

CARA NEWS WIRE

Culpeper Amateur Radio Association

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.

TRANSMISSION FROM THE PRESIDENT



Hello Everyone:

At the writing of this article, our club picnic has not occurred. We are all excitedly awaiting spending time with Dick, w6lwg. As many of you know we spent 4th of July with him and friends. We enjoyed it tremendously. Dennis and I will be celebrating our 39th wedding anniversary on August 26 and our daughters 36 birthday. We have had a quiet month and look forward to the cooler weather.

73's for now
ki4sxq
Barbara

CARA OFFICERS and STAFF:

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Quinton, W4WHY

Jim, K9SP

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
Hi Everyone in CARA

I am enjoying Dick's trip by reading about it in the News Wire. I hope you are doing the same. This is an exciting week for me. I am getting my Red Cross Radio License and we have repaired an old (not to old) ERV radio, added a power supply and will mount the meg mount antenna here until it is suitable for it to go to the Red Cross building in Charlottesville. It will be ready just in time for the hurricane if it should reap heroic in our area. Jack, at the Red Cross, isn't sure why I think it is a big deal. I, both hope and hope not, may get a chance to show him sooner than I thought. If not now I am sure there will be opportunity to prove my point someday. We will be leaving for the Philippines on Sept. 14 and returning on Oct. 17. Dick will finish the news letter for October.

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.

The local CARA face to face meeting is each 3rd 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. Remember, if you feel like you are ready for an update in ham license you can contact Dennis or Barbara and they will set a time for you to come to a VE's home to take the test needed to get the upgrade you want.

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.

September

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

October

October 2, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

October 9, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147,120 repeater, PL 146.2

October 16, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146. 2

October 23, 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

October 30, , 8:00 – W4CUL Net, 147.120 repeater, PL 146.2

October 17, 7:30 – CARA Face to Face Meeting

October 5, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at Country Cookin

October 12, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at Country Cookin

October 19, 8:00 – CARA Breakfast at Country Cookin

October 26, 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 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.

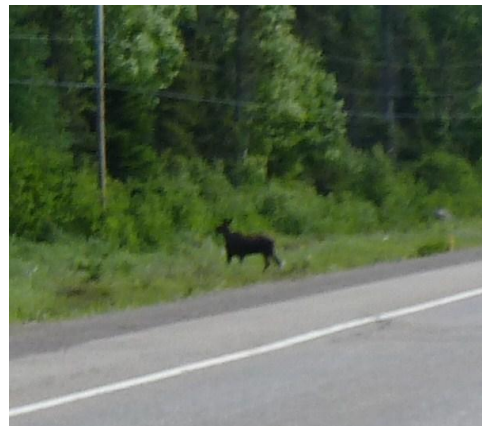
MEMBER SHOUT OUT:

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 July 2011 motorcycle trip to Canada. This is the second part of three for this article.

The next morning we saw sunshine and comfortable temperatures. What a great way to start the day. We rode north and east, bound for the town of Gander, where we had lodging already booked. Remember all the planning I did earlier? It was paying off. As we rode on we noted again the terrain and ecosystem seemed to have changed as we topped every mountain. Two things became apparent as we rode along the second of four days in Nfld. 1) Several helmet mounted cameras set at varying time intervals would have been helpful (HERO by GoPro <http://gopro.com/cameras/hd-helmet-hero-camera/?gclid=CJvLrobJhqcCFQgbQgodPEtG0A> meets these requirements), and 2) the roads were in terrific condition for such a faraway place. All the roads were two, three and four lanes wide with ample opportunities to pass using the frequent passing lanes designed into the roads. The provincial government is always servicing the maintaining what is called TCH-1 (Trans Canadian Highway -1), so there were several areas where traffic was slowed to accommodate the ongoing road work. That is a necessary evil up there since the TCH-1 is the only major road connecting the one part of the island to another.

This leg of the trip was the first time we saw a real, no kidding moose. There she was on the roadside grazing as I rode by. She looked up when she heard the bikes, turned and sauntered back into the woods. Those behind me had camera's ready, but her rear end was all they could see. It is hard to imagine the size of this animal even when you see them from 100 feet away. All of the semi tractor trailers have a "cow catcher" grill on the front which is supposed to protect the truck from severe damage when encountering a moose. Personally I am not convinced these add on devices will do what they were designed for. I wonder how it would look on a motorcycle. As accessories go, it would be interesting. Maybe Honda will come out with one to go along with the airbag on their GL1800.



Sadly we saw many, many roadside crosses where someone for some reason perished. One can only assume their demise was from some traffic related incident involving a moose. The number



of moose strikes involving motorized vehicles on the roads in Nfld nears 800 per year. We passed road signs indicating there were about 650 moose related strike already this year.

As we rode east, we encountered colder air and at the next stop it was time to put on the rain gear. It was not raining yet, but there was rain in the forecast for Gander. Keeping in mind we had been on the road for seven days and no real rain encountered while riding. So it was not a surprise to see a few drops as we arrive and parked our bikes at the hotel in Gander.

Gander holds a unique distinction of being the one place in the northern hemisphere where many passenger aircraft were diverted when the US airspace was closed on 9/11. The people in Gander are proud of that as they should be. The town stepped up to assist in any way they could to accommodate the passengers and airlines in this time of crisis. In September of 2011 they have a huge celebration planned to commemorate the event.

Next to the hotel was a "Jungle Jim's" restaurant, so we dropped in for lunch. We had been in these chain restaurants before and never noticed the banner that struck us square in the face. "JUMBO HURRICANE!!!" And when we looked at the menu, there it was again. Well, those guys are so good at advertising we ordered four.

How could we resist??? Anyone who knows Don, understands he is a fan of this particular drink made famous at Pat O'Brien's in New Orleans, LA. There are none better than the original found at Pat O'Brien's, but in this case quantity trumped quality. After our meal, several of us indulged in a long afternoon of "double deck pinochle." This became the card game of choice on the trip. Even young Alex learned more about the game and some of the important bidding and playing strategies.



The next morning in the bright sunlight we headed out for St. John's, the gem of Nfld. We again experienced the changing colors, terrain and ecosystem of the island as we moved across fantastic road conditions. We made the usual gas stops and of course a stop for breakfast. They make a bologna in Nfld that is thick and flavorful. That and baked beans are a part of every breakfast up there. This leg of the trip was the longest in Nfld spanning almost 375 kilometers or a bit short of 230 miles. The weather was changing for the worse. The winds increased and heavy dark clouds appeared on the horizon. I was certain our perfect weather luck was running out. As we rode on to our next gas stop up over the mountains in front of us, we rode into the clearing sky and warming temperatures. This changing weather pattern prevailed all the way into St John's.



As we rode into St. John's, it was an awesome sight to see a sprawling metropolis in such a faraway



place. The TCH-1 leads you right into the southern parts of the St John's, and then on to the modern business center part of town. But this is a bit deceiving because in the midst of the area near the Airport, there is the older, rustic and historic parts of town. Navigating through the streets is a challenge because the street corners are not all 90 degrees. Some corners are such a tight turn right or left that you think you are heading back from the direction you just came from. Our hotel was the Comfort Inn at the Air Port. It was in a terrific location with easy access to TCH-1 and any part of the town.



After checking in and unloading our luggage, we decided to take in some of the tourist sites and parts of the town. But first things first, we had to see the Harley dealership in St. John's.

I am constantly reminded that we are spoiled by the quality of service and help we find at Waugh HD. Chuck Mills was riding a trike and was keenly interested in finding a set of highway pegs. So where else, but a H-D dealership to find what

he needed. In the parts department he asked for assistance in finding what he needed. The man behind the counter simply handed him a catalog and told him to look in it for his pegs. Now that is the kind of attitude you get from a business that is the only game in town. Meanwhile Don was treated like royalty in



the service department. Elsewhere in the dealership we found the support to be near that of what Chuck found in the parts department. The interesting thing is the man who owns this particular dealership also owns the one in Halifax which was our next overnight stop. To their credit, the service manager did call the Halifax store and arranged for a rear tire change for Bob Ott when we arrived at the dealership in Halifax in two days. We later found that service and customer support in Halifax was totally different than that in St. John's. So the question is how can two dealerships

under the same ownership be so different. Maybe the owner is unaware of the issues in St. John's.

There is a lot of history in St. John's. Places like Cape Spear noted as being the most easterly point of land in North America. We decided to ride to Signal Hill and see the coastal areas near St. John's. Many go there because of that geographic fact and for whale watching. Signal Hill, which got its name in 1762 (or 1763), because it was used in flag communication between land and sea. One of other significant facts is that it was the reception point of the first transatlantic wireless transmission (end of 1901), which was originated from the Poldhu station, southwestern Cornwall, England, by Guglielmo Marconi and his assistant, George Kemp. It was also the sight of The Battle of Signal Hill in 1763. The battle included soldiers from France versus The Montgomery Highlanders and the Massachusetts Militia. Like many old towns, St John's has an "old town" flare along with the new and modern side you would expect from the capital of a state or in this case the Province of Newfoundland- Labrador.



After leaving Signal Hill, we decided to navigate our way back to the hotel and perhaps find some food along the way. We rode again through various parts of town heading back to the hotel. This is one of those downtown areas where walking around for an afternoon would be a real treat. Stopping in at the various stores and then there is the food. I would love to take a couple of days to just shop and eat, not necessarily in that order. But our travel plans did not allow for that pleasure on this trip.



The next day was an opportunity for the group to do what they wanted individually or in a smaller group as long as they were in Argentia, Nfld to check in for the 14 hour ferry ride back to North Sydney. This was also our last opportunity to get "Screeched In." That is an informal ritual performed by a local authority whereby visitors and tourist can be made an honorary "Newfy." It consists of kissing a cod fish (pucker up ladies), drinking a shot of "Screech" (a locally bottled Jamaican Rhum (Rum)), eating a chunk of locally made bologna and reciting a pledge. But time was

running out and finding an official to conduct the ritual was no easy task. So Don, Bob and I did the next best thing, we bought some "Screech" to bring back. Then we were off to Argentia. The others in the group went to Cape Spear for an early morning view of the sea from the eastern most point of land in North America. *Bob Francis described it as a place of beauty where the high mountains fell into the sea, surfing waves with occasional pipeline, crashing into the coastal rocks. The wind was chilly as it rolled in from the sea, the sunshine blessed by no fog, seemed to roll in from England.* After visiting this area of the coast the group rode into the Bohemian section of St John's for breakfast. Joe started out with the group heading to Cape Spear, but split off to see some sights of his own. He wanted to ride the Irish Loop for one. Newfoundland has a great history of Irish influence. You can hear it in the accent of their speech and in many other ways of their lives. The influence is everywhere in all parts of Nfld, but

mostly in areas around St. John's. Many of the pubs, restaurants and other public forums reflect the historic and current traditions of the Irish. For more information on the Irish history and influence in Newfoundland, here is one of many references.



http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Irish_Newfoundlanders.

Joe reported he managed to ride a portion of the Irish Loop but noted the time and decided it was probably best to head towards Argentia, or be left to become a Newfy.

Our ride to Argentia was fairly uneventful. We stopped for a bowl of very tasty soup at a restaurant along the way. In there we discovered what "highway robbery" meant. The soup, coffee, soft drinks, and a small salad came to over \$50.00. We discovered by way of the bill the soup was a touch over \$8.00 per bowl. That meant everything else was basically free. Remember the near 18% sales tax in Canada. We also ran into a grumpy truck driver in there. At first I thought he was grumpy because of an encounter with a motorcyclist who he



claimed was on a trike and playing "grab-ass" with him on the road. But as it turned out, he ordered the soup too. Not really, he was truly upset about someone on a trike trying to give him a hard time. It was none of us and it wasn't Chuck, because they were still in St. John's.

All of us arrived at Argentia well ahead of time and took time to talk to the locals at the port. We found as before that many of the locals were either transplants from other parts of Canada, or were residents from other parts of Nfld, or, some who were born there, went

away and returned.

In my trip planning I specifically booked the long trip on the "Atlantic Vision." She is the largest ship in the fleet of three and has the best passenger accommodations. We booked passage on her once before and it was a terrific crossing then. I hoped it would equally smooth this time. While waiting for the boarding orders, Bob Francis was in contact with his wife who was ill. He decided that once we arrived in North Sydney, he would have to head south and not take time to visit Halifax.

As we rode onto the ship, all the motorcycles were directed to one area where we tied them down for the voyage. These are mostly for liability reasons, but nonetheless it is nice to know that even if things got a little dicey, the bikes would be secure as the ship settled on the bottom of the North Atlantic.

Everyone had sleeper accommodations on the ferry since we would be crossing at night and arriving in North Sydney in the morning about 9:00AM. Remember we were in a half hour time zone while on the island of Newfoundland.

If you are a people person, you cannot pass by an opportunity to strike up a conversation with everyone you meet. In Nfld, I was never disappointed meeting anyone I spoke with. It is an interesting contrast on board the ferry because you meet people from all over the world. For anyone who manages to take this trip in the future, I would like to chat with you and hear your opinion of which country has the rudest tourist. I have my opinion. The ferry ride was pleasant and smooth. Decks six and seven were available for entertainment, food and refreshments. Sleeping quarters were on deck eight. There was a mild rocking motion to the ship as we moved away from Nfld in the fog of the Nfld coast. There is food available at all hours and a dining area serving an "all you can eat buffet" of food and great dessert treats. There was also live entertainment. On our particular cruise, the live Country entertainment was more annoying than entertaining. But I guess some of the passengers enjoyed the music, or perhaps they were either too drunk or sleepy to know the difference.



After several spirited games of pinochle it was well after midnight and time to check out the sleeping accommodations. The sleepers were well appointed and offered two or four bunks, individual washrooms with a shower, sink and toilet. Each room also had a closet, TV, radio and in my case, a window view of the ocean. When I went to bed I was initially aware of the rocking motion of the ship. Side rails were not available nor needed on this cruise. Soon the rocking motion of the ship drifted or blended away as the darkness of sleep overtook me.

Morning came and I think everyone in our group was energized from a good nights sleep. When I arrived on deck seven I met up with the other early risers in our group. Coffee was hot and strong, The sun was beaming in through all the windows and doors as more early risers made their way to the deck. We noticed that in spite of signs reading "no sleeping" in some areas, there were families carrying pillows and blankets from those areas. Watching people walk around in their night clothing and PJ's was kind of unusual but not unexpected. We were two hours from arriving at North Sydney. The ocean was smooth as glass and the outside air was the warmest we had encountered on any of the cruises to date. Breakfast was being served so many of us made our way to the buffet where we all declared to be over 65 to get the seniors discount. Alex was the only one who could not have passed as a senior. I have seen some



senior's act 13, but never a 13 year old pass for a senior. Alex was cool about it. He stood upright and made no attempt to be a young looking senior.

Soon the landscape of North Sydney was in view and we were arriving at last. With the sun shining brightly and the early morning air around us, it was a pleasant docking. We arrived and the hordes of passengers all made their way down to the third and fourth decks where all of the vehicles were safely tucked away. We untied our bikes and made ready for riding off the ship. This is where those in cars, trucks and RV's had us at a great disadvantage. A steady stream of vehicles rolled off the ship, but we had not yet moved. As space would allow we managed to merge and ride off the ship. It was a pleasant ocean crossing, but I have to admit it was nice to be on the bike again.

We left North Sydney, but before getting too far down the road, I led the group into a service station where we could all say our good-bye's and safe travels to Bob and Alex. Bob wrote a terrific daily log of the entire trip including his ride once he and Alex left the group just outside of North Sydney. Some of his daily log is used in this report.



I estimated Halifax to be about five hours away, but it took us seven. This was due to no fault of the others or my ability to estimate travel time. It was all due to my inability to follow the GPS guidance as we entered the outskirts of Halifax. However, due to my navigation error, we were running critically short on fuel. That is when we discovered there are not gas stations on every corner like so many cities in the US. Finally, we ran across a station and fueled up. Then with the assistance of a H-D rider at the station we found our way to the Halifax H-D dealer where they

were waiting for us to service Bob's bike with a new rear tire.

After a meal and retrieving Bob's bike, new tire and all, we decided on a hotel. We found a hotel which offered a pretty good AARP discount. It was not as close to the boardwalk as the one we wanted, but it served us well.

There were three points of interest we had on our agenda. They were the casino, the Maritime Museum, the casino and the Farmers Market. Did I mention the Casino???? I have to admit, the casino had its attraction, but some of us found the Farmers Market to be the real attraction. In there you could find a wealth of fresh produce, many home made treats, jewelry, clothing, fresh cooked foods and other Halifax traditional rarities.



While at the Farmers Market I heard someone calling me as a United States Air Force man. When I found the guy calling me, we began to exchange war stories about our Air Force careers. It seems he was a H-D rider and an Air Force F-4 Phantom pilot who eventually retired in the mid 1980's (just before me in 1988). He loved and visited the Canadian Provinces very often. Eventually he met and married a lady from Halifax and moved there to be with her full time. He reported he never regretted his decision or a moment of the time he lived there. You do meet some interesting people when you ride a Harley.

We did visit the Maritime Museum which is a real treat for those interested in the history of Halifax and Nova Scotia. In there we found actual ships (scaled down of course) which helped us imagine the contributions of Halifax to the early sea going history of the area. There was video entertainment depicting the destruction of Halifax when a munitions cargo ship was struck by another vessel in the Halifax harbor. The explosion was so massive and secondary fires so widespread that Halifax was almost completely destroyed. The maritime accident was the fault of the munitions ship captain. Ohh Boy was he in deep do-do!

There were also a short video on the construction, launch and sinking of the HMS Titanic. The video also portrayed in some detail the trauma centers set up in Halifax as well as the temporary morgues that were arranged on the docks in Halifax. There is a grave yard in Halifax where many of the unclaimed bodies were buried. In those days, visual identification was the only way to determine who was who. Without that visual identification, many were buried as an “unknown passenger” of the Titanic. We didn’t make it to the graveyard, but seeing the video was enough to bring to life the depth of the tragedy.

These two videos provided me with an easily understood history lesson regarding the destruction of Halifax and the huge role several ships from Halifax played in the search and rescue of the Titanic survivors which were few, as well as the recovery of those less fortunate passengers, which were many. Next year is the 100th anniversary of the sinking of the Titanic.

Later in the afternoon the rain ceased and the sun came out. Bob, Mary, Chuck, Pat and I met for an evening meal at one of the local seafood restaurants. “Salty’s” had a great reputation and they were very quick to seat us, serve our drinks and take our food orders. The food was very good and it was a great way to top off a nice visit to Halifax. So if you are ever in the Halifax, be sure

to go by Salty’s and indulge in some of their great food.

We departed Halifax by way of a toll bridge and again I missed a turn on the GPS. I had more problems on this trip than any other trip I have ever taken. We managed to get back on the road heading north west towards Truro which was about 60 miles away. We stopped for breakfast at a remote turn off in Nova Scotia. It was one of those exits that indicated food to the left, so we turn left around a big looping exit, then right. Still no restaurant. We rode on a bit further and there it was, the Double C Truck



Stop. The parking lot was definitely heavily used by big rigs and there was more evidence to validate this suspicion when I saw two of the big guys in the parking lot. This is proof enough for me. When the truckers stop in a place like this to eat, the food has to be good and plentiful. So here is where we planned to stop and put on the feed bags.

The chance stopping at the Double C was unique and fun. The business is family owned and operated. The lady who served us was interested in our ride, where we were from, had been and were going. But the most interesting and funny exchange was when Don tried to explain to her what he wanted for



breakfast. He wanted ice coffee. Now that is not too unique, but a sandwich made of bologna, egg and peanut butter was something she had never heard of before. She said that made her day because she finally had someone order something unique and very different.

The breakfast was very relaxing and made for a perfect break in the road time. A couple other riders stopped in while we were there and we noted there was a pretty good flow of traffic up and down the road, which by most standards was off the beaten path. But then we were not used to the low volume of traffic in Nova Scotia as compared to where we live in north central Virginia. I hope the folks at the restaurant are all doing well and get a kick out of reading this about our motorcycle journey. Thanks for a great breakfast and best of all good things to you! We do hope to see you again in the near future.

Our objective for the day was to get into Augusta, ME. This was about 500 miles which I like to equate to five gas stops, at 1.5 hours per tank. This made a 7.5 hour day of riding, not including the time for food and the gas stop itself. The ride through Nova Scotia and into New Brunswick was fairly uneventful. We continued to ride and eventually made our way to the US and Canada border crossing. To me this meant that we were over half way to our objective for day.

At the end of a fourteen hour day, we made it to Augusta. We were nearing the outer limits of a tank for the low mileage bikes so we took an off ramp that promised gas. Eventually we found the gas station and stopped, all of us were very exhausted and ready to park for the night.

Joe joined us after topping off our tanks and asked if we were stopping here for the night. We all agreed Augusta was the stopping point. All except Joe. He said his bike was pointed south and he was going to see the sun rise in Virginia. We said our goodbyes to Joe, offered our concerns for his plan and away he rode. If anyone has an occasion to ride with Joe at any time, don't miss the opportunity. Regardless of which bike he is riding, I promise you an enjoyable time riding and chatting with Joe Funkhouser.

We found our lodging for the night in Augusta, ME., and settled in for a well deserved rest. I remember going to sleep reminding myself there was one more night on the road, and that would be in or near Stanton, PA.

Part 3 of 3 will be in the Oct edition of the CARA News Wire.

Hurricane Season Heats Up: Review ARES Disaster Principles

1. Keep the QRM level down. In a disaster, many of the most crucial stations will be weak in signal strength. It is essential that all other stations remain silent unless they are called upon. If you're not sure you should transmit -- don't. Our amateur bands are very congested. If you want to help, study the situation by listening. Don't transmit

unless you are sure you can help by doing so. Don't ever break into a disaster net just to inform the control station you are there if needed.

2. Monitor established disaster frequencies. Many localities and some geographical areas have established disaster frequencies where someone is always (or nearly always) monitoring for possible calls. When you are not otherwise engaged, it is helpful simply to sit and listen on such frequencies, some of which are used for

general rag-chewing as well as disaster preparedness drilling.

3. Avoid spreading rumors. During and after a disaster situation, especially on the phone bands, you may hear almost anything. Unfortunately, much misinformation is transmitted. Rumors are started by expansion, deletion, amplification or modification of words, exaggeration or interpretation. All addressed transmissions should be officially authenticated as to their source. These transmissions should be repeated word for word, if at all, and only when specifically authorized. In a disaster emergency situation, with everyone's nerves on edge, it is little short of criminal to make a statement on the air without foundation in authenticated fact.

4. Authenticate all messages. Every message which purports to be of an official nature should be written and signed. Whenever possible, amateurs should avoid initiating disaster or emergency traffic themselves. We do the communicating; the agency officials we serve supply the content of the communications.

5. Strive for efficiency. Whatever happens in an emergency, you will find hysteria and some amateurs who are activated by the thought that they must be "sleepless heroes." Instead of operating your own station full time at the expense of your health and efficiency, it is much better to serve a shift at one of the best-located and best-equipped stations. This station will be suitable for the work at hand, and manned by relief shifts of the best-qualified operators. This reduces interference and secures well-operated stations.

6. Select the mode and band to suit the need. It is a characteristic of all amateurs to believe that their favorite mode and band is superior to all others. For certain specific purposes and distances, this may be true. However, the merits of a particular band or mode in a communications emergency should be evaluated impartially with a view to the appropriate use of bands and modes. There is, of course, no alternative to using what happens to be available, but there are ways to optimize available communications.

THANK YOU FOR READING THE CARA NEWS WIRE