

MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



FEBRUARY, 1924

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Maine Central Magazine

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 2

A Day In the Waterville Shops

Heart of Maine Central's Motive Power Department Is a City In Itself, and a Trip Through It Is of Fascinating Interest—Sheer Immensity First Impresses the Outsider

The engine and car shops at Waterville! Acres of brick and wooden buildings, of spur tracks and cars; hundreds of skilled workmen; a hive of hurrying but well-ordered industry; a city in itself—such is this great plant at Waterville. It is the heart of the Maine Central's motive power department. It is one of the most interesting places in the State—for vast industrial development can be of exceeding interest sometimes. Upon it depends, in considerable degree, the growth and prosperity of the fine Maine city on whose outskirts it is located. And yet how many, outside of railroad circles, have ever been there—can tell its real immensity and importance?

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In these shops many engines, passenger and freight, on through service—and others that make Waterville the terminal—are repaired and housed. On the day that the writer called, for example, forty-four had been handled in some way, and 217 tons of coal had been fed into them. On the day before there had been 43 locomotives, requiring 241 tons. The average number of locomotives is about forty—although it has been as high as sixty, depending upon weather conditions and the volume of freight service. There are few engines for which some little thing cannot be done; and the shop

force gets out, for classified repairs, from eight to ten a month.

In freight equipment, the shops daily handle from 15 to 30 cars. From September 1 to June 1 thirty to thirty-five cars a month come from the passenger department; and once a year, in addition to running repairs, all passenger equipment (coaches, baggage and mail cars) gets a thorough renovation. Freight cars pass through the shops as necessity demands—they are coming and going all the time.

Of the hundreds of workers in this great plant, hardly one—outside the clerical force—but is in some form or other a skilled artisan. For shop work—repairs on both locomotives and cars—there are 540, and in the engine house 78. All are on eight-hour tricks. Thirty inspectors, in three crews of eight hours each, work in the Waterville yard, examining every train as it passes through or is made up. If a flaw is discovered, and the repairs can be made in the yard, well and good; if not, the car is cut from the train and taken to the shops. A switcher with a crew of five is part of the equipment.

The great majority in these crews are married—substantial family men, who get living wages, own their homes, are good neighbors and take an interest in civic affairs. What they contribute to Waterville's prosperity—its

industrial and civic growth—is almost beyond estimate.

A casual inspection of the plant—just walking through the buildings with a guide who points out, here and there, a few of the more significant details—requires at least three hours. If one wished to study it intensively, getting a really comprehensive grasp of the maze of cars, engines and machinery—well, it might possibly be done in a week: although even then many important features would escape attention. You see, it is all so imposingly vast and—to a layman—complicated. Two MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE visitors, kindly guided by F. H. Ramsdell, master mechanic, were taken first to the machine shop—a long, red-brick building that is the real heart of the plant.

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What first impresses the visitor, as he steps upon the main “wrecking floor,” is its sheer immensity. Imagine a space twice the size of the Exposition Building in Portland—three times the size of the famous Music Festival Auditorium in Bangor. He must have good eyesight indeed who could distinguish features of workmen in the far end; the maze of girders, supporting the gray roof, seem infinitely high. Mere man is dwarfed here—becomes a pygmy against the powerful machinery he himself has created.

Here, side by side, are ten locomotives—really sick locomotives, receiving treatment in this giants’ hospital. And ten are kept here all the time; when one is discharged, cured, another takes its place. When an engine arrives it is first “stripped down” and the parts distributed through the different departments. Removing the wheels is in itself an impressive process. At the far end of the great room, high above, are two Gantry cranes of 100 tons each. The engine is run over a cross-bar; a crane, operated by motor, grips it at either end; up goes the engine; workmen remove the wheels. Then the big, denuded body is returned to its pit on small trucks and the work of repairing goes on. A 35 ton crane, for handling small parts, runs the length of the wrecking floor.

Passing from this floor, we come to a series of departments smaller yet in themselves of impressive size—one in which the driving wheels are put into a lathe, and tires and journals turned; a second to which driving boxes are brought to be rebrassed, relined, bored, planed and made ready for the engines; a third for the repairing of smaller parts—links, shoes, wedges, valve-gear, piston valves; a fourth for all kinds of bolts and pins; a fifth where main rods, side rods and valve rods are rebrassed

and bored; a sixth where a battery of Bullard lathes do all classes of machine work, new and repair. There is a department for the repairing of air brake apparatus from all parts of the system, and a spring shop wherein all of the springs are made. The blacksmith shop—big as an ordinary hall, and with flames darting from fifteen forges—is as spectacular as some scene upon a stage. Almost everywhere one goes, through this huge building, he finds high-powered, electrically driven machinery. Everywhere—without going into technical detail—are evidences of the last word in modern efficiency.

The boiler shop is another big place, a 20-ton crane running overhead. One of the most interesting, it seemed to us, is the paint shop, where passenger cars are made stylishly attractive—are made to glisten like new. Each car, on its arrival, is set on a wash track, stripped of its seats and trimmings, and given a bath, inside and out. Then it is moved up to where the painters and varnishers are waiting, and where the seats and trimmings—now as bright as the car itself—are returned. And the nearby room in which the seats are piled in mountains of plush, blown out with air and washed in soap and water, is in itself worth seeing. In another part of the plant—we came to it a half hour later in our trip, but mention it here for the sake of proper sequence—is the huge room where these passenger cars are repaired, seven at a time, before going to the paint-shop. Beyond this are two rooms for the repairing of freight cars—one capable of holding nine, the other twelve. The bodies of old cars are practically rebuilt here—and they come out as glistening and fresh as their passenger car brothers, for they are painted by hand.

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Can you imagine rolling across the floor a 650 to 750 pound wheel of steel with the easy nonchalance a small boy would show in rolling a hoop? They do it in the shop where are refitted, and fitted up as new, all passenger, freight car, and locomotive tender wheels. Rolling these ponderous wheels—there is one man who can roll one with each hand—is just a dexterous trick: but, if you think it easy, try it yourself some day! They are put on an axle and hoisted to a 400-ton hydraulic press; and for every wheel there is a chart record and signature of the man who does the work—so that, if a flaw is afterward discovered, it can be traced to its source.

The mill and cabinet shop are in an attractive modern building of steel and cement, into which light pours through windows so high and huge

(Continued on Page 16)



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How Maine Central Co-operation Secured a Market for Native Beef

Is it possible for Maine to raise its own beef? Can the small farmer, who owns only a few head, ship them to Portland or other local market, with benefit to himself and profit—in a broad sense—to the State as a whole? Is the time coming when we can compete, perhaps on an extensive scale, with imports from the West?

Less than a year ago, a majority would have answered "no" to all these questions. Now the conviction has grown and spread that Maine beef, sold in Maine markets, is not only possible; in a small but significant way it has become a reality. And this has been brought about, it may be said with pardonable pride, by the industrial department of the Maine Central Railroad—illustrating, and by no means for the first time, how intimately Maine's great transportation system and its agricultural interests are interwoven.

It is a story never before put in print yet well worth telling—and industrial development can be of fascinating interest, sometimes. It opens the door to opportunities that seem almost limitless.

In the first place, Maine farmers for years labored

under what seemed an almost insurmountable handicap: they did not raise their cattle in carload lots, and to ship only a few head—perhaps a pair of steers—meant prohibitive freight rates. As a result, each town had its local cattle buyer, who purchased cheaply of the various farmers—and, when a carload had been collected, sent it invariably to Brighton, which is the great cattle market of Massachusetts. It was profitable for the buyers, profitable also for the consuming centers of Massachusetts and other states—but disastrous for Maine farmers, who raised not twenty-five per cent. of the cattle that they ought. Thus local beef was shipped beyond the boundaries of Maine—which, in turn, imported from the West. And against local beef, too, there existed a shadowy yet definite prejudice—a conviction among marketmen that it could not be sold, in a practical way, to home consumers.

This, broadly speaking, was the situation last spring when Mr. William G. Hunton, industrial agent of the Maine Central Railroad, invoked a plan of his own. He had before him a big task and he knew it—to blaze



Who Says That Maine Cannot Raise Its Own Beef? Scene On a
Lincoln County Farm

the way for something closely approaching an industrial revolution.

First, logically, he sought the big meat dealers of Portland, Maine's chief consuming center. He found them friendly and willing to co-operate, but frankly skeptical.

"What is the matter with Maine beef?" Mr. Hunton asked.

"Our customers," he was told, "prefer beef from the West."

"But can't Maine raise as good quality?"

They agreed to that.

"Then," said Mr. Hunton, "when native beef does drift into the Portland market, why isn't it as good as beef that has been shipped two thousand miles?"

This was putting the matter in a new light. "I'll tell you the chief trouble," the agent continued, answering his own question. "Native beef has been slaughtered and put in the consumers' hands within seventy-two hours. It has been sold before it was ready—before it was properly 'seasoned.' In the west, where they have huge slaughter houses and refrigeration plants, beef is two to four weeks old before it is cut; and that is the real difference your customers have noticed. Now, if this difficulty can be overcome, would you be willing to give native beef of equal quality a trial and see what your customers say?"

Many of the marketmen hesitated. They were friendly and willing to co-operate, as has been said; but this was a business proposition—and one treading unfamiliar ground. Finally one of the largest dealers replied: "Yes, I'll give the plan a trial—not that I believe it practical, but just to encourage home industry."

That was the first step—establishing a market. Mr. Hunton next went to Lincoln County, where he met several small cattle raisers, none of whom could by any possibility have shipped individually, in carload lots. "There are a half dozen of you," he said in effect, "and you own twenty head. Why don't you club together and send a carload to Portland—a community shipment, directed to me? I'll have the cattle dressed and put on the market; then we'll see what the public thinks." The suggestion was accepted—and that was step number two.

Next, Mr. Hunton visited the manager of the Portland Abattoir, who co-operated finely by agreeing to dress the cattle at \$1.25 a head and allow free refrigeration for two weeks. Step number three! The cattle arrived—a full carload shipment of them; were killed, dressed, and hung two weeks in the abattoir.

And this brings the story to its really interesting part. How would the plan succeed? Would the Portland public accept beef raised upon Maine's own farms, or would it cling to its preference for that sent thousands of miles from the West?

The answer wasn't long in coming.* Brief announcements in the Portland papers, to the effect that Maine beef was to be cut, brought a demand at several of the markets; and those who had their first taste returned for more. The news spread—as this sort of news will—through the city and its suburbs. The demand for Maine beef grew and grew. And this continued until 120 head, from different counties, had been received and sold, and a market for that quality of Maine beef was definitely established here. The plan was a success!—and, as this is written, the farmers are so pleased that they are planning to double their shipments for next year's trade. Thus was the industrial agent's vision—for it was nothing less—translated into reality. Thus

Fine Co-operation

In his efforts to introduce native beef to Portland markets—and, eventually, the markets of all Maine's large consuming centers—Mr. William G. Hunton, Industrial Agent of the Maine Central Railroad, has received the earnest and unselfish co-operation of various social and fraternal organizations, including the Kiwanians, Rotarians, State Chamber of Commerce, and Farmers' Club.

All these, at their banquets have served native beef and have proclaimed the fact. They listened to Mr. Hunton, adopted his suggestions and translated them into practice. It is this sort of co-operation that makes possible Maine's industrial growth.

was established an industry still in its infancy, of course, but limitless in possibilities. For already the demand for native beef, in Portland alone, exceeds the supply—and other large consuming centers are anxious to try the experiment, which now is an experiment no longer.

One development logically following another, community shipments of beef have led to community shipments of hay. Maine hay is rated as Number Two—not as coarse as Canadian and that grown in some parts of the West. It was discovered, within the last two months, that there is a call for "feeding hay" in the South, where the producers get better profits than from the usual market in Boston; and, as a result, community shipments were made very recently under the auspices of the Maine Farmers' Exchange. Orders have already been received for twenty-two carloads south of Philadelphia—a brand new market for Maine hay, and a very profitable one. And this is in line with the policy of the Industrial Department of the Maine Central Railroad to encourage community shipments of surplus farm products to outside points where there is a demand—thus making possible transportation at minimum cost, and bringing producer and consumer nearer.

A Railroad Man's Prayer

An old railroad man was converted, as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. Here is the way he did it: "Oh, Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift my feet off the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence; make all couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off to sidings, especially those with a blind end.

Oh, Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore blocked along the line; show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments as a schedule time and when my train shall have pulled into the great dark station of Death, may Thou, the Superintendent of the Universe, say with a smile: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come up and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'

The Port of Missing Articles

A Curious and Interesting Room In the St. John Street Building—What Becomes of Things Left By Passengers On the Trains

We read a good deal, in romantic fiction, about "the port of missing men" and "the port of missing ships." In the basement of the central building is a big room that might aptly be called "the port of missing articles"—thereby furnishing a story that is neither romance nor fiction, yet in its way is of rather unusual interest.

For in this room are articles left by their owners in Maine Central trains or stations, awaiting claimants. It is like a glimpse into a quaint curiosity shop—rows upon rows of objects large and small, valuable and worthless, handsome and ugly, odd and commonplace, all neatly arranged and ready for their owners to come and get them. A strange conglomeration—rubbers, tennis rackets, baseball bats, knitting needles, bit of crochet work, suit cases by the dozen, umbrellas by the score, neck furs, glasses, gloves, keys, axes, knapsacks, dinner pails, hats, books, cameras, handbags: the list seems endless. Most of it is of little value, but now and then there slips in some almost startling exception—a complete radio set has been known, for example. And now and then those who drift into this room are deeply puzzled. One can understand how a passenger on the train might leave his glasses, his umbrella, even his suitcase—but how, in the dead of a cruelly cold winter, he can deliberately leave his overcoat and never return to claim it, is one of life's mysteries. And yet this has happened—has happened several times; and it is on record that somebody once left a pair of crutches.

Two great questions long have puzzled mankind: "What becomes of all the flies?" and "What becomes of all the articles left upon railroad trains?" The first cannot be answered; the second can. Owners of these articles could recover them, nine cases out of ten, should they take the time and trouble—for the Maine Central, in common with other important roads, has a very definite and clearly defined system of preserving and tabulating them.

At all terminal points—Portland, Bangor, Waterville, Rockland, Skowhegan and so on—trainmen go through the cars picking up these lost or forgotten articles, which are turned over to the station master. He, in turn, has a supply of tags, each divided into three parts. The first part is given to the finder; the second is sent to the general passenger agent in Portland; the third is attached to the article itself. In each case the article is kept at the station twenty-four hours; at the end of this time, if unclaimed, it is sent to headquarters in Portland, where a receipt is signed and an entry duly made in the lost article book. Then it goes to join its lost and mislaid companions in that big room in the basement.

First, however—if it be something like a handbag, a suitcase or an overcoat, and hence capable of containing

a name or address—it is searched for some clue to the owner's identity. Sometimes, of course, the search is rewarded—more often it isn't. When a car or letter is unearthed, a note is sent to the person named therein, a description furnished and instructions given just how to reclaim his property.

In the case of purses containing money, or papers of obvious value, the procedure is somewhat different. They are sent by American Express to the Portland offices, where they are given into the care of Louis M. Patterson, the Maine Central treasurer.

How many articles are left on Maine Central cars in the course of a year? Well over a thousand. How many are claimed? Not more than forty per cent. Each article is held six months, at the end of which time the road feels at liberty to dispose of it. A yearly auction is held on Commercial street, at which the wrapped and oddly assorted packages are offered without their contents being made known—this resulting in much good-natured fun and an occasional surprise or rare bargain. Candor compels the admission, however, that rare bargains are not numerous.

The finding and tabulation of these lost articles is usually conventional enough; but now and then there slips into the routine some picturesque or colorful episode—an episode unknown save to its immediate actors. For not every "lost" article is really lost; sometimes its owner refuses to acknowledge it. Once, for example, a beautifully embroidered bag was found in a Maine Central car; and in the bag was the card of a person of social prominence. But this person never replied to the letter sent to the correct address—never claimed what had been lost. The bag was filled with hypodermic needles!

Finally, if you who read these lines are not a railroad man or woman, have lost something on a Maine Central train and are in doubt how to recover it, here is a bit of very practical advice: Just write the General Passenger Agent, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland. In all probability your article is found, tagged, awaiting you. You'll get it back.

Blaze Threatened Sheds

Flames in hoisting tower No. 1, on No. 2 coal wharf of the Portland Terminal Co., threatened the destruction of much valuable railroad property on the night of January 29 and caused the sounding of a general alarm.

For a time the freight sheds of the Portland Terminal Company were threatened; but, fortunately, the wind was blowing directly toward the harbor. Damages are estimated at \$30,000 and are covered by insurance.

Maine Central Magazine

O. A. SHEPARD, Editor

Published Each Month by the Maine Central Railroad Company, and devoted to the interests of the company and its employees.

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested, will be gladly received. They may be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 244, 222-242 St. John street, Portland.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

FEBRUARY, 1924

Editorial

Our Thanks Are Due

The reception accorded the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD MAGAZINE'S first issue inspires earnest, heartfelt thanks. It exceeded the expectations of those most hopeful and interested; and it is worthy, we think, of mention in our editorial—because this little magazine, by seeking to further the principles of co-operation and fraternity, may contribute its share toward the prosperity of an important railroad system: which, in turn, is interwoven with the prosperity of Maine.

First, there was the reception accorded by the daily and weekly press. It was significantly gratifying, surely, that so many papers treated the arrival of this modest stranger in the journalistic field as an important news event. Papers in the larger cities, and in very many of the smaller towns, published really extended descriptions under—in many instances—surprisingly large heads. They were so kind as to dwell upon the features we had hoped to make worth while and to recognize the purpose, the guiding spirit, of it all. It is rather the custom, you know, for new publications to reprint the comments made about them; but to do so in this instance would require—well, perhaps not the entire magazine, but surely a very considerable number of pages. The writer, a newspaperman for many years, cannot recall when a new magazine in this part of the New England States has been received by the press in a spirit more cordial or kindly.

Secondly, there were personal letters by many of those prominent in Maine's business, professional and social life; and thirdly—most fine and gratifying of all, we think—there was the reception by members of the Maine Central family. Anecdotes, news items, pictures, suggestions, constructive comments—exactly the things we want—have poured in upon us. A splendid railroad family, already united in more than ordinary bonds of fraternity and helpfulness, accepted in the spirit it was offered this new means of mutual expression! And it may mean a great deal in future years, may it not? The success or failure of an individual, or group of individuals, means very little; the success or failure of the guiding principles for which this magazine stands, and will always stand, means a great deal.

Again we extend earnest thanks. It would be strange, with so much kindness and encouragement, if the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD MAGAZINE did not grow better with each issue.

Maine In Winter

Maine in summer is incomparable—a fact attested by the more than a half million visitors that in warm weather flow across our borders. And, as this is written, evidences multiply that it is at last coming into its own as a great winter resort—a Switzerland of the new world, with many of the real Switzerland's keen and spirited delights. Certainly seekers of winter sports are coming, in increasing numbers, from the larger cities.

Portland's winter carnival this month attracted more than state-wide attention. It glorified the spirit of snow and ice, just as the great carnivals of Pasadena and Los Angeles glorify the spirit of sunshine and roses. The crowning of the carnival king and queen, the impressive ball, the races and red-blooded sports—all of these things you witnessed or read about in the papers. They were given with spirited enthusiasm, and reflected credit upon committees that labored long and faithfully. And, as the magazine goes to press, elaborate carnivals in Bangor and Auburn are attracting their interested thousands.

It's really a big subject, this growth of Maine's winter sport "industry." And the future of it is nothing if not rich in possibilities.

Certainly those from the large cities—seekers of a new and virile form of entertainment—are being attracted in increasing numbers.

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The Maine Central Family

Personal Paragraphs, Long and Short, Picked Up On the Three Divisions—Some Reminiscences and Anecdotes—An Electrical Wizard and a Story of Old Railroad Days

John Cromwell, dispatcher at Bangor, who is a radio fan, announced on January 26th that he had acquired a new "loud speaker"—of feminine gender. Mother and daughter are doing well, and John is receiving congratulations with a broad smile.

Joseph J. Doane, assistant to the general passenger agent, was entertained on the evening of Monday, Feb. 4, by a group of friends at dinner in the Congress Square Hotel. There were no speeches or other formalities—just a pleasant gathering, a good dinner, and the swapping of a few bright stories. On the following day, Mr. Doane began a leave of absence, which he is spending in Kingfield.

We asked Conductor John A. Mace for some reminiscences of the days when railroading was picturesque—and we spoke just in time, for "Johnny" has been granted leave of absence and will spend it in St. Petersburg, Florida. Possibly, by the time these lines are read, he will already have gone. While Maine is buried in its avalanche of snow, his associates of the Maine Central family will think of him in the land of sunshine and flowers.

And speaking of Florida: Those in the motive power offices of the St. John Street building were pleasantly reminded, recently, of Eugene Knight, formerly machinist in the Maine Central's Waterville shops.

Mr. Knight started work in the shops April 17, 1882—remaining until December, 1918, when he retired on a pension and went to Sarasota, Florida. A few days ago he sent a huge box of oranges to his friends here—the finest oranges in the world, and enough to go around two or three times. A unanimous vote of thanks was extended for the handsome gift.

Mrs. Herbert Proudman and daughters, Lillian and Blanche, recently entertained at their home on Broadway, Waterville, Mr. and Mrs. Earle McBeth, who were married at Christmas; Mr. McBeth's mother, Mrs. Joseph Pooler, and Miss Isabel Pooler. Table and dining room were beautifully decorated; and one of the features was a wedding cake, adorned with the skilfully modelled figures of a bride and groom. Mr. Proudman is machinist foreman in the Maine Central shops at Waterville; Mr. McBeth is a machinist, and Mrs. McBeth is the daughter of Transfer Table Engineer Pooler.

The committee of management of the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A. met Thursday, Jan. 30; and, following a luncheon, Secretary Benn gave a general report of his stewardship for the four months he has been in

Another Prize

A flood of replies—as told elsewhere in this issue—were received in response to the Maine Central Railroad Magazine's offer of a \$10 prize for the most "striking or unique picture." In fact, they are still coming in. Many will be reproduced in future issues—even although there could be but one winner.

Here is another offer, and one with which it should be even easier to comply: Ten dollars will be paid for the brightest and funniest anecdote or story, not exceeding 300 words, sent by any member of the Maine Central family and relating to railroading. All should be original—or, at least, never before printed. True stories of happenings on the Maine Central would be especially apt.

Send in your stories to magazine headquarters, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland. Many will be published, in addition to the prize winner.

charge. Slow but satisfactory progress is being made, he said, and there has been a general increase in interest. January proved the busiest month thus far during his stay, with prospects even better for February.

"Introducing Mutsy!" Not that Mutsy needs any introduction. She has an effective way of making herself known. For Mutsy is a Maltese kitten, of vivacious manner and penetratingly friendly disposition, who drifted in from the street one day and seems to have adopted us. Now she has the run of the central office building; and anybody passing through the corridors is likely to encounter a flash of gray fur, the gaze of bright, inquisitive eyes or the touch of a tiny, friendly paw.

Mutsy promises to become as famous in railroad circles as Hindy, the Boston Post cat, became in the newspaper world. We met Hindy on several occasions, and personally never thought that he—or was it she?—amounted to very much. Mutsy has far greater strength of character. She has taken up her official residence in the basement, and no cat in Portland looks

better fed—thanks to John Burke, John Briggs and Larry Halcrow.

Anyway, we feel complimented at being so unmistakably adopted.

Ernest E. Finimore, head of the blacksmith shop in the Maine Central plant at Waterville, whose room is in the Railroad Y. M. C. A., is a sound sleeper. A few nights ago he was aroused by the clang of a gong that drifted up to him from the darkness without. He went to the window, saw nothing, returned to bed, and was soon lost in dreamless slumber.

"Guess there was a drunken man around here last night," he remarked at breakfast. "The patrol went by." "Drunken man nothing!" said his next-room neighbor. "It was the fire department. We had a fire in the building here."

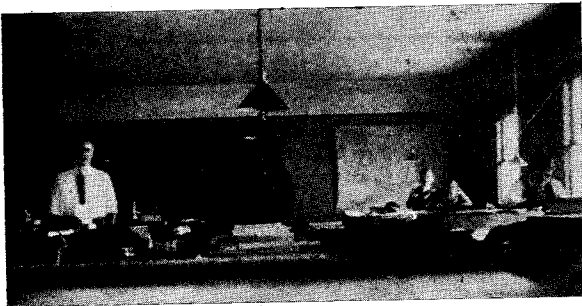
"Oh, well, why worry?" was Mr. Finimore's comeback. "The Waterville firemen would have put it out, anyway."

It is only fair to add, however, that few other occupants of the big building were even aroused by the tiny blaze, which was confined to the chimney.

LeRoy D. Hiles was caught this month by the Portland Evening Express camera man, who got a convincing snap-shot. Accompanying it, in the next day's issue of the Express, was the following paragraph—all true:

"Today we are giving publicity to the publicity agent of the Portland Winter Sports Carnival by presenting LeRoy D. Hiles, a most efficient member of the winter sports organization. He is also advertising agent for the Maine Central Railroad company, and therefore knows something about the publicity game. He has been with the Maine Central for the past 12 or 14 years and is a valued employee. He is also a member of the Portland Ad Club. He is well liked in business and social gatherings and has a wide circle of friends in and around Portland."

Maine Central Group



Among those who responded to the Maine Central Magazine's request for a "striking or unique" picture was Mrs. Bertha Callahan, typist in the valuation department, general office building, who enclosed the above.

Well, we don't know whether the picture is quaint or curious—but we do know that Mrs. Callahan's accompanying comment was breezily entertaining, and we are passing it along, as follows:

"I am enclosing herewith a snapshot showing a corner

of the drafting room, with a part of the crew 'on the job,' for entry in your picture contest.

"This was taken last February, at the time Rigby Yard was being designed by Mr. John Vining, architect, of Boston, and he is the busiest man in the picture, or at least his head is the nearest to his work. Directly in front of him is shown our architectural draftsman, Mr. Irving Russell, who was at that time acting as assistant to Mr. Vining, and he was also quite busy, at least so busy that he moved some, which makes his picture blurred and dim.

"Back of Mr. Vining with his thumbs in his vest is our Mr. Lampton. This is a pose he assumes when considering weighty questions. I think at this time he must have been designing Topsham bridge, so he had a great deal on his mind.

"In the left-hand front corner appears Transitman Carl T. Davis. I don't know what he was considering at this time unless it was the 'high cost of living,' and household economics. He has since become a benedict. This picture was taken just after lunch, and before all the crew had returned, so it may be that he was merely keeping calm and cool as an aid to digestion."

Short Personals

PORTLAND DIVISION:

W. O. Gallison has bid in middle brakeman. Nos. 325-324 (Brunswick end.)

Assistant Foreman Sissions of the Waterville shops is ill, at this writing.

A. E. Bickford has bid in conductor, Portland spare board.

"Ed" Sullivan, agent at Burnham Junction, has a new car—a Ford.

Secretary Benn of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., Waterville, recently entertained J. M. Dudley of New York, International Railroad Y. M. C. A. secretary.

C. R. Pousland has bid in baggage-master, No. 47-8 (Portland end) with Conductor Hanscom.

Charles Hutchinson, of the Waterville shops, has a big new toboggan—and is mighty generous with it, too.

"Hal" Richardson, general storekeeper at the Waterville shops, went skating a few nights ago. But this is what he said next morning: "Once in fifteen years is sufficient."

Frank Johnson, secretary and one of the guiding spirits of the Black Sheep Bowling League, is missed by his associates in the freight auditing department, central offices. He has taken a position with a mercantile agency in Portland.

R. D. Mackler of the Waterville shops cut his wrist quite badly on some glass last week. Dr. Towne complimented Storekeeper Campbell upon the way that he applied the tourniquet to Mr. Mackler's arm.

C. A. Webber has bid in middle brakeman, 7.30 A.M., Brunswick-Lewiston extra, with Conductor Knowlton.

Waterville representatives of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were entertained in the Railroad

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Y. M. C. A., Saturday evening, Feb. 2, by Gordon Berry, electrician in the car shops. They "listened in," via one of Mr. Berry's powerful radios, to the speeches and music at the banquet of the Metropolitan Company in New York City.

On Guard!



Carl Henry's little daughter was well guarded when playing on the rocks at Mt. Desert Ferry last summer, as the above photograph testifies. While serving as yard brakeman, Mr. Henry and his family occupied a part of the Inn, and the photograph was taken on the shore at that point.

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EASTERN DIVISION:

Walter E. Haynes, veteran car inspector at Mattawamkeag, is confined to his home by illness. W. S. Coombs is covering the territory.

Arthur Dodge is working as first trick operator at Danforth.

B. Jackman, general agent, Vanceboro, with Mrs. Jackman, recently made a week end trip to Boston.

Claire Crandlemire, operator at Vanceboro, has joined the ranks of the radio fans, and spends the nights "listening in" after finishing his trick.

Mrs. H. J. Tompkins, wife of the agent at Holden, is in Boston for medical treatment.

George W. Gehan, conductor of the Mattawamkeag local freight, sustained a painful injury to his finger when unloading way freight recently. A heavy box which he was handling slipped, catching his finger between the box and a truck.

Harry R. Barnaby, station master at Bangor union station, has been confined to his home by illness.

Charles M. Oakes, yard conductor at Bangor union station, has resumed duty after a long absence due to an accident in which he was injured.

A. E. Foster, agent at Ellsworth Falls, is in the Maine General Hospital at Bangor, where he has undergone an operation on his foot.

S. H. Anderson, the veteran conductor, was in Bangor recently saying "howdy" to his Eastern division friends.

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MOUNTAIN DIVISION:

J. E. Winslow, chief clerk, Lancaster, and Mrs. Winslow visited Concord, N. H., Boston and Portland recently.

Miss Adelaide Monohan, clerk in the motive power department, Lancaster, spent a few days in Boston recently.

Conductor H. W. Jordan and family left for California February 3d and will remain there during February and March. Conductor W. A. Dunphy is relieving Mr. Jordan.

Conductor F. V. Campbell is taking a vacation because of poor health, conductor D. J. Oceau relieving him.

Mrs. W. E. Finnegan, wife of Agent Finnegan, Coos Jct., is in Boston for medical treatment.

J. P. Scully, roadmaster, fifth division, was in Lancaster recently, calling on friends.

Roadmaster L. F. Brean and Mrs. Brean are entertaining Mrs. Brean's mother, Mrs. F. H. Ramsdell, of Waterville.

Mrs. F. J. Runey of Portland visited her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Craigie, at Lancaster recently.

Mrs. J. A. Kingsley, wife of Station Baggage-master, Lancaster, who has been in Lancaster Hospital for treatment, is now at her home, much improved in health.

Mrs. E. W. Fiske, clerk at Lancaster, went to Boston for special treatment and has now returned to work.

W. W. Burnell, agent, Mattocks, has been at St. Barnabas Hospital, Portland, for surgical treatment. He expects to return to work soon.

The attractive new station at Concord, Vt., has been completed, and the station force moved in Jan. 21.

G. F. Rand, clerk and operator, South Windham, bid off position as first trick clerk telegrapher, Northern Maine Jct.

L. G. Garon, agent, Cookshire Jct., spent Sunday, Feb. 3d, with his son, operator A. E. Garon and family, at Colebrook.

E. Comstock, agent at Brownfield, and family are spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida.

F. B. Kingsley, conductor, Lancaster, who fell from the top of a box car in Gilman Yard in November, 1922, breaking both of his legs, has been out around for some time but has not yet recovered sufficiently to resume work.

Through the efforts of J. A. Boucher, agent at Gilman, a special passenger train was run from Gilman to St. Johnsbury and return to accommodate fans attending the basket-ball game at St. Johnsbury between the Gilman and St. Johnsbury teams, Jan. 29.

Deaths

CHARLES GONYAR

Charles Gonyar, passenger trainman, died in Bangor January 20th, after an illness of only three hours. Funeral services were held in Bangor on January 22d and were attended by a large number of his fellow-employees.

"Charlie," as he was universally known among railroad men and traveling public, entered the service of the Maine Central Railroad as a yard brakeman in 1904, and the following year was promoted to passenger service, in which he remained until his death.

He was, without question, one of the most popular men in railroad service. He was of a genial disposition, always cheerful and cordial, with a cheery greeting for all his friends.

His greatest interest in life was in his home, and in the education of his children. A daughter is now training in the Nurses' School of the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor, and a son is a senior in Calais High School.

"Responsibility"

Members of the Maine Central family surely can write! The following essay, vital to the workers for any railroad—or, for that matter, any large corporation—has been contributed by one of the family to this section of the magazine:

When seeking employment, one of the most important questions which should govern the acceptance or rejection of the application is seldom if ever asked the applicant: viz. "Have you capacity for responsibility?" In any event, the applicant could probably not answer it, not having ever been put to the test. It is only after he is accepted into the family, and assigned to the proper niche, that the question answers itself. Then it is determined whether he can be relied upon to see a job with which he is entrusted through to a finish. Whether he has it in him to clean up all the details; take the blame, if blame there is, like a soldier, or—pass the buck.

Railroading is the selling of transportation, freight and passenger, so that our responsibility touches, not only ourselves and the organization, but the public. However, the three cannot be separated. If we are responsible to one, we are to all. If we hold ourselves responsible to the public for our acts, in the positions we fill, it is not possible we are doing other than bearing our responsibility to ourselves and the organization.

Responsibility is the hall mark of character. It has a part in all our acts. We may accept it or refuse it. If we refuse it, the loss is ours. It is distinctly personal, and belongs as much, in proportion, to the callboy as to the higher officers. The executive officers are responsible not only for the policy pursued, but through their subordinate officers, for the successful carrying out of that policy. In like manner, down through the entire organization, the heads of departments are responsible to their superiors for the success of their subordinates.

It is an endless chain, made necessary by the intricate machinery required in such an organization.

From the Governor

Jan. 28, 1924.

Editor, Maine Central Magazine,

Dear Sir:

I am much interested in the first copy of the new magazine, and congratulate you upon a most presentable and readable publication.

In my opinion this magazine will do much to build up a spirit of co-operation among the railroad employees and will make them even more loyal to the company than they are at present. The magazine also will bring the people of the State in closer touch with the railroad and make it seem more human and more approachable. In the past I have felt that the Maine Central Railroad Company management perhaps kept too much aloof and did not take the public into its confidence, when by so doing both the public and the railroad would have been helped.

Every man and woman who has the interests of the State at heart wants the Maine Central Railroad to prosper. I predict a long and useful life for the magazine and wish you great success.

Believe me

Faithfully yours,

Percival P. Baxter,
Governor of Maine.

"How am I responsible?"

"Who will see the mistake I gloss over. I—the smallest file, in the lowest drawer, and the oldest desk in the—well, any department." Ask the Claims Adjuster upon what very small irregularities large claims hinge. Imagine any department honeycombed with the spirit of the "buck passer." How long would it exist?

The difficulty is, we have a distorted view of what we owe, and if we see another pair of shoulders where we can balance the grief, we shunt it, regardless of the load already there.

To quote a few everyday incidents with which we have all come more or less in contact, and where our responsibility is apparent:

We have sold a passenger a ticket—misrouted. No effort made to rectify it.

We have sold a ticket for a connection the train doesn't make.

We have billed a carload of freight. The rules are in our head. An exception arrived that morning applying on that particular shipment. It is ignored.

We can shim that track tomorrow—another derailment during the night.

Mistakes cannot long be countenanced by any railroad. They spell ruin. Therefore, although at the commission the act may seem trivial, it may have far reaching effects, and should be done as thoroughly and efficiently as lies in us, so that we may be able to say that we have shouldered our responsibility honestly.

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The Ghost of the Wire

Written As Fiction, Yet Founded Upon An Occurrence That Will Immediately Be Recalled By Many of the Maine Central's Older Employees

The following, written for the magazine by a member of the Maine Central family, is founded upon an actual occurrence—one that will be remembered by many of the older telegraphers. Its author has embellished it and presents it in the form of fiction.

"Well, the job's yours, and I wish you joy in it. Here are the keys. I'm getting out on 91, and I hope I'll never see the joint again."

Joe Hicks, third trick operator at Grindal, struck a match and lighted a cigarette, his hands shaking so that the operation was performed with difficulty.

"Good Lord, man, what's the matter with you? Your nerves are all shot to pieces," said Lee Cobb, relief operator, as he removed his coat, preparing to go to work.

"Nerves?" replied Joe. "You wait till tomorrow morning and see how your nerves are. Good luck; I'm off."

"Wait a minute. What's it all about?"

—XXXX—

"This place is haunted." Joe threw away the partly consumed cigarette, and with shaking fingers lighted another. "Oh, yes, you can laugh. I laughed when I heard about it the day I came here. I don't laugh now. I believe it. But you'll find out all about it—if you last until morning."

"But, Great Scott, man," said Lee, "nobody in these enlightened days takes any stock in that sort of thing. I'm not afraid of your ghost. What does he do, anyway?"

"You're brave enough now, but you haven't gone through what I have. Listen! This is the story, and it's true. Years ago, when this station was built, there was an agent here named Henry Nelson. He was a 'booze-fighter,' and one day, dead drunk, he slipped up on a 31 order. It wasn't until he heard the dispatcher order out the wrecking outfit that he realized what he had done, and then he sobered up enough to comprehend the consequences. He took his revolver from that drawer beside you and shot himself in the head. And believe it or not, ever since then he has haunted the place, and in the dead of night, when things are quiet, he tries to tell us something in the Morse code. Oh, I've heard it. Nerves? I've got as good nerves as anyone, but I'm done. Here's 91. Good bye and good luck."

After the departure of 91, Lee reported the train to the dispatcher, and then began to work on the accounts left for him. As he worked, he considered the story he had heard.

"Of course it's absurd," he thought, "and if in fact there has been some 'uncanny manifestation,' there's certainly a very practical and reasonable explanation of it. Joe's nervous, that's all, and in the dead of night little sounds have built themselves up in his imagination until he really believes there's a message from the other world. Just nerves, that's all."

—XXXX—

The dispatcher called and gave him a 19 order to hoop to a northbound freight; a southbound extra arrived and set off some cars, and he was busy until about midnight—when there came a breathing space, and he settled back in his chair for a smoke. Not a sound came from the wire, and soon drowsiness crept upon him. He was almost dozing off when he heard a slight sound, breaking upon the stillness, which brought him to his feet, wide awake. Somewhere in the walls, or overhead, was a steady, regular tap, tap, tap. Then a pause, and again a tapping. Now it was more or less irregular, with frequent short pauses, then silence. Lee drew a long breath. "I suppose that's the ghost," he thought, "but if it's the ghost of old Henry Nelson, I can't say much for his Morse."

He settled down again in his chair and relighted his pipe, which had gone out. Quiet again, and then came a resumption of the tap, tap, tapping. It was not difficult, now, to get in the sounds a semblance of dots and dashes—Lee thought, once or twice, that he could make out portions of a word. His scalp began to tingle. Then came a long pause, and he had just begun to get his breath again, when, uncertainly and irregularly, as by an unsteady hand, there came four dots, a pause, then a dash and a dot—HN—Nelson's "sine!"

In a panic, Lee dashed out of the door and down the platform. Anything to get away from that uncanny, ghostly Morse! Then he got himself in hand, and, breathing hard, returned to the office, slamming the door as he entered, resolved to trace the sounds to what his common sense told him must be a very practical and material source. But the silence was profound, broken only by the chattering of the sounder as the dispatcher issued an order to a distant station. And when, a little later, dawn came through the windows, no further manifestation of the ghostly hand had been heard.

—XXXX—

With daylight came courage, and Lee determined to investigate. In a little storage room back of the office was a ladder, leading to a trap door in the ceiling. Climbing the ladder, and with some difficulty opening the trap, he found himself in an unused loft above the office; and

Continued on Page 24

Some Views of the Waterville Shops—Heart of the Motive Power

Pertinent Facts

The most casual inspection requires several hours.

Ten engines are being constantly repaired on the main "wrecking floor."

Once a year every passenger car is stripped of its seats and trimmings, and thoroughly renovated.

Ponderous, electrically driven machinery, including giant cranes, seems to be everywhere.

(Continued from Page 6)

that the walls seem almost like a solid sheet of glass. On the lower floor, lumber is prepared for use in all parts of the plant; on the upper, all the woodwork used in cars is artistically turned out—window-panes, trimmings, mouldings and so on.

Entering the boiler room, in a distant part of the plant, one looks down into a huge pit—where a 100 h.p. boiler, fired by mechanical stokers, consumes an average of 50 tons of coal per day.

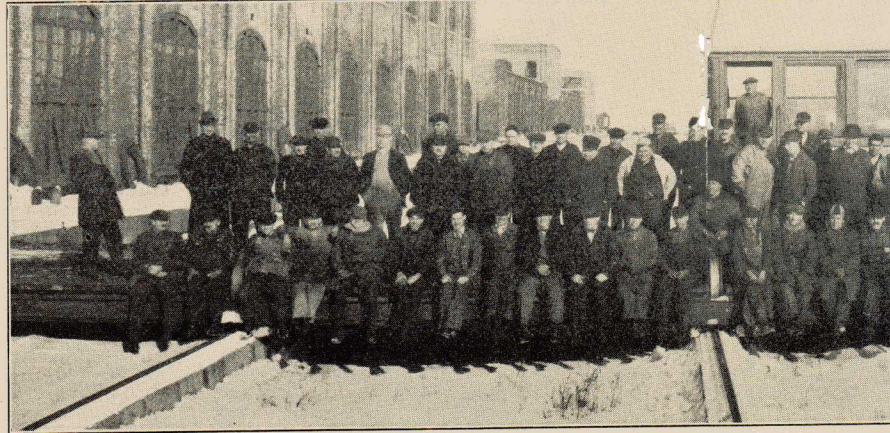
In the engine room, two compressors furnish compressed air that is carried through pipes to

the shops and engine house. Air is furnished, also, for the classification yard, where freights are made up, and for the charging of all trains before the engines are put on.

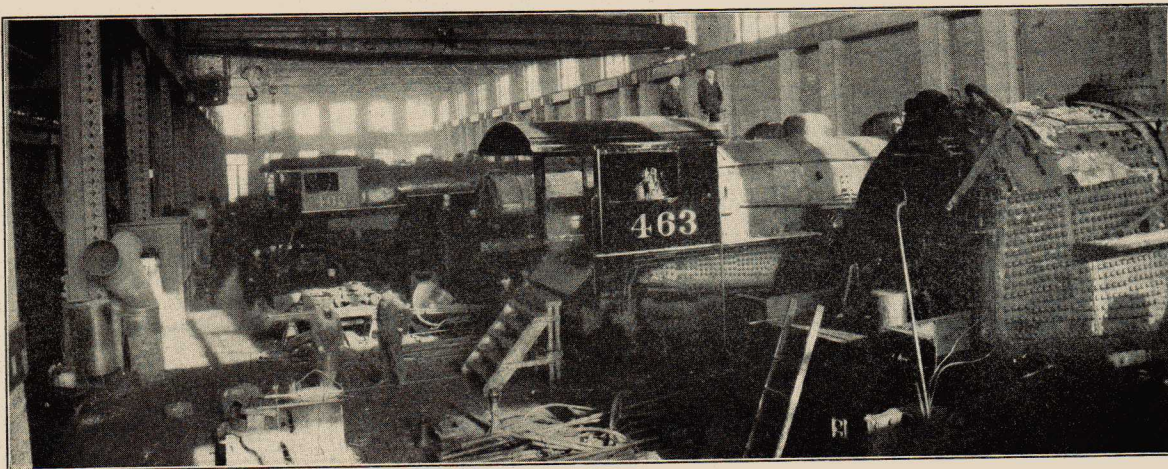


One of the impressive features is the huge, semi-circular, 35-pit engine house—five sections, of seven pits each. Before it is an 80-foot steel turntable, operated by electricity.

Then there are the clerical departments; the engine house office, where engineers book in and out and get supplies; the room wherein oil, purchased in carload lots, is barreled in

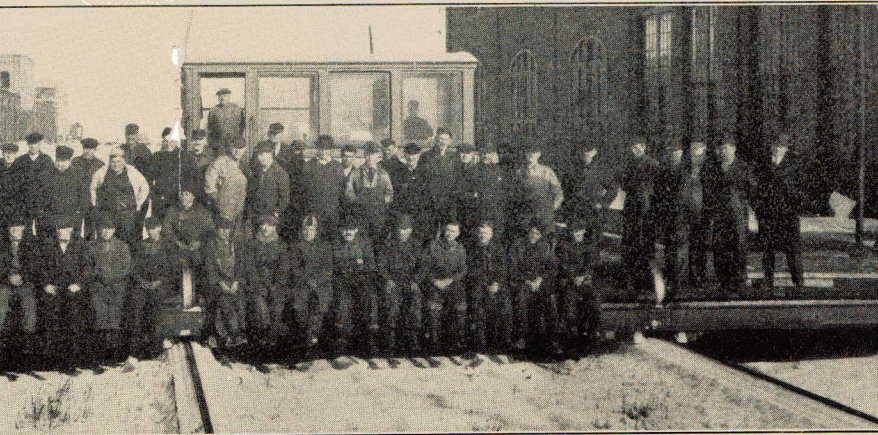


A Group Posed For the Maine Central



"Wrecking Floor"—Where Engines Are Repaired

of the Motive Power Department; An Impressive Development



posed For the Maine Central Magazine

Pertinent Facts

This Waterville plant is a city in itself.

It has handled as many as sixty engines a day.

Outside of the clerical force, practically every employee is a skilled artisan.

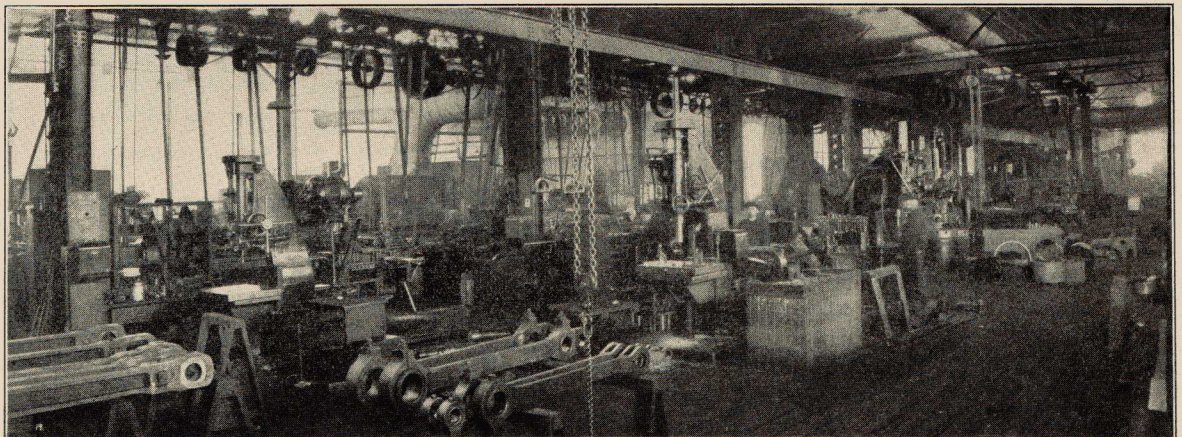
The supplies are equal in quantity and value to those received by merchants in the entire business section of a city of from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants.

steel and shipped to other parts of the system; the employees' building, containing bunks for engineers, wash-rooms, toilets and lockers. The coal shed has a capacity of 2000 tons. Coal comes in carload lots; is elevated to the shed, and is drawn out from buckets on the side into the tenders.

The "stores-room" that contains locomotive supplies is three stories high. So is the stores room for the car department; and the stock in both is of great value and variety. Here is one inside fact of almost startling significance: The supplies purchased by this one great plant are equal, in quantity and value, to those pur-

chase by all the merchants in the entire business section of a city the size of Waterville. And yet how many, outside of railroad circles, would stop to think of it?

The yard itself calls for attention no less than the interior of the buildings. Six tracks run in from the main line, and 35 cars can be set up on them for running repairs—a crew of 25 doing the work. Between the machine and car shop, and the paint and boiler shops, is a pit 1100 feet long and 75 feet wide; and along it runs a steel transfer table capable of bearing a locomotive. One curious feature is the long Browning crane, to one end of which is at-



The Machine Shop



A View of the Blacksmith Shop

tached a magnet so powerful that masses of metal weighing three and four tons leap up to meet it. In this way—odd enough to a layman—a car of scrap can be loaded in an hour. A long, one-story building contains the wrecking train, which can get underway in fifteen minutes. A crane weighing 217,300 pounds is mounted on a steel frame; and the great steel hook can pick up even a powerful locomotive.

Well—we have written a long story of this Waterville plant, and yet we have hardly touched the surface. There is so very, very much to see—including things that can be recorded, more in detail, in future issues. If we have given some idea of its immensity, of its perfection in development, of its value and significance to Maine, our object at the present time will have been accomplished.

The Railroad Crossing

"Sent by a member of the Maine Central family" was the brief inscription accompanying the following neat and significant little poem:

I can't tell much about the thing; 'twas done so powerful quick,
But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick;
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out—
But take a seat; I'll try and tell jest how it kem about.

You see I'd started down to town, with that ere team of mine
A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,
And drivin' slow—for jest about a day or two before,
The off-hoss run a splinter in his foot and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole,
Well, thar I see a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,
And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad track, and read.

I ain't so scholar, reckon, and so I had to spell;
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L,
And that spelt "rail", as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road",
I lumped 'em; "Railroad" was the word; and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O- and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dare to do't;
"Railroad Crossing"—good enough!—L-double O-K, look,
And I was looking' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was—"Look Out",
I's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas all about;
F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "Look Out For The"—
And then I tried the next word—it commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur when suddintly there came an awful whack;
A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track;
The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash,
And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two,
But though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled through;
It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team of mine,
But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign!

A Talk With "Johnny Mace"

Maine Central's Oldest Conductor Is Known To Travelers All Over New England
—Some Vivid Experiences of His Early Days

Of all conductors on the Maine Central system, John A. Mace—"Johnny" to his almost countless friends—is probably best known: not alone because he is the oldest in service, but because he is a "good fellow" in the best and truest meaning of the term. And so, as the years have passed, his fame has grown in all three divisions—and far beyond them, for he is remembered and liked by the army of visitors who come into Maine.

Early in his railroad career, "Johnny" mastered one of life's important truths: Scowl at the world and it will scowl back at you—without losing any time about it, either. Smile at the world, and your smile will usually be returned. And so, through all the years in which he has trodden the aisles of Maine Central trains, he has never had a really serious argument or unfriendly word with any of his passengers.

His manner is always the same—good-natured, friendly, courteous, quietly efficient. He is host to everybody on his train; woodsman or millionaire—it makes no difference. His cheery "Good morning, friend," has lightened many a traveler's burden. The feeble and helpless who, for any reason, are obliged to travel alone—aged women, small children—are put by their anxious relatives on "Johnny Mace's train." They know he'll look after them.

Mr. Mace appears so young in his immaculate blue uniform—or in his "civies," for that matter—very few would take him to be sixty-seven. But he has been in Maine Central service for fifty-three years. He began it in 1870 as brakeman of the one train then on the Belfast branch—his father, the late John A. Mace, being its conductor. Every morning it started as a passenger train, connecting with No. 64 at Burnham Junction and returning to Belfast as a combined passenger and freight. And two round trips—when cruel winter storms did not prevent—were made each day.

Those were the days that railroading, vividly picturesque though it may have been, required a strength and fortitude and downright nerve of which the present generation hardly dreams. Hand brakes were used—the link and pin for coupling cars, and many a time the brakeman literally risked his life as he stepped between them. The tiny engine on this Belfast train—tiny, at least, in comparison to the giants of today—was of the wood-burning type; and it was part of Mr. Mace's duties to help load the tender at various stations. He kept the wood stoves in the cars filled; saw that the kerosene lamps were trimmed and burning; made the cars clean, inside and out—in short, if any idle moments were permitted, he wasn't able to discover them.

Of the adventures and hardships that followed one another in Mr. Mace's busy life, one was so cruelly hard, so vividly unusual, it will never be forgotten.

It was in the winter of 1873. The snowfall had been unusually heavy, filling the cuts and being in places even with the tops of the cars. On March 8—a Monday—the train left Belfast early in the morning. It was made up of the small engine, snow plow, flange digger and combination car. And at 6 P.M. it had made twelve miles—reaching Brooks with its crew at the point of utter exhaustion and the storm still sweeping in fury across the whitened fields.



Conductor Mace Snapped On Platform of Augusta Station

"Well, boys," said Conductor Mace, "we'll get something to eat and stay right here until morning."

At daybreak the storm was less severe, and again the tiny train threw down its challenge to a Maine winter. Unity was reached at four in the afternoon—and then things began to happen. A mile beyond the station a side drift was struck. The plow jumped the track; the coupling broke; down went the plow over an embankment.

Returning to Unity, Conductor Mace wired Supt. Edward Noyes: "We need help badly."

Continued on Page 32

J. L. Riggie Winner of Prize For Unique Picture

Well, the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD MAGAZINE'S offer of a \$10 prize for the most striking or unique picture seems certainly to have "started something."

The term "striking or unique" was, perhaps, a bit indefinite, and so the pictures submitted covered a tremendously broad range. There were many of old trains and locomotives—unique only in their antiquity, and yet of much interest to the older generation of railroad men. There were others of scenes photographed under unusual conditions—in snow or flood, and showing graphically the hardships and occasional downright perils that confront railroad men. Some of the pictures were accompanied only by the names and addresses of their senders; others by little stories or valuable data. Many were plainly marked "for the contest;" a number were sent merely as voluntary contributions. They came from all parts of the system and from employees in all departments. And as this is written, some little time in advance of publication, they are still pouring in, so that many cannot be acknowledged here. But they will be acknowledged in the March issue, and a considerable number will be printed.

Making a choice from this mass of material was not easy; but finally the prize was awarded to the picture reproduced here and sent by J. L. Riggie of Bangor, chief clerk to the superintendent of the Eastern Division. It shows a switcher working in the east end of Bangor union station passenger yard during the flood of 1923. The Penobscot river, on a rampage, had overflowed its banks, furnishing scenes vividly picturesque and doing vast damage to property in the business section. Note

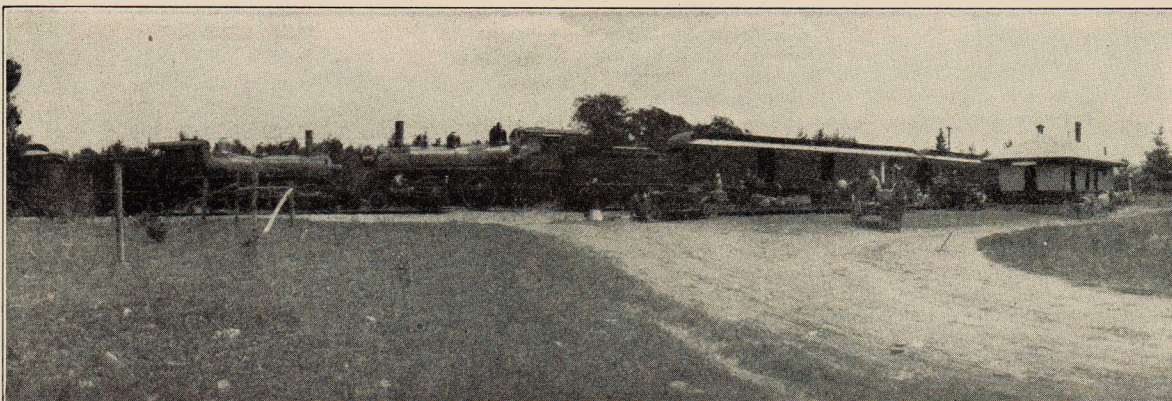
in the picture that the yard brakeman is on a raft next the retaining wall, and that the switchman is in the distance, headed for "shore." We cannot tell, as this is written, whether or not the figure of the brakeman will appear clearly in this reproduction, although we asked the artist to outline it. But throwing a switch from a raft, in a great railroad yard near the heart of Maine's third largest city, appealed to all who viewed the picture as decidedly unusual—and so to Mr. Riggie goes the \$10 prize.

The second prize—had there been one—would have gone to C. F. Bean, of the freight auditing department, central offices, Portland, whose picture is also reproduced here. It was taken by himself, for Mr. Bean was a photographer before becoming a railroad man. The scene is Bingham upper station, and the noon train out of Oakland is shown meeting the morning train out of Kineo. Mr. Bean calls this "the head-on collision;" but you'll notice that none of the spectators appear at all alarmed. So near together are the rails that the optical illusion is almost perfect.

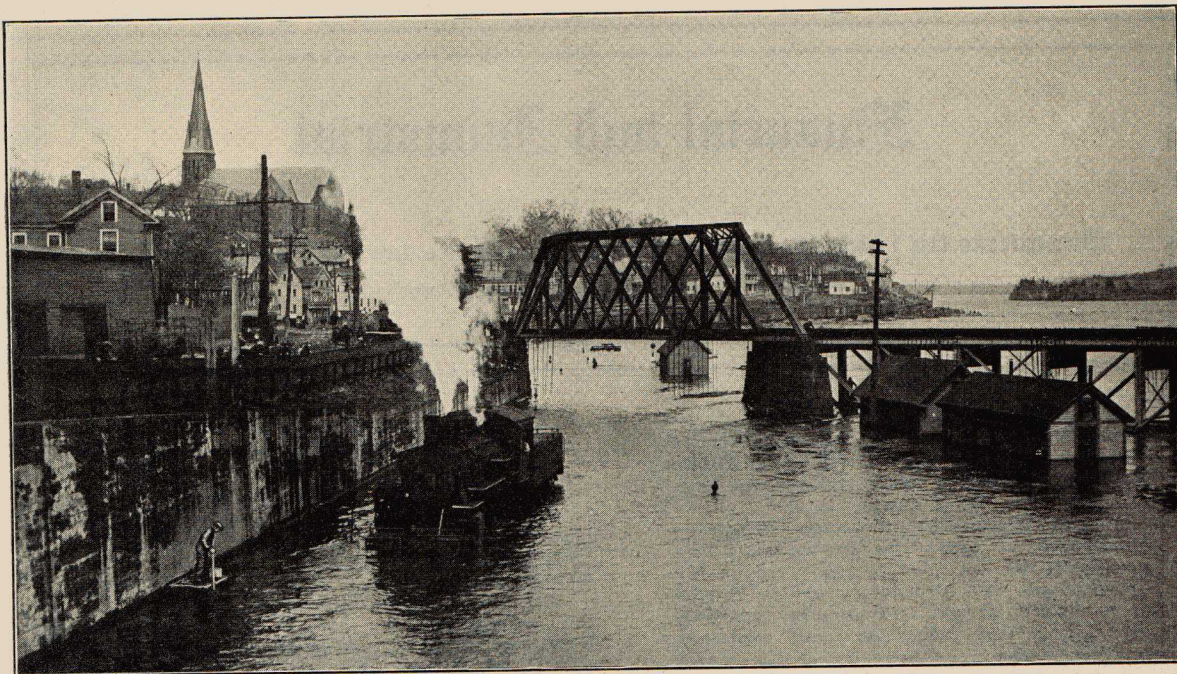
Among other photographs submitted—not all, as stated, in expectation of the prize, were:

From Mrs. Anna McLaughlin of Dryden: Snapshot taken at 7 o'clock on a bitterly cold morning at Cherokee Siding. Smoke, like a great cloud of snow, envelops and extends the entire length of a Maine Central train.

W. G. Bodge, Farmington: Two photos taken just west of Temple Stream bridge, West Farmington, during the great snow tie-up of March, 1920. One shows 602 buried in a drift; the other, as Mr. Bodge expresses it,



**The "Head-On Collision"—Optical Illusion of Two Trains Coming Together
At Bingham Upper Station**



The Prize Winner—Throwing Switch From a Raft In Bangor Yard in the Freshet of 1923

"what Maine Central family spirit will do with the help of a wing plow, the 602 and the 457."

Humphrey M. Jordan, car inspector, Bangor: Panoramic view taken by Pullman Agent Goldsberry of a busy scene at Mt. Desert Ferry—two sections of the New York express, train 156, ready to leave the wharf; steamer Rangeley, Capt. J. L. Norton, docking at the wharf, and steamer Norumbega, Capt. Rodney Sadler, in the stream preparing to dock.

Joseph W. McEwen, clerk in office of superintendent, Bangor: Photo taken April 30, last, during the freshet, showing the wash-out of track at the pumping station, Bangor, and how this track was tied to keep it from washing away. This is the main line to Vanceboro. It is shown how the water ate away the gravel from beneath the rails, leaving them on the side of the river-bank.

V. Forrest Truland, fireman, Portland: Three photos. The first—which we fear would not reproduce in the magazine—shows a Class O engine followed by a caboose and with a plow ahead. Only the top of the plow is visible, the rest being buried in great drifts of snow. This outfit was sent out of Bartlett, three or four years ago, in an effort to reach Glen, where night freight 376 had left nine cars of coal buried in the snow on Intervale flat. But the rescue train buried itself in a drift on Garland Ridge, so that another rescue train was started from Bartlett. "This picture well illustrates," says Mr. Truland, "some of the grief enginemen are up against, on snow plows." Mr. Truland's second picture—which also would reproduce but dimly—was taken at Sawyer's River, New Hampshire, and shows the engine C. W. Sawyer, hay and wood burner. This engine was afterward wrecked and is now sitting on the sidetrack—a pathetic pile of junk. The third picture was taken after the burning of Roundhouse No. 3.

Frances E. Hutchinson, superintendent's office, Bangor:

Photo taken at noon of May 2, 1923, from the west end of the Maine Central railroad and showing the big union station surrounded by water.

John W. McGuire, time clerk, superintendent's office, Bangor: Another view of this 1923 freshet. It was taken on the platform of Bangor station and shows the east end of the passenger yard. The tracks at this end are covered to a depth of four and one-half feet; it is like looking upon an inland lake.

J. J. Green, foreman section 129, Crawfords, N. H.: Plow derailed March 20, 1917, on curve near mile post 83, Mountain Division. This is in the very heart of the mountains. The train crew was composed of Conductor F. B. Kingsley and Engineer Robert Morse—running ahead of No. 346.

H. A. Maddocks, agent, Wilton: Three photos, all taken March 9, 1920, at or near the station. "After Wilton had been 'snowed in' for three days and partly dug out," as Mr. Maddocks expresses it.

A. T. Coffin: Beautiful view of the headwaters of the Kennebec—"grandest of Maine's waterways," reached by the Maine Central Railroad.

Others, as has been said, are coming in. They will be acknowledged—and some of them published—later. We have not mentioned here the old locomotives and trains, for two reasons—first, several have not yet been identified, even by those who sent them; second, they are good material for a separate, illustrated story in the March or April issue. Among these contributors were E. M. Peirce, agent at Bucksport, who sends a strikingly convincing picture of the first train entering that town; and Conductor A. R. Goode of Bangor, who accompanies his picture of Maine's first locomotive with an interesting historical sketch.

Financial and Industrial

Committee On Public Relations, Eastern Roads, Reviews the Record of 1923
—Maine Central Operating Results

A concise and informative review of the record made by American railroads in 1923 has been issued by the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Roads,—a forecast for 1924 being added.

This review will be read with interest by all having at heart the development and prosperity of the roads—which means the development and prosperity of the nation as a whole. It will supplement, concisely yet clearly and fully, the brief summary printed in the January issue of the Maine Central Magazine.

Says the committee:

Nineteen-twenty-three has been a great railroad year. Not since long before the war has so much progress been made. The year has been marked by the greatest traffic yet known; by the highest degree of operating efficiency yet achieved; by the greatest increase in new facilities for the past ten years; by the beginning of substantial new construction, after a lapse of almost eight years; by improved co-operation with shippers; and by substantial improvement in earnings, in labor relations, and in public relations.

SERVICE

While figures for the month of December are not yet available, it is expected that car loadings for 1923 will amount to nearly 50 million cars. The previous record was approximately 45 million cars in the year 1920. The increase in ton miles of transportation will probably be around 4 per cent.

In the course of the greatest traffic yet offered, the railroads succeeded in turning a car shortage into a car surplus. They also handled the country's peak load of traffic without delay or car shortage.

Some idea of the dependence of the country upon railroad transportation may be gained from the fact that the freight service of the railroads this year will be equivalent to hauling approximately 4,000 tons of freight one mile for every man, woman and child in the country—a transportation burden approximately ten times as great as exists in the countries of Europe.

OPERATING EFFICIENCY

In its annual report the Interstate Commerce Commission recently said:

"Some of the outstanding factors which have made possible this hitherto unequaled transportation performance are:

"1. The condition of power and cars.

"2. New locomotives and cars placed in service.

"3. Increases in mileage per car per day and loading of equipment."

By a sustained and concerted effort the railroads have reduced their locomotives in need of heavy repair below 15 per cent., and their cars in need of heavy repair to approximately 5 per cent., standards of maintenance which have not been approached since before the war.

Because of the character of the traffic offered, it was impossible to raise the average loading of all freight cars to 30 tons. But the movement of freight cars has been greatly accelerated, and in October reached the high record of 30.7 miles per car per day.

For the first eight months of the present year the railroads succeeded in getting a transportation service of 511 ton miles out of each freight car each day, as against 388 ton miles per car last year—an increase in the effective use of the unit of transportation of over 31 per cent.

A leading representative of the wood using industries of the United States has recently said:

"The drives for quick turnover, liquid capital and high-speed production not only have been made possible, but have been more than matched by the nationwide drive of the railways for quick transit.

"In the opinion of the Department of Commerce, the efficiency of the railways has increased one-third during the current year. In other words, the time-in-transit was 50 per cent. longer in 1922 than in 1923."

FACILITIES

The present year has been marked by the largest provision of new facilities in the past ten years. Up to December 1st, 177,845 new freight cars and 3,704 new locomotives had been put in service, and there were still on order 36,789 new freight cars and 739 new locomotives.

During the years 1922 and 1923 combined, the railroads committed themselves to the purchase of 300,984 freight cars and 5,822 locomotives, at a cost of over one billion dollars. This year they have also been engaged in additions and betterments to fixed property, estimated to cost over 600 million dollars.

The year 1923 has also seen the resumption, after about eight years, of important new railroad construction. This is already under way or authorized in eighteen states. Among the more important of these are Illinois, with approximately 123 miles; Idaho and Nevada combined, with approximately 125 miles; Florida, with 179 miles; and Oregon, with 118 miles. Applications are pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission for approval of the construction of 2,487 miles.

Abandonment was authorized of approximately 523 miles. This abandoned mileage consisted largely of

Maine Central Railroad Company

Result of Operations for Year 1923, Compared
with Years 1922 and 1921.

	Year ended Dec. 31, 1923.	Year ended Dec. 31, 1922.	Year ended Dec. 31, 1921.
RAILWAY OPERATIONS.			
Railway Operating Revenues	\$21,192,264.48	\$20,387,171.89	\$20,590,063.94
Railway Operating Expenses	17,843,123.58	16,443,381.96	19,533,352.39
Net Revenue from Railway Operations.....	3,349,140.90	3,943,789.93	1,056,711.55
Railway Tax Accruals	1,182,489.29	1,180,447.46	1,263,982.36
Uncollectible Railway Revenue	4,186.62	2,097.30	2,908.94
Railway Operating Income	2,162,464.99	2,761,245.17	*
Equipment Rents—Net Credit	64,375.68	135,594.48 (Dr.)	108,212.35
Joint Facility Rents—Net Debit	114,947.73	54,196.69	148,571.31
Net Railway Operating Income	1,983,141.58	2,842,642.96	*
OTHER INCOME			
Income from Lease of Road	42,719.76	118,725.02	42,719.76
Dividend Income	164,818.40	92,318.40	150,318.40
Income from Funded Securities	15,290.00	28,526.27	39,395.00
Income from Unfunded Securities and Accounts ..	31,190.81	32,196.63	43,554.74
Miscellaneous Income	25,096.86	45,504.12	160,800.80
Amount Debited Income to reduce charge against the United States account Guaranty Period ..	89,920.97	480,000.00	
Total Other Income	189,194.86 (Dr.)	162,729.56	436,788.70
Gross Income	2,172,336.44	2,679,913.40	*
DEDUCTIONS FROM GROSS INCOME.			
Rent for Leased Roads	905,590.76	905,590.76	905,590.76
Improvements to Leased Roads	92,433.62	60,370.55	44,885.60
Interest on Funded Debt	1,139,701.09	1,103,895.25	1,079,580.52
Interest on Unfunded Debt	6,130.36	40,309.65	49,730.97
Miscellaneous Income Charges	18,016.43	18,589.68	55,399.24
Total Deductions from Gross Income	2,161,872.26	2,128,755.89	2,135,187.09
Surplus after Charges	10,464.18	551,157.51	*
*Deficit			*2,165,361.80

unprofitable branch lines, with the exception of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis Railroad, which was authorized to abandon its entire trackage of approximately 234 miles.

RATES

Despite the fact that there had been no general rate reduction this year, there has been a process of transition and gradual readjustment of individual rates, largely downward. In its annual report this year the Interstate Commerce Commission stated:

"The number of freight rate changes made in 1923 has been even greater than the number made in 1922, which was, up to that time, the greatest in the history of American railroads."

These changes represent the voluntary effort of the railroads to remove the maladjustments caused by the application of horizontal rate increases, during and immediately following Federal control.

It is interesting to note that in 1921 the railroads received an average revenue per ton mile of 1.275 cents; in 1922, 1.177 cents; and for the first nine months of this year, 1.108 cents.

EARNINGS

For the first ten months of this year the railroads earned approximately 821 million dollars, or about 5.2 per cent. on the Interstate Commerce Commission's tentative valuation, plus subsequent investment to the first of this year. It seems probable that net operating income for the year will amount to somewhere around 975 million dollars, or about a 5 per cent. return on the above base, which does not include compensation to new railroad capital invested during 1923.

While these earnings are still inadequate, when it is considered that the railroads had practically no earning power in 1920, progress in restoring that earning power during the past three years represents a substantial and hopeful achievement.

CO-OPERATION WITH SHIPPERS

The present year has seen the railroads embark upon the organization of permanent and continuous co-operation with their shippers. So far seven Shippers' Regional Advisory Boards have been formed and four are being put in process for organization at an early date.

The purpose of these boards is to gather together in convenient territories, ranging from about three to six states, the railroads which serve those territories and representatives of all the important groups of producers, including the farmers. Their object is to canvass in advance the probable production of various commodities, the flow of that production, and the transportation necessary to transport it as produced. This kind of intelligent co-operation enables the railroads to mobilize their facilities with greater foresight and efficiency.

In its annual report this year the Interstate Commerce Commission said:

"Both carriers and shippers are thus in position to understand more clearly each other's problems, and through this meeting on common ground can harmonize their differences. As a result better transportation service seems assured."

PUBLIC AND LABOR RELATIONS

The present year has seen a substantial improvement in labor relations of the railroads. In the opinion of many railroad men, not in many years has good management and proper supervision been able to more affect operating results. This could not be true except upon the condition that the great majority of railway employees were more responsive than in some previous years. The managements have made intelligent and sincere effort

to improve their labor relations, with good results all around.

It is also believed that the public relations of the railroads have materially improved during the past year. The railroads have been engaged in a steady effort to explain their problems to employees, shippers, and the general public, honestly and simply. The operating results produced this year could not have been produced, however great the efforts of management, except they had secured an increase in co-operation from both employees and shippers, which is both gratefully appreciated and acknowledged.

THE COMING YEAR

The business prospects for 1924, in our opinion, are encouraging. The constructive suggestion for tax reduction offered by Secretary Mellon, if enacted into law, would help prosperity for all the people. In any event, good business is to be expected in 1924. We may not have high peaks of activity, but we look for a steady year with enough traffic to keep the railroads active.

The treatment accorded the railroads by Congress, regulating authorities, and the public, will largely determine not only railroad results during 1924, but the larger question of the economic activity and prosperity of the country as a whole. The railroads are the greatest corporate consumers of the products of other industries. When allowed to function normally, they consume approximately one-third of the coal output, one-quarter of the lumber output, one-third of the steel output, and about half of the fuel oil output of the country. Their expenditures for fuel and other materials and supplies used in maintenance and operation amounted for this year to the staggering total of approximately 1 billion 800 million dollars, in addition to their capital expenditures of over a billion dollars.

Unless the railroads as a whole are prosperous the people generally cannot be prosperous, as efficient transportation is the largest element in real prosperity in this country. Railroad expenditures likewise furnish employment for many hundreds of thousands of men in other industries. Fair play toward the railroads will enable them to improve upon the fine service rendered this year, and to continue to function during the coming year as widespread distributors of business and employment. Unfair treatment, on the other hand, will necessarily result in diminution of these activities, and will be felt by both employees and employers in many other industries. Everyone can appreciate that new projects and large expenditures cannot be authorized with the possibility of confiscatory legislation constantly hanging over the railroads.

But—proud of their record in 1923—the railroads approach their task in 1924 with vigor, hope and courage, and with confidence in the sound common sense and fairness of the American people.

Ghost of the Wire

Continued from Page 15

as he entered, a rat scampered across the floor and into the wall. And as an accompaniment to the pattering of the rat's feet came a tinkle, a bump, and a tap, tap, tap! On the floor—reminder of pre-Volstead days—were dozens of whiskey bottles, evidently thrown there by the bibulous Mr. Nelson. Rats, moving among the bottles in the quiet of the night, had caused them to roll about, striking one another, and tapping against the floor beams—and imagination had done the rest. The ghost was laid!

A School Upon Wheels—The Maine Central Instruction Car

Not all of Maine's educational institutions are in wooden and brick buildings. Not all are under the direction of the State Department of Education. Not all, even, are stationary. For in the yard of Portland station is a sort of school or college upon wheels—a college which in summer travels from one point to another on all divisions of the Maine Central system, receiving and instructing classes at each.

Specifically, this is the instruction or air-brake car, where trainmen, enginemen and other Maine Central employees go to take examinations and get the last word in technical training. It is familiar to railroad men; but outsiders would find it both curious and interesting—a long, warm, bright car, arranged not unlike a class-room, with charts and chairs. A strip of green carpet runs down the aisle, and along the sides, in parallel rows, are the mechanical appliances used upon cars and locomotives.

Here there is one complete mechanical equipment of a passenger car; and there is the complete equipment of a freight car—exclusive of rods—repeated twenty times. Each of these freight car equipments includes a triple valve that applies and releases brakes and charges the auxiliary reservoir. The locomotive equipment includes valve gears, air compressors, brake valves, pump governors, inspirators and lubricators. And it is all painted to correspond with the colors shown on the charts in most text-books—green, yellow, orange and red. At the upper end, near the entrance, a long shelf contains a lubricator, brake-valve, plain triple, K-type triple, reducing valve, straight air-brake valve, bell ringer—the fireman's friend—pump governor, steam heat reducing valve, Hancock inspirator and three models of gears.

Malcolm D. Billington—young, alert, popular, and with every technical detail at his fingers' ends—is the instructor on this car. He started with the Maine Central as fireman in 1916 and kept at it seven years. Then came the eighth year—1923—which was a memorable one in his railroad life, for he was promoted three times: first to smoke inspector, then to Roundhouse No. 3 as night foreman, and finally to his present job. It is a peculiar job, in many ways, but an uncommonly interesting and im-



Malcolm D. Billington, Instructor, and Upper End of the Car

portant one. In spring and summer he has the car sent where seems to him best, throughout the three divisions, and last year he traveled 1400 miles. Arriving at each stopping point, he goes to the foreman in charge and arranges to receive classes of car inspectors, enginemen and firemen, conductors and trainmen. When his course of instruction at one point is ended, he moves on to the next. Attendance is compulsory, but the men need no urging.

A Maine Central Magazine visitor was especially

(Continued on Page 32)

<p>News Notes About Some of the Crack Players</p>	<p>Sports</p>	<p>Portland Goes To Waterville and Lewiston</p>
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Bowling—the chief sport at this season all over the Maine Central system—is in full swing.

If you have bowling or other sporting news, at any point on the three divisions, send it in! We will be glad to print it, and there are plenty who will want to read it.

News is printed as late as possible; but it should be remembered, in reading the following, that the averages and standings will change slightly in the few days that elapse between the time that the Magazine's forms close and the date of publication.

Maine Central League

The feature battle of the week of Jan. 20, Maine Central League, was between the Oquossocs and Somersets, the Oquossocs winning the first string by 10 pins, the second by 8 pins and the third string going to the Somersets by 13 pins, giving the total to the Oquossocs by the narrow margin of 5 pins. The bright individual star of the session was John McCullum, who crashed the pins for 120-109-91-320. He had a good chance to break the 3-string record of the League, which is 330, held by Raymond Hennigar of the Sandy Rivers. Going into the third string with a total of 229, he needed 102 to break the record, but the strain was too great and the best he could do was 91. However, he put up a fine total of 320.

George Foster of the Megantics again passed Raymond Hennigar for high average. He had an average of 94 and a fraction, leading Hennigar by only 8 pins. These two boys are having a merry battle for high average honors, but they are being hard pressed by several others, including Goud with 92, Allen 92, and McCullum 91.

Among the women bowlers was Miss Packard with the high average for the week of 81 and a fraction, closely followed by Miss Marshall with 79, Miss Sleeper 77, Miss Macumber 77, Miss Libby 75, Miss Moran 75, Miss Meserve 75, Miss Hollywood 73.

All the teams were closely bunched in the standing, the Rangeleys leading, closely followed by the Bridgton and Sacos, only two points behind, and the Megantics, one point behind the Bridgton and Sacos. It will be noted also that the tail-end teams had a merry battle—the

Kennebagos, Somersets and Sandy Rivers all in a tie each team having won and lost the same number of points.

The total pin fall at the end of the week showed Rangeleys 9959, Megantics 9829, Washington Countys 9707, Bridgton and Sacos 9669, Kennebagos 9589, Somersets 9375, Sandy Rivers 9350, Oquossocs 9342.

Week's Standing

Following was the League standing when the week ended:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Rangeleys	24	8	= .750
Bridgton and Sacos	22	10	= .688
Megantics	21	11	= .656
Washington Countys	17	15	= .531
Oquossocs	14	18	= .438
Kennebagos	10	22	= .313
Somersets	10	22	= .313
Sandy Rivers	10	22	= .313

RECORDS

High Individual Average: Foster	94
High Individual Single: Hennigar	124
High Individual Three Strings: Hennigar	330
High Team Single: Rangeleys	478
High Team Total: Rangeleys	1326

AVERAGES

Men:
Foster, 94; Hennigar, 94; Goud, 92; Allen, 92; Hill, 92; McCullum, 91; Stover, 90; Nagle, 89; Bucklin, 88; Baldwin, 87; Gass, 87; Oberg, 87; Eadon, 87; Mills, 87; Smith, 86; Dooley, 86; Wilson, 85; Bonney, 84; Heiskell, 83; Shaw, 82; Beane, 80; Malloy, 80; Talbot, 75; Dodge, 75.

Women:
Miss Packard, 81; Miss Marshall, 79; Miss Sleeper, 77; Miss Macumber, 77; Miss Libby, 75; Miss Moran, 75; Miss Meserve, 75; Miss Hollywood, 73; Miss Monroe, 71; Miss Walsh, 70; Miss Mangum, 69; Mrs. Smith, 67; Miss Sweet, 67; Miss Langlais, 66; Miss Berry, 64; Miss Goudy, 63; Mrs. Shaw, 59.

To the women belong all the honors of the session of Friday, Feb. 1, Miss Methel Packard being the bright individual star by clipping off a single string of 124, which ties the high single record of this season, held by Raymond Hennigar of the Sandy Rivers. Miss Packard's score

is, so far as the writer knows, the highest single string ever rolled in competition by any woman in this city. She had also the highest three string total ever made in the Maine Central League by a woman—a three string total of 289, namely 82-124-83—289, giving her the high average, as this is written, of 83 for the season.

But there are other women bowlers that know how to knock the pins over, as some of the scores made on Feb. 1 will show. Miss Macumber had a three-string total of 272, Miss Marshall 271, and Miss Sleeper 260. These scores make some of the boys a bit ashamed!

The Rangeleys broke the team total record of 1326, held by themselves, by putting up a total of 1387.

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League Standing

Following is the League standing on Feb. 1:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Rangeleys	28	8	= .777
Megantics	24	12	= .666
Bridgton and Sacos	23	13	= .639
Washington Countys	20	16	= .555
Qquossocs	16	20	= .444
Sandy Rivers	12	24	= .333
Kennebagos	11	25	= .306
Somersets	10	26	= .277

RECORDS

High Individual Average: Foster	94
High Individual Single: Hennigar and Miss Packard	124
High Individual Three Strings: Hennigar	330
High Team Single: Rangeleys	478
High Team Total: Rangeleys	1387

AVERAGES

Men:

Foster, 94; Hennigar, 94; Hill, 93; Goud, 92; McCullum, 91; Allen, 91; Stover, 90; Nagel, 89; Bucklin, 88; Baldwin, 88; Eadon, 88; Smith, 87; Oberg, 87; Gass, 87; Dooley, 86; Mills, 85; Wilson, 85; Heiskell, 83; Shaw, 82; Malloy, 81; Beane, 81; Talbot, 77; Dodge, 76.

Women:

Miss Packard, 83; Miss Marshall, 81; Miss Macumber, 79; Miss Sleeper, 79; Miss Libby, 76; Miss Moran, 75; Miss Meserve, 74; Miss Hollywood, 73; Miss Monro, 72;

Women May Meet

It being understood that the women's team of Rumford desires a game with a woman's team representing the Maine Central League at Portland, the manager of the Maine Central Women's team wishes to say that the only way Rumford can have a game with us is by coming to Portland. We will give them a game here almost any time—Saturday night preferred. We could not take a team to Rumford. Address all communications to

*John P. Goud,
Manager, Women's Team,
232 St. John St., Portland, Me.*

Portland vs. Lewiston

A series between the Maine Central team of Portland and the Maine Central team of Lewiston is scheduled to be played just as the February number of the Magazine goes to press. Results will be printed next month. Plans call for a game in Lewiston, a game in Portland, and a third, if one is needed to decide the winner, on some neutral alleys—probably at Brunswick.

These teams had a series last season. The first was at Portland, and Portland won; the second was at Lewiston, and Lewiston won. The third, suggested by the manager of the Portland team, was at Brunswick, and Portland was the winner.

Miss Mangum, 70; Miss Sweet, 68; Miss Langlais, 67; Miss Goudy, 66; Mrs. Smith, 66; Miss Berry, 63; Mrs. Shaw, 61.

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Portland vs. Waterville

The Maine Central team from Portland went to Waterville, and defeated the Waterville Engineers on the Railroad Y. M. C. A. alleys Saturday night, Jan. 26th. Low scores were the rule as both teams were "up against" a green set of pins. Of course, also, the alleys were strange to members of the Portland team as they never rolled on them before, but the Waterville boys were in the same predicament when they came to Portland for a return game on Saturday, Feb. 2d, at the Recreation Rooms.

The Portland team certainly picked the coldest night of the winter for their Waterville trip, it being sixteen below zero when they left the Y. M. C. A. building.

These were the scores:

PORTLAND				
Goud	85	94	70	= 249
Pearson	74	96	92	= 262
Hennigar	99	82	87	= 268
Foster	84	82	77	= 243
Smart	98	85	87	= 270
	440	439	413	= 1292
WATERVILLE				
Beane	85	88	82	= 255
Hassen	76	81	84	= 241
O'Brien	84	82	90	= 256
Severy	72	87	84	= 243
Walker	78	74	84	= 236
	395	412	424	= 1231

Thus Portland won by 61 pins.

The return game, as stated, was in Portland on the night of Saturday, Feb. 2, and the Waterville boys were buried under an avalanche of pins. They lost the game by 237 pins—the first string by 67, the second by 71, and the last by 99. John Goud, of the Maine Centrals, had high single of 114, finishing with a 3-string total of

294. Philip Smart also had a 3-string total of 294. The Maine Centrals finished with a team total of 1429, and Waterville with a total of 1192. Supt. Benn of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. accompanied the Waterville team to Portland.

The score in detail:

MAINE CENTRALS

Goud	89	114	91	=	294
Pearson	82	88	93	=	263
Hennigar	104	86	101	=	291
Foster	100	95	92	=	287
Smart	103	89	102	=	294
	478	472	479	=	1429

WATERVILLE

Beane	86	88	80	=	254
Hassen	74	84	71	=	229
Pike	86	70	78	=	234
Clifford	73	82	75	=	230
O'Brien	92	77	76	=	245
	411	401	380	=	1192

Some Waterville Games

Interest in bowling is increasing at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. alleys, Waterville. A league has been formed by the Y. M. C. A.'s, engineers, firemen and trainmen, with the probability of one from the freight office. Secretary Benn hopes that some of the women in the Maine Central offices will form a team to represent Waterville.

Record of some important matches:

Engineers vs. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

January 21
ENGINEERS

Clark	79	72	69	81	77	=	378
Olsen	99	75	69	83	83	=	409
Hooper	81	68	78	72	76	=	375
Smith	60	65	66	79	60	=	330
Harlow	82	74	85	66	83	=	390

1882

Y. M. C. A.

Beane	89	71	89	76	97	=	422
Hassen	70	85	77	79	87	=	398
Penney	78	66	83	82	106	=	415
Benn	66	65	75	80	74	=	360
Larrabee	90	66	71	75	84	=	386

1981

Y. M. C. A. defeating engineers 99 pins.

Engineers vs. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

Second match, January 25.

ENGINEERS

Clark	86	77	87	79	88	=	417
Hooper	66	84	75	109	86	=	420
Olsen	76	83	82	94	89	=	424
Harlow	94	81	76	83	82	=	416
Albee	77	90	89	79	89	=	424

2110

Y. M. C. A.

Beane	94	88	75	84	82	=	423
Penney	86	81	81	96	76	=	420
Hassen	80	85	73	86	84	=	408
Larrabee	75	72	84	92	90	=	413
Peabody	78	64	78	79	72	=	371

2035

Engineers winning by 66 pins.

XXXX

January 31st.

R. R. Y. M. C. A. vs. Firemen

Y. M. C. A.

Beane	83	99	81	90	91	=	434
Hassen	94	90	87	92	101	=	464
Blackwood	73	86	78	83	75	=	395
Larrabee	72	78	67	101	70	=	388
Tibbetts	84	95	86	86	81	=	432

2113

FIREMEN

Stanchfield	78	79	80	73	74	=	384
Cook	71	81	90	82	82	=	384
O'Neil	54	67	76	81	86	=	364
Warren	84	86	92	100	80	=	442
Sulloway	84	77	83	72	102	=	418

2004

Y. M. C. A. defeating firemen 109 pins.

Bowling Notes

Raymond Hennigar of the Sandy Rivers team in the Maine Central League, gave his fellow bowlers something to think about at the regular session in the Recreation Rooms on Friday, Jan. 18, when he knocked over a three-string total of 103-103-124-330, breaking all previous records for this season and giving him high single of 124 and high total of 330. Also, Raymond is high average man to date, with an average of 95 for the season.

John Goud, anchor man on the Oquossocs in the Maine Central League, bowling on the Recreation Co. team in the City League, knocked over the pins for a 133 on the second string.

Carl Baldwin, lead-off man of the Rangeleys, in the Maine Central League, who broke the 3-string total by bowling a total of 301, on January 11th, took a flop to 240 on the next session of the League, held January 25th. But all good bowlers take a flop sometimes.

George Foster, anchor-man on the Megantics of the Maine Central League, is holding an average of 94 and a fraction. To be exact, he lacks only 4 pins of a 95 average, and anyone averaging 95 in a five man team is some bowler.

There are several women in the Maine Central League who are maintaining high averages this season. Among them are Miss Marshall, 79; Miss Sleeper, 78; Miss Macumber, 76; Miss Moran, 76; Miss Meserve, 75; Miss Libby, 75; Miss Hollywood, 72. Boys, look these averages over! The leader of them all, however, is Miss Methel Packard, with an average of 81 for the season. Miss

Packard, by the way, recently returned from a trip to New York, and it is suspected that she got a few points on bowling while there.

Philip Pearson, one of the good bowlers of the Maine Central General Office, who last season was anchor man on the Washington Countys of the Maine Central League, with an average of 94, is this season bowling on Pines team in the City League and is "going strong."

Howard Arey, although not a regular, has acted as substitute a couple of nights in the Maine Central League and has had great success, knocking over 281 on his first trial and 291 on the next, which, if you figure it correctly, would give him an average of 95 and a fraction. It is predicted that another season he will be rolling anchor man on one of the Maine Central teams.

Without any doubt, the best bowler in the Maine Central General Office is Phil Smart. Last season he rolled anchor on the Somersets of the Maine Central League and hit the pins for the high average of 99 and a fraction. He was way ahead of his nearest competitor. This season he has not done much bowling, but he did roll a couple of games with the Black Sheep League, each time going well over 300 for a three-string total. He is a bowler who can step on the Alleys most any night and put up a three-string total of 300 or better.

Anyone looking for bowling matches, should get in touch with Cecil Beane, lead-off man on the Bridgton and Sacos of the Maine Central League. Cecil takes them all on, regardless of their averages, for fun, money, or marbles, but mostly money. He holds an average of 81 and a fraction in the Maine Central League, and promises to boost this up over 85 before the season closes.



Birthday Party

Edward F. Beals, formerly of the motive power and maintenance of way departments of the Maine Central Railroad, observed his ninety-third birthday recently at the home of his nephew, 149 Percival Street, Portland. A number of nieces and nephews gathered—as they do each year—to make the occasion a happy one.



Mr. Beals began his career with the old Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company—continuing after it was absorbed by the Maine Central system and completing 47 years of active service. At one period he traveled 25,000 miles a year—and he was in but one accident, in which nobody was hurt.

Mr. Beals is remarkably active, physically and mentally. He has been for many years a Mason, and is believed to be the oldest past master in the State.



A New Hampshire Tribute

The Sentinel, an influential weekly published in Colebrook, N. H., contained the following tribute in its special edition of Jan. 31:

"Of the businesses reviewed, there is one standing pre-eminently at the front. Without the railroad our community would be negligible—a fleeting gazing point for motorists in summer, an isolated town in winter. A greater public service than this one could not be rendered the North Country. It is a progressive railroad, always helping to build up the agricultural communities by urging people 'back to the farm.' We are to be congratulated on having the Maine Central serve our territory."

Episode in Bangor Yard

By L. F. WILCOX

A fine example of Maine Central spirit is here told in print for the first time. It shows how loyalty and duty can rise superior to danger—to any thought of self.

One night last November, in Bangor yard, a switch engine hit a tank car of gasoline with such force that it split the tank. The gasoline began to pour out and at once burst into flames, being ignited by a lantern on the switcher. At about this time, most men, the writer included, would have discovered that they had important business farther up the line; but Switchman C. J. Wilson sized up the situation, seized an extinguisher and started to put out the fire. The extinguisher did good work while it lasted, but unfortunately the liquid gave out before he had quite finished. He did not quit even then, however, but got a piece of canvas which he held over the crack until the Bangor fire department came up and finished the job.

No need to enlarge upon this simple tale of heroism! It only shows what a railroad man may be called upon to face at any time. Such deeds are being performed every day and probably seem simple enough to those who perform them; but when we stop to think that exactly similar fires in other parts of the country have gotten beyond control, destroyed millions of dollars worth of property and taken toll of human lives, we can understand why the Maine Central will always have a kindly feeling towards Switchman Wilson.

Brother Bill

(Written by a member of the Maine Central Family)

My brother Bill has a preference for riding on the plush,
Dolled up in his uniform and cap;
And he waves his hand derisively as he passes with a rush,
As if he thought I envied him his snap.

But me, I'm wholly satisfied to be a way-freight shack,
My job don't call for dolling up;
I eat and sleep and make my home in the little old red hack,
I'm as happy and contented as a pup.

Bill has to keep his collar clean and have a daily shine;
A flannel shirt is good enough for me!
Bill has to get a daily shave at each end of the line;
My beard will go two days, or maybe three.

Course it's nice in winter weather when Bill can ride inside,
While I am wading through a foot of snow;
Perhaps you won't believe me but it just suits my old hide
When the mercury says forty-two below.

Yes, Bill can have his fancy job and ride the varnished cars,
Waving at the girls along the track;
But me, I'm fully satisfied, and say with loud hurrahs
I'm glad to be a common way-freight shack!

A Few Laughs, Long or Short

A College Boy's Ledger

DEBIT

Taxi from Brunswick to Portland and return	\$10.00
Flowers	4.00
Dinner for two, Lafayette Grille.....	4.75
Tip50
Seats at Jefferson, including war tax	5.50
	\$24.75

CREDIT

One good-night kiss	\$24.75
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A "Martial Figger"

Arthur G. Staples, the Lewiston editor, who isn't large in physical stature—hence the application—writes as follows of his first and only military experience:

You rarely see an old chap like me or a sawed-off chap (one of the deferred-growth class) who has not a very strong martial spirit. They are certainly a warlike lot. And always were.

I used to march, in Masonic parades—or at least I did once. It was in Skowhegan. I have told the story once or twice to listening throngs and most of the throng have been very patriotic, for quite a spell thereafter. If I could get it into a four-minute speech, I think it would sell bonds for liberty.

When we marched in Skowhegan we had a short hike—only about thirty miles or so—on a medium warm day, say about 132 degrees in the shade. We were in light marching order—two luncheons, one dinner, three colations and the contents of four lemonade barrels in each man. Being a Sir Knight, I wore a chapeau several sizes too large with a tendency to slip around sidewise and present a front view like George Washington crossing the Delaware. Looked at from any angle, with the plume on the starboard side and knightly emblem of the cross, on the port, I was a natty sight. I also wore a man-size sword, which hung from a belt that was made for a large person—the outfit being borrowed. The sword hung down, therefore, in a sort of discouraged and depressed way, and the belt not having the proper friction against my abdomen (and I not having any abdomen) it likewise slipped around in sympathy with my chapeau and got between my legs—so that really it was hard to tell sometimes which way I was marching—hard for me—harder for the Eminent Commander who as much as said that I was no ornament to the parade. I wanted to be military and Knightly and I tried hard to be, but it was impossible, with only two hands, to keep my hat with the pointed end in front and my sword at my side. I kept both hands going and both legs going; and that was all any one Sir Knight could be expected to do.

I was in the rear rank. There were four-of us, in the rear rank. Two Sir Knights, a boy on a bicycle and a man selling hot Frankfurts. It was very dusty. After

we passed the fifteenth milepost, the bicycle got a hot-box and fell out. On the twentieth mile, the Frankfurts began to explode with the heat and one of them struck my companion on the the baldric and he fell out. After that I brought up in the rear all alone. I never saw it dustier. I hustled along working hands and feet just as fast as lightning—now straightening my hat and now pulling my sword out of my shoes and leaping over it, anon—I will repeat that word anon—doing my best. The head of the parade was ahead of me—that much I knew. Occasionally, I heard the far-off music of a band. Now and then I saw the form of a comrade, his plume nodding in the dust. And then, weary of adjusting my hat, I let it slide where it would over my nose and walked on, now in the darkness, now in the light, as the chapeau slid.

Along about six o'clock in the evening—as it seemed to me, I met a man and asked him if he had seen a Masonic parade. He said he understood it was yesterday. I told him that I thought he was mistaken and would he inquire, because I surely started today and if I had been walking all night, I wanted to know it. He said he would and he did, and returning, said that I was right. It was still today, not yesterday. He brought a kind woman along and she said she had seen the parade, but that they all wore their hats different. My sword then suddenly became tangled in my legs as I endeavored to assume a military appearance and I stumbled visibly as I passed on my way in the parade, leaving the man and woman behind.

I caught up with my command at the twenty-ninth mile by getting a ride on a grocery cart—the boy driving frantically. I fell in gracefully. Falling in or over was the best thing I did. I was received with enthusiasm. My appearance was surely chic. I was carrying my sword on my shoulder. That is all I remember until we were dressing up on the right in front of the Skowhegan Town Hall and the band was playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

That night we had a dance in the Skowhegan Town Hall and the next day we marched all day between Waterville and Fairfield, most of the time encircling graveyards. Since then I have not marched. Today, I sit in my slippers years, thinking of my experiences in the battle line. And I recall that it is not always given to the tallest to be the bravest, nor to the giants to be the best judges of pace. Some day, in the wisdom of a progressive age, they will turn the lines about; put the short men in front and the tall men in the rear to march in the dust or above the dust as God wills. If that be so, I know one thing, that we of the erstwhile rear rank, attired as I was in Skowhegan approaching on friend or foe, either freeze the marrow in the bones of the latter or revive the drooping spirits of that friendly city under whose peaceful elms, we march as "martial figgers."

SOME KIND OF DRINK, ANYWAY

A passenger on an Illinois Central train coming north on the Illinois division heard the conductor call, "Arcola."

At the next stop the conductor called, "Tuscola."

As the train slowed up for the next stop, the passenger got facetious and remarked to the conductor: "I suppose this town is 'Coca-Cola?'"

"No," said the conductor, dryly, "this is Champagne."—Illinois Central Magazine.

Key to the Situation

Fred J. Pooler, Chaplin Street crossing tender, Waterville, sends us the following story, which he wrote. Question: Who was the boy?

Says Mr. Pooler:

A mother had left her 10-year-old son in care of the house while she went downtown to do some shopping, but before leaving she locked the pantry door, taking the key with her. During his mother's absence the boy equipped himself with a screw-driver and tried to pry open the lock. Knowing that if he succeeded he would obtain his heart's desire, especially in the line of pie, he nervously pried at the lock for ten trying minutes, but in vain. It would not yield, so, thwarted, he gave up.

Meanwhile his mother returned, and upon entering the house immediately noticed the tell-tale imprints left by the screw-driver on the door casing.

"Why, John," said the mother, "how came those marks on the pantry door?"

"I don't know, mother, honest I don't!" replied John half peevishly.

"John, I'm ashamed of you; how dare you lie to me! What do you expect to be when you're a grown man? Have you ever heard of a man who succeeded by telling a lie?"

"Yes, mother, dear—St. Peter," retorted John. "I've heard and read about him."

"Yes, that's true," answered the mother. "St. Peter did deny his Master, but you must remember, my son, that he was a very good man at heart and quickly repented. And as a result, before our Lord went away, He gave him the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Well, mother, I've been good at heart, too, and I am ready to repent if whenever you go away and leave me in care of the house you'll be kind enough to leave me the KEY to the pantry!"

With the Scissors

EXPLAINING THE GENDER

The following letter from a "Japanese Lady" appeared in the Shipping Register of San Francisco:

"Sometime ago you publish in your voluble paper article on female shipping steamer. I have thought to write you about female engine on train. You know why? Yes, they call she for many because.

"They wear jacket with yokas, pins, hangers, straps, shields, stays. They have apron; also lap. They have not only shoes but have pumps. Also hose and drag train (psgr and freight) behind; behind time all time. Sometime they foam and refuse work, when at such time they should be switched. They need guiding—it always require man manager. They require man to feed them. When abuse are given they quickly make scrap.

"They are steadier when coupled up but my cousin say they hell of expense. Is not enough reason?"

OH, PEDDIE!

Brown—I see there is a campaign on to eat more rice Do you like it?

Black—No, rice is associated with one of the greatest mistakes of my life.—Small Packs in Portland Express.

DON'T WE KNOW?

"There's nothing certain in life," wailed the simple idiot.

"Well," replied the wise guy, "when you see a movie villain tackle the hero you can be reasonably sure who will win."

His Modest Hope

The big car was speeding toward a railroad crossing when a fast moving freight moved into sight. Immediately the two men in the front seat began an argument as to whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited!" cried the driver, "I tell you I can easily make it."

"And I tell you y' can't," shouted the other man. "The train will beat us by ten minutes."

The driver kept increasing the speed of the car while the argumnt continued. Finally the man in the rear seat who, up to this time, had remained quiet, frantically clutching the sides of the car, could stand it no longer.

"Well," he shouted, "I don't give a darn who wins this race, but I hope it ain't no tie."

CORRECT

To succeed, split more wood and fewer hairs.—Railway Life.

—XXXX—

HE WASN'T

Shop Foreman—You ain't one of them blokes wot drops their tools and scoots as soon as the whistle blows, are you?

New Man—Not me! Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put me tools away before the whistle blows.—New York Central Lines Magazine.

—XXXX—

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE

An elderly man of ultra-convivial habits, but withal learned and bookish, was haled before the bar of justice in a country town.

"Ye're charged with bein' drunk and disorderly," snapt the magistrate. "Have ye anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the prisoner in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so—"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Ninety days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round 'em up. I think they're as bad as he is."—American Legion Weekly.

—XXXX—

NEW TWIST TO OLD JOKE

Smith—I hear you had MacPherson, your Scotch friend, staying with you for the week-end. What did you do with him on Saturday evening? Take him to a funny show?

Brown—No, I didn't dare to take the risk. You see, he might have laughed in church on Sunday morning.

—XXXX—

A REMARKABLE MAN

Small Nephew: Tell us about the time you were frozen to death at the North Pole, Uncle Jack.

Small Niece: No, Uncle Jack, please tell us about the time you were killed by wild Indians.

WINTER R. R. CAP

Best Black Elk leather with woolen ear laps. Long visor especially for Engineers and Firemen.

Gives much better protection than a cloth cap, will not blow off, is water-proof and will last for years.

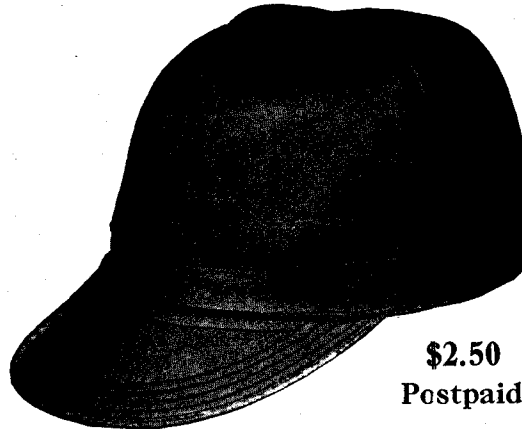
We want you to see this cap.

Order one and return it after ten days, if you are not more than satisfied.

Weight 5 ounces. Send for free sample of leather.

Manufactured and Sold by

L. L. BEAN, Freeport, Maine



\$2.50

Postpaid

Conductor Mace

(Continued from Page 19)

Back came the reply: "Will send it from Waterville."

Two engines and a plow did start—but this was the substance of the message later received by Conductor Mace at Unity: "Engines sent to aid you left track between Clinton and Burnham. Hire all the helpers possible and get to Burnham when you can." So again the tiny Belfast train started on its way—reaching Burnham, sure enough, at eleven the next forenoon. They had real winter, friends, in those days!

"I'll never forget that trip," said Johnny Mace when a MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD MAGAZINE reporter questioned him. "Our snow-plow left the track eight times. The engine was short of fuel and we filled the tender with four-foot wood—dug from the drifts near the tracks, where the farmers had left it for shipment. And, when the tank water ran low, we shovelled snow into it.

"Yes—those were the hard, picturesque years of Maine railroading! We were paid by the day; and a day meant from morning until night—any part of the twenty-four hours until the trip was made. A brakeman's wages were less than \$40 a month—but we felt rich, even at that!"

—X—X—X—

Mr. Mace worked as brakeman on this and other runs until 1882, when he got his first train—No. 25 and 44, Augusta and Portland. Since then he has had many runs in western and eastern Maine, although he has never been on the Mountain Division. He is now on No. 1, Portland to Bangor, returning on 102; alternate days he leaves on 25, returning on 64. He is a widower—his two children being married; and his home is in the West End Hotel, opposite Union Station, Portland.

Some of "Johnny's" closest friends say that he has had at least his share of suffering and sorrow—but, if so, it seems only to have made him more mellow and kindly. He appreciates the nice things said and written about him in times past, but he does take a bit of exception to a statement once printed in a Boston paper: "The time is drawing near when he must take off his natty blue uniform for the last time, and turn over his runs to another and younger man."

"Ten years from now," says Johnny, "I'll think about retiring—maybe."

To which patrons all along the Maine Central lines respond: "And not until then!"

From the Telegraphers

Freeport, Feb. 1.

Editor, Maine Central Magazine,

Dear Sir:

Permit me to offer congratulations on behalf of myself and the Agents and Telegraphers of the Maine Central to the first issue of the "Maine Central Magazine." I think it is a wonderful thing, to bring closer together the employer and the employees, and if there is any way I can help along the success of this undertaking I will be only too glad to do so.

Good luck to the magazine!

Yours truly,

E. J. HAYES

General Chairman,

Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Maine Central System, Div. No. 140.

Instruction Car

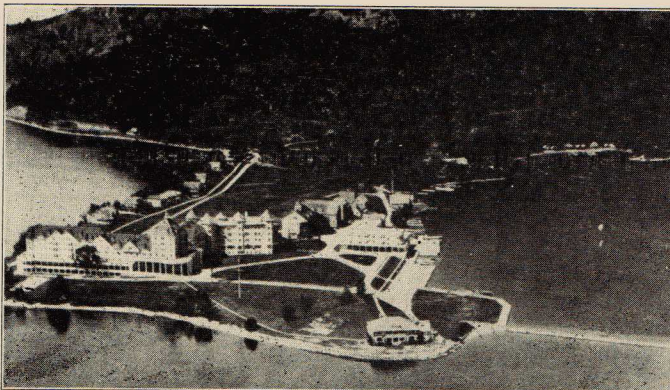
(Continued from Page 25)

interested in the color test. He was taken to the extreme rear of the car, which was made very dark, and told to look at a lantern, from which alternately flashed green, red and other colors. Then the colors contracted until they became mere tiny points of light, and hence were more difficult to name. But the Jennings color test, shown the reporter a few minutes later in the now brilliantly lighted car, is much more intricate—a more searching probe of applicants' eyes. Those other colors had been primal; here were subtle shadings of green and rose. Color blindness immediately bars the applicant from nearly all branches of railroad service, but tests have shown that only one in a thousand is thus afflicted.

The vision and hearing tests are worth a story in themselves, and there will be one in the March issue.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD HOTELS
Mount Kineo House and Kineo Annex

AEROPLANE VIEW



ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE, KINEO, MAINE

Mount Kineo House Opens July 1

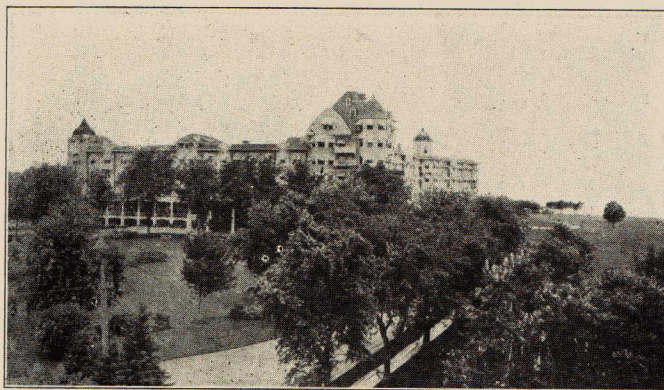
Accommodates 500 Guests

Rates \$5.00 per day and up

KINEO ANNEX OPENS FOR SEASON MAY 15

J. W. GREENE, MANAGER, KINEO, MAINE

THE SAMOSET



ON PENOBSCOT BAY, ROCKLAND BREAKWATER, MAINE

Season June 21 to September 13, 1924

Accommodates 500 Guests

Rates \$6.00 per day and up

D. B. ARNOLD, MANAGER, ROCKLAND, MAINE

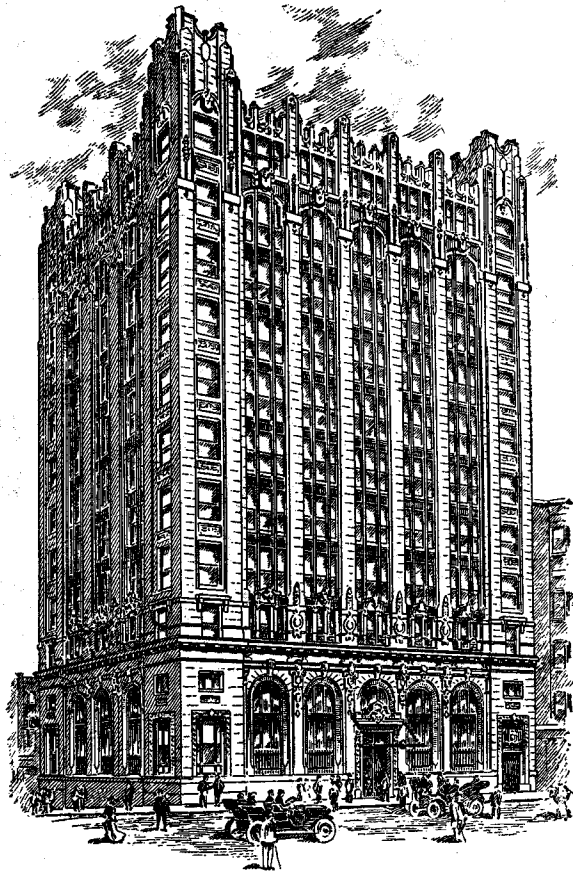
OPERATED BY

RICKER HOTEL COMPANY

J. W. GREENE, MANAGING DIRECTOR

GENERAL OFFICES

222 ST. JOHN STREET PORTLAND, STATE OF MAINE



Northern New England's Largest General Banking Institution

Total Resources In Excess of \$30,000,000.

There is no longer need to be without the service of a strong banking institution. Modern banking supplies the need. The strong and secure bank of today is brought to your very threshold through the medium of the mails.

Banking by mail, once an experiment, is now an essential attribute of progressive banking. More than

18,000 deposits were received at this bank the past year through the mails without a loss to any person.

Start your account today, savings if you will, checking if you like. Mail in your first deposit. at once. Start an account with a strong bank made local to you through the mails. This bank pays 4% on savings accounts, compounded semi-annually.

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Business On
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