

# CARA NEWS WIRE

Culpeper Amateur Radio Association

[WWW.W4CUL.COM](http://WWW.W4CUL.COM)

Repeater: 147.120, PL 146.2

Tower and Antenna Located in Orange, VA

The CARA is a Culpeper Virginia based amateur radio organization whose members enjoy and practice the use of amateur radio for personal and multi county emergency communication services and activities. The CARA NEWS WIRE is a publication intended to help inform members of CARA and the local governments served and covered by the CARA resources.

August, 2011

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## **TRANSMISSION FROM THE PRESIDENT**



President: Barbara, KI4SXQ, Fauquier County, VA. Email: [KI4SXQ@yahoo.com](mailto:KI4SXQ@yahoo.com) Hello everyone:

It has certainly been a hot month. Our awning for the deck was installed today and will enjoy sitting out there. I talked to Mike k4mqf last night and he gave me the details on his house fire. It started in the attic due to an electrical spark. Thankfully, no one was hurt. They are staying with family in Orange. I plan to keep in touch with the family and keep everyone updated. I am looking forward to the CARA picnic and hopefully will have a big turnout. I have nothing more to offer than to say “ pray for rain.”

73's

Barbara ki4sxq

## **OFFICERS AND STAFF**

Vice President: Tom, AJ4BX Culpeper County VA.

Treasurer: Jim, K9SP, Orange County, VA.,  
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Secretary: Quinton, WD4WHY, Culpeper County, VA

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Quinton WD4WHY

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Repeater Committee:

Den, K0UN

Quinton, W4WHY

Jim, K9SP

Postcard Manager:

Bernie, KJ4VOV

## **TRANSMISSION FROM THE VP:**

Tom, AJ4BX was unavailable for comment at the time of this publication. Future editions will have words of wisdom from the CARA VP.

### ***TRANSMISSION FROM THE Treasurer:***

Jim, K9SP was unavailable at the time of this publication. Future publications will have CARA membership numbers and other relevant information. No money matters will be published.

### ***TRANSMISSION FROM THE Secretary:***

Quinton, W4WHY was unavailable for comment at the time of this publication. Future publications will have an edited version of the previous CARA face to face meeting minutes and other comments.

### ***TRANSMISSION FROM THE Newsletter Editor:***

Linda, KI5LLB

I started using ham radios in Texas, the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Since they are both large cities, there are a lot of people using ham radios regularly in those areas. There are groups of people talking on many of the frequencies most of the time. They want you to join them and enjoy talking with them. It is really fun to be part of those gang talks. It would be nice to see that happening here again. Working on this newsletter has caused me to think about where I want to go in my life with using ham radios. As a result of writing this third news letter and the three months that have passed quickly. My handheld radio has become a regular thing I pick up when I leave the house. There is a radio that stays in my van. That is significant because I have always taken the radio from the car and put it back in the house when I returned home. I am looking for excuses to use the ham radio instead of the cell phone.

### ***ANNOUNCEMENTS and UPDATES:***

This section will contain information that may not be posted elsewhere in this publication..

The W4CUL website is still undergoing redesign. A summary of the proposed changes will be provided in future face to face and Live Wire publications. There is no “Go Live” date at this time.

This meeting is each 3<sup>rd</sup> Monday of each month. It is at Saint Stephen’s Episcopal Church. The church is located at 115 North East St Culpeper, VA 22701. It starts at 7:30pm and ends at 9:00pm (est).

The Talk-In is on 147.120, PL tone is 146.2. The next **Face to Face** meeting and future planned CARA events can be found in the **Calendar of Events** Section of this publication.

**Special VE Test Sessions:** From Den, KOUN. Barbara and I talked having VE sessions on demand. Is that a good idea? Please provide your comments and thoughts at the next face to face meeting.

### ***EVENT REPORT:.***

### ***CARA CALENDAR OF EVENTS***

Future publications will have a two month “look ahead” calendar showing all events and activities posted by the CARA and members.

August 7, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

August 14, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

August 15, 7:30 CARA Face to Face Meeting

August 21, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

August 28, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147. 120 repeater, PL 146.2

August 3, 11:000 – W4CUL Breakfast  
August 10, 11:00 – W4CUL Breakfast  
August 17, 11:00 – W4CUL Breakfast  
August 24, 11:00 – W4CUL Breakfast  
August 31, 11:00 – W4CUL Breakfast  
  
September 4, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120  
repeater, PL 146.2  
  
September 11, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147,120  
repeater, PL 146.2  
  
September 18, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120  
repeater, PL 146. 2  
  
September 25, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120  
repeater, PL 146.2  
  
September 19, 7:30 – CARA Face to Face  
Meeting  
  
September 7, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at  
Country Cookin  
  
September 14, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at  
Country Cookin  
  
September 21, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at  
Country Cookin  
  
September 28, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at  
Country Cookin

#### **CARA NEWS WIRE.**

All members and guest are welcome to comment on any net, face to face meeting, breakfast, of event the club is involved in. I will put all comments in the next issue of The CARA NEWS WIRE.

#### ***MEMBER: ITEMS FOR SALE***

Members having radio gear, antennas, coax or any amateur radio related items for sale can advertise them here.

This is a repeat add, because it was not sold at the time of this printing.)  
I have a ICOM 756 PRO 3 HF plus 6 meters, 100 watts out, spectrum scope. I bought it new Feb. 2008 and it is in near mint condition.  
Comes with matching ICOM power supply bought at the same time. \$1850 with ICOM hand mic, or \$1950 with ICOM SM-20 desk mic instead of the hand mic. I have all packing materials, handbook, and 12 volt cord. KI4ORU, Wayne at 540-234-8985. P.S. no trades please, TNX.

Hello all,  
I thought I would offer some stuff that I am selling to my fellow ham's before I put the stuff on Craigslist. I am doing spring cleaning a little late but maybe somebody wants some of this stuff.  
Item 1. Cannon Rebel XTi digital 10.1 mega pixel SLR camera. Includes stock 18-55mm lens, 75-300mm zoom lens, battery & charger, memory card, manual, usb cable and original box.  
\$400 for the whole kit...  
Item 2. Panasonic home stereo system. It has 5 cd rotary changer, AM/FM tuner, Dual cassette deck, cabinet and 2 speakers. \$100  
  
Item 3. Sony surround speaker set. 5 speakers (center, 2 front and 2 rear). \$50

If you are interest you can contact me at [jahillegass@gmail.com](mailto:jahillegass@gmail.com) or call me 540-846-5820

First come first served....Thanks,  
John Hillegass K4GTI

### **MEMBER: ITEMS WANTED**

In this section members can post Items Wanted. Please provide the best description you can of the item(s) you are seeking.

I am looking for a 220 radio. Linda, KI5LLB

### **MEMBER: ITEMS FOR AUCTION**

In this section, members can offer up items for auction at any of the club functions where such an activity can be conducted. All proceeds from the auction are donated to the club treasury.

### **MEMBER SHOUT OUT:**

This section is dedicated to those members who want to provide a description of a recent memorable event which the readers may find interesting.

Dick wrote this article about his recent motorcycle ride to the Canadian Province of Newfoundland/Labrador. This is part one of three. Enjoy!

For each of the past 11 years I have been faced with the task of telling Don and Marcelline Waugh where we are going next. When I ask for suggestions, I always hear “I am following you,” or “I don’t give a damn, let’s just go.” So, earlier this year I suggested to Don that we go back to Newfoundland. After all, we hadn’t been there in two years. After a few moments of excitement, it was decided, Newfoundland or bust.

It was supposed to be simple, ride to Newfoundland, tour from port to port and then back home. Four days to North Sydney, four days back and four days in Newfoundland. But, over time the destinations were going to change, as were the riders in the group. The basic plan changed each time we discussed the ride. Additional destinations like Prince Edward Island (PEI), the Cabot Trail, Peggy’s Cove, Halifax and the “you remember where we stopped before” were suggested. Of course this all had to be squeezed into a 12 day ride of more than 4,000 miles. I finally settled on three destinations for our trip, PEI, Newfoundland (Nfld) and Halifax over 14 days.



With the destinations defined all I had to do was make ferry reservations from North Sydney, Nova Scotia to Port aux Basques, Nfld (pronounced Port Aw Bass (like the fish)) and return reservations four days later from Argentia, Nfld to North Sydney. But then I discovered the ferry times and dates were changing, rooms and gas would be at a premium around Nfld, so the planning took a bit more time and coordination to ensure everything would fall into place.

With passage booked for everyone on the ferry crossings and hotel reservations made in Nfld

where we would be stopping across the 565 miles of road on the island, with hopes for good weather, we set out June 29, 2011.

Our group consisted of: Don & Marcy Waugh, Bob & Mary Ott, me, Bob Francis and his young nephew Alex Buchanan, Chuck & Patty Mills, and another single rider, Joe Funkhouser riding an 800cc Suzuki. I had my doubts about Joe and his ability to keep up with the bigger touring bikes. But he proved me 100% WRONG!!

The plan was to ride 500 miles a day for two days and cross into Canada on July 1, 2011 where we would ride to PEI and lodge there for the night. We all took turns teasing Alex about how often we stopped to eat. He didn't believe any of us when we mentioned it was time to eat again. He had a very unique bewildered look on his face every time one of us would tease him about one thing or another. I think that was because he had no reason to doubt us after his experience with our eating habits. He was a lot of fun and we all enjoyed his company immensely. We tried to be on the road as early as reasonable, starting out preferably at 7:00AM, but occasionally allowing for a slightly later start. The mornings in Danbury, CT and further north were crisp and cool, but for the most part, as the day wore on the sunlight was bright and the daytime temperatures warmed up. By the end of the first day and into the second, the group had learned about each other's riding behavior and also to keep a watchful eye out for each other. From the southern border of ME., to Bangor there are several toll booths on I-95. We decided to let one bike pay for the entire group making it easier for everyone to get through. As we were slowing to go through the last toll booth before Bangor, Don shot to the lead to pay for the group. The only problem was he entered and passed through a booth accepting EZ-PASS ONLY. So he was stymied as to what to do. The rest of us stopped at a booth allowing cash and let the lead bike pay for everyone. Don was approached by a booth agent and handed a paper which was kind of a "you have been a bad boy" information sheet. He was instructed to call the ME. transit authority to confess his booth running sin. He was told to make that call in the morning after 9:00AM. Of course Don being Don he had no idea what he had done or why he had to call the number to confess to anything. So the next morning I called reporting myself to be Don Waugh. Yes I told them everything. I confessed to being gay, a hardened criminal wanted by the Virginia authorities and that I was riding a Honda. Just Kidding about the Honda. Anyway, the toll charge was \$1.25 for his side car which he was to mail in when he got back home. Actually he got off cheap, because the rest of the sidecars and trike were incorrectly charged \$1.90.



Next, Don wanted to lead the group for a while. Awwwww CRAP!! I had been tracking the miles ridden from each gas stop to ensure the three sidecars which got the least miles per gallon, would be refueled at or before going over the 100 mile mark. So I told Don he could lead, but we needed to stop for gas in less than 20 miles and as the leader he had to take us off the interstate within 20 miles. I am certain he didn't hear a word I said and away he went in the lead with me as the second bike. When I saw we had covered 18 miles and passed by several refueling opportunities, I took everyone behind me to get gas at the next exit. Like our ride last year to Mississippi, there was a point out there where Don would run out of gas, and he wanted to get there as quickly as he could. He was more than a mile ahead of us when we turned off of I-95. One thing for certain, Don provides some great entertainment on these rides. While we filled our bikes I was wondering how far down the road we would find him out of gas. But as luck would have it, Marcy was looking out for him. Bob Francis called her via cell phone. We made arrangements to meet them on I-95 several miles north, where he would rejoin the group with a full tank of gas. When we rode by him, he rejoined the group near the rear and

didn't ask to lead again. When we next stopped Marcy hugged me thanking me for looking out for them. That's my job, each year on these rides, and by the way, I do enjoy it.

We stayed overnight in Bangor, ME., which was just three hours from the US, Canadian border on I-95. Early in the AM we started out for the border, stopped for gas, and rode on northbound looking for the US/Canadian border.

The border crossing went as we hoped it would, allowing us all through in short order. We were then looking for a place to having a celebratory breakfast in New Brunswick Canada. We ran

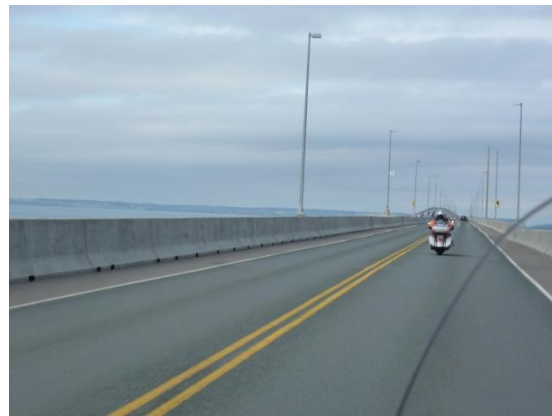


across a very nice place where we celebrated our first milestone on the trip. It was exciting to see the look on the faces of those who were joining us for the first time Chuck, Patty, Joe and young Alex were all excited to be in Canada. I can just imagine young Alex wondering about things like language, the way the young ladies dressed, the food, how cold would it get and were there hockey players standing on every corner. I am sure the more he learned the more questions he would have.

One thing I found very useful was switching my GPS from statute miles to kilometers, then using

the GPS as my speedometer. Some others may also find it useful to do the quick math for converting kilometers to statute miles. You simply multiply kilometers by .61 to derive the statute miles. However after the first full day in kilometer land, it was pretty easy to estimate the statute MPH and be safely in the ball park. I recall seeing 50, 70, 90, 100 and 110 kilometers more than any other. And these are roughly 30, 40, 55, 60 and 70 MPH.

Our evening destination was Charlottetown, PEI. For those who have never been to the PEI Province of Canada, you ride in across a very large toll bridge where the winds can be very treacherous. For us the winds were calm and it was a delightful ride. The toll for a two wheel motorcycle was about \$18.00 Canadian, and a



side car or trike was about \$45.00 Canadian which is paid when leaving PEI.

The plan was to arrive several hours earlier, giving us time to ride around the eastern end of the island, but that just didn't happen. As part of the planning, I built in two places where we could save or make-up time if needed. PEI was one of the two on this trip, and this one was needed.

We had lodging at a pretty nice Best Western in the older downtown area of Charlottetown. After checking in, some of us managed to take in a local pub/restaurant and enjoyed some local foods. I

remember Bob Francis and I had Shepherd Pie and it was terrific. I think young Alex had a

hamburger. Did you know that hamburgers in Canada are very similar to those found everywhere else in the world? Go figure. Chuck and Pat had some local foods as well and I found that Chuck really liked to taste the ale's from different parts of the world. Bob and Mary were with us as well, but I really didn't poke my nose into what everyone was eating or drinking. We also figured out how to tell a resident from a tourist. The tourists were all bundled up and the residents were walking around in t-shirts, shorts and tennis shoes. We were definitely tourists.



As it happened, July 1<sup>st</sup> was Canada Day (Their Independence Day). It was a real pleasure to celebrate with the residents of the PEI Province on their special day. Residents of all ages were very enthusiastic about Canada Day. The evening was filled with cheers, hugs, congratulations, welcome and fireworks. At the end of day three all was going according to plan and even the weather was cooperating.

To save time the next day,

we decided to take the ferry from PEI to Nova Scotia instead of the long toll bridge and the long ride around to our next stop in Truro. This change gave us time to tour around a bit of the south eastern side of the island. Bob and Mary Ott, and I went to a small restaurant and gift shop near the



ferry port

for breakfast, while the others went to a lighthouse at Wood Cove to watch a reenactment by women dressed in the period. After taking in the lighthouse festivities, they joined us at the restaurant for a quick snack. Then we all rode to another lighthouse north of the port. This particular lighthouse was the first land based station to hear the SOS from the HMS Titanic.

We managed to ride through some other small towns and see some of the local farms harvesting mostly



potatoes. Everyone had a good time visiting various points of interest in this part of PEI, but time was running out and we had to get back to the ferry station for the ride over to Nova Scotia. BTW, the mosquito's were huge and plentiful.

We arrived in Nova Scotia via ferry and rode the 90 kilometers to Truro where we lodged at a Best Western for the night of July 2<sup>nd</sup>. On the way, we stopped for gas. When we got ready to depart, the station attendant was frantically calling out that one of us had not paid for the gas. The guilty party resolved the problem quickly and we were off and

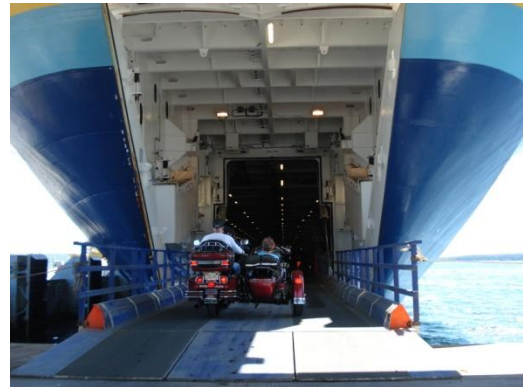


heading to Truro, free of the fear of being arrested for driving off without paying. As usual the constant teasing of Alex was entertaining. On a sad note, in Truro we learned there was a casino in Charlottetown, which we missed. DANG!!



We left Truro on the morning of July 3<sup>rd</sup> bound for North Sydney hoping to arrive sometime before noon. The usual stop of every 100 miles took some time as did following a very slow pickup truck for 35 kilometers. That was very irritating especially since we guessed the driver was probably going to the same ferry as we, but certainly didn't share our sense of urgency. We had learned that riding for about 100 miles between gas stops

gave us plenty of time on the road to take in our surroundings. We saw the hills and valleys, ponds (we call them lakes) their shores and coastlines. You could smell the fresh breezes enhanced with the scent and fragrances of flowers, trees and even manure on one occasion. What would otherwise have been a boring and dull ride was inwardly very eventful.



Part of the plan was to make a final gas stop just before getting on the ferry at North Sydney so we would all have full tanks when we set out from Port aux Basque on the morning of July 4<sup>th</sup>.



So we stopped as planned and topped off our tanks with only five kilometers to the ferry port in North Sydney, NS. Part of the check-in at the ferry port is to get a lane assignment for boarding. They usually align all of the motorcycles in the same lane. We managed to get a fellow passenger to take a group photo just before the boarding call was made. Ooops, Where is Mary? She was actually in the cafeteria eyeballing some food. This ferry ride is a short six hours at sea from North Sydney, NS to Port aux Basque, Nfld. The weather was terrific during the crossing. Port aux Basque is always a bit chilly,

foggy and misty, so it was no surprise to see that when we arrived at 8:30PM. Nfld is an interesting place in terms of world time. It is the only place on earth that is ½ hour earlier or later than its neighboring time zone. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is one hour ahead of our Eastern Standard Time. So Nfld is 1.5 hours earlier than our eastern standard time. This makes things a bit complicated when we agree to meet at 8:00AM for instance. The common question, "Is that local time or the time at home?" My standard answer was, "local time." To me it seemed easier.



When we departed the ship, it was like stepping into a refrigerator with a fan turned on high. It was cold, wet and breezy, which is fairly standard for this southern port in Nfld. When we arrived at the hotel, the lobby was full of people who had recently arrived via the same ferry. Since there are only two hotels in town and the other was fully booked, I was very glad I had made early reservations for everyone as part of my trip planning.

We were in our hotel rooms by 10:00PM (local time) and in the lounge by 9:30PM (east coast



US time). Bob and Alex were the first to hit the hotel guest laundry facility. Marry Ott found it later then it was my turn. The washer did a fair job, but the dryer left a lot to be desired. The hotels guests were not shy about tossing your clothes out on to the dryer if you were not there when your clothes were done in the washing machine. I think that is the standard operating procedure for most guest laundry facilities. The morning greeted us with cold winds accompanied by a misty rain. So everyone put on their rain

gear and prepared for a long cold ride to Deer Lake about 170 miles away. Our ride plan took us over roads and traffic conditions we had not ridden before. We were told to be on the constant alert for MOOSE, so as we rode along slowly, which is what the road signs recommended, I was sure I saw a moose behind every tree, bush and telephone pole. Actually I didn't see any, but I know those critters were out there waiting for us. Another thing we discovered from reading articles about touring Nfld was to NEVER pass up an opportunity to top off with gas. Many of the stations do not carry premium gas, but we later discovered that even the Harley 110 CI engines ran ok on regular. Not really, but a slight ping was better than not running at all. It was sort of strange to be in Nfld, knowing it was July 4<sup>th</sup> and no one was excited about it. Maybe you had to be there.



As we approached the 50 miles point from Port aux Basque, I started looking for gas. We came across a station at the 70 mile point and stopped. I didn't fill up because I can go about 230 miles on my six gallon tank and by my calculations I should have another 175 miles on this tank. By this time the sun was out and the air was warm and dry. So off came the rain gear.

When we left the station and had ridden another 10 miles I glanced at my gas gauge and saw it was on empty. NO WAY!! I checked my navigation system and the onboard indicator told me I could go another 60 miles. How could a full tank be empty? My only thought was to find gas and not worry about who or when my tank had been siphoned. We found gas in another 25 miles and everyone



managed to fill up with premium. But the bottom line was that some low life had drained my tank.



As part of this stop, Joe allowed Alex to ride around the station grounds on his Suzuki 800. Alex had some dirt bike riding experience so this was nothing brand new to the youngster, but it was a bit more of a challenge.

Our next planned stop was at Deer Lake, which is a small town that serves as the gateway to one of the most beautiful places on earth. We arrived early enough to take in some of the local sights.

Gros  
Morne  
National

Park is claimed by a few sources to be the second most visited natural and national park area in North America, second only to the Grand Canyon. Interestingly it didn't get really dark until about 10:00PM, so we decided to ride into the park and eat at a seafood restaurant in a place called Trout River. We were told it would be worth the ride even under the threat of running into the moose which are more heavily populated in the park than anywhere else in Nfld.



The ride through the park in the late day sun was the first indicator that Nfld was as unusual in landscape as it could possibly be. God was certainly having a good day when He laid out and painted the Nfld landscape. Don said it best when he said it was like going back in time and seeing a place untouched by man. We rode into the midst of some awesome terrain full of various shades of green and speckled with what we would call lakes, or ponds as you wish. At one mountain crest we could look down into a bowl formed by several mountains. Off to our left we could see what appeared to be a mountain that had been sheared off about half way up. From our level all the way to the top there was no green, only baron brown granite, soil and small rocks. It was an awesome sight to see this brown "Table Top" nestled



in the middle of the grandeur of green.

On the way we stopped at a small village, which had a nice little gift shop. The cabins they rent are modern in appointment and I hear not too bad as far as rental fee. But they are small. While in there Don took an opportunity to talk to the store keeper who was more than interested to share her stories of life in Nfld with him. I am not sure if Don made a



sale or not, but he handed out cards at every opportunity.

Trout River is known for a fisherman's museum which is dedicated to preserving local fishing heritage. Some of the displays in the museum showcase some the methods and equipment used in traditional inshore fishery. While we didn't visit the museum, there is a wealth of information about Gros Morne and some of the highly visited tourist stopping points available within the park, elsewhere in Nfld and of course online.

When we got the restaurant in Trout River we met a couple on a black Ultra who were riding from a town we were riding through the next day. So they had lengthy ride back home in great weather with the sun setting at the end of the day.

In the restaurant, we were greeted and set at a table accommodating all of us. Our drinks were brought and our orders taken. That is when the wait began. About 45 minutes later we were served. The food was excellent, but our patience were short because nightfall was upon us and we had an hour or better to ride through these hills where peering eyes would be watching us as were we watching them. Of course we hoped none of the eyes were nestled in the head of a



2500 pound MOOSE!! But again, the ride was perfect and we returned to the hotel just as the night air began to turn to liquid. This was the first sign of real rain on the entire trip.

I might mention that we plan to go back to Nfld again for the sole purpose of riding all the way through Gros Morne park. There are some deep ravines, Viking Digs and more landscape to see in one area than we would dare to imagine in any two or three states here in the US. The Viking Digs are one thing I want to see. These are villages where the first explorers of Nfld lived. As with

other parts of North America, the Vikings were the first to set foot on the new world. So one day I and hopefully the others will be heading north again.

Part two will be in the Sept, 2011 edition of the CARA NEWSWIRE

## Why is Disaster Preparedness Important?

A disaster is an event that is threatening to occur or is occurring at that moment. This event can be of such a destructive magnitude and force that it could dislocate people from their damaged or destroyed homes. It can cause mass injuries to members of the community as well as leave many dead. It often has such a magnitude that the affected people cannot adequately address their own basic human needs. It impedes them from initiating or proceeding with their own recovery efforts. Some of these are natural disasters, which include floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, typhoons, winter ice storms, tsunamis, hailstorms, wildfires, windstorms, epidemics, and earthquakes. It can also include human initiated disasters, whether intentional or unintentional, included in this list are residential house and community fires, collapsing buildings, transportation accidents, hazardous material releases, explosives, and domestic acts of terrorism.

Disaster Preparedness readies individuals in the likely event that each individual will encounter a disaster of some kind during his or her lifetime. Preparing for a disaster before it happens ensures a measure of safety and maximizes the chance of survival. The prepared individual controls at least some of his circumstances during the disaster because he is ready for that disaster. The prepared individual positions himself to meet his or her own needs and possibly to assist others around him with their needs during a disaster. A prepared person is capable of arousing confidence in his fellow disaster victims which causes them to maintain a healthy expectation of survival.

Preparedness requires research into which events are possible, not just likely in

each locale. For example, the result of this research leads to asking questions like, "Do I live near or in a flood plain?" A topographical map of any area reveals the directions possible for floodwaters to approach that area. That information along with directional maps showing roadways away from the arrival paths of floodwaters allows for the creation of plans for safe ways of escape. Create survival scenarios for each possible disastrous event even if it is only remotely possible for the immediate area and the surrounding areas as well.

Talking through these scenarios gives the individuals involved a feeling for what could possibly happen during that type of disaster. Working through each scenario gives us a practice session for that disaster; thereby giving all of those involved a sense of familiarity and confidence with what to do should that possible disaster occur.

In a sense Disaster Preparedness arms each individual with knowledge. Knowledge becomes the key ingredient to successful disaster preparedness. Knowledge expands possibilities, which in turn paves the way for improving the likelihood of a positive outcome.

The immense value of firsthand, relevant, on the spot Disaster Preparedness is without question. Earthquakes, floods, hurricanes, or tornados locally and worldwide sprawl pictures of personal horror across the pages of our newspapers continuously and captivate our attention from local TV broadcasts relentlessly. Preparedness gives security because that person knows he or she is ready for whatever happens.

Having either an individual preparedness plan or a home preparedness plan. This plan has the potential to save more individuals than anything else does. Most of this surety comes because education

gives individuals the understanding needed to protect themselves and frees them to help themselves and others in need throughout their community during a disaster. This is true for all individuals of all ages ranging from young schoolchildren to patrons of all types of elderly centers and live-in arrangements to individuals from all walks of community life. Working through preparing for a personal, family disaster, of community disaster builds strength of

character, confidence, and assurance that all people need in their life.

The future issues will provide details on being prepared. Let me know if you find this interesting or if you would not want to read any more on this topic in the news letter. Linda, KI5LLB, wrote this

I hope to see others enter articles from other club members here. It will not be an interesting news letter if I am the only one writing articles for it.

*THANK YOU FOR READING THE CARA NEWS WIRE*