



station  
G3SRK

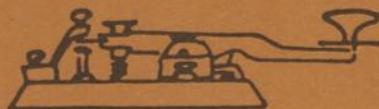


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nr 2  
winter 1986

# Morsum Magnificat



Holleweg 187  
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MORSUM MAGNIFICAT is published quarterly to provide international in-depth coverage of all aspects of Morse telegraphy, from its earliest concept to the present time.

MORSUM MAGNIFICAT is for all Morse enthusiasts, amateur or professional, active or retired. It brings together material, which would otherwise be lost to posterity, providing an invaluable source of interest, reference, and record, relating to the traditions and practice of Morse.

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## Louise



LOUISE RAMSEY MOREAU, from Glenolden, Pennsylvania, is highly respected in the United States as a unique authority in the field of communication, particularly in relation to Morse keys. "For some inexplicable reason", she says to us, "I can't write about myself", but here's a thumbnail sketch of this unique telegrapher.

Born and bred in Johnston, Pa., she attended school and university in Pittsburgh. Her interest in telegraphy began when, as a sophomore, she studied American history. Just to prove her interest, she bought a bug, a hand-key, a strap-key, and a J-38, thinking that with these she had covered the field of telegraphy!

From these four pieces grew a collection of more than 300 items, ranging from the hand-keys of 1848 to the early electronic monsters of 1941. In the meantime, her interest broadened. She wrote a history of communications, covering over 3000 years, and went on to study the expansion of American military communications during the war years.

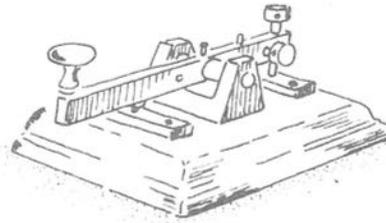
She was licensed as a radio amateur in 1953, as W3WRE. In 1962, living in California, she was WB6BB0, but returning East, she reverted to W3WRE, working with CW "99.9%" of the time.

She was selected for the "Telegraph Hall of Fame" in 1976. She received the Houck Award for telegraph history from the Antique Wireless Association in 1974, and the "President's Award" from YLRL, for her investigation into the history of women in communications. In 1980, she received the "Ralph Batcher Memorial Award" of the Radio Club of America.

She is a member of AWA, ARRL, SOWP (Society of Wireless Pioneers), MTC (Morse Telegraph Club), and a Fellow of the Radio Club of America. She was editor of

"YL News and Views" in QST from 1976-1979.

We shall be meeting Lou again in Morsum Magnificat, and will have the opportunity of enjoying a number of authoritative articles by her.



## Too busy to bother



A high-ranking railway official one bitterly cold day walked into a small country depot, that was almost as cold as the outdoors and bawled out the station agent because there was no heat in the stove.

The station agent, not recognizing the brass collar, snapped: "Look, mister, I'm too damn busy sending telegrams to bother with stoves !"

The visitor picked a telegraph blank and wrote a message to the division superintendent: "Fire this station agent immediately", and shoved the blank through the ticket window. A few seconds later, the agent appeared with kindling wood and a scuttle of coal, and the official asked: "Did you send my message ?"

"Look, mister," was the reply, "I'm too damn busy building fires to send messages".

(Railroad Magazine, 1969).



# When Hams First Talked Across the Herring Pond

A Special Article by  
MAJOR W.C. BORRETT,  
of C.I.D.D., Halifax, Nova Scotia



Halifax to London,  
3,800 Miles



In Canada an amateur in the wireless game is one who takes part in transmitting and the experimentation connected with it. The common term applied to such an amateur is ham; it is firmly established and the amateur wireless operators of Canada and the United States delight in the nickname. The man who listens to broadcast music is known as a BCL, which stands for broadcast listener and, while he is an amateur, he is certainly



English accent, which is such a relief from so much American announcing to a Canadian's ears, but I am sure that it would please us a whole lot more if the English broadcasting stations would use some extra power, and special items if possible to suit the difference in time, and let us hear some of the excellent programmes that are given the English public on the regular broadcast wavelengths.

In Canada an amateur in the wireless game is one who takes part in transmitting and the experimentation connected with it. The common term applied to such an amateur is ham; it is firmly established and the amateur wireless operators of Canada and the United States delight in the nickname.

The man who listens to broadcast music is known as a BCL, which stands for broadcast listener and, while he is an amateur, he is certainly not a ham, and therefore it is necessary to make a distinction when referring to him.

## Little telephony

I might also explain here that the amateurs of Canada and the USA do not use telephony to any extent, and, in fact, their licences do not allow them to do so on the wavelengths that are used for international two-way communication between amateurs. Telephonic communication must be carried out on a higher wave-length, on which it will not interfere with other amateurs operating on telegraphy.

When it is known that there are some thirty thousand amateurs in Canada and the USA it can be well understood that telephony, if not well done, would be the cause of much interference, and therefore it is not welcomed in the amateur ranks.

While many of the hams have the equipment, we feel that the commercial broadcasting stations are looking after that part of wireless very well and there is not much to be gained in knowledge of special benefit by a bunch of amateurs cluttering up the already much filled ether with a lot of chatter which can be said just as well on telegraphy with much less power.

Another point also that tends to stop the amateur using telephony is the fact that it is against our regulations to use a gramophone for broadcasting except for testing during the middle of the night.

I make these explanations to answer the questions of many English amateurs as to why we will not use telephony to work with them in our tests. We like to hear them using telephony and to hear their English accent, which is such a relief from so much American announcing to a Canadian's ears, but I am sure that it would please us a whole lot more if the English broadcasting stations would use some extra power, and special items if possible to suit the difference in time, and let us hear some of the excellent programmes that are given the English public on the regular broadcast wavelengths.

#### Ham's work

Having made these few explanations I will proceed to tell you of the work of the amateurs, or hams as we call them, as I know it from personal experience. No doubt you have heard many an amateur calling CQ from these parts; that is the call he gives when he wants to get into two-way communication with some other amateur. It is the story of the result after one or two of such calls that I want to tell you about.

During December, 1923, a celebrated French amateur, Leon Deloy, of Nice, having just returned home from a visit to the United States, had made special tests on a wavelength of about 100 metres with the American amateur

4

station 1XW (belonging to Fred Schnell, traffic manager of the American Radio Relay League), and on a certain night had arranged to try two-way communication.

Most of our work up to that time had been on 200 metres, and it was very doubtful at that time whether they would be successful.

It was my good fortune to be home on the night that they were to make this test. I was preparing to go out as a matter of fact, when the test came off, and was shaving when my telephone rang and a friend of mine, Mr Arthur Greig, of Canadian amateur station C1BQ, told me that he



... calling the USA.

had just tuned-in a Frenchman calling the USA. If any of you have heard America you will know the thrill that goes up and down your back when you get such DX for the first time in your (wireless) life.

I enquired what wavelength they were on and found that the Frenchman was on about 100 metres. I shall never forget the excitement that evening. I rushed to my receiving set and tore off turns and turns from the secondary coil of my receiver. I had no idea what number of turns I should need to receive on the unheard-of wavelength of 100 metres in those days.

Luck was with me, however, for as soon as I stuck the coil in and gave the secondary condenser a slight turn, I heard that never-to-be-forgotten 25-cycle fluttery note of F8AB calling U1XW. I had been lucky enough to listen-in to the first amateur two-way working across the herring pond.

I might tell here for the benefit of married wireless amateurs a little story in connection with this event. All the time that I was listening-in, my wife was dressing and calling out to me to hurry up as we were expected out to play bridge and, while I arrived at the bridge party just in time, I don't think I shall ever be forgiven for the rotten game that I played that night. All I could think of was the fluttery note of F8AB sending dah-dah-dah-dit-dit dit-dah dah-dit-dit-dit.

That evening was the start of much work and alteration in my sets. While we were glad to hear the Frenchman, both my friend and myself were determined to get hold of an Englishman as soon as possible, and we spread the news next day to some ten Halifax amateurs.

It was not long before the whole ten were tearing their sets to pieces and the race began. Who would be the first to work an Englishman? C1BQ soon settled that question for it was only a matter of a few nights when he had been in two-way communication with G20D, the station of that now celebrated English amateur, Mr E.J. Simmonds, of Gerrard's Cross.

The rest of us, who had not quite so much power as 1BQ, struggled on, and it will give you some idea of our enthusiasm when I tell you that I called up every night until around 2 a.m. until February 11, 1924, when to my

great pleasure I was answered by G2NM, Mr Gerald Marcuse, of Queen's Park, Caterham, who told me that my signals were strong.

Among the pioneer English stations that I heard during those wonderful nights were the following: 2KF, Mr Partridge, of London; 2SZ, Mr Goyder, of Mill Hill School; 5BV, Mr Ryan, of Wimbledon; 2SH, Mr Hogg of London. I cannot remember any others at present. All the above should have their names placed high in the roll of amateur wireless fame, and heading the list should be 2OD and 2NM who, by their untiring efforts, pushed their signals through for months without missing a single night, and encouraged us to try night after night to connect with them.

By March, 1924, five out of ten amateur stations in Halifax district had held two-way communication with the Old Country, and as a mark of distinction we formed a society called the Royal Order of Transatlantic Brass-pounders, or ROTAB for short, of which only those who had held two-way communication across the Atlantic could become members.

All members were allowed to put the word ROTAB on the cards which are sent to stations they have had two-way communication with, or have heard, and today there are many cards going all over the world with the word ROTAB printed on them.

Night after night the whole ten stations in Halifax would "come on the ether" and call as follows: CQ CQ GC 1DD 1DD 1DD to try and hook an English station, and before the year was up Halifax had 100 per cent QSO with England.

It will be noticed that in between the CQ and the station call of 1DD the letters GC are used. This is a scheme that has turned out to be very useful. All Canadian stations have the letter C before the call, and all English stations have the letter G before their call; by sending CG all English stations know that it is a Canadian station calling CQ and trying to get in touch with England.

By this system we are able to recognise what countries are "on the air" among the amateurs, and if we have any tests or messages for any special country we can immediately get attention in the direction we want.

### Wireless Friendships

From these first two-way tests with England many friendships have sprung up. G2OD and C1BQ were like brothers in a very short time, and it was very interesting to listen to them discussing technical details of different types of transmitters, receivers, etc, over a distance of nearly 3000 miles.

### Correspondence by Letter

In addition to the many friendly chats and tests that we held by wireless, we would send letters following up some point that had been mentioned; nothing did more to create a feeling of comradeship between Canadian and English wireless enthusiasts than these two-way tests.

In these early days I often wondered what the fellow at the other end was like, and it has been my privilege since then to see most of you English amateurs in person.

By dint of constant working we got to know what each man thought about different subjects in wireless, and it was surprising how near to my imagination the different English amateurs turned out to be, from the idea of them I had formed from a good many contacts by wireless.

At times I would get the idea that one would be old and another young, and I must say that in this point I often got the wrong idea. Whatever I thought, however, it made me all the more anxious to see them, and one night, in contact with G2NM I suggested to him that I would like to see him in person, and a few nights afterwards, when I called CQ GC 1DD, great was my joy when I got hold of 2NM again, and he announced that he was sailing for Canada in a couple of weeks' time and would call to see me.

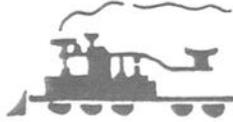
The story of how we met and how we went to visit some famous USA amateurs, and further work accomplished by the ROTAB's since those memorable days is another story.

I advise everybody interested in wireless, if they want a real thrill; to learn the international Morse code, get a licence and give us a call. As the amateur says in telegraphy, QRV QTC?

(This article originally appeared in *The Wireless Magazine*, March, 1926)



## Double duty



IN THE EARLY days of the Western railroads because of the likelihood of derailments, breakdowns and other delays on the single track of the railroad, each train carried a telegrapher as a member of its crew. Frequently the telegrapher doubled as baggageman, but he was always equipped with a portable instrument, known as the 'box relay', which could be attached to the telegraph line, that ran alongside the track and used to send out calls for help.

"It was an inviolable order that no train must leave a terminal without a telegrapher", said one veteran of Western Railroading. "In some instances trains were held for hours until he could be found or became sufficiently sober for duty".

"Most of the operators in those days were boys, and right lively fellows they were," said John Cruise, who was the first telegrapher on the Kansas Pacific.

"They had to send telegrams, repair breaks in the line, locate interruptions from grounding, install offices etc...."

When the road had been built as far west as Edwardsvill a wreck occurred near the end of the line and all hands from headquarters were ordered out. It was in the fall and there was a drizzling rain.

We built a bonfire along the side of the track. The operator shinnied up a pole and brought down a wire. Then he took a bureau from one

of the wrecked cars, put an old Clark relay on the bureau and used one post as a key by pounding it with one end of the wire. Having no umbrella, I kept my messages in one of the two bureau drawers while copying them, and kept the paper covered with my military overcoat. And there we worked all day and night until the wreck was cleared up. Fancy such a telegraph office now. Oh. I tell you, we had some experiences in those days !

(From "Hear That Lonesome Whistle Blow") D&D 1977.



#### FRONT COVER.

The photograph on the front cover shows the very small shack of Jack Sykes, G3SRK, the well-known writer of short stories as appearing in this issue.

John is almost 85 years of age and enjoys a perfect health.

We will meet him in the future.



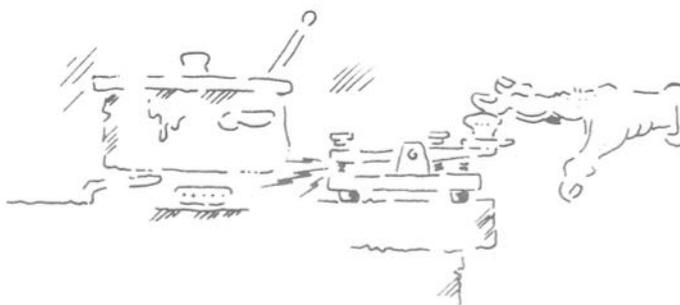
## Photographs please!

We welcome your shack photographs, together with a little information about yourself and your Morse interests. Whether old-hand, or beginner, your fellow-readers would like to know something about you, your aspirations, and your achievements.

We prefer black and white photographs with good contrast, to be sure of reasonable reproduction, but colour photos are suitable sometimes.



# Telegraphy and kitchen



door ON4CW.



**Y**ou may be wondering what telegraphy has to do with the kitchen, as they have nothing in common with each other. For me, however, they have. If I said this on the QRG I would, no doubt, hear "HI" !

Some of you may already know that apart from telegraphy, cooking is another hobby of mine, with its origin lying in my experience of telegraphy.

During 1962-63, I was a wireless operator in the Belgian Navy. On the coastal mine-sweepers (MSC) the kitchen is located near the radio-room, but what is there to interest a wireless op in the kitchen?

Nothing at all, but the cook on a small ship, who is normally doing his job alone, in sometimes difficult circumstances, can often use some help. Returning from manoeuvres, we were on "harbour duties". Everyone then had to carry out some task in his own place, except the sparks!

Transmitting via shore stations was forbidden, so sparks could do some idling - which led him to the well-occupied cook across the way! At such a time, everyone seems hungry. The cook is extra busy, and sparks (me in this case) is apt to volunteer to help, and so I began an interest in cooking.

After a while you learn the secrets of salt and pepper, and you do some "tasting" here and there. Here, I must explain that although a cook on board a small ship does not have an easy job he is, above all, an artist.

In heavy seas, the ship can list 45 degrees, the menu can be affected by such circumstances, and he has to perform several tricks to bring even a small meal to the table. He gets no applause for his work when the weather is bad though, as no-one has much appetite. We once had 15 men at the table out of a crew of 75. The others were unwell, and the beef was for the sharks!

Aboard Belgian Navy vessels, there is a special menu once a month, for example, Indian rice. Preparing this for 30 to 75 people is not easy. There's a lot of work to do, and other crew members are recruited to help out.

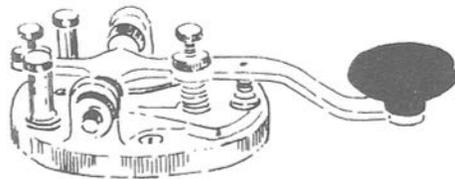
When you have been a kitchen assistant for some time, you can take a little more responsibility. For instance, at weekends, when "on guard" or "stand-by", a reduced crew remains on board ship. Often, the cook lives close by but is expected to stay on board to cater for those left on duty.

The cook/wireless op then replaces the real cook, so he can stay with his family, and sparks can follow his inclinations. Thus, one slowly becomes more professional, and begins to cook things for oneself in the kitchen!

Only during serious manoeuvres does cookie lack help from the other side. Sparks then has his hands and ears fully occupied, and cookie cannot help in return.....

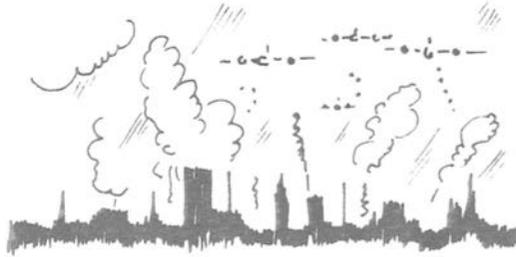


73, Eric.





# The Imperfect V



by Jan Noordegraaf.

**T**he letter V", said Mr Soer, Morse teacher at the Rotterdam Private Radio Institute, "is, as you very well know, a series of three dots followed by a dash. Dit dit dit dah, sent without a break. But you, Hans Dikhout, make it dit dit - dit dah. Look at the tape here, dit dit - dit dah. You're stuttering while you signal, and you'll do it for the rest of your life."

"Eh - is that bad?", asked Dikhout, eighteen years old, and studying for his merchant navy 2nd class certificate. He was afraid his handicap would prevent him ever reaching the speed of 16 words per minute. Soer adjusted his spectacles and studied the paper tape.

"Even without an instrument I can see the spaces do not fit", he said, peering at Hans. "Oh", the latter said timidly as a deathly silence fell on his classmates, putting down their headsets and listening attentively.

"But", said Soer, with raised finger, smiling suddenly, "But, nevertheless, I think... you will pass your examination Hans Dikhout. When this rotten war is over, whenever some of you work him as a Marconist on his own ship, you will recognise his handwriting. Watch his V's, lads, and you will know it is Hans Dikhout!".

It became rather noisy at the signalling-table, for Soer had mentioned matters of importance to the class. Liberation, and a ship of one's own. Two ideals that seemed so far from reality that, here, in 1944, Soer had to encourage them almost daily.

"Hans should listen carefully to the V-sign of the BBC", Piet Maas said suddenly. "Maybe that will solve his problem!"

Again there was silence in the room. "Piet Maas", Soer said, choosing his words carefully, "when you want this school closed by the Germans, then you can make remarks like that. Leave politics outside these walls. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir", said Piet, looking at Jan van Buren, whose father was a collaborator, and cursing himself for his indiscretion.

"All right", said Soer, "Dikhout, continue keying".

The class, fourteen boys of about eighteen years, put on their headsets, and Hans Dikhout's wrist moved the big brass key rhythmically up and down, sending groups of five figures or letters in Morse.

Fourteen pencils filled the rustling papers, and the incident seemed forgotten. But Soer was afraid this kind of talk could lead to disaster for the pupils and the school. He saw it as his task to keep the boys free from "labour-service" or transportation to Germany.

At the beginning of 1940 he had landed in Holland as a second mate, and had become a Morse teacher to earn his living. As long as the school was open, the boys had an "Ausweis", a permit. They could stay in Holland while they studied, and he had, therefore, slowed down the speed of his instruction.

In the meantime, the Allies were in Belgium. It couldn't last very long now, and it shouldn't, for the boys ran more risks every day, cycling to school on bicycles with rope tyres. Police raids were becoming more frequent, and the Ausweis was then of little value.

Soer wondered how long Piet Maas could still cross the bridges. The lad wore extra short trousers to look younger than he was, and sometimes brought food with him for

the others, as he lived between farmers on the islands.

Maas looked the most prosperous of them all. Many of them looked permanently miserable and wore poor clothes - this in their years of growing up. Most of them arrived at the school exhausted.

Had Appie Vrouwdeunt reached England? Or had he been stopped on the battle-fields of Northern France as D-Day came unexpectedly?

And Jan van Buren, in his black uniform. Would he go, sooner or later, to the eastern front to die for a lost cause, like the soldiers of Napoleon? Soer looked over his glasses at the class and shook his head. Poor devils, he thought. Never been out of the country. They don't know anything better. Prisoners. Educated during the war. Hatred and misery.

He yawned. Hans Dikhout followed the text, producing now and then a five-letter group of his own. Suddenly, there was commotion and laughter at the table.

"What is it this time?", asked Soer, although he already knew the answer.

"I have here P-R-I-C-K on my paper", Henk Hoorwech grinned.

"What a laugh", Gerrit van Dalen added.

"It is not a dirty word", Hans Dikhout said, "Just a group of five letters".

"OK", said Soer, "Piet Maas, you continue".

The class put their headphones on again as Piet proceeded. All went well for a while, and Soer pretended to doze.

HOERA ABCDE WOMAN FGHIJ (HIT) (LER) 12345 CROOK

Soer was alarmed, there it was again! It was no wonder he burnt all the papers after such tests.

HANGA LLCOL LABOR ATORS signalled Piet Maas.

"My turn", said Soer suddenly, "I'll take over".

At once there was silence in the classroom, with only the key clicks to be heard. They followed the stream of angry signals with astonishment. Some lost letters, some

whole words, trying to write down what they had missed, finally giving up.

The siren on the street corner sounded for an air raid. "Give me your papers", Soer said. Anti-aircraft guns began firing, and a series of explosions sounded, far away.

"Get away boys", Soer said, looking at his watch, "when the raid is finished. I'll see you tomorrow". Everyone ran downstairs while he collected up the papers before following them down to where the crowd was waiting for the "all-clear".

"Merwedeharbour Wilton", someone said. "The English have hit it. The Germans are furious".

The Vlaardingerdijk was closed. Smoke came from a floating dock, half sunk, and Henk Hoorwech had to find another way home.

"Wilton", his father said, "a pair of U-boats in the dock. It was the English. They know their job. Professional!"

I'm glad you're home lad, said his mother. I don't like Rotterdam". Henk didn't either, but he was thinking of Soer.....

Next morning he avoided the docks on his way to school. When he went to put his bicycle away, the shelter attendant came running and whispered that the Gestapo had raided the school the previous afternoon, and had arrested Soer.

A military policeman stood guard in front of the door, on which a sign was nailed, "Closed by order of the Occupation Forces".

"They shot a few passers-by as well".

At that moment Piet Maas arrived, with tears in his eyes, scarcely in control of himself.

"Henk, have you heard?"

"Yes", said Henk, "school closed, Soer arrested".

"Yes, but... Don't you know about Hans Dikhout?"

"What about him?" asked Henk, suddenly alarmed.

"I.... I saw him lying at the other end of the street, in front of the tobacconists. Shot... yesterday".

They rode together down the street.

"Over there".

Three figures lay face down on the pavement. One was a woman.

"She came with flowers", a passer-by said, "Now she lays there herself. They have to stay there as a warning and an example...." "Move on boys", said someone else, "don't provoke them. They're furious and desperate now".

Piet and Henk took the advice. They stopped after a while and looked at each other with tears in their eyes.

"This is the end, Henk", Piet said. "Goodbye. Maybe I will hear you someday, on your own ship, like Hans wanted".

"Yes, somewhere round the world, Piet. But - I won't recognise you from your V's".

"V for victory", Piet said in a hoarse voice.

Then they disappeared in the thickening mist of that October morning, a mist that meant danger as well as safety. A mist of time that brought the winter of starvation and, later, liberation.

In August 1945, the institute re-opened, and apart from the older boys taking up the thread again there was a new group, attending for the first time. All were eager to go to sea. They formed the spearhead of the next generation of radio-officers, learning, and using, the new techniques created by the war.

Without noticing it, they passed a plaque bearing the names of Soer and Hans Dikhout, and the names of the Marconists who had lost their lives at sea.

Time moves on. It leaves man behind, forgetting why.

Jan Noordegraaf.

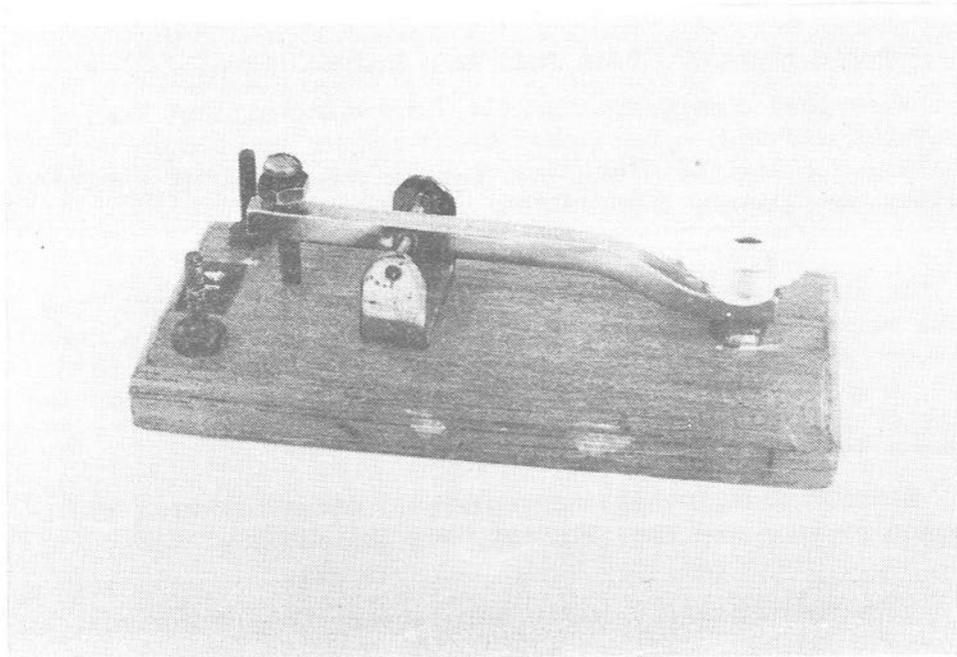




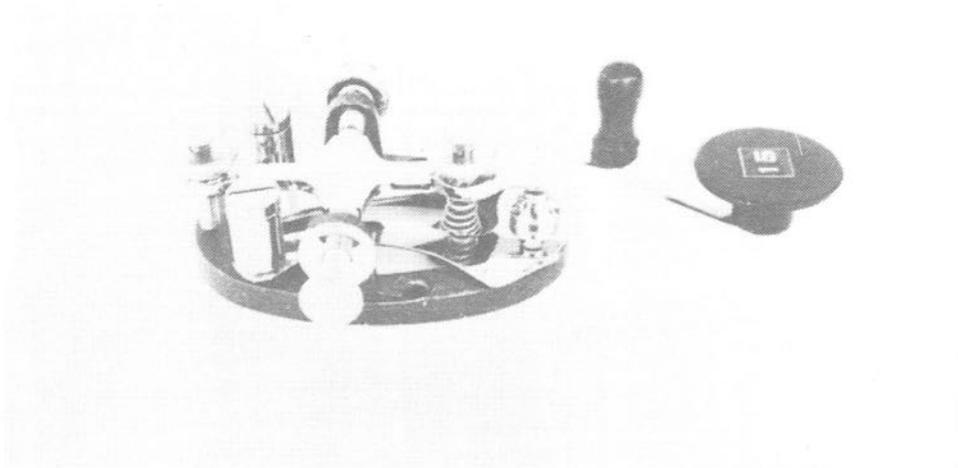
# Showcase

THE KEYS ILLUSTRATED in this "Showcase", and in coming issues of *Morsum Magnificat*, are part of the collection of John N. Elwood, W7GAQ, who very kindly sent the photographs from the USA.

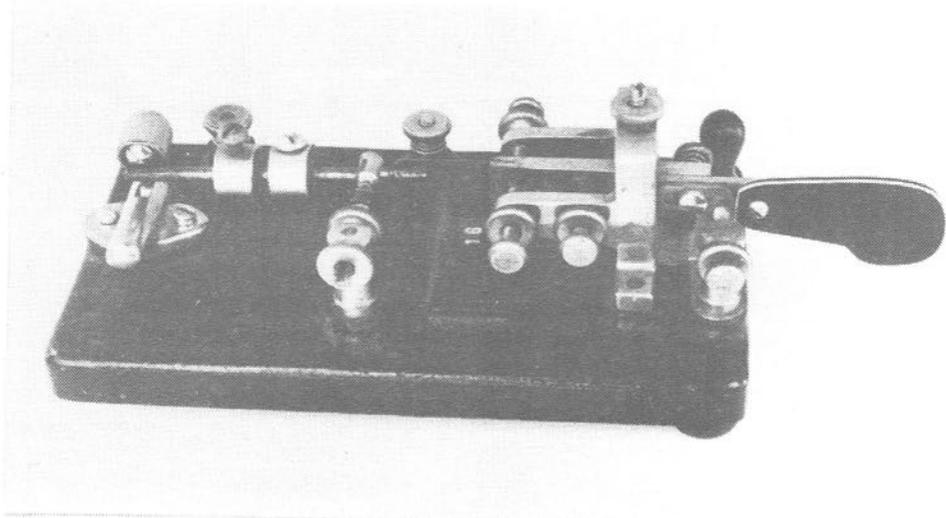
These were taken by Ray Nelligan, USA. If anyone can provide additional information about any of the keys, for example details of manufacturer, or the type of key, where this is not shown, we would be pleased to hear from you.



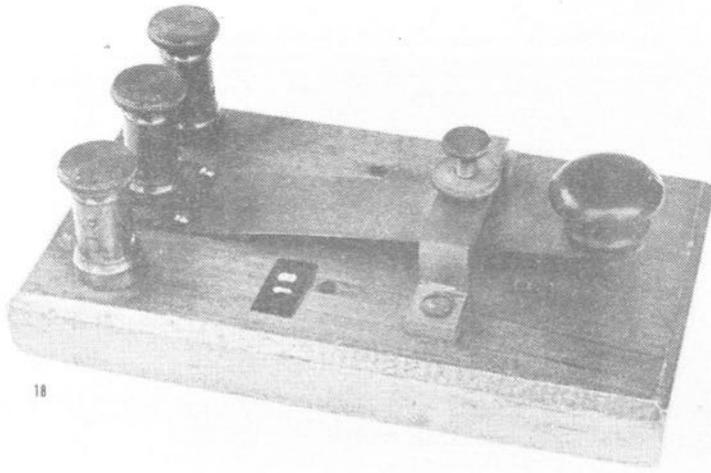
**8 Unknown**



9 Vailemot CRE J38-FR (French)

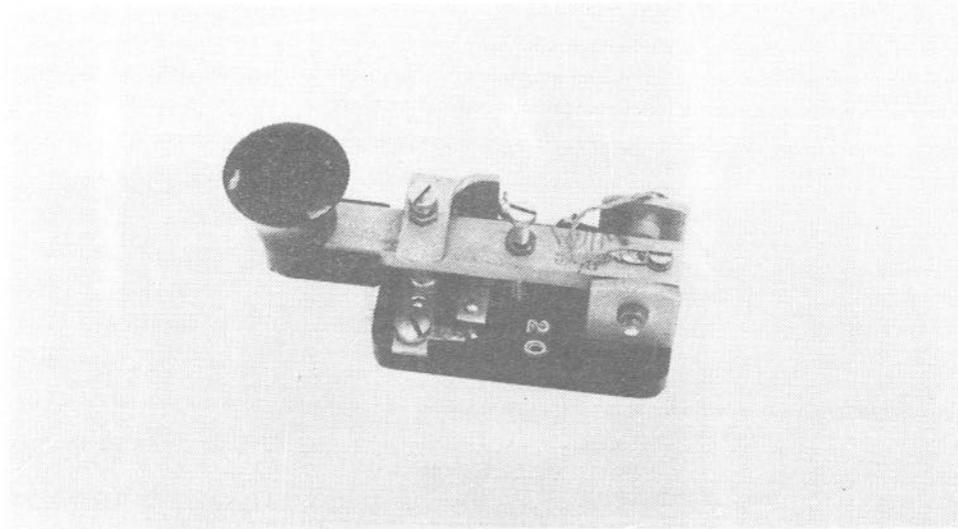


10 Unknown



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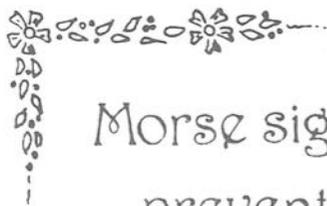
11 Strapkey



12 Unknown English origin

20





## Morse signal prevents disaster



by Jan van As.

On Friday, 13th February, 1942, the M/T OSCILLA was nearing a base in the Hebrides, after a tense crossing from Halifax to the Scottish islands. For 24 hours there had been much signal traffic between convoy and escort, and now, at 0730 hours, the convoy had ended. The last miles lay ahead of us, as if we were a normal merchant ship sailing in peacetime. We had a good captain, who was well liked by the crew.

The past 24 hours had not been without danger. The previous afternoon a German U-boat had been destroyed by the RAF, as she followed us at periscope depth.

During the night, many signals had been exchanged, using the blue Aldis lamp, and I handled many of these. In between times, I copied radio messages, some of which were intended for us, and were immediately deciphered. After a turn on the compass deck, that was a welcome break, but having to go on the bridge with the lamp afterwards was like a cold shower. You had some adjusting to do, after the fierce light of the radio-room, and the comfort of decoding the messages in the warm accommodation above.

After a long and tiring watch, the signal "all-clear" came in, and the escort ended. The coast was not far away. Gunners and look-outs could pack their things. The captain left the bridge after giving the right course.

Just as I went to leave, the relieving mate came on the bridge and called, "Where is everybody? Are you going too? What has been said? What's going on?" and so on and so forth.

The course was clearly indicated in the wheel-house. I told him we were no longer a warship, but a normal merchant ship, with a normal third mate on the bridge. I said I would like to have a normal breakfast and go to sleep, just like everyone else who had just finished a long and cold watch.

He continued complaining that he was alone, and that I should keep him company until half past eight. As he was a nice fellow, and had such a way with words, I agreed I would stay till 0825, and then - finish!

A moment later he called, "They are signalling us on the horizon. What are they saying?"

Sure enough, a point on the horizon was signalling A's with a searchlight. I told the mate I was exhausted, and the escort was over... Then the signalling started again.

Reluctantly, I manned our searchlight and sent the long answering signal. Slowly, they signalled MINE.

"What's that?"

"Mine", I told him. "What does it mean?"

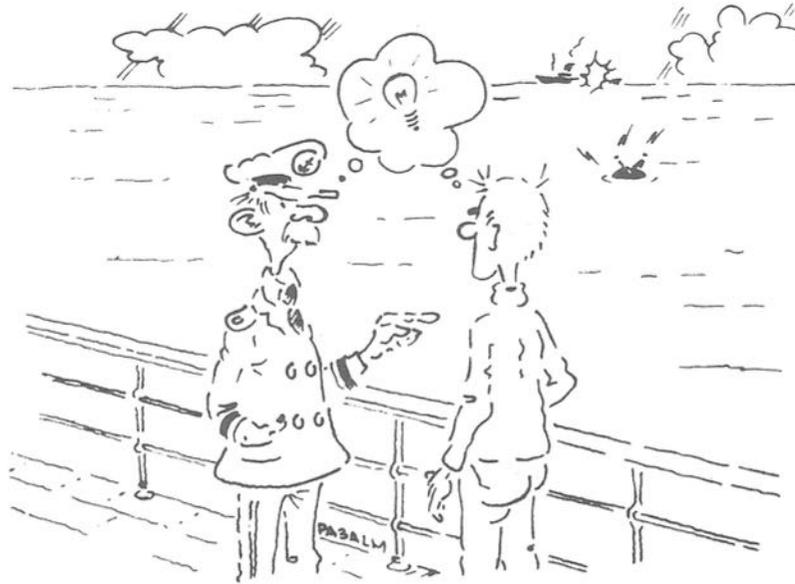
I was definitely not in good form, and the mate began, "mine, yours, his, ours... mine what?"

The coast signalled MINE again, and we sensed something was wrong.. and at the same moment said to each other, "Pufff!!! A mine!"

In panic we looked out to sea, and immediately the mate saw it.

"There it is. Keep an eye on it!" He ran to the wheel-house, gave the helmsman an order, and the ship turned sharply to port.

We had been headed straight at the mine, but when we turned it passed to starboard. I looked at the mate, and understood from his look that there was more to be done. By continuing to port with the mine now midships, there was a danger it could hit the stern. I raised my hand and shouted, "Hard starboard!" The ship turned immediately,



and the mine swept by parallel to us.

The motion of the ship brought the captain running to the bridge. "What's going on here?"

There was a short exchange, and it was soon explained that in such a dangerous situation there had been no time to tell him what was happening.

The captain commended our actions, and all three of us were greatly relieved at the outcome. Later, we realised just how lucky we had been... with a tanker filled with hot oil!

Morse signals, this time with a searchlight, had once again saved human lives.... that was a nice thought!

J. van As. (ex radio op)

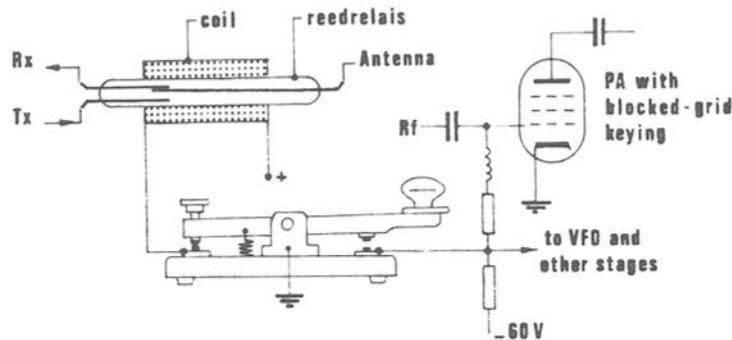
Footnote. We lost our ship a month later, on 16th March, by torpedo and gun-fire, 145 miles north-east of Antigua, in the Atlantic. JVA.





# QSK

de PAOLCE



**T**he switching action of the key changes the antenna over from receiver to transmitter and back again.

The fast action of the relay avoids RF induced voltage on the relay contacts when switching from receive to transmit. The relay takes RF power from the output of the tx pi-network, and can handle 75 watts.

This arrangement would be very suitable for use with homebrew low power transmitters, many of which operate with a separate receiver.

73 to everyone.

Louis, ØLCE.



AGCW-DL HAPPY NEW YEAR CONTEST/EU "HNYC"

Date: January 1st of every year.  
Time: 0900-1200 UTC.  
Mode: CW only.  
Frequency: 3530-3580 kHz, 7010-7040 kHz,  
14010-14100 kHz. Preferred: 3560,  
7030, 14060 kHz.  
Participants: Licensed radio-amateurs and SWL from  
EU.  
Classes: I Max. 500W input or max. 250W out.  
II Max. 100W input of max. 50W out.  
III Max. 10W input or max. 5W out.  
IIII S W L  
Call: CQ TEST AGCW/EU. AGCW members add  
to their call "...-AGCW".  
Serial Nos: RST + serial number (starting with  
001) plus AGCW membership Nr. if  
applicable. Serial numbers do not  
commence again for each band but  
are used to count QSO's.  
Scoring: 1 point per QSO (complete qso only,  
i.e. both callsigns incl. serial  
numbers). A station may only be  
worked (or heard) once in each band.  
EU only as per DXCC list.  
SWL logs must show both callsigns  
per QSO heard plus at least one  
complete report.  
Multiplier: Each AGCW member station worked  
(or heard): 1 multiplier.  
Total score: Total number of QSO's x multiplier.  
General: One-man stations only. All speeds  
are permissible, the speed of the  
slower station should be used by  
both stations in qso.  
Logs: Time (UTC), band, call, serial Nr.  
given and rec'd, class/power used,  
total score, declaration by OP,  
regarding adherence to rules. Logs  
to be submitted by Jan. 31st to:  
Fritz Bach jr DK1DU  
Eichendorffstrasse 15  
D-4787 GESEKE.  
List of results: SAE plus IRC.

# Middle East memories



by C.C. Halliday

I will give just a few brief details of the Middle East communication air-to-ground organisation in the period 1929-33, when I was a w/op in the RAF, mainly as an air operator on transport aircraft.

The aircraft receiver and transmitter had LT from batteries, and HT from a wind driven generator mounted on the centre section. The aerial was a 250ft trailing wire which was lead bead weighted, which could be wound in and out, being mounted on a reel.

I flew mostly between Baghdad and Cairo, the distance being approximately 1000 miles. Before losing contact with the ground radio station at Baghdad we could pick up either Jerusalem or Amman before picking up Cairo.

Later, DF became available and we could obtain fixes from bearings taken on various ground stations. In the event of a forced landing we could make contact by erecting an aerial and motoring the generator for HT. In communications we used an X-code, ie, X followed by three numbers. I don't remember many of them now, but X100, for instance, was "negative". (Do readers have any further information on this code? Ed.)

In 1929 we flew from Baghdad to Kabul during an uprising in Afghanistan to uplift British women and children. During the whole of the trip via Basra-Karachi-Peshawar, we had continuous radio contact with ground stations.

Hope this does not bore you - incidentally, the passing

out speed after a year's training, which was then at Flowerdown, near Winchester, was 25 wpm.

C.C. Halliday.

Mr Halliday, from Musselburgh, East Lothian, who is "well into his 70's", wrote to MM with his memories of Morse, saying, "as a hobby, and to pass the long leisure hours now available to me, I would like to get a receiver which has CW reception for Morse". He subsequently contacted a local amateur and, hopefully, now has a suitable receiver and is re-discovering the joys of Morse.

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Readers' memories of Morse, of any kind, are always welcome. If you can also send us your photograph, as you were then, or as you are now, or some other photograph of Morse interest, so much the better. Our addresses are inside the front cover.

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## Q/Z-code !



**N**ot many Q-codes are used today, and even fewer Z-codes, yet these codes represent valuable ways of improving Morse communication.

Morsum Magnificat is now publishing an 84 page booklet listing both codes, complete and unabridged, in English, with illustrations by Dick, PA3ALM.

It represents a handy reference book for every amateur shack, and we hope it will stimulate greater use of the codes.

The cost is £3 in the UK and CANADA, postpaid, sent to G4FAI or US \$4 in banknotes to PAØBFN. Please send no cheques. !



# What's that ticking?



by SRC Lex

It must have been in 1948 when, as schoolboys, we had QSO's using LF amplifiers through the electric mains. We connected the 5 ohm output of an amplifier between the neutral of the supply and the watertap, and received the signal by placing a loudspeaker or headset between neutral and earth in nearby houses.

But what about our friends living further away? For such DX, a good 500-1000 yards, we could see each other, but we couldn't hear each other.

This was only possible when "condx" were good, ie, when power consumption in the neighbourhood was low, and the hum was at its weakest. We discovered, however, that we could reach our DX friends if we removed the microphone.

We connected the amplifier output, through a key or push-button, to its input and, after some experimenting with volume and tone controls, a FB signalling tone appeared!

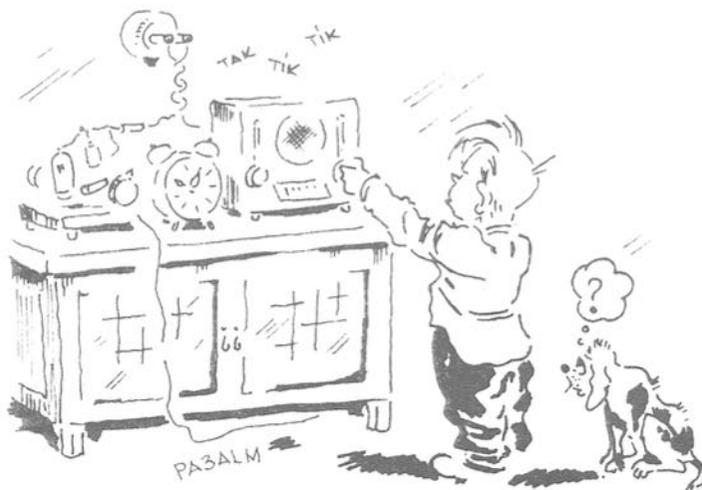
Nevertheless, the distance covered was still restricted by the hum. With today's knowledge we could have used a 1000 Hz filter, or suchlike, but we were not so technical then!

Then we got an idea to remove the hum! What would happen if we connected a domestic receiver's aerial and earth sockets to neutral and earth of the mains, with a

small "transmitter" arranged the same way at the other end?

We decided to try it!

We experimented with an oscillator, I think with an AL4 or EL3. The HT was taken from the anode circuit of a domestic receiver's output valve. It sounded FB!



An alarm-clock was placed in front of the microphone, and I went to my friend's house to hear how it came through. I can still see the face of his mother as we connected the input of her precious radio to the electric mains and earth!

After some tuning, there, suddenly, was the loud and clear ticking of the alarm-clock in the room - it worked fine through the electric mains! Now we disconnected the cables, and to our amazement reception through the wire aerial, which we had at that time, was just as good. I ran home, expecting to find the police at our front door.

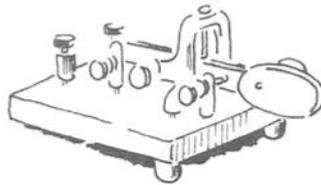
My parents had a little radio shop. When I went in, I heard the alarm-clock again! What was going on?

My father was demonstrating a radio to a customer. I can still see it. It was called a "Philetta", a small set with U-tubes, without a mains transformer.

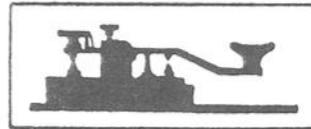
Right across the dial, the ticking of the clock could be heard. My father was baffled, although I think he suspected something when he saw my face. I ran upstairs like a hare and disconnected the gear. It was not such a good idea after all....

We tried other ways later on, pirating with super-regens, but that brought other problems.

73, Lex.



## Spark-gap 4



**T**he means now used for conveying intelligence and orders in the Army have been arranged into a complete system consisting of: 1. Electric telegraph; 2. Visual signalling; 3. Mounted orderlies.

Each of these methods of communication is adapted to particular circumstances, and none of them can be looked upon as independent of the others.....

The most accurate way of transmitting intelligence is by means of an orderly carrying a written message." First "Manual of Instruction in Army Signalling", 1880.





# Reflections from Uncle Bas



## 2

Who has ever had a QSO without interference from the carriers of other stations tuning up on frequency? On two metres the problem is not too bad, although it can be a nuisance in some areas. On 80, though, it is very aggravating. I can't imagine, however, that all of it is caused by amateurs tuning up to take part in the QSO.

The carrier phenomenon is not confined to amateur radio, but is well-known in professional traffic too. Every sparks who has ever been on watch at sea, on the 500Kcs distress frequency, could write a book about it.

Take the business of the so-called "dots".

Twice an hour, around the world, a silence period is maintained, ie from 15 to 18 minutes past the hour, and again from 45 to 48 minutes. The idea is that should a ship or aircraft be in an emergency situation, even a weak signal can be heard, because there will be no QRM...

But what actually happens?

On thousands of ships around the world, the sparks are listening, and it seems this silence affects some guy in such a way that he can't resist giving a "dot" on his key.

As a result, another sparks, miles away, gives a "dot" too, as a kind of QSL. Well, these dots go all over the world....

It is entirely against international regulations. Sane, qualified people, and yet it happens every day.

Seen against this background, we ought not to worry about the whistles on 80. You can't change human nature. Mulatuli once said, "When you call for silence, there is no silence any more".



# Just rambling



by G4FAI

One of the nice things about receiving subscriptions for *Morsum Magnificat* is reading the letters and good wishes which come with them.

Comments received have included, "sounds very interesting and I look forward to receiving it"; "wish you the best of luck"; "I am very interested"; "being a die-hard CW addict I'm enclosing a cheque"; "I wish the English edition every success and hope it enjoys a long and prosperous life"; "I was delighted to learn that an English language edition of MM is going to be published"; "I trust that all goes well with the English version", and so on.

Here at MM we are finding the production of the new edition an exciting venture, full of interest and enjoyment. We hope the finished product will provoke the same reaction in our readers.

At the time of writing, the first issue is about to be mailed to subscribers in over ten countries - a good start for a specialist publication which aims to be international from the very beginning. Of all communication modes, Morse is the most international, and we are hoping to provide the means for like-minded persons around the world to discover the extent of their common Morse heritage.

In this issue, we reproduce an "ear-witness" account of the famous first transatlantic amateur contact in 1923 between 1XW in the USA, and F8AB, in France.

Unlike the history books, which have much to cover in limited space, this story captures the excitement of the

event, and describes at first-hand the activities of a number of amateurs in those pioneering times.

It is interesting to find that in many ways the operators of 1923 were not all that different from those of today, although they lived in a different world, had different manners and customs, and spoke differently, judging by Major Borrett's text!

The thrill of first time DX still exists; the obsession with radio communication to the detriment of other activities; the determination to follow where others have led, and to go one better if possible; the friendships generated through amateur radio; the correspondence; the eventual meetings.

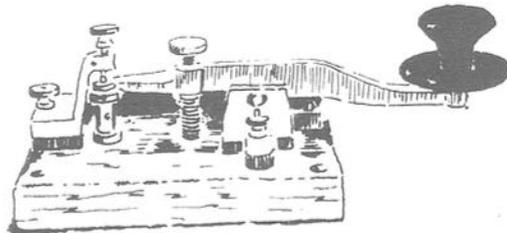
This is the real stuff of history, not a dry statement that such and such a thing happened on a certain date, but a personal account from someone who observed the events described. No-one's memory is perfect so let me say, before someone writes in, that C1DD seems to be a few weeks out compared to the record books which say the first transatlantic QSO was on 27th November, 1923.

But how important is that for our purpose? Whatever the actual date, his account of the happenings has the mark of authenticity, making it a record to be preserved.

Many readers must have old magazines, tucked away somewhere, containing articles written by those early pioneers. Why not dig them out and send Morsum Magnificat a photo-copy, so that we may continue the process of preserving such Morse material for posterity?

Enjoy this second issue of EMM, and keep in touch. Write for us; write to us; or just say "hello" on the key!

73 de Tony.



Love  
and  
kisses



from Angelina Zielhorst.

It is always nice to hear the reaction when I send "YL" or "88". I have noted that this varies from country to country, and would like to know the experiences of other YLs or XYLs.

For instance, a Russian, always in a hurry, doesn't believe his ears, comes back with many thanks, asking at least twice, PSE QSL!

An American, by contrast, is very sober. "Glad to meet a YL from PA", adding (alas too often) that I'm his first YL from that country.

Then a Belgian... first going silent, then quietly proceeding.

After working one German, there is usually a pile-up of others, who think its nice to work a YL.

An Englishman is in a class of his own. When you send 88 at the end, they become a little shy, and often react, TKS 88 HI !

It's lovely to hear all these reactions. Sometimes I send /YL after my call, and get various responses to this too. Some begin with DR OM, and finish with 88 (perhaps they don't know what YL means?). Some ignore it completely and learn only at the end, when saying goodbye, that they have been working a YL.

How PA stations react, I can't tell you. Strange as it sounds, I never give 88 to a Dutchman. Its something left over from operating on 2 meters, because I never used it there.

Well, those are my experiences on this side. I hope other reactions will come in, so we can compare them. In most cases I exploit my status, because people come back quicker when they realise you are a YL.

What do you think? Discrimination? Well, if it is, its the only kind of discrimination that I hope will exist for a very, very, long time!

! 73 es 88

Angelina, PA3DJL.

## Who sent that ?

Years of travelling the seas as a marine operator have frequently taken me to the Med'. My memory is hazy and I am open to corrections, but as far as I can remember the only source of a weather report for the whole Med' was a Royal Navy station, which I believe was in Malta.

I should know the callsign as I have listened to it so often, but I can't recall it. The most outstanding feature of the transmission (which was sometime in the evening I believe) was that it was frequently an hour or more after the advertised time, and one just had to sit and wait. When it did come it was in perfect Navy Morse at about 20 wpm..... except one day, and it is this day that I have remembered.

The Morse was terrible - about 10 wpm, with numerous errors and corrections. I said at the time that it sounded as if the caretaker was sending it. What can have happened in a Navy station? Were any readers concerned with these wx transmissions, and can anyone put me right on the callsign and times? With great luck there may be someone who knows about the incident. I believe that it was about 1975, but I may be quite wrong on this.

Chris Lovell, G3JUW.

Oldham calling !



The timeless "magic" of radio can't be easily put into words by those it afflicts. But it can be demonstrated - as it was by expert Morse operator Bert Donn, at Oldham Amateur Radio Club on Thursday, 12th June, 1986. The dahs and dits were just a blur. We have only his word for it that the club's inaugural contact on the high-frequency bands was with Montserrat, in the Caribbean!

Well, his word and the fact that Ursula, VP2MDY, rattled it back with the practised ease you'd expect of a former Special Ops agent, who was dropped behind enemy lines during World War Two. Like Bert, G3XSN, she hails from Merseyside and the comrades exchanged greetings and signal reports across thousands of miles in the time it took lesser mortals to unscramble the call-signs.

It was billed as the official opening of the Oldham club's "shack". Don's performance on the modern electronic "paddle" key - which he also used to cut the symbolic ribbon across the shack entrance - would have done credit to a cabaret artiste. He didn't handle the key, so much as caress it, and every inch of his six-foot frame fidgeted in easy gentle sympathy with the message he was sending, rather as the concert pianist does with the keyboard.

The only ones not charmed by the occasion were the Moorside Conservative Club members, whose viewing of the Brazil-Northern Ireland World Cup clash was suddenly splattered by a burst of TVI! No one had thought to try out the transmitter first, and the next immediate job, as chairman Bob Catlow, G4ARP, remarked dryly, is to fit the necessary filters to transmitter and TV set!



G4ARP sets up the rig for G3XSN (back),  
watched by Oldham club members G1KJC and  
G6NCK. -Photo Rochdale Observer-

Just for the record, the 10-minute contact was logged  
as ending at 20.20 hrs GMT, with a 559 signal report on  
14.065 MHz - but the night and the refreshment laid on  
for it, lasted much longer!

(From "QSP", a regular amateur radio news column in the  
"Rochdale Observer", written by Chief Sub-editor Derek  
Nicholls, G1AYR. Derek is looking forward to passing the  
Morse test, and experiencing HF CW for himself, "very  
soon".)

38

# What 'orrible morse



by



**Ken Randall**

**I**n 1953, I was on board a RN frigate doing Falklands guard ship duties, and part of our job was to listen in to Argentine and Chilean Navy frequencies. These were mostly Morse, but "they" knew we were listening in and whenever they wanted to discuss something they didn't want us to know about they shifted to R/T (phone), knowing full well that we were no Spanish linguists!

The Argentine Navy Morse was usually very good, and their operating standards were quite high, but the Chilean Navy Morse was very slow, spread out, and almost run together. You had to concentrate hard to sort it out. It was 'orrible Morse, but with some practice we became quite proficient at reading it. We noticed that they all used the same sort of Morse, it wasn't confined to one ship or one operator, they all used the same 'orrible stuff!

On our way home after being relieved, we sailed up the west coast of South America, through the Panama Canal to the UK. One of the ports we visited was in Chile, called Talcahuano, which turned out to be one of the biggest Chilean naval bases containing, amongst other things, their Naval signal school.

We were offered a visit to this establishment and were very impressed at what we saw. However, when we were allowed to sit in on a Morse training class we were horrified to hear that same 'orrible Morse - they were actually being taught to send and receive this terrible stuff!

Poor old Samuel Morse must have turned in his grave!



# OK-G QRP tests

31st January -

1st February 1987

On 1-2 February 1986, the G-QRP Club and the Czech QRP Group carried out very successful pilot tests to prove the path between Britain and Czechoslovakia at low-power levels. Operation was CW only, over a comprehensive time/frequency schedule. The results were so encouraging that the tests are being repeated over the weekend 31st January-1st February, 1987. This time, all UK operators are invited to participate, and details are as follows:

Mode: CW            Power: Not exceeding 5 watts rf output

Contacts: With OK QRP stations

Times/frequencies (plus or minus QRM):

<u>GMT</u> (both days)	<u>Frequency</u> (KHz)
0800-0900	7030
0900-1100	10106
1100-1200	14060
1200-1300	21060
1300-1430	14060
1430-1600	10106
1600-1700	7030
1700-1900	Rest period
1900-2100	3560 (alternative 3570-80)
2100-2300	1900 (alternatives 1840 and 1815)

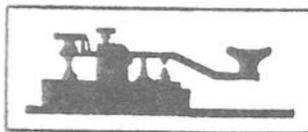
Where alternatives are given they should be used if interference is too bad on or near the original frequency.

Logs may be sent to A.D. Taylor, G8PG, Communications Manager, G-QRP Club, 37 Pickerill Road, Greasby, Merseyside, L49 3ND. This is not a contest, but merit certificates will be awarded for outstanding logs. This event is organised jointly by the Czech QRP Group and the G-QRP Club.



## ⚡ Morse-Telegraphy ⚡ Dot and dash melody

### Spark-gap 5



**S**tories in Morsum Magnificat have awakened long forgotten memories of when I was a telegrapher in Antwerp.

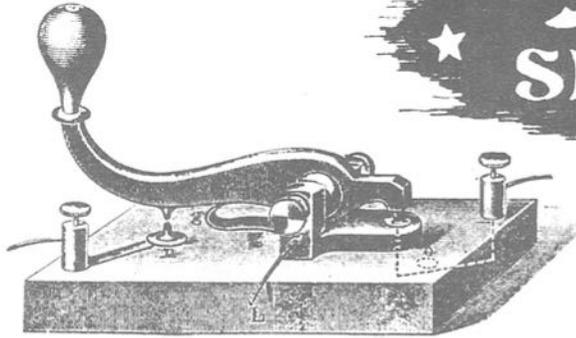
Some of my colleagues delighted in loosening the trunnions of your key when you were not there, just for the fun of it.

Sometimes the spring jumped out and dropped down the gaps between the floorboards. Then you stood there swearing helplessly while the sounder opposite clicked away impatiently.

The only solution then was to take the spring out of another, free, key, in order to start working.

I remember, too, the heavy English keys. We had a few of these, with an 8 inch arm, in the Eastern Cable Service. You could signal marvellously with them. I wish I had one of these beautiful instruments in my shack today.

Jules, ON4WD.



Some of our readers may not have known the meaning of the letters SKN before reading this issue of *Morsum Magnificat*. We are now rectifying that situation!

Straight Key Night is the occasion when the bugs, el-bugs, keyboards, and similar devices, remain passive and silent. It is the day when the up-and-down key, the old-fashioned brasspounder, is dusted, polished, and brought back into service.

It all started in the USA, out of pure nostalgia, some years ago, and now it is a fine tradition, held on 31st December every year. While preferring hand-keying at MM, we have absolutely nothing against any kind of CW generation, but to participate in SKN it is mandatory that everyone digs out the old hand-key from the junk box, cleans it up, and appears on the bands with it.

Which band doesn't matter, although it would be interesting for us to receive reports from stations getting into the American SKN. This starts at 0001Z (GMT to G-stns!) on the evening of 31st December in the States, making it the small hours of 1st January in Europe.

CQ SKN, CQ SKN, CQ SKN de .....

This is the call for success, increasing your chance to find other hand-key operators. Of course, there's a possibility a UB station will respond. He thinks it means STOJ KALMANIN NOSNI, but we won't worry about that on this occasion!

Here at MM we have several suggestions to make it an enjoyable event. First get your key out, and ready to go, the day before. Second, although its called Straight Key Night, make it Straight Key Day as well, so that those who want to can join their family festivities, or whatever, in the evening, and still not miss too much of the action.

Needless to say, everyone is welcome, from the QRS to the super and the extreme high speed experts - but everyone, please, ON THE HAND-KEY!

Without anything else, such a massive presence of old and young brasspounders would make New Year's Eve a festivity to be remembered, but there's more.....

Like the USA ops, we don't really want a contest, although they do have one in Germany. We think it would be nice to add to the SKN QSO the age of the operator, so we can see who is the youngest and who is the oldest. Ladies not wishing to reveal this information could just send YL or XYL.

How can we assess this information? Well, it would also be nice if you could send us a postcard afterwards (to G4FAI), with your comments, such as:

- what you thought of SKN?
- what kind of key you used?
- how old the key is?
- how old you are?
- what was your nicest QSO in SKN, and why?
- who you thought had the best "fist"?
- any other remarks?

We are hoping to meet many of you on New Year's Eve. Why not with a key like the one illustrated?

73, bcnu,

Tony, G4FAI

Rinus, PAØBFN

Dick, PA3ALM.





# Christmas is coming

by

**John Lingards Sykes**



IN MY CAPACITY as a patent agent in a very busy practice I sometimes think, that I come face to face with more nut cases than anyone outside a loony bin and there was a time, when I would have claimed an ability to spy the inventor of a perpetual motion machine or a salt-water internal combustion engine before he could open either his mouth or his portfolio; but not anymore.

As the years roll by the dividing line separating the crank from the genius is getting ever thinner and more blurred and there are occasions, when the line actually wavers to put a client or would-be client on its wrong side.

However wild an inventor's claim might seem there is always a lurking fear that there could be something in it. What ever became of the doubting Thomases, who were foolish enough to laugh at the Wright brothers, Marconi, Baird or the seeming madmen, who engineered the first manned flight to the moon? Ah, well, I fear none of us ever learns until after the event.

I didn't quite catch my caller's name as my secretary ushered him into my private office. The stag party I had attended the night before had gone on for far too long. I was tired and not at my brightest and best. I motioned towards the armchair and after a conventional few words about the inclement weather my visitor sat down and proceeded to open an old-fashioned satchel.

With side of the line should I place this one ? It was not going to be easy. I estimated him to be about fifty years of age and a professional man possibly an actual professor at a university or research establishment. His olive complexion and very slight accent suggested the Middle East. In appearance he was well above average height, of spare build, thick hair greying at the temples, well groomed and soberly dressed. It was not until I noticed his intense expression and perhaps over-bright eyes, that my doubts set in. My mental filing system placed him just about half-way between Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and John Reith in the early years of the B.B.C. but after his opening question I moved him just a little closer to Broadcasting House.

"Do you believe in Einstein ?"

Startled and taken aback my first reaction was: "Oh no, not another !" but I managed to stammer: "I really don't know enough to believe or disbelieve, but I am aware, that the general theory on relativity is being questioned in some quarters. How can I be of service ?"

Instead of answering my question in words he threw a bundle of papers on to my desk. I recognised the drawings as electronic circuit diagrams and there was a symbol representing a cathode-ray tube, but since the accompanying specification appeared to be in Arabic or one of the related languages, I had to ask: "What is it ? What does it do ?".

"I call it a Space and Time Retriever. Among other things it will tell you, when to expect Christmas".

"Expect Christmas ? But surely a calendar will do that ?".

"No, no, no! A calendar will only tell you when to expect the next anniversary of Christmas. Retriever can tell you, when to expect the return of the FIRST Christmas".

Truly there are nuts, nutty nuts and nuttier nuts, but the nuttiest of all was sitting opposite, a veritable coconut. My head was

aching and my brain in a fog. My feeble: "I'm afraid I don't quite follow you", was the understatement of a lifetime.

My John Reith/Ancient Mariner hybrid fixed me with his glittering eye and spoke as to a seven year child; I could not help but listen.

"First year physics. Stone dropped in pool.



Rings of energy spreading out to infinity. OK ?". I managed to nod my head and the lesson proceeded.

"Likewise every event, action, occurrence in the universe sets up electro-magnetic waves of influence, which travel outwards from their source and if only we could recover them the events, that gave rise to their creation might be reconstituted. Still with me ?" This professor-to-stupid-child tirade was getting on my nerves and I hit back. "Of course I follow you. This is no more than juvenile science fiction; they have been doing it in Sky Treck for years. In the real universe electro-magnetic waves travel with the speed of light so how do you propose to overtake them and where does Einstein come in ?"

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I would have done better to save my breath to cool my porridge; the fountain of wisdom gushed on unabated.

"It was Einstein who first postulated, that in the ultimate there is no such thing as a straight line. Space is curved and if space is curved, then so is time, since it is impossible to define the one without bringing in the other. Now have you got it?"

"No I haven't. Einstein's general theory is entirely dependent on his proof, that nothing can travel faster than light and so I ask you once again how is Retriever going to catch up curved space of no ? Tell me that and I am both your agent and your disciple".  
The look I received would have withered an oak tree; withered it with pity for an undeveloped half-wit.

"Shades of Isaac Newton preserve me. It doesn't have to catch UP. I point it in the opposite direction and it catches them on the way BACK".

I swear I did not laugh, but it was at this precise moment, that my wild night chose to exact its revenge. I yawned !  
To my professor this seeming rudeness must have been the most boorish straw of all and he could take no more.

Muttering something about 'stupid clots of little faith' he grabbed his papers, stuffed them back in his satchel and strode out into the winter dusk, while I yawned and yawned and yawned.

It was fully three minutes before I retrieved the visiting card, that my secretary had dropped in my tray. As I read it my heart almost stopped and I felt my face whiten to the colour of the pasteboard in my palsied hand.

Tell me, what do you make of it ?

=A. Wiseman, Hon. Fellow Baghdad Astrological Society. Technical Director of Balthasar, Melichoir and Gaspar, Dealers in Frankinsense, Gold and Myrrh, since 05 B.C.=





## "Paradise lost"

He came ashore quite late in the fall  
And said that he was through with it all  
He also claimed: "I'm done with the key-  
This stuff is the bunk, no more code for me !"

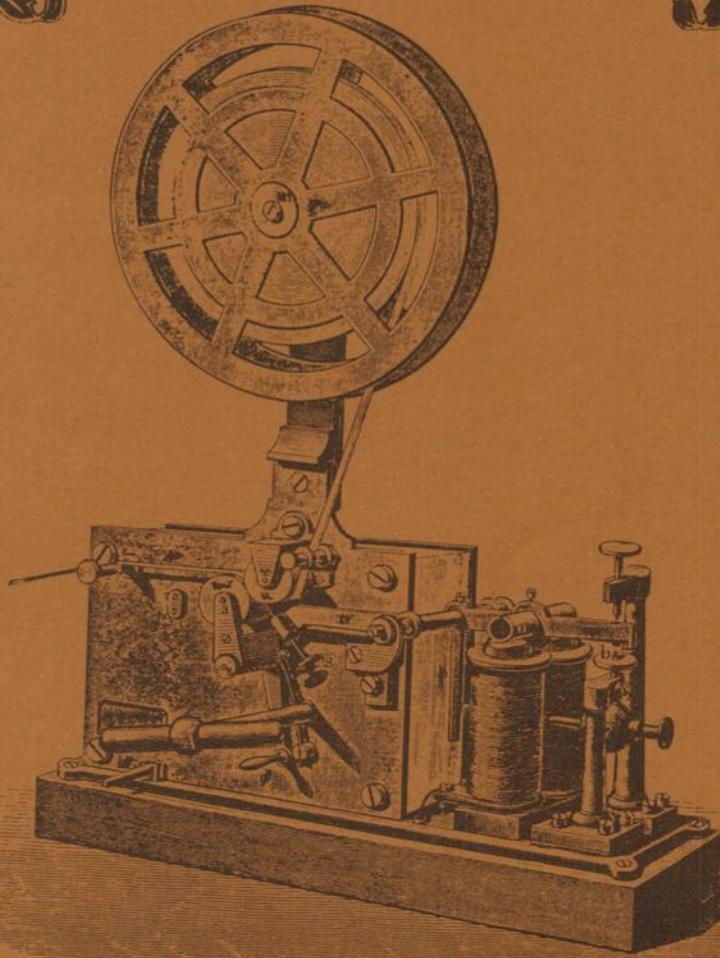
He built a set for music alone  
And listened to the saxophone's moan.  
He tuned from jazz to symphonies grand -  
A baritone of a noisy brass band.

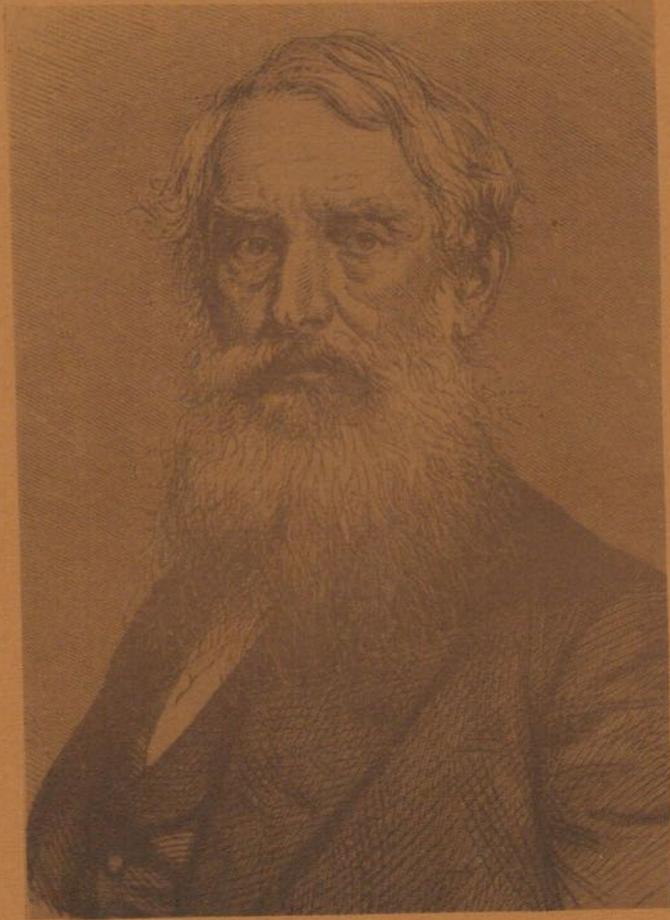
A year or so elapsed, as they say,  
And wether it was KDKA  
Or Mexico, or up in the North,  
This set of his brought all of them forth.

But once, right at the height of his dial,  
He heard some code and lingered awhile.  
Cape May was there, a 'working' some ships -  
It made him think of all of his trips.

Now he sits and copies any old hash-  
No music at all - it's all 'dot and dash'.  
And while he logs a "Limey" or Jap,  
His 'junior op' is parked on his lap !

R.C. Folkman.





Samuel  
Inley  
Hess  
Horse