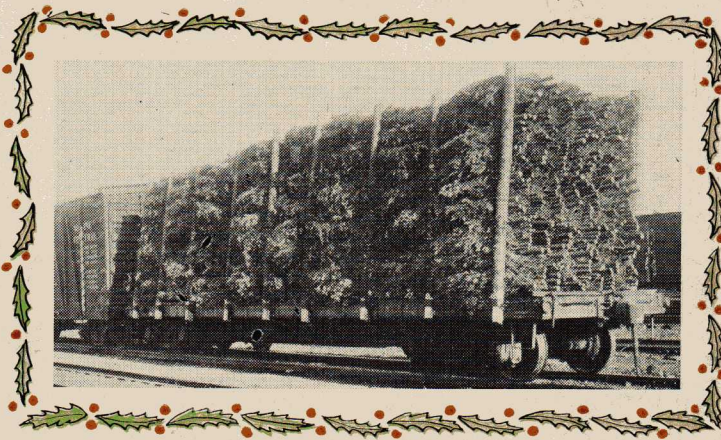


MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE



Christmas Number
1924



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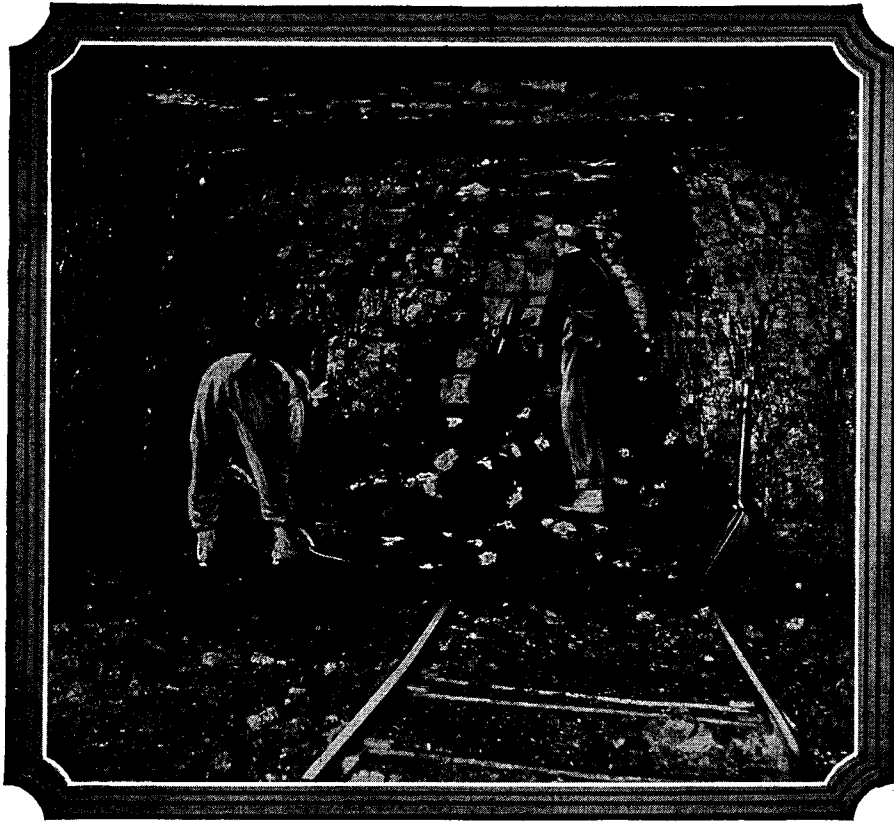
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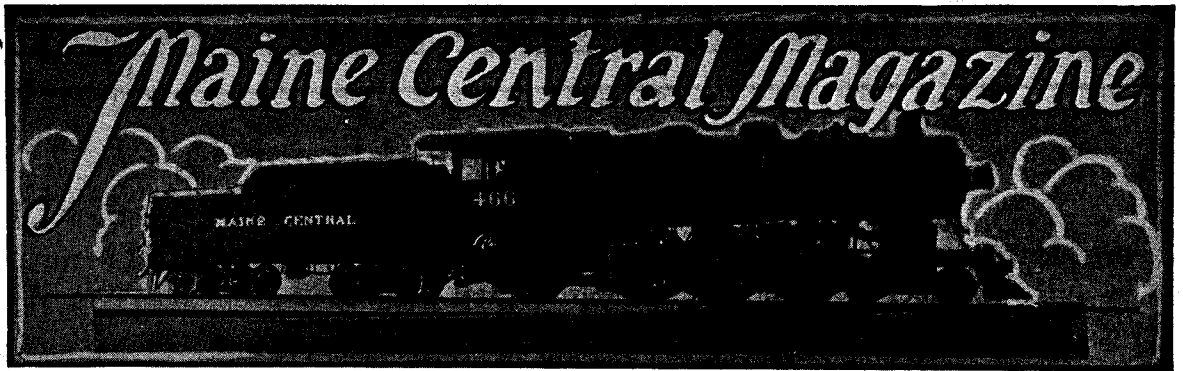
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Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1924

No. 12



The Maine Central Magazine extends
to each and every member of the
family a good old-fashioned wish---

A Merry
Christmas

Discussed Vital Problems

President McDonald of Maine Central One of Speakers at Banquet of State Chamber of Commerce and Agricultural League—A Brilliant Gathering and a Significant Evening

Addressing the joint banquet of "State Chamber of Commerce and Agricultural League" and Portland Chamber of Commerce, Nov. 28, President Morris McDonald of the Maine Central Railroad Company discussed certain outstanding features of the railroad situation in New England. He was the first of four speakers, the others being Gerrit Fort, vice-president of the Boston and Maine; Walter S. Wyman, president of the Central Maine Power Company; and A. W. Gilman, commissioner, Massachusetts State Department of Agriculture.

It was probably the largest banquet ever held by the State Chamber of Commerce—certainly the most imposing. Never has the great dining hall of the Congress Square Hotel in Portland framed a more brilliant or animated picture. Scores of men prominent in Maine's business and professional life were at the tables—and there was a touch of feminine charm, for many were accompanied by daughters or wives. The lights—arranged with a deftness one might have expected in an exquisite stage setting—brought out this picture in a sort of golden glow.

James C. Boyd, president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, called the gathering to order and introduced George F. West, president of the State Chamber of Commerce and Agricultural League, as master of ceremonies. There could have been no happier choice—for Mr. West showed an intimate familiarity with the career of each speaker, together with the subject on which he was to talk.

"One of the outstanding injustices," he declared in his introduction of President McDonald, "is our excise tax on the gross receipts of Maine railroads, regardless of net earnings. We cannot logically expect improvements in service, or lower rates, until tax adjustment has been made on a fairer basis—the basis extended to other forms of business."

President McDonald's Address

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I shall try in the short time assigned me tonight to say in a few words how the railroad situation in New England, and particularly in northern New England, appeals to me and how you who have met here may aid in improvement of that situation and so assist in the betterment of conditions generally in the territory served by the railroads in this section of the country. The prosperity of the railroads and their ability to furnish prompt and satisfactory service affects every other business, as well as each

individual in the country. Since the war, conditions in New England as affecting the railroads have not been of the best, but for a period of six years since November 11, 1918, a decided improvement may be noted. There still remains much of a constructive nature to be accomplished if this improvement is to continue and conditions are to become more nearly normal, as before the year 1917.

Railroad a Public Utility.

The railroad is a public utility and its duty is to perform prompt and satisfactory service to the public, but it cannot be efficiently operated unless its income is sufficient to pay:

- (a) Cost of operation;
- (b) Taxes;
- (c) Interest on borrowed capital;
- (d) Suitable reserves for replacement of property worn out in the service;
- (e) A reasonable sum for improvements;
- (f) A return to the stockholders commensurate with the risk involved and the nature of the investment.

Regulation by Federal and State Authorities

The railroads are subject to federal control in many of their activities with respect to:—

- (a) Operation;
- (b) Rates for carriage of freight and passengers;
- (c) Wages paid employes;
- (d) Accounting;
- (e) Issuing of securities for loans and new capital.

The railroads are also subject to state laws and regulations of the public utilities commissions when not in conflict with the federal laws.

Regulation should be confined to preventing discrimination in rates and service, and to assuring publicity as to security issues and uniform accounting. It should be enforced only to protect the public against discrimination and bad faith. It should not interfere with the exercise of proper discretion on the part of railroad managers. It should not be enforced against the better judgment of trained railroad men except for good and sufficient reasons. Regulation must not mean the power to enfeeble or destroy.

Budget.

The budget is a popular and necessary thing in these days. There are budgets for the nation and for the several states, as well as budgets for the family and the individual. A railroad, to be up-to-date, should have a budget, but if a railroad has a

budget it is found to be useless unless it be elastic and allows of changes and revision from time to time as revenues actually earned become known, and allows improvements to be undertaken and service extended when operating results warrant.

Valuation and Return on Investment.

In dealing with the railroad situation immediately following Federal Control and in prescribing rates for transportation of freight, the territory in the United States was divided into four groups, and tentatively valued, as follows:

Eastern	\$8,800,000,000
Southern	2,000,000,000
Western	}
Mountain-Pacific	
Total	\$18,900,000,000

The New England lines are embraced in the Eastern Group, which includes the territory about as follows: North of Norfolk, Cincinnati and the Ohio River; east of the Mississippi River, the Illinois River and Chicago; and it includes the trunk lines and Central Freight Association territory.

In fixing the rates for the railroads so that they might be able to earn a return (now 5 3/4 %) on the fair value of the property devoted to public use, the Interstate Commerce Commission ruled that the rates should be so adjusted that the railroads in

each group, considered as a whole, should be able to earn the maximum prescribed.

If the maximum of 5 3/4 % as above were to be applied to the valuation of the Maine Central Railroad and leased lines as tentatively found by the Interstate Commerce Commission as of June 30, 1913, based on 1914 values and adjusted to December 31, 1923, it would produce the following:

Total railway operating revenues for 1923 were \$21,192,264. The valuation found as above was \$70,271,454. The net railway operating income for 1923 was \$1,983,142, or 2.82% of the valuation. Had the net railway operating income been on the basis of 5 3/4 % of the valuation, it would have been \$4,040,609, or an increase of \$2,057,467, so that instead of a surplus after charges for 1923 of \$10,464, the surplus after charges would have been, on above basis, \$2,067,931.

I wish to call attention to the following in connection with the results of the Company's operations for the ten months ended with October, 1924 and 1923: The surplus after charges for 1924 was \$244,694, an improvement over 1923 of \$410,011. It is now expected that the surplus for the year will be about \$300,000. The loss in revenues on freight in 1924, compared with 1923, was \$480,000, on passenger \$438,000, and on total operating revenues \$824,000. The reduction in operating expenses was \$1,178,000. This expense included extra cost on

(Continued on Page 16)

Maine Newspapers Endorse the Railroads' Plea

Since the last issue of the Magazine, Maine newspapers have devoted columns of editorial space to a discussion of the proposed revision of the railroad tax. It is interesting to note that every editorial has expressed its opinion that the present system is untenable.

To quote all of these opinions would not be possible. A few pertinent extracts will show the trend of public sentiment.

The Bangor Commercial said:

"Does anyone suppose that the law enacted a generation ago for taxation upon the gross receipts of railroads would be enacted today if the question was newly before the legislature?"

"The law as it stands is diametrically unfair to the railroads of the state. It presents a grievance that demands adjustment. It imposes an absolutely unjust penalization upon the railroads."

"The railroad companies of the state ask only for justice and fair play. It is no answer to their plea to suggest lower rates and increased freight service. The accompanying loss would replace the burden that would be lessened by lower and fairer taxation."

"And again it is no answer to say that if the railroads are relieved the burden will fall upon other classes of property. If the railroads have unfairly been bearing the burdens of other property for a decade or two, is it not time for a fair adjustment?"

Says the Portland Express:

"It would be absurd to claim that this (the present tax law) is a fair or an equitable proposition. But if the state were to dismiss all consideration of what is just and right, are its own interests as a community served by taxing these public utilities to an extent that will make it difficult or impossible for them to perform the service that they were created to perform?"

"Again the answer must be in the negative, as any reasonable person will agree. Without the railroads, Industrial Maine could not exist. If their tracks were to be torn up, this state would become a desert place. It is also true that the better the service and the lower the charges of the State's transportation lines, the more greatly will all forms

of industry prosper. The railroads of Maine are not prospering. They cannot give the service they should render. They are compelled to increase charges. One of the reasons is that they are over-taxed. If it were only investors that were suffering, the members of the Legislature might answer that they must take their own chances. But the investors alone are not the sufferers nor are they bearing the chief part of the burden."

"It is industrial Maine that is paying these taxes and it is paying them in greater fold than the tax bills amount to."

"Fair spread of taxes on all properties, not a repetition of that old senseless query, 'If we give the railroads a fair tax, where is the money coming from?'—is the proper course," says the Lewiston Journal in the course of a striking editorial. "To turn the back on a fair appeal for consideration of an equitable tax on railroads, and say 'Where is the money coming from, if we do this thing,' is as traitorous a thing as a legislator can do."

"He may have other reasons; they may be good. But that reason is the most cruel, inconsiderate and unjust evasion of sworn duty that a legislator can offer. When railroads and farmers can get together and have a fair shake, things will go better."

"And it is not to be forgotten, that in this case in Maine, the railroads are asking not for a fixed tax, but a tax that automatically raises itself every year, as profits grow; a tax that, at its lowest, is higher than the tax levied by New York state or by at least 75 per cent. of the other states in the Union. We talk about cutting out altogether certain kinds of taxes; the same as Florida is doing, to get capital here. Why not also make our transportation safer, by giving us a chance to live—not strangle it by an old law, that has grown in twenty years from a house cat to a tiger."

The Bond Club of Maine, at its dinner in the Columbia Hotel, Portland, Dec. 5, went on record as desiring to assist the Maine railroads in their plea for tax adjustment. This formal action followed addresses by President Morris McDonald of the Maine Central and Edward W. Wheeler, its general counsel.

Some Surprising Figures

Bailey Family, for Four Generations, Has Total of 142 Years of Railroad Service, Practically All on Maine Central or Its Predecessors—When Portland Station Had a One Man Crew



IN THE August issue of the Maine Central Magazine we printed the following:

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

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

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

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

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

Probably nothing in the August issue was read with more genuine interest than those few paragraphs—for there is something singularly appealing in the idea of one family giving the best there is in it, generation after generation, in the service of a railroad it loves. But even as we wrote those paragraphs we had an idea that the Anderson record, remarkable though it is, might perhaps be beaten—and it seems our "hunch" was correct. It is beaten by the record of the Bailey family, which has been in railroad service for four generations, totaling 142 years.

It was Mr. L. P. Bailey—engineer on the Belfast branch, and affectionately known as Pa Bailey to hundreds of friends and fellow-workers throughout the system—who, in response to our questions, gave us some of the details.

"I like to read about others, but I'm not much of a hand to break into print myself," he said smiling.

We impressed upon him, however that all members of the great Maine Central family are certain to be interested, and so —

The first of these four generations of railroad workers was Seth Bailey, agent for thirty years of the old Portland and Kennebec Railroad at Freeport. The term "agent" is used advisedly, and yet with modifications—for this was way back in the early fifties, and there were no station buildings in those days. Mr. Bailey kept a sort of supply store, and looked after the interests of the railroad in a general way.

Next came Pascal Bailey, who was in service fifty years. One of the cherished possessions of the Bailey family is a faded, yellow newspaper clipping. It is from the Portland Telegram of June 8, 1902, and is an interview in which Pascal Bailey recalls, with vivid clearness, years that are no more than misty memories to even the oldest of present-day railroad men. Let us quote just a few of its paragraphs:

"When I first went to railroading," began Mr. Bailey, in response to a question by the Telegram man, "there were no stations, and trains were run much on the same plan that electrics are now-a-days. I have even sold tickets under a tree.

"My entrance into the business came about in this way: In the early 50's my father kept a sort of supply store, and looked after the interests of the Portland & Kennebec railway at Freeport. I naturally took an interest, and often assisted him in his duties. One day Mr. Ed Hyde of Bath, who was then at the head of the road, came to me and said, 'I want you to be at the morning train and go down to Portland with me;' and that was all I could get from him, though I tried hard to find out what he wanted.

"Next morning, when I boarded the train, I found Mr. Hyde, the treasurer, and several other

(Continued on Page 28)

Wonderful Records

In its August issue the Magazine printed the record of three successive generations of the Anderson family, all in the service of the Maine Central or its immediate predecessors: Joseph E. Anderson, 54 years; S. H. Anderson, 48; Joseph L. Anderson, three.

Now we learn the record of the Bailey family for four successive generations: Seth Bailey, 30 years; Pascal Bailey, 50; L. P. Bailey, 48; Lewis S. Bailey, 14. Not quite all of these were on the Maine Central, yet the Anderson record is obviously exceeded.

Is there any family, anywhere, that can do better?

The record of Nathan Swan and Frank Swan probably exceeds all others for two generations.

Now Mile-Long Freights

An Innovation on Maine Central Rails—Giant Trains, With Maximum of 100 Instead of 65 Cars—Experiment Has Been a Success

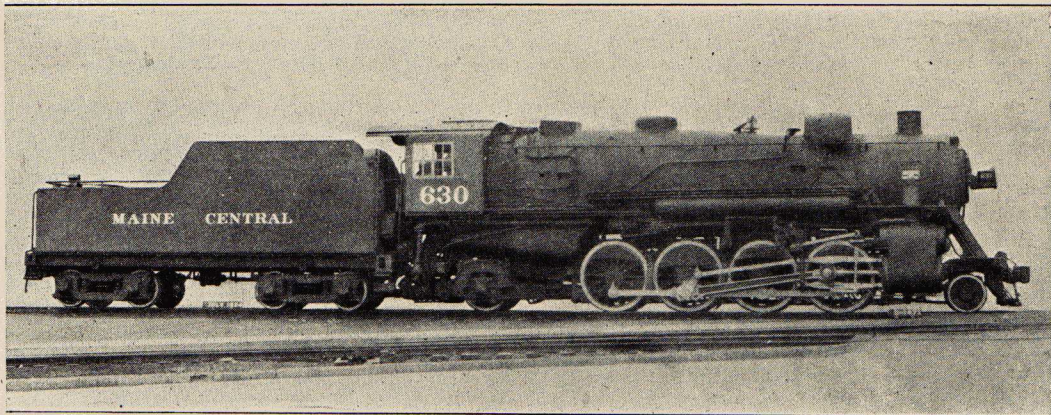
By ARTHUR G. STAPLES



RECENT order sent out by the Maine Central R. R. that hereafter the freight train maximum out of or into Rigby terminal between 3.30 p.m. and 3 a.m. shall be 100 cars is of significant importance. It demonstrates the progress of the re-establishment of the Maine Central.

Hitherto 65 cars have been the maximum, in power and practicability. Years ago, 30 was a great train. Today 100 is the word. Many of these cars are of far greater length and capacity than of old. A train of 100 cars would be almost a mile long, with engine, tender, car-lengths and dis-

of moving as small as possible. Speaking of what he had seen, a railroad employee said to the writer that when the demonstrator of this locomotive fired her for the first time, he merely made a sizeable ball of cotton waste, saturated it with oil, lighted it, threw it into the fire-box and turned on the stoker gradually. The fire started at once, much as though gas had been introduced; and at once steam was being started. In olden days the fireman had to build a broad fire of wood, and he would have a foot or more of coal on the grate. This method carries not over an inch or so of coals, just as a feeder for the blast of pulverized coal that sweeps into the



One of New Mikados, That Help Make 100-Car Freights Possible.

tance between the cars. The average car is now about 43 feet, making 4,300 feet of solid bulk, not counting caboose, engine and spaces.

To haul these great trains we already have the new locomotives along the road, moving freight—vast engines, of the absolutely final word to date, in locomotive power.

These locomotives have a wholly new automatic stoker. It differs from previous types of mechanical stokers in several ways and is believed to be far more efficient. This is a steam stoker that literally blows the pulverized coal into the fire-box in a form that is so combustible that seemingly it fires in mid air and creates a fire that closely resembles gas. At the same time mechanical appliances move the coal forward from the tender; keep it constantly at the supply-point and make the work

furnace. And when the day is done and the locomotive fires die down, there is little ash and no clinkers to speak of.

These new giant locomotives have also a device which may not be new to locomotives, but which has not been seen much hereabout. It is what is called a "booster"—a pair of small wheels under the locomotive about where the engineer sits that are used to start up the extra load. It is a sort of low-gear device such as we have in the automobile for pulling and not for speed. These wheels, carrying the steam power by gears of low speed and high efficiency, are thrown in by the engineer in starting the heavy train. Think of starting thousands of tons from a dead stop, especially on up-grade with a single power plant itself on wheels!

It suggests that when the first locomotives were

built—or rather when they were dreamed about, nobody supposed it possible to draw cars on smooth rails at all. They started out with the conviction that cogged-wheels were essential. So all first roads were cogged. George Stevenson, who never took anything for granted—not knowing a lot of things to begin with that were not so, tried a railroad without cogged wheels and it went. So today we start trains of several million pounds from dead stops, on smooth rails.

This booster applies tremendously increased power from small wheels that are especially gripping and placed where they bear the greatest traction and friction power. They automatically throw out of gear and retire from work, when the train has attained a speed of 15 miles an hour, and they may be so arranged as to be thrown in whenever the train lags to speed up to their maximum.

All through freight business, east bound, is handled on the so-called "back road" via Lewiston to Waterville. All through business, west-bound, is handled on the so-called "lower road" via Brunswick to Rigby. Therefore there is in effect a double-route service.

near it came to being carried out by the swollen waters of the Kennebec, undoubtedly brought back to many of the older employes the big freshet of March, 1902, when both the Maine Central railroad bridge and the middle span of the toll bridge, connecting Bangor and Brewer, were washed away by the raging torrents of the Penobscot.

"The flood of 1902 was the greatest since 1846, and the jamming of ice near the Maine Central shops at High Head caused the Penobscot to back up and deluge streets and buildings, doing thousands of dollars' damage to property and business. It was one of the most disastrous floods in Maine history, especially in the Eastern section of the State. Trains from Boston and Portland were run over the Dexter branch to Dover, then over the B. & A. to Old Town, when the freshet was at its pitch. There was one engine on the Brewer side when the bridge went out, and one train a day each way was handled between Brewer and Bar Harbor. The Bucksport branch was temporarily abandoned, but after a time a small engine was run to Vanceboro, then from there to Calais over the C. P., from Calais to Brewer over what was at that time the

Specifically, the practice of sending out these longer freights began October 25. It was then something of an experiment; but it has since amply demonstrated its value and practicability.

The order authorizing them was not issued until the fall change of schedule, which meant fewer passenger trains. Then, on a certain Saturday afternoon, there started from Rigby a freight of 74 cars, followed by one of 70 and one of 80. The following morning came the first of what may be termed the giant freights—the practically mile-long ones; but it was not quite the new maximum, having but 97 cars. It was due to start at 10.40, but got underway ten minutes earlier.

The first test came on the long grade into Deering. Could the 97 cars "walk right up it?" They did—with surprising ease. The experiment was successful. And, from then on, these longer freights have been run evenings and Sundays whenever there has been a heavy movement of "empties" to the east.

The first freight of real maximum length started at 7 p.m., Oct. 29. It was drawn by No. 628, one of the new Mikados, and had exactly 100 cars. That same evening there was a train of 101 cars, drawn by Engines 387 and 509—for two smaller engines, pulling together, can be substituted for one of the new giants.

To get a maximum of 100 cars, they must be "empties"—or with a few very light loads.

—Ed.

There is only one convenient and timely place on the back-route where a train of 100 cars may be side-tracked and that is Lewiston, using the double track to the Fair Ground. The Brunswick line is better supplied by reason of more extensive double-trackage. It is interesting to consider that the train of 100 cars carries exactly the same train crew as one of 65 cars or one of 35 would carry—three men. Modern freights with air brakes are not so difficult for the boys as in the days when the bold brakeman sat with his legs hanging over a thirty foot box-car, in a driving snow-storm maybe, and braked by and to the tooting of the engine. About all the bold brakeman had for compensation was the envy of the boys as they saw him rakishly bending to the winds as he passed along through town, or the admiring glances of the girls who admire cave-men. Today, he is a slick gentleman.

Yes, We Remember

A Bangor correspondent writes:

"Reading the article in the September number of the Magazine on the Ticonic bridge and how

Washington County Railway, and this engine was used to restore traffic on the Bucksport line.

"One of the most spectacular sights in connection with those exciting and tempestuous few days was the fire in the Exchange street yard of the Maine Central when a string of box cars burned. The fire originated through the chemical action of the water on a car of lime.

So writes our correspondent. Well—most of us, who are not quite so young as we would like to have others think we are, have memories of that first wild night of the flood. What yarns some of the Maine Central family could recall if they tried!

The writer's memory dwells upon how a certain newspaper staff, driven from its home by the rising waters of the Penobscot, found sanctuary in the office of a rival paper, where the town was drier. It dwells upon how complicated this office seemed to be—worse even than the pitch-black streets and their frenzied crowds. And it dwells upon how his city editor, after writing one of the most clever and vivid storm stories ever printed in New Eng-

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Shipping Christmas Cheer

Four Hundred Carloads of Christmas Trees Will Pass This Season Over Maine Central Lines—Patches of Green Against a Drab Background—They Go All Over the Country



FOR SEVERAL weeks flat cars piled high with bundles of Christmas trees have brightened the long freights as they crawl through Maine on their way to the west; and many have given more than a passing glance to these tangible, traveling emblems of Christian spirit and good cheer. Certainly they brighten a drab background. But how many stop to ask where these trees are going—from whence they come—how many of them there are? How many know that these mountains of green, as they move onward to the big cities that absorb them, represent an industry of real importance in Maine?

There is one man in Portland who has shipped, literally, millions of trees, and to him a Maine Central Magazine reporter went for information. He is E. K. Chapman, whose picture is printed on

this page—looking a bit like Santa Claus, we think, as he stands against a background that his own industry provided.

"Where do these trees go?" he repeated, in answer to the visitor's question. "Why, all over the country. This year I sent three carloads as far west as Minneapolis, and another carload as far south as Texas. The big centers eagerly absorb them, for Maine trees are welcomed by dealers everywhere.

"These trees," he went on, in response to other questions, "average from six to fifteen feet—alho I ship a few bundles of very little ones—the baby trees—from one and one-half to two feet. There are from 1200 to 2500 in a car, the average being about 1800; and I am shipping approximately 100 cars this year. Twenty-two of these carloads were

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E. K. Chapman of Portland, One of Maine's Christmas-Tree Kings, Photographed Against An Appropriate Background. (Courtesy of Gilliams Service, Union Square, New York.)

Maine Central Magazine

Published Each Month by the Maine Central Railroad Company, and devoted to the interests of the company and its employes.

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested, will be gladly received. They may be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 244, 222-242 St. John street, Portland.

DECEMBER, 1924

Editorial

True Railroad Man

The passing of Theodore L. Dunn, recorded elsewhere in this issue, brought a touch of deep regret—of personal sorrow, if you please—to very many members of the Maine Central family.

Your really big man is democratic; and Mr. Dunn was a big man. He made friends by the charm of his personality, and held them by the deeper qualities of loyalty and truth. He was courteous, considerate and kindly. However important his duties, he never was too busy to meet those who came to him—was never known to refuse a friendly word or helping hand.

Theodore Dunn is dead—but he lives in the fond memory of those with whom, and for whom, he labored so many years.

Voice of the Press

Those who read the papers—and there are few in these days who do not—have noticed the unusual amount of space devoted to railroad taxation, both editorially and in the news columns. As this is written, almost on the eve of the convening of the Legislature, no problem confronting Maine has received in its daily papers more earnest, more thoughtful, or more extended consideration. To reprint all of the comments would require—well, perhaps not our entire magazine, but surely a considerable part of its more pages than can well be devoted to any one subject, however vital and significant.

Thus far—we are writing this December?—the comments have been all one way. Every newspaper we have read has recognized, in effect, that the present law is “unsound in principle and unjust in practice,” and that the petition of the railroads for relief is reasonable

and fair. It is a subject of tremendous scope; but, in the thousands of words already printed, two outstanding facts have repeatedly been emphasized: First, expediency—the state’s need of money for its institutions—is not an excuse for injustice. Secondly, an abnormal burden, affecting the railroads of Maine, must inevitably react upon the people of Maine. It is the people, in the last analysis, upon whom this burden will fall.

So great a unanimity of newspaper sentiment is both unusual and significant. The voice of the press seems to have spoken, and in no uncertain terms.

The First Year

Frank Craven, author and actor, once wrote a play of the above title. As we remember, it imparted several shining truths in the guise of light comedy—one of them being that the little troubles and vexations in the first year of married life, once surmounted, make for happiness and understanding and true accomplishment in years to come.

In some such way, whatever small troubles and vexations the Maine Central Magazine may have had—and they have been surprisingly few for a publication that has blazed the way in a brand new field—it has, we hope and believe, builded a substantial foundation for the future. For this is the twelfth issue of the Magazine; it is now a year old. And, as you will see by next month’s issue, it has begun to grow—as every healthy and normal infant should.

We want to extend our thanks for the fine spirit of interest and co-operation with which these first twelve issues have been received by the Maine Central family. Without this spirit, the editors could have accomplished little; with it to inspire them, they have put into the magazine’s pages the best they had to give. And surely the future is bright in promise. We are planning new departments, new features. We hope to see this grow into one of the very largest railroad magazines in the country, even as it is now the largest in New England. A dream? Possibly. But golden dreams do nobody any harm. They may even come true, sometimes.

There is one thing we want to emphasize. This is a magazine for the Maine Central family and we hope soon it will become a magazine by the Maine Central family. Contributions—personals, anecdotes, pictures, what you will—are the life blood of it. Never forget that!



Irving Turner, veteran Maine Central engineer, drew his train to a sudden stop just outside Hallowell station some few mornings ago. Passengers who ran out to learn what had happened found that a human life had been saved—for a curly-headed little tot of three or four, oblivious of the near-tragedy of which he was the central figure, was running along the tracks.

Mr. Turner's quick eye and quicker brain had averted disaster—just in the nick of time.

How many have ever seen a \$3 bill?

Arthur Archer, of the paymaster's department, owns one. It may be worth a lot of money, it may be worth only its face value, it may be worth nothing—he has not learned. Anyway, it's a unique curiosity. The date on its wrinkled, faded surface appears to be 1859, although it may be 1839; and it is drawn against the Bank of Mutual Redemption, Boston. One side is occupied by an engraving of George Washington.

Another odd piece of money in Mr. Archer's possession is a \$1 bill, Central Bank of Nashville, Tenn., date of June 25, 1855.

A very pleasant surprise was given Lester R. Grant at his home on Grant Street, Portland, Thursday evening, December 4, when a number of his friends from the General Offices met in celebration of his birthday. Games of various kinds were played, and his fine radio outfit provided entertainment.

Mrs. Grant proved a delightful hostess and served a dainty and delicious lunch of sandwiches, fancy cookies, ice cream and hot chocolate.

An outstanding feature of the evening was the sleight-of-hand performance by Bentley I. Gass, who held his audience in amazed surprise as he mysteriously made coins disappear and re-appear and demonstrated many other feats of magic. It was a late hour when the party broke up amid a shower of congratulations and good wishes to the host.

Mr. Grant was presented a set of head-phones and a book.

Two members of the Maine Central family—Frank J. Nichols, ticket agent at Waterville, and H. H. Finnimore, of the Waterville shops—are receiving the sympathy of all their friends in the tragic sorrows that recently came into their lives.

Fred's Garden



Fred Legere, of Union Station platform, Portland, has a 50 by 100-foot garden.

If you don't think much can be grown on so small a plot, here are some of the things he raised last summer: Twenty bushels of potatoes, two bushels of currants, a bushel of cucumbers and 153 quarts of beans.

The photo shows Fred holding one of his cabbages. It was, he says, 42 inches in circumference, by actual measurement.

Mr. Nichols' son—Lee T. Nichols, a senior at Colby—died of heart failure while running in a relay race. He had been impressed into service and so had not taken the usual examinations to which track candidates are subjected. At the end of the two laps he collapsed, dying before medical aid could reach him. Deservedly popular, prominent in all college activities and a musician of exceptional ability, he died on the threshold of a bright career.

Mr. Finnimore's wife was standing near a stove and her clothing caught fire, the flames enveloping her with terrible rapidity.

Not long ago, as the story is told, fireman L. E. Moody went rabbit-hunting at Farmington. He didn't get any rabbit but he did get something better—a fine, fat partridge, which he brought to the engineers' shack in the town. He dressed his capture and left it on a block outside. But when he went to get it—we hate to tell this, but there's no other way—there wasn't any partridge. Or, rather, there was about half a partridge; and it later developed there was a very satisfied expression on a face of a cat that lives in the vicinity.

That was bad enough, no doubt, but the worst was yet to come—insult was added to injury. For on his next trip, when Mr. Moody went to the shack, there sat the same cat on the steps, expectancy written all over her. We haven't been able to find out what Mr. Moody said.

Ralph Cloutier of Dover-Foxcroft, a brakeman in Maine Central employ, has probably the distinction of being the youngest grandfather in Maine. At least, nobody has come forward to dispute his claim. He is only 37, and his grandson, Master Clarence Adelaid Long, is five months.

A recent photograph of a five-generation group—of which Mr. Cloutier was the third generation—has been published in the Bangor papers. It is headed by Mrs. Flora Jennis Ronco of Dexter, aged 76, who is in excellent health and does her own housework. She had 13 children, 10 of whom are living, 36 grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. Others in the group are Mrs. Ronco's oldest daughter, Mrs. Florence Cloutier of Dexter, aged 59; her son, Ralph Cloutier of Dover-Foxcroft, 37; his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy May Long of Dover-Foxcroft, 19; and Clarence Adelaid Long, the baby.

If Roosevelt had lived—!

Free Examination

Another safeguard for the traveling public and protection of company property has been put into effect by the management of the Maine Central Railroad Company. This is a physical examination of all men running engines who have reached the age of 55. The examination consists of blood pressure, heart action, condition of lungs and kidneys, etc. It must be taken annually or whenever, in the opinion of the representative of the management under whose jurisdiction they are employed, their condition warrants.

If the condition of an engineman, on examination, is not good and the physician cannot recommend his continuing the class of service he is in, an effort is made to find for him another position until such time as he has sufficiently improved to return to his regular run.

The management, in conjunction with the Engineers' General Committee, recommend that all engineers take advantage of the physical examination based on the following schedule: Between the ages of 45 and 55, every two years; under 45, every three years. After 55 has been reached the examination is compulsory, as stated above.

Dr. J. B. Towne of Waterville has been appointed the Company's physician, and engineers are examined by him at the management's expense. If an engineer goes to a physician of his own choice, which is permissible, he himself has to pay the examination fee.

Last Galloping Shunt

(V. A. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier, Oldtown.)

I took a trip, the other night, to haunts of by-gone days,
A world of steel, and grimy smoke, and colored lights,
ablaze.

The roar and rush were still all there, as in the days of yore,
The same sights and smells still filled the air, as in my day
it bore.

I paused and deeply pondered at what the years had
brought,
And wondered if, by any chance, Man now had what he
sought

In the spirit of Transportation, that holds the railroad man
in its grasp

And makes him endure hardships, until he breathes his last.
I bent an ear to catch the sounds that were floating on the
air,

And through the crash and turmoil, knew that something
wasn't there.

A figure in the distance just chanced to catch my eye,
And I hastened over to him, and asked the reason why.
He stroked his snow-white beard, and his eyes were filled
with fear,

He clutched his staff in a gnarled old hand, pushed his
crown up off his ear.

"Young man," he said, "what is this sound, you say that
isn't there?"

"Why," I said, "I've been here an hour, and haven't
heard a trainman swear."

"Young man," he sadly said, "I fear you deserve another
fate."

And as he turned to enter, I saw St. Peter written on
the gate.

An elderly gentleman of fine appearance boarded No. 16 at Winslow the day before Thanksgiving; and when Conductor George Austin asked for his ticket he replied, "I ought to ride on this"—at the same time showing Mr. Austin a pass that was a curiosity.

It was about two and one-half inches square, was dated Sept. 4, 1860 and had been issued by the old Somerset & Kennebec Railroad. It read: "Pass the holder from Kendall's Mills to Portland and return on special train this date." There was no signature save the initials "J. E.," which presumably stood for John Eaton; and the name of the bearer was nowhere specified. Kendall's Mills was the locality now known as Fairfield.

Fred Berry of the freight traffic manager's office happened to be aboard the train, and he too examined with interest the curious old pass—which was in a remarkable state of preservation. It was evident that its owner, who did not give his name, valued it highly.

Those in the freight audit office, General Offices, were saddened recently by the death of George O'Connor, one of the most popular young men in Maine Central employ.

Mr. O'Connor was born in Biddeford and was educated in St. Mary's Parochial School, Biddeford High and a Portland business college. He was interested in athletics, and reported many sporting events for the Biddeford papers.

He entered Maine Central employ Oct. 9, 1917, and was enthusiastically devoted to his work. A serious heart trouble, developing more than a year ago, forced him to take a leave of absence—but always he expected to return. When his first leave expired, he secured an extension—and so on until



Well, Here's One Way of Taking a Ride

You'll all recognize this photo of Bentley I. Gass, one of the most popular boys in the General Offices; but he didn't drive the ostrich anywhere around here. This was taken on an ostrich farm in California.

Bentley used to work in San Francisco, and he has seen a lot of the country and of the picturesque life of the west. But he likes Portland, where he has made many friends.

the end. The possessor of a fine, rare courage, he never for a moment lost hope, and it was one of his fondest expectations that he would soon return to the Maine Central and his fellow-workers.

Mr. O'Connor was 28 and was a member of the Biddeford High School Alumni Association and of the Holy Name Society, St. Mary's church. He is survived by his mother, three brothers, and two sisters.



William G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent, has returned from Chicago, where he attended the semi-annual meeting of the American Railroad Development Association. And he found time to visit the National Live Stock Association, which also was in session.

The American Railroad Development Association—composed of the industrial and agricultural agents of the various roads—meets twice a year, as has been said. Its December meeting is always in Chicago, but its May meeting is given to various cities—San Antonio, Texas, drawing it next year. It has never been east of New York; but Mr. Hunton made an earnest plea in favor of Springfield, Mass., in 1926. He did this because of the interest shown by the delegates in eastern conditions and in the specialties which our eastern states offer—especially in the low price of our farm land. Then, too, when the conference is held in a great city like

Income Tax Blanks

This comes to us from the office of the auditor of payrolls:

Employees of the Maine Central Railroad are now receiving blanks, on which it is desired to secure information necessary to compile income tax returns.

A supply of these blanks will be forwarded to each roundhouse and shop foreman, agent, yardmaster and paymaster's office, and an effort made to furnish one to each employee.

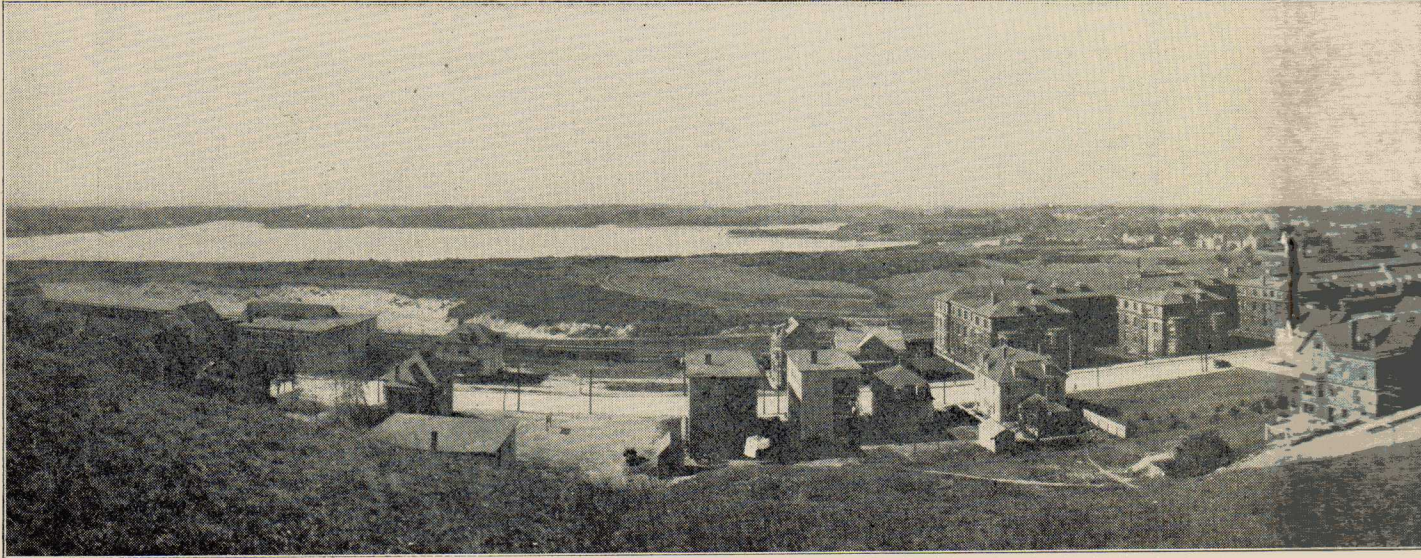
Much unnecessary correspondence and delay can be avoided if all employees will make it a point to secure and fill out blanks, and leave them with their superintendents or foremen promptly, as instructed.

Chicago it is literally swallowed up; but in a place of moderate size, like Springfield, its really valuable discussions would attract widespread attention and publicity.

For the past two years, Mr. Hunton has been

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A Panoramic View, Mostly Railroad, Recently Taken From



In Foreground, Maine Central General Offices; In Dis

President McDonald's Address

(Continued from Page 7)

account of washouts over the line—\$125,000. There was an improvement in the income from car hire of \$294,000. The decrease in operating expenses was brought about by a favorable winter, reduced coal costs, and improved condition of cars and engines, allowing closing of the shops during the summer. The taxes for the year 1924 will be about \$1,220,000 which includes the State of Maine excise tax for the privilege of doing business—\$963,050.

Taxes.

Taxes are taking from the railroads an ever increasing share of their income, and now constitute one of the largest items in the cost of their service. The Bureau of Railway Economics at Washington has compiled figures which show that 4.4% of the total income of the railroads of the United States in 1921, 5% in 1922 and 5.3% in 1923 went for taxes of all kinds, federal, state and local. An even larger percentage of the revenue of the railroads in Maine is required for this purpose by reason of the abnormally high excise tax which is assessed upon them by the State of Maine for the privilege of exercising their franchises within the state. This tax, which is in addition to local assessments, is based entirely upon gross receipts and is now assessed at the same rate upon all of the principal railroads of the state regardless of their varying values and earning capacities. The taxable ability of a railroad and its franchise value are determined by the net profit which results from its operation and not by its gross revenue. This present law is, therefore, unsound in principle and unjust in practice and bears no relation to the value of the railroad franchise which is the subject of the tax. By

reason of advances in rates and fares which have been necessary to meet increased charges of operation this franchise tax has more than doubled in the last few years although, during the same time, the net earnings of the railroads, which have been most heavily affected by the tax, have greatly diminished. The present law should be promptly revised so that the tax assessed under its provisions will be more in harmony with present-day conditions in the field of transportation.

The railroads operating in Maine will accordingly propose to the next legislature the adoption of the "gross-net plan," so-called, in place of the present method. Under this plan the tax on gross receipts would be retained but would be graduated according to the ratio between gross receipts and net operating income. Every railroad would pay at least 3% of its gross receipts and as much more, up to the present extreme limit of 5½%, as its net earnings would justify. This would give to the state a reasonable and dependable income from railway taxation, and the tax itself would be based upon sound economic principles and scientifically and equitably apportioned among the different railroads of the state. The proposed plan is so eminently just that all fair-minded citizens may reasonably be expected to give it their endorsement and support.

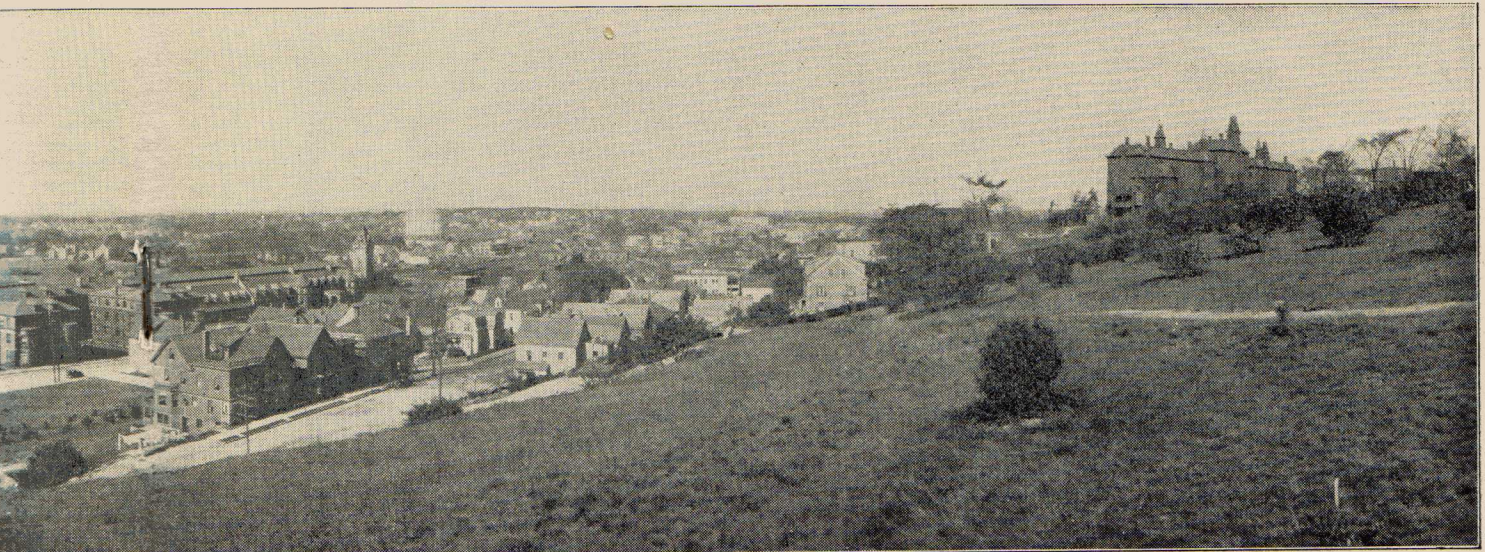
Ways in Which Adequate Rail Transportation May Be Had.

There are several ways in which this country may have adequate rail transportation—

First: By private ownership, subject to reasonable regulations, which must be protective to the owner or else he will not engage in the business.

Second: By private ownership, with government operation, and by taxation to provide the money necessary to pay a fair return on capital now in-

View Taken From the Top of Portland's Western Promenade



General Offices; In Distance, the Thompson's Point Shops.

vested and for new capital going into the business. Third: By straight, outright government ownership and government operation—a condition which would provide that taxation of the people would be necessary to pay deficits, the same as now is being done in the Post Office Department.

Railroad Consolidation.

I desire to touch upon the subject which has to do with the disposition of our New England railroads under plans for consolidation.

Aside from being a subject of national interest, it is one of vital importance to New England and especially to this state, the people and its industries. Judging from the activities pursued during the discussions of various consolidation plans at the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission a year or more ago, I believe that this is fully realized not only here in Maine but in all New England. Probably in no section of the country has this subject been studied and discussed to a greater degree by the public than within the borders of New England. It is still a live issue and will actively confront us in the near future. I mention it at this time merely to remind you that in your activities as Chambers of Commerce it should have a prominent place and receive careful study, that Maine and all of its interests may be protected and adequately served with transportation. It is unnecessary for me to review the plans that have been advocated. They are familiar to all. It is sufficient to say that those responsible in the management of the Maine Central Railroad have, up to this time, seen nothing to warrant a change in the views as already expressed, or in the plan which our Company presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Service—Rate Structure—Co-operation.

The railroad's product is service. Service is the only thing it manufactures—and, therefore, the only thing it offers for sale to the public. Without it industry cannot prosper and if industry is not prosperous our people, the railroad and its owners suffer accordingly.

When one analyzes the situation to determine what is necessary for the prosperity of our community, the inevitable conclusion is reached that service is of paramount importance. In fact, it is one of the chief factors which concerns the manufacturer and the farmer in their endeavors to place their products in markets beyond the borders of our state. It outweighs the importance of its cost, admitting of course that the cost is always within the bounds of reasonableness. This much is frankly admitted by many of our patrons and the experience of our own people seems to prove this assertion beyond a doubt. We are fully alive to the character of service that our public demands and must have. I believe that the railroad I represent has met its obligations in this respect and there is no reason to believe that it will not continue to do so, at any rate that will be its endeavor. I cannot, however, refrain from reminding you that good service cannot be given at bargain-counter prices. It costs money to produce, and if it is of a high-class order it should command a price that not only pays the cost of its manufacture but leaves a fair margin of profit.

Keeping company with everything else, including wages, material, taxes, railroad rates are, we must admit, on a very much higher level than ever before. However unfortunate this may be for passenger and shipper, it must be realized that our rates of today reflect conditions for which the management

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Maine Central Family

(Continued from Page 15)

pressing upon the Southern delegates the advantages of buying Maine's surplus hay for the feeding of dairy stock and mules. It is of a better quality for this purpose than the Southern states can get anywhere else. Apparently they are coming to realize this—for Mr. Hunton knows of eighty carloads that went south last year, and doubtless there were others.

It is not everyone's good fortune to have seen as much of the world as has Helmar Karlson, who is employed as machinist helper at Bangor shops. Mr. Karlson was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, about 26 years ago and it was only natural for him to follow the sea, for his ancestors for generations back had been sea-faring people. At the tender age of 13 he was found starting for the fishing grounds in a small boat that would make a two or three days' trip and then return to dispose of the "catch" among the native Scandinavians. When he was a year older he shipped on a large boat that plied between Copenhagen and Russia with horses, and the following year he made three or four trips between his home and New York on a large passenger vessel.

Mr. Karlson later signed and sailed on the steamer Christiania, a monstrous new Norwegian of nearly 20,000 tons, which sailed between Marseilles and Philadelphia with coal. After a few trips on this steamer, and while they were tied up in Marseilles, the United States entered the Great War. Karlson returned on the Christiania to Philadelphia and, leaving her, enlisted in the Navy and was assigned to the U. S. S. Sterling, which was used as an ammunition supply boat along the Atlantic Coast. After his term of enlistment expired he sailed on ships between New York and the West Indies, and also visited Australia. He came to Bangor as an officer on a coal steamer that was unloaded at the Maine Central docks, but as soon as the boat reached there the greater part of its crew left; they had been nearly starved, they said, on the trip to Maine.

Mr. Karlson has now purchased a home in Bangor, married a Bangor girl and given up the sea-faring life forever—except for a trip to his old home in Denmark, which he is planning.

Personals

Don't forget your income tax questionnaire!

Thomas Merchant, painter in the Waterville shops, spent part of his lay-off in Portland.

Frank S. Whitney, general foreman, motive power department, Bangor, spent Thanksgiving in Boston with friends.

George F. Black of Portland, former engineer, maintenance of way, and Mrs. Black will leave soon for St. Petersburg, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

S. E. Jones, engineman on the Eastern Division, recently purchased and moved into the so-called Porter bungalow on Main street, Bangor. It is a most desirable piece of property, being modern in every respect.

The Spirit

Get out into the Crowd.
If you live where it isn't easy to find
a Crowd call on the neighbors.
Look into their faces!
You won't have to look twice to see
something.
The soul is working.
It's something that makes you glad—
more sure of the Brotherhood of Man.
You sense the time is drawing near to
do homage to the greatest aim in life—

SERVICE!

It is apparent everywhere.
Gifts are but a form of expression.
Don't belittle your ability to give.
You have much!
Give freely of yourself—
You travel the road but once.
Only a smile has sometimes made new
worlds for our fellows.
If you or I have memories that hurt
—heart-aches that burn—if we are down-
cast in thought or just plain tired of our
burdens—
Let's go out in the Crowd with our
fellows and give free reign to the Spirit
of Christmas.
No matter who or what we are—it's
ours.
And the more freely we give the more
freely we receive.
It doesn't make any difference that we
have not been introduced to the Crowd—
everyone there is as much like you and me
as peas in a pod.
Let's go!
It will help us to grow in—SERVICE.

W. T. Gonyer, machinist helper at Bangor, recently returned from a week's hunting trip near Springfield, Me., bringing home a 185 lb. buck as demonstration of his prowess with the rifle. Also Albert Violette proved his skill, recently, bringing home a good sized buck, which he got in the wilds just outside of Lincoln.

John W. Furrow, foreman of locomotive repairs, Bangor, is expected to be able to resume his duties before many days after this is written, Nov. 29. Mr. Furrow has been confined to the house for over a month because of injuries sustained while helping to move the turntable when the electric power had temporarily failed. During his absence L. J. Beaulieu has been acting foreman.

Byron Scott, yard conductor at Bangor, is in the Eastern Maine General Hospital with a badly mangled foot. It is learned that every bone in his foot is broken, although there was no compound fracture. The hospital authorities say they hope to save the foot, although it will be months before

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Theodore L. Dunn

Beloved and Widely Known Railroad Man, Former Head of the Maine Central's Engineering Department; Passes Away—He Held Many Positions of Trust—Story of His Life Work



ORD was received Wednesday, December 3, of the death of Theodore L. Dunn, widely known railroad man, who held positions of much importance—including chief engineer and assistant to the president—on the Maine Central system. He passed away in Corey Hill Hospital, Brookline, Mass., at the age of 84—only a few months following his retirement.

In response to a request by the Magazine, one who knew Mr. Dunn intimately has kindly written for its pages the following account of his life and railroad activities prior to his becoming associated with the Maine Central:

Theodore L. Dunn was born on Temple Street, Boston, December 22, 1840, the son of Theodore Dunn and Caroline M. Balcock, his wife. His parents moved during his early infancy to West Roxbury, and his education was obtained, therefore, at the Jamaica Plain High School. Finishing the work of this school at the age of fifteen he completed his education by learning the surveyor's profession in Buffalo, where, between 1856 and 1858, he worked with a surveyor engaged on the Niagara Falls Canal. Then, from 1858 to 1861, he helped survey the construction of the Wabash Railroad in Indiana.

Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War he left his work, returned to his home and enlisted in Boston, Company C of the 13th Massachusetts Volunteers. After their training at Readville his regiment was sent to join the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Dunn was with his regiment at the battles of Manassas (Second Bull Run) and Antietam; but soon after the latter battle he was stricken with a fever which almost cost him his life. Rescued by his uncle from a camp hospital (where he was found in a dying condition lying on a cot which stood in about two feet of stagnant water) he was brought by slow stages to his home in Dover and his life saved. It was characteristic

of Mr. Dunn's sense of duty and honor that he spoke but little in later years of his part in the Civil War, and would never apply for a pension.

After a long convalescence he worked for about a year in the office of Whittmore and Cabot, cotton brokers in Boston, of which firm his uncle was senior member, but he soon returned to his railway profession, becoming, about 1866, division engineer for the Wabash Railroad for the section between Springfield, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri. He constructed the line between Springfield, Ill., and Hannibal, Mo.

During the great flood on the Mississippi, about

1874, when two spans of the Wabash bridge at Hannibal were swept away, it was generally believed that it was impossible to restore the bridge until the flood subsided; but at considerable danger to himself Mr. Dunn superintended the repair of the bridge, and the Wabash trains were running across the Mississippi again within a week.

Because of his work during the flood he received several very attractive offers from other railroads, but it was typical of him that he refused these offers, considering his duty was to the Wabash.

About 1878 Mr. Dunn became superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad and a

few years later superintendent of the Monon line, between Chicago and Louisville. In 1890 he moved to Louisville, becoming chief engineer of the Louisville and Evansville Railroad. It has been reported that at least on one occasion during this part of his career he was offered a position of higher distinction in the railroad profession but felt compelled to refuse it because of what seemed to his high sense of ethics dishonorable conditions attached to the offer.

After a brief retirement, caused by illness, Mr. Dunn returned to the East and in 1897 became

(Continued on Page 30)

Deep Regret

Expressions of regret were everywhere head among workers on the system when news of Mr. Dunn's death became generally known. Although he had retired from active service, the great Maine Central family still felt him one of them.

"He was one of the finest men I have ever known, and one of the most remarkable," said President Morris McDonald. "I could say much of his good qualities, but the one I shall perhaps remember longest is his old-fashioned, uncompromising honesty. He would treat with nothing, at any time, that he did not think was right. No tribute to Mr. Dunn's memory can be too tender. The railroad world always has need for such as he."

The expressions of regret came from representatives of all departments.

In Field of Sports

Standing and Averages of the General Office League—Some Crack Pool Players of Portland Terminal Company In Action—May and Goud Issue Challenge

Interest in sports increases as real winter comes. Bowling is still the favorite in Maine Central circles, and probably always will be; but pool and other diversions are much in evidence.

Some outdoor winter sports—on ice or snow—are likely. They are being discussed, although there is nothing definite as yet. Something of the sort would be an innovation in Maine Central circles, and ought to be popular.

Here are some of the high lights of sports around the system. If you know any, don't be afraid to send them in. We want them.

General Office League

This is the standing, Dec. 11, of the ten general office teams:

Bridgton-Sacos, won 30; lost 10.
Mooseheads, won 27; lost 13.
Megantics, won 26; lost 14.
Somersets, won 25; lost 15.
Kennebagos, won 20; lost 20.
Oquossocs, won 18; lost 18.
Kineos, won 17; lost 19.
Sandy Rivers, won 15; lost 25.
Washington Countys, won 13; lost 27.
Rangeleys, won 12; lost 28.

The individual averages for men:

Clifford Jess, 95; Phil Smart, 93; George Foster, 92; Hollie Bucklin, 92; Clayton Waite, 91; Bill McCullum, 90; John McCullum, 89; Malcolm Allen, 89; Horace Woodbury, 88; Charles Mills, 87; Eddie Nagle, 87; Chester Brown, 86; Bliss Eadon, 86; Howard Bean, 85; Tommy Herald, 85; Herbert Oberg, 84; Howard Leighton, 84; W. Little, 84; Joe Bucklin, 83; Tom Heiskell, 83; Roy Shaw, 81; Guy Shaw, 81; Phil Winslow, 81; Howard Dodge, 81; Roy Hiles, 79; Walter Talbot, 79; Ben Gass, 78; W. Perry, 78; Walter Robinson, 75; Harvey Rand, 74.

Individual averages for women:

Marion Sleeper, 80; Ruth Maugum, 75; Anne Biggins, 74; Frances Moran, 74; Mildred Libby, 72; Nina Webb, 71; Florence Monro, 70; Mac Hinds, 69; Madeline Goudy, 69; Marguerite Hollywood, 69; Rose Langlois, 68; Marion Willey, 67; Georgia Staples, 67; Ann Cawley, 67; Florence Bass, 66; Hortense Kingsley, 64; Miss Bennett, 60; Elura Berry, 59; Gladys Greely, 59; Blanche Lowe, 59.

High average
High single

Jess, 95
Herald, 138

High 3 string total	W. McCullum, 322
High team single	Bridgton-Sacos, 463
High team total	Bridgton-Sacos, 1290
High girl's average	Miss Sleeper, 80
High girl's single	Miss Sleeper and Miss Willey, 96
High 3 string total	Miss Webb, 260

Pool Tournament

Take a walk any Monday, Wednesday or Friday evening to Commercial street, Portland, and you'll find in the rear of the Terminal supply store, not far from the freight offices, some of the crack pool players of the Portland Terminal Company. For a tournament is in progress, and interest runs high.

All of these players recently assembled for a flash-light by the Maine Central Magazine photographer; but the usual system is for different groups to play on different nights. The schedule began Wednesday, Nov. 12, and will continue through Feb. 20. There is an incentive to keep it going, too, for each of the boys deposits in a common treasury the sum of fifty cents per game. The very considerable sum thus accumulated will, at the close of the season, be given out in prizes—\$45 for first prize, \$25 for second, \$10 for third, and \$10 for high run.

The six leaders are Edward Sullivan, Philip Curran, Clinton Kane, Almond Whitney, Merland Ward and Lewis Lee. Their partners are: With Sullivan, Timothy Donahue; with Curran, Edward Ryan; with Kane, Patrick McGeehan; with Whitney, William Flaherty; with Ward, James Foley; with Lee, Joseph Foley. David Donovan is official referee. One hundred points constitute a game.

Here is the record of the earlier games. Next month we'll bring it right up to date:

Nov. 12—Sullivan vs. Whitney. Won by Whitney, 100-68.

Nov. 13—Curran vs. Ward. Won by Curran, 100-73.

Nov. 14—Kane vs. Lee. Won by Kane, 100-71.

Nov. 17—Curran vs. Sullivan. Won by Curran, 100-73.

Nov. 19—Whitney vs. Lee. Won by Whitney, 100-84.

Nov. 21—Ward vs. Kane. Won by Ward, 100-84.

Nov. 24—Whitney vs. Kane. Won by Kane, 100-91.

Nov. 28—Lee vs. Curran. Won by Curran, 100-65.

Dec. 1—Ward vs. Lee. Won by Ward, 100-54.

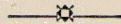


Flashlight of Players in the Portland Terminal Company Pool Tournament

A Challenge

Charles May and John Goud, both of the freight audit department, General Offices, have teamed up and would like to roll any two-men team on the system. The challenge is extended for any time or place within reason, and anyone accepting it may address John Goud, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland. Both Goud and May are famous bowlers, and admittedly it would take good players to beat them. Who wants to try?

A silver cup has been offered to the winning bowling team selected from the dormitory men in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. building, Waterville; and arrangements also are being made there for a pocket billiard tournament, with suitable prize.



Christmas Trees

(Continued from Page 11)

cut in Canada, and six in Vermont; the others all go from Maine, over the Maine Central lines.

"I contract for the trees in carload lots, and ship them direct to the big dealers. Philadelphia and New York usually want balsam; Chicago demands spruce."

"Is it true," asked the reporter, "that this is one of the ways in which Maine is losing its forests?"

There was a flash of fighting spirit in Mr. Chapman's tones as he replied:

"Not for a moment! There are some who spread

Don't We Know It?

A man is something that can see a pretty ankle three blocks away while driving a motor car in a crowded city street, but will fail to notice in the wide open countryside the approach of a locomotive the size of a schoolhouse accompanied by a flock of 42 box cars.—American Auto Digest.

that sort of propaganda—and it's the most absurd I ever heard.

"Maine has nineteen million acres of land. Cut one Christmas tree to an acre—just one—and you would have nineteen million trees, or double enough to supply the demand in the whole United States. That wouldn't tend to do us a great deal of harm, would it?"

"But the real point is that these little trees are good for nothing else. For 200 years the seeds have been blowing onto farmers' hayfields—and the farmers have now let them grow, only to be told that they mustn't cut them because it will hurt our forests! One man sold me \$200 worth of trees that he was in the act of cutting up and burning, just to clear away his land. My offer tickled him to death—it was so much clear gain. These Christmas trees, as we call them, are worth a hundred times as much for holiday adornments as for any-

thing else. They would just overrun the pastures—and you can't keep the cattle and baby fir or spruce on the same ground.

"You may find it difficult to believe, but I have seen 100,000 baby trees on a space no bigger than this room—yes, 1,000 of them to a square foot. I have known them to grow like grass, and of just about the same thickness. They would never become real trees—substantial timber."

Mr. Louis P. Blanchard, superintendent of car service, said when later questioned that 194 cars of Christmas trees were shipped over the Maine Central lines in November; and estimates are that the December shipments will bring the number to about 400. Accepting 1800 per car as approximately the average, we would thus get a total of 720,000 trees shipped from Maine Central territory for this particular Christmas season. There are a few big dealers, like Mr. Chapman, and many smaller ones.

Personals

(Continued from Page 18)

he can regain the use of it. The injuries were sustained while he was shifting in the freight yard.

V. L. Cunningham, machinist helper at Bangor shops, is suffering from a broken finger. The accident happened when a sledge hammer in the hands of a machinist struck the running board of an engine and glanced, the blow falling on Mr. Cunningham's hand. A rather strange coincidence, as this is the second time the same finger has been broken since he entered the employ of the company about two years ago.

If ever we play cards with Cecil Beane of the revision bureau; General Offices, we hope we draw him as a partner instead of an opponent. At the progressive whist, Nov. 13, under the auspices of General Office Lodge, 374, Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Mr. Beane won the first prize—25 pounds of sugar—as told in the November Magazine. That was all right. But a few days later he walked into a public whist tournament and walked out with another first prize—a complete tea-set, this time, including six cups and saucers, cream pitcher and sugar bowl. And that ought to be about enough for one month.

Florida always calls to various members of the family at this time of the year. Conductor and Mrs. Charles Copeland are at St. Petersburg, and Conductor and Mrs. Frank McDonald at Miami. Mrs. George W. Plaisted will soon leave for Miami, where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. S. R. Waldron. Cy Paul, engineer on Nos. 11 and 8, and Mrs. Paul are at Sarasota.

They say that when John F. Abbott, the Maine Central's traveling auditor, reports now to Mr. Paine, or even to the office of the general manager, he has a new system of making his presence known. It is an effective system, too. He merely leans against the push-buttons on Mr. Paine's or Mr. Wood's desks until the ringing of the bells gives notification that he's there.

Travelers who wait at Waterville are often treated to a concert—the music being so distinct and clear it seems almost as though a phonograph were playing on the station platform. But it is only one

Never Too Late

"I have never yet been able," writes a member of the Maine Central family in philosophical mood, "to find out when it is too late to start again—unless it is when folks stand over your body and exclaim 'how natural.'"

"The other day a good old Connecticut Yankee, aged 76, who failed in business, paid up every cent, dollar for dollar. When asked why he did so, he replied 'Because I am going to commence all over again and a man must have a good reputation in starting out in life.'"

"Think of it!—starting out again in life at 76. Could any man's mental attitude be more magnificent?"

"James Hill was a railroad switchman at forty; a railroad president at fifty; and a nation builder at sixty. If you think it's too late at forty, it is—for you."

"But if you disregard the calendar years in your age reckoning, forty or fifty or sixty is as good a time to take a 'new lease' as twenty or thirty. We grow old first in the head and last in the body."

"And so the moral is this: If you MUST get old, take your time about doing so."

of the big radio sets owned by Gordon Berry, in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. across the square. Mr. Berry, who is an electrician in the Waterville shops, is a genius in radio building, as already described in the Maine Central Magazine; and he gives everybody in that part of Waterville the benefit of his skill—for his sets certainly carry far. He is planning to give a concert every Friday evening.

"Although I am not a railroad employee," writes Raymond P. Eastman of North Conway, N. H., "I am an interested reader of your magazine. In your November issue I observe that you were unable to think of the Portland man who directed 'The Iron Horse,' a railroad picture. It was Francis Ford, who formerly was a movie actor." We thank Mr. Eastman for his note, and it's good to find a fellow movie-fan; but in this instance we think he is mistaken. Jack or John Ford, who directed 'The Iron Horse,' and Francis Ford, who directs and sometimes still acts in highly colored serials, are brothers—and both came from Portland. But their real name, as we understand, is not Ford—and we can't remember it. Incidentally, Francis Ford is a good director, and there is always a certain human interest in his serials, however fantastic and impossible they may be. Personally, we have always thought he had it in him to direct a really fine picture—if they would give him a fine picture to direct.

Miss Marjorie R. Jordan of the motive power department, Vanceboro, is another who has correctly solved the puzzle sent by W. J. McAlliam, Maine Central station agent at South Brewer—her answer being received just too late for publication in the November issue. Like the others, she made A's age 12 and B's age 20. Speaking of puzzles, "J. A. S." of Bangor sends us the following: "A woman, going into a store, inquired the price of eggs per dozen. The clerk answered, 'Two more for 24 cents would make them two cents per dozen less.' She said she would take 24 cents' worth. How many did she get?" All right, Mr. J. A. S.—maybe some of us can solve it. Meantime, still speaking of puzzles, we think the biggest puzzle of all—and it's one which every member of the family must tackle, whether he wants to or not—is that income tax questionnaire.

Here It Is—The Completed Ticonic Bridge. Work Ended Ahead of Schedule

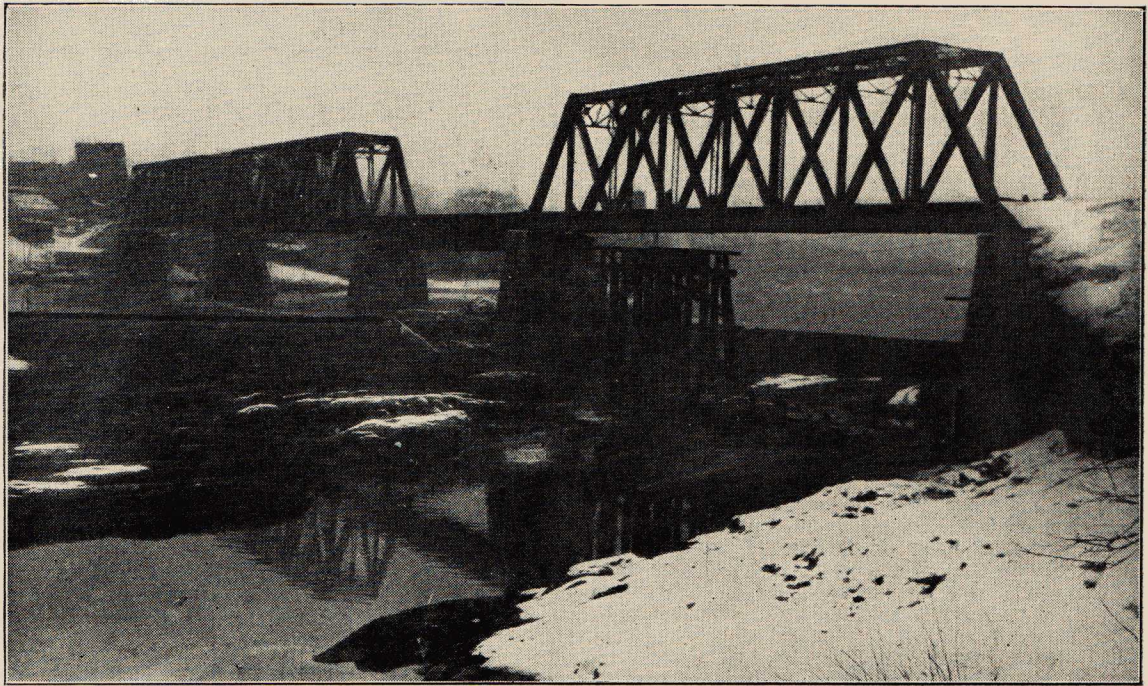


HERE is a photograph—taken, unfortunately, on a rather cloudy day—of the completed Ticonic Bridge, spanning the Kennebec between Waterville and Winslow. Two of the false-work bents show in the photograph, but were removed a few hours later.

This huge engineering job—the rebuilding of an entire bridge without interrupting the passage of Maine Central trains—has been described in the Magazine. New steel replaced the old, little by little, although trains passed over it every day.

When it is considered that a bridge 683 feet long and weighing 472 tons was replaced by one of 850 tons—all in five and one-half months, without interrupting the passage of trains and with storm and disaster thrown in—you get some idea of the sheer magnitude of the job.

This work was under the immediate supervision of Bertrand T. Wheeler, chief engineer of the Maine Central system. His immediate lieutenants, in charge of the complicated details of construction, were Walter H. Norris, the Maine Central's bridge engineer, and Walter Lampson, his assistant; Perley



The New Bridge as Photographed on December 8th

It was a delicate and complicated task—a noteworthy example of modern engineering.

Work began July 1 and was completed in its entirety by December 15, two weeks earlier than had been estimated. It would have been completed earlier than this—probably about December 1—had not the Kennebec one day gone on a rampage, tearing a hole in the Hollingsworth and Whitney dam and hurling masses of logs against the falsework beneath the bridge. Some of this gave way, and the Winslow span sagged several feet. It was a vivid story, but its dramatic values appealed far more to the newspapers than to the Maine Central's en-

gineering department. When it is considered that a bridge 683 feet long and weighing 472 tons was replaced by one of 850 tons—all in five and one-half months, without interrupting the passage of trains and with storm and disaster thrown in—you get some idea of the sheer magnitude of the job.

Mr. Brackett and his crew have now gone to Lewiston, where they are setting up the riveting outfit; but no construction work will be done there until spring. The two westerly spans of the bridge across the Androscoggin are to be removed and replaced by new, and getting the preliminary details arranged at this time insures an early start.

The October Operating Results

The statement of Maine Central operating results for October—made public Nov. 25, is as follows:

	October 1924	October 1923	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,299,969	\$1,350,178	\$50,209
Passenger Revenue.....	285,322	374,355	89,033
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,749,748	1,855,284	105,536
Surplus after Charges.....	56,090	87,940	31,850

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO OCTOBER 31ST—(Ten Months)

	1924	1923	Decrease
Railway Operating Revenues	\$16,998,166	\$17,822,600	\$824,434
Surplus after Charges.....	244,694	Def. 165,317	Inc. 410,011

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

President McDonald's Address

(Continued from Page 17)

of railroads is in no way responsible. It is clearly evident that our New England railroads, notwithstanding the severe increases in their rates, have failed to benefit by any substantial increase in net, but on the contrary may be said to be far from prosperous. The Maine Central Railroad is no exception. It has had the benefit of all the increases authorized by the regulating bodies during the past ten years and yet, after initiating drastic economies, is barely paying its fixed charges. It is quite apparent to me that the advent of normal conditions and price levels lies quite some time in the future and until we can operate our railroads with a larger volume of traffic and at a much less cost, no encouragement can be offered in the matter of a general levelling down of our rate structure. True, we make changes in our rates from day to day to meet conditions, affecting specific lines of traffic, with which we are constantly confronted, but these are entirely apart from the question of a general reduction in rates as applied to all traffic. Some of these changes are by no means reductions, but on the contrary are increases which we believe are justified on the ground of insufficient revenue to compensate for service performed and to bring about a more equitable distribution of the transportation burden. Our difficulties in this respect seem to lie in convincing our regulating bodies that such changes are justified, even in the face of the financial showing which, to say the least, is disappointing.

Our policy is one of co-operation in the interest and welfare of the territory and public served by the Maine Central Railroad, and I hope we shall continue to have that ready response from those whom we serve, especially in these matters that are so vital to the prosperity of the railroad I represent.

Close.

I have endeavored in a brief way to point out some of the many things which all of you may assist in doing in order that the railroad situation in this section may be improved, and thus improve conditions generally. I thank you.

Tried Hard, Anyway

We had hoped to present, across the two middle pages of this issue, a flash-light of the banquet under the auspices of the State Chamber of Commerce and Agricultural League, at which President Morris McDonald spoke and the subject of railroad taxation was discussed at length.

The diners posed in various stages of willingness and expectancy, and the photographer set off his flare. It burned for a moment, dazzlingly white, bringing out every detail of the brilliant scene in the big, golden dining hall. It would have made an exceptionally interesting picture, but—

You know what the poet said about the best-laid plans of mice and men. The white light had a battle with clouds of blue tobacco smoke—and the tobacco smoke won. The picture, when developed, might have been an impressionistic study of some cavern at midnight.

"I could have made a perfect picture by using a high-powered explosive," said the energetic young photographer, "but I remembered something that happened at an Elks' banquet in Norridgewock, Conn. I was making a flash-light—and I took certain chances. There was a crash of broken glass, and for a moment the diners thought the German army had come. The concussion had blown out every window in that part of the hotel. Nothing would have happened had the windows been left open a little, as I directed, thus creating a draft; but, just before I set off the flash, somebody had thoughtfully gone around and shut them. We did get a beautiful photograph, however.

"We might have repeated the same thing tonight, but I was afraid the management of the Congress Square Hotel wouldn't like it."

Thoughtful Speaking

It is seldom that addresses of greater insight are given at any banquet, and they dealt with subjects of vital interest to the people and Maine and New England.

Vice-President Fort of the B. & M. foresaw an "infinite chance for agricultural development in Maine," and pledged the co-operation of his road in bringing it about. Discussing, at some length, the growth of automobile traffic, he held that a common carrier by motive power should in simple justice be subjected to the same regulations as a common carrier by rail—and should, also, bear its share of the tax burden. The common carrier

(Continued on Page 30)

Winter Sports Soon Here

The Spirited Delights of Snow-Shoeing, Tobogganing, Sliding, Skating and Ice Carnivals—Maine Is Becoming More and More the Switzerland of the New World



GREAT deal will be printed, in the next two or three months, about Maine as a winter resort. And not all of the publicity will be within the state, for Maine's winter charms are to be broadcasted—not alone through the radio, although this already has been done, but in the newspapers and in a variety of other ways. It is a big subject, and we are going to touch lightly upon it at this time; it is well worth going into, at greater length, a little later.

Maine as a summer resort, of course, needs no introduction. "The nation's playground" is more than an expressive phrase. Something like seven hundred thousand persons, drawn from all parts of America and beyond, last summer found new life and strength—inspiration for their winter problems—in the heart of our deep woods or amid the golden beauties of our lakes and hills. And it is just beginning to seep into the minds of these summer visitors, or some of them, that Maine has also its attractions when winter comes.

It costs time and money to visit St. Moritz, Wegen, Grundewald—the winter resorts of the old world. Mighty few of us can afford it. Fewer still know where they are. But here, when a snow blanket covers Maine, is a Swiss or Norwegian landscape right at home—keen, spirited winter delights that are available at any time to those of us who live here, and are within easy striking distance of those who come from the great cities of near-by states. What some day will be another giant "industry"—our winter tourist travel—is in its infancy. But the possibilities of growth are infinite.

Roughly, winter sports fall into two general classifications: First, those in the great hotels, which cater to their tourist guests in winter as in summer; second, those enjoyed by Maine people themselves—the carnivals in various Maine cities,

and the snow-shoeing, skiing, tobogganing, sliding, skating and so on of individual pleasure groups. What wonderful opportunities exist—and are being more and more developed—along the Penobscot, the Androscoggin and the Kennebec! The great stretch of territory from Sebago Lake to the foothills of the White Mountains; the Rangeley Region; Bar Harbor and its ice boating—all offer opportunities. And there are few of us who haven't known, in one form or another and at one time or another, the snow-and-ice carnivals in Portland, Auburn, Augusta and Bangor. You don't have to visit Switzerland, or even the White Mountains, to find these carnivals that set the red blood leaping through your veins—these Mardi Gras spectacles in a winter setting. Here they are, at the thresholds of our own homes.

As to the number who come to Maine exclusively for winter sports—that is a difficult question. We have no late figures before us, as this is written, and it would be largely guess-work anyway. There are many who set the number as high as 20,000, and who predict 50,000 within the next ten years. Even this is a small number, in comparison with those who come in summertime, and there is no reason to believe the figures exaggerated. One thing is certain: They

are steadily growing. And this takes no account of the many who visit Maine for other reasons, but, being here, take advantage of a few hours or a few days of winter sports.

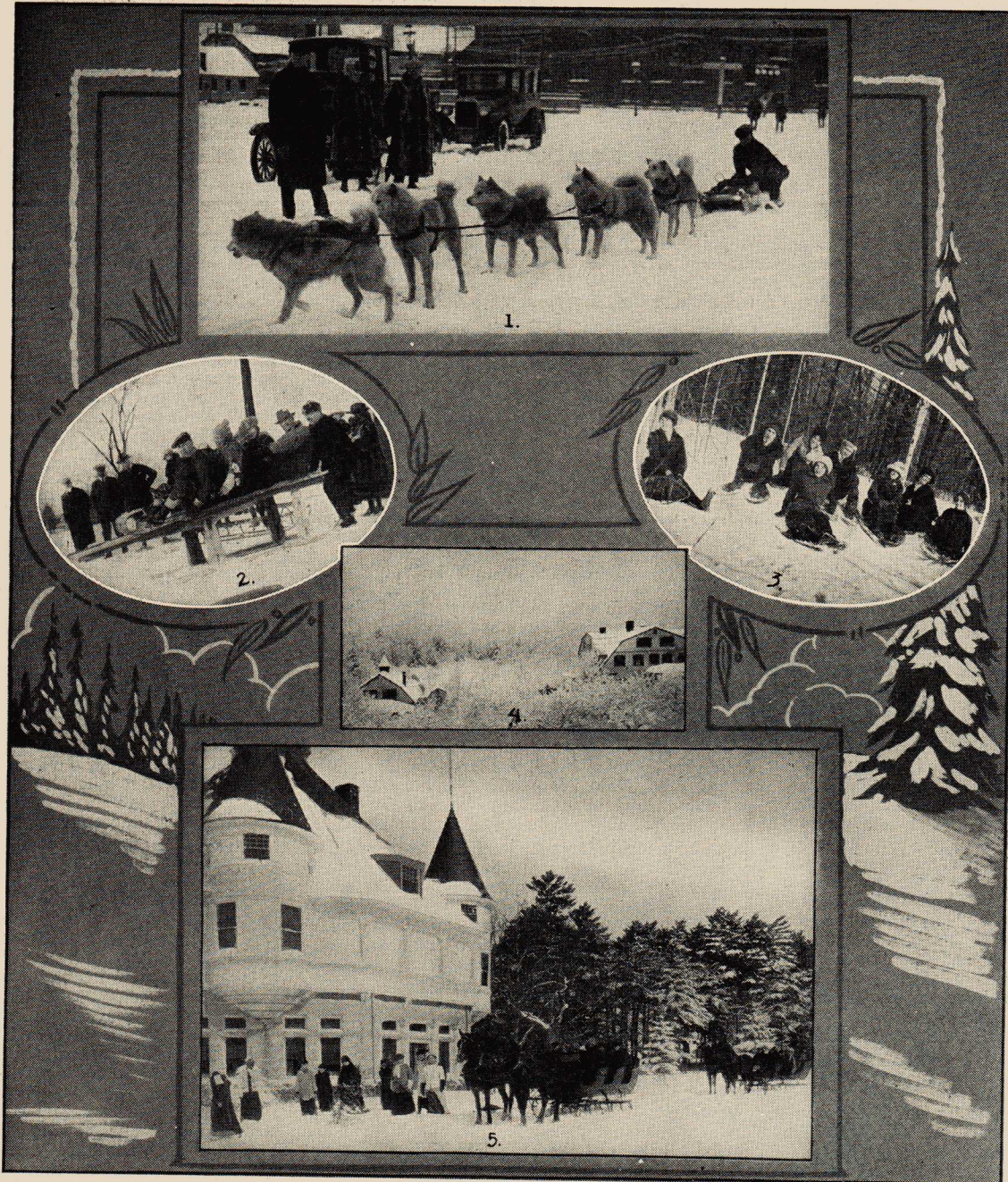
It goes almost without saying that these places where winter sports are enjoyed are reached by the Maine Central lines, which penetrate everywhere. And often, when the country roads are piled with snow, they can be reached in no other way. To be sure, the landscape is drab and brown as these few lines are written; but it is likely to be whitened, and winter hold full sway, by the time the December issue of the Magazine reaches

Pictures Tell Story

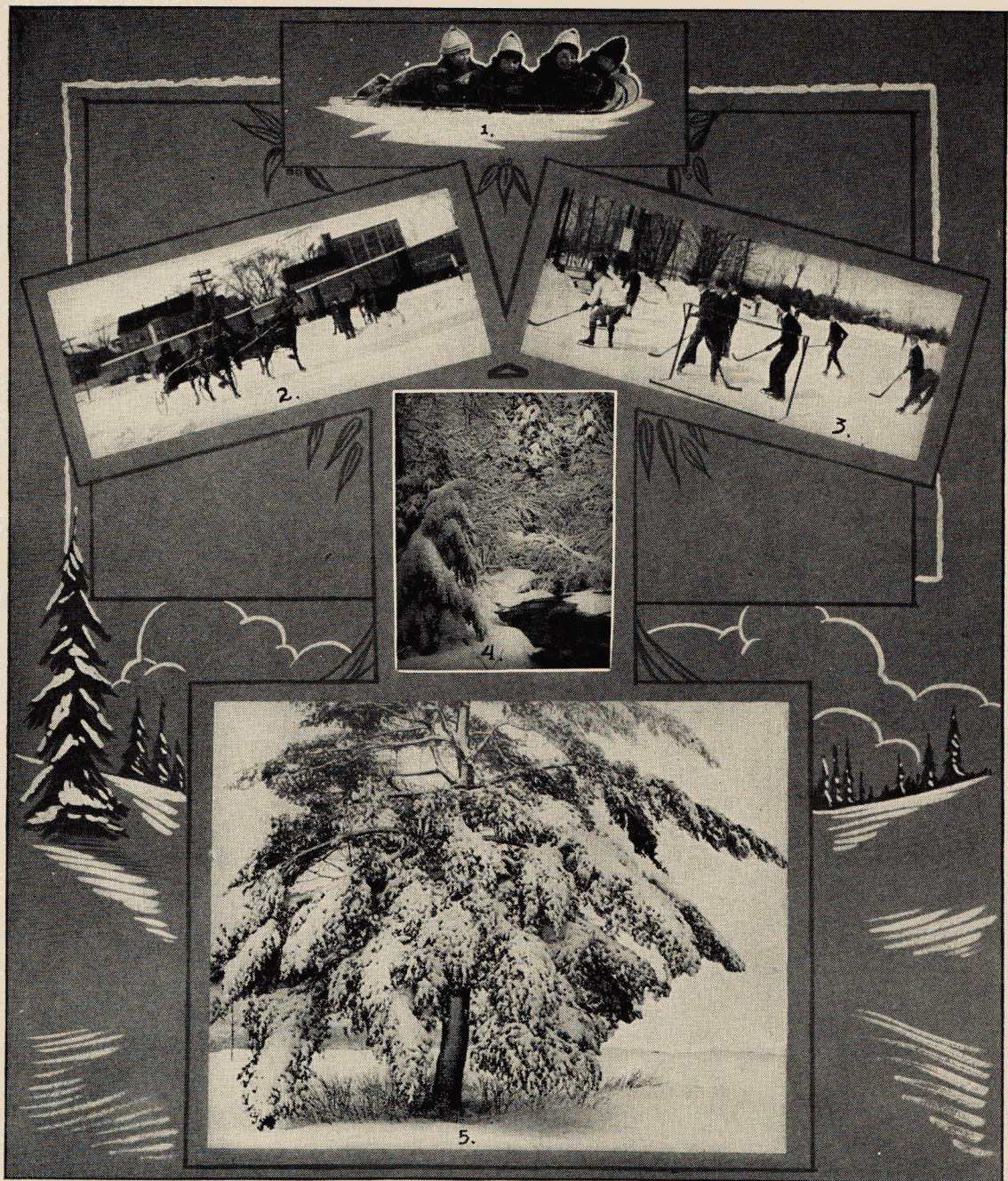
The pictures on two pages following are a few selected, almost at random, from scores—yes, hundreds—available in the general offices.

They show the charm of a Maine winter—or, rather, of Maine's winter sports—better than could columns of description. And these sports extend all along the Maine Central lines, from the White Mountains of New Hampshire—where there is real mountain climbing—to the ice carnivals of the Penobscot and Kennebec.

These pictures show how and why, in the field of outdoor sport, Maine—in summer the nation's playground—is in winter the Switzerland of the New World. Only, unlike the Switzerland of the old world, it is immediately available to tourists.



(1)—Dog team at last year's Portland winter carnival. (2)—The whole family toboggans. (3)—Snow-shoeing is one of winter's keenest delights. (4)—A typical winter scene—This happens to be Brookmead Cottage. (5)—Sleighting at Poland Spring, with State of Maine building in the foreground.



(1)—Yes, the kiddies enjoy it. (2)—Winter racing against a railroad background, and a Maine Central background at that. (3)—Ice hockey is popular (4 and 5)—Just some typical winter scenes, showing that nature's handiwork can sometimes be of incomparable charm. Maine's streams and woods.

its readers. Plans already are being made—although as yet there is nothing definite to announce—for municipal carnivals surpassing those of last year. And so we will see again the crowning of the young carnival kings and queens; will know again, some of us, the charm of lonely hikes over white fields—in short, we will receive the Spirit of Winter.

The Bailey Family

(Continued from Page 8)

officials. Still I couldn't imagine what they wanted, nor did I learn until we got to Portland. Then I was told that I was to take entire charge of Portland station, which was then at the foot of Chestnut street. I rebelled at first, because I thought I had had hardly enough experience—but Mr. Hyde insisted, and finally I agreed.

"I tell you, a station agent had to work in those days. Not only did I have to do my own work about the station, but I was often called upon to be a conductor or brakeman or engineer. I was also obliged to sell tickets.

"When a conductor was laid off on account of sickness, I would temporarily leave my duties at the station and take my train up the line until we met the inward bound train coming down; then I would change places with the other conductor, and, taking his train, run it into Portland. I was often obliged to sit up until two or three in the morning to finish my own work—and even then I could snatch nothing more than a cat-nap, for I had to hustle out again at five o'clock to sell tickets for the early morning train. For all this work I received the princely remuneration of \$42 a month. I tell you, railroads were poor in those days! Why, sometimes when a railroad was short of fuel (they burned wood at that time) I had to give my own personal guarantee that the fuel would be paid for, because the dealers were afraid to trust the road.

"Engines then had but one driving wheel, and the man in the cab was obliged to labor under all sorts of difficulties. There was no steam gauge, and in lieu of this we used an ordinary pair of balance scales. The whistle, too, was in the cab, and when it was blown filled the place with steam, although its feeble pipe could be heard only a short distance away. The first locomotive was built in Boston, but after that most of them came from Taunton. They used to name them after towns along the line. For instance, 'The Brunswick,' 'The Bath,' 'The Portland,' etc.

"It was not long after I started on my duties that the Kennebec & Portland and the Maine Central were consolidated under the name of the Maine Central, and some time later the station was moved from the foot of Chestnut street to a point near where the Clark street bridge is now situated."

And so the old clipping runs through several columns of the hardships and the humors of early railroading. It reveals, too, how one of Maine's most famous sons was enabled to get his education. Listen:

"Of course," said Pascal Bailey, "I met and became acquainted with many men who have since become famous in railroad and general affairs. For a long time Tom Reed's father was my night watchman at the old station—and a great chap he was, too. Tom, Jr., was then at Bowdoin College,

Thanks!

Editor, M. C. Magazine
Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed every copy of the Maine Central Magazine and want to get all the rest. Maine Central initiative is in the forefront constantly, and the Magazine has helped both employees and stockholders to a higher degree of pride and loyalty.

Very truly yours,

R. C. Wiggin,
Editor and Manager,
Colebrook (N. H.)
Sentinel.

and every cent the old gentleman could spare went straight to Brunswick."

The third generation is represented by L. P. Bailey, still in active service after 48 years. One of his dearest treasures is the black walnut desk at which his father sat in the old station at the foot of Chestnut street. And his first dim recollections are of the Clark street station—where, as told above, his father was pretty nearly everything, from ticket seller to engineer.

"There were days when we hardly saw him at all," said Mr. Bailey in conversation with a Maine Central Magazine reporter. "He had no time to go anywhere—to get a little pleasure out of life—like ordinary men."

And yet this Clark street station, with its hard-working force of one, was predecessor of the Union station on St. John street—where thirty-four persons sometimes work in the ticket office alone, and where one is more than a little reminded of some great metropolitan terminal. Truly, the railroad world of Portland has grown!

Mr. L. P. Bailey began his railroad life in Rockland—on what was then the Knox and Lincoln Railroad—when he was sixteen. His early experiences, also, would make a picturesque story, and some day we hope to write of them in detail. He came from Rockland to the freight department on Commercial street, Portland, and in 1880 became a Maine Central fireman. In 1886 he sought his fortune in the west—first as engineer on the Shasta Division, Southern Pacific, Red Bluff to Ashland, Oregon, and later on the Santa Fe, from Barstow into San Diego. Returning in 1890 to the Maine Central, he ran for 32 years on the main line, Bangor to Portland. Now he is on the Belfast branch, liked and respected by everyone.

Mr. Bailey's son—the fourth generation—is Louis S. Bailey, fireman and qualified engineer, whose home is in Freeport. He has been in service fourteen years, and is often on the Bangor-Portland run.

Such—briefly stated, and not given here with mathematical exactness—is the service record of the Bailey family. So far as Mr. L. P. Bailey can tell without consulting certain family records at Freeport, which he has not been able to do at this



Yard Office Crew, Rigby

"Why Shouldn't We Be Photographed on an Engine, Same As the Round-house Crews Were Last Month?" One of Them Asked. So They Were—With the Result Shown Above.

Front row—E. F. McMillan, Engineer; Arthur Mottram; H. Mitchell, yard clerk; J. Johnson, yard clerk; Francis Reilly, yard clerk.

Middle row—W. J. O'Neill, brakeman; M. J. Silver, brakeman; H. I. Thompson, fireman; E. S. Huff, assistant yard master.

Top row—H. O. Chesley, brakeman; Jock Street, conductor; Joseph Duggan, engineer.

writing, four generations have been with the Maine Central—or its immediate predecessors—for 142 years. The first three generations—even counting out his own years in the west—served 124 years, thus exceeding the record of the Anderson family, remarkable though it was.

Well—if any family on the Maine Central can exceed this Bailey record, we would greatly like to hear from it. Or, for that matter, any family in New England.

Thoughtful Speaking

(Continued from Page 24)

by motive power has free rights upon the high-ways, which are maintained and policed by the state; the common carrier by rail must maintain—often at great expense—its own right of way.

President Wyman of the Central Maine Power Company discussed, in detail, the water-power situation. He believed that unless something is done to develop larger amounts of power at lower cost, many industries will move away—and Maine eventually will be forced to market its power outside the State or let it run idly to the sea.

A. W. Gilbert, formerly of Maine but in recent years commissioner of the Massachusetts State Department of Agriculture, sounded a note of optimism. One of his ideas was that Maine agriculture declined, in large part, because of competition from the west—an influx of western products. But now the long freight rates, acting as a sort of tariff, have lessened this competition, with the result that Maine agriculture is on the point of reviving. He told of the millions sent out of New England for food which we ourselves can raise—of how New England's sons and daughters have gone forth to build up other states. "But," said he, "the covered wagon is on the point of turning back east." He foresaw glowing possibilities in Maine's baby beef and other new-found agricultural pursuits. It was interesting when he paid his respects to western apples, which have cheeks like Broadway chorus girls—and taste like cotton batting. And yet hundreds of carloads of these apples move our way—and, all the time, the hills of Maine are crying out for an opportunity to grow the most perfect apples in the world!

It was only 10 o'clock when the gathering adjourned—for much had been said in little time. Representatives of the Maine Central present, in addition to President McDonald, were Dana C. Douglass, vice-president and general manager, Edward W. Wheeler, general counsel, George A. Curran, Thomas P. Shaw, Samuel W. Philbrick, Edward B. Winslow, all of the board of directors; Arthur P. Foss, assistant to president; Albert J. Raynes, comptroller; George H. Eaton, freight traffic manager; Mortimer L. Harris, general passenger agent; Philip M. Hammett, superintendent motive power; Charles H. Blatchford, general solicitor; William G. Hunton, industrial agent; Charles H. Priest, superintendent Portland Terminal Company; M. L. Rhoades, secretary to president; Joseph J. Doane, assistant to general passenger agent; Gilbert Miller, chief clerk to freight traffic manager; John A. Webber, chief clerk to superintendent Portland Terminal Company; Oscar A. Shepard, publicity representative.

Theodore L. Dunn

(Continued from Page 19)

superintendent of bridges on the Maine Central Railroad.

While on the Maine Central, Mr. Dunn made for himself a name in the State's railroad history.

Following his service as superintendent of bridges he was promoted to chief engineer, and in that capacity supervised the entire operation of the engineering department—a colossal task. Later he became assistant to the vice-president and general manager at the time when Mr. Morris McDonald, now president, was occupying that position. When Mr. McDonald became president and Dana C. Douglass was promoted to vice-president and general manager, he continued as assistant to Mr. Douglass.

Still later, when the railroad was under Federal control he was made assistant to President McDonald, and remained in that capacity until his retirement in 1923—since which time he resided in Dover, Mass.

Mr. Dunn is survived by three sisters, Mrs. C. M. Tisdale of Boston, Massachusetts, Miss Sarah E. Dunn of Dover, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Helen M. Jones of New York; and by one brother, Charles A. Dunn of Los Angeles, California.

Yes, We Remember

(Continued from Page 10)

land, walked into what he thought was a closet and fell down two flights of stairs.

He returned with grim determination to his typewriter, and a traveling evangelist suddenly appeared out of the night.

"Dear brothers," said he to the assembled staff, "is it not wise, on a night like this, to be temperate in your language and repent of your sins?"

A moment later the evangelist fell down two flights of stairs.

Officers Elected

At a meeting of "General Office Local Lodge No. 374, Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees," held in Pythian Temple, Portland, Thursday evening, Dec. 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Francis E. Spaulding.
 Vice-President—Philip W. Pearson.
 Financial Secretary and Treasurer—Carlton I. Pickett
 Recording Secretary—Percy M. Glasscock.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Cecil F. Beane.
 Chaplain—Berndette DeRochers.
 Inner Guard—Blanche M. Lowe.
 Outer Guard—Harold E. Cummings.
 Executive Committee—F. E. Morton, chairman;
 H. D. Cummings, Blanche M. Lowe.

Marked interest is being shown in the lodge's activities, and an unusually successful year is anticipated.

Following the business meeting, whist was enjoyed—prizes being won by Preble Van Tigue, Carlton I. Pickett and Lester R. Grant.

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Maine Central Prizes

Two hundred dollars, donated by the Maine Central Railroad, will be awarded to winners at the State Contest of the Boys' and Girls' Agricultural Clubs of Maine, held January 1, 2 and 3 at Orono. This is the seventh or eighth consecutive year these prizes have been distributed, and the young folks appreciate them.

Each county first holds a county contest—the winners receiving premiums donated by the various banks, and being, also, eligible to attend the State gathering, which enjoys the hospitality of the University of Maine. Here there are three days of lectures, entertainments and various forms of healthful diversion. But, unlike the county contests, the banks here offer no premiums—and so there would be none at all were it not for the Maine Central.

Thanks to the interest of this road, the winner in each project receives \$5, with the next highest \$4, \$3, and \$2 respectively—the next six getting \$1 each. And these prizes are awarded only to the winners who are present. W. G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent, brings the money in crisp new bills. He also makes a little speech, and shows not only his own friendly interest but the interest of the road he represents.

Not all of the boys and girls who attend this state contest come of parents who are well-to-do, and so this prize money means a great deal to them.

At the Maine State Poultry Show in the Exposition Building, Portland, the Maine Central prizes—aggregating \$50—were awarded as follows:

- First prize—S. C. White Leghorns, by R. G. Stephens.
- Second—S. C. Rhode Island Reds, by Shell Crest Farm.
- Third—White Rocks, by W. T. Stephens.
- Fourth—Columbian Wyandottes, by Dr. H. M. Moulton.
- Fifth—White Rocks, by Silverwood Farm.
- Sixth—S. C. Rhode Island Reds, by John Fullerton.

These prizes were for farm flocks of one male and six females, judged on utility points only.

Other good pens shown were Columbian Wyandottes by Fred Jordan, Buff Rocks by Mrs. Brume, and White Rocks by Ernest Exchange.

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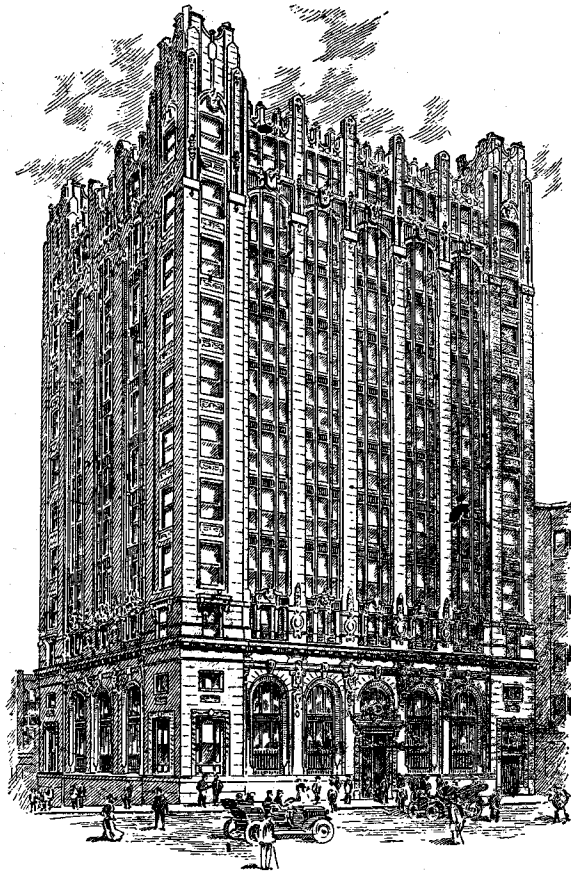
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¶ Sept. 9, 1888, the West End Shoe Store was opened, and is still catering to railroad men.

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