

## Hans Knot International Radio Report Autumn 2019

Welcome to another edition of the international radio report. Here in Western Europe autumn really brought us some bad weather but I can also think about the better weather conditions our readers in for instant Australia have as spring is there once again.

In this issue of course some questions and memories from readers but also a lot of memories and stories from people involved in the offshore radio industry from the past. It's a long time ago that the main contributor reacted first after the last report was published so here's the Emperor Rosko:

'Hi Hans I am currently working in Las Vegas for a few gigs and I saw your Rick Dane comments. Please pass this on to Rick and telling him this is how I look today and he can contact me if he wants to. In the meantime let me wish you a happy tim and will hopefully have some news for you next time EMP.



Emperor having lunch in Las Vegas

## collection: Rosko

Second is a review written by Martin van der Ven about a new book:

Ferry Eden: *Mi Amigo - The Flamish Tack in offshore radio*.

The "offshore radio" phenomenon is now almost three decades behind us. More and more books about this fascinating epoch appear from year to year. The latest work by Ferry Eden undoubtedly stands out and is a must for all those interested in the subject. The first time I held it in my hand, I had a feeling like Christmas. First of all, the larger than A4 format stands out positively. A hard cover contains the 200 pages of glossy paper. The text, written in Dutch, is pleasant to read and contains countless details.

Ferry Eden, a long-time *Mi Amigo* employee and thus a confirmed expert, has interviewed many colleagues and created a wonderful kaleidoscope of this exciting chapter in the life of this Flemish radio station with mostly Dutch disc jockeys. We find exclusive contributions by well-known personalities such as Marc Jacobs, Norbert, Ton Schipper, Will van der Steen and Adriaan van Landschoot. Ferry Eden did not leave out a single detail, describes the technical aspects, the ship, the colleagues and employees on land and at sea and records in the history of the *MV Mi Amigo* in particular detail.

Of course, the adventurous story of the *MV Magdalena* is not missing either. More than 500 photos (many of them in colour and often previously unpublished) give the whole thing its special spice. During the course of almost five decades, many books on offshore radio have accumulated in my bookshelf. I take a few of them into my hands again and again to read and flip through them, for example Gerry Bishop's "Offshore Radio". Ferry Eden's new book will certainly be one of them.

Here you will find more information how to order the book  
<https://miamigoboek.eu/>



Martin van der Ven reading the Mi Amigo book

### A VISIT TO DENMARK IN 1962

It is almost sixty years ago that, in addition to mainly anti-Radio Veronica articles in the various newspapers, a page-long story appeared in 'Supplement' of 7 April 1962. Journalist W. Hijmans had been sent to Copenhagen by the editors of 'Supplement', which was a publication of the former *Algemeen Handelsblad*, with a notepad and pen, with the aim of entertaining the readers of 'Supplement' with a story about the then popular radio station Radio Mercur. A reconstruction.

Journalists who wished to create a story could choose between going to a new station in international waters or visiting a former theatre, located on the *Ravnsbogarde* in the Danish capital Copenhagen. Hijmans opted for the latter option and was surprised by the many musical sounds that came to his mind: 'It comes from the strangest nooks and crannies - from under the stage, from the small room behind the cash register and from the dressing rooms. A door flies open and someone comes to panic-strikingly ask if we want to be quiet. The reason was that the presenter in question could not understand himself during the recording of a programme. The

announcement of the presenter meant that everyone kept quiet for a while, but by forty seconds everyone had already forgotten the same silence.

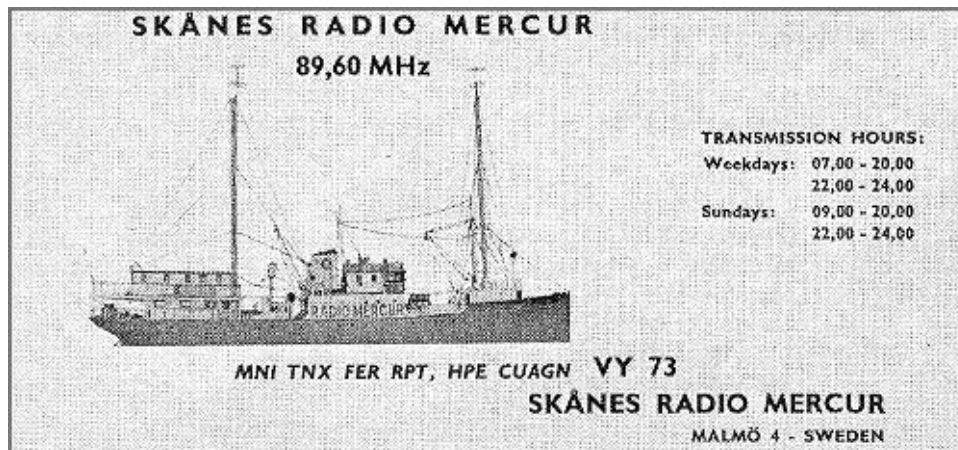


Photo Berry Knudsen

Hijmans: 'It's a witch's kettle. But who else would have expected it? We are visiting the world's largest pirate station, the Danish Commercial Radio Mercur'. The word pirate surprised me when I read the article but there was an obvious reason because Hijmans had been given the word by Olov Bennike: "We are pirates, at least that's what we are called. Pirates in clothing without a black patch on our eye." Then Bennike pointed out to the reporter the proud hall of the theatre, where the year before 'My Fair Lady' was still to be seen night after night. Bennike continued with: "We have our headquarters here, on land, in the middle of Copenhagen. Yes, at first we were in an old villa in a suburb. That was no longer possible, which is why we bought this theatre a few months ago. Expensive? I don't know. Money hardly plays a role because Radio Mercur is getting better and better."

And meanwhile Bennike was already dreaming of a clean future: "Of course we're not staying here. As soon as we become pirates, as soon

as the parliament finally gives us that concession, we are going to build a real studio. We'll be fine here for as long as it takes." Of course, the journalist was given a guided tour by Bennike, who then described it in a wonderful way in his article: 'He jumps in front of us, through the narrow winding streets of the old theatre and is suddenly up and up to the public relations manager, who wants to impress his foreign guest'.



Bennike then took the journalist with him what he said was the smallest studio in the world and also stated that the 'Supplement' had seen the absolute first of this studio, since the journalists from the Danish 'Berlingske', who had been invited earlier, had no intention of writing a single word about Radio Mercur. The reason he gave was that the newspaper was afraid that the radio station would take the advertisers from the newspaper. Bennike: "Nonsense, of course, because radio advertising is a lot different from newspaper advertising. We are not each other's competitors, but each other's complement."

The studio had an area of two and a half square metres and served as a speech room for the deejays. He also indicated that some of the dressing rooms would continue to be used as such, as it was planned to stage a programme every Thursday evening in the theatre, which would then be broadcast on Radio Mercur ten days later. Then the dressing rooms were looked at and two of them turned out to be discotheques. Hijmans: 'He points with a grand gesture at the

dozens of racks full of records and tapes along the wall. And he runs on, hurling open a door here and there! It turned out to be the entrance to a triangular room, in which the secretariat of the radio station was housed and where, among other things, the enormous pile of daily mail was opened and distributed among the programme makers.



Studio on land

Then the journey through the building continued and finally a good conversation was reached, sitting quietly in the hall of the theatre where Bunnike told about Radio Mercur: "We are the first pirate station in the world. On 8 August 1958 we started with two ships. One ship is in the Oresund, that is the Lucky Star. The other one is in the Big Belt and is called Cheeta, they must be nice ships, but I've never seen them before. Because the work for Radio Mercur happens here in Copenhagen, everyone knows that and it's written in big letters on the facade. Every day, at ten past two, our plane takes off from Skovlunte and it first flies to the Oresund, where it throws off the yellow container with the program tapes. Then it flies to the Great Belt and drops the red container."

One of the questions Hijmans asked was why people didn't use a helicopter instead of a small plane. As an answer he got: "Sir, do you know what this costs? Fourteen hundred crowns per hour and if you know how slowly these things fly and how far away the Great Belt is from here, then you also know that this would kill us. The little plane is fine. In the afternoon they lay a large ring of rope in the water near the ships and there is also a long cable attached to the containers. The trick of the pilot is to throw the whole thing off in such a way that the cable of the container hits the water over that ring of rope. If they can do that, they can bring the container in." In the three and a half years that they took care of it, it turned out to have failed only once.

Nick Jeffery is on the search for a recording: 'Hi Hans. Thank you for helping me put together things I didn't quite understand during the first wave UK offshore pirate years. Hence, can you please help me with this next mystery. In 1967 the Bonzo Dog Do Dah Band (Originally named Bonzo DaDa Band) recorded 'The Intro & The Outro'. The original studio recording contained the lyrics 'Quintin Hogg on Pig Grunt. However, Quintin Hogg MP got wind of this and Vivian Stanshall had to rerecord the track without the above lyric. All the modern literature (Wiki, etc) reads 'We don't know if any original versions exist'. My big plea is, do you know anyone from your network of friends who might have a recording of the original studio version? Looking forward to hearing from you Hans.'



Thanks Nick, I doubt if anyone has but who knows. Please to those who know more reflect to [HKnot@home.nl](mailto:HKnot@home.nl)

More memories to come but first I go to a message I received from Zürich in Switzerland from MEBO owner Edwin Bollier.

'Some colourful rumours around MEBO need to be clarified. Paul Harris had wild fantasies and the whole story which he published was untrue. Radio Nordsee International' (RNI) never transmitted encoded messages to foreign intelligence services and no international phone calls have been intercepted or monitored. There was never a secret room on the Mebo 2. All DJs and crewmembers had full access at any time to every corner of the radio ship. Paul Harris published also a rumour that DDR government (East Germany) invested money into 'Radio Northsea International'. The speculations started because Edwin Bollier brought a big amount of money in cash to Scheveningen.

The reason can be easily explained: 'MEBO Telecommunication Switzerland sold, on legal bases with Swiss export Certificates, all sort of materials and equipment (no weapons, no embargo materials) to the 'Institut für Technische Untersuchung' (ITU) at Bernau, GDR. It was a profitable business. When Edwin Bollier travelled to East-Berlin he was often paid in cash and he flew sometimes to Amsterdam with a bag full of money. For his safety, he usually notified Airport Police or customs when he travelled with large sums of cash. With this money, he also used to pay for food, water, repairs, tender expenses and oil for the ship as well as salaries for crew and DJ's.

Some curious people noticed that his business case was full of German Marks (DM), neatly packed in bundles with a GDR Bank Logo on it. It looked suspicious that he did not pay with Dutch money or English Pounds. That's why the rumour started that East Germany invested money into the radio ship. Erwin Meister and Edwin Bollier can confirm that East Germany never had a share in 'Radio Northsea' or Mebo Ltd!



In a mail to IntelToday Paul Harris was still repeating the allegation that Edwin Bollier, was a CIA agent. If you study his publications about the 'Lockerbie case' you would conclude that he has a very critical attitude towards the CIA or FBI and other intelligence organisations. He was never a CIA agent. Edwin Bollier have no Memory troubles as Intel Today means.

Another rumour needs to be clarified. Bollier said never to the Lockerbie investigators: "I was in Togo in 1985 or 1986 for a week of holiday". (mistake). By checking this story it turned out that not he but Erwin Meister was on holiday with his wife in Togo. He remembers very well that it was private and not for business. His wife was a hostess with Swissair airline and a good friend of a Flight-Captain Rune Hjelmund. The Captain celebrate his last flight with Swissair - he invited her and Erwin Meister for a holiday to Togo. There is no connection to the so-called MST13 "Togo Timer", marked from CIA as (K'1).

A screenshot of a Facebook post by Edwin Bollier. The post features a profile picture of a man in a suit and a green verification checkmark. The text of the post is in German and discusses the sale of the radio ship MS MEBO II to the Libyan government in 1977, its use as a radio station for 'ARABE VOICE', and its sinking in the Gulf of Sidra. The post is attributed to 'PRIVAT INVESTIGATOR, FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE > Edwin Bollier, MEBO Ltd Telecommunication Switzerland'. At the bottom of the post, there are interaction options: 'Gefällt mir · Antworten · Übersetzung anzeigen · 1 Std. · Bearbeitet'.

**Edwin Bollier** Beautiful memories; the radio ship MS MEBO 2 was The wessels radio ship, Ms. MEBO II and the supplay ship Ms Angela, was saled for US \$ 4.9 millionen to the Libyan government in 1977. One of the Libya,s military broadcasting 'ARABE VOICE' use MS. MEBO II, as a radio station; then later sunk during military target practice in the Gulf of Sidra. The deal marked the beginning of a long business relationship with Libya.  
by PRIVAT INVESTIGATOR, FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE >  
Edwin Bollier, MEBO Ltd Telecommunication Switzerland.

Gefällt mir · Antworten · Übersetzung anzeigen · 1 Std. · Bearbeitet

The vessel, MEBO II sailed for Tripoli, Libya, in 1977 where it was initially leased to the Libyan government for use as a radio station; then later sunk during military target practice in the Gulf of Sidra. The deal marked the beginning of a long business relationship with Libya.'

by PRIVAT INVESTIGATOR, FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE >

Edwin Bollier, MEBO Ltd Telecommunication Switzerland. Webpage:  
[www.lockerbie.ch](http://www.lockerbie.ch)

And Edwin Bollier's right hand, Vic Pelli, did send more:

## Bundles of money lead to false rumours around Radio Northsea International...



Curious people have noticed that a bag full of money in bundles originated from DDR (East Germany). That's correct. (see picture). Edwin Bollier travelled from Berlin to Scheveningen and carried cash which was paid for Mebo's technical material deliveries. A normal and legal business transaction. It was never an investment by East German authorities in Mebo Ltd or Radio Northsea International. Bollier used some of the cash to pay running costs for the Mebo 2 like water, food, oil, technical materials, tender or crew and DJ salaries.

Regards from MEBO HQ Victor Pelli.

Hopefully this brings an end to the ever returning subject on internet about de GDR and MEBO Ltd.

Next a message from Graeme Stevenson in Scotland who pointed me on the article 'What will happen to Sealand, the world's smallest micronation, after the Brexit?' It was in the newspaper October 8<sup>th</sup>.

Don't forget to register to the Telegraph to read the whole article <https://telegraph.co.uk/news/2019/10/08/will-happen-sealand-worlds-smallest-micronation-brexite/>

Bill Wolf Berry is next: 'Hi Hans. I continue to enjoy your postings on Facebook and your constant involvement in our mutual love: Radio.

Here is the script to the SRE Promo from all those years ago: 'From the bright, neon-lit, by-ways of Soho to a soft sunset viewed from a Dutch harbor, the sound of adventure is there. Swinging Radio England writes in bold letters on the pages of history and people everywhere are a part of the International Giant: Radio Two-Two-Seven. This is SRE Country. I wrote that and produced it and the outro "This is SRE Country" is the voice of Boom-Boom Brannigan.'



Bill Berry Promotional Photo 1966

Thanks a lot Bill and I hope you can enjoy the publications a lot more years. I've sent your text to Look Boden who still runs a station with the name 227!

Next it's another contribution from Don Stevens and he tells himself what it's all about: 'The story of our adventures in France and Belgium, the police chases and our arrest and confinement in Boulogne Castle have appeared elsewhere over the years, but, I will write a definitive article here for the book in the near future. Clearly, we still could not get to Radio Caroline, and, with Tony Allan

furious still at Simon Barrett, we came to a crossroads. Tony did not want to work with Simon, and decided to leave Belgium for Amsterdam, inviting me to go with him. Seeing my surprise, Tony said perhaps I was right, you better get out anyway you can, here's the money, less travel expenses, do what you two can.

My aim was to get out to the ship any way we could, so, I told Simon we go back to Boulogne, and try again from there, he clearly was not keen, but, we had to get out, the lads on the ship had been out there for over 11 weeks.



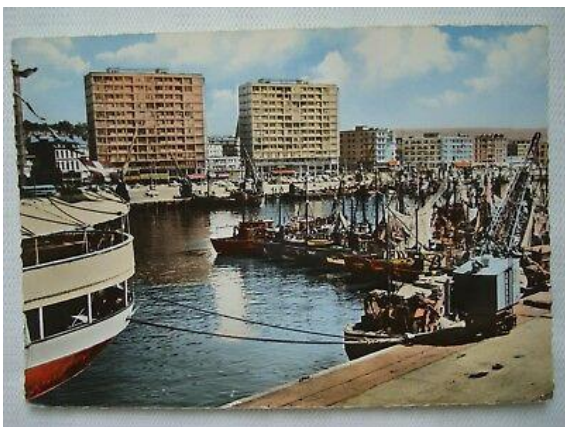
### Don Stevens

We arrived back in Boulogne by bus, they are usually full, the trains are virtually empty and we would have been spotted by the police straight away, on a bus, we get into the town centre without being spotted. From the bus station, we sneaked back to Alain's cafe, he jumped out of skin when he saw us. Alain quickly hustled us in to the back, and told us we should not be in France, he had already had a hard time by the Police. Finally, after much debate, he agreed to get the boat to sail in the morning, we had to stay hidden in the cafe. all was fixed for the morning. As it was late afternoon, Alain showed us

his 'passion room' upstairs, and Simon and I went to sleep on the huge King Size bed.

I was roughly shaken, the room was dark, Alain was shaking me, and whispering for me to get up and come downstairs, no lights. I got up, shook Simon, and grabbed our bags of records and shuffled downstairs, almost falling down the stairs. In the cafe, Alain had placed some rolls and coffee, and exhorted us to eat up quickly, the car will be here soon. I noticed it was 3am on the clock. I wolfed down rolls sipping coffee between bites, I knew that being at sea on an empty stomach is a bad idea, fill up, and avoid being seasick. Simon finally came down, but did not eat as much as me, the car had arrived.

Out we crept, put everything in the car, and off to the harbour, well, to the very end of the harbour to a small group of fishing boats, this was the stop point. Out we bundled, to the edge of the quay, and I found myself staring at what was virtually an inshore launch. The skipper raised his arms up for the bags, I passed them down, warning of their weight, he nearly fell into the water when he got purchase on the handle. We came down the quay wall ladder, and on to the boat. No sooner were we aboard than the skipper fired up the diesel and pulled away, he'd unhitched the boat while we were boarding.

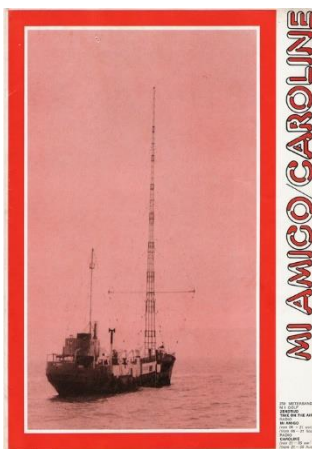


**Boulogne sur Mer harbour postcard**

All was dark in front, behind us, Boulogne was aglow with lights on the streets and the ships. The skipper lowered his aerials and masts

to avoid detection by radar, and he opened up the motor to about 25 knots. It was very cold, this was February, the last week of the month, and we were lucky that it had been a wet month so, it was warmer than it might have been normally. We hugged the French coast and then Belgian coast and then, at about a position just north east of Dunkirk the skipper turned north and begun our journey to the Thames Estuary, and asking us if we knew the location of the ship. I thought he had been there before, but, he had not, he was a smuggler who usually ran illegal immigrants for Alain to England, this was a whole new ball game for him.

Simon had a radio in his bag, so, I asked him if we could use it to 'find' the ship. Simon thought I was crackers, but the skipper liked the idea, and we put it in his little cabin and I tuned into Caroline, which was now broadcasting the first hour of Radio Mi Amigo. Turning the set physically until I reached the weakest signal we followed the direction of the radio.



The skipper was anxious about an hour later, and I soon saw why, we were very close to open expanses of sand, and the skipper decided to turn east and head for deeper water toward Belgium. We had been beside the Goodwin Sands, a grave for many a ship over the centuries, but, back in deeper water, we were being bounced all over the place.

Sunrise and we were back 'DF'ing' Caroline and the sun behind us, it was now about 8am, and suddenly, in the distance, we could see a

small sliver of white on the horizon, reflecting the sun rise. Closer we moved, and then we could make out a mast, it was the *Caroline*, we were delighted, but the skipper, he was ecstatic, it seems, we were low on diesel and he was afraid we were going to get stranded at sea. He had not calculated the diversion on the Goodwin Sands or that *Caroline* was so far north in the Thames Estuary and he was hoping to get some fuel from the *Caroline*.

Closing in now on the ship, the skipper circled at a distance to make sure we were not being watched, we listened for aircraft, no sound, and the only ship was the lightship, on the horizon, so we steered for the starboard, the senior side, of the ship, putting the ship between us and the lightship. Our maneuvering brought a reception committee up on the deck, it was a mild morning, the sun was bright and quite warming, and the sea had become calm. I saw a very tall man in chef's whites, a shorter stockier man in overalls, a lean but muscular man with a sharp eye and bald with his hair cropped and a seaman. I soon learnt that the chef Joost, the second guy was ships engineers, a quiet man, the sharp eyed dude was the Captain and he was hailing us now. Once he was satisfied we were from *Caroline* he began to unchain the entrance and indicated us to come alongside and come aboard.

Our skipper pulled in close and came up on to the wall of tyres that protected the ship and I was amazed to see how low the ship was in the water. We virtually stepped across, from our launch to the ship, and Simon went first, he was known to the Captain, it was Simon's Afro hairstyle that convinced the Captain we were friendly. I passed the bags of albums across to Simon, one at a time, the Dutch guys grabbed them, and then I came aboard. I was finally going realise a dream I had nourished since 1964, I was going to stand on the deck of the motor vessel *Mi Amigo*, one of the most famous radio ships in the world, and the home to more radio stations than any other ship. I thought to be respectful, so, I extended my hand to the Captain and introduced myself, he had an amused look on his face, but, he shook my hand and welcomed me aboard, I thanked him, and he began to

stare at my feet. Was I wearing jackboots, and I replied they were US Cavalry pattern boots from Canada, he remarked that I might like to tip toe round his ship, and gave me an amused look.

After explaining the skippers need for diesel to the Captain, Joost, introduced himself, the engineer had gone to get the diesel, and he turned out to be a very amiable giant of a man. His beard made him look older than he was, but I reckoned he was in his early twenties, but a very tall blonde man, he'd have made a great Thor.



Simon Barrett Photo: OEM

The starboard side is the right hand side of the ship facing the bow. Joost took me in through the door in the white structure on the ship, and this lead into a hallway, with stairs to the immediate left, leading down below. to the right was a door leading into the dining area and studios. To the left, past the stair was the galley, which was Joost's domain. He was so tall he had to walk around with his head facing down and the ceiling brushing the back of his head.

Simon has disappeared downstairs, he had a cabin form his previous visit, and he had gone down to wake up the DJ's we were replacing. Joost told me to leave my bag in the hall and go and visit the studio, one of the English guys was running the Radio Mi Amigo shows. I went in to the dining room, it was just as I had seen it in so many photographs over the years. I went to the far wall and faced the door I had just come through, and yes, it had not changed. The TV



set was still on a shelf in the right corner, high up, the chairs were all as I had seen and the long table in front of me was as it had been.

Suddenly the door to my right burst open, from the studios, and out bounced a guy with long curly blond hair and glasses, and introduced himself as Johnny Jason, I replied with my name, and he asked me to come in and take over the Mi Amigo operation. I entered the door which was a corridor to the large studio at the end. On my right was a studio with two turntables, a couple of NAB cart machines and two Revox A77 reel to reel tape decks, and seeing the radiator and porthole I knew that this had been the Radio Nord newsroom, the Radio Atlanta on air studio, and the first on air studio for Caroline, though it later became the newsroom.

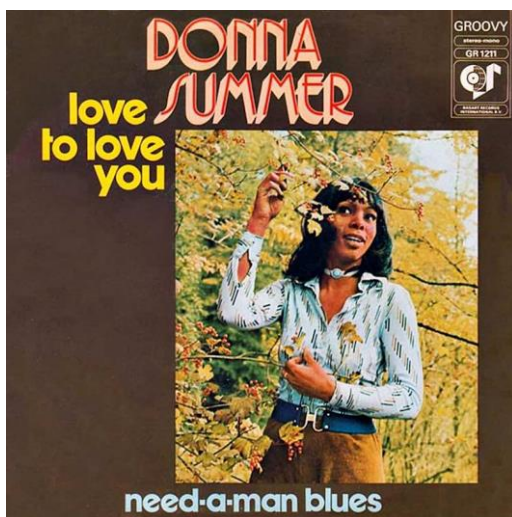


**Johnny Jason Photo: Pirate Hall of Fame**

Johnny explained it was the live studio for Radio Caroline and for the first hour of Radio Mi Amigo and during the day it could be used for production. He then explained the system of recording some of your programmes to be played when you left the ship, and he showed me his tapes which I was to play from that night to allow him time to re-enter Britain. Then into the large studio, which was formerly Radio Caroline South's main studio, now, it was the Radio Mi Amigo studio, but, how different it was now. A Gates Studioette Mixer sat at the top of a 'U' shaped desk, with two Garrard 301 turntables with what looked like home brew arms. A Spotmaster record/play NAB cart machine sat above the mixer, and on the left was a couple of Revox

A77 tape decks. The real business was the two Bang & Olufsen cassette tape decks, side by side on a rack on the left hand side, with a Revox tape deck below them. These played the programmes from Radio Mi Amigo, which were recorded at their studio's in Playa De Aro, Gerona, Spain, and were delivered by special tenders on a weekly basis. These tenders also changed the Dutch crew and brought water, fuel, food and provisions plus records, magazines and other details, but they worked for Radio Mi Amigo, Caroline did not use them.

Johnny Jason, JJ, showed me the technique for changing programmes, how we had the 'Mi Amigo 'Lievaling' on the cart machine (Lievaling roughly translates to my darling or dearest and is the name used for the stations pick hit of the week, it was this that made Donna Summer famous when Mi Amigo made her 'Hostage' a Lievaling) and as the cassette was ending, fade down, fire off the 'Lievaling' cue the next hour, 'Lievaling' is finishing, fader up and start the next hour. Then, cue the next hour, and cue and have ready the next hour, just in case of a problem.



Our 'Lievaling' that week was 'Love to Love You' by Donna Summer, this being February 1975, Mi Amigo was always proud of the support they gave Donna Summer, and she confirmed it when asked in interviews. She was a frequent visitor to Caroline and Mi Amigo

offices in Holland before the Act was passed in 1974 in the Netherlands.

With that, JJ had to dash off to pack, then he skidded to a stop. and invited me to use his cabin while he was ashore. Fine with me so I followed Johnny through the dining room, grabbed my bag in the hall, and followed JJ down the very steep stairs. At the bottom was a corridor, turn left to the crew cabins, toilet and shower. Turn right, for more cabins and the ships record library, known as the 'discotheque' which was at the end of the corridor. JJ's cabin was the last one, on the right just before the 'discotheque, the starboard side. JJ slept up on top bunk, so, I suggested we leave it like that, I'll bunk below. That's DLT's old bunk, JJ told me, and when I lay down later I noticed graffiti carved into the wooden base that DLT had been there in 1966.

JJ ran back upstairs, I threw my bag onto my bunk and followed him up. JJ remarked my boots were a trifle noisy and he said the Captain would prefer I tip toe at night, I told JJ that the Captain had already made that point. Back in the dining room I was introduced to Bill Danse, the transmitter engineer, who maintained the rigs with Peter Chicago, who was on shore leave. I struck up an immediate rapport with Bill, we worked together for a number of years on The Voice of Peace, off Israel, but, that's another story.

WITH COMPLIMENTS

Radio Caroline

CAROLINE HOUSE  
DEN HAAG, HOLLAND

VAN HOGENDORPSTRAAT 16  
TEL: 631940/1/2

The skipper had been fueled, but he was not too happy, he thought he needed more diesel than he actually got, and JJ and another guy whom I had not met jumped aboard the launch and waved to us cheerily, keen to get back to dry land and civilization, though the

Captain was amused and remarked in Dutch that the launch was deeding for England, that, is another story.

Bill Danse asked me if I'd like to see the transmitters and seeing my surprise he told me we had three on the ship, all made by Continental Electronics in Texas, good rigs for ship based broadcasting. Walking up the starboard side to the bow, and heading toward the mast, a huge structure in its own right, Bill went to the last door, which was open, and I felt a blast of hot air coming out of the door. Down the ladder we went, and there it was, on the right, the 50,000 watt Continental that came aboard in 1966, I had seen photos, but to stand in front of it, feeling its heat, the buzzing, the tinkle of the audio from the programmes, the roar of the fans and the tubes, huge tubes, all illuminated, I was speechless. I had dreamt of this whole day for years, and now, here I was, aboard the mv Mi Amigo, standing on her deck, and looking at her heart and soul, her transmitter. Bill then drew my attention to two other rigs, smaller, but also made by Continental, and these were rated at 10,000 watts each. Bill pointed out they were often run up, and were used, individually, as back up. He also pointed out that he could combine them, as they had been prior to 1966. Even though it was February, Bill was in a T shirt, and I was boiling in my coat.



**Transmitter room Mi Amigo Photo: Teun Visser collection**

Bill suggested we go to the dining room as it almost lunch time, so we arrived there and I popped into the Mi Amigo studio to make sure everything was okay. Simon was in the hot seat, and suggested I

make myself at home, he would Mi Amigo, and the tapes for the night, and I agreed, but pointed out that maybe I could take over after midnight.

Lunch was incredible, Joost had prepared a mixture of Dutch, Surinam and Indonesian food, which I tucked into, much to the amusement of the Dutch who were surprised to see an English DJ who did not complain about the food. Still enjoying the food, I laughed, and pointed out I was Irish, which really made my new friends laugh. I developed a close friendship over the many weeks that followed and pulled my weight as a crew member (though I was not required to, radio staff did not do ships duties) when we were hit by storms and our anchor dragged. I spent many hours on the bridge, keep the ship facing the storm while our engine struggled to take strain off the anchor.

The evening meal too, was a through cuisine meal, and my first night I sat in the dining room, watching a bit of television and soaking up the reality of my first day on Caroline.

Adjourning to my cabin, I noticed my air vent and suddenly realised that I was way below the waterline, and the cabin was not very warm, even though the heating was on. But, why worry, she had served many crews for many years, and she must have known I wanted to be here, so, why would she sink when a fan like me was here. With that, fully dressed, I lay on top of my bunk, took one last look at DLT who was here and fell asleep, not waking till 1am when I took over from Simon and became, what I had always dreamt of, a Radio Caroline disc jockey.'

Wonderful memories Don and we hope to read more in the future.

Now we go to Arnold, Greg or whatever who he wants to be this time:

'You mention early-on in your latest Report, Hans, "International Waters". That phrase is the one that first had my attention to offshore radio. It was in the 1962 World Radio Handbook that I

first saw that category of stations and I had no clue as to what International Waters stations were. In fact I misread it as International Waiters. I thought it might be a chain of stations aimed at improving the lingo of restaurant waiters trying to improve their explanation to English diners that spaghetti Bolognese was not in the least bit scary.



When offshore radio started off the coast of England two years later, I wondered why they were not called stations in International Waters, rather than Offshore stations. That way, the government would have psychologically felt that legislating against something International was more difficult than it was worth, compared with little, local Offshore Radio.

So a few 'late night' random thoughts, which I hope have not had the effect of sending your head reeling.

Incidentally, on Monday next 23<sup>rd</sup> of September) a small band of friends and relations of the late John Hatt (John Stewart, Chris Stewart, John Aston) committed his dusty remains to the waters - not far from the Ross Revenge in (I think) the Blackwater Estuary. I

was there, along with Lorraine, Dick (Dixon) Dickason, John's Widow Christine and his family. Pat Hammerton (Mark Sloane) also. with best greetings Greg Bance.'

Next the USA and Ray Robinson:

'Hi, Hans. It was very interesting to see that photo of George Otis with Paul Rusling in your latest newsletter. I have been working with Voice of Hope (now owned by Strategic Communications Group) since 2013, and have come to learn quite a bit about the 'Morning Star' project in the mid-80's.

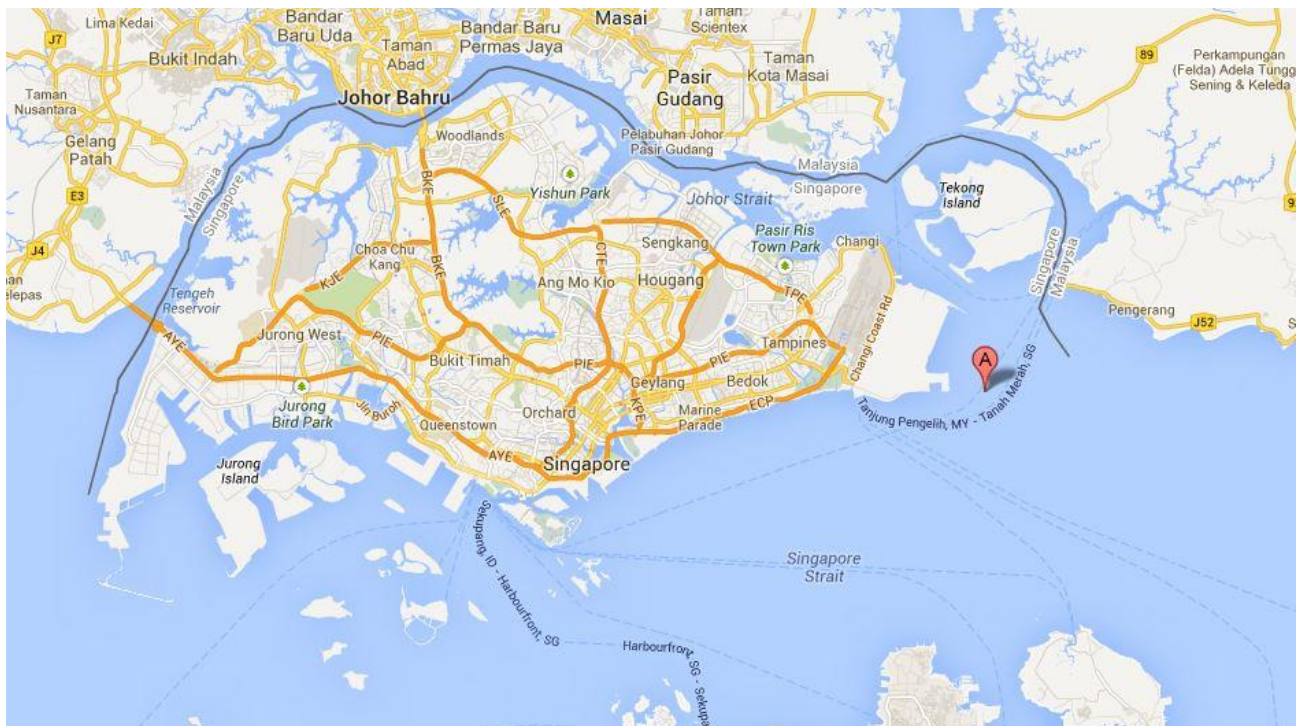


George passed away in 2007, but at that time, he was very concerned about the lack of Christian witness and broadcasting to mainland China, and felt the easiest and quickest way to reach them would be from a ship moored off of Singapore. Attached is an article about the project that was published in a magazine at the time, a map of

Singapore showing the spot where the ship was to be anchored, a painting of how George envisaged the ship would look (quite impractical with anchor chains at bow and stern, and a directional aerial).

John is the current president of Strategic Communications Group, and the son-in-law of George Otis (he is married to George's daughter Heather), and John was present in Amsterdam, accompanying George on the trip to find a suitable vessel, when that photo was taken.

In the end, the project was cancelled, because George was instead able to buy property on the Pacific island of Palau, and build a landbased station to reach China. That station is still on the air to this day, although it is no longer part of the Voice of Hope network. It is now run by World Harvest Radio, along with WHRI.



Ray Robinson  
Strategic Communications Group  
Voice of Hope World Radio Network  
[www.voiceofhope.com](http://www.voiceofhope.com)



# God's radioship

High Adventure Ministries, the evangelical organization which broadcasts in the Holy Land under the name Voice of Hope, has announced that they are to launch a radioship to extend their message. In their leaflet "Holy Land Radio", which shows an illustration of a ship with an impressive aerial array including a rather familiar-looking balloon, George Otis writes: "Out of the South China Seas shall soon arise Christ's message of love, salvation, healing and hope. I have just returned from Singapore where we finalized plans to anchor a 340 ft. freighter out in international waters, just four miles off the coast of Singapore at Jahor Shoal. From the deck of this ship will rise an antenna field allowing us to broadcast at 50,000 watts power on the AM dial; 1,500,000 watts on the shortwave bands and a brand new Christian TV station. This mighty Gospel ship will reach the sorely neglected 2-1/2 billion people in Asia with Jesus' love." Details of Voice of Hope transmissions can be obtained from: High Adventure Ministries, P.O. Box 7466, Van Nuys, Ca. 91409 U.S.A.

Thanks a lot Ray for sharing this interesting information with us. next it's Peter Michael Anderson who shared also memories with the other readers in last issue and I repeat them as last time I couldn't find the photos.



Peter Chicago

When the Mi Amigo had drifted in a storm it was wrongly towed to a new anchorage and inadvertently started to broadcast inside UK waters. The Home Office boarded the ship and Simon Barratt and

others were fined at Southend Court. Peter Chicago case was transferred to Norwich Court and the hearing was on 9-9-77. A small crowd gathered for the hearing.

I was on the dole and had my benefit suspended so I hitched from Birmingham to Norwich with just a 1-pound coin in my pocket.

Afterwards we went to Robins records prominently advertising on Radio Caroline at the time. B&W photos were made by the late Mike Bass. Top Photo. Peter Chicago outside Robins Records. Doorway: Dave Kane. bottom left, from left to right, Pete Anderson, Christine L Smith, Bob Meade, front the late Val Stork (holding hand), behind Georgina Hood, Albert Hood, Front middle Peter Chicago holding his girlfriend's hand and "others". Colour photo (by Pete Anderson) Peter Chicago signing autographs.



Thanks to Peter Michael Anderson for sharing the information and photographs. From the seventies we go back to 1966 with this small article in Dutch



You need a translation? World Premiere. Radio City has done a lot to have the world premiere of Paper Back Writer. With a super-fast car the disk was driven to a ready helicopter. After that Radio City 299 disappeared from the air for 35 minutes, so that the pilot remained alive. On 27 May 1966 at 11:50 am, the beetles track went up on the air on Radio City. It was a free copy but the additional costs were in the tens of thousands of guilders. According to an article in Dutch magazine Hitweek of 1966.

Jan van Heeren is next: 'Here's another picture for the T-shirt series. A screenshot from the movie Operation Thunderbolt from 1977.



The film is about an aircraft hijack of an Air France aircraft in 1976. The person with a VoP shirt is in the picture a number of times. The movie is on you

tube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WM54svwzY-c>

Of course a recent update for the Radio London site from Mary and Chris Payne:

<http://www.radiolondon.co.uk/kneesflashes/happenings/2012julyon/july2012.html#news>

And most interesting is the update in the long search for former Radio London deejay Chuck Blair with a new update from 2019 and Martin Hadlow, who worked as a young lad in the SRE office.

<http://www.radiolondon.co.uk/jocks/chuck/Martin%20Hadlow%20SR%20EMEMORIES.pdf>

Next Jon Myers: 'Hi, I have just updated The Pirate Radio Hall of Fame.

New this month:

- a set of photos of Radio Northsea International issued by the Free Radio Association in 1970;
- and more 'Caroline Countdowns of Sound' charts - this time from 1973 and 1979, the latter courtesy of the Felixstowe & Offshore Radio Facebook page.

With many thanks to Helen Heath and Brian Nichols. Back next month with more. All the best, Jon [www.offshoreradio.co.uk](http://www.offshoreradio.co.uk)

Next information I want to share with you about an excellent radio program that could be on your station too soon! Bob LeRoi:

'Bob's 60's Splash' was conceived as a sequence of 60's tracks on my 'Weekend Trek' and Drive-time programme in the late 1980's, on

Invicta Radio's Gold service Coast AM, which became Coast Classics then Invicta Supergold

When I programmed Solid Gold Weekends, it became apparent that the 60's had a massive following. Consequently, I developed the sequence into a fully fledged stand alone programme, which I later took to other stations

I'd begun my broadcasting career as a teenager on Radio City from Shivering Sands Army Forts off the coast of my home town Whitstable. Strangely my Father-in-Law's best pal was Lawrence Bean, Senior Engineer on Red Sands!

Launching Red Sands Radio from the Thames Estuary Red Sands Army Forts, former base of the original Radio Invicta, KING and Radio 390, I opened the station on a Sunday's with 'Bob's 60's Splash'

During our last broadcast aboard it became obvious, from the continual noise that the WWII fendering had become detached. It was literally banging, thumping, and vibrating the Fort at all hours. Eventually large sections broke away and the Fort became unserviceable. Red Sands Radio though, continued operating from purpose built studios on the South Quay of Whitstable Harbour

'Bob's 60's Splash' was revitalised when I joined Radio Mi-Amigo International. Unfortunately power struggles within the organisation brought the then English Service to a close

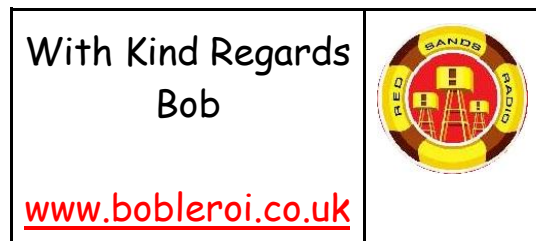


Bob LeRoi Photo: Collection Bob LeRoi

Having invested considerable time into making 'Bob's 60's Splash', we included it in our London stations schedule, and I've offered it successfully to a number of friends and former colleagues running other stations

Presented as 'live' that is not pieced together by PC, the show content at 58 minutes, is unique fresh and authentic. Delivered without date or time checks it slots easily into any schedule and is pulling good audience figures

Very much a labour of love, I'd love a few more ears hearing 'Bob's 60's Splash'



So for every station interested go to the above internet site or mail Bob LeRoi at [studio@redsandsradio.co.uk](mailto:studio@redsandsradio.co.uk)

Well that's the end of the Autumn edition of the Hans Knot International Radio Report. I hope to be back just for Christmas. Anyone who has memories, questions, stories to tell, just let me know at [HKnot@home.nl](mailto:HKnot@home.nl) and add some photos. Have a good time, Hans Knot