

The Newsletter of the

Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society

Summer 2011



Mick's presentation – see page 20

www.rnars.org.uk

The RNARS is affiliated to the RSGB

RNARS Officers & Committee

Patron: Admiral Sir Peter Abbott KCB RN
President: Commodore Paul Sutermeister DL RN
The Gables, Barton le Street, Malton, YO17 6PN
Chair: Doug Hotchkiss G4BEQ Lt Cdr. MBE QCB RN
54 Sanderling Lodge, Gosport, PO12 1EN
Vice Chair: Mick Puttick G3LIK
Treasurer: Adrian Mori M3ZNU adrian.mori@ntlworld.com
33 Valerian Road, Southampton, SO30 0GR
Mem' Sec: Doug Bowen G0MIU 14 Braemar Rd, Gosport, PO13 0YA
Gen' Sec: Joe Kirk G3ZDF 111 Stockbridge Road, Chichester, PO19 8QR
g3zdf@btinternet.com
Ex Officio: WO1 Rosie Dodd, HMS Collingwood
Committee: Wally Blythe, Keith Ray, Ray Ezra, Wally Walker, Bill Mahoney
Doug Bowen, Les Horne, Phil Manning

RNARS Managers

Commodities: Doug Bowen G0MIU 14 Braemar Rd, Gosport, PO13 0YA
rnarscommodities@btinternet.com
Awards: Ian Pitkin G4KJD
Call List: Sid Will GM4SID 53 Bishop Forbes Crs, Aberdeen, AB21 0TW
Website: Joe Kirk G3ZDF 111 Stockbridge Road, Chichester, PO19 8QR
Data Comms: Diana Prothero GORN0 rnars2news@btinternet.com
Newsletter: Colin Topping GM6HGW – **See editorial for contact details**
HQ Station: Doug Hotchkiss G4BEQ Lt Cdr. MBE QCB RN
54 Sanderling Lodge, Gosport, PO12 1EN
Area Rep Wally Walker G4DIU
Co-ordinator: 26 Sketchley Court, Dogwood Avenue, Bulwell, NG6 7DL

Overseas Managers

Australia: Position Vacant
West Australia: Gerald Wild
1080 Great Eastern Highway, Glen Forest, WA 6071 Australia
Canada: Ian Coombe - VA3ICC
254 Reynolds Drive Brockville Ontario Canada K6V 1X9
USA: Bill Cridland 57 Pinewood Road, Bolton, Mass, 01740, USA
South Africa Position Vacant

QSL Managers

UK: Marc Litchman G0TOC
26 Oak Tree Close, Loughton, Essex, IG10 2RE
Australia: Colin Whale VK4CU
237 Newman Road, Geebung, Queensland 4034 Australia
Germany MF Runde DL0MF
USA Vacant
New Zealand: Nigel Hardy ZL2TX
PO Box 15078, Otaki Railway, Otaki, 5542, New Zealand
QSL Printer UX5UO – Details: QRZ.com

Subscriptions

Please ensure your name and RNARS number appear on all transactions.

UK: £15 per year due on the first of April and to be sent to the Membership Secretary. Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to “*Royal Naval Amateur Radio Society*”; **bankers orders are available from the treasurer.** If you elect to receive your Newsletter via e-mail, this is reduced to £10.

USA: Payment may be sent to Bill Cridland, address above. **All other overseas members:** Please send subscriptions in sterling (GBP) by international money order to the Membership Secretary.

The society banks with Lloyds TSB, 272 London Road, Waterlooville, PO7 7HN. Sort code: 30 99 20 - Account number: 0022643 - IBAN: GB92 LOYD 3099 2000 0226 43 & BIC: LOYDGB21271

Newsletter via e-mail

Members who elect to receive their Newsletter via e-mail can apply for a reduction in their annual subscription. Please contact the editor for further details. See page 44 and **please follow instructions regarding information in the subject header.**

Data Protection

Your details will be held on the society’s data-base by the membership secretary. The committee require your permission with regards to the release of any personal information held on the data-base. If no such instructions are received, it will be assumed that you have no objection to the release of these details to other members of the committee.

Items published in the Newsletter do not necessarily represent the views of the RNARS.



Contents

4	Chairman’s Chat
5	The far side of South America
11	Morse keys
12	HMS Corunna
18	Your cut out and keep special supplement
20	Thank you Mick
22	Life for a sparky aboard HMS Hickleton
31	2011 International Naval Contest
32	PA5UL
42	Rally Reports
43	ARRL – Logbook of the World
44	AGM notice
44	Close down

Chairman's Chat

I am pleased to report that things are moving in the right direction; the RNARS is slowly catching up with the 21st century. Broadband is now available in the HQ shack but it was not installed without problems. Fortunately we have a first class liaison officer in the form of WO Rosie Dodd without whose help we might have been held up much longer than we were. Once up and running we were able at the committee meeting to pull in two RNARS stalwarts; G3TZW and G4DIU and benefit from their contribution to the meeting.

Now that we have this form of conferencing in place, any member can now become a committee member as the need for travelling is no longer a problem. How often have we heard people say they would join the committee if they lived nearer; no excuse now! It will be interesting to see how many will volunteer to take the reins when we call for volunteers at the next AGM?

The shack is now on a firm footing with an up-to-date register of all equipment held and all antennas have had a complete refit. It is also the intention, and well underway, that we are able to operate and demonstrate all modes of amateur radio with the firm intention of recruiting service members back into the society. One training officer has already contacted me with a view to bringing his classes into the shack to be introduced to the hobby. I am also hoping that should these classes show interest we can start courses for the Foundation Licence and carry out examinations within the establishment.

We now have a new Awards Manager and Membership Secretary for which I am very grateful to Ian and Wally for taking a pace forward and taking over those slots. I have given the first presentation using Bill's (G3TZW) DVD about the RNARS which resulted in the Horndean Club affiliating themselves to the society. Several of their members also took away application forms, let's hope we see a few new members from that club. The DVD is easily made adaptable to local situations providing one is familiar with Power Point. If that is not your scene then ask any child over the age of eight to do it for you. Here is an opportunity for all members to present it to their local radio club with a view to getting their club to affiliate and attract new members.

Finally, I would remind all members that if you have a grievance to make on how the society or events should be run, please write or contact the secretary and state your case. The Yahoo forum is not the place for personal moans.

Doug G4BEQ

On the far side of South America

Some months after the after the breakdown episode that I related in the last journal, La Orilla was in Houston, Texas, where she loaded a full cargo of somewhat over 10,000 tons of rice, all in 100lb bags. This was to be taken to Callao, the port for Lima in Peru. Alternating layers of bags were laid at 90 degrees to each other to combat the risk of the cargo shifting, should the ship roll heavily. Every so often there was a layer of tar paper, the purpose of which was to limit damage should the hatch cover leak in heavy weather.

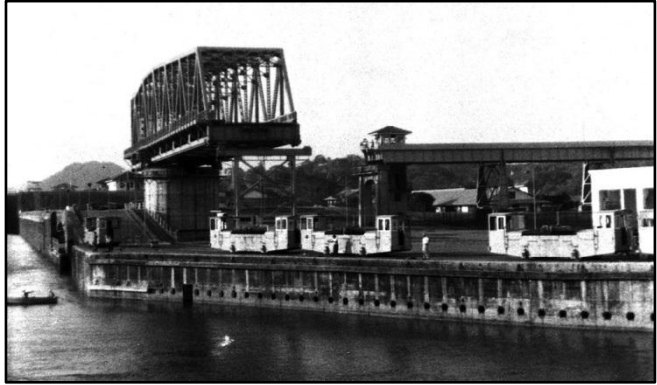
The passage through the Panama Canal was fascinating and, as my services were not required in the radio room, I was free to watch it all. Indeed, the pilots carried their own radios, and I was forbidden under any circumstances to transmit as explosives were in use nearby and any powerful RF. transmissions might set them off.

Unlike in the Suez Canal, ships do not travel in convoys, but sail freely in both directions, the canal being wide enough to allow ships to pass whilst underway.

From the Atlantic side, a single flight of three locks at Gatun lift ships a total of eight-five feet to the Gatun Lake which forms the summit pound. After several hours of steaming, ships then reach first a single lock at Pedro Miguel to start the descent to the Pacific Ocean. A short distance further on, there are a further pair of locks at Miroflores, which lower ships to the ocean level. There is little tidal range on the Atlantic coast of Panama, but a considerable one on the Pacific side. Because of this the total descent in the Miraflores locks can vary between 43 and 64 feet on spring tides.

Although ships proceed under their own power in the canal, once in the locks they are under control of six electric locomotives, or "mules" as they are known. These run on rails along both sides of the locks. Three on each side, the mules have warps attached to cleats aboard the ship at bow, stern and amidships. As the warps have to take upward strain when the ship is low in the lock, they are lead inboard via Panama Leads; that is fairleads with closed tops.

Whilst La Orilla was connected to the mules, the pilot used the ships' engines to stop and start our movement in and out of the locks, but left steering to the mules. To protect the



gates while the ship is moving into the lock, a heavy chain is stretched across the lock, well in front of them. Once it is clear that there is no danger, the chain is lowered to the bottom of the lock to let the ship pass. Passage through the locks was a fascinating procedure. The whole process ran like a well-oiled machine.

Once clear of Panama Bay, into which the canal exits, La Orilla turned her bows southwards to pass first Columbia then Equador on her way towards Peru.

Once past the equator, the remainder of our route southwards took us through the waters of the Humbolt current. Forming part of the oceanic circulation of the south Pacific, this cold, but nutrient rich, current flows northwards past the coasts of first Chile then Peru before turning westwards to form the equatorial current.

Being so rich in nutrients the sea swarms in fish of all sizes and they in turn support a very large population of land roosting seabirds. Each dawn seafarers are treated to the spectacle of the sky darkened from horizon to horizon by sea birds as they set off for a days' fishing. The spectacle is repeated at dusk as the birds head back ashore to roost. Where possible, the birds roost on offshore islands to be safe from land predators. Over centuries the bird droppings have built up in layers some tens of feet thick, and this forms a valuable fertiliser on the islands, just waiting for someone to harvest it. Given a little drizzle to better liberate the

aroma, and an offshore breeze to carry it, one is left in no doubt of the meaning of old seafarers being able to smell the land.

Approaching Callao, I was unable to contact the local radio station to give our closing down TR. Several days after we docked, a stranger arrived on board, and introduced himself as the operator of the local radio station. Could I, he asked, possibly spare a valve for his receiver so that it might work again. I was a bit doubtful but, as I had several of the type he wanted, and didn't use them in our equipment anyway, I gave him one. It must have been a genuine request however, as his station was later back on the air in time to receive our departure TR.

Shore cable services in Peru were no more reliable than the maritime radio ones. Twenty-four hours before departing for Chimbote, 170 miles northwards up the coast, where we were to load coal for France, our Captain sent a cable to announce our impending arrival to the local agent. It arrived ten days after we did.

In South America it was not then a good idea to send post via the shipping agent. It was reputed to be general practice that the office boy, on being sent to the post office with it, would pocket the money as a useful boost to his wages, and dump the post in the nearest rubbish bin. In Peru, at the time, all air mail items handed in at the shore post office, received an individual hand written receipt. At least the authorities were aware of the problem. All the items I sent this way arrived at their destinations, so their precautions must have worked.

Discharging our cargo in Callao was interesting. Using our own derricks, the cargo was discharged with about twenty 100 pound bags at a time in a rope sling. One task that Radio Officers could be called on to do while in port, as part of their conditions of service, was cargo tallying duties. For me in Callao this involved standing by one of our five hatches, counting and noting down the number of bags in each sling as it was lifted from the hold. At the same time, a representative of the consignees performed the same function on shore. Quite unsurprisingly, while the ships' final tally came close to the 10,000 tons we knew we had loaded from our

draft, the shore tally totalled only some 8,000 tons. After negotiation, and agreeing a final figure somewhere between the two reckonings, the net effect of this would be that the consignee received something over 1,000 tons of cargo which he did not pay for!

The workers in the hold, whose job was to drag out the sacks and load them into the slings, did their bit too. Remarkably, a large number of the hessian sacks containing the rice became split. I think the sheath knife that most workers wore on their belts had something to do with it, as torn bags gave them access to the cargo. Of necessity, each hold gang included one man appointed to make repairs using a giant size curved needle and some spun yarn.

One afternoon, after a good lunch, back at my task of tallying, I lent on the shoulder high coaming of the hatch while drowsing in the sun. I didn't realise that I was immediately by the top of the vertical steel ladder, which was welded permanently in place to give the workers access. I got a sudden shock awakening when I was confronted at the very short range of only a couple of feet, by a pure Inca Indian face, wrinkled and brown with a wicked looking bright steel needle, all of a foot long, clenched between his broken teeth. I swear that event took years off my life. In fact, I almost suffered heart failure on the spot.

All the gang in the hold wore dungarees fitted with giant pockets. Almost universally they wore trilby hats, or similar on their heads. The reason for this mode of dress became apparent in the evening as they went ashore. Descending the companionway, they found a customs man waiting on the quay at the bottom. On the ground he had spread a large piece of the tar paper from the hold. As each worker arrived he made him stand in the centre of the paper and empty his pockets of the rice that they contained. He also lifted their hats, whereupon a shower of rice, sufficient to grace several weddings, fell out. And when they had all gone without what they had attempted to pilfer, the customs officer wrapped the rice into a giant bundle using the tar paper, and walked off with it himself.

Never slow to learn by example, some members of the crew had a hand in the losses of cargo too. I later heard that by some

mysterious process about five tons of it had moved itself unseen into one of the deck houses, and so had not been discharged. When we reached Chimbote, our next port of call up the coast to load coal for France, the customs man there was persuaded to absent himself while it was landed for sale, but only at the cost of a 50% cut. This was thought to be too greedy. The crew got their revenge though. Taking note of the Sicilian saying that revenge is a dish best eaten cold, they waited the full two weeks it took us to load, and then they struck. When the customs man left the ship for the last time, he had clutched in his hand a bottle of whisky, the customary token of esteem and recognition of his cooperative spirit from the Captain. Descending the companionway, he jumped onto the box which made a landing step onto the quay, only to find it collapse under him. All the screws that should have held it together had mysteriously gone AWOL. He went flat on his back in the crushed anthracite dust with which the quay was liberally coated, smashing his bottle in the process as a bonus. A compound of coal dust and whisky really does stick well to a khaki uniform. Needless to say, the ships' rail was lined with appreciative faces at the time and he was treated not to cries of concern, but to a hearty cheer.

It has always been a matter of regret to me that we were warned not to go ashore in Callao for our own safety. Not only was the country working itself up for another possible revolution, which appeared to be a fairly frequent event, something like a fiesta with guns, but we were carrying a government cargo which was undercutting indigenous farmers and they were not happy. This made La Orilla a focal point for possible trouble. Our wharf was sealed off with a barbed wire barrier, which was manned by armed guards. In addition, each of the flatbed trucks that carried the rice away had an armed soldier seated on top of the load.

One Sunday, we were not working cargo and, as the guards were absent, I judged it to be safe enough to go and explore the docks. Alongside one wharf, I discovered a raft, something like Kon Tiki, but based on oil drums, which I learnt had come from Tahiti and was about to sail back. An onlooker on the quay told me that the raft was called Tahiti Nui. I rushed back aboard for my camera, but was too late when I returned as it had already left.



Although I missed taking a photograph of the raft, I was, however, just in time to take one of the “Omega”, a four masted square rigger, which was at that time still trading on the coast and was on the point of sailing. From an officer on a nearby ship I learnt that she was carrying a cargo of fishmeal, derived from the anchovy shoals which were numerous just off the coast.

The anchovies were caught by quite small boats, which then carried them back to port loose in their hold. On arrival, water is pumped into the hold, then back out again carrying with it the fish by a trailer mounted pump on the quayside. The water is directed into a large wire enclosure on the back of a trailer. The water pours out through the mesh, but the fish are trapped by it, ready to be taken to the fishmeal plant for processing.



Quite inevitably, this process results in the spillage of some fish, much to the delight of the pelicans who await a free meal. Pelicans, rather like swans, have a struggle to get airborne from flat water. On land, they need a fall by which to obtain the necessary airspeed. From the edge of the quay, they threw themselves off and, with wings frantically flapping, almost touched the surface of the sea as they got underway. I watched this process in fascination until one who had just over gorged himself attempted it. Grossly overloaded the result was inevitable. Crash he went into the water with a loss

of both some feathers and his dignity. It took him a bit of a struggle to return his various bits to their rightful relationships, after which he paddled off across the water for all the world as if that was his normal take off procedure. Perhaps it was. South America was indeed an education.

Alan Pink G3RMZ RNARS 4349

Morse keys

I have been in communication with a fellow member of RNARS discussing the merits of various Morse keys.

I would like to submit for inclusion in the Newsletter a number of photographs including a short description of the Morse keys in my collection. This I hope may generate interest amongst other members to send in photographs of their Morse keys.



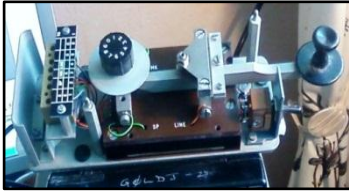
NATO 5805-99-901-7902. Purchased circa late 1980's from Anchor Surplus Stores, Meadow Lane, Nottingham. A really smooth operator and I call it my 'singing key'.



Mercantile marine key. Ex SS America. Received as a gift from a work colleague in the early 1990's. Have mounted the key on a heavy base and fitted with jack plug, a very smooth key to use. I remember seeing the SS America in Southampton Docks many moons ago.



Royal Navy type key, given to me by a Racal work colleague. It needed some TLC and a new part. Now a real 'Singer sewing machine'. Very heavy but easy to operate when positioned on the desk top. My first encounter with this type of key was on board HMS Galatea, a Leander class frigate.



This type of key also fitted on HMS/M Porpoise during a major A&A in Pompey dockyard during 1969 for the submarine to be converted into target submarine for testing of new weapons systems. To say the least, quite an interesting commission!



MFJ Iambic paddle key. Purchased a couple of years ago from Waters & Stanton. A super key but I still want to try and operate it like a 'straight' key. It compliments my FT817 QRP rig.



Home-brew paddle made using two micro switches purchased for 20 pence at the Flight refuelling rally Wimborne Dorset. Note the crocodile clips on jack plug connections; enables me to alternate the iambic mode from left to right or vice versa.

Hope members have found interest in my article and hopefully respond with photos of their keys? Could be something to display in the HQ Shack as an item of historical content and of fascination to new generations.

Doug GOLDJ 3686

HMS Corunna

A QSL card placed on the RNARS web site of HMS Corunna got me thinking of my time on board. So I thought I'll put pen to paper seeing as the editor is short of material.

Back in 1967 when I was working in the equipment and trials section at HMS Collingwood, I was loan drafted to the Corunna. Supposedly for six weeks, but as things worked out, it lasted six months.

I spent a very long twenty hours getting from Collingwood to Rosyth arriving at six in the morning on a slow train into Rosyth dockyard I think, joining the ship and sailing that same morning. I didn't even get a chance to look round that part of Scotland on my one and only trip north for the RN. My mind was in a whirl, having been a landlubber sailor since 1963 in the shore wireless service. What the heck was this job going to entail; I soon found out.

Testing and tuning and setting to work some very new and quite sophisticated Racal transmitters. I can't remember the type numbers but the antenna autotuner can still be seen as there is one in the BWO on Belfast. We shall return to these in a while.

The transmitters were new to me in that they had inside them, two columns of, I think eight 4CX250B valves. They weren't all transmitting at the same time though. They were auto selected in pairs for whatever HF band was in use; quite a novel idea. In today's modern rigs filters are selected for each band by diode or relay switching, but if my memory serves correct, the bands were selected on these purely by frequency. Each pair of valves responding to the frequency in use. If anyone out there knows these rigs and can tell me I'm wrong please do.

Now the time at sea on the trip from Rosyth to Portland and thence to Pompeii was relatively short. I do remember that when we got to Portland I was knocked off the stool in the transmitter room, when the ship hit the jetty wall and put a nice big dent in the bows. Well let's face it someone had to take the shine of the nice 3 year refit!

Testing and tuning required a log to be kept of frequencies set up and tried on all of the new gear. Well apart from the odd frequencies used during the trip this was not enough to cover the whole HF spectrum to verify the equipment. What to do thinks I; 'cos by now we are in Pompeii and as you probably know, not allowed to transmit in harbour! Being of a rebel nature and also being a licensed ham, I think you have guessed what is coming next.

A little bit, (well quite a lot really) of surreptitious transmitting. During lunch breaks and evenings when no one is around to listen in, I tuned up on various ham bands using one of the whip aerials

and worked stations all over Europe and even further into Africa. To throw any nosy post office listening stations off the track I signed as being portable (/P) and claimed I was working from Farlington Fields on the east side of Portsmouth. Why there in particular? Easy; that's where the Portsmouth Radio Society used to run its HF field days from and that I used to attend with my good friend Harry G3ORR who some of you will know of. (Right Bill?) and I knew this was perfectly feasible.

Using these frequencies it was easy to fill in the testing and tuning log with naval frequencies close by and verify correct operation. I also kept a log of the stations I worked, but over time it got lost and I regret that immensely as I have all my logs back to my first contact from Malaya as 9M2ED.

I don't remember what power I was using from those Racal rigs but it would have been high. I work mostly QRP now but there are times when one of those beauties would come in handy. Mind you, where would you put a five foot high by nineteen inch wide cabinet in today's modern homes?

I mentioned the auto tuning antenna unit of which one is in the Belfast BWO. Well it was one of these that helped extend my loan draft to Corunna.

I had been working in the transmitter room and when I returned from lunch it was to find the room full of smoke, thick acrid and very obviously electronic. A quick look around soon confirmed it was coming from one of the ATU's, so off with the power and a search started for the reason. Nothing obvious being found I waited for all the smoke and stink to clear and then switched on again. Now it was easy to see with the cabinet open that the problem was the tuning motor hunting continuously back and forth along the full tuning range of the coils. The fault was a missing earth connection in the wiring from the transmitter. Someone in a design department somewhere committed the classic blunder. No failsafe. (The same thing happened to me when I was in the computer service industry and I switched off a computer in a control room at Carlsberg brewery in Northampton. An extra rack had been fitted by an outside vendor and they had taken a line from the five volt

power rail in the computer to indicate to their control electronics that the computer was on. Ha they forgot to go through any checks when it wasn't, and all the valves in the brewery opened up and beer was gushing everywhere across the floors. I have never seen a man flip control switches so fast in my life.

Anyway what had happened to the earth from the transmitter was easy to fix. The earth line was the position where the motor should have hunted to tune the aerial coil, to match the transmitter frequency, and when it reached the earth connection the motor should have stopped. Find the broken earth and problem fixed. A new motor was fitted just in case the original was going to fail in the future. Don't know why I bothered really.

It wasn't long after that that Corunna went into reserve and never put to sea again except to the scrap yard. It was during this time on board that I became acquainted with dear old HMS Belfast. Corunna was decommissioned and taken down to a skeleton crew. Those of us still on board were accommodated on Belfast which by now in 67 was her role, moored up at Whale Island quay. If memory serves correctly I was in the mess which is now used by kids staying overnight.

One definite benefit of serving on Corunna came via the Jack Dusty. I was walking down the starboard midships one day to go to the transmitter room when I spied Jack walking to the rail with a large box and about to tip the contents into the creek. "Stop" shouts I; "what the ***** hell are you doing with the spares". "They are civilian marked and have no admiralty pattern numbers for me to book them into the stores", replied Jack. "Good" says I, "put them back and I'll sort them for you!" A box of 4CX250B's with bases and ceramic chimneys are not to be sniffed at. They went ashore and having only been married a couple of years they paid for a lovely dining room suite. I wonder if they are still in use in the many 145 MHz amplifiers that were built using them? I also wonder just what else lies at the bottom of the creek if this guy had been round all the ships doing the same thing; any divers in the society?

One other thing I always regret about Corunna is being offered a pair of Eddystone receivers one vhf and one uhf (770R and 880R) from the electronic warfare office which were civilian marked and not on ships manifest. I was without transport in those days and didn't want to get anyone in the mire for taking them out in a vehicle. I did ask my naval driver, but he gave me short shift!

We did have another couple of episodes during this time. I had the job of testing a DF receiver set up which used an aerial which I think was called a Bellini Tosei, which had spirals of receiving elements and was used to pick off the signal from the strongest direction. I had been working on this aerial which had a drop down platform to work on. I came down the mast and went off somewhere to be called back by an irate chief, to find that someone had started up the 277 radar without looking up! Yep you guessed it the 277 aerial turned once and stopped neatly sliced into by the drop down work platform. Not my fault chief. Now came the second part of this saga.

Being the only Radar engineer left on board and me a PO I got the short straw to find why the 277 aerial wouldn't rotate once the work platform was lifted back. To you who know about these things, the 277 is mounted on a big square plinth with its motors and selsyn indicator transmitters buried inside the plinth half filled with oil!

I was up to my arms in motors and gears fixing things when all of a sudden the oil started to spurt everywhere and the aerial started to turn. I was out of there and down on the deck faster than a jack rabbit dripping oil everywhere and looking for water to wash it out of my eyes. Someone somewhere boobed and released the safety keys from the bridge without checking. I don't fully remember the outcome of this episode but I do know that when I finally fixed it and it was working again, dear old aunty dockyard came along with a crane and took it off and replaced the whole unit. Why do I bother trying to be a navy engineer? I still have the pencil rack in my workshop that I found in the ops room. Not a big souvenir but at least a useful one.

Another anecdote; we were due to go on leave and I had just become a dad for the second time. I had bottled my rum ration as I didn't drink much and as some of you will know, I still don't; nothing pious, just don't like headaches, especially as all my life I've suffered debilitating migraines. Anyway I had this nice bottle of rum all ready to take ashore and use to celebrate the new arrival, when word came round that all bags were to be searched next day. "Damn", says I or words to that effect. As a consequence a fanny was sourced and a punch was made with fruit and anything else alcoholic that could be found. I was just settling down to enjoy one glass of this brew when the officer of the watch came into the mess and pronounced; "Avery, you are not crew on this ship, you can search the bags tomorrow." I will leave you to decide what was said, but one very grateful AB went ashore next morning with more blue liners in his bag than he should have had, but I let someone off the hook to make up for my loss. See; I said I was a rebel.

A final anecdote; Corunna was moved into a basin in the dockyard for some reason I forget, and we all had to catch a boat from Belfast to the yard. As we got off the boat one day there on the dock side was a ten shilling note. I got my foot to it first and whipped it up. Unfortunately for me I had just returned from a long weekend in Lancashire via one of the very wet Portsdown green coaches and caught an infection in my ear which caused me to keep fainting. I was put into a bunk in Belfast's sick bay. As I was drifting to sleep an SBA asked me if I would like to put a bet on a race. I remembered the ten shilling note in my eights shirt pocket and said put it on whatever in whatever race he was talking about and drifted into a three day stupor. When I finally came round bless him he came over and gave me a lovely wad of notes. I'd won on something in some race I know not what. It helped towards furnishing our new house in Lancashire. It's like De Ja Vu, but if you look in the sick bay on Belfast. I was in the bunk with the medical officer looking into it now!

Ted Avery RNARS 4372



RNARS Officers, Committee & Manager contact details

Officers	
Chair	Doug Hotchkiss G4BEG Lt Cdr. MBE QCB RN 54 Sanderling Lodge, Gosport, PO12 1EN g4beq@btinternet.com Tel: 02392504096
Vice Chair Also maintains RNARS net listings	Mick Puttick G3LIK 21 Sandyfield Crs, Cowplain, PO8 8SQ mick_g3lik@ntlworld.com
Treasurer	Adrian Mori M3ZNU 33 Valerian Road, Southampton, SO30 0GR adrian.mori@ntlworld.com Tel: 01489784436
Membership Secretary	Doug Bowen G0MIU 14 Braemar Rd, Gosport, PO13 0YA rnarsmembership@btinternet.com Tel: 01329289843
General Secretary	Joe Kirk G3ZDF 111 Stockbridge Road, Chichester, PO19 8QR g3zdf@btinternet.com Tel: 01243536586
Committee	Wally Blythe
	Keith Ray G1GXB g1gxb@keithray.f2s.com Tel: 01489891110
	Ray Ezra G3KOJ penray93@tiscali.co.uk Tel: 02392253554
	Mac McGuinness
	Les Horne
	Wally Walker
	Phil Manning G1LKJ g1lkj@hotmail.com Tel: 07810863354
Managers	
Commodities	Doug Bowen G0MIU 14 Braemar Rd, Gosport, PO13 0YA rnarscommodities@btinternet.com
Awards	Ian Pitkin G4KJD Clover Cottage, Kenny Ashill, Ilminster, TA19 9NH
Call-List	Sid Will GM4SID 53 Bishop Forbes Crs, Aberdeen, AB21 0TW
Website	Joe Kirk G3ZDF 111 Stockbridge Road, Chichester, PO19 8QR g3zdf@btinternet.com Tel: 01243536586

Data Comms	Diana Prothero G0RNO rnars2news@btinternet.com
Newsletter	Colin Topping GM6HGW 17 Mount Melville Crs, Strathkinness, KY16 9XS E-mail: see editorial
HQ Station	Doug Hotchkiss G4BEG Lt Cdr. MBE QCB RN 54 Sanderling Lodge, Gosport, PO12 1EN g4beg@btinternet.com Tel: 02392504096
Area Rep Co-ordinator	Wally Walker G4DIU 26 Sketchley Court, Dogwood Avenue Bulwell NG6 7DL wally.g4diu@ntlworld.com Tel: 01158493580

Presentation to Mick - G3LIK



Before the committee meeting held on the 17th February ended, Doug Hotchkiss (Chairman) made a presentation to Mick Puttick the retiring Chairman of a laptop computer and a set of drinking glasses. Doug thanked Mick on behalf of the society for all his many years at the helm and for all the support and hard work he has given to the society.

G3LIK Fact File

Born on the 26th April 1935 at Wisborough Green, West Sussex. Caught the radio bug whilst at school from headmaster Roy Lewes (G3PC) who insisted upon teaching Morse code to the pupils who indicated an interest in amateur radio by listening to Reuter Broadcasts.

Joined the RN as a Boy Seaman in May 1950 following tests at the RN Careers Office in Brighton. During initial training, Mick impressed a team from HMS Ganges following a basic Morse test. Training followed at HMS Ganges in Benbow division, passing out in August 1951 to join his first ship; HMS Cleopatra as a Boy Tel.

Further training was conducted at HMS Ricasoli resulting in the top six being sent to join HMS Glory for her final trip to the Far East in the Korean War. Mick was one of those chosen. On the way out to the Far East, Mick was trained to read Morse at 30 WPM.

On returning to the UK Mick joined HMS Campania, another carrier in Chatham dockyard after her return from the Pacific where she was involved with the atomic tests. Six months later Mick drafted to HMS Cheerful, an ocean minesweeper, which was one of the Harwich Squadron ships.

After one year aboard Cheerful, drafted to HMS Afrikander. The journey out was done aboard the Arundel Castle. During his eighteen month draft, Mick was able to visit Durban for a ten day exercise and able to follow his other passion; playing cricket for the RN. The return to the UK was aboard Edinburgh Castle.

On return to the UK, drafted to HMS Grafton, a type 14 frigate. It was at this time that Mick obtained his amateur licence by virtue of the qualifications he had obtained in the RN, and was exempt from sitting the RAE. Without further ado the licence G3LIK was issued to him on 10th October 1956. After April 1957 everyone had to sit the RAE.

Following eighteen months aboard Grafton, drafted back to HMS Mercury to then be drafted to HMS Phonacia a shore establishment

in Malta. During the eighteen month draft, Mick played cricket for the RN. After this it was back to HMS Mercury to do his PO's course, which he duly passed and went on to Royal Arthur to do his PO's leadership course.

Drafted to aircraft carrier HMS Centaur which he served on for nearly two and a half years, taking him to various parts of the world including the Middle East where eggs were fried on the flight deck for the benefit of the Navy News.

Next it was back to HMS Mercury as a New Entry Instructor. It was during this time that one of the people he took through training was Dick G4WZI - RNARS 483.

Drafted to Singapore and HMS Terror, for an eventful two and a half years. Work of course getting in the road of playing cricket for both RN and combined service teams; touring to Hong Kong twice and Western Australia.

On returning to the UK he was drafted to HMS Wakeful which was part of the Portland training squadron. The ship mainly did trials and was involved in the multi broadcast trials. Trips around Europe selling anti-submarine equipment.

It was then back to Mercury where he was in charge of the External Wireless Office helping to conduct exercises with people aboard ships at sea. It was during this period he was asked to be the Instructor for the RN group who were taking part in a NATO Competition. He was responsible for training those selected to read Morse up to 40 WPM and transmit at 25WPM, plus the ability to read a flashing light.

He was then drafted to HMS Scylla which was his last ship in the RN. Most people will be aware that the ship was sunk off the coast of Cornwall. Scylla was part of the Portland squadron and involved a lot of sea time. On the way out to the Far East he was able to operate as ZB2CW, ZS1/G3LIK from Jim G4BIC QTH.

In the Far East for the RN withdraw of Singapore and even had a trip to Hong Kong where he was able to operate as VS6AC. Whilst

in the Seychelles he obtained the call VQ9MP, on the trip to New Zealand and Australia VK4/G3LIK and ZL3/G3LIK could be heard on the bands, so quite a lot of amateur activity in his final year at sea.

Following two and a half years aboard Scylla it was back to Mercury for the final time. He had volunteered to join the Careers Service as the navy was part of him. It was also at this time that he became involved as both the Membership and Secretary of RNARS, a position he held for eighteen years. He was then Chairman from 2001 to 2009.

Mick Joined the First Class CW Operators club in 1971 (number 1192) and was President in 1994/5 and Chairman from 2001 to 2009. He is also a member of FISTS 8337, MF 334, INORC 185, ARMI 210, TOPS 1373, PN 47. Not forgetting his membership of the Belfast Group (017) and HMS Plymouth Group (087).



HMS HICKLETON 1955-56

It was in June 1955 that I was drafted from HMS Miner V to HMS Diligence to pick up a brand new Coastal Minesweeper HMS Hickleton. I was a telegraphist, qualified as L/Tel and near the top of the L/Tel's roster; Hickleton was complemented with one Tel, but this changed later on. After a few days settling in at Diligence, the ships' company was assembled (twenty-nine in all) and taken by picket boat to Thornycroft's yard in Southampton to take Hickleton to sea for acceptance trials.

We were flying the Red Ensign at this time and Thornycroft's catering staff was on-board to see to our every whim! First and only time I've been waited on for lunch in my own mess on a pussers' ship. Eventually the acceptance trials were completed, during which I managed to communicate with Malta GYX on 8 MHz to test the 619/CAT HF setup. We also had an 86M (vhf) and a 691 (10 channel uhf) which were all working satisfactorily. We returned to Thornycrofts' yard where the skipper signed for the ship, the

White Ensign was hoisted and we returned to tie up at the end of the very long pier at Diligence.

We spent the next weeks storing ship, harbour exercises and then sea exercises, minesweeping, etc. and generally getting to know the ship. At the same time other CMS's were doing the same and six of us formed the 108th MSS under Capt MS on-board our depot ship HMS Woodbridge Haven. It was during this time that I was also ships' postman and amongst other things picking up correspondence from the Captain's office in Diligence and became known to his secretary; Mr Bates (civvy). One morning shortly before we were due to sail for the East coast, Mr Bates told me that my B13 was through and that he had just sent it aboard Hickleton. I thought, 'Good-oh! Now I'll get a draft chit'. But nothing happened and in August we sailed for the East Coast where we were going to be based, but just as we passed Dover we were told to proceed to Harwich, to give each watch forty-eight hours leave and then sail for Cyprus, via Gib and Malta.

This was a bit of a shock; it was due to the EOKA terrorists wreaking armed conflict on the island, and wanting union with Greece (ENOSIS) against the wishes of the minority Turkish population.

So off we went, six CMSs and Woodbridge Haven, to Gibraltar. We stopped off there for a couple of days and still no word about my 'hook'. One night when I had the middle watch on gangway duty, I had the keys to the ships office and found the correspondence register and there it was, the date that my B13 had been received on-board. I could only think that the skipper was leaving it to the last minute to promote me so that it would be too late to draft me off.

We then set off for Malta. Twenty-four hours after leaving Gib, we ran into a terrific storm during which we were all scattered out of sight. We suffered some damage to a top rubbing strake for'ard and also our motor boat was badly damaged. It took best part of the next day to get formed up again and we eventually arrived in Malta where our damage was assessed by the dockyard and required us to remain in Malta for another week, whilst the other

CMSs sailed on to Cyprus, leaving Woodbridge Haven at her permanent mooring in Sliema Creek.

It was about this time that I got to thinking that being stuck down below in the wireless office I didn't know what was going on. The 86M and 691 could all be remotely controlled from the bridge, but not the 619/CAT. So whilst in Malta dockyard I managed to scrounge some cable and suitable plugs and a small box and rigged up my own 619/CAT remote control by passing the cables up the bridge voice pipe from the wireless office. First time we left harbour after this, I was up on the bridge and the Captain asked what I was doing and I explained it to him and he said; 'well done'. So that was it, when the weather was good, I was up on the bridge.

Half an hour before we were due to sail for Cyprus, the Cox'n came



down to my mess and told me to get my best suit on for Captain's requestman' in ten minutes. "But I haven't got a request in 'Swain' I said. "Do as you're told was his reply".

So ten minutes later up on the foc'sle I was standing in front of the Captain whilst the cox'n read out 'my' request to be rated acting Leading Telegraphist. Captain said that I must appreciate that being a L/Tel on such a small ship would entail me doing duties that a L/Tel on a larger ship would not have to do; and that was it. The only other CMS in our squadron who had a L/Tel on-board was the leader, Sefton and he had a Telegraphist as well.

We set off for Cyprus and as we got near I closed down SOPs on 'M' broadcast and set watch on Nicosia LCN which was abuzz with loads of operational immediate traffic. Suddenly there was a lull in the OP traffic and Nicosia called me with an 'emergency' message. Turned out to be a 'welcoming' message from FOME (Rear Admiral

‘Gamp’ Myers VC) inviting everyone to his villa at Limassol. Apparently the Flag Lieut. had been told there would be a delay on the Admiral’s message due to the heavy OP traffic, so the Admiral had said ‘Bump it up till it gets through’.

After this brief encounter, we proceeded to our small maintenance base at Famagusta where we were looking forward to a ‘run ashore’. Imagine how we felt when we heard on the day we arrived in Famagusta that the Governor had declared a state of emergency and all shore leave was cancelled.

After a few days we sailed on our first patrol. The routine was that areas would be patrolled during the hours of darkness and during the day we would anchor somewhere for rest and recreation. On one occasion, we had anchored in a nice quiet deserted little bay and a beach party was allowed to go ashore with one of the party acting as armed sentry. All of a sudden, without being seen by the sentry, a Greek farmer suddenly appeared from nowhere carrying a large basket of melons. He was after trading for ‘English cigarette’ and very soon had emptied his basket.

Patrol areas were rotated around the Island every ten days and it worked out that once in ten weeks we had five days in Beirut. At this time Beirut was a very good run ashore, so these visits were very much looked forward to. On one occasion we nearly left one able seaman ashore. It was almost time to sail from Beirut, 08:00, British Consul on the jetty ready to wave us off when the Cox’n reported one able seaman not returned from shore. A mate of his said he knew where he might be; a certain brothel they’d both been to during the night. Captain had a quick word with the Consul and he offered to drive this blokes’ mate to wherever to see if the absentee was there. Relief when about twenty minutes later they returned with the missing man and we sailed pronto back to Cyprus.

On another occasion in Beirut, several of us were in this rather posh upstairs bar and noticed a large circle of Arabs sitting on the floor, all dressed in smart Arab robes with gold daggers in their belts, a big pile of food and drink in the middle. After several minutes, one of them came over and invited us to join them. Well,

you can't refuse an invitation like that, especially when the host has a great big dagger in his belt. So we joined them and had a darned good time.

One advantage of our patrols, when we boarded fishing boats for a search, was that the boarding parties always came back loaded with fresh fish. One night we had boarded a fishing boat just after they'd hauled their nets and they had caught a baby shark. Brought it on-board and asked our Maltese chef what he could do with it and he served up some delicious steaks.

Talking of the Maltese chef; the wireless office was just across the flat from the galley. When we were on night patrol in rough weather, I used to put a camp bed up in the office for convenience. Trouble was that the camp bed was too long for the office deck with the door shut, so I used to rig it up with the office door wedged open. One particular night we hit some rather big waves and one of them caused the ship to roll heavily resulting in me being catapulted across the galley flat and into the galley where I ended up in the galley scuppers.

In all the time we patrolled round Cyprus, there was only one occasion when we came across something really suspicious. We had sailed from Famagusta, heading south and as we came round Cape Greco we detected some activity on the shore. There was an unlit small vessel just off the shore and what looked like torches on the beach. We sent the motor boat away with an armed party but at the same time the unlit vessel suddenly started to steam away. The landing party found a lot of tyre marks in the sand, perhaps from lorries, but of course everybody had disappeared. By the time the motor boat had been recovered, the unlit vessel was nowhere to be seen; it had steamed off eastward but was out of sight and not on the radar.

About half the ships' company had their wives and families in Malta and as we were programmed to return to Malta at approximately three months intervals, there were quite a few telegrams passing between them. At first I had no problem passing them via Portisheadradio but I discovered that the charges were considerably less if I contacted Malta C & W station VPT direct. So I tried that

and was very pleased when he accepted my traffic. My 619 only put out forty Watts to a whip aerial on the side of the bridge, only trouble was that due to it being a lot cheaper, there were more messages to pass.

I was also the ships postman which meant going ashore under an armed army escort at various places. One incident happened in Famagusta when I was picked up by a corporal and two, all armed, to be taken to the APO at Kaoralis camp just outside Famagusta. As we approached the big square just outside the entrance to the Turkish quarter, there was a huge crowd of people blocking the road. Our driver slowly edged through them, when suddenly someone in the crowd shoved a knife into the side of the soldier sitting next to me on the back seat of the open Landrover. I tapped the driver on the shoulder and told him whereupon he put his foot down and with horn blaring we drove into the crowd. How we didn't knock anyone down I don't know but we went flat out to the camp and straight to the medical centre with the injured soldier. I learnt later that he wasn't seriously injured and would be OK. When I got back on board with the mail, I told the Cox'n what had happened and told him I wanted danger money for this.

I think it was during our second patrol that we had what turned out to be a series of serious engine breakdowns which resulted in us spending many weeks alongside the wall at Famagusta. We had two Mirrlees diesel engines and it seemed that pistons were shattering in their cylinders. Base staff patched us up but it kept on happening. Eventually CinC ordered us to return to Malta for dockyard and engine makers' investigation. As we could only sail on one engine we were assigned the LST HMS Striker to escort us. She was very slow and we could go quite a bit faster on our one engine. So around midday we would signal Striker for permission to proceed ahead for hands to bathe. We'd steam ahead till she was out of sight, have hands over the side for bathing till she caught us up; about an hour later. It took six days to reach Malta but was a very pleasant passage.

We went straight into the dockyard where both engines were completely stripped down. During this time, I didn't have much to do, so when STC Ricasoli sent a signal that they were holding a

Fleet board for Provisional PO Tel, I asked the skipper if he would recommend me. He said yes and also arranged for me to go to the STC on a daily basis for 'refresher training' which was all to the good as I passed the Fleet board and went on the PO Tel advancement roster pending the 'Q' course at Mercury.

At this time of idleness in the dockyard, I heard that a group of Tiffies were taking an MFV on a medfoba trip to Catania, Sicily with a view to climbing Mount Etna and they were looking for a radio operator to go with them, so I volunteered. The MFV was equipped with a TCS with which I was very familiar and arranged skeds with GYX and spent a very pleasant ten days, including going up Mount Etna with the Tiffs.

Eventually we were off to Cyprus again for the usual round of patrols and a couple of months later we were back in Malta for another maintenance period. It was about this time, the skipper thought I ought to get some experience of a larger ship and so I had a temporary swop draft with a sparker on our depot ship Woodbridge Haven. This was to last three months but I didn't like it very much. After the luxury of a Dunlopillo mattress and wooden bunk, sleeping in a hammock again was decidedly a backward step. The ship never went anywhere, stayed tied up to the walkway to Manoel Island. They had an 89P transmitter in the middle of the W/T office, which when it was on crystal control, used to shift frequency whenever the office door was opened. A really ancient example it was.

So I returned to Hickleton to complete another maintenance period in the dockyard. When we emerged from this, we went to sea for a shakedown period but in the afternoon of the first day we received a signal from Capt. M.S. requiring all CO's to report on-board Woodbridge Haven at 16:00 that day. Our skipper sent a message back asking if this included him and was told; 'Yes'. So we went back into Sliema Creek and the skipper went off for the meeting. When he came back he announced that all leave was cancelled and that we would be sailing at 18:00. Came the appointed hour and Sleima was devoid of sweepers and even Woodbridge Haven came with us. Course was heading towards Sicily so we thought we were off on some exercise and a jolly in Italy. Came midnight though

and we all altered to a new course which when projected on a chart was straight to Port Said. This was near the end of October 1956 and the skipper came into the wireless office and gave me a hefty volume entitled; 'Operation Musketeer' which I was told to read thoroughly and extract everything that might concern us.

Well, after a couple of days we were joined by twelve French sweepers and on the distant horizon the large silhouette of the French battleship 'Jean Bart', acting as our escort. After 10 days at sea we reached a position about twenty-five miles north of Port Said and at 05:00 on 5th November 1956, the twelve British and twelve French sweepers started to sweep a twenty-five mile wide channel into Port Said. We were sweeping for all known types of mine but found nothing. Anchored in the outer harbour of Port Said, our carrier based planes were still attacking targets ashore and HMS Decoy was firing support for the army ashore in the town. Decoy's shells were whizzing over our heads and on the bridge we were all wearing tin hats and hoping her shells didn't get too close.

The Egyptians had sunk ships in the harbour and the Suez canal and soon clearance divers had marked safe channels for us to pass over the blockade ships so that we could sweep for mines down the canal. There were four British CMSs detailed for this job, being led by our squadron commander in Sefton. We had gone about fifteen or twenty miles down the canal when a white UN vehicle was spotted on the bank waving a flag at us. So we anchored and Sefton sent their motorboat to investigate. They came back with the message that there were Egyptian guns about half a mile further on who said that they would blow us out of the water like ducks on a pond if we went any further. So we had lunch, weighed anchor and went back to Port Said.

We spent a further six weeks at Port Said, doing trot boat duties between the harbour and the large number of ships out at the anchorage off Port Said, running mail and stores between them. One sight which gladdened the heart was when HMS Manxman used to come steaming in from Cyprus flying the signal 'I have mail on-board', a trip she used to complete in about forty-eight hours.

There was no shore leave at all whilst we were there so I never got to see the infamous 'Ghillie-Ghillie' man of which we'd heard a lot.

And so we returned to Cyprus where we found a lot of newer CMSs (some with enclosed bridges even) had been doing patrols in our absence. Within a few weeks we received sailing orders to Malta and also a long signal detailing men who were to be relieved at Malta. I was on the list and on arrival in Malta my relief came aboard. It was only two days before Christmas, so I asked the Captain if I could remain on-board till after Christmas Day, rather than spend Christmas at Ricasoli transit centre, to which he agreed.

And so I bade farewell to Hickleton and after spending ten days at Ricasoli. I was flown home courtesy of Eagle Airways Viking. It was my first ever flight and on the leg from Nice to Blackbushe in Hampshire we hit some turbulence which shook us all up like being in a cigar tube. I was as sick as a dog and I was still ailing when we were on the ground.

It had been a varied eighteen months, some ups and some downs but all in all a pleasant experience which on the whole I had enjoyed. My next task was the six month course at HMS Mercury to qualify for PO Tel.

Ken Randall



International Naval Contest

This event takes place every year during the second weekend of December; INORC will be running the event in 2011.

From: 16:00 GMT 10th December 2011

To: 15:59 GMT 11th December 2011

Bands: 3.5 - 7 - 14 - 21 & 28 MHz

Modes: CW - SSB - Mixed

Contest Exchange: Naval Club Members: RST, club ID & membership number; example: "599 IN471". Non naval members: RST & serial number.

Points: QSO with naval club members: 10 Points - QSO with non-naval members: 1 Point. Each station may be contacted only once per band, irrespective of the mode.

Multipliers: Every different worked (or logged, for SWL) member of a naval club, counted only once (not again on new bands or modes).

Note: Participation in the contest is only allowed as a member of one club: do not use different club membership numbers.

Score: Total QSO points x multipliers = Total score

Participating clubs: BMARS, RNARS, MFCA, FNARS, YOMARC, INORC & MARAC.

Classes:

A – Naval all bands mixed – Single operator.

B – Naval all bands CW – Single operator.

C – Naval all bands SSB – Single operator.

D – All bands & modes – SWL

E – Naval all bands & modes – Club station.

F – Non naval all bands & modes – Single operator.

Trophies: Engraved Plaque to the winner of each class. A Special Award will be presented to the second and third place stations of each class. Certificates of participation will be sent, via e-mail, to all participants.

Logs: Send your logs via e-mail to the Contest Manager: sandro_i7ale@alice.it You will receive confirmation of log receipt. Any format and any software can be used. “Cabrillo” format is preferred. Please include a “fair play statement”, stating that contest rules and general amateur rules have been respected during the contest. The “filename” must include your call sign and class of participation. If one or both of these items are missing the log will be used as a control log. The contest logging software “SD” by EI5DI supports the International Naval Contest (correct from version 15.35). With previous versions of SD (downloadable free at www.rsgbcc.org/hf/sd.shtml or QAR Test by IK3QAR (free), you can use the INORC Contest, which scores exactly as the I.N.C. Paper logs can be sent (if you have to) to the Contest Manager address below (remember to mention your class of participation and fair play statement). Logs to be received by: 31st January 2012

Sandro D’Onofrio,
Via Madonna della Libera 20,
71030 MACCHIA FG
Italy.

Paul - PA5UL in the Navy

My interest in electronics started very early in life, stimulated by my father. When I was about seven he promised me a transformer and little lights to electrify my Lego buildings, as soon as I knew Ohm's law and how to apply it. Needless to say that didn't take long and he presented me with a wooden plank, about a foot square, mounted with a bell transformer with three sockets. It had a separate fuse box at the primary side which was strictly off-limits for me. I was soon to find out 220V has a nasty "bite". Fortunately I survived so the lesson wasn't wasted. Mounted separately was a huge selenium bridge rectifier with a miniature plug to fit the secondary 'mains' sockets. This meant I had 4, 8 and 12 Volts AC and DC. The latter came in handy to run a toy train and later on all sorts of other circuits.

A few years later I got two Philips kits; Mechanic Engineering and Electronic Engineering. The ME set allowed me to build all sort of cars and other machines and the EE kit provided circuits like a telephone eavesdropping device, a Medium Wave radio receiver or lights for the ME car that would automatically light up when it became dark through the clever use of an LDR. Access to a large junk box at a Philips personnel store was a very welcome fringe benefit from his job at Philips Telecommunications Industries (PTI) in Hilversum.

After finishing secondary school with very meagre results I went to the Amsterdam Nautical College to become a Marine Engineer. That proved a bit too much in a class with higher educated mates so after a few odd jobs I joined the Royal Netherlands Navy (RNLN) to see the world on 11th August 1975. I chose to become a Weapon Engineer (Wapenelectronicamonteur or WEMNT for short) and after nine weeks of primary military training in Naval Barracks Hilversum (MOKH) I was transferred to the Electronic School at Naval Barracks Erfprins (MKERF) in Den Helder. Here I was to receive my primary job training that would last well over a year. Unfortunately that was rudely interrupted when a drunken driver ran me off my bike. Although I narrowly escaped with my life it did severe damage to my left leg and caused me to remain in hospital for some seven months. These were followed by a lengthy

convalescence program. It did however start me thinking about my future career and I decided to take up a correspondence course in mathematics to augment my secondary school levels.

By the time I was fit enough to return to MKERF my classmates had long finished their training and were dispersed around the fleet. I joined a fresh levy and when I finished training I was told I couldn't go to sea because the 'medical mafia' hadn't signed my release yet. This meant a prolonged stay at MKERF and only limited possibilities to work on my apprentice job book.

September 1977; I was finally transferred to my first ship, HNLMS De Ruyter, or Kojak Two as it was nicknamed for its huge radar dome. She was undergoing warranty repairs in Flushing having just completed her first sea trials. The first five months of 1978 were very interesting as we made a long trip to the Caribbean. After summer leave I was transferred to her twin HNLMS Tromp AKA, Kojak One and I again spent many months in Flushing.

It must have been around this time that coming home for the weekend I found my brother had a very interesting looking radio with lots of dials and green and orange lights (FDK Multi 2000). It even had a microphone! When he told me it was all legal and he had been licensed (PE1AEF) months before I was mystified; why hadn't he told me about this hobby earlier? I was immediately hooked and applied to get my own license at the first opportunity. The electronics were easy as most of it had been included in my Navy job training. The propagation, antenna circuits, phonetic alphabet, Q-codes and radio regulations weren't difficult either so I passed in the autumn of 1978 with flying colours. I was given permission to operate under supervision of another licensed amateur and after several months I was issued with my first own call sign PE1CTR. I bought myself a Kenwood 'portable' set so I was QRV on 2m.

HNLMS Tromp was flag ship of a small fleet that went on the "Far East Australia Cruise", a great trip lasting some five months. We would stay in Fremantle WA for a three week R&R period so I applied for a guest license. With the documents I could prove I could legally use my TR2300 abroad and by high exception I was

granted permission to take it aboard provided I'd not use it from the ship. Every port of call I'd hide out on the upper deck, scan the band for activity but that proved of no avail in Tangier, Morocco, going through the Suez Canal, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia or Bombay, India.

Going ashore in Jakarta, Indonesia I happened across an old colonial mansion with two palm trees in the grassy squares in front of it. Their tops had been cut off and were replaced with aerials, one an odd-sized yagi and the other a tri-band cubical quad. I rang the door bell and introduced myself. The amateur didn't recognise my PE1 prefix (VHF only C-class license) but when I explained I was Dutch he told me to speak my mother tongue! He had spent many years in Amsterdam and turned out to be the Secretary of the local ORARI Chapter (Indonesian RSGB). He was able to furnish me with a guest license within hours, so that afternoon I was PE1CTR/YB1/BM on my bicycle trying to run my first-ever pile-up. On my way back I invited a few amateurs to visit me for a tour of the ship, to start at 10:00 sharp Sunday morning. I should have been more careful.

Around 09:30 that Sunday morning I was summoned by the Officer of the Day. Could I explain why some forty locals were thronging at the gangway, claiming I'd invited them? Some quick thinking and a few good mates helped me out and we managed to give them all their tour of the ship. In return we were invited to join them for a Sunday picnic and a good time was had by all.

May 1979 brought us to Fremantle and first on my list was a visit to the licensing office where I was issued with TWO call signs; VK6ZKK and permission to use AX6ZKK instead as the state of Western Australia was celebrating its 150th anniversary. I found the activity on 2m to be far less than in Indonesia. Later I learned the repeaters were in the 146-148 MHz band and those frequencies were not on my eighty channel European TR2300. Some 800 bluejackets were invited by over 10,000 (ex) Dutch immigrants and I was introduced to Nanno VK6UN. He invited me for the weekend to his home in Armadale. Under his supervision I was allowed on HF and we managed a QSO to Tilburg, Holland. As it happened to be my mother's birthday I asked my oppo to ring home and he

managed to set up a patch through a 2m repeater to my brother so I was able to congratulate our mother that way!

Some weeks later we spent a weekend on Diego Garcia, an atoll island in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Although it is British territory, it is an American Naval base. Listening on 2m I heard a QSO and introduced myself. It turned out there were only three amateurs on the island but they even had a 2m repeater! No problems to use PE1CTR/VQ9 as there were no licensing authorities on the island anyway. I had a great beach BBQ with the local amateurs. Final stop on the trip was Istanbul, Turkey but not much 2m activity there and no-one would answer my CQ in English.

The first Monday after returning to Den Helder, my Petty Officer training started at MKERF and I became secretary of the Den Helder VERON (Dutch RSGB). This gave me access to PI1DHV and I quickly became very active on HF on club evenings. The next summer was very exiting as I went on a three week cycling holiday with my fiancée (now my wife) Monique to England. I did get a guest license G5MRJ but didn't make much use of it. Later that year I participated in a test and with three others out of some 150 candidates I was selected to go to Technical University. Just days before the school year started we had our wedding planned and it was too late to change that. Our honeymoon had to be postponed but we spent two weeks in Israel around Christmas. I took my trusty TR2300 and this time we made good use of it as PE1CTR/4X/M, getting directions, tips and sometimes invitations everywhere we went.

From 1981 to 1984 I studied, disguised as a civilian, in the The Hague Municipal Technical University (HTS) and upon getting my BSc I received my commission! I spent several months at the Royal Netherlands Naval College (KIM) to learn how to use knife and fork and then another five or so at MKERF for my DWEO2 (2nd Deputy WEO) training. During the latter we were sent to the Operational School for two days a week. Not bad because the long lunch breaks were spent in the shack of PI5KOM with first operator Henk Vossen PA3CVU. At that time plans were discussed to form a Dutch counterpart of RNARS and when MARAC was established I was one

of the first to join. Sometimes funny things happened. During lunch, not many stations would be QRV so usually I had some QSO's with either Italian or Russian amateurs. One day I'd worked three Russians and right after lunch we had a class on threat recognition. Quite by chance we were shown pictures of Soviet ships named after the three cities I'd just worked. When I mentioned this to the class teacher he went totally out of his mind, shouting at me how *&^\$*%\$ I was talking to the enemy (the Cold War clearly wasn't over yet) and he reported me to the MARID (Naval Intelligence) for doing so. He didn't even bother to listen to my explanation. Fortunately for me the MARID chap knew all about amateur radio and we quickly defused the situation.

As my DWEO training was based on the premise I'd go to a Kortenaer (S-Type) frigate of course I was handed a ticket for HNLMS Van Speijk (Dutch Leander type) instead. To top it off, on the Friday before my stint started I was told to report the next Monday morning very early to HNLMS Van Nes instead and take kit for at least five weeks. A colleague had come down ill (Pfeiffer) and needed to be replaced as the ship was sailing for a shakedown at FOST. That proved to have a steep learning curve as I hadn't previously sailed as an officer, didn't know the ship, the crew or indeed most of the equipment! We were welcomed to Portland and FOST himself delivered a speech to the assembled crew. He looked very impressive in his dress uniform as he was the first foreign rear Admiral I'd ever seen. That evening we were to entertain some dignitaries aboard during a formal reception. Never having been a Midshipman and not having had any information on this sort of events during my KIM training, I wasn't too happy that I had to participate. I quickly found myself talking to a group of somewhat older people. As they were all in civvies it was hard to tell who they were. A rather small middle-aged gentleman asked me what I did on board and I explained my situation. Then I asked what he did for FOST. I'll never forget his answer: "Young man, I AM FOST!" His wife couldn't stop laughing at my bewildered reaction. Fortunately he understood quite well I hadn't recognised him and we all had quite a nice chat afterwards.

Of course I had again applied for a guest license but as G5 licenses were not issued any longer I had to do with G1/PE1CTR/P

whenever I went ashore. I was invited to a local pub where some RNARS members would meet and a local amateur came to pick me up. We had a nice trip up to Portland Bill and needless to say the same evening I was drafted into the RNARS by Mick G3LIK. Upon my return home I was transferred to HNLMS van Speijk only to learn she'd soon be decommissioned for sale to Indonesia. I spent a few weeks making sure all items that were not to be sold along with her were properly disposed of. After this I was moved to HNLMS Abraham Crijnssen, an S-type frigate. My stint was to last only a few months in anticipation of further DWEO1 training at MKERF. I had a great time on board and we made short trips to Newcastle and Bergen. As one of the youngest officers I'd been appointed i/c of organising ladies for the wardroom party in Bergen. That didn't prove difficult when I came across a nurses' home outside the city hospital and offered free drinks to all residents. Needless to say the party was a success. Operating 2M was harder as there wasn't much activity with three QSO's in as many days. DWEO1 training came and went and in May 1986 I became DWEO1 aboard HNLMS Bloys van Treslong, another S-type frigate. At that time she was undergoing her first major overhaul period after having been commissioned only a few years earlier. We spent months alongside and after working up under national command we went to FOST again. This time I came much better prepared but again I learned a lot and of course had a few meetings with RNARS members.

As my ship was designated for a stint in the Caribbean, I decided it would be time to get an HF license. However 12 WPM CW proved to be too difficult in the short period of time I had left so I applied successfully for a 5 WPM B-class licence and became active as PBOAHQ. During the latter half of 1987 I held at least a dozen different guest licences as we visited exotic places like Antigua, Trinidad & Tobago, Puerto Rico, Florida, Martinique, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Venezuela, Colombia and of course all six Netherland Antilles islands Aruba, Bonaire, Curacao, Saba, St. Maarten and St. Eustatius. We returned home just before Christmas and I was transferred to KIM to become head of the electronics laboratory.

This turned out to be the best job I ever had in my 36 years in the Andrew so far. With the help of two conscripts fresh from Technical University I taught Midshipmen to understand in practice what

they were usually unable to comprehend in the dull theory classes they'd had. I also was invited to become Patron of RADJA, short for Radio Janus, an activity group for Midshipmen interested in (amateur) radio.

The school had a call sign PI5DD but the license had lapsed since Bob PA0BBC had been transferred some time earlier. I wrote to the RCD (Licensing authority) that I would like to become i/c and to my astonishment I promptly received a reply the license had been revoked! A telephone call clarified this: as a B-class licensee I couldn't hold an A-class school call sign! This not only made the Heathkit HF-set illegal but might cost me the small annual budget the school station held. We came to an agreement where the current license would remain valid until the next 12 WPM CW exam to which I had already registered. I had picked up training and this added some more to my already determined effort. With a bit of luck I managed to upgrade to PA3FDQ that first opportunity. Until 1993 I spent a lot of time on the hobby. I managed to obtain extra funding to buy equipment and a huge antenna mast and moved the shack tot a separate room big enough for classes. Several clever engineering projects were done by young WE officers for their final project and I made a two-afternoon practical introduction class to radio for Sea officers. During several years I set up a special event station during the National Fleet Days, together with the crew from PI5KOM. During lunch hours I'd call into the Bubbly Rats net sometimes, but as my CW RX proficiency was quite insufficient I could only do so with the help of a decoder attached to my computer. As my TX with 12 WPM was a bit better I don't think any of you ever noticed? During these years I became father of our daughter Sigrid (1990) and son Bauke (1991). We also organised a few weekends for Sea Cadets in the Communication Branch from units all over the country where I introduced them to the hobby. I regretfully twice declined offers to become Inspector for the National Sea Cadet Corps as I wouldn't be able to spend sufficient time given my other functions in Amateur Radio and Scouting. A world first as far as was able to ascertain is the official military amateur radio merit certificate I devised.



This picture shows the official badge that could be worn on the uniform. Unfortunately only one Midshipman and one conscript officer ever qualified. Since PI5DD was closed down soon after I left, the KIM certificate was abolished.

In 1993 I found myself at MKERF again, this time for WEO classes. Upon completion I was drafted to HNLMS Pieter Florisz, again an S-type frigate. She was undergoing a major refit so I spent the rest of the year alongside, enjoying the availability of a VERY nice spectrum analyser that came with the SHF Satcom that was fitted. After sea trials and working up we once more went to FOST. Due to an unfortunate event where I twisted my knee I was once more hospitalised and subsequent rehab took over half a year. Against my wishes I was subsequently transferred to the Admiralty in The Hague where I became a Project Officer in the Communications Department. I had the choice of either enduring at least three years of weekend marriage or move house. We decided for the latter as the kids were too small to object and I thought I'd have better career opportunities in The Hague anyway. In June 1995 we moved to our present QTH, Zoetermeer. In 1996 the family was expanded with another son, Feiko. In 1998 it was time for another sea stint so I became WEO of HNLMS Pieter Florisz again. The first few months were spent mainly alongside in Den Helder and I managed to extend the cable attached to an emergency antenna from the Radio Room across the passageway to my own hut. The VHF antenna proved to be very useful for 2m and 70cm so I now had my own little shack with VHF/UHF and packet radio capabilities. Strictly speaking this was illegal as the standing order was that no private transceivers were allowed onboard. However it didn't take a genius to understand there was little difference between an amateur handy and a cell phone. As the latter had recently been declared legal I managed to convince the CO that I could use my handy under the same rules.

In August we became part of Standing Naval Force Mediterranean (SNFM) and the rest of 1998 was spent in and around Italy. Instead of planned trips to Greece, Turkey and into the Black Sea we were

made to patrol up and down the Adriatic as Mr. Milosevic was misbehaving. We visited almost all major naval ports in Italy and everywhere I invited local hams for a tour aboard. Using packet radio it was easier to make sure a maximum number was agreed and adhered to. The only exceptions were weekends spent in Dubrovnik, Croatia and Alexandria, Egypt. During a visit to La Spezia my PO Gunner told me our gun had been manufactured there and he was curious to visit the factory. A few telephone calls later I'd organised a NATO visit to Oto Melara for all artillery officers and gunnery technicians from all SNFM ships, not knowing I'd be coming back quite often later.

Late 1998 vanity call signs were introduced and I changed my call to PA5UL, AKA Paul with a 5 in the middle (5 is shortest in CW). HNLMS Pieter Florisz was to undergo another refit period in 1999 so I didn't have to think twice when my oppo aboard HNLMS Jan van Brakel (another S-type) suggested we'd swap ship as he didn't want to go to sea. Van Brakel had just finished her refit and I happily did trials and work-up. FOST by now held no more secrets and I really enjoyed my time in Plymouth. Autumn saw us participating in the first-ever amphibious JMC and together with HNLMS Rotterdam on her maiden operational trip and scores of other units we had a very impressive exercise. By the end of the year I knew my time at sea would terminate and I thought I'd be transferred back to the Admiralty.

However I soon found out I was up for something different. Two S-type frigates had been sold to the UAE and they urgently needed a WEO to help man a six strong after sales support team. Having had a great time as a kid in Khartoum, Sudan where my father was sent in the late sixties, I jumped at the offer and the prospect of being at the good side of a pile-up wasn't half bad either. Within weeks I was flown out to Dubai and the family followed suit just after Christmas. Once there I found out my call sign was to be A61/PA5UL - QRT as no repeat, NO guest licenses were issued to foreigners! Getting in touch with local hams proved too much of a challenge as most were members of the royal family and couldn't be bothered with commoners. Others were only interested in rich amateurs to rent out their stations. We returned home June 2001 and when I talked to my father about all my disappointments (work

had been miserable to put it mildly) he said his experience in Sudan hadn't been any better for him! Fortunately the kids had done quite well at their American school and private life had been good for all of us.

We moved back into our Zoetermeer home which I had rented out during our stay abroad in June 2001 and ever since I've held a number of jobs in the Admiralty. Due to a major reorganisation I no longer work for the RNLN but since 2006 for DMO, (Defence Materiel Organisation) into which all armed forces' materiel departments have merged.

As a Project Officer Naval Gun Systems, I travelled quite a bit, including many trips to La Spezia, Italy and Abbey Wood (Bristol). I managed to combine some of the latter with visits to Collingwood (not by coincidence a day before the AGM) and the Easter Activity aboard HMS Belfast. Late 2006 I relieved Nico PAODDS as Project Officer COMMS Systems and I'll probably keep that job until I retire



in a couple of years. Unfortunately it doesn't involve travelling abroad. Amateur activity is very limited since my QTH doesn't lend itself well for putting up HF aerials. Adjacent is a picture of me during a family holiday in 2007.

Looking back the RNLN really gave me what I expected to see from the world. Unfortunately we never managed to get permission for HF operation aboard HNLMS ships. As less and less young people are licensed and the ever shrinking number of ships available due to budget cuts there is no urgency to pursue that any longer. When I

retire I hope to move house to a less densely populated part of the country. The garden should be a lot bigger and neighbours much further away than where I live today. I'll plant some antenna seed

and can't wait for that to sprout. Who knows, one of these days you might actually all be able to work me on HF again!

Paul PA5UL RNARS 3302 MARAC 005 ARMI 268

PS: if there's enough interest I'll be happy to submit another article, this time on Radio Scouting. From 1979 I haven't missed a JOTA if I could help it and from 2004 I've operated annually from many major international Jamboree stations. Summer of 2011 will see me operating SJ22S, check Diana's email newsletters for the latest details. Schedules are welcome: pa5ul@amsat.org

Rally Reports

South East Essex Rally

This year the rally was held on the 6th of February at the usual venue of Paddocks Hall on Canvey Island. The RNARS stand was situated just inside the entrance door of the main hall, so all the visitors saw us on the way in and on the way out. I arranged the usual display of RNARS goodies on our stand, and had some good comments on the display. I believe the attendance matched last year so all the hard work of the organising club was rewarded. As a matter of interest, some discussion took place amongst the traders as to the high cost of fuel in attending these events and the amount of sales required to cover the fuel costs, a point to watch out for!

Seven members signed the book at the rally and it was nice to talk with G3ZJY, M0LLE, G0IBN, M5SST, G0TOC, G1DJI and G7IIO.

Carlson Thomson G3PEM

Wildhern Rally

I left home at 08:50 to drive the 7 miles to Wildhern on a beautiful spring morning. The traffic, here in rural Hampshire, is terrible on a Sunday morning; three cars were seen and a few people out buying newspapers.

Arrived at site about ten minutes and found the table that had been set aside for me. Met Richard G3ZGC outside and we had a small chat.

Coffee was only 50p for a large cup so that was the next stop. The rally site started to fill up at about 09:30. It was well attended, but RNARS members were few on the ground, as only two signed in. So I have to ask, is it worth my time and effort to attend?

I thank the Andover Club for all of their help and assistance again this year. There were about forty stalls set up, but no big traders. I packed up the stall at 13:00 and returned home.

George G3OZY RNARS 067

Kempton Park Rally

Seventeen members signed in, we sold two logbooks, one coaster, one cup and took two subscriptions.

During the course of the day we met five ex members of the RNARS and they were encouraged to re-join the Society.

Phil Manning G1LKJ RNARS 2954

ARRL – Logbook of the World

I have successfully managed to get a "Certificate" for GB3RN on LotW (ARRL's "Logbook of the World").

Any member who wishes to send and or receive QSLs via this means is welcome to do so. Some of you may already be members and know how to upload log entries. For those who do not but would like to do so, log entries must be converted into "AIDF" files (also known as a "TQ8" on LotW). How to do this is explained on the site, and if I can do it, so can you. Please try not to duplicate entries.

Logs can be uploaded as single or multiple entries. The certificate is valid for log entries from 1st Jan 2000 to 13th Jan 2014. Therefore the certificate will have to be renewed by midnight 14th Jan 2014. Hopefully I will remember to do this, but will be happy to be reminded. It would also be appreciated for "FIRST" log-on reports just to ensure it works for all. To log on, use the following, username: **"gb3rn"** and password **"6bwznq"**. Both must be typed in lower case as shown. The site can be a bit slow at times as obviously there many people using it.

Dave G4ZMP 2616

Formal Notice of the RNARS Annual General Meeting

The AGM of the RNARS will take place on the 8th October at HMS Collingwood starting at 14:00 in the Senior Rates Mess. The HQ shack will be open prior to the meeting.

Gate Security: Members attending must supply their name and address to Mick Puttick well in advance. If bringing your own car, you must also supply Mick with the registration number, make, model and colour. See page eighteen for Mick's contact details.

Voting: You may vote on resolutions at the AGM either in person or by appointing a representative or proxy. The Chairman will act as your representative and follow any voting instructions given. If you do not want the Chairman of the AGM to act as your representative and wish to nominate someone else, write to the Secretary and inform him who that person is at least one week prior to the AGM. Give clear instructions to your representative for each item on whether you wish to vote 'For' or 'Against'.

Accommodation: There is no service accommodation available; below are contact details of the local tourist information offices that retain a list of B & B's and suitable hotels, who can provide listings on request. The society cannot be held responsible for the quality of the accommodation, but please note that the list is approved by the local tourist information services.

Gosport Tourist
Information Centre
Bus Station Complex
South Street
Gosport
PO12 1EP
Tel: 023 9252 2944
Fax: 023 9251 1687
tourism@gosport.co.uk

Fareham Tourist
Information Centre
84 West Street
Fareham
Hants
PO16 0JJ
Telephone: 01329 221342,
farehamtic@tourismse.com

Important - Subscription Reminder

A number of members have not yet paid their subscriptions for this year. Please send your subscription immediately to Mr Doug Bowen, GOMIU, 14 Braemar Road, Gosport, Hampshire PO13 0YA. The annual subscription is £15 or £10 if you elect to have the electronic version of the Newsletter in place of the printed one. If

you do go for the electronic version, see Colin's editorial. If Doug doesn't get your subs by the first of August, he will assume you have resigned from the Society.

Closing Down – Editorial

First off, thanks to all who have taken the time to lend a hand and compose an article for the Newsletter, it lightens the load for me; thanks guys, your efforts are very much appreciated. Closing date for the winter edition will be the 10th October save any AGM reports from Joe.

Like our Chairman, I have to ponder about the ability of a few members to read the simplest of instructions? In the last Newsletter, our Chair once again pointed out his change of e-mail address and how some members were still using his old address which he rarely checks. Doug changed his address over two years ago and in spite of it being promulgated in this publication and elsewhere, many members failed to amend their e-mail address list. The definitive guide to RNARS contacts is listed on page 18, please keep it to hand for reference and check the details you hold and edit accordingly.

Likewise, to set up e-mail distribution of the Newsletter, I asked members to use **rnars@colinsmagic.com** and to put "**Newsletter Subscription**" in the subject header and in the body of the mail to simply enter their full name, postal address and membership number. I really can't understand why members of a society which is based upon a hobby centred around communications can fail to follow such simple instructions. What puzzles me even more, not a single overseas member for who English is not their first language managed to follow the instructions to the letter. Please help the officers and manager do their job and use the correct e-mail address and check any additional instructions.

Contacting me – please read very carefully: My e-mail address for Newsletter related items other than e-mail subscription is: **rnars@colinsmagic.com** in the subject header of your e-mail, enter only, "**RNARS**" or "**Newsletter**"; not both and **do not add**

additional information such as “Rally Report” otherwise your mail will be automatically deleted.

Newsletter by e-mail: If you wish, you can have your Newsletter delivered via e-mail and be eligible for a discounted membership rate. You’ll get your PDF copy within a few days of the final date for submitting articles. If you wish to subscribe to this service, please e-mail me; **rnars@colinsmagic.com** and **ONLY** enter “**Newsletter Subscription**” in the subject header. Include your full name, call-sign, address and RNARS number so that I can pass all the information to Doug Bowen to ensure that he doesn’t send a newsletter to you in the post.

Please also note my change of postal address:

17 Mount Melville Crs, Strathkinness, St Andrews, KY16 9XS
The best way to contact me is e-mail or my mobile number 07871959654. I know mobiles can be expensive to call, but as long as your number is not withheld, I will call you back.

As always items for inclusion in the Newsletter will be warmly welcomed, more so if there’s a good picture to go with the article. However, please no back of head shots. Over the last year or so I’ve been inundated with pictures of the rear someone’s head while they speak into a microphone or key up. And if you are at a rally and have set up a stand, please put some bodies in the picture. Again I’ve a great collection of images of RNARS stands from all over the country with a table full of commodities and no one in the shot, so let’s see what you look like please.

Following a wet and windy June, the summer weather in Scotland is slowly improving, so as I close down, I’m grabbing my sailing gear and HF radio and heading to St Andrews Harbour to go sailing. I don’t get too much HF air time when I’m sailing, but often switch on the radio when at anchor or alongside; 7 MHz is the band which performs best with the setup aboard Boyztoy. Keep your ears open and I might be able to give you a maritime mobile contact for your log.

*All the very best wishes to you all.
Aye yours, Colin GM6HGW 1870*

RNARS Nets; all frequencies +/- QRM. DX nets are all GMT, UK nets are GMT or BST as appropriate, any changes, please let Mick G3LIK know.

UK Nets

Day	Time	Frequency MHz	Net	Control Station
Daily	2359-0400	145.725	Midnight Nutters	M0WURU
Sun	0800	3.667	SSB Net-News at 0830	G3LIK
	1000	7.055	Northern Net	GM4BKV
	1100	145.4	Cornish VHF Net	G0GRY
	1100	7.02	CW Net	G4TNI
Mon-Fri	1030-1330	3.74 / 7.055	Bubbly Rats	G0HMS-G0GPO
Mon	1400	3.575	QRS CW	G0VCV-G3OZY
	1900	3.743	North West SSB-News 22:00	G0GBI
Tue	1900	3.528	CW	G3LCS
Wed	1400	3.74 / 7.055	White Rose	G3OZY
	1930	3.74	SSB & News 22:00	Vacant
	2000	145.4	Stand Easy	G1HHP
Thur	1900	3.542	Scottish CW	GM0RNR/P
	2000 GMT	1.835	Top Band CW	G0CHV/G4KJD
	2000	145.575	Scottish 2M	GM0KTJ/P
Fri	1600	10.118	30M CW	SM3AHM
Sat	0830	3.74 / 7.055	NE Saturday	G0VIX

DX Nets

Day	Time	Frequency MHz	Net	Control Station
Daily	0400	7.075	ANARS SSB	VK2CAM/VK2SEA
	0430	14.275	ANARS SSB	ZL1FON/ZL1SEA
	0800	14.303	Maritime Mobile	G4FRN
	1800	14.303	Maritime Mobile	G4FRN
Mon	0930	3.52	ANARS CW	VK4CWC
	0930	3.615	VK SSB	VK1RAN / VK2RAN
Wed	0118 - 0618	7.02	VK CW	VK4RAN
	0148 - 0648	10.118	VK CW DX	VK4RAN
	0800	3.62	ZL SSB	ZL1BSA
	0930	7.02	VK CW	VK5RAN
	0945	7.09	VK SSB	VK1RAN/VK5RAN
Sat	0400	7.09	VK SSB	VK2CCV
	1330	7.02	VK CW	VK2CCV
	1400	7.09	KV SSB DX	VK2CCV
	1430	21.36	RNARS DX	WA1HMW
Sun	0500	14.052	ANARS	Vacant
	0800	7.015 / 3.555	MARAC CW	PA3EBA/PI4MRC
	1230	14.335	Isle of Man	GD3LSF/OE8NIK
	1430	21.36 / 28.94	RNARS DX	WA1HMW
	1800	E-QSO	When cond' poor	VA3ICC
	1900	14.305	N American	WA1HMW

RNARS activity frequencies:

FM	145.4								
CW	1.824	3.52	7.02	10.118	14.052	18.087	21.052	24.897	28.052
SSB	1.965	3.66	3.74	7.055	14.294	14.335	18.15	21.36	28.94

RNARS Commodities List and Order Form

Feel free to use a photocopy of this form

Write clearly and use block CAPITALS

Call-sign & RNARS No: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Post Code: _____

Phone number: _____

Item	Qty	Size	Price	P & P	Total
Sweatshirt (Grey or Navy) with small logo			12-50	2-50	
T Shirt (Navy blue) with large logo			6-50	1-00	
Tie (Navy blue) RNARS logo			5-50	0-50	
Logbook (if ordering one)			3-10	1-40	
*** Logbook (if ordering two) ***			6-20	2-30	
Baseball cap with RNARS logo			4-50	1-00	
Car windscreen sticker			0-40	SAE	
Blazer badge with logo in gold wire			8-50	SAE	
Tea / Coffee mug with logo			1-50	1-00	
Coasters with logo			1-00	0-45	
Lapel badges			1-50	0-45	
50 th Anniversary lapel badge			3-00	0-45	
Total enclosed					

***** Buy two logbooks and save fifty pence! *****

Sizes: Small 32-34, Medium 36-38, Large 40-42, X-Large 44-46+

Please send form together with PO or cheque made payable to RNARS to: Doug Bowen G0MIU 14 Braemar Rd, Gosport, PO13 0YA

Overseas members, please add £5-00 to cover additional postage.

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