Dear Dr. Freyd,

I'm very sorry and rather startled to hear of your loss. I was at Stanford from 1978 through 1984, and knew JQ, although I can't honestly say that I knew him well. I remember him as a warm, funny, and very good-natured man who undoubtedly had his hands full dealing with so many rambunctious undergraduates. I never saw him angry or distressed about anything, although goodness knows a few of our number must have given him reason.

I called myself the "self-appointed archivist" of the LOTS Songs while I was at Stanford, but after I left I lost touch, and if there were ever any more written, I don't know about them. All this really meant is that I collected the songs as they were posted on the online bulletin board and stored them in a file. I have attached a text file to this message containing the archive as it was when I left -- they are stored as a series of E-mail messages. I think it includes all the ones on Evan Kirshenbaum's web site though.

The JQ Johnson song isn't very good, I'm afraid. I wrote it quickly and without much thought; it's largely nonsense. Like most of the LOTS Songs, it is full of obscure references to aspects of LOTS itself (such as the CERAS building), or features of the DEC-20 operating system. I don't know if you were an assembly language programmer when you were there, so forgive me if I'm patronizing you. JSYS stands for Jump to SYStem and is a collective term for any service provided by the operating system to user programs, such as opening and closing files. A program calls a JSYS when it needs the operating system to do something. Of course, I simply chose the term because a superficial resemblance to "Jesus" in the original song; in context, it makes no sense. The EXEC refers to the operating system generally, if I recall correctly -- JQ did a fair amount of low-level programming on the system.

I'm afraid I don't recall what the JOBDIR table is at all. A spy program was a program that users could run to inform them when any of a list of friends logged in or out. (It was not nefarious, in spite of the name.) "Wheels" were for some reason Digital's name for privileged users who could read other users' files and manipulate the system at a low level; they could also solve problems that could not be corrected by an ordinary user. A small number of highly-trusted students were given "wheel bits" -- a designation in their account information that made them wheels. This is the source of the line "we'd like to have a bit to access other users' files." JQ was a wheel, of course.

...
These are the LOTS Songs. Their serious collection first began around December of 1979, although a couple, most notably "The Man Who Never Returned" and "I Don't Know LOTS" were around for quite a while before that. Both of those songs were written by Karl B. Young, who would come around LOTS of an evening, guitar in hand, and provide the users with a brief respite from their efforts.

After a while, Karl began threatening to graduate, and it became apparent that if something were not done soon, these gems would disappear like the last of the Mohicans. I asked him to put the words on the system. At the same time, I broadcast a general plea for any and all other known LOTS Songs to be brought forward for immortalization. While no other old ones turned up, people began submitting new ones in droves. After a while, there were even enough to have a small "concert", and so the LOTS Concerts were born. Every quarter (that I can afford it), near the end, when the load gets up to 40 and the queue to 240, and the users begin to bring in sleeping bags and No-Doz, the hackers host a free (donations GLADLY accepted) drink and munchies songfest, first at CERAS, then at Terman. New and old songs are sung, and a good time is had by all.

If you are interested in writing a song, just work out the lyrics, in as good a rhyme and meter as you can manage, and send them to me, E.Ernest. Shortly thereafter, it will appear here.

Bureaucratic note: All the LOTS Songs are the personal property of the authors and appear here with their consent. Brief quotes for review or illustrative purposes are permissible; however, any complete transcription must be arranged with the author in advance. In cases where the songs are quoted, common courtesy suggests that the quotations be properly credited.

Enjoy!
Ernest W. Adams
Self-Appointed LOTS Archivist

--------
21-Nov-79 21:37:06-PST,662:000000000001
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2137-PST
From: E.Ernest
Subject: Early Morning Queue

Early Morning Queue
lyrics by Ernest Adams
sung to the tune of "Early Morning Rain" by Gordon Lightfoot

In the early morning queue
With a listing in my hand
With a worry in my heart
Waitin' here in CERAS-land.
I'm a long way from sleep
How I miss a good meal so
In the early mornin' queue
With no place to go.

There on terminal number 9
Pascal run all set to go
But I'm waitin' in the queue
With this code that ever grows.
Now the lobby chairs are soft
But that can't make the queue move fast
Hey there it goes my friend
I've moved up one at last.

-------
21-Nov-79 21:38:30-PST,1297;000000000001
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2138-PST
From: E.Ernest
Subject: The User

The User

lyrics by Ernest Adams
sung to the tune of "The Boxer" by Paul Simon

I am just a user, though my story's seldom told
I am squandering allocation to talk to a Consultant back in 105
This program's due, still the compiler reads what it wants to read
And barfs upon the rest...

When I left my dorm and the world outside
I was just a new user
In the company of wheels
In the class of CS 106, runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the weirder manuals where only wizards go
Picking up on things that only wizards know.
Asking only fifteen hours, I come looking for a bit
But I get no offers
Just a wink and some advice about a fake account.
I had to steal, sometimes I needed time so badly
That I went and bribed a wheel, lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie...

Now I'm laying out my program code and wishing I was gone, going home
Where my errors and my Emacs aren't beeping me
Beeping me, going home.

Beep-da-feep, etc.

At a terminal sits a hacker, and a wheel by his prompt
And his screen shows the reminders
Of every bug that broke his code or HALTFed
Till he cried out, in his anger and his shame
"I am leaving, logout, killjob" but the hacker still remains...

Beep-da-feep...
-------
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2139-PST
From: E.Ernest
Subject: This Haz Ain't Your Haz

This Haz Ain't Your Haz

lyrics by Ernest Adams
sung to the tune of "This Land is Your Land" by Woody Guthrie

This Haz ain't your Haz
This Haz is my Haz
From the Klingon warfleet
To the Ad-ven-ture maze
From the caves of wumpus
To the halls of BASIC
This Haz was re-served just for me.

As I was walking
Through the CERAS lobby
I saw about me
The hackers happy
I d'cided then I'd
Take 106 too
And I'd learn to program just like you.
This Haz ain't your Haz
This Haz is my Haz
From the Emacs buffers
To the Debug rat race
And now I'm queasy
Pascal ain't easy
And in another hour this program's due.

-------
21-Nov-79 23:19:57-PST,1212;000000000001
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2319-PST
From: E.Ernest
Subject: J.Q. Johnson
cc: JQJOHNSON

J.Q. Johnson
lyrics by Ernest Adams
sung to the tune of "Mrs. Robinson" by Paul Simon

And here's to you, J.Q. Johnson
JSYS loves you more than you will know
Oh-oh-oh.
God bless you please, J.Q. Johnson
CERAS has a Haz for those who hack
Ack-ack-ack.
Ack-ack-ack.

We'd like to have a bit to access other users' files.
We'd like to know where the on-line info is.
Look around you, all you see are dumb monitor hacks.
Stroll around the EXEC until you find a bug

Chorus:

Put sources in a directory where no one ever goes.
Keep them on the scratch disk with the games.
Why the secret about your first two given names?
Most of all you've got to hide them from the wheels

Chorus:

Sitting at a terminal on a Sunday afternoon
Listening to the hardware freaks debate
Drop the JOBDIR table or keep the spy programs
Every way you look at this you lose.
Where have you gone, Ralphie Gorin?
The mem'ry turns its busted core to you
Oo-oo-oo.
What's that you say, J.Q. Johnson?
Rumblin' Ralph has left and gone away?
Hey-hey-hey.
Hey-hey-hey.

This one still wants help in spots...

-------
22-Nov-79 02:27:37-PST,907;0000000000011
Date: 22 Nov 1979 0227-PST
From: B.BERLIN
Subject: Shall I, Wasting in Despair

    Shall I Wasting in Despair

    lyrics by Richard Berlin

    Shall I, wasting in despair
    Die because the queue is there?
    Terman has a hundred-four--
    Maybe I should go to SCORE?
    CS10x is due
    And the IE programs, too...
    If they aren't done today
    There will sure be hell to pay.

    Shall I from the queue delete
    Or relax and take a seat?
    When my name the term'nal blips
    Cries of joy will from my lips
    Rise to fill the CERAS hall
    To the jealousy of all
    If my program works this time
    Wouldn't that be just sublime?

    Shall I run DEBUG or just
    Get a listing and entrust
    The consultant with my file?
    Maybe if he hacks awhile
    He can get the thing to run--
    Aren't PASCAL programs FUN???
Either we can get them right
Or remain at LOTS all night!

--RIB 11-Nov-79

------
22-Nov-79 03:10:11-PST, 1119; 000000000001
Date: 22 Nov 1979 0310-PST
From: M.MRC
Subject: Hack-Less

given to the tune of "Heartless" by HEART
lyrics by Mark Crispin

The wizard told me come back again next week
"I think that you need me"
All I could do was sigh -
I wanted to die
"When can you see me?"
Cause there's a bug out there
Seems like it's everywhere
You know it just ain't FAIR!

Hack-less, Hack-less
The system will never never let me hit CTRL
Hack-less, Hack-less
Crock in the name of being featureful!
Hack-less, Hack-less
They think it's so damn cool to be drool -
They'll never realize the way LOTS dies
When the queue is always full!

Late night up in the CERAS room
Where the LPT's are churning
Try to log on but my alloc's gone
For my EMACS I'm yearning.
They say they understand
But I can't read their PLAN
Or do a ^E command!

Hack-less, Hack-less
The system will never never let me hit CTRL
Hack-less, Hack-less
Crock in the name of being featureful!
Hack-less, Hack-less
They think it's so damn cool to be drool -
They'll never realize the way LOTS dies
When the queue is always full!

-------

Date: 22 Nov 1979 03:19-PST
From: M.MRC
Subject: I'll Never Hack at LOTS Again
To: E.Ernest

I'll Never Hack at LOTS Again

lyrics by Mark Crispin
sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" by Burt Bacharach

What do you get when you cause a crash
You only get frozen, and your files deleted;
And I feel, that I've been cheated -
I'll never hack at LOTS again

What do you get when you need a page
You only get EXPUNGE but no SX: directory
Or get told to climb a tree
I'll never hack at LOTS again

Don't tell me what it's all about
'Cause I've hacked there and I'm glad I'm out
Out of the queue, out of CERAS
I'm going back to my good old TRS!

What do you do when your assignment's due?
You find a fake account or two to borrow
So for at least, until tomorrow
I'll never hack at LOTS again

-------

Date: 22 Nov 1979 21:51-PST
From: T.TOPAZ
Subject: Computer

sung to the tune of "Cecilia" by Paul Simon
lyrics by Haruka Takano (22-Nov-79)

CHORUS: Computer
    You're blowing my mind
    You're shaking my confidence daily
    Oh, Computer
I'm down on my knees
I'm begging you please, don't go down
Don't go down!

Waiting in line to have some time
On the terminal in carrel #5.
It was my turn and I sat down
On the screen flashed a message, the system was dead.

(CHORUS)

Typing my program in at LOTS
For five hours I've worked and it's written at last.
I typed an 'e' to save my file
"%DECSYSTEM-20 NOT RUNNING" was all that it said.

(CHORUS)

Coming to work at 9AM
If my program will run, I can pass this damn course.
No one is here. What can be wrong?
LOTS is down for PM and won't be up until 12.

(CHORUS)

-------
26-Nov-79 00:49:57-PST,2614;000000000001
Date: 26 Nov 1979 0049-PST
From: M.McLure
Subject: HACKADU

HACKADU

In Hackadu did Hackers Few
   An awesome program-hack command:
Where 20, the sacred system, grew
Through monitors nobody knew
   Down during the great demand.
Always twice two months to newer release
With TTY's and EMACS to bring the peace:
And here was software smothered by edit-line effects,
Where many a bureaucrat sauntered across the land,
And where MSG/TELNET/FTP were ancient as TENEX,
Constricting winning spots into the bland.

But oh! those abiding Hackers Few were cunning
And lept the heights of unimaginable lossage!
A savage place; as daemonical and sinning
as e'er which plastered a screen with “%DECSYSTEM-20 Not Winning”
B'fore users exchausted from the barfage!
And from this chaos, with irresistible force,
As if this thing were itself the Source,
A mighty idea came glistening to Hackers Fewest
Amid whose logic the sinning 20 burst
Huge fragments of scheduler flung forth like rebounding netmail,
Or chaffy words beneath the BLT's flail:
And 'mid this stupendous destruction at once and forever
It flung up the 20 to permanently sever.
Pages and pages of listings the burning grew
Through structures and directories in the Coup,
Then reached the sources known to few,
And slaughtered in tumult the offending mass:
And 'mid this tumult Hackers Few heard from afar
Ancestral systems declaring war!

The shadows of the program-hack
      Float strong on the net;
Where was heard the anguished cry of the Sack
      From which they inferred they'd win, they bet.
A true war of Hackers Few against Timesharing,
With the ancestors of the 20 battling forth with infinite daring!

A 10 with a mighty cpu
      In this battle the Hackers Few espied:
It was a DEC original that knew,
      That once the Hackers Few irresistibly grew,
It would forever be banned to limbo.
Could it wreak havoc upon the Few?
      With its powerful CPU?
To such a deep satisfaction the answer is no,
That with a slice of their sword through its board,
The Hackers Few did clobber its bagbiting cord,
To realize the Source, the Idea, the Solution!
And all the users who saw this mighty battle raging,
And shrieked, Tsk! Tsk!
While the 10s' and 20s' flashed screens, their crashing disks!
The Few weaved a carnage about this awful outpouring,
And closed the 10s' and 20s' eyes,
For the Hackers Few had earlier fed upon the lies
And now had drunk the milk of Personal Computing.

Stuart McLure Cracraft
(with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

-------
5-Dec-79 21:13:29-PST,642;000000000001
Date: 5 Dec 1979 2113-PST
From: K.Kanef
Subject: Keypunchers punch it on cards

sung to the tune of "Stonecutters cut it on stone" from CAROUSEL
lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

My mother used to say to me,
"When you grow up, my son,
I hope you're as dumb as your father was
'Cause a hacker ain't no fun!"

Keypunchers punch it on cards;
Archivers dump it on tape:
There's nothing so bad for a system as
The hackers it drives ape.

'Tain't so! 'Tis too!
'Tain't so! 'Tis too!

The disk drive turns your life away.
There's no relief in sight.
Debugging assignments for classes all day
And aimless hacking all night.

-------
11-Dec-79 00:30:56-PST,862;000000000001
Date: 11 Dec 1979 0030-PST
From: K.Kanef
Subject: ttmsg to Operator

Sung to the tune of "Operator" by Jim Croce
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

Operator,
Oh, would you help me send this mail?
See, that zero on his mail box is its protection.
Holed up in 105
With my best friend S.Strive
And they even REF SYSed on my objection.

Isn't that the way the system works?
But let's forget all that
And change the protection if you can find it
So I can mail just to tell 'em I'm fine
And to show
I've overcome a blow that would have hurt you all:
I only wish my words could just convince myself
That it just wasn't real.
But it sure wasn't virtual.

Operator,
Let's forget about this mail.
See, I don't want to send to someone I can't TALK to.
You're so good to listen.
You've really helped my will to stiffen.
And you can keep the jfn.

Sung to the tune of "Time in a Bottle" by Jim Croce
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

If I could save time in a bottle,
The first thing that I'd like to seek
Is to save every hour, like a beautiful flower
And use them all up in a week.

Chorus:
But there never seems to be enough time
To do the things you gotta do once you want to.
I've worked on this enough to see my allocation's gonna be
A problem.

If I could stay logged in forever,
If words could ^E and SET,
I'd save for a year 'til vacation was here
And then do it all through the Net.

Chorus

Sung to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas"
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me
  Twelve PUSHJs stacking
  Eleven strings unpacking
  Ten hackers hacking
  Nine crunchers crunching
  Eight users using
  Seven cretins losing
  Six queues a-growing
  Five ASCII strings
  Four subroutines
  Three long sends
  Two heavy sighs
  And a terminal made by HP

-------
11-Dec-79 23:06:10-PST,349;00000000000001
Date: 11 Dec 1979 2306-PST
From: K.Kanef
Subject: Nowhere man

Sung to the tune of "Nowhere Man" by the Beatles
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

He's a real nowhere man
Sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans
For nobody.

Doesn't have a point of view;
Knows not where he's going to
Hasn't he a bit like you and me?

-------
11-Dec-79 23:06:39-PST,402;00000000000001
Date: 11 Dec 1979 2306-PST
From: K.Kanef
Subject: Hot Child in the CTY

Sung to the tune of "Hot Child in the City" by Nick Gilder
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

No one know who she is, or what her name is.
I don't know where she came from, or what her game is.
Hot child in the CTY.
Hot child in the CTY.
Looking wild and running PTYs.
Hot child in the CTY.
(She's kinda dangerous.)

-------
13-Dec-79 12:39:00-PST,773;000000000000000001
Date: 13 Dec 1979 1239-PST
From: D.DChen
Subject: J. Random User

By b.berlin and d.dchen (no, we don't have real names).

To be sung to 'Eleanor Rigby', by the Beatles.

j. random user.
Running a program that tells him 'retry with more core'--
EDIT some more.

j. random user.
Munging his files, the user beguiles JQ.
What's he to do.

All the lonely hackers. Why do they all recurse?
(Sing the song 'Eleanor.rigby' here)
All the lonely lackers. Why don't we skip this verse?

l. random luser.
Making a .EXE file out of .P A S
Ain't it a mess.

c. random cruncher.
Writing an eighty page program called PROG1.FOR
Ain't it a sore.

All the lonely hackers. Why do they all log in?
All the lonely lackers. Where do they all belong?
-------
18-Feb-80 22:12:20-PST,2726;00000000000001
Date: 18 Feb 1980 2212-PST
From: K.KarlB
Subject: The Man Who Never Returned

The Man Who Never Returned (the ralphie song)

 lyrics by Karl B. Young
sung to the tune of "Charlie and the MTA" by ?

Gonna tell you all a story 'bout a man named Ralphie,  
He was workin' down at LOTS one day.  
Everything was going smoothly when the screen reached up and grabbed him,  
He's been missing ever since that day.

    And will he ever return? He may never return.  
    And his fate will be unlearned.  
    He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
    As the man who never returned.

Well Queenie gave a scream and that was all that J.Q. needed,  
As towards the screen he lunged.  
He dashed off a system message saying Ralph had been deleted,  
And no one was to expunge.

    Or else he'll never return. No, he'll never return.  
    And his fate will be unlearned.  
    He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
    As the man who never returned.

The load jumped up to 42 as soon as Ralph had entered,  
They were fearing it would crash.  
It was hard to think of poor old Ralph as just another core dump,  
So they acted in a flash.

Yes, they called a meeting of the wheels and hackers and consultants,  
And their knowledge they did merge.  
They decided that they each would go on down and try to find him  
Through a binary tree search.

    And will that help him return? He may never return.  
    And his fate will be unlearned (Poor old Ralphpie).  
    He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
    As the man who never returned.

Well, I went to look through all the caves and caverns of Adventure,  
North and South and Up and Down and on the sides.  
Then I heard a sound and turned and saw--THE DWARF WAS REALLY RALPHIE!  
He was out to get my hide!!

So I threw the axe, he caught it deftly; chortled with a "Har, har",  
As he chased me up the dome.  
As one last chance, I threw the food--he ate and then was friendly,  
I said "Plugh" and we were home.
And did he ever return? Yes, he safely returned
With the treasure that he earned (good old Ralphie).
He is saved forever from the LOTS computer.
We are glad that he returned.

Now, ye citizens of Stanford, we hope you have learned your lessons,
When these games you wish to play.
But for a single digit, Ralphie could have been a Klingon
And then phasered right away.

So we ask you please to watch the load and, if the disk is full,
To delete all your old slush.
And if you insist to play all day, we ask you to remember
That even you can be flushed.

And then you'll never return, no, you'll never return
No matter how you yearn. (Just like Ralphie)
You'll be banned forever from the LOTS computer
Like the man who never returned.

-------
18-Feb-80 22:12:37-PST,1026;000000000001
Date: 18 Feb 1980 2212-PST
From: K.KarlB
Subject: I Don't Know LOTS

I Really Don't Know LOTS

lyrics by Karl B. Young
sung to the tune of "Both Sides Now" by Joni Mitchell

Rows and rows of empty screens,
And not a user to be seen.
My program works, my code is clean
I've looked at LOTS that way.
But now its all a different song.
My input's right; my output's wrong.
I had a file, but now it's gone--
Deleted right away.

I've looked at LOTS from both sides now,
Logged in and out,
And still somehow,
It's LOTS Adventure I recall.
I really don't know LOTS at all.

Hazeltines were everywhere,
Consultants answered with a flair.
The printer worked without repair.
I've looked at LOTS that way.
But now the queue is acting strange--
It used to work, somehow it changed.
My time is gone, the load has gained
And killed my job away.

I've looked at LOTS from both sides now,
From up and down
And still somehow,
It's LOTS Adventure I recall.
I really don't know LOTS at all.

-------
Date: 13 Jun 1979 2242-PDT
From: T.Topaz
Subject: LOTS Is Painless
To: k.karlb

LOTS is Painless

Lyrics by Haruka Takano
Sung to the tune of "Suicide is Painless" by ?

It's early morning and I hear
Keyboards clatter everywhere
Why are all these people here
Looking grim and near despair

Chorus: And suicide is painless
   It brings on many changes
   And you can take or leave it
   If you please

With finals just around the bend
I have to turn this program in
I need more time, oh help me friend
The queue grow longer with no end

Chorus
A TA once requested me
Debug my program carefully
But what was wrong I could not see
It just gave some strange PC

Chorus

Any suggestions for more verses or modifications of these?

Haruka

Date: 14 Mar 1980 1342-PST
From: B.BERLIN
Subject: Goodbye, Terminal Queue

    Goodbye, Terminal Queue

    Lyrics by Richard Berlin
    (To be sung, naturally enough, to Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, by Elton John!)

    When is it gonna go down?
    When is it going to crash?
    I should have stayed in my dorm
    I can do without all this trash!
    You know I've been here forever
    Waiting in the stupid queue
    I've only waited seven hours
    And I'm number sixty-two
    Oo,oo,oo
    Ah--
    Woh,oh,oh
    Oh.

    Watchin' the CERAS ceiling
    It looks like it's getting light
    I haven't even got a terminal
    And I've been waiting here all night
    It's getting so I can't take it
    We're all a bunch of nervous wrecks--
    Guyana was a cocktail party
    Compared to C S I O X
    Oo, oo, oo,
    Ah--
Woh,oh,oh

So goodbye, terminal queue
I'm tired of waiting for you
I can't stand living in CERAS
Im getting out of this ZOO!
Back to my own little bed
To soothe my poor,aching head
I've finally decided my future lies
Beyond the CERAS queue.

I think I must be going crazy
I just can't believe my eyes
Type 'execute', and it says 'DON'T PLAY
PASCAL WHEN THE LOAD IS HIGH'
Control-t says the load is fifty
And all I want to do
Is forget the day that I ran OPEN
And never see another queue
In my life--
Ah--
Woh,oh,oh

So goodbye, terminal queue
I'm tired of waiting for you
I can't stand living in CERAS
Im getting out of this ZOO!
Back to my own little bed
To soothe my poor,aching head
I've finally decided my future lies
Beyond the CERAS queue.

--Richard Berlin
(With the customary apologies to
Elton John.)

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25-Mar-80 22:02:01-PST,1776:000000000001
Date: 25 Mar 1980 2201-PST
From: K.KARLB
Subject: Computer Man
To: e.ernest

Computer Man
Lyrics by Karl B. Young
Sung to the tune of "Piano Man" by Billy Joel
It's 11 o'clock on a Thursday.
The regular crowd shuffles in.
There's a freshman sitting next to me
Trying to type his program in.

He says 'Sir, won't you give me some memory?
I'm not really sure how much more.
But I had me some code and now, due to the load,
I can't seem to get it in core.'

La, la la, la la, la la la la,
La la, la la la, la, la....

CHORUS:

Give us some HELP, you're the computer man.
Give us some HELP tonight.
'Cause we're all in that queue, and this program is due,
And we have just run out of time.

Now, Kirk at the desk is a friend of mine.
He gives me my time for free.
Yeah, he's quick on the keys, even quicker to freeze,
But there's someplace that he'd rather be.

And the coed is practicing politics
As her smile at the TA is sweet.
And she's playing a game they call gettin' ahead
But it's better than an incomplete.

La, la la, la la, la la la la,
La la, la la la, la, la....

CHORUS:

It's a pretty good crowd for a Thursday,
And the load's correspondingly high.
I type fast as she goes, and still not a thing shows,
As I wait an hour for a reply.

And the lineprinter sounds like a Model T.
And the magnetic tape's acting queer.
They come in 105, and they hand me their jive,
And say, 'Man, what are you doing here?'
La, la la, la la, la la la la,
La la, la la la, la, la....

CHORUS

Suggested extra verse (Kanef)
It's a pretty good crowd for a Thursday
And the manager gives me a frown
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see
And they're weighing the poor system down.
-------
6-Apr-80 16:08:57-PST,1106;000000000001
Date:  6 Apr 1980 1608-PST
From: Rick Stone
Subject: Today...

To be sung to the tune of "Today (while the blossoms still cling to the vine)"
lyrics by Rick Stone

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,
A million assignments are given each day
Using this 'puter, and guess, in the end, who pays!

I'm not a hacker with shriek for an "at" sign,
I'm just a geneticist tied up in knots.
Multiplication to me means division,
So why the hell am I at LOTS?

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,
A million assignments on Friday are due
Using this 'puter, so guess, who is given the screw!

I've MAILED to J.Q., and begged time from Queenie,
I've asked Ralph these questions that HELP could not parse.
Why is it, when half the campus is in queue,
This school doesn't notice the farce?

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,
TWENEX won't crash next, but merely explode.
For "105"'s not a C.S.D. class it's - THE LOAD!

-------
18-Apr-80 14:24:10-PST,1542:000000000001
Date: 18 Apr 1980 1424-PST
From: K.Kanef
Subject: Fifty Ways to Write Your Program

Fifty Ways to Write Your Program

lyrics by Bob Kanefsky
sung to the tune of "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" by Paul Simon

"The problem is all inside your head," she said to me.
"The program is easy if it's done recursively.
I'd like to help you in your struggle for a 'B';
There must be fifty ways to write your program.
Fifty ways to write your program."

Chorus: (You just) read the damn screen, Gene.
        Type control-T, Lee.
        Run it again, Ken.
        Then watch it and see.

        Wait in the queue, Lou.
        Edit the file, Kyle.
        No need to delete, Pete:
        Just listen to me.

        Push down the stack, Jack.
        Don't you dare come back!
        Go see a TA, Ray.
        And just let me be.

She said, "It's really not my job to interfere
Even though I see your algorithm won't work in a year.
But I'll repeat myself, at the risk of being clear:
There must be fifty ways to write your program.
Fifty ways to write your program."

Chorus

She said, "It grieves me so that you're still off the track.
There must be something I can do to get you off my back."
I said, "I appreciate that, and would you please explain about the fifty ways?"
She said "Why don't you just come back tommorrow night,
When I believe there's a consultant who's both good-natured and
bright."
With that she logged out, and I realized she probably was right:
There must be fifty ways to write your program.
Fifty ways to write your program.

Chorus
-------

25-May-80 12:45:27-PDT,916;000000000001
Date: 25 May 1980 1245-PDT
From: Rick Stone
Subject: I Sit Waiting For Response

To be sung to the tune "If I Only Had A Brain" from The Wizard of Oz.

    I waste hours, sometimes da-ays,
    Sitting; staring at my Ha-az,
    As I wonder what it wants.
    And my hair, I am tearing,
    For I find it very wearing,
    To be waiting for response.

    The consultants merely gri-in,
    And just say that I won't wi-in,
    (I asked for help, not taunts!)
    From <Return> to [...Execution]
    The earth spins a revolution.
    As I'm waiting for response.

    Oh I,
    Can tell you why,
    This twenty is so slow.
    But so what! For you see here - cowering low.
    Two hundred students,
    they ALL will know!

    I once thought (when I was bolder),
    I'd get graphs with colored folder,
    Reports in several fonts.
    When it takes a week to spo-ol,
    I then ask you, "Who's the fo-ol
    Who is waiting for response?"

-------

28-Oct-80 23:00:26-PST,2545;000000000001
Date: 28 Oct 1980 2300-PST
From: E.Ernest at CERAS (Ernest W. Adams)
Subject: The Loser of the System

Sung to the tune of "The Coward of the County", by Kenny Rogers.
Lyrics by Ernest Adams.

Everyone considered him the loser of the system.
He never wrote a word of code that proved the system wrong.
His mama named him Tommy, but the TA's called him Lossage.
Somethin' always told me his code was much too long.

Tommy was a new user when JQ flushed his roommate
He was helping Tommy when he was taking 106.
I still recall the final words his roommate MAILed to Tommy
"Kid, I've just been clobbered; I guess you'll hit the sticks."

CHORUS:

"Promise me, kid
Not to do the things I did.
Walk away from CERAS when you can.
Now you don't have to cheat;
It can wait another week,
And roomie, I sure hope you understand:
You don't have to hack to write programs."

There's one CUSP for everyone, and Tommy's CUSP was EMACS
In its fork he didn't have to hack to write his code.
One night while he was working the system went unstable.
The crashes munged his files (And there were three of them).

When Tommy did a D I R and saw his programs munched up
The lost work, the broken code was more than he could stand.
He reached into his wallet, ripped up his roommate's picture
As the shreds fell on the CERAS floor he heard these words again:

CHORUS

"Promise me, kid
Not to do the things I did.
Walk away from CERAS when you can.
Now you don't have to cheat;
It can wait another week,
And roomie, I sure hope you understand:
You don't have to hack to write programs."
The TA folks just stared at him as he walked up towards their table. One of them got up and went and hid inside the john. When Tommy went in back they said, "Thank gosh, he's askin' JQ." (But you should have seen their eyes bug when Tommy sat and logged a job in.)

Nine long weeks of losin' were bottled up inside him. He wasn't holdin' nothing back, he DEBUGged all night long. When Tommy left the lobby not a program was unfinished. He said, "Thank gosh for EMACS" as he walked into the dawn.

(And I heard him say)

CHORUS

"I promised you, kid
   Not to do the things you did.
I've walked away from CERAS when I could.
   But I didn't want to cheat;
It couldn't wait another week.
   And roomie, I sure hope you understand:
Sometimes you got to hack to write programs."

Everyone considered him the loser of the system...

-------
13-Oct-80 03:37:51-PDT,1763;000000000011
Date: 13 Oct 1980 0337-PDT
From: K.Kanef at CERAS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: I Wonder What the System is Doing Tonight

I Wonder What the System Is Doing Tonight
(sung to the tune of I Wonder What the King Is Doing Tonight from CAMELOT)

I know what our users are thinking today
As over their listings they putter: ;these line spoken
Everyone smiling in secret dismay
As they stare at their ttys and mutter.
Whenever the queue grows this short,
You can almost hear everyone snort:
   "I wonder what the system is doing tonight.
      Which one of us it's so bent on screwing tonight.
      The lights on the front end, they never burned as bright.
      I wonder what the system is down for tonight.
      How goes the intercession
      When the load is in recession
      And many of the users are far-flung?"
Well I'll tell you what the system is doing tonight: it's hung!
It's hung?
You mean LOTS survived last Monday morning
Perfectly well, then without warning
Brings itself down in the middle of the night?
Right!
A night when the site's so still and quiet
Even the hackers aren't by it
LOTS gets itself into an awful mess?
Yes!
You mean that appalling clammering
That sounds like a blacksmith hammering
Is frustrated users banging on their keys?
Please!
You wonder what the system is hashing tonight?
It's running around in circles, thrashing, tonight!
What occupies its time, which no one's here to use?
It's searching high and low for files to lose!
And oh, the chance for greediness
The uninterrupted speediness
It must offer to the users who remain!
Well I'll tell you what the system is offering tonight:
It's hung! It's thrashing!
It's looping! It's crashing!
And that's what the system's doing tonight.
-------
26-Oct-80 14:44:15-PST,1190;000000000001
Date: 26 Oct 1980 1444-PST
From: K.Kanef at CERAS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: "Wait for a Hazeltine"
Parody-of: "America" by Simon and Garfunkel

"Let us be hackers; we'll merge all our programs together.
I've got some good ones right here on my tape."
So we walked up to the pig machines
And bought synthetic pies
And queued in to wait for a Hazeltine.

"Kathy", I said as we searched through my program with EMACS,
"IBM seems like a dream to me now.
It took me four days to punch up that subroutine!
I've come to wait for a Hazeltine."

Laughing at the queue, making fun of the users.
She said the grad student with the long name was a spy.
I said "Be careful: his terminal's really an A-bomb."
"Let's go log in again; you've still got some allocation."
"We used the last of it hours ago."
So I told her my username.
She put it in the queue.
And the moon shone down through the roof on us.

"Kathy, it's broke", I said, though I knew she was sleeping.
"It's looping and losing and I don't know why."
Counting the users at Ceras and Terman; they've
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.

------
Date: 24 Oct 1980 2048-PDT
From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz>
Subject: Don't You Know What I Know?

Don't You Know What I Know?
   lyrics by Haruka Takano
   written 24-Oct-80

Walking into Ceras in the night
Don't you see what I see?
People lining up to get in line
Don't you see what I see?

   A queue, a queue
   Growing in the night
   With a tail that's nowhere in sight
   With a tail that's nowhere in sight!

Wondering why I get no response
Don't you hear what I hear?
I ask the consultant what is wrong
Don't you hear what I hear?

   A beep, a flash
   The system has just crashed
   And my file has just been smashed
   And my file has just been smashed!

Sitting for an hour and a half
Don't you know what I know?
Waiting for my listing to come out
Don't you know what I know?
A rip, a tear
The printer has just jammed
And my listing has just been trashed
And my listing has just been trashed!

-------
28-Oct-80 10:54:50-PST,1389;000000000001
Date: 28 Oct 1980 1054-PST
From: T.TSI at CERAS
Subject: The Question

The Question--regrets to the Moody Blues
lyrics by Jay Chesavage

Why do we never get an answer
  When we're waiting in the queue?
There's a thousand million questions
  about Pascal, and EMACS, too.

'Cause when we stop and look around us,
  There's not a TA to debate
In the Class of 10X
  Where programs can't be late.

(ah...ah....)

Why do we never get an answer?
  To the 'Print' command this week?
Because the printer blew its hammers
  and was donated by HP.

Why does the system crash on Tuesday?
  And the folks at DEC insist
That AMPEX memory's the problem
  'Preventative Maintainence', the fix.

(ah...ah...)

(rit.)

It's not the way
  That the system
types 'No Such File'
  to you
It's more the way
That the days pass
Inside the CERAS cube.

And when you stop
And think about it
You won't believe it's true
consultants are paid good money
to hurl abuse at you.

I'm looking for
    a manual on DEBUG
I'm looking for
    my girlfriend, to hug
And if you could see
    What this has done to me
You'll see why it's so clear
    I won't use LOTS next year.

Between the Whining of the Printer
    and the crashing cpu
There lies a file that's been Deleted
    Oh, Shit! That program's due.
(Repeat to beginning, a tempo)

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--------
28-Oct-80 18:54:08-PST,920;000000000001
Date: 28 Oct 1980 1854-PST
From: R.REFAS
Subject: [Untitled]

Sung to the tune of "On the Street Where You Live" from
"My Fair Lady". Lyrics by Steven Shafer.

    I have often crossed the campus to LOTS
    Even Friday nights although it rots
    Why then am I
    Now about to cry
    Because LOTS has gone down again

    Are there tty's free at Terman now
    Or would CERAS be better, somehow
    Does the paper pour
    From L-P-T once more
    Or is the printer not printing again
Oh, the towering ceiling  
At CERAS/LOTS, where the TA's are out  
The over powering feeling  
I haven't a clue, what my assignment's about  

Users stop and stare, they don't bother me  
For there's no where else but LOTS, that I would rather be  
It's so nice to say  
LOTS is here to stay  
Even though it's gone down once again  

...well, it's close anyway. Good luck with the contest

steven shafer (r.refas)

-------
1-Nov-80 14:03:03-PST,1686:000000000001
Date: 1 Nov 1980 1403-PST
From: K.KARLB (Karl B. Young)
Subject: The Hacker

The Hacker

(to the tune of 'The Gambler', by Kenny Rogers)
(lyrics by Karl B. Young)

On a cold, winter's night in a building they call CERAS  
I met up with a hacker; we were tired and fighting sleep.  
He took his turn a-starin' at my screen there in the darkness.  
Then boredom overtook him and...he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of user consultation--  
Knowin' what your program does by the way you hold your eyes--  
And if you don't mind my sayin', you are out of allocation.  
For a taste of your soda I will give you some advice."

So I handed him my Pepsi and he washed down my last swallow.  
Then he killed my job and put me in the queuing line.  
Then the line printer got quiet and his face lost all expression:  
"If you're going to play the game, boy, you've gotta learn to use your time"
CHORUS:
"You gotta know when to code, know when to log out,
Know when to single-step, know when you're through.
You don't write your program when you're sitting at the terminal.
There'll be time enough for writing...when you're in the queue."

"Every hacker knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' when the time is free and what's the load and queue.
Cause everyone's a cruncher and everyone's a user
And the best that you can hope for is a crash when you're through."

Then he walked back towards his terminal as I stumbled to the lobby,
Went over to the couches and drifted off to sleep.
And somewhere in the darkness, the hacker he done logged out.
But in his final words I found some time that I could keep.

A Consideration Of The Ancient Manuscript

It has come into our possession (how this came about is well beyond the scope of this treatise, but is exhaustively treated in Young's humorous yet informative essay 'Rumblings In The Garbage Heap') a manuscript of doubtless authenticity. After decoding from the original classical language ASCII, we present it here in its almost original form with the following notes:

The Hacker[1]


If[7] met up with a hacker; we were tired and fighting sleep[8][9].
He took his turn a-starin'[10] at my screen there in the darkness[11].
Then boredom overtook him[12] and...he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of user consultation[13]--
Knowin' what your program does by the way you hold your eyes[14]--
And if you don't mind my sayin'[15], you are out of allocation[16].
For a taste of your soda[17] I will give you some advice[18]."

So I handed him my Pepsi[19] and he washed down my last swallow[20].
Then he killed my job and put me in the queuing line[21].
Then the line printer got quiet[22] and his face lost all expression:
"If you're going to play the game[23], boy, you've gotta learn to use your
time"

CHORUS[24]:
"You gotta know when to code, know when to log out,
Know when to single-step[25], know when you're through.
You don't write your program when you're sitting at the terminal.
There'll be time enough for writing...when you're in the queue[26]."

[27]"Every hacker knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' when the time is free[28] and what's the load and queue.
Cause everyone's a cruncher and everyone's a user[29]
And the best that you can hope for is a crash when you're through[30]."

Then he walked back towards his terminal as I stumbled to the lobby[31],
Went over to the couches and drifted off to sleep[32].
And somewhere in the darkness, the hacker he done logged out.
But in his final words I found some time that I could keep.

CHORUS[33]

Notes:

[1] Hacker (Haak' - ur) from the English, 'to hack' (Olde Englishe --
HACKE). One who hacks, esp. one who consistently makes small and
unimportant changes to a program so as to be clever.

[2] It is doubtful that the person or persons who wrote this song had
any concept as to what a tune is.

[3] It appears that the author of this piece never had a last name and
was forever burdened by his parents with two first names.

[4] Note here that the scribe did not know English very well. This
comma ain't necessary.

[5] At the location where the ballad takes place, it is always cold
and since one usually has no concept of the outside world, it might
as well be winter as any other season.

[6] Center for Educational Research At Stanford, also known as SCRDT, also known as 'a concrete and glass structure in the center of Stanford campus'.

[7] The first person is used here, the name of the second person having been changed to protect his innocence.

[8] Sleep research is prevalent at Stanford, although I am unaware of any fighting that is caused by this. Certainly conscription of young men to fight is discouraged.

[9] There is a second theory about this phrase, the contention being that the author and the hacker were brothers (or at least relatives) by the name of Sleep--Tired and Fighting Sleep to be precise--which however throws some suspicion on the sanity of their parents.

[10] It is apparent by this that the author of the ballad was in no small trouble, if people had to take turns to come over and stare at his terminal.

[11] The lighting at CERAS has never been known for its brilliance. In fact, it has deteriorated drastically from its original intensity so that each carrel must now depend on the glow from the screens for any illumination.

[12] Boredom is a frequent user of LOTS and is so repulsive that users have been known to strike up a conversation with anyone else to avoid having to talk to this creature. This is precisely what occurs here.

[13] This may or may not be an exaggeration. Many consultants do seem to have been here for an awfully long time. It is a rare case, though, that these oft-seen personages are actually devoted to consulting.

[14] This is not an exaggeration.

[15] A rare show of concern for the user. Usually, hackers don't care if a person minds or not. This was obviously an unusual (or at least a mental) case.

[16] Allocation, n., from the English, to allocate. The amount of time given to a user with which he may communicate to the computer. This time is not, however, absolute and it is indeed the case that a
person may be communicating while 'over allocation'. Although allocation has been around for years, the definition of it has recently come under attack, and whole new school of thought has sprung up based on the premise that allocation, like astrology, should depend on the time of year.

[17] From the English, "Soda Pop". Also known as "pop" or just "drink". It appears to be a regional peculiarity as to which one you prefer.

[18] This phrase indicates that the hacker was NOT a wheel, being able only to give advice in a verbal fashion, and not by being enabled.

[19] This is a common drink (soda, pop, etc) among hackers, esp. late at night when the body's withdrawal from caffeine tends to place it in a state of hibernation.

[20] Perhaps the most vulgar part of the entire ballad. It has been well established that the last part of any drink (soda, pop, etc) is mostly backwash, anyway.

[21] This is very redundant and repetitive, too. Unless, of course, a line was being formed to use the queuing terminal, which is not uncommon.

[22] Probably was jammed or broken again.

[23] It is not likely that the author was playing a game (specifically adventure) at the time, but it is possible that the hacker could only relate to him on those terms..

[24] It is most unusual that a chorus should be wandering through CERAS just at this moment. Infrequent visits by the LSJUMB and the Mendicants have been noted, however.

[25] This may have confused the poor user, unless the hacker was referring to the practice of manually 'walking' through the program. The new Pascal 20 debugger does have a single-stepper.

[26] This line and the one before it contain the two most powerful thoughts of the entire ballad. They are restatements of a well-known maxim that should be recognizable by the reader.

[27] At this point in the ballad, the manuscript indicates a gentle modulation up one key.

[28] There may be no such thing as a free lunch, but apparently there
are (highly contested) periods when time is free. This explains why the hacker put the user back into the queue even though he had no allocation left.

[29] Ain't it the truth.

[30] It appears that if the system crashes just before a user logs out, that user retains the benefit of his work, and is not penalized for the time he uses. Not very dependable.

[31] It is easy to stumble in the CERAS lobby. There are many pieces of misplaced furniture and they are all chained down.

[32] As odd as this may seem, it happens all the time. It may even give us an inkling as to who the user was. Note: Due to his falling asleep, he probably missed his terminal assignment, which is also common.

[33] In the original, it is indicated that the chorus here is to be repeated, the second time with a background counterpoint, thusly:

You gotta know when to code (when to code),
know when to log out (when to log out),
etc....

------
5-Nov-80 09:59:25-PST,1523:000000000001
Date: 5 Nov 1980 0959-PST
From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz>
Subject: Even Stranger

Even Stranger...
(sung to the tune of 'Stranger' by Billy Joel)
lyrics by Haruka Takano
written: 08-Oct-80
revised: 20-Oct-80
re-revised: 05-Nov-80

Verse I:
Well, we all make mistakes
When we're working on our programs
We can point them out and show ourselves
How trivial they are,
Some are subtle, some are strange,
Some are typed, and some are mental,
They can always be avoided
But we make them just the same.

Verse II:
Well, we all sometimes hack
And we disregard the danger
When our changes seem so simple
And we think, "What can go wrong?"
Why were you so surprised
That you never saw the errors?
Did you ever let your ego
See the errors in yourself?

Chorus: Don't be afraid to try again;
Everything goes sour
Every now and then.
"It should have worked right from the start."
You should know by now
How rarely that occurs.

Verse III:
Well, I used to believe
I was such a great programmer
When I came upon an error
That I did not recognize.
When I looked through all the sources
I could never find the error
It was then I felt the program
Kick me right between the eyes.

(Repeat Verse II)

(Chorus)

Verse IV
We will never understand
How these errors are inspired
Though they may not all be fatal
And are sometimes simply bugs.
If we take and document them
They are transformed into features
And you'd never realize
That they were errors all along.

-------
12-Nov-80 12:53:21-PST, 912:000000000001
Date: 12 Nov 1980 1253-PST
From: Rick Stone
Subject: I have been a Hacker

[To the tune of "Love's Been Good to Me"]

CHORUS: I have been a Hacker,  
Coding night and day,  
Through a hundred crashes,  
Hoping there's a "way."  
Still I'll type CONTINUE.  
I say this, with a shrug,  
For once in awhile along the "way,"  
I get to crush a bug.

There was this bug, in EMACS,  
Within a subroutine.  
Type control-V two times,  
The screen would blank out clean,  
And half your file was transfered to NUL:  
(Oh boy! Was that a pain!)  
I switched a mask and pointer's bit,  
Now no one has complained!

CHORUS

There was a time, a user,  
Walked into 105.  
He couldn't "print no output!  
What is this stupid jive!"  
But I explained that all was well here,  
(He only muttered "Ugh!")  
For, you see, in PASCAL that's  
A feature, not a bug.

CHORUS

-------
17-Feb-81 20:36:49-PST,903;000000000001
Date: 17 Feb 1981 2036-PST
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: I Don't Know How To Login
Parody-of: I Don't Know How To Love Him (from JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR)

I don't know how to login.
I don't know this new system.
It's been changed. It's really changed.
In these past few days, with this new release,
It seems like something else.

I can't debug my program.
I don't see why it loses.
It's some code. It's just some code.
And I've written so much code before,
In many languages. It's just some more!
Should I write it down?
Should I print it out?
Should I blow it off
And just throw it out?
And all these error messages!
What's it all about?

Yet, if my code compiled,
I'd be lost, I'd be frightened.
It wouldn't run. It's far from done.
I'd use DEBUG
And hack away
And always want to know
When can I go?
Why's LOTS so slow?
Why's LOTS so slow?
-------
17-Feb-81 20:43:37-PST,1335;000000000001
Date: 17 Feb 1981 2043-PST
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: She's Always a Hacker
Parody-of: She's Always a Woman (by Billy Joel)

She can kill all your files;
She can freeze with a frown.
And a wave of her hands brings the whole system down.
And she works on her code until ten after three.
She lives like a bat but she's always a hacker to me.

She'll use MDGT--
She can foo, bar, and baz it.
You can't give her a bit 'cause she already has it.
But you'll take what she writes you as long as it's free.
Yeah, she works like a slave but she's always a hacker to me.

define chorus <
    Oh, she takes care of herself.
She can wait, if she wants,
At the head of the queue.
Oh, and she never logs out,
But she never logs in
'Til it's well after two.

chorus

And she'll write for the system a jsys that hashes.
Then she'll carelessly break it and laugh when it crashes.
But her code runs as fast and as slow as can be.
Blame it all on the load, 'cause she's always a hacker to me.

[hum]

chorus

She's frequently wheeled, then it's suddenly cleared.
But she can do as she pleases, as you've always feared.
And she won't go away 'til she's earned her degree.
And the most she will do is STI keystrokes at you
But she's always a hacker to me.

[hum]

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17-Mar-81 23:24:05-PST,1195:000000000001
Date: 17 Mar 1981 2324-PST
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Parody-of: I Am A Woman In Love (Barbara Streisand)
Subject: I Am A Wizard In Love

LOTS is a moment in space;
When the spy fork's gone, it's a lonelier place.
We kissed the program goodbye,
But down inside, you know we never knew why.

The load can reach a new height
When ends don't meet, and the Provost is tight.
I'm glad the staff never knew
I renamed it "FOO"
Just to look out for you.

define Chorus <
  I am a wizard in love
  And I'd run anything
To tell me when you're around
   And when you login.
   It's a right I defend--over and over again.
   So I run FOO.

> 

Chorus

With you eternally mine--
   At night, when there's no measure of time--
   I wrote the code way back when
   Just so that now, I can meet you again.

I don't know when you'll appear,
   But I will know as soon as you're here.
   No fork is ever a waste!
   I've renamed it "FOO"
   Just to look out for you.

   Chorus

   I am a wizard in love,
   And I'm watching for you!
   You know it's almost unreal
   What a wizard can do.
   It's a right I defend--over and over again.

   Chorus

-------
18-Apr-81 20:12:31-PST,5848;000000000001
Date: 18 Apr 1981 2012-PST
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Gorin's Dream
Parody-of: Tevye's Dream (from FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)

Lieberman: Hello?
Gorin: This is Ralph Gorin. I'm being haunted! It's Mrs. Stanford!
   She was standing there a minute ago!
Lieberman: What? You must have been dreaming. Tell me what you dreamed
   and I'll tell you what it meant.
Gorin: It was a celebration of some kind. Everyone there was a
   flushed user I thought had been laid to rest long ago.
   Suddenly, out of the closet stepped one of the grandfathers of
   computer science -- Alan Turing.
Lieberman: Turing? How did he look?
Gorin: Well, for a man who's been dead for thirty years, not bad.
Anyway, he walked up to me and said

{Turing: A blessing on your head
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: To see your system wed
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: To such a fine machine,
        Beyond my wildest dream:
        A second 2060.}

Lieberman: 2060?!?

{Turing: A clever thing to do --
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: With hundreds in the queue
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: And such a heavy load
        I thought LOTS might explode --
        To buy a 2060.}

Lieberman: He must have heard wrong. He meant the 2040 you borrowed.
Gorin: I'll tell him.

{Gorin: You must have heard wrong, Grandpa;
        There's no '60.
        You mean the '40, Grandpa,
        On a loan from GSB.

Turing: No!! I mean the '60, Gorin.
        My great brainchild -- those little automata named for me,
        On fast hardware they must be!

Turing: They're such a handsome pair!
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: I wish I could be there!
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: A pair of hardware twins!
        The idea really wins:
        A second 2060.}

Lieberman: But you announced it already. And you're NOT getting any 2060.
Gorin: I'll tell him.

{Gorin: But we announced it, Grandpa,
        To our users.
        We can't get funding, Grandpa,
From the Provost, Lieberman.

Turing: Oh!! So you announced it, Gorin?
Turing: That's you're headache!
Turing: And as for Lieberman I say to you:
Turing: Gorin, that's you're headache too!

Turing: My heart will swell with pride
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: When they run side by side!
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Turing: I'll like them better yet
Turing: If they're tied in a net!
Turing: A pair of 2060s.

Flushed users: A blessing on your land
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Flushed users: To see your site expand!
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Flushed users: Your hefty load and queue
Flushed users: Will soon be cut in two
Flushed users: By your new 2060!
Flushed users: By your new 2060!
Flushed users: By your new 2060!
Flushed users: Foo! Foo!
Flushed users: Look! Who is this? Who is this? Who comes here?
Flushed users: Who?
Flushed users: What woman is this, her bony finger shaking?

4.4: Could it be?
E.Electrolabs: Sure!
W.Wald: Yes, it could!
L.Lulu: Why not?
Guest: Who could be mistaken?
Flushed users: It's the founder's wife, come from beyond the grave!
Flushed users: It's the founder's dear, darling departed wife!
Flushed users: Mrs. Stanford! Mrs. Stanford!
Flushed users: Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Stanford!!!!
Mrs. Stanford: Gorin!
Flushed users: What is this about your system frustrating my students?
Flushed users: Yes, her students!
Mrs. Stanford: Dare you thus besmirch the name of Leland Stanford?
Flushed users: Leland Stanford!
Mrs. Stanford: Have you no consideration for our reputation?
Flushed users: Reputation!
Mrs. Stanford: Letting money interfere with education!
Flushed users: Education!
Mrs. Stanford: How can you allow it?  How?
   How can you let my students waste their time?
   Wait in the queue?
   Bang on the keys?
   Get no response?  Lord, how?
Flushed users: How can you let her students get no response?
   Foo!  Foo!  Foo!
Mrs. Stanford: Such a learned man as Gorin wouldn't let it happen!
Flushed users: Let it happen!
Mrs. Stanford: Tell me that it isn't true and then I wouldn't worry.
Flushed users: Wouldn't worry!
Mrs. Stanford: Say you ordered more for LOTS than just a 2040!
Flushed users: 2040!
Mrs. Stanford: Let me tell you what would follow such a fatal wedding:
   If LESS is all that's done for LOTS,
   I pity them both!
   This scheme will work three weeks,
   And when three weeks are up,
   I'll come to it by night,
   I'll take it by the front end,
   And THIS I'll give you low overhead!  THAT I'll give you low
   overhead!
   That's my will if it tries to get by with LESS!
Flushed users: Gasp!}

Lieberman:     It's an evil spirit!  Let it return to the mausoleum!  Let it
sink into the steam tunnels!  Such a dark and horrible dream!
And to think -- it was brought on by underfunding!

A blessing on my head!
   Mazel tov, mazel tov!
As Grandpa Turing said,
   Mazel tov, mazel tov!
We'll buy a new machine
Beyond his wildest dream:
   A second 2060.

Gorin:        "We haven't got the dough",
Lieberman:    Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Gorin:        You told me months ago,
Lieberman:    Mazel tov, mazel tov!
Gorin:        But since you're so appalled,
   We'll buy a -- what's it called?
Lieberman:    A second 2060.
Gorin, Lieberman:
   A second 2060!
A second 2060!
A second 2060!

--------
Date: 28-May-81 21:45:46-PDT,773;000000000001
From: K.KARLB (Karl B. Young)
Subject: My Roommate Lives Over...
To: e.ernest

Title: My Roommate Lives Over...
Lyrics by Karl B. Young
Sung to the tune of 'My Cup Runneth Over'

I live in a double like others I've known.
Yet I have no trouble in being alone.
I don't have companions like others have got--
My roommate lives over at LOTS.

I see him at CERAS and sometimes at meals.
My friends think it's great but don't know how it feels
To see his desk empty and mouldy in spots--
My roommate lives over at LOTS.

(Musical interlude)

I wouldn't complain but, as you have all heard,
No one comes to visit the friend of a nerd.
So please don't forget me, and leave to rot--
My roommate lives over at LOTS

--------
Date: 30-May-81 13:37:37-PDT,1782;000000000001
From: Rick Stone
Subject: The LOTS DECsystem-20

(Tune of "The City of New Orleans" by Arlo Guthrie)

LOGIN on the LOTS DECsystem-20.
Version 4 Monitor, monday morning queue.
40 jobs and 60 restless users,
2 consultants, and 95 homeworks due.
As I start my EMACS fork I see
The load has just topped 23,
And promises to keep on climbing high.
The keyboard clicks, but on the screen
The last 6 lines are yet unseen.
Oh, it's so slow I bang the Heath and cry:

CHORUS:  Good Morning, to LOTS
           are you still with me?
          Hey, don't you see me?
           I'm job 21.
          I'm the luser by the wall on TTY 30.
          I'll be here another week before I'm done.

Running EMACS in the lowest room of CERAS.
Typed ahead 2 screenfulls; hope it keeps this mess.
Then suddenly it flashes: [DEC Continued].
I think I better type Control - XS.

And the hackers at their carrels,
And the staff behind the glass,
  Keep on letting this computer kick their ass.
Users with their reams and reams
Of buggy code, still have their dreams
  That they'll get it done for tuesday morning's class.

CHORUS

Midnight at the LOTS DECSystem-20.
18 hours and still it won't compile.
One more run: "Halt EXEC, must LOGOUT."
I think I'm gonna be here for a while.

And the Jupiter and E-net seem
To be some wizard's day-dream.
And Kirk and Bob still ain't heard the news.
That the Terman node has died again,
And the SX: disk has just been trashed.
I do declare this system is a luse.

KJOB to LOTS,
I'm off to crash now.
I've switched to CIT,
It's the last you'll see of me.
My watch says it is way past 4 AM now,
And still they say that time on LOTS is "free."

---

20-Jul-81 17:43:30-PDT,1060:000000000001
Date: 20 Jul 1981 1743-PDT
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Unpaid Advice
Parody-of: Norwegian Wood (by the Beatles)

[This is a reaction to the Sex And Consulting controversy which recently raged on BBoard (thanks to Stuart Reges). Though it's traditional, when writing or singing a song, to toggle the pronouns to suit one's own preferences, I'll assume, in the spirit of that discussion, that all consultants lust after women.]

I
Once helped a girl.
Or should I say
She once helped me?
She
Showed me her code.
(Isn't it nice,
Unpaid advice?)

She asked me for help and she told me it wouldn't compile.
So I looked it over and noticed its godawful style.

I
Lended a hand,
Raising the load,
Changing her code.
I
Worked until 2,
Then heard her weep,
"I need some sleep".

She said she had class in the morning and started to cry.
I told her I didn't 'cause I was too tired to lie.

And
When it was done,
I was alone.
She had gone home.
So
I typed DELETE.
Isn't it nice,
Unpaid advice?
-------
27-Jul-81 16:05:02-PDT,1124:000000000001
Date: 27 Jul 1981 1605-PDT
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO at LOTS>
[Do it with class structures!]  
Subject: Hazeltine

Hazeltine

[to "Clementine" by Stephen Foster]

On a term'nal
On a twenty
I sit, waiting for a line
And my tty (not too pretty)
Is a crufty Hazeltine

Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine
You have lost my job forever
You're pathetic, Hazeltine

Hacking MIDAS
(Don't deny this!)
When the load hits forty-nine
Nothing happens for an hour
On my crufty Hazeltine

Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine
You do not help my endeavor
You're a sad sight, Hazeltine

To get help
When hacking EMACS
Type control-shift-underline
But you must go control-shift-O
If you're on a Hazeltine
Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine
You were never very clever
You're outdated, Hazeltine

(c) 1981 by Lynn Gold

Well, she's dialed in from home and she's got around the game-playing ban now.
Seems she forgot all about her late homework like she told her old man now.
And when the Klingons are blasting she'll be typing just as fast as she
can now.
And she'll have FUN FUN FUN 'til her daddy takes her keyboard away.

Well, the users can't stand her 'cause she acts, hacks, and plays like a
wheel now.
She makes the DECSYSTEM-20 look just like an antique automobile now.
Well, she's just a new user but she's already learned a great deal now.
And she'll have FUN FUN FUN 'til her daddy takes her keyboard away.

Well, you knew all along that your dad was getting wise to you now.
And since he took your screen and keys I'll bet you're thinking that your fun
is all through now.
But you're close enough to CERAS if you're willing just to wait in the
queue now.
And you'll have FUN FUN FUN now that Daddy took your keyboard away.

Note: sung in two parts: S = software people, H = hardware people, A = all

A  May the Forks protect and defend you.
A  May they always keep you from harm.
A  May you never run
A  A wholine or a robot arm.

A  May you not learn ZORK or ADVENTURE
A  May Forks keep you safe from that craze.
A  Strengthen them, O Forks,
A  And keep them from the gamester's ways.

A  May you be like SAIL and like PARC-MARX.
A  May your users love you the most.
A  May you come to be
A  On Ethernet the perfect host.

S  May Forks bless you
S  And grant you low loads.
H    May the Forks fulfill our magic chant for you.
H  May Forks make you
H  Good Ethernet nodes.
S     May they do the things that humans can't for you.

S  May the Forks prevent software crashes.
H    May the Forks prevent hardware crashes.
S  May they always shield you from shame.
H    May they always shield you from blame.
S  Favor them, O Forks,
H    Favor them, O Forks,
S     with maintainence and peace.
H    with maintainence and grease.
A  O hear our magic chant!
A  Aaaaaaaaaaaaaamen.

-------

15-Nov-81 03:18:13-PST,873:000000000001
Date: 15 Nov 1981 0318-PST
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO>
[Do it with class structures!]
Subject: Rudolph, the EMACS Hacker

Rudolph, the EMACS Hacker
(to the tune "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer")

Rudolph, the EMACS hacker
Had a piece of TECO code
And if you ever ran it
You would lighten up your load

All of the other hackers
Used to call his programs names
They never let poor Rudolph
Play any computer games

When one hacker lost his fork,
He was heard to say:
"Rudolph, with your CUSPy hack,
Can you get my edit back?"

Then all the other hackers
Loaded up his library;
Rudolph, the EMACS hacker -
You'll go down in hackery!

--Lynn Gold
The First, Last, One and Only (I think)

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4-Dec-81 04:19:56-PST,813;000000000001
Date:  4 Dec 1981 0419-PST
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO>
Motto: Do it with external functions!
Subject: Silent Night

Silent Night

sung to the tune of "Silent Night" by Franz Mohr

Silent Night! Boring Night!
LOTS has crashed, all is blight
Run yon CHECKD, wizard and wheel
Holy twenty never shall keel
Boot in heavenly peace
Boot in heavenly peace

Silent Night! Boring Night!
Wizards shake, hackers fight
As they wait in queue for a day
All their homeworks were due yesterday
Still, the system is down!
Still, the system is down!

Silent Night! Boring Night!
Oh my God, I see light
Radiant beams from one hacker's face
LESS is up, so let's leave this place
There, the load's below one!
There, the load's below one!

-------
15-Dec-81 01:34:03-PST,1280:000000000001
Date: 15 Dec 1981 0134-PST
Sender: B.BERLIN
From: Terry Butzerin
Subject: Terminal Disease (Big Game Gaieties, 1981)

Terminal Disease

We've got a terminal disease
But it's not fatal, just a bug
In fact to clear up the whole problem,
We need just yank out the plug.
We know we're sick of LOTS
Cause our whole system has run down,
Our file discs are overloaded
And our arrays are out of bounds.
We've got a terminal disease
Cause we're in LOTS and LOTS a pain,
We've got a lot of mental problem,
And our allotment's out again.

We spend all quarter here at LOTS
Bashing our heads against the screen,
Don't try to get help from a TA,
They are not normal human beings.
All of our functions are just defunct,
And our procedures won't procede.
We think this program we should just junk,
This kind of treatment we don't need.

We've got a terminal assignment,
There is no chance, no time, no hope.
We are quite sick of this confinement,
We think LOTS a calculating dope.
We're sick of waiting in this queue line,
Our patience is really on it's edge,
We'd really like to beat the system,
And we mean beat it with a sledge.

--Terry Butzerin

-------
6-Jan-82 17:49:24-PST,1982;000000000001
Date: 6 Jan 1982 1705-PST
R.RIFFRAFF
It's astounding. Time is fleeting. 
Hacking takes its toll. 
Why don't you type "C"

M.MAGENTA (tauntingly)
That's the way you get STARTED!

R.RIFFRAFF
While holding down Control. 
I remember doing the Time Sink, 
Drinking those moments when 
An idea would hit me.

R.RIFFRAFF & M.MAGENTA
And my code would be calling:

define CHORUS <  
  CODE
Let's do the Time Sink again! 
Let's do the Time Sink again!

N.NARRATOR
I'll add a JUMP at the end.

CODE
And then a SKIP at the top.

N.NARRATOR
With a HANDS% inbetween.

CODE
And hope the code won't flop. 
But it's the little bugs.
That really drive you insa-a-a-ane.
Let's do the Time Sink again!
Let's do the Time Sink again!
>

M.MAGENTA
It's so funny -- a DECSYSTEM-20
That costs no money -- no, none at all!
It's another facility,
And our tuition's ability
To keep rising pays it all.

R.RIFFRAFF
Hope your work is in order;

M.MAGENTA
You may spend a whole quarter.

R.RIFFRAFF
And NOTHING will ever be the same.

M.MAGENTA
'Til your preoccupation

R.RIFFRAFF
Gets you put on probation!

CHORUS

C.COLUMBIA
Well I was taking 105 --
Knew it was a risk --
When a snake of a guy showed me how to play FisK.
It boggled my mind, it made me feel confused.
It was the strangest program that I EVER used!
I started to play and I felt a change.
Time meant nothing, never would again!

CHORUS

-------
22-Mar-82 02:14:46-PST,3441;000000000001
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 22-Mar-82 02:13:43
Date: 22 Mar 1982 0213-PST
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: To LOTS
To: Songs at SU-LOTS
Lieberman: We'll give funds to Res Ed,
            Our classrooms and libraries,
            And most important,
Gorin: To LOTS! To LOTS! L'Mana!
G & L: L'Mana, L'Mana, to LOTS!
Gorin: Here's to the resource you'll see us be.
Lieberman: Here's to the GSB.
Gorin: Funds to Mana, to LOTS, to LOTS, l'Mana.
       L'Mana, L'Mana, to LOTS.
User 1: LOTS has a way of frustrating us,
User 2: Infuriating us.
Users: Funds, to Mana, to LOTS!
Hacker 0: LOTS says we should not be hacking
          When the CPU lies panting on the floor.
Hacker 1: So how can we do our hacking
          When we're taking classes to do hacking for?
G & L: To LOTS! To LOTS! L'Mana!
Users: To CIT, hoping it rots.
Lieberman: It gives you something to think about.
Gorin: To raise a stink about.
G & L: Funds to Mana, to LOTS!
Gorin: Queenie, free allocation for everyone!
Queenie: What's the occasion?
Gorin: We're getting another computer!
Hackers: What is it?
Gorin: Digital's oldest, a 2040!
Users: Hooray!
       To Lieberman!
Gorin: To Gorin!
Users: To CIT, hoping it rots!
      May all our futures hold sleepy nights,
      Not like these creepy nights.
Funds to Mana, to LOTS, to LOTS, l'Mana,
L'Mana, L'Mana, to LOTS.
And with this much-needed new resource,
We'll take another course.
Funds, to Mana, to LOTS!
We'll raise some funds and steal from GSB
What could be used by many, they would give to few.
We know that such a fortune piled on our site
Will almost surely halve the load and queue.
To us, and our small fortune!
Be happy, be hacky, load loads.
And if our new system never comes, here's to whatever comes.
Funds to Mana, to LOTS!

[Enter the head of CIT, P1.X37, and some CIT staff.]

P1.X37:
1. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
2. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
3. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
4. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
5. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
6. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
7. > ***

CIT staff:
7. > May your system soon appear a much less crowded place!
8. > May you live to see a better user interface!
9. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
10. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
11. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
12. > ***

Users: We'll raise some funds and steal from GSB
What could be used by many, they would give to few.
We know that such a fortune piled on our site
Will almost surely halve the load and queue.
To us, and our small fortune!
Be happy, be hacky, load loads.

CIT staff:
12. > And if your new system never comes, here's to whatever comes.
13. > ***

Users: Funds to Mana, to LOTS!
Gorin: To LOTS!!

-----
22-Mar-82 02:54:38-PST,1880:000000000001

Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 22-Mar-82 02:52:54
Date: 22 Mar 1982 0252-PST
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Turing Test #2 (Mola)
To: Songs at SU-LOTS
Parody-of: Lola (the Kinks)
I met her playing chess at the AI lab,
Where the corn chips taste like they're circuits dipped in Mazola.
And foo bar bazola.
She sent me some MAIL, and she asked me to TALK.
I asked her her name and in a dark brown ink she typed "Mola".
Ey-el-ey-en-ola. AI Motorola.

Well, I'm not the world's most intelligent guy,
But she beat me at chess without seeming to try.
Oh, my Mola. AI Motorola.
Well, I'm not dumb, but I just don't know
Why she typed so fast and she thought so slow.
Oh, my Mola. AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

Well, we ate corn chips and talked 'til eight,
Locked in electric tete-a-tete.
She talked of love, and wrote some poetry,
And said "Dear boy, won't you come visit me?"
Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy.
But when I read all her poems, I completely fell for my Mola,
AI Motorola. AI Motorola.
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

I walked to her room.
I opened the door.
I fell to the floor.
I climbed up the ramp.
And I blinked at her and she at me.

And that's the way that I want it to stay,
And I always want it to be that way for my Mola.
AI Motorola.
Real will be fake, and fake will be real;
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up field, except for Mola.
AI Motorola.

Well, I left home just a week before,
And I never ever wrote a program before.
But Mola winked and took me by surprise
And said "Dear boy, you should see your eyes!"
Well I'm not far down the hacker's road
But I'm stuck in that mode, and I'm proud of my code.
And so is Mola.
AI Motorola. AI Motorola.
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

------
15-Apr-82 11:10:47-PST,1502;000000000001
Date: 15 Apr 1982 1110-PST
From: Rick Stone <S.STONE>
Subject: Software Wizard
Parody-of: Pinball Wizard

Ever since I was a freshman
I've played with DEC machines.
In Jacks Hall or at CERAS,
I'm mainly to be seen.
But I ain't seen nothing like him
He's the top of every stack.
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He sits in a stupor,
Becomes part of the machine.
The stuff he writes is super
And he never sees the screen.
His code's pure inspiration,
Bugs are all it lacks.
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He's a software wizard.
He programs quite a show.
A software wizard,
And king of all I/O.

K.L.: How do you think he does it?
R.G.: I don't know.
R.K.: What makes him so good?

Ain't got no distractions,
Don't hear the keys or bell,
Don't eat, don't sleep, just programs.
In classes: don't do well.
But every time he's paged out,
He always gets swapped back.
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

(I thought I was the symbol table king,
But I just handed my MIDAS crown to him.)

Even with my favorite TECO, he can beat my best.
The OS logs him in, and he just does the rest.
His MACROs : never FAILing.
He's really got the "nack."
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He's a software wizard.
He's SCOREing even more.
A software wizard.
To be in software lore.

(He's SCOREing more!
He's SCOREing more!!)

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29-May-82 03:47:46-PDT,897;000000000011
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 29-May-82 03:46:53
Date: 29 May 1982 0346-PDT
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Bet You'll Like AYEWBF
Parody-of: Betcha By Golly, Wow (sung by the Stylistics)
To: Songs at SU-LOTS

There's a spark of magic in the code,
A friendly hand that runs in background mode.
Tells you when your friends are logging in.
It's called a spy fork, and it's my fork.
It makes LOTS a nice abode,
And it doesn't raise the load.
And --

Bet you'll like AYEWBF.
It's a program I've been working on forever.
And ever will its subroutines
Keep going wrong,
Keep going wrong.

If I could I'd write a special hack
To spy on you and tell me when you're back.
Beep and whistle each time you appear.
To show I love you, thinking of you.
Write your name across my screen,
When you turn up on the scene.
And --
(Chorus)

-----
6-Jun-82 15:24:14-PDT,619;000000000001
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 6-Jun-82 15:23:53
Date: 6 Jun 1982 1523-PDT
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: People Will Say That We Cheat
To: Songs at SU-LOTS
Parody-of: People Will Say We're In Love (OKLAHOMA)

Don't steal arrays from me.
Don't ape my style too much.
Don't copy my file too much.
People will say that we cheat.

Don't start in phase with me.
Your start looks so like mine.
Your chart mustn't flow like mine.
People will say that we cheat.

Please start respecting me,
Or I'll just take "Incomplete".
TAs are suspecting me!
People will say that we cheat.

-----
10-Jun-82 18:10:36-PDT,2133;000000000001
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 10-Jun-82 18:05:26
Date: 10 Jun 1982 1805-PDT
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Golden Fleece
To: Songs at SU-LOTS
Parody-of: "Golden Thread" (from Holly Near's FIRE IN THE RAIN album)

Such a rush is going through my body!
You are so far across the net.
Tender words run through my tty line.
I will get closer to you yet.

It's hard for me to ponder long
On every friendly byte,
For how can I touch you the way I want to touch you
When I intend to stay home and append to my program
For the rest of the night?
My keys are stuck. I've lost control.
Your thoughts are so close to mine!
We share a craving and a craft, my friend.
We two are walking a fine line.

Is it hard for you to ponder long
On every loving byte?
Oh, how can you touch me the way you want to touch me
When you intend to stay home and append to your program
For the rest of the night?

define CHORUS <
  A hacker's love is like a golden fleece:
  It can swap in and out, in and out,
  Oh, transparently. I know this is true:
  I couldn't stop hacking for the life of me,
  And I do love it so, mm I do love it so.
>

CHORUS

But lots of code is missing from its body:
My program should be able to hack the net!
Fresh ideas flow through my weary mind...
I haven't finished with it yet.

But it's hard for me to ponder long
On every buggy byte,
For how can I hack it the way I want to hack it
When I intend to leave home and befriend a new lover
By the end of the night?

CHORUS

But
repeat 2,<
  You can't complete a program. No,
  You can't complete a program.
  When one version's done,
  You'll write a better one.
  And then start a better better one.
>

Oh, run, run, be done by three.
It's gotta fly, run, run, efficiently.
[S]He's lying next to me.
Sexuality, let go of me.
So I can keep on hacking!

(repeat and fade out)

-----
* To indicate that the reader/singer can change the pronoun to match his or her own preferences, I've put an "s" in front of the "he" but diked it out.

-----
13-Aug-82 17:35:40-PDT,564;000000000001
Date: 13 Aug 1982 0635-PDT
From: P.PHIGMENT
Subject: Take me over to CERAS
To: e.ernest

Sung to the tune of "Take me out to the ballpark"
Lyrics by Paul Hahn (P.Phigment at SU-LOTS, summer 1982)

Take me over to CERAS!
Put me into the queue!
Log me in at a TTY:
I'll hack till the CRT fries out my eye-
(-balls so)
Take me over to CERAS,
Take me over to LOTS!
If you don't, I'll get out my modem and
Just dial in!

With the customary apologies. It probably could be better; you're welcome to play with it if you think it needs it.

-----
23-Oct-82 07:18:40-PDT,835;000000000001
Mail-From: T.TOPAZ created at 23-Oct-82 07:18:30
Date: 23 Oct 1982 0718-PDT
From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: When Will I See Some Response
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A
cc: T.Topaz at SU-LOTS-A

Parody of: "When Will I See You Again"

When will I see some response?
When will I get some more runtime?
Will I have to wait forever?
Will I have to sit here and stare the whole night long?
When will I see some response?
When will I see some more output?
Did it compile or bomb out?
Is my program looping or is it the load?

When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?...

Did it compile or bomb out?
Is my program looping or is it the load?

When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?
When will I see some response?...
-------
10-Nov-82 08:08:55-PST,355;000000000001
Mail-From: S.SARGON created at 10-Nov-82 08:05:51
Date: 10 Nov 1982 0805-PST
From: S.SARGON at SU-LOTS-A
Subject: Oh what a beautiful morning
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

Oh what a beautiful moooooorrrrrnn-ning

    I've spent all night here at LOTS...

My program still isn't ruunnnnnn-ning

    F_ck this sh_t, I'm goin' home.

-------
13-Nov-82 19:03:29-PST,942;000000000001
Mail-From: S.SARGON created at 13-Nov-82 18:37:49
Date: 13 Nov 1982 1837-PST
From: S.SARGON at SU-LOTS-A
Subject: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A
Verse 1.

Last night as I finished my program,
   I pondered relief for awhile...
I just about saved it -- when LOTS crashed,
   And I lost my whole goddam file.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,
   Oh bring back my edit to me (to me),
Bring back, bring back,
   Oh bring back my edit to me.

Verse 2.

I ranted and rave for an hour,
   and rewrote my whole program and then...
I just about saved it -- when LOTS crashed,
   and I lost it over again.

Chorus:

Verse 3.

The moral of this little story,
   (and I don't mean to be forceful or rude),
but you damn well better backup your programs,
   or you're really are gonna get screwed.
Chorus:

    -David Nilsen

(Apologies to Neil Young - sung to the tune of "After the Gold Rush")

Well I dreamed I saw the LOTS consultant saying
    there was something about to die,
There were users screaming and consoles beeping
    and a message caught my eye,
"%DECSYSTEM-20 NOT RUNNING" was
    on every T-T-Y.
Look at all the work the users lost, you can see them start to cry,
Look at all the work the users lost, you can see them start to cry.

I was sitting in the CERAS lobby
    as the phosphors burned my eyes,
I was working on my program
    when my job was killed by 'LINE,
There was a queue growing all the time
    and the load was getting high,
I was wondering if I should go to bed or maybe get back in line,
Wondering if I should go to bed or maybe get back in line.

Well I thought I could debug my program and
    be done before the morning sun,
I was setting break points and single-stepping
    just to see what might be done,
All in a dream, all in a dream
    LINK/LOADING had begun,
If my program works, I'll leave this place, and crash out in the sun,
If my program works, I'll leave this place, and crash out.
(Sung to the tune of "What I Did for Love" from A CHORUS LINE)

Kiss your nights goodbye,
The sleeping and the comfort.
Wish me luck, the same to you.
But I can't regret what I did for LOTS,
What I did for LOTS.

Look my job's alive,
The output is appearing,
But it's quite long overdue.
And I won't forget what I did for LOTS,
What I did for LOTS.

Down, LOTS is always down.
As we gain reknown,
LOTS's what we'll remember.

Kiss your nights goodbye,
And point me toward a carel.
We did what we had to do.
Won't forget, can't regret what I did for LOTS,
What I did for LOTS,
What I did for LOTS.
Visicalc
Parody written by Bob Kanefsky
Idea suggested by Judy Anderson

Been working out the figures day and night,
Making good column'ation.
I gotta add them up just right --
And know what they mean.

I pencil in the fields I \guess/ you want,
Adding and subtracting duly,
Movin' my eraser up and down and
Horizontally.

Let's get Visicalc,
Visicalc.
I wanna get Visicalc.
Lemme get your budget done,
Your budget done.
Lemme get your budget done,

Let's get Visicalc,
Visicalc.
I wanna get Visicalc.
Let's get into Visicalc.
Lemme get your budget done,
Your budget done.
Lemme get your budget done,

I been patient, I been good.
Tryin' to make a hand-drawn table.
My interest in your figures wanes --
You know what I mean.

I'm sure you'll understand my point of view;
We know each other fiscally:
You gotta know you're gettin' up
My semi-annual fee.

Let's get Visicalc,
Visicalc.
I wanna get Visicalc.
Let's get into Visicalc.
Lemme get your budget done,
Your budget done.
Lemme get your budget done,
Let's get Visicalc,
Visicalc.
I wanna get Visicalc.
Let's get into Visicalc.
Lemme get your budget done,
Your budget done.
Lemme get your budget done,

Let's get annual,
Annual.
I wanna get annual.
Let's get into annual.
Lemme get your budget done,
Your budget done.
Lemme get your budget done,
Lemme get your budget done,

Lemme get your budget done,
Lemme get your budget done,

--------
3-Jan-83 03:50:14-PST,1391;000000000001
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at  3-Jan-83 03:49:30
Date:  3 Jan 1983 0349-PST
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS-A (Bob Kanefsky)
Subject: Just Your Stupid Batch Job
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A
Parody-of: Just My Imagination (?)

A beep from my spy fork; I melt when I see you've logged in.
I see we're alone, and suddenly I grin.
To have you ask for help
Would truly be opportune.
And, like all new users in the world,
You'll be asking soon.

    But it was just your stupid batch job,
    Set to run at three.
    Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,
    Starting to run at three.

Soon you'll grow desperate,
And you will come to me.
A nasty little bug, but I will fix it
In two minutes, maybe three.

And then you
Will smile gratefully...
A pity you're not here; all too real it all seems.

But it was just your stupid batch job,
Set to run at three.
Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,
Starting to run at three.

Every night, with my keys I play:
"My love! Hear my plea!
Don't be afraid; submit yourself to me,
Or I will surely die!
Your love is
Virtually
Everything that's pleasant."
But, in reality, you aren't even present!

For it was just your stupid batch job
-- Once again --
Set to run at three.
Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,
Starting to run at three.

-------
31-Jan-83 01:09:15-PST,957;000000000001
Date: 30 Jan 1983 0309-PST
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: The Impossible Code
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A

(Sung to the tune of "The Impossible Dream" from MAN OF LA MANCHA)

To code the impossible code,
To bring up a virgin machine,
To pop out of endless recursion,
To grok what appears on the screen,

To right the unrightable bug,
To endlessly twiddle and thrash,
To mount the unmountable magtape,
To stop the unstoppable crash!

This is my quest -
To debug that code,
No matter how hopeless,
No matter the load,
To write those routines
Without question or pause,
To be willing to hack FORTRAN IV
For a heavenly cause.
And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest,
That my code will run CUSPy and calm
When it's put to the test.

And the queue will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and destined to lose,
Still strove with his last allocation
To scrap the unscrappatable kludge!

-------
6-Feb-83 11:15:12-PST,1302;000000000001
Date: 6 Feb 1983 1115-PST
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: Where Have All the Flamers Gone?
Motto: Do it with external functions!

Where have all the flamers gone?
Long time passing...
Where have all the flamers gone?
Long time ago...
Where have all the flamers gone?
Gone to readers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the readers gone?
Long time passing...
Where have all the readers gone?
Long time ago...
Where have all the readers gone?
Gone to students, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the students gone?
Long time passing...
Where have all the students gone?
Long time ago...
Where have all the students gone?
Gone to dinner, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?
Where have all the dinners gone?
Long time passing...
Where have all the dinners gone?
Long time ago...
Where have all the dinners gone?
Gone to hackers, every one
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the hackers gone?
Long time passing...
Where have all the hackers gone?
Long time ago...
Where have all the hackers gone?
Gone to flaming, ever one!
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

--------
20-Mar-83 14:17:29-PST,1070:000000000001
Mail-From: R.RAPPER created at 20-Mar-83 14:16:40
Date: 20 Mar 1983 1416-PST
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: Sunrise, Sunset
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

(A TA's lament)

Are these the novices I graded?
Are these the programmers I trained?
I haven't yet become a wizard,
When did they?

When did she get to be a hacker?
When did he learn to code in FAIL?
Wasn't it yesterday I taught them MAIL?

Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly flow the nights.
Lusers turn overnight to winners,
Creating magic with a byte.
Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly fly the years.
One intro class following another,
Laden with dread computer fears.

What words of wisdom can I give them?
How can I help to ease their way?
Now they must learn from system crashes
Day by day.

They look so natural with junk food,
Just like a true hacker should be.
Is there enablement in store for me?

Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly fly the years.
One intro class following another,
Laden with dread computer fears.

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19-Nov-83 22:08:27-PST,3121;000000000001
Mail-From: W.WHP4 created at 19-Nov-83 22:05:58
Received: from LOTS-A by LOTS-A with Pup; Sat 19 Nov 83 03:45:31-PST
Date: Sat 19 Nov 83 02:52:42-PST
From: Bill Palmer <w.whp4 at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: songs off net.jokes
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

From diamant@cwruecmp.UUCP (John Diamant) Sun Nov 13 00:08:44 1983
Relay-Version: version B 2.10 5/3/83; site flairvax.UUCP
Posting-Version: version B 2.10 beta 3/9/83; site cwruecmp.UUCP
Path: flairvax!decwrl!decvax!cwruecmp!diamant
From: diamant@cwruecmp.UUCP (John Diamant)
Newsgroups: net.jokes,net.misc
Subject: Re: As promised! The Irish Ballad
Message-ID: <783@cwruecmp.UUCP>
Date: Sun, 13-Nov-83 00:08:44 PST
Article-I.D.: cwruecmp.783
Posted: Sun Nov 13 00:08:44 1983
Date-Received: Mon, 14-Nov-83 02:31:17 PST
References: <151@dual.UUCP>
Organization: CWRU Computer Engr. Cleveland, Ohio
Lines: 71

I have seen many one liners about computer songs, as well as several Tom Lehrer songs and thought this might be interesting. A while ago, I ran across this version of An Irish Ballad. It was written at Johns Hopkins University (from a songbook compiled by their science fiction association).
AN IRISH CPU
(to An Irish Ballad by Tom Lehrer)
by Sarah Elizabeth Miller

About a CPU I sing,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
About a CPU I sing
Who sat around compi-a-ling
And wouldn't do another thing
For anyone else logged in, logged in,
For anyone else logged in.

Old programs it would just ignore,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
Old programs it would just ignore
And leave them rotting in the core,
Not caring what they all were for
Except those in "user/bin", "user/bin",
Except those in "user/bin".

This CPU was lots of fun,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
This CPU was lots of fun
Until one wanted programs run
And if one tried to get them done
It typed back "You're not logged in, logged in."
It typed back "You're not logged in."

Long processes it would not do,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
Long processes it would not do
And, rather than to run them through,
Would ask to have some Irish stew
And a couple of cases of gin, of gin,
And a couple of cases of gin.

And then it would raise hellish toasts,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
And then it would raise hellish toasts
And make a few obnoxious boasts,
Not only could it drink the most,
It knew many more ways to sin, to sin.
It knew many more ways to sin.
To prove its point to all the world,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
To prove its point to all the world
It let the magtape fall in curls
And wrap around some foxy girl
And slowly rewind her in, her in,
And slowly rewind her in.

This sordid tale I won't prolong,
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.
This sordid tale I won't prolong
And, if you do not enjoy my song,
You've got Abe to blame if it's too long.
He should never have let me begin, begin.
He should never have let me begin.

John Diamant
Case Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

John Diamant
Usenet: ...decvax!cwruecmp!diamant
Case Western Reserve University
CSNet: diamant@Case
Cleveland, Ohio
ARPA: diamant.Case@Rand-Relay

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24-Nov-83 04:46:07-PST,2044;000000000001
Received: from LOTS-A by LOTS-A with Pup; Thu 24 Nov 83 04:46:03-PST
Date: Sat 19 Nov 83 22:18:07-PST
From: Bill Palmer <w.whp4 at SU-LOTS-A>
Subject: another song...
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

From puder@burdvax.UUCP Tue Nov 15 08:55:29 1983
Relay-Version: version B 2.10 5/3/83; site flairvax.UUCP
Posting-Version: version B 2.10.1 6/24/83; site burdvax.UUCP
Path:
flairvax!decwrl!decvax!wivax!linus!philabs!seismo!harpo!floyd!clyde!akgua!sb1!sb6!bpa!burdvax!puder
From: puder@burdvax.UUCP
Newsgroups: net.jokes
Subject: Re: -Computer Songs
Message-ID: <1311@burdvax.UUCP>
Date: Tue, 15-Nov-83 08:55:29 PST
Article-I.D.: burdvax.1311
Posted: Tue Nov 15 08:55:29 1983
Date-Received: Thu, 17-Nov-83 08:01:38 PST
References: <72@tpvax.fluke.UUCP>
This isn't the one requested, but I wrote this for our fortune file after finding the first verse there.

Ah, look at all the lonely users.
Ah, look at all the lonely users.
Eleanor Rigby; Sits at the keyboard and waits for a line on the screen
Lives in a dream
Waits for a signal, finding some code that will make the machine do some more.
What is it for?
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?

Hacker MacKensie; Writing the code for a program that no one will run
It's nearly done
Look at him working, Fixing the bugs in the night when there's nobody there.
What does he care?
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?
Ah, look at all the lonely users.
Ah, look at all the lonely users.

Eleanor Rigby; Her program crashed leaving no trace in core or on disk.
She's really pissed.
Hacker MacKensie; Wiping the bits from the tape as he dismounts the drive.
Nothing was archived.
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?

--

Karl Puder  {sdcrcdf,presby,psuvax,bpa}@burdvax!puder  (215)648-7555

```
8-Dec-83 02:08:28-PST,1211:000000000001
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at  8-Dec-83 02:08:23
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 02:08:23-PST
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A
Subject: So you want songs, eh?
To: songs@LOTS-A

"You're Not Alone" sung to the tune of "We're All Alone" by Boz Scaggs.
```
Outside it starts to snow,
And you will never know,
Still inside,
Bloodshot-eyed
And tired, debugging your code.
Forever more.
Forever more.

Drink some more caffeine,
And curse at the machine,
Editing,
Commenting
For hours, long forgotten now.
You're not alone.
You're not alone.

Find some errors,
Fix your file,
But still it won't compile.
No need to edit now.
Print it out.
Try it all again.
What can you turn in?

Once you start to code,
You can't help but grow old,
Hackers do, lusers, too, so
Back your programs up on tape,
And keep them near.
Keep them near.

Find some errors,
Fix your file,
But still it won't compile.
No need to edit now.
Print it out,
Try it all again.
Nothing's working yet, my friend?
You're not alone,
You're not alone.

Find some errors,
Fix your file,
But still it won't compile.
No need to edit now.
Print it out,
Try it all again.
Nothing's working yet, my friend?
You're not alone....

8-Dec-83 02:17:58-PST,860;000000000001
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at 8-Dec-83 02:17:54
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 02:17:53-PST
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A
Subject: An oldy...
To: songs@LOTS-A

"There! I've Handed It In!" sung to the tune of
"There! I've Said It Again!" by Redd Evans and Dave Mann

It's working, there's no need to wait.
It's already a day or two late.
It's working (for what I type in).
There! I've handed it in!

I've finished, what more can I say?
For ages, I've look towards this day.
It's working (the comments are thin).
There! I've handed it in!

I've tried all night for
A program just right for
Meeting the homework's demands.

But what good is hacking
When what I am lacking
Is food and rest
For tomorrow's test?

Forgive me, for being so late,
But LOTS crashed from midnight till eight.
It's working from END to BEGIN.
There! I've handed it in!

8-Dec-83 20:17:10-PST,896;000000000001
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at 8-Dec-83 18:36:37
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 18:36:37-PST
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A
Subject: more...
To: songs@LOTS-A

"Argue on BBoard Flamer" sung to the tune of
"Boogie on Reggae Woman" by Stevie Wonder

I like to see you argue
All across the net.
I like to write back at you,
Though your opinion's set.

I like to tantrum,
But you type too rash for me.
I like to get you angry
By flaming on your screen.

Argue on BBoard flamer.
What is wrong with me?
Argue on BBoard flamer.
Stupid, can't you see?

I'd like to see both of us
Meet face to face.
I'd like to see you up front
And put you in your place.
(Yes I would)

I'd like to see both of us
Meet face to face.
I'd like to see you in the flesh
And put you in your place.

Argue on BBoard flamer.
What is wrong with you?
Argue on BBoard flamer.
What you trying to prove?
-------
6-Jan-84 16:49:14-PST,1337;000000000001
Received: from LOTS-B by LOTS-A with Pup; Fri 6 Jan 84 16:49:12-PST
Date: Fri 6 Jan 84 16:49:31-PST
From: Richard Treitel <V.VEGA@LOTS-B>
Subject: "Beneath Bright Lights"
To: songs@LOTS-B
cc: v.vega@LOTS-B

No-one knows what it's like
to be a user
to be a luser
    Beneath bright lights
No-one knows what it's like
to be hated
    to be fated
    To working only nights

But my screens they aren't as empty
    as my disk space seems to be
I have hours only lonely
My love's ADVENTURE
    that's there for free

No-one knows what it's like
to write these programs
    like I do
    And I blame you!
No-one bites back as hard
on their errors
    None of my strange code
can show through

But my screens they aren't as empty
    as my disk space seems to be
I have hours only lonely
My love's ADVENTURE
    that's there for free

If I learn BASIC, teach me FORTRAN
    before I use it, rot my brain
When it compiles, show me some MacLisp
    make me write it over again
And if I start up a FORK in the Background
    put your FINGER down my throat
If I ask questions, please give me a manual
    to keep me dumb while you write your code

No-one knows what it's like
to be a user
to be a luser
Beneath bright lights

(adapted, after a more famous song by The Who)  - Richard Treitel

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8-Mar-84 02:16:24-PST,1046:000000000001
Received: from LOTS-B by LOTS-A with Pup; Thu 8 Mar 84 02:16:20-PST
Date: Thu 8 Mar 84 02:19:06-PST
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER@LOTS-B>
Subject: Last Night I Didn't Get to Sleep At All
To: songs@LOTS-B

(Apoligies to The Fifth Dimension)

Last night I didn't get to sleep at all. (No, no)
I sat at LOTS and hacked until the morning came,
And though you're just a Helper,
It's you I blame.

Oh, last night I got to thinking maybe I (I, I)
Should send you mail and just forget my foolish pride.
I heard PS: accessing, I went cold inside.
And last night I didn't get to sleep at all.

I know it's not my fault, I did my best.
God knows this Heath-19 could use a rest.
But every line I type just fills me with such fright
That I can't even hit RETURN. (RETURN)

Oh, last night I didn't get to sleep at all. (No, no)
The programs that I stole were just a waste of time.
I couldn't close my eyes with Pascal on my mind.
And last night I didn't get to sleep,
Didn't get to sleep,
No, I didn't get to sleep at all.

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14-May-84 19:43:20-PDT,925;000000000001
Mail-From: B.BERLIN created at 14-May-84 19:43:17
Date: Mon 14 May 84 19:43:17-PDT
From: Rich <B.BERLIN@LOTS-A>
Subject: For the Longest Time
To: songs@LOTS-A

(to the tune of "For the Longest Time," (of course!) by Billy Joel.
Customary apologies, and an open invitation to add more verses...Rich)

Find the helpers, I need their advice
Maybe six or seven will suffice!
We'll all go snooping
WHILE my poor program's looping--
I've been DEBUGging for the longest time!

HELP me someone, where did I go wrong?
Just one loop should not go on that long!
It's iterating
My GPA's deflating
I've been single-stepping for the longest time!

Whoa, oh, oh, oh,
For the longest time
Oh, oh, oh,
For the longest time. <etc>

"Jealous Husbands," "Towers of Hanoi,"
"CryptArithmetic" we all enjoy.
The load is climbing
And look, my song's still rhyming--
I've been DEBUGging for the longest time!
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7-Jun-84 21:09:17-PDT,1719:000000000001
Mail-From: Y.YDUJ created at 7-Jun-84 21:09:14
Date: Thu 7 Jun 84 21:09:14-PDT
From: Judy Anderson <y.yduJ@LOTS-A>
Subject: BOOT IT
To: songs@LOTS-A

[through various channels this came from inside DEC to the TOPS-20 wizards' mailing list -- 100 lines of message header deleted]

Sing this one to Michael Jackson's "Beat it"....

You're processing some words when your keyboard goes dead,
Ten pages in the buffer, should have gone to bed,
The system just crashed, but don't lose your head,
Just BOOT IT, just BOOT IT.

Better think fast, better do what you can,
Read the manual or call your system man,
Don't want to fall behind in the race with Japan,
So BOOT IT,

Get the system manager to

BOOT IT,  BOOT IT,
Even though you'd rather shoot it.
Don't be upset, it's only some glitch.
All that you do is flip a little switch.
BOOT IT,  BOOT IT,
Get right down and restitute it.
Don't get excited, all is not lost.
CP/M, UNIX or MS/DOS
Just BOOT IT, boot it, boot it, boot it...

You gotta have your printout for the meeting at two,
The system says your jobs at the head of the queue,
Right then the thing dies but you know what to do,
BOOT IT.

You always get so worried when the system runs slow,
And when it finally crashes, man you feel so low,
But computers make mistakes (they're only human you know)
So BOOT IT,

Call the local guru to

BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Go ahead re-institute it.
If you're not lucky, get the book off the shelf,
But if you are, it'll do itself.
BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Then go find the guy who screwed it!
Operating systems are built to bounce back,
Whether it's a Cray or a Radio Shack.

BOOT IT, BOOT IT

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