

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE XEROX AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

#7 0000000000000000 FEBRUARY 1981

Missed the boat last month, guys; sorry about that. We had the meeting anyway, Arcover or no Arcover. Highlight of the meeting was Phil Brown adamantly proving to me that a Sixer will not generate an immediate pileup on Six meters. Well, if you don't try...

MEETING: February 26, building 337, 7:30 PM. Jon Freiburger may or may not be speaking to the assembled multitudes on technical topics; if you see him, encourage him. FURTHERMORE, we must vote on whether or not to change the Bylaws to allow prorating dues for people who join XARC in midyear. AND IN ADDITION, we must discuss purchasing a set of current Callbooks for club reference. This might be handy, since those blasted things now cost about the GNP/3.

Your bod is respectfully demanded. Don't miss it.

We are still haggling with the Square over whether or not to install our 220 repeater up there on the roof. Line of Sight to Sri Lanka, just about, so it's certainly worth it. Real soon now...

Attached to this Arcover is a current club roster, and a membership questionnaire. Now, you may notice that there are a lot of Gaping Wents in the roster; about some of you we know barely more than Name, Rank, Serial number and Xerox Extension. Please everybody fill one out, so we know how to get in touch with you etc. Send them company mail to Jeff Duntenand, 214A. The last couple of questions dealing with ARRL may seem peculiar. Not so. It's just our way of sneaking a few bucks into the treasury. If a club member renews his ARRL membership THROUGH THE CLUB, the club gets a dollar off the top. It doesn't cost the club member anything; membership costs the same either way. But if you renew through XARC, we get a kickback. We need the dough; our station is frozen in time circa 1958, and although we have begun singing 'Yaesu Joy of Ham's Desiring[®] we need about a grand to get on 558 in style. Help out. Fill in the form and support your starving ARC!

Jim Allen tells us that he knows of a Yaesu FRG-7 for sale, general coverage receiver, mint condition. Estate sale. No, not Jim's. He's just a quiet guy generally...

Phil Brown scored some good PR for XARC and ham radio generally when he demonstrated phone patch operation to 7th & 8th graders over at Carlton Webster High School in Rush-Henrietta. Phil stood in the middle of the classroom and helped one boy call his father at work to say hi on Phil's midget HT. Phil wowed 'em. Indeed, let's get 'em while they're young!

Our XARC code/novice classes are beginning soon. Get in touch with Pete Secrist for full details.

Last meeting we tossed about the idea of having a station-raising party some Saturday or evening, in which we would bring drills and files and whatever is necessary to get the USS TITANIC label off our equipment and make it start earning its living. This involves stringing some cables and wires and hooking this to that and cutting a couple of holes, but nothing more involved than that. Start deciding what date you have the fewest excuses not to come. More little radio waves are going INTO our antenna than coming OUT of it. And geez, guys, it isn't supposed to work that way!!

XARC's finest hour came toward the end of January, when we threw our collective backs into the first annual effort in the ARRL VHF Sweepstakes. Having conned Gene Parker out of his rotor, some other poor goof out of his 6 meter beam, and having laid in sufficient donuts to last the weekend we proceeded to roll in an admirable 492 contacts in three sections, for a final score just shy of 5000. John Randall hauled in a terminal to handle logging and dupe checking, but the terminal had a way of not understanding H's and N's. Made for some interesting comments, and some loose hair with bloody ends lying on the floor, but overall, the machine helped more than hindered. Come Sunday morning the stalwarts were all hoarsely hollering CQ SWEEPSTAKES CQ SWEEPSTAKES at each other on all 2 meter channels, but everybody had already worked everybody else, so not much QSOing was taking place. And if some poor soul turned on his rig and tried to join the fun by announcing his "Contact Number One," everybody yelled "FRESH MEAT!!" and dove on him. Highly competitive. Next year we're gonna be a little more organized, and give em what for in spades.

Enough chatter on this end; high time to identify and QRT. Don't miss the meeting; many good things in store this spring. FILL OUT THAT QUESTIONNAIRE! Just a little friendly nag.....

73.

Jeff Santmann
KB2JN.