it meant we were off every other night. Alright for our 3 badge cox'n but there wasn't much for me, only 2 pubs. However going back to the tale regarding our liberty boat I must mention there was a small hatch forward of the funnel that led to a mess deck. Room for 3 hammocks also a stove to brew up and we had plenty of coal. Thereby hangs a tale. It was the usual stormy night and our oppo. watch cox'n as usual had hung his hammock before he went ashore for the

usual run of the pubs and had the fire burning and quite comfortable. He came back well tanked up. How he got in his hammock I don't know, however after a spell he had to obey the call of nature, so, one foot out of the hammock and sat on the hot stove. Well the shock of that meant a lot of cleaning up and a spell in Rose Cottage (Hospital).

I could mention the launch used to be tied up alongside a steel door in the side of the ship where we could get on board to go ashore and also coal ship. Well at the time I was on the gangway and it seemed the liberty boat was due to go ashore for the last time, our friend Stripey the relief cox'n who had just got back, 3 sheets in the wind, and half asleep heard the pipe "Away Liberty boats crew" and some of the lads in the mess deck said "That's you Stripey" so away he went. Meanwhile the other crew left the ship and being a dark night he put his foot out into thin air. Result "Man overboard" It was one of many incidents I can always look back on and have a laugh about. We never lost any crew members glad to say although some had bad backs and blisters as I experienced they did catch up with me before I left - I

have never been used to hauling up coal bags. You have difficulty pulling yourself into your hammock I found "Blisters on Blisters" but worst things happen at sea as the saying goes.

Three month now and Xmas 42 we were all getting ready for leave and the "Rabbits" or duty free cigs at 4 pennies for 20 Woodbines or tins of "Tickler" Tobacco" one pound for 2/6 that was our monthly issue. I must say regarding Tobermory a very nice place for a visit and winter time the show of the "Northern Lights" or the Aurora Borealis in Mull I will always remember. They do say Aurora meant Goddess of the dawn from a Roman word, and Borealis, Southern Magnetic Pole.

However I must get back to how I spent my time. As I was interested in dancing, I did find out that they use to have dances at the Church hall and was run by Chrissey who incidentally was the lady involved with services entertainment in Tobermory. At the time I was more for modern dances; as it was my hobby I had plenty of practice weekly so I felt like a fish out of the water (if you will excuse the term) but I did get a bit of the drift of what it was all about (we will keep going back

to these Navy expressions), but they were all in good fun you had to see the funny side of things in those days or go round the bend, However going back to first job at the start I will mention my oppo or opposite number who use to relieve me I did find out that was he was getting his feet under the table of a resident of the Island, I must say the lady was a widow with a young daughter of school age. I'm sure the lady lost her husband during the war as he used to work for the local ferry service before the war and he would have been in the naval service, but that's how I thought it was at the time. However he did introduce me before he had his draft to the main fleet Over your head and it felt a bit like home and your feet under the table, could you blame him, it was war time. We must get a bit nostalgic from time to time. I must add a pack of butter or bacon from the canteen did help with the friendship at the time the shortages you wouldn't believe. So now I will get to the catering in the ship. It was canteen messing, we each had an allowance of money to spend for our grub; so each day the Leading Seaman in charge of the mess made out a chit so we could get the stores

for the day so we could plan the next day's meals. Now that was canteen messing on a small ship. Mind you the Western Isles was an old Belgian cattle boat before the war and refitted as it turned out to be an excellent job as the book says (Terror of Tobermory).

I must move on to the end of 1942 it was time again for a draft and some leave so it was back to HMS Drake, my base, perhaps a week or so and to another camp for a short spell, it had been a holiday camp in peace time, out in the country near Plymouth. I won't dwell on that one the rests never did last too long. So back to Drake for a few days, at least we had our own cinema and a canteen where we could get great pasties or what we used to call boggles the usual Cornish Pasties; as the name of a Cornish man in our book was a "Hoggy Waffer". As regards the cinema in the Barracks it was well worth attending even a bad film as the comments from lads you couldn't believe the place use to explode. In retrospect when you think of it these were the lads who never knew what was around the corner as regards the war and they never knew where they were going and some didn't give a toss or a monkey's uncle as they were young.

I should mention the food in the Barracks, not too bad although if you could stick a cold fried egg as I got used to as breakfast and bacon. However the lunch time fare always with soup was great and plentiful. They used to start with a few pestle of pork boiled up and most ended up for supper that was 1900 or to others 7 o'clock so if you were Liberty men at 1700 you always missed out on your supper but you could always get a decent meal and a bed for the night and also a good hot bath which I used at get at weekends when I was in my home Port. This as at the Sailors Rest or Agnes Weston's who did good service to the lads who were far from home and in the naval service, must say we were ashore if we wanted stay until 0800 the next morning and that was even if we were on board a ship in port.

Well that's a bit about shore leave. I will say about our good lady Aggie she was very well known long before my time as every sailor will know from way back. Plymouth? I never knew anything about it in my short stay as a Barrack stanchion if you can understand the meaning of the word but its old naval expressions as only old sailors would know. I was getting

quite use to it and me being an home bird as we say and its no use banging you head against brick wall as regards the system as it was those days so I kept my nose clean as the saying goes, not too difficult in my book, but others not a lot, seem to go the other way, but as they say to each his own and devil take the hindmost, but we can laugh about it now looking back, but there were a few who did kick back at the system but they did their chokey and didn't seem too bothered about it, that meant they had to go to a training camp and their mates had to escort them there as I will reiterate later. Naval Laws did seem a bit strange to a landlubber mixed with traditions but who am I with only 4 years experience to say what's right about it; but I did get along with it and it was no trouble to me. However there I go again going off my tale not about blood and guts, which could have been different as I did my sea time in one of the Latest New Frigates or River Class Corvettes they did say travelled more than three times around the world to my surprise, I do know what it means as water under the bridge, I always thought it was standing on a river bridge watching the river flow under it.

Now we will start with a ship in the 14MS at Blyth Dockyard the venue to meet our famous River Class Corvette or Frigate my first sea going ship, HMS Dart. It was cross between a Trawler and a Destroyer but broad of beam and not too much of a roll in rough seas as I did find with some fresh air from time to time I got my sea legs. Armed with 4 inch guns fore and aft, also 10 Oerlikons, 6 fitted later with Gyro sights, Hedgehog bombs for Anti submarine Ops. Full mine sweeping gear, LL Sweeps, Acoustic Hammer, Paravanes and such. After sea trials we had a spell at Tobermory 2 weeks training exercises on the Isles of Mull.

We went through all the rigors of war at sea our famous Commodore Stevenson "The Terror" saw to that, anyway we got through it and we were soon on our way to Belfast for a short two days, one each watch, managed to get in a Dance at the local hall, it seemed we lost one chap there went AWOL seems he knew a widow as he was in the Regular Naval Service perhaps an old girlfriend. Must mention that as we picked up a replacement who turned out to be my oppo although he was 10 years older than me a Scots lad

from Hawick.

It was then off to Gib with 3

Armed trawlers and as we had the doctor on board we were the leader of the group, we had to zig-zag in front of the convoy, while each Trawler took up position port and starboard and one astern. However we were off to Gib. and through the Straits, a sleepless night with Torpedo Boats around dropping depth charges. During the day we got a suspect ping so dropped a few depth charges; and as we were with the convoy we sent for a Destroyer, Result was we were in harbour, Algiers when the Destroyer came alongside who had sank the sub and glad to say the crew passed over our ship on way to a camp.

Algiers has French as the language and as I was always interested in it I tried it out in the local café and they tried out their English. The dress of the days was shorts black stockings white shirts, well again most compatible with red wine and blood as some of the lads came back full of it. The Bars and other things I'll not dwell on and leave to the imagination not my cup of tea at the time. Gib. again with another escort group destination USA a slow job with a Floating Dock across the "Pond"

The Port was Norfolk Va. 3 weeks at that and the change of hours 5 hours back half hour a day during the dog watches and what with the watery spuds below deck due to the heat we were ready to climb the bulkhead in frustration and to top it all we were running short of fuel. We met a tanker, and to see how they passed lines over and pipes without stopping as we couldn't be a sitting target for any U boat was a credit to seamanship of both Skippers.

Another tale was one of the crew in the convoy was suffering from the effects of smoke from a small fire, so we had to pass the oxygen bottle over by using all the small ropes in the ship including the signal halyards, these had a small clip like hook on them, which caught in our PO's ring on his finger and with the pull of both ships took a lot of his flesh with it, I have never wore a ring since. As the weather was mostly rough we didn't get a lot of alarms only for practice glad to say After 21 days we put into a dock in Norfolk Virginia or VA. It was a dry one, we spent most of the morning getting in stores, most of it was paint, while we had to scrape the bottom of the ship and by lunch time we left it to an army of

dockers with sprayers to red lead the hull. After lunch we had a run shore, we did try out the “Drug Stores” it was like a meeting place for most young people, sold tizzy drinks, Ice cream and any sandwich imaginable and a very gassy beer, its no wonder the yanks over here liked ours. Some of the lads were quite taken up with the English pounds, no one had the 4 dollars to exchange, I don’t think I would like to have lived there a bit too warm for me; mind you it was in the south and what can you say about southern hospitality, my brother was always near New York and Baltimore and cars used to be along side the docks picking up the lonely sailors to take to their homes and give them a good time, I do know that because of the food parcels my mother use to get for a while after the war. I must add we went up the river to Portsmouth to the dockyard, what a place it went on for miles its no wonder they called it the Ship city of America, we had to pick up a tramcar to the dockyard gates. It must have been a Naval training base as we got a lot of young sailors or should I say Gobs like our ODs, they came round the ship and were avid listeners to the tales our shipmates swinging the lamp,

they were most impressed by the rusty depth charges (they called them ash cans) it did prove we had been a long time at sea, it was great time, some of them just out of school I’m sure, they looked very smart in their white suits and pork pie hats as the weather was very humid a bit too much for me, as regards living there no way, but the visit was well worth it and thankful to the Navy for the free trip, but if I’ve repeated myself I do apologise, age again every one comes to it. I think I can say I was a sailor, glad to say in those days, thankfully no tales of blood and guts but when you have got the sea miles under your keel as the saying goes, as three and a half times round the world, but it doesn’t need a war to prove anything but the lads who go to sea even in peace.

“Ocean View” was a amusement park on the sea front, we did visit there to a dance which I though would be OK, however nothing like home, the chance of getting a young lady partner to dance with was nil, you had to know the lady and be introduced to the family and ask permission to take the lady out and we know now at this time with the TV How to woo a lady over the ”Pond” and don’t

forget the "Corsage" I'm sure the odds of getting a lady was nil again; not that I was too bothered as I had a very good partner in one of the lads from the ship who could take the lady part; so that was it; he was a Manchester lad so we passed that time on as regards dancing. We did meet up with two more lads, one had plenty of medals and quite young in the Submarine Service he did say, and the other a young lad just joined up. We had a great time, had photos taken but the problem was we were all broke as my pay was 30 shillings every 2 weeks so that meant 6 dollars I had to go ashore with and 2 dollars for stockings at the start I couldn't get involved with anything so my nose was kept clean as the saying goes. I should mention when we took out a pound note in these Drug stores lots of people were interested but couldn't afford the 4 dollars to exchange as regards a souvenir mind you we were in the South. I do know my brother who paid many visits to New York and Baltimore he was in the DEMS as a gunner on merchant ships also attached to the RN like all the other services who could work the guns and show the U Boats they could fight back; well he was in the north it

seemed, as he got plenty of attention, there were cars waiting at the dock side to pick you up take you home and give you a good time and send parcels of food to your home address; so the difference between each State was well noted as north and south.

Leaving harbour came all to soon and back to sea again with plenty of stores also paint. They do say our first Lieut. Jimmy the one in charge of supplies ordered too much and got a blast for it, well the paint came in 4 gal. Buckets and cleaned out they made a great job to do our dohby (washing) as a bucket was a bonus to soak our gear or boil it in the galley as I can't remember having any soap powder we had to shave the blocks of soap all part of ship-board life. After a day at sea we hit the tail end of a storm, they did say the tail end, what the centre was like I do not know but it was bad enough in fact it broke the Asdic Dome so we couldn't Ping any subs.

Orders came to alter course for Newfoundland. Not too far from the coast we met Coastal Command flying boats, who made us close up for action stations with his report of a suspect sub. however it turned out to be Whales;

I'm glad to say I did read his Aldis message "Whale" then "I go". I think the port was Argentia, Newfoundland and very basic all wood buildings even a bowling alley and canteens and while we were in dry dock we were introduced to the joys of bowling, hamburgers, and mountains of ice cream. We hadn't seen ice cream for ages, I know I ended up with tummy ache. The next ship sent some over before we left. As regards the beer the canteen had run dry; however they did say the next place a few miles away was ok so most of us had a walk to find empty cans in the canteen so that was it. Back to sea again it was bad enough with no storm I don't envy anyone spending a lot of time out there it was bad enough as it was. We made good time on the way home and caught up with group. It was Greenock and a spot of leave. After that great leave the second one of our courtship returned to the ship to find that one of our old "Scousers" mates, who, incidentally had gone AWOL to live with a lady, an old friend as he was a regular seaman doing time, mind you that was in Belfast. I did fail to mention, so we had to have a replacement and at the time turned out to be a great pal

of mine Tom, who turned out to be a life time pal of mine and kept me on the straight and narrow. But I digress, I should say our Liverpool lad who had done his "Chokey" came back with a new set of gear because if you went into a punishment block they sold all your clothing and a new set is taken out of your pay, so obviously the lad is broke I do know of these things because when I was in barracks I bought a suit for 20 shillings. I think it is a lesson it's no use banging your head against a brick wall you can't win. We set off from Greenock to join the escort group with another convoy, we went way out into the Atlantic it was some time before I noticed what our job was, they don't tell you nothing. It was a great what I must say Armada of Tank landing Craft and where do we go from here? Can't recall how many days we were out in the Atlantic before we turned round and came back to pass the Straits of Gibraltar during night time with the usual close up for action stations and what it entailed. Anyway we were taken over by another group of Destroyers so we had to refuel so it was into Bizerta for the night. Early morning after breakfast it was "Hands to bathe" in the harbour so

every one joined in , after that the news came through that they had landed in Sicily. How do I keep missing out on these things, but now I say thank God I'm here and perhaps passed my sell by date, but another bit of data as regards North Africa shipboard life on the Dart in the Med.

Our Base was Gibraltar so it was convoy work along the North African coast still 1943, it was the time we had our treat victory with the Desert Rats so we didn't get any trouble from that side, however we plenty of raids during dawn and dusk as Italy was still occupied, they use to come in dropping bombs along the coast then turn in to attack the convoy. It was all systems go, what with the Funnel making black smoke and the smoke floats at the stern all mixed up in a grey combination including the floats dropped astern. I must add we, my mate and I, were in the firing line from the smoke stack as we were level with the Funnel, so you can imagine, dressed in anti-flash gear. My mate who was the Gunner, only 5ft, swinging around with the Oerlikon, I was the loading number we finished up black as the ace of spades but we filled the night sky with our cannon shells

and our bit and came out ok. As for our life below deck and our grub as we had 4 messes in our deck 18 in each and a Leading seaman to each in charge, we were canteen messing, that meant we got an allowance of money to spend so if we were duty cooks for the day say, we had to get the stores in and advice from the Killick (leading seaman) in charge get the meat which came in great slabs you could carry on your back to the freezer as we did from time to time to get the stores in. The chap in charge was a great big chap who used to cut big portions as it was boneless for each mess as we were allowed each duty cooks 2 each day; the spuds we peeled the night before, If it was a stew it was all kind of veg. from the tins. For afters it might be rice pudding and don't forget the mine fields which was sultanas or currants in. Some days we had steak pudding or spotted dick all made with suet with custard but it just depended if someone had left their shift to put the pudding in it was all fair game, you never called a cook as we use to say you had your turn. The bread we made ourselves, very heavy as it was not allowed to rise so it was very filling. We will carry on in the gastronomic

mode, one I do remember was the Manchester Tart made with pastry laid out in a large flat tin with jam covered with custard. I can't forget that one, as I made it when I was PO's messman and got a recommend from two Wrens ladies invited to supper a special occasion and memory a bit dim. The name of the pastry was called a klacker I couldn't tell you why the mind boggles as it did in those days.

Christmas 1943 we were in Gib. just missed my brother who was on a ship calling at the port as we were going out as he saw the Dart leaving harbour, mind you I didn't know that at the time. We were getting ready for the festivities all the stores in, one chicken each for Xmas day a large Turkey and a Leg of lamb or pork. In spite of whatever we were having a good Christmas come what may, meanwhile we got orders to proceed to Alex, what a life; I do recall we couldn't get any balloons so we trimmed up with the issue of the only rubber we had on the ship we had plenty of them from the sick bay, always very handy, as the old soldiers use to say keep your powder dry. We use to put our pound notes in them in case we had to go overboard. Well

after good trip and a few alarms we finally got to Haifa change of venue, we did get there also Port Said in fact some miles down the canal as we passed the statue of the chap who built the canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps French Engineer with his hand raised high, they do say someone climbed up and put a tin of corned beef in his hand just for a navy lark; how true that was I couldn't say but you can expect anything from the lads. We did about turn back to the Med and to Haifa and the smell of the place on approach to the dock was all the spices you could imagine because of the heat of the day and including the camels. Shore leave, well, not much about that except the bars selling cheap booze and exhibitions if you were that way inclined, as every sailor will agree it was a different world once you had left the world as a civilian in those days, but we were young. At the time the Jewish fraternity were getting a good foothold in Palestine we do know now. However that was in retrospect (if we had only had a crystal ball) and again as they say devil take the hindmost or any way but loose. It was time for some leave so arrangements were made. As we were far from home we went to a rest camp

to the diamond town of Nathanya up the coast all tents including the lizards, snakes and scorpions; shake your bed every night you had plenty of company. I did have the invite to go pony trekking but I declined, I had seen some the lads come back bow legged and sore bums and legs so I knew what to expect.

It was well worth a visit to the Wailing Wall and Church of Nativity. To think they are still fighting over it these days, still it is a bit in history and we all play a small part as it goes but we didn't realise at the time I must say our guide was from Manchester; he did mention the weather always debatable and the moisture early morning it is a tale I won't mention here but you can ask me about it sometimes.

Egypt. Alexandria harbour was our next Base and we use to have our spot to go to or should I say our own buoy and never dropped the anchor. The method was we had to "cat" the anchor on approach to the buoy and to the civilians meant we had to loose the chain at the shackle and drop the loose chain down to the buoy while the anchor was locked on the side of the ship and our whalers crew was standing by at the

buoy; one of them was standing on the buoy to pick up the chain to fasten the shackle to the buoy it was a experience glad to say not in my book but it was worth a mention as standing there with a great ship looming up at you going in reverse" No way" there are other ways of getting wet. So ends that one. Well Alex was a real Naval Port as we had a Fleet Club where you could stay for the night also games of "housey housey" or "Bingo" the only means of gambling the Navy did allow as we could play it on the ship from time to time and it was the same at Gib and £30 was good money in those days I could have got my" party" (girl friend) an engagement ring with that, another Naval expression we have to keep getting them in HI. and that's a laugh in Morse as it goes. Going ashore we were met at the dockyard gates with a "garry" or a pony and trap and the chap using his whip got us to the Fleet Club, cursing the policeman on point duty and lots of expletives as regards his cousin who was a white girl and very cheap and he as black as the ace of Spades. What a caffuffle you will say. They had great cinemas and I found it was quite cool in the afternoon to go there also modern

films too and talkies mind you they did have a screen at the side in Arabic and other languages they did cater for everyone. I did go once and found it was outside they shifted all the chairs to the side of the building, I didn't realise until I looked up and saw the stars. Another time I was waiting for my mate Tom who was in the queue for the tickets and who should come along but a chap from Rochdale who I used to work with. He was in the army and both of us all those miles from home. There was another incident like that', we were having a day out at Fleet Club with my mate or oppo Tom who I should have mentioned; he was 10 years older than me but we got on ok. I said I'll get a table and you go and order the grub. As I was looking for a table I met two RAF chaps. We both stopped dead and one of them said I seem to recognise you from somewhere and I said the same; we were still talking when Tom came up. It turned out they both came from Hawick and the same street so we joined up at a table and enjoyed our steak eggs and rice boil in a bag no potatoes as I said even if it was Camel, we were young. One does stick in my mind, there was a small yacht came alongside and

tied up for the night. It had some British sailors on board in the crew also Army Officers. In retrospect it must have been a special force as they didn't say much what it was all about, however they did pass round a bottle to the four of us. It tasted a bit like aniseed and went milky when you added water but very strong, perhaps a Greek drink Oozoo or zibib a name like that. All too soon again came the pipe "All hands to stations for leaving harbour" always the same with the Tannoy playing John Peel's "Hunting we will go". What we had to do was "Clean into our number 3s "- to the civilians change out of our boiler suits to our working uniforms for leaving harbour. It was great sight all lined up on the Forecastle; the Boat Deck and the quarter deck. Each ship we passed we piped its flag and they did the same All Naval traditions it did tend to bring a lump in your throat as again we were young. After the usual routine of watches alarms and such we managed to get to Gib with the convoy. Water tight Discipline of the ship X and Y doors. X doors below the water line must be closed at all times all clips on; Y doors had one clip. Our messdeck was below the water

line so we had to have a big square door at top of the ladder with all clips on, however we had a round door in the middle which was always kept open as only one body could get through at a time, that was in a danger area, but you can imagine the panic when a depth charge was dropped in the early morning watch.. Not a lot of fun as I say devil take the hindmost - I do know I had that experience when the ship hit a bow wave and the table collapsed with a crash during the night I was half way up the ladder before I realised I was the only one awake, it was a good thing slinging my hammock next to it I was one foot out and up I was that way inclined.

As regards water very plentiful it was all around us but very salty and at sea as you can imagine, we had to use a lot of fuel oil in the condenser to make it pure so it was rationed, one bucket of hot water each mess to wash in the mornings, so first up went to the galley, so I got clean water never was a stop in bed. It was ok in harbour if we were alongside a jetty where we got plenty also electric current from the shore supply but then it didn't effect me on the Dart but more of that later when I was on the Fame in

the Torpedo Branch, it was there I had a perfect job as I will reiterate later. Again as to the Dart "she" was built for minesweeping, all the gear but I did mention that before, but as regards the LL sweeps it was on a great big reel at the stern so some of the lads use to climb on the top of it and have a nap while off watch, and get some fresh air.

Mine sweeping - as I said we had all the gear, Paravanes, otter boards, acoustic hammer and such. I count my blessings as we didn't have to use them after the first try out. Our Bosun, or buffer as we used to call him was a young Scouser, Liverpool born, no wonder they made him Chief Bos'ns Mate as was his title, a whiz kid with wire ropes and all what it entailed there was a name for it, perhaps a Rigger in peace time. A great chap I'm sure that was his trade. He worked with the First Lieutenant (Jimmy the one) in charge of everything as running the ship as it was in all ships. However we go back to mines, we got a few breaking surface at times, so we had to fall in for rifle practice to sink them, they were supposed not to be dangerous when they had broken away from their moorings.

One ship came in with her bows blown off up to the bridge every ship in the harbour was tooting at her a proud sight I'm sure. One of my mates was on a sweeper and during the Dunkirk "Do" got a medal, that's by the way. I did meet his wife in town one day and she said he is sweeping mines, so I said that's a rough job! they have to work stripped to waist down those mines, she did agree, Bless her. I do remember we had two mine sweeping flats each side of the ship each side of the boiler room for use if we did any sweeping it was out of the way from the sharp end chance we hit a mine. It was also used to get together to play "bingo" if we were in a safe area, also we could check our washing hanging over the boiler room on lines. We had as you to do our dhobey (washing) in a bucket with a bar of soap if we could get hold of one. No plastic in those days, but if you had a special job like "Captain of the heads" that is keeping the toilets clean, you had a place to keep your cleaning gear like a lock-up, so you could leave your washing to soak. Never leave it around the mess deck or the PO would take it for the Scran Bag which meant it was taken away

for month and had to be redeemed with a lump of soap when the pipe would go out "Scran bag open on the boat deck". The soap incidentally was used by the PO responsible for keeping the mess deck clean, however quaint it was or traditional it did make for a clean and happy ship in the long term so lock your gear away and don't leave it "Sculling around" as the saying goes. It was like a new world at times and it kept you on your toes. It went for a clean ship, more so on the upper deck with the salt water you had to clean the paint work or paint it again to keep it clear of rust.

Saturday mornings it was the Skipper's Rounds, so duty cooks had to clean all the mess gear, pans and such knives and forks and lay them out for inspection like we had to do with all ours. As time went by we got very short of eating irons as we used to call them as duty cooks use to take the wash up water to empty in the sea. Result, tinkle, tinkle little spoon, knife and fork will follow soon still sticks in my memory, again you had to see the funny side of things it kept us going. Another time when we had practice fire drill it was always in the galley, as you can imagine; but one day

we had a real fire and the pipe was "Fire in the galley" No Skylark ("I'm not kidding "). Like all other ships we had to change jobs every few months I think I did my stint as PO's messman, Doctor's and Officer's flunky each in turn they were expected to give you ten bob for the job, but some did miss out and if it was an inside job like messman it had its drawbacks if we were in the "Med" the heat was a bit too much. so in consequence you were up to the bathroom for a wash and change, to finish up with a rash in the crutch with all the soap left in and sweating with the heat. Boiling would have solved the problem as I found out, it would take all the residue soap out but who had a bucket to boil on the stove in the galley, supply at the time was short, but we survived, as always. I can't recall any other jobs like I did in Tobermory like QM on the gangway but you could have your turn at steering the ship any time at sea after asking permission from the Officer of the Watch, it was a great experience following a gyro compass on each command. Mind you the real Cox'n took over, or Pilot on entering a strange harbour. It happened to us when we first went into Belfast in a thick fog

on the Dart. I still keep coming back with these memories, they were happy times in my book. The rough times grow dimmer as time goes by, mind you as I say again we were young. Still on the subject of jobs as I said we had the Doctor on board as we were leader of the group. I was detailed as whalers' crew so that meant we had to take him on his rounds when requested by the convoy. We couldn't stop to let him get off, so we had to go in front of the ship concerned, drop the crew in the whaler and me, and no stopping, pulling away from the side of our ship to go to merchant ship who threw us a line to catch and hook up to the front of the whaler. Off we would go like a speed boat swinging ourselves in to the side of the ship to a ladder so the doc. could get on board. Sometimes the skipper dropped us a bottle of rum or a carton of cigarettes, and how many times we did that and one time left us out in the wild blue yonder mid ocean chasing a sub. November 1944, arrived in Gibraltar for a short spell. signal received carry on to the Gold Coast. What a job, not looking forward to that one. All I knew it was the white man's grave or so they say. It was all hands muster for injec-

tions, however we were well out in the Atlantic when it was "Belay the last pipe" (means don't take any notice of the last order) another signal go back to the Med and Malta for a refit. After all that lot, however I was glad as it was another port in the storm as they say.

Reminds me of what my wife's mother said when she knew I was going out with her daughter. He will have a girl in every port. I do know that was a lie as I have never been to every port. Malta. George Cross Island, her brave stand goes down in history we all know that, but they still carried on. My recollections of the place was the "Gut" as they used to call it, and a café were we could get some good grub also a trip round the Grand Harbour in a "dghajsa" like a Gondola with a boatman but the memory still a bit dim. Well that was Valletta, well knocked about a lot and we lost a lot of ships to keep them supplied but stood firm to win the "The George Cross" We were in dry dock having a bit of a refit the week or so we were there and into December. Off once again destination Devonport and with our paying off pennant flying in the breeze for some welcome Xmas leave. We had a rough pas-

sage going through the Bay of Biscay chasing some depth charges that had broken loose but managed to make the port without anymore incidents. Devonport, and the list went up for Xmas leave I couldn't believe I down for New Year leave with the Scottish lads as they had to have some of us to look after the ship. However it turned out for the best. I could let my girl know and she could arrange the wedding plans in the second week of our 3 weeks 29th Jan., so things turned out great.

After that it was back again to HMS Drake. I did meet up with a pal of mine off the trail going back Harry G., so it was a bit of company. I did meet up with him as a fellow member of the RNA later in a get together on the Anniversary of "D" Day that is by the way. After a short spell in Barracks I was moved to a rest camp "Glen Holt" not far from Plymouth - I think it was called "Crown Hill. There was a army camp near by where we could get a bed for the night if we wanted to stay out for the weekend. They do say our camp was a nudist camp in peace time, the Naval thoughts do tend to get a bit wild when you have been to sea. I do know we had a good few night guards in the sur-

rounding woods; a bit scary and glad to see our relief to take over. Again another Draft to Barracks and a move to HMS Defiance the old Torpedo training Ship in Devonport across from "Drake" the other side of the river. The school was three old ships Defiance, Andromeda, and Vulcan joined up by a walkway, but the real school was a camp on the Torpoint side still joined up on shore with the ship. It was all Nissan huts with the usual two tier beds. You had to spread your hammock out with an extra blanket. The name of the camp was "Wilcove Extension" There was a wood on one side of it, I have cause to remember it! The Seaman's Electrical part of the course was great stuff Ohms Law was my cup of tea. White Head Torpedo OK Demolition Charges I think I did quite well, but not so with one chap who took his hammock lashing (rope) climbed up a tree and stepped out into eternity poor lad. All this was confirmed when I joined the RNA by the secretary who I met not too long ago. He was in the same camp on "D" day I did get ashore that day all the pubs was shut or dry so that was my celebrations. My Rochdale mate I'm sure was a "Wireman" or should I say in the

Electrical trade in Civvy street, it seemed as it turned out I was going to be in a job I was to enjoy as the next draft was to Londonderry NI to join the "Fame" an old Destroyer at times used as transport for the "Queen" to visit Northern Ireland but that is by the way and I'm getting a bit ahead of myself. So regarding the shipmate that we lost it did cause a bit of consternation when the chap from next camp, a balloon site, bumped into him on his way to visit a mate in our camp, he didn't go much on that one.

After passing the instruction we transferred to the old Defiance for duty. I will always remember when I was detailed for Colour Guard in the morning and we were taken aside for a practice run by the duty officer and PO in line, with the order "Fix bayonets" so yours truly put his rifle in-between his knees in the unfix position. Well, the officer turned a shade of pink with the result "Take that man's name", I was hoping the deck would swallow me up, all the excuse I could give that I had been to sea for two years and out of practice so I got away with it, the PO took me aside for practice. I must say the officer in charge was quite young so I had the luck

of the draw and came out smiling. One thing I must mention about the cinema in Defiance, after our duty (watch aboard) we had time to attend also the Wrens from ashore, well, at the time I did wonder why some of the lads went before the end of the film. Well the gangway went down the side of the ship and passed the bathroom window so the girls could have a “Flash” of Naval Heroes if you get my drift. It was quite a Navy. The Destroyer HMS Fame was as I said based in Londonderry. I joined as a Torpedoman, and being a chap who’s interests was communications that is Morse etc. I was in a world of Electricity, namely High Power as the first job was looking after the lights 120 volts, the other job was Low power, bells and buzzers, gun circuits, batteries and chargers. The other lads looked after the Whitehead Torpedo and the depth charges. I really enjoyed my job and my mate “Hooky” the LTO or Leading Torpedo Op. a young Irish lad from Belfast good to work with and great sense of humour. My workspace was in the Power room with all the Branch Breakers leading to all the circuits in the ship. It had two earth lamps glowing at half brightness, if one

of them came on bright you had a “short” somewhere, so you tried each breaker in turn to see what circuit it was on and follow it from there and you can imagine being at sea and rough days, you were at times stood in salt water sorting out a switch or standing on a rail over the boiler room to change a light bulb, all in all it was best job I ever had pity I was too old to follow it in Civvy street. As regards the crew they were great, whether it was the war in Europe being over or not but it certainly made for a happy ship. One time we had two NZ lads join us for a spell, real Maories, spoke like yanks and couldn’t wish to meet a nicer kind of people and to my mind the mixed races seemed to bring out the best in all, that’s my experiences at the time. I did meet up with an old world cat-LTO, on a small Sub, as he was ”A Tin Fish” man like myself we had plenty of swinging the lamp between us (Tales) and the living conditions I could imagine, As in these days of TV you can get a version of what it was like on a U Boat during the war with the tape ”The Boat “ it gave us an insight as how things were in those dark days, but they do say that Skipper of the sub is living in USA.

However back to the Fame, as we had a special job to do. We had a delivery of a air vessel which is two thirds the length of a Torpedo, It was filled with Amatol just like a depth charge, with pistol and primer on the end, made uplike a Depth Charge. It couldn't be dropped off the ship as it was too big so it had to be fired out of the Torpedo tubes so we had the job, so, as it was a film job, I had volunteered, or so they told me. I was to be the layer. Cameramen at the ready we were in the movies, can't say I was the star as the alarm went we were running along the deck "Action Stations" I lost my hat in the process and took position swinging the tubes to the port side, it was a demonstration as it was supposed to destroy a sub. within half a mile. Everyone was betting the thing wouldn't go off, no sooner said than done. What a shake up, result it was "Spice the mainbrace" as a job well done. Incidentally it could have blown us out of the water but it certainly broke some of the pots as always. Londonderry, or Derry as the locals call it, not too many runs ashore the beer or porter as they called it was a bit too dark for me but the Guinness as it was at home too bitter was different just

like milk stout but a good drink as they did bottle their own. The locals ashore we got on quite well also on the ship and the Scots, the comradeship couldn't be better its a pity people forget all too soon when the danger has passed and what their forebears put up with its "I'm all right jack I'm inboard and doing very nicely" always a naval expression but in good fun, the other expression was "I careth not for thy predicament Jack I'm doing very nicely" However it was always the thoughts at the time , but I dont think I really found it so; in other words it was Naval "Rhetoric" and a great skylark as always and only the lads of the time can understand what I'm talking about. However its all water under the bridge or old history and I do digress. So back to the "Fame" patrols in the North Sea and at times used to take the Queen to Ireland but not in my time. In retrospect I did see that once at the local cinema on a news reel with my wife and it was great to see the old shipmates I had left behind and I was getting on with a new job and expecting an addition to the family which turned out super in my book, but the job a lot of stress and worry and how I got to this stage of my

life but I managed to get through it , but there are times when you think, “what if” I had decided to stay in the service I had kept my nose clean also was recommended for a leading “Rate” but the Navy looks after its own, but in the thoughts of a parallel world “the mind Boggles” its only you can decide the way you go and make your own history for your own family.

1946 New Year came and went and the 21st of Jan. to the day of four years of Naval life I left the ship to go to Ebrington Barracks, an Army place, not many bodies around our thoughts on demobilisation. They do say that place is still there incidentally. 29th our Wedding Anniversary and the memory of that place and the Song played every morning on the Tanoy speakers “Chanson de Matins” (Song of the morning”) still in my memory. Victoria Barracks, we go for our demob. suit and the train for Larne to Stranraer, on the ferry arriving home the day after our Anniversary for three weeks leave. I did get a promise of a different job from the boss but it was quite a while before I was accepted as it was a closed shop job as a Textile worker.

The tale ends but will carry on as

my memory fills in a few things. We were never far from land all the time we were at sea, perhaps a few mile or so. Underneath us “Davey Jones Locker” as the saying goes. I don’t think I ever mentioned that I went on a course in between leaving the “Defiance” and joining “Fame” It was at college in Eastbourne it was a C.C.M course, Confidential Cipher Machines or Coding. We had to learn how they worked. I didn’t know then what I know now as it was the “Enigma “coding machine took from Jerry and even today causing a lot of controversy as the “Yanks” made a film claiming they took it from a “U Boat” but seeing that film brought back the memory of it. The last time I did see it was in a War time Bunker in Liverpool 3 years ago on a trip with the R.N.A. I can’t get to see the local branch these days but still pay my dues and demands. Trouble with walking but it comes to us all, incidentally you can still get the video tape U571 but as they say ignorance is bliss. All they told us it was a confidential coding machine or cipher and in the back of my mind was the last lot was posted to Australia and me being just married I dipped it (failed) , they couldn’t understand

why as I was doing so well. So I had to go in front of Commander to explain. My excuse was I had difficulty writing my thoughts on paper, they gave me another 3 weeks of respite and more week-end leave and it wasn't too bad from London once you had got use to underground rail. The only time I can recall London as passing through on the back of a lorry to join the college with bag and hammock, they do say it was a survival kit (part of) it was floatable in case of a sinking ship, they were stowed away at the end of the mess, all tied up with the usual 7 loops or folds. Like our trousers folded in 7 and tied all Naval Tradition, but to a civilian at the time I'm swinging the lamp, (talking sea time) Again I must say the 7 alluded to the 7 seas, Navy again, but they did fill you up with the joy of living or as Joie de Vie Naval fashion excuse my French. There are lots of other memories coming back, some you would rather forget and a lot you can laugh about and that's the main thing. Keep your sense of humour and if you can laugh at your own shortcomings I do think you have got the drift it makes for a better personality and perhaps a longer life and at 85 need I say more; if

you are that way inclined. I think I've covered a lot of the shipboard life, watches and such, but I can recall being relieved at 0800 in the morning watch [that was 0400 to 0800] by a young lad from Brum., a piece of fried bread in his mouth climbing up to the mast head to do his turn as look outs. You had to be on your toes every minute of the day but now you can see the funny side of it.

Doing that stint of 4 hours and then an hour for your fried bread after a wash in a bucket or at times the Soya links (sausages) for breakfast we must not forget made from Soya bean flour, it was the talk of the Med at the time. I will say at that time I was never one for catching up that extra few minutes in my hammock before "Wakey Wakey Lash up and stow away" call so I was the first up to the galley to get the warm water for the mess to wash as it was rationed at sea, It took a lot of fuel oil to condense the sea water, however we start the day, 18 slices of bread up to the galley by duty cooks to fry in hot fat, then 0800 fall in on the boat deck to be detailed for your job of the forenoon, Stand fast the lads who have come off watch till 0900 as they are having their breakfast, a little bit

confusing but it did work and we got used to it. Meanwhile the two duty cooks of the mess prepared the dinner and scrubbed out the mess. They had an hour before falling in for other duties, I could mention we had all kinds of lads living out of each others pockets as you must realise and in my mind's eye I can see one making a fluff, he was full of flour back and front due to his problems back and front if you get my drift, but it was a laugh. The other time we had Pot mess we had a big pot and cut up the meat and potatoes, tinned carrots, tinned steak puddings and every concoction boiled up in the galley add to that lot the 18 puddings not forgetting the flour and oxo and you had a receipt with your "tot of rum" to crash down to catch up with the sleep we always missed. Even on the deck with your life belt for a pillow and your oil skins for a cover hard layers never came into it we could sleep on a clothes line. All due to Admiral Grogan who reduce the strength of the tot by adding two measures of water but that made you more 3 sheets in the wind, excuse my Naval Rhetoric, it was all a problem as to selling neat rum to the dockyard mateys that what it came about. It was no use keeping

the stuff in a bottle with water as it would not keep, however all that as gone by the board in the modern Naval Service I am sure but the old traditions will carry on as the main one to drink the Queen's Health sitting down as they use to bang their head on the bulk head but we will drink to old shipmates and the Powder Monkeys, the young boys of long ago who did their bit to keep the guns going in adversity and the brass monkeys ship shape and Bristol Fashion and in the cold weather can't stop the balls rolling around. I think I should close the number 7 as my sister who did like to read the tea cups said I had 3 sevens in mine, I did get a letter at New Year!

**from Brian Weeden G2FSH
#4633**

Greetings Robin,

I remember that as I was coming up for leaving school I had an ambition to be radio operator on board one of the Short Sunderland flying boats.

I was a member of the local Sea Cadets and had learned the morse code and also developed the interest of radio operating. My

father took me from Orpington where we lived to the old Croydon aerodrome to see a man that he knew and things were talked about radio in planes. I remember asking about how the old Imperial Airways planes homed in on Croydon and I only faintly remember he calling it a gee meter but I could be wrong [a system of DF].



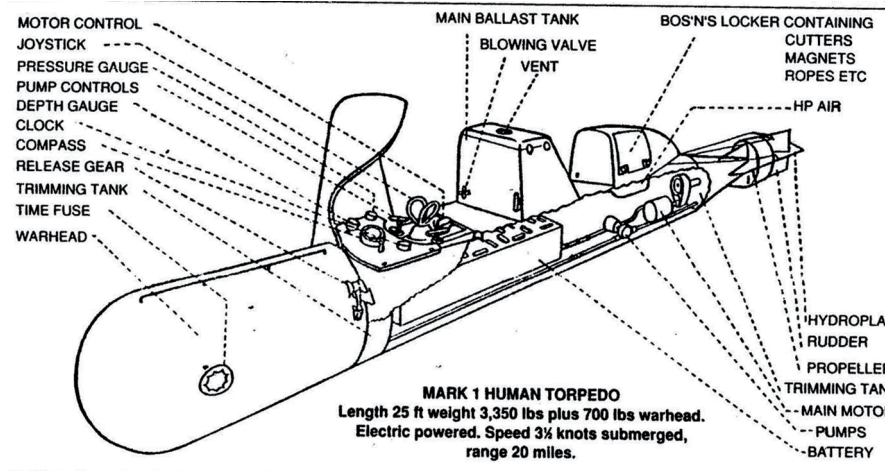
One of those was the ambitious plan to strap a two man submarine either side of the plane and have a go at the German Battleship Tirpitz. A very hairy business of launching the craft whilst the plane was still on the move at about 40 knots about 10 miles off the target was envisaged and the crews for then landed by

The war came along and the whole idea went right out of the window of course. I finished up living in Rochester where I am today, this being the home of the production of the Shorts Seaplanes. All that too finished years ago but I did see one or two of them afloat and in the air around.

There are many stories about the Seaplanes including a lot about how they were used during WW2.

parachute. The reason for this being the loud noise created by the engines of the short Sunderland on take off had it come to a halt on the surface. Not forgetting also that all of this was to take place at night. The operation code named 'Large Lumps' was to take place whilst the Tirpitz was at Asenfjord near Trondheim, Norway. Trials took place but the Tirpitz was moved and the whole idea later

abandoned. What radios if any the crews of the 2 man subs would have had I do not have any knowledge of. The plan was I think that after job done the crews would make their way across Norway with the help of the resistance movement into Sweden



RNARS CW ACTIVITY CONTEST 21/22 NOVEMBER 2009.

WHEN 1200 UTC Saturday 21 Nov to 1200 UTC Sunday 22 Nov 2009

BANDS 3.5, 7, 14, 21, 28

EXCHANGE RST and Naval Number (use only one throughout the contest)

SCORING 10 points with each Naval Station

RNARS, MF, INORC, MARAC, YOMARC, FNARS, ANARS, BMARS, ACRS, ROA.

1 point for all non naval contacts

MULTIPLIER each RNARS signing members COUNTRY worked on.
Count only once regardless the number of bands worked on.

VE, VK, W, ZL, ZS Call Areas plus GB4RN all count as a separate

Country for this Activity

LOGS Separate log for each band please and send to:-

Mick Puttick G3LIK
21 Sandyfield Crescent
Cowplain
Waterlooville
Hants
PO8 8SQ

Email logs to mick_g3lik@ntlworld.com
Logs are to be received by 31st December 2009

RESULTS OF RNARS CW ACTIVITY 2008.

PSN	CALLSIGN	NAVAL QSOs	PTS	MULTS	TOTAL	
1.	OE4PWW*	CA135 281	1748	15	26,220	
2.	GM4SID*	RN1629 281	1874	13	24,362	
3.	HB9BQR*	NM 230	1679	13	21,827	
4.	GB4RN	RN4 216	1611	12	19,332	CK LOG
5.	I2AZ*	IN481 226	1583	12	18,996	
6.	G0IBN*	RN3314 186	1248	13	16,224	
7.	DL2HUM*	CA31 185	1231	10	14,772	
8.	DF4BV*	MF742 134	1834	8	14,672	
9.	IT9NCO*	IN549 208	1369	10	13,690	
10.	G3OWO*	RN3616 201	1407	13	13,291	
11.	UA3LDU*	NM 153	1161	10	11,610	
12.	G3IZD	RN450 103	678	16	10,890	
13.	G3RFH	RN175 152	1160	9	10,440	
14.	SM3AHM*	RN4485 116	926	11	10,186	
16.	PA3EBA*	MA112 114	942	10	9,420	
17.	UA6GO*	NM 152	998	9	8,982	
18.	G0PSE	RN4831 62	584	14	7,672	
19.	SM3BFH	NM 104	815	9	7,335	
20.	GM3NCS	RN453 103	798	9	7,182	
21.	YL3DX	NM 157	1165	6	6,990	
22.	PA0VLA*	RN944 96	770	8	6,160	
23.	R3A-847	NM 138	795	7	5,565	
24.	OE1JJB*	CA43 66	571	8	4,568	

24.	G4PRL	RN4844	74	588	6	3,528	
25.	G3ZNR*	RN4496	53	422	8	3,376	QRP
26.	G3ZGC	RN508	87	435	7	3,045	
27.	ON4CBM*	YO128	64	595	5	2,975	
28.	GM4BKV	RN1418	47	28	10	2,890	
29.	G3YAJ	RN3384	60	528	5	2,640	
30.	4Z4BS	NM	78	510	5	2,550	
31.	GW0VSW*	RN4238	30	237	7	1,659	QRP
32.	RW3AI	NM	25	205	3	1,615	
33.	RN1NW*	RN4263	56	362	4	1,448	
34.	DL2AMF*	MF508	56	328	4	1,312	
35.	PA3CWG*	MA10	30	282	4	1,128	
36.	HZ1PS*	RN1440	35	215	5	1,075	
37.	MM0CJF	RN4593	16	151	5	755	
38.	OE1TKW	CA109	18	162	4	648	
39.	LY70W	NM	13	121	5	605	
40.	OE6NFK*	CA58	18	135	3	405	QRP
41.	ES4MM	NM	25	187	2	374	
42.	GM4GIF	RN852	3	80	4	320	
43.	OE6ESG	RN4580	23	149	2	298	
44.	OE6XMF	CA100	20	128	2	256	
45.	RA9XU	NM	15	27	3	251	
46.	SM6JSS	RN1461	7	61	4	244	
47.	PA3FNB	NM	9	90	2	180	
48.	VK4BUI*	RN4534	11	56	3	168	
49.	UA1CEC	NM	5	50	3	150	
50.	DJ5QK	NM	12	111	1	111	
51.	PA3HFG	NM	6	33	2	66	

Stations highlighted* will receive a Certificate.

SOAP BOX.

MM0CJF It was a great day and was over the moon with the number of contacts I acquired over the 24 hours, compared to the poor effort of last year. I put out calls as well as chasing them. All I can say is roll on next year, it was exhilarating.

GW0VSW I used an indoor 'Crown' wire loop installed in the roof. The rig was my old QRP plus running just 5 watts and it has been great fun to be back on the bands. Conditions were very poor but was glad to get HZ1PS in the log for my best DX. Thanks to all those stations that managed to hear my signal and hope I gave a few contestants the GW

multiplier.

G4PRL Plenty of activity this year on 40 and 80m especially from the Italians, but it was very hard to find many multipliers. My thanks to all who made the effort. Hope to hear more active next year.

G3OWO It went very well particularly Sunday morning. The higher bands seemed pretty quiet for most of the weekend. It was nice to have some inter G contacts on 40m.

GM4BKV Sorry I cannot count up the totals as I lost my old magazine with details in (old man of 86 now Hi) I did not hear anyone on 20m.

G3IZD Conditions not too good and some strange effects. I only worked my locals on 80m even in the evening I could not work any others. I did not hear a VE or VK but always nice to QSO RN numbers from HZ & TA.

GM3NCS Conditions on 40m were quite good but nil on 20, 15 or 10m. A gale got up just before midnight and I lost my 80m inverted V, the wind was about force 6. The INORC and MARAC were very active and good CW.

4Z4BS Nice to meet old and new friends in the contest, a real pleasure.

G3ZNR Found conditions very poor again on the HF bands, although I was very pleased to contact HZ1PS with my 5 watts to a vertical.

OE6NFK This is my short Log for 2008, running the QRP-RIG FT-817, about 3 W, MP 1 mobile. I enjoyed the event this year, operating QRP again.

VK4BUI Am sorry this is only a poor entry. 20m was only open for me for a short while at the start of the contest and due to storms later on I had to drop my beam and go QRT. Such are the trials of HF life near the tropics as I am sure you are well aware. Anyway short and sweet. Trust others fared better.

HB9BQR Another one is over! It was nice to meet you all again in the contest. The conditions were poor, even many British were hardly audible, this year. I think, despite of these facts, I achieved a good score and I am satisfied with it. Almost all my QSO's had to be logged on 3,5 and 7 MHz. Many multipliers were missed.

G0IBN Where were all the G stations? It is the same as last year, if it wasn't for the Italians it would have been a waste of time.

G3ZGC Not on for long but enjoyed it.

HZ1PS Enjoyed the contest - unfortunately not able to operate anywhere near the full time. worked only on 20 mtrs, with the band closing around 1515 utc. thanks to all for the contacts and RNARS for the contest.

GM4GIF Not much of a score but nice to work some of the regulars.

PA3EBA Not having a suiting contest log programme I had to do everything by hand today. A pity that DX was nearly impossible. Nevertheless I enjoyed being in the contest again. It was good to meet a lot of old friends again.

GM4GIF Not much of a score, but nice to work some of the regulars.

PA3EBA Not having a suiting contest log programme I had to do everything by hand today. A pity that DX was nearly impossible. Nevertheless I enjoyed being in the contest again. It was good to meet a lot of old friends again.

YL3DX Thanks to all Naval members for the nice contatcs.

G3RFH Much better than 2 years ago (last time I entered this contest) Nice to see old friends. Very noisy on 40m and 80m. Not much doing on 15m.

GB4RN Nice to see a lot of activity on the bands despite some variable conditions throughout the contest. A lot of stations will have seen their points amended as quite a few tried to count different stations for multipliers, I wish to point out that only stations using an RN number can you count towards the multiplier. There were a total of 19 RNARS stations that you could count towards this total they were DL, EA8, G, GB4, GD, GM, GW, HB9, OE, OH, OK, PA, RN1, SM, TA, VK4, W1, WB2, 9M6.

Look forward to seeing you in 2009 at 1200 UTC on Sat 21 Nov to 1200 UTC Sun 22 Nov.

73 de Mick G3LIK

More on diving in the Royal Navy. – Wally, G4DIU, #0391

When I was drafted from Lascaris to H.M.S. Ausonia and became a Local Acting unpaid Chief for my troubles. I was also asked by the Captain of Ausonia, to relinquish my Diving activities as they would be incompatible with my other duties on board. I was offered the option of taking on the “Medfoba” diving instructors job, so that I did not lose my Diving pay. This was cleared by the Diving School on Manoel Island, and so it came to pass, that I could still use the equipment on board and still enjoy diving when sufficient people volunteered to go “Outward Bounders Diving” which required me to instil safety regulations and diving techniques to the various courses - I actually covered two courses in my time.

These courses were usually made up of 12 class members, mostly male, with the odd Wren here and there. The courses were made up three days instruction in the classroom and 10 days actual diving instruction which included such activities as exchanging diving gear whilst under-water and rescuing a class member who had run out of air.

These activities were to induce confidence in the class members. In the first case you had to dive to thirty feet. Or one atmosphere, and deposit your breathing gear on the bottom and the surface, each diver being paired off with a “Buddy” – you then swam down to the bottom again and

picked up your Buddy’s equipment, put it on, and resurfaced where you again exchanged gear.

This was followed by rescuing a diver who had run out of air and required the rescue diver to dive and find the diver on the bottom, and bring him or her back to the surface sharing your air with the rescued diver.

Both of these exercises were aimed at giving confidence in both the gear and your own ability to do what was required.

These courses were, of course, carried out in Sliema Creek and the area around Tigne Point in water depths of 30 to 100 feet with crystal clear water away from the creek and so very enjoyable diving for both beginners and trainees. There were lots of fish of various sizes from Tiddlers to Tuna which could grow to about six feet in length in those close in waters – so quite exciting and most of them were so used to seeing divers in those waters that they became quite tame and very inquisitive from time to time.

During this period, one story comes to mind in that one of the Ausonia’s crew managed to do something ashore which eventually meant that he finished up being asked to attend the Captain’s Table for punishment.

The night before the case was to be heard, this rating decided that if the Captain didn’t have a table, his case would not be heard so he threw the table overboard and went to bed.

The following morning when Captains defaulters was called – the rating found,

to his surprise, that there was indeed another table for him to face and that the Captain was quite amused to tell him that he was using “The Commanders Table” and that as well as being given fourteen days punishment he also had to rub down, clean and re-varnish the Captains Table when it had been brought back up from the mud under the Ship.

I only include that little story, as it was I who went down to get the table and return it to the deck for further action. Whilst down under Ausonia, I found massive amounts of crockery and other items which some matelots, over the time she was moored there, had decided – not to wash and hopefully hide as many pots, pans, plates, cups, knives and forks plus Galley Trays and Kettles etc., as they could – there must have been enough to fit out a small hotel down there.

One of my most memorable times during this period was when we dived in the Gulf of Gela on the south coast of Sicily and finding hundreds of amphora and other Roman artefacts partially buried in the sand, again the water was as clear as could be expected so that everything was fairly easy to see,

The only problem was that no-one wanted any of these artefacts as better ones had been found, over many years, by other divers who really knew what they were looking for and what was worth saving.

But it certainly made for interesting diving because everything you moved had something living inside it – small fishes and Octopuses of various sizes – it amazed me to see how a very big Octopus could pack itself in to such a small place. The largest one we found was

about three to four foot – tip to tip across its’ tentacles and very interested in these funny shaped invaders of their spaces. There were hundreds of Lobsters in this area and we decided to catch as many as we could – not so easy because they can jump quite long distances when disturbed but we eventually caught and cooked about thirty of them and put them in the freezer on the diving boat for return to Malta.

This period also introduced me to eating of Octopus and Squid as the Maltese crew of the diving boat were very good at cooking these things and insisted that we all tried some – I really did enjoy these dishes, especially when served up with a nice spicy spaghetti dish to go with it.

Another couple of places which I found interesting to dive at were Filfla Rock on the south coast of Malta and “Fungus” Rock at the western end of Gozo.

Around Filfla there are hundreds of cannon-balls and other bits and pieces from hundreds of years ago when the rock was used for target practice by ships of the line etc., and other more up-to-date munitions from modern times, I remember finding most of a Torpedo down there and loads of cannon-balls of various sizes buried in the mud and sand.

Swimming in “Fungus Bay” is very, very different and a marvellous place for scenery and fish of all types and sizes, I have even seen and swum with sharks there and never been attacked by one yet.

Maybe they were leaving me alone so that I could go on to bore you all with more stories from “The Life of Wally”.

**From David StHelier Bisson
2E0DHB**

I was saddened to read of the death of Les Sayer in the last newsletter.

I only met him once, that was whilst I was staying with my wife at the West Hill Hotel on Jersey and Les was with the TAG group at their annual reunion.

He came over as a quiet unassuming man, and when I asked him what the DSM was for his wife chipped in and said it was for doing something stupid with explosives! I was in awe every night in the bar listening to the stories and banter.

On a side note I would recommend the aforementioned hotel as many RN groups hold their reunions there and they do have "pussers" behind the bar.

73 David

Another from Brian:

From: B Weeden <b.weeden@sky.com>

Dear Robin,

I'm looking for images

of "Otto". His Norwegian callsign was LA1 IE

Herewith is the letter that Otto sent to me back in April 2001 having had QSO's with him. I had told him that I was on H.M.S. Vengeance the light fleet aircraft carrier and that she was my last ship and we did a goodwill tour all up Norway from Oslo calling at various places up to and including Tromso where we saw the Tirpitz sunk but showing its bottom. I also had told him that we were welcomed out of our belief at every stop on the way. His letter.....

Dear Brian, Many thanks for your qsl card and the info on the back. Pleased to see you chaps were treated well in Kristiansund in 1946. Remember, the town was totally flattened by the jerries in 1940, They thought our King Haakon was hiding there, so no wonder you were popular, having beaten Hitler and all his lot. One of my three brothers spent a five year holiday with the Norwegian RN in the UK in WW2, and he had tears in his eyes when he told me how well they were treated by the British. <our next door lady said to my Mother, "Edvin got away from it all, spending the war in England"> Dear me. I was

once asked if I knew Rochester and I had said it was a place I'll never forget even after 50 years. I was a young deckie and we were anchored off Rochester [I surmise he meant laying off of Sheerness] to await daylight and I was put on watch all alone, with orders to ring the bell on the fo'c'sle every two or three minutes in a fog as thick as my grandmother's porridge. I was bloody cold and wet, so at 3 a.m. I made a run for the galley midships, where I knew there was a pot of coffee. I filled a mug and was turning to the door when I saw that the doorway was blocked by the chief. He had been playing cards with the skipper and the chief engineer, and I thought they were all sound asleep. He asked me in not so friendly terms what the bloody hell I was doing in the galley when I was supposed to be on the foc'sle?. I muttered something about freezing to death and needing something warm, but was told to go forward and **STAY THERE TILL I COME AND TELL YOU OTHERWISE.** I had the presence of mind not to forget the mug of coffee though. At 6 a.m. I was supposed to rout out the cook, and at 6.30 a.m. the rest of the crew, but the fog hadn't lifted the slightest bit, and orders is or-

ders. At 8.30 a.m. the chief came forward and said I could come down, his voice a wee bit more friendly than at 3 a.m.!. I haven't been very active after I lost my wife last year, but I do try to join the Bubbly Rats net whenever I can, so I hope we will hook up again on 7.055 soon. Meantime, take good care matey, see you anon.....Vy73 from Otto
The watch on deck was quite a lengthy one for a young Otto you may agree!

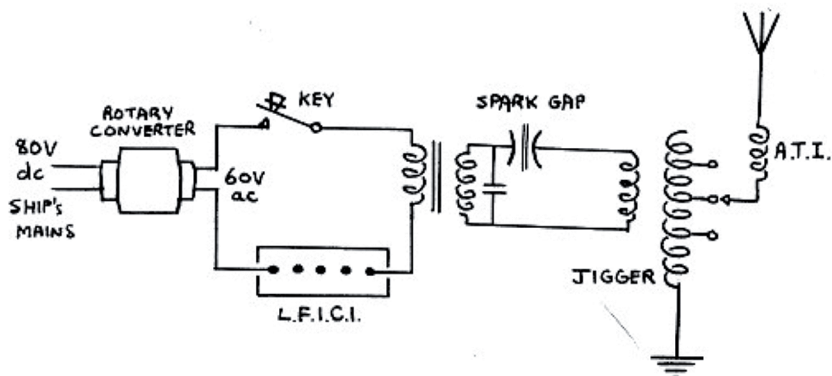
The following story was extracted (with thanks) from 'FM News', The Central Scotland FM Group, and originally from OT News, July 1986 and was written by GM3BST

WHAT IS AN "LFICI" ?

When I joined the S.S. 'Euphorbia' (2,600 Reg. Tons, with WNA freeboard of 2ft 8 ins) some little time ago (well, about 50 years or so) [70+ now, Ed!] I found myself, for the first time, the ship's one and only Radio Officer. (Of course it was the "spark" in those days). After the first few days, when I endeavoured to keep as quiet as possible in the radio meaning of the word, I came to the conclusion, that compared to my recent performance on the Royal Mail ship 'Alcantara', the performance of

the Euphorbia's transmitter left something to be desired.

True, it was only a 250-watt quench spark job, whereas the Alcantara had a 5,000-watt stonecrusher (rotary spark, to those not familiar with the phraseology of those days), but even so, the range was only about 50 miles and most annoying of all, seagulls could be seen sitting happily on the aerial, or even with one foot on the insulators while transmission was in progress, without showing the slightest discomfort. Clearly an investigation was in order. Perusal of the transmitter circuit diagram revealed a number of well-known components, all of which save one, had been thoroughly explained at the Wireless School I had attended some months earlier.



The rotary converter to change the ship's mains (80V dc) to about 60V ac, was easy to understand, as was the transformer, main condenser, spark gap and jigger. There didn't seem to be much scope for improvement in any of these items. I replaced the brushes in the converter, put the transformer taps to the maximum output and cleaned the spark gap, but the seagulls still sat on the aerial and the range remained as before. There remained one item on the diagram which I had not understood. It was shown as a small rectangle with five small dots in line inside, which were presumably terminals, and was connected between the ac output of the rotary converter and the transformer primary. Perhaps this had something to do with the poor results.

When a radio transmitter extends all over the wireless cabin, tracing any particular component is about as easy as looking for a tiny diode on a modern printed circuit. However, The L.F.I.C.I. was eventually discovered underneath the bench which housed the auto alarm. It was a wooden box about a foot long and three inches wide and three inches deep. It had an ebonite panel, and on this panel were five large brass terminals all in line—the centre three were unused, the outer ones being in series with the converter and transformer as shown in the diagram.

It was fixed to a wall, resplendent in all its glory, and at first I was too scared to touch it.

Eventually the foolishness of youth prevailed, and I moved one of the wires from the outer terminal to the next one inwards. The results were mildly rewarding—if I used a magnifying glass I was reasonably certain that I could see the aerial ammeter was slightly higher than before. Thus encouraged and emboldened, I tried the wire on each of the terminals in turn, and when it was attached to that nearest to the converter terminal, the results were definitely better. It would not be true to say that

seagulls took off smartly when the key was pressed, but a long dash would move

them eventually (quite apart from setting off the auto-alarms on ships within a 10-mile radius.

Although at that time I was not a radio amateur, I had done a good deal of listening and had already been bitten by the 'DX' bug. We were somewhere off the west coast of Africa and one evening I heard Capetown on 600 metres (we didn't have KHz in those days) and just for the fun of it I gave him a call. No luck! I was still convinced that this wretched L.F.I.C.I. thing was the cause of the trouble, and in a daring moment I cut it out altogether.

When I pressed the key, several things happened simultaneously—the ship's mains went down 25%, there was a ripping noise from the spark gap, the aerial ammeter which previously had barely moved off the stop—went hard over, a seagull which had been sitting on the aerial took off with a loud cry, and BEST of all, I got an answer from Capetown!! Hereafter DX was all the rage. On the way home I actually raised Capetown whilst coming up the English Channel. I probably raised every broadcast receiver from

Gravesend to Lands End at the same time, but that was of no great importance really. I also found that when the coast station said QSY from 600 to 800 metres, it was only necessary to re-tune the receiver. Re-tuning the transmitter was a lengthy business— messing about with the condenser straps and coil tappings, and I soon found that it made no difference anyway.

My curiosity about the L.F.I.C.I. got the better of me one day, and I dismantled the thing. It was a bundle of iron wires, around which was wound a large tapped coil of wire. I found out some time later that its proper name was “Low Frequency Iron Cored Inductance” and that it was supposed to resonate the converter and the primary of the transformer to the AC frequency in use. Maybe in some ships it did, but in the Euphorbia it was just acting as a resistance, sorry— impedance! When we docked in London, I replaced the wiring to the original form—and I often wondered how he next operator got on!!

John Tuke

[I loved that story - sorry if you've heard it before. I think of the seagulls - can anyone tell me why they would be more likely to fly off if standing on two legs rather than one when the RF was applied? - Ed]

From: Keith Robinson
<mailto:keigil.robinson@virgin.net>

Sent: Tuesday, November 25, 2008 2:07 PM
Subject: Pussers Rum collection

Dear Editor. A friend, Robert D. Smillie has a superb collection of memorabilia, and a couple of photos showing some of the items are attached for your perusal. You may find them of sufficient interest to feature in your magazine's pages ? (*Back cover - Ed*) Robert was for some years a Radio Officer in the M.N. and when he came ashore he became a representative of the Pussers Rum organisation until his retirement. You may contact him via e-mail mekon@glynegap.co.uk if you wish.

Best wishes, Keith Robinson, 13 Race Hill, Launceston, Cornwall PL15 9BB,

First Honorary Member:

At the Committee meeting held in January it was decided to convey Honorary Membership on Commodore P Sutermeister, DL,RN, in recognition of his long support of the Society, as President and paid-up member. An image will follow next time

From: Commodore Paul Sutermeister DL Royal Navy

The Gables
Barton le Street
MALTON
North Yorkshire
YO17 6PN

pssuty@hotmail.com

19 February 2009

Mick Puttick
Chairman RNARS
21 Sandyfield Crescent
Cowplain
WATERLOOVILLE
Hampshire PO8 8SQ

Dear Mick,

How good to hear from you. Thank you so much for your letter and Certificate with the very exciting and flattering news that the Society have made me an Honorary Life Member. Will you please thank the RNARS Committee for voting to bestow this honour on me and through them the Members.

I enjoyed my Presidency of the Society during my time at HMS MERCURY, when we had bumpy moments and we had to sort out your new home in HMS COLLINGWOOD, which I understand is now a success.

I certainly do enjoy the Newsletter, there is a small amount that goes over my head as a Signal Officer as opposed to an operator, but most of it I am 'au fait' and follow with interest. We actually have former civilian 'HAM' who lives in this village and it is quite interesting to remenisc with him.

Bankers Order is cancelled, however as either my bank or I made a cock up, my subscription is paid in January, so I remain a genuine Member for this year and I assume that if fund raising activities are needed, I will read of this in the Newsletter.

Pity you were not brave enough to venture up north, but it will always be good to see you. On a personal note, I am Chairman of York SCC Unit and I am only sorry that you are not still running the stores in Portsmouth.

Please give my regards to all your Members but especially to all the Members of The Branch with whom I have had contacts - I have very fond memories, culminating in Command of HMS MERCURY.

Best wishes to you and all Members of the Society.

Yours sincerely,
Paul

Obituary: Bill Shea, G4AUJ, #0635.

Many fine words have been written, deservedly, about Bill, who went SK on 15th February this year, aged 87 yrs. I'll leave it to members who knew him to write further, but my own personal memories are of Bill (and Ted John) running the St Dunstan's Amateur Radio Society over so many years. I am trying to obtain a copy of an image of him presenting an Honorary Life Membership to King Hussein, JY1, a meeting which led on to our trip to Jordan. For now, I'll leave you with this copy of Bill being kissed by a camel in Waddi Rhum - a surprise for anyone but when you are blind and not expecting it..... I'm also in the photo - guess where? - Ed.



Our new Treasurer is attempting to arrange a **PayPal** facility for you to pay subs - details will be announced on the Web Site and via Diana's e News in due course. To use this you need to register with PayPal, who will need details of your bank account and a credit or debit card. Sounds ominous, but I have used them for some years without problem, and it certainly makes Internet shopping quicker and safer. Go to <http://www.paypal.co.uk/uk>, or google for the site for your country. (It is not available in some countries - sorry).

Short issue this time - I had to return some articles for copyright reasons, and since few colour images sent - less colour too! It's up to you! Ed.

ROYAL NAVAL AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY

Commodities List – please photocopy

Block Capitals Please.

Call Sign/RNARS Number:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Post Code.....Phone Number

Prices quoted are in £ sterling:

Description	Qty	*Size	Price		Total
Sweatshirt (Grey/Navy, small RNARS logo)			12.50	2.50	
Navy Blue T Shirt (Large RNARS logo)			6.50	1.00	
Tie (Navy blue, RNARS logo)			5.50	0.50	
Logbook (Quantity – one)			3.10	1.40	
Logbook (Quantity – two) **			6.20	2.30	
Baseball cap, new style, with logo			4.50	1.00	
Car Sticker			0.40		
Blazer Badge (RNARS logo in gold wire)			8.50		
Coffee Mug, with RNARS logo			1.50	1.00	
Coasters, with logo			1.00	0.45	
Lapel Badges			1.50	0.45	
Total:					

* Size: S = 32/34 M = 36/38 L = 40/42 XL = 44/46 +

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Please send this form together with a cheque or P.O. made payable to RNARS to:

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Overseas members please add ☐ £5.00 to cover extra postage

Please allow 14 days for delivery. While every effort is made to ensure these details are correct, prices are subject to change

RNARS NETS AND FREQUENCIES +/- QRM.

UK: ALL TIMES LOCAL.

Sunday	0830	3667	RNARS SSB net (news at 0900)	G3LIK
	1000	7055	RNARS Northern SSB net	GM4BKV
	1100	145.400 (S16)	RNARS Cornish VHF net	G0GRY
	1100	7020	RNARS CW net	G4TNI Monday-Friday
	1030-1330	3740/7055	The Bubbly Rats Net	
G0HMS/G0GPO/G3OZY/G0VIX				
Monday	1400	3575	QRS CW Net	G0VCV/G3OZY
	1900	3743	North West SSB Net (News @ 2000)	G0GBI
	2000	3750	RNARS Northern Ireland Net	GI0URN
Tuesday	1900	3528	RNARS CW Net	G3LCS
	2200	145.725	Nutters Net	G4LIK
Wed.	1400	7055/3740	RNARS White Rose Net	G3OZY
	1930	3740	RNARS SSB Net, (News @ 2000)	?????
	2000	145.400 (S16)	Stand Easy Net	G1HHP
Thursday	1845	3666	RNARS UK NE SSB Net	G4FCH/G4AXF
	1900	3542	Scottish CW Net	GM0RNR/P
	1930	51.51	RNARS 6m Net	GB3RN
	2000 GMT	1835	RNARS Top Band CW Net	G0CHV/G4KJD
Friday	2000	145.575 (S23)	RNARS Scottish 2m Net	GM0KTJ/P
	1400	3740	Inter Service SSB Net	GW4XKE
	1600	10118	RNARS 30m CW Net	SM3AHM
Saturday	0830	3740/7055	RNARS NE Saturday Net	G0DLH/G0VIX

DX NETS: ALL TIMES GMT.

Daily	0400	7075	ANARS SSB	VK2CAM/VK2SEA
	0430	14275	ANARS SSB	ZL1FON/ZL1SEA
	0800	14303	Maritime Mobile Net	G4FRN
	1800	14303	Maritime Mobile Net	G4FRN
Monday	0930	3520	ANARAS CW Net	VK4CWC
	0930	3615	VK SSB Net	VK1RAN/VK2RAN
Wed.	0118/0618	7020	VK CW Net	VK4RAN
	0148/0648	10118	VK CW DX Net	VK4RAN
	0800	3620	ZL SSB Net	ZL1BSA
	0930	7020	VK CW Net	VK5RAN
Saturday	0945	7090	VK SSB Net	VK1RAN/VK5RAN
	0400	7090	VK SSB Net	VK2CCV
	1330	7020	VK CW Net	VK2CCV
	1400	7090	VK SSB DX NET	VK2CCV
Sunday	1430	21360	RNARS DX Net	WA1HMW
	0500	14052	ANARS CW NET	NO RESIDENT NCS
	0800	7015/3555	MARAC CW Net	PA3EBA/PI4MRC
	1230	14335	RNARS Isle of Man Net	GD3LSF/OE8NIK
	1430	21360/28940	RNARS DX Net	WA1HMW
	1800	EQSO	VE Net when conditions bad	VE2DOH
	1900	14305	RNARS North American DX Net	WA1HMW

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, 28940
Net Controllers please advise any changes to G3LIK 023 92255880 or mick¬_g3lik@ntlworld	



See Page 59 for
details of this
collection.

