

I REDAKTIONEN:

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Samlingslokal: IOGT-lokalen, Västra Trädgårdsgatan 2, Nyköping

Månadsmöten: I IOGT-lokalen 3:e måndagen i månaden kl. 19.00

(utom jun, jul och aug. I december tidigareläggs mötet).

Klubbcall: SK5BE, Repeater SK5BE/R frekvens RV51,

d.v.s. 145.0375 MHz in och 145.6375 MHz ut. Öppnas med 1750-ton .



Stopp-datum till Julnumret är 2015-11-16



Mötesdagar 2015

21/9, 19/10 och 16/11. Julfest 7/12 (?).

NSA MÅNADSMÖTE 2015-04-20

Nyköping 2015-04-27.

Plats: IOGT-lokalen, V. Trädgårdsgatan 2, Nyköping.
Närvarande: AXB Bosse, CQT Alf, CZQ Kjell, KNV Leif, KSB Benny och (KQS Sören).

1. Leif hälsade alla välkomna och förklarade mötet öppnat. Leif hade bara några få punkter på dagordningen, nämligen besöket på Flygvapenmuseet i Linköping, avbokning av lokalen för majmötet samt övriga frågor.
2. Mötet beslöt slutgiltigt att besöka Flygvapenmuseet i Linköping. NSA bjuder på inträdesbiljetterna. Lunch intas gemensamt i museet där var och en står för kostnaden. De som anlitas som chaufförer med bil, bör ersättas för kostnaden gemensamt av deltagarna. KNV och KSB anmälde intresse som chaufförer.
Samling vid Träffens parkering invid Stockholmsvägen den 2015-05-06. Avfärd sker kl. 10.00. Museet öppnar kl. 11.00. Hemfärd bestäms vid museet.
3. Mötet beslöt att avboka måndagen 18/5 på IOGT-lokalen. AXB fixar detta. (Är redan utfört när detta skrivs). Samtidigt meddelades att höstens mötesdagar är bokade hos IOGT.
4. Då inga övriga frågor fanns avslutades mötet av Leif KNV och fika vidtog. mm.

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Sekreterare Bo Jonsson / AXB

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Ordförande Leif Nordin / KNV

NSA Månadsmöte 2015-05-06 - Flygvapenmuseum i Linköping

Nyköping 2015-05-11

Månadsmötet för maj månad blev en utflykt till Flygvapenmuseum i Linköping. Samling för samåkning skedde på Träffens parkering på Stockholmsvägen. Avresetid var satt till 10.00. Två chaufförer med bilar fanns att tillgå, Leif KNV och Benny KSB.

Utöver ovan nämnda infann sig CZQ Kjell, CCE Kjell, BOF Stig och AXB Bosse. Avfärd skedde strax efter utsatt tid i ett fint väder och efter drygt en timme lämnade vi bilarna på Flygvapenmuseets parkering. NSA bjöd på inträdeskostnaden så det var synd att inte fler dök upp!

Efter inpassering besökte vi cafeterian och började med att ta en uppiggande kopp kaffe. Sedan strövade vi runt i utställningslokalerna och bekantade oss med de plan som funnits på F11 samt alla andra plan. Den B18 som nödländade på isen utanför Härnösand? och sjönk, fanns nu i utställningen och var i sådant skick att den kunde visas. Mycket renoveringsarbete återstår.

Vid 13-tiden intogs lunch som smakade riktigt bra. Vi såg också museets stora attraktion, den nedskjutna DC-3:an som var på spaning på östra delen av Östersjön. Den samtida hemmamiljön för tiden kunde beskådas.

Vid 15.00-tiden lämnade vi Linköping och begav oss hemåt. Det var bestämt att chaufförerna skulle få rimlig ersättning för bilkostnaden.

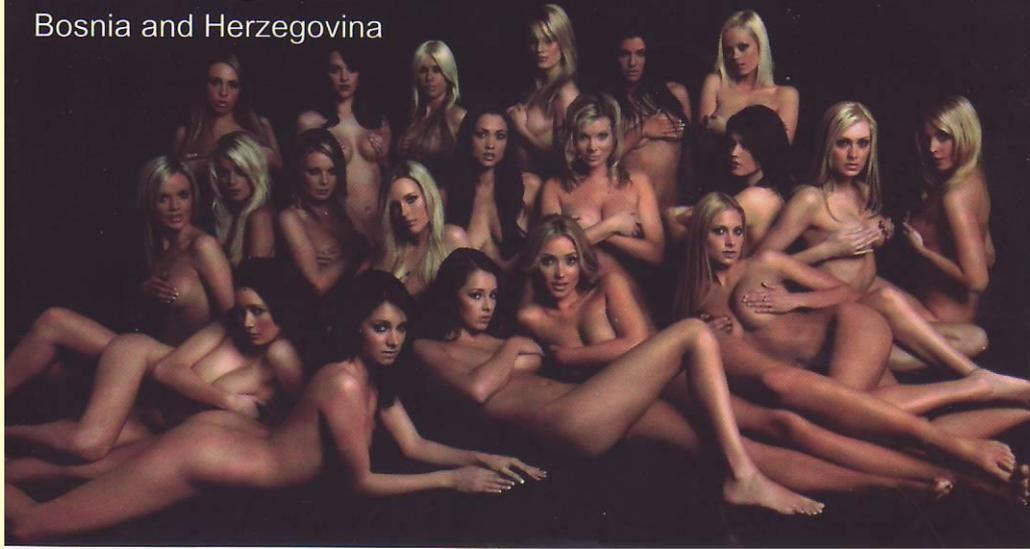
Noteringar av sekreteraren Bo Jonsson, SM5AXB.



Huk er i bänkera, för nu laddar en om!
Kjell SM5CCE fyrar av en salva i Flygvapenmuséet.
Stig SM5BOF fotade.

E79D

Bosnia and Herzegovina



Kvinnliga radioamatörer från Bosnien på Field Day

Stort tack till bidragsgivarna till detta nummer av Break-In:

SM5AXB, Bosse
SM5BOF, Stig
KQS



SM5???, Här kunde DITT bidrag funnits med!

Radioloppis i Norrköping

Lördag 10 oktober är det dags att åka till Norrköpings mässkall Himmelstalund.
Träffa likasinnade, se nytt och begagnat, kanske köpa något intressant.

Brukar vara en trevlig aktivitet.

För mer info, se sk5bn.se

KQS



Frank, SM5XHO, en kämpe och en gentleman ut i fingerspetsarna, har lämnat oss. Frank och hans fru Carol kom ursprungligen från USA. De bodde den senaste tiden i USA i New Hampshire. De kom till Sverigeför många år sedan och fann att Sverige var det land där de kände sig hemma. De bosatte sig i Stigtomta och där bodde Frank tills han avled i maj i år. Kjell, SM5CZQ, och jag besökte Frank några gånger i hans villa i Stigtomta. Frank hade varit med om så mycket runt om i världen och han kunde konsten att berätta vad han varit med om. Han har författat några berättelser om livet i den amerikanska flottan under andra världskriget som tidigare publicerats i Break In. En repris av en av berättelserna kan ni läsa nedan.

Vila i frid, Frank!

TOKYO ROSE

The lights of Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, where the War started, faded as the Grant steamed west. Sealed instructions were opened that informed us that our destination was Manila. The ship had been "blackened out" and the only the faint blue-green phosphorescent wake indicated our position. I found the phosphorescence sufficiently interesting to turn off the light and repeatedly flush the toilet to watch this interesting light. Red lamps replaced white in many areas of the ship to protect anyone going on watch where good night-vision was absolutely necessary. Lightproof double curtains were placed before any hatches (doors) opening to the outside. It did not take much light to show your position of another ship. For example, a lighted cigarette could be seen several kilometers on a dark night. By now the Grant had several lookouts with field glasses searching for any sign of light on the horizon. I found that if I had looked at a white light before going on deck, it took 20-30 minutes before I had full night-vision. On the other hand after being subjected to red light full night-vision was instantaneous.

The Grant also started a zigzag course. A special alarm clock by the steersman on the bridge would ring at predetermined periods. The steersman would change course by 30%. Between California and Hawaii the Grant traveled at a speed of about 9 knots. Now with the zigzag course we were probably making 6 knots toward our destination. The zigzag course was to completely fool some Japanese submarine captain who was aiming a torpedo toward the Grant. An unexpected 30% change of course theoretically would miraculously save the Grant and keep her from steering a vertical course to the bottom of the sea.

A happy note was that by passing Hawaii we had entered a 50% bonus, hazardous-pay, War-zone. This meant that our monthly pay would be increased by 150%. I would now be paid 562 dollars per month, a lot of money in 1945 (in comparison, my father as a bank vice president was making about 700 dollars). I would also celebrate my 17th birthday although I would keep this secret since I was embarrassed by my age.

KFS was not coming in as strong as previously. Stateside broadcast stations on medium wave had completely disappeared and Honolulu began to QSB. New CW stations came in faintly. These included JIT (Nagasaki) and RSS (Vladivostock). JIT sent much more traffic on 500 kcs than Allied stations. What JIT was saying was a total mystery since it was in Japanese. The Japanese transmitted at about 15-20 wpm. RSS was careful to observe international radio agreements. Russia was not at war with Japan and therefore RSS communicated with a surprising number of Russian ships. The transmission speeds were far above my capability to copy. The Russian calling procedure was interesting. For example a ship would transmit RSS 5 to 8 times followed by silence and then repeat the procedure over and over. Finally there would come an RSS UP, one time only. Turning around in the 425-480 kc band I could hear RSS DE RCDJ RCDJ RCDJ BT followed by very rapid Russian. Here we were with Allied and Japanese stations clearly following Wartime procedures while the Russians had no restrictions what so ever. It seemed strange.

We received a Broadcast to Allied Merchant Ships (BAMS) coded message from NSS (Washington) that we were to initiate radio watch on a station in Colombo, Ceylon. Messages coming from there were usually signed, "CINCPAC" (Commander in Chief, Pacific). The boredom of radio watch that marked the early part of the trip now changed into serious business. Occasionally a faint SOS could be heard however the ship in distress was not sufficiently close to copy. Whether this was a friendly ship in distress or the Japanese naval ship sending false distress signals was an unanswered question. An occasional VVV was heard from someone who forgot to connect to his dummy antenna. This was usually accompanied by a QRT from some unidentified source. QRN is a constant problem in the South Pacific. Every 2 or 3 days QNR would produce four 4-second busts of static with 1-second intervals. (The standard Auto Alarm signal was 12 such dashes whereby any 4 of these would set off alarms on any ship in the area.) Since I worked from 2000-0800 I had 4 hours of freedom when I would set the Auto Alarm and take a 1-hour break to go out on deck and cool off or go down to the officer's lounge for coffee. The Auto Alarm had 2 large and loud bells, one on the navigating bridge and one above the CRO's bed, close to his head. Whenever the alarm would sound, a sailor from the bridge would be sent to find me as the CRO was waking up from a sound sleep with a terrible noise in his ear. Even during my time off, it was impossible to relax.

The Captain started to ask me to prepare news reports for him and occasionally he came into the radio shack at night and asked if I could tune in some new for him. He told me that he went to sea when he was 12 years old as a dishwasher on his father's sailing ship from Bergen, Norway. He had been retired for a number of years before he was requested back to sea and promised a command. The Captain had accepted me but this made the CRO an even worse enemy. At least I could console myself that the "big" boss was on my side. The Captain spoke to very few persons on the ship but for now at least, I was one of chosen few.

The Armed Guard started to practice gunnery. An approximately 1 meter orange balloon was filled with helium gas and released from the Grant. The gunners would start firing the 30 caliber machine guns. Every 5th or so bullet would be a "tracer" which gave off smoke and light when fired. By watching the tracer bullets the guns could be aimed at the target. After the 30 caliber guns had missed the balloon, the 3-inch cannon on the bow was put into action until the balloon was too high to be a target. This brought into action the 5-inch cannon on the stern, which was fired until the balloon was completely out of sight. Before firing the 5-inch cannon, we removed the vacuum tubes from the transmitters since the shock of every firing was felt throughout the ship. As long as we were at war and gunnery was practiced I never saw the Guard hit a balloon. The Armed Guard Officer was obviously mad for a couple of days after every failed attempt to hit a balloon.

My stateroom that I shared with the Army Cargo Officer was very hot during the daylight hours when I could sleep. It was a welcome break to wander around deck. The deck cargo of tugboats was interesting to examine. I wondered if these were needed in the Philippines or if these were intended to be used elsewhere. For some reason, I felt that Manila would be our final destination, we would unload and return to the States for new cargo. It was relaxing

to look over the side at the deep blue Pacific, watch the bow wave make foam in the water and talk to the lookouts who were always scanning the horizon for submarines, airplanes, ships and floating mines. The waters were filled with large numbers of flying fish, some who jumped so high as to fall on the deck. Sometimes one of the cooks would be seen collecting flying fish from the decks but I never learned what happened to these.

Medium wave listening revealed a new station that played the latest hit tunes by Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Les Brown, Woody Herman and other favorite bands. The music selections were much better than anything I had received earlier in the voyage before Honolulu was finally lost to QSB. The disk jockey was *Orphan Ann* (a popular comic strip character in US newspapers was named, Orphan Annie) and she called her show "*Music for You.*" Orphan Ann, had a beautiful voice without any trace of a Japanese accent. From then on, anytime I had free for listening, I locked on the Orphan Ann's frequency. This I put onto the crews loudspeakers and soon I had requests to play as much of her programs as possible. Some of the crew who had previous experience in that part of the world identified Orphan Ann to be *Tokyo Rose*. (Orphan Ann was really named, Iva Toguri, an American citizen who had been trapped in Tokyo at the start of the War. She was forced to broadcast propaganda from NHK Tokyo written by Allied prisoners of war. She was probably the most listened to disc jockey in history. I recently listened to her voice on http://earthstation.simplenet.com/Tokyo_Rose.html and her voice sounded as sweet as ever. Iva Toguri was an interesting figure that made interesting history.)

When the Grant approached the Marshall Islands 2 major events happened. First was that we had entered a 75% War zone which meant that our pay would now be 175% of normal monthly salary. The Allies had been advancing rapidly in the Pacific. So fast in fact that some Japanese occupied islands were merely isolated and neglected. With all supplies cut off the Japanese could either surrender or learn to live on coconuts and all the fish they could catch. One quiet day we passed a little too close to such an island which in return opened fire on the Grant. This happened early in the afternoon while I was trying to sleep. The first I realized anything was abnormal was that General Quarters sounded for every crewmember to take his battle station. The Grant immediately stopped the zigzag course and made full speed directly away from where the shot was issued. My General Quarters station was in the radio room together with the CRO. Soon the Captain and Armed Guard Officer came hurrying in and said that we should form a coded message to be by the most secure method (high frequency) reporting the incident. After the initial shock had worn off it became clear that the shots had missed the Grant by a couple of kilometers and secondly the Grant should not have been so close to the island in the first place. It was decided that it would be best just to forget the entire matter. For any of us who had any doubts, it was a wake up call to remind us that we were at war.

There was still a state of nervousness on the Grant a couple of days later even though we had returned to normal and were again on a zigzag course. An airplane had been spotted in the morning that resulted in another General Quarters. This turned out to be a friendly PBY seaplane.

The date was July 29, 1945 and our position was about half way between Guam and the Philippine Islands. The Chief Mate was about to end his 1600-2000 watch when the lookout in the crow's nest (small enclosed observation platform on top of the highest mast) reported a submarine on the horizon. General Quarters was sounded and the sighting was quickly confirmed by other crewmembers. The Grant turned away and stopped zigzagging. I ran to the radio room soon to be joined by the Captain and Armed Guard Officer. The CRO and I both confirmed that we had not copied any BAMS traffic informing us of friendly submarines in the area. It was past sunset but still faintly light, this was the favorite time for submarines to surface and use their diesel engines to charge batteries. It took approximately 45 minutes to encode a message that stated a submarine sighting, our exact location and weather conditions. This was transmitted as a SSSS DE WR3KR (submarine sighted) first on 8280kcs and then repeated on 4140kcs. This was sent as blind message and no QSL was expected.

After a few hours, the Grant resumed her zigzag course toward the Philippines. In early August we passed Through the Bernardino Straits into the Sibuyan Sea and turned northwest to pass between Mindoro and Luzon Islands. We entered Manila Bay, stopping near Corregidor (where the Americans had been badly overrun in 1941) to pick up a pilot to navigate the Grant into Manila. As we approached Manila it was difficult to believe what we saw. There were 108 shipwrecks of all shapes and sizes cluttering the Bay. Some were sitting on their keels, others on their sides or upside down. There was a luxury liner lying on her side. The liner still looked majestic even with rust showing through her white painted sides and superstructure. The ship must have been caught in the original Japanese attack on Manila since any color other than gray had not been painted on ships since December 7, 1941.

The Grant laid some heavy fenders on the starboard side and was pushed by a Navy tug firmly against a sunken Japanese freighter about the size of the Grant. The pilot climbed down onto the tug and these both left together leaving us on the Grant to look around and wonder what in the hell we had gotten into. We were secured to a shipwreck, in the middle of Manila Bay, about 800m from the entrance to the Pasig River and to the right of the River, the famous hotel that had been General McArthur's home before the War.

SM5XHO Frank