

K9YA Telegraph

Robert F. Heytow Memorial Radio Club

Volume 9, Issue 12, December 2012

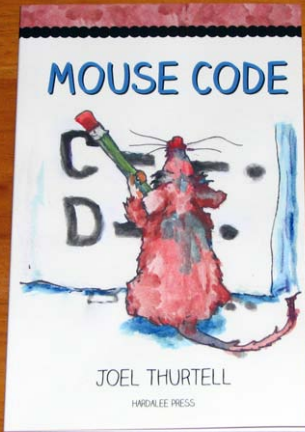


The Good News About Amateur Radio

K9YA Telegraph

Robert F. Heytow Memorial Radio Club

Volume 9, Issue 12, December 2012



Mouse Code

Book Review

Philip Cala-Lazar, K9PL

MOUSE CODE, Joel Thurtell, K8PSV; John Barnhart, illustrator; Hardlee Press; Plymouth, Mich.; 2012, ISBN: 978-0975996942

The tiny furred and feathered denizens of North Field are imperiled by land development and the predations of their ancient foes: winged, four-footed and slithery. What to do? Hannibal Mouse to the rescue.

Hannibal is a wise mouse having lived long, bravely and diplomatically. Instigator and arbitrator of a brace of treaties and truces with the owl and fox tribes he knows what he must do to save the habitués of Kaiser Rat's popular eatery from the encroaching "Plague of Plows." The earth-burnished blades that threaten to expose the subterranean homes and byways of rats, voles, moles and shrews to their ever-vigilant and hungry enemies. From his vantage point on Stone Mountain Hannibal and his young apprentice, Arthur, can see the danger approaching, but how to get the life saving information out?

Homer Crouch—Grouch?

Introduced by *Mouse Code's* boy narrator, now enter Homer Crouch: ex-railroad telegrapher, multi-talented wizard of all things radio, ham radio operator and grouch. The townsfolk accorded him that latter distinction because of his finicky and prickly ways. He's also the boy's elmer; providing the guidance and components to build simple radios and tutoring him in the ways of Morse code.

Hannibal, that inventive and persistent mouse, knows Homer's well-stocked workshop holds the solution to the North Field denizens' dilemma—radio transmit-

ter and receiver—CW-only of course. Working tirelessly from the pages of *The Amateur Radio Operators Handbook* he soon realizes he must learn Morse code. Homer eventually gets wind of Hannibal's project and ingeniously inserts himself in the mouse's learning experience and lends his expertise to Hannibal's acquisition of the "art and skill" of radiotelegraphy.

Hannibal, wary of mankind's motives, and building on his newly acquired Morse ability, soon develops his own "Mouse Code" to maintain murine secrecy.

Mouse Code ends with a promise of more adventures. I hope its author soon fulfills that promise.

Older readers and youngsters fortunate to have discovered Robert Lawson's, *Ben and Me: An Astonishing Life of Benjamin Franklin By His Good Mouse Amos* will find happy parallels between that book and *Mouse Code*. Man and mouse working together to the betterment of both

species. Hannibal and Amos are mice to put a smile on your face and warm your heart.

MOUSE CODE written by longtime ham Joel Thurtell, K8PSV, and lavishly and lovingly illustrated by John Barnhart, is an excellent choice for the bright and curious children you know, a fine book to share aloud and few adults will be able to resist its myriad charms. ■

"...wizard of all things radio..."

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Ted & Jack, A Tale of Two Elmers

Jeff Murray, K1NSS



As a scaredy-kid seventh-grade SWL, I followed W2___ on 75-meter phone from the first summer evening Ted swamped my Ocean Hopper receiver. I quickly learned that he ran about 500 plate-modulated watts on a homebrew rack mount transmitter, with a solo 813 for RF and a pair of 811As for audio. *Steam fitter, power boater, yappy terrier owner*, my mental notes began to accumulate. I learned more and more about just another name

on a mailbox, just another guy mowing his lawn. Yep, his was one more suburban spread I bicycled past on my way to buy radio parts.

After months of monitoring Ted's QSOs on my Ocean Hopper, as well as Ted's modulation bars on vacant channel 3 of the family Silvertone lowboy, my radio obsession trumped my fear of something or other. I hopped my Schwinn, rode to Ted's house, climbed his front steps, jumped off the diving board and knocked on the door.

Suddenly I was talking to a real ham and he understood what I was talking about. Ted invited me in to see "the" shack. My fascination for radio cut both ways, between space age and old school, and Ted's shack was emblematic of the latter—lit with an overhead cellar bulb supplemented by the Frankensteinian blue glow of mercury vapor and the warm amber light of vintage Hallicrafters dials. Chattering away, so taken by the light show, so disarmed by Ted's gruffly collegial manner, I forgot to be scared. It was like riding, really riding a two-wheeler for the first time. This kid was seldom this happy.

Ted invited me to take the Sky rider's dials for spin and later passed me his D104 mike for a few words during a demo QSO. My daydream come to life got still better. Now a pipe-smoking ragchewer, Ted reminisced about chasing 30-meter CW DX in the 1930s

and rifled his heavy old oak desk for a stack of exotic QSLs to verify a claim I would have bought on the strength of his Vibroplex Lightning Bug alone. Hams on 10 megacycles, who knew?

Short story, thanks to Ted I got my ticket.

He offered a Taylor T-55 transmitting tube with which to build my first rig, a reward I reluctantly turned down. Already committed to a beater DX-20, I lacked the nerve to say I'd love the triode for a retro shack-knack. Then, less like *Readers' Digest* and more like life as we know it, we never saw one another again, though I could see his house from mine. We had no further contact I recall, right up to the day my family and I moved away and what ham junk I couldn't sell was left on the curb with the broken TV trays, including my General license.

Funny though, long after my first radio hitch, I'd look Ted up in those odd rare moments when I'd come

across a Callbook in a library—first at college, and then years after in many towns and cities. Always, Ted was there, same call, same address, reassuring for no reason on which I could put my finger. Then one day in one more public library, browsing a new *QST*, I read that Ted's key went silent.

Now about my other Elmer, WA2___ seemed a little younger, a little more

approachable than Ted, at least for a scaredy radio kid, although both Old Men were nice as pie. Thing about Jack, this industrial electrician was a newly-licensed Novice, just like me, and I had no idea. My younger brother and sister played with his kids and we all rode the same school bus until I hit junior high. Jack was just another neighbor dad raking his leaves, shoveling his snow, until the Saturday afternoon I jauntily called CQ on the 40-meter Novice band and was answered by a very, very local signal keyed by an halting fist. Jack lived not more than a full 80-meter wavelength from my antenna. And no sooner was I shocked by his proximity and identity, than I was stunned by this grown man's apology for sending so slowly. Was he talkin' to ME? Jack painfully tapped, COME ON OVER.

"COME ON
OVER"



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I vaulted up the basement stairs, slipped out the garage back door, and there was Jack on his front porch, a base hit from where I stood. Adults on the front porch usually meant big trouble. *Hey, you kids! Stay off my lawn! I'm calling the cops, or worse, I'm calling your parents!* But no, he waved me over like a buddy with a freshly assembled 3-in-1 AMT custom model car.

Jack's cellar was day to Ted's basement semi-dark night of the living vintage radios. As you might expect, (or not, on the theory that dentists' kids have the worst teeth,) this electrician's cellar was lit like an operating room and clean enough for tonsillectomies. Not finished in any goofy rumpus room sense, it was all business—painted all fresh battleship gray and lined with neatly kept shelves of precisely arranged radio parts and accessories. Here a Heathkit paint can dummy load. There a Bird wattmeter. Everywhere test equipment and crystal clear labeled parts drawers, classified by species and value. Nice.

Nicest of all were Jack's Hallicrafters twins. From my under-funded perspective, the spanking new SX-117 and HT-44 seemed the equivalent to bringing matched Purdeys to a Novice popgun fight. But like, think of the possibilities!

We swapped war stories. Jack said he dreamed of becoming a ham since he was a kid in the 1940s. And he did something about it too. Jack soaked up theory and homebrewed a pack of receivers, plus a few transmitters he never dared connect to an antenna. Yet by the time he went to work and started his family, it was over. "That code," Jack lamented, "That code knocked me down." After ten years of busy life, he finally gave it another shot that spring and squeaked by 5 words a minute with not a dit to spare. "I've listened to you a lot and you've got a hell of a fist. I wish I could send like that."

Huh.

I never heard anything like it, from anyone, much less a grown ham with two children, a four-bedroom house, a new Plymouth wagon and a Telrex inverted V with fancy boxed balun and high power traps.

Let's see. All right, so by then I could send about 15 words per minute on a straight key. Aside from that big deal, a Heathkit, a Hammarlund and a red bicycle, my pile of lifetime achievements and acquisitions was no Everest. I couldn't climb a rope in gym. And my ace-in-the-hole, my faith in my little kid mad science skills hit a titanic iceberg by sixth grade, when

a bunch of us Master and Mistress Wizards got taken aside for chemistry classes and everybody sussed out valences lickety-split except you know who. Until my ham ticket, I was hanging by a thread man, by a damn thread.

I mentioned a few of my pedestrian homebrew projects and Jack went right to his shelves. Have some antenna wire. Here's a nice variable cap for a tuner. Here's a 40s handbook. Boy I glommed onto that. Not the ARRL tome, likely a Gernsback publication, it was loaded with funky projects with funkier tubes, with names like Gammatron and numbers like 450-TH. Here was a doorway to life and times Jack left behind and where I, in my heart of hearts, wished I could seek asylum.

Jack was generous. He loaned me stuff and wound up giving me rides to local ham club meetings. Out and back we'd chew the fat about the bands and club politics. Once there, we'd split up and sit with our actual peers—Jack with ops of his middle age and me with a peanut gallery of teenage hams that hunched in the back with a few of the old wise guys who yelled out what everybody else was afraid to say and brought down the house.

Bottom line, just as with Ted, I never kept in touch with Jack. Crazy. I know he got his General, and at this writing he's still listed in QRZ, same place, same station. Maybe other uneasy attempts to get back have put me off reunions. I prefer to think that hams like Jack and Ted figure in so many of our recollections, the individuals are less important than the ongoing, subliminal sustenance they provide those of us of a certain age, as the oldest school sparks did for our Elmers' generation.

In a sometimes-cruel world without end, some hams keep on being awful kind. Thank goodness, and thank you. ■

Illustrations used in this article are by Jeff Murray, K1NSS, the article's author. Jeff is also the talent behind this month's cover art. Visit Jeff's website at: www.dashtoons.com.



Jack

"a Heathkit, a Hammarlund and a red bicycle"



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Paul W. Schleck, K3FU



The rec.radio.info Usenet newsgroup celebrates its 20th anniversary at the end of this year. The first articles appeared on that newsgroup in January 1993.

Usenet is a discussion system that predates much of the Internet, but later began using the Internet to carry its discussion categories, known as newsgroups.

Despite the advent of the World Wide Web and, eventually,

Web-based discussion groups, Usenet is still very much alive, and can be a useful venue for many topics, including amateur radio. The longstanding advantages of Usenet newsgroups still remain, and include:

- User controlled interface (choices of newsreader software, including Web interfaces)
- Killfiles (preference files to filter out unwanted posters or topics)
- Threading
- Unified, but distributed, discussion on specific topics
- Efficient use of bandwidth
- Rugged, distributed transport system that has been in place for decades

Newsgroup articles can also incorporate newer technologies such as Web URLs and RSS feeds.

The rec.radio.info newsgroup was proposed by Mark Salyzyn, AG4YD (ex-VE6MGS), who became its first moderator when it was voted into existence by the Usenet readership. According to its charter, rec.radio.info was created:

To provide high quality, informational postings about radio. This group will take cross-postings, or moderated postings from the regular discussion streams to alleviate the traffic, over expensive links, in these groups by

allowing the news transfer mechanism to drop articles cross-posted to rec.radio.info. Postings in the entire rec.radio hierarchy the moderator(s) feel as informational, however, are likely candidates for cross posting or re-posting. Also by placing the informational postings in this group, make it easier for many to find radio related information.

In short, rec.radio.info was created to provide a centralized and easily accessible location limited to radio news and information, not questions, discussion, or advertisements (which were already covered by other existing newsgroups about radio).

The newsgroup is currently moderated by the same team as rec.radio.amateur.moderated. It carries the latest versions of the following news feeds and other informational articles:

- AMSAT News Service Weekly Bulletins
- AMSAT Weekly Satellite Report
 - Amateur OR Ham Radio - Google News
 - Amateur Radio Newline™ Report
 - ARES E-Letter
 - ARRL Contest Update
 - ARRL Legislative Update
 - ARRL Letter
 - ARRL Newsletter to Instructors and Teachers

- ba.broadcast.moderated Posting Guidelines
- Cross posting Permitted to rec.radio.amateur.moderated
- DXNL
- eHam.net News
- FCC Daily Digest (Amateur Part 97 Actions Only)
- Fybush Media
- GB2RS NEWS
- Handy Shortwave Chart
- IARU E-Letter

“Usenet is still very much alive...”



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Conan Wyatt Burtram Barger, W3CVE

Part VI

6

Scott B. Laughlin, N7NET

I can well remember when the ARRL sent Paul Godley, 2ZE, to Europe in 1921 to see if amateur radio could be heard across the pond. Thirty American amateurs were heard. And in 1923 amateurs accomplished the first transatlantic communications. I heard Fred Schnell, 1MO, and John, 1XAM, working Deloy, French 8AB, on 110 meters. Many times I stayed up all night trying to hear 8AB. The integrity, ambition, determination and resourcefulness of radio amateurs developed the high frequencies—no question about it.

Finally, the Amerad S tube, a cold rectifier, came out. Of course that gave us fellows a new look at rectification. Much building and many radio contacts were made until it became a common thing to get on the air and work stations all over the country. I worked Don Wallace, 9ZT, many times while he was at the university at Minneapolis, Minnesota where he and Professor Jenkins were conducting extensive experiments. Don is now W6AM at Palos Verdes, California. I frequently keep in touch with Don via radiograms.

Time rolled along at a fast clip. I built and rebuilt transmitters and receivers. Our club grew and in one year, I believe it was 1925, our club made reservations for a booth at the Iowa State Fair. We took a tuned-plate tuned-grid transmitter along with a tube regenerative receiver with the idea of sending messages for the general public.

Tingly, 9DEH, was there with his rock crusher. When he gave a demonstration we had to QRT because of the QRM caused by his spark gap.

King Spark died hard and 9DEH was a staunch spark operator. He turned his nose up at the little vacuum tubes. After midnight 9DEH was off the air and then we had our heyday.

We were able to get a lot of traffic from people and made schedules with the Chester, Pennsylvania Radio Club because they kept their operators on all night to clear our traffic. We operated from midnight to daylight and when 9DEH overslept we continued on during the day. We had a wonderful time and handled lots of traffic. Those were great days and I remember them vividly.

At home I constructed all sorts of aerials: cage, one wire, five-wire, flat-top, counterpoise, etc. My dad, my uncle, and his two boys helped me install a fifty-foot mast, which was my pride and joy.

In 1927 we moved to Denver, Colorado. It was rough saying goodbye to all my friends, fellows I had associated with during those early pioneering days of the wireless and radio.

The Federal Radio Commission changed my call to W9CVE. I reconstructed my tuned-plate tuned-grid rig using the RCA seven and one-half watters. I heard a new group of stations and soon made a schedule with W7AAT, Ovil Viers, at Red Lodge, Montana. I had lots of pleasure handling traffic and got a lot of messages to relay from my neighbors.

During the Chicago World's Fair I kept schedules with W9USA and was able to take a lot of his westbound traffic.

I went down to the radio inspector's office and took an exam for a 2nd Class Radiotelegraph license with the intention of getting a job on board a ship in the Great Lakes. Edwin Heiser was the radio inspector and the date of my exam was January 16, 1934. However, because my dad was out of town on a business trip, I had to stick close to home to help care for my mother and sister. So I went to the Western Airlines in the city [Denver] and applied for a job. The chief said I could fill in when the three operators were going on summer vacations. The pay was twenty-five dollars per week and in those days that was a lot of money. I worked the high-speed CW circuits and enjoyed it very much. My employment lasted eight or nine months, until they began switching from CW to Teletype®.



Don Wallace, 9ZT

"King Spark died hard..."



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CONTINUED - BARGER ON PAGE 9

The Red Light Caper

Joe Medsker, K8LKC



Back in the 1950s my buddy and I were always looking for things we could experiment with. We were just two curious teenagers. Anyway, the two of us would be together almost every weekend messing around with some gadget we had discovered. The ending of WWII had left huge numbers of radio and communications gear on the surplus market. It was great fun perusing through the many surplus catalogs.

There were so many different radios and associated gear it got our imaginations going. What could we do with all this stuff? Some of it was even in a price range we teenagers could afford. One such item displayed neatly on a small section of a page, was a signal lamp. This got our attention. The picture showed this rather large looking flashlight with a gunstock attached and a tripod to hold it steady. It had gun sights, and a number of different colored filters that snapped in front of the lens. There was a little box under the light that contained a relay and had binding posts to attach a hand key for sending if you did not want to hold it like a gun. The whole package came in a canvas case with a set of goggles that had deep red filters. These goggles looked more like they should be used for welding, as they were very dark.

There is nothing more exciting to a couple of teenage kids like the two of us, than finding a real treasure we could afford and looked so much like some sort of "Ray Gun." As I recall the price was something on the order of six dollars. Each of us sent away for one and couldn't wait until they arrived.

It was like opening a birthday gift. Here was this "Ray Gun" with detachable gunstock all painted olive drab. It even came with instructions on how to destroy it so the enemy couldn't use it if it had to be left behind.

It took standard "D" size flashlight batteries. We wondered how good these things would work.

We both were avid CW operators but never tried to copy code from a flashlight. It is different than listening to a signal over the air. With a bit of practice our proficiency improved, and we were sending signals back and forth down the sidewalk. The instructions said they are good for many miles and this would be most likely under very poor battlefield conditions. We just had to find some good places to try these lights.

Our town was nested in a sort of crater with ridges going part way around. We thought of signaling from one side to the other. After dark my buddy got over to one side of this ridge and I set up on the other side. We did not know exactly where to aim the lights so we just turned them on and swung them back and forth. Wow! There was the light, very bright and clear. These worked better than expected and we wanted a better place to try the lights and the filters too.

Checking out the countryside we found a very straight and flat country road that looked most promising, so I got out the light and tripod and aimed it down the road. My buddy continued down the road and disappeared in the distance. The day was bright and Sunny. A perfect day to test the filters as the instructions said they could be used for daytime use.

"What kind of a weirdo is this?"

The light with the red filter in place looked rather pale in the bright Sun and could only be seen for a short way and faded rapidly as the distance increased. Putting on those red goggles was nothing short of a miracle. Right out in the open with the sun beating down through a cloudless sky, you could not see anything. My buddy got his light set up and was finally sending signals. Wow! All you could see through the red goggles was the red light flashing in the distance. With the goggles removed, there is no trace of the red light at all. Filters do work, even for light beams!

Now you must picture this. A teenager standing along side of the road with this "Ray Gun" looking

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K9YA Telegraph

2012 K9YA Telegraph Authors

The *K9YA Telegraph* staff acknowledges the thoughtful contributions of its talented authors. Without the efforts of these volunteers, there would be no *K9YA Telegraph*. Thank you!

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 Duke Wahl, Jr., WA9WJB

Ham Quips

DICK SYLVAN, W9CBT



**WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO ANTENNA
 RESTRICTIONS--THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!**

thing and wearing goggles. What kind of a weirdo is this? Remember you can't see anything except the red light while wearing the goggles but could hear an occasional car pass by. Then someone tapped me on the shoulder. I took off the goggles and here was a police officer wondering why I was flashing a red light down the road. Don't you know this could confuse some drivers passing by? It took some explaining to get the officer to understand I was really talking to my friend down the road with code. He told me we should find some other place to use those red lights. The last transmission was telling my buddy to come back. It was fun while it lasted. ■

The Last Word

NEW YORK, NY—The American Radio Relay League has announced a new DX entity has been created. The “new one” is a dumpster located behind the United Nations building located in Manhattan.

Several amateurs had nominated the dumpster as a separate country located within the confines of the UN space.

When the ARRL DX Advisory committee concurred, Martti Lane, OH2BH, immediately announced a dx-pedition to put the “new one” on the air.

Details are still up in the air over who will build the scaffolding over the dumpster and just when it will be done.

Quoting Mr. Lane, “It has been a problem dealing with the natives. There seems to be some overlap among the local tribes as to just who has jurisdiction over the construction of the wooden platform.”

A spokesperson for the Bricklayers, Electricians, and Scaffold Builders Amalgamated International Union, local 666, was quoted as saying, “Mr. Lane seems to think there is not a problem building this thing, but there are many ramifications to his request. First of all is the smell of this thing, the dumpster, not the project that has to be dealt with. We have been negotiating in good faith and hope to see a resolution to this situation soon.”

Local amateurs who were eagerly looking forward to a “new one” understand that dealing with the natives may take some time. They are hopeful this can be resolved sometime in the next decade. ■

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- IRTS Radio News Bulletin
- K9YA Telegraph (Announcement Only)
- MMonVHF Newsletter
- NZART Headquarters Infoline
- Ohio/Penn DX Bulletin
- Phone line as SW antenna
- QRZ Forums - Amateur Radio News
- QRZ Forums - Contests, DXpeditions and Special Events
- QRZ Forums - Hamfest and Convention Calendar
- QST - Digital Edition (Announcement Only)
- RAC-Bulletin
- Radio Broadcasting - Google News
- RadioInsight
- Radio Meteor Observation Bulletin (Announcement Only)
- rec.radio.amateur.moderated Posting Guidelines
- rec.radio.broadcasting Posting Guidelines
- rec.radio.info Posting Guidelines
- SARL News in English
- Seeking New FAQ/Intro Maintainers for rec.radio.amateur.
- Seeking New FAQ/Intro Maintainers for rec.radio.shortwave
- Seeking New FAQ/Intro Maintainers for rec.radio.swap
- Shortwave Radio - Google News
- SolderSmoke Podcast (Announcement Only)
- Southgate Amateur Radio News
- tapr-announce
- Weekly Highlights of Solar and Geomagnetic Activity
- WIANEWS
- WORLDWIDE DX CLUB Top News (Announcement Only)
- Welcome to rec.radio.info!

Though the rec.radio.info newsgroup does not permit for sale announcements, its moderation team does relay, just to rec.radio.swap, the following feeds as well as many other one-time announcements submitted by its readers:

FA: eBay - Ham, Amateur Radio For Auction

FS: QRZ Forums - Ham Radio Gear For Sale

Information about access to newsgroups like rec.radio.info can be obtained from:

http://www.big-8.org/wiki/News_Service_Providers

Information about newsreader software can be obtained from:

<http://www.big-8.org/wiki/Newsreaders>

The rec.radio.info newsgroup can also be accessed via Google Groups:

<http://groups.google.com/group/rec.radio.info/topics>

Google RSS and Atom Feeds:

<http://groups.google.com/group/rec.radio.info/feeds>

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/#!/pages/recriadioinfo-Usenet-Newsgroup/179796382068148>

RadioBanter:

<http://www.radiobanter.com/forumdisplay.php?f=14>

Articles from rec.radio.info suitable for amateur radio transmission are also relayed to the amateur packet radio BBS network via Bill Lewis, KG6BAJ.

In addition to Mark, thanks go to the other past moderators, David Dodell, K7DSD, and Brian Short, K7ON, for helping to sustain this useful resource for so many years.

Any questions, comments, or suggestions for rec.radio.info may be directed to its moderation team at:

rec-radio-info-request@panix.com ■

CONTINUED - BARGER FROM PAGE 6

I heard the Postal Telegraph needed Morse operators. Not knowing the American Morse I went to the Denver Opportunity School and took a course in telegraph. Mr. Foe was an old telegraph operator who made good copy at 70 WPM! He sold me an old Vibroplex for two bucks. It was the first bug I had ever owned. Mr. Foe spent a lot of time with me and soon I was able to make good copy at 30 WPM. He helped me get a job at the Postal Telegraph. ■

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Rod Newkirk, W9BRD/VA3ZBB (SK)

We are saddened to mark the passing of Rod Newkirk, W9BRD/VA3ZBB. Born in 1922, Rodney H. Newkirk resided in Chicago where he was first licensed in 1937 as W9BRD.

During WWII he served first, 1942-1943, as a civilian radio operator in Washington, D.C. at the U.S. Department of War. Later, 1943-46, he served in the U.S. Army Signal Corps while stationed in Florida, and then the Pacific Theater in Papua-New Guinea and the Philippines.

Following his war service, Rod worked as a CW radio operator/technician and radiophone dispatcher for the Illinois State Police, 1946-1986.



articles are still recalled with fondness for their intricate wordcraft and inventiveness.

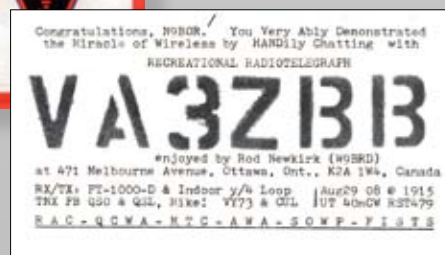
Rod's many contributions to amateur radio include his origination of the terms, "elmer" and "DXpedition," both now forever part of our service's tradition and vocabulary.

He was elected to the CQ DX Hall of Fame in 1984.

In 1997 he married Betty Broome Newkirk, VE3ZBB, and moved to Ottawa, Canada where, in 2000, he became VA3ZBB.

At the *K9YA Telegraph*, where Rod was our contributing editor, we were honored to feature his monthly articles. His book, *The Rod Newkirk Collection: From the Pages of the K9YA Telegraph 2004-2009*, includes 45 of his stories written during his tenure at the newsletter.

Rod was a member of many amateur radio societies and clubs including QCWA, RAC, ARRL, OARC,



From 1947-1952, in addition to his state police duties, he was employed as a part-time editor and writer for the American Radio Relay League. For two years, 1952-1954, Rod, as W1VMW, was custodian for the ARRL station, W1AW.

Rod wrote *QST*'s "How's DX" column from 1954 to 1978. There his rapier sharp wit, good-natured humor, depth of knowledge and brilliant prose made "How's DX" a must-read for decades. His annual DX Hoggery & Poetry Depreciation Society

OVMRC, CRRA, FISTS and the Morse Telegraph Club. A devoted CW operator, he earned an ARRL 55-wpm certificate.

Rod Newkirk became a silent key on 19 November 2012 in Ottawa, Canada. ■



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