

A Cajun Ham's Night Before Christmas*

'Twas de night befo' Chrissmas,
An' all tru two-meter,
Not a signal was keying
Up any repeater.

De antennas, dey reach up
From de tower, reel high,
To catch de weak signal
Dat bounce from de sky.

De children, Tech-Pluses,
Took dey HT's to bed,
An' dream of dat day
When dey'd be Extras, instead.

Ma, she put on her headphone,
Me, I plug in de key,
An' we tune 40 meter
For dat rare ZK-tree.

When de meter was peg
by a signal wit power.
It smoke a small diode,
an', I swear, shook de tower.

Ma, she yank off her phone,
An' wit all she could muster
Log a spot of de signal
An' de DX Packet Cluster,

While me, I run to de window
An' peer up at de sky,
To see what could be generate
some RF dat high.

It was way in de distance,
Mais de moon made it gleam, yeh -
A flying sleigh, mais, wit a
Eight element beam,

An' a l'il ole driver
What look slightly mean.
Mais, I taut for a moment,
Dat he might be Wayne Green.

Mais no, it was Santa,
De Santa of Hams.
On a mission, dis Chrissmas,
To clean up de bands.

He circle de tower,
Den stop in his track,
An' he slide down de co-ax
Rat into de shack.

Ma, her and me hid
Behind stacks of CQ,
Dis Santa of hamming
He knew jus what to do, yeah.

He clear off de shack desk
Of paper an' parts,
An' fill out all my late
QSLs for a start.

He runned copper braid,
Took a steel rawd an' pounded
It into de dirt, til
De station, it be grounded.

He tighten loose fittin,
Re-solder connection,
Crank down modulation,
Install lightning protection.

He neutralize tube
In my linear amp...
(Never work rat before-
Mais now, it work like a champ).

A new, low-pass filter
Clean up de TV.
He correct all de setting
In my TNC.

He repahr de computer
Dat would not compute,
An' he back up de hard drive
An' got it to boot, yeah.

Den, he reach really deep
In de bag what he brought,
An' he pull out a big box.
A new rig? I taut!

A new Kenwood? A Icom?
A Yaesu, for me?!
(If he taut I been bad
It might be QRP!)

**Mais Yeah! De Ultimate Station!
How I done deserve dis?
Could it be all doze hour
Dat I work Public Serviss?**

**He hook it all up
An' in record time, quickly
Work 100 country,
All down on 160**

**Me, I shoulde been happy,
It was my call he sant.
Mais, de cards and de postage
costed 2 month's o' rant!**

**He make final adjustment,
An' leff a card by de key:
"To Linda, from Santa Claus.
Seventy-Tree."**

**Den he grab up his HT,
Look me straight in de eye,
Punch a code on de pad,
And was gone - no bye-bye**

**Me, I run back to de station,
An' de pile-up it was big, yeah
But a card from St. Nick
Would be wurt my new rig.**

**Oops, too late, for his final
Came over de air...
It was copy all over.
An' was heard everywhere.**

**De Ham's Santa exclaim
What a ham might expeck,
"Marry Chrissmas to all y'all,
An' to all, good DX!"**

*** Adapted from "A Ham's Night Before Christmas"
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