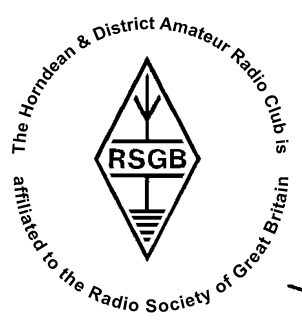
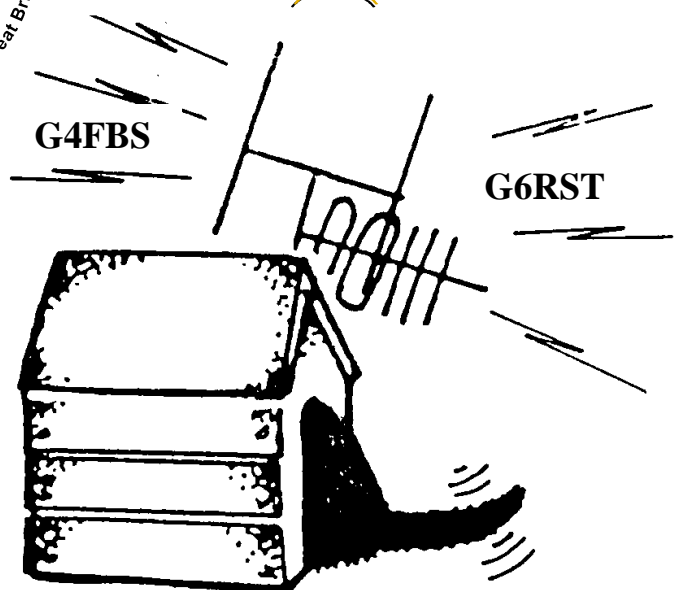


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Seasons Greetings



**HORNDEAN & DISTRICT
AMATEUR RADIO CLUB
JOURNAL
December - 2005
&
January - 2006**



**HORNDEAN & DISTRICT
AMATEUR RADIO CLUB**

Editor :-

John F.H.Taylor-Cram
7 Hart Plain Avenue,
Cowplain,
Waterlooville,
Hants, PO8 8RP

Tel . 023-92250463

Email tractor@clara.co.uk

December 2005

EDITORIAL

I would like to thank you for once again electing me to be your journal editor for 2006. Further to Alex GM0DHZ and Mick G3LIK being runner up, I would like to point out that articles/items from Committee members do not count and that last year most of the articles were submitted by eighteen members - so a good involvement by members - which leads me to request more articles/items. Please make the effort to send all copy to me. Vy 73s Ed-Di-Da

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THE MORI SURVEY ON AMATEUR RADIO LICENSING COMMISSIONED BY OFCOM

MORI interviewed a representative sample of amateur radio licensees by a self completion paper questionnaire in June, 2005, and achieved a response rate of 35%. Percentages are based on a total sample size of 1,572.

Permission to publish this executive summary has been given by MORI.

Opinions on future licensing arrangements

When asked which of four options they consider to be the best way forward for amateur radio licensing, 45% of licensees opt for life-time licensing. Just over a quarter would prefer to keep the existing licensing arrangement and the same proportion would prefer to replace the existing arrangement with a longer renewal period (26% in each case).

Only 1% of licensees think that the licence should be abolished altogether and fewer than 1% think the current licence should be replaced with something else.

Members of the Radio Society of Great Britain (RSGB) are equally likely to opt for a longer renewal period as they are to prefer life-time licences (33% in each case). Marginally fewer (31%) opt for retaining the existing licensing arrangement.

Those who are members of clubs other than the RSGB and those who do not belong to any amateur radio club or society are more likely to opt for a life-time licence (49% and 54% respectively) than retaining the existing arrangement (25% and 21% respectively) or opt for a longer licence renewal period (22% and 21% respectively).

Six in 10 of those who would like a longer renewal period would prefer a five year, just less than a quarter (23%) would prefer a three year and 10% a 10 year renewal period.

Opinions on current licensing arrangements

When asked specifically their opinion of the current licensing arrangement, two thirds of licensees feel it is “about right” on a five point scale ranging from “too strict” to “too relaxed”.

Those who think the best way forward, from the four possible options, is to retain the existing arrangement are more likely than those who prefer life-time licensing or a longer renewal period to think the current arrangement is “too relaxed”. Those who prefer life-time licensing are more likely to think the existing arrangement is “too strict”.

Opinions on life-time licences

When specifically asked whether they supported or opposed Ofcom issuing “licences that remain valid for the life of the licensee”, 58% claim to support this move.

This level of support rises to 93% among those who, from the four possible options for the best way forward, opted for the life-time licence. However, the levels of support for life-time licensing amongst those who opted to retain the existing arrangement or for a longer renewal period are lower at 27% and 26% respectively.

Opinions on electronic licences

When specifically asked whether they supported or opposed Ofcom’s possible “move to an electronic (online web based) licensing process” just over two in five (41%) claim to support the move.

This level of support rises to over half (54%) among those who, from the four options for the best way forward for licensing, opted for the life-time licence. This falls to 19% among those who opted to retain the existing licensing arrangements.

The majority (86%) of licence holders use the Internet and 43% only use it at home.

One in eight (13%) licence holders does not use the Internet. Among those in this sub-sample, almost two thirds (64%) oppose the move to electronic licensing.

Willingness to pay to obtain a licence by post

Costs given as “reasonable” for the option to renew a licence by post range from free of charge to £50. The average cost is £11.67. Amongst those aged under 21 or 65 and over the average “reasonable” costs given are lower: £8.32 and £11.04 respectively. Those who do not use the Internet gave a lower average “reasonable” cost (£10.54) than those who do (£11.83).

Willingness to pay for a Notice of Variation

Costs given as “reasonable” for obtaining a Notice of Variation range from free of charge to £99, with an average cost of £10.13. Those aged under 21 gave the lowest average “reasonable” cost (£6.78) and those aged 45 – 64 the highest (£10.80).

Submitted by Stuart GOFYX

INFORMATION WANTED

Has anyone information on a Mic Pre-amplifier module that recently came into my hands. I think it is of Eagle manufacture as it has an Eagle logo and is marked as EM-3. It has six pins in two lines of three and marked 1 to 6.

Any information would be much appreciated.

Doug G4BEQ tel:01489-481537

LINCOLNSHIRE AIR WARS 39/45 (part 24).

In June 1943, the 353rd Fighter Group arrived at Goxhill. They stayed there for two months kicking their heels before being moved to their combat station at Metfield, in Suffolk, on 3rd August. The 356th Fighter Group arrived at Goxhill in late August. Some of the aircraft were flown across the Atlantic by the northern ferry route. The policy at this stage was to recruit experienced bomber pilots who had completed a tour, and post them to Goxhill for a fighter conversion course, and eventually to Honington, where P-51D Mustangs were based.

During the period from January to October, 1944 at the base, the Commanding Officer was Captain E. Baker, Air Corps, the Adjutant, 1st Lieutenant B. Maxwell, Air Corps, Supply Officer, Captain C. Mark, Air Corps. Goxhill was a happy base during the time of the American occupation, and I quote one or two items taken from base routine orders.

“1. Gymnasium open to all men. 2. Station Library open to all men. 3. Aeroclub conducted by American Red Cross sponsoring dances, games, parties, community singing, etc. for all enlisted personnel. The newly formed orchestra directed by Cpl. Miles of this squadron has proven very successful. They are now playing for all enlisted men’s dances at the Aeroclub as well as the Officers Club. The new band has been named ‘Yankee Clippers’.”

Liberty runs were being made to neighbouring towns and the Americans could always enjoy themselves, and knew how to relax in wartime England. They were interested in our ‘bikes’ too – they had nothing like them in the States.

Mr. G. W. Richardson of Barrow Hall told me an amusing story about the Americans in Goxhill. "It was their custom to walk into Barrow for a drink in the pub and a game of darts. One night they spotted my old 'boneshaker' outside the house door, and offered me a fiver for it! Quite honestly, it wasn't worth five bob and I told them so, but they insisted, so I told them they could have it for nothing, so long as they brought me it back. So off they went, one riding while the other ran alongside, then they swapped over. They brought me the bike back one night, and I didn't recognize it because it was all the colours of the rainbow – they had painted every inch of the old boneshaker."

The accident analysis at A.A.F. Station No. 345 for January through October, 1944, reads: "On the P-51 (Mustang) 22 aircraft lost, 10 pilots killed, 3 pilots injured. On the P-38 (Lightning) 31 aircraft lost, 13 pilots killed, 4 pilots injured. 55% of the accidents were flying, 44% landing, 19 in taxiing, and 3 in take-off." It is noticeable that the versatile twin-boomed P-38 Lightning contributed to the greater losses in aircraft. The number of crashes covered, of course, were not all situated in Lincolnshire.

Mr. C. R. Lawe, previously mentioned in this Chapter, recalls that when the Mustang and Lightning were in collision above his farm, the crash echoed through the sky. The pilot of the Mustang, Second Lt. B. D. Kite died when his aircraft crashed in the spinney, and the P-38 pilot baled out safely, his aircraft crashing across the road near the farm.

ON the 11th May, a lightning crashed at Usselby, near Claxby, after a collision with a Mustang. The time was 12.02, and the pilot's name and rank was Second Lt. R. G. Hanley. It is assumed that the other aircraft survived, as there is no mention in the report. On the 22nd May, Second Lt. P. A. Weeder crashed three miles south of Gainsborough at 14.30. I have no confirmation of type or location of this aircraft, except that it was either a Mustang or Lightning, Another unconfirmed type and location was on the 26th May at 18.57, when Second Lt L. A. Ferra was killed when his aircraft crashed ½ mile north of Goxhill Station. Although these records show pilot's name and number, they do not record the type, but in the case of Goxhill aircraft, they could only be Mustangs, Lightning, Thunderbolt, or Spitfire.

Second Lt. W. D. Jolly was killed in a training accident on the 2nd June, at 14.22, his aircraft crashing 1-1/2 miles south-east of Spilsby.

To be continued John 2E1COC

FROM YOUR MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

I would like to thank the club members for their vote of confidence and re-electing me as an Officer of the Club in the post of Treasurer and Membership Secretary.

Now that the AGM has passed for another year it's become time for renewal of Subs for Club Membership, due from the 1st of November 2005, but you have until January 31st 2006 to renew.

Subs are still £12.00 for UK Members and a £2.00 joining fee for new members or for those who rejoin after the 31st of January!

I sincerely hope that all current members will be renewing for another year. Club Membership has increased again during the last year with a total of 81 at present.

Thank you to those that did renew at the AGM or since.

With the proposed diary of meetings, Lectures, social events, etc., it looks to be an exciting/busy year again.

I hope you and your families have a very good Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Best wishes from Simon GOIEY.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Mike G4PRG spoke up at question time with the RSGB man (did he come to keep us sweet!). Mike reminded that every year since the Military Wireless Amateur Radio Society became a member (1992) of the RSGB they have sent a request for payment of our subs (£42.50) every year 6-7 weeks before renewal date. Every year I (Treasurer/Editor) have sent the form back with a letter saying that as a Club we will only renew on the date due. I also said why should the RSGB expect to have our money 6 weeks early and I suppose all those who pay by direct debit have their money removed from their Banks 6 weeks or so early – NO REPLY.

Short while ago we had a letter from the RSGB saying that from October this year Clubs affiliated to the RSGB would not get a monthly RADCOM. I sent an e-mail saying we would not renew if we could not continue to receive a RADCOM – NO REPLY! A second letter arrived about paying our subs. I sent another e-mail re not continuing with our membership unless we could continue to receive RADCOMS – NO REPLY. The RSGB will send a monthly RADCOM to a member who pays £33.00 a year subs but will not send a RADCOM to an affiliated Club whose subs are £42.50.

And as to radio being all about being able to communicate then why do the RSGB not communicate!!

John 2E1COC.

Oct. 2005 PUBLIC RELATIONS.

In the long past when the Eastney district of Portsmouth was a stronghold of the Royal Marines, the hierarchy of the barracks maintained good relationships with the civil population, generously providing facilities and assistance in several ways.

At the present time with strict security arrangements for such establishments it is hard to imagine that in the balmy days of late nineteen forties there were events in the barracks such as Jumble Sales in one of the large dining halls; exhibitions by members of the Portsmouth Fur and Feather club in a large room at the Signals School; a room open to members of the Portsmouth amateur radio society for meetings, talks and junk, sales; some Saturday night dances in an otherwise underused dining hall.

All the events thus described involved swarms of civilians entering the barracks which fifty odd years later would be unthinkable from the chance of something very loud and nasty getting into place.

Knowledge of these events arises from some humble personal involvement as a serving general dogsbody resident in the barracks: fitting up the loudspeakers, amplifier and microphone for the dancers; preparing the room for the radio club, getting a good fire going in the iron stove and fetching the refreshment trolley from the NAAFI canteen which was supplied free of charge for the members ...all of whom were civilians.

The Public Relations generosity extended to providing tents, aerial masts, batteries and charging engines from the Signals Stores to the civilian radio club for National Field Day event ...with a truck and driver to transport the equipment, assisted by Marine D.Ogsbody in loading, unloading and some gratuitous advice on setting up the 36 foot military aerial masts.

An event with a difference: The village of Hambledon celebrated being the origins of the game of cricket with the re-enactment of a ancient match between Hambledon and all England; to be played to original rules and using the old style implements, the players to be in costume. Public address equipment was needed and from all the

foregoing it is not surprising that the equipment was provided by the Signals School in Eastney Barracks.

One believed to be a Corporal plus Marine D.Ogsbody sorted out the stuff required (more bulky than that for the dining hall dances) and got it all packed into the vehicle which was a radio truck having a table and chair, the latter a posh device called in service parlance a "Chairs Swivel Telegraph", which had to be removed to accommodate all the gear for loud talking. This type of vehicle was popularly known as a "Gin Palace", some examples of which can be seen at military vehicle shows.

A digression here, to the subject of the name Gin Palace, the vehicle was not luxurious in any way (except perhaps the swivel chair), it was a plain strong military type purpose built for radio. However, there is a tenuous connection with spirits ...but not of the distilled variety.

Long ago the strong British military presence in India included of course Royal Signals units, in the early days using animals with special back packs for the equipment (there should be a bronze commemorative Mule in Whitehall). When motorized transport appeared in the nineteen twenties and onward it included an enclosed truck purpose built for radio equipment. During military manoeuvres and training some of the local native population were close enough to these radio vehicles to notice strange whirring and buzzing noises, with sometimes high pitched piping tones and even voices emanating from within the vehicle, also coloured lights could be glimpsed.

The superstitious and impressionable natives concluded that some kind of magic was associated with these radio vehicles and identified them. as the "palace where the DJIN dwells". In India the DJIN was (and is?) a mysterious imaginary spirit of mischievous and even malevolent character commanding some respect; similar to the Western Leprechaun, Pixie, Troll and of course the RAF Gremlin. No doubt the British soldiers encouraged the belief in the local DJIN to keep away intruders who admired articles such as copper wire, petrol and other attractive stores.

No disrespect is intended toward citizens of India ... there is superstition everywhere; we cannot afford to smile at simplicity in beliefs elsewhere when remembering that as late as 1942 a Portsmouth woman was brought to court charged under the Witchcraft Act and actually imprisoned .' (Luckily not burned at the stake) .

Returning to the Olde Tyme cricket match, the Public Address gear just fitted into the DJIN Palace with the swivel chair fitting in last just inside the rear doors, This was a comfortable enough perch for D.Ogsbody on the trip out into the countryside to the cricket field at Hambledon.

The day passed without any technical problems, it was satisfying to hear the commentator via loudspeakers calling out to batsmen "touch and turn, touch and turn" encouraging a try for a second run rather than a single. In short, it all worked OK.

Time to pack up and return home to the barracks at Eastney, all the equipment was stowed back into the vehicle with the swivel chair last of all inside the doors, D.Ogsbody climbed to his perch, the driver slammed the doors closed and the home run started off.

Up to a certain point all went well, Ogsbody enjoying the passing scenery and complacently thinking of the days successful operation; this came to a sudden end.

As the vehicle was passing through Waterlooville at a smart pace the rear doors flew open,; Ogsbody accompanied by the swivel chair fell out into the road, rolling bouncing and scraping to a stop in the area of the gutter and pavement. From a prone posture the vehicle was seen in the distance still travelling Southwards with doors opening and closing wildly.

A bit of dusting off and checking for broken bones found nothing serious beyond some missing skin and a lump on the head. The Beret was recovered, the swivel chair put on its feet and Marine D. Ogsbody sat down, stoically and resignedly awaiting the inevitable return of the vehicle. A forlorn figure, and indeed a bizarre scene; a Royal Marine sitting upon a swivel chair at roadside in the middle of Waterlooville, somewhat dishevelled.

Knowing the insular nature of the English at that time it came as no surprise that nobody around took the slightest notice of the event, perhaps it was thought part of a toughening up exercise for the military.

What caused the doors to fly open ? could it have been the DJIN in a humorously mischievous mood ??

From Ray Coley. G3IFF.

Addendum: Today, 14th Oct. 2005 a TV news report depicted a film actor to be the latest "James Bond" arriving at a quayside to meet a phalanx of journalists and photographers, this tawdry character arrived in a Royal Marine inflatable motor boat. It seems that Public Relations work continues to this very day.

Heath Robinson

A very humorous and interesting talk was given to the club by Owen Neal, assisted by his XYL Sheila on Heath Robinson, an English cartoonist and illustrator, who made humorous drawings of bizarre machinery for performing simple tasks, such as raising one's hat. A clumsily designed apparatus is often described as a 'Heath Robinson' contraption.

Owen also gave some interesting background to his family from the early days working on the farm down in Cornwall.

I certainly think it would be interesting to have him back to talk on some of the other subjects that he maintains he gives to various groups/organisations.



Here is a picture of Owen and his XYL Sheila that I took during the evening.

Submitted by Mick G3LIK

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES 2005/6.

It was a hectic 2005, with a busy calendar of events both in Club special events activities and socially. I would like to say thanks for voting me back as Social Secretary. I have already been busy researching and collecting prices for some of your suggested visits in 2006. I did outline briefly some of these details at the AGM meeting.

The proposals so far are (a) "The Imperial War Museum", London, coach fare only, free entry. (b) "RAF Museum", Hendon, London, coach fare only (same as (a)), free entry. These received a strong show of hands, closely followed in favour was (c) "Return visit to Bletchley Park". This fare was quoted dearer but as a regular customer for the Club we have been given a special deal, the same rates as above for the coach fare. The entry fee into Bletchley will need to be investigated so a full price can be given should this option be chosen. The costs of item (d), "The Tank Museum", Bovington, was thought to be too expensive an option.

I will need to pay the deposit on one of these trips early in the New Year to secure the coach. We have the choice of either a 34 or 49 seat. Family and friends are welcome so please let me know soon which list you would like to be put on. I can be contacted at the Club or on 02392-785568. It is my intention to organize one outing during 2006, but if demand allows for another outing then it will be given serious consideration.

Please remember that the larger coach does work out cheaper per person for their seat. Other social events planned are the annual Skittles Night, and Club BBQ. Two other ideas put forward for an evening visit are for The Planetarium at Chichester and Gales Brewery at Horndean.

I think that's all for now, just to let you know that I'm looking forward to seeing those of you who have booked their Xmas meals and to all Club members I wish a very happy Xmas and prosperous New Year.

73s JULIA GOIUY.

VISIT TO HMS COLLINGWOOD

Fifteen club members visited the HMS Collingwood site during the evening of October 20th by kind invitation. We were made very welcome by curator Bill Legg and his colleague Mike Rutland G0VIX (a club member), and were able to freely look around the four rooms packed with equipment and components, and take photos. It is hoped we can print a couple of the photos in this journal which were taken by Simon and Julia. The equipment includes not only military radio equipment, which brought back a lot of personal memories (good and bad) for some of our party, but also domestic receivers and radiograms, and the components included a large collection of valves.

We then visited the workshop and saw the vast amount of restoration and collating work which is in progress, including the on-going valve sorting (the list of valves they have is being computerised and they can tell you quickly what they have, and how many). There is also an extensive library of books, journals and data hand-books.

Anyone restoring equipment for their own use would be advised to contact the museum if they want help in locating components or any other information. Any donations of radio equipment and components (but not TV or computer bits) will be welcomed by the museum.

The final part of our visit was to the RNARS HQ shack, the home of GB3RN, where we met Keith G1GXB (another HDARC member) and 'Mac' McGuinness G0RPK. Some of the current equipment was away at the GB200RN station in Portsmouth Dockyard for the Trafalgar weekend.

The museum faces an uncertain future at its present site, and we wish them luck in keeping the collection together and building on what they have done so far. A donation to the museum was given by those that attended, and we thank the volunteer staff for their assistance.

If you would like further information about the museum, or require assistance in locating any items, the museum can be contacted via the curator, Bill Legg, on (01329-286262).

Submitted by Stuart G0FYX



Hut 2 - working museum at HMS Collingwood with Bill giving a small talk



The Collingwood museum workshop with Mike G0VIX demonstrating the cataloguing of valves on the computer



The porta-cabin exhibition at HMS Collingwood Museum



Erecting the mast at the SSB field day contest in September - location Denmead — Sorry no report available.

I have included the picture because it shows our club members enjoying themselves! And the picture begs a lot of questions? Ie. why does the chap with the coat wear a blue helmet or why does the chap with the helmet wear a coat and why do the chaps without coats wear red helmets or why do the chaps with the red helmets not wear coats?

Why are they holding on to the mast like they are with the guy ropes up?

Also it's nice to see two working with two in reserve! Of course they could be taking the mast down!

Sometimes pictures can give you a lot to think about if you take the time to look close enough.

73's Ed-Di-Da.

Photographs by Julia GOIUY

The French Connection-Part XIX

Pete – G3EMF

Blimey....Where did that summer go? Seems like only a few days ago that I cleared off over to France again. Still, once again it's been quite an eventful year.

The season started quite well, because I had visited a couple of times during the Spring, so managed to keep the garden fairly well under control, thus leaving not too much work to get things looking quite reasonable....at least in the front garden, that is. The problem is, the grass grows at a rate of knots over here....and so do the weeds !

Anyhow, once I got the garden sorted, it was time to get on with some more of the serious work.

The front of the house, being south facing, had begun to look quite sad, as the sun had taken its toll on the paintwork, so a couple of weeks or so had to be spent getting all that up to scratch. Sixteen windows and a pair of "French doors" in all...I thought "a couple of weeks" was a bit optimistic! In fact I had to break off from the painting for a while, because I went down with some sort of inner-ear infection. And believe me, an inner-ear infection, and working at the top of a ladder are not best suited to each other.

Anyhow, I had plenty of other things to do, like installing a new front door.

Now those DIY minded amongst you might think this is quite a straight forward task. But oh no, this particular exploit was preceded by a trip of 45 miles each way (or should I be converting it to kilometres?) to Rennes, just to order the thing, as no-where locally could supply exactly what I needed. And then another 45 mile each way trip to collect it a week later, once I received the telephone call saying that it was now in stock.

Doors here a supplied complete with frame, so the installation was in fact quite easy. All I had to do was insert a 25mm fillet (see, I'm getting used to the continental measurements now) down one side of the existing frame, and the whole new unit, complete with its own frame, slipped neatly into place within the existing frame. I didn't even have to shave any bits off.....another success.

So proud of my success, I decided that this wonderful new front door needed protecting from the elements, so the next task was to build a porch. Never ends, does it?

It wasn't long after this when disaster struck. I was driving into Avranches to get

some slates for the porch roof, when miles from anywhere my car made a very expensive sounding noise, and stopped working. Did I say expensive? The cam belt tensioner wheel shot straight off its splines, causing all 24 valves to become a somewhat unusual shape. How's about this for service though. I telephoned the RAC France, and a break-down truck was with me in less that 20 minutes. And although the final bill of some £2200 was a bit daunting I do have to say that the garage service was more than excellent. The labour charge was in fact only about half of what I would have paid in the U.K. It was the cost of the parts that really hurt. It was 720 quid (plus VAT) just to buy the valves, without the other parts needed. (what can you expect with a Volvo?)

By now the summer was well upon us, and of course so was the barbecue season. Now if there's one thing that is designed to ruin any barbecue, it's someone shouting out "You've got frelons". Frelons isn't an embarrassing disease or anything like that. Frelons are hornets. And over here they grow 'em big and 'orrible. They say that if you get stung by one you'll end up in hospital. If you get stung by two, you bypass the hospital and go straight to the mortuary.

So I was enjoying a barbecue at the home of my mate Bill, when guess what. We found the little buggers nesting in Bill's bird nesting box. Bill is 19 years older than I am, which despite my girth, makes me a little more agile than he is. So guess who was up the ladder dealing with it. Yours truly was slicker than a racing snake. Have you seen that expanding polyurethane sticky foam they use for filling and fixing window frames etc? Well a canister of that squirted straight into the hole soon took care of them. It was of course necessary to burn the nesting box, but at least there was no further problem.

And so the socialising continues. The village mechoui (sheep roast – come – barbecue) went down well again. We didn't actually make it to the bitter end though (it usually goes on most of the night) as a certain friend of ours who came with us, got a little bit "over tired" (as over tired as a newt, in fact!) but it was a good do though, as usual.

The wife of that same friend had a slight ear problem this summer causing her to lose sleep, and found it necessary to visit the local doctor. Now I'm sure I've mentioned it to you in the past, that without at least some understanding of the lingo, it can be very easy to get things totally wrong. Well, our dear friend was prescribed some drops. She failed to read the instructions, after all, the medication was in a "dropper" bottle. So there she was happily tipping the stuff down her ears, swearing blind that it was no damned good and not working, when it was found that what she had been prescribed was a sleeping draft. Ten drops in water to be taken at night in water, to help the body recover from the malady. Oh well, what can you say ?

It's been a good summer though, and I think I have achieved most of what I set out to do.

I think the most satisfying project for this year was the completion of the dining room area. I've demolished the wall separating it from the original main room, and completed the conversion. Here's a couple of pics to show the transformation



The start of the demolition



The finished project. (new front door on the left)

So that's about it for this year. It's now 28th September and I finished writing this last night. Stayed up late doing some serious damage to a bottle of the red nectar, after which I ventured outside and took a look at the night sky. It was so black that I swear you could even see every single star in the Milky Way. It's quite a common sight here as there is just no light pollution whatsoever. Perhaps I need to build an observatory?

Well I reckon this just about sums it up except to say that during August our friends Bill and Viv were returning to the U.K. for a few days, and asked if I was interested in coming back as well. It seemed a good idea, so on the Wednesday evening I told our neighbours Corinne and Michel that I would be away for a few days in England. I also mentioned that conveniently it coincided with our wedding anniversary.

I thought no more about it, and went home. Early next morning Bill and Viv came and picked me up, and off we went. Well after about 5 miles Bill said that someone behind us was flashing their headlights and that he thought they wanted us to stop. I looked round and saw that it was Corinne, so we pulled in, wondering what was wrong. I walked back to Corinne's car, and out she got, with a bouquet of roses from her garden for Myra, and a bottle of champagne. Where else do you find neighbours like that.

Why do we like living this life in France?

Do I really need to answer that question?

73 de Pete G3EMF/F5VJE

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

Our journal will be available for collection at our club nights – ie.

ISSUE		AVAILABLE	SECOND TIME AVAILABLE
February/March	2006	24/01/06	7/02/06
April/May	2006	28/03/06	4/04/06
June/July	2006	23/05/06	6/06/06
August/September	2006	25/07/06	1/08/06
October/November	2006	26/09/06	3/10/06
December/January	2006/7	28/11/06	5/12/06

After the second time available uncollected journals are posted.

Vy 73s Ed-Di-Da

Emotions run high as the battle looms – Trafalgar.

As Friday's 200th anniversary of Trafalgar approaches, the story of the run up to the battle through the eyes of people connected to the great event. As Nelson's fleet prepares to do battle, their innermost thoughts give an insight into the lives affected by this world-changing conflict. These are fictional characters, but their accounts are based on historical sources.

The Member of Parliament.

Sir Sydney Tattersall MP is in London awaiting news of the battle.

The fleet led by Nelson miles from these shores is fighting for the very future of the kingdom – and the right to claim supremacy of the waves.

Bonaparte, that nasty little puffed-up Corsican who calls himself emperor, has made it his sworn aim to put an end to England. Defeat would surely mean our people hanging their heads in shame.

The man who commands our navy is no doubt a truly courageous man whose genius has swept all before him on the seas. I venture to say even that he is the finest the great seafaring country has yet produced.

But I will admit to having my reservations about him. He is a risk taker and has a lust for glory that can put others at risk. His liaison with that Hamilton woman may not be unusual these days, but few gentlemen are so brazen about their exploits.

I know that the Prime Minister is very keen for this war to go on for as long as possible – it keeps the lower orders' minds off the rising price of bread. But I have to say I will be glad when the fighting has stopped. These taxes are getting to be so expensive.

I've been restricted to only one bottle of port a week and eating game from my own estate.

We need to send those damned lily-livered frogs packing and show the world that nothing is better than being born an English gentleman.

Neil Evans

The childhood friend.

Schoolmaster Thomas Walsham grew up with Nelson in Norfolk.

My abiding memory of little Horace was when he turned up to our school with his pet lamb. How we lads mocked this runtish parson's son from the north Norfolk sticks, arriving like a country bumpkin in Norwich, England's second city. That was early 1768 at King Edward VI Grammar School in Norwich. Little Horace was quiet then possibly because his mother Catherine died on Boxing Day 1767, and was often ill.

He was amazed by life in a big city. The enormous walled cathedral close, in which we were taught, was far bigger than the Burnham villages his rector father Edmund sermonised in.

Horace was more interested in playing with paper boats in gutters or watching the barges on the Wensum than tedious Latin lessons.

I changed to Paston Grammar School and a year later in 1769 Horace was again my schoolmate after he too transferred. He was still small, but big in confidence.

I recall how the headmaster caught him stealing pears from his orchard. Horace looked him in the eye and said: 'I only took them because every other boy was afraid.'

We have no doubt he will pull off the greatest of all victories.

David Maddox

The Powder Monkey.

Daniel Jones, 13 is a powder monkey on HMS Victory.

Life on board is grim – more than 800 men are crammed into this one ship, and I sometimes dread tumbling out of my hammock at 5am every morning. If I'm not quick enough I get a lick from a rope to get me moving.

My job during battle is to damp down any loose gunpowder around the guns. My face ends up as black as soot and my ears are deafened by the roar of those great weapons.

Life could be worse if I was still back home in Portsea, though. My parents sent me off to the navy because they couldn't afford to clothe or feed me.

My day as a ship's boy third class starts with a bowl of cold porridge. It tastes disgusting, but fills me up. In the mornings my tasks include scrubbing the deck, or worse, cleaning out the pigs' manger.

The end of the day we usually eat salted pork that has been boiled. I am usually so starving that it's down the gullet in a few seconds.

The boys' beer is watered down, but tastes delicious, I can't wait till I can drink a full pint of ale. A taste of the rum would be even better.

That's what I've been told Lord Nelson likes, I've seen him on deck and I've heard great things about him. I would like to be like him.

But as the battle looms my only hope is I live to see another day,.

Jeff Travis

The Maid.

Nell Corbett, 16 is maid to Nelson's lover Lady Emma Hamilton.

My mistress's heart bleeds. She weeps with longing and will take no comfort from me.

The master has gone to battle again and I fear for the future, should he not return. Emma keeps house here for Nelson at Merton and lovingly tends to Horatia, but her heart is heavy. The wine does not help. It makes her merry momentarily then leaves her with a fierce melancholy. Few visitors come here now. People shun her for living with a married man – when her husband Lord Hamilton is not long dead. Like me, she was once a maid. But her great beauty drew her to the attention of rich and powerful men. People say she is a wanton woman, but she is not. I have never seen two people more compatible. After two years and three months at sea, Lord Nelson recently returned for three weeks, only to leave again. My lady writes daily. She sits at her bureau for hours with Horatia playing at her feet. The letters are tender and filled with longing. I secretly read them and weep on my lady's behalf. 'You will be even fonder of her when you return,' she writes of their daughter. 'Nelson how I love her but how I idolise you – the dearest husband of my heart you are all in this world to your Emma. May God send you victory and home to your Emma. Horatia and Merton for when you are there it will be paradise.'

Madine Bateman

The Able Seaman.

Jack Swain, 31 is an able seaman on HMS Victory.

Images of my wife Meg and the children back home in Portsmouth are racing through my head. The certainty now what we face in the coming days makes my despair worse almost than any since I run into that cursed press gang. Every man knows we are readying to wage battle for the future of our native land. The moment is upon us and having Lord Nelson at the lead inspires every soul with an extra confidence. An observer would think the Victory plunged into chaos and frenzy, but every man knows what he has to do as galley fires are dashed and all and sundry goes overboard. Wine-pipes, butts, puncheons, hogsheads, barrels, mess, tables, forms, personal possessions, the bulkheads that give officers privacy, all are dismantled and discarded. Splinter netting is hoisted overhead to catch falling masts; yards, tackle and thick wreaths or rope bound to the footings to prevent just such a thing. Clearly Lord Nelson, having received word of the combined enemy fleet's departure from Cadiz harbour, has determined they will not reach the Mediterranean. Two men swearing a will in earshot serve to concentrate my thoughts.

I cannot shake from my mind the words of the lad I asked, when first aboard,
what it was all for. 'For the blood,' came his response.

Jeff Reines

Hope and fear is shared by all.

Sailor's Wife.

Portsea woman Meg Swain has a husband, Jack, in Victory.

The French invading is all anyone seems to talk about.

Talk of that ogre Napoleon is everywhere and the sooner Nelson does away with
him the better. Maybe then my Jack will come back to us.

I have hardly set eyes on my husband since he was pressed into the navy five
years ago. The last time he was home my little ones Beth and Billy didn't even
recognise their dad.

Our oldest son John is 12 and desperate to follow in his father's footsteps,
especially since seeing Nelson on his way to Victory.

Oh, what a day that was. The children were so excited, jumping up and down to
try to see when he was coming. Then the news spread he had left The George by
the back door.

Jack and Billy managed to get through the crowd to get a good look at him, I
snatched up Beth and we were just in time to see Nelson wave.

I hope better times will come soon. It's been a real struggle since Jack was
pressed. It's difficult to do a good job with the sewing I take in because the light
is so poor in our alley.

All we can do is pray that Jack will come home soon.

Nelson's Loyal Officer.

Lt James Barr, in HMS Victory, has served with Nelson in past battles.

So this is it, then. We are about to go into what we know will be a bloody battle
for King and country – and Nelson.

I have been privileged to serve with him for much of my career and I can certainly
say I would gladly do anything for the man. He may be quite small in stature, but
to me he is a giant in every other aspect.

I have heard it said he holds the hearts of his crews in the hollow of his hand and I
can't put it better than that.

He can be a demanding captain. But his absolute trust in us and concern for our
welfare creates a fierce loyalty among the men.

Something only his close friends and colleagues know is that he suffers from sea-
sickness. But somehow he rises above it.

I first met Nelson in 1781, when he was put in command of the Albermarle, a 28
gun frigate.

I've been privileged to serve with him many times since, from the West Indies to the siege of Calvi and the battles of St Vincent, the Nile and Copenhagen.

At Copenhagen, under fierce fire from the Danish, I heard him say: 'This is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at any moment. But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.'

All of us on board Victory are of a like mind – with Nelson leading us, we will prevail.

The Marksman.

French marksman Jacques D'Aubant, in Redoubtable, hopes for the ultimate prize.

In 24 hours I might be dead another victim of Napoleon Bonaparte's imperial ambitions, or I might be a hero.

I might be the man who has killed the English admiral, Nelson.

That would be something to tell my children in years to come.

I am proud of our navy, but since the upheavals of the Revolution we have suffered from a lack of discipline. That is improving again now, though.

Once of the old officers we do still have is Admiral Pierre Villeneuve.

But we hear stories about the English worshipping their Admiral Nelson while we know that the stories some of ours tell about famous victories are worth not one soul.

In fact, Villeneuve took a beating from Nelson at the Battle of the Nile and was accused of lack of courage under fire.

Now, on the eve of battle, he does not seem to think we can beat the English. That does not inspire confidence – and nor does our weaponry.

I have a 36-inch sea musket. They are notoriously inaccurate, and at 100 yards even a good shot will miss three times out of four.

Maybe one of my shots will hit Nelson.

But we have heard so much about his qualities as an admiral and as a human being – and yes, as a lover too. We French admire that.

French Politician.

Charles Augustus LeBlanc, in Paris, believes the Emperor Napoleon is on the brink of triumph.

It cannot be long now until the Emperor finally realises his goal of conquering that rabble over the Channel.

Their coastal defences are a shambles and they have few friends in Europe – now is the time for us to strike and there is simply no way we can fail.

All we need to do is seize control of the Channel for a few hours and we can achieve this goal. And since the Spanish joined us as allies last year and Napoleon

was crowned Emperor, our morale could not be higher.

The British may think they have blockaded our squadrons, but the Emperor's cunning knows no bounds. Once our fleets from Toulon and Brest have combined with our Spanish allies from Cartagena and Cadiz, even the 'mighty' British navy will be no match for us.

Not only are our ships larger and faster, they are even more elegant than those filthy things the British sail in.

Surgeon's Assistant.

Sam Lumley, a 'lobiolly boy', is in Victory preparing to receive the wounded.

Here we go again. I must take my place at the side of the dedicated Dr William Beatty, our chief surgeon in Victory, and help him as he does the best to ease the suffering of the poor souls who fall in battle.

Thanks to the work of men like him, the surgeon's arts are more respected now than feared. Lord Nelson himself, who knows what it is to be wounded, can bear witness to our skills. But it is still a fearful business dealing with the broken wretches sent down to us.

The men know the only remedy we have for limbs smashed by splinters of wood or cannonballs is swift amputation – the swifter the better, as we have no means of dulling the pain.

While the doctor is attending to the men who stand a chance of surviving, I have equally gruesome tasks as I try to keep order and some cleanliness amidst the gore and horror. Many's the time I've filled a tub with limbs, just parted from their owners.

Officers and men, all are the same when they're howling on the operating table or murmuring their last words, beyond our help.

Lets pray for a quick battle and a quick end to the bloodletting.

Mick G3LIK

CLUB JUNK INDEED!

JUNK APOLOGIES

Well now, trust me to open my big mouth and say most of the stuff in the cupboard was junk and should be slung out.

Thank goodness no-body took me too seriously and many thanks to all those who used their valuable time to take the articles to the rally and sell so much for club funds.

On another note, all monies taken for items sold for the XYL of silent key G8FBT will be passed to her and she makes it a donation to the "Russian orphans". they saw on visits to Russia, as some had just a rag wrapped round them and nothing else and just wandered the 'streets looking for food and bits of clothing for warmth. Thank you.

Les Ruddock GOUHM

CLUB NEWS/DIARY Compiled by Stuart G0FYX

News of club members

The club sends belated congratulations to Syd G0MBQ and his XYL who celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary on August 20th.

Congratulations to our chairman on his recent graduation at Greenwich.

We welcome new members: G7EPR Rowland Jeeves, of 78 Willow Hale Green, Aldwick, Bognor Regis, West Sussex, PO21 4LW, and 2E1FFI. Bill Hibberd, of 1, Mountwood Rd, Southbourne, Emsworth, Hants PO10 8NA. Good to have you both with us in the Horndean Club.

At the AGM, Ken G0JWL was re-elected as chairman, Stuart G0FYX as secretary, and Simon G0IEY as treasurer. Committee members elected were Julia G0IUY, Richard G3AAT, Dave M1SKA, and John 2E1COC.

The Harold Newton Award went to Dave G4TST, with certificates of merit to Ken G4BQV and John G4WQZ. The John Taylor-Cram scribe award went to Alex GM0DHZ and certificate of merit to Mick G3LIK. The HDARC trophy was won by Mick G3LIK. The new phrase has been announced **HORNDEAN JOURNAL GIVES DETAILS OF AWARDS GET QRV AND NOT QRX**. The club's awards information is always given in each issue of the journal towards the back.

Diary

Tuesday Dec 6th Natter night/Mince Pies

Tuesday Dec 13th Lunchtime Club Xmas meal (Julia has more information)

Thursday Dec 15th Evening Club Xmas meal (see Julia)

*****NO CLUB MEETING ON DECEMBER 27th*****

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers.

Tuesday January 3rd Natter night

Tuesday January 24th Quiz night with your MC, Arthur G0JRN

Advance notice that on Sunday January 8th it is the CW leg of the RSGB AFS contest, followed on Saturday January 14th by the SSB leg. You can enter either or both, from your home QTH, and your entry will count towards the HDARC team score. Details from Stuart G0FYX or the HF contest committee website at www.contesting.co.uk/hfcc/. Please have a go.

This 'n' that

OFCOM commissioned MORI to survey a sample of 4500 amateur radio licence holders on the future of amateur radio licensing in the UK. The full report of this survey can be viewed on the OFCOM website at :

www.ofcom.org.uk/radiocomms/ifi/licensing/classes/amateur/morireport/report.pdf

Elsewhere in this journal you will find a summary of the survey.

HORNDEN & DISTRICT A.R.C. INFORMATION PAGES

Club Officers:

Chairman : Ken GØJWL (023-9261-2687), klgØjwl@msn.com

Secretary : Stuart GØFYX (023-9247-2846), gØfyx@msn.com

Treasurer : Simon GØIEY (023-9278-5568).

(Simon is also the Membership Secretary)

Committee Members:

Julia GØIUY (023-9278-5568), (Social secretary)

Richard G3AAT (023-9247-5077), g3aat@yahoo.co.uk (Technical manager)

Dave M1SKA (023-9234-6775), dave.sp@ntlworld.com (Special event manager)

John 2E1COC (023-9225-0463), tractor@clara.co.uk (Journal Editor)

Club Callsigns: G4FBS held by G3AAT, G6RST by G1TDQ.

Club Website (maintained by Terry GØATG and Trevor G4UXJ)

<http://www.qsl.net/g4fbs>

Club meets at Lovedean Village Hall, 160 Lovedean Lane, Lovedean, Hants PO8 9SF, on the 1st and 4th Tuesday each month, from 7.30 pm. GØFYX has a set of keys.

Club Nets (all times are local clock times, and frequencies are +/- QRM etc)

Sunday – 09:00 CW followed at 09:30 by SSB. Both on 1925 kHz.

Net controllers: CW Ray G3IFF;

SSB Stuart GØFYX

Sunday – 14:00 SSB on 21237 or 21315 kHz. Continues until about 16:30

Net controller: Ken GØJWL

Sunday – 19:00 FM 433.450 MHz

Net controller: Jack G8BLH

Monday – 19:30 SSB 1925 kHz, continues for about 30 minutes

Net controller: Stuart GØFYX

Wednesday—19:30 FM 145.375 MHz, continues for about 30 mins

Net controller: Fred G1TDQ operating with the club call G6RST.

AWARDS - full details from Dick GØRPX (023-9264-7091) (Awards manager). It should be noted that log extracts are needed. All awards also applicable to SWLs.

The Horndean & District Amateur Radio Club Award. Certificates for HF, and/or VHF/UHF. Open also to non-members of the club. Club callsigns (or Special event callsigns used by HDARC) count 2 points. Club member contacts (no dupes) each count 1 point. You need 10 points HF, or 15 points VHF/UHF.

The Mike Matthews Award for proficiency in CW. Only open to HDARC members. 50 different CW contacts required, of which at least 10 must be with HDARC members. Awarded twice a year. Qualifying periods are August 1st to January 31st, and February 1st to July 31st.

The HDARC Trophy. Awarded at the AGM. Only open to HDARC members. Qualifying period is October 1st to next September 30th. Work any stations, the last letter of whose callsign makes phrase set for the year (chosen by the previous winner). This year: **HORNDEAN JOURNAL GIVES DETAILS OF AWARDS GET QRV AND NOT QRX** (50 contacts)

The Harold Newton Award (commemorating the late G6VBH, member of HDARC). Awarded by the committee (who are ineligible for it), to the club member whose actions, in their opinion, have contributed most to the club in the past year. Awarded at the AGM.

The John Taylor-Cram Scribe Award, awarded to the person contributing the most own copy to the club's monthly journal. Presented at the AGM each year.

The Alex Johnsen Marconi Award. Only open to HDARC members. 50 different HF SSB contacts required, of which at least 10 with HDARC members, and must include a contact with Alex GMDHZ. Awarded twice a year. Qualifying periods are January 1st to June 30th and July 1st to December 31st.

Club membership: Joining fee of £2, then annual UK subscription £12, (Europe and Rest of world prices—please enquire) payable on November 1st. If not paid by the following January 31st, membership is ended.

The content of any letter or article published in this journal does not necessarily reflect HDARC policy. Items submitted may be edited for grammar, length and/or clarity.