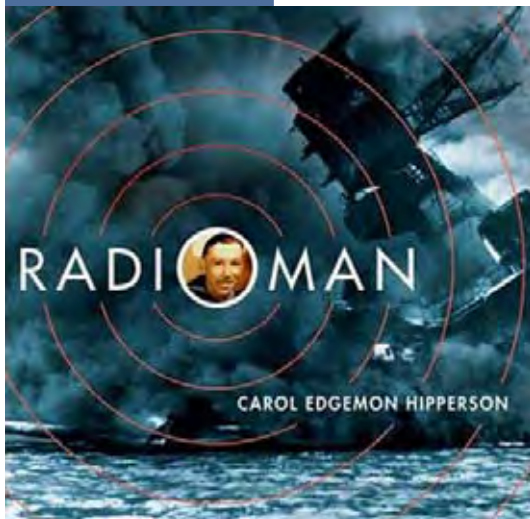


K9YA Telegraph

Robert F. Heytow Memorial Radio Club

Volume 8, Issue 6, June 2011



RADIOMAN

Book Review

Philip Cala-Lazar, K9PL

RADIOMAN: An Eyewitness Account of Pearl Harbor and WWII in the Pacific, by Carol Edgemon Hipperson, Thomas Dunne Books, NY, 2008, ISBN-13: 978-0-312-38694-8

The story of Arkansas native Raymond Daves, a WWII U.S. Navy veteran who was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 and continued to serve his country as a crewman aboard the destroyer USS *Flusser*, light cruiser USS *Richmond*, submarine USS *Dolphin* and aircraft carrier USS *Yorktown*. When not at sea, he was posted to bases in Cold Bay, Aleutian Islands and Kodiak, Alaska and, near war's end, as an instructor at the Naval Training Center in Gulfport, Mississippi.

At Pearl Harbor he was a radio operator at Pacific Fleet headquarters. The morning of the December 7, 1941 attack found him on the roof of the administration building running canisters of 30-caliber ammunition from a storage shed to two sailors manning a machine gun. During that nightmarish scenario he narrowly avoided a Japanese plane's strafing run that ended with the enemy aircraft exploding just short of the roofline. Ray Daves was left with two lifelong memories: the dead pilot's face and a wrist bloodied by shrapnel.

Early in the war he served aboard the USS *Dolphin* as she scouted the Marshall Islands for Japanese military targets. While on patrol the submarine was detected by an enemy destroyer followed by a depth charge attack. He was aboard the first USS *Yorktown* (CV-5) when she was dive bombed and torpedoed during the Battle of Midway and managed to escape from the carrier's fantail.

During his more than six years in the Navy, Daves spent some time as a radio operator/gunner flying Vought OS2U *Kingfishers* in its catapult-launched floatplane version from the USS *Richmond* and in tail-dragger guise at Cold Bay.

One of five children, all the Daves's siblings were in uniform during WWII; his brothers served in the Army, Army Air Force and Navy and his sister in the Army Nurse Corps.

Daves rose through the ratings to chief petty officer and, while at Kodiak, a field commission to ensign. A high school dropout, he passed the Naval Academy entrance exam, only to be denied admission because in 1939 he falsified his age (he was 17 and a half) in order to enlist in the Navy after a hitch in the Civilian Conservation Corps. He attended Fleet Radio School in San Diego where he jump-started the three-month course

having learned Morse code as a Cub Scout.

He graduated the Radio Materiel School at the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D.C., an accelerated two-year technical curriculum completed in eight months.

"all of the Daves's siblings were in uniform during WWII."

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A Bicycle Mobile Adventure

Part III

Scott B. Laughlin, N7NET



Summary of Part II

Armed with a 2-meter HT and an HF radio, Wiley and Alice depart Why, Arizona on a tandem bicycle. Their destination lays 1,700 miles north, Oregon's Willamette Valley. While crossing the Barry Goldwater Bombing Range, they encounter a low flying A-10 aircraft and the pilot flies in close, checking on their situation. Satisfied that they are okay, he continues on his training mission.

After reaching Gila Bend they stay the night in a motel. The following day they break a chain. George, a ham from Yuma, brings a new chain from a Casa Grande bike shop and sees them off to Vulture Mountain.

Part III

George's verbal instructions are right on the money. After crossing over Interstate 10 they find Indian School Road and in a short while they're following Old Wickenburg Stage Road. In the distance is Vulture Mountain, the home of Vulture Mine. Wiley and Alice heard stories of wealth and treachery that have emanated from this fabled place since the days of the Wild West. They are anxious to judge it for themselves.

Alice watches a dirt devil move aimlessly across the arid region. Within its grasp are a plastic grocery bag and other small pieces of trash. The soil is cracked and barren, seemingly incapable of supporting even the most hardy plant life, yet clumps of greasewood state otherwise. They populate the desert as far as she can see, staking out their domain, daring others to invade. Only an occasional mesquite tree and even fewer Palo Verde offer relief to this wearisome scene.

"Wiley, travelers of this road in the olden days were a hardy lot."

"You mean like us?"

"No, tougher than us."

"How could that be? We don't have horses. We furnish our own power."

"You've missed the point. It's the dirt. At least that's what Mark Twain claims in *Roughing It*. But sometimes I wonder if what he's written is actually true. I have trouble separating his facts from his fiction." She pauses, but he remains silent, so she continues. "He was taking a job working for his brother, who was secretary to the governor, and traveling to Carson City by stagecoach. By the time they got there everything had changed to the color of the desert floor—the horses, the driver, the coach and everyone inside had turned gray. But he said they were having so much fun they almost didn't stop." She pauses again, and then adds, "can we rest in the shade of that Palo Verde tree up ahead?"

"Sure." He brings the long bike to a halt where the highway dipped through a shallow wash. He'd heard rumors that Palo Verde trees are rooted at a water source. After spreading their small blue tarp on the ground for Alice, he digs into the sandy wash with a spoon. Shortly, water seeps into the hole, proving the Indian legend true, that a wash is an upside down river. Content with his discovery, he stretches out beside Alice and naps until she is ready to continue.

Within an hour they are climbing Vulture Mountain. The grade becomes steeper and he soon shifts into the largest chain ring, the lowest set of seven gears. They slow their cadence, but he can still hear her labored breathing. He watches for a shady place to rest, but then he's encouraged to see Vulture Mine come within view. They press on for a few additional minutes then stop in the shade of an ironwood tree to rest and study the mine.

Gold, they say, is the reason this place exists. But its reputation now lives only within the embellished tales of riches and gunplay. Where activity once dominated, silence now prevails, and the peace is broken only by a flapping Walmart bag snagged on a strand of barbed wire. A host of signs hang from the rusting fence, discouraging trespassers. McBark, ignoring the warnings, crosses through for a closer

*"...tales of riches
and gunplay."*



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view, but even he is soon disheartened and resumes his search along the roadway.

“What are they protecting, that wrecked ore car that’s on its side, or is it the pile of twisted track?” Alice asks.

“I’m sure there are salvage people who are interested. I take it you’re seen enough?”

She nods and they resume their climb to the summit.

An hour of sunlight remains when they reach the primitive campsites that George described. They consist of three barren spots, each large enough to accommodate a motor home. Using fist-size rocks, someone has marked off each site. None offers any shelter from the elements.

“We could use that tree,” says Alice, pointing to an ancient ironwood on the wrong side of the road to be of any benefit to them.

McBark, sensing that this is the end of line, has bailed and begun his task of marking off the boundaries.

In order to avoid using precious water for after dinner cleanup, Alice uses their emergency rations, peanut butter and onion burritos. McBark is included, but without onion, of course.

“To the east, maybe fifty yards away, there’s a depression that will offer some shelter from the wind tonight. Let’s move everything there; leave the tent packed and we’ll sleep on the blue tarp. With the bike on its side we’ll be out of sight from the road.”

“Is that necessary?” she asks.

“It’s an added precaution.”

“But wouldn’t McBark alert us of any trouble?”

“Without a doubt he would, but why should we defend ourselves when it’s just as easy to be invisible?”

“What about rattlesnakes?”

“The ground isn’t warm enough. They won’t be on the prowl.” Assuming she is in agreement, he retrieves the 2-meter HT and sets it up for the Prescott repeater before they turn in.

Wiley awakens with a start. His watch indicates half past two. Except for stars stretching from horizon to horizon the darkness is absolute. The silence is total. Then there’s a man’s voice, and then another.

“What’s going on?” asks Alice.

“Nothing. Be still.”

McBark growls and starts making his way out of the sleeping bag. “Hush,” Wiley whispers, pushing the

dog toward the foot and hooking a finger through his collar to prevent his escape.

“What is it?”

“Nothing. Probably a couple of guys stopping to take a leak,” he whispers.

A door slams and then there are more voices. He can’t tell how many, but one of them is sobbing.

“Maybe we should do something to help that poor fellow?”

“This is not our affair. Be quiet.”

Sounds of a struggle come from the roadway and the sobbing grows louder.

“You owe me, man.”

“I’m gonna pay you, dude. I’ll get the money tomorrow.”

“That’s what you said last time, man. You’re gonna pay here, tonight.”

There’s sounds of more struggling and the man pleads, “I’m gonna pay. Don’t do this! I’m gonna pa...” The voice is shrill then it’s cut short.

The hair on Wiley’s neck stands up.

“What’s happening?” Alice hisses.

“Nothing. Be still,” Wiley growls through clenched teeth. “You’re going to have us involved in this if you don’t keep your mouth shut.” Now she’s crying and he regrets being so gruff. But if he offers comfort she may start crying

louder, so he does nothing.

Doors slam, the engine roars, followed by a hail of gravel and dirt. The silence that follows is overwhelming.

“Are they gone?” she whispers.

“I think so. Everything’s all right now. Go back to sleep,” he urges.”

“I don’t think I can.”

Dawn is hours away and after a time Alice drifts into a fitful sleep.

Time drag and Wiley is grateful when daylight finally arrives. He’s washed out from lack of sleep. McBark



“What about rattlesnakes?”



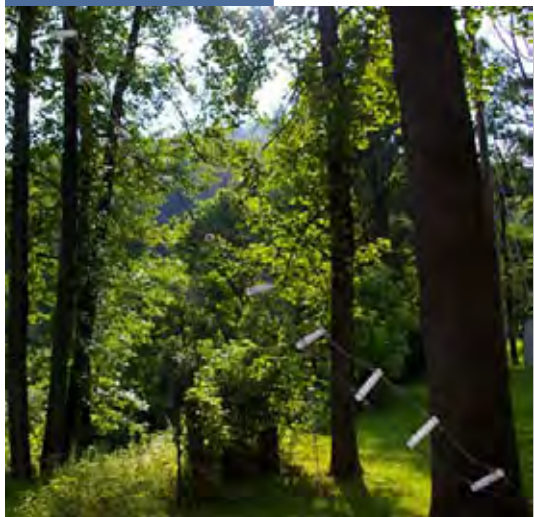
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Field Day

Hal Mandel, W4HBM



Greetings from the original Podunk Hollow. Here comes Field Day and once again I'm thanking Whoever's in Charge that it doesn't coincide with shotgun season.

There are places to go that leave any sort of civilization far behind here in Kentucky—and some are right downtown. Field Day is the one day we get to practice setting up the barbecue without the luxury of the back nearby

'fridge and recliner. (And Ozzie and Harriet on the tube after dinner...)

There are no excuses. You-all knew this was coming, and just like Christmas, my grandsons say, "Ain't nothing you can do to stop it." You've had all year to get ready, get your suitcases packed and get your provisions warmed up, cooled down and all with a place in the truck to put it. You've had twelve months since the last one to work on the YL, get her to buy in to the deal, secure all the various doo-dads you SWORE you would bring the next time around. That kid, KI4OIP, what's-his-face, you know, the hardware manager up at Wallyworld, he's expecting the 'phone to start ringing and most of the stuff is on the way down. Don't forget the BBQ-size propane tanks for the genset and cooking fuel. Figure on full tilt boogie for over 24 hours and ante up for the gas. If you're smart you just get a couple of hundred-pounders, *but time is running out on "wheels up."*

Time enough to get the young ones up to speed on computer logging and maybe guest operating, and time enough to figure out Where To Go. In Eastern Kentucky, surface coal-mining has removed the tops of many tall hills, and the subsequent reclamation oftentimes resulted in great places to visit and camp

out, with views that go forever, (especially stars at night), and marvelous shortwave reception to boot. With a little research, you too can find a spot to set up in and maybe work some unexpected DX.

The best FD QTH in my experience was when the New York National Guard folks let our Elmira RACES club borrow a full command tent, 20KW diesel generator and a couple of portable towers, right out of the armory: "Enjoy yourselves!" We fit four complete HF stations with eight people working and another four or five sitting around kibitzing. Outside, the YLs set up a field kitchen with 'round the clock coffee and 807 service. We had between four and thirty people participating for almost three days. The kids went nuts, and we bagged eyeball and HF QSOs night and day.

Again, this year, the Podunk Hollow Amateur Radio Club is going to have a shindig at the boat-launching ramp and picnic area. Many will attend, but wouldn't it be romantic to get away for an overnight with your special someone and combine some portable ops with some portable ops?

I can remember bringing She Who Must Be Obeyed out to a 201R FD gig and we made coffee over a kerosene Primus that had tons of grounds in it, but was oh, so good. All we had for a rig was a converted CB with 6 watts on 28 megs, and a 108-inch steel whip, but it was during the solar peak, and we worked the world that night.

And if we do operate any, I'm sure it will be fun. My plans are to try out the new slingshot antenna launcher. My surprise menu selection will be grilled salmon with Polynesian lobster sauce and asparagus.

And for you-all: Just remember to fill your kerosene lanterns with citronella oil to chase the boogers away, and make sure to stop by the moonshiner's house at least two weeks before, as you know he's going to be sold out for sure, and wrap some toilet paper shards on the farmer's electric fence if you don't want a Rude Awakening. ■



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Wayne Green, W2NSD

How many times in the history of the world, I wonder, has a man brought a large box of radio parts to church and asked a couple of 13 year olds, there for Sunday School, if they were interested?

My friend Alfie wasn't, but I was. And when the cigar-box radio I built with the parts from an article in *Popular Mechanics* worked, I was hooked. For life!

In high school I joined the radio club (W2ANU), where they helped me get my ham license (W2NSD). When WWII came along I joined the Navy and spent the war on a submarine as an Electronic Technician. If you get to Mobile, Ala. you'll see pictures of me 66 years ago on the *USS Drum*.

In 1948, as chief cameraman at WPIX, I had my 2m station on the 47th floor of the 476-foot News building. Wow, what a location! But what was that beedle-beedle noise up on 147.96? It turned out to be Johnny Williams, W2BFD, out in Flushing, and his RTTY network... and the second major turning point in my life. Through Johnny's connection with the Teletype Corporation I got an old Model 12 and built a con-

verter for it. My introduction to digital electronics, and endless fun! It was much like today's email.

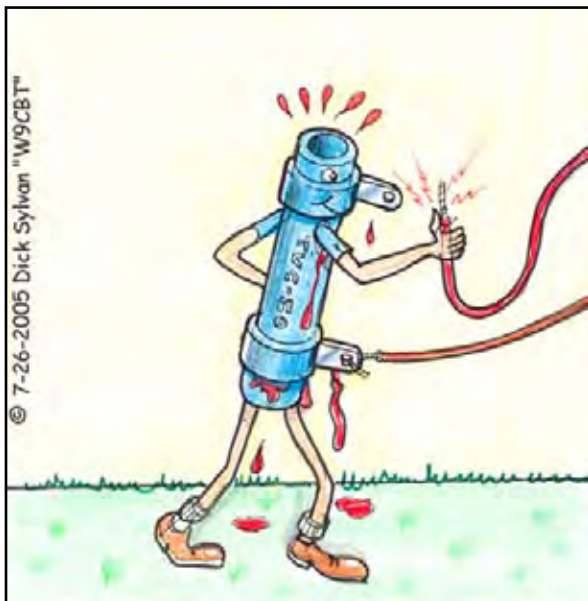
RTTY was so much fun that a couple years later, using a mimeo machine at the TV station, I started the Amateur Radio Teletype Society newsletter so I could entice more hams to have the fun I was. That soon grew to a monthly offset printed 36-page journal with over 2,000 subscribers. Then, an RTTY column in *CQ*. And when I got Perry Ferrell, the editor, a better job as editor of *Popular Electronics*, I took over editing *CQ* for the next five years. Wow! What fun that was!

When the publisher got a year behind paying me (he bought a yacht), I got fired. I had just enough money to publish the first issue of *73*... which I did for the next 45 years. When I ran out of new ham technologies to promote, I closed the magazine.

Fun? How about a free flight around the world with a 20m ham station aboard, stopping in 23 countries to visit local hams? And, a ham hunting safari in Kenya? What a great hobby! (Oh, and see my blog at waynegreen.com). ■



Ham Lingo DICK SYLVAN, W9CBT



BLEEDER RESISTOR

**Enter the K9YA Telegraph
Photo Contest**
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Correction

The May 2011 article, "Voice to Viet Nam" stated the Hallicrafters HT-32 was a transceiver, indeed, it was not. Thanks to Jordan Kaplan, W9QKE, who kindly noted: "One small typo noticed was the description of the HT-32 as a transceiver. It was in fact a transmitter that worked with the SX-115 receiver. All from Bill Halligan of Hallicrafters."



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The Rod Newkirk Collection

From the Pages of the *K9YA Telegraph* 2004 - 2009



The *K9YA Telegraph* staff is pleased to announce the release of its latest book-length publication, *The Rod Newkirk Collection: From the Pages of the K9YA Telegraph 2004 - 2009*. ISBN 978-1-4583-6939-0. The illustrated 105-page book includes all 45 articles Rod, VA3ZBB/W9BRD, wrote for the *K9YA Telegraph* in his role as contributing editor.

With his background in radio as both vocation and avocation Rod's stories for the *K9YA Telegraph* span

decades, careers and continents: from Chicago's north side to wartime Pacific isles, from prairie farmstead to Pentagon and from state police radio operator to longtime DX editor at *QST*.

Within the book's pages you will find wit and humor, drama and pathos, character studies, razor-sharp reminiscence of amateur radio's 'golden age' and some novel antenna designs.

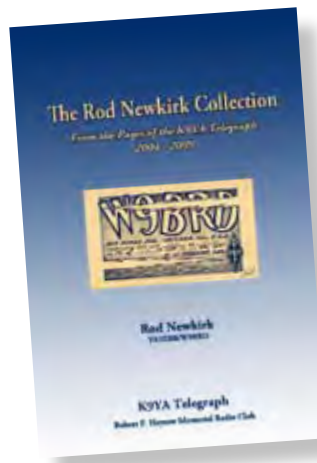
Before joining the *K9YA Telegraph* Rod served as editor, 1948-1978, of *QST*'s

"How's DX?" column. During his three decades at the American Radio Relay League Rod befriended many of the twentieth century's amateur radio giants and in 1971 coined the term "Elmer." Rod called Elmers "the unsung fathers of amateur radio" for the personal guidance and assistance they provide would-be hams.

In 2002 Rod joined the pantheon of legendary hams when he was inducted into *CQ Amateur Radio* magazine's CQ Amateur Radio Hall of Fame. The Amateur Radio Hall of Fame honors those, amateurs and non-amateurs, who have "significantly affected the course of amateur radio" and hams whose professional activities "had a significant impact on their professions or on world affairs."

Now with the publication of *The Rod Newkirk Collection: From the Pages of the K9YA Telegraph 2004 - 2009* we introduce Rod Newkirk and his inimitable writing style to yet another generation of amateur radio operators. For more venerable hams, here is a new collection of Rod's stories to enjoy, remember and treasure.

The Rod Newkirk Collection: From the Pages of the K9YA Telegraph 2004 - 2009 is sold at our cost through lulu.com. ■



All Hands on Deck

The Ship and Ham Radio—Great Equalizers

Howard Street, on Chicago's northern border, is the de facto dividing line between city apartment dwellers and the north shore mansion people. In the 1930s almost every Chicago block had one or more hams making QRM. Amateurs farther north, though fewer in number, made their share of noise. On Howard, tucked between a bowling alley and a movie theatre, was a popular bistro with a nautical motif. Oars, nets and life preservers adorned its walls. Its cuisine, of course, was mainly seafood. But its bar was the thing.

Probably just another parking lot now, the place at that time had a special attraction for the area's hams. It

was where Chicago amateurs and suburban OMs often assembled informally on Friday and Saturday nights before heading off on dates. Old money from the north mingled jovially with new money, or lack thereof, from the south. Beer was the beverage of choice while those below drinking age held their own with pop or juice. I was in the latter category and, as a relative newcomer, did a lot of listening.

Ham Radio's Dignitaries

There you might encounter Jim, W9TO, of autokeyer fame. And there was young W9INN who had the enviable assignment of maintaining the Winnetka kilowatts of banking mogul W9SZW. Also DX'ers W9s FJB and GRV, who once tried...



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doesn't make his usual rounds. Instead, he's underfoot while they prepare for the trip into Wickenburg.

"Good grief," Alice shouts as they push the bike toward the road.

He knows something drastic has occurred while the car was stopped on the road. He's almost afraid to let his eyes follow her finger.

During his Air Force career he'd served on many recovery teams, first responders at a crash site. His job was to gather classified material. But it was always more involved than that. He'd seen bodies decapitated, arms and legs scattered about, and others, having been doused with fuel were sometimes burning like so much firewood. The stench had been almost overwhelming. He'd found pieces of flight suits with flesh adhered to the other side. Still, he is not prepared to deal with the body in the ironwood tree.

"Wait here," he croaks.

"I told you we should have done something."

A breeze sweeps up from the desert floor and the body slowly turns to face him and he's taken aback. His scalp crawls. A length of steel cable is secured around the man's neck by a padlock. The eyes are open, bulging, reflecting the terror of the last moments before his life was snuffed out. His tongue, swollen and black, is too large and hangs from his mouth like a link of sausage. Wiley is sick to his stomach as he turns away and heads for the bike.

"Now what should we do?" she gasps.

"Nothing. We can't do anything for this fellow."

"We're not going to leave him like that, are we?"

"Absolutely. Something tells me this is a drug deal gone sour. We can't afford to get in the middle of this. We didn't see a thing."

Alice doesn't understand, but she doesn't argue.

By mid-morning they are in Wickenburg. Alice keys up the radio and using the repeater announces their presence and location, and asks if someone can direct them to a café.

"CONTINUE NORTH AND YOU'LL SEE MELS," a voice responds.

"MANY THANKS AND 73."

In a short time they spot the flat-roofed stucco building painted in earth tone colors. A large red sign near the sidewalk announces that it is *Mel's Diner*. By the number of vehicles clogging the parking lot it's obviously a local favorite. They park near a Phoenix

newspaper box and care for McBark's needs before seeing to their own.

As he reached for door Alice took his hand. "Wait," she said. "We should tell someone about that fellow in the mountain."

Wiley gazed toward the mountain. "You're right," he said, and then strode toward a nearby phone booth and dialed 911.

"*What is your emergency?*" the voice over the phone asked.

"*There's a man hanging in a tree on Vulture Mountain Summit,*" Wiley stated.

"*That's not an emergency.*"

"*Yes it is. He's dead.*"

He ignored the 911 operator when she demanded to know his name. Instead, hung up the telephone, and walked away from the booth.

Two green bikes with bulging panniers are parked near the front door. Tourists, no doubt.

This morning's experience has left them rattled, and chatting with fellow cyclists is not something they care to do. But their need for coffee and a place to sit wins out and they push through the door.

A man in the kitchen glances up from the hot grill and nods. They force smiles, and then sweep the dining area for a vacant table. The place is jammed. An older couple wearing bright yellow cycling jerseys is seated near a window. They had evidently watched their arrival and beckon for Wiley and Alice to join them. With reservations they comply.

After cordial greetings, Bruce and Carmen explain that their westbound journey began in Florida. Their plans were to follow the southernmost roads leading toward California.

"Oh?" voices Wiley, "Florida is home?"

"No, home is Philadelphia," says Carmen. "When it was time to leave we cycled south and then headed west from St. Augustine. Then we wandered down to the Big Easy and stayed nearly a week listening to the jazz and enjoying the Second Lines on Bourbon Street. By the time we reached the Mississippi State line we were tired of the sticky weather and turned north. At Dallas we turned west again and headed toward New Mexico and Arizona. This is different than anything we've ever done. I guess it doesn't matter where we go, it's all going in our book."

CONTINUED - BICYCLE MOBILE ON PAGE 8



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"You're adventure writers?" asked Wiley.

"Carmen is. She's a journalist. I'm an attorney."

"Wow, what a change of venue. Where is this grand tour going to end?" Alice asked as she cleared places for two breakfast platters.

"We haven't decided," said Bruce. "You?"

"We're headed for Oregon."

Bruce glanced at Carmen. "We've talked about the northwest."

"We have family there," says Alice.

"I wonder if you'd mind our joining you?" asks Carmen.

Wiley knew the question was coming. This morning he didn't want any company and he thought Alice probably felt the same way. They both needed time to come to terms with this latest incident. Besides, they didn't know these people. Their funds were hardly enough to get them by. They couldn't afford to finance another couple.

"It's probably not a good idea. We travel pretty slowly," and then he went on to explain Alice's bout with cancer and her miraculous recovery.

"Oh my," said Carmen. "A gift that only God can give," touching Alice's hand.

Bruce cleared his throat. "If you're worried about us being a financial drag, don't be. My law firm won a large class action suit in Pennsylvania this past year. Tobacco. We're fixed. We don't mind traveling slowly and there's safety in numbers, you know.

Wiley squeezes Alice's arm. Her eyes say she is recalling the incident on Vulture Mountain and he relented.

"Okay. Let's try it," he said. ■

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Radioman is more than a war memoir recounting battles and campaigns, it is also the love story of Ray Daves and his wife to be, Adeline Bentz, as they maintained their connection despite the vicissitudes of a world turned upside down. The home front is not forgotten as the author recounts the scrap drives, rationing, personal sacrifices and patriotism of everyday Americans.

Post-war, Raymond Daves had a 27-year career as an air traffic controller in Spokane, Washington. Thanks to a Congressional bill signed by President Obama, the new control tower at Spokane International Airport was recently renamed for him.

Today, at 90 years of age, Raymond Daves is a modest and religious man who is still pained by memories of his brushes with death and the wartime loss of his many friends and shipmates. As for radiotelegraphy, Daves weekly copies CW to a mill.

Radioman is an excellent read; I couldn't put it down once started and finished its 284 engrossing pages in one long evening. There is nothing in it specifically about amateur radio, but radio is a consistent theme or sub-theme throughout. To assist the historical perspective the author thoughtfully provided an appendix with chapter-by-chapter timelines and footnotes.

RADIOMAN the inspiring story of Raymond Daves, also stands as the story of the other men and women of the Greatest Generation who gave so much in hopes for a brighter future.

Author Carol Edgemon Hipperson reports she "... is hard at work on the third book in what [she] calls 'The American GI Series.' This one will come from interviews [she is] doing with a Marine, a combat veteran of the Korean War. Working title for the book in progress is *Cold Warrior*." ■

Click [HERE](#) for the author's bonus photos.

Your Turn...

Like what you're reading in this month's *K9YA Telegraph*? If so, you're in good company, as amateur radio operators in more than 100 countries agree with you. Know what else? Hams just like you write the *K9YA Telegraph*.

Evidenced by your feedback we know we've hit on a winning formula: **YOU + K9YA Telegraph = A Great Read**. But without your side of the equation, it just doesn't add up.

http://www.k9ya.org/write_for_us.htm

**Von Querk sits there screaming his call
It's enough to make rugged men brawl.
When asked who he's after
He answers with laughter,
"Dunno, I'm just joining the brawl."**

Rod Newkirk, W9BRD
Courtesy May 1972 QST; copyright ARRL.



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