



"Ohio First DXCC Field Checking Club"

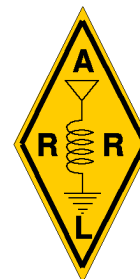
The NODXA RAG

NO8DX - Special Event Callsign
W8DXA - NODXA Repeater 147.360
K8MR - PacketCluster 144.91 & 145.57

Web-site: <http://www.papays.com/nodxa.html>

Newsletter: wd8iou@adelphia.net

Northern Ohio DX Association
P.O. Box 450783
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May-June 2004

Poolside Chat With KB8NW

Fellow DX'ers,

Well, the Dayton HamVention has come and gone, and it seems that DARA will be having the HamVention again in 2005. They (DARA) announced it several times throughout the three day event. So all the rumors can now stop. Meanwhile, NODXA's hospitality suite at Dayton was once again a great hit. The suite was open three nights this year. Everyone who attended told me that they really enjoyed themselves and NODXA puts on a good hospitality suite. A special thanks goes out to Janeen, W8ZET, who sponsored the club suite and provided excellent hors d'oeuvres and mixed drinks for the visitors. I would also like to thank Carl/K8AV and Ron/W8WH for helping out this year. This year's attendance seemed to be down all the way around (convention and hospitality suite), but I still enjoyed myself meeting and greeting DXers/Contesters from all over.

Now for some good news. Janeen, W8ZET,

has informed me that she is going to sponsor the NODXA's hospitality suite again in 2005. She states, "I really enjoy doing the hospitality suite for you (the club). I have met so many wonderful hams and their inspirational words about Jim (W8ZET/SK) live with me as cherished memories..... I know that Jim would want me to continue as this was so special to him as well as all of the hams who shared the air with him. I am very proud to be a part of the club." Once again, the club thanks you, Janeen, for your support and generosity. The club looks forward to seeing you again in Dayton (or maybe before then).

Last month's meeting with Ohio Section Manager, Joe Phillips, K8QOE, was a big hit. Several members approached me and said they really enjoyed Joe's talk and would like to have him back. Well, Joe (who attended the NODXA hospitality suite in Dayton) told me he also enjoyed himself and wants to come back for another visit. The details for his next visit will have to be worked out. Stay tuned.

Also, this is June. This means "ARRL Field Day" month. I hope to see you at the NODXA Field Day site (map should be somewhere in this newsletter). Come out and visit. WE NEED OPERATORS, especially during the night.

73 and Good DX de Tedd KB8NW

P.S. It is that time again. It is time to renew your club dues.

Minutes of the May 3rd, 2004 NODXA Meeting

Tedd, KB8NW, called the meeting to order at 7:32PM which was held at Gourmet Deli & Restaurant in Strongsville, Ohio and followed by the around the room introductions by the 24 members/guests in attendance.

The treasurer Mary, N8DMM, reports a balance of \$Ka-Ching! and reminds members to renew for 2004.

The repeater is working fine as stated by Ray, W8BIN.

A discussion on the packet cluster was opened by Tedd, KB8NW.

Dave, WD8IOU, requests articles for the NODXA Newsletter.

A discussion on the ARRL e-mail was opened by Tedd, KB8NW.

Dwaine, K8ME, informs us that two DXCC patches and two Honor Roll patches are to be

donated to W9DXCC convention.

A motion to allot \$60.00 for a plaque for the top DX station for the 2004 Ohio QSO Party was made by Jim, K8MR, and was seconded by Bruce, N8DJX. A discussion followed and a vote was taken and passed.

George, K8KR, informs us that Robert Masa, K8WZB, owner of Electra-Sound, is now a silent key.

The 50/50 raffle was won by Bob, KN8AI. His share was \$21.00.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:55PM by Tedd, KB8NW.

Following the meeting our guest speaker Joe Phillips, K8QOE, spoke on the ARRL Directors, BPL, and on amateur licensing restructuring.

Secretary: Ron K8VJG

Minutes of the June 7th, 2004 NODXA Meeting

The meeting, which was held at Gourmet Deli and Restaurant in Strongsville, Ohio, was called to order at 7:33PM by Tedd KB8NW and followed by the around the room introductions by the 22 members/ guest in attendance.

Mary N8DMM reports a balance of \$Ka-Ching! in the treasury.

Ray W8BIN states that the repeater is working OK.

A report on the packet cluster was given by Pete N8TR.

The May Newsletter will be

available later in the week as informed to us by Dave WD8IOU.

Tedd KB8NW opened a discussion on the Dayton Hamfest 2004 and reported on the costs for the Hospitality Suite.

A discussion on Field Day for 2004 to be held on June 26 and 27 was opened by Tedd KB8NW. A motion was made by Bruce N8DJX and seconded by Ray W8BIN to allocate \$75.00 for food and beverages for field day weekend. A vote was taken and passed.

At the July meeting this will be a show and tell, bring your favorite items!

The 50/50 raffle was won by Dwaine K8ME, his share was \$16.00.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:17PM by Tedd KB8NW.

Secretary: Ron, K8VJG.

Field Day 2004

By WD8IOU

It's Field Day time again! June 26 and 27 to be exact. Our perpetual field day chairman, Bill, W8JGU, has once again answered the call to duty and is organizing this event.

The NODXA site is the same as last year, the Mount Augustine Training Center located on 5232 Broadview Road in Richfield.

Everybody is encouraged to attend this 24-hour marathon, and, most of all, to operate! (Hey, if KB8NW can oper-

ate, then you can too!). We especially need CW operators to keep that station running for the full 24 hours.

This year the club will participate in the 2A class using three stations: SSB, CW/RTTY, and VHF/SATELLITE. We will be housing all these stations in two large tents. Here is your chance to operate RTTY if you have never done so.

Pete, N8TR, is planning an early setup of tents and antennas Friday evening around 6 PM. Everybody is encourage to stop by and help out; this will decrease the amount of work required on Saturday morning.

The club has allocated \$75 for food so there should be plenty to eat. But we will need some cooks so, even if you don't want to operate, stop on out and flip some burgers!

Remember to bring the bug spray, folding chairs, sun screen, and 807's!

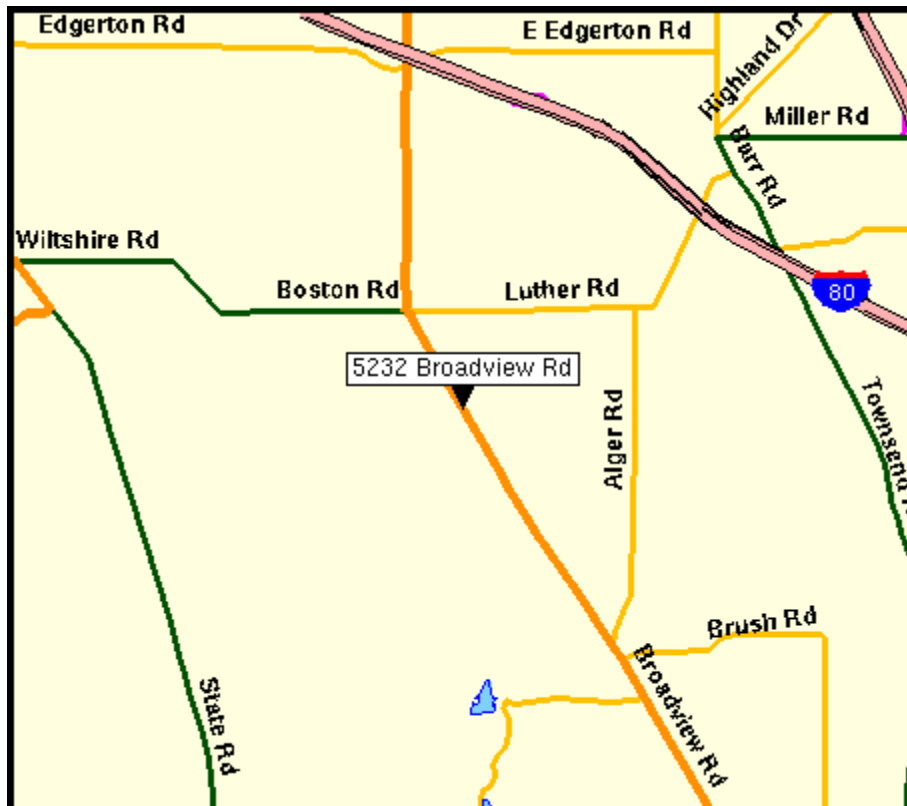
See you there!

Hamvention Memories 2004

Mary Michaelis, N8DMM

The Hamvention continues to be a series of vivid vignettes punctuating long stretches of meditative calm. This entry in my journal was written primarily for friends who are not ham involved, so some concepts needed to be explained to fill in their background.

We are still in recovery from the crescendo weeks leading to the Dayton Hamvention



last weekend. Thursday a week ago, after much prep and aggra, we took off south. The proposed load in our new Toyota Sienna, which came 2-6-04, would fit but was over the 1200# limit on contents weight. Even if Pete (N8TR) and I (Mary- N8DMM) weighed 150# and 100# respectively, we would have been over. After taking the bathroom scale and the tubs and trays of items to sell out on the driveway, we weighed each item, as well as the tables and the EZ-UP pavilion. I knew my vintage science and engineering books were heavy going, but each of the 7 trays weighed 60# and the covered tub of refurbished soldering irons, pencils and guns was over 90. The 3 tables were weighty, too. Luckily, Denny (WB8K) and Ray (W8BIN) were

meeting at our place to caravan down in Denny's new Silverado, so they were able to carry our infrastructure, which also included three 5-gallon pickle pails full of barbell discs to hold down the corners of the pavilion.

The expected Dayton weather was not promising, with rain expected all four days. After experiencing seam leaks in the pavilion last year, we went to a backpacking store and bought seam-sealer. Much hope that the goo would keep me from having to swat drips overhead with a towel all weekend.

At our traditional mid-trip break at a McDonald's south of Mansfield (the point that students of Ohio accents designate as the "boosh line" because south of that line that is how they pronounce "bush") we got a

light breakfast and a chance to stretch our legs. For once there was not substantial construction on I-71 or the ring-road around Columbus, which were nonetheless bustling and very congested, even at midday. The Columbus economy seems to be booming, at least in the shopping centers, company headquarters, townhouse developments, and office parks along the ring road.

There was still no rain before we arrived at the guys' motel north of the city, but there were other snags. They had made reservations last June at \$45 per night. It seems the motel had changed hands in January and the new management did not want to honor the arrangements, demanding \$79 per night. After much earnest conversation which included words like "lawyer" and "Better Business Bureau" their reservations were honored for all 3 nights. As a light rain started, we headed for Hara Arena. The management of the Hamvention operation, which had over recent years undergone considerable Nazification, has become more user-friendly, with rules and attitudes less draconian.

We found our double space, the same ones as last year, uphill and on level ground and pulled into one. Although Thursday was just for setup and sales were not contemplated, we did set up the shelter, tables and contents, sort of a dry run. Everything fit. The three guys walked around to see what else was on offer and spot places

they would go back to on Friday. After a few hours, Pete and I reloaded the stock into the van, collapsed the shelter, tied everything else together with ropes against the expected 58 mph overnight winds, and left to go downtown to check into our hotel, the Crowne Plaza. The other guys would join up with us later for dinner.

The ride south into downtown was discouraging, even sadder than it was last year. More storefronts were empty than were occupied, and many of the establishments were tacky and low-end. Multiple payday advance places. The stretch of road we always traveled last year had 3 United Dairy Farmer stores in less than 10 miles. Now only one remained. Two major auto dealerships including Jaguar-Audi were gone. The pattern persisted in downtown Dayton proper. As it turned out, the very nice, slightly fancy Chinese restaurant next to our garage and hotel had closed. Only its bar remained. What had looked like a lot of sparkly night life a few years ago was now gone. Luckily a place we had been many times, the Spaghetti Warehouse, only a block from the hotel, was still there and I raced ahead to get my name on the list. We had more than adequate food after our 20-minute wait, and the experience was marred only by a six-person combo playing showtunes (which went very well with our designated waiter) on assorted brass instruments much more

appropriate to an outdoor venue. I was working my way through an ok beer with my ok vegetarian lasagna (next time the meat stays in) and had some insulation against the noise. My 3 escorts, all teetotalers, had no such protection.

Thursday night is less formal than Friday or Saturday, with beer, pop and chip hospitality suites and no ceremonial dinners. Pete and I are part of two clubs that had suites which we visited, but not for very long. We knew 5:45am would feel very early the next day. The flea market opens at 8am and no vehicles may enter after 7am, so that the lanes will be safe for foot traffic. The room came equipped with an alarm clock that looked like a land mine, or perhaps a booby-trapped silver soccer ball. They also had a custom CD to wake up guests with a choice of four mood-altering musical selections. We found a station of the NPR-classical music type instead.

Friday morning did feel very early, but we got out in good order. The hotel is connected by elevated, covered walkway to the large public parking garage, and we seemed to be almost the first to exit into the wet, dim, empty streets. We took a route north parallel to that taken the day before, and found a similar

Thanks to the following for their contribution to this month's edition: N8TR, N8DMM, W8BIN, KB8NW, K8VJG, K8YSE, KCOLTV, eHam.net, and the *ARRL Letter*.

degree of economic devastation.

Entry into the arena grounds was seamless, so easy we were amazed. Our collapsed shelter had not blown away, but the pavilion top had inverted and the belly contained several gallons of water. Everything was quickly restored and I started to unload the van. Our signature piece, or crowd-stopper, is a huge 550-watt American Beauty soldering iron, beautifully restored by Pete. Everybody has to remark on it, and many people stroke it gingerly, as though it arrived at its place of honor at the front of the front table straight from being plugged in. As the days wear on, we are completely bemused at the uniformity of remarks when guys come by in pairs or groups. By far the vast majority say to one another, "That's just what you need to do surface mounts." I have several programmed replies which seem to amuse them.

Mostly I am otherwise alone in my space in the flea market. The guys go strolling off, to look at stuff or attend forums. Pete can be summoned by cell phone if I need him. Sometimes my independence goes to the extreme. On Friday I went 7 hours without a comfort break. I could have asked one of the gentle guys from Virginia who have for a number of years been my next-door neighbors to mind my stuff for five minutes, but it was not needed.

Hundreds or thousands of guys came by on Friday, and many of our carefully-selected

books went to new homes. Some of the soldering equipment also went. The dubious weather, which had us looking over our shoulders all day, held off and we did not have to close down on short notice.

Friday night we took off in the slightly less loaded (a tray of books and several heavy soldering irons and guns lighter) to a dinner gathering in a south suburb at an old restaurant catering to an even older crowd. It is Neil's Heritage House. Ray and Denny got there first and got a good table close to the speaker's lectern. The commonality of the gathering, which we attend every year, is the use of the 160-meter band, which has a personality all its own. Since there were only four of us, we expected to have at least a few other guys join us, but this year there were only two. One was Ed, the only pediatrician in a small town in the Florida panhandle. The noise level in the room, with over 150 low male voices in a low-ceilinged basement banquet room, was such that I could have conversation only with Pete on my right or Ed on my left. Ed bore such a strong resemblance to my brother-in-law Larry Lawrence in Arkansas that I could not resist asking Ed whether he had kin in Arkansas. It turns out Ed was born in northern Louisiana near the Arkansas border, and his whole family, including four sisters, all look just like him. He did have kin in Arkansas, but he did not think he was related to

my Lawrences. Pete noticed the resemblance also and he was amused that I could not resist asking such a personal question.

Around the room introductions revealed that several hams from other countries were in attendance. They had been willing to go through the rigmarole of traveling to the US in this day and age.

The slide lectures that came after the excellent salmon with a very assertive dill sauce were interesting but quite technical about possible ways to predict radio conditions on 160 meters. I listened to the first of two speakers and did not fall asleep until halfway through the later presentation. I was not alone.

Our visits to the suites Friday night were again brief. I had been on my feet more or less continuously since 5:45 and 5:45 was due to happen again very soon. Several guys I had not seen since last year greeted me with a hug or a pat on the back. They are definitely folks I am glad to see.

Saturday began with the same optimism as the day before, but it did not justify those feelings. It was chilly and rainy all morning and the prediction that the rain would stop at noon was not borne out. Our shelter was one of the few dry places in the flea market and there was a steady stream of nice guys coming to look at our stuff. Most of them were considerate and did not allow water to drip off their jackets and ponchos onto the books. Almost as many books found new homes

as had the day before. There was a little leakage from the sealed seams when the wind was strong, but by contracting and repositioning the trays of books I managed to control the situation.

When the weather is bad at the Hamvention, everybody tries to crowd into the convention complex, an interconnected series of buildings designed for roller-skating, worship and broadcasts of full-contact karate. When 20K+ wet people try to crowd in, the temperature rises to 85-90 degrees and the place smells like a pack of damp Airedales. The aisles become impassible and people get very testy. I am much better off outside in my little pavilion. The only reason I have to go inside is the lure of indoor restrooms, which have it all over the clusters of port-a-potties on the periphery of the flea market, which is at 4000 spaces rather vast.

The majority of the flea market folks gave up and closed hours early on Saturday. One fellow behind me did not have his pavilion anchored and a strong gust of wind lifted it straight up in air, flipped it over, and dropped it on top of his full-size van. Nobody was hurt, which was a miracle, and no property was damaged. He anchored it and stayed a few more hours. We stayed to 6 and went downtown to the hotel to warm up before going back to the Spaghetti Warehouse, which was full of kids in prom outfits. Our wait was about the same as

on Thursday, and this time there was no brass combo to deafen us with our former favorite showtunes.

The suites were well attended but our stay was even shorter than before. We knew we were running on fumes. Our exit Sunday morning was a little less rushed, as we did not need to be in at 7 but rather had until 8, for a 9 am opening. Good thing, too. As we were leaving the parking garage for the last time until next year we started to hear a funny noise. It took us a few miles to realize that we might be in trouble and to pull over into one of the lots of an abandoned Cadillac dealership. The right front tire was completely flat. Very hard on the nerves. Got out the big Toyota operator's manual and started looking at diagrams of jack hatches and stuff. We found the tools and lowered the spare, which is held to the undercarriage by a cable. Pete made short work of the change to the spare, which was the skinny minnie type which is only good enough to get you to a place of repair or replacement, so our Dayton stay was somewhat extended by a sojourn to Sears in the early afternoon. They were friendly, quick and cheap. What a big help! Our nightmare visions of being shut out of the flea market and having to carry our stock in from beyond the fence melted away.

After Pete changed the tire, and we were under way, I started calling AAA for the information about tire help. The

first call to the 800 number took 8 minutes on the cell phone while they routed me to Cleveland, which gave me a local Dayton AAA number. The call to the Dayton number took 4 minutes, but at least we got good information. Since we had charged the cellphones overnight I still had plenty of juice for the rest of the day.

The Sunday half day at the Hamvention was mostly enjoyable. One very nice fellow, a senior engineer from Rochester, NY, who had bought 8 books from me on Saturday, came back Sunday to get 6 more he had been thinking about overnight. (After I got home, he sent me a message by e-mail that there was another book he decided he wanted. It may take a little while to dig it out. He also wanted to follow up on an author to see whether I had additional works.) The Sunday weather was warming up and definitely dry, but it is always much more relaxed on Sunday, a nub end to the event.

There were a few events on Sunday that will stick in my mind for a long time. A dapper, mustachioed, middle-aged fellow came in and, seeing the \$18 price slip on one of my prize classic antenna books, a first-edition hardback, offered me \$5, arguing that a dealer inside had the new paperback edition for \$18. I countered with \$13, not a bad reduction, even for the last hours. He reached out and ruffled my hair as though I were an urchin paper boy at the turn of the century. I gave ab-

solutely no reaction. He is lucky I did not bite him. When I described the encounter later to the guys, they said I should have given him a knee. Icy imperturbability is more my style.

We closed up at noon and headed for Sears. About 90 minutes later, having left the interstate in search of gas under \$2 a gallon, we met up with Denny and Ray again. It was at one of those suburban commercial settlements with a Home Depot, a Target, a Famous Footwear, and one each of many of the other national chains. Based on a memory of some previous visit to the area, we set out in search of a small non-chain café farther north off the interstate. We exited and found ourselves at yet another suburban commercial settlement with a Lowe's, a Target, a WalMart, and the same assortment of national chain stores. We never found the small café but stopped for lunch at a Bob Evans. So we became part of the process of the destruction of downtown Dayton. The whole experience of shopping has moved out to these cookie-cutter settlements and only the people who have no car and cannot drive out to them go downtown by bus. It all became clear.

After lunch the remainder of our trip back north was uneventful and unobstructed by accidents or traffic. Another Dayton Hamvention was over and we were already talking about what we would do to improve our visit in 2005.

Oldest Ham IN US— Byrl "Tex" Burdick, W5BQU, SK

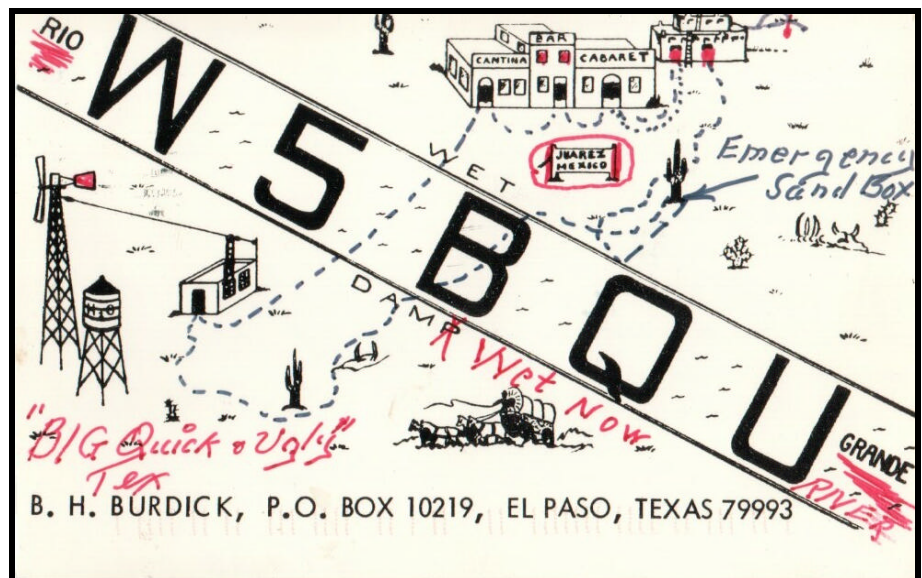
ARRL Letter

Editor's Note: Many hams have a memorable contact that they remember and cherish. One such contact for me was my QSO with "Tex" on February 9, 1997. "Tex" and I ragged chewed for about 30 minutes on a number of topics. We are both from Texas and that seemed to pique his interest. "Tex" mentioned that he was 96 years young and still loved playing with ham radio. I was impressed by his courtesy and how well he spoke—he didn't sound 96 years young to me!

embellished his QSL with red ink, noting that the Rio Grande was "wet now" and that his phonics were "Big, Quick, and Ugly".

Reading the article about "Tex" in the December 2003 issue of QST drove to me dig out his QSL. A quick check of the log showed that I never responded and I resolved to do so quickly. Life got in the way of doing so and now that opportunity is lost forever.....

The man believed to be the oldest Amateur Radio operator in the US--Byrl "Tex" Burdick, W5BQU, of El Paso, Texas--died May 30. He was 103. Admired as much for his courteous and kind personality as for his longevity and youthful appear-



About one week later, I received "Tex's" QSL card. It was professionally printed, showing hand-drawn pictures of his QTH in relation to the Rio Grande river and Juarez, Mexico. But he had also personally

ance, Burdick was licensed for nearly three-quarters of a century. During his many years on the air, he took pleasure in meeting new friends and was a regular QSLer. When Burdick, an ARRL member, turned 103

last September, ARRL President and fellow Texan Jim Haynie, W5JBP, extended congratulations and best wishes on behalf of the League.

"A landmark and an icon to our great hobby" is how Kenneth Kuhblank Jr, K5KWK (ex-W6KWK), of El Paso described his friend in the article "A Voice from the Ether--B. H. "Tex" Burdick, W5BQ," by Steve Barreres, K2CX, in the December 2003 issue of QST. "You will not meet a more courteous operator."

In the QST article, Barreres tells how a passing motorist talking on his mobile ham radio setup piqued Burdick's initial interest in ham radio. Soon, he passed the examination and had a ticket of his own. Burdick says he started out with a homemade transmitter and receiver--each one fitted with a single 201A tube.

Born in San Angelo, Texas, Burdick attended the University of Minnesota. Returning to Texas in the late 1920s, he established a well-drilling, windmill and water supply firm, Burdick & Burdick, which remains in the family. To expedite his business travels throughout the Southwestern US and northern Mexico, Burdick became a licensed pilot in the 1940s and occasionally operated aeronautical mobile on the amateur bands.

According to his obituary in the El Paso Times, he also was known to deliver newspapers to his customers via air drop and to provide transportation

for disabled youngsters on behalf of the Lions Club.

Burdick was a charter member of the El Paso Amateur Radio Club, and he donated a windmill tower for the new clubhouse to use as an antenna support. A similar structure holding a triband Yagi graces his own residence.

Burdick retired in 1979. His recollections and photographs documenting the early days of his career were the focus of a 1992 book, *Blades in the Sky, Windmilling through the Eyes of B. H. "Tex" Burdick*, by T. Lindsay Baker. After retirement, he and his wife, Juanita, traveled the world. In addition to ham radio and an early interest in photography, Burdick also enjoyed hunting and fishing and spending his summers in Alaska and Colorado.

In addition to his wife of 54 years, survivors include his son, Byrl Jr, as well as grandchildren and great grandchildren. A memorial service was held Thursday, June 3. The family invites memorial donation to Hospice of El Paso, 1750 Curie Dr, El Paso, TX 79902, or to St Clements Episcopal Church, 600 Montana, El Paso, TX 79902.

Is the Internet Really Bad for Our Hobby?

Jacob Norlund (KCOLTV) via
eHam.net

Over the seven or so years I've been in the radio hobby, I've heard numerous amateurs

complain about the Internet, and perhaps modern computers in general as a grave enemy of our hobby. They speak of it as causing a major loss in ham radio, and therefore being a (very) bad thing for ham radio. Yet look at the positive side...

Not too long ago, digital modes usually required a specialized modem. Software for these modes was rarely free. This mean getting into digital required a big (by ham radio standards) investment. Today, however, hams communicate via a greater variety of modes than we have ever known -- and do it at a very low price (an interface like the Rigblaster is all of expense that is needed).

Modes like PSK31, MFSK16, MT63, RDFT (aka Digital SSTV) have allowed for inexpensive, efficient digital communications on the HF bands. Software for Hellschreiber has enabled hams to try a long-forgotten mode. Other modes, such as FSK441, have advanced the state of weak-signal VHF+ technology. Thanks to the multitude of hams with access to the Internet and their generosity, there is a great selection of often-free software out there, even for platforms like Linux and PDAs.

Ham radio boards and sites allow for the unlimited capacity to share valuable information (and flames!). Project schematics and technical data are at one's fingertips and can be downloaded and printed with ease. Want to buy a new rig, antenna, or outboard VFO? You

NODXA Club Officials for 2004-2005

President - Tedd Mirgliotta, KB8NW (440-237-2816)
V. President - Dwaine Modock, K8ME (440-582-3462)
Secretary - Ron Borkey, K8VJG (440-237-6718)
Treasurer - Mary Michaelis, N8DMM (440-236-5426)
Newsletter Editor - David Autry, WD8IOU (440-238-0417)

As of March 2002
Current DXCC Entities Total is:

335

can check the reviews at eHam and see how other users have liked (or disliked) products.

While you may or may not like it, you have to agree that Internet linking is helping to bring ham radio into the 21st century. Echolink, IRLP, and WIRES enable hams to communicate around the world via their HTs. It certainly may not be 100% radio (HF still has appeal!), but it's a uniquely ham thing. After all, would you dial random numbers on your cell phone "just for a chat"? Less controversial forms of Internet linking, for example APRS link-ups have also enhanced the hobby.

Some manufacturers have showed their willingness to embrace Internet technology as a benefactor for ham radio by offering firmware upgrades for their receivers and transceivers. Years ago, this could only be accomplished through chips, which must be shipped at an expense.

Sure, there are some who may say something like, "Why waste your time on a ham radio when you can just go to Yahoo voice chat." Do you really think many of these people would have entered the hobby before the Internet? Ham radio isn't just about A-to-B communications. It's about the joy of bouncing signals off the ionosphere, the thrill of E-skip on 6, up-linking your own signal to an orbiting

satellite, sending ATV from a helmet-mounted camera, or the friendliness of chats on the local repeater.

The actual person-person interaction is certainly part of it, though, and on ham radio, you have common ground with the guy on the other side. There's a sense of accountability and etiquette over the radio, even with newbies, that's harder to find on Internet chat rooms.

BPL may be a serious threat to the ham hobby, but I honestly don't think our worries will ever manifest themselves, at least on the scale we imagine. Really, the future is wireless communications, whether mobile or base, and BPL isn't quite up to par. Of course, we should have a voice against BPL and fight it, but call me a wearer of rose-colored glasses; I really don't think it will be deployed on a mass scale. Whatever they say, there's still room on the spectrum.

New Morse "@" Character

The International Morse code officially gains a new character on May 3. That's when the now-familiar "@" symbol joins the Morse lexicon as the letters "AC" run together (.-.-.). Known as the "commercial at" or

"comat," the @ symbol never rose to the level of usage that demanded a unique Morse character until it gained currency as a critical component of e-mail addresses during the past decade or so.

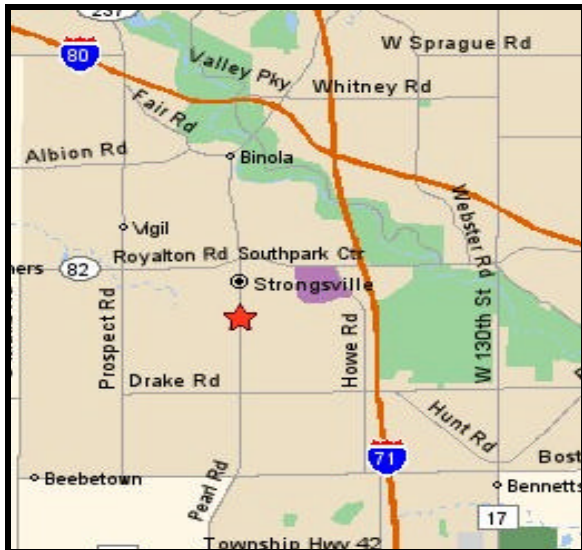
Last December, the International Telecommunication Union Radiocommunication Sector (ITU-R) Study Group 8 agreed on the wording of a Draft New Recommendation ITU-R M.[MORSE] that specified the international Morse code character set and transmission procedures and included the new Morse code character.

The pending change has attracted some attention in the media, including mentions on National Public Radio's All Things Considered and in The New York Times.

Show and Tell

The July NODXA meeting is our first ever "Show and Tell" meeting. Members are encouraged to bring in anything they wish to show to the other members. It doesn't have to be ham radio related.

Do you have that rare JY1 QSL? How about your home-made key? Pictures from a Dxpedition or your old hot rod? Let's see who can bring the most unique item.



NODXA Meetings are held the first Monday of each month at the **Gourme Family Restaurant** at 15315 Pearl Road (Rt. 42) just west of Interstate 71 and south of Rt. 82 in Strongsville at 7:30 PM. Come early and have dinner and meet your fellow DXers and enter the 50/50 raffle.

NODXA Application and Renewal Form

The Northern Ohio DX Association is a non-profit organization with a primary interest in DXing. We encourage all DXers to join our group and share the interest and fun of DXing. Please complete the application below and send along your appropriate dues or renewal to:

NODXA, P.O. Box 450783, Westlake, Ohio 44145

- First Time Membership/Renewal (U.S.) \$12.00
- Foreign Membership (outside U.S.) \$22.00
- *Foreign Membership (no printed newsletter) (but w/Web access for newsletter) \$12.00

Name _____ Callsign _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State/Prov. _____
 Country _____ ZIP _____
 E-mail _____
 ARRL Member? ___ Exp. Date _____ DXCC Member? ___
 Special Interest _____

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