

A Tribute to Locators
By Susan Gordon



Few and far between,
Lone troopers day and night.
Persevering in their goal,
To mark the lines just right.

Finding buried lines,
Beneath the cold hard ground.
Most folks never notice,
When a Locator is around.

They come and go so silently,
Rarely receiving thanks.
But when those marks aren't on the ground,
Havoc flows down through the ranks.

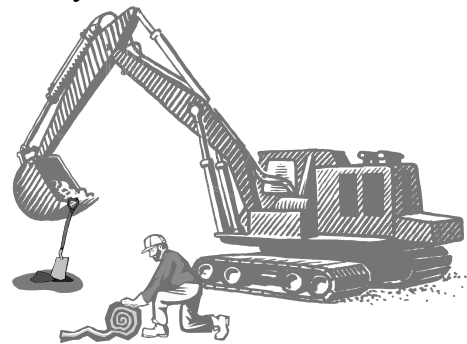
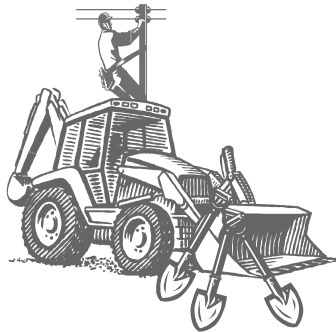


Through all kinds of weather;
Heat, rain, sleet and snow.
When utilities have a problem,
That's where the Locators go.

Some think it is a simple job,
Others don't think of it at all.
But when the utilities fail,
Who's the first one that they call?

Linemen get the glory;
City workers are also seen.
Phone Techs, Cable Splicers,
And even DOT.

But none of them at all,
No not even one,
Can do their grand and glorious work,
Till the Locator's job is done.



Why be a Locator-
When there's other jobs around?
Why be seldom noticed 'cept for
The paint stripes on the ground?

Maybe at first it was just a job
To keep a paycheck there.
Then you realized it was for the "elite".
And now you do it because you care.

So I tip my hat to Locators,
Unsung heroes nationwide.
There's no profession anywhere
In which you could take more pride.

