

Poem Commemorating ABP Groundwater Sampling Effort
Written and Performed by Dave Heffner
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Twass the week before Christmas, when a man named Ed Jones
Sat at his desk eating jelly and scones
Reviewing the work plans for the Georgetown neighborhood
He looked at the calendar and said, "All is not good!"

"These plans say that sampling will be done in '08
But if I know those consultants, they're gonna be late.
I'd better check in to remind them that Ecology
Is serious about schedules as well as methodology."

So he got on the phone and he sounded insulting
"On Far'lon! On Arrow! On Aspect Consulting!
I've got out my lists and I'm checking them twice
There are wells to be sampled, now take my advice."

Amy and Eric lay warm in their beds
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads
When their cells phones rang loud with a message they're hating
"Round up all the gear and go do Art Brass Plating."

So Eric and Amy arrived bright and early
A little bit tired and a little bit surly
They sought out the wells to be sampled, but lo
They could not be found; they were covered with snow.

So they called up Bob Hanford to see if he might
Let them do something else 'til conditions were right
"We're not used to working in snow" they complained
"For sub-freezing temperatures we haven't been trained."

Then over the phone there arose such a clatter
They looked at each other, wond'ring what was the matter

“Have I ever told you two pups, now I ask ya
‘Bout my sampling experiences up in Alaska?

The temp’ratures ne’er rose above thirty two
On Adak the cold winds relentlessly blew
In Barrow I had to install wells by hand
In permafrost that underlay flowing sand.

And I’ve not heard that polar bears hunt for a meal
Down on Findlay, or Orcas, or even Lucile
So don’t be a chicken with feathers a-molting
We won’t have no sissies at Aspect Consulting!

And the pep talk the Old One imparted, they say
Made the hearts of those two grow three sizes that day
From their truck they sprang into the cold. Nothing to it!
Gave each other a fist bump and chanted “LET’S DO IT!

Three cheers for the team of Marhofer and Tice!
They swept off the snow and they chiseled off ice
And they accessed those wells ‘til their fingers were blue
Then developed and sampled and surveyed them too.

They cranked up the purge pump to maximum rate
So the lines wouldn’t freeze, causing them to be late
And while one filled jars, the other did label
Then on to the next just as fast as they’re able.

And so over four days 30 wells they did sample
Their strength never failed them, their courage was ample
Shouting out in the end, ‘ere they drove out of sight
“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”