



# LETARC PROPAGATION

The official Newsletter of the Longview East Texas Amateur Radio Club



DECEMBER 2018

Volume 2018-12

## How We Got Started in Ham Radio.

A Change of Pace: Stories of how three individuals got into Ham Radio.

### Listening to the Oldies by Jim Quinn - AJ1MQ

I've been asked a number of times how and/or why I became a ham radio operator, and some of you have probably heard my story however since it's been a couple of years since my story was published here in the Propagation I thought I'd share it with our new folks. The short answer is: Broderick Crawford.



Broderick Crawford

"Broderick who?" is probably the question many of you may be asking yourselves. When I was a very young boy, probably about five or six years old, my family lived at an Air Force Base in New Mexico. A couple of my favorite TV shows were Sky King (the flying rancher), Whirlybirds (a show about the adventures of a couple of helicopter pilots), Ripcord (skydivers), and Air Power, the story of our US Air Force. You may see a common thread here—I was all about aviation! Because my father was Air Force, aviation was the most prominent thing in my life. Dad was a Quality Control inspector. He had the duty of inspecting all the maintenance performed on the aircraft on the base, in particular the North American F-100 Super Sabre. The new F-100 was the hottest jet fighter in the Air Force, the first operational fighter aircraft to fly faster than the speed of sound in level flight. What an airplane! (It is still one of my favorite aircraft!) Hold on to the Dad side of this story for a moment....

Here comes the exception to the aviation television shows that I loved... The Highway Patrol! Starring, of course, Broderick Crawford. I was fascinated that he could be out in the middle of the southern California desert chasing the bad guys and all that was necessary for him to do if he needed help was to pick up his radio microphone and talk! "Calling all cars! Calling all cars!" Wow! I knew that some day I was going to have a two-way radio in MY car so I could talk to people miles away. Okay, you now know the Broderick Crawford connection.

Now, back to Dad. As I mentioned, it was his job to inspect the maintenance technicians' repair work on the F-100's. He was assigned a Chevrolet Stepside panel truck, Air Force Blue in color, with the call sign prominently displayed in large black letters on a white square background "BRAVO 2". One day for some forgotten reason, I was riding with Dad in BRAVO 2 as he drove around the ramp from aircraft to aircraft doing his QC thing and enjoying every moment of it! I mean, how cool was it to be a five or six-year-old boy riding around with his dad, visiting his troops, fraternizing with those super-hot F-100's and enjoying the desert heat, smelling the jet fuel and hydraulic fluid and the sweat-soaked, over-starched fatigues the men wore! I was just in heaven! A small part of The Team! I almost couldn't wait to grow up at that point.

Dad got out of BRAVO 2 to check something and.... there it was! IT was a giant, heavy, steel microphone with a thick coiled cord strong enough to tie me to the seat and it had MOTOROLA emblazoned on the front. And it was calling me... I couldn't resist! Dad wouldn't mind. Nobody would know it was me. It would be okay. I picked up that giant Motorola mic and holding it with both hands, I confidently broadcast, "Calling all cars! Calling all cars!" My best (and probably the last!) impression of Broderick Crawford. He would surely have been proud!

"Unit calling, Say Again!" the Maintenance Control dispatcher barked. The mic was back on the hook in an instant. Unknown to me, Dad had finished his task and was just about to climb into the driver's seat on the

other side of BRAVO 2. He heard the dispatcher. More frightening, though, was that he heard me. I knew I was in trouble. I knew he'd never invite me to ride among the gleaming silver Super Sabres ever again. And I was right on both counts.

We left New Mexico and went to England, assigned to another Tactical Air Command front-line fighter base where there were..... F-100's! Sheer bliss! I never did get to ride out on the ramp again, but the base was so small I could see the taxiways and runway from my second story bedroom and my buddies and I regularly walked the short couple of blocks to the perimeter road that surrounded the operations area, occasionally venturing in to the Maintenance Control hangar. Things were different in those days. No Air Police sentries (as they were called back then). No guns. No problems. Everyone knew everyone else, their wives, their kids and even their pets at times. It was a lovely time in my life.

While at that base, RAF Wethersfield in Essex, the transistor radio became a consumer fad! Everyone had a small transistor radio in their ear! It was the era of Rock and Roll with all the American bands, of course, but being in England we had all the new Brit stuff, i.e. the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Chad and Jeremy, the Searchers, the Hollies—you name it! Unfortunately, the BBC had tight reins on television receivers and I believe the same for radio receivers. All had to be licensed, the proceeds of such licensing was for funding for the BBC and other institutions in the British government. I don't remember having a license, but I will never forget my Six Transistor, baby blue Sears Silvertone radio. I'd gotten it for Christmas, and it was a prized possession. It came with a leather case with belt loop, an earphone and a 7.4 volt mercury battery that could not be found in the entire country! Dad had to order them from Sears, and they were not cheap!

I had a serious problem with that radio, though. I LOVED it! Night after night I would take my transistor and place it on the pillow beside my head and turn it up just loud enough to listen to the latest groups either on Radio Caroline, a pirate (unlicensed) ship-mounted radio station anchored in the English Channel, or on Radio Luxembourg, an English-language rock station in northeastern Europe. The serious problem was that I always fell asleep to the radio, and boy, did that thing burn up those mercury batteries! Holy cow! They were expensive, and hard to get. We looked everywhere but always ended up buying them from the Sears Catalog. Dad griped at me every time I asked him to order some, but I think Mom didn't mind so much—she liked the rock and roll stations, too! And Dad was the old sob-story, cry in my beer, slow-dancing country music buff, the kind of music that would make people shoot themselves in the head!

Leaving the base in England, we were assigned to Travis Air Force Base in northern California. I still had my beloved little baby blue six-transistor transistor. I still burned up the batteries, but we could at least go into Fairfield and buy some more. I remember listening for hours to the rock and roll from Wolfman Jack (Ah-OOOOOOO!) broadcasting from radio station XERB in Mexico, just across the border. That and WLS radio in Chicago (when I could get it) which broadcast the rock and roll music long before it went to a talk format. But what happened at age 13 was really the highlight of my listening activities... My transistor broke! And for my 13th birthday my parents bought me a beautiful GE AM/FM portable radio with a big, rich, beautiful-sounding speaker! And with FM there was no static at all, just as the song says. That GE portable lasted exactly twenty years to the day. On my 33rd birthday I dropped it, and it was to be no more.

While all this was nice, I discovered something. During our tour in England, Dad had bought his own prized possession, a beautiful light wood Grundig console entertainment center with record changer, tape recorder cable, AM/FM and SHORTWAVE receiver! He didn't really encourage me to use his Grundig, but after time he allowed me to use it to play my LP's and 45's and I started to cruise the shortwave dials. Wow! China,

Japan, Russia, Voice of America and all kinds of new places on the dial just got my riveted attention. Then my friend across the street announced that his dad had bought a new Halicrafters short-wave radio. I had no idea what he was talking about but it sure sounded good! His dad also hooked an outdoor wire antenna to the Halicrafters unit and that really opened up some fabulous listening! Though it wasn't all in English, it still fascinated me that I could hear countries from all over the world on that thing. My friends and I spent many, many hours staring at the dial, soaking in all the world news, the music, the Radio Mystery Theater, the greatest entertainment of those days. It was great!

That Halicrafters unit was fantastic! But then one of the other guys' father (who was a flight engineer on C-133's) brought back a Sony portable shortwave receiver and it was a beautiful thing! Such design was just gorgeous and I was envious! Since his dad was always in Japan and other places in the Far East, he had access to good gear at low prices, things we couldn't get in the US.

Between the BRAVO 2 incident, Broderick Crawford and Radio Luxembourg, I had to get my first CB, then my ham license (but that's another story). I've not looked back, and recently when I head radio station WTWW on my HF rig (5.085 MHz) the other night I was thrilled! All the old rock and roll stuff, complete with the fade in and out and the static to go along with it! All of a sudden I was ten years old again, listening to Radio Luxembourg on the baby-blue Sears Silvertone six-transistor radio! I love this hobby.

**“HELLO AMERICANS! THIS IS PAUL HARVEY! SSTTAANNDD BYYY FOR NEEEEEWSS!!!!”**

**by John Armstrong – KG5LWD**

These are the words made famous by the great radio commentator, Paul Harvey, each Monday through Friday during the lunch time hour from his radio studio in Chicago via an ABC News Feed. I was new to the radio business beginning in 1973 and never paid much attention to Harvey before then. It was when I sat down in the control and engineering rooms of KHEY radio in El Paso, TX where I began listening to a man who seemed to make a whole lot of sense to me. Paul Harvey had a wonderful radio voice that I can still hear today in my memories. His voice had a commanding presence that one naturally would listen too. His stories were pictures painted with words that only the mind can see. It was Paul Harvey's story telling and other important people in my life that got me interested in radio and eventually ham radio.



**Paul Harvey**

I can still remember numerous conversations I had with my friend Charlie at the radio station discussing many of the things Paul Harvey mentioned on the radio. Those discussions caused me to think differently about the world and how fortunate I was to live in such a great nation that Harvey made better by pointing out the good things about American life; a notion I didn't quite fully appreciate in my early and stupid 20's when I thought along the same lines politically as a Millennial thinks today and being influenced by progressive/liberal college professors. After all, listening and discussing things Harvey said on the radio caused me to remove my head from the rear orifice of my body and look at the world with a totally new perspective by seeing the light. Thank God for Harvey!!!

When he said, "This is Paul Harvey", the tone and commanding presence of his voice seemed to carry us back to the days when radio was king. It was during a time when looks didn't matter to people as they do today. It was his distinct radio persona that presented so much importance and credibility to the listener. Harvey was an old-fashion individual; both politically and socially. He told stories like our old grandpa use to tell us that made them so memorable; stories about ["The Policeman"](#), ["The Farmer"](#), ["Freedom to Chains 1965"](#), ["The Testing Time"](#), ["If I were the Devil"](#), ["The Declaration of Independence"](#), ["Our National Anthem"](#) and many others. When Paul Harvey departed this world on February 28, 2009, he took the entire story of about radio's history with him. There is no more of "The Rest of the Story"; it's long gone. Now, we have a tremendous void in the world of radio where a sense of decency and honesty are gone forever.

Paul Harvey was born before commercial radio stations went on the air. Yet he was able to develop a persona that spanned radio's golden years, the post WW II rock and roll era all the way to the talk news that we hear today. He did this for nearly 75 years. And all during that time, his voice was so distinct, his diction precise and powerful. Yet he coined new words that became synonymous with his style; words like "Nee-ews" instead of "nooze" or "Reck-ord" for "reckerd". And from time to time he would intentionally add an extra vowel to a word (i.e., "web-a-site") to give him that extra flair and style to his stories. It was something he could call his own that nearly 12 million weekly listeners would tune into via 1200 radio stations around the nation in addition to 400 Armed Forces Network affiliates. The big majority of listeners were of his generation, but there were some younger folks like me who tuned into this programs, as well. Once someone heard Harvey on the radio, there was almost a unanimous opinion we were listening to greatness.

Paul Harvey Aurandt was an Oklahoma boy born in 1918. His dad, a policeman, was shot and killed by robbers when Paul was only three years of age. As a young boy, he built himself a radio set to receive radio signals from near and afar. And while in high school, one of his teachers encouraged him to enter the radio booth at a local radio station KVOO. From there, he landed radio jobs in Salina, KS, Oklahoma City and Honolulu, HI prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He later landed a job in 1944 in the City of Chicago where he spent the rest of his career. It was there where he hosted a "Jobs for G.I. Joe" program on the radio and where he coined his signature phrase "the rest of the story" that he used until he passed away.

Whether any of us realize it or not, Paul Harvey was a heck of a good salesman and could peddle products for advertisers and gave them a tremendous sense of credibility to the consumer. Many Americans felt if Paul Harvey endorsed the product, it was good enough for them. His hallmark trait was his ability to convey a truthful sales pitch. In fact NBC Saturday Night Live, when it was a fun show to watch and not so mean spirited, even had a skit about Paul Harvey pitching products in 1985. Even when he was made the brunt of joke on that program, Harvey was unapologetic about pitching products since he felt commercials at times were the best news of the day. He may have had a very good point there.

After all, when he said you could keep your teeth for your entire life, your car battery kept its promise of delivering reliable service, a glove that didn't wear out or a hand cream made your skin feel soft, that is definitely good news to the listener and those who sold the product. And he would actually use those products in his own life. Paul Harvey walked the talk. He was a peddler extraordinaire.

It wasn't until his last few years while on the air that we began to notice his distinctive voice begin to crack a little, yet it still had a rhythmic and whimsical tone to it. He never let the small change in his voice impact his profession. To the last day he was on the air, he always provided us a mix of different headlines where he railed from time to time about things that got under his skin and provided pleasant and lighter side anecdotes with tongue in cheek humor. And he often times mentioned couples who spent generations along the way of living forever together; a heart warming tribute to the institution of marriage between a man and woman; the way things should be (IMHO). I'm sure I'll hear about this from some. They'll have to get over it.

Harvey caused several minor industries to develop around the nation because of his radio presence that exuded authority on various topics. His book "The Rest of the Story" had 18 printings in just four years. There are nearly 65,000 individual links on the Internet to the Paul Harvey Riddle: "What is greater than God, more evil than the devil? The poor have it, the rich don't need it. And if you eat it, you'll die."

Even though there isn't any apparent evidence Harvey actually read the riddle on the air, it is still something that made millions of folks research it to find out the answer to the riddle is: "nothing".

Some people felt Harvey was a fretful conservative since he supported Joe McCarthy's search for communists in the State Department; which I don't think he was wrong in today's world with the perception of the Deep State in our government. There were times he just got riled up and fed up on many issues of the day where he changed opinions on the Vietnam War and Richard Nixon. Then in 2005, he felt the U.S. should have turned Iraq and Afghanistan into glass table tops by using nuclear weapons to end the wars; yet he expressed betrayal of government policies he once supported by expressing impatience and frustration.

Harvey was also critical of Nancy Pelosi due to her rubber stamping the Obama stimulus package and expressed publicly that Congress should do its job and not "sit on the economic skillet and let the pork sizzle."

Other political pundits of the day felt it was probably time for Harvey to say his final "Good Day". But, Harvey was not a quitter in any sense. However, towards the end of his career he reduced his workday to a few broadcasts a week. He didn't believe in retirement because he felt it "is just practicing to be dead. That doesn't take any practice". He continued his show into his 90th year and was still doing his show the week he passed away.

So on the day of his passing, all the teletypes in newsrooms around the nation fell silent for a moment to honor a man who for nearly 75 years led the parade of radio's golden years. Now, the voices of mainstream radio no longer have the voices of reason, logic or willing to reverse themselves when they sense they are wrong. And sadly to say, there is no more "The Rest of the Story".

Good Day!

## **Why I Joined Ham Radio by Pat Brown – AK5TX**

Hi! My name is Pat AK5TX residing in Tyler, Texas after 25 years in Alaska. I was asked why I joined Ham Radio? The following is my story.

Born in Gary Indiana in 1954, I always enjoyed communications since my early years. The space race was underway and I too became a doctor of all sciences especially the “High Ground” as we headed to the Moon. But there was also a dark side up there!

One summer night my brother burst into the living room and said, “Come quick there is a UFO up there right now!” Now my dad was a Marine Drill Instructor, (I am even sitting up straighter now), was skeptical and asked if it had Russian markings, but after several urgent requests agreed to step out in the backyard to see this thing. After our eyes adjusted to the dark we peered and listened and there before our eyes a shape, a something moved across the sky blotting out the stars. It was difficult to gauge a shape but it was coming closer. CLOSER! Suddenly we experienced a bright light and gazed upon the craft, yes we could see a large craft in the sky not too far away or too high up in the sky. The light grew from a dot to a square and expanded and then the entire craft lit up. IT was a large and oval and dark skin craft and then the entire side of the craft began communicating. “BUY GOODYEAR TIRES” B-U-Y G-O-O-D-Y-E-A-R” Then a roar of engines and the lights went out and the Goodyear Blimp ascended and drifted beyond our horizon.

Hmmm that gave me an idea! I took plastic garbage bags and put them together in a collection to form a kite. We used clothesline to hold onto it and with a good wind it had lift. I decided to begin my space program and we put a can of ants as our initial payload in the sky estimated about 30 feet up and returned back to Earth safely and all ants remained alive. We needed a bigger payload and so we convinced a 3<sup>rd</sup> grader to be our first astronaut and as he held onto the handle bar with a good gust of wind he began to leave the ground and started flying – up, up, up... We were so overjoyed when he reached about 20 feet – the wind stopped! As range safety operator I was tasked with the safety of our tests and now our most successful experiment was free falling and so my assistant and I formed a basket and caught him! Whew no injuries and I decided as Range Safety Officer, “NO MORE HUMAN TEST SUBJECTS!”

Rockets with lots of power – that’s the ticket! So I bought some Estes rocket motors, but soon discovered more power was needed! My science teacher was gracious and after making me learn several applications in chemistry and math and materials, I began launching! Our first rocket was aluminum covered toilet paper roll with a ping pong ball nosecone. The powder fuel would not ignite in the tube and our neighbor watching us, (to protect his property), came out and provided fuse material. IGNITION and as we gauged into the Heavens the rocket turned from a rocket into a GIANT smoke bomb. And I mean a smoke bomb! The fire department showed up then the police since it was considered a bomb. BUSTED! In the mercy of authority we were excused providing I do not set off similar devices in the future. OH YES SIR, YES SIR!

Radio Communications was deemed acceptable and I began my radio career including owning, building, and operating my radio station. I received a summons in the mail to appear before the Chicago FCC office. Gulp! Excuse me sir how did you find me? Oh, the Chicago Commissioner stated, WE did not find you. Whew! The US State Department did! “GULP!” He cited my frequencies and relayed the story that my third harmonic was aligned to Radio China and during the 60’s, this was a tenuous time. I was told they inquired if I was a spy transmitting secret information as a NIKE Missile Base was only a few miles away from me or other data of strategic value nearby. I attempted to persuade them I was a loyal, God fearing, flag waving, apple pie eating, and working tax paying Republican. I was informed my name or spurious transmissions will NEVER appear again at this office. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? Sheepishly I agreed. And after being credited for having the first underground FM radio station in Chicago, I took my system and after a brief ceremony, (looking both ways and making sure no one was watching), I pitched all my stuff. To this day at an undisclosed location in the bottom of Lake

Michigan remains my stuff entombed by a watery grave with fading memories.

OK how about CB radio? I loved it but oh the language usage was terrible and I was tempted to give up on radio until that day in high school. Rusted natural gas pipelines frozen open allowing high pressure gas to enter residences. Houses began exploding around our high school and no one knew what to do. No one was killed but the devastation was horrific as on one block every other house blew up. My math teacher only had the clothes on his back as his home was decimated beyond repair. Communications was necessary to ensure the students will not be directed into fire zones. I got my radio and upon a roof top we relayed details and avenues of escape for our thousands of students. It took a day to secure the systems into safe mode. Neglect and no one calling into the hot line about a strong gas odor compounded the events into a catastrophic failure. The miracle was no one killed and together many people working together in coordinated fashion was instrumental to safety including real time reports to local radio stations.

Hmmm. Ham Radio! I was encouraged to embrace Ham Radio and expand my borders for communications. During the Vietnam War I was not physically able to join and serve so I decided to support our troops. MARS radio, the connection for military-civilian communications for family service messages was rewarding. The joy of births and marriages and family blessings were offset sometimes with not so great news and conveyance of loss and tragedy at times. Regardless of the news, whether good or bad, we were always thanked for being the messenger. At that time you were required to learn code but the local ham club did not have time to be bothered to help me. I felt great disappointment.

My birthday July 20, 1969 was honored with the landing on the Moon and walking about on my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday. It became a great inspiration. Ham radio operators listened in on the conversations and the Moon conspiracies include coded messages not made public.

In 2008, I woke up on a Friday morning with no vision. That really messed up my weekend! After many surgeries and treatments, I now have limited vision and considered legally blind. When I go through the airport, TSA asks for my driver’s license and I say, “NO!” Footnote: TSA has no sense of humor when you explain a state ID rather than a driver’s license is available.

My life imploded and my universe was only the length of my cane. We are told to bond with our canes so I will introduce you my “Candy Cane” when we meet. Amateur Radio was a spark once again within my soul. It sorted my thoughts and with focus regained I obtained my Extra Class License.

I met my Shanley, SK KL5AJK, through ham radio and a local station did an interview called “Love on the Airwaves!” We were married for five years and together began SPARC, South Peninsula Amateur Radio Club, including training and testing to help almost 100 hams begin their careers or upgrade. In rural Alaska, emergency communications was imperative. One time with a class session in progress, a mild earthquake rolled through the meeting and sent our chairs rolling. It was a motivated meeting with no one falling asleep!

Committed to moving to Texas, my Shanley visited and scoped out work and a duplex. Catching the influenza going around there, she returned and passed away a week later. In memory, I changed to vanity license AK5TX or Alaska to Texas! I smile a lot and miss her.

Nowadays I am doing better health wise. Medical care in Tyler is much better than rural Alaska and postponed challenges have solutions. Although this may not be my best day, I am doing better each day.

I am constantly asked, "What can one blind man do in this world?" I respond I am a catalyst for positive solutions. In Alaska the ham clubs assist by providing communications at check points for events as dog mushing. I also served for CERT including EOC, administration, and emergency traffic at the local hospital. April 15, 2013 the Boston Marathon became a terrorist target. All the cell phones jammed, all the police and fire radios jammed. The order was given to render assistance to the services and stop all 17,000+ runners! Volunteer amateur radio operators were entrusted to communicate and coordinate disaster details. Footnote: the Ham Shack was queried if they had armed security protection?

I was just voted into office as Vice President of LETARC, Longview East Texas Amateur Radio Club. Having served in amateur radio clubs for various positions in Alaska, I now look forward to serving and assisting the art and craft of Ham Radio.

Losing sight is not the real challenge in life rather the perception of vision loss by others. Ham Radio has been the most forgiving and accommodating hobby I experienced. In fact, as an Extra Class Amateur Radio Licensee, I can experiment. Today I experiment with a satellite launching system designed to deploy the World Wide Wireless Web. Among the benefits of global e-commerce, I envision a dedicated band for ham radio operators to communicate to anyone licensed, at any time, at any location. Someday I will tell you more about Project LEON-Shoot Stuff Cheaply into Space!

Until then I will relish the fun and activities of Ham Radio. I look forward to assisting others to learn and champion the art and hobby of our craft. Amateur Radio is a part-time activity as cheap as a phone and cost less than a smart phone. The disciplines embrace electricity, electronics, computer science, mechanics, physics, geography, sociology, biology, Earth sciences, history, art, and most important in these troublesome days, WE ARE AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL.

At this time, many challenges exist for ham radio including loss of frequencies due to inactivity and the sale of our allocated bands. With 800,000+ licensed amateur radio operators currently in the USA, it is only 0.248 % of our population. The goal and responsibility of amateur radio includes:

1. Technology
2. Education
3. Public Service
4. Advocacy
5. Membership

I envision a tsunami of education in America based upon Amateur Radio. With the motivation of STEAM Programs, (Science, Technology, Engineering, Art, Mathematics), I believe everyone, including the disabled individuals as myself, will benefit. Instead of Handi-Cap, I choose to say Handi-CAPABLE. ALL our students in schools and their families will benefit greatly as a family activity embracing all the disciplines sharing and learning together. One husband-wife ham team would speak code at the dinner table so the kids would not know what was going on. So they secretly learned and when mom misspelled a word their son spoke up and corrected her! I see with my limited vision 100 million ham operators in 7 years. I extend my hand in friendship and ask you to enjoy the journey with me!

Respectfully 73's, and from my Shanley 88's for her dream to me for Texas!

With Great Expectation Onward and Upward!  
Patrick Brown AK5TX

## LETARC MEETINGS

City of Longview Fire Training Facility, 411 American Legion Blvd, Longview, TX.

LETARC's monthly meeting held the fourth Saturday of each month at 0900 hrs at the Longview Fire Training Facility at 411 American Legion Boulevard. Talk-in on 147.34 (+136.5). Presentations, free coffee and donuts and friendship!

The VE Sessions have also been moved to the fourth Saturday of each month at LeTourneau University. The time of the day not not changed. It still takes place at 2:00PM.

## Minutes of the October 2018 Monthly Meeting Of The Longview/East Texas Amateur Radio Club

**NO MEETING TOOK PLACE IN OCTOBER 2018. THE ANNUAL PICNIC TOOK ITS PLACE AT TEAGUE PARK.**

## Treasurer's Report for October 26, 2018 to November 23, 2018

Brought forth from the last reporting period: **\$9,224.80**

### Expenses for this period:

2 Battery Chargers (Amazon)	\$287.78
<b>Total Expenses</b>	<b>\$287.78</b>

**Ending Balance (as of November 23, 2018):** **\$8,937.02**

## EVENTS AND CONTESTS

### December 2018

11/30-12/2 160 Meter

8-9 10 Meter

16 Rookie Roundup-CW

<http://www.arrl.org/contest-calendar>

## REGIONAL CLUBS

Click on underscored name to visit site.

Tyler <http://www.tylerarc.org/>

Nacogdoches <http://w5nac.com/>

Athens <http://www.athensarc.org/>

Cedar Creek <https://k5ccl.wordpress.com/>

[Marshall](http://marclub.net/) <http://marclub.net/>  
[Minden](http://www.n5rd.org/) <http://www.n5rd.org/>  
[Shreveport \(ARCOS\)](http://www.qsl.net/nwlamr/arcos.htm) <http://www.qsl.net/nwlamr/arcos.htm>  
[Shreveport \(SARA\)](http://www.k5sar.com/) <http://www.k5sar.com/>  
[Rusk County \(Henderson\)](http://www.ruskcountyarc.com/) <http://www.ruskcountyarc.com/>  
 Four States (Texarkana) <http://www.4444sarc.org/>  
[Palestine-Anderson County](http://www.pacarc.org/) <http://www.pacarc.org/>  
[Navarro, Freestone, Limestone and Leon County](http://www.nflarc.com/) <http://www.nflarc.com/>  
 Panola County (no website)  
 LeTourneau University – LUARC (no website)

## Other Ham Clubs

**Fond du Lac Amateur Radio Club, Fond du Lac, WI**  
<https://www.fdlhams.com/>

## The Rare Ones Of New Orleans

**D**o a little rag chewing with a group of really nice fellows living in and around the Big Easy on 40 Meters – 7.260 Mhz (+/- 5 kHz) – Most Evenings About 1930-2130 CST.  
<http://therareones.net> (New Web link)



“The “Rare Ones” of New Orleans was resurrected on February 22, 2017 after much deliberation and thought by nine (9) amateur radio operators in the Greater New Orleans Area. The purpose of the group is to promote the amateur radio HF Communications, the City of New Orleans, and the Audubon Zoo.

The original “Rare Ones” of New Orleans was established in 1965. The current “Rare Ones” are the third

generation of this fine group, and are excited to promote our wonderful City’s unique culture, history and fine traditions. To learn about the History of the “Rare Ones” please click on the following link: [History of the “Rare Ones”](#)

The “Rare Ones” of New Orleans also promotes the Audubon Nature Institute. To show our appreciation for the Zoo, each member of the “Rare Ones” has adopted an animal figure to represent a personal connection with the Audubon Zoo. Of course, if you’ve been to the Zoo, they all asked for you! Well, the “Rare Ones” all ask for you to check in with us on the air waves!

One of the goals in resurrecting the “Rare Ones” of New Orleans is to provide a place where displaced New Orleanians could “pull up a chair” and chat with someone back home. Sharing childhood stories and memories with our displaced friends and family brings a great satisfaction to the “Rare Ones”.

The “Rare Ones” of New Orleans love to tell the story of the City of New Orleans to new comers as well as displaced former New Orleanians. By all means, don’t be a stranger and come by for a spicy taste of New Orleans!”

## Useful Links

**LETARC Web Site**  
<http://www.letarc.org>

**Radio Tools and Utilities for amateur radio operators**  
<http://www.dxzone.com/catalog/Software/Utilities/>

**eham.net – Product Reviews**  
<http://www.eham.net/reviews/products/41>

**Android Apps – Tools**  
<https://play.google.com/store/search?q=ham%20radio%20tools&c=apps>

**ARRL**  
<http://www.arrl.org/>

## Freedom Link

<http://www.freedom-link.org/>

## Testing – Get Upgraded

LETARC is working with LeTourneau University to help with facilities for VE testing. We would like to extend our sincere appreciation to the University for helping facilitate this endeavor.



## Directions to LeTourneau Campus

Upon entering the main entrance to the campus, turn right at the stop sign and follow the road around past the Solheim Center parking lot on the right to the first intersection. The building across the street and to your right is Glaske Center. Turn right and go to the parking lot at the rear of Glaske Center. Enter Glaske Center rear entrance and go to classroom 103.

Now that you know where the place is, why not study a little and upgrade your license. If you have a Technician's license, you can upgrade to the General. And if you pass the General exam, the VE Volunteers will offer you the opportunity on the day of your exam to test for the Extra at no additional cost.

January is membership renewal month. Please complete the form on the following page to renew your membership and mail your check to the address shown at the top of the application. Application on last page.

Testing on the 4<sup>th</sup> Saturday of each month. 2:00 PM – VE Session at LeTourneau University is located on 2100 S. Mobblerly Avenue in Longview, TX in the Glaske Engineering Center, Room C103.

## No New Ham Licensees to Report

# LETARC DECEMBER 2018 CALENDAR

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	8	9	7	8
9 <b>Dinner – Cotton Patch</b>	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22 <b>LETARC Meeting</b>  <b>VE Testing</b>
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

**December 9, 2018 at 6:00PM – Cotton Patch , 1228 McCann Rd, Longview, TX 75601 .**

**November 22 ,2018 at 9:00 AM – LETARC Monthly Meeting at City of Longview Fire Training Facility, 411 American Legion Blvd, Longview, TX.**

**November 22, 2018 at 2:00 PM - VE Session at LeTourneau University is located on 2100 S. Mobberly Avenue in Longview, TX in the Glaske Engineering Center, Room C103.**

**LETARC MEMBERSHIP  
APPLICATION  
PO BOX 5613  
LONGVIEW, TX 75608-5613**

Membership: \* New \* Renew

Calendar Year: 2018

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

CALL SIGN: \_\_\_\_\_ LICENSE CLASS: \_\_\_\_\_

LAST NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ FIRST NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ MI: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ CELL PHONE (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

E-MAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ DATE OF BIRTH: \_\_\_\_\_

ARRL MEMBER? \* YES \* NO

=====

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP (check one)

- Full Membership: \$25.00 per year. A full member shall be an FCC licensed Amateur Radio Operator
- Family Membership: \$35.00 per year. A family membership is available to members of the same family, provided they reside at the same residence. Each member has the same privileges and same membership requirements as a full member.

Privacy: Member names, addresses, (including e-mail addresses and other personal information shall not be supplied to any third party without expressed consent of the individual.

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

=====

Please list **all** of your Amateur Radio **Interests**: [Examples: Contesting, CW, 6 meter, 1.2 GHz, Kit building, ISS, AMSAT, Emergency Communications].

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Entered master database;\_\_ Confirmation letter sent:\_\_ Entered master email list:\_\_

**For use by LETARC**