



perp: KM1G

accomplice: K1QEK

MY TURN

So W1SD has left the pasture. According to a recent broadcast e-mail, Warren has “had enough” of complaints from those who evidently think behavior on-air is bacchanalian and unseemly. Amateur Radio is governed in this country by the FCC, but not even the high and mighty can trump the First Amendment. Which this document represents. It’s mine, it belongs to me, and I can say what I want—so long as I understand I am responsible for what I write.

And what I have to write, now, is a message to anyone who complained to Warren about Bull Net decorum: *get a life!*

I’ve been playing in the pasture for awhile now, been licensed since 1980. As you all know, I am useless in a technical arena, but my mind is pretty keen in matters of naughty and nice. I made my living as an editorial arbiter for decades. And I am here to tell you, there is a line between filthy and *risqué*.

I love the Bull Net. I’m not ashamed to say it’s the highlight of my day. I don’t have a car (most days) and I’m not as spry as I used to be. My life revolves around reading, some internet, and hamming, with the BN at the head of my dance card. And the reason it tops my list gets to the heart of my message to those who would complain about it.

There are filthy places on seventy-five meters. We all know that. We’ve listened to them, although I hope not often. We vote with our feet: with the VFO. But I submit to you the BN is not a filthy place. *Risqué* to be sure, and thin skins needn’t apply. Doubles, and triples, and mults (oh my!). Quick triggers.

But filth? Truly bad language? I submit not—and I’ll go further. I say the men, and we happen to all be men, know where the line is, and while we aren’t afraid to tiptoe up to it we don’t lay on its razor wire so others ran run across and grease the goodie-two-shoes. The fact is, I find the Bull Net stimulating, interesting. Forrest Gump had it right: the BN is like a bunch of chocolates; you never know what you’re going to get. Check into conventional nets? There’s a list, compiled by NECOS and worked in order, and everyone—every single swinging station—gives local WX and what they’re planning for their next meal. *Snore!* Gimme the mults and the quick triggers anytime.

But wait, there’s more! Weak signal? Tech troubles? The BN will help. Oh, they’ll extract their pound of flesh, maybe, especially if you make yourself a joke, as I deliberately do.

I’m sure you’ve heard the old one about the patient who told his doctor, “Doc, it hurts when I do this.” And the sawbones advised, “Don’t do that.” If you don’t approve of the goings on at 3.928 of an afternoon, I suggest A) there’s more likely something askew with you, not us; and more to the point, B:

Don’t go there!

73 de KM1G

