

ZERO BEAT

HAMPDEN COUNTY RADIO ASSOCIATION, INC

W1 QSL BUREAU

SPRINGFIELD, MASS

ARRL AFFILIATED, 34th YEAR

SEPTEMBER MEETING

*****SEPTEMBER MEETING*****

Friday September 11, 1981

Feeding Hills Congregational Church
Intersection of Routes 57 & 187
Feeding Hills, MA

Doors open at 7:30 Meeting starts at 8:00

Dick Austin, K1QIZ, will be our guest speaker at the first meeting of the year. Dick, always ready to talk about antennas, will talk about antennas in a very special way. Dick will talk about simple antennas that are easy to construct and a joy to use. Dick will pick up where Art's (W1KK) transmission line left off.

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NOTICE

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The Hampden County Radio Association has been asked to provide communications for the Boy Scouts of America at their New England Region Camparee. This event will be held in West Springfield on the weekend of October 9, 10, and 11 (Columbus Day Weekend). Approximately three radio operators will be required at all times to provide communications from all areas of the Camparee grounds to a central location with Hand-Held two meter rigs.

All those who may be interested and available for periods of 3-4 hours or more during the weekend, starting Friday, October 9th. at 5:00 PM, through Sunday afternoon, October 11th., please call:

Paul Kress
WA1ZKT
568-8291 (Westfield)

The Boy Scouts will provide meals and sleeping bags for those that are there overnight.

This is our opportunity to provide a public service to the community and prove our worth. Your help is needed. Please Call!

SEPTEMBER ZERO BEAT

1981 VHF SWEEPSTAKES

Every January the HCRA goes after the gold in the VHF SS. We broke all club records in '81 with a score of 213,746 points and #2 spot in the country! WALRWU for the second year in a row took #1 multi-op in the country! AC1T was the top club single op!

Here's some of the club members who helped put us over the top:

WALRWU - AK1C, K1TOL, KALAPR, KALGFX, WALLPJ, WAlUQC, WB1CAC

W1KK	W1UPH	N1PF	W1JP	K1SF	WB1ETS	W1WLE
WB1ABF	WB1FIP	WB1APD	K1NWE	W1CJK	WB1BZW	WB1EHS
K1GXU	WAlYYW	WB1DLE	K1MAL	W1NLE	WB1CXC	WAlPOB
WAlVHU	W1VNE	WB1EMN	WB1BPJ	KAlBNN	WAlYYK	WB1DLH
K1ZOB	KAlBG	WAlGZO	K1BXE	WAlWXS	K1BUB	K1IJU
K1IJV	N1CM	WAlUWX	WAlDNB	WB1DTZ	W1UWX	WAlPGT
K1GTE	AC1T	K1WXX				

K1BE- KAlAVM, WAlPUX, WAlZEY, WAlYOG (now KBlY)

W1UKR- WB1EQS

W1KUL-WB1FIJ

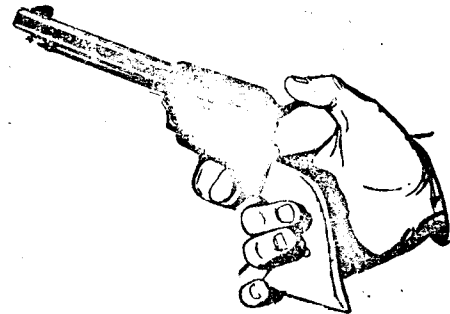
KAlV-KAlEUY

W1NY-K1BWB, K1GTE, KAlCAX, KAlDNK, WAlGZO, WB1GLZ

(Hope we didn't miss anyone. We might have included some people who sent their logs into other clubs, so don't feel unloved.)

<u>YEAR</u>	<u>SCORE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>#of OP's</u>
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57	45,015	4th	
58	195,501	3rd	
59	76,941	6th	(Beat Htfd RC by 199 pts!)
60	33,917	15th	(Htfd RC beat us)
61	19,841	24th	9
62	33,564	14th	16
63	20,252	28th	7
64	Did not enter!!!!		
65	37,760	14th	26
66	47,730	9th	41
67	58,841	9th	33
68	42,796	6th	30
69	67,994	6th	38
70	105,736	5th	61
71	123,898	4th	53
72	57,336	8th	26
74	16,838	9th	8
75	35,394	7th	11
76	42,771	8th	10
77	31,570	8th	22
78	13,358	15th	13



WHAT WILL WE SHOOT FOR IN '82????

New Scoring System for clubs

79	93,570	5th	28
80	142,566	3rd	25
81	213,746	2nd	45 (New Club High Score!!!!)
82	CAN WE TOP LAST YEAR?????		

SEPT. '81 ZERO BEAT

HAMPDEN COUNTY RADIO ASSOCIATION, INC.

Board of Directors and Officers for 1981-82

Ron Beauchemin	WB1ETS - President	. . .	593-9852
Paul Kress	WA1ZKT - Vice President	. . .	568-8291
Greg Stoddard	N1AEH - Treasurer	. . .	203-668-5143
Dick Manner	N8BQU - Secretary	. . .	783-9380
Ray Morin	KA1CRG - Zero Beat Editor	. . .	525-6202
Norm Cournoyer	N1AFY	. . .	532-1944
Hank Stallwoth	KA1AVM	. . .	737-3432
Bob Gravel	K1BUB	. . .	568-3120
Malcolm Gesner	WB1CLO	. . .	536-6027
Gent Lam	WA1CQF	. . .	737-9426
Steve Nelson	WA1EYF	. . .	596-8216
Larry Langevin	K1GXU	. . .	583-8236
John Balboni	AC1T	. . .	786-2438

SEPTEMBER '81 ZERO BEAT

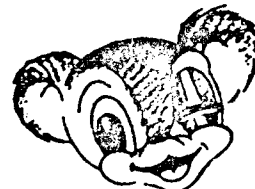
In October, the club will change the present method of paying dues. The dues will be \$8.00 per year, payable in October. Since the present expiration dates are different for each member, the amounts due will differ. I have calculated your yearly dues and have indicated below. Please forward your check, payable to HCRA, to my residence.

Greg Stoddard
1500 Mapleton Avenue
Suffield, CT 06078

7.20

"Quick As A Wink" Printing & Sales Co.
573 Union Street West Springfield, Ma. 01089

NOTE: NEW ADDRESS



FIELD DAY REPORT

Now we know why everyone loved the Middlefield Field days of yore; the place is great! Many of our top operators were there, banging out the contacts. Could have used more people, but what we lacked in quantity we made up in quality! W1TM on 80 cw was a house a-fire on the typewriter. W1LABF took 80 ssb and racked 'em up. K1LY had 40 cw and somewhere found a giant speaker bigger than his 101ZD! W1LZKT took 40 ssb when 10 died out early. K1BE with W1LPUX, W1LETS, W1LABF, W1LFIQ, and K1BXE snagged 237 OSOs on 20 'phone. Almost wrecked the beam putting it up!(again) W1JP on 20 cw with his 130S and the "ORZ" beam. An impressive 125 contacts! Bill also tried a memory keyer for the first time and is going to buy one now. K1BXE set up on 10 cw, which was not exactly alive with stations. W1KK, A1CT, and others had 15 cw hopping, with 2, 6 and Oscar 8 when things were slow. Art worked England through Oscar 8 with a full house watching. Impressive, to say the least! W1ACJ donated some magazines and other goodies that were quickly scooped up by those present.

Plans for next year were made during W1JP's frequent "cocktail hours". (How did they ever find time to operate on those islands?) We're going to try the one band/one band captain idea next year. i.e W1LPUX takes 20 ssb, K1BXE takes 20 cw. The suppers put on by Brother Bernard were often mentioned. So, next year we're going to write to Bro' Bernard and see if he can attend. Even if he can't make it, there will be a supper put on next year!

Great time was had by all. Glad to see so many new novices stop by, some of whom made their very first QSO on the novice band! Our score is not official until QST comes out, but is about 4,000 points.

TIDBITS

W1KZS moving to Florida...In November 1945 QST, W1MDM listed as a ham in the service, T/4 on foreign service...N1PF went to Pennsacola NAS to see his son commissioned as a Navy officer... Trivia to impress your friends with: The HCRA has participated in 31 out of the past 33 VHF Sweepstakes! Missed the first year and 1964...Check the expiration date on your ham ticket now...K1IJU top-op in Western Mass in the 10 meter contest...Read the excellent article on towers in the July '81 QST, will open some people's eyes...

Wanted for Navy Mars for repeater link, one of the G.E. Preprog line rigs that were obtained from the Springfield Gas Company a few years ago. Please contact George, W1ALL 569-5360.

BIG 'E'

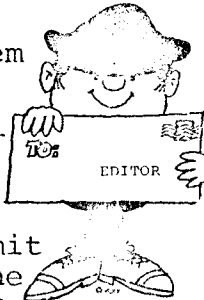
Your help is needed during the Eastern States Exposition for the Mount Tom Amateur Repeater Association Amateur Radio display. Call Ron, K1CHI, on 34/94 and offer your help.

SEPTEMBER '81 ZERO BEAT

PROJECT GOING WELL

Our on-going club history project is progressing very well. In the past few years we've been fortunate to publish in "Zero Beat" the memories of several of our "old timers"! With the unfortunate passing of more of our pals, it is even more urgent that you write that article today. What's locked inside your brain cells goes with you. We have zero dollars in the budget, but a lot of enthusiasm! Please send your recollections to: KLBE, PO. BOX 346 SOUTHWICK, MASS 01077

Jeff will type them up and everyone will get to read them in Zero Beat.



ARTICLES NEEDED!

Zero Beat is interested in having every club member submit articles and news this year. Tired of reading articles by the same people every issue? Share your viewpoint! What type of rigs do you use? Tell us what's good/bad about them! Got any comments about club activities? Doing anything with ham radio besides getting moldy in the cellar? Tell us about it! It doesn't have to be a definitive article of ten pages, a postcard lets us know you're alive and doing!



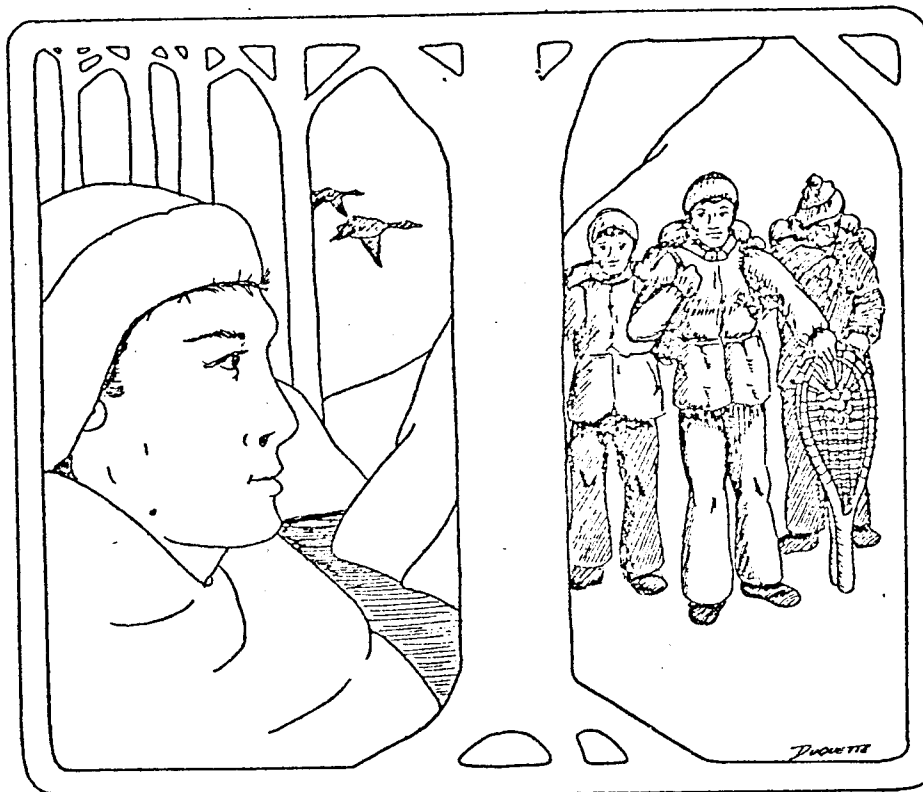
BANQUET REPORT

Seventy five hams and YL's gathered at the Westover Open Mess for a delicious roast beef dinner. The "Ham Band" entertained after dessert. Slides by WB1BPL of "Field Day '81" showed members in all their glory. Club President Ron Beauchemin, WB1ETS presented the ham of the year award to Eunie and Bob Gordon, W1UKR and W1KUL. The raffle prize of the IC2AT went to Paul Caputo, K1PKZ. New club officers were elected. Names listed elsewhere in this issue. A fun evening and a good time had by all!!!!

TIDBITS

Mt. Tom ARA picnic a success...K1ACHI back in school... W1HDQ listens for the 10 meter beacon in the Bahamas, VP9BA to know when 6 meters might open up...Marconi's 80th anniversary is in 1983, what are we going to do to celebrate?...K1BE bought a Jr. Boomer and an FT620B. Where's the club members on six meters? Lot of DX this summer!...DBS or direct broadcasting from satellites will be here before you know it. A super cable network will result without cable!...W1KK is the Western Mass AMSAT rep, contact Art for info about it...1983 is also our club's 35th anniversary, what kind of party are we going to have? ...Zero Beat would like to get some old OSL card from members for publication. What were you sending out in '48?...WB1HH, K1W represented WMass in CD party...Tnx "QCD" for cartoons in this issue... W1UPE had a great garden this summer...





SURVIVAL HIKE

by
JEFFREY J. DUQUETTE KIBE

(Drawings by Patrick Duquette)

Preamble: This fiction story features real people in an adventure yarn.

Kyahi! The 120 pound, brown eyed girl sent the 180 pound man flying through the air and thudding into the mat.

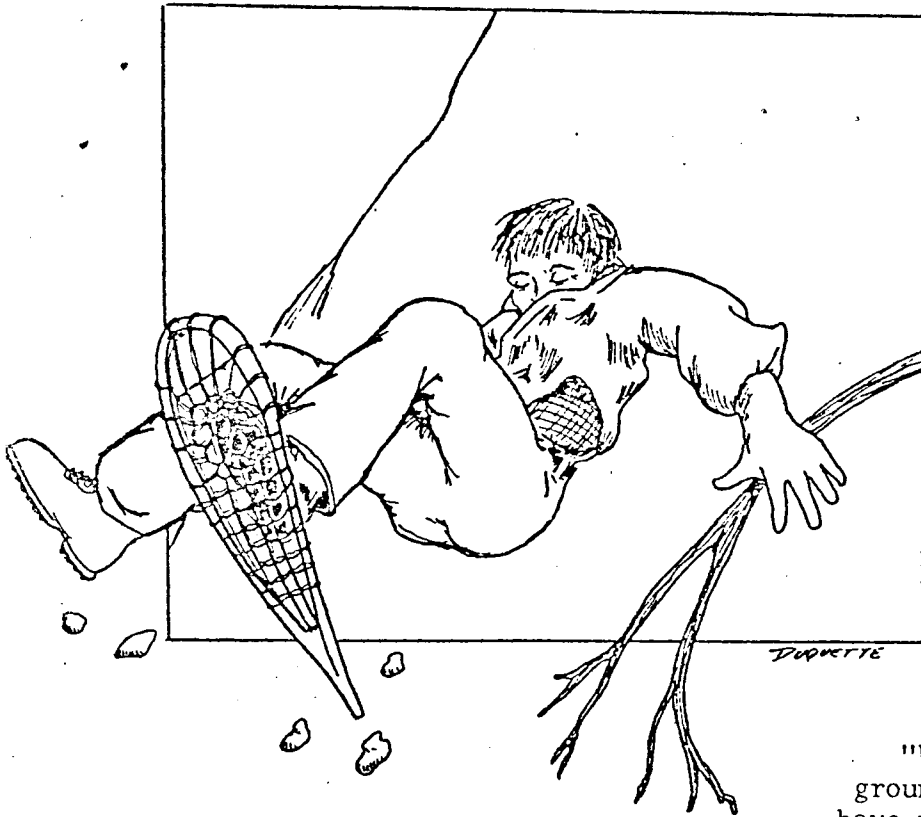
"More hip and twist," coach Jeff explained, "Catch his arm, and pull hard!"

Glenna smiled and waited for Carl to begin his attack again. With the smile never leaving her face she twisted at the last second and screamed as Carl went over and down again.

"Great! Much better. Time is up now, though." The judo students gathered around their coach. "Glenna, good technique, but you need some practice on that twist. We'll work on it next week. Did you get your Novice ticket yet?" Jeff asked. Glenna replied that it wasn't in yet but should arrive any day now. "Too bad, I was hoping to use your new call from the mountain top. Is everybody ready for the hike?"

Heather, with mischievous brown eyes, was the opposite of her sister Glenna, and kept up a constant chatter. "Should I wear my orange or white hat, which do you think?" Brian, another judo player, quickly piped up, "The coach has told you ten times, it doesn't matter, no one in the woods will care!" The judo students were going up to Mount Mooselauke in New Hampshire to snowshoe into McKinny Cabin for the weekend. With a low-power HW-7 rig, their coach, Jeff, KIBE, hoped to operate from the summit.

"Well, we're all set," replied Jeff. "See you at 6:00 AM in the parking lot. Let's line up and bow out." As the students finished the traditional bow that begins and ends all judo classes, they didn't realize what an adventure this weekend would bring.



Carl stumbled, tripped, and fell.

The snow crunched under their snowshoes as the six hikers chugged along the trail. Morgan, the older brother of Glenna and Heather, was in the lead. Brian, Carl, and Jeff were spread out behind Morgan and his sisters. Carl stumbled, tripped, and fell into a snow drift and a break was called.

"That's the second time your snowshoe came off, do you want some help tying it on?" asked Heather.

"I'm a big boy," Carl said, "And you'd probably only push me deeper into the snow, anyway!"

The woods were lovely and very quiet. Mount Mooselauke loomed over them, with the wind swirling snow all over the top. "Do you think we'll make the summit, coach?"

Morgan wanted to know.

"Well, we have four feet of snow on the ground now, and it's a good thing snowmobiles have packed down this trail. It's hard work carrying a backpack in 10-degree weather!"

Jeff watched the soot-colored clouds scud across the sky. "They said light snow tonight— I hope we can get some good pictures in the morning." Heather said all she wanted was to get to the cabin so she could take the backpack off.

"You've got the lightest one," commented Carl, "And where'd you get that stupid orange hat?" Heather hit Carl with a snowball, and then began trudging up the trail.

The cabin was another hour's walk, and so covered by drifts that the hikers almost walked by it. "Patience, patience, I've got to dig the key out from under ten layers of clothes."

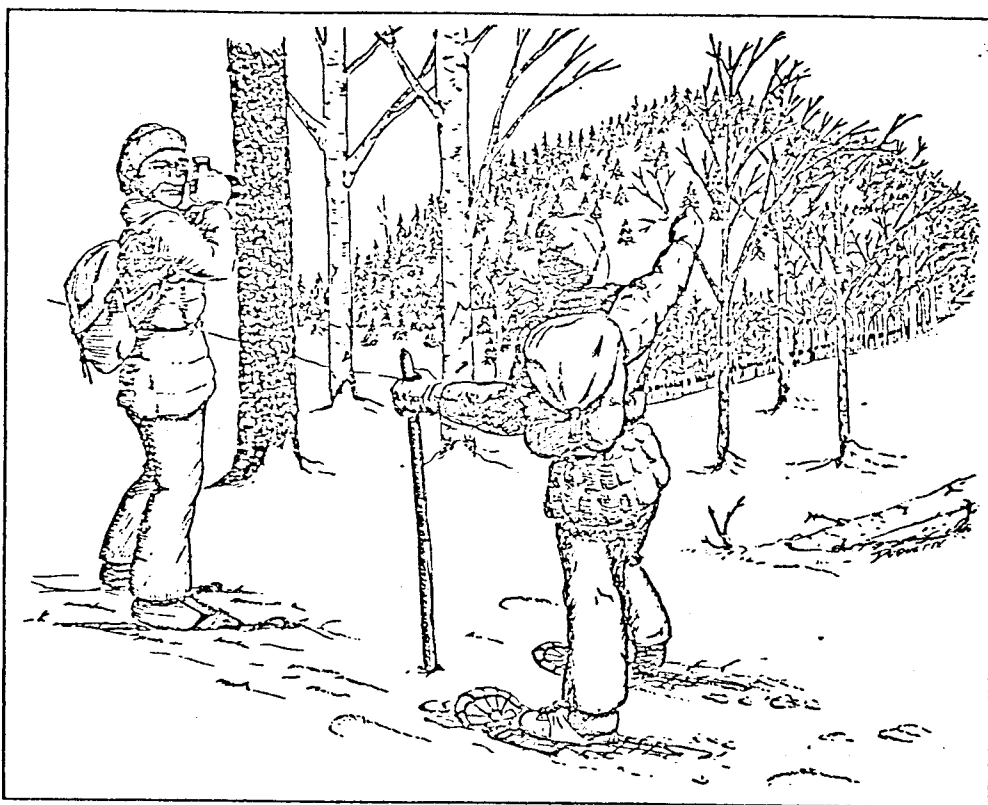
Jeff rummaged through his jacket while impatient hikers bunched up beside him. The door creaked open, and they fell into the cabin as a group.

"It's beautiful," Heather said, "I've got the top bunk!"

Everyone hurriedly staked out their claim, but Jeff was the final arbitrator. "Heather and Glenna, up in the loft, we'll take the bunk beds. That is all."

As they were sorting out the tangle of equipment, Brian wanted to know where the bathroom was. Jeff pointed and said, "Do you see the small building over by the trees? That's called an outhouse."

"Are you sure it isn't for mailing letters?" asked Brian.



It was an enjoyable walk in the woods.

As soon as the gear was sorted, the group assembled in front of McKinny Cabin for pictures. Without the heavy packs, they would explore the nearby area and plan the best way up the next day. Mount Mooselauke is 4,500 feet above sea level, and the McKinny Cabin is on the southeast side at 2,000 feet. They hoped to take the easiest trail up as high as they could go before noon, then return before darkness settled in. It was a good plan, but they didn't know about the three storm cells that had combined and were quickly moving up the East Coast.

It was an enjoyable walk in the woods, made even better because the packs were left behind. At the first small downhill slope, they all had to try sitting on their snowshoes and sliding down on them. Of course everyone took a spill, and they laughed as they brushed the snow off. They returned to the cabin, with Glenna and Heather arguing over who saw the rabbit first. Carl and Brian settled it by pushing them both into a drift and running, as best they could, for the cabin door.

"When I catch you I'm going to put snow down your neck!" yelled Heather. Morg and Jeff were doubled over with laughter and tried to cheer them up with promises of hot cocoa before supper.

The cabin was snug and warm once Morgan got the wood burning in the old fashioned cook stove. He'd neglected to open the flue, however, and everyone's eyes stung from the smoke. All was forgiven when Morg served up the cocoa; to keep the peace, Carl and Brian got served last. Brian started to prepare supper, digging freeze-dried food out of various packs.

"We've got enough to last a week," said Brian. "Not with Carl's appetite," Heather quipped, sticking her tongue out at Carl. Amidst chuckles, he began melting snow for water. "At least when I cook supper we can get it out of the pan without a jackhammer, Heather!" Heather reddened at the memory of what had happened last summer when she was the group's cook. "For once, some quiet," commented Brian as he put on the supper.

Jeff and Glenna were patiently uncoiling wires, hooking in batteries, and performing other mysteries. Morgan wanted to know what was going on, so Jeff explained: "Well, I'd hate to carry this all the way up the mountain tomorrow only to find out it doesn't work. So, we'll test it tonight."

Putting the antenna wire through a crack under the window, he tied the antenna to a tree limb outside. Jeff was talking to Glenna. "All set, we've tuned it up, plugged in the key, double checked all connections. Now let's see what happens."

They were using the Heathkit HW-7 transceiver, which contains both the transmitter and receiver in one unit. The speaker began to pour out a rush of Morse code. Jeff tapped the key until he heard his own signal and determined that the rig was working. "Would you like to try it, Glenna?" asked Jeff.

Glenna's reddening face and quiet "no" seemed very definite. She wouldn't try it. "OK, but tomorrow on that mountain you've got no choice." Jeff tapped out a general call on the key:

CQ CQ CQ DE K1BE K1BE K1BE K

No answer. He tried it again, and after the third try, there it was:

K1BE K1BE DE N5AIT/2 N5AIT/2 K

After a nice signal report and a short chat with New York at 20 words per minute in Morse code, Jeff was satisfied all was in working order. Glenna still wouldn't take the key, so Jeff signed off and clear.

"Glenna, you were my best student in code, so I know you'll do well. I'll just have to keep after you until you get rid of your jitters. Hey, what's all the smoke from?" asked Jeff. The cooks and the rest of the crew had been watching the radio contact and they were surprised to see supper smoking on the stove. Jeff kicked the door open while Morgan quickly threw Carl's gourmet delicacy into the snow, where it noisily sizzled.

"There goes supper," commented Heather, "At least we got to eat some of mine!" Morgan pointed out what was obvious to everyone when he said, "It's starting to snow really hard." The large flakes floated to earth, limiting the visibility.

They went back into the cabin, and by lantern light, began supper again. This time Heather took charge, and a delicious meal of tuna, noodles, and carrots was soon ready. "There's a big pot of French onion soup if anyone's still hungry," Heather said. "We'll leave it on the stove and you can help yourself."

Cards were brought out, and Brian turned his transistor radio on. They almost wished he hadn't when they heard that a storm called "Larry" was expected to drop twelve inches of snow into their area. "They should've named it Carl if it's that big!" piped up Heather.

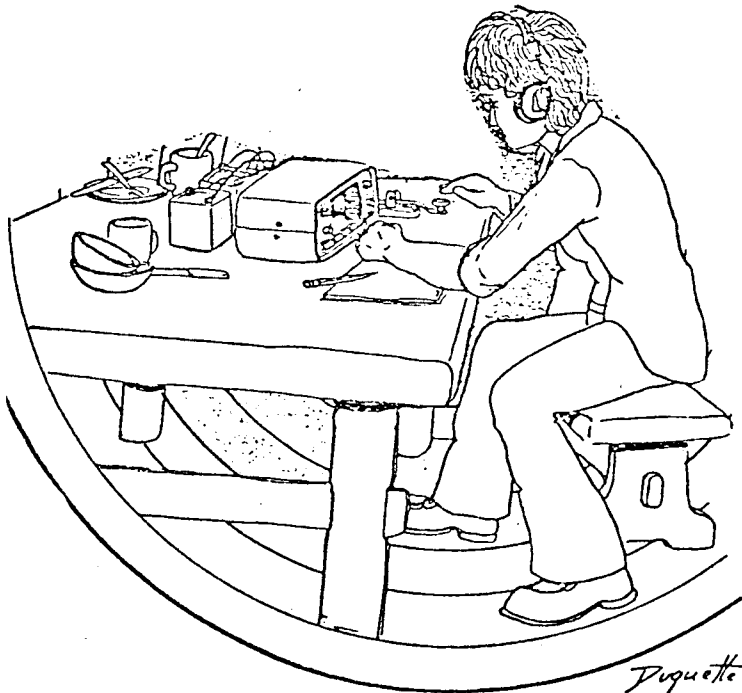
Jeff laughed and said, "All right, we might be stuck here for the next twenty-four hours. Try to be nice to each other. I know you'll all hate to miss school Monday!" When the cheering died down, they intently resumed the card game. Conversation centered around two main topics, the storm outside and the Judo National Tournament. All of the students were on the club's competitive team, which stood a good chance of winning.

"We have a lot of hard work ahead of us, but everybody knows where they have to improve." The coach knew what they were all thinking, which was what an honor it would be to win in the Nationals. He then said, "Let's get ready for bed. I'll send a message in the morning to our families to let everyone know we're OK."

"How about a story?" Heather asked, and everybody enthusiastically agreed. "All right, have I told you the one about the skydiving wedding up in Orange, Massachusetts?" Jeff asked as he picked up the soup kettle with a pot holder. No one was really sure how it happened, but the soup kettle fell from Jeff's hands, struck the table, and splashed hot liquid all over his chest and arms. Jeff screamed and dumped the pot of cold water and melting snow on top of himself. He quickly began stripping off his shirts.

"It hurts, it hurts, help me bandage it up." The group was stricken, and could only watch as blisters formed on Jeff's red, burned chest. Carl jumped up and pulled his dazed friend over to the bed. "Quick, Morgan, help me wrap him up!" They all began pulling cotton longjohns and towels out of their packs and passing them to Carl, who quickly wrapped them into a make-shift bandage. As Jeff was being bandaged, he whispered to Carl: "Treat for shock, I'm going into shock..." Carl laid his friend down and piled blankets on him. Jeff's face was pale, so with Morgan's help Carl put a sleeping bag under his feet.

"Is he going to die?" asked Heather in a quiet voice. "He might if we don't get him to a hospital," Carl answered. Brian wanted to know how that was possible with the blizzard howling outside. "We can use the radio to get help," Morgan yelped, "Glenna knows how!"



All eyes turned on Glenna, who looked at the floor and stammered, "But, but, I've never used it, I just know the code. I can't, I don't know how." Morgan replied, "You know what the coach always said, 'Believe and you can do!'" Morgan led his sister to the operator's seat.

Glenna looked at the faces of her friends. The snowstorm howled and whistled outside. The shallow breathing of her friend and coach came from the bed. All of her doubts fell away and with a new resolve she turned the rig on and tapped out on the key:

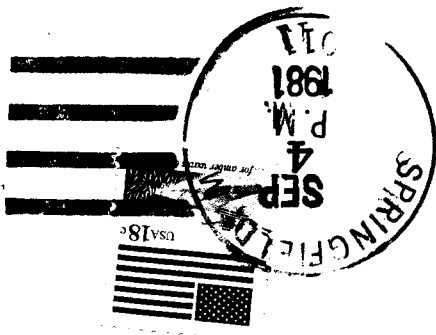
SOS SOS SOS DE K1BE K1BE K1BE K

There was no faltering of her hand, no hesitation in the characters. This message had to get through.

FIRST CLASS MAIL

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
AC1T 11/81
[REDACTED]

SEPTEMBER ZERO BEAT



HAMPDEN COUNTY RADIO ASSOCIATION, INC.
RAY MORIN, KALRG, EDITOR
97 BROOKHAVEN DR.
EAST LONGMEADOW, MASS. 01028

HAMPDEN COUNTY RADIO ASSOCIATION, INC.

Calendar for 1981-82

Club Meetings

<u>Date</u>	<u>Topic</u>	<u>Chairman</u>	<u>Speaker</u>
Sept. 11	Antennas	Paul WA1ZKT	Dick Austin K1QIZ
Oct. 2	Auction	Gent WA1CQF	
Nov. 6	Propagation	Paul WA1ZKT	Ed Tilton W1HDQ
Dec. 4	Christmas Party	Ron WB1ETS	
Jan. 8	R.F.I.	Malcolm WB1CLO	T.B.A.
Feb. 5	Linear Amps	Dick N8BQU	Gent WA1CQF
Mar. 5	International DX	Steve WA1EYF	BILL Poellnitz K1MM
Apr. 2	VHF, UHF, & Moonbounce	John AC1T	David Olean K1WHS
May 7	Flea Market	Larry K1GXU	
June 4	Banquet	Ron WB1ETS	