



OCT	QNI		QTC	QNS	QNI	QTC
W2EAG	30	N1OTC	293	N1AE	1	0
N4DY	29	K8LJG	84	KC1DI	1	0
KA8WNO	28	KA8WNO	52	W1KX	21	5
N1OTC	27	W2EAG	26	N1OTC	27	293
K4IWW	24	N4ABM	26	KW1U	11	23
N4ABM	23	KW1U	23	W1WCG	21	6
W1KX	21	VE3GNA	20	KT2D	8	1
W1WCG	21	WD8Q	15	W2EAG	30	26
WD8DIN	21	K8KV	13	W2MTA	20	7
W2MTA	20	KK3F	12	K2TV	11	0
K8KV	20	WB9JSR	9	KK3F	14	12
K4OSO	18	WB8SIW	9	VE3GNA	14	20
K8LJG	18	W2MTA	7	VE3GT	1	0
K4YMB	17	W1WCG	6	W3JKX	1	0
WD8Q	17	WB8RFB	6	WA3JXW	12	4
N0SPY	16	N4DY	5	K3MIY	4	1
KK3F	14	W1KX	5	K3RC	2	0
VE3GNA	14	WB8WKQ	5	K3TEL	1	0
WB8RFB	14	WA3JXW	4	N4ABM	23	26
WA3JXW	12	WD4DNC	4	WD4DNC	1	4
W8IM	12	K4IWW	3	N4DY	29	5
KW1U	11	K4OSO	3	K4IWW	24	3
K2TV	11	WD8DHC	2	K4MSG	6	1
WB9JSR	10	WD8DIN	1	K4OSO	18	3
KT2D	8	KT2D	1	W4TY	1	0
W4VAB	8	KA5NNG	1	W4VAB	8	0
KA5NNG	8	K4MSG	1	W4VFJ	5	0
WB8WKQ	8	K3MIY	1	K4YMB	17	0
K4MSG	6	K4YMB	0	KA5NNG	8	1
W4VFJ	5	N0SPY	0	K7IFG	2	0
K3MIY	4	W8IM	0	WD8DHC	3	2
WD8DHC	3	K2TV	0	WD8DIN	21	1
K3RC	2	W4VAB	0	W8IM	12	0
K7IFG	2	W4VFJ	0	K8KV	20	13
N1AE	1	K3RC	0	K8LJG	18	84
KC1DI	1	K7IFG	0	WD8Q	17	15
VE3GT	1	N1AE	0	WB8RFB	14	6
W3JKX	1	KC1DI	0	WB8SIW	1	9
K3TEL	1	VE3GT	0	K8TPF	1	0
WD4DNC	1	W3JKX	0	WB8WKQ	8	5
W4TY	1	K3TEL	0	KA8WNO	28	52
WB8SIW	1	W4TY	0	WB9JSR	10	9
K8TPF	1	K8TPF	0	K9PUI	1	0
K9PUI	1	K9PUI	0	N0SPY	16	0

HBN	Nov		
	QNS	QNI	QTC
AB1AV	1	6	
W1KX	20	16	
N1OTC	25	232	
KW1U	12	31	
W1WCG	24	0	
KT2D	9	3	
W2EAG	30	34	
W2MTA	25	7	
K2TV	18	7	
N3DE	1	0	
KK3F	23	4	
VE3GNA	19	80	
VE3GT	1	6	
WA3JXW	12	4	
K3MIY	17	25	
K3RC	4	0	
N3SW	3	0	
N4ABM	19	8	
N4DY	27	6	
K4IWW	27	8	
K4MSG	7	3	
K4OSO	11	1	
W4TY	1	2	
W4VAB	3	0	
W4VFJ	4	0	
W4WXA	1	0	
K4YMB	25	0	
W5JBV	2	0	
KA5NNG	14	0	
K6YR	1	0	
K7IFG	7	0	
WD8DHC	2	2	
WD8DIN	26	0	
W8IM	10	7	
WB8KPE	1	0	
K8KV	15	3	
K8LJG	20	82	
WB8RFB	27	19	
WB8WKQ	14	7	
KA8WNO	28	47	
W9ILF	1	0	
WB9JSR	15	10	
N9NY	1	1	
K9PUI	2	0	
N0SPY	7	0	

HBSN Nov	QNI	QTC
AB1AV	1	2
AB2ZI	2	3
K1BTD	3	0
K2ABX	1	0
K2TV	15	0
K3IN	0	0
K3RC	0	0
K7IFG	3	0
K8KV	1	0
KA8WNO	2	7
KB3LNM	0	0
KB3MXM	0	0
KC2HTP	4	0
KG2HA	17	0
KK3F	22	16
KT2D	12	2
N1JX	20	1
N3COR	7	0
N3SW	1	1
N4ABM	3	3
N9KHD	16	0
VE3GNA	16	35
W1KX	2	2
W1PIC	0	0
W2EAG	16	3
W4VAB	3	0
W8GPA	0	0
WA2CUW	5	7
WA2WMJ	1	0
WA3JXW	26	17
WB2GTG	25	13
WB4ZDU	0	0
WB8WKQ	11	3
WD8DHC	2	0
WD8Q	0	0

Totals	Oct	Nov
QNI	512	562
QTC	637	661
QSP	615	607
QND	1,119	1,027
Sessions	31	30

**HIT AND BOUNCE NET WEB SITE**  
 If you are unable to access <http://hitandbounce.net>, try  
<http://arfernc.tripod.com/index.html> or to just download TC,  
<http://tc.farmpond.net> — Sis

*Random continued...*

Our bulletins continued on the normal schedule. Within two or three days all the amateur bands were practically deserted, but W1AW kept on operating well into January, until someone at HQ called the FCC and asked them how long they wanted us to continue operating. The person contacted in Washington expressed astonishment that we were still on the air and ordered us to cease operating at once.

Meanwhile, Hal Bubb had left to accept a job at Pratt & Whitney aircraft. I was "chief operator" at W1AW for a month, or a little over, until the station could be suitably "mothballed." W1AW remained shut up and silent for the duration. I went to work at La Salle Road doing clerical stuff, with the prospect of being out of work. I began to think it was time for me to "join up," as several of the HQ staff were doing, since there seemed little future for me at ARRL HQ. The 1940 Army Signal Corps offer of a commission was no longer available, although the Army was still conferring commissions on qualified civilians, in other categories.

Commissions in the Navy were being offered, however, and I forthwith made application, went to New York for an interview and was accepted pending a physical examination. Alas, my eyes failed to pass the test. My sympathetic examiner tried for a waiver but was turned down.

Commissions were available only for officers of the line, not for administrative officers. The former had to have 20-20 eyesight without glasses and mine were 20-30.

I returned home greatly disheartened, feeling unwanted, except possibly as a buck private in the Army; I continued working at ARRL HQ as a clerk in the Communications Department under Ed Handy.

Ev Battey, Ed's right hand man, was a lieutenant in the naval reserve and he left the staff even before Pearl Harbor. Joe Moskey, W1JMY, took Ev's place as the assistant communications manager. Joe seemed puzzled that I didn't seem to mind, even though I was on the staff before he was. I said I thought Ed preferred him.

"Maybe so," Joe said, "but you had a legitimate claim and you should have stuck your oar in;" "I've been in the boondocks at W1AW," I said. "You've been right here and are much better qualified. You're the right man for the job."

"You'll never get anywhere," Joe admonished me, "if you don't assert yourself. You've been licensed longer than me, have had a lot more ham radio experience, and you're older. I can't figure out why you didn't say something. Don't you want to get

ahead?"

It wasn't the first time I had been criticized for lack of aggression. Ev Battey had made some kind remarks about me to Mr. Handy which I had accidentally overheard, but Ed replied that I seemed to lack initiative and drive, I knew that Ed much preferred Joe and if I had protested Joe's promotion ahead of me I knew I would have been turned down. Should I have protested anyway? I knew I wouldn't have, even if I had not overheard Ed's remark about me. So maybe they were right. Maybe I did lack drive, but that was part of my make-up. It didn't make me feel any better, but there it was.

Joe left the staff shortly thereafter to take a job in the defense industry which would give him a draft deferment. There was no one to promote over me so I assumed this time I was certain to back into the promotion. Instead, Ed made me "assistant to the communications manager" and my status remained that of low subordinate. Again I failed to protest and felt greatly humiliated instead of angry. I "took it lying down" and my self-respect took a nosedive.

But the worst was still to come. Ed Handy was also a naval reservist, a lieutenant commander, but his request for active duty was denied because of poor eyesight. In mid-1942, however, he received a visit from a major in the Army Directorate of Communications who had been ordered to recruit him as a staff officer in the directorate with rank of major, equivalent to a Navy lieutenant commander. Ed had no Army experience but felt he had to accept if he wanted to serve in the armed forces during a time of war, and he was assured by the recruiting officer that they badly needed officers with his qualifications.

*Coming in Chapter 32 - Increased war demands cause the League Communications Manager position to come open -- wait until you hear what happened.*



### **The W4SUS AWARD Rejuvenated**

The W4SUS (WASC) is composed of some four Hit and Bounce Net members:

Award Selection Committee, rejuvenated, is composed of some four Hit and Bounce Net members: WD8Q Chair, W2EAG, W2MTA and original WASC member K8LJG.

An added note – the FB wooden case protecting the W4SUS keyer was constructed by one of the original WASC members, Jack KA8WNO. —Bill W2MTA

## W4SUS Memorial Award – How it began

After Larry's tragic death on September 30, 1992, seventeen of his HBN friends set up the Larry Frazer Memorial Fund:

N1DHT, W1EOF, WA1TBY, W2EAG, WI2G, K2GWN, W2WSS, W3KOD, W3QQ, K3RC, WA3UNX, W4DJ, W4FRR, NJ4L, K4MTX, K4ZB, WB5ZJN, and KA8WNO.

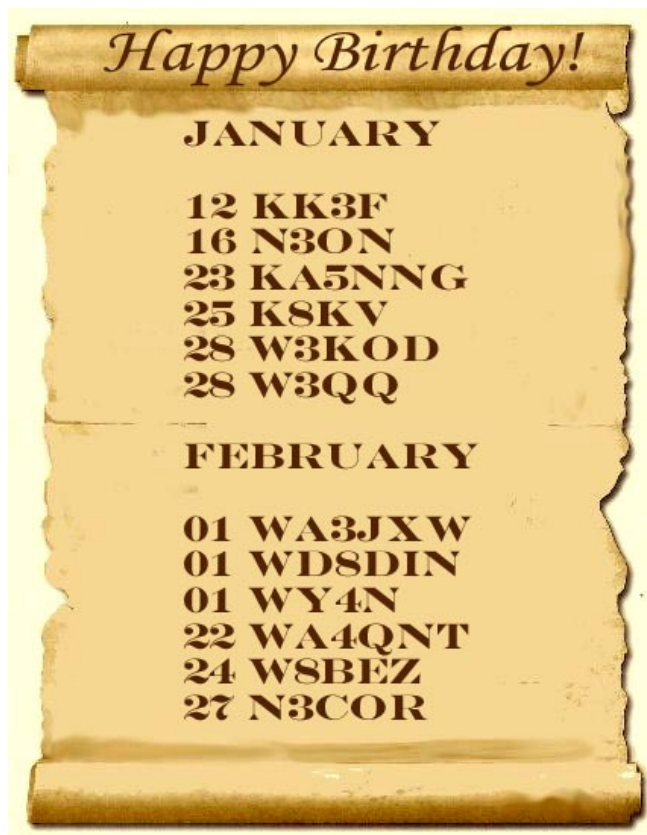
All members of the Hit and Bounce Net were asked to submit suggestions as to how to use the fund. The decision was made to purchase a suitable trophy to be awarded to a deserving member in memory of W4SUS.

Mike, KA5NNG suggested the paddle. Jack, K2GWN inspired the inscription and the tribute. Don, WA3UNX took charge of the purchase, engraving and the dust cover. Jack, KA8WNO offered to build a sturdy shipping carton if needed and Pete, W2WSS volunteered to design a certificate to accompany the trophy.

The paddle was awarded quarterly until January 2007, at which time it was discontinued.

The first award committee was Jack KA8WNO, George N1DHT and Gale NJ4L.

Second : Don WA3UNX, Harry, N3DE, and John, K8LJG.



HBSN	DEC	
CALL	QNI	QTC
K2ABX	0	0
K2TV	15	5
K3IN	18	2
K3RC	0	0
K4OSO	1	0
K7IFG	8	0
K8KV	2	0
KA8WNO	0	0
KB3LNM	0	0
KB3MXM	0	0
KC2HTP	0	0
KG2HA	28	0
KK3F	10	8
KT2D	9	8
N1JX	26	2
N3COR	0	0
N3SW	0	0
N4ABM	3	0
N9KHD	28	0
VE3GNA	16	73
W1KX	19	3
W1PID	0	0
W2EAG	20	2
W4VAB	9	0
W4VLL	1	0
W8GPA	0	0
WA2CUW	12	9
WA2WMJ	0	0
WA3JXW	20	16
WB2GTG	26	13
WB4ZDU	0	0
WB8WKQ	11	2
WD8DHC	4	0
WD8Q	15	6

HBSN Totals Dec
QNI 301
QTC 153
QND 917 min
Sessions 31

### A note from K4YMB:

I got a wild hair and had me printed up 100 Pink Cards at my local print shop... Then to aid my old eyes, I decided to blow up the Pink Card to a 36 by 24 inch poster size card... I used my computer software to copy the Pink Card so the print shop could blow it up.... Now I can look over my left shoulder for a quick reference.. The resolution is not very good in this picture, but the card looks great !!

If any one needs a Pink Card just let me know. And further more if you want one of these large cards, I can have them printed up for about 40 bucks. - k4ymb@HiWaay.net 73s, "Cactus"

LARRY FRAZER W4SUS AWARD Recipient List

1996

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
N1DHT George

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
KA5NNG Mike

1997

JANUARY-MARCH  
N3DRM Pete (SK)

APRIL-JUNE  
KA8WNO Jack

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
W3KOD Harry

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
NJ4L Gale (SK)

1998

JANUARY-MARCH  
AA4AT Art

APRIL-JUNE  
WD8DIN Sis

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
K8LJG John

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
W2EAG Mark

1999

JANUARY-MARCH  
AB4E A B

APRIL-JUNE  
WØGRW Geb (SK)

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
K4MTX Casey (SK)

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
WX4H Mort

2000

JANUARY-MARCH  
WA4DOX Obie

APRIL-JUNE  
W2WSS Pete (SK)

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
N3QA Cal

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
N3DE Harry

2001

JANUARY-MARCH  
N9KHD Andy

APRIL-JUNE  
W3JKX Earle

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
WA2CUW Tom

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
K2BCL Gail (SK)

2002

JANUARY-MARCH  
WA3UNX Don

APRIL-JUNE  
N4ABM Ole

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
KW1U Marcia

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
NG1A Fred

2003

JANUARY-MARCH  
K3NNI John

APRIL-JUNE  
KX8B Chuck

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
K4IWW Will

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
N1OTC Jack

2004

JANUARY-MARCH  
W2MTA Bill

APRIL - JUNE  
K8KV Ben

JULY-SEPTEMBER  
N3COR Don

OCTOBER-DECEMBER  
WA3JXW Dudley

2005

JANUARY - MARCH  
W8RTN Lee

APRIL - JUNE  
WD8Q Henry

JULY - SEPTEMBER  
VE3DTR

OCTOBER - DECEMBER  
W5TFB Jack

2006

JANUARY - JULY  
KG2HA Sam

JULY - DECEMBER  
WØUCE Jack



## *From Hal Borland's Twelve Moons of the Year*

### **Year's End**

*December 31*

Year's end, we call this final week of December, hoping thus to tie a knot in the endless cord of time, bid it cease running while we draw up summaries and conclusions. But we might as well try to summarize the tides or halter the wind.

Time has no divisions, save as we make them. The continuity persists and, willing or not, we partake of it. Winter begins, and the dormant bud upon the twig is yesterday's preparation for tomorrow. The hidden egg contains the germ of another summer's gnawing, buzzing, bright-winged insect. The wasp queen sleeps, pregnant with another season's brood. The doe, sheltering in the hemlock thicket, carries the fetal fawns that will perpetuate her kind. Earth and sun and time proceed in their cyclic rounds, and only man presumes to summarize.

No year is complete in itself. Even the seasons overlap the arbitrary divisions we make, and year's end is neither an end nor a beginning but a part of the infinite whole. The most we can do is say, "Up till now," knowing that now itself has no meaning without a yesterday and a tomorrow. Any year is a vast procession of nows, which add up to the continuity of foreverness. The totals are eternally incomplete, eternally changing. What is past is past, a part of experience. That is the only summary, and it leads on and on, beyond endings or beginnings to the hope that is tomorrow, all the tomorrows mankind will ever know.

### **A Summary**

December thins away, the old year wanes, and we automatically reach for the marker. Any tally-line we draw will be as evanescent as the shadows on the snow, which shift hour by hour, but habit is strong. We need to count and sum up totals, to imagine we are summarizing.

What we really do in such tallying up is prove again that the year is round as the day and that the whole is an endless continuity. Try to summarize the yesterdays and you come to now, and beyond the now is an endless procession of tomorrows. When all other details are stripped away, it is the summary of spring rain and green leaves, summer and blossoms, autumn and ripeness, and another winter. As always, as far back as the race memory runs. But even that is heartening, both in its repetition and in its enduring truth—as long as the sun shines, rain falls, water flows, and green leaves work their miracle there is life, there is hope.

A good deal of it must be taken on faith, also, as always. The dormant bud on the dogwood twig, the latent root in the hidden acorn, the fetal fawn in the hungry doe, the hibernating frog and turtle, snake and woodchuck all await the summons of time and the April sun.

We have passed the solstice. Shadows now point toward the vernal equinox. Daylight slowly lengthens. The great pulse beats on and on, and we need no tally-line to feel its echo in our own heart, the ultimate summary for all of us.



