

MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1924

George E. Warren Corporation

Cable Address: WARRENCOAL, New York, Boston, Norfolk

"ADMIRALTY" NEW RIVER COAL

TIDEWATER AGENTS for

AMHERST COAL COMPANY
Gas Coal

TIDEWATER AGENTS for

RED JACKET CONSOLIDATED COAL
& COKE CO.
Splint and Steam Coal

NEW ENGLAND AGENTS for

EBENSBURG COAL COMPANY
COLVER COAL (NAVY STANDARD)

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF

High Grade Bituminous and Anthracite Coal
Pennsylvania, New River, Pocahontas,
Kanawha, Fairmont

AMERICAN COALS FOR EXPORT

BUNKERS Supplied at all ATLANTIC PORTS

OFFICES

Park Square Building
BOSTON, MASS.
416 House Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Grand Central Terminal,
NEW YORK
Medea Bldg.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
9 Wellington St., East,
TORONTO, CANADA

Bank of Commerce Bldg.
NORFOLK, VA.
First National Bank Bldg.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

C. H. ROBINSON CO.

PAPER
AND
TWINE

165-171 Commercial Street

1-5 Moulton Street

PORTLAND, MAINE

John C. Paige & Co.

INSURANCE

of every description

40 Broad St., BOSTON

115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The First National Bank

OF PORTLAND

INCORPORATED 1864

Capital and Surplus One Million Dollars

A FRIENDLY BANK INVITES
YOUR BUSINESS

We carry the most complete
line of anthracite coal in the
State of Maine.

Coal To Meet Any Requirement

Honeybrook Lehigh	hard
Philadelphia & Reading	medium
Pittston	free burning
Wilkesbarre	free burning

Randall & McAllister

84 Commercial St. TEL. 100
497 Congress St.

A. R. WRIGHT CO. COAL

Celebrated New River Steam Coal

The unsurpassed coal for all
steaming purposes

Best Lehigh Coal for Domestic Use

Quick Shipments of Anthracite and
Bituminous Coal by all Railroads
OUR SPECIALTY.

Lowest Market Prices

PORTLAND, MAINE



Keeping Faith

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

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

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

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

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

The Consolidation Coal Company

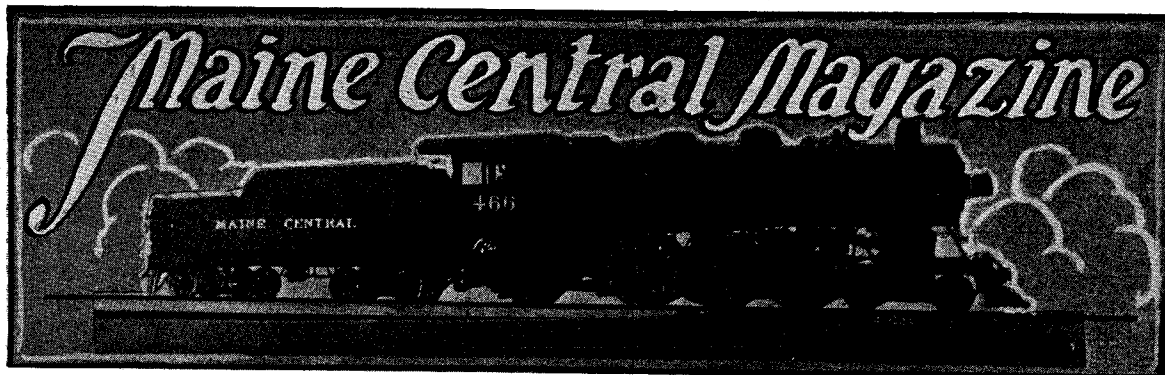
Incorporated

MUNSON BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

DETROIT, MICH., First Nat'l B'k Bldg.	BOSTON, MASS. State Mutual Bldg.	CINCINNATI, OHIO Union Cent'l Bldg.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 137 Market St.	PHILADELPHIA, PA. B'kers Tr. Bldg.	NORFOLK, VA. Nat'l B'k of Com. Bldg.
BALTIMORE, MD. Continental Bldg.	WASHINGTON, D. C. Union Tr. Bldg.	CLEVELAND, OHIO Rockefeller Bldg.
	CHICAGO, ILL. Ill. Merch. Bank Bldg.	
	MILWAUKEE, WIS. 843 South Canal Street	

Foreign Offices } LONDON, ENGLAND Billiter Sq. Bldg.
 } GENOA, ITALY 10- Via Roma

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.
 } MONTREAL, QUEBEC Empire Coal Company Ltd., Shaughnessy Bldg.
 } GREEN BAY, WIS. F. Hurlbut Company



Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1924

No. 8

Making Changes At Transfer Station

Tracks Relaid; Fewer But Much Wider Platforms; Lighting Arrangements Greatly Improved—How the Work Was Possible Without Loss of Time, a Trace of Confusion, or Inconvenience to Shippers

The transfer station of the Portland Terminal Company on Commercial Street, always a scene of brisk activity, was never more so than as this is written; for several important changes are being made there—changes designed to increase its already highly developed efficiency.

The station has had a narrow platform—only seven feet wide—along each of the three freight houses. It has had, also, eight “island platforms,” meaning those between the tracks. There were eighteen of these tracks, laid in pairs, with a platform between each pair.

First, the station platforms are being widened to sixteen feet. Then, the island platforms are to be ripped out entirely—and in their places will be three platforms, each seventeen feet. The tracks, meantime, are being relaid in sets of four instead of two; and there will be a platform between each set. Therefore, when the work is done, there will be sixteen tracks instead of eighteen, and three island platforms in place of eight. But each of these island platforms will be seventeen feet wide, as stated, whereas the present ones are seven.

The old platforms were not covered. The new ones will be; and electric light connections are to run the entire length of each, being so arranged that it will be possible to plug in

A walk along the water front, these mid-summer days, is interesting—as interesting as any walk of equal length in the whole State of Maine. And it discloses plenty of activity. Water front business has held up well all through the summer months.

At the big transfer station of the Portland Terminal Company, the platforms are being rebuilt and the tracks relaid. There will be fewer platforms when the work is done, but they will be more than twice the width of the present ones. It will be possible, also, to carry electric lights into the interior of box cars. The changes are being made without confusion or the loss of an hour's time.

and carry the lights and their loops of wire into the interior of box cars. And this will be a great improvement, for work in the interior of the cars has thus far been by lantern light.

With its relaid tracks and enlarged platforms, the station will be prepared to receive and utilize the most modern equipment in freight handling. No official announcement of a change in equipment is made at this time; but it is permissible to mention briefly, in passing, that

the station is now fitted for the possible future installing of four-wheel, ball-bearing trucks, with electric tractors.

Did you ever see one of these "trackless train trailers," as somebody has described them? Even to many railroad men, in other branches of service, it would be a new experience. The trucks are hooked together, after the principle of an old-fashioned bob-sled; and, as they follow the tractor, each car automatically takes the same path. And so these trackless trains, each in charge of a motorman and conductor, travel along platforms, through cars and onto adjoining platforms, in a manner quite surprising to a layman.

And speaking of trucks:

"How are big objects—like pianos—moved on them?" the writer was once asked.

Well, it is worth a trip to Commercial Street to watch them do it; and it is done very easily. There is a long, low, six-wheel truck, the center wheels larger than those at the ends, which is used for a certain class of freight. Two men, with one of these trucks, can handle a piano—also granite, machinery and so on. It looks simple; but there is a decided knack to it, as in every other phase of freight handling.



The changes named above are being made without confusion or loss of an hour's time. At the beginning, Superintendent Priest simply discontinued operations temporarily at the west-bound, outward freight house and transferred them to the old building once used for inward freight, but in recent years only as a place of storage. It was rather fortunate that he had this building, and that it was so conveniently located—only a short distance above the freight station.

When the west-bound freight house is remodelled, the business of the east-bound freight house will be transferred to it; and when, in turn, the remodelling of this east-bound freight house is completed, its business will simply be moved back. Then the west-bound freight will be transferred from the old store-house to its former home—and there you are! No confusion, no delays, and a minimum of inconvenience.

Shippers were notified a week in advance that west-bound freight would be transferred to the old store-house. The doors of this house were then numbered, as at the big plant, and business was carried on there just as though there had been no change.

Commissary Crew

The photographs on the opposite page tell their own story. They were taken very early a few mornings ago at Union station, and they show one of the Maine Central's three dining cars—the one attached to the Bar Harbor express.

These views, respectively, are of the kitchenette, where is every culinary aid a good housewife could desire; of the interior, with its linen, silver and attractively arranged tables—like some fine restaurant upon wheels; and of a group including the car crew and the commissary department's two directors.

Reading from left to right, those in the group are: J. S. Coombs, commissary; C. H. Clark, assistant commissary; Chef Hancock, Second Cook Murphy, Third Cook Walters, and Waiters Edwards, Simpson, Harris, Dowling and Baskerville. Dowling and Simpson are known to hundreds of tourists, for they have been with the Maine Central each summer for a good many years. Dowling works every winter in the Princess Hotel, Bermuda, and Simpson caters in New York.

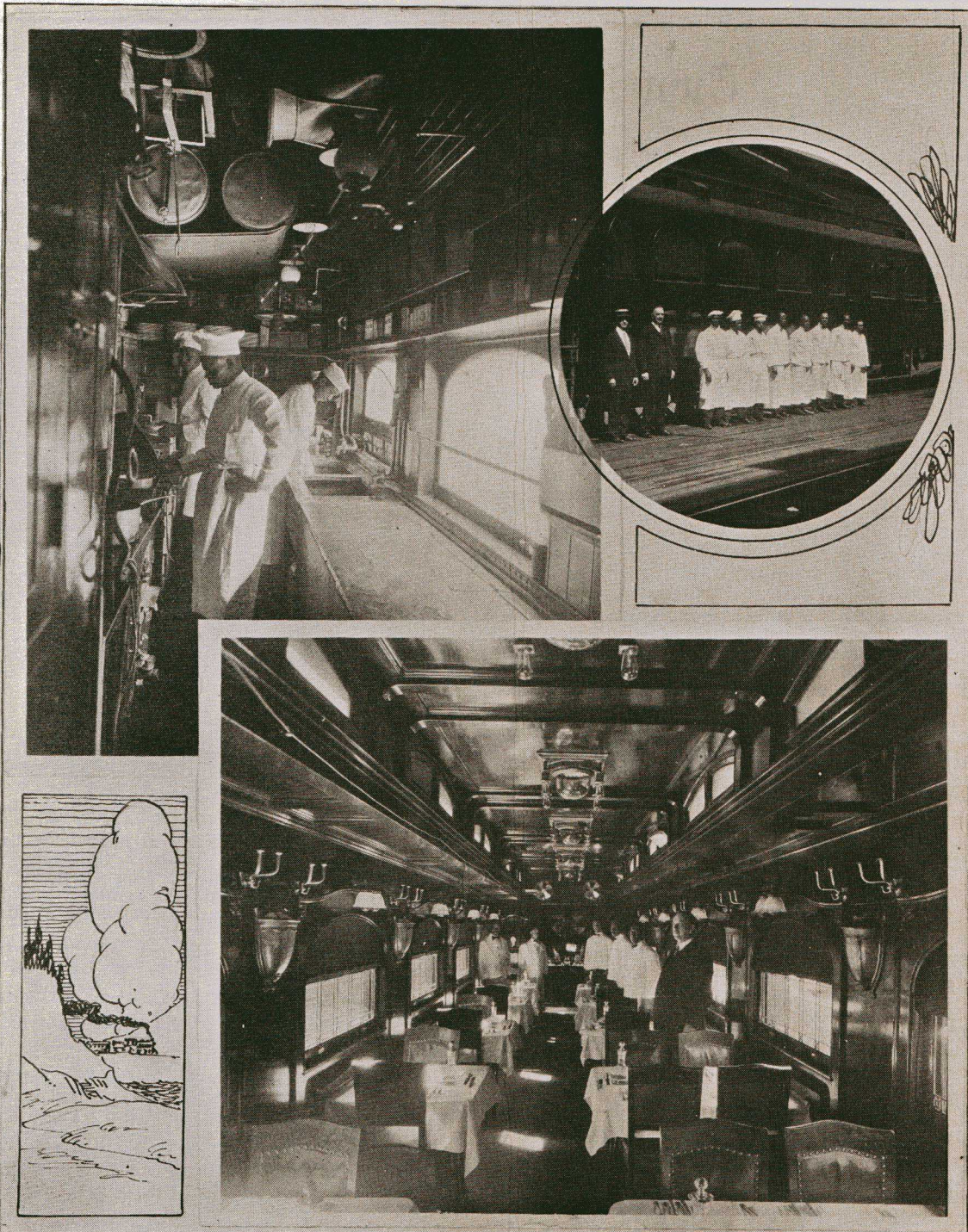
Each car carries a cook, or chef; two assistant cooks, five waiters and a steward. The steward is white; all of the others are colored.

Incidentally, if you want to see a lot of activity, these broiling days, take a trip along the water-front. The water-front business has been brisk all summer. Indications, it is said in the Terminal offices, are that coal shipments will be built up very much within the next few weeks; some of the companies now have greatly increased orders.



Imports of baled pulp from Norway and Sweden—the great bulk of which goes to Maine Central points—have been very heavy. Steamers at the State Pier are discharging this pulp all the time into Maine Central cars, and there were forty carloads in one recent day. Indications are for imports of 100,000 tons, this year, of China clay from England—which, unlike the pulp, goes mostly to the Central West.

But this water-front activity, which means so much to the welfare of Maine and in which the Portland Terminal and Maine Central companies take so important a part, is worth a story in itself. That mile of water-front is really as interesting a place as can be found in all Maine.



One of the Dining Cars

(See box on opposite page for list of names)

Two Unusual Episodes

Strange Accident to John Cochrane In Maine Central League—Grit, Popularity,
and a Monster Benefit—Broadway Beauties In Bronze
Grace a Game With Union Station

Two episodes, since the last issue of the Magazine, have stood out vividly in the season of the Maine Central Baseball League. They had nothing in common, but both were so unusual that they attracted general interest and attention.

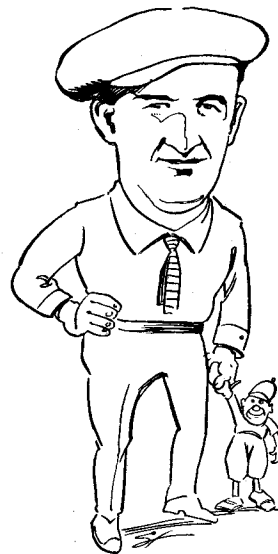
The first was when John J. Cochrane, in the act of pitching a ball to one of the Union station batters, suddenly fractured a bone in his arm. It was a strange sort of accident—the attending physician later said he had heard of but one like it in all his experience, and Mr. Cochrane's sheer grit won the admiration of everyone. It in no way dampened his enthusiasm for the game, either, and already he is planning to pitch another year.

—XXXX—

The second episode was when the baseball team of "In Bamville," a Broadway show playing in the Jefferson, Portland, met the team from Union Station. As a game it might have been improved upon; but as colorful and spectacular entertainment, it quite excelled anything yet seen on a Maine diamond.

In general, interest in the League has steadily continued, and a good deal of speed has been developed. Games are likely with several fast outside teams as the season draws near its close.

The accident occurred on July 22. Cochrane was in the box for the Maine Centrals, or General



Manager Farrell



Coach Flaherty

Office team, and LeRoy Hiles was behind the bat—his first game of the season. Cochrane had pitched four balls, and was winding up for a fifth when the bone of his right arm suddenly snapped. Other players ran to him, and extended what aid they could.

"Talk about pluck!" said one of them, afterwards. "I never in all my life saw such an example. We all knew what Cochrane was suffering, but he didn't make a groan—or a sound. He just shut his lips, and I think that once he tried to smile. I tell you, there isn't one in a hundred who would have shown the grit he did."

Cochrane was taken to the Maine General Hospital, where it was found he had suffered a spiral fracture three inches above the elbow. Three hours and a half later the bone was set. It failed to knit evenly, however, and on August 6, a resetting was necessary. He is doing finely as this is written, and will have left the hospital by the time the Magazine reaches its subscribers.

The cause of the strange accident was this: Driving stakes and other active outdoor work—for Cochrane is employed by the engineering department—had made the muscle of his arm stronger than the bone. And at this particular moment the muscle "kinked" or pressed against the bone until,



The Transfer House Team

Top row, left to right—Farrell, manager; J Flaherty, ss; T. Flaherty, 3b; Lynch, p; Ward, p; Ettenger, rf; Powers, lf and c; M. Flaherty, coach.

Front row—Foley, p; Nee, 2b; Bourelard, rf; Kane, c; Simoneau, 1b; Geary, ss; Goan, capt. and cf.

being weaker, it gave way. Dr. Bradford, his physician, said he had heard of but one other case—a professional pitcher once breaking his arm in almost the same way.

When, weeks ago, plans for the League were discussed, Cochrane was one of the first to come to the committee and offer to play. He took a keen and loyal interest, and was willing to prove this interest by practice and hard work. And his popularity was shown by the scores who called upon him at the hospital from far and wide on the Division.

Of course the League planned a benefit; and a game between picked nines was announced for August 14. Seven hundred tickets were printed, and never were tickets in greater demand. One hundred and fifty, for example, were sent to Rigby; and in less than four hours every one had been sold. It was that way in every shop and office represented by a League team.

A monthly magazine, however up-to-date it may always try to be, hasn't quite the speed, you know, of a daily paper; and so we can't tell you of the game in this issue. But as this is written, on August 10, we safely make this prediction: If Coch-

rane is present, as seems likely, he'll get an ovation that will live in baseball history.

“In Bamville”—and we charge nothing for the modest boost—is the one colored entertainment that has ever broken into Broadway. It had just a week between its engagements in Boston and New York, and elected to spend this week in Portland.

Also, from among its 107 dancers and musicians, it has gathered a ball team; and this ball team—a picture of which recently adorned the pages of several Boston newspapers—played the Union station team, August 7, on Richardson's field.

The big field was a-flame with color, for all of the company was there. A string of automobiles, filled with the chorus girls, attracted general and sympathetic interest—and how those girls did “root!” It wasn't like the chorus of an ordinary colored company; you see, they were genuine Broadway beauties, cast in bronze. And, after all, are not all ladies of the chorus “sisters under the skin?”

Sissle, famous comedian, played third, and Blake, equally famous, did most of the coaching. Their antics, viewed from the orchestra seat of a theatre, would have cost large money; but here they were offered gratis. The score stood four to six in

favor of Union Station, and the Bamville people had demonstrated that they knew more about picturesque entertainment than they did about baseball, when dark clouds—not inappropriately—swept out of the west. Five minutes later, a cloud-burst turned Richardson's Field into an inland lake. Everybody not in the autos was wet to his skin—but it was a lively finish, anyway.

—○○○○—

Briefly, as stated, the League is going well. This month the Magazine prints a group photograph of the Transfer House team and a good-natured cartoon or two, by Harry Stone, of its officials. There are some widely known young players on this team, by the way—including Goan, captain and center field, who last year played with Catholic High; Powers, catcher, who last year was captain of Portland High; Lynch, pitcher, from Deering High; and Jerry Flaherty, from Portland Council, K. of C.

The Thompson's Point team has several postponed games to play—now that the shops have opened. Attendance has continued good at nearly all of the games, and every team is displaying marked interest. Also, as stated above, games

A Challenge

Editor of Magazine:

We have at Poland Spring one of the fastest amateur ball teams in Maine—probably the very fastest, if the truth were known. Of course we wouldn't say that ourselves, but we are willing to let our friends say it for us. And we have also, whenever we play, a gathering of fans who come from all parts of the country—guests of the Poland Spring House and the Mansion House. There's no better place in Maine in which to play, and the hospitality extended makes it one of the most popular. The scene at this beautiful Maine resort, and fine supper following the game, make a trip here well worthy of any team's time and attention—one of the most pleasant features of the season.

Now, I wish to extend what is at once an invitation and a challenge to the Maine Central League. We would like to have one of its five teams play here—or, if preferred, a picked team representing the League as a whole. We guarantee them a cordial welcome, a pleasant visit, and a chance to show what they can do before a gathering of guests from nearly every State—many of whom, in their home cities, are followers of big league baseball. In other words, they are looking for the best. So are we; and that is why we are extending this challenge.

I shall be pleased to receive any communications.

WILLIAM HAYES, MGR.,
Poland Spring House,
South Poland, Me.

How It Felt

"How did the accident happen?" repeated John Cochrane to the Maine Central Magazine reporter who called upon him at the Hospital. "Well, I had 'warmed up' for three-quarters of an hour before the game, and I never felt better in my life.

"It was in the first inning, and Joe Meehan was at bat. I pitched a ball, a strike, another ball—and then Meehan got a hit.

"LeRoy Hiles, my catcher, signalled for a ball when the second batter came up. I had raised my arm to throw when—well, it was as though a red-hot iron had torn into my arm. Yes, I knew in a minute what had happened. The ball flew from my hand and almost struck Horace Woodbury."

And that was all! Not a word about the grit that had so won the crowd's admiration.

"I don't suppose you'll pitch again this season?" ventured the reporter.

"No," said Mr. Cochrane, "but I am going to another year. My doctor tells me that the bone will knit stronger than before; in fact, being broken rather did it good. Not that I would care to repeat the experiment."

with fast teams in other cities—and even in other States—are now being considered. The proposition of taking a picked nine to Rochester, N. H., is being discussed as this is written, and it may have been done when these lines are read.

This was the League standing on August 7:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Thompson's Point	6	1	.857
Union Station	7	4	.637
Maine Centrals	5	5	.500
Transfer House	2	5	.286
Rigby	3	10	.230

—○○○○—

The Terminal Bowling League

The first bowling league of the Portland Terminal Company, a picture of which appears in this issue, was organized in 1917. It played once a week, and its teams represented Union station, the freight yard, and the yard offices.

Here, beginning with the bottom row and reading from left to right, are those in the picture, with the positions they then held: The late J. W. Gribbin, general yard-master; W. H. Kimball, yard conductor; George Harrigan, telephone operator; Thomas Dillon, clerk; Hugh J. Kennedy, yard conductor; Louis Walsh, fireman; John Cannon, yard conductor; Frank J. Platt, yard conductor; F. J. Gleason, yard brakeman; "Q" Qualey, yard clerk; Nicholas Horton, yard clerk; Nealey McNealus, yard clerk; James Qualey, yard clerk; Joseph Flaherty, yard clerk.

Upper row—Thomas Curran, yard master; Dana Libbey, yard conductor; Horace Willett,



Terminal Bowling League

Of these players, only one has died and but two have left the employ of the company. There is talk of reviving this league next winter (See story for list of names.)

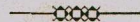
yard conductor; Joseph Porter, yard brakeman; William Horton of Brown & Company—the one member of the league not a Terminal Company employe; Jack Wallace, yard conductor; Albert Skillings, yard brakeman; Charles Cassidy, yard brakeman; Jack Street, yard brakeman; Joseph Stanton, yard brakeman; Charles Lyden, yard brakeman; Edward O'Donnell, yard clerk; Samuel French, yard clerk; Fred McGee, yard clerk; Herbert Piston, yard clerk; William Curran, yard clerk; Edward S. Huff, conductor.

Of all these, only one has since died—Jim Gribbin. There wasn't a more popular man on the entire system, and his death was a shock to hundreds of friends—especially as it came with startling suddenness. He had risen after a good night's rest, intending to go to work as usual; was stricken with acute indigestion, and passed away before help could reach him. But his name is spoken in fond memory when railroad men gather on the Portland division.

With just two exceptions—"Q" Qualey, as he was always called, and Louis Welsh—all of the others are still working for the Terminal Company, although many have shifted jobs. Hugh Kennedy has been promoted to station master, Union station, and there have been various other changes. Probably the longest service man in the group is Tom Curran, who has been with the Maine Central and Portland Terminal companies for fifty years. For 25 years he was assistant yard master in yard

eight; now he is assistant yard master in the east bound yard, Rigby.

The league played for three years and finally disbanded. But interest never really died, and there has been much talk this summer about reviving it. A Terminal League, whose crack teams could meet those from the league representing the General Offices, would furnish good sport.



A Remarkable Train

The longest train of dairy and poultry feeds that ever was sent upon an interstate trip—or, for that matter, that ever was made up—was received a few days ago by the Portland Terminal and Maine Central Companies.

Its sixty cars, brand new and stretching for more than a half mile, were photographed for the Maine Central Magazine—a remarkable panoramic picture, which will appear in the September issue. And then it was split into several sections, which were sent to points on the three divisions.

What was it all about?

Well, this unusual special, individual cars in which were consigned to very many points throughout Maine, contained products of the Eastern Grain Company, a Maine corporation. It was sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving Lancaster, Penn., on the morning of August 9, skirting New York and Boston, and pass-

(Continued on Page 24)

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.

AUGUST, 1924

Editorial

Another Activity

An interesting visitor, representing the Boys' and Girls' Clubs of the State, recently told us something of what these clubs are accomplishing and how the movement has grown.

Briefly—for it is a big subject, which some day we may discuss at length—these clubs are formed to instill into the minds of young people, at their impressionable age, a knowledge of practical agriculture, and a love of it. They are under the general direction of the College of Agriculture, which is part of the University of Maine; and the United States Department of Agriculture co-operates.

The first clubs were organized in 1914, with a membership of ninety-six; today the total membership is well over four thousand, and they are scattered throughout Maine. There is, too, a definite organization. Working from the office of the director of extension work—who is Dean Merrill of the College of Agriculture—there are three State leaders, a county agent leader, a home demonstration leader, thirteen home demonstration agents, and fifteen county agents, all of whom are kept busy.

Many of these clubs meet in remote rural communities, furnishing clean and healthful diversion in long, dull winter evenings. Others are in good-sized cities. The good that all of them are doing is almost beyond estimate. A growing generation is learning—in a most natural, healthful and entertaining way—the fundamental modern principles of agriculture and home eco-

nomics. It often has been said that the young men and young women of Maine too often go forth to build up other States; these clubs are doing much to keep them at home.

"But how does the Maine Central aid in all this?" we asked our visitor.

"It has done a great deal," he replied, enthusiastically. "Mr. Hunton, your industrial agent, has been our good friend. Every year there is a State-wide contest at Orono—open to winners of previous county contests. The Maine Central gives us reduced rates and furnishes the money for all of the prizes. And not only is Mr. Hunton present at these State contests—he is in constant touch with our work throughout the year, extending aid and encouragement in many practical ways. We cannot speak too highly of what his department has done."

Another example of the Maine Central's varied activities!

Jottings

The late Joseph E. Anderson, who was first an engineer and then a conductor, was in railroad service 54 years.

Mr. Anderson's son—S. H. Anderson, conductor on the Lewiston-Rockland run—has been in service 48 years.

Mr. Anderson's grandson—Joseph L. Anderson, draftsman in the engineering department—has been in service three years.

That makes in one family, for three successive generations, 105 years of service. And all of it was spent on the Maine Central or what may be termed its immediate predecessors—little roads that now have been absorbed into our far-flung system.

Surely, that is a remarkable record. Is there any other Maine Central family which has exceeded it—in three generations? If so, we would like very much to learn details.

The steadily growing company of railroad magazines last month extended cordial greetings to an arrival—the first issue of what, to quote its title page, will be "a publication of and for the employes of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad system."

It is an attractive little volume of thirty pages, which bristle with articles of direct and immediate appeal to every railroad man. Its editor is Robert H. Newcomb, who entered the newspaper world via the sedate old Lynn (Mass.)

(Continued on Page 29)



The Maine Central Family

A Wide Variety of Personal Paragraphs,
Pictures and Stories from the
Three Divisions

Many members of the Maine Central family were interested in the recent marriage of Miss Dorothy Louise Priest, daughter of Superintendent Charles H. Priest of the Portland Terminal Company, to John P. Murphy of Portland.

Rev. James E. Carey performed the ceremony in the Sacred Heart Church. The bride was gowned in ivory bridal satin and was attended by Miss Eleanor Murphy, who wore peach chiffon. George Casey was groomsman, and Miss Elizabeth Feury sang. Following the ceremony there was a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Priest, 519 Cumberland Avenue.

The wedding trip was by automobile through Massachusetts, New York and part of Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are residing at 24 Mellen street.

Charles H. Leard, chief clerk in the motive power department, Bangor, and Mrs. Leard, have returned from a wedding trip to the Pacific Coast. They went from Chicago to San Diego via the Santa Fe, and en route they made a side trip to the Grand Canyon for two memorable days. Leaving San Diego, they journeyed by bus into Mexico, going thence to Los Angeles, where they were entertained by S. L. Putnam, formerly of the Maine Central motive power department, who is a nephew of Frank S. Whitney, division foreman, Bangor. Mr. Putnam is now a successful contractor.

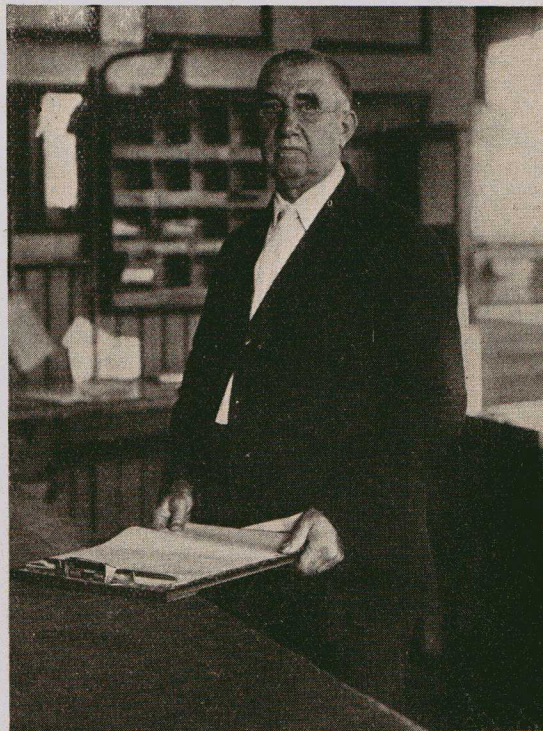
Then Mr. and Mrs. Leard visited San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, and on their way home made brief stops at Yellowstone National Park, Minneapolis, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal—returning to Maine over the Canadian National Railways. It was a delightful trip from start to finish. They are spending the remainder of the summer in Mr. Leard's cottage at Winterport.

This comes to us via Bangor. Yes, it's true:

Carl Henry, yard brakeman at Mt. Desert Ferry, purchased a motor boat early in the season. He is very generous, and it has been at the service of his friends all summer. It's staunch and seaworthy, but like most motor boats, requires gasoline in order to perform its best. Consequently, when a party of railroad men borrowed it and went deep sea fishing without inspecting the gas tank, trouble ensued.

They got to the cod ledges without difficulty and hauled in their quota of fish, but the return journey was another story. When the engine stopped, which it did almost immediately, there was consternation and a general inspection, which disclosed an

empty tank. There was a little gas in the priming can, and by squirting this in, a drop at a time, they managed to make a modest headway. When this supply, also, was exhausted, they were still a long way from their mooring. Then, the story relates, their gloom developed into profanity, which grew so lurid that the hot air resulting was sufficient to operate the engine and work them to the dock faster than the old craft had ever moved before.



Frank O. Dearing, foreman at Union Station, Portland, caught by the Maine Central Magazine's camera man.

Long In Service

Nearly everybody on the Portland division would have recognized this portrait, even though no explanatory line accompanied it.

Frank O. Dearing has been in service almost a quarter century—all of it at Union Station, Portland. For the first three years he worked in the baggage room; then he was promoted to station foreman, and he has held the job ever since. He is popular from one end of the long building to the other, for he is a "good fellow" and at the same time gets the highest degree of efficiency from all who work for him—a knack, you may be sure, not possessed by everyone.

Naturally, Mr. Dearing has witnessed a great many changes. When first appointed foreman, he had about fifteen men to handle baggage and mail during the day, and six at night. Now he has four assistants, and the baggage and mail crews number fifty. He has seen constant expansion as the years have passed; and they have passed so swiftly, he says, that he hardly knows where they have gone—for he has enjoyed his work.

One of those who work for him—Silas B. Ball—has been in service at Union station for twenty-three years.

Col. George E. Fogg of the Maine Central's legal department is in military life commander of the 240th Artillery—which is also the old First Maine. He returned to his desk in the general offices after a two weeks' encampment that attracted the attention of the newspapers, and of those interested in military affairs, all through New England.

The encampment began July 7 and ended July 21. There were nine units—eight batteries and a headquarters battery, of which Percy A. Bachelder, in civil life city editor of the Portland Evening Express, was captain. Questioned by the Maine Central Magazine, Colonel Fogg said—paying the tribute to his men: "It was the best encampment the regiment ever had—both in actual gunnery and in the solution of the war problem."

This problem was for the regiment to defend Forts Williams, Preble, Leavitt and McKinley, unassisted, against a supposedly hostile fleet approaching the Port of Portland. General Mark L. Hersey, commander of the First Corps Area, his aid and staff, were there to watch the play of the searchlights and pass judgment on the style in which the problem was worked out. It is a source of gratification to Maine people that Colonel Fogg and his command received the official congratulations of the War Department—Colonel Fogg for his solution of the problem, and the command for its execution of his orders. The newly created headquarters battery was in charge of all communications.

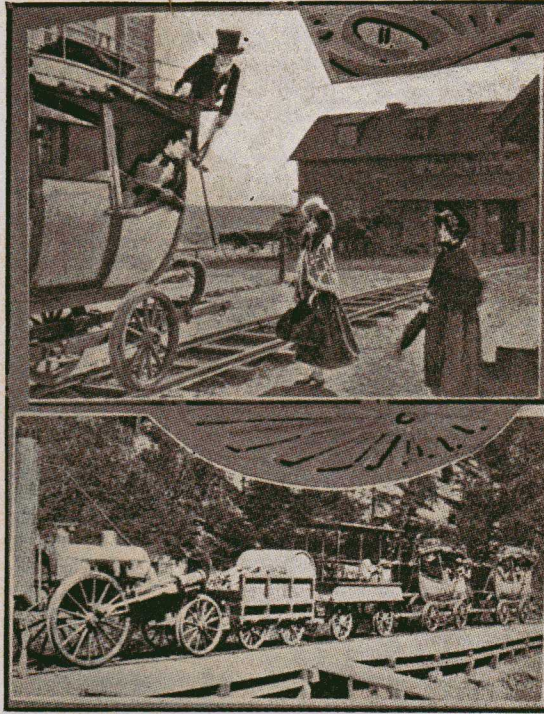
"This battery," said Colonel Fogg to his Magazine visitor, "did brilliant work. It was a factor of great importance in working out the problem. And Capt. Bachelder is one of the most efficient young officers I have ever known."

The recent National Defense Act, Col. Fogg implied, has meant a great deal to Maine's National Guard. It had never so important a mission—was never so well trained or so prepared for an emergency. And as there is now but one battery of U. S. Coast Artillery in the Portland District, the National Guard would be practically, if not technically, Maine's first line of defense should an emergency come.

Twelve batteries were authorized for the 240th Artillery—and there are now eight, as stated, in addition to the headquarters battery.

It is known that Col. Fogg desires these new batteries, and it is understood that steps will soon be taken to create them.

Quaint Railroad Movie



The railroad has long played its part in moving pictures—usually in the rapid-action "serials," which entertain us, no doubt, however impossible they may be. In fact, most of their details are supremely funny to practical railroad men. Our own observations lead us to believe that anyone who nonchalantly helped himself to one of the Maine Central locomotives, racing it over half the system just to aid beauty in distress, would have considerable explaining to do; but that seems to be the movie railroad hero's chief occupation.

A picture recently shown in most of the Maine theatres attracted our attention, however, because in it was an honest effort to reproduce with fidelity the pioneer period of American railroading. This picture was "Our Hospitality," featuring Buster Keaton. Primarily, it was a comedy; but the genuine, unique railroad background raised it almost to the dignity of a classic.

Those who witnessed it will recall the small, quaint engine, and the three cars that strongly resembled old-fashioned stage coaches. The engine, it is learned, was built in the Keaton studios and was patterned after a Stephenson model—one of the first used by the New York Central. It was equipped with a Packard motor, which carried it along at five to fifteen miles an hour. The wood in

(Continued on Page 29)

Here's a Page of Maine Central Family Personals



Some Mid-Summer Comings, Goings and Personal Gossip From All Parts of the Three Divisions — From Portland to Vanceboro



Agent A. H. Judkins, Lisbon, is on vacation, Spare Operator Balko relieving.

Third Trick Operator B. L. Fuller, Augusta, is on vacation, Spare Operator J. J. Astle relieving.

C. V. Haskell has taken the third trick baggage job at Augusta.

George W. Gehan, conductor, is enjoying a month's vacation at his cottage at Holbrook Pond.

J. H. Libbey and J. C. Cust are running 4th and 5th spare crews out of Calais.

H. F. Whittum, carman, Lancaster, N. H., is the father of a fine boy—seven pounds.

Miss Frances Hutchinson, clerk in the superintendent's office, Bangor, is absent on account of illness.

Mrs. James W. Wilson and children of Bangor spent a few days, recently, with Mr. Wilson, who is engineer on the yard engine at Vanceboro.

Miss Marjorie Jordan, motive power department, Vanceboro, was in Bangor and Bar Harbor recently, for a few days.

Mrs. Marion Mitchell, clerk in Mr. Jackman's office at Vanceboro, was recently the recipient of a beautiful Pomeranian pup.

Eben M. Shaw, veteran passenger conductor on the Eastern Division, is on a two months' leave of absence.

George H. Parrott of the Thompson's Point shop has returned to Portland from a ten days' stay with his family in Harpswell.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Jackman motored to Fredericton recently; they were accompanied by Superintendent and Mrs. T. M. McLaughlin.

C. P. Crandlemire, clerk in Mr. Jackman's office, Vanceboro, has gone with his family to Old Orchard for his vacation.

J. W. McGuire, time clerk at Bangor, has resigned to take a lucrative position with the Burroughs Adding Machine Company.

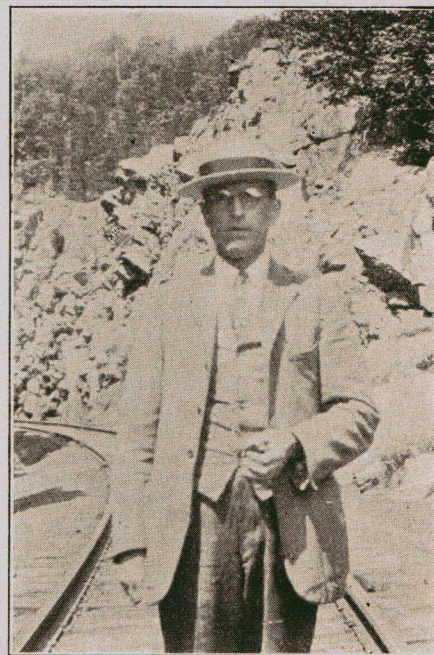
Operator R. E. Gibson is relieving Fay Crandlemire at Vanceboro for the month of August, while the latter is enjoying a vacation at his camp at Spendic Lake.

C. E. Scribner has been transferred to Deadwater, where he bid in the agency. C. W. Hayford is covering third trick at Washington Junction.

J. L. Riggle, chief clerk to Superintendent McLaughlin of the Eastern Division, has appeared on Bangor streets with a new Essex coach.

Miss Villa E. Trafton, ticket agent at Vanceboro, spent her annual vacation at Skiff Lake, Canterbury, N. B.

Conductor Nicholas N. Huston of Foxcroft, Mrs. Huston and Frank E. Huston are on a trip to Halifax.



Quite Far From Home

Hundreds on the Eastern Division will recognize this as a photograph of Karl Lewis, roadmaster's clerk, Bangor; but not so many will recognize the background.

Mr. Lewis and M. E. Powell, skilled repair man, took a little trip over the Mountain Division on Sunday, July 27. They had a camera—and, at Crawford's Notch, Powell took the above snap-shot of Lewis. It is a good likeness, but we wish that Lewis had taken a snap-shot of Powers.



E. H. Witcher, towerman, Rigby, Mrs. Witcher, son and daughter, were on a recent auto trip to Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Carl Robinson, second trick operator, Union Station, is on a vacation trip to St. John, N. B., and Montreal, Quebec.

A visitor has come to stay with William G. Oates, car cleaner, Union Station. A girl; five and one-half pounds.

With the change of time, F. J. Cronin, E. A. Cook and C. A. McInnis are covering trains 122-129, giving them the opportunity of enjoying the sea breezes at Mt. Desert Ferry every night. Messrs. Cronin and McInnis own cottages there.

Second Trick Operator P. H. Williams, Newport Jct., is on vacation, Spare Operator Bowness relieving.

Spare Operator T. F. Cosgrove is covering first trick, Waterville yard office, while Operator Conlogue is on vacation.

Dispatcher O'Connor has just returned from Jersey City, where he was called because of an injury to his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Chipman of East Hiram announce the arrival of twin daughters, Druscilla and Priscilla, on July 1, weight 5 lbs. each. Mr. Chipman is employed as clerk at Bridgton Junction.

Edward Bushey, machinist, Waterville shops, took advantage of the shut-down to make a trip to the home of his boyhood in Quebec and vicinity. Mr. Bushey has been in Maine forty years.

Conductor George Austin of the Portland-Skowhegan run, Mrs. Austin and daughter, Frances, are still in Europe. Many railroad friends have been interested to receive post cards which they sent from London, Paris and other Continental cities.

Inspector E. M. Palmer has returned from a nine weeks' stay at Laconia, N. H., where he inspected, during process of construction, the 250 box cars built for the Maine Central by the Laconia Car Company—part of the new equipment, already described in the Magazine. The last one was delivered August 6. Mr. Palmer secured good photographs of two of these cars.

Gordon L. Carter of the vice-president's office, who is a major in the Coast Artillery Reserve Corps, spent two weeks—from the 13th to 27th of July—in the school for officers at Fort Adams, R. I. It was rather a strenuous vacation, but a very interesting one. Fort Adams, which is opposite Newport and has its regular garrison, is coast defense headquarters of Narragansett Bay; and here the thirty-eight officers of the school were put through a strenuous course of training. The first call was at 5.45; the first formation at 7.45. There was practical instruction every forenoon, and lectures in tactical problems every afternoon until four. But there was some play mingled with the hard work, too—for after four the young officers had the rest of the day to themselves. Gen. Mark L. Hersey, a Maine man, who commands the First Corps Area, Major-General Helmick and other army dignitaries paid visits of inspection, and they expressed satisfaction at the progress they observed.

As Mike Meehan stepped from the Freeport train at Union Station—he has a summer home at Freeport, and “commutes”—he found Johnny Briggs standing reflectively on the platform. “Boy,” said he, suddenly, handing his coat and heavy grip to the astonished Mr. Briggs, “take these over to the office;” and with that he kept on walking. Now what was Johnny Briggs to do? He couldn't dump the grip and overcoat on the station platform and leave 'em there. So he carried them laboriously over to the basement of the general offices, saying things to himself every step of the way, while Mike swung smilingly and in light marching order into the telegraph room upstairs. At least that's the way we get the story. There may be another version—there usually is about these little affairs. * * * And now, Johnny, we're even for something else that happened at the station one day.

Co-operative Spirit

Recently, as No. 44 attempted to pull out of Hallowell, the casting of the relief valve cracked, causing a loss of steam that made it impossible to start the train.

Then, although it wasn't a particularly serious matter, the resourceful interest shown by representatives of all the company departments who happened to be there, was quickly and significantly in evidence.

Under the generalship of Engineer Harvey Doe, the telegraph and baggage man provided two sheets of roofing metal; Edward Bushey, machinist from Waterville shops, guaranteed them to hold; everybody passed tools; no “useful” suggestions marred the business-like rapidity of the work, and 44 left Hallowell with less than 50 minutes' delay.

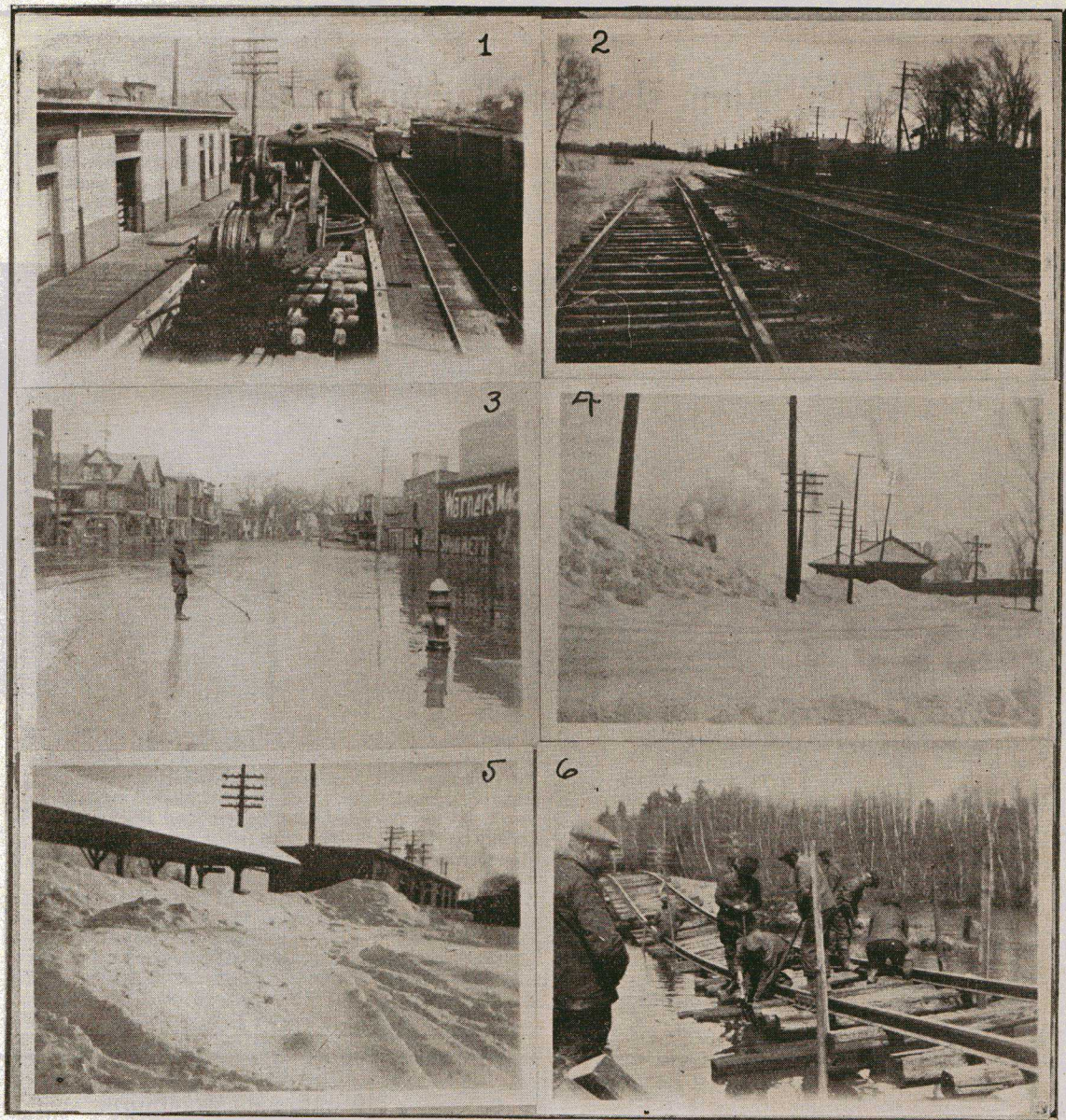


Candidate Davis Shaking Hands with Capt. Chavey of the Maine Central Ferryboat, Ferdinando Gorges

A Distinguished Visitor

When John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President of the United States, recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson at Dark Harbor, his trip through the State was on the Maine Central Railroad.

Every last detail of both trip and visit was reported at great length in the papers; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise, for accompanying him were at least 25 newspaper men. Briefly, he arrived in Union Station, Portland, on B. and M. train 89, at 5.10 o'clock on the morning of July 19. In his immediate party, in addition to Mrs. Davis, were his secretary, J. M. Nye, Mrs. Nye and Franklin K. Polk. They left at 3.15 on No. 53 for Rockland. The body of the car in which Mr.



Some Snap-Shots At And Near Old Town

(1)—Steam shovel passing Old Town. (2 and 3)—Flood scenes at Old Town, May, 1923. The old Penobscot River certainly tears through everything when it starts on a rampage! (4 and 5)—Views at Old Town Station just after some of the blizzards of 1922-23. What we said about the Penobscot might also apply properly to a Maine winter. (6)—Flood scene near Sunkhaze Bridge, 1923. Courtesy of H. V. Cunningham of Old Town, Maine Central Cashier.)

and Mrs. Davis had a compartment was filled with reporters and others who were to accompany the candidate on his long trip into Maine.

When the train was safely tucked aboard the Ferdinando Gorges, Maine Central ferry between Bath and Woolwich, Mr. Davis left his car and climbed to the bridge, where he watched a mile of picturesque scenery as the steel boat glided into the

Kennebec. Again, at Rockland, the party boarded the Maine Central steamer Pemaquid and enjoyed their trip to Islesboro, just as did many other passengers.

At "Seven Hundred Acre Island," beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the party spent several days. It cannot be recorded that Mr. Davis said or did anything in this period to make political