

# Maine Central *Magazine*



A Mountain Division Scene—The Presidential Range



FEBRUARY, 1925

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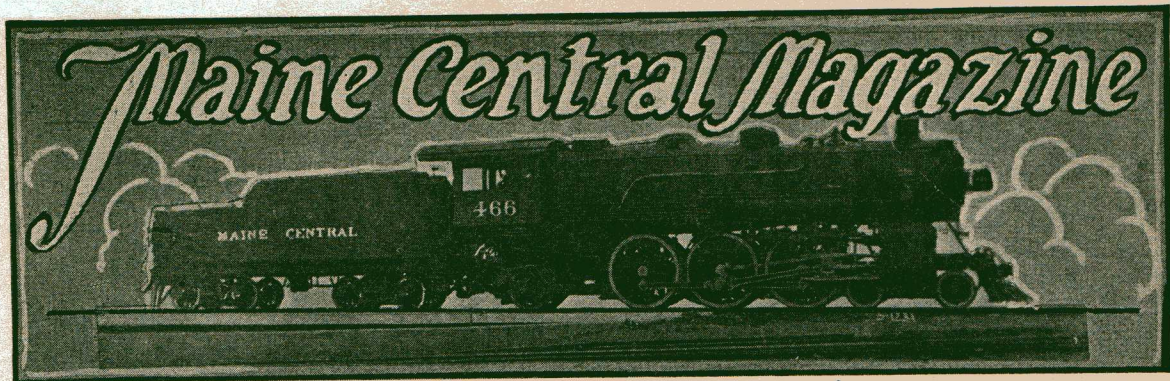
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County



## First National Bank

LEWISTON, MAINE





Vol. 2

FEBRUARY, 1925

No. 2

## Fighting A Maine Winter

Maine Central Campaign Against Invasion of Ice and Snow Is Planned Long In Advance—Hundreds of Men and Powerful Machinery Battle the Elements When a Great Storm Comes

**H**ERE are times when the Weather God holds up Northern New England to his own effective form of cruel and unusual punishment. To be sure, there are fine and even inspiring things about a Maine winter; on the other hand, it can be as thoroughly cruel as anything in Nature when it really sets out to be.

This winter, of course, the Weather God has been in fairly gracious mood—at least he has refrained from dumping half the snow in the universe onto the Maine Central rails. In other words, it has been, to date, rather an open winter. Even so, there were times in January, when most of the storms seemed to concentrate, in which all parts of the system were alive with snow-fighters.

This annual battle of the Maine Central's engineering department against the elements is as carefully planned as is a battle of regular warfare against an enemy. Snow-fighting equipment is placed in the fall at 40 or 50 strategic points, in accordance with a

carefully pre-arranged program; operators and relief operators have definitely assigned runs through territory with which they are familiar. Storms may "just happen" to invade Maine; but there is nothing indefinite about the forces with which the Maine Central goes out to fight this invasion. Battalions of workmen, backed by high-powered machinery, are marshalled like an army—with the various roadmasters in the roles of division commanders and Chauncey S. Robinson, engineer maintenance of way, as general-in-chief.

In conversation with J. L. Quincy, yardmaster, Portland Terminal Co., a Magazine visitor asked him to describe just what is done when a big storm comes. Mr. Quincy's jurisdiction extends over Rigby, Portland, Deering Junction and Cumberland Mills.

"While it is still snowing," he replied, "we 'open up' the main line and plow tracks in the yards for classification movements.

(Continued on Page 21)



—Banquet at joint installation, Brotherhood

## Clerks Held Joint Installation



EVER has Pythian Temple in Portland been the setting of a more animated or happy scene than at the joint installation of General Office Lodge, 374, and Portland Lodge, 152, "Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees."

There were four hundred present, and they found no end of things to entertain. First came the installation ceremonies—performed by a stylish and skilful degree team from Boston, whose picture appears elsewhere in this issue. The effective musical accompaniment was by Miss Beatrice Bryant, violinist, daughter of C. Ralph Bryant, re-

tiring president of General Office Lodge; and Miss Frances Moran, pianist.

The entertainment that followed was as bright and artistic as could have been given anywhere. It was by Miss Bryant in a violin solo, accompanied by Miss Moran; the Misses Laroche, cute little girls, who danced in costume; Miss Anna Riley, in a solo dance; Miss Rose Marie Brown, also in a solo dance; Frank Lynch of Boston, reader; George Peterson, vocal solo. Mr. Lynch, who kept all about him in good humor, has a style of expression peculiarly his own; and he made a hit with an original poem, in which he told his pleasure at the installation.



Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks. By flashlight.

Finally came a banquet, in the hall below. You get an idea of it from the accompanying picture; but it was not possible, due to the hall's arrangement, for the photographer to hold his camera at such an angle as to include (in the flashlight) quite everybody at the tables. It was enjoyed, not only by members of the two lodges but many invited guests; and, to the running accompaniment of talk and laughter, was added the music of a fine orchestra: Miss Magnum, piano; Miss Morgan, violin; Miss Cummings, banjo; Miss McLaughlin, saxophone; Leo Jackson, traps. All were of the Maine Central, with the exception of Miss Morgan.

Committees responsible for the brilliant success of the affair included:

In charge of installation—Charles Kenney, Portland Lodge; Joseph T. Welch, General Office Lodge.

Banquet—Charles Kenney, James Stanton, "Lem" Brown, Portland Lodge; Harold J. Foster, Carlton I. Pickett, General Office Lodge.

Entertainment—Miss Frances Moran, Miss Evelyn Cowgill, Lester R. Grant, E. Charles Whitney, General Office Lodge.

### Railroad Beatitudes

Blessed is the man that giveth a fair day's work for his pay, for he shall be friends with his conscience.

Blessed is the yardmaster that keepeth his tracks clear, for he shall have surcease of trouble.

Blessed is the agent that secureth an average loading of 30 tons a car, for he shall find favor at headquarters.

Blessed are they that bring about the return of cars to their home roads, for they shall be blessed by the owners.

Blessed is the company that reduceth the number of its bad order cars, for its stockholders shall rejoice and be exceeding glad.

Blessed is the citizen that useth judgment in travel, for he shall have a lower berth.

Publicity—Cecil F. Beane, Percy M. Glasscock, Frank R. Landers, General Office Lodge.

George Peterson, general chairman of the Brotherhood's board of adjustment, was chairman of the meeting.

## Maine Central Magazine

O. A. SHEPARD, Editor

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

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

Advertising rates made known upon application.

FEBRUARY, 1925

### Editorial

#### A Great Maine Issue

Hearing upon the bill providing a change of method in levying the excise tax on Maine railroads, originally scheduled for February 10 before the Legislative committee on taxation, was postponed for one week. It will have been held, however, by the time this issue of the Magazine reaches many of its readers.

This question has been recognized as of vital importance, not only to the railroads but to the people of Maine, as shown by the attention it has received in the editorial columns of Maine papers. It has been discussed at great length and from all angles. It is, we think, proper to say that every paper we have seen has plainly stated its belief that the present law is neither fair nor equitable, and that the plea of the railroads for relief is amply justified.

It is, perhaps, also proper to say that could all these editorial comments of the past few weeks be clipped and tabulated, a reading of them would show that the vast majority have favored granting immediate relief. They have stated, in effect, that present expediency—the State's need of money for its institutions—cannot excuse the continuance of a fundamental wrong. And they have opposed the appointing of a committee of investigation, and consequent delay, on several definite grounds—one of them being that Maine railroads were included in the Storrow investigation, conducted painstakingly and at great expense.

"The Storrow investigation," said the Portland Evening Express of January 30, "was at a cost of nearly \$200,000, a part of which was paid by this State. The report was made but a short time ago, and what it

found about the Maine Central Railroad was all to the credit of its management. It \* \* \* had only words of praise for the manner in which the affairs of the Maine road are conducted. If the legislative taxation committee desires any information about management, this Storrow report is available, and it will find the information therein contained exhaustive and reliable."

A careful and conscientious review of the taxation problem is, of course, assured at Maine's capital, and never will legislation have been followed by Maine people with more absorbing interest. The Portland Express—to quote it once more—seemed, in the closing paragraphs of a recent editorial, to strike at the heart of this big subject, as follows:

"In its last analysis this question of railroad tax reduction is a selfish proposition. It is not wholly a problem of the safeguarding of an investment or of what is fair to railroads as corporations. The question is whether Maine farms and Maine factories are to prosper as they should and as they must if they are to survive.

"We are quite confident that members of the Legislature will see the problem in the light that we have tried to consider it and that they will grant the relief asked for. They could serve the State in no better way."

#### Notings

All Maine is alive, as this is written, with winter sports. Some of them—such as the recent carnivals in a number of large cities—have been as stirringly spectacular as any known to famous resorts of the Old World. Maine has many charms—and not the least are those wrought from snow and ice in these glowing months of mid-winter.

We have a reproachful remembrance of having intimated, in the January issue, that the February issue of our Magazine would be enlarged.

Well, this has been postponed just one month. Definite arrangements were completed today (February 14) for added pages in March—justified by increased interest and advertising patronage. And, unless indications are much at fault, the number of pages will increase every month, until the Magazine becomes of a size that will, we think, much gratify its friends. Surely our thanks are due to the support and encouragement of those who have made this result possible.





C. H. Higgins, roadmaster at Bartlett, recently spent a few days at his old home in Mattawamkeag.

J. B. A. Garon, operator at South Windham, and Mrs. Garon, are rejoicing in the birth of a son.

A. H. Neal, crossing gateman at North Conway, is absent a few days, on account of illness.

L. A. Bernier, conductor, Lancaster, has been laying off several weeks because of lameness.

C. F. Burnell, retired agent at West Baldwin, was in Lancaster a short time ago, calling on former Superintendent J. Asnault and others.

F. J. Nichols, ticket seller at Waterville, and Mrs. Nichols are planning a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Perley Pierce and Walter Ham, machinists at Thompson's Point, are receiving congratulations these days. Both girls!

On January 10th, G. E. Thompson, trainman, Portland, had the misfortune to break the end of his thumb while shutting a door in the coach, this compelling him to lay off a few weeks.

A. J. Noonan, operator, West Baldwin, and Mrs. F. Monahan, operator, Willey House, have been off duty a few days, their places taken by J. R. Gagner of Beecher Falls.

Mrs. Joseph Smith, wife of car foreman of Lancaster, has been critically ill with pneumonia in New York the last few weeks, but is now on the road to recovery.

Wilbur Hartford, trainman, Lancaster, was recently united in marriage to Florence M. Dorr. A shower was later given them, about 50 being present.

A. B. Crossman, chief dispatcher at Lancaster, has been in Lancaster Hospital for several weeks because of a minor operation. His place was taken by Dispatcher C. H. Adams.

The daughter of Harley Smith, car inspector, Lancaster, has returned home after having been in the Lancaster Hospital several weeks on account of an operation for appendicitis,—then later contracting scarlet fever.

John B. Trundy, Portland Division engineman running out of Bangor, is receiving the sympathy of many friends on the recent death of his wife, Mary. A handsome design from Mr. Trundy's railroad associates was among the profusion of flowers at the funeral.

### A Mountain Division Trophy



Sometimes we're a bit suspicious of hunting pictures—but here's one that is genuine. It shows C. M. Lawlis, Bartlett, N. H., one of the oldest and best known of Mountain Division engineers, and a bear that he shot on Haystack Mountain, near Bartlett, last gunning season.

Mr. Lawlis is a fine hunter and expert woodsman. He entered Maine Central service 43 years ago, and his first job was wiping engines at Crawford's. "Old English Jack," known as the hermit of the White Mountains, was his boss.

Jan. 1, 1925, the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad Co. commenced operating independently its line from St. Johnsbury to Swanton, which for years had been operated as part of the Boston & Maine system. J. A. Cannon is the new superintendent and A. J. Corriveau, the new chief dispatcher, with headquarters at St. Johnsbury.

Miss Lillian G. Butters, who has been employed in the motive power department of the Portland offices since June, 1918, was married in Chicago, recently, to Arthur B. Taylor of Kenwood Park, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are guests of Mr. Taylor's parents in Kenwood Park, and are soon to begin housekeeping in that city.

The Maine Central Magazine's write-up of Rockland station, and accompanying photographs, were reproduced on the front page of the Rockland Courier-Gazette. They filled about three columns; and the Courier-Gazette's heading—referring to the station—was: "Yes, sir, Rockland's very proud of it."

Felix Shorette, section foreman at Old Town, is at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, Bangor, suffering from the effects of a peculiar accident. Shorette was pulling a spike out of a tie, when the spike snapped. He started to cut it out with a chisel and the head flew off, piercing the white of his eye and injuring the iris. It is feared that the sight of this eye will not be regained.

A man who once lived at Poland Spring said to the writer: "I didn't know that Robert Moore, your station agent at Poland, was dead until I read it in the Magazine. He was one of the finest men I ever knew—and the most popular. It's worth mentioning that every summer, year in and year out, he found the first pussy-willows that grew and brought them to the Mansion House at Poland Spring. When a bunch of them graced the desk it was our official notice that pussy-willow time had come."

Johnny Briggs and the Magazine editor were standing on Union Station platform, as it happened, when Frank O. Deering, foreman at the station, started on the first lap of his trip to California. So they were the last to bid him good-bye. He was as pleased in anticipation as a boy getting out of school. He spoke of old friends he planned to visit—former Maine Central people, who had drifted to points in the west. "Write the Magazine about them," we urged. "Their friends would like to hear." And he responded: "Sure I will!" Well—here's hoping.

Bertrand T. Wheeler, the Maine Central's chief engineer, is taking the Raymond and Whitcomb Caribbean trip, in the course of which he will visit Cuba, the Canal Zone, Trinidad, Porto Rico, Bermuda and other places. He sailed from New York on the 20,000 ton steamer Reliance—the second officer of which, by curious coincidence, is Isaac Boothby, son of E. A. Boothby, the Maine Central's research engineer. Isaac Boothby was once employed in the engineering department.

Asa H. Morrill, engineer of construction, is acting head of the department in Mr. Wheeler's absence.

Among the Mountain Division radio fans—and every other man comes in this category—there is none more enthusiastic than former superintendent James Asnault. Upon his retirement his friends on the Division presented him one of the best radio sets obtainable, complete with all accessories, including a loud speaker. Promptly with the setting of the sun each night Mr. Asnault "tunes in," and from that time until the last station signs off, he travels all over the country. His rooms are a rendezvous for his friends in the evening, and there is usually a jolly gathering around the loud speaker.

The tragic death of Arthur G. Gillespie at Rigby, a short time ago, was nowhere more regretted than at the transfer station on Commercial Street, Portland. For he was known to all the boys there, and was more than ordinarily popular.

Mr. Gillespie entered Maine Central service at

### Prompt Work

The following self-explanatory letter—the sort always welcome—was recently received in the passenger department:

Mellenville Paper Co., Inc.  
General Passenger Agent, Maine Central Railroad,  
Dear Sir:—

I wish to commend the employees of your road for the efficiency and courtesy shown in the following transaction:

I left Bangor recently on the 6.45 a.m. train, having purchased a ticket for Boston and checked my baggage through to that city. At Richmond, Me., I happened to step out on the platform with some friends, and there the baggage check and ticket fell out of my pocket, unknown to me. While en route to Portland I finally missed them and made known my loss to the conductor and brakeman, believing of course I had lost them either in the smoker or day-coach.

Before we arrived in Portland the conductor handed me the enclosed telegram. (The telegram told of the discovery of the tickets on Richmond station platform.) At Portland I 'phoned your agent at Richmond, asking him kindly to send same along on train 102, due in Boston 9.35, care of ticket agent, Boston; as I had to leave Boston at 11 p.m. over the B. & A. for Albany.

I saw this Boston agent, who was very courteous and who turned check and ticket over to me, obtaining my signature to check sent along by Mr. Bailey, agent, Richmond; and so I experienced no difficulty securing my baggage, nor any inconvenience.

This is a case of where your organization certainly proves its efficiency, and the ability to use its initiative for the comfort and contentment of the traveling public.

I feel that acts of this kind should be brought to the attention of the superiors at the head of the organization.

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK H. KIPPE.

Melville, N. H.

the transfer station in April, 1913, as freight trucker. On January 6, last, he was transferred to Rigby as checker in the west-bound yard; and he had worked there only a short time when his body was found, early one morning, beside Track 26. He had been run over in some manner while in the performance of his duty—but just how may never be known.

Little John W—, aged four, whose father is a well-known Eastern Division engineman, watched the dust particles in a ray of sunlight and asked his mother what they were. He was very indignant when she told him they were only dust, and said, "Why, Mumsee, you are just a-lying to me! Can't you see they are little fairy lights? Can't you see them go out?" (as they passed beyond the ray of sun).

His mother had spoken to the same little boy several times about hanging up his sweater, but he was busy playing train and didn't let it worry him. Finally, she spoke a bit sharply and said, "John, don't you intend to mind?" John replied, "Well, if you are going to get that cranky over it, I suppose I'll have to." Which sounded more like fourteen than four.

"I read with interest Conductor Johnson's reminiscences of 'Pa' Bailey in the January issue," writes an Eastern Maine member of the family. "Here is another thrilling experience that 'Pa' went through, and that was witnessed by the writer. A number

## An Important Group of the Maine Central Family— Those In the Eastern Division Offices, Bangor



*Left to right, front row—J. L. Riggle, chief clerk to division superintendent; Miss Doris M. Knowles, stenographer and clerk; Mrs. Mary J. Higgins, stenographer and clerk; Miss Ria H. Ferry, stenographer and clerk; A. J. McCormick, first trick chief dispatcher.*

*Second row—W. J. Sylvester, chief clerk to superintendent bridges and buildings; G. E. White, time clerk; R. F. Martin, stenographer and clerk; C. H. Loftus, stenographer and clerk; K. A. Lewis, chief clerk to roadmaster; J. S. Loftus, assistant time clerk.*

*Third row—J. W. McEwen, classification clerk; E. F. Sanborn, telegrapher; J. I. Mosher, train dispatcher; C. E. Reynolds, train dispatcher; A. W. Dodge, telegrapher and relief train dispatcher.*

*Back row—R. A. Scherer, clerk; R. T. McLaughlin, clerk.*

of years ago we used to coal engines by means of a derrick and large coal tubs, each holding a ton of coal, and this contrivance was at the East end of the long shed at Bangor. The tubs were raised by means of the derrick, and the boom and tub swung out and dumped on the tenders. At this time Mr. Bailey was hauling train No. 1. The hostlers had raised a tub of coal to dump on an engine as No. 1

was coming by the coal shed, and as it got just opposite the derrick the chain that held up the boom and tubful of fuel gave way, letting boom, tub and coal fall directly in front of the passenger train.

"The tub and boom were entirely demolished, and lumber and coal flew in all directions. Luckily for Mr. Bailey and the passengers the engine didn't leave the rails, for if it had it would have gone

through the overhead bridge at Dutton street or rolled over a twenty-foot embankment. 'Pa' was coming into the yard under control and soon got stopped. On getting out of the cab the first words he said were: 'What in — is this? A new way of coaling engines?' I might add that there were no more engines coaled when any trains were coming into Bangor yard."



The first annual concert and dance under the auspices of Lewiston-Auburn Local, 62, Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employes, held Monday evening, February 2, in Auburn Hall, was very successful.

There was a big gathering, despite storm and cold, and all present had so fine a time they didn't regret having braved the elements. The music was good, the program of high class, and the dance marked by the hospitality and good-fellowship that the Twin Cities know so well how to bestow. One of the most interesting features was the prize waltz, won by Mr. Driscoll and Miss Sullivan.

Had it not been one of the most bitter nights of the year, the attendance would have been even larger. It is known, for instance, that thirty Portland couples who had made all arrangements to attend changed their minds at the last minute—the storm being responsible. Even so, there were good-sized delegations from Portland, Waterville, Brunswick, Bath, and even a few from as far away as Augusta.



The strangest vegetable ever seen in Maine was received in the general offices a few days ago by W. G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent. He showed it to friends in several of the offices, and it attracted wondering attention. It had been sent him by the industrial agent of the Baltimore & Ohio.

Several who hadn't been present at the time, later asked Mr. Hunton about it.

"Well," said he, "this vegetable is called a yama and has been propagated in Wyoming by an expert named Carney, who experiments with vegetables in much the way that Burbank experiments with fruits.

"A curious thing, this yama—a cross between a melon, a squash and sweet corn. It grows on vines, like a melon, and on the outside resembles five small ears of corn, welded together.

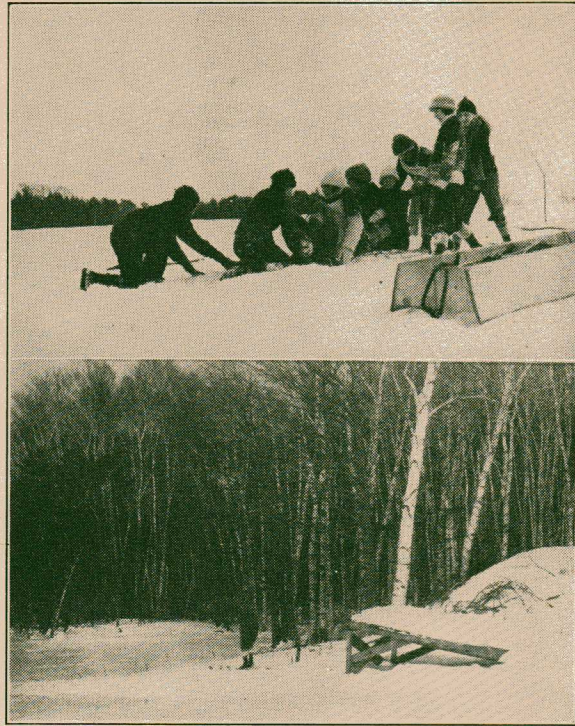
"How is it served? Well, it is split in halves and baked three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven, with a piece of butter and spoonful of sugar in each half. Then it is served in the half shell, as you would an oyster.

"Mrs. Hunton cooked the one I received, and it was the most delicious thing ever on our table. It had a bantam sweet corn taste, with a slight flavoring of squash—not easily describable, but very fine.

"The seed is not for sale, but they are going to send me some, and I intend having it planted in different parts of Maine. I promise that the Maine Central boys—and girls—will be given a taste next fall."



When No. 13 pulled out of Union Station, Portland, on a recent Saturday, among the passengers was a party of nine from the Maine Central general offices, bound for the Mansion House, Poland Spring, on a winter sports outing. It was com-



A party from the General Offices, photographed during their week-end at Poland Spring.

Upper—Left to right: Alice O'Connor, "Sheik" Singer, Doris Crowell, Margaret Newell, Marguerite Hollywood, Bessie O'Connor, Ann Cawley, "Weenie" Minott.

Lower—LeRoy Hiles tries the ski jump.



posed of Alice O'Connor, general manager's office; Doris Crowell, motive power department; Bessie O'Connor and Margaret Newell, engineering department; Marguerite Hollywood, accounting department, and Ann Cawley, Winston (Weenie) Minott, Arthur (Sheik) Singer and LeRoy (Jock) Hiles of the passenger department.

To say that "a good time was had by all" would be putting it mildly. Perfect weather, and the fine service and accommodations for which Poland Spring is famous, left nothing to be desired.

Tobogganning, skiing, snowshoeing, auction, music, and other sports, outdoor and indoor, were enjoyed—not forgetting that greatest indoor sport of all, eating. Winter sports certainly create an appetite and the "Rickers" know how to appease it. Just ask the "sheik."

Finally, we asked one of the party to write us a little description of the scene—it's lovely at Poland now, you know. He responded as follows—and genuinely clever, we think:

"Poland Spring is beautiful always, but I wonder if it could ever be more beautiful than it was Sunday morning. Under a cerulean sky the landscape of white, interspersed with the barren brown of the shade trees and the lively green of the evergreens, the landscape of rolling hills and snow-

### Joe Sayward the Most Ardent of All Marconi Fans

This little story comes to us from the Mountain Division. After reading it we somehow get the impression that its author thinks Joe Sayward is a radio fan: "Say, Joe, the impedance of my grid-leak seems to be mixed up with the capacity in the regenerator so that the megohms won't follow the bus-bar but hit the B plus negative and bend the rotor so that the tickler strikes against the detector, and if so what makes the birdies sing and what would you do about it?"

Such a question would stagger most of us, but not Joe Sayward. Joe, whose vocation is to keep the plumbing on the Mountain Division functioning, and whose avocation is radio, wouldn't be nonplussed by any such simple question as that. No, Joe would tell the inquirer just how to reverse the leads from the primary of his first audio transformer so that the .00025 fixed condenser would be in series with the variometer, and then everything would be hunky; and if that didn't work, Joe would take the blamed old set apart and put it together again so that even the static wouldn't recognize it. And it's some set that static won't recognize.

If there's anything about a radio set Joe doesn't understand it's because it hasn't been invented yet. He can take a couple of pieces of cardboard, some old lamp sockets, some discarded pieces of galvanized pipe and a couple of cigar butts and make a radio set that will

pick up MCRR on the loud speaker. And he doesn't need an antenna; the wire fence around his chicken coop or the wire frame of a discarded lady's hat—pardon me, the discarded hat of a lady—will serve the purpose admirably.

Joe is tinkering nowadays down on the short wavelengths. He struck a wave recently so short that he couldn't hear it at all and thought the set wasn't functioning. If he were a

Westerner he would be wrestling with the short-horns; up here in the hills he wrestles with the short waves, and he's got 'em down and hog-tied. There's many a little wave running 'round through the ether with Joe's brand burned on its rump with a hot soldering iron.

Talk with Joe about the water supply at Carroll or Maidstone and he'll say "yes," edge away and mutter something about the weather. But if your time is valuable, don't greet him with "How did it come last night?" unless you're prepared to put in the rest of the day listening to an answer to your question.

They do say that when he went to Lunenburg, recently, to repair the hot water heating plant, someone found him looking into the heater and muttering, "I think I'll take about 3 turns off that coil and put on a double pole switch and see if the potentiometer won't neutralize the rheostat." But this isn't generally credited. I forgot to mention that he's a radio fan.



—Cartoon by M. R. Hurd, Conductor, Lancaster.

covered lakes stretched away for miles, sparkling under the bright sun like a sea of countless gems, with a brilliancy that almost blinded."

Robie Whitney, one of the best-liked members of the family in the General Offices, is to leave Maine Central employ February 23, to become associated with an organization that may play an important part in the development of Maine.

This is the Maine Poultry Producers' Association, composed of progressive farmers who deal in poultry and poultry products and who have formed their own organization, thus eliminating the expense of middlemen. In other words, it is a co-operative enterprise, establishing more immediate and intimate relations between producer and consumer. Members plan to send their eggs at regular intervals to the grading station at 101 Exchange street, Portland, where they will be "candled" and graded by experts, then being shipped or sold to the consumer as directly as possible. Through this organization, the farmers believe, they will be sure of their market, and will receive a return commensurate with the quality of their products.

Robie Whitney has always taken an interest in poultry—has studied it long and carefully. There are no better experts of his age anywhere. Many members of the Maine Central family—of which he

has been a member for eight years, in the audit department—are planning to call upon him in his new position.

George T. Cutting, who has very many friends and acquaintances among the Maine Central family, has been placed on the pension list after 40 years of continuous service.

He began his railroad career at Lewiston, working under A. R. C. Turner, master car builder at that time for the old Androscoggin Railroad—and, it may be mentioned, father of I. A. Turner, now one of the oldest Maine Central engineers in point of service. After remaining in Lewiston five years, the first three as car inspector and the last two as car foreman, Mr. Cutting was transferred to Bangor as foreman of the car department—holding that position 18 years. Then he was put in charge of the car department at Bath, where he has been for 17 years. His pleasant disposition and friendly manner made him a favorite with both officials and fellow-workmen.

One of Mr. Cutting's daughters married Engineman S. H. Lancaster of Bangor, and the other is the wife of Engineman A. W. Herson of Waterville. His oldest son, Herbert, who died some years ago, was a well-known conductor; another son is now employed by the Hyde Windlass Company, Bath.

Friends were grieved to learn of the death of Mr. Cutting's wife, which occurred recently in Bangor, while they were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lancaster. Mr. Cutting, although getting along in years, is very active and takes a keen interest in all matters pertaining to the Maine Central and to railroading in general.

If you look carefully, you will notice an apparent phenomenon in the group picture of Bowdoin students on pages 16 and 17. The gentleman sitting second from the left, second row—we don't know his name—appears also, in a kneeling posture, at the extreme right of the first row.

"How did he accomplish that?" asked those who saw the proof.

Well, the picture was taken by a revolving camera; and the gentleman in question, after his section had been photographed, must have left his position, dodged behind the long line of students, and emerged at the other end. But usually a camera will revolve much faster than a man can run.

Friday, February 6, is a day they won't forget in a long time at the Railroad Y. M. C. A., Commercial Street, Portland.

Engineman Swett is one of the popular members there. He is prominent in all forms of activity. He has many friends. And, when indefinite rumors of the freight wreck at Canton first filtered into the big yellow building, all these friends first thought of him—for his run is on that part of the division.

Not in years, perhaps, has there been so much telephoning in that part of Commercial street. Edward F. Collins and Melvin Williams were those upon whom the chief burden of it fell—and they kept at it until they learned that Mr. Swett hadn't been in the wreck at all.

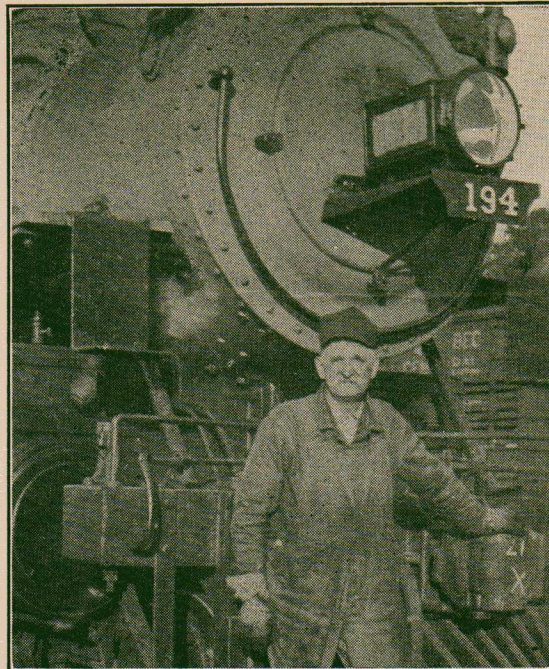
The relief felt throughout the building isn't easily described. But it is a long time since matter-of-fact railroad men have given vent to such real emotion.

D. H. Staples of Waterville, widely known Maine Central engineer and legislative agent of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of Maine, is active sponsor of a bill now pending before the Legislature. The committee hearing has not been held as these lines are written; very probably it will have been by the time they are read.

Back of this bill—which provides that automobilists who drive upon grade crossings when signals are against them shall be punished by the loss of their licenses for all time—lie the hopes of a great body of engineers. Something of what these engineers suffer, when reckless autoists race with death at the crossings, has been told through various interviews in the Maine Central Magazine. But the true pathos and tragedy of it all can never be fully told.

It is the engineers' contention that they use all reasonable care at these grade crossings. They sound warning signals, as required, and keep constantly on the alert. They can reasonably do no more—although, sometimes, they do accomplish miracles. A heavy train, with tremendous momentum behind it, cannot be stopped in a moment. Also, of course, it has the right of way.

When an engineer, approaching a crossing, sees a passenger car also speeding toward it, he doesn't know what is in the driver's mind—whether he is



### "Uncle Jake"

Louis J. Eupea, whose picture is shown here, is affectionately known to many members of the Maine Central family as "Uncle Jake."

Mr. Eupea began firing July 6, 1887, doing spare work about one month and then going on the night freight between Waterville and Portland, which he held for one year.

Then he was given trains 14 and 15, 12 and 13, with Billy Underwood as engineer. This run he held for about three and one-half years.

His next run was between Skowhegan and Portland, trains No. 148, 48, 49, and 149, Fred York being engineer.

In the early years of his firing he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and has retained his membership ever since.

About 1895 and 1896, having severe attacks of the grippe, he left the road and obtained employment in the shoe shop at Skowhegan, remaining a number of years, until re-employed by the Maine Central to care for the engine house in that town.

"Uncle Jake" has been there for nearly eighteen years. He is one of the most faithful of Maine Central employees, doing his work very promptly and in a systematic way.

He owns an attractive home and has plenty of land for a garden, of which he is very proud.

trying to beat the train or will stop at the last moment to let it go by. Yet such knowledge would avert many and many a tragedy.

"Please understand," said an engineer to the writer, "that our complaint is not against automobilists as a whole. The great majority co-operate with us finely. I'm speaking of the small but reckless minority—those who deliberately play with



Upper left—Station at Hallowell, with the crew of a few years ago. Right to left—T. C. Murphy, ticket agent; E. C. Douglass, agent; C. E. Strickland, baggage master (now retired); E. W. Stevens, freight-house foreman. Upper right—Station and freight house at Hallowell. Lower, left to right—Edward S. Runnels, telegrapher, photographed at Richmond; T. C. Murphy, ticket agent and operator, Hallowell; Frank (Spike) Lancaster, then baggage master at Richmond, now gateman, and Mr. Runnels.

death to get a thrill in doing it. I don't complain of what they have more than once made me suffer—perhaps that goes with the job. And, if they risked only their own safety, it might not be so bad. But they deliberately risk the safety of those on my train—and for that, I believe, they should be punished.”

The proposed bill has an earnest and eloquent advocate in Mr. Staples. As engineer of the Bar Harbor express, one of the fastest on the Maine Central, he knows the sheer tragedy that so often confronts the man in the cab—through no fault of his own. He believes that if it be mandatory for the authorities to deprive of his license any driver who disregards gates, flagmen, bells and other warning signals—whether the train strikes him or not—the number of grade crossing accidents will be greatly reduced.

E. G. Ryder, Canadian Pacific engineer, is associated with Mr. Staples in his Legislative work.

### Installation; Waltz

More than three hundred attended the installation of Local 15, Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employees, held at Pythian Temple, Portland. It

### Wants Information

W. G. Hunton, the Maine Central's industrial agent, is compiling an increased list of locations for summer schools and camps—bordering on inland water.

If any members of the Maine Central family know good locations, Mr. Hunton would like very much to hear from them. He may be addressed, at any time, in care of the general offices, Portland.

was a pleasant occasion, graced by the presence of Edmund F. McNamara, Boston, grand president, who made a short address.

Officers installed were:

President, Coleman Green; vice-president, James A. Mulkern; secretary and treasurer, Thomas C. Foss; warden, Michael F. Carroll; chaplain, Peter J. Conley; recording secretary, Joseph Greeley; inside guard, William S. Allen; outside guard, Horace E. Frost.

(Continued on Page 24.)



# A Cross-Word Puzzle



Written for the Maine Central Magazine

BY E. W. MERSEREAU

Motive Power Department, Maine Central Railroad Co.

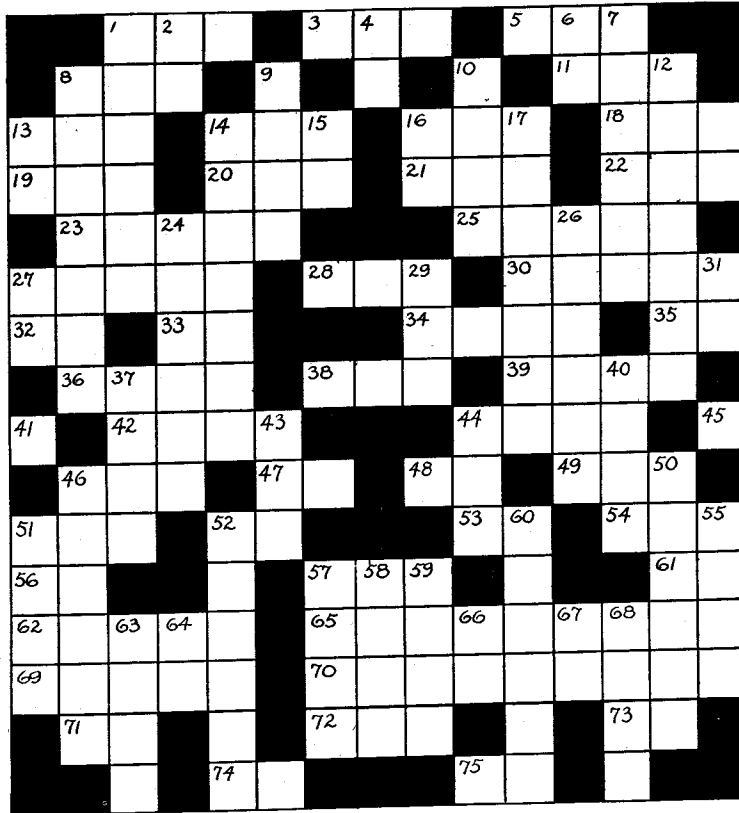
**HORIZONTAL**

1. As a cat drinks
3. Nickname for an old King recently become famous
5. And others of the same kind
8. Receptacle for coal
11. Sphere—eye
13. To flog or chastise
14. Female whale
16. Contraction of a remedial agent used extensively as first aid for bumps
18. Aetatis (of age) [abbr.] Latin
19. Metal in its natural state
20. Spawn of fishes
21. Yes (French)
22. Abbr. for a New England State (Poss.)
23. To let fall into a tangled mass
25. An anaesthetic that has revolutionized surgery
27. A non-metallic element occurring abundantly in borax
28. Whole
30. First five letters of adjective meaning to excite laughter
32. A point of the compass
33. Abbr. for a Southern State.
34. Sour
35. Initials of a famous President
36. Short tail, as of a rabbit
38. Request
39. Frustrate (slang)
41. Article (Indef.)
42. Part of the foot
44. Smooth breathing
46. A spike of corn
47. Preposition
48. Sodium (chem. symbol)
49. An essential to automobiles
51. To tilt
52. Abbreviation for point of compass
53. Personal pronoun
54. Mountain (abbr. pl.)
56. Prep.
57. Total
61. Abbr. Hawkeye State
62. Mucous discharge
65. Passing
69. Uncanny
70. Inspire with hope
71. Abbreviation for a New England State
72. Master of Science (abbr.)
73. Railway (abbr.)
74. A period of time (abbr.)
75. A bone

**VERTICAL**

1. Pertaining to lines
2. Indef. article
4. Toward the top
6. Preposition
7. Longs for
8. A Maine Central official
9. Implement
10. Genuine
12. Affiance
13. Preposition
15. Pronoun
16. 1st and 4th vowels
17. A compound of nitrogen with silicon
24. To roll as the waves
26. In concealment
27. Bachelor of Science (abbr.)

29. Boy—youth
31. Railroad (abbr.)
37. A fellow
40. Line of junction or union
43. Not high
44. Judicial process
45. An article
46. Correlative to "or"
50. Miserly
51. Weight of the package minus the commodity
52. That is to say
55. To satisfy the desires of
57. The fore part of a vessel
58. Rounded vessels bulged in the center
59. Abbreviation of well-known fraternal order
60. Follows
63. One of the Great Lakes; also a railroad
64. Univ. of Ill. (abbr.)
66. Negative
67. Revenue from a shipment traveling over two or more lines (abbr.)
68. Merit





## Brunswick Station Busy Spot

Camera Man Spends Profitable Day There, As Next Two Pages Show—An Important Junction Point, and Headquarters of Signal Department—College Boys and Railroad Men Get Along Famously



It isn't every town in which railroad headquarters and a thriving college exist side by side in perfect harmony. But this happy condition is true at Brunswick, Maine.

It may once have been different—in years gone by. Nowadays, however, when the Bowdoin boys return from a football victory, they make Brunswick yard part of the setting for their celebration. And the station crews enjoy it almost as much as the participants. "Have a good time, boys," General Agent Priest tells their leaders, "but just be careful."

They take advantage of his invitation, but never an unfair advantage. There are some stirring scenes at the old station every summer, but trouble between students and railroad men is unknown. In fact, the most friendly of feeling exists between them.

Most persons know, in a general way, that all passenger trains stop at Brunswick; but not everybody realizes how vital a part of the Maine Central system it has become. It is the most important junction point, although Lewiston pays more revenue; and it is something more than a junction. It is headquarters of the signal department, from which block signals throughout the far-flung system are controlled; of Perley N. Watson, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the western lines; and of J. H. Brooks, roadmaster of the first division. The freight house and station proper, the signal

### What Photographs Show

Photographs on the two succeeding pages show:

1. The entire student body of Bowdoin College, posed for Maine Central Magazine photographer. Of course this hasn't much to do with Brunswick station—but they're good neighbors.
2. A group composed of engine and yard crew, some of the station force and section men, posed before the station.
3. Section crew 22.
4. A delegation from the signal department.
5. Crew of hoisting engine; shop crew.
6. A corner of the signal department.
7. The hoisting engine.
8. Freight office and freight house; some of the crew.
9. Brunswick station.

department, round-house and wide-spread yard unite to form a railroad city.

Specifically, there are 41 passenger trains, and about 20 freights, each day. The station force numbers 38, and there are 12 in the yard crew. George A. Priest, general agent, has been 20 years in the railroad world—five years brakeman and yard conductor at Waterville, five years yardmaster, also at Waterville, and 10 years at Brunswick. He is known to all in the Maine Central family. J. E. Clark, freight agent, formerly of the Eastern Division, is another of long and valuable experience.

The signal department, like the station, is a place of much activity. There are 1075 block signals on the Maine Central, not counting 20 interlocking plants of varied sizes; and 110 men in winter—there are more in summer—report to Murdock Sutherland, signal engineer. Becoming a good signal man is no easy task—it requires at least four years of training. The lever men, who also must have both training and efficiency, come under the operating department.

There was a time—well within the memory of those in middle life—when ghastly wrecks were common all over the country. There will always be slight derailments; but passenger wrecks, with ac-

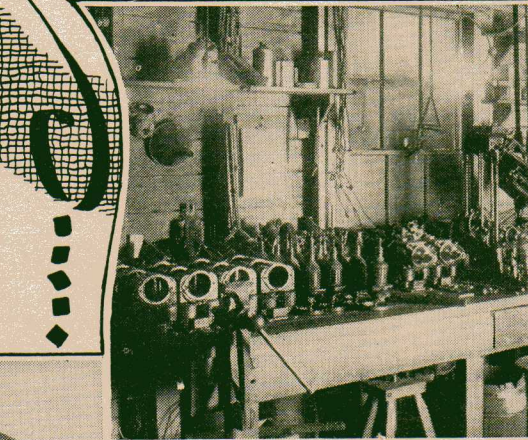
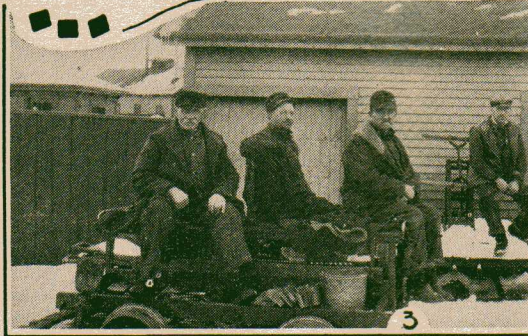
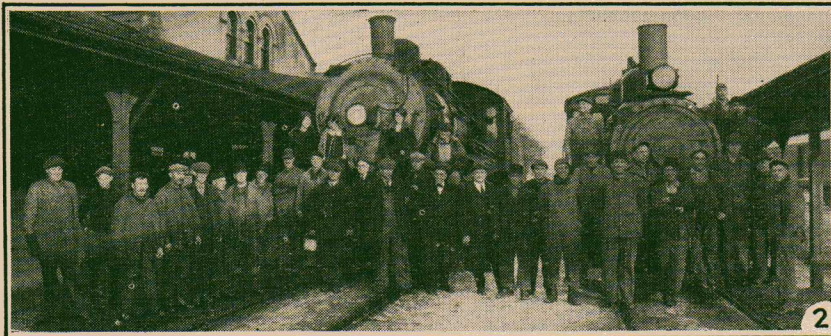
(Continued on Page 21)

### Cat's Wild Ride

As Engineman A. H. Horeysek was looking over his engine on arrival of No. 20 at Waterville, recently, he was surprised to hear the meowing of a cat. The mystery was explained when, glancing under the tender, he discovered on the tender truck-bolster a pitiful bundle of fur—almost frozen, but clinging on for dear life.

Mr. Horeysek recognized it as one of the cats belonging to General Foreman Whitney at Bangor engine house. It was taken into the baggage room, thawed out, "fed up," crated and returned to Bangor on the next train.

If cats know emotion, imagine the feelings of this one—clinging to that truck bolster, with the temperature at zero, all the way from Bangor to Waterville!



*Some Views of Brunswick Station and Its College Neighbors*