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ASST. EDITOR	BARBARA ANN TAYLOR		

CLUB STATION.....VE3 NSR

CLUB REPEATER.....VE3 OSH 147.720 MHZ IN 147.120 MHZ OUT

2-METER NET CONVENES EVERY THURSDAY AT 19:30 LOCAL TIME ON THE CLUB REPEATER (OSH). AS PART OF THE NET CODE PRACTICE IS PROVIDED BY BERNIE (ATI) BEGINNING AT 20:30 LOCAL.

10-METER NET - A GROUP OF LOCAL HAMS MEET SUNDAYS ON 28.200 MHZ USING CW FROM 09:00 TO 10:00 LOCAL THEN SWITCH TO SSB PHONE UNTIL EXHAUSTED OR XYLS CALL DINNER.

67 cm Repeater - VE3NAA - Input 448 mcs - Output 443 mcs.

 Experimenter's Round Table, VE3OSH, 9:00pm, Sundays, Call for 3DKW or 3HMG.

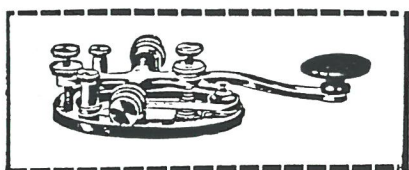
 Annual Wine n' Cheese Party Cancelled! No news on New Social Meeting.

 Oct. 9th Meeting: In the absence of Ray 3OUB, Mike 3DKW chaired the meeting. 17 members showed up with their tummies full of turkey, as this was Thanksgiving. In between sound effects, Mike 3DKW gave a magic lantern show, with all the doors open. The topics shown were some excellent shots of Sun Spots taken through Mike's now famous telescope. Mike also had some slides of the Corn Roast festivities.

 Nove. 13th meeting will be held at the Art Resource Center, 8:00pm in the Green Room. Ray, 3OUB couldn't make the last meeting with the surprise gift for the raffle. This surprise draw which was a surprise to Keith 3GDF, will be held by Keith at this meeting. Surprise! This meeting will also be the Grand Election Night. A brand spankin' new executive listing will be in the next bulletin. If you don't make the meeting, tune your dial to VE3OSH for "Election Results Special". Probably starting around 10:30 pm.

 Don't Forget: Nov. 25th Santa Claus Parade. 16 operators needed. Call 3CRK Ralph or 3LIZ Glen. Sign aboard now. Santa needs YOU!

 Durham Region Emergency Service. Think about it! How can YOU help!



"PUNKIN' FACE"
OR
"BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP"
by Ed Taylor, VE3FRM



Preface: Although based on an old adage, I am sure you will enjoy this rendition dressed up to suit Amateur Radio.

Mr. Riley sat comfortably in his easy chair by the parlour window, deep in thought; his gaze was fixed on the smoke from his pipe rising lazily to the ceiling. Mrs. Riley sat erect on the sofa busily crocheting a doily. She broke this peaceful silence, as she placed the work in her lap, griping her overworked fingers in a clasp, "Susan will be 26 next week, we must get her something that will keep her mind from the hardships she faces"

"Yes," father agreed as he resumed his stare toward the ceiling. Susan, their daughter, had the misfortune to be born with a very disfigured face. It had the appearance of being larger than normal and her features formed that of a pumpkin. When she was small her little friends tormented her by calling out from afar, "Here comes Punkin' Puss, here comes Punkin' Puss!" She would come home with tears in her eyes, a broken heart and wonder aloud why she was so blessed. Mother would dry her eyes and try to mend her feelings with kind words and a kiss. She would hold her close and the shudder from her tearful sobs could be felt through to her mother's bosom. They were trying times for Susan and her parents.

As the years slipped by, the name calling became whispers and giggles from behind Susan's back, but she learned to carry herself with adult dignity and accept her fate reasonably well. No suitors came to her door and Mr. Riley felt that the possibility was rare indeed. He and Mrs. Riley were not getting any younger and knew that when they were to go, Susan's life would be a lonely one indeed as they had no living relatives.

On her 26th birthday, Susan arrived home from work promptly at six. She was a nurse at the General Hospital. Her step was quick with anticipation for father always put great thought into her gifts. This brightened up her life so very much. The front door slammed as she hurriedly hung her coat in the vestibule and prepared herself for the surprise. The smell of pot roast, her favourite, deliciously filled the air.

"Come Susan," father called, "come into the dining room and see what we have here!" Susan was into the room in a flash and there on the table in front of father was a small black metal box containing a radio speaker with a brown cord affixed to a telegraph key.

"What is it?" stammered Susan.

"Why, it's a morse code practice set!" answered Mr. Riley with a smile. "I want to help you learn the Morse Code and pass the Ham Radio exam. You will be able to talk to people all over the world!"

Yes, thought Susan as she pondered the possibilities. She would talk to many people, she could have friends and they need never to see her face. "Oh Father," she exclaimed, "this is the best gift I have ever received!"

Susan practiced the code every night and studied the books that father would bring home. Soon she had her Ham Radio license and the call sign VE3FRM. Mr. & Mrs. Riley would go about their daily matters and listen to the sweet sounds of morse code filling the evening air. Sweet because they knew it was bringing their daughter much happiness. Susan wasn't long winning friends and she would communicate with various ones nightly. Mr. Riley noticed that a certain call could be heard routinely each evening KN9CUL. On questioning Susan, he learned that KN9CUL was Ted, a young man from Ohio, a computer programmer for IBM, who was Susan's age. Well there's nothing to that thought father, Ohio's a long distance off and little chance of Susan's heart being torn by an encounter with this young man.

Night after night their "on the air" meetings would take place, reaching out throught the aether, their dits and dahs would ring harmoniously, touching one another by radio waves. It was friendship, chaste and pure from afar.

It was a rainy September evening when father's worst fears came to pass. Susan's bedroom door burst open and with a look of horror on her face she cried "Oh father, father! He's coming, he's going to visit me tomorrow, what should I do? She ran sobbing to his arms and he held her close. His eyes glistened with a tear for her pain was his ache too.

Apparently Ted's office was sending him to the IBM Don Mills facility near Susan's home, for further training. This certainly dealt Susan a terrible blow. No one could imagine how deep felt was the anxiety that poor Susan suffered that sleepless night. Why did I spend so much time talking to Ted, thought Susan remorsefully, it was so easy making friends on ham radio when they could not see my face. I enjoyed it so very much. Now I've destroyed our friendship forever. She moaned and turned again as she did all through the night. Mr. & Mrs. Riley spent a very restless night too. Poor Susan they thought, to be hurt again is just too much.

Morning came and lunchtime was spent not eating a bite. Susan sat at the table staring at the clock as it slowly bent its hands toward the

expected time of Ted's arrival. The afternoon found everyone seated tensely in the parlour. Father, taking long draws on his pipe, sat by the window looking thoughtfully out at the road. Mother and Susan sat nervously on the sofa. Mother was tugging at a thread in her crochet work while Susan sat stiff and erect staring straight ahead at nothing, ready to explode like a pent-up watch spring. Suddenly, father leaned forward, squinting through the window at the taxi that had just stopped out front.

"He's here", he announced.

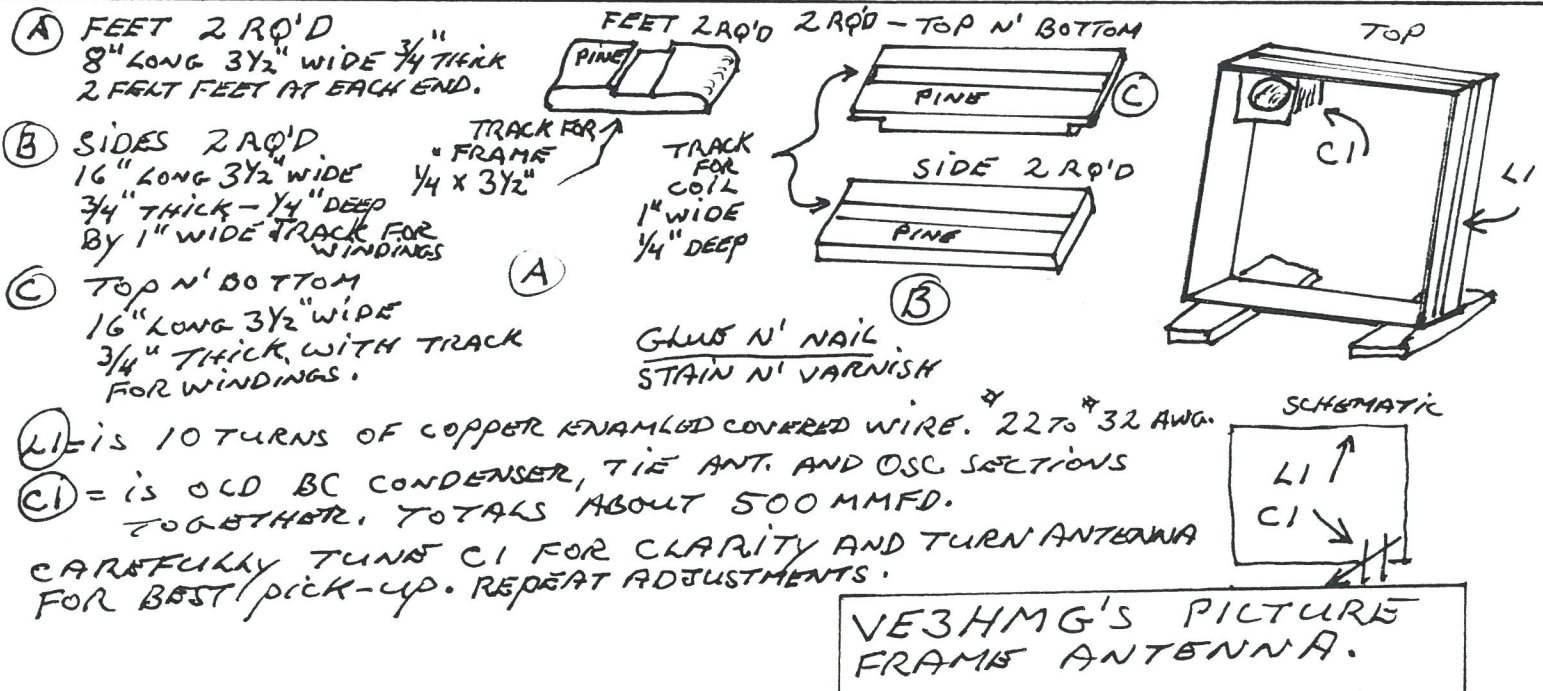
"SUSAN!" shrieked mother. Father turned and Susan was gone. "She locked herself in the washroom!" cried mother as she rushed out of the room. Father turned once more to the window. A young man with blond hair in a powder blue suit, wearing sun glasses, was getting out of the cab. Quite tall and handsome, thought Mr. Riley and then something about the young man caught his eye. The door bell rang. Mr. Riley opened the door wide, "Hello" he said warmly.

"Hello," the young man replied nervously, "I'm Ted Wilson KN9CUL, is this the home of Susan Riley, VE3FRM?"

"Why yes Ted", Mr. Riley smiled, "Come in and sit in the parlour. The dog is no bother, bring him in too, I will get Susan for you, ... Mother!" Mr. Riley called out while closing the door behind Ted, "Ted is here, come, keep him company and I will get Susan."

In a few strides Mr. Riley was at the washroom door. "Susan, Susan come out," he whispered, "I have something to show you, I want you to see Ted's white cane."

Ted, like Susan, had a secret to reveal too.



TUNING THE BROADCAST BAND

by VE3FRM

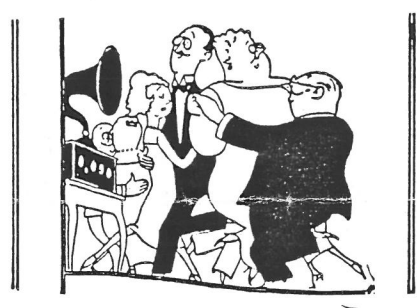
A few weeks ago I overheard 3EVJ informing 3ATT that, yes indeed Broadcast Radio listings still existed and could be found in the Entertainment Section of the Saturday Toronto Star. I thought Radio Listings had gone the way of Steam Ship Sailing Schedules. Upon checking, sure enough they were there, very brief in description, but a good half page.



Twenty-four FM stations and twenty-four AM stations were represented.

If you have a powerful enough receiver you can tune in WEBR's 5kw signal on 970 kc for old time radio programs, Saturday and Sunday night from 8 to 9 p.m. '3HMG's picture frame antenna is described on page 4. This will assist you with bringing in this station during periods of weak reception.

CBL (CBC) 740kc, has the Royal Canadian Air Farce on Sundays at 1:05 p.m. The show also appears Saturday at 10:30 a.m. on CBL FM. (94.1mc). This program is always dependable for a few good side splitters and a lot of lettering in between. CBL FM also have some interesting theatrical productions on Sundays at 7.05 p.m. Some good, some bad.



Big Band music can be heard on CKQT-FM and Chay-FM starting at 8:00 p.m. Saturdays. Chum-FM (104.5mc) has a comedy gig on Sundays at 10:00 p.m. continuing into Vintage Radio programs at 11:00 p.m. There are many, many more little morsels buried in the dial for your entertainment. If you can afford to squander \$1.00 (\$1.25 north of Myrtle),

pick up a copy of the Saturday Star and enjoy. When I was a kid, I delivered the thing (118 of 'em) for 10¢ a copy. My share was a penny each and ¼¢ per copy for week day editions which sold at 3¢ each. This barely kept me in tires for my bicycle. My route was in the country on gravel roads with driveways that seemed a mile long.

You will enjoy most of what you hear and what's more, you can work away at your favourite project while listening!



Rick "3ASH, report 22 persons have enrolled in the code and theory class. They have finished the Morse Alphabet. Filters have been covered and semi-conductors are now up to bat.

SILENT KEY: Albert (AB) Burr, VE3PEX. It is with regret that we list Ab as a silent key. He passed away at the Oshawa General Hospital on Sunday Oct. 15th in his 70th year. Ab was a retired employee of the General Motors Company and loved to golf besides enjoying Amateur Radio. He leaves his wife Barbara, two children and four grandchildren.

Joe White VE3IHS, held an Amateur Radio Seminar at the Port Perry Legion hall attended by 30 Boy Scouts from the Port Perry area. Four leaders also attended. Mel Mann VE3FXH, did the same at the Uxbridge High School. Joe gave an interesting talk describing the adventure of Ham Radio than ran the ARRL movie "New Frontiers". The boys were quite impressed and showed a good interest in what the hobby has to offer. Joe hooked up with Eric VE3HMG on VE3OSH and Eric did a bang up job in entertaining the Scouts. It was well worth the effort for all concerned, quite a success.

DOC SYMPOSIUM Joe White VE3IHS, ATTENDED THIS SYMPOSIUM COVERING THE NEW REGS WHICH ARE TO TAKE HOLD BY September 1990. Apparently the DOC in its dumbfounding wisdom will create four classes of licenses.

- A. No Code - a small smattering of Regs & Theory will allow the CB types to operate fone above 30mcs. They will not be allowed to build gear.
- b. 5 wpm code - with a bit more regs & theory the new novice will be able to operate CW on a small piece of 160 and 80 meters. They will be allowed to construct their own receivers but not the transmitter.
- C. 7½ wpm code will allow them to operate all bands with morse. The TX and RX can be homebrew. A little more Theory is required.
- D. 12 wpm code with full theory and regs on exam will buy the whole shishcabob. Fone, CW, RTTY, FM you name it, on all bands.

Apparently the DOC has met little opposition to their class (a) license proposal. Aside from giving the Japanese electronics a shot in the arm it will certainly bring about the demise of Amateur Radio as we know it. At least we will be left the low frequencies for Ham Radio but they will quickly become miserably overcrowded as the VHF boys are driven down to escape the babble. VE3FRM.



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