

# QSA-5

Founded 1933

The Marin Amateur Radio Society Monthly Newsletter

July 2011

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## Upcoming Public Service Events:

**Saturday, August 6** Marin Double Century - 200 mile bike ride in Marin County - Morning, midday, afternoon and evening assignments available. Fixed station operators, sag ride along operators and sag drivers needed.

**Saturday, August 20** Holstein Hundred - 100 mile bike ride in West Marin and West Sonoma Counties - Morning, midday and afternoon assignments available. Fixed station operators, sag ride along operators and sag drivers needed. Start/finish is at Petaluma High school this year.

**Contact Randy, KA6BQF**  
**ka6bqf@arrl.net** or  
**Michael Fischer, K6MLF**  
**fischer@igc.org** to sign up.

**Randy Jenkins, KA6BQF**  
**ka6bqf@arrl.net**  
**510 526.4089**

**Sun spots Explained**  
**Go to this site for info you've**  
**may never have seen. It's not**  
**just about the aurora borealis.**

**<http://www.wimp.com/borealisaurora/>**

## Speaker for October Meeting.

Bill Hillendahl, KH6GJV, our ARRL SF Region Manager says, "The program I have in mind is one on a brief overview of what ARRL does for members and Amateur Radio and answers to questions I have received from various sources."

Bill is an affable fellow who is not usually known to rush into the audience to pound on a heckler.

Guaranteed to keep you awake, too.

Last meeting we attended the quality of the pizza had improved. Plenty of bellywash to ease it right on down.

## 9 AM Sunday HF Check-in?

Our Board of Directors is considering a change from 10 AM to 9 AM for our Sunday HF check in. This would proly be phased in gradually, beginning with both times being used so you'd have a choice of either for a while. If this works out, the switchover to 9 AM could be permanent.

Couple of reasons for this. 1. Interference from another station on the same freq at 10 AM. 2. 75 meters is really a night time band and by 10 AM communication can be a pain in the.....less than enjoyable.

We may get advance warning before we fire up 3915 kc at 9 AM. Maybe not. Matt Schallock-K6OHD, "The Voice of W6SG" could spring it on us at any time.

**No Whining.**

## Board of Director's Thursday, July 14

Members present: Curtis Ardourel, Jerry Foster, John Boyd, Rita Brenden, Rich Carbine, Marilyn Bagshaw, August Koehler, Doug Slusher, and Randy Jenkins. Phil Dunlap was also in attendance.

The meeting was called to order at 19:30 hrs by President Curtis WA6UDS.

The agenda was approved as amended.

The minutes of the June 09 meeting were approved as published.

Treasurer's Report: \$2,235.00 income and \$1,032.96 expenses were reported for June. Bank balances of \$10,056.90 in the Building Account, and \$34,950.76 in the General Account were reported. Some Field Day expenses were outstanding.

Committee reports:

Membership- Phil Dunlap reported that we have around 100 members.

Recreation- Considering John Collins' Ranch for the picnic site.

Public Service - Randy KA6BQF commented on the Dipsea and Double Dipsea events; Summer Sun Day, July 24; Marin Double Century, August 6; Holstein 100, August 20 were coming up.

Technical Committee - Doug KF6AKU reported on a problem with the phone line to the San Pedro Ridge site. There was also a reported problem with the Tam West Peak input site, but it could not be verified. Randy asked about the "drop in repeater" progress.

Comm Truck -Doug reported that a new battery and other maintenance items were completed.

Field Day Committee - Rich reported that results may not be as good as last year due to band conditions. There was also a voltage problem with the generator, which will need to be addressed. The food was excellent.

VE Liaison - Randy reported that the next session was Saturday, July 23.

RACES - There will be a thank you BBQ on August 20. Uniform shirts are available for purchase.

Building Manager - Rich W6UDS commented on contacting a new contractor about the deck repairs.

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Education: Randy and Dave will schedule a Technician class for the fall. Also looking at a "Get on the Air" class.

Speakers – August on DX spotting. September – open (on Labor Day weekend).

October – Bill Hillendahl. KH6GJC, our ARRL SF Region Manager.

Old Business:

The prescriptive easement sign – in Doug's car.

Apartment Repairs – Completed.

Personal property – Working on it. Need to get the backroom cleaned up.

Projection screen – No Change.

Tree Letter – Doug and Matt will talk to neighbor.

Donation Policy: Doug KF6AKU is working on a second part of the policy. Morgan Hill Repeater on 147.330: Doug contacted NARCC to indicate no objection.

Apartment Lease: No progress reported.

Projector donation: Need thank you letter for projector donated 18 months ago. Curtis needed more information on donor and equipment.

New Business:

Waves to Wine – A motion was made and seconded to "Not adopt Waves to Wine as an official MARS event."

UDS/ORI Pass. The Board and the Trustee did give permission to the Sonoma County Radio Amateurs to use the 147.330 repeater for the event. Any members who wish to work the event will be referred to SCRA.

Moving the Sunday Morning 75M check-in net from 10:00AM to 9:00AM was discussed. It was suggested that the Net be run at both times during a transition period. This was left to the discretion of the Net Manager.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned at 20:20 hours.

Respectfully submitted,

Randy Jenkins, KA6BQF Secretary.

The official copy of these minutes shall reside in the Secretary's files as maintained at the Corporate Office.

## THE WAYBACK MACHINE

Issue #5 by William Continelli

On November 2, 1920, Warren G. Harding was elected President of the United States. Millions read the election results in the newspapers the next day. In the Pittsburgh area, however, hundreds heard the election returns the moment they were wired in, thanks to Dr. Frank Conrad, a Westinghouse employee, who broadcast the results over 8XK, his amateur station. This station would evolve into KDKA, and the night of November 2, 1920 has been called the start of the multi-billion dollar broadcast industry. But was it? This month "The Wayback Machine" looks at the evolution of broadcasting, and the amateur's role in it.

The idea of broadcasting was first considered by Lee deForest in May, 1902, when he wrote that "Ultimately, wireless telephony will be possible". He urged the financial backers of the deForest Wireless Telegraph Company to develop and patent the concept. The stockholders, however, were more interested in immediate profits (through massive stock sales) rather than genuine development, and refused to finance the necessary research. Undaunted, deForest in 1907 formed the deForest Radio Telephone Company. In a statement that for 1907 must have appeared radical and even bizarre, but was amazingly prophetic, he wrote, "I look forward to the day when opera may be brought into every home. Some day the news and even advertising will be sent out over the wireless telephone".

Despite deForest's intense interest in this area, he was not the first to broadcast the human voice and music over the airwaves. That honor belongs to Reginald Aubrey Fessenden, a Canadian Professor. He was the first to recognize the inherent flaw in the concept of spark transmissions, and set out to find an alternative. His quest led him to Schenectady, NY, and the services of General Electric's most brilliant scientist, Charles Steinmetz. Fessenden explained his idea: an alternator

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capable of generating waves of 100,000 cycles per second (3000 meters). Steinmetz and his assistant, Ernst Alexanderson, worked for almost two years, and finally produced an alternator that met Fessenden's requirements. The Alexanderson Alternator, as it was now known, was delivered to Fessenden's station in the Fall of 1906. [On the evening of December 24, 1906, ship and amateur operators heard something in their headphones they had never heard before: someone speaking! A woman singing! Someone reading a poem! Fessenden himself played the violin.](#) (The Alexanderson Alternator would play a prominent role in early high power stations and will be fully covered in a column exploring Schenectady's contribution to the development of radio and television).

Not to be outdone, deForest continued his radio telephone experiments in the period 1907-1910, broadcasting from the Eiffel Tower and live from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, where Enrico Caruso was singing. However, all of these transmissions had a major problem: without a pure, stable, direct current CW carrier to modulate, all the signals had a background whine and distortion. Real development in the area of modulated carriers would have to wait until Armstrong discovered the oscillating properties of a regenerative circuit.

By 1916, both Armstrong's circuit and the [Audion](#) were widely circulating in the radio world, and broadcasting surfaced again. Lee deForest resumed his transmissions, with programs of "good music, culture, and lectures". deForest can be credited with two "firsts" in 1916; the first advertisements (for his Audion and other products), and the broadcast of the Presidential election between Woodrow Wilson and Charles Evans Hughes. (Unfortunately, deForest signed off before the California results were in, so he declared Hughes the winner over Wilson).

Also, in 1916, amateur station 2ZK broadcast one hour of music each night. David Sarnoff,

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who had manned his station during the Titanic disaster, also got into the act. He wrote a memo to his employers at American Marconi suggesting a "Radio Music Box", which would become a "household utility". He went on to describe his vision of radio broadcasting, and then turned to finances. He predicted an income of \$75,000,000 or more each year from the sale of receivers. Marconi, still focusing on ship to shore telegraphy, took no action on the memo.

After amateurs had returned to the air in November 1919, hundreds of them began to explore the area of broadcasting. In May, 1920, amateur station 8XK joined many other hams in the transmission of music. Incidentally, it WAS LEGAL for amateurs to broadcast music, news, sports, lectures, advertisements, or indeed just about anything else they wanted. The Radio Act of 1912, still in effect, did not mention "amateurs", rather, one paragraph made a general reference to individual private or commercial stations. The only real restriction was the 1 kw power limit and the 200 meter wavelength. After that, the government didn't care. Thus, those amateurs who had built equipment to modulate their CW transmitters eventually played a phonograph record or two, sang (or tried to sing), or broadcast some form of entertainment.

With all of the above documented evidence, why is November 2, 1920 considered the start of broadcasting? The answer lies not at the transmitter, but at the receiver. Prior to that night, all broadcasts had, in effect, been from one amateur to another, or to a commercial station. The November broadcast, though, was designed and promoted by Westinghouse as a transmission to the general public. Starting in September, stores were selling basic receivers for \$10.00 to receive 8XK. Westinghouse, in effect, had seized deForest's and Sarnoff's idea, and was marketing it to the general public. Thus, it was the makeup of the listening audience that defined the start of

When the word of this successful transmission got out, more amateurs got into the act and set up their own little broadcast stations. By the end of 1921, it was estimated that about 1200 amateurs had made at least one broadcast. Some had a regular schedule of programs and would evolve into commercial stations, others did it just out of curiosity. But there were listeners. Over 400,000 people heard the Dempsey-Carpentier fight on July 2, 1921. Radio sales were approaching 100,000 per year, not counting crystal sets which were selling at the rate of 20,000 per month. However, with this explosive growth came two problems for the amateur.

The first was an identity crisis; what should the role of the amateur be in broadcasting? Some thought we should stay out of it and just stick to traffic handling on CW. Others envisioned the amateur as a jack of all trades, expert CW operator and relay station, as well as community broadcaster. In fact, a new name evolved to describe this amateur/broadcast hybrid, "Citizen" radio or wireless. Even QST was confused; for a period of time in 1921, the word "Citizen" replaced "Amateur" on the front cover.

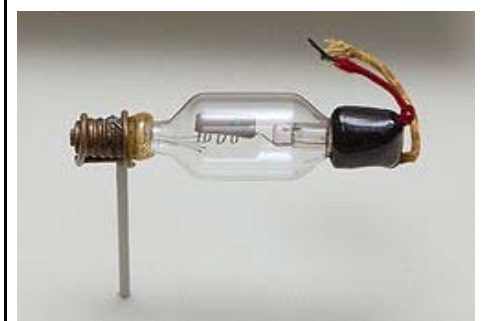
The other problem was frequencies. Everyone - amateur, broadcaster and hybrid - was on 200 meters. Tuning across the dial in 1921, one would mostly hear CW, a few spark holdouts and the new broadcasters. While the amateurs were used to the interference, the general listening public was not. They had purchased their radios to hear music, not CW. Complaints started to pour into the Secretary of Commerce. Legally he was powerless, as the Radio Act of 1912 offered no solutions. A conference was called for all interested parties, held in Washington in February 1922 to try to resolve the impending crisis.

Even though he was exceeding his authority under the Radio Act, Secretary Hoover was able to get the following proposals accepted at the conference: 1) Henceforth, special broadcast licenses

would be issued. Two frequencies would be available for broadcasters immediately, 360 meters (833 kHz) for regular transmissions, and 485 meters (619 kHz) for crop reports and weather forecasts. 2) After the marine interests had abandoned the 220 to 545 meter range (1363 to 550 kHz), it would be turned over to broadcasting. 3) Broadcasting was forbidden by amateurs, who were defined for the first time by name as stations operating "without pay or commercial gain, merely for personal interest". 4) "Quiet Hours" were imposed on all amateur stations effective from 8:00 to 10:30 PM daily, and on Sunday morning.

The fact that the number of broadcast stations dropped from 1200 to 30 immediately after these regulations went into effect shows just how many amateurs were, in fact, pioneer broadcasters. This agreement, however, was a house of cards. Secretary Hoover has stretched his authority under the Radio Act of 1912 well past the breaking point. In 1926, the cards came tumbling down, and the "Summer of Anarchy" was ushered in. How would amateurs fare with no enforceable regulations in place? Join us next time as "The Wayback Machine" explores the events leading up to the creation of the Federal Radio Commission.

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"Triode" Audion from 1908. (The 1906 Audion was a 2-element device with the signal applied to a wire wrapped around the glass envelope.)

**A Bit More on ARRL Field Day**

For the first time we had a low voltage problem with our generator-supplied AC power but it only affected the RTTY station. RTTY transmitters run flat out full power with no carrier off times like a sideband signal and was reported to be pretty much inoperative by voltage starvation. A Single sideband signal has a carrier only when there is modulation.

The RTTY station was at the extreme end of the line from the gen. This included a 100 ft. extension cord. The rest of the rigs, as in years past, had no problems. Without that final cord it might have run OK. We do know that ASTRON transformer power supplies are happy down to 105 VAC input but we don't know what kind of power supply the RTTY rig was drawing its juice from.

To power RTTY from the main distribution box, the rig would have to be moved near it and a shorter, heavier extension cord used. We don't know if this was tried. Rich suggested paralleling the spare conductors in the 250 ft. long cable to reduce the total resistance of that cable. Theoretically a good idea but the required hardware to do this would be expensive and bulky and four cable ends would have to be modified.

The cable is in two 125 ft lengths to make handling easier. The present plugs and connectors won't accept the extra conductors.

A single neutral conductor would be handling the return path for those doubled hot ones. The cable has only five conductors, we're told.

We have an adaptor to connect any gen with 120 VAC output to our 250 ft cable in case of failure.

**On Flying**

There are Rules and there are Laws. The Rules are made by men who think that they know better how to fly your airplane than you. Laws (of Physics) were made by the Great One. You can, and sometimes should, suspend the Rules but you can never suspend the Laws.

About Rules:

- a. The rules are a good place to hide if you don't have a better idea and the talent to execute it.
- b. If you deviate from a rule, it must be a flawless performance. (e.g., If you fly under a bridge, don't hit the bridge.)

The ideal pilot is the perfect blend of discipline and aggressiveness. The medical profession is the natural enemy of the aviation profession.

Ever notice that the only experts who decree that the age of the pilot is over are people who have never flown anything? Also, in spite of the intensity of their feelings that the pilot's day is over I know of no expert who has volunteered to be a passenger in a non-piloted aircraft.

Before each flight, make sure that your bladder is empty and your fuel tanks are full!

He who demands everything that his aircraft can give him is a pilot; he that demands one iota more is a fool.

There are certain aircraft sounds that can only be heard at night.

The aircraft limits are only there in case there is another flight by that particular aircraft. If subsequent flights do not appear likely, there are no limits.

Flying is a great way of life for men who want to feel like boys, but not for those who still are.

Flying is a hard way to earn an easy living.

Some more in the next column.

In the Alaska bush I'd rather have a two hour bladder and three hours of gas than vice versa.

It's not that all airplane pilots are good-looking. Just that good-looking people seem more capable of flying airplanes. Or so seasoned observers contend. A matter of self-confidence? No doubt, no doubt.

I've flown in both pilot seats, can someone tell me why the other one is always occupied by an idiot?

Son, you're going to have to make up your mind about growing up and becoming a pilot. You can't do both.

There are only two types of aircraft -- fighters and targets.

You define a good flight by negatives: you didn't get hijacked, you didn't crash, you didn't throw up, you weren't late, you weren't nauseated by the food. So you're grateful.

New FAA Motto: We're not happy till you're not happy

**Author unknown.**

**Elderfahrten Tale.**

After the eighty-three year old lady finished her annual physical examination, the doctor said, "You are in fine shape for your age, Mrs. Mallory, but tell me, do you still have intercourse?" "Just a minute, I'll have to ask my husband," she said.

She stepped out into the crowded reception room and yelled out loud. "Henry, do we still have intercourse?" And there was a hush. You could have heard a pin drop.

Henry answered impatiently, "If I told you once, Irma, I told you a hundred times...What we have is... Blue Cross!

A few years later after Henry had died the doc asked her during her annual if she had ever been bedridden. She replied, "No. Not since my husband passed on."

## The Shotgun at Sea

Michael Fischer, K6MLF, MARS

It was beautiful. (When you pronounce that word, draw it all the way out: “bea-you-ti-fuuuulll.”) Gorgeous. Classy. Glamorous. But it was, after all, just a shotgun. A double-barreled, 12-gauge shotgun.

“Just a shotgun,” did I say? Oh, no. This was a piece of art, worthy of a museum. The twin barrels were silky-smooth, wonderfully blued. The receiver, shiny and golden, was intricately engraved with wonderful hunting scenes, far from the sea: deer, geese, forest, marsh, and mountains. The thumb-latch, too, was engraved in a filigree pattern. And the stock? Made of glowing cherry and varnished to a high gloss, entirely scratch-free, finely cross-hatched at the handgrip. This weapon was a showpiece. A showpiece, meant to grace a mantle for generations. The trigger action was quiet, solid, and confident.

And there it was, nestled in its custom-built, light-brown sturdy leather case, lined with red velvet. A compact case, with the barrel separated from the receiver-stock unit.

This elegant weapon was on display just for us, the crew of the USS Sigourney, right there on one of our messdeck tables. The raw expressions of awe, envy, longing and lust on the faces of the sailors gathered around were enough to tell you that this was one special shotgun.

It had been purchased in La Coruña by our boatswain’s mate as a prize for the anchor pool. But he clearly had second thoughts about being parted from this thing of beauty—so the anchor pool offered the winning sailor a choice: \$250 or the shotgun.

“Anchor pool? What’s that?” I asked—being a green never-been-to-sea-before young midshipman third. After being told in reluctant grunts by the real sailors, and yearning to have the shotgun just as much as they, I bought a slot in the pool.

Then, as we sailed through that rough North Sea storm above the Shetlands, I forgot about it. That storm: the dramatic rolling, pitching, and yawing of the ship; trying (and failing) to keep our dinners down; standing watch without sleep; learning to manage the helm with the compass-card swinging through 30°; getting all oiled when the refueling hose separated from the trunk not once but several times...well, that’s another story.

So when we got to Gothenburg, I was totally surprised—stunned, really—to learn that I had won the pool. The rest of the crew, I’m sure, was totally disgusted that this mere kid had wrested their dream weapon away from them through pure, dumb, ignorant luck. The heck with them; I was on cloud nine!

The boatswain argued, cajoled, begged in order to get me to choose the \$250. I thought about it, really I did. That was a lot of money in those days—remember, our cigarettes were 90 cents. 90 cents a carton, that is. Gasoline was 17 cents a gallon in San Antonio, my home town. So I did think about it, but the draw of that beautiful shotgun was far too strong.

I was soon separated from my shotgun—at least temporarily. Not only was there no room in my locker, but a sailor simply did not have a weapon aboard. So into the armory it went.

I was briefly reunited with the gun when, after our stop in Hamburg, and just after we left the English Channel, you guys ditched us middies. Right there in the Bay of Biscay, you figured you were up to here with our stunning ignorance, and were saved by the Lebanon Crisis with an assignment to go back to the Kattegat to patrol for Russian subs. Or at least that’s the story you gave us as you highlined us up and onto the cruiser USS Newport News. The last you saw of me was a kid in the bosun’s chair, suspended in the air between the ships, the shotgun nestled in my arms.

You all would’ve hooted with laughter when you saw what happened to us upon alighting from the bosun’s chair! We were greeted by a Marine captain and several enlisted marines, standing at attention. Ordered to stand to attention ourselves, we were told that we were now aboard a real US Navy ship where everyone was expected to wear clean uniforms. Since almost all of us were wearing our blue working outfits that were all oil-stained (either from working the ropeline during the messy refueling attempts in the North Sea or from the normal course of duties aboard.) we were stripped of our clothes and the offending articles were pitched overboard.

That accomplished, the captain turned his attention to the leather case which I was still holding close. When he demanded that I open it, a hush fell over the fantail. “Omigawd,” he breathed, and a knot of sailors and marines gathered around, looking at this gorgeous gun in awe. Recovering himself, he ordered me to attention again, told me that I was to get it to the armory immediately and report back to him.

Then you would’ve REALLY laughed at the sight of me, in my skivvies and accompanied by an armed marine, headed down the labyrinthine passageways of this huge ship, down several levels, to the armory in the forecastle. Sailors and officers alike stopped and stared as we passed by. Since the armory was next to the brig, they assumed I was under arrest—but if so, what was I doing holding a weapon?! **Next page.>>>>**

Of course, that was the last I saw of the shotgun until we mustered out in Virginia a month later. But then began a several-day adventure with the gun close at hand: hopping rides in Navy and Air Force airplanes from Norfolk to San Antonio, via Bolling Green, Wright-Patterson, Little Rock SAC, Dallas, and home. At every stop, SPs and MPs had to investigate this suspicious leather case—and at every stop more men fell in lustful envy as they gathered around to examine the shotgun. Several times they tried to forbid me entry to the base or aboard their aircraft—so I had to argue back, and appeal my case to their officers. It was a big deal, frankly, just getting home with that beautiful weapon.

But then the story ends, sadly. We were a pretty poor family, and I really should have chosen the \$250. The only way we could afford the bus fare and expenses to get me back to college at Notre Dame, in Indiana, was to sell the gun. Damn! After all that?!

Part of the mystery and allure of the weapon was that it was purchased in a small gun shop in a small, obscure Spanish city—and it had no maker's name engraved on it. All the identification it had was a half-dozen Chinese (Japanese?) characters and a serial number stamped into the breech end of the barrels. The gun shops in San Antonio didn't know what to make of it, or how to set a value on it. So, after going to every gun shop in the city—and pawnshops, too—I sold it to the highest bidder, with extreme reluctance. I won't tell you the price it fetched, but it wasn't \$250.

Here it is, more than 50 years later, and I still smile with pleasure at the simple and elegant beauty of that lovely shotgun—and the crazy adventures that it gave me in those few short weeks in 1958. Sorry, fellas—it would've been a different (and probably far better) story if one of you had won that anchor pool!

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**Memorial Day w/e at Lake Tahoe** had some unusual weather. The following pix were shot at Tahoma on Saturday evening, Sunday morning and the last one on Monday morning. 5/28, 29 and 30.



Large bear ambled thru after a short hunt for the Sunday paper.



Home-made stalagmite. Faucet left dripping overnight.



## Operating on the USS Pampanito at Pier 45 Fisherman's Wharf, SF

It was a normal San Francisco summer day: chilly, overcast and gloomy. Nevertheless, the Fisherman's Wharf area was crowded, and there was a steady stream of visitors aboard the **USS Pampanito**, more than half of them, as usual, from Europe .

The undersigned and a first-time guest operator, Jim Perry KI6RYE of San Francisco, reported aboard around 1000 and secured just after 1500.

Between those hours, we made 35 contacts on 17, 20 and 40 meters. More than half of the contacts were with participants in this weekend's IARU international contest. A couple of old friends, as well: Ed, N6VHD, from Pine Grove and Rem, K6BBQ, the fella who roped me into operating aboard several years ago.

Den here: Ed, N6VHD, is my neighbor about a mile from my QTH here in Pine Grove and is known as on the air as "Pine ." If you work "Pine Grove Eddy" on the bands, he may tell you he lives in Poverty Flats, but he really lives in Pine Grove. Come to think of it, there is not much difference between the two!

Among our visitors were two licensed radio operators and two submariners—one a serving active duty sailor and the other a dewy-eyed former crew member of a Balao-class boat. Four groups of visitors from Italy, three groups from the Czech Republic, two from Mexico, four from New Zealand, and others wanted to stop and talk about their own experiences and to ask questions about America, San Francisco, and the boat—in that order. As usual, we had more than a dozen young people in the radio room, several of whom got to talk on the radio, and most of whom had photos taken by beaming parents.

Marvin Wong was on the mess deck for much of the day, giving his own inimitable welcome. And, great surprise, two visitors even knew why the control room is rigged with red lights. They, of course, are in the very tiny minority of visitors who have even the slightest clue about that fact.

Our gremlins are still quite active in the radio room—on Thursday, as I reported, when Jim and I stopped by for an orientation visit, the 2-meter rig stopped transmitting audio signals in mid-QSO. Today, the PO from the FT890, even after multiple tweaks of the antenna tuner, was between 5 and 10 watts. That radio was performing flawlessly on Thursday, and it hadn't, of course, been touched since. After 15 minutes of puzzled scowls and button-pushing, it decided to behave, and transmitted well for the remainder of the day, with good signal reports from across the country. I suspect an aging microphone, since I did tap it against the table just before the radio started working well again. Therefore, Den, if you have spare mics for both radios, I suggest that you bring them along for the next DDO.

Den here: Unfortunately, I don't have an extra mic for the Yaseu VHF / UHF rig. The problem is most likely involves the mic connector cable or the connector itself.

In closing, a special shout-out for Jim Perry, KI6RYE, our guest op. He took to the duty immediately, was a quick study about the boat (having closely reviewed our website,) was a careful and skilled radio operator, good at picking out weak signals. His radio protocol is excellent, as is his warm and friendly welcome to the visitors aboard. Please give him a thank-you from the top.

Respectfully submitted, Michael Fischer K6MLF

131 Bolsa Avenue, Mill Valley, CA 94941-1101

415 383 5855 415 519 2201 cell

Den, K6ZJU, here again: We have our next DDO aboard the boat on Saturday, August 13, 2011. I hope to be on the boat this time around.

**General Membership Meeting** is held on the first Friday of each month at Alto District Clubhouse at 27 Shell Road in Mill Valley, starting at 7:30 PM. Come a little early for pizza or whatever. From hwy 101, head west toward Mill Valley on E. Blithedale. Turn right at the first stop light a block off the highway. Angle right at next stop sign, then turn left at next corner, Shell Road. We are in a two story building, second from the corner on the left directly under the power lines.

**Business/Board Meeting** meets at the Alto District Clubhouse in Mill Valley on the second Thursday at 7:30 PM. Members are encouraged to attend and try to keep the clowns honest.

**Sunday morning informal meeting**, grinningly called the bible/babble class, meets every Sunday morning at the Alto District Clubhouse in Mill Valley starting at roughly 0800 hours and runs to around 1100 hours +or-. Sometimes we even talk about radio.

**The Sunday Emergency nets.** Come on down and watch Matt K6OHD do the nets. You could try it yourself, while Matt stands by, and get rid of any mike fright you might have. If at any time you feel a panic attack coming on, Matt will get you thru it.

<p><b>Marin Amateur Radio Society</b>  <b>President:</b> Curtis Ardourel WA6UDS                      510-595-3494  <b>Vice President:</b>                      Jerry Foster WA6BXV 892-3829  <b>Secretary:</b>                      Randy Jenkins KA6BQF  <b>Treasurer:</b>                      Doug Slusher KF6AKU  <b>Additional Board Members:</b>                      Marilyn Bagshaw N6VAW 479-3704                      John Boyd KE6ORI 924-4419                      Rita Brenden KG6WPN 707-557-5521                      Rich Carbine W6UDS 479-3136                      Horst Dannecker KA6BHZ 459-6163                      Matt Schallock K6OHD 531-2676</p>	<p><b>Education Chair:</b>                      Randy?                      491-0318  <b>VE Liaison:</b>                      Randy Jenkins KA6BQF                      510-526-4089  <b>Building Co-Managers</b>                      Matt Schallock K6OHD 531-2676                      Rich Carbine W6UDS 479-3136  <b>Trustee for W6SG:</b>                      Augie Koehler KØCQL  <b>Trustee for K6GWE:</b>                      Doug Slusher KF6AKU  <b>Sunday Emergency Nets:</b>                      Matt Schallock K6OHD  <b>Assistant to the Treasurer:</b>                      Dave Hodgson KG6TCJ 332-1864</p>	<p><b>DX Representative of ARRL:</b>                      Jerry Foster WA6BXV 892-3829  <b>WEBMASTER</b>                      Glenn Meader N1ZKW 987-3948                      N1ZKW@ARRL.NET  <b>Public Service Event Coordinator</b>                      Randy Jenkins KA6BQF                      510-526-4089  <b>ARRL San Francisco Section Mgr.</b>                      Bill Hillendahl KH6GJV@ARRL.ORG  <b>Editor of QSA-5 and Procurer of The Bellywash</b>                      Phil Dunlap K6PHD 491-0318                      K6PHD@ARRL.NET  <b>Membership:</b>                      Phil Dunlap K6PHD</p>
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**Marin Amateur Radio Club, Inc.**  
**P. O. Box 6423**  
**San Rafael, CA 94903**

**Dues structure is: \$25. per year. \$30. for family memberships.** No dues are charged for Life or Honorary members.

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