

Untitled

Train whistle blows in the distance
Tracks bend and curve in every direction
Trainyard filled with worn, working freight cars

Through a weed choked field we trudge toward the rail siding
We've come to check the "reefers"
Refrigerated rail cars

Although it's 1970 most still
Chill their cargo like an icebox from the 1920s
Tall, narrow compartments store uniform blocks of ice
Only a few use modern oil fired, compressor driven, cooling units

My Dad needs help
He can't get up to the access doors
The steep climb up car after car
Is just too much for him
He just can't do the ladders anymore
We move from car to car
Quickly getting the job done

Next spring I'll graduate college
First one in our family

Dad was just a lowly railway clerk
His entire working life
Often assigned to different working roles
Kinda like a utility fielder on a ball team
Playing where ever he was needed

He never really liked working in the yards
He reveled in the office jobs
Downtown at the railway office headquarters
Always dressed for sophisticated city culture
Assuming a position of status
Never betraying his meager salary

My first job out of college
I earned more than Dad