

LABELDMP/DOC

Documentation for LABELDMP/CMD - a Model III program.
by Lance Wolstrup

Some time ago a program called LABEL200/BAS appeared on the public domain scene. The author, unfortunately unknown, did a good job and his/her program creates very professional looking disk labels on the Radio Shack DMP200 printer. Tim Sewell, of GENie, got a hold of the program and modified it, tightening the code and adding graphics.

At one of the (im?)famous Hackers' meetings, he gave me a copy of his handywork. I liked it immediately and, mostly for fun, rewrote it in assembly language, adding a couple of minor things. Since it works on all DMP printers, the program is now called LABELDMP/CMD, and it should work from ALL Model III operating systems.

From DOS type: LABELDMP <ENTER> and the program will execute.

The screen displays a series of 10 program categories, lettered A-J. Choose the one that best describes your disk by pressing the letter associated with the category.

You will now be asked to type the name you wish to give your disk. Should you make a mistake, don't worry, just use the <LEFT ARROW> key to back space and erase. When the name is complete press <ENTER>.

The next screen presents you with 14 choices (A-N). This time select the name of the DOS you wish to be printed on the label. Press the appropriate letter key for your selection.

You must now choose from 5 types of disk formats. (A-E). Select by pressing the correct letter key.

The final screen displays the information you have selected and you are prompted to press <P> to print the label, or press <BREAK> to go back to the beginning and start over.

Pressing <P> prints the label (it is assumed that your printer is hooked up, turned on, on line, has labels inserted, and that they are positioned correctly and when finished, you may make another of the same label by pressing <P> again.

Pressing <BREAK> returns the program to the first screen. Here you may create another label, or you can press <BREAK> and return to DOS.

Pressing <BREAK> on all screens, except the first and last, will move the program back to the previous screen.

Oh, one last thing. LABELDMP/CMD will also print the DOS date on your label. If you don't have the date upgrades to your DOS, or you have disabled the date feature, the program will print 00/00/00.

Since both the original program and Tim's modified version are placed in the public domain, LABELDMP/CMD shall from this day be the property of all TRS-80 users. Use it, copy it, give it to a friend, enjoy it, hate it. Do what you wish. It is yours.

THE ADVENTURES OF LABEL200

Once upon a time there was a program called LABEL200. Though born of humble BASIC parents, he was a good program and everyone he met took a liking to him. LABEL200 traveled across the land of the TRS-80 and one day he came to the mountain top dwelling of the 'Guru of GENie'.

Upon facing the Guru, who for this occasion had altered his appearance to human form, the weary LABEL200 fell to his knees. "Your Holiness", he cried, "I have travelled far and wide in search of self improvement. I beg of ye, help me become a better, more perfect program."

The Guru's eyes closed to narrow slits and after, what seemed an eternity, he spoke: "I have looked deep within your soul and seen that you are good." After a brief pause he asked: "Why do you wish to be better?" "I want to be of more help to the loyal inhabitants of this wonderful land", answered LABEL200.

"A noble thought!", said the Guru, "Very well, I shall do as you wish." He waved his hands in slow, mysterious gestures; thunder and lightning appeared from nowhere and in the background the second verse of 'The Impossible Dream' could be sensed.

As sudden as it had begun, the spiritual moment was over. The heavens were once again clear and silence engulfed the room. LABEL200 felt stronger than he had ever felt before.

The Guru of GENie held up a mirror. "Look in the mirror", he said, "you may not recognize what you see!" The program looked in the mirror, and to its surprise he saw, not himself, but the most handsome program he had ever seen. "That is you. That is the way you look", said the Guru, "Now go off and help the people."

"Oh, Your Holiness, Thank You", said LABEL200, but the program was alone. The Guru had disappeared in a puff of smoke and was now in his forbidden, secret inner sanctum making phone calls.

LABEL200 climbed down the treacherous mountain and continued his travels across the land of TRS-80. Being stronger, friendlier and more handsome, he made many new friends and all was good.

Then one day the peaceful nation was invaded by the hostile neighboring country to the north, Ibam. Queen Dahs, who being a staunch feminist, demanded to be addressed as Ms., sent her army, the Clone Brigade, to pillage, rape and destroy everything in its path. Though fighting valiantly, the people of TRS-80 were outnumbered, and when the enemy, with the help of a cowardly traitor, subverted the country's newspaper, defeat seemed inevitable.

Many TRS-80 soldiers were captured. The weak were formatted publicly and the strong were sent off to concentration camps for brain-washing (conversion, they called it), after which they were shipped to Ibam as slaves of Ms. Dahs.

These were dark times for TRS-80, but all was not lost. Though living under tyranny, the loyal subjects of TRS-80 retained their patriotism, and soon underground resistance movements were formed on both the east and west coasts of

the humbled land.

LABEL200 was seriously wounded in the bloody Battle of Canoga Park. The enemy had left him for dead, but with the last ounce of strength he had managed to crawl from the battlefield to a temporary hiding place in the hills. There, exhausted, he fell into a long sleep.

When he woke, he was no longer on the ground; instead he was resting in a comfortable single-sided 40 track drive, and a man was sitting next to him. "Where am I?", asked LABEL200 in a weak voice. "You are at the old Hackers' Hospital.", the man said, " Don't worry, you are safe."

Just then a man carrying a medical diskbox entered the room. "Ah, I see the patient is awake", he said and walked over to the wounded program. "I am Dr. Stanley Eugene Plus. Call me S.U. for short." He pointed to the other man and said, "This is my assistant, Dr. Zappy. We'll have you up and around in no time."

Dr. S.U. was as good as his word. Major surgery, Format without Erase, was skillfully performed. Byte by byte, sector by sector, the doctor worked his incredible magic and when the orange reset button was pressed, signaling completion, LABEL200 was whole. The CRC errors that had blurred his vision were gone and his battered body was once again strong and ready for battle.

The resistance movement used LABEL200 for many daring missions during the next months. He had just completed an assignment in the Holy City of Ft. Worth when a strange feeling came upon him. He walked the streets, and it was as if every step taken was forced by a higher power, yet unknown.

Just before the stroke of midnight the program stopped outside the ruins of an old, abandoned subway entrance, and it was then that he heard a voice, softly issuing a command to follow. Without knowing why, LABEL200 obediently followed the voice deep down into the dark tunnels.

Endless time seemed to pass, but finally he was motioned to stop. "In there.", whispered the voice softly.

In the darkness, LABEL200 could see the faint outline of a narrow passageway. He entered the passage, following its twists and turns until it ended in a small, dimly lit chamber.

As our hero stepped into the chamber, a sliding wall silently closed off the passageway, making escape impossible. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a shadowy image of a very old man appeared before him.

"I am SHAZAM", the old man said, "I have watched you since your birth and I know that you are good, and pure of heart."

"You have been chosen to be the defender against tyranny and evil.", the old man continued, "Speak my name and you will be endowed with the powers of the Gods." He pointed to the wall opposite to where the program stood frozen to the ground. Instantly an 80x24 screen appeared and LABEL200 read the text:

S oltoff's wisdom
H ackers' ingenuity
A ssembly language speed

Z 80 power
A llwrite's versatility
M aloney's popularity

"Speak my name", the old man demanded.

LABEL200 looked up, and in a shaky voice he said: "SHAZAM"

'ZAP', a magic lightning bolt struck and where LABEL200 had stood, the mighty and marvelous CAPTAIN/Z80 stood instead.

"Go fight for truth, justice and the TRS-80 way", the old man said.

CAPTAIN/Z80 did just that.

from a recently discovered manuscript
by HANS CRISTIAN GRIMM
circa 1790