

FEEDBACK

NOVEMBER 2019

October at the JCRAC



Beginning with the premise that the world's fish live near the coast because they receive and enjoy AM radio, Jaimie Charlton proceeded to describe a series of experiments the conducted to test the degree to which radio waves penetrated salt water. Among the obstacles he had to overcome were: listening to a radio six feet under the water and keeping the radio receiver dry (air in the container makes it float).

The presentation concluded with Jaimie's speculation as to

various species' musical tastes.

JCRAC members staffed the Ensor museum on the weekends, but much of the club came out for the October 25 meeting/campfire ahead of the annual Ensor auction on Saturday, October 26.

Auction totals were unavailable at deadline. As always, however, the club splits the proceeds with the City of Olathe Parks and Recreation Department to support the Ensor Farm and Museum city park.

NOVEMBER MEETING

November 8 -- World War I Museum -
Charlie Van Way, NØCVW

November 22 - No Meeting - Happy
Thanksgiving

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 <-

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New Faces



Jane Butler,
KEØNLU (left) and
Dave Porter (below)
made their first visits
to the JCRAC in
October.



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Another Ensor auction is now in the books. The weather could not have been better. The rain that was in the forecast earlier in the week



missed the Kansas City area completely. We were left with near perfect weather for the campfire Friday evening. Saturday the temperatures warmed nicely for the auction.

Once again thanks to David Schulman, WDØERU, for bringing

his auction expertise as well as Dennis, (relief auctioneer). We do not have the final figures of what the auction brought in for the club and the museum. We should have that shortly. There are a lot of people to thank for making Ensor successful. Starting Friday with the set up for the campfire and continuing Saturday morning with placing items on the tables. The success of the auction relies on many club members that give up their time and put forth the effort. Thank you.

Our Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club "Comfort and Care" committee was formed to pass along information those members are willing to share. In the past we have received word about a member such as a hospital stay after they have returned home. Only information that the member is will to share will be pasted on.

November is here and there will be only one meeting on the 8th and the second meeting would conflict with Thanksgiving. Hope everyone has a safe and Happy Thanksgiving. There will also only be one meeting in December. This Club Christmas party will be December 20th. Please note that this is the third Friday in December. There are event going on at the church the first two Fridays. The Party is open to the entire family. 20th

– Bill Gery – WA2FNK

Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - October 11, 2019

Meeting Date: Friday October 11, 2019. 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 September 27, 2019 meeting were read and accepted with 1 opposed vote.

There was no Treasurer's report due to technical difficulties.

Old Business:

- We welcomed all 1st time visitors to the meeting.
- Repeater Update – All are working well.
- Ensor Auction will be October 26th.
- Ensor Museum Volunteers are needed during the month of October. Go to the Club's website to sign up.
- Comfort and Care Team – Jay Greenough, WJØX and Glenda Broughton, KEØUTK gave an update on the team's progress.
- Due to the Church availability, the Club's annual Christmas Party will be on the 3rd Friday which is December 20th at 7:00 pm.

New Business:

- A motion was made by Herb Fiddick, NZØF made a motion for the club leadership to spend up to \$800 for a new projector. The motion received a second and it passed unanimously.

Reports:

- 6 m – NR.
- 10 m SSB Roundtable – 1 participated on October 10.
- 40m SSB Roundtable – 5 participated on October 9.
- Fusion Digital 440 net – 11 Check-ins on October 9 and 14 Check-ins on October 2.
- 2m Wheat Shocker net – 9 Check-ins on October 10 and 16 Check-ins on October 3.
- HF Activity – NR.

Announcements:

- WW1USA November 9th.
- Santa Fe Trail Amateur Radio Club will be holding an Extra Class in January and February 2020. See their website for more details.
- See Larry's List for upcoming Events.

Business meeting adjourned at 7:22 PM.

Program:

- The Program for this evening was a presentation on "Under water Radio" by Jaimie Charlton, ADØAB.

Submitted by Ted Knapp, N0TEK, Secretary.

Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - October 25, 2019

Meeting Date: Friday October 25, 2019.

Due to the Club's annual Auction, no official meeting took place. We did gather around the campfire at the Ensor Park and Museum.

Submitted by Ted Knapp, N0TEK, Secretary.



The Ensor museum

Hambone and Halloween Horror

Hi, I'm Dude. I'm not a member of the engineering fraternity or even their radio club because I'm not in engineering school, yet.

But my big brother Hambone is and he lets me hang out with the guys.

They're mostly okay, as college guys go. Fifty percent of their time is spent chasing girls and forty-nine percent is talking about chasing girls. The other one percent is devoted to school work and ham radio. I don't get it, but they say I will.

I get along fine with most of the guys, actually, all but one and his name is Mac. Mac is a senior and from his age, has been one for a long time. He's big and dim and hates it when someone calls him 'Big Mac'. Word has it that he has just enough grade-point average to keep from being kicked out of school.

Mac isn't good at anything except insulting and intimidating people and demanding his way. Somehow, he managed to get a Tech License and a couple of weeks ago he tried to operate the club's radio on 80 Meter phone where he has no privileges. He broke into a large DX net and got all upset when the net controller refused to let him get ahead of others. He began cursing and hollering and kept going until one of the frat boys stopped him. A few days later a letter arrived from somebody who called himself an 'Observer' telling Mac that he must stop his on-air behavior or face FCC punishment. Mac spit on the letter and sent it back to the guy.



Nobody really likes Mac, but they all tolerate him and avoid him whenever they can. But that's hard to do because he invites himself to everything.

But the taste of revenge is sweet, especially when served in a haunted house on Halloween.

It's uncertain whether it was the rope snapping bone crunching thud or the shock of a bloody body falling on the boys that caused them to jump and burst out laughing. All except for one.

"Who let out that girly cry?" demanded Mac, the senior frat boy of the group.

Unsure of their own personal reactions in the heat of the moment, my brother Hambone, Petey the plebe and Roy, just stood there trying to be invisible.

"It was you, wasn't it?" challenged Mac pointing at Petey who clearly was not enjoying the confrontation.

"No, no, not me. But I don't feel good. I, I'm going outside. I'll meet you guys outside."

Later outside the haunted house

"Boy, that sure was a scary haunted house," said Hambone.

"Naw, it was more funny than scary," countered know-it-all Mac. "Sure, the blood and noise and big spiders was enough to scare anybody. But the smell of old hamburgers and pot spoiled it. I've seen scarier kids coming around hollering trick or treat."

He had a point there.

"Oh, hey, there's our girly-cry plebe! Are you okay now?"

"It wasn't me," countered Petey.

"Hey, wait a minute," said Mac. "Weren't you wearing blue jeans when we went in? But now you're wearing black shorts. Had a little accident, didn't we? Maybe we should call you Petey Pee."

"Give him a break," said Hambone, stepping forward. "He's only a freshman. Besides, this is Halloween, who knows what might happen to you tonight." About to reply, Mac was interrupted by a new voice.

From the shadow in the doorway appeared a smallish man. Well, not really small, he only appeared so next to the boys who all extended above six feet.

The untamed strands of gray hair struggling to survive on his wrinkled head showed the man had prospered well past the age when no one expected him to run or jump. Yet his gait had a certain spring to it. At first glance, one might blow him off as just another nondescript old man were it not for his eyes. Maybe it was the way they picked up the lights from the haunted house signs, but they seemed bright with a spark of their own.

"I see from the logo on your tee shirts you boys are radio hams in an engineering fraternity," said the old

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from HAMBONE on page 5

man. “That’s why you thought the haunted house was funny. You’re very analytical, you see right through the Halloween tricks.”

“Of course, we do. What’s it to ya?” said Mac.

“To me, nothing. But you seem to be the leader here so maybe you would like to try and figure out something scarier? Like the ghosts at the old McFinnigan mansion, hmm?” The look on the old man’s face said that this was a challenge, not a question.

“They might treat you to some pretty good tricks,” he added. “You could bring your friends with.”

“I, We’re very smart, old man. We can figure out any Halloween tricks, even Finny what’s his name’s. Just take us there.”

“Oh, I can’t take you, I always travel alone. But, here’s the address. I’ll meet you there,” said the old man as he handed Petey a slip of paper.

“I know where that is,” said Hambone. It’s in Lawrence.”

“Thanks, let’s go there right now. My car’s just around the corner. We’ll race you, old man,” said Mac. But when he looked back, the old man had disappeared.

As the boys headed for the car, Roy turned to Hambone, “That Mac sure is an ass. Why did you let him come with us?”

“You’ll see,” said Hambone.

Later

“There’s the mansion!” shouted Hambone. “And there’s the old man standing in front.”

“How’d he get here so fast?” wondered Mac. “I drove way over the speed limit and he still beat us.”

“Hi boys!” greeted the old man waving his arms. “Over here. This is McFinnigan’s Mansion.”

The boys parked the car and gathered around the old man in front of the house.

Hambone spoke first, “Hi, it’s really dark around here, no street lights. Where’s the line to get in? I don’t see a ticket booth.”

“It’s easy to enter. There’s no line or tickets, you just go in the front door,” said the old man. “Guests are always expected. But before you go in, you ought to know a bit of history. Maybe you’ll change your mind.”

“Geeze, old dude, give us a break,” sneered Mac. “We know it’s all fake. Let’s get on with it.”

The old man continued, “The original house was built by a railroad magnate back in the late 1800s. It served as his home and office. Besides being a railroad center, it was also a telegraph office. Some of the old equipment and train memorabilia is still in the basement.”

“So, why is that scary?” asked Hambone.

“It’s scary because the owner, James, went crazy. It appears that over the years he systematically murdered members of his family. But, none of the bodies was ever found. The people just quietly disappeared.

James finally hanged himself in the basement. The chair he used is still there. Some claim that the spirits of the dead are still there and

communicate with each other via the telegraph equipment.”

“Oh boy. I’ve seen old-time telegraph offices in movies and I don’t think ghosts send Morse code,” sneered Mac. “Is that lame story supposed to make this a really scary house?”

“No. This is not the original house, it’s not scary,” explained the old man. “The scary house was torn down years ago and this new house was built over the original basement. The basement’s where the action is, if there is any action. I don’t know if ghosts send telegrams, but people have reported clicking sounds coming from the house.

You can go on in now. The front door is not locked.”

“Aren’t you coming with us?”

“Oh no. My work here is done. But, just to make your little visit more interesting, there’s a treat if you survive the tricks. There’s a half of a \$100 bill in the basement. The other half will be on the front porch when you come out. If you come out.” With that, the old man turned and walked into the shadows.

“Hey guys, come on! I’m gonna get that hundred-dollar bill,” said Mac as he charged into the house with the three boys trailing behind him.

“It sure is dark in here,” exclaimed Roy as the boys turned on their phone lights revealing little more than cobwebs and dusty old furniture.

“Does anybody hear that ticking noise?” asked Hambone. “Maybe we should watch out for bats.”

see HAMBONE on page 7

from HAMBONE on page 6

“Did you see that?” shouted Petey.

“See what?”

“That green blob flying off to the right.”

“I did,” said Hambone.

“I didn’t see anything or hear anything. You guys are imagining stuff,” said Mac. “Keep looking for the stairs to the basement.”

“There it is again!” shouted Petey.

“I think it’s trying to get us to go that way. Maybe we should leave, now.”

“Petey’s right. I see it, too,” said Roy.

“That’s just a reflection or somethin’. But if you want to wimp-out and leave, nobody’s stopping you,” said Mac who had slipped back in the line letting Hambone lead the way to the basement.

“Petey? Petey? Are you back there?” called Mac, but getting no answer. “I guess that girly-plebe chickened out again.”

“Be careful on these stairs,” said Hambone. “Some of the steps are loose.”

“There’s that clicking again, only louder,” said Hambone. “I think that’s old-time Morse code like they used to use on railroads. The code has changed over the years, but I think I can make out some of the letters. I think it’s saying, ‘Leave’.”

“Hammy’s right,” said Roy, “those are telegraph sounds.”

“That’s nonsense! Those sounds are just bats and it’s your imagination...” Mac would have said more but he stopped when his phone light fell upon what was clearly the source of the sounds.

In the middle of the otherwise empty basement was a dusty office desk with a single chair. On the desk among the pads of telegram forms and pencils was what appeared to be an antique telegraph key moving up and down by itself.

“Hambone, Roy, come here, quick! You gotta see this!” called Mac. But no replies nor footfalls were heard.

“Where are you guys? C’mon out, I get the scary joke thing.”

Getting no response, Mac called again. Again, he got no answers. Forgetting about the one-hundred dollar ‘treat’ he turned to leave. But his fading phone light could not reveal the stairs or anything else familiar. Starting to panic, he sat down in the chair.

The clicking of the telegraph key rose to a fevered pitch and the arms of the chair seemed to hug and cling to him even as he tried to stand up and run.

Mac felt an icy draft flow down his back and a warm trickle run down his leg as he tried to free himself from the chair. On the desk, letters began to form on the telegram pad.

U R ALN

GT OT O MY CHR

LV GT OT NW

U WI DI

“Get me out of here! Get me out!” shouted Mac twisting and wrenching himself out of the chair. “You can keep your stupid \$100, just get me out of here!”

At that very instant all Mac could hear was a chorus of laughing voices and a blinding white light. When his eyes adjusted, he could see the voices were those of hambone, Roy and Petey as well as

many other fraternity brothers.

“What the...” exclaimed Mac.

“What’s goin’ on?”

Hambone stepped forward and explained, “We were tired of your bad attitude and always pushing us around and playing mean tricks on the everybody, especially the plebes. So, we decided to trick you. Believe me, it was a real treat for us.”

“But, McFinnigan’s Manor is a real haunted house. I Googled it.”

“Yes, we rented it just for tonight. But since you can’t really rely on ghosts, we gave them some help from our good ham friend Gerry and his awesome production company,” said Hambone.

“I don’t believe it. How did you make those green ghosts?” asked Mac. “They just appeared in thin air.”

“Not quite thin air,” explained Gerry as he stepped forward.

“They were laser images projected on what we call scrims. Scrims are thin nearly transparent curtains. The projections are so good that most people think they are alive.”

“How about the telegraph sending all by itself?”

“That was easy, we just put a little radio-controlled magnet under the key. Looked pretty good, didn’t it?” explained Gerry.

Hambone went on, “The old man was actually two old men, one in the city and one here. They are students from the Theatrical Arts department wearing similar costumes. You were too busy insulting them to notice one was taller than the other.”

see HAMBONE on page 8

<p>from HAMBONE on page 7</p> <p>Gathering his composure, Mac replied, "I wasn't really scared, you know. I was sort of playing along until we could figure out how you were doing the tricks."</p> <p>"Hey, Mac, here's some dry clothes," offered Petey. "I don't think you want to be seen looking like a scared plebe in wet pants. The guys might start calling you Ninny Mac Pee."</p>	<p>"Gimme those!</p> <p>Oh, I suppose you guys used some sort of laser to make the writing appear on this note," said Mac, waving the telegram with its cryptic message still visible.</p> <p>"What note?" asked Gerry.</p> <p>>> JCRAC FEEDBACK <<</p>	<p>SHOPPING?</p> <p>If your shopping happens to take you to Amazon, remember that if you start by clicking</p> <p>http://smile.amazon.com/ch/48-1071476</p> <p>Amazon gives 1/2% of what you pay to the JCRAC.</p>
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Raydo Recommends ...

"New to ham radio?", asks John Raydo, KØIZ. "Maybe like to try some homebrewing? Checkout "Crystal Sets to Sideband" by Frank Harris, KØIYE His free on-line book is a terrific overview of home construction."

hanssummers.com/k0iye.html

Harris, a Boulder, Colorado ham begins his book:

Dear Radio Amateur, I began writing this book when I realized that my homebuilt station was almost unique on the air. For me, the education and fun of building radios is more than half of the benefit of my radio hobby. It seemed to me that the best part of ham radio was disappearing, so I wrote articles on homebuilding for my local ham radio club newsletter. My ham friends liked the articles, but they rarely built anything. I realized that most modern hams lack the basic skills and knowledge to build radios usable on the air today. My articles were too brief to help them, but perhaps a detailed guide might help revive homebuilding. I tried to write the book that I wish had been available when I was a novice operator back

in 1957. I knew that rejuvenating homebuilding was probably unrealistic, but I enjoy writing so I pressed on. I thought of myself as Don Quixote battling the windmills of modern apathy toward the details of technology and science in general. It seemed to be a hopeless quest. But even if it turned out that no one else cared, I found the project satisfying and extremely educational. Modern book publishers don't publish books that will have few readers. Because of its length and numerous color illustrations, this book would be expensive to print on paper. Not surprisingly, several publishers of electronics books had no interest in it. Fortunately, CDs cost no more than a postage stamp, so I began sending out CD copies with my QSLs to those radio contacts that showed an interest in my rig. It was great fun. I often got back thank-you letters and pictures of their homebrew stuff with their QSL cards.

The table of contents lists chapters on:



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16. Ancient Modulation

Homebrew ham radio is never complete - when it works perfectly and does all the latest stuff, the hobby is over. Not likely. Long live homebuilding!

Frank W. Harris, KØIYE