

THE WOBBLY OSCILLATOR

CARS FAMILY DAY PICNIC COMING UP!

FROM THE PREZ

I just finished submitting the entry forms to the ARRL for Field Day. Part of the submission includes documentation and substantiation of bonus points, some of which are pictures. We took a whole bunch of pictures this year, and sorting through them reminded me of some of the things that took place at Calvin Park the last full weekend in June. During the planning stages for the event I wrote up a list of objectives. Numero uno was to have fun. Second on the list was to be safe. Next we needed all members to participate and encourage participation of family and friends, make everyone feel welcome, and promote ham radio to all visitors. It is safe to say we were pretty successful in meeting those objectives.

We did have fun. There was no doubt that. Field Day is a lot of work and certainly can be very grueling, but amongst the hard work, the lack of sleep, and the stiff necks and sore backs, there are pleasures the uninitiated could never understand or appreciate. The satisfaction of throwing up an antenna, setting up the radio, powering up and having someone come back saying "nice signal" on the first call of CQ gives me a jolt, and I hope it always does. We were definitely frustrated by the band conditions at times. But when

things would open up, wow, the rush of working pile-ups brought the weary back to life at a hundred miles an hour, the dead pan faces lit up with ear to ear grins, and eyes that were only slits opened up wide and bright.

We also had a lot of members come out for their first Field Day. That was cool. But what was even cooler was to see folks at the mikes that were only spectators last year. To see them forcing their voices into the microphones trying to bust through a pile-up, or handle one calling them was awesome. Many were truly bitten by the bug. And yeah, we did have our share of bugs. Maybe more than our share, but the insects always seem to like Field Day as much as the hams. And best of all, no one was even slightly injured. Field Day is what ham radio is all about, and C.A.R.S. was right there this year.

73, Toby, WT8O

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JULY 2016 MEETING MINUTES
*Submitted by CARS Secretary Dwaine
Modock, K8ME*

CARS held their July meeting on July 12, 2016. The meeting was called to order. The CARS membership meeting was called to order by President Toby Kolman, WT8O, at the Harriet Harriet Keeler, pavilion in the Brecksville Metro-Park Reservation. This was the second summer meeting. The Pledge of Allegiance was given and introductions were made. The June meeting minutes were approved as they appeared in the July Wobbly Oscillator newsletter.

Treasurer Bob Check, W8GC, gave a treasurers report, There will be a scholarship presentation at the annual CARS Family Picnic on Friday August 5th.

Toby, WT8O, reported that Field Day was a complete success, with 500 phone, 500 CW, 200 digital qso's running a 5-A transmitter class..

Mark, WJ8WM, wanted to remind everybody that's an ARRL member to vote for the ARRL OHIO SECTION MANAGER.

Matt Welch, and also Mark mentioned that Metro, W8MET, and Dave, AC8TN, operated at the USS Cod submarine near the E.9th St. pier. if interested contact Metro for more details. The sub is a museum ship and is open every weekend. Contact sub radio mgr., KA8VIT.

Mike, KD8OUE, says the East Repeater still needs some fine tuning.

The Club voted in a new member: Tony Thomas, KC8TJF.

Arp, K8ARP, stated that the Peddle to the Point is coming up, plus other events. Contact ARP for more info.

Bob mentioned that Amateur Electronic Supply has been sold to Ham Radio Outlet and will be closed at the end of July.

Metro and the CARS VE team conducted a session with 7 people taking their exam and six people passing.

Toby, WT8O, mentioned that there was a board meeting before the regular meeting and the Board Elected Andy KD8SCV as the new

Board Director.

The meeting was adjourned at 8: 2 p.m. after which Joel Chaney, K8SHB, gave the evening's presentation on, his new communication trailer he made.

The refreshment committee, consisting of Rich NW8X, Ed WB8ROK, and Darren K8DMT was thanked for their efforts by the members present.

The 50/50 raffle winner was Darren K8DMT, who took home \$44.00 with \$45.00 going to CARS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

**THE NEXT REGULAR CARS MEETING
WILL BE TUESDAY, AUG. .
THE LAST ONE IN THE PARK THIS YEAR**

**THERE WILL BE A VE SESSION ON AUG.
14TH AT THE OLDE INDEPENDENCE
TOWN HALL, 9 A.M. SHARP.**

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

**KC8LAU Gerald Purcell Aug-24-
1961**

**KD8FTS Eddie Stevens Aug-14-
/////**

**KD8SLV Erin Austin Aug-22-
1953**

**KD8YHX Christine Batman Aug-23-
1969**

WB8N Tom Wayne Aug-17- 1940

WD8RAX Brad Ewing Aug-9-1960

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY & MANY HAPPY
RETURNS !**

THE RANDOM WIRE

By Tom Wayne, WB8N

SPECIAL EVENT Operation, NPOTA

On Friday, July 22, & Saturday, July 23, a group of hams including Gary NI8Z, Roger N8TCP, yours truly WB8N, Metro W8MET, Mark WJ8WM, & Bob KD8NBB, activated the Cuyahoga Valley National Park, NP-14, on the eastern rim of the Cuyahoga Valley National Park in Sagamore Hills, Ohio, as part of the National Parks On The Air,(NPOTA) commemorating the 100th anniversary of the National Park system. The call NO8N, of the Northern Ohio Wireless Amateur Radio Group, an exclusive ham radio organization, was used.

A total of 486 contacts on 20 meters & 40 meters were made over the two day operation, including every state in the Union except Alaska & Hawaii. (yes Obama, there are only 50 states), and all contacts were uploaded to Logbook of the World. The "Group" was working in 90 plus degree heat, but had access to a refrigerator/freezer and a microwave oven in an old vacant house on the property, plus electricity. (Photos below). The "Group" was registered for the event with the ARRL and had the permission of the National Park System to operate the two day event. An aeronautical mobile station, whose call is WQ3W, flying over Bermuda at 34,000 feet was even made! The "Group" had a great time and WB8N's 13 year old grand daughter Ashley, who is in the 8th grade, even got on the air, making two contacts (with a little coaching from grandpa and others!)



The "Group was using a Kenwood 450 at 400 - 500 watts to a 6BTV vertical antenna, switching between it and an end fed wire antenna.

SILENT KEY

Former CARS member, Bob Bassett, KE8UV, passed away on July 14t,after a long bout fighting cancer. Bob was a local radio personality, having at one time worked as a DJ at the old WIXY, 1260. Bob most recently worked on public radio, and had an oldies radio show called "Sunday Oldies Jukebox" on FM 88.9 out of Akron. Bob always had a booth at the Cleveland Hamfest.

2016 Hamvention Report

The total attendance at yhe Hamvention is reported to be 25,364. Not bad for a couple of rainy mornings.

CARS FAMILY PICNIC

CARS is holding the annual CARS Family picnic (see the CARS web page) on Friday evening, August 5th, at the Kiwanis Pavilion. All CARS members, their families & friends are welcome, free of charge. There will be burgers, hot dogs, brats & side dishes. CARS members are asked to bring a desert. All that is asked of you is to let Bob, W8GC, know if you are going to be there & how many there will be in your *continued on next page*

party. Please do so ASAP so we know how much food to get. There will be a 50/50 drawing, door prizes and the annual CARS scholarship will be awarded. Email or phone Bob, W8GC. Hope to see you there!

BIRTHDAY PARTY



At the last VE session, those present celebrated Roger, N8TCP,s birthday. above is Roger, cutting his birthday cupcake.

SEE YOU LATER ALLIGATOR

That's it for this month guys & gals. Catch you on the weekly net (be sure to check in) at the picnic, at the next meeting & on the air (use your hard earned privileges)!
73, de Tom, WB8N

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!
By Jeff Davis, KE9V / Copyright
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permission.

A stranger walked up to me at the Dayton Hamvention last year and asked me if I was KE9V and when I told him that I was, he handed me two sheets of paper and walked quickly away. This incredible story was written on those pages.

I was licensed in 1959, having been bitten by the radio bug when I was just a wisp of a boy. I spent every spare moment building gear, antennas, and learning the ways of radio. At some point fairly early in my journey, I fell in with a bunch who met on 75 meters phone almost every night for long winded late night bull sessions. We all lived within a five hundred mile circle of each other except for one fellow who told us his name was "LG" - just letters, no name - and when asked, he swore on his mother's grave that they weren't his initials, it was just his name.

That caused a few of us to privately wonder about the character of a man without a real name but LG was a nice enough fellow except that on most nights he would ask everyone to open their refrigerator and look carefully at our bottles of milk.

He wanted us to report back on the color of the caps and the type of milk. I couldn't see much sense in it although LG was insistent. He was working on a theory that enemy spies were signaling each other about big events by changing certain colors. For instance, if 2% milk usually had a green cap, but was suddenly changed to blue, then that meant that something bad was about to happen.

"Stuff & nonsense" was the usual reply, although we were all more than a little shook when shortly after the skim milk cap colors were changed from red to blue, a DC-10 crashed on takeoff from Chicago, killing everyone on board. "could have been an inside job", LG opined, and asked who were to protest having been eyewitnesses to the change in milk cap
continued on next page

colors just a week before the tragedy?

Having known about the milk caps and yet not alerting the authorities weighed heavily on me like a man condemned. So much so that before long I dropped out of the roundtable. I didn't want the responsibility that comes with such great power and foreknowledge.

Besides, I needed a bigger challenge and somehow got it in my head that I would become a world-class CW operator. That was just the sort of thing I needed to challenge me and hold my interest. Although I had passed the code test years earlier to get my ticket, I thought of the code as mostly an annoyance, to keep people out of our fraternity. but after a year or so of constant practice, on the air, off the air, and in contests, I couldn't get comfortable above 18 wpm. I was blocked and becoming obsessed with a growing desperation to break through that barrier.

And it was about that time that I attended a nearby hamfest and happened to bump into old LG from the 75 meter net while I was there. We sat down with a couple of frosty 807's and he spoke at length about the milk bottle caps and the way they were facilitating chatter among the spies that had infiltrated the USA.

Wanting to change the subject, I confided in LG the challenge I had set for myself - to become a world class CW operator - and I admitted that I was falling seriously short of that goal. That's when he looked at me for a long time, leaned a little closer, and said "Follow me, and don't say a word."

Not wanting to be rude, and admittedly a little curious, I followed him to the RV lot where his motor home was parked and we went inside. The unit was very small with a rack of radio equipment on one side. He said that he was now living full-time in this rig and was enjoying his retirement by traveling all over the country.

We sat down in the only two seats available and after looking out all of the windows (I guess to make sure that we had privacy) he began to speak in a hushed voice.

"I spent thirty years in the military - Special ops. At the end of WWII we spent a lot of time critiquing the war effort - what worked, what didn't. Truman was impressed with what the Brits had done at Bletchly and wanted us to do the same. One of the weaknesses of that time was that most of the radio communication being passed by "spooks" was coded messages sent by humans using Morse code.

"Teaching agents the code wasn't difficult, but most of them would top out at about 20 wpm. Since shorter transmissions were less likely to be traced, high value was placed on field ops who could send and receive the code at much higher rates.

So the nation's top scientists were given a challenge - give us a way to take an "average Joe" and make him a high speed CW operator in a month or less. *Project Celeritas* became one of the first top secret projects of the cold war era."

Old LG said "What they came up with was a drug. First, you learn the code at a rudimentary level, then you take one of these pills and your ability to send and receive Morse code grows exponentially. It's a miracle, though not without a few side effects. I have a small supply and would share them with you for \$500.00, which would be enough to get this old gas guzzler to my next stop, where ever that may be. You interested?"

It sounds crazy, I know, but I was desperate, and it just so happened that I was flush with cash, having planned on blowing a small fortune at the hamfest. I pulled out my

Continued on next page....

wallet and found I had \$550.00. It must have been fate. LG took my money and told me to turn around and close my *page* eyes while he collected the pills from his secret stash.

He handed me a bottle with 100 tiny pills inside. "Don't take more than one a week and don't show off your new found skills too openly. Uncle Sam thinks that these are long gone and if you draw too much attention to yourself I could be trouble...understand?"

I told him that I understood and wandered off, anxious to see if I had just wasted \$500.00 or not

Back in my own shack I took one of the pills and began to tune the bands. I didn't notice an immediate improvement and was beginning to think that I had been ripped off by a nut with a milk bottle cap obsession, but then...wait...what was that? I was reading the mail on the lower end of 20 meters - in my head! I listened carefully and decided that these guys were running about 35 wpm. Eureka!

Over the next month I faithfully took one pill each week and found myself copying high speed code in my head while cleaning the house, working on a crossword puzzle, and once I even answered the door to talk to some *disciple* inviting me to his church, and I never missed a single bit of the conversation that was whirring along in the background from my receiver on 20 meters.

I could detect no side effects. In fact, the biggest problem with the drug was that I couldn't find anyone to really challenge me. I retrofitted paddles with high speed bearings but was beginning to run up on the physical limits of sending because the hardware just couldn't keep up with my burgeoning ability.

Six months later, I heard about an annual high speed code contest in North Carolina and decided to enter the fray.

Before long, I was seated at a table with a dozen other ops, all with cans clamped on our heads, copying code and limping along at just 60 wpm. When the speed reached n90 wpm, there was just one other guy left besides me, and he bowed out at 100 wpm.

Amazed, they kept cranking the speed up. It was being sent by a machine capable of sending at 160 wpm and I easily copied paragraph after paragraph of random text, right up to the lit of the machine and was all the while taunting them to go faster.

I took home the trophy and a \$1000.00 prize without realizing the results of the event would be published in the news papers. The story was picked up the next day by the wire services and within 48 hours there was a knock on my door. Two G-men escorted me to a local office where they asked me a lot of questions about how I was able to copy code at speeds. I hadn't heeded LG's warning not to show off my skills and the results of the drug and now there would be hell to pay!

After being brought to a dank office in Langley, VA, I was interrogated but there was no need to go to extremes. I coughed up the details in a heartbeat, figuring that now wasn't the time to be coy. I had 43 pills left and told the feds exactly where to find them in my home. I also told them everything I knew about LG and the milk bottle caps. After two days of incarceration and hours of high speed code tests, they took me home. The remaining pills were gone, taken by the government I presumed.

Withdrawal from the pills began driving me crazy. I heard the code when there was none to hear. Every sound in the house, from rain dripping off the roof to the popping of the water heater sounded like code to me and it only became worse. When I heard people talking, my brain was *continued on next page*

trying to convert their cords into code and that distracted me from having even a brief conversation with anyone. It kept getting worse until I could no longer work or even enjoy ham radio.

So I sold my house and all my gear and moved to a solitary cabin in Michigan's Upper Peninsula where even the birds chirping sounds like a message that my brain strains to decode. But there's nothing to be decoded. I feel that I am going completely mad!

I'm telling this story because the Feds contacted me a year after all this went down for some additional information. It seems they never found old LG and for all I know, he's still out there warning other hams about milk bottle caps and dealing that majic drug to some unsuspecting ham who just wants to increase hi code speed a little. After all, what ham doesn't want that?

YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!

Stay tuned for future "stories" by Jeff Davis in upcoming issues of the *Wobbly Oscillator*.
Ed.

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11th ANNUAL CARS PICNIC

Friday August 5, 2016 will be the CARS annual picnic. We will again be in the **Kiwanis Pavilion**, see the picture below, it is **behind the Independence Civic Center**. We will serve hamburgers, hotdogs, sausage/brats, potato salad, Cole slaw plus all the trimmings.

Again this year we ask anyone who can to please bring a desert.

We will also present our 2016 Scholarship winner with a check.

There will be several door prizes for the winners of our drawings.

The picnic is FREE to all CARS members, family & friends! All we ask is you tell us how many will be coming on or before Friday July 29. Arrive anytime after 5:30 to eat about 6:00pm.

Please email your numbers to Bob W8GC at: bob@2cls.com or call 216-524-1750



CARS 2016 Officers & Committees

Audit

WJ8WM ** WT8O, K8SAS

Audio/Video

KD8OUE **

ARRL Liaison & Media Representative

WJ8WM **

ARRL WAS & VUCC card Checker

K8ME **

Awards

W8GC ** WT8O

Christmas party & Summer Picnic

W8GC** WJ8WM, KD8SCV, K8ARP

Club Photographer

KC8VZZ **

Diabetes Walk

WB8N ** All CARS members

Field Day

WT8O**, WJ8WM

Find a Club Station location

K8KR** Ni8Z

Flag Committee

KB8RKF, KD8ACO, N8DJX

50/50

KD8OUE

License classes

W8GC ** WT8O ** Ni8Z, WJ8WM, KD8ACO, K8SHB

Membership

W8GC **

NET

WT8O **

Newsletter

WB8N ** 440-232-4193

Operating

WT8O ** K8ARP,

Program's at Meetings

KD8QBB **

Property Custodian's

KB8DTC records, W8GC equipment

Public Services

KD8FTS **, K8ARP **

QSL Manager - W8HBI, W8BM

WB8N **

Refreshments at Meetings & Picnic

WB8ROK ** pop, K8DMT ** coffee, NW8X ** eat's

Scholarship

W8GC ** WJ8WM, WT8O, K8ME

School Programs

Ni8Z **

Sunshine (welfare)

Andy Evrigde, KD8SCV ** 440-886-0723

Technical

KD8OUE ** WT8O, N8OVW, KD8FTS, WJ8WM
AC8NW

VE Exams

W8MET ** 216-520-1320

Web Master/e-mail

W8GC **

** chairman or co-chairman

2016 Officers

PRESIDENT

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president@2cars.org

VICE-PRESIDENT

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Dwaine Modock K8ME 440-582-3462

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Bob Check W8GC 216-524-1750

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Board Chairman

Andy Everidge KD8SCV 440-886-0723

even year executive board 2 year term

N8SHB, KB8DTC, KD8OUE

odd year executive board 2 year term

Ni8Z, KD8SCV, K8ARP

License trustee K8ZFR

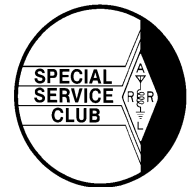
WT8O

License trustee

W8HBI, W8BM, WA8CMS,

WA8CHS

W8GC



July 13, 2016

"Hams Who Serve"