

# QSA-5

Founded 1933

The Marin Amateur Radio Society Monthly Newsletter

Dec. 2012—Jan 2013

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## From our Pres.

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of November way back in 2012 we invited all the hams who worked on Public Service events to lunch. We had two reasons for doing this, the first was to thank them for their service and the second was to ask for feedback about how we can improve the experience of working an event. The food was great, thank you Randy Jenkins KA6BQF. The conversation was constructive, thank all of you who contributed. The session was well organized, thank you Michael Fischer K6MLF. Since then we have had more meetings on the topic and set down a list of tasks.

A few of these tasks have been assigned to me. A number of people asked about working as net control. We need to expand our pool of experienced net control operators. To be an effective net control operator requires a specialized set of skills that are not exactly the same as those gained working an aid station during an event. We intend to mentor people as net control operators on events. We also want to provide another avenue to gain net control experience.

For as far back as I can remember, which in my case, would be the mid 1970s, we have run network check in on our repeater. Currently we conduct three nets on Sunday morning. 10:15 on 147.33 and 9:00 and 10:00 on 3915kHz. Most recently Col 2.

Matt Schallock K6OHD has been down at the club house rain or shine every Sunday morning in the net control seat. We thank him for his effort and dedication.

We now have decided to move back to a system that was in place back in the 1970s which is that net control will be rotated both in the person and the location. We are looking for volunteers to act as net control on a rotating basis. You may run the net from the club station or your own station. You may choose to run the VHF net, the HF net or both. We will provide the scripts, some orientation, and system for scheduling the dates you would like to work. If you want to volunteer send an email to [netcontrol@w6sg.net](mailto:netcontrol@w6sg.net) and we will get back to you.

Another task assigned to me is to update our website with information on our public service events. You will be able to look up information about each event including a description of the event, what is expected of you as a volunteer, the date and time of the event, the frequencies used, the locations requiring an operator, and who is working the event. The work is continuing on this project and there will be an announcement when the content is active on the site. As our Public Service committee implements more of their tasks I will let you know in this space or in separate emails.

We've just had our first board meeting of 2013 and I am honored to have been chosen by my fellow

board members to be your president for another year.

I am also pleased to welcome Marc Bruvry KF6VNT—sometimes known as Donut Man—to our board.

73, Curtis WA6UDS

## Stuff for sale on page 12.

## Minutes of the January Board.

See page 4.

<p>Cuban missile crisis, 1962</p> <p>If you missed this on PBS, Ch. 9 in SF Bay area.</p> <p>From PBS "Secrets of The Dead" Runs 53 minutes.</p> <p><a href="http://video.pbs.org/video/2295274962">http://video.pbs.org/video/2295274962</a></p> <p>With Gary Slaughter Lt. jg. in USS CONY DDE 508 1962-63</p> <p>CONY was there.</p>	<p><b>Here's an unbelievable collection of most of the old time radio shows. Find your favorite, click on it, and listen to all the episodes.</b></p> <p><b>Go to DUMB.COM</b></p> <p><b>Scroll down to Cool stuff and click the second line. Gunsmoke with William Conrad as Matt Dillon. The Shadow. For the Elder-fahrten: Lum &amp; Abner. Amos &amp; Andy. For the kids or grandkids: Let's Pretend and Smilin' Ed's Buster Brown Gang. Lots More.</b></p>	<p><b>THE WAYBACK MACHINE</b> Issue #15 by William Continelli Printed with permission.</p> <p>The Technician license is, by far, the most popular class of license now held in the amateur community. Most new hams start at the Technician level, to the extent that proposals have been made to eliminate the Novice license as unnecessary. The amateur community accepts the Technician, especially the Technician Plus, as an acceptable mainstream license, either as a steppingstone to a higher class license, or as an end in itself. But it wasn't always like this. For the first 25 years of the Technician class license's existence, it was an official outcast, set apart by the FCC as separate and distinct from the other amateur classes. Why were Technicians considered second class? To answer this question, we must go back to 1951.</p> <p>On July 1, 1951, the FCC replaced the class A, B, and C licenses with the Advanced, General and Conditional classes and created three new licenses--the Extra, Technician, and Novice. The FCC was specific about the purpose of the Technician class license, as shown in the following quote: "This class was established expressly for serious minded experimenters who need spectrum space in which to air test their equipment. It was not established as a communications service and should not be regarded as a stepping stone between the Novice and General operator classes. The Technician class of amateur license has as its purpose the provision for serious amateur experimenters to explore the higher frequencies and otherwise contribute to the art".</p> <p>Thus, the Technician was an experimenter, not a communicator. For this reason, the FCC initially allowed Technicians privileges only on frequencies above 220 Mc. The FCC did not intend for the Technician to engage in casual conversations on the air. Other than allowing a Technician to simultaneously hold a Novice license (which at that time was valid for only one year and non-renewable), it was expected</p>
<p>Subject: German Engineering</p> <p><a href="http://www.youtube.com/embed/L3j6HaAieEU?rel=0">http://www.youtube.com/embed/L3j6HaAieEU?rel=0</a></p>	<p><b>Got a Glock?</b></p> <p>For those owning Glock model 22 (chambered for S&amp;W.40), the standard for many police departments, and some other models, you can get a 9mm conversion barrel for \$110. plus shipping from Lonewolf distributors up in Idaho. The barrel is the only part you'll need except for a couple of Glock 9mm mags. You can change from S&amp;W .40 to 9mm blindfolded if you don't drop the recoil spring. (grin) Haul only one gun to the range and shoot both .40 and 9mm. Videos on Youtube. Catalog available from: WWW.LoneWolfDist.com There's even a 9 inch .40 barrel for the 22 at \$150. CA legal. The 9mm Luger cartridge dates to about 1905 or a year or two before. Still a very popular round.</p>	

that the Technician operator would stick to experimentation, not communication.

Although many of the early Technicians were indeed pure experimenters, many others obtained the license as a means to communicate without having to pass the 13 WPM code test. These "Technician communicators" became restless with the limited frequencies available above 220 Mc., and wanted access to the more mainstream VHF bands at six and two meters. They were joined by a small number of "Technician experimenters" who also wished access to 50 and 144 Mc., for the purpose of studying Sporadic E skip, building equipment for these bands, or even using their license for radio control.

Thus, in early 1955, a proposal was submitted to the FCC to allow Technicians access to six and two meters. Knowing that the FCC regarded the license as an experimental one, these proposals avoided mentioning "communication"--rather phrases such as "greater experimentation" were used. The ARRL supported Technician access to six, but not two meters. In announcing their decision, the ARRL stated that six meters was far less occupied than two meters, and could use the influx of Technicians to study the band, and thus contribute to greater understanding of the unique characteristics of 50 Mc. The ARRL went on to say that permitting Technicians on two meters would appear to make the Technician license too attractive. Many amateurs also wrote the FCC on this--some said that Technicians should have full access to all frequencies above 50 Mc., while others opposed the move, citing the FCC's original intent for this license, and expressing fears that by allowing Technicians to use six and two meters, they would become mere communicators.

On April 12, 1955, the FCC amended Part 12 of the rules and regulations to give the Technician class operator six but not two meters.

The fears of those opposed to Technician communicators were amplified in 1958 when, at the peak of the sunspot cycle, thousands of Technicians used F layer skip on 50 Mc. to work vast amounts of DX--with some earning the W.A.S. award. Nevertheless, allowing Technicians on six meters had a beneficial effect--it helped populate a band that was underutilized, and it allowed a greater study of E and F layer skip. For this reason, early in 1959 another proposal was submitted to the FCC to allow Technicians full access to the 144 Mc. band. This time the ARRL agreed. They stated that things had changed since 1955 and Technicians on two meters would benefit not only the advancement of the radio art, but would also allow all classes of amateur licenses to share at least one voice band in common, as Novices had access to the 145-147 Mc. segment of two meters.

Despite the ARRL's support of Technicians on two meters, there was opposition. Again, the argument as to the purpose of the license was brought up. Many amateurs wrote to the FCC stating that a Technician was an experimenter, not a communicator, and that the license should not be used for the routine exchange of communications. One ham complained that Technicians were rag chewing and not experimenting. A few amateurs not only wanted Technicians kept off of 144 Mc., but asked the FCC to incorporate their statement as to the purpose of the license into Part 12, presumably so that Technicians caught "communicating" rather than "experimenting" could be fined or have their licenses suspended. Others, including the ARRL, did bring in valid "experimental" reasons to allow Technicians on two meters. Once again, the FCC compromised. They restated their official position that a Technician was an experimenter, not a communicator.

However, they acknowledged that VHF studies could be made on two meters, and that it was beneficial to have one common meeting ground for all classes of license. Thus, on August 21, 1959, Part 12 was amended to allow

Technicians access to the 145-147 Mc. segment of two meters--the same sub-band that Novices had.

And so Technicians entered the 1960s as a distinctly second class license. They were not eligible for RACES station authorizations. They could not hold many ARRL appointments. And, despite the ARRL support of full Technician access to all frequencies above 50 Mc., the FCC's official position had not changed. Although no Technician was ever actually fined or suffered a license suspension for the "crime" of communicating, many hams felt that Technicians were merely "glorified CBers" who were violating the spirit, if not the letter of the law.

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**SF Meter Maid Goes Down.**

**As the coffin was being lowered into the ground at a San Francisco meter maid's funeral, a voice from inside screams:**

**"I'm not dead, I'm not dead. Let me out!"**

**The Vicar smiles, leans forward sucking air through his teeth and mutters:**

**"Too late pal, I've already done the paperwork"**

**"There is nothing more frightening to behold than bold, dynamic ignorance in action!"**

Harry S Truman

(No period after the 'S' as it doesn't stand for anything.)

Members present: Curtis Ardourel, Dave Hodgson, Rita Brenden, August Koehler, Doug Slusher, Phil Dunlap, Marc Bruvry, Khal Anber, John Boyd, and Randy Jenkins.

The meeting was called to order at 19:31 hrs by President Curtis Ardourel.

2013 Officers were selected from the Board.

President – Curtis Ardourel, Vice-president – John Boyd, Secretary – Randy Jenkins, Dave Hodgson - Treasurer

The agenda was approved as amended.

The minutes of the December 13, 2012 meeting were approved as published. Randy reported on correspondence; advertisements, bills, another ballot, and a letter and contribution from Tia Bodington. Curtis sent a thank you letter to the Marin Cyclists.

Treasurer: Dave's report for November showed \$5,915.00 income and \$6,336.93 expenses; and total cash assets of \$45,805.41. Property taxes were the largest expense.

Committee reports:

Membership- Some renewals are coming in.

Recreation – Doug recommended that the picnic be at the same location as 2012.

Public Service –Dates for next year are mostly gathered. Will work on standardizing forms.

Technical- Doug reported on needing to make a trip to Mt. Tam. There is a hiss on the repeater's signal. Locations for a 6 meter repeater were discussed.

Comm Truck- The truck needs to be smogged.

VE Liaison – Randy reported that dates for 2013 were not yet chosen. Most likely in April, July and November.

Speakers – Doug has a speaker for February.

Old Business:

On-Line Dues – Curtis reported that PayPal was enabled. There was a presentation. The Board voted to go live. BQF/TIA/Pass

Website –. Curtis has redone the Public Service pages, and others.

Ham Shack Procedures – Some progress was reported on paperwork, security, and graphics. The net roster was posted on the website.

New Business:

Categories of membership were discussed.

The Sunday nets were discussed. A motion was made to adopt rotating net controls. Nets can be run from the club station or elsewhere. ORI/VNT/Pass.

Dave presented a budget for 2013. Consideration was tabled until the February meeting.

Khal requested permission to park a vehicle in the parking lot for about 90 days, to be complete by April 15 . AKU/ORI/ Approved.

John withdrew his item.

Randy had some furniture available. Phil will help him pick it up on Sunday.

The donation from Tia Bodington was allocated to the Public Service Fund. BQF/TIA/Pass

Doug reported that he had purchased the paper towel dispensers and paper towels.

Randy reported on Denise Stoops.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 21:24 hours.

Respectfully submitted,

Randy Jenkins, KA6BQF

Secretary, Marin Amateur Radio Society

The official copy of these minutes shall reside in the Secretary's files as maintained at the Corporate Office.

## Waltzing Matilda as it's sung today.

There are/were several variations since it was written in 1895. Some of the words are no longer used much. if at all, outside of the song.

Once a jolly swagman camped by a **billabong** **pond**  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his **billy** boiled: a can for heating water, 2 to 3 pints.  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

chorus: The chorus includes line 3 and 4 of the verse.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me  
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Down came a **jumbuck** to drink at that billabong. **sheep**  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his **tucker bag**: **temporary food storage**  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

chorus

Up rode the **\*squatter**, mounted on his thoroughbred.  
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.  
"Where's the jolly jumbuck that you've got in your tucker bag?  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

chorus

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong.  
"You'll never catch me alive", said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me"  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong:  
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me ."



Elderly swagman, 1901  
(swaggi)

For more info, go to Wikipedia [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Waltzing\\_Matilda](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Waltzing_Matilda)

Includes info on **\*squatter** and Matilda which can be seen on the next page.

Hear it

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CXasKITsjf8> by Andre Rieu (in Australia)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CwvazMc5EfE> by Slim Dusty, Australian

The lyrics contain many distinctively Australian English words, some now rarely used outside of the song. These include:

waltzing derived from the German term *auf der Walz*, which means to travel while working as a craftsman and learn new techniques from other masters before returning home after three years and one day, a custom which is still in use today among carpenters.

Matilda a romantic term for a swagman's bundle. See below, "Waltzing Matilda".

### Waltzing Matilda

from the above terms, "to waltz Matilda" is to travel with a swag, that is, with all one's belongings on one's back wrapped in a blanket or cloth., sorta like the 'bindle stiffs' of the depression years. The exact origins of the term "Matilda" are disputed; one fanciful derivation states that when swagmen met each other at their gatherings, there were rarely women to dance with. Nonetheless, they enjoyed a dance and so danced with their swags, which was given a woman's name. However, this appears to be influenced by the word "waltz", hence the introduction of dancing. It seems more likely that, as a swagman's only companion, the swag came to be personified as a woman.

Another explanation is that the term also derives from German immigrants. German soldiers commonly referred to their greatcoats as a "matilda", supposedly because the coat kept them as warm as a woman would. Early German immigrants who "went on the waltz" would wrap their belongings in their coat and took to calling it by the same name their soldiers had used.[citation needed] The National Library of Australia states: Matilda is an old Teutonic female name meaning "mighty battle maid". This may have informed the use of "Matilda" as a slang term to mean a *de facto* wife who accompanied a wanderer. In the Australian bush a man's swag was regarded as a sleeping partner, hence his "Matilda". (Letter to Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, KG from Harry Hastings Pearce, 19 February 1958. Harry Pearce Papers, NLA Manuscript Collection, MS2765)[21] swagman a man who traveled the country looking for work. The swagman's "swag" was a bed roll that bundled his belongings. billabong an oxbow lake (a cut-off river bend) found alongside a meandering river. coolibah tree a kind of eucalyptus tree which grows near billabongs. jumbuck a sheep.[21] billy a can for boiling water in, usually 2–3 pints!

Tucker bag a bag for carrying food ("tucker").

Troopers policemen.

Squatter Australian squatters started as early farmers who raised livestock on land which they did not legally have the right to use; in many cases they later gained legal use of the land even though they did not have full possession, and became wealthy thanks to these large land holdings. The squatter's claim to the land may be as uncertain as the swagman's claim to the jumbuck.

Confused?

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## Corning Glass

### The end of the computer as we know it

If you wonder why HP, Dell and other leading computer makers think the end of the computer as we know it is near, It's not the iPad that has them concerned about the future. It is developments like the ones Corning is working on.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=6Cf7IL\\_eZ38&vq=medium](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=6Cf7IL_eZ38&vq=medium)

Teacher asks the kids in class: "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Billy: "I wanna be a billionaire, go to the most expensive clubs, get me the finest bitch, give her a Ferrari worth over a million bucks, an apartment in Copacabana, a mansion in Paris, a jet to travel through Europe, an Infinite Visa Card, and bang her three times a day".

The teacher, shocked, and not knowing what to do with the horrible response of the child decides not to give importance to what he said and then continues the lesson . . . . "

And you, Nancy?"

"I wanna be Billy's bitch.

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I just took a leaflet out of my mailbox, informing me that I can have sex at 79.

I'm so happy because I live at number 71. So it's not too far to walk home afterward  
And I don't even have to cross the road.

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***Ole and Sven were drinking buddies who worked as aircraft mechanics in Minneapolis and one day the airport was fogged in and they were stuck in the hangar with nothing to do.***

***Ole said, "I vish ve had somethin ta drink!"***

***Sven says, "Me too. Y'know, I hear ya can drink dat jet fuel and get a buzz. Ya vanna try it?"***

***So they pour themselves a couple of glasses of high octane hooch and got completely smashed.***

***Next morning Ole woke up and is surprised at how good he feels. In fact he feels GREAT! NO hangover! NO bad side effects. Nothing!***

***The phone rang. It was Sven who asks "How iss you feelin dis mornin?"***

***Ole says, "I feel great. How bout you?"***

***Sven says, "I feel great, too. Ya don't have no hangover?"***

***Ole says, "No dat jet fuel iss great stuff -- no hangover, nothin. Ve oughta do dis more often."***

***Sven agreed. "Yeah, vell, but dere's yust vun ting."***

***Ole asked, "Vat's dat?"***

***Sven questioned, "Haff you farted yet?"***

***Ole stopped to think. "No "***

***"Vell, DON'T, 'cause I'm in Iowa***

## Remember the Mission Pack ?

The Mission Pack was usually a collection of dried fruit and nuts arranged in a concentric circles like a take-home plate of shrimp (previously frozen and thawed) from Safeway, but sealed under colorful (yellow or orange?) cellophane wrap and sold to the desperate last minute shoppers just before Christmas. Many preferred not to be seen buying or carrying one home unless it was well concealed. Some threatened to send one to a friend or acquaintance to embarrass him/her when it was opened in front of witnesses. Sort of like a fruit cake. If you received one, you might hide it from the view of visitors in your home. Of course, a fruitcake could be submerged in rum/brandy, 50/50, and later sliced while still partially submerged so that a hacksaw would not be required, then buried in Kool Whip. (yumyumyumyum) The four 'yums' were from a long forgotten—except by a few in Marin County—Kool Whip commercial. The rum/brandy treatment could render the fruitcake acceptable, at least to those with already marginal livers. Or maybe even edible to a fair percentage of the population if done with all present sworn to secrecy, after an adequate amount of 'liquid courage.

PHD

### -From the 'net:

"Thanks for starting this thread and thanks for the contributions everyone else has made. I've Googled Mission Pack before, but this is the first time I found this website. I couldn't remember the words, but the tune still rings in my head (from time to time, not constantly) after fifty years. One year (probably 1961 or 1962) in a valiant attempt to prolong the Christmas festivities beyond their traditional boundaries, some friends of mine and I gathered up all the Christmas trees our neighbors had left out for the garbage man to collect and dragged/carried them to my back yard. There we arranged them in a circle and propped them up as best we could, then proceeded to dance around like a bunch of deranged elves as we sang what we, being the self-indulgent, media-saturated kids that we were, must have considered the most significant song of the Christmas season, the Mission Pack jingle. It was hilarious fun for us, but I'm sure, to anyone not caught up in our delirious state of exuberance, it might have seemed rather disturbing. I didn't know many of the words, so I just faked it, so it's good to finally know what they were.

My mother didn't get angry, but she made it clear that I was to return the trees to where I had found them. I remember being concerned that I wasn't putting the right tree back in front of the right house, but the tree police didn't come after me, so I guess I got away with it."

The words to the jingle:

"Say the magic word, say Mission Pak  
And it's on its merry way  
No gift so bright, so gay, so right  
Give the Mission Pak magic way."

To find your nearest Mission Pak store call  
ADams 24184

Writer unknown

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Air France 447: Final report on what brought airliner down - YouTube

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kERSSRJant0&feature=endscreen>

**"If it's not Boeing, I'm not going."**



SCROOGE with Alastair Sim, 1951

The best version. This is the complete movie in glorious black and white. It's can also be found in a colorized version.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jxXpXmfabB8>

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### Navy Pilot

It seems that a young man volunteered for Navy service during World War II. He had such a high aptitude for aviation that he was sent right to Pensacola, skipping boot camp. The very first day at Pensacola, he soloed and was the best flier on the base. All they could do was give him his gold wings and assign him immediately to an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

On his first day aboard, he took off and single-handedly shot down six Japanese zeroes. Then climbing up to 20,000 ft., he found nine more Japanese planes and shot them all down, too. Noting that his fuel was getting low, (ammo, too, I bet) he descended, circled the carrier, and came in for a perfect landing on the deck.

He threw back the canopy, climbed out, and jogged over to the captain. Saluting smartly, he said, "Well, sir, how did I do on my very first day?"

The captain turned around, bowed, and replied, "You make one velly impotent mistake!"

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After a tiring day, a female commuter settled down in her seat and closed her eyes. As the train rolled out of the station, the guy sitting next to her pulled out his cell phone and started talking in a loud voice:

"Hi sweetheart. It's Eric. I'm on the train. Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting. No, honey, not with that blonde from the accounts office. With the boss. No sweetheart, you're the only one in my life. Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart!"

Fifteen minutes later, he was still talking loudly, when the young woman sitting next to him had had enough and leaned over and said into the phone, "Eric, turn that phone off and come back to bed."

Eric doesn't use his cell phone in public any longer.

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Do others look at you and snicker because you use non-words like irregardless, orientate, warsh and realitor?

You're in luck. Ignorance can be easily cured. However, if it's partnered with stupidity, abandon all hope.  
(Big Grin)

## The U.S.S. Barb: The Sub That Sank A Train

In 1973 an Italian submarine named Enrique Tazzoli was sold for a paltry \$100,000 as scrap metal. The submarine, given to the Italian Navy in 1953, was originally the USS Barb SS 220, an incredible veteran of World War II service with a heritage that never should have passed so unnoticed into the graveyards of the metal recyclers.

The U.S.S. Barb was a pioneer, paving the way for the first submarine launched missiles and flying a battle flag unlike that of any other ship. In addition to the Medal of Honor ribbon at the top of the flag identifying the heroism of its captain, Commander Eugene "Lucky" Fluckey, the bottom border of the flag bore the image of a Japanese locomotive. The U.S.S. Barb was indeed, the submarine that "SANK A TRAIN".

July 18, 1945 (Patience Bay, Off the coast of Karafuto , Japan ): It was after 4 A.M. and Commander Fluckey rubbed his eyes as he peered over the map spread before him. It was the twelfth war patrol of the Barb, the fifth under Commander Fluckey. He should have turned command over to another skipper after four patrols, but had managed to strike a deal with Admiral Lockwood to make one more trip with the men he cared for like a father, should his fourth patrol be successful. Of course, no one suspected when he had struck that deal prior to his fourth and what should have been his final war patrol on the Barb, that Commander Fluckey's success would be so great he would be awarded the Medal of Honor.

Commander Fluckey smiled as he remembered that patrol. "Lucky Fluckey" they called him. On January 8th the Barb had emerged victorious from a running two-hour night battle after sinking a large enemy ammunition ship. Two weeks later in Mamkwan Harbor he found the "mother-lode" ... more than 30 enemy ships. In only 5 fathoms (30 feet) of water his crew had unleashed the sub's forward torpedoes, then turned and fired four from the stern. As he pushed the Barb to the full limit of its speed through the dangerous waters in a daring withdrawal to the open sea, he recorded eight direct hits on six enemy ships.

What could possibly be left for the Commander to accomplish who, just three months earlier had been in Washington, DC, to receive the Medal of Honor? He smiled to himself as he looked again at the map showing the rail line that ran along the enemy coastline.

Now his crew was buzzing excitedly about bagging a train!

The rail line itself wouldn't be a problem. A shore patrol could go ashore under cover of darkness to plant the explosives....one of the sub's 55-pound scuttling charges. But this early morning Lucky Fluckey and his officers were puzzling over how they could blow not only the rails, but also one of the frequent trains that shuttled supplies to equip the Japanese war machine. But no matter how crazy the idea might have sounded, the Barb's skipper would not risk the lives of his men. Thus the problem...how to detonate the charge at the moment the train passed, without endangering the life of a shore party. **PROBLEM?**

**Solutions!** If you don't look for them, you'll never find them. And even then, sometimes they arrive in the most unusual fashion. Cruising slowly beneath the surface to evade the enemy plane now circling overhead, the monotony was broken with an exciting new idea: Instead of having a crewman on shore to trigger explosives to blow both rail and a passing train, why not let the train **BLOW ITSELF up?** Billy Hatfield was excitedly explaining how he had cracked nuts on the railroad tracks as a kid, placing the nuts between two ties so the sagging of the rail under the weight of a train would break them open. "Just like cracking walnuts," he explained. "To complete the circuit (detonating the 55-pound charge) we hook in a micro switch ...between two ties. We don't set it off, the TRAIN does." Not only did Hatfield have the plan, he wanted to be part of the volunteer shore party.

The solution found, there was no shortage of volunteers; all that was needed was the proper weather...a little cloud cover to darken the moon for the mission ashore. Lucky Fluckey established his own criteria for the volunteer party:

...No married men would be included, except for Hatfield, ...The party would include members from each department, ...The opportunity would be split between regular Navy and Navy Reserve sailors. At least half of the men had to have been Boy Scouts, experienced in how to handle themselves in medical emergencies and in the woods.

FINALLY, "Lucky" Fluckey would lead the saboteurs himself.

When the names of the 8 selected sailors was announced it was greeted with a mixture of excitement and disappointment. Among the disappointed was Commander Fluckey who surrendered his opportunity at the insistence of his officers that "as commander he belonged with the Barb," coupled with the threat from one that "I swear I'll send a message to ComSubPac if you attempt this (joining the shore party himself)." Even a Japanese POW being held on the Barb wanted to go, promising not to try to escape!

In the meantime, there would be no more harassment of Japanese shipping or shore operations by the Barb until the train mission had been accomplished. The crew would "lay low", prepare their equipment, train, and wait for the weather.

**Next page.**

July 22, 1945 ( Patience Bay , Off the coast of Karafuto, Japan ) Patience Bay was wearing thin the patience of Commander Fluckey and his innovative crew. Everything was ready. In the four days the saboteurs had anxiously watched the skies for cloud cover, the inventive crew of the Barb had built their micro switch. When the need was proposed for a pick and shovel to bury the explosive charge and batteries, the Barb's engineers had cut up steel plates in the lower flats of an engine room, then bent and welded them to create the needed tools. The only things beyond their control were the weather....and time. Only five days remained in the Barb's patrol.

Anxiously watching the skies, Commander Fluckey noticed plumes of cirrus clouds, then white stratus capping the mountain peaks ashore. A cloud cover was building to hide the three-quarters moon. This would be the night.

MIDNIGHT, July 23, 1945 The Barb had crept within 950 yards of the shoreline. If it was somehow seen from the shore it would probably be mistaken for a schooner or Japanese patrol boat. No one would suspect an American submarine so close to shore or in such shallow water. Slowly the small boats were lowered to the water and the 8 saboteurs began paddling toward the enemy beach. Twenty-five minutes later they pulled the boats ashore and walked on the surface of the Japanese homeland.

Stumbling through noisy waist-high grasses, crossing a highway and then into a 4-foot drainage ditch, the saboteurs made their way to the railroad tracks. Three men were posted as guards, Markuson assigned to examine a nearby water tower. The Barb's auxiliary man climbed the ladder, then stopped in shock as he realized it was an enemy lookout tower...an **OCCUPIED** tower. Fortunately the Japanese sentry was peacefully sleeping and Markuson was able to quietly withdraw and warn his raiding party.

The news from Markuson caused the men digging the placement for the explosive charge to continue their work more slowly and quietly. Twenty minutes later the holes had been dug and the explosives and batteries hidden beneath fresh soil.

During planning for the mission the saboteurs had been told that, with the explosives in place, all would retreat a safe distance while Hatfield made the final connection. If the sailor who had once cracked walnuts on the railroad tracks slipped during this final, dangerous procedure, his would be the only life lost. On this night it was the only order the saboteurs refused to obey, all of them peering anxiously over Hatfield's shoulder to make sure he did it right. The men had come too far to be disappointed by a switch failure.

1:32 A.M. Watching from the deck of the Barb, Commander Fluckey allowed himself a sigh of relief as he noticed the flashlight signal from the beach announcing the departure of the shore party. He had skillfully, and daringly, guided the Barb within 600 yards of the enemy beach. There was less than 6 feet of water beneath the sub's keel, but Fluckey wanted to be close in case trouble arose and a daring rescue of his saboteurs became necessary.

1:45 A.M. The two boats carrying his saboteurs were only halfway back to the Barb when the sub's machine gunner yelled, "**CAPTAIN! Another train coming up the track!**" The Commander grabbed a megaphone and yelled through the night, "Paddle like the devil!", knowing full well that they wouldn't reach the Barb before the train hit the micro switch.

1:47 A.M. The darkness was shattered by brilliant light and the roar of the explosion. The boiler of the locomotive blew, shattered pieces of the engine blowing 200 feet into the air. Behind it the cars began to accordion into each other, bursting into flame and adding to the magnificent fireworks display. Five minutes later the saboteurs were lifted to the deck by their exuberant comrades as the Barb turned to slip back to safer waters. Moving at only two knots, it would be a while before the Barb was into waters deep enough to allow it to submerge. It was a moment to savor, the culmination of teamwork, ingenuity and daring by the Commander and all his crew. "Lucky" Fluckey's voice came over the intercom. "All hands below deck not absolutely needed to maneuver the ship have permission to come topside." He didn't have to repeat the invitation. Hatches sprang open as the proud sailors of the Barb gathered on her decks to proudly watch the distant fireworks display. The Barb had "sunk" a Japanese TRAIN!

On August 2, 1945 the Barb arrived at Midway, her twelfth war patrol concluded. Meanwhile United States military commanders had pondered the prospect of an armed assault on the Japanese homeland. Military tacticians estimated such an invasion would cost more than a million American casualties. Instead of such a costly armed offensive to end the war, on August 6th the B-29 bomber Enola Gay dropped a single atomic bomb on the city of Hiroshima , Japan . A second such bomb, unleashed 4 days later on Nagasaki, caused Japan to agree to surrender terms on August 15th. On September 2, 1945 in Tokyo Harbor the documents ending the war in the Pacific were signed.

**Concludes on next page.**

The story of the saboteurs of the U.S.S. Barb is one of those unique, little known stories of World War II. It becomes increasingly important when one realizes that the 8 sailors who blew up the train near Kashiho , Japan conducted the ONLY GROUND COMBAT OPERATION on the Japanese "homeland" of World War II. The eight saboteurs were:

Paul Saunders William Hatfield Francis Sever Lawrence Newland Edward Klinglesmith James Richard

John Markuson William Walker.

Footnote: Eugene Bennett Fluckey retired from the Navy as a Rear Admiral, and wears in addition to his Medal of Honor, FOUR Navy Crosses...a record of awards unmatched by any living American. In 1992 his own history of the U.S.S. Barb was published in the award winning book, [THUNDER BELOW](#). Over the past several years, proceeds from the sale of this exciting book have been used by Admiral Fluckey to provide free reunions for the men who served him aboard the Barb, and their wives.

PS: The Admiral had graduated from the US Naval Academy in 1935 and lived to age 93, passing on in 2007.

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### A Swedish Taxi Driver

A drunk woman, stark naked, jumped into a taxi in Minneapolis.

The taxi driver, who happened to be an elderly Swede, opened his eyes wide and stared at the woman. He made no attempt to start the cab.

She said to him: "What's wrong with you honey? Haven't you ever seen a naked woman before?"

The old man said: "Lady, I'm not staring at you, I am telling you, dat would not be proper vair I come from."

She said: "Well, if you're not staring at my boobs sweetie, what are you doing then?"

He said: "Vell, I am looking and I'm looking, and I am tinking to myself, vair in da hell is dis lady keeping da money to pay for dis ride?"

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**You're a sick senior citizen and the government says there is no nursing home available for you. So what do you do?**

**Our plan gives anyone 65 years or older a gun and 4 rounds. You are allowed to shoot four Politicians. You also get four "attaboys" for performing a needed sevice.**

**Of course, this means you will be sent to prison where you will get three meals a day, a roof over your head, central heating, air conditioning and all the health care you need!**

**Need new teeth? No problem. Need glasses? That's great. Need a new hip, knees, kidney, lungs or heart? They're all covered.**

**As a bonus, your kids can come to visit you as often as they do now.**

**And who will be paying for all of this? It's the same government that just told you that they cannot afford for you to go into a home.**

**And you can get rid of 4 useless politicians while you are at it.**

**Plus, because you are a prisoner, you don't have to pay income taxes anymore. ??**

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MARS member so we know where he lives. (grin)

I was in a pub last Saturday night, drank quite a few, and noticed two very large women by the bar. They both had pretty strong accents, so I asked, "are you two ladies from Ireland?"

One of them snapped back saying, "It's WALES, you friggin' idiot!"

So, I immediately apologized and said, "I'm sorry. Are you two whales from Ireland?"

That's pretty much the last thing I remember...

A woman asks her husband at breakfast time, "Would you like some bacon and eggs, a slice of toast, and maybe some grapefruit juice and coffee?"

He declines. "Thanks for asking, but I'm not hungry right now. It's this Viagra," he says. "It's really taken the edge off my appetite."

At lunchtime, she asked him if he would like something. "How about a bowl of soup, homemade muffins, or a cheese sandwich?"

He declines. "The Viagra," he says, "really trashes my desire for food."

Come dinnertime, she asks if he wants anything to eat. "Would you like a juicy rib eye steak and some scrumptious apple pie, or maybe a rotisserie chicken or tasty stir fry?"

He declines again. "No," he says, "it's got to be the Viagra."

I'm still not hungry."

"Well," she says, "Would you mind letting me up? . . . . . I'm starving."

#### The Polish Club Championship

Milo and Stosh are standing on the 18th tee at their Polish Country Club.

They are the final twosome in the Polish Country Club Championship and are tied for the lead. The 18th hole is a beautiful par four with a deep valley descending down to a dogleg right.

Both Milo and Stosh hit long, straight tee shots which disappear down into the valley. A short time later, the fore caddie appears at the top of the hill and announces that both balls are within a foot of each other, but there's a problem. Both of the golf balls are Titleist #4s.

Milo and Stosh look at each other and realize that they had not informed each other as to what kind of ball they were playing, nor its number. They quickly descend into the valley and, sure enough, their two Titleist golf balls are right next to each at the bottom of the valley in the middle of the fairway.

Stosh looks at Milo and says, "We had better get a ruling from a tournament official to straighten this out." "This is the Polish Country Club Championship and we don't want to be disqualified for making a mistake and hitting the wrong ball." "After all, we are tied for the lead."

Soon after, a rules official appears and examines the two #4 Titleist golf balls. He then looks up at Milo and Stosh and says,

"Which one of you is playing the orange ball?"

**General Membership Meeting** is held on the first Friday of each month at Alto District Clubhouse at 27 Shell Road in Mill Valley, starting at 7:30 PM. Come a little early for pizza or whatever. From hwy 101, head west toward Mill Valley on E. Blithedale. Turn right at the first stop light a block off the highway. Angle right at next stop sign, then turn left at next corner, Shell Road. We are in a two story building, second from the corner on the left directly under the power lines.

**Business/Board Meeting** meets at the Alto District Clubhouse in Mill Valley on the second Thursday at 7:30 PM. Members are encouraged to attend and try to keep the clowns honest.

**Sunday morning informal meeting**, grinningly called the bible/babble class, meets every Sunday morning at the Alto District Clubhouse in Mill Valley starting at roughly 0800 hours and runs to around 1100 hours +or-. Sometimes we even talk about radio.

**The Sunday Emergency nets.** Come on down and watch Matt K6OHD do the nets. You could try it yourself, while Matt stands by, and get rid of any mike fright you might have. If at any time you feel a panic attack coming on, Matt will get you thru it.

<p><b>Marin Amateur Radio Society</b>  <b>President:</b>                  Curtis Ardourel WA6UDS                  510-595-3494  <b>Vice President:</b>                  John Boyd KE6ORI 924-04419  <b>Secretary:</b>                  Randy Jenkins KA6BQF  <b>Treasurer:</b>                  Dave Hodgson KG6TCJ 332-1864  <b>Additional Board Members:</b>                  (for a total of around eleven)                  Cal Anber N6TIA 209-275-5252                  Rita Brenden KG6WPN 707-557-5521                  Marc Bruvry KF6VNT 492-9292                  Phil Dunlap K6PHD 491-0318                  Matt Schallock K6OHD 531-2676</p>	<p><b>Education Chair:</b>                  Randy  <b>VE Liaison:</b>                  Randy Jenkins KA6BQF                  510-526-4089  <b>Building Co-Managers</b>                  Matt Schallock K6OHD 531-2676                  Rich Carbine W6UDS 479-3136  <b>Trustee for W6SG:</b>                  Augie Koehler KØCQL  <b>Trustee for K6GWE:</b>                  Doug Slusher KF6AKU  <b>Sunday Emergency Nets:</b>                  Matt Schallock K6OHD</p>	<p><b>DX Representative of ARRL:</b>                  Jerry Foster WA6BXV 892-3829  <b>WEBMASTER</b>                  Glenn Meader N1ZKW 987-3948                  N1ZKW@ARRL.NET  <b>Public Service Event Coordinator</b>                  Randy Jenkins KA6BQF                  510-526-4089  <b>ARRL San Francisco Section Mgr.</b>                  Bill Hillendahl KH6GJV@ARRL.ORG  <b>Editor of QSA-5 and Procurer of The Bellywash</b>                  Phil Dunlap K6PHD 491-0318                  K6PHD@ARRL.NET  <b>Membership:</b>                  Phil Dunlap K6PHD</p>
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**Marin Amateur Radio Club, Inc.**  
**P. O. Box 6423**  
**San Rafael, CA 94903**

**Dues structure is: \$25. per year. \$30. for family memberships.** No dues are charged for Life or Honorary members.

Stamp

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