



How is it possible that the December issue is here already?

The September 25, 2010 Amateur Radio Rendezvous has passed. There were about 25 members and guests in attendance. Next month I will cover the details of that event.

Recently I was digging around in the basement and came across the forgotten suitcase of childhood “stuff” that my Mom had saved. In it were my Cub Scout and Boy Scout manuals, a broadcast band rocket radio, high school and college diplomas. There is the 1955 Cub Scout plaque noting “Neatness, Conduct & Progress” [*hum, that didn’t last*] the red 1961 Corvair plastic model, similar to the one I wrecked, along with the associated hospital wrist band from that incident. [*Oops, no drivers license or permit.*] Plus, of course, the ever present “Dear John” letter from the high school girlfriend that I got while in “Boot Camp”.

But there was one special document that Mom had typed up and illustrated, enshrined in red craft paper: a Christmas poem I wrote as a young ham radio operator at age 16 with the call sign K7LNQ. Here it is 52 years later.

The Night Before Christmas

T’was the night before Christmas and all through the shack, not a creature was stirring not even a rat.

The antenna still stood on the rooftop of snow: Why the wind never toppled it, I’ll never know.

Not a speck of light glittered as I peeked in the door: I hoped after Christmas the equipment there would be more.

With the kilowatt off and the receiver shut down, I listened real hard, but heard not a sound.

As I turned on the light, Oh, what did I see: The light bulb was broken and useless to me!

I reached for my flashlight, which I found wasn’t there: In anger I tried to tear out all my hair.

Stumbling through darkness, I tripped over a cord, and yelled out, “Help!” as through the air I soared.

Inertia of motion had me in its claw, Till I crashed head on, square into a wall.

Filled with great anger, but wanting to sneer, I knew that the drawer full of light bulbs was near.

With what strength was left, which was just a mite, I reached in the drawer and pulled out the light.



Replacing the bulb, I sat in the chair, Flipped on the receiver and tuned it in clear, And with great surprise, what did I hear?

Santa was talking – on mobile, I guess. But it didn’t sound like he was in need or distress.

With transmitter on and mike in my hand, I gave him a shout across all the land.

I told him the children were upstairs in bed, while I was sitting with a bump on my head.

Hours passed by as I talked with him long, except for the time I whistled a song.

At eleven o’clock, which was terribly late, I shut down the rigs and started to wait.

A half and hour later I went up to bed, and with soft gentle words to my wife I said,

“Santa is coming one hour soon: we’ll know when we see him race by the moon.”

About one o’clock I heard a loud crash, and the snow on the roof started to mash.

I ran to the window and threw open the sash, saw my antenna and broke out with a rash.

The poor thing was mangled like a big pile of junk: It looked like the springs of an old army bunk.

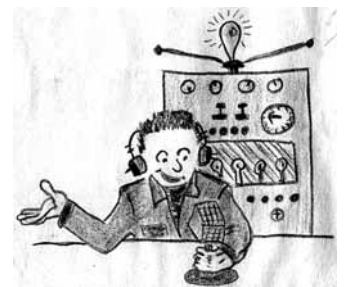
I listened with care and what did I hear: The noise of a sleigh and eight little reindeer.

Before I could make it to the balcony door, the ruckus and rumble I heard much more.

I thought to myself, “Well, maybe someday, I’ll be able to mount my antenna some other way.”

A rush of air passed me – in cold and in fright, I jumped to the door and bid Santa goodnight.

The next morning as I looked under the tree, the biggest surprise there could ever be: a brand new antenna to mount in a tree!



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



W7SYC – For more information about the SYC Amateur Radio Committee or getting an amateur radio license, send an email to Dan Withers, dwithers@rodaxwireless.com or call (206) 947-2303.