

**JOHNSON COUNTY RADIO
AMATEURS CLUB, INC.**
P.O. Box 93
Shawnee Mission, KS 66201

FEEDBACK

DECEMBER 2019



Ensor auction photography by Keith McKinney, KEØAEP



MEETINGS

Dec 8 - No Meeting

Dec 20 - Holiday Party

Dec 28 - No Meeting

Jan 10 - Planning for 2020

The Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club normally meets on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at 7:00 PM at the Overland Park Christian Church (north entrance), 7600 West 75th Street (75th and Conser), west of the Fire Station.

Most months (not December) 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.*

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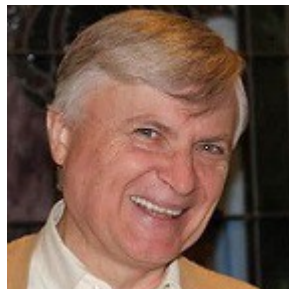
This issue of the FEEDBACK features a duo of talented writers.

Jaimie Charlton, ADØAB, needs no introduction to FEEDBACK readers. Hambone's zeal, Dude's smarts and Elmer's wisdom combine each month in a light-hearted adventure that typically sheds light on what might otherwise be a challenging technical point.

Deb Buckner, KDØRYE, has written a third play for this year's JCRAC Christmas party. You can be the first to see the new production on December 20. Those who missed last year's production can review last year's play to get a taste for what's coming up this year.

Thanks to these three, **Bill Gery, KA2FNK, Ted Knapp, NØTEK, John Raydo, KØIZ, Charlie Van Way, NØCVW, and Tom Wheeler, NØGSG**, who contributed to the FEEDBACK during 2019.

Chip Buckner, ACØYF



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

I hope everyone enjoyed a safe and Happy Thanksgiving. Now it's time to work on getting ready for Christmas. With that in mind please note that the Club's Christmas party will be on Friday, December 20th

at the Church. Start time will be will 7 pm. This is a family event so bring your favorite holiday fare to share.

Field Day results have been published. We already knew that this year our score due to having only a few hours Saturday would not be as good as in the past. That said we still did well with the bonus points and no one was injured .

This year Ensor auction had excellent weather. Turn out was great and it was reflected in the success of the event. It was one of our best.

Please note that the only meeting in December which is the Christmas party and that in on the 20th. The third Friday.

I want be extent everyone the blessing of the holiday season. Merry Christmas.

- Bill Gery - WA2FNK

Johnson County Radio Amateurs Club - November 08, 2019

Attendance: Self introduction with name and call sign. 28 signed the check in sheet. This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance.

There were No Minutes from the last meeting as it was Ensor Auction weekend.

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

Cash on Hand	\$ 90.00	Repeater Operating Reserve	\$ 1,474.83
Checking Account	\$ 642.94	Memorial Fund	\$ 310.00
Savings Account	\$ 17,011.62	Active Members	139
PayPal Account	\$ 0.00		
Total	\$ 17,744.56		

Old Business:

- We welcomed all 1st time visitors to the meeting.
- Repeater Update – All are working well. The 442.600 Mhz Repeater was accidentally turned off during some construction work occurring at this Repeater site. Once access was obtained to the site it was easily turned back on.
- Ensor Auction – We had another successful Auction this year. Thanks to all that helped to put together this event! Cal, KC0CL reported that the Net proceeds from the Auction was \$5,366.50 and the Net proceeds from the Raffles was \$800. This makes the total just over \$6,100. This will be split equally between the Ensor Museum and the Club.
- Ensor Museum Volunteers – Thanks to all that volunteered during the month of October. The winner of the \$50 Gift Certificate to Associated Radio was Rod Rodriguez, K6TBJ.
- Comfort and Care Team – Glenda Broughton, KE0UTK showed some Thank You, Birthday, Sympathy, and Encouragement cards customized with the Club's Logo inside.
- 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:

- None.

Reports:

- 6 m – NR.
- 10 m SSB Roundtable – 3 participated on November 7.
- 40m SSB Roundtable – NR.
- Fusion Digital 440 net – 7 Check-ins on November 6 and 10 Check-ins on October 30.
- 2m Wheat Shocker net – 21 Check-ins on November 7 and NR for Check-ins on October 31.
- HF Activity – NR.

Announcements:

- WW1USA November 9th.
- See Larry's List for upcoming Events.

Business meeting adjourned at 7:25 PM.

Program:

- The Program for this evening was a presentation about the World War 1 Museum and Memorial by Charlie Van Way, NØCVW.

Hambone and the Balloonatics

When: Two weeks after Thanksgiving Day.

Where: The office of Professor Erlennmeyer Flask, Faculty sponsor for the Frat's Amateur Radio Telecommunications Society, Hambone's Fraternity's ham radio club.

Who's there: Professor Flask, Hambone, Hambone's brother Dude and their friend Joey. Dude and Joey are not fraternity brothers, but were cordially directed to attend this 'meating'.

Standing before the boys is Professor Flask reading from a letter he just received. From the hangdog looks on the boys' faces, it's clear they were not there to receive an award for a job well done. "So, it says here that you boys and all members of your fraternity have been issued restraining orders threatening you with arrest if you come within 100 yards of any balloon, float, exhibit or performer in any future Thanksgiving Day parade. Furthermore, the Parade Committee is seeking financial compensation from you, your fraternity and your University.

I thought that the parade did not use ham radio volunteers. Why were you there and what did you do?"

"It really wasn't our fault, mostly," offered Hambone. "We were invited, sort of, and they don't tell about that cheap valve opening up. Here's what really happened..."



One month before Thanksgiving in the Frat house.

"Look here," said Hambone, pointing to a Facebook post on his iPad. "The Thanksgiving Day Parade people are looking for volunteers to be balloon handlers.

I've done that before, it's hard work, but fun."

"What do they do?" asked Joey.

"It's pretty easy. It takes nearly a hundred people to fly a balloon. Each balloon has a leader, a pilot, a couple of drivers and a whole bunch of handlers. The handlers keep control of the balloon by following orders from those top guys. Guys like me who have done it many times are called 'Balloonatics'.

I'm gonna do it again. Why don't you guys volunteer so we can go as a group? It'll be fun."

"I don't know," said Dude. "It says you have to go to balloon school. Seems like a lot of work to me."

"Balloon school is easy," explained Hambone. "It takes only one Saturday. You go to a parking lot where they have a balloon that you practice handling with lots of other trainees. After that, you're in."

"Well, okay."

Thanksgiving Day, parade grounds

"WOW! I never knew that Snoopy is so huge!" exclaimed Dude as he

and the others gathered around the enormous balloon as it was being inflated. "His nose is bigger than a car! It's a good thing they've got that net over him or he might just fly away."

"Snoopy's an old dog, he's been in these parades for years, I remember seeing him when I was a kid," offered Joey.

"Yeah," said Hambone. "But this one's the biggest. That's why there's so many handlers. Don't worry, you'll do fine. Just hold onto your rope, walk along with the group and do what the drivers say."

"What are you doin', Hammy?" asked Dude.

"I'm doing the same thing, but I'm goin' to try to teach old Snoopy a new trick. He's going to hold my antenna while I'm going parade mobile. I've got my little QRP transceiver mounted on my belt, I've got this key strapped to my leg for sending and wireless Bluetooth earbuds for receiving."

"Nice, Bro. But what about the antenna?"

"It's right here," said Hambone pulling a coil of wire out from under his shirt. "It's one of those center-fed long wire dipoles where the coax shield acts as one side of the dipole. I'm gonna hook the end of the wire up where my rope attaches to Snoopy with this big battery clip. That way, snoopy is holding my antenna. Get it? Then, I just run the thin coax down along the rope and connect it to the transceiver. Nobody will notice it's there."

see HAMBONE on page 5

from HAMBONE on page 4

"I don't know," said Joey. "It looks pretty funky to me. What if that clip gouges the balloon and it starts to leak? Did you ask the Leader for permission?"

"No, I did not ask for permission! He would have said no without even thinking about it. Besides, I already posted that I'm operating as /WTD – Walking The Dog. People will be waiting to work me as they see me on TV."

"I think Joey's right, you should..."

"Handlers, man your ropes," blared the megaphoned voice of the Leader as the great Snoopy began to rise.

At first, Snoopy looked a little sleepy, but as he was moved from the inflating area to his position in the parade, the morning sun warmed his helium heart and he filled out to the great dog he is.

"Here we go!" shouted Hambone as the shrill whistle of the perky Drum Majorette kicked off the parade and a huge high school marching band pranced right behind. The glittering white uniforms and blasting brass trumpets gleaming in the sun promised a sunny day and an exciting parade.

Following the band's lead was a float festooned with flowers, a waterfall and mermaids swimming in a large pool.

Then came Snoopy. His true size becoming evident as the early sun, rising from behind, cast an enormous Snoopy shadow all the way over the drum majorette, the band and the float. That was by design. It was a big start to a big parade and the audience was loving it.

Directly following Snoopy was the Equestrian Patrol. About a dozen horses with riders dancing and prancing in tune with the marching band. Behind them was another dozen or so 'cleaners' who were not dancing as they wielded their brooms clearing the path for the show that followed. 'Cleaner' was a job Hambone never volunteered for.

Pushed slightly forward by a gentle breeze, the big dog looked eager to march on. His handlers danced and waved to the crowds as they guided the big dog through the street.

"Hey guys," hollered Hambone to Dude and Joey. "I've already made eleven contacts! People are saying they can see me on TV as I work them."

To anyone watching, Hambone appeared to be tapping time with his hand, but he was really making contacts with his concealed QRP rig.

But all was not well. As the parade progressed along the road adjacent to the park, Snoopy appeared to be leaning more and more forward and sort of rocking back and forth. This did not seem to be a problem until the perky Drum Majorette tossed her baton high into the air only to have it careen into the crowd of onlookers.

Puzzled, the young lady looked up and saw Snoopy's nose now hanging just over her head like an ominous black cloud.

Look out! The dog is falling!" she screamed and ran back along the parade route and into the crowd that was also beginning to run even though they were in no danger.

The gleaming white and shiny brass band members, now acutely aware

that something was wrong began to scatter like cockroaches on the kitchen floor when you first turn on the light. Running in all directions, the shiny whites startled the float driver who slammed on his brakes bringing the float and the mermaids to an abrupt stop.

The water in the mermaid's pool, following Newton's laws of motion and unaware that it was supposed to stop, continued on. Freed from the confines of the pool walls, the water gathered itself into a mini-tsunami washing flowers and paper decorations from the float and forming a slick red goo on the street.

The goo flowed quickly back and under the feet of Snoopy's handlers who were improvising new dance steps while trying to both hold onto their ropes and stay vertical. Then it reached the Equestrian Patrol.

Already on edge because of the crowds and noise, the horses reared up and whinnied and did what frightened horses do when they see weird stuff running around their feet. The cleaners, clearly unable to face this new challenge, dropped their brooms and were never seen again.

The parade supervisors quickly realized what was happening and directed the remains of the float to a side street along with the ominously low flying Snoopy balloon. Nearby fire trucks washed away the goo and horse-apples and the equestrians - composure regained - became the new leaders of the parade.

Back on the side street, the balloon people discovered that the problem was caused by a new electric over-

see HAMBONE on page 6

<p>from HAMBONE on page 5</p> <p>inflation prevention valve that erroneously opened allowing Snoopy's helium to escape.</p> <p>"Dude, Joey, quick, help me wind up this antenna," said Hambone surmising that he may have had something to do with the problem. "We gotta get out of here."</p> <p>He might have gotten away except that a couple of other handlers noticed his wires and ratted him out to the pilots. A quick test revealed that every time Hambone pressed his telegraph key his tiny, but mighty, QRP signal caused the valve to release helium. Convinced that it was Hambone's fault, the officials took names and confiscated the radio equipment.</p> <p>Back in Professor Flask's Office</p> <p>"So, you see, professor, it really wasn't my fault. This little radio only puts out a couple of watts, not</p>	<p>enough to harm anything," said Hambone.</p> <p>"The culprit is whoever installed that cheap valve. They should have check it for RFI – Radio Frequency Interference – sensitivity before risking the public's safety by putting it on such a big balloon."</p> <p>"But you did not ask for permission to run your radio antenna on the balloon, is that correct?" asked Professor Flask.</p> <p>"Yes, but..."</p> <p>"So, you suspected that you might cause a problem, is that correct?"</p> <p>"No, no! I just thought that I would be refused without reason by some know-nothing bureaucrat. That's all," countered Hambone sensing that his defense was getting weaker by the minute. "Besides, nobody was hurt, Snoopy was not damaged and the parade went on. Not a big deal."</p>	<p>"Well, boys, the Parade Commission thinks it is a big deal so we'll see what happens. In the meantime, what did you learn from this experience?"</p> <p>"I learned that if something sounds stupid, it probably is," said joey.</p> <p>"I learned that Murphy's Law and the Law of Unintended Consequences are always ready to screw up any project," said Dude following Joey's lead.</p> <p>"I learned that you can't teach an old dog new tricks," said Hambone.</p> <p><i>A Special Thanksgiving Thanks to Tom, NØGSG; Charlie, NØCVW, Bill, WAØCBW and Don WØDEW for their continuing help and advice in creating the Hambone family.</i></p>
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How the Grinch Stole Field Day - Deb Buckner - KDØRYE

as presented at the 2018 JCRAC Christmas Party

Every ham down in Hamville liked Field Day a lot,
But the Grinch who lived high above Hamville did not!

The Grinch hated Field Day, the whole range of chatter.
Now, please don't ask why or ask what was the matter.

It could be perhaps, he liked being alone,
Or perhaps it could be he preferred his cell phone.

But I think that if one had to reason out "why",
It could be the Grinch was just painfully shy.

But, whatever the reason, his shyness or phone,
He hovered one evening above like a drone

Staring down from his cave with a sour, Grinchy frown,
At the towering antennas below in the town.

For he knew every ham down in Hamville, he'd bet,
Was happily chatting away on the Net.

"They're talking of contacts," he said with a sneer.
"And tomorrow is Field Day! It's practically here!"

Then he growled, with his Grinch fingers nervously drumming.
"I must find some way to keep Field Day from coming!

"For tomorrow, I know, all the hams in Hamville
Will wake bright and early. They'll rush to the hill.

"They'll set up antennas and tents and transmitters.
While munching on donuts and hot apple fritters.

"There'll be dits and dots from the C-Dubya station.
And calls of CQ reaching all 'cross the nation.

"They'll offer their tests to make even more hams.
Well, I am going to stop this! I am, yes, I am!"

Then he got an idea! An awful idea!
The Grinch got a wonderful, awful idea!

"I know what to do!" the Grinch laughed right out loud.
"I'll dress like a ham and get lost in this crowd!"

He put on a cap with a made up call sign,
A Polo shirt, shorts and he said, "This looks fine,
"But something is missing. I know what's not there,"
And he picked up a Coke and collapsible chair.

"I'll fit right in with them, like any ham gent,"
With his Grinchiest grin, he walked up to a tent.

"Hello," said a ham, "FAT-ØP?,
Now, that is a call sign I never did see."

"I'm new," said the Grinch, "haven't been on the air."
"Well, then," said the ham, "have a seat over there."

The Grinch put on headphones and spoke in a mike.
The Grinch made a call. "Is this something I like?"

He stopped and he thought, then he roared out a "No!
I am here for a reason. Field Day has to go!"

Then he slithered and slunk, his Grinchy scowl cresting,
And he stole all the pencils to be used for ham testing.

He took the antennas, the generators, the coolers,
He took wires and computers and even two rulers.

The Grinch carried his loot to a faraway place,
And the Grinch had a Grinchy green grin on his face.

He waited for silence, soft as warm, cotton flannel,
But still he heard chatter. "I forgot! Solar panels!"

He went back for more, 'til he filled up a truck,
But on his last load up, he had some bad luck.

He slipped on a rock in a desolate lane,
And the Grinch felt his leg all a-throbbing with pain.

"I've battered my leg, and I'm here all alone!
It's good that I charged up my trusty cell phone!"

He started to dial, and the Grinch, he grew nervous,
When phone flashed the message: no cellular service.

Then a little girl came, Little Katie Pam Ham,
"You look like you might be in trouble." "I am."

"You should have been careful. This lane is too rocky."
"What's that you have there?" "This? It's my handi-talkie.

"I could call my daddy, and he could send help.
Would you like me to do that?" The Grinch gave a yelp.

In a flash, EMTs patched the Grinch up like new,
And the Grinch caught the scent of some great barbecue.

He hadn't stopped Field Day, the food, or was noise,
Or stories of all the best radio toys.

The Grinch ate his fill, and he listened and learned
And all of the things that he took, he returned.

He passed the Tech ham test, and then what was sweeter,
The Grinch gave his hilltop to host a repeater.

[Ed. -- Deb updates another Christmas classic for this year's party. Don't miss it.]