

# the MONITOR

Sept., 1992

Commodore Users Group of Saskatchewan

Vol. 7, No. 7

## Obligatory Stuff

### CUGS

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If you have any questions about CUGS please feel free to contact any of the above executive members.

The Monitor is published monthly by the COMMODORE USERS' GROUP OF SASKATCHEWAN (CUGS), Regina, Sask. CUGS meetings are held the FIRST WEDNESDAY of every month (unless otherwise noted) at Miller High School. The next meeting will be held: **October 7, 1992 from 7:30 - 9:30 p.m.**

CUGS is a non-profit organization comprised of C64, 64C, C128, and 128D users interested in sharing ideas, programs, knowledge, problems and solutions with each other. Membership dues are pro-rated, based on a January to December year.

Anyone interested in computing is welcome to attend any meeting. Out of town members are also welcome, but may be charged a small (\$5.00) mailing fee for newsletters. Members are encouraged to submit public domain software for inclusion in the CUGS DISK LIBRARY. These programs are made available to members. Any member is entitled to purchase DISKS from our public domain library for a nominal fee. Programs are 'freeware', from computer magazines, or the public domain. Individual members are responsible for deleting any program that he/she is not entitled to by law (you must be the owner of the magazine in which a particular program was printed). To the best of our knowledge, all such programs are identified in their listings. Please let us know if you find otherwise.

## EDITORIAL

by Jarrett Currie

Time sure flies! It seems that I have just finished the June issue of the Monitor, and already the September issue is due! Summers don't seem to be as long as they used to be.

There doesn't seem to be much Commodore support in the city any more, does there? Zellers, Golden Mile, still has quite a few titles, but I don't think they've changed much since the Commodore 64 was originally unveiled! TTL has a few titles, but I asked if they will be continuing to stock Commodore software, and naturally their response was negative. They have a couple of programs, and are selling them very cheaply, so if you want to pick up something new, now is the time to do it. Both the Northgate and Southland malls have computer stores that sell some Commodore software, but if you are really looking for some good programs, you really have only 3 choices: mail order, public domain/shareware, and used.

I have been lucky in using all three. The mail order company I usually purchase from is Software Support, located in the States. I recently received their latest fall catalogue, and the selection of titles and prices are still amazing. Although there isn't much really new anymore, they provide most of the software that you might be looking for, as well as used software. I was a bit skeptical about purchasing second hand merchandise from the States, and as luck would have it, the first used package I ordered was defective. I sent the program back along with the reason I was returning it, and they dutifully credited my VISA. They have earned my trust over the years, and if anyone is itching to buy software, I would unhesitatingly recommend Software Support.

Public domain offerings continue to provide a vast source of programs ranging from the esoteric to the mundane. I get most of my public domain programs from bulletin boards, and if done locally, cost nothing but time. I also am an avid, but careful, user of QLink, and have downloaded many programs from them. Unfortunately, when downloading programs from a commercial system like QLink, you pay for the good and the terrible programs. Nothing is more frustrating than spending time and money downloading a program only to find it doesn't work the way you wanted it, or work at all! Still, as programs for the Commodore become harder to find, QLink is a viable alternative for me.

Probably the best way to acquire programs is second hand. People selling programs tend to let them go for a fraction of the amount they spent on them. Unfortunately, when people their machines in favor of another brand, they don't often wish to advertise their programs separately. This puts a bit of a strain on those of us who have an eye for a bargain, but it's still possible to find some great programs for a minimal cost.

As I close this month, I would like to compliment Barry Bircher for his fantastic job of looking after the club's BBS. Over the past several months, Barry has transformed the board into a treasure. Kudos, Barry! Keep up the good work!

# Faces

by  
Tristan Miller



Hello, everybody. Here is yet another list of BBS faces I have amassed from various boards in the city... Enjoy...

## Faces

B-)	Wearing sunglasses
P-)	Pirate
\-(	Real tired
%-)	Broken glasses
(:-\K-	Formal message
(>-<	Whole body
**\()	Handshake offered
**	Fuzzy thing
+<-)	Nun
8-)	Wide-eyed
	Mustache
=	Beard
^>	Pointy nose
:()	Blabbermouth
*)	Clowning around
-B	Buck-toothed
-C	Astonished
-(	Unhappy
-c	Real unhappy
-D	Large smile
-I	My lips are sealed...
-i	Smoking
-j	Smoking and smiling
-J	Tongue in cheek
-o	Oooo!
-O	Shouting
-p	Sticking tongue out
-Q	Smoking
-T	Tight-lipped
-U	Shouting
-V	Speaking

:-W	Big kiss
:-w	Small kiss
:-x	Kiss
:-y	Smile
:-[	Vampire
:-[#]	Braces
:-"	Pursing lips
:-(=)	Big teeth
:-)	Humor
:-*	Oops! (covering mouth with hand)
:-,	Smirking
:-<	Forlorn
:/i	No smoking
<	Mustache
<-O	Eeek!
<<<<(-)	Hat Salesman
=\:-)=	Uncle Sam

## Hairstyles

@.)	Curly hair
S.)	Bangs
!.)	Crew cut
#.)	Matted hair
8.)	Curly hair
?.)	Ronald Reagan
?.)	Wavy hair

## Miscellaneous

< = )	Skateboard
@>---->----	Rose
@=	Atomic bomb

# PROTOCOLS

by Tristan Miller

Hello there, everyone. This article will discuss the various protocols available to 64 and 128 users so that you may further your knowledge of computer telecommunications. But first, for those of you who are new to modeming, you will have to understand exactly WHAT a file transfer is.

There are two basic terms related to file transfers: uploading and downloading. Uploading means you are SENDING another computer a file, and downloading refers to when you are RECEIVING a file from another computer. When you call a bulletin board, such as CUGS, you will be able to do both.

One of the most common questions about transfers is which PROTOCOL to use. A protocol is basically a method that is used to send data. The most common protocols used by Commodore computers plus some not-so-common ones are described below.

XMODEM and XMODEM-CRC are two of the most widely used protocols by Commodore computers. Originally developed by

Ward Christensen, they were one of the first protocols that had the advantage of error checking on a block-by-block basis to insure that there were no errors during transmission. It works by sending 128 bytes (about half a Commodore disk block) plus a checksum which it calculates. The receiver then calculates its own checksum and it matches the one sent then the next 128 bytes is received. If, however, the checksums do not match, the receiver will request that the 128 bytes be sent over again.

Xmodem-CRC is preferable to Xmodem because it has an additional error detector using a cyclical redundancy check (CRC) system. Almost every board and term program in the city has these protocols as an option.

XMODEM-1K is nearly identical to Xmodem-CRC except that instead of 128 bytes being sent at a time, 1024 (1 Kilobyte) are. It is faster than Xmodem-CRC on most computers because fewer error checks are being made, but because of the unbearably slow speeds of Commodore disk drives, this protocol will probably not speed up the transfer at all. However if you are downloading to an REU, RAMDrive, or hard drive, you can be assured that you are taking full advantage of this protocol.

YMODEM is a protocol similar to the Xmodems except for the advanced error checking system (99.99% accuracy) and the ability to transfer multiple files at one request. The data size is variable, but most BBSs and terms use either 128- or 1024-byte blocks. Most terminals will detect how large the block size is and automatically adjust the protocol accordingly.

PUNTER and NEW PUNTER are both protocols developed by Steve Punter (though he himself prefers the name "CI"). The block size is approximately one Commodore disk block. The punter protocols are both Commodore-specific, and will seldom be seen anywhere

except on Commodore 64 or 128 boards. This is probably the second most favored means of data transfer for Commodore eight-bits.

MULTI-PUNTER, as its name suggests, is the Punter protocol with the capability of sending multiple files, not unlike Ymodem. Sadly, the author of Multi-Punter has three versions of it, all of which are incompatible with each other. Most boards and terms will use the latest version (version 3).

KERMIT is a protocol that boasts the ability to interact easily with many different types of computers from mainframes to micros. It can handle seven-bit to eight-bit transfers and vice versa, plus it has a variable block size.

ZMODEM, designed by Chuck Forsberg, is perhaps the most commonly used protocols used among 16+ bit computers, because of its many features and speed. It can send variable-sized blocks of data with a very efficient (99.9999% accurate) error checking, but does not wait for an acknowledgement from the receiving computer; it assumes the block was sent without an error unless a repeat was requested. Zmodem can also continue from an aborted transfer, plus it has the ability to send multiple files at one request.

Unfortunately, Commodore computers cannot realize most of these features. Though Zmodem is possible, you could not take advantage of the abort recovery or speed because of the slow speed and low memory of the computer. The Zmodem protocol for Commodores is HUGE, so you are recommended not to use it unless it is the only option available. Only a couple of terms for the 64 or 128 support Zmodem. I do not believe there are any plans to incorporate it into Novaterm, and Matthew Desmond, author of DesTerm 128, says it would be too pointless for him to install Zmodem into DesTerm.

## EXPERTS LIST

The following members have agreed to be experts in some area of Commodore computing. If you have some expertise that may be of some assistance to other club members, please consider allowing your name to be listed here.

Wordprocessing		
Paperclip (to version E)	Jarrett Currie	757 2391
Paperclip (any version)	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Pocket Writer	Barry Bircher	543 8840
Pocket Writer	Real Charron	586 1043
Fontmaster II	Michael Rodgers	728 2595
Spreadsheets		
Pocket Planner	Barry Bircher	543 8840
Better Working SS	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Databases		
Pocket Filer	Barry Bircher	543 8840
Oracle (Consultant)	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Communication		
Desterm 2.0	Barry Bircher	543 8840
Library files	Barry Bircher	543 8840
Music/Sound		
(Most)	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Stereo Sid Editor	Michael Rodgers	728 2595
Enhanced Sid Player	Michael Rodgers	728 2595
Languages		
Forth	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Pascal	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
ML (machine language)	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
ML (machine language)	Barry Bircher	543 8840
BASIC (2.0-7.0, files)	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Graphics		
Print Shop/Master	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Koala Painter/Printer	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
Hardware		
Disk Drive Maintenance	Ken Danyleczuk	545 0644
GEOS		
GEOS 64	Jarrett Currie	757 2391
GEOS 128	Barry Bircher	543 8840

# THE LINE NOISE BEAST

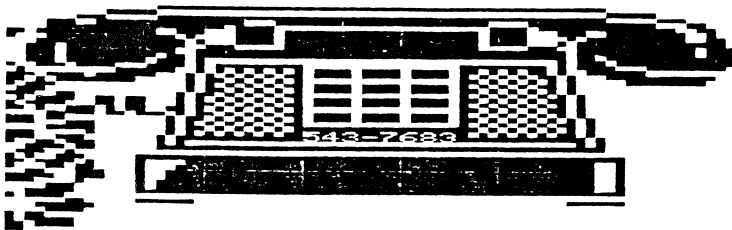
June 28, 1992

Written by Colin Hahn  
aka Magius of Linefeed BBS - (306)585-0044  
and

Tristan Miller  
aka Myrkul of the Lycanthrope's Den BBS (306)586-6608

Inspired during an attack of the aforementioned Line Noise Beast online at the Lycanthrope's Den BBS.

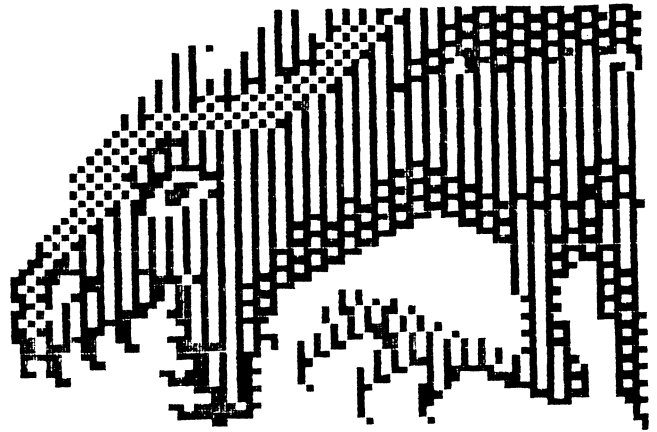
The Dreaded Line Noise Beast of ModernWorld, is the most vile creature imaginable. Yes, even worse than your mother-in-law. Like most evils, the Line Noise Beast began as an imperfection in paradise. The pages of modern history tell us of that dark day when the mortal enemy of all BBSers was spawned: All was well in ModernWorld - people sent and received important and not-so-important information via their modems experiencing no difficulty. But with a flood of information coursing through telephone lines all over the world, Mother Nature saw her chance for revenge. Evolution produced a being capable of consuming this resource in a reckless and irresponsible manner - The Line Noise Beast. The Line Noise Beast began as a tiny flaw in the phone lines, sucking up information before it could reach its destination, digesting it, and sending back electronic excrement. As it devoured more data, it began to grow and take on a physical form - A huge, black monster with razor sharp fangs and claws. Before long, the mere mention of the Beast's



name was enough to strike terror into the hearts of all BBSers, great and small. Despite the efforts of SaskTel and other corporations, the Line Noise Beast continued to grow and thrive until it was capable not only of thwarting all

telecommunication, but of preying on the BBSers themselves!

It was not long before this hideous beast had made somewhat of a sport out of destroying BBSers... a vicious, cruel sport. Such was the case for two friends who were chatting one day in the Fortress of the Lycanthrope's Den... Lord Myrkul, the Black Lord and system operator of the Lycanthrope's Den, and his faithful friend, Magius of Linefeed Keep, were conversing one evening when a great shaking of



the earth commenced, and at once all incoming and outgoing transmissions were perceived as garbage on each other's terminal. Fearing the worst, Myrkul summoned his soldiers and placed them about his castle in the most protective manner possible. He knew what was coming. Similar preparations were immediately made at the keep of the Lord Magius. When the tremblings ceased momentarily, he immediately grabbed the opportunity and sent a somewhat hurried transmission to his ally, Myrkul, explaining his dilemma. Myrkul sighed in depressive agreement. The Line noise Beast had found them. After several minutes of minimal disturbance, the two suddenly felt the ground give away beneath their feet, and the rumblings became so loud that neither deity could hear their own voice, even if they screamed. And scream they did, for they both knew that the Line Noise Beast had arrived. Fearing his confines too defenseless, Magius immediately fled to the protective fortress of the Lord Myrkul, where the two met in the BlackLord's throne room and spoke in hurried, whispering tones amidst the great quakings and confusion. "Surely we will perish, Myrkul! Not even both our forces together will be enough to repel the vicious beast!" "Fear not, good friend," answered the black lord. "With the combined efforts of our spells I believe we shall be able to outlast the monster, or perhaps divert its attention elsewhere while we flee." They had little time to discuss this, however, for through a window, beyond the thick stone of the castle's walls, the two deities caught their first glimpse of the horrific beast: A huge, black creature with bulbous, luminescent eyes and a gaping maw the size of a small building. Indeed this was the beast of whom so many elders had spoken of.

Before the day had past, the creature had breached the castle's defenses and the beast stood in the centre of Myrkul's throne room, scowling and lunging at the few remaining foot soldiers trying desperately to save their lords. The monster had just knocked over the captain of Myrkul's guard, and instantly a brave youth raised his mace to strike the creature between its eyes. The creature anticipated this move and sent one of its many clawed, bony legs into the guard's chest. It pierced his sternum and drove through his heart, killing him instantly. A nearby soldier grasped the opportunity to land a blow on the beast's back, but the foul denizen again foresaw this attempt and side stepped quickly, throwing the man off balance. The Line Noise Beast quickly advanced upon the unsuspecting guardsman. At that moment a previously wounded defender sat up to meet the beast, flailing his sword wildly at his opponent. The beast turned to meet the attack and was met by a sharp blow to its chest. It immediately recovered and faced its two attackers, one of which had just recovered from its previous sidestep.

The two men attacked at once, raking their swords in the creature's direction. It parried one attack and dodged the other. Seizing another opportunity, it used two of its long, hairy limbs to grip one of the soldier's hands and wrench his dagger free. Seeing it had little use for this blade, it cast it into the shadows of the crumbling castle walls. The other guard tried to circle behind the beast while it pried away his friend's weapon, intending to backstab the foul denizen and proclaim victory. At the moment his comrade's blade flew into the air, the brave guard ran his sword through the creature's spidery abdomen. The beast roared in pain, and the soldier again thrust it in, this time so deep that only the hilt and pommel remained protruding. Again the creature bellowed in agony, this time collapsing on top of the man it had just disarmed. While the soldier who had ran the beast through was searching for more weapons, the guard underneath the monster was struggling to live. With every second that went by he could feel consciousness slipping from his body, and every breath drew less air and was more painful than the one before. Every attempt he made to throw off the monster was met by sharp, shooting pains throughout his torso. It was made worse yet by the fact that the beast was still alive and struggling. He felt the icy grip of death upon him as he drew his final breath. The other guard soon returned with a scourge, intending to whip the Line Noise Beast to death. He was nearly certain he would triumph, as he had severely wounded it already. Thinking of the great reward he would receive from Lord Myrkul, he rushed forward to beat his attacker. He brought the spiked ropes down upon the beast's hide and it screamed in agony. Again and again the savage weapon met the beast's flesh, until there was a spot on its back where it had been whipped raw, and every subsequent attack on that spot brought even more agony. At last the beast could stand it no more, and sat up and whirled around to face its tormentor. Astonished that it still possessed the strength to stand, the warrior stood awe-struck. The beast used this moment of distraction to attack, using its clawed legs to lunge for the man's unprotected throat. It jammed its forked "hand" into the soldier's neck as hard as it could. Wheezing and choking, the man fell back and coughed several times. When he looked up again, he found that he was in the

shadow of the horrific monster. It rapidly descended upon him, its gaping maw engulfing him within seconds. For a few moments, the man saw only darkness, and then his entire consciousness was totally obliterated as he died inside the creature's mouth, impaled by the many spiked mandibles protruding from its lower jaw. Satisfied with what it had done, the beast found the strength to rise once more and slowly head for the end of the long throne room, where Myrkul and Magius awaited.

From the end of the hall both Myrkul and Magius could see and hear all the destruction the hideous creature was causing, from the destruction of the castle gate to the killing of the last two guards just moments ago. Neither one of the rulers was scared... yet. After all, they were both proficient magic users and their combined efforts against the wounded beast may prove successful. But there was little time to weigh the odds now; the Line Noise Beast was just seconds away. Before the creature reached the dias that bore the throne, Myrkul and magius stepped out of the shadows to face the wicked, evil being. The thing paused a moment, eyeing them; sizing them up. They seemed a fair match; but it discerned that it could defeat them. But it knew it was wounded and that a direct attack was sure to fail. No, it would have to rely on its wits to get the most out of this situation. The two lords stood in front of the dias, waiting impatiently for the beast to take the initiative. They expected a quick, sudden attack, and they had already called to mind the spells necessary to rid the fortification of this terror. Much to their amazement and surprise, the beast's first move was not an attack, but an attempt at communication. The foul creature spoke with a hideous, static, barely intelligible voice. It was obviously a great effort for the thing to speak, as it seemed to divert its full attention on the task at hand. "I have come for you, my lords," it rasped. The two deities inched backward a bit and expressed their surprise to each other in quick whispers. After nodding to each other, they both said in unison, "What is it you want, ignoble fiend?" "I come bearing a message from my lord," it said. "He wishes you to come at once to his citadel to attend to the negotiations of some important... business."

"What business?" demanded Myrkul. The brute then smiled a toothy grin. "Why, funeral arrangements, of course!", and with that he lept up and pounced onto the dias beside the two gods, sneering and snarling curses and swears. Deciding that magic would be of little use in the early stages of this particular fight, Magius instead drew his quarterstaff and pulled it into a defensive position. Myrkul also brandished his favoured weapon, a fauchard, an outgrowth of the sickle and scythe. He held it in a threatening gesture and made menacing expressions on his dark face.

The denizen drew nearer, blood and saliva dripping from its protruding fangs. Magius tightened his grip on his staff, and Myrkul raised his fauchard. The beast's first attack was quick and light as he lunged out with his sharp teeth in a successful attempt to injure Magius' arm. Though he was only grazed, the evil creature allowed himself a grin and a chuckle and prepared himself to attack Myrkul while Magius recovered from his blow. However, Myrkul was quicker than it had expected, and it was caught off guard with a stab to one

of its many legs. It hit a joint and with a sickening crack, the limb snapped off and was sent sliding down the hall behind them. To Myrkul's surprise, the beast's expression was more astonished than angry or painful. Then it lowered its hairy eyebrows and scowled. Myrkul wielded his fauchard once again, trying to accomplish the same maneuver, but the beast snarled and easily knocked the blade away with such force that both wielder and weapon were thrown six feet across the room. Myrkul landed face down on the floor with a thud, and his weapon found a crack in the wall where it stayed and would not budge despite anything Myrkul hastily tried. While the black lord was still trying to pry his fauchard free from the wall, Magius had recovered from his wound and was now advancing on his enemy, his quarterstaff gripped tightly in his blood-stained hands. The butt of his staff soon met the Line Noise Beast's head, which left it dazed. Magius used this opportunity to land yet another blow in the same place, and the nefarious being was driven back a few feet, where it paused momentarily to shake away the spell of dizziness that had overtaken it. When it opened its eyes, it found itself to be once more facing the Lord Magius. Magius, thinking the beast to be still dizzied, tried yet another smash at the creature's skull, but the fiend had already learned his plan of attack, and swiftly brought a clawed foot up and kicked the deity away. In midair, he dropped his quarterstaff to the ground. He found a soft landing on the throne, where he immediately rushed back across the room to recover his weapon.

It was too late, however, for the cruel beast had snapped the staff in two as if it were a mere stick. Angry at that, Magius shouted for Myrkul and recalled a spell that might help. Seconds later, Magius had uttered the incantation of the backspace and tried to backspace out the Line Noise Beast. This proved to be only a temporary solution, however, for the monster quickly adjusted its rate of transmission so that the backspaces would have little effect. Myrkul soon arrived and prepared to cast a spell of his own creation, which was designed to totally reconfigure the ASCII protocol to weed out the dangerous disruptions of this horrid beast. The spell was very taxing, and Myrkul felt the energy drain from him as the words escaped his lips. However, in his eagerness to attempt this new spell, he had failed to take into account that his friend Magius had to be using the same protocol for the spell to work. While Myrkul was using his new modified transmission mode, Magius was still on standard ASCII, so Myrkul was forced to dispell the incantation. The entire wasted effort left him drained and weak, and he fell to his knees. Magius realized too late what Myrkul had done and now found himself practically defenseless against the wicked beast. The thing snarled grimly and limped up to meet its remaining attacker. A sudden fit of fear overtook the lord, and he fled behind the throne, desperately trying to calculate a new strategy that would be of use against the horrific monster. But the Line Noise Beast was not quick to follow Magius to his sanctuary. Instead, it prepared to dispose of Lord Myrkul in an attempt to lower Magius'

morale. It walked over to Myrkul's resting place, where it knocked the weak deity over and laughed. It then continued to advance until it was almost on top of him. It then raised a deadly claw and prepared to slash Myrkul's head off in one swift motion. At this moment Magius stepped out from behind the throne and, seeing that the beast was poised to attack, immediately called out, hoping that he would create a diversion. He succeeded, and the wary Lord Myrkul slowly rolled away from the beast's deadly embrace. The fiend was quick to realize what Magius was doing, and galloped over once again to Myrkul where it slashed open his stomach with a slow, merciless swipe. "No!", cried Magius, angry at the beast for gravely wounding his friend. Suddenly an idea came to him, and he tried to remember the words to a spell he had learned many years ago. While the lord wracked his brains for the proper spell, the Line Noise Beast began limping towards him, leaving the black lord for dead. The two powerful entities then met face to face for their final confrontation. Thinking the god defenseless, the beast raised a long, spidery limb and prepared to do away with him... As he slowly brought the clawed appendage down, something in Magius's head snapped and he suddenly remembered the proper glyphs for his spell. He summoned to mind the most destructive spell known to BBSers, and set it in motion by burning the symbol + three times in his mind. The beast stopped its attack short, and a fearful expression played across its face. "No!", it pleaded. "You wouldn't--" It never finished its sentence, for within moments its very fabric had disintegrated into the air as Magius chanted over and over again the enchanting mantra, "ATH0, ATH0, ATH0". The menace was no more. Or was it?

So ends this Saga of the Line Noise Beast, and with it, the first tale of the Line Noise Beast.

Coming attractions: The Tale of the Friends Estranged - A minor dispute causes all-out war between former allies, Magius and Myrkul. Their epic struggle spans entire worlds, passing even through the world of Death and beyond!

PSL02 AND FRIENDS

Solution to June's Puzzle

Hello all and welcome to the CUGS first fall meeting. I hope everyone had a good summer (not!). All 5 days of it. I personally have had a very busy summer using my computer. As you may already know, the club had a garage sale late last spring and the proceeds went to the purchase of a 40 meg hard drive. I spent a fair bit of time reprogramming the CUGS board so it could use many of the features of the new drive. I spent more time debugging than programming, but that is all part of it. Having the HD (Hard Drive) on the board is EXCELLENT! But that is for another article later on.

Now that the club has a HD on the system, it is redundant to have the four 8050 drives hooked up to the QuickSilver 128 IEEE interface that wires it to the board. These 5 pieces of equipment are going to be up for sale and the club is taking in any offers on the drives. Each of the drives are capable of storing 1024 blocks or just over 1 megabyte. The QuickSilver 128 IEEE interface is for use on a 128 only and can work on the 128 in 64 mode (will not work on a straight 64). I would like to see each of the drives and interface sell for \$50.00 each or \$200.00 for the works. Any reasonable offer will be considered.

I personally have a 1541 drive for sale in good working order and would like to see it go for \$75.00. The drive door is the flat latch type (not the turn lever type). The heads have been aligned and the drive speed checked and all are in good order. Please see me after the meeting or call 543-8840 and ask for Barry or call the CUGS BBS at 543-7683 and leave a message.

With the new fall series of CUGS meetings taking place, I ask that anyone wishing to see a specific area of the 64/128 computing, or better yet, volunteer to do a presentation on some aspect of 64/128 computing, to please approach one of the club's executives and let us know.

The executives have been discussing doing a mall demonstration/membership drive at a mall sometime this fall. Anyone wishing to help out set up or man the table, please let one of the executives know; we would be glad to have some help. Help in getting some of these 64/128s out of the proverbial closet, blowing the dust off it and getting it out and working.

I am sure there are literally hundreds, if not thousands, of these little work horse computers just

waiting for the right program to feed it and get it to do some work for some of these people who have abandoned these adorable Commodore 64's (long time since ya heard that, eh!) Programs for these computers have come a long way since they were first introduced and many people have just forgotten that this computer can be of great use, if not alot of fun. We hope that the mall demo thingy will help people to see that there are other people out there who use these computers and are willing to help others to recognize the fact that there is a source of programs for these machines and there are people who can help answer questions about it. We probably will open up the library to the public and sell disks and hope some people will join the club.

Well, 'til next time, have a good one.

*The Late President's Message*

*errrrr..*

*The President's Late Message*

*by Barry Bincher*

