

HANS KNOT INTERNATIONAL RADIO REPORT

JANUARY 2010

Hi all out there in radio world. We're, in my opinion, in the warmest period of the year to celebrate Christmas and the changing to the New Year. In this case the step into 2010. Next to the festivities in familiar circumstances a lot of special radio programs to listen to. Of course many stations are playing the Top 100, Top 500 and yes even the Top 2000. Record sales or golden favorites from the listeners are played too. Please do enjoy your favorite station(s). Thanks of all for the many Christmas wishes which came in and still coming in at our address. Of course for you all: a Happy Christmas from Jana en me. Some of the wishes will be included in the report.

The e mail project, which had to be done after I had a massive crash with the computer in September, has finished. All the addresses I could find in old mail, on old computer and other sources are now in the new database. If you know a friend who doesn't get the report anymore, please let me know. Also if you get one and you are not interested anymore let me know too.

HKnot@home.nl

The very first Christmas wish came this year from California and you can guess who did send it: 'Hi Amigo, Let me be the first to check in! Just wanted to wish you a Merry Xmas, and to all my friends who out there well. We all keep in touch through your report. I missed your Radio Day, (sorry). But this is mainly due to the 5000 mile gap between California and Holland. If I promise you to be on the air in Holland for 2010, as expected, I will do my best to make the next one. Don't over do the the Xmas tipple!! Emperor Rosko.'

Some days later he could be heard in the Netherlands and some parts of surrounding countries: 'Now on Big L International, (former KBC) I can be heard every night at Midnight. I think Monday through Friday across your great country. I promised a bit of news for the new year!'

Of course it's 1395 which is back on the air from a location near Almere in the centre of the Netherlands. I had to write back to Rosko as I can't receive the signal around midnight at my location: 'Hi Emperor, well winter

conditions make it worse listening. Only at the third floor I get a bit of signal with a lot of fading during night time. During daytime up till 16hrs it's a bit better but I'm living all up in the north and some 250 km away and the aerial is directed to the west so not at my side. But my congratulations on that.'

Of course Rosko answered: 'Drat! Well they are soon meant to be adding power so perhaps one night!'

Yet, like last month, in the USA and Canada attention to the release of the Rock the Boat movie in that part of the world.

<http://www.vancouversun.com/news/Victoria+rocked+original+Pirate+Radio+boat/2274757/story.html>:

Don't forget to watch the attached photographs, very nice shots.

Steve Conway blogged about his first visit to the Radio Day:

<http://steveconway.wordpress.com/2009/11/15/its-a-beautiful-radioday/>

Also on the Caroline website nice stories about the event:

<http://www.radiocaroline.co.uk>

Next one: 'Hi Hans! Thanks for the report! We are still going strong. Sometimes live transmissions from the Northsea and we have got three transmitters in Poland. All Europe radio, (Russia, Israel, Spain, Ireland, Sweden and everything in between) on 76 and 48 meter band. Regards, crew Radio Rainbow. Well the Northsea was when you were probably dreaming?

For those interested in the Dutch pop history as well as personal memories from former Veronica presenter Harry Knipschild there is a very interesting site to visit (by the way it's in Dutch)

<http://www.harryknipschild.nl>

Talking about former Veronica deejays, it was fun to have Tineke on the radio again for some days at Dutch Radio 5 Nostalgia in late November, as she was sitting in for Jeanne Kooijmans. Also Cees van Zijtveld is a former Veronica presenter who is a stand by one at Radio 5 Nostalgia. It's one of the public stations in Holland. For more information and listening in go to:

<http://www.radio5.nl/>

Let's go to Tim in Britain: 'Hi Hans! Thanks for another packed Radio Report. With reference to last month's report, I meant to get in touch sooner regarding the reader asking about Don Allen's Big3 favorite songs, but reading your latest report reminded me to write to you! Perhaps you would be so kind (if you haven't already) as to pass on to him the link to my website - <http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/cashtime/> - where he can listen to/download my recording of Don playing Big Fanny, Ballard of Berkshire Berk, and Hello Mr DJ. Three of Don Allen's favourite funny records *(Don Allen - funny!.wma). I still laugh at them after all these years! Thanks again, Tim

Remember that we had the long story from Carien in Holland, who was on search for her roots? Peter van Dijken, ex Caroline deejay, died when she just was a little baby. I succeeded to get memories from several former colleagues who worked with Peter through the years. Wil van der Steen, who worked as Bill Stones on Caroline in 1972/1973 wrote: 'I don't remember too much from Peter except for he had a very outspoken feeling for 'Amsterdam' humor, which I liked a lot. I found a photo in my archive with from left to right: 'Peter Brian, Peter Zonneveld, Joop Verhoof, Bert Bennet, Bill Stones and mister Koppenol, who was in sales at the organisation.



PHOTO COLLECTION: WIL VAN DER STEEN

One of the regular readers who wrote in is Andy Cadier, who we also know as former offshore deejay Martin Kayne on several stations: 'Hi Hans, I see you are after pictures of radios we used to listen to the offshore stations. Here is a photo of one of mine; it has very few British station names on the dial as it was made in Germany. I bought this Schaub Lorenz radio while serving with the Royal Air Force in Cyprus in 1964. I chose it as it included several shortwave broadcast bands. On arriving back in the UK, the following year at RAF Uxbridge, I listened to the offshore stations much I somehow convinced myself I just had to become involved. I also had small cheap transistor radio called a Realistic 7, I took it out to Knock John (Radio Essex) unfortunately my holdall was accidentally dropped into the sea some 60ft below! The bag was salvaged but the radio sadly never worked again. Regards Andy Cadier.



PHOTO MARTIN KAYNE

Thanks a lot for sharing this memory about your first transistor radio. And of course anyone who has also memories to the first tranny, please send it to me at HKnot@home.nl

Talking about radio, which we do all the time, please visit a site from an over enthusiastic radio collector, who has lived in several parts of the world. First some more info about the person: George Ulm, W9EVT was born in the Free City of Danzig in 1930. In the mid-1930s he moved to Chicago with his family. After W.W.II, he produced some of the first convention exhibits for the Radio Parts Show in the Windy City. His business later expanded to world's fairs and conventions such as the CES in Las Vegas and Chicago. George is a Korean Conflict veteran, taught electronics in the Navy Air Corps, developed and put on air the first two meter amateur repeaters in the mid west. George has lived in Mexico, Europe, Africa and Australia with ham calls associated with each part of the world. In the early 1960s he purchased an apple and cherry farm on Washington Island, WI. At retirement he decided to raise antennas on the property instead of fruit. He lives there year round with his wife, Susan, his dogs, Ivan and Bosun and a very talkative African Gray Parrot, B.B <http://www.qrz.com/db/w9evt>

http://www.greengate-wibb.com/?page_id=5

http://www.k8nd.com/Radio/SO2R/K8ND_SO2R.htm

And guess who we have here? It's Jon at the Pirate Hall of Fame:
'New this month:

- We have photos from the recent Radio Day in Amsterdam;
- Bob Graham remembers his time on Radio Invicta;
- Ian Anderson and Barry Everitt pay tribute to their friend, Radio Seagull's Hugh Nolan, who died recently;
- there is the first page from former Radio Caroline engineer Carl Thomson's photo album, including pictures of the ceremonial burial at sea of a pair of cardboard shoes;
- we hear of the only(?) former offshore DJ to have an annual sailing regatta held in his memory;
- Radio Caroline's Tom Lodge tells us about the new edition of his book *The Ship That Rocked The World*.
- with Richard Curtis's film, now renamed *Pirate Radio*, opening in the US and Canada, we have a round-up of some of the recent press interviews given by former offshore DJs about their time afloat;
- and there are some additions to the traditional 'Christmas in International Waters' section.

My thanks to everyone who has contributed. With all best wishes,
Jon. www.offshoreradio.co.uk

From a few readers we got the next interesting article featuring Ian McRae
<http://radio.about.com/od/britishradiohistory/a/aa062309a.htm>

Also Martin van der Ven wants to pay attention to the tedious drudgery
Nobert Dengler has done and still is working on:
<http://www.offshore-radio.de/wikipedia.htm>

Each month several questions are asked to me about music played on one of the former stations. As much as possible I try to answer them. Late last month I had a question from Naud Nelissen: 'In the movie - The show must go on - which is a production to promote RNI, a song was played by Robb Eden. A friend of mine asked me sometime ago and this sound is still in my mind but can't get the answer. It sounds like Mott the Hoople. Maybe you've the answer?'

Well in this case I couldn't provide him with the answer so I found another way to answer versus an email to Robb himself: 'Hi Robb I hope all is well with the both of you. Enclosed is part of a music track which was used in the Show Must go on video from RNI. Big question is if you do remember this track? Hope you can help greetings Hans.'

Late that same evening the answer already came in: 'Hans I'm sure it's called "I'll Sing One For You" by a band called String Driven Thing on the Charisma label. It would have been a plug record but the production was way ahead of its time. Sometimes on RNI the plug records were better than a lot of the other music we played. I remember putting Judee Sill with "Jesus Was A Cross Maker" at No.1 on our Top 40 when no one else would play it. Now it is iconic, as is Jackson Browne. We were way ahead of our time! Robb'.

So I could make, with the help of Robb Eden (thanks a lot Robb) Naud Nelissen very happy.



ROBB EDEN SHOWING RONAN IN 1978
PHOTO: THEO DENCKER

Last time I told you about the Radio Day in Amsterdam and one of the remarks was about a visitor I missed this year and who frequently did come over from England during the past decades. And guess what? He came reflected: 'Hi Hans, I hope that you are well and getting ready for the festive season. I must thank you for the bumper issue of the December Radio Report. 35 pages in total, which are all a good reading. I was surprised to read that I was sadly missed at the Radio Day, sorry that I couldn't make it this year but I can confirm that I will be there next year. Talking of next years Radio Day, (Keith Skues would say but we weren't) I don't seem to recall having a Radio Caroline North Day, I think it would be a good idea, I went to the Radio Caroline North exhibition on the Isle Of Man last year and that was very good, a lot of interest is still there for Caroline North. It's the station I used to listen to in the 60's and is still talked about today, a station that has never been replaced and will never be. So that's a thought for next years Radio Day. Have a good Christmas. Best Wishes Colin Wilkins.'

Well Colin I can assure you that your idea will be mentioned on the meeting of the organising board in February. I must tell you that this year also the visitors have come with other ideas. More will be published about the program around May next year. So keep these pages and the one on www.radioday.nl in sight.

On the internet site from the radio day more photos have been placed as well as the soundtrack of the day, which can be downloaded in several items.

A British newspaper has published an obituary for Mike Ahern (very late):

<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/obituaries/mike-ahern-disc-jockey-who-appeared-on-radio-caroline-and-was-in-at-the-start-of-radio-1-1832167.html>

One person who was honored with a Radio Day Award and couldn't come personally to Amsterdam was Harm Koenders of the Download Group. By giving him the award we honored him and the Group for the historic archive work they've done through the past decade.



HARM KOENDERS. PHOTO: VINCENT SCHRIEL

In Amsterdam we handed the Award to Vincent Schriel who was so kind to bring it to Harm's place and also Vincent took the above photograph. I hope the Award will get a special place in Harm's Hobby Corner.

Next it's Tom Edwards: 'Hi Hans, a mate took this photo on that hot Easter Sunday this year with Mike Ahern and I enjoying what was to be our last chat together on board the LV18. It was a glorious sunny day and full of fun and laughter. The guy in the middle is a lovely guy from BBC Radio Essex who was so helpful as they all were. Little did I know this was the last time I would see Mike. Thought you might like to add it to what must be a vast collection of yours over there in Holland. Hope all's fine and well with you my friend. Tom Edwards.



PHOTO COLLECTION TOM EDWARDS

Next an e mail from Paul Graham in England: 'Hello Hans. Thanks for your continued monthly news letters which are all appreciated. A very happy Christmas to you and your family. I have not seen you since your visit with Rob to the Radio London Int. studio in Frinton on Sea in 2006 I think. I hear Big L is back once again not a bad signal here but of course I am on the coast. I am currently setting up a new radio station on Tenerife Canary islands "Pirate FM" it will go on air at the end of January with some ex

Caroline deejays. For more info go to www.paulgrahamconsultants.com
Best wishes Paul.'



PAUL GRAHAM IN FRINTON
PHOTO: HANS KNOT

Thanks a lot Paul for responding. Yes indeed a couple of years ago in November on a very windy cold day in Frinton. But the visit did us well. I hope you will have a lot of success with the new station and please keep us updated with the news of your station and yourself.

On www.hansknot.com click on the button 'features' and scroll downwards and you will also find 'visit to Radio London'. If there click on the photo and you come on another page with my story on the visit to the studio as well as many photographs we took that day.

Next our monthly contribution with memories from Ian Godfrey: 'Dear Hans, Firstly many thanks for the Christmas message and the attachment; I hope you both have a great festive season. I was just about to reply to the December Report, plus possibly a couple of other things, when I thought I'd check for new emails so, discovering yours, about five minutes after it came through, was both a bit of a coincidence and possibly a mild case of telepathy! For most of the past 44 years I've often been in the fortunate

position to be able to listen to either offshore or offshore-related radio for at least a couple of hours without interruption. (I said 44 years as early 1966 was when I had my first transistor radio and could listen long enough to know what station I was listening to. Before this I only heard parts of records on other people's radios.) One or two notable barren periods since 1966 were from March 1968 until being introduced to Radio Veronica about nine months later and after Caroline's final maritime broadcast in 1990. I listened to Capital Gold for short periods from their opening in November, 1988 - including the spectacular MOA commemoration day in 1992, when every record was from 1967. I listened, on a Sony Walkman all the way to and from work on that day and had to hold it against the window-frame to maintain decent reception, which provoked a few inquisitive looks!



Mike Read and Stuart Coleman left the station soon afterwards and, after being excited by the novelty of Talk Radio and spells of listening to Radio 10 Gold I felt that the chances of feeling that urge to get home to listen to a radio programme were zero. This until I heard about the launch of Arrow Classic Rock and discovered I could get it loud and clear all day in south-west London. I was 'hooked' for years as most of the tracks played I remembered from Radio Veronica and Radio Caroline. I got a further boost when I heard Chicago was connected with the setting up of the station.

I've always felt that, compared with the UK, stations such as Radio 10 Gold, Arrow, etc. convey much more of the spirit and energy of offshore radio. There's always been a 'margin of error' though, if I had a better knowledge of Dutch I may think differently.

I've lived alone for 18 years, and have acute mobility problems, so find it

pretty easy to listen to radio programmes for seven hours continuously, particularly on Sunday evenings. This evening Mark Stafford was featuring the '60s/'70s, including some rarities I haven't heard for about 35 years. 'Pirate Radio Skues' is running a special on Decca Records from 2200 - midnight, which I'm sure I'd be listening to but will probably 'listen again' tomorrow.

Alternative listening at the moment is Big L, with continuous music till midnight, including many lesser-known tracks, plus ads and a fair sprinkling of jingles. I'm listening on 1395 but hoping to get the URL pretty soon, to add the new streaming to my 'favourites.' Listening on the computer couldn't be easier. I was a bit surprised to discover them on when I checked 1395 at 16.05 GMT on Thursday as, 24 hours earlier the transmitter was still being re-installed!

Well Ian nice to see your story how you've divided your time to listening to several stations. Thanks for that. You had the luck to tune in to 1395 on the very first day of tests. It lasted all longer than expected and the reason was that a lot of copper was stolen at the transmitter plant. It all had to be ordered again and installed for a second time. It's nice to have the station on air again although a pity reception at my place is not all too well. Station is featuring daily, due to cooperation with the family of the late Wolfman Jack, parts of his many shows and the Emperor is there also five days a week. So anyone who can receive the station, take a listen and ask for the special reception picture postcard! Just in the middle of December also new jingles from PAMS were introduced in the programs.

Next wish comes from Dave Burke, an avid Radio Scotland fan, who I know already for decades: 'Dear Hans & Jana, wishing you both a happy holiday season too, and all the best for 2010! Funny you should send me your wishes Hans, as I was just listening to you! I was sorting out my archive of old cassettes (remember them?) yesterday and came across a recording of the excellent, but now sadly defunct, Media Network programme from Radio Nederland in 1987. As you will remember, Jonathan Marks used to regularly cover the offshore radio scene and on this particularly good edition (dubbed 'It Was 20 Years Ago Today') you were interviewed! Best Wishes to all who remember Radio Scotland coming on the air on Hogmanay 1965, 44 years ago!

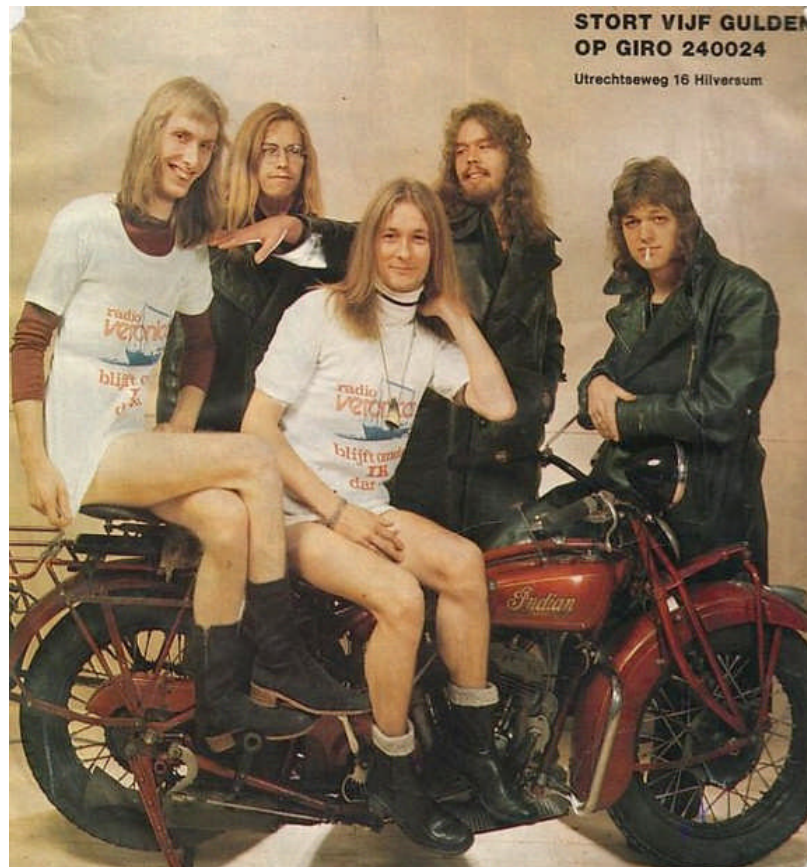


Thanks Dave. And yes I do remember that special we did on Radio Netherlands. Jonathan and I did a few on offshore radio, in cooperation with Andy Sennit. Good memories to the both of them, who are also readers of the Hans Knot International Report. Hope you will have a wonderful time too and stay in touch. By the way to you and all the readers, all reports going back to early 2004 (time has gone fast) can be found at www.hansknot.com Believe it or not but that are more than 1800 pages in total.

Next a wish from Johan de Caluwé from Belgium who did also found: 'ship ahoy'. This time in the harbour in Tilburry.



Remember we started also an item 'radio t shirts'? Many have been published already and far more to come in the future as some 50 still are stored on my computer for release. This time I've chosen one which has been send by Jan van Heeren in the Netherlands and it's one in a series of promo photos for Radio Veronica around 1973. Here you see the Dutch Band Kayak.



Here again our AFN special one, Tom: Finally I have the netbook setup to update the blog. That should work out well. I found a really cool PAO description of AFRTS in Spain. I think every station had the same basic story in a post newspaper. The Christmas shows are beginning. Frank Breesee and the Golden Days of Radio (Did you know that Frank also came up the board game 'Pass-Out'?). 29 years ago we lost John Lennon. A couple of my favorite 'don't play that' songs. Chris Noel needs your help and a few other things. If you enjoy it, be sure to tell a friend.

<http://afrtsarchive.blogspot.com>

Best, Thom Wheston

During the RadioDay in November I got from Nigel Harris a copy of his book *Ships in Troubled Waters* and during a recent travel from Groningen to Rostock I had many hours of pleasure reading the book. I must say Nigel has a wonderful way of writing. It's like he's sitting next to me telling me his life story. Also I must say that he's telling the story in an honest way. Sometime mentioning the names of people, sometimes avoid mentioning the name to spare the people. It's a most enjoyable book. To give you an idea about the way of writing and what Nigel has gone through during his watery radio adventures I will open the book. Nigel and I have decided that part of chapter one and chapter two will see the lights in the Hans Knot International Radio Report. Let's go to the point Nigel is going to visit the secret Caroline office in London and read some parts of chapter 1:

'The investigative work that got me this far had paid off, as here I was at the secret headquarters in North London. Seeing no sign of a bell, I tapped lightly on the door. I did wish to some extent that no one would answer and I could go home again, thus saving myself any humiliation. But this would have been defeatist, so I knocked again, this time with more fortitude. The door was flung wide open almost immediately, and a boy of about fourteen stood within a small covered entrance, not a hint of a smile crossing his face. I coughed nervously. 'Hello, I'm Nigel to see Una.' He shouted back into the house, 'Mum!' and turning back to me, 'Come in, please.' The boy closed the front door as I entered the porch and walked on past me. 'Thank you,' I replied, 'it's been a long journey.' In reality, it hadn't been too bad, but I had nothing else to say and racked my brain for conversation. The boy ushered me into a small room at the back of the house, but I found it increasingly difficult to have a tête-à-tête, and subsequently wandered across to the window overlooking a small back garden, also garlanded with colourful pot plants and flowers.

It seemed as if the boy's boredom threshold had been reached when he sighed loudly in my direction. He was of average height but thin, his face forming a slight frown as he glanced over at me, his brown hair flopping over his eyes. He swept it back on several occasions whilst walking around a rather large dining table and on into an adjoining room. 'Mum,' he bellowed again, 'He's here!' I put my hand into my coat pocket to check an important item. It was a cassette; a strange thing to bring to an interview, but this was an interview with a difference. This was for Radio Caroline, a pirate radio

station anchored in the North Sea under the watchful glare of the authorities. '

Another part of chapter 1

'Radio Caroline, certainly to an outsider like me, was a secret organisation, although problems at sea involving anchor breaks or lifeboat rescues always made the news. I had found out a few snippets of information about the organisation in this way, but nothing of any real substance. One account, well propagated at the time, was that the supply boats, known as tenders, sailed out to the *Mi Amigo* from Spain. I had no reason not to believe this, and looked forward to long breaks in the sunshine waiting to go out to the radioship. But for now, I sat alone in a small, ordered room in a suburban house with no clue as to what lay ahead. One corner seemed to be the business end and I craned my head across, attempting to read some papers lying on the table, whilst not daring to move from my chair in case someone walked into the room. I wondered how many people lived here and what this Caroline boss was like. Would she like me, and more importantly, would she hire me? 'Through in a minute,' came a calming female voice from the corridor outside, and I felt my nerves kick in a little more. 'Tell me all about Nigel,' said Una as she walked past and into what I now knew was the kitchen. 'Tea?' And without a pause, 'Herbal is all I have, but you'll love it.' I sat wringing my fingers. 'That'll be fine, I love herbal tea. My mother and I drink it all the time.' Inwardly, I shouted at myself for this mindless proclamation; now she'll think I'm a mummy's boy, and I hated herbal tea.

I stood up as Una came back into the room and it was only now that we really met. She was a short, slim woman, about five foot four, which made me feel far taller than my five foot ten when I stood up to greet her. She was around forty, I imagined, with a broad, slightly crooked smile and a face beaming with friendship that totally relaxed me. 'There's a deejay from the ship coming along in a minute,' she said as she went back into the kitchen. Una continued as she made the tea, raising her voice a little, 'I always get someone on shore leave to come along to help with the interviews.' This made me a little wary and I wondered who was coming to my meeting. Just then, her son came back into the room, clutching some school books and casting me a dubious glance. Una arrived with the tea. 'Tyke, this is Nigel from, where was it?' she paused, putting down the tray. 'Remind me.' 'Sheppey,' I replied,

adding, 'In Kent.' 'Oh, right,' said Tyke in a most uninterested way. He grinned at me and shrugged. I had found out about this office a few weeks earlier in a rather hit and miss manner. In the absence of any mention of Radio Caroline in Yellow Pages, I had answered an advertisement in a music magazine, the New Musical Express, selling tapes of old pirate radio stations. I ordered some radio jingles and tentatively enclosed a letter for Ronan O'Rahilly. He had founded Caroline back in the sixties and I had no idea whether he was still involved with the station. I was pretty amazed when, within two weeks, I received a reply; my correspondence had found its mark. An unsigned letter arrived at home and I replied by return of post. Only days later, I received a phone call from Una asking me to London with a sample of my work. But there were no samples as I had no radio experience.'



STUART RUSSELL 1979 FREEWAVE ARCHIVE

Yet another part of chapter 1

'A heavy pounding on the door sent Tyke scurrying from the room. He came back with the visitor from the ship, who was introduced to me as Mark Lawrence. I had heard Mark on the air many times and felt genuinely pleased to meet him. But he was not smiling, giving the impression this was a chore with which he could do without. I felt a little uncomfortable as we were introduced by Una. Tyke left the room when his mother asked him about

homework and he grunted at her from the hallway. Una sat down at the table and uttered the dreaded sentence. 'Let's hear Nigel's tape, there's a machine over there.' I reluctantly handed my cassette to Mark who clicked open the tape player and placed it inside. Any remaining confidence I had was rapidly slipping away. I had no equipment of any sort at home so I had visited Tandy's, the electrical store in the high street, and bought a cheap microphone. Along with mum's record player and a cassette recorder, I'd attempted, over many days, to make a demo tape. I thought it sounded reasonable when I made it, but now my voice droned out of the tiny speaker, sounding worse than I could ever imagine. I looked down at my feet, praying that the machine would stop or the tape would snap. But no, it went on and on and I felt wretched. Una sent me home requesting another tape and I assumed this to be the brush-off. She had asked me whether I could live away from home for weeks on end and I had cited my boarding school experiences as positive evidence. 'That's not a problem,' I had said, full of hope at the time, 'I can cope.'

More from chapter one:

'I was still in bed early one morning a week later, when the phone rang. When it wasn't answered, I stumbled out of my room and into the hall. 'Good morning, this is Nigel.' 'Hello, it's Una,' came the reply.' My heart literally stopped for a second. 'Can you pop up to town this afternoon? I'd like to see if we can get you out to the ship next week.' I felt the exhilaration start building up inside me. 'But I haven't had the chance to do another tape.' 'Forget that, can you get here today?' she continued. 'No problem, I can get there after lunch. Is that okay?' 'That's perfect. I have to go across town this morning, oh, and by the way, think of a new name for yourself, will you? See you later.' She hung up and I gasped for breath. I was going to Radio Caroline; this wonderful thing I had heard so much about, and listened to so many times, was now within my reach. I ran excitedly into mum's bedroom without knocking and jumped onto the bed, shouting with delight. If she had hoped for a weekend lie-in, she was not going to get it that morning.'

In between the above parts Nigel has written a lot about his personal life, family and schooltime. Now final part of chapter one:

'I arrived in London to see Una later that afternoon, getting a bus across town rather than the tube. To say I was excited would be an understatement, as I was so eager to get going. I was still convinced I would be going to Spain to get to the Mi Amigo, an idea soon to be scotched. It was herbal tea again at Una's house, but I didn't mind. 'We are short of a couple of people, Nigel,' she said. 'Any chance we can send you out on Wednesday?' 'Yes, that's fine,' I replied, trying to sound business-like and suppress my sheer delight. Una was at her small bureau on the window side of the room, pulling out sheet after sheet of typed paper from a drawer. 'Okay, this is how it works. You'll get the ferry to Boulogne on Tuesday afternoon and go to the Hotel Alexander.' I was leaning forward eagerly, the feeling of anticipation growing all the time. 'I will book a room for you and the guy who's going with you,' she said, pausing as she fiddled with more papers.

'You'll leave on Wednesday morning from the harbour. All the details of which boat to look for are in this envelope, along with some instructions for the boys on the ship. I'll give you the money to pay for the tender, so just hand it to our boatman, André, when you meet him.' She paused, frowning a little as she gathered her thoughts, then continued. 'Now keep this to yourself. Two and a half thousand francs are here for the tender and also the money for your ferry crossing and hotel. Take as little luggage with you from home as you think you'll need, it makes things so much easier. Have you come up with a new name yet?' I hesitated and then announced my decision. 'Yes, Stuart. Stuart Russell, is that okay?' 'Fine, that's great.' That was all she ventured after the many hours it had taken me to think it up; she never called me Nigel again. Secrecy was the prime factor in this company and even names had to change. So it seemed I was going from France and there would be no chance for any sunbathing in Spain; that was a major disappointment.

'Who's coming with me, I enquired?' Una explained. 'A word about some of the people that you'll be working with onboard. You'll meet Tony Allan in France; he's a really nice guy most of the time but does have a tendency to be a little difficult. And do you have a problem with gay people?' 'No, none what-so-ever.' I replied. 'Good, well Tony is gay and may try it on with you, you can never tell.' She laughed, continuing, 'Be firm and do not stand for any nonsense. And there's a young gay Dutch deejay on the ship, but again, don't worry and don't do anything you don't want to do.' The excitement of going to

the ship nullified any thought of being raped in the night by rampant deejays, but nevertheless, this was another world into which I was entering.



NIGEL HARRIS 2002

I gathered up my bits from Una and felt as if the crown jewels had been handed to me. But there was one question at the back of my mind that I had put off long enough, and that was payment. 'Any money when I come back?' That was the politest way I could think of putting it, blunt and to the point. 'I like to try and get the boys as much as I can from 'god',' said Una, with a degree of uncertainty. I frowned and looked puzzled. 'Oh, that's Ronan. Sometimes as much as twenty-five pounds a week, if it's there, but I always push for more.' She smiled as she collected some more papers and stuffed them into large brown envelopes. So this was the famous Ronan O'Rahilly who had started it all in the sixties. The man was still involved and I wondered if I would ever meet this so-called 'god.' The door closed behind me. I was on my own now and heading to France in a couple of days, when the new adventure would begin. It was to be the start of the career that would shape the rest of my life.'

Also here are some parts of chapter 2 of 'Ships in troubled water' by Nigel Harris:

The Sealink ferry pulled into Boulogne in the early hours of Tuesday evening; the weather was overcast and drizzly. Even though it was early spring, it was a most unpleasant start to the epic days that lay ahead. I wandered through the dimly lit streets looking unsuccessfully for the Hotel Alexander. There were very few people in evidence on this dank evening, and most of the buildings displayed closed shutters, making me feel a little lonely. My thoughts had now turned to the prospect of meeting Tony Allan; I knew what he looked like, having seen pictures of him on numerous occasions. He had been involved in Radio Caroline for many years, along with various other offshore stations, so there were countless photographs of him floating around.

I stopped to buy some frites. They were surprisingly small, very salty chips, with a foul tasting red sauce. And a coke was required too after all the walking I had endured. I looked quizzically at the vendor. 'Hotel Alexander, s'il vous plaît?' 'Ah, oui,' he replied. I thought my limited French would now well and truly be tested, but no, he just pointed across the road with a stubby finger and the hotel was right on the corner. Not a very impressive sight at first glance, but not unique either. It sat alongside several other small hotels of a similar character, all battling for the same second-rate clients. That included the Radio Caroline team, who would use it many times over the forthcoming months, not through choice, but through financial constraints. I walked into reception and there was a man already engaged in conversation with the hotelier; it was Tony Allan. I wasn't ready for him yet and turned away, glancing through the small glass partition in the main doorway. After a moment or two, Tony got into a lift and the doors closed behind him. I now had the chance to get my admission sorted out with the concierge and placed my passport on the desk. I checked in and discovered that Tony had asked to be informed of my arrival and on closing his admissions book, the man behind the desk picked up the phone.

'Non, non, s'il vous plaît! Une surprise pour Monsieur Allan!' I hoped the man understood me, although he wasn't pleased to be interrupted in his duty. He put both hands up and sighed in mock horror. 'Très bien, monsieur!' 'Merci,' I replied uneasily, and stepped into the lift. Tony and I were booked into rooms seven and eight, and when Tony heard the lift doors open, he appeared on the landing. He was smaller than I expected, not short, but wiry, even bony, with a long thin face and the typical hippy hair that I

assumed came with the Caroline territory. 'You must be Stuart?' he asked and I nodded. He ushered me into his room and I placed my suitcase on the floor just inside the door. 'How is Una? She's a darling, we all love her.' He did not pause for breath before taking the initiative. 'We'll go downstairs and have a drink, and you can tell me all about yourself. C'mon, get a move on! And leave your bags in here, nobody's going to touch them.' I fumbled around with jackets and suitcases and placed my own room key on Tony's bed. 'Come on!' he repeated, and then he was out by the lift.

Neither of us possessed much money, so we drank beers in small glasses, emptied after a few swallows due to the huge amount of froth on top. Tony remained unaware of my secret money for the boat trip, and as our own cash started to run low, I knew it was a secret I must keep. Tony remarked that he'd been living in Holland recently and had not been to the ship for a while. I listened with fascination to his stories of boarding parties on the Mi Amigo when she was off the Dutch coast, the attempted takeovers and varied endeavours to make money to pay off creditors. His story telling was infectious and before long, I was eager to hear more. He had many stories from his first radio job on the offshore Radio Scotland when he was sixteen, and there were wide-ranging tales about Radio North Sea International in the early seventies.



HUGO MEULENHOF, HERMAN DE GRAAF, STUART RUSSELL AND FRANK VAN DER MAST 1978 PHOTO: THEO DENCKER

A real passion for Tony was the Voice of Peace. This was an offshore radio station anchored off the coast of Tel Aviv in Israel, and Tony had spent many years working in this part of the world. Now we got onto more pressing matters and began to discuss current events on board the Mi Amigo. Tony said he was going out to assume the position of programme controller. How authorised this position was, I wasn't sure, as Una had said nothing to me about it before I left England. It seemed Tony knew how the system worked, for he unexpectedly insisted on knowing how much money I had been given for the tender, becoming quite shirty when I said I did not know anything about payment. I shrugged and flustered around for a while longer before stupidly admitting that I did indeed carry the cash. Tony now put his plan into operation. His brainwave being that we should use some of the money to buy extra food for the ship after getting the price of the boat reduced. I decided there was no point lying about the amount of money I carried and told Tony that I had been given two and a half thousand francs to pay for the boat. 'That's an obscene amount of money to pay for an old fishing boat. Hand it over and I'll go down to the harbour in the morning and get us a better deal, then we can get some decent food to take with us. The Dutch only send crap supplies and Una won't mind; in fact she'll be pleased if we reduce the cost.' The tender will be cheaper next time was Tony's hypothesis, and if his plan worked, it was beneficial to all. I went along with it. The envelope left my possession that night and in the morning Tony had, I assumed, gone to the harbour to negotiate. I checked out of the hotel, and making my way towards the seafront, found our fishing boat tied up along with many others. I introduced myself to the skipper, André, and at the appointed time, anxiously climbed on board with my luggage. We were due to leave in about half an hour; plenty of time for Tony to get back with the shopping. But Tony never did come back. He had disappeared with the cash. I was beginning to panic quite seriously as the time to leave drew near. It was my first trip to Caroline and I'd lost the tender money, got on a boat for which I could not pay and would surely have to come up with some fairytale to tell the skipper. If I told him now, we would not sail, so it would have to wait until we were well underway, thus making it not worth his while to turn around and return to port.

The wind was a little gusty as we pulled out into the harbour basin but I hoped the journey would be fairly comfortable. We chugged alongside the other small boats still at their moorings, our wash rocking them gently

against one another. Their marker-flags used for fishing, blew rapidly in the breeze, clattering together as they did so. At last we turned out into the open sea, and it was then I found out I was not the sailor I thought. I clung onto the wheelhouse and without more ado, threw up on the deck. As we reached the harbour wall limits, we immediately hit an enormous wave, large enough to send me flying along the deck amongst the fish guts and nets. I struggled to my feet, slipping and sliding, whilst gripping onto anything that would prevent me going over the side. This was hell and already I was desperate to get off the boat. I struggled into the small wheelhouse, but the atmosphere was so claustrophobic, I had to leave straight away and get outside. Within minutes, I was frozen to the spot and firmly gripped the side of the wheelhouse, mortified at the prospect of spending anymore time in this heaving sea. Tears streamed down my face but nobody could tell as I was drenched from head to foot in the ice cold North Sea. I could not see the horizon through the spray and did not understand why we left harbour when the weather was so dire. What was the matter with these men? The crew beckoned me inside again but I could not move from my position on deck at the side of the wheelhouse. The prospect of drowning crossed my mind; maybe we would capsize and go down with all hands into the freezing sea. The water was deep green, a colour I had not witnessed before at sea and most of it was above us, towering high into the darkening sky. We would ride up one side of a mountainous wave, teeter on the top, then slide down the other side, the bows of our little boat plunging under the waves before recovering and waiting for the next giant to lift us again. This boat, now setting out on its perilous and illegal journey, was small and the larger vessels in our vicinity appeared to be coping far better. I discovered later that we only made about three knots for a good part of the trip and had I known this piece of information at the time, it would have seriously acerbated the already painful experience. It was difficult to perceive any forward motion at all, as most of the time was spent battling these dark green sea monsters.

In time, the darkness of the sky became even more menacing and this changed the hue of the water to almost black, the odd twinkling light still visible through the gloom and spray. Crewmembers kept an eye on me from the wheelhouse but even though I was distressed, I preferred to stay on the deck. Being outside in the fresh air was the preferred option on this journey. I guessed we were about four hours or so into our trip and the seas

had begun to relax their shocking grip on our little vessel. It was still bumpy but compared with the earlier part of the voyage, it was tolerable. The crew inside were not suffering to any degree as this was just another run to sea for them. As my stomach eased a little, more pressing matters came to mind again as I wondered how close we were to the Mi Amigo. I decided to ask, and then in the remaining time, work out how to tell the skipper the bad news about my financial situation. The information came back that we were barely halfway there, with the same distance to be covered again, maybe a little more. This news was not good, but at least I had time to work out my story. I might even attempt a cup of tea and risk a cigarette before too long.



TONY ALLEN AND STUART RUSSELL 1978 PHOTO: THEO DENCKER

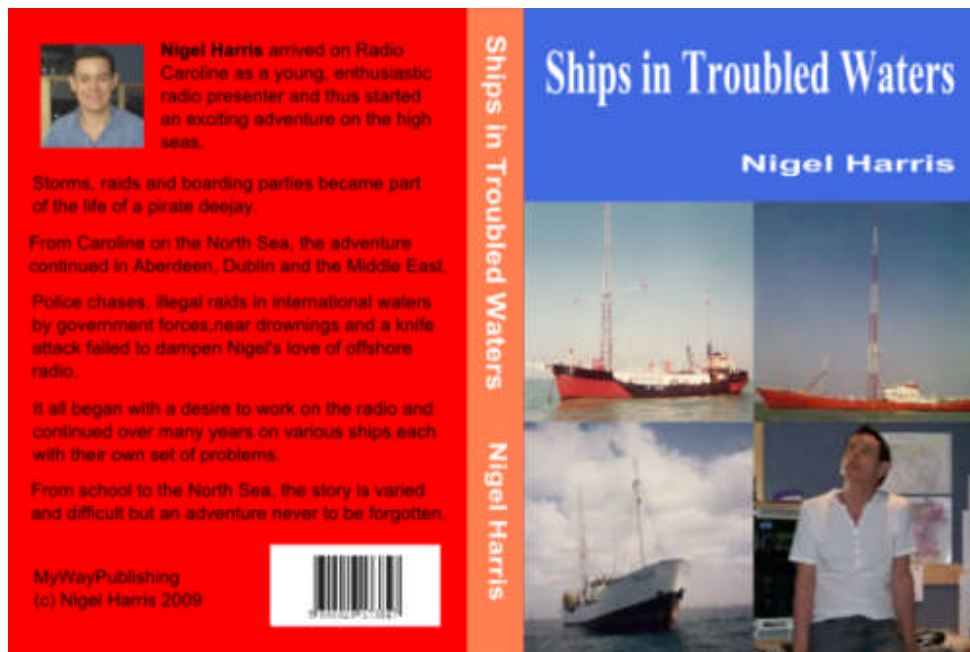
We moved onward, now pretty uneventfully, through the darkness. The sky was littered with twinkling stars, made even more fascinating due to the movement of our boat. Flashing lights were everywhere on the sea, some close enough to make out the shape of a ship, others just specks of light, twinkling in the distance. We were crossing the busy shipping lanes of the English Channel and careful watch was kept as we moved ever closer to our target. By now, I had worked out a way of dealing with the money crisis. I decided to inform André that I had accidentally left his money in an

envelope in my hotel room and had only noticed this on arrival at the Mi Amigo. I would then tell someone leaving the ship exactly what had happened, and let Una sort out the mess. That was the plan and shortly I would have to carry it out; it wasn't the end of the world, considering what I had already experienced on this infernal boat, although it was an added irritation. I ventured once more into the wheelhouse but it was cramped and smelly, so again, I came outside onto the slippery deck where it remained icy cold. I was not wrapped up as well as I should have been, and was still unquestionably wet through from the earlier bad weather. All this made for a very uncomfortable remaining few hours. There were many bright lights in the distance with some appearing brighter and closer than others. We seemed to be making for a cluster of them, so could the end be in sight? Sadly not, and I sorrowfully watched as yet another ship passed in the night.

I cupped my hands around my lighter as I lit a cigarette with difficulty and crouched down on the deck, shivering almost in time to the boat's rumbling, pulsing engine. In order to see a little more, I squinted my eyes in the ever brightening lights of a nearby ship. I held my breath in anticipation as we moved closer, although there was no discernible decrease in our speed yet. And then suddenly, as we turned slightly, I could make out the shape of the Mi Amigo, her deckhouse lit up with two bright halogen lamps mounted on front of the bridge. We were getting ever closer and all the anguish of the last horrendous hours melted away. There she was in all her glory, the Mi Amigo. Radio Caroline was in sight, her red and black hull bathed in the lights from our tender as we pulled alongside. People spilled out of the doorway on the portside and ropes were thrown across to the radioship to secure us. The fishing boat's engines revved again as she reversed a little and came to rest on the leeward side of the Mi Amigo, in what were now relatively calm waters.

The name Caroline was spelt out in blue alongside a painted bell on the deckhouse, whilst on the hull, blazed the words, Mi Amigo. I gazed at the huge mast as it towered upward into the dark night sky from the bows of the ship. The sight was amazing and it appeared dreamlike to be sitting alongside the M.V. Mi Amigo. 'Come on, climb over if you're staying, man,' came a voice from Caroline's deck. 'And hand your luggage over first!' I looked for the person behind these orders and saw a young man with a beard and a pom-pom hat holding his arms out for my suitcase. The side of the Mi

Amigo was not high and I could almost step across from one boat to the other when the tender rose on the swell. Handing my luggage over, I jumped onto the deck of my new home to see water barrels strewn along it. Gas bottles lashed to the deckhouse were being untied and put onboard our tender as new ones appeared from a small hold at the front.



Just for a moment, I felt a little confused. As the work between the two vessels came to the end, André limbed on board and I grabbed him by the arm as he prepared to step inside the Mi Amigo's deckhouse. I managed to make him understand the money situation, or at least my version of it. To my amazement, he did not seem too bothered, but I imagined he would be on his return to land. I was told an American deejay would be going ashore, so my next job was to track him down, tell him what had happened to the money and offer my apologies to Una. The boat was not alongside for long before the reverse operation took place. The undoing of ropes, some hurried goodbyes and then the tender pulled away from the Mi Amigo, the small deck lights disappearing into the night. Soon, they were completely gone and I was not envious of our American friend's journey back to land. I hoped it would be considerably calmer for him as they made their way back to France.

I briefly looked up and down the deck, took a deep breath and stepped inside the Mi Amigo.'

Well indeed it was for me a fascinating read and you can trust me if I say it's really worth ordering this 229 pages book 'Ships in troubled water'.

The book can be ordered at www.radiocaroline.co.uk or at Media Communications in Amsterdam. For orders in Holland the price is € 19,19 Bank account number 4065700 in name of Mediacommunicatie Amsterdam. Price for orders outside Holland are € 21,19 IBAN NL85INGB0004065700 BIC INGBNL2A Or you can use paypal. Delivery time for the book is around four weeks.

Talking about Caroline another deejay from the past is writing to me: 'Hans, just a quick note of true thanks for the great articles you send every month. They are very much appreciated. As I know it takes a lot of time to put them together. Thanks for the memories and your kindness for sharing the many fascinating facts and info you send along. Blessing and have a merry Christmas with family and friends and a healthy successful New Year. Your friend, Mick Luvzit. P.S. I'm hoping to have a new scanner for Christmas so I can send you some more photos from Radio Caroline 1966/1967.'

Well Mick thanks a lot and of course my readers will be happy too when you will get the long awaited printer with Christmas.

News from Peter at the Free Radio Service Holland: 'Dear FRS Friends, Following our November 15th and 22nd broadcasts a few weeks ago, FRS-Holland will again take to the airwaves over the X-Mas Holiday Season. December 27th FRS-Holland will continue a long time tradition. And that means we invite you- the listener- to participate. December 27th FRSH will be on 7600//5810 kHz for at least 4 hours. After close down, the full programming will be repeated! Pxs will be presented by Jan van Dijk doing the German show. Dave Scott will be playing classic rock and has a few interesting radio related items. Hopefully Paul Graham will be hosting another classic FRS Golden Show playing great 60s/ 70s stuff as well as a feature on a landbased pirate radio station from years gone by. Peter Verbruggen will look back to what happened in the past on December 27th (Day Calendar) and plays a mix of 80s/90s/00s records in FRS Magazine. He will also host a 45 min. FRS Goes DX edition with the latest news from the wonderful world of wireless.

Mike Anderson's DX Welle will feature a mix of DX News and music. During the pxs we will read out November mail and New Year's Greetings.

There also is the Phrase that Pays'. Pxs will most likely commence at 07.52 UTC/ 08.52 CET and last 4 or 5 hours. All shows will be repeated on the same frequencies, during the afternoon hours. That day FRS will likely also be heard via the Internet. 73s, Peter V. (on behalf of the FRS staff)

Keith Hampshire did inform me that there's an interesting song to hear and see on internet regarding the Christmas madness on the radio. Have fun:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7E-47VmFopE>

Andre Schokker wrote that once a month a free amateur radio magazine can be get. It's in Dutch and for more info go to: www.ham-mag.com

Next time for updates, first Bob LeRoi

Welcome to the last Update of 2009 and first of 2010. The Christmas 'ScrapBook' is crammed with more tales from Shivering Sands. This time with detail of some of Reg Calvert's groups and rare pictures from the Calvert family album. We covered Community Radio too with a flying visit to Basildon to meet the team behind Gateway FM If you didn't make the Classic Car Show at NEC there's a flavour of the weekend in the 'Personal Pages' 'One Subject One Link' has a long overdue for publication contribution asking why there's no rival to the Nationals In the 'Record Store' you'll find a pile of Deep Purple Albums & more compilation CDs in the 'CD Rack'. There are more items added to 'Market Place' our veritable Bazaar of everything Finally, let me remind you you'll find tabs for our newly opened Holiday Home by the sea. Thank you for another superb year, your reaction & feedback to our features has been incredible; we couldn't do it without your support. Enjoy your visits, have a great Christmas and a Happy New Year

www.bobleroi.co.uk

Martin van der Ven advised me to mention the next internet pages:

<http://fmscan.org/>



THE CHRISTMAS WISH FROM RADIO WADDENZEE

Next our friends at Offshore Echos: 'We're pleased to announce the next chapter of the continuing Caroline story that brings us into the third era of the offshore radio station. The Ross Revenge travels from a Scottish scrapyards to Santander in Spain for fitting out as a radioship. The story includes legendary US DJ Wolfman Jack, Caroline 60's deejay Johnnie Walker, financier (or fraudster) James Ryan and more. There are pictures of the Ross Revenge being fitted out in Spain, press cuttings, court documents, and audio. Visit the Caroline story - the 80's at www.offshoreechos.com

Finally I can advise you to go to the pages from Mary and Chris Payne and take another 30 minutes to read the latest update from the Radio London family at:
<http://www.radiolondon.co.uk/kneesflashes/happenings/octnovdec09/octnovdec01.html#news>

That's all for 2009 but I will be back with the next Hans Knot International Radio Report. Either it will be very late in January or early February. Once again have a happy Christmas and all best wished for you and your family from Jana and me, Hans Knot.

