

50th Year Poem

*From out the sky, the snow doth come.
 It brings us joy; it angers some.
 And as it fills our plots and gages,
 Who canst not dream of metric stages?
 Get the snow tube! How dense is it?
 Is the snow course free to visit?
 Will it snow through the basin?
 Through our heads these thoughts keep racin'.*

*Forecasts for the season coming;
 Get computers up and humming!
 The NOAA satellites are flying;
 Data soon is multiplying.*

*"Our work is queer," some wags would say,
 "This snow will simply melt away."
 Snowmen of the world—unite!
 For recognition we will fight.*

*Eastern, Western, matters not,
 Your zeal and fervor must burn hot.*

*Tell your Directors, large and small
 Snow's the best resource of all!
 Where on Earth would we all be
 Without our snow hydrology?*

*Most folks out there don't know they need us.
 Sometimes they won't even heed us.
 But intrinsically we know
 There is nothing quite like snow.*

*Fifty years we've been at labor
 Giving service to our neighbor.
 Providing data to generate power
 To light the lights of the Hilton Tower,
 Warning when the floods are due
 And when the threat to roofs is through.*

*Is the climate really changing?
 Or is it data rearranging?
 We snowmen have our tales to tell;
 The ESC has told them well.*

*D.R. Wiesnet
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