



GM Net News

Volume II

Editor: Rick WØPC

February Issue – 2009

Hello from Florida!

Attached are the pictures from our trip to the Orlando Hamcation Feb, 14 (Valentines Day), 2009. I picked up Merle WD4MWZ at 5:15 am and another ham, w4zke, Joe Colson. The first 2 hours were encountered with ground fog which is common for this time of the year in south west FL but the sun came out and we had a beautiful day with temperature hitting 78 degrees. It was a 230 mile trip from my QTH in Naples and we arrived at the hamfest at 9:30 am and I got home at 8:30 pm making a long day but it was fun. There was an estimated crowd of 10000 hams. We met up with Ed Gansen K8DSS after lunch and a picture of the 3 of us is included. Ed is in the Orange shirt and is now



where Leno had a communication speed contest between Chip and a young man who was an expert at text messaging. There is a picture included of the laptop file showing how Chip was dressed at the contest which he won hands down at 29 wpm. His message was the Geico insurance message. Chip is the man wearing the red shirt at the booth. There is a picture of Bob Heil with an outstanding colored Florida shirt with a real picture of one of his musician friends on it. There is a picture of Joe, Merle and Heil included as well as a picture of Joe and Chip. Merle decided to get a new cap and there is a picture of him standing by the guy stitching it for him. It was a good hamfest, well attended and a lot of vendors. Hope you like the pictures.



wintering in the Sarasota area. Joe met up with Chip Margelli, K7JA at the Heil booth. Chip is the VP of Amateur Radio for Heil and is the star of the 2005 exhibition on the Jay Leno show

Looking forward to Dayton!

73, Wally WB8M



Subject: Cold is a Relative Thing

COLD IS A RELATIVE THING. .

65 above zero:

Floridians turn on the heat.

People in Michigan plant gardens.

60 above zero:

Californians shiver uncontrollably.

Texans put on extra underwear.

People in Michigan sunbathe.

50 above zero:

Italian & English cars won't start.

People in Michigan drive with the windows down.

40 above zero:

Georgians don coats, thermal underwear, gloves, wool hats.

People in Michigan throw on a flannel shirt.

35 above zero:

New York landlords finally turn up the heat.

People in Michigan have the last cookout before it gets cold.

20 above zero

People in Miami all die.

In Michigan they close the windows.

Zero:

Californians fly away to Mexico. Chicagoans e-mail

Congress for assistance.

People in Michigan get out their winter coats, maybe their hats.

10 below zero:

Hollywood disintegrates. We could only hope.

The Girl Scouts in Michigan are selling cookies door to door.

20 below zero:

Washington DC runs out of hot air.

People in Michigan let the dogs sleep indoors.

30 below zero:

Santa Claus abandons the North Pole.

In Michigan, they get upset because they can't start the Snow-mobile.

40 below zero :

Spit freezes before hitting the ground.

People in Michigan start saying...'Cold enough fer ya?'

50 below zero:

Hell freezes over solid.

Michigan public schools will open 2 hours late



In Marquette:

Daisy Dog Story



After my wife, Christine, KG4RJS, and I retired from G.M. to a small farm in Tennessee we were kept busy putting up a new barn, a tractor shed and of course a ham shack. One evening as we were having supper, Christine asked if we could get a dog.

“I’ve always wanted a little dog, but with my work schedule at Kleinwort Benson in L.A. it just wasn’t practical and it wouldn’t have been fair to the dog. Now we have all this room and we have time to spend with an animal, do you think we could get one?”

The next day we drove into town and went to the humane society. The sound of continuous barking was almost deafening inside the concrete building and in spite of volunteers’ best efforts with disinfect the smell was atrocious. We endured the noise and the stench, intent that we might save one of these pitiful animals. Their imploring eyes and wailing cries reminded me of the films I’d seen about Auschwitz. It was heartbreaking. I looked at Christine and she wasn’t faring well with this. I know if we’d had a bus, she’d have wanted to take all of them.

Some other people there had asked to see a cute, little, red, part Chow-part terrier and one of the attendants let it out to greet them. After a quick greeting and a few hand licks, the little red Chow showed no other interest in them, but came running to Christine like a long-lost child. Everybody realized that the dog had done the choosing and she’d picked Christine. The card said her name was “Daisy”. Her previous owners had moved away and left her in the bottom of an empty swimming pool without food and some stagnate water. We took Daisy-dog and left, trying not to hear all of the frantic crying and imploring eyes as we departed.

Daisy-dog loved the farm. She chased rabbits. She followed behind my old Super H McCormick Farmall, stopping repeatedly to smell interesting tracks. She protected the chickens when other animals came around. She was truly a farm dog.

Christine and I went outside one morning to see what a lot of barking was all about. Daisy and the next-door neighbor’s dog were chasing a rabbit ‘round and around inside a small stand of woods near the house. The brush was too dense for them to see the rabbit but they were following the scent at a full run. After several laps, the rabbit bounded out of the woods and sat quietly in the open watching us while the dogs continued to run lap after lap within the woods. We watched as the rabbit hopped off without a care. Finally, Daisy and Corky gave up the chase, ran to the water bowl and collapsed on the grass, panting in near exhaustion and having not a clue where that rabbit had gone.

Summer became winter and more winters passed and with each year, more amusing events happened with Daisy-dog out on the farm. Then one evening it began to storm and Daisy wasn’t to be found. We went to bed that night amid the crash of thunder and lightning and Daisy’s supper dish hadn’t been touched. Then about midnight I awoke to a forlorn sound and found Daisy on the back porch in much pain from a

broken hind leg. Apparently she had followed Corky home and had been struck by a car while coming home.

A neighbor stopped by the next morning while we were waiting for the veterinarian's office to open. He had a lot of experience with animals, having run the family farm for over 40 years. He looked Daisy over and summarized, "That's going to cost more to fix than that dog's worth. Be better off, just to shoot it and get yourself another dog. Dogs ain't hard to come by 'round here."



His harsh tone was tempered by years of making a living with his farm. A man has to harden his heart to make the decisions necessary to earn a living. A farmer can't be controlled by emotion or compassion, lest his family lose their home. It's just a hard fact of life. You take the steers to slaughter that you raised from calves and you behead the chickens that you grew from peeping little chicks. It's the way business is done and you can't refuse to eat the wife's stuffed pork chops because you're eating little Coley.

By contrast, Christine and I weren't relying on our farm to earn a living and Daisy was more of a family member than a hard statistic of cost and value. We could afford to dispense a little compassion. Doc Matchett tried twice to splint her leg but the short piece of bone refused to stay inline and repeatedly turned sidewise. The final choice was to remove the leg high up so she wouldn't be trying to use the stump and cause it additional injury. After spending almost a thousand dollars on a fifteen-dollar

dog, we had our Daisy-dog back home and chasing rabbits again. That was over seven years ago. We've since moved from the farm and Daisy-dog came with us to our new home in town. In her old age, she's transitioned very well to living inside. We know her years are going to be catching up to her and we can't imagine our life without Daisy-dog. She loves to ride in the car to Obed Park, swim in Obed River and track wild animals along the hiking trail.

A young boy approached us, hiking with his mother from the opposite direction one day.

"Mister, what happened to your dog's leg?"

"Well she used to jump up on us all the time so we cut it off so she couldn't be jumping up."

Both the boy and his mother were shocked beyond belief until Christine smiled and they realized I was only joking. Daisy-dog is our pal and it takes so little to make her ecstatic. The three of us are a happy, little family and we hope we'll all be together for a good, long time.

Johnny, W4XKE / Christine KG4RJS



The Shack of the Month: KB9VF (George)



George sure has a nice looking shack, I wish mine were as neat. I got a rats nest of wires going all over the place... if radios didn't have enough wires and cables, just add a computer and then interface it to the ham station... it skyrockets to the biggest rats nest ever. How did you make it look so good George? And we all know it really works too.

What does your shack look like? I'd sure like to see a photo of it to share with the GM Net Folks!

March 2009 - GM Net Schedule

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2 Net Control - WOPC	3 Net Control - WD9AIH	4 Net Control - WA8IHI	5 Net Control - WY8I	6 Net Control - KB9VF	7 Net Control - KC8JLC
8	9 Net Control - WB9YUR	10 Net Control - N8XLS	11 Net Control - K1RAY	12 Net Control - K8VW	13 Net Control - WD9AIH	14 Net Control - KB9VF
15	16 Net Control - KC8JLC	17 Net Control - WOPC	18 Net Control - K8VW	19 Net Control - N8XLS	20 Net Control - KB9VF	21 Net Control - WB9YUR
22	23 Net Control - WD9AIH	24 Net Control - K1RAY	25 Net Control - WA8IHI	26 Net Control - WY8I	27 Net Control - WOPC	28 Net Control - K8VW
29	30 Net Control - WY8I	31 Net Control - WB9YUR	Notes: Schedule with DF4IZ (Walter), every Tuesday at 1615z on 14.277 + or - 5kc. No Sunday afternoon or Thursday evening nets, anymore.			

If you tune to the net frequency 7.277.5 MHz and you don't hear anybody, just throw out your call sign a time or two. Someone will most likely hear you and relay you in. Band conditions have been rough... the "Ham Radio Gods" have promised that better conditions are coming.



From the Editor:

If you know of someone that we are missing, please forward this on to them and send me an email with their email address. Got any pictures of your shack or other articles of interest? Pass them on to me too. I'll help you share them with your friends.

CU on the Net, 73 de WØPC (Rick) w0pc@aol.com

April 2009 - GM Net Schedule

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Notes: Schedule with DF4IZ (Walter), every Tuesday at 1615z on 14.277 + or - 5 kc. No Sunday afternoon or Thursday evening nets, anymore.			1 K1RAY	2 N8XLS	3 WD9AIH	4 WØPC
5	6 KB9VF	7 K8VW	8 WA8IHI	9 WY8I	10 WB9YUR	11 K1RAY
12	13 WD9AIH	14 N8XLS	15 WØPC	16 KB9VF	17 K8VW	18 WB9YUR
19	20 KB9VF	21 K1RAY	22 WY8I	23 WA8IHI	24 WD9AIH	25 K8VW
26	27 WØPC	28 WB9YUR	29 WA8IHI	30 N8XLS	Notes: Schedule with DF4IZ (Walter), every Tuesday at 1615z on 14.277 + or - 5 kc. No Sun. or Thursday evening nets.	

Phrases of the olden days remembered

A LICK AND A PROMISE

'I'll just give this a lick and a promise,' my mother said as she quickly mopped up a spill on the floor without moving any of the furniture. 'What is that supposed to mean,' I asked as in my young mind I envisioned someone licking the floor with his or her tongue. 'It means that I'm in a hurry and I'm busy canning tomatoes so I am going to just give it a lick with the mop and promise to come back and do the job right later. 'A lick and a promise' was just one of the many old phrases that our mothers, grandmothers, and others used that they probably heard from the generations before them. With the passing of time, many old phrases become obsolete or even disappear. This is unfortunate because some of them are very appropriate and humorous. Here is a list of some of those memorable old phrases:

A Bone to Pick (someone who wants to discuss a disagreement)

An Axe to Grind (Someone who has a hidden motive. This phrase is said to have originated from Benjamin Franklin who told a story about a devious man who asked how a grinding wheel worked. He ended up walking away with his axe sharpened free of charge)

One bad apple spoils the whole barrel (one corrupt person can cause all the others to go bad if you don't remove the bad one)

At sea (lost or not understanding something)

Bad Egg (Someone who was not a good person)

Barking at a knot (meaning that your efforts were as useless as a dog barking at a knot.)

Barking up the wrong tree (talking about something that was completely the wrong issue with the wrong person)

Bee in your bonnet (To have an idea that won't let loose)

Been through the mill (had a rough time of it)

Between hay and grass (Not a child or an adult)

Blinky (Between sweet and sour as in milk)

Calaboose (a jail)

Catawampus (Something that sits crooked such as a piece of furniture sitting at an angle)

Dicker (To barter or trade)

Feather in Your Cap (to accomplish a goal. This came from years ago in wartime when warriors might receive a feather they would put in their cap for defeating an enemy)

Hold your horses (Be patient!)

Hoosegow (a jail)

I reckon (I suppose)

Jawing/Jawboning (Talking or arguing)

Kit and caboodle (The whole thing)

Madder than an wet hen (really angry)

Needs taken down a notch or two (like notches in a belt usually a young person who thinks too highly of himself and needs a lesson)

No Spring Chicken (Not young anymore)

Persnickety (overly particular or snobbish)

Pert-near (short for pretty near)

Pretty is as pretty does (your actions are more important than your looks)

Red up (clean the house)

Scalawag (a Democrat or unprincipled person)

Scarce as hen's teeth (difficult to obtain)

Skedaddle (Get out of here quickly)

Sparking (courting)

Straight From the Horse's Mouth (privileged information from the one concerned)

Stringing around, gallivanting around, or piddling (Not doing anything of value)

Sunday go to meetin' clothes (The best clothes you had)

We wash up real fine (is another goodie)

Tie the Knot (to get married)

Too many irons in the fire (to be involved in too many things)

Tuckered out (tired and all worn out)

Under the weather (not feeling well this term came from going below deck on ships due to sea sickness thus you go below or under the weather)

Wearing your 'best bib and tucker' (Being all dressed up)

You ain't the only duck in the pond (It's not all about you)

Well, if you hold your horses, I reckon I'll get this whole kit and caboodle done and send off to you. Please don't be too persnickety and get a bee in your bonnet because I've been pretty tuckered out and at sea lately because I'm no spring chicken. I haven't been just stringin' around and I know I'm not the only duck in the pond, but I do have too many irons in the fire. I might just be barking at a knot, but I have tried to give this article more than just A lick and a promise!

New High School Exit Exam!!

(Passing requires 4 correct answers)

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years' War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What color is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane?

Remember, you need 4 correct answers to pass.

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years War last? 116 years
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats? Ecuador
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut? Sheep and Horses
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution? November
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of? Squirrel fur
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal? Dogs
- 7) What was King George VI's first name? Albert
- 8) What color is a purple finch? Crimson
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from? New Zealand
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane? Orange (of course)

What do you mean, you failed? Me, too