



Here Are the "Champeens"

The pennant winning team of Thompson's Point. Front row, left to right—Woodbury, p; Thorne, lf and c; Andrews, ss. Second row—Norton, p; Lamont, 1b; Kenney, substitute; Cady, cf; McKenney, 2b. Rear row—George E. Mills, treasurer; Frank Bennett, general foreman of the Thompson's Point shops; William C. Dow, manager. Absent—Chamard, c; O'Connell, lf; Allen, rf.

zine at the close of the season, but it was not possible to get all of the players together. There are three absent: Chamard, catcher, who is also catcher of Westbrook High; O'Connell, left fielder, who that very day had left to resume his studies at the University of Pennsylvania; and Allen of right field. It is appropriate that General Foreman Frank H. Bennett of the shops appears in the center of the back row. He did everything he personally could, the boys say, to make the team a success; and he was one of the fans who never missed a game.

This team fought hard for the pennant; and its success is all the more creditable in view of the fact that part of the season it could not play. Of course it had the benefit of Woodbury's exceptionally clever pitching; but it had also good team-work and developed a number of coming players.

Well—wonder who the pennant winners of 1925 will be?

—X—
A Lewiston Sun man took a trip to the new Lower Station park at Cloutier's siding, September 28, and saw the last of the Upper and Lower station series of games. Then he wrote a two-column story for his paper, embellishing it with a big cut of Pete Hanley making one of his several hits. There wasn't a more interesting feature on that day's sporting page. Wonder if Norm Thomas, sporting editor of the Lewiston Journal, got around?

It was a good, live game, all right, with plenty of action and some snappy plays—including Peaslee's one-handed catch of Brazier's off-side fly. And, when it went into an extra inning, the rooting could have been heard a mile.

Here Is the Bowling Schedule For 1924-25

Here, printed for the first time, is the complete Maine Central Bowling League schedule for the season of 1924-25. The games will be at the High Street Bowling alleys:

OCTOBER 17th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Somersets; Washington Countys vs. Rangeleys; Megantics vs. Oquossocs; Sandy Rivers vs. Kineos; Kennebagos vs. Mooseheads.

OCTOBER 24th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Megantics; Kennebagos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Mooseheads.

OCTOBER 31st.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Sandy Rivers; Somersets vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Kineos; Oquossocs vs. Mooseheads.

NOVEMBER 7th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Kineo; Somersets vs. Mooseheads.

NOVEMBER 14th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Sandy Rivers; Kennebagos vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Kineos; Megantics vs. Mooseheads.

NOVEMBER 21st.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Kennebagos; Somersets vs. Oquossocs; Washington Countys vs. Mooseheads.

NOVEMBER 28th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Mooseheads; Washington Countys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Kineos; Somersets vs. Kennebagos.

(SECOND PERIOD)

DECEMBER 5th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Washington Countys; Oquossocs vs. Rangeleys; Megantics vs. Somersets; Kennebagos vs. Sandy Rivers; Kineos vs. Mooseheads.

DECEMBER 12th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Megantics; Oquossocs vs. Kennebagos; Washington Countys vs. Somersets; Sandy Rivers vs. Mooseheads; Rangeleys vs. Kineos.

DECEMBER 19th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Somersets; Washington Countys vs. Rangeleys; Megantics vs. Oquossocs; Sandy Rivers vs. Kineos; Kennebagos vs. Mooseheads.

DECEMBER 26th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Megantics; Kennebagos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Mooseheads.

JANUARY 2nd.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Sandy Rivers; Somersets vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Kineos; Oquossocs vs. Mooseheads.

JANUARY 9th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Kineos; Somersets vs. Mooseheads.

JANUARY 16th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Sandy Rivers; Kennebagos vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Kineos; Megantics vs. Mooseheads.

JANUARY 23rd.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Kennebagos; Somersets vs. Oquossocs; Washington Countys vs. Mooseheads.

JANUARY 30th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Mooseheads; Washington Countys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Kineos; Somersets vs. Kennebagos.

(THIRD PERIOD)

FEBRUARY 6th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Washington Countys; Oquossocs vs. Rangeleys; Megantics vs. Somersets; Kennebagos vs. Sandy Rivers; Kineos vs. Mooseheads.

FEBRUARY 13th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Megantics; Oquossocs vs. Kennebagos; Washington Countys vs. Somersets; Sandy Rivers vs. Mooseheads; Rangeleys vs. Kineos.

FEBRUARY 20th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Somersets; Washington Countys vs. Rangeleys; Megantics vs. Oquossocs; Sandy Rivers vs. Kineos; Kennebagos vs. Mooseheads.

FEBRUARY 27th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Megantics; Kennebagos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Mooseheads.

MARCH 6th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Sandy Rivers; Somersets vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Kineos; Oquossocs vs. Mooseheads.

MARCH 13th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Sandy Rivers; Washington Countys vs. Kennebagos; Megantics vs. Kineos; Somersets vs. Mooseheads.

MARCH 20th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Sandy Rivers; Kennebagos vs. Rangeleys; Washington Countys vs. Oquossocs; Somersets vs. Kineos; Megantics vs. Mooseheads.

MARCH 27th.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Kineos; Rangeleys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Kennebagos; Somersets vs. Oquossocs; Washington Countys vs. Mooseheads.

APRIL 3rd.—Bridgton-Sacos vs. Mooseheads; Washington Countys vs. Sandy Rivers; Megantics vs. Rangeleys; Oquossocs vs. Kineos; Somersets vs. Kennebagos.

All postponed games are to be played at the end of the season, or at the disposal of the committee in charge. If a longer period is desired, the first period will be repeated as it is given in this schedule.

Here are the details:

UPPER STATION	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Curran, cf	4	1	2	1	1	0
McCray, ss	4	0	1	4	4	2
Wght, lf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Parker, c	4	1	1	3	3	0
Ryle, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	1
Peaslee, 1b	2	0	0	10	0	0
Caron, rf	3	2	3	1	1	0
Hardy, 2b	3	1	1	3	1	1
Fox, p	2	1	0	0	0	7
Rollins, p	2	0	2	2	1	0
Weber, p	2	0	1	2	3	0
Soule, x	0	0	0	0	0	0
Murray xx	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	7	13	30	15	11

x—Ran for Caron in 3rd, 6th, and 8th.
xx—Batted for Peaslee in 9th.

LOWER STATION	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Cullen, 1b	4	1	4	13	0	0
Maguire, ss	5	1	1	3	2	0
D. Merrill, cf	4	0	1	0	1	1
Hanley, 2b	4	3	3	1	1	0
Brazier, c	4	2	3	5	4	1
Minnehan, lf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Ellis, 3b	2	0	1	1	3	2
St. Onge, rf	3	1	1	0	1	0
Briery, p	4	0	2	4	3	0
Hancock, 3b	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	37	8	17x	29	17	5
Webber, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Upper	0	0	1	0	0	1
Lower	0	0	5	0	0	2

Two base hits, Brazier, Cullen, Curran. Three base hit, Briery, Home runs, St. Onge, Cullen, Hanley. Stolen bases, Maguire 3, Parker, Curran. Sacrifice hits, Wight, Hardy.

(Continued on Page 24)

Introducing a Group of Good Fellows At Thompson's Point Shops



The Blacksmith Force

(The story tells you all about them.) ..

From one who knows them all intimately, we received the accompanying photograph and the following snappy "who's who" of those in the big blacksmith shop at Thompson's Point. You'll recognize many of these brief biographies:

No. 1—A. L. Hale, an all-'round smith, not afraid to tackle the hardest jobs and always willing to do an honest day's work.

No. 2—J. E. Moore takes care of the second fire; also makes all the thermit welds on locomotive frames. Mr. Moore is some burnt-cork artist, aside from being an all-'round smith. Mr. Moore has just returned from a visit to his old home-land, England.

No. 3—Peter Peterson, with his happy smile. He has much for which to be happy. He is the father of 6 girls and owns a nice little home in the Deering district.

No. 4—C. E. Durgin is a specialist on flue welding. When a man welds one tube every three minutes he doesn't lose much time.

No. 5—Carl Boylan never likes to pose for his picture, so was somewhat nervous.

No. 6—Walter C. Tapley, machinist (frog butcher); specialist on track frogs and crossings. He is also some black-face comedian and has a mighty kick on the buck and wing dance. You want to see him kick it out.

No. 7—Henry Laming, a little bashful but no bad habits. But he does like to go down to New Brunswick. We are inclined to think it is the fairer sex that is the great attraction.

No. 8—Andrew Nelson. His job is to keep the shop clean and carry material to and from the other shops.

Nos. 9 and 10—George Simpson and John Dumphy—two "pals." To get them started, just talk horse racing. How they used to race down on P. E. Island! Simpson also likes to invest a little in the black fox farming, so famous down there.

No. 11—Bradley Johnson. He doesn't know anything about an automobile, but is an expert on a "Ford," especially coming down the mountains, when his brake-linings are worn out. His wife thought he was going rather fast, but did not know he couldn't stop. After several miles he landed in an open field and Lizzie was still on her feet. Johnson's heart also hit the high places.

No. 12—Elei Roma. An all-'round smith. Although the cares of this world have removed the hair from his head, you would never know it, the substitute is so natural. If you want a job in a hurry, give it to Roma every time.

No. 13—John A. McPherson, hammer-smith (or big fire.) It is John's delight to get a large driving axle in the furnace, heat it hot, and turn it

around under that big steam hammer. With the new device for handling such jobs, it is comparatively easy to handle. Making forging for locomotives is John's delight.

No. 14—Alex Handley. In addition to being heater for the hammer-smith, he is champion checker player of the shop. But he can't beat Smith at cribbage.

No. 15—Mircel Audit, hammer runner. He just loves to take a trip up to the Province of Quebec. We think it is the fairer sex he loves, more than Quebec.

No. 16—William Keating. Aside from "laying up for a rainy day," Bill just loves to take a trip to his home town, Milltown, N. B.

No. 17—George Waltman. George has been a very busy man the past year, building a new house in the suburbs.

No. 18—Allie Murry. An expert on cement and brick work in his spare time.

No. 19—L. E. Spright. We don't know that he has an enemy in the world. 'Nuf sed!

No. 20—James Patterson. Aside from work, all Jim's ambition is to spend a few weeks at his old home, St. John, N. B. He has just returned from an extended visit through New Brunswick and eastern Maine.

No. 21—H. G. Reed, tool-smith. Mr. Reed has just got to get that two weeks in the big woods in the fall. The deer always know when to expect him and get out of sight, evidently, as he doesn't always bring any back with him.

No. 22—J. B. Harvey tried to get two pictures at once, but anybody who ever met Mr. Harvey will recognize his kindly smile. He is one of the oldest

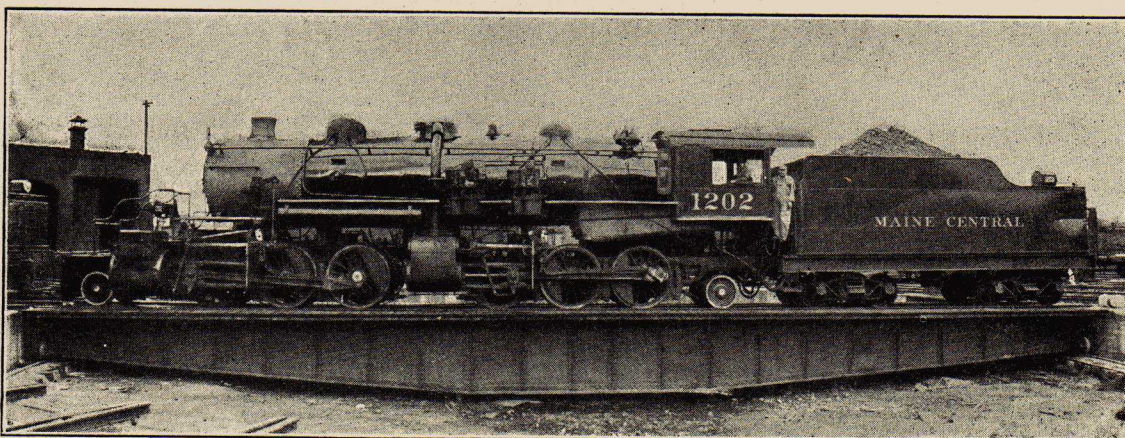
men in the company's service, having worked for the M. C. R. R. since 1888, and before that for the P. & O. before it was taken over by the M. C. Mr. Harvey has the best of health, always a good word for everybody, and we are hoping that we will have him with us for many years to come.

No. 23—Irving Alward holds the title of being the only man in the shop that can turn a Ford over three times and wake up without a scratch; but the Ford was badly bruised.

No. 24—John MacDonald, foreman. (Note: The editor of the Magazine is writing this particular paragraph. And he says: Over in the general offices, and in fact all around the Terminal, we know a lot about John MacDonald. He is an inventive genius, and the Thompson's Point blacksmith shop is filled with his labor-saving devices. Also, he knows how to be a good fellow and at the same time keep his department at a high state of efficiency.)

Another worthy of mention is Henry Bovine. Sorry his picture is not here, but we cannot pass without some comment. Mr. Bovine is the oldest man in service, working continuously since 1886. He began work in 1874, but left the service for some time. He is in good health and won't take a back seat for anyone so far as a day's work is concerned. There are several more, but they were afraid of the effect upon the camera, and so asked to be excused.

A railroad has to haul one ton of freight forty-eight miles to get the money with which to buy one pint of ink, according to an executive in the research department of the National Transportation Institute. To buy a cross-tie, that expert tells us, a ton of freight must be hauled 75 miles; a hand lantern, 105 miles; a freight car wheel, 1,287 miles; a monkey wrench, 115 miles; a day's work of a machinist, 534 miles—and so on.



A Super-Engine

How's this for a big engine? It is of the Mallet compound type, runs on the Mountain Division, and was photographed at Thompson's Point. It is the heaviest on the whole Maine Central system—weighing 308,000 pounds, with tender of 148,300. The next heaviest on the system weighs 290,000 pounds, and its tender 152,000.

Very Remarkable Record

No One Killed and But Five Injured On the Maine Central's Thousand Grade Crossings In the Months of Heavy Summer Travel
—What the Accidents Were



THE figures below are as significant as any we have printed in some time, or are likely to print. It will pay you to glance through them, if you have a minute or so to spare. They show that in June, July, August and September—the four months in which Maine highways are crowded with automobiles—nobody was killed and only five were injured in accidents at grade crossings of the Maine Central Railroad. And, of these five, only one was sufficiently serious to be reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission—which requires a report when the person injured is incapacitated more than a day.

picture houses, too, the proprietors of these houses co-operating most generously and faithfully. Then, through the co-operation of Mr. Dunn and the Maine Central's publicity department, stories were printed in many of the Maine papers. All of these things could hardly have failed to sink into the public mind.

It appears to be true that, as automobiles increase, the average driver's caution increases in proportion. Were this not so, the highways of Maine would be impassable. Statistics establish that only three per cent of those who drive cars have figured in American grade crossing accidents,—which means, of course, that ninety-seven per cent

Here is a tabulation of accidents to automobiles, causing death or injury to occupants, in the months of June, July, August and September of this year—as compared with the corresponding months of 1922 and 1923.

	1922		1923		1924	
	Killed	Injured	Killed	Injured	Killed	Injured
JUNE	0	0	0	2	0	2
JULY	7	1	2	1	0	2
AUGUST	1	2	2	5	0	0
SEPTEMBER	1	3	3	2	0	1
Total	9	6	7	10	0	5

When it is remembered that there are a thousand grade crossings on the Maine Central system, and that tens of thousands of cars pass over them every hour, this is an exceedingly gratifying record. It is the more gratifying when compared with the records of the past two years—nine being killed and six injured in June, July, August and September of 1922, and seven killed and ten injured in the corresponding months of 1923. And since 1923, of course, the number of automobiles has increased tremendously.

Was it public education, unusual caution or pure luck—this exceptional record of the present summer?

Perhaps it was a combination of all three.

The educational campaign, conducted throughout the system under the supervision of Mr. Matthew Dunn, was nothing if not thorough. In every station, and at the approach of every crossing, the slogan, "Wait, you may lose," flashed its vivid warning. And it was shown in scores of moving

co-operate with the railroad management by using reasonable care. But even three per cent means an appalling number of individuals.

Luck, of course, always figures. Between the time these lines are written, October 8, and the time this issue of the Magazine reaches its readers, there may be a fatality so startling it will attract the attention of all Maine. October, with its constantly shortening days, is known as a dangerous month. Even if there is such an accident, it will not alter the fact that nothing serious befell, all along the Maine Central lines, in the flood tide of summer travel.

Of course there have been, on Maine Central crossings this summer, some thrillingly spectacular escapes and one or two episodes that were really funny. One driver, for example, stopped squarely in the center of a crossing to inspect his supply of gasoline. He made the inspection very leisurely, found that he had gasoline a-plenty, and continued on his way. He might have found that there are

safer places than a railroad crossing in which to inspect gasoline tanks—had the Bar Harbor express happened along.

A peculiar accident occurred when one driver speeded his car directly in front of a locomotive. He managed to just escape the iron death bearing down upon him; but he swung his car at such an angle that it tipped over an embankment and its three occupants were injured.

Specifically, between June 1 and September 30, there were the following accidents and near-accidents on Maine Central crossings. Notice how unusual several of them were:

Fifteen automobiles and trucks were struck by trains.

Four ran into the sides of trains.

Six ran into ditch to avoid striking trains.

Nine ran into crossing gates lowered for trains.

Sixteen drove under or around gates, lowered for trains.

Six ran into and damaged fences, signals and other railroad property.

Eighty-eight failed to observe stop signals displayed for approaching trains.

Fifty-two failed to reduce speed to ten miles per hour as required by law before driving over railroad crossings.

Two drove over crossing directly in front of train.

One stopped on crossing to inspect supply of gasoline.

Two drove over crossing when automatic signal was ringing.

Sports

(Continued from Page 20)

Hancock, Merrill. Double plays, Minnehan to Hanley. Left on bases, Upper 5, Lower 14. Bases on balls, off Fox, 6; Rol-

A Tucker Anecdote

Few persons, not actually on the payroll, keep in more intimate touch with Maine Central affairs than does Will Kendall of Bowdoinham. It's not merely because he is one of the road's important shippers. He knows everybody in that part of Maine, and a great many railroad men are numbered among his friends. He had a very genuine admiration for the late Payson Tucker.

"I'll tell you one little incident," said Mr. Kendall, in conversation with a Magazine reporter, "that throws a clearer sidelight on Mr. Tucker's character than any I recall. A section hand, some fifty miles east of Bangor, had got into trouble. He had been at fault, as was plainly shown. On an ordinary railroad he would have been discharged. But Payson Tucker made a personal investigation, and this is what he found: There was sickness in the man's family. He had been up night after night, trying also to do his work by day, and was on the point of exhaustion. In fact, he was about as near as anyone could get to being down and out.

"Did Mr. Tucker 'stretch that man's neck,' as the saying is? He did not! First he sent around a trained nurse. Then he said: 'Take a week off and get rested. You'll do better work when you come back.'

"I don't know whether or not Mr. Tucker paid the nurse himself. Probably he did—and it would have been like him. But I do know that the story, although never printed in the newspapers, spread from one end of the road to the other; and that is why the section men stood with their hats off when Mr. Tucker's car went by."

A Sad Story, Mates

Col. Michael Crowley, a clerk in the employ of the Boston & Maine, who is quite well known in railroad circles elsewhere in New England, recently gave to the Boston papers an interview that was read with sympathetic interest.

This interview filled four columns. Boiled down, it was to the effect that 31 years ago it was his custom to drink a little, his average being about 40 drinks per day. One particular day, after taking these customary 40 drinks—which were of beer, ale, brandy and whiskey, with hard cider chasers—he went to a party, where he consumed nine pints of champagne. Returning home, he had ten hot shots of rum and molasses. Then he went to bed; and, although he could not exactly account for it, he "seemed to hear bells ringing and whistles tooting all night long."

Next day a friend—one Frank Jones, millionaire brewer of Portsmouth—signed and gave him the following unique document: "I promise to pay Michael Crowley the sum of \$10,000 if he abstains from drinking any liquor for the next ten years. If I pass away during that time, the manager or trustees will pay him." To this Col. Crowley agreed; and he scrupulously kept his part of the agreement—thus depriving himself, as he roughly figures, of 146,000 drinks. In fact, he has been on the water wagon ever since.

Now comes the sad part of the story. Frank Jones died just before the ten years expired, and Crowley has not been able to collect from his estate. Now, after a lapse of years, he has actually filed suit in the Suffolk County Superior Court, for principal and compound interest. His friends do not venture to predict what the outcome will be.

lins, 2; Briery, 1. Hits, off Fox, 9 in 3; off Rollins, 7 in 3; off Webber, 4 in 4; off Briery, 13 in 9. Hit by pitcher, by Fox (Ellis) (Merrill.) Wild pitches, Fox, 6; Rollins, 2. Passed balls, Brazier, 2. Winning pitcher, Briery. Losing pitcher, Webber. Struck out, Webber, 1; Briery, 4. Time, 2:32. Umpires, Cummings and Burns.

According to the newspapers, the attendance was 1113. It was really 1246.

The bowling season of the Maine Central General Office League opened on Friday, October 3. There will be a match each Friday evening.

Bliss Eadon is chairman of the league, and the executive committee is composed of Miss Marion Sleeper, Miss Frances Moran, Clayton Waite, C. H. Oberg and Horace N. Woodbury.

This is the personnel of the teams:

Bridgton and Sacos—Chester Brown, Nina Webb, Mildred Libby, Philip Winslow, William McCullum.

Washington County—Howard Bean, Gladys Greeley, Marguerite Hollywood, Don Heiskell, John McCullum.

Megantics—Clifford Roberts, Florence Bass, Ruth Mangum, Benjamin Gas, George Foster.

Somersets—Roy Hiles, Mae Hinds, Madeline Goudy, Howard Leighton, Malcolm Allen.

Oquossocs—Walter Robinson, Hortense Kingsley, Helen Meserve, Edward Nagle, Clayton Waite.

Kennebagos—Walter Talbot, Marion Willey, Florence Munro, Charles Mills, Horace Woodbury.

Rangeleys—Harvey Rand, Bernice Jellerson, Vyletta Macomber, Herbert Oberg, Bliss Eadon.

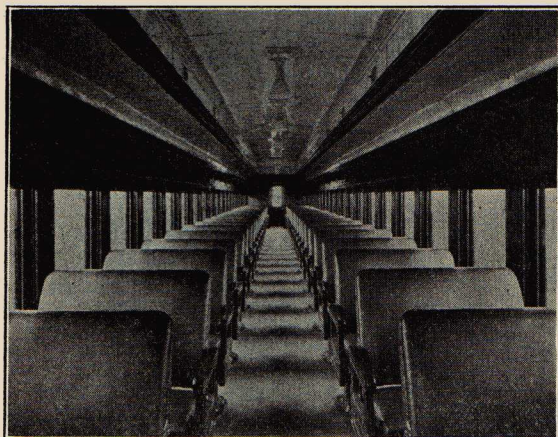
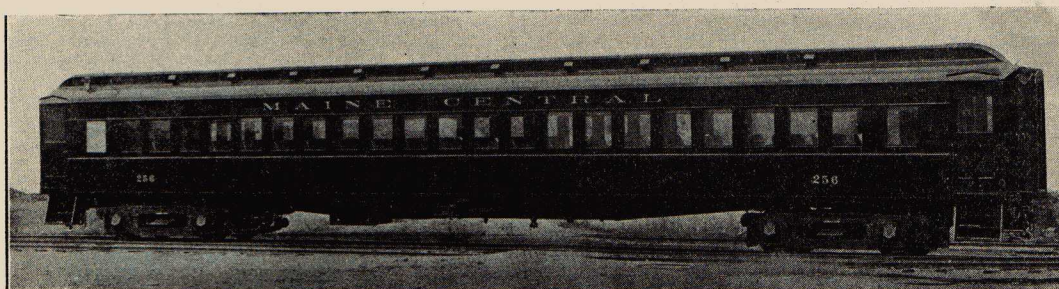
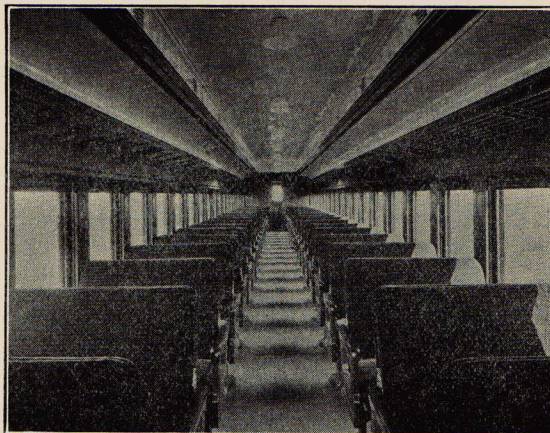
Sandy Rivers—Aubrey Orchard, Blanche Lowe, Frances Moran, Thomas Herald, Philip Pearson.

Kineos—Guy Shaw, Rose Langlais, Elvira Berry, Roy Shaw, Clifford Jess.

Exterior and Interior of New Passenger Cars

These photographs, furnished to the Maine Central Magazine through the courtesy of Mr. Philip M. Hammett, superintendent of motive power, show part of the Maine Central's new equipment—the interior of a day coach, the interior of a smoking car, and an exterior view. On another page is one of the new box cars, from a photograph given us by the inspector in charge.

All of the new equipment has been put in service—and it is very easily recognized,



even by casual passengers, for it literally glistens. He must be an indifferent member of the Maine Central family, indeed, not to feel some little touch of pride in the giant locomotives and stylish passenger cars.

These passenger cars, as the accompanying pictures show, are the last word in comfort—yes, and with a considerable degree of beauty and luxury as well. They have electric lights and a temperature which, when they are in motion, remains automatically at seventy degrees. Who would have thought such comforts possible, even a dozen years ago?

There are nine of these cars—six coaches, each seating eighty-eight passengers, and three "smokers," each seating ninety.

Mooseheads—Howard Dodge, Grace Dexter, Marion Sleeper, Joseph Bucklin, Hallie Bucklin.
 This was the team standing on October 11:
 Oquossocs, won 8, lost 0; 1000 per cent.
 Bridgton and Sacos, won 6, lost 2; 750 per cent.
 Sandy Rivers, won 5, lost 3; 625 per cent.
 Megantics, won 5, lost 3; 625 per cent.
 Mooseheads, won 5, lost 3; 625 per cent.
 Kennebagos, won 1, lost 7; 125 per cent.

Somersets, won 3, lost 5; 375 per cent.
 Kineos, won 2, lost 6; 150 per cent.
 Washington County, won 0, lost 8; 000 per cent.
 Rangeleys, won 1, lost 7; 125 per cent.
 Highest average—Foster, 93.
 Highest total—Allen, 113.
 Highest three-string total—Foster, 286.
 Highest team single—Sandy Rivers, 420.
 Highest team total—Oquossocs, 1206.

Story of a Strenuous Sunday

How, On October 5, a 105 Foot Span of Ticonic Bridge Was Removed and a New Span Rolled In, Without Interruption To Travel
—Hundreds of Spectators



AT 10.30 o'clock on the morning of October 5, train No. 1 passed over the Ticonic bridge at Waterville on its way to Bangor.

Five minutes later the track was broken: twenty minutes later a wide chasm, as shown in one of the snap-shots on the opposite page, yawned in the center of the bridge. For an engineering feat requiring speed and skill was in progress; and this feat was to remove one of the old spans, 105 feet long, and roll into its place a new span, which had been constructed along side it—all without interrupting the passage of trains. And Sunday had been chosen because there would be fewer trains on that day.

A hoister was first run to each end of the old span, and the track broken by the section men. Next, one of the hoisters reached down its long steel arm, picked up the rails and laid them on the new span; the second hoister picked up ties that had been rolled into piles, and carried them ashore.

Then the old steel floor beams and stringers were taken out and temporarily laid in piles on the rocks below. This cleared the way to the hard pine bents, basis of all the false-work. Two of these bents, at the westerly end, were removed—whereupon the others crumpled and fell toward the west, as a pack of cards might have fallen.

The giant stage was now cleared for the day's real thrill—and there was a thrill, too, in watching an accomplishment that would once have been thought impossible. For they were ready to roll in the new span. The westerly hoister stuck out like some strong arm, and ropes, running through pulley blocks, were attached at the span's end. Perley N. Watson, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Maine Central's western lines, stood upon one of the piers. There was a signal by Mr. Watson, and the giant hoister strained as the ropes were drawn taut. Everything seemed favorable. The little groups of workmen, and throngs lining the highway bridge beyond, waited in tense expectancy. Then came another slight movement of Mr. Watson's hand—and smoothly, easily, almost without creak or groan, the mass of steel began gliding toward the chasm where the old span had been.

The new span slid forward with mathematical precision. A minute, a minute and a half, a minute and three-quarters—and the engineering miracle was done. Where, 105 seconds before, had been a yawning hole, was now a span that will endure to the passage of Maine Central trains as long as the present generation shall live.

The rest was easy—a sort of anti-climax. The rails were connected with those on the old span, and

What Photos Show

The five views on the opposite page were taken Sunday, Oct. 5, and they illustrate how a span of Ticonic bridge was rolled into place between the passage of trains.

1—A pair of old stringers and floor beams, taken from the bridge, being swung clear of the false work and lowered to the rocks—later to be loaded upon cars.

2—The gaping chasm in the track, just before the new span was rolled into position.

3.—Lower and upper blocking, with "roller-nests" between. Also, the big rope and pulley.

4—Looking toward the Winslow span. Perley N. Watson, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Maine Central's western lines, will be recognized.

5—The new span partly rolled in—photographed just one minute after the process started. The entire time was a minute and three-quarters.

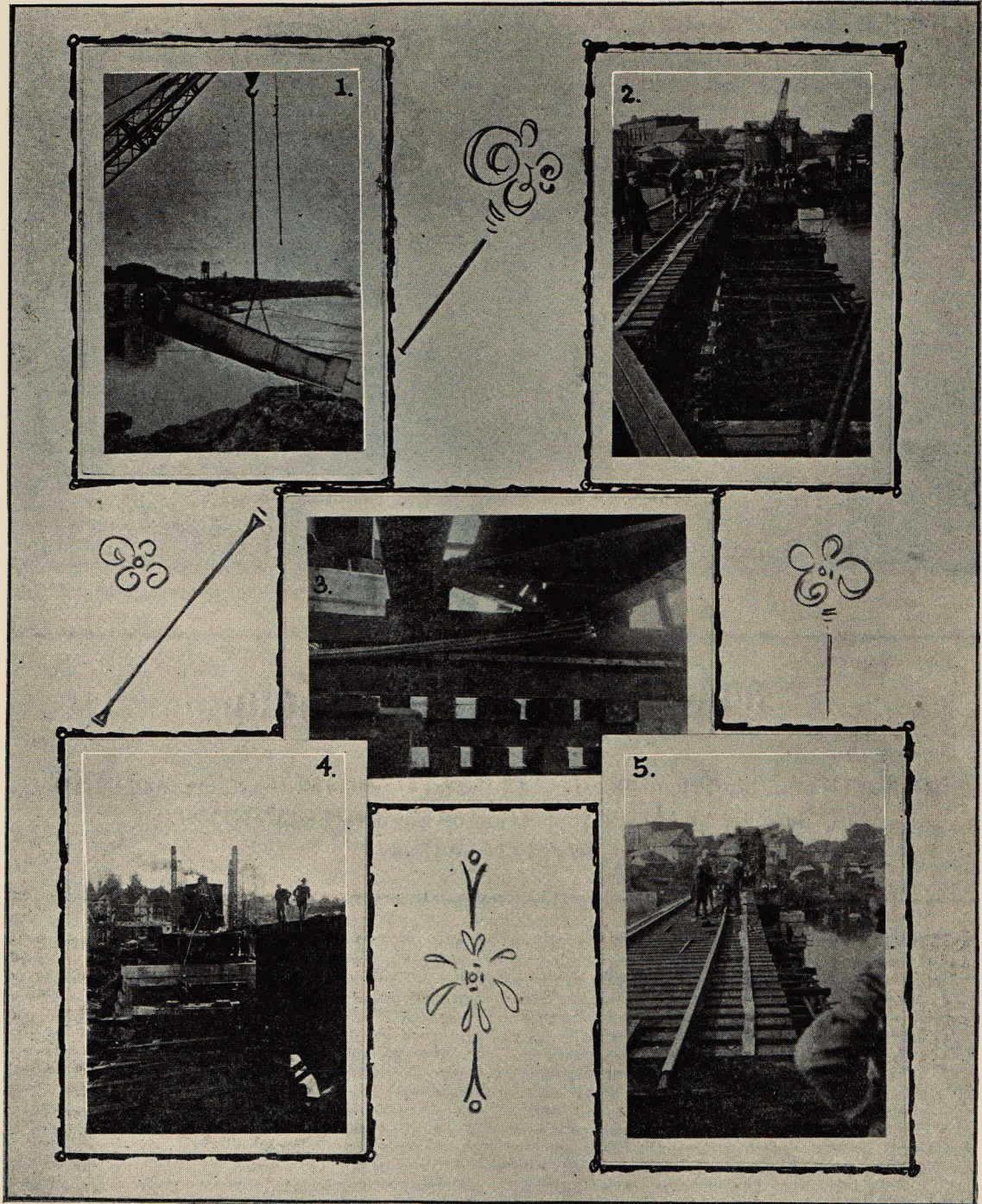
tests made to insure their being spiked securely. No. 702, west-bound, crossed the span shortly after four o'clock.

Incidentally, it is fortunate that the highway bridge was recently strengthened, for at times, as the afternoon wore on, it was black with spectators.

Maine Central Affairs

At the September meeting of the directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company, the resignation of Hon. Frederick H. Appleton of Bangor, a member of the board since 1911, was read, and was accepted with regret. Mr. Appleton's successor will be chosen later.

The Maine Central Railroad Company has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to acquire control, by purchase of its capital stock, of the Hereford Railway, which extends from Canaan, Vermont, to Lime Ridge, Quebec,—fifty-three miles. Authority was also asked to abandon operation after the stock has been acquired. The object of this is to release the Maine Central from its lease of the property, which is operated at a heavy loss.



How the Span Was Rolled In

(For Description of Views, See Box on Opposite Page.)



The Portland Rotary Club and Guests at Rigby

—Photograph

The Rotarians At Rigby

Brief, But Memorable Trip of Portland Club and Guests to Giant Terminal—Buffet Lunch; An Hour's Inspection of Engineering Marvels; Cheers For the Hosts



ON Friday, October 10, a party of 135—members of the Portland Rotary Club and a few invited guests—were taken on a personally conducted trip from Union Station to Rigby. And here, for a longer time than had been intended, they threaded their way through a maze of industrial and engineering marvels that genuinely impressed them. They had read about Rigby—knew of it in a general way, as all Maine citizens do; but here was a concrete and first-hand illustration. Rigby, when you walk through it, seems very different from the Rigby casually seen through the windows of fast-moving cars; only by a visit can one fully realize the transformation wrought from an old-time trotting park to northern New England's greatest terminal.

Portland Rotary Club, in common with those generally throughout Maine, meets once a week. Usually its sessions are in some hotel—a quick

luncheon, followed by an address that may be brilliant or unusual but must never be long. Thus a dash of conviviality and good-fellowship is injected into the middle of a busy day. But occasionally the program is varied; and it was varied most agreeably on Oct. 10, when the club accepted an invitation to view the property—at least in part—of the Portland Terminal Company. The conclave of New England Rotary clubs was nearing its close at Poland Spring, and so a number of Rotarians from other cities came as the guests of Portland members.

The company began to gather at 11.30. On track one a special was in waiting—two buffet cars, a combination car and two passenger coaches of the new equipment, their bright sides glistening in the noon sun. For a half hour the constantly arriving guests were shown through the station, which is something of a little city in itself—a city whose features, at one time or another, have all been described in the Maine Central Magazine, but which



sts at Rigby

—Photographed for the Maine Central Magazine.

are never-failing sources of interest. Especially, perhaps, were the visitors impressed by the big room in which clerks, who also are telegraphers, answer inquiries and make reservations as received and demanded from all parts of Greater Portland and beyond. They were familiar, of course, with the waiting room, the smoking and baggage rooms, the restaurant and many other parts of the station—but this busy spot, hidden on the second floor, was new to them. They were surprised, also, to find quarters for conductors and station officials as elaborate as are the general offices of smaller railroads.

At 12 o'clock the buffet cars were opened; and the guests passed into and through them in an animated stream. In the first car—where J. S. Coombs, head of the Maine Central's commissary department, was in personal charge—colored waiters served surpassing rolls, coffee and salads. Then the guests passed into a second car, down whose center ran a long table. But this table proved something more than a place on which to rest already well-filled plates—it was in itself a temptation, for it contained big platters of salads and cake, the idea being that the guests were now to help themselves. They did. In fact, one could have been exceedingly contented here, had he not gone to the other car at all.

"I have never known finer hospitality," said a Rotarian who stood next the writer.

Much might be written of that brief trip to Rigby, did time and space permit. If you who read these lines are a Rotarian, you will have an idea what it was like. If you are not—well, some day you will go upon your first Rotarian outing, and then you will have a vivid and memorable experience. When business men do play, they play very hard; when they spend an hour's vacation in the

middle of a busy day, they somehow manage to crowd two or three vacations into one. And so it was rather an intensive lesson in the science of good fellowship.

They gave three cheers for "Charlie" Priest—otherwise Superintendent Priest of the Portland Terminal Company—that could have been heard on the Mountain Division and held a note of real affection. And they dared him to make a speech; but he didn't. There were super-cheers, also, for Mortimer M. Harris, head of the passenger department, and for other Maine Central officials who were present as gracious hosts. In the upper yard at Rigby all hands posed for a photograph—with the result shown above—and then the trip of inspection began.

Now, Rigby has been described many times in all manner of publications; but the impressive magnitude of it—the true worth and ingenuity—will never be realized until seen. As intimated, there is nothing comparable to it anywhere in this part of the railroad world. And so, for a longer time than had been intended, the visitors marveled at this industrial panorama: at this illustration of what can be accomplished by something of imaginative insight and a great deal of engineering skill. Columns could be written—yes, and have been written!—of the great roundhouse of brick, concrete and steel, which will hold 42 locomotives and has tracks just outside for fourteen more. And of the 95-foot long, 75-ton turn-table, so delicately adjusted that it could be turned by hand, in the impossible event that both its electric power and compressed air tractor should fail. And of the shed where coal is dumped from the cars into pits beneath the tracks; is carried upward by electrically driven conveyers; is then dropped into bins, from the bins into one-ton

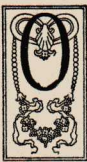


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Facts About the Portland Terminal Company

One of the interesting features of the Rotarian trip to Rigby was the distribution of attractive little pamphlets, embellished with the seal of Rotary International and a photograph of Portland Union Station, and containing some very pertinent statistics regarding the Portland Terminal Co.

We reprint these statistics in full. They are brief but important—well worth reading:

The Portland Terminal Company is a corporation of the State of Maine. It is a subsidiary of the Maine Central Railroad Company, which owns the entire capital stock. It owns all the lines of railroad formerly owned by the Maine Central and Boston & Maine Railroads in the cities of Portland, South Portland and Westbrook. It operates the Union Station in Portland for the accommodation of the passenger traffic of the Maine Central and Boston & Maine Railroads; terminal freight station, coal discharging plants and wharves in Portland; passenger and freight stations at Woodfords, Deering Junction, Westbrook and Cumberland Mills, as well as all passenger and freight terminal switching service for the accommodation of its own traffic and that of the Maine Central and Boston & Maine.

Approximately 100 miles of track operated.
Average number of terminal employees, 1,450.
In addition, over 900 train service employees in and out daily on Boston & Maine and Maine Central.

PASSENGER

At the ticket office:	
Railroad tickets per year,	430,332
Pullman tickets per year,	81,580
Highest railroad sales one day,	3,627
Highest Pullman sales one day,	657
In the baggage rooms:	
Number of pieces of baggage checked per year,	64,750
In the parcel room:	
.... Open 20 hours daily	
Number of parcels checked per year,	100,000

Largest number one day, 1,052
Information bureau:

Open 88 days—11 hours each day
Deals with an average of between 500 and 600 people each day.

Passenger train statistics:
Trains into station per year, 11,735
Trains out of station per year, 12,712
Sleeping cars per year, 23,070
Parlor cars per year, 9,450
Coaches per year, 32,522
Smoking cars per year, 17,054
Baggage cars per year, 16,880
Express cars per year, 21,928
Milk cars per year, 15,768
Strawberry cars per year, 192

Mail:
Number of sacks handled per year, exclusive of open parcels, which number about 4,000 per day, 4,591,700

Taxi Service:
26 cabs operate from stand in front of Station.

FREIGHT

Freight train statistics:
Trains in and out of Portland per year, 24,218
Freight cars in and out of Portland per year, 755,257

Less carload shipments:
Received for Portland delivery per year, 120,422
Received for forwarding per year, 312,224

Coal shipments:
Cars loaded at various Portland discharging plants for forwarding per year, 31,998

At the terminal wharves:
Cars loaded with pulpwood for forwarding per year, 3,150
Cars loaded with sulphur for forwarding per year, 2,133
Cars loaded with China clay from England for forwarding, 3,136

buckets, and from the buckets to the tenders of the locomotives. We might again describe these things—and ever so many more. But the Rotarians, representing Portland's business and professional men, saw them with their own eyes—which meant a great deal more than columns of cold type. And so they picked their way down the maze of tracks, past throbbing engines and between lines of cars—one of the most unique of sight-seeing expeditions, under the supervision, at this point, of Master Mechanic H. A. Southworth.

The return to Union Station was more quiet; perhaps the Rotarians were "fed up" on sight-seeing and engineering wonders. As it was rather late when Union Station was reached—although every moment had been of interest—it was decided not to continue to Thompson's Point, as had been intended. This, too, would have been an interesting trip—for General Foreman Frank H. Bennett of the shops had everything in spic-and-span readiness.

Acting as personal hosts to the Rotarians on this really unique and memorable visit were Dana C. Douglass, the Maine Central's vice-president and general manager; George H. Eaton, freight traffic manager; Philip M. Hammett, superintendent of motive power; Asa H. Morrill engineer of construction; Charles D. Barrows, purchasing agent—and, as stated, Mr. Priest and Mr. Harris. The conductor of the special was Bernard H. Quinn, the engineer was J. B. Denham, and the fireman was R. C. Holden.

This visit was at noon and in the early afternoon; at night, in an uptown hotel, a talk to members of the Maine Press Association was given by President Morris McDonald. Truly, it was a day on which the railroad world, the business world and the newspaper world were brought very near!

Editorial

(Continued from Page 10)

advertisement in a daily paper or a magazine in which he took no personal or friendly interest?

The answer is obvious. Here is a definite, tangible, vivid illustration of the fact that one hundred readers of a railroad magazine mean more than one hundred readers of almost any other. The advertisement in an ordinary publication appeals to the commercial instinct of those who read it—and to nothing more. The advertisement in a railroad magazine does appeal to something more—it appeals to a spirit of family unity, of mutual interest, of active co-operation. This added element is not recognized by national advertisers; but it exists and should be recognized.

Maine Central Family

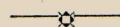
(Continued from Page 12)

ences, even though she had tried to keep them from her husband—doors that opened of their own accord, and other sinister things that were due to anything but imagination. She also recalled how, some years before, this room had been photographed. Those who took the photograph noticed nothing out of the ordinary; but lo!—when the plate was developed there appeared upon one of the chairs a white and misty form, which human eyes had not seen. It had been seen, apparently, by the eye of the camera. The matron—a practical, level-headed woman—told it all very matter-of-factly. Some things are not easily explained.

Mr. Moore, who was a railroad worker in England before coming to America, was impressed on this visit by the British railroad system, so far as it was possible to observe it—the great consolida-

In Shildon, where they spent three weeks, the horrors of war are still uppermost in many people's minds; for this, because of its nearness to the railroad shops and mining district, was the objective of Zeppelin raids. But the kaiser's airmen were singularly unsuccessful. The only real damage they did in all that vicinity was to kill one calf and knock over a stone wall.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore returned to Boston on the same ship that had taken them across—reaching Portland only a few days go.



Remember the broadside of railroad puzzles sent in by members of the Maine Central family and printed in the Magazine's June and July issues? These puzzles have certainly traveled far. We saw one of them reproduced, with credit to its author, in a Los Angeles newspaper. And a few days ago we received the following from Dearborn, Michigan:



Section C Crew, Portland Terminal Company, Union Station, Portland. Front row, sitting, left to right—George Austin, Guy Thompson (foreman), Gerald Coggins (assistant foreman), Boyle Thorne, Frank Roma.

Back row—Horton P. Hayes, Patrick Costello, Martin Feeney, Michael McDonough, Freeman Jacques, Walter Hayes, Cyril Murphy, Ernest Mowatt, Ralph Coss, Corey Cail, Robert Murphy, Charles Greenwood.

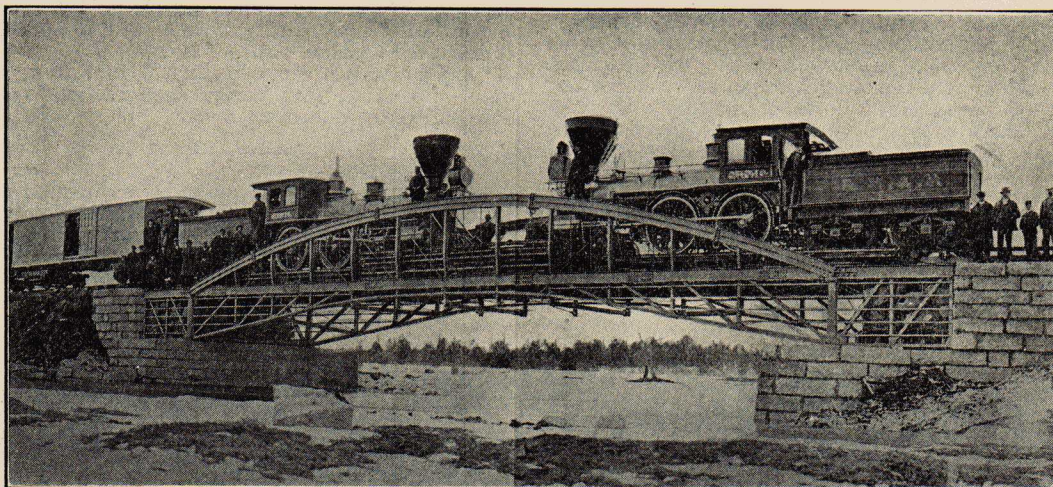
tions seeming to have brought improved system and efficiency. Asked about the moving picture theatres, he said there are a great many in London—and it is just like going to the theatre in Portland or any other Maine city, for all of the films he saw were American-made. The faces of Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson and other American film stars stare at you from all the bill-boards. He saw a great deal of unemployment, and everywhere were cruel scars left by the war; but the people seemed cheerful. He thinks that the British Empire Exhibition—a sort of super-fair, on a scale of such surprising magnitude it can hardly be appreciated unless seen—has done much to relieve this unemployment and improve morale. His description of the exhibition was of real interest and value. There were 220,000 people in the buildings and grounds on the day Mr. and Mrs. Moore went there—but there was not the slightest crowding, confusion or delay, so perfect was the system of transportation.

“One of the most interesting and successful features we have seen in a railway employes’ publication is the ‘puzzle department’ which you have been conducting. We would like to reprint some of these, with proper credit, in the Detroit, Toledo and Iron-ton Railroad News, and would appreciate your permission to do so. Ralph E. Lewis, editor.”

The D. T. & I. Railroad, you know, is owned by Henry Ford, and the letter was on his personal stationery. Of course permission was gladly granted; and so a few good old Maine Central puzzles will soon be spread before some of the myriad employes of the flivver king.

And speaking of puzzles—we’ve received one (not exactly relating to a railroad, by the way) from W. J. McAllian, Maine Central agent at South Brewer. “This was given me,” he says, in an accompanying note, “and I have worked it out. But I have been unable to find anyone else who has; and, if you would care to have the boys puzzle over it,

An Old Test of the Olamon River Bridge



This shows two once famous old engines, Orono and Winn, built by the Hinckley Locomotive Works for the European and North American Railway. When this road was absorbed by the Maine Central, the engines became Nos. 71 and 72. They were destroyed in 1894.

The bridge on which they are resting spanned the Olamon River; and the picture was taken just after it was completed. In fact, it was taken during a test—the two engines, and pile of rails between them, making a weight of 139 tons. This was considered a considerable burden in those days.

The bridge was built in 1868, and was removed in 1886.

print it in the Magazine and I will be glad later to send the answer."

Here is the problem—and it is calculated to twist knots in one's brain, sure enough: "B is now twice as old as A was when B was six years older than A is now. When A is six years older than B is now, their combined ages will equal C's age at that time. C is now 46 years old. What are the ages of A and B?"

If anybody thinks he can do that, let him try. If no one can, we'll call upon Mr. McAllian to make good with his answer.

From Mr. George F. Libby of Lewiston, one of the best known of retired railroad men and uncle of Mr. Dana C. Douglass, the Maine Central's vice-president and general manager, the Magazine has received two interesting old documents—a Maine Central time card that became effective August 5, 1872, and another time card effective December 4, 1881. The special rules, as well as the schedules of the trains, reveal to the generation of today a wealth of railroad history.

The Magazine has received—or, in some cases, been promised—several other documents reminding of those old days: the days when railroading was less scientific but more picturesque. We hope soon to get a group photograph of them all, and to pick

out some of the more striking and unusual parts of their contents. Mr. Libby's time cards should prove one of this page's most interesting features.

Waterfront Business

(Continued from Page 3)

the volume of freight from the terminal wharves was given as per the number of cars. Therefore, for the sake of variety, we will here give it in terms of cargoes—impressive figures, covering the year 1923, as follows:

Coal, 222 cargoes; China clay, 19; sulphur, 13; pulp wood, 10; wood pulp, 9; lumber, 5; coke, 1.

It's worth a trip along the waterfront just to see—if there was nothing more—the great steel shovels lowered into the bowels of the vessels; then hoisted to the hoppers, where their loads are sent into the waiting cars. And there are stories in some of those vessels—stories we hope to write later.

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Best Black Elk Leather with woolen earlaps. Long visor especially for Engineers and Firemen. Affords much better protection than a cloth cap. Will not blow off. Waterproof. Will serve years. Weight, 5 1-2 ounces. Send for free sample of leather.



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Pens, Vacuum Bottles
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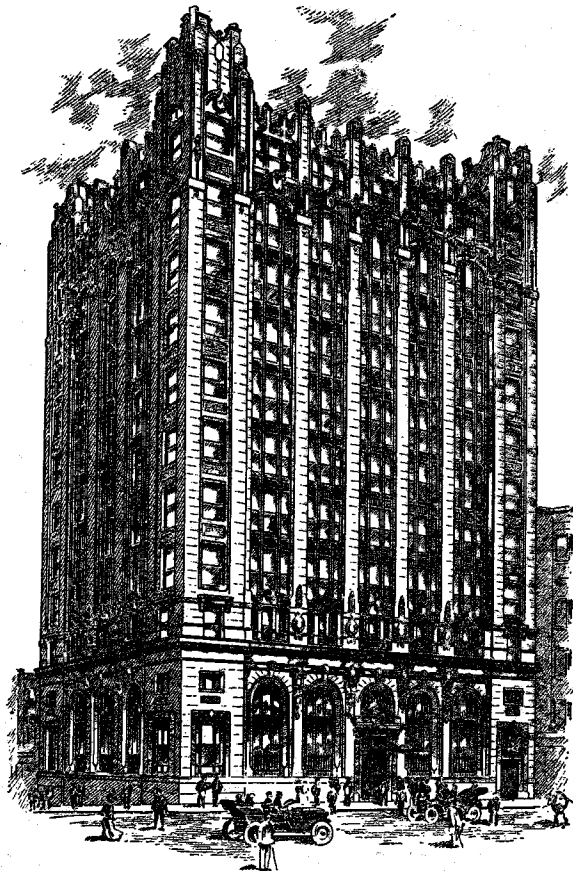
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18,000 deposits were received at this bank the past year through the mails without a loss to any person.

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