

# BMHA Newsletter

BICYCLE MOBILE HAMS OF AMERICA



Volume 17, Number 1

Feb 2008

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## News Flash - BMHA Newsletter CD sent to all Paid Members

A few months ago, the “**Bicycle Mobile Hams of America Organizational Announcement**”, mentioned that all paid members would be receiving a CD containing all past issues of the BMHA newsletters. Thanks to the efforts of several of the BMHA Board of Directors, these CDs will be mailed in mid-March. BMHA paid members since 2000 should be receiving their copy.

The CD contains newsletter issues from Volume 1, #1, October 1990 through Volume 16, #1, May 2007. They can be printed or viewed in PDF format, individual pages or as a photo page. Use the newsletters for any use, however please give credit to BMHA if you use in another publication as they are copyrighted by BMHA.

This Newsletter CD is our way of saying thanks to those who supported BMHA with their paid membership for many years. Dues will not be required in the future as the current treasury has sufficient funds and will now be supported by donations. Newsletters will continue to be published as a web based PDF publication. Previous paid members and new dues free members will be notified by email when newsletters are available. New member registration is available on the BMHA website:

<http://www.BMHA-Hams.org>

If you were a paid BMHA member in 2000-2008 and do not receive your copy before June 1, 2008 please:

- 1) Check your address (city and state are only shown, to protect your privacy) in the online roster at <http://BMHA-Hams.org/Content/membership.asp> (the web does not show paid status)
- 2) Note any corrections and contact [nf0n@arrl.net](mailto:nf0n@arrl.net).

Mike Nickolaus – NF0N  
BMHA Secretary/Treasurer

## Dayton Hamvention 2008 BMHA Forum

**May 18, 2008**

The 18<sup>th</sup> annual BMHA forum is set for Sunday, May 18<sup>th</sup> at 9:30 am in Room 2. This is the location we have held the forum for a number of years. Mike Nickolaus, NF0N, is our forum moderator this year.

Jim Devenport, W5AOX, will be demonstrating his bicycle APRS setup and Norm, N9ZKS, our newsletter editor, will be showing one of his specialized bicycles, a true Track Bike also APRS equipped.

If you would like to volunteer as a speaker at our BMHA forum, please contact me at [nf0n@arrl.net](mailto:nf0n@arrl.net)

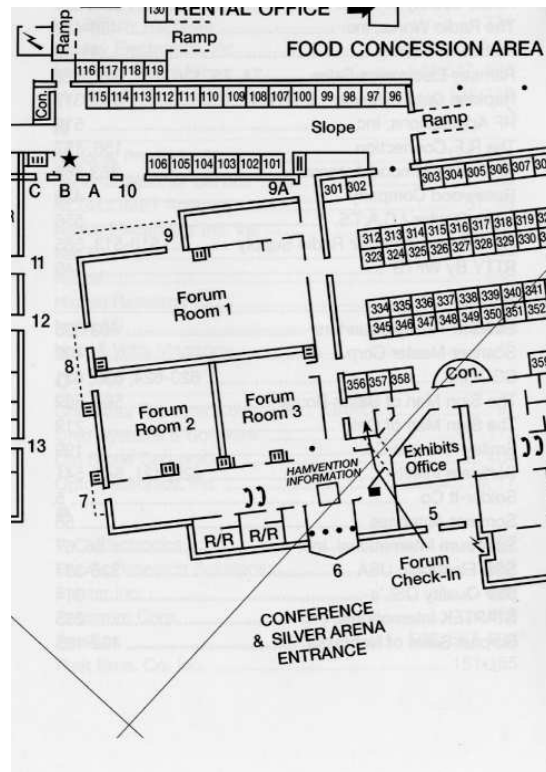
Other program details are still developing, for any last minute details or changes, see our web site at:

[www.BMHA-Hams.org](http://www.BMHA-Hams.org)

or BMHA at Yahoo Groups.

Room details are shown on the Hara Arena map below.

The Dayton Hamvention website is located at:  
<http://www.hamvention.org>  
Mike Nickolaus, NF0N



## BMHA NEWSLETTER

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BMHA is an affiliated Club with Adventure Cycling Association.

**BICYCLE MOBILE HAMS OF AMERICA (BMHA)**

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**The first issue of the BMHA Newsletter was in 1990 and it was the one that started it all. Here is the first page of that initial issue. In future issues of the BMHA web newsletter we will feature the best of previous newsletters.**

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Volume I Number 1

October 1990

Welcome to the the first issue of the BMHA Newsletter! We're quite proud of it --- inspite of its rather rough-looking typography and layout. It's a product of my Model 100 laptop and a basic dot matrix printer. The next issue should look much slicker --- especially if we trade up to a PC and a fancy printer.

I'd like to again extend an invitation to all you bikie-hams to send in your writings about your rigs, your home-brewings, your adventures, your experiences while bicycle-mobile.

As you can see, several of our people contributed excellent articles. To those who missed their DEADLINES (you know who you are!) please buckle down and get your stuff in for the January issue. The deadline is Dec 1.

Expenses for this issue alone will run to just under \$100. Our Board of Advisors agrees that we must have your financial backing. To put it plainly: If you want to continue to receive the BMHA Newsletter you must indicate your support by sending in a check, if you haven't already done so.

---NAOA, Editor

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 ABOUT BMHA  
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Bicycle Mobile Hams of America got its start when a "Stray" in the June '89 issue of QST asked to "get in touch with hams who operate bicycle-mobile, or in any other human-powered conveyance", signed by Hartley Alley, NAOA.

25 hams responded, filled out questionnaires, and received a summary of the collected info.

Then in April of '90 we had our own BMHA Forum at the Dayton Hamvention. We played to a packed house, overflowing the tiny room assigned to us. Now our mailing list stands at 85.

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 OUR PEOPLE  
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You sent in your BMHA Questionnaires, we made a quick study of them. This is what we found:

The 78 hams on our mailing list hold these licenses:	Miles pedaled in one day:
Extra.....37%	200 or more....11%
Advanced.....38%	100 to 200....51%
General.....12%	less than 100..38%
Technician....12%	
Novice.....1%	

Average age of respondents = 41  
 Youngest = 13 yrs  
 Oldest = 71 yrs

Occupations:  
 Professional...53%  
 Business.....20%  
 Technical.....15%  
 Student.....6%  
 Retired.....6%

Our professional people are mostly engineers. The rest being:  
 2 physicians  
 3 attorneys  
 5 college profs

Our home QTH's:  
 Midwest.....51%  
 East coast....13%  
 Mountain .....13%  
 Southern .....12%  
 West coast....9%  
 Canada & foreign3%

Ed Powell, N6BPH of Oceana, CA has ridden 300 miles in a day! And he just finished his 2nd transcontinental bike trip. (Ed's trip to be featured in a later issue.)

Should BMHA have a newsletter?  
 Yes....89%  
 No....11%

Will you attend a BMHA separate Rally?  
 Yes....64%  
 Maybe..25%  
 No....11%

Will you check in to a BMHA net on HF?  
 To date:  
 17 said Yes  
 5 said Maybe

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## My Twenty-Two Year Challenge

*This article was originally published in Volume 7, Number 1 issue of the BMHA Newsletter. I have included pictures of both 1973 and 1995 to show the differences in bicycling gear.*

Twenty two years ago, when I was a much younger cyclist, I made my first attempt at long distance, self-contained cycling. I lived in Lincoln, Nebraska at the time and was determined to ride from Colorado Springs, Colorado to Lincoln, Nebraska. I chose the starting point of Colorado Springs as my sister and family lived there and offered to take me with them after their vacation to Nebraska. That was an offer I couldn't refuse.

Of course this was back in 1973 in the days when cycling gear such as helmets, cycling shorts, shoes, gloves and shirts were almost unheard of. All I had on my side was youth, determination and stupidity. This was a 500+ mile trip and something I had never even considered in my wildest dreams. With my wife's words of "dumb", "why?", "stupid", and "Don't call me if you have trouble", I planned and trained for the trip. This was going to be my crowning achievement in my young life.

My sisters family arrived on their vacation and after visiting with family and friends, loaded up their station wagon and myself, bike and well laid out gear. We arrived at their home in Colorado Springs in the evening. From their home you can see Pikes Peak and it was a beautiful site that evening. The offer to stay that night and start fresh the next morning was shunned; I struck out that night fully loaded with 40 pounds of gear, sleeping bag, no helmet, map's and enthusiasm. This was in the middle of July so nightfall was a few hours away.

AS I pedaled East from Colorado Springs I realized by looking at the map that there is NOTHING East of Colorado Springs for over 150 miles. No problem, I had good strong legs, bike light and extra battery and lot's of time off work. I pedaled through the night and around 3 am arrived at an intersection called Punkin Corner tired, thirsty and hot. Nothing there but a concrete slab with a metal open air cover over it. Since I had covered nearly 80 miles, this was a good stopping point. Laying out my sleeping bag, I closed my eyes praying the rattlesnakes would leave me alone. I slept quick waking up only 3 hours later at 6 am sun up.

Nothing to do but ride, ride, ride East towards Kansas. I rode the whole day stopping for water and food at a very small town. Heading east towards another small town I stopped at a gas station for some water. Someone pointed out the temperature on the

thermometer. It read 110 degrees! I drank another bottle of water quickly for some reserve. I finally arrived at the Kansas border. Another 50 miles to a town for the night. I had ridden well over 100 miles that day in the 100+ heat. I found a park and slept under a park bench that night. I was proud and feeling great so far. But during the middle of the night something woke me up. It felt like someone had taken needles and was sticking me in the back of my achilles. Finally the pain subsided and I went back to sleep. Unfortunately this was the beginning of the end of my adventure.

The next day I slowly wound my way up to the Nebraska border. The pain returned during the day and worsened on each pedal turn. By nightfall the pain had almost become unbearable. Was my journey ending?

My final day I was able to pedal into Minden, Nebraska and realized I would be 200 miles short of my goal. Minden Nebraska is the home of Pioneer Village and even though I was unable to even consider turning a bicycle pedal, I was able to walk without pain. I spent most of the day visiting Pioneer Village. My mother who lived about 100 miles from Minden offered to drive me back to Lincoln. Incidentally, my mother was more worried about this trip than my XYL!

And so ended my attempt at long distance self-contained cycling in 1973.

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So here it is 1995, 22 years later and all during those years I planned to re-do the trip just to prove that I could do it. Finally in 1995 I made plans to re-do the trip but why stop at 500 miles, surely I could do 700. I now live about 125 miles north of Lincoln, Nebraska in South Sioux City, Nebraska. My plan was to start again in Colorado Springs, Colorado, follow much of the original route and ride 700 miles to my home. Not only beats the mileage by 200 miles but do it 22 years later in life when I am wiser and probably in better condition.

Although I still had my original bicycle, my Lightning recumbent held more charm. For 6 months I planned and re-planned the trip. Of course now I have this fancy computer with the Delorme Mapping software. I printed out a map of each town I would pass through. I laid out much of the original route on the map and plotted my course. I even used Excel to chart each day's mileage and a plan that I did actually use. I planned to rent a car to drive to the Colorado Springs airport and backtrack my route in order to scout the route. I discovered it was cheaper to rent a car one-way rather than fly out and pack the bike.

One thing you have to do when planning a trip of this magnitude is to pack your bags. Not only did I pack the bags 100 times, it was weighed, banded, itemized, inventoried and test drove. I did make a major change from the original trip; rather than use panniers on the bike itself, I purchased a one-wheel trailer called B.O.B, or Beast of Burden. I practiced loading it with different bags, weights and load packing. After a weekend trial with it fully loaded, I decided to use the trailer. I could carry 40 pounds quite easily and the recumbent handled a little better than carrying the gear with mounted panniers.

My plan was to complete the trip in 9 days or less. That allowed for an average of 75-80 miles a day. Well within my range. I had requested time off from work earlier in the year so time was not a problem. At the last minute I requested 5 more days off just in case I wanted to change my route and add a few more miles. At least I could change my plans and not have to worry about cramping more miles into a day.

The time arrived. It was to begin the Labor Day weekend and continue through the week and end 9 days later. I rented the car at the Sioux City airport, brought it home, stripped the bike and loaded the bike, trailer and all gear into the car within an hour. I had 24 hours to get to the Colorado Springs airport to keep the car rental to a one day rental. Price was essential here.

I scouted the route all the way into Kansas. No problem until I hit the road that was parallel to the interstate. Gravel!! The map was not too clear about this 40 mile stretch. So much for that part of the route. Recumbent pulling a trailer on this loose gravel would never work. I made some notes on the map as to an alternate route and wound my way towards Colorado Springs. Nice roads for the rest of the trip. Lot's of shouldered road and nice fresh blacktop. I arrived at the airport about noon on Saturday. It was a nice warm day and a west wind. And I planned to head East. Perfect I thought.

I dropped off the car and on the parking lot I put my bike back together.

Naturally it attracted attention. You don't see too many Lightning P-38's with a trailer being put together in too many airport parking lots. An hour later I was heading out of the airport and beginning my journey. I had packed lots of water as I knew the nearest water might be more than 125 miles east. The wind was to my back, weather was warm, nice shoulder on the road, body in the best of condition and the trip was beginning just great. Nothing could go wrong. Wrong, an hour out of the airport, I noticed some clouds to my back. Did I hear thunder? It was one of those summer showers moving through. Fortunately a small town was just a few miles ahead and it was time to have lunch anyway. Lucky for me, there was a canopy at the restaurant so the bike and gear would be dry.

Took my time to eat until the small shower passed. Believe it or not, that was the only rain I encountered the whole trip.

I pedaled all afternoon until nearly dark and arrived at a place called Punkin Corner. Strangely enough, this was the same concrete slab I slept on 22 years earlier. I pulled out my sleeping bag and slept praying the rattlesnakes would keep their distance. Only this time I slept 9 hours and was feeling just great. Awaking at dawn I looked forward to a nice long day of at least 90 miles. I still had lots of water, energy and enthusiasm. All day long I pedaled my way east following the same exact route of 22 years prior. It was the same as before, hot, dry, little traffic, just myself and the bike.

I arrived at Cheyenne Wells hot tired and thirsty but all systems were still GO! A motel looked good that night. I could have a Beer, get a shower and some needed rest. Plus the price was only \$25. The achilles was feeling great so far.

Well rested, I continued east the next day. On into Kansas I rode. Traffic was light as it was now into September and vacations were over for most. Plus who in their right mind would be going east from Colorado Springs? West maybe into the mountains but not East into Kansas!

At the end of day three, the achilles was still OK and everything was doing great. No flats, great roads, drivers friendly, my dream was coming true. Stayed at an RV park that night and had a great time. Good fresh start for the next day. Even had a shower, good meal and washed some scrungy, sweaty clothes. I was ready for the next day.

On I pedaled North towards Nebraska and Minden. Minden was my primary goal as that was where it ended 22 years ago. Over the next 2 days I averaged 90 miles each day arriving in Minden at the end of day 5. Well, I did it, and it wasn't all that difficult this time. Maybe age does have something to do with it after all. The achilles still felt great. I celebrated with a Beer and a nice meal. Rewarded myself with another night in a cheap motel. The next day I celebrated with a day long tour of Pioneer Village in Minden Nebraska. If you really want to see how and what has happened in this country, visit Pioneer Village in Minden. It is a rewarding experience and the cost is \$5 for the entire day.

Well rested, proud and ready to roll the next day, I wound slowly towards Aurora Nebraska. Aurora is my wife, Dianne's home town and was my home the next night. She had spent a week visiting her brother in Wyoming and had arrived at her folk's house the same day as I on my funny looking bicycle. I stayed that night and part of the next day as I wanted to watch the famous Nebraska Cornhuskers play on TV that

Saturday. But reality set in and I felt the urge to complete the final 180 miles to home.

Over the next 3 days I pedaled my way to home averaging 70 miles a day. Actually it was anti-climatic as I had no problems, no flats, good roads, nice drivers and mostly tailwinds. Where's the fun in that!

Of course, as I am a Ham Radio operator, I had to call my wife on my radio. On a hill near Emerson Nebraska, I dialed the telephone using my radio and informed her I was near home.

I arrived about noon on day 9 as planned. I did it! The achilles felt great! The bike held out perfect! The trailer worked fantastic! The goal was reached 22 years later! Oh, the achilles was feeling just fine. And it was my worst fear.

One has to prove to themselves at times that they can accomplish a goal. One of my famous quotations is "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again, then quit,

don't make a fool out of yourself". In this case I didn't succeed the first time, tried again and succeeded.

Now that I have accomplished my 22 year goal, I am planning for another cycling goal. I haven't yet determined exactly what it is but I plan to achieve it. Setting and obtaining your goal is one way to enhance your quality of life and I'm a firm believer in setting goals.

Oh, maybe a cross-country trip is in order! Anyone want to try it?

*Note: I am currently riding the Lewis & Clark Bicycle Trail with a group of 60 year old guy's doing 600 miles each year. 2008 will be my last leg of the trip so my personal challenge is being met albeit a little each year.*

Mike Nickolaus, NF0N



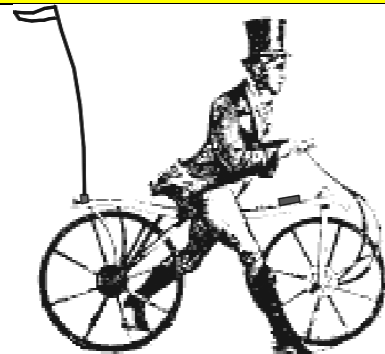
**Mike's 1973 Bike**



**1995 Improved Equipment**

### BMHA's Official Logo

The next time you need to order new QSL cards, don't forget to include the BMHA logo in your design. Here's the official logo, as designed by Russ Dwarshuis, KB8U.



# Bicycles and Radios

By Dick Arnold, AF8X

[af8x@arrl.net](mailto:af8x@arrl.net)

May 13, 2006

*Have you ever thought of operating CW on a bike? Hop on and learn how!*



Years ago while traveling in my motorhome, I enjoyed operating mobile CW. At that time it was kind of a novelty to work a mobile CW station. Not so today; with the availability of the small HF rigs on the market, it's not unusual at all to hear a number of stations signing /M. After the sale of my motorhome, my small car didn't have room for a cell phone, let alone an HF radio, so my mobile operation ceased.

My wife, a former aerobics instructor, insists that I exercise, which started me riding a bicycle rather than working out in our basement gym. After being knocked down twice while riding on the highways, my biking was reduced to cruising the subdivision. Then came the bike path, a safe thoroughfare stretching from Freedom Hill to Metropolitan Beach. With renewed interest in biking, I bought a 21-speed mountain bike. Twenty one speeds? I thought I would never have a need for that many gears, but when the wind comes up you would be surprised how many gears are useful. After a few trips to the beach, I noticed the many natural antenna supports available and I started taking my QRP rig and some wire antennas along. I have had many pleasurable hours operating K8RJA/8 (my old call) from either the beach or other local parks.

## Mobile Thinking



**The author on his recumbent BikeE. Unfortunately, these bikes are no longer manufactured.**

I admit I am one of those hams who, sooner or later, start thinking about operating mobile, pedestrian mobile or bicycle mobile. I started thinking about setting up a bicycle mobile HF station after I ran across VE3JC's Web page where he displayed his HF mobile bike setup. During the summer I ride from my house to Metro Park daily, weather permitting, about 12 miles round trip. This would give me ample time to indulge myself in my radio hobby while at the same time improving my physical condition.

This started me thinking about operating while biking, but I put it on the back burner, so to speak, because of the antenna problems. A couple of warm spring days encouraged me to resume riding. I hopped on the bike and pedaled to Metro, but on the return trip it was against the wind, so I geared down, and traveling about 4 MPH, I had lots of time to think and I started planning an HF installation on my bike. By the time I arrived back home, I had it all worked out in my head.

The first thing I did was to bolt an antenna mirror-mount bracket to the frame. After trying every conceivable location, I settled on the main tube supporting the seat post. This put the Hustler mast at about a 45 degree angle, which serves to keep the antenna clear of strikes from low branches. Then I had to find a place to mount the mini paddle where I could reach it without taking my hand off of the handlebar grip. I tie-wrapped the paddle under the grip where I could reach it while still being able to steer, shift gears and use the brakes. Then I stuffed the 20 meter MFJ Cub and the battery into the handlebar bag, donned the headphones and went for a test ride. After a couple of T-E-S-T transmissions, I tuned around and heard an N5 station calling CQ. This would be the proof of the pudding, as they say. I answered with my call and was rewarded with a 559 signal report from Texas. This, from 1 W output to a mobile antenna mounted on a bicycle! I was pumped as I returned home with plans to make the radio installation more secure and in a better position for tuning. I also needed to find a more comfortable position for the paddle.

## Not the Only One Out There



The antenna mounted on the rear frame of the bike.

Isn't it amazing how finding something new in radio can fill you with enthusiasm? I'm thinking of some long rides this summer while talking to the world from my bike/mobile. In looking for ideas for this project, I was surprised to learn that there are hundreds of hams operating while biking. True, a large number of them are operating 2 meters, which doesn't present all the problems of an HF setup, but they still are having a good time and hamming it up. Many of them belong to a club dedicated to this activity -- the [Bicycle Mobile Hams of America](#) (BMHA) is a special Amateur Radio club for those who enjoy communicating over the airwaves as they ride to work or travel with fellow enthusiasts in their free time. BMHA members also play an important public service role by providing communications support and emergency assistance, if needed, during big bike races and tours. The Bicycle Mobile Hams of America boasts more than 450 members in 43 states and six countries.

On one of my trips to the bike shop I saw some recumbent bikes and asked the sales person if I could try one. He agreed to let me try a BikeE; I was sold as soon as I sat on it and realized how comfortable it was. Since then my mountain bike has been stored in the garage. The recumbent BikeE, to be precise, is more of a semi-recumbent vehicle as compared with the "true" recumbent bikes that position the rider in a more prone attitude. As can be seen in the picture, it has a seat that offers a large area of support unlike a standard "wedgie" seat.

## The Radio Installation

The aluminum channel frame precluded mounting the antenna in the same manner as the previous installation on the mountain bike, but on the other hand, it was a simple matter to bolt the antenna mounting bracket to a short piece of 2 x 2 x 1/8 inch aluminum angle, which in turn was bolted to a pair of BikeE accessory mounting brackets. It was then clamped via the quick release cams to the rear of the frame. The antenna is a Hustler mobile mast and 20 meter resonator. I chose 20 meters because of the light weight and small size of the resonator -- plus it seems to be a good band for mobile operation. As in the previous installation, the antenna is angled to the rear to clear low overhead branches along the bike path where I ride.

A bracket was prefabbed for mounting the Palm Mini Paddle on the handlebar, positioned so as to allow operation without taking my hand away from the handle grip. This done, the next problem was locating the K1 where it would be insulated from the vibration and jolts of riding over rough surfaces. I came to an impasse at that point and have decided for lack of a better idea to use the "body mount." I made a harness for the K1 from some web straps left over from a couple of discarded bags of some sort. The rig is suspended from one strap around my neck and secured to my stomach area by another strap around my waist, both attached to the K1 by nylon bolts in the threaded holes



The K1 "mounted" on the author. By using your body as a mount, access to the controls is easy.



provided in the sides. This affords easy access to the K1 controls and when not operating mobile, there is no bracket to be removed.

A 12 V, 10 cell NiCd battery is housed in a small bag attached to the handlebar. In order to copy signals and still be able to hear outside sounds, a pair of RadioShack "ear buds" top off the installation.

After purchasing an MP-1 antenna, I found it to be a more compact antenna for the bike and still able to get good results, and have since replaced the Hustler with it.

I am sorry to say that the BikeE is no longer being manufactured, and the only ones available are from dealers' stock. But whichever bike you choose, a word of caution: Whenever operating a radio, whether riding a bike or driving a vehicle, mobile operation can be hazardous to your health if you don't pay attention to what's going on around you. Pilots call it SA, or situation awareness. Don't get so distracted by the radio that you lose your SA.

## Helpful Hints

I made a score of contacts while riding to and from the beach during the summer season and I learned a few things that I want to pass along.

I picked 20 meters because the antenna is relatively small and surprisingly enough, the bike frame was enough of a counterpoise to allow a good match to the antenna. The use of "ear buds" or Walkman-type headphones allow you to hear outside sounds, which is important when near traffic areas. The paddle was located so as not to interfere with steering.

As bicycles vibrate on rough surfaces, the radio should be protected from the vibration.

The antenna is mounted on a rearward angle which helps prevent strikes from overhead branches. Ride on a bike path. When you operate and ride in the street with traffic, you are asking for trouble.

Last and most important: Stay alert to your surroundings. Situational awareness is key to survival! The reason I do not operate bicycle mobile anymore is that at one point I could not remember crossing a busy intersection on my way to the beach.

If you do decide to give it a try, be careful. It can be a lot of fun, but again, it can also be dangerous.

*Dick Arnold, AF8X, of Clinton Township, Michigan, is a retired construction electrician who has had an interest in Morse code since studying it as a Boy Scout. When his son, Gary W8TVR, got interested in ham radio and built a Heathkit transmitter, Dick got involved, and due to Gary's prodding, went from Novice to Amateur Extra in short order. He only operates QRP CW these days, mostly from portable locations. He doesn't care about DX and would rather have an interesting "ragchew" with any station. For years Dick operated mobile from his motor home and later as bicycle mobile, but more recently he's been only fixed portable. He has both the Elecraft K1 and KX-1 that he built from kits.*

Note: Article originally published in ARRL Web Extra, feature for May 2006 for ARRL Members only.

## Bicycle Mobile APRS

**Norm Huber – N9ZKS**

Recently a question was brought up regarding APRS on bicycles. The application is very useful if a rider is supporting a charity event as a bicycle mobile communicator, medic or marshal. It also would keep family and friends aware of your progress when you are on that epic trip.

I use APRS on all my vehicles when I am on the road. I use it for the support of the annual Houston to Austin MS150 ride from my motorcycle. It allows the event coordinator to position support vehicles as well as knowing exactly where help is needed if an incident is reported.

I use the same setup on both my road bike and my track bike.

### Antennas and Mount

I purchased clamp on racks to mount on my seatposts. My road bike is carbon fiber with no touring lugs so I didn't want to use anything that clamped to the stays. Since most of the clamps on racks have a hollow tube under the rack platform I attached a flat plate to the rear of the rack which I drilled to accept a SO239 mount and cable. Get an appropriate length cable/mount set but do not cut the prepared cable as many of the pre-made cables are cut to help limit SWR.



Rack on Track Bike



Original Rack on Giant 980C

### Radio and GPS and Mount

Early on in my ham experience I purchased a nylon chest pack designed to hold an HT with a pocket to carry accessories or a spare battery. This has been modified with the addition of a piece of aluminum bent into an "M" shape with a tail which I covered with Velcro. The "M" provides a shape to hold my Garmin III+ or Garmin V which I use with a Kenwood D7AG. I have used Velcro to hold my radio and Garmin in place for quite a while but will probably have to replace it because it is not holding as it once did. I now use a single bungee cord for added security.



Chest pack with aluminum mount



Rear of pack showing shock cord.

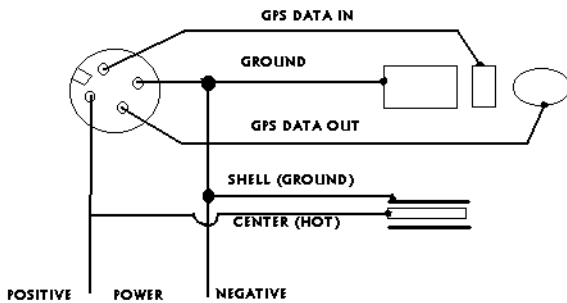
I then mounted plain straight tri-bars on the handlebars of both my fixed gear track bike and my Giant 980C Road Bike.

The pack had a set of loops, which I first used with nylon cord to fasten it to my tribars. I switched to “shock cord” which makes it a lot easier to switch between bikes.



### Interconnections and Accessories

One thing that was obvious was that an additional battery would be needed for extended use as I like to talk. I purchased some plugs for the Garmin and made up the wiring adapter below. This powers both the D7 and the Garmin while at the same time provides communication for the NEMA signal exchange between the radio and GPS. The cable is much longer than needed for the current application because it was originally built for use on my motorcycle with the GPS and radio separated



The battery I use is a 12 volt gel-cell video camera battery. It’s available at most battery suppliers and fits nicely in the pack.



## Antenna

The antenna I am currently using is a Comet C757 dual band that goes great with the Kenwood D7A/G to give me great range for a handheld. If I run into rain, a large clear plastic bag such as a gallon Zip-Lock can just be slipped over the whole bit and will work great.



Road Bike



Track Bike

For those of you coming to Dayton, I am planning to bring the track bike and ride it if there is a ride this year. See you there - 73

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## Tandem Power on the Katy

### Part One

by  
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The temperature was up, and the humidity was off the scale when Barb and I reached the Katy trailhead at Clinton, Missouri.

A great deal of anticipation had gone into the planning of this trip—brochures and printouts from the Katy Trail website. But everything we'd seen in the photos was missing, except for a solitary caboose, one that had supposedly journeyed this route when the Katy was still a railroad.

Pedaling 227 miles from Clinton to St. Louis seemed less urgent than it had a week earlier while preparing to leave our winter home in Arizona's Sonoran Desert.

Barb wouldn't have objected if I'd swing a U and headed somewhere else, because the adventure was my idea in the first place. She was only being a good sport. I might have done so had it not been for the small voice inside me that kept asking hard questions—*How will I tell the people in the cycling club, that I've lost my grit? What other way could I*

*justify \$2,700 that was spent on our folding tandem? I'd made a grand issue of the fact that this tandem would be easily concealed beneath our Navajo blanket in the Chevrolet sedan? (After all, who would look in a \$500 car for a \$2,700 bike?) However, with 121 years between the two of us I knew we would achieve success.*

While Barb was notifying the Clinton Police Department that we would be on the Katy for a few days, and to not to tow our car away, I was putting the bike together—connecting brake cables, adjusting the derailleur. The two-meter vertical attached nicely to the trailer, offering a “better-than-some” ground plane. The transceiver occupied a stoker's bottle cage. Regretfully, however, I'd left the repeater book in Arizona. Fat chance we had of finding anyone on simplex with a handi-scratchy. McBark, the trailer dog, concerned himself with none of these problems. He was already occupying his milk crate and couldn't wait to get started.

Our first mile paralleled Missouri Route 52. After that brief distance the Katy took a turn, plunging us down a twelve-foot wide pathway bordered on either side by trees and dense undergrowth. This was our first glimpse at what it might have been like aboard a Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad train. It was interesting, but there was no breeze other than what we could generate, and as heavy as we were that wasn't much.

Soon we were settled in and I could hear Barb's breathing. The moment reminded me of other roads we'd traveled, Williams, Arizona to Grand Canyon, across the Sonoran Desert to Tucson. We always brought along our radio. However, one time we were pedaling through the Tahono O'odham Indian Nation when the sidewall blew out on our rear tire. Our radio was on the breakfast table at home. But that's another story, and I was daydreaming.

"There's a Dairy Queen," shouted Barb, snapping me back to reality.

"Where?" I asked, surprised that such a delightful place existed in the middle of nowhere.

"Ahead. To the right," she said, pointing over my shoulder.

Following her finger, I, too, saw this oasis. A true Dairy Queen franchise owner would have scoffed at this place, but not us. How lucky could one couple be? Calhoun was certainly a place to remember.

McBark, too, was excited. He knew an ice cream store when he saw it.

We pedaled a half block off the trail, crossed a parking lot belonging to a local grain elevator, and then leaned out Tandem Two'sDay against a convenient maple tree.

By the time we reached the window, a dozen locals had already gathered, each ordering cold drinks. We waited our turn.

"I'm really sorry, sir," the girl at the window mumbled. "Our ice cream machine is broken, and there won't be anyone along to fix it until next week."

My taste buds collided in a train wreck. My lips were incapable of forming the words; *I'll have a cola, instead.*

Barb's reaction was no doubt akin to mine, but she's a nicer person. She doesn't piss people off when she's disappointed.

We sipped our colas beneath the maple tree while McBark devoured a cookie. Finished, we mounted up and continued along the Katy.

"We should have asked at the ice cream store how far it is to the next town and the campground," suggested Barb, after a mile was in our mirror.

"Ah, the radio," I said, taking satisfaction in the radio being where Barb would reach it. She needed no coaching.

*"This is KC7BSY calling. Is anyone on frequency? Over."*

She releasing the PTT button and we listened. Nothing. If we'd had SSB there might have been static crashes, but with FM we weren't even sure our signal was getting out.

We pressed on. With any luck we'd find a place to pitch our tent before the sun set.

Continued with part two

