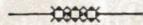


Machine Shop and Erecting Floor, Thompson's Point

test is the water pressure test, which varies in accordance with the boiler's capacity.

That is only the beginning. The small parts of the engine are now removed, taken to the cleaning plant, and then delivered to various operators on the machine side of the building. The wheels are taken to the wheel-lathe; the tires turned; the driving axles turned if needed, replaced if needed; new crank-pins are applied.



The driving boxes are examined. New ones are substituted if needed; new liners are applied; all boxes are bored. The links are taken to the operator and brought back as good as new. New shoes are applied to the cross-heads, new bolts made, the hose rimmed. All piston rods and valve stems are turned or new ones made; new packing is applied; new heads are made if needed, or built up with bronze.

The steam chest is bored, and, if the bushings are oversize, new ones are applied. The cylinders are examined, and, if oversize, bushings are applied; if out of round, they are bored. A line is placed through the cylinders to line guides and cross-heads. If a frame is found broken, it is either removed and repaired in the blacksmith shop or—more customarily—a thermit weld or gas weld is used. Sometimes the taper bolts alone, applied on the frame of a large engine, run into big numbers—100 to 135. And then there are a hundred and one little things, all requiring time, patience, money, and the services of skilled workmen. Yes, the repairing of one locomotive—even in its simplest form—seems to the layman a stupendous job.

How long does it take? Usually from a week to a month, depending upon the size of the locomotive and the classification of repairs. There are nine "pits" on the erecting floor, which means that nine locomotives are always being repaired simultaneously—for no sooner is one finished than another takes its place. Thomas S. Brown—known as Tom Brown to all his friends at the plant—is foreman of the machine shop; James Martell of the boiler shop, and F. C. Bolton of the erecting floor.

Threading his way to other parts of the plant—and incidentally passing several of its thirty-two shifting engines—the visitor finds very many features of interest: features which there is room this month only to mention, but which will be described in later issues of the MAGAZINE. They include the car and cabinet-shops: the mill; the paint shop and oil room; the blacksmith shop—filled, as told on another page, with the inventions of its foreman. The lumber shed, believed to be the largest of its kind in Maine, contains approximately 650,000 feet of finished wood, ready to load.



### Freight Revenues

Loading of revenue freight continues in the country at large to run well ahead of that of last year and preceding years, according to reports filed by the carriers with the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association.

The total for the week ended February 9th was 906,489 cars. This was an increase of 57,137 cars over the corresponding week last year and 128,698 cars over the corresponding week in 1922. It was also an increase of 119,856 cars over the corresponding period in 1920. ▶

Due to severe weather conditions in certain parts of the country, the total for the week of February 9th was a decrease of 23,447 cars under the preceding week.

## The Burden of the Railroads

Committee On Public Relations, Eastern Roads, Points Out, In Dispassionate But Forceful Statement, What Excessive Taxation Means—Crushing Excise Tax Is Maine Central's Specific Problem

The burden placed upon the railroads of America by almost unbearable taxation—a burden which operating efficiency cannot indefinitely overcome—is clearly and forcefully shown in the following statement, issued by the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Roads:

### The Statement

I

Railroad taxes in the last two months of 1923 amounted to over a million dollars a day.

For the entire year railroad taxes were \$336,399,600. For the year 1924 they will probably exceed \$366,000,000.

Railroad taxes come out of railroad revenues, and railroad revenues come from railroad rates.

The public pays railroad rates and, therefore, railroad taxes.

II

Taxes are necessary to operate city, county, state and national governments and the justification of levying reasonable taxes on railroads is not disputed. But this will be the fourth year since 1919 in which railroad taxes have exceeded railroad dividends.

Railroad taxes have increased 160% in the last eleven years, while dividends in that time have decreased 10%. In 1913 the railroads paid \$322,300,406 in dividends and \$127,725,809 in taxes; last year's dividends approximated \$283,000,000 and taxes were \$336,399,600.

An unfair feature of this great tax burden is that so much of this money goes to furnish free rights of way to other means of transportation—motor highways, canals, etc.—which compete with the railroads.

III

Railroad operating costs today are over 100% greater than they were at the outbreak of the war, but income from the transportation of freight and passengers is only 50% higher. This situation has been met only by an enormous and sustained effort to get more tons of freight into each car, more cars into each train, more work out of each shop.

In the steadily increasing tax burden, the railroads face an obstacle which cannot much longer be overcome by operating efficiency. Unless a halt is called, railroad rates must be advanced to provide the money to pay taxes. The situation demands the help of every citizen, whose duty it is to see that the taxes he pays are wisely expended, and with the same system and economy which should characterize any business enterprise.

Higher taxes increase the cost of producing necessary transportation and place one more obstacle in the way of reduction of the cost of living.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC RELATIONS  
OF THE EASTERN RAILROADS

143 Liberty Street  
New York City

March, 1924.



### Maine's Own Problem

The above applies to American railroads as a whole; but the Maine Central system, with which Maine's prosperity and growth are interwoven, has its specific problem—one calling for thoughtful consideration and earnest effort toward relief.

The Maine Central's excise tax in 1924 will be \$962,081—meaning that this vast sum must be paid for the mere privilege of giving public service within the state. In addition, there are local taxes estimated at \$125,000.

Obviously, a burden such as this cannot be indefinitely sustained. Tax reduction, on a basis fair and equitable to all concerned, and possible through amendment to existing law, is the vital problem confronting those who have the welfare of both railroad and state at heart.

## Industrial and Financial

Directors of the Portland Terminal Company, at their monthly meeting, Feb. 29, authorized the issuance and sale of one-year notes in the sum of \$1,800,000, bearing interest at five and one-half per cent., to be used for payment of the expense incurred in the construction of Rigby terminal. It is expected that these notes, on their maturity, will be cared for by the issuance of first mortgage bonds.

It had originally been intended to issue five per cent. mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the Maine Central Railroad; and the Interstate Commerce Commission was asked for authority. But it was thought better, because of market conditions, to substitute the one-year notes, in the expectation of a better market on their maturity. The request to the Interstate Commerce Commission was, therefore, supplemented.

This action by the directors of the Portland Terminal Company preceded a meeting of the directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company, at which only routine business was considered.

## January Operating Results

Several figures of significant interest appear in the January statement of Maine Central Railroad operating results, made public February 27.

The increase in freight revenue over January, 1923 is \$93,014, and the decrease in operating expenses—due to more favorable weather conditions—is \$176,922. There remains a deficit for the month of \$115,754 after fixed charges are paid; but this is a much more gratifying showing than in January, 1923, when the deficit was \$338,868.

The report, in detail, follows:

	January 1924	January 1923		Increase
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,141,088	\$1,048,074		\$93,014
Passenger Revenue.....	343,954	344,389	Dec.	435
Other Revenues.....	123,077	124,086	Dec.	1,009
<b>Total Railway Operating Revenues.....</b>	<b>\$1,608,118</b>	<b>\$1,516,549</b>		<b>\$91,570</b>
Railway Operating Expenses.....	1,445,881	1,622,803	Dec.	176,922
Net Railway Operating Income.....	51,079	184,190	Dec.	235,269
Deficit after Fixed Charges.....	115,754	338,868	Dec.	223,114
	89.91	107.01	Dec.	17.10

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

## Gratifying Figures

The United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Market News Service of February 29th, reports the total of Maine potato shipments to February 23d as 23,927 cars. Last season, on the same date, there had been shipped 15,200 cars. The total shipments for last season were 24,385 cars.

These figures show that the total tonnage of potato shipments up to February 23d, 1924, is nearly equal to the shipments of the entire season last year.

On a basis of crop estimates for the season's crop in Maine, we would infer that there are still some 8,000 cars yet to be shipped from Maine to the consuming markets.

This report further shows that Maine stands second among the potato growing states, in the volume of potato shipments to date.

## Two Promotions

The following, under date of March 7, was issued by Albert J. Raynes, comptroller:

Mr. Sidney A. McTaggart is appointed assistant comptroller, with office at Portland, Maine, in place of Mr. Frank A. Walsh, resigned.

Mr. Hiram T. Leighton is appointed auditor agencies, with office at Portland, Maine, in place of Mr. Sidney A. McTaggart, promoted.

Mr. McTaggart, who is promoted to assistant comptroller by the above order, has been 32 years with the Maine Central Railroad Co. For sixteen years he was in station service—as agent, telegrapher, and freight cashier. In March, 1908, he entered the accounting department; was traveling auditor until 1914, when he became station accountant; and in 1918 he was made auditor of agencies, remaining in this position until his

promotion on March 7. He is married and has one daughter, Eleanor, a graduate of Deering High School and now a student at Wheaton College.

Mr. Leighton, who succeeds Mr. McTaggart as auditor of agencies, has been twenty-five years in Maine Central service—as traveling auditor, mechanical accountant, and assistant auditor of disbursements. He, too, is married, and with Mrs. Leighton makes his home in Portland.

Both Mr. McTaggart and Mr. Leighton are exceptionally able, widely known railroad men; and they have received the congratulations of many friends upon their well-deserved promotions.

## Who Owns the Roads?

American railroads are not owned and controlled by a small group of Wall street millionaires.

Statistics show quite the contrary. American railroads are publicly owned. According to the Interstate Commerce Commission there are 777,132 holders of the stock of Class I railroads. The par value of the outstanding railroad stock held by these 777,132 owners is \$7,242,191,000. In other words, on a basis of \$100 par value, the average holdings of each owner is less than 100 shares—93.2 shares, to be exact.

These figures take no account of the million or more railroad bondholders whose interest in the financial success of the carriers is equally as great as that of the stockholders. The owners of these stocks and bonds are scattered all over the United States.

Insurance companies and savings banks are particularly large owners of railroad securities, which means that the holders and beneficiaries of 17,663,000 life insurance policies; the holders and beneficiaries of 54,096,000 industrial insurance policies; and the 21,414,085 savings bank depositors, are financially interested in the successful operation of the railroads.

And so the answer to the question at the head of this article is: "Not Wall Street, but the public!"

## Every Form Is An Art

Vivid Experience Proved to Hopeful Beginner and His Chum That There Isn't Any Easy Path to the Railroad Game

Written for the Maine Central Railroad Magazine

By MARTIN F. DONOHUE, Lewiston

In reading the first issue of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE, I was reminded of the time I almost became a "Railroader." This happened a few years ago, on a big railroad in New York state, but the incident still is very fresh in my mind, and I am sure that time, no matter how long, could never obliterate it. And I'm also sure the reader will agree with me that "there's a reason."

It happened that a chum and I, being tired of indoor work, with its lack of adventure and no chance to see the great outdoors, except in the few hours before retiring, decided to quit and seek fields anew, where the spirit of adventure was more dominant. And so, after great deliberation, we decided that no other work but railroading held all that we craved in the way of adventure and romance. Having picked out the line, it was necessary for us then to look for a job. And that we did in earnest.

After many fruitless days, we found that inasmuch as the railroad wanted men, we were not the men they wanted. That is, we were like babes in the woods. For my chum was like myself used to one job and knew precious little about anything else. But not a bit discouraged we kept up the search, assuring ourselves that surely there must be something in railroading that we could do. And so it came to pass that we again made the rounds, only this time we asked for anything and didn't specify any particular likings.

And we sure had the surprise of our young lives, to meet luck in the second place we tried. To our query if there was any kind of work the man in charge said there was. And after looking us over with a most peculiar smile, said: "They need section hands up near B——, but you fellows hardly look as if you could fill the bill."

"And why not, if I may ask," said my chum, feeling real hurt. "We're not cripples, you know."

"No," answered our hope. "But you will be if you take that job." And he had a nice little laugh to himself.

Now, I always did like to hear anyone laugh. It's a sure cure for the blues and cures all around you of lonesomeness. But that laugh had a most peculiar and sinister sound. Now, in looking back I realize why he laughed and why it was so sinister. But then we were, as I said, babes in the woods as far as railroading was concerned, and thought that he was trying to discourage us. So, my chum looked at me and I at him, and then we both turned to the hopeful gentleman and said that we would give it a try.

So, we went to B—— with a note from our friend (?) and were hired as full-fledged section hands. At last we were working on the railroad! Next morning we were "Johnny-on-Spot," reporting at the place designated by our "boss." I guess there were about thirteen besides ourselves in that gang. I am rather hazy there, because most of them were Italians. Two others besides ourselves were "Americans." That is, they could make themselves more understandable in our "lingo," and so the "boss" (by the way, also an Italian) delegated them to show "Dose towa dam kida" the job. And then he went on lamenting in broken English how impossible it was for him to make a creditable showing with such men as they had been sending him, or words to that effect.

We were given a pick and our instructors proceeded to show us the art of pushing stones under railroad ties. Probably some readers know and more probably don't, that it IS an art. I can assure the doubtful ones that it is art and highly specialized, too. After trying to poke a few under and do it right, so my instructors would be satisfied, I sort of succeeded. That is, after a fashion. But not so with my chum. He just couldn't "tamp." So the "boss," with some more lamenting, put him to shoveling around the track and bringing new ties to replace the ones taken out.

Well, we were both pretty tired when we got back to the bunk-house, and though not altogether pleased with our job we decided to stick it out, again assuring each other that something else would surely turn up. So the next morning, bright and early, we were on the job. But it seemed as if I didn't get a full night's sleep. I felt that way. And we had gone to bed at eight!

Another day with the pick for me, with my chum doing odds and ends, and at the quitting hour I confess that I was "all in." Arriving at the bunk-house I sat down and felt that I would welcome the end of the world. My back felt as if an elephant had been doing a dance and jig on it. Didn't care for supper, didn't want to read (I always was great on reading the evening papers.) Didn't want to do anything. When my chum came back from supper I had a nice heart-to-heart talk with him, telling him I guess I would have to quit.

"What are you going to quit for, man? You know they won't have us doing this all the time," said my chum.

"You're right there, Buddie," said I. "I don't

believe I'll live more than one more day of this kind of work."

"Cheer up, partner," said he. "After a good night's sleep you'll be as fresh as a daisy." And added, "As for your back, I'll fix that with some Musterole I have in my grip."

And so an hour later found him giving my back a rub with Musterole, so I could resume the next day, where we had left off.

I tried to sleep, but sleep would not visit me. Once I did get into a snooze, only to be awakened suddenly by the pain in my back, made when the elephants used it as a cushion. And so passed the night, with only snatches of sleep and to awaken with pains, it seemed, in all parts of my body.

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Next day we were again on the job. But not bright and early. I was there, but that's all. But I sort of perked up when instead of the pick the "boss" took the whole crew up the track about a mile. I welcomed the change and said to myself: "Well, guess I will be able to stick it out, now." But an hour later I changed my mind. For the "boss" took us to where a half dozen or so cars were on a siding and, after telling us to get shovels, added to "get busy." The cars contained ballast (rock).

Say, tamping ties was like playing marbles to that job. Did you ever try to shovel coal in the cellar with a small, flat shovel? Well, if you ever did you have some small idea of what we were up against. Why, every time I see a Gondola now, with rock ballast, I feel faint and dizzy.

That night both the buddie and I were all in. We talked it over and decided that we would quit next morning. So, after rubbing each other's backs with musterole, we we clambered into our bunks, tired but cheered by the thought that it would soon be a thing of the past. After another sleepless night we arrived on the job, and informed the "boss" that we had decided to leave railroading to

railroaders. And if he wouldn't get our pay coming to us so we could return home?

"No can geta pay," said the "boss." "Have to waita till pay day."

"And, when may that glorious day be?" said my buddie and I.

"Wall," said his nibs, "Pay car, she coma week from Friday. Buta you pay no coma till the twoa weeks after; holda backa two weeks."

The news of the Japanese earthquake was nothing compared to the words he uttered for we were not any too flush with money. And besides it was the hardest money we ever earned, and we hated like poison to leave it. Out of the question to come back for it, for it was but a small amount and we lived ninety miles away!

So, after a consultation, we decided we would try and stick it out, and so informed his nibs the "boss."

"Thata the besta thing, boys," said the "boss." "Whatematter you no like 'gandy-dancer,' eh?"

"Say," said my buddie. "Is that what they call those fellows?"

"Wall," said the "boss," "they no lika the name, but funny guys he calla him that 'gandy-dancer.'"

"Well," says I, "I can see where the gandy comes in, for a fellow must be a gander to work at this job, but that dancer part must be all bosh. Any man that can work at this job and go out and dance after, is a wonder and not human, and his place is with the immortals."

"Ah, wall," said the "boss," and a suspicious grin broke over his countenance. "The firsta seven years shea the hardest."

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So back we went to the job and stuck it out till pay day. With the "boss's" help we managed it alright, also aided with nightly rubs of Musterole. But this is final. No more railroading for me. That is, not as a "gander-dancer." Of course if I was offered the presidency or some job like that I might reconsider. It all illustrates what I said before—gandy-dancing, like every other form of railroading, is an art.

## Maine

Written for the Maine Central Magazine

By NATHAN A. TEFFT

Night Editor, Bangor Daily News

First to greet the glad sunrise,  
With outstretched mountain arms,  
Her placid lakes like big blue eyes,  
And a graciousness that charms;  
And fairer tresses ne'er did blow,  
In breeze on hill or plain,  
Than silver streams that toss and flow,  
Beneath the pines o' Maine.

Clothed in beauties of the land,  
So modestly, serene;  
Spring-rose garlands in her hand,  
Against a robe of green;  
Her Summer gown, a floral maze,  
Then Autumn tints her train;  
On mantle white 'tis fair to gaze,  
When Winter comes in Maine.

At her feet Atlantic, fair,  
Kneels proudly, and to woo  
And humbly lavish riches rare,  
His wooing to pursue;  
And by the sea to toil and spin,  
She labors not in vain,  
To harbor well her kith and kin,  
Along the shores o' Maine.

Vast her stores in harvest time,  
Fruits of a fertile north,  
A golden share for every clime,  
Nor a whit for scorn or scoff.  
First to give in a sister's need,  
First to a world in pain,  
For love is planted with the seed,  
In the garden plots o' Maine.

Model of hospitality,  
Her latchstring always out,  
Wide her portals by the sea,  
Her way-gates swung about.  
With open arms and friendly hand,  
On highway, trail and lane,  
She welcomes guests from every land,  
To the playground o' Maine.

Mother of noble sons, and free,  
Who honor the name she bears;  
Daughters of love and liberty,  
Their reverence voice in prayers;  
Who wander far, and of her kin,  
For little or for gain,  
Know where to find a place within  
The heart o' dear ol' Maine.

## Taking the Twenty-twenty Test

Small Chance of Being An Engineer or Fireman If There is Anything the Matter with Your Eyesight or Your Hearing—Some of the Things That Applicants Must Be Able to Do.

Malcolm D. Billington, who has charge of the Maine Central instruction car, held up a delicately adjusted little instrument and surveyed it critically.

"An acoumeter," he explained. "Want to learn if your hearing is normal? Go twenty feet away, please, and listen."

His visitor retreated down the car aisle.

"That's far enough," said Mr. Billington. "Attention now—"

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A faint but distinct ticking, somewhat louder than that of a watch, drifted down the aisle. "Hear it all right?" asked Mr. Billington. "That shows there's nothing the matter with your ears. It's the regular test we give to engineers and firemen. If you could go more than twenty feet, and still hear the acoumeter, your hearing would be super-acute."

The visitor went five or six paces farther; and he DID hear the acoumeter. It seemed almost to whisper from the distance—faint but methodical. And yet this same visitor, when he is called to the telephone, almost invariably has the message, or part of the message, repeated. Perhaps there is a psychology in the art of hearing, as in everything else.

This test for the ears is very simple—you either hear the acoumeter at twenty paces or you don't hear it; but the eye tests are more complicated. They are long-drawn, searching, delicate. If you are a candidate for some railroad job, and pass them in the degree demanded by the Maine Central and other modern roads—well, you have no little cause for satisfaction.

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First there are tests to determine whether or not the applicant is color-blind. He is taken to a small, pitch-black room at one end of the car, where various primal colors—sometimes in flooding radiance, again contracting to tiny pin-points of light—are flashed from a testing lantern; and later, in daylight, he is made to point out shadings more delicate and subtle. Most applicants pass these tests with—well, let us say "flying colors," for only one person in a thousand is color blind.

But now come the tests to determine acuteness of vision. They are simple enough, yet penetratingly searching; no applicant whose eyes are defective may hope to pass them. Engineers and firemen, conductors and trainmen, yard brakemen, switchmen, tower men, telegraph operators and so on are divided into classes and are judged by varying standards. What, to cite an example, would be satisfactory vision for a telegraph operator would not be satisfactory vision for an engineer.

Engineers and firemen, on being examined for the service or for promotion, must pass the 20-20, or perfect, test. There are cards upon each of which appear a

### Try This Yourself

On a square of white card-board, draw or paste a series of black letters three-eighths of an inch high. Stand twenty feet away and try to read these letters—first with one eye, then with the other eye, and finally with both.

If you succeed, you have cause to congratulate yourself, for you have entirely normal vision—the vision required by an engineer or fireman, upon whom the lives of many passengers depend. If you fail, however, don't be discouraged. Your eyes may still be perfectly adequate for all ordinary purposes. There are many railroad men, in other branches of the service, who could not pass this searching test.

series of letters in what printers call "20 type," every letter being three-eighths of an inch high. The applicant is then required to stand 20 feet away and read these letters—with both eyes, with the right eye, and with the left. And he must read them rapidly and accurately—each of his eyes, and both together, reaching this 20-20 test.

If the applicant passes this test and all others, and is accepted as an engineer or fireman, he is given a three year certificate—save on the Mountain Division, where, because of Canadian law, the certificate is for two years. When the three years, or two years, have expired, and he appears for re-examination, the eye test is a trifle less severe. He can "get by" on a 20-30 basis—meaning a 30-size type, proportionately larger than the 20-size, read at 20 feet.

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The test for conductors and trainmen is almost as rigid—but not quite. And so on down through the list—letters always being read at a distance of 20 feet, but the size of these letters depending upon the classification of those examined.

"But," you say, "what about eye-glasses? What difference do they make?"

Those examined for entry to the service are not permitted to wear glasses. They may be worn when applicants appear for re-examination, at the end of their first period—but in this case certificates are renewed for but one year, instead of for two or three.

<p><b>Important Games</b></p> <p>At Home and With Strong Outside Teams</p>	<p><b>Bowling</b></p>	<p><b>Girls' Team Has</b></p> <p>A Fine Record; An Opportunity To Visit Boston</p>
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Interest was never more keen among the Maine Central teams.

Not only have these teams held spirited contests among themselves, but they have met—and usually defeated—some of the best from outside.

Below, written for the Maine Central Magazine by those intimately in touch with the sport, are accounts of the principal games—together with notes, gossip and announcements that will be read with interest by all bowling fans.

### Maine Central League

There were several features to the regular weekly session of the Maine Central League on Friday, Feb. 29, most notable, perhaps, being the breaking of the single string record of 124 by Ray and Hennigar, who boosted it to 129.

Hennigar previously held the record at 124, made Jan. 18th, and Miss Packard tied him by making 124 on Feb. 1st.

May, rolling with the Somersets, had the best 3-string total of the evening with 312, closely followed by Hennigar with 311. George Foster, who previous to this session held high average at 95, but an off night and the best he could do was 245, while Hennigar, who was trailing Foster, had a big night, with 311 and is now high average man of the league with .95 and a fraction.

Miss Packard, high average among the women, with 84, is being closely followed by Miss Marshall with 83. Miss Marshall had the high 3-string total of the week among the women, with 270.

#### League Standing

Following is the league standing on March 1:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Rangeleys	39	9	.813
Megantics	30	18	.625
Bridgton and Sacos	27	21	.563
Sandy Rivers	20	28	.417
Washington Countys	20	28	.417
Kennebagos	19	29	.396
Somersets	19	29	.396
Oquossocs	18	30	.375

RECORDS

High Individual Single: Hennigar	129
High Individual 3-Strings: Hennigar	330
High Team Single: Rangeleys	478
High Team Total: Rangeleys	1387
High Individual Average: Hennigar	95

AVERAGES

Men:

Hennigar, 95; Foster, 93; Allen, 93; Goud, 92; Stovef, 91; McCullum, 91; Hill, 90; Bucklin, 90; Nagle, 89; Eadon, 89; Baldwin, 88; Oberg, 88; Smith, 88; Mills, 87; Gass, 87; Heiskell, 85; Dooley, 85; Shaw, 84; Malloy, 84; Beane, 82; Ashworth, 80; Talbot, 79; Dodge, 76.
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WOMEN:

Miss Packard, 83; Miss Marshall, 83; Miss Macomber, 80; Miss Sleeper, 78; Miss Moran, 77; Miss Libby, 75; Miss Meserve, 74; Miss Hollywood, 72; Miss Munro, 72; Miss Mangum, 71; Miss Sweet, 70; Miss Goudy, 69; Mrs. Smith, 68; Miss Langlais, 67; Miss Berry, 64; Mrs. Shaw, 64.
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### Portland vs. Lewiston

The Maine Centrals of Portland went to Lewiston, Feb. 9th and defeated the Maine Central team of Lewiston by a total of 59 pins. For the Portland team, John Goud had high single—103, while Philip Pearson fell the honor of high 3-string total of 287. For the Lewiston team, Langley had high single of 105, and Madden high 3-string total of 280. Portland's grand total was 1399, and Lewiston got 1340. Following are the scores in detail:

PORTLAND M. C. R. R.				
Goud	103	96	83	= 282
Pearson	98	87	102	= 287
Dummy	98	92	82	= 272
May	94	84	97	= 275
Smart	93	89	101	= 283
	486	448	465	= 1399

LEWISTON M. C. R. R.				
Madden	93	97	90	= 280
Webber	97	98	82	= 277
Myrand	90	90	80	= 260
Langley	105	84	89	= 278
Briery	73	92	80	= 245
	458	461	421	= 1340

### The Return Game

The Maine Central Team of Lewiston was defeated at Portland, by the Maine Centrals of Portland, at the Recreation Alleys, by a grand total of 121 pins, the Portland team winning all three strings and the total; the Portland team had a grand total of 1460, while Lewiston had a total of 1339. For Portland, May had high single of 113, while Hennigar had the high 3-string total of 315. For Lewiston, Langley had high single of 111 and he also had high 3-string total of 305.

Following are the scores:

PORTLAND M. C. R. R.				
Goud	103	93	90	= 286
Pearson	93	96	82	= 271
Hennigar	96	111	108	= 315
May	113	88	91	= 292
Smart	85	111	100	= 296
	490	499	471	= 1460

LEWISTON M. C. R. R.				
Myrand	89	80	81	= 250
Webber	88	70	82	= 240
Madden	90	94	90	= 274
Langley	88	106	111	= 305
Briery	87	100	83	= 270
	442	450	447	= 1339

### Crack Portland Team



Front row, left to right—Smart, Hennigar, Goud. Back row—Pearson, Foster, May.

### Crack Lewiston Team



Front row, left to right—Myrand, Webber, Langley. Back row—Briery, Rollins, Madden.

The Maine Central General Office team, pictured above, has had great success this winter.

It met the Waterville Y. M. C. A. team, defeating it in two games—by 61 pins at Waterville and 237 pins at Portland. It also took two games from the Maine Central team of Lewiston, as told in this edition—by 59 pins at Lewiston, and by 121 pins in the return Portland game. Another victory to its credit is with the Bean's Lunch team, one of the most expert in Portland.

### Maine Central vs. Bean's Lunch

In the Recreation Rooms, on the evening of Washington's Birthday, the Maine Central team defeated the strong Bean's Lunch team by a margin of 47 pins. Bean's Lunch, admittedly, has one of the best teams in the city, outside of the City League teams, and the Maine Centrals feel they did a pretty good job when they defeated it.

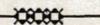
For the Maine Centrals, Pearson scored highest single, 117, while May had high 3-string total with 291. For Bean's Lunch Griffin had high single, 107, and also high 3-string total, 294.

Following are the scores:

MAINE CENTRALS				
Goud	101	89	94	= 284
Pearson	88	73	117	= 278
Hennigar	79	116	90	= 285
May	85	100	106	= 291
Smart	111	77	88	= 276
	464	455	495	= 1414

BEAN'S LUNCH

Peterson	84	89	101	=	274
Libby	89	99	89	=	277
Norton	97	92	84	=	273
Griffin	93	107	94	=	294
Woodbury	93	81	75	=	249
	456	468	443	=	1367



M. C. Girls vs. P., M. & B. Girls

Until Feb. 2, the Porteous, Mitchell and Braun Girls were considered as having the best girls' team in Portland; but on this date, they met the Maine Central Girls' team in a match at the Recreation Alleys, with the result that the P., M. & B. girls met their Waterloo. The Maine Central girls defeated them by a total of 19 pins, winning every string. Since then the Maine Central Girls have several times offered the P., M. & B. Girls a return match, but up to the time this is written, the offer has not been accepted.

In this match the Maine Central Girls all bowled a fine game as the scores below will show. Miss Marshall had the high single of 90 and the high 3-string total of 254. The high single and high 3-string total are not considered surprising, as quite frequently these girls put up single strings of 100 and over, and quite often some of them go above 270 for three string totals. Following is the score, in detail:

MAINE CENTRAL GIRLS

Miss Macomber	68	80	86	=	234
Miss Meserve	78	75	86	=	239
Miss Sleeper	70	82	74	=	226
Miss Marshall	87	90	77	=	254
Miss Packard	77	78	77	=	232
	380	405	400	=	1185

PORTEOUS, MITCHELL AND BRAUN GIRLS

Miss Carrier	69	82	75	=	226
Miss Cummings	86	79	81	=	246
Miss McKinnon	74	71	88	=	233
Miss McCray	63	69	74	=	206
Miss Files	82	92	81	=	255
	374	393	399	=	1166



M. C. Girls vs. Gen. C. Shaw Girls

Feb. 20, at Recreation Alleys, the Maine Central Girls' team met and defeated the George C. Shaw Girls' team, all three strings and the total, the Maine Central Girls winning the first string by 68 pins, the second by 19 and the third by 59, thus getting the total by 146.

The Maine Central Girls had a grand total of 1280, while the George C. Shaw Girls had 1134. For the Maine Central Girls Miss Marion Sleeper had high single, 105, and she also had the high 3-string total, 276. For the George C. Shaw Girls, Miss Mulhern had high single of 87 and also high 3-string total of 246.

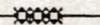
The following are the scores:

MAINE CENTRAL GIRLS

Miss Macomber	81	88	93	=	262
Miss Meserve	70	75	80	=	225
Miss Sleeper	95	76	105	=	276
Miss Marshall	100	81	75	=	256
Miss Packard	89	92	80	=	261
	435	412	433	=	1280

GEORGE C. SHAW GIRLS

Miss Mulhern	87	85	74	=	246
Miss Miller	76	76	75	=	227
Miss Towle	64	74	79	=	217
Miss Millidge	65	75	78	=	218
Dummy	75	83	68	=	226
	367	393	374	=	1134



Thompson's Pt. vs. Waterville Y. M. C. A.

Thompson's Point and the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A. split even in two games—the former winning on its home alleys, Feb. 16, and losing at the Congress Square Recreation Rooms, Feb. 23.

Following is the score of both games:

THE FIRST GAME

THOMPSON'S POINT

Lamont	69	86	97	=	252
Lombard	79	91	71	=	241
G. Beedey	85	78	87	=	251
R. Beedey	86	77	81	=	244
Calverly	75	88	93	=	256
				=	1243

WATERVILLE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A.

Beane	104	100	85	=	289
Caswell	93	102	83	=	278
Hassen	78	91	91	=	260
Penney	82	67	90	=	239
Luce	75	88	93	=	256
				=	1322

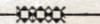
THE SECOND GAME

THOMPSON'S POINT

Tracey	92	90	80	=	262
C. Beesley	82	99	108	=	289
McKenney	97	77	78	=	252
Calverly	78	86	87	=	251
Lamont	101	82	92	=	275
				=	1329

WATERVILLE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A.

Luce	83	79	92	=	254
Sulloway	75	87	84	=	246
Beane	75	80	91	=	246
Hassen	66	83	72	=	221
Clifford	69	77	80	=	216
				=	1183



M. C. Second vs. Engineers and Firemen

In an unusually close game, played on the Pines Alleys, March 3, the Maine Central Second team defeated the Maine Central Firemen and Engineers by twelve pins on the total pin-fall.

The score:

M. C. SECOND TEAM

Mills	79	86	100	=	265
Malloy	90	87	78	=	255
Shaw	80	79	86	=	245
Arey	93	86	92	=	271
Beane	81	90	92	=	263
	423	428	448	=	1299

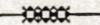
(Continued on Page 31)

Meeting Called For March 24, When Definite Plans Will Be Considered	<h1 style="font-size: 2em;">Baseball</h1>	Central Offices Are Likely To Have Strong Team; There Is Much Talent
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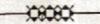
Baseball again!

This will be good news to hundreds of fans—for there wasn't very much last summer, so far as the Maine Central general offices were concerned.

Now there is a revival of interest, and from all indications there will be a stronger and better-backed team this summer than ever before. A meeting will be held at 8 o'clock on the evening of Monday, March 24, in room 244, general office building; and all interested are invited to attend. It isn't necessary, for those who like baseball and would like to be represented by a strong team, to be able to play themselves; they can show their interest in many ways—and the first of them is by being at the meeting.



There's plenty of baseball talent in the general offices; all it needs is a bit of encouragement and backing. There are some veterans of other seasons, when the general office team was "going strong;" there are others who once played on high school or college teams; and there are still others who have had little practical training but could be developed into good men. Among those being talked about, and some of whom are likely to be on the diamond when the first ball is thrown, are LeRoy D. Hiles of the passenger accounting department, who could go behind the bat; John McCullum, traffic bureau, catcher and outfielder; Luther Brewer, auditor of agencies department, first base; Guy Shaw, traveling freight agent, pitcher; Horace Woodbury, comptroller's department, first base and outfield; Malcolm Allen, passenger traffic department, third base; Phillip Pearson, auditor of freight department, one of the best outfielders in Portland; Lyle Wilson, auditor of freight department, the former high school star, short-stop; Herbert Oberg, freight traffic department, outfielder; Frank Libby of the legal department, a capital outfielder in his University of Maine days; and Eddie Westcott, traveling car tracer, infielder.



It's hoped that all of these, and many others, will be at the meeting. One sure to be there—you couldn't keep him away—is William Hunton, industrial agent, a baseball fan to his finger tips. As has been said, it isn't necessary that all who are interested be active players; there are many other ways in which a team can be encouraged.

Four years ago the general office team was in the city league; three years ago it played many strong independent teams; two years ago it was prominent in the twilight games. Last summer it wasn't so well organized; but now, judging by much talk around the building, there has been a tremendous revival of interest. Whether the team will

join some league, or confine itself mostly to strong independent teams, is one of the things to be decided at the meeting—but sentiment seems to favor the latter. "March 24," said one baseball fan to the writer, "is none too early to make definite plans. Summer will be here before we know it. But give us a good turn-out at this first meeting, and the success of the team is assured."

## Bowling Notes

The one person in the Maine Central League this season who has made the most improvement of any bowler is Mrs. Roy Shaw. This is her first season at the bowling game, and to show that she is interested, she has not missed a night yet.

Starting with the first night of the league, Mrs. Shaw had a three string total of 150, making a start of 50 for an average, and every night this winter she has boosted that average, until now she has one of 64. A little increase every week, without once slipping back, certainly deserves especial mention.

Mr. Malloy, rolling with the Sandy Rivers, had a nice 3-string total at the Feb. 29 session of the Maine Central League, with 90-112-107=309. He has about the smoothest delivery of any one in the League, and if he follows the game and gains good control of the ball, is going to make a fine bowler some day.

The Maine Central League has had 12 sessions, as this is written, thus leaving nine more to complete the schedule, and, if you want to know some of those who are the most interested, just read the list of those who haven't missed a night yet: Neil Smith, Mrs. Neil Smith, Roy Shaw, Mrs. Roy Shaw, Miss Marion Sleeper, Miss Elura Berry, Malcolm Allen, Herbert Oberg, Cecil Beane and John Goud. This is a fine record.

The Maine Central Girls' team has been invited by Mr. Souviney, manager of the Recreation Rooms, to enter the bowling tournament at Boston, April 9th to April 19th. Mr. Souviney has agreed to pay the entrance fee, which amounts to \$15, if the Maine Central Girls will take their team to Boston as representatives of the Recreation Rooms. It is quite likely that arrangements can be made, and everybody knows that, even in the Boston tournament, they would do credit to the Maine Central, to Portland, and to Mr. Souviney.

What Would You Have Done In Jim Malone's Place?	<span style="font-size: 4em; font-weight: bold;">?</span> <h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Practical Puzzles</h2> <p style="margin: 0;">Sent By Maine Central Men</p> <span style="font-size: 4em; font-weight: bold;">?</span>	Here's a Test of Your Knowledge of Maine Central Names
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Several members of the Maine Central family—all, as it happens, workers on the Eastern Division—have sent to the magazine a number of practical problems and puzzles. They relate to the system.

How many of them can you answer? Don't be afraid to send in your solutions!

### Jim Malone's Problem

When Jim Malone, the veteran Eastern Division conductor, was running a construction train on the Bucksport branch, he was caught one day at Orrington to meet a passenger train. At this point there was a spur track, holding four cars, with the ends of the rails at the edge of a highway and a tie chained across the track as a bumper. He had six cars, two more than the track would hold, and the train he was to meet consisted of two passenger cars and five or six freight cars.

Here was a pretty little problem confronting him. How could these two trains meet with no accommodation except a spur track holding four cars? "By ginger," said Jim, "I knew I had to do something, and do it quick. So I took up the stop-block at the end of the track, backed my train in, and shoved two cars over the ends of the rails right across the highway. That got us in the clear; and as soon as the passenger train had passed, we hauled ahead, railed the two cars, put back the stop-block, and finished our job."

This was a rather unusual variation of the stunt of "sawing-by," which in the old days was frequently necessary. Today, with the longer passing tracks, and perhaps better train dispatching, it is seldom resorted to; and it is probable that few of the younger generation of trainmen would know how to "saw by" two trains

at a point where the siding was too short to hold either train.

Below is a diagram illustrating the problem. The siding holds an engine and four cars, and each train consists of seven cars. How can they be handled so that each can proceed intact?

Most of the old-time railroaders can solve this problem easily and quickly. Work it out and send to the editor your solution, showing the quickest and best method of operation to accomplish the purpose with the fewest number of movements. If necessary, enclose a diagram to explain your meaning.

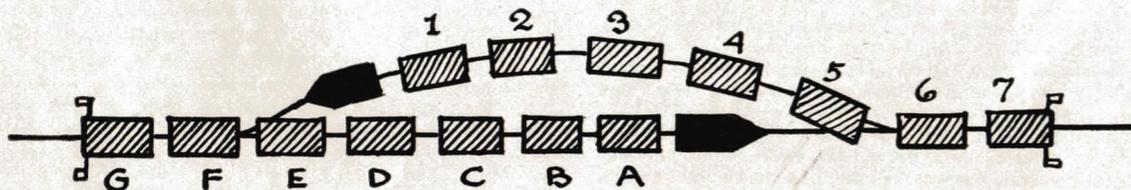
### Guess These Names?

An Eastern Division conductor, lifting tickets, happened to punch out one letter in each ticket, and observed that in doing so he had cut the letters which spelled his name. Here are the tickets. Who was the conductor?

Bangor to Ellsworth
Bangor to Holden
Bangor to Hancock
Bangor to Waukeag

Concealed in the following sentences are the names of seven employees of the Maine Central Railroad—

(Continued on Page 31)



## Banquet of Portland District, Shop Crafts Association—Letter from Bangor

The accompanying photograph shows members of Portland District, Maine Central Shop Crafts Association, at their first banquet. It was held last in February at Pythian Temple, Portland, and was a great success.

About two hundred were present, filling the handsome, brightly lighted tables in the big hall. There were no speeches—just a pleasant fraternal gathering, a fine and liberal dinner, some good music by Martin's five-piece orchestra, and, following the last course, a clever, lively entertainment.

Herbert Jackson was chairman of the committee in charge of the banquet, other members being C. Clifford Annis, W. N. Stevens, George E. Curtis and Byron Hodsdon. They received many compliments upon its success.

Portland District of the Association—which includes Rigby, Portland terminal, the Malden division, Lancaster and Bartlett, the Rangeley branch, Lewiston, Brunswick and Rumford—has 590 members and is in a flourishing condition. Its officers are George H. Parrott, president; Herbert Jackson, vice-president; David Harlow, treasurer; and Thomas Oates, secretary. A meeting is held the first Thursday of every month, in Pythian Temple.



Banquet, Pythian Temple

At the last monthly meeting, Feb. 19, of the Shop Crafts local, things began to move. Interest had dropped a bit during the business depression, so eats and smokes were ordered, to liven up the members. A fine crowd turned out, and the business on hand was cleared up in good style. Then Chairman Bert King called a short session of the District Board, and soon disposed of what business there was for that body. Adjournment came and also the ice-cream, cake and smokes. But, that is not what makes this a story.

It seems that someone had heard Bill Turner say "Yes, I can play a violin," so through the courtesy of Clyde Swett one was produced and Bill tuned up. Yes, siree, jigs and reels and good old Irish airs, including "The Irish Washerwoman" and no one was any more surprised than myself at the execution. Then someone suggested a dance, so men in overalls danced with those

(Continued on Page 31)

### Alive At Bangor

By rather curious coincidence, the mailman brought, just as the above was being written, a good, snappy letter from H. N. Latham, authorized reporter for the Association in Bangor,—a letter which shows there certainly is "something doing" down there. He heads it "Yes, We Are Alive in Bangor," and all who read will agree.

Mr. Latham's story of the good time at the last meeting is well worth while, and here it is:

## A Page of Anecdotes—All by Members of the Maine Central Family

Here are anecdotes and humor, every line by members of the Maine Central family.

Some of the contributions came in response to the Magazine's offer of ten dollars for the brightest story; others just naturally drifted in through the mails, the senders making no special mention of the award. There is not room to print all in this March issue—but they will be printed soon, for they are too good to lose.

It was by no means an easy choice to make; but finally the prize was awarded to E. M. Wade of the signal department, Brunswick, for his anecdote of the late Frederick Beale, printed on page fourteen. It is known to be true; it tells of as clever a retort as a railroad man ever made; and it applies locally—for the Phillips and Rangeley railroad was at that time a subsidiary of the Maine Central.

Here, then, are some of the anecdotes sent by members of the Maine Central family:

### Some Fish!

"Dear ed," writes the author of the following, "I'm risking considerable telling this, because he'll know just who to go looking for. However, I'll take a chance, and here we are:

There is a certain genial and popular engineer sometimes seen in the general vicinity of B . . . k who possesses some outstanding characteristics in addition to the afore-referred-to geniality.

He likes to fish.

He sometimes (but strictly from a sense of humor) exaggerates. And, I hate to say it, but his language is on rare occasions, more emphatic than elegant.

He took a ten-day fishing trip to the lakes and in spite of his plain promise to exterminate all the fish therein, he only extracted one lone specimen.

During the subsequent process of cross-examination and comment by the "gang," somebody asked, "Well, that fish you did catch, was it a big one?"

"Big," \_\_\_\_\_ said, "Why! ???\*!! it took 15 minutes for the water to run back in the hole!"

This comes from Brunswick:

A few years ago, certain trains from Lewiston were stopped at Brunswick, turned and sent back on the run to Lewiston. These trains were turned on a Y, formed by a track connecting the Portland and Lewiston main line tracks. One day, the shifting crew, under Ed Hennessey, turned a train, stopping at the coal sheds to coal up, and then backed down to the station. One of the several passengers who had been on the train during the turning process left the train. Hennessey, thinking the man was making a mistake, stopped him; the following conversation took place:

Henn: "Where are you going, Mister?"

Pass.: "Lewiston."

Henn.: "There's your train."

Pass.: "I'm going to Lewiston."

Henn.: "Well! There's your train."

Pass.: "I'm in Lewiston, now."

Henn.: "No, you're not. You haven't left Brunswick, yet."

Pass.: "Say. Where-in-he . . . have we been, then?"

From D. E. Hayes, Rumford, assistant superintendent, Portland Division:

Here is an anecdote of bygone days, at the same time, days that will always be remembered by those who went across and as surely remembered by those who remained at home. It happened while en route to France:

Officer: (Holding school of instruction and examination for men desiring promotion to engineer or conductor)

"What is a fixed signal?"

Buck: (Candidate for promotion) "One that has been repaired."

### Eastern Division Take-Off

"Fearing just retribution," says the man who sent the following, "the author insists upon concealing his identity. However much it may be deserved, therefore, it will be useless to load up the old shotgun.

Woodland is said to be a city of good Holmes.

They are all live ones at Enfield. Not a has-Beane in the bunch.

Passenger (who has mistaken Roscoe for Albert)

"Is this Mundie?"

Roscoe: "No sir, this is Wednesday."

Engineer Trafton says there should be a larger engine on 446 because they have such a heavy Hall out of Eastport.

Did you ever eat a meal at Waukeag? There's a good Cook there.

Bill (arriving Vanceboro): "Well, this has been a long day."

Irving: "There's a longer Day on the Bangor spare board."

(Try this to the tune of Old Black Joe)

I'm coming, I'm coming,

I am heading down the track;

I hear Al Haney gently calling

Old Joe Black.

The Eastern Division has at least one Goode conductor.

The boys behave when at Ellsworth, otherwise they get a Wiggin.

From W. E. Pierce, car inspector, Bangor:

A conductor was training a green brakeman, who seemed to have considerable difficulty in understanding how to announce the stations. Finally the conductor said to him, "Now, I'll announce the next station at the front end of the car. You stay in the other end, listen carefully, and say the same as I do."

The brakeman did as he was told, and when approaching the next station, the conductor called in a loud voice, "Brunswick next. Change for Bath, Rockland and Lewiston." And when he had finished, the brakeman, in a still louder voice, called out, "Same on this end!"

### Relief Association

(Continued from Page 6)

dollars to members or their beneficiaries—figures that speak most eloquently for themselves.

All male employees under forty-one are eligible, and there is a present membership of over 1600. This is gratifying and significant, but it is hoped to get more. The goal—and all organizations have a working goal, you know—is 2000 members and a reserve fund of \$100,000. Surely this is not unreasonable for an organization offering real protection at the most reasonable of costs.

The membership fee is \$1 and the monthly dues \$2.25; both are deducted from the member's payroll the first week in the month following acceptance of his application—after which, of course, dues alone are deducted. When a member leaves Maine Central employ he is no longer entitled to sick benefits—but does retain his life insurance and benefits for permanent disability, provided his remittance is made each month. The Association, by the way, pays for medical examination.

"Just think what that million dollars in benefits has done for aged parents, widows and little children," said one of those interested to a MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE reporter. "Is there a big corporation anywhere whose employees have among themselves a more worthy organization?"

At the annual meeting, held Feb. 25 in the union station, Portland, the old board of officers was re-elected and various reports—the more important of which are herein briefly summarized—were read.

### Inventive Genius

(Continued from Page 7)

"the gun-carriage," because it is portable and so can be taken from one forge to the other. This will make any kind of square bends—such as couplers' straps, etc. It has, too, a device making it possible for the ends of handles to be heated and bent as fast as they can be taken out, without being touched by a hammer; and two men have been known to make sixty handles in fifty minutes—which is a record worth noting.

Still another of the MacDonald machines—this is in the spring house, apart from the shop—strips bands from old springs without the aid of a sledge-hammer. And then there is his special device on the crane, whereby the helper can raise or lower the iron that has been forged, or swing it in and out, at the blacksmith's wish. The helper stands at the base of the crane and can see whether or not the iron is level on the hammer-die. Before this was invented, he had to stand, chain block in hand, to raise or lower the iron—at all times exposed to the merciless heat of the forging, and naturally pulling it off the die.

Mr. MacDonald has been ten years in the blacksmith shop. He has cut down four fires, thus saving the services of eight men, through his labor-saving machines, besides making it possible to do more work for outside—and, as in the case of the crane device, greatly lightening the labors of his men. He has never asked any money for his inventions, as has been said; but he has gotten from them a whole lot of satisfaction.

### Income Tax Returns

(Continued from Page 14)

In order to secure information required by the government, each employee is requested to fill out a blank showing his address, occupation and whether he is married

or single. These blanks are forwarded to the heads of departments. Then they are sorted in payroll order and forwarded to the office of auditor of payroll, where information is typed on report blanks furnished by the government.

As these returns are required from all employees earning \$1000 or over, employees who have left and those in the service should furnish the above information to their foreman or superintendent as promptly as possible, so as not to delay the compilation of returns.

### M. C. Second vs. Engineers

(Continued from Page 26)

FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS

Devine	87	96	82	=	265
Schirm	67	78	94	=	239
Johnson	99	90	97	=	286
Robinson	74	90	84	=	248
Tyler	74	81	94	=	249
	401	435	451	=	1287

### Guess These Names?

(Continued from Page 28)

a well-known passenger conductor on the Portland Division and one on the Eastern Division, two agents on the Mountain Division, an agent on the Eastern Division, an agent on the Portland Division, and a Portland Division engineman. As an illustration of the method of concealment, here is a sentence containing the name of the editor of this magazine:

I am glad SHE PARDoned my mistake.

Now here are the sentences. Let's see how many of the family are bright enough to dig them out:

1. There were several extra verses to the hymn.
2. Portland has approved daylight saving.
3. We are informed that a big mastiff is kept to guard the place.
4. On the specified eve an official communication was made.
5. He had a very bad fall on the ice.
6. We must urge on everyone the fullest co-operation.

### Shop Crafts

(Continued from Page 29)

in white collars, while Wallace Lond on called "swing your partners" and "ladies change."

With handkerchiefs tied around the men's arms to distinguish them as the "ladies," they sashayed up and down the center until it was time for the third trick men to leave.

Then Eddie Sommers gave a little buck and wing that went great. We tried to get Eddie to give us another, but he said "I'm getting too old and stiff," so the affair wound up early and all went home in a cheerful frame of mind. It was the talk of the men for a week and all agreed that we should have more such meetings. We hope that this spirit will continue, for it tends to keep up interest in the association, which is absolutely essential to any organization.

We are going to try and organize a bowling team here, so we can get into the league next winter. No, Bangor isn't dead; just been sleeping. More news later.

## **SUMMER R. R. CAP**

Made of the very best dark Blue Denim with genuine Black Elk leather visor and band. Long visor especially for Engineers and Firemen.

Gives better protection than a cloth cap, will not blow off, 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 3½ ounces. Send for free sample of leather and Denim.

Manufactured and Sold by

**L. L. BEAN**



**\$1.25**  
Post Paid

**Freeport, Maine**

*(Continued from Page 5)*

South will be remembered in other ways, as his time will be taken up getting a line on the Boston Braves, who are training there. We should be able to get some inside dope when he returns."

This comes from Bangor: "Mr. John H. Callan, genial foreman of the Bangor coal discharging plant, is devoting all his leisure time to winter fishing, as is his usual custom.

"Mr. Callan has a contract with the Maine Central to unload all its coal supply at Bangor and his highest ambition, next to giving the company good service, is to go a-fishing. He and 'Jake Heath,' chief clerk in the Bangor freight office, recently returned from a week's trip at Tunk Pond. Their reports were wonderful. They claimed to have caught thirty-eight beauties, trout, togue and salmon. But many of their friends are the least bit skeptical, as they saw not the slightest trace of a single fish."

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