

# The SPARK GAP



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Volume 3 Number 4

April 2006

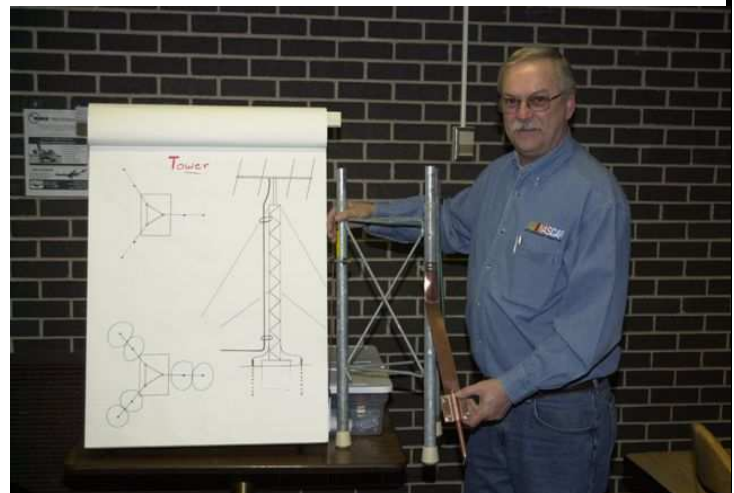
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## MARCH MINUTES (Summary)

- The February Minutes were read and approved.
- The Treasurer's Report (\$1,263) was presented and accepted.
- Twenty members and four visitors attended.
- Report of the Photo / Text Directory Project Committee indicated all interviews and pictures have been completed and the Club voted to move forward with the printing
- Nomination Committee submitted the following for the indicated offices: Ron Anderson (W9RMA) for Vice-President; Joe Eide (KB9R) for Treasurer; Ron "Skip" Krueger (W9JRW) for Secretary. The current VP, Bert Spangler (W9ZZI).
- The next meeting will be on April 4, 2006 at Connell's II (Airport) and is the Club's "Annual Meeting" which includes elections. Club membership dues are due and payable by this meeting.
- An exciting program entitled "Lightning Protection for Your Amateur Radio Station" was presented by Joe Eide (KB9R) prior to the business meeting. Joe's capable assistant Sue "Vana White" Eide helped keep

the program moving along "pretty sharply". Actually, "Vana" was pretty (as usual) and Joe was sharp (but pretty would not be the word of choice that most of us would use to describe him see pics below) Hi, Hi! The program was very professional and extremely informative and also included a great handout. Future programs include Signal Attenuators for HTs (April), and Field Strength Meters (May).



**HUMOR**

Submitted by Ron Krueger

Did you hear the one about the two antennas that got married? The ceremony wasn't much but the reception was tremendous!

**DID YOU KNOW?**

Have any of you ever heard of this before? The old "rule" I learned from my Dad, who was a Division Superintendent for the Milwaukee & Suburban Transport Co, was if 1.) you could see a reflection in the standing water on the road, 2.) you were traveling at a speed of 55MPH or more and 3.) you were driving an average size car, there was a significant probability you could be hydroplaning. I remember the article in a national transportation magazine that described the research. I use my cruise control a great deal but generally not in potentially slippery times as I have a harder time "feeling the road conditions through the seat of my pants." Keep this in mind when you are out there on the road.

Ron "Skip" Krueger

**NEWSLETTER**

The *Spark Gap* failed to publish in February, and was a little short on material in the March issue. That may be attributed to the lack of material submitted to the editor (Jim Fering) by members of CVARC. The success of the newsletter depends on the willingness of members to submit information to be published. All that is necessary is that the information be connected in some way - even just remotely - to the Amateur Radio hobby.

If you have a story to tell about anything in which you feel others might be interested,

ship it to Jim Fering (K9BDN) at k9bdn@arrl.net .

Had an antenna party lately? Or, did you make a rare DX contact? Have you attended a hamfest that you could relate some details about? Do you have any strong feelings about any of the new proposals that have been made to the FCC by the ARRL? Have you stumbled across any interesting articles in out-of-the-way publications? Have you had any personal experiences related to Amateur Radio that would make us laugh or cry or wonder? There are hundreds of tidbits that would probably be interesting to the rest of the membership.

Below is a story that is being spread on the Internet. While it does not relate to Amateur Radio, it will give you an idea of the kind of thing everyone enjoys reading. This one is funny but a good technical article is always welcome too. So, please contribute to the success of the Spark Gap by sending the editor something fun or interesting.

Now here is the story that is going around.

*The following article written by Rick Reilly of Sports Illustrated. He details his experiences when given the opportunity to fly in a F-14 Tomcat. If you aren't laughing out loud by the time you get to "Milk Duds," your sense of humor is broken.*

"Now this message is for America's most famous athletes:

Someday you may be invited to fly in the back-seat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have ... John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you, with the greatest sincerity...

**Move to Guam.  
Change your name.**

## Fake your own death! Whatever you do ..

# Do Not Go!!!

I know. The U.S. Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast! I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach.

Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles dyspeptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way. Fast.

Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting ..." Remember?) Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff."

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning.

"Bananas," he said.

"For the potassium?" I asked.

"No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down."

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the

left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot .. but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, this was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious.

Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14.

Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, sap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us.

We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas. I egressed the pizza from the night before.

And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that did not even want to be egressed. I went through not one airsick bag,

but two.

Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know cool. Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know cool. Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand.

A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit.

What is it? I asked.

"Two Bags."

## NETS/FREQS/TIMES

- Badger Weather Net 3.985 - 0600
- Badger Emergency Net 3.985 - Noon
- Wisconsin Side Band Net 3.985 - 1715/1730
- ARES/RACES 3.977.5 - Sun - 1800

## AREA HAMFESTS

22 Apr 2006

Hamfest and Computer Show  
Madison Area Repeater Association  
Mandt Community Center  
400 Mandt Parkway  
Stoughton, WI  
<http://www.qsl.net/mara>

## AREA REPEATERS

Albertville (link)	442.800	110.9
Albertville	444.350	110.9
Chippewa Falls	147.375	110.9
Eau Claire	146.91	110.9
Eau Claire	147.24	110.9
Eau Claire	443.300	110.9
Holcombe	145.47	110.9
Holcombe (link)	147.345	136.5
Holcombe	444.525	110.9
Menomonie	146.61	110.9
Osseo	145.33	110.9
Osseo	444.200	110.9

## CVARC OFFICERS

President -- Gale Sorum (WD9HFT)

Vice President -- Bert Spangler (W9ZZ)

Secretary -- Ron Krueger (W9JRW)

Treasurer -- Ron Anderson (W9RMA)

Past President -- Joe Eide (KB9R)

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