

A
Treasury
of
Songs and Verses
from the NSD Years

Dedicated to
Sam Coleman
in honor of his retirement
1999

Retiring Sam

He's about to retire, but will his attire
Change once he's up in the hills?
He won't wear ties, just flannels and levies
He's not a man who likes frills!

Eclairs with their filling, and Sam there so willing
`Cause better things cannot be bought,
They taste oh so yummy, and fill up your tummy
And Sam's been eating a lot!

Now eclairs and donuts, will cause you to go nuts
If you continue to eat!
Does this bother Sam? No, he don't give a damn
He just likes to eat and repeat!

If they're forming a line, don't get behind
Cause Sam can eat like a hog!
His big appetite, keeps his plaids nice and tight
And at night he can sleep like a log

But with Carole to keep him, all slim and trim
Surely he'll go on a diet?
(What are we thinking? We must have been drinking)
We know he won't even try it!

Now a long time ago, (as all of us know)
He led the young Storage Group
Fresh out of schools, and armed with new tools
They were a formidable troop.

The old system was slow, as storage things go
And he knew it was time for a change
So, he set them to task, and, the questions they'd ask!
There was much they had to arrange.

He knew what to do, and he told his young crew
He wanted them to feel free
They worked day and night, till Rich looked a fright
And wrote a code called UniTree

He brought the Lab fame, with the UniTree game
And recognition flowed like the breeze
But fame comes and goes, as everyone knows
And can disappear fast as a sneeze

To the NTS site, just to keep the group tight
He arranged this Storage Group trip
They met a hard rock miner, and no inspection was finer
With those shoes! Loellyn might slip.

But still they did go, though you could see every toe
In Loellyn's very fine shoes
They went to the caves, and still everyone raves
How at gambling JoAnn couldn't lose!

Hard rock miners think "Safety", so one can't be hasty
And "Safety" is all that we think
It's our primary thought, in our minds it has caught
We're even "Safe" when we drink!

Mendecino went crazy, it all seems so hazy
Everyone was given the ax
But Sam pulled through, and so did his crew
And UNIX was used to the max.

When LINC'S got shot down, we feared we would drown
And all of us were under the weather
His options weren't clear, but hey, did he fear?
Nah! Sam planned to go on forever!

Remember those days— fun at Pat Gray's
NSD folks one and all
There'd be Pat at the grill, till we all had our fill
Then Sam would shout, "Volleyball!"

It was always quite fun, but the most special one
Was on a day that was hot
In the midst of our game, on park sprinklers came!
And Sam had to pause in mid-shot

After the shock, and a wee bit of talk
We decided to continue our play
Sure we were wet, but on this you can bet—
End a volleyball game? Ain't no way!

His weapon was rice, and he thought it was nice
For all to have a great deal
He'd sling it around, but his laugh was the sound
That caused fear because of its zeal!

He gave lots to Jed, but then the mice fed
And pellets soon covered the floor
The floor was covered, and Jed never recovered
But vowed to even the score

Now when Sam turned 50, some thought it was nifty
To finally give him his due
And vengence took form, like a terrible storm
And they filled his office with poo

They got up before dawn, all haggard and drawn
To try out the Mt. Whitney thrill
The climb really got started, after Sam farted

And they ran a long way up the hill

Up Mt. Whitney he hiked, because he very much liked
The wonderful trail through the pine
But some became ill, at the top of the hill
But not Sam! Who was do'in just fine!

The altitude is too high! You could hear them cry,
As they climbed in their all weather garments
And they trudged to the top, and could finally stop
And barfed breakfast on to the marmots

We re-applied for our jobs, like ignorant slobs
And our resumes had to be made
And when the smoke cleared, it was just as we'd feared
We all were way underpaid!

But all that's behind us, and now you can find us
reciting this wonderful rhyme
We wish Sam the best, (and of course all of the rest)
And we know that we'll see him in time

He'll retire with Carole,
Just Carole and he,
They'll move to Nevada
Where taxes are free!

The Ballad of Sammy Coleman
(sung to the tune of the Ballad of Davy Crockett)

Born in the country of Byron, TX.,
The largest state (at the time) there by MX.,
Read lots of books so he knew all the texts,
Raised lots of heck so his parents were both wrecks.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, king of the Unitree.

In Iowa Sammy went to school,
Then at Uni' Colorado Sammy was no fool,
For the Air Force Sam was a useful tool,
And with the police, he followed every rule.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, he followed every rule.

In Livermore storage was his game,
All that data was to blame,
The Elephant was the early name,
But it was Unitree that spread his fame.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, Unitree spread his fame.

Sammy Coleman had some fun with rice,
Some of what he did, wasn't very nice,
So a battle raged for twice or thrice,
In the end the winners were the mice.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, generous to those mice.

When it comes to storage, standards are import',
To the IEEE did Sam resort,
With the SSSWG committee he did consort,
'til they produced and tuned the Storage Ref. report.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, the IEEE consort.

Sammy loves the mountains best,
So his mountain climbing skills he likes to test,
Up Whitney twice, with little rest,
But Shasta's even better he has confessed.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, king of the alpen scree.

The Donnelley house, it needed new walls,
In several rooms and down the halls,
Sammy created a demolition falls,
You can count on Sammy, he's got the Σ stuff.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, a ready volunteer.

With his cousin Charles he built a dam,
This made Alyce happy as a clam,
She made a great dinner for cousin Sam,
So Naturally he said his "thank you Ma'am."

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, a ready volunteer.

Retired to a mountain top in old Galee,
There in a state where the taxes are free,
Bought him a house where the forest he can see,
Then with Carol and Pumpkin they settled in as three.

Sammy, Sammy Coleman, settled in now as three.

Sam C. the Storage Man
(sung to the tune of Frosty the Snowman)

Sam C. the Storage Man
Best storage guru in town
With a bushy beard and an old plaid shirt
And two mischievous eyes of brown

Sam C. the Storage Man
There's so many tales to share
He was king of rice
But it was n't nice
How he threw it every where

He really used his magic
In that UniTree they made
Cause when they placed it up for sale
The price they asked was paid

Sam C. the Storage Man
An outdoorsy guy is he
The folks all know
And the pictures show
Him on top of Whiteny

Sam C. the Storage Man
Knew trouble was on the way
Mendicino was mad
Times were really bad
And LINCS had to go away

Down to the machine room
We'd often see him go
Fixing Pho to store and the old Mass Store
Till the Am dahl made it's show

He loved those second floor birth days
And the donuts that they brought
And he never paused a moment
Cause he knew eclairs were hot

Sam C. the Storage Man
Has many things to see
So he'll wave good-bye
Saying don't you cry
You can come and visit me

Thumpety thump thump
Thumpety thump thump
Sad to see Sam C. go
Thumpety thump thump
Thumpety thump thump
Over the hills of snow

THE NETWORK OCTOPUS

(to be sung to the tune of *The Ship Titanic*)

Oh, they built the Octopus net and set by it great store,
And they thought they had a network to last forever more,
 But as progress marched on back
 There arose an urge to hack.

It was sad when that network went down.

Oh, it was sad, it was sad; yes, it was sad, it was sad.

It was sad when that network went down to the bottom of the —
 Clients! servers!

 Were all dealt a great reverse.

It was sad when that network went down.

Oh, they used the protocol Lincs, piled seven layers deep,
And the transport based on timers put packets fast to sleep,
 While the capabilities
 Were kept in directories.

It was sad when that structure went down.

Oh, it was sad, it was sad; yes, it was sad, it was sad.

It was sad when that structure went down to the bottom of the —
 Tokens! and streams!

 Now live only in our dreams.

It was sad when that structure went down.

Oh, the operating system, called N. L. T. S. S.:

For the jobs on Cray computers, it was the very bes',
 But a Posix interface

 Was just really out of place.

It was sad when that O. S. went down.

Oh, it was sad, it was sad; yes, it was sad, it was sad.

It was sad when that O. S. went down to the bottom of the —
 Perm'nent process!

 Is with Unix quite a mess.

It was sad when that O. S. went down.

So we mourn the Ostrich checker, the crew of Enterprise,
Micromux (the multiplexor): with all we had great ties.

 T. M. D. S. and R-jets:

 Who is taking any bets?

It was sad when those systems went down.

Oh, it was sad, it was sad; yes, it was sad, it was sad.

It was sad when those systems went down to the bottom of the —
 Creativeness!

 Is now less and less and less.

It was sad when those systems went down.

Eulogy To NLTSS 3/22/93

by Dick Watson

We are gathered together today to celebrate the birth, development, usage and death of a precocious teenager, with the strange name of NLTSS. She was conceived some 15 years ago in this very building. Many of her parents, teachers and guardians are before me now. I salute you, whether users, operations staff or developers, for your support, patience, vision, skill, hardwork, perseverance and technical achievement, in many ways yet to be equaled. NLTSS was a young beauty with finely honed features and clarity of form one can still only hope to see widespread in the world before our own demise: with a lean, sexy object oriented, message passing, client/server body; filled with flexible, recoverable, multitasking organs; protected by shining, globally-unique, distributable capabilities; with cleanly separated data and control, human and machine oriented naming, policy and mechanism, and many other abilities that new O.S. species only now appearing on the earth or yet to come can aspire to.

She was a mutant before her time. Yet her fate was sealed by 1985 when her guardians and those she came to serve refused to teach her a language with an even stranger name than her own, Unix. This language with its guttural, animal and frightening sounds like grep, cat and kill became the rallying ground of a mighty movement that swept over the earth like locusts, devouring all proprietary O.S. s in its path. Poor little NLTSS, who for all her precocious structures, only spoke a useful but obsolete and limited local dialect, called LTSS. A dialect of a small fenced in tribe of mighty but outnumbered cold warriors. By the time this once self sufficient tribe finally recognized that even it had to learn Unix to survive, it was too late and too expensive to send poor little NLTSS back to school to learn it.

And so today as the switch is pulled throwing our child and friend onto the compost heap of rapidly changing technology, we can take hope that seeds sown on that compost heap years ago will grow to find their way back to us in new forms meeting our dreams and hopes. So let us today celebrate the birth, development, usage, and death of NLTSS, but even more importantly let us celebrate the joys and growth we found in working together. Let us take what we learned and continue to serve our own beleaguered tribe and the world at large, because service is what economic survival and growth are all about

It was a great privilege to have worked on NLTSS with all of you.

The Boolootian

(pronounced "boo" "LOOT" "ian" - no "shun")
(to the tune of "The Wayward Wind")

In an office shared on the second floor he spent his early days.

**But the mournful sound of, "Oh no, it's down!"
made him a slave to his network ways.**

(to his network ways)

(chorus - last two lines vary with the verses)

**Oh Boolootian, he's a restless one
a restless one that yearns to wander!**

all around the Internet.

The Internet is his favorite pet.

With the last ball bounced and a thesis done, one Rich was on his way.

**but with time at home and a few seeds sown
Richard arrived and was there to stay.**

(he was there to stay)

(chorus)

Oh Boolootian, he's a restless one

**a restless one that yearns to wander!
but with Richard home, there's less time to fret
less time to fret on the Internet.**

**Oh his life at home as a family man moved him from house to house,
then with Robert there and no room to spare
He's off again on a housing tear!
(on a housing tear)**

(chorus)

**Oh Boolootian, he's a restless one
a restless one that yearns to wander!
all around the real estate!
'round the real estate with his faithful mate.**

**With a need for speed and a HIPPI lead he built his driver fame.
He was driven so to do fast I/O
that life on the net was just not the same.
It was just a game.**

(chorus)

**Oh Boolootian, he's a restless one
a restless one that yearns to wander!
In and out of the I/O game.
Oh the I/O game was just not the same.**

Now he's wandering off to Santa Cruz, he's paid his network dues.

He can surf the net and yet not get wet

Life at U.C., it looks good to me!

We will have to see.

(chorus)

Oh Boolootian, he's a restless one

a restless one that yearns to wander!

Down to the sea at UCSC.

Down to the sea, it will set him free!

Boolo

(to the tune of the chorus of *Boola* by Allan M. Hirsch)

Boolo, Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
Boolo, Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
Now you go to
 Santa Cru-uz.
We shall miss you,
 Boolo, Boo!
RAH! RAH! RAH! Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
The Lab needs your
 Expertise; so
We all wonder
 How the Meiko
Will behave when
 You are gone!

Boolo, Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
Boolo, Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
When you go, please
 Leave the humor
From the network,
 Boolo, Boo!
RAH! RAH! RAH! Boolo!
 Boolo, Boolo!
We'd be sadder,
 But we know that
You'll be back to
 Pick the cherries.
So we hope to
 See you soon!

DANNY N.

[to the tune of the verses of *Danny Boy (Londonderry Air)*]

Oh, Danny N.,
 Sun Microsystem's calling
By telephone
 And o'er the Internet,
And we have learned
 That for their line you're falling.
'Tis you, 'tis you
 Will go, and we shall fret.

But come you back,
 Technology to transfer
Or ask about
 Some thing you'd like to know,
Then we'll be here,
 Your questions quick to answer.
Oh, Danny N.,
 We hate to see you go!

But when you come,
 Then this may be your finding:
Your badge is gone,
 As gone it's sure to be;
You won't get in,
 With red tape 'round you winding.
You'll say again,
 "This place is not for me."

If you our names
 In Address Book care to fix,
Then all of us
 Will kinder, gentler feel,
And when you urge,
 "Delenda est!" for Unix,
Oh, Danny N.,
 We'll know you're still for real!

Michael's Going to Novell
(To the tune of "Michael Row Your Boat Ashore")

Michael's going to Novell
Ain't he lucky?
While the Center is going to Hell
He's so lu u cky!

He gets more money and less commute
Ain't he lucky?
A better deal, there's no dispute
He's so lu u cky!

He gets options for lots of stock
Ain't he lucky?
It won't be long 'till he's out of hock
He's so lu u cky!

He can lunch now with Caryl at home
Ain't he lucky?
At least at noon now she'll never roam
He's so lu u cky!

With Meriwether as his middle name
Ain't he lucky?
He'll have clear skies to build his fame
He's so lu u cky!

He'll have no Hip crashes late at night
Ain't he lucky?
He can sleep while we carry the fight
He's so lu u cky!

His last token he's put with Clide
Ain't he lucky?
There's no LINC'S on the other side
He's so lu u cky!

We'll no longer see his friendly smile
We ain't lucky!
But maybe we'll see him once in a while
if we're lu u cky!

*Jed Donnelly and
Jim Minton*

11/12/91

from Jim Metzger
and Jed Ameliey

The File Server Queen

From her golden pen flowed, the prettiest code
She did it with grace and with style.
Her code looked so nice, you had to look twice
And t'was done with a wonderful smile

She wrote code herself, (it didn't come from a shelf)
It was code that made us feel pride!
But now all our codes, are written by toads
and comes to us from the outside.

She wrote her code fast, and she wrote it to last
Good code to her was a treasure
Her indenting was straight, and her comments were great
Reading her code is a pleasure

Delta-T she helped write, what a beautiful sight
To watch the bits as they flew
Over there and straight back, came flying the Ack
Proving the bits had got through

The first CLI, she wrote easy as pie
Didn't take her much more than a day
Jed had a big grin, when he could finally log in
He tried it and shouted "Hurray!"

She's the best in the nation, at file migration
She designed almost each little part
And at Monterey, she had plenty to say
She told them the state-of-the-art

She's the File Server Queen, as we've clearly seen
No one knows the code better than her
With semaphores Peed, it's ready to read
Or write if you should prefer

When her Server is down, in the machine room she's found
Staying until it comes up
She'd work the CEs, till they fell to their knees
They stayed till she gave them "thumbs-up"

In the middle of night, the phone gives us fright
When at 2 AM it does ring
"Scuze me Ms Mecozzi, but things here ain't rosy
STARTER ain't doin' its thing"

Three sons and a girl, they make her life swirl
But its Joey who phones her the most
"Hey mom is it cool, if I don't go to school?
I'd rather stay home and eat toast"

We ride in her van, whenever we can
To get to the NSD parties
We play with the toys, that were left by the boys
We're not so dumb, we're the smarties!

Although she was small, she stood very tall
And in meetings she needn't be loud
She could clearly be heard, although every word
Was spoken softly, firmly and proud

NLTSS was great fun, and we're sad that its done
But now the party is over
We put it to rest, knowing we did our best
May its grave be covered with clover

We've cried many tears, but it lasted 10 years
We gave it our very best shot
So we don't feel ashamed, or even feel maimed
Now that it's thrown in the pot

She knew in her heart, when the time came to part
So she packed up her pencils and left
Now she wars with the stars, (does this include Mars?)
and without her we all feel bereft

The Cisco Kid

He'd just finished school, and we thought it was cool
When he joined the NLTSS race
He took over XPT, and as quick as could be
We were sending files all over the place.

Want to see a good fight? tell him "Peter B was right,
You shouldn't have done it that way!"
The words would come flying, and man we ain't lying
When he shouts he has plenty to say!

He rarely shows tact, while keeping meetings on track
And tells us we're starting to roam
He's forceful and willful, and gives us an earful
But Arlene rules the roost when he's home!

He really did best, with the File Server Guest
But what the heck does that mean?
If the Server's the Guest, then who serves the rest?
The host should serve guests it would seem?

He managed the Alternator, so sooner or later
Your job is bound to get through
If its later than sooner, go get a nooner
Cause there's not much else left to do.

He swims during lunch, while the rest of us munch
And he looks as thin as a rail
He hasn't any fat, and we hate him for that
Makes the rest of us look fat as hell!

He can make the Ancor Switch, with nary a hitch
Somehow he makes it look easy
It switches so fast, from the first to the last
It makes my stomach feel queasy.

There's H-P-S-S, and can anyone guess
What BLANCA has in her BAGIGABITS?
Then there's F-F-O-L, and someone named AAL
I tell you this is really the shits!

It seems kinda' funny, when ATM's don't do money
But the networkers prefer it this way.
When fiber channels in sync, and FTP's got a link
They're the happiest kids by the Bay.

When NLTSS was shot, and thrown in the pot
He looked for something to do
We're seeing a YIPPI, turned into a HIPPI
Now there's something unusual for you!

It affected us all, to see the LCC fall
But Dave knew what to do and he did
He trained himself well, (he really did swell)!
And now leaves as "The Cisco Kid"!

Bright Silicon Valley

(To the tune of "Red River Valley")

To the Valley they say you are going.
We will miss your sharp wit and clear code.
Don't forget to e-mail your old colleagues
from your bright Silicon Valley abode.

Come and sit by our side ere you leave us. (chorus)
Do not hasten to start your commute.
Just remember those old system deadstarts
when at last you were able to boot!

There's excitement and change in the Valley.
There are people and codes that are new.
But remember the folks in the center
and the gang in the OSG crew.

Come and sit by our side ere you leave us. (chorus)
Do not hasten to start your commute.
There are new politics in the Valley
but you're giving the lab form the boot.

As you strive to reroute high speed networks
and your packets are sizzling through
just remember that data you're routing
may belong to your friends that are true.

Come and sit by our side ere you leave us. (chorus)
Do not hasten to start your commute.
If we crash a new router you send us
we can get Norm to send you the boot.

VERIP-3-ers

(to the tune of *Camptown Races* by Stephen Collins Foster)

The VERIP-3-ers all sing this song:

Take dough, and go!

With extra credits set three years long.

They're go'n' away!

Says Gary Long, who would like to sue,

Take dough, and go!

"The service years should be raised by two."

He's go'n' away!

[Chorus] Go'n' to sleep all night!

Go'n' to sleep all day!

Since they're retiring with an incentive,

No way that they're go'n' to stay!

Says Pete DuBois, the division boss,

Take dough, and go!

"The darnedest deal that I've come across!"

He's go'n' away!

Says Don von Buskirk, O. S. guru,

Take dough, and go!

"The last bug's fixed; so now I am through."

He's go'n' away!

[Chorus]

John Fletcher says, as a physicist,

Take dough, and go!

"This opportunity can't be missed!"

He's go'n' away!

Sam Mendicino says, "What the hell,"

Take dough, and go!

"No deal for me, but I'll go as well."

He's go'n' away!

[Chorus]

Pat Allison says and shuts the door,

Take dough, and go!

"This operator will page no more."

She's go'n' away!

To name more names would require more verse,

Take dough, and go!

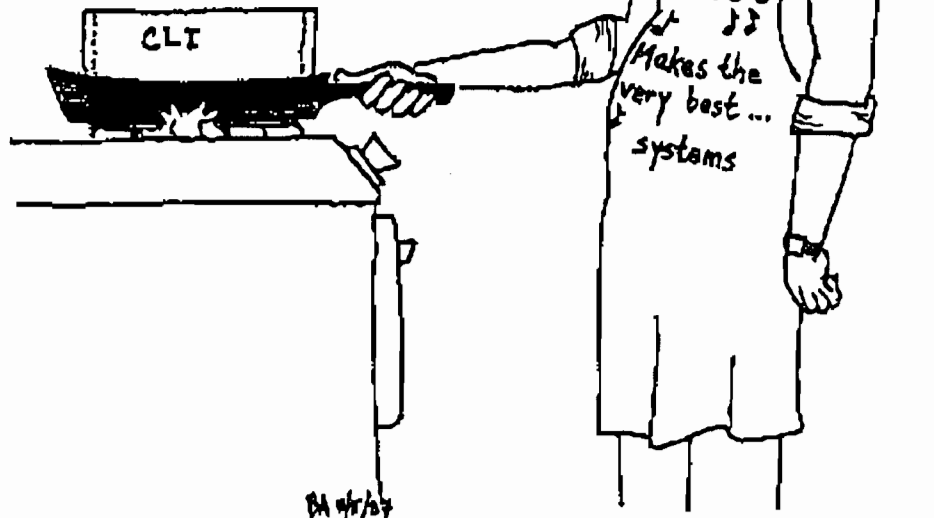
With rhymes that just would get worse and worse.

No more to say!

[Chorus]

Code to Norm

To paraphrase George Washington "we cannot C.L.L.". We authen think about you and try to console ourselves. Other times we just say "psinit". You can go bsure considering this problem. A quick STARTER such as yourself will have no trouble understanding this. Although you may be a quick STARTER, I'm afraid we can only award you a C++ for moving from a place with real conflict to a place which merely simulates conflict. Why would you want to use a language supported by the American Dental Association anyway?



You said you didn't want anymore anchovy pizza. We hope we chnsrve you pot stickers instead. Because you don't drink beer you don't have to worry as much about your blddir. Those of us who do drink beer will just have to find a commode and psinit.

Didn't I hear you bsonce at a party? We're sure we heard you say "ibsutil ity bills", and "ibsact ors", and even "ibsure compilers".

Sometimes following these parties, as you will recall, we cannot findpat. This time we will try to notify each other when our friend goes native. If he becomes too obnoxious we may have to parspat off to the authorities. Better yet, we may just phone them and say, "Come and getdisk guy". But then again we may just say "psinit".

Since you left our account has run low. Fortunately we remembered that you are an old BANKER with your own personal ATM, so our main goal at the end of the party is to make sure you get stuck with dirchk. Of course you may just say "psinit".

Norm's on his way
(to the tune of "Anchors away")

Norm's on his way my boys
out of N.S.D.

In all his years in systems
he's been easy on his victims (users)

Norm's on his way my boys
off to A.S.D.

If conflict is your game then
Norm will keep it
simulated
play!

Written by Jet Donnelly
11/90

Code to Dave

Following the traditional processes that have servered us so well for so long, we have decided to write a message for you as you change to being a physician among the NERSCs. We want you to have a warm start with your job swap, so we console you now as you rollout for a new breath of life. We hope it includes all of the kernels of insight that you gained while walking along the common blocks of life as a Model member of the Operating Systems Group. We know it is a priority of yours to advance over the bumps of progress. We're sure you will function to create a change in this process wherever you go. A person with your capabilities for this job is more than a match for any Unix you may come across. Just remember that if you become a Unix, you will probably sing soprano.

We hope that we knsend you away with fond memorys and that you will schedule things so that you can allocate a slice of time for sharing resources with your old OSG pals. We exec that things around here will not function as well without you, but we will always keep a token version of you in our memmaps. We're sure that with every parsing week (with the possible exception of lent) all of us will take time to doff our capfuncs to our good old fellow coworker and coserver. We will miss your diversions that have lent us dynamic flow control in our many tasks on the load to becoming a reliable system.

We're confident that, once at NERSC, you'll really be able to whip their hitlib into shape and kick*! We will always be ready with an enthusiastic "hithere" when we meet again.

Home Seems so Strange
(to the tune of "Home on the Range")

Oh give me a home with the most fertile loam
Where I can putter and garden all day,
Where there's never a word of a punt so absurd,
There're no meetings and golfing's OK.

Chorus:

Home, home seems so strange.
There're no deadstarts or crashes all day.
This life is a breeze with no deadlines to squeeze
If I feel like a nap then I may.

~~Chorus~~

For hours untold I've been in the hold
of a system that would not come up.
Now at last I am free, so if they call me
I can wait 'til I've finished my sup'.

Chorus

As I lounge on my deck I say "what the heck,
Seems like time to go SCUBA and swim."
So to Baja I go, with the trailer in tow.
I'll come back if I get the whim.

Chorus

Oh lobball's my game and I'll continue my fame
As a pitcher whose balls are real high.
I won't give up a run if I don't walk anyone
and I keep pitching them up in the sky.

Chorus

Handwritten notes:
D. J. ...
...
Gray
retire ...
6/90

ON THE TOP OF FAST HARDWARE
or: The Ballad of L. T. S. S.

(to be sung to the tune of *On the Top of Old Smoky*)

On the top of fast hardware,
The largest we found,
There we built us a system,
Right up from the ground.

First was Sixty-six Hundred,
Dawn of a new day;
Next were Sev'nty-six Hundred,
The Star, and the Cray.

And the system was time-shared,
A concept then new.
Why the vendors kept batching,
We haven't a clue.

It was in the mid-sixties,
A protesters' ball.
Were there "Save the batch!" pickets?
Not any at all.

It had names very many:
Boss, Frost, Gob, and Floe,
And at last L. T. S. S.,
The one we all know.

It was written in Fortran
(Our own special kind),
And so was the compiler --
It boggles the mind.

It endured twenty-five years:
We praise it in song.
Its child, N. L. T. S. S.,
Will not live so long.

Ode to Oxygen Deprivation

by Sam Coleman, Jed Donnelley,
Carol Hogan, and Barbara Sokoloski
(title by Rich Ruef)
written on Mount Whitney, California
July 21-24, 1988

Day One

Back packing is lots of fun
at least if you have plenty of sun
but if all you have is wind and rain
it can be a terrible pain.
Here we lay all broken hearted
'cause from our spouses we are parted.
We all wish they were here
so they could share our good cheer.
But then again to pack in eight
would put us in quite a state.
Wait, wait, please don't shift.
Your foot into my face will drift!
Four in this tent is quite enough,
with Louie here we would have to stuff.
To study hard she stayed at home.
To Whitney peak she would not roam.
In Outpost Camp to ease your load
you can use the solar comode.
But if all you want is peace and quiet
don't approach the NSD riot!
Tonto has such a wonderful tool
the Dombrosky clan is sure to rule.
If you have heard of Tonto's fame
then you should know Yvonne's to blame.
Sam's telephone joke was a flop,
Tonto Dombrosky it did not top.
Jed's liver story was very scary
'cause Barb and Carol were not wary.
Whenever we see a rock outcrop
Jed's hands are sure to drop
and into the air his feet will fly
to form a handstand by and by.

(Note, this poem
poem started
as a contest, e.g.
Sam challenged:
and Jed replied:

After that we just
made up verses
for fun and to
document our
adventures)

(Loellyn did plan to
come but later
decided to stay
home and study)??

(Really!)

(This is something
of an inside joke.
Ask for details...)

Sam and Barbara are stretching out
and Carol is beginning to pout.
Carol's mood is starting to rankle
cause her only pillow is a bony ankle.
But that's OK 'cause she's not helping
with this crazy poem's whelping.
The ranger said that Bears abound
so we kept our food stored off the ground.
But Carol brought so darn much stuff
that just one rope was not enough.
When reading the poem we cannot stop
the laughter making our sides pop.
but we must consider the other campers
whose sleep our laughter surely hampers.
And so this evening we all spent
packed into this little tent
lounging, laughing, and writing rhyme
with words and verse that were sublime.
Off we now go to our rest
knowing we have done our best.

(Sad, huh?)

Day two

It wouldn't be a back pack trip
without at least one skinny dip.
Down to Consultation lake
a little hike we did take
and before our swimming day was through
we had actually completed two.
One for Sam and one for Jed,
but Barb and Carol the cold did dread.
We all sun bathed for good measure,
the warm naps and rest were a pleasure.
In the afternoon we had some rain,
but it wasn't really such a pain.
We all just packed into our tent
and so the afternoon was spent
except for a couple wandering hikes
to satisfy our exploring likes.
We saw many marmots on this day.
"That's my first!" did Barbara say.

Day Three

Jed preferred to bed outdoor
until the rain began to pour.
Then trying to enter the nice dry tent
he discovered the zipper was a little bent.
He was finally able to shove and push
his things inside with a whosh.
Inside the Barb and Carol sandwich
he couldn't even scratch an itch
and trying to avoid any wet stich
they couldn't move or roll, what a bitch!
Sam slept on through the night
in his own tent. That seems right.
Come the dawn we all piled out
for this mountain climbing bout.
Carol and Jed pushed on ahead
unaware of the pending dread.
Sam and Barbara took their time
and reached the summit feeling fine.
The summit handstand was really great.
The highest in the 48!
The view from the top was quite sublime
making the climbing worth the time.
Sam went down at the fastest rate,
for the others he would not wait.
Carol and Jed puked along
while Barbara sang a sorrowful song.
She alone was feeling great
while they were in a dreadful state.
Warily they came down the trail
feeling sick and rather frail.
Barbara fell on her butt
in a rather minor rut.
Crawling into camp they went
straight into the waiting tent.
When Carol had her forty winks
she ate everything but the kitchen sinks.
Now Jed's outside for another night,
at least the moon is shining bright.
Barb and Carol hit the sack
not knowing if he'll be back!

Day four

After coming down the mountain
the rain picked up pace.

To hurry Carol home
we tried to speed and race.

Neither hail nor sleet
could stay us from our route

but when we came upon some barriers
Carol began to pout.

She wanted to get home
before Jim left.

If she didn't see him
she would be bereft.

At last we made it home
and everything was fine.

We even finished the poem.
This is the last line!

(Traffic barriers
for forest fires)

(for active duty)

(Jim was still
home. Whew!)

OUR JED

(to be sung to the tune of "Pore Jud" from Oklahoma)

Our Jed has fled.
Our Jed K. has fled!
All gather 'round U-nix machines and cry:
He knew their ev'ry quirk
And could always make them work.
Oh, why did such a fellow say "Good-bye"?

Our Jed has fled.
Our Jed K. has fled!
He worked on switching stacks for tasks in Smile,
An audit trail so true,
And a bit of Ostrich II.
There won't be one like him for quite a while.

Our Jed has fled.
Our Jed K. has fled!
A transport layer module kind of guy,
Of Lincs and Delta-T
He'll forevermore be free
When he's back East in Yorktown Heights, N-Y.

Our Jed has fled.
Oh, what could we have said?
He goes to where the brand is I. B. M.
He'll find things all so new
With their colors big and blue.
Will their debug shots be in the p. m.?

Our Jed has fled.
Oh, what could we have said?
He'll miss the Thursday post noon free-for-all.
He's gone so far away;
We're all sad that he can't stay,
'Cept whoever gets his Sun 3 terminal!

Some Day Soon It'll Run All Day
(to the tune of Camptown Races)

by
Jed Donnell
6/85

Pete Du Bois He's our man
Do dah, do dah
He'll keep it up if anyone can
All the do dah day.

Chorus: Why don't it run all night?
Why don't it run all day?
As Pete now moves to take command
some day soon it may.

Pete knows of LTSS
Do dah, do dah
He knows the network and the res'
all the do dah day

Chorus: Why don't it run all night?
Why don't it run all day?
As Pete now moves to take command
some day soon it may

OSG will miss his lead
Do dah, do dah
But he must move to fill the need
all the do dah day

Chorus: Why don't it run all night?
Why don't it run all day?
As Pete now moves to take command
some day soon it may

BOB JUDD

(to be sung to the tune of "Pore Jud" from "Oklahoma")

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
All gather 'round T.M.'D.S.' and cry.
He had a voice so strong,
You could not avoid it long,
Oh, why did such a fellow say "Bye-bye"?

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
He has moved out on Computation's scene.
His puzzles all wrapped up,
Colored pencils in a cup,
His table tops have never been so clean!

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
Computer installation did he well.
His cables on the floor
Now will trip us up no more,
Because they can't reach from L.A.'N.L.'

Bob Judd has left,
We all feel so bereft!
He's gone from where the terminals are smart.
Last words he said to us
Were "Farewell to Octopus!
From Labnet gateways must I now depart."

Bob Judd has left,
We all feel so bereft!
No LINCS design meets must again he face.
He's up and gone away,
It's a shame that he can't stay,
But we're crowded and we need his office space.

Judd Is Busting Out All Over (part II)

(Sung to the tune of "June Is Busting Out All Over ")

Judd is busting out all over.
Los Alamos has raided USD.
They've taken our best scavenger, our surplus goodies harvester.
They'd better tie down everything they see.

Judd is busting out all over.
His thumb busted out just previously.
While this has hurt his writing, it hasn't hurt his biting.
His tummy still can cover up his knees.

We doubt if he sees
Things below his belly button.

Judd is busting out all over.
His energy is greater than a bee's.
With Judd's incessant hustle, we're sure he'll conquer LASL
And end up in Washington, D.C.

Oh Bobby please keep
Us in mind occasionally.

Has Anybody Seen My Files?

(To the Tune of Five Foot Two)

Verse

Garret Boer
Will no more
Deleted directories restore.
Has anybody seen my files?

by
D. Neill

Verse

Elephant's
Groans and grunts
Now will cause someone else to jump.
Has anybody seen my files?

Chorus

Now if you run into
Garret, you
Ask him to call.
Storage trees
Are losing their leaves.
And only he knows where they fall.

Verse

Oh! bits and bytes
Reads and writes
Garret has traded for laser lights.
Has anybody seen my files?

Chorus

Well, the PDP-10
Is limping again
Threat'ning to fall.
Enterprise
Can't initialize.
But now JoAnn gets that midnight call.

Verse

So, all the best
Enjoy your quest,
We may need help when someone says,
Has anybody seen my files?

Programmer Garret Boer

(to the tune of My Darling, Clementine)

1. On a long line of computers
Reaching back to Sev'n-oh-four
Was a routine by Gale Marshall
And programmer Garret Boer.

Garret Boer
Jane Flinn

Oh! that useful, long gone program,
Surely we forget it not:
How it drew on cathode ray tubes,
That its name was L C Plot.

2. Joined by Badger when the Stretch came
Then did Garret take a risk;
He left graphics for big storage,
Wrote the program for the disk.

Sev'ty-Thirty was the Stretch called;
For its era'twas the best.
Cold and rusting, drained of oil, now,
In a barn it's laid to rest.

3. Data Cell and Librascope disk
And of course the Photostore
Were all run from PDP-10
By that selfsame Garret Boer.

All the clicking and the whooshing
And the automatic door:
Just a dim and fading mem'ry,
Rest in peace, now, Photostore.

4. Next promoted to group leader
Garret led this Enterprise:
A file and direct'ry structure
Of enormous, growing size.

That expanding, swelling structure
Filling all our storage space:
Will it last until a LINC-based
Set of servers takes its place?

5. He's an actor and rock climber
(Though the latter laid him low),
A chess master and brisk walker;
We ne'er thought that he would go.

He is leaving; we will miss him.
Here's what's next for Garret Boer:
Separating isotopes by
Shining lasers evermore!

MENDICINO

(To be sung to the tune of "Oh! Susannah" by Stephen Foster)

A young philosopher knocked on
Our Lab'raty's door.
"What's this?" Sid Fernbach cried aloud,
"What can we use him for?
Let's make of him a programmer,
Who then can speculate
On whether GO TO's should be used
And why we count by eight."

Mendicino! He spouts philosophy
On where and why and when and how they fix our salary!

At first he used assembled forms,
His language very low,
But soon he longed for higher modes:
"Of FORTRAN must I know.
It can unto itself refer.
(Hofstadter pay close heed.)"
A self-compiled compiler was
Ere long his shining deed.

Mendicino! Oh, can it really be
That you'd forsake your FORTRAN for a language such as C?

As time went by he gathered 'round
The Network Systems crowd
And bade, "Design a system (LINCS)
Of which we can be proud,
And I appoint Dick Watson as
A guru just for you.
So when I leave for higher realms
He'll see the project through."

Mendicino! Division Leader, he
Has left that job and now become Department Deputy!

Fernbach

BOB JUDD

(to be sung to the tune of "Pore Jud" from "Oklahoma")

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
All gather 'round T. M. D. S. and cry.
He had a voice so strong,
You could not avoid it long,
Oh, why did such a fellow say "Bye-bye"?

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
He has moved out on our N. S. D. scene.
His puzzles all wrapped up,
colored pencils in a cup,
His table tops have never been so clean!

Bob Judd has left,
Bob Judd now has left!
Computer c'ordinating man was he.
His cables on the floor
Now will trip us up no more,
Because they can't reach here from U. S. D.

Bob Judd has left,
we all feel so bereft!
He goes to where the terminals are smart.
Last words he said to us
were "Farewell to Octopus!
From all those concentrators I depart."

Bob Judd has left,
we all feel so bereft!
No LINCS design meets must again he face.
He's up and gone away,
It's a shame that he can't stay,
But we're crowded and we need his office space.

The Appreciative Hymn for the Secretary
(to the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Oh! Our eyes have seen the magic of her typing on the Wang,
And she never missed a stroke on it though telephones all rang;
Neither did she flinch a little bit when jackhammers went bang!
Her fingers typed right on!

Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary!
Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Her fingers typed right on!

I have seen her making copies, each a hundred pages long.
She does all of the collating, and she never gets it wrong.
Then she carries them from room to room. She seems so very strong!
She is a Xerox whiz!

Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary!
Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! She is a Xerox whiz!

I have seen a complex policy in documents so thick
And so filled with niddling little rules, enough to make you sick!
Understanding all this mess for us: she really knows the trick!
She cuts through the red tape!

Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary!
Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! She cuts through the red tape!

When she's spread around the info' that a meeting time is set,
She reminds us that that time's come if we're in our office yet,
Oh, she keeps us right on time and won't allow us to forget!
She keeps our schedules straight!

Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary!
Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! She keeps our schedules straight!

We appreciate her very much, whatever her name be:

For perhaps she is called Sharon, or Laraine, Linda, Margie,
Or Virginia, Doris, Carolyn, or maybe Sharonlee.

We hope she likes us too!

Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary!
Cheer, oh, cheer our secretary! We hope she likes us too!

Dick Watson Song

(To the tune of "Puff, The Magic Dragon")

Dick, the Division Leader,
Came to NSD.
Network systems is his love;
He speaks in Delta-t.

All the other gurus
Ask that rascal Dick,
"Wherever does the B-bit go?
What shall we do with it?"

Oh,
Dick, the Division Leader,
Great system man is he,
No stranger here to folks of note,
The champ of NSD.

His first division meeting
On time it was begun.
He polished of some cogent points,
Then mused, "What have I done?"

Now he is our leader;
The future it will tell.
His bathroom, will it get its tile
So that his house will sell?

Oh,
Dick, the division leader,
A whiz at protocols,
At home he is a handyman
Fixing sinks and painting walls.

Handwritten notes:
L. A. 100
H. 100

ALL Hail, Secretaries

(to the tune of "On Top of Old Smokey")

Refrain

by
Danny Nessett

All hail, secretaries
Our praises we toss.
For though you work for us
We all know who's boss.

If we have forgotten
An appointment to keep
You can bet she'll remind us
With a kick in the seat.

Refrain

And if we must write to
Some colleagues in Fez
In her Rollex she's certain
To find their address

Refrain

But woe to the peasant
Who is not polite,
His typing will vanish
Into the round file at night.

Refrain

The wise are quite certain
That secretaries
Are the ones who rule nations
And direct history

Refrain

Fond Friend, Adieu

by Danny Nasset

(to the tune of Londonerry Aire)

Oh Photostore,
Your lights, your lights are dimming
Your trays of chips no longer glide through space
Oh faithful friend,
No longer are you brimming
Over to shelf data to be replaced.

We bid adieu
To clunking, wheezing vacuum pumps
To graceful lines which always mesmerised.
Oh Photostore,
You're bound now for the garbage dump
Hot burning tears, hot burning tears
Fall from our eyes.

Upon the moment of formal
Retirement

(to the tune of Auld

Should all our data be forgot
And never come to mind
Should all our data be forgot
A job we'll have to find

A job we'll have to find, my dear
A job we'll have to find.
Should all our data be forgot
Another job we'll find.

Darlin' Jackie

(to the tune of "Oh My Darlin' Clementine")

L
11/2/55

In her snowshoes, in Alaska herding home her herd of deer
Jackie urges on her dog team through the blizzard cold and drear'

REFRAIN

Darlin' Jackie, we will miss you. We sure hate to see you go
To the land of tall white mountains, to the land of Arctic Snow.

Wolves around her howl in chorus. Jackie turns to meet the pack.
Pulls her rifle from the dog sled, shoots those wolves dead in their tracks.

REFRAIN

With her Bowie she relieves those twenty wolves of fur and hide.
Thread and needle turn the wolf pack' to a parka six feet wide.

REFRAIN

Now she's almost into Fairbanks, but she stops off for a beer.
In the tavern with a mean grin Dan McGrew is standing near.

REFRAIN

Danny grabs her, shoots the lights out. Flying lead goes whizzing by.
When the lights come back, there's Jackie wearin' Danny's gruesome hide.

REFRAIN

Bobby Eckert

(To the tune of "California
Here I Come")

by Danny
Nessett

Bobby Eckert you should know
We sure hate to see you go.

Sohio, will smile, when they get you.

Your toil, in oil, hope it finds us cheaper car fuel.

San Francisco's coastal fog

Can't compete with country smog.

A higher Delta-t you'll log

Riding BART for double dough.

From: SONGS of the L.L.L.

by Danny Nessett

To Philip Nelson
(to the tune of Comptown Races)

Philip Nelson he's our man
Do Dah, Do Dah
Programs like no other can
Oh De Do Dah Day

Juggles P-code in his sleep
Do Dah, Do Dah
Knows Pascal from stack to heap
Oh De Do Dah Day

CHORUS

If you want to see
Your directory
Please don't call him, read you 'GRAM
Call the ole C.C.

No more teachers, no more books.
Do Dah, Do Dah
Now he'll give those dirty looks.
Oh De Do Dah Day

Really likes to give exams
Do Dah, Do Dah
So much better than taking them
Oh De Do Dah Day

CHORUS

From : SONGS of the LLL

by Danny Nessett

To Jackie King
(to the tune of 'In the good ole' summertime')

Give a cheer for Jackie King.
Give a yell for Jackie King.
When she types she never makes mistakes
Her fingers really 'sing.'
She will decorate your floor for you
With her paper cutting machine.
They know her well at 'La Creperie',
At least they know her scream.

To Linda Walton
(to the tune of "My Darling Clementine")

In an office with her fingers
Typing maddly at the keys
Sits an energetic worker
who is always trying to please.

Linda Walton, Linda Walton
Why don't you become full-time?
Do we all have body odor
Or is home-life more sublime?