

Order of The Iron Test Pattern



Volume 1

Number 4

November 10, 2002

This is your Newsletter and your input is, of course, most welcome.

NEWS

We've come up with a couple of new wrinkles in our fabric. First; our noble founder, Bob Vendeland, better known as Father Bob by some and other things unprintable by others, has come up with a "stellar" idea. He's suggesting we form a speaker's bureau. The idea behind this is to offer the world the benefit of our experiences and anecdotes as chronicled by our members.

Nearly ever service club (Lions, Optimists, Kiwanis, Rotary, etc.) has guest speakers come in and talk about any number of subjects. These talks are usually informative and entertaining. The speakers are not always professionals, just folks who like to share their stories and or information. Face it, there aren't too many of us who don't have an interesting story to two. Now this is not something for everyone, but we have enough storytellers in our midst, that it sounds like it could be a hands-down success.

Father Bob sent out a few feelers to see if there was any interest. Zowie! He got some very positive response. So if you're even remotely interested, let us know: Editor@OITP.org

Wrinkle two: Just after NAB this year (2002), where we didn't have any kind of gathering of our most illustrious organization, our Sagacious Pixel, put together a road show called a Taste of NAB. (You can see it at: <http://www.tech-notes.tv/Trip/Trip.htm> click on the itinerary for the locations and pictures of the trip.) He found ten underwriters who made it possible for him to take the technology that was at NAB 2002 out to the grassroots. He set up in 31 venues from coast to coast traveling some 14,000 miles. Most of the venues were quite successful. He is considering doing it again after NAB 2003. He would like to combine the technology that will be presented at NAB 2003 with these stories our members have to offer to make for a really tremendous presentation. What do you think about that? Again, let us know: Editor@OITP.org

Wrinkle three: It was suggested that we provide a way for those members who'd like to let their friends and associates know where they're at and what they've been up to, to find out. That's a piece of cake. For those who'd like to do this, we can make their names a link on the Membership Page to either their personal website or we can create a small write up for them. We'll need input to do that. We, of course, would like a picture or two so those visiting these links will see who we're talking about. So far, we've done three: Admiral Jim Mendrala, Father Bob Vendeland, your Sagacious Pixel, Larry Bloomfield and we're adding others. Submit your link or your text (No books please) and pictures to: Webmaster@OITP.org. We're not charging for this, but maybe we should.

Speaking of the website, we've added a feature: every time we up date any of the pages, it will indicate the date it was done so you'll know.

We're looking for ideas for our party at NAB 2003 and a possible place to hold it. Also if you know where we can get the medallions and lapel pins made, let us know. It seems some companies just won't stay in business to accommodate us. Membership@OIPT.org We need sponsors. Give us a call if you can help.

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FYI: Tech-Notes just published their #111 edition. It can be seen as their current edition at: <http://www.Tech-Notes.TV> It is in PDF format.

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OITP IN THE NEWS



We've been informed by Sarah E. Stanfield, Managing Editor, "*DigitalTV-Television Broadcast*," that their November 2002 edition will carry the following story about us:

Order Of The Iron Test Pattern

Through snow and glitches, dropouts, ghosts and now cliff effect, we survive--undaunted. That's the motto of the Order of The Iron Test Pattern, which now has a website: www.oitp.org. Old members of the Order are encouraged to reconnect with the group and new members are always welcomed, although no one is quite sure why. If you can't curl your fingers enough to work a computer keyboard, you should get a friend to write Larry Bloomfield at 1920 25th

Street, Florence, OR 97439.

Drop Sarah a line to tell her thanks for her help in bring us back to life:

sstanfield@uemedia.com

<http://www.digitaltelevision.com>

THAT ISN'T ALL



At the request of one of our members, who just happens to be a VP of SBE, we've submitted the following, which we're told will be in an upcoming edition of the Society of Broadcast Engineers Journal, "*The Signal*."

For over 23 years, the **Order Of The Iron Test Pattern**, which started out as a spoof, has grown into something quite a bit more serious and long-lasting than ever envisioned by its founder, Bob Vendeland. Unlike other organizations that tout its member's technical or other achievements, the **Order Of The Iron Test Pattern** simply recognizes those many of us who've simply **SURVIVED** the experience of being in and around the television industry – even those who work in the area of television without the pictures.

Vendeland says: "The Order once had between 2000 to 3000 members around the world, but for one reason or another has dwindled to less than 300. Time, age, retirement and the grim-reaper have taken their toll, but many have just dropped through the cracks; we'd like to find them."

Now under the stewardship of Sagacious Pixel, Larry Bloomfield, the **Order of The Iron Test Pattern** is coming back to life. Bloomfield, a member of SBE, says since he was forced at telephone point to take the baton in September 2002, the membership has grown from the 246 he inherited to nearly 300. He is confident that he can get it back up to the level it once was. "Things are different now.

We welcome folks from Radio, Digital Cinema, Satellite, Translators, Cable and even sales. We even have endorsements that go on our certificates of membership that acknowledge these various areas of interest," Bloomfield says, concluding: "Take a look at our website to see what dignity you can come into our organization as. You'll love it and probably qualify!"

For more about this unusual and interesting group of SURVIVORS, visit their website: <http://www.OITP.org>. There are no dues or initiation fees, and most all are welcomed to join.

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Old News

From one of our members: We had an incident in Louisville in spring 1989 that was almost funny...a photographer from WDRB (Fox) was setting up for a live shot in front of the Hall of Justice, which at that time housed our county jail, while the reporter was inside getting facts for his story. The shooter was inside the truck, with the engine running and the camera on a tripod next to the truck.

Somebody broke out of the county jail (the Hall of Justice jail facility had a bad reputation), got in the driver's seat of the truck and drove off! The photographer overpowered him and stopped the truck, with no injuries. The camcorder (a one-piece Ampex-brand Betacam SP) survived, though the lens had to be replaced.

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CAN YOU TOP THIS?

From one of our members: "The only good thing about being remembered as an old guy who was once formidable is that you're not remembered as that DEAD old guy --- YET.

"OBSERVATIONS

Here's something different in the way of a clock:
<http://www.yugop.com/ver3/stuff/03/fla.html>

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From: CookRW1@aol.com

HOW DID WE SURVIVE?

Looking back, it's hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have.

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags.

Riding in the back of a pickup truck on a warm day was always a special treat.

Our houses and baby cribs were covered with bright colored lead-based paint.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors, or cabinets, and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets. (Not to mention hitchhiking to town as a young kid!)

We slept without flame retardant pajamas, without air conditioning, with doors and windows open.

Our dogs did not have rabies shots, distemper shots, parvo shots, and we didn't pour chemicals on them or on us to repel fleas and ticks and mosquitoes. We followed along in the big white clouds sprayed out by the city trucks to kill mosquitoes breathing in the wonderful smell of DDT.

We raced around town without adults on Halloween collecting treats and eating them as we went along without having them x-rayed first.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then rode down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times we learned to solve the problem.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on. No one was able to reach us all day.

We played dodgeball and sometimes the ball would really hurt.

We ate cupcakes, bread and butter, fried fat back for breakfast along with biscuits made with pure lard, and drank sugar sodas, but we were never overweight.... we were always outside playing.

We played with cap pistols and toy rifles and rubber knives.

We took snakes or frogs or lizards to school, but never guns.

We waded barefoot through muddy water in ditches catching tadpoles and crawdads.

We cut the grass with push mowers, climbed trees, and walked along the top of fences like they were tight ropes.

We petted stray dogs and cats and took them home to see if we could keep them.

We shot off fireworks without supervision or safety precautions and without getting arrested.

We made match guns out of clothes pins and shot flaming matches at each other and at passing cars.

We walked or rode our bicycles to and from school in the flaming heat, in the freezing cold, and in the pouring rain.

We were not afraid to accept a ride home from a total stranger when it was raining.

We knocked on strangers' doors without fear when we were searching for our missing puppy or kitten.

We left our bicycle lying in the middle of the front yard at night, and it would still be there in the morning.

There were tryouts for cheerleader and Little League, and not everyone made the teams. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

Some students weren't as smart as others so they failed a grade and were held back to repeat the same grade as many times as necessary.

We didn't wear designer clothes to school or drive shiny new cars to high school. If we had a car to drive, we were happy with anything that would run no matter what it looked like.

We had never even heard of seatbelts or airbags, which probably not done any good anyway with ten people packed into a Volkswagen.

That generation produced some of the best risk-takers and problem solvers.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

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RETARDED GRANDPARENTS

(Retirement in the eyes of a child)

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school. One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live in a big brick house but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Arizona; now they live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass. They ride around on their bicycles and wear nametags because they don't know who they are anymore. They go to a building called a wrecked center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now. They play games and do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but in it, they all jump up and down with hats on, while they talk to each other. I guess they don't know how to swim. At their gate, there is a dollhouse with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out. They go cruising in their golf carts. Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And, they eat the same thing every night-----early birds.

Some of the people can't get out past the man in the dollhouse. The ones, who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked center and call it pot luck. My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too.

When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the dollhouse. Then I will let people out so they can visit their grandchildren!

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RANDOM THOUGHTS:

(from one of our members)

1. The closest I ever got to a 4.0 in school was my blood alcohol content.
2. I don't do drugs anymore 'cause I find I get the same effect just standing up fast.
3. I have my own little world. But it's OK...they know me here.
4. Money can't buy happiness, but it sure makes misery easier to live with.
5. If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?
6. I don't approve of political jokes...I've seen too many of them get elected.
7. The most precious thing we have is life. Yet it has absolutely no trade-in value.
8. There are two sides to every divorce: Yours and dumbbells.
9. If life deals you lemons, make lemonade; if it deals you tomatoes, make Bloody Marys. But if it deals you a truckload of hand grenades...now THAT'S a message!
10. I love being married. It's so great to find that one special person you want to annoy for the rest of your life.
11. Shopping tip: You can get shoes for 85 cents at the bowling alley.
12. I am a nobody, and nobody is perfect; therefore I am perfect.

13. I married my wife for her looks...but not the ones she's been giving me lately!
14. Everyday I beat my own previous record for number of consecutive days I've stayed alive.
15. If carrots are so good for the eyes, how come I see so many dead rabbits on the highway?
16. How come we choose from just two people to run for president and 50 for Miss America?
17. Why is it that most nudists are people you wouldn't want to see naked?
18. Snowmen fall from Heaven unassembled.
19. Every time I walk into a singles bar I can hear Mom's wise words: "Don't pick that up, you don't know where it's been!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Keep 'em coming!)

Glad to hear from you. I don't really know how much of an update you need about me. The only news is that I did retire on April 26th after almost 37 years, and am now just taking it easy. I do try to keep up with what is going on in the Television Industry and maybe if I get bored I may look for some work to do. Glad to hear the OITP is still in operation. Also hope that a sponsor can be found to have a place to meet at the NAB. Take care and let me hear from you.

Joe

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One member writes: "Is this worth saving for the next newsletter?"

Experiment

As an experiment, an engineer, a physicist, and a mathematician are placed in separate rooms and left with a can of food, but no can opener. A day later, the rooms are opened, one-by-one.

In the first room, the engineer is snoring, with a battered, opened and emptied can. When asked, he explains that when he got hungry, he beat the can to its failure point.

In the second room, the physicist is seen mouthing equations, with a can popped open beside him. When asked, he explains that when he got hungry, he examined the stress points of the can, applied pressure, and "pop!"

In the third room, the mathematician is found sweating, and mumbling to himself, "Assume the can is open, assume the can is open..."

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My nephew has begun working at his high school radio station. (Yes, he's lucky to be going to a school that has an actual, FCC-licensed, over-the-air FM station.) So, although he isn't in television, he is a "Knight of the Wooden Tower"...

So, if he were to join the OITP (or if his uncle, me, were to do it for him), would he have to do it as an associate member?

(I guess I've got to find out if there's a cable TV system at his school, and if he's involved there.)

Thanks, Andy who says "Hindsight isn't 20/20 — it's 20/15!"

(Note: Andy's nephew is now our very first Page.)

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From an applicant

I've been conflicted about your wonderful invitation, since there is no sense in which I've been a contributor to television like the people described in your web site. However, I've decided that the opportunity to meet you guys and pretend to be one of you is just too exciting to pass up. Please allow me to accept the gracious invitation, and tell me what else I need to do.

We're starting to lose hope in having an effect on the US market, but are considering variations that might work elsewhere. The situation has been analyzed by a few groups that seem to understand the market, and they aren't generally optimistic. Even the cable business, which we thought might be the best avenue, has this difficulty that broadcasters demand that there be no degradation in the image. Having any letterbox lines, even dark ones, is thought to be such degradation. Also, I randomly picked 720p as the format that works well with the integer arithmetic involved, and now it seems that

1080i is better in some regards. I'm currently working on a variant for 1080i, and considering ways to add MPEG. So far, we've been able to generate pretty nice images without it. I guess the best thing we can claim is not one that we thought about originally - it just happens that image resolution degrades somewhat gracefully with increased distance from the transmitter.

Thanks very much--George

(Note: George was invited to send in his application.)

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AS I RECALL



We had a mystery at the transmitter in Miami, which is in a rather large building. We would find bits of fiberglass insulation on the floor all the time, as we had block walls up to 8', then another 4' of steel framing with this insulation, making a nice 12' high transmitter room. We finally discovered that a raccoon had come in around the mesh, which had gotten bent out of the way when we replaced a piece of 10 1/8" copper line heading out to the tower. It for some reason, unknown to me then, would claw at the insulation around the upper 4' border, and make a mess in the place. Our Cuban xmtr guy, Fermin, (pronounced "Fer-meen") finally spotted it, and tried to explain to me what was going on in broken English.

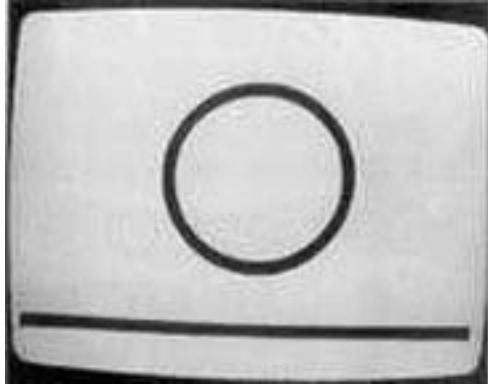
He had been trying to chase and hit it with a piece of conduit, but it would appear to go into the attack mode, and scared him half to death. Raccoons can carry rabies virus, and should not be messed with.

Turns out it was a new mother, and had been gathering up the insulation to make a nest in the corner, where we found five babies. We put the nest outside with the youngsters, under the transmission line bridge, and against the building, where it was somewhat sheltered.

The mother went out the screening, which we immediately fixed. They hung around for quite a while outside, as we would feed them occasionally, but eventually went into the woods next to the property.

You kind of had to be there, as poor Fermin was not fluent in English, and I'm not fluent in Spanish, which led to some other interesting conversations regarding measurements and maintenance, but that's a whole different story.

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Do you know what this is? Or where it came from? Or what it was used for?

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A LITTLE HUMOR – VERY LITTLE HUMOR

CHURCH BULLETIN BLOOPERS...

Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B.S. is done.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday morning.

The pastor will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing, "Break Forth Into Joy."

Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.

The eighth graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the church basement Friday at 7 p.m. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

Thursday night Potluck Supper. Prayer and medication to follow.

Weight Watchers will meet at 7 p.m. at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use large double door at the side entrance.

Don't let worry kill you, the church can help.

This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.

Thursday at 5:00 pm there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All wishing to become little mothers, please see the minister.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind and they may be seen in the church basement Friday.

Announcement in the church bulletin for a National PRAYER & FASTING Conference: "The cost for attending the Fasting and Prayer conference includes meals."

During the absence of our Pastor, we enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing a good sermon when J.F. Stubbs supplied our pulpit.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, superb entertainment, and gracious hostility.

This evening at 7 P.M. there will be a hymn sing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

"Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Don't forget your husbands."

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My job as a land surveyor took me to a golf course that was expanding to 18 holes. Using a machete to clear thick brush in an area I was mapping, I came upon a golf club that an irate player must have tossed away. It was in good condition, so I picked it up and continued on.

When I broke out of the brush onto a putting green, two golfers stared at me in awe. I had a machete in one hand, a golf club in the other, and behind me was a clear-cut swath over 100 yards long.

"There," said one of the golfers, "is a guy who hates to lose his ball!"

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Q: What do you call a small shrub clinging to the walls of the Grand Canyon? A: Gorge Bush

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Here's a good one, "Do you know how to top a car? You tep on the brake, stupid."

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Words of wisdom for today.

1. Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day; teach that person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks.
2. Some people are like Slinkys . . . not really good for anything, but you still can't help but smile when you see one tumble down the stairs.
3. I read recipes the same way I read science fiction; I get to the end and I think, "Well, that's not going to happen."
4. Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing.
5. The other night I ate at a real family restaurant. Every table had an argument going.
6. Have you noticed since everyone has a camcorder these days no one talks about seeing UFOs like they used to?
7. According to a recent survey, men say the first thing they notice about a woman is their eyes and women say the first thing they notice about men is they're a bunch of liars.
8. Whenever I feel blue, I start breathing again.
9. All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
10. Have you noticed that a slight tax increase costs you two hundred dollars and a substantial tax cut saves you thirty cents?
11. In the 60's people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird and people take Prozac to make it normal.
12. Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears very close resemblance to the first.
13. There is a theory which states that if ever anybody discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened.
14. How is it one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start campfire?
15. You read about all these terrorists--most of them came here legally, but they hung around on these expired visas, some for as long as 10-15 years. Now, compare that to Blockbuster: you're two days late with a video and those people are all over you. Let's put Blockbuster in charge of immigration.

Actual adds:

Illiterate? Write today for free help.

Auto Repair Service. Free pick-up and delivery. Try us once, you'll never go anywhere again.

Our experienced Mom will care for your child. Fenced yard, meals, and smacks included.

Dog for sale: eats anything and is fond of children.

Man wanted to work in dynamite factory. Must be willing to travel.

Stock up and save. Limit: one.

Semi-Annual after-Christmas Sale.

3-year old teacher needed for pre-school. Experience preferred.

Mixing bowl set designed to please a cook with round bottom for efficient beating.

Girl wanted to assist magician in cutting-off-head illusion. Blue Cross and salary.

Dinner Special -- Turkey \$2.35; Chicken or Beef \$2.25; Children \$2.00

For sale: antique desk suitable for lady with thick legs and large drawers.

Now is your chance to have your ears pierced and get an extra pair to take home, too.

We do not tear your clothing with machinery. We do it carefully by hand.

For sale. Three canaries of undermined sex. Great Dames for sale.

Have several very old dresses from grandmother in beautiful condition.

Tired of cleaning yourself. Let me do it.

Vacation Special: have your home exterminated. Get rid of aunts.

Zap does the job in 24 hours.

Toaster: A gift that every member of the family appreciates. Automatically burns toast.

For Rent: 6-room hated apartment.

Man, honest. Will take anything.

Used Cars: Why go elsewhere to be cheated. Come here first.

Christmas tag-sale. Handmade gifts for the hard-to-find person.

Wanted: Hair cutter. Excellent growth potential.

Wanted. Man to take care of cow that does not smoke or drink.

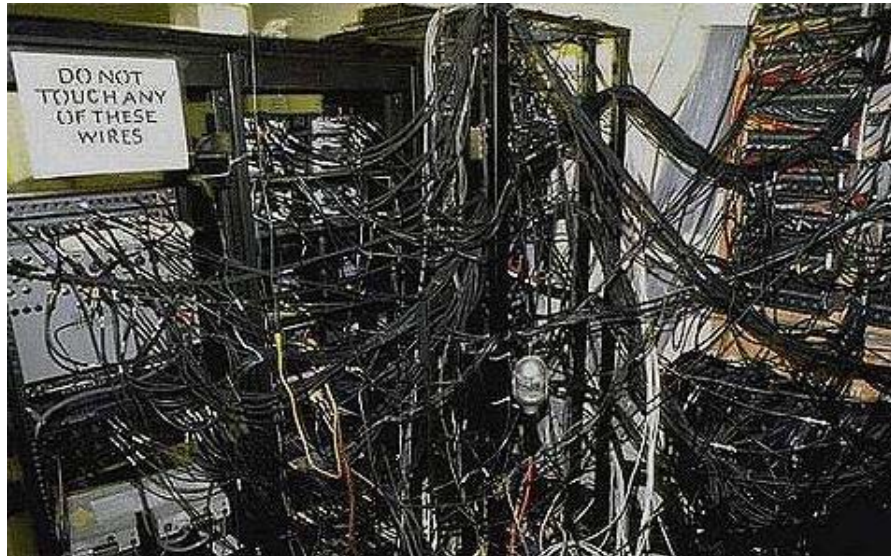
Our bikinis are exciting. They are simply the tops.

Wanted. Widower with school age children requires person to assume general housekeeping duties. Must be capable of contributing to growth of family.

And now, the Superstore-unequaled in size, unmatched in variety, unrivaled inconvenience.

We will oil your sewing machine and adjust tension in your home for \$1.00

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Job security or what?

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What Mom Taught me

MOM taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE:

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning!"

MOM taught me RELIGION:

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

MOM taught me about TIME TRAVEL:

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

MOM taught me LOGIC:

"Because I said so, that's why."

MOM taught me FORESIGHT:

"Make sure you wear clean underwear in case you're in an accident."

MOM taught me IRONY:

"Keep laughing and I'll give you something to cry about."

MOM taught me about the science of OSMOSIS:

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper!"

MOM taught me about CONTORTIONISM:

"Will you look at the dirt on the back of your neck!"

MOM taught me about STAMINA:

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is finished."

MOM taught me about WEATHER:

"It looks as if a tornado swept through your room."

MOM taught me how to solve PHYSICS PROBLEMS:

"If I yelled because I saw a meteor coming toward you, would you listen then?"

MOM taught me about HYPOCRISY:

"If I've told you once, I've told you a million times, Don't exaggerate!!!"

MOM taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION:

"Stop acting like your father!"

MOM taught me about ENVY:

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do!"

And most of all . MOM taught me THE CIRCLE OF LIFE:
"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

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We'll leave you with this final contribution from our Custodian of the Coins, Carolle Bloomfield

Wedding Vows

During the wedding rehearsal, the groom approached the pastor with an unusual offer.

"Look, I'll give you \$100 if you'll change the wedding vows. When you get to me and the part where I'm to promise to 'love, honour and obey' and 'forsaking all others, be faithful to her forever,' I'd appreciate it if you'd just leave that part out." He passed the minister a \$100 bill and walked away satisfied.

It is now the day of the wedding, and the bride and groom have moved to that part of the ceremony where the vows are exchanged. When it comes time for the groom's vows, the pastor looks the young man in the eye and says:

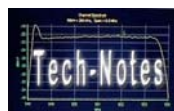
"Will you promise to prostrate yourself before her, obey her every command and wish, serve her breakfast in bed every morning of your life and swear eternally before God and your lovely wife that you will not ever even look at another woman, as long as you both shall live?"

The groom gulped and looked around, and said in a tiny voice, "Yes." The groom leaned toward the pastor and hissed, "I thought we had a deal."

The pastor put the \$100 bill into his hand and whispered back, "She made me a much better offer."

THE FADE TO REAL LIFE

Well that's about it for this time. Don't forget to check out the industry news in the Tech-Notes: <http://www.Tech-Notes.TV>



As we said earlier on, stay tuned – things can only get better! – But only with your help. Tell a friend or associate about us.

Until next time FADE TO **BLACK!**  .