

top of them concealing them. The Germans told them to leave but the family refused, so the soldiers went back up and out of the cellar. "We could hear the tanks," said Deas, "...squeeling all night long and we knew they were British or U.S. or somebody. It wasn't the Germans, there were just too many of them." The town was shelled all night long. The next morning, everything stopped and there was silence. So the pilots got out of the shelter and walked down a road. There were bodies of soldiers everywhere, Germans and Canadians alike. Suddenly, a man stood up with a gun and called for them to halt. Deas immediately yelled out that he was a British pilot. It was an allied soldier and the four pilots in hiding were finally rescued. Deas was cleaned up, given some food to eat, and then immediately debriefed and interrogated about who he was and why he had been there. Within two hours, Deas was on a plane back to Brussels. His wife, Molly, whom he had married not very long before he had been lost, still did not know if he was still alive. She had worked for the Army in Britain and he did not know where *she* was either. Deas called several Army bases and finally got in contact with a Major in the Women's Corps who knew Molly and called her to tell her he was alright.

After the war was over, Deas got a letter from the mayor of the town where he had been in hiding. The people there wanted to put on a ceremony for the pilots and the family who had hidden them. At this point, he and his wife had moved to the United States, but they were going to be in Scotland for vacation so he decided to make the extra trip. He got there, and for the second time, he met Marie De Klerk, the woman who had saved his life and the lives of many others. To express his gratitude, Deas removed the wings from his battle dress uniform, the original wings he had been presented with when he earned the right to fly in the way, and gave them to her.

George Deas had many meaningful experiences in World War II. He was even inducted into the Caterpillar Club for pilots in the war who had been forced to bail out and lived to tell the tale. Near the end of the war, he was even put in charge of a POW camp holding German prisoners. However, after his experience in Belgium, he never flew in action again. He does, however, still enjoy flying and gets the opportunity to do so every once in a while. George Deas played many roles during the course of World War II and no matter which one memory may stand out more than the others, he says he will never forget any of it and is thankful that he had a part of it. "It was quite an experience and one that I would not have wanted to miss."

*This story was recorded by Andrew E. Nelson in 2002. It was written and presented as a paper for a World War II History course at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.*

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### **Classified Ads**

**For sale**, ICOM 91AD DSTAR HT, New in Box Contact John Gebuhr  
WB0CMC 402-932-3443

AK-SAR-BEN Amateur Radio Club, Inc.

# Ham Hum

Volume LVIII, Issue 8

August 2008

## Field Day 2008

Like years past, this Field Day almost didn't happen. But it wasn't for the same reason as previous years. The interest level was fine, we had a site, we had food, we had radios, antennas, and operators. So why the uncertainty? The storm the night before! The night before Field Day the Omaha Metro Area got attacked by winds nearing a speed of 100MPH! Trees were down, much of Omaha didn't have power (including yours truly!), and there were many questions that night as to if we'd be operating radios as part of Field Day, or if we'd be operating radios as part of the recovery effort.

After much discussion, the show went on. We met at Walnut Creek Recreation Area Saturday morning. When I arrived, N0UP already had dinner in the smoker. N0TRK and K0CTU arrived shortly after with radios and antennas, and we all started to set up our operating stations under the picnic shelter.

The cord on the club's brand new Honda generator was pulled, and Field Day started! We had stations on 40 and 20 phone, and Rob KC0OYT was working GOTA on 15 phone. In the afternoon, 10 Boy Scouts arrived with parents to learn about our hobby. Mary N0TRK did a good job of explaining various aspects of amateur radio and got a few of the kids to make an on-air QSO! All of the kids got their radio merit badges!

We operated throughout the day and into the night, breaking occasionally for food and drinks.

A few of us camped on-site, as we had permission from the park to do so, while others decided to go home for the night and come back in the morning to catch the last few hours of Field Day.

Tear down went quickly, thanks largely to the easy set up and clean up of the OMMRS equipment we were using.

My thanks goes out to everyone who attended, operated, planned, helped set up, and tear down. This was your Field Day, and you all came through, making it a fun and successful event! Our scores have been submitted. We made around 300 contacts between the 3 transmitters. We also got a lot of bonus points because of the Boy Scouts, and a visit by a served agency representative, Dr. Tom Williams WX0L from the OMMRS Communications Committee.

Corby Krick

[cnbk@corbykrick.com](mailto:cnbk@corbykrick.com)

HAM HUM is the official newsletter of the AK-SAR-BEN Amateur Radio Club, Inc. in Omaha, Nebraska. It is printed monthly and is distributed to members of the club, local disaster officials, local electronics outlets, and editors of other ham radio newsletters.

Articles about activities of members are solicited. The subject matter must be of general interest to radio amateurs and be understandable to a significant portion of the membership. No payment will be made to contributors and submissions will be subject to the usual editorial review. Articles containing statements that could be construed as libel or slander will not be accepted. No guarantee can be made that an accepted article will be published by a certain date. Send your contributions to Ham Hum, P.O. Box 24551, Omaha, NE 68124-0551 or email [hamhum@aksarbenarc.org](mailto:hamhum@aksarbenarc.org). Please contact the editor for permission to reprint anything appearing in the Ham Hum.

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## Contest Calendar

### August, 2008

WAE DX Contest, CW	0000Z, Aug 9 to 2359Z, Aug 10
Maryland-DC QSO Party	1600Z, Aug 9 to 0400Z, Aug 10 1600Z-2359Z, Aug 10
ARRL 10 GHz and Up Contest	0600 local, Aug 16 to 2400 local, Aug 17
Russian District Award Contest	0800Z, Aug 16 to 0800Z, Aug 17
North American QSO Party, SSB	1800Z, Aug 16 to 0600Z, Aug 17
New Jersey QSO Party	2000Z, Aug 16 to 0700Z, Aug 17 1300Z, Aug 17 to 0200Z, Aug 18

### Hawaii QSO Party

Ohio QSO Party	0700Z, Aug 23 to 2200Z, Aug 24
YO DX HF Contest	1600Z, Aug 23 to 0400Z, Aug 24
SARL HF CW Contest	1200Z, Aug 30 to 1200Z, Aug 31 1400Z-1600Z, Aug 31

### September, 2008

MI QRP Labor Day CW Sprint	2300Z, Sep 1 to 0300Z, Sep 2
All Asian DX Contest, Phone	0000Z, Sep 6 to 2400Z, Sep 7
North American Sprint, CW	0000Z-0400Z, Sep 7
DARC 10-Meter Digital Contest	1100Z-1700Z, Sep 7
Tennessee QSO Party	1800Z, Sep 7 to 0300Z, Sep 8
WAE DX Contest, SSB	0000Z, Sep 13 to 2359Z, Sep 14
Swiss HTC QRP Sprint	1300Z-1900Z, Sep 13
SOC Marathon Sprint	1800Z-2400Z, Sep 13
North American Sprint, SSB	0000Z-0400Z, Sep 14
ARRL 10 GHz and Up Contest	0600 local, Sep 20 to 2400 local, Sep 21

Washington State Salmon Run	1600Z, Sep 20 to 2400Z, Sep 21
QRP Homebrewer Sprint	0000Z-0400Z, Sep 22
CQ Worldwide DX Contest, RTTY	0000Z, Sep 27 to 2400Z, Sep 28
Texas QSO Party	1400Z, Sep 27 to 2000Z, Sep 28

For details check the following web site the week prior to the contest.

<http://www.hornucopia.com/contestcal/index.html>

## Upcoming Events

August 5	AK-SAR-BEN ARC Board Meeting, 7:00 PM, Red Cross
August 8	AK-SAR-BEN ARC Club Meeting, 7:30 PM, Red Cross
August 16-17	Offutt AFB Air Show, Ron Clark <a href="mailto:NØPOM">NØPOM</a> at <a href="mailto:offuttairshow@bellevuearc.org">offuttairshow@bellevuearc.org</a> for info
September 9	AK-SAR-BEN ARC Board Meeting, 7:00 PM, Red Cross
September 12	AK-SAR-BEN ARC Club Meeting, 7:30 PM, Red Cross
September 13 & 20	Bellevue ARC Technician Class 9:00 AM - 3:00 PM Allan <a href="mailto:WAØFIP_education@bellevuearc.org">WAØFIP_education@bellevuearc.org</a> for info
September 21	BVARC Flea Market, Mo Valley, IA <a href="http://www.bvarc.net/">http://www.bvarc.net/</a>
September 27	River City Round-up Parade, Dar Piatt <a href="mailto:W9HZC">W9HZC</a> for info
September 28	Make-A-Wish Bike Ride, George Bellairs <a href="mailto:KBØZZT">KBØZZT</a> for info
September 30	HDXA & AARC VE Test Session, 6:30 PM, Red Cross
October 5	AK-SAR-BEN ARC Hamfest, Millard NE

British pilots were in the area. It was these men's job, who had found him, to bring these pilots into hiding. The family that Deas stayed with while in hiding was not new to this risky business. The head of the household, a husband and father, had been arrested for concealing allied pilots. He was still in jail and this family continued to carry out their mission. "The woman, who had nine or ten kids, Marie De Klerk was her name. Belgian gal...was hiding, at that particular time, four others." All of the others were also pilots from Belgium and the United States. "Here she was," Deas said, "with all of her kids and still taking this risk.

The men in hiding spent most of their time in the attic of the family's house. On several occasions, even though they were well behind German lines, the pilots would try and devise a way to get out by themselves, but nothing ever worked. Sometimes at night, the family would bring the pilots downstairs to socialize. Deas became very nervous when this would happen, "They would start drinking...and singing. All the songs were not very complimentary to the Germans, and I thought, 'Oh, my God...they're going to hear them and....'" What made Deas all the more nervous about it was the Germans were walking up and down the street by the house frequently.

Deas was in hiding with the family for six weeks. There was not much food for several reasons, and they had to get along on potatoes and horsemeat, but there was not very much of even that, so they were very hungry. They contracted scurvy because there was not much fruit available. Physically, the men were suffering also, "Six weeks like that lying in straw and hay and stuff and not eating properly and no water. We didn't get to shower or bath or anything for six weeks. I ended up in terrible condition. I could hardly walk. I don't know how much weight I lost." Deas and the others spent most of their time lying down, thinking about what should have or might have been. Some of the time, they would just watch the Germans walking by. There was a gun emplacement at the end of the street where the house was, and they would watch the Germans go off and on duty.

The family Deas was with had been hiding people for years, and as it turned out, this group of pilots would be their last. The village where they were was along the road to the famous Battle of the Bulge. The Canadians had sent word that they were going to shell the town soon, which gave locals the chance to leave. There was not much time and the Canadian Army was rapidly approaching, "They were going to shell the Germans, beat them down so they could overrun them." Obviously, with Germans everywhere, the pilots could not leave from hiding. The family hiding them did not leave either. One night, soon after dark, the shelling began. The family and pilots had moved into a cellar used for storing fruits and vegetables. The Germans began evacuating the town, "In the meantime, the shells started landing all around us. I never was ever scared in operations in the aircraft, but I was scared *that* night."

After a while, some Germans came down into the cellar. The pilots were hidden under some blankets with all of De Klerk's children sitting on

Continued on back cover

### **George C.T. Deas: A World War II Experience**

By Andrew E. Nelson

George Deas grew up in Scotland in the 1920s and 30s. He had been a King Scout and when it came time for war, he wanted to see action. He *did* get involved and through the course of World War II, he had many fascinating experiences. He was a police officer, a pilot, and ended the war running a POW camp. "It was quite an experience," Deas recalled, "and one that I would not have wanted to miss."

"We were sent to find what they said was an ammunition train. This was in--we were actually in Belgium, over Belgium, at this time." Deas and his wing began this mission as if it were any other mission. The only difference was they were transferring to a different airfield after the attack. They had everything with them in the planes, logbooks, clothes, and other personals. They were even wearing their dress uniforms to keep them from getting crushed and wrinkled in packing. With maps strapped to their knees, they flew toward their assigned waypoint and mission. "We found the train and we were ready to shoot it up and we did," Deas recalled. "I think we had the full sixteen planes there. I was leading one of the eight and the squadron leader was leading the other eight, up and down, flying up and down, shooting this train up. As we were doing this, things were exploding and smoke was starting to come up all over the place." The planes they were flying on this mission had cameras built into the nose of the aircraft with a button for the pilot to use. The squadron leader broke radio silence and ordered Deas to fly down and take some pictures. "I went down there and got real low and was flying along over the top of this train, right down the line so I could take pictures...all the way down. I don't know if I got shot at or if it was something that blew up in the train...but all of a sudden...the engine choked." The dials on Deas' dash began jumping all over the place. Soon after, the engine died. He was very low, just feet above the train, flying at speeds he estimated to be close to five hundred miles an hour. He knew bailing out at such a low altitude at such a high speed meant certain death. He also knew for a safe bailout, he would need to be over one thousand feet. Deas pulled up, his speed sufficient to get him back above one thousand feet. He thought back to his training on how to eject. "The instruction, in our particular aircraft, was to trim it nose-heavy...pull it straight back as far as you could, open the hatch, let the stick go, and it would be like a catapult. It would throw you out. It didn't work. I did it...I banged my head on the windshield. I remember (thinking) at the time, 'If I ever get that SOB who told me to do that....'" Deas was losing speed and oxygen quickly, so he knew he had only one more option. He rolled the plane over and dropped out of his seat, knowing full well the dangers of the plane beginning to spin.

Deas did not pay attention to where his plane went down. He was now parachuting down behind enemy lines. His new mission was survival and he was very aware of it. "I could hear rifle shots and I could hear the bullets whistling around." The Germans, down on the ground, were firing at him as he descended to the ground. His squadron stayed and circled

Continued on page 5

## **ITU standard assists rescue workers to notify victim's next of kin**

### **Global mobile phone directory code for use in emergencies**

**Geneva, 23 July 2008** — Emergency workers searching for next-of-kin contact information for an injured person now have a globally recognized way of doing so, thanks to a new standard from ITU.

By simply prefixing the Arabic numerals 01, 02, 03, and so on to a nominated contact, such as "01father", "02wife" or "03husband" written in any script in the mobile telephone directory, will help emergency workers in any part of the world identify contacts in order of priority and notify them.

ITU will work with non-profit organization ICE4SAFETY to promote this new way of identifying an emergency contact in a mobile handset's directory.

"In Case of Emergency" — or ICE — has emerged in some English-speaking countries encouraging people to list emergency contact numbers in their mobile phone's directory in the form of "ICE father", for example, or "ICE doctor". However, this precludes people who do not use or recognize the Roman script from readily identifying what the term "ICE" represents. ITU members expressed the need to identify emergency contacts independent of language or script.

The new standard, which is a clause to ITU-T Recommendation E.123, internationalizes the ICE concept and recommends the use of Arabic numerals (0 to 9) to denote emergency contact numbers in a handset's directory. It exploits the fact that even though written scripts differ around the world these digits are universally recognized, making it usable by anyone regardless of language or script.

Malcolm Johnson, Director of ITU's Telecommunication Standardization Bureau, said, "Emergency telecommunications is a top priority for ITU. This simple addition to a person's next-of-kin or nominated contact details has the potential to greatly reduce stress for overworked emergency workers around the world. Anything that can be done to reduce the workload of these remarkably brave people and assist in getting injured people the right care and attention is commendable. We will work tirelessly with ICE4SAFETY and other agencies to promote this concept."

"We have seen the tremendous benefit of the ICE concept to the emergency services community," said Mark Balduzzi, Developer of ICE4SAFETY. "ITU's initiative to internationalize ICE takes the concept one step further, and we wholeheartedly support this."

ITU-T Recommendation E.123, or the notation for national and international telephone numbers, defines a standard way of writing telephone numbers, e-mail addresses, and web addresses. ICE4SAFETY has modified its symbol by incorporating the reference E.123. For more information on ICE4SAFETY, visit the organization's website [www.ice4safety.com](http://www.ice4safety.com)

around the area to make sure Deas got to the ground and was still alive and then radio back for a search and rescue team.

Deas hit the ground and despite his squadron knowing his location, he was on his own. He could hear the Germans searching for him. "I could hear them shouting and hollering and saying, 'He's here, he's there.' I thought, 'Oh, my God!' So I lay down in the ditch." Deas had some, but not much time to think of what to do. Since he was wearing his dress uniform, the first thing he did was take everything out of his pockets and tried to remove whatever rank badges he could. "I had a revolver with me, which according to the Geneva Convention I was not supposed to have when you're a potential prisoner of war situation." He took his revolver out and buried it in the ditch. All of a sudden, a Nazi soldier came up to the side of the ditch. "I watched him and he couldn't have been eighteen. He was terrified, I could tell by the look on his face this kid wanted to be anywhere but this." The soldier spotted Deas, pointed his gun at him, and turned to run the other way. Deas proceeded to run in the opposite direction. It was not long until three or four more soldiers spotted him. One of the soldiers spoke enough English to say, "Come on, let's go!" The Germans marched their new prisoner to a farm-like place. They put him in a barn and locked the door. He was in there for a little while when he spotted a little light coming from the back. It was a little door. "I could see the light shining through. So I go over there and...that's the last they saw of me."

Deas began trying to figure out where he was and where he should go. He had lost all his things in the plane, and all he had with him now was a few maps and they were for the wrong territory. He also had some vitamin tablets, some chocolates, and a little pocketknife he kept in his boot. He used the knife to cut up turnips and other things he ate. He was out on his own, in hiding, for three days or so, surviving on turnips and keeping away from any building with telephone wires, "Obviously, the only people who had telephones were the Germans."

Very often, Deas would hear tanks and other vehicles come near him on the rural highways. On the morning of the fourth day, he saw three or four men walking toward him. He figured them to be between eighteen and twenty years old. Deas decided to take a chance and reveal himself. I stood up part way and one of the men walked over to him. Deas identified himself as an officer and a pilot. The man said he knew and told Deas to sit back down quickly, saying they would be back soon. Deas recalled what the young man said, "You stay here and we'll be back. You stay right here, stay down." So I stayed there and I thought, 'You know what? They're going to come back with the Gestapo.'" He decided to move again, but not so far as to not see what the men were going to do when they got back. He moved a couple hundred yards away to where he could still see the spot, but where they would not be able to see him. When they came back, they had a clergyman with them. He could see the man's distinguishing collar. Deas decided to identify himself to the men. As it turned out, the men were part of the Belgian underground known as the White Brigade.

The White Brigade knew about when downed U.S., Canadian, and

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