

# MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



SEPTEMBER, 1924



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Vol. 1

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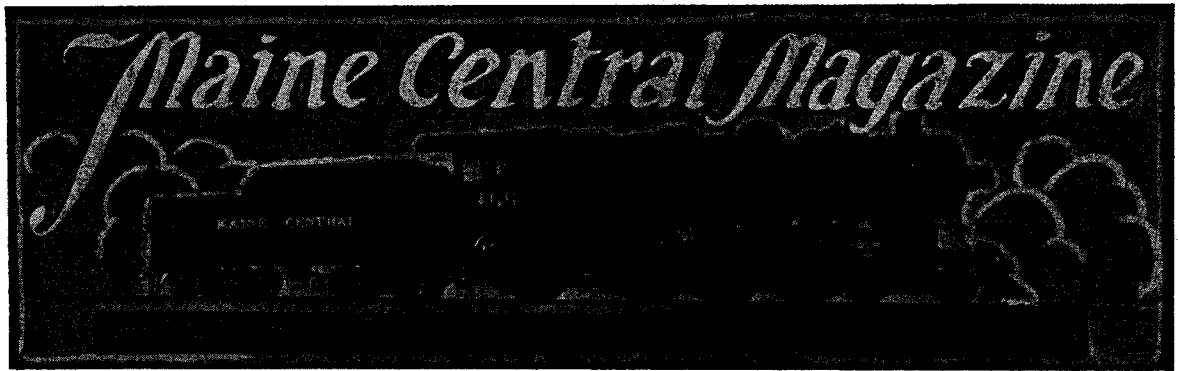
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Vol. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1924

No. 9

## The Ticonic Bridge

The Story of an Impressive Engineering Feat, Written a Few Days Before Waters of the Kennebec Rose to Flood Pitch—What Had Then Been Accomplished, and Some Description of a Really Big Work

*Note.—The article that follows was written September 8 and put in type on the day following. It was prepared with a great deal of care, and was intended to show the progress of an impressive and skilful engineering feat—the complete rebuilding of Ticonic Bridge without interrupting the passage of trains.*

*September 11, by a strange freak of fate or circumstance, the waters of the Kennebec rose to flood pitch, leaving a gap in the Hollingsworth and Whitney dam and hurling masses of logs against the false work beneath the bridge. Some of this gave way, and the Winslow span sagged about five feet.*

*Sept. 12, a monthly magazine, you know, cannot have quite the speed of a daily newspaper—it is believed that the span, now supported on its abutments, will hold, and the damage can quickly be repaired when the waters subside. The article, therefore, is printed as it was written—only a few days before the forces of Nature went on a rampage. It is as follows:*



**B**ETWEEN the city of Waterville and the town of Winslow, spanning the Kennebec, a really wonderful bit of construction is in progress: an engineering feat accomplished so smoothly, so methodically, and with such business-like rapidity, that few, perhaps, realize its difficulty and importance. For the Ticonic Bridge is being rebuilt without loss of time in the running schedule of Maine Central trains.

In one of the Maine cities, a few months ago, patrons of a certain big motion picture theatre were given a surprise. They had attended the performances, week in and week out, and apparently had noticed nothing out of the ordinary. But one day the canvas coverings on the walls of the dark-

ened auditorium were pulled away, the lights flashed on, and lo! they were sitting in a new theatre. It had been remodelled, re-decorated—yes, in very large part rebuilt—in those weeks that their attention was directed to the world of shadows on the screen. Reconstruction had been in progress over, under and around them; and it had all been done so deftly that they hadn't known of it. This was widely heralded as an unusual accomplishment—as, unquestionably, it was.

But the rebuilding of Ticonic Bridge, while Maine Central trains cross and re-cross its surface every hour in the day, is a work infinitely more remarkable, more complicated, and more delicate. How many passengers realize, as they look down from their car windows to where the waters of

Ticonic Falls are churned into white foam, that the steel and concrete and wood beneath them are being replaced by other steel and other concrete and other wood—a new bridge created in the midst of traffic, all by the magic of modern engineering?

Briefly, the entire structure is carried on false-work, which rests upon the ledge in the bed of the river. There are three spans of 170 feet each, and one of 105 feet. Beneath all four are erected hard-pine "bents"—fifteen to a span, as shown in the middle photograph of the group on page five.

These bents vaguely resemble gigantic saw-horses. They average forty feet in height, and in each are six posts, with strong cross-braces. On top of the bents, running length-ways of the bridge, are four lines of 8"x16" hard pine "camber-stringers." And on top of these camber-stringers, in turn, short pieces of blocking, running cross-ways, are placed under the trusses and floor system—in other words, under all the structural steel. Finally come the oaken wedges, which, when driven, lift the entire span—track and all—slightly from its bearings on the masonry.

—x—

Next, the tops of the old piers and abutments are remodelled in concrete, reinforced by steel bars—for the new bridge will weigh 850 tons, whereas the present one weighs but 472. Then the truss members are burned apart by oxy-acetylene torches—the old metal being taken to Waterville yard and eventually sold for scrap. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that some of the old eye-bars of Topsham bridge—which recently was rebuilt in the same way—were sold to a contractor and eventually became part of the new moving picture theatre above described. They were used to support the balcony, thus eliminating posts that obstructed the view.

Track stringers and floor beams are now taken out in sections, between the passage of trains, and new stringers and floor beams put in their places,—so that, by working "piecemeal," the floor system of each truss is removed, and a new floor system substituted, without interruption to traffic. Work then begins on the erection of new trusses. This is accomplished by first placing the bottom chord upon blocking, which in turn rests on the 8"x16" camber-stringers. Then the vertical posts and diagonals are placed, their lower ends bolted to the bottom chord

### What Photographs Show

The photographs on the opposite page, all taken very recently at Ticonic Bridge, show:

1—(Lower left of the group)—(a) Bent (b) Camber stringer. (c) Blocking. (d) Oak wedges under the bottom chord.

2—Blocking and wedges under floor beam and track.

3—False work.

4—Big crane lifting a piece of bottom chord weighing about ten tons.

5—One of the piers, with form for concrete addition.

6—Hollingsworth and Whitney boom—showing logs coming over the dam.

7—Method of carrying span on false work, with top chord and diagonals of the old truss removed.

8—General view, showing entire structure carried on false work. On the most westerly span, the trusses are wholly removed; on the next span, partly removed.

—and, when this is completed, the top chord is placed over the upper ends of posts and diagonals, and also firmly bolted.

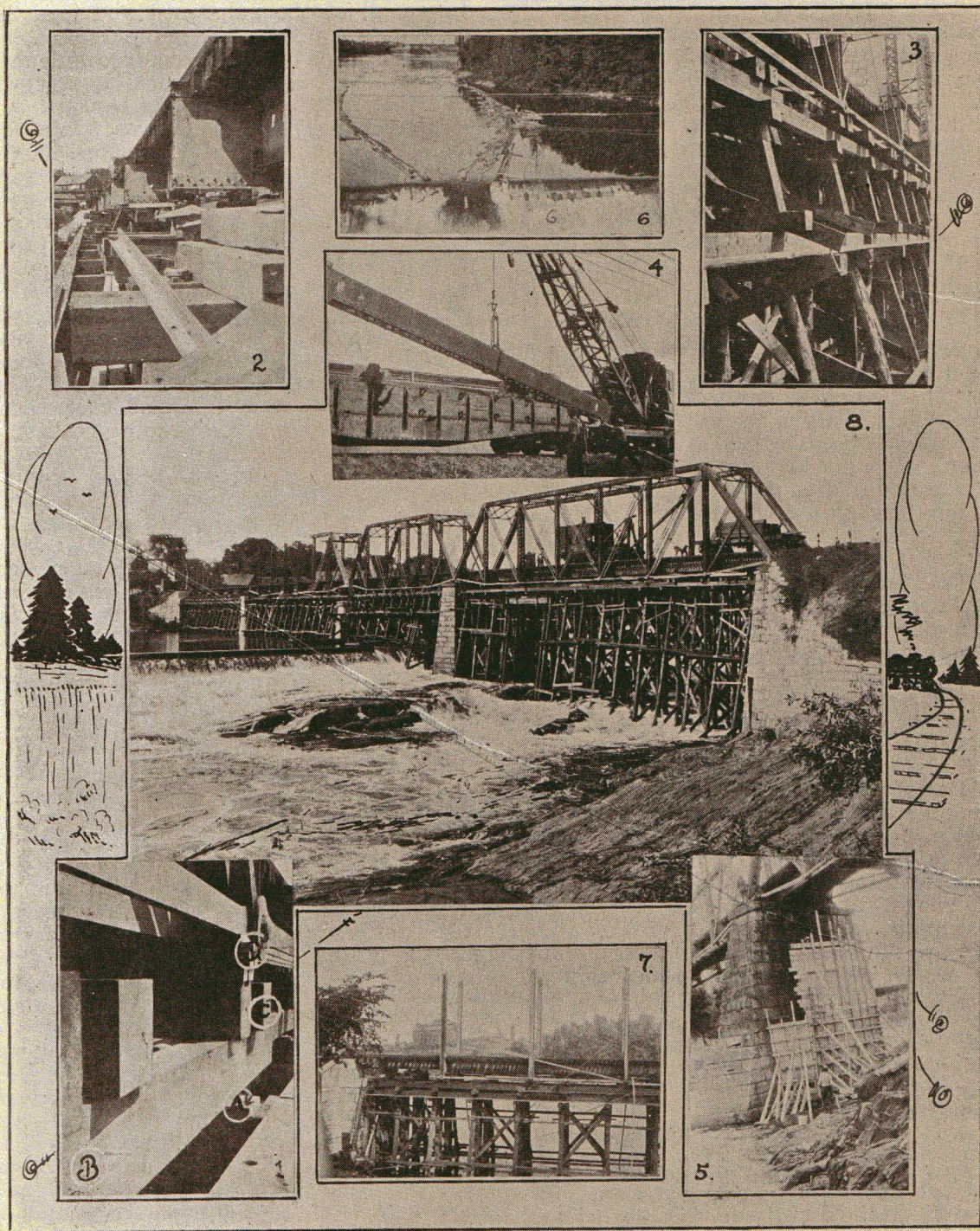
When both trusses in one span are "bolted up"—with assembly bolts and long, tapering, steel "drift pins"—the wedges are withdrawn a little and all the weight allowed to fall upon the truss bearings, thus bringing the joints to a good bearing on the bolts and pins. The span is then wedged up again, so as to carry the trains upon the false work instead of the bolts. The bolts are removed, a few at a time—red-hot rivets, driven by compressed air, taking their places; the timber falsework under the finished span is removed—and there you are!

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That, briefly outlined, is the work which the Maine Central's engineering force is now accomplishing between Waterville and Winslow on the Kennebec. That is how a new steel giant will soon span one of Maine's widest rivers, taking form even as trains creep over it every hour of each working day. May it not well be termed an example of twentieth century magic?

A few general details? Well, this work began the first week in June, and will be finished in December. It is, of course, under the general supervision of Bertrand T. Wheeler, chief engineer of the Maine Central system; and the complicated details of construction—which included calculation





Some Ticonic Bridge Photographs

(See box on opposite page for description)

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of strains and stresses, to determine the bridge's capacity—were worked out by Walter H. Norris, the Maine Central's bridge engineer, and Wilbur Lampson, his assistant. The work is directed by Perley N. Watson, superintendent of bridges and buildings west of Fairfield, whose foreman is Forrest Brackett. George Russell is head of the masonry crew—working under H. H. Robinson, supervisor of masonry. The false work includes a half million feet of lumber, largely hard pine; and the weight of the structural steel, as stated, is eight hundred and fifty tons.

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A Maine Central Magazine reporter spent a day with the workmen on this big construction job—a day which he hopes was profitable and which he can testify was busy. Nor was he, by any means, the only spectator. Human currents of Waterville people swirled and eddied at both ends of the bridge—for this engineering miracle has been to them, for weeks, a never-failing source of interest.

Certainly, there are many features worth inspection. One of them is the new locomotive hoist, of forty-ton capacity and fifty-foot boom, self-propelling and revolving. Another is the compressed air plant on a ledge near the shore of the Waterville end—where it cannot be seen, although its noises drift up uncannily, as from the bed of the river.

Did you ever see the modern method of driving rivets? They first are heated in a riveting forge until they are red-hot. Then each is held by a cup-shaped dolly-bar and struck with a pneumatic hammer. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat—the sound is deafening at close range, and showers of sparks, which fade and die even as they fall, descend upon the heads of those who incautiously approach too near. Red-hot, did we say? Say white-hot, rather. There are thirty-five thousand of these rivets in the new bridge—but they can be driven, under high pressure, at a speed of better than five hundred a day.

—x—

Stand in the center of the bridge, and you look down upon Lockwood Dam. Just above it, on the day of our visit, floated a sea of pulp-wood—the Hollingsworth and Whitney boom. There is a sluice in the false-work beneath the bridge—a sluice twenty

feet wide, perhaps—and through it are driven all of the pulp-wood and logs that come over the falls. A million and a half feet, they told us, had come down only a few days before—a really thrilling spectacle, viewed by hundreds along the banks.

Descending, with Mr. Norris, to the very foot of the dam—where the water, on this day, trickled in so slight a stream one could have waded across it—we came upon one of Nature's miracles. Growing from rocks in the very middle of this stream were myriads of Scotch blue-bells—tiny, delicate flowers, which cast a bluish tinge upon rock so petrified by the pounding waters of the ages it seemed more like discolored wood. How were they nourished? Perhaps from earth that had sifted into the cracks. Anyway, there they were—a bit of lovely scenic embroidery against the graphic realism of this big engineering job.

There are two crews—bridge and masonry. Each has a "soup" or dining car; a "smoking car," for general recreation; a tool car; and a sleeping car, attractive with rows of neatly kept iron beds—arranged "double-deck," as in a Pullman or the cabin of an ocean steamer. We happened to visit the section occupied by Forrest Brackett's bridge crew; and in the soup car we found G. A. Emery—"Gil" Emery, everybody calls him: one of the best known cooks on the Maine Central system.

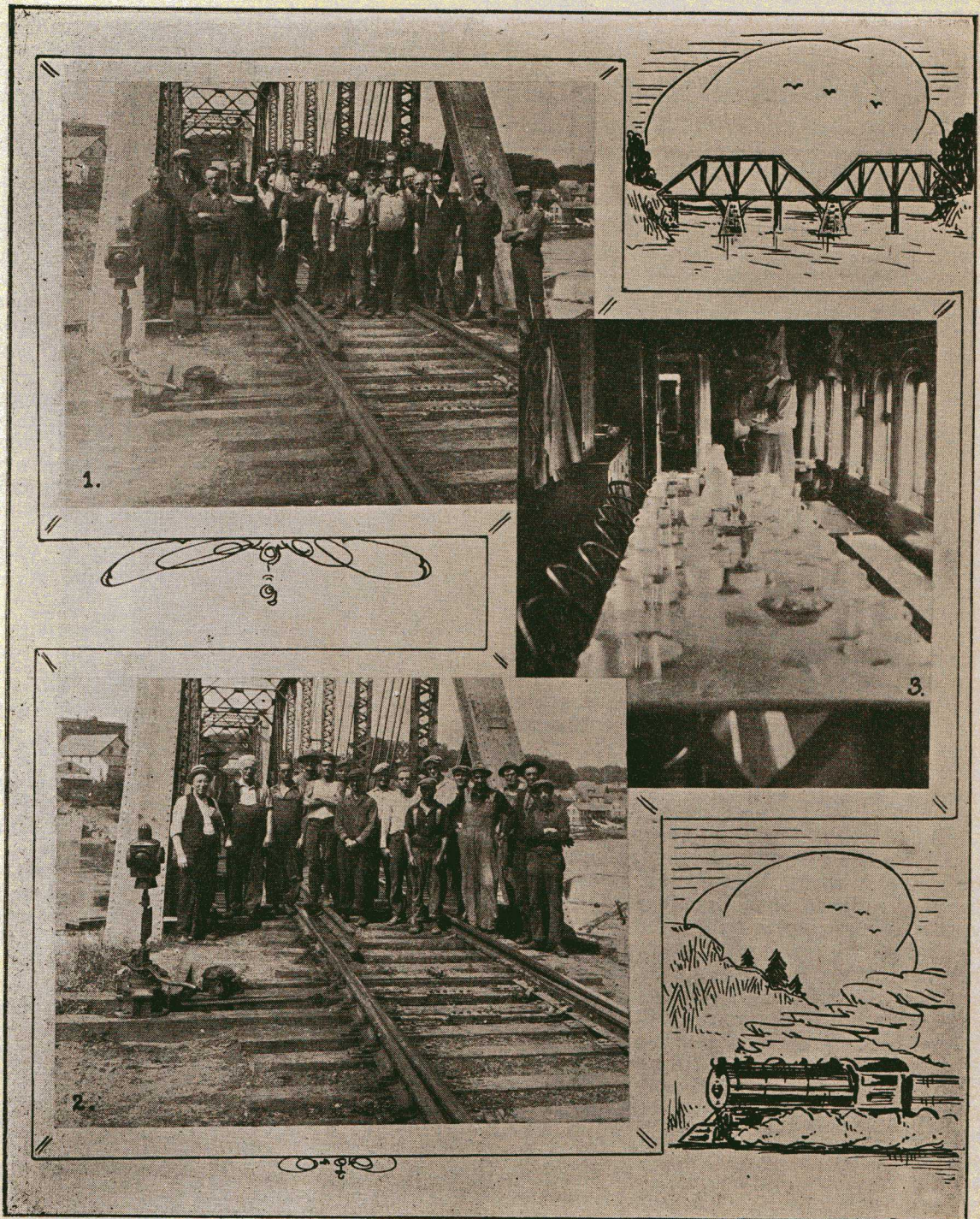
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Gill has been cooking for construction crews, on and off, for twenty-three years. His brother, B. F. Emery, who has a forty-eight year rating on the Maine Central and its predecessor, the old Portland & Ogdensburg, and who has been for thirty years a conductor, introduced him to the service. And he is a natural cook, with a pride for having things right, as anyone will tell you.

This dining-car—like all of the others on the system—is run co-operatively, the men themselves paying only for the raw material of what they eat. At the end of each week, the cost is divided pro rata. It averages about twenty-five cents a meal—and this is what they had for dinner on the day we visited: Corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, new beets, cucumbers, cream, milk, pie, cake, cookies and doughnuts. Each Sunday they have chicken; on other days roast beef, lamb—whatever the market offers, and they

(Continued on Page 31)





Here Are the Working Crews

(1)—Forrest Brackett (second from left) and The Bridge Crew. (2)—George Russell (second from right) and the Masonry Crews. (3)—“Gil” Emery and the Bridge Crew’s Dining Car.



## 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.

SEPTEMBER, 1924

### Editorial

#### Specializing In Good Fellowship

The annual meeting and outing of the Portland Railway and Steamship Traffic Association, held at Westcustogo Inn, Yarmouth, September 15, will have become a modest but enjoyable chapter of railroad history by the time these lines are read. Indications, at this writing, are that the attendance will number between seventy-five and a hundred—and it goes without saying that there will be enjoyment in every moment of the evening. There always is, you know, when these past masters of good fellowship get together.

The Association is not large, but it fills a place unique in this particular corner of the railroad world. Some years ago, a little group of railroad men, largely traveling representatives of roads in this territory, held a social gathering; and it was so successful they determined to have one like it at regular intervals. In this way the Association was born; and it has grown until it now includes various representatives of the Maine Central Railway and Portland Terminal companies, together with those from far distant points whose duties call them to the metropolis of Maine. There is an impression that it is limited to traffic men; but this is untrue. Any railroad or steamship representative is eligible, although traffic men do compose a great majority of the membership.

It has one paramount object: good fellowship. The business part of each annual outing is limited to the election of of-

ficers. There are no speeches, long or short, at any of its banquets. Its members meet now and then during the year, tell a few bright stories, have a mighty good time; and that's about all. Perhaps some day all banquets will be without speeches or ceremony—when the millennium has come.

Last year the annual outing took the form of a clam bake at Long Island; two years ago it was at Old Orchard, where the merchants vied with one another in extending courtesies and hospitality. And, although business is not discussed at these outings, who shall say they are not definite factors for good in strengthening the bonds of friendship and fraternity?

The retiring board of officers is composed as follows: President, L. W. Merritt, Portland Terminal Company; vice-president, Lucien Snow, Maine Central; secretary-treasurer, G. H. Thompson, Maine Central. Executive committee: E. A. Whiting, Grand Trunk; D. F. Regan, Delaware and Hudson; H. P. Horne, Wabash; H. F. Wellman, Southern Pacific; J. J. Doane, Maine Central.

#### New England Week

Railroad magazines, in common with daily newspapers and other publications, are devoting a considerable amount of space to "New England Week"—which is from Sept. 15th to Sept. 20th inclusive. And this is but natural; for the purpose of New England Week is to quicken the industrial life of this fine territory through co-operative effort—through a more adequate appreciation of our own opportunities and resources; and, in all such worth-while movements, the railroads are glad to do their share.

To quote one of the daily papers: "The stage is set for New England's great pageant of industry." Store windows everywhere are filled with New England products—some of them almost unknown to our own people. In other words, we are becoming acquainted with ourselves—which is the logical initial step toward having the remainder of the world become acquainted with us.

Those chiefly interested in the success of the week have defined its purposes, negatively and affirmatively—the things for which it does not stand and the things for

(Continued on Page 32)





## The Maine Central Family

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



HERE is a real business romance, if ever there was one.

H. O. Phillips, president of the Eastern Grain Company and one of the leading business men in Maine—or, for that matter, in New England—began his career as a news agent on the Maine Central Railroad, forty years ago.

This was in the summer of 1884, just after he had graduated from the Butler School in Portland; and his run was on the old "Lewiston Scoot," to Lake Maranacook. A good many picnic parties are entertained at Maranacook, even now, and then it was a famous outing resort.

Mr. Phillips has climbed very high on the business ladder in the forty years that have elapsed. It never occurred to him, as he trod the aisles of Maine Central trains, that he would become one of the road's largest shippers; but he has never forgotten those old days, nor does he grow tired of speaking of them to his friends.

There were seven, he remembers, in the crew of this Lewiston Scoot, the others being Wellington Sprague, conductor; Ed. Rowe, engineer; George Libby, fireman; Fred Sanborn, brakeman; Ed. Lowe, baggage master; and a Mr. Wilson, of Auburn, express messenger. Among other activities, they formed a winning polo team.

"Several of them were even more successful in later life," said Mr. Phillips, when a Maine Central Magazine reporter questioned him. "Mr. Libby became head of the shops at Lewiston, and Mr. Sprague was in charge at Union Station. He was also, at one time, Illustrious Potentate of the Maine Shrine.

"I was once speaking of those old days to Mr. Dana C. Douglass, the Maine Central's vice-president and general manager, and chanced to say: 'Mr. Libby was certainly a fine man.'

"I'm glad you think so," replied Mr. Douglass, smiling, 'for he was my uncle!'"

Shortly after the August issue of the Magazine went to press, a committee representing the Maine Central Baseball League called upon John J. Cochrane, who fractured his right arm while pitching for the general office team, and presented him \$182—this being the net receipts of the benefit game he had been tendered.

And these net receipts represented almost the gross receipts, expenses being but six dollars. You see, all connected with the League admired Mr. Cochrane's pluck when the bone of his arm suddenly snapped as he was about to throw a ball; and they



JOHN J. COCHRANE

*Whose Arm Was Broken as He Was Pitching for  
Maine Central League, and Who Received  
Fine Testimonial*

were anxious to make his benefit a success. Not only was the sale of tickets very large, but services, in many helpful ways, were eagerly contributed. A fine example of this co-operative spirit, it may be mentioned, was shown by Manager William H.



Ohler of the Tucker Printing Company, from whom the tickets were ordered. When these tickets, printed in the form of tags, arrived, they were accompanied by a receipted bill—a very substantial aid to the committee in charge, and one greatly appreciated. "Let me know," wrote Mr. Ohler, in a graceful accompanying note, "when there is another such occasion."

The committee that waited upon Mr. Cochrane was composed of Mr. W. G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent; John McCullum, manager, and Horace Woodbury, captain, general office team; LeRoy D. Hiles and Oscar A. Shepard. They met in Mr. Hunton's office; received the money from Mr. Louis M. Patterson, the Maine Central's treasurer, who had been as its custodian, and then went to Mr. Cochrane's home.

There was no speech-making. Mr. Cochrane was handed the handsome testimonial of his fellow-workers, and sent back his sincere thanks. It was all over very quickly—but much can sometimes be expressed in a few words.

As this is written, Sept. 6, Mr. Cochrane has not returned to work, but he will probably have done so by the time the Magazine reaches its readers. His injury was one of the most serious of its kind ever known at the Maine General Hospital—a triple fracture, and the bone was slow in knitting. For weeks he reported to the hospital physicians at regular intervals, although living at home.



None of the family brought back from their vacations a more interesting lot of snap-shots—or more significant—than did Mr. H. M. Harris, chief clerk to Assistant Comptroller Reeves, general offices, Portland.

Mr. Harris and two friends, William Sproul and William F. Young, started on Saturday, August 16, and were driven by a relative to Bodfish, fourteen miles north of Monson. From there they hiked three miles around Borestone Mountain to Young's Camps, which are at Onawa, Plantation of Elliottsville, Piscataquis County. These camps are of the type that are becoming increasingly popular in Maine—individual log cabins, where are electric lights and other modern conveniences, clustered around a sort of community center. Thus one gets civilization—even to the radio—against a background of primitive wilderness.

Their vacation included trout fishing in the deep, deep waters of Lake Onawa; a climb up Borestone Mountain to the black fox farm of R. P. Moore, from which can be counted twenty-two lakes in the panorama spread below; and other outdoor adventures. The views Mr. Harris brought back were picturesque and of real value. How many, for example, know that the exact geographical center of Maine is one thousand feet north of Onawa Station?

It is shown in Mr. Harris' views, as are many other interesting localities.

On their last day, while hiking, the three started a bear, which had been seen for a week in the vicinity of the lake. They could hear him splashing in the mud and water some distance below them. They kept on walking.



Sunday, August 31, is a date that long will linger in the memories of four popular ladies of the general offices in Portland—Miss Clara McLellan,



A Few of Mr. Harris' Snap-Shots. (a) Onawa Station. (b) Spot Showing Exact Geographical Center of Maine. (c) Mr. Harris Standing Upon This Spot. (d) On Top of Mt. Borestone.

Miss Eleanor Conboy, Miss Madeline Goudy and Miss Florence Munro. For in the late hours of this day a picturesque mountain hike ended in real adventure—and one that proved more than an ordinary test of their courage and endurance.

They had gone on a week-end excursion to the White Mountains. Along toward noon, Sunday,

(Continued on Page 26)



## Here's a Page of Maine Central Family Personals



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



L. M. Blood, agent, Quebec Junction, has bid in position as third trick clerk-telegrapher at Machias.

G. W. Gehan, conductor, Eastern Division, has resumed duty after a vacation spent at his cottage.

Operator "Bill" Durgin, Brunswick, has been on vacation, Operator Astle relieving.

Operator Brown, Foxcroft, is laying off sick, as this is written. Operator Balko is covering the position.

H. W. Heughen, traveling conductor, of Portland, is working on the Mountain Division during the absence of Supt. Asnault.

N. J. St. Peter, trainman, Lancaster, is wearing a broad smile—and the reason therefor is a bouncing boy, who arrived recently at Lancaster Hospital.

Mrs. O. R. Burdwood, wife of the third trick operator, Bartlett, has so far recovered from her serious illness that she has returned to her home.

C. H. Leard, chief clerk at Bangor roundhouse, has purchased a bungalow at Hampden, where he will reside.

A. E. Foster, agent at Ellsworth Falls, is off duty on account of medical treatment. D. M. White is substituting.

Spare Operator Cosgrove is covering operator's position at Hollowell because of Operator Murphy being on vacation.

Third Trick Operator S. A. Lavalley, Brunswick, has been on a vacation of two weeks, Spare Operator T. F. Cosgrove relieving him.

Agent Stetson at Monmouth has completed two weeks' vacation. He was relieved by Spare Operator Garriepy.

K. A. Lash, agent at Winslow Mills, is on vacation. Spare Operator Whitten is covering the position.

William A. Tully, clerk to J. C. McMulin, air brake inspector, Waterville shops, has returned from a week's trip to New York City.

Spare Operator Astle is covering first trick, Gardiner, while H. N. Bates is on a vacation of two weeks.

C. H. Higgins, roadmaster, Bartlett, and wife, recently visited Bangor, where Mr. Higgins attended the Shrine Ceremonial.

W. E. Pierce, car distributor, Eastern Division, has been working as relief dispatcher during the vacation period. A. W. Dodge has handled the distribution of cars.

A. K. Burdwood, telegrapher in dispatcher's office, Lancaster, is taking a few days' vacation, his place being filled by L. J. Driscoll, former occupant of this position.

### This Story Is True

*This story sounds exactly as though it was adapted from "Life" or "Judge." But it is absolutely true. The victim himself vouches for it.*

*Sylvanus Marston of Brunswick, brick mason foreman employed by the engineering department, attended the Eastern Maine State Fair at Bangor. And thronging the midway, as at all large fairs, were many skilful pickpockets, despite the best efforts of the management to keep them away.*

*In the course of his wanderings about the grounds, Mr. Marston wrapped something in a handkerchief and thrust it into his coat pocket. Sharp eyes had observed him, evidently—for later, when he tried to find the handkerchief and its contents, they had disappeared. His pocket was deep, but deft fingers had found its recesses without Mr. Marston being any the wiser. The unknown thief probably thought he would get a bit of money.*

*Only the handkerchief didn't contain money. It contained Mr. Marston's false teeth, lower set, which he had recently purchased and had removed because they hurt him.*

O. H. Ramsdell, dispatcher, has been enjoying a week's vacation.

Frank Mills, one of the oldest conductors on the Mountain Division, has been obliged to lay off because of ill health. Scores of friends unite in wishing him a speedy recovery.

L. O. Parker, agent at Colebrook, is laying off because of ill health, his place being taken by A. E. Garon. Mr. Garon's place, in turn, is filled by C. A. Poor.

G. E. White has been assigned as clerk in the office of Supt. McLaughlin of the Eastern Division—a position made vacant by the resignation of J. W. McGuire.

L. J. Driscoll, operator, Portland Division, was united in marriage with Miss Angeline Praught, August 20th, at Lancaster, N. H. They spent their honeymoon at Nantasket Beach and will make their future home at South Berwick, Me.

J. E. Simard, agent, Crawfords, who underwent a serious operation for appendicitis in the Morrison Hospital, Whitefield, is recovering and expects to leave there by the time this is in print. Alban J. Noonan is relieving him as agent.



### Real Railroad Family

*Ernest W. Coffin, agent at Riccars, writes interestingly:  
Editor Magazine:*

*I noticed in the August number reference to a railroad family, and it brought to mind the fact that I am a member of one that, while not so old in point of service, has a broad range. It is the family of George F. MacLearn of Yarmouth, employed until about a year ago on Section Six at Yarmouth Junction. Previous to that Mr. MacLearn was on the Grand Trunk section at Yarmouth, part of the time as laborer and part as foreman.*

*Two of his sons are now actively rail-roading. One, George, is a Maine Central conductor out of Waterville, and a second, Freeman, is an Illinois Central engineer out of Chicago. A third son, Dan, was formerly a brakeman on the Maine Central and later on the Grand Trunk.*

*Then one of Mr. MacLearn's daughters is wife of the agent of the Canadian National at Lewiston Junction, and has a son, R. W. Williams, who is an operator on the Maine Central spare board. Another daughter has for her husband a fireman on the Sandy River & Rangeley Lakes, while a third daughter is the wife of the writer. Incidentally, I might add that the Grand Trunk baggageman at Yarmouth Junction is a grandson of Mr. MacLearn. Not so bad for a little place like Yarmouth!*

*Yours truly,*

ERNEST W. COFFIN.

*Let's hear from some more railroad families!*

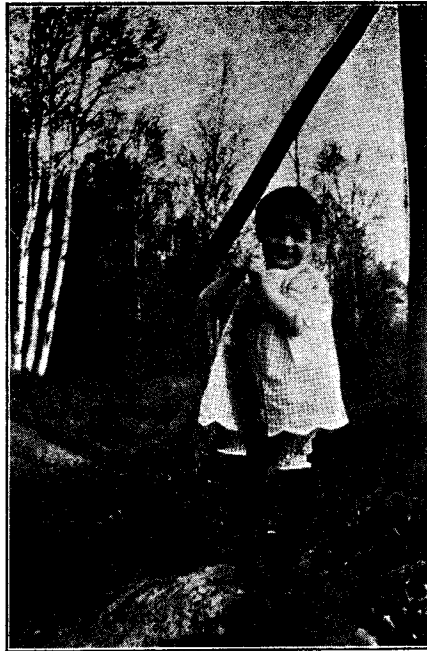
M. C. Erskine, agent, North Jay, has been on two weeks' vacation, attending the New England Railroad Agents Association Convention. The position was covered by Spare Operator MacCrillis.

Mr. W. G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent, attended the opening of the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Mass. Here he saw to the proper placing and distribution of Maine Central literature, setting forth Maine's charms and opportunities.

John A. Cobb of the signal department, known among the boys as "Ty," is conceded one of the best bowlers on the Rockland branch. These are the strings he rolled on the night of Thursday, Aug. 21: 122-95-123-102-118-103-96-124-97-109-100-99-98-114. Total 1400.

Everett Smith, aged 75, at one time employed in the engineering department, died Sept. 8, at his home in Portland. As a young man he studied civil engineering, and was one of those employed in the construction of what is now the Maine Central's Mountain Division. He retired from railroad life many years ago.

Ernest E. Abbott, for six years agent at Mt. Desert Ferry, has tendered his resignation and is



### Future Railroad Man

This little fellow is Stanton G. Gibson, son of Brakeman George Gibson of Kineo Station.

Stanton is two and one-half years old and is holding a three-pound trout, caught recently at Moosehead Lake. It is almost as big as himself!

—o—

to retire from railroad service. After many years as an agent on the Bangor & Aroostook, Mr. Abbott entered the service of the Maine Central in 1907, as chief operator. In 1908 he was appointed agent at Hancock, and in 1918 went to Mt. Desert Ferry in a similar capacity. He has a large farm in Hancock, to which it is understood he will retire.

Word has been received from F. P. King, who was given leave of absence because of ill health from the position of third trick operator, Bartlett, that he is now located at Klamath Falls, Oregon, and that his health is improving. He says that since his arrival, early in the summer, the rain has consisted of two or three showers, none more than five or ten minutes long. When the rainy season does come, which will be the last of September or first of October, he plans to go to California.

Superintendent James Asnault of the Mountain Division, who over-exerted his strength at the wash-out near Malvina, P. Q., August 5th, was obliged to enter Lancaster Hospital for a rest. His condition improved so that he left the hospital August 25, and at this writing is able to be out a little. This is the first time Mr. Lancaster has been forced to lay off because of illness since he went railroading, forty-three years ago. His son, Raymond, and wife, of Cambridge, Mass., spent their two weeks' vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Asnault.

Well, that old saying about "Hamlet with Hamlet left out" isn't always so far out of the way,

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### Mr. and Mrs. Ellis On 4,000-Mile Auto Trip

Two well-known members of the Maine Central family—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ellis, clerk and agent at Dixfield, have returned from an unusually varied and picturesque trip to the Pacific Coast.

They went as far as Spokane—a distance of almost four thousand miles, including side-trips—by automobile, preparing all of their food on the road and camping out at night. From there to the Coast the trip was by train, as was the entire trip back.

Mr. Ellis has written for the Maine Central Magazine the following interesting account of their experiences—an account that contains some valuable tips for any who may contemplate following a similar route:

We travelled over the Berkshire Hills Route to Niagara Falls and there visited the Falls and the Shredded Wheat factory, one of America's most sanitary and prosperous food plants, where visitors are always welcome and royally entertained. From here we crossed into Canada, going through to Windsor, Ont., this section of Canada being very beautiful and a rich farming and industrial center. At Detroit a visit was made to Ford's factory, where one can see the raw material converted into a vibrating lizzy with a speed, as a result of Ford's system, that nearly deceives the eye.

The trip from Detroit to Milwaukee, via Chicago, is through a thickly settled country with fine roads and no hills. Chicago is a great city for a green driver to attempt to pass through; it took our party five hours, and we rode over forty miles before getting to the West Side. From Milwaukee to St. Paul, via Grand Rapids and Eau Claire, was mostly a farming section after we left the lake shore. We crossed the Mississippi and went to Fargo, N. D., via Little Falls and Detroit, and then the greater part of our route through North Dakota was in the famous and well-named Bad Lands, which must be seen to be appreciated. The roads were extra good, considering the ground formation of this section.

The great grain and ranching sections of Montana were of special interest to us, but the ranch homes were hardly up to the standard expected. On

leaving Montana we entered Wyoming in order to go into Yellowstone Park at Cody entrance. This Park is a wonderful place and should be visited by everyone who goes West because of its natural curiosities and tame wild animals. A general days' stop was made in the Park. We left via the Gardiner exit and continued on through the great mining sections and mountain ranges of Idaho and Western Montana into Washington, arriving at the end of our auto trail at Spokane—a distance of 3998 miles, including side trips.

This trip took 29 days, and all food was prepared on the road and camping done with the equipment carried, which did not weigh over 350 pounds. Every night was spent in the tent and with comfort—except the night of July 10th at Yellowstone Park, where water froze as thick as window glass and the ground was white with frost.

The trip to Portland, Ore., by train, and then steamer 1500 miles to Frisco, was very interesting, and after taking in points of interest around the Golden Gate we made a several days' stop in central California, helping them reduce their excess stock of peaches, melons, pears, grapes, etc., the flavor and prices of which greatly appealed to us. From Sacramento to Salt Lake, over the American Canyon route and across the deserts to and through the Great Salt Lake, is another wonderful rail trip. At Salt Lake we made a visit to the Mormon grounds and enjoyed a recital in the Tabernacle, the famous Mormon Pipe Organ being used; and later, while visiting in the mountains with friends, we had the experience of being 2200 feet under ground after riding 2½ miles through a narrow mine tunnel horizontally into the mountain range. There we saw the actual mining of lead and silver on a large scale, as this is the richest mine in Utah.

The remainder of the trip to Maine was made via Omaha, Chicago and Boston, without stop, and the good old hills of New England and the M.C.R.R. were a welcome sight. The trip was a success, as we were glad to go, had a fine time, and are glad to get back.

after all. In our August issue was a photo from Cy Anderson, showing the Maine Central's entire force of passenger conductors in 1876—fourteen of them. We named the conductors, but somehow—it must have been in a fit of mental aberration—neglected to name the imposing figure in the center. Of course even the younger generation of railroad men immediately recognized Payson Tucker; but Supt. Blanchard of Car Service made an interesting remark. "I wasn't sure," said he, "whether it was Payson Tucker or 'Bob' Whitney. They look surprisingly alike." Mr. Whitney was a well-known conductor on the Portland Division, years ago.

Harry Stone, cartoonist and illustrator of the Lewiston Evening Journal, who is widely known in Maine, has drawn most of the cartoons published in the Maine Central Magazine. It may be of interest that the last cartoons he ever drew in Maine, for any publication, showed Coach Flaherty and Manager Farrell, of the Transfer House team. Three hours after completing them he left for Los Angeles, Cal., where he is to be chief cartoonist and illustrator of the Los Angeles Times. Incidentally, Mr. Stone has been interested in the cartoons of John Lyden, second trick chief train dispatcher, Portland office. Mr. Lyden has never studied to be an illustrator, and draws just a little for his own amusement and the entertainment of

his friends. "But I have never seen a beginner with greater promise," said Mr. Stone. "He has a real future with his pencil, if ever he gets tired of the telegraph."

To see a dog riding in an automobile is not uncommon. Less frequent, but by no means unknown, is the sight of an automobile being drawn by a horse. But it remained for Bert Foster, agent at Ellsworth Falls, to think up something decidedly original in this line. Out in his Rolls Royce one day, he saw a tired, despondent horse wearily plodding homeward, and in the kindness of his heart picked him up on the running board and gave him a ride.

Says the Rockland Courier-Gazette: The Ransom B. Fuller was not the only returned wanderer along the waterfront, yesterday. Down at the Snow shipyard in the shadow of the big derrick was a bedraggled steamer masquerading under the name Pawtucket. Old friends promptly recognized her cubist type architecture, identifying her as the old Maine Central steamer Sappho, well known here a score or more years ago. Ere Thursday's sun had set the big derrick was ripping off the old style houses at the first painful step in renewing her youth. The steamer will be thoroughly modernized and rebuilt with deck houses two feet higher and all the latest wrinkles.



# Maine Central Railroad Company

Statement Showing Taxes Paid By the Company On Railroad Property and Income  
During the Calendar Years 1915 to 1917, Both Inclusive, and  
Calendar Years 1921 to 1924, Both Inclusive

TAXING DISTRICT	YEAR 1915	YEAR 1916	YEAR 1917	YEAR 1921	YEAR 1922	YEAR 1923	YEAR 1924
State of Maine Excise.....	\$531,890	\$487,547	\$539,558	\$972,863	\$936,479	\$928,036	\$963,054
State of New Hampshire.....	40,126	43,025	44,261	59,159	58,185	58,197	* 58,197
State of Vermont.....	6,584	6,584	6,584	7,000	7,000	7,000	7,000
Province of Quebec.....	1,586	1,586	1,586	1,586	1,586	1,586	1,586
Province of New Brunswick	—	510	510	510	510	510	510
United States Income.....	21,368	20,173	61,548	122,391	71,998	73,500	* 79,424
Cities and Towns.....	57,065	60,776	72,858	100,473	104,690	113,660	*116,660
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$658,619</b>	<b>\$620,201</b>	<b>\$726,905</b>	<b>\$1,263,982</b>	<b>\$1,180,448</b>	<b>\$1,182,489</b>	<b>*\$1,226,431</b>

\*Estimated.

INCREASES—YEAR 1915 COMPARED WITH YEAR 1924:

	Amount	Per Cent.
State of Maine Excise.....	\$431,164	81
State of New Hampshire.....	18,071	45
State of Vermont.....	416	6
Cities and Towns.....	59,595	104
<b>Total Tax</b> .....	<b>\$567,812</b>	<b>86</b>

The above statement compares the taxes paid by the Company for three years prior to federal control with four years subsequent thereto, the three years of federal control and guaranty period being omitted, and is printed in this form in order that stockholders and others interested may have this information in condensed form and may understand the effect of the present taxing laws on the results of the Company's operations.

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## Where You Find Human Nature

Behind the Window of the Check Room of Union Station, Portland, Is a Good Place to Study It—Many Articles, Sometimes of Value, Are Never Reclaimed



LIFFORD BATCHELDER, who for fourteen years has had charge of the check room at Union Station, Portland, surely has an opportunity to study human nature as it flows endlessly past his window. Especially, perhaps, is this true in summer, when families from every state in the Union come to this gateway of Maine.

"Of course we get all kinds of people," said he, in recent conversation with a Maine Central Magazine reporter, "and, equally of course, we are treated to every variety of temperament and temper. Now and then there comes to the window someone who is blindly unreasonable,—and who almost deliberately, it seems, makes some remark most likely to hurt our feelings. But, from long practice, I have learned always to keep my own temper, and it's my rule never to answer back. You see, it is not exactly a fifty-fifty proposition while I am on duty, because I am working for the company. I am paid to please the public; the public is not paid to please me. Therefore I try to pay no attention to cross and tired travelers who make unreasonable remarks—which, after all, really hurt those who make them a great deal more than they hurt anybody else.

"But this class, after all, is much in the minority. Nearly all who come up to the window are pleasant and obliging, just as we try to be, and some of them seem almost like old friends—even though we don't always know their names. Among the thousands of summer tourists, some of whom come from as far as the Pacific Coast, there are several who remember us each year when they arrive, and always drop around to say 'hello.'

"I'm glad to meet you again," said one fine-looking traveler to me. 'It certainly seems good, on coming to Maine, to see a familiar face.' It is that sort of spirit, often expressed, that makes the job here worth while.

"Do people check bundles and packages and fail

to return for them? I'll say they do! There were fifty-six left here in the year 1923. It's a strange fact that umbrellas are no more often unclaimed than any other articles—for an umbrella is almost common property, anyway, and you'd suppose it would be the first thing a person would forget. But although we don't have many unclaimed umbrellas, there are sometimes really expensive articles—coats, vests, attractive suit cases; exactly the things that people would naturally cherish and guard. How do we account for this? We don't; it's just a phase of human nature. Personally, I can understand why a person would leave town without his

umbrella; but I can't understand why he should leave town without his vest and coat.

"Humorous and unusual incidents? Yes, they are cropping up all the time. We aren't allowed, for example, to accept perishable articles, although sometimes there is no way of determining. But not so long ago a man came to the window with a bundle neatly tied in brown paper, and with no mark to distinguish it as out of the ordinary. We took it, put it on a shelf, and thought no more about it.

"Three or four days later, we were startled by an odor worse than any chemical laboratory ever produced. Well, we hunted everywhere, and even started to rip into the wall in the hope of finding a

dead rat, but for a long time without success. Finally, just as we were about ready to move out, we came to that neatly tied package of brown paper, undid it, and found—a dead fish! Its owner had kindly left it in our care and never returned. We are supposed to keep every article until we get a release from the passenger traffic department—but I'm telling you we didn't wait for any release on that!"

In response to a question, Mr. Batchelder said that 5,900 articles were checked in May, 8,000 in

(Continued on Page 30)

### Lending a Hand

*Recently, Mr. Clifford Batchelder, in charge of the check-room at Union Station, was notified that a party of eighty-five young girls were coming from Camp Pine Cliff on the Mountain Division; and he was asked to look after them. This he did—reserving an entire top shelf for their baggage and personally extending every aid and courtesy.*

*At another time, he found a number of boys wandering about the station—apparently anxious to check suit cases and grips, but not knowing just where to go. Investigation disclosed that these boys had companions—forty of them, in fact, all from one camp. Thus forty articles were checked—and they might not have been, save for Mr. Batchelder's watchful care.*



World's Longest Train of Dairy and Poultry Feeds Received and Distributed  
Grain, Consigned to Eastern Grain Company—Its Sixty Cars  
On Trip From Lancaster, Pa.—Cars Were Sent to



This Is a Photograph of the Longest Single Train of Dairy and Poultry Feed for One Account Ever  
—Sixty Cars For Territory Served By the Maine Ce

**I**N THIS photograph—which was obtained with considerable difficulty and perseverance—is shown the longest train of dairy and poultry feeds ever received in New England; or, for that matter, ever run.

This "All Maine Train," as it was called, was made up of sixty cars and contained 30,000 bags of grain—consigned to the Eastern Grain Company of Bangor and Portland.

It was sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, leaving Lancaster, Penn., on Saturday, August 9, at 11.35 a.m.—as told briefly in last month's Magazine. Twenty miles beyond Lancaster it stopped and was photographed; and it attracted a lot of attention—for it was gaily decorated with

banners, as shown in the photograph, and its sixty cars were new and shining. 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; and the long special continued its continental trip—skirting New York and Boston, and passing over the B. & M. lines via the Fitchburg Division and Ayer's Junction. It reached Rigby at 9.15 p.m. on Monday, August 11, and was taken over by the Portland Terminal and Maine Central Railroad Companies.

A few hours later it was photographed for the Maine Central Magazine by representatives of Adams' Studio. Then it was broken apart—for its cars were consigned to

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