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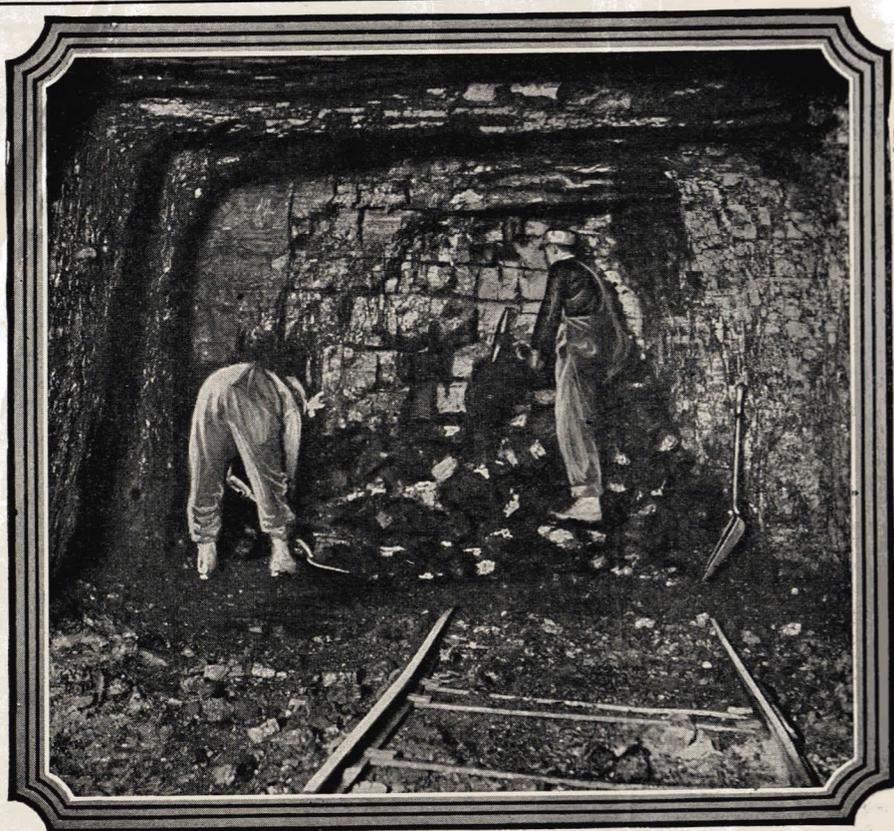
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Keeping Faith

FOREMOST among the obligations of The Consolidation Coal Company is that of keeping faith with those who rely upon the cleanness of Consolidation Coal.

That this faith may be kept, a far-reaching system of preparation and tests was long ago created.

It is a system which begins with the blasting of the coal in the mine, so that much clay and other incombustibles may

not fall with it; a system which includes the removal of slate, sulphur, rock and other visible impurities; a system which ends only with laboratory analyses that determine the chemical composition and heat value of the coal.

All the resources of the mining engineer and the chemist are thus applied in keeping faith with the consumers of Consolidation Coal.

The Consolidation Coal Company

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 } WAUKEGAN, ILL., Waukegan Coal Company

Maine Central Magazine

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1924

No. 3

A Study In Vivid Contrast

Photographs Showing the Great Crew at Thompson's Point Today and the Crew of a Quarter Century Ago—Many Significant and Some Novel Features In a Trip Through the Shops

On a bright, cold morning, two weeks ago, hundreds of men swarmed from the shops of the Portland Terminal Company at Thompson's Point to sit—or stand—for a group picture. Not quite all were present—to get the entire crew would have been impossible—but there were enough to make an impressive showing.

Getting a picture like this is not so easy as it may seem. It requires a lot of tact, judgment and skill, and the photographer must be something like a general marshaling his army; for humanity in the mass is restless. It is prone to spread itself, in little groups, over the surrounding landscape. Photographer Pratt of South Portland set up his camera battery in the pit between the machine and car shops, and, under a running fire of good-natured *badinage*, began consolidating the several groups and arranging them in a wide semi-circle. Four minutes later his sharp command "All ready now! Attention please!" hushed the massed array into silence. And, in not more than a minute after this, the men were streaming back into the shops. Getting a picture so complicated usually requires from fifteen to twenty minutes; in this case the time was cut to five or six.

The result appears on pages sixteen and seventeen, and it speaks for itself—one of the

most interesting industrial groups printed in a long time. There are 450 workers at Thompson's Point, and this shows a large majority. Roughly—although they are more or less intermingled, and no dividing lines appear—the painters are at the left, followed, in turn, by the blacksmiths and boiler-makers, the erecting crew, the machine shop men, and those from the car shop.

A group of MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE visitors were in luck that morning; for W. F. Lombard, foreman of the "paint-gang," had an old and faded picture that he let them borrow. It was not really so old, either, for it was taken in 1900.

"That shows the entire crew then at the Point," said Mr. Lombard. "A traveling photographer came along and lined us against the end of the car shop. Not a man was missing."

This picture is printed on page sixteen, just below the modern group—and it is a study in vivid contrast, if anything ever was. Mr. Lombard and some of the older workers tried to recall the names of those in this 1900 group—succeeding in all but two instances, although they couldn't vouch for some of the spelling. They are: First row, left to right—

(Continued on Page 16)

A Hotel On Stilts

Or, More Accurately Speaking, the Bunk Train at Rigby—Comfort and Good Cheer In the Most Picturesque of Settings

The only institution of its kind maintained by any New England railroad—perhaps by any in the east—is the bunk-train at Rigby.

Bunkhouses are, of course, familiar to all railroad men; but this has peculiar individual characteristics. It stands out by itself—interesting, ingenious, unique. One might term it a hotel or Y. M. C. A. upon stilts—which would not be altogether accurate, but might convey an idea of its picturesqueness.

Specifically, seven old baggage cars and one former passenger car, their wheels removed, have been mounted upon piling, as the accompanying picture shows; and here engineers and firemen, running in and out of Rigby terminal, may sleep, cook their meals, enjoy the warmth and hospitality of a congenial clubhouse—in short, find rest and recreation. Many, at this end of their runs, go directly to hotels and boarding places in Portland; there are others who make a practice of staying at Rigby. And still others spend part of their nights in Portland, and part at Rigby, as their mood may dictate.

Ascending a long flight of wooden steps, one first comes to a sort of hall-way—a long wooden structure in itself, from which the remodelled cars, in their new and interesting capacity, open upon either side. First on the right is what was once the passenger-car but is now the club-room. Here engineers and firemen, coming to Rigby on alternate nights over the Maine Central and Boston and Maine, gather to enjoy a unique but all-inclusive hospitality. A long table runs down the center; chairs are tilted against the walls; there are a few modest adornments. And at any time in the afternoon or early night, through a drifting haze of tobacco

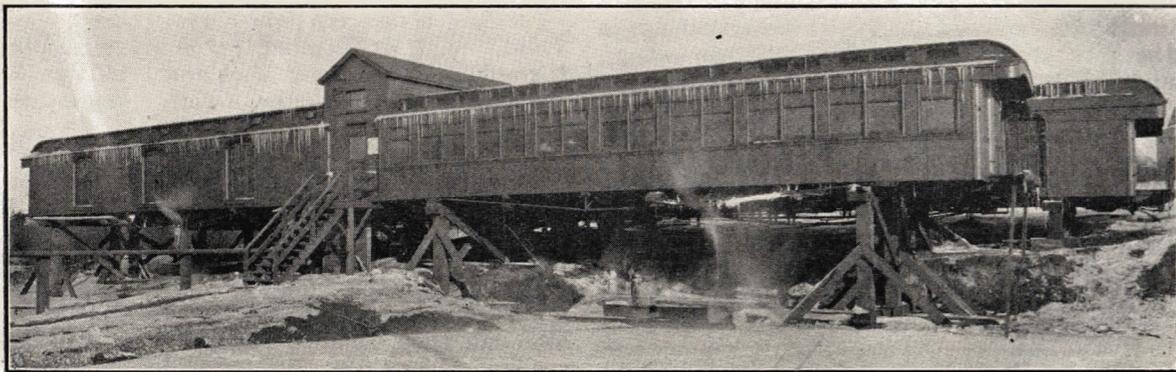
smoke, you will find little groups having an uncommonly good time—talking, reading, playing cards.

Speaking of reading—there are few places, indeed, that have so wide a variety of daily newspapers. You see, the runs ending at Rigby are through all parts of several states; and the men not only buy papers in the big cities—the starting points and terminals—but pick them up along the way. No paper so modest, no town so remote, as not to have at least one earnest advocate. And so you find papers printed all the way from Boston to Bangor—yes, and far beyond—in white and crumpled piles.

Leaving the good-natured banter of the club-room, one comes next to the wash-room and kitchen—call it what you will. It is simple but practical. Here there is always plenty of hot water, and there is an oil stove on which the men may cook the food they bring in from outside—none being sold in the yard itself. An increasing number bring suppers from home, heat them on the stove and eat them in the good cheer of the club room; it is easier and less expensive than going to restaurants.

Next on the left is a “dormitory” or sleeping car. There are sixteen neat cots, side by side in parallel rows; and on each are two sheets, a heavy blanket and a pillow. Next beyond is another dormitory of similar arrangement and appearance, but—! Well, it is for the exclusive benefit of those who are called “fresh air fiends.” Not a particle of heat sifts into it, and the effect is pretty much the same as sleeping out of doors. They say it is rather popular, too—for fresh air, after all, never did anybody any harm.

At the left of the central hall-way are two locker



Front View of the Bunk Train



Locker Room

cars, one hundred steel lockers in each; a car containing thirty-six free bunks, arranged one above the other after the style of a Pullman sleeper; and a dormitory car containing, like those above mentioned, sixteen neat iron cots.

Such, briefly described, is the odd but comfortable home maintained by the Portland Terminal Company in Rigby yard. It never lacks occupants, and it is never closed. The visiting engineer or fireman finds there, perpetually, a place of rest and cheer. A nap on one of the double-deck bunks, at any hour, will cost him nothing. One of those neat cots for the night is twenty cents. Compare that with the prices charged at even the most moderate of boarding houses or hotels!

A Brilliant Ball

The joint novelty ball, held in Portland City Hall, March 4, under the auspices of H. W. Longfellow Lodge, No. 82, and W. B. Mills Lodge, No. 417, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, was unusually interesting and successful.

Thirty-five hundred were present, taxing the capacity of even this immense auditorium; and never has there been a scene more handsome or animated. There were 21 numbers on the dance program, and the Progressive Dance Orchestra, under the direction of Laura E. Ross and Marguerite B. Dwinell, played in a style that was enjoyed by everyone. As one guest expressed it: “I’ve been attending dances a good many years, but I never heard music that pleased me more.”

C. W. Dwinell was floor director, the assistant floor directors being N. C. Turcotte, N. A. McNealus and G. E. McCoy. The general committee was composed of R. C. Burns, chairman; J. E. McGahey, vice-chairman; W. A. O’Neil, secretary; L. A. Poupart, treasurer; L. E. Crocker, assistant treasurer; C. W. Dwinell, G. F. Kelley, F. L. Bourke, N. C. Turcott, N. A. McNealus, G. E. McCoy, M. J. Flaherty; Ladies’ Auxiliary, B. R. T. Evangeline Lodge, No. 146, Mrs. Mary E. McNealus, chairman; Mrs. Catherine Plude, Mrs. Katharine M. O’Neil.

One of the features was the artistic souvenir program—which contained, in addition to the order of dances, the committees and other general information, a sketch of the Brotherhood—its organization and growth, its present

standing, and the ideals that inspire it. One page was devoted to photographs of the two presidents—Roy C. Burns of Longfellow Lodge and John F. McGahey of Mills Lodge.

E. A. T. Roode, Maine Central passenger brakeman, received first prize for selling most tickets to the ball; William Clark, of the Grand Trunk, second prize; and Shirley Googins, Portland Terminal, third. A good sum—about \$1500—was realized, and will be devoted entirely to sick benefits of the two lodges on a fifty-fifty basis.

Met In the South

George W. Plaisted of Portland, a well-known Maine Central conductor who, accompanied by Mrs. Plaisted, is on leave of absence, was guest of honor, Feb. 18, at a party given by his daughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Waldron of Miami.

But this doesn’t tell the whole story—no, not half of it. By odd but happy coincidence, two other Maine Central conductors, George A. Dudley of Auburn and John A. Mace of Portland; and three Boston and Maine conductors—Frank H. Moore, William E. Thomas and William P. Dame, all of Portland, are also spending leaves of absence in the land of the Florida East Coast Line. And all, with their wives, were present as special guests, thus making a really wonderful reunion—a breath of Maine.

There were valentine caps and other attractive novelties, for the occasion was in the nature of a valentine party. Whist, dancing, music, refreshments, and the cutting of a huge birthday cake, were among the features.

The guests—who included also J. E. Early of Miami—presented Mr. Plaisted a number of gifts, including a handsome wrist watch.

“For the benefit,” writes one who knows, “of those who have not been informed, we wish to state that Mrs. McCrum and George (junior operator in the general telegraph office, Portland) leave for St. Petersburg, Florida, March 15th.

“George says possibly there are a few, either in the office building, or along the line, who have not already heard of his trip. Those not receiving cards from the Sunny

(Continued on Page 32)



Club Room

Maine Central Relief Association

Annual Report, Just Issued, Is Unusually Gratifying—Officers Re-elected At Yearly Meeting, February 25th—Two Thousand Members and \$100,000 Reserve Fund Now the Goal

The Officers

President—W. Stanley McGeoch.
 First Vice-President—Robert Sturgeon.
 Second Vice-President—Fred V. Berry.
 Secretary-Treasurer—John A. Webber.
 Directors—I. A. Turner, S. Gallison, P. G. Smith, William Edevean, F. H. Ramsdell, E. G. Foster, W. B. Drew, George H. Skillings, Eugene Decker, W. S. McGeoch, C. J. McMann, C. T. Vose, Robert Sturgeon, Mark Donlan, M. F. Dunn.
 Finance Committee—L. M. Patterson, C. H. Blackwell, H. N. Woodbury.
 Advisory Committee—D. C. Douglass, G. S. Hobbs, F. E. Sanborn, G. F. Black, P. M. Hammett, M. F. Dunn, B. Jackman, E. W. Cummings, F. S. Whitney, F. J. Runey, F. E. Whitmore, F. W. Hammond, F. H. Parkman, J. W. Webb, B. E. Cornell, N. Killman, P. A. Bradford, C. A. Williams, P. N. Watson, J. Asnault, A. H. Durgin, E. W. Voter, H. W. Stetson, H. S. Hopkins.

The annual report of the Maine Central Relief Association, recently made public, may well have been gratifying to every member; for interwoven with its figures and brief statements was a story of steady advancement, of financial prosperity, of future growth and possibilities. The year 1923, despite its general financial depression, was markedly successful for this association which has accomplished so much—and yet about which the outer world knows so little.

The report—signed by President W. Stanley McGeoch and issued by authority of the directors—shows cash on hand and invested Jan. 1, 1923, to have been \$50,989.89, with receipts for the year as follows: Cash received from dues, general fund, \$10,315.35; cash received from dues, beneficiary fund, \$31,406.27; cash received from interest on beneficiary reserve, \$1,803.89—a total of \$94,515.40.

The sum of \$34,000 was paid during the year in death benefits, and \$5,251 in sick benefits; and a number of necessary minor expenses brought the total expenditures to \$42,694.56.

At the end of the year, therefore, there was in the treasury \$51,819.84, divided as follows: Investments, \$41,000; cash in bank, \$10,819.84. Few fraternal organizations, anywhere, made a more gratifying financial showing.

Thirty-four death claims were paid during the year and 141 claims for accident and disability.

In closing their report—here only summarized—the directors say:

"It is a source of satisfaction to your directors to be able to show a steady strengthening of our financial condition.

"Last year was our high mark. This year shows a very considerable betterment, not only as to our finances, but also in an increased membership.

"Our treasury gain is \$3,829.25 over 1922.

"We have accepted 212 new members during the year, a net gain of 104 against a loss of 124 during 1922.

"We carried over six death claims to 1923; this year we are carrying over to 1924 only three death claims.

"Another drive for new members will be made early the coming spring, and we ask the hearty co-operation of all our membership."

Annexed to the report is a careful, detailed statement of the finances and business of the Association by John A. Webber, secretary and treasurer.

Just what is this Relief Association?

It is an organization composed exclusively of Maine Central employees, who are responsible to no outside interests. It carries benefits for accident, sickness, total disability and death. Organized in November, 1887, it has paid in the 35 intervening years more than a million

(Continued on Page 31)

The Benefits

One thousand dollars at death
One thousand dollars for permanent disability—such as the loss of a foot at or above the ankle, the loss of a hand at or above the wrist, or the complete loss of sight in both eyes.

Six dollars a week, for a period not exceeding sixteen weeks, is paid for sickness or accident.

If you would be a member, procure an application blank, which may be found at any station; fill it in; go to your physician, who will fill in the result of his examination; then mail the blank to John A. Webber, secretary-treasurer, care Portland Terminal Co.

Inventive Genius At Thompson's Point

John MacDonald, Head of the Blacksmith Shop, Has Filled It With the Products of His Creative Skill—Practical Inventions, That Have Saved Much In Time and Money—Some Descriptions

As one goes from point to point on the far-flung system of the Maine Central and its affiliated companies, he discovers many things the outer world does not know—yes, that are unknown, perhaps, even to many members of the Maine Central family. For surely the system is filled with interesting workers and with interesting things.

In the blacksmith shop at Thompson's Point, for example, is an inventive genius. His inventions are everywhere around the shop—machines not only practical but that long have been in operation, effecting an important saving in time and money. He has never had them patented. He once applied for a patent, it is true—but was told by Washington that he was too late, the machine he specified having been in operation more than six months. The news in no way worried him, for getting rich from his inventions—even though it seems quite possible—is the last thing in his thoughts. He is content with a good job, the friendship of all the workers at the Point, and the satisfaction of constantly increased efficiency in his own department—for he is the blacksmith shop foreman, John M. MacDonald.

As a little group of MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE visitors threaded their way between fourteen flaming forges—as spectacular as any scene upon a stage—they found example after example of Mr. MacDonald's creative skill. First there is the spring fitting machine—oddly suggestive of the keys of a piano, and hence referred to as "the piano" by many of the workers. It bends and forms spring leaves, giving each leaf the proper "set," which is about one-fourth of an inch—the spring being tempered in the same heat.

Another machine—not wholly original with Mr. MacDonald, but skilfully elaborate to bring out far greater practical value—is the "double air press." It has a 38-ton pressure on one cylinder, a 35-ton pressure on the other; and it presses bands on springs, getting the pressure on the bands both ways. Here are made all of the grab handles for freight cars, all of the company's own couplers—and one man can turn out 400 coupler-rivets on it a day.

It does another important thing. In past years, spring hanger pins were made in the machine shop. Now a saving is effected by making them on this machine—which is done by upsetting the collar for head, and punching the key-way one quarter inch by one inch for split keys. Originally the company took the stock two and one-quarter inches in diameter—long enough for two pins. The blacksmith punched the key-way one inch by one quarter in each end; it was then taken to the turret-lathe, turned down to an inch and three-quarters and cut in the middle—and thus the two pins were made.

Also on this machine is a set of dies or formers for bending hangers of the kind used on Class H engines,—

140 to 152, etc. These are the hangers that hook over the top of the driving box and extend down, with an underhung spring. Twenty-four have been bent in eight hours in this Thompson's Point shop,—each hanger being bent in a semi-circle at the top, and in one heat.

"Is this really possible?" many will say. Assuredly it is—even though, to the average blacksmith, the statement may seem exaggerated. Before these formers were designed, he would have been a "good



John M. MacDonald

blacksmith indeed who could make four hangers—let alone twenty-four—in eight hours. The hangers are of one-inch by four iron, bent edge-ways; some engines carry as many as twenty-four.

A third of Mr. MacDonald's inventions is the oil burning furnace. This is a real marvel of ingenuity. For example: Put an axle in a forge, and it will take from two to three hours to heat—and even then only a foot to eighteen inches will be hot. Put it in this furnace, and even five feet of it, if necessary, can be heated in an hour.

A fourth invention is the "air bull-dozer"—nicknamed

(Continued on Page 31)

Pictures That Tell a Story

Pictures sometimes tell stories more accurately than words. And the story of Maine Central spirit, in its battle with storm and flood, is told in some of those reproduced here.

In its January issue, the Magazine offered a prize for the most "striking or unique" picture sent by a member of the Maine Central family and relating to some part of the system. Replies poured in; and, although only one could be given the award, many were so interesting that it seemed a pity not to share them with our readers. Hence the accompanying group—which should be striking, if it reproduces well.

Certainly it is more than an ordinary series of pictures. It is the story—largely in modest snap-shots taken by employees themselves—of plucky fights against the elements of water and snow: against the raging storms of our Maine winters and the freshets that follow them. Every important system has its annual struggles with the elements; they are a part of railroad life. And, obviously, success or failure depends largely upon the spirit with which these struggles are waged, and the promptness with which the ravages of the elements are overcome.

Not all these views of railroad life's sterner side—these vivid chapters of railroad history made visible—could be reproduced. Many, taken under great difficulties, were too blurred or dim. But among those that stood out quite clearly, and hence are shown in the grouping, are:

Number One—Fighting a Maine winter near Temple Stream bridge, West Farmington. No. 602 is stuck; note that the drifts are almost higher than the engine. But Maine Central family spirit makes a specialty of coping even with Maine winter cruelties. W. G. Bodge of Farmington, who sent the picture, enclosed a smaller one that would not have reproduced. The caption under it is significant: "What this spirit will accomplish with the aid of a wing-plow, the 602 and the 457."

Number Two—Waiting! This was taken at Wilton station, March 9, 1920, after a storm had buried the branch in giant drifts, derailed plows, and paralyzed freight and passenger service for three days. Sent by Agent H. A. Maddocks.

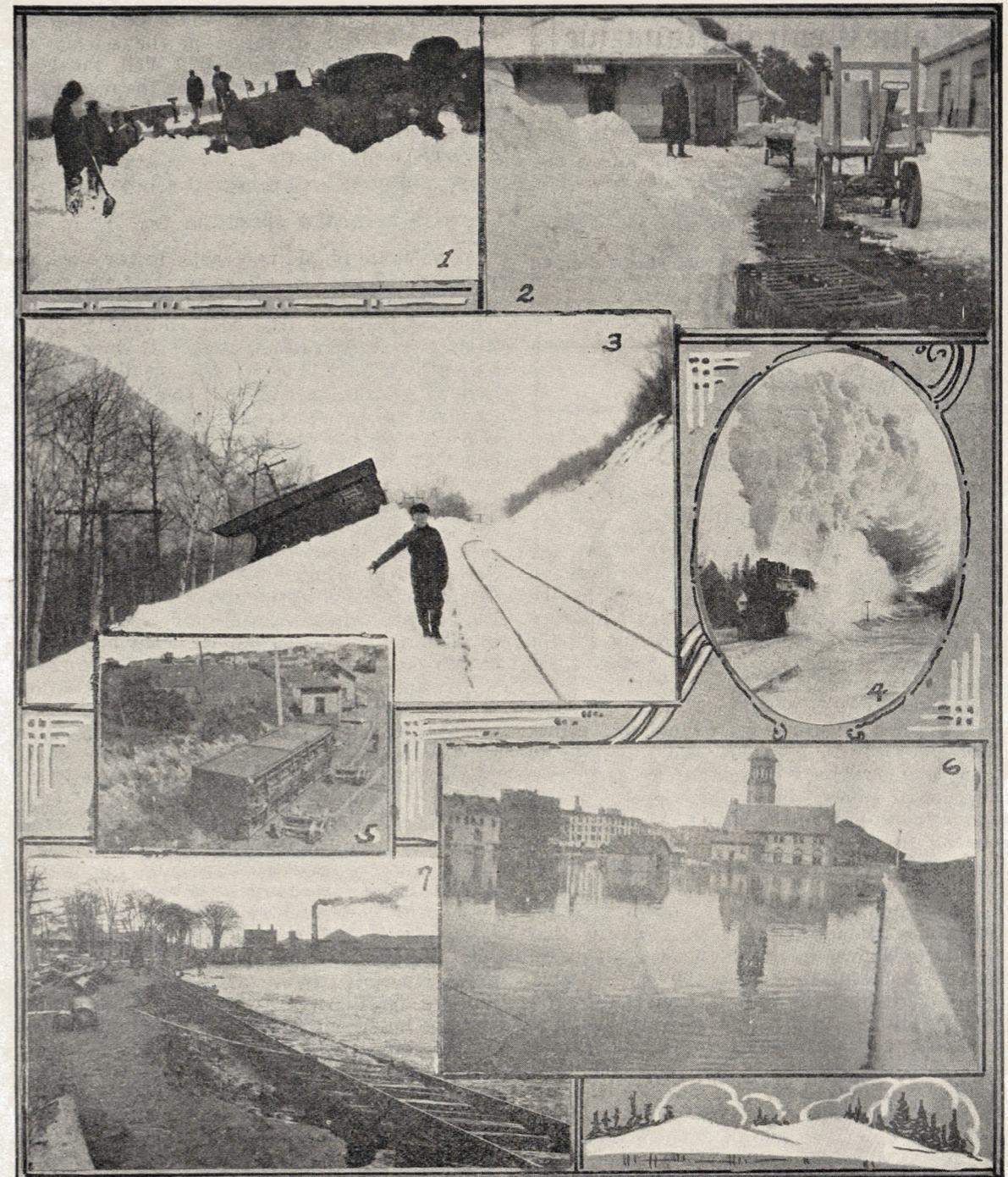
Number Three—What a storm did on the Mountain Division. Plow derailed on curve near Mile Post 83. The crew was composed of Conductor F. B. Kingsley and Engineer Robert Morse, running ahead of No. 376. Sent by J. J. Green, foreman Section 129.

Number Four—A Maine Central train at Cherokee Siding on a bitterly cold morning. Notice the smoke effect. Sent by Mrs. Anna McLaughlin, Dryden.

Number Five—These little things sometimes happen. A rather unusual snap-shot of a box-car that had evidently taken a dive. Sent by Mrs. Deborah E. McDonough, Lewiston.

Number Six—View taken at noon of May 2, 1923, from the west end of the Maine Central railroad bridge at Bangor, showing Bangor's big union station entirely surrounded by water. When it is recalled that Bangor is Maine's third largest city, and the station is almost in the heart of the business district, the extent of the catastrophe is apparent. The small building in the foreground is the tool house—situated on a pier that runs diagonally from the center of the bridge. This view was sent by Frances E. Hutchinson of the superintendent's office, Eastern Division, who adds: "At 10 P.M. on the same day, water covered the board walk at the right to the depth of one foot. Loaded cars of coal were run upon the bridge to prevent it being washed from its abutments."

Number Seven—Another view of the freshet of 1923, at Bangor. The old Penobscot River certainly tears through everything when it starts on a rampage! This was taken April 30th, and shows the wash-out of track at the pumping station on the main line to Vanceboro. The rails, you will see, are tied to keep them from washing away. This, by the way, is the spot—although it has nothing particular to do with either railroads or this story—at which the first Penobscot salmon of the season is almost invariably caught. A Bangor marketman always buys this first salmon, whatever the price, and sends it with his compliments to the President of the United States. Photo from Joseph W. McEwen, clerk in superintendent's office, Bangor.



Maine Central Views from Maine Central Family

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 employes.

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.

MARCH, 1924

Editorial

Advertising Maine

All who go to moving picture theatres—and there are few in these days who do not—know the news weeklies. They may be described as newspapers made animate, for they reproduce interesting events—history in the making—as photographed in all parts of the world.

A short time ago, at least three of these weeklies included scenes from Portland's winter carnival. Crowds, ice races, skii jumping—all were convincingly shown; and in each case the photographers, with rare judgment, ended with a "close-up" of the young carnival queen: reigning favorite of this mid-winter frivolity. Her pink and white beauty seemed to fill the entire screen.

These news weeklies were shown in every theatre in Maine; and the big point is that they were shown in every theatre outside of Maine—thousands throughout the United States. Free advertising, you know, is the most profitable of all; and what better could Maine have received than this broadcasting of her attractions as a Switzerland of the New World—a place of winter, no less than summer, charms?

Advertising through newspapers and magazines has long been known. There now must be added two mighty mediums, typical of this age of scientific progress—the air and the screen. A few weeks ago, as already told in these columns, the radio carried a message concerning Maine as a summer resort—a mes-

sage heard by many millions. And now comes the motion picture's subtle appeal.

Rather a big subject, when you stop to think of it—this evolution in the science of publicity. Where will it end? Well, Portland had no cause to be ashamed when the rest of the world viewed those winter carnival scenes. No more spirited or handsome have ever adorned any screen, anywhere.

Co-operation

Two State of Maine events, in the week of February 17, seemed as far apart as the poles. One was a season of grand opera in the Jefferson Theatre, Portland—the first enjoyed by any Maine city within recent years. It drew music lovers from far and near; was socially brilliant and artistically satisfying. The other was a carnival of ice racing at Gardiner—spirited, red-blooded, true-winter sport, interest in which was by no means confined to horsemen.

Apparently, these events had nothing in common; but did not both tend a little to the betterment of prosperous communities, the pleasure and profit of their people? Were not both good for Maine? And is it not just such events—no one of lasting importance, perhaps—that in the aggregate insure quickened interest in all forms of public activity: that aid in the state's prosperity, its development, its growth?

By granting reduced fares to visiting patrons of Portland grand opera and Gardiner ice races, the Maine Central Railway gave its contribution to the success of each. We mention these two examples at random from the scores that might be cited in the course of a year. Conventions of many kinds; educational, fraternal and agricultural gatherings; athletic meets—all manner of events, large and small, are attended by very many who perhaps would hesitate to go were it not for the practical co-operation of Maine's leading railway system. Not everybody, it may be, stops to realize how far-reaching, in a year, is the result of these reduced fares: how many splendid gatherings and fine public enterprises they have encouraged—in some instances made possible.

The moral of these few paragraphs? Perhaps that the interests of road and state are so interwoven that the success of one means the success of the other. Co-operation is everything. And there is a future for both road and state when the great and guiding principle of co-operation is recognized.

The Maine Central Family

A Tribute to the Elder Conductor Mace—E. H. Rice to Tour the Pacific Coast—
A Wide Variety of Personal Paragraphs, Long and Short

"Colonel" F. D. Lunt of Waterville, who retired in June, 1921, after working as blacksmith for 61 years—forty-seven of them in Maine Central service, and 34 of these 47 as foreman—observed his seventy-ninth birthday on Feb. 19. A stream of visitors came to offer congratulations, and he entertained relatives from various parts of the State at a dinner party in his home on College Avenue.

E. H. Rice, freight agent at Deering Junction, is now in Berkeley, California, as the guest of his son. But Mr. Rice doesn't intend, by any means, to spend all of his time in Berkeley. With the younger Mr. Rice, who is commercial traveler for a Portland firm, he will "navigate" up and down the coast, seeing a lot of California's golden beauties before returning to Maine.

George C. Clough, who has been storekeeper on the last trick at Bangor engine house for the past twenty-one years, recently suffered a shock while on his way to work. Mr. Clough, previous to entering the motive power department, was a brakeman, and while in the performance of his duties in Bangor yard lost one of his legs by falling between two cars. Many friends and acquaintances deeply sympathize with him in his present illness.

Writing from Castine, Mrs. Lillian C. Sargent pays this graceful tribute to the elder John A. Mace:

"I enjoyed the article in the February MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE about Conductor John A. Mace, whose genial progress down car aisles we have often watched and enjoyed. I rise to remark that he came honestly by that pleasing personality, for I remember the kindly courtesy of his father in his later years on the Belfast Branch.

"Especially do I recall one day when I was traveling alone, and the courtliness with which the fine old gentleman not only helped me aboard the train, but ushered me into the car and to a seat, depositing my traveling bag beside me with such consideration as he might have given to a daughter. I never forgot it.

"Speaking of the Belfast Branch, some of us old-timers still miss the smile-producing announcement that used to be made at Burnham Junction: 'Do not leave your umbrellas and packages. Burnham. Burnham.'"

George E. Laird, who retired Feb. 13, as one of the engine house foremen at Rigby, was visited at his home, March 1, by a delegation of terminal employees. They

Now, the Real Thing!

Thus far the Maine Central Magazine has offered two prizes—one for the most striking picture, the other for the most humorous anecdote. Now, not without some trepidation, it offers one—also of \$10—for the prettiest baby.

The editor realizes that he has undertaken a task that might well appal one of greater experience. But he has no intention of making the entire decision himself. He knows three young ladies in the general offices who will, he thinks, help him out. He hasn't asked them yet, but he is going to take a chance.

So—send along your photos to magazine headquarters, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland! A page or so will be printed, in addition to the prize winner. The only stipulations are that each baby, at the time the photograph was taken, shall have been not more than two years old—and that one of the parents is in Maine Central employ.

brought with them a handsome gold watch, which they presented Mr. Laird as a token of esteem. J. H. Brice made the presentation speech, to which the recipient, surprised though he was, responded happily.

Mr. Laird entered Maine Central service in September, 1917, as foreman of the old No. 3 roundhouse, which burned a little more than a year ago. He was at Rigby during the construction period, and all at the terminal feel that in his retirement they have lost one of their best friends.

Miss Priscilla D. Leonard, stenographer in the office of General Foreman Frank S. Whitney of the motive power department, Bangor, for six years, resigned on Feb. 20. She will make her future home in Boston with her family, who recently moved there from Bangor. Miss Leonard, because of her pleasant disposition and cheerful manner, won the friendship and high esteem of all employees with whom she came in contact, and it was with much regret they saw her leave. Her associates in the motive power department presented her a purse of

\$50 in gold on the eve of her departure. Her position was bid in by Miss Helen M. Birmingham of Division Superintendent McLaughlin's office.



Friends of Miss Eleanor Conboy of the maintenance of way department and Miss Clara McLellan of the motive power department, general offices, are receiving cards mailed from the various winter resorts in Florida.

Miss Conboy and Miss McLellan left Saturday, Feb. 23, for a two weeks sojourn in the South, and on their return expect to visit Washington, D. C. and Trenton, N. J.

The last card received, mailed March 1, from Miami, Fla., shows them taking their morning dip in the surf. At least they affirm they are there, and we feel obliged to take their word for it, although they certainly are "lost in the crowd."

Engineer's Snap-Shot



The above photograph, which shows No. 158 entering Crawford Notch, was taken by Engineer A. H. Horeysek. He stood on a high vantage point and, as will be seen, secured a striking view.

Mr. Horeysek, in addition to being a good railroad man, is an amateur photographer of real skill. He has taken other interesting views around the Maine Central system.

Short Personals

PORTLAND DIVISION:

H. E. Walker, brakeman, has bid in the second Waterville extra.

S. L. Banks has bid in middle brakeman 340-X, Waterville and Lewiston (Lewiston end).

David Miller of the machine shop, Thompson's Point, has a happy smile these days. A boy!

C. L. Conley, conductor, has bid in the fifth Portland extra.

Secretary Benn of the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A., was agreeably surprised recently by a visit from his friend Jack Lynch, general yardmaster for the Grand Trunk at Portland.

D. J. Kelley has been appointed temporary agent at Deering Junction while E. H. Rice is "stepping on the gas" up and down the Pacific coast.

Engineer James Clark is missed in Waterville's bowling and railroad circles. "Jimmy," as he is known to all his friends, has taken a run on the Kineo branch and doesn't get into Waterville now.

There is great rivalry between Storekeeper Coburn and Storekeeper Butler of the Waterville shops in telling Ford stories—they both being owners). At present "Cobe" is about a lap ahead, he says.

Ernest Alley and A. G. Kelly delightfully entertained, recently, those in the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A.—Mr. Alley with his violin; Mr. Kelly with his piano playing and singing.

A two-column article on the danger of grade crossings, by the editor of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE, was featured in the annual automobile edition of the Portland Sunday Telegram, Feb. 24.

Foreman Harry Goodwin of the maintenance of way department, who was injured near Waterville station, Feb. 13, is progressing well toward recovery as this is written.

W. H. Walker has been appointed one of the foremen of the engine house at Rigby, succeeding George E. Laird, who retired because of ill health.

EASTERN DIVISION:

John E. Gibson, Jr., spare operator, has bid off position of clerk-telegrapher at Gilbertville.

Walter L. Blanchard, third trick clerk-telegrapher, Danforth, has bid off temporary position of third trick clerk-telegrapher, at Wytotitlock.

H. P. Merry has bid headend on 349-334 extras with Conductor Hall.

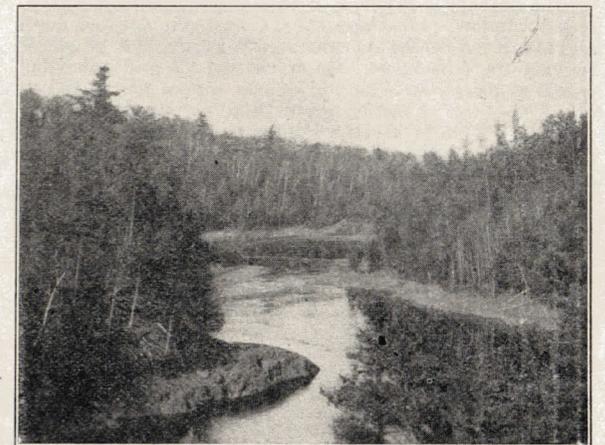
W. J. McAllian has been appointed agent at South Brewer, succeeding C. S. Lindsay, deceased.

F. W. Brown has bid in position of conductor, Calais, third spare crew.

A. H. Bacon is conductor, Bangor fifth spare crew, C. A. McInnis flagging the job.

A. E. Foster has resumed work as agent Ellsworth Falls after a long illness. Several operations were performed upon his foot.

A Beautiful View



The above view of nature in her loveliest mood was taken Nov. 3, 1923 between Moore's Siding and Indian Pond station on the Maine Central system, and was sent to the MAGAZINE by Brakeman Arthur T. Coffin of the east yard, Rigby.

It shows the headwaters of the Kennebec—than which America has none more fair.

Mutsy's Rival

We've received this interesting little communication from one of the Maine Central family at Deering Junction. It's worth reading, all right, but we suspect it won't convince the boys in the basement of the general office that Mutsy should be tumbled from her feline throne:

"Introducing Tom!"

Not that Tom needs any more of an introduction than Mutsy, but we want to impress on the bunch in the general office building that Tom has all the fine personalities that Mutsy has and then some; and as long as Tom remains a fixture in the ticket office at Deering Junction their hopes are shattered of having a winner for first place, in the railroad game or elsewhere.

Last summer, on one of those hot, blistering days, Tom staggered into the ticket office at Deering Junction hoping to find a place to rest his weary bones and partake of such nourishing food as his stomach craved; and in order that Tom might live a long and useful life Operator Fardy played the good samaritan, saving the cat's life and adding another piece of furniture to the ticket office. Since then Operators Fardy, Connelly and Turcotte have been working in relays to keep Tom filled with real food, and at the present time he is a nice, big, fat pussy cat.

Tom is known far and wide by both the traveling public and the railroad men he has come in contact with.

C. C. Allen, veteran section foreman at Lincoln Center, is absent on three months' leave of absence.

Spurgeon Sullivan recently appeared in a silk hat—which was very becoming, but which he soon discarded because of the comments it caused.

Many heard with deep satisfaction of the recovery from pneumonia of George H. Hodge, who is employed at Bangor round house and is vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employees.

Many railroad men called at the Eastern Maine General Hospital to extend gifts and good cheer to Brakeman Wilbur during his illness there.



MOUNTAIN DIVISION:

C. A. Poor is second trick operator at West Baldwin.

Guy Saunders, operator, Intervale, is laying off ill, as this is written, with the measles.

The station forces at Intervale and Glen have had a busy time handling tourists enjoying the winter sports in that vicinity.

Dispatcher O. H. Ramsdell was recently called to Hudson Falls, N. Y., because of the death of his nephew there.

Mrs. Florence Monahan, operator, Willey House, has just returned to work after spending a few days in Boston.

J. B. A. Garon was successful bidder on the clerk-telegrapher's job at South Windham.

Conductor George Lemieux's son is spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida, because of ill health.

Harold Q. Petrie, agent at Quebec Junction, is now comfortably settled in the company's dwelling house, his mother keeping house for him.

As a result of stepping between moving cars, W. G. Chatman, car inspector at Lancaster, recently sustained a broken collar bone and two broken ribs.

C. H. Adams, first trick dispatcher, Lancaster, was off a few days because of the death of his father. F. B. Gallant handled first trick during his absence.

Some of the Lancaster railroad basketball fans hiked to Whitefield recently, and saw a good game between the Lancaster and Whitefield teams, the Whitefield team winning 11-7.

The latest report from Fabyans is that Agent Stillings and the rest of the "bears" will be digging out earlier than usual this spring, there being very little snow this winter.

"Sunday Wood Chopping Bees" is the order of the day with the Bartlett railroad men,—cutting, hauling and fitting stove wood for deserving brother railroad men who are physically unfit to perform such work themselves.

When M. D. Roy, former agent at Quebec Junction, answered the "call of the wild" and took the agency at Jefferson Junction, he immediately on arrival there started in to make the park and water front safe for passengers awaiting train connections. So far he has accounted for three bob-cats. He knows that there is still one bob-cat at large in that vicinity, that he is liable to run across any evening when he is lighting his switch lights.

Being both kind and loving he is as much favored by lady passengers as the men folks, but he has a tendency for fur coats and when a lady with a fur coat takes him up he is likely to stay the limit there.

After the arrival of passenger trains, when the passengers gather in the waiting room for their connections up the branch, Tom will hear their voices, hop up on the ticket window, look them over, then make for the door and kindly inform the operator in cat language that he wants to visit the passengers. After visiting all and receiving words of praise, etc., he will quietly return to the ticket office to wait another group and extend his hearty welcome. Tom is a great hunter and Deering Junction is now free from rats and mice. The writer will close by giving three meows for Tom.

Gave the Information

This little anecdote, illustrating the late Frederick Beale's keen sense of humor, was written for the Magazine by E. M. Wade of the signal department, Brunswick:

The following incident was related to me in Phillips nearly a year ago:

The late Superintendent Beale of the Phillips and Rangeley railroad once received a letter from a mid-western system to the following effect:

Dear Sir:
One of your cars, P. & R. 40,699, has undergone temporary repairs at some expense and has for some time taken up room at our shops, which we would prefer to use to better purpose.

We have written you before and are now asking you again what disposal you want made of this car.

Yours truly,

After Mr. Beal recovered from his astonishment, he answered as follows:

Dear Sir:
We have always observed as a strict rule that none of our two-foot gauge cars be allowed to stray from our system and onto standard gauge; but if one has so strayed, and has even wandered across the Mississippi, we would be deeply grateful if you would send it back to us by express or parcel post.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK BEALE.

Deaths

CHARLES S. LINDSEY

Charles S. Lindsay, agent at South Brewer, died Feb. 14. Mr. Lindsay was continuously in the service from May 12, 1904 until Feb. 7, 1923, when ill health compelled him to lay off. He was appointed agent at South Brewer on Jan. 8, 1908.

GEORGE W. OGDEN

George W. Ogden, who had been employed as crossing tender at Brewer Junction since December 24, 1918, died very suddenly Sunday noon, Feb. 24. Mr. Ogden entered the service about the year 1882, and until transferred to the job of crossing tender was employed as sectionman at Bangor.

Future Articles

A number of very interesting articles have been written for the Maine Central Railroad Magazine and are to be published in the near future.

One is by Charles D. Davis, grand secretary, Grand Lodge of Maine, Free and Accepted Masons. It in no way relates, however, to Masonic work, but rather to one of Maine's interesting problems—the proper solving of which will add much to the State's prosperity.

Another interesting article is by Harry B. Coe, general secretary, State of Maine Publicity Bureau, and relates to Maine as a whole.

A Musical Critique

F. P. Hallett, ticket clerk at Oakland, sends us the following:

The story of the railroad man's prayer brings to mind the story of the old railroad engineer who heard Paderewski play the piano for the first time, and it may be worthy of publication. He describes his sensations, after hearing the concert, to a friend something like this:

He (Paderewski) was sitting quietly on the siding with his hand on the throttle and a full head of steam, with a string of loads and empties between him and the caboose, the old engine purring away and steaming at the couplings as if eager to be off on her regular run.

Suddenly, he gets a high ball and he opens the throttle a bit and eases out over the switch onto the main line, gives her a few more notches and gets underway slowly, with the loads and empties rattling along behind. He goes along about 15 miles an hour till he sees the post for the grade; then he pulls her wide open and makes a run for it, the old exhaust working overtime and hauling that bunch of rattlers behind him, swaying like so many trees in a gale.

By dint of much puffing he makes the grade and starts down the hill on the other side, easing her off a little, using his air sparingly and letting 'em slide a good jog in order to make his first stop on time—when, good Lord, he sees something on the right o' way ahead of him, and he gives her the straight air, jamming her into the emergency, and I thought the whole works had jumped the iron. But whatever he saw got off the rails, and with a clear track he opens her up again and swings off with the rails humming a song as the old train wheels count off the joints and he pulls out over the curve on to the trestle. Just then one of the trestle braces gives away, and with a final crash and bang the whole train jumps into the cut, wrecked!! I couldn't stand it any longer and I came out.

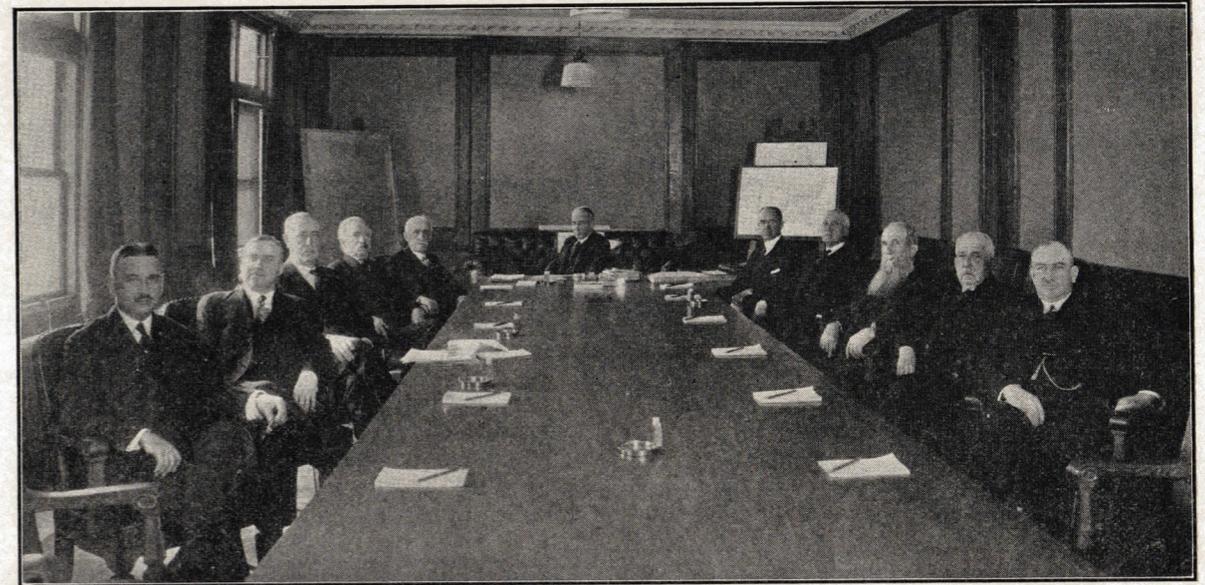
Income Tax Returns

Employees of the Maine Central System, including the Portland Terminal Co., and the Bridgton & Saco River R. R., received duplicate report of income payments amounting to \$1000.00 or more about March 1st.

To compile this information for the 8000 employees requires considerable clerical work. The weekly payments are accumulated from week to week, and at the close of the year these weekly payments are added to produce the total payment.

(Continued on Page 31)

Directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company In Session



Photographed at the Regular Monthly Meeting, February 29th

DIRECTORS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, from left to right, are: Dana C. Douglass, Portland; Samuel Stewart, Lewiston; Samuel W. Philbrick, Skowhegan; George A. Curran, Calais; Edward B. Winslow, Portland; Morris McDonald, Portland; Charles H. Blatchford, Portland, clerk and general solicitor; William T. Cobb, Rockland; Edward P. Ricker, South Poland; Thomas P. Shaw, Portland; Edward W. Wheeler, Brunswick. ABSENT—George E. Macomber, Augusta; Percy V. Hill, Augusta; Hugh J. Chisholm, Portland; Frederick H. Appleton, Bangor.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

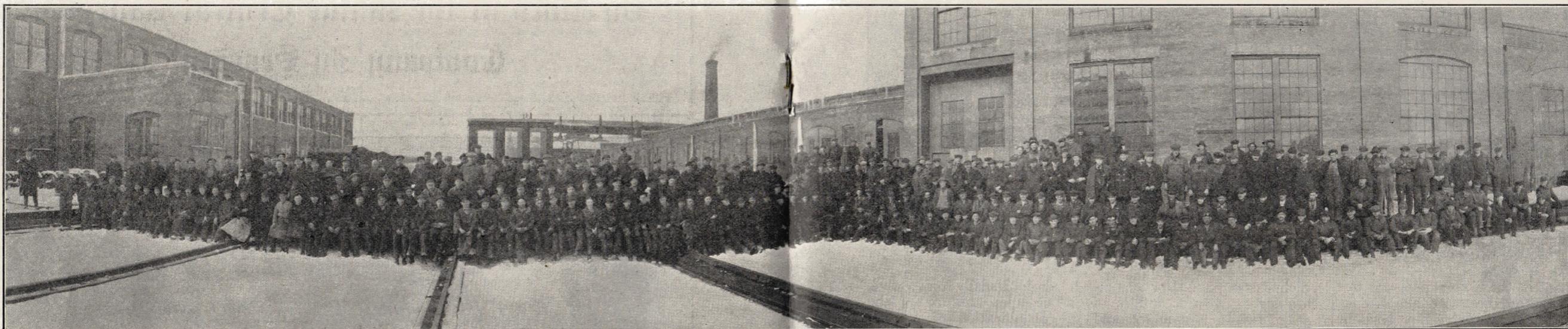
MORRIS McDONALD, CHAIRMAN	THOMAS P. SHAW
EDWARD B. WINSLOW	HUGH J. CHISHOLM
EDWARD P. RICKER	WILLIAM T. COBB
	GEORGE E. MACOMBER

OFFICERS

MORRIS McDONALD,	President	PORTLAND, MAINE
DANA C. DOUGLASS,	Vice Pres. & Gen'l Manager	" "
ALBERT J. RAYNES,	Comptroller	" "
LOUIS M. PATTERSON,	Treasurer	" "
GEORGE H. EATON,	Freight Traffic Manager	" "
MORTIMER L. HARRIS,	General Passenger Agent	" "
BERTRAND T. WHEELER,	Chief Engineer	" "
PHILIP M. HAMMETT,	Superintendent Motive Power	" "
EDWARD W. WHEELER,	General Counsel	" "
CHAS. H. BLATCHFORD,	General Solicitor	" "
CHAS. D. BARROWS,	Purchasing Agent	" "

General Offices: 222-242 St. John Street, Portland, Maine

Then and Now—The Thompson's Point Workers As They Assembled In 1924 and As They Assembled In 1900



The Crew of Today—Posed for the Maine Central Magazine

(Continued from Page 3)

George Burleigh, W. F. Lombard, James Summers; next man unidentified; Walter Coffin, John Coffin, Russell (Major) Gould.

Back row—Charles Coughlin, William Reagan, George Houston, Freeman Stillings, John Flaherty, John Holbrook, Andrew Bashford, Henry Johnstone, — Pickins, Isaac Stover, George Card, John Riley, John Cotton, Joseph Brown, "Ed" Moreau, John Grover, Thomas Page; next man unidentified; John Rumery, W. J. Manyard.



Of this old group, only four—W. F. Lombard, James Summers, Freeman Stillings and John Johnstone—still work at the Point. A fifth, John Riley, is at Rigby. Perhaps some readers of this article can name the two who are unidentified; can correct any misspelling; and can tell where those who have retired are now living.

A visit to the shops at Thompson's Point is of genuine interest—even for those with no technical knowledge of high-powered, electrically driven machinery or the art of railroad repair work. Approximately 450 men—nearly all of them skilled artisans—are employed, as has been said. They are the sort that mean much to the civic advancement of Portland and

its suburbs—married men, for the most part, who have fine families, get living wages, and help build up this community. In the shops light running repairs are made on passenger

cars; heavy rebuilding on freight cars; eight engines a month, on an average, are torn down and built up new; frogs for the track are manufactured and repaired; and so on. It is

a busy place—not so large, of course, as the great plant at Waterville, and yet a perfect maze of activity.

The machine shop and erecting floor occupy a building approximately as large, for a rough estimate, as the famous Exposition Building in Portland, where the Maine Music Festival is held. How many—yes, even railroad men themselves, if they are in other branches of the service—realize the vast amount of work, the infinite detail, in even the simplest repairing of a locomotive? The main rods and side rods are removed; the brake-rigging and trusses taken down; the engine is unweeled—which is done on a drop table at the Thompson's Point plant; it is then taken to its pit.



The boiler works—unlike the arrangement at Waterville—are here on the erecting floor. The electric weld is chipped away and the tubes split on the fire-box end. Then the boiler is sealed inside, in every part, and new tubes are set in. All broken stay-bolts must be replaced, and so on. Once in every seven years—formerly five—there is the hydrostatic test, which means removing the jacket and all lagging and looking over the entire boiler, inside and out. Included in this hydrostatic



The Crew of 1900—As It Posed for some Traveling Photographer