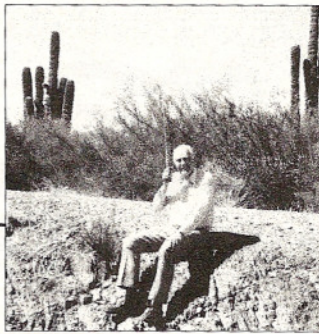


NEVER SAY DIE

Wayne Green W2NSD/1



Nothing To Say

If you believe that, I've got a zero-point energy device to sell you. I'm talking (well, writing) about the ARRL board's restructuring proposals. Jeez, they've actually come down from the 20 WPM code requirement for the Extra Class license. Well, Class A, they want to call it. I'm old enough so I used to be a Class A licensee. Old? You bet! I was making CW contacts on 40m in 1938. Lordy, that's 60 years ago! And I was on 160m phone, too. By 1941 I was able to win the Sweepstakes contest for my division. To prove it, I've got a medal that the ARRL sent me at the time pinned to my hamfest hat.

For you young squirts, back befo de wo we had three license classes: A, B, and C. Around 90% of us were Class B, which permitted CW on all bands and phone (it was 100% AM in them thar days) on 160m and 10m. Ten was like a VHF band and peopled by pioneers. Yeah, there was a little bit doing on 5m and 2-1/2m, but not much. So naturally I was attracted to 2-1/2 meters. Indeed, when I got my ticket, I made my first contact with Dexter W2MCV with my 2-1/2m walkie-talkie.

Most of my activity was on 160m phone, which went from 1800–2050 kc in those days.

Class A provided phone privileges on 75m and 20m. 100 kc on each band, so with AM carriers filling 10 kc, that allowed around nine roundtables. Period. Naturally the nine channels were dominated by nine kilowatt stations. When

Irving Vermillia WIZE, Cape Cod, came on, with his walloping signal and his ticking clock up near the mike, you knew who it was immediately.

That was then, and now is now.

My response to the League's timid approach to restructuring is restrained applause. It's better than doing nothing and watching the hobby go down the toilet due to the League's neglect. I think I'll still hear the toilet flushing — just not as loudly. Too little, and maybe even too late.

They've proposed to lower the code requirement for General from 13 per to 5. Using my sneaky (but legal) secret system, almost anyone should be able to ace the 5 WPM test with one hour of training. And that's for the slo-o-ow learners. Most people can be ready in about 20 minutes. Heck, I learned the Greek alphabet in 10 minutes when I was being hazed for my college fraternity initiation. It was either that or get my butt seriously whacked. And I still can rattle it off.

I learned the code one night while I was getting into my Boy Scout uniform. I'd put it off until a half hour before the meeting. I still know most of the code.

I won't rehash my judgment that the ARRL's 1963 incentive licensing scheme was not just a failure, but provoked the greatest disaster the hobby has ever experienced.

Look, you ARRL director guys (and gal), the future of the hobby is in your hands. It's time to make some major changes, not just patch up the leaks.

It was nice to see them propose widening the phone bands. Well, considering the withering away of CW activity, it's about time to reallocate frequencies. Heck, when I started, 40m went from 7000–7300 and was wall-to-wall CW, from top to bottom. 80m, from 3500–3900 was packed solid at night with CW. Now I hear a few chirps around the bottom of the band.

Motivation

Harry Lewis W7JWJ was kind enough to send me a long and fascinating letter. I might even have published it, but he asked me not to. I'll bet he was worried about his reputation being tarnished by being associated with weird Wayne Green.

Harry has a certificate for copying code at 79 WPM. He's offered \$1,000 to anyone who could beat him at copying the code. He's taught thousands of people to copy the code. He points out that it has been taking longer and longer for people to learn to copy the code at 13 WPM. In the 1930s, it took an average of 12.5 hours of practice. By 1944, it was taking about 28 hours. By 1970, it was averaging 70 hours. It is now averaging 110 hours!

Harry is convinced that diet is a big part of the problem. Well, I agree with him that the American diet has gone to hell in a handbasket. Sugar, chocolate, white flour, meat laced with hormones and antibiotics, and so on. Smoking, beer and other poisons aren't speeding up our brains any, either.

Sure, our schools are part of the reason SAT scores have been plummeting, but so is the great American diet of hamburgers and fries, which provides virtually no usable nutrition for our bodies — or brains. We wash down the hamburgers and fries with a coke or a glutinous shake — both poison.

If you or your children want to be able to think and be healthy, you've got to shop a different part of the supermarket. Over there in that tiny organic food section, buying fruit and vegetables, instead of in the meat section.

Motivation helps, too. Harry noticed that when military ops had the choice of learning to copy code at 40 WPM in two weeks and getting a cushy safe job with good pay vs. going to an active battalion, they had a 100% success rate. Makes sense.

I've found that concentrating on building a new skill makes it easy and fun to learn. The old never-say-die approach. When the Advertising Club of New York had a horseback riding outing I remembered how much fun I'd had as a kid in Washington (DC) riding in Rock Creek Park, so I decided to take lessons. I found a superb professional and took lessons several times a week — until I got very good at it. I read every book I could find, got an Arabian, and started training him. I rode horses everywhere I went — on the beaches and hills of California, the forests of Germany, the beaches and hills of Caribbean islands, the parks of Paris.

When the head trainer at the Ringling Brothers stables in Sarasota saw me riding one of their horses he asked me to exercise his top show horse, Starlit Night. Wow! Now that was fun! I put the horse through all the *dressage* gaits. The horse was amazingly responsive to my every signal, no matter how slight.

Outside of my usual bragging, what I'm saying is that you can accomplish just about any skill you want to if you make it your business to do it. It takes motivation and determination. Never Say Die! With

that, a good diet, and plenty of exercise, you can beat Harry at the code — if you really want to. You can certainly yawn through the stupid 20 WPM test. And you can learn any skill you want to.

I'd like to see our schools devote more effort to teaching kids skills — like swimming, diving, bowling, bicycle riding, driving, flying, archery, etc. I've published a list of skills in the past, so I won't do it again. But how about you? Can you keep up with me on skis? Have you learned how to hot air balloon? Stunt kite flying? Juggling? How about parachuting? I'm game, if you are. Scuba diving? Let's see if you can use less air than I do. I guarantee you can't.

In what skills or fields are you an expert? Have you learned anything you could write about and sell your teaching? That can be a nice home business. I've become an expert on nutrition and my book *The Secret Guide to Health* is selling like crazy. As one of the founders and first secretary of American Mensa, I wrote *The Secret Guide to Wisdom*, which has sold thousands of copies. And, with a Ph.D. in entrepreneurial science, plus a lifetime of experience, my book *The Secret Guide to Wealth* is also a best-seller. So what have you done or learned that you can write about? Get busy with your word processor.

Oh, yes — please stop whining about the crummy code and just do it.

Stub-bor-en

Why are you so stubborn? My patience is over 17% exhausted just trying to get you out of the endless maze in which you've been trapped all your life. Despite everything I've been preaching, you have been stubbornly refusing to even consider starting your own business. What does it take to blast you out of the sand trap of a nine-to-five? Have you got iron-poor blood?

Sure, I got sucked into going to college so that I could work for other people all my life. It wasn't until I was 28

that I managed to wake up. That's when I started my first real business — manufacturing loudspeaker enclosures. I set up a desk in one end of my bedroom in Brooklyn (NY) and hired Jordan Polly K2AZL as my first employee. The manufacturing was contracted out and one end of the cellar was set up as a shipping department. Next to the coal bin and laundry tubs. My ham shack filled the rest of the cellar. This grew within three years to about a \$20 million business, but by then I'd had to rent outside offices and a warehouse.

My grandfather had run his brake lining business from the same house twenty years earlier. He'd made millions inventing things, helping what is now known as Citgo get started with his college buddy Henry L. Dougherty. Dougherty put the profits from manufacturing my grandfather's inventions into oil. Then came the stock market crash and a million dollars in City Service stock dropped to being worth about \$3,500. And my grandfather (Pop) went from being a millionaire to needing to find something to do to get by.

He first took over the management of Continental Can and rescued it from bankruptcy. Then his uncle called, explaining that he'd invented a new and better brake lining. Pop drove out to East Brady, Pennsylvania, to see what this was all about, and signed up to handle the eastern part of the country for Rex Hide brake lining. Customers loved it because the stuff didn't wear out every few thousand miles like the regular lining. Soon the cellar was filled with inventory and trucks were picking up shipments every day. The lining was molded out of carbon and rubber to fit brake drums, so when WWII came along and rubber was scarce, the factory was closed down. And that was the end of Rex Hide.

Pop, who smoked a pipe and cigars, died of pneu-

monia in his early 50s. Smoking had ruined his lungs.

Where am I heading with all this? I'm trying to get you to start thinking in terms of starting a small business in some field that will be real fun for you and run it out of your home until it gets too big to handle.

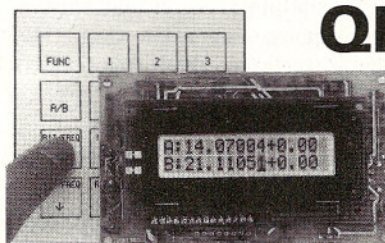
I started *73 Magazine* out of a small apartment in Brooklyn and ran it for two years before I moved everything to New Hampshire — into my new home in Peterborough. And I ran it, plus *Byte*, *Microcomputing*, *80-Micro*, *Desktop Computing*, *InCider*, *Run*, and some other publications from there until I sold everything to IDG in 1983. Well, I did have to buy the house and barn next door for more magazine offices, a 24-room motel for software development, a house and barn in northern Peterborough for the book division, a house in West Peterborough for shipping, and so on. I gobbled up just about every available build-

ing. I probably shouldn't have let the growth get away from me like that.

The nice thing about a mail order business is that you can run it from anywhere, and you can start small. PC Connection started out in a farmhouse in Marlow (NH) and now they've taken over an entire shopping mall in Merrimack for their offices.

Look, you're never going to make much money working for someone else. The key to freedom is owning your own business. So find some innovative product and get started with an office at home like I did. In addition to running *73*, my products these days are books, which I write, print, and put together at home. Well, this is the information age, but the problem is that there is so much information that everyone is on overload. So I do my research and simplify the information, making it all available in one book.

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