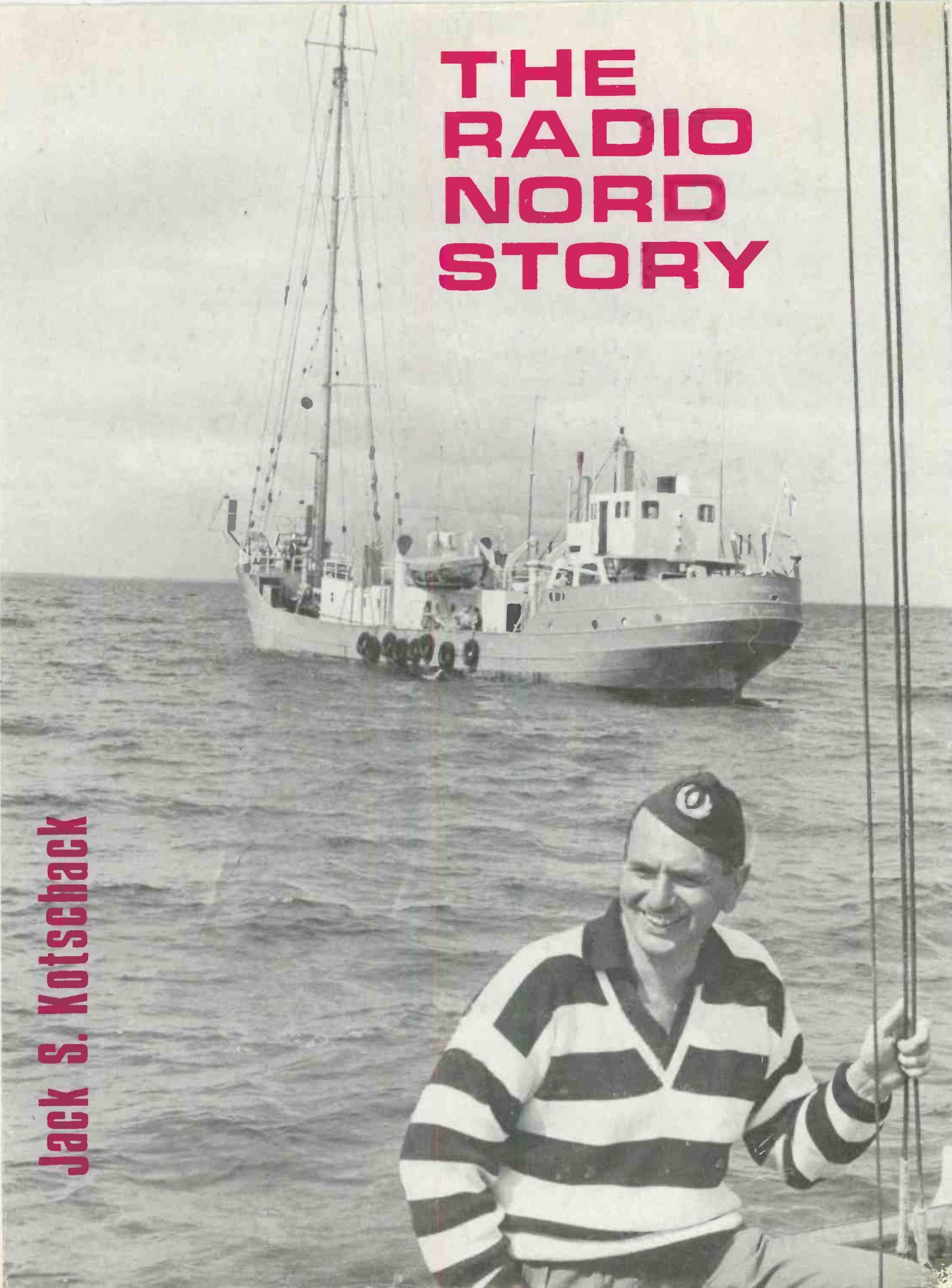
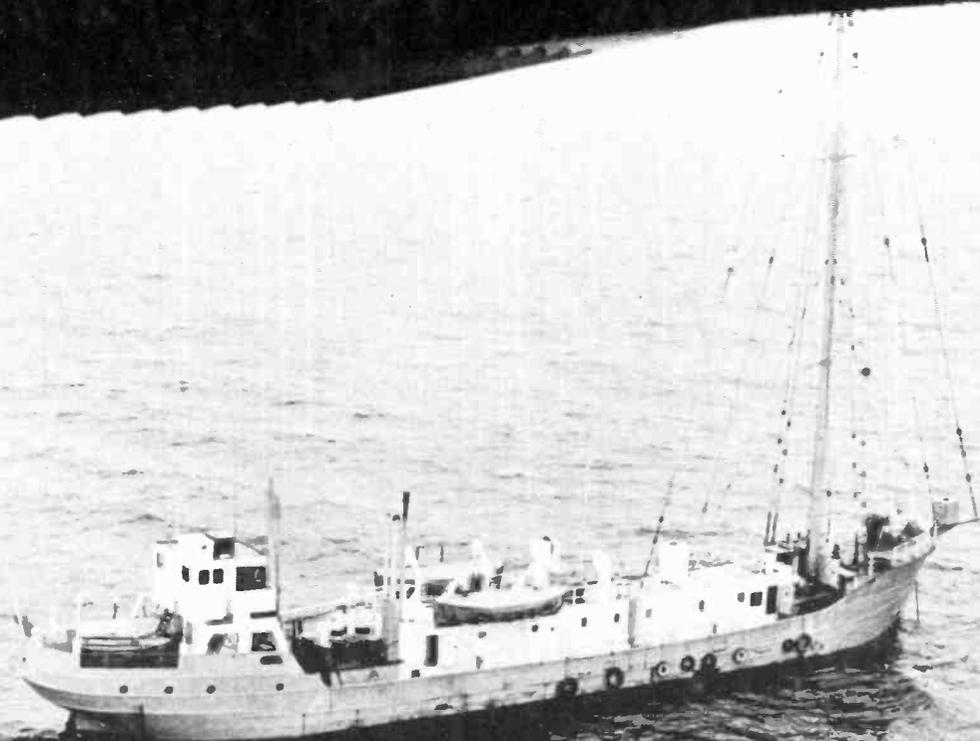
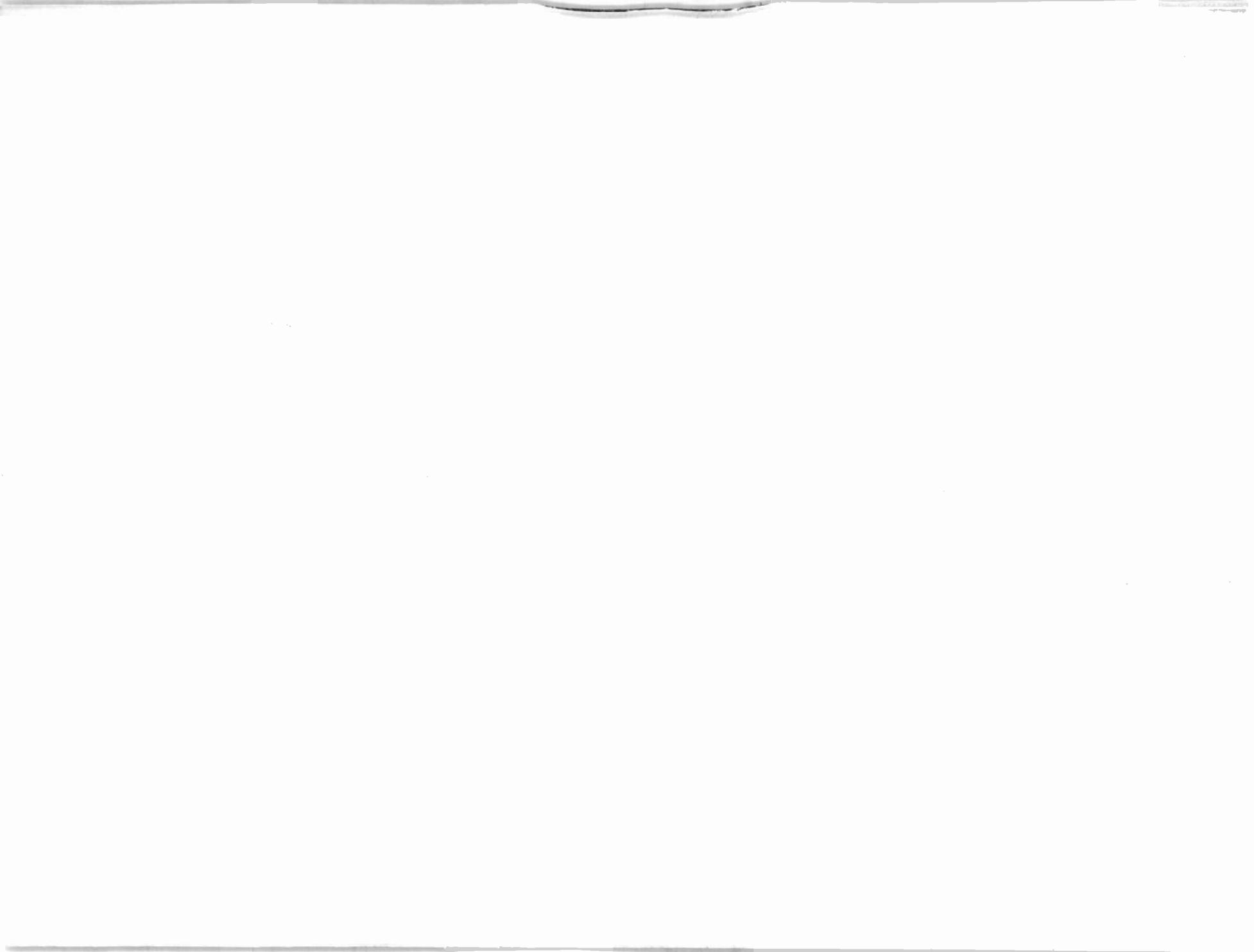


THE RADIO NORD STORY

Jack S. Kotschack







Broadcasting in Sweden, as in so many other countries, has a history of largely unchallenged State monopoly. In March 1961, however, this *status quo* was challenged when one of Europe's first so-called 'pirate' radio ships anchored in international waters off Stockholm and began to beam a new type of programme into Sweden. This is the story of that radio station, Radio Nord, written by Jack S. Kotschack who planned and executed the project along with its American backers.

Not only did Radio Nord become a pioneer of radio in Sweden, but it was also one of the pioneers of offshore radio in Europe and, to a large extent, provided the inspiration which led to the radio ships which later anchored off the British coasts. In its short life Radio Nord experienced both disaster and success; it survived ice, storms, threats of seizure and the technical difficulties which face a shipborne radio station, to be closed down by government legislation after having built up a huge following within Sweden. The author also discusses Swedish broadcasting in general and the wider issues which offshore 'pirate' radio has raised in Europe. This is not only a book for the reader interested in broadcasting, it is also a highly readable story of real-life 20th century adventure.

Foreword by Paul Harris, author of
When Pirates Ruled the Waves

THE RADIO NORD STORY

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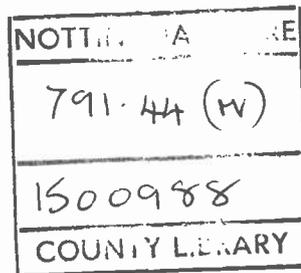


Impulse Books
London and
Aberdeen

First published 1963 by Forlags AB, Stockholm
under the title RADIO NORD KOMMER TILLBAKA

This edition translated from the Swedish and
published by Impulse Publications Ltd., 28,
Guild St., Aberdeen, October 1970, in assoc-
iation with the International Broadcasters
Society.

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Type set by Martin Dawson, Aberdeen, and printed
offset by R. & R. Clark Ltd. of Edinburgh

CONTENTS

1	Trio from Texas	1
2	Rhumba in Nicaragua	19
3	Debut as a Ship Owner	23
4	From Herring to Transmitter	33
5	A Long Dance in Stockholm	40
6	A Christmas to Remember	59
7	A Finnish Sauna	65
8	Third Time Lucky	71
9	Revolution in Radio	82
10	Due to a Minor Technical Problem	93
11	Mammy . . . It didn't break	124
12	There's no business like Show Business?	136
13	And what about me?	146
14	Problems, Policies and the Melodiradio	150
15	A Visit to Sandhamn	169
16	Small Pirates and Big Politics	180
17	Gala Finale	190
18	Radio Nord will be Back	199
	Bibliography	206

FOREWORD

There is something irresistibly romantic about a radio ship wallowing lazily in a light swell; its high aerial mast swinging gently to and fro, its massive generators purring away to power the brightly glowing transmitter tubes, and a small team of technicians and disc jockeys defying State monopolies in broadcasting to take programs into the homes of millions of people.

In most of the countries of Western Europe broadcasting has now become established as a State monopoly; it is either directly run by the government or so strictly controlled as to neutralise its editorial and organisational freedom. Since the late 1950s, however, there has grown up a new breed of entrepreneur. Often termed 'pirates' they are men—and sometimes women—who are prepared to defy the might of the governments of Europe for something they deeply believe in; freedom in broadcasting.

Jack S. Kotschack, the author of this book, was one such entrepreneur. The reader will probably classify him, depending on his or her political viewpoint, as either a greedy capitalist out to make a 'quick buck', or as a man who believed in what should be one of our basic freedoms, the freedom of radio. Maybe there was a bit of both, but I know which view I would incline to. Radio Nord, like all the offshore so-called 'pirate' stations which both preceded and succeeded her, directly challenged, with every program it transmitted, the self assumed right of the State to the ether.

One thing which comes through crystal clear time and again in this book is the almost panic-stricken reaction on the part of governments to the supposed threat to its sovereignty presented by a radio ship broadcasting to its territory, yet beyond its reach in international waters. The first 'pirate' off Scandinavia was Radio Mercur in 1958. In the later part of this book, Jack Kotschack documents the lengths to which the Danish Government went to rid itself of this 'threat'. In March 1961 Radio Nord started transmissions and the reader will find in these pages many truly amazing stories of government intervention into its activities; bullying of advertisers and shipyards in Sweden, Finland and Germany, outright spying in Germany and Denmark, jamming of its transmissions and, in the end of the day, the introduction of what became known as 'Lex Radio Nord'—the act to put Radio Nord off the air. These stories are not only amazing, they are also disturbing.

This book was first published in 1963 in Swedish under the title '*Radio Nord Kommer Tillbaka*' (Radio Nord will come back). In 1964, as many readers

may know, the Radio Nord ship recommenced her broadcasting career off the British coast as Radio Atlanta. Her days of excitement were far from over. In July of that year she was absorbed into the Radio Caroline organisation; in January 1966 the *Mi Amigo*, as she had been renamed, went adrift and ran aground on the Essex coast. After repairs in Holland, she resumed her station and defied the British Marine Broadcasting Offences Act which came into force on August 15th 1967. In March of the following year, however, she was herself, ironically enough, the victim of real piracy when she was taken over and towed into Amsterdam by the tugs of a Dutch salvage company. As I write this, in Autumn of 1970, the former Radio Nord ship lies rusting and derelict in Amsterdam harbour; a sad relic of its former self, when it broadcast to millions in Scandinavia and, later, even larger audiences in Britain. In a way, the British Government did win in the end, with the silence of the last British offshore radio station. Since then, fortunately, there have been others willing to challenge the Marine Offences Act and I am certain there will be more in the future.

Throughout Europe governments and bodies like the Council of Europe and the International Telecommunications Union have sought to silence offshore radio stations with spurious excuses of 'interference' and 'illegality'. Stations like Radio Nord, however, were perfectly legal until their operation was made illegal literally overnight by governments seeking to protect their vested interests and their control over the organs of broadcasting.

We live in an age when a curb on the power of the State is needed all too often. State monopolies should not go unquestioned; the State should not be assumed to be the repository of all that is Good and Just, for it can become an evil threat to the freedom of the individual. We need men like Jack Kotschack to throw down the gauntlet in defiance. Perhaps in reading this book it will help the reader towards a fuller realisation of the threats which there are to some of our most basic freedoms. Although this book deals mainly with the Scandinavian experience, its implications are wider and touch us all, to greater or lesser degree.

In short, I am very pleased to be both introducing this book and to be publishing it. I warmly recommend it not only to the radio enthusiast but also to the general reader as a tale of real twentieth century adventure.

PAUL HARRIS

author of *When Pirates Ruled the Waves*.

1. TRIO FROM TEXAS

I suppose that I am a crazy Swede.

I am certain that Gordon McLendon is a crazy American. Not only that, he is a Texan, endowed with all the relaxed charm, unpretentious mannerisms, and fortitude of mind that is so often characteristic of Texans.

Thinking of Gordon, my mind wanders back to the war-troubled year of 1946. There was in Sweden at that time another American, Robert Madden. Bob was stationed with the U.S. Army Transport Command in Stockholm. An enthusiastic tennis player, Bob and I became friends on the courts of the Alvik Tennis Club. I enjoyed his spontaneous and impulsive personality, which I later learned was a speciality in his home town of Dallas, Texas. I was saddened when Bob returned to Dallas in 1947, and, although I thought of him often, we lost contact.

Imagine my astonished delight when, twelve years later, I received a phone call and recognised Madden's voice booming all the way from Dallas. We spoke of old times and joked away many expensive minutes before Bob mentioned the magic name: Gordon McLendon. A businessman whose main interest is radio, Gordon was planning his first trip to Sweden. Robert Madden hinted that Gordon and I might enjoy each other's company very much. What an understatement!

Early in November, 1959, I drove to the airport to pick up my soon-to-be friend. Despite the fact that Bob had not given me any physical description during our conversation, I recognised Gordon immediately as he emerged from the plane. He looked like a Texan! The slender, athletic-looking frame, which extended up about six feet, was made up in the golden brown shades of natural sunlight. The oval face, crowned by a magnificent arrangement of thick black hair, swung unashamedly to and fro in the manner of an excited tourist. He moved rather absentmindedly down the steps toward Swedish ground, to the frustration of several weary passengers behind him: and then

he caught sight of me. His thin lips stretched boyishly upward and outward toward huge, circular-shaped ears, revealing a set of the whitest teeth I have ever seen. Seeing his very large, very round brown eyes crinkling at the corners and sparkling with his smile, I found it rather difficult to believe that this man, who had been described to me as a pseudo-successful radio executive, had actually ever done any work at all.

After settling Gordon in Stockholm, I invited him home for dinner. The long and exhaustive formalities often required in Sweden before establishing friendship were not necessary, and before many minutes had passed we were talking like old friends. I learned that Gordon had recently begun producing films in his own studio at home in Dallas. I didn't hesitate to suggest filming of a comedy script lying on my desk. Gordon was interested—as indeed he is in everything—and we impulsively arranged to meet in Texas at the beginning of 1960 to plan the project.

After dinner, my new friend glanced around and his gaze was arrested by a radio sitting idly on a countertop corner. “Jack!” he exclaimed in a tone of mock offence “You have behaved unhospitably! Not once have you thought of my profession. Mightn't you acquaint me with Swedish radio programming?”

I sighed and complied, switching on the radio. A monotonous voice droned out the details of some vague historical subject and I translated what Gordon was unable to understand until we both began to yawn. We returned to more interesting conversation until Gordon's trained ear recognised a change of program on the clattering machine. I explained that the high-pitched frenzied voice he now heard was delivering a serious lecture. As I studied the frustrated expression on the face of my new American friend, I realized that his sense of professional ethics was being highly offended. I considered the rich, fascinating quality of Gordon's voice. It was a self-trained voice, perfectly disciplined in the art of enunciation and tone-control. Gordon had become famous in his early 20's as ‘the Old Scotchman’. He re-created major league baseball broadcasts, rejuvenating the sport to the delight of millions of American fans. Later, with the acquisition of his own chain of independent radio stations in America, he added his own voice to the regular music-and-news formats. His listeners looked forward to the Old Scotchman's spicy editorials and unusual historical vignettes with tremendous fervor. I wondered which was more offensive to Gordon: the Swedish announcer's voice or the dull programming.

“Jack, don't you like music? Aren't you interested in news?”

I answered affirmatively to both questions. “But,” Gordon asked, frowning, “When the radio plays no music or news, what interest can there be?”

I told Gordon of a ghostly scene on the crowded beaches of a Swedish resort earlier that summer. Many people carried transistor radios but, as far as the eye could see and the ear could hear, the hundreds of radios were all silent. I would probably have experienced a similar sensation if, wandering in the desert, I had met a group of Bedouins desperately pulling at the oars of a rowboat. But the reason for the phenomenon was simple; no music was being broadcast at that hour!

"Television?" Gordon asked.

"On Wednesday night, there are no television programs in Sweden," I informed him, opening a newspaper as proof.

To Gordon, a man who had spent most of his life creatively utilizing airwaves, this was to put it mildly, astounding. A well informed man, he knew that Swedish radio and television was a state-operated monopoly, but he had not been aware of the programming policy. Together we studied the radio magazine, reviewing the entire week's scheduling on television and radio's First and Second programs.

Nature detests a vacuum . . . as does Gordon McLendon. Had it been within his power, he would at that moment have torn Sweden loose from its moorings and towed it across the Atlantic to anchor somewhere off Houston! Instead, Gordon fell back into his chair with a maniacal gleam in his eye. He looked like a vegetarian who had stumbled into the garden of Eden for, after all, he had spent some twenty years in the states searching for regions with a low radio-listening frequency, to set up stations which would fill the need for good and continuous radio entertainment. Now, unexpectedly, he had arrived in an economically developed country, Sweden, with a high standard of living, but without a professional radio network.

His immediate reaction, a conditioned reflex, was not to pity the Swedes for dull programs nor to suggest, as most Swedes vainly do, that something be done to force the Swedish radio to change its programming policy. No. Gordon McLendon approached the problem not from the consumer's viewpoint, but from that of the producer.

Gordon recalled having heard about a commercial station in Sweden called Radio Mercur. I told him the little I knew about Radio Mercur; it was a station broadcasting light music and entertainment twelve to thirteen hours daily from aboard a ship of unknown nationality anchored off the Danish coast. To my knowledge the station had been a commercial success.

Why wasn't a similar station broadcasting off Stockholm? I explained that the island Archipelago separates Stockholm from the open sea, and the city was thus too far inland to be within range of an FM sender. Though Radio Mercur broadcasts on the FM Band, it was stationed in the middle of

the Danish Sound where the only AM frequency would be on the already over-crowded middle-wave band.

“Over-crowded!” protested Gordon vigorously, “Not at all! There are some 500 radio stations in Europe broadcasting on medium-wave and they all reach the people and up here,” he continued, “there are undoubtedly free areas on the scale where, without disturbing other stations or being disturbed, a transmitter aboard a ship could broadcast. Why hasn’t someone equipped such a ship?”

Gordon’s question brought about, then and there, a feeling of excitement that ran through my entire body—a feeling strong enough to supercede what cautious men call common sense. I have always thought that the wildest ideas are the most profitable and the easiest to realise. That an idea is new, has never before been thought of, and at first sight seems fantastic, does not make me abandon it. Obstinate, I seriously began to consider it. So after only a few hours acquaintance with Gordon McLendon, I suggested, “Let’s start a radio station”.

Gordon put down his coffee, leaned toward me and, smiling mischievously, said, “You and I, Jack Kotschack, have a great deal in common!”

The matter in general was settled. We parted and slept with visions of musical toy ships undulating in our heads.

Early the next morning Gordon and I were on the phone breathlessly reassuring each other that our interest in the project had not waned. In record time, we showered, shaved, dressed, ate, and met again. We began to chatter more like little boys trying to fit a ship into a glass bottle than like two businessmen planning a rather bizarre commercial venture. The conversation went something like this:

Gordon: “Actually, I have become somewhat sceptical about the necessity of broadcasting from a ship”.

Me: “I must insist that we broadcast on the medium-wave band”.

Gordon: “Now, I have calculated that masts of at least 100 metres high will be required for this station to cover the projected area”.

Me: “We shall have to purchase an ocean-going ship, of course. Quite a large sum of money will be required”.

Gordon: “Hold on! We need some technical advice, Jack. Let me call John Mullaney in Washington. He’s the U.S. Navy’s antenna expert, a wizard in his field. Won’t hurt to get his opinion”.

I paced the floor while Gordon went through the ritual of getting a call through to Washington. My enthusiasm was unbounded at that point and I waited anxiously to hear signs of optimism emanating from the one-sided conversation I was hearing. I know how an Eskimo must feel seeing the sun



Jack S. Kotschack (left) together with Americans behind Radio Nord, Gordon McLendon and Bob Thompson.



A welcome in the grand style of Stockholm Airport for Gordon McLendon and Robert Thompson when they flew in from the United States.



after the long winter, remembering my own elation as Gordon said, "That's great, John". Obeying Gordon's gesture, I rushed to another extension and heard Mullaney advising, "Sure—go ahead, Gordon. I'm certain an antenna can be designed that will function from 40-metre masts". I almost stopped breathing, so afraid was I that I had heard wrong, but Mullaney continued, "Gordon, you've heard of the so-called 'flat-top' antenna, looped between two masts with directed transmission? Anyway, this method was applied successfully aboard the M/S Courier, a Voice of America ship anchored off Greece".

Gordon interrupted to inquire about the Greeks' reaction. John laughed and said that the Greeks, instead of becoming annoyed, later allowed the Courier to anchor at Rhodes and transmit from there.

The conversation having been encouraging, the antenna and mast problem apparently solved, the project took hold of our imaginations and Gordon's enthusiasm for the ship grew. But one more detail worried him. According to U.S. federal law, no person could own more than seven radio stations. An infringement of this statute could cause him to lose the licenses for all of his stations. Especially as Gordon's success in America had attracted the attention of the authorities, he therefore decided he could not personally own the station. However, he mentioned several names of successful Dallas businessmen whom he was sure would be interested in contributing both name and money to the project. After four busy days, Gordon returned to Dallas, promising to come back soon with one of these aforementioned entrepreneurs, Robert F. Thompson.

We had intended to keep the project secret for some time, but among the talents of my personal friend, Carro Bergkvist of the evening newspaper, *Aftonbladt*, was a reporter's nose of exceptional sensitivity. He happened upon a scent which led to the first big headline: "Dollar Millionaire Backs Commercial Radio in the Baltic". I particularly remember a short phrase in Carro's article: "Some practical details remain to be settled before the pirate-radio can go to sea". Well chosen words! Exactly sixteen long, hard months from the date of *Aftonbladt's* article passed before the practical "details" were settled.

Just a couple of weeks later, Gordon returned to Stockholm as planned, bringing with him Bob Thompson, who was reported in the Swedish newspapers as "a millionaire in oil and real estate".

The time had come to make a preliminary business prognosis. We decided to sound out the advertising agencies, starting with a conference held with the Swedish telegraph bureau. I have never praised the day's weather at sunrise, preferring to wait until dusk, for I have learned the hard lesson that

a good business deal isn't good until it is concluded. However, I must admit that our conference with the Swedish telegraph bureau filled me with optimism. I must give credit for this to STV's director, Göran Tamm. An unusually efficient ad-man Goran became enthused over the project. Like most of his colleagues, he had long desired a means of radio advertising to supplement the usual Swedish promotional outlets. At the risk of repeating myself, I must praise and give special thanks to director Tamm for his strong support of Radio Nord throughout its existence, in contrast to others whose promises of support leaked into the sea.

There were, of course, representatives of other leading Swedish advertising agencies present at the conference and, though they could not give a collective opinion on behalf of their clients, neither could they conceal the fact that they were pulling for us.

Encouraged by the results of the conference, we sat with pencil and paper, playing with figures. The demand for commercial radio in Sweden was great and widespread. Think of the U.S.A., where radio accounted for 5.9 per cent of total advertising billing! There was no reason to doubt that the Swedish market would be equally good even though we were dealing with an unproven medium.

We estimated that the Swedish national and local advertising turnover was approximately 600 million crowns, then further calculated that during our first year at least 2 per cent of this annual expenditure would go to advertising on Radio Nord. This figure was probably underestimated, and the advertising agencies promised to guarantee the sum, which amounted to approximately 12 million crowns. There seemed no question that the project would break even and also leave a net profit. One of the strongest stones upon which Radio Nord was built was this guarantee—the most important, perhaps. Unfortunately, we were innocently devoid of some rather discouraging premonitions.

Both during the planning stages and actual broadcasting career of Radio Nord, the Swedish Government was to use somewhat dubious methods to try to sink us to the depths of the sea. Certain gentlemen in the administration would start a whisper campaign rumouring that Radio Nord advertisers would lose Government contracts. The cabinet minister Stratsrådet Gösta Skoglund, whose name I shall have reason to mention again, declared in Parliament that he shared the opinion of Stockholm's Social Democratic Member, Hans Gustafsson, that Radio Nord advertisers were guilty of unloyal conduct and risked their reputations with the Swedish public. These words, spoken four months before Radio Nord's first broadcasts, were of course clear warning for the nation's business executives. The choice of the

term, "Swedish Public," instead of "Swedish Government," duped no one as being a veiled threat.

Further difficulties arose through the manner in which certain advertising agencies attempted to profit from the situation. They planned as follows: in principle, we shall give all of our clients a chance to place ads with Radio Nord, but in practice we will select our clients carefully. Our important clients will be warned about possible Government action, but less important clients will be encouraged for the purpose of testing this new medium. Then, should something go wrong, we will not lose our larger accounts, and we can prevent Radio Nord from establishing itself permanently, as that does not suit our best interests. The results obtained by our minor clients will provide, without any risk for us, a quick and valid report on the need and effect of commercial radio in Sweden. Should Radio Nord thereafter disappear, we need only to gather together our papers, brush our grey flannel suits, and approach the Ministry of Communications, which will of course welcome our findings, and allow itself to be convinced of the desirability of a state-controlled commercial radio and television—which would, after all, be the best solution for our advertising agencies.

An attempt to sit on two chairs at the same time has seldom resulted in a harder fall. The agencies, despite their careful scheming, were unable to foresee that the silencing of Radio Nord would only make any such action superfluous instead of necessary. The Government's sole objective was maintaining the state monopoly; the administration could hardly have been less interested in the prospect of shifting to commercial radio, no matter how hard the agencies might try to persuade them with statistics. However, from the Government's viewpoint, the agencies fell right into their hands. If the majority of the advertisers had been persuaded to use commercial radio, Skoglund's and Gustafsson's statements would have been meaningless, and commercial radio's future in Sweden would have been secure. Today, we see clearly the result of the advertising agencies' halfhearted support. Radio Nord has disappeared, to the great relief of the Swedish Government, and with it the possibility of a greatly increased sales turnover through the influence of radio commercials. Reports and studies made of Radio Nord's short existence lie disregarded, gathering dust. The great need for a Swedish commercial radio has been silenced into a forced sleep.

A typical example of agency hypocrisy was the attitude of the major agency, Ervaco. In a communique to the agency's clients, Ervaco's director William Danielsson, stated. "We recommend that this new advertising medium be given a six months trial period from the date of its commencement, without thereby definitely accepting the present form of transmission, which

due to the law in force must take place over international waters. The purpose of this trial period should be to obtain information and data on commercial radio in Sweden which can be presented to the authorities together with a petition from the business community for regular commercial broadcasts within conditions to be prescribed by Parliament.

“Before deciding to buy commercial time on Radio Nord, Ervaco suggests that the ethical side of the question be discussed from case to case with each client”.

This “ethical side” was further developed in an attached statement signed by the advertising manager, James Brade. He pointed out that “it could appear that advertisers and their distributing agencies purchasing Nord time, support an activity contrary to Parliament’s approval”.

As so often happens when one bets on two horses. Ervaco lost more than it won. Their attitude did not result in the enlargement of their total advertising outlay with a special account for radio commercials, thereby increasing the agency’s turnover. Instead, the advertisers merely redirected a portion of their original budget. Later I shall write more on Ervaco’s handling of the campaign order by Del Monte.

Now it would seem appropriate to return to November, 1959. After Carro’s article in *Aftonbladt* and the conference with the Swedish Telegraph Bureau, we decided that the time was right for a press conference. At this conference, held on Friday, November 27, Bob Thompson, Gordon and I had the first hint of the problem we would have in our relationship with the state-owned Swedish radio. We had not immediately realised that Radio Sweden, of which we thought as an independent organization, is de facto an instrument controlled by the Government and, therefore, was to become Radio Nord’s adversary. In any case, our policy was clear: we had no intention of competing with the Government radio monopoly—our respective aims would have made this impossible. Nor did we intend to lure listeners away from the Swedish radio—the basing of a commercial radio on this concept, with such a low listener frequency, would have been financially disastrous. We wanted instead to reach the potential audience which at a given hour kept their radios switched off from lack of entertaining broadcasting (which was the majority of the population). Our purpose was merely to supplement the already existing programs, to fill the vacuums. We wanted, simply, to turn on the silent radios.

For example if the Swedish radio broadcasted MacBeth, would it be reasonable for us to reply with Hamlet, to compete for an audience of only 50,000 listeners? No! We wanted to give the remaining 3½ million listeners within our reach a reason for turning on their radios. We had even decided

to sacrifice commercial time to plug programs on Radio Sweden. The loss of some hundred listeners to Radio Sweden would have been a service to our listeners and a friendly service to Swedish radio. A better business arrangement for all parties could hardly be imagined, and Swedish radio should logically have been expected to accept, if not to be grateful! At this stage, however, the program directors of Swedish radio who attended the press conference at our invitation showed a positive interest toward Radio Nord. Their director Olof Rydbeck, nevertheless, had refused the invitation. This former diplomat, well versed in the machinations of Government policy, was undoubtedly aware that any direct contact with Radio Nord would be met with official disapproval. Rydbeck sensed that any mutual arrangement, however profitable, or even the consideration of an arrangement, could be political dynamite.

Just before the press conference, Rydbeck was apparently struck by the thought that other invitations had probably been sent to Swedish radio. He made a quick inquiry which resulted in a telephone message hardly an hour before the conference. Coincidentally, program director Nils-Erik Baehrendt regretted not being able to attend, but Swedish radio's news editor had not read his memos carefully that day, for he appeared at the conference with a tape recorder for an interview which was broadcast on the evening news summary. Because of this, the press conference was a success and Radio Nord was given favorable coverage by Radio Sweden. Bob Thompson acted as the front-man during the conference, but it was chiefly Gordon who took the spotlight since programming was the main topic. Gordon considered Baehrendt's last minute absence as an unnecessary affront and thus provoked a slight confusion. He stated that a good part of Radio Nord's programming would be devoted to serious lectures, drama and politics – territory already reserved by the Swedish radio.

Our radio station was also baptised at this press conference. A name had not yet been chosen, and we were hard pressed on this point by reporters. To give them something, I threw out the first thing that came into my mind, for I had never heard or thought about it before. Literally "Radio Nord" just slipped out, an accident which from the beginning of the station in March of 1961 was to be the only detail that did not have to be completely revised.

I don't really know where the expression "pirate radio" originated. Carro had used it in his first article, and I think he got it from the Danish press conferences on Radio Mercur. We were not pleased when the expression so quickly came into vogue. Anything – independent radio, private radio,

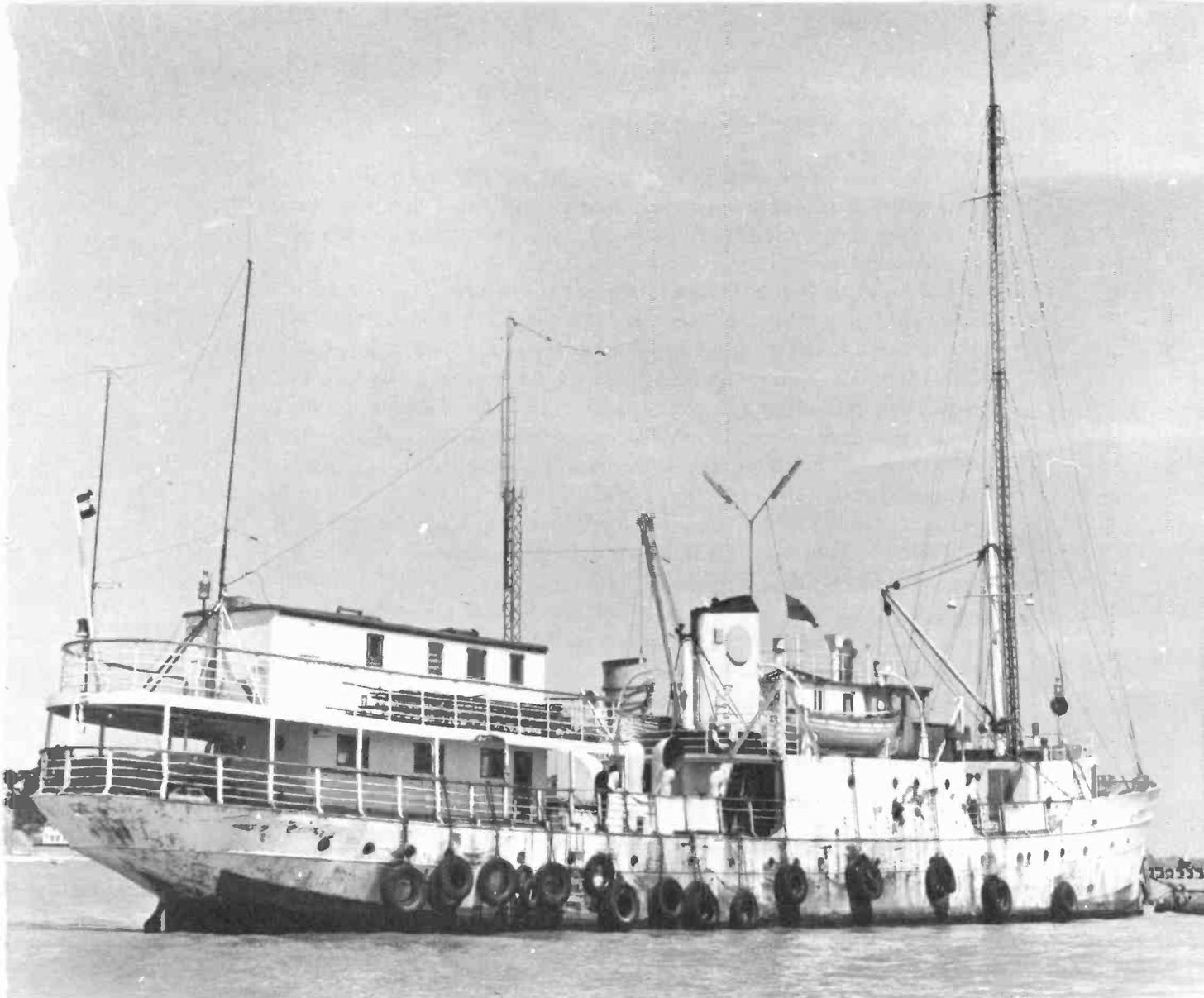
pioneer radio – would have been more accurately descriptive of our project. Pirate had an association with something illegal, however romantic, and, whatever we were, we were certainly not lawbreakers. We had thoroughly investigated the legal aspects of the venture. Now is an appropriate time for me to emphasize that Radio Nord from birth to death remained entirely within the law. Any statement to the contrary stems from ignorance of the law, or an occasional conscious lie for propoganda purposes. Though commercial broadcasts from within Sweden are indeed illegal, Radio Nord transmitted from beyond Sweden's borders and hence outside the jurisdiction of Swedish law.

To accuse us of breaking Swedish law, when we were located aboard a Nicaraguan vessel in international waters, would be as ridiculous as accusing a Swedish butcher of breaking Indian law. The cow is holy in India, but this arouses no guilty feelings at a Swedish dinner table.

We were accused of breaking the International Telecommunications Union's rules concerning the distribution of wavelengths. But I.T.U. has no legislative powers. Any I.T.U. ruling must be accepted by a member country which then creates a corresponding law applicable solely within its borders. Would it be logical for you and I to decide that a third person owed us money and to consider this a legally acceptable reason to rob him? No, of course not. Laws and regulations are not constructed in this manner. The Voice of America and Radio Free Europe have hardly been deemed illegal. They, along with hundreds of radio stations in Europe, are not I.T.U. members.

At 8 o'clock on the morning following the press conference, Mrs. Brit Wadner and Nils-Eric Svensson of Radio Mercur met us at the Strand Hotel for a confidential chat. We were briefed on Radio Mercur's advanced plans for an extensive radio and television network to cover southern Sweden. Ships flying various South American flags were available. Perhaps a collaboration would be profitable? We considered the proposition seriously, for certainly we needed a flag. However, it proved that information regarding both ships and flags was without basis in fact and we dropped the project at that time. (Later the subject of nationality and flags was to provide us with some very amusing incidents!)

Later that same morning the weekly magazine, SE, sent a team of reporters to get a scoop on Radio Nord and to photograph Gordon and me. We began to feel that the ball had really started to roll. We were particularly pleased that everyone seemed to take us seriously, convinced that something would come of it all. But a good deal of scepticism remained to be dispelled. Bruno Eisner, whose intelligence and opinions I value highly, smiled at all



Another 'Pirate' which broadcast from off the Swedish Coast, Radio Syd, which was owned by Mrs. Brit Wadner, a former Swedish Beauty Queen. The ship, The Cheetah II, was also fitted out for television transmissions.

the talk about Radio Nord and wanted to bet Gordon that in two years not a person would listen to our station once TV had picked up momentum. I don't remember if the bet was actually made, but as things turned out, Bruno would have lost.

A few days later Bob and Gordon returned to Dallas to prepare for my visit, which was planned for January 1960. Before I tell about that, perhaps this is the place to present a closer look at my good friends Gordon McLendon, Bob Thompson, and the almost legendary Clint Murchison, Jr. Although both Clint and Gordon remained actively in the picture throughout Radio Nord's existence as, respectively, interested friend and official, although unsalaried, general consultant, neither was to take active financial part in the establishment of the operation of Radio Nord.

Were Gordon, Bob and Clint not to have worked on Radio Nord at all, I still think I would insert the following descriptive pages, for more truly fascinating men would be difficult indeed to find.

Making money work, a Texan technique, has become a popular expression in America. In recent years, the picture of the typical Texas millionaire has changed. Previously, he was a farmer whose plough had happened to bite too deeply into the earth, causing a stream of oil to burst into the sky. Then the lucky man spent the rest of his life, thumbs hitched into his belt, in a newly built mediaeval castle with faded Corot paintings decorating the wall.

The main reason for Wall Street's newly gained respect for the Texan is perhaps in the persons of the Murchison brothers, Clint and John. "Money is like manure – it does good only if it's spread out. Piled up it just stinks," is a statement attributed to Clint's father which is quoted even outside the United States. Spreading money about is a full time job for Clint. Even before the Wall Street cleanup in 1961 which gave Clint and John control over the huge Allegheny Corporation, the major U.S. business transaction of that year, the brothers controlled more than 100 different companies valued at an incredible sum. Clint was then 37 years old and John 39. The original capital was furnished by their father, Clint Sr., who had brought oil money into the family. The brothers began in real estate, and their first company, Tecon-Centex, is still perhaps their favorite. (Perhaps sentimentally, the profits from Tecon are now set in trust for the Murchison children.)

Even Texas can become too small if one grows big enough, and the brothers' holdings have spread across the U.S.A. and over three continents. Oil, insurance, real estate, banks and railroads all form important segments in their financial net, which includes almost every type of enterprise.

Clint's business education began in his tenth year when he purchased a calf from his father for \$25 on credit. The IOU was soon cleared when Clint sold the calf at a handsome profit. I can vaguely picture Clint as a small boy. Today he is not a large man; he wears a boyish crewcut and carries on his shoulders the head and face of a little boy perpetually grinning shyly. Beside gregarious Gordon and prankster Bob, Clint is a quiet man. When he speaks, which is certainly enough to render him interesting, he speaks profoundly, intelligently and, quite often subtly – but hilariously – humorously. I wonder if the distinctive characteristics of Clint Murchison, Jr., were even more pronounced as a child or whether he came upon his personality with the advent of maturity. At any rate, mature he did and today although he is strikingly wealthy, his work, the products he produces, and the pleasure he gives others mean more than cash. Clint's philosophy is that "a human being is worth many times as much as he owns".

This philosophy won the battle for control of Allegheny. In this battle, the brothers were matched against the Woolworth heir, Allen P. Kirby. Kirby owned 3,200,000 shares of stock compared to the Murchison's 2,800,000. The remaining 3,800,000 shares were distributed widely among small shareholders. Neither of the two antagonists could quickly free enough capital to buy out the shares needed for the necessary 51 per cent majority. Thus the outcome of the fight depended on which could muster the greatest confidence among the small stockholders. The brothers won with a large majority.

But Kirby is not an adversary to underestimate. Clever as a fox with tremendous capital backing, and fed since childhood on every Wall Street trick, he didn't give up the battle without a hard fight. The latest news from Wall Street shows that the position has been balanced and that the majority control of Allegheny is in the hands of mutual interests. A well founded guess is that Kirby and the Murchisons have come to respect each others ability and a compromise is probable. But, then in America anything is possible.

I mentioned that Clint enjoys giving pleasure to others, and I cite as an example the Dallas Cowboys Football Club, Inc., which every year runs heavily in the red. Clint manages the business at a loss because it is a source of such pride to Dallas, and the team plays in the First League.

To further describe Clint's philosophy, I can safely say that the younger Murchison treats business as an intellectual game to be played as if it were a complicated crossword puzzle. If he should fill in the wrong word, he calmly crosses it out and replaces it with another. Consider the following letter which I received shortly after Parliament's action forced Radio Nord to shut down. This short communication was Clint's only comment: "Dear Jack: Well you can't win 'em all. However, good deals and pretty

girls are turning up every day so I don't think your setbacks should keep anyone from being optimistic about the future. I am looking forward to returning again to Stockholm when midsummer is not in progress. Please tell Ingebord that I enjoyed her brief hospitality and apologize for taking you away from the family on the holiday. Sincerely, Clint."

Now I come to the complicated task of describing Bob Thompson. He and Clint are connected as business partners and, as a matter of fact, had it not been for Thompson's outstanding ability to influence the small shareholders, the Allegheny battle would surely not have been won by such a margin. As a PR-man, Bob cannot be surpassed. I at least have never met his equal. Thompson ended up owning half interest in Radio Nord. He was acknowledged as manager of the Nord Establishment – the Liechtenstein company which conducted Radio Nord's dealings.

Physically Bob and Clint could not differ much more. I can easily picture Bob to you as a large man who bears a striking resemblance to the American actor John Wayne. Unlike Clint, Bob has always liked publicity and has during the years attracted many prominent friends whom he sees frequently. I believe you may call Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, Robert Wagner, to mention a few, prominent!

On January 17, 1961, three days before the presidential inauguration, Bob's Washington, D.C., birthday party was attended by President Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, seven cabinet members, some thirty senators and more than two hundred other famous personalities. The society reporters considered this gathering as the most impressive ever held in Washington for a person not holding a high official position.

I recall a tragic-comic incident concerning ex-president Eisenhower indirectly. Bob had given me a golf sweater on which was written "Thanks for a good game ... Ike." This sweater, not a common souvenir, naturally made me proud, and I wore it again and again. Once, on looking for it, I discovered that it had been sent to the laundry by mistake. It returned spotlessly clean with the inscription washed out. All my attempts to convince Bob that, after all, a clean sweater was more desirable only resulted in a look of slight outrage on Thompson's face.

Most of Bob's physical endurance is spent after exhaustive practical jokes. This lack of endurance almost cost me a financier. During one of Bob's visits to Sweden, I persuaded him to try a real Finnish sauna at my country home, "Morsta", outside of Stockholm. Some ten minutes after artificial respiration had restored his breath, he muttered: "Skip the radio business and let's buy a hospital." Later after Bob had completely given up on Clint's, Gordon's, and my athletic tendencies, he corrected himself: "Sorry. I was wrong.

Let's buy a *chain* of hospitals!"

Due perhaps to a drop of Scotch blood in his veins, Gordon was the most dynamic of my three friends from Dallas. Gordon and his father had worked together to make their fortune. The father, Barton McLendon, an unusual man who is still alive and active, is the stereotype of the original Texan. He knows little of what happens beyond the borders of Texas and couldn't care less.

Therefore Gordon's father could not understand why Radio Nord didn't broadcast immediately. To the elder McLendon building a radio station was as easy as brewing a cup of coffee; buy a transmitter, put an antenna into the ground, and turn on the switch — it's as simple as that. We told him that Radio Nord would require a boat. "A boat? Why?" We had a hard time convincing this true son of Texas of the difficulties involved. It was even necessary to purchase a map to prove the existence of the Baltic, a sea of which he had never heard.

But to return to Gordon: a remarkable person from childhood, he started his career at the age of 14 as a reporter for Associated Press and United Press International, earning \$350 a month (a fair salary for a boy his age) reporting the news in and around northeast Texas where he resided in Atlanta. I mentioned earlier that his first real fame came as a sports commentator. His talents in describing baseball and football games led to the establishment of the Liberty Broadcasting System, a huge chain of 458 stations. Since Liberty's main attraction was the Old Scotchman's sports broadcasting, the baseball leagues began to complain that Gordon's excellent commentaries were keeping fans away from the playing fields. Legal action was taken which eventually ended in complete victory for the baseball leagues. Gordon had already changed saddles by that time and soon established himself as the actual owner of a few stations.

His main station, KLIF in Dallas, was to set an example for modern radio.

KLIF's success brought Gordon many honors. In 1951 he was elected as one of the year's ten outstanding young men. In 1957 he won the Sigma Delta Chi prize, and in 1958 the national Headliner's award was presented to KLIF as the nation's best radio station.

Up until then the major radio networks had controlled the largest public with costly shows and popular soap operas. When TV began to steal these listeners, a serious crisis developed in radio, and thus it fell to Gordon to become one of the pioneers to bring radio back into its own. He realized the impossibility of competing with TV on its own terms and saw that it was necessary to develop an entirely new form of radio programming which would cover those areas where TV could not compete with radio.

News broadcasts were of major interest in Gordon's plans. Radio could broadcast the latest news while television's dependence on a half-hour or hour program schedule made it almost impossible to break into a television program with a news bulletin. Television is also dependent on illustrative pictures and so time is required to establish contact with the various transmission chains and to develop films. Conversely, radio can immediately provide on-the-spot coverage. Furthermore, television has to show programs capable of fixing the audience's attention so that they will be persuaded to remain before the screen throughout the entire program. Radio can with much greater ease vary the menu. Three minutes of jazz can be followed with Latin American rhythm, hillbilly, or what have you. The consumer is thus bound to get something of what he likes and the fast change of pace keeps him tuned in to that for which he might not care. Gordon built on the "music" station concept: music, prize contests, and, above all, quick news delivery. The recipe proved good. Radio won back most of its listeners, advertising increased, and the crisis subsided. Today's radio in the United States is again an important media and certainly one of the primary news outlets. "Give the listeners tomorrow's newspaper today" is KLIF's motto, which is partly responsible for bringing more listeners to KLIF than to all other news stations in Dallas combined. I must certainly look with respect to Gordon McLendon who, singlehandedly, revolutionized American radio.

2. RHUMBA IN NICARAGUA

To get an insight into American radio and to organize Radio Nord along similar lines, I flew over to Dallas at the beginning of the new year. I started listening day and night to KLIF and, at first, I was doubtful whether an equally hard program line could attract a Swedish audience. Since KLIF is a so-called Top 40 station, during one week the 40 most popular records are played almost exclusively and the programming is interspersed with news broadcasts. This, plus contests and commercials, comes over the air at breathtaking speed.

To find peace and quiet for reflection, I assembled Gordon's policy books and spent a week in Acapulco, Mexico. On those sun-soaked cliffs, the picture of Radio Nord began to form in my mind. The Top 40 principle was nothing for a Swedish audience. This would attract only teenagers, and my ambitions for the station were greater. A broad and general use of music was the only solution. KLIF's news programming policy was near perfect; the Swedish Radio news programs attempted to give the most comprehensive coverage possible. I decided to give our listeners the most interesting news, sacrificing, if necessary, comprehensive coverage. News evaluation would be something else. With Radio Nord human interest content would be given preference over what might be of more factual worth. For instance, a movie star's marriage would be considered more important than a Middle East crisis.

I also took back with me to Sweden the idea of the "sequence." No one would have to become bored by ten minutes of uninterrupted commentary on an issue of little or no interest. The maximum time allotted to any spoken commentary on Radio Nord would not exceed two minutes. Now certain that Radio Nord could be made a commercial success, I returned to Dallas to meet Gordon, Bob and Clint.

In the meantime, Gordon and Bob had flown to Nicaragua to find a flag for our ship. I was introduced to Central American politics, which contains more

than a little vaudeville slapstick.

Our choice of Nicaragua was decided by politics. At the end of fighting after the Second World War, the future of the Panama Canal began to be given serious consideration. Certain events had made the area surrounding the sea-way unstable, and it did not seem unlikely that it might become the centre of a crisis resembling the one in Suez. This chain of circumstances had been observed with great interest by Luis and Anastasio Somoza, the republic's President and Commander in Chief respectively, who saw in it a possibility of building a new canal in Nicaragua which would bring an enormous flow of income to the country and to them personally. Clint and Bob had become interested in the canal project and had invested no small amount of material and money in Nicaragua. There was, therefore, reason to believe that Nicaragua would be willing to provide the country's largest creditors with a flag for their ship. After a week in Nicaragua, Gordon and Bob returned to Dallas with light, but stubborn headaches. Their baggage included a title to a farm in a Nicaraguan swamp, an elegant gold cigarette lighter embossed with the state seal, and a living specimen of the rare Tucan bird. Most important of all they brought with them a Nicaraguan table flag and Somoza's promise to register the ship, at least until January 1962, when new presidential elections were to be held.

During Bob's and Gordon's visit, Luis and Anastasio Somoza displayed the greatest hospitality, and everything possible had been done for their guest's pleasure. When the President asked Gordon if there were anything in the country that he wished to bring home with him, Gordon replied half in jest, that all he wanted was a Tucan bird, knowing full well that this was the most difficult of all things to obtain in Nicaragua.

The Tucan is a very rare bird; a long beaked, motley coloured pepper-eater which Gordon had once seen in a cage. To find a Tucan caused even the autocratic head of state accertain problem. A quick inventory showed that no living specimen was available, either privately or publicly, and when consulted, experts replied that an army regiment would be required to be sent into the jungle to search for one. President Somoza dislodged a 1,000-man-strong guard of honour from its headquarters in the capital and sent it into the jungle on a wild bird hunt. On the eighth day, a bird was finally captured, and the President with a great display of South American grandezza turned the prisoner over to Gordon.

The Tucan was a friendly soul and mutual sympathy was soon struck between it and its new master. Gordon's overcoat provided his beaky friend with adequate protection in passing through United States Customs. I shall never forget the look of complete surprise that passed over the face of my good

friend, Rolf Svärding, who had come with me to Dallas, when we met Gordon at the airport. Peeking from under Gordon's coat was the exotic bird.

The Tucan became a well-loved member of the McLendon household and one of the servants was given the important responsibilities of looking after the bird's welfare (and to sweep up the traces of the bird's passage through the house). Unfortunately, beautiful tales are short, and the bird died after only a few months in its new home. Someone had left a glass of martini near its perch and the adaptable Tucan quickly drained the container. The consequences were mortal.

Leaving the Tucan resting peacefully, I shall return to Somoza's promise of a flag. The price was high. Nicaragua was a member of the I.T.U. and protests in one form or another could be expected. But Somoza had anticipated this little inconvenience. He instructed his foreign office that all protests should be answered by a plain refusal. They should answer that no ship of this kind was registered in Nicaragua, and after that they would simply say that they could not understand the nature of the matter. However, in the end, the President's nerves could not take the stubborn Swedish protests and he had to refuse the Bon Jour – as our ship was later to be christened – the right to transmit. By this time it did not matter. We had already prepared for a change of flags.

Part of the price of the flag had been, as I have mentioned, the purchase of a "farm" in Nicaragua. The farm was expensive but naturally nothing but a piece of swampy ground somewhere in the the wilderness. The former owner was – as you might have guessed – General Anastasio Somoza. Another special clause, although less expensive, was part of the agreement. The brothers Somoza had received an American education at West Point. They were very impressed by the U.S.A. and never missed a chance to make an official visit there, especially for special occasions.

And now President Kennedy's inauguration. Couldn't Bob with his excellent connections . . . ? Yes, Bob could, and among specially invited guests to the inauguration were the brothers Somoza, proudly showing off a few score of imaginative medals and decorations.

I personally never met Somoza other than by phone when he took the opportunity to appoint me an honorary consul to Nicaragua. As a joke I accepted the appointment which naturally caused the gentlemen at the Swedish foreign office some headaches.

Understandably, the appointment was never officially recognized, but I received the official Nicaraguan propaganda paper which usually features six or eight pictures of the Somozas on as many pages.

When the negotiations had reached a point where we were legally protected,

the matter of getting financial guarantees for the project was now of utmost importance. A final meeting was held on my birthday on the 20th of January at the Cipango Club in Dallas. It was an exceptionally lively party in the best Texas tradition. Emerging as half owners of Radio Nord were none other than Bob Thompson and one of Gordon's closest friends, Jim Foster, of whom I shall speak later. I was to act as general manager of the station and Gordon kindly agreed to act as consultant, but firmly refused to accept any payment in return for his effort. He said, and knowing Gordon I believe that this must be true, "Jack, this is a real adventure and I'm proud to be a part of the revolution of Swedish communications. That's enough for me and I wish you fellows real luck."

Later, serious business was discussed when Clint, Bob, Gordon, Jim and I withdrew for one of the shortest conferences of my life. I delivered the facts of the project and Jim and Bob agreed to support it with an initial budget not to exceed \$400,000.

Twelve minutes later the matter was settled, and I willingly admit that I felt quite stunned not only by the result but also by the truly American speed in which it had been executed. In an optimistic mood, I left for Stockholm via New York. I had the money and a flag. It seemed it was actually only a matter of getting the crew and a ship, and plunging into neutral waters.

3. DEBUT AS A SHIP OWNER

Flying from Dallas to New York, I was quite certain that the remaining details could be solved within a couple of months. Ships were easy to obtain, so many well-informed friends had told me. I had to hire a staff and at my office were already heaps of applications from technicians, announcers, musicians, and many others. All of them wanted to join in the creation of a commercial Swedish radio station. It was actually only a matter of choice.

One person who had not applied to Radio Nord was Leonnart Hyland, the most competent and popular radio man in Sweden. I decided to engage him immediately. Apart from the practical value of having Leonnart with Radio Nord, there was something to be considered from the publicity angle. Whatever Leonnart's answer, I could be assured of wide newspaper coverage, and this was just the time for it as the station was expected to get started within the near future.

From my hotel in New York I started to trace Leonnart by telephone. I found out that he was just then in Hudiksvall covering a skiing race. Completely forgetting about the time difference between New York and Hudiksvall, I placed an express call to Leonnart and soon had him on the line, angry as a hornet for having been awakened in the middle of the night. It took some time to explain to the sleepy radioman that this was not a bad joke, but I succeeded after a while. He was to decide the amount of salary himself. How much did he want? The answer came promptly and in a wide-awake voice: \$20,000 a year.

"OK," I said and further promised to check the amount with Bob and Jim. I hung up in the comfortable knowledge that Arne Thoren of the Swedish evening paper, *Expressen*, was sitting in the same room with me and that he could hardly have missed hearing the conversation.

Bob and Jim had no objections, and I boarded the plane for Sweden, certain that I had solved the problem of a program director and that *Expressen* would have great news for its front page. So it did! Exploded over five columns was the headline: "HYLAND DIRECTOR OF NEWLY FORMED RADIO NORD."

The article also told about the \$20,000 salary.

When I contacted Leonnart upon arriving in Sweden, he had had time to reconsider both his offer and my acceptance. He now seemed a trifle doubtful. He had nothing against the salary nor against the job itself, but in order to protect himself, he wanted a five year guarantee, which amounted to a deposit of a hundred thousand dollars. I understood Leonnart's attitude, but considering our agreement for an initial investment of \$400,000, I could not be responsible for such a promise and we had to abandon the plan. Had we allowed ourselves more time, we might have agreed upon a compromise. I, and probably Leonnart also, have many times wondered what the consequences for the Swedish public would have been had the program director for Radio Nord been Leonnart Hyland.

On September 3, I travelled to Stockholm and was met by the press. The news of my appointment as a Nicaraguan consul in addition to the information that Leonnart Hyland had been offered the position as program director at a salary gigantic for Swedish radio, had prepared the ground. When I further stated that capital and flag existed, there was no longer anyone who doubted that the project was serious.

In two days the first editorials on the subject appeared.

Dagens Nyheter (DN) showed a negative attitude:

"The possibility of getting around national prohibitions against commercial radio by radio broadcasts from ships on international waters has tempted shrewd opportunists. Shrewdness of this kind must displease loyal citizens. That the Swedish Government will consider the possibility of intervention can be taken for granted."

Svenska Dagbladet (SvD) – not unexpectedly – took the same course:

"Sympathy for the principle of competition and the possible satisfaction among the listeners through a greater choice of programs must not be allowed to conceal the fact that this form of competition is exceptionally suspicious.

The Swedish Government has every reason to consider what ought to be done in order to prevent the unsound development in radio which can now be expected. The Minister of Communications, Skoglund, who likes to play the part of the strong man in matters concerning radio and TV, here has a chance to use his aggressiveness."

Both DN and SvD attacked the announced cooperation between Radio Nord and "Annonsbyråföreningen" (the Association of Advertising Agencies).

A few days later the social-democratic press published their opinion.

Stockholms-Tidningen (S-T) was torn between a wish to sneer at SvD and

the socialistic principles it was supposed to represent:

“SvD is crying for government action against Radio Nord, the pirate radio which plans to operate from outside Huvudskär in the Stockholm Archipelago. The Parliament’s decree against commercial radio and TV may be violated. SvD which – naturally – has not had the advertising interests of the papers in mind is upset over what one with a little twist could call “the sneak-desocialization of the Swedish Radio.

As we all know it is easier to dam a brook than a river. Perhaps it will not be easy to silence the voice from Huvudskär later on. But the authorities ought to have powers to stop the mischief and the interested parties in Radio Nord are taking the risk of literally throwing their money into the sea.”

Expressen answered immediately:

“The pirate station in the Baltic which is planning to reach the listeners in Östra Svealand worries *Svenska Dagbladet* whose chief editor is on the board of directors of the Swedish Radio.

They worry about all kinds of things – technical disturbances in the atmosphere, lack of quality, lack of factuality, lack of objectivity and respect, conflicts of union and organizational nature, misuse for political propoganda and many other things.”

Certainly an impressive collection of doubts – all presented in deep seriousness and with dull pathos.

In the end appears a new point: “Why does the Annonbyråforening – and *Svenska Dagbladet* – seem to forget one thing. Maybe all this would have been unnecessary had there been an investigation of the possibilities for certain advertising within or on the side of the State owned Swedish Radio and TV – an investigation made with less of a “monopoly attitude”. Do not forget that the pirate radio is a result of the present conditions in radio and TV.

You may fall into your own pit. Those great chums Hernelius (conservative) and Skoglund (social-democrat) ought to keep that in mind”.

On the same day Lewi Pethrus signed an editorial in *Dagen*:

“But do they not see that the lack of state control on this pirate station is a result of the radio having been brought under state management?

If the country allowed free radio stations these would have to seek parliamentary sanction and thus become controlled by the state. These conditions exist in states where the radio is free, and where the state controls the free broadcasts. Due to the state management of the radio we are exposed to radio stations which cannot be controlled by the state.”

As a little parenthesis in my story I will here take up a very interesting point

in this editorial:

“The idea of shipborne broadcasts is not a new idea. IBRA* has already considered the idea but abandoned it.”

Now, afterwards, I cannot help toying with the idea of what would have happened had IBRA gone through with their plan and we would have had two transmitting ships outside Ornö. I wonder how the people belonging to the Free Churches in Sweden would have reacted to being called illoyal opportunists, pirates, saboteurs and criminals? Imagine that all the foul language which was used in describing me and my project also had hit this large and traditionally liberal group of people. Imagine the Free Church movement experiencing the loss of millions of crowns because their investment had been made worthless by a parliamentary decree!

I allow myself to doubt whether the so-called pirate radio law would have been able to function at all in such a case. The strong feeling of loyalty within the group and the intensely liberal opinion that the law was unjust would certainly have made IBRA continue their broadcasts with only a minor reduction of advertisers.

I have many times regretted that the technical consultant of IBRA did not realize that transmitting on short-wave is impossible for the distribution of radio programs to the public and that the transmitter has to be within comfortable reach of the producer.

The newspapers were not the only ones that worried about Radio Nord becoming a reality. A day later the newspapers reported that the Parliament had demanded information about so-called pirate transmitters from the Telegraph Board. The Director-General Håken Sterkey was summoned to inform Cabinet Minister Skoglund and his colleagues.

The result of this meeting showed on the 10th of February when the Telegraph Board sent a telegram to their Nicaraguan counterpart asking for information about a ship carrying the Nicaraguan flag and which was supposed to start broadcasts off the Swedish coast. At the same time they were reminded of the rules of the I.T.U.

The telegram must have come as a surprise – if it reached the addressee at all. It is highly unlikely that the brothers Somoza would have bothered to inform the radio department in their country of their private dealings with friends.

I suppose they scrutinized the strange telegram, looked up Sweden on a World Atlas, raised their eyebrows, shrugged their shoulders and forgot about the whole thing. In any case, the Royal Telegraph Board heard

* IBRA Radio AB: a Swedish non-commercial, non-Government organisation which distributes radio programs of a religious nature to radio stations in many parts of the world.

nothing from their colleagues.

After a fortnight a new telegram was sent off and the result was the same. In April they grew tired of waiting and turned the matter over to the Foreign Office in order to settle it through diplomatic channels. In the beginning of May the answer from Nicaragua's Minister of Defence arrived: "Broadcasting from Nicaraguan ships is not allowed. No such broadcasting ship is registered in Nicaragua."

Let us return to February of 1960; already then I suspected that the project of Radio Nord would meet with a certain opposition, but I had not expected other than formal objections. I was surprised at the violent reaction from *Svenska Dagbladet* and - even more so - from *Dagens Nyheter*.

The general opinion would no doubt welcome Radio Nord so I knew that the newspapers were spokesmen for other interests. I knew that there could be no objections to the legality of Radio Nord - what was then their motive?

I had reason to suspect that it was very simple: fear of losing income from the advertising that would now go into radio publicity. This suspicion was further supported a few months later when the TU, the "Tidningsutgivareförening" (the Association for Newspaper Publishers) recommended its members not to accept advertisements for Radio Nord and in no other way publish information of coming programs.

This recommendation had some of its planned effect but was not entirely successful. In the end advertisements from other companies where Radio Nord and its programmes were mentioned were accepted. The condition was that the words "Radio Nord" had to be printed in a smaller type than the name of the main advertiser.

When the evening paper *Expressen* declared that they did not intend to follow the ITU recommendation it had a good psychological effect, but, in reality, the policy of *Expressen* became different. After a board meeting at *Dagens Nyheter* it was decided that *Expressen* also was to back up the TU and follow the same policy as the other papers.

The only member of the TU which followed its own course was *Idrottsbladet* where full-page ads from Radio Nord were accepted without objections.

The newspaper comments surprised and worried me quite a lot, but I did not spare them many thoughts, largely due to the amount of work which was heaped upon me. First and foremost I had to set up the organization. Three corporations had to be formed in three different countries, and I will here give a short account of how Radio Nord operated.

First of all - a shipping company in Nicaragua. With the help of some

borrowed names, among them General Anastasio Somoza and his nephew, the Superior Shipping Company was registered there. That company later became the formal owner of Bon Jour.

Afterwards, Bon Jour was chartered by the main corporation, Nord Establishment, which was situated in Vaduz, the capital of Liechtenstein. Nord Establishment was thus responsible for the actual broadcasts and also received all income from the advertising. The customers who wanted to buy advertising time from Radio Nord ordered it from Radio Reklam Productions AB, which functioned as the company's general agency in Sweden.

Therefore the crew of Bon Jour was formally hired by Nord Establishment, their salaries being handled by our brokers, Olsson and Wright. But this only concerned the members of the actual crew; captain, mate, sailors, engineers and kitchen staff. All reporters and radio technicians worked for the Swedish corporation, Radio Reklam Productions AB.

The job of Radio Reklam Productions AB was to produce programs and commercials which were sold to Nord Establishment. Naturally, it was within the Swedish corporation that things really happened and when I from now on speak of Radio Nord I am – if I do not say otherwise – referring to Radio Reklam Productions AB.

At this time, still in February, I planned for broadcasting to start in the beginning of the autumn. The deadline for all preparatory work was August 15, 1960.

I now had to find a program director as soon as possible, a person that could be responsible for the practical planning and programs, and trusted to engage a staff. My choice was Nils-Gustaf Holmquist, who was working for Europa-Film. He met my qualifications, and further had an excellent radio voice.

Holmquist was very interested in the position, which was of the same nature as his job at Europa-Film. We soon made an agreement. He was hired on a part-time basis to begin with, but he would give all his time to Radio Nord as soon as the station was ready to start broadcasting. In May, when I left for the Cannes Film Festival, co-operation had already started and I put a good deal of business in his hands.

Imagine my surprise when I returned home and found an empty chair in the office and a letter from Nils-Gustaf explaining that he could not continue his work due to increased work at the Folkan Theatre. To put it mildly, I was irritated, especially as I knew full well what his actual motive was. Nils-Gustaf had been frightened by the publicity surrounding Radio Nord and sought retreat to a less controversial position. It seemed now

that the work which had been turned over to him would be delayed and that the program department would not be ready by the planned date. It did not turn out to be as bad as all that, partly due to all the delays with the Bon Jour itself and partly because it was comparatively easy to fill the gap.

I want to mention Pelle Lönndahl, one of the most competent and loyal co-workers I have ever found. His splendid work on the technical side was basically responsible for the program department being ready in September. That was five months before the station actually started broadcasting.

The problem of obtaining and equipping a ship turned out to be much more difficult to solve than any of us had expected. Jim Foster flew over to assist me in this task.

Jim laughingly called himself “the marine expert of Radio Nord”, a title based solely on the fact that he had served six months in the Navy in his youth. Actually, he had been stationed far inland, miles from the nearest coast. I was impressed when Jim pointed out that among his closest friends were many admirals of the Texas Navy. Later I became both a member of the Navy and an admiral and I now know that the Texas Navy is simply an impressive front. It is an exclusive Dallas fraternity, the members of which, even though appointed by the Governor of Texas, certainly had no overwhelming knowledge of naval matters.

Jim was a man of tremendous energy and his arrival certainly stirred things up. He made no mention of the fact that he was at that time in great physical pain. He gave the last of his energy wholeheartedly to the work on our transmitting ship and died shortly after Radio Nord was dissolved. As the late Swedish poet Fredman said, “I’m a watchmaker without workshop and store.” Jim and I were now ship owners without ship and crew and also had very little knowledge of how to obtain them. I started in what I thought was the right direction by asking the advice of my old friend, Director Stig Björn of the Neptun Corporation. He could immediately produce what I needed. Neptun owned a salvage steamer, the Herakles, which appeared to be perfectly suited for the job. The Herakles weighed some 500 tons and was 56 metres long. It was equipped with radar, echo sounder and a radio telephone. The fact that it was a steamer would have – as it turned out later – saved us a lot of money but, most importantly, the boat had been planned and built for conditions in the North Baltic. As a safeguard I had the inspector of the borough administrators, Captain Kaj Hallonsten, make a thorough report on the condition of the boat. His evaluation was very positive, and I was very proud when I announced to

Jim that I had an option on our future broadcasting ship. However, Jim rejected the Herakles on the grounds that she was too small. He wanted a diesel engine in order to be able to start without delays.

I was disappointed but I submitted and we continued our search, inspecting a great number of ships, most of which both Jim and I agreed were only junk and hardly afloat. One day Jim informed me that he was going to Germany to look for our dream boat. I did not hear from him for a week or two, but then he suddenly turned up in Stockholm and said that he had found what we had been looking for: the M/S Olga of Hamburg. We informed Dallas of Jim's report, and Bob and Gordon arrived in Stockholm on a sunny day in spring with a certain Senor Noel Pallais de Bayle, who was the President of the Superior Shipping Company and also the aforementioned nephew of the brothers Somoza. The President of the shipping company turned out to be remarkably uninterested in ships, so only Bob, Gordon, Jim and I flew to Hamburg, continuing from there to Kiel, where Jim's miraculous boat could be inspected.

I hope never to see anything so ugly again. Rusty, small and worn, she was surrounded by an overpowering stench of rotten herring which hit you at a distance of 20 metres. Bob, who had made frequent stops at picturesque country inns on our way to Kiel, announced that he planned to restrict himself to an inspection of the captain's quarters and told me to inspect the rest of the ship.

For more than an hour and a half I drifted around the stinking inside of the Olga, tugging at the ropes, aimlessly knocking at the boards and making a thorough and quite incompetent inspection of the diesel engine. At last I returned to Bob who was still – snoring loudly – inspecting the captain's quarters. I woke him up.

“Well, what do you think?” he asked.

I answered that maybe we ought to look at some other ships before we made up our minds, but that really offended Jim Foster.

“Never!” he shouted. “This is the best boat in Germany.”

Well, what can a landlubber do? I shrugged my shoulders and Bob made the decision.

“OK, let's buy it,” he said, turning his back towards the wall and continuing his interrupted inspection.

In this rather unaffected manner, we became ship owners at a price too embarrassing to mention. It is almost more than I can understand that we later managed to make the Olga function as a reliable transmitting ship of Radio Nord for almost a year and a half. In all fairness, the boat was, as is often said about elderly gentlemen and maturing young ladies, better than it

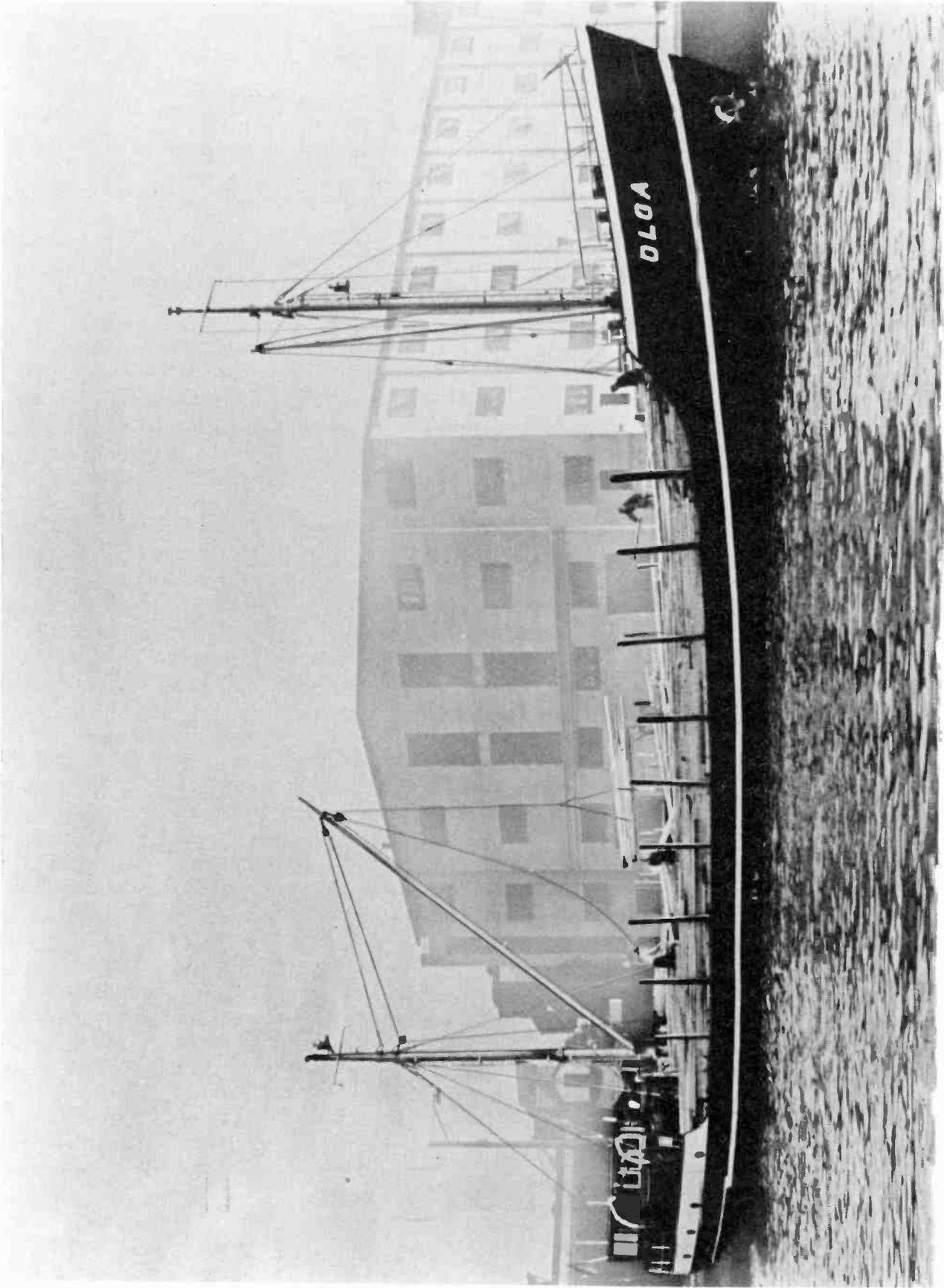
looked.

Gordon made his contribution at a later date when we were thinking of a name for the boat. I had suggested “Kaskad” and “Sinbad” but Gordon was completely besieged by the idea of bewildering curious people.

A German ship, registered in Nicaragua, chartered in Liechtenstein, and used for Swedish broadcasts, obviously had to have a French name! Surely you can understand Gordon’s reasoning.

I had given up and decided that Gordon would have to suggest the name all by himself. His French vocabulary was rather limited. It consisted of three items: oh la la, garcon, and bon jour – and Bon Jour it was!

The M. V. Olga unloads a cargo of wood in Hamburg Harbour. A new role awaited her



4. FROM HERRING TO TRANSMITTER

Germany's best boat or a rusty old can of herring? Time would tell. Let me begin by introducing the ship as she looked when we bought her. The S/S Margarethe, as she was called in the beginning, was built at the Deutsche Werke A.G. in Kiel in 1921. She was a three-masted steel schooner some 30 metres long and weighing 156 tons. In 1927, she was rebuilt as a motor vessel. At the same time her length was increased to 44 metres and her weight to 250 tons. Her name, the Olga of Hamburg, was taken from her former owner Olga Koppleman. For more than thirty years the M/S Olga had made hard trips between the Baltic and North Sea harbours. She had managed to survive five years of war doing coastal traffic, certainly one of the very few who passed through that inferno undamaged. But apart from that – what about her present condition? At the time of the purchase I had begun to doubt the competence of the “marine expert” and I decided again to engage Captain Kaj Hallonsten, the man who had earlier helped me with the Herakles. We confirmed the purchase of the Olga in the middle of May, but she could not be delivered until the end of the month as Captain Kopples was contracted for one last trip which would take two months. On the 31st May, Kaj Hallonsten and I stood on the quay in Hamburg and watched the Olga creeping slowly in towards Norder Werft. It was far from reassuring to observe her among the whistling steamers, the modern liners and the heavy tugs. I was horrified to see that she could look even more worn and tired than she had during our first meeting. It was therefore with a very uncomfortable feeling that I turned her over to the competent Hallonsten. That same evening I had a reassuring report. The first inspection showed that she was “in comparatively good shape and comparatively well taken care of.” However, Hallonsten had one reservation: “This type of boat is rather weak.” The following day, a more comprehensive inspection revealed

that the Olga was in good condition except for some minor warps and depressions. My heart was several thousand dollars lighter!

During my trip to the continent, I combined work and pleasure by stopping off at Amsterdam in order to listen to the free shipborne broadcaster, Radio Veronica off the Dutch coast. Their programs did not impress me, but their turnover certainly did. At that time it was more than 600,000 gulden (£60,000) a month. It gave me hope that Radio Nord would indeed become a financial success.

On direct recommendation from the Veronica organisation, we decided to use Norder Werft in Hamburg for the construction work on the Olga. Now it was primarily a matter of planning the extensive rebuilding. Jim Mullaney in Washington had completed the plans for the antenna construction: two 38 meter masts which were intended to carry the flat-top antenna I described earlier.

The remainder of the rebuilding was handled by one of Norder Werft's best engineers, 73-year-old Dr. Pepke. Acting as consultant and inspector was Captain Kaj Hallonsten.

The cost of the reconstruction ran to more than the ship, even though it was involved mainly with gutting the interior. We needed a deckhouse, cabins, studio, technical room, transmitting room, etc. Dr. Pepke and his assistant Resch made a comparatively good reconstruction. However, they made a few errors which I shall return to later.

With the planning over and the work beginning, the speed slowed considerably. I engaged an unofficial inspector in Hamburg to report from time to time of how the work was coming along, and very soon he gave me the disturbing information that nothing was being done. Some days as few as two people would work on the ship, and sometimes not a single workman was seen aboard for a whole day. In the middle of June my secret contact informed me that the ship could not possibly be ready for delivery when promised. With the aid of Hallonsten and others, I managed to work up some steam, and for a while the outlook was rosier, but suddenly serious problems arose. In Germany, there are still some laws left over from the Hitler era – mainly because there has not been time to repeal them. They are almost completely forgotten by now but they can, of course, be formally enforced. Such a law dates from 1937 and can be found under General Law for Broadcasting. Hitler like all other dictators was extremely worried about all types of “free radio” and worked out an especially drastic law against “Schwarzsender.” According to this law, the punishment was hard labour for an unlimited period for anyone who installed, repaired, or operated a radio station within the German Reich without obtaining special permission from the Deutsche

Bundespost. The same punishment was given to accessories to these crimes. Furthermore, all equipment would be confiscated without compensation. It is hardly surprising that this law had been overlooked since the war, and proof of this is that the Veronica ship was equipped at the Norder Werft without complications.

But suddenly one day Norder Werft received a letter from the Oberpostdirection in Hamburg, dated August, 10, 1960:

“According to our information a radio station is being built on the former German Olga. To spare you trouble and unnecessary unpleasant experiences we would like to remind you that this is a criminal offence.”

The direction of Norder Werft was shocked by the letter, and they were usually not easy to scare. In a shaky hand they wrote to the Oberpostdirection, partly to find out whether there really was a risk that they would be sentenced to hard labour, and partly to assure the Oberpostdirection that they did not question the legality of the matter. As a matter of fact, they did everything possible to please the Oberpostdirection. They also asked for a statement of what was considered “the building of a radio station” Then confusion! Letters, investigations, memorandas and legal counsel filled the briefcases of many lawyers, civil servants and private persons. Our Hamburg lawyer, Otto von Laun, awoke ambitiously and with renewed energy.

It was a grave mistake on our part to engage von Laun. He quickly realized that wealthy Americans were excellent milking cows which could be used for a long time. Therefore, von Laun used prolonging tactics at almost every stage of the business, and what was worse he managed to frighten and cheat the ill Jim Foster, bringing him to the verge of a nervous collapse.

The lawyer overdramatized the situation tremendously. He indicated that all telephone conversations were tapped and made Jim speak in a complicated code language every time he called. Further, he led Jim to believe that he was being followed by the German police and that it was only a matter of time before Jim would be thrown into prison. He used to point out the “policemen” in restaurants or on the street – of course, he well knew who these “policemen” really were.

He tried to fool me in the same manner, but this time he had some bad luck. We were together in a restaurant when von Laun suddenly whispered in a hoarse voice, “We are followed again! I recognize a policeman over there!” I turned and took a look at the person at whom he pointed. Then I went over to the table and greeted the man heartily. The “policeman” was the director of Metronome Records, a nice fellow by the name of Mars Bjerke from

Stockholm.

After some time the legal situation was clear. Most important to decide was at what stage of rebuilding could the Bon Jour be considered a radio station? We knew we could not mount the transmitters in Hamburg, but what about the masts and generators? After a complicated exchange of correspondence, the shipyard and the Oberpostdirection agreed to the following points: a) The generators should be looked upon as a construction intended to provide power for the transmitters, and b) The masts could not, due to their exceptional height, be looked upon as other than part of the antenna installation.

The shipyard and the Oberpostdirection agreed that the work could not be done on German territory. So there we were! We had two masts in the docks and the transmitting equipment on its way from America, and a shipyard refusing to have anything to do with the assembly.

A word about the transmitters: the day after receiving this information – in November 1959 – we paid a visit to the director of Phillips, Herbert Kastengran. For one thing, we wanted to get to know the foremost supporter of commercial radio in Sweden and for another we wanted to discuss the purchase of two 10 kilowatt transmitters of Phillips manufacture.

We were received very kindly and among other things had a long and interesting discussion about Phillips' noted experiments with commercial Swedish radio programs: the short-wave transmitter in Tangier and the medium-wave transmitter in Luxembourg. This talk further convinced me that I was right in thinking that use of short-wave was totally impossible, and that the source of transmission, as radio technique stood, had to be in the immediate vicinity of the desired area. We began to discuss the purchase of transmitters but Director Kastengran felt that he must decline the offer. He was afraid that dealing with us would mean risking Phillips' many government contacts. At the time we thought his attitude over cautious – even, actually cowardly; but later when I fully realized the strength of the state opposition against Radio Nord with all kinds of hidden threats about refusing contracts, I grew to understand the attitude of Director Kastengran. His opinion was probably based on his own gloomy experiences as a "pirate". Finding suitable transmitters was not a major problem. We ended up using the same type as is used at Gordon's station KLIF in Dallas. We decided on two crystal transmitters of 10 kilowatts each, which I will later describe in detail for the technically inclined reader.

Buying transmitters is one thing; having them delivered is quite another. It is easy to understand why obtaining export licenses for electronic material in America has been so difficult. Over the years a great deal of this material has found its way into Communist countries where technique in electronics (especially in the area of wireless communication) so far is much less developed

than in America. To obtain the license, the exporter has to guarantee the immediate and future destination and use of the equipment – a very difficult procedure. Through Bob's excellent contacts, the problem was finally solved. In September, Visual Electronics Corporation, New York, informed us that everything was settled and the transmitters were on their way. The export license read: "Ultimate destination – shipboard operation outside Swedish coast".

The transmitters reached Hamburg just when the legal situation was most critical, unfortunately. Suspecting the worst, we had the cases in the freeport as transit-goods. I put them in a shed under a tarpaulin. Good thinking! A few days later the German police came aboard in order to look for transmitting equipment. We managed to get the dangerous goods to Copenhagen on an ocean-going tugboat without too much trouble. Now the immediate problem was our masts – all ready but not raised. Legally, if the transmitting masts were put up in Germany, it was possible that the *Bon Jour* would be confiscated. There was hardly any decision to be made. It was necessary to get out of Germany quickly and to finish the work on the transmitters in some friendly port; my American partners agreed.

I wanted to go to Finland and Åbo, but in this desire I was met with opposition. Jim had been informed that all Scandinavian countries were equally good for shipyards and rather wanted to go to Copenhagen as it was closer to Hamburg. Now started a long series of problems. First of all, how would we transport the masts to Copenhagen? Thank God that problem could be solved rather quickly. At just about that same time, Jim Mullaney in Washington had completed a new revolutionary antenna construction, abandoning the principle of the flat-top. A greater antenna length could be gained through a clever system in which the antenna cables went down into the hull and then further along side of it. Thus the masts did not have to be taller and, much more important at the time, only one mast was necessary.

Our masts were 43 metres long and weighed two tons each. We quickly investigated whether or not the *Bon Jour* would be able to carry a mast as deck cargo. The answer was yes and the *Bon Jour* was on its way to Copenhagen. The sternmast we left behind, and I am told that it can still be seen in Norder Werft in Hamburg.

When we left Norder Werft, the actual rebuilding of the ship could be said to have been completed. The *Bon Jour* now had a deckhouse with mess room, a studio and technician's room. Where the hold was, there were now cabins and storage space. The ship had been thoroughly repaired and strengthened where it was needed. "*Bon Jour*" was painted in bright orange on the side,

which would make it easy to distinguish at long distances and in foggy weather. The nautical equipment was practically unchanged since the days of the Olga. Jim and I agreed to have a radio telephone installed, but the project was omitted, something which later created many problems.

The crew of nine whom I obtained in Hamburg consisted of a mate, two sailors, engine-chief, engineer, steward, cook and messgirl, with a Swedish captain in command. The first team of commanding officers was Captain Elis Ohlsson and a mate by the name of Wellerstedt. Neither earlier nor later have I made two such catastrophically unsuccessful appointments. In the matter of the Captain, my limited knowledge of marine matters misled me. He was appointed commander after showing a certificate issued by Kommerskollegium which I mistook for an appointment to captain. Recently, I went through my papers and found the employment certificates. The document turned out to be a certificate for OFFICER, second class.

As to the first mate, his employment was a very short one, exactly one month. He gave most of his time to the amusements of Hamburg and was rarely seen aboard. In spite of that, however, he still managed to give us problems, namely when he was informed of his dismissal. Angry, he took the opportunity to revenge himself that same night. He sneaked into the galley and stole a large amount of sugar, which he then brought into the engine room, where he poured it into the oil tank. The cook witnessed the incident, quickly emptying and cleansing the tank, thus eliminating the risk of the sabotage.

As if these problems weren't enough, I recall a small detail which had retained us quite unnecessarily in Hamburg for an extra two weeks. As I have mentioned, we had founded the Superior Shipping Corporation in Managua, Nicaragua, and we had also sent the papers of the Bon Jour there in plenty of time for the registration. The nationality documents were needed to let the Bon Jour clear port, and they had not been returned. I conducted an intense campaign by telephone, letters and cables to obtain the documents. Desperately attempting to reach the brothers Somoza, we learned that they were on a long sailing trip and were not expected back for several weeks. Without an O.K. from the highest authorities, no one dared to take the responsibility for sending over the documents. Finally, after some really rough talk from Dallas, the papers were sent off. Happy and relieved, we hastened to the Nicaraguan Consul General in Hamburg to settle the matter. But fate had decided to play one last trick, the Consulate was closed for vacation! Swearing and unhappy, we had to start searching for the vacationing Consul General in German resorts and spas. We finally found him in Wiesbaden. The documents were signed and stamped in a hurry, and without further delay the Bon Jour was finally free.

In Copenhagen, the Bon Jour stayed at the free-port where our transmitters

were waiting. They were completely disassembled and had been sent in 6,000 loose parts which now had to be reassembled. Gordon sent over KLIF's chief engineer, Glen Callison, who was assisted by Archie Mesch, a skilled American radio technician who was to do Radio Nord many important favours both then and later on.

While Glen and Archie laid the giant puzzle down in the transmitting room, a group from Nordhavs – Vaerftet were putting up the masts on deck. The larger part of the mast installation was worthless, especially the actual rigging, where the yard was guilty of quite criminal negligence. Among other things, the stays were not sufficiently fastened and some very important welding had not been done at all. These oversights in addition to the incompetence of the Captain were the main reasons for the glorious events of the Christmas holidays. The most time-consuming work in Copenhagen was the assembly of the transmitters, and when I learned that an entire case containing some of the most vital parts had been left in New York through an oversight, I began to agree with Bob Thompson that we should have invested in a hospital. Furthermore, I felt the need for an excellent psychiatric ward! At any rate, as the missing material was not to be found in Europe, we had to order it from the United States. When it arrived after a long delay, we still had to conduct some tests, but a couple of days before Christmas Glen Callison finally reported that everything was ready. "All you need to do is start the transmitters and get going," Glen said, and left to spend his Christmas recuperating in Dallas.

At 6 o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, September, 20, 1960, the Bon Jour left Langelinie in Copenhagen bound for an anchorage place by Almagrundet's lightship near Stockholm.

5. A LONG DANCE IN STOCKHOLM

As I have already mentioned, I flew home to Stockholm immediately after the 12 minute conference in Dallas which gave me financial guarantees. During this visit to Stockholm, Jim Foster and Glen Callison sat down with me to solve the problem of where to put our newly obtained ship. At a conference table, we rolled out the charts of the Southern Stockholm Archipelago. We started by filling in the shoreline of Swedish territorial waters, which is four sea-miles out. It was quite clear that the most natural thing to do was to try to get a position outside the coast of Sörmland, as far north as possible, and that Dalarö was the best suited Swedish base. We went to sea in order to scout the area, test the percentage of sale in the water, etc. Callison found that the conductivity of the water was lower than expected and that this was to be of importance when it came to choosing a wave-length. In these preparatory studies we were assisted by a civil engineer Gunnar Weslbäck, whose responsibility and considerable skill were a great help to us. We finally chose a spot close to Almagrundet's lightship as the most suitable place for broadcasting. From there we could count on high receiving power in Stockholm. However, we later had to give up our plans for using Dalarö as a contact with the Swedish coast, as it has no customs control and it would therefore have been a virtual impossibility to have our material cleared as quickly as was necessary. Instead we chose Nynäshamn for this purpose and in a way we can say we were lucky this time. Our luck was not only in that the customs staff in Nynäshamn turned out to be kind and helpful, but also in that Nynäshamn is one of the few places on the coast of Svealand where it is open far out into the sea in the wintertime.

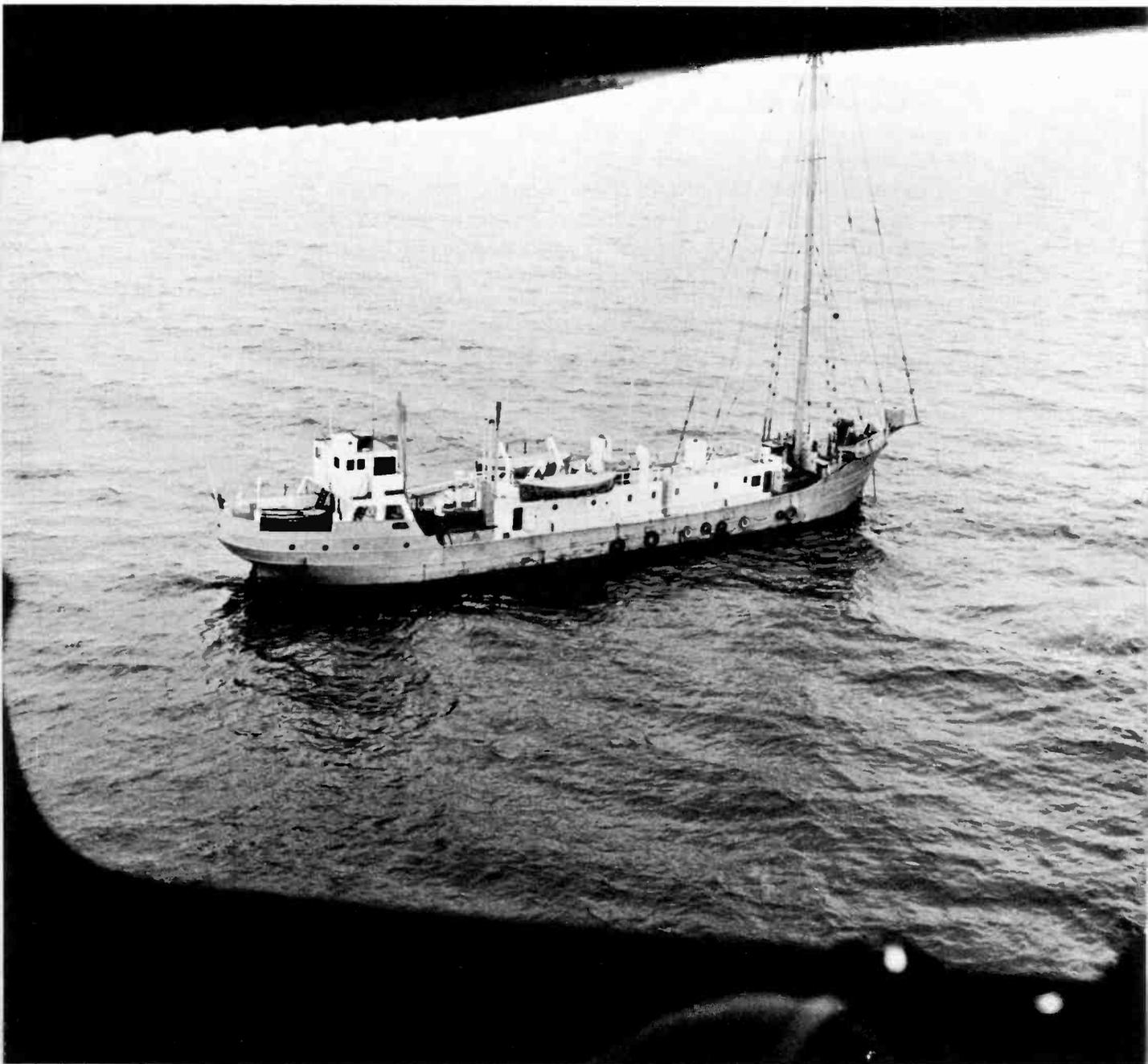
At this early stage we decided on the wave length, the 495 metre band, middle-wave. The choice was made in consideration of the conductivity of the water and also because we would not disturb nor be disturbed by

any other transmitters. Radio Nord never in its whole existence disturbed any other radio station. We kept a distance of 9 kHz from our closest "neighbors" on the scale, Sundsvalla and a German station, and that is accepted as a standard. Where Lyon is concerned we share a wavelength, and it is obvious that there could be no disturbances. Our respective ground and space waves did not overlap in any area, mostly because Lyon transmits with 150 kilowatts while we kept to a modest 10.

We knew just about what the attitude of the Swedish Government was, so we decided to keep our wavelength a secret. We did not want to give the Telegraph Board six months start on us if they were to plan any legal action. Everybody involved kept a closed mouth, and the information of where on the band Radio Nord could be found was not published until four days before the start at Christmas. No doubt it was wise to keep the wavelength a secret. As time passed, the Telegraph Board became more and more interested in technical data. While the Bon Jour was in Copenhagen, representatives for the Danish Telegraph Board came aboard, in all friendliness of course, in order to look at the transmitters and find out about the effect and, above all, the wavelength. This visit was made through the initiative of the Swedish Telegraph Board. The guests were courteously received and had opportunities to look at both the transmitters and the rig, but in the matter of the wavelength they had to leave without information. I am quite certain that this strong interest must have been due to a wish to investigate the possibility of a jamming transmitter. The Board was, however, unwilling to challenge public opinion with such a drastic action.

But how did the Telegraph Board see Radio Nord during the autumn of 1960? That question can be partially answered by a study of the summary of the Telegraph Board conferences on October 14.

The conference was led by General Director Håkan Sterky and included representatives of the advertising industry. First on the list was the question of which flag the Bon Jour was going to carry. Our cunning move in Managua had produced its intended results. The assurance of the Nicaraguan Minister of Defense that the Bon Jour was not and should not be registered within his state was accepted, and the question was left open. The Board made a guess on one of the newly founded African states. Secondly, the recommendation of the Association of Newspaper Publishers that Radio Nord be ignored in the hope that it would be silenced to death was considered. Those present hardly thought that this would work. Even though *Dagens Nyheter* and *Svenska Dagbladet* would refuse advertising and features for Radio Nord, the entire effect would be spoiled by the



The M.V. Bon Jour sails from Copenhagen on September 20th, 1960.

declaration of *Expressen* to ignore the recommendation.

Here follows an interesting part in the conference which clearly shows that the Government was planning to use threats in their action against Radio Nord. They launched into a serious discussion of the possibilities of withdrawing authorization for those advertising agencies which accepted ads for Radio Nord. According to the record, General Director Sterky further stated that the Government and other authorities would not “look kindly upon co-operation between the advertising agencies and Radio Nord and it could – at least theoretically – be possible that co-operation with Radio Nord could mean that an advertising agency broke its connections with state authorities.” It should be perfectly clear that this statement did not emanate from the Telegraph Board but rather from the Government. Sterky had earlier been called to the Ministry of Communications in order to give (and receive) information.

After Sterky had finished delivering threats from the Cabinet Minister Skoglund to be the representatives for the industry and the advertising agencies, they started to discuss the wavelength. The director of the radio department of the Telegraph Board, Erik Esping, informed the conference of the situation in general: 1,000 stations shared 125 wavelengths so there was a risk that Radio Nord both would and could be disturbed.

A ground wave emanates from a station; this wave is supposed to reach the listeners of the station. Due to the wide Archipelago on the east coast, Radio Nord was forced to be stationed rather far out, so the listening possibility could be expected to be decreased before the ground wave reached Stockholm and other heavily populated areas. Overengineer Esping regarded it as doubtful that Radio Nord would actually be able to reach the places which in its folder were indicated as covered areas.

An atmospheric wave also emanates from a radio station. During the day it passes on into space but at night when it is reflected, it might, in the case of Radio Nord, hit the North Pole. Here General Director Sterky made a strange remark: “As the masts of Radio Nord could not be more than 20 metres tall, and thus so much shorter than for instance the transmitter at Nacka, which is 200 metres, there is a very large risk that the Radio Nord broadcasts will be very bad.”

Surely this was the most interesting statement of the conference – not because Sterky expected the reception to be poor, but because he categorically stated that the masts could not be more than 20 metres high! In all our press and advertising releases we had stated that we counted on the masts being 40 metres high. Why now the Director’s strong belief that our masts would indeed be only half as tall as we our-

selves had promised? The explanation can be found in the letter from the Oberpostdirection in Norderwerft, dated September 12, which was a little more than a month before the Telegraph Board conference. In this letter it was said that a 40 metres high mast on a ship the size of the Bon Jour must be considered as a part of the radio station and that it was illegal for the shipyard to rig such a mast. Here I must admit my confusion. The Oberpostdirection had pointed out that there was no restrictions if one wants to raise a mast of normal height. Such a mast, regardless of how it would be used later, would not be looked upon as part of the transmitting equipment.

Throughout his statements concerning the masts, Sterky revealed that he must have been informed of the decision of Oberpostdirection. At this time, October 14, the Bon Jour was still in Hamburg. Sterky must have taken it for granted that Radio Nord would be forced to accept the decision of the German authorities. How could Sterky know about a communication from the Oberpostdirection in Hamburg to Norderwerft? The only possible answer, of course, is that some Swedish authority, most likely the Telegraph Board instructed by the Ministry of Communications, had initiated the entire affair. As a matter of fact, while in Hamburg, I had received the information that some Swedes had been part of the inspection group from Oberpostdirection when they visited the shipyard, information which I found difficult to believe then but which now seems to be true. So here we have been exposed to the pretty sight of the Swedish authority who can influence a legal enterprise via German National Socialist laws.

The last item on the conference list was the possibility of the Bon Jour being frozen-in during the winter or wrecked in the autumn storms – alternatives that the Telegraph Board had investigated by making special calculations. This investigation resulted in the assumption that the Bon Jour was likely to have to take cover in the Stockholm Archipelago in a storm and that there was a risk that the anchor cable would break in rough sea. The conference decided that confiscation of the ship or the transmitting equipment could not be accomplished even if the Bon Jour was forced into Swedish water, as there was no legal defence for such action.

Finally they made a summary which proved of the greatest interest to me when, a few days after the conference, I received a photostat copy.

“It becomes clear from the discussion that Swedish Authorities would not try to prevent Radio Nord from starting as no means are available. The one step possible, was to prevent the ship from carrying the flag of any nation which was a member of the I.T.U. If such a flag were used by Radio Nord the Swedish Government could contact every country

connected with the I.T.U. This has been successfully done in Nicaragua.” So here, at last, I had proof that Radio Nord was a perfectly legal enterprise, proof from the Government indirectly and the Telegraph Board directly. I felt much safer when I was able to inform the press and our clients that no immediate political or legal danger threatened us. Thus the summary had a very quieting effect on doubtful advertisers.

Due to information about a transmitter planning to join Radio Nord, I later had reason to deal with the Telegraph Board. My “contact” was Director Erik Esping, whom I only knew by phone, never face to face. Esping was always very kind and helpful, and our conversations were both long and interesting. As a Government official, he felt it necessary to decline my invitation to come and look at our studio locales at Kammakargatan, an attitude which I naturally respected. On the other hand, I never pressed him to make any political statements about Radio Nord even though I suspected that he liked our station. I recall once that he called Radio Nord “an epic-making event in Swedish radio”. Perhaps I should mention that Director Esping did pay us a visit once, but without my knowledge. He was on board the *Bon Jour* in Copenhagen together with his Danish colleagues. This explained why he was so well informed about the technical details of our transmitting equipment. Perhaps you will be interested in a particular episode from one of our conversations. Director Esping told me that he had once visited “Europe No. 1” in the Saar, the most successful commercial station in Europe. Since “Europe No. 1” is not a member of the I.T.U., I suppose it can therefore be called a “pirate.” Esping told me about the excellent facilities of the station and the kind reception that he had been given there.

“But unfortunately I had to protest against the station not being a member of the I.T.U.” Esping told me, and added that he had delayed his protest until after lunch as he did not want to spoil the appetites of his gracious hosts. I think Esping overestimated the sensitivity of his hosts. After all, it is hardly likely that a Swedish protest would spoil the appetites of people running a radio station owned 49½ per cent by the French state and the remainder by respected and wealthy private persons!

Let’s return to the early summer and my problems at that time. After Nils-Gustaf Holmquist had made his tour of Radio Nord – rather in the erratic manner of a cuckoo clock – we still had to employ staff for the program production. Ever since the news of Radio Nord was first published by the press, employment applications had started to pour in. At one time I had some 200 letters on my desk! Many unknown names wrote to me,

but also many well-known names. Quite often I was surprised to learn that certain people wanted to come to Radio Nord. Perhaps most surprising was a group of producers at the Swedish Radio who seemed to have a great interest in the change of scene. I won't mention their names here as it may cause them trouble in one form or another, especially as most of them are still working for the Swedish Radio.

As it is, the state radio has taken two different stands where former Radio Nord employees are concerned. If the person in question had not been employed earlier by the Swedish Radio, nothing prevented him from being hired. On the other hand, Director Nils Ragnå issued a directive at an early stage stating that anyone who left the Swedish Radio to work for Radio Nord would not be re-employed. At any rate, after my affair with Leonnart Hyland I changed my mind about the desirability of "buying" producers from the Swedish Radio.

First, I fully realized that the programs of Radio Nord would be completely different from those of Swedish Radio. Thus there was nothing to be gained by hiring a producer trained in the production methods of Swedish Radio. Not only would these producers have to be completely trained like any other employee, they would have the additional handicap of having to forget the Swedish Radio format and conventions. Further, after careful deliberation I decided that Radio Nord should as far as possible have no well-known names or voices. We were only interested in developing the personality of the station so that announcers should at least to begin with be completely anonymous to the listener. Only when Radio Nord was thoroughly broken-in would the disc jockey be allowed to become a star. I set out to find voices which had not been heard on Swedish Radio. As first announcer and program chief, I employed Gert Landin. Gert, who at that time worked at Hokerbert's Publishing Company, came to me with a book that he had translated, the best seller *Stay with Me Stranger*. I thought that Gert's good knowledge of English would be useful and since he had also been the editor of a magazine, I believed him to have good administrative talents. Equally as important was that Gert had previously worked for the Swedish branch of the British Broadcasting Corporation and had an excellent radio voice.

Unfortunately, Gert was not completely suited for his job as program director. His somewhat highbrow cultural outlook did not suit the popular medium, thus he had trouble understanding the policy of the station. Also, his perfectionism caused delays in the work. I remember quite well that he spent three full days writing and polishing a so-called book review — a feature intended to fill only one minute of a 24-hour broadcast day!

Radio Nord could not afford that kind of speed, so in the future Gert functioned only as an announcer, and here the station had good use for his high qualifications.

Nils Nygren came to us from IBRA Radio and finally I employed Leonnart Atterling, who had spent much time in America and who accordingly had a good grasp of commercial radio. Both Gert and Leonnart stayed on for a long time, but Nils Nygren was dismissed before he actually began work. Chief of our contemplated news department became Björn-Fredrik Höijer, a journalist at the Stockholm office of *Kvallsposten*. I had first met him when he interviewed me, with the result that he exposed his interest in Radio Nord! Raya Ravell was employed as chief of the gramophone archives, and she later became responsible for the selection of records. Raya, who is a singer herself and an old friend of mine, had a wide background of music and also a good knowledge of the repertoire of the record companies. For the important position of accountant I was lucky to obtain another good friend, Rolf Lavin, who was then cashier of the tennis club of which I was president. Rolf is still handling my accounting. I have already mentioned Pelle Lönn Dahl who came to me from Sandrews and who worked on the technical side.

From Gordon's radio station in San Francisco, KABL, I stole Bob Reitzel to take care of advertising sales. Bob was a big and heavy smiling yankee whom I enjoyed tremendously. In addition to Captain Elis Ohlsson, whom I have also already mentioned, I concluded my first roundup of employees by hiring a crew to take care of office matters: Gösta Shumark, Kerstein Tived, and Barbro Kimsjö.

I suppose that the 13 of us should be called the real pioneers of Radio Nord. On the 15th of August (the day which was originally intended to be the starting date) we had a very pleasant launch party at the Tre Remmare. Four of us stayed on board for the whole two-year trip: Raya, Rolf, Pelle, and myself.

To begin with, we had no office in Stockholm. As an emergency measure I put as many of us as possible in my earlier offices. Finally after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain studio and office space in one of Hotorget's skyscrapers, I found what I wanted. It was a 500 square metres space in a new building where there was enough space for three recording studios and offices to cover all needs. When it came to decorating the office, Bob, Gordon, Jim and I agreed on one point: no effort or cost should be spared in making it the most modern and elegant office in Stockholm. We wanted the kind of milieu where both we and our customers would feel at home. We also wanted to show that we had money and that we

intended to use it. Surely this would stop the rumors that we were only halfheartedly supporting Radio Nord! The greatest care was naturally put into our studio areas. Each of the three comprised two rooms, and actual study and a technicians area.

Prior to my visit in Dallas earlier, I had thought that technicians were employed separately from disc jockeys. When I learned that the disc jockey served as his own technician, I assumed that this was done in order to save staff. However, all the disc jockeys maintained that it would unbalance their programs if they were forced to use a special technician as a go-between. The only one who could get the real "sound" on his show was the disc jockey himself, they explained. The disc jockey should "have the program at his fingertips". With a special technician the program always lost both tempo and balance. Thus in America it is quite common for a disc jockey to start his career as a recording technician. When after months and years of experience producing commercial radio he finally has full command of the technical aspect, he is considered ready to try out on his own show.

I concluded that the combined disc jockey-technician policy was surely correct. All our test programs showed that it was almost impossible to reach a professional standard with a show where two people were involved in the same production. I will except those cases where the same disc jockey and technician, after many months of co-operation in the studio, finally know each other so well that they function as one person. Some of our disc jockeys always operated their programs themselves. Gert Landin and Leonnart Atterling had marvellous results, and so did Larsan Sörenson, in spite of his claim to be a technical idiot who could not even change a blown fuse at home. During the last six months of Radio Nord, following American style, I let the technicians try out the job of disc jockey. As expected, the results were very good. To mention a couple, Kaj Bjerke and Gunnar Heilborn both started as technicians and ended as accomplished disc jockeys.

The superiority of our programs as compared to Swedish Radio can be easily proven by listening to tapes from the last months of Radio Nord and comparing them to the present production of the Swedish Radio station – the Melodiradio. In spite of their skill, the technicians of Swedish Radio have never managed to reach the perfectly blended optimum, where speech and music are naturally combined into what is professionally termed "the disc jockey show".

The original two studios were later rebuilt so that the control room could also be used as a voice studio. (The reader will recall that I previously mentioned a third studio at Kammakargatan. This was considerably larger than the other two and was mainly used for the production of commercials.) Through rede-

signing, we made it possible for one of the studios to be divided into two separate units so that we could actually have four complete studios. Our technical equipment was the best available. All our tape recorders were Ampex make, which were unofficially ranked as the best in the world. That they fulfilled our expectations is clear from the fact that they were in constant use for almost two years, 12 to 18 hours a day, and never gave us any trouble, requiring a minimum of service.

In this connection it should be mentioned that the technical studio equipment was delivered from America in the usual manner; that is, in about 10,000 different parts. With the delivery we were strongly urged not to touch anything until Glen Callison arrived in Stockholm to guide the assembly work. But our technicians were not impressed. They rolled up their sleeves and set to work, and in record time every part was put into its right place. It was not without some pride that I showed the Americans three complete and functioning studios when they arrived some time later.

As a technical novelty for Sweden, a number of Spotmaster Cassette machines arrived. An almost indispensable aid in radio production, the Spotmaster makes it possible to put program material of different lengths on a continuous band which is built into a small plastic cartridge. Through a system with a pre-recorded guide tone on the band, the Spotmaster is automatically adjusted so that the tape was always at the correct starting point. We employed our new aid for nearly all material which was used more than once - commercials, features, jingles, etc. As soon as the technician saw that Spotmaster material was coming, he only picked out the right cartridge from the shelf, inserted it in the Spotmaster and started it without having to pause for even ten seconds in his program. Everyone who has worked with a tape recorder knows the trouble of having to first find the right tape and then wind it to the exact spot where the desired material is. Spotmaster saved much effort, at the same time making it possible for our programs to run much more smoothly. Now settled in our new studios, we started to build up our record library. We began on a rather modest scale, testing and buying new records. Stations are usually supplied with records by the recording companies, but we were being offered no handouts. Raya Ravell was responsible for the selection, which was mainly made on American recommendations. Extremist music was returned, along with recordings, which compared to other arrangements of the same music, were of inferior quality. However, it later turned out that our very careful planning gave us a somewhat limited repertoire so we discontinued our hold on the original principle. For instance, rock and roll, and jazz were both disliked by Gordon, but have a much bigger market in Sweden than one would believe. I will tell more about the music policies

of Radio Nord later. Now a few words about our relations with the music industry.

While still quartered at Sveafilm, I had a visit from Director Mats Bjerke, owner of the Metronome Corporation. He came as a representative of the Swedish record industry in order to learn my plans and to try to make a preliminary agreement about future compensations. Bjerke (I have mentioned his son Kaj earlier – Kaj later worked as a technician and disc jockey for Radio Nord) was very interested in our project and was one of the first to realize the important influence that Radio Nord was going to have on record sales. During a meeting, which was both long and pleasant, Mats and I agreed on the financial questions. Our agreement stipulated that the record company would receive ten crowns per record played. The amount would be taken out in advertising time at Radio Nord. The record companies were all satisfied with the terms, and co-operation went without friction with one exception. Sixten Eriksson, manager of RCA, once tried to break the contract – an action which almost had terrible consequences for his corporation. Mats Bjerke of Metronome and Simon Brehm of Karusell co-operated completely throughout Radio Nord's existence.

As the time approached to broadcast our first top 20 program – to contain the most popular hit records of the week – we were able to decide what the list would look like from our listeners mail. But to some degree, we ourselves had to take the initiative. This was especially true among the last records on the list, and here we simply placed records which we thought the public would like. Bengt Törnkratz suggested such a record for the first program. It had been recorded by an unknown artist here and had been on the market for a whole year without having sold many copies. Bengt's enthusiasm caught on and we gave the record a chance. It was not long before it had sold almost 50,000 copies in Sweden alone, and its popularity spread to Norway, Finland and Denmark. In all these countries it went to the top of the hit lists. We ourselves had it on the top 20 list during the whole summer and half the autumn. The record was Putti Putti with Jay Eape. Many other records which would never otherwise have reached the public met with similar success. At this point it occurs to me that you might be interested in reading of our interesting relationship with STIM. STIM is the organization which collects all the compensation due authors and composers for their music. Long before Radio Nord had started, I went to STIM for a conference with Director Sven Wilson. We settled on an agreement without any real difference of opinion. It specified that we would pay STIM 5,000 crowns per month. However, when we were finally launched and day after day passed without collections, they changed their minds. I met with the Director of STIM again and the

atmosphere was, to put it mildly, explosive. How could I pay a meagre 5,000 crowns per month for broadcasts which were planned to go on 24 hours a day?

“Meagre!” I was extremely surprised.

“Agreement!” they snorted at STIM: “Do you not realize that that contract was based on the assumption that Radio Nord would never start?”

Now what is the answer to something as irrational as that?

When the gentlemen at STIM had quieted down a little, they came up with more exact demands. The compensation should be four times as high, henceforth, 20,000 crowns per month. “Pay at once or we will let the press know how you treat starving Swedish artists.” After long deliberation, I was forced to take a bite from that sour apple, and I signed a contract stipulating that STIM should receive a quarter of a million crowns a year from Radio Nord. I had no choice, realizing that their threat would no doubt have created real indignation via the press on the theme “robbery of the Swedish cultural workers” – whether it had a factual background or not.

I thought that the problem had been disposed of, however, expensively, but this was certainly not the case. Sigvard Lindstron of *Aftonbladet*, who seemed to believe that, “If a lie is told often enough it will be believed,” the editor of *Vecko-Journalen*, Gustaf von Platen, and others were delighted to harp on the slanderous and untrue claim that Radio Nord did not pay STIM duties. I looked forward anxiously to seeing the truth published when this book reached the market. Radio Nord had indeed paid in full the contracted STIM duties from the first day of broadcasting to the last. This is also true of the last months Radio Nord was on the air, when we broadcasted music directly from the Bon Jour, and when the legal grounds for the agreement no longer existed.

I have no way of knowing whether Melodiradio made an agreement with STIM and the record companies. Since Sigvard Lindstron and von Platen are not publishing violent attacks about “serious robbery of Swedish artists” in almost every issue of their papers, I assume they have or could it be that STIM and Radio Sweden. . . ?

Whatever the case, the yearly report of STIM which was summarized in *Dagens Nyheter* on January 5, 1963, declared an increase in compensations of no less than 1,000,000 crowns during 1962, which means an increase of more than 15 per cent. “A good part of that increase is due to Radio Nord,” states the summary. This is absolutely true and if anyone should be accused of “robbing Swedish artists” it should be those who strangled an important and safe source of income – the Minister of Communications. Now I should like to turn the clock back to the time when the studio space

and offices had finally been obtained and were being decorated. The 13 pioneers soon had company. Henry Fox joined us. Fox was a one-time musician who was now working in the record and publishing business. He soon became a central figure at Radio Nord. Because of his enormous productivity his first job with the company was to handle the job of jingles and musical commercials, a job in which we certainly had use for his talents. Henry was quite adept at writing text and music for commercials. Actually, he did it in about an hour. His enormous energy was also directed towards administration, so I appointed him program chief after Gert Landin. Did Henry Fox really keep a fast tempo! Obstinate as a mule, he dug into every job within reach whether it was within his area or not. This obstinacy was apparent even when it came to practical matters. Henry's difficulty in following a given line of work made him a frequent visitor to my office. His tendency to take on too much work led to administrative chaos, and he had frequent fights with the rest of the staff. At last I took him off the programs and used him only for copy and jingles where his great talent came into its own.

Some of the original pioneers: Lars Grönberger, the son of our attorney, Mauritz Grönberger, first was an announcer and a copywriter, and later worked in the sales department.

Sewe Ungermark and Louis Chrysander came at the same time in October. Sewe worked for the news department and later joined us on board the *Bon Jour* during its first dramatic trips. He now works for Swedish Radio. Louis worked as program editor but was one of the really all-round men at Radio Nord and was later in almost every department. He worked as newsman, copywriter, disc jockey, and contest specialist. Then he topped it all by lending a hand as a sailor during the rough December storm of 1961 when he alternated between the rudder and the news studio for nine hours while the *Bon Jour* was on her way to Sandhamn. Louis' main job was to be responsible for the written material of the station, such as features and serials of different kinds. He was the originator of our popular program, "Skeppskatten."

Kaj Karlholm also had the opportunity to try quite a few different things. He was public relations chief for a while, but was often used as newsman and disc jockey. Although one of Kaj's best qualities was his capacity for work, it sometimes happened that he used more strength than he had. So he came to be the first person in Swedish radio history who fell asleep while announcing his program. Fortunately, the program was being recorded, and the mistake could be corrected. Kaj was awakened and he went back on the tape for a retake. (Louis Chrysander was the first in Sweden and probably in the whole

world to fall asleep during a direct broadcast. Unfortunately, he took his nap during the program "Nordmorgon – the Program for People with Pep.") After some further additions to the staff, primarily the administrative and the sales department, we numbered 25 persons at Kammakargatan. Now we felt just about ready to begin.

A radio of our type obviously does not consist only of programs. The matter of getting advertisers is more than a trifle important. The big battle was already won when the Annonbyråförening decided to support rather than to boycott us and to treat Radio Nord as any other advertising medium. Except for the few drawbacks I have previously mentioned, I think it is a credit to the advertising agencies that they refused to be frightened in spite of the grumbling and blackmailing attempts on the part of the Swedish Government. In addition to the authoritative and convincing arguments of Gunnar Tham, I think the advertising agencies were motivated by a normal instinct of not wanting to fail a customer who desired to advertise on Radio Nord simply because the Government opposed it.

I want to thank Rolf Svärding (I mentioned Rolf earlier as the friend who travelled with me to Dallas and was so surprised to see Gordon emerge from the plane carrying a Tucan bird), who is the Director of Scan West, the general agents of Westinghouse. He was from the very first one of Radio Nord's most faithful supporters and both the first and last to purchase time on the station. Due to his progressive ideas on advertising, he managed with Radio Nord's help to firmly establish Westinghouse in the Swedish market.

Also the terms we could offer the agencies certainly affected their attitude. For normal advertising in papers and magazines an agency received 15 per cent of the price of the ad – if the agency is authorized, that is. The papers refuse to accept ads from non-authorized agencies which are forced to advertise through their authorized colleagues. In such cases the authorized agency keeps 7½ per cent and the non-authorized agency keeps the rest of the 15 per cent.

Radio Nord was more generous than the papers. We gave the agencies 18 per cent and ignored the discrimination against non-authorized agencies. In addition to this, Radio Nord handled all the copy writing and all campaigns free of charge, so the reader will realize that we spared no effort to please the advertising agencies.

Our prices for advertisements were decided after consultation with the agencies.* According to our original price list the cost for ads was:

* In January 1961 the Swedish crown (or Kroner) was worth the equivalent of 1s. 4d. sterling.

10 seconds	300 crowns
30 seconds	600 crowns
60 seconds	800 crowns

For really big orders there was a special discount.

We directed our efforts almost only towards selling spot advertisements, but we also tried to initiate sponsor advertising, that is, the customer buys a whole program or a part of a program during which he is the only advertiser (naturally in keeping with the 20 per cent-rule):

5 minutes	1,200 crowns
10 minutes	1,800 crowns
15 minutes	2,500 crowns
30 minutes	5,000 crowns
60 minutes	10,000 crowns

We had to fix our prices without any earlier history of commercial radio.

After some time we knew more about demand and purchase resistance and we adjusted our prices accordingly, and the price list which governed most of our broadcasting time came to look like this:

10 seconds	200 crowns
30 seconds	300 crowns
60 seconds	400 crowns

The sponsored advertising never became important at Radio Nord where we used to make special agreements for each program. However, they were usually in accordance with the list above. It should be added that Radio Nord turned out to be perhaps the most inexpensive of all the advertising medias. The contact cost was as low as 0.1 öre per person.

On the 20th of September, Bob Reitzel and I visited the Advertising Association here in Stockholm, where I gave a lecture on our program planning, the area we expected to cover, the listening frequency, etc. At that time, I had no factual figures so Bob and I had a pretty rough time during the discussion that followed. However, I think we managed to answer all the main questions satisfactorily.

In order to give prospective customers an idea of the character of Radio Nord's programs, I recorded a special test program of one hour on an L.P. record. Gert Landin and Björn Höjjer each played a "part" as a disc jockey and newsman. Henry Fox had improvised musical commercials and signature melodies, and Raya had chosen the most popular records of the day. The result of this test record pleased me. I played the record, comparing it to the entertainment of Swedish Radio for an hour, and then played the record again. This was how our station should sound! Among the friends on whom I tested the record, their opinion was unanimous: no doubt this was something

quite new, something that had never before been heard in our latitudes. Surely this was also what my listeners wanted, a soft but still spirited program, well spiced with news, stimulating advertising, plus a touch of humor and light information.

In recording, we had taken trouble to get as perfect a result as possible. I was well aware that it would actually take many months before Radio Nord could adjust transmitter and antenna to the point where the radio reception could come anywhere near the technical quality of the record, but now I at least had a goal to work for, and an example of the end result.

On October 12, I played a test program to the fraternity, "Stallbröderna" and gave a lecture on our station. The press was present and when they asked for a starting date, I answered that we could be expected to be heard on the air in three weeks, barring the unforeseen. This was the first time I made an observation which caused so much amusement. I had an easier time remaining serious later in the day, when I did not know from hour to hour whether the Bon Jour would be confiscated by the German police. In publicity, I received unexpected help from no less a personage than Cabinet Minister Skoglund himself. On November 15, a person by the name of Hans Gustafsson (Social-Democrat) in Stockholm asked the Minister of Communications in the Second Chamber of Parliament if he planned to do anything about the advertised pirate broadcaster in the Baltic. The well addressed question immediately received a well prepared answer from Mr. Skoglund, who of course was anxious to have the statement widely published. "From the point of view of the state we must strongly condemn this activity. They are taking advantage of the difficulty in intervening legally".

Mr. Gustafsson thanked Mr. Skoglund for his answer and suggested: "Those companies who plan to use the advertising possibilities of this broadcaster are acting in a disloyal manner and are seriously risking their reputation with the Swedish public".

Mr. Skoglund agreed to this and stressed the point by repeating the statement: "To what extent the advertising can provide income which is necessary for running the pirate station is, of course, due to how many major advertisers want to risk the large amounts necessary, and who are also willing to risk their reputations with the Swedish public by engaging in an activity which is clearly opposed to the law"

The reader can clearly see the intent of the statement made one month earlier. The Government had tried to influence the advertising agencies through General Director Sterky. When this move proved unsuccessful,

they continued with an obvious threat to the customers of the agencies: "Buy an ad from Radio Nord and the state will make things unpleasant for you".

At this point occurred one of these unexpected incidents that give life its spice. I myself have suffered through similar experiences, and I was rather happy to see Mr. Skoglund take his own medicine. Two days after Skoglund and Gustafsson warned advertisers about disloyal behaviour, it was disclosed that the state railroad, which came directly under Mr. Skoglund's jurisdiction, was currently conducting an expensive advertising campaign over Radio Mercur, the Danish pirate!

For once, all of Sweden, regardless of political allegiance, joined in a hearty laugh which echoed long in editorials and cartoons.

We organized a few other publicity tricks. The month before the Bon Jour left Copenhagen we contacted Ingemar Johansson during one of his visits to Stockholm and in front of flashing cameras we discussed a "contract" which made him disc jockey at Radio Nord. Ingemar, who is a friendly person outside of the ropes, also recorded an advertising piece for Radio Nord.

He said that he listened to the station every time he visited Stockholm. "At last we have a real music station in Sweden, Radio Nord," said Ingemar.

That little advertising tape gave us much pleasure later, when Ingemar did some programs for Melodiradio. I remember that on these occasions we put his statement on the air no less than 18 times a day.

Another favourite of the Swedish public, Evert Taube, was engaged by Radio Nord. Quite by chance, I ran into Leonnart Ruterskiold on the street. He is chief of the music publishing company, Ruter & Ruter. I had known him since my days in the film business and since I knew that he maintained good relations with Taube, I asked if it would be possible to have the Swedish troubadour write a special waltz for Radio Nord. In time a Taube composition appeared that contained a waltz, which we used as a special Radio Nord signature. Reuterskiold and I agreed that Evert Taube should record the waltz which should be released on a single record. It would also be published as sheet music and on the cover would be a picture of the Bon Jour. Well, it didn't work out quite that way! Taube did record both signature and waltz, and we received a tape copy to use on our programs. But it was almost a year before the waltz appeared in the music shops. Further, we received (and were billed for) 1,000 copies of the sheet music. But you can imagine my surprise when I saw that the cover was a very different one than I had expected.

Leonnart Ruterskiold claimed on many occasions that this was the best of Taube's waltzes, a statement that must be regarded as an overestimate.

However it wasn't bad and naturally we played it often, especially during the first months of Radio Nord. To judge from the reaction, people seemed to like it. It can still be heard now and then on the Melodiradio but there it is called "Love Is in the Air". When the offices of Radio Nord were closed, we still had quite a few copies of the sheet music. By now, I have given most of them away, mainly to children learning to play the piano or others so interested. December came and it became clear that the Bon Jour would be able to leave Copenhagen before Christmas. The atmosphere in the office was rushed but happy. Christmas programs were written and recorded, commercials produced, and a working schedule for the new conditions was organized. Our new programs were sent to Copenhagen with Pelle Lonndahl. Pelle, Bob Reitzel, Bjorn Hoijer and Sewe Ungermark were to go with the Bon Jour to the anchorage spot and serve in different functions during the opening program. I informed the press that I had a "Christmas present" for the Swedish public and also made an attempt to get around the recommendation of TU that their members should not publish the radio schedule of Radio Nord. I accomplished this by persuading Mats Bjerke and Simon Brehn to take full page ads on Christmas Eve in both *Expressen* and *Aftonbladt*: "Metronome congratulates Radio Nord on their start on 495 metres middle wave".

The action was—unfortunately, I might add—partially successful. Unfathomable fate decided that the advertising offices of *Expressen* would refuse the ad while it was accepted by *Aftonbladt*. That should have been irritating Christmas reading for *Aftonbladt* chief editor, Kurt Samuelsson, who was always one of Radio Nord's most bitter enemies.

When I was informed that the Bon Jour had left Copenhagen, I ordered 2,000 telegrams to be sent on Christmas day. They were addressed to all the more important business and public personalities of Sweden. "Do you know that Radio Nord is on the air?" the telegrams read. "Turn on your radio, 495 metres medium wave, and listen to the most modern radio station in Europe". Yes! The Bon Jour was finally on its way! I had sent Bjorn Hoijer, Sewe Ungermark, Pelle Lonndahl and Bob Reitzel to Copenhagen with the Christmas programs and had received the message I had been expecting for more than one year: "The vessel is on its way to the anchorage place in the Stockholm Archipelago. In two days it will be in position".

These were unbelievably pleasant days. In the office we were working at only half pace for the first time in many months. Everyone knew that they had done a good job and that we all deserved some relaxation. We only needed to sit down, take it easy, and wait.

The Bon Jour had left Copenhagen on Tuesday night. Wednesday passed and then Thursday. Thursday afternoon we turned on our radios to listen, but we heard

nothing—only the humming from a free frequency. No one thought that there was any reason to worry since the estimate of two days voyage was only a rough one and if the wind had been unfavourable, it could have delayed the ship. Surely the Bon Jour would anchor during the night and in the morning we would hear from them? Further, we had arranged for the fishing boat, Danette, to go out to the Bon Jour on the following day and deliver newspapers, new tapes and Mr. Jim Foster.

Speaking of Jim, ever since the Bon Jour was reported to have left Copenhagen, he had been the one who had listened most eagerly to the radio. I shall never forget the Thursday afternoon that he came running through the office with his hair on end, crying that the Swedish Government had established a broadcaster to jam our frequency. It could be heard as a dull humming. When no one else could hear any disturbance, we had to follow Jim, who kept walking back and forth in the office carrying a transistor radio.

“The jamming transmitter” was easily unmasked. It was the neon lights in the ceiling which came through during Jim’s walks in the office!

The Friday of September 23rd dawned cold and grey — and silent. Some interested people, among others, journalists, started to phone asking where the Bon Jour was. In my mind I quietly damned those who had neglected to install the radio telephone. The waiting began to get on my nerves. Time passed, the radio remained quiet, and anxiety started to spread over the office. The telephone signals were heard more frequently; now every journalist in Stockholm wanted to know where the Bon Jour was.

I started to improvise all kinds of answers about weather, wind and fog, holding the map of *Dagens Nyheter* in my hand. Then came the real blow; the Danette, which did have a radio telephone on board, reported that she had passed the anchorage place but nothing except deserted sea was to be seen. I had only one thought in my head while the staff chattered around me. The telephones rang, and the radio on my desk hummed emptily on 495 metres: WHERE IS THE DAMN BOAT . . . WHERE IS THE DAMN BOAT . . . WHERE IS THE DAMN BOAT?

That question would soon be answered.

6. A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

The most modern radio station in Europe had been on its way since the 20th of December—but not the most modern ship in Europe. Missing on board were both radio telephone, radar and sounding lead. The nautical equipment was classic; charts and compass. But our second-class captain, Elis Ohlsson, was certainly no Vasco de Gama.

The Bon Jour had departed Langelinie in Copenhagen at 6 o'clock in the evening and at 8.30 the captain anchored for the night, as it started to get foggy. The following morning at 5 o'clock, they continued and after a little more than a full day, the south end of Oland was passed. The wind was then measured at 12 metres per second, which accounted for this anxious note in the log: "The ship is rolling". But the poor quality of the work done at the Copenhagen shipyard started to show even in this modest wind. The stays which had not been properly fastened started to loosen with the movements of the mast. At midnight, Thursday, they decided to anchor by Gotska Sandon and repair the trouble. Repairs finished, the voyage continued to Friday morning at 11 o'clock when Captain Ohlsson finally anchored—at the wrong place!

Now was the time to turn on the transmitters, to get started as Glen Callison had guaranteed. A sizzling flash of lightning struck somewhere between the masts and the stays, whereupon the transmitter gave an asthmatic sigh, and was silent. The only thing to be done was to carefully go through the transmitter and the mast piece by piece in order to look for the trouble. While the boys were occupied by this intensive work on the Bon Jour, the atmosphere in the office became more and more agitated. The fishing boat Danette was once again fitted for a new expedition and ordered to make a systematic search of the Baltic till the Bon Jour was found—or at least some survivors. Finally, on Christmas Eve, the Danette managed to get in contact with the Bon Jour so that we in town at least received the reassuring message that she was afloat, no matter if she was in the wrong place and with broken equipment.

When I was told on Christmas Eve that all my worry about the Bon Jour had been unnecessary and that its Captain due to incompetence or breach of order had anchored in the wrong place, that the Danish shipyard had not completed their work, that Glen Callison had left for Dallas without checking the transmitter and finally that everything could have been avoided had they installed the radio telephone which I had ordered, my blood pressure rose to an explosive level. A reassuring message that the station would soon be working, along with a wish not to spoil the Christmas holidays for my family, had quieting effects on me. However, I cannot truthfully say that I drove out to spend Christmas in the country at Morsta with Christmas peace in my mind.

Christmas morning dawned slowly and found me eagerly waiting by my radio receiver, the volume on full. Every unexpected crackle made me jump like popcorn in the pan, and every whistle on the scale in the vicinity of 495 metres made me quiet my family with a shout. It was always a false alarm. I began to think of the more than 2,000 prominent persons all over the country who had just received my telegrams, and cold sweat started to dampen my forehead. The evening came, and like the "Tomte" in Viktor Rydberg's poem, I was sleepless and brooding in the deep winter night, still by my radio but with shrinking hope. I finally brainwashed myself into relaxing enough to fall asleep. Over and over I kept repeating to myself, instead of counting sheep, "All is well, the Bon Jour is safely anchored; its satisfied crew is planning the following days work: they are adjusting the antenna. All is well . . .".

Then the telephone rang a few hours later and Bob Reitzel told me over the line that the Bon Jour had been abandoned, and everyone who had been on board was in Sandhamn. I took it very quietly at first, certain that I was dreaming—an unpleasant dream, but anyway, thank God, a dream. The strange sensation of regaining full consciousness and realizing that I was not in my bed and feeling the cold telephone against my ear, that Bob's words were not fantasy but hard reality, gave me about the same feeling as when, after jumping headfirst from the highest diving board, one slowly glides through the water towards the surface, gasping for breath. I asked Bob to repeat what he had said. Yes, I had heard correctly. He was in Sandhamn together with all the other jolly sailors of the Bon Jour. They had reached the pilot boat that had picked them up from the ship ("by the way," Bob added, "a very exciting and risky enterprise to transfer from one boat to another in rough seas").

I was certain that I was going mad. If not I, then Bob. I could only ask quietly who was still on board.

"Nobody," answered Bob, "but we almost forgot the cook. He had been notified at the last minute, and we finally did get him on board."

No other episode during my whole period with Radio Nord can be compared

to this one. My wife, Ingeborg, insists that my face drained of all colour until I looked like a bleached sheet. I can only remember that the lamp on the ceiling started to dance the Christmas polka while thousands of little "tomtes" played strange melodies in every corner. So that was it! The Bon Jour was gone! Radio Nord was gone! At that moment, I believed that a catastrophe paralleling the sinking of the Titanic had befallen my precious Radio Nord. I finally managed to collect my wits enough to express happiness over the fact that everyone had been rescued when the Bon Jour sank. I asked whether it had happened very fast or whether my ship had suffered.

Now it was Bob's turn to express surprise. "The Bon Jour hasn't gone under, Jack. I'm sure she must still be floating outside Almagrundet".

I was paralyzed. "How could both the Bon Jour and her crew still exist, and yet be separated? Is she sinking?" I asked.

"No," Bob answered.

"Was the sea too rough? Did the engine stop? Was she on fire? Had she been struck by lightning or shot to pieces by an enemy fleet? Had Swedish Radio bombed her from the air? What on earth happened? *What has happened?*"

"It was the mast," said Bob. "It was going to fall down, so Captain Ohlsson gave orders to abandon ship".

So the mast was going to fall, I reflected. "*Was going to fall?* Either it stands or it has fallen, but how can you know it is *going to fall?*" I asked to speak to Captain Ohlsson immediately, but they answered that he was not feeling well, and could not come to the telephone. He sent his compliments and said that he wanted to sleep. At that moment, I began to wish that the Bon Jour had sunk and her Captain with her. My next question was, "How could Ohlsson be so certain that the mast was going to fall when he gave orders to abandon ship?" "It rattled," said Bob. "And besides, Ohlsson had a toothache and wanted to get ashore".

The conversation was concluded when I asked Bob, Sewe, and Bjorn to come to Morsta as soon as possible and report, which they meekly promised to do. I slowly put down the receiver. My mind pictured how the Bon Jour was rolling heavily in the black winter sea, deserted by everything living, and with a rattling mast. I sat up and pressed my hands against my forehead in disbelief. It was quite a while before I suddenly came to think of the most important thing of all: the Bon Jour had to be rescued.

I reached for the telephone again. This time dialling my friend, Director Stig Bjorn of the Neptun Company. Ruthlessly, I let signal after signal ring in the silent Christmas night until I finally had an answer. As the Director of a salvage firm, Stig was used to being disturbed at all hours of the day and night, and took my Christmas call with laudable calm. He soon comprehended the

situation and promised immediate assistance. It was lucky that the company just then had the salvage ship Neptun in port, ready to leave from Nynashamn. My next call was express to Dallas and I notified Gordon—oh how badly I needed a consultant then—of what had happened. He immediately promised to come to Stockholm to get his own picture of the situation. I spent the rest of the night at my desk making a careful summary of all the mistakes which had been made.

The morning after Christmas day, the Neptun left Nynashamn for Sandhamn to pick up the crew and to go out to the Bon Jour. I made calls every hour to the Almagrundet's lighthouse to make sure that the ship was still floating, and also to get a report of her position. During the Neptun's trip, I also had long talks with the reporters who had arrived at Morsta, and after some time it became clear what had happened. Attempts to fasten the stays to the masts had been unsuccessful, so Captain Ohlsson had tried to anchor on Christmas morning, which according to Ohlsson, was impossible, for the construction of the anchor was weak! Towards the afternoon, the strength of the wind was estimated at 18 metres per second. The Bon Jour did fairly well, but the stays slackened when the ship rolled. The deciding factor seems to have been that it grew dark early. The night and the darkness fed the already vivid imagination of Captain Ohlsson, and he entertained the crew with various ghost stories to illustrate what might happen. When the ghosts in this brain afflicted him too much, he carefully sneaked forward in order to "listen to the masts". Unfortunately, two parts of slackening stays happened to be knocking against each other just then. To Ohlsson, the "rattling" was the signal of departure, and he ordered the mate to flash an SOS to the Almagrundet lightship. The signals were seen, and a message was transmitted to the pilots of Sandhamn that the Bon Jour was sinking. At Sandhamn, an expedition was equipped, and the rescue ship sent out to the "shipwrecked" sailors in the rough sea. No doubt the crew was now in real danger—not due to distress at sea and weak masts, but through Ohlsson's order to the crew to jump from the deck of the Bon Jour onto the pilot cutter in the storm and darkness. The pilot boat was only half visible, where it danced on the waves somewhere along the side of the ship. Ohlsson himself did not hesitate. Being a daring and salty sailor, he showed the way by leaving the ship among the first. As I have mentioned, he forgot to keep count of his crew, and only through a stroke of luck was the last man on board warned. The part of the hero, the last man on board, was thus played, of all people, by the cook. He became extremely proud of this unexpected honour, and continued his started career. Thus he became part of the small group who undertook to board the Bon Jour again.

Long afterwards, Gordon met the cook in Copenhagen where he worked as a

waiter. He related his feats, which in memory had become a heroic sea story with many dramatic effects. He finished his story by asking Gordon to provide a bonus for his contribution. Gordon, who was at least impressed by the story telling talents of the cook, immediately opened his pocketbook and gave him 500 crowns, which our Lord Nelson of the Galley immediately put into his pocket.

Well, the Neptun went out to salvage the Bon Jour (together with the pilot boat) and once again human lives had to be risked, this time to set people on board. The Bon Jour turned out to be in the same shape as when she had been abandoned 20 hours earlier; that is, whole and undamaged. The crew of the Neptun soon managed to weigh anchor by a simple double heave. After that they successfully started Bon Jour's engine, an idea which had been completely overlooked by the crew. Thus, on the third day of Christmas, the alleged shipwreck came safely and quietly to Sandhamn in the evening. There the Neptun turned her over to her original crew.

Now where was the Bon Jour to go? At this point Captain Ohlsson suddenly woke up and energetically recommended a shipyard in Lidingo, which was owned and operated by a friend of his. With strong doubts, and due to a lack of better suggestions, I decided to follow his reckless recommendation, and ordered the Bon Jour to the place, only to find that the shipyard had ceased operating six months earlier. It is obvious that these episodes did not pass unnoticed. The newspapers, which had not been published over Christmas, now happily dug into the affair, which of course must have had many comical points for an outsider. All commentaries seemed to agree on one point: the Bon Jour would never manage at sea; the whole project of Radio Nord was a failure. Some reporters demanded that a shipping inspection should be conducted immediately to prevent further voyages of the Bon Jour, which might risk human lives.

Naturally, this kind of publicity was far from healthy for the advertisers of Radio Nord, and it took many well chosen words to quieten them down. Personally, I was rather surprised that the Bon Jour was being condemned at all. To my way of thinking, the events of Christmas did not show that my ship was unseaworthy, but just the opposite. A small ship with a 40 metres high mast had managed to ride out both wind and sea, even though the mast stays were not fastened. Abandoned by her crew, she had withstood the storm for 20 hours without being damaged. That the masts still stood without sufficient stays only proved that it was well constructed. By looking at the situation in that manner, I was strengthened in my belief that the Bon Jour could handle all situations, and I felt far from depressed.

Gordon had arrived in town 14 hours after my call to Dallas. Together we set out to find a new captain. The solution came from a rather unexpected source. One

of Radio Nord's former employees informed us that his neighbour, John Johansson, had recently mustered off his ship in order to spend some time in Stockholm. Johansson was a man with both the right documents and the right experience. At last, I had found the person for the job—quiet, reliable, and competent. He was happy to accept the offer, which meant that he could come home at regular intervals. We hired him immediately, at first as an “inspector,” since I didn't want to risk trouble by putting Ohlsson ashore in Stockholm.

Immediately after the Bon Jour had arrived at the nearest shipyard in Stockholm, I had decided to send the ship on to Abo for final rebuilding. The newspaper cries for inspection and probable prohibition to depart had not been unheard, and evening papers revealed that an inspection was planned for the following day. However, when the inspectors arrived in Ladingo, all they saw was the empty bay. At 3 o'clock the previous afternoon the Bon Jour had weighed anchor at Abo. After all, we didn't have time to wait for everyone who wanted to make a tour of the Bon Jour. There was work to be done!

7. A FINNISH SAUNA

Thursday afternoon, the *Bon Jour* arrived in Abo. I had called the director, Leonnart Bergorth, who had promised that his shipyard would complete the necessary work as soon as we dropped anchor.

I flew over to Finland to get the *Bon Jour*, and my first action on board was to finish with Captain Ohlsson, who was paid and who handed his command over to Johansson. I supplied him with a one-way ticket to Stockholm. It was not long before the ship was invaded by representatives of the Finnish press, and also by people from Finnish radio and TV. I willingly gave interviews, explaining that I was quite satisfied with the ship having her repairs completed at a Finnish shipyard which I knew to be reliable. I even expressed my gratitude to Leonnart Bergorth for his kind help. On this occasions I had broken my cardinal rule. I had sung praises before the sun had set! The Swedish Government also has influential friends in Finland. One thing after another occurred: the *Bon Jour* was turned away from the shipyard and had to move into the so-called Chalk Harbour. My interview with the Finnish Radio was taken off the air quite suddenly, and it was stated that the Crichton-Fulcan shipyard would not do any work on the radio ship.

The man behind these events was Wille Wahlfors—also called “Pretty Ville”. He was the Manager Director of Wartsila, which was the concern which controlled the Crichton-Fulcan shipyard; Wahlfors was also a member of the Finnish Radio Board, and here he had an opportunity to use his power. Director Bergorth, however, felt that he could not betray a given promise and managed to accomplish a roundabout manoeuvre. He put at our disposal one of the engineers of his shipyard, plus the necessary crew and material. This meant that power for welding and so on prolonged the work, also making it more costly but, more important, it made it possible to accomplish our end.

The people of Crichton-Fulcan, as expected, did a very good job, especially on a difficult and delicate task, that of fastening antenna grounds to the deckplates

of the ship. When the stays were to be refastened to the mast, an important discovery was made: the mast was imperfectly constructed in part, in spite of the fact that Germanischer Lloyd, who had been responsible for the inspection, had approved the construction. When the drawings were corrected and the reconstruction work begun, another irritation took place—by this time I was beginning to get used to them. The Germanischer Lloyd inspector in Abo absolutely refused to approve of the correct rig! All attempts at persuasion and reasoning were unsuccessful. According to him, the Bon Jour could only leave Abo with a faulty rig! There was nothing I could do but take the drawings, order a plane ticket for Hamburg, and visit the main office of Germanischer Lloyd to get approval for the correction. Obviously, the correct reconstruction had to be approved. The men in the office laughed hilariously at the fact that it had cost me a trip to Germany.

The people of the shipyard worked conscientiously and as fast as conditions permitted, but other worries kept us there longer than we had planned. The transmitters were not functioning. Careful examinations showed that much was left to be done, among other things the grounding of the antenna. In addition, we now discovered that the generators were only partially usable. Our contractor, Visual Electronics, had recommended the Lister-generators, but for some strange reason they had sent us surplus machinery which was only intended for use on land. But that was not our largest problem. Tests of the masts did not work out correctly! Glen Callison, Archie Mesh, Ove Sjostrand—everyone who had any idea at all of electronics—went through the mast and the antenna inch by inch, but it seemed to be bewitched.

In this hour of need, we took an extreme step and sent for John Mullaney himself. He came, though unwillingly. This Government-employed American had a marked fear of Russians, and Finland was much too close to Russia for John to feel safe!

As I have mentioned, John is one of the most competent antenna experts in the United States—and he well knew his worth. He was the most expensive person ever employed by Radio Nord. The price list for his services was quite simple: \$25 an hour from the moment he left Washington until he again set foot on American soil. Whether he slept, worked, played, ate, or didn't eat, he was earning \$25 an hour. He also enjoyed free trips back and forth Washington-Abo, and unlimited expenses during his stay. Heaven knows the metre ticked away, for John himself could not find out what was wrong even though at one time he sat in the mast for 18 hours straight making estimations. At night everything seemed to be alright, but in the daytime the results were wrong.

When the experts were on the verge of despair, John finally found the "trouble". This is almost to embarrassing to mention. We were too close to the cranes and



Newsmen and crew together with the Captain (extreme right)



American Radio Engineer Archie Mesch measuring the signal strength from alongside the ship.

and other electrical equipment of the shipyard! When the juice was turned on in the early hours of the morning, it affected the antenna and our instruments went haywire!

Now the Bon Jour should be ready for its mission. John Mullaney had finished with the technical installations. Lars Nyquist and his staff had finished the actual shipyard work, and I had finally obtained a radio telephone through a brave Danish company, Pedersen of Copenhagen, after being turned down by other companies who feared that they would lose business with both the Norwegian and the Swedish state. Before setting sail we happened to remember that the Bon Jour needed call letters, which is the group of letters which according to international rules, must be given to every marine radio station to be used as identification and sending code. We asked for such a code from the authorities in Nicaragua. The Nicaraguan Radio Department is not easy to awake however, and no call letters came. Captain Johnsson knew that he could not call the coast stations without proper identification, and so, trapped by circumstances, I had to bluff it. I gave him the signal, NBML. N was to stand for Nicaragua, but I wondered for a long time how the combination BML had entered my subconscious. Later I realized that it is the initial of Gordon's father, Barton McLendon, with whom I was then corresponding. Thanks to my being able to babble meaningless combination of letters without hesitation, NBML was accepted by everyone concerned. When our real call letters never appeared, we simply forgot about the whole thing and let NBML stay for the whole time that Radio Nord was on the air. Since John Johnsson is an extremely competent and particular commander, I never told him of my little white lie. I guess to this day he thinks that Radio Nord was registered under the initials of father McLendon! Neither did Stockholm Radio, the Telegraph Board, or any other authorities suspect that the combination was anything but genuine. I will take this opportunity to apologize for my little manoeuvre, but I suppose that the Telegraph Board knows now how difficult it is to receive a reply from the Nicaraguan Radio Department.

Summarizing my experience with the Bon Jour in Abo, I must express my gratitude for the helpfulness we met on all sides. One person who managed to be of service to us, although with the utmost difficulty, was the night clerk at the "Societetshuset", an hotel in Abo. I especially remember one night when Gordon, Glen Callison, Archie Mesh and I came back to the hotel after a particularly troublesome day on the Bon Jour. We had to acquire help, partly from John Mullaney, who was then still in Washington, and partly from a competent Philadelphia transmitting engineer, Ted Giles, who was at that time in Mexico City. We also needed to contact Visual Electronics in New York. The night clerk spoke Finnish and a few phrases in Swedish –

standard hotel and restaurant phrases. Since I spoke Finnish I acted as interpreter and placed the following order:

Gordon: "Place a call to Washington, Col 54666, person to person with John Mullaney".

Callison: "Place a call to New York, Lex 32962, person to person with Jim Tharp, the managing director of Visual Electronics".

Mesh: "Place a call to Mexico City, Continental Hilton, person to person with Ted Giles".

The night clerk watched the quartet in front of his desk in disbelief, and when I modestly asked that a call be put through to Stockholm it was the proverbial straw. He closed the order book with a slam, and said in holy anger, "Vio perkele! Say what you want! Do you want to come to Helsinki?" It took many words to persuade the man that we were not playing a joke on him and that we really wanted the calls placed as ordered. To his credit is the fact that he managed to get the people we wanted in the end, even though it caused a lot of trouble, and it was with well deserved pride that he could tell us that everything was settled and plugged in his old switchboard. As this scene was repeated with some variation every night for a week, I suppose the night clerk still remembers us.

During the time that the Bon Jour was in Abo, more than a month, work had gone on as usual in Stockholm. The tapes with Christmas music were demagnetized, new programs and commercials were recorded, and spare time was used for training the staff and organizing the office. Also the insurance for the Bon Jour was settled.

On our departure from Copenhagen, we had been told that insurance was already arranged. Imagine my feelings when I discovered that Bon Jour had gone to sea without a certificate from Germanischer Lloyd. Thank heaven I did not make this discovery until the danger had already passed, but the thought of what might have happened made cold sweat dampen my forehead. Had the Bon Jour really got into serious trouble during the Christmas storm, no compensation would have been given due to this formality. However, insofar as I could see now, everything was settled and it was with real confidence that I told the press and the advertisers: "We start as soon as possible!"

On the 4th of February, Bon Jour crossed Aland's Sea and this time I had decided to have the boys on board carefully test the equipment before the premiere. On the morning of the 6th, Bon Jour anchored outside Orno, at last ready to begin broadcasting. Representatives of the press were on board to witness the event. Bobby Andstrom of *Expressen* certainly got something to write about even though it was hardly what he or anyone else had expected. That afternoon the wind began to play devilish tricks and in time, it reached

22 metres per second. To give the technicians on board a possibility to finish their work, Captain Johnsson decided to seek cover near land, so he weighed anchor.

In the hard southwestern gale, the sea soon became very rough and suddenly it happened; a bang from the top mast was followed by the sound of little pieces from a broken porcelain insulator falling to the deck. This was a last blessing from Norderwerft in Hamburg, where they had made cables for the rig. They promised they would hold 22 tons, but they gave in at a pressure of 7. So, with sadly slackening stays, the Bon Jour had to creep into the wharf at Finnboda Shipyard on the 7th of February and once again lick her wounds. The premiere was substituted by a well-repeated run to port!

8. THIRD TIME LUCKY

While the Bon Jour was at the shipyard in Stockholm with her bright orange paint a little worn by weather and winds, I reflected that it had been almost exactly a year since I had arrived home from Dallas with money, a flag, and bright hopes to be ready to go some time by the end of that summer. Radio Nord had not yet produced so much as a peep. All that money, all that work, and still no result.

As you know by now, disappointments were not new to me, and the last misfortune had in no way discouraged me. I felt to the tips of my fingers that I was just about to reach my goal and that the heavy load of troubles would be lightened. Closing up the office for a week in order to ease the disheart of my staff, I set out to solve the last problems on my own. The inferior material from Norderwerft was substituted by quality items and after careful examinations, we decided to try a new type of oil insulator this time. It was guaranteed to hold against the necessary pressure. New condensers arrived from the United States and were taken on board, we lightened the stays of the masts in secrecy, and the control room and studio were gone over for the last time.

I had decided not to go to sea again before being 100% certain that we would be heard on the air. This meant that we had to turn on the transmitter in Stockholm, actually on the doorstep of the Castle, the Houses of Parliament, and the Department of Communications!

To our great fortune, no one observed or at least reflected on the unknown broadcaster which was sending test tones of 10 second length on the 500 metre band at a strength of 5 kilowatts. Our full dress rehearsal took place one night when we were broadcasting for 3 hours at full volume—still in the middle of Stockholm!

Certainly one reason why no one suspected that the signal came from the Bon Jour was that the staff of the Telegraph Service had “locked” our

transmitters every time we came into a Swedish territory. However, they were not too familiar with our equipment. In press releases, the inspector of the Telegraph Service said that the transmitter of the Bon Jour was in such shape that locking it was hardly necessary. "It is all a confusion of cables," he said. Thus, the official locks were applied at random. Actually it was quite possible to transmit without ever breaking the locks, and we did it on more than one occasion. After our involuntary visit to Sandhamn in December 1961 the boys left the locks as souvenirs and broadcasted for 3 weeks without "unlocking" the equipment.

On the 21st of February we quietly prepared for a test from the sea. The Bon Jour went out to the anchor place and I received a message on the radio telephone: "Now we will begin!" I waited eagerly by my radio. Suddenly the green sectors of the magic eye crossed, and I could hear the voice of Bengt Tornkrantz. The first words were accompanied by a shrill sound of interference in the background: "We are testing, one-two-three-five-five". After that the first unofficial record of Radio Nord was played. After another phone call, Bengt changed his words to "Radio Nord is testing". I thought we should start plugging the name of the station at once. We have been asked many times why we left out the figure 4 and doubled 5 on these test broadcasts. It was simply a little innocent gimmick. The serial 1-2-3-5-5 had no other function than to bewilder those who listened in on test broadcasts so that they started to wonder and ask questions.

After a few days at sea it was time to return to Finnboda. Our condensers were too small and had to be replaced. This time the work did not take long and on the first of March the Bon Jour went out for new tests – and its premiere.

The day after our new test broadcasts had started, the press published the fact that the Government had issued its first law against pirate radios. It would take effect on the first of April, and it stated that every ship equipped for broadcasts directed at Sweden would have its transmitting equipment confiscated if visiting Swedish territories. This, however, was not valid in cases of actual distress at sea. But the law came too late for us. The Bon Jour was already at a safe distance from Swedish territory; its transmitters were intact and the station could be heard even though comparatively faintly and with a stubborn interference.

Now we began intense field studies in Stockholm and other places within our planned reception area. Cars with test equipment ran about in town, and the notes filled many pages. We adjusted the transmitter and antenna so that the reception within Stockholm would ascend to 7-8 millivolts, which would dispose of the interference signal. Yet still we had the stubborn

interference sound, the nature of which was soon decided. The source was a strong transmitter at Lyon, our closest neighbour on the scale. At this time Radio Nord was sending on exactly 495 metres—606kc/s. Lyon of course had a much wider range—150 kw, 602 kc/s—and betrayed its existence to our listeners by this powerful whistle. After we had made some attempts to adjust the frequency, we soon saw that the only solution was for Radio Nord to be on the same wavelength as Lyon. We ordered crystals for the new frequency, which were polished and express-delivered from America. Thus it is a fact that Radio Nord, during most of its time on the air, did not transmit on the 495 metres but instead on 498.2 metres.

Problem: We had already spent so much effort plugging the 495 metre band through printed matter, signature melodies, etc. Should we correct the information? No, we decided. The ordinary listener would hardly be confused for very few radios are so exact that the needle on the scale shows the exact frequency. Also, 495 is so much easier to remember than 498.2. During our time on the air, we had few complaints. Actually, only “professional” radio listeners with expensive equipment wrote and asked about it occasionally. Not only the transmitters had to be tested. We also had to test our connections with land. NBML was functioning without fail.

We arranged a boat connection between the Bon Jour and Nynashamn. At first it was a source of much trouble as it seemed impossible to find a suitable boat. We made many estimations in which we had to consider ice conditions. Primarily we investigated the possibility of not being the owners of the boat, but rather renting a suitable vessel from time to time. But it was soon clear that this alternative would be absurdly expensive. The fishing boat Danette had proved suitable for the job, but we could not be certain that it would be on hand every time it was needed. Besides, the expenses were prohibitive: just the expedition during Christmas, while we searched for the Bon Jour without success, cost 2,000 crowns! A possible alternative was a larger boat of between 50 and 100 tons. It would certainly manage to go out in any weather and would also be able to force thin ice. But it still did not guarantee a safe connection.

Investigations of the ice situation showed that if it were a hard winter, assistance from ice breakers could only be given to “vessels suited for navigation in ice”, which meant steel boats with high engine power. Such a boat would be expensive to buy, maintain and operate. A quite different suggestion was to buy a so-called hydrocopter, which is a small flat-bottomed boat driven by an air propeller in the aft. A hydrocopter would be able to force both ice and open water, but is far from sea worthy and would be unusable if the sea became rough.

Perhaps some Archipelago shipping line would be interested in prolonging

their trips once a week to include the Bon Jour? No.

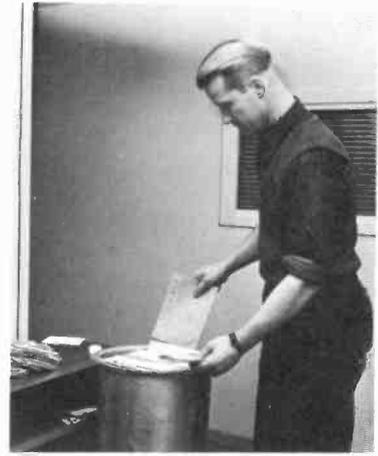
The solution turned out to be a normal seafaring fishing boat of the type in use on the south coast. It was obtained at a modest price, was sea worthy if not particularly fast, and could take both goods and passengers. We bought our boat, the Listerlind, sailed to Nynashamn, and immediately put her into service. The Listerlind was not a true ice-going boat, but we figured that if a situation arose where even Nynas froze, we could rent an ice-going boat for the period and still be able to make connections at least once a week at a reasonable cost. Here we were always lucky. The winters were not hard and the only thing through which the Listerlind had to navigate was a thin layer of night ice in the harbour itself, which occurred only occasionally and which was an obstacle easily cleared by our fishing boat.

I can't say that the Listerlind was popular with the people who travelled back and forth on her. Since there were no seats, they had to sit on the floor which, naturally, became rather uncomfortable during the three hour trip to shore. Sea sickness was the rule, and the Listerlind also lacked any kind of heating arrangement. In time, the situation became unbearable. I realized that the complaints were justified and later we obtained a new messenger boat, the Bellona, which overcame these inconveniences.

The Bellona was a nice big boat with ample room under deck where it was possible to sleep in bunks and to cook food or make coffee in the galley. Proper heating arrangements made the conveniences complete, and I never heard anyone complain of the trip, even though staff members with in inclination to sea sickness rarely escaped their fate in the fat and round-bottomed Bellona.

Then the third and most important means of connection: air. Since Radio Nord was in the preparatory stage, I had thought once in a while of helicopter service. This was unrealistic. In order to land a helicopter safely even in moderate wind and sea, a relatively large boat was required. I definitely gave up the idea of a helicopter when it was clear that our broadcasting ship would be smaller than a thousand tons. However, the idea of using a helicopter was to come up again. Lars Branje, who worked as a news broadcaster and who is quite a nut about everything that has to do with flying and seldom misses an opportunity to take off in a plane, eagerly recommended a helicopter line between Stockholm and the Bon Jour. He even knew how to solve the problem of landing. One could build an addition to the aft deck. His enthusiasm caught on, and I asked for an estimate of the cost of the "addition". The estimate was 145,000 crowns, and Lars had to continue to go by boat.

Compared to the expense of a helicopter, regular airplanes are cheap. A trip by air from Stockholm to the Bon Jour and back in a sports plane would be

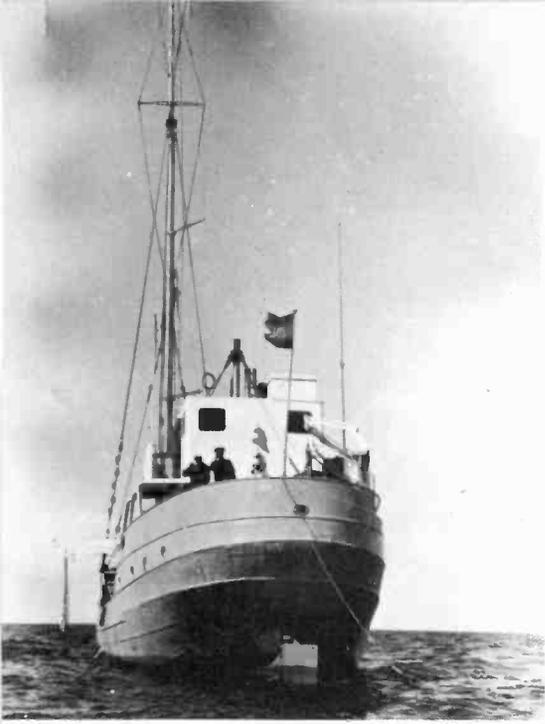


Above: Mail is sorted in the office and packed for transportation to the ship

Above Left: The Radio Nord Offices in the centre of Stockholm.



Left: The metal drum containing mail and messages for the Bon Jour is taken aboard the aircraft.



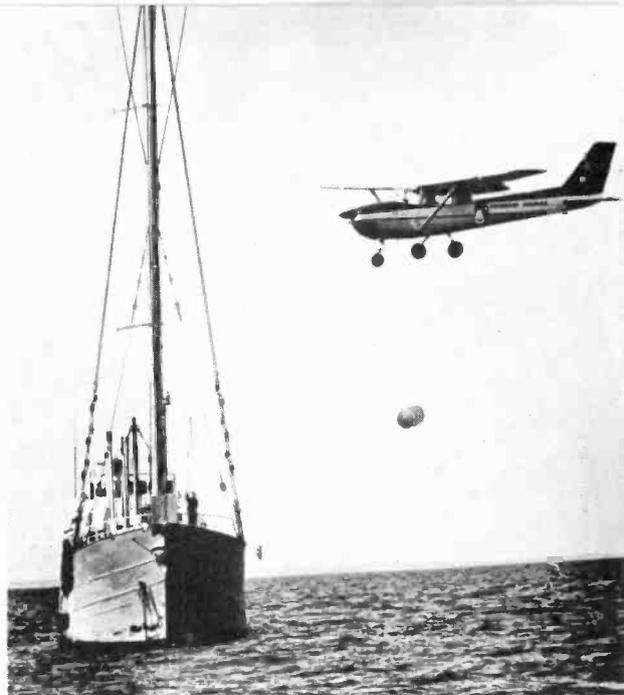
A line is laid from the stern of the ship to receive a drop from the air

The aircraft which services the ship comes in sight.

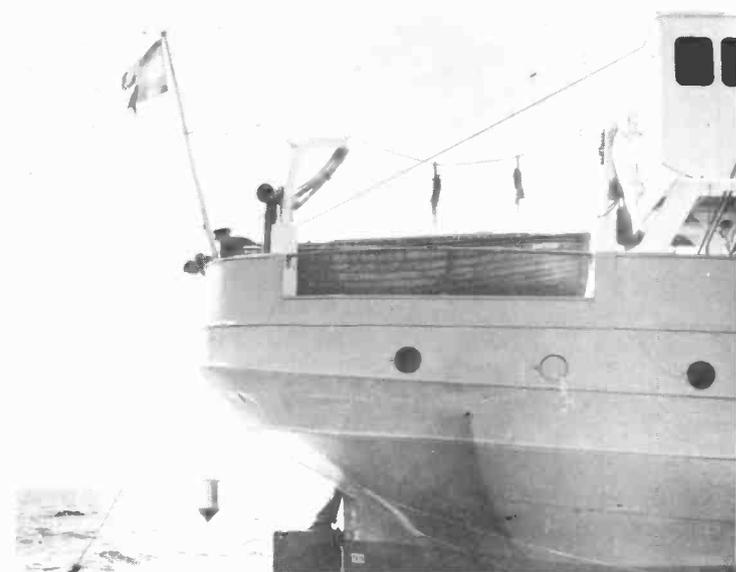


Crew members stand by

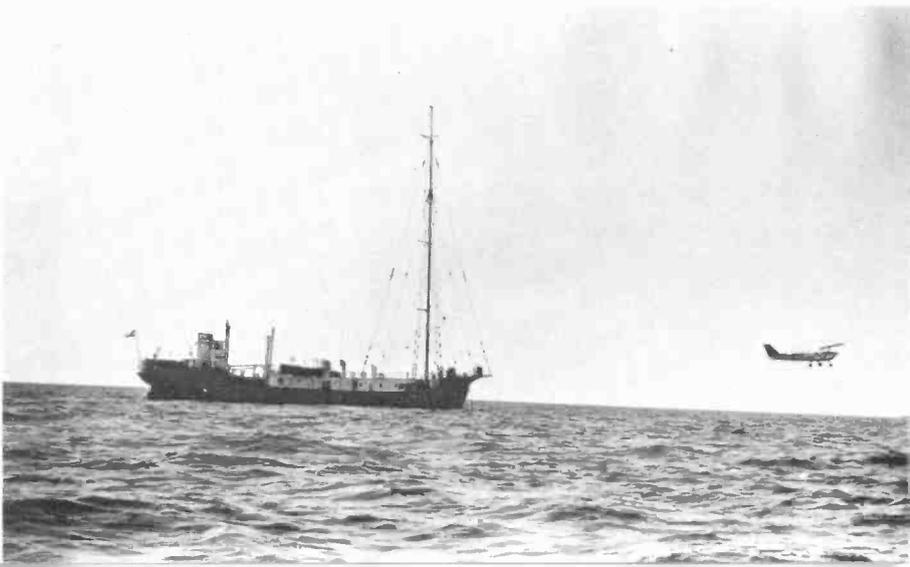
The aircraft drops the cylinder



. . . . which is hauled aboard.



. . . . another successful drop completed, the aircraft flies off.





On board the Bon Jour, crew members unfasten the drum.



The mail and messages of the day are unpacked.



both quick and inexpensive. I had figured a way to use the airplane for transporting taped programs, newspapers, and other light goods which had to reach the Bon Jour every day. Here I was lucky. Once I had read a novel which taught me how to deliver and pick up mail without landing. It was all done through a clever arrangement of ropes and hooks. Surely this idea would be perfect for the Bon Jour. A floating buoy would be sent out aft of Bon Jour connected to the ship through a floating cable, made by little cork floats fastened along the rope. On board the plane the material would be kept in a waterproof, shock resistant container. On the lid of the container a ball of thin cord with a lead at one end would be fastened. When the plane approached the Bon Jour, the ball would be unravelled to the full length of the cord so that it hung out from the hatch like a long tail. Then the plane would fly very low over the cable between the Bon Jour and the floating buoy. The container would be dropped once the plane was directly over the cable. Then, the thin cord would fall across the floating cable with the container on one side and the lead on the other side. Thus, when the Bon Jour crew pulled the cable on board, the container-cord would fasten to one of the cork floats, making it only a matter of taking it aboard.

I discussed this principle with the Captain Hyden of the Stockholm Flying School, and he had no objections. We made some preparatory tests. Rigging a floating cable with a buoy from a bridge, Hyden flew across and dropped the container. It functioned very well. The container cord caught on as planned and we could pull it up without trouble. It was quite easy to estimate where to drop the container. I'm happy to say that this was one idea that worked from the first day Radio Nord was on the air till the last without ever having to be changed. The so-called drop was our daily method of delivering material to the ship. The number of times we lost the buoy were few; as a matter of fact, it happened only twice. However, we lost the container once when it was carrying very important material: the new crystals which had been polished for 498.2m. We had to order new ones from the United States immediately. They were promptly delivered and flown out—this time successfully.

I remember one funny episode which shows how well protected things were in the container, in spite of the shock when it hit the surface of the water. Pelle Lonndahl had the major responsibility of obtaining the material which was ordered and of packing the container. Since it was a quick and safe way of delivery, it was much in use by the staff, who ordered everything from fuses and typewriter ribbons to cigarettes, nail files, and tea bags.

One day Pelle lost his patience and decided to put an end to all these petty personal orders. He bought a cake covered with heavy whipped cream and put it in the container. Carefully seeing to it that the cake was protected by only

a thin paper, he added a note with warm personal regards. With a satisfied grin, he screwed the top on the container and sent it off. To his great chagrin he heard the very same day in a direct broadcast from the *Bon Jour* how much they appreciated his nice and unexpected present. The cake had been almost undamaged.

The containers sometimes were damaged, however. When this happened, they started to leak. When the tapes became wet, that meant extra work for those on board. In such cases, the technicians had to take turns by the tape recorder and wipe off the tape with a handkerchief before it reached the head—actually during the program. As every roll contained programs of one and a half hours, they certainly grew tired before the tape was run through!

As I said, the drop system functioned beautifully till the end. It became routine to have the container packed around 10 in the morning and to send it off as soon as we had obtained copies of the provincial editions of the evening paper, which came off the press at about the same hour. Since the drop was technically sent to Nicaragua, it was necessary to pass it through customs each time. In the beginning, this was done by a fast car taking it out to Ska. From there it was flown to Bromma and cleared—Ska does not have a customs control. Later we changed this so that we drove out to Bromma and picked up a customs officer. He went along with us to Ska so that the material could go directly from there to the *Bon Jour*. When the customs office at Bromma was closed, we instead had to pick up a customs officer at Stadasgardn and bring him to Ska. I want to point out that the co-operation between Radio Nord and the customs people was always excellent. I'm terribly grateful for all the trouble they took. Only in isolated cases did we have to cancel the flights. For instance, on days when the fog was too thick around the *Bon Jour* or when snow storms destroyed the visibility. Usually we managed anyway, since programs were delivered three days in advance. Now we had three different connections to the ship: airplane, boat, and radio telephone. Wonder of all wonders, all three functioned well. However, the radio telephone irritated the authorities, just as we had expected, and as you will see later, they took drastic steps in this case.

Well, the test broadcasts continued and reports of reception started to pour in. Reception in Stockholm was estimated at between 2 and 3 millivolts, a good result which still had to be improved before the reception was perfect. I have one very special memory of these tests. One evening I heard on Radio Nord a unique instrumental recording being played over and over without even a commentary or a commercial in between. This record was played for almost three hours until I and other listeners thought we were going mad. I saw it as a clever PR gimmick by Bengt Tornkrantz, remembering that

Gordon had used the same gimmick once. After only ten minutes all the lines to his station were jammed by listeners asking the nature of the trouble. The switchboard answered that unfortunately the disc jockey had gone mad and locked himself into the studio. The result was what Gordon had expected. The station became the talk of the day and more listeners left his competitors to listen to the end of the incident on his station.

But on board the *Bon Jour*, the incident was not a result of clever thinking. The fact was that we had bought a jukebox with a hundred records for the technical room on the ship. The intent was to turn it on for a few hours at a time so that the technicians could do other work in the interim. But jukeboxes are intended for use on land, and our model simply suffered a case of "sea sickness". It became stuck and nobody noticed this during the entire evening. All in all, the *Bon Jour* seemed to be functioning well and I set the date of the official premiere for March 8, 1961. Gordon came to Stockholm for D-Day and we waited together in my office for the clock to strike 10—the hour when Radio Nord would be on the air for the first time, officially.

In spite of my concern that everything would work this time, I felt my excitement grow as the hands on the clock came closer to the magic hour. The tension was general. People were running around in the office laughing nervously. Finally the clock struck 10 and I heard my own voice welcoming all listeners to the new Swedish radio—Radio Nord. After my short talk, the Radio Nord waltz was played for the first time. In this moment, the atmosphere was charged. Gordon beamed like a train's headlight, the staff congratulated us with flowers, telephones began to ring and journalists knocked at the door. Everything became a confusion of congratulations, telegrams, questions and interviews, while messengers from florists piled heaps of flowers in the reception hall.

No doubt about it . . . Radio Nord was on the air!

9. REVOLUTION IN RADIO

On this chilly, sunny winter day, Radio Nord was heard without interruption from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., when we closed for the day promising to be back the following morning at 6 o'clock. The reaction was overwhelming! After an hour or so, the listeners started to realize what the program would be like, with the most popular records followed one after another interspersed with commercials, news and features, and when they finally understood that they could listen to this whenever they wanted, day and night the year around, the general excitement knew no boundaries. A flood of telephone calls and telegrams started to pour in from our entire reception area, and the following day we received a literal river of letters. All of them expressed the same feeling: "Thank you for finally coming. This is just the way we want a radio. Our dreams have come true!"

However, the happiness was not without exception. Imagine the disappointment of our opponents in the Ministry of Communications and the Telegraph Board that Radio Nord had actually managed to get started! I think they had come to believe that the problem would "solve itself"; that is, they thought that all the trouble with the transmitter and the ship would force us to abandon the whole project. Immediately they went into action. First of all, they discovered to their scarcely hidden annoyance that the *Bon Jour* carried a Nicaraguan flag after all and that her shipping documents were in order. So the authorities had been fooled, but they soon contacted the Nicaraguan authorities through telegrams and diplomatic visits. They naturally objected to the *Bon Jour* being able to go in and out of Swedish ports for repair.

This was immediately stopped by the law which legalised confiscation of the transmitters should the *Bon Jour* enter Swedish territory. Finally, there was a meeting of the communications lawyers of all the northern countries. It took place in Oslo and they considered what steps could be taken and how to co-ordinate their actions between the Scandinavian countries. In Sweden, it

was also decided that a special committee would investigate the problem of Radio Nord.

All these measures did not particularly worry me. The committee would find nothing that our lawyers had not already told us. Radio Nord was absolutely legal. The prohibition against entering Swedish ports was rather meaningless. The Bon Jour was now seaworthy enough to manage even very rough sea, and the transmitters functioned. Most repairs could be done at sea and should we be forced to visit a shipyard, we could go to Finland or even Poland if necessary.

The flag was a slightly more difficult problem. It was not too pleasant having to present our Nicaraguan documents to Swedish authorities. I suspected that the brothers Somoza would not be able to simply ignore Swedish diplomatic pressure now that it was possible to prove that the Bon Jour was registered in Nicaragua. We carefully investigated the possibilities of a quick change of flag. Our Hamburg attorney, von Laun, claimed that it was possible to register the ship in Liberia. Willing to try anything, we let him take care of the investigation. Naturally, the only document we received was a strongly padded bill for legal work.

After some time, our doubts were proven true. Somoza gave in and our flag documents expired. All that we had gained from our big investment had become worthless, and all that remained was a dead bird and a cigarette lighter. Our one comfort was that General Somoza would get his "farm" back.

But even before our documents expired, the miraculous Americans found a new flag, Panama's. Once again we were to apply those unique business methods which seem to be typical of Central American states. The man behind the deal was the Consul General Ortega in Hamburg. Bob had talked to him and he had quite openly declared that he would settle the matter immediately for a rather large sum of money. So I flew to Hamburg to meet Ortega. He came to the airport where he traced me by loudspeakers and on the whole he seemed very interested. Ortega was a small man, rather chubby, and sparkling with Latin American charm. Immediately upon our meeting, he asked me whether I had the money with me. I answered that it had been cabled to a bank in town. Ortega revved up his hotrod and we sped to the bank. After getting the money, we continued to his home.

The matter was quickly settled. The Consul General took out some registry certificates and filled in the empty spaces. The ship was registered with a shipping business called International Tug and the name was changed from the Bon Jour to the Magda Maria. The documents were stamped and everything was settled. As he put them into an envelope and gave them to me, I felt

somewhat like a horse trader at a fair. Ortega changed the subject and made charming conversation about the weather. He was married to a delightful Spanish lady and they had five children. However, the family was not happy in the cold climate of northern Germany and Ortega hoped to be called home soon.

With the documents in hand, I saw no reason to stay on in Hamburg, so after promising Ortega to paint the new name on the bow as soon as possible, I bade farewell, returned to the airport, and took the first plane to Stockholm. The whole affair had taken little more than three hours, including the car trip to the bank, on to Ortega's home, and a short stop for coffee and sandwiches on the way to the airport.

But Consul General Ortega turned out to be quite as cunning as quick and had planned to earn another sum of money from Radio Nord. Therefore, he had not only put a time limit on the documents but he had also limited them as to place of operation. Thus when Radio Nord later stopped broadcasting and had to cross the Baltic, the documents had to be renewed. Ortega plainly refused to take part in this and Bob had to renew the registration of the ship at a high price. Since Bob was quite unaccustomed to submitting to horse dealing gimmicks of this kind, he was quite frankly angry as hell. Nevertheless, making more noise than a wild bear couldn't change the fact that he had fallen into a trap.

Joaquin Franco was also involved in this flag business and through him we had entered "circles close to the Government". Franco happened to be a very highly placed official within the administration of Panama, where he was representative and legal consul in the area of nautical law and telecommunications. When Ortega made Franco realize that the Radio Nord consortium payed promptly, he made us the most surprising offer in the history of Radio Nord. At a meeting at Ortega's home in Hamburg, Franco offered to sell one of Panama's official wavelengths to Radio Nord for a large sum of money. This would, according to Franco, make Radio Nord "legal". I will tell more of his offer when I return to Radio Nord's last days.

But let us go back to the historic day March 8th, 1961, when Radio Nord had its gala premiere. As I mentioned, I had commendable proof that our programs pleased the listeners, but I also noticed that the listeners were surprised at the style of the station. It was something entirely new to Europe.

Apparently almost all the listeners had expected something in the style of Radio Luxembourg, Mercur and other music stations. That would have meant more or less specialized hour and a half programs, now traditional waltzes and then rock music and then South American music etc., all

according to a time schedule. Probable some kind of "thread in the program" was also expected; that is, every new program following the previous one as though reading a book.

But as Bob, Gordon, Clint, Jim and I had hoped, Radio Nord worked a revolution in European radio. My two main principles for Radio Nord were: no person who turned on Radio Nord should have to switch off because the kind of entertainment or music which he or she preferred would not be on within reasonable time. In short, no one should be bored by Radio Nord. The second principle was equally important; everyone should be able to turn the programs on and off when they pleased. No special times to watch.

Concerning my first principle: it was built on the observation that every single group of listeners is a minority. Those wanting rock and roll music are small in number compared to others who wanted something else. Certain traditional waltzes have a large group of listeners, but compared to all other groups wanting jazz, South American music, ballads, Viennese waltzes, etc., they were unimportant. If the program had been divided into different features, one hour for accordian, one hour for dance music, etc., it would practically have killed the station. The listening figures of Radio Nord would then never have risen above a few per cent of the possible total. Someone asked me, "Even if your programs were scheduled in the old tradition, wouldn't they have reached everyone? It would be easy to switch on your radio when it was time for your favourite program". This thinking is wrong for two reasons. 1) It is a lot more difficult to make a listener turn on a radio than to turn it off. And to make that listener who just turned off a radio because he did not like a program, turn it on again is more difficult than anything else. 2) Advertisers would not reach everyone they wished since the listeners would not be listening more than the few hours when their favourite programs were on. If we played, for instance, accordian music for half an hour, the majority of the listeners would automatically turn off their radios and only a small number of them would return to the station when the programs were changed.

In this connection, I cannot help but criticize Melodiradio in that day after day they allow an amateur disc jockey to play rock and roll music between 4.30 and 5 o'clock p.m. This kills the evening programming of Melodiradio without fail. People turn off the radio, have dinner and wait for TV programs. Only a minority of listeners return to Melodiradio at night, regardless of whether the program suits them or not. Where the rock enthusiasts are concerned, the problem is easy. They turn off the radio at 5 o'clock, do their homework, or play records.

Another capital sin in modern radio entertainment is that the spoken inserts become too long. I set one minute as a maximum both for the commercials

and our own commentaries. News breaks, however, could, according to their general interest, run as long as three minutes.

In summation, a principle easy to understand is that the listener ought to be able to turn on his radio at any time and fully enjoy it. If you give someone a book, you do not give him a few pages torn out of the middle. The reader had to be able to understand the entire story. When you are broadcasting an entertainment program, you must not do this in the form of a story in which every feature connects to the previous one. Any time a listener enters the program, he must feel welcome—not mystified. He must not be given the feeling that he had “missed something”. A true entertainment program is thus constructed so that to the disc jockey, only the present and the future exist. Naturally, we were sometimes forced to have a thread. I now think of contests. In this case, it is absolutely necessary to warn the listener at regular intervals throughout the week preceding the contest. It can be handled as publicity so that everyone with or without their own consent knows all the details by heart. Material of other kinds can be used, but it has to be treated in a special way. Take for instance a column by Gala-Peter (the Charlie Knickerbocker of Sweden). It would be unfair not to use such material at Radio Nord since it is very popular with the listeners. But we did not present all the material at one time, upon a decided hour. First of all, a spoken feature of that length would bore the listeners. Radio is not the same as a newspaper; one cannot choose what to read and what to leave out. No, this would be quite unsuccessful. Nor can you make the listener watch out for a special broadcaster—they simply won’t do it. Further, if all the material were broadcast at one time and not heard again, it would keep the information from those who could not listen just then. In the case of Gala-Peter material, we divided broadcasts of ten minutes (which treated ten different subjects) into one-minute inserts which were put on the Spotmaster. We tucked these bits in at any time, preferably at long intervals. Thus, we spread the material so that every listener could catch one or two of these interesting announcements. If someone happened to hear the same announcement twice, it didn’t matter because it was only one minute long. Our audience simply didn’t have the time to be bored.

Repetition is absolutely necessary in commercial radio. It lies in the very nature of the media that the advertisers want their message repeated time after time. Our clients wanted to make sure not only that their advertisement reached all the listeners, but above all that the listeners should have the stimuli repeated to them. Names and facts were plugged until they were a part of the listeners consciousness. Through this principle, we achieved the end result—sales.

Repetition can be, of course, negative, and at its worst, it is boring. In order to avoid that, I had to introduce rules for commercials. Only 20% of the entire program could be devoted to advertising. That meant that, at the most, 12 minutes of every program hour could be occupied by commercials. We actually reached this limit very seldom, but sometimes during an especially desirable advertising time, we hit the 20% ceiling.

Where were these formulas of repetition created? Naturally in the United States where the conditions of free competition made it a matter of necessity. When television all but killed radio networks, radio had to reconsider its position. One of the first to reach a solution to the problem was Gordon. He realized that you could not compete with TV in certain areas. A story, a stage show—in short everything that had a story or that was limited to the number of performing artists and style—was infinitely better on TV. Gordon's solution had two main principles: 1) variation in style; 2) fast news.

Variation in style was easy to obtain through records. No TV program in the world can offer Benny Goodman, Elvis Presley, Carl Jularbo, Edmundo Ros, Frank Sinatra, Paul Anka, Louis Armstrong, and Maurice Chevalier in the same hour. To a radio disc jockey it is no more difficult than looking through the library cards in the catalogue. Dead or alive, in Sweden, America, or South America, all recording artists can be found in a record collection and the cost is always the same—the copyright cost due for playing the record. So the disc jockey has a magic rod in his hand. With one microphone and two turntables, he can offer an exciting trip through time and space.

News is of a similar technical nature. Where TV needs camera and film, radio needs only a bulletin. In addition to this, radio has a head start in the delivery. A radio station can, without difficulty, allow a sufficiently interesting piece of news to break into any program. I've mentioned Gordon's motto for his station KLIF in Dallas: TOMORROW'S NEWSPAPER TODAY. He issued orders that every piece of news should be relayed while it was still hot, and he started the system of news every hour (which from Dallas via Radio Nord seems to have spread to the Melodiradio, even though in a different format). In between, every half hour, he inserted a broadcast of the headlines — a preview of what was to come. He also issued a directive that no piece of news should be presented twice in the same way. If it is repeated and nothing new has occurred in the situation meanwhile, it has to be written so that it sounds new to the listener.

KLIF also has so-called mobile news units, which are cars maintaining radio contact with the main radio station. This means that they can cover every area within Dallas, and present on-the-spot reports of everything happening. Gordon told me a good example of the practical value of mobile units. Years

ago, KLIF cars out on a routine patrol heard a report of a murder which had just occurred. Since one of the cars was in the vicinity of the murder, it got there before the police. The broadcasting management were permitted to immediately break into the program with a report from the car, and thus KLIF's listeners were able to follow the drama as it took place, including the police arriving on the scene. This new KLIF program policy created radio history. KLIF had earlier been ranked fourth among the stations in the Dallas reception area, but it reached first place within 90 days. At all times of the day and night, KLIF not only had more listeners than any other station in the area, but also attained the position of the most listened to station in the entire United States.

So this was in short the policy which I intended to adjust to the conditions in Sweden. It must be understood that this formula was basically directed against TV, a big competitor in the United States. This competition did not and does not exist in Sweden. Swedish television only transmits during a few short evening hours, and is hardly dangerously interesting. As a matter of fact, upon evaluating our listener survey, I was surprised to find that TV had taken as few listeners from us as it had, especially during our initial period when Radio Nord had still not reached a professional standard. Really strong shifts in favour of TV actually only came during certain popular programs, such as sports broadcasts and nature features. Even the TV news program "Aktuellt" (news of current interest) never seemed to increase the number of viewers.

It may be interesting to see how the TV competition affected the listeners of Radio Nord. The excerpt we publish here is from a study made by IMU (The Institute for Market Investigations) according to an American system: Pulse. The numbers indicate the percentage of listeners of the total number of persons within the reception area, or rather, the percentage of household of the total number of households which at a given hour were listening to Radio Nord. The following poll was taken during the fourth month of Radio Nord, June of 1961.

Time	Monday--Friday	Saturday--Sunday
5:00 p.m.	11.6	12.0
5:30 "	11.4	12.0
6:00 "	10.4	11.5
6:30 "	10.2	10.0
7:00 "	10.6	8.0
7:30 "	10.8	7.5

Time	Monday–Friday	Saturday–Sunday
8.00 p.m.	10.6	8.0
8.30 p.m.	9.2	6.0
9.00 p.m.	9.0	5.0
9.30 p.m.	9.2	4.5

This regular curve – especially on weekdays clearly shows that a modern radio station can compete with TV. From the beginning, I expected a lower percentage on Saturdays and Sundays – holiday nights are everywhere a bad time for radio – which is compensated for by the fact that the mornings are very much better. At 11 a.m. the frequency for weekdays is 8.8 but for weekends 13.5.

The Pulse system is interesting and profitable but not quite accurate in our case. Thus, we could not reach an important group of listeners, the car drivers. Radio Nord was during its whole existence the favourite station of the drivers and in order to reach them, we later used another system which enable us to obtain more exact estimates.

In the above mentioned formula, we had our strongest weapon when establishing Radio Nord with the listeners and we basically formed our program policy according to the formula.

These programs meant a concentration of the same kind of music, but as the effect on the listening interest was not negative we let it pass, basically because these programs found sponsors easily. But when a special program showed negative results or when they were difficult to sell, they were immediately dropped. An example of such a program was “Buona Sera Italia,” a program with Italian pop music. I myself believed in that program, but the surveys showed me to be wrong – and we took it off the schedule. The news is an extremely interesting story. From the beginning we realized that employing mobile units for Radio Nord was impossible. The Telegraph Board would hardly assign Radio Nord a shortwave frequency for direct communication between Stockholm and the Bon Jour. Direct reports from Swedish territory were out of the question – even though we later found out that it was not impossible.

How could we get news? A careful try at TT gave the expected result – no news from TT to Radio Nord. I contacted AP and UPI to subscribe to their material and that looked more promising. The negotiations resulted in an agreement on the price but suddenly both agencies withdrew.

We were therefore left without a teleprinter service but not without the possibility of obtaining quick and ready information. We only had to count

on one delay – the news must be published somewhere else before we could use it.

The news department was finally organized as follows: the members of the department took turns working either ashore or on the *Bon Jour* – generally two reporters in each location. The department in Stockholm started their work at 3 o'clock in the morning, when they bought the morning papers and started to collect current material and edit it for the radio. The department on land also covered the TT news by phone and—as a safeguard—the earlier news broadcasts on the Swedish Radio.

The edited news material was delivered to the *Bon Jour* via radio telephone and recorded on tape for later use. Meanwhile the department on the *Bon Jour* collected material from foreign radio stations; to this end I had provided the studio on board with two exceptionally good receivers, a National NC 400 and a Hallicrafter SX-100. Through these it was possible to keep in contact with most big radio stations with rapid news deliveries. We regularly listened to BBC and Voice of America. It can be added that UKV, P2 and the police radio could be heard on board the *Bon Jour*.

The news department on land also made certain routine controls—checking with the police, the fire stations, etc., which sometimes meant that we were first with a piece of news. This small team could naturally not go out in the field to obtain news, but we had a good organization of correspondents in the provinces. However, this was a rather unimportant source of material as was also the Local Rescue Station's telephone calls about car accidents along the highways.

To cover sports events we called the different arenas ourselves and obtained the results, and we also co-operated with some journalists. In one area of sports we could beat all the news media including the Swedish Radio—horseracing. Radio Nord's service from the tracks of Solvalla was exceptionally fast. As soon as the run was completed, results, odds and cancellations were telephoned to our news department from where it went to the *Bon Jour* via radio telephone and then a few minutes later was broadcast on our regular program. This was the beginning of programs of the type which now exist on the Melodiradio, Sport Extra, for instance.

However, the system of sending news by radio telephone was eventually given up, primarily for financial reasons. A certain tendency to misuse the radio telephone meant that there could be 8-10 calls in one morning, which in proportion to the results was too expensive. We let the shipboard department take over most of the responsibility for obtaining news and used the drop for other communications and materials.

In the beginning we had many good results on the news front. Through the



One of the station's expert news team, Kjell Bergstrom. Among the big news stories he broke to Swedish listeners were those of the Bay of Pigs Cuban invasion and Yuri Gagarin's dramatic space flight.

system of listening in on foreign radio stations we were first with many sensational items—Gagarin’s rocket trip and the invasion of Cuba, for example. On a later occasion we gave the results round by round, from the title fight between Ingemar Johansson and Dick Richardson—simply by listening to the English Radio.

Another example of how uncomplicated it was to produce news on time was the salvage of the *Vasa*. Björn Höijer had planned a system by which he watched the undertaking from an airplane and sent reports by radio to the *Bon Jour*. In reality the whole matter was accomplished in a much simpler way. A microphone cable was laid from the studio to the mess on board and Björn sat quietly in front of his TV-set and gave a “direct report” of the whole event. When the Telegraph Board ordered the Stockholm Radio at Stafsås not to allow radio telephone calls between Sweden and the *Bon Jour* other than in cases of distress at sea, things naturally became very complicated. Then we had only the drop and the radio receivers on board to depend on. Thereafter, our news was always broadcast fifteen minutes after the hour in order to make a checkup with TT possible. There were many jokes in the newspapers about “the latest news fifteen minutes later”, a phrase that unfortunately was justified about the interior news.

The solution of the problem was a radical one. From the very beginning, I had contemplated obtaining a teleprinter for the *Bon Jour*, but not until the beginning of 1962 were those plans realized. The main booster of this acquisition was the chief of the news department, Kjell Bergström at that time, who deserves credit for his tireless and successful work in the department.

Through the radio teleprinter we became independent. News arrived, was checked, and immediately put on the air if interesting enough. Our time for news was once again on the hour, and when the Swedish Radio had their broadcasts at the same time they were automatically recorded. After the Radio Nord broadcast the tape was listened to and checked for eventual additions to our own news broadcast.

On the whole our news service functioned well and during the last half year it was almost perfect.

10. DUE TO A MINOR TECHNICAL PROBLEM

The boat trips from Nynäshamn went across gleaming bays and wooded islets to Nysingen, where we met with rougher sea when the waves rolled in from Danziger Gatt Bay. The messenger boat rounded Utö and came into the open sea, steering into a yet indistinguishable goal. Jan Sjöberg, my strong and competent chief of transportation, was at the rudder with one eye on the compass and the other on the sea. On the horizon, islands seemed to be vaguely floating in the glimmering light of the morning sun. We were headed east, and everyone on board squinted in the light trying to pick out our destination. After about half an hour a thin line appeared in the distance, gently swaying back and forth. After some minutes we could see a low dark hull which lulled heavily in the swell. As the messenger boat drew closer the hull grew lighter and soon we could recognize the Bon Jour. Yes, there she was – the Bon Jour. She had slowly taken form via the drawing board and the shipyard, and now she was a reality of 430 tons of steel, robust, sensitive, which required constant care, repair and attention. An instrument for entertainment and publicity, a bold and daring venture which after tens of thousands of hours of hard work had finally become a living reality -- how did she work?

As you know, the transport of people, food, supplies and heavier goods was accomplished by the messenger boat. Her oil and water were brought by special ships from Stockholm. The ship, Fredsgrogg of the Grogg Company, was used mainly for this purpose. Since Bon Jour ran under the Nicaraguan flag in international waters, it was necessary to clear passengers and goods with customs. Export licenses were needed for special materials (I acquired these licenses in the regular manner. It has always been a source of surprise to me that the special committee directly assigned to finding legal means of preventing or complicating our activities did not stop us by refusing export licenses). As the messenger boat had to be cleared by customs both out and in, the voyages were long indeed and we had to go out very early in the

morning in order to be back while customs in Nynäshamn was still open. This meant that the staff to go out to the Bon Jour had to come to the office at Kammakargatan at 6 o' clock in the morning and from there go by car to Nynäshamn, which with speed limits, bad road conditions and other obstacles could take an hour and a half.

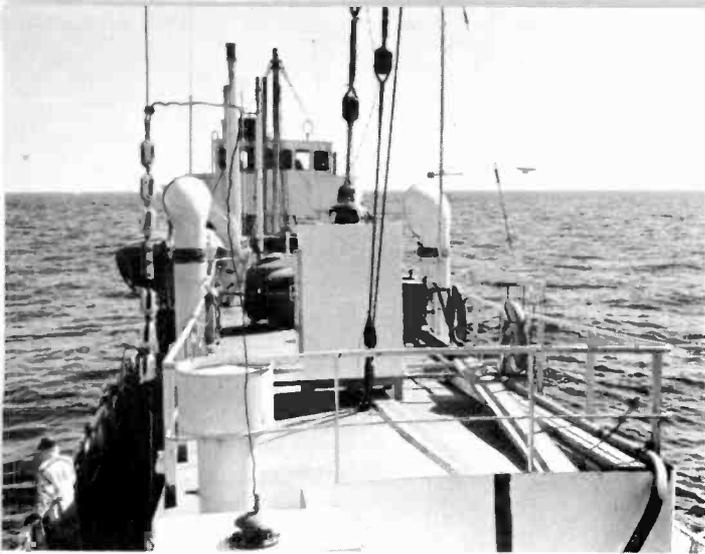
In Nynäshamn, food stuffs from the ship dealer were taken aboard and around 9 o' clock Jan Sjöberg went to customs with the documents and was cleared. In order for the boat to make it back in time, it had to leave around 10.30 in the morning at the latest. Taking the shortest route to the Bon Jour meant that we had to pass through military waters. We wondered about that at the beginning since we often had foreigners on board, but nothing happened even though the authorities knew our route. I suppose they considered the passage harmless. If we had been forced to go outside the prohibited area every time we had a foreigner on board, great problems would have arisen. In the beginning, the boat was often stopped by the customs cruiser. Since they never found any contraband aboard, these inspections soon stopped. Nevertheless, it was obvious that we were in an active training area. Units from the coastal fleet and the artillery swarmed around our little boat, sometimes with roaring guns and torpedos. We never entered into the actual firing range, but we often came close. On one occasion, the military played on us a practical joke which almost caused death through fright of the poor civilians on board our little boat. A fast sea-going tugboat with an artillery target chased our messenger boat and just as they passed they dropped the target through the cord so that it was floating some 100 metres from our boat. They then adjusted their speed and course so that the target remained in this position all the time. For almost half an hour the nervous crew of the Listerlind feared for their lives, quite certain that at any minute they would be blown off the surface of the water by a few rounds of well placed 15 cm shells. Oaths were mixed with fervent prayers and all attempts to alert the tugboat pulling the target seemed to be fruitless. On board the Listerlind, the crew started to prepare for their last hour. I cannot help but chuckle when I think what fun the tug crew must have had watching, through their field glasses, the excitement among the pale passengers on Listerlind. Finally, however, they had had enough of their joke, changing course. The red target disappeared in the distance while the staff of Radio Nord sent thanks to God.

Occasionally I had polite phone calls from Naval headquarters asking me to change the position of the Bon Jour for a few days in order not to disturb planned exercises. Once in a while, people from Naval headquarters

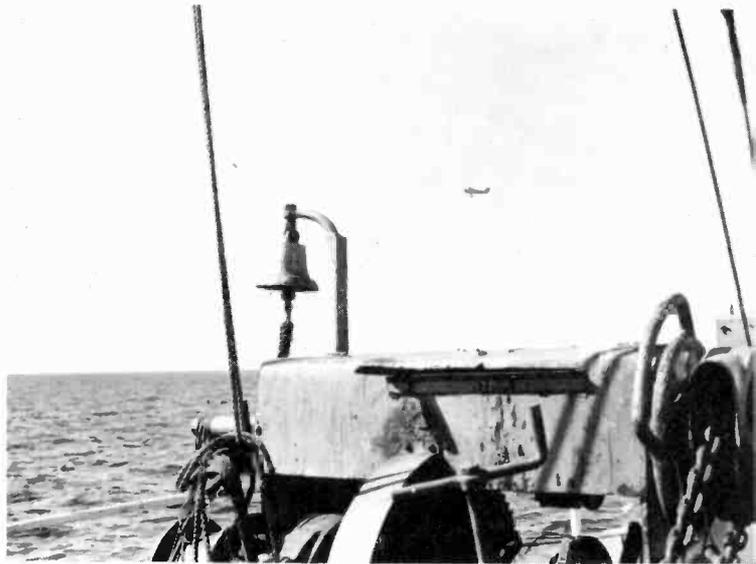


Boarding the Radio Ship from the tender was a hazardous undertaking in all but the very best of weathers.

View from the bows and looking towards the bridge.



An aircraft circles the ship.



The Nicaraguan flag flies high on the stern of the ship.

even came down to Kammakargatan to discuss these matters. I much appreciate the courtesy of the Navy, their realistic attitude and efforts to co-operate. We never had any trouble reaching a satisfactory solution. Even later, the relationship between Radio Nord and the Navy was good. Once, when exercises took place close to the Bon Jour, the announcer on duty broke into the program to send regards to nearby ships, naming those he could identify. Rather foolishly, we forgot that our greeting would disclose the position of the ships so that alert Russian reconnaissance could find out their secret station code! Needless to say, I issued immediate orders not to mention names of warships within sight of the Bon Jour. In the future, we only sent regards to "The Fleet".

The Navy became really faithful listeners to Radio Nord, which, among other things, became apparent through our listeners' mail. I know that Radio Nord could be heard through the central radio system on almost every ship. It would have been interesting to conduct a listener survey of Navy personnel only. I expect the audience rate would have been high.

We also heard from the Air Force, which saw the Bon Jour as an excellent target for practicing diving attacks. At best, we saw little black spots on the horizon which grew quickly. A few seconds later the jets roared over the ship at low altitude. These visits usually came without warning. While Lars Branje had news duty on board, this low flying was especially trying since he knew almost every pilot in the country and they seldom missed the opportunity to fly over and salute him if they were in the vicinity (and "to be in the vicinity" is a rather wide conception in the jet age). We were nearly driven wild by friendly salutations.

Even commercial aircraft had use for the Bon Jour, although – thank Heaven – they did not show their appreciation quite so noisily. When we had settled on the anchorage spot we were to use for almost the entire operating period, and when we were also broadcasting both day and night, the Bon Jour was an excellent radio fix for air traffic to use in and out of Stockholm.

After such an interesting visit with the Navy and Air Force, let us go back to our little messenger boat and its trips. They were supposed to take place twice a week. This schedule functioned well in the summer but was considerably more uncertain during autumn and winter, as it was rather dangerous to board the Bon Jour in the open sea. During rough weather there was on one side a light wooden ship jumping like a cork on the

waves and on the other a heavy iron ship which naturally had a completely different rhythm. Also, the Bon Jour did not always lie right into the wind. Strong currents and changing winds sometimes made her shift into the most "impossible" positions. It was difficult to foresee when it would be possible to board Bon Jour. The strength of the wind was not the most important factor. Sometimes it would be quite calm, but the heavy swell after an earlier storm could be so strong that it would have been suicide to go near the ship. Conversely, it could blow up to 15 metres per second without boarding being especially difficult, depending on whether or not the sea was still comparatively calm. The direction of the wind was important. With a westerly, it was easy to board the Bon Jour even in a strong wind. For, due to the distance from land to ship, the sea did not have time to become rough. But it frequently happened that the wind blew from the southeast and then the waves hit with the accumulated force of the Baltic and it was nearly impossible for the Listerlind to approach the Bon Jour. We could not predict conditions. During winter and fall, the messenger boat had to go out on the chance that boarding would be accomplished. Many times Listerlind received the message from the Bon Jour that it was possible to board only to arrive a few hours later to find the sea changed into a foaming inferno. On some of these occasions the messenger boat had only to face the bitter truth and to turn back with their mission uncompleted. I can assure you that those on board the ship, especially those who were waiting to be taken ashore, saw "the train go by" with mixed feelings. We did have auxiliary means, of course. The railings of the Bon Jour were covered with thick rubber tires, and by starting the engines and slowly moving backwards with a hard rudder, it was sometimes possible to get a lee side with moderate sea, but many times it did not help. I'm certain that risks were taken on boarding, especially when we grew more accustomed to bad conditions. People defied the sea and jumped daringly from boat to ship and vice versa. I was not told about these deeds till later, but had I known I would have absolutely forbidden such games, where life and health were at stake. Luckily, nothing happened and no one was the least bit hurt during the entire time, but I'm certain there were some narrow escapes. I recall one occasion when it was impossible to board. Radio Nord had elected their Lucia.* We had promised to send out both the Lucia and her attendants to the Bon Jour, a visit which the whole crew eagerly awaited,

* The Lucia: a Scandinavian Festival held in December

especially as they had been at sea for a long time. The girls were packed into a car clad in light gowns and carrying lights and cakes. They were taken to Nynashamn from where they would continue to the Bon Jour. From the ship we received assurances that boarding conditions were good. The crew was a bit optimistic; in reality the wind whistled and the sea was rough. At least so rough that the seasick Lucias quite definitely refused to try any jumps from the messenger boat. So the clean and dressed up crew of the Bon Jour had to hang over the railing and try to catch a glimpse of the pretty girls who from a distance of 30 metres sang songs in trembling and weak voices. It was a frozen, frightened and slightly green collection of Lucias who embarked at Nynashamn a few hours later with untouched cakes in their hands.

Seamen and technicians had roughly the same working schedule; two weeks duty on board and one week off in the city. Newsmen had to plan their work differently since they had duties both at sea and aboard. In the beginning they changed once a week, but in autumn and winter, we tried to make shifts every four days. Generally, the newsmen were on duty together, but sometimes unusual conditions could limit the department to one man only.

No one can say that the news department wasn't a hard-working crew. They had to broadcast news from 6 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock at night. Usually 16 newscasts were presented daily, although this number could vary slightly. After our initial period of operation, the newsmen also had the responsibility for five direct broadcasts a day. In the late autumn of 1961, their days ran like this; they arose at 5 in the morning, collecting and editing news which had to be ready at 6 when the first broadcasts came on the air. Between 6 and 9 a.m., the on-duty announcer had to handle the program "Nordnorgon", during which he served as a disc jockey and also saw to it that new material was collected for following broadcasts. Thus he had to record news programs from other stations and listen to and edit these when there was time, generally while the announced records were playing. This meant that the work had to be accomplished in intervals of two minutes. After breakfast at 9 o'clock, the news collection continued and broadcast reports were rewritten to be used in the afternoon. At 10 and 12, there were broadcasts. And around lunch, the plane arrived with the drop, which contained newspapers and directions from the town office. The afternoon papers usually contained local material which had to be rewritten and edited before the 1 o'clock broadcast. Between 1 and 2, there was a direct broadcast of the program "Siesta on Board" which the newsman handled. The hour between 2 and 3

was spent collecting news and processing orders which had come by the drop. For instance the man on duty had to list new commercials on the log and, when necessary, produce these, including the choice of suitable music, and record the test on the Spotmaster. Between 3 and 5 two special programs had to be written and edited in addition to the regular broadcasts. One was called "Around the World with Radio Nord", and consisted of daily news items of an entertaining nature. This material was collected from the papers and foreign weeklies like *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *Der Spiegel*. The material had to fill a broadcast of some three minutes.

Further, the newsmen had to produce a daily special report of business news, collected through newspapers, events within companies, appointments, etc. This was recorded on the Spotmaster to be transmitted at night and later repeated the following morning. At 5, 6 and 7 there were broadcasts which included fresh material. Dinner was eaten whenever possible, and at 8 and 9, another disc jockey show was aired. Collecting news material and giving news broadcasts at 9, 10, 11, 12, 1 and 2 o'clock kept our men busy. The news reporters claimed that they never had any trouble falling asleep after a days work and I believed them!

This schedule may seem worse than it actually was. The job could usually be divided so that each man had 12 (not continuous) hours rest for a 24-hour day. But it must not be forgotten that this work was often done under terrible conditions, with the Bon Jour rolling heavily which caused headaches and slight sea sickness, making work difficult. Even he who is not inclined to sea sickness gets a little dull and slow thinking on a constantly rolling ship. Therefore, it was not surprising that the newsmen were rather tired after their 4 days duty and really needed the two days of rest that followed. After their days off and up to their next four days duty, they spent time at the office with copywriting and advertising production. But as I said, it was not uncommon for the messenger ship to be unable to make contact with the Bon Jour during summer and fall. For this reason, the same team of newsmen could be left on board for up to ten days without relief. Even worse were the cases of news reporters being left alone on board. Naturally this was not part of the common routine, but sickness and other happenings could create such a situation. We always tried to send an additional reporter immediately but one cannot guide the powers of weather and sea.

In spite of these occasional one-man stands, I cannot remember more than three occasions when a news broadcast had to be cancelled. It happened once during one of the hard storms of the autumn. A thundering south-

easterly gale accompanied by terribly high sea attacked the Bon Jour. On duty then were Lars Branje and Lars Nestius; unfortunately, both were slightly inclined to sea sickness. They fought bravely to the end, but finally their condition was such that they just could not function. News broadcasts were cancelled for a few hours but came back later, this time edited and read by the chief technician. He continued with the news – excellently, by the way – until one of the Larses was well enough to return to his job. It must not be forgotten that our chief technician, Ove Sjostrand, handled his job as technician simultaneously to his sudden and unexpected assignment as news broadcaster. I value the contribution of Ove among the most important services performed during the history of Radio Nord.

News broadcasts were also partially cancelled during the difficult December storm of 1961 when the Bon Jour, without anchor and with an ill-functioning engine, had to seek cover in Sweden. That time, the cancellation of the news was for completely different reasons. Louis Chrysander, the reporter, had to stand at the rudder during most of the trip – which must be called an acceptable excuse. However, at regular intervals he would run down to the studio and report the position of the ship. On a third occasion, everyone had to go out and hack ice and news broadcasts were forced off the air for some hours. Apart from these few experiences, the news came on as planned, independent of weather and winds. They were tough boys, these news reporters. No doubt about it. Don't forget that most of them were completely unaccustomed to the sea.

Since most of the newsmen had not actively worked on radio before, we ran upon a problem which many people failed to consider – microphone fright. It often occurred at the strangest times. Almost everyone felt nervous the first time the little red lamp went on and they knew they were on the air, but further bouts with microphone fright were personal with different newsmen. I remember one who never got over his nervousness. It played ugly tricks on him on some occasions. He always prepared his broadcasts very carefully as to details, such as the correct order of bulletins. Once he was so involved in the correct order that he was blind to other things. The result was that he announced the old news instead of the new, which was written on papers lying neatly stacked on another corner of the desk. The saddest example of microphone fright was a reporter who at every broadcast was seized by cramps and started to tremble and perspire. Unfortunately he tried to correct this by trying to smuggle an occasional bottle on board. Thus one morning when he was due

to report at 6 o'clock, he collapsed and could only mutter some incomprehensible phrases. He appeared on the surface to be quite normal and the technician on duty did not feel he could take the responsibility for breaking off the broadcast. Not until the middle of the 7 o'clock broadcast did he recognise the nature of the trouble. The microphone was turned off and the regular program tape turned on. By that time, the damage had been done and naturally the reporter had to be relieved of his duties. We had some reporters who were always calm in front of the microphone. Kaj Karlholm was one of these, but Kaj had bad luck once. He felt that the broadcast had not come off as well as it should, and he expressed this in rather strong language immediately after the program. Through a flook his uninhibited comments could be clearly heard over the program.

Another amusing problem was that people's voices could often change during long broadcasts. Sewe Ungermark, for instance, had a bass voice in the morning, which progressively became lighter and towards evening was transformed into a melting contralto. Other announcers had good results when they recorded in Stockholm but failed in direct broadcasts, and we had examples of the opposite.

Let us take a look at the Bon Jour. She was so called "aftloader", that is, the steerage house was far aft. Under the bridge the Captain, First Mate and Chief Engineer had their quarters. Furthest aft and deepest in the ship was the engine room with diesel engines and generators which supplied the transmitter with power. The power for running the ship itself used another system from that supplying the transmitter. On some occasions accidents occurred, a generator burned out or a fuse blew without a reserve being available . . . The result could be that the ship grew dark while the transmitter still functioned as normal. This happened once early on a winter morning and the news reporter at "The most modern radio station in Europe" had to read the news broadcast by candle light which also lighted up the mixing table for the technician. This anachronism ought to have created a ghostly atmosphere – something like a Rembrandt painting in the atomic era where its faint soft colors were mixed with the electronic green lines of the oscilloscopes.

But if you wanted electric lights you could obtain them from the mast on deck. If you brought a lightbulb with you it slowly started to glow as you approached the mast and when you came really close it burned with full strength. This was due to an electrical phenomenon which we seldom missed showing to visitors on board. It was memorable to watch these people experiencing the magic of functioning as electric contacts.

Let us continue forward. Where earlier had been the hatch to the hold, a deck house had now been built. Furthest aft in this deck house was the galley, that is the kitchen. From the pantry a door led into the "hall", from where you could reach the below quarters by a ladder. Here was also a toilet with a washroom and shower. Further ahead was the mess which served as a combination dining and living-room. The interior was light and modern with tables anchored to the floor, comfortable chairs and a T.V. set.

The forward part of the deckhouse contained studio and control room, but due to a mistake in the construction there was no door between the mess and the studio. It was not easy to move between them as one always had to go out on deck, which at times was a dangerous undertaking. This was due to another construction mistake. I am no expert on marine matters, but I thought right from the beginning that the extremely low freeboard on the Olga would increase the overflow from the sea and that the deck, especially in rough weather, would be under water more or less the whole time. I asked the engineers to consider raising the freeboard but I was assured that I overestimated the risks. Unfortunately, I was right. The low freeboard was in the case of the Bon Jour combined with rather a high iron railing in which only small holes took care of the drainage. So, when a side wave hit the Bon Jour a little lake (half a meter deep) was always immediately formed on deck, and it could take a minute to drain. And in the meantime a new wave came rolling in . . .

Naturally this could be very unpleasant, especially when we were in a hurry. For instance, we had special time spots which had to be produced on board for obvious reasons. The advertising preceding the information was usually on program tape sent from Stockholm. Thus it could sound like this: "And now we will see what time it is . . ."

Then followed the so-called time jingle. Our old listeners probably remember it: "Certina tick-tack. . .". The technician was supposed to follow this by giving the correct time. However, most things were automatic in the studio and during long breaks the technicians often went over to the mess to relax and have a cup of coffee. Thus he would be sitting quietly when he suddenly heard the warning before the time information on the radio. He had about 10 to 12 seconds to rush out on deck, into the control room, open the mike, look at the clock and announce the time. In clear weather and with a dry deck, this was easily managed with a margin of a few seconds. But when a wave had just broken and the deck was converted into a swimming pool, the fight for



The Exactone tape machines on board the Bon Jour.

seconds became a difficult one.

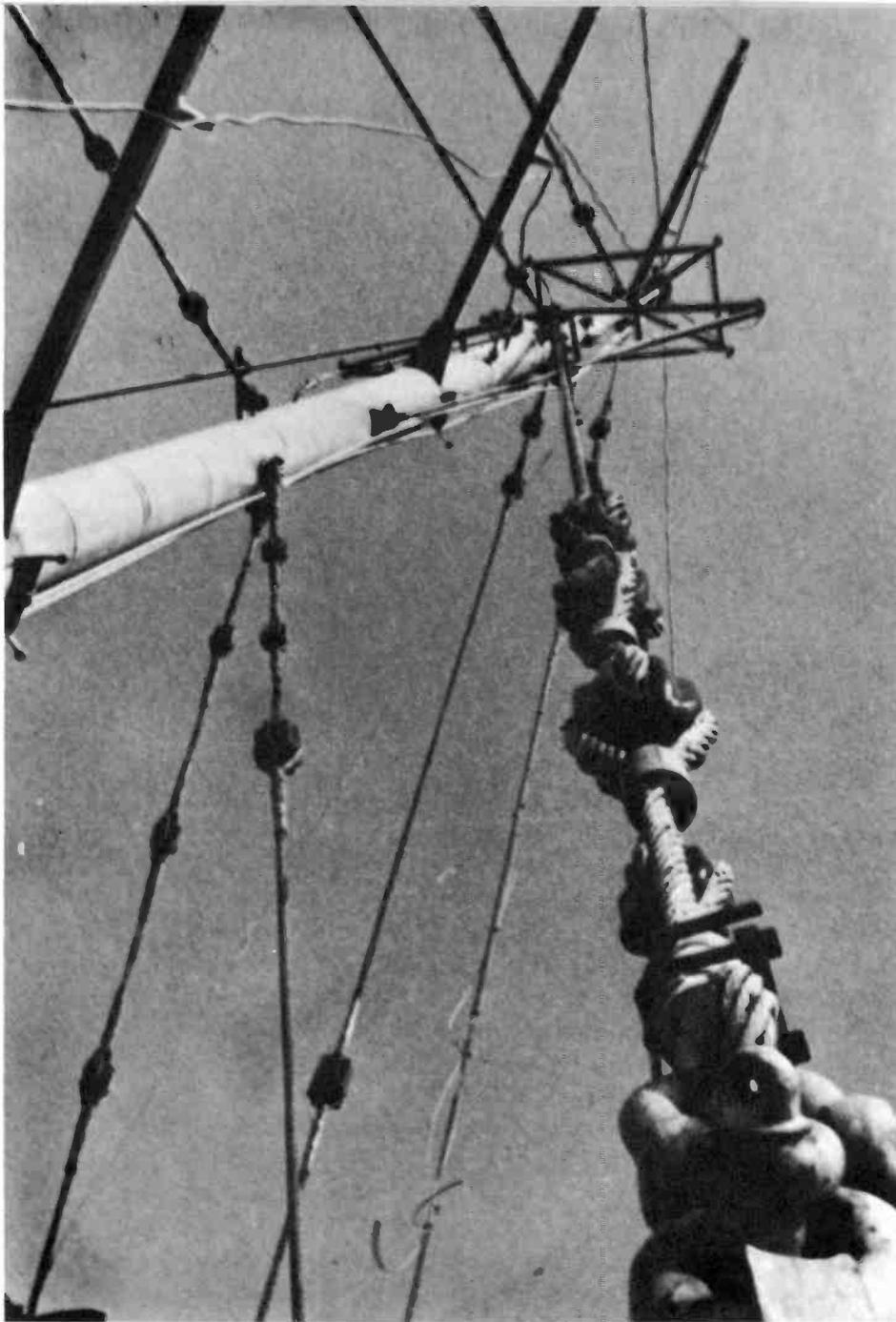
I kept sending angry letters to the Bon Jour urging them to watch out for the time spots. The unlucky technician had no choice except to start his wet expedition. It must have been worth watching! Long-legged gentlemen like Bjorn Ohlin and Lasse Karlsson stepped majestically like old storks out frog hunting, while small persons like Jan Gunnarsson and Ove Sjostrom stood in water up to their beards and had to swim for the tempting door a few yards away. Even the news reporters occasionally lingered in the mess, but they usually had at least one minute to get to the studio. This did not necessarily prevent them from getting soaked. Lasse Nestius probably had the most radical solution to the problem. When he heard the news jingle, he immediately took off his shoes, pants and stockings and waded across the deck to the studio carrying his clothes. Then he read the bulletin like a shivering, dripping Triton. It is worth noting that these overflows usually occurred during autumn and winter storms when the temperature of the water was around minus 2 centigrades. When we had welders on board in December, we took the opportunity to cut a door between the mess and the studio. That took care of at least one inconvenience.

The studio was sound insulated and the contact with the technician's room was established through a glass window. In front of the window was our studio table with microphone, anchored to the floor. To begin with we had an ordinary table microphone which was held in the right position by steel wires. But no lashing withstood the violent movements of the Bon Jour and finally Kjell Bergstrom and Ove Sjostrom found the best solution, they simply turned a floor microphone upside down and fixed it to the ceiling.

In an iron wall cabinet the radio receivers were bolted in and there was also a tape recorder, Ericorder, which was used for the taping of foreign news broadcasts. This could be done with the loudspeaker sound turned off so that recording could take place even while the studio mike was open. But sometimes this detail was forgotten and it happened that Radio Nord sent the Melodiradio's program as a background to their news broadcast.

Except for the Ericorder the studio was also equipped with a Grundig Stenorette for taping news while our microphone was closed. The rest of the interior was taken up by bookcases with secure arrangements for keeping folders with program logs, memos, music lists and newspaper cuttings. On the studio table there was usually one program log, one folder with permanent material, commercials, daily orders and also the current news wires, each written on a special paper. Besides, the table held a small "gong-gong" and a so-called "bug" which is a half-automatic telegraph key used for the characteristic morse signals between each news flash.

Not everything in the studio was well suited for the sea. I especially remember



Radio Nord's high mast ensured that programmes could be heard throughout much of Sweden.

how one of the newsmen, after his first turn at the studio, told me that his chair of the ordinary office type sometimes spun him around the entire area of the room as the Bon Jour rolled.

During especially violent lurches, no lashing helped of course – everything fell down in a corner of the studio – news reporter, chair, logs, bug and ashtray with contents, and on top of this heap fell the news wires like Christmas snow. . .

In the technical room the area was dominated by four big tape recorders, Exacton, for the program tapes. These recorders had been delivered by Broadcast, Inc., USA, and were originally intended for a fully automatic system of changing between speech and music tapes – a system which turned out not to work practically. I will describe this later. The tape rolls each had a playing time of 1.5 hours at a speed of 7½ (i.p.s.). These tape recorders were not as good a quality as the Ampexes we had in Stockholm, and we eventually replaced them with the latter.

Under the glass window to the studio a mixing table was installed to which was connected a Spotmaster and a record table. A portable Ampex recorder hung on the wall and was used for producing commercials on board. The rest of the space was taken up by Spotmaster cases (which used to fall on the head of the technicians in heavy sea) records and rolls of tape.

Before Radio Nord had started we intended, as indicated above, to use a time-saving system, where voice, music and ads were recorded separately and mixed together for broadcast. As all music was pre-recorded the program leader would then have only to record the spoken inserts in the Stockholm studio. In this way a three-hour program would take only half an hour to record.

It was supposed to function in the following manner. On three of the tape recorders different music tapes were placed and on the fourth the desired spoken tape. The music tapes would be adjusted so that each, every other, every third, etc., piece of music was played. By re-adjusting and often changing the tapes, this would give us a wide number of variations so that the same sequences would never have to be repeated. The musical entertainment would always be varied.

When a piece of music entered, the machine would automatically switch over to the spoken tape. Then, when the spoken insert was finished, it would switch back to music and so on. Naturally this system functioned very badly in reality – the machine reacted to every pause. . . if it reacted at all. Fortunately we realized this long before the start and our technicians made an intense effort to readjust the machine for manual operation. By the way, Bengt Törnkrantz finished this job 5 hours before our official opening.

We did, however, keep the system of special tapes for music and speech for a while, but when I noticed that the sound of the station suffered from this format

I soon decided to change entirely to straight disc jockey shows – that is, shows with speech and music produced in one connection on the same tape. The drawback was naturally that it then really took three hours to record a three hour program, which made it complicated for us in Stockholm where we had only three studios – in reality only two as one was used only for commercials – but by allowing the night music to go on live and also planning some hours for direct broadcasting from the ship, it worked out.

Forward of the technical room in the deckhouse, a ladder descended to the broadcasting room. Here, under deck, was the heart of the *Bon Jour*. Two 10 kw Continental Electronics crystals guided mediumwave transmitters. We originally planned to operate them simultaneously in order to get a 20 kw effect, but as a rule, one transmitter was left in reserve. Here are a few technical figures for those interested. In the screen grid-modulated breech piece were placed three tubes connected in series which were fed with 75 kV. of anode power. The modulation range was approximately 90% with an automatic limit of 95% to avoid overmodulation. The transmitter itself permitted a band range of 15 kHz. Forward of the deckhouse was the mast with the antenna. The metal mast was grounded in the ship's hull and had a height above the deck of some 37 metres. The fore and aft mast stays functioned as extra, enfolded antenna elements. Also, the shrouds took part as active radiating elements, and the power division over the antenna was irregular – the power varied between 15 and 80 A and the force between 700 V and 13 kV.

The antenna was the source of many problems. The grounding is just one example of this: all parts had to be connected with thick wires, which had to be connected in turn, to the keel, with copper bands. As the hull was not welded the riveted plates moved independently in rough sea. This movement in turn caused the capacity of the antenna to change constantly and to allow for this the copper bands would be welded between the plates. Theoretically, this seemed to be rather an easy solution, but when it came to practical application it turned out that copper bands of the right dimensions were not to be found.

Finally we had to order these bands from the USA to “be delivered by air to Åbo” – probably the most expensive copper bands in Europe. Our transmitter permitted a band range of 15 kHz but we never used this to full capacity. The antenna system of Radio Nord was very narrow because of the low height of the antenna which gave low radiating resistance and considerable capacity resistance, which had to be compensated for by comparatively high-inductive inductance elements. Our band range was therefore only 2 times 3 kHz which meant that the treble register was considerably cut down. Thus, at least in the beginning, the quality was not good enough for

listening to large concert orchestras but that, of course, was not our intention. The range of Radio Nord actually corresponded in surprising degree to the area we had originally drawn up as the effective reception area. We reached the coast of the Baltic without trouble. Inland it can generally be said that the good quality reception area included the lowland area in South Norrland, Svealand and the middle of north Götaland.

But as always with radio, conditions sometimes gave fantastic surprises. From the start of Radio Nord I was surprised to receive listener's reports from England. Probably, we were heard in ever more exotic places, but there they would have had quite some trouble identifying us – the Swedish language plus the fact that Radio Nord was not listed in the international directory prevented listeners from reporting.

But let us return to the mast. Considering the power and the force "it was not advisable to enter the mast during broadcasts" as the excellent magazine "Radio and Television" pointed out in their special report on Radio Nord in number 7/1961.

I do not think anybody on board felt like experimenting after having been through the terrible experience we had at the beginning of our operations. Before everything checked out, it sometimes happened that gigantic sparks struck up an improvised "thunderstorm". Sometimes the results were quite serious. The deck took on the appearance of a battlefield and the crew had to play fire brigade. Usually the news reporter had time to break into the program and say: "Due to a technical problem Radio Nord will discontinue broadcasting for a few minutes". This was said as he was looking out the studio porthole, where he could see somebody directing a stream of water from a hose towards burning parts of the ship and the antenna somewhere in the air. The "minor technical problems" became less frequent and the ordinary listener probably had the idea that everything functioned well on board.

I must admit that not only was it difficult to get Radio Nord started, it was not much easier to keep it going. On countless occasions we came dangerously close to not transmitting at all. While the program continued its quiet entertainment, 5 or 6 men could be fighting with the equipment, using imagination and intuition instead of spare parts – and on the very verge of breaking off the program.

Team spirit aboard the Bon Jour was excellent. It was a "togetherness" attitude not to be equalled. In spite of thousands of problems and misfortunes, broadcasting was continued at all times. Our first day on the air was an anxious one for me in Stockholm. Being aware of all the problems and the risky measures being taken, my constant nightmare was that we would have to discontinue for a considerable length of time. In such a case we could count on losing listeners,

plus forfeiting advertising profits. When after some time we started to transmit around the clock, I made it a habit always to have the radio turned on while I slept; if the radio grew silent, I immediately awakened and called the ship to receive information on the situation. (I have made the same experiment with the Melodiradio. however, the system doesn't work at all, as it puts me to sleep both day and night if I listen for some time).

As an example of some of these headaches, let me relate a most unbelievable sequence of misfortunes which occurred with our generators. These were surplus goods—two Allis Chalmers, a type no longer made. One of these had started causing trouble in Copenhagen when cooling fluid would not circulate as it should. In June it ceased to function altogether and some parts had to be replaced. This was done at sea, but it was soon clear that we had received the wrong replacements. The generator worked for about a month and then broke down again, this time so seriously that we had to take it ashore for repairs. I understood that I would have to buy another generator, but I also understood that our transmitters were built for 60 cycles which is not standard in Europe. We contacted Albin Motors and they managed, in a laudable spirit of service, to produce what I needed in two weeks.

The Albin generator was sent out to the Bon Jour. We were dismayed to discover that it weighed 2.5 tons and our loading crane was only guaranteed to hold 2 tons. What could we do? Well, we took a chance and after some anxious minutes we lifted the generator aboard. From then on the Albin generator certainly proved efficient. It was in constant use day and night week after week, except for a 6 hour rest each Monday night when we regularly turned off the transmitter for checkups. Let us say that the Albin generator is comparable to a car traveling 50 kilometres an hour. Our Albin ran constantly from July to January without any repairs.

In November the repaired Allis Chalmer generator was returned and went out to the Bon Jour where it was left on deck awaiting the installation of a new generator mount. In January it was ready to be installed. While this was done, we had our faithful Albin overhauled. At this point, fate saw a chance to intervene. Just at this sensitive stage, the other Chalmer collapsed when an oil pump failed.

With all three generators out of function, we had to go off the air. Due to the speed of the Albin-mechanic we managed to overhaul and start the generator within three hours, however, but with only one generator functioning we certainly felt the sword of Damocles hanging above us. It was finally reported, however, that the adjusted Chalmers was installed and ready to use, and we could start breathing again.

But this relief was only temporary, to be exact it lasted for only one day.

We immediately turned on the Chalmers which was just back from the workshop but after 10 hours a waterpump gave out, the gearbox broke and the engine blew up . . . So once again we had only one working generator. Our reliable Albin it is true, but still . . .

This time no repairs helped and in this hour of need we combined our two Allis Chalmers generators into one. The most badly damaged one was broken up to provide spare parts for the other. To be on the safe side we also contacted the company "Marinmontage" and borrowed a portable generator built to run on 60 cycles. Not until the four last months of Radio Nord could I feel comparatively sure that we would stay continuously on the air, as we had finally one generator to spare.

We almost had to stop broadcasting another time due to having only one generator. Naturally it took the occasion to run too fast and the tubes in the transmitter received too much power and burned out. We always had enough spare parts for the transmitter, but due to the instability of the generator we had on this occasion used all the spare tubes. Every transmitter had three tubes. Somehow we managed that time. We made it with unreliable spare parts until new tubes were delivered express from the USA. Cost: 1,500 dollars per tube.

Another time when we almost had to go off the air: the condensor boxes turned out to be too small. However, we discovered this after our first test broadcast and replaced the wooden boxes which tended to catch on fire by metal ones. But we needed an extra four boxes. These were made at Finnboda and sent out to the Bon Jour where they were welded together.

It would have taken a week to have the boxes installed at a shipyard. We brought three welders to the Bon Jour and together with the Chief Engineer they managed to install them in three weeks. It was basically the beams that stuck out over the railing which gave them problems. During these weeks the broadcasting was once more in danger but we managed to keep going and connected the antenna to the new boxes during our regular Monday check-up. As you can see there were many welding jobs to be done – the boxes, the generators and the weldings of the mast. Mostly we had welders come out to the Bon Jour for these jobs – and many of them suffered from seasickness. Many of these jobs were also accomplished by the Chief Engineer, Thure Andersson, who turned out to also be a welder.

As I have mentioned, there were sometimes fires on the ship when our improvised fire brigade on board was put to work. We kept fire extinguishers in as many places as possible and once one of these made a private discharge without human help. It was a foam extinguisher in the mess which was badly fastened to the wall and during a stormy night it fell to the floor and started by itself. This happened during mealtime and those eating received a good demonstration

of how much foam is kept in the container. In a few seconds the whole mess was filled with foam and the poor crew had to blindly find their way to the deck where they appeared looking like grotesque snowmen – or rather whipped cream men – which rather surprised Flyingteacher Hydén who had just arrived with the drop.

I was often asked about the customs duty status of the Bon Jour. As a Nicaraguan ship on international waters, shouldn't the Bon Jour have had tax free cigarettes and liquor aboard? Unfortunately, no. We bought cigarettes on land at regular prices. This made customs procedure at Nynäshamn considerably easier. The customs officers knew that no dutiable goods were on board, and thus, they never had to delay the messenger boat and the passengers with thorough examinations. In the case of liquor, it was totally prohibited on board. Ordinary beer was the strongest available, but the Bon Jour seldom carried any. Milk and soft drinks were the regular beverages. The reason for this is obvious. The work was so demanding that no one could or would want to reduce their fitness by even the smallest dose of alcohol. Celebrations had to wait until they were ashore.

When the Bon Jour was first equipped, I had nothing against women on board. In the beginning, we had both a female cook and a messgirl. But women on ships are always a risk: the atmosphere among the men can become easily charged. Where the cook was concerned – she was 50 years old and weighed somewhere in the vicinity of a thousand pounds – I foresaw no risks. Further since the mess girl was engaged to the strongest man on board, I trusted his ability to prevent passionate drama. After a few months, the messgirl and her fiance left the ship and she now had to be replaced. To be on the safe side, I employed a woman who was mature both in age and looks.

Here I made a mistake. I was right where the crew was concerned. There was no desire for either of the two women. However, I underestimated the romantic veins of the women themselves. The passionate interest they were supposed to give to their cooking was instead directed to the youthful crew of technicians, news reporters and sailors. Once they withdrew to their cabin to discuss practical philosophy as girls will. It was not long before their voices turned into high screams and a few dull thumps shook the ship. The women had had a jealous disagreement and a good fight was under way. The older and heavier of the two was of Finnish descent and therefore rather inclined to the use of cold steel. Thundering up the ladder, she provided herself with a newly sharpened kitchen knife and thus armed went on the warpath. As could be expected, the gleaming blade sent Woman No. 2 wildly screaming for help. The chase went all over the ship in front of the bewildered crew members and did not stop until the fleeing woman managed to lock herself up in a cabin. But Finnish

blood can steam for a long time, and our healthy reproduction of Pirate Jenny did not give up that easily. With a cunning glint in her eye, she went up on deck and tried to get into the cabin through a skylight. A skylight has rather limited dimensions – which could hardly be said about the cook. She managed to get halfway down and then she was irrevocably stuck. The sight must have been memorable. Like a cork in a bottle, she was stuck in the hole, flaming red in her face, with the knife held tightly in her hand. From the cabin could be heard frightened screams from both women. Through an improvised rope arrangement, the crew managed to pull the murderous Amazon up from her position, but not before they had carefully disarmed her. Not even then did she want to give up her battle. Instead, she descended to wait for her enemy outside the cabin door. But all the commotion had drained her energy and she finally fell asleep on the floor snoring like a rhinoceros.

I mention this only as an example of situations a radio chief may have to handle! John Johansson and Pelle Lönndahl questioned the girls and the situation was cleared up. The two ladies were taken off the payroll in order to dedicate their talents with knives to the more conservative cold buffets of Stockholm restaurants. I took an oath never to hire women again.

The episode appeared in a dramatized version in the newspapers. Also discussed was the rather interesting problem of what would happen if anything serious did occur on the boat. The actual situation was that we were beyond Swedish law. The ship was of foreign nationality, anchored on international waters. Therefore any crimes on board should be handled by the flag nation. I recall that the incident with the cooks occurred after we had changed to Panama's flag. Suppose the knife had really been used and we had been unfortunate enough to have a case of manslaughter on board. What would I have done with the cook? One thing is certain, I would not have paid a one way ticket to Panama to have her tried. Panama is a state which carefully preserves capital punishment (an easy way to get rid of dismissed chiefs of state). I felt that death was an unnecessarily hard punishment, even though she was an unnecessarily bad cook. Naturally I could administer the law myself. I wondered whether the Swedish authorities would have intervened in spite of the law of nations. Well, the question was of a rare nature. Nothing happened and the *Bon Jour* has left the Baltic one less problem.

Normally, life on board was just work, work and more work. I cannot praise the technical staff too much in that respect. They had to handle everything and they usually did it well. One detail in this connection – we had no professional transmitting technicians aboard. In the beginning we had hired one, Roland Englund, who came from the Telegraph Board. Unfortunately we could not keep him. He became seasick. Every minute on the *Bon Jour* meant agony

to him . . . agony of a nature that only those who had really been seasick can understand.

During the first months, we had Archie Mesh. He, of course, had returned to the United States. However, we had reason to be reminded of his competence many times since he had made it his mission to educate our own technicians in transmitting. This he accomplished very well. Ove Sjöstrom, who had earlier been a radio amateur benefited most from Archie's instruction. He was appointed technical chief after Archie left. Other technicians also became competent transmitting technicians.

Much has been said about the rolling of the Bon Jour. I hope that the reader has not gotten the impression of a constant inferno. In the summer, the sea was calm and conditions could be almost idyllic. The man fished, sunbathed and swam in the clear water when they were off duty. For swimming, the low freeboards were for once an advantage! In autumn and winter it could be quite tolerable even though the winds and the waves grew angry. The Bon Jour was anchored at her prow against the direction of the waves. Thus the ship did not roll as it would have, had it been travelling. The effect was considerably weaker, like an elevator moving up and down. This kept the floor more or less horizontal, thankfully. However, the waves sometimes came from the side. Then, the result was much more violent, partially because of the high mast which served as an added swinging force. After a few days in rough side waves, most of the crew were tired of life and the conversations were 50% oaths and curses. But everyone stuck to his job. No one listening to the programs suspected the coma-like condition of the crew.

During such rough periods, the relationship between the staff on board and that in the city could become quite tense. There were frequent disagreements the first year. Unfortunately we made the mistake in town of writing out to the boat complaining of things that went wrong in the broadcasting. That often became the last straw to worn out technicians and newsmen who had done their best and usually had quite acceptable reasons for mistakes. When our complaints were justified, we should have considered that rough weather creates depression, thus adjusting our language accordingly. When we finally did realize this, we naturally changed our policy. During the last six months, relations were considerably improved and I cannot remember one serious disagreement from that period. In the summer we often had visitors on the Bon Jour, which rapidly became the most popular site for tourists with boats. On Sundays when the weather was nice the waters around the ship swarmed with little boats and many happy greetings were exchanged. We sometimes made an exception to the policy of not letting anyone on board and many boat crews have had their afternoon coffee in the mess chatting pleasantly with the staff of the Bon Jour. Among our more

unique visitors was a water skier, who visited us when the water temperature was only 6-7 centigrades above zero. He was frozen blue and it took some time to thaw him out with hot coffee and milk and to restore him to such condition that he could make the trip back.

In addition to the Navy, civilian ships of all sizes made it a habit to swing by the Bon Jour in order to salute us and via megaphone request their favourite records. Fishing trawlers came at regular intervals the year round. Skilled fishermen often came up alongside and gave us hearty greetings by throwing some large, freshly caught salmon – a tribute naturally greeted with acclaim by our crew. Chief engineer Thure Andersson from Gothenburg especially appreciated these gifts. The trawler visits were his one pleasure in a dark existence of meat menus. The crew talked a great deal about the time that he alone managed to eat half a salmon during a three-hour dinner.

I must say that even when fish was not available, the food was to say the least good on board. I allowed 9 crowns per day per person for food. Our cooks were not always efficient; one was so careless that he managed to make meat rot in the freezer. He had taken out more meat than he could use, thawed it and then left it out for an entire day before refreezing it. As he never defrosted the freezer, it started to stink after a while. The condition was reported to me and the following day the man was out looking for a new job. Our most successful period for food was when we had an excellent German cook. Former Radio Nord employees still get a certain gleam in their eyes when they speak of those golden days when tender steaks, chickens and trout were frequently offered, and when the Bon Jour seems to have become a floating luxury restaurant. Unfortunately, our German friend disappeared after some time. Strangely enough, this was because of the crew. Every day, they admired the cook in ecstatic phrases, making drastic comparisons to former cooks, until they managed to make him believe that he was at least comparable to the best chef in the world. He soon said goodbye and returned to land in order to make more money with his talents.

Quarters on board the Bon Jour were very comfortable, consisting of cosy, modern 2-man cabins, where the crew member usually resided alone while his room-mate spent a free week on land. For myself I had a shipowner's cabin including a saloon. While Archie Mesh and Glen Callison were aboard they lived there. When they left for America, Ove Sjöstrom saw his chance and moved in. Our original intention had been to keep the shipowner's quarters intact. However, since neither I nor any of the Americans had little occasion to come out to the boat, the saloon was given up. Ove has already been mentioned as a radio ham, and how the saloon came to look is known only to mothers of radio amateurs – those who have had to clean up after them. The saloon was

filled with thousands of things which are considered necessary equipment. A quick look during one of my visits aboard made me realize that I could just as well consider the saloon lost for its original purpose . . . well, never mind. Much has been said in the newspapers about ice dangers in the Baltic. I don't want to say that we underestimated it, but after a look through the ice charts of the previous winter, we weren't particularly worried. We knew that we could expect mostly ice-free waters around the Bon Jour and that we could also count on being prewarned from the Almagrundet lightship, which was north of the boat. As long as there was no danger for Almagrundet, the Bon Jour was safe. We were lucky! The winters were mild. Nevertheless, we were always prepared to discontinue broadcasting and order the Bon Jour to the closest port where there was no risk of confiscation as soon as any danger arose. Even though the sea itself was free of ice, we did not completely avoid the problem. Because of our low freeboards and the constant deckwash, there was the risk of the ship developing a coat of ice. On some occasions a layer started to form, but the situation never became serious. The crew went to work – and sometimes the broadcasting staff too – removing it with icepicks. If the success of the Bon Jour is to be analysed now, the judgment must, for the most part, be good. In this chapter I have openly listed both advantages and disadvantages of the ship and its crew. The station was kept going and we never had to betray our listeners and advertisers by discontinuing our broadcasts for any length of time. Considering the circumstances, this was surprising. Credit must go to people who built her, sailed her, and made her work according to our motto: "Day and night with Radio Nord".

It must be remembered that to a large degree the Bon Jour was a pioneering venture. No engineer, however competent, can design a perfect apparatus at one stroke. In the case of the Bon Jour, it took about one year to correct the initial defects. On the other hand, during the last six months, Radio Nord functioned almost perfectly both in seaworthiness and transmitting quality. As this book is being written (February, 1963) Bon Jour is on her way to Houston, Texas, where Bob Thompson plans to use her for deep sea fishing after her radio equipment has been taken ashore. The sensitive equipment is carefully packed into zinc boxes and few changes would be necessary to make her function as a radio station once more. The Bon Jour managed in all seas and all weathers to transmit loud and clear. Consider the reception area and that our power was only 10 kilowatts and the height of our mast only 37 metres! What other Swedish radio station could show a similar result with the same resources?

In the autumn of 1961, the authorities intervened in a rather unexpected manner. The Government instructed the Telegraph Board to order all coast

radio stations and especially Stockholm Radio at Stafsnäs not to put through radio telephone calls between the Bon Jour and Stockholm. Only in cases of distress and other extraordinary circumstances (hospital calls, etc.) would the Bon Jour be permitted connections with authorities or private persons ashore. I admit that if the directive was intended to irritate us, it succeeded. We were quite upset over this communication barrier. For practical internal contacts and conversations, the prohibition meant unnecessary delays. Directions from town now became handled every day by drop. Messages in the other direction – from the Bon Jour to Stockholm – were easy to deliver. The staff simply broke into the programs and said what they wanted. But problems of communications resulted especially when the so-called human factor was involved. For instance, an order for radio tubes from the Bon Jour might be placed with a failure to mention which type. We could do nothing but wait until the following day and ask for that detail via the drop. Likewise, when we ordered a commercial or some other insert from town, we sometimes forgot to mention the time for transmitting. On board, they could only ask for that information over the program and expect an answer the following day. These were annoying delays which could have been easily avoided had we had the radio telephone.

I was angry but helpless. Our immediate answer to the State intervention was to call the Bon Jour via Åland. That measure was nullified in one week when Finland, as a result of Swedish pressure, issued a similar prohibition against our radio telephone. The only thing left to do was to appeal to the public in a mild form with some specially produced little inserts in a program. I remember a little gag of Larsan Sörenson: A telephone is heard ringing. Larsan lifts the receiver and says, "Hello, this is the Bon Jour. I'm sorry, you have the wrong number. How do I know? Simple! You are not allowed to call here". That was entertaining but, of course, did not help us. During the entire time remaining to Radio Nord we had to use slow means of communication. We made attempts to nullify the Government action. In the beginning of 1961, I had started to investigate the possibility of always having an "emergency line" open to the Bon Jour. I got this idea by reasoning in reverse. Starting with the fact that emergency communication should always be permitted, the saving of human lives ought to weigh heavier than a desire to harass Radio Nord. Thus, if the Bon Jour could actively take part in some kind of rescue work, we could rest assured that public opinion would not allow the telephone service to be discontinued. I met with Raymond Sjöqvist, the Chief of the Rescue Corps, which is a gigantic organization with considerable social power. We offered to establish an alarm system on board. Calls for missing boats, urgent and important telegrams to people, etc., would be delivered free of charge

over Radio Nord if the Rescue Corps installed a communications radio aboard with a direct line to Stockholm and our office at Kammakargatan. Thus, worried people who had not heard from their boating relatives within an agreed time could contact the Rescue Corps and get the message delivered from the Bon Jour via our headquarters. A call for those missing would go out on the air. If a person were out sailing and a member of his family fell ill or he for some other reason had to return home, a message could also be sent out in this manner.

I still think the idea was sound. Since Radio Nord was the most important radio station for small boat owners on the east coast, there is no doubt that we could have performed an important duty. The arrangement would have meant very effective advertising for the Rescue Corps, which is a privately owned organization, especially since we could offer free publicity for the purpose of recruiting subscribers. Raymond Sjöqvist became quite enthusiastic over the project and promised full support. We made a few recordings together in which the future agreement was published. Simultaneously I ordered the program department to start advertising the Rescue Corps with commercials which would be sent together with Raymond's recording. Unfortunately, when it later came to the radio installation on board Raymond Sjöqvist suddenly withdrew. The reason was the usual one – fear of the State. However, the Rescue Corps had already received a lot of free publicity through which I am certain they got many new subscribers. That could possibly have been Raymond's sole purpose for pursuing the arrangement. At that time, they had secretly decided on a union between the Rescue Corps and an insurance company. It was naturally important to have as many members as possible at the time of the consolidation a few months later. All parties concerned had started an intense campaign for subscribers.

A few months before Radio Nord was discontinued, we made another try to instal a quick connection. This time we used the so-called citizen's band where private persons were allowed to have a communications radio for their own use. Borrowing an installation of Japanese manufacture, we installed it in our Stockholm office, on the messenger boat, in one of our cars, and on the Bon Jour. We thought it would be possible to establish a chain which would carry messages through. However, the installation was insufficient and we could not hear further than a few blocks from Kammakargatan. Indeed the messenger boat had to be within a few sea miles of the Bon Jour before anything could be heard. The frequency was wrong and I also suspect that the installation was of inferior quality.

There were always problems concerning communications. These were caused by the Bon Jour having to use regular programs for sending messages. Each day there were irritating breaks in which orders were placed, internal messages delivered. Since these were not intended for the ears of the listeners the whole system was generally disturbing. We agreed to concentrate all such traffic to a specific hour of the day, 12:30 p.m. This was no ideal solution. Our daily requests sounded slightly ridiculous, as the regular programs were used for orders like "5 deciliters of heavy cream, 3 kilos of calves liver and a case of soft drinks". Through the actual technical orders, everyone could get a picture of what was happening to the equipment aboard. Also the constant ordering of radio parts might give the authorities the idea of revoking our export licenses.

Finally, and I must say as usual, Pelle Lönndahl came up with a solution to our problems. He worked out an ingenious method which allowed us to deliver orders and messages over the program in a discreet way. This was done by having a tape recorder aboard adjusted for the lowest speed. Whenever anyone had messages for town, he went up to the recorder and recorded what he wanted. Every morning at 4, when the listening frequency was lowest, we played this tape at the highest speed. Very long messages could be sent in this manner in less than a minute, and to the listener it sounded like meaningless jabber.

Pelle had fixed an automatic "receiver" at the office in Stockholm which consisted of a radio with a clock which automatically turned on at a certain hour and an ordinary tape recorder. Fifteen minutes to 4 in the morning, the clock turned on the radio and the tape recorder (the latter being adjusted to the highest speed). When the tape was transmitted from the Bon Jour it was thus simultaneously recorded in Stockholm. At five minutes past 4 the radio was automatically turned off. Thus when Pelle arrived at the office he played the tape back at the proper speed; then he could hear everything recorded aboard in clear voices. The system functioned beautifully. We received our messages and the night listeners were hardly disturbed by the short insert, which no one could understand. Naturally, this code was quite simple and the mystic night jabber became known to some people who soon managed to find that it was all about. They even took the trouble to record and listen to it at the right speed and thus take down our messages. On some occasions I think they published their notes, but of course the messages were usually only simple orders and no secrets. In more touchy cases, the messages could be made even more incomprehensible simply by playing the tape backwards. A private person with only one tape recorder could

not reproduce the message although our professional equipment made it very easy.

We at Radio Nord called this type of communication "the woodpecker tape" and if some listeners are still wondering about the strange sounds which appeared at 4 in the morning, I hope their curiosity is satisfied. A funny item should be noted in this connection. To my own surprise, there was a negative listener reaction when we stopped sending our messages at 12:30 p.m. Some people had liked this and had been made to feel somehow closer to the Bon Jour when they could take part in our everyday operations.

A short summary of the actual transmitting capacity of Radio Nord. From the beginning Radio Nord could be heard over the entire contemplated reception area. The reception was mostly satisfactory even though a little weak to begin with, especially in big cities where electricity nets and dense buildings proved to be obstacles. Two factors were of great importance in improving reception for our listeners: the anchorage place and the antenna. As to the anchorage place, I have earlier mentioned the importance that the percentage of salt in the water and its conductivity had for the reception. From all standpoints the most suitable anchorage place was just north of the Almagrundet lightship. There all factors contributed to produce very good reception in the Stockholm area. As an example I can mention that our reception was probably never better in Stockholm itself than the stormy winter night when the Bon Jour, in distress and with transmitters strongly reduced in force, crept toward Sandhamn. We were going beyond Swedish territory and kept transmitting until the border was passed. In spite of bad weather, reception improved the further north we went. But I could not anchor the Bon Jour in this ideal spot due to a simple bureaucratic matter. Dalarö had no customs, Sandhamn could not be reached by land from Stockholm, and the Nynäshamn customs insisted that the boat had to be back before 4 o'clock (or it would not be cleared that day.) Since our messenger boat could not make the longer trip from Nynäs to Almagrundet within the required time, it would have been forced to stay at sea the entire afternoon and night. For easily understood reasons, it was impossible to stay by the Bon Jour as it was an art just to keep the messenger boat along side for more than half an hour. I neither could nor would risk my staff in such daring adventures, so I had to choose a position in which the Bon Jour could be reached within a time which allowed the messenger boat to be back in Nynäs before 4. For the aforementioned reasons, the only solution to getting better listening capacity was to improve the antenna. The transmitters were stationed on a

ship which was constantly moving, and thus all parts of the antenna were continuously exposed to mechanical influence. They moved in relation to each other, which had a bad influence on reception ashore. The obvious solution was to decrease these movements as much as possible by welding and other means. Ove Sjostrand and his boys never missed an opportunity to go up on the mast to repair and strengthen every detail in the antenna. The work was done at a height of 40 metres and was possible only when the transmitter was turned off. Since their mission was usually to assure that the transmitter was turned off as seldom as possible, one can see why they took every chance to go up, if only for half an hour. Regular broadcasting breaks took place only once a week, between Monday night and Tuesday morning when Radio Nord was closed between 12 and 6 a.m. Therefore, it was necessary to use every opportunity to work on the mast regardless of weather. The technicians never hesitated, and with a contempt for risk that was sometimes foolhardy, they worked surrounded by the darkness, cold, and rough sea. But the work produced results. Little by little our reception was improved until we finally came over the noise level in the heart of Stockholm and could offer good and undisturbed listening. Thanks to the work of Ove and Company, Radio Nord at last became in a technical sense a "Swedish" radio station.

To finish this long chapter about the Bon Jour and her crew, I shall give an account of the disturbances to which our transmitter was exposed. As soon as the Government showed their antagonistic attitude toward Radio Nord, I realize, as I have mentioned before, the extreme importance of keeping our wavelength secret for as long as possible. I seriously counted on the Government to set up a jamming transmitter. The success of such a transmitter depended solely on whether it was there from the beginning. Had the authorities been able to stop Radio Nord from getting started at all they might have been successful; but once Radio Nord had been established, public reactions against a jamming transmitter which suddenly and obviously appeared would be very strong.

The Telegraph Board showed a noted interest in our wavelength. They tried to discover it in many ways. While the Bon Jour was being equipped in Copenhagen, there were scenes which would have credited a James Bond thriller. As I have already mentioned, representatives of the Swedish and Danish states came aboard to inspect our transmitter. We had prepared for the visit! Information concerning our wavelength was taken off of all documents and in some cases replaced by other data. To further bewilder, we installed false crystals in the transmitters. They were cut for 1,500 kc. Of course, the real crystals were aboard, but Pelle Lönndahl kept them in

his hip pocket in the daytime and under his pillow at night. Through careful security of this kind, our wavelength was not known until Christmas of 1960, when we made our first broadcast attempt.

Perhaps our fears were overestimated, perhaps not. The intense interest in our wavelength could have only been an indication that the authorities were indeed considering a jamming. However, the first attempt to establish such a device came from an unexpected source. Some time after the beginning of Radio Nord, I was called up by a person in Hågersten. He was of Finnish descent like myself, and the owner of a radio firm. He had interesting news. Through a simple construction, he had fabricated an inexpensive transmitter on our frequency. The power was not great, but great enough to disturb Radio Nord. The pleasant radio dealer said that he would now install this transmitter aboard a small ship which would be anchored close to the Bon Jour. By jamming our station, he thought of himself as some kind of "counter pirate." Naturally, this could be easily avoided. It would cost only 25,000 crowns. I thanked him and hung up, going back to my daily routine. Actually, I was certain that he was a madman on parole who had made it his mission to call me at all hours.

How wrong I was! This was a case of a perfectly sane and also very energetic blackmailer who had seized a golden opportunity. His next step was to call the newspapers and convince them of his serious intent. I was soon receiving requests from reporters who wanted a comment on what had occurred. I realized that the threat of the man was technically possible but I nevertheless held my position: not a penny would be given this inventive blackmailer. But the man from Hågersten really believed he had hit on a gold mine and like an insurance salesman he kept calling me, becoming more desperate every time. I answered him in good humour, asking that he please start his transmitter as soon as possible. My kind questions concerning what type of boat he intended to use went unanswered. I don't know whether the poor fellow ever attempted to go to sea with his transmitter. We never heard him on the air.

A considerably more dangerous threat appeared many months later. In March of the following year, when the station had been in operation for exactly a year, a professional jammer appeared without warning on our wavelength, returning every night at regular hours.

It was especially strong during the Top 20 program – one of our heavily sponsored periods. What made this more serious to us was the lack of warning. The jamming must have been started for other

than economic reasons. And who could have such motives? Obviously, professional people were involved. We could not get a fix on the transmitter and when we turned off Radio Nord without warning in order to learn the position of the sender, it grew quiet after a few seconds, only to return a few minutes after we began broadcasting again. In desperation I took a step which caused some ridicule in the press. I wrote to the Telegraph Board and asked them to investigate the source of the disturbance. Newspapers made fun of the "pirate who wants help from the law" and at the same time enjoyed the idea that perhaps I was asking the Telegraph Board to locate themselves. Naturally, I had a plan. I never believed the Government would look for the "unknown" transmitter. The only thing I intended was to make an unexpected countermove. The plan worked. A letter is always received in the same manner by authorities. It has to be stamped, registered, and treated in some way. They'd rather let the sky fall than change the red tape. The reader may guess at who was behind the jamming. Although we were never told, what I had hoped for happened. The jammer grew silent as suddenly as it had appeared, and the Royal Telegraph Service mumbled vaguely worded answers to our question, thus burying the matter with relief. Radio Nord was never jammed again . . .

11. MAMMY . . . IT DIDN'T BREAK

Radio Nord had begun. The most daring and risky venture in the history of Swedish showbusiness became a fact. What would the result be? The answer would decide the future of our station.

If our listeners were satisfied, our advertising would succeed. If our advertising succeeded, our clients would want more, and so would go the chain reaction. Needless to say, it was most important that Radio Nord keep in touch with the public and always cater to their wishes. We learned about public opinion through our mail. We also kept abreast of general attitude through constant inquiries. Immediately after Radio Nord's beginning, we personally conducted extensive telephone inquiries. The result was quite good but since we ourselves handled them it is not necessary to discuss them further. More interesting were the completely independent polls taken by such institutions as "The Institute for Market Inquiries", SIFO, after the Melodiradio was established. Two qualifications must first be mentioned. First of all, an inquiry by telephone eliminates very important groups of listeners who are tuned to car radios, plus "vacation listeners". Other important groups which cannot be reached by telephone are military personnel and people who listen at their places of work. Sample tests (done by us and therefore not scientifically controlled) clearly showed that Radio Nord was dominant within these areas which would have strongly improved our listening figures could they have been used.

Secondly, we were able to make an interesting observation. Newspaper articles had frightened some people into believing that it was illegal to listen to Radio Nord and thus dangerous to acknowledge such. People were simply afraid that if they said so, they would be "black-listed" in some way. Unbelievable as this may seem, it is actually true. With startling results, we experimented a little in this area. We investigated two groups separately; to the first group we were anonymous, saying only that "This is a listening

inquiry” and to the second group we identified ourselves as “The listening inquiry of Radio Nord.” The latter group showed up 35% higher listening figures than the first group, a result that could hardly happen by chance. In IMU’s (another institute for market inquiries) telephone polls, a large number of people simply refused to answer. This was notable.

Bearing in mind these reservations, we can now look at the official inquiry, especially that made by IMU. One day toward the end of June (when Radio Nord had been going for 3½ months and the Melodiradio for two months), the figures showed this: (These figures pertain to our percentage of the total number of households in the reception area).

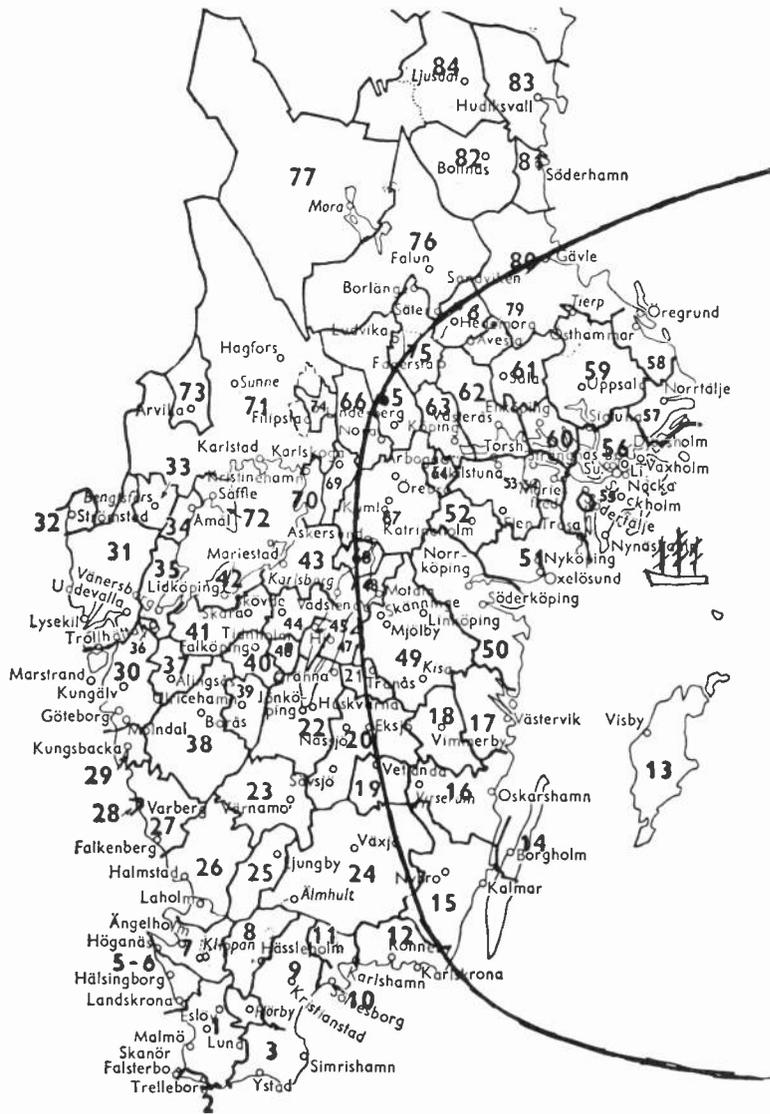
At 6 o’clock in the morning when there are relatively few listeners, Radio Nord had 3.2 and the Melodiradio 2.2%. At 7 the listening had increased considerably. Radio Nord had then 7.4% and the Melodiradio 4.4%. At 7:30 the figures had changed to: Radio Nord 8.2% and Melodiradio 4.8%. At noon the figures were rather similar but slightly in favour of the Melodiradio: At 1:30 Melodiradio had 8.2% as compared to Radio Nord 7%. By 2 the tendency was more obvious: Melodiradio 9.2% and Radio Nord 7.4%. Especially in this case it was interesting to see how the figures changed hour by hour. This increase in favour of the Melodiradio made us carefully look for the reason. It was quite simple; we had a bad disc jockey at that time of the day – he was replaced and the figures changed immediately.

At 3 o’clock Larsan Sörenson started his program and then the figures immediately became even, 7.6% for both the Melodiradio and Radio Nord. The battle continued and by 5 o’clock it was over. Radio Nord and Larsan had 11.6% and Melodiradio 7.8%. The hours after 6 were instructive to a radio producer, who wants to see the facts and is not overtaken by wishful thinking.

At 6 o’clock the Melodiradio started one of these “swinging youth programs” which due to their creators were so extremely popular. In this case the program was called “Dig with Puck” and was a typical example of what I earlier called a “suicide program”. “Dig with Puck” had all the characteristics that a music station program must not have – a non-professional disc jockey and almost a full hour of specialized music. Let us see how much appreciated such programs really are, discussed in cold figures:

5:30 p.m.	The Melodiradio 7.6%	Radio Nord 11.4%
6:00 p.m.	“ 7.2%	“ 10.4%
6:30 p.m.	“ 5.2%	“ 10.2%
7:00 p.m.	“ which was then turning over to P2	

(the second program of the Swedish Radio) had 3.6% and Radio Nord had 10.6%.



radio nords täckningsområde

**1 miljon hushåll = över
3 miljoner människor.**

**radio nord
mellanväg 495 m (606 kc)
dygnet runt.**

Radio Nord claimed over 3 million listeners, in one million households, spread over much of Sweden.

This is just how a "modern youth program" compares to carefully mixed entertainment for all groups of listeners! The program "Dig with Puck" started its broadcast with 7.2% and finished with 3.6%. Radio Nörd, on the other hand, showed an almost constant listening percentage during the same time. Radio Nord never made concessions to teenagers at the expense of other listeners, but still held the young listeners to a great degree, which all investigations showed, including SIFO's which was taken in the middle of July the same year. The age group 15-24 there showed in clear figures, that they preferred Radio Nord to the Swedish Radio.

A jazz program shows the same indication; at 10 p.m. when P 1 started the program "Jazz under the Stars" they had 17% after the news just before the program.

At 10.30 they were down to 11.4% and at the end of that program, the next program, "The Night Radio", received only 4.8%. With the help of this jazz program Radio Nord came to be the most listened to station within the whole reception area having 47% of the total number of listeners!

Saturdays were favourable for Radio Nord. The tendency was clear from the morning on:

	Radio Nord Middlewave	Swedish Radio Program 2 Middlewave and UKV
	(The figures show total percentage)	
6.00 a.m.	25	6
6.30 "	21	5
7.00 "	21	4
7.30 "	21	3
8.00 "	17	4
8.30 "	30	6

And during the afternoon the figures were improved further:

1.30 p.m.	23	17
2.00 "	29	13
2.30 "	31	12
3.00 "	30	11
3.30 "	43	14
4.00 "	45	10
4.30 "	49	15
5.00 "	42	18
5.30 "	46	20

Saturday evenings it was a question of choosing dance music. The Swedish Radio then had only one program, P1:

	Radio Nord	Swedish Radio
10.30 p.m.	64	36
11.00 "	75	25
11.30 "	75	25

According to this inquiry three radio-sets out of four were thus tuned to Radio Nord on Saturday nights. On Sundays the division between programs was rather even:

	Radio Nord	Program 1	Program 2(3)
10.00 a.m.	32	34	34
10.30 "	34	22	44
11.00 "	35	38	27
11.30 "	37	37	26

But on Sunday afternoons Radio Nord collected more listeners than the two programs of the Swedish Radio put together:

3.30 p.m.	50	37	13
4.00 "	52	36	12

On the 27th July, 1961, we secured the IMU investigation which officially proved what our inquiries had already showed. Radio Nord had the listeners. Did we also get the advertisers? At the start of Radio Nord on March 8, 1961, I had a total of *one* advertiser: Westinghouse. During the first days I had, however given some of my friends free plugs. Through these advertisements our programs were commercial from the beginning. All other prospective customers wanted to see if Radio Nord would get started at all, what its listening capacity would be, and how large an area it would cover. I understood and respected the attitude of the advertising agencies. However, when I later had proved every detail they desired — listening capacity, covered area and sales results — and yet some agencies still told their customers that they doubted the value of radio advertising, I wondered whether we could cooperate.

Let me point out one thing which doesn't even need to be discussed. It pays to advertise on radio! Except for a very few special kinds of products which are unsuited for communications advertising, the result was always good. Rolf Svärding, whom I mentioned before as the Swedish agent for Westinghouse, realized fully that what I have said is true. In a large advertising campaign he sold among other things the Westinghouse dishwasher in such numbers that the Swedish stock was sold out and he was forced to delay deliveries of a machine in competition with several other makes. Someone else who soon grasped the value of radio advertising was Baron Olof Hermelin. He was fortunate to be among the first of Radio Nord's big advertisers, one of those

that many people still remember and probably won't easily forget. Our Swedish listeners will remember these words: "Mammy, it didn't break. . . . Yes it's Durablex! – The glass that's 19 times stronger than regular glass . . .". Other ads may have been as effective, but no other hit so quickly and with such a fantastic result. Durablex sales started upwards so rapidly that it could almost be seen hour by hour. After some days it had reached a result that no one at either Radio Nord or Hermelin's could have foreseen. Sales increased 300%! Such a fantastic result was so unexpected that Durablex glass was completely sold out in Stockholm. Neither department stores nor specialised shops had the stocks to meet the demand. When the startled Olof Hermelin had recovered sufficiently to renew his stock, he was surprised to discover that the demand was constant. It had not been a temporary psychosis created by an ingenious gimmick. The ad had created a new market! Not only did Durablex sales remain high, they continued to increase from the initially tripled sales. Such success did not go unnoticed by other companies, a fact made obvious by a large increase in inquiries about Radio Nord. We were then quite certain that the advertising agencies would give us the full support that they had promised. I was anxious to see that as much advertising as possible be ordered through agencies. But some of these companies maintained their suspicious attitude toward Radio Nord. For instance, The Chief of Svenska Telegrambryån (The Swedish Telegram Office), Goran Tamm, held a positive attitude which his staff did not always share. Among their customers was Gillette, who conducted an advertising campaign with us. The result did not appear right away. No less than 50,000 shops all over the country sell Gillette, so it was almost impossible to study the immediate effect. Nevertheless, a clearly positive indication could be seen. In spite of this, however, the contact man at the Telegrambryån looked for advertising through other media. Erik Frisk, the media man of the agency, always recommended Radio Nord. He thus managed to get Paulis to advertise some of their products with us on a Top 20 program. I can still remember my visit to Cavalry Captain Åke Pauli, a man of 80, with vitality of one 30 years old.

Captain Pauli was a good example of modern and farsighted business spirit. Curious and anxious to learn, he asked me many questions about our activity and soon became informed on all aspects of commercial radio. A very talented publicity chief, Ingrid Lagergren, gave him excellent support. Naturally, he was very pleased with the results from his advertising and immediately sponsored another two Top 20 programs. Pauli was one of the customers who stayed with Radio Nord to the end. I can still remember his commentary on the proposed law which would dissolve Radio Nord: "I suppose we'll have to become criminals together".

An advertising agency with a modern and well informed attitude toward all forms of advertising is Wahl Asmusens Annonsbryå AB. Pleasing their customers is their sole purpose. Where advertising is effective, there it is placed. Since the managing director of Asmusens, Leif Nilsson, made it his mission to get to know all the possibilities of the new medium, he became one of the most faithful customers of Radio Nord. When we do get commercial radio and television in Sweden, Leif will therefore be one of the few Swedish agency men who will be able to give his customers fully professional service.

A couple of other agencies of high calibre were Lintas and Tessab AB. Lintas was our biggest agency customer. No fear of state harassments could be seen and up to the end, they used every possibility to increase their sales through radio. The driving forces behind radio advertising in Tessab AB was Director Jonas Broström. He conducted a big and successful campaign for Gudrun s Pasteg and everyone worked together to obtain the best possible results. Thus the Gudrun people equipped their distributing cars with big signs telling people to listen to Radio Nord. There was only one Tessab customer whom Broström could not persuade to advertise through Radio Nord. Fear of the State, as usual, was the reason.

In a sentence I want to thank other agencies, too numerous to mention, who worked with us to obtain larger sales for their clients.

If these agencies worked for the best of their customers, others often did not. Before Radio Nord's actual beginning, I received a phone call from Ervaco who requested a conference with me. Tore Sandell, Ervaco's film and radio chief, opened the conference by telling me that he knew everything there was to know about radio and programming advertising. Proof positive was that he had taken part in the Dux and Philips broadcasts from Tangier. In order to instruct me in programming, he played some tapes from these old times. If I had not been able to say much during Sandell's account of his own competence, I now was completely stunned. Not even at Radio Veronica have I heard anything as amateurish and clumsy. I realized that Ervaco planned to get involved in Radio Nord program policies and that that must not happen. As diplomatically as possible, I explained that Radio Nord would work toward a completely different program policy. When Gordon held a conference with leading agency men, Tore Sandell was the only one who constantly made negative contributions to the discussion. Above all he insisted that IMU conduct more frequent listener investigations. Perhaps this will be easier for you to understand when I explain that IMU is owned by Ervaco. Gordon had suggested that the agency should have a few girls call around and forward the results among colleagues hour by hour. I objected that these phone inquiries did not account for the

actual number of listeners.

We had a bad disagreement with Ervaco about Del Monte. Imagine my dismay when I was told at an Ervaco meeting that a Del Monte campaign depended on whether a certain insert in our program was discontinued. The insert was a little gimmick on the Perry Mason theme: "You are accused of listening to Radio Nord!" In other places this little bit had been received as a good joke, but the gentlemen at Ervaco were not exactly bursting with laughter. Their position was made clear to me. Either Perry Mason or Del Monte! I explained once again and finally that I did not want any meddling in our programming and that a customer would never be allowed to decide the policy of the station. Naturally, that ruled out Del Monte. I wonder if it was not a matter of conscious provocation on the part of Ervaco. Perhaps from the very beginning they had decided that the Del Monte fund would go somewhere else.

There was at least one group that welcomed the start of Radio Nord with acclaim – the retailers. As our rates were so low that even an independent dealer could afford an advertising campaign on Radio Nord, we had many such customers. The effect was generally good, bringing them high returns. This is interesting when you consider that a retailer needs only a limited coverage area and that Radio Nord reached a space 50 times as big.

Film advertising is a good example of independent results. The publicity manager at Columbia Film in Stockholm answered a question circulated in *Expressen* December 10, 1961: "I am just going to see Kotschack for new stakes and new profits. Our current film, 'A Raisin in the Sun', was said to be impossible for Swedish release. The fact that it is now in its fourth week in our premiere theatre is due to Radio Nord". Director Abram Apéria said in answer to the same question, "Our autumn sale was 50% better than last year despite fewer newspaper ads – due to Radio Nord." Many such independent advertisers praised Radio Nord for their results. As a matter of fact, long after Radio Nord had already finished broadcasting, *Expressen* ran an article about the phenomenon of Landerö, which managed to become one of the leading radio stores in town after only half a year in business. Director Landerö did not hesitate to give Radio Nord credit for the result. Some of our advertising experiments, of course, proved to be failures. Gas stoves were impossible to sell through Radio Nord. The article was obviously of the type unsuited for radio advertising. Another example is a dealer who tried to sell carpets on a Top 20 program. Top 20 is mostly directed to a young public and their interest in genuine carpets is not highly developed. In this chapter on advertising, Evert Taube's extraordinary contribution must be mentioned. It concerns the Troubadour, an orange from the Banana

Company. Taube had agreed to do the ad in person. Usually commercials are produced in this way. A copywriter carefully works up the text which has to be a specified length, and then has to be approved by the advertiser. Behind an ad of 36 seconds can be days of specialized work. Copywriters had to be perfectly acquainted with advertising technique in order to give the commercial the desired effect.

But this was Evert Taube, and as we all know, his genius knows no limits. Taube appeared at Kammakargatan at approximately the right time, but he didn't bring any copy. Instead he took out an orange and started to pace up and down the studio. After a while he signaled ready, the recorder was turned on, and still without manuscript Evert Taube produced an absolutely first-rate commercial, partially relating the history of the orange. The matter was thus settled without Radio Nord, advertiser or agencies having had a chance to submit their suggestions. The Banana Company had ordered a one-minute ad which hardly worried Taube, if he knew about the length at all. His Troubadour commercial took a little more than two minutes and out of respect for the great artist, we let it pass even though it was against one of our strongest principles, "never favour one customer at the expense of another". Naturally the Banana Company was not unhappy since their bill was for a one-minute ad, while they in fact had two minutes time. One of the more dramatic events on the advertising side occurred when the Tobacco Monopoly took action against Domino cigarettes. Director Lennart Nauckhoff had ordered a Top 20 program for Domino which he came down to the studio to approve a few days before the broadcasting. Hardly was he back in his own office before he called and cancelled the order. Olof Söderström of the Tobacco Monopoly had been informed of the planned policy and had called Nauckhoff to say that if advertising through Radio Nord took place, the Monopoly would refuse to distribute Domino cigarettes. Director Söderström was obviously one of Sköglund's more diligent people. The Communications Minister wanted to have Radio Nord fought in this manner – all according to the records.

A good example of the result of such policy is this. The importer of American cigarettes is naturally at the mercy of the Tobacco Monopoly, as they can hardly distribute their own product to the thousands of outlets all over the country. A refusal from the Monopoly to distribute means that the particular brand is completely eliminated. Thus the existence of a private import firm is at the mercy of Director Söderström, however strange it may seem in a free industrial society. The call from Nauckhoff first startled me and then made me raving mad. I immediately called all the importers and their publicity agents and asked them to my office for a conference. At this conference I

made a suggestion which would have meant that all the importers could have ads on Radio Nord, an action which if it had succeeded would have rendered Söderström powerless. Unfortunately, my enthusiasm – supported by holy wrath – was not completely contagious. Since 100% co-operation was necessary, the matter was dropped.

The action of the Monopoly resembled a hornet's sting, and I was seized by the desire for revenge. Our disc jockys were called together and we thought up a few powerful little jokes. For a week, every disc jockey would start smoking "in front of the curtains". Taking out a pack of cigarettes, they would mention the name of the brand (American, of course) and inhale with pleasure.

"But I don't smoke," objected one unhappy disc jockey.

"Then you'll have to start," was the unmerciful answer from the others.

So – during one whole week, American cigarettes were lit and smoked on the programs. An example which points to the foolishness of the Tobacco Monopoly's action was that of Director Gorosch, importer of Meil cigarettes. As a direct result of Gorosch's many commercial minutes on Radio Nord, his brand became quickly known in our reception area.

Unfortunately, the Domino story pointed up something else. There must be a spy in the office. How else could it be explained that Director Soderstrom knew about Nauckhoff's order so quickly? Information about our time schedules and other internal details leaked out in unknown ways. Among other things, my memoirs were sold to the press. I suspected who the guilty persons were, in time they were discharged from Radio Nord. However, as late as 1962 I was reading part of my memoirs in a paper where my name was concealed by the pseudonym "Jocke Karlsson".

Besides the free campaign for American cigarettes, we also aired commercials free of charge for the newspaper *Expressen*. I wanted to show my gratitude to the paper which had alone taken our side against the Government. I knew that their publicity chief wanted to advertise on Radio Nord but could not recommend this out of loyalty to the Publishing Association. I therefore worked out a publicity jingle for the paper without any order from them which was transmitted on many occasions. Naturally the listeners could not differentiate between our free *Expressen* jingle and others paid, but the Publishing Association could hardly take action against *Expressen* under the circumstances.

Newspapers and magazines were, incidentally, well suited for radio advertising. When a couple of magazines ran articles about Radio Nord, we recommended that listeners buy the current issue. They sold out very quickly in the area we covered.

I recall a curious incident concerning a reporter from an evening paper who tried to make an agreement, completely on his own, with Radio Nord. The paper concerned had since long before our start conducted a systematic campaign against us. False rumours and all kinds of reports intended to damage us had appeared at regular intervals. On one occasion – just after our premiere – they had published just such a “kind” article. We asked our listeners to buy the paper and let the publishers know what they thought of the article. According to reports, the paper that day was printed in one of its largest editions and was quickly sold out in the Stockholm area. The journalist – let us call him S – immediately understood what had happened. It was the following day that he called me to make the interesting suggestion. Since I had a good idea of S’s character, I always made it a habit to record my conversations with him as precautionary action, and this time was no exception. S wanted to make a fair exchange. He promised to write positive articles about Radio Nord on the conditions that we recommend the newspaper over the air on these occasions – mentioning the name of S. I was a little surprised that S had so little respect for journalistic ethics. That was his problem! I fulfilled my part of the bargain. After some time, S was seized by a bad conscience, or perhaps, more likely, those at the paper had started to become suspicious. As a safeguard, he went back to his earlier attitudes in an occasional article. (Imagine how ridiculous that must have seemed to the readers – a reporter who couldn’t make up his mind!) I felt free to give up my part of the deal and the agreement was dropped. I admired the advertisers who used Radio Nord, not only for their farsightedness and spirit, but also because they had the courage to openly take a stand against those who threatened all Radio Nord advertisers with harrassments. Many times a wish for effective publicity was mingled with a personal feeling, a need for clearly proving that interference of the kind in which the Government was engaged was not popular. On the other hand, many advertisers felt prevented to promote their products over Radio Nord. Most of these were companies with large Government contracts, touchy relations with the Currency Office, etc. I respected their reasons but at the same time I regretted the lack of co-operation. Any kind of a general alliance of the big advertisers would have been effective. In such a case, we just might have commercial radio and television in Sweden today. Some of Radio Nord’s clients advertised in roundabout ways. They paid for the publicity, but, formally, the ad represented one or several retailers. Philips is one example. They can have their products advertised through many different kinds of retailers. The campaign, however, was ordered directly by Philips and the reproduction fee which they received for gramophone records broad-

cast, was used as payment. Philips, who had many Government contracts, never dared admit openly that they advertised on Radio Nord. But their co-operation was very good and Director Bo Lofberg of Philips soon realized the importance of radio advertising. My former sales manager, Bo Jonddon, is, by the way now Lofberg's closest assistant.

One large company who wanted to advertise with us but was forced to stay away was Findus. Findus was soon to become part of the large international company, "Nestlé." During the time of Radio Nord, currency negotiations with the Government were taking place. The situation was rather touchy. Strangely enough, at that very same time the Swedish agency for Nestlé was sponsoring rather a lively campaign on Radio Nord!

12. THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS?

“What is a coral bear and *where* can you buy one?”

“Don't you know Mrs. Andersson's first name? I know many Mrs. Andersson's and maybe I can help you find her”.

“Where can I write for information on that Scottish Castle which can be rented for 75 ore per year?”

Many questions were put to Radio Nord over the phone and by letter during the first sunny inauguration days of March 1961. Although we couldn't answer all of them, we certainly managed to make Radio Nord the talk of the town. The columnist “Cello” was among our opening day listeners and was not long in coming to our aid. On March, 9 he began his daily column in this way: “At last it has come – the hour you've been waiting for – the great novelty of the season – Radio Nord, the station which does not ask a penny for licenses, but in spite of that, calls us ‘dear Listeners’ as if we were beloved relatives.

“Take for instance Mrs. Andersson, whom Radio Nord attempted to trace during the entire premier day. She long past had written to Radio Nord and asked when broadcasting would begin, but had forgotten to inform Radio Nord of her first name and address. It was touching to hear the announcers ask any listener who knew Mrs. Andersson to please tell her immediately that now it had come, the hour and day she had been longing for, the great novelty of the season, etc.

“That is really personal service, and in that category the Swedish radio has a lot to learn. Ask Mrs. Andersson. She'll tell you!

“I always appreciate something new, and the radio dealers have nothing against new stations. An increased demand for radios was already noticeable yesterday. We ourselves entered a radio shop at Vasagatan where an elderly lady came in, out of breath, then asked for a radio ‘where you can hear Radio Nord.’ Listening to her, you would have believed that no other station

were worth listening to. She showed almost the same eagerness as the Dalarna native who asked for a globe of the earth, showing only Dalarna.

“Naturally, it is possible that it was the Radio Nord Chief himself, Consul Jack Kotshack, who was masquerading in radio shops for publicity reasons. But it might have been someone else. Perhaps it was Mrs. Andersson . . .” Reception was generally as expected. A matter-of-fact critique in *Expressen*, mentioning both the good and bad sides of the station, an alarming rumour in *Aftonbladet* – headlines over six columns! “Scandinavian countries will stop the pirates – suggestion to make all co-operation with the pirates illegal!” Finally, in Mexico City, the Swedish Consul Leönnart Nylander had to pack his bags and go to Nicaragua to deliver the usual Swedish protest and as usual to be met with total incomprehension.

This work of public promotion – that is, to make ourselves known, read about in newspapers and headlines, known through interesting and novel advertising, and through all kinds of communications – was a pleasant task. Both Gordon and I immensely enjoyed our attempts to find the most unique methods possible. Perhaps we were subconsciously competing in an area in which we both felt we were talented.

Gordon was at a disadvantage since he was only in Sweden occasionally, but when he did come, he was fast to catch up with suggestions. Thus I remember our meeting with a Professor Sten Holmquist from Uppsala in a nightclub. He supported himself through selling genuine Chinese junks on commission, a livelihood I have never heard of before or since. Holmquist had a sample junk in Sweden and offered to paint Radio Nord 495 middle-wave on his sail and go around showing it all summer. Gordon fell hard for this ingenious idea and promptly persuaded me to pay the \$1500 Holmquist requested. I was rather irritated since I felt it was too much money, but Gordon had made up his mind (Have you ever tried to change a Texan’s mind?).

This much is certain – if Stan Holmquist continues to have this kind of success with his ideas, he will go far! However, the summer of 1961 turned out to be rather rainy and that was fortunate. The junk did indeed turn out to be very good publicity since most of the time it was anchored at Skeppsbron where it was observed by hundreds of thousands of people. Newspapers refused to let Radio Nord advertise. Thus we had to use every opportunity to supply them with actual news. Perhaps one of our most noted actions was when we gave them material about Olle Björklund, Mr. Aktuell. The argument between Björklund and the Swedish Radio took place just then, quite openly, and when he had been fired, we immediately sent him a telegram: “WELCOME TO RADIO NORD STOP NAME

YOUR OWN TERMS STOP REGARDS JACK KOTSCHACK". Naturally, this telegram was published on the front pages of the papers. The name of Radio Nord had once again caught the public eye.

Publicity was not the only thing we wanted to accomplish in this instance. Bjorklund had been welcome and had also drawn a good salary. However, we couldn't agree on one important point. We wanted him as a disc jockey with a daily program, but he could only work two hours a week. (Later he appeared in our program in a rather unique way. Mr. Aktuellt had made a record from Karusell, which the company used frequently in their own record programs.)

I thought that a two hour a week arrangement with Bjorklund would be of such limited value to Radio Nord that negotiations were better off discontinued. But it is a fact that I have had both Leonnart Hyland and Olle Björklund within reach. Once again, I must wonder what would have happened had these two important radio men been connected with Radio Nord.

When Dan Waern, a popular, professional distance runner, was disqualified from racing, Louis Chrysander got the excellent idea of letting Dan say goodbye to the Stockholm public in a Radio Nord race at the Sports Stadium. I immediately liked the idea and started to investigate. I contacted Gosta Olander in Vålådalen, where Dan Waern was staying at the time. Olander's response was positive and he promised to discuss the offer with Dan. One reason for Olander's co-operation was that Waern was just then in his best form. Considering Olander's passion for scientific training, he naturally wanted to find out what Waern could do in a fully trained condition. The other aspects of the race he felt were unimportant.

A lot had to be arranged quickly. Newspapers had to be informed, the stadium had to be rented and — we had to find some competitors. There are not many professional middle distance runners of high calibre around (at least not officially professional), so that was no easy matter. Fortunately, the matter was settled when we learned that the Track and Field Society of England had just declared Gordon Pirie a professional.

I discovered that renting a stadium, which is owned by the City of Stockholm, wouldn't be easy to do. Politics were involved and I had to use a front man for the arrangement. Turning to Pelle Nystrom, Chief for Nor-Disc Propoganda, I asked him to make an attempt on behalf of the Metronome Record Company. No doubt Pelle wondered about the relationship between records and runners, but he promised anyway to try to rent the stadium. While people were busy arranging these details, a message came from Vålådalen. Dan Waern was boarding a plane for Gothenburg which would be stopping for a few hours in Stockholm. If I wanted to

negotiate with him. I would have to catch him at the same moment the plane landed. Kidnapping Louis Chrysender, I jumped into a car and started for the airport. We arrived just in time and I managed to persuade the personnel to let me out on the field. The plane stopped rather far away and we ran out to meet Dan. Since he had not met either of us before, he was naturally rather startled. Thinking we were two journalists wanting an interview – and certainly not being in the mood for that – he used his best weapon. He simply ran away! In the best form of a world champion, he rounded a corner and disappeared towards the exit on light feet. We finally managed to get a grip on him.

I explained the situation to Dan, who was immediately enthusiastic. As long as Radio Nord took care of all the details, Dan promised to make an attempt to beat the Swedish record for the mile. Under reasonably normal circumstances – weather etc., he was certain he could lower the record. We quickly agreed on terms and then took Dan to the spot where he was scheduled to record a program for the Melodiradio!

By this time Pelle had booked the stadium, via Metromone, for something that they vaguely called a “benefit performance.” Now we could promise the Stockholm public they would be able to say goodbye to their big favourite within three weeks, at a special invitation race where he would set a “Radio Nord record” on the mile. At this point something unexpected and sad occurred. Dag Hammarskjöld was killed during an ill-fated plane trip and the funeral was set for the same day we had booked the stadium. We couldn’t go through with the event under the circumstances, and cancelled out the whole thing.

The Dan Waern project meant a few front pages in the newspapers for Radio Nord. Naturally, the publicity value would have been much larger had Dan made his race. Since he was excluded from competition, the result would not have been official, but he was not prevented from setting a “Radio Nord record.” And how it would have been news had the Radio Nord record been better than the Swedish record!

Radio Nord came to the stadium in another way. When the track and field competition between Sweden and Finland was to be held, a very bad ticket sale was recorded. Seeing an opportunity to help, I offered to give free publicity on Radio Nord – an intense campaign – if Radio Nord could donate prizes to the best athletes of the game, both Swedish and Finnish. The prizes, radios, would be presented by our newly elected Miss Radio Nord. This offer was made to Nils Carlus, president of the Swedish Track and Field Association, and he immediately accepted. His decision was a wise one for due to our advertising, the stadium was

filled when the games began. Leonmart Hyland was there from the Swedish Radio and he broadcast the appearance of Miss Radio Nord. The prizes were donated by us, but in the jury which elected the winners, I had placed no representatives from Radio Nord. Judging the awards was, after all, a matter for sportsmen. A misfortune occurred on Sunday. In order to have the presentation ceremony in good time before people started to leave the stadium, the winners had been elected before the games were quite finished. Elected were the Swedish runner Ove Johnsson and the Finnish 10000 metres runner Sakari Peltoniemi. However, in the last minutes of the game, a great performance occurred. Risto Ankiö took 4.58 in the last jump of the pole jumping, which set both a Finnish and a Nordic record. Naturally, this performance was the best on the Finnish side and I hastened to repair the unintentional error of the jury by sending a radio to him through the Finnish Track and Field Association.

On other occasions, too, we used situations to the advantage of Radio Nord. For example, when the Swedish Radio held their competition for the Eurovision "best song" of the year. They had decided to use only a few specially-invited composers for the competition, a decision which had received bad critiques in the press. Radio Nord joined the publishing company Multitone and record companies Karusell, Metronome, and RCA in arranging a record competition open to everyone.

The jury consisted of Bo-Göran Edling of Multitone (the originator of this good idea), Simon Brehm – Karusell, Anders Burman – Metronome and, from RCA, Carl Erik Hjelm and Mats Olsson. Through wide publicity on Radio Nord (helped by a positive press), we received 729 nominations. The over-worked jury had to play every single one of them!

Three melodies were chosen for the final competition. At that point we turned to the public. In order to force the listeners into a decision, we frequently played the records in Radio Nord.

The records were: "This Far But no Further" composed by Bobbie Ericsson (who won the TV competition of 1963) and lyrics by Bo Eweby, "This is My Happiness" written by Håkan Elmquist, and "The Wind Tells" created by 'Mats Bertold' (who in reality is Carl Erik Mattsson who works for the Navy). The latter won by collecting almost half of all the votes!

"The Wind" really had hit quality and can still be heard now and then on the Melodiradio (which should be congratulated on not being sour, as they played our final melodies as soon as they were published on records).

But even without taking chances on current events, we were successful in quite a lot of PR-activity on a large scale. For two seasons we arranged a youth parade through the streets of Stockholm. With their theme of dressing up in a way relating to Radio Nord, it was a strange carnival of happy

youths who answered our invitation. They walked through central Stockholm in all kinds of imaginative costumes, naturally causing a sensation among Sunday strollers.

This success in Stockholm prompted me to try a similar scheme in the provinces. The intent of these provincial tours was twofold. Partly I wanted to establish that "contact with the listeners" which is the cornerstone in all radio promotion, and partly I wanted to increase our circle of advertisers to consist of companies and retailers even beyond the Stockholm area. Youth parades were thus held in Norrköping, Örebro, Västerås and Visby. The day of the parade, the particular city was given a full day program on Radio Nord in which we made PR for the town in more than a hundred features presenting their prominent citizens, etc.

The result was always very good from a program standpoint. Also, we profited commercially and many new subscribers entered our rolls. The business was handled by our sales manager, Bo Johnsson, accompanied by one of our fastest copywriters. Together they visited each place two weeks before the actual festivities. When they were established in a hotel, they sat down with a phone book and marked prospective customers, in the trade register. The writer made a few advertising copies which Bo Johnsson employed when he tried to sell advertising time to the customer in question. While Bo did this, the copyman was busy writing ads for the next customer on their list, etc. This approach was a little like door-to-door peddling employed in advertising. We did not, at that time, have the resources to arrange it in any other way. Had Radio Nord been allowed to continue we would, naturally, have reorganized this whole system. During the autumn of 1961 we had contact men in the provinces on a commission basis, but the arrangement was not particularly profitable. However, we had some good results.

Miss Radio Nord was Christina Granberg, a professional model who also appeared in films, usually doing bit-parts demanding a typical Swedish beauty. Christina was elected Miss Radio Nord in tough competition with seven other finalists which had been chosen from our entire reception area. The jury was composed of three international "beauty experts". The film producer, Dr. Eric Scotoni from Zurich, the Attorney Gerhard Zinsler from Vienna and Dir. John Marsing of Copenhagen. (Radio Nord's staff was very alert during this competition. When the morning mail arrived they threw themselves upon the mailbag and a violent tearing and fighting took place. With the bag on the floor – and their noses in the bag – they looked, most of all, like a group of moslems in morning prayer).

The finals took place in Kungsträdgården, Hagge Geigert was the program leader and, in spite of bad weather, we had the summer's record attendance

Miss Radio Nord is crowned by the station's chief, Jack Kotschack.



– more than 15,000 persons. This, of course, has to be seen against the background of Radio Nord's publicity success. Christina's face quickly became connected with Radio Nord. She was used for officiating at prize ceremonies, etc. Also, she served our customers as sales girl model and mannequin. Thus, it was possible to order advertising "with Miss Radio Nord" for fairs, etc. – a possibility used by many of our customers.

The twist-gala which we arranged in the Eriksdal's Hall was another successful event. It was the first event of its kind in Sweden. Three hours before the opening, long lines appeared in front of the entrance. When the doors opened, the hall was filled immediately and thousands were not able to come in. It was a very good party – the first Marathon twist. The competitors were given blueberry soup and other liquid foods, while the winners won a trip to Mallorca. Among the guests were many prominent persons, such as the Count and Countess Johan Bernadotte. Three orchestras played non-stop and Gordon, who was in Stockholm, was very pleased with the arrangement. All of our disc-jockeys were on hand, also.

In order to give our youngest listeners a chance to take part, we arranged an exhibition in Kungshallen. This we did in co-operation with the Studenthjälpen (a society for support to students) and the exhibition took place on Radio Nord's first birthday. We had asked for drawings by children up to twelve years of age and divided them into two classes for competition. Contributions streamed in, and it was a hard job choosing between 4,000 drawings. We could only show 600. The exhibition was a big success and the students made a good profit. We took 1 crown in entrance fee and the first day we had more than 1500 visitors. Our disc-jockeys appeared here, too.

There was considerable newspaper criticism of us on the theme that we were not really the disc jockey station we had said we would be. The more I listened to Radio Nord, the more I realized that the press was justified. One morning I gathered all the program staff in the conference room and told them that a new line was to start beginning in a week. "From now on you're disc-jockeys. Go ahead into the studio and train! I'll let you out when you know your job. Anyone who dares take a script into the studio will suffer dire consequences!" And into the studio they went, both the staff and other aspirants to become real disc-jockeys. Everyone got a pack of records, a few sheets with advertising texts – and nothing else. They were to make as good a program as possible with these aids.

Tape upon tape was recorded and came up to me for my judgement. I still remember it as something of a nightmare. One ear on the regular program and another on the test tapes. A long week, a cacophony of words and music. Naturally I didn't expect to find many professional disc-jockeys on these

tapes. Disc-jockeying is a demanding profession which requires training, competence, and experience. A disc-jockey has to know hundreds of rules for choice of words, tempo, concentration and presentation. These things melted together make the program continuous and easy to listen to. In short, it makes a professional disc-jockey program. It can generally be said that before Radio Nord there were no professional disc-jockeys in Sweden. Due to lack of competition, Swedish Radio had never bothered to discover how amateurish and slow-moving their "record hours" sounded.

One might think that the only requirement for a disc-jockey is that he have a good voice. On the contrary, to become a good disc-jockey, it is not even necessary to have a good voice (but it helps)! As an example of how difficult disc-jockeying is only two of the Radio Nord staff members finally turned out first-class material, and that not until a year after working several hours a day in the studio.

No, I didn't dream of finding a ready-made disc-jockey through the tests, but I was looking for talent; funny ideas, style, wit, ability to express thoughts, etc. And of course personality topped the list. Tape upon tape was recorded and thrown out. At last we had a small group which we believed had possibilities to become disc-jockeys. Sten Hedman was funny and uninhibited, talkative and sometimes unbelievably energetic. From the first hour, I had a high opinion of Sten and I was not alone about it. It was shared by Hedman himself. So Sten was asked to manage "Normorgon", a program for which his jolly manners and alert style should be suited. Ivo Grenz was in most ways the opposite of Sten. Slow in thought and speech, he kept a quiet and rather well-moving tempo with many surprises. He was naturally given the most "quiet" program of the day – 'Siesta' between 12 and 3 p.m.

Barbro von Horn, finally, was an actress with a trained voice. She was also well informed on the problems and thoughts of a housewife. I thought she would be suited for a special housewives' hour between 9 and 10 a.m.

Gert Landin and Larson Sorrenson were our first-class disc-jockeys. They took the most difficult programs and handled them well. To the first elite group of jockeys on Radio Nord were added many more before the station ended. Many of them achieved quite a professional sound.

Our turnover was high, and not only among disc-jockeys. Leonnart Hyland is supposed to have told a story of my morning conferences with the program staff where I was supposed to have pointed to one after another, saying: "From now on, you will be responsible for 'Nordmorgon', you for 'Melodispegelin', you for Top 20. You will be the program chief and you – well, you are fired!" This story has a certain core of truth. Of course, I

didn't really manage the staff in the manner of a lottery, but I did try to get the right person in the right spot. In the tremendous tempo existing at a station such as ours, there simply was not time for aptitude tests and such subtleties. I had to take many chances and when I made a mistake, I simply had to suffer the consequences and see to it that it was corrected, even though I had sometimes to tread on someone's toes. I hated few things more than having to sack a person from the task given him. However, Radio Nord could not afford to wait and see if a mistake could be corrected. Nor could it tolerate lack of interest, whether it was a result of natural fatigue or something else.

13. AND WHAT ABOUT ME?

I have tried to keep this book in the form of memoirs. Perhaps a few autobiographical notes should be added to make the work complete.

It is difficult to place me in a specific milieu. I am a result of many different ones. Born in Finland, I spent my childhood in the very special atmosphere of the Swedish speaking middle class of Helsinki. My later years of education were spent at an English boarding school, Hernaby College, and from there I returned to Finland. Two years of war awaited me – a change from green pastoral idyll to the winter cold fronts in the depths of Russia. My next two stops were Sweden and the United States. Sweden became my home country and America my work country. All my biggest business deals have been connected with America.

All these changes of scene have had their importance. I have never settled down and allowed myself to be caught by a conventional pattern of life. A slow and rooted existence has never tempted me. I suppose I have a case of the wanderlust. The world of today has a lot to offer a person of my disposition. Where-ever I go, there are new people to meet and new deals to make, on condition that one takes the initiative oneself: a slow and stationary individual cannot take part in this. As a result of circumstances, I have been a very intense person. I subscribe to the theory "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I never stop wondering about people who retire after successful lives, content with themselves and their performances. I can hardly see success in business as an end for to me it is a starting point.

Something about me which can be seen both as a strength and a weakness is that I am very seldom impressed by people, regardless of their outer success. I think I know big stars in every profession, but very rarely have they managed to make me feel really deep admiration. The explanation to this may be that two years in war under the Field Marshall of Finland makes the leaders of today shrink down to pocket-size.

My inability to create idols has helped me greatly. I have been prevented from making many mistakes by always being able to see what a person is really like. On the other hand, it has also made me judge too harshly at times. Selfover-estimation and conceit are the weaknesses of human nature which I have the most difficulty in tolerating, in spite of common sense telling me that they are no worse than other human defects.

People talk a lot about me, and usually what they say comes back to me in one way or another. The opinions vary, but if I divided them into two main groups, there are those who think I am either a very kind person – or an exceptional beast. I don't think that either of these descriptions fit me, but I do think I can understand the reasons for both.

I'm well aware that I have two strong purposes in business; to make people happy and to see them do a good job – at least when they work for me. It is both easy and pleasant to see to it that my employees are happy through good salaries, many personal advantages, gifts, etc., plus an informal and pleasant atmosphere in the office.

I think I mentioned earlier that I like the American way of getting rid of formalities as soon as possible. My employees and I use first names from the beginning and our conversation is free from formalities. Mostly it works well, but naturally, some people take advantage of this confidence. Some people do this intentionally and they do not bother me much – they are easily taken care of – but it is more difficult with those who behave badly due to a lack of judgement and experience. Such a person does not really “make a mistake” and sometimes this puts me in a difficult position. My instinctive dislike to hurt gets in conflict with my equally strong dislike of being taken advantage of. Naturally, the situation eventually becomes impossible.

Usually it happens like this. The person concerned cannot see any change in my attitude. Nothing happens in spite of his bad behaviour, except that I may become a little extra nice hoping that things will work out. To an outsider I seem very “kind.” It goes on like this for a while until the limit is reached, and then I explode. The outsider immediately establishes as a fact that I am a “terrible beast” and afterwards speaks of “American staff policies and such nonsense.”

Actually, I am neither “kind” meaning meak, nor “a beast” meaning nasty. Naturally I could avoid trouble of this kind if I dammed the brook before the river, but I really dislike firing people – before doing that I really have to be provoked. However, once sufficiently provoked, I settle things with admirable speed which must be due to my hot temper – and I do not think there is much to do about that side of my nature.

I know one has a tendency to beautify a self portrait, but in spite of this I want

to state one thing: I never demand more of my staff than I do of myself. When I think of the Radio Nord period I am surprised by the tempo I kept. Working days of 14, 16, 18 hours were part of the routine. I think there were two things which made it possible for me to withstand the pressure for a period of almost three years. The wholehearted support of my family, and athletics. I think nothing is more important to a hard-working person than to keep in good physical shape. When tired, you should not go to bed – then you are lost and your performance decreases in relation to your physical condition. No, when you are tired, I believe you should go outside and play tennis, play squash, run, ski, dig in your garden or whatever you'd like to do – you don't need more than one hour per day. If this is impossible, exercises in front of an open window are a rather good substitute. If you stay with the principle of "exercise at any cost" however tired you are, you will find yourself remarkably strengthened, rested and in good shape, the following day. Maybe this is an old truth, but it is well worth repeating.

Another personal tip for keeping in shape is a daily half-hour in the sauna – an unequalled cleanser for body and soul.

When I write this I have my secretary's notes from the Radio Nord period in front of me. These in addition to what my family can remember, shows my day to have been as follows:

- 5:00 a.m. Out of bed exercises: turn on the radio, read the morning papers.
- 7:00 a.m. Telephone hour for the journalists: phone conferences with Pelle Lönndahl or other Radio Nord staff.
- 8:00 a.m. Breakfast – and then to the office.
- 9:00 a.m. Program conferences.
- 9:30 a.m. Read the mail.
- 10:00 a.m. Read the provincial editions of the evening papers; write commentaries for Radio Nord articles to be sent out to the Bon Jour; work out and check directives to the Bon Jour.
- 10:30 a.m. The drop is sent off with the above-mentioned; time for visitors, clients, journalists, etc.
- 12:00 Quick lunch in my office-room (The newspaper which described this as "2 slices of sausage at 75 ore by an 11,000 crown desk" did not exaggerate).
- 12:10 p.m. Visiting hour for the on-land staff of the Bon Jour.
- 12:30 p.m. Check the following day's program logs.
- 1:30 p.m. Make notes for correspondence.
- 2:00 p.m. Dictation.
- 6:00 p.m. Home from the office.
- 6:30 p.m. Dinner and intensified listening to the radio.

7:10 p.m. Listen to the radio, make notes about the programs, etc. The schedule above was kept even on Sundays with minor variations, but then I had more time to really listen to the station. During the week days I tried to use eventual breaks to listen to the Melodiradio – it is naturally very important to know what the competitor is doing. (When the Chief of the Melodiradio, Caj Andersson, told the press that he never listened to Radio Nord, I can understand his reasons – he had a hard schedule, but it is still surprising. If your duty is to compete with Radio Nord, it is reasonable to find out what Radio Nord really is).

This was roughly what my day was like, but naturally there were variations. I sometimes had to make urgent trips abroad. Also, I tried to get at least a few hours a week off to play tennis, and at least three days a week I wanted to get to the sauna for an hour or so. In spite of my hard schedule I tried to make it possible for the staff always to be able to get in touch with me. And sometimes there was a terrible traffic – especially when there were complaints.

August Blanche once said “Who the devil wants to be a theatre director” and this is still true. I never thought there was so much to complain about: “He has a new desk which is bigger than mine. I need one like his” “I don’t like the floor in my room. Can I have a new carpet?” – “Not that I want to speak ill of others but do you really think he’s suited for that program?” – “Why did you move him into my room. I can’t work with him in there” – “I refuse to sit in that room. If I have to, I will leave” – “Couldn’t I have the title Assistant to the Director? You don’t need to raise my salary – but you know, the social aspects of the matter . . .”

And so on and on . . .

Naturally this was my own fault. I had made them stars and they behaved like stars. As a rule they were rather snooty to the outside world. People willingly fed their egos – not only admiring listeners, but also the people of the record industry who constantly hung around the office trying to persuade a disc jockey to launch a new record. Thank Heaven for Raya Ravell who watched the disc jockeys closely. If someone did not follow his given music list, I could be sure that Raya would discover it.

14. PROBLEMS, POLICIES AND THE MELODIRADIO

Sometimes, when the material for the aerial drop stood unguarded in the corridor, people would try to sneak a current record into the container, hoping that it would be played in a direct broadcast or in an eventual break between programs. Fortunately, I had a couple of unbribable fellows who looked out for this. I have already mentioned the names of some of those in the record industry with whom I enjoyed a very happy relationship, for instance Karusall and Metronome. Perhaps now would be a good time to discuss our preliminary agreement with representatives of the Swedish Group of the International Federation of the Phonographic Industry (IFPI). We at Radio Nord promised that compensation for the Federation's records could be taken out as advertising time on the station. At the most sensitive stage of the negotiations, Sixten Eriksson complicated matters by openly declaring that he could only accept cash compensation. For us this was impossible; the amounts of money involved were too large. In answer to their demands, we took all RCA records off the programs. This was a drastic decision, considering the quite impressive set of Swedish and international stars performing on this label. However, the action was necessary and, most important, caught IFPI by surprise. I'm sure no one believed that we would make such a radical move.

I had some stormy meetings with the Swedish Group of IFPI and the situation was unclear for a long time. I knew, however, that I had strong support in the Group and was therefore not too worried about the outcome. The exclusion of the RCA repertoire had had practically no effect on the listeners, and we were quite ready never to play an RCA record again. But, happily, we finally did reach an agreement. It was largely what Radio Nord had hoped for. We drew up a contract on the terms of the compensation, stipulating that the record companies—also RCA— would take it out as advertising time on Radio Nord. Agreeing to a cash compensation per record played, each recording company received 15 minutes of advertising time once a week. During that 15 minutes,



Music shops all over Sweden used Radio Nord's "Top Twenty". The glamorous Miss Radio Nord visited and assisted in several of these shops.

only the records of that company were played but the company had to follow the program formula of Radio Nord. We had a right to "censor" the programs. Usually this was not necessary since the companies used mostly our own disc jockeys and if not, the others knew how the music should be arranged and how long the spoken inserts could be. Two companies out of nine had to agree to have their 15 minutes on the same day as another one. Since these two wanted a late evening hour for their programs, it created no problems.

The gentlemen of the Swedish Radio, however, have a much more difficult time with their relations to the record industry. Since they have no advertising time to offer, no agreement has yet been reached. Sixten Eriksson himself told me in February 1963 that the matter of compensations for records will probably have to be settled in court.

I mentioned the produced programs, such as disc jockey shows. We also tried a few specialized programs within the framework of our formula. The first results of this were Club Nord and Top 20. The former was a Saturday night program with carefully selected dance music. The midnight hour was given to Elsa's Night Cabin, a quite advanced program with a honey-voiced disc jockey. The producer was Louis Chrysander who can be proud of his fine success. Polls show that 75 % of all people in the reception area were tuned to Radio Nord on Saturday nights. Naturally that means that only ¼ was listening to Swedish Radio. These programs—especially the Night Cabin—were a big success in the press. Even *Aftonbladet* wrote on their front page that this was a really exceptional program.

The only thing we lacked was something quite important: advertisers. For some reason it was impossible to sell good on Saturday nights, and the good listening figures brought no rush from the sponsors. Since Elsa Prawitt of Night Cabin was of star quality and naturally expensive, we had to discontinue her program after some time. Club Nord continued for almost a year.

But the public remembers Top 20 best of all. We built this program after an American example. The listeners themselves could decide which records were most popular by writing letters to us. In order to give them a chance to elect new records for the lists, we supplemented them with a very careful coverage of everything that was published on the market. These programs we introduced (perhaps "launched" is a better word) during regular program hours. Every disc jockey also had a "discovery of the week" which was played everyday on his program, and it corresponds to Gordon's "Hit Picks". After some time, new records were collected into a special program, "Make Your Own Choice". Anyone could vote and every listener had a chance to hear current records during the week before they sent in their votes. This system meant that we somewhat influenced the list, but this was unimportant since it is impossible to make the

people choose a record they don't like.

During the entire Radio Nord period, we had the only important top-list. Without fail the sales followed our ranking. This irritated some newspaper writers who believed—and believe—themselves to be the only ones capable of presenting a top-list. One thing that was helpful was the printed “Top 20” lists which we distributed to record and radio dealers. Later this list was followed by “The Ten” lists which were distributed in the same way. A golden rule for creating a true top-list is that hits which are dropping in sales must be taken off the list. The turnover must be quick. The fact that an occasional record can stay on month after month is just the exception that proves the rule.

Top 20 got off to a flying start partly due to Swedish Radio. At that time Karl Gerhard was being honoured on the Idéon stage on the occasion of his 70th birthday. The Swedish Radio had announced that they were interested in the production, but they refused to pay the compensation demanded (which was intended as a gift to the home for retired actors). The amount that the Swedish Radio—in this case TV—was to contribute was 10,000 crowns, and they didn't feel that they could afford it. Consul General Viktor Reick of the Ballograph Company now saw an opportunity. He donated the sum, bought the Top 20 program, and sent Karl Gerhard to Radio Nord. Gerhard unfortunately had a throat infection. Nevertheless he came down to our studio and made a whispering appearance on our first Top 20 program. This created fine press publicity.

The publicity effect of Top 20 was always excellent. On the 18th of October, 1961, this created trouble for the Royal Telegraph Service. On that day Radio Nord had a Top 20 program sponsored by the youth magazine *Pop*. During the program we promised to send one free copy of *Pop* to everyone who called a certain number in Stockholm between 9 and 11 p.m. *Expressen* reported the result the following day: “Radio Nord created a considerable telephone jam in Stockholm last night. Between 9 and 11 it was impossible to call numbers starting with 21. That whole serial was blocked by people trying to call a number on a suggestion by the pirate radio”. The suggestion had been made at 9 o'clock. Immediately, thousands of listeners started to dial the given number—which started with 21—and that created the blockade.

First Section Engineer Helmer Eriksson of the Telegraph Service explains: “When thousands of people are trying to call the same number at the same time, the ‘selector’ cannot receive them all and only a few callers come through. Everyone else keeps trying. The result is that a couple of thousands of people dial the same number. The impulses have to go somewhere and the whole serial becomes jammed. Similar jams (although not of the same scope) have occurred earlier. We will contact Radio Nord in order to avoid repetitions”.

However, there was a repetition, but it didn't have the same result. It happened when people were asked to call the Bon Jour (at night when we did not think many people were listening) via Stockholm radio to get a greeting delivered and a record played. An entire serial cannot be blocked in this way since calls to ships at sea have to be ordered at the Stockholm Telegraph Station, but we did block the Stockholm Radio that night. Of course, I was pleased to know that we had so many night listeners. But I did not mean to be so irresponsible as to paralyze a coast radio station. I made sure that the incident was not repeated and wrote an apology and thanks to the staff at Stockholm Radio.

It is generally true that one cannot expect service from a monopoly company, in this case the Telegraph Service, but the Stockholm Radio was a nice exception. As long as we were allowed to keep the radio telephone, they did their very best to help us. As an example, on the night I just mentioned, they saw to it that no calls came through while a record was being played—and that without having been asked to do so. For this and other services, the kind and competent staff of Stockholm Radio deserves special credit and thanks.

If I made trouble for the Telegraph Service, they made more trouble for me. For example, the Radio Nord advertising posters. We had arranged for posters with the text, "Radio Nord is now on the air—495 metre band, medium wave" to be put up in telephone booths all over the city. The Telegraph Service was informed and immediately issued a decree, "If you let Radio Nord into the phone booths, the Gatureklam concessions will be cancelled". In spite of the fact that the posters had already been finished, I accepted the change in order to avoid trouble for my friend, Nils Karlén, Director of the agency in charge of the posters. The two of us split the cost.

In addition to the other special programs I have mentioned, I particularly remember "Harry on Deck" and "The Ten". When Harry Brandelius dared to criticize a TV producer, he was immediately discharged and thus free for new employment. I contacted him for a special program which would be transmitted every week with Harry as disc jockey. Brandelius is a real favourite of the people and through his recent television appearances, he was more well known than ever before. I knew that American experiences dictated that such "favourites hours" do not correspond to any real increase of listeners. I wanted to see if the rule would apply to Sweden. Naturally it did! Harry's programs did not have any more listeners than those of the other disc hockeys on the station for the simple reason that we did not change the music line to fit his personality. Like a bucket of cold water, this revelation came to me one morning, but this time it was too late. Had we wanted to give the listeners the "real Harry Brandelius" we would have allowed him to do as he liked, talk to the listeners about things within his special area of interest and, above all, he would have played the genuine Swedish folk music which is so typical of him.

But what would have happened if we had done so? Certainly we would have had a very faithful and interested group of listeners for Harry's programs, but the total percentage would not have increased. Why? Because a great many others would not have shared Harry's particular interests nor his love for folk music. After his two hours we would have been left with a group of Harry Brandelius's friends, not unimportant in numbers, but less than the "wide" group we wanted to reach. And would many of his followers have kept their radios on after their favourite had said good night? Would those who had turned off their radios previous to his broadcasting time have turned them on again?

The truth cannot be overlooked. All specialized music will contribute to a decrease in the number of listeners. When I started the program "Buena Sera Italia" which featured popular Italian pop music for half an hour, Italian music lovers were listening but no one else. Seeing the results in cold figures, I rushed to put an end to the arrangement. The episode with Harry threw light on the special problems of a music-format type of station: the time for precise programming is over in the radio business—that's TV's department. Harry is therefore an ideal program leader for TV and is very much appreciated by the Swedish public. I couldn't keep him on and I was glad when he was able to return to Swedish Radio, especially since they had earlier declared that they "would not share artists with Radio Nord".

That declaration certainly amused us at Radio Nord and we were hoping that they would go through with their threat. By that time Swedish Radio had had to give up many popular figures, all of whom had been guests in our studios.

When big international stars visited Sweden, nothing prevented them from having a one hour program on Radio Nord. We could then keep to the music formula and it was easy to find a sponsor. We called these programs "Stars on the Air" and I had the idea when my old friend Lys Assia visited Sweden. Lys made an excellent program presenting some of her new recordings which had not yet been published. The directors of Loha Stockings heard of Lys's program and were quick to become the sponsors. Another international star who had his program on Radio Nord was Paul Anka. He also was a big success as program leader.

Actually, the guest visits we were so happy to receive at Radio Nord had started long before we began broadcasting. At that time, we recorded so-called celebrity spots, little bits in which well-known artists wished Radio Nord welcome on the air and congratulated us on our start. Usually these guests were personal friends or acquaintances of mine who spontaneously offered to do me that little favour. In return, I didn't miss doing them a favour by making

the celebrity spots personal publicity for the artists concerned. This system was further developed on the initiative from the record companies. Receiving guest artists on our program who told about themselves and performed, we publicized their recordings. Thus we exchanged favours. Radio Nord borrowed their names and voices and the artists were helped to sell their productions through us.

A quite different situation arose when I wanted to honour the memory of Dag Hammerskjöld. I asked Max von Sydow to record some Perse poems translated by Hammerskjöld, to be transmitted in connection with the funeral. We agreed on a fee of 500 crowns, which at the request of von Sydow was given to the Hammerskjöld Foundation.

No, Radio Nord did not lack guest artists. Quite unafraid of both the Minister of Communications and the Swedish Radio, the most famous of Swedish entertainers paid us visits. Due to this 100% co-operation, the state could not harass them, a good example of the thesis that unity creates power. Had the advertising agencies followed the example of the artists, we probably would have commercial radio in Sweden today.

Now to discuss the program "The Ten". Part of our Top-20 policy consisted of distributing our ratings to all record shops throughout the country. It turned out to be a more accurate gauge than expected, especially regarding sales to youth. A position on Radio Nord Top-20 list always guaranteed good sales for the record company. One day we were visited by two record dealers who had noted the influence of the Top-20 ratings, as everyone had, and now asked if we could add to our list with another, which presented only Swedish records. This would help Swedish record production and also serve as a guide to many people, above all older people, who preferred this kind of music. We found the idea to be sound and quickly drew up a basic plan for this new program. We decided that it would consist only of Swedish recordings. These would number ten and since the program was of the family type, we decided Sunday mornings would be a suitable time for broadcasting. Naturally, a list would be printed and distributed to the record companies each week.

We chose Kaj Karlholm as leader and producer of the "The Ten". He created an excellent program. Among other things, he introduced the "honorary Ship", which every week was given to the artist who had reached top position on the chart. It was a very much desired trophy. Kaj also had the good idea of supplementing the mail ballots by asking the listeners to call in their requests for a few hours after the program. The phone calls were many. Above all, children and teenagers called, since they are most inclined to the spontaneous step of picking up the phone. Kaj noted their wishes, but at the same time asked which other members of the family were at home and if he could speak to them.

The parents then came willingly to the telephone and Kaj took the opportunity of noting their wishes also. Through this sensible practice of establishing a spread of requests from all age groups, Kaj could produce a program with the widest possible base of listeners. "The Ten" also became one of our most appreciated programs among advertisers. They stood in line for a chance to sponsor it. Rolf Svarding managed to buy the program for Westinghouse for ten weeks in a row.

Among our most successful "one-shot" programs, I mostly remember the boxing broadcasts of Radio Nord. We began with the match between Rysberg and Pastrano at the Stockholm Stadium, in which public interest was immense. Stockholm radio, according to a policy decision, could not broadcast the fight. I became obsessed with the thought of giving the Swedish public the match round by round. But how could I make a hookup between the stadium and the Bon Jour? The solution proved unexpectedly simple. At that point we still had a telephone connection to the ship, and after an enquiry at Stockholm Radio, we found that they did not object to keeping a channel open to Radio Nord for an hour. Then the problem was practically solved. We simply had an announcer at the stadium who reported the match by phone to the Bon Jour where newsmen on duty after every round told what had occurred, also attempting to recapture the atmosphere at the stadium. Lars Branje had the news duty on board. Therefore this task was assigned to him.

Gert Landin volunteered as the on-the-spot reporter. He was particularly anxious to get this assignment and he strongly stressed his ability as a boxing reporter. Gert was placed in the club room in the stadium tower from where, field glasses in one hand and the telephone in the other, he sent his report. Unfortunately, the long distance played a joke on Gert. At a distance Leonnart Rysberg appeared to be superior, but "Willie the Wisp" is an exceptional and cunning fighter—tricky, to use the American expression. With small means, only distinguishable at a close distance, he fought an even fight and the decision was a draw. But Gert had seen Rysberg as a clearly superior fighter and reported accordingly to Lars Branje who, in patriotic delirium, further enlarged Rysberg's contributions. The reporting was thus a little coloured, and I am certain the listeners were surprised to hear the final decision. Radio Nord had not bought the rights to the broadcast of the match so our reporting had to be done more or less in the form of news bulletins. Another possibility would have been to simply place the receiver by the microphone and in this way receive a direct report from the spot, something which has always been considered impossible to do for Radio Nord.

I have often wondered what would have happened if we had done just that. Radio Nord had now, in spite of all the restrictions, been able to broadcast

from Swedish territory. Perhaps it would have resulted in a difficult legal battle. Probably the Telegraph Service would have been forced to intervene against this direct broadcast from Sweden. But what could they have done? The delivery was accomplished via Stockholm Radio. Of course, the reason we didn't take this action was that we had no rebroadcasting rights. By presenting the report as a summary, it became a news broadcast and news is free, even in Sweden. As far as I can remember, the Swedish Radio had to use the same method for the first Ingemar Johansson fight in the United States.

In order not to cause any decrease in attendance, we kept the report of the fight a secret as long as possible. Not until the day of the fight did we break into the program with the bulletin that the listeners of Radio Nord would hear the event. Before that, we had also tried to help the fight promoters with all kinds of free publicity to achieve a good ticket sale, which succeeded 100%. The stadium was more than full and some extra sections had to be opened in order to satisfy the ticket demand.

Radio Nord broadcast two other fights. The title fight for the European championship fight between Ingo and Dick Richardson we could report round by round only by following it on the English Radio. As usual, when it was a matter of skilled use of radio receivers for news coverage, Kjell Bergström was the organizer.

The second fight we broadcast was that between Ingo and Jo Vygraves. "Broadcast" is probably the wrong expression since we recapitulated the fight afterwards. Kjell Bergström reported the events of the fight with sound effects, audience reaction, etc. We had already recorded these. The sponsor of this program, transmitted the day after the fight, was Kapp-Ahl. He wanted, as we did, to give the listeners the whole atmosphere around the fight. Of course, our recapitulation had no news value. Press reaction to this type of reporting was not generally favourable, but the listeners liked it. After all, that was the only thing that mattered.

Special programs, however sensational, were exceptions. It was the regular ordinary disc jockey shows which typified Radio Nord. With these continuous programs, the station built up its public. The music, commercials, and personality of the disc jockey were supplemented by the station's own material which was broadcast around the clock. This material was presented as inserts—at the most, one minute long—and could, as mentioned earlier, be run several times each day at widely spaced intervals. Aside from exotic features like the coral bear, advertising for hotels on the Amazon etc., these inserts were done on subjects which I felt had wide interest.

Every day we elected a man and a woman of the day. These were people currently worthy of honour: businessmen, sportsmen, everyday heroes, writers, artists. (I remember that we hesitated to choose a man of the day on the first of April. The

significance of the day made the honour somewhat suspicious. However, on the warm recommendation of a former employee of *Aftonbladt*, we chose the Chief of the paper, Allan Fagerström, who had just then made a violent attack on Radio Nord in *Aftonbladt*). This feature attracted a strong interest among the listeners. As a matter of fact, it became most desirable to be saluted by Radio Nord in this way. So desirable in fact that some industrious people called up Radio Nord to suggest themselves! Among the men of the day there was Valter Åman, Chief of the committee which was to investigate the future of Radio Nord. Even Mr Skoglund was honoured, not so much for his actions against Radio Nord, but rather for his good work in the fight against traffic accidents. Honour to those who deserve it! Some rather unfortunate mistakes could not be avoided. Once we chose the director of a large company in the chemico-technical sector. When sketching his portrait, we also mentioned some of his company's products. Naturally one of these products happened to be manufactured by none other than his largest competitor. When our competent, but timid, contact man, Hans Tholinder, later paid a visit to the powerful man, he was not at all well received. Poor Hans had to suffer for the mistakes of his station, and to take one of the worst scoldings in his life.

A series which ran from the first day to the last was "The Almanac". Aside from astrological information pertaining to the specific day, it included forecasts about birthday children, lucky numbers, romantic years, etc. I was rather doubtful about this feature: astrology is, of course, nothing more than qualified nonsense. However, both the daily and weekly press ran similar columns without bad conscience and I knew that the listeners liked it. This could be observed by the number of people calling Radio Nord every day to ask about details in the forecasts.

To hire a professional astrologist for this was naturally out of the question. I admit that even charlatans have to live, but not at the expense of Radio Nord. Thus the task of looking into the future was divided among the members of the staff according to how much spare time they had. Oddly enough, this job was much sought after. In time I realized why. My staff was taking the opportunity to prophesies plague and disaster for their personal enemies. One day, listening to the program, I was startled by the passion of the fortune teller. The whole thing sounded like a cheap novel where the female birthday child of the day was warmly recommended to give her heart and hand to her suitor. I grew suspicious and started snooping around. Our astrologer of the day was a young, most unmarried member of the staff who had taken the opportunity to give his girl friend a little hint on her birthday!

From the very beginning, Radio Nord tried to serve the people in every way possible. I don't know how many run-away or flown-away animals we

advertised as missing, but it would certainly be enough to fill two Noah's Arks. We also advertised run-away people a few times. They were immediately found. Our regular feature for the public was the Notice Board where clubs of different kinds could advertise their meetings. This was a real success and was used by clubs both within and without the reception area. It was especially popular on Fridays when more than 100 clubs could use this way of communication with their members. The Notice Board usually ran once an hour between 6 a.m. and 12 p.m., but sometimes it had to be divided into two features in order to make room for everyone. We made it a rule to announce every meeting at least three times per day, and this was very much appreciated.

All kinds of clubs and societies were reported on the Notice Board – everything from fraternities and sports clubs to political clubs and Sunday schools. The fact that many Social-Democratic clubs frequently used the Notice Board indicates that the Government's attitude toward Radio Nord was not always shared by the voters. This caused some angry commentaries in *Aftonbladet* but they had no influence. The letters from the Social-Democratic clubs kept pouring in, even though one of my basic rules for Radio Nord was "No political or religious propoganda"; I did not consider the advertising of Sunday school meetings harmful. One Sunday school, belonging to the Philadelphia congregation in Stockholm, showed good spirit by trying to enlist members among Radio Nord listeners. This type of thing was forbidden.

Other service features were the horse racing programs. Horse racing being our second largest public sport, I thought it only natural to have an expert appear on Radio Nord and give gambling hints. I remember that one of our experts, Owe Frihammer, once had a correct single which harmed the big gamblers since the winnings that day were only 25 crowns.

Tourist information, book reviews, sea history, stars of the past, neighbours in the universe, and many other series, followed one after another on Radio Nord. Some became popular and others failed. However, we always tried to keep one or two series going in the hope of catching the interest of the listeners. One of our big hits was the Traffic Warnings; short, witty instructions to take it easy on the road. Leonnart Atterling started a motto which is still quoted now and then: "Don't drive as if you owned the road. Drive as if you owned the car!"

In the beginning a special signal introduced this program, a car horn. We completely forgot that the drivers could not always distinguish the sound from the radio from the sound from the road. Thus it was reported that one of our listeners had driven off the road when he had suddenly been surprised by the signal for the forthcoming program. Although the signals were stopped, the warnings continued, and I hope they did some good.

Among our own material were jingles and station breaks. Both were a direct

import from the United States and had two purposes: to make publicity for the station itself, and also to “space” the broadcasting. It is wrong to call them “pause signals”. We had no pause signals for the simple reason that we had no pauses! These jingles were written by Henry Fox, who had a great talent in that area. He produced excellently at a fantastic speed. I said what I wanted, Henry wrote lyrics and music in an hour, set up a recording session with some musicians, made an arrangement, and gave me the result within 24 hours. I was stunned and pleased by Henry’s exemplary efficiency.

Radio Nord used station breaks – to identify – which was a new practice in Sweden. I remember one among many: “Better one station in the wet sea than two on dry land. You are listening to Radio Nord – 495 medium wave”. These station breaks have now spread to the Melodiradio.

Contests of different kinds had a natural place on the program logs of Radio Nord. They had a strong stimulating effect on the listeners and in a competitive situation they are almost indispensable. When a larger contest was due to take place, it had to be prepared for by at least four days of intense publicity. The listener was well informed about the forthcoming activities, rules, prizes, etc. The contest itself should run for a period of ten to fourteen days. In the case of a longer interval, the listener loses interest: if it is shorter, they do not have time to become interested. I might add, however, that an especially tempting prize will hold the attention of even the most blase audience. It is only the “one-time” contest which must be held within a time limit. One can – and should – run smaller, continuous contests which give a prize every day. Such long contests can go on for practically any length of time, one example being our popular Sports Question. Radio Nord gave away a Remington shaver every day for more than a year.

Our first big contest featured a prize of 10,000 crowns. The listeners were instructed to identify six “mystery voices”. These were the sounds of well known persons who were doing something which was far from typical for them. For instance, Americans can imagine trying to identify Cassius Clay singing “Faith of our Fathers”, a fictitious example. In order to make it easier – or possible – to solve the problem, we also offered hints during the broadcast. The fact that these were given at irregular intervals all through the day stimulated people to stay tuned to Radio Nord. Even though the contest was a difficult one, it was a success and established Radio Nord with the listeners. We received more than 15,000 answers and the prize went to the right person, a woman whose husband was sick and who had six children to support. With great satisfaction, we made out the cheque and sent Kaj Karlholm to deliver the prize. The second prize was a round trip to Rome by air, and the third was a refrigerator. We always kept a high standard on these prizes and

our expenses for contests totalled more than 100,000 crowns – a large sum of money but also a good investment.

One successful contest was the ring frozen into an ice block. This became the largest of our publicity stunts. The idea was to give the exact time when the ice block would melt, thus freeing the ring. The block was put up at Strandvägen but soon had to start a strange journey around Stockholm. I had made an agreement with a gas station to have the ice block on their property, where it could be seen by people walking by; it caused a sensation, but also some irritation to faithful Skoglund supporters who held offices in the city administration. A message was sent to the police that they should find a reason for removing the ice block. After some time, the police informed me that the block was too close to the water (10 metres) and that people who stopped to watch might fall in and drown! Ridiculously enough, we had to remove the ice block. It was a big attraction; but soon the police received new directives. Once again our ice block was homeless. By this time, there was not much ice left and the contest would soon be over. It was no longer necessary to have it in the centre of Stockholm, so I moved it out of town to private property. The owner of the property, Georg Severson, functioned as the official controller, checking the exact time for the melting down of the ice. The right prize came to the right person this time too – a young lady who was thrilled to have the beautiful ring.

The contest took on gigantic proportions and although it involved only inhabitants of Stockholm, we had 63,000 answers. The office was drowning in letters and the staff had to work overtime to check all the replies. The contest was also a success for its sponsor, A.V. Guldfynd. Economist Anders Lindmark accounted for the result in a speech to the Stockholm Sale and Publicity Association. He noted an increase in the turnover of the Guldfynd shops of no less than 40% in connection with the competition, and said that their new shop at Sergelgatan “was practically established through the contest”.

But even contests can be unsuccessful. One time we missed completely. This was a contest for Johnson’s Wax. The winner was to identify a number of well-known women whose features had been mixed together into one face. Coupons for the competition could be obtained in all shops by buying a tube of Johnson’s Shoe Polish. We had 50 prizes and the highest was worth about 1,000 crowns. We made publicity as usual and also offered hints on the program, but in spite of all this only a few hundred answers came in. The switchboard operator could tell us the reason; calls were pouring in asking where the coupons could be obtained. The advertising agency had not delivered these, and in spite of Radio Nord and Johnson’s Wax pointing out the mistake, they failed to correct it. But I do have happier memories from most of the contests. The mystical sounds

and laughters, happy winners fetching their prizes at the office, gift vouchers on long dream trips for two to Egypt, Greece, Italy and Spain with all expenses paid. Bicycles, radios, refrigerators, freezers, jewellery, tape recorders and many other things. There was a steady flow of gifts from Radio Nord to the listeners. I had planned a competition in flagpole sitting, an American fad which had not yet reached Sweden. For various reasons I had to drop the idea. Instead, I sent the Radio Nord Marcher on a marathon walk throughout the city. The Marcher had to walk around the streets of Stockholm for a whole week, at least ten hours a day. A step-counter was fastened to his belt, and the listener was to guess how long a distance he would walk in a week. In order to avoid unnecessary breaks in the March, Miss Radio Nord went out and fed him blueberry soup and chocolates while he walked.

The Radio Nord Marcher was found by chance. During a visit to Gotlund for the Visby-Day of Radio Nord, I met a reporter from the daily newspaper. His name was Berndt von Corswant and I learned that he was one of Gotlund's better athletes and a long-distance runner. I asked him if he thought it was possible for an ordinary person to make a march of the kind described above. Berndt laughed and said it was easy – he could do it himself. Two journalists from competing newspapers overheard him and made a big issue of his statement. One of them wrote "Finally Gotlund (the name of the newspaper) has a chance to see what Corswant is really worth". And thus Berndt was caught. He had to perform in order to save his face.

At that time, big things were happening on the Swedish Radio. They were moving into their new Radio House and trying to find a format for their recently started Melodiradio. Swedish Radio has claimed that during the first week of the Melodiradio they received heaps of mail and phone calls thanking them for the new program. I can assure them that the Radio Nord mail expressing appreciation for the same thing was not bad. For some reason, people seemed to believe that Radio Nord was the reason for the start of Melodiradio, in spite of the Press Chief of the Swedish Radio, who was anxious to point out that this was not the case. However, on another occasion, Radio Chief Olaf Rydbeck admitted that "it had been a competitive situation" and they had acted accordingly. There are no longer any doubts about this. The Chief of Programs, Nils-Olaf Franzen, had admitted that Radio Nord was the triggering factor for the Melodiradio.

If we had trouble with the cultural snobs of the country when Radio Nord was started, Swedish Radio certainly had a difficult time too. The judgement of that small clique which will always scream in the press on such occasions was "A terrible scandal that license fees are used for programming this!" I don't envy the direction of Swedish Radio, trying to tell these cultural nuts that it

is an even bigger scandal to use the money for programs that no one wants to listen to. Their only advice seemed to be force-feeding. I myself had been able to take the attacks calmly. The screaming critics were not men who could bother me, and the articles hardly deprived Radio Nord of listeners. Probably they did us a favour by constantly reminding people of our existence. However, it must be considerably worse for the Swedish Radio which as a monopoly institution paid by the Swedish people has to answer even attacks which sound like ass's bellows.

The Swedish Radio deserves credit in this case. In light of earlier experience, they must have known that the loud-mouths of the country would join in an angry howl the moment they lost their cultural force-feeding of the public. Yet, Swedish Radio dared to take the step and I really respect Nils-Olof Franzen for realizing what had to be done and for doing it so quickly. As a matter of fact, it was the timeliness of his action which surprised me most. I admit that I expected it would be at least a year before Swedish Radio would offer a music program – that is, if they were to do it at all.

Naturally, Melodiradio was the intelligent solution. In the long run it is impossible to avoid the duties you have to your employers. In this case the employers of Swedish Radio were the entire Swedish people. If there is a great demand for light musical entertainment and if one has the financial and technical resources, there is only one thing to do.

For us, Melodiradio was a stimulating competitor. I sincerely pointed this out from the very first day. We looked upon the establishment of Melodiradio as an official recognition of Radio Nord. Also, they imitated us and that speaks for itself. Above all, however, we were happy to have a competitor. I know this sounds strange: nevertheless, another station could be very helpful. We finally had something to be compared with and Melodiradio also helped accustom people to a music format station. Once listeners realized how entertaining such a program could be, we hoped to make most of them listen to Radio Nord. At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 5th of May, Melodiradio officially began. Now central Sweden had two music stations from which to choose. Already Radio Nord had an advantage since we were broadcasting on medium wave. Melodiradio is on the f.m. band, which has a limited range. (I might add that those who were happiest about Melodiradio were those who lived outside the area covered by Radio Nord and therefore had no continuous musical entertainment. Most of our grateful mail arrived from these areas.) In 1960, the people with f.m. receivers were estimated at less than a third of the population in the United States. I don't know the figures for Sweden, but I suppose we have a higher standard in this area. However, it is still clear that many Swedes have no f.m. receiver. This fact gave Radio Nord a superior

position. Reception in the cities favored f.m. transmitting, however. The Melodiradio was simply more clearly heard. Not until the last period of Radio Nord were the conditions reasonably equal in Stockholm.

Melodiradio was weak in the beginning; anonymous announcers read out titles of records and played them—that was about all. After some time the programs improved. The most successful produced feature of the Melodiradio was “This We Must Celebrate”, a regular request program broadcast every day. Such a program is always well received. Even when Melodiradio started to form their own personality, I was not worried about Radio Nord. In my opinion their choice of records was not often very good. They imitated Radio Nord frequently; news every hour, station breaks, advertising their own programs. Our mystery voices contest was on the Melodiradio, complete with hints and everything. In time there were Melodiradio equivalents to most Radio Nord series, tourist information, etc. Top 20 became “Twenty at the Top”, “The Ten” became “The Swedish Top”, Barbo’s Hour became “Karen Plays to the Housewives”, etc. They listened to Radio Nord and used what they could. As a matter of fact, Radio Nord is supposed to have been heard on the main intercom at the Swedish Radio Studios, but higher authorities saw to it that it was taken away. Sometimes we teased them a little: “In order to give the producers of Swedish Radio a chance to work in quiet we’d like to inform them that there will be no new ideas tonight. We will welcome them back tomorrow morning when they will once again be able to learn new and valuable things”. Swedish Radio returned our compliments. Once we missed giving the correct time information by an hour. The answer soon came back to Melodiradio! “The time in *Sweden* is now . . .”. But for the most part direct communication between the Melodiradio and Radio Nord was scarce.

I did meet the entertainment chief of the Swedish Radio, Allan Schulmann, quite a lot, but not in the course of work. We had been old friends since our days together in Finland and we met at events like press conferences for artists, etc. Lasse Brange tried to arrange a soccer game between Radio Nord and the Swedish Radio. He challenged them and the sports section had nothing against the match. But naturally they were stopped by their authorities. Any socializing with “pirates” was unthinkable!

I suppose that the Radio Nord working formula is quite different from that of the Swedish Radio. They still work on the formula of producer-disc jockey-technician. At Radio Nord the producer and the disc jockey were the same person and usually in the end all three duties were performed by one man. Our tempo was also different. I read an interview with Gerd Almgren in which she said that she used a whole day to make a one-hour program — in this case, “This We Must Celebrate”. At Radio Nord every disc jockey had to manage

at least three hours every day and usually more than that. Especially on Thursdays the program was tough since both the regular program and the Sunday program had to be recorded.

As a rule, the work in the studio started at 8 o'clock in the morning and continued till 9 at night. But we had a problem which I understand is not unknown at the Swedish Radio either – studio discipline. I had decided that recordings should be equal to direct broadcasting, that everything should happen continuously, and that a three-hour program should take only three hours to record etc. But in this we sadly failed. There were phone calls and visitors, missing material and everything else which occurs as a lack of discipline. Telephones were connected to the control rooms, which I had reason to regret many times. As soon as you paged a disc jockey he immediately broke off the recording and sat down to talk away valuable time. The estimated three hours could become four, five, or more.

It was natural that the Melodiradio and Radio Nord were in competition concerning news. We both wanted to be “first” – this applied to music also. Due to Radio Nord's good connections with the record industry, we could usually be first with new recordings. Indeed, sometimes we played them long before they were on the market. Swedish Radio, with their news reports and press agents, had an obvious advantage with interior news. However, we often beat them to the foreign news. Credit for this goes to Kjell Bergstrom, a fantastic news hunter. His speciality was listening to foreign radio stations. When Col. Glenn made his rocket trip, both the Swedish Radio and Radio Nord reported the event. But the conventional drawbacks of Swedish Radio with their inflexible time schedule was apparent. Just at the point when Glenn was due to land—the most dramatic moment of the whole event—Swedish Radio had to discontinue their reports in order to transmit a musical program. Kjell Bergström, who was listening to the Voice of America, calmly continued to report to the end. He would have continued even if the next program had been Top 20, for every news man was allowed to use his own good judgment.

One thing with which we had constant difficulty at Radio Nord was a good interview technique. We were no better than the Swedish Radio. I fumed when I heard such uninteresting questions asked, “When did you arrive? How long will you stay? Do you like Sweden, Stockholm, Radio Nord etc?” Obviously the interviewer must be a news reporter. He must not sound like a member of a welcoming delegation. A good rule for an interviewer to follow is to ask about things he himself would like to know, and importantly, the listener does not want to hear the questions of the interviewer – he wants to hear the *answers*. To use a fictitious example, imagine what the public's reaction would have been had President Kennedy arrived in Sweden during the Cuban crisis to be asked by the interviewer what he had for breakfast, how Mrs. Kennedy was, and if Caroline

had recovered from her sore throat!

This rule may seem simple and clear, but it must be more difficult to follow. An interviewer must know his job. If one answer naturally leads to a question, this question should be posed. To go into an interview with your questions prepared on a piece of paper is a parody on the job. If a radio man is that unsure of himself, he had no business with the microphone. A good interviewer has to be relaxed, concentrated, alert and well informed. There aren't many good interviewers in Sweden. Leonnart Hyland is, of course, an exception. His judgment and competence never fail. Unfortunately, we never found such a man on Radio Nord.

Allan Schulman became Entertainment Chief of Melodiradio soon after it started. A competent man. Allan was responsible for Melodiradio's ability to compete with Radio Nord. As a matter of fact, we could have used many of Schulman's good ideas but we never imitated the Melodiradio. Unfortunately, Allan's time at the entertainment department coincided with a weak period at Radio Nord. The reason was that I had been persuaded to employ a new program chief, Ron Baxley. He was an American, and Gordon recommended him as a highly talented man.

It's true that we had taken our basic formula from the United States, but when we tried to import the format of the programs we made a mistake. Gösta Sturmark could not produce programs; his strong point was promotion. He became completely dominated by the strong-willed Ron, whose activities soon had results. Since Ron had no concept of the Swedish mentality, he claimed that what was successful in America should unquestionably be successful here. This is only partially true. General rules in radio psychology apply in the United States, Bombay, Hawaii and Sweden, but the rules have to be adjusted to local conditions. However, Ron insisted on copying his home station and the result was a loss of listeners. Now we had proof of how very difficult it is to change a trend. We soon got rid of the Sturmark-Baxley combination and appointed Leonnart Atterling Chief of Programs. To no avail. The listeners did not come back. We then limited the duties of the Chief of Programs to be strictly administrative. After many months of hard work, we finally regained the confidence of our listeners and during the last period of Radio Nord we had more audience than ever before. At the same time, the imaginative Schulman went over to TV, leaving us with the feeling that Melodiradio had become stagnated. Its division into special programs had a decided influence on bringing the listeners back to us.

We were constantly trying to get good disc jockeys. However, no matter how many different sources we tapped, our best men were still the original ones. Sundays between 11 and 12 a.m. Radio Nord turned off the tougher music style and presented a program of light classical music. I wanted a special disc jockey for

this – not a regular Radio Nord employee. After a conference with Henry Fox, I decided on Rolf Bjorling. The test program he made proved that he was the right man. Rolf was quite interested and we made a preliminary agreement. On the following day he called and regretted that he could not fulfill the promise since his manager had forbidden it.

Among our very best disc jockeys was Chris Wahlstrom. She succeeded Barbo von Horn on the housewives' program. With esprit she called her program "A la carte à la Chris" and was broadcast between 9 and 11 weekday mornings. When Swedish Radio imitated us, they made little attempt to disguise the fact, calling their program "15 minutes à la carte". Radio Nord did not present a special program. This was not the idea of the Housewives' Hour. There are many kinds of housewives, all of different ages and different tastes. The music had the same wide range as other Radio Nord programs but the spoken inserts and the ads concerned the home and household. Chris Wahlstrom started a special Radio Nord Housewives' Club which had a large number of members. To establish a personal contact, we did more than just communicate on the air. Membership cards were delivered, special offers presented, and many gifts sent out. Once all the members were given a cake (we distributed close to 2,200). Those who contributed to the Radio Nord Cookbook were given a best seller.

Relations between Radio Nord and the housewives were especially good. Through IMU we made a special investigation of their listening habits and found that all the of all the housewives in the covered area, 77% had tried to listen to Radio Nord. 67% reported the reception quality perfect and only 2% had not been able to hear us. The most sensational figure in this poll was that of all the housewives in the area, 48% had been listening to Radio Nord during the last 48 hours! Activities – music – faces – jokes – voices . . . they are all gone. The party is over! Such things are easily forgotten and very few will remember Radio Nord. New heroes make their appearances, do their tricks, and disappear. It is comforting to know that we will not be completely forgotten. The passions were too strong. To a few, whether they loved or hated us, Radio Nord will always be there as a colourful part of the memory. For I hope that Radio Nord will will be as the Cheshire cat. When everything else is gone, the smile remained. There is an illustrating anecdote about the young man who visited his grandmother. She was close to 90 and her radio had been untouched since the last war. The young man dusted off the radio and once again it offered news and entertainment, although in a hoarse voice. When the visiting grandson had found Radio Nord, he tried to explain: "Now you can hear music from the boat they write so much about in the newspapers". The woman clapped her hands. She was quite surprised and said, "What do you say? Is it really from the Vasa?"

15. A VISIT TO SANDHAMN

November arrived in Stockholm. Dancing yellow leaves, frostbitten morning grass, and the asphalt shining in the rain. In the East the sea changed skins and put on its ragged grey winter coat. Low pressure area followed low pressure area and ragged clouds heavy with ice chased each other across the Baltic towards Åland's Sea into the Finnish coast. The wind, hard and strong, was stubbornly southerly and brought high, rough waves all the way from the dirty yellow sandbanks of Poland and Germany. The sea roared around the lonely ship in the Archipelago outside Södertörn. Now it was low in the valleys of the waves – now it rode high on the ridges – now it was half buried in the masses of water. The flag of Panama streamed with worn colours. Eleven months earlier the Bon Jour had felt the whip of the wind and water in a strong Christmas gale. That time she fought alone, for her crew had betrayed her. What would happen this winter? I felt at ease. The crew was better and more qualified and Captain John Johansson would not be scared by acoustic phenomena. The ship herself was in a better shape. We had a radio telephone plus a large and seaworthy messenger boat. The Government had shut off the telephone but they had promised to answer calls in distress and that was at least something. It was decidedly better than a signal lamp which was all we had before the telephone was installed. Before they had managed to get their SOS through the preceding winter, the crew had tried to reach the Almagrundet lightship with signals. For more than three hours they signalled without success and it was not until much later that Almagrundet observed some unreadable messages from the Bon Jour – the lamp had been placed so low that the waves hid most of the signals. Almagrundet took it for joyous Christmas spirit and in a polite and friendly mood they answered by signalling MERRY CHRISTMAS, something which ought to have caused some surprise among other ships in the area. On the last day of this particular November Radio Nord had an unexpected

visit from the air. Around noon the gale had reached a velocity of 12 metres per second and no one aboard had noticed the little seaplane which had gone down lee of the Bon Jour, a Piper Tri Pacer with one engine. Only when a couple of men went out on deck to take a look at the destroyer Hälsingland, some hundred metres beside Bon Jour, did they observe the plane which was running back and forth across the waves in a confused manner. When the cabin door was opened and the man waved and cried something which could not be heard, the people on the Bon Jour started to suspect that something was wrong. But they hesitated to interfere since the plane was in the middle of the sea between our ship and the Hälsingland. For good reasons, the Bon Jour crew thought they had better facilities aboard the destroyer, both to judge the situation and to do what had to be done.

The destroyer lay silent and grey, making no sign of going up to the plane or putting out a boat. John Johansson had to make a quick decision. Even if the Hälsingland had no intentions of coming to the rescue, it was obvious that it was a matter of life and death for the crew of the plane, who had now been drifting in the waves for close to an hour. Now and then they turned on the engine in order to stay close to the Bon Jour. John signalled to the pilot to go up aft of the Bon Jour and make ready to catch a line. In the meantime, the Chief Engineer, Thure Andersson, had worked hard on top of the deckhouse trying to fix the lifeboat. But John had made up his mind. Since the plane seemed to be able to navigate without too much difficulty, he would first of all try to throw a rope across and then when the plane was moored to the aft of the Bon Jour, take the crew aboard with the help of a ladder. The rescue was slow and safe. Evening darkness came and they had to use all the spotlights on board in order to go through with the operation. One man stood on each of the pontoons trying to catch the line which was thrown out, time after time, from the Bon Jour. After many unsuccessful attempts, they finally had the rope round the tip of a wing and one of the pilots managed to crawl out and get it. John had not been able to throw the line straight at the plane. It had to keep its engine running in order to stay close to the Bon Jour and had the rope caught in the propeller it could have meant disaster. Well, the rope was salvaged and on the Bon Jour they quickly tied on a hawser. Soon the aircraft was steadily moored to the Bon Jour and the second stage of the rescue operation could begin. From our ship a ladder was hung and the crew carefully began pulling in the rope in order to get the plane close enough for the occupants to enter the ladder from the pontoons. The plane had a crew of three, two boys in their twenties and one somewhat older man. The latter was badly shocked and could not climb up the ladder by himself. He clung to the lowest footstep, white and pale, not seeming to hear the

directions and shouts. In the end, they had to pull up both ladder and man, grab his clothes and pull him over the railing like a bag of potatoes.

When everything was ready and the plane had been moored at a safe distance from the Bon Jour, the crew had time to take a closer look at their guests. They had pulled prominent fishes out of the sea! The owner of the plane, Director Saigvard Halström, was married to Kerstin Anér of the Swedish Radio; Olle Ringstrand was a student and son of Willard Ringstrand, also of the Swedish Radio; last, there was the distributor Dan Andersson. Olle Ringstrand later became an Atlantic flying hero and Dan Andersson was to organize the petition protesting against the pirate radio law, which was given to the Minister of Communications.

Before he had started the rescue operation, John Johansson had informed the Stockholm Radio over our radio telephone that a plane was in distress and that he intended to save it. During the entire action, the Stockholm Radio had continuous reports of what was happening. But when Olle Ringstrand came up on the bridge in order to call his family and tell them that they were all safe, the Stockholm Radio refused to connect the call. Private calls were not allowed! Can you imagine a more ridiculous situation? An airplane had left many hours earlier, not to return, and now its shipwrecked crew could not call their families and tell them they were safe. Due to the lack of telephone connections, there was nothing else to do at the Bon Jour but to break into the program, report what had happened, and give interviews with the rescued pilots. Apart from that, they could only sit around and wait for the daylight and better weather.

If they were taking it easy at the Bon Jour, it was more exciting in Stockholm. Everyone wanted details of the rescue, newspapers and other interested persons were besieging the Stockholm Radio and demanding a call to the Bon Jour. But the Stockholm Radio had their instructions and they followed them. All attempts to force the iron curtain were in vain. One newspaper even contacted the Ministry of Communications trying to get permission to make a call. The Ministry realized that the demand was reasonable and investigated the possibilities of making an exception. However, it turned out that the instructions were so rigorous that they could do nothing. There simply was no paragraph in the law permitting shipwrecked pilots, rescued by the Bon Jour, to call home. Finally, the only thing anyone on the mainland could do was to listen to Radio Nord and to get an idea of the rescue from reports and interviews. For once, Swedish Radio had to listen to and copy our news.

Radio Nord interviewed Olle Ringstrand in the program "Welcome Aboard". He sent regards to his family, told them that the pilots were safe, and related the accident. The trio had started from Lindarängen and decided to go out to take

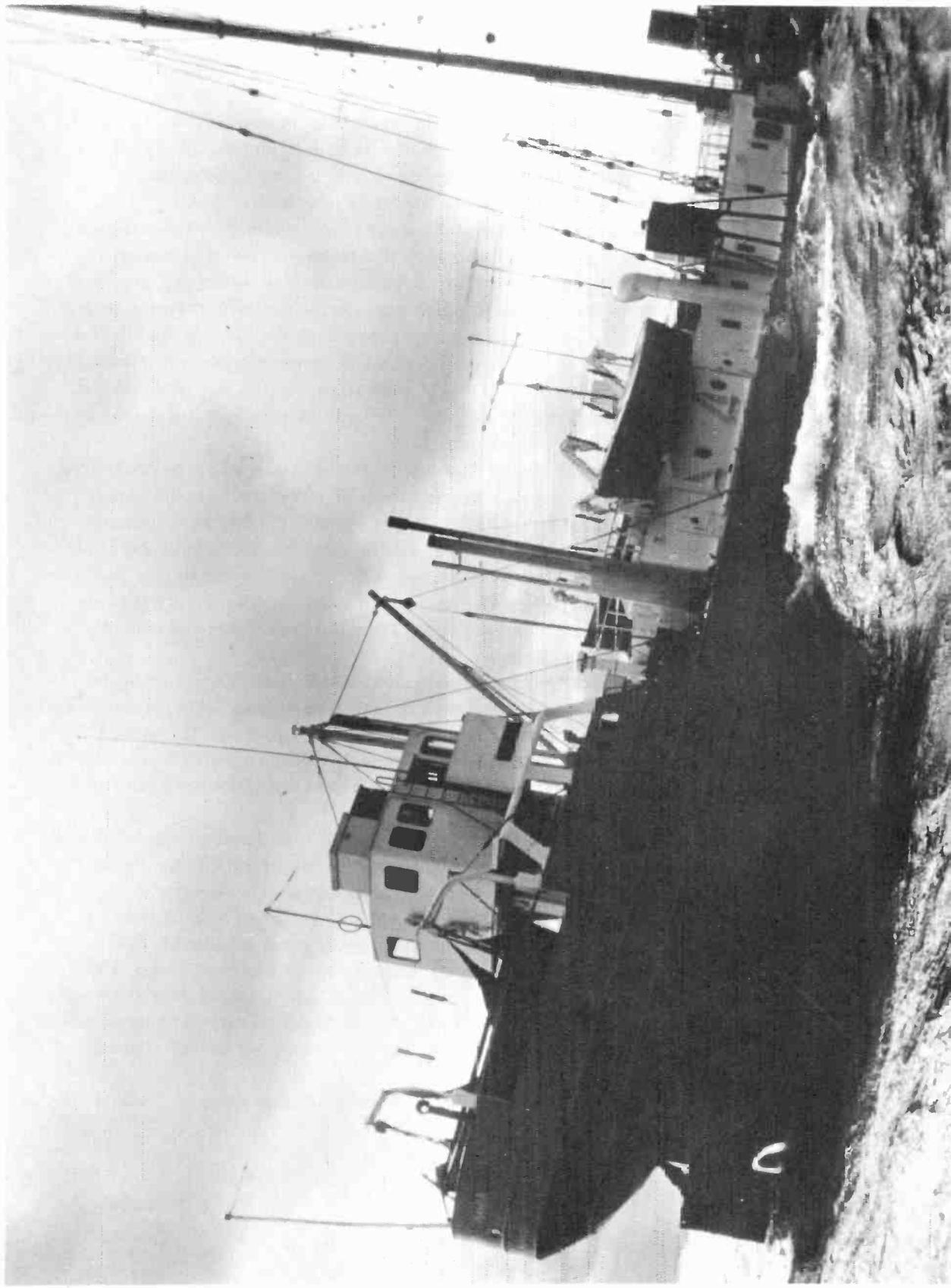
a look at the Bon Jour. As they came close to the ship, ice developed in the carburetor and they had to make an emergency landing. Fortunately, they managed to start the engine after the landing, thus avoiding drifting out to sea and certain death. But it was impossible to go up again – the sea was too rough for the little plane.

On board the Bon Jour, the guests were well cared for. Cabins were made ready, they were given dry clothes and a well deserved dinner. The following morning, the wind had calmed down but the sea was still too rough for the plane to take off. Olle Ringstrand then decided to “taxi” into Nynäshamn. Since the weather threatened to become worse later in the day, he had to start very early. He quickly climbed into the plane and went off – just as John Johansson found a chart which Ringstrand could have borrowed. It was quite serious that the pilot had left without a chart and Kjell Bergström immediately broke into the program to inform the coast guard and the military staff at Mälsten and to ask them to keep a lookout for the plane. The message, which was repeated every ten minutes, was not unnecessary, for Ringstrand did have trouble. During the trip towards shore, he noticed that one pontoon was filling with water – one of the most disastrous things that could have happened. He tried to call for help on his plane radio, but the signals went unobserved. Lacking both chart and knowledge of the area, he had no idea where he was. Fortunately he hit upon a little bank with a small “sand beach” and managed to drive the plane up and empty the pontoon. Then he continued his blind trip west until the sea was calm enough for him to take off. In the air, it was easier for him to find his way and the journey finally ended with a safe landing at Lindarängen. The other two pilots had stayed on board the Bon Jour to wait for the messenger boat to take them home. It arrived the same day and Holström and Andersson were deposited safely ashore. The arrival of the Listerlind also meant relief for a few of the staff on board. Kjell Bergström, Svante Elmlund, and Chief Engineer Thure Andersson went back to town.

Those who remained would experience still more dramatic events. On the 2nd of December the warning started to appear. The wind was south-southwest and increasing steadily. The sea became increasingly rougher and the Bon Jour rolled convulsively. The ship developed rattles and creaks, the half-gale howled through the rig and the crew started as usual to lash their belongings securely.

Twelve people were aboard, but the crew consisted only of Captain John Johansson, one sailor, a 16-year-old deck boy and a 19-year-old engine man. The latter was responsible for the machinery while Thure Andersson was ashore. The half-gale continued and increased the following day. Warnings were issued for the entire Baltic. Heavy fatigue started to overcome the crew. It was possible

The Radio Nord ship had to weather the assaults of wind and waves.



to catch only a few hours sleep in the heavily rolling sea. Going to bed was something of a nightmare. If anyone managed to fall asleep, he was soon awakened by a lurch which made him spin around in his berth. Occasional startling noises – bottles rolling back and forth in an empty cabin, chairs falling over with a thunderous noise, drawers flying open and spilling their contents over the floor – added to the crew's discomfort.

Morale was growing worse, especially among those waiting for the messenger boat and knowing that it would not be able to transfer people for many days to come. The morning of the 6th of December dawned, sullen and grey, and no improvement in the weather could be seen. On the contrary, the wind seemed to increase in fury and the gigantic waves towered over the ship. Suddenly a fearsome sound was heard! A dull rattling and creaking began which made the whole ship stiffen and start to shake. Time after time this was repeated and those who had experience knew what it meant; the Bon Jour had started to drift, the anchor cable was not holding . . .

John Johansson spent most of his time on the forecastle where he could keep watch on the anchor cable. Through a mistake in construction, the hawser hole had been placed far up and the result was that the lower rim pressed hard on the cable. In a few hours, in weather like this, an anchor cable could be gnawed to bits. At least once an hour John Johansson had to take in a few metres of the cable in order to prevent such a disaster. The sea was growing wild; ice-grey gigantic waves and flying foam hid the horizon and made the Bon Jour heel over 45 degrees.

In the studio and the technical room, all was confusion. Ove Sjöström and Louis Chrysander had to spend most of their time holding on to the microphone and the control boards. A total lurch of 90 degrees produced the same effect as a room suddenly lying sideways. To take care of the material was impossible. Tapes, Spotmaster cartridges, folders, newspapers and other items fell from the shelves to slide back and forth on the floor.

It was now clear that the Bon Jour was drifting. John Johansson gave the order to prepare the engines for start. The young engineer returned soon, however, and reported that he could not get the diesel started. The pressure in the air tanks had dropped to 3 kilos and in order to start, it had to be at least 18. There was a compressor with which the pressure could be raised in four hours, but that was not functioning either. It was now around 11 am. The Bon Jour anchor cable dragged more and more, and the wind showed no sign of decreasing. The wind gauge showed that the gale was now blowing 27 metres per second and sometimes registered up to 33 metres per second – almost hurricane force.

It was now a matter of life and death! John Johansson stood on the deck, the water

reaching his waist, and ordered the crew to pump up the pressure by hand. The position was terrifyingly clear to those on board. The Bon Jour drifted disabled in the sea in the worst storm to hit the Baltic coast in the last ten years. There was no safety float aboard and the idea of putting out a life boat was impossible in this weather. Should they alarm the sea rescue service? John Johansson, with the fate of the ship in his hands, had a quick conference with those on board who were not part of the actual crew. They agreed to wait. As long as the pressure was rising, there was hope that the engine could be started and thus the immediate danger would be over. Besides, the Bon Jour still had an anchor out -- at least insofar as they knew. A contributing factor to their reluctance to call for help was the attitude of the papers after the adventure in 1960. It had been said that lives of Swedish citizens should not be risked in a rescue expedition to save "pirates".

In the engine room furthest astern, there was a small hole where a hand pump to the air tanks was kept for exceptional emergencies. Since it had never been used -- indeed, we had never planned for it to be used -- it had been placed in a difficult-to-reach corner. The actual handle of the pump was hardly half a metre long and the height was just about one and one-half metres. It was thus necessary to crawl in and pump in a cramped half-sitting position, something which caused horrible backache. Almost everyone aboard went down to assist with the pumping. Since the pumps were very heavy, arms became paralysed after only a few minutes, and the crew took frequent turns. To some of those aboard the tension was too much. They knew the situation was extremely dangerous. Others kept their wits about them. I must say that I am grateful to those who controlled their nerves and thus saved everyone. The sailor Alf Wikstrand pumped the hardest, in fact so hard that the skin was rubbed off his hands and he developed a case of mild blood poisoning. With raw hands and high fever, Wikstrand had to give up after a few hours, but an indefatigable gang fought on.

Our deck hand, Tommy Avellen, did enormous work at the pump in spite of his 16 years. After several hours of hard work, the pressure had reached 18 kilos and Engineer Janheim made a few attempts to start the engine, unsuccessfully. After only ten minutes rest, every man had to return to the pump.

John Johansson went up to the bridge to ask Stockholm Radio to put a call through to Kammakargatan. The Bon Jour was permitted to do this in the face of emergency conditions. Pelle Lönndahl received the report and sent advice on how to start the stubborn engine. It was also decided that they would break into the program at regular intervals and give reports of their position. During this entire time, there was not a single interruption in the broadcasting. In the shambles of the control room, Ove Sjöström faithfully guarded his tape recorder and the control table with the motto, "The show must go on". And

he succeeded.

Reports came in once an hour until around 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when Radio Nord was forced to cancel further news broadcasts for the day. Our news reporter, Chrysander, had to take the rudder for finally the pressure was up and they were ready to go. Alf Wickstrand, as I mentioned before, was injured and Tommy Avellan had worked continuously for nearly 18 hours. His strength was almost gone and Johansson therefore asked Chrysander to stand in as an extra deck hand. Fortunately the job was not new to him as he had spent almost three years of his life working on boats and ships of different kinds. Something like this, however, he had never experienced. First of all, the Bon Jour was "direct steered", which meant that the rudder cables went straight from the wheel to the rudder without the help of a servo engine, which is used on most ships. All 430 tons of the Bon Jour could thus be felt in the hands of the steerman. An additional difficulty arose in staying on course. Aside from the strong wind and the heavy roll which made it ten times as difficult to steer, the rudder did not take water as it should. The Bon Jour was originally constructed for two masts, but only the one ahead was actually in use. The missing mast astern made the ship dip her nose into the sea forcing the rudder too high up.

Another discovery was made. The Bon Jour had lost her anchor – the chain had broken. When this happened, the engines were already going and the situation was critical but not hopeless. The improvement did not last long. When John had the engines at full speed the engine man came running up to the bridge to report that the water cooler installation threatened to burst at a high speed. John had no choice except to allow the engine to run at one-fourth its power. The Bon Jour had to be content with a speed of about two knots. And now this problem – where was the Bon Jour after having drifted around for an unknown length of time without an anchor? The difficulty was illustrated when John looked at the boiling sea, turned to Louis at the rudder and said, "And where the hell can we go?" Good question! Where would homeless pirates find port? Captain Johansson knew about the law forbidding the Bon Jour to enter Swedish water, but he also knew of the exception for distress at sea. What he did not know was that the Bon Jour's loss and confiscation insurance was not valid on Swedish territory!

In view of the low engine power, the natural solution was to head for Sandhamn. Going in that direction they would be helped by the wind. Had they known about insurance, they probably would have gone to Mariehamn, in Finland, according to what I was told later. The distance was quite a bit longer, but the Bon Jour ought to have made it. At any rate, now it was Sandhamn and John called Pelle Lönndahl to ask if this was all right. Pelle tried to reach me by phone but was unsuccessful and called our attorney instead. The lawyer, having

been informed that it was a matter of real distress, agreed on the destination, and this was passed on to the Bon Jour.

Now a strange voyage started. While still broadcasting, the Bon Jour slowly travelled north, all the time staying outside Swedish territory. Hour after hour, John and Louis stood on the bridge, one navigating and the other steering. Darkness had come and the sea was black. They hoped first of all to find Almagrundet in order to get a fix on the course. The giant waves were now coming from astern lifting the ship and turning her almost 90 degrees, then crashing down on the Bon Jour, thus drowning the deck. Inside, chaos reigned. Loose objects were scattered on the floors, everything was soaked in water trickling through leaky fissures. Cabins, mess, studio, control room, transmitting room – the water was ruining everything in reach. Outside, there was also damage. The fore-stay of the mast was broken and Ove Sjöström had to make a risky excursion in order to fix it. The mast's top lantern blew out and Tommy Avellan made a daring attempt to enter in a boatswain's chair and replace it. However, this was hopeless since the boat could not ride the waves waves long enough to allow Tommy to enter while the mast was still relatively still.

Louis's first turn at the rudder lasted till 10 in the evening, when he went down into the studio and reported the position on the program. He then agreed with Ove Sjöström to turn off the broadcasting around midnight, when they estimated the Bon Jour would be on her way into Swedish territory. Louis then returned to the rudder where he stayed until they had reached Sandhamn.

The storm of December 6 had been the dramatic peak of a long period of low pressure areas. Later at night it grew somewhat clearer and the wind calmed a little, turning west. This meant that the Bon Jour now had the wind against her going into Sandhamn and her speed was further reduced. Over the Stockholm Radio, the Sandhamn pilots had been informed of the arrival of the Bon Jour and they went out to meet her. Due to the high sea, they could not put a pilot aboard so the Bon Jour had to follow the pilot cutter which went ahead and showed the way. At around 4.30 a.m., they had approached on the leeward side, and the pilot could board. The last short distance went without complications. Finally, the Bon Jour was able to moor aided by the pilots.

Suddenly everything was calm and still aboard. Outside the wind had been transformed to a strong breeze. Inside, everyone sat or slouched quietly in the mess and in their cabins where the storm had left deep scars on the interior and personal belongings. No one wanted to think of cleaning up the soaked and broken material scattered everywhere. It looked as if an earthquake had struck the boat. Journalists and other curious people were swarming about, but the men of the Bon Jour hardly noticed them. Somebody went over and

turned on the radio to catch Swedish Radio's news broadcast: "The broadcasting ship of Radio Nord, in distress at sea during the last days heavy gale, arrived early in the morning at Sandhamn. No one aboard was. . .".

No, no one was seriously hurt; but a more tired, pale and unshaven crew could not be found within Swedish borders. No one's thoughts reached further than the fact that they were in port until someone asked, "When do you think you can leave?" That question was put with considerably more fear and sharpness in Stockholm. I had long since ordered the staff not to discuss damages and other trouble aboard over the radio. It could easily be blown out of proportion, thus contributing to the undermining of confidence in the *Bon Jour*. Therefore the reports had been very careful, which made us underestimate the danger. To be on the safe side, I had arranged for one of the boats of the Grogg Company to be on stand-by in Nynäshamn. When I had heard that the engines had been started, I had thought the danger was practically over. Therefore I left the office with Pelle Lönndahl in charge. Pelle had made a few unsuccessful attempts to reach me. When he finally got in touch with me, he gave me a summary of what had happened, telling me that our attorney had signaled clear for Sandhamn. Since I had no direct contact with the *Bon Jour* and also thought that the ship was already on her way, I confirmed the decision. We were lucky. We entered and left Sandhamn without trouble. However, had I had all the information on hand, I think I would have ordered the ship to Åland and Mariehamn instead.

Now began a hectic time for Pelle Lönndahl and Jan Sjöström who had the task of taking care of the damages to the ship. Pelle started in the early morning to round up workers and welders. He also managed to talk the Neptun Company into lending us an anchor. With his usual energy, Pelle managed to collect all the threads in a short time. Welders arrived from Nynäshamn, engineers and mechanics from "Deutz Diesel". Pelle left with these, Thure Andersson, and a few more to relieve the crew. He arrived in Sandhamn the following day and was informed of the situation. Other and more official people were on their way to Sandhamn that day also. The District Superintendent of Stockholm had quickly been informed that the *Bon Jour* was inside Swedish territory and that there could be a possibility of confiscating her transmitting equipment. It was a matter of deciding whether the *Bon Jour* had really been in distress. If she had had to go into Sandhamn to avoid shipwreck, there was nothing to do except to allow her to leave after necessary repairs were completed. On the 7th of December, policemen were among those who swarmed aboard the *Bon Jour*. They had asked for a competent inspection from the Sea Traffic Department. Inspector E.P.H. Almquist informed them as early as noon of December 8 that the ship would not be seaworthy until the engine had been repaired

and tested. The final conclusion of the inspection was this; the Bon Jour had been forced to enter Swedish territory in order to avoid shipwreck. The transmitter could not legally be confiscated. Thus the ship was free to leave as soon as her damages were repaired.

We had to work under conditions only equalled in war time. The Bon Jour was allowed to stay exactly as long as the repairs would require and not a minute longer. I can assure you that I was not anxious to prolong our visit in Sandhamn. On December 8, I was never further than two minutes from a telephone and I was in constant contact with my representatives on the spot, trying to speed up the work. I had a faint suspicion that in some dark quarters, people were frantically searching for an excuse to keep the ship. On that same day, due to the fantastic work of everyone involved, the Bon Jour was reported seaworthy. A new anchor had been obtained, the engine was all right, the stays were welded, and we also took the opportunity to weld the much-longed-for door between the mess and the studio. A representative from Germanischer Lloyd accepted the repairs on behalf of the insurance company. At last John Johansson informed us that none of the authorities just then in Sandhamn had any formal objections to the Bon Jour's departure. On the other hand, he reported, there was a thick fog which could complicate the departure. "What do the pilots say?" I asked. "Can they find their way in spite of the fog?"

"It should be possible".

"Well, so long and have a good trip. I'm expecting to hear Radio Nord in two hours".

Very slowly, the Bon Jour left Sandhamn. She was soon swallowed by the fog, the pilot left, and the ship proceeded towards the territorial border. Every minute after the departure, I felt better. Finally I could once again hear the jingle. "Here is Radio Nord again. . .". For 40 hours Radio Nord had lived with its head in a noose. Fortunately for us, no one had been able to tighten it.

16. SMALL PIRATES AND BIG POLITICS

The joint Nordic Committee appointed to solve the "pirate-problem" finished their work in January of 1962. On the second of February, a short note was published saying that the report would be available in a week. On the following day, the official notice of the Government position could be forecast. It was rumoured that all kinds of support and advertising for free broadcasters was to become illegal. Since the rest of the drama took part in full view of the public, I will not present any extensive report of the events of the Nordic Council and the Parliament. I will only comment on what now happened.

Just before the alarming rumour that advertising on Radio Nord would become a criminal offence, the Stockholm Sales and Publicity Association arranged a debate on commercial radio in which Chief Editor Kurt Samuelsson of *Aftonbladet* and Carl-Adam Nycop of *Expressen* took part. Britt Wadner, of Radio Syd, and I made the case for free broadcasting. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this debate was that this was the first and last time a "half-official" spokesman for the Government was confronted by representatives for Radio Nord. The conference was to take place in Stockholm at a restaurant. The locale soon became too small and we had to move over to a larger salon. Personally, I limited myself to giving only a short lecture on the program policy of Radio Nord, with some sound demonstrations. I kept more or less out of the debate since I had no wish to damage my position by arguing with an experienced debater like Kurt Samuelsson.

As you all know, the sharper tongue almost always wins in a debate – even against the better informed debater. Also, the case of free listening was handled beautifully by Carl-Adam Nycop who is as fearless and competent a fighter as Samuelsson. The two gentlemen approached the problem from somewhat different positions. Samuelsson kept to the publicity-technical aspects while Nycop handled the drawbacks of the monopoly. In my opinion, Nycop finally achieved the edge in the discussion, while Samuelsson won at a good start. This

feeling was shared by most of those present. The debate ended with neither side having changed opinion. None of the debaters could be moved an inch from their original positions, but it was most informative, as we had a chance to study the Social-Democratic attitude towards the problem. Even though Samuelsson did not have an official position in the party, as the Chief Editor of the largest Social-Democratic paper in Sweden, his statements must be given a certain importance. Through an investigation by SIFO, it was clearly shown that the listeners of Radio Nord belonged to all income groups. Here we can draw the conclusion that a large number of listeners were Social-Democratic voters. In December, the listening groups had been divided roughly as follows:

Wealthy	6%
Middle Class.	37%
Workers and Equals	57%

For the income we used these limits:

Under 12,000 crowns per year	43%
Over 12,000 crowns per year	52%
No answer.	5%

These figures gave us good reason to believe that the question of Radio Nord was not one of party politics. The public attitude ought to be partisan (excepting Communists, of course). This belief was further strengthened by an editorial in the union paper "*The Metal Worker*," No. 22, 1961. "As a radio listener one starts to wonder if the time is not ripe for a reconsideration of earlier policy decisions; to accept advertisements in the radio as well as in the press and the cinema. Why not adopt this obviously vital illegitimate child who is now rolling on the waves and bring him inside the three mile border to give him some education? Probably both Olof Rydbeck and Mother Svea would enjoy the child".

This statement in one of the country's largest union papers shows that the Social-Democratic stand against Radio Nord was far from unified. History may well reveal internal disagreements which may have preceded the decision to use the full strength of the party in order to destroy Radio Nord. Naturally, personal prestige must have played a part. The Ministry of Communications had attacked Radio Nord violently even before the station had started. Probably Skoglund had underestimated the problems preventing Radio Nord from being launched. It could hardly have improved his temper when he saw advertising agencies, advertisers and listeners following their own judgment instead of feeling that

they “risked their reputation with the Swedish public”. Mr. Skoglund also had seen all of his actions against Radio Nord unsuccessful over a long period of time.

Personally, I had hopes to the very end that the party politics would be bypassed in the matter of Radio Nord. As I saw it, everything pointed to that, especially since about half of our listeners (which were estimated at some 800,000) were assumed to be Social-Democratic voters. But I was mistaken. Parliament had taken a stand in the matter. They made it party policy as if it were a question of social reform. After the expert group had given their report, the matter went through the usual stages. First, the Nordic Council recommended similar decisions in all the Nordic countries. This was necessary not only to make the decision valid everywhere in order to make evasions impossible, but also in order to give the planned decree an air of respectability. However, when the problem came up in the Nordic Council, one of the members of the committee reserved against the decision. This was a serious matter. It was rather unusual that the Nordic Council did not agree unanimously. This reservation, coupled with a careful inquiry among the council members, indicated that it was far from certain that the recommendation would be accepted. Fear naturally affected the Social-Democrats. Would the Nordic Council really refuse the recommendation of the committee? Had a serious error been made? Would it be impossible to pass the law? A negative decision from the Nordic Council would have, in fact, made the free broadcaster legal and resulted in all the big advertisers immediately starting big publicity campaigns. Even a strong minority in favour of the recommendation could be fatal. The decision would then seem doubtful. The problem was to gain support from as many non-Social-Democratic members as possible. Finally, the recommendation was accepted, with 48 votes against, 7 in favour and 5 of neutral opinion. Of the 7 that wanted to nullify the pending pirate radio law, 5 were Norwegians. Now propositions could be introduced in the Parliaments of the member countries. In Sweden, the thought of the coming pirate radio law, “Lex Radio Nord”, as it was called by the press, caused strong antagonism among the public. Names were collected on a petition and Cabinet Minister Skoglund received it, signed by 35,000 Swedes. *Expressen* started a giant vote for and against the law. Of the 200,000 persons who voted, 99% said that they did not want the law. Naturally, this caused bad feelings in many quarters. The most common criticism of the *Expressen* vote was that the question had not been “properly phrased” and that the paper had misled the voter. Also, most readers of *Expressen* could be expected to have been influenced by the papers’ policy against the law.

In order to produce a figure acceptable to everyone, I had IMU make a similar inquiry. The question was: “As you probably know from the papers, a proposition

in the Parliament can be expected – recommending a law which makes all support of Radio Nord a criminal offence, including advertising and all program production. Do you like or dislike such an activity being made a criminal offence?”

The answers in the area covered by Radio Nord were:

Like	7%
Dislike	78%
No Opinion	15%

For the entire country:

Like	7%
Dislike	70%
No Opinion	20%

Representatives of the industry and the public had made their choice, but the party in power had now started its official machinery and they would not stop. Let us follow the progress of the bill on its way to becoming a law. “Lex Radio Nord” was referred to the “Lagråd” for a decision. “Lagråd” is a Swedish institution which is set up to guarantee that a new law is not in conflict with already existing laws, that it does not contain certain regulations in violation with the Constitution, and that it is “on the whole” formally correct. “Lagråd” is composed of the foremost lawyers in Sweden, taken from the Supreme Court and the Government Court. A statement of “Lagråd” is not binding for the Parliament since that would give the Lagråd a kind of legislative authority. But the Parliament always – almost – follows the recommendations for necessary changes. The statement of Lagråd was quite sensational. The bill was carefully examined in every particular. In some cases the law was considered formally unimpeachable, but in other cases strong doubts were reported. Lagråd established that the so-called pirate broadcaster had not disturbed other radio reception in Sweden and that no other country had found it necessary to carry through such legislation as the proposed bill. They found it wrong to refer to the Telegraph Convention of 1959, concerning the protection of the country against broadcasts made outside its territory because of the harmless contents of the broadcasting. They were offended by the idea of making criminals of technicians, announcers, transporters, and private advertisers and said that this should not be allowed. But the most important objection was the time of the proposition. Since

this was not an important Swedish issue, and since the problem was to be treated by the Council of Europe, the legislation ought to be postponed. The critique of the Lagråd was strong, but the Minister of Communications was not to be stopped. The proposition would be presented and passed during the spring session of the Parliament. Social-Democratic papers gave full support. How dare the Lagråd make trouble? The Lagråd ought to concern themselves with legal matters and leave political evaluations well alone. Lagråd had concerned themselves with legal evaluations. Due to the Parliamentary decree, paragraph 54, a constitutional directive, propositions accompanied by a statement from the Lagråd should be submitted within 90 days from the opening of the spring session in order to make them eligible for the spring session of Parliament. Exceptions can be made only if delay of the law could be damaging to the country or if there are exceptional circumstances. The date was now towards the end of April and the 90 days had passed!

Since Radio Nord did not disturb the reception within Sweden, since its programs were harmless in their content, and since the question would be treated by an international council a few months later, the bill should wait – all according to constitutional rules. This is the simple truth about the “political” evaluations of the Lagråd.

The first law committee examined the bill and it was passed in spite of strong objections from, among others, the President of the committee. The votes were 9 for and 6 against. In view of the discussion of the bill in committee and in Parliament, our lawyer had written a brief to be presented to all Parliament members. In this, several things were explained; the position of the public opinion (the IMU vote and the structure of the listening groups of Radio Nord), the SIFO vote, Radio Nord program policy, company structure and technical conditions. An investigation by a civil engineer was added to the publication; this proved that Radio Nord had not disturbed any other radio stations. In another appendix we accounted for our advertisers. But the most important part was a statement by Professor Stig Jägerskiöld concerning the aspects of the bill which had to do with People’s Rights. An expert on this subject, Professor Jägerskiöld could prove that our country is not obliged by People’s Rights to accept the legislation in question. The Government’s attempts to win approval from prominent lawyers failed on this point. They ordered a statement from Professor Hilding Eek in Stockholm, who naturally could do only what the Lagråd had done, namely to establish that there was no insurmountable obstacle for legislation of the law.

Of course not! A State is sovereign! If we want to forbid unions, take away the freedom of speech, there is naturally no insurmountable obstacle. After all, there would probably be as many exponents of this as of “Lex Radio Nord” –

7% of the population. The fact that the pirate radio law was to be forced through in spite of strong protests from social groups, and in spite of the recommendation of the Lagråd came as a disappointment to everyone who looked on Sweden as a living democracy. A deep and unsurpassable valley suddenly opened between groups who had earlier at least respected each other, even though they had expressed differences of opinions. Proof of this were the most desperate actions, spontaneously made in all areas. The leader of the Liberal Party wrote a personal letter to Skoglund pleading for a delay and youth clubs all over the country belonging to the opposition protested strongly against this violation of justice. And once again, the members of the free churches appeared with a sensational suggestion. The originator was Pastor Lwei Pethrus, and his opinion was strongly supported in the paper of the Swedish Missionary Association. They recalled the historical battle of the free church movement and they now suggested that the same method which had been used then ought to be used now – break the law! If all members of the free churches were to break this law as much as they were able to, they would create an impossible situation which would make the law obsolete from the beginning.

All this activity must have come as a surprise to responsible Social-Democrats. Obviously the atmosphere had not been carefully investigated when the action was started, and it was now too late to turn back. In Malmö 600 pupils of a high school prepared to arrange a protest meeting at Stortorget. One of the organizers was threatened by the Social-Democrats authorities that if the meeting took place, the boy would never be able to hold a state or municipal office.

On March 28, the day before the great debate in Parliament, a bleak early spring sun rose over Stockholm. I saw this as a good sign when I took my place in the gallery together with most of my co-workers. Many have asked if I thought the bill would pass and when I started to suspect that I had lost the game. The answer is easy. At the exact moment when the voting was over and the figures and results presented. There is no reason to go into the debate with its inflamed atmosphere, rash statement, and sometimes slanderous attacks. The debate is on record, but let me try to tell about the Social-Democrats' actions up to the date when the law was accepted by Parliament. The story started in Geneva in 1959. The International Telecommunications Union had set up a new convention that year. Outside the coast of Denmark was the only free broadcaster in the north – Radio Mercur – well established with listeners and offering basic musical entertainment. Radio Mercur did not disturb any other station; but it had, like its successors, been started without co-operation from the Danish Telegraph Board, which took this as an insult.



Radio Nord is outlawed by the Swedish Government. An anonymous person distributed 10,000 balloons, one of which is held here by a sad-faced youngster.

Also, their big success with the public was felt as a critique of the Danish State Radio. This was difficult to take! Most galling was probably that Radio Mercur was a legal undertaking. They could not influence popular opinion against the station. There simply was no reason. How to act in this situation? After much thought, they found a way. They would push for an extensive international agreement in which broadcasting from ships was condemned. Such an agreement could always be made. In order not to be forced to act alone, the Danish Telegraph Board took up this subject at the Telecommunication Conference in Geneva. They proposed that the Convention of 1959 enact a clause to prohibit broadcasting from ships in international waters. To this notorious Article 422 they added a recommendation asking for an investigation by the different nations as to what action could be taken against the four broadcasters then in operation on the seas. Unfortunately this recommendation could not be seen as a question of People's Rights, but only concerned the states belonging to the Convention – but it was a beginning. Since People's Rights are not easily defined, the reference to something as respectable as an international convention would mislead people into thinking that some kind of new international "law" had been passed. The action was partly successful. Both Article 422 and its recommendation were passed and were written into the Convention of 1959. This served as the foundation for further actions. There was talk of "international duties" and attempts to make it appear that all the members of the I.T.U. had forced Denmark to act against Radio Mercur. Actually, it was the other way around. Denmark, supported by its good Scandinavian neighbours, forced the Union to accept Article 422. The situation can be illustrated in the following way; a person dislikes a certain shop and tries to find a reason to heave a brick through its display window. Together with his best friends, he talks a group of people into believing that the window ought to be broken. Then he throws the brick and when people want him to take the responsibility for his action, he simply refers to the others and says that they forced him to do it! This was the ethical background to what would become "Lex Radio Nord". Even though Denmark had enacted rule 422, it meant nothing to their country. Public opinion and advertisers were not in the least influenced by this decision and Radio Mercur continued its broadcasts. In the next two years a few more shipborne broadcasters appeared in the north and panic reigned as prestige was further damaged.*

* Danmarks Commercielle Radio commenced transmissions from off the Danish coast in Autumn 1961. A few months later Radio Syd came on the air. By this time Radio Veronica had established itself off the coast of the Netherlands and Radio Uilenspiegel was broadcasting to Flemish-speaking Belgium.

Something had to be done! In this book I have accounted for all attempts to make our activity difficult through a variation of harassments, threats, and false rumours. But nothing helped. The only thing was judicial magic! In this connection, it should be mentioned that the Telegraph Convention of 1959 in no way was presented to Parliament for acceptance and thus had not the character of Swedish law. Therefore, they used the Nordic Council to create a recommendation. The Council did, as we have seen, recommend intervention but without formulating the law.

The political magicians were not worried. With the same skill with which a magician pulls the rabbit out of his hat, they uttered their mumbo-jumbo and pulled out “Lex Radio Nord”, pretending that it had been written by the international organisation of the Nordic Council. Now the Social-Democrats could start their political campaign. They had the I.T.U. on their side and in spite of opposition, they had gained the support of the Nordic Council and only the Lagråd had presented obstacles. Did they dare wait longer and hope for a recommendation from the Council of Europe? No, it would be too risky. Imagine if the Council would condemn this rather shakily based law without doubt offensive to human rights. No! It was necessary to force the law through with the support already obtained using power weapons; and now the Government played with their full orchestra. This was a question of no less than “Sweden taking the responsibility for the duties it had accepted internationally”. It’s not difficult to show that this motive was basically false. If they were so eager to fulfill, “international obligation” why did they not do so eleven years ago by ratifying the Convention of Human Rights of the Council of Europe? Why was the personal safety and freedom prescribed in the Convention not guaranteed to everyone? In Sweden, for instance, there are still many cases of administrative injustice – denial of rights when the victim has no opportunity to be tried in court, which is clearly against the Council of Europe Convention. This question is considered so much less important than innocent broadcasts from a ship that they can let the matter rest for eleven years. The law against Radio Nord had to be forced through in a few weeks.

“Lex Radio Nord” bears striking resemblance, both in intent and in wording, to the National German Law of 1937, Gesetz gegen die Schwarzsender, established by the Nazis. According to “Lex Radio Nord”, it is criminal to give technical or financial support to help in the creation or operation of such a radio station, to transfer cargo to the ship, or any other installations in which the equipment is located, to take part in the broadcasting at their origin, to lead or negotiate commissions for the station, or to operate a company with the purpose of aiding the station in any way. In the first law

against Radio Nord (which intended to prevent broadcasting ships to enter Swedish territory) they had talked of confiscation of the equipment. All this corresponds to Hitler's law of 1937, paragraphs 2, 3, and 4. Shouldn't young Social-Democratic liberal thinkers have some objections to legislation of this kind? Let us see what the socialistic author Svante Foerster had to say in his newspaper Nyheterna on March 24, 1962. He examined the phenomenon of Radio Nord and said, as an introduction, that the ship is situated "some distance – minutes northeast of Norrtälje" – which should mean that the Bon Jour was anchored in the middle of the thickly foliated Uppland! To this unnavigable position, Foerster suggests the Navy should move and do some firing exercises. The Navy should follow the Bon Jour and fire until the ship was forced into Russian waters, at which time "things take care of themselves". So much for Svante Foerster. An illustrative phrase in his introduction is well worth quoting: "Boss for the business is a man by the name of Kotschack, Jacob Simon – although he appreciates being called Jack S. Kotschack". This information about my Christian name is quite false, but the way in which it was presented – that little "extra" piece of information – gave a valuable finishing touch to the picture of how Foerster's mind works. Racial discrimination is obviously not unfamiliar to him!

17. GALA FINALE

Radio Nord often tried to help the forgotten groups in Swedish society. In spite of the fact that we had nothing to gain financially, we always provided entertainment and music throughout the long night. Who before Radio Nord had thought of giving hospital nurses, night watchmen, taxi drivers, and other nocturnal workers well deserved entertainment?

Author and Poet Evert Wallert, of the Island Archipelago, published a poem:

Write about it said the youngster

Write that on this day
the bureaucrats are taking
our own radio away!

For one year

Radio Nord has brought joy
and made the Swedish Radio
appear antiquated
with its pointing finger
and its educating dullness
and close to being a
pure school radio.

Especially the youth on the islands
and in small places
who cannot find

movies and other entertainment
have really appreciated
this generous entertainment
which was always presented
in an elegant and cozy way,
culminating with Top 20
the melodies of the week.

What will be the next criminal
and joy defying action
of the old fogies in power,
the young ones ask themselves,
certainly not without reason.

Bonjour cheri, merci!

Adieu! Adieu!

What were my own reactions after the Parliamentary debate? I was suddenly faced with the fact that my co-workers and advertisers had become criminals! As usual, when something fatal happens to a person, the reaction comes slowly. To the questions of the journalists I only answered that the Swedish state could have the Bon Jour as a gift and that up to the time the law went into effect, I intended to give my listeners agricultural lectures and Wagner concerts in order to give them a chance to adjust to a change of programs.

I went home to call my friends in Dallas and tell them the result. Then I wanted to think things over in peace. My call to Gordon went without trouble. As always he was calm in the face of defeat. Perhaps he had been able to take a more disinterested view of the matter at a distance and had anticipated the result. One thing on which we agreed. Radio Nord had to cease! Neither Bob, Gordon, Jim or I conceived of breaking or evading Swedish laws; however unjust. Otherwise there was no end to the ideas kindly offered by outsiders. Among other things, I was asked to open a station for the free church movement and to make sure of their support and, through intense political propaganda on the station, create a new political station in the country.

This was impossible. At the beginning of Radio Nord, I had promised the listeners that whatever happened, they could depend on not being made subject to political or religious propaganda and I intended to keep that promise. As a matter of fact, Radio Nord listeners should never be able to say that we broke any of our promises. A suggestion for actual evasion came up. My co-workers on the Bon Jour demanded that I help them abandon their Swedish citizenships so that they could continue working. I could get advertisers from abroad — it would be easy to establish direct advertising where the publicity cost was taken out by the producer and agent in Sweden. Of course, I couldn't accept this, but I very much appreciated the kind thought.

In spite of dark clouds gathering at the horizon, we continued our broadcasts as if nothing had happened. Perhaps subconsciously we thought a miracle would occur. Thus for some time we planned to create a second program on Radio Nord, a detail of which I think few knew. This program would, except for commercials and news, be quite different from the regular one, only serving as a musical complement. The music would have a softer character, there would be operettas, evergreens and strings. The program was intended for the larger Stockholm area only and would be transmitted via f.m., where there was no risk of disturbances. Advertisements would be heard simultaneously on both programs and would actually be transmitted the very same second on both channels. In secrecy, the necessary transmitting equipment was built on board the Bon Jour and the work was close to completion. I can now disclose that when Radio Nord was discontinued, we were in fact only three weeks from the premiere of this second program!

I can also disclose another important secret. In the summer of 1962 Sweden could have had its first commercial ship-transmitted TV! Yes, all those vague rumors – and in some cases wishful thinking – really had basis in fact! In my introductory negotiations with Gordon, we naturally thought of possibilities for TV. As matters then stood, it was, however, technically impossible. A ship is constantly moving. When the boat rolls, the picture rolls. For some time we thought of making a kind of gyro-mount, which could always be kept in a vertical position; but then we did not have the technical facilities and we were not eager to construct one. It would have required too much time and money. In time, the solution came from the United States. There, they had invented a reasonably inexpensive way of constructing an antenna for ship use. Technically, the problem had been solved.

This was certainly a marvellous idea; and we felt that we had to take a stand on the matter. The possibilities were vast and open. If we didn't take the chance, someone else would. And it was necessary to act soon. One thing was certain. The first transmitter had to be stationed in the Sound. The installation costs were so high that we had to be certain of reaching at least 3 million people in order to make the project pay. The Stockholm Archipelago was too wide, but the area around the Sound was ideal. We had technical and financial resources, but we feared that setting up a production office for TV in Malmö or Copenhagen would be quite complicated. Therefore, we decided to go into partnership with Radio Mercur. Conferences and negotiations were held in Zurich. The desire to start a commercial TV station was big on both sides, and there was no problem in reaching a preliminary agreement. A company, Mercur-Television-Anstalt was formed. Nord Establishment was to be responsible for the delivery of transmitters, but the actual program production would be turned over to the people at Mercur. Considering the conditions at the time, the Radio Nord group would handle purchases and deliveries of video tapes and suitable films from the United States.

We now had created a foundation on which to build. Although our project was pending, we could have started functioning on short notice had we found out that others were planning a similar scheme. So now it was a question of waiting for the right moment. The signal to begin would, of course, have been the acceptance of the already existing broadcasters by the Nordic governments. If they had openly declared that they were not going to attempt further actions to stop Radio Nord and Radio Mercur, the TV plans could have been realized the following day. Thus, "Lex Radio Nord" deprived the public not only of commercial radio but also of a TV station in the Sound with news and entertainment 18 hours a day.

Even before a Government decision had been passed, a "dear old friend" from

Hamburg had once again entered the picture, the communications lawyer. He expressed his sorrow over the unpleasant situation and offered to solve the problem "for peanuts". For a certain amount of money I would get an official Panama wavelength and would then be protected from legal actions. He had, by the way, recommended the same method to the shipborne station Veronica and there the deal was already closed. Veronica could sport a "certified wave length"! The result of this was that Veronica was safe from all intervention. The offer was obviously a common hustler's trick. Panama was not a member of the I.T.U. at that time and one of their wavelengths would have had no validity in the Baltic -- even if the Swedes didn't intervene. And I rather doubt that the Swedish Government would have stood idle.

Radio Nord had to be discontinued. There was no other way out. The problem was now primarily whether this would be a big financial loss. Calculations proved that this would not be the case. The operating costs of Radio Nord had been more than covered by our income. It can be said that the actual installation of the station was not finished until the beginning of 1962. So it was a matter of new installation with its full value intact. Fortunately, it would be possible to place all the material without a substantial loss, especially the technical equipment.

Needless to say, we preferred to sell the Bon Jour complete, including transmitters. If the ship had to be slaughtered and sold piece by piece, her value would decrease. Propitiously, a buyer appeared. His name was Allan Crawford and he represented the British Atlanta project. Crawford was willing to take the Bon Jour as she stood and also her studio equipment in Stockholm. In addition, he was interested in taking some of our staff, especially the sea and technical crew. The Atlanta project was gigantic! By placing a broadcasting ship in international waters south of Harwich in the mouth of the Thames they would be able to cover an area populated by 18 million Englishmen. This was largely due to the fact that the ship would be located not far from the centre of London, and the heavily populated area of the big city would provide half of the expected listeners. Insofar as the number of listeners was concerned, Radio Atlanta would immediately become the biggest commercial broadcaster in the world. The idea was built on Radio Nord and they had planned to follow our program formula. Originally, the group around Crawford had planned to equip their own ship, the S/S Atlanta of 500 tons. However, since they had carefully followed the development of Radio Nord from its beginning, they had realized all the difficulties involved in equipping and trimming a ship. Negotiations were started between Crawford and the Americans and went without complications. We soon reached a preliminary agreement including date of delivery. The rumour of the agreement started to spread and when the time came for the Bon Jour to leave, we had

become somewhat nervous that someone would make a desperate attempt to confiscate the Bon Jour. Bob and Gordon were most worried. I myself saw little danger of intervention at sea, but then I underestimated the risk. The Danes provided an unpleasant illustration of this danger when they attempted a grotesque seizure of one of the Danish radio ships with a Lebanese flag. The ship was located in international waters, but the Danes openly ignored international rights by sending out a police patrol in order to seize her. This gross aggression made many Danes wonder who the pirates really were, the men on the ship or the Danish police.*

When the Bon Jour left the Baltic, many precautions were taken. First, we had to have valid documents which forced Bob into further expenses. The crew was replaced completely with foreigners and finally the hour of departure was kept a secret. The Bon Jour stayed at her anchorage place for many days with silent transmitters before she quietly slipped away. The Sound, which we had considered the most sensitive spot, was passed without problems and our relief was great when the ship was reported to be on the North Sea. The voyage ended at El Perol in Spain, where the Bon Jour was overhauled. She was then delivered in renovated condition to her new station at the mouth of the Thames. Unfortunately, some of Crawford's financial backers had been frightened by all the publicity and would not fulfil their obligations. Crawford was suddenly short of money. With the Bon Jour on the spot, ready to broadcast, negotiations began anew. Crawford wanted credit, but Bob was unwilling. The deciding factor was the danger of confiscation. The most critical moment of a broadcaster is when it starts to operate. We didn't know what cards the British Government had up its sleeve and it certainly was not inconceivable that they would intervene on the first day. Perhaps the Bon Jour would be seized and taken to the nearest port for flag control. In that case, anything could happen. The result was that neither Bob nor Crawford wanted to have "money in the boat" during these first critical times. Bob wanted the deal closed and the cash in his pocket before the first day of transmitting. Otherwise if anything happened, he could count on a total loss. Naturally he didn't want that, especially since the visit to the shipyard at El Perol had been an expensive one. On the other hand, the men behind Crawford did not want to pay until the broadcasting had been running for quite some time and the situation became more clear. If anything happened during the initial period, Atlanta would have to go bankrupt with no compensation for the Bon Jour's purchase.

The position was clear Both parties felt they had good cards in their hand and no one wanted to give in. Finally, the whole deal was lost and the Bon Jour sent to Ostende awaiting a sale. However, it was not sold and in March of 1963 the Bon

*Radio Mercur was seized by Danish police on August 15th 1962.

Jour left for Houston, Texas, where she was slaughtered. All the equipment was to be taken down and used ashore. The ship was to be rebuilt into a fishing cruiser for the members of the consortium.

I really think Bon Jour deserves to spend her old age in luxury in West Indian waters to live a lazy and trouble-free existence as a floating paradise for millionaires. It is certainly a strange life for a ship to start as an unknown herring and wood boat and, as the years pass, to work on up the social scale and end up as a yacht. The other way around is more common. I look forward to seeing her when I once again visit my friends in Texas.*

“Lex Radio Nord” was passed at the end of May and was to go into effect on the 1st of August. However, partly in view of the Atlanta deal, we decided to stop the broadcasting at the beginning of July. Then I would have a month to discontinue Reclam Productions AB, finish all the business and clear the books. This was a golden final period. The advertisers were anxious to use this last chance for radio advertising and the orders came in at such a rate that I often had to apply the 20% rule and also offer other hours than those ordered by the clients. It was a bitter stroke of fate that we were stopped just as everything started to function beautifully. When programs were running as they should, the Bon Jour was in fine shape, and the advertisers seemed to have overcome their hesitation. But such was the situation, and I could only submit. I had a great deal of proof of the appreciation of Radio Nord among the listeners – telegrams, letters, phone calls and other messages from Radio Nord supporters asking me to try to find a way to continue. Advertisers reported better results than ever, and it obviously created good will to be among Radio Nord’s clients at this time. One of the many examples of public appreciation for Radio Nord was the special film produced by my friend T. J. Sarkka. It was a short called “Music for Millions” and it told of Radio Nord, its listeners and its programs. The film was coupled with a popular full-length film, and the clever director of this film – “Nobody Punishes Eddie” – realized the publicity value of the short and sent eight prints all over the country. But when the film was ready to premier at Stockholm, the director of the theatre chain refused to accept the short for the reason that it was “non-aesthetic,” and thus not suitable for the cinemas. This in spite of the fact that it had earlier been shown in hundreds of movie houses all over the country. “Music for Millions” later appeared at a short-film cinema, the Hollywood. There it stayed week after week and established record ticket sales. Suddenly they had a weekly gross of 15,000 crowns in comparison to their usual 11,000. The owner of the cinema told me of the enthusiastic public

* The Bon Jour was eventually purchased by the Atlanta organization, commencing transmission in April 1964.



*The Radio Nord ship was renamed The Mi Amigo in 1964 and became Radio Caroline, South.
In January 1966 it ran aground on the Essex coast. The vessel was, however, refloated.*



In March 1968 the Mi Amigo, together with her sister Caroline ship, was towed from her anchorage. Her days as a radio ship were over. The former Radio Nord ship lies, a rusting hulk, in Amsterdam Harbour. Below, Ronan O'Rahilly, boss of the Radio Caroline Organisation.



who received an idea of how Radio Nord functioned through this film. I should point out that Radio Nord was not only a Swedish project. Much sympathetic mail and other messages came from Finland. I don't have the listening figures for Finland as a whole, but one newspaper investigation gives a very accurate indication. At 6 o'clock on a weekday, the figures were as follows:

Finnish-Swedish Program	11%
Finnish Program	5%
Swedish Radio	13%
Radio Nord	24%
TV	6%

The music programs of Radio Nord did not suffer any language barriers and certainly were appreciated even among those who spoke only Finnish. Youth undoubtedly took a chance to keep up with what was happening on the pop music front, especially since there is no similar program in Finland. At one time, we had had plans to develop Finland for Radio Nord both from a program and an advertising standpoint, but the double language presentation would have made the programs too heavy and perhaps our listeners in Sweden would not have appreciated it. However, we always considered Finnish interests on Radio Nord. A lot of Finnish pop music was played and our news broadcasts presented Finnish local news. Some advertisers for the Finnish market also appeared on Radio Nord. Among others, Scan West advertised a fair in Helsinki. And the results were good.

During the winter and spring of 1962, the Stockholm office started to empty. My co-workers found it difficult to go on in the atmosphere of constant uncertainty and preferred to look around for other positions so that not all of them would have to go out looking for new jobs at the same time. Swedish Radio, ad agencies, record companies and electronic companies took care of some. Others started their own businesses, while still others went back to the film industry. After "closing time," I observed with relief that everyone had a good position and no one was left without work. Clearly, time at Radio Nord was considered a merit and no one was discriminated against because of his work for Radio Nord.

At the end of the Radio Nord period, I moved most programs out to the Bon Jour. Direct broadcasts were made from the ship and the records, we played were not prerecorded. For some reason, these direct programs always came out better than the taped ones – perhaps because the concentration and the discipline was never the same at the studio ashore. The system of taping direct broadcasts I never managed – in spite of consistent efforts.

18. RADIO NORD WILL BE BACK

Today our planet turns on its axis as it did millions of years ago. Fates, faces, events and voices come and go and will continue to do so. What does it matter that a single voice was silenced? It all depends on your distance in time and space from the event.

When Radio Nord became silent, it meant pure and bitter sorrow to me. Radio had seeped into by blood. I was completely overcome by the possibilities and the problems of electronic communication.

I'm certain that much of the large amounts of money spent supporting the idea of commercial television is thrown away. In all investigations, an important issue is forgotten: Free Radio! One of the big arguments against commercial TV is that the publicity cost becomes especially high and only the large companies can afford to advertise. This leads to big companies becoming still bigger at the expense of the small ones. From the standpoint of free industrial life, this is not an unimportant factor.

Commercial TV has to be supplemented by commercial radio. In radio the production cost is small and advertising can be obtained at a reasonable cost. All advertisers, even retailers, can afford it. The price list of Radio Nord proves this. If you think of the conditions in the United States, where a straight 10-second ad on KLIF costs only \$20, you can see that this is an inexpensive advertising medium which can be used by everyone.

Yes, though the earth turns on her axis, we must not forget that she is not alone with her moon. Satellites have now been launched from the big countries and it won't be long before other nations are able to send up their own satellites. It is no longer impossible to imagine any place on earth being beyond contact with any other through radio and TV. And these atmospheric "guests" do not wait to be allowed past borders. If a state wants to prevent its citizens from listening, they have to take extreme measures which thus far only totalitarian countries have resorted to by limiting radio listening within the country to

The Radio Nord Story is over. Newsmen and technicians prepare to board the Tender on its last trip.



Before the last program from Radio Nord, Jack Kotschack went on the air to thank the station's sponsors and listeners for their support.



official transmitters. The Swedish policy has been to say nothing about transmissions from abroad received within Sweden. During the Hitler and Stalin periods, the airwaves were jammed with propoganda broadcasts. Radio Nord itself was jammed for a few weeks, but we were never able to determine who was responsible. Commercial radio and TV must be allowed to reach the citizens. And both will come. When cheap antenna construction allows reception from the satellites of the major powers, both TV and radio will be received within our borders.

Even while political propoganda is still reaching our ears, commercial radio and TV are gradually approaching Sweden over the earth's surface, from the east and south. The commercial German stations on the Danish border have already gained many listeners, and the Danish state has taken note of this. Sales of German products have increased locally due to radio advertising. The Danish Government cannot control this information directed to those citizens. Obviously, most of the public chooses the commercial programs with a high professional standard. The only cure for the state would be to win listeners back through more popular programs, something which a monopoly radio has neither the money nor the interest to accomplish. Thus, Denmark may soon have its own legal commercial radio and TV, and Sweden will find itself in the position that Denmark now occupies.

The threat to Swedish monopoly radio is further strengthened by Finnish plans for a strong commercial TV station on Aland. When Stockholm area and Orestad are provided with commercially produced entertainment, the protection laws of the monopoly radio will weaken. It will work like this; foreign commercial TV reaching the most heavily populated areas of the country will bring forth Swedish commercial TV. High production costs and the equally high prices for television advertising will then create a demand for commercial radio to provide small companies with a chance to advertise their products. I believe that radio and TV are the strongest advertising media and that a commercial station will have a larger public than its monopoly counterpart. Our future commercial TV will most likely become a subsidiary of the Swedish Radio and Telegraph Service, but in the case of commercial radio, the conditions will be different. The reason for commercial radio following TV is, of course, to create an inexpensive media. Swedish Radio cannot possibly hold prices low enough if they want to continue their policy of covering the entire country. The solution will be the same as everywhere else in the world. Local stations, privately owned established perhaps on a licence from the Telegraph Service, or perhaps from a newly formed licensing system.

It is a mistake to believe that there are only a few wavelengths which can be

used without disturbing other stations. The entire f.m. band is practically free, and one can also use medium wave if necessary precautions are taken. The first of these new radio stations will be called RADIO NORD. He who lives now, will live to see and hear it happen.



The end for the ship that became known to millions in Sweden and, later, Britain.

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