



www

# SUNSPASH

April 30 - May 2, 1999

Suzanne & Shelby Yick  
827 Barton Avenue  
Springfield, FL 32404

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Active memberships \$45; supporting \$15. Bestwestern Bayside convivial meeting place, on historic St Andrews Bay. 1-800-900-7047 Email address <chimes@interoz.com>

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## FUN IN THE SUN

Snappy, huh? .. Well, if you think so, don't give me credit; the Beach Chamber of Commerce uses it all the time. Along, I imagine, with thousands of other Chambers of Commerce around the country. Weather willing, we can have some of the above at our cookout. Transportation arrangements have been made to get everyone to the cookout at our State Park. St Andrews State Park has over 1,000 acres of beaches, sand dunes, pine flatwoods, sand pine scrub, plus salt and fresh water windswept marshes, most of it preserved in its natural state. Its a beautiful place with varied attractions; you drive in down a winding road with magnolias and palmettoes and pines on each side, until the road forks. Go one way and there is a big parking lot leading to white sand beaches. There is a granite jetty jutting out into the Gulf of Mexico, always stroked or beaten by green waves. Go the other way, and there is Grand Lagoon, with camp grounds to the left and a nature trail to the right. A winding nature trail provides you with an opportunity to see alligators, wading birds, deer, raccoons as well as other small animals. The nature trail leads by an old turpentine still (yes, turpentine; no liquors distilled there) and then down a trail marked by signs identifying flora and fauna. From there you can walk down a beach where blue waves lap against the shore. There are also picnic tables, a pier where you can walk out and sightsee or fish or just breathe in the salt air.

We missed the bike rally! There was a big item in the paper recently; PC Beach has been trying to attract sports activities to the area; we have an annual triathlon as it is, we're about to have an Iron Man event moved here (no, no; not the Iron Man from Marvel Comics!) And now they've attracted a Bike Rally; over a thousand cyclists of the motor variety will be here. And we won't exactly miss it; it's April 29-May 2nd; what we missed was Up Close and Personal. Many of the bikers will be staying at the Sandpiper/ Beacon, the motel we originally chose!

HERE'S SOMETHING I'M ALWAYS ACCUSED OF SKIPPING --

## ROOM INFO:

The Best Western Bayside Inn  
711 West Beach Dr. Panama City, FL 32401  
FAX (850) 873-6296 Reservations 1-800-900-7047  
Or email Cheryl Chandler at [chimes@interoz.com](mailto:chimes@interoz.com)

Room rates are \$55.00

When you make your reservations mention that you will be attending CORFLU!!!

Two double beds, private balcony or patio on the bay  
\$65.00 a night up to 4 people per room

## SPEAKING OF ROOMS...

... Is it just me, or do the letters in "Corflu Sunsplash" somehow rescrumble into "Constant Surprises?" Problems with the travel agency, troubles with the first motel we chose, problems with my computer/scanner/printer, flu bugs, etc - and now, when all that seems straightened out and we seem to have a good motel to use, there's this: First, we had only two reservations. I email attendees and ask that reservations be made so they can hold the rooms. I call the motel a bit thereafter and am elated that they report 25 rooms reserved. I ask for a list. And ask. And finally, this week, I'm told: "Ah - Shelby, you might want to come down and see if some of your people are incorrectly registered; we can only verify seven reservations. I don't know what happened!"

Anybody know what happened???

Normal rates will soon apply!

## Confessions of a Fake Fan(zine) Fan ==

The truth must out. I am not a true fanzine fan. -That is, I hasten to add, in these electronic days. Give me a mimeo, typer, stencils, ink, styli (that is the correct plural of stylus, ain't it?) shading plates, lettering guides, and then

CONFESSIONS continued

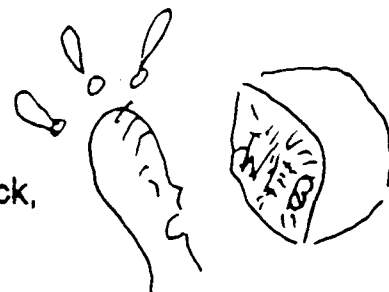
advantages over mimeos: Any pic I want, just paste into place and copy. Reduce, enlarge, put in place, run it off. But. . . computers?

Don't misunderstand me; I love computers; wordprocessing is head and shoulders above the typer. Instead of piles of crumpled paper where ideas weren't coming out right, just -- delete! Discard! And there is a slight advantage in Spellcheck and Thesaurus, tho the thesaurus is very limited. Grammerchek is to laff at. But otherwise. . .well you can save an entire book on one disk, where you don't worry about pages getting misplaced

(of course, you always want a backup copy Just In Case) and filing is a breeze. Page count and word count is just a flick of a cursor.

And there's not just wordprocessing; the Web is a world -- worlds! -- in itself. Email is vastly superior to snailmail.

The games available are phenomenal (aside from arcade games such as PacMan and DigDug, I bought a Monopoly game with great graphics and a program with four pinball games so realistic I keep fearing I'll tilt it) as well as Blackjack, Poker, Hearts, Solitaire and on and on (you'll note I'm not into the computerized action games) and the educational programs for the grandkids and. . . But you get the idea.



But -- fanzines??? WordPerfect has all kinds of formatting programs, and I am even worse than a rank amateur at them. I can border a page or paragraph, make columns, justify any-old-way and change fonts/sizes (AS

AND

(witness the title) but -- true formatting? No way. I've bought several programs that promise to make it all easy -- but they either didn't come with manuals, or the manuals assumed I possessed certain esoteric knowledge that just ain't part of my gray matter. I try to shift a box -- and everything else scatters everywhere. I want the first letter of a title to be much larger and still have the top of it in line with the rest of the title -- no way! It insists in poking its' head up above all the rest. It took me ages to get the Sunsplash sun reduced to a manageable size, and it still takes up a humongous amount of memory for such a tiny thing.

ABOVE!)

Yeah, I hear you; it ain't the appearance that counts, its the content. A good comeback to that is to quote my daughter, Cheryl. We were looking over some fanzines for the auction. She held on up and said, "There! That's what a fanzine should look like -- it's typewritten, and some of the letters are a bit fuzzy around the edges, there's typos, some of the lines of the cartoons are fuzzy; that is a real fanzine!"



A true fanzine fan would have mastered this look with a computer long ago. I, on the other hand, am a miserable fake.

# MEMBERSHIP LIST

- 1 nch brown A
- 2 Robert Lichtman S
- 3 Bill Bowers S
- 4 Jerry Kaufman S
- 5 Suzanne V Tompkins S
- 6. Michael W White S
- 7 George Fkynn A
- 8 Art Widner A
- 9 Joyce Scrivner S
- 10 Aileen Forman S
- 11 Ken Forman A
- 12 Sarah Prince S
- 13 Ted White A
- 14 Ros Chamberlain S
- 15 Richard Brandt A
- 16 Michelle Lyons A
- 17. Karen Babich A
- 18 Joe Sictan A
- 19. Egie Stern A
- 20 Lew Wolkoff S
- 21 Lee Hoffman S
- 22 Nigel Rowe A
- 23 Dennis McCunney S
- 24 Kathleen McCunney S
- 25. Tommy Ferguson A
- 26 Arnie Katz A
- 27 Joyce Katz A
- 28 Micheal Lowery S
- 29 Harry Andruschak S
- 30 Frank Lunney A
- 31. Alyson Abramowitz A
- 32 David Rke S
- 33 Hope Leibowitz A

# The Box of Many Colored Papers

By: Cheryl Good

When I was but a tiny southern gal, I used to go into my dad's office and plunder (when he was not at home of course!) One of the things in his office that fascinated me the most was a locked box. The mysterious locked box. The wondrous locked box. The not quite square locked box. The curious locked box. It was a green locked box. It had a fake wood grain design on it, a gold handle and . . . a lock. What a beautiful box it was! I used to imagine what was in that box. Surely it must be something priceless. Something like gold and silver, or maybe it was more jewels than anyone could imagine, or could it contain some pirates treasure map that would lead my sister and me to a distant island where we would have to count out forty paces straight ahead and twenty more to the right of the big boulder that surely must be there finally leading us to a place where we would find a huge X marking the spot where we would dig to unearth buried treasure. I felt that I would never learn what mysteries lie in that green, locked box. For no matter how hard I tried, I could never convince or even persuade that lock to open and reveal to me its hidden secrets. It was enough to drive a curious, four year old little girl insane!

One rainy day with my dad was at work, my mom reading the paper in the living room, and my sister off to school, I struck gold! I just happened to find myself, yet again, in my dad's office examining that locked box. Only something was different this time. The box was unlocked! I sat on the wooden floor of his office with the unlocked box on my lap. My little heart fluttered with joy, anticipation and fear. What if what was inside was not as precious as gold? What if it was nothing more than some of his inglorious, plain, white, typed forms? Or worse yet, what if he had emptied the box and hidden the treasures elsewhere? Oh the horror! Had he found me out? Did he know that I had been in his office so many times and decided to move the mysteries in the box to some place safe from a four-year-old? It was pure torture for my little mind, body and soul! The treasures surely must still be in there!

I was sure that my heart would thump its way out of my chest at any moment. What if my mom just happened to pick now as a time to check up on me? What if my dad decided to come home for lunch and found me in here? What if? What if? What if? The possibility that I could get caught red handed seemed great. But, not as great as my curiosity.

I sneaked back into his office, with my heart pounding so hard I was sure the whole block could hear it. I quietly tip-toed over to where the soon-to-be-opened box sat. I carefully picked up the box and cradled it in my arms trying to calm my breathing. I took the box across the room and sat it on the floor. I stared at it for a few moments. Relishing in the fact that I was soon to see the treasures inside. I sat Indian style on the floor in front of the box. That marvelous green unlocked box! How many hours had I spent wondering what was inside? This was the moment I had dreamt of. I gently raised the gold clasp. I held my breath . . . I lifted the lid . . . I saw . . . I saw . . . I saw colored paper! Colored paper that was stapled neatly down one side. Colored paper with drawings and words on them! There was green paper and brown paper and orange paper and a kind of reddish paper. There were big bold letters at the top of the cover page. The inside pages had very, very small letters, and normal type sized letters, some even had hand-written letters. And then there were the drawings. Drawings of fabulous, wondrous things! Things like stars and planets and funny looking people and aliens ( I knew they existed and now had proof!) and a funny genie like creature named Puffin and one of a strange, round oriental guy whose arms really moved to reveal more words beneath! I was thrilled beyond belief! Never, in my entire little life, had I seen colored paper! Surely this was the greatest treasure on Earth!



SUNSPASH OR BUSTI



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Webpage: <http://geocities.com/Area51/Realm/2404>



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