

MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



APRIL 1924

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Maine Central Magazine

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1924

No. 4

Maine Central's New Equipment

Passenger Cars With Electric Lights and Automatically Regulated Temperature—Giant Locomotives and Other Rolling Stock—Contracts Awarded, and Delivery Is Expected This Summer; Some Description



HERE is a little story containing some real news:

Contracts have been signed for the new equipment authorized by the directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company, and work of construction is already underway. Building giant locomotives and elaborately equipped passenger cars is perhaps a longer, more difficult job than many realize; but it will be as rapid as consistent with good workmanship.

—XXXX—

"We expect this equipment will all be delivered during the summer," said Mr. Philip M. Hammett, superintendent of motive power, when a MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE reporter questioned him. "It will come on its own wheels, over various roads, until it reaches Portland terminal."

First, there will be two Pacific type passenger locomotives—which are to be numbered 469 and 470, and are exact duplicates of 466, pictured in this article. They will be for heaviest main line passenger traffic, Portland and Bangor. The "booster," with which each is equipped, is something of a novelty. It is an auxiliary engine, connected with the trailing wheels at the rear and used to give additional power when starting or working at low speed; and it makes possible the starting of heavy

The new equipment, contracts for which have now been made, includes:

Eight locomotives—two for passenger traffic, six for freight.

Nine passenger cars—three smokers and six coaches.

Four baggage and mail cars; 100 coal cars; 250 box cars.

All represent the last word in modern efficiency. What passenger would have dreamed of electric lights and automatically regulated temperature, even a dozen years ago?

trains without jerking or discomfiture. There are very few of these boosters on New England roads, and there is but one now on the Maine Central—this being on 466. It was installed last summer, proving so satisfactory that it was embodied in the specifications when the new locomotives were ordered.

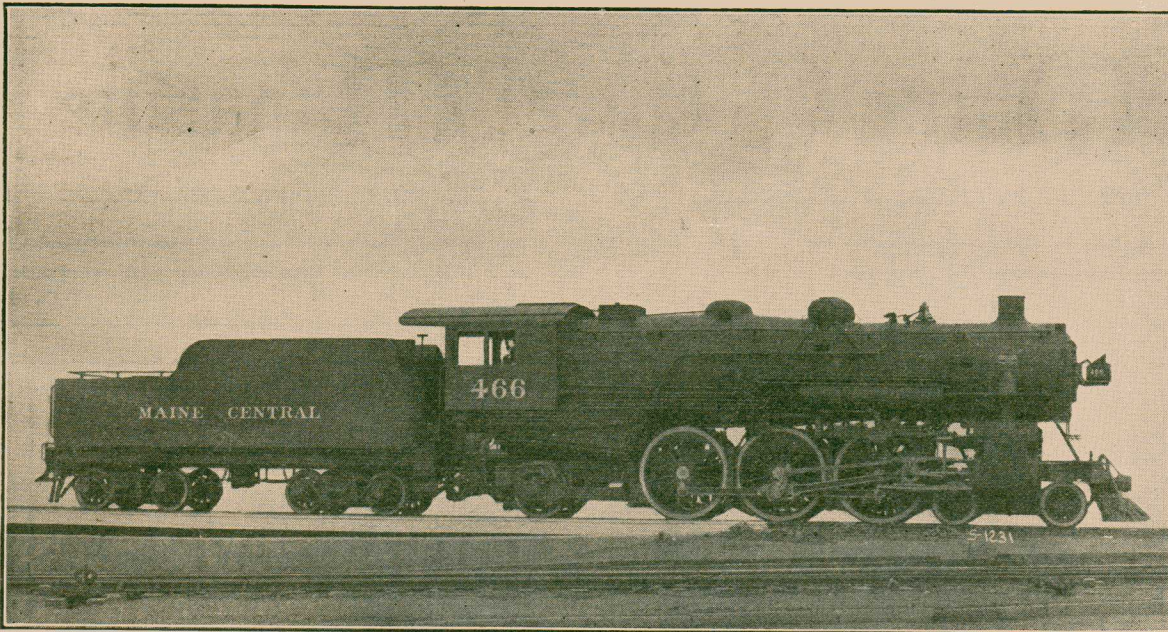
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Then there will be six engines of the Mikado type, for heaviest main line freight traffic. They will be numbered 627 to 632, and in general design will be similar to 601 to 620, now in operation. But they differ from the older engines in that they have various modern

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How the New Passenger Engines Will Look. No. 466, Pictured Above, Is the Exact Type, Detail for Detail, of the New Engines, Which Will Be Numbered 469 and 470

improvements—booster, mechanical stoker, feed-water heater and steam flue cleaner, all designed to increase efficiency and the amount of work.

“The luxury of travel” has become more than a deft phrase. It is an accomplished fact, and one on which the traveling public has come to rely. Comforts and conveniences—yes, downright luxuries—undreamed of a quarter century ago, are now accepted as just ordinary necessities. So, in the new passenger cars, one is not surprised to find the last word in elegance and utility.

There are nine of these cars—six coaches, each seating eighty-eight passengers, and three “smokers,” each seating ninety. All are of steel construction and are carried on four-wheel trucks. They are equipped with vestibules—the coaches having also interior partitions with swinging doors, thus protecting the passengers from cold air.

Each car is lighted by electricity—about eleven 50-watt lamps—the current coming from a generator driven by one of the axles. As the wheels revolve, they turn a pulley mounted on the axle; and this pulley, in turn, is connected by a belt to the shaft of the generator. Therefore the current is generated by the revolving wheels. But each car has also a storage

battery, which maintains the lights when the train is not in motion.

The steam heat is controlled by an electric thermostat that automatically regulates the temperature—a device new on the Maine Central, and almost new to the railroad world. When the car is in a train the temperature remains automatically at seventy degrees; when it is set out in storage, it automatically falls to fifty degrees. Why? Because the thermostat is operated in connection with the air brake system. When this is in service, the higher adjustment is effective; when it is not in service—when there is no pressure of air—the lower adjustment becomes effective.

These passenger cars have double window sashes, to reduce loss of heat in severe cold weather; and even in the water tanks the ice and water are kept separate, as required by recent United States regulations. There are other features which would involve technical description but which add to the health or comfort of the traveling public. Electric lights, automatically regulated temperature—how many would have thought them possible, even a dozen years ago?

Next in the new equipment are four baggage-

Continued on page 29

Train Dispatching—Then and Now

Do We All Fully Realize the Important Part a Dispatcher Plays?—Some Vivid Memories of the Past, and the Scientific Safeguards of the Present

There is no phase of railroading of more vital interest—and perhaps less understood by the general public—than train dispatching.

A well-known Maine Central man writes for the Magazine, from the fund of his intimate personal knowledge and experience, how dispatching has been evolved to its present high state of efficiency. He tells several interesting anecdotes of days past, and gives a wealth of genuinely valuable information.

Once every railroad had its own rules, and there were almost as many varieties as there were roads; now there is a standard code.

The train dispatcher plays an important part in the operation of a railroad. Steam is the mighty force which moves the trains, but the dispatcher in some quiet place controls the complicated movements which proceed so harmoniously that they may almost seem to be the result of Natural Law. The operator holds a position second only in importance to that of a dispatcher, as he is charged with the responsibility for the proper delivery of all orders entrusted to his care. The telegraph and telephone are vitally necessary in the movement of trains and may be compared with the nervous system in its relation to the human body. The wires are the nerves of the railroad, and from the center of intelligence and authority they carry information and instructions to every part of the system.

Telegraphic train dispatching began with the introduction of the telegraph as a means of communication, and the method of handling trains by telegraph in the early days of railroads was very crude when compared with the present system. On at least one important road, it was customary for the conductor of a train to send a message to the conductor of the opposing train at the next station, stating when he would leave and where he would meet the other train. Eventually it was arranged for all orders to be issued from a central office by one man. What was known as the single order system was first used, under which the dispatcher issued a separate order to each train. If two trains were to meet at a designated station, it was necessary to send two orders, one to each train, to meet the other at that point. The word "cross" was used instead of "meet" and sidings were called "crossing tracks." Orders were delivered to the conductor, whose duty it was to write out his understanding, which was done by copying the order, preceded by the words "We understand." This was signed by the con-

ductor and engineman and then repeated to the dispatcher, who signified that it was correct by replying "O. K." with the name of the superintendent or chief dispatcher.

A blue flag or blue light displayed at a station was a notice that there were orders for the train. When the dispatcher wished to stop a train for orders he gave the signal "14" to the operator whose duty it was to display the blue flag, and when this was done to reply "15," which meant that the signal was displayed and train would be held. It was a common practice to depend on the operator to hold a train by means of this signal, in order to move an opposing train against it, and instruct him to take in the signal and allow the superior train to go without orders on arrival of the inferior train.

Occasionally the operator would reply "15" before displaying his signal and then forget to do so, and in one instance that the writer recalls, a freight train which the operator had been instructed to hold, left a station before an eastbound extra arrived which had orders to meet it there, on account of failure of the operator to display signal. The station where the two trains were to meet was at the summit of a heavy grade, with several sharp curves. There were no block signals or air brakes in those days, and a collision appeared unavoidable; but fortunately this was averted by prompt action of the enginemen of the two trains, who saw each other in time to stop. In the meantime, however, until this information was received, the dispatcher experienced a terrible half hour, thinking of the loss of life and property likely to result if the trains met.

On another occasion a disastrous collision occurred between two passenger trains, causing injury to several persons and considerable damage to property, due to failure of a dispatcher who was going off duty to inform the man who relieved him that the signal was displayed

Continued on page 29

Imagine the sensations of the operator, who, as he believed with good reason, had sent two trains to certain collision! And yet the system in vogue, years ago, made such experiences possible.

Air brakes, block signals and standard rules have made the operation of trains almost an exact science—and safe to an extent undreamed in the early days. But faithful service and a high standard of morale are required also—and it is in just those things that members of the Maine Central family specialize.

From Laborer At \$1.55 a Day To Head of Shops At Thompson's Point

Seventeen years ago, Frank H. Bennett hired out as laborer for the Maine Central at what was then known as the Rumford Falls plant. He got \$1.55 for a nine-hour day, holding one of the lowest paid, least responsible jobs on the entire system.

Today he is general foreman of the Portland Terminal Company's big shops at Thompson's Point, in immediate charge of 450 men—the majority skilled artisans—and responsible for a maze of expensive, high-powered machinery and for operations whose success or failure mean much to the traveling public of Maine and New England. It is a railroad job that very many experienced executives might well envy.

In this spectacular climb up the business ladder—spectacular, at least, when measured by results—Mr. Bennett depended upon just one person: himself. There

is a cynical epigram to the effect that the door to success is marked "pull" and not "push;" but the career of Mr. Bennett is a glowing repudiation of this theory. He had no influence, no backing—just a capacity for work, an inborn love of the railroad game, some element of luck, and, finally, a wealth of practical knowledge gained in the school of experience and hard knocks. There are many who claim to be "self-made men." Here is one who may rightly claim it—and whose friends, certainly, are not backward about claiming it for him.

Mr. Bennett was in railroad life some years before his connection with the Maine Central. He began as brakeman on the old Rumford Falls-Rangeley Lakes railroad, hauling logs on the Houghton branch. A few

Continued on page 29

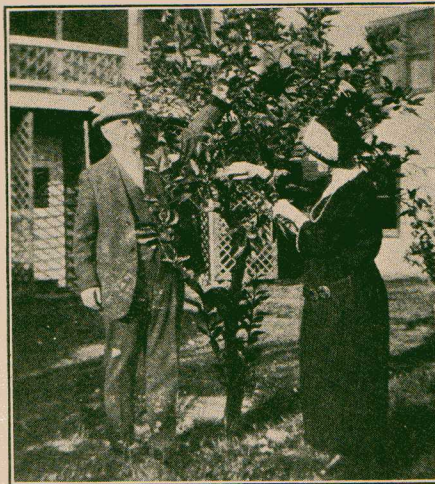


Frank Bennett, General Foreman (In Center) and the Foremen At Thompson's Point

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Maine Central "Reunion" At Miami

How Johnny Mace Spent Hours One Night Trying to Find a Place to Sleep—Interesting Visit of Maine Central Group to the Land of Oranges and Sunshine



Johnny and Mrs. Mace Under the Orange Trees at Bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Waldron, Miami.

When George W. Plaisted, the well-known Maine Central conductor, resumed his run the first of April after a trip to Miami, he was just in time to catch one of the worst storms of the season. But the snow-drifted landscape didn't entirely efface memories of sunshine, orange groves and sandy beaches.

When a reporter for the magazine caught him the day after his arrival at the West End Hotel in Portland—which wasn't so easy—he told something of the reunion which, by happy coincidence, four Maine Central conductors and their wives enjoyed at the famous Florida resort. And he gave one admirable piece of advice: If ever you think of visiting Miami, make sure of your room in advance. Otherwise, you may have the same experience that befell Johnny Mace.

"Johnny had written me," said Mr. Plaisted, "that he was to come on a certain Tuesday. But I figured, by the information in his letter and what I knew of the train schedules, that he'd be more likely to get in Monday night. So I drove to the train—and it was well I did, for, sure enough, Johnny and Mrs. Mace arrived.

"It was about 10.30. Well, sir, I wish you could have been with us on the drive we then took. We went from one hotel to another, from one boarding house to another—anywhere and everywhere that might offer the new-

comers a lodging for the night. And at every place the answer was the same: 'Nothing doing; everything full.'

"Finally we went to a small hotel, and the lady in charge was kind enough to do some telephoning for us. She knew the ropes, and she called up a lot of people—but for a long time with the same result. Finally, however, a hotel clerk answered: 'We've one vacant room, and we'll hold it twenty minutes—not a second longer.'

"Did we go right up there? I'll say we did! And so Johnny and Mrs. Mace found a place for the night—a very ordinary room, without modern conveniences, for \$10. They had a streak of luck next day, though; for, as Johnny was walking down the block, he was just in time to see a woman putting a sign in her window, 'Room vacant.' The sign hadn't been up more than a second before he reached the front door—and, sure enough, he found a comfortable sort of room, for a man and his wife were just leaving. So their housing problem was solved—and Johnny and Mrs. Mace stayed in Miami three weeks, although they hadn't intended to be there so long."

Mr. and Mrs. Plaisted were guests at the pleasant bungalow of their daughter and her husband—Mr. and



A Maine Central Group at Miami: Left to Right—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Mace, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Plaisted and their little grandson, Edward Waldron; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Dudley.

The Maine Central Magazine

(An editorial by Arthur G. Staples in Lewiston Evening Journal)

The Maine Central Magazine is now in its third number—just issued this week, and each number goes on improving in interest, readability, reliability, useful fact and essential public information. This magazine with its welcome purpose will become one of the truly great agencies for spreading the good name and good purpose of the Maine Central Railroad thruout Maine.

The purposes of this magazine are exactly the same as the purposes of various other media between public-service corporations and the public and the employees. The New York Central issues a monthly magazine of great value. The Great Northern Paper Co. has a magazine of much value to its employees and of great value as a publicity-agent for Maine's attractive woods and streams. The Maine Central Magazine is intended to convey to the public every last detail of the finances, the personalities, the problems, the essentials that are well for the public to know exactly as they are.

Many complaints have been made by certain people that there was not a close tie between the patrons, the stockholders, the general business world in Maine and the Maine Central System. This magazine answers this completely. Here is everything. Here are personal touches about employees; here is the regular trial balance of the railroad's business; here is the train-man's side of things. Here is a department devoted to the Maine Central Relief Association. Here are personal sketches of regular men—inventive geniuses like John MacDonald; stories of the old conductors; stories from the ticket agents, and so many pictures that the magazine is fairly alive with them. Sports and the appeal of Maine to the tourist are not forgotten.

The other day one of the Auburn shoe-manufacturers said to me: "I have just read the Maine Central Magazine and have passed it on to the superintendent of our factory. It is one of the most interesting magazines I ever read."

"If you feel that way," said I, "you should write to the Maine Central Railroad Co. and tell them. The editor might like to know it, too." The reactions of the public are most vital to any such enterprise as this. For be it understood that this is the beginning of a new liason between the Maine Central and the public. Over 8,000 of these magazines are issued every month. The spread of fact and of figures cannot fail to create a better feeling all around. The magazine brings employees closer to the chaps who sit around the table in the directors' room at Portland and struggle with the very problems of the man in the yard or on the long-freight. They are all brought together in this publication.

We feel that this publication is of sufficient importance to merit this editorial. The welfare of the Maine Central Railroad is the concern of every dweller in Maine. Its failure means disaster to Maine. It is a pull together; good will from every person; co-operation by every interest and an end to the croaker by the stagnant frog-pond who has for years done nothing but spit and sputter against his own best interests in any demonstration tending to obstruct the progress of Maine's transportation. The Maine Central Magazine is a true and happy development of the new era of publicity.

Mrs. S. R. Waldron, on S. W. Second Street. Conductor George A. Dudley of Auburn, Mrs. Dudley and Miss Helen Dudley were also in Miami; and in February Conductor and Mrs. Frank MacDonald paid a visit—although they remained but four days, thence going up the coast to St. Petersburg and their way home.

It was natural that this little group from the Maine Central family, thus met so far from home, should have many pleasant drives and social gatherings. The crowning feature was a party given in honor of Mr. Plaisted's birthday by Mr. and Mrs. Waldron—the guests, in addition to the Maine Central conductors and their wives, including three Boston and Maine conductors and THEIR wives:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Thomas, and Mr. and Mrs. William P. Dame.

Mr. and Mrs. Plaisted came straight through from Florida, reaching Boston on March 29 and Portland on the 30th. When the train stopped for an hour at Washington, on the

28th, they were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Dudley—who had preceded them, and were making a brief visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Mace left Miami with the intention of visiting Daytona, St. Augustine and St. Petersburg. They planned, on leaving St. Petersburg, to spend several days in Washington and New York, reaching Portland about the middle of April—so that, very likely, Johnny will have resumed his run by the time this magazine reaches a majority of its readers.

Of course the Maine Central visitors were impressed by Miami—as everyone appears to be. Mr. Plaisted told the reporter, something about the almost astounding increase in real estate values; the marvelous hotels; the

views upon shining beaches; the warmth and life and color that seemed to be everywhere. "But, after all," was his conclusion, "there's no place quite like the good old State of Maine."

What impressed him as much as anything was the sight of hundreds upon hundreds of



A "Daily Dozen" on the Beach. One of the Interesting Sights Viewed by the Maine Central Tourists

Continued on page 20

The Real Test

A Vivid Story of the Man In the Cab, and the Transformation of a Society "Jazz-Hound" Into a Two-Fisted Railroad Man

Written for the Maine Central Magazine
By CHANDLER BRIGGS ALLEN



R. J. HARRINGTON SMITH, son of the Honorable James Gilman Smith, was confronted by a grave alternative before the twenty-first mile-stone of his life was left far behind.

When he arrived at the age of legal manhood his father called him into his office and told him what J. Harrington had never believed would prove true. It was the candid and emphatic opinion of Smith, senior, that his offspring had made a mess of his life to date and that he didn't propose to finance such an enterprise any longer.

Then he wrote out a check and handed it to his son with the warning that that was the last dollar he would ever see of his father's hard-earned wealth until he proved himself a "man instead of an irresponsible jazz-hound."

J. Harrington accepted the ultimatum,—he had to. When the Honorable "J. G." knitted his shaggy brows and clamped his square jaw there was nothing to be gained from an appeal.

For about three days J. Harrington did try to find a position. Then he became discouraged and decided to rest awhile. The check had been generous in size, the room he had taken at the hotel was comfortable, and . . . Well, there was no need to hurry, anyway.

But such positions as he wanted, at the salary he considered his services worth, were about as plentiful as palm trees in Iceland.

When he was down to his last hundred dollars J. Harrington reluctantly gave up his expensive room and took one nearly as good at a respectable lodging house for one third the price he had been paying. He was beginning to get anxious. The time long prophesied by his father was at hand. He must "either fish or cut bait."

Mentally reducing the expected salary, he went out daily in search of work. Friends of his father had given him the best letters of recommendation they could in honesty. But they didn't seem to help.

When he had about seventy-five dollars left the unexpected happened. No, he didn't find a job. Instead he fell head over heels in love. Strange to say, J. Harrington Smith had never met a girl he really cared for until he met Madelyn Rayner. In fact, girls had interested him but little, anyway. There were lots of good qualities in young Smith, and despite idleness and lack of concentration he had lived a life singularly free of flirtations and love entanglements.

What made disappointments especially hard to bear was that Madelyn really cared for him. She admitted that. She also told him that she didn't care one iota for his dad's money and that she wouldn't marry any man who didn't follow some honorable vocation and who was able to stand on his own feet, foursquare to the world.

Madelyn was a stenographer in a business office and had pronounced ideas and ideals of her own. She was a wholesome, sensible, golden-haired girl,—an orphan, who had fitted herself for her profession by wise use of the scanty remnant saved from the failure that had hastened her father's death.

By the time J. Harrington was down to fifty dollars he would have accepted any work offered and by the time his fortune had dwindled to half that amount he was in despair.

He moved to a cheaper room, read the "want ads" early and hustled for work, always without success.

One rainy morning he dropped into a tidy lunch room near the depot and while there two husky young men came in, handed their lunch baskets to the waiter with orders to fill them, and sat down to a hearty breakfast. From their talk J. Harrington learned that they were firemen on their way to work. As he listened to care-free recitals of experiences with different engines Smith found himself wondering if he could get a job like theirs. It wasn't just what he had hoped for, to be sure. But . . . it was a man's job . . . and Madelyn had said she wouldn't marry any man unless. . . . Ah! that was encouraging! They were saying that business was good, and when they casually mentioned the amount in their weekly pay envelopes Smith was fired by a sudden determination.

"Any chance of getting a job firing?" he interrupted to inquire. "All the chance in the world," was the hearty response from one. The other added: "I'll say there is. There's a rush of freight on and men that measure up to requirements aren't many just now. Thinking of trying it, are you?"

Smith nodded. "Yes," he said. "I-I'd like to get on."

"If I were you I'd go right up and see Mr. Sherwood. If you can pass the mental and physical examination, and have proper references, I wouldn't be surprised if you landed a job right away."

That was a wonderful day to J. Harrington Smith. When he had passed the mental and color tests and produced satisfactory evidence that he was of good character he was sent to the surgeon for physical examination. That evening, while he walked in the park with Madelyn, there was a buoyance in his step and a note in his voice that were new. And there was a new light in her eyes as she listened while he talked of plans and hopes for their future.

"Oh, boy," she said, "I am so glad! But," looking up to his eager face, "the tests of today are not the real ones. It will not be all sunshine. Nothing worth while ever is. But you must, oh, you must prove true and strong when the real test comes!"

Continued on page 30

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.

APRIL, 1924

Editorial

The Relief Association

Soon after this issue of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE reaches its readers, the membership drive of the Maine Central Relief Association will be underway. And, surely, there is no movement in which members of the Maine Central family should feel a deeper or more personal interest, for it is peculiarly a family affair.

The Association is composed of employees, is directed by employees, is for the benefit of employees. It is not responsible to any outside interests; it stands solely by itself, a Maine Central institution; and its growth, its prosperity and its substantial achievements would do credit to any fraternal or insurance organization in the world.

The figures made public in the annual report, and printed in the March issue of this Magazine, speak more eloquently than any editorial comment. They show the sum of \$34,000 paid during the year in death benefits and \$5,251 in sick benefits—yet with a treasury balance when the year ended of \$51,819; they show 212 new members accepted. In short, they tell the story of steady and gratifying advancement. Only co-operation and efficiency, founded upon thorough confidence, could make such results possible.

Benefits received by members of the Association are one thousand dollars at death; one thousand dollars for permanent disability; six dollars a week, during a period not exceeding sixteen weeks, for sickness or accident. And

the cost, in all the circumstances, is surprisingly low—a membership fee of \$1 and monthly dues of \$2.25, deducted from the member's pay roll.

The present membership is over 1600; but the goal is 2000—and there is good reason to believe it will be reached before the drive is over. For membership carries with it something greater, even, than the material benefit—the constant and comforting assurance of Protection.

The Railroads' Burden

The crushing burden placed upon American railroads by excessive taxation is a subject now receiving much attention in newspapers and in public discussions throughout the country. It is the clearly expressed opinion of many papers that in this steadily increasing tax burden, the railroads face a handicap that cannot indefinitely be overcome by operating efficiency.

Coming specifically to Maine, it is perhaps appropriate to quote views expressed upon this subject within the last few days by two influential Maine dailies. The Portland Press Herald said editorially:

"The people of this State, taken as a whole, whether they own any Maine Central stock or not, have a vital interest in this railroad. In the past some people have not realized this. They have favored legislation which has mulcted the railroad of its earnings. Anything they could squeeze out of the railroads was looked upon as so much gain, so much relief for them in the way of taxes. At one period this may have been all right. Today squeezing the railroads of Maine is like draining the State of its life blood. Instead of seeking ways to apply more pressure to the railroads, ways must be sought to relieve them of some of their heavy burdens, so that they may regain their old time vigor and strength."

The Lewiston Evening Journal expressed much the same sentiment, as follows:

"The pound of flesh policy of Maine toward the railroads is disastrous. It is a State affair. The State pays millions for good roads for hauling pleasure and business—it taxes the railroad to the last ounce of its blood. It is unfair."

One thing would seem certain: The question of relieving the railroads from excessive taxation, which would be possible by fair and honorable amendment to existing law, is more and more engaging the attention of both press and public.

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The Maine Central Family

E. H. Rice Back from California and George McCrum from the South—
Bangor's Radio Enthusiasts, Who Have Sets In Their Homes—
A Wide Variety of Personal Paragraphs, Long and Short

Conductor Johnny Mace returns from the South to find himself even a little better known than before; for the long article of which he was the subject in the February issue of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE was copied in full by two Maine papers—the Lewiston Evening Journal and Bangor Daily News.

Engineman Harry D. Louder, whose leg was broken and who sustained other injuries when engine 171 tipped over in Bangor yard, March 6, is getting along very comfortably as this is written; and it is probable that he will have left the hospital by the time this issue of the MAGAZINE reaches its readers. He plans to go to his home in Vanceboro, but it will be some weeks before he can resume his duties.

Under date of April 1, Comptroller Albert J. Raynes announced the appointment of Merrill C. Manning as freight claim agent, succeeding W. H. Collins, whose death occurred recently.

Mr. Manning entered railroad service Oct. 1, 1902, at the freight station on Commercial Street—now operated by the Portland Terminal Company, but at that time by the Maine Central. He served there in clerical capacities until Feb. 10, 1912, when he went to the general offices as clerk in the accounting department. Aug. 18, 1919 he was appointed traveling claim agent, remaining in this employment until receiving the appointment just announced.

Mr. Manning is married and has one daughter. He has been warmly congratulated upon his promotion.

George McCrum, operator in the general telegraph office, Portland, and Mrs. McCrum have returned from a two weeks' trip to St. Petersburg, Florida. It was eighty-four in the shade when they left—and they arrived here just in time to catch our April 1 blizzard.

Their southern visit was a very pleasant one—made especially so by the fact that they secured apartments right next the residence in which Mrs. Lucretia Merrill of Limestone, who is Mrs. McCrum's sister, is spending the winter. They visited all of the show places within a wide radius, reveling in the wealth of southern scenery.

Questioned by a representative of the MAGAZINE, Mr. McCrum said that prices in St. Petersburg, despite the influx of northern visitors, were by no means unreasonable. "And what impressed us most of all," he said, "were the great piles of grape-fruit and oranges, offered at scores of places just outside the city for ten cents a dozen. If you didn't have the ten cents, they'd give them to you! It was a wonderful sight, those miles of orange trees loaded with fruit—and in blossom, too."

Mr. McCrum saw a game between the Boston Braves and New York Giants, Marquard being in the box for Boston. He says that the Braves look good to him.

The Prize Winner



Phoebe Ellen Holmes, daughter of Agent and Mrs. Holmes of Woodland, was chosen winner of the baby contest conducted by the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE. It was an almost impossible choice to make—not because little Miss Holmes's brightness and charm didn't appeal to all the judges, but because there were so many wonderful babies. In fact, each of them should have had a prize.

Little Miss Holmes was one year old when this photograph was taken.

Friends of Harold P. Dahlquist, formerly employed in the engineering and accounting departments, general office building, but who has for the past two years been devoting his entire time to voice culture under the direction of Vincent Hubbard in Boston, will be interested to know that he is to give his first recital at Frye Hall, Portland, Friday evening, May 2nd. Let us all give him our hearty support and help make the recital a success! Tickets, \$1.00, plus war tax, may be obtained from Eleanor Conboy, Room 301, general offices.

There are enough radio fans among the Maine Central office employees in Bangor to form a club of their own—should someone really start a movement in this direction. The radio appears to be a very popular form of entertainment for the boys and their families. Among those from the different offices who already have sets installed in their homes are:

W. A. Wheeler, assistant division superintendent; W. E. Kingston, chief dispatcher; A. J. McCormick, night chief dispatcher; J. R. Cromwell, chief dispatcher; J. I. Mosher, dispatcher; C. E. Reynolds, dispatcher; J. A. Cosgrove, dispatcher; J. E. Gibbons, freight agent; S. Sullivan, signal foreman; J. A. Stewart, block signal foreman; C. A. Jeffards, clerk in car department; J. T. Barry, freight clerk in freight office; R. W. Cunningham, freight clerk in freight office; W. L. Nickerson, freight clerk in freight office.

The following mechanics have sets: H. E. Rogers, V. L. Cunningham, H. W. Bradley, H. Karlson, Barney Rice.

J. W. Furrow, foreman of the round house, is also an enthusiastic fan.

E. H. Rice, freight agent at Deering Junction, has returned from a delightful trip to Berkeley, Cal., where he was the guest of his son, Dr. Richard L. Rice.

Dr. Rice is at present in business, being Pacific Coast representative of a well-known Portland firm. This makes it necessary for him to take a number of long trips; and Agent Rice accompanied him, thus visiting some of the most picturesque spots in the world. They went to Los Angeles and San Diego—and then to Tia Juana, Mexico, which is the North American Monte Carlo. The village itself, which is about a mile from the border, impressed Mr. Rice as one of the most crude and sordid places he had ever seen,—a place of rough buildings and unpaved streets. But it swarmed with all manner of questionable pleasure resorts; and, just as some are quick enough to believe that the wickedness of Paris, France, is mostly for the benefit of American tourists, so the supposedly romantic folly of Tia Juana appears to be engineered and financed largely by those from the United States side of the border. The casino and race track, which are half way between the border and the village, are strange enough to American eyes; and in the casino one may find nearly every game of chance that ever was invented—quite as many as in the real Monte Carlo across the water. Both casino and village are overrun by a motley but picturesque throng of Americans, who range all the way from plain adventurers to sure-enough millionaires.

Returning to San Francisco and Berkeley, Mr. Rice said farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Rice and their four fine children and returned home by way of Portland, Oregon—making brief stops at Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. He left on this vacation trip Feb. 14 and reached home March 24—having crowded enough sight-seeing into these few weeks to last an ordinary life-time. He has been in Maine Central service since 1876—and this is the first time he has ever made a “regular business,” so to speak, of taking a vacation! His previous vacations have never been of more than two weeks, and there have been many years in which he has taken none at all.

Although deeply impressed, as all visitors are, by the beauties and activities of the Pacific coast, Mr. Rice was inclined to believe that business there just at present is rather quiet. Even in Los Angeles, wonderful city though it is, an impression prevails that there has been over-development and that commercial activities are to some extent slowing down.

Maine Central Babies



Could you find anywhere a prettier, brighter, or sweeter group of little people? You bet you couldn't. Let's introduce them.

Number one is George Edward Curtis, Jr., taken when he was six months old. He is called “Junior,” and his father is employed in the car repair shop, Thompson's Point.

Number two is Marion Natalie Stevens, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stevens. She was born June 22, 1923 at West Baldwin, where her father worked as trackman for three years—later moving to Sebago Lake, where he is now section foreman.

Number three is little Miss Elinor M. Mills, daughter of L. N. Mills of the president's office, Portland. Number four is Arline Barbara Springer, aged 14 months—who was photographed with her brother, John L., Jr., aged seven. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Springer, the father being clerk and operator at Mount Desert Ferry.

Number five is Martha Stone, aged nine months, whose father is R. B. Stone, engine dispatcher at Rigby. She was photographed with her great-grandmother, Mrs. W. W. Wight, widow of the former well-known Maine Central conductor. The little one's mother is the daughter

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of H. L. Wight, also a former Maine Central conductor; her uncle is J. H. Wight, baggage master at Gardiner for nearly forty years; and her great-uncle, H. M. Bachelder, is a Maine Central engineer. There—if that doesn't make Miss Martha a railroad baby, and a member of the Maine Central family, what does?

Another group of little ones will appear in the May issue.

Short Personals

PORTLAND DIVISION:

Baseball fever in the air!

Miss B. M. Light of the Waterville shops was among the visitors at the Boston Auto Show.

Storekeeper George S. Chase, and Mrs. Chase, are on a thirty-day trip to the Pacific Coast.

Guy A. Wentworth, clerk at the Waterville shops, has a new member of his family—a boy. The little one's name is Robert Lord Wentworth.

F. M. Harrington, J. A. Hayes and J. W. Monahan have bid in freight extra between Bangor and Rigby, leaving Bangor at 8.05 p.m. and Rigby at 8 p.m.—a seven day job.

A recent visitor at the Waterville shops was Edward E. Crowell, who was passenger room foreman, and also had charge of the wrecking train, for many years. He was greeted by many old friends.

"The Playground by the Sea" is the title of a very attractive booklet on Old Orchard Beach, just off the press. George F. Hichborn of the passenger traffic department, an all-year resident at the beach, was one of the committee of three responsible for its publication.

An instructive address was given April 4 in the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A., by A. E. Leighton, of the Bureau of Explosives. His audience numbered twenty-one—five from the freight office and sheds, four trainmen, three engineers, two firemen, two conductors, two machinists, a machinist helper, a blacksmith and a shop man.

Chauncey M. Harding, secretary of the Portland Y. M. C. A., recently occupied the pulpit for two Sundays of the church at Walnut Hill. He substituted for **Beaumont Morrill**—the Bates College student who has so brilliant reputation as a debater, and who at the time was with the Bates debating team on its trip to Yale.

Altho the frost is not all out of the ground, it has been noticed by several that Walter P. Reeves, Herbert Harris and Millard Bailey seem a bit restless. The only reason that can be assigned is that the Brunswick golf course is somewhat sandy, and so can be used a whole week earlier than some others close by.

Henry Johnson, foreman of the mill-room, Thompson's Point shops, whose health has been feeble, has retired upon a pension. He was one of the oldest and most valued employees of the Terminal Company, and will be missed by many fellow-workers. This position has been filled by

Frank McDonald, former foreman of the yard gang; and the new foreman of the yard gang is George Carns, well-known to everybody at the Point.

Recognize Them?



From John E. McGahey of W. B. Mills Lodge No. 417, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE received the interesting group of pictures shown above.

The big group is an old degree team of H. W. Long-fellow Lodge, No. 82, B. of R. T. You'll recognize many of the faces; but is there anybody who can recognize them all? Why not send in a list of those you know—it will be interesting reading!

Those in the group of five, reading from left to right, are Bill Curran, clerk; Hugh J. Kennedy, yard conductor; J. H. Kearns, yard conductor; Eddie O'Donnell, yard clerk; J. E. McGahey, breaking. Mr. Kearns is shown in his uniform, ready for the great war; he returned to railroading after an honorable service record. All now hold the same jobs—with the exception of Mr. Kennedy, who has become station master at Union Station, Portland.

The single figure is that of the late Jim Rogers—one of the best beloved members of the Brotherhood, who long was president of Lodge 22 and was an attendant at many conventions. This was taken at Gas House crossing, 20 years ago.

EASTERN DIVISION:

Machias has been closed as a night telegraph office.

H. A. Reed, agent at Mattawamkeag, is the proud father of a son, born April 3d.

C. W. Hayford has bid in position ticket clerk and operator at Eastport.

Roadmaster Homans attended the engineering convention in Chicago in March.

E. F. Sanborn has bid in position as operator, second trick, superintendent's office, Bangor.

F. W. Brown has bid in conductor's position on trains 402-403 and Great Works switcher.

W. C. Tompkins is running as conductor in the passenger ring in place of F. A. Brown, who is still off duty, on account of illness.

E. S. Bouchard has been appointed relief dispatcher, filling the vacancy caused by the promotion of J. R. Cromwell to second trick chief dispatcher.

A. F. Reaviel is the latest addition to the local ranks of radio fans, and is spanning the continent with a home-made set.

Alterations are completed on the passenger station at Ellsworth. Agent Wiggin and his staff are now very comfortably situated in their new office.

Arthur C. Thompson, plumber, is in Waterville taking the place of C. D. Sayward, supervisor of plumbing, while the latter is on an extended vacation. Walter P. Robinson and Henry Coulter are looking after the work on the Eastern Division.

G. W. Grindell, fireman on the Eastern Division, while cutting wood recently on his farm at Green Lake, struck his foot, severing two arteries. He was taken to the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor, where he was confined for some time because of the injury.

The Kineo Crew



Here is a snap-shot from a far northern point on the Maine Central system—the section crew and foreman at Kineo yard, in this winter of 1924. From left to right they are Loura Polyot, section man; Charles Philbrook, flanger man; Colon Perry, flanger man; John Smedberg, section oreman; D. W. Southards, round house man; Ralph Fogg, section man.

A wildcat that was trying to work its way into the freight house at Sawyer's River, to get a meal of some fresh meat stored there, didn't take into consideration that Jack McCann, section foreman, is interested in looking after the company's property.

There was a brief battle, not in accordance with Marquis of Queensbury rules, under the freight house—Jack using a club. As a result, Mr. Wildcat's foraging days are over.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION :

Scottie Chandler has displaced L. Archibald as baggagemaster with Crew 1.

E. Comstock, agent, Brownfield, has returned to work after spending three months' vacation in St. Petersburg, Florida.

W. W. Burnell, agent, Mattocks, who has been off duty since Jan. 15th because of ill health, has returned to work.

Guy Saunders, operator, Intervale, has recovered from the measles and returned to work.

Conductor M. R. Hurd is running on the "Chicago High Ball" opposite J. A. Langlois, conductor.

Julius Martin, trainman, Lancaster, has returned to work after a long lay-off because of sickness.

F. V. Campbell, conductor, after laying off most of the winter, has resumed his position on trains 376-375.

Mrs. Craigie, stenographer, Lancaster, spent the weekend in Portland with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Runey.

C. F. Burnell, agent, West Baldwin, Me., after 42 years and nine months service as agent at that station, has resigned on account of ill health, L. E. Howe succeeded to the position.

F. P. King, third trick operator at Bartlett, has been given three months leave of absence because of ill health and will spend his vacation in Portland, Oregon, believing the climate there will benefit him.

The baseball germ seems to have infected several points on the Portland Division, and some of the boys are talking baseball on the Mountain Division—altho as yet there is nothing definite to report.

Clarence A. Humphrey, engineman, Lancaster, died March 14th. Mr. Humphrey had resigned about a year ago on account of ill health, following a shock. His death will be deeply regretted by many friends and associates.

John Stevens, section foreman, Bartlett, after over 50 years service with the company as trackman, has retired. Mr. Stevens worked on the construction and laying of the track from North Conway to Fabyans. His first railroad work was as water-boy on the construction of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake R. R.

The "Sawing-By" Puzzle

Here is where the editor makes a confession—or combination confession and announcement, if you please.

In its March issue, the MAGAZINE told of a little "stunt" by Jim Malone, veteran Eastern Division conductor, in "sawing by," which frequently was practiced in the old days, adding: "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."

The article went on (illustrating it by a diagram) to cite a problem—a siding holding an engine and four cars, and each train consisting of seven cars. How, then, could they be handled so that each could proceed intact? Members of the Maine Central family and all others interested were invited to send in their solutions.



Well, they did—dozens of them! And they kept coming straight up to press time. At the last moment the editor found himself buried in a maze of letters. Many were the writers' answers to this particular problem; others were brand new problems along similar lines; nearly all were accompanied by diagrams, some of them very complicated and elaborated.

It was good stuff—elegant stuff. It will be read with interest by every railroad man. But there were so many diagrams to be reproduced, and such a maze of material to be sorted out, that the editor, at just about press time, said: "The best thing to do is wait until the May issue, get this all together, and then run two solid pages of it—diagrams and all." So we will leave it that way—and we'll bet there won't be two more interesting pages in the MAGAZINE.

In the March issue appeared this much simpler conundrum: "An Eastern Division conductor, lifting tickets, happened to punch out one letter in each ticket, and observed that in so doing he had cut the letters which spelled his name. Who was the conductor?" The tickets read: "Bangor to Ellsworth," "Bangor to Holden," "Bangor to Hancock," "Bangor to Waukeag." Answer, "Shaw."

The March issue also printed six sentences in which were concealed the names of seven Maine Central employees—a 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.



The sentences and answers follow:

1. There were several exTRAVERSES to the hymn. (Agent Travers, Waterville).
2. Portland has approvED DAYlight saving. (Ed Day, Agent, Cherryfield).
3. WE ARE informed that a big mastifF IS KEPT to guard the place. (Agents Weare and Fiske)
4. On the specifIED EVE AN official communication was made. (Conductor Edevean)
5. He had a very bad FALL ON the ice. (Conductor Fallon)
6. We muST URGE ON everyone the fullest co-operation.

(Engineman Sturgeon)

A. L. Eastman, foreman, Section 219, Bemis, got the most nearly correct list, although it didn't exactly correspond with what the writer of the puzzle had in mind. It was: 1—Travers or Alex. 2—Asa. 3—Fiske. 4—Edevan. 5—Avery. 6—Sturgeon.



Oldest Crossing Tender?

J. T. Cobb, caught by the camera man as shown above, is one of the tenders on perhaps the most dangerous crossing in Maine—the one at Union station, Portland.

Mr. Cobb has been a Maine Central crossing tender, "on and off," for thirty years—which makes him the oldest, he thinks, in point of service. But he does not absolutely claim the distinction—and, if there are those who have served longer, let the magazine hear from them!



Certainly Mr. Cobb is a familiar figure to the thousands and tens of thousands who monthly pass this central point. He's there in all kinds of weather; and his quick action has prevented more than one accident—for it is surprising, he says, the reckless disregard of danger some automobilists show. "Of course there are all kinds," he declares, "but some of them seem possessed to drive right square in front of the trains."

Mr. Cobb is married and lives in an attractive home not far from the crossing.

Machinery That Seems To Have a Human Brain—A Visit to the Accounting Department Is a Lesson In The Evolution of Accounting



MACHINERY can sometimes be of fascinating interest—especially when each bit of it seems to possess a human brain.

Adding machines, of course, are familiar to most business firms. But how many—even of those experienced in the business world—can conceive of machinery so ingenious in conception, so delicate in adjustment, that it daily takes the intricate way bills of freight agents and, eventually, produces from them tabulated columns of figures?

Evolution In Accounting

Just as block signals and other modern inventions have thrown safeguards around train dispatching—as told in an article elsewhere in this issue—so machines that seem almost to think, now make easier the work of those in the accounting departments of all large corporations.

But the perfection of recent achievement seems to have been reached in the accounting machine section of the comptroller's department, described here. A trip through it is of really fascinating interest, and reveals many things which perhaps many members of the Maine Central family themselves do not know.

To a former newspaper man the thought suggests itself: Just as the modern linotype has succeeded the old style of setting type by hand, so the slide-punch machine—which resembles a linotype in certain features—is succeeding, in many ways, the old style of clerical accounting.

Therefore, a visit to the Powers accounting machine section of the comptroller's department, Maine Central general offices, is well worth while; for these uncannily educated machines—these machines that seem to have human brains—are (with the exception of four in the offices of the Portland Terminal Company on Commercial Street) the only ones east of Boston. Here is a liberal education in the art of mechanical achievement. There was an added interest for the writer of this story, perhaps; for the slide-punching machines, herein pictured, resemble

nothing so much as the linotypes in the composing room of a modern newspaper plant.

It is possible there are many agents who do not fully understand the remarkable process whereby their reports are transmuted into tabulated figures. Well, it is something like this:



The Battery of Slide-Punch Machines. It Resembles Somewhat On a Modern Newspaper

Those In the Picture. Beginning With the Young Lady In the Foreground, Are the Misses Mary Thelma Melchoir.

In the first place, these machines are designed, as intimated, to balance the freight agents' reports—which include forwarded and received business. Every consignment, received or forwarded, is covered by a way-bill; and there are uniform way bills on every road, the forms being mandatory by the American Railway Accounting Officers Association.

Visit to the Accounting Machine Section of the Comptroller's Department of Accounting and Modern Methods of Efficiency

As the floods of way-bills are received in the Maine Central offices, they are separated into three groups—local, line and interline, representing local and foreign territory. The line and interline bills pass to a clerk—who codes them in numbers representing foreign roads, routes by which the shipments move

board somewhat resembling that of a giant typewriter, punches in code upon these cards all of the information contained in the bills—commodity, point of origin, destination, tonnage, charges and so on. An average of 175 cards are punched hourly upon each machine—a remarkable process, when you stop to think of it, and one in which the young operators show genuine dexterity and skill.

Descending to the basement, we come to the two long, low machines into which the punched cards are fed and which sorts them in



...nes. It Resembles Somewhat the Battery of Linotype Machines On a Modern Newspaper

In the Foreground, Are the Misses Mary Graffam, Barbara Flint, Addieville Jewett, Mary Clarke and

territory in which they originate, and commodities. Then the bills are passed to the operators of the five slide-punch machines, and the wonder-work—for it is nothing less—begins.

Cards, placed in piles, are picked up—one by one—by delicately adjusted plates and fed into these electrically driven machines; and the operator, whose lithe fingers play upon a key-

Mistakes Exposed

It is said that the camera doesn't lie—although there are doubtless those who dispute the statement. But the ravages of years, which skilful use of paint and powder sometimes conceal upon the stage, are mercilessly exposed when an actor or actress is forced to pose in a "close-up" before the camera's all-seeing eye.

In some such way, mistakes are exposed by the modern accounting machine. This is not a perfect simile, for the susceptibility of human error does still, to some extent, exist. But error is reduced to an extreme minimum; mistakes in way-bills are detected and corrected.

There are few more interesting places on the entire system than the accounting machine section of the comptroller's department in the general offices. And probably there are few that are not equally or better known.

the numerical order of Maine Central stations. An automatic control places the cards in the order desired—they may be segregated by commodity numbers, or in practically any other way. And then we come to the third machine—the "tabulator printer"—which is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all. You have heard of adding machines, of course. Well, this in effect is seven adding machines in one. We are not going into a technical description; but it prints upon tabulating paper, and in long columns of

Continued on page 31

An Engine That Played Pranks

How One Who Sought to Learn the Railroad Game Had An Adventure He Won't Forget—An Open Throttle the Cause

Written for the Maine Central Magazine
By MARTIN F. DONOHUE



AFTER a hopeless and disastrous attempt to become "railroaders," via what on one big road was colloquially called the "Gandy-Dancers" route, my Buddie and I returned home. All thoughts of again trying for a railroad job were, at that time, removed. We resumed our respective indoor jobs, and for a while were satisfied. That is, we thought we were. But it was not long before the call of the railroad again had hold of me, and this time it was a story in a current magazine that started the spirit of unrest and the desire to again attempt what had proved in the first instance a hopeless undertaking.

But I felt that with the knowledge gained by that first experience, success might smile on me—providing that I had benefited by the lesson and did not attempt a job I was not fit to do. And of course with that thought uppermost in my mind, the reader can readily see that it was not very long before I made the attempt. But the Buddie was not to be considered a partner. He made it plain as the hair on my head that he was through railroading. He had had his head in the lion's mouth and was fortunate in getting it out whole, so he was going to profit by the lesson. And nothing I could say or do would make him think otherwise. As he convincingly said: "He was done, absolutely DONE; on both sides and in the middle and that's that."

So I left, determined to go it alone. For some reason that I can't explain, railroading has always attracted me. When on a trip, be it just a few miles or one covering a few days (and I've traveled a few, believe me) my thoughts are not upon the scenery that flashes before me. They are in the cab with the two biggest men in my mind—in the universe—the men who through darkness and storm carry us safely to our destination. So, thinking as I did, I'm sure that the reader will not blame me for again making a try.

I arrived in the vicinity of G... 's F... and proceeded to look the prospect over. With knowledge gained by my first venture I made cautious inquiries and soon learned that men were wanted in the yard. I applied and was given a job on the ash-pit, working at night. Now, strange as it may seem to those acquainted with that job, I liked it. Yes sir, though it was rough work and in the cold most of the night, I enjoyed it. I was paired with a hostler named Mike, and his duty was to fix up the old fire-box, or bring the engine into round-house if it was not going out again. Mine to fill her tank, bunkers, and clear her ash-pans.

If I remember correctly we had about eighteen engines to fix in the night, Mike doing the "hostling" and I after he was finished, dumping and clearing the ash pans of ice and ashes. No small job, I'll say, for some surely did hold like glue and many made a trip to the pit necessary

to break away the ice so the ashes would drop. But the best part of the whole job was to get into that cab, and while Mike would jam and bang away at the old clinkers, hear the wonderful tales of the rail!

And that throbbing monster of steam pulsating with life! What a thrill when Mike would open the throttle and move up to get water. And then my dream would end, for it was my job to give him water till I heard through the darkness the "Whoa." Then to the job of filling her bunkers, and another seemingly human machine was ready for her great work.

And once he let me pull her open for a second and my heart came into my throat, and with a noise like a million machine guns the whole world moved. That is, it seemed so to me. After a while I got kind of used to it, but still it never failed to thrill.

Usually when Mike got through with it, very little steam would be showing—just enough to get her to the turntable and the roundhouse, and sometimes not that. There was not sufficient to use air-brake, and the method, if I remember correctly, was to use the reverse, as a means of stopping her. I can remember a very exciting little incident that made me do a lot of thinking and cured me of ever again attempting to run one, even though but creeping. Of course, being on the job some time I was able to bring her to the water tank and back for coal; and this helped a great deal on a busy night when we were flooded, as it seemed, with engines. But I am sure it is against the rules. I know Mike would rave about "two men's work, but we'll do it, just the same or bust."

It happened on a mighty cold and dark night. Engine after engine came our way. Fire-boxes were bad and required a lot of Mike's time. Ash-pans were all frozen and took no little effort and banging to get them to drop. and to clinch the works, an engine came in when Mike was busy on a "tough one," and he had to clean the firebox of clinkers, for it was going right out again. But he finished the one he was on; dropped the fire as it was going into the roundhouse. Said he to me: "Mart, think you can take it to the turn-table?" And I said: "Sure, easy."

Well, it had about eighty or so pounds of steam and no fire, but it was only a short distance. So I put it in reverse, cautiously opened the throttle for a fraction and shut it off. We crept backward, and when I figured it about right for a stop—a little after, we rode on table (turntable had been ready to receive it), I shifted to neutral and waited for a stop. Well, it did stop, just for a second and then started to creep forward to the ash-pit again. I was dumb-founded. Funny that never had happened before! Still I didn't get excited, but tried to close my throttle. But the throttle—seemingly, was

Continued on page 31

Financial and Industrial

Maine Central's Annual Meeting, April 16—President McDonald's Statement to Stockholders, Outlining Plan for Payment of Dividends—Operating Results for January and February, With March Estimated, Very Satisfactory



THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Maine Central Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company in Portland, April 16—one day after our date of publication. Therefore it is not possible to give a report of the meeting in this issue—even though it will have been completed by the time that the magazine, in the ordinary course of distribution, reaches some of its readers at outlying points.

There are four articles in the call, issued March 28:

- 1—To hear the report of the directors, and act thereon.
- 2—To determine if the stockholders will authorize the retirement of 6,000 shares of common stock now held in the treasury of the company, and / or will authorize the issuance of 6,000 shares of additional preferred stock to provide for the corporate purposes of the company, and determine the terms and conditions thereof.
- 3—To fix the number of and elect directors for the ensuing year.
- 4—To act upon any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

President McDonald's Statement

In explanation of Article Two, the following statement to stockholders was issued by President Morris McDonald. It has been printed in the Maine daily papers, which gave it prominence.

The statement—which is self-explanatory and of unusual significance—is as follows:

Portland, Maine,
March 28th, 1924.

To the Stockholders of Maine Central Railroad Company:

The operating results of your company for the first three months of the year 1924, based on actual figures for January and February, with March estimated, will show a substantial surplus after fixed charges, compared with a deficit of \$828,000 for same period in 1923.

Article 2 of the call for the annual meeting of the company, to be held April 16th, 1924, refers to the proposed retirement of six thousand shares of the company's common stock held in the company's treasury and the issuance of six thousand shares of preferred stock for corporate purposes.

The last dividend on the preferred stock was paid September 1st, 1920. The amount of accumulated preferred dividends on September 1st, 1924, will be \$600,000, or \$20.00 per share on thirty thousand shares. It is proposed, in order to pay these dividends, to issue six thousand shares of preferred stock, par value of \$100.00, to divide same among the holders of the preferred stock on the basis of one share of new stock at par for each five shares held, and to issue scrip for fractional shares

in denomination of \$20.00 to provide for those cases where the shares held are not even multiples of five.

It is our opinion that the operating results, possible in the year 1924, will provide for dividend payments on preferred stock regularly beginning December 1st, 1924, as they become payable.

While this proposed plan will place an additional annual payment of \$30,000 on the preferred stock ahead of the common stock, we believe it will result in improved market value of the common stock at once and will make it possible to resume dividends on the common stock at a much earlier date (now expected in the early part of the year 1925) than would be otherwise possible, and would further very much improve the company's financial position.

Respectfully submitted by order of the Board,

MORRIS McDONALD,

President.

Summary of Report

The directors' report, covering forty printed pages, reviews the year's finances and activities in detail. Briefly summarized, it shows surplus after charges, for the year 1923, of \$10,464.18, as compared with \$551,157.51 for the previous year.

While the operating revenues increased \$805,092.59, the operating expenses increased \$912,241.62. This increase in operating expenses in excess of the increase in operating revenues, \$107,149.03, and the \$348,399.02 increase in the cost to the company for rent of equipment, explain the major part of the reduction in surplus after charges.

These increased costs were due in large part to the severe weather for the first three months of 1923, with resulting abnormal snow and ice conditions; and to floods which did considerable damage to the right of way in the month of May, 1923—resulting in delay and congestion of traffic, and in materially increasing wages for clearing right of way and for the operation of trains.

The company arranged during the year to provide—through the medium of an equipment trust—eight locomotives, seven steel baggage and mail cars, three hundred and fifty steel underframe box cars, one hundred steel underframe rack cars, fifty all-steel coal cars and ten underframe dairy cars.

The following new equipment has been ordered for delivery in 1924: Two Pacific type passenger locomotives; six Mikado type freight locomotives; six steel coaches; three steel smoking cars; four steel baggage and mail cars; two hundred and fifty steel underframe box cars, and one hundred all-steel coal cars.

The directors state that, owing to continued poor operating results of the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes

February Results Gratifying

The statement of Maine Central operating results for February—made public March 25, follows:

| | February 1924 | February 1923 | Increase |
|---------------------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------|
| Freight Revenue..... | \$1,360,414 | \$981,104 | \$379,310 |
| Passenger Revenue..... | 324,155 | 313,248 | 10,907 |
| Railway Operating Revenues..... | 1,801,721 | 1,406,849 | 394,872 |
| Surplus after Charges..... | 66,616 | Def. 390,672 | 457,288 |

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO FEBRUARY 29TH—(Two Months)

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| Railway Operating Revenues..... | \$3,409,840 | \$2,923,398 | \$486,442 |
| Deficit after Charges..... | 49,138 | 729,540 | Dec. 680,402 |

Operating results for February are very gratifying, as were the results for January, due to increased business and very favorable weather conditions, as compared with the previous year.

It is now expected that the results of the first three months this year will show a substantial surplus, after fixed charges, compared with a deficit of \$828,000 for the same period in 1923.

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

Railroad, it was decided to discontinue advancing funds for the purpose of paying interest on its funded debt. As a result, the trustee of the first mortgage bonds instituted foreclosure proceedings before the Supreme Court of Maine and secured the appointment of receivers. They took possession of the road July 8th, 1923, and have since operated it.

Locomotive Situation

The railroads on February 15th had 11,783 locomotives in need of repair, 18.3 per cent. of the ownership, according to reports filed with the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association.

This was an increase of 992 over the number reported on February 1st, at which time there were 10,791 or 16.8 per cent.

Of the total number 6,304 or 9.8 per cent. were in need of classified repairs, an increase since February 1st of 385.

Locomotives in need of running repairs totaled 5,479 or 8.5 per cent. This was an increase of 607 compared with the number in need of such repair on February 1st.

The railroads during the first fifteen days in February repaired and turned out of their shops 22,292 locomotives, an increase of 4,228 over the number repaired during the last half of January.

Serviceable locomotives on February 15th numbered 53,586, a decrease of 908 compared with the number on February 1st, while serviceable locomotives in storage totaled 3,828 or a decrease of 288 compared with February 1st.

More Cars Available

Despite the increase in the demand for transportation facilities, surplus freight cars in good repair and immediately available for use amounted on February 29th to 134,273, an increase of 9,096 since February 22d, according to reports filed by the carriers with the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association.

At the same time the reported car shortage on February

29th amounted only to 3,991, a decrease of 1,953 within a week.

Surplus coal cars on February 29th totaled 56,618 cars, an increase within a week of 8,366, while surplus box-cars numbered 51,398, a decrease of 374 within the same period.

Surplus stock cars totaled 14,745, an increase of 807 since February 22d, while surplus refrigerator cars numbered 7,495 or an increase of 390 within the same period.

Of the total car shortage reported, 1,076 were box cars while coal cars amounted to 2,475, both being decreases compared with February 1.

A Boomerang

E. M. Herr, president of the Westinghouse Electric Co., has issued this statement—which is typical of the attitude of thinking business men:

"If the railroads were corporations operated under the conditions of strictly private business, their success or failure would not be a matter of deep public concern.

"But the railroads are not in this sense private enterprises—they are the life of the country and on their progress and proper development the prosperity of each and every American depends.

"Hence, to cripple them through legislation is not merely unethical—it is calamitous and the penalty will be inflicted upon the people themselves."

Maine Central Reunion

Continued from page 8

guests in bathing suits—mostly of the one-piece variety—taking their "daily dozen," or athletic exercises, on Miami Beach. A trained instructor was in charge; and the hundreds would sway, bend or roll in response to his commands. And the funniest thing in all the world, Mr. Plaisted said, was to see enormously fat men and women rolling upon their backs, in solemn competition with the water sprites around them.

Maine Central To Be Represented at World's Tournament, Held In Boston—Three More Weeks of Bowling Schedule

Bowling and Baseball

Baseball Is Discussed at Two Enthusiastic Meetings—Likelihood of Several Strong Maine Central Teams This Summer



FROM all indications, Maine Central teams will furnish some good baseball this summer.

A meeting of those in the general offices who are interested was called for Monday, March 24; and, although the only publicity had been a brief notice in the March Magazine, a good number turned out. All were interested in the game, and real enthusiasm was shown. Plans were informally discussed, and a committee composed of Frank M. Libby, Charles Briggs, Horace Woodbury, LeRoy D. Hiles and Oscar A. Shepard was chosen to canvass the situation—after which the meeting adjourned for one week.

At the second meeting, which was equally well attended, plans, prospects and possibilities were discussed at length. The prevailing sentiment was that the general offices should be represented—but that the only satisfactory way was to be assured in advance of an adequate team, properly supported. It was finally decided that preliminary try-outs be held under the direction of Horace Woodbury—who was to thoroughly canvass the material and amount of interest shown, then reporting at another general meeting, the date to be determined later. Meantime, the committee named above was continued—with the addition of William G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent, whose interest and encouragement have aided the movement a great deal.

As this is written—a few days in advance of the Magazine's publication—there hasn't been one day fit for any sort of practice: most of the snow storms, line gales, etc., seeming to come all at once. But it is believed that when the weather clears—as it probably will before this issue of the Magazine reaches a majority of its readers—there will be a good turn-out, and encouraging preliminary work, under Mr. Woodbury's direction.

As this is written, also, prospects are bright for teams at Rigby, Thompson's Point and the shops at Waterville—although, owing to the weather, final arrangements have not been made.

Maine Central League

As told elsewhere in this issue, the Maine Central General Office League has but three weeks remaining of its 21 week schedule. The closing games will be on May 2; so that the final standing and summary will be printed in our May issue.

A feature of exceptional interest to all bowlers will be the trip of the Men's Team and Girls' Team to Boston,

where on April 19 (Portland day) they will compete in the World's Championship Candlepin Tournament, toward which the eyes of all New England will be turned. Surely, it would be a day of rejoicing for the Maine Central family should their teams return victorious!

League Standing

This was the standing of the League on April 5:

| | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|---|------|
| Rangeleys | 52 | 16 | = | .765 |
| Bridgton and Sacos | 43 | 25 | = | .632 |
| Megantics | 37 | 31 | = | .543 |
| Washington Countys | 36 | 32 | = | .529 |
| Somersetts | 30 | 38 | = | .441 |
| Oquossoes | 27 | 41 | = | .397 |
| Sandy Rivers | 26 | 42 | = | .382 |
| Kennebagos | 25 | 43 | = | .368 |

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; Allen, 93; McCullum, 93; Goud, 93; Foster, 93; Smith, 87; Heiskell, 86; Beane, 83; Oberg, 87; Baldwin, 87; Eadon, 89; Bucklin, 90; Mills, 87; Shaw, 84; Nagle, 89; Stover, 92; Talbot, 80; Gass, 86; Malloy, 84; Dooley, 85; Dodge, 78; Arey, 88; Hill, 89; Waite, 93; Ashworth, 81; Woodbury, 87.

WOMEN:]

Miss Packard, 84; Miss Marshall, 82; Miss Libby, 76; Miss Sleeper, 79; Miss Moran, 74; Mrs. Shaw, 65; Miss Hollywood, 71; Miss Berry, 64; Miss Meserve, 75; Miss Macomber, 80; Miss Dexter, 70; Miss Mangum, 72; Miss Sweet, 70; Miss Lowe, 63; Miss Goudy, 69; Miss Munro, 73; Miss Marsh, 72.

Some reports of a few important games, mostly with strong outside teams, follow:

M. C. vs. Irish and Henley

The Maine Central team defeated the Irish and Henley team, March 12, at the Recreation Alleys by a total of 182 pins. Goud had the high single of the evening with 113, and May had the honor of rolling the highest 3-string total, with 305. The Maine Centrals put up a good total in this game, their grand total being 1450.

Three More Weeks

The Maine Central General Office League has three weeks remaining of its 21-week schedule. The closing games will be as follows:

APRIL 18.

Sandy Rivers vs. Megantics.
 Kennebago vs. Oquossocs.
 Bridgton and Sacos vs. Somersets.
 Rangeleys vs. Washington Countys.

APRIL 25.

Sandy Rivers vs. Somersets.
 Kennebago vs. Megantics.
 Rangeleys vs. Oquossocs.
 Bridgton and Sacos vs. Washington Countys.

MAY 2.

Sandy Rivers vs. Rangeleys.
 Kennebago vs. Somersets.
 Bridgton and Sacos vs. Oquossocs.
 Megantics vs. Washington Countys.
 The line-up of the teams follows:
 Sandy Rivers—Malloy, Mrs. Smith, Miss Sweet, Smith, Hennigar.
 Kennebago—Dooley, Miss Gowdy, Miss Libby, Heiskell, Allen.
 Bridgton and Sacos—Beane, Miss Sleeper, Miss Dexter, Oberg, McCullum.
 Rangeleys—Baldwin, Miss Macomber, Miss Marshall, Bucklin, Eadon.
 Megantics—Ashworth, Miss Moran, Miss Munro, Mills, Foster.
 Somersets—Shaw, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Hollywood, Nagle, Stover.
 Oquossocs—Dodge, Miss Manquin, Miss Berry, Hill, Goud.
 Washington Countys—Talbot, Miss Packard, Miss Meserve, Waite, Gass.

Following is the score in detail:

| | | | | | |
|-----------|---------------|-----|-----|---|------|
| | MAINE CENTRAL | | | | |
| Goud | 113 | 89 | 97 | = | 299 |
| Waite | 74 | 99 | 81 | = | 264 |
| Foster | 97 | 91 | 92 | = | 280 |
| May | 100 | 108 | 97 | = | 305 |
| Knigh | 102 | 94 | 106 | = | 302 |
| | 496 | 481 | 473 | = | 1450 |
| | IRISH-HENLEY | | | | |
| Brackett | 84 | 87 | 75 | = | 246 |
| Blake | 88 | 81 | 96 | = | 265 |
| Irish | 88 | 81 | 87 | = | 256 |
| Morehouse | 86 | 80 | 97 | = | 263 |
| Ridley | 82 | 77 | 79 | = | 238 |
| | 428 | 406 | 434 | = | 1268 |

M. C. vs. Shaw's Lower Store

At the Bowlodrome Alleys, the Maine Centrals, without the services of two regular men, defeated the Shaw's Lower Store team, rolling under the name "Twin Specials," March 13. Again Smart rolled high 3-string total, of 301, but to May belongs the honor of high single, as in the third string he came through with a 123 string, which really won the game. The score:

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|-----|-----|---|------|
| | TWIN SPECIALS | | | | |
| J. H. Martin | 102 | 110 | 82 | = | 294 |
| Peoples | 80 | 81 | 80 | = | 241 |
| J. B. Martin | 69 | 101 | 122 | = | 292 |
| Mahoney | 92 | 76 | 74 | = | 242 |
| Glazier | 92 | 124 | 85 | = | 301 |
| | 435 | 492 | 443 | = | 1370 |

MAINE CENTRAL

| | | | | | |
|--------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Goud | 90 | 106 | 86 | = | 282 |
| Nagle | 80 | 96 | 73 | = | 249 |
| Stover | 81 | 96 | 83 | = | 260 |
| May | 87 | 85 | 123 | = | 295 |
| Smart | 93 | 108 | 100 | = | 301 |
| | 431 | 491 | 465 | = | 1387 |

M. C. vs. Press-Herald

Rolling on unfamiliar alleys, at the Bowlodrome, the Maine Central Girls won from Press Herald Girls, March 15, by a total of 148 pins, getting all three strings by a good margin. Miss Marshall was high for this game with a nice total of 78-89-105=272.

The score:

PRESS HERALD GIRLS

| | | | | | |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Luce | 68 | 88 | 75 | = | 231 |
| Leach | 83 | 84 | 64 | = | 231 |
| Doherty | 66 | 65 | 77 | = | 208 |
| Kelley | 73 | 68 | 70 | = | 211 |
| Skofield | 58 | 61 | 66 | = | 185 |
| | 348 | 366 | 352 | = | 1066 |

MAINE CENTRAL GIRLS

| | | | | | |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Macomber | 76 | 85 | 79 | = | 240 |
| Meserve | 84 | 81 | 75 | = | 240 |
| Sleeper | 71 | 76 | 63 | = | 210 |
| Marshall | 78 | 89 | 105 | = | 272 |
| Packard | 77 | 91 | 84 | = | 252 |
| | 386 | 422 | 406 | = | 1214 |

Passenger Office vs. Freight Office

Teams representing the Passenger Office and the Freight office met, March 26, at the Congress Square Recreation Rooms, with this result:

PASSENGER OFFICE

| | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Ann Cawley | 97 | 66 | 67 | = | 230 |
| Allie Hovey | 61 | 61 | 59 | = | 181 |
| Helen Monroe | 60 | 66 | 61 | = | 187 |
| Anderson | 85 | 83 | 76 | = | 244 |
| Allen | 89 | 102 | 71 | = | 262 |
| | 392 | 378 | 334 | = | 1104 |

FREIGHT OFFICE

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Olive Small | 55 | 67 | 65 | = | 187 |
| B. Gellerson | 59 | 63 | 60 | = | 182 |
| Roger Cressey | 95 | 74 | 69 | = | 238 |
| Carl Barrett | 90 | 91 | 82 | = | 263 |
| John McCullen | 95 | 99 | 91 | = | 285 |
| | 394 | 394 | 367 | = | 1155 |

M. C. Girls vs. P. B. W.

At Bowlodrome Alleys, April 5, the Maine Central Girls defeated the quintet from the Business and Professional Women's Club, taking all three strings and the total. The score:

MAINE CENTRAL GIRLS

| | | | | | |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Macomber | 76 | 86 | 83 | = | 245 |
| Meserve | 74 | 89 | 76 | = | 239 |
| Sleeper | 87 | 80 | 88 | = | 255 |
| Marshall | 89 | 88 | 73 | = | 250 |
| Packard | 88 | 80 | 90 | = | 258 |
| | 614 | 423 | 410 | = | 1247 |

B. P. W. CLUB

| | | | | | |
|---------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Davis | 75 | 64 | 66 | = | 205 |
| Crowell | 60 | 70 | 64 | = | 194 |
| Cronk | 72 | 72 | 72 | = | 216 |
| Lyman | 76 | 72 | 68 | = | 216 |
| Steele | 70 | 68 | 86 | = | 224 |
| | 353 | 346 | 356 | = | 1055 |

Calais vs. Eastport

A bit of bowling news from the Eastern Division:

Roadmaster Whitney's team, consisting of H. A. Robinson, engineer; H. B. Kenison, fireman; H. C. Norwood, conductor; and R. A. Constantine, trainman, defeated a team of railroad men from Eastport, on the St. Croix Club Alleys, recently, by a margin of 157 pins.

Any railroad team that would like to bowl these teams should write to B. B. Whitney, Calais, or L. P. Merriweth, Eastport.

The score:

CALAIS R. R. TEAM

| | | | | | |
|-------------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Whitney | 93 | 78 | 100 | = | 271 |
| Constantine | 81 | 111 | 115 | = | 307 |
| Kenison | 89 | 100 | 107 | = | 296 |
| Robinson | 97 | 95 | 85 | = | 277 |
| Norwood | 80 | 97 | 102 | = | 279 |
| | 440 | 481 | 509 | = | 1430 |

EASTPORT R. R. TEAM

| | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|---|------|
| Lodge | 87 | 76 | 89 | = | 252 |
| Connors | 80 | 78 | 74 | = | 232 |
| Hall | 88 | 97 | 88 | = | 273 |
| Rutherford | 80 | 83 | 88 | = | 251 |
| Johnson | 89 | 95 | 81 | = | 265 |
| | 424 | 429 | 420 | = | 1273 |

Bowling Notes

Several bowlers, at this writing, are closely pressing Hennigar and his 95 average. They are: Foster, 93; McCullum, 93; Allen, 93; Goud, 93; Stover, 92. So Hennigar's laurels for the season aren't yet secure.

Several of the Maine Central girls are well bunched in the average of the season. Miss Packard still leads. Following are some of the averages, in the order which they stand at this writing: Miss Packard, 84; Miss Marshall, 82; Miss Macomber, 81; Miss Sleeper, 79; Miss Libby, 76; Miss Moran, 76; Miss Meserve, 76.

Roy Shaw, lead-off man on the Somersets, is in his first season as a bowler, and for a beginner is making a very good record. To date, his average is a fraction over 84. He rolls a good game, but at times is a little wild. After he gains thorough control of his ball, he is sure to make some of them "sit up and take notice."

A great deal of interest is taken in Cecil Beane's bowling by members of the central office crew, as he has been trying to put up an average of 85 for the season. As this is written he is just a small fraction under 83. He has it figured out, about how many pins he has to get each week to reach an average of 85, and says he is not worrying much over the outcome.

Charles May, who a few months ago came to the Maine Central offices from the Boston and Albany, is "some bowler." As this is written, he has rolled five games in the Maine Central League, with an average of 96. He is a regular member of the Maine Central team, which is to represent the Maine Central offices and the Recreation Alleys in the big Boston tournament April 19th, and is also a regular member of the Recreation Co. team in the City League.

The Lewiston Daily Sun recently had the following paragraph concerning Miss Methel Packard of the Maine Central General Offices. Miss Packard, besides rolling 124 in a league game, recently in a match game, rolled 117 string, with a three string total of 287. The Lewiston Sun said: "Portland has a girl bowler who has been winning consistently, in Miss Packard. She hit a high total of 124, Feb. 1. Bowling in the Maine Central League, she established a record breaking three string total with 82, 124 and 83 for 289. She is averaging 84 this season in league bowling."

Lewiston-Auburn Rollers

"Written by a member of the Maine Central family—a bowler on the Lewiston team," said the little note that accompanied the following. You'll recognize all the names:

A star from Lewiston Lower
With an eye that's good and keen,
He hits the sticks for ninety-six—
George Briery's the man I mean.

Then comes our old friend Langley,
A man we like to see;
He's a good and steady bowler
With an average of ninety-three.

Eugene Madden is a bowler
When he has nothing else to do,
He rolls 'em down the alley
For an average of ninety-two.

Then comes a man from Auburn—
John Rollins is his name;
He's a real high class performer
While on a polished lane.

At the Bowl-a-way or L & A
Weber is just the same—
He won a dollar the other night
And almost won the game.

McLeod's a freaky bowler,
He's a bowler, this Mr. Myrand,
With a kind and sober face;
He never smiles or says a word
But is always in the race.

He rolls 'em fast and slow,
But he always has an average
That isn't very low.

Tommy Roche has left us
He quit the game last fall;
And when the gang is bowling
Takes his girl to Music Hall.

And we miss Getchell also
For he's staying home at night
Tuning in his radio—
Getting news from some big fight.

William H. Collins

William H. Collins, freight claim agent of the Maine Central since 1918, died at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland, March 27, after a brief illness. Death was due to an infection of the blood, which spread with great rapidity.

Mr. Collins was the son of Edwin and Nellie Collins and was born in Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 8, 1877. When he was three years old, the family moved to North Anson, Somerset County, Maine—where, as a young man, he attended the academy. He was united in marriage, Sept. 8, 1909, to Miss Carolyn Piper of Damariscotta, and they had one son, Edwin. Mrs. Collins, the son and the mother, aged 81 years, are the surviving relatives.

Mr. Collins' service record was clean and able. He entered Maine Central employ on June 15, 1897, at Lewiston lower station, where he remained until September of 1899. Entering, then, on a broader field of service, he came to Portland as clerk in the freight audit office. In November, 1902, he was made special agent; in October, 1905, traveling auditor; in August, 1907, chief clerk in the freight claims bureau; in November, 1911, chief clerk in the audit of disbursements office; in January, 1913, special investigator of freight claims; in July, 1918, freight claim agent—which position he held at his death.

Mr. Collins' many promotions were tributes to his ability; and his popularity was shown by the deep regret everywhere expressed when news of his sudden death became known.



Y. M. C. A. To Continue

It will be good news to many that the Railroad Y. M. C. A. on Commercial Street is not to be discontinued, as at one time was possible. Not only will its varied activities be carried on, but there will be renewed energy in catering to the welfare of local railroad men.

First, there is to be a determined effort for membership. The work of securing new members is already under way; and as this is written—a few days in advance of publication—it is also planned to have a concerted drive. This is likely to be in the last two weeks of April. There will probably be competing teams, daily rallies and all of the other features that customarily accompany drives

Going To Boston

The Maine Central Railroad is to be represented at the "World's Championship Candlep in Bowling Tournament" in Boston by two teams—one of men and one of girls.

The men's team will be composed of ohn Goud, Philip Pearson, Raymond Hennigar, Charles May and Philip Smart—under Mr. Goud's management.

The girls will be: Miss Vyletta Macomber, Miss Helen Meserve, Miss Marion Sleeper, Miss Hazel Marshall and Miss Methel Packard.

Both teams will bowl on April 19—Portland Day, and they confidently expect to bring back some of the prizes and prize money. It would be a wonderful advertisement, of its kind, for the Maine Central advertisement, of its kind, for the Maine Central, should its teams win against the star bowlers of the world; and the good wishes of all the family will follow them.

As a sort of preliminary, some of the strongest amateur teams in Portland were taken on. Therefore the Maine Central bowlers will be in the very best of training and condition when they step upon the Boston alleys.

The Crossing Tender

This little poem is by J. C. Dora, inspector at Bangor freight yard on the "graveyard trick," 3-11. The one to whom it refers will at once be recognized by hundreds of the Maine Central family:

There's a little old man, with only one hand
Who stands at the crossing each day;
Though his steps sometimes lag, with a wave
of his flag
He keeps accidents well in sway.

His hair is snow white, but with all his might
He keeps the death list clear
And a wave of his hand, that we all understand
Means a train that we didn't hear.

In rain and snow, in wind and blow
He's daily at post on guard
For a whistle clear, that he must hear
Of a train that is running hard.

Though his form is bent, his life well spent
In guarding the crossing each day
And sometime in love, our Guardian above
Will give him his well deserved pay.

of the sort. "Five hundred new members" is to be the slogan.

Again, the big yellow building—long a picturesque landmark on Commercial Street—is to be painted from top to bottom; and the rooms will be repaired and renovated. Chairs, divans and other furnishings have already been loaned by the City Association, and negotiations are in progress for a billiard table—there being one for pool. Chancey M. Harding will continue as secretary; and it is believed there will be a new lease of life under his experienced and vigorous direction. He will be assisted in the work of reorganizing by Charles E. Matthews and Frank Taylor.



Announcement of the plan for continuing this service was made a few days ago in a brief, formal statement by Ralph M. Sommerville, general secretary of the Portland Y. M. C. A. It summarizes the situation clearly and is here given in full:

"Work for railroad men by the Young Men's Christian Association in its branch on Commercial Street will be continued with renewed vigor as result of a decision reached through a conference which has been in progress between railway officials, branch committee of management, and board of directors of the Y. M. C. A.

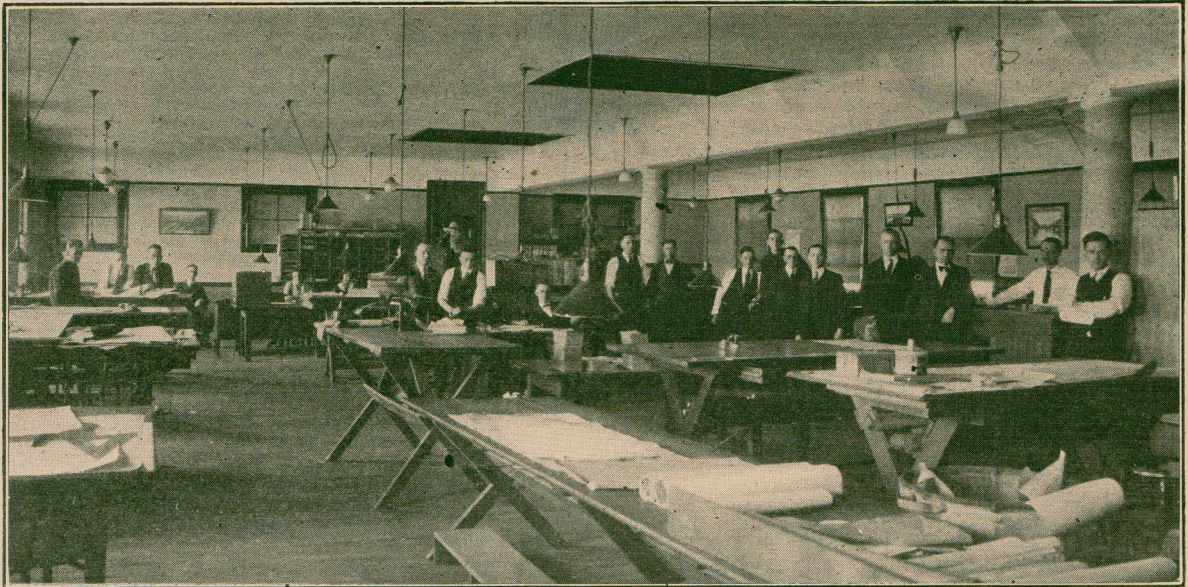
"Although destruction of Round House No. 3 by fire and opening of the great Rigby Terminal have changed conditions which formerly existed geographically, it is felt by all that there is sufficient service to be rendered to justify continuing the work until a permanent solution of proper location and equipment as result of changed conditions shall become more evident. It is thought that further experience in the operation of Rigby Terminal will help in the solution of this matter.



"Under the plans for continuance, the Y. M. C. A. management has provided for a drastic revision of operating conditions and the railroad management has continued its support on an increased basis. It is planned to

Continued on page 32

Their Tasks Are Important—Workers In Engineering and Valuation Departments



Where Plans for New Construction Are Made

Here is a room in which much work is done and a great deal of gray matter is employed. It is in the general office building and houses the engineering and valuation departments.

In this big, bright room on the third floor, all plans for new construction are made, and the valuation plans are kept up-to-date. Few kinds of work, indeed, call for more practical knowledge or technical skill. Those in immediate supervision are Bertrand T. Wheeler, the Maine Central's chief engineer; J. N. Sunderland, acting valuation engineer, and A. H. Morrill, engineer of construction.

The MAGAZINE's photographer found it a sheer impossibility, from the nature of their hours and work, to assemble at one time all who are entitled to be in the picture; but he persisted until he got the majority—and the result is the attractive view shown above.

A Question

Dear Mr. Editor:

With the new facilities at Rigg, I would like to know the average time there now for turning freight power. I mean from the time the engine is cut off the train—how long does it take on an average to get the engine reported back for service, providing no repairs are needed?

Hoping someone will answer this question in your next issue.
Bangor, Maine.

The Personnel

Those in the picture, from left to right, are: F. M. Thompson, transitman; O. J. Tetreault, land and track draftsman (Jr.); William Littlefield, chainman; H. T. Lund, computer (valuation department); Mrs. Bertha C. Callahan, typist (valuation department); Miss Margaret Newell, typist (valuation department); L. P. Chick, concrete inspector; G. R. Lindsay, resident engineer; C. D. Fales, clerk; H. A. Hayward, rodman; F. C. McKown, chainman; J. A. Corcoran, rodman; R. W. Tubbs, chainman; E. E. Ebbeson, computer (valuation department); A. W. Sawyer, tracer; C. T. Davis, transitman; H. W. Shepard, resident engineer; John Greer, resident engineer; Wilbur Lampson, bridge draftsman.

The absent members are: I. W. Russell, architectural draftsman; A. S. Dodge, transitman; J. N. Sunderland, acting valuation engineer; F. E. Watts, mechanical accountant, valuation department.

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

Some famous conductor of a humorous column—"F. P. A." of the Tribune, we believe—had days in which it wasn't necessary for him to write a line. Readers of the Tribune sent in so many clever contributions—his "contribs," as he called them—that they literally wrote his column for him.

In somewhat the same way, every line on the magazine's humorous page last month was written by the Maine Central family—and so it is again this month. The editor could take this part of his work easy; he had nothing to do—either originally, or with the scissors from other papers. Everything that appears below—and more that will be printed later—comes from some member of the family.

A Possible Recital



Cartoon by John Lyden, second trick chief train dispatcher, Portland office.

Dispatchers Phillips and Lynch are taking piano lessons and expect to have a recital, the date to be announced later.

Mr. Lynch has prepared the following program:-

- First— Sonata in B flat "Fore River mud is muddy when the tide's out."
By the Venerable MR. PHILLIPS
- Second— Fantasy in C sharp, "The Boot-legger's Dream" MR. LYNCH
- Third— Duet, "Ain't it H. . . I to grow old?"
MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND LYNCH
- Fourth— Will consist of real music by the younger pupils
- Fifth— Brings us again to our ancient performers, to whom the piano presents no mysteries, except the sound. Beethoven Funeral Dirge, "What D'ye hear from the Labor Board?" (Original interpretation) MR. PHILLIPS

The Editor's Lament

Getting out a monthly magazine is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly; if we don't, they say we are dull. If we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write; if we don't, they say we are too self-centered. If we don't go to church we are heathens; if we do go, we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office, we ought to be out rustling for news; if we are out rustling for news, we are not attending to business in the office.

If we wear old clothes, we are slovenly; if we wear new clothes, they are not paid for. (A very fair guess, at that.) What is a poor editor to do, anyhow? Someone may even say we cribbed the main idea of this from an exchange. We did.

- Sixth— Chopin's Dead March, "It's only five minutes of seven" (with additions and subtractions) MR. LYNCH
- Seventh— Duet, original composition, "The Harmony of Discords"
MESSRS. PHILLIPS AND LYNCH
- Eighth— The eighth number is omitted by request
- Ninth— A short intermission while an officer goes for a pulmotor; the instructor will have a heart attack.
- Tenth { Omitted. Mr. Phillips forgot to
- Eleventh { bring his music.
- Twelfth— Brings the younger students again to the front. They render a pleasing little thing entitled "There's no fool like an old fool."
- Thirteenth—An original selection played with his right hand—"Oh! where is my wandering hair tonight?"
MR. PHILLIPS

"This is a true story," writes the man who sends the following, "except that the subject's name wasn't Pete."

It was before the Big Strike. The plumber and his helper had a job at a way station.

The plumber was anxious to finish and catch the next train out.

The helper didn't care if he never got out, as long as the wages and expenses kept coming in, and accordingly his feet dragged.

Said the plumber, "For the love of Mike," Pete, haven't you any other gait than that?"

Said Pete, "Ye-es, I ha-ave, b-but y-you wouldn't want me to use it; its slower'n this one."

- Fourteenth—Brings Mr. Lynch back to the piano; he renders with much feeling "Yankee Doodle" with sharps and flats cleverly intertwined, while still back to the piano MR. LYNCH
- Fifteenth— This number is given to Mr. Phillips and gets the first prize. He uses his allotted time in finger exercises MR. PHILLIPS
- Sixteenth— Devoted to a clever exposition of the higher art of music by the professor. Mr. Phillips will be requested to bow to the audience while Mr. Lynch feelingly runs his hand over the keyboard in a wild hunt for the opening note of "Cuss the luck, my pocket's leaking."
Written by Cecil Priest, and harmonized by Jack Briggs.

All other numbers are omitted and the Messrs. Lynch and Phillips were ordered to separate cells in Augusta, where in time it is hoped they will regain the use of their faculties.

End of Cat Serial

In our February issue was the modest story of "Mutsy," gray Maltese kitten, who has adopted those in the basement of the general office building.

In the March issue was a communication from Deering Junction, telling about "Tom," the wonder cat. Now comes the climax in the following letter from the engine-house at Bangor. It is the last of the serial—the final word on the subject. There couldn't be anything further written about cats.

Says the Bangor writer:

I was very much interested in the wonderful stories about the general office cat; also the one concerning the fine personalities of that Deering Junction "Tom," but when it comes to speaking of cats, Oh, boys (and girls) you ought to get acquainted with the two motive power cats at Bangor engine house. They're cats worth while talking and writing about. Of course they haven't had any fancy names affixed to them; they are just plain, every-day Mrs. Cat and Mr. Cat, as happy and home abiding a family as was ever seen. As for intelligence, why, they are just running over with it. What these two cats don't know about railroading isn't worth knowing!

As for their childhood days, I might say that they both came very naturally by their railroad instincts. Mr. Cat was born and spent his early youth in Dooley's railroad boarding house at Vanceboro. Here he listened to the weird and woolly tales of railroad life from the boys,

A large placard in front of a Portland business building recently, bore the inscription: "Near East Relief Industries."

A member of the Maine Central family, hurrying by, was slightly puzzled. "What do they mean—'Industries?'" he demanded. Then his brow cleared as he murmured: "Oh, I see—they manufacture public sentiment."

When To Go Fishing

When the warmth creeps in the water,
And the worms begin to crawl,
And the birds commence to sing
Around the brook and waterfall,—
When the tree-toads start to holler,
And the turtles come in sight,
'Tis then the season opens
And the fish begin to bite,
Now, do not stop in Boston—perspire, swear and
bake
But take the train and beat it.
For dear old Moosehead Lake.

H. B. Clough

so the call of the wild got him and one fine night the engineer of No. 8 had occasion to look in the tender box of his engine on arrival at Bangor and there was Mr. Cat cuddled up sound asleep on the engineman's coat. He (the cat) has never left the engine house since.

Mrs. Cat first saw the dawn of light and capered in her girlhood around the house of Mechanic R. H. Clark. She, too, listened with awe as Mr. Clark related to his family the expeditious manner in which engines are repaired and turned out of the shop at Bangor. The temptation became too great for Tabby, and one morning, just as Clark was entering the shop, he looked around and there was Mrs. Cat right at his heels; and here has been her abode ever since.

I spoke above of the marked intelligence of this pair, and in order to prove to your readers that these are super-cats, and not for an instant to be compared with the common or back-yard variety that we all know so well, and to prove also that they know the railroad game from start to finish, I would like to tell you of a few cases in which they have demonstrated their mental knowledge and learning.

Mrs. Cat spends a large amount of her time on the counter of the storeroom. Here she makes herself useful as well as ornamental. For instance, when an engineer asks for his time-ticket before leaving on his run, she will tear one off the block and, carrying it in her mouth, pass it out to him through the window. In front of the counter is situated the large board which shows where is every engineer and fireman, their names being printed

Continued on page 32

From Thomas Crowley, tie inspector, Bangor:

When the writer was a small boy, he used to play around the old European and North American engine house, located just east of what is now the union station at Bangor. There were big wooden doors on each stall of the roundhouse, which stood open during the day. It was customary for engineers arriving at Bangor to place their engines on the turn-table and book off, and "Pop" Welch, the hostler, placed them in the house.

One day an engine was left on the table, and Pop called to some of the boys who were playing around to line up the table for the house. This being done, he started the engine and ran her into the house, but as this was before the days of air-brakes, he had difficulty in stopping her and ran her against the rear wall. Then he backed her up a bit, but ran too far and she came out of the house. Again he moved her ahead, and again struck the wall. Back once more, but too far; and another attempt was no more successful. Then he ran her out onto the table again, and called to Pat Mullaney, his helper. "When I get her in this time, Pat, you be ready and shut them doors, and we'll see if we can't hold her in."

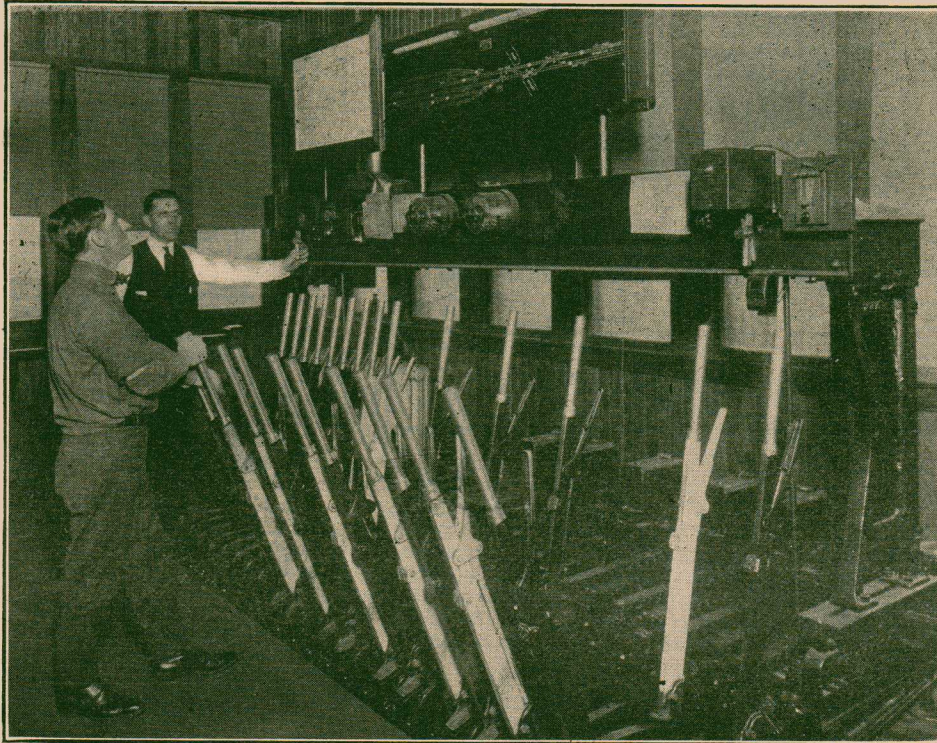
Interlocking Switch System One of The Marvels of Rigby

Of the thousands who speed through Rigby, on east or west-bound trains, how many give a passing thought to the signal and switching towers? How many, outside of railroad circles, know about them at all?

And yet these towers, and the clear-headed men in them, play a surprisingly important part in the successful operation of the great freight terminal and the speeding of trains through the maze of tracks. Eliminate them and their equipment, much of which works automatically, and each switch would have to be thrown by hand—rather than by the operation of a lever several hundred feet away. Therefore, where one man now operates many switches, their signal boards and lights, it would require the services of several men—and even then the work wouldn't be done with anything like such quick efficiency.

These towers, their equipment and the outside switch mechanisms, represent the last word in interlocking switch systems. "Interlocking" is the one word adequately descriptive, for switches and semaphores are so constructed that they work together; and in this is one of the big points of safety. If all these switches had to be thrown by a man at each switch, and each signal set by a personal visit, there would be much loss of time—and, equally important, the constant possibility of error. For, you see, there would always be a chance of some switchman forgetting properly to set out one switch or change one signal—whereupon disaster would follow.

No, the towerman can make no such mistake—the system won't let him. An old railroad man wrote the following explanation for us, and we quote his words:



In a Rigby Switching Tower. Levers Control Switches and Signals, and One Man Can Perform the Work Formerly Done by Many

"Once he has set his switches for a given combination, he can't change until he has set every signal along these tracks at stop position. Therefore, any approaching train will be stopped before it can reach the changed switches. Again, he cannot shift the signals on the tracks which are to be made usable by the rearrangement of switches until every switch to be used in the combination has been properly set. When that has been done, he can show the clear signals and the engineer of trains using those tracks can speed on with a perfect sense of security, for he knows that the switches are properly placed for his train to go through the terminal without trouble.

"It may occur to you that, by accident, the towerman might shift a lever while a train was passing over a switch and thereby cause trouble. That would be almost impossible, but the makers of these switching systems have provided even against the impossible. It is an automatic locking device, set in motion by the train before it strikes

Continued on page 32

New Equipment

Continued from page 4

and-mail cars—the compartments for baggage and for mail each being thirty feet. The latter, of course, are equipped as required by specifications from the United States postal department, which are nothing if not elaborate. The pigeon-holes for sorting letters, the racks for mail bags, the boxes for papers and second class matter—they are exactly what one would find in a post-office not upon wheels. These baggage-and-mail cars are carried upon four-wheel trucks, are lighted by electricity and are heated by steam.

Finally, the new equipment includes one hundred all-steel, 50-ton coal cars of the general service type—which means they can be used as flat-bottom or self-discharging cars, as may be desired; and 250 steel under-frame box cars, of 80,000 pounds capacity. The locomotives are being built by the American Locomotive Company at Schenectady, N. Y.; the passenger and mail cars by the Osgood-Bradley Car Co., Worcester, Mass.; the coal cars by the Standard Steel Car Co., Butler, Penn.; and the box cars by the Laconia Car Co., Laconia, N. H.

This fine, modern equipment—taking the place of old, in accordance with the Maine Central policy of maintaining its rolling stock at high standard—will add to an already marked efficiency. In fact, there will be no better equipment anywhere than will now be found on the main line between Portland and Bangor.

Train Despatching

Continued from page 5

to hold a westbound train for orders to meet an eastbound train at the next station.

Dispatchers are now required to make a written transfer of all orders in effect, which must be carefully checked by the relieving dispatcher before he begins work.

In those days extras were called "wild" trains, and orders were issued for work trains to "work wild" between two stations during the week. When an extra train was to be run it received orders to "run wild," and if it was to make a round trip it was given orders to wear white signals for the return movement. On some roads when an extra was ordered to run it was instructed to "wild cat."

Red signals displayed on an engine indicated a following section, and this section was required to keep clear of all regular trains. Scheduled trains were frequently run ahead of time, keeping clear of opposing regular trains. There was no rule book and what few rules we had were

printed in the "time-card," as it was then called. Each railroad had its own rules, and there were almost as many varieties of rules as there were railroads.

In the year 1889 the standard code of train rules was adopted by the American Railway Association, and this is now used as a basis for the operation of trains on all the railroads in the United States. Provision is made in these rules for dispatching trains by the double order system, under which a copy of each order is sent to all trains affected, in the same words, so that each train gets a duplicate copy of every order that concerns it. This greatly simplifies the work of moving trains by telegraph and reduces the possibility of error to a minimum, whereas, under the old single order system, the dispatcher was dependent, to a large extent, on his memory, and in cases of snow blockade or wrecks when schedules were disarranged, it was necessary for him to check his order book frequently to make sure that nothing was overlooked. This was a source of constant mental strain and anxiety, as an error or oversight might result in a collision.

The adoption of the air brake, installation of block signals and the introduction of the standard rules have been the outstanding accomplishments of the past thirty years in the safe operation of trains on the Maine Central Railroad, and make it possible to handle a heavy and constantly increasing traffic safely and expeditiously to an extent not dreamed of in the early days of railroading. Great care is used in the employment and education of enginemen, trainmen, and operators, and every possible precaution is taken to protect the traveling public and to safeguard the lives of its patrons and employees. Every step in the handling of train orders, from the moment they are transmitted by the dispatcher until they are fulfilled by the train receiving them, is carefully provided for in the rules; but rules and signals are of no value unless they are obeyed, and the fact that hundreds of orders are issued each day and executed without an error, sometimes under the most trying conditions, is conclusive evidence that the employees concerned in the movement of trains measure up to their responsibility and perform their duties faithfully.

Laborer At \$1.55 a Day

Continued from page 6

months later he was transferred to fireman; and still later he went to the Portland and Rumford Falls railroad—also independent at that time—firing on it four years. This was followed by two and one-half years as engineer.

"Then," says Mr. Bennett, frankly, "after firing, etc., for all those years, I got fired."

The cause was a collision—a work-train running



The First Trick Car Knockers, Rigby

into a freight, although no lives were lost and there was no particular harm done. Meantime, the Rumford Falls-Rangeley Lake road had been taken over by the Portland and Rumford Falls. Then the Maine Central absorbed both, and they became the Rangeley Division.

Now we come to the chapter wherein Mr. Bennett became one of the Maine Central workmen and began to climb. He hired out with P. G. Smith, master mechanic at the Rumford Falls plant, as laborer. His pay, as has been said, was \$1.55 a day; his work the roughest of any on the system. But he did not remain a laborer very long. He became engine inspector, then air brake inspector, then second machinist, then first machinist—all at the Rumford Falls plant. He was transferred to Lewiston as roundhouse foreman; and in March, 1917, he came to Thompson's Point as foreman of the erecting floor. Finally—Dec. 16, 1923—he was made general foreman of all the Thompson's Point shops.

It is a saying at the Point that Mr. Bennett, graduate of the College of Experience, is familiar with every bit of power—is in touch with every locomotive. In fact, there isn't a class he has not personally overhauled; working upon them has long been his chief hobby.

"One of the hardest things I have to do when a difficult job comes in," he once said, "is to sit here and tell someone else to do it. I love to get into the heart of a locomotive, tear it apart, reconstruct it. It's in my blood, I guess."

In the accompanying picture, Mr. Bennett is seen surrounded by the foremen of the Thompson's Point shops. Beginning with number one, and continuing in order, they are W. F. Lombard, foreman of paint shop; Henry Johnson, mill room; Frank McDonald, lumber yard; Arthur Lejure, crew on platform; William Hoffacker, passenger equipment; John MacDonald, blacksmith shop; Arthur Martin, chief electrician; Tom Brown, machine shop; Tom Smith, steel gang; Tom Leighton, car shop; James Martell, boiler shop; Cliff Bolton, erecting room; Samuel Skillings, steel crew; Leon Brown, wooden car department; William Conrad (assistant foreman) yard crew; George Smith, yard crew.



The Real Test

Continued from page 9

And those words rang in his ears while he walked briskly to his room: "You *must* prove true and strong!"

He was beginning to understand his father better, too. The "governor" had not been unjust. He had been indulgent, kind, all that a father should be, but patience had been strained to the breaking point by his son's idleness and lack of appreciation.

When "James H. Smith, fireman,"—"J. Harrington" no longer—reported for duty on the "freight-house" shifter next morning, he carried certain new resolutions, which would have warmed the heart of a lonely father had he known what was going on.

Tom McCarthy told Mr. Sherwood that he had never had a man who "broke in" more readily or displayed greater anxiety to learn than Jim Smith. Mr. Sherwood remembered, and one day the following week, when there was a sudden rush of freight, Jim was pressed into service to fire a westbound freight for Bill Parnham.

"How long you been firin'?" Bill asked, when Jim climbed aboard the 2614 in Verona yards.

"Nearly two weeks, Mr. Parnham," was the respectful answer.

"Huh!" Bill shook his head impatiently. "Looks like I'm the goat for another greenhorn. You'll have to keep your end up, young feller, without any favors from me. If they want to put a lot o' schoolboys on raw-

hidin' it's up to them to call the undertaker. Get busy, youngster! Break open that fire, then hop up on the tank an' see how much water we've got. Peep into the sand dome and drop a little oil on the bell, and then stick on white flags."

Jim put in a busy half-hour, managing to do the work after a fashion that did not seem to arouse Bill's enthusiasm.

"Now young feller," Bill growled, as he reached for the throttle, "all you've got to do is to give me two hundred pounds for the next hundred miles and the old mill and I'll do the work. Don't crowd her and look out you don't plug her under the arch. She's likely to pull it ahead when she's workin' hard."

For about five minutes Bill had his two hundred pounds. Just as Jim was beginning to think that it wasn't such a hard job after all the inspirator commenced singing its cold water requiem to premature hopes.

The hand on the steam-gauge dropped back, pound by pound, until it pointed to 180. Then Bill jammed the inspirator closed.

"Put the hook into it!" he growled. "You been crowdin' her. Get that fire white an' keep it so."

Down behind the huge boiler-butt the heat was intense that hot June day. Jim was soaked with perspiration and his nerves were strained from anxiety. Above the rumble and roar of the engine, above Bill's hoarse voice and the clank of iron, sounded the low, imploring words—"Oh, you *must* prove true and strong when the real test comes!" And Jim heard the voice.

Once, a year before, when speaking to a bank president about his son, the Honorable "J. G." had remarked, "The boy has good stuff in him, John, and some day it's bound to show."

And the president, remembering how Smith senior had worked his way upward from a humble beginning, had replied: "Some day something will start that lad going, and when it does he'll come through in a way to make you proud."

And the eventful day prophesied had dawned. "Something" had started Jim going. Down in his heart Jim knew that the real test was on—that the crisis of his life was at hand.

Muscles, unaccustomed to hard work, ached. His back felt as though it was breaking and his knees shook from sheer fatigue. There wasn't a dry stitch on his clothing. He was covered with coal-grime, and his hands were blistered; but, with a grim determination that would have thrilled a father with pride and brought tears of thanksgiving to Madelyn's blue eyes, Jim Smith accepted the challenge and fought on and on, through those fiery, aching, blistering hours.

Die he might—sometimes thought he would. Surrender he would not; conquer he *must*.

Yes, there *was* "good stuff in him." If there hadn't been he would have given up a dozen times. But by sheer indomitable pluck and perseverance, by an exhibition of grit that made even Bill Parnham stare in astonishment, Jim fought it out until Freight Extra 2614 ground to a standstill in Thomasville yards.

"He's the grittiest greenhorn I ever saw," Bill told the foreman that evening. "But he's done up too much to go back in the mornin'. S'pose I'll get some 'Willie boy' on the down trip. Well, let 'em come, but don't you forget, Mike, that that lad snorin' in the bunkhouse is a regular feller, if he is a greenhorn!"

When Bill climbed aboard next morning Jim was in the cab.

"You goin' back!" he exclaimed, hardly believing it possible.

"I'm going to try to and I hope I can do better than I did yesterday," Jim grinned.

He did do better. For the first fifty miles he kept

the steam-gauge pointer dancing around 190. Once it lagged to 170, and once—how it cheered the weary lad!—it marked a full 200 with the inspirator on!

But going through the cut at Riverside weariness and heat demanded its toll. Jim reeled and would have fallen had not Bill Parnham leaped and caught him.

When he came to he was on Bill's seat and Bill stood on deck, scoop in hand.

"Keep an eye out ahead and I'll take her a-ways," was the gruff order. The boys used to say Bill was a hard man to fire for; that he was never known to ease up on a fireman,—that is, most of them said so. Those who knew him best knew that his rough exterior was only a veneer that covered a big, warm heart. Jim had fairly hated him the day before. Before they got back to Verona his first impression had undergone a marked revision.

And Bill? The first thing he did when the 2614 stopped at the roundhouse that afternoon was to go to Mr. Sherwood's office and ask that Jim Smith be assigned to fire for him permanently! Bill had experienced a change, too!

These things happened several years ago and other changes have occurred since those eventful June days.

Bill Parnham runs the "Diamond Limited" now, doubling between Verona and Thomasville every other day; and the tall, dark-haired young man who fires the new 3709 for Bill laughs good-naturedly when his engineer asks, as he sometimes does when in a reminiscent mood,—

"Remember that first trip you fired for me, Jim?"

And if you should happen to be in Verona some fine summer evening on one of Bill's "off days," and should wander up the "Mountain Road," you may see a beautiful bungalow. It stands well back on a green lawn. There are broad beds of hollyhocks and larkspur and other old-fashioned flowers.

You may think it the home of a rich man, and perhaps you will be right. Jim thinks he is rich, but he doesn't count dollars. His claim to wealth lies in his golden-haired wife and sturdy little John Gilman Smith, 2d, and baby Madelyn Rayner Smith.

The bungalow was a wedding present to Jim and Madelyn from the proudest man in Verona, the Honorable James Gilman Smith. And if you could be on the wide veranda when Honorable "J. G." is making one of his calls and Bill Parnham and his wife have dropped in for an hour's chat you would think that "Granpa" Smith was one of the happiest men in the world.

It isn't that he is reckoned well-to-do that adds to the Honorable "J. G.'s" peace of mind,—it is because his son stood up to his work like a man when the real test of manhood came. Perhaps that's the reason Madelyn is so happy, too,—for if you ever see the beautiful lady at the Mountain Road bungalow you'll not fail to notice that she is very happy and very proud of her stalwart young husband.

And Jim? Well, next year he'll move over to the right side of the cab and Bill Parnham will have a new fireman.

Almost Human Machines

Continued from Page 17

often intricate figures, the information shown upon the punched cards.

Therefore, just as in a modern newspaper office blank rolls of paper are fed into the press and come out all printed, folded—the newspaper in its entirety—so the way-bills of the Maine Central freight agents are transformed, through these Powers machines, into tabulated rows of figures. Only, in a press, the process is entirely me-

chanical; in these machines, the operators supply brains no less than dexterity. But the machines seem to have brains, too.

Finally, the tabulations from the "tabulator printers"—there are three—are passed to clerks, who compare the total of each station's figures with the original reports upon the way-bills. If the two fail to balance, they are checked out, way-bill by way-bill, until the error is discovered. If this error proves to have been on the part of the agent, a correction account is issued—debiting or crediting the agent, as the case may be.

The good results of this whole process?

Well, that is a broad question. Briefly, there is a great saving at stations, for it is possible to care for more work with less help; and it has consolidated several reports into one, thus enabling the freight audit office to care for several reports formerly rendered by agents. And then, in addition to being used for balancing agents' reports, these punched cards later are useful as a basis from which quickly to obtain various statistical reports—such as freight traffic commodities, freight traffic statistics, total tonnage and earnings of various stations or groups of stations: exactly those things which the Interstate Commerce Commission requires from time to time.

Anyway, a trip through the accounting machine section is a liberal education in how machinery and brains may be combined.

Engine Played Pranks

Continued from page 18

closed. Well, I didn't know what to do. I knew the blooming thing could not go very far as long as I kept my wits and used the reverse and forward, as the case may be. We crept to the ash-pit and I again stopped her—that is, put her in reverse and then neutral. She stopped, but again for only a second, and then back to the turn-table she started to creep. Now, believe me, it was becoming uncanny. What in old Harry was the matter? Was this engine playing pranks? But my thoughts were brought to a sudden stop.

"Hey," came a voice out of the darkness. "What's yer playing with that engine for? Take it to the table and leave it there."

"Playing" and "leave it there" didn't please me any too well. As if I wouldn't if I could! So I shouted right back:

"That you, Mike?" and I guess my voice was sort of shaky. "If it is, come on the run."

And in no time Mike swung into the cab.

"Say," said I. "What in blazes is the matter with this engine? She won't stop."

Mike got busy and banged at the throttle, and sure enough she did stop. Said he, "You had your throttle open a little and that's why she kept going. And you missed neutral by a notch each way. Some need a good bang; they stick." "Well, they can all stick hereafter. I'll take mine with some one else doin' the running," said I. And do you know that it was hours before that lump in my throat went back into place? Guess it was my heart. Mike, however, said if it was anybody but me they would have jumped off; and then he went on and related some real thrills that made my little thriller seem trivial in comparison.

It was not very long after that I was sent for from the shop. The boss of the shop wanted to see me was the message. Well, I said, I'm in for it. Imagine my surprise when he offered me a job inside, working days—said the opportunity for advancement was better and chance for a real job. But it didn't appeal to me.

The next night I told Mike just what happened, and

he became real grave. So grave and solemn-looking that I could not help but ask if he were ill.

"No," said he, "I'm not ill. I was just wondering what a peculiar duck you are. A good job offered you, and you want to turn it down. I guess you will change your mind before long; at least I hope so."

But that's where Mike was wrong. I had made up my mind that I did not want that shop job, and come what may, I intended to stick to that. It may seem peculiar to those acquainted with such work why I should turn down what was without a doubt a far better job. But the job is not everything. Comradeship and likable co-workers make any job, no matter how hard, seem like play. And that was how I found the job on the ash-pit. Pretty hard at times, but such good all-round fellows! Why, it sure was a pleasure to work with them!

Nothing happened for a few days and I was beginning to feel that everything was all as I wanted it, and then to my surprise, when reporting for duty one night, I found a fellow all "dolled-up" in overalls awaiting me and a note to break him in on my duty on the "pit."

So, when a lull came in the work, and I was in the cab with Mike, I remarked how generous the "Boss" was in sending a helper. But Mike couldn't see it my way.

"Guess," said he, "they want you in the shop."

"But, Mike," said I, "what's the idea? Didn't I prove satisfactory on this job?"

"Sure thing," said Mike, "to tell you the truth, Mart, I'm really to blame for the whole thing. I was telling him about you, and in doing so I thought I was giving you a boost."

"I appreciate that, Mike," I said. "But I don't want that shop job."

"Well," said Mike, "you sure are a funny one. Here's a step up the ladder of life and you want to turn it down. Can you give me one sane reason?"

"Yes, Mike," I said, "I sure can. To go into that shop and work would seem to me like going to work in a factory making mechanical toys, leaving out the mechanical insides that make them go; while out here I can get into the cab or work around something that seems to have life. And which sure has life. For it throbs and seems to await the proper touch to go dashing off into the night, on its very useful errand. Now, Mike, you have my reason for not taking that shop job. And I guess I'll quit after tonight."

"Mart," said Mike, "that's all very well. But they're times when you must consider the future."

"Future!" said I, "Did you say future? You know darn well, Mike, that I'm no fortune teller, so why should I be interested in futures? I guess what you mean, Mike, is this:

There comes a time in each man's life,

When he desires a loving wife.

But the time for that is not yet ripe,

I'm care-free and happy, hopes high as a kite—

and believe me, I'm going to stay that way for a while."

And with that I swung out of the cab, and shouted a "So long, Mike."

So when quitting the next morning, instead of taking my sleep, I packed up and went to F—— to while away the time till the arrival of the pay-car; but really feeling sorry that I had to leave behind me such mighty fine fellows..

Interlocking Switches

Continued from page 28

the switch and kept in operation until the last car of the train has passed over."

So much for the technical explanations. There is

something a bit fascinating about it, don't you think?—a highly elaborate and complicated system, so delicately adjusted as to insure a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of danger! A few towermen with their fingers upon the pulse—the nerve centers—of this system, performing what would once have required the services of many.

There are five of these towers in the terminal system: At Scarboro Crossing, west end of Rigby yard; at Skunk Hill bridge, east end of Rigby yard; at the junction of the B. and M. western route and Maine Central Mountain Division; at the junction of the double track passenger and double track freight routes, west end of Union station yard; at Brighton avenue, junction of the same routes named above. Of these, towers number two, three and four are new. Number one is old, although the levers, switches and signals were increased at the time of the Rigby development; and number five was constructed about six years ago.

End of Cat Serial

Continued from page 27

on little slips of card-board. Mrs. Cat knows every engineman and fireman on the Eastern Division, and when a spare crew comes in and is "booking off" she will reach up on the board, claw their cards off, showing they have got in on that run, and put them at the foot of the spare list where they belong, thus saving Storekeeper Swan from having to bother with the matter at all. She has never been known to make a mistake.

Another instance of this cat's great sagacity: The genial Mr. Archer is a welcome visitor at our place each Wednesday noon. When he is set up and ready to deal out our week's pay, a long blast is sounded on the shop whistle. You might not believe it, but do you know for the last two months Mrs. Cat has been waiting for Archer each Wednesday, and the minute he opens his cash box she makes a jump for the cord and sounds the signal for all to come and get their pay. She sure is SOME CAT!

To show that these cats have a loving and kind disposition, I wish to relate to you how last summer they would go out and scratch up angle-worms for the flock of pigeons that have their nests under the standpipe at the engine house. We have watched them dig these worms for hours at a time while the pigeons would grab them and carry them to feed their young. Brotherly love seems to be their motto!

In view of the above facts, which are only a few of the many I could relate, no one cantell the boys at the engine house that "Cats don't have brains."

Y. M. C. A. To Continue

Continued from page 24

give the rooms a complete renovation and brightening up with fresh paint.

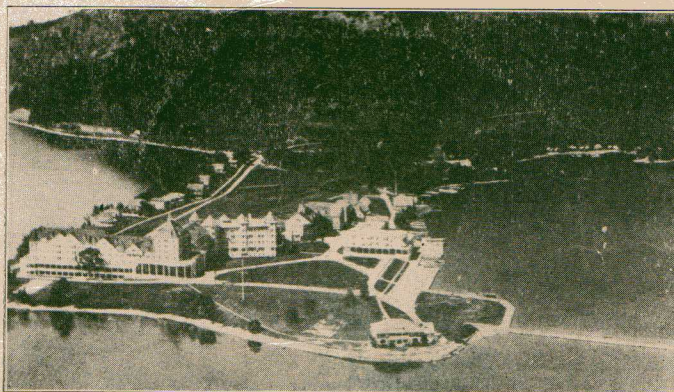
"In order that the men served by the branch may have an opportunity to have a share in continuing this work, an organized effort will be made during April to materially increase the membership enrollment of the branch. Comments by many of the men affected to continue this work are indicative of great appreciation."

Members of the Y. M. C. A. Railroad Branch Committee are: Charles H. Blatchford, chairman; Walter P. Reeves, Gilbert H. Mayberry, Forrest E. Baker, George F. Black, Charles T. Vose, E. Murray Graham, John M. MacDonald, Charles R. Chevalier, E. P. Foss, Dana C. Douglass, Fred O. Wood, Horace G. Parkman, E. H. Rice.

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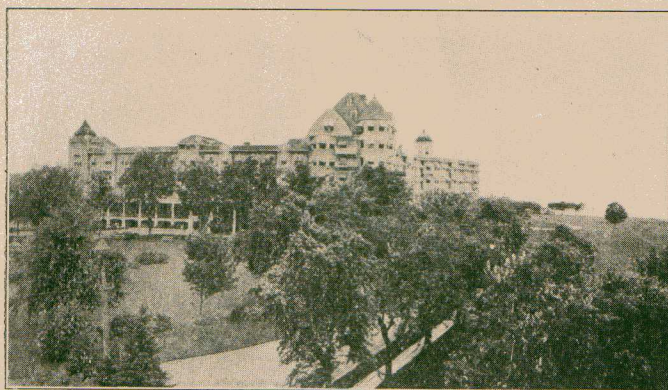
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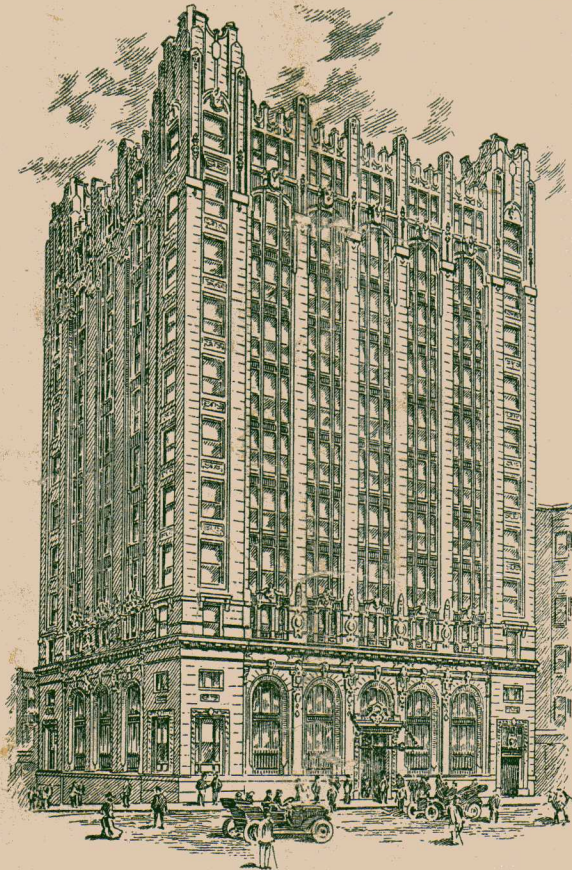
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