

K9YA Telegraph

Robert F. Heytow Memorial Radio Club

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U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition

Amateur Radio at the South Pole, 1939-1941, Part III

Philip Cala-Lazar, K9PL

Byrd departed the South Pole on March 21, 1940, following construction of East Base. From that date he directed all expedition operations from the U.S. by radio. According to Radioman Joseph Austin Daigle in his book, *Little America III: (1939-1941)*

with Admiral Richard E. Byrd, "Admiral Byrd sent long-winded messages; 400- to 600-word messages; each one took a long time at each sitting."

March 5, 1940

Byrd Expedition Funds Whacked From House Bill But Committee Agrees to Pay Its Way Home.

The House Appropriations Committee refused to approve an additional \$250,000 (\$7,910,000) for the Service Expedition, stating that it had been "misinformed" in 1939 "as to how long it would be necessary to provide funds." Sufficient funds, however, would be supplied to bring the expedition home.

At least one member of Congress, Jed Johnson (D., Okla.) "told a subcommittee that Rear Admiral Byrd stood to make a personal fortune out of the Antarctic venture." Rep. Johnson, "Has Admiral Byrd some advertising and radio contracts from which is expected to make a fabulous sum of money out of this expedition?" Testifying in Byrd's defense, Lt. Comm. Robert J. English, secretary of the Antarctic Service's executive committee replied, "No sir. I am pleased to have the opportunity now to remove that impression."

Chicago Daily Tribune

January 1, 1941

Byrd's Expedition Radios It Has Had 'Good Fortune'

A New Year's Eve message from Eagle Scout Dr. Paul A. Siple of West Base to the Boy Scouts of America assured Scouts that the expedition "had good fortune" and "will soon be starting home."

Leaving Little America

Evacuation of the expedition's personnel began January 11, 1941 with West Base crewmembers extracted by *North Star*. However, at East Base, "due to the unseasonable weather, the unusual pack-ice conditions, and the lateness of the season, emergency

evacuation was then decided upon." The Condor airlifted East Base personnel to "the crest of an ice cap" near Mikkelsen Island. From there *Bear* carried them to Boston. Today, the refurbished buildings of East Base are preserved as the "oldest permanent U.S. research station in Antarctica."

The futuristic Snow Cruiser, "of which great things are expected," was mostly a failed experiment. It was underpowered, overweight, and prone to bogging down in the snowy conditions it was designed to overcome and, thanks to its complexity, experienced many systems and component failures. According to Radioman Daigle, when it became clear that *Penguin I* was failing to perform its

"The futuristic Snow Cruiser..."

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On Being W9BRD's Daughter

Amanda Newkirk, ex-WN9PMC



Rod, W9BRD, and Amanda Celebrating Dad's 80th Birthday

Looking back, it seemed like my Dad spent most of his waking life in the basement. As he was perpetually late for dinner, I was sometimes dispatched by my long-suffering Ma to go down and see if I could dredge him up to the higher ground of table, family and, perhaps, pork chops.

Inevitably I'd find him, deep in concentration and QSO, pipe clamped between his teeth and headphones on his head, worn jauntily somehow

like his favorite beret. Seeing me, he might hold up a finger and nod his head: a couple of minutes then, to sign off.

Ah, the mystery of his radio environment, familiar smells of tobacco and rubber cement; the strange old transmitters and receivers and always, always something new being concocted out of found objects: a half a dozen Hills Bros. coffee cans, cigar boxes and old dial thingies; these last punched through the cardboard or the tin can and hand-labeled in penciled writing: 10m, 15m, 20m, 40m... as complete a mystery to me at that age as anything—only these were my father's mysteries, unfathomable yet comfortingly familiar—the known unknown, if you will.

If I close my eyes I can feel the reassuring presence of all those things that made up my Dad's basement paradise. I used to stand there, alone, drinking in the wonder, the solitude, of my Dad's favorite place. In a tank were two huge goldfish that had survived somehow; they were thriving even in the dim murk of my Dad's ham shack. I suspect they very much enjoyed his company; and he, theirs... The goldfish themselves seemed to have a glow of their own while all else was bathed in 15 or 20 watts from a light bulb encased in yet another coffee can and suspended over my Dad's chair and desk area.

Sitting in its handmade inverted throne, which my Dad had carefully cut and constructed to be at the perfect level for his inky fingers, was a beautiful manual typewriter—a very early model. When my Dad was at work I could sometimes be found ensconced there, cutting my writing teeth on the action of those ancient keys, my finger muscles bulging and straining, growing strong from the exercise.

Some things are altogether too easy now, and there was something about having to physically wrest words from that old machine that made the writing seem extra special. Sweating, smoking and pounding away, my Dad wrote a column for *QST* magazine for more than thirty years on those keys; long, long pieces written beautifully and with much care.

When I was eight years old, my bedroom was decked out in the girliest way possible; an exact copy of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue page where the beds and curtains were gauzy, ruffled and covered in butterflies. It was

a large and sunny room. Everything matched, for the first (and I suspect the last) time in my child's life. I set up my Barbie doll cases and played whenever I had a spare moment. In the summer times, I would check out juvenile mystery novels from my local library and devour them happily one by one, perhaps crunching also on nickel and ten-cent candy bars. But Barbie remained my

abiding passion. Ah, my lovely bedroom, perfect for reading, Barbie-ing and escaping the world.

"...my father's mysteries..."



W9BRD's Chicago Shack— Circa 1990s



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Alas, due to its position in the house it was also perfect for one more thing—my father’s endless antenna experiments for his ham radio. He was as happy as I was with my Barbies—only he was rolling sheets of ten-inch tin foil, perhaps, around the perimeter of my room, lips pursed and face scrunched in utmost concentration. His antenna invention of the moment would erupt in a paroxysm of tin foil rolling, wire cutting attacks and attachments, and what seemed to me a huge array of hideous metal gimcracks being festooned across, around, and over ceilings, walls, and whatnot; these dangling from thumbtacks, screws, or nails—all with a little electrical tape thrown in, which was used exclusively until he found the tape love of his life—his beloved duck tape.

The only drawback of my dad’s wild-eyed antenna fun, at least on my part, was that when he was concocting these things it was imperative that he run back and forth between his basement ham shack and his antenna of the moment headquarters—my upstairs bedroom—more times than can be counted. This of course engendered copious amounts of door openings and closings and prodigious numbers of daughter crabby-faces.

He had fashioned, around this time, a cardboard or cigar box with knobs for 10, 15, 20, 40 meters—the ham bands, which would have required him endless ingress to my room anyway—these had to be changed constantly. Needless to say, I suffered from a perturbation of the spirit which smoldered on and off—probably not really defusing until I was old enough to finally appreciate what ham radio was (I eventually got my own license) and my Dad’s passion for it. He especially loved discovering how much of a signal he could

*“...paroxysm
of tin foil
rolling...”*

achieve with his various objects: the coffee cans, cookie tins, piles of wire and boxes and tidbits—out of which he wrung quite magical things. At eight years old, it was difficult to accept that ham radio history was probably being made amidst a whirl of wire and excitement as my Dad crinkled and tapped and frowned—while I tried to shield my Barbies from this outrage.

The “piece of resistance” to my story? For an eight-year-old girl it was amazing that there might be something more shattering than having to share her private sunshine and Barbie abode. But it was this—my father and my older brother David (who had recently acquired his own ham license), had contrived somehow to string a wire as part of their antenna system over to the roof of the next townhouse. There it hung, suspended and hopefully, undetectable. My father and brother were in high good humor over this. Part of early ham radio, it seems to me, at least from my father’s perspective, was a certain semblance of sneakiness, call it the thrill of not getting caught: hiding the antenna from your landlady; drilling a tiny hole in said landlady’s siding; and possibly rifling through a basement to procure a few unwanted metal doodads.

But I digress. The box with the knobs that changed his ham bands was mounted in my bedroom window right over my head. This box was connected by a wire or thing-amajig to the outside wire that was slung over the roof to the next townhouse. This could be disconnected if need be. Did it ever need to be? Absolutely, as it was discovered, to my Dad’s dismay and my complete terror, that on stormy thunder and lightning nights showers of sparks would inevitably start spewing from the box and its metal gadgets, right over my head! Many were the summer nights I ran screeching into my parent’s bedroom to wake up my father. He would get up, dash to my room, disconnect the wire, and make all things right. “Now, now, nothing to fret about, Mandible,” he would say, chuckling in his dear fatherly way. All was well, indeed. ■



Rod Newkirk, W9BRD,
at W1AW in 1947



W9BRD’s Chicago Shack—Circa 1990s



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An Excursion Into The Raspberry Pi...

Paul W. Ross, W3FIS

Slightly over a year ago, I stumbled across the “Raspberry Pi,” an all-on-one board Linux computer for the remarkable sum of \$30, or so, shipped from the UK at that time. You provided a monitor (HDMI or analog), keyboard, mouse, power supply, and an SD chip, which served as the “disk drive” for the system. The operating system—one of the vast varieties of Linux system, was downloadable from their Web site. This is the place:

<http://www.raspberrypi.org/> for hardware and software. The Raspberry Pi is also available from dealers in the United States (Adafruit, others).

PayPal and the Internet are your friends, so off goes an order for my Raspberry Pi computer. In the meantime, I assembled the necessary accessories, including a USB hub and a USB supply for the Raspberry Pi. I also did a non-trivial amount of reading to bring myself up to speed on my quite rusty knowledge of Linux and Unix, last having worked with them a decade ago.

The computer arrived in a nice foam-padded box via DHL, which upset the dog. He tells me that a DHL delivery person is worth ten postmen. I had also set up the SD card with the operating systems, as well as getting the other hardware items together. I “borrowed” an older TV set that was no longer being used, as it had analog input for sound and NTSC video signals. Well, that TV set really didn’t cut it – not enough resolution to make the characters all that readable. This was a handy excuse to make a trip to the local “big box” store to invest in a *modern* TV set. I made it a point to get one with two HDMI inputs, an analog input, and the 15-pin computer input. We might be able to do “double duty” and use it on my regular computer. Also, with the third option of normal TV signals (digital compatible), I had a TV

set for the office/ham shack/spare bedroom. At least, that is how it was presented to the XYL, who went along with the claim that it could be used as a TV set when company evicted me from my office!



Well, everything went together as planned and worked nicely. However, now I have one more computer in the house. I do not need another computer. In particular, what can I do with this computer for ham radio? My first thought was to see about digital modes. I had a spare Signalink USB interface for my radios, the other one being dedicated to the Yaesu FT-817ND. I hooked this up and found a version of FLDIGI that would run on the Raspberry Pi. Well, it would transmit fine, but decoding was not going to work. I fooled around with it a bit more, and finally put the project aside, moving on to working with some of the Chinese QRP SSB transceivers, and a few other projects.

This Christmas, my daughter (there is a special place in heaven for her) gave me a gift card for Radio Shack. I really don’t need more connectors, or wire, or whatever. One of the problems with the Raspberry Pi was the rather small SD card I had chosen, coupled with the not-so-friendly setup procedures. The gift card was the key to getting some 16-gigabyte cards, and a new release of the Raspberry Pi software prom-

*“...a special place
in heaven...”*

Raspberry Pi Computer



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K9YA Telegraph

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Scott B. Laughlin, N7NET

When the no-code Technician license first became available I feared CW was vanishing from the amateur bands. In a knee-jerk reaction, I founded a Morse code journal and called it *QNC*. The first issue was offered at the Rickeal hamfest near Salem, Oregon. It was a miserable failure, somewhat like gold mining. Six dollars invested brought one dollar in return. Fortunately it was a quarterly, giving me three months to recover.

Liftoff

At the time the maiden issue was published, I was also serving as secretary of the American Telegraph Club, Eugene Chapter. The generous publisher of *Dots and Dashes*, the voice of the American Telegraph Club, offered *QNC* free advertising space. That certainly gave *QNC* a boost. Before I snagged my first local reader, I had subscribers in Europe and the Republic of South Africa.

But *QNC* was a house of cards—it had to grow or it would collapse beneath the weight of printing and postage costs. Therefore, *QNC* desperately needed knowledgeable people generating text. One of its most faithful writers was Rock, W9SCH (SK). Many remember him as the designer of the Rock Loop Antenna.

He sent me a detailed description of this antenna and then went on to tell how, from his kitchen table, he'd accomplished a five-by-five—worked five continents with five watts. His YL was not amused by how it loaded the house wiring and turned many of her kitchen appliances on and off in repeated secession.

Springless

Rock served his community, for many decades, as a mathematics and science teacher. A portion of his classroom hosted an amateur radio station, where he taught theory by way of formulas and the drawing of circuit schematics. Each student was required to draw and explain the operation of the various stages of receivers and transmitters. When it came to code, everyone seeking a license was required

to send and receive, letter perfect, at 15-wpm. There was a catch. They had to send using the station J-38 from which he'd removed the return spring. Only after meeting these requirements were they allowed to test. "Our failure rate was quite low," he wrote in one of his letters.

Don't Do That

He communicated often, usually including a rock-bound transmitter circuit. And after I published his contribution, he dropped me a postcard. "Don't do that," he'd say, "a transmitter tuned to only one frequency is of little use." But I continued publishing the circuits and he kept them coming. Rock was a mover and a shaker.

Of course, all this fanfare occurred when FISTS was still very young, and SKCC did not yet exist. Therefore, not many watering holes existed in those days. Today, a rockbound rig with the proper crystal, would serve any ham quite well. ■



“...five continents with five watts...”

What's Your Story?

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*.

These operators want to read your story. Evidenced by your feedback and our expanding worldwide subscriber base 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



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QRP CW Less?

Arnold CW Timm, KA0TPZ

More we pound a key,
Or keyer kind of cute,
Better than Sea Bee,
For very little loot!

Our QSO running five,
Very little watts;
Will make you feel alive,
Over a modulation box!

We exercise our mirth,
Dashing to and fro;
Funny what it's worth,
Once in status quo!

Show 'n tell a story,
Of a 9040 Prep;
See double U in glory,
Online auction? Yep!

If telegraphy isn't all,
I say it is to you;
That's OK, it's your call,
This poetry is through!

W8SU sent us front and back images of Bob Marx's 1928 QSL card. (From the W8JYZ collection.)

DATE 11/1/28
RADIO W-5TF
UR SIGS W-5TF
QRM
QSN
QSB D.B.C.
QSS
REMARKS
GLD TO QRK-QSR
PSE QSL UR CRD!
I DID! BEST 73!

ROBERT J. MARX
219 WEST 81 ST
NEW YORK CITY
N.Y.

TRANSMITTER
50 W/2A
1000 volta
early set

RECEIVER
180p
Aero caps

ANTENNA
60' CTRESE

U-2AZK

Robert Marx 00.

Radio 9DOT
Ur sigs hrd here Fri. April 10, 1925 11:05 PM
E.S.T.

Ur fd hr om vry qsa
Qrn=8uM
Qrn=heavy
Qss=nil
Qsb=R.A.C.
Will hpe to wk u sumtime Pse Qsl Crd om
will appreciate for records
best 73's

Robert Marx
219 W. 81 St.
New York
N.Y.

(See K9YA Telegraph, "2AZK, 2ABT & 2CUQ," September 2010)

CONTINUED - RASPBERRY PI FROM PAGE 4

ised to make configuring the system much easier. In the previous attempt, I found myself learning more about Linux than I wished. Somehow, I figured I now could get the beast under control. Into the bargain, a Yahoo group appeared that was dedicated to ham radio use of the Raspberry Pi. This might very well serve to cut down the number of annoying telephone calls I had been making to my Linux-savvy friends with weird questions about how to convince Linux to "see" my sound card, run faster, etc. "Mining" the Yahoo groups for information has been quite productive—you can easily bet someone else has had to solve, and has solved the particular problem you are struggling with!



Xiegu Technology X1M HF XCVR

This time I had much better results. It was pointed out to me I could likely take care of the excessively busy computer processor when decoding PSK-31 signals by telling FLDIGI to only look at *one* signal, not everything in the pass band. Success! Decodes were clean, and QSOs were now possible. I connected the system to my Xiegu Technology X1M multi-band HF transceiver, leaving the Yaesu FT-817ND system "intact," and letting me do experimental stuff with the X1M. I had already been able to configure the X1M for digital modes, using my trusty Dell Windows XP system and the SignalLink USB.

More worlds to conquer! ■

Correction...

Some early copies of the August 2014 K9YA Telegraph incorrectly bylined the article "Get The Most From Your Antenna." The article's author is Sanford A. Franzblau, KA9BBV. We apologize for any inconvenience caused by this error.

mission, "...it was beached at West Base where it was enclosed in a shelter made of snow blocks and roofed over with canvas. By this time it was converted into a base communications unit, as it was well equipped with radio gear." At expedition's end it was abandoned *in situ*, only to be rediscovered in 1958 during the IGY and again left where it reposed.

Despite only one season of "exploration and research," a great body of scientific data was collected and new areas mapped. However, much of that information went unpublished owing to the "hasty demobilization of personnel and restrictions in the original orders requiring that all writings and photographs be surrendered to the government." By year's end, 1941, the United States was embroiled in a world war and facing existential crises that precluded measured study of this recently collected body of knowledge.

Chicago Daily Tribune
May 6, 1941

**German and Jap Units Reported On Antarctic Ice
Byrd Ship Commander Tells of Whaler.**

North Star, now back in Boston, its crew reported that British naval forces destroyed a Norwegian whaler repair shop at Deception Bay lest it fall into German hands.

Also, that a Japanese whaling vessel "of the 'killer boat type' [was seen] maneuvering off the coast where the expedition had been forced to leave stores of valuable scientific equipment and other supplies."

Bailey Thanks Amateurs

The November 1941 issue of *QST*, reprinted Chief Radioman Bailey's letter of thanks to U.S. amateur radio operators, it opened with:

Dear Sir,

I wish to express my appreciation and sincere thanks to all the U.S. amateurs for their splendid cooperation and courteous services to the KC4 stations of the U.S. Antarctic Service during our recent sojourn in Antarctica. Their many courtesies and their efforts in keeping our channels clear, permitting us to come through with as little QRM as possible, are gratifying, and without them we would never have enjoyed the many pleasant hours spent on the amateur bands.

Bailey then named base station KC4USA most reliable, especially to the U.S. east coast. Those handling the most phone traffic were: "Edward J. Day, Jr.,

W4NG/WLMC and B. Aldwell, W6MLB/WLMM, of the AARS..." Continuing, "Mr. Day at WLMC guarded us nightly from 25 November 1939 until 4 May 1941 (that's right – down there, and back), and something like 15,000 messages passed over this circuit."

Julian W. Scrivener, W3EXI, was lauded for passing "personal 'phone contacts between the men at the bases and their friends and families at home, but also enabling the expedition officials in Washington to have a more personal contact with the men in the field and maintaining regular check-in observation schedules on 20 meters." Charles Mellen, W1FH, in Boston provided a solid link into that city with "236 good to perfect contacts with a total of 100 hours and 45 minutes on the air with KC4USA." Bailey was especially thankful to W1FH as Scrivener provided skeds with "Mama" (Bailey's wife), "You see, in 1934 we were unable to work Boston on 20 meters from Little America. In 1940, 'twas no trouble at all."



Barkley-Grow Seaplane

*"A direct
descendant
of Fletcher
Christian..."*

In a concise apology to CW ops, Bailey wrote, "In order that all members of our party could enjoy this privilege [*many pleasant hours on the amateur bands*] as much as possible, our operations in the c.w. bands were curtailed, as few of us worked c.w., whereas everyone worked 'phone. I regret that more c.w. QSO's were not possible."

Chief Radioman Bailey's glowing commendation of amateur radio marked another milestone in the radio service's long and unstinting service to country. Ham radio operators played an essential role with their devoted and generous efforts that helped enable the Antarctic Service Expedition attain the goals set at the highest levels of government at a time of great peril.

Expedition Video

At 10 minutes, 12 seconds into the video linked below, check out the young man depicted as "A direct descendant of Fletcher Christian," walking the path. He strongly resembles Tom Christian, later VR6TC (SK).



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Strong caution, this video, filmed by expedition members, contains scenes that may not be suitable for younger and more sensitive viewers: <http://youtu.be/rjUJqTWQwg>

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Ham Lingo DICK SYLVAN, W9CBT



"DRIFTING"



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