

MERCURY AMATEUR RADIO ASSOCIATION

MARA - NORTH AMERICA - NORTHEAST



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E-mail your comments, ideas, or submissions to marane@mara.net

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

You Can Make a Difference!

When I think of the question, “Who has made a difference?” I think of Dan Goodson, NE3Z. An airline pilot by profession, in his “off hours,” he has tirelessly and doggedly – one foot in front of another – not only advanced the cause of amateur radio, but has put together an organization that is beginning to operate on its own without the “one man show” pulling, pushing and shoving it!

While I don't think Dan is an “official” MARA member, as the spearhead for the ERC in the Washington, DC region, he has both attended MARA annual functions and supported our efforts to be ready and available in the event of an emergency to assist the ERC in communications and operations. Evidence of success? In one recent Sunday evening Washington, DC ERC net, there were 25+ check-ins. Many of these check-ins were new amateurs, who were “excited” into service by Dan. He has made videos on popular equipment, sent text reminder messages inviting participation in weekly nets, attended many ecclesiastical leadership meetings, gently pushing from the “top down” and from the “bottom up”, done bulk antenna buys, experimented with reliable simplex operations between key organizational locations, visited the homes (ham shacks) of most anyone who has shown interest, encouraged budding amateurs, conducted many training sessions, run numerous local ERC nets – and the list goes on!

Hats off to Dan for “making a difference”! You too can make a difference! A simple way to do that is to invite eligible amateurs to participate in a weekly MARA NE net. I'm hoping that each of us will achieve the MARA NE goal of bringing one amateur to MARA NE prior to the next annual meeting. You can definitely make a difference! Thank you all for your service!

Shirrel Young, N3DIX

AA3LS – WHERE DID HE GO?

Many of you who are MARA members may have wondered what happened to AA3LS – where'd Dan go – and now that he's baaaack, where was he anyway? Was he abducted by aliens or something?

I'd like to call this part “Seeing all God's Miracles – Just Look in Your Rear-view Mirror.”

In our Priesthood and Relief Society studies last year, we studied the teachings of Spencer W. Kimball. He was President of the Church when I received my testimony – a story worth re-telling briefly. Many of you are also converts, and all of you have had some similar experience in your life that changed you forever.

Linda (who is descended from solid Mormon pioneer stock on both sides of her family) and I were married in the Fall of 1965, after dating for about four and a half years. I was in the Navy when we met, and after my naval service I worked for a couple years to earn money for college. A few years later, our first child (a daughter) was born, and in another year I finished school and began full-time work for IBM. A couple more years, another daughter, and then again after a few years we had a son. We'd not quite been married 10 years when he was born. Shortly after this I was asked (CALLED is a much better word, as I now understand things) to serve as Scoutmaster for our ward (but I wasn't yet a member of the Church). A short while after this, I had come to like what I knew the Church taught, especially about families. I decided to learn what I needed to know – and at the same time Linda had given my name to the missionaries as a referral. In mid 1976 I began the discussions, and a year later, as I kept learning about the Gospel, one of the young elders who had begun this journey with me came back into the area as a zone leader, and found I was still studying but hadn't been baptized yet.

He challenged me to pray to learn the Gospel was TRUE, instead of praying to learn about it. That plus fasting prepared me for a visit with the stake mission president and so I went. Usually a baptismal interview is 15 or 20 minutes in length, but I was there for hours. The interview was normal – but when he asked me “Brother Janda, why are you here?” it took 15 minutes to stop crying enough to answer... then the next question... more crying... until two hours had elapsed, and we were out of Kleenex.

I was baptized, and a year later Linda and I were kneeling across an altar in a sealing room of the Oakland Temple with our children, doing what we needed to do to make the rest of the promise come true for us. The idea of an eternal family was the carrot that kept the stubborn donkey plodding ahead, and the cart just followed along. It wasn't until a little later that I realized Linda and our friends had been praying against me...

That evening at the Menlo Park California Stake Center wasn't the first miracle in my life, but it was one of the most important. I had to have enough faith to show up for the interview, and enough faith to respond humbly and honestly to the questions. The miracle was the answer that came forth in the water of tears and baptism. I guess the easy way is to tell you, in words like Joseph Smith's – I know what I know, and God knows what I know. I dare not deny it.

This could go on and on --- let me briefly tell you another story. In late June in 1992, we were living in North Texas, near Fort Worth. At 5:30 am a thunderstorm came up our little cul-de-sac and let one of its lightning bolts loose very close to us. It seemed to be something I heard before I saw it. I got up to check on family and stuff – was rain coming in the windows, look at the weather radar view, check the computer, ham radio equipment, etc. I went back to bed.

Our older daughter was separated from her husband. She and her son were living with us. Linda was in California, having taken our younger daughter and her daughter to join her husband in Rexburg for another year at Ricks. Our son was with us as well. When our

daughter heard the thunder, she'd arisen and checked on her son, and then as she was returning to bed she was told to move her pillow to the foot of her bed.

An hour later, at 6:30 am, I awakened and began to prepare for work. Kim came in telling me there was a fire in the attic and we needed to get out of there. We did. Twenty minutes later, as the firemen were beginning their day-long work, the roof collapsed into the second story of the house. I would have been in the shower when the heavy cement roof tiles crashed down. Because her head was at the foot of her bed, when she awoke she could see the fire through the hallway's attic access.

It came to pass that we built a new house, and were about a month from moving in when our director at work suggested we'd like to move to the upstate New York area if we liked our job, because our job was moving. We finished the house and sold a brand new house to the relocation plan, for much more than the old house would have yielded.

First it seemed like a lot of work, but looking back, it was a strange confluence of events with the hand of the Lord in all of it. We really didn't know how much of a blessing it would be until more than a year after that voice whispered to our daughter.

Fast forward...

In 2002, I was called by our Stake President to preside over the Susquehanna Branch of the Scranton Stake – which includes Oakland and Harmony Townships, among others in Northeastern Pennsylvania. This is where Joseph translated most of the Book of Mormon, where the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods were restored, and John the Baptist restored the keys of baptism to the earth. A week later I was sustained and set apart, and on the next Wednesday I met at some length with my counselors to learn about the people and their needs. We found a sister who hadn't been to church in some years, and were inspired to call her to be a teacher in the Relief Society. It came

to me to call her, as my counselors had others to call. Thursday evening I called her with a bit of trepidation, but she seemed accepting and suggested we could meet with her Monday afternoon after her teaching day.

When I met her, she said, “President Janda, I need to tell you that last Tuesday I had a dream that you would call me and that I should make it easy for you to meet with me. I also learned in the dream you had a Church calling for me and I should accept it. What do you want me to do?” I know many of you have had these kinds of experiences, but this was another opportunity for Heavenly Father to make sure I knew that He knew and He was watching out for me. I don’t think this revelation to this good sister was for her.

Fast forward ...

After almost five years driving 25 miles past our Montrose meeting house to Susquehanna several times a week, I was released as Branch President – because the Stake President wanted us to have the opportunity to serve a full-time mission (I guess $\frac{3}{4}$ time wasn’t enough...). He told us we should prepare and go NOW. We began to get our affairs in order and filled out the paperwork. During our interview with our Stake President, we told him of our desire to serve in the Family and Church History Mission, and if that wasn’t where we should be, Perth, Brisbane, Melbourne, Auckland, and a lot of other places would do just fine. In fact, I communicate reasonably effectively in German and Spanish, and have been conversational in a number of other languages at one time or another, and thought we might be sent anywhere. As it came to pass, we were sent to the Family and Church History Mission in Salt Lake City. Why? Because of our first wish? Because we had friends serving here? Because we didn’t like to travel? And why was it that President Dunford told us we should prepare and go NOW?

Fast forward yet again.

A few months after we arrived in Salt Lake City and had begun our work in the Family and

Church History Mission, Linda and I went to visit with Elder Doctor Hansen (or is it Doctor Elder Hansen?). I wanted to find a dermatologist, and Linda needed a mammogram. We discussed a small lump by Linda’s clavicle which we had been told was just a cyst. He said, “That belongs in a jar, with pieces under a microscope.” He sent us to Dr. Swenson, a

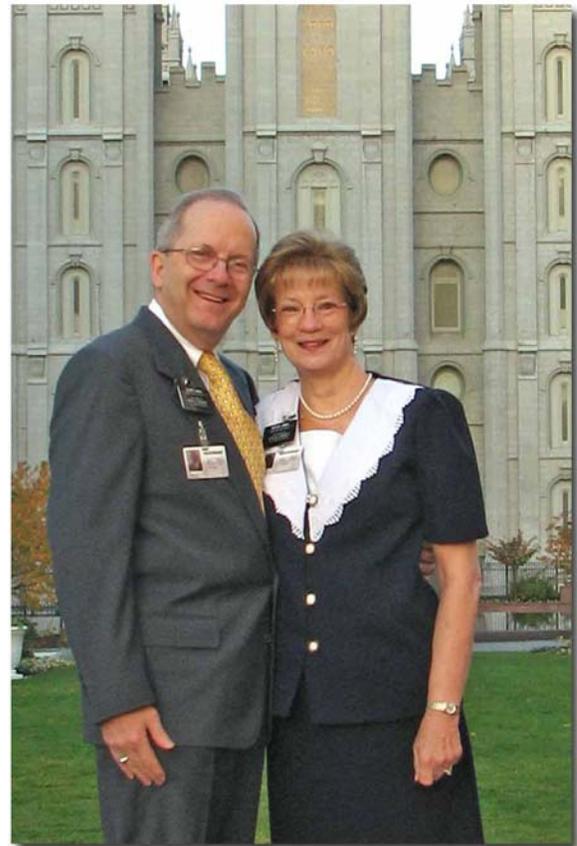


Figure 1 – Elder and Sister Janda with the Salt Lake City Temple in the background. Photo courtesy of the Janda’s.

surgeon who had recently served as a mission president in Vienna, *and he told us why we were here, 3.2 miles away from the oncologists who have allowed me to continue to have the blessings Heavenly Father continually provides me through my wife.* “Is it good for man to be alone?”

At Thanksgiving time in 2006, we learned about my wife, Linda’s cancer. In January of the

following year it had been treated surgically, from February to May it was treated with chemotherapy, and in June and July anything that might have been left was zapped with radiation therapy. Linda's oncologist told us she has a greater chance of dying in a car crash than from this cancer.

Later, after President Hinckley had died, we learned Linda's oncologist also treated the Prophet.

Some more...

Spencer W. Kimball taught us that "Faith Precedes the Miracle." In the book his son Edward edited from his father's discourses, they've included the title discourse. President Kimball makes it very clear that we who have faith recognize the miracles Heavenly Father works around us all the time. He cites Moroni's commentary (Ether 12:12 and :18):

"For if there be no faith among the children of men God can do no miracle among them..." and "And neither at any time hath any wrought miracles until after their faith; wherefore they first believed in the Son of God."

John in his Gospel tells us:

"But through [Jesus] had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on him." (John 12:37)

Joseph received in Doctrine and Covenants 63:9

"But, behold, faith cometh not by signs, but signs follow those that believe."

I don't mean to criticize these prophets and apostles, but in my experience, as in President Kimball's, first you have faith, and then you are able to see all the great things that the Lord has done for you. Others, without faith, see the same things and say "You're lucky," or "That's

evolution," or "That's chaos out there in the universe," or "That's biology." I look and see the planets and stars and galaxies that the Lord has made for us, and see His bountiful goodness and share that so called optimistic vision with everyone.

President Kimball asks,

"How can these stories of faith be brought into our own lives? Faith is needed as much as ever before. Little can we see. We know not what the morrow will bring. Accidents, sickness, even death seem to hover over us continually. Little do we know when they might strike ...

"Remember that Abraham, Moses, Elijah and others could not see clearly the end from the beginning. They also walked by faith and without sight..

"Remember again that no gates were open; Laban was not drunk; and no earthly hope was justified at the moment Nephi exercised his faith and set out finally to get the plates."

"I will go, I will do, the things the Lord commands!"

The Lord our God provides many blessings for us – and we must be thankful for them. I look back at the events in my life's history and count those all blessings – and miracles – that I see clearly by hindsight – in my rear-view mirror, or floating in my wake.

One of the greatest blessings is the gift of faith, which lets us see these miracles that surround us.

Another part...

Dave (VE1VQ) asked me to comment further on a comment I had made during our net a while ago.

Senior missionaries are called to serve the Lord and His people the same as younger missionaries, but we are subject to different rules. Not that we should not dedicate ourselves to the Lord's work, but that we are adult and responsible for how we do this ourselves without needing the specific rules that would be helpful to younger missionaries.

For example, the young missionaries are instructed not to go swimming, not to use dangerous tools (like chain saws?) and so on. We seniors are permitted to do so. In the Family and Church History mission we were encouraged to bring computers (we took two) to communicate with our families and to work on our family histories. Many joined health clubs where they did aquatic exercises and other workouts. We were told many brought golf clubs, tennis equipment, and so on – but we're not golfers and found that my astronomical telescope fit in the car with everything else, so it went. I know two couples who had ham radio equipment in their apartments (one was HF with a dangling dipole between the two balconies in their apartment! We weren't asked to become hermits – just to do the work assigned.

What did we do with the telescope – mainly go up to the Salt Lake Shriners Hospital and give the children and their parents an opportunity to view part of Heavenly Father's creation.

Final part...

Would we do it again?

"I will go, I will do, the things the Lord commands!" If we'd not gone, what might have been? Would we have waited (since it was "just a cyst")? I shudder to think of the outcome.

Dan, AA3LS



CULTURED CORNER

ODE TO A TREE

*A tree a tower will replace
But only for a while
For once the rust has found a place
It then looks oh so vile*

*While given care a tree will last
Much longer than a tower
Providing high so grand a mast
For your transmitted power*

*Each year it grows a little more
(Which can't be said for metal)
And as it does, your points will soar
Proving your contest mettle*

*It stands out there so grand and tall
With no thought of complaint
Through wind and rain and drought and squall
A true organic saint*

Anonymous MARA member

GRANDMA MARA'S CORNER

Grandma tries her hand at marriage counseling...

Dear Grandma Mara,

I desperately need your help.

My husband is an amateur radio operator. He loves his ham radio hobby but he has a problem spending any money on it. He won't buy new equipment to replace his old, out dated stuff, even though I repeatedly beg him to do so. I've even said he could take the money we were going to use to fly home to Utah to visit my mother, whom we haven't seen in the three years since we've been married, but still he refuses.

He has a small trap dipole, a hand-me-down from someone, stuck out of sight behind the house. I've told him how much I admire some of his friend's towers and beams and suggested he install the same but he says they "look ugly" and "no way would he have one of those things around his house".

I'm ashamed to have other hams' wives over to visit; for them to see his poorly equipped station.

What can I do? Is my marriage in trouble? Should we go for counseling?

Signed,

Desperate XYL

Grandma replies...

Dear Desperate,

Grandma sees more and more of this type of selfishness where the ham husband is unwilling to take the necessary steps to keep his equipment and antennas up to date. He may not know of your embarrassment at his poorly equipped station. Tell him exactly how you feel about other hams' wives seeing it. Talking about your frustration may lead him to do the right thing.

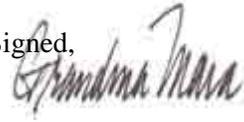
Perhaps he has feelings of guilt about using the travel money. If that is the case, tell him that you will go visit your mother by yourself and he can stay home and spend his portion of the money on ham gear. This may ease his conscience and his reluctance.

As for the unsightly antenna problem, I suggest you find some pictures of towers with scenic views backed up by sunrises or sunsets, and leave them in places where he can see them. This can be a touchy subject between husband and wife so work up to it gradually and with subtlety.

These suggestions may just pave the way to a more harmonious marriage relationship in the

future. Let Grandma know how things work out, dear.

Signed,



MARK IT ON YOUR CALENDARS

May 2nd 2009 for the MARA NorthEast Annual Meeting at the Nazareth Ward chapel, Scranton PA Stake

TECH STUFF

ARE WE THERE YET?

OR - GETTING YOUR ANTENNA UP IN THE AIR - PART 2

THE GHOST OF ROBIN HOOD – A BOW & ARROW

For those of you who have trees not as vertically challenged as mine (my end of Nova Scotia has ocean on three sides so a 50' tree is a tall one.), you might need a bit more height than a slingshot can give you (typically 50 - 70 feet depending on various factors – lead sinker weight, size of monofilament, drag from reel, direction of wind, etc., etc.). It's time to visit Wal-Mart or your favorite sporting goods store again. The sum of \$26.88 (according to a check on the [Wal-Mart web site](#)) allows you to bring home a children's size archery kit (many stores may not carry archery equipment because

of perceived liabilities, so you might have to order on line or look elsewhere). [Cabela's web site](#) also has archery equipment, both child and adult sizes, available.

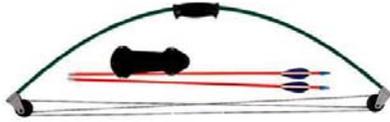


Figure 2 – Child's Archery set with two arrows and an arm guard. Different bows will have different draw weights. A heavier draw weight will propel arrows further and higher but will be harder to pull back. Photo from www.walmart.com

Using the same fishing reel and line covered in the **July '08 TECH STUFF**, tie or tape (or both) the free end of the monofilament line to the arrow just behind the fletching (feathers). To make the arrow drop better through limbs and leaves, try adding some weight by winding solder around the head and wrapping it with electrical tape or self-amalgamating tape. An alternative is using metal washers or pennies with tape to hold them in place. Blunt the arrow point to prevent it from sticking in the tree trunk or limb. See Figure 2.

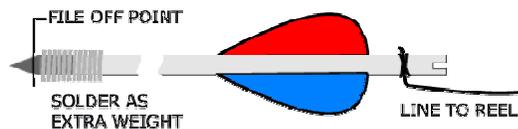


Figure 3 – Tie a clove hitch knot on the arrow's end. Wind solder for extra weight around the arrow head. Fasten both with tape (not shown). File the tip of the head to blunt it. Drawing by VE1VQ

For the sake of your eyes, always wear safety glasses, and strap on an arm guard to prevent damage and pain to your forearm from the bowstring. If your finger tips aren't toughened up from other tasks you might want to wear leather gloves to avoid inflicting further pain upon yourself.

Like a projectile from a slingshot, an arrow driven by a bow can be lethal. Make sure the area beyond your target tree is clear of any people, pets, or other objects you might regret hitting.

The following was taken [and edited] from the web site <http://www.wikihow.com/Shoot-an-English-Long-Bow>

1. Take an arrow and nock it on the string with the cock (odd colored) feather facing out.
2. Use your index, middle, and ring finger, holding the arrow between your index and middle finger.
3. Hold the bow firmly [but not in a death-grip, in the V of your other hand] and pull [bow string and the arrow] back with your fingers. Draw the arrow to the corner of your eye and aim down the shaft.
4. Focus your attention on the smallest spot you can find and let nothing else distract you. Pull back and hold until that spot becomes clear and all else around it becomes a blur. This should be about one second after drawing the bow. Relax the fingers of your right hand to let the string slip past them. This prevents the bow from jumping or lurching which will throw off your shot.
5. Hold your stance until the arrow hits the target.

A couple of tips from the same web site that I found interesting:

- Never point straight up.
- Try not to shoot a lot of wild shots, stick to a small amount of accurate shots.

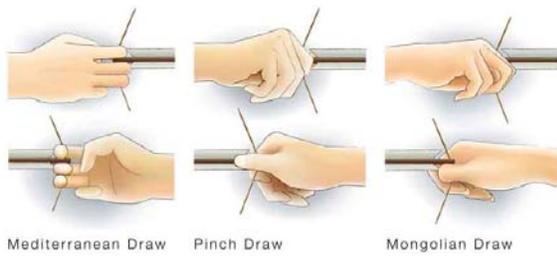


Figure 4 – Ways of drawing back an arrow. Photo from Wikipedia.com

Like the slingshot, practice with the bow will make it easier to place the fishing line in the right place. Consider going for quantity over quality by simply shooting over the entire tree rather than attempting a shot over a specific limb.

Next month we'll get serious for those of you with REALLY tall trees – with pneumatic powered launchers.



THINK SAFE. ACT SAFE. BE SAFE

CHECK EQUIPMENT BEFORE USE.
ALWAYS WEAR EYE PROTECTION.

SWAP SHOP
 BUY – SELL – TRADE - GIVE AWAY

YOUR AD HERE – NO CHARGE!



IN OCTOBER'S NEWSLETTER ...
ADVENTURES OF A NEW HAM – PART 1

DI-DAH-DI-DAH-DIT

You may have seen the following item; it came to me from an e-mail reflector and I think it's worth reprinting here. A link to the Kansas City Star newspaper article has been added.

A [ham radio operator and his son were electrocuted](#) on Sunday July 13th 2008 while trying to put up an antenna in Kansas City, Kansas. These deaths motivated Chuck Kraly, KØXM, to write this cautionary message.

We lost another ham today, and it is a very sad event. The parties involved were installing a Comet FIBERGLASS antenna that came in contact with a single 7,620 volt power line. Now how do I know what the exact voltage is? I built and maintained the substation that fed this circuit. I spent 27 years as a substation technician for the Board of Public Utilities. I am still in this field. So, I feel I have some experience in what I am passing along.

In a nutshell, the location of the accident was a few blocks from the substation. The wires you see going thru the residential areas are AT MINIMUM 7,200 volts from each wire to ground, and between any two of them is 13,800 volts. This is nothing to play with at any time. I have seen a fault TOTALLY vaporize 1" copper buss (which is solid). Imagine what it can do to a human.

Each wire is fed from what is called a 3 phase line. From there, it can be broken off and sent down a property line as a single wire. Those are called laterals" Yes, you will see a device at the break out point, and this is a fuse. BUT the caution needs to be conveyed. These fuses are in the 60-100 amp range. This is at 7,200 volts. On top of that, anytime a tree falls across a line, or a pole gets

hit, there is a circuit on the "feeder" at the substation that AUTOMATICALLY closes the feeder back in, and TRIES to restore the power to the area. Some of these "reclosers" can operate 2-5 times, depending on how they are set. Now from the substation end, the protective device is set for the full fault capabilities of the line. In the case of BPU, this can be set at 600 AMPS, and multiples of that value. The protective devices are set for what is called a "time" or an "instantaneous" operation. Picture a fast blow fuse and a slow blow, and you will understand the difference in the settings. These setting are at multiple of the 600 amp value. So, if there is a direct short, then it will not trip until it reaches a value at, oh lets say, 8 times that value. So we are looking at 4800 amps and this is at 7,200 volts and lower. So, it trips, then it energizes it AGAIN. The possibility of survival is slim and none.

Now remember how I said they were installing a FIBERGLASS antenna? Well guess what. It is metal inside. Yes, fiberglass does not radiate as we all know. Hence the metal. That is what caused the accident. They got too close to the line (remember your 'magnetic lines of flux' theory? If not, look it up on the web). There is a minimum approach area that MUST be followed. This changes for ALL voltages. This distance must NOT be broken. If it is, a flashover will happen, and it is not pretty. Electricity will find the shortest path to ground. In this case it was a couple of men.

Folks, this is nothing to take chances with. In my almost 30 yrs as a ham, and 27 yrs in the power utility field, I have seen way too many "accidents." Stop, look and if it is close or SEEMS that way- DON'T. Find another place. High voltage lines are NOT forgiving. Your life depends on it. You always hear "it is the amps not the volts" well I

can tell you when you get at these levels, who is going to argue what killed the person who had the accident. PLEASE, PLEASE follow the warnings. ANYWHERE close is too close.

Chuck Kraly, KØXM

If you are doing something and you get a feeling that it may not be the safest thing in the world, heed the inspiration – and live!

Until next month,
VE1VQ

