

# Oh Yea, I Remember That!

By Dave Lugo, W5TAZ

Long sleepless nights! I suppose we all have them from time to time. Me, I seem to have them quite often. You know how it is, you wind up getting interested in TV or listening to the scanner on those all too often busy nights and before you know it you are up way past your usual bed time and you can't sleep.

When I have nights like this I usually sit alone, My wife doesn't seem to have these problems, in the dark and after awhile, the scanner slows down, you learn all there is to know about tightening your buns, slimming your buns or just simply burning your buns, Ouch! You wind up ordering a set of indestructible steak knives or one of those things you put a chicken in and watch through the unbreakable window on the front as it is turned, tortured and browned to perfection!

Needless to say the wife has hidden the credit cards and blocked the phone between the late evening and early morning hours! This is when I drift off to the memories in my head; looking back I don't think I could have had a better childhood.

I grew up in West Tulsa, back when the main place to hang out was Louie's Hamburger King! For those of you who remember Louie's, the burgers were ok but the people who showed up there was why most of us went. Friday and Saturday night you could drive by and see people sitting on the roof drinking quarts of beverages, you know the kind, dark brown bottles. The old Ice House was just across the river where 244 hits the Arkansas and the closest thing I had to a transmitter was a set of walkie talkies I had gotten for Christmas.

I make it sound wild but it wasn't all that bad. Most were local people from the neighborhood and we knew them by name. South West Boulevard or old route 66 was a happening place! Peoria Avenue was called the restless ribbon and gas was 18 to 20 cents per gallon and ham radio operators built their own equipment and it all glowed in the dark!

Those day's are long gone and today Louie's Hamburger King is just a memory for us older guy's, filling our tanks is just about as painful as a root canal, and the folks you mention the Ice house to can't believe there was actually a place to buy a block of ice to keep you groceries cold!

I was too young to hang out at Louie's. My mom just would not have one of her boy's up there with that unruly bunch of thugs! My Dad had a good job that paid for all the luxuries a young lad like myself could enjoy! We even had a TV and a Fridgeadaire.

Bless her heart, she raised us boys with a stern hand and taught us to fend for ourselves and always try to do the right thing. She raised three of us; I'm the good-looking one of the bunch! Over the years I gave my Mom plenty to complain and worry about, but when the time came when I would wind up the man of the house I pulled my self up and met the challenge. There is nothing to help a young man to become a man more than responsibility!

I was the type of Kid who had to find out what makes something tick. If it worked I would "open it up" to see how it worked, if it was broke, man did I have a great time seeing if I could fix it. This turned out to be great groundwork for being a Ham later on in life.

My friends and I used to make many of our own play toys. A tin can with the end cut out and split down the seam nailed to a stick would provide hours of entertainment steering a wagon wheel up and down the street. We spent days on end gathering material and parts to build downhill racers for riding down the levy next to the river.

We would scour the dump for old lawn mowers and disassemble the engines and use several to make one good engine. If we were lucky we would find a horizontal shaft engine, which would allow us to build a motorized go-cart. Through my child hood years we had several we literally wore out.

Nothing was safe from my tinkering in the summer months. Old radios, you know the table top models made out of bakelite of celluloid, provided hours of entertainment as well, I learned by trail and error that when the internal antenna went bad I could string a long wire up and get all kinds of distant and exotic places like Chicago in my bedroom at night. My favorite shows turned out to be the old cereal reruns like "The Life of Reilly" and "Dick Tracy" and "The Shadow". Wonderful programs that kept this oddball young man entertained.

The West Tulsa of my youth is just a memory now that I visit on those long sleepless nights. I'm quite a bit older and a lot slower than I once was but in my head I still enjoy the adventures I had as a boy growing up. My mom still lives in west Tulsa, in the shadows of the 145.110 repeater as a matter of fact. She too is a little slower these days.

She used to have the "Fastest Shoe In West Tulsa". Whenever I would cross that line of being a Good Boy to one of being a Heathen, that shoe would come off her foot and find my head with the accuracy of one of those laser guided missiles you see on the news these days. Not to worry though, my wife has vowed to carry on my mothers fine work, she keeps me in line and if I don't stay within the reasonable boundaries that she has set for me, I get reminded of my place in the pecking order around my QTH.

**See Photo:**



Boy, does it look as though she is enjoying that a little too much? It does to me.

Today I spend most of my time and energy working for the betterment of my communities. I try to get on the ham bands and talk to my friends as much as possible; I don't always get as much time as I would like to have. I work for the Okmulgee County Emergency Management, write two newsletters and manage four web pages with a fifth one in the works. I keep myself busy, if not dodging the wife, on the computer or doing chores around the house I find the time to get on and burn up the airwaves with a lot of nonsense and total lack of intelligence.

I may not always try to save the world, but I sure seem to work hard trying not to forget it! But I guess that is what we get out of life, memories, make yours good ones filled with loads of friends, in the long run you will benefit greatly from it. Even if your mean old wife does whack you around with a frying pan!

**73 DE W5TAZ**