

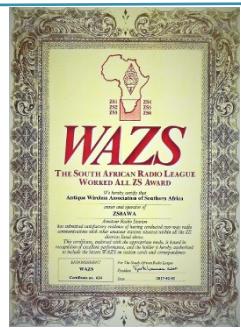


Newsletter

The Antique Wireless Association of Southern Africa

151

February 2019



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AWA Committee:

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- * Secretary/PRO—Andy ZS6ADY
- * KZN—Don ZS5DR
- * Historian—Oliver ZS6OG
- * Member—Jacques ZS6JPS

Reflections:

The hustle and bustle of December is over and everyone is breathing a sigh of relief they have made it through another Christmas and the crunch of the January pay blues, the longest month on the working calendar,

Life seems to take on some kind of normality again and we can all settle down to a medium pace figuring out how to maybe pick up some of the pieces of the rushed last quarter of the year, or maybe just carry on from where we left off.

Whichever way it is, just think that the first month of the year is already over. Before we know it, we will be staring down the barrel of another year end.

At least there are another eleven months to go before that happens, so time to get stuck in to some of those long lost projects. Rebuilding, re-furbishing, home

brewing, whatever it is that keeps you going. We need to make time to do these things that break the year up into segments that prevent it from just flying by without having achieved anything.

Remember too the Heathkit Challenge. For those of you who are going to take part in it, there are only 9 months left, maybe even less to get your photo's and enter the competition.

When John ZS1WJ started it off at the end of 2017, there was quite a flurry of people looking for Heath SB and HW 101's. That seems to have quietened down now and hopefully the projects are steaming ahead.

I would guess that you would have to have your entries in by the end of September 2019 in order for the judging to take place and the results will

be made known at the 2019 AGM.

What better way to celebrate another year than to have saved the life of another fine old Valve rig.

I sometimes think the finding of these fine old boat anchors and others is usually the hardest part of it all. There probably are so many of them lying in garages or storage around the country, that people have forgotten all about them and they will more than likely find their way to the junk heap rather than to the hands of a restorer. Let us hope the latter becomes the more popular.

As the Late Willem ZS6ALL always used to say, "We find them, we fix them, we use them".

Best 73
DE Andy ZS6ADY

WIKIPEDIA

Modes of communication:

A **Compatible sideband transmission**, also known as **amplitude modulation equivalent** (AME) or **Single sideband-reduced carrier** (SSB-RC), is a type of single sideband RF modulation in which the carrier is deliberately reinserted at a lower level after its normal suppression to permit reception by conventional AM receivers.

The benefits of AME over conventional AM are increased spectral efficiency due to a reduction in bandwidth of 50% as well as an increase in signal efficiency. Conventional AM transmitters waste 66% of the transmitter RF power due to AM's carrier and redundant sideband. By using AME, less RF power is required at the transmitter to transmit the same quality of signal the same distance. ^[1]

AME is currently most popular in high frequency military communications.

HF Happenings:

Diplom Interessen Gruppe

Special callsign DR50DIG is active throughout 2019 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Diplom Interessen Gruppe. QSL via the bureau to DH1PAL. See <https://diplom-interessen-gruppe.info/> for information about the DIG.

IOTA News

"The last date for mailing applications or score updates to checkpoints for inclusion in the 2019 Honour Roll and other performance tables is 31 January 2019", G3KMA posted to <https://iota-world.org/>. "If postmarked after that date, they will be processed in the normal way, but the scores will be held over to the following year's listing. It is important that participants who have not updated since the 2014 annual listings and wish to remain listed should make a submission on or before 31 January".

Run Android Peanut App on a Windows machine

Peanut is an Android VoIP application that allows amateur talk on analogue and over the air gateways to Dstar, DMR, Fusion, Wiresx, etc., using a cell phone or other Android device. When using it in analogue Peanut to Peanut the audio quality is excellent, so it is ideal for older amateurs who are having trouble with hearing loss. You can also run it on a Windows pc using an Android emulator.

See the minimum requirements here <https://support.blue-stacks.com/hc/en-us/articles/204883885-BlueStacks-app-player-in-stallation-requirements>.

Peanut is busy with amateur chats and is ideal for amateurs who like to have a long conversation and not 10 second QSOs "You are 59 73's best of luck in the contest QSL via the bureau, etc." Also, those who cannot put up 20 x 200 foot towers.

It is for amateurs only and you need to get a code from PA7LIM to get on, visit www.pa7lim.nl/peanut/

Worked All Zone 38 Award

Lesotho, 7P. Rune, LA7THA and his team will be operating the first part of March for approximately 10 days with the focus on the low bands. More to follow.

African DX

Contacts with stations on the African continent count towards the SARL's All Africa Award (www.sarl.org.za/pub-lic/awards/awards.asp)

Somalia, 6O. Ali, EP3CQ, who works for United Nations in African Union Mission to Somalia (AMISOM), in Mogadishu, will once again be active as 6O1OO between 21 January and 6 February. Activity will be limited to his spare time on 40, 30, 20, 17, 15 and 10 metres using SSB and FT8. He suggested last time every day between 18:00 – 20:00 East Africa Time (EAT) and on the weekends (Friday and Saturday) between 14:00 – 18:00. Equipment is a Yaesu FT-857D into an ATAS 120A, Tarheel Little II (currently active) and Sandpiper MV-10. QSL direct to Ali Solhjoo, Via Siacci 12, Rome, 00197, Italy. QSL cards will be replied on quarterly basis. IRC not accepted. Flash news will be posted via Twitter: @ep3cq

South Sudan, Z8. Diya, YI1DZ is once again operating as Z81D from Juba. Activity from 80 to 10 metres using SSB and digital. Operation until June. QSL via OM3JW, OQRS.

Burundi, 9U. Shabu, MOKRI will be active as 9U4RI from Burundi between 15 to 25 February. He will operate CW, SSB and PSK31 on 40 to 10 metres. QSL via LoTW or direct to MOKRI; log search on Club Log and information on <https://www.qrz.com/lookup>.

Calendar:

February

- 1 to 3 - Origin Festival, Helderstoom
- 2 and 3 - Magoebaskloof Berry Festival
- 2 - SARL VHF/UHF QSO Party
- 3 - AWA CW Activity Day
- 4 - World Cancer Day; Closing date for QRP contest logs
- 7 to 10 - Up the Creek Music Festival, Swellendam
- 8 and 9 - SARL Council Strategic Meeting, NARC
- 9 - VHF/UHF Workshop, NARC
- 9 and 10 - National Field Day; CQ WW WPX RTTY Contest; PACC Contest (The Netherlands)
- 11 - International Day for Women and Girls in Science
- 13 - World Radio Day
- 14 - Valentine's Day
- 15 - Closing date for PEARS VHF logs
- 16 and 17 - ARRL DX CW Contest
- 18 - Closing date NFD logs; Closing date for AWA CW Activity Day logs
- 19 - Highway ARC Monthly Meeting
- 21 - The sinking of the SS Mendi - 05:00 21 February 1917
- 22 - Closing date for March Radio ZS
- 23 and 24 - Clarens Craft Beer Festival
- 23 - West Rand Flea Market
- 24 - SARL RTTY Contest
- 27 - International Milk Tart Day



Chad, TT. The Italian DXpedition Team is going to Chad between 22 February and 7 March, they will use TT8RR for CW, SSB and RTTY and TT8XX for FT8. More to follow.

Senegal, 6W. Willy, ON4AVT will once again be active as 6W/ON4AVT from Mbour. Activity between 20 February and 30 March on 20 metre using CW and SSB. QSL via home call.

Togo, 5V. The EIDX group will after 9N7EI and 7Q7EI be operating as 5V7EI between 14 and 26 March. Plans are to operate with 5 stations from 160 to 10 metres using CW, SSB and digital modes. QSL via M0OXO OQRS. <https://5v7ei.com/>

Burkina Faso, XT. Max, DK1MAX will be active as XT2MAX from 17 to 25 April. Operation is 'holiday-style' on all bands using all modes. QSL via LoTW.

Uganda, 5X. The Italian DXpedition Team will be active from Uganda during September/October 2019. Look for them as 5X0T using CW, SSB and RTTY and as 5X0X using FT8. More to follow.

African Islands

IOTA frequencies

CW: 28 040 24 920 21 040 18 098 14 040 10 114 7 030 3 530 kHz

SSB: 28 560 28 460 24 950 21 260 18 128 14 260 7 055 3 760 kHz

Canary Islands, EA8. Erich, HB9FIH, is now active as EA/HB9FIH from El Hierro (IOTA AF-004, SOTA A8/HI-001) until about 31 March. Activity will be on various HF bands using CW, SSB and the digital modes. QSL via HB9FIH, direct, by the Bureau, LoTW and eQSL.



Lampedusa Island, IG9. Silvo, S50X, Krajcar, S52P, Peter, S54W, Pavla, S56DX, Slavko, S57DX and Drago, S59A, will be active as IG9/home call from Lampedusa Island (IOTA AF-019) between 21 and 31 January. Activity will be on 160 to 10 metres and this will include the CQ WW DX 160 m CW Contest (25 to 27 January) as a Multi-Op entry signing possibly as IG9/S59A. QSL via their home call signs.

Seychelles, S7. Vlad, UA4WHX, is expected to be active soon as S70VB from La Digue Island (IOTA AF-024). Specific dates were not provided. Activity will be on various HF bands using CW, SSB and the Digital modes. QSL via UA4WHX direct or by PayPal (see QRZ.com).



"Telegraph Talk and Talkers"

"Human Character and Emotions an Old Telegrapher Reads on the Wire"

by L. C. Hall

from McClure's Magazine, January, 1902, pages 227-231.

CROSS the threshold of the operating department of a metropolitan telegraph office, and you pass into a wonderland where much is done that might well excite astonishment if the vernacular in which it is transacted were set down in comprehensible phrase. Here men talk of megohms and microfarads and milliampères; you carelessly touch a bit of brass and are stung by an invisible imp; you see a man gazing fixedly at an impertinent little instrument, toying idly the while at a rubber button, and the brass instrument having clattered back, you see him laugh idiotically for no reason whatever.

For "telegraphese" is a living, palpitating language. It is a curious kind of Volapuk, a universal tongue, spoken through the finger tips and in most cases read by ear. In its written form telegraphese, or "Morse," as it is called in the vernacular, is rarely seen. Yet as a vehicle of expression it is, to the initiated, as harmonious, subtle, and fascinating as the language of music itself.

Nothing could be simpler than its alphabet of dots and dashes. Yet it has come to pass that out of the manner of rendering this simple code has been evolved a means of communicating thought and feeling rivaling in flexibility and scope the human voice.

A great hall was filled one night with people, mostly telegraphers and their friends. On the stage were a dozen men, a few tables upon which were sets of shining telegraph instruments, and a number of pen writing machines of different patterns. The occasion was a "fast sending tournament," held to establish records in rapid transmission.

CHARACTER READ BY DOTS AND DASHES.

One by one the contestants stepped to the test table, and manipulated the key. There was a tense stillness throughout the hall, broken when "time" was called by a trill of metallic pulsations read by most of the audience as from a printed page. The text of the matter is of no concern, an excerpt from a great speech, a page of blank verse, or only the "conditions" found at the top of a telegraph form. Speed and accuracy alone are vital. Forty, forty-five, fifty words a minute are rattled off seven hundred and fifty motions of the wrist and still the limit is not reached. The contestants show the same evidences of strain that characterize the most strenuous physical contest -- the dilating nostril, the quick or suspended breathing, the starting eye.

Presently a fair-haired young man takes the chair, self confidence and reserve force in every gesture. Away he goes, and his transmission is as swift and pure as a mountain stream. "To guard against mistakes and delays, the sender of a message should order it repeated back." The audience, enthralled, forgets the speed, and hearkens only to the beauty of the sending. On and on fly the dots and dashes, and though it is clear that his pace is not up to that set by the leaders, nevertheless there is a finish -- an indefinable quality of perfection in the performance that at the end brings the multitude to its feet in a spontaneous burst of applause; such an outburst as might have greeted a great piece of oratory or acting.

A REBEL BETRAYED BY HIS SOUTHERN ACCENT

A telegrapher's Morse, then, is as distinctive as his face, his tones, or his handwriting and as difficult to counterfeit as his voice or writing. Of this individual quality of telegraphese, the old war telegraphers tell many stories. A Confederate, for example, encounters on the march, a line of wire which he suspects is being used by the enemy. He taps the wire, "cuts in" his instruments, and listens. His surmise is correct; he "grounds off" one or the other end, and, trying to disguise his style of "sending," makes inquiries calculated to develop important information. But the Southern accent is recognized in his Morse by the distant manipulator, who, indeed, may have been a co-worker in the days "before the war." So the intruder gets only a good humored chaffing. "The trick won't work, Jim," says the Federal operator. "Let's shake for old times' sake, and then you 'git' out of this."

In the wire world a telegrapher is known by his "sign" -- it may be the letter X or Q or &. Now there is certainly nothing in a mere letter to warm up to, or the reverse; and yet, after a day or two of this wire acquaintance with a man whom one has never seen, and whose name one does not know, a conversation, mind you, not of your own, but of exchanging other persons' telegrams, one gets an idea of the other's personality as distinct as if there had been personal intercourse; one feels friendly toward him, or dislikes him. And one's own feeling toward him is probably shared by every one who has had this wire contact with him. X or Q or & may thus stand for a distinct personality in the telegraph world, in the same sense that the name Thackeray or Longfellow stands for an individuality in the literary world.

A LAUGH ON THE WIRE

Expressed in print a laugh is a bald "ha ha!" that requires other words to describe its quality. In wire talk the same form is used, but the manner of rendering it imparts quality to the laughter. In dot-and-dash converse, as in speech, "ha! ha!" may give an impression of mirthlessness, of mild amusement, or of convulsion. The double "i," again, in wire parlance, has a wide range of meaning according to its rendition. A few double "i's" are used as a prelude to a conversation, as well as to break the abruptness in ending it. They are also made to express doubt or acquiescence; and in any hesitation for a word or phrase are used to preserve the continuity of a divided sentence. When an order is given in Morse over the wire, the operator's acknowledgment is a ringing "ii!" which has the same significance as a sailor's "aye, aye, sir!"

The man would be put a poor observer of little things who, after "working a wire" with a stranger at "the other end" for a week, could not give a correct idea of his distant 'vis-a-vis' disposition and character. And it would be quite possible for an imaginative operator to build up a fairly accurate mental image of him, whether he ate with his knife, or wore his hat cocked on the side of his head, or talked loud in public places.

A FRIENDSHIP FORMED BY WIRE

Some years ago, in a Southern office, I was assigned to a "circuit" which had its terminus at the national capital. My fellow operator at the other end of the wire used the letters "C G" for his wire signature.

C G's Morse was so clear, even, and rhythmic, his dots and dashes so perfectly timed and accurately spaced, that I immediately conceived a cordial liking for him. In a short time this liking, to which he heartily responded, ripened into a strong and sincere attachment. My friend's distinct though delicate wire touch made working with him exceedingly restful. Indeed, every day for months I "received" from him without perceptible fatigue, or the necessity of "breaking." Almost from the beginning of our acquaintanceship I fancied that I should know him at sight if I chanced to meet him. I pictured him a tall, frail man, with the refined and patient manner of one who has suffered much, his features delicately molded, his eyes of the kind that kindle quickly when lighted by a smile, and his mouth ready to apply the torch whenever his sense of humor prompted. I fancied that I should know his dress, the old fashioned collar; the small white tie; the thin, rather long, black sack coat.

Some months after our first meeting by wire, I was called to Washington, and while there I visited the big operating room of the main office, in order to greet the many friends of other days. As I made my way about, I kept a sharp lookout for my old wire friend. I did not ask to have him pointed out, because I wished to see if it were possible to identify him by my mental photograph. Presently I spied him, just as I had pictured him. I stood beside him for a moment; then, touching his shoulder, I held out my hand.

"How do you do, C G? I am very glad to see you and to have the pleasure of shaking your hand."

Though he was a much older man than I, there was no lack of respect in my words, for it is not uncommon for one telegrapher to address another by his "sign."

CG rose with a quiet dignity, and taking my hand looked down at me over his glasses, his eyes beaming. "It's H, is it not? I am very glad to meet you, my son!" And then we fell to chatting, face to face, as we had so often done by wire.

I never met him again in the flesh. A few months after my Washington visit I missed him from my wire. In response to an inquiry I was told that my dear old friend had been seriously injured in a cable car accident, and that being alone in the world he had been taken to a hospital for treatment. There he lingered a while, at times half conscious; then his gentle spirit went out.

I made another trip to Washington, to attend his funeral; afterward making a visit to the hospital to hear from the head nurse the story of his injury and death.

"Late in the evening," said the good woman as our interview was ending, "I was called into his room. He was rapidly failing, and was talking as if in a dream, two fingers of his right hand tapping the bedclothes as if he were sending a message. I did not understand the purport, but perhaps you will. 'You say you can't read me?' he would say; 'then let H come to the key. He can read and understand me. Let H come there, please.' Now and again his fingers would cease moving, as if he were waiting for the right person to answer. Then he would go on once more: 'Dear me, dear me, this will never do! I want to talk with H. I have an important message for him. Please tell him to hurry.' Then would follow another pause, during which he would murmur to himself regretfully. But at last he suddenly assumed the manner of one listening intently; then, his face breaking into a smile, he cried, his fingers keeping time with his words: 'Is that you, H? I'm so glad you've come! I have a message for you.' And so, his fingers tapping out an unspoken message, his kindly spirit took its flight."

The nurse's eyes were brimming, and I gulped vainly at a lump in my throat. After a moment's silence she continued: "But there was one feature of Mr. G--'s dying talk that particularly impressed me. While he tapped out his messages he spoke in a tense half whisper, like one trying to project his voice through space. Between times, however, in communing with himself, he spoke in his natural tones. But I noticed that he glided from one tone to the other, quite as a linguist would in conversing with two persons of different nationalities."

The head nurse in a hospital had stumbled upon a discovery which up to this time remains a sealed book to the linguistic student.

A MISTAKE OF NATURE'S REVEALED.

A woman's Morse is as feminine as her voice or her handwriting. I have often put to the test my ability to distinguish between the Morse of a man and that of a woman, and only once have I been deceived.

On this same Washington "circuit" I one day encountered a sender at the other end, a stranger, who for hours "roasted" me as I seldom had been in my telegraphic experience. The dots and dashes poured from the sounder in a bewildering torrent, and I had the hardest kind of work to keep up in copying. With all its fearful swiftness the Morse was clean-clipped and musical, though it had a harsh, staccato ring which indicated a lack of sentiment and feeling in the transmitter. From this, and from a certain dash and swagger, I gathered, before the day was out, a pretty distinct impression of the personality of the transmitter. I conceived him to be of a well kept, aggressively clean appearance, with a shining red complexion and close-cropped hair; one, in brief, whose whole manner and make-up bespoke the self satisfied sport. That he wore a diamond in his loudly striped shirt-front I considered extremely likely, and that he carried a tooth-pick between his lips was morally certain.

Next day I took occasion to make some inquiries of my fellow operator at Washington.

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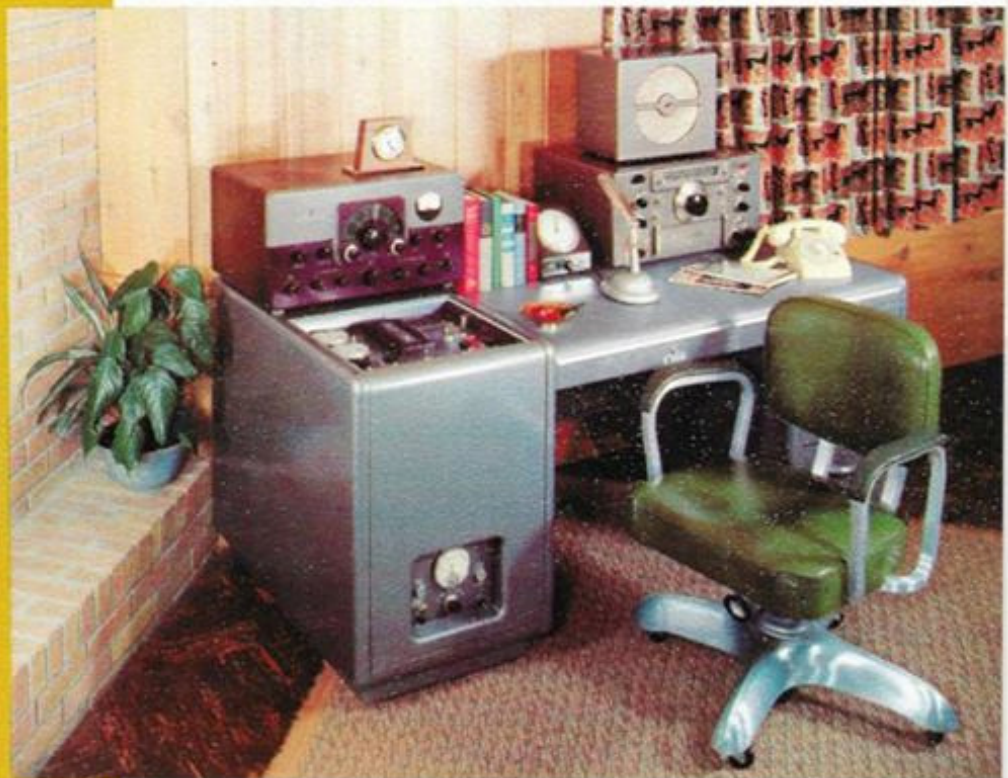
VIKING "KILOWATT" AMPLIFIER —(Below)—The only transmitter that provides maximum legal power in all modes—SSB, CW, and plate modulated AM. Class C final amplifier operation provides plate circuit efficiencies in excess of 70% with unequalled broadcast-type high level amplitude modulation. Two 4-400A tubes in Class AB2 easily deliver 2000 watts P.E.P.* in SSB mode—provides 1000 watts input AM with two push-pull 810 tubes in Class B modulator service. 1000 watts input Class C CW. High efficiency pi-network output circuit will match 50 to 500 ohm antenna loads.

Pedestal contains complete unit. Excitation requirements: 30 watts RF and 10 watts audio for AM; 10 watts peak for SSB. With tubes.

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Matching accessory desk top, black and three-drawer pedestal.

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*The F.C.C. permits a maximum one kilowatt average power input for the amateur service. In SSB operation under normal conditions this results in peak envelope power inputs of two times average or more, depending upon individual voice characteristics.

BE SURE TO SEE . . . the new Viking filter-type sideband transmitter with 60 db sideband suppression—and the new Viking "5-Meter Messenger." For detailed specifications on the new sideband transmitter . . . see your distributor—for information on the "5-Meter Messenger" . . . write Specification Sheet 737.

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Viking

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"Oh, you mean T Y," he said, laughing. "Yes, for a girl, she is a fly sender." It was mortifying to find that I had mistaken the sex of the sender, but I was consoled when I met the young woman. The high coloring was there, and the self-satisfied air; so also were the masculine tie, the man's vest, and the striped shirt-front. Nor were the diamond pin and the toothpick wanting. When she introduced herself by her sign, called me "Culley," and said I was "a crackerjack receiver," I was convinced that it was nature, and not I, that had made the mistake as to her sex.

FEELING FOR A LOST CITY

How powerfully the imagination may be stimulated by a story told in dots and dashes is illustrated by an episode of the Charleston earthquake. At the moment of the final shock, every wire connecting Charleston with the outside world was instantly "lost." And as no other tidings could be had from the doomed city, it was as if in an instant it had been swept from the face of the earth. And for many hours Charleston remained literally dead to the world.

The next morning, before the average citizen had time to collect his wits, the telegraph people had started out gangs of line-men to get the wires in working order. Operators in the principal offices within a radius of several hundred miles were set to calling "C N." For a long time there was no response; but at last, on the wire which I had in charge, a slight answering signal was felt, rather than heard faint and flickering, like the first sign of returning life. From that moment my watch was, if possible, more diligent. For an hour or more I called, "adjusted," and used every effort to revive the feeble pulse. I could fancy myself working desperately to resuscitate a half-drowned man. Again I felt the flickering signal, and then once more all signs of life faded away. Finally, as the wires were gradually cleared of débris, the current began to strengthen, and then came the answering "ii! C N", weak and unsteady, but still sufficiently plain to be made out. To me it sounded like a voice from the tomb, and I shouted aloud the tidings that Charleston was still in existence. Quickly the sounder was surrounded by a throng of excited telegraphers. The Morse was broken and unsteady at first. Then the current grew stronger as the patient was growing better and for a long time we listened to the labored clicking, until at last the worst was known. And at the end of the recital a great sigh went out from the hearts of all of us, as if literally in our presence a long-buried city had been exhumed.

EXCITED SENDING OF EXCITING NEWS

In the reporting of races or games by wire, the Morse imparts a singular vitality to the description. The listening crowd hears the description repeated by mouth from the sounder, and they grow enthusiastic or depressed. But it is the showing of the teams that moves them; there is nothing in the sound of the words to stir them. Not so with the Morse reader, particularly if the distant reporter be clever with his telegraphese. The short, sharp dots and dashes impart a most thrilling quality to his announcements -- a quality that stirs the blood and makes the heart of the receiver thump with excitement. "They're off!" in print is cold and empty compared to its counterpart in Morse uttered at a critical moment. Some indescribable quality in the sound reflects the sender's interest and feeling as no man, not an elocutionist or an actor, would reflect them in voice or gesture.

COMEDIES OF THE MORSE CODE

Telegraphic anecdotes there are in plenty. The difficulty is so to set them before the reader as to give him an idea of their telegraphic flavor. Here is one with the flavor partly obscured.

To begin with, it is necessary to say that the letter E in Morse is a single dot, while an O is two dots slightly spaced. It should be plain, therefore, that an O imperfectly spaced, or misinterpreted in receiving, makes the same impression upon the ear as the double E. Upon this rests the point of the story. I was transmitting a message addressed to "Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington"; an old comrade of Lee's was sending him a congratulatory message. As I went ahead "To Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington," receiver stopped me. "Is that Gen. Fitz Lo?" he queried. "No," I answered impatiently, "it is to Gen. Fitz Lee." "Bk! bk!" (break! break!) said the receiver; "Gen. Fitz Lee or Gen. Fitz Lo -- it's infernally stupid of your people to take in a message addressed to a Chinese laundryman in this town without giving a street number."

The fellow's evident earnestness and his naïveté, as evidenced in his Morse, made the ejaculation deliciously funny. The story reached the general, and I afterward heard him tell it at his own expense. But in the telling, the telegraphic flavor was lost.

THE SLANG OF THE WIRE

Like any other language, Morse has its patois -- a corrupted version of the purer speech used by the inexperienced or by those to whom nature has denied the finer perceptions of timing and spacing. This patois might be called "hog-Morse." It would be quite impossible to give even a rude idea of the humor contained, for the expert, in some of the corruptions of which hog-Morse is guilty. These consist largely in closely joining elements which ought to be spaced, or in separating others that are meant to be close-coupled.

In the patois of the wires "pot" means "hot," "foot" is rendered "fool," "U. S. Navy" is "us nasty," "home" is changed to "hog," and so on. If, for example, while receiving a telegram, a user of the patois should miss a word and say to you "6naz fimme q," the expert would know that he meant "Please fill me in." But there is no difficulty about the interpretation of the patois provided the receiver be experienced and always on the alert. When, however, the mind wanders in receiving, there is always danger that the hand will record exactly what the ear dictates. On one occasion, at Christmas time, a hilarious citizen of Rome, New York, telegraphed a friend at a distance a message which reached its destination reading, "Cog hog to rog and wemm pave a bumy tig." It looked to the man addressed like Choctaw, and of course was not understood. Upon being repeated, it read, "Come home to Rome, and we'll have a bully time." Another case of confusion wrought by hog-Morse was that of the Richmond, Virginia, commission firm, who were requested by wire to quote the price on a carload of "undressed slaves." The member of the firm who received the telegram being something of a wag, wired back: "No trade in naked chattel since

Emancipation Proclamation." The original message had been transmitted by senders of hog-Morse, called technically "hams," and the receivers had absent-mindedly recorded the words as they had really sounded. What the inquirer wanted, of course, was a quotation on a carload of staves in the rough.

The mere sound of the styles of some transmitters is irresistibly comic. One of these natural humorists may be transmitting nothing more than a string of figures, and still make you chuckle at the grotesqueness of his Morse. It is an every-day thing to hear senders characterized as Miss Nancys, rattle-brains, swell-heads, or cranks, or "jays," simply because the sound of their dots and dashes suggests the epithets.

When a telegram is being read by sound, the receiver is not conscious of the dots and dashes that make up the sentences. The impression upon the ear is similar to that produced by spoken words. Indeed, if an experienced telegrapher were asked suddenly what a certain letter is in dots and dashes, the chances are that he would hesitate before being able to answer. In view of this fact I should say that thinking in telegraphese is not possible, and in this point of comparison with a spoken tongue the Morse is deficient. Curiously enough, however, as an aid to memory in the spelling of words the telegraphese is useful. If a telegrapher should be in doubt as to the orthography of a word, whether it were spelt with an ie or an ei, for example, he would only have to sound it on an instrument or click it out on his teeth to dispel at once any uncertainty.

Among the other interesting facts is that, in Morse, family resemblance is shown as often as in face and manner. Furthermore, just as two persons of kindred temperaments, man and wife, say, who have been long associated, are said gradually to grow into a physical resemblance to each other. So, in a like manner, two telegraphers who have worked a wire together for years insensibly mold their Morse each after the other's, until the resemblance between them is readily perceptible.

CLANNISHNESS OF OPERATORS.

If anything else were needed to complete the parallel between the telegraphese and a recognized vehicle of expression, I might add that the users of the language of dots and dashes are animated by a spirit as clannish as that of the Highland Scots. Bring two strangers together; let each know that the other is acquainted with the wire tongue, and in five minutes' time the pair will be swapping telegraph yarns as if they had known each other for years. Country operators, when they get leave to come to town, are drawn irresistibly to the city telegraph office. However strange the city may be, in the central commercial office or the railroad dispatcher's den they are sure to find other who speak their language, and with whom they may fraternize and feel at home. Nor is this clannishness felt in personal intercourse alone; it applies to those who, in widely separated cities, are brought in daily touch by a wire used jointly by all. In idle intervals, on an Associated Press circuit, for example, a wire touching at a dozen or more cities distance is lost sight of, and all the features of personal intercourse are distinctly present. Stories are told, opinions exchanged, and laughs enjoyed, just as if the participants were sitting together at a club.

They grow to know each other's habits moods, and foibles, their likes and dislikes and when there is a break in the circle through the death of a member, his absence is felt just as in personal association.



1915 GPO 562

Reconstruction of a secret WW2 radio station

This reconstruction of a "secret" WW2 radio station is based on the story (fact/fiction) contained in the book "The Key Messenger" which I am currently writing. The story is divided into two parts, and will be published sequentially as a twin set of books, covering the period 1930 to 1975. It describes the activities (and excursions) of the operators of a small covert radio station active in Switzerland during and after WW2 as part of the activities of the British Special Operations Executive (SOE) and other allied agencies.

There is a lead character (South African) who provides most of the narrative. The story starts in the then Union of South Africa (1), then moves to England, France and then to Switzerland where the radio station was located. From there onwards the globe becomes the playing field.

The excursions of the small multi-national operator and technical contingent of the radio station took some of them all over Europe where they experienced the full impact of the mayhem, disaster and life threatening situations caused by the Germans and their allies in their effort to conquer Europe. They did however have some success in thwarting the activities of the enemy at various occasions. Curiously enough, they seemed to have met both unreasonable and reasonable people on both sides of the war, clearly illustrating the complexity of human interaction and behaviour during war times, no matter your nationality or loyalties.

After the end of WW2 hostilities the radio station continued operations with support from the Diplomatic Wireless Service (DWS) and other agencies as the Cold War commenced. The story sketches alternative scenarios to many historical events and include historical characters such as Airey Neave and Otto Skorzeny. There are many unknowns and factual gaps in history; these gaps can be filled with various possible scenarios and some of these have been woven into the story line.

The book "The Key Messenger" is not a history book, but it does contain history; please do not use this website or the book as a history reference. The book contains many technical facts and technical descriptions of radio communications equipment used by the radio station operators. These descriptions are not always in the public domain, or even in the archives of governments.



The Original Radio Hut



The Replica in the Natal Highlands

To find out more about this interesting project being undertaken by Ludwig ZS6WLC, type or copy the following link to his website:

<https://sites.google.com/view/ludwig-combrinck-ww2radioshack/home>

Congratulations on a fine effort Ludwig and we cannot wait to see the final product.

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**Antique Wireless Association
of Southern Africa**

Mission Statement

Our aim is to facilitate, generate and maintain an interest in the location, acquisition, repair and use of yesterday's radio's and associated equipment. To encourage all like minded amateurs to do the same thus ensuring the maintenance and preservation of our amateur heritage.

Membership of this group is free and by association. Join by logging in to our website.

Notices:**Net Times and Frequencies (SAST):**

Saturday 06:00 (04:00 UTC) —AM Net—3615
Saturday 07:00 (05:00 UTC) —Western Cape SSB Net— 3630
Saturday 08:30 (06:30 UTC)— National SSB Net— 7140; Sandton repeater 145.700
Echolink—ZS0AWA-L; ZS6STN-R
Relay on 3615 for those having difficulty with local skip conditions.
Saturday 14:00 (12:00 UTC)— CW Net—7020; (3550 after 15 min if band conditions not good on 40)
Wednesday 19:00 (17:00 UTC) — AM Net—3615, band conditions permitting.

Wanted:

I am looking for an SP102 to go with my FT102.

Contact Andy ZS6ADY 0824484368; email: andyzs6ady@vodamail.co.za