An SCCaroler's Guide

The Twelve Days of SCCChristmas

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me
A Ford Grant in a fig tree;
On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me
Two punched cards and a
Three scratch tapes
Four vacuum tubes
Five kluge routines
Six circuits shorting
Seven runs a-blowing
Eight discs erasing
Nine loops a-looping
Ten cores a-dumping
Eleven bits a-dropping
Twelve pipes a-leaking

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

[Joyfully]

Hark the herald angels sing
We'll be time-shared by next spring.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Watch our customers go wild;
Wrathful all our users rise
Join the clamor and the cries
Despite TSS's quirks,
IBMers swear it works
Hark the herald angels sing
We'll be insolvent by next spring.

Carol of our IBM Salesman

[arr. for full-complement Salvation Army Band. Beware that drumbeating
and crashing of cymbals do not obscure essence of song]

God rest you merry, gentlemen
Let nothing you dismay:
Delivery has slipped again
From March to early May.
But that's all right
The software's slight
The hardware's gone astray
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

God rest you merry, gentlemen
Alternatives I see:
Please reconsider once again
The stuff from CDC
Without a hitch
I've made the switch
Your salesman still I'll be,
Oh, slidings of corporate employ
Corporate employ
Oh, slidings of corporate employ.

4 SCC = Stanford Computation Center
V 4.0: Dated 8th July 1966, unsigned editorial.
2/ All could have happened anywhere. It so happens they happened here.
3/ This refers to an impending tragedy which was kept from the
attention of our beloved readers until the publication of this card.
4/ A long story related at Bell labs revolved about the parsing of this
I was born in Liverpool, England—"jewel of the
Mersey" and home of such things as the eighteenth century
British slave trade, the Beatles, and my uncle [illegible]—
during an air raid, which may or may not account
for some of my aberrations. Before Ed Furguson
(preacher, big game reader for "From Minsk to
Paris with Hitler," "Dalmatian—") found
he elbowed a living dreaming up names for
teenage folk rock groups, and invited me to
participate in the compilation of a
Thought [illegible] have been more or less hooked
on computers ever since.
A SLACarol

[Respectfully]

Oh AEC, oh AEC
How stringent is thy funding
Oh AEC, oh AEC
How stringent is thy funding.
You need some cash to fight the war
Expendable is our bulk core,
Oh AEC, oh AEC,
How stringent is thy funding.

Oh AEC, oh AEC
How slender thy resources,
Oh AEC, oh AEC,
How slender thy resources.
Westmoreland says to give 'em hell,
We lose another data cell,
Oh AEC, oh AEC,
How slender thy resources.

Oh AEC, oh AEC
How modest is thy bankroll
Oh AEC, oh AEC
How modest is thy bankroll.
More budget bites'—we can't escape
You give us second hand red tape
Oh AEC, oh AEC
How modest is thy bankroll.

Away in an ACME

Away in a breezeway, no walls do enclose
Our poor Model 50, in swaddling clothes.
A Sears Roebuck heater is all that it's got
And during the winter months that ain't so hot.

But hush little 50, don't make all those sounds
Wiederhold's talking to Buildings and Grounds:
You'll soon have walls, windows, and baby,
what's more
For cooling in summer, we'll open the door.

Deck the Halls

[arr. for harpsichord, abacus and three accountants]

Deck the halls and trim the budget
Fa la la la la la la la
What's a thousand? We can fudge it
Fa la la la la la la la
Red or black ink, we don't worry
Fa la la la la la la la
Here's the auditors, let's hurry
Fa la la la la la la la

Uncle Sam stands like a sentry
Fa la la la la la la la
We must fake the double entry
Fa la la la la la la la
We can't make the budget sparer
Fa la la la la la la la
Blame it on a program error
Fa la la la la la la la

See our stacks of gleaming money
Fa la la la la la la la
Some is real but most is funny
Fa la la la la la la la
To our boss we look quite foxy
Fa la la la la la la la
Just a case of fiscal moxie
Fa la la la la la la la

Third Shift Wassail Song

Wassail, Wassail all over the town
Our overhead's up and all systems are down;
With our engineers they'll be fixed
who knows when,
So fill up the bowl and we'll wassail again.

Oh engineer, here's to the vigil you keep,
A lot more effective if you weren't asleep,
Our down time's forever when you start to snore
So fill up the bowl and we'll wassail some more.

8. An example of the daily curriculum of all accountants - no worse here than anywhere else.
9. Does this mean that it was not because it didn't occur to me. Less is more, as Mrs. says.