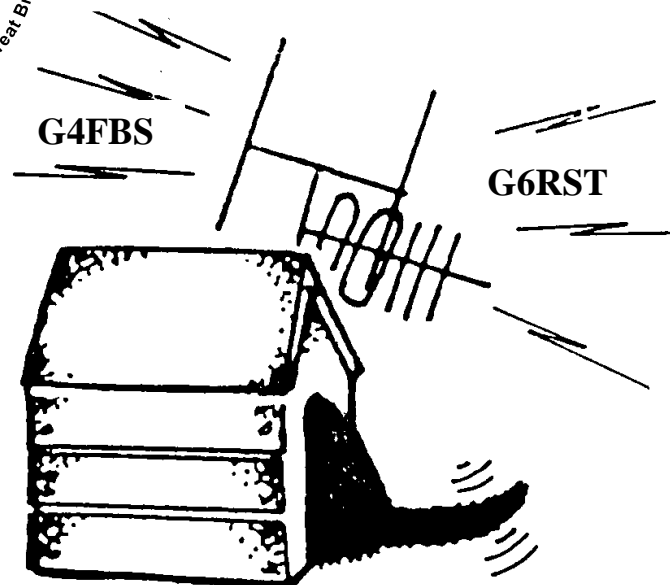


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HORNDEAN & DISTRICT AMATEUR RADIO CLUB JOURNAL

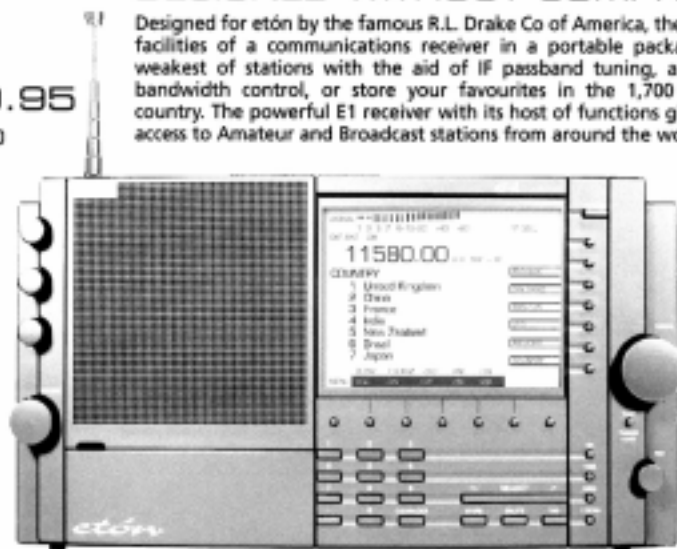
**June & July
2006**

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**HORNDEAN & DISTRICT
AMATEUR RADIO CLUB**

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June & July 2006

EDITORIAL

I received a phone call from a friend of Ted G0ASZ, a Mrs. Hogdon who wished to buy the parrot advertised in our last journal. Mrs Hogdon had kept a parrot for sixteen years so was used to looking after such a bird, it being in the birds interest to go to someone like Mrs. Hogdon. The lady lost her husband some years ago and living on her own would like to give a good home to a small dog. If anyone can help please ring Mrs. Hogdon on 02392-263874.

The money John M0JAK received from this good lady for the parrot and cage was kindly donated to our club by John - Many thanks John on behalf of our club members.

73s Ed-Di-Da.

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ONE OF MY OTHER HOBBIES-(Part 2).

The Dodge G13 body had legs at all four corners of the body, the front legs moved out sideways to clear the vehicle chassis and then all four legs went down to the ground and after the four twist locks lifted the body clear of the chassis, the vehicle cable was disconnected and the vehicle driven out. The cable was re-connected and the body was lowered to the ground.

Gloucestershire Fire & Rescue Service had four of these vehicles with de-mountable bodies. There were Incident Control Room, Aerial Platform, Rescue Unit, and another special bodied unit. However the manger at Gloucestershire Fire & Rescue Service told me that the bodies were never taken off the chassis' or changed over.

I also for a time had a Landrover Lightweight. These are not as wide as a MkIIA long wheelbase Landrover and had less leg room so I swapped my Lightweight and a 4 wheel missile trailer for a MkIIA long wheelbase FFR, (fitted for radio). This is a 24 volt vehicle with a two stage generator Hardtop Landrover c/w a British 1 Ton trailer fitted with a box (Hut type) body. My friend Malcolm a Military vehicle collector in Northumbland drove down here in 8 hours with the FFR and British 1 Ton trailer and after 3 hours drove all the way back in my Lightweight with the missile trailer. He's mad! A few months later Malcolm wanted a Austin Champ for his wife to drive so as I had two I offered him one, to swap one for whatever. Malcolm again drove down here in a friends 4X4 with a trailer on which he brought me his mothers Jaguar XJS Coupe -1986- Ex N.I. with 110,000 miles on the clock. Within 3 hours Malcolm was again on his way back home with one of my Champs on his trailer.

At the time I did not know how low the XJS Coupe roof is. My height being 6'2" I find my head is touching the roof all the time so I am going to sell the vehicle or swap it for something else - anyone interested? I also have two Austin Metro's to sell. We have moved on to two Peugeot 106's.

My collection now stands at 1 -1956 Humber 1Ton Radio Truck and a $\frac{3}{4}$ ton trailer, 1-1973 Landrover long wheelbase (FFR), 1-1952 Austin Champ GS, 1-1974 Rover 3500 Ex London Fire Service Radio car, 1-1986 Dodge 50 Ex Dorset Major Incident Control Room, 2 Peugeot 106 cars, 1 1986 Jaguar XJS Coupe 9 (to be sold), and two Austin Metro's (to be sold).

I am also selling my boat. It's a Leisure 20 T/B, c/w road trailer & a new 5hp Outboard motor. Built in 1984 this boat was stored for the last 15 years up to my buying it. I am now selling it so as to buy a larger boat. Being 6'2" tall and at 21 stone I need lots of room. The Leisure is fitted with a sea toilet and has quite a lot of gear with it. All the cushions are like new - anyone interested?

Over the last bank holiday in May I should have the Humber, Champ, Landrover, Dodge and the Rover at the Overlord Show at Five Heads road, Homdean - if you are interested in old vehicles come along and pay me a visit!

Vy 73s John 2E1COC.

A Talk by Peter Hart on how our Radios Perform



Tuesday 25th April Peter Hart G3SJX gave the club a very interesting and in depth talk on radio's that he has analysed in depth for the Radcom over the years.

Peter has been giving reviews of transceivers for Radcom over the past 25 years, and thinks the members of Horndean Club had better start saving up their pounds to get one of the top rigs for future use. Peter even won a ICOM mug in the raffle to take home with him.

Article & Picture Submitted by
Mick Puttick G3LIK

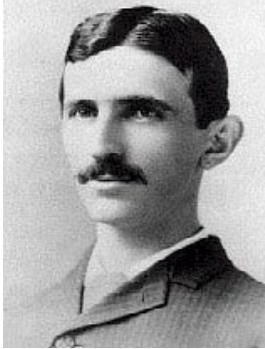
The Complete Patents of Nikola Tesla

Edited by Jim Glenn

Barnes & Noble Books – New York

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Nikola Tesla, the "man who invented the twentieth century," was born July 10, 1856, at Smiljan, Lika province (in modern Croatia), a part of the expiring Empire of Austro-Hungary. His father, Rev. Milutin Tesla of the Serbian Orthodox Church, intended Nikola for the priesthood, but did not insist—it must have been hard to make demands of the high-strung, fragile youth who was his son. On Nikola's evidence we know his mother, Duka Mandic, to have been an inventor, a maker of tools and devices for her weaving, carpentry, and other handiwork.

As a child Nikola manifested a full share of Duka's ingenuity, building among other things a bug-propelled engine. Much later he would mention that he had always the ability to see his ideas constructed in his mind, and in such detail that he could adjust and balance the parts. In school he absorbed languages quickly (English, French, German, Italian) and made an impressive showing in mathematics.

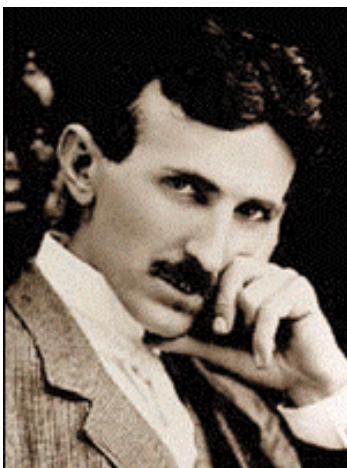
He entered the Polytechnic College of Graz in 1875, studied hungrily, but for lack of funds was unable to complete his second year. He took himself to Prague, immersing his restless mind in the university library there (and took up gambling as a means of support—with what success is uncertain); he returned to Smiljan in 1879.

Already at Graz he knew that electricity would be his life's fascination. Indeed, this was the scientific frontier, where mystery and knowledge collided. When he learned in 1881 that a telephone exchange, one of Europe's first, was to be built in Budapest, he left at once. The Edison Tel. Co. (European subsidiary) in Budapest hired him, sent him to Paris in 1882 and to other cities. His standing and repute within the field were sufficient by 1884 that a colleague wrote a letter recommending him to Thomas Edison. Tesla fully appreciated that an inventor's prospects in America—to attract capital, to manufacture and sell, to reap rewards—greatly exceeded his opportunities in Europe.

He did emigrate and he did go to work for Edison, but for less than a year, until the fee promised for a particularly difficult project, redesign of an Edison dynamo, failed to materialize. Edison, it is recorded, made some mention of the Serb's failure to comprehend American humour. (Of course Tesla, who later formed a great friendship with Mark Twain, perfectly well understood American humour and Edison.)

Over the next ten years, free to make his own arrangements, Tesla consulted, invented, invested—forming with his backers a number of companies and producing the forty or so fundamental AC patents that revolutionized the running of industrial America. His name became synonymous in the press with electrical wizardry; he was seldom photographed without megavolt streamers playing around him, the apparatus afire with an eerie glow. All of which is a fair picture of the man: he relished the high voltage drama of his public demonstrations but no less in the lab insisted on being first and closest in any chancy experiment.

Tesla was, in any case, a natural showman. Strikingly thin, six-foot-four, always white gloved and well dressed, he lived at the Waldorf (when he could afford it), ate the best food, with the best people, and infallibly charmed his company. But that problematic, intense youth never disappeared: he counted things compulsively, calculated the volumes of bowls and cups before he could eat from them; his assorted phobias and fetishes perhaps denied him any close relationships. He wrote of recurrent visual sensations, bright and geometric, which occasionally overwhelmed his sight, actually blotting out scenes in front of him.



Among his business investors he would eventually number the likes of J. P. Morgan and John Jacob Astor, but the most important for his aspirations was an early association with George Westinghouse. Westinghouse purchased Tesla's basic AC patents in 1888 for cash and shares amounting to \$60,000 and a royalty on electrical horsepower sold. (By agreement the two principals cancelled the mostly unpaid royalty in 1897; the lump sum Westinghouse negotiated has never been firmly determined, though a check record for \$216,000 does exist.) More importantly Tesla acquired a resourceful and tenacious champion in the Westinghouse Corporation.

A fierce, often underhanded competition raged for years between the General Electric Co. (a creature of Morgan) and Westinghouse. GE's strategy, when mere engineering would not avail, was to invent ghastly tales of AC hazards and misadventures. In 1890 the company went so far as to license, through an agent, the Westinghouse system in order to power a death contraption which they called an "electric chair." Sing Sing Prison, in upstate New York, was persuaded to use it, with the gratifying results for GE that the press for a while played headlines in which prisoners were "Westinghoused."

When the publicity battles were over, and the superiority of AC systems apparent, Westinghouse was kept constantly in the courts, defending the patents—which the

company did with ferocity. For Tesla, now an eminence in the field, success brought little in the way of wealth. With consultant and contract work he lived comfortably enough and kept his lab busy; he sometimes wrote that genuine millions could not elude him for long.

Through the 1890s he absorbed himself (and his redoubtable chief assistant, George Scherff) in work with x-rays, with high-frequency, high-voltage phenomena, and with radio. By 1899 he had built in Colorado Springs an isolated laboratory in which he could unleash power at unheard-of levels. His "magnifying transmitter," which included a 52-foot Tesla coil, reached 12 Mv in the secondary-the arcs thrown from its antenna mast sounded a man-made thunder for miles around. As satisfying as were such spectacles for their creator, and tantalizing to his searching mind, any possible commercial value in energy at this scale lay far, far over the horizon.

A 1902 venture, with J. P. Morgan, to construct a transatlantic radio installation (at Wardencllyffe, Long Island) was abandoned by 1906. Troubled from the outset by thinness of financing, the facility never became fully operational.

Now entering his fifties, Tesla received honours with regularity (including the Edison



Medal) and stipends or fees enough to make ends meet, but clearly a decline had set in. Patent filings were fewer, lectures more seldom, his eccentricities more noticeable. Still, he seemed always able to find working capital, putting together the Tesla Ozone Co. in 1910 and later the Tesla Propulsion Co. (to produce his new and patented turbine).

His notes, letters, and patent filings bespeak a genius at work through his seventies, but a genius whose time is increasingly given over to feeding the pigeons of Manhattan, and to nursing the sick ones in his hotel room. When he died, January 7, 1943, in a world at war, the FBI showed up within hours to open his safe though Tesla had become an American citizen in 1891, his many boxes and crates were put under seal and unaccountably turned over to the OAP (Office of Alien Property). Many were released in 1952 to the Tesla Museum in Belgrade; some have not resurfaced. His is a legacy of brilliance and enigma.

Remarkable by any standard, Tesla's 111 patents illuminate only his most purposive, practical work. As he often lamented, there just wasn't enough time to

tame the racing of ideas in his head; so much had to be left incomplete. Some of the projects—for achieving ultra-high vacuum, a rocket engine design, experiments in directed beams and solar power—simply don't fit into the early twentieth century. His musings on ball lightning (he proposed an onion like gaseous sphere of many charged layers) accord well with the most recent and satisfactory computer models. Frequently he was content to publish his findings without regard to priority or patentability: he introduced in this way the therapeutic method now called diathermy.

But the patent record is, as always, incontrovertible and precise. All inventors who wish to eat regularly must sooner or later become acquainted with the ordeals of the patent process. It will be useful to sketch the essentials of filing, using, and defending these peculiar grants.

To begin, only the inventor can file a U.S. patent. Other nations, at different times in history, have allowed patents to whomever appeared first, treating the act of filing much like staking out a gold claim.

The application itself consists of five parts: petition (who is filing), oath (swearing to originality), specifications (how is it made, what it does), claims (what is new, important, and patentable about it), and drawings. A specialist, a patent examiner with expertise in one or several fields, studies the application and begins the often long, unpredictable process. The heart of the application lies in its specifications and claims.

Language describing a device's function or manufacture might later become crucial to making distinctions between it and a world of seemingly similar machines. Ordinary words (like "sever", "inclined", "adjacent") have judicial pedigrees and must not be used casually. And the result must be clear enough that a person skilled in the appropriate arts could construct a copy from the description.

Claims should be neither too broad nor too narrow-but they must stake out clearly the territory the inventor wants for his own. Up to twenty claims may be submitted with the basic filing fee; more claims mean more charges.

Tesla's patent claims, it will be noted, generally iterate one or two basic ideas but described in several ways: this is good patent form. There are no unusual requirements of the drawings, so long as they correspond well with the specifications. Tesla never sent actual models with any filing, though a sceptical examiner did visit once to have a look at his remote-controlled devices (No. 613,809). The Patent Office only occasionally insists upon working models, most famously for all applicants presenting perpetual motion machines. But then, the Patent Office for years used the same tactic to shoo away persons bearing drawings of flying machines.

Between the filing and the grant of a patent, a number of time – and paper–consuming

things generally happen. The examiner will request clarifications, disallow various claims, point out errors, and give notice of "interference"—existence of applications by other inventors whose work and claims are very similar. (In the U.S. an interference may prompt an investigation to determine whose work has priority in actual fact, not merely in time of filing.)

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A follow-up to the demonstration of Tesla Coils by Paul G4EGJ at the club meeting. Submitted by Stuart G0FYX. Thank you to Mike G0HCI for telling me about the book. Reproduced with permission of the publisher.

To be continued

Submitted by Stuart G0FYX

Demonstration on the Tesla Coils by Paul McKee G4EGJ

An interesting demonstration on the Tesla Coils by Paul McKee G4EGJ was given to the Horndean club. It certainly had members on the edge of their seats as the sparks began to fly, it even lit up one of the neon tubes that lit the room. Paul was joined by his son Alex, who seemed to be a jump ahead of what was going to happen. Luckily the experiments went off smoothly and nothing was set alight. The talk was very appropriate as it is Tesla's 150th anniversary this year.

Article & Pictures Submitted by Mick Puttick G3LIK



Paul G4EGJ & his son Alex with the experimental equipment

LINCOLNSHIRE AIR WARS 39/45 (part 27)

One of No.1 Group Lancasters, Serial No. ED888, "M2" or "Mike Squared" of No.103 Squadron, was withdrawn from active service by January, 1945, having flown one hundred and forty sorties, including ninety-eight to Germany, fifteen of them to Berlin. No other Lancaster in the whole of Bomber Command could equal this service. It is a pity that a decision to retain that wonderful aircraft was not taken.

On 1st January, Bomber Command Diary reads, "January 1st Dortmund-Ems Canal again breached by aircraft of No.5 Group. Following night Mittelland canal also breached". Actually the Dortmund-Elms canal had been drained three times but, such was its importance, that the Germans repaired it at once, and a fourth attack was ordered for the 1st January .

At Bardney, No.9 Squadron were notified of the operation, after a night of great celebrations, and when no operations had been expected. Ten crews were briefed, but two crashed on take off - Lancaster III, Serial No. PD368 which had completed only six operational trips.

Mr. C. Adlard who lives near Wickenby, remembers when No. 12 Squadron at Wickenby, Lancasters were just beginning to take off on one of their many raids, and were using the north-east runway. It was an unpopular runway with the crews, because of its shortness. One of the aircraft failed to become airborne and crashed just beyond the runway end. The next aircraft did exactly the same, both of them fully loaded with bombs. The remaining aircraft , by using every inch of the runway, managed to get airborne.

One morning at North Coates, about 10.00, a Beaufighter crashed. The undercarriage was completely broken off. The aircraft had rockets on board. On 5th January, a Lancaster crashed on Mablethorpe beach, and Skegness lifeboat crew assembled, and on Sunday, 14th January, Lancaster III, of No. 460 Squadron, Binbrook, crashed at Ludford Magna. The following day, Lancaster I, Serial No. PA160, No.300 (Polish) Squadron crashed at Goitho Hall. Wragby.

On the 1st February, Skegness Lifeboat. crew assembled for launching when a fighter was reported crashed, on Breast Sand, west of Lynn Channel. Also on the 1st February, two Lancasters crashed on take off from their respective airfields: Lancaster III, Serial No. ME302, of No.170 Squadron, Hemswell, and Lancaster III, Serial No. MF912 of No.61 Squadron, Skellingthorpe.

No.58 M.U. recovered a Stirling on the 18th February, which had crashed at Swinderby village, and on the 26th February, Lancaster III, Serial No. PB243 of No.12 Squadron, Wickenby, crashed at Stainton-le-Vale, near Market Rasen.

On the 18th February, 1945, No.300 (Polish) Squadron, lost a Lancaster in a collision with another Lancaster, over Apley. The Polish aircraft was carrying a 22,000 lb. bomb and, after the collision it plunged to earth and exploded, 150yds from Stott's Farm, Apley near Wragby. The aircraft, Lancaster I, Serial No. PA18S, dived into soft earth and exploded, making a huge crater. The roof of the farmhouse was blown off, but the occupants were unhurt. Mr. J. Stott of Low Apley, was a boy at the farm, and told me, "The aircraft made a huge deep crater, and a high ranking RAF Officer and other officials came to inspect it. The 'Grand Slam' was quite a new bomb and they were interested in its effect. It was said at the time that if the bomb had fallen on a harder surface, the farm would have been completely wrecked, and a large area surrounding it severely damaged. "

Mr. H. Oakden, of Welton, inspected the huge crater, which later filled with water. He had a 66ft. long measuring tape, which would not reach the bottom of the crater, and gives a fair idea of the size. At the time of the crash, Mr. F. Woods, of Stainton-by-Langworth, was doing forestry work in a nearby wood. He removed some of the shrapnel from trees nearby, and had kept it until last year, when he presented it to me. During the war he served as a Special Constable.

The other Lancaster, a No. 12 Squadron aircraft, Mark I, Serial No. W4374, crashed into a wood one mile west of the farm, and caught fire. Its bomb load consisted mainly of incendiaries.

My correspondent who signed himself 'Sprog' on the 1st March, 1945, logged the following information. "Starlight, clear night, frosty, lone Lancaster passing over Immingham at 2,000 ft. heading north-east by east, port light red, ventral yellow and white stem light clearly seen. Obviously on a cross country flight as the main force had gone out some 2½ hours earlier. The time was 23.15. I observed the aircraft over the dock area, then its navigation lights went out, and a few seconds later another aircraft's engines could be heard above the Merlins of the Lancaster. This aircraft was approaching from the south-east, and on the starboard side of the Lancaster. Suddenly a line of white tracer appeared in the sky from the south-east At approximately 3,000ft. towards the north-west, at an angle of 10° and about ½ mile long.

There were also four lines of smaller and shorter green tracer at the same angle. The Lancaster immediately burst into flames in both starboard and port wings, very bright orange flames which lit up the sky and the outline of the Lancaster could be seen clearly, especially the fins. The wheels were seen to drop, the Merlins started popping as the power dropped. I am sure the pilot was trying to keep it up so that the crew could get out, for I am sure that in the light of the 'flying torch' I saw four parachutes - then the Lancaster dropped its nose slowly and fell into the Humber about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile off the West jetty at Immingham. There was only a small flare for a second or two after the bomber had gone in. The enemy aircraft after shooting the Lancaster down disappeared in a northerly direction into Yorkshire.

As previously mentioned by the Chief Constable's reports, enemy air activity was widespread. In fact, in the early hours of the 4th March, 1945, large scale intruder operations were carried out. Halifax squadrons were the hardest hit, but a number of Lancasters returning from a raid on Ladbergen, and also mining operations, were caught too. Cruising around in the moonlight, at very low level, were Ju188s of the Luftwaffe. With the Allied Armies well advanced in Europe, the crews of the enemy aircraft had nothing to lose, and they literally fired at, and bombed, any target that moved. Landings were suspended at airfields in East Anglia, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and the aircraft waiting to land orbited in the darkness. Unfortunately, there was a delay in giving the operational code word 'Scram' to affect dispersal, so for some thirty minutes the bombers flew around, and apart from the danger from intruders, risked collision and also being fired at by home ground defences, which on that night were very much trigger happy.

At about 1.30 a.m., Observer Taylor was about to leave his house at Langworth, near Lincoln, for duty at Greetwell ROC post. He heard machine gun fire and went outside to see what was happening. Between Reepham and Sudbrooke, he could clearly see an aircraft burning on the ground. In the moonlight he could also see a German aircraft diving towards the ground and repeatedly firing at the burning aircraft. The enemy aircraft made a final circuit of the area and then flew off over Scothern at a height of approximately 300ft.

The aircraft which Observer Taylor saw burning was a Lancaster I, serial No. NO502, of No.460 Squadron. Binbrook. The German intruder aircraft was a Ju188A-1, a 'stretched' version of the Ju88, with two Junker Jumo 1,776 h.p. inline engines in radial cowlings.

Continued in next issue -
Submitted by John 2EICOC

The 'Four Sisters' story

5 September 2005

In 2003 I received a message from my friend Tim Smith circulated around Morning Star Trust members: -

"I recently had an e-mail conversation with a chap called Martin Bateman at Operation Mobilisation who knows a 70's/80's Rugby star who is unfortunately ill with a brain tumour. This chap's name is Maurice Colclough and he has a boat in South Africa which he wants to launch into the Lord's work. There maybe someone in MST who could help deliver it back to the UK... If not it may certainly be something we should support if not help directly. If you could circulate a couple of documents around the membership I would be most grateful."

Although busy with 'Genevieve Challenge' in Greece, I made contact to see if there was anything I could do.

Martin Bateman wrote: -

"Prayer request.

I lived in Gibraltar for a short time in the 1990s. I received a call from there today. Maurice Colclough was a famous rugby player in the late 70s and early 80s. He partnered the England captain (Bill Beaumont) on the pitch, and helped his country win their first Grand Slam (a great achievement even today) for years in 1980. He is a hero of mine, and of many rugby players of a certain age (!) He became a believer just a short time ago. He was also was diagnosed with a brain tumour last year. Right now he is going through chemotherapy, and has memory lapses due to the tumour. He is in good spirits despite all this.

I have just had a short conversation with Maurice.. He knows he is on borrowed time. ..and wants to share his story with as many people as will listen. ..he also hopes to start a yachting ministry through a boat that he owns that is currently in Cape Town South Africa. So please pray:

For Maurice...that God will be glorified through his life. For healing according to God's will.

For the yacht in South Africa and a crew that could bring it to Wales.

For the chance that we have in OM to record his story and the impact that his story could make on the world of unbelieving, beer-drinking rugby players!

Thanks for taking a few seconds to pray for Maurice, living in Wales and his wife Annie and their kids. Martin".



I heard no more until I left Greece in 2004 and eventually regained contact. It seems the boat had only managed to get as far as Agadir in Morocco in all that time and had many problems. An old French friend of Maurice's, Marc Ocard, was one of those who brought the boat up from Capetown. I was told there had been no skipper!

As Maurice's intention was to use the boat for a Christian youth ministry in Wales, and he had originally been given 4 months to live, I offered to bring the boat to Milford Haven from Agadir free.

Organising a volunteer crew was surprisingly complex involving hundreds of emails. There were those who could not leave before a certain date, those who had to be back by a certain date, and those who asked all sorts of questions I could not answer fully. As poor Maurice had difficulty speaking, I could not find out everything about the boat. I could not book until I knew I had a crew, and many would not commit until they knew the exact date of the flight. Getting qualified people was as usual the most difficult. Although I made contact with many who were qualified, few were available.

Eventually Maurice's wife Annie booked a flight and 8 of us went out. Some good sailing friends could give no more than the 3 weeks I estimated [allowing one weeks preparation], so there was no time to waste. Maurice had given me some equipment to take out and, with the charts I had brought, made me overweight at the airport and I was charged for the first time I can remember. This involved the charade of going to another desk elsewhere with all my luggage, queuing again to pay separately, and coming back with some extra paperwork.

The crew arriving with me at Agadir was my missionary friend Sverker; his daughter Emma, my friend from Morning Star Trust Mark, Matt, Charlie, Mike Short with Mike Elsmere to arrive later. As the person who I had believed was to meet us at the airport didn't turn up, Sverker who had been there many years before and spoke fluent Arabic expertly bartered for 2 taxis. Then when they saw we had luggage, it was an excuse to negotiate again for a higher charge! The Atlantic port of Agadir supplies fish to all of Morocco and most of Africa it seems. So finding the yacht amongst 500 trawlers and 150 small fishing boats took some time, especially as the 'marina' only held about a dozen boats. We were all very surprised at the poor condition of the yacht.

Everything I looked at was about to fail and in a very sad totally neglected state. Although we got the forward head working, the aft head wouldn't work at all because all the seals were missing. Luckily Mike Elsmere was arriving one day later, so I quickly got him to bring a new set from England.

Whilst some went to the only supermarket, we paid off the 'caretaker' and ensured that he did not leave any of his personal 'self-prescribed medicaments' on board! He was self-styled 'Monsieur X', and put x's on all his leatherwork, lampshades, everywhere he could. His photo album proved there was nothing he could not cover in leather, even wrists and mobile phones!

We threw out the filthy carpets and other smelly rubbish and set about scrubbing everything below. We all worked very hard with one person 100% employed in sourcing parts. As it took so long to negotiate taxi rates, and we needed to do so much shopping, we decided it would be cheaper to hire a small car. Someone asked me if I had ever seen a worse maintained boat. After considering the matter for some time, I decided this was definitely the worst. Although we were just ready after the one week I had allowed, the marina manager, Mr Abdul Kadhir, had other ideas. When I first met him and explained that we had come to take the boat to the UK, he just said one word 'No'! I was so surprised I just replied 'Oh'. I presented him with my letter of authority from the owners and my certificates: he said it was no good. He said that the one who brought the boat there had to be the one to take it out. This was Marc Ocard who was originally going to sail with us but backed out and had gone back to France. We only managed to contact Marc once who was extremely rude and aggressive. Thereafter it seemed as though someone had stolen his mobile phone and would tend to hang up. I obtained a Power of Attorney to authorise me to take the yacht which was not accepted, then one translated into French, then into Arabic, then officially translated by a local legally authorised translator and then stamped by the Mayor of Agadir. I went from one office to another all around the port and still couldn't get authorisation. I had help from a friend of a friend of the owners, a local Egyptian businessman, whose understanding of the local culture was a great help in reading what was really going on below the surface. Sometimes he would translate a point, but then say "but that is out of one side of his mouth"! He promised his church would pray for us.

I remember well that when I presented my powerful documents to Abdul Kadhira, he then came back with a copy of Marc's old authority from the owners, which he chose to accept in preference to mine. But I said this is in the same form as the original letter I presented which you did not accept!

Eventually contact was made with the Honorary British Consul. She came to the marina with an associate in high heels, obviously not used to the marine scene. She clung to my arm as we proceeded slowly on the unstable pontoons containing broken planks. She had been there 24 years and so knew the score well. We were given the usual run around the offices. But when she was told: "the Port Director cannot see you because he is in a meeting," she said: "Well get him out now, it will only take a minute." Suddenly he was available in his office! After a few days of negotiating and rubber stamping everything with the Consul's stamp [they love stamps], we were finally told they were going to do an inspection of the yacht. By this time we were wondering if we were ever going to get the boat out. I even spoke to the lawyer in Gibraltar where the boat was registered. He suggested that we leave the boat and claim under the 'force majeure' clause in the insurance for theft. What I didn't realise at the time was that the boat was not insured, and no one would insure a boat in Morocco. Even with all the work we had done, it would be easy for them to find something wrong as an excuse to keep the boat. All on board were really low. It seemed clear that the boat had been deliberately entrenched in Agadir, boxed-in with pontoons preventing her leaving, until the owner passed away, so that they could have the boat. I could not imagine how the owner felt about his long standing friend doing this to him - and all while he was terminally ill. Marc even made threatening phone calls to the owners demanding money! .

Eventually the Port Director said they would only do a *'little'* inspection. Suddenly he seemed to be on our side. The political pressure was too much for him. On board we had a very friendly inspection. They didn't notice anything! But then we still had to get them to deal with Abdul Kadhira. You would not believe how hard he resisted! The Consul knew that as soon as her back was turned he would do nothing. He squirmed in every way possible to delay our departure.

Sverker got Emma to take Abdul's photograph. For 3 days he kept demanding, in English [for a change], "why you take photo?" Perhaps he suspected that

Sverker wanted to set up a website warning yachtsmen of him!

At one point when it seemed we had all the papers ready to depart, we could not get permission because it was Abdul's day off. The local officials said they did not know his home number for the Consul to phone him. [She told me this meant they *would not* give her the number]. We had been unable to contact Marc for some time to try to sort out this matter, but suddenly his number was available from Abdul! Obviously Abdul had phoned him to warn him we were finally succeeding. Marc was most unhelpful and said he would do everything in his power to stop the boat leaving. He said he wanted paying for his work. What work, I thought? Everything on board seemed to have had no maintenance at all. The only evidence in the papers on board was that an owner 18 years previously obviously took great care of the boat. It had certainly been unsafe to bring up from Capetown.

At last the pontoons were unbolted. We could not believe it! But still Abdul insisted on the Consul rubber stamping all his papers. As she walked back to her car to get the official stamp, I said I cannot believe this. She said it is always the power of the 'gatekeepers'.

We had topped up the water tanks in readiness to leave so many times that they had been forgotten today and 4 people had taken showers. I wasted no time taking the boat out sternwards and intended taking water the other side. But just then the gunboat came back to its berth in the way, so I went alongside a German boat. Just as I was doing so the Consul phoned: "they are trying to serve a document - just go". My friend said: there is someone coming along the quay, you can't go now; I am told he has a notice to serve you. They haven't told me that said I, calling everyone on board instantly.

Poor Mike Elsmere had been unwell. Although I initially thought it food poisoning, he was not recovering and the symptoms did not fit exactly. He had got weaker and just at that moment decided to leave. We got him off, threw his luggage off, and released the lines. Being worried about him as I thought he might not be able to even carry his luggage, I contacted our Egyptian friend. He not only took our hire car back, but kept the travel agent open after hours to get a flight for Mike to the UK, as he said you would not get satisfactory medical treatment in Morocco. Just as well because it was unlikely he would have survived. Back in the UK they rushed him

to hospital. Eventually after some wrong diagnoses, they found that some scar tissue from a childhood appendix operation had wrapped itself round his gut and part of his appendix had actually died! Later I heard that Mike "felt that Someone was looking after him"!

We tore out of the marina but were pursued by a RIB [Rigid Inflatable Boat]. "They're coming after us," said someone. "I am not looking," said I. The noise from the propshaft was like a steam hammer. It seemed the propshaft was banging against the stem tube. It echoed all over the harbour. Then I was told the gunboat was giving chase. I am looking the other way, I said. Emma was apparently crying until someone reassured her that if it came to it only I would be arrested. She still managed to video it all with the camcorder she brought for her school project.

The gunboat blocked our escape at the harbour entrance, but I would not return because I knew then it would be all over. I talked to the Consul by mobile phone. I told Sverker to tell them to wait while I was talking to their boss. Meanwhile I kept the phone to my ear, whether it was in use or not. For an hour-and-three-quarters we kept this up and even allowed them to come on board.

One rather short stocky fellow had to be helped by us because he couldn't manage to climb up, much to our amusement. Both the marine police and the port officials were talking to their superiors ashore. The Chief of Police eventually said to me "What can I do? The British Consulate says allow you to leave, the French Consulate says stop you. " Eventually the British Consul said the French have washed their hands of this affair, saying it is a civil matter. The Chief said to me "You have already left the quay, I will tell them you had already gone. " I thanked him. Then to our amusement he couldn't get ashore as his RIB had gone.

We left straight into a Force 7 on the nose. We couldn't use the engine beyond slow speed because of the banging. Progress was very slow but we were just glad to get away. Some were seasick. It was poor Emma's first time at sea and she suffered for days hardly getting up at all. What a shock for a 13-year-old! Even though I had replaced the mess of Heath-Robinson steering cables, the steering failed 3 times [elsewhere]. Immediately we tried the genoa it split and, having no bosun's chair, could not get it down.

The leecloths were inadequate and so crew moved about depending on the tack.

Eventually fatigue was setting in so I decided to change course for Casablanca for a break. I wanted to check the propeller and shaft underwater. When we entered the outer harbour a small boat sped up saying Casablanca is closed! On the radio they wouldn't even let us anchor anywhere, saying we should go up the coast to Mohammedia. I think what it really meant was that the marina was closed for work - had been for many years apparently. At Mohammedia we carried out many repairs but I decided that the boat wasn't fit to go to the UK. The only thing we could do was take the boat out at Gibraltar. However I had no charts as far east as that, so some crew went to find some whilst shopping for parts in Casablanca. They found charts don't exist anywhere in Morocco, but thankfully managed to photocopy charts from a ship in harbour!

One crew had to leave at Mohammedia and then there were 6.

Although there is little tide at Gibraltar, there are strong currents flowing through the Straits. We were progressing through at night and I said looking down: "I hope that steam is coming from the kettle". It wasn't and we stopped the engine. Whilst some were working on the engine, I got Matt to radio 'Tarifa Trafico' (vessel traffic service] to warn vessels to give us a wide berth. We could make no progress under sail alone and so I was considering somewhere to anchor until the next tide. Then Tarifa Trafico suggested a spot in Spain, 17 miles away on the other side of the Straits! Very helpful, I thought! As I was giving instructions to those in the engine room, I could see a motor vessel coming towards us on a collision course. Eventually he gave way and then later we managed to use the engine once more. We just managed to get through before the current changed, and finally arrived in Gibraltar. Immediately Mike went off to get everyone the long awaited English fish and chips.

3 crew left in Gibraltar and then there were 3.

You could easily find our boat in Marina Bay because of the mess of furled split genoa. After buying a bosun's chair it took an entire day to remove it piece by piece. We lifted the boat out in the commercial harbour because land reclamation work was going on. We lived on board with no electrical or water supply, toilets less than 50% of the time and a long walk to the nearest shops.

We found that the steering pedestal was so worn that one bearing had worn right through and disappeared in bits. The engine coupling, which had been incorrectly installed many years earlier, was loose on the shaft, loose on the engine, and the engine mountings needed replacing. I could not buy a fixed GPS anywhere. Unbelievably there were no sailmakers in Gibraltar, and so a new genoa had to be flown in. This was amazingly difficult and time consuming involving taking 29 measurements, and chasing sailmakers worldwide for a quote. One quote was over £10,000 but the cheapest was from South Africa, where the other sails had come from, a fraction of the cost. Annie had arranged for the sail to go to Malaga because from there to Gibraltar was apparently expensive. David Russell, who had been helping me in Gibraltar, kindly gave me a lift to Malaga. Unfortunately they wanted a huge importation sum and I spent all day trying to resolve the issues only to return empty-handed. In the end I had to arrange an official shipping agent to carry it in-transit to Gibraltar to avoid these sums. Even then I had to walk across the border twice with papers to clear it.

The remaining members of the first crew left, a second crew came and left unable to cope, and then there were 3.

Although apparently qualified, with US and Polish Coastal Skipper certificates, they seemed unable to navigate which meant I could not leave them alone for long. I got so tired I was actually sick from fatigue for the first time in my life. At the first port of Sines they left. He said he couldn't sleep in the rough weather, and she said she was lonely on the helm. Later she emailed me to apologise saying she thought she was suffering from' some kind of depression.

Whilst waiting for a new crew, as the weather was fine I decided to day-sail on my own up the coast. I stopped near Costa Caparica, my haunt from 20 years ago, to test the anchor, just in case, and found the chain ran to warp - not nice at all. Things went well but were not at all easy when heavy fog set in because I could not see the' radar from the helm.

Finally one crew member arrived in Peniche and then others in Leixoes, Oporto to make up the fourth crew of 7.

The oil cooler suddenly started leaking very badly which meant constantly

topping up with oil. In Gibraltar I was going to get a new [aluminium] body for it, but when I found the price was £440 I decided to try and clean up the old one. Now I really needed a new one and had to wait for a crewmember joining us to bring it.

Past crew had included a Mark, 2 Mikes and 3 Matts; nevertheless I was surprised to have 2 Jeremys. One caught a very long thin fish at speed that we ate, although it was disconcerting to find it had bright green bones !

Even though the maintenance problems were now not so great as the early part of the trip, nevertheless a crewmember wrote 'The Four Sisters Song' to the tune of 'On Ilkley Moor Ba't'at.'

A typical verse read: - The reefing pennants broke in two, broke in two,

The reefing pennants broke in two.

Oh tell us Chris what we must do!

Oh tell us Chris what we must do!

and chorus:

Four Sisters is her name,

Four Sisters is her name:

The boat where nothing works !

I relied heavily on my mobile phone to communicate but had no coverage just before the outer approach to Milford Haven. Then I received a message that the marina there was giving up its large berths and could no longer agree to take us. Annie had spent an entire day trying to find us an alternative without success. As it was midnight I could only make for the visitor's berth in Neyland marina which has a very tiny entrance. As our echosounder had given up the week before this meant great care had to be taken.

'Four Sisters' had gone from Agadir to Casablanca, Mohammedia, Gibraltar, Sines, Alcantara, Peniche, Figuera da Foz, Leixoes, Corme, Lage, Guilvinec, Lechagat, St Marys, Neyland and Rudders boatyard - over 2000 miles. Although I had expected it to take 3 weeks, it took nearer 3 months!

Prayer items: -

- Thank God for all those who helped with the boat.
- Please pray for Maurice. Annie and their four daughters.
- For a Christian sailing organisation to run 'Four Sisters',
- In Christ,

Chris SWL. (A boat delivery skipper friend of the Editor).

H.D.A.R.C. BBQ

This is my last chance to remind you about our club

BBQ DATE - Saturday 29th July 2006.

VENUE - At David G4TST -QTH.

PRICE - £5 per person. Please bring your own drink and chair.

Book now with Julia G0IUUY on 02392-785568.

It just remains for me to say lets hope the weather is on our side.

73s Ed-Di-Da.



HAMPSHIRE NAMES QUIZ ANSWERS

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Clanfield. | 2. Shedfield. | 3. Overton. |
| 4. Middle Wallop. | 5. Fleet. | 6. Lee-on-Solent. |
| 7. Ringwood. | 8. Marwell. | 9. Andover. |
| 10. Soberton. | 11. Lovedean. | 12. Potwell. |
| 13. Cowplain. | 14. Boarhunt. | 15. Hythe. |
| 16. Sherbourne. | 17. Rowlands Castle. | 18. Paulsgrove. |
| 19. Titchfield. | 20. Redbridge. | |

Did you all do well? I guess we'll never know!! 73s Ed-Di-Da.

WANTED

Any KW equipment (especially KW202 Receiver)

Any Military Radio Equipment (especially manpacks WS 18,38,48,68)

Any Am gear.

Replies please to Paul McKee ;G4EGJ) -
01243-371813 or paul.mckee@mckeetech.com.

I shall be happy to come and collect gear in the area and stop it gathering dust in your attic, putting it to good use.

IMPORTING AMATEUR RADIO EQUIPMENT

UK Customers will be exempt from paying import duty providing:- The supplier marks the Customs form (and/or invoice) as

Eg "Transceiver apparatus for radio-telegraphy" and shows the commodity code as "8525209900".

Please note if there is ANY doubt, import duty WILL be charged.

(AND the Post Office charge another £x handling on top even though collected)

Relevant Commodity Code Numbers:-

8525209900 Transceiver apparatus for radio-telephony/radio-telegraphy

85299040000 all accessories for the above apparatus e.g. Band modules, IF- Filters, power supplies, antennas

85179088000 all apparatus to generate Morse like keys, Morse-keyboards

This is common in the EU.

Submitted by Mike G0HCI.

CLUB NEWS/DIARY Compiled by Stuart G0FYX

News of club members

We are very pleased to welcome back to the club:

Roger Isaac, G0HAE, 12 Abbeyfields Close, Netley Marsh, Southampton, SO31 5GR, and Carl Morley, M0HRH, 191 Purbrook Way, Havant PO9 3RS.

The results of the RSGB Club Calls Contest for 2005 were published in the May issue of RadCom. The HDARC club station G4FBS, operated by Richard G3AAT and Stuart G0FYX from Richard's QTH, came 48th out of 87.

The skittles evening held on April 27th was a very enjoyable event. Thank you to Julia for organising it. The Club Champion (for the second year running!) was John G4WQZ. The highest scoring gent was Dennis Hoad, the highest scoring lady was Maureen (XYL of G0FYX), the lowest scoring gent was Alan M0WAH, and the lowest scoring lady was Susan Stenton (XYL of SWL Andrew). Dennis Hoad also won the lucky ticket number prize.

Stuart G0FYX new address: 40, Parkside, Bedhampton, PO9 3PL. Telephone number and e-mail address unchanged (023-9247-2846, g0fyx@msn.com).

Bryan M0AFG now at 76 Millchase Road, Bordon, Hants GU35 0HG.

Diary

Tuesday June	6 th	Social evening
Sat/Sun June	17 th /18 th	Operating GBØRMM from the Royal Marines Museum, Eastney, Portsmouth
Tuesday June	27 th	'Music from a groove' talk/demo by Bryan Somerville
Tuesday July	4 th	Social evening
Fri/Sat/Sun July	7 th /8 th /9 th	Operating GB4QES from the Queen Elizabeth Country Park Show, Near Petersfield
Tuesday July	25 th	'Naval Firepower & Priddy's Hard' a talk by Jo Lawler, curator of the Explosion! museum, Gosport

This 'n that

The 2006 series of RSGB Club Championship contests continues. All take place on 80M and last 1½ hours, all from 8pm-9.30pm **clock time**.

June: 5th Data, 14th CW, 22nd SSB. July: 3rd CW, 12th SSB, 20th Data.

Please take part, and then let Stuart have your entry as soon as possible after.

July is the last month of the contests so please try and take part in at least one of the sessions. If you need help, contact Stuart G0FYX or Mick G3LIK.

Unfortunately at the very last moment we were denied permission to operate special event station GB2IKB from HMS Warrior.

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 (Re-designed by Lloyd Arrow G1JAR; maintained by 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 bi-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 GMODHZ. 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.