

E&P -- 7/20/13

Other than handling a little more pork than usual and the old man riding on 130, looks like a pretty quiet day on the E&P, but I did want to offer a few words of encouragement to ensure a safe and productive day. And I thought that in pursuit of authenticity, it might be appropriate to use a little of the colorful vernacular of our profession...so...

A few reminders to all you hoggers, skippers, baby lifters, bakeheads, and dollyflopers...

Pay attention to when you shine, put on your thousand miler, grab your company jewelry, your banjo, and your bird cage and head for the buzzard's roost to get your dope from the paperweights, your greetings from the DS, and grab your willies from the number dummy.

Head down to the pig pen, jump on your calliope and ride the merry-go-round.

The dinger and the jam buster will keep an alley for you, so buckle the rubbers, crown him and make sure the wind's pumpin' back to the shack, mind the paddle and the runty, and head for the high iron.

If you're running varnish instead of a rattler, put a little run-fast on your high wheeler, grab your cushions, and try not to make too many laplanders.

You eagle eyes may need to rap the stack and lay down some grit to get over the knoll, but otherwise no jack'n the throttle – just keep it in the company notch.

You captains use your rag wavers when you need 'em, and no drawbar flagging or we'll shower you with brownies and have you dancing on the carpet. And don't let the Federalies or the brass hats from the Crystal Palace catch you poundin' your ears in the top dresser drawer.

You see any boxcar tourists, call the cinder dicks, and if you've got a cripple, get a car toad or a nut buster to take a look.

If you're puttin' on the nosebag, don't be blowin' smoke to the beanery queen at the red onion – she's heard it all.

The old heads of the brethren with plenty of whiskers need to help out the fresh fish.

Always check with the ringmaster before you enter the garden, and you may make it to the Indian Valley Railroad.

And if that made perfect sense to any of you Pocatello yardmasters, you truly are an FQO.

Now let's play ball.

Steve Robbins - Dispatcher