

nsarc Inc.

P.O. Box 171
Oshawa, Ont.
L1H 7L1



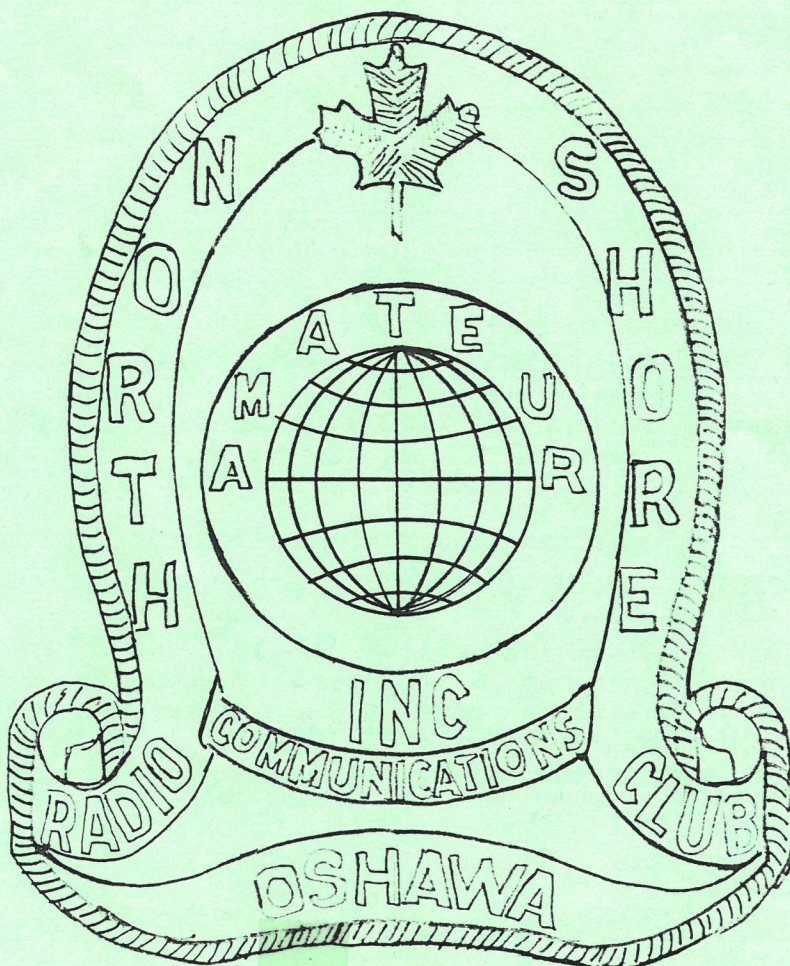
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NORTH SHORE AMATEUR RADIO CLUB Inc. NEWSLETTER

P.O. Box 171
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
L1H 7L1

November 1984

OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE

President	Bill Sutton	VE3MLW	623-2846
Secretary	Colin Bell	VE3CEU	723-7842
Treasurer	Mac McFarlane	VE3XI	723-8484
Director	Joe White	VE3IHS	623-4069
Director	Bill Fortune	VE3NTI	986-5656
Registrar	Keith Wyard-Scott	VE3GDF	723-5758
Get-well cards	Ted Brant	VE3ADD	668-3561
Co-editor	Charlie Bissett	VE3IBO	668-7481
Co-editor	Neil McAlister	VE3KSP	668-4161

CLUB STATION VE3NSR

CLUB 2-METER REPEATER VE3OSH 147.72 in
147.12 out

CLUB NETS

2-meter net every Thursday at 19:30 local time, come rain, shine or QRM, on the club repeater, VE3OSH. Net control is Roy, VE3AAF.

10-meter net Sundays at 13:00 local time for CW; 13:30 local for SSB. 28.200 MHz plus or minus beacon. (Conditions permitting.)

 THE NEXT MEETING

The next regular meeting will be held as usual on the second Tuesday of the month, November 13, at O'Neill Collegiate in Oshawa, in the cafeteria at 20:00 local time. (8 PM). Members are urged to come out and **nominate 5 new Directors** for 1985. A nomination form is included with this issue of the Newsletter.

THANKS, GUYS

Thanks to members who provided communications for the **Durham Region Riding for the Handicapped**, which took place on September 22. Participants included Gwilym, VE3BAB; Walter, VE3DYE; Bill, VE3NTI; and Ralph, VE3CRK. Thanks also to Bob, VE3LLE for his SINGLE-HANDED work for the Boy Scouts' Jamboree on the Air.

Public service is an important feature of Amateur Radio: It helps to ensure our hobby's survival against the encroachments of commercial broadcasting interests: All of us Amateurs are indebted to those who carry usually more than their share of this responsibility, thereby providing both valuable community services, and important public relations for the entire Amateur Radio fraternity/sorority.

THE "JUNK BOX"

For Sale ...

- 1. Drake TR4C, complete with power supply and manual. Immaculate. \$450 negotiable. Mac, VE3XI, phone 723-8484.
- 2. Triplet VOMs, model 666-HH. Up to 5000 V AC/DC. \$30. Only 4 left. Contact Vic, VE3LNX, phone 983-5831.

Wanted ...

- 1. "Ham Radio" magazines, May and December, 1974. Charlie, VE3IBO
- 2. Heathkit ET 3100 experimenter, working or not. VE3IBO
- 3. Simpson model 955 VOM. VE3IBO

NOMINATIONS FOR DIRECTORS

NSARC Inc. members are invited to submit nominations for five Directors, to be elected at the January 1985 meeting. A nomination form appears below. Kindly note that the person whom you nominate must agree to serve as a Director if elected: the nominee's signature, as well as yours, are both needed on the form. You may either mail your completed nomination form to the club, or put it in an envelope and deliver it at the November regular meeting or the December wine and cheese get-together.

[cut on dotted line]

I nominate _____ as a Director for N.S.A.R.C. Inc., for the calendar year 1985.

signed, _____ Nominator

If elected, I agree to serve: _____ Nominee

FROM THE EDITORS' DESKS

Kudos for the Post Office?

Last month we hurled brickbats where brickbats were due, but this month Canada Post Corporation gets a big vote of appreciation for outstanding service in delivering the October issue. By 16:00 hours on Tuesday, October 2, the newsletters were addressed and in the mail. By 10:00 AM the very next morning, several members had already found their copies in their letter-boxes! The postal system is capable of surprising speed when everything works properly. Dare we hope that this is a favorable omen of things to come?

Microwaves: Use Them or Lose Them

The October issue of **The Canadian Amateur** points out that an incredible 1,460 MHz of the frequency spectrum above 1215 MHz is presently allocated to the Amateur Radio Service. (Compare this to the mere 3.75 MHz spread that we have on all the HF bands from 1.8 to 29.7 MHz combined.)

Frequencies	Bandwidth
1215-1300	85 MHz
2300-2450	150 MHz
3300-3500	200 MHz
5650-5925	275 MHz
10000-10500	500 MHz
24000-24250	250 MHz
TOTAL	<hr/> 1,460 MHz

The article points out that our immense microwave bands are mostly unused. The author, VE2DUB, offers the chilling, but realistic prediction that Amateur Radio will lose huge chunks of the microwave bands forever unless this picture changes drastically and very soon.

There are many historical precedents. Remember 11 meters? Remember when our 70cm band extended all the way from 420 to 450 MHz? Those days are gone forever. Well, there's lots more bad news where that came from. South of the border, commercial interests are petitioning to take over the entire 220-225 MHz band for land mobile communications. Most alarmingly, American hams have just lost an enormous 80 MHz (from 2310 to 2390 MHz) to aeronautical flight test telemetry service. Think we'll be far behind?

We live in a world of satellites and personal computers. Amateur Radio has a choice: We can stay stuck in the stone-age of old-fashioned HF communications that started with Marconi, or we can catch up with modern technology. Surely we owe something to future generations of Amateurs — assuming that the hobby can survive the depredations of commerce and coming international squabbles over allocation of a resource as valuable as the electromagnetic spectrum. Where would we be today if previous Canadian hams had thrown away the 2-meter band through disinterest and underutilization?

Legally, use of portions of the electromagnetic spectrum for the enjoyment of our hobby is our privilege — not our right. And if we're not using frequencies assigned to us, there are lots of other people who want them in order to make money. We can scarcely expect a dog-in-the-manger

argument that these microwave bands are "ours", even if we aren't using them, to make a favorable impression on the authorities.

So what are we doing about it? If anybody in this club is involved in microwave communications, please tell your newsletter. We've all heard it before, but the warning is worth repeating: Use it, or lose it.

73s de VE3KSP es VE3IBO.

DUES ARE DUE

Nuthin' is sure but death, taxes, and our annual club dues! Dues for **Full, voting club membership** will be \$15 for the 1985 calendar year.

Non-voting, **Associate Members** who would like to be part of the club and receive the newsletter, but who live too far away to get to any meetings or get-togethers -- our friends in W-land, for instance -- pay \$8.00.

Additional family members of the same household as another Full or Associate Member, pay only \$6.00.

There is no discount for early payment this year, but why not attend to this business now, before you forget? Please feel free to mail in your cheque or to bring your loot to the next meeting you attend.

UPGRADING and MISSING THAT CODE PRACTICE?

Those club members who are taking Advanced Amateur courses this year have lessons on Thursday nights. Alas, there's nothing we can do to make up for the fact that our scholars have to miss Roy VE3AAF and the regular Thursday night net! However, missing Thursday code practice as well -- something that you have to know to get that upgrade -- is just too much!

Deprived students will be relieved to know that code practice is also available on VE3TTY/R (output 146.700 MHz) from 20:00 to 20:40 hrs local time daily. Speeds are 7.5, 10, and 15 wmp.

DOMINION STORE TAPES FOR JOCELYN LOVELL FUND

To date, tapes totalling \$240,020.79 have been collected, the equivalent of about \$500 cash. NSARC members contributed over \$25,000 worth of these tapes. VE3IBO is still collecting more for this fund.

Tongue-twister: A canner, exceedingly canny
 One morning remarked to his Granny,
 "A canner can can
 Anything that he can --
 But a canner can't can a can,
 Can he?"

Operating News

Good Practice for Computer-Based Message Systems

In 1983, the ARRL Board of Directors was made aware of the concerns of some members about computer-based message systems (CBMS), also called message system operations (MSO). The Board directed the ARRL Ad Hoc Committee on Amateur Radio Digital Communication to draft interim recommendations for good practice for CBMSs. The interim recommendations, approved by the Board, are reproduced in full below. Please note that these are interim recommendations. They are intended to be broad enough to cover all types of message systems, whether HF RTTY or VHF packet-radio types. Please look these recommendations over and send any comments and suggestions for new wording to the Chairman, ARRL Ad Hoc Committee on Amateur Radio Digital Communication, ARRL Hq. — Paul Rinaldo, W4RI

Establishment of New Systems

New CBMSs should serve a need within the basis and purpose of Amateur Radio as stated in Section 97.1 of the FCC rules and not simply add to congestion by duplicating services already available.

Frequencies should be selected in accordance with the ARRL band plans.

VHF and UHF channels should be coordinated with the appropriate frequency coordinator(s).

Frequencies in the HF bands should be time shared with existing CBMSs to the extent possible in coordination with the other CBMS operators using that same frequency.

Where sharing of an existing frequency is not feasible, new channels should be selected near the upper portion of the particular RTTY subband, leaving the lower parts of the RTTY subband to DX and other operator-to-operator QSOs.

Operational Safeguards

CBMSs should listen before transmitting. The system should sense activity on the channel and not transmit until the channel goes free. This can be accomplished by a carrier-detect circuit.

Incoming messages should not be retransmitted until read and released by the CBMS operator.

Until such time that the FCC permits unattended automatic operation of HF CBMSs, CBMS operators should monitor their transmissions (at least aurally) at all times that the CBMS is on the air and have a reliable method of terminating transmission in the event of malfunction. Monitoring may be done from a remote location.

The system should have software provisions to limit specific responses to a maximum of 10 minutes. Longer responses should be interrupted at least every 10 minutes for a go-ahead from the other station.

The system should have a hardware "watchdog" timer to limit individual transmissions to 10 minutes.

In order to make the channel available to other stations, CBMS operators should cull files that are out of date and offer user in-

structions for an s.a.s.e. by mail.

A CBMS operator should establish and make public a policy regarding acceptance of borderline traffic such as that relating to sale of equipment after reviewing current FCC rules and interpretations.

User Operating Practices

Monitor the frequency for a short period before calling a CBMS.

Do not interrupt another station using a CBMS.

Do not interfere with a QSO on or near the frequency.

Always properly identify your station.

Keep your signals on frequency.

Do not list "for sale" items without prior permission of the CBMS operator.

Make sure that you deactivate the CBMS by using that system's correct EXIT command.

W1AW Schedule

October 28, 1984 — April 28, 1985

MTWThFSSn = Days of Week Dy = Daily

W1AW code practice and bulletin transmissions are sent on the following schedule:

UTC	Slow Code Practice	MWF: 0300, 1400; TThS: 0000, 2100; Sn: 0300, 2100
	Fast Code Practice	MWF: 0000, 2100; TTh: 0300, 1400; S: 0300; Sn: 0000
	CW Bulletins	Dy: 0100, 0400, 2200; MTWThF: 1500
	Teleprinter Bulletins	Dy: 0200, 0500, 2300; MTWThF: 1600
	Voice Bulletins	Dy: 0230, 0530
EST	Slow Code Practice	MWF: 9 A.M., 7 P.M.; TThSSn: 4 P.M., 10 P.M.
	Fast Code Practice	MWF: 4 P.M., 10 P.M.; TTh: 9 A.M.; TThSSn: 7 P.M.
	CW Bulletins	Dy: 5 P.M., 8 P.M., 11 P.M.; MTWThF: 10 A.M.
	Teleprinter Bulletins	Dy: 6 P.M., 9 P.M., 12 P.M.; MTWThF: 11 A.M.
	Voice Bulletins	Dy: 9:30 P.M., 12:30 A.M.
CST	Slow Code Practice	MWF: 8 A.M., 6 P.M.; TThSSn: 3 P.M., 9 P.M.
	Fast Code Practice	MWF: 3 P.M., 9 P.M.; TTh: 8 A.M.; TThSSn: 6 P.M.
	CW Bulletins	Dy: 4 P.M., 7 P.M., 10 P.M.; MTWThF: 9 A.M.
	Teleprinter Bulletins	Dy: 5 P.M., 8 P.M., 11 P.M.; MTWThF: 10 A.M.
	Voice Bulletins	Dy: 8:30 P.M., 11:30 P.M.
MST	Slow Code Practice	MWF: 7 A.M., 5 P.M.; TThSSn: 2 P.M., 8 P.M.
	Fast Code Practice	MWF: 2 P.M., 8 P.M.; TTh: 7 A.M.; TThSSn: 5 P.M.
	CW Bulletins	Dy: 3 P.M., 6 P.M., 9 P.M.; MTWThF: 8 A.M.
	Teleprinter Bulletins	Dy: 4 P.M., 7 P.M., 10 P.M.; MTWThF: 9 A.M.
	Voice Bulletins	Dy: 7:30 P.M., 10:30 P.M.
PST	Slow Code Practice	MWF: 6 A.M., 4 P.M.; TThSSn: 1 P.M., 7 P.M.
	Fast Code Practice	MWF: 1 P.M., 7 P.M.; TTh: 6 A.M.; TThSSn: 4 P.M.
	CW Bulletins	Dy: 2 P.M., 5 P.M., 8 P.M.; MTWThF: 7 A.M.
	Teleprinter Bulletins	Dy: 3 P.M., 6 P.M., 9 P.M.; MTWThF: 8 A.M.
	Voice Bulletins	Dy: 6:30 P.M., 9:30 P.M.

Code practice, Qualifying Run and CW bulletin frequencies: 1.818, 3.58, 7.08, 14.07, 21.08, 28.08, 50.08, 147.555 MHz.

Teleprinter bulletin frequencies: 3.625, 7.095, 14.095, 21.095, 28.095, 147.555 MHz.

Voice bulletin frequencies: 1.89, 3.99, 7.29, 14.29, 21.39, 28.59, 50.19, 147.555 MHz.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 1400 through 2200 UTC, transmissions are beamed to Europe on 14, 21 and 28 MHz.

Slow code practice is at 5, 7-1/2, 10, 13 and 15 WPM.

Fast code practice is at 35, 30, 25, 20, 15, 13 and 10 WPM.

Code practice texts are from QST, and the source of each practice is given at the beginning of each practice and at the beginning of alternate speeds. For example, "Text is from July 1984 QST, pages 9 and 81," indicates that the main text is from the article on page 9 and the mixed number/letter groups at the end of each speed are from the contest scores on page 81.

On Fridays, UTC, a DX bulletin replaces the regular bulletin transmissions.

On Wednesdays at 2330 UTC, an IARU Region 2 bulletin in English and Spanish on 45.45-baud Baudot is sent on the regular teleprinter frequencies, beamed to Central and South America. The 2300 UTC Teleprinter Bulletin transmission is also beamed south on Wednesdays.

W1AW bulletins are sent on OSCAR 10, Mode B, when the satellite is within range. Look for CW on 145.840 MHz and SSB on 145.972 MHz.

Teleprinter bulletins are 45.45-baud Baudot, 110-baud ASCII and 100-baud AMTOR, FEC mode. Baudot, ASCII and AMTOR (in that order) are sent during all 1600 UTC transmissions, and 2300 UTC on TThFSSn. During other transmission times, AMTOR is sent only as time permits.

CW bulletins are sent at 18 WPM.

W1AW is open for visitors Monday through Friday from 8:30 A.M. to 1 A.M. EST and on Saturday and Sunday from 3:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. EST. If you desire to operate W1AW, be sure to bring a copy of your license with you. W1AW is available for operation by visitors between 1 and 4 P.M. Monday through Friday.

In a communications emergency, monitor W1AW for special bulletins as follows: voice on the hour, teleprinter at 15 minutes past the hour, and CW on the half hour.

W1AW will be closed on November 22 and 23, December 24 and 25, January 1, February 18 and April 5.

"Belay them pills Lad n' step out on the heavin' deck with me!"
written by Edwin H. Taylor, VE3FRM.

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"Storm at Sea"

or

"J.S. Saves the Day"

The 150 foot cargo ship S.S. Superior was 48 hours out of Boston when a November gale suddenly turned the gently rolling sea into an awesome whirlpool of iron bustin' fury. If she had put 12 more hours behind her, she would've made Halifax Harbour, but now her skipper was fighting six storey high waves lashed by 90 mph winds. Each rise of the ship brought her to the very pinnacle of the world. There she would pause as if to catch a breath of fresh salt air, then with a tooth rattlin' shudder as her screws left the water, she would plummet down the next wave. Down, down, as if there were no bottom to this chasm in the ocean. Aye, as if to touch the very spires of King Neptune's ice water mansion. For several heartbeats which seemed like eternity, the entire vessel was consumed by water. Then she would break free and hurtle skyward. Up, up, to the sky, riding the next swell on Mother Nature's roller coaster ride.



"A STORM AT SEA"

Captain Roberts, a thin grey haired man, an aging veteran of the seas, clutched the ship's wheel with steady hands. Judging and out guessing every move made by the mountainous wall of sea before him. His years of experience allowed him a winning hand in this cat and mouse game. He knew however, the years were showing on the old Superior, how much more of this pounding she could withstand was uncertain.

The Superior was built 20 years before the birth of the century, many seas, storms and a world war had passed beneath her keel since then. It was now 1919 and the years of corrosion, rust and neglect had taken their toll. The Captain knew she may never make Halifax Harbour. Eyeing the still falling barometer he cleared his throat nervously and spoke to the wireless officer over his right shoulder. "They build 'em good in Canada, eh Sparks?" A muffled reply came from Sparks who was seated at an oaken desk overlaid with wireless gear of all descriptions. His head was covered with an officers cap held down by a pair of ear-phones to which he was listening with great intent. His left hand moved a loop antenna back and forth and from a calibrated scale at it's base he would periodically jot down compass headings. He was receiving beacon signals from the Glace Bay wireless station and the loop antenna gave him his position at sea. The old wooden wheel house did not deter the radio waves seeking his antenna, however the atmospherics created by the storm made reception nearly impossible.

Darkness was coming on quickly and the thought of running aground in this storm bent a furrow in the Captain's brow. He knew they can't be far off La Have Island, a sheer wall of stone protruding from the ocean's depths and at it's feet the skeletal remains of many a well seasoned ship and crew.

Suddenly the wheelhouse door blew open startling both Capt. Roberts, Sparks and the 1st mate. In tumbled the cook with a spray of sea water. Regaining his balance he hung his storm lantern to the wall and flung the door shut. From his shoulder he slipped off a pack sack and began to untether it's straps. "I'm sorry Cap'n" he blurted out breathlessly, "It's too rough to feed ye an' I've brought some Sea Biscuits an' hot coffee fer ye"! The coffee and biscuits were handed out amid some cheery retoric from the Captain, attempting to lighten the situation somewhat.

The comradery was suddenly stopped by an ear piercing whistle from the "Blower", a long brass pipe which lead from the wheelhouse all the way down to the boiler room located in the vessel's bowls. This was the ship's intercom. The 1st mate who had relieved the Captain at the helm, listened to the pipe and relaid to Captain Roberts, the message from Engineer Scott. "Scotty's havin' trouble Cap'n" he said excitedly. "A hatchway's given in and water's floodin' the Boiler Room". "All pumps at full til' but the waters still risin' and Scotty figures we got 40 minutes before all fires are out Sir"!

The news hit the Captain like a baseball bat in the stomach. His face ashened, with a trembling hand he placed his cup in its holder. Turning to Sparks, in a calm but grave voice he said, "Get that gadget going Sparky, tell 'em our fait, were turning 90 degrees t'wards land". Sparks closed a few knife switches and from somewhere a high pitched whine permeated the wheelhouse. He grasped the knob of his morse key and pressed a long dash. A slight hiss could be heard from the great black panel before him. It was a quenched spark transmitter instaled on board at the outbreak of war. Sparky glanced up at the meters over his head. He reached out and adjusted his antenna coupling coil for the broadest decrement possible. This would assure reception by nearby stations listening even if their receivers were set to a frequency many kilocycles from that of his primary frequency. Again he grasped the knob of the large brass key. He began sending "CQD, CQD, SOS, SOS de S.S. Superior". (Some confusion still existed on the high seas as to the use of CQD or SOS). His message rang true, the good ship and crew were in peril.

The crew below worked feverishly, lashing down shifting cargo and maning the bilge pumps. They knew their odds in winning a place at the table of Davey Jones, down in the depths of his icy locker. Most "land lubbers" would spend these last moments blubbering over photos of loved ones, but not these men. They were "old salts", men of the sea. When they signed on, it was for the adventure of far away ports, the bite o' fresh salt air in their nostrils, a Nor' Wester howling through the riggings and the taste of a pretty mermaid's tail. They took their chances and many times looked old Davey straight in the eye. They did their job admirably.

Sparks ended another long call of distress. He listened intently to the ear-phones for any responce. Nothing, nothing but static crashes. The storm was drowning his signal, he looked up hopelessly at the Captain's grim face. Suddenly he could hear a faint buzzing. With a look of excitement on his face, he pressed the phones closer to his ears, even though the crashing static pained his eardrums. He began jotting on the pad what this rasping signal was saying. It was slow, stammering and weak but definately a responce to his pleas. The signal signed with the initials J.S. Sparks dropped the phones to the bench and began transmitting a reply. The signal was from a young amateur located high atop the cliffs of La Have Island overlooking a tiny fishing village called Nogey's Notch.

After several rounds of transmission, Sparks learned that Nogey's Notch, at times, in fair weather, allowed anchorage for large vessels. It was a "C" shaped cove, notched out of the giant rock formation of La Have Island. If you hold your right forefinger and thumb in the form of a very closed letter "C", you have Nogey's Notch. The village spreads from your first nuckle all the way uphill to the house of J.S. located at your topmost nuckle.

Captain Roberts took command of the wheel from the 1st mate, steering a course as laid out by Spark's receiving loop. His heart began to feel lighter, perhaps there was a chance he thought.

High atop the hill at Nogey's Notch, 15 year old Jimmy Strong (J.S.) gave hurried instructions to his mother as to what was happening out there in the lonely darkness of the sea. Jimmy's Mother knew well the terror of heavy seas. It was a night such as this, Jimmy's father went missing aboard his fishing trawler. She quickly donned her oil skin coat and made her way down to the village. Among the town's fishermen, a plan was put forth. They would line Nogey's Shoal with storm lamps as a guide to the very narrow inlet. Each man tethered himself to the other and together slowly snaked their way along the shoal towards the inlet. The angry sea grasping and clawing at them every foot of the way. On her return, Mrs. Strong outlined to Jimmy the plan of the of the town's men. Jimmy's meager spark once more leapt into action. Slowly he buzzed out the plan and the Superior acknowledged.

Reading the waves and current of the sea around Nogey's Notch, Captain Roberts traveled beyond the line to Nogey's Inlet then turned and began his final run. He pulled the cap and chain from the "blower" and bellowed down to the boiler room below. "Gimme all you got Scottie, then ready for full reverse"! Scottie replied with an "aye Cap'n". Scottie knew if the Captain ran aground and tore out the Superior's bottom, he'd go with it. It was his duty to stay on the job and with it he'd stay. The rest of the crew readied themselves for the coming event, be it shipwreck or safe harbor. Once again under full power the Superior surged ahead through the mountainous seas. The Captain now could see the tiny lanterns marking the shoal, pointing to the very small gap.

Young Jimmy, clad in oil skins braced himself against the raging wind by wrapping his arm around the tall pine post that held his long wire antenna. From his vantage point he could see the adventure unfolding below. The Superior was well lit with lamps along the decks and a large searchlamp on top of the wheelhouse was trained on the passage to safety. The shoal lined with men holding lanterns, leaning to the wind, now and then staggering under the crash of a heavy swell. Everything depends on the skipper now, thought Jimmy.

Captain Roberts called on all his years of experience as he guided the ship with unbelievable skill. The Superior was now riding a giant swell which brought her to the very breach of Nogey's Inlet. She was "side slipping" very dangerously and would slam sideways into the shoal, perhaps snuffing out those brave men positioned there. The Captain now rang down to Scottie for reverse engines. The Superior gave a mighty shudder and the bow swung straight as if a giant hand had grabbed her by the stern. She glided through the narrow, straight and true, her propellers kicking up a great froth as she "back paddled" to slow her entry. Now and then a shower of sparks could be seen as she scraped against the rocky wall on her starboard side. Once inside, the Captain rang down "engines stop". He spun the wheel hard to port and called out for anchors fore and aft. A cheer rose up from the soaked and weathered men lining the shoal and men scurried about the Superior's deck laughing and shouting as they readied the ship for mooring. Jimmy's grin was as big as a quarter moon and his step felt as light as a feather as he and his mother left their "watch" and made for the shelter of home.

Jimmy awoke from a restless, dreamy sleep to a loud rapping at the front door. He arose from his cot and rubbed his eyes, he wondered if last night's adventure was just a dream. The clock next to his wireless station read 12 O'clock. "That's the latest I've ever slept" he thought to himself as he pulled on his trousers. A glance out the window told him the storm had passed and bright sunlight covered the countryside. His mother who seemed never to sleep, had answered the door. A rasping but firm voice echoed through the house. "You must be Mrs. Strong, I am Captain Roberts of the S.S. Superior". "I understand it was your son James and his wireless that kept us from the clutches of old Neptune last night". Jimmy could hear the heavy step of several men entering the tiny cottage and gathering in the kitchen area. Jimmy's mother poked her head through the curtains in his doorway and whispered "It's the men from the Superior wantin' to see you Jimmy, come along quick now". Jimmy pulled on his sweater and hurriedly ran the comb through his hair. His heart was beating very fast and the excitement made his hands tremble. He had met many skippers before but never a sea fairin' Captain of a ship the likes of the Superior. A quick glance at the broken piece of mirror next to his bed told him his cow-lick was still standing, but nothing could be done about it now. He wished he looked a little older and walked out as tall as he could stretch himself.

Around the kitchen table were seated four men dressed in the uniform of the merchant marine. At once they sprang to their feet and stretched out hands to shake that of Jimmy's. Jimmy's mother stood by the kitchen stove smiling and looking very pleased. The Captain's handshake was firm and strong, befitting that of a man in his position. Sparks was an eager clasp and his voice, that of a gentle well educated man. Cooky and Engineer Scott were hardy handshakes and their voices tumbled with mirth. Robust and well meanin' men were these. After much conversation and reliving last night's adventure from every angle, Jimmy and Sparks made their way to Jimmy's small bedroom to view his wireless station. Jimmy pointed out the loose coupler he had built and showed Sparks the magazine he had taken the idea from. His detector was a piece of carborundum held between two brass jaws mounted on a piece of bakelite. Bias was applied from a wet cell constructed in a fruit jar. His spark coil and storage batteries were taken from spare ignition parts donated by some of the local fishermen who were fortunate enough to own gasoline engines. Sparks was quite impressed as to how advanced Jimmy's "hay wire" station was. With just a few copies of QST, Jimmy had learned more than just the basics of wireless. Jimmy could communicate with another boy on the far side of the island and twice he "hooked up" with a "commercial" on the main land.

Jimmy's mother called from the kitchen, "apple pie". The way Jimmy's face lit up, Sparks was sure they were in for a treat. A treat it was, for nobody anywhere could cook apple pie like Mrs. Strong. After several bountiful helpings, Cooky cried out, "I must 'ave yer recipe Mrs. Strong"! "I've sailed the seven seas an' nowheres 'ave I tasted such a delicacy"! "Yes please do"! chimed in the others. "Yes" chided the Captain, "His culinary mis-handling has tested my digestive system for fifteen years now, you would be doing us all a great service Mrs. Strong"! "Please give him the recipe" he begged. They all laughed good naturedly.

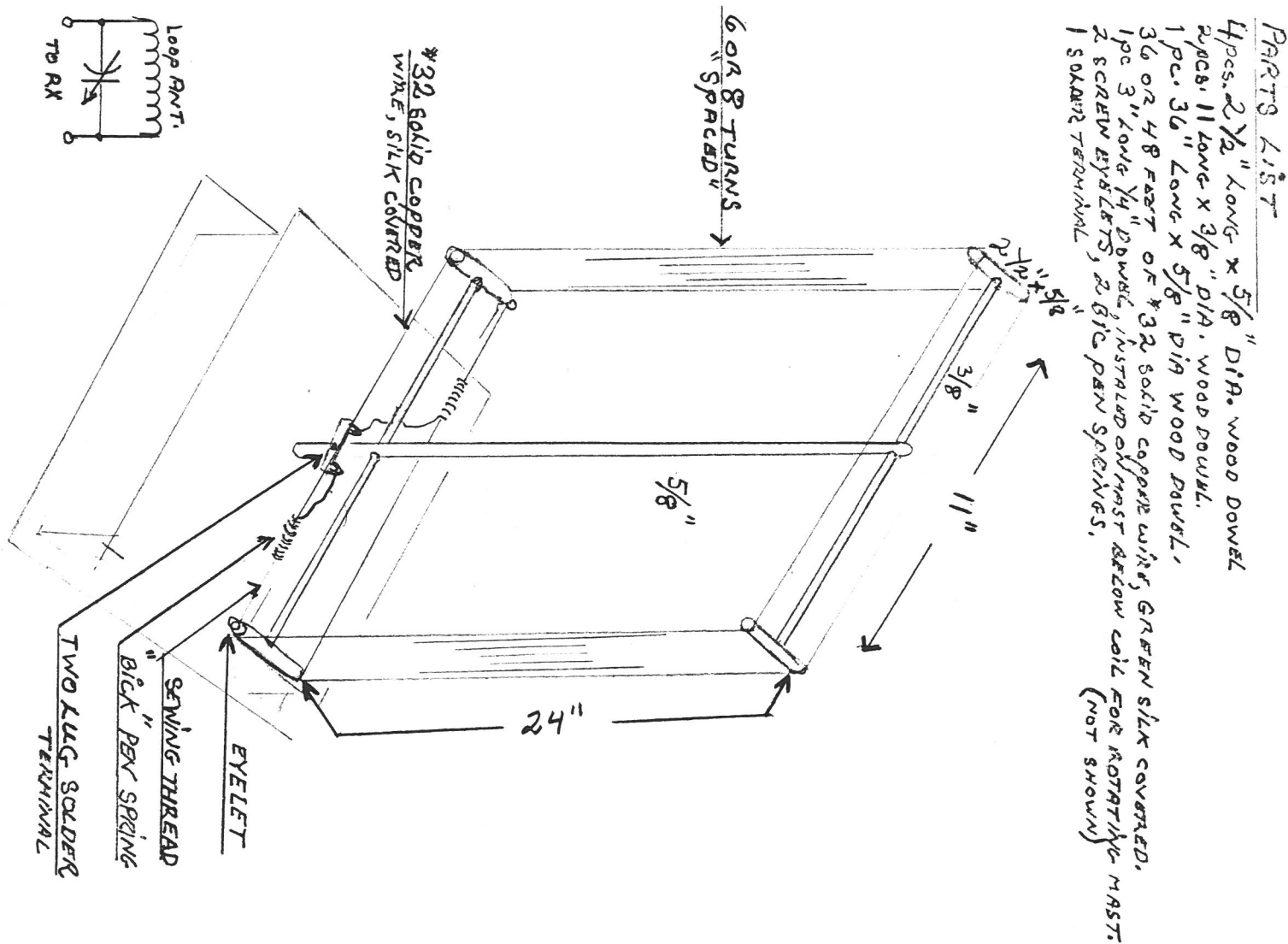
Soon it was time to go and the Captain turned to Jimmy and promised they would return in the Spring with a little something for his heroism. Jimmy's face, shinning with excitement began to blush. Jimmy felt it not fare to accept gifts for doing something that he enjoyed doing.

Jimmy and the crew made their way down to the Superior's anchorage. On board, Jimmy had a first class tour of the ship. The engine room left him in awe, but the wireless station outfitted in the wheelhouse drove him to the very pinnacle of Utopia. Sparks explained how the quenched spark gave him a more efficient and safer transmitter. The receiver was equiped with modern "Audions" for detection and amplification. Carborundum detectors were there for back-up. He showed him how he worked the directional receiving loop, a "Radio Compass" of sorts. All this left Jimmy spell bound.

All too soon Jimmy was left on shore alone and silent, watching the Superior slip it's way through the narrow gap and out to sea. Capt'n Roberts gave a long blast of the Superior's whistle, a final salute to the people of Noggy's Notch. The sea wind was tuggin' at Jimmy's sleeve. He knew that some day, he too would be a wireless operator for the merchant marine, - some day. ----

Pages one to four, donated by International Telephone and Telegraph, Whitby.

The photograph at the story's beginning was taken from the Dec. 81, issue of "The Old Timer's Bulletin". This picture spurred me on to build a loop antenna and burried the seed of this story in my mind. I hope you enjoyed it. The antenna works beautifully and allows me to listen comfortably to my old time radio programs that haunt the crowded portion of the AM band. My original, used six turns of wire, roughly 70uh and a 365mmfd variable condenser combined with a switchable bank of fixed condensers to give a freq. spread from 2mc to 500kc. The switch and condensers are mounted in the cabinet that supports the loop. A better designe could use eight turns with a 1000mmfd variable condenser, thus doing away with the switched condensers. Hang the loop for a few days with small weights on each end of the wire. This will help tighten up the coil. I will bring my model to the next club meeting for your interest.



HOTEL-MOTEL-PORTABLE "J" TYPE ANTENNA

FOR 2 METER VHF (144-148 Mhz)

By Sid Schwartz WB2SHB.

Construction details:-

1. Short one end (C) of a length of 300 ohm "TV" twin lead.
2. Measure exactly $54\frac{1}{4}$ " from shorted end and cut (F).
3. Measure EXACTLY $1\frac{1}{4}$ " from shorted end (C). This is the feed point (A-B). Open end (F) should be 53" away from feed point (A-B).
4. Attach 52 ohm coax such a RG58U, or finer, at feed points (A-B) so that the coax shield is attached to point (B), and the inner or hot lead of the coax is attached to point (A).
5. Attach a PL259, with reducer to the coax at a point 71" from feed point (A-B) measured from the base of the connector.
6. Cut (B) side of twin-lead with $\frac{3}{8}$ " notch so that wire from feed point (B) is exactly $15\frac{1}{4}$ " long. This is the side connected to the coax shield. Cut as little of the insulation dielectric as possible, to strip out the wire, as too much cutting, will weaken the antenna.
7. Tape coax to twin-lead slightly passed the feed point (A-B) and the shorted end (C). (a short length of heat-shrink tubing could also be used, instead of the tape) Fd.
8. Punch or burn hole through the insulation dielectric near point (F) to attach string.
9. Suspend vertically away from metal, and as high as practical.....Experiment to find the best position as only a few inches can change the gain significantly.

Total Cost:- If you purchase everything new, should not exceed \$3.00

Construction Time:- About 30 Minutes.

