



# The Semaphore

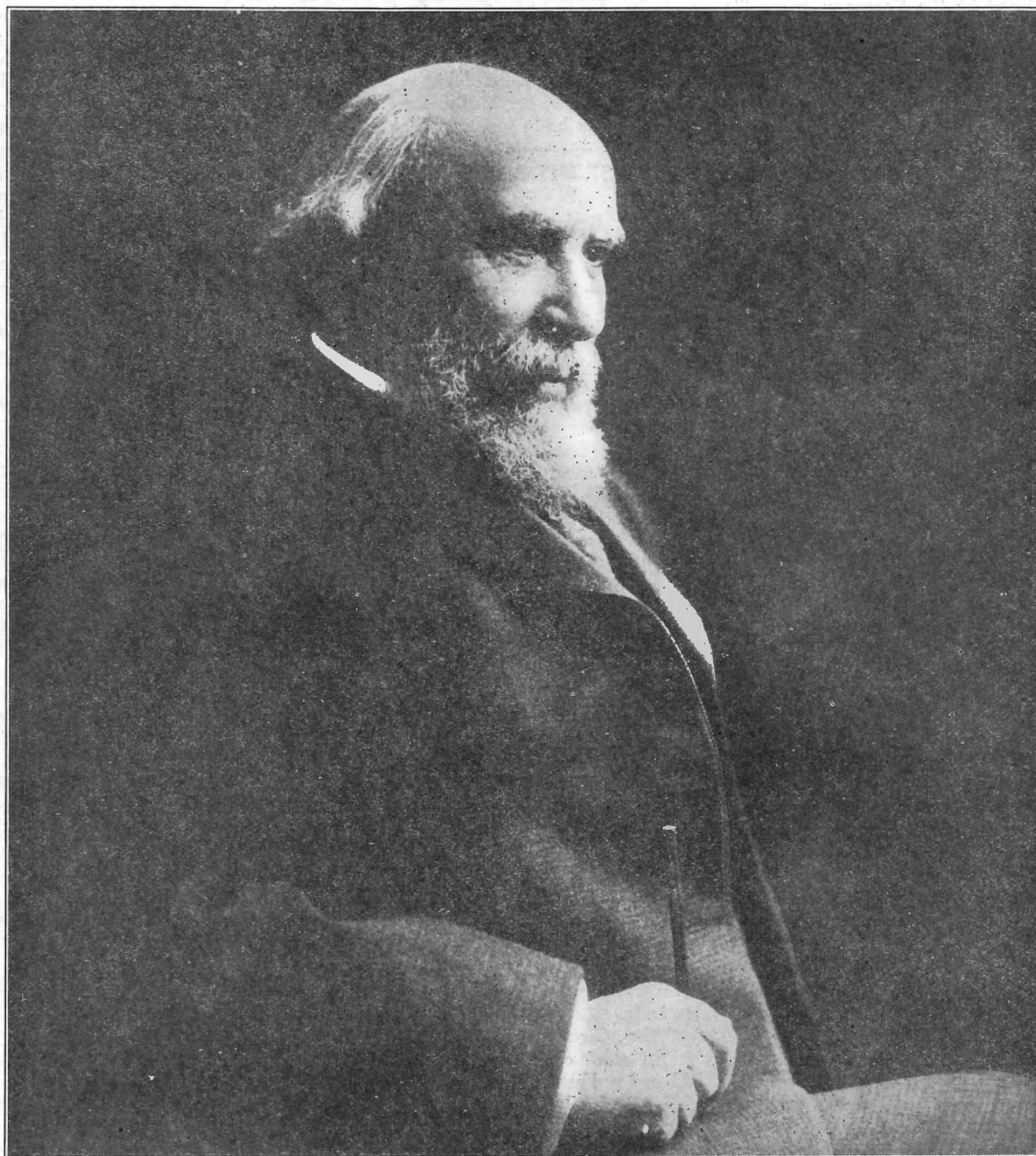


*Official Organ of the Great Northern Railway Club*

Volume 1

SEPTEMBER 1924

Number 9



**JAMES JEROME HILL**

Born Guelph, Ontario, September 16, 1838; Died Saint Paul, Minnesota, May 29, 1918

# COMPANY STOCK General Counsel Corrects Erroneous Idea Regarding Purchase By Employees.

To the Editor:

It has just come to my attention that some of the Company employes have hesitated to take advantage of the stock purchase plan recently announced by the Company, upon the ground that if they became stockholders they would become legally disqualified to bring suit against the Company for damages for personal injuries. I understand that a well known personal injury lawyer gave such advice to some of our employes.

The notion that a stockholder cannot sue a corporation, merely because he is a stockholder, is utterly without support in the law. It has been settled for more than a hundred years that a corporation is legally a separate entity, and that its shareholders can sue it and obtain judgment against it, upon exactly the same grounds and to the same extent that persons who are not stockholders could do. Such is the settled law in every state in the Union, also in England.

It is possible that the attorney who gave such advice to our employes was thinking about co-partnerships. It is true that at common law one of the partners could not sue the partnership, because he would thereby be suing himself. Unlike a corporation, the partnership has no legal existence separate and distinct from the individuals who compose it.

I wish you would publish this letter in "The Semaphore," with the assurance to all your readers that, if they buy Great Northern stock, they can still sue the Company exactly the same as if they had no stock."

Yours truly,

M. L. COUNTRYMAN.

## A WORK OF ART.

The loving cup, trophy for which those valiant knights, the Accounting officials, fought and bled "by the waters of Minnetonka," and which is the central feature of the group of pictures on page 12, is a remarkable example of handicraft. Only artists could have so cleverly conceived and wrought such a beautiful thing in tin. From a little distance, those

who saw it glistening in the sun were fooled—believed it to be a regular tankard of silver.

Messrs. J. C. Heron and F. Conrath, Foreman and Master Tinner of the Dale Street Shops, designed and made the cup. It was an achievement for which they are to be complimented, and for which the picnic management, the clubs, and particularly the Accounting chaps who bore it triumphantly home, are deeply indebted.

It is to be the official kitten ball trophy hereafter, and will be the subject of many hotly contested battles.

## FALSE WITNESSES CON- FOUNDED

F. C. Brake, Agent at Alvord, Iowa, in a letter to the Alvord Register, neatly knocks the props from under those purveyors of misinformation, the railroad baiters, who claim that freight charges are responsible for the high cost of commodities. He compares prices per pound in New York and in Iowa, and gives the per pound freight charge. It is altogether illuminating, and we give here excerpts from it that we believe will interest our readers. He writes:

"We raise Hogs in Iowa and they eat hams in New York City. In Iowa we want more money for our hams and in New York they want more ham for their money. In New York they are told it is the freight that causes the high prices.

"The price of hams at Cedar Rapids is close to 24 cents per pound while the retail price at New York City is 60 cents. The freight rate is 71 cents per hundred pounds or less than one cent per pound, making a total of close to 25 cents as a total cost, or a profit of 125 per cent.

"If we carried your hams to New York City for nothing it would not make much difference to the consumer there. So I am telling you it is not the freight that is at fault entirely.

"The Great Northern hauls an empty stock car from Sioux City to Alvord and returns it full of hogs for \$25.80, a haul of 130 miles. It hauls a car of corn to the same market at 9 cents per hundred pounds while a ten-pound sack of corn meal costs 35 cents, and a good deal less 2,500 miles from here, or 25 cents.

"Just at present they are telling the farmer how much money he is going to get for his crops just as a blind to keep his mind off the fact that everything he has to buy is on the upgrade very much more than the price of his crops. The public is getting all it is paying for in freight.

"Poor railways are not much of an asset in the great State of Iowa and if you will take them and their employes out of the state it will be less than five years before Uncle Sammy will have some very good homesteads for you who do not believe in railroads, or think that the government can run them. Even state senators agree that they do not know how in our own state; and if the balance were asked they would have to tell you the same. It takes years to get an experience at the game and then some more.

"The trouble with us is that we have been traveling at a financial pace that we can not keep up. On a state highway near here you can see one car go past every minute. Count the cost and see where the money goes. At Alvord we need all the railway service we have at the present time for mail, freight and passenger service and all the busses that you can fill the highway with will not take the railroads' place as they can not furnish the service necessary.

"So when you are told it is the freight just call attention to the above facts, and if these are not enough come to me again. Every market basket is full of evidence if you only will post yourselves on prices.

"I am not in the game of politics but I am trying to sell you service for a REAL railroad. If you will watch the people who come here with their stock from other points you can see that they come here for what I am selling—what they can't buy at home."

## TOO GREAT A RISK

Life Insurance Agent—"One moment, sir, before I fill in your application. What make of car do you drive?"

Client—"I don't drive any. I hate them!"

Insurance Agent—"Sorry, sir, but our company no longer insures pedestrians!"

—Passing Show (London).

## CLUB EMBLEM

We understand that the Women's Club is having some difficulty in regard to the design of their club button, and have discarded those that were made up.

We have not heard that they have offered a prize for the best design for a new one, but it seems that one of the young men in Mr. Willis' office, out of the goodness of his heart, has submitted something neat but not gaudy in the way of a Club emblem.

We do not want his efforts to be without avail so we reproduce here the design submitted by him.



## GREAT NORTHERN THESPIANS.

Recently Mr. J. Jos. Brown, discussing Club programs for the coming season, suggested that possibly, if it were not taking on too much, a dramatic organization and amateur theatricals might take with the members. "The Semaphore" thinks it is a fine suggestion. We cannot see how it would interfere with any other activities, although it might crowd them to keep in the running. We'll bet a pink cookie that there is a lot of dramatic talent among the members of the two clubs, and that they could put on very creditable performances of comedy plays.

We suggest that all those who feel the call to tread the boards communicate with Mr. Brown with the idea of forming an organization of the kind.

## HIGH PRAISE

Mr. P. L. Jackson of the Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon, recently traveled west on the Oriental Limited. He found it such a delightful experience that he was moved to write to Mr. Budd the congratulatory letter following:

"I want to thank you and your associates for the marvelous trip West that I took recently on your new Oriental Limited.

"You are to be congratulated even more for the men to whom you trust this marvelous train than for its remarkable physical equipment,

"Any railroad might get the equipment, if it wished, but I don't think that any railroad could get such splendid men.

"The courtesy and unfailing good humor of these men was more than splendid and you can be proud to be the head of an organization that has them for a part.

"Accept my thanks and congratulations for this splendid train and its fine personnel."

## ANOTHER GREAT NORTHERN FAN

Mayer, Minn., Aug. 26, 1924.

Editor Semaphore:

I have just finished reading every word in August Semaphore, and would be pleased to be permitted to say a few words.

I only am sorry that I could not be present at the big gathering of employes and officials held in the Twin Cities August 2nd and meet them face to face. It was so interesting to me that I believe I am going to read it all over again. Am sure that a get-together like that is a great help to all of our Great Northern employes, especially in the present dark days of meeting the bus and truck competition. Let's all pull together and we will roll the heavy rock around. This reminds me of the old song: "Don't mind the rain, for it will clear up again."

Hoping the Semaphore will be published monthly hereafter and each employe receive a copy, I am,

Yours truly,

E. J. CHERMACK,

Agent.

## CHANCE TO GET BUSINESS

One of the great opportunities for Agents and others to get business is during the numerous American Legion Conventions; District Conventions, State Conventions, and National Conventions. The next State Convention will be held at Thief River Falls. Get busy you Agents, Legionnaires, and others and have them go to Thief River Falls "The Great Northern Way."

Every town has a Post. If you are a Legionnaire, interest yourself in Post activities. If not, help them otherwise. Let their special train or special cars come over the Great Northern.

GREAT NORTHERN LEGIONAIRE.

## MULALLY COPS THE ALUMINUM

J. H. Mulally, company attorney, St. Paul, recently attended the Ramsey County, Minnesota, fair at White Bear. He there encountered what was to him an entirely new and novel game. Jim fell instant victim to its lure and has become not only an enthusiastic devotee but an expert exponent of the game.

For the benefit of those who wish to replenish the supply of utensils in their culinary departments we have prevailed upon Mr. Mulally to describe the game and the manner of playing it. We asked him to favor us with a set of rules, also; but this he said was not to be thought of. He says it has auction bridge and mah jong beat a city block, to say nothing of pinochle and skat. Maybe so. We need convincing, however.

First you find a fair or bazaar or a street carnival and there locate a booth where they are beguiling the nimble nickel, dime or quarter, from the pockets of the throng. (With corn at present prices, the ante undoubtedly will be from a "quarter" to a "half".) This done, you proceed, or rather the game proceeds—your proceeds may or may not materialize—that will be as the gods of chance decree. However, this is the game: On the tables around the booth a girl with a mushroom bob (of course any other kind of a bob will do) has placed cards ruled in squares with 25 numbers, one on each square. Beside each card is a supply of kernels of corn. "Mushroom" shakes a box which contains cubes with numbers on them and takes one out. If you have such a number on your cards, place a kernel of corn on it. The player who first has five kernels in a row, cops the aluminum. Jim copped a turkey roaster and is saving up to buy a turkey.

## THE CARELESS MOTORIST

Mr. Wm. R. Concil, locomotive engineer, Spokane Division, sends us the following:

He didn't stop or look or listen, He didn't heed the railroad crossing sign,

So now his body cold reposes Mute within a box of pine.



A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

(Editor's Note.—The following account of the performance of the silk trains last month was written by Mr. John C. Koerner, Dispatcher, at Havre. Knowing that Mr. Budd has been intensely interested in this great achievement, we sent Mr. Koerner's letter to him to read in advance of publication. He has supplemented the account with a letter to the editor supplying details which, of course, Mr. Koerner could not give. Our President also secured the names of the men who handled both trains and congratulates them on their great work. We are doubly fortunate in having these two letters and know that our readers will be intensely interested in them).

We often read of noteworthy runs being made on different railroads, with trains of various character, and wish to herewith give an account of two runs recently made on the Great Northern Railway, which, without a doubt, have never been duplicated by any western railroad and we doubt if ever paralleled by any railroad in the country for the distance traveled.

On August 13 a silk train comprising 10 baggage cars loaded with raw silk and one coach left Seattle Dock, Seattle, Washington, on the Great Northern at 1:05 P. M., Pacific Time, and arrived at St. Paul, Minnesota, at 6:33 A. M. August 15, Central Time, a distance of 1,784 miles in 39 hours, 28 minutes, averaging 45.2 miles per hour, including all delays.

The following morning at 1:00 A. M., a second silk train comprising 9 cars of silk and one coach left Seattle, arriving at St. Paul, Minnesota, at 5:50 P. M.; August 15, consuming 38 hours, 50 minutes, averaging 45.9 miles per hour over the system, including all delays.

Some of the outstanding features of these two remarkable runs are that both trains starting from an ocean level gradually climbed to an elevation of 3,381 feet in a distance of 111 miles on the Cascade Division of the Great Northern Railway over track composed of one curve after another and with many reverse curves, militating greatly against high speed. Train engine handled trains from Seattle to Skykomish, Washington, a distance of 86 miles, where a helper was coupled on to assist them to the crest of the Cascade Range. A distance of three miles from the summit of the mountain the helpers were cut off and three electric motors attached to handle the

trains through the Cascade Tunnel, a distance of three miles to Cascade Tunnel station, where the motors were uncoupled, retainers turned up, a complete air test made, and the train engine handled the trains to Wenatchee, the terminus of the division. A stop was also made at Merritt to turn down the retainers.

From Rexford, Montana, to Stryker, a distance of 30 miles, these trains made a climb of 893 feet and again from Nyack to Summit a climb of 1,852 feet in a distance of 34 miles over the crest of the Rocky Mountain Range.

A comparison of the two runs brings out some remarkable features inasmuch as it shows that the time over the various divisions varied from one minute on the Montana Division to 16 minutes on the Spokane Division, on some of the other divisions only varying two and three minutes, showing that the enginemen handling these trains all possess equal qualities when efficiency is required, as it necessarily must be in making such fast runs as these.

On the Terminals Division, a distance of 38.32 miles, these two trains both used only one hour and three minutes actual running time, and this running through the Twin City terminals, a distance of 12.32 miles—a remarkable performance considering that there are four other lines of railroad using these tracks in connection with the Great Northern and having to run through the union depot in Minneapolis.

These two trains were handled over the Great Northern system, breaking all previous records for speed and without any untoward interruption to the regular traffic of the road at any point, and without anything more than the usual everyday interest of the employees in their regular labors.

Too much credit cannot be given the train dispatchers who handled these trains, in placing them on schedules which required all of the engineers' ability to make and at the same time not interfere materially with the regular traffic of the road while passing over the various divisions.

We have always maintained that the Great Northern was one of the best railroads in the country and after witnessing this unparalleled performance we are more conclusively convinced that the Great Northern

stands second to no other line when it comes to undertake anything of this nature.

Inasmuch as the Montana Division eclipsed all other divisions in the matter of average speed made over the division, notwithstanding the fact that it comprises more miles of main line, consisting of three subdivisions necessitating three engine changes, we feel the men of this division should be given a little recognition and herewith find a graphic statement of the performance over this Division, the star division of the system.

The first silk train arrived at Cut Bank, Montana, at 8:33 A. M., August 14, and departed at 8:36 A. M., arrived Havre 11:07 A. M., a distance of 129.1 miles, an average speed of 51.2 miles per hour actual running time, Engineer W. Schroeder, Engine 1491. Left Havre 11:13 A. M., arrived Wolf Point 2:42 P. M., a distance of 202.7 miles, average speed 58.1 miles per hour, Engineer T. Pierce, Engine 1706. Left Wolf Point 2:45 P. M., arrived Williston, North Dakota, 4:47 P. M., a distance of 106.8 miles, average speed 52.5 miles per hour, Engineer F. Kaluza, Engine 1446.

The second silk train arrived Cut Bank 7:59 P. M., August 14, departed 8:02 P. M., arrived Havre 10:27 P. M., average speed 53.4 miles per hour, Engineer A. McDonald, Engine 1452. Left Havre 10:31 P. M., arrived Wolf Point 2:13 A. M., average speed 54.7 miles per hour, Engineer M. J. McMahon, Engine 1707—delayed 12 minutes at Wiota on account of hot tank box. Left Wolf Point 2:16 A. M., August 15, arrived Williston 4:14 A. M., average speed 54.3 miles per hour, Engineer Kaluza, Engine 1446.

These trains handled over .8 grade Cut Bank to Havre and .4 grade Havre to Williston.

The two runs over this Division are the more noteworthy when we look at the performance more closely. The first train made the run over the Division, a distance of 438.5 miles, in 8 hours, 14 minutes, including all delays, and making three engine changes, an average speed of 53.2 miles per hour. The second train made the run under similar conditions in 8 hours, 15 minutes, an average speed of 53.1 miles per hour.

Some years ago a noted professor in the east made the statement that any man when he reached the age of 60 years had outlived his usefulness and should be relegated to the past. In noting the performance of these two trains over this long stretch of railroad, mostly under the careful and watchful guidance of such old timers as Tom Pierce and Micky McMahon, both of them around 62 years of age, we think this theory is completely exploded, and we begin to think these old timers are just starting to become rejuvenated and hitting their stride.

With all due respect to all the engineers on the Montana Division, wish to say that we have a lot of them here who could duplicate these two remarkable performances if they were called upon.

We think these two runs will stand for some time before they will be even partially duplicated.

MR. BUDD WRITES

On Kalispell Division,  
September 3, 1924.

Editor, The Semaphore:

The account of the two silk trains by Dispatcher Koerner of Havre is excellent and I am glad that the readers of The Semaphore are to have the privilege of seeing it.

In checking over the performance on the different parts of the system, it is very difficult to say wherein one part excelled in performance over other parts. The conditions on each division are different from those on the others. It seems to me that all the divisions, without exception, gave full consideration to the physical environments and covered the territory to the very best advantage. There were some slight delays on account of hot boxes, and on runs as fast as these, it was very hard to make up the few minutes lost on this account.

Mr. Koerner has pointed out the surest proof of efficiency, and that is the uniformity of the two runs on the same divisions. Only by such comparisons is it possible to judge performance, because only in such cases are conditions identical. These were great runs in every particular, from start to finish, and they were an important part of a record breaking trip from Yokohama to New York. The steamship company advises that the time consumed was

13 days, 4 hours, 25 minutes, divided as follows:

Yokohama to Seattle, 4,274 miles—9 days, 23 hrs., 10 mins.

Seattle to St. Paul, 1,784 miles—33 hrs., 50 mins.

St. Paul to Chicago, 431 miles—9 hrs., 20 mins.

Chicago to New York, 908 miles—24 hrs., 30 mins.

Time at St. Paul—9 mins.

Time at Chicago—36 mins.

Time at Seattle unloading from steamship and loading on train—3 hrs., 50 mins.

If No. 27 could feel and think, one would imagine this privileged character among trains shocked at being sidetracked for an inferior eastbound train and jealous of the favoritism shown the new children of the rails as a petted child at the attention shown newly arrived twin babies.

While many employees contributed to the success of these remarkable performances, such as the track and bridge men, the signal men, the mechanical inspection and round-house forces, station agents and operators, yardmasters, trainmasters, dispatchers, and other operating officers, and while the lack of support and cooperation of any one of hundreds of employees would have prevented this great achievement, it is impossible to give individual credit to them on account of the large number. It is appropriate, however, to make special mention of the personnel of the train and enginemen who manned these trains. They are as follows:

CASCADE DIVISION

Interbay to Wenatchee—162 miles

FIRST TRAIN

D. G. Dodd.....Conductor  
D. Putnam.....Brakeman  
F. L. Bates.....Brakeman  
L. Svartengren.....Conductor  
G. P. Lakakosky.....Brakeman  
H. J. Hagewood.....Brakeman  
B. E. Olsen.....Brakeman  
J. D. Crowley.....Engineer  
Chester Canning.....Fireman  
Helper Engine, Skykomish to Tye.  
A. Blomeke.....Engineer  
E. L. Tucker.....Fireman  
Motors Tye to Cascade Tunnel.  
H. Burns.....Conductor  
B. J. Nowak.....Brakeman  
Sidney Stauffer.....Engineer  
Jake Beattinger.....Engineer

B. Lang.....Fireman  
S. Antio.....Fireman  
I. E. Johnson.....Fireman

SECOND TRAIN

J. T. Fransen.....Conductor  
C. W. Baker.....Brakeman  
W. F. Mahoney.....Brakeman  
W. T. Brady.....Conductor  
R. H. Snider.....Brakeman  
L. J. Agnew.....Brakeman  
J. A. Dougherty.....Brakeman  
A. W. Kinghorn.....Engineer  
V. W. Case.....Fireman  
Helper Engine, Skykomish to Tye.  
John Imberg.....Engineer  
E. W. Berger.....Fireman  
Motors Tye to Cascade Tunnel.  
H. Burns.....Conductor  
B. J. Nowak.....Brakeman  
Sidney Stauffer.....Engineer  
Jake Beattinger.....Engineer  
B. Lang.....Fireman  
S. Antio.....Fireman  
I. E. Johnson.....Fireman

SPOKANE DIVISION

Wenatchee to Troy—314 miles.

FIRST TRAIN

P. J. McGuire.....Conductor  
V. Franklin.....Brakeman  
P. R. Malone.....Brakeman  
H. B. Keir.....Brakeman  
H. Dean.....Engineer  
H. Andrews.....Fireman  
M. P. Madden.....Conductor  
J. Lowey.....Brakeman  
A. F. Schlegel.....Brakeman  
W. Boehme.....Engineer  
Frank Long.....Fireman

SECOND TRAIN

G. A. Bunch.....Conductor  
C. E. Jones.....Brakeman  
J. E. MacDorin.....Brakeman  
Floyd Yates.....Brakeman  
D. Laughlin.....Engineer  
John Hardman.....Fireman  
R. N. Hill.....Conductor  
P. A. Carter.....Brakeman  
G. J. Maloney.....Brakeman  
F. W. Whitmore.....Engineer  
Connor Brown.....Fireman

KALISPELL DIVISION

Troy to Cut Bank—263 miles.

FIRST TRAIN

L. H. Good.....Conductor  
G. C. Dooley.....Brakeman  
O. C. Crutchfield.....Brakeman  
Charles Brawley.....Engineer  
S. B. Darnell.....Fireman  
Fred Bangeman.....Conductor  
G. L. Etcher.....Brakeman  
W. Sabin.....Conductor  
S. Deputy.....Engineer  
Ed. Harris.....Fireman

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## The Semaphore

Official Publication of the  
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY CLUB

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CLIFFORD H. TREMBLY . . . . . Secretary  
JOHN H. BOYD . . . . . Treasurer

Address all communications to the Editor. Copy for each number must be in by the 5th of the month of issue.

Employees are invited to contribute items for publication. These should be typewritten double space and on one side of paper only. Photographs are especially desirable and will be returned if requested.

## Editorial

### COUPONS SLOW IN COMING

Listen, folks; we are altogether disappointed in the way the coupons are NOT coming in. We sent out 40,000 Semaphores and thought we would be swamped counting coupons when they began to come back. Up to date the office boy could count them and dream half the day of the fish to be caught next Saturday afternoon in some one of Minnesota's Ten Thousand Lakes. Here it is the third of September (when this is written) and we have 6,000 coupons in. This is not going to get us the magazine.

It will be very regrettable if this, the first opportunity the organization has had to have a magazine all its own, is lost to us through the indifference of the majority, with the result that the thousands, who want a magazine and feel that it would be a fine thing for the employees are to be cheated out of it. It looks as if a good many had fallen into the attitude of "Let George Do It." This is not the spirit that builds up a successful magazine, or an organization which it may successfully serve.

If you have not sent in your coupon do it now. If you are not particularly enthusiastic, remember that there are a lot of the employees who are. It will cost you nothing to do them this good turn.

### WHO ARE THE EMPLOYEES?

We all admire the man whom we are wont to describe as "a straight shooter." Even if we disagree with him on occasions, we accord him sincere respect because he is up-standing, straight-forward—"square." If so be his convictions march four square without our own, we are moved to claim him friend and brother, all of which is by way of proclaiming our hearty accord with the ideas expressed by Mr. Eric Sandberg in a letter which we have taken the liberty of publishing in this issue.

His commendation of "The Semaphore" is gratifying, but his condemnation of the propaganda he describes is music to our ears. Apparently, there are advantages in being mewed up in an eleventh floor office here in St. Paul. We are spared the insistent attentions of the box car propagandist. In hatred of him and all his works, we yield to no man.

Mr. Sandberg evidently has sensed our attitude in "The Semaphore."—has caught the spirit of friendship, co-operation and good will we are trying always to breathe into it. It is our conviction that this gigantic organization, the Great Northern Railway, is in reality a great family in the universal brotherhood of man. He expresses this truth in a more practical manner in saying that no distinction of employee from employer exists in the organization, and that we all are employees, even to the President and General Manager who are employed by some one. This is an essential truth that is all too frequently lost sight of. Manifestly, everyone who receives a pay check from the company is its employee; and as obviously does this include executives and management. The size of the check makes no manner of difference. Equally unimportant is it whether it be termed salary or wages; whether it be reckoned by the hour or day, or by the month or year; whether it be for the labor of our hands or the work of our heads. It is a payment for service, and he who serves for pay is an employee of whosoever pays for that service.

### WHAT KIND THIS MAGAZINE?

Reverting to Mr. Sandberg's letter: He frankly hopes that the magazine will be truly an employees' magazine and not, if we may so picture his idea, a mere phonograph playing the records of managerial dictate and executive sanction. "The Semaphore" has had the President's approval from the first—his dictation never. The proposed magazine is his suggestion. His statement at the Minneapolis dinner of what in his judgment would be requisite to the magazine's success leaves no room for doubt of its policy and the manner in which it will be conducted. Anything the Editor of "The Semaphore" may say can be nothing more than a reiteration of what he has said. Nothing we may say here is inspired, counseled or suggested; but because we know what Mr. Budd has in mind, and to emphasize beyond any shadow of doubt what is intended, we wish to say that the very fact that the question of a magazine has been left to a vote of the employees gives ample assurance that it will be a magazine of the employees, by the employees, for the employees—not forgetting that the executives and management are employees, with aims and hopes and problems to solve that need the aid and co-operation of the rest of us, and that they will need, and should have, their place in the sun.

Whether it will contain such a forum as Mr. Sandberg suggests will depend on the exigencies of size, form, and style of the magazine; but it will welcome, and publish, where space provides, all suggestions and constructive criticism addressed to the betterment of the service or improvement of the magazine, or to the interests of the company or of the organization as a whole. No space will be given to controversies or disputes, or to anything provocative of antagonism. A magazine of the sort cannot do that and live, or in any way serve its purpose, which is to promote harmony and understanding, foster kindness and good will, and combat with every power at its command all that may make for doubt, or discord or distrust.

### MUST ALWAYS HAPPEN

A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles about a while and finally some chicken gets him.—*Dry Goods Economist.*

### CONDUCTOR PREACHES SAFETY

Mr. F. W. Snyder, Oskaloosa, Iowa, conductor on the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad, has had published a small leaflet with the title "What Conductor Snyder Thinks About Safety." He knows whereof he speaks and speaks whereof he knows. Our men on the job, we know, will agree with what he has to say.

"While I don't admire his principles, I can at least understand the money gambler," he says.

"He gets a thrill out of the game, knowing all the time that luck may turn against him and leave him flat broke. Or he may win and thus have a lot more money to risk and lose.

"But money can be replaced. Remember that. The most pitiable object, the blindest fool, however, is the man who gambles with his body, his life, with an opponent who knows no mercy, who has no scruples at all.

"He, too, plays the game for thrills—but the stakes are too high. When luck turns against him, as it always does—he leaves the game worse off than any bankrupt in the world. His smallest loss is a part of his body, perhaps the very body itself.

"Rubber fingers, cork legs, glass eyes and tin skulls are all of them mighty poor substitutes for the real thing.

"When a man says to me: 'I'm safe, Snyder—I've been on the job ten years without an accident. I don't have to follow the safety rules,' I always tell him that he's just ten years closer to an accident than he was when he went on the job!

"Accidents have a way of happening to thoughtless men and in the investigation that always follows, these men indict themselves. For there is nothing for them to say except, 'I didn't think.'

"The man who drops off the head end of a train and inspects it as it goes by him, does a better job than the fellow who waits for the train to stop and inspects it while it is standing. A defective wheel is noticeable in motion, a dry journal will 'squeal'; a stretched coupler can easily be seen and a climbing brake beam will show itself.

"Think and act. The rules are all common sense rules, made out of practical experience—they are forehanded, they look to the prevention of accident and the brother of accident is misery.

"If a choice must be made, I prefer the man who intentionally breaks the rules, for he knows what he is doing and what the consequence must be. Punishment is swift and sure for that man. The thoughtless man who unintentionally breaks rules only sees the result when it is too late to handle it.

"Eyes wide open (behind goggles)—body on the alert (guarded) and with your mind on the job every minute—there's a safety program for you—That's ME too."

### WELCOMES MAGAZINE

The Semaphore from time to time receives praise, and, like all other papers, great or small, we find no little pleasure in having kind things said about us. We have published a few commendations in another column. For the most part they are from men who know the Editor and confess to a friendly feeling for him and keen sympathy in what he is undertaking to do. Among our correspondence is a letter received from Mr. Eric Sandberg, Local Chairman of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers Union, at Great Falls, Mont. It has gratified us immeasurably and is a sermon in itself, and we take very great pleasure in publishing it for the benefit of our readers.

Great Falls, Mont.

Editor, Semaphore:

It is refreshing to receive a paper like the Semaphore. Do you know that we trackmen get more propaganda and literature than anybody else? Hardly any freight train goes by but a bunch of papers is thrown off by some box car passenger—all of them either beginning or ending "The employing class and the working class have nothing in common." I can not see how anybody can reason that way, for even a railroad president or general manager is employed by somebody and as such is an employee of the one that hires him, is he not?

The employing class then narrows down very much. Now since you are getting a real Great Northern magazine, what will you make of it?

Will you have an open forum where some folks that have ideas different from you can express themselves, where vital questions can be discussed, where honest criticism will

be tolerated or do you want to make it a "pat on the back" magazine where the headquarters crowd only are in the limelight?

If you wish me to I might write you occasionally under my pen name "Old Timer" as I might take issue with somebody above me, and it does not look well to put your name under it.

This is my 31st year with this company so you see I am no spring chicken.

With best wishes for success, I am,

Yours truly,

ERIC SANDBERG.

### SALE OF STOCK TO PATRONS

We said last month, that we had referred Mr. J. Jos. Brown's suggestion for the sale of stock to company patrons to Mr. Budd for discussion. Press of other matters has prevented an extended reply from him. However, as we go to press, we are in receipt of a telegram from McCook, Nebraska, in which he says in regard to Mr. Brown's suggestion:

"I beg to advise that ownership of stock by Great Northern patrons would be a very beneficial thing, but following are some of the difficulties in connection with bringing it about.

"The Company has no stock for sale; all stock which it has issued having been sold to the public. While it is very desirable for a railroad company to raise a part of the funds it requires for improving and enlarging its property by the sale of stock as well as by the sale of bonds, it is impracticable to sell new stock, except at par, or only slightly below par. The present uncertainty of the future of the railroads makes it impossible to secure a price for Great Northern stock, which would admit of the issue and sale of any such new stock. When the railroad situation has improved so that stock can be sold at or near par, it may be practicable to carry out the suggestions made by Mr. Brown."

### IMPOSSIBLE

Doctor—"Put out your tongue. More than that—all of it."

Child—"But, doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end!"

—*Woodmen News.*



## THE SILK SPECIAL BOYS

Mr. J. Cantlon, machinist at Spokane, is so enthused over the performance of the silk trains and the men handling them that like Silas Wegg in Dicken's "Our Mutual Friend," he has dropped into poetry. The friends of the engineers who pulled these speedy specials will be glad to see depicted in verse their record breaking run.

As I stood in the roundhouse window  
Gazing across toward town,  
No. 1 came rolling in,  
As the sun was beating down.

With his mouth chuck full of "Mail Pouch"

And his arm on the window sill,  
He used to be just Bill Boehne,  
But now he's "Silk Special Bill."

From Hillyard, to Troy, Montana,  
In two fifty-seven flat!  
But since it was Bill Boehne,  
You'll hardly wonder at that.

There's another special coming Bill,  
And if Dean don't spill the beans,  
We know you'll put it over,  
And make some more long green.

With the throttle thrown wide open  
And the Johnson bar well up,  
We are sure you'll bring home the bacon,  
We know you'll win the cup.

The '42 is ready, Bill,  
The packing's been renewed,  
Old "Von" has been around here,  
And the grease cups are all screwed.

If you're short of lubrication  
And your sight glass don't show green  
Step over to the new engine  
And borrow some from Dean.

Here's to Danny Laughlin  
And the 25-0-9  
He said when he left Wenatchee  
"I'll beat old Harry's time."

As his engine passed our roundhouse,  
She seemed to play a tune,  
Just like the little birdies  
In the early part of June.

Three hours and forty minutes  
From Apple center here,  
And beating Harry's record—  
It really does seem queer.

They say it's not the engine  
And they say it's not the man,  
They say it just depends on  
What the boy puts in the can.

The new silk special business,  
Is really good at that,  
For when they break a record  
They buy a brand new hat.

And now for Mr. Whitmore—  
It really seemed a shame  
With an old coal burning engine  
On such a speedy train.

Oh, the smiling face of Whitmore  
As he greeted the '51  
And Davis said "She's ready, Fred;  
The work has all been done."

Silk Special Bill's great record  
Has vanished with the breeze  
As the '51 and Whitmore  
Go gliding through the trees.

One thing, as Whitmore journeys  
back,  
We all have noticed that  
He hasn't made a purchase yet,  
And wears the same old hat.

## ANALYSIS OF BREAD COSTS

The United States Department of Agriculture recently made an analysis of the retail price of a ten-cent loaf of bread. It shows just what makes up the cost to the consumer and is as follows:

The wheat raiser for his wheat—  
1½ cents.

The railroads for carrying wheat  
to the mill, 1-3 cent.

The miller for turning the wheat  
into flour, ½ cent.

The railroads for carrying wheat  
to the baker, 1-6 cent.

The baker for turning flour into  
bread, 5½ to 6 cents.

The local retailer for selling the  
loaf to the consumer, 1½ cents.

From this it will be seen that of the ten cents paid by the consumer one-half of a cent has gone to the railroads. This doesn't look much as though the railroad freight rates are a burden to either the farmer or the consumer; or for the matter of that, to the middleman anywhere along the line of these prices for bringing raw material from the farm or the finished article to the consumer.



"Ed" and three Nanettes from the Right of Way Department and a sister were guests at the luncheon presided over by Mrs. Johnson, President of the Women's Club and her associates. They afterwards attended the ball game *tout force*. "Where is Jim Maher? Why ain't he on the job?" asked an inquisitive guy. Well, James was squirin to a few dames himself. All you have to do is to look at the pictures. Any time he does a lonesome with the girls around, somebody has died or something.

If I was runnin' one of them silk ranches out in Japan I'd sure teach the silk worms to step lively. No efficiency to 'em—just take their own sweet time a-weavin' cocoons, and then the trade has to spend thousands of dollars for special trains to get the silk to market in a rush. Of course the G. N. likes the business; but just the same, it seems kinda foolish to me.

As the time's drawing near for the Wednesday luncheons of the men's club to resume, a lot of suggestions are comin' in for programs—subjects for talks and the like; but *volunteers to talk* are scarcer'n hen's teeth.

I used to think "Ed" was a busy feller; but you oughta see him now! Twenty pages of "Semaphore" and 40,000 circulation. He's so rushed he ain't on speakin' terms with himself, let alone the rest of us.

Did ja notice the brawny life saver in uniform—right plumb in the middle of the Spokane picnic? That's Charley Albert—legal luminary for Eastern Washington and Idaho. Ain't he the gold fishes' pajamas with his swimmin' togs on? I'll tell 'em he is.

## SPRING THIS ONE

"Do you know it's better to be alone than in bad company?"  
"Yes. Good-bye."

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP  
FROM THE EMPLOYEES'  
STANDPOINT

An echo of Mr. Hines' speech reported in the last issue of the Semaphore.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: What Mr. Walker D. Hines had to say in his talk to the Minneapolis employees at the dinner August 2nd may strike some as being to a great extent academic. They may feel that no man at the top can place himself in the position of the working man and that, therefore, any argument he may put forth lacks force. For this reason we are indebted to Mr. B. F. Brown, Freight Car Repairman, Hillyard Shops, for an article inspired by Mr. Hines' talk and which is the opinion of a man who knows whereof he speaks, because he is one of us on whose earning capacity and opportunity for advancement government ownership will have a direct influence.)

"I would like to express my opinions on the effect of Government ownership and operation of the railroads upon the railroad employees. I have been employed by the railroad for many years and I feel that I am fairly well acquainted with the problems of the railroad employee. I cannot see where Government ownership and operation could possibly benefit him or, for that matter, the public in general.

"Remuneration is, I suppose, one of the most important points of consideration to the average employee, and from this standpoint alone there are enough drawbacks to condemn the plan of Government ownership. In the first place, the wages of railroad men all over the country would have to be equal and we all know that the conditions of the working men are not the same the country over. This would mean a lower average wage everywhere. Any advance in wages would have to affect all of the employees and it is plain to see that the government would be slow in making an appropriation to raise the wages of all the men employed from New York to Seattle. It is practically impossible to make any difference in the wages of these men while the conditions and needs of the various localities will be entirely different. Privately owned railroads are much better able to handle affairs like this because they can see the local needs of the men employed.

"Due to the amount of 'red tape' necessary to bring about any change or improvement, the railroads could not be kept in the A1 condition that we find them today. The service

would be poorer and the shops could not be kept as safe as they are. This would mean more accidents and dissatisfaction among the men. The complaints which would naturally arise would be months in reaching a settlement and there is little probability that it would be satisfactory to the men—or to any one for that matter. There would be general dissatisfaction everywhere.

"We are told that the Government handled the railroads during the period of Federal Control in 1918 and 1919. It is true that they did, but a commissioner or whoever would be put in control of the roads now would not have the power that was given to McAdoo and others at that time. There would be dicker-ing around about very simple points until everyone had forgotten what the point of contention was. I do not consider that an argument at all.

"Almost equal in importance with remuneration are the possibilities of advancement. With Government ownership and control of the railroads, there would be very little chance for advancement because all of the officials would be appointed by the president, and men will do better work and have more interest in the work they are doing if they feel that there is a better job waiting for them as soon as they have fitted themselves for it. Along with the government appointment of places is the problem of changes of political parties. If the railroads suffered as other government concerns do, there would be a possible change of officers every four years and this means a change of policies and methods. The result would be anything but satisfactory. Furthermore, could the presidents always be depended on to choose a man capable of directing a concern as large as the railroads would be? Or would a man be given the position just because he happened to be a Republican or a Democrat as the case might be? Could the railroads maintain their high standard of service with the frequent changes of officers?

"Again, would this man who would, no doubt, be stationed at Washington, D. C., have any knowledge of the needs of men in Idaho and Oregon? Would he know anything of the nature of their complaints or the reason for them? How could he be

expected to deal fairly with men of whom he knew absolutely nothing, except that they were white and presumably 21 and sane? It seems to me that that is a pretty big job to expect one man or even a commission of several men to handle and to do justice to the common working man.

"When a man is working for a concern as big and impersonal as the government, he feels as if he were more or less of a machine. There is no one in whom he can feel any interest or who he can feel is directly interested in him. The president and Congress, he feels, are so interested in matters of state that they cannot stop to think of a mere workman. Where, then, is there even a chance for any intimacy between the employee and the employer? I admit that there is very little in the railroads as they are today, but that little is used and appreciated. To whom would the employee make his complaint? "Passing the buck" is a term well known in American political circles and there would be plenty of it in the operation of the railroads by the government.

"These are only a few of the many reasons why I feel that the railroad employee will get more money and better working and living conditions from the railroad companies than from the government."

B. F. BROWN.

By way of good measure, we quote the following received from Mr. W. B. Shoemaker, agent, Madoc, Mont.: Editor, Semaphore:

"I am not in favor of the Government taking over any business or enterprise that has been developed through private enterprise.

"If we want to demonstrate our ability to make a business pay, we should take over some business that has been unsuccessfully handled, and demonstrate our ability to make a success of it."

## THE EXPRESS FROM MONTREAL

The express from Montreal had just pulled in and the nervous, heavily-laden passenger had accosted a porter.

"Careful with those suitcases now, young man," he warned.

"Suh," replied the red-cap drawing himself up proudly. "Ah's toted hundreds of dese, an' nevah once does Ah let de bottles rattle."





GENERAL OFFICE EMPLOYEES  
PICNIC AT SPRING PARK  
*Outing at Lake Minnetonka a Great Success.*

After an interval of four years, the General Office employees, on Saturday, August 16th, held their sixteenth annual picnic at Spring Park, Lake Minnetonka, under the auspices of the Great Northern Railway Clubs. President Budd had declared the day a holiday to give all of the employees a chance to enjoy a day in the open—the weather man provided a perfect day in honor of the occasion, and the employees did the rest. The attendance was more than two thousand. The greater number came on the morning and afternoon trains, but quite a few drove out. Friend wife and sweetheart were there in force—so were the kiddies, and big and little brother or sister as the case might be. Those who had no family brought friends or relatives. All were bent on a regular old-time jollification, and the fun started early and kept up until the sun hung low and the last of them wended their way homeward physically weary, many of them because of the strenuous day, but with minds refreshed and hearts filled with a warmth of friendly feeling for all the world—particularly for the big Great Northern family which had romped and played through a perfect day.

As the trains steamed into the station the crowd swarmed off, to be immediately corralled by the photographer who lined them up for the large group photos, which are re-

produced in this issue. With the click of the camera the Minnesota State band struck up a lively air and marched away to the picnic grounds, followed by the crowd in irregular order—they weren't there to march but to play all over the place. And play they did. There were merry-go-rounds, teeter boards, flying dutchmen and swings for the kiddies and games and contests for the grown-ups. There was something doing every minute of the day, and the purveyor of pop and lemonade, the baloon man and the vender of rustling birds did a land office business. It was a regular affair—a veritable three-ring—with main tent and side shows all going at once.

The program, which appears in another column, began with a Kitten ball game between a galaxy of diamond stars who, for a pastime, hold down jobs in the Accounting Department, and a hand picked bunch of "uster-wazzers" from divers and sundry departments.

The Accounting Department issued a challenge—and somebody had to volunteer to be slaughtered. This event was easily the main event on the card. They played something with a ball and bat, which a lively imagination might classify as Kittenball. It was a riot—in more ways than one. The umpires got away with their lives—but we haven't heard a word of commendation for either of them. J. Joe Brown and "Semaphore" Ivins were the guilty twain, and they alternated—back of the plate and on bases—so that there would surely be no lack of boners.

The line up was as follows:  
"Accountants" "Mixed Pickles"

Fisher ..... C. .... Thompson  
Haley ..... P. .... O'Brien  
Knebel, Tilton. 1st B. .... Geier  
Kaufman ..... R. S. .... Nolting, Boyd  
Sturner ..... 2nd B. .... Maher  
Sandberg ..... L. S. .... Keck  
Lanoux ..... 3rd B. .... Bushnell  
Lewis ..... R. F. .... Sieberlich  
Foerester ..... C. F. .... Boyer  
Hess ..... L. F. .... Lins, Goos

It may be that somewhere and at some time those eighteen men could play ball of a sort, but believe me, it was long, long ago. The G. P. Juniors could have beaten both nines together with one arm in a sling. But fun—Even the "umps" got a thrill. If there is a rule in the book that wasn't left dead on the field, we don't know it. The score was 10 to 9 or something like that. Victory perched on the shoulders—or is it the brow? of the Accounting Chaps, and they won a splendid loving cup—of chaste design—the product of skilled artisans and designers and wrought of solid—tin. It was the work of those masters of the tinsmith's art—Messrs. J. C. Heron and Fred Conrath of the Dale Street Shops. It will be the trophy at next year's picnic but meanwhile the Accounting Department will be as chesty as a pouter pigeon and we don't blame them. Possession of that gorgeous cup is enough to make them so.

Following this event, the Glacier Park Juniors took on another courageous but ill advised nine or ten kitten ballers, and gave them an exhibition of kitten ball that left the



aforementioned courageous bunch coming up for air.

By this time the crowd was getting hungry, and deserted the diamond for the contents of bulging luncheon baskets or betook themselves to the Hotel Del Otera.

After luncheon the Glacier Park ball team toyed with another team composed of hand-picked baseball athletes organized by J. Jos. Brown of the Traffic Department. Shortly after four o'clock the slaughter ceased and the crowd moved over to see the races and other stunts.

After the ball game a splendid program of sports was pulled off in record time, under the able generalship of J. N. Baer and his trusty lieutenants. We thought the judges at the finish were having a strenuous time but when we walked towards the starting point and saw the way Joe Brown was handling not only the racers but the crowd as well, we changed our opinion; he certainly had his hands full.

We regret being unable to give the names of the winners of the various events, but cannot refrain from wondering if that fat man who fell and rolled across the tape was entitled to a prize in a running race.

In the backward running race J. Jos. Brown nearly broke his neck getting out of the way (?) of the runners. Brown was standing behind the line talking to Jim Maher, and at the word "Go!", they glanced around and saw all the runners facing them. Whereupon they made a fast get-away; Jim slid ten feet.

Judging from the way the women

handled the eggs on the spoons, we would say that our ladies have good steady nerves. George Hess said "If I could only hang on to a ball like that I'd be a good ball player."

The peanut rolling contest gave the crowd a good laugh, and when the boys in the cracker eating contest tried to whistle at the finish it was a scream. One little fellow nearly swallowed his hand in trying to aid his whistle.

The equipment race in which the boys had to remove their shoes and place all of them in a heap in the middle of the course, then run and pick out their own shoes, put them on, and lace them up, then run and cross the line first, was exciting as well as funny. One poor boy, however, tied his shoes together so that he could easily find them but for some reason or other could not untie the knots when he did find them, and the last we saw of him, he was running for the last train still trying to untie his shoes.

The final event of the day was the kitten ball game between the Glacier Park Girls and the Capitol Theater Girls, which was won by the latter in a hotly contested game. Joe Brown umpired and escaped alive (that's all).

The last train in left on time and carried a full trainload of tired but happy members of the G. N. family who were already discussing the picnic for next year.

The undeniable success of this picnic was undoubtedly due to the Herculean labors of Mr. Otto Raddatz, General Chairman and the Commit-

tees to whom he assigned the various details of the arrangements. The Clubs and those attending the picnic are truly indebted to these gentlemen for a most enjoyable day.

The Clubs and the picnickers are also indebted to the boys out at Dale Street Shops who went to such pains to tastily decorate the two locomotives which pulled the picnic trains to Spring Park.

#### THIS ADVERTISING PAID

Mr. George Eighmy, Jr., District Passenger Agent, of the Great Northern at Buffalo, New York, received a postal card written in a shaky hand, reading as follows:

"Can you send me the circulars of the Great Northern Railway?" Signed Mrs. L. Kingman, 1500 Main Street, Buffalo, New York.

Mr. Eighmy mailed the literature to Mrs. Kingman as requested, and a few days later received a letter which read as follows:

"Thank you for the beautiful literature, which you sent me. It is the only way I can ever travel, but I shall enjoy it."

The address, 1500 Main Street, Buffalo, New York, is a Home for Aged Women, and one can read between the lines of the foregoing. The furnishing of this literature did not bring the Great Northern a passenger, but evidently it brought a bit of happiness to an elderly woman, whose declining days do not permit of any opportunity for travel, although her mind takes journeys and visits to the interesting points throughout the country.





1—The Victors.

2—Haley fools a batter.

3—The Prize.

4—O'Brien shoots one over.

5—Hess waiting to ruin the ball.

6—Kauffman also planning murder.

7—"Smiling Through"—the back stop (at the afternoon game).

8—Four and half more smiles (the half is at the left margin).

9—"Umps" ("Semaphore" Ivins) reads 'em the rules.

## BALL-O-GRAMS

By Riceland Grant

As a ball game, it wasn't.

As a gab fest, it was.

As a get-together boys' affair, it was all to the good.

"Kid" Maher played second base. He says it was the first time in thirty years.

You can forget a lot in thirty years.

George Hess says he didn't give the boys behind his station out in the left garden a gol darn thing for shagging the balls that got past him, thereby getting them up to the diamond the same morning. Just his winning way I suppose. At that George speared several dirigibles that showed no inclination to stop this side of Mound. In fact he showed signs of having been a ball player 50 or 60 years ago.

Fisher was another who handled the ball with all the grace and ease of a sub-deb handling a powder puff. He didn't throw anybody out at second, but that was because second baseman always had business elsewhere when Al snapped the sphere across and the old ball just kept on going.

As a dignified and proper base runner Jack Boyd is the bee's knees and no mistake. He disdained to hurry. But Oh! Boy ain't he the Dthingbat of Swat? He cracked one so high that it was afraid to come down.

"Watch the corners, ump" was the wail of Wally O'Brien. It seems to me that was his job, and to pitch the pellet over the plate. My word, the nerve of some of these pitchers!

Martin Lins says they wouldn't have lost if they let him play the whole game, but he was in on only five innings.

They call it Kitten Ball, and the ball is as big as an eight-year-old Tom Cat. How come? The fellow who named the game sure had a case of swollen eye-sight. What they ought to call it is Kitten bat.

Fred Bushnell is one of these here affectionate fielders. He hugged 'em,

fondled 'em, did everything but kiss 'em. Sometimes he managed to hold on to 'em.

Walter Nolting has a lot to learn about this here game of Kitten Ball. He tried bunting the ball and was promptly called out.

One of the several times that our genial President of the Great Northern Railway Club struck out, he swung so viciously at the ball that he spun around like a top and sat down in the crowd. If that swipe had connected with the spheroid, it would be going yet.

Bob Keck, he of the General Claim Department, made a five-bagger and then was out. The bases were beneath Bob's notice as he made the circuit. He came rambling home while the Accounting nine were paging the ball in the next county. Wally O'Brien, who admits knowing something about Kitten Ball, plaintively besought Robert to go back to first, as he had omitted the rather important detail of touching each base (Bob would not run local—he was a limited—and stopped at no stations); but why go clear back the way he came, thought Mr. Keck's boy. It was much easier to go down to first from home plate. Haley rushed up with the ball and touched him and Bob went to the players' bench.

## PICNIC PROGRAM

Kitten ball Game—11:00 A. M.—Accounting Department Officers, vs. Officials of Other Departments.

Kittenball Game—12:15 A. M.—Glacier Park Juniors, vs. Other Employees of the Building.

Baseball Game—1:30 P. M.—Glacier National Parks vs. J. J. Brown's All Stars.

Races 3:30 P. M.

1. Men's 100-yd. Dash—(Open).
2. Men's 100-yd. Dash—(Clerks Only).
3. Ladies' Race—(Open).
4. Ladies' Race—(Clerks Only).
5. Married Men's Race—(Clerks Only).
6. Married Ladies' Race—(Clerks' Wives Only).
7. Men's Backward Running Race.
8. Fat Men's Race—(Open).
9. Fat Ladies' Race—(Open).

10. Three Legged Race—(Clerks Only).

11. Egg Race—Ladies.

12. Girls' Race—(15 years and under).

13. Boys' Race—(15 years and under).

14. Peanut Rolling Contest—(Girls 15 years and under).

15. Cracker Eating Contest—(Boys 15 years and under).

16. Equipment Race—(Boys 15 years and under).

17. Girls' Race—(10 years and under).

18. Boys' Race—(10 years and under).

19. Mile Relay—(One Team from each floor).

Kitten Ball Game—5:30 P. M.—Glacier Park Girls vs. Capitol Theatre Girls.

## HILLYARD SHOPMEN WIN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

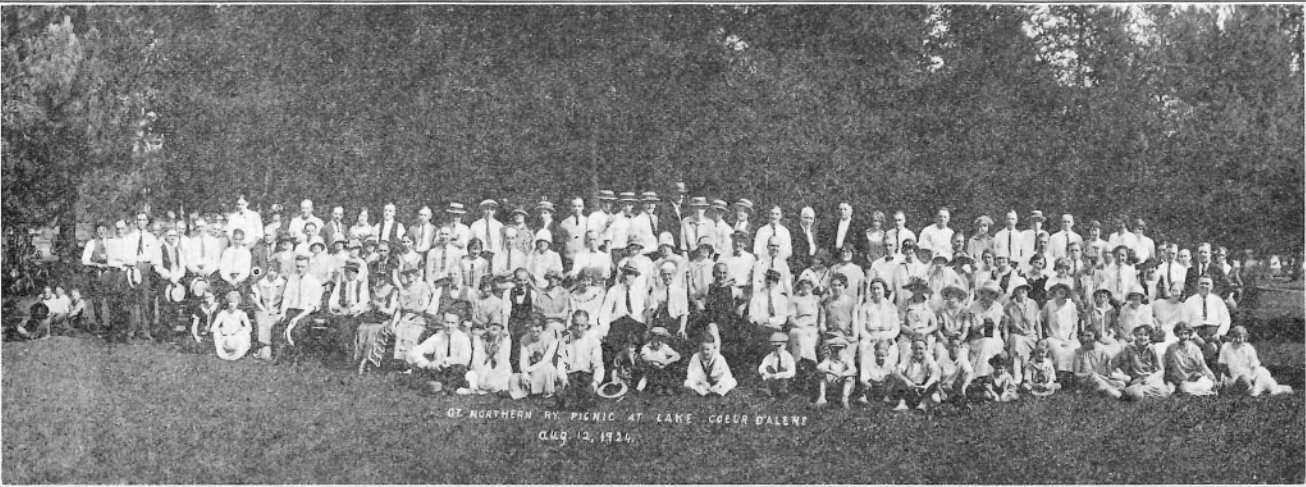
The championship of the Shop Crafts Baseball league was won by the Spokane (Hillyard) team, leaders of the West End, in a pair of hotly contested games with the St. Paul (Jackson Street) team, played at Great Falls, Montana, August 30 and 31. Scores were Hillyard, 8-5; Jackson Street, 6-4. Peters pitched the first game for Hillyard and Snider the second, with Schultz behind the bat on both occasions; Pschandel was on the mound for Jackson Street in the opener and Grandel on the second day, McCarty catching.

Great Northern standard sleeping cars were furnished both teams by the railroad, including transportation from both points.

On September 1 the Hillyard team played an exhibition game with the professional "Great Northern Goats" of Great Falls, losing by 7-11.

Thirteen teams composed the league, sponsored by the Associated Organizations of Shop Craft Employees, Great Northern Railway, under the management of R. R. Hunter, general secretary-treasurer. They were: Minot, Jackson street, Minneapolis, Breckenridge, Havre, Superior (Boilermakers), Delta, Hillyard, Devils Lake, Williston, Great Falls, New Rockford and Grand Forks.





ANOTHER HAPPY OUTING.  
*Spokane Employees' Picnic.*

A handful of Great Northern girls on August 12th successfully demonstrated that there is a fine spirit of co-operation and good fellowship among the Railway Company employees at Spokane. As a committee in charge of the first annual Great Northern "Pull-Together Picnic" they directed the handling of two hundred of the clerical forces and made them feel they had spent the most enjoyable day of their service with the company.



*Ain't We Got Fun?*

*A "Bunch" We're Proud of.*

Employees of the offices of the general superintendent, superintendent, freight agent, commissary, general agent, legal department, mechanical department, operating department, and other departments met at the depot and drove in about forty-five cars to Lake Coeur D'Alene where the picnic began in Coeur D'Alene Park.



*A Few Bathing Beauties and an Army of Life Savers.*

by the girls' races, men's races, fat races and sack races, with the fat men stumbling in somersaults, chief clerks falling on their knees, and girls' skirts causing collisions and loss of dignity. A combined men and women tug of war resulting in a victory for the traffic department. A baseball game between men playing with left hands and women playing any way, also playing on the

sympathies of the umpire, J. F. Pewters, General Agent, was won by the girls in two innings, the score being seven to three. After orangeade had refreshed everyone the scene of conflict was shifted to the bathing beach where the principals of the Great Northern Bathing Beauties gave exhibitions of fancy diving while the men raced. The fancy diving was won by Miss Celia McLaugh-

lin, of the Superintendent's Office, who also won in the girls' races. The men's race was won by Harry Crosby of the Legal Department, while the entire party enjoyed the swimming until six o'clock. Picnic supper was served on board the Steamer Harrison during a tour of the lake. A landing was made for a number who desired to take their children back to Spokane. The rest

of the evening was spent in a beautiful ride in the moonlight, the steamer going in and out of the lovely bays of the lake surrounded by the Coeur D'Alene mountains covered with great white pine trees. The orchestra provided music for entertainment and dancing.

The picnic was arranged by a committee consisting of Cora Gresham, chairman, Lillian Barrette,



*Ho for the Bounding Main.*

Celia McLaughlin, Elizabeth Koll, Mrs. F. Erickson, Idan Dankleff, Lida Bryant, aided by Messrs. Paul Tillsch, Chief Clerk in the General Superintendent's office, W. R. Foster, Frank Kachinsky, Hugh Hamblen, Clarence Clem, and David Marsten, who were very energetic in helping the girls carry out their plans. The heads of all the departments co-operated very heartily in rendering every assistance toward making the picnic successful.

This picnic did more to bring together the employees of the various departments who heretofore have been only on a telephone speaking acquaintance, to promote a spirit of harmony, and a desire to work together and to put at ease the employees in their relations with each other than any one single thing that has occurred in the Spokane offices.



The fall season is rapidly approaching and meetings will again be resumed. A drive for new members will be launched and it is hoped that we will be fortunate enough to reach the 100 mark. Plan to get that member now. The first meeting probably will be held late this month, and it is expected that all the old members as well as the new will make their appearance. Big events are being planned for this winter, so sign up those new members and tell them what a jolly old club we have. We are entering our 7th year of existence, despite reports to the contrary, and we are growing fast. But like Brutus' remark regarding Caesar, "He was ambitious" and so are we, so fellows, let's put the membership over the century mark!

The picnic was a wonderful success, as you no doubt read in other sections of the paper. The Glacier Park Juniors won over a picked team by a score of 8 to 7. They were forced to extend the game 8 innings on account of a 7 to 7 tie in the 7th. In this case, 7 was lucky for us.

Our President, Thomas Fontaine always had a weakness for bathing beauties, Mack Sennett's or otherwise, so in an endeavor to be in the near vicinity of them, Brother Thos. signed up with the Naval Reserve and is now enjoying a two weeks' cruise on the Great Lakes. (Shoveling coal in the bunkers). We wish him luck.

The official Club pins are here, and can be secured from Mr. Moran at 50c each. Let's all blossom out, and tell the world who we are.

HISTORY STILL REPEATING

"Willie," asked the teacher, "what was it Sir Walter Raleigh said when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for the beautiful queen to walk over?"

Willie, the ultra-modern, gazed about the classroom in dismay, and then, taking a long chance, replied: "Step on it, kid!"

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE  
(From page 5.)

SECOND TRAIN

- G. C. Bowen.....Conductor
- S. A. Gunderson.....Brakeman
- E. A. Bronson.....Brakeman
- Walter Grimm.....Engineer
- L. H. Stanton.....Fireman
- E. F. Costich.....Conductor
- J. H. Knights.....Brakeman
- L. F. Holme.....Brakeman
- Chas. Jacobson.....Engineer
- Ole Wingall.....Fireman

MONTANA DIVISION

Cut Bank to Williston—439 miles.

FIRST TRAIN

- J. S. Boyer.....Conductor
- Wm. Reis.....Brakeman
- M. E. Ashline.....Brakeman
- W. A. Schroeder.....Engineer
- Lee Kezer.....Fireman
- Ray Van Buskirk.....Conductor
- E. W. Lamier.....Brakeman
- H. M. Doles.....Brakeman
- Tom Pierce.....Engineer
- Al. Ingleson.....Fireman
- Roy Stover.....Conductor
- M. S. Funk.....Brakeman
- Otto Norenberg.....Brakeman
- Frank Kaluza.....Engineer
- Earl F. Merriman.....Fireman

SECOND TRAIN

- Wm. Hartland.....Conductor
- D. A. Spaulding.....Brakeman
- J. H. Reutten.....Brakeman
- Alex McDonald.....Engineer
- W. V. Jones.....Fireman
- Max Jordan.....Conductor
- A. Floren.....Brakeman
- F. W. Teela.....Brakeman
- Mike McMann.....Engineer
- Pete Brovick.....Fireman
- Cecil Dykstra.....Conductor
- W. D. Dail.....Brakeman
- I. L. Baldwin.....Brakeman
- Frank Kaluza.....Engineer
- Earl F. Merriman.....Fireman

MINOT DIVISION

Williston to Minot—120 miles.

FIRST TRAIN

- H. Walker.....Conductor
- O. Harkleroad.....Brakeman
- J. S. Golka.....Brakeman
- M. J. Richardson.....Engineer
- A. Larson.....Fireman

SECOND TRAIN

- F. B. Papendick.....Conductor
- I. Feury.....Brakeman
- H. E. Cardell.....Brakeman
- J. Hill.....Engineer
- R. Molesberry.....Fireman

(Turn to page 20, column 1.)



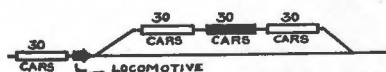
# PUZZLE COLUMN

Evidently switching problems are too easy, and so this month I am going to give you something different. Last month's issue contained Mr. A. J. Dickinson's account of the fish that he didn't catch on July 4th over on the St. Croix River. We got Dick in a corner the other day and wormed out of him a description of the fish. He says the head was nine inches long; that the tail was as long as the head and half the body, and that the body was as long as the head and tail. I asked him how long the fish was. He couldn't tell me. Can any of you?

## THE SOLUTION

In offering to our readers the switching puzzle in the August number of the Semaphore, we stated that we were convinced that we had the best railroaders in all creation on the Great Northern. A lot of them went right out and proved it in the way they handled the silk trains across the country. We, therefore, were not very much surprised to receive so many answers to the puzzle. It was a revelation, however, to find that half of them apparently were from members of the clerical forces and not operating men.

Quite a number of answers were received which were correct save that the positions of the east and west thirty cars on the siding were reversed. A strict reading of the puzzle required that they be kept in the same position; but as it was not definitely stated, we are going to give credit to those who solved the puzzle in this way. The following is, one of several possible correct solutions.



Call Train "Number 1" and each 30 cars west to east 2, 3, and 4.

Leave No. 1 on main line to hold 30 cars west of west switch; back onto No. 4, pull out and back down onto No. 1; head in on No. 2, back out and place on main line east of east switch; place No. 3 on main line

between switches (move can be made from either end); run around turnout and pull No. 4 through and back up on No. 3; run through turnout and pull No. 1 to center of turnout; back up onto No. 4 on main line and place on turnout east of No. 1; back No. 3 down main line west of west switch; head onto No. 2, back down main line and run in on west end of turnout; back onto No. 3 and proceed.

The following employees sent in correct solutions:

Beard, W. R., Condr, Sioux Falls.  
Frederick, D. J., Carman, Watertown.  
Gibson, T. H., Opr., Evansville.  
Harrison, Jas. T., Steno. Office, Ass't. Frt. Traffic Mngr., St. Paul.  
Hudson, Ralph R. and Johnson, Helmer, Yardmasters, Allouez.  
Kelley, R. E., Gen'l. Supt. Off., Duluth.  
Ofelt, H. A., Condr., Mesabi Divn., Minneapolis.  
One solution unsigned, Superior.

The following are the names of those who solved the puzzle correctly, except that the positions of the east and west thirty cars on the siding were reversed:

Beck, P. C., Mech. Val. Dept., General Office, St. Paul.  
Fischer, W. H., Agent, Hinton, Ia.  
Galvin, R. M., Agent, Grover, S. D.  
Hankland, N., Car Insptr., Minneapolis.  
Kuscht, W. A., A. R. A. Clk., St. Cloud Shops.  
McNaughton, A. D., Condr., Northgate.  
Stoll, W. F., Night Loco. Foreman, Allouez.  
Wilson, D. F., Condr., Hillyard.  
Zastera, Frank, Opr., Minot.  
Barnett, S. L., Chf. Clerk, R. W. Dept. S. P. and S. at Portland, is an off-line reader, who sent in a correct answer.

## IS IT CLEAR NOW?

"You have heard what the last witness said," persisted counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you wish to throw doubt on her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all," he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."



On September 3rd, 1924, Robt. Kinner, agent at South Shore, retired from service at age of 71 years, after having been in the service of the company 43 years, eight months, 14 days. A large portion of this long service was spent as agent at Morris and Huron, but Mr. Kinner also worked at different stations during this long period of time,—at Sabin, Watertown, Hazel, Yale and South Shore, being at last station at time of his retirement.

A few days before his retirement he rendered a service characteristic of his long and faithful connection with the company. On the night of Aug. 30th, during a severe electrical storm, lightning struck wires and entered his depot, burning out wires and starting a blaze. Mr. Kinner happened to be around and with the use of fire extinguisher and water, put the blaze out before any damage resulted, burning his hands slightly in doing so. Undoubtedly his effective action was the means of preventing the burning of the structure.

Mr. Kinner plans to reside at Huron, where he will be close to the railroad he has served so long, and no doubt he will take as much interest in it as he always has in the past.

James Lenahan, veteran engineer, Montana Division, resigned after forty-two years' service with a clear record.

## BIOGRAPHIES

One of the employees sent in with a coupon a short letter asking if we could not have a page or two of biographies of officials in the Semaphore, stating that he would enjoy reading them and was sure others would find like enjoyment therein. Our plans for the magazine are, of course, in a formative state. Undoubtedly short biographies will appear from time to time in the magazine whether they are of regular occurrence or not. Whatever the employees want, that they shall have to the limit of our ability to give it to them.

## WANT THE MAGAZINE

Not infrequently there comes to the Editor's desk enclosed with the coupon votes for a magazine, a letter from one of the Agents, or other employes, stressing the desire of the employees for the magazine. We quote from a few of them.

Starkweather, N. D.

Editor, Semaphore:

We all like the Semaphore here and I think co-operation of employes and the management will make the Great Northern a real system and the Semaphore a real magazine.

E. C. POWNEEL, Agent.

## PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

Editor, Semaphore:

Enclosed please find five coupons for votes for the Semaphore all in favor. Quite a snappy little paper, I think.

M. S. DUNNE, Agent.

Towner, N. D.

Editor, Semaphore:

Enclosed please find eighteen votes all strongly in favor of the Semaphore. We all should feel proud of the management for putting out this magazine for the benefit of the employes and hope we get full 100 per cent vote. Go to it, we are with you.

V. E. ERICKSON, Agent.

Editor, Semaphore:

Allow me to congratulate you on your efforts to bring us all closer together. I have canvassed the shop here and all the men that have signed the coupons are looking forward to your next issue.

Some magazine, Eh? Hot Dog!

WALTER BODEN,

Jackson St. Car Shops, St. Paul.

## THEY WILT

"What weeds are the easiest weeds to kill?" asked the city chap of the farmer.

"Widows' weeds," replied the farmer, "you have only to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."—*The Lyre*.

## KNOWS HIS STUFF

"How's your new office boy getting along?"

"Fine!" was the reply. "He's got things so mixed up that I couldn't get along without him!"



## THE AMERICAN LEGION RAILROAD POST NO. 416

Sixty members of R. R. Post attended our meeting of August 26th. Luncheon and entertainment was furnished the boys. Wolf certainly can put on the feeds.

The latent ability to command of Art Young, our new Commander, was evident. The boys have nicknamed him "PEP."

The meeting was very peaceful. Nolting was out of town.

Our silver-tongued orator Oldfield, was very much in evidence.

Dale Street Shops was well represented. Fowler, Dolan and Gilbertson advise that they will "Legionize" Dale Street 100 per cent. "Good for them." We would like to hear from Jackson Street Shops.

Our Post has a 64 per cent increase over 1923 membership and is leading the Fourth District.

Doth is arranging a window display for the Post at Mannheimers during the National Convention. He expects to make it interesting and unusual.

Moran, O'Brien and a lot more of the old gang were up to the meeting. "We will never miss another meeting," say they. Stevens, as usual, dropped in in time to eat. Have you attended any of our noon-day luncheons? Don't miss the next one.

All members of the Post are in favor of a new Great Northern Magazine, with a column or two for our Post. The Editor will please add one hundred and forty votes to the "Yes" column. They also appreciate the fact that the Editor permits them to litter up some of his valuable space with their Post news.

The Great Northern Railway Company is furnishing thirty to forty Legionnaires to act as Information and Reception Committees during the National Legion Convention, members of the R. R. Post being selected.

Our hard working Adjutant plans a vacation during the National Convention. Jack's salary ought to be doubled.

## KNOWN WHAT IT MEANT

Mr. A. G. Moffatt, Agent, Graceville, Minnesota, contributes the following true story:

The local drayman was making his rounds with freight bills for collection, and at one store he presented, among other bills, one which covered freight astray. The bill showed a number of pieces of freight with the letters "D. H. A." in the "total to collect" column.

The merchant pondered over the D. H. A. and asked the drayman for an explanation; but before it was given he figured it out for himself.

"D. H. A." Oh! yes, I know now, Delivered here already, that's right."

## "WE POINT WITH PRIDE"

"The last number of 'The Semaphore' is a humdinger."—E. J. Willis, Auditor Freight Receipts.

"I appreciate greatly your sending me the August number of the Semaphore. I enjoyed reading the speech of Mr. Hines in respect to Government Ownership of Railroads from the Employees' Standpoint, and I have equally enjoyed reading the other fine addresses contained in this issue, which mean so much in stimulating loyalty on the railroad."—O. F. Scudder, Land & Industrial Commissioner, C. B. & Q. R. R. Co.

"The Semaphore" is the best paper of its kind I ever saw."—James T. Maher, Right of Way, Land & Tax Commissioner and President, Great Northern Railway Club.

"The Semaphore" is getting to be a real paper."—Alex Janes, Assistant General Counsel.

## TUFF LUCK

Teacher—"Some terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Bobby—"That's the truth. You ought to see the poor fish my sister caught that way."

## QUALIFIED TO TALK

Publisher—"You say you have written a book entitled 'Why Boys Go to College.' What do you know about it—you're no college boy."

Fair Authoress—"No, but I used to be a chorus girl."

—*American Legion Weekly*.



## Department of Great Northern Railway Women's Club

### EDITOR

Mrs. J. MABEL DILHAN

### OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

Mrs. OLIVIA JOHNSON . . . *President*  
Miss ANN BLOM . . . *Vice-President*  
Miss MAY NEEDHAM . . . *Vice-President*  
Miss KATHRYN KAUDER . . . *Secretary*  
Miss JESSIE BOHRER . . . *Treasurer*

## Editorial

### FACTS VERSUS ROMANCE

The Gazette-Telegram, of Breckenridge, Minnesota, in a recent editorial said:

"For some time past, and particularly during the past year, we have been receiving from the publicity departments of the various railroads of the Northwest, well written and interesting stories of the new equipment added to the roads, new engines, new trains, signal systems, etc. . . .

"You have told us pretty nearly everything about what money can do in equipping a railroad. Now tell us what brains can do and is doing, every day in the year, to handle that equipment.

"Someone has said, 'There is a romance in every mile of every railroad.' But you can cut out the romance. Give us the facts—the 'low-down' on those men and women who are making your roads, and the vast service they perform, an actual, living fact."

Our friend, the editor, doesn't seem to be quite logical. If, as he suggests, there is romance in every mile of railroad, that romance must necessarily be involved with the facts, and how can we give him the facts without the romance?

Not being motion picture people, it has probably not occurred to the Departments of Public Relations and Advertising, that the public would be interested in any facts regarding our personal lives; nor in the romance either, and be assured, Mr. Editor, that there is an abundance of romance in all our lives, as there doubtless is in yours.

While the Women's department of the Semaphore does not approve of taking the public at large into our confidence, and giving it the intimate

details of all our comings and goings, like the baby's new tooth and father's new suit, yet in our new and enlarged magazine, we may and should become intimately acquainted. Our correspondent at Breckenridge should and doubtless will tell us all the news each month of his branch of the Great Northern family. From Seattle, Portland, Spokane, and back to New York will come the facts and the romance of our great connection, all making for better acquaintance, coordination, cooperation, and a uniform orientation, removing local barriers and prejudices and banishing provincialisms.

The Semaphore is the proper organ for the publication of all the news "that's fit to print," facts—romantic and otherwise, that the Breckenridge editor asks for. He says:

"For instance, tell us of the men who take these monster locomotives dragging behind them a train worth a million dollars, more or less, and freighted with 100 or 200 human beings, and drive them, day or night, sunshine or storm, over the various divisions which go to make up a railroad system. Tell us how they react to the strain entailed by the work. Tell us how long it takes to 'make' a good engineer; of his value to the road in dollars and cents; of the probable length of his term of service. Give us his name and record of the runs he has made. Tell us what his companies are doing to prolong his years of usefulness; of the labor-saving appliances with which he is furnished; how he, as a valuable part of the railroad equipment, is being safeguarded, and how he is assisted in safeguarding others."

Get busy, "Sisters under the skin" all over the line, and let's have your contributions!

### EASTERN VISITORS

The editorial sanctum was recently favored by a call from the Misses H. E. Hull and Mary E. Dreiss, of the New York office, who stopped off in St. Paul two days, August 19 and 20, on their vacation trip to the West.

This being their first visit to the wild and woolly, the Semaphore would be glad to publish their impressions of the wide, open spaces. How, for instance, the Broadway Canyon compares with the Kootenai, and the caves of Manhattan with the

cliffs of Puget Sound? Whether there is anything in the rugged majesty of Glacier's towering peaks that quite equals New York's skyscrapers, and whether L. C. Smith has really got anything on the Singer Building or Mr. Woolworth? Is there any scenery in the West that quite equals the peaceful placidity of the Palisades? A sunset anywhere to compare with the sea of gold that washes the shores of Staten Island, or a "September Morn" like that at Rockaway? Can all the western parks combined quite catch the charm of Central on an early spring morning, or a late winter afternoon, with the rays of a pink sunset radiating over a canopy of snow and enveloping the icicled trees, which stand like grim sentries in a pulseless atmosphere? Can Balboa's big pond ever twist your throat and squeeze out tears of pure delight, as the Atlantic does at Barnegat? Can a chilly swim in western waters ever equal the exquisite sensation of drifting lazily with the warm currents of the Gulf stream along toward the Azores?

Twenty-three years with the Great Northern at New York should enable Miss Hull to tell us these things? Here's hoping!

### SOME ECHOES FROM THE PICNIC

Matrimonial stock of certain club members is soaring. The Dutch treat luncheon sent it up. Memory of the menu makes one long for the next picnic, and the mouth waters in retrospect. Wieners, home made currant jelly, (Johnson brew,) spaghetti, macaroni, cheese, celery, olives, beets, radishes, salads in multi variety, pies and cakes galore, an array of sandwiches, the like of which was never seen or sampled before, and the genuinely fresh coffee, made at camp over an honest to goodness fire, with plenty of eggs to settle it, being the piece de resistance of the whole spread. Who dares suggest that business women aren't competent housewives? Speak now or forever after hold your peace!

"Gee! But this is great weather. It makes one feel romantic!"

"Romantic! I thought romance was a question of temperament!"

"Oh, no; you're wrong. It's a question of climate!"

### MRS. COOL SPEAKS

Mrs. George Cool, of the Merchants Trust Company, speaking at the luncheon of the Great Northern Railway Women's Club, on August 21, stressed particularly the change which has taken place in the public mind toward the business woman and business for women in the past few years. Instead of being, as formerly, an object of pity because she has to work, the business woman is now envied for the things she can do and the opportunities that are hers.

Some of us who may have been lounging supinely and feeling rather sorry for ourselves for being compelled to remain in our comfortable, pleasant offices on a hot day instead of playing around at the lakes, felt our spines stiffen and sat up to attention as Mrs. Cool talked, bringing home to us the advantages of belonging to the aristocracy of workers, rather than to the parasitic class who contribute nothing toward the world's work which must be done.

Mrs. Cool emphasized the fact that she did not wish to preach, but felt, nevertheless, constrained to give some advice, particularly applicable to the younger girls who are just entering upon a business career. "*Si jeunesse savait; si vieillesse pouvait!*" The age old lament: If only young people could project their minds ahead a double decade, and gain the knowledge that will then be theirs!

Mrs. Cool's method of presenting her argument was uniquely original. Likening the brain to a town meeting at which someone must preside, she urged that we gather our wandering thoughts, ambitions and inhibitions, desires and tentative hopes all about the round table, and then marshal them in order, analyzing each one, giving each its proper rank and value, by which we shall be able to arrive at an accurate inventory of our assets and liabilities, learn what we can do best, and thus be ready to jump on the wagon when opportunity passes. As Longfellow told us in his "Builders,"

"Nothing useless is and low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

-----

"Build today, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall tomorrow find its place."

### A BUSINESS WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY

To wed or not to wed, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis better, after all to marry  
And be cajoled and bullied by a husband,  
Or take up stenography or clerking,  
And slave, alas, for someone else's husband?  
To love—to wed—and by a wedding end  
The struggles and the thousand petty cares  
That "slaves" are heir to—'tis a rare vocation  
Devoutly to be wished for! To love—to wed—  
To wed—perchance divorce! Aye, there's the rub!  
For in that dream of bliss what jolts may come  
When we have cast aside our little jobs  
Must make us wary. There's the sorry tho't  
That makes so many spinsters hesitate;  
For who would bear the long, eternal grind,  
The employer's joke, the chief clerk's contumely,  
The insolence of the office boys, the smoke  
Of last week's stogies clinging to the hair,  
When she herself may quickly end it all  
By getting married? Who would not exchange  
A dingy office for a kitchenette—  
A keyboard for a cook stove or a cradle—  
But that the dread of something worse to come  
After the honeymoon—that life of chance  
From whose dark bourne so many have returned  
By way of Reno—fills us with dismay,  
And makes us rather bear the jobs we have  
Than fly to evils that we know not of?  
Thus cowardice makes spinsters of—so many.  
—Reprinted from *Mountain States Mariner*.

### AMERICAN EXPRESS MEMBERS OF R. B. W. A. ENTERTAIN

The invitation came without frills—for a very good reason. The frills were all reserved for the thrills which were everywhere in the vicinity of 94 Mounds Boulevard, St. Paul, the home of Miss A. W. Elliott, on Saturday, August 23rd, 5:00 P. M.

The American Express Division of the Railway Business Women's Association tacked up numerous posters of brilliant coloring depicting the proper way to wrap and ship small and large lots of express to near and distance points. The posters blazed at you from a friendly spacious home looking out over the St. Paul city.

Inside more posters—and evidence everywhere that the American Express Division girls are finished artists, not only in telling you how to securely wrap your merchandise for shipment; but they demonstrated their ability to wrap up packages of delightful surprises filled with good fellowship.

Complimenting the officers of the Association who were their guests, we were routed "VIA THE SOO LINE" into the dining room for crisp salad; "VIA THE GREAT NORTHERN" for delicious baked beans, sandwiches and all the trimmings; "VIA THE N. P. AND OMAHA" and "THE M. & ST. L." for the ice cream, cake and candies.

Sunset over the Sainly city; the fun of stories and the content which comes with music, and the files of the R. B. W. A. registered the first social event given by our new and interesting Division—that of the American Railway Express.

No social function, being quite complete which is limited to one sex, it seems only fair to supplement the foregoing item by mentioning that the men of the American Railway Express Company contributed their full quotas to the success of this delightful occasion.

C. R. Teas, General Manager, donated the biggest box of candy obtainable, which when subjected to the hazard of the raffle, was won by Grace Rowland. C. A. Mall, General Agent, headed a committee of six, who furnished the nuts, fruit and ice cream.



## NEW DEFINITIONS

We are indebted to Miss Claire B. Mace of Minneapolis for the following definitions supplemental to—or rather supplying the deficiencies of our unabridged dictionaries.

R. S. V. P.

What is a family? Pants.

What is an income? Suspenders.

What is a misfortune? When they snap.

What is fate? A pistol.

What is a sacrifice? Pulling a tooth.

What is happiness? Sunshine. A beam in the cellar is worth two on the roof.

What is a wife? Grape fruit.

What is a woman's head? A weather vane.

What are ideas? Swinging doors.

What is poverty? A scratch.

What are riches? Candy.

What are brains? A fortune.

What is business? A lottery.

What is charity? A salesman.

What is human achievement? Mud pies.

What are children? Watermelons.

What are parents? Cucumbers.

What is life? A rosebush.

What is the matter? Nothing.  
—C. B. M.

Mrs. C. P. Stembel, who is already well known to many club members, will give a series of lectures covering current events, under the auspices of the Railway Business Women's Association, at the Midway Club, on alternate Tuesdays, at 7:30 P. M., beginning September 30, and ending December 2.

The R. B. W. A. also announce a number of interesting social events for the fall season, not the least of which will be the style show and dinner which will be given at the Golden Rule, on October 16, at which time the Great Northern engine bell will be officially presented to the Association.

Newsboy (on railroad car to gentleman on seat:) "Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

Gentleman: "No, I'm Edgar Guest himself."

Newsboy: "Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Reinhart, are you?"

## A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

(From page 15.)

## BRECKENRIDGE DIVISION

Minot to Breckenridge—272 miles.

## FIRST TRAIN

W. H. Gavin.....Conductor  
W. A. Mills.....Brakeman  
C. R. Jones.....Brakeman  
Ben Mowers.....Engineer  
Geo. Zetler.....Fireman  
C. H. Holmes.....Conductor  
M. C. Kern.....Brakeman  
P. R. Kuehn.....Brakeman  
C. M. Johnson.....Brakeman  
C. L. Pepper.....Engineer  
J. H. Burke.....Fireman

## SECOND TRAIN

F. A. Bauer.....Conductor  
J. L. McManus.....Brakeman  
R. L. Stanley.....Brakeman  
Ben Fisher.....Engineer  
J. L. Maupin.....Fireman  
I. L. Kellogg.....Conductor  
Geo. M. Crowder.....Brakeman  
R. M. McConn.....Brakeman  
E. L. Carleton.....Engineer  
H. L. Devine.....Fireman

## WILLMAR DIVISION

Breckenridge to St. Paul—214 miles.

## FIRST TRAIN

J. E. West.....Conductor  
C. H. Samuelson.....Brakeman  
Geo. Tucker.....Brakeman  
P. Meyers.....Engineer  
A. H. Borgan.....Fireman  
H. J. Phillips.....Conductor  
F. D. Conway.....Brakeman  
M. E. Sundt.....Brakeman  
J. Dickman.....Engineer  
H. B. Monesmith.....Fireman

## SECOND TRAIN

J. P. Cleary.....Conductor  
O. A. Olson.....Brakeman  
A. G. Mullen.....Brakeman  
A. Patchell.....Engineer  
B. Horntvedt.....Fireman  
H. Hanson.....Conductor  
R. F. Pfau.....Brakeman  
Alfred Hansen.....Brakeman  
E. W. Hoefs.....Engineer  
E. M. Carlin.....Fireman

An unusual distinction fell to the lot of two men—the only ones of 159—to have the unique experience of handling both trains. They are Engineer Frank Kaluza and Fireman Earl F. Merriman who, upon arrival at Williston with the first train, returned to Wolf Point and brought the second train. On the second trip they clipped four minutes off the time of the first run, making the 106.8 miles in two minutes less than two hours.

As Mr. Koerner says, with all due respect to the crews in charge, there are a great many more who could and would have duplicated the trick had they been called upon. Only a railroad having an excellent roadbed and adequate motive power in superb condition could undertake such a feat, and only with the complete co-ordination of effort by the army of willing individuals who knew how best to do their separate tasks could it hope to succeed. It was a great example of magnificent organization and the long distance record run established is one that may not easily be equalled.

Yours very truly,  
RALPH BUDD.

## G. N. BOOSTERS' CLUB

## ACTIVE AT HILLYARD

The Great Northern Boosters' Club, which was organized two weeks ago with the aid of the business men of Hillyard, together with the Hillyard Band, recently held a street dance which was a big success, and won great favor among the people of that City.

They had the Main Street roped off for four blocks and the space was given over to the festivities.

Beside the dance, which brought two thousand people, the well known community singer, Cyrus Mee, who put lots of pep in the crowd, led them for a number of songs, after which the dance started, and the young and the old, the bald heads and the bobettes danced to their hearts' content until ten o'clock. Then came the Grand March which was led by the politicians; this being the campaign season in Washington all the politicians turned out to allow the people to see their choice of the candidates. More dancing followed, continuing until eleven-thirty when the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

The Club officers elected were, Wallace Ovey, Chairman; M. A. Kelly, Secy. and Treas.; Soliciting Committee being one from each craft.

We consider it a grand move among the employes of the Great Northern to show the company their appreciation and good faith.

Try it, boys, in your town and see what you can do.

—Secy. & Treas., Machinist Local No. 16, Hillyard, Wash.