



## Where did 2021 go?

It seems like I blinked, and this year zoomed by at lightning speed. With openings and closings, Covid 19 impacts, and a new government, time has passed all too quickly.

Fourty meters has had its share of ups and downs and at times posed many challenges for our NCS's and friends checking in. ARRL states we are heading into Solar Cycle 25 where band conditions on most of HF will be a dream to operate. I guess we'll see how it goes in the upcoming year.

To all of our Net Control Stations, a hearty thank you for all you have done to keep the 7.272 Ragchew Net going. And to our friends and members, thank you for being there for us each day, keeping the conversations going into our 18th year.

# The "Chew"

## SEVENTY-TWO



"Where  
Choosy  
People

Choose  
to  
CHEW!

**NEWSLETTER** December 2021

## What a few months have done...



Since my move to Wisconsin last April the new owners of my old Brooklyn QTH have gutted everything in sight, and extended the rear foundation, where they will expand the kitchen area and basement where I used to have my Lionel trains. The left side photo shows where my 2nd floor radio shack once stood. The right photo shows the remnants of my 160m mast still on the rear wall. The new owner is a doctor so I guess the entire house will be changed altogether. Loby-WA2AXZ/9



**SHOW US  
YOUR SHACK!**



Mike-VA3MPM sends us his holiday greetings by sharing an old photograph taken of his son, Adam. In the 23-year-old-shot, circa 1997, you can see the little guy sitting in front of quite a few great radios. Sadly, today, some would call these fine radios boat anchors. Mike still has and operates most of the vintage gear today and checks in with the gang on the 7.272 Ragchew along with friends on the evening 3.730 Net as well as the 1721 Group, evenings on 160m 1.871. As for little Adam, well, he grew up and now towers over his father.

**Prost !**

**Crosby Commons Weekly**

October 31, 2021



Bill-KB1PKS sent us this great photo of his father, Bill Sr., as he hoists a very large stein of German beer. Bill and his family frequently visits his dad at the assisted living center. On this particular day, they decided to have a great German dinner at a nearby café. As the waitress stopped by to take the drink order, Bill Sr. asked for the largest German beer they had. He had thought they would bring a large pint-sized brew, but to his surprise, a 32-ounce stein of beer was placed in front of him.

His smile was a mile wide as he

polished off every last drop then asked for more! I guess his smile grew from there.

By the way, Bill Sr. is almost 96 years young, and a proud veteran of WW-II. He was only 18 years old when he served in the battle-grounds of the Pacific in the Philip-pines. In 1945, he was part of the battle for Manila. It behooves all of us to pause and recognize him and thank him for his bravery and service.

Go ahead Bill, have another one—, it's on the house!

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**Postscript from Bill KB1PKS:**

Like many vets of that era, dad doesn't talk a lot about those days. He did mention to me that the Filipinos were so devastated after the battle, and so happy the Americans had taken over, that it was easy for him to get chores done by the locals. He told me he could get all his clothing washed and ironed for 35 cents a week. Tree-ripened bananas on the island were so much sweeter than in the states, and you could get a big bunch for a nickel.

Dad stayed for another year after the war ended, but they only started building barracks six months after arrival, and the officers took them first. Dad had to live in large eight man tents for the rest of 1946. What really bugged him was the blare of the loud speakers telling the hold out Japanese solders to come out of the caves. They didn't believe the war was over until well into 1946. Dad said some were so skinny all their ribs were showing and all the clothes they had left were just rags.

That's all he ever told me so I don't push him for any more, especially about the actual battles. I know he lost a lot of friends.

**Bill-KB1PKS**

**A note from your editor ...**

Our monthly newsletter "THE CHEW", contains information about the activities and participants in the 7.272 Ragchew Net. We rely on contributions of stories and pictures from the members to keep all of us up to date, impart information we can all use and, of course, to raise a smile and a chuckle or two. If you find a new "Taz" photo that can be used for future certificates and QSLs, that too is greatly appreciated. Without you, there is no Chew!

Please, e-mail your stories, tech info and photos to Loby at [wa2axz@arrl.net](mailto:wa2axz@arrl.net)

**Many Thanks!**

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**Volunteers  
Wanted!**



If you would like to be one of our Net Control Stations on a regular schedule or as an occasional fill-in, please contact our net scheduler, Ken-W3XAF.

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**Goods and Services:**

**NEED QSLs OR  
EYEBALL  
CARDS ???**



**KB3IFH QSL Cards**

[www.kb3ifh.homestead.com](http://www.kb3ifh.homestead.com)

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**72chew.net**



**Badlands National Park in SD.**

## **Phil's summer Vacation**



**Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD.**

**Phil -K8PJW sends us a few photos from his summer vacation where he chased around the upper western states, seeing wonderful and historic sights along the way. Above is a panoramic shot of the Badlands National Park where the stark beauty revealed a hoard of ancient dinosaur fossils. The Corn Palace is**



**entirely constructed from corn stalks and grain. It serves as a venue for public gatherings, concerts and art exhibits. The photo above shows Mount Rushmore where the likenesses of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln proudly reside. The Wall Drug store is home to various tourist attractions including cowboy memorabilia, gift shops and restaurants as well as an 80-foot-long brontosaurus on display. It looks as though Phil and the family had a wonderful time and hopes you will be taking notes for a future vacation too.**



**Wall Drug Store, Wall, SD.**

# A Christmas Ham

By Loby-WA2AKZ

'Twas a night before Christmas  
and all through my shack



The tubes were a-glowing...  
I was making contacts

The antenna was tuned and rotated 'round  
Facing the south, the noise level to drown

I sat in my old chair,  
earphones on my head  
I stopped spinning the dial,  
now what's being said?

Two old codgers were at it...  
they were making a scene!

Which rig was  
garbage and  
which was a  
dream



Down the band I slid like  
snow on the fly



With nothing  
else heard,  
40 meters I'd  
try

With the snap  
of a switch,  
align grid and  
plate

Setting the filters, HEY...  
there are my mates!

The "RAG CHEWERS" were  
there, talking en masse  
Each taking turns,  
their  
greetings to pass  
One by one listing  
their holiday  
wishes



Of rigs and amps and satellite  
dishes.

With a broad smile, the radio I  
keyed

I checked myself in, what else  
would one need?

Then all of a sudden, a sizzle  
and spark

The lights blinked twice and  
then all was dark.

A glow in the  
back of the rig's  
getting brighter  
My heart sinks to  
the floor, the  
transformer's on  
fire!



Pull out the plugs... smoke's  
filling my nose  
I turn on the spray from a close  
garden hose.

Open the windows, fling open  
the sash  
I toss out the rig to the ground  
with a crash  
Stench from the smoke fills my  
poor head  
Then all of a  
sudden, I wake up in my bed

What could have caused such a  
terrible nightmare?

Was it the beer, the nuts or the  
ham ill prepared?

But my shack is intact and  
snow lightly falls



73's to my  
friends,  
Merry Christmas  
to all!