

# FEEDBACK

**JUNE 2018**



## JCRAC Re-elects Officers

President Gery yielded the chair to Eddy Paul, and asked him to conduct elections. The membership quickly nominated Bill Gery, WA2FNK, to serve as president. In a series of motions, amendments and clarifications notable more for enthusiasm than for parliamentary process, the club vociferous re-nominated and re-elected Gery, (upper left) to be President, Jaimie Charlton, ADØAB to be Vice President, Ted Knapp, NØTEK (below) to be Secretary and Cal Lewandowski, KCØCL (lower left) to be Treasurer for the 2018-19 year.



## JUNE MEETINGS

**June 8 -- Field Day Run Through with Station Leads**

**June 22 -- FIELD DAY.** - On this evening, the club will meet at the Hutton Farm, on 87th Street, just west of the entrance to Shawnee Mission Park at 87th and Ridgeview Road.

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.

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## **-> FEEDBACK <-**

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

**Bill Gery, KA2FNK, President**

**Jaimie Charlton, ADØAB, Vice President**

**Ted Knapp, NØTEK, Secretary**

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

\* \* \*

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**It's campfire time!** -- Don Warkentien, WØDEW opened the Ensor Farm campfire season on May 26. (File photo from 2014 by Charlie Van Way, NØCVW)

## **PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

Field Day month is here and things are falling into place. We will be at the Hutton farm again this year. The Farm is just west of the 87<sup>th</sup> street entrance of Shawnee Mission Park.

We will start set up Friday at 1:00 pm and should have everything up and tested by 7:00 pm for the club's meeting. Yes, the June 22 meeting will be at the Hutton Farm.

We will have a solar station again this year. Bill Warrington, KC4TKL, has the network ready. This year the network will be running on our solar power system. That means that, this year, the network will not fail when someone (me) falls asleep and does not refuel the generator.

Talk to your neighbor, coworker, friend or youth group and extend an invitation to visit the site. As always, the "Get on the Air" station will be set up to help them make some over-the-air contacts.

**- Bill Gery - WA2FNK**



## ***Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - May 11, 2018***

Meeting Date: Friday May 11, 2018. The meeting Started at 7:00PM.

Attendance: Self introduction with name and call sign. 31 signed the check in sheet. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance.

The Minutes from the April 27, 2018 meeting were read and accepted with 1 opposed vote.

The Treasurer's report, was not available to read.

### Old Business:

- We welcomed all 1<sup>st</sup> time visitors to the meeting.
- Repeater Update – All are working well.
- WW1USA Saturday and Sunday May 12 and 13.
- Joel Meddings, K0JEM announced that he is putting together General Class license course. The Class will be held in Shawnee. Dates will be announced later. Joel is still looking for teachers.

### New Business:

- Election for Club officers will be held at the next meeting.
- Ensor Museum volunteers needed for the month of May. The link to the online Sign-up is on the Homepage of the Club's website.
- Planning has started for this year's Ensor Auction. It will take place the end of October. More details to follow.
- Ted Knapp, N0TEK as an employee of Hallmark Cards, Inc. has the opportunity to participate in Hallmark's Volunteer Program. The purpose of the Volunteer Program is to recognize Hallmark employees who have volunteered a minimum of 50 hours of service to a non-profit organization in a one year period. As the club's Secretary and having met the non-profit qualification, the Hallmark Corporate Foundation has made a contribution of \$400 to the Club.

### Reports:

- 6 m – NR
- 10 m SSB Roundtable – 1 participated.
- 40m SSB Roundtable – NR.
- Fusion Digital 440 net – 14 Check-ins on May 9 and 14 for Check-ins on May 2.
- 2m Wheat Shocker net – 17 Check-ins on May 10 and 23 for Check-ins on May 3.
- HF Activity – NR.

### Announcements:

- See Larry's List for upcoming Events.

Business meeting adjourned at 7:17 PM

### Program:

- The Program for this evening was a "Shell Game" Fox Hunt.

Submitted by Ted Knapp, N0TEK, Secretary.

## ***Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - May 26, 2017***

Meeting Date: Friday May 25, 2018. The meeting Started at 7:00PM.

Attendance: Self introduction with name and call sign. 33 signed the check in sheet. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance.

The Minutes from the May 11, 2018 meeting were read and accepted with 1 opposed vote.

The Treasurer's report was not available to read.

### Old Business:

- We welcomed all 1<sup>st</sup> time visitors to the meeting.
- Repeater Update – All are working according to plan.
- Filed Day 2018 – Plans are coming together.
- Ensor Museum volunteers needed for the month of May. The link to the online Sign-up is on the Homepage of the Club's website.
- Joel Meddings, K0JEM announced that he is putting together General Class license course. The Class will be held in Shawnee. Dates will be announced later. Joel is still looking for teachers.

### New Business:

- The Club leadership along with John Raydo, K0IZ are working on amending the By-Laws. The amendments will be to the reading of the minutes, meeting time, and how the president appoints committees. More detail to follow.
- Annual Elections were held. Because the current president can't run this portion of the meeting, Eddy Paul, KY0F was volunteered to do so. Nominations for President – Bill Gery KA2FNK. Motion made to close nominations. Motion Seconded. A vote was taken to elect Bill Gery, KA2FNK as President. The vote was unanimous. Next a nomination was made to retain the rest of the current slate of elected officers (i.e. Vice President, treasurer, and Secretary). This motion received a second. A vote was taken and all nominated positions received unanimous approval.
- JCRAC Elected Officers are: Bill Gery KA2FNK – President, Jaimie Charlton AD0AB – Vice President, Cal Lewandowski – KC0CL, and Ted Knapp N0TEK – Secretary. Elected officers will take office on August 1.
- Planning has started for this year's Ensor Auction. It will take place the end of October. More details to follow.

### Reports:

- 6 m – NR.
- 10 m SSB Roundtable – NR.
- 40m SSB Roundtable – NR.
- Fusion Digital 440 net – 18 Check-ins on May 23 and 4 or 5 Check-ins on May 16.
- 2m Wheat Shocker net – 19 Check-ins on May 24 and 15 Check-ins on May 17.
- HF Activity – Lithuania on 20m CW.

### Announcements:

- Campfire this Saturday May 26.
- See Larry's List for upcoming Events.

Business meeting adjourned at 7:40 PM

### Program:

- The Program for this evening was a presentation on Raspberry Pi and Amateur Radio by Bill Gery, KA2FNK including a demo of APRS along with FLDIGI/FLMSG using Raspberry Pi.

Submitted by Ted Knapp, N0TEK, Secretary.

## *Hambone and Alligator Alley*

"This is going to be the best Field Day ever," said Bill as he expertly drove his souped-up pickup with Hambone and Dude crammed in the front seat along a rutted dirt road bordering the Myakka River in Florida's Myakka State Park.

"Although the sign says 'state park', much of the area is untamed. The lanky palms and Spanish moss hanging from massive oaks create a perpetual gloom, even at noon. The cypress knees poking their heads above the black water and absolutely still atmosphere cause one's mind to see creatures at every turn."

"I hope so," offered Hambone. "This place is real jungle. I keep expecting to see a panther or something jump out at us."

"Don't worry, Hammy, except for the 'gators and bugs which are everywhere, nothing here is big enough to eat you," said Bill enjoying the up-north-city-boys' awe at their first time getting up close and personal with a real tropical jungle.

"There's real alligators here that can attack us?" asked Dude.

"Oh yes, lots of them. Some guys call this road alligator alley. But most people say they'd rather be chased by 100 pounds of alligator than five pounds of mosquitoes. Me, I'm not so sure. Alligators can run real fast and there's no such thing as alligator repellent. But don't worry, we'll be fine," continued Bill.



"That's easy for you to say. I thought those underwater creatures we saw back at your Clear Blue

Water Dive Academy were wild. But this is a whole new level."

"Yup, this isn't Disney World. Those egrets aren't plastic and

those alligators aren't running on tracks. But sit back and enjoy, we're almost there."

"And where's that?" asked Dude, who up until now had been silent.

Bill continued, "It's a little peninsula that extends out into the river. Well, it extends out into a no-name tributary off the river to be exact. We left the river itself and the state park back there where the gravel road ended. We're in no-man's land now. This foot trail leads right to our site. Which is dead ahead."

"I hope the fishing's good," enthused Dude. "I brought my rod and tackle."

"Does anybody live here?", queried Hambone, showing concern as the road all but disappeared into tall grass and scrub palms.

"Only a few river people. You probably won't see them. They keep pretty much to themselves. We can park right here under this tree and pitch our tents and put up our antennas over there in that big clear area."

"Why do I expect to hear Dueling Banjos?" muttered Dude to no one in particular.

Ignoring that remark, Bill continued, "We don't need to carry heavy batteries or a generator because I've rigged the truck with three deep discharge marine batteries and a big alternator to keep them charged. An inverter boosts the battery voltage to about 120 volts which is connected to our rigs by that super-long extension cord."

The boys carried their gear to the center of the big open area and set up camp. They pitched their three personal tents in a line and erected a large canopy to shade their lounge chairs and tables for their radios and PCs. Two great coolers – one full of ice cold drinks and one full of food – were stored under the tables. For cooking in the rough, Hambone brought a Coleman propane stove and Dude brought a charcoal grill. But, Bill brought an electric fan and a microwave.

They placed portable tripods suitably far apart to support two fan dipoles at right angles to each other so their ICOM 7300 and Yaesu 857 rigs could remain friends as they operated SSB and CW. In less than two hours everything was up and working. The boys, dripping with sweat, collapsed in their lounge chairs.

"Boy, I've never been so hot," complained Dude gulping down bottle after bottle of ice water. "I bet it's over a hundred degrees. Is that fan on its highest speed?"

"Welcome to the tropics, or at least, the subtropics. Be glad it's a cloudy day or it would really be a

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hundred degrees. The truck's thermometer showed only 86. But there's no wind at all and the humidity is over 80 percent," boasted Bill. "Those clouds mean rain later. It rains here every day. That will cool it a little."

"At least the rigs work," said Hambone trying to stay cheerful as the reality of the tropics began to sink in. "I made a few contacts, but I couldn't get the guys back home. Maybe they're still setting up. Oh well, we'll knock 'em dead tomorrow."

The sun set early on the river and that signaled dinnertime. Tasty hamburgers cooked to perfection and served on slightly soggy buns with less than crisp potato chips never tasted so good to the boys. And the boys never tasted so good to the insect menagerie that was also having dinner – on them. It turns out that no one thought to bring a tarp to act as a floor for the canopy. The yellow bug lights, which were so effective back in Kansas, seemed to attract instead of repel the flying critters. The bug zapper was doing a yeoman's job of making well-done morsels of anything that flew near it. But those were mostly moths and other non-biters. It seemed the lamp was simply clearing the way for the carnivores' attack.

Dinner finished, the boys greased themselves with repellent and slid into their tents. So tired were they that not even the chirping, buzzing, clicking, squealing and howling of bugs and birds, the barking of alligators and the rumbling of distant thunder could keep them awake.

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"Where's the truck! The truck's gone!", shouted Bill as he stretched his lanky body in the early morning sun.

Still thinking about dueling-banjo people, Hambone and Dude rolled out of their tents and ran to where Bill was standing.

"Boy, this ground sure is soggy. It really must have rained last night," observed Hambone. "I'm sinking in up to my ankles."

"Bill, what's with the truck?" hollered Dude.

Waving and pointing, Bill continued, "Look, we parked the truck over there by that tree and now it's gone. Oh my Gosh, the tree's gone too!"

"Bill, Bill!" called Dude, his voice crescendoing in both pitch and volume. "We're not on land any more, we're in the river! There's water all around us!"

"I think I see an alligator over there!" said Hambone waving his arms and adding to the expanding chaos.

"That's just a log," replied Bill, hoping it was. "I guess this peninsula was not solid ground. It must really be one of those floating river islands."

"What do you mean, floating river island?"

"There's always a lot of junk floating on a river, leaves, branches bottles, stuff like that," explained Bill. "Sometimes that junk gets caught by something on shore or on the bottom and stops moving. It then sort of acts like a dam and catches more stuff. Grass and sometimes even trees start to grow

on it. After a while you have this big patch of stuff that looks like regular ground."

"Why doesn't it sink?" asked Hambone recovering from his fear of being eaten.

"It sort of does. It's so thick that it can sit on the river bottom when the water's low and seem very solid. That's why I thought this was solid ground."

"It doesn't seem so solid now."

"I guess the heavy rain last night raised the river enough so this stuff is floating freely now. Notice how much wider the river is?"

"Yeah, we're at least fifty yards from shore and moving," observed Hambone.

"We gotta do something fast," continued Bill. "This stuff will go all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, if it doesn't sink out from under us first."

"Let's call for help, we've still got our radios. I don't want to be that gator's breakfast!" shouted Dude.

"Good luck with that," said Bill. "We don't have any power. The truck and batteries are back there someplace. I hope they're not under water."

"We have batteries in our flashlights and I have some more in my fishing tackle box. Maybe they'll work," suggested Dude.

As their island cruised down the river, the boys hastily tried to series up all the batteries they could find. Unfortunately, things weren't going well. The fishing leader wire they were using was springy with a mind of its own and they had no battery holders.

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"C'mon, Dude, hold those batteries end to end," said a frustrated Hambone as he tried to connect the transceiver leads to the batteries.

"If you think you can do it better, you're welcome to try," snapped Dude. "This darn leader wire has already drawn my blood twice!"

"It's no use guys, there's not enough power to even turn on the little FT817, we'll never get it to transmit."

"I wish Dill were here," moaned Hambone. "He's a really smart elmer back home and he'd know how to get this stuff to work."

"Mister, mister," came a little voice from somewhere past the edge of the island.

"What? Who said that?" queried Bill.

A green plastic paddle appeared waving at the edge of the island accompanied by, "Over here, I'm over here."

Bill, Hambone and Dude ran to the edge of their island where a small boy in a canoe was waving his paddle.

The boy's shoes were tire-tread flip flops and his long-sleeved shirt, hat and well-worn pants were the same brown color as the inside of his wooden canoe.

"Do you want to buy this fish?" he asked with a wide picket-fence grin and holding up a very much alive snook.

No more than thirteen years old, Dude quickly surmised that he must be a river person.

"I think I hear Dueling Banjos," whispered Dude.

"Shut up!" said Hambone, elbowing Dude hard in the ribs.

"No, thank you," said Bill, stepping back to avoid the water creeping over the island's edge. "What's your name? Do you live here?"

"No. You know your raft is sinking, don't you? And there's a gator nest over there. This is a really nice fish."

"No thanks," repeated Bill.

The boy said good-bye and with a low buzz, his canoe motored away.

"Bill," hollered Hambone. "It sounds like that canoe has an electric motor. It must have a battery. Call him back!"

The boy had not gone far and hearing Hambone, turned his canoe around and returned.

"Have you changed your mind, mister, and want to buy my fish?" he asked.

"I would like to borrow some electricity from your battery to operate our ham radio over there. We want to call for help."

"Well, maybe. But, you should buy my fish first."

Bill, sensing that the boy was the better negotiator, continued, "Okay, how much for the fish?"

"Two dollars."

Bill paid the two dollars and boy handed over the fish. The fish gave a big flip and flew out of Bill hands and into the water.

"No refunds," said the boy.

"Okay, okay," sighed Bill. "How about the electricity so we can call for help?"

"You don't need it," grinned the boy. "Help is already here."

With that, a large bass boat emerged from the tall grass and several laughing men jumped onto the island and introduced themselves. They were members from the local ham club's field day site just up the river. They helped the boys load their gear into the boat and took them to the Catfish Café - a riverside bar and grill situated on solid ground.

Once they were safely seated in the café, Hambone asked, "How did you know we were here?"

One of the men explained, "A guy from your club up north called and explained you boys were down here and that he hadn't heard you on the air. He was afraid you might be in trouble or eaten by alligators."

"Your friends are such wimps. They've probably never even seen a gator in the wild," added a second guy.

"Well, we found your truck and figured out what happened. We've been watching you all night. Then we decided to have a little fun. By the way, that gator over there is a plastic toy. And Dude was right. He did hear Dueling Banjos from my boom box right here."

"Who called you?" asked Hambone.

I think he said his name was 'Dill'."

**>> JCRAC FEEDBACK <<**