



THE COUNTY LINE ROADRUNNER

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Number 10

From My Point of View

The year is flying by so quickly. The mini is coming up very soon and I can't wait to renew old friendship and make some new ones. Hope that I will see you there. Barry will be staying home to take care of the cats and house. He spent two weeks in Illinois helping a fellow ham (W9YYG) move his shack and then went to his Mom's to help there. I stayed home and took care of the cats and the house!

I had a couple of questions from some members on family membership. If you have family (same household) that is a ham you pay for one membership but the other person is also able to be a member at no charge. You will receive one newsletter by mail or you may both receive an e-mail copy depending on the type of membership fee you pay. Also, you each would have one vote on any matter that is sent to the membership.

I want to thank the hams that were on Risto's chat room during the Texas QSO party. We needed to contact a member who was in the QSO party to get in touch with his wife. With the dedication of several of our members that was accomplished. The emergency was dealt with and all ended up fine. Please know that I appreciated all of the help!

Do you think you have a good idea for an award? The correct way submission procedure is to send a copy to Janet, KC5QCB, the Awards Custodian and a copy to your district director. It will be presented to the Awards Committee who will then put it under the microscope. As that process occurs and they come up with correct wording they then send it to the Board of Directors. The Directors take a look at it, and suggest changes. If any changes are suggested it goes back to the Awards Committee. When the Awards Committee is finished it comes back to the Board of Directors who then either votes to accept the award or reject it.

Take time to smell the flowers and enjoy the changing colors of the leaves this autumn. See you in South Carolina.

73, Joyce WB9NUL

Contents	
From My Point of View	1
Dateline CW	2
New Members	2
This is KA2ALT Mobile	3
Treasurer's Report	6
Awards and Birthdays	7

Dave's Call: I hope you enjoy Gerry Russo's article; I know I did. How's 'bout sharing some of your experiences with the rest of us? We'd like to hear about them.

Next deadline is the 25th -- as usual.
Dave, KU4YM

Dateline CW

NO article this month. Gator went fishing in Canada and is lost. I am also lost looking for him. Will get in touch when I know where I am. A part-time Eskimo is sending this message.

Ed KN4Y

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Work, Play, Loaf in any order

New Members

Please Welcome Our New Members And Add them to Your Data Base

MARAC No.	Call	Full Name	Address	City and State	Home Cty	Phone Number
R-4281	KA3QLF	Scott W. Petty	2063 N Turnpike Rd	Dalton, PA 18414	Lackawanna	570-563-3085
		petty@teisprint.net				
R-4282	KD1EJ	David R. Perry	P.O. Box 1249	Coventry, R.I. 02816	Kent	000-000-0000
		kd1ej@arrl.net				
R-4283	N0SM	H. Stephen Miller	6052 Hwy 63	Ottumwa, IA 33434	Wapello	641-684-4753
		hsmiller@awsllc.net				
R-4284	K0JCK	John C. Kullman	12420 Edgewood Cr	Wichita, KS 67206	Sedgwick	316-683-4684
		vectorpi@sbcglobal.net				
R-4285	W9KB	Kenneth J. Bills	33501 Colony Park	Farmington Hills, MI 48331	Oakland	248-848-1410
		w9kb@twmi.rr.com				
R-4286	N8II	Jeffery W. Hartley	198 Windgate Dr	Shepherdstown, WV 25443	Jefferson	248-848-1410
		n8ii@aol.com				

This is KA2ALT Mobile

Gerry, KA2ALT

It was a beautiful fall day when our friends and neighbors, Lee and Charlotte, came to pick us up at our house in Brooklyn, NY with their large sedan which was all packed and gassed up to begin our trip northward. All I had to do was hook up the mag mounted Larson ¼ wave-mobile antenna to my Icom 02AT hand held, and we were on our way to Quebec City, Canada. Although my wife Julie and I have been to Quebec City many times as it is one of our favorite places, Lee and Charlotte had never been before.

One evening over dinner only the week before, while making reference to Quebec City over an incident, Lee asked, "Why don't we all go up there next week?" That's how it all began. Since we were all "middle aged," with grown children capable of taking care of themselves, we were in a position to make arrangements to get time off from work and we were finally on our way. En-route we were in constant 2 meter radio contact with hams along the way. We spent the first night of our trip in the Albany, NY area, found a good place to eat, and were having a wonderful time.

The next morning after breakfast we headed north enjoying the weather, scenery, each other and many radio contacts. The closer to the Canadian border we approached, the more VE stations we were picking up. Each and every station we picked up was as friendly and helpful as one could hope for, and this especially pleased me because our friends had never had a first hand experience with ham radio. For years, each time they came to visit they steered clear of the radio shack; perhaps it was my fault to begin with. Years ago, when I first became a ham, I was so engrossed and enthusiastic about my new hobby that I inadvertently buttonholed all the husbands into the basement shack until the wives came looking, and sometimes scolding them for their disappearance.

We picked up a VE special events club station transmitting from a "tall ship" (ancient square rigger) which was visiting the Quebec City port. Since they were local radio club members, they were most helpful in guiding us into the city and to our little hotels. We did get to meet one of those hams in person, and our friends were so excited to see the face of that warm and friendly voice which had been so helpful to us.

There was a special celebration going on in Quebec City that weekend, thus the reason for the city being so crowded and for several tall ships visiting the port. There were bands playing everywhere and we had a wonderful time. We said goodbye at the end of our visit and started back to Brooklyn, NY.

We planned on taking the long route along the coast of Maine, eating lobster dinners along the way and picking up 2 meter stations who by this time all seemed to know that we were the four travelers from Brooklyn. We were in the southern coastal part of Maine in the Saco area when we asked one of the hams if he knew of a good lobster restaurant. He said he didn't enjoy lobster and therefore couldn't recommend anything other than a restaurant he drove by frequently.

Just then a 'breaker' came in on the band who obviously was listening, gave his call, and suggested we try the "Unicorn and the Lion." "oops!", said Julie. "There it is; we just passed it." Lee made a U-turn and pulled up to the restaurant. It was a peculiar looking building for a restaurant. It looked more like a converted barn, which, as it turned out, it was.

As we walked in, were greeted and seated, we were both delighted and impressed. Because it was a converted barn, it had high peaked ceilings and everything was scrubbed and varnished giving it a magnificent, polished rustic look. After learning of our hunger for lobster, the hostess and waitress announced that their dinners included two lobsters, not just one. The hostess was very friendly and happy over our enthusiasm and asked us how we happened to choose this restaurant. We told her that "We heard it over the radio."

Realizing that I had just created mischievous confusion, I explained to the waitress and her

boss that I was an amateur radio operator, had a radio hooked up in the car, and that a local fellow ham operator recommended this restaurant. She still seemed confused, so I invited her out to the car for a demonstration. The ham who recommended the restaurant, responded to our call. When I learned that he lived only 5 minutes away, I invited him and his wife to come over for a drink. Unfortunately, he was involved with cutting grass and trying to use the last daylight to get the job done. Returning to the restaurant, we enjoyed our wonderful meal and vowed to return someday.

One year later, our normal daily lives were interrupted with a life threatening medical problem which required my having major surgery at the famed Sloan Kettering Cancer Hospital in NYC. My God was very good to me and I was released after several weeks just as the foliage was about to change. With time on our hands and a long convalescence ahead, it wasn't difficult to remember our promise to revisit the coast of Maine and that wonderful restaurant. Off we went with the HT all wired as before.

We stayed overnight near Portsmouth, NH. Our dinner waitress asked us where we were going. We told her "nowhere," just traveling north, celebrating life. "In that case," she said, "You'll want to go to Mount Batty." "What is and where is Mount Batty?" She then described a beautiful mountain top view alongside the seacoast near the town of Camden, ME. We agreed to go see it.

The next morning we stopped for breakfast and another waitress asked us where we were headed. Our celebrate life story also prompted the suggestion to see Mt. Batty. We told her she was the second person to suggest it and that we decided to see it and thanked her. We continued driving north and crossed into Maine looking for our favorite restaurant from the year before. Neither of us remembered the full name except that it was near Saco or Portsmouth and had "lion" in the name. We'd seemed to have passed it; perhaps on the way back.

While gassing up the car, the attendant asked us where we were heading. Again, we told him nowhere in particular, just looking for beauty and nature. "Ya gotta git yrself up ta that there Mt. Batty up near Camden," he said.

"Exactly how do I get myself to Camden and Mt. Batty?, I asked him and he gave me directions. We were both surprised and amazed that three different people in three different places told us in such strong terms, about a place so far away. We now became very curious and anxious to see Mt. Batty.

We turned the rig on and began asking local hams for information about Mt. Batty. The closer we got, the more information we got and were now receiving directions including those for a short cut, cutting across a "C" shaped loop with a promised savings of about 11 miles.

Just then a breaker came in addressing the station that was giving us directions. "This is KA1JPR, name is Percy, we were copying the mail with that NY car about Mt. Batty. Sounded so good thought we'd try it ourselves while vacationing up here. Can you repeat those directions again? ... except that I think I already passed the short cut, so can you pick it from there?"

"Welcome aboard, Percy," said the local and proceeded to give him directions. They went back and forth a couple of times and the local commented that Percy was about 25 miles ahead of Gerry in the NY car. The frequency broke and we heard, "To that NY car, this KA1JPR, Percy, we just got here to Mt. Batty and it's everything they say it is. It is really something to see, except if you have mittens, you'd better bring 'em 'cause it's a bit chilly up here." "This is KA2ALT, handle is Gerry, thanks for the info Percy. Did copy you asking for directions and am glad you decided to catch Mt. Batty in your travels also."

"Well Gerry, looks like you're only 15-18 miles away at this point, but you wanna be careful to catch the entrance on the left side 'cause it's easy to miss. There's a sign there, but, like I say, it's easy to miss." "QSL, Percy, I appreciate that. Look if you guys aren't in a hurry, we'd like to make an eyeball contact with you since we're only about 10-15 minutes away. This is KA2ALT for ID." "KA1JPR here, OK Gerry, we'll hang out for you and we'll on the frequency and talk you in."

The next 10 minutes or so consisted of some small talk; Percy told us his wife's name is Jackie and I told him Julie was my wife's name and it would be nice that we would all be meeting within the next few minutes.

"Percy, I've already driven up Mt. Batty and am entering the entrance of the parking lot near the meters. Where exactly are you?" "I see you approaching Gerry, I'm right up ahead and to your right near the coin telescopes."

Just then I spotted Percy. We parked nearby, got out of our car and introduced ourselves to Percy. We asked where Jackie was and he pointed to his car where she had just gone to get a jacket against the chill. I ran back a few steps also to get jackets also. The four of us came to meet on top of a mountain and began to take in the majestic beauty all around us.

We then began talking about ourselves, and we told them how good God was to us, and that now we were just taking a trip to nowhere just to celebrate life. They told us that they lived downstate near Saco, and were vacationing in this area. When I heard they lived in the Saco area, I told them that we were looking for a restaurant in their area which we had been to last year, which was a converted barn, that served two lobsters, and that we couldn't remember the name except that it had the word Lion in it. Percy said, "You're looking for "The Unicorn and the Lion," and we rejoiced that we now knew the name and location.

Percy's face suddenly changed, his eyebrows lifted, his forehead wrinkled, his mouth went into the shape of an "O" and he suddenly asked, "Say, Gerry, you wouldn't happen to be that NY car from Brooklyn last year that was passing through looking for a lobster restaurant would you?"

Click! Went my mind as my index finger pointed to Percy and I asked, "Were you the guy on the tractor cutting the grass?" Percy, still with his mouth open, shook "Yes" with his head. At that instant we all realized this incredible chance meeting, we all embraced in a huddle and literally began jumping for joy. Talk about a small world!

When we returned top Brooklyn, we had a difficult time convincing our friends Lee and Charlotte that we actually met the voice that directed us to that beautiful restaurant over a year ago while on our Canadian trip.

We're still in touch with Percy and Jackie, and every time I hear the expression, "It's a small world," I invariably end up telling my "small world" story.

Treasurer's Report September 30, 2006

Funds Balance August 31, 2006 \$27,517.46

Income:

Dues	\$746.00	
Awards Chairman Income	\$733.00	
Money Market Interest	\$16.34	
		<u>\$1495.34</u>

Expenses:

Awards Chairman Expenses	\$387.01	
S.E. Mini Contribution	\$300.00	
Fairmont Awards - plaques	\$400.39	
Stafford Engraving – plaques	\$41.50	
Secretary - expenses	\$283.03	
Banking Expenses (Ck printing)	\$96.59	
Shipping of Award Supplies to KC5QCB	\$629.35	
Membership Refund	\$14.00	
Seed money for 2007 Nat'l convention	\$2500.00	
Print-Right, Inc – newsletter	<u>\$353.14</u>	
—		<u>\$5005.01</u>

(\$3,509.67)

Account Balances \$24007.79

Money Market Account \$20,018.38

Checking Account \$3,989.41

\$24007.79

Note:

The following monies are not included in the above:

Awards Chairman's Funds	\$1,200.00	
Convention Chairman's Funds - 2007	\$2,500.00	

Awards and Birthdays

Awards
 September 2006
 KC5QCB - Awards Manager

Roadrunner Issued Per Month			
Call	Date	Award	Number
W6TMD	9/29/2006	Last County Count 325	# 43
N1FJR	9/29/2006	Last County Count 125	# 147
KL1V	9/29/2006	Last County Count 450	# 28
N8KIE	9/29/2006	Last County Count 275	# 56
K8MFO	9/11/2006	USA-CW II	# 16
K8MFO	9/11/2006	USA-CW II	# 16
K8MFO	9/11/2006	USA-CW II	# 16
K8MFO	9/11/2006	USA-CW II	# 16
K5VYT	9/27/2006	BINGO II	# 43
KC6AWX	9/20/2006	BINGO III	# 9
K8MFO	9/11/2006	Worked all Counties - 2nd Time	# 365
K0EH	9/15/2006	Worked all Counties - 2nd Time	# 366
WA9DLB	9/5/2006	Worked all Counties - 3rd Time	# 196
HB9RG	9/25/2006	Worked all Counties - 6th Time	# 28

Award	Number
LC-1	126
LC-2	6
Roadrunner(LC-3)	4
All Others	10

Roadrunner - Birthdays

Current Call	Birthday Date
WD8LQB	Oct - 01
K7DM	Oct - 02
W5EG	Oct - 04
HK3JJH	Oct - 05
KF5HY	Oct - 06
W1ENE	Oct - 06
W5DU	Oct - 06
WB4FFV	Oct - 08
W9JL	Oct - 08
W0NAC	Oct - 09
WA2NEW	Oct - 09
K0EH	Oct - 10
N8WTQ	Oct - 10
K6OHM	Oct - 12
KC0QER	Oct - 14
KCA6RC	Oct - 16
N9JLT	Oct - 16
W7GHT	Oct - 17
KC0JG	Oct - 19
WB0CQO	Oct - 19
W7GQK	Oct - 20
NK7I	Oct - 21
AI5P	Oct - 21
WD8ELH	Oct - 21
AF3X	Oct - 22
KW4CZ	Oct - 23
WA4HXG	Oct - 24
K6TEX	Oct - 24
W8OP	Oct - 25
K8XTQ	Oct - 25
DL5MC	Oct - 26
KG4UPA	Oct - 28
WA2AKJ	Oct - 28
W3DYA	Oct - 29
KF8K	Oct - 30
N4EWK	Oct - 30
K8WXJ	Oct - 31
WA0YFQ	Oct - 31

The County Line Roadrunner
MARAC Secretary
PO Box 758
PARK RAPIDS, MN 56470

PRESORTED STANDARD
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
FOND DU LAC, WI
PERMIT NO. 433

“A Road Runner Is A Very Fast Bird”

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