

# FEEDBACK

DECEMBER 2015



*Raytown ARC president  
**Randy Schulze, KDØHKD**  
(above) told the JCRAC of  
plans to revive the MO-KAN  
Council of Clubs. The idea  
is that coordination and  
cooperation will extend and  
amplify the efforts of the  
local amateur radio  
community in a way that is  
beyond the capacity of any  
single club.*



*Photos by Charlie Van Way, NØCVW*

## DECEMBER MEETINGS

**December 11 – Annual Party**

**December 25 – No Meeting**

The Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club normally meets on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at 7:30 PM at the Overland Park Christian Church (north entrance), 7600 West 75th Street (75th and Conser), west of the Fire Station.

Much of the membership travels to the Pizza Shoppe at 8915 Santa Fe Drive for pizza buffet and an informal continuation/criticism/clarification of the topics raised at the meeting ... or anything else.

*Leave the church, turn right (west) on 75th. Turn left (south) on Antioch. Turn right (west) on Santa Fe. Pizza Shoppe is just past the Sonic on your left.*

## THIS ISSUE

- 1 - Ensor Auction
- 2 - President's Corner  
Editorial Notes
- 3 - October Meeting Minutes
- 4 - Christmas Stories - Jaimie  
Charlton, ADØAB

## -> FEEDBACK <-

*A publication of the  
Johnson County Radio Amateur Club, Inc.*

**Bill Gery, KA2FNK, President**

**Aaron Boots, AAØRN, Vice President**

**Ted Knapp, NØTEK, Secretary**

**Cal Lewandowski, KCØCL, Treasurer / FEEDBACK distribution**

\* \* \*

**Chip ACØYF and Deb KDØRYE Buckner, Editors**

**Charlie Van Way, NØCVW, Photography**

*All email addresses are available at w0erh.org*

-----

## *Literary Lessons Learned*

"Why", the reader asked, "does the FEEDBACK sometimes repeat the words at the end of one column of a story at the top of the next column?" It is a fair question and, because most hams have training in technical subjects other than literary history, it may be useful to review the precedent for this tradition.

The technique was long-used to ensure that pages of a manuscript were assembled in the correct order. One could look at the last line on one page and the first line of the next page and instantly tell that the pages were intended to be consecutive. Historically this was done with a single word but, as pixels are cheap, your editors have elected to honor the tradition in a big way, by repeating whole paragraphs of text. In that way, neither a reader nor an assembler of newsletter pages could possibly become confused as to which column of text is to follow another.

Unhappily, in every field of endeavor, there are those who disdain tradition. Just as there are radio operators who have turned their backs upon spark gap transmission and amplitude modulation, there are ultra-modern publishers--and readers--who eschew literary repetition opting, instead, to use something called "page numbers" to ensure that texts are reproduced in the right order.

FEEDBACK readers may rest assured, however, that the producers of the FEEDBACK will, notwithstanding the incessant pressure of the unimaginative page-counters, repeat words, lines and paragraphs as they may deem to be useful or appropriate to the situation. Readers may look forward to a



future edition of the FEEDBACK in which your editors will repeat entire columns--or PAGES--of texts to ensure that its readers find their way from one thought to ... that same thought. Either that, or they'll try make another proof-reading pass before shipping the document out for distribution.

Perhaps then your editors would have noticed that it was Bill Brinker rather than Bill Gery--who was identified as being "Bill Gehry", who was pictured on the front page of that same November FEEDBACK.

*-- Chip ACØYF (because it wasn't Deb's fault) Buckner*

## **PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

I hope everyone had a happy Thanksgiving and safe holiday.

The club's web site is now a year old. A big "thank you" goes to **Ted Knapp,**



**NØTEK,** who designed and is maintaining site. The editors for the Feedback, **Chip and Deb Buckner, ACØYF/ KDØRYE,** picked up the reins a year ago and are doing a

fantastic job.

Field Day 2015 showed a lot of team work which resulted in another great event. The results show this as we were first in our class for Kansas. Jay Greenough WJØX was the coordinator, the food was great, thanks to **Ron Bozich, WØDXL-SK.** Norma Libby, WØKC headed up the testing and **Brian Short, KCØBS** did an exceptional job with the GOTO station again this year.

There was a lot of time and work put in the auction this year by auctioneer **David Schulman, WDØERU.** Thanks to **Jay Greenough, WJØX, Bill Brinker, WAØCBW, Cal Lewandowski, KCØCL** and **John Hochscheid, WØBBQ,** for their extra effort at the auction.

The Club's pitch-in Christmas party is December 11th. We will not repeat the "Great Christmas Party Hunt of 2014". The Party will be at the normal meeting location and room. The whole family is welcome. So bring your favorite Christmas food item to share and discover what was being quietly discussed.

We have only one meeting in December, so I want to extend everyone the blessing of the holiday season. Merry Christmas.

*-- Bill Gery -- WA2FNK*

## ***Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - November 13, 2015***

Meeting Date: Friday November 13, 2015. The meeting Started at 7:30PM.

Attendance: Self introduction with name and call sign. 42 signed the check in sheet. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance.

The Minutes from the October 23, 2015 were accepted with 2 opposed votes.

The Treasurer's report, as follows, was read and accepted unanimously.

Cash on Hand	\$ 98.35	Repeater Operating Reserve	\$ 797.23
Checking Account	\$ 553.87	Memorial Fund	\$ 310.00
Savings Account	\$ 8,973.26		
Total	\$ 9,625.48	Active Members	137

### Old Business:

- Repeater Update – The new 146.91 Fusion Repeater has been installed.
- Ensor Auction 2015 Report

Sales logged	185 items	\$3,967
Highest price item	ICOM 756 Pro III	\$800
Biggest spender	7 items	\$808
Payments to sellers	Consignment	\$234
Total dollars earned	JCRAC Gross	\$3,732.60
Ensor Share		\$1,866.30
Cash Transactions	35	\$1,409
Check Transactions	4	\$386
Credit Transactions	9	\$2,172

- A special thanks goes out to David Schulman WD0ERU, Jay Greenough WJ0X, Bill Brinker WA0CBW, and Cal Lewandowski KC0CL for all their efforts during this year's Auction and Activities.
- Official Club Name Badges – Orders will be placed through Cal, KC0CL. Cost is \$9 each.
- WW1USA – Upcoming Event which will be organized by the Club is December 12-13.

### New Business:

- Ham 101 Class Wednesday November 18<sup>th</sup>.
- The older 146.91 Fusion Repeater has been sent back to Yaesu to be Refurbished/Repaired. This Repeater will become a Back-up Repeater.

### Reports:

- 6 m – NR.
- 10 m SSB Roundtable – 7 participated on November 12.
- 440 Wheat Shocker net – 19 check-ins on November 11 and 20 check-ins on November 4.
- 2m Wheat Shocker net – 20 check-ins on November 12 and 20 check-ins on November 5.
- HF Activity – Europe, Italy, Spain, Japan, St. Lucia Island, Venezuela.

### Announcements:

- Welcome to all the 1<sup>st</sup> time visitors.
- Skywarn Recognition Day is December 4 -5. The event starts at 7:00 pm on the 4<sup>th</sup> and ends at 7:00 pm on the 5<sup>th</sup>. See Bill Gery, KA2FNK for information.
- Santa Fa Trial ARC will hold a General Class starting in January. Go to their website for details.
- Watch Larry's List for upcoming events.

Business meeting adjourned at 8:05 PM

Program: Randy Schulze, KD0HKD President of the Raytown Amateur Radio Club will be here to discuss the newly formed MO-KAN Council of Clubs.



# Christmas Stories

## *A Hambone and Elmer Story by Jaimie Charlton, ADØAB*

“Uncle, this sucks! I said we shouldn’t have come out here and I was right. The weather radio says a flash blizzard just dumped nearly three feet of snow in Olathe and all the roads are closed. All for some stupid pictures.” whined Hambone, as he trudged behind his Uncle Elmer through newly fallen snow.



“Yeah, this sucks!” added Dude, Hambone’s younger brother as he trudged behind Hambone.

“Whine, whine, whine! What’s wrong with you guys? Here you are at the Ensor farm, truly a piece of Americana glistening under a pristine coat of new snow. Why, you are standing in the middle of a Hallmark card scene and don’t even realize it. You two guys are too self-absorbed to even see, let alone appreciate, the beauty around you,” said Elmer raising his old Sekonic exposure meter to get a light reading.

“Easy for you to say, Unck. You’re not lugging this big old camera all over the place,” said Hambone as he propped the tripod with his uncle’s Linhof Technika against a tree.”

“Careful, don’t drop that in the snow!”

“How come I got stuck with this bag of – what do you call them? Oh yeah, film holders,” complained Dude. “Guess what Unck? They make cameras that don’t even need film these days.”

“Some day you guys will look back on this experience and thank me. But for now, just go back to the car.”

“And go where? The snow has all the roads closed,” informed Hambone. “This is really a lousy Christmas Eve. Mom and Dad are stuck in Chicago and we are stuck here with you. I’m soaking wet and I can’t even feel my toes.”

“Me, too. Besides, I hate sleeping in the car,” said Dude dumping the film bag none too gently into the trunk.

“Hey! wait a minute,” said Elmer. “What’s that orange light over by that shed? I don’t remember seeing it before.”

“I don’t know, who cares? I just want to get in the car.”

“Me, too,” added Hambone.

“Let’s go over and take a look, it will only take a minute,” said Elmer as curiosity sparked renewed strength.

“Wow! It’s a fire!” exclaimed Dude as he ran closer. “And it’s nice and warm!”

“I wonder how we missed that?” asked Elmer. “I’m sure it wasn’t here before.”

“How are you boys this fine Christmas Eve?”

Startled at hearing this strong friendly voice where there previously had been only silence, the boys turned to be greeted by a white-bearded man clearly at home in the outdoors.

“Hi, I’m Dom and I’m glad to have some company. I never know who will show up for my campfires. You boys look like you need some thawing out, come closer to the fire.”

“Thanks, Dom,” replied Elmer regaining his composure. “I’m Elmer and these are my two nephews, Hambone and Dude. We’re out here taking some photos of this idyllic place when that flash blizzard closed the road. I thought we might call for a tow truck or something, but even the cell phones are dead.”

“Well, there you go thinking again,” chuckled Dom, “Your bad luck is my good luck. I thought I was going to be alone out here.”

“Yeah, bad luck all right,” said Hambone sullenly.

“By the way,” continued Dom, “Help yourselves to some burgers and chips on the picnic table over there. I just cooked them. Oh, and have some hot chocolate while you’re at it. You’ve gotta warm your insides as well as your outsides.”

“Thanks, but no thanks,” said Dude. “I just want to go back to the car and sleep. I don’t want any more snow, cold, films or cameras. I don’t care how great this place is, I don’t want to be here.”

“I’m sorry things didn’t quite work out as I planned,” said Elmer. “I thought this would be a good way to do something to take your minds off that this is the first Christmas you would not be spending with your mom and dad.

But, Dom’s right. A little food goes a long way in making things better. Let’s have a bite, dry off and then we’ll camp out in the car. The roads should be plowed by morning and we can go home.”

**see HAMBONE on page 5**

**from HAMBONE on page 4**

“There you go,” said Dom as the boys followed Elmer to the table where they discovered that the burgers were as fresh and hot as if they had just come off the grill and the hot chocolate was steaming in their cups. Elmer wondered about that, but only for a second as he was hungrier than he thought.

“Thanks, Dom,” said Hambone as he wrapped himself around a burger and moved closer to the fire.

“Yeah, thanks,” added Dude.

“Well, you guys know that it’s tradition to tell stories while sitting around a campfire. Since this is Christmas Eve, we should tell stories about things that happened to us on Christmases.

Have you guys seen my leather glove?” said Dom as he reached to put another log on the fire. “These logs are full of splinters. Oh well, I’ll find it later,” he added, not waiting for a reply.

“I haven’t seen your glove and I don’t know any stories,” said Dude.

“Me neither,” added Hambone.

“I do,” said Elmer trying to brighten things up. “So, I’ll start.”

“It was a number of years ago when Dude was just a little guy. He was already showing a love for mechanical things so we bought him a great big jack-in-the-box. You know, one of those boxes you crank, it plays “Pop Goes the Weasel” and a clown jumps out.

Anyway, Christmas morning arrived and Dude came running down stairs and made a beeline for the big box with the crank. He tore the wrapping off and started cranking. Everything was fine until it went pop and the clown jumped out. It was such an enormous

clown that it scared Dude so much he ran and hid in the closet for the rest of the morning. We only got him out by tempting him with ice cream.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed Dude. “You guys put me off clowns forever. But here’s a story Hambone would like to forget.”

“Oh, no, not the Christmas tree story.”

“Yes, the Christmas tree story,” continued Dude with glee.

“It was Christmas Eve and Uncle had waited until the last minute to buy a tree, he said you get the best deals on Christmas Eve. We did get the best deals, but the worst trees. Mom said to be sure to get a tree that is not too tall like last year, so she could put her heirloom star and angel on top.

After tramping from tree lot to tree lot, we finally found a tree Hambone liked and brought it home. Well, bro, you were a lot off in you judgment of tree size. That tree not only didn’t allow for Mom’s tree-topper, it came nowhere near even fitting in the house!

The smart thing to do would have been to cut enough off the bottom to make a nice inside tree with a nice top. But that’s not what Hambone did. He cut just enough off the top to fit the tree inside the house. When he was done, we had the bottom part of a big fat tree that reached from the floor to the ceiling with no nice pointed top or room for mom’s tree-topper. She was pissed.”

“She wasn’t exactly pissed.”

“Yes she was,” continued Dude.

“To try to save face, Hambone took the remains of the tree upstairs and

put it in the hall just above the bottom part. Everybody laughed at the little upstairs tree that looked like it was sticking out of the floor. Mom’s tree-topper sure looked silly on it.”

“But I think Hambone got the last laugh, said Elmer. “When seen from the outside of the house, it looked like we had a really big tree growing up through the second floor.”

“You’re never going to forget that, are you?” asked Hambone trying to stop laughing.

“So Dom,” asked Elmer as he grabbed another burger and hot chocolate, “What’s your favorite Christmas story.”

“That’s easy, the one about the three kings.”

“We all already know and love the Bible story, but what’s your favorite personal story?” asked Hambone.

“This is a personal story. I’m not talking about the three magi, I’m talking about three Christmas travelers who are well educated and, each in his own way, influential.

The first and eldest exerts his influence by virtue of his wisdom. Through education and experience he has a wealth of knowledge that he freely shares with everyone, including the other two travelers, even though they are not always receptive.

The second or middle traveler, is the ‘let’s get it done’ guy. He has a good start on his education and a bit of experience under his belt. He thinks he knows more than he does and he wants to do something – anything to make his mark. He inspires others to take action.

**see HAMBONE on page 6**

**from HAMBONE on page 5**

Finally, the third is the youngest traveler. He may be the brightest, only time will tell. Just beginning his education and lacking any meaningful experience, he constantly explores new ideas. He occasionally listens to the others, but often prefers to go his own way. He positively influences others through his energy and excitement.”

“Sort of like us,” added Dude.

“Well, there you are, sort of like you guys,” continued Dom.

“The three guys in my story knew each other nearly all of their lives and even shared some family ties. But as the years passed their interests diverged and their feelings for each other diminished. Oh sure, they maintained a façade of congeniality and close friendship, but they were growing increasingly self-absorbed and intolerant of each other. In fact, lately, they seldom spoke to each other unless situations brought them together. Even then, the conversations were cool and abrupt.

Not too long ago—in fact, I think it was a Christmas Eve—just like tonight but warmer, the eldest traveler convinced the two younger guys to help him go into the woods to find some unusually beautiful night blooming Christmas flowers.

The younger guys wanted no part of the project. Each preferred to stay home immersed in his own wi-fi powered world of texts, Facebook walls, tweets and mythical wars. To do something together with the elder king was a real annoyance but, since it was Christmas, they grudgingly agreed to help.

At first, everything seemed to be going well. The guys found several of the flowers which were even more beautiful than they imagined.

But, unknown to them, the weather had turned and rain in the hills was causing flooding in the valley where they were. They were not in any real danger, but when they wanted to leave they discovered the road was temporarily under water and they couldn’t get to their car.”

“How did they get out?” asked Hambone.

“I’ll get to that in a minute,” continued Dom.

“When I found them, they were sitting on a log each blaming the others for their predicament. They reminded me of three whipped dogs snarling at each other. I could see that cheering them up would not be easy.

But, Christmas is a time for good cheer so I built a campfire. Campfires are always fun.”

“I also had some snacks in my backpack that I passed around. Well, pretty soon the warm fire thawed the frozen attitudes and bits and pieces of conversation were passed around with the snacks. Before I knew it, we were all joking and laughing and telling funny stories.

After all the stories were told and snacks eaten, everyone stretched out on the warm ground near the fire and fell asleep.”

“But Dom, how did they get out?” asked Dude.

“Miraculously, the water receded as quickly as it appeared and they found their car high and dry and the road completely clear.”

“Did they all live happily ever after?” asked Hambone, a cynical note in his voice.

“I don’t know. Their story, the story of those travelers, is still going on. I only hope they learned that natural beauty and camaraderie are more important than tweets

plucked out of the air. It’s really our shared history, told and retold in remembered stories that gives us presence and binds us together.”

Standing up, Dom continued, “Well, I’ve got to get along. You guys can sleep in that shed, it’s called the chicken coop.”

“Eeew,” said Dude.

“Oh, don’t worry. It’s been nearly a hundred years since the last chicken lived in there. It’s actually pretty clean and warm.”

“Thanks, but we tried the door when we first got here and it was locked,” said Elmer.

“Oh, I think it was just stuck,” said Dom. The door swung open under his light touch.

“But, I’ve got to get going so you guys have a good sleep. I’m sure the road will be clear in the morning.”

As soon as Elmer, Hambone and Dude were comfortably situated in the chicken coop, Dom walked away into the crisp, cold night.

\*\*\*

“Wake up, wake up Unck,” said the distant voice as something was shaking his shoulder. “Mom and dad made it home and we are all waiting for you to come down so we can open our presents.”

“What the...” muttered Elmer as he began to realize he was in his own bed and both the distant voice and the shaking were coming from Dude. “Okay, okay, stop shaking me, I’ll be there in a minute as soon as I get my cup of coffee.”

“Morning, Elmer,” said Dude’s dad. “Don’t open anything yet. I’ve got a really nice present that I’ve been hiding in the garage.”

With that, Dude’s dad, still in his PJs and slippers, dashed out in the snow to the garage. “Hey, who left this glove out here?”