

# CONNIPTION

"All the News that's Print to Fit"

April 1, 1986

## What is *The Conniption*?

*The Conniption* is an underground newsletter produced by extremely gifted members of Apollo's R&D organization. It is our goal to publish our newsletter biweekly (on Fridays when *The Connection* doesn't come out).

We extremely gifted folks may also be extremely unemployed if we spend too much time producing this newsletter. If you'd like to see the paper continue and the staff keep their jobs, please help us out by submitting articles. We're betting we're not the only funny people in this company. Show us you're more than funny-looking!

Please submit articles for publication in an issue of *The Conniption* by the Friday before distribution (in other words, submit your article by the Friday that *The Connection* comes out). We'll do what editing for typos and grammar we can; don't be shy on account of your bad spelling. Unless you ask us to print your name, we'll preserve your anonymity along with our own. (We extremely gifted people are always the objects of malignant envy.)

Send either the whole text or a file pathname via email to **conniption**. Obviously, this discourages hardcopy contributions; however, if you've got an amusing cartoon or photo to contribute, send a message to **conniption** and we'll take it from there.

## Wall Street Week

by Sharky DeBullion

..Look for an announcement of a joint venture between Intel and Frito-Lay; the pair plans to market the first 32-bit micro corn chip...Sharky's tip of the week -- despite today's attractive prices, time-sharing beachfront condos in Tripoli are not a good

investment...Pork belly futures up sharply, but a real gross concept if you ask Sharky..."What ever happened to department." This week -- What ever happened to George Bush? Seems our ambitious veep journeyed to Saudi Arabia last week to ask OPEC leaders to raise the price of crude oil. Good work George. While you're at it, maybe next week you can fly to Turkey and ask them to increase the production of opium...That's it from Sharky for this week, and remember, it's a wise person who rules the stocks, it's a fool who's ruled by them.

## Wanted: Steve Wozniak Jokes

The staff of *The Conniption* recently learned that Steve Wozniak, of Apple fame, is looking for jokes to be incorporated in a book of high-tech humor. This started us thinking...it seemed likely that we and our coworkers could come up with some Steve Wozniak jokes for our own amusement. We'd like to encourage you to send your favorite Steve Wozniak joke to us. We'll publish the best of the bunch in the next issue of *The Conniption*.

Here are some first lines to get you going on your submissions:

- ? Why did Steve Wozniak cross the street?
- ? How many Steve Wozniaks does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
- ? One night, a travelling salesman ran out of gas in front of Steve Wozniak's house.
- ? Three men are drifting in a lifeboat: Tom Vanderslice, Bill Joy and Steve Wozniak.

Send your jokes via email to **conniption** by Friday, April 25th. Unless you ask us to, we will not print your name.

## Letters to the Editor

Inspired by the recent Apollo PEP Rally, and due to the favorable response from our last issue on this matter, we at the Conniption have decided to extend our contest for *The Apollo Anthem*. The following is one of our most recent entries.

Its not too late to express yourself in song. Just send your entry to the Editor via email to Conniption.

### Money For Nothin' (I Want My New SUN-3) with apologies to Dire Straits ...

I want my ...  
I want my new SUN-3  
(repeat 3 times)

Guitar lead in ...

Look at them yoyo's, that's the way ya do it  
Ya build a box that called "the new SUN-3"  
That ain't workin, that's the way ya do it  
Money for nothin' and your chips for free.

Now that ain't workin, that's the way ya do it  
Lemme tell ya, them guys ain't dumb  
Maybe get a packet on your little network  
Maybe get a ring board on your SUN.

Refrain:

We got some installed microcode options  
Custom OS, proprieta-ry ...  
We got to move these network connectors;  
We got to stop these color SUN-3-eeeez!

That little faggot with the listing at the keyboard:  
That ain't his code, but he don't care.  
That little faggot got his own stock options;  
That little faggot, he's a millionaire!

(Refrain)

Guitar fill ...  
(Refrain)

I should'a learned to program in C.  
I should'a learned to hack on SUN.  
Lookit that momma, she got it ... blinkin' on the monitor ...  
Man, ... I need some ...  
And whose up there? ... What's that? Subhuman hacker!  
He's bangin' on the keyboard like a chimpanzee!  
Oh, that ain't workin, that's the way ya do it, get your  
Money for nothin', get your chips for free.

(Refrain)

Guitar fill (and howl) ...

Listen here now,  
That ain't workin, that's the way ya do it  
Ya port your program to the new SUN-3.  
That ain't workin, that's the way ya do it.  
Money for nothin' and your chips for free.  
Money for nothin'; ... chips for free.  
(repeat)

I want my ...  
I want my ...  
I want my new SUN-3.  
(repeat)

Easy easy money, eas, easy chips ...  
(repeat)

## LEGAL NOTICE

(The following article was written in response to reading a recent memorandum regarding the use of the word "Confidential" on Apollo documents. The memorandum states that "Confidential" is a government security classification and we, as contractors to the U.S. Government, cannot mark Apollo documents with this word. We must, instead, use the term "Confidential and Proprietary Information of Apollo Computer, Inc.")

TO: Distribution

SUBJECT: Greetings by Apollo Employees

Recently it has come to our attention that many Apollo employees are greeting other people with the phrase "Have a nice day."

As a contractor to the U.S. Government and a participant in the Department of Defense Classified Industrial Security Program, Apollo must comply with certain U.S. Government greeting requirements.

The phrase "Have a nice day" is the sole property of the U.S. Government and cannot be used by non-Government personnel. Apollo employees must greet people in a manner that does not duplicate official U.S. Government greetings.

You MUST augment your use of the phrase "Have a nice day" with words that distinguish your greeting from a governmental greeting. Acceptable substitutes are such phrases as "Have a nice Apollo day," "This nice day is brought to you courtesy of an Apollo employee," and "Apollo wants you to have a nice day."

Apollo employees should also be aware that the phrase "Have a good one" is a trademark of Sun Microsystems, Inc. of California. Use of this phrase could result in lawsuits.

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### NEWS FLASH

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Pasedena (Appropriated Press) - Tensions between the world's two computing superpowers were heightened today when Scott McNealy, president of Sun Microsystems Inc., accused his chief rival, Dr. Thomas A. Vanderslice of Apollo Computer Inc., of "willful and blatant violations of the 1981 Software Test Ban Treaty." He charged Apollo with "continued clandestine software testing" carried out in laboratories buried under the Nevada desert. "Sun has declared a moratorium on software testing which ends April 30," McNealy said. "If Apollo continues with its testing program, we will have no choice but to resume testing ourselves. This would be a just response to Apollo's destabilizing behavior which poses a serious threat to world standards." Vanderslice, relaxing at the "Summer Capitol" in Exeter, NH., replied to the charges by stating, "Well, you know now, Chairman McNealy is playing fast and loose with the facts on that. Everyone knows Sun has been, well, relying on industry-tested software for years. Apollo is merely attempting to try to move to restore strategic software parity. And you know, our European subsidiaries support Apollo's testing in this area. I just want to say, and everyone should be quite clear on this, that once the balance of computing power has been restored, our testing will cease." "I might also remind the world that Sun's recent hostile moves in the Afghan market have been roundly condemned by the international computing community," Vanderslice added. "Additionally, Interleaf Inc. -- long recognized as a proxy for the Suntral Committee -- well, our intelligence reports clearly show and indicate, that these international outlaws have dispatched over one hundred software advisors to support the radical conversion efforts of the Sandinista regime's recent 9600-baud incursion into Honduras. Apollo cannot stand idly by while this enemy of freedom-loving programmers everywhere, I mean, Sun Microsystems, continues to export this level and brand of terrorism not four days drive from the borders of Massachusetts and boldly tramples on the code of its neighbors."

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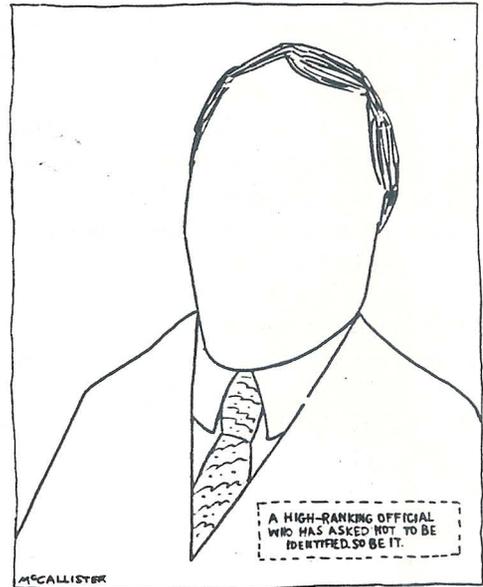
### NEWS FLASH

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Gulf of Chelmsford (AP) - According to well-placed sources in the Corporate Defense Department, President Vanderslice has ordered the Sixth Van Fleet (including two heavily armed Broncos and their

contingents of support vehicles) to return to the Gulf of Chelmsford in preparation for a retaliatory strike against suspected typist training bases sheltered by the regime of Dr. Muammar Wang. Branding Wang as "the mad dog of the Golden Triangle," Vanderslice vowed to punish the company for its suspected role in the recent destruction of business records in a West Berlin discotheque. This action follows last week's maneuvers by the Sixth Van Fleet well within the "line of death" drawn by Wang across the northern end of Elizabeth Drive, in which Wang lost several late-model four-seaters in skirmishes with the Apollo forces. "We will continue to exercise the rights of all companies to traverse public roads," Vanderslice said, in reference to Wang's claim that his territorial boundaries extended past the internationally recognized twelve-foot frontage.

## Editorials



### Max's Weighty Problem

Max is on a diet. He's trying to lose seven pounds, to go from a lap-crushing 21 pounds to a reasonably svelte 14 pounds. Those who love Max—myself among them—are providing moral support. But, when he wakes me 3:00 a.m. to tell me that he thinks he might die of hunger, Max's life is threatened more by strangulation than starvation.

Max, of course, is a cat—but, as you can tell from the statistics, he's not your ordinary cat. He's built on the Orson Wells scale, a magnificent bulk. Don't think Garfield to imagine Max—think Babe, Paul Bunyan's blue ox. This is not a lap cat. This is a lean-up-against-the-thigh cat.

Even as a kitten Max was hefty. He's got big bones (no, really). At six years old, he's easily the biggest cat I've ever seen. He's big from stem to stern, from floor to shoulder, and from ear to ear. Beagles quake in his presence.

But Max is also fat—at least, according to his vet he's fat. The vet says that Max has to lose seven pounds; if he doesn't, he could have health problems and die early. Although I think Max looks rather splendid with his current proportions, I want to have the pleasure of his company, regardless of size, for as long as possible. At least, that was the way I felt before we put him on this diet.

Actually, I empathize strongly with Max. As a veteran dieter, I've been through the agony numerous times. I know about the long-awaited dinner that doesn't quite kill the hunger. I know the maddening temptations of the aroma of someone else's meal. If I were Max, I might well jump on the dining room table and shove my nose into someone else's dish, too. Heaven knows, I've been that desperate.

Max doesn't even have any incentive. Swimsuit season means nothing to Max. He doesn't know the indignity of Plus Size shopping. Max wears one outfit, and it always fits. Moreover, the fur covers any stretch marks.

Max doesn't care if people are amazed, or amused, by his girth. All he cares about is being comfortable. And all he knows is that these days, he's much less comfortable than he'd like to be. This he tells us, at every available opportunity.

Any children we have will find us well broken-in by Max. Here we are, denying him his heart's desire because we know what's good for him. Though guilt consumes us, we remain true to Max's diet. We'll see him through this, even if we end up killing him for all the grief he's given us. I only wish he understood when I say "You just wait till you have children!"

A HIGH-RANKING OFFICIAL  
WHO HAS ASKED NOT TO BE  
IDENTIFIED, SO BE IT.

## Connption Classifieds

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HELP WANTED  
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Vice President of R&D for prominent high-tech computer firm. Must be willing to work some days. Prefer an individual who feels comfortable in large-group situations. Salary and duties commensurate with experience. Ability to dictate at least 100 WPM a must. Some travel necessary; should have own late-model foreign sports car or luxury sedan. Send resumes in complete confidence to Heafod Huntian Ltd., Dept. APCI, Burlington, MA. 01010

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