



THE COUNTY LINE ***ROADRUNNER***

Published Monthly by the Mobile Amateur Radio Awards Club, Inc.



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From My Point of View **WB9NUL, Joyce**

Well, first off, a couple of apologies go to K2NJ, Bill, who is charter member 98 and N4PN, Paul, who is charter member 100. I had Bill's number wrong last month. Sorry! And to K8GPC, Hugh, an apology for typing his call incorrectly. What's nice is that more than one person caught the errors...which means someone really did read what I wrote!

I got to thinking the other day, just what is MARAC? Sure we are radio operators who chase counties, but what else? We're an "awards" club. I hope that you who are just chasing counties will take the time to look at the other awards. Gene, KD9ZP and his committee have been hard at work rewording old awards and are working on new ones. Take the time to go to the MARAC site and see what awards are available and start working towards one or more of them.

Barry and I look forward to seeing you all in Tennessee. Someone said to me that they weren't going because it wouldn't be the same. No, it won't. But perhaps, we should look at it as the start of something new. Change is difficult but not impossible. We have two younger county hunters, AF3X, Jeff, and W5UGD, John, who are trying to keep the SE Mini going. In fact, I see that KM4W, Bill, is listed as attending. Maybe, we can get that cribbage game going again! So, I hope that you'll consider attending the Tennessee Mini. Come enjoy the company and, at that time of the year, the pretty colors of autumn.

Until next month, 73's & 88's

WB9NUL, Joyce

(Editor's note – Hugh, Joyce corrected your call before publication. I let a draft out in error. My fault, not hers.)

DATELINE CW

By KN4Y, Ed

The history of radio is radio itself;
The history of CW county hunting, the individual.

There are so many State QSO parties and contests with so little time for paper work. The pile of logs to be sent to the ARRL LOTW is growing exponentially. I am about to actually start reducing the logjam when I hear Gators four-by-four barking louder and louder. Oh well, I have good intentions. I turn on the hot plate to heat the boiled peanuts I got in Dixie County when I hear the door open. "Come in Gator, I am heating the boiled peanuts. What's up?"

Gator is excited and looks disgusted at the same time. "Dude, I heard the FCC is proposing to eliminate Morse Code, tell me I heard wrong." "Calm down Gator before you have a heart attack. Yes the FCC has published a NPRM to do just that. The FCC is asking for comments but at this stage of the game it is just bureaucratic pimping and soon CW will no longer be a got to do but will be a want to do." Gator gets a few 807's. Next he puts a paper towel in a bowl and dips out some of the hot boiled peanuts, "What you mean, want to do?" We sit in silence and eat boiled peanuts stopping only long enough to partake of the 807. We put the empty shells in the bottom half of a bleach container.

"Gator, CW is just one of the modes used by amateur radio operators, like sideband, digital, RTTY, fast scan TV to mention a few. An amateur radio operator who wants to be a CW county hunter will have to learn the code because he wants to be associated with the amateur radio operator elite, not because it is required. See what I mean?" "No, people are not going to learn something they do not need to." "Gator, you talk a lot on CB with the truckers and high wattage jaws." "Sure do, what is that to do with CW?" "Stay with me Gator, no license is required and having a CB rig is not required by law, so why do you do it?" "Because I want to; okay Dude you made your point. The Dude will want to participate in CW contests and the CW county hunters net and will learn the code to achieve this goal." I motion towards the cooler; this talk of no CW is dehydrating. Sometimes it takes a while to get through to a knucklehead.

Gator turns on the two meter rig and we listen to a sexy voice give us the time. "Will this make any changes on repeater activity?" "Probably do away with the CW identifier, no one will be able to copy it." We have a giggle and eat a few more boiled peanuts. "Maybe the truckers will start using the repeaters and give out some environmental reports." "Environmental reports?" "Yes, you know, Smokey Bear Sightings." I throw a peanut at Gator who is laughing hysterically. Gator picks up a registration form off the floor.

"I see you are thinking about going to the Southeast Mini, are you going?" "No Gator, I would like to see the new location this year which is Chattanooga, Tennessee. The dates are Oct 6, 7 & 8, 2005 but I have a schedule conflict." Gator is looking at the places to visit, "I have been to that Ruby Falls and it is a way down happening." "There are a lot of things to do in Chattanooga, and I did want to visit with the CW county hunters." "You mean BS'ing and drinking." "Yes" "Bet Al and Jerry will be there" "Why?" Gator gives me a look that would shock an electric eel. Gator's pager sounds off, "Well Dude I have to get back to the supply depot, see you tomorrow." Gator is off down the road at full speed, all the squirrels have their paws over their ears. Gator will never be a customer for a hybrid vehicle.

I am really excited as this month is the Arkansas QSO party, Gator will want to work Al in Toad Suck and Booger Holler. There is the Tennessee QSO party and, of course, the Texas QSO party and I heard from a reliable source that Norm, W3DYA will be operating mobile. And of course In the Northwest is the Washington State Salmon Run. (You have not lived until you work a Salmon on CW). I better start stocking up on naps, but first I will finish off the boiled peanuts. I shut off the hot plate. A nap is one of the greatest retiree happenings.

What County Hunting Has Meant to Me W9SUQ, Larry

In the mid 1960's my dad (W9CNG-Jack) was an avid county hunter. He very much wanted me in the game, and encouraged me in every way. I had been licensed since 1961 and like many other 30 year olds, could not afford fancy equipment or antennas. At that time I was running a DX100 with a SB 10 attachment, and wires on the roof. My work as an Indiana State Police officer took most of my extra time, but I was able to county hunt now and then. In the early 70's I was promoted to crime scene specialist and my days were filled with work. I also had upgraded equipment enough to go mobiling now and then. To put it bluntly I was obsessed by my work and there was no time for county hunting. In 1977 my dad was finishing up USACA when a friend and I traveled to Hardy County, WV, to finish him up on Aug 8, 1977. This was a great event in my life.

From than until 1988 there was very little time for amateur radio or anything else besides family and work. In June 1988 I had a massive heart attack. That ended my work and my life, as I knew it. I could not go back to work, and fell into deep depression. One day I walked past the ham shack and looked at the TS 430, which was my latest rig, and turned the power on. I had not operated for years and did not even know if it worked anymore. When the frequency display came up it was still on 14.336 MHz, and there was county hunting activity present. I looked up on the shelf and saw the old coloring book and log books. THAT DID IT. I was hooked and back into county hunting again. This time it took over for the job and ripped me out of the depression that had a death grip on me. I was soon searching for the last counties and working toward my award. It was not until Oct 27, 1995, that I received my USACA award, but that is not the important award I had from county hunting. It had put me in contact with a lot of very good friends. Rose and I had traveled to several Nationals and attended the 3M several times. Along the way I tried to get others into the game. One of which (N8STF) became obsessed and went through the awards much faster than I.

Rose and I have traveled around as a team, even to Alaska and had a lot of fun. Along the way we have made some very good friends. These friends are what county hunting has meant to me all these years.

W9SUQ- LARRY

**MARAC Board Meeting
Thursday, Sept. 8, 2005
0000Z**

A Note From K1ER, John Peters

While you are running counties, consider checking around 14263 or on 17 meters for KH6BB. The station is in the historic battleship USS Missouri (BB63). We seldom hear anything on 14336 and the bands are poor, BUT, K1ER (USA-CA #871) is custodian and KH6BB is chasing counties. We have QSLs/MRCs for close to 1000 so far and want them all. The station counts for Honolulu County and the QSL is very pretty. QSL or MRC to K1ER.

**37th National MARAC Convention
Roanoke, Virginia**

Held in hot July in Roanoke, Virginia - 125 County Hunters gathered in Roanoke for the 37th Annual National Convention. Photo's of the event can be found on the National Convention Website - <http://www.MARAC05conv.com> or linked from the MARAC website.

K1SO, Jerry



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W9OP Contemplates the 2006 National Convention In Wisconsin



Please Welcome Our New Members And Add Them To Your Data Base

Marac No.	Call	Full Name	Address	City and State	Home County	Phone Number
R-3185	KD5JS	Dennis R Northam	2802 Forest Tr	Temple, TX 76502	Bell	1-000-000-0000

**Mobile Amateur Radio Awards Club
Treasurer's Report
August 31, 2005**

Funds Balance 7/31/05 \$25,327.48

Income:

Awards	\$	891.00	
Dues		553.00	
Interest		<u>4.75</u>	
			\$1,448.75

Expenses:

Gene Olig – expenses	\$	438.08	
Stafford Engraving - awards		150.00	
Wachovia Bank - service charge		5.00	
Print-Right, Inc – newsletter		<u>423.65</u>	
			<u>1,016.73</u>

432.02

Account Balances \$25,759.50

Money Market Account	\$23,895.82		
Checking Account		<u>1,863.68</u>	
			\$25,759.50

Note:

The following monies are not included in the above:

Awards Chairman's Funds	\$1,200.00
Convention Chairman's Funds - 2005	\$2,500.00
Convention Chairman's Funds - 2006	\$2,500.00

2005 SE Mini

Location Clarion Hotel, Chattanooga, TN
Dates October 6, 7 and 8, 2005
Directions I-24 Exit 178; Take US-27 to Exit 1C. Turn right at first light, hotel is immediately on the right.
Room Rate \$84/night plus tax. Call hotel directly (423-756-5150) for reservations and mention County Hunters.
Parking Due to downtown location, parking is \$7/day
Activities TN aquarium and IMAX 3D theater 2 blocks from hotel.
 Lookout Mountain attractions (Ruby Falls, Rock City, Incline Railway) are 5 miles away.

There will be a group trip on the Chattanooga Riverboat for a lunch cruise on Thursday, the 6th. \$16.65/person including tax, tip, etc. First 50 people to register are guaranteed a spot. After 50 is on a space available basis. Your money must be received by Sept. 24th.

Dinner Buffet style -- \$26/person. Tax, tip, etc. included.
Registration \$15 for first person; \$5 each additional person
Send registration and fees to:
John Hoyt – W5UGD
125 Wyatt Oaks Ct.
Easley, SC 29642-8368

2005 SE Mini Registration

Call sign: _____
USA-CA#: _____
Name to be put on badge: _____
Address _____

Basic Registration		\$15.00
Additional Registrations	_____ x \$5.00	_____
Banquet Tickets	_____ x \$26.00	_____
Lunch Cruise	_____ x \$16.65	_____
TOTAL		_____

Major Awards Issued For The Month Of
July

KD9ZP - Awards Manager

Award	Number
LC-1	257
LC-2	11
Roadrunner(LC-3)	9
Ran All State	2
All Others	11

Other Awards

Roadrunner Issued Per Month

Call	Date	Award	Number
KK5MI	8/2/2005	BINGO	273
WD4OIN	8/7/2005	BINGO	274
AA9JJ	8/2/2005	BINGO II	38
AC2J	8/16/2005	Gemini - Jack Scroggins (W0SJJE)	150 2nd Time Holders
N4CD	8/15/2005	Last County Count	1150
W9MSE	8/15/2005	Last County Count	150
AC2J	8/28/2005	Last County Count	150
N8KIE	8/28/2005	Last County Count	175
WG9A	8/15/2005	Last County Count	250
N7ID	8/28/2005	Last County Count	350
N9QPQ	8/28/2005	Last County Count	400
AA9JJ	8/28/2005	Last County Count	450
KC0QER	8/15/2005	Last County Count	50
K7REL	7/27/2005	USA-CW	82
N9QPQ	8/2/2005	Worked all Counties - 3rd Time	189
AA9JJ	8/2/2005	Worked all Counties - 4th Time	122
N9STL	8/13/2005	Worked all Counties - 4th Time	123
N4EED	8/1/2005	Worked all Counties - 5th Time	75
KK7LX	8/8/2005	Worked all Counties - 5th Time	76
NZ8Q	8/11/2005	Worked all Counties - 6th Time	24

USA-CA

Issued By K1BV

Roadrunner USA-CA

To Call	Award Date	Certificate Number
N4XML	8/15/2005	1125

Roadrunner - Birthdays

Current Call	Birthday Date
LA9SN	Sep - 01
WE8D	Sep - 01
K2NJ	Sep - 02
K4XI	Sep - 03
NN9K	Sep - 04
W6RK	Sep - 04
W9GUY	Sep - 04
KA0W	Sep - 05
WA3LVH	Sep - 05
WD9HAW	Sep - 05
KN4S	Sep - 06
WA2BEG	Sep - 07
KJ7PO	Sep - 09
K4SL	Sep - 09
KG7Q	Sep - 09
K9WA	Sep - 11
N9STL	Sep - 12
N8RYD	Sep - 13
WB3JDC	Sep - 20
NN6AA	Sep - 21
W3CR	Sep - 23
KA6RAT	Sep - 23
KR4ZH	Sep - 23
AD8W	Sep - 24
K3VQO	Sep - 25
WM3T	Sep - 27
W7FGD	Sep - 28
KC3X	Sep - 29
W1IBS	Sep - 29
WA2CNJ	Sep - 29
KD4RKJ	Sep - 29

Dingo
W9UCW, Barry

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 wont to do to discourage strays and neighbor’s pets who 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 balogna 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 smart’s,” 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 smitherines.....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 “tap-nose 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. 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 more hardy laugh's 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! "B"

The County Line Roadrunner
MARAC Secretary
117 Hayden Ave.
Pass Christian, MS 39871

“A Road Runner Is A Very Fast Bird”

Board of Directors

President: Joyce Boothe, WB9NUL, 21175 FM2556, Santa Rosa, TX 78593 1-956-636-9161 WB9NUL@MARAC.org

Vice-President: Mark Michel, W9OP, 1615 Oakridge Rd., Neenah, WI 54956, 1-920-722-4034, w9op@marac.org

Secretary: Norm Ellison, W2IBB, 117 Hayden Ave. Pass Christian MS. 39571, 1-228-452-1807, W2LSH@MARAC.org

Treasurer: James Grandinetti, KZ2P, P.O. Box 770777, Naples, FL 34107-0777 239-514-0861, K2JG@MARAC.org

Great Lakes Director: Hugh Clark, K8GPC, 26252 Schreiner St., New Boston, MI 48164, 1-734-654-8290, k8gpc@chartermi.net

North Central Director: John Robson, WB9STT, 150 W. Wise Rd Schaumburg, IL 60193, 847-891-3906, WB9STT@MARAC.org

Northeast Director: Donald L. Kimble, AE3Z, 242 Leisure LN Horseheads NY, 14845-4005 USA 1-607-795-4342, AE3Z@MARAC.org

South Central Director: Mike Fatchett, W0MU, PO Box 3500, Parker, Co. 08134 1-303-790-4611 W0MU@MARAC.org

Pacific Director: Robert T. Devine, KC6AWX, 407 Alameda Del Prado Novato, CA 94949-6302, 415-883-8980, KC6AWX@MARAC.org

Southeast Director: David Splitt, KE3VV, 6111 Utah Ave, N.W. Washington, DC 20015-2005, 202-362-3355 KE3VV@MARAC.org

Appointees

Awards Manager: Gene A. Olig Sr., KD9ZP, PO Box 2295 Fond du Lac, WI 54936-2295, 1-920-923-0130, KD9ZP@MARAC.org

Newsletter Editor: Dave Hyatt, KU4YM, 116 Old Course Rd., Summerville, SC 29485, 1-843-442-8666, ku4ym@arrl.net

Sunshine Coordinator: Nancy Nosker, W0NAN, PO Box 98, 14 W. 4th Ave. Grand Marais, MN 55604-0098, 1-218-387-1546 W0NAN@MARAC.org

Information Coordinator: Dennis Hall, KK7X, 4518 W. Haney Road, Rathdrum, ID 83858, KK7X@MARAC.org

Custodian, Club Call, K9DCJ: Joyce Boothe, WB9NUL, 21175 FM2556, Santa Rosa, TX 78593 1-956-636-9161 WB9NUL@MARAC.org

Election Coordinator: Chuck Theisen, K9IA, N 5563 County Road K, Fond Du Luc, WI 54935, 1-920-927-1605 K9IA@MARAC.org

MARAC General Counsel: David Splitt, KE3VV, 6111 Utah Avenue NW Washington, D.C. 20015-2461, 1-202-362-3355 KE3VV@MARAC.org

MARAC Historian: Eldon “Sonny” Sanders, W5DVW 4161 Old Barker Ranch Rd. College Station, Tx 77845 W5VDW@MARAC.org

MARAC Webmaster: (See Information Coordinator)
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