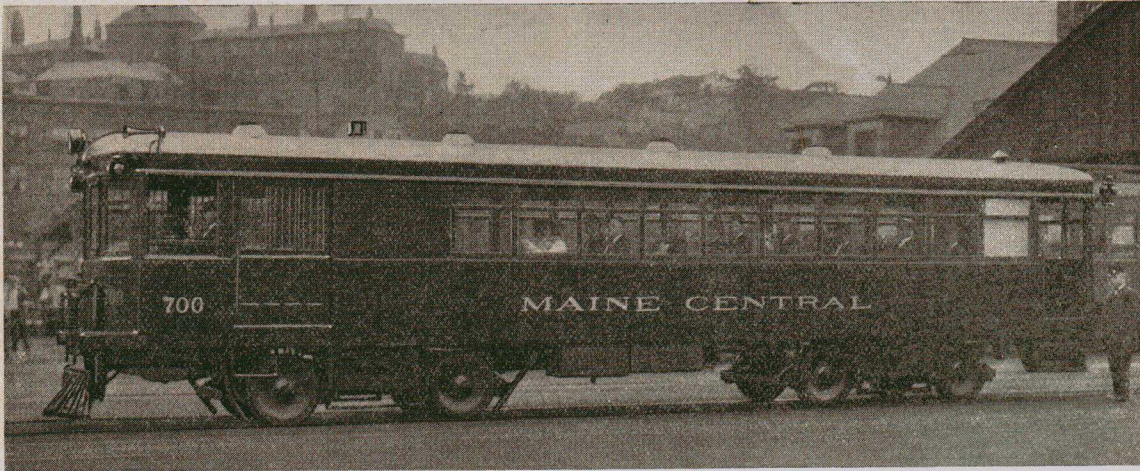


## Novel Car Runs Between Bangor and Bucksport

This car caused a lot of interest when it was first put in service on the Eastern Division. The novelty has worn off a little, but people still like to ride in it. Passengers have a novel sensation—like being in a sort of glorified trolley, speeding along the railroad tracks. From its windows one can see the picturesque beauties of the Penobscot River—for it runs through scenery as vivid and beautiful as can be found anywhere in the world.



Specifically, it is a Brill gasoline car, model 55, and was built by the J. G. Brill Company of Philadelphia. It is the only one on the Maine Central system, and one of the comparatively few in New England. In August, 1922, it was received in Portland—where the accompanying photograph was taken, as shown by the background. A few days later it was put in service on the Eastern Division, at first making round trips between Old Town and Bucksport. Now, however, it runs only between Bangor and Bucksport—two trips daily each way. Engineman A. W. Nickerson has the forenoon trip and Engineman W. H. Maley the afternoon; each train crew consists of conductor and baggage master. It takes fifty minutes to run down, and an hour and eight minutes to run back.

How many remember the once famous play, "Old Jed Prouty?" Not many of the younger generation, perhaps; times change so quickly. But Bucksport was the scene of it, and the old tavern in which most of its action took place is still open and doing business. In fact—although this has perhaps no part in a railroad story—all the countryside along the Penobscot, between Bucksport and Bangor, is rich in tradition and romance. In sheer and gorgeous beauty it is the Rhineland of America. Somehow this novel, attractive car fits into the picture.

history—he was here primarily for a rest; but his presence gave Maine some of the best possible free advertising—the encamped army of newspaper men and women saw to that. On Wednesday, July 30, he returned in the Pemaquid to Rockland, thence taking Train No. 80. Portland was reached at 9 p.m., and at 9.55 the potential President and his escorts, official and unofficial, were speeding toward New York.



Maine Central officials who greeted Mr. Davis in Portland, and other members of the family—including Capt. Chaney of the Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. Foss of the Pemaquid—who met him en route, were impressed by his courtesy and charm of manner. He seemed to enjoy every moment of his trip.

## Cloudburst: Washouts

On August 5, parts of the Mountain Division were deluged in one of the most spectacular cloudbursts of all history.

It was like some scene in a moving picture—a scene of the deluge. The heavens flamed with lightning, and the waters seemed to descend in one solid sheet. All parts of Maine got the storm, too, but with nothing like the severity which it visited upon the Mountain Division.

It resulted in several washouts—one 700 feet long near Malvina, one 150 feet long west of Auckland, and others near East Hereford, Beecher Falls station and at other points.

Trains were delayed about nine hours, but the damage was not really serious.



## A Letter To Maine Clergymen

Their Attention Directed By President McDonald To a Brief, Clear and Impartial Summary of Actual Conditions Confronting American Railroads—A Variety of General Railroad News

*The following self-explanatory letter was sent this month to each clergyman in Maine by President McDonald of the Maine Central Railroad Company:*

### The Letter

Portland, Aug. 1.

Dear Sir:

No problem more vitally affects the welfare of Maine, and in broader aspect the welfare of the United States, than the problem of transportation. The interests of the people and their transportation lines are so interwoven that the prosperity of one has a direct and immediate bearing upon the prosperity of the other. It is the people who pay railroad rates and, therefore, railroad taxes. It follows, logically and plainly, that it is the people, and they alone, who pay for unjust or ill-advised taxation. It is they who suffer, directly or indirectly, the railroad tax burdens. Moreover, it is the people who own the roads; and since, in the case of the Maine Central, a majority of the stock is owned by citizens of Maine, the welfare and favorable operating results of this road are of especial significance to all the people of the state.

Although the subject, in its broader aspect, is of vital interest to every good American citizen, and to every American home, there are few, perhaps, about which there is so great a misunderstanding—about which so little is really known. And because there has been circulated so much that is misleading, and so much that is untrue, I take the liberty of sending you this little pamphlet, in which the subject is discussed simply, clearly, and without prejudice. It was compiled by the Eastern Presidents' Conference, Committee on Public Relations, and I know it to be a fair and honest statement of conditions by which the railroads are confronted.

There is no purpose of propaganda, either in the pamphlet or in my request that you give it careful thought. Your profession makes it necessary that you study subjects vitally related to the welfare of your people; and public opinion, in turn, rests upon the enlightened judgments of those like yourself. Therefore, it has been suggested to me that Maine clergymen, as a body, might appreciate having brought to their attention, in the briefest possible form, a matter so immediately

affecting the state in which they live and the people among whom they labor.

Yours respectfully,

Morris McDonald,  
President.

### The Pamphlet

The pamphlet enclosed with President McDonald's communication represents painstaking research and careful thought by the Eastern Presidents' Conference. It is an exceptional document in that it summarizes in only a few thousand words, the essentials of a very broad subject.

Among its significant statements is that the railroads are owned, not by a small group but by the people themselves; hence, their revenues cannot be reduced in the mistaken belief that only the rich will be affected. According to the Interstate Commerce Commission, there are 777,432 holders of stock in Class I roads. Par value of the outstanding stock held by these 777,132 owners is \$7,242,191,000. In other words, on a basis of \$100 par value, the average holding of each owner is but 93.2 shares. And these figures take no account of the million or more bondholders, whose interest in the financial success of the roads is equally great.

"Politicians who attack the railroads make their whole drive toward further restriction, further regulation and lower rates, regardless of the effect upon the efficiency of the roads or upon their owners," says the pamphlet, "yet many of these owners are the politicians' own constituents, and the whole country is dependent upon adequate transportation service. During the first session of the present Congress, 172 bills seeking new regulatory railroad laws were introduced, despite the fact that it is estimated that 90 per cent of the railroads' earnings, and 75 per cent of their expenses, already are governmentally controlled in one way or another.

"Certainly, the carriers cannot maintain their present service, and at the same time develop their facilities to meet the nation's needs, if their earnings are to be so restricted that it will be impossible for them to maintain a credit which will attract investors \* \* \* It would seem time for the owners of railroad securities, and shippers to whom service is vital, to tell their representatives in Congress where they stand on the subject of further restrictive legislation."

Several paragraphs relating to railroad tax burdens are prefaced by this general summary: "Railroad taxes in the last two months of 1923 amounted to over a million dollars a day. For the entire year, railroad taxes were \$336,399,600. For the

## \$107,885 Surplus First Six Months

In the June statement of Maine Central operating results, made public July 25, the June surplus after charges is shown to be \$22,540. The total surplus after charges for the first six months of 1924 is \$107,885, as contrasted with a deficit of \$487,185 for the corresponding period of 1923.

The statement follows:

	June 1924	June 1923	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,099,138	\$1,267,329	\$168,191
Passenger Revenue.....	392,966	450,958	57,992
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,655,974	1,879,980	224,006
Surplus after Charges.....	22,540	113,848	91,308

### PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO JUNE 30TH—(Six Months)

	1924	1923	
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$10,310,838	\$10,404,530	\$93,692
Surplus after Charges.....	107,885	Def. 487,185	Inc. 595,070

From estimates now in hand, it would appear that fixed charges for the month of July, 1924, would be fully earned.

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

year 1924, they will probably exceed \$366,000,000. Railroad taxes come out of railroad revenues, and railroad revenues come from railroad rates. The public pays railroad rates—and, therefore, railroad taxes."

Discussing freight rates, the pamphlet contains, among others, this significant statement:

"Freight rates on American railroads are the lowest in the world. The average rate on a ton of freight carried one mile in the United States is approximately one cent. For an equivalent service, English roads receive three times as much, and French and German roads about four times. Despite these facts, demands for still lower rates continue. Crippling of railroad service would cost the people far more than they could hope to save as a result of rate reductions."

In general, the pamphlet discusses these questions: (1)—What is the value of the railroads? (2)—Who owns the railroads? (3)—Railroad tax burdens. (4)—Freight rates. (5)—Have the railroads a "guarantee?" Does "watered stock" affect rates?

## Industrial and Financial

The traffic department of the Maine Central Railroad, in its effort to re-arrange the road's rate structure for the purpose of increasing its revenues to pay for maintenance of first class and adequate service, recently sought an increase in the rates on pulpwood, logs and bolts.

Upon complaint of the paper industry, filed with the Public Utilities Commission, the Commission, after hearing, has granted in part, but not in full, an increase in the present rates.

## Some Comments

Says Herbert Hoover in the annual report of the United States Department of Commerce: "The management of our principal railways today, by all the tests of administration, of load factors, of mechanical efficiency, etc., is the most efficient in the world, in so far as it is not limited by causes beyond the managers' control. We must have increased transportation if we are to maintain our growing productivity. We must, therefore, find a way out of the cycle of systematic starvation of a large part of our mileage and the denudation of our railroad managers of their responsibilities and initiative."

Says the Baltimore Sun: "Refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to lower rail rates on grain, grain products and hay, sought by ten States of the Missouri and Mississippi Valley, makes evident, for one thing, that the commission is not in the business of playing politics. The nation is deeply interested in the farmer's welfare, but it is also interested in the welfare of the railroads. It will be pleased to see a rare opportunity to make them a football of politics passed over."

## Increased Facilities

During the month of June the railroads installed in service 12,319 new freight cars, making a total number of new cars from January 1st to July 1st, 1924, of 70,874.

This is 8,366 cars less than the number installed in the first six months of 1923.

The number of new freight cars on order July 1st was 60,315.

During the month of June the railroads installed in service 160 new locomotives, making a total of new locomotives installed from January 1st to July 1st, 1924, 1,071.

During the first six months of 1923, 1,998 new locomotives were installed.

On July 1st the railroads still had on order 360 locomotives.



Photographs, Taken In Schenectady, of the Maine Central's New Locomotives



One of the New Freight Locomotives



HERE are the first published pictures of the Maine Central's new locomotives—one for each of the two types. They were taken for the Maine Central Magazine by a photographer of the American Locomotive Company, at its Schenectady shops.

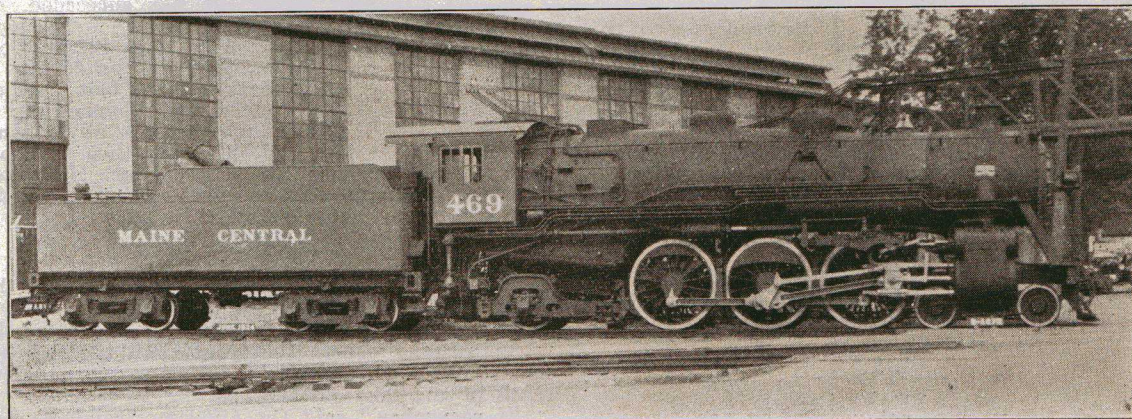
The upper photograph shows one of the Mikado type, of which six were ordered; they are for heaviest main line freight traffic, and are numbered from 627 to 632. The lower shows one of the Pacific passenger type, of which there are two—Nos. 469 and 470. No. 469 hauls Trains 11 and 8; No. 470, Trains 153 and 156.

The eight locomotives were set up in the Waterville shops and have already been put in service.

The 100 coal cars and 250 box cars of the new equipment have been put in service also—from the Portland yards. The nine passenger cars, and four combination and mail cars, will arrive, it is expected, the last two weeks of August and first two weeks of September.

A description of the new equipment has been printed in the Magazine. There is none better anywhere. It is the last word in utility—and, in the passenger cars, a very considerable element of luxury as well.

Many along the main line, in the last few weeks, stopped to look with eager interest as the new locomotives swept by in the center of long freights, on their way to Waterville.



One of the New Passenger Locomotives





## Page of Contributions

Some Anecdotes, Verses and Cartoons By Members  
of the Maine Central Family

A veteran telegrapher sends us the following: "Bill" Locke's reminiscences, published in the July Magazine, in which he quoted a train order issued by Arthur Brown on the old Bangor and Piscataquis, brings to the mind of the writer a story told of the late E. A. Hall, of beloved memory.

In the early days, when Mr. Hall was train dispatcher, the rules provided that an order to run extra or "wild," as the expression then was, automatically expired at midnight unless otherwise specified. In those days, too, there were no night dispatchers, and Mr. Hall, before going home at night, was expected to make such provisions as might be necessary to provide for all movements between that time and morning. There was a telegraph operator on duty at night, but he was not qualified to move trains.

One night in January, Mr. Hall issued an order for a plow to run "wild" from Leeds Junction to Farmington; then put on his coat and went home. At about midnight, the plow train had reached a station some miles from its destination, called an operator, and asked for an extension of time. Mr. Hall was called by telephone, got out of bed and went to the office, and issued an order making the running order good until three A.M. Then he went home and sought his bed again. At three o'clock, due to snow conditions, the plow train had not reached Farmington, and again called for an extension of time. Once more Mr. Hall arose from a warm bed and travelled the drifted streets to the office. This time he gave them the following:

"Order No. 10 is good until the Fourth of July."  
"There," he said, "if they can't get in by that time let 'em stay in the snow"—and went back to bed.

What follows was not written by one man—in fact, it may be called a composite effort of several men, all of whom bristled with suggestions.

When completed, however, they were satisfied that they had covered the subject, and they swore up and down that every word was true. But, of course, everybody is entitled to his or her own opinion when it comes to a fish yarn.

Tommy Earls is really a famous fisherman—known as such pretty much all over the system. And he really does have his own original style of bait, as all his friends will tell.

Well—here is the story as some of these friends evolved it.

There is no patent on the idea; you may get some points from it:

"When Isaac Walton passed away, he bequeathed to Tom Earls his twenty-five cent fishing license, with the injunction to throw a worm in any open brook in Maine that he could reach.

"Since then Tom has been working hard to fulfill the terms of the will, but as fly fishing was unknown in Isaac's time, Tom, in order to avoid any technicality over the word 'worm,' had to evolve some way to get around the question.

"On his seventy-five acre farm in North Deering, he has succeeded, by cross-breeding an angle worm with a 'Silver Doctor' fly, in producing a combination bait which solved the dilemma, as it can be used in all seasons.

"He calls them 'balloon' worms, and each one has a pedigree. He takes home all the empty tobacco cans from the office to build sun parlors for his stock.

"It is said that when balloon worms strike the water they turn white. Ed Sullivan says this is caused by fear, but Tom insists he is wrong, as the worm actually chases the trout until the fish becomes exhausted, and all he (Tom) has to do is to reach in and take out the fish."

"I remember," said Cy Anderson, conductor on the Lewiston-Rockland run, in conversation with a Magazine reporter, "a little episode that happened

### Send 'Em In!

*Probably everyone who reads these lines knows some railroad story or anecdote—humorous, unusual, perhaps pathetic, as the case may be.*

*We receive a great many, to be sure. Scores have been printed, and there are many others awaiting publication. But, like Oliver Twist, we are always looking "for more." They cannot come too swiftly to suit us—and, what is more important, they cannot come too swiftly to suit other members of the Maine Central family. And, come to think, it need not necessarily be an anecdote.*

*A Boston paper once announced that all its readers were reporters. And that "goes double" for readers of the Maine Central Magazine.*

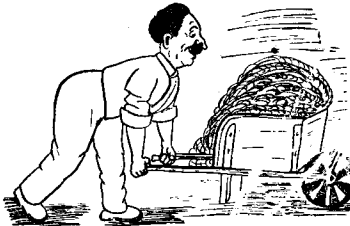
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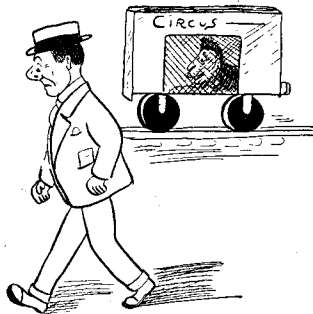
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Some Family Cartoons



Dispatcher Meehan is quite busy on his farm these days



Harry Heughen traveled with the circus during its trip over Portland Division recently



Jim Phillips, veteran train dispatcher, started on his vacation the other day, wearing his new checkered suit, which he purchased at a bargain

Cartoons by John Lyden,  
Second Trick Chief Train Dispatcher  
Portland Office

years ago. I was breaking for George Knapp on the Farmington branch. We had the 'J. D. Lang'—an old wood-burner, with no sand dome, and David Nutting was engineer.

A lady got aboard at Livermore Falls, and somebody must have told her to reach up and pull the bell cord if she wanted anything. Sure enough,

after the train left Livermore Falls, she did just that.

"What did we stop for?" Knapp asked the engineer.

"Somebody pulled the line," he was told.

"So Knapp strode into the car. 'Who pulled that line?' he demanded.

"I did," said the lady.

"Well, what do you want?" shot back Knapp. And everybody in the car nearly died when she answered: 'I'll have a plate of hash and a cup of tea.'

On the Branch

(By C. W. Whittier, trainman, Belfast)

New, fellows, just listen, as I've something to say

About the railroading down Belfast way.

Although I'm no poet, will try and make rhyme,

So please let me thank you for valuable time.

I'm flagman upon the passenger train

That runs from Belfast to Burnham, Maine.

"Birch" Tainter, conductor, the best on the line,

Also "Mac," "baggage smasher," has been here some time.

"Pa" Bailey, the engineer, lots of service has seen,

While McCracken from Brewer is the one who makes steam.

"Zeek" Howard's the "brains" of the little old freight;

Some days they're back early, but most always late.

"Long Green," "Nut" and Johnny make the rest of the crew,

And their knowledge of switching is excelled by but few.

Percy Bradford's their "Hoghead," they say he can't be beat,

And "Tallow Pot" Baker makes the whole crew complete.

There are spots that are crooked, and hilly and rough,

And to ride all the day sometimes seems rather tough.

But when you are home, all through for the day,

You will think "pretty soft," and rather good pay.

Ralph Page is the "car whack," ten to seven P.M.,

He's a good man for his size, for he weighs one-ten.

He "raps" the cars, sweeps and mops up the floor,

And if he only had time he'd do a lot more.

Guess this is all, boys, and I hope you're not sore—

For, if you are, next time I'll say more.

I regret to say I am not any wittier—

So I'll sign, not "John G.," but just "Cy Whittier."

Signs

(By J. C. Dora, Bangor yard—written in honor of Circular 89, issued this summer by the Company.)

The road through life is made of  
Straight and bent and crooked lines,  
Of gold and silver, rags and tatters—  
But mostly made of signs.

We see them almost every day  
On sea, in sky, on land;  
But just how much do we really care—  
How little we understand!

A form is bent, a wrinkled face,  
And silver threads shine 'midst the gold;  
It plainly is a common sign  
That we are growing old.

The sky turns black, the wind comes up  
And not a star seems shining;  
A sign of storm, but soon appears  
A cloud with silver lining.

At every crossing is a sign  
That says, "Stop, look and listen,"  
In black and white, by day or night,  
It seems to shine and glisten.

You give no glance, step on the gas,  
Speed on, then stand aghast,—  
For had you looked or stopped you'd seen  
That train that's whizzing past.

Just take your time, just look and stop  
At this sign each and every day,  
For the man at the throttle, speeding along  
On schedule, has right of way.

So look upon this safety sign—  
You'll live both well and long.  
For if only you "stop, look and listen,"  
You surely can't get "in wrong."



## "Cy" Anderson's Scrap-Book

Lewiston Conductor Has An Uncommonly Interesting Collection of Railroad Pictures and Anecdotes—Love of the Railroad Game Was In His Blood, Even As a Small Boy; It Is As Strong As Ever Today

S. H. Anderson, conductor on the Rockland branch, resembles Conductor Johnny Mace in at least two ways: both have been a long time in Maine Central service and both are immensely popular. They are known to hundreds upon hundreds of travelers all along their respective lines; those who travel on their trains look upon them as friends. And, having drawn this comparison, we will dismiss Johnny Mace from the interview, because it belongs exclusively to Cy Anderson!

Mr. Anderson, affectionately known as "Cy" from one end to the other of the Rockland branch, is a born railroad man. His father was a railroad man before him; his son is a railroad man after him. It is in his blood. Yes, it has been in his blood for more than a half century—was in it when, as a boy, he haunted the lower station in Lewiston just for a chance to help fire the old wood burning engines. It will be in his blood until the end.

A Maine Central Magazine reporter called upon Mr. Anderson at his pleasant home in Lewiston. He didn't want to talk about himself a great deal; but he did show his visitor a really wonderful scrap-book—a perfect treasure-trove of railroad history. And, incidentally, it revealed—perhaps more than he realized—his own love of the game that he has played for so many years. Old official orders, old time tables, old lists of employes—things that in the average home would be quickly cast aside and forgotten, are here almost lovingly cherished.

How many faces of dead-but-not-forgotten members of the Maine Central family—how many once familiar scenes—started up from the pages! The Magazine visitor jotted down a few of the names; but, now that the scrap-book is no longer before him, it is possible he may not get them all correctly.

There was Conductor Nathan T. Swan, veteran of veterans—oldest in all America, Mr. Anderson believes. He ran on the old, old Veazie railroad, Bangor to Old Town, which later became the Bangor and Piscataquis. His son, Frank Swan, is still in active service, dealing out supplies to engineers in Bangor round-house.

There were Elton A. Hall, once superintendent of the Portland division; Josiah Owen, first conductor on the Newport and Dexter branch, before it was built through to Foxcroft; Fred A. McIntire, conductor of the "Flying Yankee," now No. 102 and 29, Portland and Bangor; the elder John Mace, first conductor on the Belfast branch, Belfast and Burnham Junction, and—oh, ever so many more. The scenes, too, were of real interest. One

was of the very old Lewiston Upper Station, and the Magazine visitor was surprised to see a widespread, rather imposing structure of brick, with a train-shed almost the size of the one at Union station in Portland. This was torn down—Mr. Anderson did not know why—and a wooden station took its place. This, in turn, burned; and the present one was erected.



Maine Central's force of passenger conductors in 1876.

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*"What would they do in these days if locomotives all burned wood?" Mr. Anderson was asked.*

*He shook his head. "It's one of those things you simply can't think about," he responded. It sure would take a lot of wood to run one of the modern passenger giants; and imagine the job it would be loading up for one of the long runs. Why, it just couldn't be done!*

*"But if it was done, I guess the passengers would be asked to help—as they often were in the old days. I remember, after we'd taken on passengers and baggage at Crowley's Junction, we used to pull down to the shed and 'wood up,' and all of the passengers in the smoker, at least, would obligingly come out and lend a hand. It was the same in winter when the snow held us up; they'd help us shovel until the track was clear enough to go ahead. Wonder what the passengers on some of our trains would think if they were asked to do it now?"*

Then there was a picture of Engine "Lancaster;" and a strange little story goes with it. The Lancaster and its train drew into Danville Junction—then a station on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence—one bright forenoon in 1869. Daniel Latham was engineer, Pat Doyle was fireman, and Henry Rose was conductor. The three went to dinner—for the station had a restaurant in those days—and had just started to eat when without the slightest warning, and for no apparent reason, the engine blew up. No one was injured, and it is not on record that anyone was particularly annoyed; but they were considerably surprised.

Still another picture was of old engine "Livermore"—and there was a time when everyone was glad to see her coming, for she hauled the pay-train to all parts of the system. They used to look for this pay-train on the tenth of every month; and Mr. Thomas P. Shaw—now one of the Maine Central's board of directors—was paymaster.

One—which is reproduced with this article—showed the entire personnel of Maine Central passenger conductors in the year 1876. The names, beginning at the upper left and reading straight down, first row and then the next, are: George Knapp, William Bodge, Oscar Williams, Josiah Owen, John Holmes, C. M. Barrell, Henry Smith, L. V. Philbrook, "Steve" Eaton, Augustus Lincoln, Luther Jones, John Jewett, Joseph E. Anderson, John A. Mace.

And so we might go on and on indefinitely, recording the interesting things we saw in Mr. Anderson's scrap-book; but—

"Tell us something about yourself," we finally urged.

"Really," he answered, quietly, "there isn't a great deal to say. I never can remember a time that I didn't love the railroad. When I was a boy, I used to 'hang around' the station and help fire the old wood burners. And, when my father was

an engineer on the old Androscoggin, Lewiston to Brunswick, I sat between his knees and blew the whistle.

"June 10, 1876, I got my first job, which was a passenger brakeman between Lewiston and Brunswick. I was only fourteen—but I was big for my age, which made it possible. Father was conductor of the train—"

"I thought he was engineer," the reporter interrupted.

"He changed jobs," said Mr. Anderson, smiling, "and a little story goes with it. The Androscoggin Railroad's superintendent went away, and Arthur Brown, who had been conductor on the train, was promoted to his place. Brown, in turn, promoted my father to conductor. Perhaps promotions and changes were made more easily in those days."

Later, Mr. Anderson became baggage master—first between Lewiston and Brunswick, then on trains all over the system; and in June, 1890, he was assigned as conductor, Lewiston and Farmington. The order appointing him, signed by E. A. Hall as superintendent, is among his most cherished possessions.

As conductor, Mr. Anderson has had various runs, including Lewiston lower station to Waterville and return; Lewiston upper station to Skowhegan and return; and Portland to Bangor, on the main line. He took the Lewiston-Rockland run, for the second time, about twenty years ago; and he has kept it ever since. He is known to almost everybody in that section of the State.

"What is your recipe for success?" the reporter asked.

"Well," said Mr. Anderson, slowly, "I have always tried to do my duty and to please the public." Which, certainly, are two very good rules.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ellis, agent and clerk at Dixfield, are on an extended trip to the Pacific coast, expecting to be off duty until about the middle of October.

*About the only important change Mr. Anderson did not see was the adapting of the telegraph to railroad service. Many, many, other changes—block signals, air brakes, steel coaches, gas and electrically lighted trains—came during his almost half century of service.*

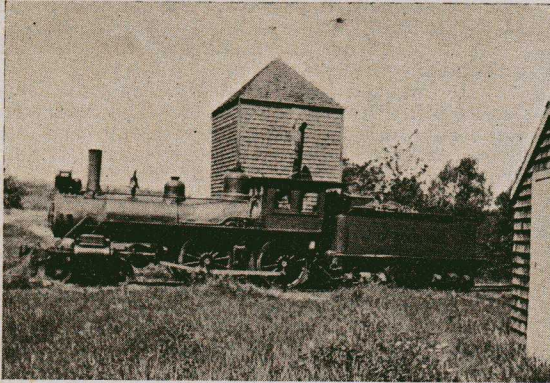
*There are many of the younger generation who would hardly know what to do if confronted by the emergencies—semi-humorous, some of them—of the old days. On the other hand, many of those "old timers" who have passed from the railroad world would be lost if confronted by modern conditions.*

*Mr. Anderson is one of those who have been educated in both the old and the new. He cherishes the traditions of those earlier days, but ever has kept abreast of modern progress. Few, indeed, have a more interesting collection of photographs and literature of railroading in Maine.*

*His motto has been simple—to please and serve the public. And he has done it.*



## Speaking of Old Locomotives



In its May issue, the Magazine had a photograph of Engine 85, veteran of long and honored service, just as she was going to her grave—otherwise the junk pile. Her passing caused real regret to more than one fireman and engineer.

This brought various snap-shots of locomotives that have histories; and here are two. The first was sent by Linwood W. Moody of Union, who writes:

"When looking over your publication I have seen many things which interested me, among which was the snap-shot of old No. 85, in your May issue. This prompted me to submit a shot of one of the old engines which once pounded M. C. iron, but is now doomed to go where all good engines go.

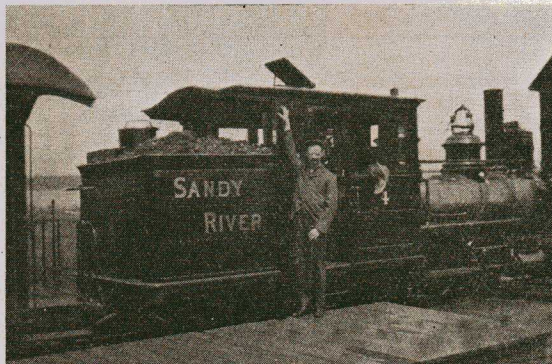
"She is the old William G. Davis, No. 63, built by the Portland company in 1877. Can you beat that on your lines for faithful service? She was, you know, renumbered in the latter part of the nineteenth century to No. 32.

"She was first on the Portland spare job, Engineer Hartland Foss. In 1879 she went on 11 and 64, Al Kilgore. In 1882 she went up onto the Portland-Skowhegan passenger, with Charles Lowe at her throttle. In '85 was helper in the Bangor yards, shoving

Harbor trains over the switch-back; stayed there for years.

"In January, 1909, she came to the Valley to replace the old Pequawket, M. C. No. 106, P. & O 6, which had been here ever since July 1st, 1901, and has done faithful service ever since. She stepped out of real active service a few years ago to make room for 59, the Valley's No. 5, but has been used more or less since. She worked on a gravel train the last of her running, as she was condemned to the rip-track June 1st, and we pulled the pin on her tender the night before. Most of us who had ever worked with her were sorry to see her retire, although after nearly half a century of faithful service she sure needed the rest. Thinking that perhaps some of the old timers would like to see her once more before the 'sods hide her,' I am sending a snap-shot which you may like."

The second snap-shot—surely of an old, old timer—comes from George E. Kyes of the stock department, general offices, Portland. It was taken thirty years ago. The man in the foreground is Arthur H. Merritt, then State superintendent of Massachusetts Sunday Schools—Mr. Kyes' cousin.



## A Remarkable Train

(Continued from Page 9)

ing over the B. & M. lines via the Fitchburg division and Ayer's Junction.

It attracted as much attention as a circus train. More, perhaps, for circus trains of sixty cars are not uncommon, while this, as stated, broke all records of its kind. The previous record was held by one of 52 cars, once received—we do not know the date—by the Eastern Farmers' Exchange at Springfield, Mass.

Twenty miles outside of Lancaster, Penn., this "All Maine Train," as it was called, was stopped on a long curve, was gaily decorated with banners, and was photographed for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then the adornments were taken down, for there is a ruling by the Interstate Commerce Commission against banners and bunting when trains are in motion. But they were replaced when Portland was reached and the second photograph was taken. It really was a fine and showy spectacle—the half mile of glistening, brand-new cars, the flaring banners, the big gathering of spec-

tators and railroad men. A novel bit of railroad history was being made!

Specifically, when the train was broken apart, its cars were hauled to thirty-five points on the Maine Central lines—thirty-four in Maine and one in New Hampshire. The consignments were:

One car each for Corinna, Etna, Calais, Lincoln, Hampden, North Bangor, Harmony, Princeton, Dover, Hartland, Carmel, East Machias, Freeport, Gardiner, Bingham, Brooks, Hallowell, Wiscasset, Newcastle, Damariscotta Mills, Waldoboro, Warren, Rockland, Sebago Lake, Harrison, Bridgton, North Conway, North Jay, Monmouth, Union.

Augusta, two cars; Bangor, three; Ellsworth, three; Pittsfield, five; Old Town, fourteen.

## A Big Excursion

The Maine Central excursion to Old Orchard on Sunday, August 3, was one of the largest ever run from Eastern Maine.

The train was in two sections—one of nine cars,

(Continued on Page 29)



## Fortunate In Crossing Accidents

Only Three On Maine Central Lines First Half of Summer, Although Highways Are Filled With Automobiles—Good Results Appear To Follow Safety Campaign

The safety campaign, conducted by the Maine Central Railroad Company in every city, town and hamlet through which its lines run, is producing results!

The tide of summer travel is now at its height; automobiles flow along the principal Maine highways in an unbroken stream. The number that pass grade crossings every day is—well, almost beyond estimate. But from the time that the campaign began, June 1, until these lines were written, August 8, there were but three grade crossing accidents—not one of them serious, although all were vividly spectacular.

Of course it is not a subject about which it is safe to speculate. There may, in the few days that elapse between the time this is written and the Magazine goes to press, be a fatality so startling it will attract the attention of all Maine. Every condition—the crowded highways, the hundreds of crossings, the tourist throngs pouring over Maine's borders from all parts of America—make the thought grimly possible. But, whatever may happen, it is cause for congratulation that July and part of August have now passed and no one has been really hurt.

There were no crossing accidents of any kind in June; but it was a bit different in July. First, at upper College Avenue crossing in Waterville, an aged man, at the wheel of a Massachusetts car, drove straight past the crossing watchman and upon the tracks. The Bar Harbor express was approaching. Desperately, in an effort to back away, the man at the wheel turned his car until it was almost parallel with the track; but he was not quite quick enough. The locomotive—already slowing down—caught it in the rear and carried it for several feet.

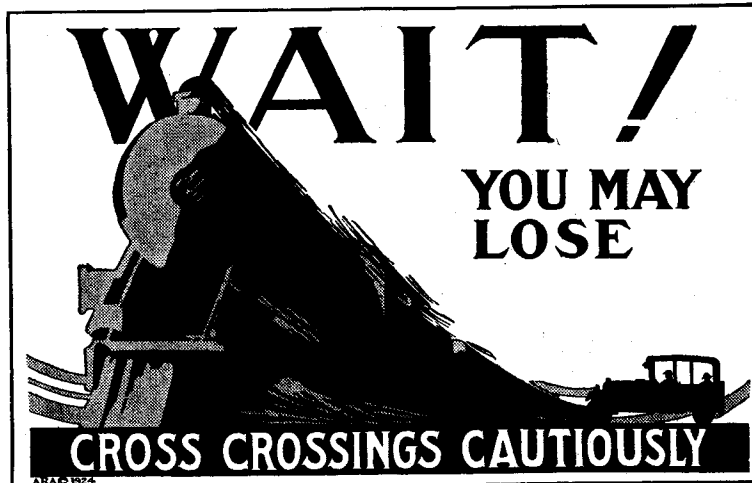
As it happened, there was very little harm done—save to the nerves of actors and spectators in the little drama. But one more second before the car was turned, a broadside collision—and there would have been a different story.

Again, at the crossing near Monmouth, a car containing two Lewiston men slipped onto the track straight in the path of the Bar Harbor express. The crossing bell was ringing, and the "automatic flagman"—an improvement over the average big

city's "silent policeman"—functioned perfectly and was full of pep; but it was said afterward that the brakes of the car failed to work. Its occupants jumped in the nick of time—and so again there was no personal injury.

Finally, at the Franklin road crossing between Bar Harbor and Ellsworth, a car containing a man and a woman sped toward the crossing so rapidly that its speed couldn't immediately be checked. A train thundered along. Yes—this, too, was the Bar Harbor express; and, incidentally, it isn't the best train in the world to pick if one has an inclination to dispute the right of way. In desperate haste the man at the wheel managed to swing his car, ripping into a fence and avoiding the tracks—but getting so near them that the mud guard was struck a glancing blow. Then the long train swept by, while engineer and driver of the car lived for one thrilling second through all the horror in the world. And this completes the list—gratifyingly brief, for so active a summer.

Perhaps Maine has played these past few weeks in surprisingly good luck; perhaps the campaign of education, conducted from one end to the other of the Maine Central system, is sinking into the public mind; perhaps there is a combination of the two. As has been said time and again, the majority of



*Pictured Slogan Flashed on the Screens of Theatres All Along the Maine Central Lines.*



automobile drivers use every reasonable care, co-operating with the railroads finely; crossing accidents—which almost invariably are collisions between automobiles and trains—are due to a reckless few. \* \* \* Few, at least, as compared to drivers as a whole; but an appalling number could they be lined up and counted.

Visit most any moving picture theatre, along the Maine Central lines, and at some time in the course of the evening or afternoon you will see flashed upon the screen the picture reproduced with this article. Only, in most of the larger theatres, the figure of the locomotive is life-sized; it stands out from the darkened stage in a sort of dull red glow; for a moment it almost gives you a thrill. And this is highly effective—because, in the theatre, you can't get away from it. The warning posters at the approaches of all Maine Central crossings may often be disregarded; newspaper articles are not always read; but when a giant warning is shown upon a theatre screen, and there is nothing else going on, those in the audience must either look at it or close their eyes.



The Interstate Commerce Commission, in a recent statement, makes known that there were six hundred fatal accidents at grade crossings throughout the United States in the first four months of the present year—which will give the alarming total of 1800 for the full year, if this ratio is continued. And if you want statistics—not wholly comforting ones—here are a few more:

During the months of June, July, August and September in the year 1921 there were 685 deaths and 1,691 injuries, a total of 2,376 casualties. The ratio of casualty to automobiles in use was 1 to 4,397.

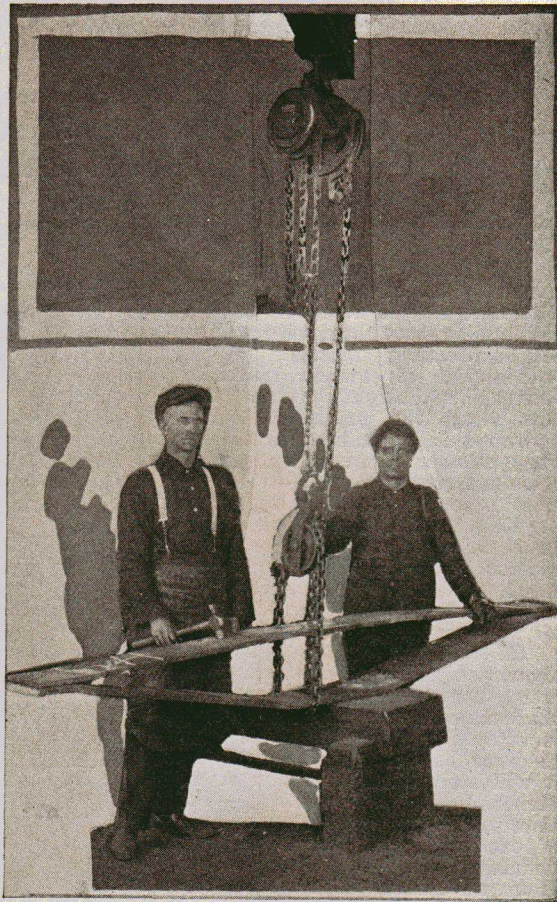
In 1922, during the same period, there were 758 deaths and 1,902 injuries, a total of 2,660 casualties, the ratio of casualty to automobiles being 1 to 4,646.

In 1923, there were 859 deaths and 2,124 injuries, a total of 2,983 casualties, ratio of 1 to 5,029.

This indicates that although the total of deaths and injuries is rapidly increasing, the ratio is decreasing. In other words, drivers everywhere are growing more careful. It must be remembered that 15,092,177 automobiles and trucks were registered in the United States on January 1—one motor vehicle for every seven persons.

One thing is certain: Maine is holding its own, in this campaign of safety, far better than many other parts of the country.

### Blacksmith Force



John J. Callan (left) and his helper, Peter Romo, comprised the blacksmith force at the South Portland shops at the time this photograph was taken.

Mr. Callan has been eighteen years a blacksmith in Maine Central service, and he is well known on the Portland Division.

Since the photograph was taken he has been transferred to Rigby.



A Group of Union Station Workers





## For the Honor of the Road

Written for the Maine Central Railroad Magazine

By CHANDLER BRIGGS ALLEN

Like a thin, intangible cloud, an air of subdued expectancy had been hovering over the Hilltop Division for a fortnight. It danced out over the glistening rails of the Upper and Lower Divisions, to meet at Watertown and spread over the Far East Division to Hallas and Dansboro, until it became the subject of discussion in every engine-cab and roundhouse on the C. M. C.

Great Delta men were interested, and talked the matter over their point of view. As loyal to their road as C. M. C. men were to theirs, Great Delta employees professed no doubt of the outcome, and taunted their rivals good-naturedly upon every possible occasion.

From the Great Delta standpoint, the C. M. C. didn't have a chance of winning the United Farmers' Association contract. The G. D. had had the contract for five years and the U. F. A. had been satisfied with the way its perishable freight had been rushed to the great city markets. The G. D. had looked forward with confidence to a renewal of the contract. Its only possible competitor was the Hilltop Division of the C. M. C.—but the Hilltop had hardly been considered.

From Three Deck Junction to Orland it was one hundred and twenty miles by the G. D. and an even hundred by the Hilltop, but the G. D.'s track was fairly straight and level, while the Hilltop wound between mountains and hills and abounded with grades. The passenger train schedule between Orland and Three Deck called for a strong four hours, and to expect a ten-car freight train to make the distance in less, seemed, from Great Delta point of vision, little short of sheer folly.

But, friendly as they were and in agreement upon many important matters, C. M. C. officials differed somewhat with G. D. officers in this case.

When the time drew near that marked the expiration of the five-year agreement between the G. D. and the U. F. A., Cyrus Winterbury, president of the Farmers' Association, had received a bid from the C. M. C. which had caused him to lift his shaggy brows in surprise and do considerable thinking.

In delivering perishable freight to market time was an important matter. Hours saved meant dollars earned. While the approximate dollar less per ton, which could be saved by the shorter mileage on the Hilltop, was worth considering, the prospect of getting produce to market an hour or two earlier was far more important.

But in the figures accompanying the C. M. C. bid it was estimated that freight from Three Deck could be landed in Orland over an hour earlier than the G. D. had been getting it through; and

that hour saved loomed bigger to President Winterbury than the dollar per ton.

After looking over schedules and estimates and facts for a few days he wrote the C. M. C., saying frankly that the U. F. A. would like to avail itself of the advantages offered, but, to be equally frank, he—President Winterbury—did not doubt their integrity but did doubt the ability of the C. M. C. to make the estimated time between Three Deck and Orland. The result of that letter was a conference between C. M. C. officials and officers of the U. F. A.; and the outcome of that consultation was the ultimatum issued by President Winterbury.

Briefly, it was this: If the C. M. C. could, when called upon without notice, haul a U. F. A. ten-car train of perishable freight from Three Deck to Orland, in the time estimated, Winterbury and his advisers would accept such demonstration as proof of the C. M. C.'s ability to fulfill its agreement and the contract would be awarded accordingly.

It was perfectly legitimate and above-board competition between the two roads.

Had it not been expressly stipulated by Winterbury that there must be no special preparations made, and had not the C. M. C. religiously adhered to the agreement that there would be none made, there wouldn't have been much to write about.

And had it not been for Sam Truman and the "Randy Ann" and Dicky Glenn and a couple of other factors, which intruded most alarmingly and unexpectedly, there would have been no story at all.

Sam was one of the ancient landmarks of the C. M. C. Forty years he had run an engine on the main line, twenty-odd of them hauling the fastest trains on the road, without a single accident or black mark chalked up against his record,—one of the faithful, capable and loyal enginemen, who are an honor and pillar of strength on every road. When he reached the age of sixty-five, Sam bid off Dana Hackett's old run on the Hilltop and retired from fast life to jog back and forth between Three Deck and Orland, up one day and back the next.

Sam's wife wanted him to retire; said he had enough to live on comfortably. Sam didn't want to. The C. M. C. and his engine were a part of his life and he had no intention of quitting yet a while. But Jane was insistent that he "take it easy in his old age," and by and by Sam compromised. He didn't quit the road, but when the company put on a shifter in Three Deck yard Sam bid off the job, bought a cosy little home and a few acres of land near the roundhouse, and settled down to take life easy. They took the pilot off of the old 22—one of Sam's old favorites—put a footboard in its place and another on the rear of



the tank, and sent her up to do duty as shifting engine in Three Deck yard.

It was an easy job. "Better'n being pensioned off," was the way Sam put it.

Thereafter, and for several years, Sam and the 22—by him nicknamed the "'Randy Ann," were as much a part of Three Deck yard as the Hilltop is of the C. M. C., and thanks to Sam and Dicky Glenn, and the "'Randy Ann," that Division is quite an important part of the System.

The trio—Sam and Dicky and "Randy"—fitted into their places nicely at Three Deck Junction, but no one would ever have picked out this combination to play the principal parts in the most spectacular run in the history of the Hilltop Division, one in which a million dollars in freight revenue trembled in the balance.

It was a strangely assorted trio, this big, raw-boned man of seventy-odd, with snowy locks and white chin whiskers; the old engine, once a main-line greyhound, but now condemned to yard drudgery; and a freckle-faced, red-headed lad who jumped from obscurity into fame that sultry July 4th. There were two spare engines ready for duty at the Three Deck roundhouse, two of the Pacific type, Walschaert gear, every modern improvement and ready for the call. Two true-and-true engine crews were ready to man them. When President Winterbury made known his ultimatum to the C. M. C. officials those gentlemen remembered these engines and engine crews and accepted it without protest. If brains and experience and steel could make the trial run they reckoned the C. M. C. well protected and victory sure. The articles agreeing to terms of the trial run were signed in mid-June. No one knew when the call would come, but all knew that the U. F. A.'s contract with the Great Delta expired July 15th, and that it must come before that day.

Then ensued that period of suspense spoken of at the commencement of the story. As the days went by the C. M. C. settled down to an attitude of watchful waiting. Men talked less and looked a bit more anxious. They were loyal hearts, and the outcome meant as much to their pride as the dollars did to the treasury.

This was the situation when June waned and July came in, stifling hot with a scorching sun.

Then, July 4th, three things happened!

Traffic on main line had increased until it was absolutely necessary to call one of the spare engines from Three Deck to help out over the Fourth. That left the C. M. C. well protected and in readiness for the trial run,—until ten o'clock the morning of July 4th, when the second spare engine was ordered to run light to Oldport to haul in a tourist train which was to be hooked on to No. 163, leaving Three Deck for Ortland at 4 p.m.

There was no alternative. With the summer rush on and the Northern Division using all available motive power, Three Deck had to be left uncovered for six hours!

Bill Carney pulled out of the Junction at 10.17. At 12.30, when Bill and the 450 were nearly a hundred miles away, a Great Delta engine dropped ten white-painted cars of perishable freight on the "long turn-out." And ten minutes later the call that summoned the Hilltop to battle for the contract came!

With only the antiquated 22 at hand, with old Sam Truman the only engine-man within fifty miles and no fireman to call upon in the emergency,

### The Old Box Car

A box car is a homely contraption set upon flanged wheels, with a drawbar at each end.

It has no individuality. Instead of displaying a euphonious name, as does the haughty Pullman car, it is known by a number, like a convict in prison or a submerged unfortunate slaving his life away in some evil sweat shop.

The box car is common. Contemptuous eyes swerve from its unprepossessing exterior and seek more aristocratic attractions.

It is a thorn in the side of the man who wants to scrutinize a strange city from his train window and perforce gazes blankly instead at the ungainly bulk of a box car squatting on a siding.

It is an abomination to the impatient autoist who holds in leash his graceful, mobile mechanism while an unending string of plebeian box cars rumbles deliberately across his course.

It is a blight on the landscape, drab of color, lumpy of shape, clumsy of movement.

And yet, withal—it travels!

The box car travels! Cold winds of northern wastes beat savagely against its dingy sides; honeysuckle scented breaths from southern vines are wafted athwart its roof; the salt mist of the oceans dampens its sturdy walls as it skirts the coasts of a nation.

And the work it does!

Just as you and I, and your neighbor and my neighbor, find reason for existence and the basis of happiness in work, so also does the box car, mute servant of transportation.

And while it travels, it travels with a purpose, with an end in view, and with a burden.

Wheat from the fields for mills, and flour for you!  
Ore from the mines for smelters, and a steel saw for you!

Cotton from the farms for gins, and cloth for you!  
Innumerable, inexhaustible, indispensable, are the burdens of the box car which it carries for you! Day in and day out, month after month, year upon year, rumbling along; clumsy, uncouth, ugly—but working for man. Resplendent, inspiring, SERVICEABLE friend of man!

it was no wonder G. D. men grinned broadly and shouted jeering prophecies of ignominious defeat into rebellious Hilltop ears.

But there were stout hearts down in Ortland, where President Ronald and two or three other officials were clustered around the telegraph instrument. The odds had shifted suddenly and were terribly against them, but it was no part of their plan to give up without a fight.

There was another loyal old heart in Three Deck. Ransom, superintendent of motive power, knew his man, and knew the engine and the care the man had taken of her. So, too, did Sampson, road foreman of engines. Sam had just finished his mid-day lunch when Dad Parkman came racing out with the message just ticked off from Ortland. Three minutes later Dad was sending the answer. "I will do my best," it read, "but must have a fireman. Glenn best available. Shall I get him?"

Sam's fireman had been hired the 2nd, had reached Three Deck on No. 224 the 3rd, and now, at noon of the 4th with one day of experience would be the most forlorn of all forlorn hopes in a hundred-mile run such as this must be. He was out of the question, even if he had not been nearly overcome by the heat and suffering from drinking too much ice-water.

(To be concluded next month)



**Proclamation**

New England Week will be held all over New England from the fifteenth to the twentieth of the coming September.

The object will be to display the products on which the prosperity of New England depends, to illustrate to New England's own people the beauty and utility of the product of the industries of New England, and to demonstrate to the world beyond our borders how vast and various are the activities that have earned for New England her fame.

Labor, Management and Capital will unite to make New England Week a definite success.

New England Products will be featured in our retail and wholesale houses, in our sales rooms, in all the usual channels of trade. The uses and qualities of our merchandise will be demonstrated, our factories will be visited, our processes will be explained, information will be furnished. Details will be available in the near future.

In the interest of New England industry, of New England quality, and of New England integrity, we invite you, one and all, to join in this enterprise.

The ALL NEW ENGLAND WEEK Committee,  
Chamber of Commerce Building  
Boston, Massachusetts

**New England Week**

New England railroads, in common with very many other organizations, are co-operating to make New England week a success. And in this work the Maine Central Railroad is glad to do its share.

The purposes of the Week are clearly and forcefully set forth in the official Proclamation, printed above. Perhaps the underlying idea is that if you do not appreciate yourself, nobody is going to appreciate you. And, just as this applies to individuals, so it applies to whole communities and to geographical sections.

It is sometimes felt that New England has not always sufficiently appreciated its own merits and advanced its own interests—has allowed itself to be outdistanced, in certain lines of activity, simply through lack of co-operative effort and a little purposeful self-advertising. Hence a week has been set apart to boost for New England, for New England products and for New England industries. There is every reason to believe that it will be a great success.

**Quaint Railroad Movie**

(Continued from Page 12)

the tender wasn't used, the boiler being merely a dummy; and smoke-pots were utilized to get the effect of smoke pouring from the stack. The cost of engine, cars and a few sections of narrow-gauge track was \$20,000. It all seemed very realistic—even to the conductor, who sat a-top the rear coach, as is said to have been the custom of those days, and signaled the engineer with a bugle. This "engineer," by the way, was "Dad" Keaton, Buster's father. The scenes were "shot" on the narrow-gauge railroad at Truckee, California, and on especially built sections of track in the United Studios.

This one genuinely realistic railroad picture—even though it is of the long ago—has come out of Hollywood.

**A Big Excursion**

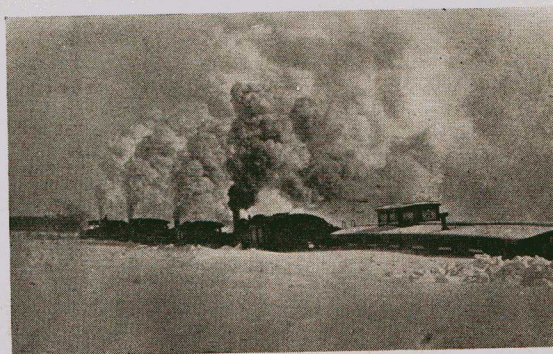
(Continued from Page 24)

starting from Old Town, and one of eight cars, starting from Waterville. Nine hundred and eighty-one tickets were sold.

It was a reminder of the old days—how well some of us remember them!—when excursions were among Eastern Maine's chief and cherished diversions. Every condition on Sunday was favorable, and at Old Orchard, in addition to the famous beach, the excursionists found enough "concessions" to have done credit to Coney Island or Revere.

Incidentally, the regular summer trains running to the beach are exceedingly popular.

**Four Engines Stuck**



We have printed several snow and storm pictures in the last few months; but we think the above is by far the most striking of them all—certainly the most significant.

It was taken March 7, 1920, and it shows four engines and plow stuck in the snow one mile east of Oakland. Four engines—count 'em—and they couldn't break through the drifts.

This shows better than could twenty columns of description what a Maine winter is like when it sets out to be, and the obstacles that Maine Central crews have sometimes to overcome.

**Editorial**

(Continued from Page 10)

Item—but who is now specializing a bit in railroad publicity, as other newspaper men have done. His nose for news is shown in several unusual little "stories," one of which is entitled, "New York as a Way Station." It begins: "The New Haven now has eleven passenger trains for which New York is merely a stop and not a terminus;" and it goes on to name them. That will please Boston!

On two of the pages, in blackface type, Mr. Newcomb has this appeal:

"This publication wants photographs.

"Pictures of railroad people who have done something. Pictures of the things they have done.

"Take your camera with you and send in the picture with an outline of what it is all about."

We reprint that because it applies exactly to the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE—and to every other.



## Work of Rebuilding Ticonic Bridge Well Under Way —An Engineering Feat



*The Ticonic Bridge*

This photograph shows the railroad bridge, known as "Ticonic," over the Kennebec River, west of Waterville station.

The work of rebuilding is now under way and will be completed as soon as possible. As will be seen, the existing bridge is of rather light construction for present day standards, and quite a striking contrast will be noted when it is compared with the new structure, a photograph of which will be printed when the work is done.



The new bridge, which will consist of three riveted truss spans and one deck plate girder span, will be the third erected on this site. The first was erected in 1874, the second in 1894. Extensive changes will be made in the piers and abutments, and as there must be no interruption of traffic, timber falsework to carry the track and steel will be built across the river for the bridge's entire length.

The present bridge is 683 feet long and weighs 472 tons. The new one will be the same length, but will weigh about 850 tons.



### Plan Field Day

It is planned to hold the annual field day of Portland Division, Shop Crafts Association, on August 24, at Sebago.

Arrangements, as this is written, have not been fully made; but every indication points to a highly successful outing—exceeding even that of last summer, which was at Old Orchard.

About four hundred will take the trip, it is believed, special cars being attached to the regular train; and at Sebago there will be a light luncheon, a fine list of field sports, and many other features.

Watch for some pictures in the September issue of the Magazine!



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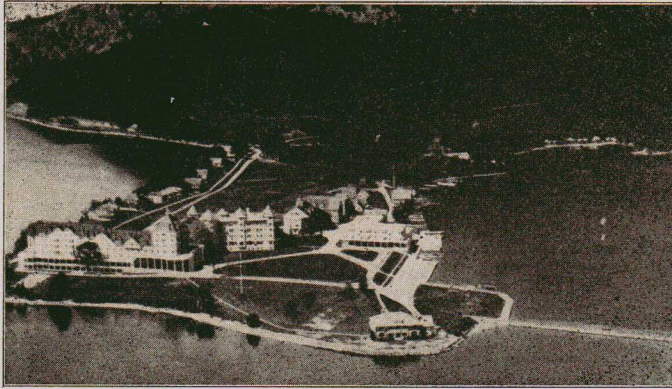
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**Mount Kineo House and Kineo Annex**

AEROPLANE VIEW



**ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE, KINEO, MAINE**

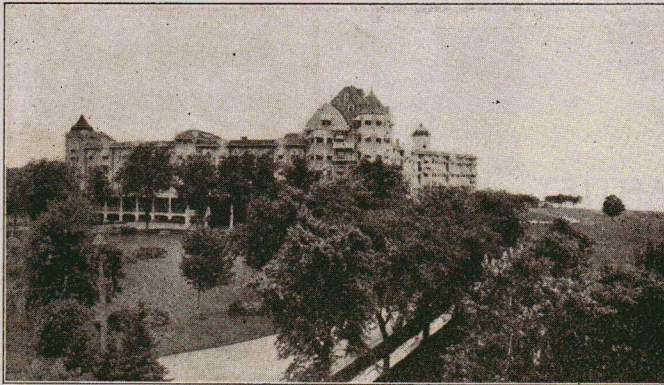
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**KINEO ANNEX OPENS FOR SEASON MAY 15**

J. W. GREENE, MANAGER, KINEO, MAINE

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