

Marty and I first met when he started coming to the St. Paul Radio Club; he started classes with Ralph Andrea and Warren Kopyy. He made the transition to ham radio from CB, took the tests and got his license. He joined Gary, WDØERV and me on Hewitt between Hamline and Fairview. A stone's throw from Marty was Scott, NØAR, on Taylor. Marty was not shy about asking questions—if I didn't know the answer, most certainly Scott did!

I very quickly appreciated knowledge he brought from CB, auto body repair, cooking, and his knowledge of streets, highways, and towns in Wisconsin and Minnesota. He found great, inexpensive places to eat all along his routes as a truck driver, and more shortcuts than I can even remember. His appreciation for good music encompassed nearly all styles.

Marty so enjoyed hamfests that he would go with me to prowl the radio flea-markets/tailgaters' tables. I would set up my tables with tubes and some miscellany, and off Marty would go, hunting for treasures. He came back to set up his articles for sale, having found any number of great deals—he would even alert me to Morse keys that he saw, in case I needed them for my collection/accumulation. Later in the sale, after selling what he could, he would go out, prowl among boxes of miscellaneous radio/electronic assortments, and come back with one or more additional treasures, when I had thought that the bargains were all gone. He was an old-style horse trader and would negotiate to get the cheapest price. How he found some of those things remains a mystery to me and also to Scott! We went to Rochester, St. Cloud, Eau Claire (Pizza Del Ray), Brainerd,

Duluth, Buffalo, Henderson, Rush City and all the local get-togethers. We had fun enjoying each other's company and his commenting on all the places he had delivered to during his career. What a wealth of information.

Marty affiliated with the St. Paul Radio Club, although he did not maintain a membership for many years. He said, "If I'm not a member, I can't be elected to any office!" When the club met here at the church, he and I were the first to arrive—I had keys to the church—and the last to leave after doing a thorough security sweep of the church before locking up.

He assumed the role of Net Control Station for the St. Paul Radio Club's "Friendly Net" Wednesday evenings from Gene, WTØR. For more than 15 years, he held forth, calling the net—missing only a few nets in all that time. We regulars normally were there, and Marty acknowledged us, and called for newcomers, welcoming them warmly from both coasts, the Gulf, and even Canada. Many newcomers got their first warm welcome from Marty. Even his aunt and uncle, Ellie and Merle Johnson, checked in with him.

He made antennas from copper plumbing pipe, helping many newcomers to VHF-local area contacts by suggesting how to mount the antenna, how to feed it, and how to use it. When the price of copper tubing trebled, he turned to rehabbing and updating older computers for those among us who don't need all the latest bells and whistles. He checked them out, scrapping those too old to really be useful, set them up with Windows 7, his favorite, and then sell them to us at reasonable prices. I suspect that at least some of us here benefitted from his efforts.

Marty was to me a good friend and fellow ham for more than half of my 60 years as a ham radio operator. I shall miss his companionship, his sage wisdom, and his wide range of taught lessons.

Nancy, Cheryl, Bob, and Paul, thank you for sharing him with us all.

73 and God bless. KAØNAN -.-. .-.. -.-