



Deck log of the
USCGC Burton Island WAGB 283
New Years Eve 1977-78

The ceaseless sun and peacefulness
Of New Year come to consciousness
Shows clear and still through cloudlessness
The somber mount called Erebus.

One thinks of those who've watch before,
Who've gazed upon Antarctic shore,
One feels a kindred bond and more,
A "Wind Class" sailor's pride for sure.

Off to port, Adelle penguin,
Tuxedoed bird of ice dominion,
Flightless, yes, but in earth's heaven,
With Snow Petrel, and Cape Pigeon.

Come whale and seal from chilly den,
Bid cheers to your old scarlet friend,
Admiring faces wait you when,
BURTON ISLAND breaks in again.

Main diesels one, two, three, and four,
A chiseled pathway deftly bore;
Ram ahead, back, then ram once more,
We're knocking at McMurdo's door.

With Deck, Chief Tupuola, he's JOOD;
Mr. Buonaúto has CONN, his rank "JG,"
Ship service numbers one and three,
Providing electricity.