

MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER, 1924

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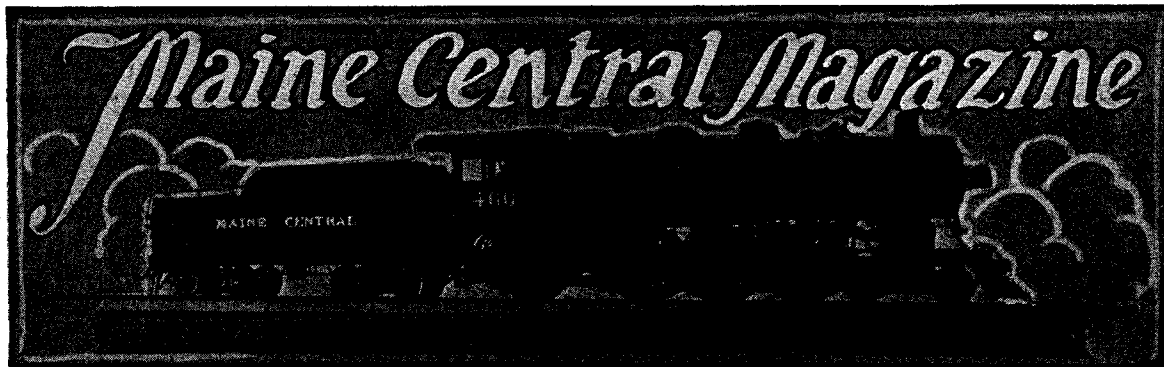
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Vol. 1

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 11

With the Camera At Rigby

Engine 630 and Its Numerous Group of "Passengers"—A Suggested Panoramic View That Would Be Without Equal In New England
—The Office and Yardmaster's Forces



MAGAZINE devoted to the interests of a certain transcontinental railroad system printed in a recent issue a page of photographs taken at one of this system's giant terminals.

They were more than ordinary photographs. They had been taken from such unusual angles, and men and engines had been arranged so deftly, and with such massed effect, that the result was fully as spectacular as some scene upon a stage.

"Very good," said the energetic young man who now and then takes photographs for the Maine Central Magazine. "But we can beat that at Rigby. And we won't merely imitate this other magazine, either. We'll get some effects of our own."

So the energetic young man and the magazine editor went to Rigby and tried it. It was not wholly easy—for Rigby is a place of drifting smoke and hurrying activity—but all hands, from Master Mechanic Southworth down, entered into the enterprise. Here was a true spirit of co-operation—a willingness to fit into the picture.

Mr. Southworth himself suggested the

intricate details of a view that would be really a supreme effort of photography—a view unparalleled in any magazine anywhere. The Rigby roundhouse will hold forty-two locomotives and has a 95-foot turntable. Fill the roundhouse with locomotives and place the camera on this turntable, which would slowly revolve for the taking of a giant panorama. The completed picture would give the effect of forty-two locomotives rushing head-on toward the camera—enough to thrill most anyone, and impossible to obtain anywhere else in New England.

This would require elaborate preparation. Some day we are likely to try it; but it was not possible the other afternoon. It was possible, however, to run out Engine 630 and fill it, in massed effect, with men from the roundhouse crews. No. 630 is one of the prides of the main line; and, if engines do think and feel, it should have been a bit proud itself, with such a group of "passengers."

Getting the smaller groups was, of course, simple in comparison.

(Continued on Page 29)

(See photographs on Pages 16 and 17)

The Maine Central Steamers

Something of the Color and Romance of Frenchman's Bay, Where the Great and Near-Great Unbend—Companionable Mr. Ford, Democratic
John D. Rockefeller—Real Steamboating



WO summers ago, a middle-aged couple alighted from a private railroad car at Mt. Desert Ferry, passed Capt. Joe Norton with a pleasant "Good morning," and boarded the Maine Central steamer Rangeley. They were recognized by several at the ferry as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford.

Later, as the steamer was leaving Bar Harbor, Capt. Norton passed through the saloon. The great manufacturer and his wife were sitting there—and they were almost alone, for the passenger list on this particular trip happened to have been light.

"I introduced myself," said Capt. Norton, in recent conversation with a Maine Central Magazine reporter, "and asked where they were going.

"Seal Harbor," Mr. Ford replied.

"Won't you take a trip through the boat?" I invited, wishing to be hospitable.

"Oh, we've done that already," said Mr. Ford, smiling. "We've been in the boiler room and all around." And then he paid me—or, rather, the Maine Central—one of the most graceful compliments I ever heard. "What a good boat this is," said he, "and how well kept! You should be very proud of it."

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Ford came with me to the pilot house and stayed there all the way to Seal Harbor. It was the first time we had carried them, for usually they come in their own yacht. Mr. Ford talked of many things—he is far from being the silent man the newspapers sometimes picture; and anyone would know he was earnestly sincere in what he said about Maine. He thinks it one of the finest places in the world—and Seal Harbor its ideal beauty spot. 'My one regret,' said he, 'is that it's so far from home.'

"This was on a Thursday. The son, Edsel Ford, and his family went with us Sunday to the Ferry,

where they took their private car. Henry Ford shook hands with me on the wharf at Seal Harbor.

"Sorry I'm not to sail with you again, captain," said he, "but the wife and I are to motor home. I know you'll take good care of my son's wife and kiddies."

"I thought that ended the matter, and was a little surprised, a few minutes later, to find he had followed me aboard the boat. Again he shook hands and wished me good-bye. And that is a picture of the real Henry Ford when one is privileged to meet him out of business hours—one of the most genial, most companionable, most democratic men I have ever known. And Mrs. Ford was the same way—fine people, both of them. You can tell when a great man is really democratic or just plays the part for effect."

This was but one of the many episodes that Capt. Norton told—for these Maine Central steamers, every summer, literally carry hundreds of the great and near-great. Artists, writers, actors, social leaders, men who think in terms of millions—all seek, summer after summer, this wonder-spot of the Maine coast. Some come in private yachts; others, of course, by automobile; but whole companies of them trudge across the wharf at Mt. Desert, there boarding luxurious Maine Central steamers that ply to the jeweled harbors. Incidentally, while many of these guests come all the way by train and boat, a much lesser number come all the way by automobile. Numerous cottage owners at Northeast and Seal Harbors avail themselves of Maine Central service as far as Ellsworth, where they are met by their chauffeurs. But even more are ticketed straight through.

One of the most democratic is John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He never comes by private car. Usually he arrives on a Thursday, in the Bar Harbor

Some Task

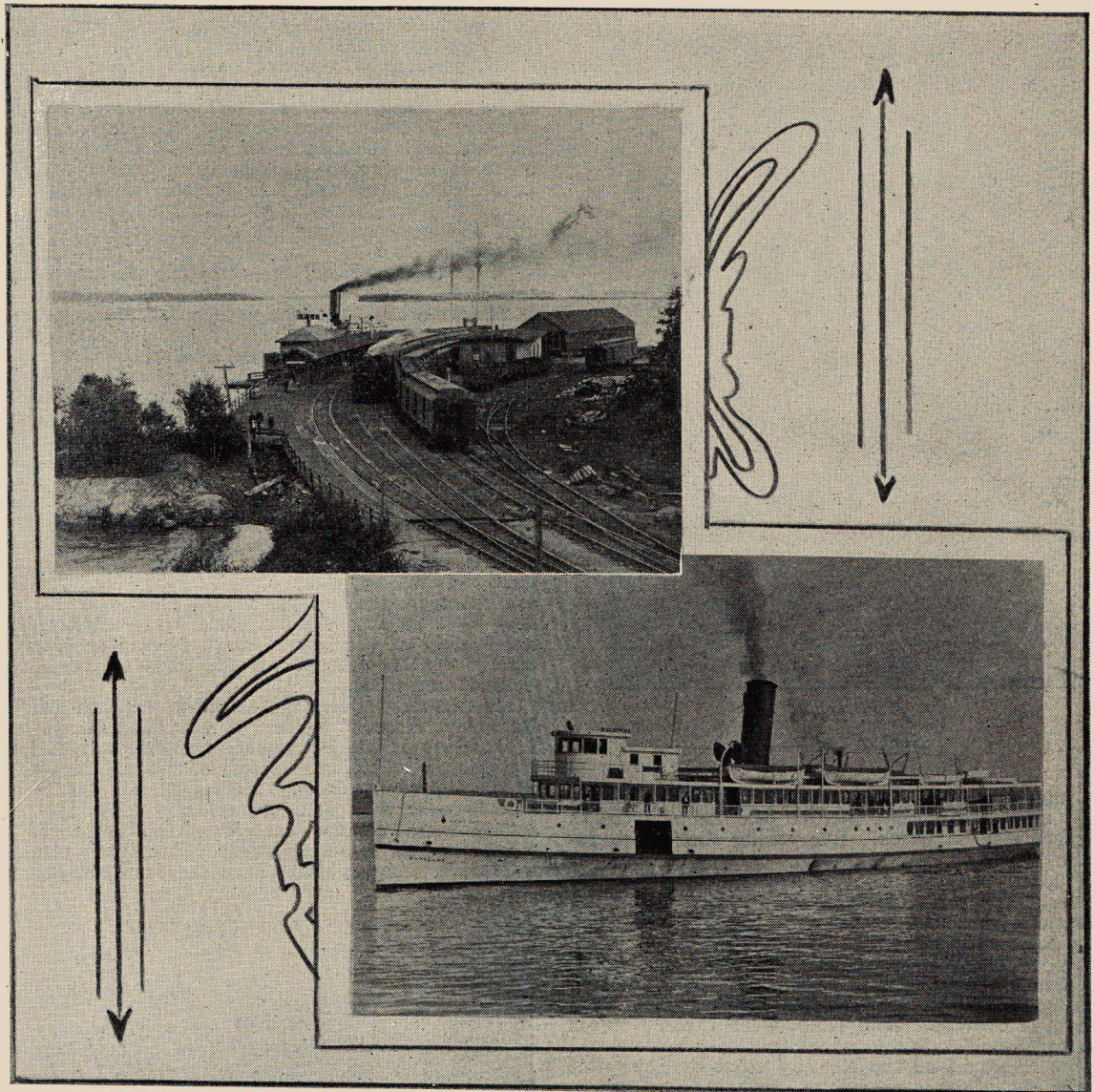
They tell the story of a young man who, bright and early one Monday morning, went to a teacher of music and said:

"Professor, will you teach me how to play the violin?"

"All right," was the answer. "Come around next Thursday for your first lesson."

"But that will be too late," said the young man, doubtfully. "I've got a date to play in a concert tomorrow night."

In somewhat the same way, a writer who expects to absorb much of the color, the romance, the practical railroading and steamboating of Frenchman's Bay on one brief visit, and transmit them in one article has set himself something of a task. Nevertheless, we have tried to make this little story accurate—and some of the facts in it will gratify members of the Maine Central family, we think.



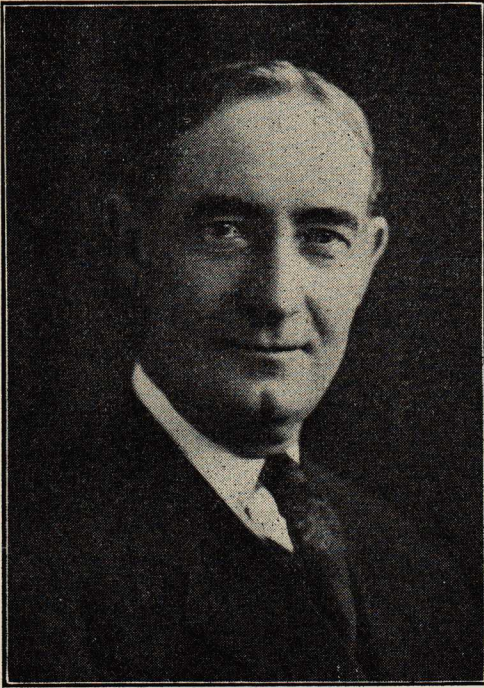
Upper—A typical summer scene at Mt. Desert Ferry. Steamer Rangeley at dock; steamer Norumbega coming from Sullivan.
 Lower—The Rangeley, queen of the Maine Central "fleet."

express, wiring ahead to steamer Rangeley the number in his party and hence how many places are to be saved for them at dinner. "He, too, sometimes talks to me in the pilot house," said Capt. Norton. "He likes to talk about Maine. And, let me tell you, this old state has no more enthusiastic booster anywhere."

Flo Ziegfeld, America's premier judge of feminine charm, and Billie Burke, who is Mrs. Ziegfeld in private life, are quite frequent passengers on the Rangeley. And, speaking of the screen and stage, there are often little companies of moving

picture people posing against the lovely backgrounds of the Maine coast. Now it is Annette Kellerman and her water nymphs, diving for the camera men off Schooner Head. Again it will be a little group from the Eastern studio of Famous Players, finishing a romantic drama whose earlier scenes were "shot" in Norway and Sweden. And so on—company after company, summer after summer, all reaching their picturesque destinations via the Maine Central lines.

There is, too, an element of mystery, if not exactly fascination, in these Maine-coast activities of



J. L. Norton
Senior Captain.

the movie people. The white light of publicity beats upon the moving picture colonies as it beats nowhere else on earth. Everything that these favorites of the silver screen say and wear and eat and do is recorded, at great length, in the daily papers. And yet, for some reason unexplained, no attention whatever seems to be paid them when they come to Maine. The papers could get some really wonderful stories, any summer, by sending down a few reporters to ferret out these picture-making activities around the harbors—but they seldom if ever do. And later, when these pictures are "released," it is announced that they were taken at the Bahamas or the Norway coast or any point in the seven seas: any point, that is, save where they were really taken—the far-flung, ruggedly beautiful old State of Maine.

Why?

We do not know. It is a major mystery. We do know that Maine is thus robbed every summer of some rather enviable free advertising.

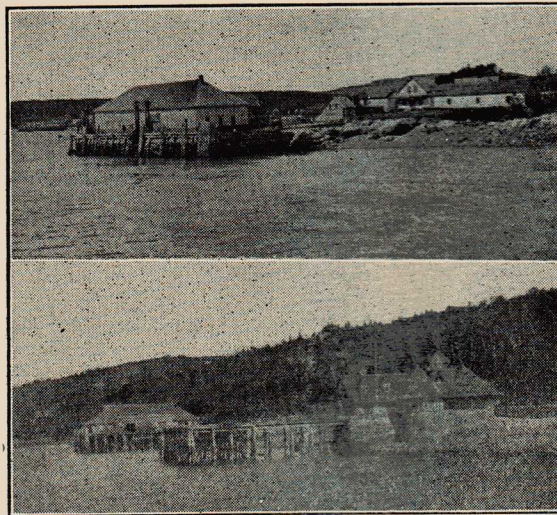
Specifically, there are now three Maine Central steamers—the Rangeley, 409 tons; Pemaquid, 335 tons; Norumbega, 304. Those who ride in them for the first time are more than a little surprised by the grace and beauty of their outlines, the comfort and even luxury of their appointments. It may perhaps have been printed—but we do not recall seeing—what Capt. Haynes, federal supervisor of steamboats, said of them at the close of an inspection two years ago. "The cleanest, best equipped and most carefully kept of any steamers of their class on the Atlantic coast," was the way

he expressed himself—which means a great deal, when you stop to think of it.

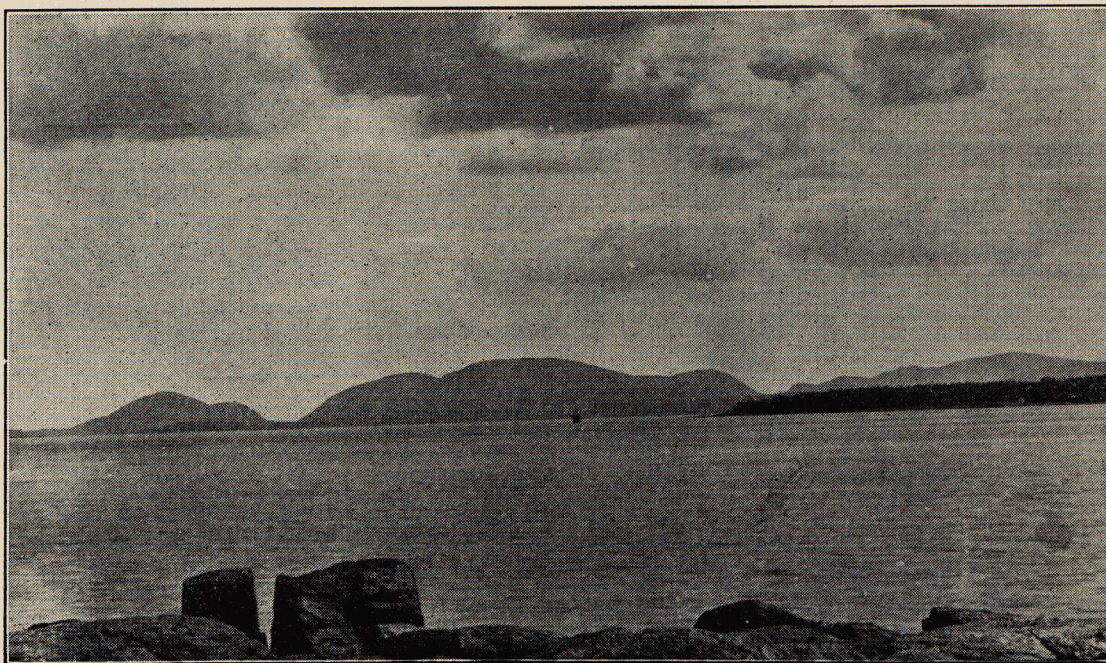
In summer, the Rangeley and Norumbega ply between Mt. Desert Ferry and Bar Harbor, Seal, Northeast and Southwest harbors; the Pemaquid between Rockland and Castine, touching at Dark Harbor and Islesboro. In winter the Pemaquid alone is in service—making three daily trips between the Ferry and Bar Harbor, a weekly trip to Southwest Harbor, and additional trips to Seal and Northeast harbors when warranted by freight in carload lots.

This freight handling—although we are not, at this time, going into figures or technical details—is far from the least interesting of the Maine Central's coastal activities. Between the fall of '23 and winter of '24, for one brief example, the Pemaquid made eighty-five special trips with freight—from one to three carloads on each of them, all in addition to its regular business. Summer residents, you see, usually build or rebuild their cottages and bungalows in the winter-time. Fifteen carloads of potatoes and twenty carloads of cans were taken to one big plant, which makes a specialty of canning sardines in summer and fish-hash in winter. It really is a wonderful place, this plant—all white enamel, just as some restaurants are; and no human hand touches any part of the hash, once the eyes are cut from the potatoes. But all this opens the door to a broad, broad subject. One might write indefinitely of the Maine coast, in winter or summer. * * * At present we will stick to the Maine Central end of it.

In summer, Joseph Norton is captain of the Rangeley, Rodney Sadler of the Norumbega and L. E. Foss of the Pemaquid—the first named having a crew of 24, the second of 19, and the third of 16. In winter, as has been said, only the Pemaquid is in service; and, just as some plays are presented with "all-star casts," so the Pemaquid in winter has an imposing array of navigating talent—Norton being captain, Foss the mate, Sadler the



(1)—The landing at Southwest Harbor.
(2)—Seal Harbor.



The Mt. Desert Hills, looking from the Ferry.

pilot, and seniors in service from all three steamers making up the crew.

Nor do we speak lightly. They are born sailors, every one of them—men who cheerfully face hardships, and sometimes actual dangers, as just part of the day's work; men who have given the best years of their lives to the service they love. Capt. Norton came to the Frenchman's Bay steamers in May, 1899; Capt. Sadler in June of the same year; Capt. Foss in 1902—and they have been in it continuously ever since. We hope soon to print a little biographical sketch of each—and we predict that it will make exceptionally interesting reading. They are known, literally, to thousands of summer tourists and Maine residents all up and down the coast. They can tell of those picturesque days, now gone, when Bangor was one of the world's great ports, and men born on the coast of Maine followed the call of the sea. The love of clear waters and salt air is in their blood—will be in it until the end. And they are men who have done things.

"What was your most thrilling experience?" the reporter asked Capt. Norton.

"Well," said he, "there is one date we'll not forget in a hurry—and that date is April 13, 1920.

"We had been around the Hills to Southwest Harbor, with a load of freight. When we started back the wind was blowing sixty-five miles an hour and the sea was very rough. Something happened half way from the lighted buoy off Seal Harbor to the bell buoy off Otter Creek; a big sea struck our rudder and carried it away.

"A steamboat man will know what that means! We kept going until we were able to shut off and drift in the lee of Egg Rock. From there we would back up and come ahead, back up and come ahead—always trying to get inside the islands, where we

Requires No Million

"Contrary to popular belief," says Capt. Norton, "one can spend his vacation in Bar Harbor very pleasantly, seeing all there is to see, and not be a millionaire. In fact, he can do so very inexpensively.

"There are many private homes in which good rooms can be obtained for \$5 and \$6 a week; and there are restaurants in which the prices are moderate—less than are demanded in the big cities.

"Prospects for recreation are limitless. Maine Central steamers give round trips to Winter Harbor for 75 cents; a trip around 'the hills' and back to Bar Harbor is 84 cents. It is possible to take a 40-mile automobile ride for \$2. Walks through woods and on mountain trails are unsurpassed in scenic charm. Yes, you can spend a wonderful vacation at Bar Harbor; and don't let anybody tell you it will cost a fortune. You'll find to your surprise that the expense is less than at the average summer resort."

could get an anchor down. But it worked so well that we came all the way to the Ferry—fifteen miles in two and a half hours. Who were aboard? Foss, Sadler and myself, the rest of the crew, and just a few passengers. I'll say those passengers were game—they didn't make a complaint."

There often is fog in summer, rough weather in winter; but these Maine Central steamers never miss a trip. Service on Frenchman's Bay is spelled with a capital S.

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 employees.

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.

NOVEMBER, 1924

Editorial

A Tribute

In the October issue we printed extracts from letters of thanks sent by summer tourists—largely for small but kindly services rendered by individual members of the Maine Central family. To be sure, those who gave these services had no idea of thanks or of reward—it was just part of their day's work; but we printed a few paragraphs because, after all, words of appreciation have never yet harmed anyone.

In the office of the freight traffic manager, recently, was received, from the Boston office of a widely known firm, a letter that we reprint because of the very unusual sentiment conveyed in its third paragraph. We withhold only the firm's name—for the letter was not written with a thought of publication:

*Freight Traffic Mgr.,
Maine Central R.R. Co.,
Portland, Me.*

Dear Sir:

We had occasion to call you on the 'phone recently in reference to a shipment of an engine which we made to ourselves at _____, Maine, for fair exhibit. You assured the writer over the 'phone you would do everything you could to locate this engine and have it delivered at _____ in time for the fair.

We want to take this opportunity to thank you for your service, and assure you that your efforts, which resulted in this machine being delivered, were very much appreciated.

We are frank to say that the traffic department of the Maine Central R.R. Co. is the only one we have ever found that indicates, either by actions or words, that it

appreciates situations of this kind and could and is willing to try to do anything at all.

*We certainly want to thank you.
Very truly yours,*

An editorial essay might be written upon the subject of this letter, and similar letters, did time and space permit. It all comes down to one thing—the value of giving service.

Service, to a true railroad man, is the biggest word in the dictionary.

A Vital Problem

The announcement that Maine railroads will this winter seek legislative relief from their crushing burden of taxation has everywhere been received with interest—and, it may truthfully be said, with a very considerable degree of favor. Several of Maine's leading papers have considered it in editorials—all thus far agreeing that the request is fundamentally just, and should be given earnest and thoughtful consideration at Augusta.

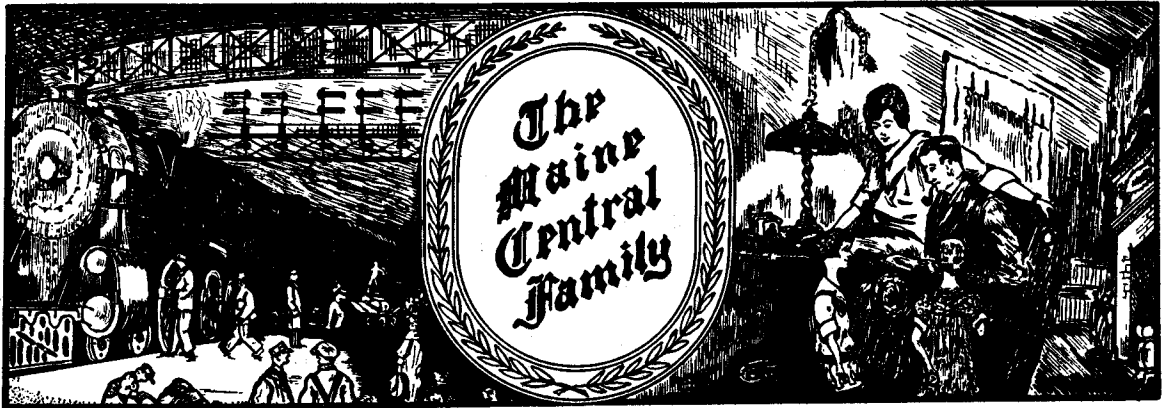
We quoted briefly from the Lewiston Journal and the Bangor Commercial in our last issue. Since then the Portland Express has also editorially defined its position—and has done so with such clarity and insight that it is perhaps permissible to quote a paragraph or two, as follows:

"It (the proposed railroad plan) has been endorsed by the National Tax Association, by college experts and by a New York board which was appointed to investigate. These endorsements constitute prima facie evidence that it is a plan that it would be wise for Maine to adopt. Certainly it should be thoroughly considered.

"Everybody knows that railroad taxes in Maine are too high. It is also a matter of common knowledge that those engaged in all forms of productive industry in this State are handicapped by the high freight rates that the roads must impose in order to pay their taxes and come anywhere near meeting their expenses.

"* * * We don't suppose that any member of the last Legislature would deny that under the existing circumstances the Maine railroads should have their taxes reduced. But a majority would not vote for a reduction for the reason that the State had to

(Continued on Page 29)



Albert Cannon, of Yard 8, had an experience last month he will never forget.

With several others, he was in a motor boat, headed for one of the islands of Portland Harbor. He had been in the cabin, and, on his way out, slipped in a spot of grease on deck and fell directly upon the motor. Then the fast machinery caught him, tearing into his leg, ankle and hip. The shock might easily have killed a man older and less vigorous.

A landing was made at Long Island, and here there was a wait of several hours before it was possible to get Mr. Cannon onto the first boat back to Portland. He was at once taken to the hospital, where he stayed 22 days.

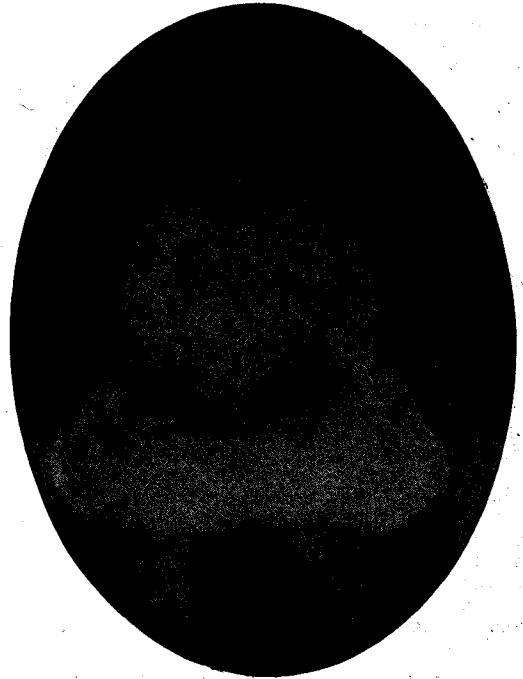
His associates in the yard were glad to welcome him back to work, little the worse—thanks to vitality and youth—for his grim adventure.

"But I think a mud scow will be about my limit when I go sailing again," he said.

One hundred and fifty clerks from the general offices, and a number of friends, had a roller skating party, Nov. 12, at the High Street Rink. It isn't often so many members of the family get together for an evening, and everybody was delighted with the party's success. Of course there were some funny incidents, especially when one of the party's feet disappeared from under him and he landed with an expression that would have made his fortune on the stage—excuse us, Dodge! Pickett tried to play "traffic cop," and tackled the line for a down, with several on top. A peanut race added to the fun—a general scramble by the boys to pick up peanuts piled on the floor. The party kept early hours, breaking up at 10.30; but the following morning those who had arranged it were flooded with requests for another, and there will soon be one. It's probable, too, that it will be more general—all Maine Central employees who wish to come being cordially invited.

Calvin Coolidge's triumphant re-election reminds us that he has often traveled on Maine Central trains and has been a guest at the Samoset, Rockland Breakwater, a Maine Central hotel—but not as President. His most frequent visits to Maine were several years ago, when he was Governor of Massachusetts. It is not generally known that he

Introducing Isabella



This young lady is Isabella Florence Pfeffer, aged 22 months. But she was only 17 months when the photograph was taken.

Her daddy, R. H. Pfeffer, is boilermaker at Rigby.

was at Poland Spring on the day the Armistice was signed; and, on hearing the glad tidings, he led a stampede of other guests to the tiny chapel, mounted the stairs two at a time, reached the belfry before them all, and rang a peacan on the bells. All his reserve seemed to have fallen from him; few would have recognized he who afterward became the silent man of the White House. And he himself was never tired of recalling the incident in after years.

In July, 1923, Mr. Coolidge, then Vice-President, came to Maine in a party that included five of the six New England governors. The writer was one of four reporters assigned to travel with this party, which visited various Maine Central points, and the trip taught him one thing: Mr. Coolidge was silent only on questions of national policy. He seemed rather to enjoy talking with the little group of newspaper men—especially when he told them about his two stalwart young sons, in whom he took loving pride. A man unbends, you know, when he is off duty—and the Samoset is a long way from Washington.

Less than a month later Mr. Harding died and Mr. Coolidge became President.



How many know that Thompson's Point boasted this summer an honest-to-goodness flower garden—a beauty spot of pansies, dahlias, geraniums and sweet peas, the bright colors contrasting oddly with a background of locomotives and red-brick buildings? If there is another railroad repair shop in New England that has floral ornamentation—or any ornamentation whatever—we have yet to hear of it.

This little garden, flowering amid gray surroundings, was called into being by W. F. Lombard, boss of the "paint gang"—Billy Lombard, as the boys call him. He has given it his loving care when the shops have been on short time and he might have been enjoying himself at home or up town. It was he who furnished seed for the grass; who did the shoveling and grading; who hauled the dressing in his own truck from his own barn; who collected modest donations from the foremen with which to buy flowers; who planted, transplanted and cared for them all through the summer; who worked like a Trojan Saturday afternoons and in the mid-summer shut-down.

And are the boys proud of Billy Lombard's garden—this splash of floral color so unique in a prosaic corner of the railroad world? We'll say they are! They guard it with jealous care. Anyone who should walk across its flowering beds, however great his hurry, would find himself in immediate and serious trouble—but nobody ever thinks of such a thing. And they would no more throw bits of waste or cigarette papers upon those beds than on the floors of their own homes. Yes, Billy Lombard's garden is an almost sacred spot.

Enough flowers have been grown this summer to supply generously all in the shops who asked for them. Next year there will be even more.



Fred Wall, the Maine Central's traveling auditor, was at Beecher Falls on Monday, Nov. 3, transacted a little business with Car Inspector Pelchat, and left for Lime Ridge. He returned to the Falls next day on No. 225, and, just before the station was reached, the immigration and customs officer went through the train, making the customary examination—for Beecher Falls is on the border. Everything was satisfactory, and the train drew in.

Again Mr. Wall talked with Inspector Pelchat, inspecting his records and finishing the business he had begun the day before. It didn't take very long; and, glancing down the track, he saw the train still at the station, some 500 feet away. But it was on the point of leaving.

"If I can make it," said he, "I'll gain a whole day. I can stay at North Stratford tonight and get into Lancaster tomorrow morning."

"Don't think you *can* make it," said Inspector Pelchat.

Mr. Wall thought he could—and he did. He sprinted down the track in a style that would have done credit to Johnny Dorondo, caught the rear of the last car as it was pulling out, and swung himself aboard.

The next stop was West Stewartstown, three miles away. Conductor Billie Hall got his orders and then walked through the train, scanning the passengers carefully.



Upper—Billy looks contented in this picture. Why wouldn't he? The young ladies are Miss Blanche Wells (at left) and Miss Gertrude Burns.

Lower—Billy Lombard's garden. Tom Brown, foreman of the machine shop, is acting as gardener.

"Strange thing," said he, when he came to Mr. Wall.

"What's strange?" the auditor wanted to know.

"Just got a wire from the immigration officer at Beecher Falls," Conductor Hall explained. "He said for me to put off a man who jumped on the rear of the train there. I wired back that everybody on this train was O. K."

"Well," said Mr. Wall, a light breaking on him, "I guess I'm the man wanted;" and he told his story. It was easy enough to guess what had happened—and later investigation proved the surmise correct. The immigration officer, too far away to recognize him, had caught a fleeting glimpse of his

coat-tails as he swung aboard the car, and thought someone was trying to cross the border without proper credentials. Similar expedients have been tried more than once at all the border towns.

"He said they'd send an auto from West Stewartstown to get you," said Conductor Hall. "Now I can wire from Colebrook that you are the Maine Central auditor and everything is all right."

That is the gist of the story—but it spread around the system with various romantic and speculative trimmings, and Mr. Wall has been hearing from it ever since. He heard from it the next day, as he was riding on 225 from Lancaster to Quebec Junction. Another Maine Central employe occupied the opposite seat.

"Had quite an experience with the immigration officer yesterday, didn't you?" this fellow-employe remarked.

"Yes," said Mr. Wall, "but how did you know?"

"He told me all about it," the other explained, "as I came through from Lime Ridge."

"Well," said Mr. Wall, smiling a little—"does he realize that the joke was on him as much as on me?"

"Yes," said the other, "I think he does."

George L. Tantish, who had been in the continuous service of the Maine Central for about forty years—thirty of them as conductor on the Portland-Skowhegan run—died Nov. 7th, at the home of his oldest daughter, Mrs. George C. Woods, Bangor. He had been in ill health for a year.

Mr. Tantish was born in Skowhegan in 1852, and had worked for the Maine Central since early manhood. He was very popular in railroad circles for his unflinching courtesy, his charitable disposition, and his fine qualities of citizenship. He was for nearly fifty years an Odd Fellow—a member of all branches, including Carrabassett Lodge, Parmenas Encampment and Canton Somerset, all of Skowhegan; and he was for forty years associated with the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He had long been a member of the Order of Railway Conductors, and of the Maine Central Relief Association since its organization.

Mr. Tantish, whose passing brings keen regret in Maine Central circles, is survived by two daughters—Mrs. George C. Woods of Bangor and Mrs. S. L. Prime of Lynn. Funeral services were held in the Congregational church, Skowhegan, under the auspices of the various branches of Odd Fellowship.

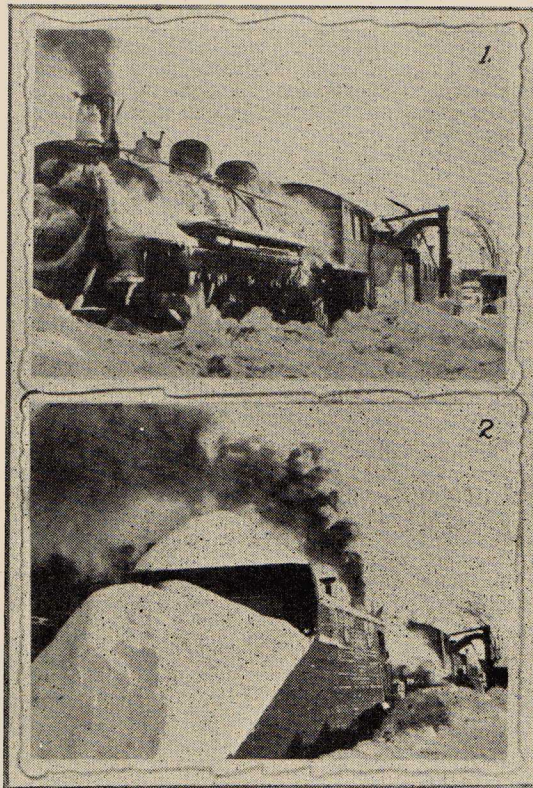
Over at Thompson's Point is Nils Johnson, who once was offered the job of killing many men—and possibly a few women—by the simple but effective expedient of cutting off their heads. He would have taken this job, for the work was steady and the pay fairly good; but Mrs. Johnson objected. She did not like the idea at all. So Johnson is now at the Point as boss of the big cleaning vat—and any regret he may feel at being forced to adopt a more prosaic work is tempered by the recollection that, had his eye or nerve failed, his own head would not long have remained upon his shoulders.

"Of course, cutting off their heads would have been all right," said he to a Magazine reporter. "It was perfectly legitimate; somebody had to do it. You see, I was to have been Norway's official executioner.

Then he told something of his story—gruesome

enough, no doubt, but so uniquely interesting that we intend printing it. It happened nearly fifty years ago, when Norway and Sweden were united under King Oscar; but it savors of the Middle Ages. No merciful method of electrocution was then known—and the dual kingdom maintained a public headsman, who went from place to place, executing such criminals as the courts had condemned.

The old headsman had died, and the government ordered a competitive examination for his suc-



A couple of snapshots taken by O. Allen, agent at North Anson, in the North Anson yard, February, 1920.

These are all right as a reminder—but here's hoping they're not also forecasts!

cessor. Only two, one of whom was Johnson, applied for the grim honor.

"They gave each of us a broad-axe with a twelve-inch blade and three and one-half foot handle," said he. "Then we were led before two big logs and told to strike three blows apiece.

"I struck like lightning, my blows landing squarely in the same spot. But the other man was nervous; his third blow missed by the fraction of an inch. They told me I had won—I was the official headsman. So I went home and told my wife; but, instead of being pleased, she made me give it up. Women are a bit peculiar at times."

And then Johnson went on to describe the sim-

ple but effective method of execution. The condemned man or woman lay face downward on a sort of rude wooden couch. Above him, or her, stood the headsman, glittering blade poised. A clergyman began reading the Lord's Prayer. And at some word, previously agreed upon between clergyman and headsman, the blade descended—once, twice, three times—and it was all over. Only, in accordance with Norway's sardonic law, the executioner's own head was forfeited if he failed within three strokes.

Well—all this was nearly a half century ago. The world has moved onward toward a new ideal of humanity. Johnson has been in this country many years, and for six years he has tended the big vat at the Point. There is no more conscientious workman anywhere. And he believes that the modern system of electrocution is the only sane and humane way.

"But somebody had to be Norway's executioner," says he. "It was all in the day's work. I wish my wife had let me."

— ❖ —

Speaking of puzzles.

We printed in the October issue one from W. J. McAlliam, Maine Central station agent at South Brewer, as follows: "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?"

Mr. McAlliam said he had been unable to find anyone who could work this out; but several members of the family have sent in answers—nearly all of them correctly, but all reached by different processes of figuring. And it required a great deal of figuring, too.

We'll print the answer by Miss A. Elzada Fiske, daughter of E. W. Fiske, agent at Lancaster:

X = A's age

Y = B's age

When A's age = Y + 6

Then B's = Y + (Y + 6 - X)

And Y + 6 + [Y + (Y + 6 - X)] = 46 + (Y + 6 - X)

Y + 6 + Y + Y + 6 - X = 46 + Y + 6 - X

2Y = 40

Y = 20 B's age

When B's age = X + 6

A's age = X - [Y - (X + 6)] =

X - Y + X + 6 = 2X - Y + 6

If B's age now = 2X A's then

2(2X - Y + 6) = Y

4X - 2Y + 12 = Y

4X - 3Y = -12

4X - 60 = -12

4X = 48

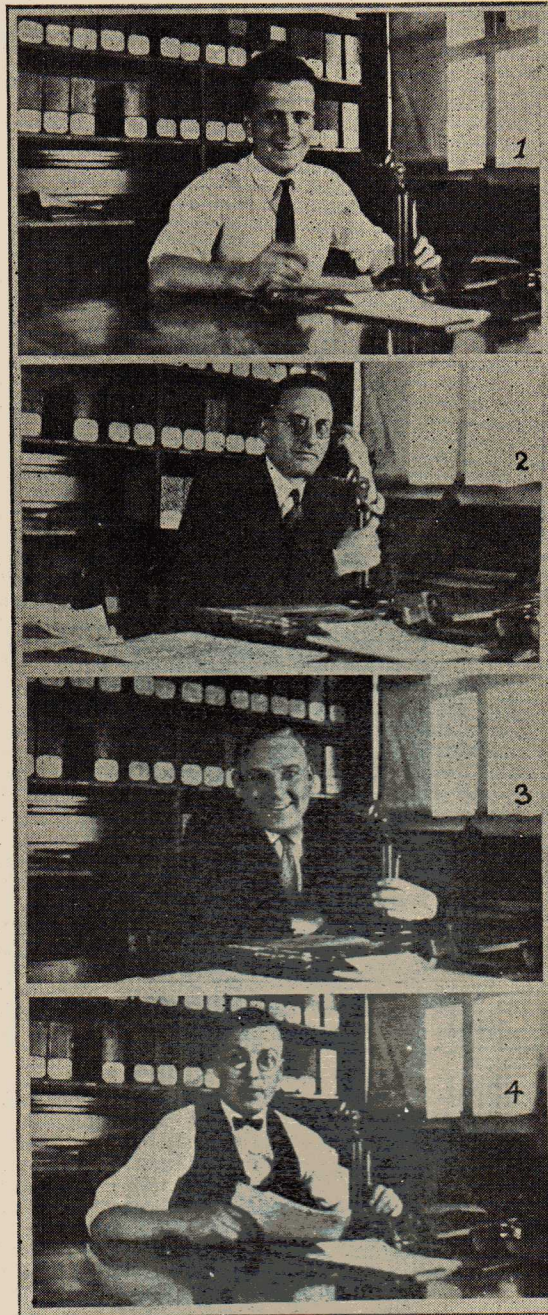
X = 12 A's age

Among those who actually sent answers were C. H. Blackwell and H. M. Treat, general offices; J. I. Mosher, train dispatcher, Bangor; and V. T. Blaisdell, operator at Norridgewock. A great many others, as we happen to know, worked upon the problem and either gave it up or were not sure of their answers and so failed to send them in.

Meantime, the D. T. and I. News—Henry Ford's railroad paper—reproduced in its September issue a broadside of strictly railroad puzzles that were

(Continued on Page 18)

Four Popular Boys



Here are four well-known members of the Maine Central family.

From top to bottom they are Howard R. Dodge, Lester R. Grant, Bentley I. Gass and F. E. Spaulding—all of the Revision Bureau, General Offices.

Here's a Page of Maine Central Family Personals



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



George F. Hitchborn, of the general offices, spent his vacation in St. Petersburg, Florida.

M. Fallon, veteran conductor at Bangor, has returned from a brief vacation.

W. E. Kingston, chief dispatcher, Bangor, has returned from a vacation in New York and Boston.

Miss Margaret Miles, operator and ticket clerk at Old Town, has been enjoying a vacation, with E. A. Taylor substituting.

J. L. Riggie, chief clerk to superintendent, Bangor, has spent a two weeks' vacation at his home in North Stratford.

Miss Frances Hutchinson, clerk in superintendent's office, Bangor, has bid in position as stenographer in office of general foreman car repairs.

H. C. Norwood, conductor, Calais branch, has returned from a hunting expedition near Forest. He reports that he got a glimpse of a partridge.

A. H. Bonney, general foreman car repairs, Bangor, with his trusty rifle, invaded the big woods on his annual vacation.

Capt. Lewis E. Foss has been enjoying his annual vacation, visiting his daughter at Stoneham, Mass., and friends in New York and Washington.

The Maine Central family at Riccars has a new member. She is Esther Louise, daughter of Agent and Mrs. Ernest W. Coffin, and was born Nov. 3.

Michael D. McNeil has been put on the retired list after forty years of continuous service in the motive power department, Bangor.

H. Homans, road master, and E. A. Johnson, superintendent bridges and buildings, attended the Maine-Bowdoin game at Brunswick, Nov. 1st. They are both loyal Maine rooters.

Engineer H. D. Lounder, who was badly injured when Engine 171 tipped over in Bangor yard, March 6, returned to work. His associates were all glad to greet him after such a prolonged leave.

"That General Order"—Do You Remember It?

Almost all Maine Central employes, as well as those of other roads, remember very well the excitement caused by "General Order No. 27" and its supplements. It was issued by the United States Railroad Administration in May, 1918, and related to the increase of wages.

What figuring there was by all concerned, and what suspense until a final settlement was made! One week you expected to get an enormous increase, with barrels of "back pay;" and the next week you were not so sure that you would even have a job. A Bangor correspondent for the Magazine recently came across a poem which was circulated in the Queen City more or less, shortly after the order and its supplements were issued. Thinking it might be of interest to the employes, and bring back to them those exciting and memorable war time days, he has sent it in, as follows:

Speaking of this last big war and all the wars we've had,
The railroads passed a crisis that's been very near as bad.
Hale and hearty men have joined the long list of the dead;
Others lingering day by day from whom all reason's fled.
Young men flying down the streets, with pencil and with pad,
Old men sitting 'round in groups—all figuring like mad.
Men who once lived happily have had their fond hopes riven,
Through trying to dope their prospects out from Order 27.

A commission met in Washington and killed a lot of time,
They then got out a "puzzle" that certainly was sublime;
When you read it over once it filled your mind with peace;

The second time it seemed as plain as any map of Greece.
The "powers above" in Washington were startled at the roar.
So they called the "Wage Commission" back to life again once more.
And they said, "You'll have to get this matter straightened out at once,
For you've gone and raised the devil now among that railroad bunch."

Now the leader of this Wage Board knew he had no time to wait.
So he said, "We'll write two supplements and call them 7 and 8.
We'll take this Order 27 and place it on the shelf,
There's no use trying to dope it out—I don't know how myself."
Well, they printed up their supplements and sent them out by train.
Which started all the railroad boys to figuring again.
And through their General Order, the Supplements, and such,
A lot of us got—Nothing; the balance—twice as much.

My hat's off to the Wage Board and their three works of art,
I'm just about as well-off now as I was at the start.
Some poor chaps who got a raise will never spend it all,
For they're cooped up in asylums now—figuring on the wall.
Railroad men have died with joy; some from sheer despair;
All of us have gnashed our teeth—then smiled—then clawed our hair.
But you can tell a railroad man from any other elf,
You'll find him making dollar signs and talking to himself.

Capt. Joe Norton of the Rangeley has returned from a fine vacation, which included a trip through the White Mountains and visits to Montreal and other Canadian cities. This was the first time, by the way, that Capt. Norton had ever been north of the main line.

Edward K. Leach, formerly engineman on the Eastern Division, has resigned from active service and put on the superannuated list because of ill health. He has sold his residence in Bangor and purchased a small farm in South Hancock, where he expects to make his home.

George W. Hodge, who served as vice-president and general committeeman of the Brotherhood of Station Employes for a number of years, recently resigned and was succeeded by L. J. Rogerson of the motive power department, Bangor. Mr. Hodge was presented with a gold chain and charm, also a purse of money, by the Brotherhood at the time of his resignation.

Wallace B. Miles, chief engineer of Maine Central steamer, Norumbega, and Mrs. Annie Conary of Bar Harbor were recently united in marriage. They left soon after on their honeymoon, which took the form of a trip to the big woods; and when this was written they were at the fire warden's camps on Hunt Mountain, Stacyville, enjoying the flavor of venison shot by —?

Now and then some of the Maine Central alumni are heard from. Walter R. Fogg of Boston, now an engineer on the New York, New Haven and Hartford, says in the course of a long personal letter: "Having been born and brought up on the dear old Maine Central, anything pertaining to it is of interest to me." Mr. Fogg has a valuable collection of Maine Central pictures, stories and sketches

A Line From Belfast

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

Just a few words about the freight office force,
It may be for better, it may be for worse;
Whatever it is, your opinion may be
A bit of a "slur," but come and tell me.

Mr. Sanborn, the "boss," a veteran is he—
A man of his calibre you seldom see.
He comes to work early and often stays late,
Getting things ready for the morning freight.

Fred Sanders, the accurate cashier,
Who handles the cash all down through the year,
Pays us off, and bills the freight too;
It is safe betting he has plenty to do.

"Strouty," the operator, also the clerk,
Is right on the job and does up his work.
He sells tickets of all kinds and keeps the books,
Is popular in town and far west as Brooks.

We have "Jesse," the strongest man in the bunch,
Not only freight handling but "juggles" the
trunks.
Last but not least is freight checker Bowen,
With his competent help they keep things a-go'in'.

He flags the crossing for the five thirty-five,
To follow this man you must be alive.
Yes, we have a real round-house crew,
They are big factors, though only a few.

Three shifts, three men, William, "Bill," and
"Freem,"
They wipe the engines, clean fires, keep steam;
All together they make what you call a good team—
Right off the top from the rich of the cream.

This is all there is about them and I only hope
I have given you the right kind of "dope."
Changes occur as time passes on,
They are here today; tomorrow are gone.

A Real Creed

Agent H. J. Ellis of Dixfield recently heard an address by Rev. T. B. Hatt, Congregational pastor, in which the following "Business Man's Creed" formed the basis of discussion.

It so impressed Mr. Ellis that he obtained Mr. Hatt's permission to print it in the Maine Central Magazine.

It is interesting to know that this creed was written and lived by a Maine business man who recently was killed in an accident, and it was found among the papers on his person. Can anyone suggest a better?

1. I believe in the goods I am handing out and in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results.

2. I believe that honest stuff can be handed out to honest men by honest methods.

3. I believe in working and not weeping, in boosting and not knocking, and in the pleasure of my job.

4. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, and that one deed done today is worth two done tomorrow.

5. I believe that no man is down and out, until he loses faith in himself.

6. I believe in today, and the work I am doing, and in the work I hope to do tomorrow, and in the sure reward of the future.

7. I believe in courtesy—in kindness—in generosity—in good cheer—in friendship and honest competition.

8. I believe there is something doing somewhere for every man who is ready to do it. I believe I am ready now.

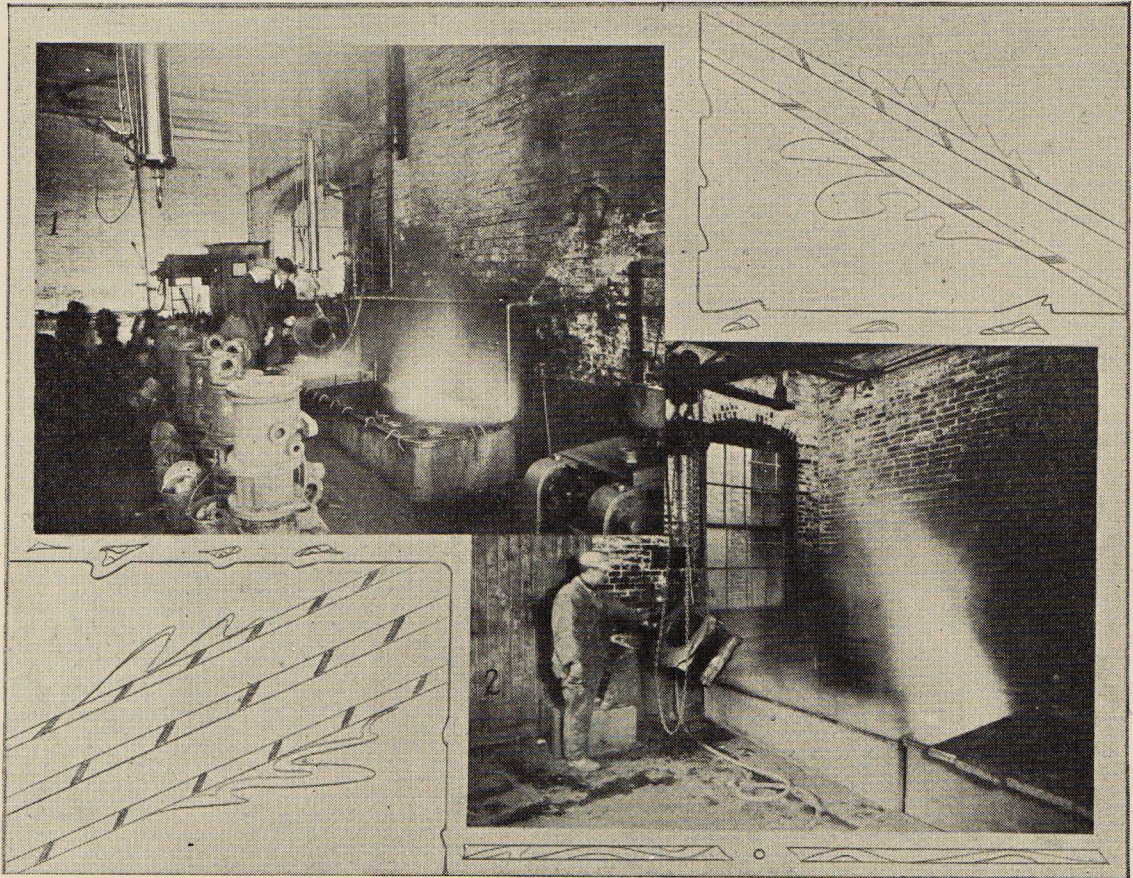
which he has generously offered to share with the Magazine.

"Say," remarked the acting city editor of the Bangor Daily News, "that story in the October issue of your magazine, to the effect that no one was killed and only five were injured on the Maine Central's thousand grade crossings in the months of summer travel, certainly interested me. I reprinted it in full, and several of our subscribers have since mentioned it. Matthew Dunn is widely known in Bangor, and it was gratifying to many here that he was put in charge of the Maine Central's safety campaign. Judging by the article, he seems to have achieved results. But that didn't surprise us."

There have been few busier places this summer than the Maine Central's Bar Harbor station, where General Agent F. E. Whitmore has had a crew of ten—ticket agent, ticket clerk, Pullman clerk, two baggage men, freight handler, clerk and operator, porter and watchman. Now that the summer is ended, and the throngs of summer guests have gone, the force is reduced to three—Mr. Whitmore, freight handler, and the clerk and operator. And, by the way, there isn't a more popular general agent anywhere on the system than Mr. Whitmore—the visitors swear by him. He has been at the station since June 1, 1890—first in the baggage room and

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The Cleaning Vats—Not Beautiful, But Doing
A Real Work



Upper—Vat in the Air Pump Shop, Waterville. The two figures are Master Mechanic Ramsdell and Dave Blanchard of the Magnus Chemical Co. Recognize them?
Lower—Section of the main vat room, Waterville.



WHEN visitors are shown through the shops at Waterville and Thompson's Point, they are pointed out many spectacular things—the maze of high-powered, electrically driven machinery; the giant cranes; the locomotives, side by side, in various stages of dismemberment; and so on. But how many pause in some modest corner even to glance at the cleaning vats—which, however business-like they may be, have nothing spectacular or intriguing about them?

And yet were it not for these vats, with their combination of chemicals and hot water, an infinite amount of time and labor would be wasted. There is an evolution in the art of cleaning, as in every-

thing else, and there is as much science in the vat rooms as in parts of the plants that are more imposing.

Specifically, there are four large vats—one at Thompson's Point, for the cleaning of everything except air pumps, and three (two of them now in active use) at Waterville, for driving blocks and engine parts. There also are two smaller ones—one for air pumps at Waterville and one, not officially rated, at Bangor engine house.

Each of the larger vats holds eight hundred gallons. There are a pipe and cock at the side of each, a drain at the bottom; and the water is kept

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Some Groups Caught By the Maine Central Magazine



(a)—General Foreman Garrison, General Car Inspector Marden, Master Mechanic So
Yardmaster's Office (See Story for List of Names). Lowe

Central Magazine Camera Man, On An Afternoon At Rigby



...den, Master Mechanic Southworth. (b)—The Office Force. (c)—Force of the General
for List of Names). Lower—Roundhouse Crews on No. 630.

Personals

(Continued from Page 14)

then in his present position, succeeding Dennis L. Drew.

Herbert L. Drew, for more than forty years an employee of the Maine Central, died recently at his home in Brewer, aged sixty-six years and seven months. Two years ago he was forced to retire because of ill health. His passing will be regretted by many members of the family. Two sons, J. Louis and Herbert E., survive.

It grieves us a great deal to record what happened to LeRoy Hiles, the Maine Central's advertising agent, on a recent Saturday afternoon—but there seems no way out of it, this being, above all things, a truthful little magazine. Roy was driving a Chevrolet car into Brunswick, and on Pleasant street overtook a slow-moving Ford. So—even as you or I would have done, had we been lucky enough to drive a car—he stepped on the gas and passed the Ford in a fine little burst of speed. He noticed that the Ford was following and that its unknown driver had waved his hand—in friendly greeting, possibly. "What's the idea?" thought Roy. "That fellow can't hope to catch me, you know." But the Ford chugged persistently in his rear as the road slipped by. The business center was reached; the Ford drew up alongside. Then came a discovery and all the rest of the day was spoiled—for the driver of the Ford turned out to be Brunswick's chief of police, and the principal thing he said was: "Be in court Monday morning." Roy was. The judge was brief, too. He said: "Ten dollars and costs." All of which, we suppose, illustrates the old adage that the race is not always to the swift. Or the more modern adage, "Don't pick out a cop when you want to beat somebody."

The lure of the deep woods is in the blood just now of many members of the Maine Central family. One of the first to try his luck was Supt. McLaughlin of the Eastern Division, whose departure with a group of other prominent Bangor men was heralded by the Bangor Commercial in this fashion: "Thomas McLaughlin, superintendent of the eastern division of the M. C. R. R., and Henry S. Fifield of the Fifield Drug Co., a few days ago discovered a serious condition existing in the region of Shin Pond, above Patten. They called Herbert E. Thompson, H. J. Hunt, Carl R. O'Brien and James E. Cox, a consultation was held on the spot, and it was decided that the Shin Pond district was in immediate danger of being overrun with deer and other game. Rifles were gathered, old clothes packed, and these men, with John E. Walker, motored to the district to quell the uprising." Yes—but the Commercial is silent as to what they brought back, and we haven't heard any of them say. J. L. Riggie, chief clerk for Supt. McLaughlin, went with two brothers into the wilds of Northern New Hampshire. A party from the general offices, including Eddie Wescott, Carl Bruns, Henry Bruns and Herb Clough, with some non-railroad friends, occupied a camp on Elm stream, way back of Kineo; and it is strongly suspected in the offices that they had some adventures there.

L. W. Merritt, ticket agent at Union station, Portland, has returned from Farmington, where he enjoyed a several weeks' leave of absence. In com-

True Enough

"While waiting for No. 2 and looking over the October Magazine," writes M. F. Frost, night baggageman, Hallowell, "these few lines came to me. I hope they rhyme. After almost eighteen years on the road, it looks to me this way—so here goes:

"I work for the Maine Central Railroad—
A company long tried and found true.
If you do unto them as you should do,
They will do even better by you.
Be polite, be courteous, be helpful,
And not be afraid of the work—
For the company needs men who are
willing,
But has no time or place for a shirk."

pany with Mrs. Merritt, he left July 10—coming back to Portland for fifteen days in the rush period of August, but returning to Farmington on September 5 and remaining there until Nov. 1, when he resumed his duties. For a time, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt occupied a house in the town itself—but they ended with five weeks in camp, which proved the most agreeable part of the whole outing. Mr. Merritt was nervously tired when he went away—but he returns in splendid physical condition, his trip having done him a world of good.

Maine Central Family

(Continued from Page 12)

originally written for and printed by the Maine Central Magazine. "Please accept our hearty appreciation for permitting us to reprint them," writes Ralph E. Davis, editor of the News, in a personal letter. "They 'went over big,' just as we expected they would."

The News prefaced its reprinting with this paragraph: "A short course in mental gymnastics is offered in co-operation with the Maine Central Magazine. Elements entering into the making-up of trains provide first-rate material for puzzles, and the four presented here have caused experienced railroaders in Maine to furrow their brows."

As Mrs. Frank A. Lewis, whose husband is blacksmith in the motive power department, Bangor, was driving down Davis Street hill a few days ago, she lost control of her car. A moment later it had crashed into the home of Mrs. Dora B. Head, smashing in the entire front wall near the entrance. A piano in one of the front rooms was hurled into the middle of the floor, a water pipe was broken, and flying debris rained down upon the car—like a scene in a moving picture. Occupants of the house, who were at dinner, ran out in a panic, thinking the heating plant had exploded.

Mrs. Lewis escaped with a few scratches; and, curiously enough, the automobile was less damaged than the house. Fender, windshield, radiator and front gear were smashed—but, when dragged from

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Preferred Stock Dividend Declared

Maine Central Directors Took This Action At Their Meeting October 31 —Accumulated Dividends To Be Paid In Cash, From Time To Time, As Earnings Warrant

A quarterly cash dividend of \$1.25 per share on preferred stock, payable Dec. 1 to preferred stockholders of record Nov. 15, was declared by the directors of the Maine Central Railroad Company at their meeting Oct. 31.

This is the first dividend on preferred stock since Sept. 1, 1920.

Announcement was made that application to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to issue \$600,000 par value of additional preferred stock, to be distributed to preferred stockholders in payment of accumulated dividends, has been withdrawn—but that these accumulated dividends will be paid in cash, from time to time, as earnings warrant.

This statement was issued at the close of the meeting:

PORTLAND, MAINE.
OCTOBER 31, 1924.

To the Stockholders of Maine Central Railroad Company:

Acting under authority contained in vote of the stockholders of this Company at the annual meeting held on April 16, 1924, the directors of this Company at a meeting of the board held on June 27, 1924, authorized the President to present to the Interstate Commerce Commission a plan for issuing six thousand shares of preferred stock and its subsequent use in paying accumulated dividends on preferred stock to September 1, 1924. The application to the Interstate Commerce Commission was made on August 8, 1924, as directed, but since that date, by advice of counsel, the application has been withdrawn from the consideration of the Commission.

The directors of the Company have given careful thought to the matter of resuming regular dividends on the preferred stock and the liquidation of dividends accumulated and unpaid. The directors have this day declared a dividend of one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) per share on the preferred stock payable December 1, 1924, to preferred stockholders of record November 15, 1924, and propose to continue payment of quarterly dividends hereafter, if net profits of the Company are available therefor, having in mind that, as the cash position of the Company and its net profits

warrant, payments on account of the dividends accumulated to September 1, 1924, amounting to twenty dollars (\$20) per share, will be made from time to time until the full amount is paid.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MORRIS McDONALD,
President.

This dividend means a disbursement of \$37,500 to holders of 30,000 shares. The action of the directors in declaring it, and their announcement of future policy, received much publicity in the Maine papers, which considered the matter of significant interest.

A Railroad Resume

Robert S. Binkerd, vice chairman of the Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Roads, issued under date of October 29 a statement dealing with the national situation. It is more than usually comprehensive and is as follows:

The American railroads have successfully completed the greatest movement of freight traffic in a single week in their history, according to reports just made public by the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association.

This record-breaking week ending October 18th presents an amazing situation—over 1,102,000 cars loaded with revenue freight, an unused surplus of 100,000 serviceable cars, and a motive power reserve of 5,400 serviceable locomotives—these results with fewer cars and practically no more locomotives than were in service five years ago.

Yet in 1920, loadings of a million cars a week were accompanied by car shortages as high as 147,000 cars, and there was practically no reserve of serviceable locomotives against contingencies.

The difference between these two situations may well summarize the progress made in improving railroad transportation in this country since 1920.

Today the railroads can move ten per cent more freight in a single week than they could five years ago and yet not begin to touch the maximum of their capacity.

Freight rates have been reduced more than \$700,000,000 a year, and yet railroad earnings—which were practically nothing in 1920—show signs of encouraging improvement.

Out of the earnings of 1924 not a penny will be paid to railroad stockholders and bondholders which the railroads of this country did not first create out of efficient and economical operation.

\$188,604 Surplus First Nine Months

The September statement of operating results, made public October 27, shows a surplus after charges of \$26,797—an increase of \$3,866 over the surplus of September, 1923.

The total surplus after charges for the first nine months of 1924 is \$188,604, as compared with a deficit of \$253,257 in the corresponding period of the year before.

The statement follows:

	September 1924	September 1923	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,095,860	\$1,164,594	\$68,734
Passenger Revenue.....	365,526	488,287	122,761
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,621,504	1,786,558	165,054
Surplus after Charges.....	26,797	22,931	Inc. 3,868

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO SEPTEMBER 30TH—(Nine Months)

	1924	1923	Decrease
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$15,248,418	\$15,967,316	\$718,898
Surplus after Charges.....	188,604	Def. 253,257	Inc. 441,861

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

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

The operation of great railroads is the most dynamic enterprise in modern life. On every division of every railroad there are limiting factors which determine the maximum load which can be moved by a single train. Railroad is a ceaseless battle to push these limiting factors upwards. The ammunition of this battle is new capital investment—not alone in new cars and locomotives, but in the lengthening of divisions, the construction of short cuts, the flattening of curves, the reduction of grades, and a thousand other things which seldom come to public notice.

Whether knowingly or not, all those forces which since 1920 have been attacking railroad credit, railroad valuation, and railroad earning power, have really been attempting to injure the most important single tool which railroad management had to use in the public interest. Thanks to the failure of these attacks, the courageous work of railway management has produced the situation which exists today. But this would have been utterly impossible without the \$3,000,000,000 of new capital investment made by the railroads since 1920.

To all fair-minded persons, therefore, the last five years may serve to illustrate sound policy, showing as they do:—

That the way to reduce the cost of transportation is by actual economy and efficiency in operation;

That economy and efficiency require, among other things, great capital investments—impossible without credit;

But that, with earning power and consequent credit, there is no problem affecting railroad transportation in this country which cannot be solved.

Maine Central Prizes

It will interest many of the family—those who have a love for farming or poultry—to learn that the Maine Central Railroad Company has offered

\$50 in cash to be awarded in premiums at the Maine State Poultry Show in the Exposition Building, Portland, in December. The offer reads:

"The M. C. R. R. offers \$50 for farm flocks of one male and six females, same to be judged for utility points only. All breeds enumerated for utility prizes compete in one class.

"First prize, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$10; fourth, fifth and sixth, \$5 each."

In the past, these Maine Central prizes have been competed for with interest, and the attitude of the company has been much appreciated. This year's winners will be printed in the Magazine.

The Association extends this invitation:

"The Association cordially invites both men and women of the Maine Central family to visit the exhibition free of charge, the building being open to visitors any afternoon or evening after the first day.

"The building affords a very desirable place for such a show, being well ventilated, well lighted and always clean. Ladies will find other ladies present, as at an auto show or any other exhibit of public interest."

Native Maine Beef

Although we have not printed much about it lately in the Magazine, Portland is turning more and more to native beef. About twenty head are received every two weeks, and the demand is growing steadily.

The idea, as already told at length, was introduced by Mr. William Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent. The soundness of his judgment has amply been shown.

A community shipment of nineteen head, native-fed beef cattle, from farmers of Piscataquis County, arrived on the morning of Tuesday, November 11. They have been slaughtered for the Portland market.

Big Game Season Is On

Maine's Annual Romance of the Deep Woods—Some Pictures That Speak More Vividly Than Words—Season Is Always Heightened
By Maine Central Co-operation



MAINE'S big game hunting season is now at its height, and tons of deer are being shipped over Maine Central lines. As usual, too, hundreds of hunters are carried to spots where they can penetrate to the heart of the deep woods.

As this is written—some time before the Magazine goes to press—the clear, lovely weather, with more Indian summer in it than known in October for many years, has made the woods very dry. There is no promise of a record-breaking season; but there is always good sport, whatever conditions may be. It should be possible, in next month's Magazine, to print some exact statistics regarding shipments—for the Maine Central has a long-established and efficient system of "keeping tabs" on game killed within its territory.

All shipments are by American express. Maine Central agents receive blanks, which they fill out and return at the close of each month, giving the details of these shipments—together with such information as they themselves can learn of game killed and taken out in other ways.

The total kill of big game in Maine Central territory in 1923 was 3729 deer and 57 bears—of which 1422 deer and 13 bears were shipped over Maine Central lines.

Thirteen hundred deer and five bears were shipped in B. & A. territory; 52 deer on the Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes Railroad, and 16 on the Bridgton and Saco. And despite the Governor's ban, covering part of the season, 893 more deer were killed than in 1922 and 879 more than in 1921. There were 2284 non-resident hunting licenses for big game, and 33,602 licenses within the state.

But the Maine Central's contribution to Maine's annual autumn sport is more than to carry hunters and receive game shipments; few realize the many inquiries received and answered by its information department. These inquiries trickle in all winter; by the end of September there are about a dozen each day; in the middle of October they are at flood

tide. Hunters and would-be hunters want to know all manner of things—and information is gladly given, but always in its broader and more general aspect. Individual camps are never recommended, any more than in summer are individual hotels; all classes are treated impartially. But many hunters yearly receive from the Maine Central offices direct and valuable knowledge of how best to reach the favored spots in this Elysium of the world's hunting grounds.

And big game hunting hasn't the hardships of a few years ago. Of course one can have hardships if he insists on them; he can go into the woods alone,

or with his own little party, and "rough it" to his heart's content. But he can also hunt with a marked degree of comfort—almost, we started to say, of luxury. Maine now is honeycombed with easily accessible camps, a majority only a few miles from the railroad lines—camps where one may be as comfortable as in his own home. Just as there are numberless attractive spots for Maine's army of summer visitors, so now there are others which cater to the vanguard of hunters that follow them.

Maine's big game season—the romance of its woods! That is a broad, broad subject, and one that has inspired very many gifted pens. Statistics cannot show

how greatly it is heightened every autumn by the co-operation of this railroad—but that's a factor long understood and easily recognized.

If you have any hunting news, send it to the Magazine.

Graphic Pictures

From a perfect treasure-trove of hunting pictures in the Maine Central general offices, we selected those which appear on the following two pages. It was difficult to know where to stop, although we took only a few of many.

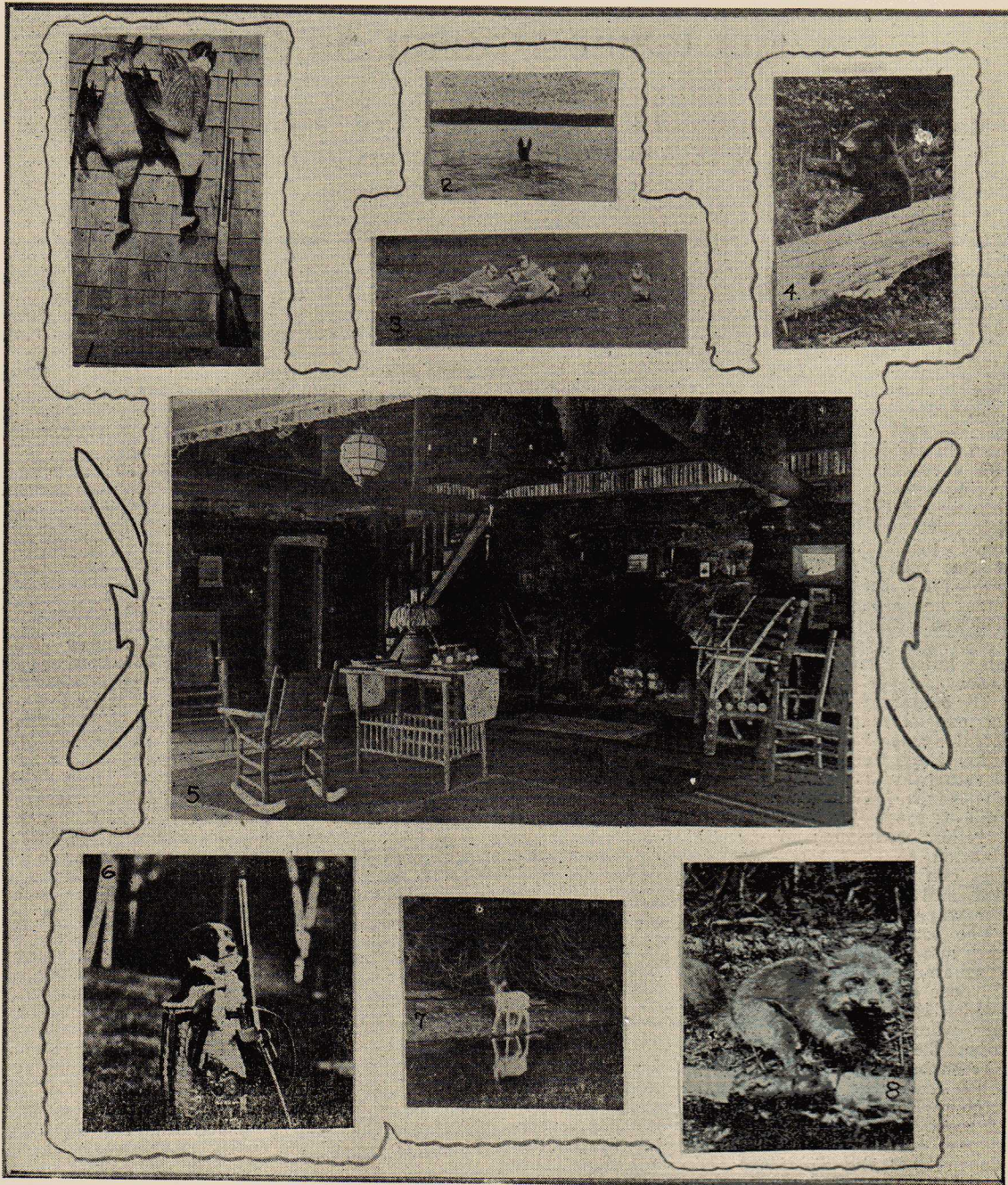
Perhaps we should not have given them so much space; but pictures can tell a story more graphically than words, and these tell the complete story of a typical Maine hunting season—its rugged romance, its scenic charms, its keen and spirited delights, and even, perhaps, its humors.

Incidentally, all of them were taken in localities immediately reached by Maine Central lines.

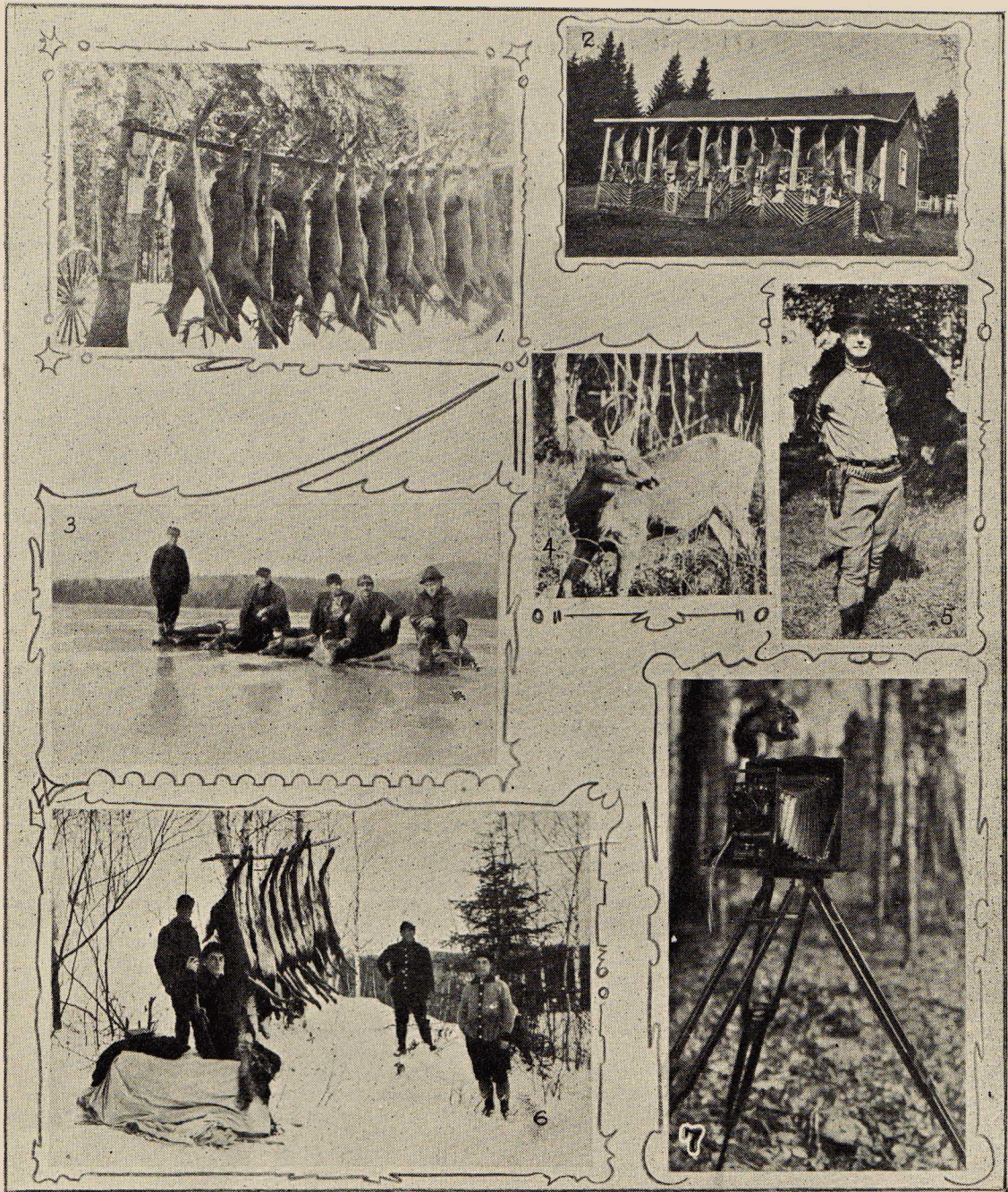
"Ah!" exclaimed the benevolent gentleman as he came upon a miss of six and a boy of seven with their arms around each other's necks. "I love to see a brother and sister so affectionate."

"Suffering cats," exclaimed the boy, disgustedly, "she isn't my sister. This is a petting party."

—Tyrone Division Special.



(1)—Ducks. (2)—Unusual Snap-shot of Swimming Deer. (3)—Long-tailed Pheasants. (4)—A bear cub, so tame that the camera man had no difficulty. (5)—Interior of hunting camp. (6)—“Sport Folsam” of Rainbow Camps. (7)—Another unusual view—flash-light of a deer. (8)—The bob-cat, on whose head is a bounty.



(1)—Unlucky number—for the deer, if not for the hunters. (2)—Typical hunting camp. (3)—Tracking deer on ice is a favorite sport. (4 and 5)—A Maine deer and a Maine guide.—(6)—Back in camp after a good day's kill. (7)—Squirrels, unmolested, are very tame; this tried to photograph himself.

Two Full-Fledged Bowling Leagues

General Offices and Portland Terminal Company In the Field With Ten Teams Each—The Terminal League's Schedule and Rules
—Winter Sports' Outlook



UCH first-class sport already has developed, and there is promise of plenty more, in the General Office Bowling League.

The season of 1924-25 is now about six weeks old; and interest has quickened as the good bowlers have returned from their vacations and the evenings have grown longer. It is now running high, with plenty of spirited if friendly rivalry, and there is a big attendance at the weekly sessions in the recently opened High Street alleys.

As this is written, Nov. 8, high average is held by Jess, 96; high single by Shaw, 114; high three-string total by Jess, 306; high team single by Mooseheads, 437; high team total by Mooseheads, 1259; high girls' average by Miss Sleeper.

The League standing follows:

Bridgton and Sacos—
Won 17, lost 7; 708 p.c.
Mooseheads—Won 17,
lost 7; 708.
Megantics—Won 15,
lost 9; 625.
Oquossocs—Won 14,
lost 10; 584.
Kineos—Won 13, lost
11; 542.
Somersets—Won 12,
lost 12; 500.
Kennebagos—Won 11,
lost 13; 458.
Rangeleys—Won 9,
lost 15; 375.
Sandy Rivers—Won 8,
lost 16; 333.
Washington Countys
—Won 4, lost 20; 167.

The individual averages:

Rangeleys—Rand, 70; Miss Bennett, 55; Miss Macomber, 77; Oberg, 85; Eadon, 82.
Megantics—Roberts, 70; Miss Bass, 55; Miss Mangum, 75; Gass, 72; Foster, 82.
Washington Countys—Bean, 81; Miss Greely, 53; Miss Hollywood, 63; Heiskell, 78; McCullum, 87.
Bridgton and Sacos—Brown, 87; Miss Webb, 65; Miss Libby, 74; Winslow, 77; McCullum, 89.
Kineos—R. Shaw, 81; Miss Staples, 64; Miss Langlois, 61; G. Shaw, 81; Jess, 96.
Somersets—Hiles, 80; Miss Hinds, 69; Miss Goudy, 67; Leighton, 84; Allen, 87.
Oquossocs—Robinson, 80; Miss Kingsley, 61; Miss Meserve, 77; Nagle, 87; Waite, 87.

Kennebagos—Talbot, 77; Miss Willey, 66; Miss Munro, 68; Mills, 85; Woodbury, 87.

Sandy Rivers—Orchard, 72; Miss Lowe, 60; Miss Moran, 76; Herald, 93; Pearson, 93.

Mooseheads—Dodge, 83; Miss Dexter, 69; Miss Sleeper, 80; J. Bucklin, 83; H. Bucklin, 88.

Another full-fledged bowling league, composed of employees of the Portland Terminal Company, has been formed and began its season's schedule on the night of Oct. 8. There are ten teams, which have taken the names of the Intervales, Glenns, Carrigans, Fabyans, Bartletts, Bemises, Hazens, Crawfords, Concords and Harmons. They meet at the High Street alleys, as do the teams from the general offices.

H. Pindler is treasurer of the league, and the board of arbitrators consists of Chairman Melanson, James Kelley and Thomas Claverly, with George Holmes and George Flaherty as "subs."

A small sum is contributed weekly by each member toward the league prizes, which will be awarded at the close of the season. All postponed games will be played at this time or when the board of arbitrators shall think it best.

There are four rules, as follows:

1—Each member must work at the point repre-

sented by his team.

2—Captains of all teams shall take up the bowling money and bring it to the clerk in charge of the alleys.

3—Teams shall use missing men's averages and not more than two subs a month—this to apply to all cases except those of emergency, or at the discretion of the board of arbitrators.

4—All bowlers must bowl twenty weeks or more. The schedule for the remainder of the season follows:

Nov. 12th—Intervales vs Crawfords; Bemis vs Fabyans; Bartletts vs Hazens; Glenns vs Concords; Carrigans vs Harmons.

Nov. 19th—Intervales vs Fabyans; Glenns vs

Queen of Sports

When summer goes and winter comes, bowling takes its logical place as the queen of Maine Central sports.

October's wonderful weather—an Indian summer's lingering gold—has had its effect upon those who like to stay out-of-doors. But now we are on the edge of winter; the vacation season has ended; bowling is in full swing. And it is being enjoyed by hundreds of the Maine Central family—from full-fledged leagues to individual, sometimes widely scattered teams. It has a charm and fascination peculiarly its own when played by these big gatherings of young people.

Send in your bowling news from any part of the system! The Magazine will be glad to get it.



The General Office Bowling League—From a flash-light taken at the High Street alleys. Some of the faces came out excellently; others not quite so well

Crawfords; Carrigans vs Hazens; Bartletts vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Harmons.

Nov. 26th—Intervales vs Hazens; Glens vs Carrigans; Crawfords vs Fabyans; Bemises vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Harmons.

Dec. 3rd—Intervales vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Crawfords; Fabyans vs Hazens; Bemises vs Carrigans; Glens vs Harmons.

Dec. 10th—Intervales vs Harmons; Bartletts vs Fabyans; Glens vs Hazens; Carrigans vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Crawfords.

Dec. 17th—(Second Period) Intervales vs Glens; Bartletts vs Bemises; Carrigans vs Fabyans; Hazens vs Crawfords; ConCORDS vs Harmons.

Dec. 24th—Intervales vs Bartletts; Glens vs Bemises; Carrigans vs Crawfords; Hazens vs Harmons; Fabyans vs ConCORDS.

Dec. 31st—Intervales vs Bemises; Bartletts vs Carrigans; Glens vs Fabyans; Hazens vs ConCORDS; Crawfords vs Harmons.

Jan. 7th—Intervales vs Carrigans; Glens vs Bartletts; Bemises vs Hazens; Crawfords vs ConCORDS; Fabyans vs Harmons.

Jan. 14th—Intervales vs Crawfords; Bemises vs Fabyans; Bartletts vs Hazens; Glens vs ConCORDS; Carrigans vs Harmons.

Jan. 21st—Intervales vs Fabyans; Glens vs Crawfords; Carrigans vs Hazens; Bartletts vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Harmons.

Jan. 28th—Intervales vs Hazens; Glens vs Carrigans; Crawfords vs Fabyans; Bemises vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Harmons.

Feb. 4th—Intervales vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Crawfords; Fabyans vs Hazens; Bemises vs Carrigans; Glens vs Harmons.

Feb. 11th—Intervales vs Harmons; Bartletts vs Fabyans; Glens vs Hazens; Carrigans vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Crawfords.

Feb. 18th—(Third Period) Intervales vs Glens; Bartletts vs Bemises; Carrigans vs Fabyans; Hazens vs Crawfords; ConCORDS vs Harmons.

Feb. 25th—Intervales vs Bartletts; Glens vs Bemises; Carrigans vs Crawfords; Hazens vs Harmons; Fabyans vs ConCORDS.

Mar. 4th—Intervales vs Bemises; Bartletts vs Carrigans; Glens vs Fabyans; Hazens vs ConCORDS; Crawfords vs Harmons.

Mar. 11th—Intervales vs Carrigans; Glens vs Bartletts; Bemises vs Hazens; Crawfords vs ConCORDS; Fabyans vs Harmons.

Mar. 18th—Intervales vs Crawfords; Bemises vs Fabyans; Bartletts vs Hazens; Glens vs ConCORDS; Carrigans vs Harmons.

Mar. 25th—Intervales vs Fabyans; Glens vs Crawfords; Carrigans vs Hazens; Bartletts vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Harmons.

Apr. 1st—Intervales vs Hazens; Glens vs Carrigans; Crawfords vs Fabyans; Bemises vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Harmons.

Apr. 8th—Intervales vs ConCORDS; Bartletts vs Crawfords; Fabyans vs Hazens; Bemises vs Carrigans; Glens vs Harmons.

Apr. 15th—Intervales vs Harmons; Bartletts vs Fabyans; Glens vs Hazens; Carrigans vs ConCORDS; Bemises vs Crawfords.

Worked 15 Hours for \$1.19

Henry Bovine, Who Entered Maine Central Service More Than a Half Century Ago,
Recalls Many Happenings of the "Good Old Days"
—Schooner Annie's Unique Trip

The Magazine has received, from one who knows him well, the following interesting sketch of Henry Bovine, who entered Maine Central service more than fifty years ago.

Mr. Bovine's reminiscences will bring memories to the older men. He has seen many phases of railroad life in his half century of work—some of them humorous and all well worth reading.

Here is the sketch, just as the Magazine received it:

Mr. Henry Bovine went to work for the Maine Central Railroad in December, 1873, on the gravel train, so-called. Part of this crew's work was to keep the wood-sheds filled, for the locomotives burned wood at that time.

Mr. Bovine tells some funny stories about those early days. The trains would pull in at the stations, discharge passengers or freight, and back up to the wood-shed. All the train crew would turn to and "wood up" for the next run. He says it is laughable to think how the men would pick the slivers out of each other's hands after the engine was wooded.

The train crew, as nearly as can be recalled, was: Conductor, Volney Foss; engineer, Addison Ashburn; fireman, Charles Cowan, who is still active as machinist at Thompson's Point; brakeman, Sam Preston. The work crew consisted of about thirty men.

The engine was the old George F. Sheply, No. 19, and the work was all done by hand, there being no steam shovels as we have today. Ten hours was supposed to be a day's work but very often they worked fifteen, all for \$1.19. Fireman Cowan got \$1.75. The engine and crew "put up" at Leeds Junction over night, except Saturdays, when they would go to Farmington.

Mr. Bovine says they boarded themselves, and their usual bill of fare was slap-jacks for breakfast. On the Farmington branch was the old-fashioned U rail, about 12 feet long, set in chairs at the ends. When the cars ran over it you would hear it chunk-chunk over the joints. The last of the U rails, to Mr. Cowan's recollection, was that a work train went all over the system, picked them all up, and shipped them to Bangor.

He tells a story about an old vessel named Annie. She was beached at Bucksport so long that she was all covered with moss. The owner plugged her up at low tide, and, to the amazement of all, at high tide she floated, set sail for Bangor, took on a cargo of this U iron and sailed for Camden—this

iron to be made up into anchors. That was the last of this style rail.

Mr. Bovine left the service of the Maine Central for some time, but returned to work at Auburn shop. In 1886 he went to work in the blacksmith shop, being assigned to the frog-repair fire. We might just stop and tell a story about how this work was then done as compared with today. The frog points were all cut out by hand, drawn down by hand in fact, all main strength and awkwardness. Today all this work is done by machinery.

Mr. Bovine was then changed to the rail fire. The writer did not know what the rail fire was, but, being inquisitive, found out. The rail, as all railroad men know, would batter down on the ends, especially the iron rail of that day. Today the open hearth steel rails are not so bad. However, when the rails would batter down at the ends they were taken out and sent to the shop, 6 inches or 8 inches cut off each end, holes repunched and shipped back and relayed.

Shortly after this the M. C. R. R. took over the P. & O. and moved the shop to Thompson's Point. Fourteen men moved to Portland. Only two stayed. They were Mr. Bovine, still on the job every day and not afraid of the best of them, and George G. Mitchell, who passed away in 1915.

Mr. Bovine was again assigned to the frog fire at Thompson's Point under Mr. P. E. Kimball, now deceased, for about two years; then transferred to the bolt fire, making bolts for the whole system.

Mr. Bovine made all the bolts for the Wiscasset trestle at that time, averaging about 300 bolts per day—understand, all by hand. If there is any special bolt to be made today Mr. Bovine generally gets the job.

After the shops were destroyed by fire, Mr. Bovine was sent to Waterville until the present shop was built. On his return to Thompson's Point he did general work up to the present time. In April, 1913, Mr. P. E. Kimball retired (now deceased). Mr. J. M. MacDonald was appointed foreman. In conclusion, Mr. Bovine would like to say that if it was not for the co-operation of the men and the improved conditions in the shop he would not be here to tell this story.

BUSINESS CO-OPERATION—A small boy called on the doctor one evening. "Say, doc, I guess I got measles," he said, "but I can keep it quiet."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Aw, get wise, doc," suggested the small boy. "What'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among all the kids?"—Contributed.



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Best On Atlantic Coast

Portland Terminal Company Docks Have No Equals In Efficiency Among Any of Their Size—Record Was In Discharging 6600 Tons In Nine Hours, Forty-Five Minutes



MAN who knows a great deal about the Portland Terminal Company's waterfront activities said to us the other day:

"Your waterfront story in the October issue was correct with the exception of one word." You said that coal is brought in 'barges' from Philadelphia, Baltimore and so on. We get huge coal 'colliers' from those ports; and it is surely a matter of pride that they are handled more rapidly at our docks than at any of equal equipment on the Atlantic seaboard—a sweeping statement, possibly, but perfectly true."

The principal coal giants that come here are the Munalbro, 7000 tons, Baltimore and Hampton Roads, with cargoes exclusively for the Maine Central; and the Coastwise, Transportation, Middlesex and Stephen R. Jones, all of about 7000 tons each, much of whose coal goes to mills, factories, and large dealers throughout Maine. Sulphur steamers, by the way, average the same tonnage.

Wharf One, where coal and sulphur are discharged, and Wharf Two, where they receive coal and coke, are under the supervision of Mr. Charles D. Barrows, the Maine Central's purchasing agent. Their superintendent is Carlton B. McIntire. Wharf Three, to which come China clay, pulp wood and wood pulp, is supervised by George H. Eaton, freight traffic manager.

But the big point of this brief story is what is printed above—these wharves have no equals in

efficiency among any of their size and relative equipment on the Atlantic coast. The record was made in discharging the Transportation—6600 tons in nine hours, 45 minutes. One may term this almost unparalleled, and not exaggerate. If it has been equaled elsewhere on the coast, we would like to hear of it.

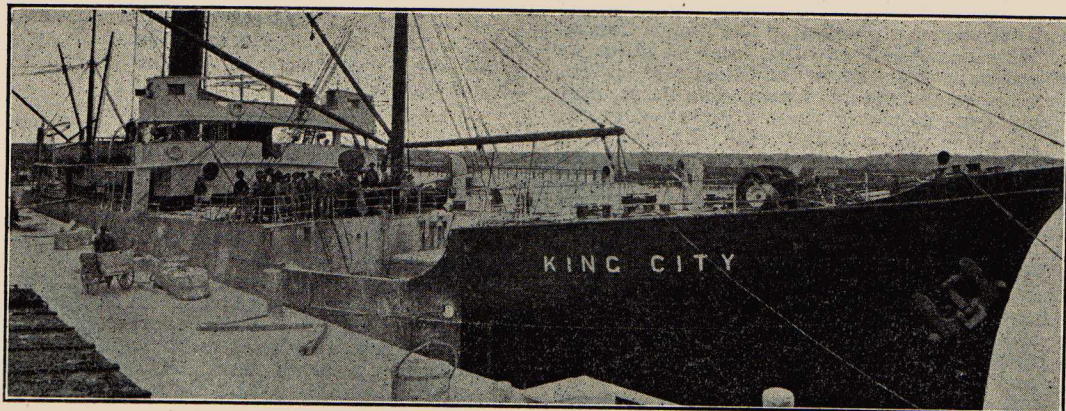
They do big things, you see, at these Terminal Company wharves. There are no more interesting places along Portland's waterfront.

Had the Right Idea

On a recent trip to South Hadley, young William, age eight years, son of W. J. Henry, chief clerk in chief engineer's office, visited school with the little friend with whom he was staying.

He made the acquaintance of the teacher and she asked him from where he came, to which he replied, "Portland, Maine." She then asked about some of the large cities through which he had come on his way to South Hadley. William meditated for some time, reviewing his trip; then, looking up with an expression of satisfaction, he answered, "RIGBY, Boston and Springfield."

"This little incident," said the one from whom we learned it, "shows the importance of the part Rigby is playing, even in the minds of the little folks."



Not one of the coal colliers this story is about. But it's a familiar visitor at Wharf Three—the King City, containing China clay.

Maine Central Family

(Continued from Page 18)

the gaping hole it had made, it was able to run under its own power.

Mrs. Lewis had been on her way to the shop—to drive her husband home from work.

The meeting of the New England Association of Railroad Veterans in Bangor City Hall, Oct. 26, was the largest the Association ever held. There were 718 present by actual count—railroad men from all New England states, the Maine Central being well represented.

Long reports of this meeting were printed in the daily papers, and so need not be repeated here. The old age pension, disability plan, and general ideas of efficiency and co-operation were discussed in detail. The chief speaker was President Todd of the Bangor and Aroostook, who was especially effective in an earnest appeal for close co-operation and friendly sentiment between employer and employee. Mayor Charles D. Crosby made the address of welcome, and Mrs. Agnes Wilson spoke in place of Mrs. Warren Auld, president of the Auxiliary, who had been scheduled.

It is believed that the oldest railroad man present, in point of continuous service, was one of the Maine Central family—Frank T. Swan, store-clerk at Bangor engine house. Mr. Swan has been in service more than 65 years. He is the son of Nathan Swan, who ran on the old Veazie railroad, Bangor to Oldtown, even before it became the Bangor and Piscataquis—and who was one of New England's veterans of veterans.

Cleaning Vats

(Continued from Page 15)

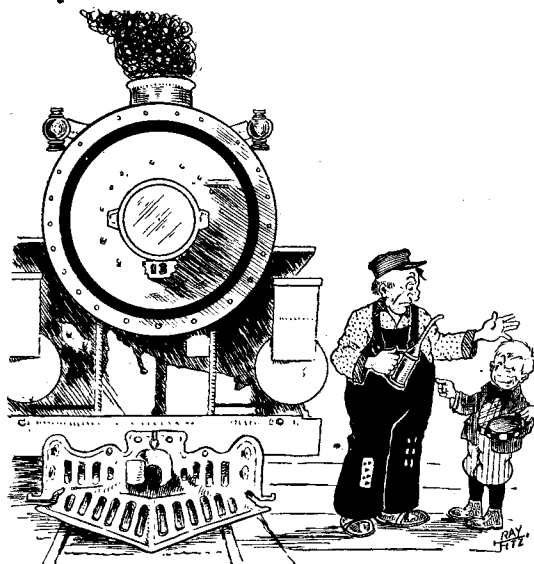
constantly hot by steam coils. Into this water are put chemicals, which come from the Magnus Chemical Company of 718-728 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—and of which Dave Blanchard, vice-president, whose headquarters are in Portland, is manager for the district of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and part of Massachusetts.

Mr. Blanchard is a familiar figure at the shops; in fact, he is almost a member of the Maine Central family. The men know and like him. And, as he pointed out to a little group of Magazine visitors the workings of the vat at Thompson's Point, they found that there is really much of interest in the science of industrial cleaning. Mr. Blanchard is known as an "industrial cleaning engineer."

A huge engine part, on which the grease and oil were smeared three inches deep, was plunged into the vat. It was left there about fifteen minutes—the maximum is twenty. Then it was hoisted to the surface, rinsed with a hose—and the work was done. To have cleaned it with kerosene or caustic soda would have taken hours. Nor is it necessary to change the tank water very often; for in it is a regenerative solution which throws the grease to the top and dirt to the bottom.

It is all done by a certain definite formula—the strength of the solution being doubled with every ten-degree rise in temperature, and on the temperature depending the amount required. There are

His Test of Performance



Boy: How many miles do yuh get out'v her to the lump of coal?—From "Life."

specific ingredients for specific jobs. And the saving of time and labor is not the only important factor; there is a decided aid to safety as well. A crack or other defect, which grease would cover, is detected instantly when the thoroughly cleansed machinery is lifted from the vat.

The Magnus Chemical Company is original in that it employs no salesmen—but its service men visit the shops once in every six weeks, aiding new men, if there are any at the vats, and keeping a sort of general oversight. And in the course of a year, if you like statistics, it makes some 1500 shipments of its chemicals over Maine Central lines—all the way from a case to a carload. It supplies, not only the vats of the Maine Central but very many of Maine's great manufacturing plants and commercial industries.

Next time you visit one of the production shops take a look at the cleaning vats. They aren't beautiful, or anything like that, but they are doing an honest work.

Railroad Expressmen

National President Addison Bollinger, of Chicago, was guest of honor at the annual meeting of Dirigo Lodge, Order of Railway Expressmen, held recently in Pythian Temple, Portland.

Joseph P. Lawless was elected president; William E. Gilson, vice-president; John F. Presnell, secretary; Lemuel E. Jackson, treasurer; Robert R. Rowlatt, agent of official publication; Howard M. Thaxter, conductor; Edward J. Chouinard, chaplain; James F. Bennett, warden; Frederick E. Martin, inner guard; Robert M. Jackson, outer guard.

President Bollinger's visit was official and his address was received with enthusiasm. A banquet

was served to more than 100, and a musical program was enjoyed.

Nominations; Whist

At the regular meeting of "General Office Local Lodge, 374, Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees," held in Pythian Temple, Portland, Nov. 13, the following were nominated for office:

- President—C. Ralph Bryant, F. E. Spaulding.
- Vice-President—E. E. Pearson, H. R. Dodge.
- Financial Secretary and Treasurer—C. I. Pickett.
- Recording Secretary—P. M. Glasscock, A. C. Waite, F. R. Landers, H. J. Foster.
- Sergeant-at-Arms—C. F. Beane, E. P. Clarity.
- Chaplain—Miss Bernadette DeRochers.
- Inner Guard—Miss Frances Moran.
- Outer Guard—E. J. Nagle, H. D. Cummings.
- Executive Committee—F. E. Norton, chairman; Miss Blanche Lowe, H. D. Cummings, E. C. Whitney.

At the close of the business session, progressive whist was enjoyed. Prizes were awarded as follows:

First prize, twenty-five pounds of sugar, Cecil F. Beane; second, two bushels of potatoes, Edward J. Nagle; consolation, one bag of flour, Carlton I. Pickett.

At the next meeting, Dec. 11, the nominations as printed above will be placed before the members and from them officers will be elected. It is hoped and expected that there will be a large attendance.

Rigby Pictures

(Continued from Page 3)

No. 1 is the office force—plus a few of prominence who happened that day to be at Rigby. From left to right they are: Front row: Albert Carrigan, James E. Mills, John D. Dunn, Edward F. Conley, Clyde F. Gary. Back row: Charles W. Jordan, Andrew Turcotte, Charles Emery—Maine Central auditor—Miss Katherine Coyne, J. E. Marden—general car inspector—Miss Katherine Dillon, Master Mechanic H. A. Southworth, General Foreman George H. Garrison, and Adelard Larviviere.

No. 2 is the force of the general yard-master's office, the names being: Front row: B. F. Kennedy, H. W. Lovejoy, H. E. Pettingill, F. W. Grimmer. Back row: P. E. Kilmartin, Miss Kay M. Dillon, Master Mechanic H. A. Southworth, A. J. Meserve.

The smallest group—the group of three—comprises General Foreman Garrison, General Car Inspector Marden, and Master Mechanic Southworth, in the order named.

Incidentally, Mr. Southworth did his duty. He thought it quite enough to be in one of the pictures—but the others unani-

A Railroad Classic

Railroad magazines everywhere are devoting space to a picture hailed as a screen epic—a worthy rival of "The Covered Wagon," and dealing with the same rugged theme; the adventures of these early pioneers who set their faces toward the west.

This picture is called "The Iron Horse," and it deals with the building of the first transcontinental railway. It is described as graphic in its fidelity. Most railroad stories on the screen are howling absurdities; here is one in which railroad history, and American history, are made visible. When it will reach Maine we do not know. It will be a pity if it does not come at all; for, if it is at all like what the critics say, every person with a love of railroading in his blood will want to see it.

Incidentally, "The Iron Horse" was directed by "John Ford," a former Portland, Maine, boy. We have been searching our brain for his real name, but it has escaped us. This one effort has placed him in the little circle of great directors.

mously insisted he should be in all of them, and they wouldn't take "No" for an answer. So he yielded as gracefully as possible.

Rigby—an impressive industrial panorama—has long been a mecca for the camera men, and views of it have been printed in many newspapers and magazines. But that forty-two engine effect will be something brand new!

Editorial

(Continued from Page 8)

have the money and the lawmakers couldn't tell for the life of them where they could get it elsewhere. The railroad tax was there and permitting it to remain was the 'easiest way.'

"Nevertheless, the easiest way is not an excuse for a palpable injustice nor for permitting the continuance of a policy that is an actual injury to the State."

A great deal will be printed, probably, within the next few weeks. One thing is certain: Whatever the outcome, widespread discussion of a matter so vitally affecting Maine cannot but prove of benefit.

Next month the Maine Central Magazine will be just a year old—no longer an infant, thank you, and looking forward with eager interest to the opportunities that beckon in 1925. A year ago, it was the only magazine of its kind in the New England field; now there are three, and interest in railroad magazines throughout the country has grown remarkably. Let's work together to make the Christmas issue one to be remembered!

SHAW'S

Congress Square and Preble Street

Established 1860

Good Things To Eat

☞ June 25, 1888, the Boston Herald paper train officially opened the Union Station, Portland, Me.

☞ Sept. 9, 1888, the West End Shoe Store was opened, and is still catering to railroad men.

KAVANOUGH says he has Chesley's R.R. Caps.

ALLEN & MACE

CASH MARKET

Tel. 8425-8426

926 CONGRESS ST.

We Carry a Full Line of

Maine Baby Beef

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Household furnishings from

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO NEWLY MARRIED PEOPLE

Before buying call and see us.

We appreciate your patronage

F. S. STROUT
PRESIDENT

WM. H. OHLER
TREAS. & MANAGER

TUCKER PRINTING COMPANY

INCORPORATED

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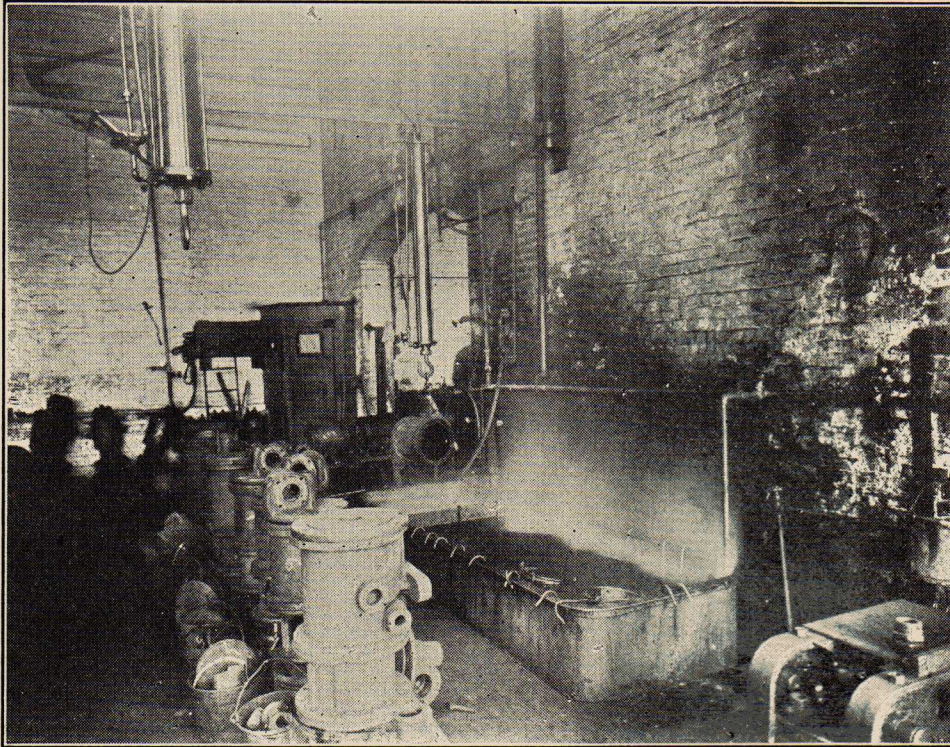
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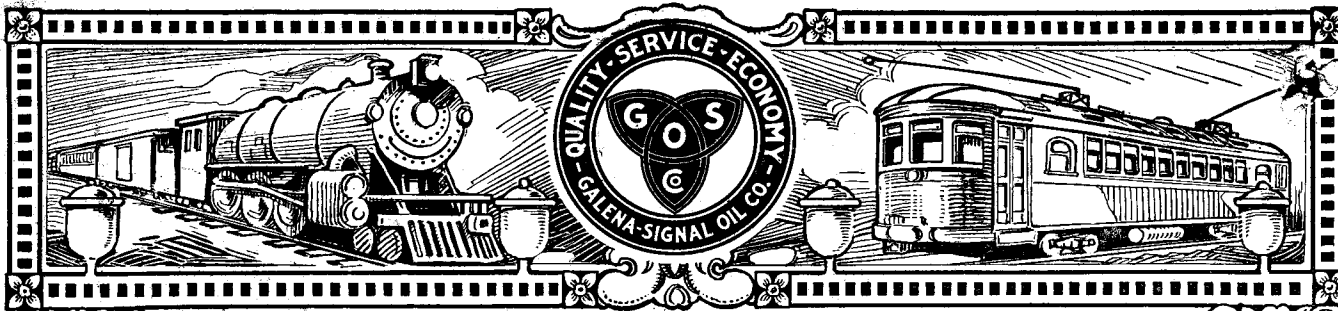
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