

Hans Knot International Radio Report Christmas 2016

Radio 2016 Christmas

Welcome to another bumper edition of the Hans Knot International Radio Report. I hope you all will have a nice Christmas period, with one part of the readership celebrating in winter, the others in summertime. A lot of things happened during the past weeks as well a lot of memories were shared by several readers. So let's go and see what this report will bring, next to sad news again.

First an e mail: **'Hello Hans, Are you familiar with: [Rock-it Radio's Tribute to Pirate Offshore Radio](#) by Bennie Dingo rockitradio@netzero.net All the best, Martin H. Samuel.**

Thanks for sharing Martin. It was known to me but now all the readers can visit these special pages.

Next an item where Paul de Haan from the Netherlands ask a question which is answered by Kate Cary: 'Hi Hans, if it's correct this must be the legendary Caroline office at the Zeekant 105 in Scheveningen.



Photo by Google Search

This office got a mentioning on the Kate Cary's Facebook page. I came there by another item brought in by Andy Archer. I'm interested to know if this is indeed the building where the office was before they went to Van Hoogendorpstreet in the Hague.

Kate: Yes indeed, the office was on the top floor - I spent many nights looking out of that window watching the tender coming and going to the ship you could see the lights from the tender quite clearly. Kind Regards Kate Cary.'

Next an e mail from Jan Hartevelde, once one of the captains for RNI on the radio ship MEBO II: 'Good afternoon Hans. Something about the late Gerard van Dam, he came regularly to our home, he worked at the Hospital Radio in The Hague, but wanted to be a DJ on board the MEBO II. Meister and Bollier found it not a good idea, but Gerard would nevertheless continue to be involved with the organisation in the then future. But he also decided not to join Ton van der Linden - once known as Captain Tom. Gerard stayed in the background for a while. In 1971 he did a lot of work for RNI, but I think he was never paid for that by either Meister and Bollier or John de Mol Sr.

Later, he got in touch with Ronan O'Rahilly from the Caroline organisation as he wanted to work together with him. Gerard was responsible for bringing out the Mi Amigo again into international waters. After some months it went wrong again as Gerard, like others, were not paid.

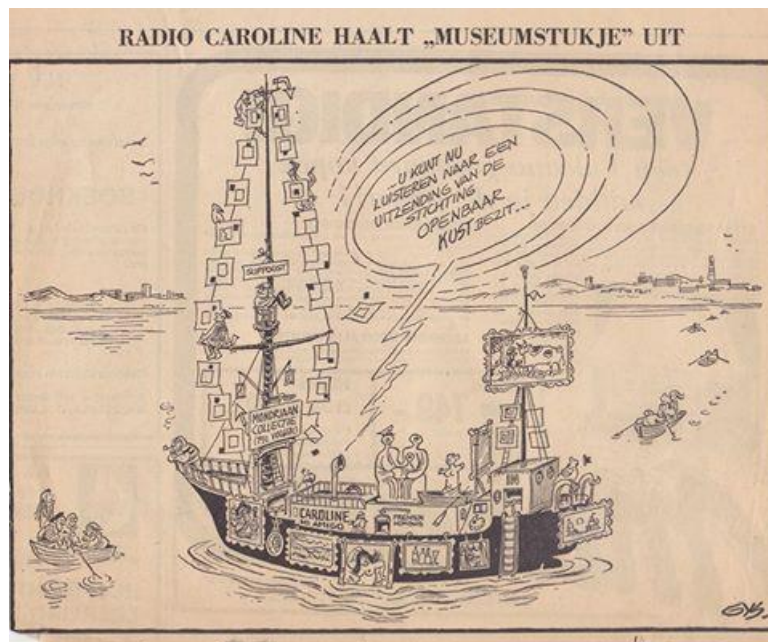
I was a mediator and had to pay the dissatisfied crewmembers. As so often the money-cheque from the office in Liechtenstein came too late and Gerard decided to work together with Captain van der Kamp to fight for the money, which was around Christmas 1972. They even tried to throw me into the harbour of Scheveningen. That was the

moment I would not do anything anymore for the Caroline organisation. The rest is history. R.I.P. Gerard.'



onderhandelen over het anker, dat eens de „Mi-Amigo” op zijn plaats hield, maar gekap werd, waarna het naar de bodem van de Noordzee zonk, werd opgedoken door initiatiefrijke particulieren en dat zich nu op het dek van een Scheveningse vissersboot bevindt

On this newspaper photo Gerard is standing next to me. Greetings: Jan Harteveld'



Here's another newspaper cut concerning the plans in 1972 to bring the Caroline ship. Archive: Jan Harteveld.

Thanks a lot for this one too Jan and sharing your memories from a long time ago with us. In the meantime I hope your health is much better than some weeks ago. Take care.

On our huge Flickr site 'The Offshore Radio Archive' containing more than 16.500 photos there's a special album called 'Antique Radios'. You will find more than 300 pictures of vintage transistor and valve radio sets, many of them with offshore radio stations like Veronica, Caroline, London, RTV Noordzee and even Atlanta and 390 on the scale. This unique collection is definitely worth a visit:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/offshoreradio/albums/72157635223769121>

On the 7th of December RadioToday came with the following news: 'Radio Caroline has asked Ofcom for permission to crank up a 1 kilowatt transmitter as part of its community radio application. Most community radio stations operate at around 50 watts, covering an area of around 5 kilometres, but Caroline boss Peter Moore has requested no less than 1000 watts to reach its community of interest base across East Anglia. It proposes to cover an area bounded by Ipswich in the South, Bury St Edmunds and Stowmarket in the West, Saxmundham to the East and Diss to the North.

In the application, Peter Moore says: "We would however seek permission to operate at a considerably higher power level outside the "typical" limits suggested. Radio Caroline, is not a traditional community radio station seeking to serve a small geographical "community of place". As set out elsewhere in this application, Radio Caroline can best be described as a "community of interest" station, with potential listeners spread throughout East Anglia. This means that our coverage requirements are therefore atypical." Read more to click on the link;

<http://radiotoday.co.uk/2016/12/radio-caroline-wants-1kw-to-cover-east-anglia/>

Paul Bailey has produced a Timeshow, and excellent work marking 50 years of the implementation of the Marine Etc. Broadcasting Offences Act at midnight on Monday 14 August 1967.

<https://mebo50.wordpress.com/timeshow/>

November 7th was another sad day when the news came in that veteran broadcaster and singer Jimmy Young died at the age of 95.

<http://news.sky.com/story/veteran-broadcaster-sir-jimmy-young-dies-aged-95-10649531>

Next to Sky also the BBC had their obituary

<http://www.bbc.com/news/entertainment-arts-20582848>

See also what the Guardian wrote on their internetsite the same evening

<https://www.theguardian.com/media/2016/nov/07/broadcaster-sir-jimmy-young-dies-aged-95>



Jimmy Young BBC; Freewave Nostalgia Archive

Mike Terry wrote: 'RIP Sir Jimmy Young - I first remember him on Luxembourg in the late 50s/early 60s, a weak signal in those lower

power days with much fading, unique and exciting commercial radio beamed to the UK where there was no competitor in its genre.

When Radio London closed in 1967 some people thought TW (Tony Windsor) would get the mid - morning slot on BBC Radio 1 and 2 but his 'illness' prevented it, instead Jimmy got the show and moulded it into a new style of broadcasting merging music with interviews, recipes and much more. Millions regularly listened but sadly it was hardly what the youth of Britain wanted and I hated it.

Over time however we came to realise what an excellent broadcaster he was. Insensitive to mention today but hopefully some remember that he pinched Paul Kaye's theme tune. Ken Woodman and the Piccadilly Brass and Town talk.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T7J6evZ55OY>



I think the best radio news for 2016 was mentioned on Radio 5, in the newspapers and on the internet on December 6th. Tineke de Nooij, who started her radio career in 1961 on Radio Veronica will get in January the Marconi Oeuvre Award for all the years she presented radio programs full of warmth and enthusiasm. She is the very first woman who will get this award. And although she is already 75 years of age she's still a star on the radio and working for MAX on NPO Radio 5. One other former offshore deejay became the award two years ago, Tom Mulder who was also deejay with Veronica. So many congratulations to you Tineke! And I thought to bring a nostalgic memory:

TINEKES TEENBEAT TOP-TIEN



1. I don't want to go on without you — The Searchers
2. Down South — Rob Hoeke Quartet
3. Trains & Boats & Planes — Burt Bacharach
4. Tossing & Turning — Ivy League
5. Piangi — Richard Anthony
6. Fernando, Alfredo & José — Ria Valk
7. What's new Pussycat — Tom Jones
8. La danse de Zorba — alle uitv.
9. Theme from a summerplace — The Lettermen
10. Als ik James Bond was — Jan en Ceessie.

Next a photo which came to me some 6 weeks ago from the Emperor and which was also published on his facebook page. However when I mentioned that on the right it was Tony Prince, almost everyone didn't believe it. It was Tony himself who confirmed that it was him. And I wrote that toasting the way he does on the photo is a typical Royal Ruler toast!



Emperor Rosko, Johnny Bierling and Tony Prince

And of course Rosko was responding again after receiving the report: 'Hi, as always a compulsory reading at once! I will try and I will give you some time off as it is Xmas! Have a merry one and the same to all

pals and your readers. My Christmas suit doesn't fit me anymore Merry Xmas and a happy new year. Rosko.'

WSJC-The World's Smallest Radio Station is what I want to bring under your attention too: In the late 50's two young friends built and ran their own low power AM broadcast band radio station. The Voice of America documented this venture. It's narrated by Bob McHone, a well-known and respected announcer/spokesman/narrator.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ubsV-n_3TN4

Chris Brisland writing in from England: 'Being a vintage radio enthusiast, and fan of offshore radio, I run a Facebook Page called 'Wireless of the Week.' On here I have written my very own tribute to Dave Cash: 'Hello Everyone. This week's Wireless of the Week entry is a special tribute to the legendary broadcaster Dave Cash, who passed away on Friday, October 21st, at the age of 74. Less than a week after presenting his final show on BBC Radio Kent, his death was sudden, unexpected and untimely. Another great of the airwaves has now left us, many would say to join 'Heaven FM' in that great Radio Studio in the Sky.

In a nutshell, Dave was first famous here in the UK as part of his double act with Kenny Everett on Offshore Radio London in 1965. He was later heard on BBC Radio 1, Capital Radio (in the days when it was a proper radio station!) and since 1999, hosting vintage chart, Rock n' Roll shows and country shows on BBC Kent and other South-Eastern Local stations. I had been listening to his Saturday night vintage charts show regularly since discovering it in 2006, and found it to be most enjoyable, especially when it was three hours and included an hour of rock n' roll as well! Here in Ipswich, Suffolk, my collection of vintage radios can get a surprisingly good reception of BBC Radio Kent on 387 meters, 774 K/c's MW during the Summer Months, and on a number of occasions, I took great delight in surprising Dave and his team with reception reports from here in Ipswich!

I met Dave on two occasions one in 2007, and one in 2009, both 'Pirate BBC Essex' Events. I was walking around listening to Pirate BBC Essex on my 1958 Dansette model 111 transistor radio. I met Dave in the exhibition, and got talking to him about his show, and mentioned that I could receive it on MW at my home in Ipswich. He explained to me that this was because the transmitter at Littlebourne was one of the highest points in Kent and was also not very far from the coast, thus giving the signal a clear passage up the coastline and into East Anglia.

He then went on to say that really though, he was a fan of listening online, because it's crystal clear, and can be heard anywhere in the world. A recent survey had shown that 30% of his listeners were listening online. (Not bad when you consider that it's now 9 years ago this conversation took place!) To which I replied "Yes, but I'm fussy and like to listen on radio's such as this!"

I then held up the Dansette and showed it to him, to which he immediately turned it right up, and exclaimed "Now this is the Business!" We then posed for the three photo's, which were taken by Tony O'Neil of The Pharos trust (the charity which preserves the LV18, former home of Pirate BBC Essex) and are shown here.



The following evening, Saturday, 11th August 2007, I then sat down at home and listened to Dave on Pirate BBC Essex, playing out the final FAB forty run-down from Radio London exactly 40 years earlier. Quite surreal, listening to him on the very same radio that I'd been demonstrating to him only the day before!

Shortly afterwards, I then sent an e-mail to his Radio Kent show, recalling some of this. He subsequently published it on his website. Much to my amazement it's still there now!

<http://davecash.webs.com/youremails.htm>

As already mentioned I met him briefly again at Pirate BBC Essex in 2009, he remembered me from the previous time, and marvelled when I demonstrated BBC Kent Reception in Harwich on my Bush Tr82C. Both times, he seemed very genuine, and very personable. Great to have been able to meet him, and listen on the radio over the years, memories, which will hopefully stay with me for a long time.

So, exclusively with Dave Cash in mind, my wireless of the week this week is the aforementioned 1958 Dansette model 111. Chosen exclusively to, in honour of him, in order to listen to this week's Keith Skues show, on 411 meters, Mediumwave. (Bear in mind that Keith and Dave were great friends and colleagues for over 50 years, I'm sure Keith will be doing his own tribute tonight.)

This was the second vintage radio I ever bought, from the Samaritans Charity shop in Ipswich, (other good causes are available!) in August 2005, just three days after losing my job! I can still remember making the poor girls in the shop wait while I went out to another shop to get a battery to see if it worked or not! I then proceeded to take it apart in the shop (having borrowed a screwdriver off them!) and put the battery in to see what happened. And guess what? She sprang into life! And has been faithful to me ever since! As shown in the pictures, she is housed In a Wooden-Case

with a brown Crocodile Skin Effect covering, and has coverage of the Long, and Medium-wave Bands, with Reception being achieved by the internal ferrite rod aerial. With a light, soft tone BBC Essex is loud and proud on 411 meters, Medium-wave.

It's interesting to note that despite having given this radio regular use since acquiring her in 2005, I have only had to change the battery (a PP7 - only available online now sadly) twice, once in 2009, and once late last year! Energy efficiency at its best for you! Incidentally, if you remove the back of this set, you will see the signature of a certain radio presenter on the inside of the back cover. Now, I wonder who that could be, Mr. Skues? Certainly, I look forward to tuning in in just over an hour from now, when I will be toasting the show, and the memory of Dave Cash, with some Old Maut Cider! With sincere best wishes, and hope for better news in the weeks to come'.

Thanks Chris for this remarkable piece you wrote. Good to hear that the younger listeners also love the radio as radio was real radio! Now another short e mail:

'I was shocked to read of the death of Dave Cash...one of the classic 60s DJs. His obituary appears in today's Times, so you were very timely. Keep up the good work Derek Lamb.'

Another regular writer to the report is Sherri Lynn: 'Wow, Hans! Another really good report from you!! There's so much of great interest that you have so wonderfully covered. In particular, the sad news about the death of Dave Cash has been so well reported! One never knows when it will be our last day. My condolences go of course to Sara his wife who is really feeling her loss! Also too, all the radio stations who broadcast his shows and had so many loyal listeners are now also feeling their loss of Dave no longer being with us and with them.

Good news for Tony Blackburn that he is soon to be back on the BBC. I hope that things will go well with him. I also hope that the

new Radio Mi Amigo will stay afloat for a long time to come. Wishing you, Jana and your family everything of the very best. Sherri Lynn.'

Thanks Sherri a lot for your nice words and thoughts. Have a good Christmas to you and all those who you love.

Next is an e mail from Gordon Cruse, in the sixties working for Caroline North: 'Hello Hans, my condolences to Dave's family in the loss of a wonderful man. I was privileged to be invited to Dave's home in southern England and spent a wonderful afternoon with him and his partner. To be welcomed to the home of such an accomplished and talented man was a privilege I will always cherish it. I last saw Dave at the 40th 'shutdown' celebration in Harwich.



Gordon Cruse and Mike Ahearn in 2002. Photo: Martin van der Ven

On another subject many will probably remember Ray Orchard of Radio Luxembourg fame. Ray and I see each other once a month when we gather with other retired Victoria broadcasters for a lunch and a couple of hours of 'radio raps!' I will always remember Dave's interest and friendliness. Gordon Cruse Victoria B.C. P.S. I hope all is well with you Hans. I very much appreciate your monthly report.

Thanks Gordon and of course I hope all is well with you too. Thanks for the memories to Dave Cash. Indeed a sad loss and we lost too many radio friends this year.

After the e mail from Gordon in Canada we have another reader from that country: 'Hello Hans: I'm fairly sure that you are already familiar with this one: <http://radio390.atspace.eu/> David Vincent (Sinclair).'

Yes David I know but a lot of readers probably not so I did mention it again. Here's another short e mail from Kate Cary, who responded earlier on in the report on the subject Caroline House in Scheveningen. 'So sorry to hear the passing of Gerrard Van Dam he was always so good to me and Louise RIP Gerrard. Kind Regards Kate Cary.'



It seems that this report is a farewell to some great people including Dave Gregory, who passed away on November 22nd after a short fight with long cancer. Here's what Radio Today's Roy Martin wrote:

'Dave has most recently been on Solar Radio, where the station has paid tribute to him, saying he's been a key part of the schedule for the last 16 years. He has been in radio all his working life - starting with the pirates and going on to cover breakfast for Tony Blackburn at BBC Radio 1. He's also worked at Metro, Essex, Jazz FM and Choice FM.'



Dave Gregory 2014. Photo: Martin van der Ven

Solar Radio wrote on its website today: "We are sad to report that Solar Radio DJ Dave Gregory passed away peacefully at 10.30 am this morning (Tuesday November 22nd) after a short illness. Dave has been a valued member of the Solar Radio team since our return to the airwaves as a legal broadcaster on Sky in 1999, and has recently been a key part of the schedule with his monthly show including the legendary 'Gregamix'! Dave is survived by his wife Sue.'

Dave's friend and colleague Chris Grant wrote this following message online: 'It is with deep regret that I have to inform you of the death of Dave Gregory, he passed away peacefully in the arms of his Lady love, Sue, with her family in attendance this morning. In the last few months of his life he bravely fought off a very aggressive lung cancer, but sadly in the end, it overwhelmed him. As a broadcaster and much loved close friend, I will miss him greatly, as indeed will all of his fellow broadcasters. He was a consummate professional, a fine presenter, and a respected voice artist, his knowledge of soul music was encyclopaedic, as it was one of his great loves. He will be greatly missed by all of his colleges at Solar Radio, and his regular listeners

for the friendly and unique broadcaster that he was. A memorial and special tribute to him and his life, is being planned for a later date. From me, and from all of us, who knew and admired him. R.I.P.'



Dave Gregory during RNI days. Photo: Gerd Klawitter

Dave also spent his early years on United Biscuit Network, RNI and some time on Radio Luxembourg.

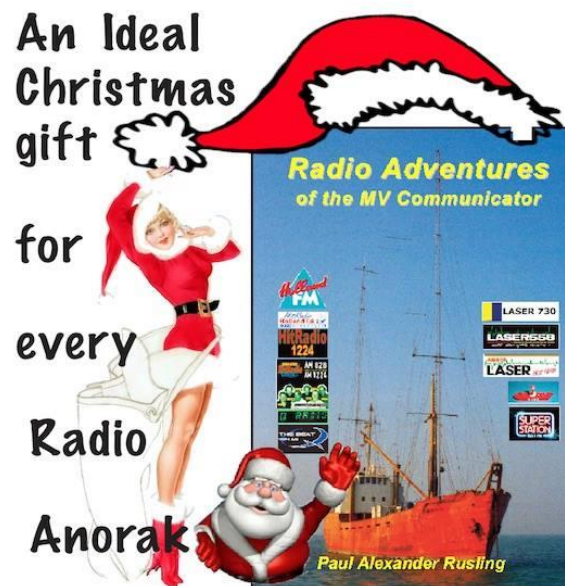
Here very interesting information from Paul Rusling: 'Dear fellow radio enthusiast, I have just completed my latest book, about the eleven radio stations that have broadcast from the MV Communicator.'



Communicator Photo: Leen Vingerling

She really was a remarkable ship that few thought would last the course, but it managed to put out so many stations over a 21 year career. I can't think of another radio ship that managed so many years afloat and broadcast for so long and was home to so many radio stations. How many can you remember?

This book is about 71,000 words, over 200 pages, with many pictures you won't have seen before (there are some that I hadn't seen either!) I'm lucky to have had contributions from many of the DJs who broadcast from the ship, as well as from the owners of various stations, and in particular the engineers too. Until I began assembling the story I didn't realise how complex and intriguing a tale it was.



Among those who added their stories to the mix are many of my old Laser colleagues, most of the engineers including Blake Williams, Mike Barrington, Dennis Jason, my colleagues at Nozema, Fred Bolland, Herbert Visser, Ruud Poeze, Dave Miller and many more too numerous to list here. I've included many of the stories never previously told. They not only bring the ship's log to life but help so many parts of the story fall into place. For the first time you can read what was really happening with the three radio ships at sea in 1989 and why the BVD (Dutch secret police at that time) were so interested in the shenanigans. How they could mount that

audacious armed raid on the Radio Caroline ship, the Ross Revenge, in August 1989, and how they didn't need to use their Marine Offences Act of 1974 to do so. All is now revealed in this book for the very first time.

The **Radio Adventures of the MV Communicator** is a story that needed telling as it's a major part of offshore radio history. LASER one that had massive repercussions for British music radio, and the ship also hosted Radio Veronica's liberation from the Dutch NOS system back to its place as a private radio station.

The book is available via Amazon, or you could order a copy direct via us, at **World of Radio** - the details are at the World of Radio. By doing so you can have them personally signed - Amazon won't mess about with signed copies.

I hope you get as much enjoyment reading it as I got in putting the book together. Good reading! Paul Rusling.

Comments from your editor for the International Radio Report: 'I had the privilege to read the book for eventual errors and had some great evenings reading back some interesting historical things but also numerous new things I even knew before, so go for it and get your personal copy soon! <http://worldofradio.co.uk/>

Next is a very interesting topic written by former Caroline, RNI and VOP technician as well as broadcaster, Bob Noakes.

'To some extent the tradition still remains, but in the past many radio stations had a short, characteristic recognition-sound by which they could be readily identified. Frequently, it was the sound of the bells of a well-known church or other chimes. The BBC's Bow bells come to mind, as do Radio Netherland's St. Jan's chimes; and when you heard the powerful peals of Big Ben you certainly knew which country you were listening to. Radio Caroline had an unmistakable bell sound, too. Radio Luxembourg had a gong.

At an informal radio get-together last summer, we were talking about Radio Luxembourg, when somebody mentioned the gong,

adding: "It must have been on a cart." Everyone was astonished when I explained that it was not: Luxembourg's gong was 'live'.

While the BBC broadcast Big Ben from a microphone installed in Westminster Tower, heavily protected from the literally-deafening peals of the colossal bell by hiding it inside a football bladder, Luxembourg's gong was tucked away in the studios and operated not by an intricate time-mechanism, but by a mere push-button on the studio mixer.

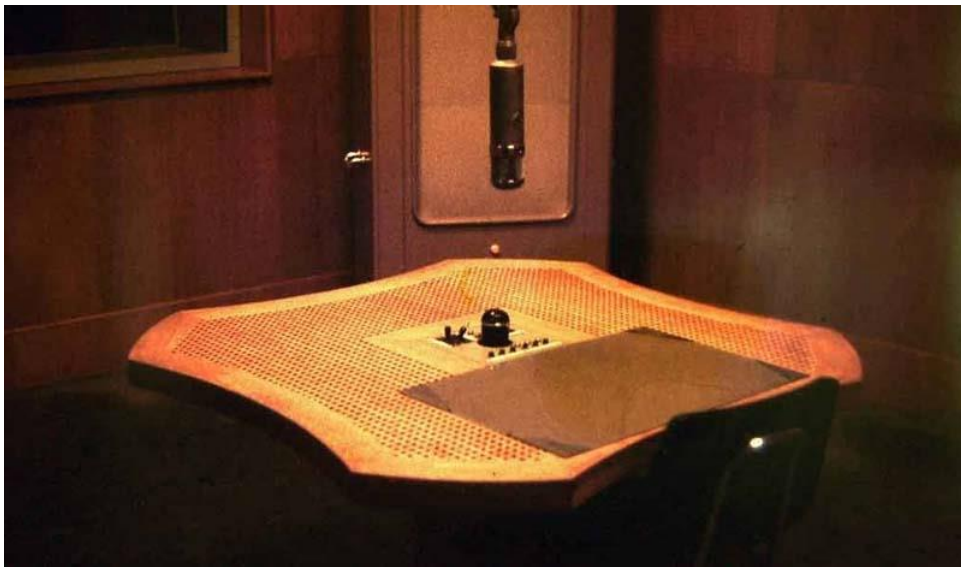
It was not a great bronze affair of Rank Organisation proportions, to be beaten mercilessly by an oiled Adonis who came down hourly from above, but rather an ingenious electromagnetic device. It fitted inside a long, narrow metal box and - I assume - contained a hammer which, when operated, hit a metal tube which then resonated like an orchestral tubular bell. There must have been a moving magnet somewhere and a coil in which a voltage was induced when the tube was struck. Hence the system did not have a microphone, but was itself inherently microphonic. The metal box, which I think was painted grey, measured about 25x5x5 cm and must have been sound-proofed, for even if you stood near it when the gong was sounded, you heard nothing. It was often mounted on the control-room wall, beside the window which looked onto the studio itself, and in the days when Radio Luxembourg was housed in a former monastery in the centre of the town, just about every control-room had one.

Hear the gong at: http://www.intervalsignals.net/Files/lux-z-radio_luxembourg_english_010865.m3u

It's time for some questions. Does anybody know why Radio Luxembourg chose such a unique device for identifying the station? Who designed it? How exactly did it work? Are there still any photographs or technical drawings left of it? And is anyone lucky enough to have one in his possession?

Keep up the good work, Hans, and the compliments of the season to all. Bob Noakes.'

Thanks Bob and hopefully someone can answer the questions. Very interesting topic! As I was there in the Grand Duchy twice I couldn't remember ever asking a question about how the gong was used. So I started searching for an answer. It was Dick Offringa, who has a wonderful internetsite in memory of Radio Luxembourg, if a big button on the presentation table was the 'gong'. He came back to me stating that that button wasn't the gong. On the photo, once taken by Hans Neuhaus, there are a few small buttons and according to Dick one is to activate the sound of the well-known Radio Luxembourg 'gong'.



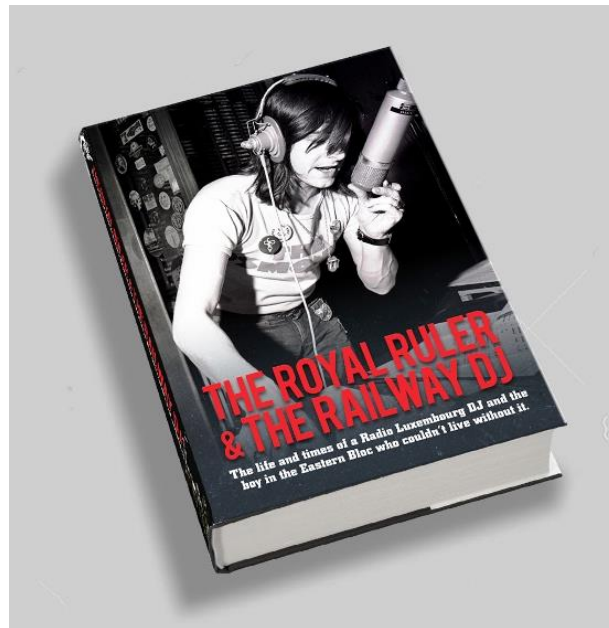
You can find the site from Dick Offringa about Radio Luxembourg [here: http://www.offringa.nl/radioluxembourg.htm](http://www.offringa.nl/radioluxembourg.htm)

Talking about Radio Luxembourg, on the first Saturday of November I wrote to the Royal Ruller, Tony Prince: 'When biking I always get the most interesting ideas. This morning, biking back from our Saturday market, which is a must for everyone visiting our city, I thought to bring the next question to you: 'What about bringing your favorite chapter of the forthcoming book into the report including a free advertisement? Just think about the idea.'

Well here is one chapter from the new book 'The Royal Ruler and the Railway DJ': The stripper

One evening Christine and I were puckish. After 1 am it was difficult to get a meal in Luxembourg, the city that always slept. It might be different now with all the European Parliament and EEC and Banking fraternity ensconced there. But back then, after 1 am, you either went home and fried some chips, or went to a local strip-club for a croquet monsieur.

"Have you guys ever had a cheese fondue?," asked my friend John Paul Gallé, whose father owned the Hertz rent-a-car franchise for Luxembourg, and subsequently drove around town in a white Mercedes saloon. We adored JP's wealth and he, in turn adored our wild lifestyle. "Get your passports," he urged. "We're going over the border." The border in Luxembourg was 50 miles to Belgium, Germany or France. We arrived in France as John Paul mysteriously chuckled.



By the French city Nancy, both Christine and I had fallen asleep. At dawn we awoke at the foot of a snow-covered Swiss glacier, 'Les Diablerets'!

In a chalet restaurant at the foot of the mighty snow-covered mountain, not far from where Jean Paul had been sent to boarding school, we ordered his fabled cheese fondue for breakfast. "Just a cuppa tea and toast for me," said Christine, whose body clock understood it was Sunday morning. To our host's chagrin, I hated the bread and cheese dip and ordered a *coutlette de pork* and chips.

We swung round and returned to Luxembourg without stopping for breath, or the Lake Lausanne or Monte Blanc, the Matterhorn and the Eiger, all of which received a cursory glance in the distance. Jean Paul Gallé, what a daft sod he was, we absolutely loved him.

We took over the *Chez Nous* nightclub, a strip joint owned by Paulie, and a able French man with whom I did a deal. In exchange for bringing our pop star guests whenever they came to town, together with our rather large band of Luxembourg friends, everyone got free admission. Better still, whenever I sang with the Jempy 4, the resident band, drinks were on the house.

Accordingly DJ's Kid Jensen, Paul Burnett and Mark Wesley became my backing singers as we medlied our way through Ray Charles' 'What'd I say', Jerry Lee's 'Mean Woman Blues' and Eddie Cochran's '20 Flight Rock'. This may sound arrogant but, we received a standing ovation every time. You could understand why when you heard what the Jempy 4 normally played!

Night after night I finished this rock 'n' roll act in the *Chez Nous* and sometimes in the town's other hot spot, Charley's Bar, singing whilst standing on my head. This became my party trick through life, but back then it saved me and the other jocks a fortune in free drinks.

'Free' in these Luxembourg venues was a big saving because drinks were proportionally priced to subsidize the cabaret, which included the month's guest strippers with whom, if they could speak English, we became great friends.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

There were half a dozen such night-clubs in Luxembourg but Paulie had the Radio Luxembourg DJ's in his pocket and enjoyed packed houses with revelers such as Phil Lynot, Jimi Hendrix, Ian Gillan, Elton John, Status Quo, the Beach Boys, Keith Moon, John Lord, Freddie Mercury, Tony Ashton, Steve Harley, Neil Sedaka. The list went on, and we sang rock 'n' roll with all of them, becoming drunk as lords at the record label's expense!

With no Musicians' Union in Luxembourg, I was always the lead singer. Imagine, Jimi Hendrix on guitar, Moon on drums, Johnny Gustafson (Big Three/Quatermass) on bass, the Royal Ruler hogging the mic! I just couldn't be stopped. The MU had failed to keep me away from the microphone. The act always ended with me standing on my head, doing the last chorus of What'd I Say.

I just wish iPhones and YouTube had been around back then to capture what must have been some amazing party nights, when so many legends came out to play with us. Some nights the visiting record pluggers and their artists would come back to our place with the strippers, who'd give us repeat performances right there in our living room. When this happened during one of my mother and father's visits, my dad Frank thought he'd died and woke up in heaven.

My colleague, Mark Wesley, filmed that particular party, and I've now got a digital copy of my dad's beaming face framed within a discarded bejeweled bra!

One night, having had an excessively delicious meal at the expense of Phonogram's plugger Tim Knight and Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynot, they joined us for a late night romp. Tiger Lily, a voluptuous German stripper had arrived for her month at the Chez Nous. She performed on a draped round dais, like an elephant would stand on in the circus. Whipping herself throughout her strip, she ended her performance laid naked across the dais, her stomach pumping air, her skin lacerated with whip welts. The dais was rolled ceremoniously to the centre of the small dance floor, Tiger Lily standing in the corridor ready for her entrance, looking like Boadicea with her enormous tasseled brassiere.

The lights went down momentarily, and a voice like Lord Haw Haw introduced her in German, French and English, giving me sufficient time and cover to sneak beneath the dais. The archaic striptease music began as the solitary spotlight sought out the redheaded Fraulein, who now danced onto the floor to applause and ribald calls in various tongues.

Beneath the dais I parted the drape and gave the V sign to Lynot, moving back into hiding each time her legs came into view. Tiger didn't get it; she'd never had an audience laughing before. Every time she dropped a garment, I dragged it beneath the podium, the laughter level rising each time until; finally, I grabbed her knickers in and quickly threw them out again. Her act ended with her totally naked body sprawled above me, whipping herself with a cat-o-nine-tails, her mound of Venus pointing in a V directly at Phil Lynot, who was wet-eyed with laughter. A last fanfare from her tape indicated her act had ended but tonight, not quite. Putting my back into the job, like a snail in a shell, I lifted my housing and walked her off the dance floor naked on the dais.

Once we were out of the spotlight, with an exhausted Tiger sprawled out and confused, her erect, red nipples pointing at the ceiling, I made my escape. Unfortunately, however, she still had some reserves

of energy and chased me round the club three times until I darted out into the street. Still she came for me, holding her whip above her head her naked bosoms bouncing navel to chin, a wonderful sight for the few late night passersby.

Two weeks later Roger Glover and Ian Gillan of Deep Purple came out for Jensen's Dimensions, and I was encouraged to repeat the joke. This time Tiger threw a number of glasses at me. People wonder why I always smile whenever I hear Lulu's 'I'm a Tiger'!



Christine was pregnant with our son Daniel, who'd finally made his way up the fallopian to claim his place on Earth. We'd decided Christine would return to Oldham to give birth as we had little faith in Luxembourg hospitals after an incident, where Christine had failed to kill me, but had managed to gash her foot trying to kick a glass door in my face in our apartment.

I'd carried her bleeding through the hospital doors and a very large nun was taking her away for stitches when Christine, scared stiff of the approaching needlework said: "Darling please don't leave me!" "Ah! Darling!" said the daughter-of-Christ mimicking Christine's despair. "Right then," I said lifting her off the trolley. "Where you go?" cried the nun, as Christine dripped blood across the marble reception area. "I'll stitch it myself!" I cried. A tourniquet, and lashings of 12 year old Johnny Walker Black Label disinfectant, and she was as right as rain.

So Daniel would be born in England, in Oldham Boundary Park, just like all his ancestors. Apart from the nun incident, I wasn't keen on him being born in Luxembourg, because then he would be known as a Luxembourger, which sounded a bit too much like a Big Mac for my liking. British he would be, a thoroughbred Lancastrian at that!

To celebrate our good fortune, we took off for a day by the Mousel River, planning to cross into Germany for lunch. It was a beautiful European summer's day as we headed for Trier. Reaching the bridge to the Fatterland a small, smiling, Luxembourg customs officer saluted us gingerly without asking for our Carte de Identity. "He looks happy," commented Christine.

Over the bridge his German counterpart was not so happy, a sour Kraut, in fact who wanted us to pay for a 24-hour green card insurance for the car to enter his republic. Discovering that there was nowhere to change our Belgian francs into their paper, we parked the car and walked back across the bridge, enjoying the sunshine and admiring the view and the vineyards that stretched for miles down the Mousel river.

The little Luxy Duane one was waving everyone through with a flourish. Christine was right, he had a perpetual grin. Up close to him I discovered his secret, Henry Funk, a popular Luxembourg ale.

Then an amazing thing happened. In broken French, I explained our need for change waving Luxembourg monopoly money at him. He grabbed the wedge, pulled an antique black bicycle from beside his customs post, and bade us wait whilst he got the Deutschmarks from the village. Off he went like a man who'd just been given early shore leave.

And that was that. I was in charge of the border! Inside the customs hut we sat idly waiting, when I noticed he had left his rather splendid custom's hat. Outside a horn sounded. I put on the cap, which didn't really go with my silk superman T-shirt and white bell-bottoms, (complimented, I must add, by shiny white Beatle

boots). A ginger-haired limey in an English reg Ford Cortina had caused a queue of traffic across the bridge to Germany.

His mouth fell open as I emerged from the hut. "Veeazit mein leiber junger vonush clift, what's up guv?" I asked in my best Luxy Cockney. His wife, nearer to me, turned to her husband: "You sure this is Luxembourg Arfur?" she asked, as their three kids on the back seat fought for window space to gaze at me. "Passports please, sir," I said.

Behind them, the drivers from around Europe wound down their windows. I returned to the hut and relieved myself of laughter. "You'll get us shot!" said Christine. Putting on a straight face, I returned to Mr & Mrs Pearson. An intolerant horn sounded five cars back, I ignored it and waved the Pearson's on. "Welcome to the land of 208," I said like Luxembourg was a radio station theme park.



"Are you British," asked Mrs Pearson. "Yes, I'm a Radio Luxembourg DJ, listen tonight I'll play you a record around 8.15pm." "But," said Mr. Pearson, leaning across his wife: "What are you doing running the customs post?" "Pin money," I explained. I'd attended to a dozen cars or so waving them in and out of the country, posing for photos and winding everyone up before the real thing reappeared, puffing and blowing up the hill, and triumphantly slapping a handful of Deutschmarks in my hand.

I now understood why he'd been keen to go on the errand for us, the Bureau De Change doubled as a café. I've never liked the smell of Pernod! We let ourselves into Germany.

Life in Luxembourg was one party after another. In nine years of residence, Christine and I moved house 10 times. Not to keep up with the Jones's, but to stay one step ahead of the noise abatement society and the Gendarmerie. Three noise complaints in Luxembourg, and you were history. Three was too easy, what with the likes of Stan Webb of Chicken Shack, who christened our new carpet being sick, Freddie Mercury who sang opera in our place long before he'd duet with Montserrat Caballé, and our boisterous pilot friends from Air Bahamas, who thought the rules were that they were not allowed to drink 12 feet before a flight, instead of 12 hours!



Elton John arrived with his manager, John Reid, and let the side down. Jensen's Dimensions interview would be his 47th in a 10-country promotional trip. He was knackered and went straight from the plane for a nap at his hotel. We all wanted to meet him, but he didn't show for dinner. He came alive for Kid's interview and was then coerced to join the DJ team, all still waiting to meet him, at the

heaving Blow Up where he was plonked in a corner, especially reserved for such an omnipotent. Before the rest of us arrived, he had dozed o again. I'd never seen anyone sleep so soundly on a 2kwf bass bin, six times their size.

Golly, the resident DJ, tried his best to wake him up as we each competed suggesting the records with the highest decibels. First Led Zeppelin's: *Whole Lotta Love*, then Sweet's: *Teenage Rampage*, then Slade's: *Mama Weer All Crazee Now*.

It was no good, John was gone! We thought we'd got him with Gary Glitter's *Rock and Roll Part 2*. A twitch, a repositioning of the head, but his lured arms remained folded across his sequined chest, beneath the shadow of his baseball cap, his eyes remained closed. Paul Burnett almost got him suggesting Rod Stewart's: *Shake*. He stirred, crossed his paisley trousered legs and almost knocked over our bottle of Riesling 71 with his six-inch plinths.

We all sat around waiting to be introduced, but all he did was pull his peak lower over his glittered eyelids sinking further down his bass-bin cushion. By now, Golly was surrounded by James Brown and Motown fans in mass protest. "Why you play sheet?" they asked. "I'll show you how to wake him," said John Reid his manager who made his way to the DJ booth. "Play Elton's new single *Crocodile Rock*," he ordered Golly. "Sorry", said Golly glumly. "Don't have it. I'm not on DJM's mailing list!" And that was that, Elton got his alarm call. "C'mon Elton," said Reid shaking him, "It's time for bye-byes!" We waved him goodbye, without so much as a hello!

Deep Purple's Ian Gillan was much more fun, although in an inebriated moment, he did confide in me that he thought DJs were parasites living on the back of the music. He might have had a point then, but DJs would change his hypothesis dramatically in years to come!

We'd all gathered in the studio for Kid's interview and had invited along our pilot pal, Jake, and his 18-year-old daughter who'd wangled a free trip to Europe from dad. Twenty minutes before the

interview, sitting around the studio, beers flowing freely, Jake's daughter asked for directions to the loo.

Two minutes later, Gillan also went to water the enamel. "You've only got eight minutes," shouted Kid. The Gents and Ladies were adjoining rooms at the far end of the corridor, just far enough to run, piddle and wash your hands before a record ended.

As Ian came out of the gents, he couldn't help noticing that the young American girl had absentmindedly left the door to her cubicle open. She was just reaching for her knickers, skirt pulled up waste high, as the Deep Purple eyed her whilst drying his hands. She looked up at him mid knicker-pull, and stopped pulling. "Why not?" said Gillan entering her booth. The same man who sang 'Speed King' was back in the studio in time for the interview!



The Radio Luxembourg, Caroline offshore radioship, DMC and Mixmagazine founder live and direct after finally putting pen to paper to explain how this crazy music world all began. Interview by Dan Prince: "Why have you written this particular book?"

Tony Prince: I always enjoyed writing. When I found myself living in New York in 1998 I started writing my memoirs to get through some lonely nights in my Battery City apartment without Christine, who had to stay in England to run DMC whilst I managed DMC USA. We'd

sold Mixmag and were trying to launch Mixer - it's equivalent in the USA. Apart from going to see Sasha and Digweed once a month at Twilo, my nights were empty. I didn't want to become a 54 year old party animal, so writing helped me control those urges."

Dan: "This book is a little more than your memoirs isn't it?"

Tony: "Yes. When I eventually returned to the UK I was invited to a reunion in Czechoslovakia, where in 1970 I had toured three cities - the only DJ to do so under their Communist system and not too long after the Russian invasion and the end of the Prague Spring as their brief freedom was known. The club owner and the DJ I'd met at the BAV club in Brno wanted to throw a reunion of my appearance 30 years earlier so off I went. For the second time I met Jan Sestak, the DJ who had looked after Christine 30 years earlier whilst I did my thing on stage. It was at this second meeting where we talked into the night and I suddenly fully realised what teenage hell was like!"



Tony Prince and Jan Sestak

Photo: Collection Tony Prince

Dan: "Why did you decide to make it a double autobiography sharing your stories with Jan's?"

Tony: 'I knew this format of jumping from a DJ on Europe's big pop station to a kid escaping by listening to that station would be a unique way of telling two important stories. The teenage experience in the Eastern Bloc has never been told and damn well needs to be. How many clubbers lying on the beaches of Ibiza or BPM know what we went through to free music and allow music radio its freedom? They're lying on those beaches because of things that happened in the 60's without which there would never have been a Beatles. Motown wouldn't have flourished; even Elvis Presley wouldn't have achieved the global exposure that secured his title as The King. That may sound like a wild statement, especially for someone reading this in the USA or countries where radio flowed like a stream, but when they read our book and learn about the Musician's Union and their attempt to kill vinyl records, the reason pirate radio was born in Britain and how it ended the despicable monopoly the British Government had established with just one radio station, (the BBC), their eyes will be opened.

Whilst I fought the MU, became a pirate DJ and formed a DJ career without ever joining the BBC, Jan Sestak overcame music lover's obstacles that, in this day and age, are truly hard to believe. The book is actually about the power of music and how it helped us to rid the world of the despicable communist dogma. No wonder they gave Bob Dylan the Nobel Prize for Literature, they should also have given him the Peace prize too! The communists blocked a lot of radio stations they didn't want the people to listen to but they forgot or ignored Radio Luxembourg probably because they thought pop music wasn't political. That was a massive mistake!"



Tony Prince, Elvis Presley and Mr. Anonymous

Dan: "Tell me more about Jan".

Tony: "He was a listener. Listening to the pirate ships and Radio Luxembourg became his obsession. It encouraged him to master the English language, it framed his every waking moment bringing colour into his dark world, a world where he could never talk too loudly about his nocturnal habit or the Secret Police would have him locked up. Both his parents had survived the Dachau and Ravensbrück concentration camps. His father, who repaired radio's for the Nazis, brought one home when the American forces freed him from Dachau. It was this mains wireless that stimulated his son's senses especially when he came across Radio Luxembourg."

Dan: "What was it about Radio Luxembourg?"

Tony: "Everyone in the UK and across greater Europe and Scandinavia listened to this station on 208 meters Medium wave (AM). It was all we had as a source for the pop tunes and it only broadcast at night, it was the little brother station of RTL's giant trans-euro radio and TV network, within RTL it was known as the English Service. Our parents had listened for a different reason, big band music, plays and game shows. It was a much lighter, commercial entity to that of the BBC. But when Elvis Presley exploded onto the airwaves, every single kid in Europe were dialing 208. Most countries across Europe had, like the UK, set up monopoly radio stations under government control. The Musician's Union made sure these stations were sterilized forcing live musicians onto them and controlling how many records they could air. If we heard 10 records in one day on the BBC Light Programme we were lucky. So you can imagine what happened at 7.30pm when 208 came on the air till 3am every night."

Dan: "How does Jan's story counter-balance with your own adventures?"

Tony: "He became best mates with local musicians in his city. These musicians relied on him to bring them the exact lyrics of the Top 20 tunes the kids heard and loved. That may sound simple enough but Jan didn't have a means of recording them and there wasn't a record shop anywhere in the Eastern Bloc that stocked these western pop records. Then he wanted to become a DJ and how he went about this, finding his first ever Beatles record in a mountainside shop on the Polish border is a ridiculous event which kick-starts the DJ in him. Coming face to face with a communist committee who refused to give him permission to be a DJ, well I could go on, it's just a horror story. That's when he had to start working on the railway."

Tony: "So whilst Jan struggled, I suppose you were living a totally different life?"

Tony: "It's only when you sit down to write a book that you realise how you walked the yellow brick road. I had more fun and excitement than you could imagine but any tragedies I had shrink into insignificance set against Jan Sestak's trials and tribulations. Putting my DJ experiences into chapters counterpoising Jan's journey, has, in the end, served to emphasise my highs and his lows. How can any DJ experience compare to introducing Elvis on stage in Las Vegas? How can any DJ challenge compare to hosting a live four hour show the moment we heard that Elvis was dead? How can anyone who started out as a singer who was then expelled from the Musician's Union believe what is happening to him when he finds himself singing with Paul McCartney? And let's not forget that my stories recount some amazing tales of my colleagues, Tony Blackburn on Caroline, Noel Edmonds, Kid Jensen and Paul Burnett on 208. If people think it might be fun being a DJ, come into our world. It's no longer like it was so what we have I guess is a moment in time, a historic account of something very special."

Dan: **"Is DMC a part of the book?"**

Tony: "It was when I was writing in New York, but once I'd decided to juxtapose Jan's story with mine DMC was put into the 'saved' file for future reference. Even then we were looking at 800 pages so some serious editing had to be done which at almost 500 pages turned out to be the right thing to do. It really runs at pace now. I guess the DMC story is for the future but don't hold your breath, The Royal Ruler and the Railway DJ took 16 years to reach publication!"

Dan: **"Why Royal Ruler? Why Railway DJ?"**

Tony: "Read the book!"

THE ROYAL RULER & THE RAILWAY DJ is available exclusively as a LIMITED EDITION HARDBACK

with a 20% reduction special offer from DMC. The book is available world-wide right here:

<http://www.dmcworld.com/store/the-royal-ruler-the-railway-dj-hardback-book.html>

Next the information that Graham Gill wants to thank everybody who sent him a card while he was for a longer period in an Amsterdam hospital. He was there as he had a serious pneumonia. Late November he came home again. I wish Graham also all the best.



Graham Gill just in September 2016

Photo: Peter Messingfeld.

Next the regular monthly update from the Pirate Hall of Fame:

New this month:

- we have some wonderful colour photos taken on Radio City by former station technician Bill Price;
- news of a new book from Tony Prince;
- and a radio documentary about Kenny Everett's relationship with The Beatles;
- former Caroline South and Radio Scotland DJ Mel Howard returns to the air;

- and we hear about a conversation with Radio Caroline's Colin Berry.

I haven't been able to identify all the people in the Radio City photos and would love to hear from any Shivering Sands alumni who can put names to the faces. Many thanks for your help. With all best wishes,

Jon www.offshoreradio.co.uk

Another update is there for our massive photoarchive: A trip to the MV Ross Revenge, the MV Communicator and the spy boat Dioptric Surveyor on 31st August 1985. © Hans-Joachim Backhus. 134 Photos <https://www.flickr.com/photos/offshoreradio/sets/72157673268960343>



On the **26th December 2016** FRS-Holland will be traditionally ringing out another year. In most cases we are on the final December Sunday, usually after the Xmas weekend. This year Xmas Day December 25th is the final 2016 Sunday. As the SW bands are usually crowded with stations on Xmas Day, FRS has decided to broadcast a day later on Boxing Day December 26th.

In the past years we have unfortunately seen a decline in the number of listeners willing to participate in our Seasonal broadcast.

We call on you as a faithful FRS friend and listener to participate in our 2016 XMas Shows.

It's simple: Forward your very own personal Season's Greetings (XMas and/or New Year's Greetings) to the Free Radio Service Holland and we will make sure they'll be read out during the broadcast. You can dedicate your greetings to radio friends, relatives etc. but you can also make a 'general' XMas/ New Year's Greeting. It can be written or taped (MP3 file or traditional media), it's up to you!

Send your message to P.O.Box 2702, 6049 ZG Herten in the Netherlands or do it the 'quick and easy 'way by sending a mail to frs@frsholland.nl. Easiest way: via <http://www.frsholland.nl/contact.html>.

<http://www.frsholland.nl/20-latest-news/101-frs-holland-seasonal-broadcast.html>

Now an e mail from Ian McRae in Australia:

You may recall (or may not) a while ago I launched my first fiction book "The Wilton Bay Chronicles".

The story is based on two competing radio stations in an idyllic beachside town...a network station playing The Music of Your Life and the other is called The Seventh Wave. That fictional station is edgy and very contentious with some content very much in direct contravention of current broadcasting regulations.

Now what if this virtual radio station produced a real fortnightly podcast featuring a compilation of the best bits of programming

from the previous fortnight? That could be interesting (I thought). So I've gone ahead and produced the first episode.

So what's in it? As an example the first episode includes one of the truly awful artists appearing at the Wilton Bay establishment Bonks Bistro & Bar. A send-up of the classic movie Casablanca. A discussion about God and how he's become a bit low profile lately. A tongue-in-cheek local traffic report. A Donald Trump parody song. And on a more serious note the truth about the health and fitness industry and "Lessons in Life" from George the One-Legged Greek.

To subscribe for free to the podcast on iTunes or to listen on your browser - <http://www.wiltonbaymedia.com/the-podcast>

If you like what you hear and you happen to be a broadcaster anywhere in the world I encourage you to submit an occasional segment away from the frustrations of your usual program genre, where you may be restricted by station formats or local government broadcast policies, and create something which you've always wanted to do but were unable if you wanted to keep your job! You can use your real name or make one up. For more details on that email me. ian@allaboutradio.net

Meantime why not subscribe to the podcast for free right here... <http://www.wiltonbaymedia.com/the-podcast>

Regards to all, Ian MacRae

As Christmas is approaching Marc Jacobs opened his archive and has free downloads from Christmas programs 1976.

<http://www.offshore-radio.de/MiAmigoKerst1976/>

During the first weekend of December it was celebration time in Auckland, New Zealand as Radio Hauraki, once 1111 days at sea, celebrated the fact that the station was 50 years on the air. A special FaceBook page was opened some months ago and during the days before and during the festivities a lot of personal memories

from those who have worked for the station were posted:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/929699520385560/?fref=ts>

Also a lot of attention the station got in newspapers and short documentaries:



<https://www.tvnz.co.nz/one-news/new-zealand/pirate-radio-station-hauraki-celebrates-50-years-since-made-first-official-broadcast-sea>

http://www.nzherald.co.nz/entertainment/news/article.cfm?c_id=1501119&objectid=11756902

Next one is with a big laugh for me: 'Hi Hans: 'We have a guy in Scarborough who claims to be a pirate radio DJ, having worked on Radio Scotland, Radio 270 and on Radio North Sea International, where he read the distress calls when the ship was 'petrol bombed'. I thought at first that Alan West had resurfaced (but he never worked on Radio Scotland of course), but I am sure this guy is just a fantasist or some kind of nutty imposter. Have you heard his name mentioned at all? He is about to start a DAB local radio project with Jerry Scott. His name is David MacGregor.

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000559274492&fref=ts>

Well if you look at his page you see that he has an interesting variety of jobs. I don't know how many have really been his jobs but the offshore area wasn't his one. Alan West did the mayday calls in May 1971 on RNI. As I followed RNI from the start till the end very closely I can confirm the name MacGregor is totally unknown to me.

Radio 270 follower Paul reflected with: 'Maybe you hear many stories like this every week, I often hear of a few, but they are soon very quiet when they realise I also know quite a few people with "wet feet".'

Some items which were coming is does think me if it was yesterday, although it's more than a quarter of a century ago. Like the next one, this was send by Tony Palmer: 'I came across another photo that your readers will not have seen before. Here is me washing the dishes in the galley of the Ross Revenge, whilst talking to Nick Jackson. Summer 1990 and also good memories.



Next one is coming from Mary Payne at www.radiolondon.co.uk 'Dear All: we have compiled three Memorial Pages to Dave Cash, including many more photos and a completely revamped Page 1. We anticipate the arrival of additional contributions and will add them as soon as possible.'

Of course much more can be found on this very interesting memorial site.

Another interesting newspaper article: 'If ever the time was right for the Irish radio industry to recognise the achievements of the dominant super pirate husband and wife teams like Nova and Sunshine then it is now! Sybil Fennell is undoubtedly the best news presenter ever to grace the airwaves of a stagnant Republic in the 80s. She naturally understood the skill of creating theatre of the mind radio.

Nobody cared that "compiled from the wires of the press association" actually meant stealing the news from RTE and others! Just as nobody cared that "the weather forecast for the bay area" actually meant dodge the coke cans and used condoms on a local beach!



Sybell Fennell in the eighties Photo: Archive OEM

Sybil created a dream, she made news sound sexy and aspiring news presenters all wanted to be Sybil Fennell.

<http://radiotoday.ie/2016/06/sybil-fennell-in-conversation-with-radiotoday/>

With thanks for this interesting link to Paul at Schildmeer at Sea.

A visit to the new offshore Museum 192 in Nijkerk. Written by Paul de Haan:



Veronica on the beach: wall photo taken by Paul de Haan

It was a beautiful last Saturday of October and so Hans Knot and I went to the Oude Barneveldseweg in Nijkerk using the A28 for a visit to the 'Museum 192'. It is really easy to find on a nice spot at a small industrial ground, which has a lot of parking possibilities. A nice lady, who welcomed us, told us that the entrance ticket (Euro 8.75) also was valuable for the exhibition about Demis Roussos on the ground floor.

Around 12:30 p.m. there was already a nice crowd in both departments and on your way up a strikingly beautiful picture of the Norderney, on very large format, on the beach of Scheveningen in 1973. All lighting on board was still on as if nothing was wrong - when the photo was taken. Though noteworthy is the fact that there were only 2 people on the beach to watch this very sad spectacle. The many days afterwards 'it was sold out on the beach' as far as the visitors, who without exception wanted to push the ship back to open sea.

In the first room a wonderful overview in pictures but especially high quality ship models of the relevant offshore radio stations transmitting of the Dutch as well UK coasts. But, to go directly to the point, the centre piece of this museum is, as far as I am concerned, the phenomenally beautiful Collins mixer with very sharp knobs which also one was aboard the Olga Patricia of Radio England/Dolphin/227. On the pictures taken by Look Boden, Lex Harding without moustache as well as Tom Collins in the Radio 227 studio. In mind you hear the jingles from the PAMS series 27, the Flipper one, and the voice of another star DJ announcing on Reedioo Toetoeseven TW. Back to 1966-1967. Our question is what the origin of these Collins is, from aboard? Who the owner is and how it was found?



Replica SRE Mixes from Look Boden. Photo: Hans Knot

The next room contains a 'Zeedijk' studio - so an early on shore Veronica studio - and a magnificent very large wall picture of the early 1970s DJ team in a group photo on the front deck of the Norderney. And here we were faced with a couple from the south of the Netherlands that almost was in tears and told us that taking a picture of that wall picture failed. The lights that shone through from the middle of a ceiling were too bright-oriented and therefore each picture failed. We, two helpful lads from Groningen, were the helping hands, rather the stretched arm out and provided a better

exposure and our fellow Brabant anoraks made the picture of their lives. The happy couple said goodbye with a generous "houdoei" to us and went to the cinema on the same floor.



Paul de Haan putting the lights in the right direction.

Photo: Hans Knot

We also looked inward; it was dark, yes quite dark. Couples 60 + slumped in the banks, as we thought here 'ship eroticism' was proficient but fortunately they looked to innocent board images of the Norderney which, among other things, showed a cook in the galley who boiled soup with strings for the brave crew of the Norderney.

In the various rooms at least 10 'tubes radios' were counted, all equally beautiful but what a disappointment! None of these radios, from which Veronica sounds were heard, stood on the dial properly adjusted on or 192 or 538. Purists as we are, we also have fixed this shortcoming.



Hans and Paul changing the frequencies

There's more to see, but it should be a surprise, discover it for yourself. All in all, we had quite 'a roll up your sleeves' day and it was still a tiring day. We were able to make the journey back to Groningen. But let's be serious, what a gem of a museum. A big compliment to the creators.

For the complete series of more than 80 photos see:

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/offshoreradio/sets/72157675765617916>

Birger Dorvil mentioned another museum to visit:

<http://www.radiomuseum.dk/>

Last October Bart Steenman visited a reunion of former employees in the eighties for Radio Caroline as well as the Dutch language stations, which transmitted from the Ross Revenge. Well there's only one place to have such a reunion. See for the photos are offshore radio photo archive, where more than 16.500 photos are now stored.

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/offshoreradio/albums/72157672527058613>

New Years Mi Amigo Top 50 from January 3rd 1976 with Ferry Eden on foutemuziekradio.nl After writing the Dutch RNI book 'De gouden glans van radio', former Mi Amigo and Monique deejay Ferry Eden presented on a monthly base a retro RNI Top 50 show on the

internet station foutemuziekradio.nl. On this station, every last Saturday of the month between 12 and 15 hours Ferry presents from now on a retro Mi Amigo Top 50.



MI AMIGO TOP VIJFTIG		
Uitzending voor zaterdag 3 januari 14.00 - 17.00 uur		
1	SPACE ODITY	David Bowie 1
2	CALYPSO	John Denver 2
3	MISSISSIPPI	Pussycat 15
4	AGGESUS	Alexander Curly 4
5	SAUSALITO	Rosy and Andres 5
6	THAT'S THE WAY	KC and The Sunshine Band 3
7	FLY ROBIN FLY	Silver Convention 7
8	ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART	Trammps 12
9	I'M ON FIRE	5000 Volts 9
10	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Bee Gees 6
11	LADY BUMP	Penny McLean 8
12	WHEN YOUR GONE	Maggie McNeal 28
13	YOU SEXY THING	Hot Chocolate 20
14	MAMA MIA	Abba 17
15	YOU SET MY HEART ON FIRE	Tina Charles 22
16	IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE RAINED	Tumbleweeds 26
17	SAME OLD STORY	Chip Taylor 18
18	FALLEN ANGEL	Rogue 21
19	MY LITTLE TOWN	Simon and Garfunkel 29
20	DO IT ANY WAY YOU WANT IT	People's Choice 11
21	SHOW ME YOU'RE A WOMAN	Mud 23
22	VLEGEN ALS EEN VOGEL	Peter Schaap 25
23	BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY	Queen —
24	BRING IT ON HOME	Octopus 27
25	ISLAND GIRL	Elton John 14
26	CHANGE FOR A LIFETIME	Kayak 34
27	ALS DE DAG VAN TOEN	Reinhard Mey 13
28	LITTLE DARLING	Rubettes 10
29	DON'T PLAY YOUR ROCK 'N' ROLL	Smokey 19
30	VOLARE	Al Martino 30
31	IK WIL NIET TROUWEN MET JOU	Corry 41
32	DO YOU WANNA BUMP	Bonny M. 32
33	BEN JE VANAVOND OOK ALLEEN	Willy Sommers —
34	JOHANNA	Rijk De Gooyer 38
35	SKIGHIGH	Jigsaw 16
36	MY DEAR ROSE	Albert West 24
37	SONE GIRL	Jack Jersey 31
38	EVIL WOMAN	E.L.O. 48
39	TELL ME WHY	Lux Lane and Friends 33
40	IN FOR A PENNY	Slade 50
41	CHANGE WITH THE TIME	Van McCoy —
42	LYING EYES	Eagles 37
43	DANSEZ MAINTENANT	Dave 35
44	MOTORCYCLE MAMA	Harpo —
45	GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS	Sailor —
46	SATISFACTION	Rolling Stones —
47	CHARLIE BROWN	Two Man Sound 44
48	I CAN'T SEE THE SUN IN DECEMBER	Lucifer 42
49	BAD TIMES	Barry and Eileen 44
50	EVERY GIRL	Bill Amesbury —

Ferry Eden photo: collection Ferry Eden

The next one, on the last day of this year, will bring you back to early 1976, the period that all Mi Amigo programs were on tape. Peter van Dam, Stan Haag, Bert Bennett, Joop Verhoof and Michelle, mostly supported by studio technician Maurice Bokkebroek, recorded their programs in Playa d'Aro, Spain. At the time that was one the few countries in Western Europe, were Offshore Radio and the co-operation on that was not illegal (yet). 'Mysteriously' the tapes showed up on the Caroline radioship M.V. Mi Amigo in the Thames Estuary, off the coast of England.

During that period the original Top 50 was presented by Peter van Dam and broadcasted on 259 meters medium wave. The music, many original jingles and adverts in this retro Top 50 will bring you back to January 3rd 1976. Sailor, Dave, Eagles, ELO, Queen, Reinhard Mey, Boney M, Peter Schaap, KC & The Sunshine Band, David Bowie, all this and more in edition 102 of the Mi Amigo Top 50, Saturday December 31st 2016 between twelve and three (CET) on foutemuziekradio.nl

Well that ends up this bumper edition. Of course there's far much more which will be brought in future editions of the Hans Knot International Radio Report. We want to wish you all a very happy Christmas and a happy 2017. All memories, questions, photos and more, please let them come at HKnot@home.nl



Hans and Jana Knot wishing you a very Happy Christmas and best wishes for 2017.