Ghost Channels in the Core

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These words are sung to the Tune of *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. I wrote them on Thursday, September 2, 1976, while I was working in fuel channel design, in the Nuclear Energy Division of the General Electric Company, in San Jose, California.

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I got so sick of channels
on one dark and sleepy day

I snuck myself home early
and there in bed I lay.

When all at once a mighty wad
of red hot ZIRC I saw!

A-flowin' down a melting core.
It filled my heart with awe.

Yip-e-yi-yaaaa! Yip-e-yi-yoooo!
Ghost channels in the core!

Their oxide was all fiery
And their sides were spalling flame.

Their ZIRC had all been burned away
But ever on they came.

And right behind those fiery flanks
Their pencils all ablaze

Designers in a ghostly herd
Computing in a daze.

Yip-e-yi-yaaaa! Yip-e-yi-yoooo!
Ghost channels in the core!

And as they calculated by
I heard one call my name,

"If you want to save your soul from hell
And taking all the blame

Designer change your ways today!
Or with us go for sure!

To verify this Devil's mess
Across this endless core!"

Yip-e-yi-yaaaa! Yip-e-yi-yoooo!
Ghost channels in the core!

Yip-e-yi-yaaaa! Yip-e-yi-yoooo!
Ghost channels in the core!