

# *The Texan*

Newsletter of the Texas CW Traffic Net (TEX)

**\*\* See "TSN Corner" and "RN5 Corner" on the Last Pages \*\***

Net Manager: Position Open (W5DY resigned due to poor health)

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March-April 2022

## **The Lights of Edmonton**

We are fortunate to have another original story written by Scott, N7NET, to present in *The TEXAN*. Thank you, Scott. Good to hear from you again, too.

"The 16V71 Detroit engine has stopped running and it won't restart," says Clyde, one of the two, full time maintenance men who will stay on site throughout the winter.

Without it the entire project is doomed. A thousand questions cross my mind. Is anyone still here who can help? Alan, the diesel tech, is my logical choice, but he's already gone, headed back to Georgia. So the responsibility falls on me and I'm an electrical engineer. What do I know about internal combustion engines, other than what I gleaned while helping rebuild my brother's hot rod back in the Dark Ages.

"Okay, I'll check into it," I assure Clyde. I head for the Day Room for coffee while I sort through the options.

Returning to the Northwest Territories was not on my bucket list. But each time I declined the company's request they sweetened the deal. They never got around to saying do it or else, but they were close.

I was dragging my feet because of my Dew Line experience during the Cold War. It was a bear. Wind chill. Isolation. Life was unreal.

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The morning of my departure from Dew Line I scrambled out of the hut. My ticket home was an air force KC-135 and it was on the ground. Waiting. The temperature had fallen to minus 58F. In the vapor lights freezing fog was falling from the black sky like snow. Once aboard the tanker, I held my breath until I felt the aircraft shudder when the gears retracted. That was when I swore that a herd of wild buffalo could not drag me back to the Northwest Territories. Ever.

That was then.

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They'd insisted that I should fly commercial as far as possible and then hire a bush pilot for the last leg of my journey. Ignoring their objections, I rent a black Jeep in Seattle. I'm taking stuff - a HF mobile radio station, a satellite phone, delicate test equipment that will be difficult to recalibrate, and some nice clothes for a September date with Gail, who will fly from Los Angeles to meet me in Edmonton, Alberta. Last year we met in Denver and then we went to Tokyo for three weeks. The year before we visited Rome. This year is still undecided.

Gail has her general class amateur radio license. Schedules are difficult in the northland, so we meet on the Maritime Net and then QSO every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday when conditions are favorable.

Today, however, winter has arrived and I'm stuck with this broken diesel. A few years back I had helped a friend start his Chevy diesel. We found a bad glow plug relay. Maybe this job would be that simple?

After throwing down the last swallow of coffee, it's time to get this two-ton monster running. I didn't know if it has glow plugs. Probably not, but that would be a place to start. Fortunately, someone had the presence of mind to put a 16V71 shop manual in the company library.

Eventually, I locate a fuel cutoff relay. Jumping it brings the big engine to life. That would have been a simple solution, had there been a relay in our parts inventory. A call to my home office starts one coming to some drop off point. A bush plane will deliver it tomorrow.

At last, one day past my scheduled departure, the relay is installed and the engine is running.

I try calling Gail to tell her I'll be late, but there's been a solar flare or something. The satellite phone won't connect. Snow is falling. Fortunately, I had purchased three sets of tire chains in Seattle, a set for each axle, plus an extra set. Things happen.

Pressed for time, I don't chain up, hoping to maintain a faster pace. The miles slip by and I grow overly confident. In the failing light the Jeep fishtails, and then slides into a shallow ditch.

Wrestling with chains is never easy. The half-light combined with a wind-chill factor that must be off the scale makes an extremely difficult job even more so.

A movement catches my eye. It's a large dog. Someone lives close by? Relief pours over me. I climb onto the hood of my jeep and then the roof, hoping to see the house. But all I see are more dogs. Five of them. Then I realize these are not dogs. These are wolves.

Drawing on my Dew Line experience, I light two flares. The glare and sputtering sounds keep them at bay while I finish with the chains. At last, exhausted and chilled to the bone I walk the Jeep out of the ditch and press on, leaving the flares in my wake.

Toward morning my fuel is low. Fearing the presence of more wolves, I shove a CD with hard rock into the player and then spin the gain to maximum. With both doors open and the noise blasting into the winter darkness, I transfer gasoline from my two Jerry cans.

Already late and bushed, I climb back into my Jeep, switch off the player, and lay my head back and close my eyes. I need only a moment.

The satellite phone awakens me. I have no idea how long I've slept. It's dark. I wonder if I've slept around the clock?

"Where are you?" Gail asks, her voice shrill.

"I'm not sure." I reply, glancing at the odometer. "I'm probably two hours out. Maybe more. Conditions have been extreme. I'm traveling slow. Have you been thinking about where we should go?"

"How could I, when I've been worrying about you? You're a day late, you know. I've been trying to call, but the phone wouldn't work until now."

"Same here. It's most likely caused by a solar flare.

"Whatever the cause, I'm glad to hear your voice. Please be careful. I'm in room 106 in a motel at the airport. It's not a Motel 6, but I'll leave the light on."

Disconnecting, I resume my journey, wishing I hadn't stopped to sleep. Another hour passes. Then I see lights on the horizon. They are the lights of Edmonton. I'm certain of it.

I reach for the cell phone.

### **More CW Traffic Handlers now Silent Keys**

We lost Joe Ames, W3JY, in early March to a sudden heart attack. Joe left behind a wife and young sons. There was a GoFundMe account opened for contributions to help his family (which is now closed). Joe was the chairman of the Radio Relay International Board and very active in digital and also CW traffic handling. He is greatly missed by those of us who worked with him and has left a big hole in management in the Eastern area and RRI nationwide.

I was very sorry to learn that Jerry Verduft, AD0A, became a silent key in March. Those of you who have checked into the Western Area Net to pick up Central traffic have undoubtedly worked Jerry, or JV as he liked to be called on the air.

I had actually been in touch with him this year as we are old friends, going back to California when he was the Section Manager of the Orange Section and on the traffic nets there as well. We both kind of took care of Roy, WB6ZKK, in his final days and we jointly paid for Roy's funeral. JV moved to Colorado a little after I moved to Texas and then in the last few years relocated again to Arizona. His Bio on QRZ.com is still accessible. It is not often these days that traffic handlers are able to socialize beyond a few picnics or conventions, especially those of us on the higher level (region, area, and inter-area) nets since we are so spread out. I am very happy to have known JV and worked with him over the years.

Rest in Peace, Joe and JV

## Excerpt from Jack, W5TFB's Book

*Since I received a request to continue the story, here is the next installment.*

Here is the next excerpt from Jack's book. Jack gets to know Sue better and gets involved with helping her granddaughter.

I hadn't been in the public restroom. It was unisex with a door to the water closet. Later I went in there and saw there was also a small stainless sink and a bidet. The entry sinks were carved of the same granite monolith that made the top. In a corner was a shower. In the water closet the toilet and bidet were carved from a solid pale pink quartzite, about the color seen near Sioux Falls.

Back in the kitchen I sliced bread, found the toaster and lightly toasted the bread while she sliced ham and tomatoes. She got out some nice Dijon mustard, pickles, and mayonnaise, all in mason jars, so probably home-made. I piled on the tomatoes and mustard, a little lettuce, two thin slices of ham, got out the milk and poured myself a glass. I cut mine in half, not down the diagonal but dividing the sides 1 – 3, making 44 roughly congruent trapezoids. I was closer to the medium plates so I fetched two. She poured herself milk, and we sat to eat, not in the dining room. "Did you make the condiments?"

"Yes, from the garden. Of course I didn't make the oil or vinegar." "You could." I told Sue I had a few questions. She said OK. "Mostly about the garden. How did you start? That would be something like 9 years ago, maybe ten." "First I found a source, several sources, for coarse organic material: A company who took small shrubs, tree tops, all shredded by one of those big noisy machines and blown into a dump truck (this by a company who works along power lines trimming trees from the lines, plus clearing land, all the way from Baton Rouge to Orange). They were having to pay to put their stuff in a landfill. A lumber mill specializing in bald cypress who had to shred the bark off so the wood would dry, and who also had a sawdust problem. Neither would burn, just too wet. My company and a few more that never threw out papers before shredding them. I accumulate about three acre-feet of this stuff free every year, and initially piled it up where the greenhouse is now, making a pile roughly 200 feet long, ten feet wide at the base, and 6 feet high.

"I noticed the land slopes, not much but a little, toward the house and road, west higher than east. I staked off a 70 by 70 yard area on the east side, and got the guy with the front loader and backhoe to scrape off the top 2 inches and put that to the west. Then put all of the organic material on the bare ground. (He made no attempt to keep it even or mixed up.) Meanwhile I plowed the 70 by 70 square to the west to a depth of 4 inches, used the scraper to sort of level it, did it again (both steps). Finally, the front loader moved 3 inches of the loosened stuff and put it on top of the organic material in rows determined by the distance between the tires of the front loader.

"The spring (starts January 15) crop was all beans, all kinds of beans. They thrived in the poor but well-drained soil. I picked all I needed and invited others to do the same, but there were far more than were eaten. This was by design.

"I (actually my company) hired Bert and his wife Celia. They had a one-year old boy. Bert had been brought up on a farm near Jackson, Mississippi, Celia in New York City, so between them they could do anything. I had already put plumbing, modern lighting and appliances, and central air conditioning/heating in the slave quarters. It was originally more or less a barracks, but the contractor suggested how to give it rooms, kitchens, and so on. It ended up with a good sized laundry room, with ironing machine and board and a sewing center, and two 400 square foot motel rooms, one 600 and one 1000 square-foot apartment. Each had separate outside entrances.

"Bert's family got the big one. From the looks of Celia and the age of Bert I was sure there would be more. They pay no rent and initially got \$7 an hour to help tend the garden and clean the office before or after everyone was there for the day. The arrangement was that their salary would increase by core inflation but not less than 4%, get a yearly bonus in company stock equal to their best week so far that year on the first of December, which they could convert to cash at any time, all or in part. He also had use of a company pickup truck, a small but reliable Toyota. Since they worked for the company they got medical benefits. All of this was in a simple easy to read contract. The only negative side was they had to pay taxes on the fair value of the apartment and the amount earned from selling produce, which in their case was the gross.

"I had purchased a rear tined Troy-Bilt cultivator, their biggest one, which was less expensive to use than the tractor and did a much better job. When all the beans were in, we let a 210 feet long row go to seed, tilled the rest of the garden, and started on the second square, done in almost exactly the same way. After a week, we planted summer crops, okra and black-eyed peas for example, and built the first section of the greenhouse. The garden needed tending now, and Burt was glad to have the work. His main chore was to keep the garden well mulched. That paid off in time saved from no weeding. No one told me but it was obvious that Celia was pregnant again. (She used to clean the office in the morning early, but changed to doing it after everyone had left.)"

I didn't comment in detail, just observed that she (Sue) was great. There was no reply required. Then I asked, "We never had a walk, and I wore you out with one question. We have time to try one?"

"OK, let me freshen up."

I had to pee as well, so we went. On the way I made a note to ask about laundry: I had some to do that might be OK with towels or other non-delicate stuff.

I was sitting on that couch by the door when Sue came down. She had changed into something that looked a lot less serious, even sexy. As a child she had large breasts, I remember her complaining about how it hurt her shoulders and back to hold them up. This was a light cotton blouse, perhaps a size too small, and a long gauzy dark cotton skirt that showed off her figure in those parts. She had also changed shoes. I don't know the names of shoes but these looked comfortable, and were worn with low socks that just barely cleared the shoe. You could catch a glimpse of her slender ankles now and then as she walked. The blouse was buttoned all the way, but there were no buttons over the top eight inches.

Sue asked, "Do you hold hands when walking?" What a question!

I said, "Constantly!" You can't let one like that throw you. My answer was so inclusive as to make her think, so if this is a game I scored a point. I knew it wasn't a game, and I extended my hand, in this case right one, since she was on that side. I can't remember the last time I held hands with anyone over the age of five. She put her soft pretty hand in mine, and said, "Your hand feels like a man's hand. Firm, even hard. I can feel scars and extended calluses along the tendons."

"Next thing you'll be telling me I smell like a man." "You did yesterday." "Oh, I meant to ask: I have some, not much, laundry to do unless I am permitted to stink tomorrow. When you get time can you show me the laundry and explain how to use it? Is it locked?"

"Yes, everything but the small barn door is locked. You probably noticed. Your badge will open the laundry door."

"I lock everything too, but I have only one lock. I am protected by the wild west trespass law in Texas, especially at night. Then you can shoot anyone who trespasses, even a law officer who does not clearly display his badge with a light. In most states you have to prove you fear being attacked. How can you prove you felt fear sometime in the past? Just what constitutes trespass is a little complicated but it leaves out trick or treat and even knock on door and run away, which are no problem where I live."

"So you have a gun?"

"O yes, a riot gun, a single barrel pump action twelve gauge shotgun with a magazine of seven shells, but it is not loaded, and there are no shells anywhere near. That is, I never bought any bullets. I won the gun in a poker game. I thought about selling it, but it was probably stolen. It makes a loud sound when you pump the action to bring a shell into the chamber, designed to strike terror in the hearts of a potential attacker."

"Have you ever used it?"

"In a sense. One day I came home from work and noticed three seemingly Hispanic men cutting firewood on my property. I told them they can't do that, and they had to leave. They went on about how they didn't understand, in poor, broken Spanish. I calmly fetched the shotgun, pumped the action, and asked them in fairly good Spanish if they understood now.

Then in English, 'Stack the wood you have cut and leave your chain saw, then get the hell out of here. I'm giving you a break.' I had the gun at my waist but pointing right at the one who seemed to be the big brother. I'm sure they were not from Mexico or Latin America, for their Spanish would be good."

"We walk well together."

"Well you did ask. I can't think of anything I could have left out. And yes, this is rare, to walk so effortlessly with anyone, holding hands or not."

"Your hand is sweaty."

“Oh. OK, next time we can wear gloves. Isn’t that Mae?” I released my hold on Sue’s hand just a little. She countered by holding my hand more firmly. So it was acceptable that Mae knows. I’m just a man; women, even girls, know before I do, so Mae probably did.

“Yes, I believe it is. What happened to time?”

Mae sped by us, but slowed a little to wave. I sometimes don’t know what happens to time, but it is mostly when I am deep into a math problem or, later, a computer program. I, too, had lost track of time. I thought I might as well tell her. “Yes, I lost track of time as well. Maybe we should go back and make dinner. What’s good in the garden? The tomatoes were perfect.”

She just said yes.

I had a thought. We had walked a while in silence since Mae passed, leaving room for one. The thought was simple, about holding hands. We never did that once when we were kids. Our only physical contact was incidental, as one might experience when leaving a concert or entering a crowded bus. When she had a heavy load (almost always) I would carry it for her, which seemed natural because I never took anything home from school, but that is not the same. I completed the thought by saying, “We never held hands when we were kids.”

“Jack, if you had touched my hand I would have melted like a wicked witch in an Oz book. OK, probably not that, but I’m sure my legs would have given way. I’m surprised they didn’t today.”

I tried to remember a time holding hands that was anywhere near that. All I could come up with was holding Sharon Bullock’s hand during a propaganda film in the basement of her church against anything nuclear. She was fat and her hand was plump and much wetter than anything today. I later saw *Gone With the Wind* with her in a drive-in with Charles something and Joyce Cox (they were in the back seat). I almost immediately fell sound asleep. Sharon told me after I took them home that they did it during the movie. I said, “They did what?” She told me I was impossible. I would have asked her that even if I knew what it meant, but since I didn’t it was must have been more believable. It is a big improvement that today kids use plain English to describe events like that. It is also a little sad. She didn’t say anything, so I guess I went off somewhere thinking, I forget about what, maybe things related to holding hands.

“You there?”

I said, “I’m sorry, I was trying to remember a time when holding hands was much of anything, other than today. I came up with only one, which was really nothing, juvenilia. There must be others. If there is one it was 35 years ago, a relationship so rich and complex I’m sure I would not remember holding hands, but that has nothing to do with now.”

I instantly regretted having said that because I thought it likely that I was going to need to supply more, and my recollection, a male’s view, even if as complete and accurate as I could manage, would never satisfy a woman. I didn’t know Sue. Just as there is no generic wildflower, my stereotypical view of women and their thought processes must be fatally flawed.

We were in sight of her house. Obviously she had been thinking as well. I knew how good she was, even if diminished, from 9th grade.

She said, "Can we continue later? I have some vague concerns and a couple of definite questions, but first I want to bare myself by telling you what I assume. I may be way off-base. If you are now like you were then you are transparent. That's all I am counting on."

We were still holding hands. I sort of wondered if there were some kind of mysterious way a woman could read a man through his hand. Come on, I don't even believe in polygraphs. But when one doesn't understand something then reason is suspended. It is good, for all invention of value rises from a state of unreasonable confusion, with a belief that there is order and logical connections, and the courage to rewire.

We arrived. The last hundred yards, just slightly uphill, wore me out, and I think Sue was also sapped. Probably too much for one day. She asked if I would put the chickens up, started to tell me how but I said I knew, and left. Bert had seen to it that their water fountain was full to the top. My grandmother Mama B could call chickens but I always had to bribe them.

When I returned no one was in the front room, so I went to the kitchen. Mae was having half a ham sandwich with the last of the first loaf. I'm glad she used the left-over tomato. I asked how was school, the silliest and most-asked question, and everyone knew no teenager would say anything.

"Grandma is upstairs. You are not a blabbermouth?" I just said never. "The assistant principal Mr. Wills tried to play Uncle Johnny with me today after school. He called me into his office and locked the door. I didn't see that but heard it."

"Did he? Play Uncle Johnny I mean?" "Of course not. He reminds me of a walrus." "Did you hurt him much?" "Not really. Just a strong sharp jab to the solar plexus, which temporarily shuts down everything he needs to get hurt worse. I used my fist, but an elbow would have done it. He was still alive when I left, although unconscious."

"Lie low tomorrow. If you are questioned tell the exact truth to the school folks and ask for a lawyer for everyone else. Don't make anything up. And tell Grandma when you can."

"She'd kill him,"

"I know. If you can, wait until this has played out before you tell her any details. And don't try to decide whether he is a good man overall or not. Now, and this is not a request, go to your room and write down exactly what happened, including this conversation. I'm going to make some phone calls since I don't know how to handle a situation like this."

"I think Grandma still loves you. Is it OK for me to go to the library?"

"Yes. And do not include the last comment. For a while, nobody cares what you think, just what you know."

I now had something to do, that I can do, that I'm good at, and that is solving real problems that do not involve me. I got on the phone and called Jacob Perkenson in Houston and Joseph Jones in College Station. I got Jacob, a corporate lawyer who had worked for the DA earlier and was a partner in my corporation Applied Scientific Research, right away, outlined



the situation, and asked about defense lawyers nearby, e.g., in Lafayette. He said he would call me back within the hour.

Joseph said more. He does real estate now but used to do family law and small time criminal law defense. He saw where I was calling from, and asked if I had met Sue Barber. I told him the subject was her granddaughter, but Sue didn't know yet. He said he'd get right on it, and to expect a call from the best man (who turned out to be a woman) in Lafayette this evening. He actually called back in ten minutes. I got her name and jotted it down in code. He said he had talked to her and she agreed to take the case. Joseph broached the subject of a civil action against Mr. Wills, but I said that was not now contemplated. He asked how Sue was, said he heard she was out of real estate, a pity since she was such a genius. I said I had no idea, but if I ran into her I would ask.

So far so good. I did have a problem, and that was keeping Sue out of the loop as long as it was hot. I came up with this: If she came in before the calls, I would tell her I was expecting a couple of urgent business calls, that she could listen in if she liked, but it would be better if I answered. A thousand to one, more, that she would not listen. I wouldn't bet on it if I asked her to not listen. My side of the conversation would not mean much. The notes I took would be in a code that was easy to break only if you had a lot of copy. I believed Mae when she said Sue would kill him, yet I hated the deception as well.

Mae came down to the kitchen with her account of what happened. "May I read it?" She nodded, so I did while she got herself some milk. The phone rang. It was Jacob,

He gave me the names and phone numbers of two in Lafayette and one in Baton Rouge. The first on the Lafayette list was Connie Owens, the lawyer Jones had talked to. He told me she would be best. When she was assistant DA she had successfully prosecuted a sex-related case against the administration of a high school. It had gone beyond what had happened to Mae but started out the same way. Jacob told me this was probably a case of tip of the iceberg. If Mae was abused then there were surely others who were not so willing to defend themselves. He also said he didn't think we need to fear retaliation, but be prepared for it anyway. I thanked him.

A weird coincidence: I know Connie Owens fairly well from ham radio. Her call sign is WC5LAW, and she is a splendid high speed CW operator. She used to participate in low power contests (five watts power output). I would like to meet her, in person.

I finished reading Mae's account. It was written clearly with no apparent emotion. I gave it back to her and asked her to keep it somewhere safe. She walked into the dining room, moved a decorated pottery platter that was tilted on a tripod, revealing the door to a safe (which wasn't really hidden, just out of sight unless you looked for it) opened it, and put in her notes. "That good enough?" I told her it was better than good enough. Later I found an old envelope and asked her to hide her notes and place them on the bottom just in case Sue would look. She said that wouldn't be necessary because it was her safe and no one else knew the combination.

I didn't tell her that her three number safe may be fireproof but anyone with ten minutes could open it. Even though it looked like it had 60 numbers, it really only had 6, so there were only 216 possible combinations. If you were within 5 of any actual combination number that was

good enough. Not only that, some owners never changed the initial combination, which was known to every small-time crook. NASA bought a warehouse full of these safes. Even so, against someone who thinks they are secure, they are. They would be a good place to stash your sack lunch provided you had gone to the trouble to change the default combination. I asked Mae, "Does Sue have one of these?"

"No, she has a big one in her office."

The phone rang. Mae picked it up, told me it was for me. I took it and asked her to stay. It was Connie. I told her who I was and asked if she wanted to talk to the subject, who was right here. She gave me her fax number first and then said yes, so I put Mae on.

I wasn't needed now, so I warmed some coffee and went into the front room.

Mae came in. "She will take my case pro bono, including a private investigator she uses from New Iberia. I told her you made me write my account of everything that happened right after I got back from school, not over five minutes after it happened. She wants me to fax that document. I can do that from the library. What's her number? Lafayette is a local call from here. We have extended area service." I told Mae the number but not that I have what amounts to an outgoing WATS line to North America and Europe.

"Good. Your account is well written and your penmanship is beautiful yet strong." She thanked me. No one except John had thanked me for anything since I had been here (in Louisiana) so that surprised me.

I thought about Sue, and decided she had settled on a nap, or perhaps retired for the night. The house was quiet, but then it always was. I noticed some of her people leaving work. I had never heard a sound from their office. Perhaps their work did not involve a lot of noise.

*To Be Continued*

## **TEX / RN5 Mailbox:**

Please send in your feedback, gripes, and suggestions. The mailbox was pretty much empty this past 2 months for TEX and RN5 business.

Feb 24:

Greetings Steve and friends of TEX. Hope everyone is doing well. The Houston Local Traffic Net is going strong with 25 QNI on the last net. We do radiogram training and have liaisons with TTN, 7290, and Digital (sorry, no CW ops yet for TEX.) We have started a radiogram pen pal program exchanging messages with some of the members of the EMA Traffic Net. It has been fun to get some "real" traffic on the nets. Special thanks to the EMA Traffic Manager, Marcia Forde, KW1U, for her support in launching this program. I hope other traffic handlers will be inspired to do the same.

Sorry to hear that Larry, WB9FHP, has retired from traffic handling. I frequently used Larry's Winlink RMS>PAC gateway to send digital since I do not own a Pactor modem.

I have also been enjoying monitoring the DFW Traffic Net via Echolink.

73, Bill **KA9IKK**

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You may have noticed a drop off in messages from Glenn, VE3GNA. That is because he is packing up his station and moving to Nova Scotia now that his wife has passed away. (From Marcia, **KW1U**)

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I will be on vacation from April 21 to May 3, so will need help covering my RN5 and TEX NCS skeds on Apr 21, 26, 27, and 28. I will also need someone to cover my CAN NCS slots on the 21<sup>st</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup>. Sam, W5CU, has said he can cover the CAN to RN5 traffic skeds on the CAN nights. Jon, KZ5Z, has said he can cover many of the RN5 and TEX NCS slots but he will be busy on the 28<sup>th</sup>. My thanks to Sam and Jon. I should be home in time for late RN5 on Tuesday, the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May. 73, Steve, **K6JT**

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From Ken, **K5RG**: Still being crazy after all of these years, my scheduled 7<sup>th</sup> trip to Nepal seems to have finally outlasted the pandemic and thus it looks as if I will be out of the country from Thursday, April 21<sup>st</sup> thru Saturday, May 28<sup>th</sup>, five weeks. I finally succumbed to my fellow radio club associates at W5RRR and will be taking a portable amateur radio station with me for the first time. I have taken a short-wave receiver in years past but this time it will be a full QRP station consisting of an IC-705 with its AH-705 antenna tuner, a Buddipole antenna system (where I've checked out both vertical and horizontal configurations for 40 thru 10 meters), a CW iambic paddle, a laptop computer for FT8/FT4 operations, a solar panel and two rechargeable battery systems (which I have planned to carry on the airplane as checked baggage, nothing larger than 160 Wh per the regulations). I have gotten preliminary approval from the Nepalese government to operate in the Sagarmatha National Park (Everest region) and should be able to obtain a 9N1 callsign; hopefully, 9N1RG which is available. The propagation/sunspot cycle looks considerably better now than when I first started planning the trip in 2019!! WSJT-X will be my weak signal ace in the hole but hopefully we can make some CW contacts also even though Nepal is 11 hours 15 minutes offset from CDST. 73, Ken

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## TEX Net Topics

The TEX Duty Schedule and Roster are shown below. If you are willing to take any of the open positions, please advise so the schedule may be updated. Still missing coverage for 2 NCS slots and 2 RN5/1 and 1 RN5/2 slot. The roster was updated to show another SK.

**TEX CW Net Weekly Schedule**

Local	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
NC 1	W5FEA	N5RL	W5FEA	W9VE	N5RL	No Net	Open
Backup	Open	Open	K5GM	N5RL	Open	No Net	W5FEA
NC 2	K5GM	K6JT	K6JT	K6JT	K5GM	No Net	Open
Backup	W5FEA	W5FEA	KZ5Z	KZ5Z	KZ5Z	No Net	W5FEA

RN5 1	N5RL	KZ5Z	K5GM	KZ5Z	Open	No Net	Open
Backup	Open	Open	Open	Open	Open	No Net	Open
RN5 2	W5CU	K6JT	K5RG	K6JT	K5GM	No Net	Open
Backup	Open	KZ5Z	W5CU	KZ5Z	Open	No Net	Open

TEX/1: **3541**/7106/3593 at 19:00 CT; TEX/2 **3541**/3593/1841 at 22:00 CT

RN5/1: **3567**/7108 at 19:30; RN5/2: **3567**/7108/3598 at 21:30 CT

TSN: **3570** - 19:45 CT; CAN: **3552**/7052/3590/7108 - 20:30 CT; WAN: **3552**/7052 - 22:30 CT

RN5 Backup: K5GM, K5RG, N5RL, KZ5Z

NCS Backup: W5FEA, K5GM, K5RG, N5RL, W5DY, KZ5Z

### TEX Roster

Call	Name	Location / Notes	Call	Name	Location / Notes
KW5AS	Skip	Victoria	NM5M	Eric	Plano
N5BA	Brian	Houston	N7NET	Scott	Crossett AR
WA5CAV	Dick	Pineville LA	* KB5NJD	John	Duncanville
W5CU	Sam	Edmond OK, /0 CO	K9NY	Bill	Now Wisconsin
N5CXX	Steve	Richardson (K6JT)	K1PKZ	Paul	Silent Key May 2020
W5DAE	Don	San Angelo	WA5PRI	Don	Thibodaux LA
W5DY	Rodney	Goliad	* K5RG	Ken	Houston
W5ESE	Scott	Dripping Springs	N5RL	Randy	San Antonio
* W5FEA	Jim	Graham	KD5RQB	Jason	Atlanta
K5GM	Pete	Austin	W5TMO	Mike	Austin
KM0I	John	Hattiesburg MS	K5TSK	Hank	Retired
KA9IKK	Bill	Katy	KD5TXD	Pat	Kingsville
K5IX	Dave	Brackettville	W9VE	Don	Dallas
K5JFB	Jim	Fort Worth	WB5VIH	Dave	Merkel
K6JT	Steve	Plano	WB8WKQ	Jeff	Silent Key Feb 2022
* W6LFB	Jim	Denton	KZ5Z	Jon	Springer OK
WA5MS	Marty	Argyle			

\* Capable of 160 meter operation

### Statistics:

### February 2022:

Jim, W5FEA, and Jon, KZ5Z tied for first place with 46 (98%), Don, W5DAE, was 2nd with 43 (91%), and Rodney, W5DY, was third with 37 (79%). Thanks again to all who checked in.

Visitors: Dave, NA5CU, in Hockley; Geoff, W5OMR, in San Antonio (after long absence), and Kent, K9ZTV, in Missouri.

The complete list of stations and traffic / liaison totals are shown in the following table. Note there were 47 sessions reported out of a possible 48 (no Saturday nets). Traffic averaged 1.4 per net session (1.6 last month). Net time averaged 12.5 minutes per session (12.7 last month). Check-ins averaged 6.4 per session (6 last month).

### TEX Net Statistics (February 2022)

Call	Name	QNI	Total	NCS	RN5	TTN	DFW	TSN
WB5BNV	Fred	1	1					
	MS	0						
N5BA	Brian	6	7					
		1						
W5CU	Sam	12	18	3	5			
*		6		3	5			
NA5CW	Dave	1	1					
	Hockley	0						
W5DAE	Don	23	43					
		20						
W5DY	Rodney	20	37					
		17						
W5FEA	Jim	23	46	9		23		
*		23			3	23		
K5GM	Pete	6	14		2			
*		8		5	2			
K5IX	Dave	11	14					
		3						
K6JT	Steve	0	10					
*		10		10	6		10	
W6LFB	Jim	3	3					
*		0						
W5OMR	Geoff	1	1					
	San Antonio	0						
K5RG	Ken	1	5		1			
*		4			4			
N5RL	Randy	17	27	6				
*		10						
WB5VIH	Dave	6	7					
	Merkel	1						
W9VE	Don	16	20	5			16	
		4						
K9ZTV	Kent	1	1					
	MO	0						
KZ5Z	Jon	23	46	1	5			
		23		5	3			
Totals		301		47	36	46	26	0
				98%	75%	96%	54%	0%
QTC 1		4	68					

Call	Name	QNI	Total	NCS	RN5	TTN	DFW	TSN
QTC 2		64		Sessions:		48		
Time 1		312	586					
Time 2		274						

### March 2022:

Jim, W5FEA, was 1<sup>st</sup> with 53 (98%), Jon, KZ5Z, was a very close 2<sup>nd</sup> with 52 (96%), and Don, W5DAE, was 3<sup>rd</sup> with 49 (91%). Thanks again to all of you who checked in for your support.

Visitors: None

The complete list of stations and traffic / liaison totals are shown in the following table. Note that there were 54 sessions reported out of a possible 54 (no Saturdays). Traffic averaged 2.0 per net session (1.4 last month). Net time averaged 13.0 minutes per session (12.5 last month). Check-ins averaged 6.4 per session (6.4 last month).

### TEX Net Statistics (March 2022)

Call	Name	QNI	Total	NCS	RN5	TTN	DFW	TSN
N5BA	Brian	9	15					
		6						
W5CU	Sam	9	20	3	7			
*		11		5	9			
W5DAE	Don	25	49					
		24						
W5DY	Rodney	18	34					
		16						
W5FEA	Jim	27	53	9		27		
*		26				26		
K5GM	Pete	6	22		1			
*		16		8	3			
K5IX	Dave	17	21					
		4						
K6JT	Steve	0	14					
*		14		14	9		14	
K5RG	Ken	0	5					
*		5			5			
N5RL	Randy	22	35	7	3			
*		13						
WB5VIH	Dave	6	6					
		0						
W9VE	Don	18	20	2			17	
		2					1	
KZ5Z	Jon	25	52	6	7			
	OK	27			1			
Totals		324		54	42	51	34	0

				100%	78%	94%	63%	0%
QTC 1		11	86					
QTC 2		75		Sessions:		54		
Time 1		316	686					
Time 2		370						

### Operating:

Seems like 80 meters is working pretty well in spite of the time change, although a couple sessions of the Central Area Net had to be moved to 40 meters recently. There does not seem to be a need to move either early TEX or early RN5 to 40 meters yet, but that might happen in the next month.

The CWOps CWT contest is now back at our 10PM (0300Z) late TEX time. I have been checking 3546 during the net to see if we need to move net frequency, but so far it seems they are staying far enough away from 3541 to allow our net to operate. You will note, however, that I am sending stations up 10 KHz (3551) to pass traffic to get well away from the nominal CWOps suggested range of 3528 to 3545.

The Thursday NS contest ends at 0300Z, so except for a few stragglers with slow clocks, we are not bothered beyond a minute or so from net start time.

Here are the composite reports for the last 2 months for traffic handled at the region and above levels. Totals were significantly lower in February due to a much lower digital count compared to past months, but they came up in March.

### Central US Nets Activity for February 2021

Net	Sessions	QTC	QNI	QTR	Rate
Day 5 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	12	16	68	81	0.198
Cycle 2 9RN*	12	186	62	86	2.163
Day 10 <sup>th</sup> Call Area #	12	33	52	60	0.550
Night 5 <sup>th</sup> Call Area**	48	90	227	459	0.196
Night 9 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	47	300	161	474	0.633
Night 10 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	56	32	155	266	0.120
Day Central US	12	99	61	171	0.579
Night Central US @	28	484	146	412	1.175
Day Inter-Area Traffic	42	89	40		95%
Night Inter-Area Traffic	65	280	64		98%
Total Voice/CW Nets		1609	1036	2009	

Net	Sessions	QTC	QNI	QTR	Rate
DTN Digital ##			Received	Sent	
KE5YTA Central Area RN5		479	253	226	
N9VC Central Area 9RN/TEN		1005	301	704	
Digital Stations (12)		451	251	200	
Total DTN Digital		1935	805	1130	
Total Central US		3544			
* Not Radio Relay International affiliated					
## WB9FHP no longer able to operate. KE5YTA new DTN manager.					
@ Manager resigned, nominations open. Composite from NCS reports received					
** Nominations open for manager - thanks to NCS stations for statistics					

### Central US Nets Activity for March 2022

Net	Sessions	QTC	QNI	QTR	Rate
Day 5 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	13	15	82	100	0.150
Cycle 2 9RN*	13	185	58	55	3.364
Day 10 <sup>th</sup> Call Area #	13	23	60	69	0.333
Night 5 <sup>th</sup> Call Area**	54	128	249	492	0.260
Night 9 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	57	424	196	482	0.880
Night 10 <sup>th</sup> Call Area	47	99	120	277	0.357
Day Central US	13	95	77	230	0.413
Night Central US @	31	585	165	453	1.291
Day Inter-Area Traffic	39	48	39		100%
Night Inter-Area Traffic	77	277	77		100%
Total Voice/CW Nets		1879	1123	2158	
DTN Digital			Received	Sent	
KE5YTA Central Area RN5		748	390	358	
N9VC Central Area 9RN/10RN		1646	358	1288	
Digital Stations (12)		568	295	273	
Total DTN Digital		2962	1043	1919	



Net	Sessions	QTC	QNI	QTR	Rate
Total Central US		4841			
* Not Radio Relay International affiliated					
@ Manager resigned, nominations open. Composite from NCS reports received					
** Nominations open for manager, thanks to NC Stations for statistics					

Keep sending your TEX net reports and inputs for this Newsletter to me, either on the air on TEX or RN5, via Winlink, or via standard Email.

Happy Easter to all.

73, Steve K6JT  
TEX Newsletter Editor and Statistician

## TSN Corner

Texas Slow Net (Tuesday - Friday) 1945 CT 3570.0 KHz +/- QRM

Website: <http://www.k6jt.com/tsn/>

Net Manager: Jason KD5RQB, [fallishere2@hotmail.com](mailto:fallishere2@hotmail.com)



Photo Courtesy of VE3UU

## Greetings From Northeast Texas

Jason, KD5RQB, has been calling the net when he is able. Help is needed for more support of TSN. Jason tries to call up the net Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. Please look for him.

## Net Control Stations

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
(No Net)	(No Net)	(KD5RQB)	(OPEN)	(KD5RQB)	(KD5RQB)	(No Net)

## TSN Activity Reports

Month	QNI	QTC	QTR	Nr. Operators	Sessions
February 2022	12	0	72	1	12
March 2022	13	0	91	1	13

## TSN Roster (January 2019 to Current Date)

Callsign	Name	QTH
KX5C	Ron	SILSBEE, TEXAS
W5DAE	Don	SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
W5ESE	Scott	DRIPPING SPRINGS, TEXAS
KK4HCF	Sam	MARYSVILLE, TENNESSEE
KD5RQB	Jason	ATLANTA, TEXAS
N5XGG	Joe	ROCK ISLAND, TEXAS
WB8YLO	Steve	TOLEDO, OHIO
KD5ZCQ	John	ATLANTA, TEXAS

Stop by any evening Tuesday through Friday on 3570kHz at 7:45 p.m. CT and start the net if you do not hear anyone there. This is a great place to learn how to handle traffic on CW. If you are a voice net traffic handler, this is a great addition to your amateur radio skill set. See you on the air!!

73, Jason KD5RQB

## **RN5 Corner**

RRI Fifth Call Area Net (Daily) 1930 CT on **3567** and 2130 CT on **3567**

Alternate Frequency 7052 or 3598 when conditions warrant

*Serving TX, OK, LA, AR, MS, TN, AL, and NFL*

Due to Frank W4DLZ becoming a Silent Key

Nominations are still open for Net Manager

Hello all and welcome to Edition 83 of the **RN5 Corner**.

Thanks to everyone who is supporting RN5 and especially to the NCS stations for their reports. Every night in March was covered and reported (other than Saturdays, which remain optional).

We have not yet decided to switch to 40 meters for late RN5, but that may happen in May when Sam, W5CU, goes to Colorado (around the 5<sup>th</sup>) for the summer season. He will be somewhat busy there, but plans to cover as many of his current skeds as possible. From past experience, only 40 will work for him on the early nets while 80 may still work for the late nets.

Following is a list of the stations sending NC reports for February and March (in order from earliest date station first reported that month). Thanks to you all for supporting RN5 and especially welcome to a new NCS station (KZ5Z)! We can really use more NCS and CAN liaison help – there are a lot of empty CAN liaison slots.

February: K5WNU 21, K6JT 7, W5CU 12, KZ5Z 8

March: K5WNU 24, K6JT 9, W5CU 20, KZ5Z 1

Since there are so few RN5 liaisons to CAN, incoming CAN traffic that could be handled is being held, causing excessive numbers of messages on other days. K5RG will be vacationing in Nepal from April 21 through May 28.

Thanks to all for your support of RN5, especially regulars WA5CAV, W5CU, K5WNU, KZ5Z, K5GM, K6JT, and K5RG. John, KC4FL, continues to regularly check in from FL. Ben, KZ8Q, and Dean, W8IM, check in from FL some nights.

Please continue to pass AR traffic to the TEX liaison station to take for the 7290 Traffic Net. If there is no TEX liaison, these may be sent to the 7290 Traffic Net manager, KA5AZK at Winlink dot org (also see below for subject line restrictions). OK traffic can now be sent to Jon, KZ5Z, who is checking in regularly and has the 2 Sunday night NCS slots. Jon also checks into TEX so TX traffic can be sent to him if no other TEX liaison.

TN traffic can be sent to Jim, WA4VGZ, who is the manager of cycle 2 RN5 and located in TN. Use WA4VGZ at Winlink dot org. For Winlink addresses via E-mail, be sure to put //WL2K as the first 7 letters (including space) in the subject line. AL traffic can be handled by sending it to Don, WV5Q at Winlink.org. Don is a digital traffic station located in MS, but he has connections with AL SSB nets for passing traffic.

(Schedule, statistics, and roster on the next page)

### RN5 Duty Roster

Local	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
NCS #1	K5WNU	K5WNU	W5CU	K5WNU	K5WNU	(K5WNU)	KZ5Z
NCS #2	K5WNU	K6JT	W5CU	K6JT	K5WNU	(K5WNU)	KZ5Z
CAN TX	Open	Open	W5CU	Open	Open	Open	Open
CAN RX	Open	Open	W5CU	K6JT	Open	Open	Open
DRN5	Open	K6JT	K5RG	K6JT	Open	Open	Open

### 2022 Statistics

MONTH	FEBRUARY	MARCH
SESSIONS	48	54
QTC	90	128
QNI	227	249
QTR	459	492
AVG QTC	1.9	2.4
AVG QNI	4.7	4.6
AVG QTR	9.6	9.1

The following roster shows stations coming to RN5 in the past 4 years and their states.

### Region Net 5 Roster

Call	Name	State	Call	Name	State
WB5BNV	FRED	MS	WD5JTZ	MIKE	LA
WA5CAV	DICK	LA	KZ8Q	BEN	FL
W5CU	SAM	OK / CO	K5RG	KEN	TX
W4DLZ	FRANK	(SK)	N5RL	RANDY	TX
W5DY	RODNEY	TX	W4SU	JERRY	(Retired)
W5FEA	JIM	TX	K5TSK	HANK	(Retired)
KC4FL	JOHN	FL	K4VIZ	TOM	AR**
K5GM	PETE	TX	WB8WKQ	JEFF	(SK)
W8IM	DEAN	FL	K5WNU	JACK	MS
K6JT	STEVE	TX	KZ5Z	JON	OK / (TX)

\*\* K4VIZ is only marginally active. Send AR to the TEX station for the 7290 net (do not use DRN5 since there is only an occasional AR liaison station there).

73, Steve K6JT  
Newsletter editor and RN5 statistician