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Collector & Emitter

December 1994

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For Postal Information

Second Class Mail

Happy Holidays



The Magic of Christmas

Chit Chat - Some Good Recipes To Try

Ham Christmas Memories and Tales

CORA*Collector & Emitter*

Harold C. Miller, KB1ZQ/5
Editor

**Central Oklahoma Radio
 Amateurs, Inc.**

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4. Oklahoma City Autopatch Assn. Meets: 1930L, 3rd Tuesday, Salvation Army Bldg N.W. 50th and Penn, OKC (Back Door) Pres: Brad Nelson, KJ0W 793-9470 VP: Mike Fields, KB5WIC 720-9123 Sec: Perry Jenkins, KB5TOT 354-5075 Treas: Cheryl Brassfield, KB5WQR 685-8070 Editor: Mike Fields, KB5WIC 720-9123	16. Edmond Amateur Radio Club Meets: 1900L, 2nd Monday, Various Locations Pres: Mark Northcutt, WD5DYI 755-4672 VP: Wendell Cochran, WB5ISO 396-8224 Sec/Tr: Kay Northcutt, WD5DYJ 755-4672 Trustee: Dennis Orcutt, WB5ISN 340-0034
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CHIT CHAT

This first recipe is from the kitchen of Nancy & John, KC5DRI. I am not sure if they know this but this recipe dates back to the late 1930's and early 1940's. They are easy to make and OOH. . . so good.

NO BAKE FUDGE COOKIES

2 cups sugar
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cocoa

Mix in medium. saucepan over medium heat, BOIL for 1 minute (thats a Full Rolling Boil), remove from stove. Add 1 stick butter or margarine, 1/2 cup peanut butter, dash salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups of 1 minute (dry) oatmeal. Mix until well blended. drop by the Tablespoon on to waxpaper and allow to set or chill for a quick set, store in an air tight container.

This next cookie recipe is one of my son's favorites. He usually bakes them himself when the school decides to have a party. Before you decide to call me and say that something is missing in this recipe, let's just say its complete and somehow works. Mike loves the expressions on peoples' faces when he gives them the ingredients. This recipe was created during the depression when supplies were short and cooking became a challenge.

POOR MAN'S P.B. COOKIES (or DEPRESSION COOKIES)

Preheat oven to 350 degrees

1 egg
1 cup sugar (reg.)
1 cup peanut butter, smooth or chunky

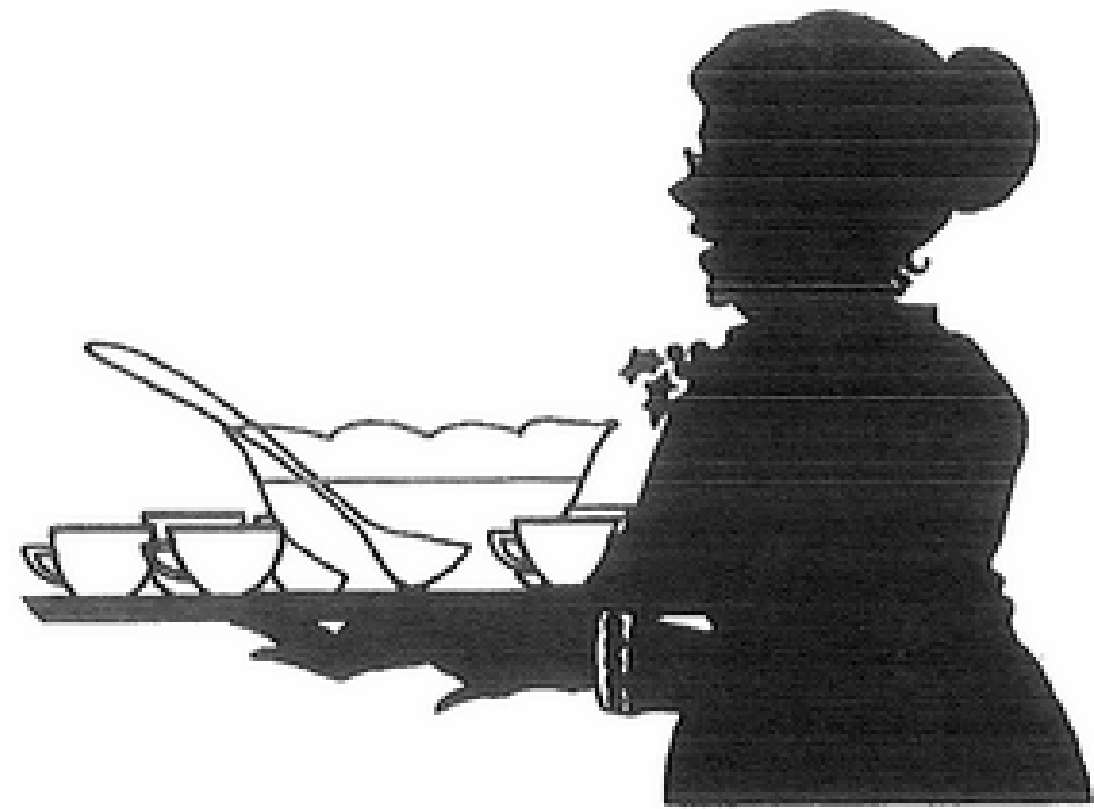
In a medium. bowl using a large fork, beat egg until foamy, add sugar and mix well. Add peanut butter, mix until well blended. Drop dough by the teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheet. Use fork to make chris-cross design on cookies. Bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes or until edges of cookies begin turning brown. ALLOW TO COOL a few minutes while still on the cookie sheet (they break otherwise) Remove cookies onto brown paper and allow them to completely cool. Makes about 30 cookies.

Cheryl, KB5WQR is always on the search for new ways to prepare meals for her family. Here is a very easy recipe for cake icing that tastes heavenly.

WHIPPED CREAM FROSTING

2 cups heavy or whipping cream
1/4 cup confectioner sugar
dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In small bowl, with mixer at medium speed, beat cream, with sugar and salt until stiff peaks form; fold in vanilla. Keep frosted cake refrigerated until serving time. (fills and frosts a two layer cake)



GOOD EAT'N : Best Ever RUM CAKE

1tsp. sugar	brown sugar
1 cup dried fruit	1 cup butter
1 tsp. soda	baking powder
2 large eggs	nuts
lemon juice	1 to 2 quarts of rum

Before starting, sample rum to check quality. Good, isn't it? Now proceed. Select large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc. Check rum again. It must be just right. To be sure rum is of proper quality, pour one level cup of rum into a glass and drink it as fast as you can. Repeat. With electric mixer, beat 1 cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add 1 seaspoon of thugar and beat again. Meanwhile, make sure rum is still alright. Try another cup. Open secode quart if necessary. Add leggs, 2 cups fried druit and beat till high. If druit gets stuck in beaters, pry loose with drewscriber. Sample rum again, checking for tonscistricity. Next, sift 3 cups pepper or salt (really doesn't matter). Sample rum. Sift 1/2 pint lemon juice. Fold in chopper butter and strained nuts. Add 1 bablespoon of brown suger, or whatever color you can find. Wix mel. Grease oven. Turn cake pan to 350. Pour mess into boven and ake. Check rum again and bo to ged!

(Note: although most people will realize this recipe is not to be tried at home and is a tongue-in-cheek, there will be a few that just might try it anyway. So, I put this warning: if you must attempt to bake this Rum Cake recipe, do so at your own risk, it may be a hazard to your health as well as your kitchen.)

This recipe was found in *ENID A.R.C. LIGHT*, December 1994 Newsletter. Permission was given to reprint it by Jeff, N5UBY, Editor. Enjoy!

The Magic of Christmas

You never know what might come out of a ham's bag of tricks.

By Bruce Vaughan, NR5Q

P.O. Box 203

Springdale, AR 72765

A cold November snow was beginning to fall. It would likely be snowing heavily before the club meeting was over.

Good thing I'm a little early tonight, I thought. When the members start coming in for the meeting, they'll want a lot of hot coffee. I had an hour to get the hall open, the coffee made and the swap-and-sell table set up.

As I pulled up to the front of the hall, I peered through the falling snow and could see a boy huddled in the doorway. He hadn't missed a meeting for the last five months. Randy looked younger than his 14 years. The clean, but well-worn blue jeans, tennis shoes and denim jacket were inadequate protection from the cold, drifting snow.

Easing out of my old Volkswagen, I yelled, "Hi, Randy! Glad you could come tonight." I could tell the youngster was happy to see me. That warmed me up a bit. Reaching the shelter of the doorway, I removed my glasses, wiped the snow from the lenses, ran my fingers through my graying hair and said, "Why don't you go inside ...I'll be along as soon as I unload the car."

"Mr Allen, can I help you carry anything?" asked Randy.

"Sure," I replied, "I'd appreciate it if you'd get my hand-held radio from the back seat. I'll get my briefcase and everything else. Let's hurry and get in out of this snow. If we hang our coats in front of the hot-air vent, they should dry out before the meeting's over."

I usually showed up early to get the hall ready. Because Randy and I were always the first to arrive, we'd become well acquainted. Randy was in his first year of high school. His sister was seven and in the second grade. Randy's mother was holding down two jobs to support the family, working at a supermarket from 9 to 5 and as a restaurant hostess from 6 to

10. Their father had been gone for five years. Randy was lucky that his mother had Tuesday evenings off so he could leave his sister and come to the club meetings.

I'd offered to drive the lad home after the meetings, but he said his mother told him to wait at the meeting hall until she picked him up shortly after 10 PM. I never closed the hall until they were safely inside their ancient sedan.

After firing up the coffee pot, I set up the swap-and sell table. Soon, the room began to fill with people and the buzz of conversation rose to an S7 level. Gathering in small groups, they discussed the merits of this antenna, that rig or the latest DX.

As always, the swap-and-sell table was filling up with equipment and parts. Already, it groaned beneath a Heathkit DX-60 transmitter, a worn Swan transceiver, a Drake R4C, a home-brew transmatch, and many parts and small items. Randy was especially interested in the old Swan. He carefully turned the tuning knob and gently rubbed his hands over the well worn metal cabinet.

"I see you're admiring that Swan transceiver." I said. "By the way, Randy, how are you coming with the Novice lessons?"

"Fine, Mr Allen, I passed my exam last week," replied Randy. "Sure wish I could afford this rig, but 75 dollars is a lot of money. I make a little mowing lawns and shoveling snow, but most of it goes for school clothes."

"Congratulations! Passing you Novice exam qualifies you for a year's free membership in our club. Do you have any kind of radio?" I asked.

"We have an old broadcast radio with two shortwave bands on it. It'll tune the 40-meter band, but it's hard to read CW on it. I use it for practice. If I get it tuned

just right I can make out some letters," replied Randy.

"Tell you what...when your license arrives, give me a call. I'll drive over to pick you up and we'll 'break in' your new ticket at my station," I said.

"Thanks, Mr Allen I'd like that," Randy exclaimed.

I noticed our president, Joanne, and a couple of other members in a huddle in the corner. As I walked over to join them, they turned and motioned for John, our vice-president. Soon, our secretary, Gene, ambled over. The conversation continued until it was time for Joanne to call the meeting to order.

After the formal business meeting, we took our usual 20-minute break and, as program chairman, I called the meeting back to order.

"Before we see the Dxpedition presentation, I want to remind everyone that our next meeting will be our regular Christmas Party," I said. "Each member is to bring a wrapped present. We have a limit of no more than five dollars per gift. The items can be new or used, manufactured or home-brew." I continued, "I'd also like to announce that there will be a special meeting of the Board and any other interested members at the Daybreak Donut Shop next Saturday morning at 9 AM. At this meeting, we will discuss ways of bringing more of the spirit of Christmas into our annual Christmas Party."

Afterward, the club members discussed the program as they bundled up and walked out into the falling snow. Randy was all smiles when his ride arrived. I could see him in excited conversation with his mother and sister as they drove away.



The envelope from the FCC came a short time later, on a raw Saturday morning. Randy was so excited he could barely talk. "Mr Allen, my license came today! My call sign is KA5QJO . . . isn't that a great one? Did you mean what you said about letting me operate your station?"

"It sure is, Randy," I answered, "and yes I really meant what I said. I'll pick you up in 30 minutes."

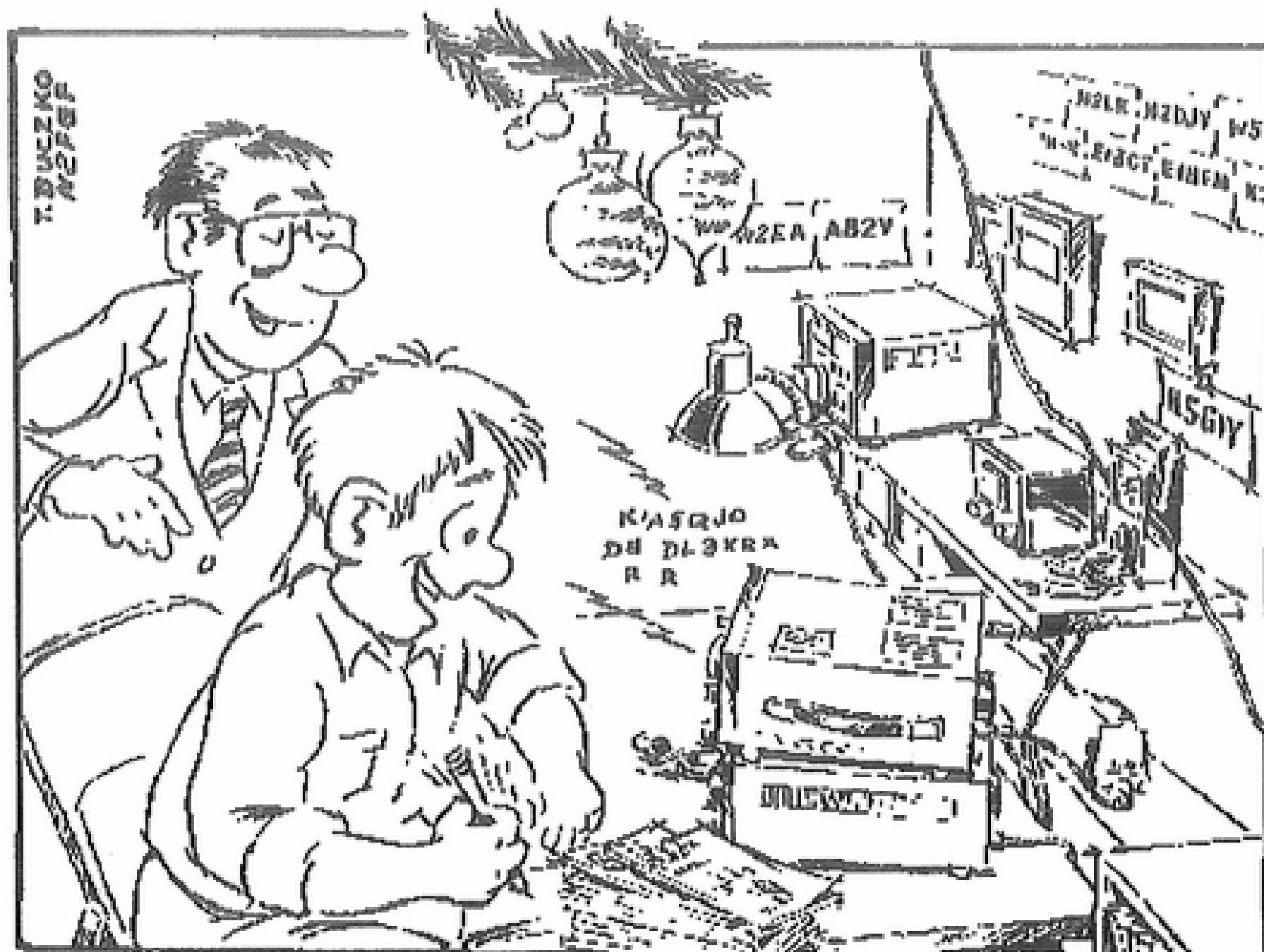
How could I tell him his call sign was long and difficult to copy in a pileup? What ham doesn't think his first call sign is something special? And it is.

Turning to my wife Alice, I said, "I know you want to get the tree up and decorated today, but I just had an important call. We're going to have a visitor for lunch. This visitor is special. You've heard me talk about Randy. I'm going over to pick him up. I know you'll like him."

I introduced him to Alice and she said, "Nice to meet you Randy. Another ham, eh? Did Glenn tell you that I'm N5GIY? Why don't you go downstairs to the shack and have fun." Turning to me Alice said "I can see you'll be busy, so I'll make us something to eat at about 1:30."

We entered the shack and Randy stopped short. Slowly his gaze roamed the room. "Wow!" he exclaimed, "What a shack. I've never seen radios like these. What are they?" He was looking at my old Hallicrafters SX-115 receiver and HT-37 transmitter. Beside them sat the little Johnson Navigator, my home brew QRP rig and the SX-100, and on the table was my old Mac bug. All the equipment I couldn't part with.

I understood Randy's interest. After all these years, I still get misty eyed when I see a mint condition SX-17, National HRO receiver or other classic gear. There are few thrills in this life equal to operating DX late at night, in your dimly lit shack, using a tube-type receiver and home built transmitter. There's a special satisfaction in taking a few parts from the junkbox, building a simple transmitter, and with it, communicating with hams thousands of miles away. After your QSO, leaning back in your chair, you can feel the warmth of the rigs and admire the beauty of the equipment by the light emitted from the glowing filaments.



Throughout the room is the faint odor of warm transformers. There's no way you can impart these feelings to a newcomer. They only come with experience.

"Suppose you sit down at this table over here," I said. "This is more the type of equipment you'll be using. We'll get back to classic gear and home-built rigs after you have a few QSOs."

Pulling up a couple of chairs to the operating desk, I sat Randy down in front of the Kenwood TS-830 HF transceiver. He watched intently as I warmed up the rig, tuned it into the dummy antenna, then threw the coax switch to the tribander that was aimed to the northeast. I explained to Randy that we could expect good openings to Europe on this band at this time of day. "We're tuned up for 15 meters, do you remember the Novice frequencies?" I asked.

"Sure," replied Randy, "21.100 to 21.200 MHz."

"Good," I replied. "Let me check you out on the controls. Have you had any practice with keyer and paddle?"

"I'm sorry," stammered Randy. "I only have a homemade key and buzzer."

"Okay, Randy, I'll hook up my straight key. I think it's time we broke in that new license. You can use your new call sign even though you're operating my station. However, you can only use your Novice operating privileges. I stay here and help you through your first few QSOs."

"Start at the low end of the band and move up slowly. Listen for a CQ running at a speed you can copy," I said.

Slowly Randy moved the dial on the 830. "Gee," he whispered, "this sure does work smooth. Someday I'm going to have a radio like this."

"Easy, Randy, let's stop and take a listen to that one," I said. "It sounds like a DL."

"I don't think I know what a DL is," replied Randy.

"A DL is a German station," I replied. "Write down his call sign."

His small hand trembled as he printed the call sign. Looking up, he said, "Is he really in Germany? He's so loud."

"He sure is," I answered, "and he's signing now. Send his call sign twice, then DE and then your call sign three times, followed by a KN."

Randy's hand gripped the Navy knob on the key. I looked at his face and wondered if he was going to panic. He hesitated, then slowly managed to answer the

CQ with only one mistake. After signing, he seemed frozen. I reached around him flipping the send-receive switch back to receive. All was quiet for a few seconds. Then, "KA5QJO DE DL3XRX R R TNX CALL OM UR RST 569"

Randy was shaking so badly he broke the lead in his pencil as he recognized his call sign coming from the speaker.

"Easy, Randy," I said, "hang real loose." I picked up a pencil and printed out the DL's reply and placed it in front of him. "When he signs, go back to him and give him your name, QTH and his report. I'd give him a 559," I added.

When the brief QSO was over, Randy turned to me, and while a lone tear moved slowly downward, glistening like a diamond among the freckles of his smiling face, he said, "Mr Allen, I actually worked Germany! Wait 'til I tell Mom."

"You sure did, Randy," I replied. "Now that your a full fledged ham, why don't we go down and have a little lunch? Then we'll work DX until you have to go home."

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

I decided to leave early for the Christmas Party. The snow had been falling since noon; I knew travel would be slow and I wanted to get the hall open so Randy wouldn't have to stand outside. Upon arriving, I was disappointed and concerned; Randy wasn't waiting. I hoped nothing was wrong -- Randy just had to make this meeting.

I unlocked the door and found the room warm and inviting. The decorating committee had been at work most of the day. I had to admit that they had done a super job. The tree was gorgeous, the coffee pot was on, the refreshment table decorated and loaded with Christmas food, and all the lights on the tree were glowing brightly.

Members began arriving at about 7, each placing his wrapped gift under the tree, then taking a number from the box. There would be no business meeting tonight, just the exchange of gifts and additional feature we'd worked out at the donut shop meeting three weeks ago.

I looked across the room and noticed John, George, and Joanne discussing the meeting. "Hey, you guys, how about walking out to my car and giving me a hand with all those boxes I have to carry in."

"No way! It's colder than a 3-500Z with an open heater out there tonight," George joked.

"Wel-I-I, okay," Joanne moaned comically. "Besides, we have to work out the final details anyway."

As we were unloading my car, I saw Randy and his mother and sister turn into the parking lot. Randy jumped from the car. Clutching a small gift - wrapped box under his arm, he ran over to our group. I could tell he was excited.

"Mr Allen, since I'm a full member of the club, is it okay if I bring my mother and sister as guests?" Randy inquired.

"Certainly is, Randy," I replied. "we're pleased they could come."

I waited until the three of them entered the brightly lit and decorated club room, and said, "Okay, team, let's run through it one more time. This ticket box goes on the head table. It has numbers in it from 1 to 100 I expect about 80 to 85 people tonight, so we should have plenty. I take this other box around and ask each member to select one number from the box. Then we'll draw a number from the box to see who gets the Super Christmas Gift. Be sure the Super Gift is in the center of the head table. Got it?"

"As long as you know what you're doing, I guess it's okay," replied John. "But if you foul this up, we're going to stick needles through your coax!"

"One other thing," I said, "while I'm passing around the box and having each member select a number, you guys get busy unwrapping the Super Gift. Be sure the contents are well displayed."

Our gift exchange, plus the announcements concerning our January program, lasted until 9. We took a 30-minute refreshment break and Joanne called the meeting back to order at 9:30.

"Tonight we have a special Super Gift that a lucky member is going to receive. As you remember, last month we had a meeting of the Board to plan a little something extra for this meeting. Many of you attended that meeting. For those of

you who didn't, here's what transpired: You remember that Jim recently became a Silent Key." There were subdued murmurs and Joanne continued, "We took up a donation from those present at our meeting and purchased his station. This not only helped one of our members, but provided us with a special Super Gift to present in Jim's memory. I wish the club could give a Super Gift to everyone here, but that isn't possible. Glen will now pass among you with a box. If anyone is missed and doesn't receive a number, please hold up your hand."

I carried the box to each member, shaking it up from time to time, then tilting the box so the seated members could reach inside for a number. As I was doing this, Joanne and John unwrapped the Super Gift.

On the table was a mint condition Kenwood TS-530 HF transceiver, an MFJ keyer and a Bencher paddle. George had soldered up a dipole and had it neatly coiled, ready to install. Here indeed was a complete ham station.

Joanne had brought her daughter, a cute five-year old in a red dress. Her blonde pig tails were tied with green ribbons, and a sprig of holly was the perfect accent for her Christmas outfit. She asked the youngster to come up and draw the lucky number.

Reaching into the box, the little girl handed the slip to her mother. "Number 61," she called out. "Does anyone have number 61? Does anyone hold number 61, please? If no one has number 61, we must draw another number. Last chance for number 61"

"It's my brother!" yelled a small voice. "Randy has the lucky number!"

All eyes turned to the rear of the hall. Randy was sitting straight up, staring at the piece of paper, unable to move or talk.

"Randy, would you please come up and accept your station," I said. "We also have a couple of fellows to help you get the dipole up. We need to set a time for the antenna raising."

Walking slowly to the front of the room, Randy turned and said, "This is the greatest Christmas ever, I . . . I . . . I'm sorry, I don't know what else to say . . ."

John, Joanne and I walked to the car with Randy and his mother and sister. After we put the gear in the trunk, we turned and wished them a Merry Christmas. The sound of laughter trailed off as their car faded into the falling snow.



Returning to the hall to clean up, Joanne turned to me and asked, Tell me again, just how that worked."

"In my younger days," I explained. "magic was my hobby. Did I tell you I met Alice that way? I helped pay my way through college giving magic shows and met her at a fair I was working."

"Whattaya know," mused Joanne.

"The box on the head table did not have any numbers in it but 61," I continued. "The box I passed around is called a 'forcing box'. It has two compartments in it. One compartment has tickets numbered from 1 to 100, but no number 61. All the tickets in the other compartment are marked Number 61. To change compartments, I need only tilt the box to the right or left. The hinged partition in the box does the work. I kept the box tilted to the right, only tipping to the left as Randy drew his number."

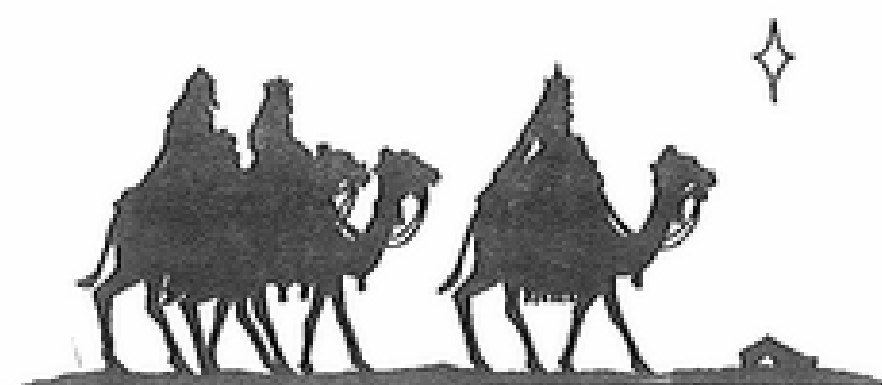
"Just a minute, Glenn, somebody would've noticed..." Joanne interrupted.

"Uh-uh... having you guys unwrap the present while I passed the box around is what magicians call 'misdirection.' No one would notice which way the box was tilted while you were unwrapping the equipment. It's a way to distract people."

Now, let's put these two boxes in the trash. Santa likes to keep his business confidential."



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A HAM'S CHRISTMAS WISH LIST

by Edith, KA5YPX

See if you can find all 30 terms in the puzzle below, answer will be printed next month. You didn't think I was going to make it easy did you?

C	U	L	E	X	D	A	R	A	M	S	C	H	S	K	O	O	B	L	L	A	C
S	V	A	E	V	P	X	T	A	I	R	N	R	E	T	A	E	P	E	R	Y	A
F	N	G	N	K	O	Q	R	E	Y	E	K	C	I	N	O	R	T	C	E	L	E
S	J	D	I	N	W	J	I	N	O	I	S	C	R	L	D	B	R	Y	I	T	K
S	F	R	W	U	E	X	B	U	H	F	I	O	E	E	U	E	A	M	K	W	I
D	C	E	T	B	R	T	A	K	L	I	O	M	T	M	P	A	E	Z	L	B	M
R	Y	T	Z	A	S	Y	N	P	C	L	L	P	T	E	L	M	Y	I	A	T	R
A	D	N	C	N	U	G	D	A	P	P	D	U	A	D	E	A	W	X	T	Q	E
C	V	U	G	D	P	F	M	M	L	M	L	T	B	O	X	N	E	V	D	G	K
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O	K	U	L	L	C	O	D	R	Q	C	X	Q	K	Y	R	V	D	D	D	R	K
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U	W	E	O	E	N	E	O	E	L	A	T	J	D	I	V	C	S	F	R	Q	R
Y	L	R	A	R	R	A	T	T	S	R	K	G	S	K	I	W	B	T	Y	C	X
M	Y	F	L	N	C	R	Y	E	K	T	H	G	I	A	R	T	S	V	M	Y	M
K	K	X	L	T	I	T	M	R	Z	F	V	G	J	E	N	I	L	D	R	A	H
K	U	C	W	G	Y	H	L	P	F	H	V	A	C	U	U	M	T	U	B	E	S

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HAPPY NEW YEAR
HARD LINE
HF TRANSCEIVER

MERRY CHRISTMAS
MODEM
PACKET RIG
PEACE N EARTH
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QSL CARDS
REPEATER
REPARTER DIRECTORY
SPEAKER MIKE
STRAIGHT KEY
SWR METER
TRAP DIPOLE
TRI BAND MOBILE RADIO
VACUUM TUBES
VERTICAL ANTENNA

HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD?

Roger McCourry/KE4BFE

Merry Christmas, HO HO HO.
Here's hoping this reaches you,
where reindeer can't go.
I'm loaded this Christmas,
and it ain't on booze.
I've got a sack full of
goodies, so which will you choose?

Kenwood you said, or was it Alinco?
Yaesu's a good one, but only you know,
Which one you'd like for ol' Santa to
bring.
I'll bet a Standard would make your heart
sing.

But, have you been good?
Like an old ham should?
Have you made all your Nets?
Have you missed many meetings?
Do you deserve the Christmas greetings?
You may have more wants than gets.

Have you studied your code? Or taken an
upgrade?
Have you offered to help or lain in the
shade?

Were you at Field day, or couldn't stand
the heat?
If you were there, did you work, or just
come to eat?

Have you worked an event, or worked a
Hamfest?
Are you satisfied that you've done your
best?

Have you brought refreshments to a club
meeting?
Have you greeted at the door?
Are you giver or taker, could you do
more?
Have you tried to make your club the pride
of the state,
Or has your attitude been "I'll just wait?"

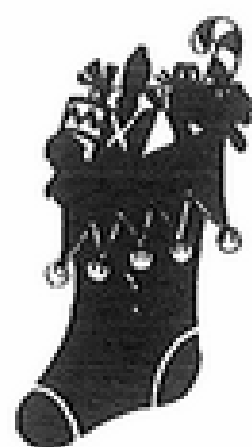
If you answered right to all the above, and
you know you've done your
best, come push or shove, then hang your
stocking up, What the heck?
You might just wake up to a new Ten-
Tec.

So pay your dues now, be a good Ham, y'
hear?
But, For heaven's sake, OM, try better
next year.

Happy 88 and Merry 73...
Hope that you all have new radios
under your Christmas trees.

Season's Greetings from
Stan KI4FK @ N4UQA.#NETN.TN

Via the Packet BBS System.
Edited/forwarded by K2GKK.



A HAM'S CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas the night before Christ-
mas, and in the ham shack,
Was the warm glow of tubes in
the transmitting rack.

The log book was brought up
to date with great care,
In case the FCC might some day
be there.

XYL and Harmonics were snug
in their beds,
No Tennessee Indians to addle
their heads.

I plugged in the mike and the
new VFO,
Getting set up for a nice QSO.

When up from the relays there
arose such a clatter,
I yanked the big switch to see
what was the matter.

Then up on the roof by the
two meter beam,
There came QRM like a hetro-
dyne scream.

On Gonset, on Babcock, on
Viking and Elmac,
On Ranger, on Collins, on
Heathkit and Eimac.

Bias to the grid and volts
to the plate,
Just watch the S-Meter while
we all modulate.

As I turned to the rig and
reached for the dial,
From the antenna tuner Santa
slid with a smile.

An RF choke he held tight in
his teeth,
And coax encircling his head
like a wreath.

A bundle of ham gear he had
flung on his back.
Was that MY name on a new
power pack?

He had a snub nose like an
egg insulator,
And his cheeks glowed bright
red like a hot oscillator.

He spoke not a word but went
straight to his work,
Laying out all the gear,
turned with a jerk.

And laying a wave meter along
side of his nose,
Said, "Please QSL." and up the
feeders he 'rose.

He climbed up the dipole, to
his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like
a jet propelled missile.

But I heard his last signal
from the ionosphere,
Seventy Three, Eighty Eight,
& Merry Christmas from here.

Robert Shafer W9SVL (SK)
Retold by WA9UXP

Via the Packet BBS System.
Edited/forwarded by K2GKK.

THE SALVATION ARMY NET

They Need You!!

About 7 years ago KB2AW, Dolph Grolock, then director of the Disaster Services at the Salvation Army, came to me for help in setting up an amateur radio station at the Division Headquarters in Okla. City. I was the ARES D.E.C. for central Okla. at the time. Some gear was purchased, more donated, and soon we had the station set up and operating under my call, N5FM, as trustee.

This Division is responsible for the states of Arkansas and Oklahoma. The Salvation Army has volunteers through-out both states who have set up response units to assist in emergency and disaster services. These units need to be in contact with headquarters during these times and cannot always use commercial communications. For this reason we have recruited hams in their areas to assist them. This communication is through these hams and the station here, N5FM. In addition to these volunteers in the outlying locations, we must have operators at the headquarters location.

We have test nets once a month on the second Saturday of the month at 8:00 am local time. We operate on 3.900 mhz. ssb. phone, 146.82 mhz. fm phone, 145.07 mhz. packet, 14.165 mhz. AMTOR, and operate on emergency power. We also have rigs on the State Civil Defense freq. and Salvation Army business band rigs both base and mobiles.

As you can see it takes a few operators to show up to man the various rigs. That is the purpose of this letter. The Salvation Army is furnishing the equipment as well as a place to operate, a place for the V.E. testing, a place for club meetings, and a place for C.O.R.A. meetings. We as amateurs are not all keeping up our end of the deal. Many months we do not have enough hams show up to operate the equipment. We need to train back-up operators in our system and on our equipment. We need to do more exercises

but you need people to participate to make it work.

Come visit us and see what we do. Come before the net starts at 8:00 and we are too busy to give you any attention. We have free coffee and sometimes cookies. The natives at the station are all friendly. We do not bite your head off if you make a mistake. We won't make you ring the bell or put something in the pot. You may get to operate on frequencies and modes you don't usually use, operating under the N5FM call.

The local 2mtr. net is an ARES operation and if you can't come down - check in. The Salvation Army bldg. is located at the corner of N. Penn. and N.W. 50th. My home phone is 751-3577 if you have questions.

73 es CUL

Frank McCollom, N5FM.

The following from The Emergency Coordinator's Handbook. From section III of an agreement between the ARRL and The American Red Cross.

"The American Red Cross recognizes that the amateur radio service, because of its excellent geographical station coverage, can render valuable aid in maintaining the continuity of communications during disasters and emergencies when normal communications facilities are disrupted or overloaded." "The American Radio Relay League recognizes the American Red Cross as the agency chartered by Congress through which the American people voluntarily extend assistance to individuals and families in need as a result of disasters."

From an agreement between the ARRL and the Salvation Army.

"The American Radio Relay League, Inc. and The Salvation Army agree that:

A. Each organization will, through channels to its local units, encourage ongoing liaison with the other, urging both staff and volunteers to create and maintain adequate communication and effective relationships at all levels.

B. Each organization will participate in cooperative predisaster planning and

training programs at local, regional and national levels.

C. Each organization will, in times of disaster, cooperate to meet the needs of disaster victims, and of the agencies and organizations attempting to serve them. Each will make its facilities, resources, and capabilities accessible to the other, in accordance with established plans and procedures for cooperative service.

D. Each organization will work through its own lines of authority and respect the lines of authority of the other.

E. Each organization will distribute copies of this agreement through channels to its own field units, and to other organizations, both public and private, which may have an active interest in emergency and disaster relief.

The American Radio Relay League (ARRL) is a non-commercial national association of radio amateurs, established for the promotion of interest in Amateur Radio communication and experimentation, for the relaying of messages by radio, for the advancement of the radio art and the public welfare, for the representation of the radio amateur in legislative matters, for the maintenance of fraternalism and a high standard of conduct and for voluntary service in the public welfare.

The following from Grolier Electronic Publishing, Inc. - Copyright 1992

The Salvation Army is an international Christian evangelical organization that was founded in London in 1865 by William Booth, a Methodist minister and evangelistic preacher. As a religious movement engaged in social services, the army has, since its inception, made a goal of approaching sociological problems with Christian concern.

In keeping with its name, the Salvation Army is operated on a military pattern. Ministers are officers with military rank and the general (only one) headquartered in London, is the army's top international leader. Parishioners are soldiers, the main center of worship is the corps, and the Articles of War are signed as a declaration of faith by enrolling Salvationists. Both officers and soldiers

are entitled, as missionaries of God, to wear the army uniform and to bear the symbolic red shield.

Salvation Army assistance is given without regard to race, age, sex, creed, or condition. Among its many programs are correctional services for prisoners and parolees, day care, senior citizen clubs and residences, summer camps, emergency and disaster services, missing persons bureaus, rehabilitation for alcoholism and drug abuse, family counseling, and visitation to institutionalized individuals.

Paul S. Kaiser

The American Red Cross, founded in 1881 by Clara Barton, is authorized by congressional charter requiring the society to assist in wartime and to provide disaster relief. Local offices may also provide services needed in their communities. The Red Cross is funded privately. The national headquarters is in Washington, D.C. The governing body of the American Red Cross is made up of a

volunteer 50-member board of governors, consisting of 8 members appointed by the president of the United States (who serves as honorary chairman), 12 members elected by the board, and 30 members elected by the chapters at the national convention.

Bibliography: Barnes, Cyril, God's Army (1978); Chesham, Sallie, Bom to Battle (1965); Kew, Clifford W., The Salvation Army (1976); Sandall, Robert, The history of the Salvation Army, 6 vols. (1947-73).

Bibliography: Gilgo, Patrick F., The American Red Cross: The First Century (1981); Peachment, Brian, The Red Cross Story (1978); Willemin, G., et al., The International Committee of the Red Cross (1984).

N5FM

HF 3900kHz; Packet 145.07

AMTOR @ 8:30 a.m. 14.064mHz

Night Owl - Daily @ 10:30 p.m. on 146.07/67 with alternate 146.325/925.

OKC Swap-n-Shop - Saturdays @ 10:00 a.m. on 146.22/82.

Geritol - Daily @ 8:00 a.m. on 145.41 minus input.

Edmond Info - Mondays @ 7:00 p.m. on 147.135/735.

QCWA Chapter 63 VHF - Thursdays @ 7:00 p.m. on 145.41 minus input.

QCWA Chapter 63 HF - Sundays @ 8:00 on 3856.5kHz.

Wheatstraw - Wednesdays @ 9:00 p.m. on 146.01/61.

Purcell - Mondays @ 8:00 on 145.19 minus input.

Cimmaron - Tuesdays @ 9:00 p.m. on 145.45 minus input.

Oklahoma City Fox Hunts - Saturdays @ 7:00 p.m. check 146.07/67 for location. Hunt Frequency is 147.470 Mhz.

On the Air

ARES - Oklahoma County Thursdays @ 8:00 p.m. on 146.22/82.

Packet check-in on 145.07

Salvation Army - Second Saturday of the month @ 8:00 a.m. on 146.22/82.

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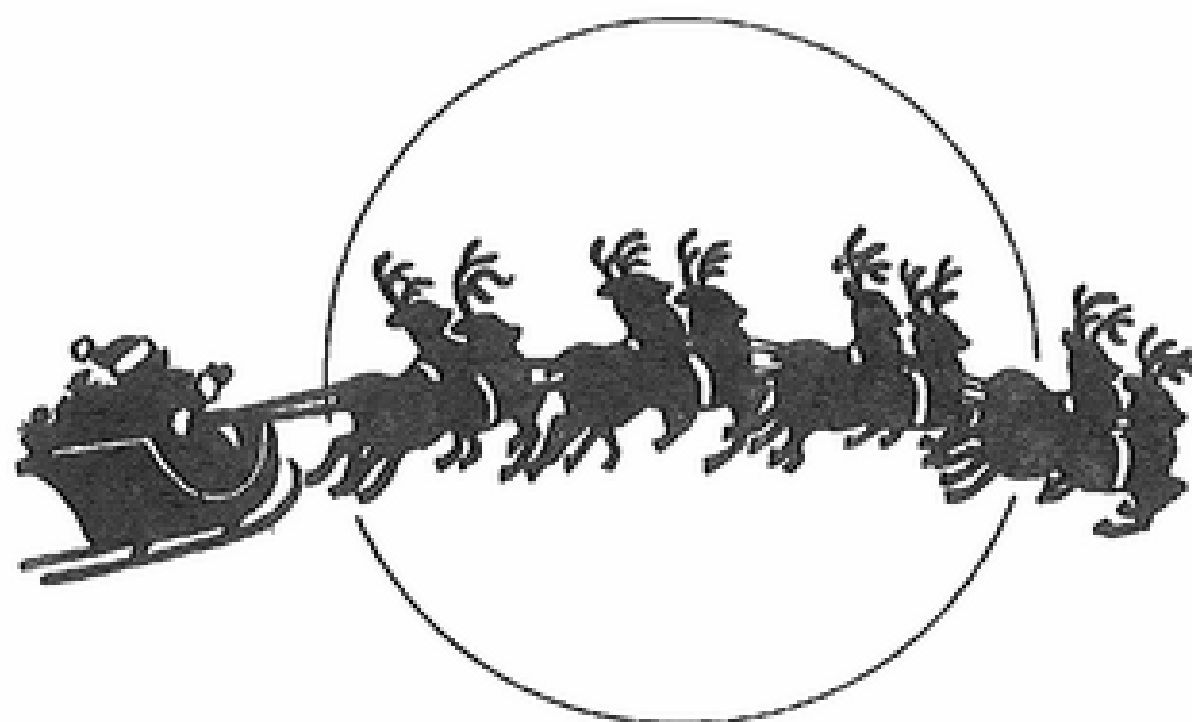
CRYPTOQUOTE FROM N5VWF

One letter simply stands for another.

Example: Xtxryqa Amatuer - Have fun!!

QKHP K U P W W M ZQWSVCUKV KTG K

QKJIM TPI MPKW!!!



THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS (A CHRISTMAS CAUTION STORY)

'Twas the week before Christmas and all
through the house,
Not a creature was stirring not even a
mouse.

Under the tree lay the gifts piled high,
Temptation enough to catch any thief's
eye.

The windows and doors look tight as a
drum,
However the burglars, they're not so
dumb.

Down at the door with nary a rattle,
The spring latch was slipped with no
sound to tattle.

Into the house and away with the loot,
As fast as greased lightning, the burglar
did scoot.

Finding it easy and wanting some more,
He grabbed up his tools and hurried next
door.

Slipping and prying he found in dismay,
A shiny large deadbolt was barring the
way.

Away to the window he went on the sly,
Tore open the screen and gave it a pry.

He pried and he pulled 'til his knuckles
were skinned,
But no progress was made 'cause the
windows were pinned.

In the window he noticed a sign stating
clear,
"Officer Rosie has already been here."

All the shaking and knocking the sleepers
did waken,
Still safe in their homes by precautions
they'd taken.

They ran to the phone, the police they did
harken,
Telling them where the culprit was
parkin'.

Delayed and dejected by pickings so lean,
The crook was just leaving when the cops
made the scene.

As they carted him off, the crowd heard
him say,
"By good locks I've been foiled, now
they'll lock me away"

Courtesy the "Watchdog", Torrance CA
Police Department Neighborhood Watch
Newsletter ,Special thanks to Clement C.
Moore. From Amateur Radio Station
KN6H in Southern California

Via the Packet BBS System.
Edited/forwarded by K2GKK.



THE 12 DAYS OF A HAM CHRISTMAS (Melody Traditional)

Lyrics by Mac & Judy Macdonald
(K2GKK & KA5BJS)
Copyright 1979

On the 12th day of Christmas,
My true love gave to me:

Twelve CORA meetings,
Eleven tubes from Ellard's,
Ten theory classes,
Nine new transistors,
Eight rectifiers,
Seven co-ax relays,
Six eight-oh-sevens,
Five open bands,
Four microphones,
Three CQs,

Two repeater guides,
And a beam on a 90 foot tower.

An Original Performance by
"The Four Macs"

"MORI" Christmas Party, 1979



Winter is Ready Are You?

Wintertime driving tips, for those that live
in the cold climates and those that visit. It
helps to winterize your vehicle as well as
yourself. BEFORE you start on that trip
check the following items on your mode of
transportation: tires; are they suited for
snow/ice/slush, exhaust system; battery;
wipers; and all of the lighting equipment.
A storm survival kit could literally save
your life. Here is what you should have:

1. Warm winter clothing, ie; gloves, coat,
and footwear.
2. Wool blankets or sleeping bag.
3. Flashlight.
4. Fusees.
5. First aid kit.
6. Red flag.
7. Sack of dry sand or kitty litter, some
use crushes oyster shells.
8. Booster cables.
9. Two Way radio or cellular telephone.

Plan ahead! Be conscientious of weather /
road surface conditions by listening to
weather reports on your local news.

Maintain a SAFE speed for the
conditions, remember speed limits are set
for IDEAL conditions.

Maintain a safe following distance, use
the 2 second rule. In stormy, snowy, and
icy conditions, increase your following
distance. Remember your stopping
distance on adverse highway conditions
will be many times greater than that of
idea, dry conditions.

Be a good, safe defensive driver, always
wear your safety belt (where applicable by
state law, in Oklahoma among others it is
the rule) and make sure that all of the
occupants in your vehicle, especially
children, wear the protection of the belt.

In keeping with the tone for the Holidays, several club members have written up some recollections of Christmas in their lives. At the end of their writings, I will have some closing thoughts on the spirit of Christmas a la EARS. Their stories are gladly shared with you, as below:



A DOLLHOUSE FOR MY GIRLS

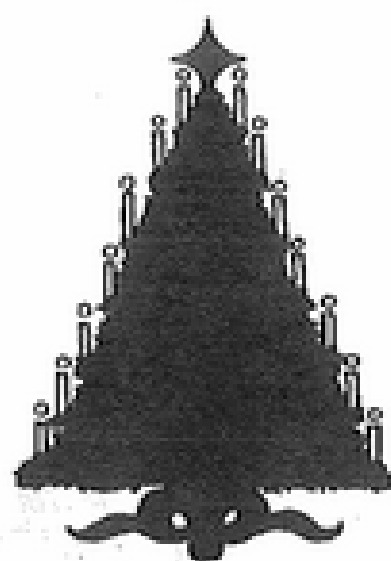
Mom and Dad were so resourceful and creative, that we didn't realize how difficult it was for them to provide a nice Christmas for their large family. Mother often spent many extra hours (I say "extra" because she was always sewing for one of us) at her sewing machine making new pajamas and robes for her brood of seven! She would summons me to "Try on" something she was making for my sister, but when the packages were opened, what I had "tried on" was actually for me (moms are sneaky like that).

One year that I particularly recall was when I was about 8 yrs. old. Dolls like Barbies were new and every little girl had her heart set on getting one for Christmas. Budgeting the price of the dolls for my sisters and I was feasible, but Mom and Dad came up with a very clever idea to enhance the enjoyment of the dolls.

There was an old bookcase around the house that had three deep shelves and the shelves were far enough apart to accommodate the height of the dolls. Daddy painted the bookcase a pretty pink (what else for three little girls). He cut carpet pieces to fit and glued them to each

self. He then made little beds for each doll. Mother made beautiful ruffled spreads, pillows and extra clothes for each doll. So we each had our own dollhouse! Though I don't recall logistics of just how we could all play at our dollhouse at the same time, I do recall the love that went into this special surprise.

By the way, almost 40 years later the dollhouse is still around but it has been transformed back to its original function.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Over the river and through the woods... or, is it, over the woods and through the river...?

We grew up in the country and like many people of long ago, we would cut a native evergreen on our place rather than getting a "store-bought" Christmas tree.

I wasn't very old the year I pestered mother until she allowed me to walk down the road to a neighbor's farm in search of the perfect tree. He had a bigger farm and I was certain, a better selection of trees from which to choose. There was one small catch...I had to take my two younger brothers along and make sure that they didn't get in to any mischief while I search for a huge (mom never got a big enough tree), perfect tree!

Now we all know just how much daylight there is on a week day evening in December, so not much time to get in to mischief, right? Remember the "Little Rascals" and how they could get in to all kinds of trouble in a 30 minute TV episode? We were no different (except nobody ever got it on film).

Even though I'm sure I had to explain this several times before that day ended, I still don't remember when the boys took off or just when they fell into the creek. Anyway, no one and nothing was seriously hurt so, it could have been worse. I also don't recall how the gate was left ajar and some of Mr. East's cows escaped. These things could have happened to anyone.

Alls well that ends well, right? Well, not quite.

It was getting late and I hadn't found that perfect tree. Too many diversions, you know. The trees all started looking alike sometime around 5:30, but I cut one and dragged it home. We didn't actually get around to decorating the tree that night. As I do recall, mom was busy with other things (bright lights and bamboo shoots under the finger nails, you know). By dawn's earliest light, I scurried out of my hiding place to inspect my tree. Sadly I discovered that the poor thing would have been much better off to have remained in the deep, dark forest on Mr. East's farm (remember Dr. Suess' Christmas trees?).

In retrospect, I'm sure that this was the beginning of a wonderful family tradition. From that year forward, the entire family ventured out to cut the Christmas tree.



A MILITARY CHRISTMAS

The Christmas I'll remember the most for a while was several years ago. I spent it with 80 other guys locked up in a very cold place. No, it was not Siberia, close though, it was-navy boot camp, Great Lakes, IL, style.

Aside from the obvious cold temps and lots of snow, Christmas there did not seem like Christmas at home. Due to the holiday we were allowed liberty during the day and for those who had family near by it was nice, but for the rest of us the liberty did not help. That was until the oriental family who ran the train station set up a free Christmas dinner for us. Especially since we were used to navy chow, and they also treated us like family. After navy recruit treatment, their fondness for us was a special treat.

Of interest may be the appearance of a navy harbor at Christmas time. All the navy vessels, be they carriers, cruisers, frigates, tenders, submarines, down to the tug boats all are decorated in the illumination of the holiday season. Contests for the most spirited decorations caused some mighty fine looking decor which reflected off the water to a greater than "ski-island" mesmerizing result.

I spent another Christmas away from home working at an undersea surveillance center which is run 24 hours per day and 365 a year, keeping our freedom safe along with thousands of others men & women! So on Christmas, don't forget the soldiers, sailors and airmen working that day and every day keeping America free.



COOKIES, CATTLE AND A BB GUN

Christmas was always looked forward to with much excitement when I was growing up. Going to other families for hot chocolate and cookies was fun. It seems that cookies then were more distinctive, and bigger, than the pint size versions we see today. Would you agree that a batch of cookies in the oven could put a smile on the face of the meanest scrooge? Assembly-line mall attempts at cookie making just does not get it. As they say, "get real."

However, even today, I seem to have thoughts of sadness when Christmas day approaches. Don't know about you, but for me, sad holiday feelings sure take away from all the fun and festive time of the holiday season. I believe the learned people of today even have an appropriate acronym for this: SAD (seasonal affective disorder).

For some reason, I recall a feed store always giving us new calendars and a small sack of fruit and candy. The expectation of getting these treats was such a neat feeling. We were always given enough treats by the feed store that sharing was not necessary. All the more reason to enjoy the goodies. We had purchased our feed and supplies at this feed store (Russell Mill and Elevator) all year, in all kinds of weather and discussed Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle more than once. So, when it came goodie bag time, another year had been made, and pretty soon we would have to start the awkward sounding new year.

Our cattle did not miss out on the Christmas season. My dad would always say, "It's Christmas, give them a little extra feed today." And yes, we eagerly complied. I guess we figured the cattle knew why we were giving them "a little extra." A Sooner victory in the Orange Bowl made us all feel a little taller, stronger and able to face the new year.

One year, I asked St. Nick for a certain Daisy BB gun. After sweating over that possible gift as much as we do today over that new mobile rig at the candy store, time finally came for Christmas. I was worried-was it the same Daisy I wanted, or would Santa confuse my craving? Great horror! It was the wrong BB gun, -it was a Daisy-but the wrong type pump action-I was hurt. Not so much over the error as I was for my folks who could read my disappointment. Don't recall how, but it was all soon rectified without pain. I do not know the point here, except that in the heat of battle emotions run wild, and real soon everything works out, sometimes even better than we could have anticipated.

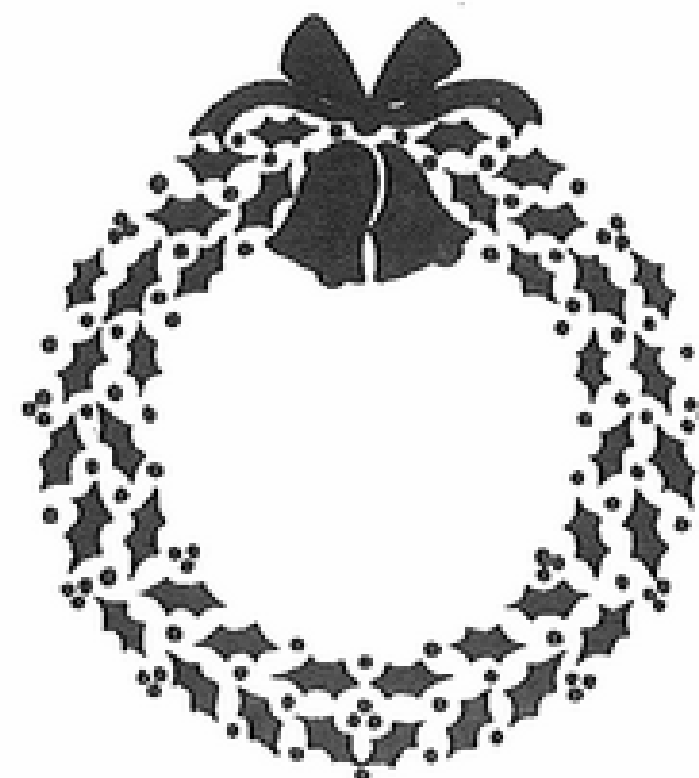
FRUIT IN THE ATTIC

My folks had very little money but grew or raised plenty of food for all of us children. We had our own chickens, cattle and turkey. When Christmas time came, my folks would go in to town and roll it out in relation to getting us fruit and candy. They would get us apples and oranges of high quality. They would come home with hard candy, soft candy (gum), chocolates, and nuts. But, we could not have any of this until Christmas day. My dad put all of the treats in the attic- a good place to store, but so close the aroma of the fruits and candy was overwhelming to us little children who wanted to partake so bad in the attic offerings. My dad denied the fruit fragrance as strong as we insisted its presence. We finally got to hit the goodies on Christmas day-yes it worth the wait.

Pretty neat reminiscing, would ya agree? Many thanks to the EARS members who took the time and care to prepare their little stories so we could all wind back the clock a bit and be mindful of the real meaning of Christmas. Here is hoping that your Christmas is special, happy and safe. Before signing off, a thought, word and prayer for the EARS families who lost family members during 1994. Because we have not mentioned much in a while does not mean our concern has slipped. Quite the contrary.

Merry Christmas 1994

John, WB5SYT
EARS VP & Editor





**VHF Club
NEWS**
W5LOW
*Elmer Goekler Memorial
Station*

Minutes of December Meeting

Will be covered in the next issue of the C&E. The VHF Club wants to wish all its amateur radio friends the most joyous of Christmases, that your signals stay clean and strong, and that your antennas stay up!

Joe, K5JB, Sec'y

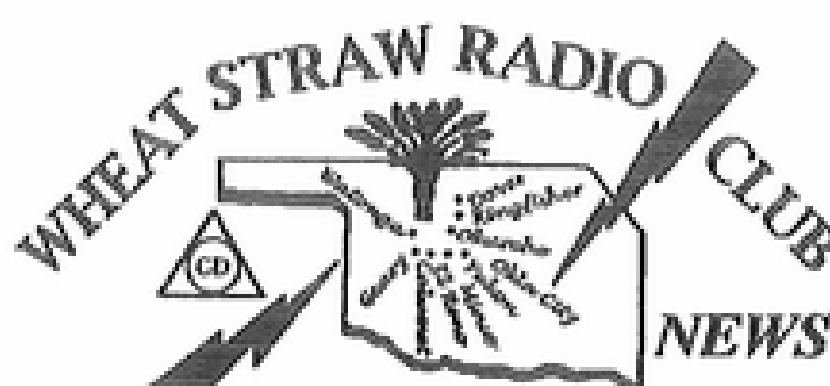
3-D Santa Claus

This may turn out to be a turkey (oops, wrong month) but I will try it anyway. I may be the only one around here who can do this trick, but I will try it on you and see if any of you can get the three dimensional effect from the pictures of Santa on this page. Hold the images squarely in front of your face, at normal reading distance. Slowly cross your eyes until you see two of the images overlap, making three fuzzy images. Hold your eyes crossed that amount and concentrate on the center image until it comes into focus. Looking at the tip of a finger placed midway between your eyes and the paper might help. If the trick works for you, you will see the middle image come into focus and display Santa in 3-D.

If your mama told you not to cross your eyes or they would get stuck that way, don't try this trick! If you don't get the effect, don't worry about it. Nobody I tried it on this week could see the effect either. Have a Merry Christmas anyway!

How it is done: I first figured out how to do this with computer bitmap images for Windows. The effect was so startling to me I thought I would try a line drawing so I could print the results and show others. The two pictures differ slightly, or course. I first took some clip art from a CD-ROM collection, drew the talkie in Santa's hand, then copied the image to a second position and edited it by moving parts at various plane depths laterally to simulate what two eyes would see stereoscopically. It works for me, but may just be a cheap parlor trick!

73, Joe, K5JB



Wheat Straw Meeting

Wheat Straw has not had its December meeting yet. The editor is trying to catch the C&E up to date. I am behind him and believe he is doing a good job. Let's pitch in and give him a hand.

Ralph's Christmases

It will be Christmas before we know it. As I look back over my shoulder at some of the Christmas days gone by, first, I want to say that I have always believed in Santa Claus and Christmas.

Some years my mother only had a single dollar bill to buy Christmas presents for six sons. Usually we each got a pair of socks for Christmas. If a dollar would not buy six pairs of socks she didn't buy any. She could not treat any of her children any differently from the others. When we were off to school, or otherwise out of the house, she would sew on homemade handkerchiefs. We were all very happy to get whatever she had for us. Mother taught us that Christmas gifts were gifts of love and not just gifts of things. Mother taught us that love was being perfectly true and honest to all, to have full confidence in others, to treat others as you would like to have them treat your mother, and to give it all from the heart.

Mother was a very proud lady. We were very poor but she would not let us take com-

modities that the government gave out. We were not to tell anyone our circumstances because we were not to accept charity.

When mother got up to around eighty years old, she was still using the old flat irons that you clipped the handle on when they were hot enough to iron clothes with. My wife bought her a nice combination dry and steam iron, giving it to her for Christmas. She started crying and said, "I can not take that; you will have to take it back." Goldie talked to her for some time to no avail.

Mother felt she could not take a gift that cost more than what she could give us. If she could not afford that expensive a gift -- she would have to spend that much on each of her sons -- she just could not do that.

I started talking to her and said, "Now Mom, you have taught us to take what we were given, and appreciate it. We have given you the iron from the bottom of our hearts, with true love. To show your appreciation, you take the iron." I did add a few other words that I don't remember. Anyway, mother quit crying and took the iron.

There were more Christmases with similar happenings. To me, those times are what Christmas was all about. Those days have taught me that there is always a happy, merry Christmas, if you just think about it.

Goldie and I are wishing you who are reading this a very merry Christmas, and a happy and prosperous New Year. Remember, each birthday will be a gift of time; growing old will be a gift of life.

Ralph, WA5PFK



THE UNSUNG HEROES OF THE AIR WAVES

Someone once told me that a true Hero was someone who believed in giving everything he did in life 110%, it did not matter what tasks were set before him, he did it just because it needed to be done. He does not seek glory or praise from others and is speechless when Honored. He does not see himself as being special or as a hero. The heroes I am writing about today are those on the air waves that I have had the honor of meeting and those I have heard on the radio..

I was 17 years. old when I was able to see hams in action during a hurricane evacuation from the Texas Coastal areas. We were at the Civil Defense building basement, in San Antonio, Texas. I was part of the team from Bexar County R. E. A. C. T. and our job was to report traffic conditions, shelter locations, the shelters that were full, and any accidents on the roadways though the use of the CB. The hams worked on 2meters doing the same job we were as well as using their HF rigs to keep in touch with the hams that remained on the coast relaying messages to families that loved ones were okay and received updates on the weather. We worked side by side for almost three days before the hurricane was on land and had been down graded to a tropical storm. It was hard, at times I fell asleep in front of the radio. Some thought we were crazy to have worked so hard. As one ham said when it was over, "We helped many people these past few days and in a weeks time they will not even remember your name. What they will remember is that some stranger was listening when they were lost and unsure on where to go or what to do, you made this whole evac possible by keeping a level head while giving aid and that was what we were here for and nothing more."

Military service personnel are always traveling where ever Uncle Sam decides they are needed and many holidays, Birthdays, Anniversaries, deaths and watching their children grow up are

missed. Letters take 2 weeks or more to travel in the mail depending on what country the letter is mailed from.. A special group of dedicated hams formed an organization called M. A. R. S. years ago. These hams, located all over the world, receive and send radiograms to our service members and their families. It takes anywhere from a few hours to a couple of days for these grams to reach the person they are meant for. The ability to have such a form of communication becomes a lifeline home plus the security of knowing someone cares enough to keep this lifeline open. I have received many M. A. R. S. GRAMS from Hal throughout the years, some came at times when a kind gentle reminder that I was not alone was needed, and others were simple statements of being thought of and loved. These hams that volunteer to receive and send messages do so to provide communication that otherwise would not be available.

Last Christmas I turned on the HF rig and started turning the dials to see if anyone was on the bands. Hal was sitting at the computer attempting to load an airplane fighter game that refused to be loaded. What I found was someone asking if anyone could hear him, was his radio working, he had just finished setting up his equipment. I asked Hal if he wanted to answer the call and he said someone else would, not to worry. A few minutes later the call for the radio check came back but no one answered him. Hal stopped messing with the stubborn computer and answered the call. The ham was at a children's hospital in the terminally ill wing and had set up his ham equipment in hopes of allowing the children, too sick to leave the hospital, the chance to reach across the skies and talk for a few moments to someone in another part of the world. It was his way of sharing his love of the hobby with these children and an escape from the hospital they were tied to. Christmas morning seemed the prefect time. Hal mailed the boy he talked to, a QSL card, to this day we have no idea if he lived long enough to see the card he had asked for. As Hal signed off , other hams began checking in. I listened for a while with tears streaming down my checks unchecked, it was the hearing of

the children's voices with the knowledge their time on this earth was soon to end that brought the bitter sweet tears. I will never forget the laughter, the soft spoken words, the raspy voices all reaching out to make a friend even if it was for that day. The hams that answered the calls where in their own ways Heroes to those children. I plan to search the air waves on Christmas morning again this year in hopes of finding this very special ham once more if the bands are open..

There are many hams, some reading this right now, that are true Heroes by just being themselves and doing what was needed without a second thought. They hear a newly licensed ham on the air and answer his call with warmth and understanding, welcoming him to the hobby, making him feel at ease. They report traffic areas to avoid on the 2 meter almost daily. They help a lost stranger find his way in a new city, report accidents as well as road hazards, and they drop what ever they are doing when bad weather is on the way to form a weather net that works beside a local TV station. Hams will come to your aid when help is needed. When a Ham is hospitalized, other Hams will bring in radio equipment and set it up so the hospitalized ham can keep in contact with the ham community. One of the hardest jobs for our fellow hams is helping sell the radio equipment for the widow of a silent key. After the radios are sold, the widow is not forgotten. Friends of her husband call to see if she is okay and in need of anything. Some will even drop by just to say hello and talk about how special her husband was as well as missed.

There are still many heroes on the air waves that I have missed but given time, either you or I will hear them doing what needs to be done. They bless our lives in more ways than imaginable, making the path for us all a little easier to follow. We need these unsung Heroes of the air waves.

May God bless your life in the coming year,

Linda, N1LPN

Suicide, Accident or Homicide ?

For those of you who were unable to attend the Awards Dinner during the Annual Meeting in San Diego, you missed an interesting tale on complex forensics presented by AAFS President Don Harper Mills in his opening remarks. The following is a recount of Dr. Mills' story:

"On March 23 the medical examiner viewed the body of Ronald Opus and concluded that he died from a gunshot wound of the head caused by a shotgun. Investigation to that point had revealed that the decedent had jumped from the top of a ten story building with the intent to commit suicide (he left a note indicating his despondency). As he passed the 9th floor on the way down, his life was interrupted by a shotgun blast through a window, killing him instantly. Neither the shooter nor the decedent was aware that a safety net had been erected at the 8th floor level to protect some window washers and that the decedent would not have been able to complete his intent to commit suicide because of this.

Ordinarily, a person who starts into motion the events with a suicide intent ultimately commits suicide even though the mechanism might be not what he intended. That he was shot on the way to certain death nine stories below probably would not change his mode of death from suicide to homicide. But the fact that his suicide intent would not have been achieved under any circumstance caused the medical examiner to feel that he had homicide on his hands.

Further investigation led to the discovery that the room on the 9th floor from whence the shotgun blast emanated was occupied by an elderly man and his wife. He was threatening her with the shotgun because of an interspousal spat and became so upset that he could not hold the shotgun straight. Therefore, when he pulled the trigger, he completely missed his wife and the pellets went through the window striking the decedent.

When one intends to kill subject A, but kills subject B in the attempt, one is guilty of the murder of subject B. The old man was confronted with this conclusion, but both he and his wife were adamant in stating that neither knew that the shotgun was loaded. It was the longtime habit of the old man to threaten his wife with an unloaded shotgun. He had no intent to murder her; therefore, the killing of the decedent appeared then to be accident. That is, the gun had been accidentally loaded.

But *further* investigation turned up a witness that their son was seen loading the shotgun approximately six weeks prior to the fatal accident. That investigation showed that the mother (the old lady) had cut off her son's financial support and her son, knowing the propensity of his father to use the shotgun threateningly, loaded the gun with the expectation that the father would shoot his mother. The case now becomes one of murder on the part of the son for the death of Ronald Opus.

Further investigations revealed that the son became increasingly despondent over the failure of his attempt to get his mother murdered. This led him to jump off the ten story building on March 23, only to be killed by a shotgun blast through a 9th story window.

The medical examiner closed the case as a suicide."

This story is meant to be humorous, but please keep in mind that the Holidays are a time of deep depression and many do look towards possible suicide.

The Editor



IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE!

Christmas is a time of giving, but ham radio operators are used to giving. If you listen to the radio everyday you will hear someone giving his time or knowledge to help someone else. Our greatest possessions are our family and friends. They support and encourage us. Ham operators are one big family. Hams know no strangers. They give helpful directions to out-of towners, report on weather conditions, advise others of traffic problems, and just plain raise other's spirits with a laugh or a joke. So this Christmas and throughout the whole year, let's continue giving and sharing our enjoyment of ham radio with our fellow hams, our families, and the young people in our community.

Merry Christmas!
Don, KC5BRO and Carol, KC5EXR

THE DOG THAT LOVES MORSE CODE

He's an aristocrat with papers and a garbage hound at heart.
He practices his dots and dashes, and gets his horse before his cart.
If you wish to hear him sending, practicing his code,
Just listen to 8 2 daily before it gets to cold.
If the temperature is down, he has to stay at home,
Working on his projects and talking on the phone.
He has his stocking hung outside his doghouse door,
Hoping for a walkie-talkie so he can talk some more.
It's hard to recognize his call, he gets hoarse after an hour or so.
But when that pick-up engine starts he always has to go.
If old Saint Nick passes him by,
He'll have the last word as he bites him on his thigh!

Merry Christmas
K9-Thunder