

North Shore ARC

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VE3CRK
Ralph Day
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Oshawa, ON
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95

Belcher Island DXpedition Special!

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In Memory ... Keith Wyard-Scott, VE3GDF

It is with great sadness that we have to report that Keith Wyard-Scott, VE3GDF, passed on to his rest on the morning of Tuesday, August 22, 1995 at Oshawa General Hospital. Keith did not get on the radio all that much but he was a very active member of the North Shore ARC. Keith has been a member of the North Shore ARC for a long time and has served as Registrar for many years. He was the person responsible for looking after memberships and for getting your bulletin mailed to you each month. We will miss you Keith and our prayers will be with your family. 73 and QRT de VE3OSH & VE3NSR.

September Meeting

Keith Goobie, VE3OY, will be our guest speaker on September 11. The topic for the night will be "Packet Radio". Keith is very knowledgeable with packet and even runs his own BBS. This will be a good time for those who are toying with the idea of getting into packet to see what it is all about as well as informative for those of us who are already involved. See you there!

Presidents Message

Well folks at this time of year a few of you out there have already had your vacations, and I hope everybody has had an enjoyable summer, "Oh Boy!" has the weather been nice to us this year. The club corn roast which was held at the Harmony Park Conservation Area on August 14th was a great success with 56 people in attendance consuming 20 dozen corn. It was a wonderful evening with the weather holding out for us. It is with a lot of sadness that I report that we have lost a very valued member of our club. Keith VE3GDF, who passed away on August 22, will be

missed by many of us as he was a good friend and did a lot for our club for many years. Our members send their condolences to his family. Here we are in August already and it won't be long before our September meeting hope to see you all there. Until next time 73 88's.
Peter Rogers, VE3ZZV

The Early Days of Amateur Radio

WIRELESS AMATEURS IN TORONTO

The spread of the wireless telegraphy "fad" amongst the young men of Canada has become so remarkable that a club of 150 active members is under way in Toronto, and Montreal is promising to follow suit, although on a more modest plan. As on the American side of the border, stringent laws have been passed by the Dominion Government regulating the possible interference of amateurs with commercial messages. That such a law was not placed on the statute books an hour too soon may be judged from the fact that in Toronto alone there are often fifteen amateur wireless systems in operation on the same night and within a radius of about twelve square miles. When one of the two powerful commercial plants established locally get into action, the amateurs usually close down shop for the time being, not only because they are obliged to do so by law, but also since they prefer to do so for the sake of their own apparatus and ear drums.

Some of these young enthusiasts carry their hobby to remarkable development. One of them has an aerial elevated seventy feet and stretched two hundred feet long, the benefits of which are that he has a much more sensitive instrument for receiving and can, in fact, get more Hertzian waves than his more sparingly

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Laird Solomon, VE3LKS,
editor, and Glen Goslin,
VE3LIZ, publisher.

equipped comrades of the wireless cult. Nearly every day he receives without any difficulty from New York, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Colon (Panama), Key West and Washington. Others, however, content themselves with a five or ten mile radius and by diligent application to the Continental Code, the standard for wireless, have mastered the alphabet thoroughly. Their nightly conversations with one another have led to mutual introductions through the exchange of names and addresses over the housetops, and finally to the assembling of the young men within the lines of a Wireless Club.

The investment in wireless apparatus for amateurs in Canada alone last year amounted to several hundred thousand dollars, the demand coming from villages on the Atlantic Coast right across the continent to the towns and cities of British Columbia. There is probably no young man's hobby so absorbing in interest, so beneficial to mind and body, or with as few drawbacks even when carried to the extreme of enthusiasm as wireless experimenting. Electricity is an exhaustless subject and the purchase of a wireless outfit is but the door to a further search. - Robson Black

The item above was taken from "MODERN ELECTRICS", of June, 1913. de Gil, VE4AG

Victor Doty, VE3LNX

Field Day

Once again we ran a successful Field Day operation from Harmony Valley Conservation Area. Set up started about 10:00 with the arrival of the trailer. One item we did learn after the start of the contest was not to hang antennas so that the end of a dipole is underneath a beam antenna. Perfectly obvious, but we never thought of it until the 20M station reported that they couldn't operate because of interference from the 40M and 80M stations. This was soon rectified and by the end of the contest we had made a total of 1166 QSO's. With multipliers and bonus points our score should be 3142. The hardest part of the

contest was making the 5 alternate power contacts. 2M FM was very quiet but with some serious peddling from Glen, VE3LIZ, Steve, VE3SBD, and Alex, VA3AMP, we made eight contacts. Thank you to all members and their family members who contributed to the success either by operating, logging, delivering and supplying goodies or muscle. Thanks also to Jack, VE3SJ, who taped the operation. Maybe we can arrange to show the video at a future meeting.

I hope the following list includes everybody and apologize if I've left someone off.

73 de Martha Dinsmore, VA3SBD

Aldo	VA3AG
Andre	VA3AGV
Alex	VA3AMP
Doug	VA3DOU
Les	VA3LTB
Steve	VA3SPZ
Dave	VE3AJY
Tom	VE3BTR
Ralph	VE3CRK
Doug	VE3KFQ
Len	VE3LBN
Glen	VE3LIZ
Stewart	VE3NBV
Ray	VE3OUB
Tom	VE3PZS
James	SWL
Janet	SWL
Jack	VE3SJ
Steve	VE3SBD
Gwen	SWL
Patricia	SWL
Allan	SWL
Ries	VE3UEA
George	VE3UEH
Jim Jr.	VE3UQZ
Tony	VE3VGF
John	VE3VGI
Violet	VE3VLP
Peter	VE3WWZ
Norm	VE3YPQ
Sarah	VE3ZQS
Terry	VE3ZTF
James	VE3ZXQ
Peter	VE3ZZV

Packet Problems

I've received a couple of messages lately that there are packet stations in Oshawa having problems connecting to VE3USH. VA3KC, Casey and myself have both checked the nodes signal strength from our QTH's and everything seems 100% With that in mind I visited the QTH's of a couple of stations having trouble. Checks were run on the station and packet parameters. The following problems were found.

1. One station had severe intermod which prevented his station from hearing the node. An intermode filter cured that problem. One of the club letters had a paint can filter. I've built a couple and they do the job. I know of quite a few places in Oshawa that do have severe intermod.
2. The other stations problem turned out to be a bad lead-in connection that caused a high swr. An swr meter or an swr analyzer can help to pin point these type of problems.
3. There are a few parameters that might also affect the stations connect ability. txdelay ...on older rigs (relay type) this usually has to be set to a higher - try 60. Most tnc come with a manual. Some are difficult to make sense of. Probably the best thing to do is find an operating station that runs the same type tnc and have him print "display", then compare your "display" and set the parameters. I hope this helps.

John Harden, VE3VGI

October Deadline

Deadline for info to be submitted for the October issue is Friday, September 15. See the Info Page for various the methods of submitting articles via internet, mail, etc.

July & August Meeting Minutes

July - saw the repeater site.
August - ate lots of corn.

Dxpedition to the Belcher Islands!

If my wife could have seen me at that moment, she would have written me off as a madman. The airport garage at Sanikiluaq was an odd place for a teacher and his friend to be standing on the first day of his summer vacation. The fact that we were wrestling with an antenna which had a mind of its own was another story. The arctic wind whipped our pantlegs like flags. The coax and guy ropes danced around us like mindless streamers. From moment to moment the rain switched back and forth from rain to snow to rain... unable to decide which torment we most deserved. John Harden (VE3VGI's) teeth chattered, when he shouted: "What a contrast. When we put this thing up four days ago it was 82 degrees and we wore shorts."

Al Griffin, our pilot watched from the warmth of the nearby prefab airport. When our job was done he said that he thought that one of us would be tossed over the side by the strength of the gale. Al hadn't read John's sense of determination well. John is an athlete. For years he has fought boxing matches, run marathon races - and driven his body to its limits of endurance in cross country ski races. For John - this marked the end of months of hard work. Our Belcher Islands DXpedition was in the books. Another of a lengthy list of accomplishments in the story of a unique man.

When we looked back over it all, it seemed like yesterday when John, Laird Solomon (VE3LKS), and myself sat in Tim Horton's in Oshawa, discussing a possible dxpedition. As I stirred my coffee, I quietly commented: "This is every ham's dream - but how many do it? If we say we will do it. We will do it." The gauntlet was thrown. At that moment on - we had a goal that had to be met. Unfortunately, the end came four months early for Laird as his wife entered her final term of pregnancy. Laird had to withdraw from the team.

On that first night, we dared to dream. "Where would we go?" The trip had to be affordable, but yet remote. The location had to be exotic enough to be attractive for local and distant hams. Hopefully our site had never have been activated. At first, we thought of the high Arctic. Places like Ellesmere Island, and Alert Bay, rolled easily off our tongues. We groaned when a local Oshawa pilot suggested a fee of \$10,000 to transport us and our gear to Frobisher Bay. Our plans for an arctic dxpedition moved to a more affordable southern location. After much consideration we decided upon Sanikiluaq, in the Belcher Islands of Hudson Bay.

John discussed the problem with a friend who worked with him at General Motors. John's friend was a pilot. Although he liked the sound of the trip, he was unable to make the trip when his health failed him. He passed the ball to his brother who also had his pilots licence. His brother liked the idea - and the trip was on. For our pilot, Allan Griffin, our trip to the Belchers fulfilled his long held dream to fly to the north. Allan is an air controller at Toronto's Lester B. Pearson International. His plane was a little PL 30, Twin Commanche. A proven war horse. It had been flown for a number of years by Henry Shannon, CFRB's traffic voice in the air. Allan sponsored us by providing us with a return flight from Oshawa to Sanikiluaq for the cost of fuel. Suddenly the trip became affordable.

Now the problem became "Where do you site a station in a town you don't know?"

To save expenses we decided to establish a base with tents and portable camping gear. We also decided to huddle as close to the airport as possible. With that in mind we contacted Bob McLean - the airport manager at Sanikiluaq. We needed whatever support he could offer from the airport - electricity, use of toilet facilities, refrigerator, protection from bad weather. When we arrived at Sanikiluaq, and learned that the airport wasn't very busy, we asked Bob if we could work from within the building.

Bob's response was a laid back, "no problem, help yourself guys."

After arrival, John and I took a quick overview of the terrain around the airport. The airport and adjacent garage, sat on a hill about 500 m high - about 2 miles outside Sanikiluaq. John, who had constructed and tested our rotating quad antenna, knew exactly how much space it required. The flat garage rooftop was ideal. It was some 10 meters off the ground - and it elevated us high above the local terrain. Bob located a ladder for us. We scrambled up.

The skyline was magnificent. To the north - we could see the ice floes which had broken away from arctic glaciers and floated up to the island's shore. Below us lay Sanikiluaq. Naked without grass, huddled around a small inland harbour. Surrounding us were hills and tundra.

We set to work, snapping the telescopic sections of mast pipe in place. Then came the supporting guy wires followed by the large triangle shaped driver and reflector. After we had completed the expected ritual of untangling wires - the structure was drawn tight. Our next problem was feeding the coax into the room which served as our shack in the airport. We couldn't keep the outside door propped open. The temperatures dropped too low for that at nights. During the days, the mosquitoes drifted off the tundra in raiding parties.

John spotted three holes in a wall. These appeared to have been used as an entrance at one time for cable into the building. The holes had been stuffed with packing. As luck would have it, the holes were on the wall of the room we had selected for our shack. With Bob's ok, we reamed the caulking out and shoved in the coax. Within two hours the radio's were fired up. We made a few test contacts and our initial reports were solid. After dinner, VE8RAC, was up and running. Our station consisted of three rigs. John's Kenwood 440, my Kenwood TS 50, and our Sponsor - Durham Radio Sales and Service's Alinco DX 70.

It had been our initial plan to rotate around two rigs, with one man having time free for himself. Allan, our pilot, respectfully declined from manning a station. "Sorry guys, this is a break for me from work. I talk on a microphone for a living." John and I found ourselves caught in a situation we hadn't counted upon. Allan had been good enough to fly us north for the cost of fuel. We couldn't conscientiously leave him to wander alone for three days - while we dx'ed it. The three of us were in it together. And so we decided that we would keep one radio operating full time - and we would spell each other off. This would provide Allan with a companion. We would double team our station whenever the chance provided. For much of the time this was a sensible decision. It meant that we could adequately rest, and combine our trip with the opportunity to explore the area and to fish.

VE8RAC - went on the air, on the evening of June 29th. We moved onto the 20 m IOTA frequency and were immediately inundated by calls. We were pumped up. To work the receiving end of a pile up brought into play all the art and skill of a thousand hams I had heard over the five years that I became a ham. I came into the situation determined to give everyone a fair chance. There are times though, that this was simply not possible. The Voice of Texas, demanded to be heard by blanketing lesser calls. "Answer him - get him out of the way and move on." Unfortunately, he was usually replaced by another ten gallon operator. I suspect though that for every one mega station - there were a dozen average, barefoot hams in the background waiting patiently for their chance. Occasionally I would stop and invite QRP stations to give it a shot. When we were operating above 14500, I would occasionally give Canadian stations a chance to make a break for it.

It soon became apparent that our choice of islands was successful. For three days we were a hot commodity. At times we moved down onto the 40 and 20 meter sub bands - to shake off the large demand

by American hams, and to make international and national contacts possible. The demand of time defined our operating practices. One evening I called into the Sandbox Net, on 7063 kcs and spoke to Stephen - **VE3DP**, in Thunder Bay. Stephen had a nice signal into the north. A few stations in southern Ontario and the maritimes were workable. Most of the stations on the net were quite low. Although I am a sandbox net regular, I found myself in a dilemma - whether or not I should devote two hours to having hams try to wring out a contact with me - at the expense of the very real possibility of working a couple of hundred hams elsewhere. DXpeditions exist for multiple contacts. I had to move on. The log became a monster which had to be fed, and it had a huge appetite.

During our off times we explored Sanikiluaq. A small inuit village of 400 people tucked into a pocket along a coast of rock and muskeg. The town had a cluster of houses, sitting barrenly along gravel streets. The houses were mostly small bungalows. They sat on blocks above the ground. The ground was rock strewn. There was no grass. Most of them had dogs chained outside. Nondescript - multicoloured, beasts which looked idly at us, from their perches on top of snow mobiles, umiaks or packing crates. As we walked along the streets, miniature all terrain vehicles bombed past in a cloud of dust. Smiling Inuit men and women would give us a friendly wave. There was a village radio station. It operated in the Inuit language. John turned on the ghetto blaster which sat on a desktop in our makeshift shack. "Listen to this." I expected chanting, drums and the cry of a people thousands of years old, weaving in and out of the night like northern lights. Instead of mystery, and poetry we heard the senseless cacophonous crash of up tempo rock bands screaming insensibilities into the night.

During my off times Allan and I fished in the harbour. My catch was humble. A cod which was twice the size of my hand. Allan drew in three grotesque fish with

fins like fans. Their bodies were covered with knobs, spines and bumps. I told Allan that he fished ugly. He laughed. The natives have longed name his species of fish - ugly fish. When we weren't fishing for dx contacts - or casting into the harbour, we fished for soap stone carvings. We made our best contacts from the Northern Store. I suspect that the price we paid the Inuit - while modest by what we pay in the south, were attractive enough to encourage them to sell to us instead of the local co-op. Bartering is part of the game.

All of the villagers speak Inuit. Most speak some English. Some, particularly the youth, speak English very well. We found ourselves explaining our situation over and over again to interested villagers, and to members of the southern white community that lived in the village hotel. These, for the most part, were tradesmen and workers who worked in isolation during the summer months. They came from across Canada. They were northern junkies. They worked in the north for isolation pay for months at a time. They returned to the families in the south for the winter. During the evening they lounged about the colourful Amatuk, Hotel, watching video's and making small talk. Their day was long, and at days end they were tired and bored. For some men, our station was a diversion, and they enjoyed the chance to talk to someone new.

Ray, the manager and chef at the hotel - was obliging and friendly. He served up a solid, practical steak dinner for \$25. No wine. It is forbidden to either drink or possess alcohol in Sanikiluaq

On July 1st, during my break from the radio I was drawn to the bank of a small stream which ran through the village. A large population of Inuit had gathered around someone who encouraged them over a megaphone in their language. I worked my way through the crowd and watched a game in contest. A dozen or so people were eagerly scooping water from the stream into containers. The crowd then spread out. Everyone fanned out and past me. They were bent, focused

and intent upon something on the ground. I stopped a high school boy and asked him what everyone was looking for. He told me that hidden among the rocks was a carved ptarmigan soap stone.

Up on the hill outside of town - the airwaves were alive. John was passionately working the Canada Day contest. Throughout the afternoon and into the evening and night, we worked stations back and forth across Canada from Vancouver Island to Newfoundland. We heard nothing from the Yukon. Because we had a coveted RAC multiplier callsign we didn't have to go searching for contacts. Avid contesters dug us out of the multitude of "CQ Canada Day, CQ Canada day," calls with a frenzy.

John and I expected to work 20 meters throughout the night. We reasoned because it was daylight in the north for 20 hours a day, our station would be operable. We were surprised to discover that although it was still light, propagation dropped off late in the day, much like it did in the south. On the second night, the band was quiet from 1:30 am to about 5:30 am. Since the antenna faced Europe we operated off the side of the beam to North and South America, and off the back of the beam to the west and into the Pacific. We found ourselves following the rim of darkness, as it worked west across Europe to North America and across the Pacific. Because we never changed the direction the quad faced, we were unable to make comparisons with the success we might have experienced if we had moved the antenna around.

On the second night, I worked Australia and New Zealand at 0600 UTC. An enthusiastic ham from the vicinity of Melbourne helped me co-ordinate several contacts down under. On many occasions signals had what seemed to be arctic flutter. On the other hand it might have been the natural echo effect created from receiving a delayed 'around the globe' signal received off the back of the beam. We also employed a vertical antenna which worked from the ten

through forty meter bands. Since it lacked the gain the quad possessed we tended not to use it as frequently. The three days were punctuated with frequent surprises. There were conversations with hams we knew from previous conversations. On one occasion we broke a pile up into the Frans Josef Land Dx pedition, high in the Arctic circle, to the north of Russia.

Throughout the time we were in the north, John had arranged for personal contacts and messages to be relayed by Glenn, VE3AEQ, a fellow member of the North Shore club. He did some phone patching for us. Messages were given to our wives - that we were eating well and cleaning our teeth before we went to bed. The usual stuff.

As time moved on, our energy had to be restored. While John and Allan slept longer on the second night I took the graveyard shift. Between the hours of 2 and 5 when it grew quiet, I found myself yawning and fighting exhaustion. I slept for about four hours. At 5:30 I was back in action. We came to life in a hurry on Sunday afternoon, when John called me to the radio to listen to something. Someone in Europe had thrown our presence on the 20 m IOTA frequency on internet. The radio erupted into a blast of unforgettable sound. Thousands of callsigns welded together into an uncontrollable wave of noise. It sounded like New Years Eve in St. Peter's Square, Rome. Eager Europeans joined the carnival atmosphere by blowing whistles and clapping their hands with enthusiasm.

John's professional skill was amazing. He called upon three heavy weight assistants with superior stations to sort callsigns out of the alphabet soup. GM3ITN of Glasgow, and Dewitt Jones W4BAA, fed John lists of stations he could work. A feeding frenzy has a mind of its own. John was repeatedly overridden by impatient hams who demanded that their appetites be fed. Again and again, John commented, "Gentlemen please await your turn." I marvelled at John's patience. When he

reached the moment of no return he handed me the mike. "Take over, that's enough." With that I told the mob that there was no more bread in the bag. It was time to go home. I changed frequency - and slid down into the twenty meter subband. The hams with operating smarts won the day. They searched us out. They earned their IOTA 196, QSL card by outthinking the mob. During this time, I had the pleasure of working a station from the vicinity of Paris France. His 3 1/2 watts, earned a respectful 5 x 8 report. While the Belchers were much in demand, our dxpedition was the second time the Belchers had been activated. During the three days, we worked Tony WT2O, and Martin G3ZAY both of whom had been part of last year's dxpedition. They had operated from a tent station, outside the hotel during their stay.

Eventually the time came to pack the station up. With our soapstone carvings tucked away in our baggage, we boarded the twin commanche. Our ride home was generally quiet and reflective. As we rolled south through the valleys of clouds, each of us privately reflected on the drama which had unfolded.

Would we do it again. You bet!

Winston Seeny, VE3WFS

Contributors

Thanks to Martha VA3SBD, Victor VE3LNX, John VE3VGI, Walter VE3FJC, Winston VE3WFS, Glen VE3LIZ, and Ries VE3UEA for submitting items for this months newsletter.

The Move of VE3OSH

...part one

The VE3OSH repeater and tower at the previous site was put on the air in 1968 and was maintained by Harry, VE3QG, until the North Shore Amateur Radio Club purchased it. Since then, Harry continued to maintain it with help from Eric, VE3HMG. The Southern Ontario Packet Repeater Association

(SOPRA) installed a digipeater at the site with the call of VE3OSH when packet radio was new. The call was later changed to VE3PKO.

In June of 1991, a motion was made to authorize the executive to spend \$7500.00 to purchase the VE3NAA repeater from Harry, and obtain additional equipment such as tower, antennas, cavities and co-axial cable to make the UHF repeater usable at the current site of VE3OSH. Richard, VE3RJB, and Eric talked to the Oshawa Gun and Skeet Club, owners of the site, and it came across that they did not want any additional buildings or towers on their property. The block house that the repeater was in was cold and cramped if any work had to be performed at the site. The tower had been painted a few times through the years, but it was starting to show signs of age. At this point, the NSARC executive authorized Richard and Eric to begin looking for another site along the top of the ridge. Two sites were investigated, first, The Purple Woods Conservation Area and then the Orange Lodge on Purple Hill.

In early 1993, a Trylon tower was ordered from MacFarlane Electronics in Batterslea, north of Kingston, and delivered to Eric's place. The SOPRA digipeater, VE3PKO, was moved to Ballantrea in the late spring. A repeater committee was forming to help Eric, since Harry had become less able to be involved. The committee, consisting of Eric, Ralph, VE3CRK, Len, VE3LBN (then VE3SVD) and Glen, VE3LIZ, was made up of amateurs who were interested in learning and maintaining the repeater.

Many meetings were held during the following months involving the president, Richard, vice-president, Casey, VA3KC (then VE3NGT) and the repeater committee. The Purple Woods site seemed to be favoured by some and there were a lot of possibilities, but the disadvantages seemed to outweigh the advantages. The Orange Lodge site seemed to give us more

flexibility. We could expand our antenna system in the future, if need be, and although it would be more expensive on the initial setup, it gave us more of what we had invisioned a site should be.

Once our decision to go to the Lodge site was finalized, we had many meetings with new people involved, including the new executive for 1994. Tom, VE3BTR was to be our chief electrician and Gary, VE3EPY volunteered to help the committee by taking minutes of the meetings and getting prices on the antenna and accessories from Sinclair Radio Laboratories. An estimate of the cost to prepare the site at the Orange Lodge was produced and a time-table established to move the repeater. This information was presented to the members of the club and voted on, along with a motion to make more money available for the move

A lease was signed by Roland Lloyd, Master of the Orange Lodge, and Robert, VE3VKM, President of the North Shore Amateur Radio Club. Laird, VE3LKS, Ralph and Glen were present at the signing at 7:30 P.M. on May 29, 1994 at the King Street Bar and Grill in Bowmanville.

On Saturday, June 11, 1994, the four musketeers consisting of Ralph, Eric, Len, and Glen decided that we could dig a hole by hand, big enough to plant an 80 foot self-supporting tower on the newly leased site at the Orange Lodge on the Purple Hill Road. We arrived early in the morning after breakfast, with shovels in hand and determination in the heart. The site of the hole was mapped out very carefully, then the topsoil was removed. By noon hour, the eager beavers had the hole about half dug. Time for something to eat, thanks to Leon, Len's dad, and Carm, Len's wife, the sandwiches and pop had arrived. By late afternoon, the hole was almost finished and so were our aching muscles. Knowing that we had to come back the following day and Monday to pour the concrete, we decided to call it a day and go home.

On Sunday morning, after another hearty breakfast, the crew set about to finish digging and squaring the hole to the proper size. By this time we needed a ladder to get down into the hole, as it was nearing the depth of six feet and greater than five feet square. As we spelled each other off for our turn in the hole, our muscles kept saying "thats enough", but we were still determined to meet our time-frame. Then lunch arrived, again, thanks to Leon and Carm. During the afternoon, we had to make the wooden frame for the top of the base, and bend and cut the rebar, when it wasn't your turn in the hole. The earth was not that hard to dig, even at the bottom of the hole, but it was a long throw as the bottom was nearing the seven foot mark now. By mid-afternoon, we decided the hole was close enough to the proper shape and size that we could now start to fill it in. At this time we decided to place the form around the top of the hole to get a level and square surface to take measurements from. Eric had previously extended the legs of the tower with steel fence posts so that we could sit them and the bottom section on some concrete blocks on the bottom of the hole. We figured with this arrangement, the tower could be properly supported while the concrete was poured and the tower would be perpendicular. Next, the rebar was installed and properly secured in the hole.

On Monday, the third day of this exercise, we were about to fill the hole with concrete. We had our usual breakfast at the Snack Bar - Coffee Shop on the ridges, then headed to the site. After taking the cover off of the hole, we found it as we had left it, the tower standing on the blocks, the rebar still wired together, no cave-ins and no animals on the bottom. The concrete arrived at 10:00 A.M., and within 50 minutes the hole was filled back in. Time to recheck the level of the tower. Everything seemed okay. The top of the concrete base had to be trowelled to finish it off and a tarp was erected over everything to keep off any possible rain. We had the best of weather all weekend. There was only one small shower on

Monday, after the concrete had been poured. During the weekend, some of the local residents visited us to see what we were doing. Henry Wotten of the Lodge dropped by every day, giving us a chance to take a breather and have a chat.

Before any more work proceeded on the tower, Ralph called a repeater committee meeting to discuss the grounding requirements needed for the tower and repeater at the new site. Bob, VE3ADJ, asked if he could address the committee on this matter as he has considerable knowledge in this area. The meeting was held at Ralph's with Bob in attendance. A plan was developed for the grounding of VE3OSH that consisted of the following; that we would bury a ground wire ring around the tower base with a ground rod driven approximately two feet out from each corner to form a square. Ground wires were to be installed from each leg of the tower to the buried ring. As well, the building, equipment and lightning arrestors would be grounded to this ring. The reason for this was to have a common ground so that we would not get into a ground loop problem.
continued next month...

Glen Goslin, VE3LIZ

Swap Shop

Keith VE3MZB at 905 728-8676

Kenwood Transceiver model 850 S with auto tuner, yk88c-1 500 hertz cw filter, PS 52 Heavy duty Power supply, SP 31 speaker with Audio filters. \$2500. Kenwood TH 225A Two meter Handheld \$200. Diawa DK 210 Keyer \$60.00. Bencher Chrome base \$75.00.

E.F. Johnson Speed-X bug \$75.00. Micronta Reg. Power Supply 3 AMP \$25.00. Reg Power Supply 12 Volts \$18.00. Bitternut HF6V-X Vertical \$150.00. Larson LM-MM 1/4 wave 2 meter mag mt. \$15.00. 2 meter "J" pole H.B. copper pipe \$ 10.00.

John, VE3VGI, (905) 728-3711

Astatic D 104 Desk mic. good condition \$35. Heath S.W.R. Meter, HM-15, \$25

Joe, VE3FVH, (905) 655-3009

Realistic HTX 100 10 meter transceiver \$180. Microwave Module 432 MHz 100

watt linear \$325. Balun B1-2k 1:1 50 ohm \$10. MFJ CW Filter CWF-2 \$10. Heathkit SB-610 Scope \$100. KLM 2 meter Ant. KLM-13LBM. good for satellites \$80

Gord, VE3UIB, (905) 433-7005

Kenwood Dual Band Handheld Model 79 A with extra battery and wide band receive \$630

Fred, VE3TIG, (905) 576-4839

DENTRON MT-2000A Antenna tuner including manual. Frequency Coverage: 1.8 - 30 MHz Continuous Input Impedence: 50 ohms (Resistive)

Output Impedence: Coax - 50 ohms nominal; may range from a few ohms to a high impedance Long wire either high or low impedance Power Capability: 3000 watts P.E.P. Insertion Loss: .5 db or less after tuning. Dimensions: 5.5" high, 14" wide, 14" deep Weight: 18 lbs. \$230 - shipping extra.

Wanted - Kenwood 732 dual band mobiles

Send all listing to VE3FJC, Walter at (905) 263-2338, by packet at VA3BBS, or by phone at VE3OSH 2 meter repeater.



My Soapbox, Please

Well, it has been quite the summer so far. I love the heat but hate the humidity and my wife just plain hates both, but she is due any day and so this is to be expected. Thank goodness for air conditioners!

I was not able to attend Field Day this year but from the reports I have been receiving everything went well. Martha Dinsmore, VA3SBD, did a great job at organizing the event. For those of you that do not know Martha she is the daughter of Stephen, VE3SBD (vanity

calls are great! I hear the US might charge for vanity calls and we get them FREE!) and one of this years Amateur Radio Class graduates. Martha started planning this event while she was still taking the class and the ink on her ticket had just barely dried when Field Day started. To put this all together, this year you had a YL who was an SWL organizing the biggest ham event of the year. (If anyone does have any complaints you can meet me in the parking lot after our next meeting and I will personally give you your Silent Key award). Hats off to Martha.

JOTA is shaping up to be even better than last year. This is the chance you have to come out and share your radio knowledge with Scout troops and get them hooked on Amateur radio in the process. Ries, VE3UEA, did a marvelous job last year of organizing the event and by the looks of it he is outdoing himself this year. I was out at Camp Samac last year on Saturday night and had a blast helping these Scouts learn the controls and then make contacts with other Scouts all over the world. You will not want to miss this event, unless of course you do not like having fun.

So, what have you been doing with Amateur Radio this summer? To be honest with you, outside Packet radio I have not done very much. This is a sad commentary I know but that is going to be coming to an end. I purchased a copy of the QRZ Ham Radio CD and am starting to experiment with BBS software and satellite tracking software. After our meeting in June I have been inspired to try my hand at satellites because to start I will not need any additional equipment with the exception of maybe building another 2m antenna with more gain. By the way, that new Amateur radio store (The Home Depot) that went in at Thicksen and Victoria streets in Whitby is a great place to buy antenna parts. Anyway, now that I have some software that shows me where the "birds" are located, and which ones they are, half the battle is over. (Birds is the term satellite hams use for satellites and is not to be confused with expensive SWR meters.)

Well, here's hoping that you have some interesting projects on the go as well and I would enjoy hearing about them and mentioning them in the newsletter.

HINT! HINT! Until next month, 73.

Laird Solomon, VE3LKS

CQ CQ CQ Jamboree On The Air

Each year, in the third full weekend of October, hundreds of thousands of Scouts and Guides all over the world exchange greetings, learn about each others country and culture, swap programming ideas and make new friends. The contacts between them are established by Amateur Radio stations. This Jamboree On The Air (JOTA) is the largest annual event in the world Scouting calendar. In 1994 (the 37th JOTA) there were just over 560,000 Scouting members worldwide that came out for this event.

The 38th world wide Jamboree On The Air is just around the corner. This year JOTA is on October 21st and 22nd, so mark your calendar for this exciting event. This years event will once again take place at Camp Samac, but will be in the newly renovated Kitchie Lodge. This year Apple Day does not conflict with JOTA weekend. Therefore, we plan to set up the antenna farm and have it tuned on Friday so we can plug in the radios at 0800 on Saturday and be on the air at 0900 rather than after lunch as is past years.

We are expecting approximately 225 Scouting members this year - twice the number we had last year. Last years event was a success but not everyone had a chance to talk on the air - largely because of band conditions. Our goal this year is to have each of the participants spend at least 20 minutes on the air. We hope to have stations on all the active world wide Scouting bands - 80,40,20,17,15, and 10 meters. Again this year Dave, VE3AJY will be bringing out his satellite station. We will also have a packet station and I hope to have SSTV set up (at least receiving). We also have several Transmitter Hunts planned

for inside Camp Samac. The T-Hunt DF units will be provided, and I will be looking for able bodies with 2m HT's to help out. There will be a hunt every 2 hours with anywhere from 6 to 10 teams tracking down that ever elusive fox.

I hope this years event is even better than last years enabling more Scouting members to meet their peers and make new friends on the air as well as providing an opportunity for all the North Shore Amateur Radio Club members new and old to come out, eyeball all those familiar voices, and perhaps even get a chance to play around in a new area in the Amateur Radio hobby.

So mark October 21 and 22 on your calendar and I'll see you there! If you have any questions about this years event or any comments about last years weekend please don't hesitate to contact me - 2m on VE3OSH or land line at 434-5550.

Ries Wytenburg, VE3UEA

Old Rusty

[published in the international radio forum]

When old Rusty didn't respond to my call I could feel my chest grow tight with tension. She was an old dog. Her eyesight had dimmed with cataracts and her hearing was going. I looked desperately across the Purple Hills Ridge. I scanned the long grass, and looked along the line of trees that marked the edge of the nearby woodlot. An idyllic summer evening. A walk with a family pet. Now she was gone. Why did I let her run the fields? How could I explain it to my kids. I began to run. I called louder, trying to compensate for her loss of hearing. I was frustrated by the thought that she might not be lost. She could have been working out a scent on a groundhog hole beyond the next rise of long grass. The shadows began to lengthen. I climbed into my car and began driving along the country road. Stopping. Calling. Driving further. Calling again. I focused upon a rust coloured shrub which stirred in the evening wind. Disappointed again. As I worked my

way along the sideroad, I heard the voice of Jack, a friend and a member of our local CB club. In my frustration, I called him and told him about my loss. Jack listened. Ten minutes later I worked my way back to the field where I began my search. I felt defeated. As I sat looking over the late evening fields I heard Doug, my recent ham friend come on our local repeater. I picked up my radio and unloaded my story. I sat behind the wheel of the car on the hilltop parking lot scanning the waving fields, hoping against hope, fearfully imagining her lost in the night, and possibly ending her days as prey to brush wolves. My tension slowly released itself to despair. Suddenly the sound of car tires crunched on the gravel behind me in the parking lot. It was Jack, willing as always, to help a friend in need. We made a quick plan, then split our routes to cover as much ground as possible. Then another car appeared over the crest of the hill. It was Mike, another CB friend with his infant daughter beside him on the front seat. He heard me talking to Jack and immediately turned his car north to join the search. The three of us drifted back and forth along the nearby country roads. Calling. Looking. Then to my surprise, my ham friend Doug appeared. He struck off on his own to work along the far edge of the woodlot. Within minutes my two meter radio broke into life. It was Doug. "Winston, I have your dog. She's in front of me. I'm in the woods on the small road." I swung my car around and accelerated towards him. Doug returned; "Winston, call her. She's seen me. She's turning away." I grabbed my two meter handheld and passionately renewed my call. "Come on Rusty. Come on old girl. Come on. Come on Rusty." Doug's voice followed. "It's ok Winston, I've got her." I drilled my brakes on along the eastern edge of the woods and ran down the small woodlot road. There she was, with Doug holding her collar in one hand, and his two meter handy talkie in the other. Her old face had been covered with mosquito bites and she looked weary for her ordeal. Lost dogs, willing friends and radios make great companions.

Winston Sceney, VE3WFS

The Info Page

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Treasurer		
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	Rick Gibson, VE3ASH	434-2886
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Registrar		
Get Well Cards		
	Anne Jones, VE3KWI	324-0638
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	Paul Dale, VE3LHZ	434-6741
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	Ries Wytenburg, VE3UEA	434-5550
Club Inventory		
	Howard Mugford, VE3TYQ	579-7466
Club Photographer		
	Don Foster, VE3GXH	985-2668

Club Repeaters

2m	147.120	VE3OSH	Voice
70cm	443.000	VE3NAA	Voice
2m	144.970	VE3USH	Packet

Net and Code Practice

Club Net every Thursday at 1930 with CW practice at 2030 followed by more Net at 2130.

EMO Net every Wednesday at 2030 on VE3OSH.

Informal Nets and Gatherings

Evenings at 2130 hours local time on 3740 +- a few kc you will find a bunch of local rag chewers.

Saturday mornings, 0930, at Mama's Restaurant in the Five Points Mall you can devour some breakfast, coffee, or both and have a chit chat with some of the locals. This is an informal event and discussion topics are totally up to you. Great time to chat about equipment problems, software, etc.

NSARC 1995 Calendar

Sep. 11	General meeting
Oct. 09	General meeting
Oct 21,22	JOTA
Nov. 13	General meeting
Dec. 11	Christmas party



D.R.A.R.E.O.

Randy Elliot, VE3JPU	(905) 427-6853 - Coordinator
Fred Bengel, VE3TIG	(905) 576-4839 - Asst. Coord.

Contact the Editor

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Meaningless bits of information - this newsletter is laid out using WordPerfect 6.1 for Windows and the original copy is printed on a Brother HL-660 laser printer. Also, if you happen to have any complaints you are more than welcome to become the next bulletin Editor. Seriously, all constructive criticism will be accepted and treated accordingly. If you would like to see more technical articles then get the lead out and get writing. I can write till I'm blue in the face about computers and some of it you can apply to Amateur Radio but it would be nice to see some technical stuff as well.

September

1995

1995

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10 NSARC Monthly Meeting Arts & Resource Centre 1930 - be there!	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30