

We reach out to the sky and find friends. Duane W9DQD of Grand Junction Colo., wrote a striking Cenotaph to his deceased young friend Wally W9CZT of Danville, IL They had met on the air in the 30's. The tribute appeared in the July 1934 Issue of QST magazine; This effort is dedicated to my old C.W. pal Howard Bud Freitag W8EC, Jacksonville, Tx., who left us in 2008.

Far through the still, cold blackness of the night,
Ten times an hundred miles of vale and peak,
I heard this voice - the voice of those who speak,
With hand on clicking key and put to flight,
Traveling near and far with speed of light,
Dim eerie whispers. Now my friend I seek,
On ether lanes no more-in accents meek,
I ask a blessing on his soul tonight.

I never saw his face in life, nor heard
His voice, nor felt his hand clasped tight in mine;
Fate kept us far apart, yet friends may laugh
At space, even death; free as a bird
He seeks whate'er he will, held by no line-
"My Unseen friend" - God Bless this cenotaph!

QSL courtesy of W8JYZ Bob Green's Old QSL Cards. Material ideas from QSL Net KQ4PL

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