

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

It was one of those days, you know what I mean!? I'd been just hanging around the shack brooding about the fact that I was the great unknown man in the DX game.

After all, here it was my 15th anniversary as a listener and my talents had long gone practically unnoticed by my peers. Yes, 15 long months had gone by since I first flicked on my brand new Hammacrafter Skypal two-tuber and heard the mighty tones of Big Ben. It wasn't that I'd been one of those non-listeners; I'd really given it my all. Racked up six countries verified, seven if you counted VOA-Greenville. I had 841 friends in the hobby and had cardswaps from all of them to prove it. Yet there was something missing....recognition!!

When I sent my regular semi-annual report to the SW editor of the International Worldwide Continental DX Assn, did my fellow members stand in awe at my prowess at the dials? No! In fact some wise guy even had the nerve to suggest my logging of Voice of Pitcairn was questionable. Man, I was feeling about as low as a fellow can feel!

Then, just like that, it came to me. In a twinkling, Charlie Loudenboomer, that's me!, found the stuff stars are made of; I had the key to instant success in the hobby.....form a club!! It was so simple I wondered why it hadn't occurred to me before!

Modestly, I took stock of my own abilities. I'd been acting temporary chairman of my 6th grade science club. As an asst-sub editor of the IWCDXA monthly bulletins table of contents, I'd gained valuable journalistic experience. Facing facts squarely, I concluded I had loads of talent and executive and editorial ability. What more could any club want? So, always having prided myself as having a logical sort of mind, I sat down with a sheet of yellow foolscap and a pencil stub and began to plan my club.

First things first, I decided. With pencil in hand, I roughed out a sketch of a club emblem to be printed in five colors on stationery, membership cards, and of course, awards.

Next I realized I needed a name for the club bulletin. The "Loudenboomer Report".....why, the name fairly leaped off the paper and emblazoned itself in my mind. That name was soon to become something special to the DX world, I vowed. At least 50, count 'em, 50 pages packed with valuable data on every subject imaginable each month. Membership requests would flow in so hot and heavy the post office would have to put on an extra carrier just to bring the mail to my door!

Of course, every club should have its executive staff. The presidency, certainly, was no problem, but who would fill the important veep and secretary slots?

Why not two of my best friends? I was always generous and loyal to a fault. All my best friends should be given consideration, I realized.

Hastily riffling through my pack of 841 friends, I dealt two at random. A. B. Bascomb of Walla Walla, and Kenneth Quincy "Have antenna, will travel," their cleverly designed cards read. Funny thing, though, I couldn't remember much about either of these two OM, but since they obviously were among my good friends, they were worthy of the honor I was about to bestow on them. I dashed off a few lines to both telling them of their good fortune!

Far down on the planning list were a few items such as financing and availability of a mimeograph, but as it had been a hard day already, I decided to consider them later on, so I tossed the list behind the desk.

The time had come. I paused for a moment to reflect upon the fact that just a short time ago I was a nobody in the hobby and now I was on my way to the top. Loudenboomer was a name that soon would be synonymous with DX.

It was with a sense of humble pride that I fed a clean sheet of paper into

my typewriter and began pounding out my first editorial that would appear on page 1, volume 1, #1, of the "Loudenboomer Report." -2

" ..Come on you guys, how do you expect to have a regular bulletin if you don't report once in awhile..." -30-

Loudenboomer will return!

Above is first in series of exclusives which will now regularly appear in FrenDX!!

NASA-FRENDX ----- HDQ ----- FEB.'66

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

With disgust I tossed the collection of smudgy, purple-printed pages into the waste basket. The bulky booklet, which someone sent me, was just another bit of speculation about that mysterious radio station whose location had puzzled DXers for years...Radio Asparagus.

Oh, I'd read everything I could lay my hands on concerning this station, but there was so much conflicting information; frankly I was still puzzled!

There were those who claimed Radio Asparagus was located on one of the Swamp Islands in Caribbean waters. It was sed to be its purpose was to broadcast phony farm market reports to a certain West Indian Isle, under dictatorial control, with the intent to create internal confusion and thus disrupt that regime's agricultural economy. These same sources sed Radio Asparagus was under the direct control of the most secret of governmental agencies...the Central Agricultural Agency. Yet others, refusing to see anything sinister in the reporting of latest prices at the Kansas City stockyards or the fluctuations of the Chicago butter and egg market, poo-pooed the cloak and dagger theory. Still others, perhaps crediting the CAA with all the cunning of 007, maintained that if Radio Asparagus authorities leaked information revealing the stations location as the Swamp Islands, surely this was ample proof that the xmtr was elsewhere. After all, they reasoned, the very future of the American way of farming hung in the balance and the government agents would resort to every sneaky trick in the book to fool enemy. Some DXers, however, contended that the stations publicly revealed location in the Swamp Islands must be correct, because if only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun, only "damfools" and government agents would ever go to those forsaken isles. What was the answer to this vexing problem, I wondered? I reviewed all the literature on the subject. Radio Asparagus, it seemed, was in fact a government operation. It had first gone on the air some five years ago, announcing then as Radio Swamp and pretending to be a commercial venture. However, after it broadcast clandestine messages during a crop-burning raid on the enemy shores, it disappeared from the air and Radio Asparagus took its place.

Not satisfied with the information I had found in print, I began asking questions. I talked to government officials, broadcasters, anyone/everyone who might be able to tell me where Radio "A" really was.

One day as I was putting my questions to an FCC official, I heard a stout, elderly man in a white smock, standing nearby, mutter, "The young fool! Doesn't he know he'll never find asparagus in the swamps?"

Thinking I had finally found a man who could answer my queries, I turned to him questioningly. But alas, another deadend, for I soon learned he was merely a crochety old greengrocer commenting on my apparent ignorance of the elements of truckfarming. When I had just about given up hope of ever solving the problem, I learned of a DXer with a technical bent who had made direction-finding experiments in an attempt to find location of Radio Asparagus. In answer to my inquiry, he wrote, "I've obtained a DF bearing from the station which indicates it lies in a southwesterly direction from here. The bearing fairly bisects one of the Swamp Islands!"

So there I had the answer...or had I?? Something still didn't ring true! As I pondered, the answer came to me like a flash of lightning. Everyone assumed the station must lie southward in the Caribbean area; but since the loop antenna could not tell back from front, the signal could also have been received from a north-easterly direction!!

A quick check of a map and a hurried call to a local airlines office, I was soon winging my way northward to the bleak Labrador coast. Anticlimactic as it may now seem, I there found the twin 250' masts of Radio "A" outlined against the northern lights. At the base of the towers was a village of quonsets and in them a group of CAA technicians huddled around glowing stoves.

Expressing some chagrin that I had finally found the station, the head of the operation showed me about the xmtr site and later invited me to supper. As we sat around afterwards, the sound of an anncr saying "The bottom dropped out of the sugar market today," faintly on our ears, the chief CAA agent leaned towards me and asked..."You won't tell anyone you found us, will you?" I assured him I wouldn't. And do you know, to this day I have not told a soul except you...and you won't tell, will you?

-30-

NASA-FRENDX ----- HDQ ----- MAR.'66

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

"What ever happened to Max Moxey?" asked the young visitor to the Louden-boomer shack, referring to one of the best known DXers of recent years.

"You don't know?" Charlie answered. "I thought everyone had heard about poor Max. It was such a tragic thing, him so young and at the peak of his listening career and all. Let me tell you about it...."

The sad tale of Moxey's disappearance began one cold night last January. As everyone knows, Max had just one big ambition in life...to verify Radio Tibet! Day after day, week after week for years, the intrepid listener tuned the stations reported frequency to no avail never a sound did he hear. It could be truly said that Max's entire world centered on his quest for the elusive Asian.

That frigid night, after tuning for Radio Tibet in vain, for the 6324th consecutive evening, Moxey was sitting dejectedly in his shack when he heard a knock at the door. "Just a minute...Just a minute!" he snarled, his normally tranquil personality ruffled by his failure. He walked to the hallway and swung the door open wide.

To his surprise, there in the swirling snow stood a strange looking man dressed from head to toe in scarlet, yet at least Max thought he was a mortal being. From beneath a red skullcap, ragged bangs of black hair emerged. His eyes were like glowing coals and Moxey noticed his ears were more than a little pointy, like a red fox's.

"Hoaky smokes," Max blurted out, "you look like the devil!"

"Precisely," the stranger replied, "but I would prefer to be called Mephistophocycles. But enough of this chit-chat, let's get down to the burning issue. I understand you want to log Radio Tibet, right?"

"More than anything in the world," Max answered.

"Yes, I thought so," the devilish visitor responded. "Now I have a proposition that I think you will find interesting."

So the man in red began to outline his proposal to the curious DXer.

"You just sign this little contract with me and I'll guarantee you Radio Tibet."

"As simple as that?" queried Max.

"Well, almost," said the stranger. "There is a little matter of payment, though. When you sign this contract you agree to turn your soul over to me after a certain period of time." With that he pulled out a small japanned box and opened the lid. There Max saw a few tiny sheets of wrinkled, yellowed paper,

looking like old IRC's.

"These are the shriveled souls of some of my past clients," Mephistophocycles evilly chortled.

Moxey shuddered involuntarily, but the offer was too tempting despite the terrible price. He had to have Radio Tibet!! Picking up a pen, he signed his name on the dotted line. As he crossed his last "x", the stranger vanished with the contract.

The next evening Max again dialed the familiar frequency of Radio Tibet. To his astonishment, there, with an S9 plus signal, was a man's voice saying clearly, "You are listening to the English language service of Radio Tibet." Hand trembling, Max jotted down voluminous details of the reception for the next two hours. Later that night, he slipped his precious airmail letter, addressed to Lhasa, into a mail box.

Weeks slipped by, and months too, but no reply from Radio Tibet came. So it was a very discouraged Max Moxey who again answered a knock on his door last July.

When he opened it, there stood the dread figure of Mephistophocycles. In a raspy voice, totally unlike the syrupy tones he had used during his first visit, he muttered, "I've come to collect your soul."

"Wait just a darned minute," Max argued. "I'm not going with you! You failed to keep your end of the bargain! Sure I logged Tibet as you promised, but I've waited and waited for months and there has been no sign of a reply. You welched on the deal! I never got the verification from Radio Tibet!!!"

Slowly pulling out his japanned collecting box from beneath his scarlet cloak, the satanic stranger just smiled. "Verification?" he asked "Who said anything about a verification?"... ..

-30-

(Follow the Loudenboomer Report (written by Charlie Loudenboomer) in FrenDX each month)

NASA-FRENDX

HDQ

APR. '66

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

Alas, my dear and many followers, these few short months in which fate has allowed me to pass on to you my inside views of people and events in the DX game may possibly have reached an end.

Let there be no gnashing of teeth and beating of breasts, please! Allow me to here explain the reasons why this terrible event may come to pass...perhaps then you will understand and sympathize. Surely your collective hearts must go out when you see the manner in which a mighty name in DX has fallen.

It all began a few weeks ago when I met a girl. Truly the kind every man dreams of: intelligent, charming, witty, and with a face and figure right out of Playboy (but don't get me wrong, I never read such literature!). In no time at all it seemed, I, Charlie Loudenboomer, was in love! Hopelessly, madly, completely in love!! Shortly thereafter I discovered that her feelings toward me were the same. (Actually this was not really surprising, as many of my fans can understand!)

There came talk of marriage and of a wonderful life together. Ah, but wait, thought I...there is still the supreme test to be passed. Quickly, before I am hopelessly lost, I must discover whether she will approve of DXing! (You understand the caution. Everyone knows of stories of men who met and married and never again tuned another station because their wives could find no sympathy in their hearts for such so-called foolishness!) Anyway, so it came to be that I invited her up to see my QSLs.

Things were all arranged for the momentous occasion. She arrived; I brought her into the shack, turned on the receiver. And, with the expertness which can be gained only through years of experience, I deftly tuned in the chimes of Big

Ben. In that moment fate passed its unhappy hand over my head for a second time! Her eyes went sort of glassy. Thinking she liked what she heard, I tuned in Radio Moscow, then Switzerland. A moment later she asked if she could try it. Success! I thought jubilantly!! And so happily...and unfortunately, I agreed. Three hours later she was still going strong, had even logged seven new stations and three new countries for me!!! Whenever I would attempt to explain something, she caught on long before I had finished. Later, when she left, she even took a few books on DXing with her. I was astounded!..how lucky..how amazingly fortunate I was! With all her other fine attributes, she digs DX too!!!

Our next date was two days later...we had arranged to dine out. When I picked her up she was wearing slacks and an old shirt. "Let's go to your house," she said..and so we did. Once there she asked if I had a ladder. I provided it and she scooted up to the roof. A moment or so later she descended saying she had found the cause of my low signal strength...a broken lead-in. She'd thought it strange that Nigeria's 4.990 outlet was coming in at only S-4. Well, it sure perked up the receiver all right! That night's efforts on her part brought in an additional eight new countries and fourteen new stations for my log. Since then she spends every free moment at my house, logging new stations and countries like crazy. I do the cooking for dinner because she won't leave the receiver...she's even ordered a set of her own!...something she calls a "Collins-baby" (??) I have been relegated to filling out reception reports and very few of them pass her inspection the first time through. When she leaves, I don't DX, I just sit staring at the dials sorta stupefied! Gang, I haven't tuned my own receiver in eighteen days. What's more, I'm afraid if I did, I wouldn't tune in anything new and I'd be shown-up more than before!

Yesterday she explained to me why I hadn't heard Brunei yet...something about the path of darkness, times and frequencies..all of which I didn't understand. I don't know what to do! I wrote Dear Abby, but all she sent back was a booklet on what to do if your spouse snores!

Oh me...my girlfriend is calling on the landline now...she wants me to look up something for her and to get on that report to Usumbura. (I really gotta get an atlas!)

Well, I'll see you later, gang.....maybe!!! -30-

FRENDX-NASA ----- HDQ ----- MAY '66

Exclusive THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT Exclusive

I was in a mood nearly as dismal as the dreary weather outside my window. A chilly rain had been falling for several days and reception conditions had been bad. But what really topped things off and plunged me into a fit of black depression was the copy of the National Geographic which the mailman had just left in my box.

Setting aside, unopened, the only other bit of mail that arrived that day, a letter from Joe Morose, a cardswapping acquaintance of mine, I thumbed through the colorful magazine.

As I flipped through the pages, one large photograph caught my eye. There against a backdrop of azure sky and whitecapped tropical sea was a picture of paradise...a South Sea Isle complete with undisturbed golden beaches and waving palms. Like a triband beam toppling before a Force 8 wind, my spirits fell. What a place for a vacation! A dream of a lifetime, but my chances of ever visiting such a spot, I realized with dismay, were virtually nonexistent.

Sure, I had two weeks leave coming at the box factory where I worked, but, I thought gloomily, how can I ever afford a glorious vacation to such a tropic paradise on a lid nailer's salary? Goodness knows, I needed a vacation, a break away from the routine, but with my financial situation, a trip to the South Pacific seemed out of the question.

I tossed the magazine in the corner and opened Joe's letter. He, it seemed, -6 was also having his own problems. One of the most active SWL cardswappers in the game today, he quickly earned the "Swapped all States" and "Swapped all Continents" awards; now he was well on his way toward the coveted "Century Award" for swapping 100 different countries. But he had struck a snag, he was running out of countries.

In his note, Morose complained bitterly that an SWL card sent to Pierre Faux Pas, supposedly the only swapper in New Hebrides, had been returned marked "addressee unknown."

"Boy," Joe's letter concluded, "I'd give just about anything to get a swap with New Hebrides!"

Well, that's when the idea struck me. I'd noticed in a recent copy of "CQ" that hams, anxious to add rare new countries to their totals, flooded DXpeditions with monetary contributions to make sure they received speedy QSL replies and other preferential treatment. Why not a cardswapping DXpedition to New Hebrides, I thought? It was worth a try, I decided, and the scheme might just help underwrite my vacation costs to that exotic island.

A few discreet notices in club bulletins produced an unbelievable response. Frantic swappers, anxious to get a New Hebrides SWL card, filled my mailbox with requests to be put on my list. All enclosed dollar bills for "an airmailed reply." Soon the vacation, er, DXpedition, fund topped \$2,000.

My friendly card printer ran off several thousand attractive SWL cards for me, all bearing the legend "Charlie Loudenboomer/WPEØFU8AA." Stuffing these blank cards into my battered valise, along with a one-transistor portable radio (serious swappers insist that to be valid, a card exchange must be made with a "bonifide listener"), I caught the first Pacific-bound plane.

Last night I returned home and I'm happy to report that the first cardswapping DXpedition was a smashing success! The two weeks amid sand and sun at a bungalow resort just outside Port Villa were wonderful. Tanned and rested, I'm already studying my map seeking a spot for next year. The only work I did during those long, lazy days on the New Hebridean shores was to lick 2,000 five-franc postage stamps for the SWL cards I sent back.

To allay the fears of the purists, I can report that I did listen to a radio during my stay on the island, making me a legitimate radio listener in New Hebrides. On my tiny set I caught a five minute local newscast in French, just before I boarded the plane for my return flight. And, true to the code of the 100% friendly swappers, at the bottom of each card I sent, I penned, "You don't know how much your card meant to me. Having a wonderful time; wish you were here!" Charlie Loudenboomer.

NASA-FRENDX _____ HDQ _____ JUNE '66

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

As you know by now, gang, I have vast sources of inside information about what goes on in this hobby of ours. I am, by the way, humbly proud to be one of your leaders. Now then, information of a most unnerving nature has come to light through one of the aforementioned sources who, due to reasons of security, must remain nameless. It concerns a most insidious plot to undermine the strength of the International Worldwide Continental DX Association. I present here, in order to enlighten you and put you on your guard, a transcript of a tape recording taken secretly during a meeting which took place recently in London...

"Ah 007; good of you to come...at last. Miss Moneypenny has been trying to reach you all day!"

"I was...or, tied up, sir. Is there a problem?"

"A considerable one I fear. Our friend Felix in Washington had a go at it and he's since been confined for treatment for a nervous breakdown. The situation

is this...There is a group of hobbyists in the U.S....for that matter, nearly everywhere, who monitor the shortwave broadcasting bands. These people have clubs who publish information on shortwave broadcasts and which is used as a source of material by both of our governments' monitoring posts. They, that is these hobbyists, are a rather strange group...continually disagreeing over one thing or another. Possibly SPECTRE is behind it. At any rate it must be stopped. The current difficulty runs something like this: The International Worldwide Continental DX Assn. has switched its bulletin to legal-size paper. The All-Planet DX Association has condemned IWCDXA for this saying it will be more difficult to bind their material and besides, All-Planet had it first. The name-calling and editorial skirmishes have gotten to the point where there is no room for radio information and their bulletins are thus useless to us.

Now here is your assignment. Join both clubs. Become a big wheel in at least one of them and put out the fire...and keep it out.

We figure Lower Flatsville, Vermont will make a good operating base for you. Here is a receiver in case you decide to do any listening. You'll note it has all the stations marked on the dial, so you should have no trouble in becoming an expert overnight. Also here are some cards. They are called SWL cards. They pass them around. Let it be known you're willing to trade your card for others. That'll open up a number of doors right there."

"Ah, to what purpose, sir?...passing around cards. Why do they do it?"

"Don't ask complicated questions 007. Your next step is to gain control of the IWCDXA and once things have been stabilized, pass it on to someone who's reliable."

"That's a rather round about method, isn't it, sir...I mean, couldn't I just...."

Unfortunately, my source's recording runs out at this point. It is, however, obvious that this 007 person, whoever he might be, has no good in mind for the fate of IWCDXA. He is obviously out to bring peace and quiet to club relationships. IWCDXA will never make peace with the All-Planet sub-humans. We will maintain our integrity. IWCDXA members...be on the alert. We will continue to use legal-size paper and the Loudenboomer Report will continue to be longest with the mostest no matter what horrible machinations are brought against us. Peace and quiet among IWCDXA and APDXA and other clubs, for that matter, will be achieved only when they start doing things our way! Support IWCDXA...support your editors...be on your guard!

-30-

Charlie Loudenboomer

* * * * *

NASA QUOTE OF THE MONTH..."To escape criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing!"

* * * * *

NASA-FRENDX ----- HDQ ----- JULY '66

Exclusive

THE LOUDENBOOMER REPORT

Exclusive

Hey gang, it's time for that feature of the Loudenboomer Report that I know you've all been waiting for..the first annual Shortwave DX Listener Sweepstakes contest!!

Having noted recently, however, that contest rules printed in other bulletins have come under attack on grounds that they are unfair in one respect or another, I've carefully studied the various rules and have come up with a set of Sweepstake instructions which I'm sure everyone will find both equitable and simple. As a result the winner of this long awaited contest will have the satisfaction of

knowing that he is truly the top DXer in the hobby today! So read the following rules carefully, memorize them, then sit down before your receiver and GO, GO, GO!

SHORTWAVE DX LISTENER SWEEPSTAKES

Dates and Time: July 15-16, 1966. Loggings are to be made between 0300 and 2300 on the dates stated. Times are to be local Daylight time, except in areas of the country which remain on standard time during the contest period. If your state remains on normal time, use GMT, except of course, west of a line from Valdosta, Ga. to Grand Forks, N.D. If you live in this latter area, submit your logs in Mountain Daylight Time (with the exception of Idaho and Missouri, where the time factor is optional).

Who May Enter: Any reader of the Loudenboomer Report, who (1) has a shortwave receiver, and (2) has passed his 14th birthday on or before Jan. 15, 1966, but who is under 65 yrs. of age. In addition, anyone else who has been active DXer for less than six months as of Feb. 25, 1966, may enter, but is not eligible for an award certificate.

Contest Frequencies: Loggings may be made on any frequency in the 49, 31, 25 and 19 meter bands, but entries should be submitted in one of the following categories only: (1) Individual Band, (2) All Band, (3) Combination of any two of the approved bands except, for obvious reasons, the 49 and 19 mb. If a combination band entry is submitted, the contestant must not have over 80% of his total points in more than one section!

Entries: All Sweepstake entries must be made on an official entry blank. Any log submitted on any form other than an official blank, or a notarized photostatic copy, or a reasonable facsimile, will be automatically disqualified. Official forms are available from Charlie Loudenboomer, postpaid for \$1.50 in cash. (No stamps please!)

Point Scoring: Raw score - 1 point to be scored for each broadcast station heard in each band. Outlets of the same broadcaster may be counted twice if their operation freqs are within 500kcs of each other. Add two extra points for DX specials or three for transmissions in one or more of the following languages: Hindustani, Maori and Pigin English. (One aim of this contest is to encourage entrants to improve their language skills!) All African and Asian stations logged between the hours of 0500 and 0730 (see contest time rule above!) qualify for bonus points of 7.5 each. In addition, extra bonus points will be allowed for other loggings on the following basis; 6 points- stations located in Oceania, except Okinawa (VOA Relay) and Nibi Nibi; 14 points- any South African transmission beamed to Greenland by a station running under 400 watts ERP. Jammers will not be counted under any circumstances.

Distance Factors: To equate the scores on the basis of receiving locations of entrants, persons living east of Miss. should multiply all bonus points by three; those west of Miss., divide bonus points by factor of 5. Exceptions to these rules are listeners residing within 50 miles of the Atlantic, Pacific or Gulf coasts, who may not score any bonus points. The reasons for this rule should be obvious to all. I want to be fair!

Tube Factor: Receivers with over 18 tubes, multiply raw score by 2; receivers with 4 to 18 tubes, multiply by 7; receivers with 1 to 4 tubes, multiply by 19; crystal sets or receivers with no tubes, multiply by 48.

Miscellaneous: Rules must be strictly adhered to! All entries must be in hands of contest manager, Charlie Loudenboomer, no later than 1800 GMT July 31. Entries will be very carefully checked. A 1.5% error factor will be allowed, but entrants with greater percentage will be disqualified. Remember, neatness counts!

Through an arrangement with my uncle, a haberdasher, in the case of prizes, duplicate ties will be awarded! Good luck to all!

Charlie Loudenboomer