

This is your life, you stalwart heroes of the Antarctic, and the Wilkes Chowdown and Marching Society is going to help you re-live the longest year of it. Do you remember how 1958 began? We lost New Year's Eve crossing the dateline, but we were all roused out of our bunks by the cheery singing of

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND NEVER BROUGHT TO MIND?
SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT, AND DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE?

Maybe we could forget auld acquaintance, but we never could forget the Arneb. First she steamed south, then she steamed west, in a course that no navigator, except one badgered by Henebry, would follow. And as she lurched into New Zealand, this is what we sang:

THIS IS THE ARNEB, DAVEY JONES. This is the Army
I'VE GOT A FEELING IN MY BONES
 THIS COURSE WE'RE HOLDING ACROSS THE SEA
 DOESN'T PLEASE ANY BUT HENEGBRY.
THIS IS THE ARNEB, CAPTAIN BLIGH.
WE SET OUR STANDARDS MIGHTY HIGH.
 WE'RE PITCHING, ROLLING, BOTH FORE AND AFT.
 AVAST THERE, WE JUST LOST A LIFE RAFT.
 DO WHAT THE BOS'N COMMANDS,
 BREAK OUT THE PADDLES AND HEAVE TO, ALL HANDS.
THIS IS THE ARNEB, SO, BY HECK,
GRAB ALL YOUR CHOW AND HIT THE DECK.
 WE MAY BE TOSSING, BUT NEVER FEAR
 WE'LL REACH WILKES IN THE JOE PHYSICS YEAR.

First stop was Port Lyttleton, where the friendly natives asked us to wait in quarantine until next morning. A few glorious days ashore, then we gaily returned to our beloved ship after saying goodbye to the friendly natives with their quaint ceremonial customs (or did you ever try to get a meal in a restaurant after closing time?).

So off we went into the deep seas yonder, riding low into the foam, heading southward, ever southward towards that mysterious land

By Henry Burdenbauer

SOMEWHERE OVER THE CIRCLE, FAR AWAY, Somewhere Over the Rainbow
THERE'S THE LAND OF THE BLIZZARD
CALLING US NIGHT AND DAY.
SOMEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC, NIGHTS ARE LONG
AND THE WINDS OFF THE ICECAP
DAILY BLOW LOUD AND STRONG.
SOME DAY WE'LL HEAD FOR VINCENNES BAY AND LEAVE THE ICEBERGS ALL THE WAY
BEHIND US
WILKES STATION NOW IS BECKONING, FOR US THE DAY OF RECKONING
COMES TO REMIND US:
SOMEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC, FAR AWAY,
PENGUINS SQUAWK ON THE SHORELINE, HOPING WE'LL COME TO STAY.

We didn't have long to wait for the penguins. An icebreaker met us and
led us through the pack to Cape Hallatt, where we anchored and offloaded.
Going ashore to inspect the station, we were soon surrounded by more friendly
natives, little creatures in black and white. How did they get here?

THIS STARTED WHEN A NICE FAT PENGUIN HEN Stout-Hearted Men
LEARNED TO LAY ALL HER EGGS BY THE SCORE.
SOON THERE WERE TEN, EACH A GOOD LAYING HEN,
AND THEN SOON THERE WERE TEN THOUSAND MORE. OH—
BOLDER AND BOLDER, THE PENGUINS TOOK OVER,
THEY LAID ALL THEIR EGGS ON THIS SHORE.
THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS WORLD CAN MATCH A PENGUIN'S YEN
TO BEGET A LINE OF TINY MARCHING PENGUIN MEN.

So there they were, the vested interests of Antarctica. Even as we
looked, a review got under way...

HERE COME THE SHINY BLACK PENGUINS Frankie and Johnnie
STRUTTING WITH VESTS SILVERY WHITE
WADDLING AND WEAVING WITH FLIPPERS HIGH
AS THEY SWING IN COLUMN RIGHT,
THOSE PENGUINS COME, MARCHING IN PARADE.
LISTEN! THEIR CADENCE IS PERFECT.
LOOK AT THEIR BEADY BLACK EYES,
HEADING RIGHT DOWN TO THE OCEAN SHORE
TO THEIR FISHY PARADISE,
THOSE PENGUINS COME, MARCHING IN PARADE.
SHUFFLING AND WEAVING THEY PASS US.
EACH ONE FLOPS ON HIS BREAST BONE
SLIDING WITH EASE ON THAT SHINY ICE
THEY WILL NEVER JUMP ALONE
INTO THE BAY, PENGUINS ON PARADE.

3.

So, after a few days at Cape Hallett under the shadow of Mount Sabine, we said farewell to the friendly penguins on the peninsula and headed out to sea:

The Last Time I saw Paris

THE LAST TIME WE SAW HALLETT, THE PENGUINS CAME TO STAY.
NO MATTER HOW THEY CLEAN IT UP, I'LL REMEMBER IT THAT WAY.

Westward, ever westward we steamed. Then, on January 25, we changed course, headed south, and made for the spot that was to be our home, our happy home, for the next year.

"W" STANDS FOR WILLIS, HE'S OUR LEADER.
"I" IS FOR THE ICE, THERE'S PLENTY OF.
"L" IS FOR THE LAKE THAT GIVES FRESH WATER.
"K" IS FOR THE KIND OF FOOD WE LOVE...THE KIND WE LOVE...
"E" IS FOR OUR EXEC, MR. KYRES,
"S" FOR DOCTOR SPARKES, OUR SKIPPER DEAR.
PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THAT'S WILKES STATION.
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE.

Mother

We dropped anchor in Vincennes Bay and came ashore in the Mike boats. A sane, healthy-looking crew came out to meet us. Would we be as normal, as sane, as desperately anxious twelve months from now? Tune in again tomorrow for our next thrilling chapter.

The next thrilling chapter began right away. There was work to be done and it seemed that someone left it right up to us. Of course, we had to work only half days, but the days were 24 hours long. We built tunnels, stored barrels, built tunnels, filled the Jamesway huts with provisions, built tunnels, and soon - in about two months - had everything where we could bump into it as we went from one building to another. And as we built we sang such jolly songs as this:

ON THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS IS A CIGARETTE FIEND Girl of my Dreams
 FOR ALL THE BRANDS I KNOW.
 SHE'LL WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL SMILE,
 THEN LIGHT UP A MARLBORO.
 RIGHT BACK SHE'LL HIKE FOR A LUCKY STRIKE
 BUT HER OLD GOLD IS WHAT I PRIZE.
 AND A FILTER TIP ALWAYS HANGS FROM HER LIP.
 SHE'S THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYS.

Yes, we sang of our friends and families back home as we kept in
 touch with them through that great institution, the ham radio...

K C 4 U S K, HEAR US CALLING NIGHT AND DAY The Caissons go Rolling
 Q S O I N G, K SOMEBODY PLEASE.
 TUNE US IN, Q R N MUSTN'T DROWN US WITH ITS DIN.
 OUR ANTENNA'S ALOFT IN THE BREEZE.
 THROUGH THE OPEN HATCH, EVERYBODY WANTS A PATCH -
 CALL OUT OUT LETTERS LOUD AND LONG (U I S I K I)
 CALLING NIGHT AND DAY, CALIFORNIA TO NORWAY,
 WHEN THE BAND'S UP AND OUR SIGNAL'S STRONG.

And so it went, day after day. But not all days were happy ones.
 Pain, headaches, sleepless nights, even toothaches came, and always there
 was the sick bay for prompt and effective treatment. One day, for instance,
 Chief Bednarz entered the sick bay and this is what he said:

THERE IS A CAVERN IN MY CROWN, IN MY CROWN. Tavern in the Town
 OH, DOCTOR SPARKES, PLEASE POKE AROUND, POKE AROUND.
 AND FIND THE SPOT TO STOP MY AGONY,
 BECAUSE MY FILLING SAYS TO ME, TO ME:
 FARE THE WELL, FOR I MUST LEAVE THEE,
 DO NOT LET THE PARTING GRIEVE THEE,
 FOR THE TIME HAS COME WHEN I'LL NO LONGER HELP YOU CHEW.
 ADIEU! ADIEU, KIND FRIEND, ADIEU! YES, ADIEU!
 I CAN NO LONGER HELP YOU CHEW, HELP YOU CHEW.
 I'LL SELL MY GOLD TO MAKE A FILLICREE -
 FARE THE WELL, FARE THE WELL, FARE THEE WELL.

Each morning at breakfast the day began with song; often it was the
 same song, and it became known as the Wilkes Wail. Do you remember?

DOWN IN OUR GALLEY, THE GALLEY WE LOVE
 BOB WRIGHT IS COOKING, ON HIS OIL STOVE.
 TURKEY AND DRESSING, ROAST BEEF AND RICE.
 CHOW HOUNDS ARE EATING, COMING BACK TWICE.
 DOWN IN THE GALLEY, JUST HAVE A LOOK,
 DISHES ARE STACKING, WHO'S THE MESS COOK?
 PUT ALL THE TRAYS BACK, INTO THEIR STANDS,
 WHEN YOU'RE MESS COOKING, YOU'LL GET CLEAN HANDS.

Down in the Valley

Then, after breakfast and quarters, everybody would hurry, hurry, hurry to his job (after a short coffee break, of course). To keep us bright and cheerful, many buildings had music piped in from the garage.

Everyone, of course, loved his work. As the days grew shorter, what fun it was to get up early and take a sounding. The aerologists had such a soft life that one of them was heard to exclaim:

ONCE I WAS HAPPY IN MY LITTLE ROOM - Man on the Flying Trapeze
 I'D NEVER HEARD OF A SOUNDING BALLOON.
 CAME THEN A DAY WHEN, RESIGNED TO MY FATE,
 I WAS MADE AN AEROGRAPHER'S MATE.
 OH, I LEARNED ABOUT PIBALS AND RAOBS,
 I COULD TAKE ANY SOUNDING WITH EASE.
 AND I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF MY MATES' JOBS (OH NO)
 'TILL I CAME DOWN TO WILKES WITH ITS BREEZE --
 OH...I FILL THE BALLOON AT THE HYDROGEN SHACK,
 I RUN THROUGH THE SNOW AND I FALL ON MY BACK,
 THE DARN THING SOARS HIGHER AND I LOSE THE TRACK.
 THEN IT PLUNKS AND FALLS INTO THE SEA.

IT FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE
 UNTIL IT IS CAUGHT BY A DOWNSWEEPING BREEZE.
 IT CRACKS THE TRANSMITTER AS NICE AS YOU PLEASE
 AND IT RUINS THE REST OF MY DAY.

Yes, you aerographers were kept busy, weren't you, the night of April 25?

As we sat watching the movie, the wind kept mounting, mounting higher and higher. Past 116 knots it went, blew the cups off the mast, filled the garage with a lot of that clean, white, beautiful snow that we were learning to love so well. Nothing like a cheery song as we assembled the next morning around the electric stove where Bob had somehow managed to get breakfast.

BLOW ANTARCTIC! SEND YOUR WILD WIND WHISTLING DOWN THE RAMP Oklahoma!
 THROUGH THE JAMSWAY NUTS, THE TRACTOR NUTS,
 PILING SNOW RIGHT UP AGAINST THE CAMP.
 MELT ANTARCTIC! THEN OUR SHACKS BEGAN TO DRIP SOME MORE
 THROUGH THE OVERHEAD, IN TO OUR BED
 THERE'S A PUDDLE SPREADING ON THE FLOOR.
 WE KNEW WE LIVED IN BLIZZARD LAND
 BUT WE NEVER HAD SEEN IT SO GRAND.
 AND THEN WE HAD TO DIG, DIG, AND THEN WE DUG SOME MORE.
 SO BLIZZARD, YOU GO RIGHT BACK TO YOUR ICECAP,
 STAY AWAY FROM OUR DOOR.

One of the big days in the Antarctic is June 22, Midwinter Day - the shortest day, if you live on the circle, or the middle of the long night, if you are lucky enough to be stationed at the Pole. As we were not the lucky ones, we had a few hours of daylight and made the most of it. Our happy, boyish laughter reechoed over the tide gage bay. Nobody else was there to hear it, of course, for the penguins had sensibly left a couple of months ago. But here is the way we lived that day - do you remember?

OUT BY THE TIDE GAGE, THAT MIDWINTER DAY,
 THAT'S WHERE WE FELL FOR FUN JUST AS THE SUN
 SLIPPED 'NEATH THE BAY.
 WE BATTED A BASEBALL OUR EAGER YOUNG WAY
 OUT BY THE TIDE GAGE, THAT MIDWINTER DAY.

South of the Border

OH, WHAT A PICTURE WE MADE IN OUR PLAY -
 HITTING A VOLLEYBALL AS ONE AND ALL
 GOT IN THE FRAY.
 SOME TOOK A SIESTA, AND SOME HIT THE HAY,
 CHALKING UP RACK TIME, THAT MIDWINTER DAY.

HOW WE SIGHED FOR A TREE-RIPE BANANA,
 NEVER DREAMING THAT JOHN AND ROGER
 WOULD BE COURTING THE SEA NYMPH PNEUMONIA,
 AS THEIR GOOSE PIMPLES QUICKLY CAME.

BACK TO THE GALLEY WE HASTENED, AND SAY,
 TABLECLOTHS SHINY WHITE AND CANDLELIGHT MADE OUR HEARTS GAY.
 THE WHITEOUT PUNCH WARMED US - WHAT'S THAT, DID YOU SAY?
 THAT'S ALL WE REMEMBER, THAT MIDWINTER DAY.

July came, and with it plans were formed for a traverse. Now, nobody ever goes out on a traverse without a wannigan. What, you ask, is a wannigan? Listen, and the beast will tell you in its own little words:

W-A-DOUBLE N-I-G-A-N SPELLS "WANNIGAN" "Harrigan"
 BUILT BY LYNski FOR THE GLACIOLOGISTS.
 DIVIL A HELP HE GOT FROM THE SEISMOLOGIST.
 W-A-DOUBLE N-I-G-A-N YOU SEE.
 TAKE A SLED, PAINT IT RED, MOUNT A GREEN BOX ON TOP OF IT -
 WANNIGAN, THAT'S ME.

During August and September many of us had the chance to visit Site II. What a thrill that was - to see how the good old life had been lived in the Antarctic before the days of civilization. Do you remember?

THERE'S A STRANGE WAY TO A JAMESWAY Clementine
 OUT BY BARREL FORTY-NINE
 CALLING TO YOU, GOOD OLD SITE TWO.
 HEAR THAT GENERATOR WHINE.

THERE'S A TUNNEL IN A SNOWBANK
 WHERE YOU SLIP AND CRACK YOUR SPINE
 DEEP PIT BECKONS AND I RECKON
 IT'S NEAR BARREL FORTY-NINE.

WATCH WE'RE KEEPING - WHO'S THAT SLEEPING
 OUT BY BARREL FORTY-NINE.
 CLIMB THE MAST, HO! GO ALOFT? NO!
 LEAVE THAT JOB TO ZIMMERSTEIN.

WEATHER DATA, ON A PLATTER,
 BRING FROM BARREL FORTY-NINE.
 BUT, MY DEARO, I'M NO HERO,
 SO I LEFT SITE TWO BEHIND.

One of the signs of spring, which came late in September, was the purple convertible dashing out of the garage and across the bay. Do you remember, you stalwart heroes, driving home lazily, comfortably, wrapped snugly in blankets while the motor purred a welcome harmony? If you do, you're nuttier than you think. Here is what it really was like:

PENGUINS, SKUAS, SEALS BETTER SCURRY
SCHULZ IS TAKING OFF IN A HURRY
STEERING HIS NEW PURPLE-DYED SURREY
THAT HAS GOT NO TOP.

Surrey with a Fringe on Top

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SLUGGISH OLD DIESEL;
HE PREFERS HIS HARD-CHARGING WEASEL.
CALL DEMILLE AND SAY, "LOOK HERE, CECIL!"
AND HIS EYES WILL POP.

THE TRACKS ARE BROWNISH, THE UNDERSIDE'S RED,
THE WINDSHIELD'S GENUINE PLASTIC.

COME ON ABOARD; YOU WON'T BUMP YOUR HEAD.
BUT DON'T SIT DOWN IN THE MASTIC.

AT WILKES STATION IT IS THE FASHION
TO CAVORT IN OUR PURPLE PASSION.
BACK AND FORTH THE SEABEES ARE DASHIN'
AND THEY NEVER STOP...

IN THAT PURPLE PEOPLE EATER THAT HAS GOT NO TOP.

October - the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder in the slop -
but not at Wilkes. October was the month for the penguins to return. Do
you remember Friday, the tenth of October, Chief Drew? That was the day you
and Father B went for a walk. That was the day you sighted those three seals
far out on the ice. That was the day you saw Happy Harry, the Emperor Penguin.
Oh, Harry was a handsome fowl as he strutted on the ice, but when he tried to
get away along the sidelines the chaplain praised the Lord and passed - no,
tackled, and Harry was down behind the line of scrimmage. So back he came,
you on the bow end, and Harry on the stern end, of a fishing line. And you,
Dean Denison, do you remember what happened to Harry after that?

POOR HARRY'S DEAD, OUR POOR PENGUIN'S DEAD;
THEY PUMPED HIM FULL OF CARBON MONOXIDE.
HE HAD A THROAT OF GOLD AND HE WASN'T VERY OLD.
WE'RE SURE GONNA MISS HIM NOW HE'S DIED.

Pore Jud is Daid

POOR HARRY'S DEAD, JUST LIKE A HUNK OF LEAD.
HIS EYES WERE BLACK, HIS BILL WAS SLIGHTLY GREEN (SLIGHTLY GREEN).
THEY'LL STUFF HIS SHINY HIDE, THEY'LL TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE,
THEY'LL MOUNT HIM IN A WASHINGTON MUSEUM.
POOR HARRY'S DEAD; THIS MOTTO CROWNS HIS HEAD:
DON'T LET YOURSELF BE TACKLED MORE THAN TWICE (MORE THAN TWICE).
OR THEY'LL PUT YOU FAST ASLEEP; IN A REEFER YOU WILL KEEP;
IN A BREAKER YOU'LL BE RIDING THROUGH THE ICE.

About a week after Harry's death, the Adelle penguins swarmed ashore and we knew that summer could not be far away. There were some, of course, who hated to see the end of such a pleasant year, but nobody was ever able to find them. As one man ably said in an exclusive interview (name withheld by unanimous consent):

I'VE WINTERED OVER; I WASN'T SOBER I'm Looking Over a 4-leaf Clover
 WHEN I SIGNED UP FOR THIS CHORE.
 FIRST WE HAD SUNSHINE AND THEN WE HAD RAIN.
 WINDS OFF THE ICECAP - THEY GIVE ME A PAIN.
 NO USE COMPLAINING; THE WEEKS REMAINING
 WILL BE LIKE THE ONES BEFORE.
 I'VE WINTERED OVER, BUT NOW I'M SOBER -
 I'LL NEVER COME BACK NO MORE.

Uncle Sam, though, was afraid that we would become attached to this place - or at least to certain little odds and ends lying about. Naturally, Uncle wanted the 28 odds and ends to come back, but the rest had to be left...

WHY MUST OUR UNCLE FORCE US TO LEAVE THE THINGS WE LOVE?	<u>People</u>
WHY CAN'T THE AUSSIES COOK ALL THEIR MEALS WITHOUT THE STOVE?	<u>Will</u>
DOC SAYS WE HAVE TO PROVE WHAT THEY SAY IS QUITE UNTRUE.	<u>Say</u>
HERE IS A GIST, HIS PRACTICAL LIST OF "DON'TS" FOR YOU:	<u>We're</u>
DON'T PACK THAT DEWALT SAW; LEAVE ALL THAT WASTE AND RAGS	<u>in</u>
OR YOU WILL BREAK THE LAW: THEY'RE GOING TO SEARCH OUR SEA BAGS.	<u>Love</u>
DON'T DRIVE THAT D4 HOME; 'T WILL MAKE YOUR SEA CHEST SAG.	
BEER CANS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FOAM -	
THEY'RE GOING TO SEARCH OUR SEA BAGS.	
DON'T START COLLECTING THINGS - GIVE BACK THOSE BOLTS, NUTS, AND LAGS.	
UNCLE IS SUSPECTING THINGS - THEY'RE GOING TO SEARCH OUR SEA BAGS.	

November, too, brought temperatures just above freezing, and all that clean, white, pure, beautiful snow that we had learned to love so well began to melt. Some of it melted and flowed off the roofs, but a lot of it took the shortest distance between two points and flowed through them.

NOVEMBER SHOWERS HAVE COME, BY HECK. April Showers
 THEY MISS DEAN'S FLOWERS AND HIT THE DECK.
 FOR WHEN IT'S MELTING, THE OVERHEAD
 SENDS FORTH THE PITTER-PATTER OF WEE DROPS
 THAT SOAK UP PONY'S BED.
 SO GRAB A SWAB, MATES, AND FIND A CAN.
 EACH WATERFALL, MATES, DESERVES A PAN.
 JUST KEEP ON WAITING FOR THE BLUE SKIES AND WORKING TOWARDS A DRAIN,
 GOOD OLD NOVEMBER SHOWERS ARE HERE AGAIN.

December came, and with it the ETA of the Staten Island. So here we are, looking for our one good pair of shoes to wear on the beach, glancing over our shoulders towards the bay as we chorus:

ALONG ICEBERG ALLEY, ACROSS VINCENNES BAY On Top of Old Smokey
 THE ICEBREAKER'S COMING, TO TAKE US AWAY.
 DEPARTING'S A PLEASURE, SO HEAD OUT TO SEA.
 GOOD OLD STATEN ISLAND, YOU'RE THE SHIP FOR ME.
 WE'VE GOT ALL THE RECORDS OF MAGNETIC FLUX,
 CADAVERS OF PENGUINS, THAT LOOK LIKE DEAD DUCKS.
 WE'VE GOT ZIM'S SCREWDRIIVER AND DEAN'S COSMIC RAY,
 AND SEISMOGRAMS DESTINED FOR COASTAL SURVEY.
 WITH ICE CORES A-PLENTY AND SAMPLES OF ROCK,
 COLUMBUS, OHIO, MUSEUM TO STOCK.
 IONOSPHERE DATA ARE JAMMED DOWN BELOW
 WE'RE SET, STATEN ISLAND, SO, SKIPPER, LET'S GO!
 ALONG ICEBERG ALLEY, ACROSS VINCENNES BAY,
 THE ICEBREAKER'S COMING, TO TAKE US AWAY.

And that, men of Wilkes Station, is your life. What does the future hold for us? Will we be marked men? Or will we drift back into comfortable abnormality? Send your questions to the nearest IGY data center on a torn, folded, pierced, and mutilated IBM card, and this is what you'll hear:

WHEN THE WINDS ARE BLOWING, 'NEATH THE SOUTHERN SKY God Bless America
 DOWN TO WILKES WE'RE GOING, FOR THE I G Y.
 WEDDELL SEALS ARE SNORTING, PENGUINS EVERYWHERE,
 SKUA BIRDS CAVORTING, WHILE WE BREATHE OUR PRAYER:
 GOD BLESS ANTARCTICA, THAT'S WHERE WE ROAM,
 WHEN IT'S NIGHT OUT, IN EACH WHITEOUT
 KEEP THE LIGHT BURNING BRIGHT IN DEAN'S DOME.
 IT'S SO NICE HERE, ALL THAT ICE HERE
 MELTS TO OCEANS WHITE WITH FOAM.
 GOD BLESS ANTARCTICA, BUT TAKE US HOME,
 GOD BLESS ANTARCTICA, BUT TAKE US HOME.