

The Night Before Christmas, 1963
by Buck Conrad

T'was the night before Christmas, 1963,
and as usual we're on patrol, underway at sea.
The boats submerged at 66 ft
and the Cook's busy preparing our Christmas
treat.

We're creeping along at all ahead 1/3,
because of something sonar reported he
heard.
The boats rigged for quiet so don't make no
noise,
well, I guess old Santa can't bring us our toys.

Well that figures, sonar does that a lot.
It must be those fancy new earphones he got.
The Navigators sweatin cause the posit report
is late
and he is shaking so bad he's in quite a state,

Cause the Captain is a stickler for doin things
right
and he ain't cutting no slack even on this holy
night.
The boat's rigged for red and it's really quite
purty
cause when we're rigged for red we don't look
so dirty.

No ones had a birdbath in about 3 weeks
cause the engineer says both the stills have
big leaks.
Hogan's Alley is really startin to smell
what with diesel fumes, dirty socks and hot
bunks, oh well!

We all volunteered for the Silent Service
and we're proud of the Dolphins we wear,
but sometimes I'd like to be able to bathe
and wash the filth from my hair.

The Posit reports done and been taken below
I'll just enter the position in the log and then
I'll go,
but I'm gonna hang my sock on the ole' TDC
in the hopes that St. Nicholas won't forget
me.

I go below to get in the my bunk to get some
needed rest
my bunk mates left it warm for me to that I
can attest.
Before I sleep I say a prayer and thank God
for this special day
and thank him for others like me that keep the
wolves at bay.

I may not be with my family on this most
holy day,
but they understand it's the price we pay to
live in the good ole' USA.
Maybe some day when I'm old and gray
and have grown wise in almost every way,

I'll think back and say in that wisdom I surely
will possess,
hey, Santa, I'm ashore now and not on that ole
SS.
There ain't no ping jockey listening for some
faraway noise
that's gonna prevent you from bringing my
big bag of toys.

So, come on Santa we're waitin' on you, my
sweet grandkids and me
cause I'm at home this Christmas, by God's
will, and not on patrol at sea.