

C= Voyages

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ON THE ROAD AT THE LACC EXPO

PART 5

We arrived at Tim's building, and Tim and I said good-bye to Fred. After a brief break, Tim and I headed for dinner at a different restaurant, my treat. This time we were going to an Italian restaurant/karaoke bar...but I wasn't going to get behind a microphone and sing! No matter--Tim promised he would sing. We arrived at Carlucci's Restaurant as evening set outside. Instead of going to the ground level restaurant, we went downstairs to the basement bar. Here in the dark, smoke-filled bar we ordered our steaks and listened to the disc jockey as he called one after another to the stage for a song. Oh, yes, the people tried, and their vocal abilities ranged from poor to mediocre. After picking his songs from a list of hundreds of

well-known tunes, Tim stepped up to the mic, and he was in fine form. In his spare time Tim was a stage actor who had acted in several, local plays, and his stage voice came in handy this time. He sang Barry Manilow's "Mandy" superbly, hitting every note wonderfully, touching every emphasis correctly. Was I astonished!

Well-deserved applause rang out from the audience. Later he sang Meatloaf's "I'd do Anything for Love (But I Won't Do That)"--not an easy song to sing with its rock-opera roots.

The smoke became more intense in the unventilated bar; obviously, Michigan

didn't have any smoking ordinances. My throat was hurting, and Tim decided to call it a night. He said good-bye to the appreciative crowd, and we left for his building. We arrived back at his place at 11. He was exhausted and promptly went to bed. I stayed up to read through some Commodore newsletters, and around midnight I went to sleep.

Sunday morning...we both slept late. I awoke first and went back to perusing through newsletters. Tim finally woke up, and we had some time before I had to go to church. He reconnected his C128D system, and then we tried to connect to



Where, Oh, Where?

Ahhh... Clearwater Beach, Florida... Blue skies, warm sands. But where was Commodore? Before I left on my Easter break, I checked the latest club listing in Loadstar. No club seemed to be in that area. When I arrived there, I checked in the phonebook for any C= businesses. Zero. Only when I returned from my trip did I find out that there was a Clearwater club listed at www.cucug.org Oh, well. The closest I came were the 20 Commodore Amigas monitoring satellite telemetry at the Kennedy Space Center. I wonder which building housed them.

