

No Dungeon lesson
this time around.

Other regular
stuff. But we
have a
special report
from Lenard
Roach.

Plus a list of new things
that came into us.

Celebrating

30
years as a group

See inside for why no electronic issue

The Village Green

THE VOICE OF THE A.C.U.G. #447
Officers of the A.C.U.G.

Those that didn't run fast enough

Chairman (Sensei) David O.E. Mohr

Treasurer: Scott Farley (#16)

Commodore Librarian: Imperial Warlord (#2)

Editor/SysOp: Lord Ronin from Q-Link (#1)

SUG rep: Amiga Scott Farley (#16), Emulators Scott Farley (#16), GEOS Lord Ronin,
Basic Programming Lord Ronin.

Deputies Commodore Librarian #30, Editor/SysOp Vixen (#3) Imperial Warlord (#2)
WareCat (#23) Cracking PAL->NTSC Mad Max (#21) Linux & General Destined (#8)
WebMeister Balzabaar

A.C.U.G. History & Policy

Legend has it that we started out in 1978ce as a PET group. Documents exist that show us active in 1983 as a functioning users group. A.C.U.G. stood for "Astoria Commodore Users Group". This is until the early 90s with the scare from Escom. Then it was changed to be "Amiga & Commodore Users Group". This was changed after an attack on the group by Mark Reed. Who destroyed the Amiga part. Name became "Anything Commodore Users Group" at the July 2006ce business meeting. Group now stands to work with all Commodore PC platforms, including emulators.

Membership is open to all of like mind. A desire to learn and explore this collective PC platform. Cost is \$18 per year for North America. Though the attack upon us has cut back many resources that are being slowly rebuilt. Members will receive a membership card, Certificate of membership and a starters disk. All created on a Commodore or hardware that works with a Commodore. Members also receive the monthly publication "The Village Green". A newsletter of group happenings, interests and very biased opinions pro Commodore. Page count is now returning to 20 pages in booklet form. Most often done with Post Print 3.8. An Electronic version is also at times available. Members are able to have the longest time and no U/D credit cost on the BBS (currently being rebuilt) Local members have access to the software and hardcopy library and all members have a discount on Commodore and Amiga items bought through the sponcer shop, Mohr Realities Games. Members also can gain the monthly 1541 disk "The Penny Farthing". Copies are 75 cents each month. Regardless of the amount of disks issued. Long distance members are able to gain the disks in .D64 through the Inet or from the BBS (both options are being recreated at this moment) We consider ourselves to be the most fanatical Commodore group in the multiverse.

Contact and Next Meeting

Snail Mail: ACUG #447 623 29th St. Astoria Ore 97103

Voice/Machine: 503-325-2616

BBS (being recreated) 503-325-2905

inet: lordronin@vcsweb.com

sho-vah side Ph# 503-325-1896 Inet: alberonn@qwest.net sho_vah69@yahoo.com

Website <http://www.acug0447.com>

Next Meeting is 7:00pm 17/July/08ce at Mohr Realities Games. Demos, visitors and Smokers welcome.

30th anniversary meeting

Notes from the Meeting of 19/June/2008ce



7:00pm



Approved (notations in Editor Report)



Much of the information was covered outside of the main meeting. At the time of the meeting there were no found newsletters for the exchanges. As things in the commune and in the shop are still in chaos.

A belated, for the official records happy birthday was given to LR. Whose body made it to 58 this month. Mind is still at 18, but that really doesn't matter for our group. Was agreed upon that one must be quite a bit off to hold an office in this group (VBG). A500 gave her usual security inspection of everyone. Collecting her toll of pettings, then stayed in her guard tower for the meeting.

As the reader can tell, those that are obtaining this in the traditional way. We have a working printer. This is a HP laserjet 2100TN. Presented by #8 (Destined/weirdwolf) when he popped by with things for the Linux work. Printer was tested on the C=128 with post print. Doing an imported font test along with the regular tests of the GeoPub and GeoPaint work. A500 though considers it to be a new kitty place. Tests worked out fine in GeoPaint. Allowing the creation of the sleeves and labels for the April, May and this month, June issues of the Penny Farthing. These where passed out in the meeting. Several signs with the imported font, where created for price tags, exterior sale signs, interior signs for the shop. Done in GeoPub and then in post print.

Last Monday's Cyber Space meeting was good. Low attendance this time around. Talk was in general about the C= and linux in how it is relating to the A.C.U.G. One member of the online meeting (UncleSpam) was helpful with Linux ideas. Reason for this will be explained in the Editor/SysOp section.

Temp loss of this C=128 and lost work. Also explained in the Editor/Sysop report. Though it was mentioned on the groups mail list. Speaking of the mail list. We have a new member there, George Jakenta of Penn. Retired and a collector of vid games. As well as the most holy and scared C= George has also been a member for a long time of the Meeting C-64/128 Users Through The Mail or MTTM.

TREASURER

\$30 as the group bought a couple cans of Fosters for LR in regards to his birthday. Several more collections of 1cent bits have been tossed into the jar and await counting and rolling. #16 has to re-set his system to use GeoCalc for the records of the group. Stated that he will return to the process of hunting up the ways for our Non Profit status. After he has time to relax. After returning from his 2nd tour of Iraq.

COMMODORE LIBRARIAN

Since the printer worked. The last two months of the Penny Farthing were presented at the meeting. In proper sleeves along with the labels. As for this month. Side #1 has the Read Me file explaining this months disk. Game Dalek Attack and it has trainers. As we had heard from the source that sent us to the file. That they are needed to play the game. Game intro as a separate file for viewing. Came that way to us. Demo called lillith, and a menu. Because of an error the menu won't load as the first file. Slight oversight on our part. Use the load command for the file £2 as that is the menu title. Side #2 has the edited, proof read and spell checked Operation Lost Cat in GeoWrite, episodes 24-35. These are in GeoZip. If you don't have that tool on your system. Use the unzip tool that you do have and then use convert 2.5.

EDITOR SYSOP

Well like the dum ork lamer I say that I am. I didn't save the collection of GeoWrite articles for Six and the Cincinnati Group into the hard drive. They were in the RAM of the SCPU. Waiting for me to spell check them before GeoZipping them with the fonts. However there was a problem. We had a power outage of about 2-3 seconds. I found out later in the day that it hit at least several blocks in the area. When I came to the shop. I saw the black 80c screen. But not flashing cursor. SCPU light was on, HD was on, FD was on in active mode. Reset the computer and the HD. Long story short the SCPU would not reset with the Wheels programme after re-setting the size of the SCPU RAM. Found that the case of the HD was very hot. Did an immediate shut down of everything. Took a day off and played the DreamCast. Made A500 happy. As she had a day of lap time. Next day praise to the C= headed goddess everything works fine. A fan that was presented by Eddie the One, has been installed and the previous one was moved to another location. But many projects that were not saved have been lost. So must spend time doing them over again.

OK then this issue is obviously in the print format. I promised pix of the major items that came in the Amiga arrangement. These will be taken and adjusted. However, unless I can get the grey scale stuff to work in that "gimp" tool on the kajira. They will come as electronic, but in colour. Problem with that is

Ah the kajira went out on me. #3, made an emergency visit to try to repair what happened. That didn't work for us. At the moment, making a very long two day battle that ended in mega frustration for everyone around. I am using the second system with a 10gb HD. Access and other things are sorely limited. One of those things is the fact that the e-mail address book

for the A.C.U.G. is on the dead HD. So sending the electronic issues out or the colour attachments, will need either a replacement of the addies. Or we wait till #8 has copied this data and others to another HD and we can install that for us on the kajira.

However we can pull images off of the CD unit. No work has been done on the 3 1/2" floppy drive at the time of the meeting. This problem happened on Thursday the week before the meeting. But we suspect that it will function for our tasks. This though has put a big stop to the copying work of the files from the HD on the C= for the formatting and the reinstallation of the BBS. As a new storage media need to be worked out. Having the fear of the current setup going out on us. A few tests on burning CDs needs to be made first. Idea is to copy to disks, to the kajira and then burn a CD. However we have a new flavour of linux on the kajira. ubuntu 8.04 hardy heron. So we must learn to use the new tools in this task. Before we can do the work.

I received a gift from an IRC member named Garth. Who lives in Australia. A file, and the file is 73mb in size. Contains 1032 .D64 files. I opened it up and well. Did some re-work on them. Rest of this story is in the Deputy area. Though I was told by Garth that there is a lot of Geos stuff in the files. Need to add that I suspect I will be sending a good portion of these over time to #2 as they are in PAL for the most part.

OK we have a treat this issue. There is a story from Lenard Roach about his BBS. I'll leave that alone now, as I have added comments at the end of his story. Explaining a few points that I had to do on the editing and Lenards great work in the field.

DEPUTIES

#70 has made a stack of disk boxes that came in from the sho-vah arrangement with him. these are not the Amiga ones. Although that is part of his task as well. These are the C= disks that need to be checked and sorted. Also on C= disks. He found a faster way to zip up the files from Garth. Who had made all the .D64 files and then zipped them into one gigantic 73mb file. Naturally that is useless for our work. #18 had opened the main file and then started on zipping up the individual ones. Making them easier to transport to the C=128 and then be reverted back to normal 1541 disks. #30 by experimentation found a faster method of zipping the individual .D64 files and did the 950 remaining in under 4 hours. Now they need to be transferred to a disk and brought down to the shop for reversion.

#16 has been fighting over several days to make the Amiga 4000 Power Tower function. Now this isn't as bad as it sounds at the start. Actually it is worse. As mentioned previously in these issues. This tower thing is in payment to #30 for an outstanding financial debt that was owed to him by the sho-vah. He wants it to be used on his 1942 monitor. Sounds simple doesn't it? Well the tower is running the picasso 96 thing. Good news is that the adaptor for the monitor to the 4000 isn't needed. Oh yeah an update needed here on that one. The adaptor that the sho-vah said he mislaid/lost about 10 years ago. Then told #30 to buy a new one. Was

uncovered in a box of things on a resort of the Amiga items he sent to the A.C.U.G. However this cannot be used, on the 4000 board. The tower case physically prevents it from being installed. So back to the picasso96 thing. #16 has done some research and asked questions on our mail list for help. Thanks go to Jaeson for his assistance on the mail list. This has allowed #16 to move along in the project. Though it seems that several important files are missing. A full re-install of the picasso96 is to be underway soon. Well it did start, but the system wanted some files and he has no idea where they are located. More questions and more hunting. Thankfully the CD with many files for the Amiga on it, does work on the Amiga and they have been transferred to the system. Would have been nice if there where the dox for the picasso96 thing. Better if it had all been done right instead of the sho-vah just doing a bare bones set up. Which is very confusing for us to understand.

Semi related to the C= as well as the Amiga projects. The linux system. Making a very long and frustrating story shortish. #8 made an emergency trip to the kibbutz. Where he was attempting to repair some smeg ups on the linux system. Things went from bad to worse. The main system that is used failed. The new system that arrived from him a few days earlier, also failed. He spend a long Friday night deep into Saturday night attempting to make the stuff work. End result is the stripped down system to do basic inet, web, irc and the CD Rom with floppy work. We want to thank him for his time, efforts and monetary output for us. As he was also in the middle of a big and distant move at the same time. This is what C= people are about.

SIGS

Programming has taken a back seat again, Rash of things has cut that one, but interest has again been raised. Geos was mainly writing information for the different tasks #1 has taken on. Question of raising Amiga to a S.I.G. level. Once the tower is working so there is a functioning Amiga at the shop.

DISCUSSION DEMOS

Amiga difficulties in regards to what the sho-vah did to the system. coupled with the desire to have it on one specific monitor. Though it works on another one. Geos and the writing of #1, on the lines of why aren't others writing. Which gained a lot of sheepish looks. Along with statements of "I can't write". The reason to save the bloody files and not leave them in RAM. As #1 has about 7 to re-create for the Cincinnati group. Ideas for more use of the #acug IRC channel. Nothing specified for this meeting. How it is possible as well as how it is done in the transfer of files from the C= to the linux and the reverse. This presented a later demonstration. Earlier the use of how to create things in Geos & Wheels. Laid out in Post Print and then printed on the laser printer, was given to #8. There was a suggestion that #1 write about these two topics in the newsletter. (someday)

Plans for what to present at MossyCon 5, and plans for the July meeting and our 30th anniversary. These were discussed. Many ideas, not all grounded as of yet.

Stated that the elections will be held at the July meeting. No change has been offered to the current officers. Not even with threats of popping members into deputy positions.



around 8:30pm officially. However talk on the linux with file transfers and the Amiga situation lasted later and into the game.

The Rise And fall Of The Pulpit

LENARD R. ROACH {LENARDROACH@ZYANOD.COM}

It was a dank and clammy night. The wind wafted through the trees, obliterating any light being made by the moon. I stood in the empty alley behind the 7-11 awaiting "him." He was late. I should of known better than to trust him, but he was the only on who had the goods. Sure, I could have gone out of town and picked it up, but I was already running late. A trip out of town would require a special explanation to the wife, and I have lied to her enough. After this last pick up, I would be done. I'm calling it quits. I'm getting too old and the people I have been dealing with are becoming too dangerous.

Just as I was ready to give up, get back into my '85 Chevette and leave, I heard him. Who couldn't hear him? His old '76 Toyota Corolla with the bad muffler, bearing and squeaky shocks could be heard from a quarter mile away. As he approached, the alley cats scrambled for cover. I should have done the same, but this meeting was too important, and I needed his special brand of "merchandise."

His one headlight remained on high beam as he stopped just behind my car and his vehicle sputtered to a stop. I could barely see the driver, but I knew it had to be "him." The moan of a rusty car door opening, the crunch of gravel under foot, and the rhythmic footfalls told me that he was approaching. He stopped just in front of his headlight, the light silhouetting his frame. His appearance was that of nothing I have ever seen.

He was a ball. Thats right. Nothing more than a ball, perfectly round hairy ball of ... what? My contact looked like a five foot tribble as he slowly approached me.

"Captain L?" he asked in a gruff voice.

"The same." I tried looking past the fuzz, but to my amazement I didn't find anything tangible that was holding this hairball up. "Am I addressing The Great Hairy One?"

"At your service," he replied.

"Do you have the stuff?" I asked directly.

"Do you have the payment?"

I patted my left jacket pocket. "I have it here."

"Let's see it."

"First let me see the merchandise."

"Don't you trust me?"

"I trust everyone. It's the devil inside them I don't trust."

"Do you think I'm the devil?"

I looked intently at him. "I don't know what to think. Nonetheless, the merchandise, please."

The Great Hairy One grunted. I think it was a laugh, but from the creature I could not tell. He stepped to the rear of his Toyota and somehow opened the trunk.

"Come and see," he beckoned.

I stepped out of the headlight beam and crossed to the back of his Toyota, my body tense and ready for anything. This unknown creature could do anything and without me knowing where any hands, feet, or weapons would hide I didn't want to take any chances. I stood at the back of the car for a few minutes, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the little lighting that was there, but once they did, I could not believe what I was looking at ...

There before me was all that I was looking for Commodore drives, keyboards, REUs, modems, the whole lot.

"I brought extra in case there was something else that you wanted," The Great Hairy One said.

I started to rummage through the plethora of Commodore computer equipment when something grabbed my arm and pulled me back. I looked at The Great Hairy One. He was standing close.

"Tsk, tsk," he said gruffly. "You've seen that I deliver, now how about you?"

I reached into my left jacket pocket and pulled out a flat, plastic, square package. Something from under the fuzz pulled it out of my hand and the package was instantly consumed by the hair. He began to giggle; at least I think it was a giggle. At any rate, I think he was happy with what I brought in exchange for the Commodore merchandise.

"Weird Al's Even Worse album on CD," he said, "just what I asked for, and new, too."

"I got it fresh off of Amazon. I never opened it. I brought it immediately out here to you."

"You've done well." There was a lilt in his voice. "Please feel free to take all that you need."

"Do you want something extra for the other Commodore stuff?"

"I already have all I wanted," The Great Hairy One said as the sound of the first track began to play from underneath all the hair. I quickly rummaged through the computer equipment, grabbed an extra 1581 drive, an REU, and some DSDD 3.5 disks and made my way back to my Chevette. After loading these items in the car, I got in, started the vehicle and left. All the while The Great Hairy One was dancing away around the alley.

Thus was the beginning of the work which was soon to become the greatest and yet short lived bulletin board system ever to run on a Commodore 64

... The Pulpit BBS.

Well, this may not be exactly how this all began ... in fact, this is only partly true ... all right, I lied out my teeth! You want the truth? Fine. I'll give it to you, but I must warn you, it's not anywhere as exciting or mysterious as the previously written pages.

It began in the summer of 1994. I was calling so many local BBS from my Commodore and even though all these boards were great, there really didn't seem to be anything out there for anyone of faith to call that was Commodore based. I have seen how some of these boards were set up from my calling in and the jealousy began to rage in my breast. I know I could do something better with my C64 system, but I had neither practical experience nor the software to make it all possible. On a perchance posting on the KBPD Commodore board, I read from its SysOp, "Sgt. Butch," that he was planning to shut down his board in favor of going to the IBM format and was looking for someone to purchase his Commodore equipment and subsequent files which made up the KBPD. I instantly jumped at this opportunity and after several hours on my knees begging my beautiful and understanding wife Alana to allow this purchase to happen, we were on our way to Belton, Missouri, with money in hand and her father's pick up to get this large amount of Commodore merchandise. The deal was struck, and within about an hour's time we had all of "Sgt. Butch's" Commodore computers, drives, and disks loaded in the Dodge Ram and we headed back to Kansas City, Kansas.

"It's your stuff, dear," Alana said sternly as we pulled up in front of the house. "You drag it into the house and put it away. I want nothing more to do with it."

Like a child in a candy store, I began the joyous task of unloading the pick up and putting all that Commodore equipment in its proper place. As I dragged all this out of the vehicle, I examined each piece carefully, deciding what could go into storage in the basement and what went immediately into the computer room for set up to my soon to exist BBS. As I worked a thought occurred to me: What was I going to call my new BBS? Sure, it was going to be set up as a Christian BBS, but it needed a catchy name ... something that would grab a users attention and make him keep coming back for more. The Church? The Steeple? The Way? The Door? The Outhouse? I finally had to begin to analyze what it was I was going to do, bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to many wayward Commodore users throughout the greater Kansas City area and beyond. Therefore, by the time everything had a place the name was

chosen. Where else does one hear about the Word but from the pulpit? So by set up time, the new BBS was going to be named The Pulpit.

Now, what software was I going to use? I had "Sgt. Butch's" C*Base 3.0 disk, but with working offline with the confusing and often frustrating C*Base 2.0, I wasn't ready to tackle it's upgraded cousin. I went through the disk files and found several BBS packages to work with. After calling several friends, I asked them to call in to my house line with their Commodores and go through each BBS package I uploaded and give me their opinion of each. One by one, packages like Ivory and other programs, both familiar and unfamiliar, were eliminated. Finally, the argument was inevitable. I had to learn to use C*Base 3.0, the best BBS package for the Commodore 64 of the day.

I dialed into The Temple Of Doom BBS and asked its SysOp, "Indiana Jones," who was running C*Base 3.0, for a crash course in how to set up and operate the software. He was very cordial and helped me in ways I couldn't imagine. It took a couple of weeks, but I got all the files ready and each disk drive set up to receive messages in accordance to the functioning of C*Base.

The day came. I posted on all the BBS I was a member of to let users know that The Pulpit BBS was online and ready to help in any spiritual needs out there in cyberspace. At first the calls came rushing in, so much so that we put in a second phone line to handle the flow of messages and questions. Then the BBS went from part time to a full 24/7 running time. At first it seemed that The Pulpit was going to be a big success and everything was going to be fine. What could possible go wrong? Plenty.

I'm sure those who ran BBS in the past have had their share of rascals, that would log in and start harassing the users. The Pulpit had it's problem child. A Ku Klux Klan member who liked to call in at 3:00 am while drunk and send hate messages to everyone on the board began causing stuff among members. Distress posts went out to me and I tried to quell those who were distressed by letting them know that The Pulpit, like a church, was open to all those who are in need. It was apparent that this person was in need and I didn't want to shut him out of the church because he had a problem. That would not show him the help he seemed to need. However, I would talk with him and see what could be done. Our conversation was brief in the message base, but the user agreed to back off and not do that again. A week went by and everything was fine. Then a post came to me saying he was getting sexually rude with one of the women members of the BBS. I went into the private message base of The Pulpit and read what was sent to one of the women. Nothing shocking in my opinion, but still I would investigate further. The problem user again agreed to back off.

Keeping this person as a user on The Pulpit and not just kicking him out like other users insisted I should do began to draw off members to the BBS. Calls became more infrequent to the base. I would check on some of the other BBS where I knew some of these users frequented and they all basically said that if you're going to keep that person around on The Pulpit, then they were not going to call in anymore. I finally demoted this users access rating to the lowest possible, leaving him a private message explaining what I had done and why. A

heated message came back from him and he no more called The Pulpit. I posted on the other BBS that the problem was permanently solved, but the damage was already done. If this was how I was going to conduct my church, then they wanted no part of it. Calls came almost to a crawling halt. The Pulpit was dying.

To add insult to injury, one summer day in July 1995, I got a knock on my living room door while I was working on some upload files to The Pulpit. I got up and answered the door. Before me stood a uniformed member of the Kansas City, Kansas Police Department and a worker from the Board of Public Utilities. The officer spoke first.

"Are you Lenard Roach?"

"I am," I answered. "Is there something wrong?"

"May we come in?"

"Surely," I said. I stepped away from the door and allowed the officer and BPU worker into the house. The officer stood in front of me while the worker immediately went about the house checking in each room. He entered the basement where I stored all my Commodore overflow.

"What is this all about, officer?" I asked. At first I thought that maybe my dog bit a BPU worker while they were out to read the meter and they were searching for the dog, but the officer's words brought me to a total loss.

"Mr. Roach, are you aware that you are using a lot of energy at this residence?"

"No." Now I thought someone tapped into my power again, but the officer continued to speak.

"Mr. Roach, we have reason to believe that something illegal is happening in this house."

My jaw dropped. "Like what?" I asked.

"You tell me."

"I have no idea." I pointed to the basement. "What does something illegal have to do with the BPU?"

"Mr. Roach," the officer began, "Whenever the Board Of Public Utilities detects a spike in energy use, they call us to come out with them to examine the premises in case they find any illegal activity. With their diligence we have shut down many operations here in the area."

"What kind of illegal operations might I ask?"

"Portable pot farms."

I drew a breath in amazement. "Are you trying to say that I have been growing marijuana here and the BPU can detect that? How is that possible?"

"Portable pot farms require a lot of sunlight in order to make them work. This sunlight can be artificially created with sunlamps put in a damp spot like a basement or crawl space where marijuana can grow and thrive. Sunlamps need a lot of electricity to work. This excess energy use causes a spike in the customers electricity bill, drawing suspicion that the resident may be doing something illegal. When that happens, they call us and we come out with the BPU to investigate."

"So you think I'm growing pot, right?"

"Again, you tell me."

The BPU worker came up from the basement and crossed the kitchen into the dining room where the officer and I were. "I didn't find anything here that looks like they had any sunlamps hooked up to anything in the basement or crawl space."

The officer looked square at me. "Can you explain the spike in energy use in your home, Mr. Roach?"

I turned to the BPU worker. "May I ask when your department detected the so called energy spike in my bill?"

"About six months ago," he answered.

"That's about the same time I set up this." I led the men to the computer area where I was working earlier on The Pulpit. I pointed at the Commodore 64. "I have been running an online BBS that is like an electric church. Would you like to see how it works?"

"That's not necessary," the officer said. The BPU worker got on his hands and knees and looked at all the power bricks that went to the keyboard and various drives of the unit. After a few seconds of examination, he arose and faced the officer.

"This has to be it," he said. "These components are each pulling a significant amount of power. Put them all together and you have an good power drain."

I smiled at them both. Really, I was trying to keep a civil tongue in my mouth by not shouting "Retards!" directly to their faces.

The officer sighed and hung his head for a moment. He looked up at me and also smiled. "We're sorry to have bothered you, Mr. Roach. Please understand that this is all routine. Please accept our apologies. You have a nice day. We'll see ourselves out."

After the officer and BPU worker left, I sat down in the computer chair and faced the Commodore 64; a rude user, no callers, and now this. I looked up at the ceiling to address God. "I'm sorry, sir," I said, "this just isn't worth it." I hopped online and posted at several different boards that The Pulpit was going to close it's doors by the end of next week. "Thanks for everyones support in this endeavor, but I feel it necessary that due to circumstances this ministry should shut down." I got some congratulations for a job well done and some sorry to see it leave messages on the other boards, but nothing came to The Pulpit's boards directly. By the end of the week, I pulled the plug on what once started as a great idea.

Six months passed ...

"Lenard, what are you going to do with all this Commodore junk?" Alana asked in January of 1996. "If you're not going to do that computer thingie that you were so hopped up to do last year, then do something with all this stuff."

She was right. All I was using my Commodore for now was writing, BBS calling, and the occasional game play. I needed to clear some of this equipment out of the office and put it somewhere other than the basement, where the load of "Sgt. Butch's" Commodore machines and disks still remained. My glory days of making my Commodore out to be something were all gone. As a matter of fact, with the introduction of this thing they were calling the internet, BBS were shutting down by the dozens. There really wasn't much thinking about what should be done. The Commodore was still great, but there can still be too much of a good thing. This was it. I stepped over to the phone and made a call ...

It was a clear and cold night. I awaited by my Chevette for "his" arrival behind the 7-11. I didn't have to wait long to hear the familiar sputtering of the Toyota. Behind me he parked and got out. The five foot fuzzball that was The Great Hairy One stepped out of his vehicle and approached me.

"Your post said this was something worth my time," he said in his gravelly voice. "What have you got?"

I opened the hatchback of the Chevette and showed him the plethora of Commodore hardware, disks and magazines I loaded up before the trip. He examined the merchandise carefully.

"I remember a post you made to The Temple Of Doom BBS some time back saying that you would love to have gotten your hands on whatever "Sgt. Butch" had hidden in his garage that he wouldn't sell to you. He sold it all to me, and here it is."

If he had eyes, I think they would have brightened by then. "You're kidding?" he asked me. "This is "Sgt. Butch's" Commodore stash?"

I nodded. He literally jumped into the tail of the car and started digging through the

material like a ravenous beast. I stepped back to stay away from any flying debris as he pushed away hardware and software to find the bits he always wanted. His fur, like tentacles, was holding several pieces of software and equipment in the air.

"This is glorious," he said. "I heard rumor that he had this stuff, but I could never see it for myself. Some of this stuff will give me a pretty penny on the open market. How much to you want for the lot?"

"Nothing. It's all yours."

The material he was holding fell to the ground. I think he was staring at me in disbelief.

"I can't do that, Captain," he said. "It wouldn't be right. I've got to give you something for a haul like this."

"You'd be doing me a favor by just taking it off my hands," I said. "It's starting to clutter up the basement anyway. You'd be making the wife and I very happy if you would take it."

The Great Hairy One took a step forward. "Captain, I'm really sorry about what happened to The Pulpit. It's a great loss to the BBS community. You know I enjoyed visiting your board, but that's no reason to be giving all this stuff away. Please let me give you something for it."

"Like what?"

From under a tuft of fuzz came a crisp \$50 bill.

"Take it," he said. "Consider it a final donation to a once worthy ministry."

I hesitated for a moment, then I reached out and took the money and stared at it. Already The Great Hairy One was loading all the equipment into his Toyota. In mere moments, the Chevette was empty and his car was full.

I climbed into the Chevette and awaited The Great Hairy One to pull out so I could leave, but instead he met me at the driver's door.

"Captain," he said, "thanks. For everything."

I reached out and petted his massive hair. "Thank you."

"What will you do now?"

"Don't worry," I said as I started the engine, "I'm not out of the Commodore business yet. I've got one program published and I'm working on another. A sequel. Who knows? Maybe I'll write a book about working on the Commodore. I don't think anyone's ever done

that."

"Give me a copy."

"Better than that, I'll let you proofread it and I'll put whatever comments you have about it on the back of the book."

"Done."

With that, The Great Hairy One got into his vehicle, backed out, and left, leaving me to ponder my Commodore future ...

££££ FREAKS COMMENTARY ££££

I want to first thank Lenard for his article. Which he had to re-write from his other system, convert it to GeoWrite 2.1 and then send via snail mail on disk to me. Thanks to help from Fresno Commodore User Group member Dick Estell. A while back I had asked him for the history of his Christian BBS "The Pulpit". His first attempt for me was past my ability to convert to Geos. Although if I can do a bit better on my understanding. Might just have a way around that problem. If it works I'll explain it later on.

Here too I want to ad a few things. Lenard is the editor for the Ryte Bytes, the newsletter of the Kansas City Commodore Users Group. Long time readers will have seen my reviews of his newsletter in these pages of cat box lining. Lenard also does the editing for the Fresno Commodore Users Group. And yeah he did write that book, and kindly graced us with a copy. As I remember when he went to an expo in Las Vegas, he quickly sold out of all remaining copies. I want to personally thank Lenard for his article, as I owe him a project for more months than I care to admit. But it is a happening thing slowly. Thank you Lenard, and feel free to send in more. Hey the guys here need something better than my drivel ;?'

Lord Ronin Rambles

So then it is time to bring in the freak and go over some of the things that have gone on recently. Well the C=128 and the Hard Drive are doing well. Though it seems that I need to again adjust for the fan. This is mixed with the need to move this laserjet printer to some place where it isn't in the way of the chair here at the shop. Meaning that the 3'x6' table is going to be cleared off. Hey now I wonder if I can find some of the things that I have lost over the past couple of years. Anyway, this will mean moving a mess of things. Doing a new setup for the stacks so the fan has superiour air flow to the HD. Place the printer on the table in order to make it more accessible and not taking up space. Why that would mean the little milk crate stand can go back to being the coffee cup and ashtray holder, and I won't have to sweep up the ashes from the floor, well at least as often {BG}. And yes Eddie the One at that time I can try out those heat sinks you sent me.

This reminds me that I posted in the mail list, after the meeting. An update on things that are

happening. Now then one of these is the Village Green. Yeah this here cat box & fish wrap thing. In e-mail I had a request for continuing the electronic format. So I offered that option to the list. Granted not all members of the list are members of the actual A.C.U.G. This was for our list members. Those that are long distance. Not all of our members are also on that list <shame on you, who are wired> So I will restate it here for all. Yes it is possible to make <at this time> the print copy and the electronic copy of the newsletter. Those that wish to continue with the electronic copy. All you need do is send the word to me.

This is what I need to do for the issues. Yeah write the stuff is the first part (G). Next is put it all into the Post Print section of Wheels. There we have the split. You see here that the font isn't the Times Roman 14 point. That is swapped for the VillagePlain.pfa font that you see. To do this I must bold face all the main body text. Spacing of the characters is best when I import the other font. Well this would be great if I knew how to use an imported font in making the electronic edition. But I don't and that makes things a little harder. I need to then go over the entire issue. Changing the font back to the plain text form. Not hard to do and takes about an hour. Good thing sales are crud (EG).

Back in Post Print the pages are laid out one by one. I mean for example that I make a 20 page newsletter. Then I make the 20 pages in Post Print, and then lay out each of the 20 newsletter pages into the Post Print file. Sometimes I even get the right page on the right page (VBG) Well at this stage we have the newsletter for print. Set up in this booklet format. Next is to make a disk file of it for the later steps. That is done by sending the file to a disk as a post print project. Makes a file called "newsletter.00" and there will be several other files liked to it for the multiple pages, about 4 IIRC. Next it is go into that file in GeoWrite. Go to page #10 where the fonts are listed. Then remove the times-roman bold and replace it with VillagePlain. Next step is to print the bugger out for us. Praying that the printer takes just one sheet at a time and that the tray is full, as well as not being on the ridge of the milk crate. This is followed by a long walk to the copy place and they put it together, staple and fold it for me. We then put on the labels and staple it, adding a stamp and give the post girl a hernia taking it out of the mail box at the kibbutz. (G)

As for the electronic issue. Close in the steps. Save that in Post Print the layout is not done in booklet. But done in full page. Booklet makes the page be at an angle on the read out and not have the pages in order. There has been a suggestion to make the electronic issue in columns. This is possible, using GeoPub. In the past I had some problems with the lay out and there is a 16 page limit. I can make more pages that follow the page numbering. This, if desired can be created. Just need more experiments on my part. Well the lay out is done the same in Post Print. After that it is making the disk file. That is where I stop. No need to make the font change. As I don't know how to do that, as much as I would like, answer is probably staring me in the face. At this point I use GeoDos to put the file onto a 3 1/2" floppy. So it can be placed on the linux system. Then converted from post script format to pdf. After that, as I don't have the understanding to make a mail list for auto sending. I make an e-mail for each one that is receiving the newsletter and attach the file.

Here we come to some questions. You see if I can learn how to grey scale in a tool. Then I can put the jpg images into this print copy. Budget doesn't allow colour work gang. OTOH I can do the colour images, well when we have any, in the electronic one. Just have to scale them down. My limit is about 1.40 megs because of the size of the heretic formatted disk.

You can see that there can be a big difference in content between the print and the electronic forms of the newsletter. Questions like the use of colour jpgs in the electronic issue and no images in the print version. More pages and content in the electronic issue. Not because I am wordy and blabber on for hours. 'Cause I can. But there is about a 2 1/2 page difference in a 20 page newsletter. When I take away the bold face. Saw that in the first electronic issue that didn't use the bold face option. That is why I am presenting this to all of us. What would you like and how do you want me to do it for us? Send your ideas to the addy <snail or e> on page #2.

Hmm, many a day has past since I did the above. #6 is still fighting with the Amiga power tower. Been gone a week on a family vacation. Expected him back before today (the 4th) and it seems he has had no Inet contact since he left. As he was to post his latest round on the A.C.U.G. mail list about the Amiga war. OK other things to present. Ah, sorry guys that asked for electronic copies. Sorry on a couple of reasons. Lost the notes of who wanted copies that way. Cat hair ball and ink problem. Other is that this issue has to go out to all in paper. Although I can put the file on the floppy in heretic format. The smegging linux system that #8 kindly raced over here to repair. Well the fix didn't go right. He had to install a fast temp thing. Just so I can get online. For some reason the floppy thing grunts, light comes on but that is all it does. Yet there is data on the tested disks. So until that is repaired. Not going to be able to send the electronic format things off to anyone. Another problem is the pictures. On this flavour of linux. The images that I pull off the CD have a lock on them. The command to change ownership fails. Only because I am told that the file doesn't exist. Yet I am seeing it on the screen. On the previous flavour of linux, well that wasn't the case. As those pix of the computer and cats last issue, all came from the CD. A different CD, but the same camera as this last time. But at least the paper issue can go out, why I might even spell check it this time around (VBG).

Oh yes I did pay Robert for the monitors and added a touch to help out with the next CommVex. Felt right as I had been so long delayed in repaying him.

Speaking of things related to the ☹. Well that is what we are supposed to do in this rag. Did get some more articles for Six at the Cincinnati group written. Now to finish the disks of things for AI at 5C's. Well you may have heard this a thousand or more times. SAVE YOUR WORK TO DISK!!! I have and it didn't sink in my mind. Left my work in the SCPU Ram. Ah you know that isn't a good idea when we lose power here for about 3 seconds. Several blocks had that happen. Sadly I had to try to remember what had been sent off and what was in the to be sent area. Smeg it, do it all over again for the articles. But hey I did have the newsletter on the HD.

A guy from the portland/vancouver metroplex has been in contact with me off and on. Came down for this 4th of July weekend. Wanted to give his C= stuff to a good home. Not sure any more how he found out about us. Bummer is that I had told him I would be out of the shop on Wednesday as that is the day I get a ride to the grocery store. But that is the day that fit his framework. When I returned there were several boxes and 4 C= 64s in boxes along with a Vic-20 in the box and a 1702 monitor. I'm going to eat up some space here with the things that came in, because we get first refusal on them. Those that are big library dupes, or not grabbed by the members. Go up for sale for funds for the group.

1702 has not been tested yet. However if working it is to be used in the shop at the 64c station for members. Got a cruddy motorola without the split video there at the moment. Might be good for the Sega Genesis, but not that great for the C=. #30 lost his Vic-20 to his family. Along with other C= stuff and game items. This one was given to him as a replacement and for his time, effort and money put into the group.

In no particular order, as I have to look through boxes, come back and make the report, several times over. Got a pair of monitors. Little micro sized ones, about 5" screens. They are a matched set. Not tested or even given over a good look see. Think that they are B&W, not certain. Good for a security system, and not claimed by the local members. Mach 128 cart and disk, also not at this time claimed by locals. Blank disks, around 15 of them. Claimed for the library and disk making. Software, mainly is in the original boxes and clean looking. Gotta fix that part, not enough dust or ash on them, let alone cat furr (BG) Slight pause to change to an 8 bit weapon CD and dig in a box. OK in software we have as follows.

Magic Johnson's Basketball: disk, dox and box. Box is a bit crushed. Not claimed

Flight Simulator II: disk, dox, box in fair condition, QRC, registration card, maps, and an errata page. Not claimed.

Ikari Warriors: disk, box very good condition and has the sleeve, dox, catalogue, note for 64 users that the game is one player only, Fred Meyer receipt for \$24.83 counting tax from 3/15/89. Not claimed.

Beyond Castle Wolfenstein: disk, box in good condition, and dox. Not claimed.

Easy Finance V: disk, album case, dox. Not claimed.

Zork II: disk, apparent play disk, album case and dox. Not claimed

Starcross: disk, map, album case. Claimed for library as it is the only complete one we have
Red Storm Rising: disk, box great condition, warranty card, dox, KB overlay, QRC, catalogue, Fred Meyer receipt for \$31.32 counting tax from 3/09/89. Uncertain status

Echelon: disk and what appears to be a game save disk, box is excellent condition, KB overlay, dox, map, hand written codes/notes, the lipstick. Uncertain status

PractiCalc64: box in great shape, manual and cassette in almost new shape. Not claimed

Sgt Slaughter's Mat Wars: No box, disk and dox look almost new. Not claimed.

Nine Princes in Amber: box still has shrink wrap on it, inside plastic tray is not broken. 2 double sided disks for the game, little doc folder, loading command card. Not claimed

Zork III: disk, dox, album case all in good condition: Not claimed

Screen Editor: disk, dox album case look almost new. Not claimed

Adventure Writer: disk and apparently a backup/save disk, warranty papers, manual status is uncertain at the moment.

Cutthroats: can't tell you as it is STILL SEALED. Not claimed

Cutthroats: disk, props, dox, box all good. Not claimed.

Suspect: disk, dox, box and props, look good. Not claimed

Fahrenheit 451: 2 double sided game disks, album case. Not claimed

Rendezvous with Rama: 2 double sided disks, album case, dox, map. Not Claimed

Jingle disk: comes with card maker so two disks, no dox. Not claimed

Gato: disk, box, summary card, dox and warranty all look new. Not claimed

Books not claimed are, 33 challenging computer games for TRS-80, Apple and PET: Cosmic games for the Commodore Vic-20: The Anatomy of the Commodore 64: users guide and prg ref guide for the 64: Commodore box set of four books, Vic Revealed, Vic Games, Vic Graphics, Stimulating simulations for the Vic. This one is not really claimed, as there isn't any real Vic users locally. But it may end up in the library for the future. Claimed are CP/M simplified, Commodore 1541 trouble shooting and repair <dupe>, Commodore Colour Graphics a beginners guide, The Master Memory Map for the Commodore 64, Machine Language for beginners this one may be a dupe from our stored library.

Also gained a pair of 1541 drives, a dataset and an okimate-10 thermal printer, with disk and extra ribbons. These are not claimed either. Dual disk drawer holder has been claimed. Though there are some loose disks about. I haven't sorted them out yet to see where they may go in relation to the other things that came in above. Any ways these un claimed items are on a first come first served basis. A few bucks for the smoke and beer fund of the group. Along with the shipping and handling fee. Anything strikes your fancy, let me know either snail or e-mail.

Hmm. that doesn't cover all the fiddling little bits that have come up in the last month. Fast things as they pop to mind. Dunric is hunting for a game he released in the mid 90s for the 128 in 80c. Guy wants to know how to remove the encryption of the ID code for wheels. In order to replace a friends corrupted disk of wheels. Been some talk on the mail lists as well about IDE cables for C= drives. Bit on the C-4 expo at the first weekend in July. Jim Brain and his new device, that I honestly do not comprehend. Since it deals with newer things in computer world than what I know for the C=. Yet it is a new thing for the C=. Too much for my aulde head to follow (G).

Well with all of that hanging in the air. Time for me to split out of here for the paper edition. I'll make the electronic one later when we can do the disk transfer part. Have to get all interested parties for the electronic version to contact me again. Damn hairball season. Oh yeah and for those that are wired. Remember that we do have the cyber space meeting in IRC on the first & third Mondays. Server is irc.newnet.net channel is #acug and time is 7pm West Coast. Oh yeah elections are this month. We are also celebrating the 30th anniversary of the group, on that meeting night. I should make mention of that someplace I guess.

A.C.U.G. #447
623 29th St.
Astoria Oregon
97103

#21