

‘Twas the night before Field Day

Recollections by Dick Bianco, KC1IPJ

'Twas the night before Field Day when all through the tents
Not a QSO was stirring, nor any intents;

The feed-lines were hung from the towers with care,
In hopes that contacts soon would be there;
The operators were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of CQs danced in their heads;

And Nancy in her 'kerchief, and I in my headphones,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,
When out on the Glen there arose such QRM clatter,
I sprang from my QTH to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a 1000 volt flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The sun on the breast of the new-risen towers
Gave a crackle finish to objects below,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature straight key, and tiny log book.
With a little old sender, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Bruce up to his old trick..

More rapid than eagles his fingers they came,
And he dotted, and dashed, and CQed them by section;
"Now, NORTHERN NEW YORK! now, VERMONT! now, SOUTH DAKOTA and
DELAWARE!
On, ILLINOIS! on INDIANA! on, MINNESOTA and NEVADA !
To the top of the call! to the top of the exchange!
Now 73 away! 73 away! 73 away all!"

As dry leaves of log books that before the wild pile-up fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the tower-top Dave-Dan flew,
With a log book full of contacts, and exchanges too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the Glen
The calling of CQ from each little tent.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
I knew that Winter Field Day had come with a bound.
Willy was dressed all in feed lines from his tents to its towers.
And his log books were all tarnished with fingerprints and coffee stains;



A bundle of contacts he had flung on the tables,
The stump of a doughnut held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke of a Johnson Match Box encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of the knobs,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
Tuning his match boxes; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the band he rose;

He sprang from his K3, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
HAPPY FIELD DAY TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!

