

Three additional moves of note today. The Dynamic Duo of the Kipper and the CEO are moving, as is a work extra to fill the water tank at Hopkins Spring. As long as orders are written and followed carefully nothing should go wrong. If it does, blame the Operator.

The CEO is going to Broadway this afternoon, leaving White Hall at 1:00. What is not generally known is the reason for this trip. It turns out the E&P is considering a partnership to extend service to the north.

There are two potential partners involved in the contemplated extension. Today the CEO is being hosted by gentlemen from the H&O, including Asst. Enforcer Chuck Thud, Vito The Negotiator, Louie The Irresistible Offerer, and rapper Mo T Rack.

As to the other party, early this morning a passel of suspicious-looking characters was spotted staggering along the wharf in Thorny Point. The *eau d'ramp* they exuded marked them as from the WMMD; although unwashed, they were wearing their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes - button-down body suits and hats from the Snuffy Smith Collection at the Dollar Store, - so, clearly they were top WMMD executives. They'll be riding to White Hall in the baggage car of No. 11, then with the rest of the porkers on the Hood Turn. By the way, if you're concerned about the noise and the smell, don't worry: the pigs won't mind.

The Superintendent is also traveling today. The White Hall Yardmaster is authorized to delay the train's departure until the Superintendent fastens his seatbelt.

Also gracing us with his presence today is noted photographer O. Wayland Missing Link, aka: the Mad Dieter, who, apparently, has gotten it into his head that the E&P wants its activities documented. Now, anyone who knows anything about the E&P's activities knows that documentation thereof is about the last thing they want, but: it is what it is. Mr. Missing Link, his camera, and his bag of nuts has been scheduled to ride the work train as far as Hopkins Spring, but, alas! has not been scheduled for a return. So, if you see a skinny somewhat hairy fellow holding his camera and his bag of nuts while grazing on the vegetation between Hopkins Spring and Swift Run Junction, remember:

*". . . like a rumbling freight, time rolls by,
and there, but for the grace of God,
go I."*