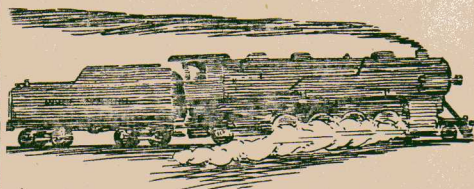


# Maine Central *Magazine*

*Lewiston Upper Station*



APRIL, 1925

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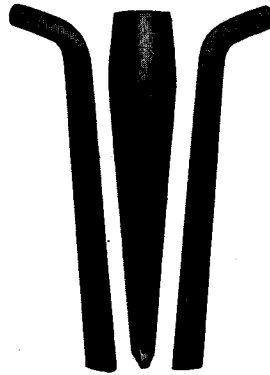
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1 cup sugar  
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2 heaping teaspoonfuls  
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Crow Ginger  
½ teaspoonful Three Crow  
Mace or Three Crow Nut-  
meg

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Home Bakery in connection with Market.  
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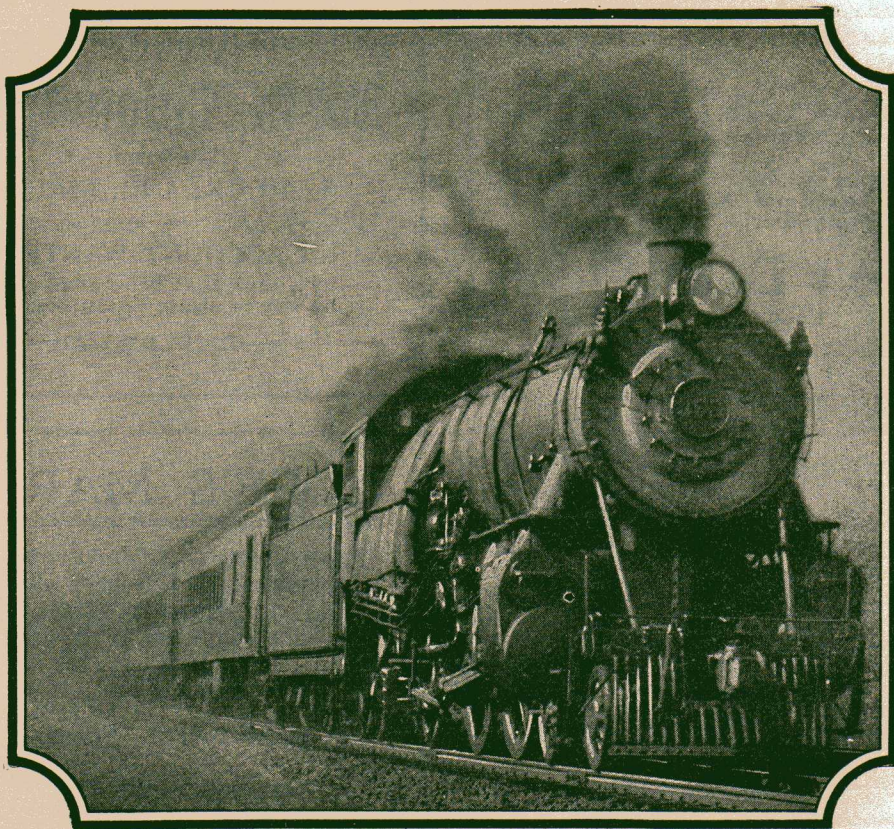
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## Clean Coal Reduces Operating Expenses

Every railroad has transportation costs in coal prices f. o. b. coaling stations.

Dirty coal may be cheap at the mine but expensive in operating a railroad. Its impurities must be paid for in haulage charges and in engine failures.

Some of the largest railroads of the United States select Con-

solidation Clean Coal because it reduces operating expenses. It is coal from which all visible impurities have been removed at the mine—coal high in heat value, low in ash and sulphur.

Because it is CLEAN it takes less Consolidation Coal to operate a railroad than coal less carefully prepared for the firebox.

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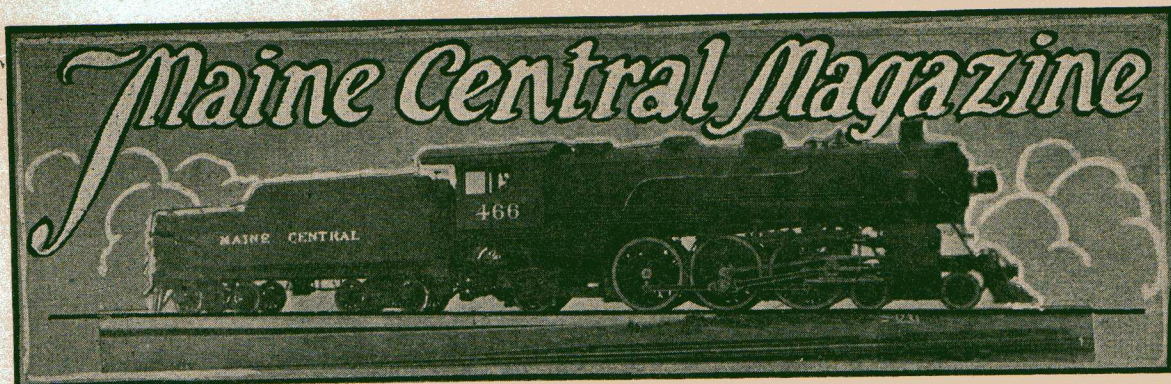
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## Midnight Ride In Locomotive Cab

Maine Central Magazine Reporter Has a Strange and Fascinating Experience—  
Swaying Cab Is No Place for a Nervous Man, But There Are Many Inter-  
esting Things to See and Hear—Engineer's Job No Sinecure

**W**ITH high expectation, not untempered by certain secret misgivings, a Maine Central Magazine reporter climbed into the cab of engine 459 at 12.30 o'clock on a recent morning. He intended to stick there until the train—No. 127—reached Augusta.

Into the routine of every man's life there slips, now and again, the thrill of an absolutely new experience. And here was a thrill—a night ride on a locomotive—that even a millionaire could not have purchased. On every railroad, everywhere, getting a permit to climb the steep, treacherous steps to a locomotive cab is second in difficulty only to obtaining a pass into the Celestial Kingdom itself. You might buy an entire railroad and then not be entitled to ride with one of its engineers. But we had the permit upon this occasion—and were soon to have the memorable experience, too.

Engineman A. H. Horeyseck—Honey Horeyseck, the boys call him—first met us on the almost deserted platform of Union Station. One might go far and then not find a man more skilled, more popular. He has lived 35 years in Maine; but he was brought up on the good old East Side of New York, and a faint touch of it, somehow, still clings to him. A love of the railroad game got into his blood early, as it has into the blood of many other Maine Central men—but in his case it got there as he watched trains burrow through the then open tunnel leading to New York's Grand Central terminal. Later, in the State of Maine's much wider open spaces, he started firing on the Grank Trunk; shifted to firing on the Maine Central; was promoted

25 years ago to engineman, and has been at it ever since. A cool-headed, good-tempered sort is Honey Horeyseck—and the boys will tell you he's one of the best enginemen anywhere.

A minute later we were in the cab and were being introduced to Fireman H. L. Bryant, who also—as we were to discover a little later—was alertly on the job.

"What would become of the train," passengers sometimes ask themselves, as they watch the scenery drift past, "should something happen to the engineer?"

The answer is that his fireman is always in the cab and would at once know what to do. Many firemen are also qualified as engineers, and are simply awaiting vacancies for promotion. Mr. Bryant, for example, has for six years had an engineer's rating.

The big Pacific engine, only a few days out of the Thompson's Point shops, backed up and coupled to the train. It was now 12.40—five minutes behind schedule, due to heavy mail and express. Horeyseck caught the flash, far down the station platform, of Conductor McDonald's lantern—his signal to go ahead. The six-foot drivers slowly revolved; the steel giant seemed to quiver, clear to the very heart of it; and Horeyseck's visitor, sitting awkwardly astride the fireman's seat—a sort of leather-covered bench running along one side of the cab—knew that his voyage of adventure had begun.

A more wonderful night he had never seen. Moonlight lay upon the open spaces like a silver carpet, bringing out each tree and fence and country road and lonely farm in clear-cut silhouette.

And the soft radiance of it, like drugged perfume, seemed to steal through the cab windows—a midnight magic that would make our English glow indeed could it be translated into words.

Moonlight and silvered shadows \* \* Darkness of sleeping villages \* \* The green and red of signal lights, glowing evilly, like witches' eyes \* \* A strange, subtle sense of unreality \* \* And so Engine 459, with its unaccustomed passenger, slipped into the velvet night.

Then—

Fireman Bryant swung open the great doors of the boiler; and white-hot flame, which might have come from the heart of the Inferno, streamed momentarily into the cab. The reporter's dream-stuff ended abruptly. He came back to earth.

—X—

Remember, please, that it is only once in a decade or so that any person, save the engineer and fireman, is allowed in a locomotive cab. How, then, does a trip in one seem to an absolute outsider—an outsider who knows nothing of the technical details, and can only record his impressions as might any other passenger?

Well, it was fun; no question about that. It was an experience too interesting to have been missed and too vivid ever to be effaced from memory. But there was nothing soft or luxurious or restful about it. In sheer dramatic intensity and unending forms of new excitement it resembled a cross-section of the Argonne, or something of that nature. We wish to record, here and now, that the cab of a locomotive making 45 miles an hour at midnight is no place for a nervous man. He can get used to it, undoubtedly, but not in the course of a ride from Portland to Augusta.

You may have been in a boiler room—but you have never sat almost astride the boiler, while waves of super-heat burn into the air around you and tongues of livid flame, every few minutes as the doors are opened, dart out almost at your feet.

You may be familiar, when you travel, with smoke and cinders—but you have never had cinders cut into your flesh, like the sting of tiny whips, almost to the point of drawing flecks of blood.

You may have experienced the rock and roll of a ship at sea—but you have never experienced the peculiar intensity of the vibrations in a locomotive cab: vibrations that are likely at any time to pitch you off your feet onto the floor—or out into the night.

You doubtless have heard a locomotive whistle—but you have never heard it "close-up"—oh, so close-up!—until waves of sound, beating upon your defenseless ear-drums, threaten to split them open.

And yet that trip was real fun! There is a certain charm, you know, in any novelty.

—X—

Seriously—we were not asked to write this, but the thought occurs to us—there is a whole lot to the job of being an engineer. People know, in a vague general way, that human lives are in his hands, which needs must be steady ones. They know this—but do they REALIZE it? Full realization, we think, can come only through knowledge gained at first hand—by some such trip as that taken by the writer. And such trips, obviously, are very few.

Mile after mile, as Engine 459 throbbed its

way eastward, Horeyseck and Bryant held a degree of mental concentration—an applied intensity—almost unknown to those in ordinary lines of work. Now and then they spoke crisply, incisively, to call signals and check them. Their voices penetrated naturally above the pounding of machinery and whistle of the wind, which sometimes sounded like all the static in the world; but the visitor's voice, when he strove to speak, was broken into pieces and drifted out of the window. He might as well have been stricken dumb.

There isn't space to sketch in detail the colorful panorama of that trip. When Greater Portland was left behind, and the open spaces were reached, we caught the peculiar vibration—the rock and roll—which meant that a man must needs be a deep water sailor if he would navigate around the cab. There was the scenic display—beautiful as a stage picture—when we approached Royal Junction, where the lower road branches off, and lights of the interlocking plant suddenly flamed through the darkness. There was the sudden rush of air—the train-line exhaust—as we made the know-nothing for Yarmouth Junction. There was the gradual stopping of the train 500 feet from the diamond crossing of the Grand Trunk—where all lights were green, and, after two short blasts of the whistle, we were once more on our way.

And there were other features: the long grade into Freeport, done easily at 45 miles an hour; approaching the end of the double track at Freeport station; drifting down the grade into Brunswick, where there was a beautiful stop, without a tremor or jar; leaving Brunswick four minutes late, because of the heavy mail, and slipping gently over the new Waterville-Winslow bridge; the bright light in the woods at Cathance—which proved to be a long freight, headed west and in the clear for us; pounding past Bowdoinham and Richmond, which might have been cities of the dead, for we saw not a light or a soul; threading the silver ribbon of the Kennebec; the brief stop at Gardiner—and then Augusta station!

And all through the pounding hours Horeyseck sat without a word, save for a few directions, his eyes on the glistening ribbon of steel that unrolled before us in the glow of the headlight. Instinct, blended with long experience, told him the rate of speed. And the great brute of an engine responded to his touch as some living thing might have done; he seemed to know its every mood, its every whim—he controlled the very soul of it. Always, too, there seemed something for him to do—feed the boiler with water; make running time; observe the signals; blow the whistle. This last, at times, seemed an almost continuous performance—two long and two short blasts for every crossing. Their echoes screamed eerily in the night, like the laughter of some Banshee across the open spaces.

Bryant meantime—and he WAS a good 'deep-water sailor, for he walked around that swaying cab as easily as on a ball-room floor—kept feeding the ravenous red mouth that seemed ever calling for coal and more coal. An even steam pressure of 200 pounds was maintained throughout the trip.

One or two modest incidents may not markedly affect the public mind but were to us of personal concern. Once we looked up to see Fireman Bryant industriously spraying the rear of the cab, and

(Continued on Page 23)



## Engineering Department Pays Tribute In Verse to Its Research Engineer

**I**N this page is a poem—we do not know just how clearly the reproduction will show—written by some of the boys in the engineering department and dedicated to Mr. E. A. Boothby, the Maine Central's research engineer.

Frankly, we do not know its exact authorship. It is a sort of composite, representing the thoughts of several minds; and the affectionate regard that fills it is representative of all.

Mr. Boothby is custodian of the vault in the chief engineer's office, which explains the allusions in certain of the verses.

Incidentally, they serve as an excuse for a personal mention of Mr. Boothby, who has done so much for engineering development in the course of his busy life; and one of his intimate associates has kindly written for the Magazine the following brief sketch:

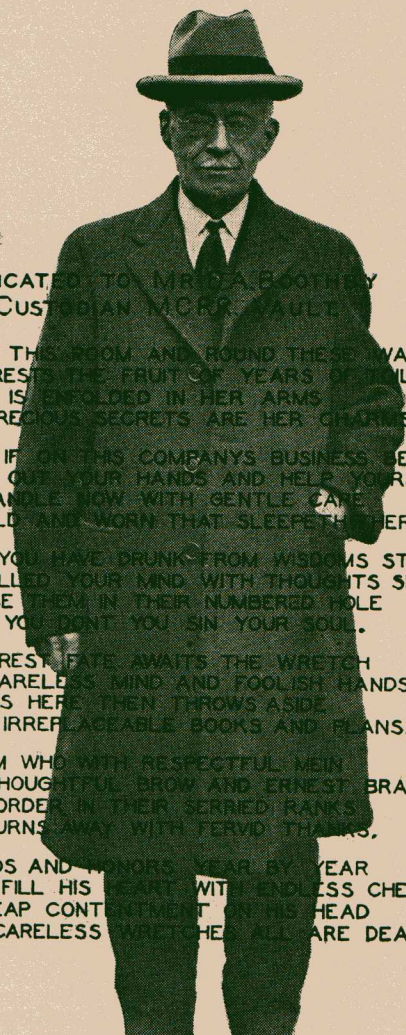
"Mr. E. A. Boothby, employed as research engineer, was born Sept. 16, 1862, and entered the service of M. C. R. R. in 1883 as rodman in the engineering department. He was promoted to the grade of assistant engineer in 1889, and to research engineer in 1919.

"Mr. Boothby's work largely consists of securing land titles. He is a familiar figure in every land registry office in northern New England, and in fact much of his time is spent in the vaults of the various registries. He is a conscientious worker and has been known, after a long day's work at some distant point on the road, to take a night train back and check up by lantern-light some measurement of which he might not be quite certain.

"In his present position, Mr. Boothby is custodian of the engineering department and vault, which contains thousands of plans and records of the company's property, and which are so carefully indexed and filed that any of them may be produced on very short notice. He takes great pride in this filing system, and woe betide the neophyte rodman who carelessly replaces a plan on other paper in its unallotted space!

"Mr. Boothby was married in 1890, and has seven children, three of whom have been employed by this company, as follows: Ralph, employed as assistant engineer, now with the Brown Paint Company; Isaac, employed as rodman, now second officer of the 20,000-ton ship Reliance; and Ethel, employed as clerk in the engineering department offices."

"No one on all the Maine Central system works harder than Mr. Boothby—perhaps none so hard," said another of his friends, in conversation with a Magazine reporter. "In this way he reminds me very strongly of the late Theodore Dunn, chief engineer. He has never paid the slightest attention,



DEDICATED TO MR. E. A. BOOTHBY  
CUSTODIAN MCR. VAULT

WITHIN THIS ROOM AND ROUND THESE WALLS  
HERE REST THE FRUIT OF YEARS OF TOIL  
TRUTH IS ENCLOSED IN HER ARMS  
AND PRECIOUS SECRETS ARE HER CHAINS.

ENTER IF ON THIS COMPANY'S BUSINESS GENT  
REACH OUT YOUR HANDS AND HELP YOURSELF  
BUT HANDLE NOW WITH GENTLE CARE  
THE OLD AND WORN THAT SLEEPETH HERE.

WHEN YOU HAVE DRUNK FROM WISDOMS STREAM  
AND FILLED YOUR MIND WITH THOUGHTS SERENE  
REPLACE THEM IN THEIR NUMBERED FOLD  
FOR IF YOU DENT YOU SIN YOUR SOUL.

AND DIRE FATE AWAITS THE WRETCH  
WITH CARELESS MIND AND FOOLISH HANDS  
PERUSES HERE THEN THROWS ASIDE  
THESE IRREPLACEABLE BOOKS AND PLANS.

FOR HIM WHO WITH RESPECTFUL MEIN  
WITH THOUGHTFUL BROW AND ERNEST BRAIN  
KEEPS ORDER IN THEIR SERVED RANKS  
AND TURNS AWAY WITH FERVID THANKS,

REWARDS AND HONORS YEAR BY YEAR  
SHALL FILL HIS HEART WITH ENDLESS CHEER  
AND HEAP CONTENTMENT ON HIS HEAD  
WHEN CARELESS WRETCHES ALL ARE DEAD.

*E. A. Boothby, research engineer, and verses by friends in the engineering department.*

as do most of us, to regular hours. Always, when evening comes, he has taken his work home with him, if in Portland, or to his hotel room if he is on the road.

"His knowledge of land records is very great. You know how blind these old land lines can be; but he sticks to them, in every instance, until he has solved the problem. He has more data in his brain than some corporations have in all their files."

## Claims Wise—And Otherwise

Some Interesting Little Stories Recalled by Head of the Maine Central's Claim Department—He Thinks Mankind as a Whole Is Honest, Which Is a Good Deal for a Claim Agent to Say



OME popular conceptions are quite as ill-founded as they are wide-spread. They are national myths, which all repeat and few really believe.

One of them is that a railroad, in cases of fire or personal injury it has unwittingly inflicted, will deny all responsibility whenever possible. Another, closely related, is that the injured person, in dealing with a railroad or other public service corporation, has no qualm of conscience in making his claim just as large as he can.

Neither view is correct. Let us take a statement by one who should know better than any man in Maine—James D. M. Foster, the Maine Central's claim agent.

"We have not once tried to avoid a just responsibility," he declared to a Magazine visitor. "And, on the other hand, I find in my work that most men are absolutely honest. Not only honest, but conscientious. Of course there are exceptions; and certain petty schemes to impose upon the railroad, merely because it IS a railroad and hence is supposed to be better able to pay than an individual, are almost funny. But the average man meets me fairly and squarely; he believes his claim just, and he does not even try to enlarge upon the figures. So on the whole—and it's rather a significant statement for a claim agent to make—my work has given me a good opinion of human nature."

So that's that!

When claims are presented against the Maine Central—or accidents occur that will logically result in claims—two persons immediately are notified. They are Mr. Foster, claim agent, and Fred R. Libby, claim adjuster. Separately or together, they interview the claimant or visit the scene. If the matter is very serious—such as a wreck resulting in loss of life—there are subsequent careful investigations by both Public Utilities Commission and officials of the road. But, in the great majority of cases, the question of compromise really rests with Mr. Foster and Mr. Libby.

They work rapidly and efficiently; and as no two claims are exactly alike, and as these claims in the course of a year include all manner and variety of issues, they must needs possess a surprisingly broad general knowledge. They must know something of law, of property values, of local conditions throughout Maine; and, above all else, they must know human nature. They must apply shrewd, practical, homely common sense. They must meet the claimants as men to men, good-naturedly, impartially. How well they succeed is shown by the fact that, of the many hundred claims, not more than two per cent are actually tried in court,

### Courage vs. Brains

(BY L. F. WILCOX)

Who of us has never imagined himself a hero? Whether it is stopping a runaway horse, flagging a train before it hits a washout, or putting out a fire. We all like to plan just what we would do. In actual life, the horse gallops down the street unmolested, while we stand glued in our tracks, the train runs into the washout or is stopped by someone else, and the house burns merrily until the fire department comes.

We do not like to think it is because of lack of courage or brains that we never have posed as a hero, but, nevertheless, the right combination at the right time is so exceedingly rare, that when a case does come to our attention, in which an emergency job has been done in 100 per cent style, we feel like giving a little credit.

On the morning of March 23, Towerman John J. Conley, of Tower Four, Portland, noticed a peculiar odor, and upon opening the trap door, found the attic filled with smoke. To get where the fire was, around the stove funnel, he realized that he must climb into the attic. He first notified the fire department, which was a good move. Then he ran about 75 feet for a ladder, which he placed in position. He had climbed about six feet when a rung broke, and he fell against the side of the interlocking machine, injuring his side and bruising two fingers.

Did he quit? Not much! Picking himself up, he climbed up the ladder and through the tiny opening; and by crawling in the dark, through the choking smoke of the attic, he extinguished the blaze just before the firemen arrived.

Some of us, maybe, might have been tempted to let the tower burn. Anyway, Towerman Conley surely deserves credit for his timely act of courage and skill.

—although more than this percentage, doubtless, are entered on the dockets.

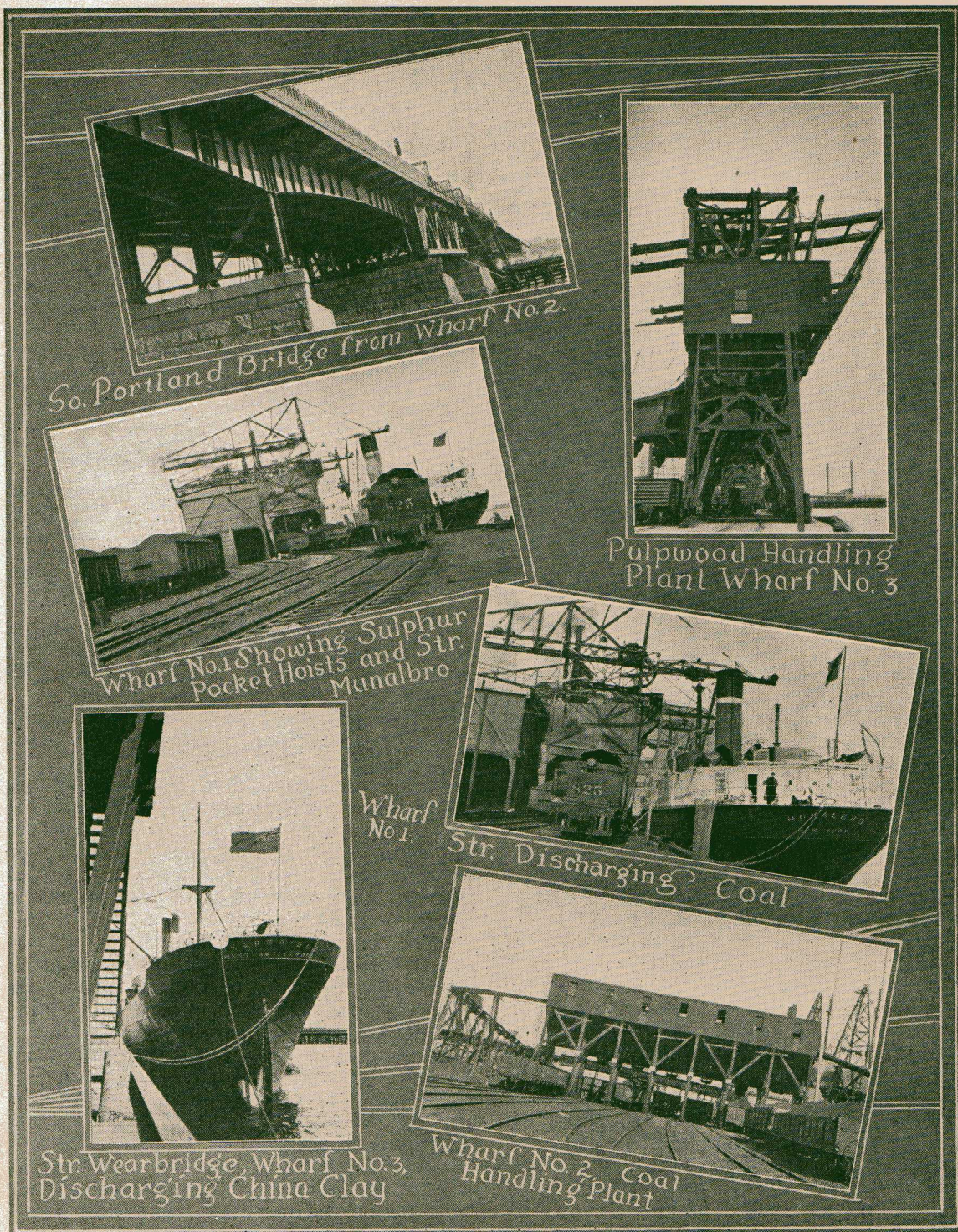
When compromise between Mr. Foster and the claimants fails—and, as stated, these instances are not many—the claim department merely sits back and waits. The next move, if any at all, must come from the claimants. If it does come, in the form of legal action, the matter passes into the jurisdiction of the legal department.

"What have been some of your funniest experiences?" Mr. Foster was asked.

"Well," said he in the pleasant way that has made him a favorite on the Maine Central system, "the funniest are not usually the most significant. We have had some almost ingenuously absurd claims; but they are not indicative of claims as a whole. The average of mankind, as I have said, tries to be fair.

"I won't mention names or too specific localities;

(Continued on Page 15)



*Asa H. Morrill, engineer of construction, took all of these snap-shots. Don't you think he did a good job? They show the Portland Terminal Company's waterfront activities.*

## 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.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

APRIL, 1925

### Editorial

#### What Price Railroads?

Two articles dealing with the railroad problem, and recently appearing in "The Outlook," were sent us to review. Their author, Hugh J. Hughes, writes with insight and literary charm. He is authoritative and skilful in his treatment of a subject about which much has been printed that is misleading and much that is untrue.

The first article—entitled: "What Price Railroads?"—first deals exhaustively with America's original need of steam transportation, its establishment and growth. "Now, a century old," says Mr. Hughes, "they (the railroads) stand before the bar of public opinion, cited to show cause why they should not be thrown into bankruptcy. They have been challenged as unprofitable, accused of oppression, declared the rightful property of the State."

But are these vaguely indefinite charges true?

One gathers, from the ringing paragraphs which follow, that Mr. Hughes thinks they are not. In their hundred years of growth, the railroads have kept pace with the growth of the Nation. They have won wars, opened prairies, spanned a continent, been the means whereby civilization has set its foot from shore to shore. Franchises, land bonuses, concessions were given, on the whole, by a public fully informed of what lack of railroads had meant—a public determined to secure for itself the benefits these roads could bring. If, in the course of these hundred years, there were watering of stocks, inflation and gambling for high stakes, there also was substantial business growth. And all were integral parts of the story of progress whereby settlements were

### NOTICE!

*Mr. O. A. Shepard, who has been editor of the Maine Central Magazine since its inception in January, 1924, has resigned to enter a broader field of newspaper work.*

*He resigned with genuine regret at severing so many agreeable ties with members of the Maine Central family, and bespeaks for his successor, who has not been chosen at this writing, the courteous and kindly treatment so continuously accorded him.*

*Mr. Shepard's new employers, who publish a chain of papers in central and western Massachusetts, have requested that he report not later than April 20. Therefore, in the event that it is not possible to select and instruct his successor in so limited a time, it may be found necessary to omit the May issue.*

opened, territories formed, cities built, and an empire turned under the plow.

Then follow some tremendously significant figures of present achievement, of which the following paragraphs stand out graphically:

"This past year your railroads handled four hundred billion tons over the distance of one mile!

"For each individual in the country—man, woman, and child—four thousand tons were loaded onto cars, hauled one mile, and unloaded. That is the measure of the work done by the railroads in their effort to keep up with the output of our factories and the production of the farms."

The remainder of this article, and the article that follows, deal with the tremendous economic burden now placed upon the roads,—as, for example, by governmentally controlled rates on interstate shipments, binding alike upon roads that are prosperous and those that are not. Thus the non-prosperous road cannot set its rates at a paying figure, and the well-to-do road cannot drop its rates when and where it desires most.

Mr. Hughes does not favor government ownership, which would be, he says, the "greatest experiment in Socialism, outside the borders of Russia, ever seriously consid-

(Continued on Page 26)



## The Maine Central Family

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

Luther Brewer, chief clerk in the office of the auditor of agencies, General Offices, has gone to the Congress Square Hotel as cashier.

Nathan C. Coffin, way bill clerk in the freight agent's office, Portland Terminal, and Mrs. Coffin, are passing the winter in Miami. Mr. Coffin's health has not been good, but he is reported as improving.

Mrs. Eleanor Frates Logue of the Portland Terminal Co., who has been absent on account of sickness for a number of weeks, is improving and will soon return to work.

W. T. Gonyer, machinist helper, Bangor, and Mrs. Gonyer, are receiving congratulations on the arrival, March 20, of a vigorous new member of the family. A boy.

Conductor Frank McDonald resumed his run April 9, after spending the winter, in company with Mrs. McDonald, at Miami. In conversation with a Magazine reporter, he said it has been a season of almost feverish success at the famous Florida resort. "Never in all in my life," said he, "have I seen so great a congestion of automobiles. I would hardly have thought it possible. If a man can drive, at certain hours, through Miami's principal streets, he can drive along Broadway blindfolded—and that's some statement!"

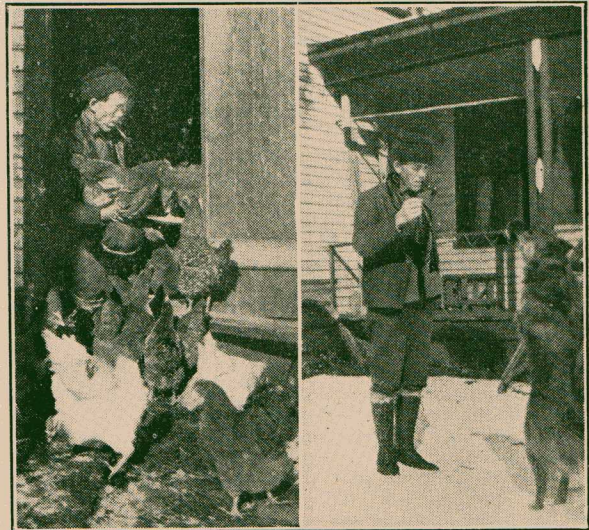
Mr. McDonald said that the brilliancy of the throngs, and the care-free air of social gaiety, are beyond description. It is freely predicted that Miami will have a million people within a very few years.

Friends of Alfred E. Lambert and Miss Ione L. Chase, of Livermore Falls, will be pleased to know of their recent marriage at Portland.

Mr. Lambert is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lambert of Waterville, and received his education in the Waterville schools. Three years ago he was transferred from Rumford, where he was employed in the Maine Central yard office, to the Livermore Falls freight office. He served in the World War, being over-seas two years.

Mrs. Lambert is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Chase of Livermore Falls. She was graduated from Livermore Falls High School in the class of 1922, and is employed in Grant Hinds' ice cream and confectionary store. They are now on a trip to Montreal, Quebec, and cities in the States. Following this, they will reside at 31 Church street, Livermore Falls.

### Meet Michael Roy



Meet Michael D. Roy, agent at Jefferson Jct., more familiarly known as Tommy King. Meet, also, his dog, an important member of his family, and his flock of hens, of which he is justly proud.

Mr. Roy entered the service of this company as a section man in 1908. While so employed, he learned telegraphy, and in 1911 was appointed agent at Quebec Jct., taking his present position in 1923.

Both he and his dog—his constant companion—are very popular, not only with members of the family, but with the traveling public.

"A wonderful tribute was paid to Louis P. Blanchard in the March Magazine, and a wonderful man has gone," writes Walter R. Fogg of Boston—who is now an engineer on the New York, New Haven and Hartford, but always has a warm spot in his heart for the old Maine Central. "By the way, the article on Railroad Magazines by W. E. Babb of the Rock Island says that the first magazine was issued by the Erie in 1904. The Maine Central first issued theirs in 1890 or thereabouts."

True enough—and identified with this magazine have been more than a few who have risen to prominence in Maine—including Harrie Coe, executive secretary of the Maine Publicity Bureau.

This comes to us, but we don't know whether the last part of it is true or not. You'll have to ask Harry Tourtillotte about it:

Harry Tourtillotte, of the Oldtown station force, recently became a partner in a bakery at Portland, and is rustling new business in the doughnut end. He says that it became necessary a short time ago to increase the profits, and he attempted to do this by enlarging the holes, but for some reason the profits were even smaller than before; so we give him the following advice, without charge:

"We don't know your aim, and we don't know your goal,  
But keep your eye on the doughnut and never mind the hole."

Under the heading, "Oh, The Versatility of This Climate!" the Bangor Daily News prints the following:

"The Maine Central Magazine published cuts in its last issue which clearly present the difference between the present March and the March of 1920 in regard to weather conditions. A cut from a photograph taken on Feb. 27, 1920, shows a huge pile of snow at the Union station, the lower windows being obscured, while a photograph taken on Feb. 27 of this year at the same spot, shows bare ground and dust blowing.

"It may be recalled that in March of 1920 the trains were stalled for some time and there was a huge pile of snow in town, with volunteer citizens and high school boys assisting in shoveling out, with terrific battles to clear streets so that the fire department, at least, could reach different sections in case of need. The train blockade was raised during the latter part of that month. This year spring weather arrived in February and has continued through March, with brief intervals of colder weather."

At the regular meeting of General Office Lodge, No. 374, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, held in Pythian Temple, Portland, March 26th, a farce, "The Street Fakir," was presented by three members of the organization: Percy Glasscock, LeRoy Horton and Cecil Beane. The presentation was very well received by a large audience. Mr. Glasscock as the farmer of olden times, very hard of hearing and very desirous of joining the show troupe, received many laughs. After the performance, refreshments were served and whist was enjoyed.

It is planned to have something of interest to all members at each meeting, and this work is in the capable hands of an entertainment committee composed of Chairman Lester R. Grant, assisted by Frances Moran, Blanche Lowe, and Carleton Pickett.

This sprightly little write-up of a well-known member of the Maine Central family, who has just been pensioned, comes to us from Bangor:

"One of the oldest members of the Maine Central family in point of service is Martin O'Malia of the motive power Department. After 37 years continuous service he has been placed on the pension list. Previous to an accident some few years ago, in which he suffered injuries, from which he never entirely recovered, he seldom if ever lost a day from

### Mystery Story In Three Chapters

Chapter One:—Fred L. Strange, the Maine Central's superintendent of car service, put several copies of the Maine Central Magazine in an envelope and directed it to A. P. Stevens, 177 State street, Boston. The Magazine contained a tribute to Louis P. Blanchard, Mr. Strange's successor in office, who was one of Mr. Stevens' best friends.

Chapter Two:—Mr. Strange, a few days later, met Mr. Stevens in Boston.

"What's the matter with you?" was the latter's cordial greeting.

"What's the matter with yourself?" parried Mr. Strange, deftly. "What have I done?"

"I asked for some Maine Central Magazines," explained Mr. Stevens, "and you sent me a big bunch of Richmond tariffs. They weren't any good to me so I sent 'em back to you. Strange, Strange!"

Chapter Three:—Mr. Strange returned home. There on his desk, sure enough, was the identical envelope he had sent Stevens; but now it was filled with tariffs from a Richmond bureau, in no way connected with the Maine Central or its people. A notation on the envelope, made with the stamp of the Boston office, was to the effect that it had been received in a damaged condition.

Little questions for today.—By what postal alchemy did the tariffs get into Mr. Strange's envelope? And what became of the magazines?

duty. One of his sons, Joseph P. O'Malia, is a well-known and popular engine man on the Portland Division.

"Many amusing anecdotes are related in connection with Martin's long railroad career. It is said that at one time he was tending fires on engines in the engine house, and happened to be on one when it slowly started forward, due to the throttle leaking somewhat. His presence of mind came into service, and he seized the lever, reversing the engine. When it had gotten almost to the back wall, he threw the lever over again into forward motion. After he had kept the engine moving forward and back by means of the reverse lever, for four or five minutes, he happened to get his eye on one of the other employes; and Mr. O'Malia, whose hair was now standing on end, and with perspiration rolling down his cheeks, shouted at the top of his voice, 'Shut them engine house doors, you darn fool, before this thing gets out.' Just then the boss came along and triggered the drivers, so she couldn't get away.

"Another one is told of how, years and years ago, Martin got entangled with a swarm of bees. He was accustomed to take his water-jug and fill it at the City Farm well, which is not far from the engine house. On the trip in question, he discovered what he termed at the time, 'A lot of little houses,' but what were in fact bee-hives. His curiosity getting the better of him, he strolled over to the 'little houses,' to have a peek-in. About this time the bees got busy, and Martin, throwing away his jug of water, ran to the round-house, being unmercifully stung. Both eyes were swollen so that they were almost wholly closed, and his hands and feet were nothing to brag about. A few days later the superintendent of the City Farm, meeting him on the street, told him his jug was right where he had left it, Martin replied, 'By golly it can stay right there. Those bugs have got too strong a punch for me.'"

Alfred Weatherbee has been appointed chief clerk of the car department at Bangor, under A. H.



1—Madge Dunn (rear) and Alice Carolyn Rhodes, daughters of M. L. Rhodes, President McDonald's secretary. 2—The family of Chauncey M. Harding, Secretary, Portland Railroad Y. M. C. A. 3, 4 and 5—Priscilla E., Anita R., and Walter L. Pickett, whose dad is in the General Offices.

Bonney, general foreman, succeeding William Daily, resigned. Mr. Weatherbee was transferred from the office of General Foreman Leighton, at Thompson's Point, where he had been located since November 19, 1917. He has moved his family to Bangor and already they are making many friends there.

Charles F. Fuller, an employe of the Maine Central Railroad Company for the past twenty years in the offices of the auditor freight accounts and the auditor passenger accounts, was retired from the service April 1st, and his retirement means the passing of one of the oldest employes in the General Offices, he having recently celebrated his 75th birthday.

Upon leaving his associates in the office of the Auditor Passenger Accounts they presented him with a fine black leather bag and a handsome pipe.

"Pa" will probably be found at the "Strand" these pleasant afternoons.

### Interesting Meeting

Portland Division, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and its Auxiliary entertained three distinguished guests—L. G. Griffin of Cleveland, grand chief engineer of the Brotherhood; Hon. William T. Gardiner, speaker of the Maine House of

Representatives, and Charles F. Marble of Winthrop, executive secretary of the Maine Retail Merchants' Association—at a significant meeting in Pythian Temple, March 29.

Supper was served at five, and this was followed by an entertainment that comprised orchestral selections, xylophone solos by Barbara Corbett, recitations by Alice Hobson and Kenneth Laughlan, vocal solos by Frances Talbot, and songs by a quartet of Italian boys.

David H. Staples of Waterville, Maine Central engineman and chairman of the Brotherhood's State Legislative Board, whose views on the subject of pending legislation were quoted at length in last month's Magazine, introduced the speakers. Mr. Marble, a persuasive talker, told of various ways that will help Maine grow and prosper—one of his suggestions being that the Brotherhood interest itself in the establishment of a vocational rest home. Mr. Gardiner described the organization of the Legislature, the varied and sometimes devious processes of legislation, and certain interesting resolves and acts pending at the time he spoke.

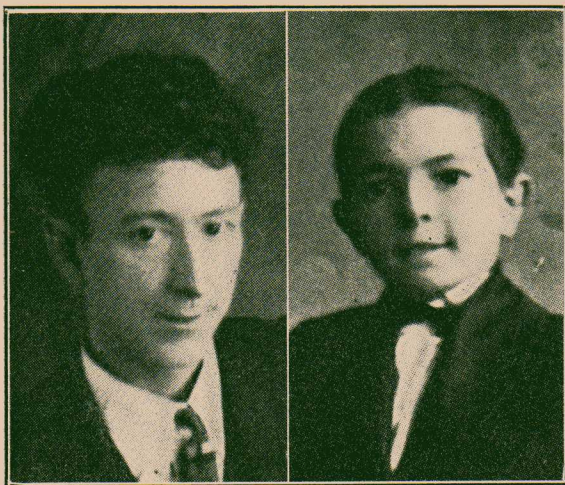
Chief Engineer Griffin, a frequent visitor to Maine, and hence personally known to many of the Brotherhood, was warmly greeted. He described some of the really big and far-reaching things this organization has done—including the erection of a fine building in Cleveland, and the opening and successful operation of banks in Cleveland, Ham-

mond, Spokane, Washington and New York. He told how these banks have co-operated with the railroads by subscribing to bond issues.

One of his significant statements was that, although the Brotherhood has endorsed many of the safety devices adopted by railroads of the country, it has not approved the new automatic train service control because of a doubt of its practicability.

Altogether, it was an interesting meeting. Approximately 100 were seated at the tables.

### Shop Crafts' Dance



Walter C. Tapley and Nathan Rachlen, who made a hit at the Shop Crafts' entertainment.

The annual dance, supper and entertainment of the Maine Central Shop Crafts' Association, held in Pythian Temple, Portland, on the evening of April 8 was very successful. There was a good-sized attendance; and so heartily did all enter into the spirit of the fun that as Chairman Jackson expressed it, "Those who didn't know how to dance learned before they went home!"

Five dances, to music by White's orchestra, were first enjoyed in the main hall; and then came an agreeable act by Mary Johnson and Leon Perrow, well-known juvenile dancers. Following this, a chicken supper, with all the fixings and trimmings, was served in the dining hall.

Then came another series of dances; and one of the hits of the evening, not long before the gathering dispersed, was by Walter C. Tapley, assisted by Nathan Rachlen, in "Sambo's Mystery Case." Tapley is one of the cleverest boys in Maine Central employ, and is rapidly gaining a reputation that might be envied by most professionals. He won plenty of plaudits upon this occasion—sharing them with his tiny partner.

The committee of arrangements, who worked hard for the evening's success, was composed of Herbert Jackson, Thomas Martell, F. A. King, all boilermakers, Thompson's Point shops; and Tim Grant, car inspector, wharves one and two.

### Inspection Soon

Elsewhere in this issue appears a suggestion that the Rotarians and other clubs be invited to inspect the transfer station on Commercial street, Portland.

Well—we hardly had it written when we learned that the station is soon to be inspected, on a huge scale, by Maine Central employes themselves.

On Sunday, April 26, station employes from Bangor, Waterville, Lewiston, Bath, Brunswick and many other places are to meet in Portland. There will be no formal dinner or banquet; but in the afternoon the visitors will gather at the transfer station and thus will learn at first hand what a wonderful place it is. They will view it in every part, under the direction of guides who are workers there. It's likely, too, there will be an open-air meeting on one of the broad platforms.

Then the visitors will go to Rigby—probably in a special train—and will be shown the industrial marvels there. Altogether, it will be a big gathering and a big day. It is not known how many plan to attend, but undoubtedly several hundreds.

There is a good old adage adopted by many travelers: "See America first." And so there could be no happier idea than this visit of the Maine Central family to an important part of our own system.

### Why Not Invite Rotary?

Although the Magazine last fall described various changes then being made in the transfer station, Commercial street, Portland, it didn't convey a definite impression of just how great this improvement was to be. Just ask any in the crews how much easier and more agreeable these changes have made their work!

The writer couldn't help thinking, as he stood on one of the long, wide platforms—from which one can view the whole sweeping panorama of tracks and cars—how fine it would be could the Rotary Club, or some of the other civic bodies that hold weekly luncheons, be invited there some day. For here is the largest transfer station in New England and one of the largest in the country—a sort of city in itself, alive with well-ordered activity; and it is hidden in a part of Portland that thousands never visit. In fact, indispensable though it is to the industrial life of Maine, there are many who have never even heard of its existence.

The Rotarians did go to Rigby last summer. And more than one of them said to the writer: "I never dreamed there was anything like this near Portland!" Well—this giant transfer station would also surprise them. It's merely our own idea—no one else suggested it. But civic organizations are reaching out more and more in an effort to know their own communities; and surely this is a highly important part of the community of Greater Portland. So perhaps another summer—

To resume our original subject: What perhaps most impresses, on casual inspection, is the improvement in lighting. Carrying lanterns into the interior of box cars had its constant element of inconvenience and its occasional element of danger. Now electricity has taken the place of oil. On every second post, along the platforms, is a socket into which a plug can be fitted. Rubber cords—15 feet for platform cars, 28 feet for outer track cars—are attached; and at the end of each cord is a 75-watt lamp. Specifically, there are 227 of these cords.

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## Relief Association Successful

Year Just Past Was Most Prosperous In Its History—A Result Due In Considerable Measure, Says Treasurer Webber, to the Maine Central Magazine. Some Gratifying Facts and Figures

**T**HE past year of the Maine Central Relief Association," said its secretary, John A. Webber, in recent conversation, "was the most successful it ever had; and I believe the Magazine was one of the important factors in bringing this result about. "For several months the Association has employed a solicitor—George R. Little, a former railroad man. The Magazine has made his work much easier, because, when he approaches 'prospects,' they already know of the Association and the good for which it stands. They have read of it through the Magazines' pages—and they surely are read very carefully, judging by the reports that come back to me."

Figures for the year recently ended show that 486 new members were admitted—which means the Association wrote insurance in the sum of \$486,000, as against \$212,000 in the year previous. The treasury balance is \$63,325.57—a gain, in these twelve months, of \$11,503.73. Total receipts, including cash on hand and invested at the beginning of the year, were \$98,791.98, and total expenditures were \$35,468.41.

One hundred and twenty claims for accidents and disability, totalling \$4,135, were paid.

Four hundred and eighty-six members were admitted, as has been said; 119 were dropped or withdrew; 26 died. Total membership at the beginning of the current year was 1,948, and the average age was 44 years, five months.

The plan of employing a solicitor seems to have worked very well; and the Magazine has given the Association a source of publicity it had not before enjoyed—a source that reached the very persons it was most desired to reach. And, behind these two resources, were the individual efforts of the members themselves. Many worked earnestly and well to build up this typically Maine Central institution.

"Our goal," said Secretary Webber, "is 2,500 members and a reserve fund of \$100,000. And we are steadily moving toward it, as the fine results of this year show."

### Claims Wise—And Otherwise

(Continued from Page 8)

but I recall one old fellow who was always in trouble. We abused him a great deal, to judge by his stories. But when he came to sell his home, he said to the man who was looking it over: "The railroad goes by here, you know, and I get enough money out of it to pay my taxes every year!" He thought that a good 'talking point' to the would-be purchaser.

### The Officers

President—W. STANLEY McGEOCH.  
 First Vice-President—ROBERT STURGEON.  
 Second Vice-President—FRED V. BEBRY.  
 Secretary-Treasurer—JOHN A. WEBBER.

Directors—I. A. TURNER, S. GALLISON, P. G. SMITH, WM. EDEVEAN, F. H. RAMSDALL, E. G. FOSTER, W. B. DREW, GEORGE H. SKILLINGS, EUGENE DECKER, W. S. McGEOCH, C. J. McMANN, C. T. VOSE, ROBERT STURGEON, MARK DONLAN, M. F. DUNN.

Finance Committee—L. M. PATTERSON, C. H. BLACKWELL, H. N. WOODBURY.

Advisory Committee—D. C. DOUGLASS, G. S. HOBBS, F. E. SANBORN, G. F. BLACK, P. M. HAMMETT, M. F. DUNN, B. JACKMAN, E. W. CUMMINGS, F. H. PARKMAN, J. W. WEBB, B. E. CORNELL, N. KILLMAN, P. A. BRADFORD, C. A. WILLIAMS, P. N. WATSON, J. ASNAULT, F. S. WHITNEY, F. J. RUNEY, F. E. WHITMORE, A. H. DURGIN, E. W. VOTER, H. W. STETSON, H. S. HOPKINS, F. W. HAMMOND.

"Once we received news from a little station near Bangor that a pig had received injuries from which it died. I went to investigate. It might have been a case involving a huge sum of money and calling for the best skill I possessed; but it happened to be a pig. Our department is supposed to overlook nothing.

"Well, it seems that the claimant's husband had brought home 23 or 24 pigs, and all of them had contracted some disease and died—all, that is, except one. This one developed a friendly disposition and became a sort of neighborhood nuisance—roving from house to house, as a dog might have done. One day he followed two old men to the station, and, when the train came, ran under a passenger car. The station crew dug him out, and the baggage master held him until the train had gone. But a few days later this pig got sick and died, just as had his brothers and sisters, and we received a bill!

"There was the case of a man who asked \$15 for a burned-over field, and, when I told him his bill was double what it should be, answered: 'Well, they told me if I didn't ask twice as much as I expected, I wouldn't get anything.' I paid him \$7.50 and he was satisfied. And then, at a station somewhere near Portland, there was the man who was driving a horse and ran into a train, with the result that the horse was killed.

(Continued on Page 18)

## A Summary of Maine Central Annual Report. Annual Meeting, April 15th

The sixty-fourth annual report, for the year 1924, issued March 20th, filled thirty-nine closely printed pages and reviewed every detail of Maine Central activities.

Briefly summarized, the "narrative"—meaning that portion of the report printed in the first of the volume and signed by President McDonald—showed that freight traffic was considerably less than in the previous year, resulting in a decrease in freight revenue of \$601,365.43. Passenger revenue was also less by \$545,661.95.

The decline in volume of passenger traffic was due, principally, to increased use of automobiles and from bus competition.

Operating revenues as a whole decreased \$1,013,928.28 compared with 1923. This decrease, although considerable, was more than offset by the decrease of \$1,314,572.01 in operating expenses, so that the net income for the year was \$389,022, an increase of \$378,557.82 over the net income of 1923.

Principal factors contributing to the reduction in operating costs were decreased payrolls; savings in quantity and cost per ton of locomotive coal; economies in operation of freight trains resulting from heavier power; increased train loads and reduction in terminal costs at Portland by reason of operation of the new yard at Rigby.

The company arranged during the year to provide, through the medium of an equipment trust, eight locomotives, six steel coaches, three steel

smoking cars, four steel combination baggage and mail cars, 250 steel underframe box cars, and 100 steel coal cars.

The question of substituting use of the rail motor car for steam passenger train service, especially on branch lines of light traffic, was under review during the year. This conclusion was reached: "A motor substitute for steam train service, which will give accommodation in car space and power necessary to handle the fluctuating number of passengers and quantity of mail, baggage and express, means a large capital investment not warranted by the apparent economies in operation of any of the rail motor cars available." The gasoline motor car which was put in operation between Bangor and Old Town and Bangor and Bucksport in the late summer of 1922, and was later withdrawn from service between Bangor and Old Town because of lack of patronage, although continued in service between Bangor and Bucksport, has not proved satisfactory. Investigation is being made of the oil electric locomotive, which is in the development stage.

For the purpose of ascertaining the economic possibilities of electrification on the main lines between Portland and Bangor, via Augusta and Waterville, including Rigby yard at South Portland, Portland freight yard, and yards at Bangor and Waterville, Murray & Flood, New York engineers, have been engaged to make a survey and report.

### \$63,128 Surplus After Charges In February

A surplus after charges of \$63,128 is shown in the Maine Central Railroad Company's February statement of operating results—made public March 25.

The surplus for January and February is \$38,472, as compared to a deficit of \$49,138 in the corresponding months of 1924.

The report follows:

	February 1925	February 1924	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,217,287	\$1,360,414	\$143,127
Passenger Revenue.....	306,864	324,155	17,291
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,651,414	1,801,721	150,307
Surplus after Charges.....	63,128	66,616	3,488

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO FEBRUARY 28TH— (Two Months)

	1925	1924	Decrease
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$3,276,607	\$3,409,840	\$133,233
• Surplus after Charges.....	38,472	Def. 49,138	Inc. 87,610

MORRIS McDONALD, President.