

As my trusty sleigh was loaded this year,
My jolly old heart was filled with fear.
For Rudolph, with his nose so bright,
Was over-the-hill—nowhere in sight.

“O Horrows” cried Vixen, ne’er fear this mess,
I’ll go to Wildwood E.E.S.

From them I will borrow, with scope so clear
Some calibrated Loran-C Receiving Gear,

With that he was off, with a toss of his heel,
And the rest of us ate our Pre-Christmas meal.
Upon his return we were off like a flash.
For our Annual Cheery “Round-the-World Dash”.

Up and up, like a high flying kite,
Reception was fine on this glorious night.
On both envelope and cycle our course was so clear,
A comfort to me and my tiny reindeer,
So happy were we that the boys stayed in SYNC,
For on the night there was negative blink.

Our journey was over as the Pole came in sight;
I gave thanks to the Coast Guard for helping this night.
And to all the Watchstanders, a toast of good cheer,
’Cause Santa went ’round on Loran-C this year.

By Personnel—USCG Loran-C Station
Cape Fear, N. C.