

FOND DU LAC AMATEUR RADIO CLUB



VOLUME 5 ISSUE 10

OCTOBER 2005

Come Join Us On Sunday Evenings For Our Weekly Net 1930 hrs 145.430 – 107.2

OCTOBER MEETING

The October meeting of the Fond du Lac Amateur Radio Club will be held on Monday, October 10th at MPTC at 7:00 pm in room O-102. Randy Grunewald, KB9KEG, will give a presentation on Echo Link.

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Club Officers

President.....Ed Beltz
Vice-President.....Gene Olig
Treasurer.....Jeff Bechner
Secretary.....Dottie Olig
Sgt-at-Arms.....Dennis Paulin

SEPTEMBER MEETING MINUTES

Meeting Minutes September 12, 2005

The September 12, 2005 meeting was held at Moraine Park Technical College. President Ed Beltz called the meeting to order at 7:05 p.m. Introductions were done as we had two guests at the meeting, Stephen Smith and Dan VandeKolk. Ed asked if there were any additions or corrections to the August minutes as published in the club newsletter. There were no corrections or additions. Doug Schultz made a motion to approve, Jack Heil seconded and the minutes were unanimously approved.

Treasurer's Report: Jeff Bechner reported that the ending balance at the August meeting was \$1669.68. Income was \$1242 (\$1172 from brat fry). Expenses were \$209.39, leaving a balance of \$2702.29. The balance is made up of the truck fund at \$523.18, repeater fund of \$430.68, and emergency service fund of \$218.68 and general use fund of \$1529.75. Motion was made to approve treasurer's report by Jack Heil, seconded by Doug Schultz. Motion passed on voice vote. Louie Simon submitted a bill for the brats from the club picnic. Doug Schultz made a motion to pay Louie for the brats, seconded by Lloyd Vandervort. Motion passed on a voice vote.

Truck: Gene Olig reported the insurance status. The premium did not increase as the truck had been previously insured for a year and thus the lower premium was held at the lower cost.

Fund Raisers: Jack Heil will be doing the pizza sale again this year. Motion was made by Jack Heil to have the sale and Dave Witt seconded

motion. Dennis Paulin suggested the club try for another brat fry at Lomira in October on a Saturday and Sunday. Louie Simon will call Lomira to see if they have an opening in October. Louie Simon made a motion that \$300 of brat fry money go to the general use fund; motion was seconded by Jeff Bechner. Motion passed on a voice vote.

Education: Jack reported that we might have two new techs to do the general test in the future. There may be a winter general class.

Testing: Doug Schultz reported that there will be testing September 24 and December 3, Saturday, 9-12, in North Fond du Lac. \$14 is the cost for testing.

Awards: Jeff Bechner was presented awards by Gene Olig for 1st Place USA Contest and last county category. Great job Jeff! Gene defined county hunting for the benefit of the guests in attendance.

Contesting: Randy Grunewald reported that there is a RTTY contest coming up in October. Dennis Paulin shared Field Day procedures with guests Stephen Smith and Dan Vandekolk.

Correspondence: Randy Grunewald reported that the Rock River group will hold the Ground Hog Party of N. America in Watertown, WI. RSVP by October 1. A great day of fun for only \$12.

Membership: Jeff reported that there are 39 paid members and that dues will again be collected in December.

Repeater: There has been no progress on the repeater status.

ARES/RACES: Dave Witt reported that there would be a SET offered October 1st. Lloyd got the door for the Red Cross building and that is ready to be installed as soon as the hole is cut in the wall. Dave reported that the radio equipment at the Red Cross is not running. A rotor will be obtained from Louie Simon and Dave has at this time collected \$40 for Louie. He also reported that ARES members have resigned. Dave will follow up with the agreement with the Red Cross. Gene Olig reported on his telephone conversation with Chuck Theisen and the ARES/RACES activities in the local Florida area.

Old Business: Doug Schultz reminded all that there will be a Boy Scout Jamboree on the Air scheduled for October 15,16, in Calumet. The club

van will be used for this and Dennis will operate. Volunteers are welcome!

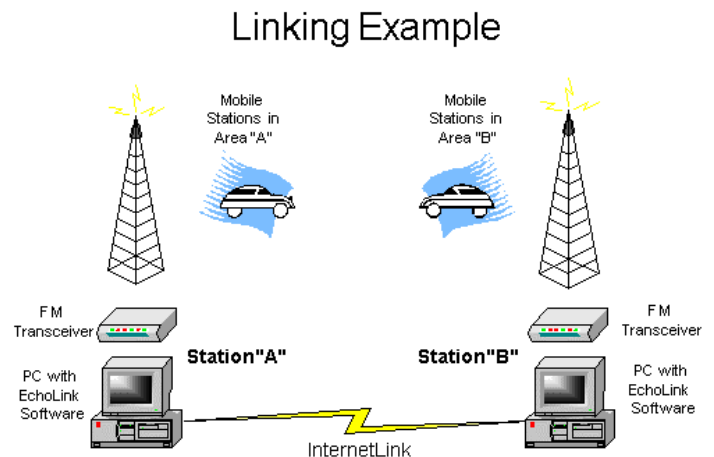
New Business: Randy will be doing a demonstration at the next club meeting on Echo Link and Interace.

There being no further business to discuss, motion to adjourn was made by Lloyd Vandervort, seconded by Doug Schultz.

Respectively submitted by Dottie Olig
Secretary – K9FDL, FDL Amateur Radio Club

ECHOLINK

EchoLink® software allows licensed Amateur Radio stations to communicate with one another over the Internet, using Voice-over-Internet Protocol (VoIP) technology. The program allows worldwide connections to be made between stations, or from computer to station, greatly enhancing Amateur Radio's communications capabilities. There are more than 162,000 registered users in 157 nations worldwide! The following pictogram is a diagram of the uses of Echo-Link. I hope I can answer your questions or steer you towards the correct answer.



The Program for Monday night is about Echo link, I hope all who are interested will join us on Monday October 10th, 2005 for the monthly Fond du Lac Amateur Radio Club meeting. I am going to try and contact each and every one of you club members by landline and perhaps take a survey about your wants, needs, and direction that the club could fulfill.

DATELINE CW

A little time for laughter,

A little time to sing,

A little time to kiss and cling,

And then it's time to go county hunting.

Gator is in the shack listening to the thirty-meter county hunters CW net and reading the Roadrunner on the computer. We were discussing the high price of gasoline. He told me about Joshua who went to the sperm bank and got one of his vials. Joshua drove to the Petrol-R-U's station and swapped his first born for a tank full of gasoline, middle grade. I try not to laugh but the devil made me. Gator is grinning from ear to ear and gets two 807's and hands me one.

"Dude, I read where a girl is now president of the county hunters." "That is Joyce, WB9NUL and she has forgotten more facts about county hunting than you will ever know. Do not worry Joyce can do CW, has fists of steel and Mark, W9OP as vice-president." "You mean the great Bozo?" I am beginning to regret Gator can copy code. "Who else in on the pot?" Gator is laughing hilariously.

I list the other club officers. The secretary is Norm, W2IBB. The treasurer is Jim, KZ2P. The Great Lakes Director is Hugh, K8GPC. The North Central Director is John, WB9STT. The North East Director is Don, AF3Z. The Pacific Director is Bob, KC6AWX. The South Central Director is Mike, W0MU. The South East Director is Dave, KE3VV. The immediate past president is your buddy Bill, K2NJ.

"Thanks Dude for the list of sidebanders, what would be a non-immediate past president?" "Gator, It means the same as a past president, don't get bent out of shape. That, which you call a list of sidebanders, is the Board of Directors. " "Bored..." "Gator!" Gator is laughing as he goes to get two more 807's. I raise my voice, "Also Mark, W9OP, the vice-president is a great CW county hunter." Gator yells back "I know, I worked Mark using

your call and he did not know it was me and no need to shout I ain't as deaf as you, yet.

Gator hands me a cool one, "Did you know one person can make a change." Gator's mind wanders and he tends to segue without reason. "What are you talking about now?" Gator tells me the story.

Leroy Leatherwatts was pushing eighty years of age and lived in a senior subdivision named Alcatraz. (The developer's name) His CB handle is DOUBLE L. The subdivision was a magnet for squirrels whose numbers seemed to increase exponentially every year. The road kill by the golf carts and three wheelers did not diminish the squirrel population.

The squirrels caused much damage. They got into attics and chewed on the electric wires causing fires, chewed the cover off the television and coax cable, chewed the lead roof vent covers, and raised havoc in the gardens, to mention a few antics. They also brought fleas to the domestic animals. The women of the subdivision thought the squirrels were cute rodents and fed them sunflower seeds. Is there a solution to this squirrel (tree rat) problem? Along came Leroy.

Leroy went to the local non-profit Humane Society and borrowed a humane trap. He placed it in his garden. Leroy would take the trapped squirrels ten miles to the Tall Pines game reserve and release them. The reason it is called a humane trap is that the squirrels enjoy the pinecones, and the homeless living in the forest enjoy the squirrels.

Each day Leroy would catch two or three squirrels, then later one at a time. After six months the squirrel population had been reduced to an occasionally visitor from the subdivision down the road. It would be a short visit. The women of the subdivision are told that feral cats were killing the squirrels. The damage attributed to the squirrels ceased. One person, regardless of age, can make a difference. Leroy is known as the squirrel man of Alcatraz

I finish my cool one and ask, "What does that have to do with county hunting, pray tell." "Well many of the seniors in the subdivision are county hunters using attic dipoles and the squirrels ate the coax. My pager just went off, I better move on. See you tomorrow." Gator is out the door, into his four-by-four and roars off disappearing down the canopy road. I noticed there were no squirrels in the yard, I wonder, naw, it is just a happenstance.

I go back into the shack. Better check my candy stock, it will soon be Halloween. This month is a good time to work those needed California counties in the CQP, the Pennsylvania counties in the PQP and the Illinois counties in the IQP. The ten-ten members have a Sprint and a CW QSO party. The FISTS members have a Sprint and a Coast-to-Coast contest. Just what the doctor ordered for these cool weekends.

Dingo

By W9UCW

In April, Joyce and I found ourselves finally at home after two months on the road dealing with back-to-back-to-back family crises involving illnesses and death. Most people our age have experienced these things (or worse) and we had experienced them before, too. But, I must admit, this time we were bumping into our limitations. Our home and affairs were in a shambles, as were we. Either of us was in tears at the drop of a hat. We were a mess.

A couple days after we got home, on Easter morning, he arrived. I was standing at the windows at dawn sipping coffee and looking across the yard when a small reddish-brown dog with a black snout wandered through. He looked every bit the wild dog of Australia, the "Dingo". I ran to an open window and hollered "Git outta here!" as I'm wanted to do to discourage strays and neighbor's pets that have broken loose. His response was odd. He came running toward me, and seeing the barrier between us, ran around the house looking, it would seem, for some way to get at me. I was a bit concerned, so I took a BB gun with me out the back door just in case he was one of the nasty coyotes that live in these parts. As I stood in the carport looking around, his nose peeked out between the car and truck. His snout was waving back and forth which meant that his tail must be wagging full steam. Well, what's a guy to do? Dingo and I quickly made acquaintance (Joyce helped by handing me some bologna as an offering). He seemed so polite and friendly!

"What am I doing?" I wondered. Thoughts about getting a dog had been discussed, but at some time in the far distant future.... and after a careful and thorough selection process to get the right physical and personality characteristics. This guy just wandered in, smelling badly, with his ribs showing and missing blotches of hair. We didn't know anything about him.

Nevertheless, Dingo was here to stay. He slept curled up outside the back door, or under our truck. He displayed an uncanny intelligence and sensitivity to things around him. "Street smarts", I figured. We scrubbed, medicated and fed him, took him to the vet for shots and tests, collared him and set rules. He accepted all this with grace and never displayed anything but a gentle countenance. His coat filled in and he put on weight and smelled good. The vet said he was 7-9 months old, and about as big as he would get.

A natural digger, he put holes everywhere. Besides that, any object was fair game as a toy, or a gift for us, like dead snakes & birds, for instance, or any loose household item from the neighbors' yards. Sometimes newspapers and other items ended up all over the yard, chewed to smithereens...and he seemed so proud of all this.

At first, I was totally intolerant of these "bad habits". I spanked, screamed and generally carried on like an idiot. He would pout, maybe hide out for a while, and when he was sure the "green haze" was gone, he would come running, wagging and rolling over to make up. He insisted that we come to some compromise on these habits of his. Here's the deal. He wouldn't touch the daily morning newspaper, only the weekly "shopper".... and then only if we ignored it for several hours. This went for the neighbors across the road, too. Sort of "peruse it or lose it" would be his motto. Furthermore, he would limit his hole digging to inconspicuous places behind and under, if I would try to act like a sane adult when I discovered them. I found myself identifying the

holes that were part of the agreement, filling them in, and marking the no-no's with a little red pepper, without ever saying a word. He hasn't violated the agreement since. Only the unmarked holes were re-dug. Compromise, tolerance, gentle persuasion and trust...This is the way he would behave and it showed us the way we should behave. And, don't forget good humor. He showed us early on just how funny life could be with nothing more than an empty milk carton and a big yard to roll, toss, chase, trip.... well, I'll tell you, between those demonstrations and 10 minutes a day of "snap at your own tail" (and hope you can't get it, which happens now & then) we found ourselves sore from laughing, time after time. We had not done that for a while.

We noticed that he was very quiet. Maybe a "yip" when he actually caught his tail once in a while. Maybe an "arf" at a flock of birds that came too close to the car when he took a ride. Even when the UPS truck, meter reader or visitor came into the yard, he would give a quick announcement "arf", watch us for any sign of fear and then go wagging in trustful friendship.... but no jumping, never any jumping. Where did he learn this?

After a couple weeks here, he was invited into the house. He was curious, but gentlemanly, and almost never picked up anything he shouldn't. If he did, even a mild scolding would cause him to go to the back door so he could get out and avoid any further conflict. When inside he liked to be invited up to sit with us in our easy chairs, but only when we were sitting there and had invited him. Otherwise, he never showed any interest in getting on furniture. He mostly liked to be rubbed and cuddled, but even when a "violent" game of "tapnose and snap" would break out, if we said "ouch" or whimpered when he "got" us, he would stop playing and lick our hand.

About a month ago we ventured to let him spend the night in the house. It went fine. In fact, from that point it was the normal regimen. If he had the call at night, he would quietly, gently, but persistently jingle his collar tag and sigh until one of us would let him out. I came to realize that he would rather explode than make a mess, or startle us. About that time, Joyce and Dingo mastered the "Yard Search". They made three rounds of the whole place in the morning while I stumbled around making coffee. Then in the evening as I was glued to the news, they did three more. All sorts of things were discovered, many of which Dingo was glad I was not there to see! Joyce covered for him, but only after a mild admonishment. He would run his legs off trying to entertain her.

From the time he showed up he would display exceptional affection and gladness when we got up in the morning or returned from town, even if I yelled at him when we left. It was as if we were the most important people on earth, and he forgave everything. He would twist himself in half wagging his entire body. Every day there was a new demonstration of something smart, cunning, funny or of total loyalty and devotion.

You've probably experienced all of the things I've described. If you're wondering "what's the big deal?". I'm sorry, but I had forgotten about dogs and "how they are". Besides, we just can't figure how and where this "wild dog" learned his manners and attained his gentle soul, and at such a young age. How did he just show up at the right time to divert us from our depression? We were in need of a reminder about the joys of life and other such matters, and he came and gave it to us. We never caged him, tied him or refused to let him do as he pleased....as long as he followed our "compromises", and he did.

Many years ago, I remember thinking that dogs, besides that "man's best friend" thing, seem to provide a powerful, natural source of learning for humans.... lessons about some of life's basics, like birth, growth, discipline, unconditional love, loyalty, absolute trust, total forgiveness.....and death.

I've not had a dog in many years. In the last two and a half months I was powerfully reminded of all these lessons by Dingo, the stray dog that "took us in" at exactly the right time. Dingo died yesterday. I guess the rest of his work was done; he just had to help us deal with the last item on his list. Apparently, during his last check of the yard the evening before, he became curious about something across the road. He had an encounter with a neighbor's car. Hurt badly, he somehow made it back to the carport where I found him. He was in shock. He couldn't walk. We carried him in and cleaned, medicated and covered him. We couldn't reach a vet who would see him. His breathing became more rapid and labored. He was in agony. We laid with him in shifts all night. Each time we switched he would look up and wag that tail. Even when we got him to the vet in the morning, he tried to stand on the table and wag at the doctor. As they tried to clear one filled

lung, and medicate for other problems, his heart gave out. Even at the end, he showed astonishing grace and love.

We have spent two days mourning the loss of a stray dog named Dingo. Actually, it's time to celebrate his life. We were sure given a gift. As in the loss of any loved one, we regret the pain they went through, and the unfulfilled potential of their future. On the other hand, most of what we feel is what we lost... past, present and potentially future mutual joys. And, usually there is some form of guilt.... about bad things said or done and good things unsaid or undone. When I feel guilty about my impatience with Dingo's "bad habits", Joyce reminds me that if we had not taken him in, no telling what would have happened to him in the last two and a half months. Maybe the bigger question is "what would have happened to us?"

We had harder laughs since Easter than we had in a long time. We came out of our "blue funk" and concentrated on putting things in order. We completely refreshed our thinking about tolerance of others needs and the value of being a gentle soul, no matter the adversity. Dingo showed us, again and again, the great gift of forgiveness and the power of unconditional love. His death has reminded us of just how short life is, and therefore the importance of every day and every being in our life. We should never pass an opportunity to show someone we care and that we think they're great. We should never miss a chance to play, to laugh, or to act like a kid, even if we get dirty doing it.

Are all dogs programmed to do what Dingo did? I don't know, but it's wonderful that he was. Joyce wants me to start looking for a puppy. I'll do that one-day, but I'm not ready for a while. I'm still sorting out Dingo's lessons. I guess this is my term paper.

Barry

P.S. Dingo, Joyce and I had a wonderful last day together. We played, laughed hard, acted like kids and got dirty. Then he had a bath (and so did we). He really liked that "towel" part at the end. Boy, do we miss him!

From Barry Boothe, Harlingen, TX W9UCW@aol.com July 3, 2001