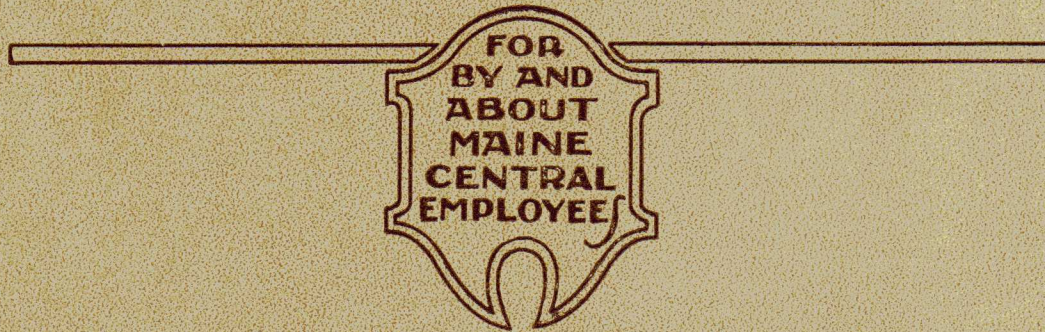


# MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE



## *In This Issue:*

The Trackless Trains of Portland Terminal  
Interest and Prompt Forwarding of Claims

The Old Switch Shanty

How Lucky is a Horseshoe?

What the Bowlers are Doing

And The Usual Features

NOVEMBER, 1925



EVERYTHING TO PAINT AND VARNISH WITH  
 -a Paint store  
*Exclusively*

**BRAGDON'S**  
 47 Exchange St., Portland

**That Property of Yours**

**Solid-Kote**  
 FLOOR and DECK ENAMEL  
 COVERS SOLID ONE COAT  
 Easy to Apply — Bright Finish — Washable

**John C. Paige & Co.**  
**INSURANCE**

of every description

40 Broad St., BOSTON

115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

**It is \_\_\_\_\_**  
**We are proud to say:**

No longer necessary to go outside of Maine to get the best there is in wood-work of architectural or decorative nature.

Everything in MILL-WORK from special office equipment and furniture to the finest WOOD-WORK accomplishments for the home.

**SMITH & RUMERY CO.**  
 Architectural Wood Workers  
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**YOUR JOB**  
 big or little

We give the advice and services of

ARTIST  
 ENGRAVER  
 LAYOUT MAN  
 COPY WRITER

We lay out your job so you can see it as it will be finished

**Lewiston Journal**  
**Printshop**



Cordially invites you to make the bank  
your headquarters when in Portland.

Our Service Includes

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and several styles of attractive

**"HOME BANKS"**

**PORTLAND, MAINE**

**H O W**

Can We Make An All-Wool  
CUSTOM-BUILT

**Suit or O'Coat**

for one price only

**\$23.50**

Guaranteed as to Fit, Workmanship  
and Wearing Quality.

We have not the space to tell you, But,  
OUR SALESMEN COVER THE STATE  
and if you will drop a card or  
Telephone Forest 9625

We will have them explain it to you.

**A. NASH CO.**

2 Brown St., cor. Free  
Portland, Maine

**ALL ALONG THE LINE**

of the M. C. R. R. you will  
find customers of this bank.

You, too, are cordially  
invited to make this  
**YOUR BANK**

**MERRILL TRUST COMPANY**

Dexter-Bucksport-Machias-Jonesport  
**BANGOR, MAINE**

**Total Resources Over \$14,000,000.00**

**The Ticonic  
National Bank**

Offers

A complete banking service  
conducted under the direct  
supervision of the UNITED  
STATES GOVERNMENT

*110 Years Continuous Business*

**WATERVILLE, ME.**





# Maine Central Employees' :: Magazine ::

"For, By and About Maine Central Employees"

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.

An examination of our advertising will show that it conforms to the highest standards. Only the advertising of reliable firms is accepted. The Maine Central Railroad Company reserves the right to refuse any advertising it considers objectionable.

Advertising rate cards sent on application.

LeRoy D. Hiles, Editor and Manager.

VOLUME II

NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 11

## MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENTS

### Portland Terminal

Miss A. Z. Donahue	Freight Office	John F. Dunn	Rigby
C. D. Atherton	" "	Herbert Jackson	Thompson's Point
Joseph D. Rourke	South Portland	John A. Webber	Superintendent's Office

### Eastern Division

J. L. Riggie	Superintendent's Office	V. A. Cunningham	Old Town
C. H. Leard	Bangor Motive Power Dept.	R. H. Johnson	Woodland
C. A. Jefferds	Bangor Car Department	E. F. McLain	Calais
	P. N. Carson	Bangor Ticket Office	

### Portland Division

E. W. Tibbetts	Brunswick	A. F. Smith	Lewiston
E. E. Walker	Augusta	R. C. Brown	Lewiston
A. A. Thompson	Waterville	S. O. Swett	Rumford
W. H. Marshall	Oakland	Miss A. T. Monahan	Lancaster
	W. E. Winslow	Lancaster	

### General Offices

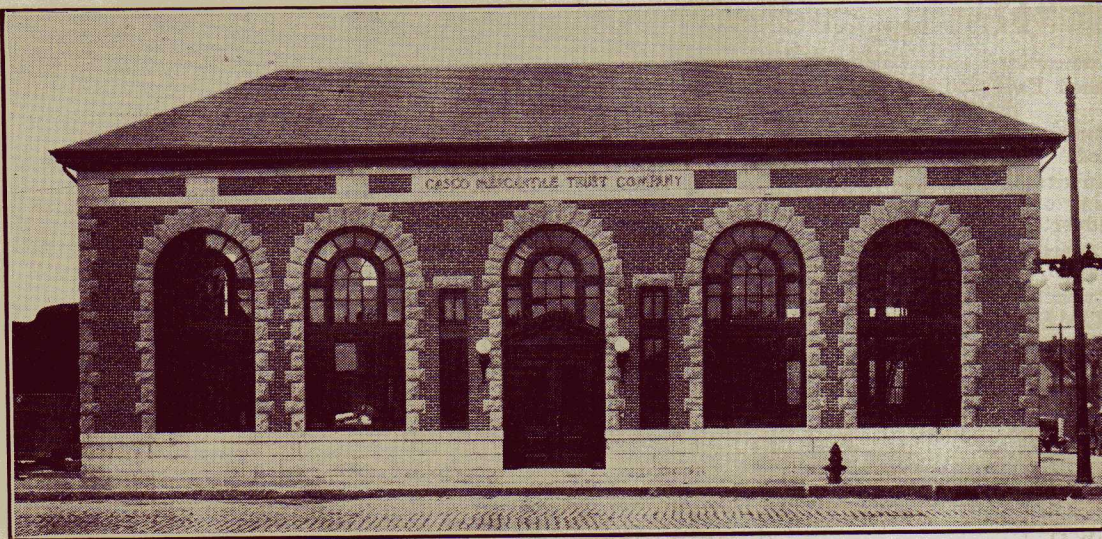
A. W. Sawyer	Motive Power Dept.	Miss Madeline Goudy	Accounting Dept.
	Howard R. Bean	Freight Accounts	

## IMPORTANT TO CORRESPONDENTS

Items, articles or pictures for the December number must be submitted on or before November 20. This is the "dead-line" date for every month. This does not mean that Correspondents should wait until the last minute. Come in early—by the 15th if possible—and avoid the crush!



## Casco Mercantile Trust Company Opens New West End Branch at Railroad Square



*Attractive New Branch in West End*

Following its policy of extending its safe and matchless service to best serve the public, the Casco Mercantile Trust Company has opened this beautiful branch at Railroad Square, near Union Station, where all the regular business will be handled including Savings and Checking Accounts—Safe Deposit Boxes—Christmas Club—Inquire About Our Novel Xmas Club Plan.

### CASCO MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES  
191-3-5 MIDDLE STREET

PORTLAND, MAINE

#### BRANCH BANKS

575 Congress Street  
957 Congress Street

South Berwick, Maine  
West Buxton, Maine



# Maine Central Employees'

## :: Magazine ::

VOLUME II

NOVEMBER, 1925

NO. 11

### The Trackless Trains of Portland Terminal

New System of Handling Freight at Portland Terminal Sheds Now in Operation. Freight Sheds Look Different Since Change Was Made

The interior of the Freight Sheds of the Portland Terminal Company at the foot of State Street presents a different aspect these days than it did in days gone by. This change has taken place only recently, but if you have not been down since it was made it will be worth your while to do so at the first opportunity. The hand trucks which were always so numerous have disappeared almost entirely and their place taken by trailers.

On entering the Freight Shed one's attention is immediately attracted by a number of these trailers, both loaded and waiting for loads. There are over 400 of these trailers in use here and it is not surprising that they would attract attention. They are a four wheel affair with a wooden platform 3 feet by 6 feet and capable of carrying 4,000 pounds. The trailers, themselves, weigh only 500 pounds. They are equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings and the Alemite System of Lubrication is used on them. These trailers may be attached to each other by means of a loop and coupling of the "V" hook design. In this manner the trains are formed.

This is the way freight is now handled at the Portland Terminal Sheds. When a load of freight is received, instead of being placed on the floor to await loading, it is placed on a trailer or on trailers, but no trailer can be loaded with freight for more than one car. The freight is waybilled in the same manner as before but in addition to this a "ballot," so-called, is placed in a slot on the trailer provided for it, and on it is marked the track and car number to which that particular freight has been consigned. The trailers are then

picked up and attached to tractors in trains of six, eight or more and distributed to the cars for the stowing of their consignments. The trailers are not hauled into the car by tractors but are left just outside the car door from which their loads are handled by hand or truck by the stowers. On the trip back the tractor returns empty trucks to the sheds or hauls unloaded freight. It is estimated that between 600 and 800 tons of freight are handled by this method daily.

The tractors are four in number and are known as the Type L Mercury Tractor. This tractor is designed especially for this kind of work and requires a turning radius of only 57 inches. Here are a few of the tractor specifications:

Over-all length.....	68	inches
Over-all width.....	39	"
Height to hood top.....	45	"
Wheel base.....	39	"
Tread, rear.....	29 $\frac{3}{4}$	"
Height from floor.....	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
Size of front tires.....	15"x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
Size of rear tires.....	20"x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	"
Speed		
(maximum miles per hour)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	

The tractors are operated by electricity from storage batteries carried in their bodies. These batteries are either of the Edison thirty cell type or the standard eighteen cell lead plate battery, and weigh approximately 1,000 pounds each. The tractors weigh about 3,200 pounds apiece. The maximum voltage carried is between 1,275 and 1,300 volts per tractor. A recharging plant has been installed in the sheds and tractors

are recharged daily that they may be in continuous operation. The tractors and recharging plant are in charge of Electrician A. G. Loon.

The tractors are controlled from the operator's seat and have three speeds ahead and as many in reverse. They are braked with a foot pedal but have a safety attachment which works automatically when the weight of the driver is removed from the seat. When the driver arises from his seat a strong coil spring is allowed to come into action which automatically sets the brake and releases the controller handle so that it returns to a neutral position. This arrangement will bring the machine to a stop of its own accord when in full speed, within a few feet. The tractor can be started again when the driver has taken his position, released the brake, and moved the controller handle into first speed.

The tractors are being operated by Edward F. Collins, Francis L. Farrell, James A. Gillispie and Martin J. Flaherty.

On page 7 of this issue are some pictures of the tractors and trailers and while they are not particularly good, owing to the peculiar

lighting effects due to shadows cast by the shed roofs, they will give a fair idea of what the tractors and trailers look like and how they are operated. The magazine photographer "shot" thirty-two pictures on this article and the ones reproduced represent the best he got.

For the material in this story credit is due "Jack" Farrell, Assistant General Foreman of the Freight Sheds, who not only furnished the information and data for the article but gave us a thorough demonstration of how the tractors worked. He also took us to ride on one and there is quite a thrill in skimming around freight on one of these, especially so when you have a tail of about eight cars. One would naturally think that the tail would be bumping against poles, freight and other things as it goes along, but it is really surprising how true the trailers follow the tractor.

It is very interesting to watch one of these "Trackless Trains" go snaking its way along the platforms and it is well worth the time of anyone interested in the handling of freight to see this modern way of doing it.

## Financial Report

### \$102,967 Surplus After Charges In September

The statement of Maine Central operating results for the month of September—made public October 26—shows surplus after charges of \$102,967, as contrasted with a surplus of \$26,797 in September, 1924.

The surplus after charges from January 1st to September 30th, 1925, in \$788,536. In the corresponding period in 1924 the surplus was \$188,604.

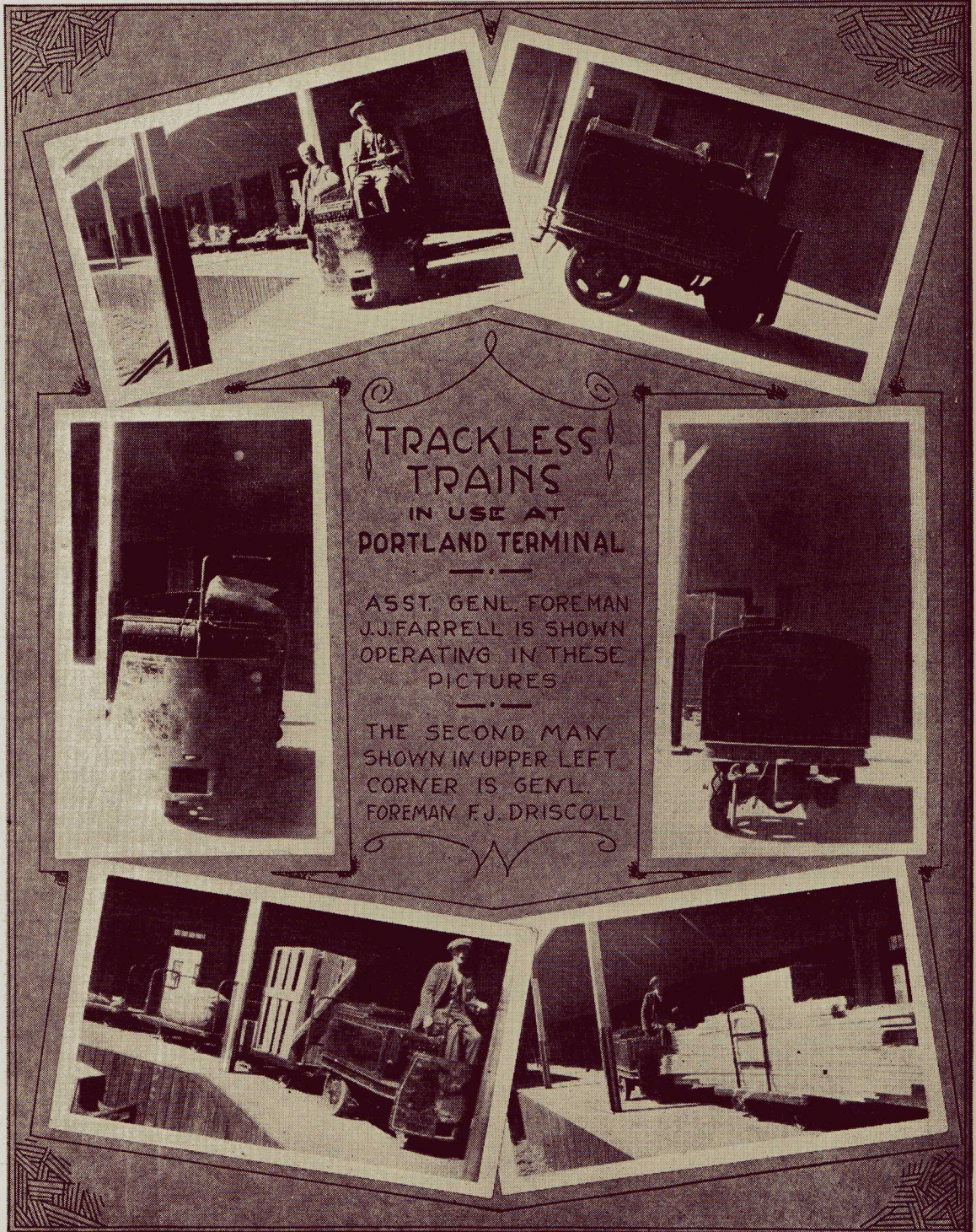
President McDonald's statement in full follows:

	September 1925	September 1924	Increase
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,188,887	\$1,095,860	\$93,027
Passenger Revenue.....	358,588	365,526	Dec. 6,938
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,718,276	1,621,504	96,772
Surplus after Charges.....	102,967	26,797	76,170

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

	1925	1924	Increase
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$15,096,580	\$15,248,418	Dec. \$151,838
Surplus after Charges.....	788,536	188,604	599,932





TRACKLESS  
TRAINS  
IN USE AT  
PORTLAND TERMINAL

ASST. GENL. FOREMAN  
J.J. FARRELL IS SHOWN  
OPERATING IN THESE  
PICTURES

THE SECOND MAN  
SHOWN IN UPPER LEFT  
CORNER IS GENL.  
FOREMAN F.J. DRISCOLL



## Interest and Prompt Forwarding of Claims

BY M. C. MANNING

I recently attended in Boston, a joint meeting of the Eastern Claims Conference and the New England Traffic League. One day was devoted to meeting the New England Traffic League members and giving them the opportunity to present any Freight Claim difficulties. It is surprising to relate, that there were very few out of a large gathering who had any very serious grievance to present. The meeting was very harmonious and it was good to observe such expressions of good-will as was evidenced between the Public and the Railroad Representatives.

One important topic was introduced, which was Payment of Interest on Loss and Damage Claims. This means that claims must be handled promptly or that interest may be demanded.

The Maine Central Railroad in 1924 paid 73.5% of the claims received within 30 days and 92.5% within 90 days. For the month of September, 1925, 81% of the claims received were paid within 30 days from the date of receipt in this office.

If the claims are promptly sent in they will be promptly handled. There are frequent instances where claims are not promptly forwarded and because of the delay, are over 30 days old when paid, and in consequence thereof a demand for interest is contemplated.

I wish to bring to the attention of all concerned, that it is very important that claims be promptly forwarded, and if this is done, we will do our part in handling same within 30 days in this office.

The classified summary of the first six months of 1925 is just out and is reproduced on the opposite page of this issue. It will convey to the Family at large, what is being done by the railroads of the country in Freight Claim Payments, and for what causes. For all causes, \$20,344,568.00 has

been paid on account of Loss and Damage. Claims caused by different classes of carelessness and negligence. 71.1% of this vast sum of money is on carload business. 22.4% of it is for Rough Handling.

We circularize a monthly bulletin on rough handling. You have probably seen it on Bulletin Boards and pasted in freight sheds. Its purpose is to acquaint you with M. C. R. monthly drain on account of rough handling. In a previous issue there was an article written on Rough Handling. What I would like to know, is just what is the Family doing to stop rough handling. The claim payments do not indicate any large decrease. Some of you must be interested. I would be pleased to have anyone submit to me specific instances and recommendations or suggestions to stop some of the leak in our revenues. There are many men in the Train Service, in the yards, agencies and in clerical positions who could, if they would, give valuable assistance in the interest of Freight Claim Prevention. Let us have your co-operation. We need it.

Fresh fruit and vegetables, 24.1%; \$1,000,000 of which is rough handling, another \$1,000,000 of which is delay. Speed up the handling of perishable freight.

9.3% on account of defective or unfit equipment. We had another article in a previous issue on Car Inspection. Make a more rigid inspection of cars. A fit and proper car to receive the kind of a load that is to be loaded into it. I recently saw a car loaded with goods and that car actually had "Leaky Roof" cards on each door and yet had been loaded with goods that were susceptible to damage by water. I don't think it is necessary to say what is appropriate. However, this is all our bread and butter and if more of us were alive to the business at hand, such conditions could be corrected.

You may think a Freight Claim Agent does a lot of fault-finding. Suppose, for instance, you were running a store and through the carelessness and negligence of your employees, the Loss and Damage to goods amounted to \$5,000 each month. What would you say or do? Would you take any action? I am thinking you would. Yet this is just what is happening around you every day and we are all paid to take an interest in such things and prevent them. How do you feel when you have something shipped to you and it is lost or arrives all stove up?

Most loss and damage is preventable. If every person did their duty, there would be small loss and damage. We want you to do your duty and we need your co-operation and interest.

Most of us put our lives into this railroad game. It is an interesting, active and attractive employment. It has been often said, "Once a railroad man always a railroad man," and let us live up to a high standard of efficiency. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let us use all the ounces that we can and this is good for every employee who hauls or handles a pound of freight. Everybody pull together and do your best to prevent this waste of Loss and Damage. I cannot conscientiously say, "Well done" so long as a pound of freight is lost or damaged, unless you have prevented same. The few who have prevented same, deserve the highest possible praise for loyalty and service and I consider that the greatest citation that can be given to any member of the Family. Let us all strive for loyalty and service in the interest of Freight Claim Prevention. I thank you.

Some drivers seem to think the sign at the road crossing, "Stop, Look and Listen," was put there to warn the locomotive engineer.



AMERICAN RAILWAY ASSOCIATION  
FREIGHT CLAIM DIVISION  
Chicago, Illinois

CLASSIFIED SUMMARY, BY PRINCIPAL CAUSES AND COMMODITIES,  
OF FREIGHT LOSS AND DAMAGE EXPENDITURES

FIRST SIX MONTHS  
**1925**

203 CARRIERS REPORTING  
REPRESENTING IN MILLION 95% OF U.S. MEMBERS AND 60% OF CANADIAN MEMBERS

FOR THE SIX MONTHS ENDING JUNE 30, 1925

COMMODITIES	Per Cent	Total	UNLOCATED		DAMAGE	OTHER DAMAGE		TEMPERATURE FAILURES	ROBBERY	CONCEALED		Wreck	Fire or Marine Loss or Damage	Error of Estimator
			Loss	Other than Loss		Damage	Other than Damage			Loss	Damage			
Shoes & Shoes	0.6	1,247	1,247	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>26.9</b>	<b>1,880,726</b>	<b>377,103</b>	<b>5,418,185</b>	<b>2,224,587</b>	<b>3,781,783</b>	<b>215,652</b>	<b>825,579</b>	<b>187,959</b>	<b>297,626</b>	<b>2,513,668</b>	<b>126,312</b>	<b>1,166,774</b>	<b>1,137,795</b>
<b>Summary</b>		<b>26.9</b>	<b>6.4</b>	<b>5.7</b>	<b>17.6</b>	<b>22.4</b>	<b>2.0</b>	<b>9.3</b>	<b>2.5</b>	<b>1.9</b>	<b>12.4</b>	<b>2.2</b>	<b>5.3</b>	<b>6.6</b>

SUMMARY OF GRAIN CLAIMS

TOTAL LOSS	100	100	TOTAL DAMAGE	100	100
CAUSE	5 2 2 4 1 P	75 072 979	20.58	112 165 797	22.78
UNLOAD		5 115 511	61.65	5 240 152	75.32
LESS C. LOAD		1 250 476	30.58	5 506 584	28.75
			66.04		20.35

\*Includes 1531,668 salvage credits.  
†\$430 include charges on commodity Nos. 5, 21, 24 and 27 to Cause P.

## Maine Central Employees' Magazine

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Advertising rate cards sent on application.

LeRoy D. Hiles, Editor and Manager

NOVEMBER, 1925

### EDITORIAL

#### On Becoming A Dad

It is a funny feeling,—this becoming a dad, and not an easy one to explain. It does not come over one all of a sudden and it is sometimes two or three days before one can realize fully what it is all about or feel the full effect of fatherhood. At least such it was in our own particular case. Of course, our joy knew no bounds when our little girl arrived at Dr. Adam P. Leighton, Jr.'s Hospital on October 13th, but it was a couple of days later when we stuck our little finger into a wee hand, and that wee hand closed upon it, that something seemed to let go inside of us and we had experienced the real thrill of becoming a daddy. We now realize that we have never lived before; we merely existed. From now on life will have a very different outlook than it had before.

Back in the days gone by we were always interested in other people's children and the things they did, especially the things they shouldn't do. We used to say, to ourselves of course, "If I ever have any children, they won't do anything like that, believe me. I'll see that they are brought up right." You get the idea all right; no child of mine was ever going to show off before company, yell at the table to be waited on first and so on through all the faults we are so quick to see in the children of others.

The whole secret of this thing is that we are beginning to get worried. In other words we are beginning to have our doubts that we will be able to make good in this,—shall we call it—ambition. It is very plain to us who is going to be boss of the house from this time on. It isn't going to be daddy and it isn't going to be mamma, either; it will be that little bunch of sweetness that has so recently

arrived. And, what seems most strange is that we do not mind it a bit.

Baby is home now, and the service she gets is a caution. We used to think that we got all the service there was to get, but that which Baby gets makes us feel like a piker. Do we feel sore because Baby gets all the service now? Not much, but we'd get peeved in a second if we thought she wasn't getting all the service there was to be had.

Of course we could fill the magazine trying to tell you how wonderful she is, but as you are not greatly interested in beauties of other people's children or perhaps have some of your own that you feel the same about, you wouldn't believe half of what we said, although to us it would all seem true. For these reasons alone we will spare the space.

We are only an amateur daddy and if you have been bored by all this, we trust you will forgive us as this is our first offence. It is quite likely that we need a lot of advice as to how we should raise our child, and if any of you have anything to suggest, just send it along. We probably will not pay any attention to what you say, but send it along anyway.

We just want to quote these lines by Burges Johnson, which we think are appropriate and then we'll let up:

"So wee a gift, yet wealth of many lands  
Could never buy it in the richest marts.  
So frail a gift, and yet those baby hands  
Take mighty hold upon two human hearts."

#### Another Crossing Thought

We read this one in a Portland street car and it made such a hit with us that we copied it down. Here it is:

"Safety and Eternity are only a few seconds apart."

#### It's the "Old Fight" That Counts

This has to do with football in particular, but as there is much in common between football and business it may also be applied to business. They are both games where the fighters win and where there is a fighting leader there will be a fighting organization. Where there is a fighting organization there will you find a winning one, whether it be in sport or in business.

In business it is not only handling the business on the days when there is plenty that counts; it is the getting out and fighting for it when it is scarce and getting it. So it is with football. The fight of a winning team

(Continued on Page 12)

**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY  
PORTLAND TERMINAL COMPANY  
BRIDGTON & SACO RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY  
THE SAMOSET COMPANY**

**Producing Adequate and Effective Service for the State of Maine**

The State of Maine has authorized the construction of a highway and railroad bridge across the Kennebec River between Bath and Woolwich at a cost of \$3,000,000. The Maine Central Railroad has made tentative arrangements for the use of the bridge for its passenger and freight trains which will replace the present ferry service. The Maine Central Railroad is to assume 55% of the cost.

During a recent period \$1,800,000 has been expended in the construction of the Rigby Freight Terminal. It occupies 70 acres and contains approximately 28 miles of track; a giant round house with capacity of 40 locomotives; up-to-date coaling facilities and extensive coal storage space. The terminal is served by 4 interlocking switch and signal plants and is lighted with 34 flood lights of 500 watts each. Its capacity is 1775 cars but will accommodate twice that number in the daily movement of through traffic.

Freight house facilities at Commercial Street, Portland, Maine, have been reconstructed at a cost of \$100,000 and to produce greater economy the handling of freight has been motorized by the installation of 4 electrically driven tractors and 400 trailers, at an additional cost of \$50,000.

Equipment consisting of 16 locomotives, 603 box, 100 rack, 150 gondola coal, 10 dairy and 20 all-steel passenger equipment cars have been purchased at a cost of \$3,306,543.

21,000 tons of 100 lb. rail costing \$945,000 has been laid in main tracks between Portland and Vanceboro.

To provide for increased weight of equipment new and heavier bridge super-structure has been installed at the Androscoggin River crossings at Lewiston and Brunswick, Me. and at the Kennebec River crossing at Waterville, Me. at a total cost of \$413,000.

Investigation is under way for the purpose of ascertaining the economic possibilities of electrification of 493 miles of track covering the principal lines and yards between Portland and Bangor, Maine.

The Maine Central Railroad Company and its connections maintain modern through passenger service from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and intermediate points to the principal resort centers of Maine, affording parlor, sleeping and dining car and coach service throughout the summer season; in winter, parlor and sleeping car, also coach service is maintained between the principal commercial centers and New York, Boston, St. John and Halifax.

The Maine Central Railroad Company maintains an Industrial Department which is at all times prepared to give reliable advice regarding factory and mill location, sites for hotels, sporting camps, boys' and girls' camps, private camps, cottages and bungalows. It also has a list of farms in territory best adapted to the different crops and livestock products which nearby consuming centers demand.

The Maine Central Railroad Company, through its subsidiary, The SamOset Company, operating the famous Mount Kineo Hotel on Moosehead Lake and the SamOset at Rockland Breakwater, has inaugurated a passenger motor coach and freight truck service between Portland and Bridgton, North Bridgton and Harrison, Me., as supplementary to and in co-ordination with its rail service. This class of service will be extended as conditions may warrant.



## It's the "Old Fight" That Counts

(Continued from Page 10)

does not suddenly come to it on the Saturday when the game is played; that fighting spirit has been drilled into it by a fighting coach at every practice.

There is a certain school in Maine that ever since we can remember, has had a fighting football team. They have not always won all their games, but as in business, one must expect occasional reverses. However, they have usually won a good percentage of their encounters. This year things have changed. In the first place the coach was changed. The fighting leaders of the past have been replaced by a leader of the "Let's take things easy" type. This particular school, had without doubt, the best material for a winning team of any school of its class in the state this year. The showing of the team in the two games which we watched them play was little short of pathetic. Not only is the winning spirit lacking, but the coach has not shown them how to proceed. By this we mean that he has not given them a single up-to-date play to use against their opponents. Straight football of a past age is what they have to use. They are not even well drilled in the fundamentals of the game. What chance do they have with other teams that are well drilled and are armed with misleading shift plays and fake formations, that seem to be so essential to the modern game?

This is the kind of a showing a business will make if the boss is of the "Let's take things easy" type. Modern business requires modern methods, and unless the head of a concern is a fighter who puts his own spirit into his men, who drills them in the fundamentals of the game, and who teaches them the modern ways of doing business, that business cannot hope to survive in the competition of this age.

Whenever you get that "Let's take things easy" feeling, look out, because you're slipping, and once you slip it is not so easy to get started again. Remember it is the fighter who gets to the top. It is the fighter who wins promotion, because the boss had to fight his way up and appreciates the value of a fighter. If you want to be a leader of a successful organization, or a successful unit of an organization, get that germ of "Stick-to-it-iveness" into your system and keep it there. If you do, you cannot help but come out on top. After all, "It's the old fight that counts."

## The Engineer's Dream

We pulled out of Tenderfoot Station  
A day and almost a half late,  
And every dummed wheel was a-pounding the  
steel

At a wildly extravagant rate.  
My fireman kept piling the coal in  
The jaws of the old Ninety-Four  
Till the sweat from his nose seemed to play  
thro' a hose

And to splash round his feet on the floor,  
As we thundered along like a demon of light  
A ripping a streak thro' the breast of the  
night.

As we rounded a curve in the mountain  
Full fifty an hour, I'll swear,  
Just ahead was a sight, that with blood-freez-  
ing fright

Would have raised a stuffed buffalo's hair.  
The bridge over Ute Creek was burning.  
The flames, fiery demons that glowed,  
Seemed to snicker, and glimmer, and laugh  
like they know'd

I'd take my next trip on a different road.

Then quickly I reached for the throttle,  
But it stuck and refused to obey.  
I screamed in affright, as our horrible flight  
I felt that I never could stay.

Then wildly I grasped the big lever,  
Threw it over, then held my hot breath  
And waited for what, I assuredly thought  
Was a speedy and terrible death.  
Then came the great crash, and with horrified  
yell

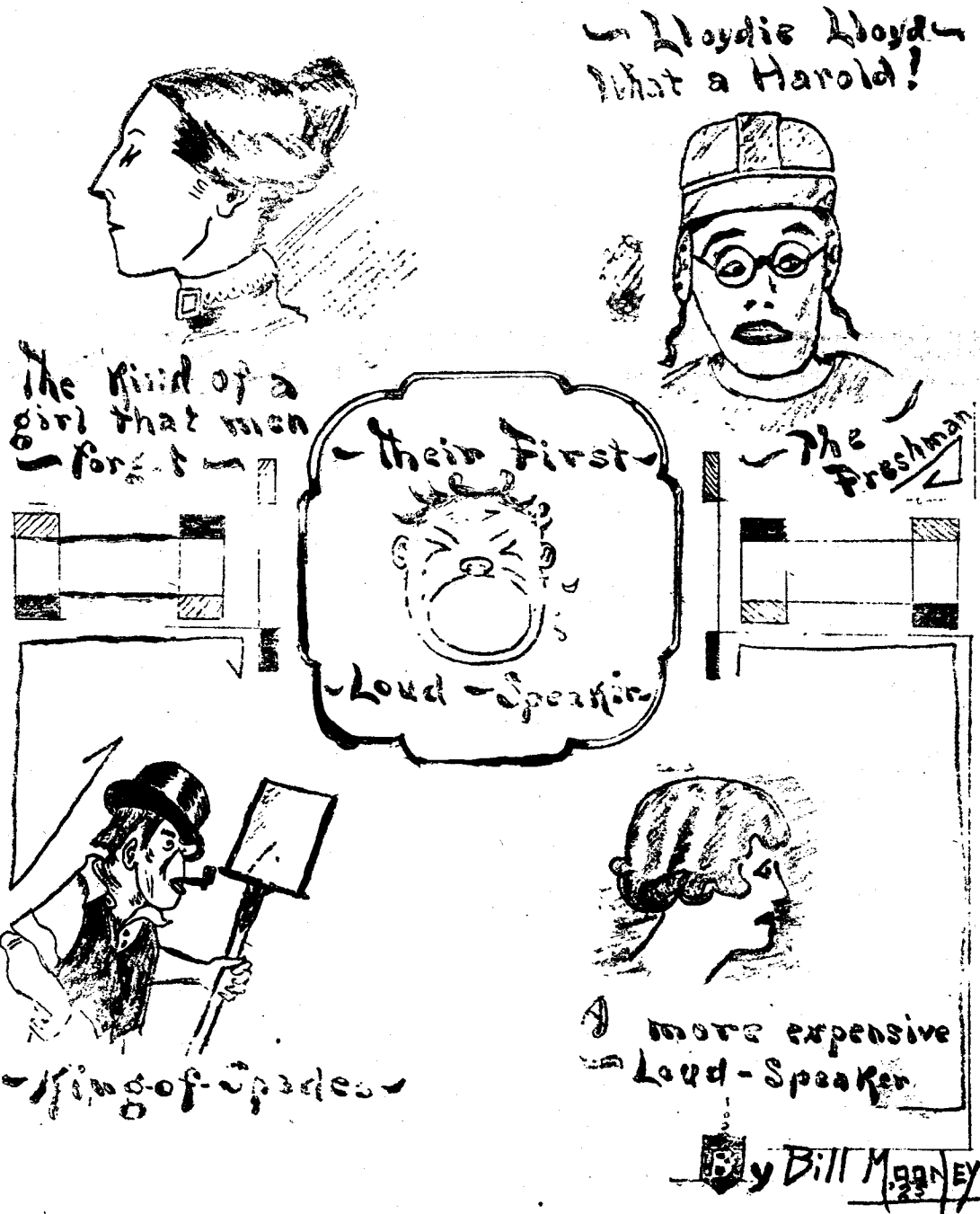
Down into the great fiery chasm I fell.

When I came to myself I was lying  
On the floor of our bedroom; my wife  
Sat astride of my form and was making it  
warm

For her darling, you bet your sweet life.  
My hair she had clutched in her fingers  
And was jamming my head on the floor,  
But I yelled in delight, when I found that my  
fright

Was a horrible dream, nothing more.  
I had wildly grasped one of her ankles, she  
said,  
And reversed her clear over the head of the  
bed.

(Printed in the Boston Post some years  
back and sent in by a reader.)



## The Old Switch Shanty

BY GEO. M. MILLS, IN ALONG THE LINE

When I turn back memory's pages  
 With mingled smiles and tears,  
 As I review the scenes and incidents  
 Of many by-gone years,  
 I see far in the distance  
 A little wooden shack,  
 A dingy, narrow structure  
 That stood beside the track.  
 The wind blew through its numerous cracks  
 And whistled 'neath the door,  
 The juice of many tobacco brands  
 Had stained its creaking floor.  
 I see it 'neath the summer sun,  
 Through the winter's drifting snow,  
 As I stood there by the freight house  
 In the days of long ago.

There was dust upon the windows  
 And soot upon the wall,  
 The stove was like a smudge pot  
 And seemed about to fall,  
 For its legs were bent and shaky,  
 But 'twould very well compare  
 With a battered piece of bric-a-brac  
 That once had been a chair.  
 Yet around this little shanty  
 Was an air of peace and calm;  
 At night the flickering switch lights,  
 And at times a fragrant balm  
 Came on the cove land breezes  
 That would softly and quietly blow,  
 As I stood there by the freight house  
 In the days of long ago.

'Twas a jolly bunch that gathered there,  
 None happier in the land,  
 When the signals worked by cord or wire;  
 All switches thrown by hand.  
 The shanty's gone, the boys have drifted  
 And are scattered far and wide,  
 Some dwell in distant places;  
 Some have crossed the great divide.  
 Yet I know 'twould give me pleasure  
 Could I see them just once more,  
 To approach that little shanty  
 As I did in the days of yore!  
 Through its dusty, grimy windows  
 See the lanterns dimly glow,  
 As I did in days of yore!  
 In the days of long ago.





## How Lucky is a Horseshoe?

BY V. A. CUNNINGHAM

Some folks have all the luck. Take my friend John, who is our local supervisor of bolts and nuts, sometimes known when he is staggering along under full regalia for the benefit of the Pay-Master, as Car Inspector John J. Barnett, for an example. A few days ago, John picked up a large and heavy horse-shoe, and delighted with this omen of future good luck, he fastened it over the door of his shack, that all the world might observe, and govern themselves accordingly.

His less lucky associates with due appreciation of the situation, walked about on tip-toe, and refrained from dropping car-wheels on his toes or jamming his fingers with a pinch-bar for a whole week, and ill luck seemed to have surely halted at the threshold,—but that was a darn poor place to leave her, for with crafty eyes, she was watching her chance to do John dirt.

Unfortunately for John, he is very ingenious. They say all car-inspectors are. They get that way trying to hang B. & A. doors on N. Y. C. box-cars. When the icy winds began to blow off the chilly chest of the old Penobscot, and almost lifted friend John off his chair every time someone opened the door of his shack, his nimble brain began to bounce around looking for a remedy for his physical discomfort.

The obvious remedy was to nail up the door and make them talk to him through the window, but after earnest consideration, this plan was rejected, as there was a matter of three meals that must not be overlooked.

He likewise rejected a plan whereby the door opened so hard, that only a very strong man could move it, because what was hard for the other fellow would no doubt be hard for him.

At last by elimination of possibilities, he arrived at the conclusion that what he needed was a "Quick-Door"; one that would be insistent, and when any unlucky visitor should dally on the threshold for even a split second, he would get a slap on the seat of the pants, by said door, that would be highly reminiscent of the good old days when Ma wielded a wicked slipper, and said, "Son, this hurts me more than it does you," as her arm swung aloft in savage and maddening rhythm.

Ah! How she labored at the seat of our troubles, to mold us to a better understanding of who was boss around there, and now, as I look back, I am sure John was filled with just such high ideas. He sought to guide our destiny with a row of car springs, six feet long, up the hinge side of his shack door—maybe I should not use the word guide there, as I don't remember of his steering anyone, he just started them—and left the rest to God.

I might say right here that the yard at that point is about 200 feet wide, and I don't think that door ever threw anyone away across it, but 100 feet is pretty good for the first step, even when a fellow is starting right off smart.

This vigorous closing of the door developed some fast foot-work around there, but the omen of good luck perched above the door was not faring so well, as with each violent slam of the door, the fastenings on the horse-shoe became looser and looser.

Then came a day when old dame ill-luck smirked behind her hand, for John, immersed in deep thought, approached the door, and with that far-away look in his eyes, pulled the door wide and prepared to emerge, but I do not think he intended to come so quickly or with so many arms and legs as he appeared to have. There is still some argu-

ment about the exact spot where he landed. The one generally agreed upon is 122 feet from the doorway in whose frame he gave the world a treat on this fatal day.

But this is not what nearly broke the spirit of this grand old man. Ah! No. It was the scurvy trick his horse-shoe played on him. At the psychological moment when he was leaving his doorway hastily, that ex-dancing pump of a 1600-pound woods horse fell with vicious suddenness from its perch above the door and with uncanny accuracy, dealt him a stunning blow on top of the head.

He was given first aid with what remedies we had at hand, and he seemed to be responding nobly until a boy just back from Montreal let him look at a bottle he had, after which he seemed to sink rapidly. The company physician was hurriedly summoned, and when he found the cause of the injury was a horse-shoe, he recommended horse liniment, which brought John to his feet with a roar.

The doctor made a thorough examination, and reported that the bone seemed as solid as ever, and so far as he could see, there was not even a piece chipped off, and although the huge lump on John's head might be painful, it was not necessarily dangerous.

It caused the hair on the top of his head to stand at attention, which gives him a kind of skittish look, and in church the other night when John was passing the plate, I heard two ladies whisper that they thought he looked too frisky for a deacon, and that they must take it up with the other ladies at once.

When we were coming out of church, John asked me if I still considered that horse-shoe lucky, and I says, "Sure, John, it's lucky—lucky it didn't kill you."





Mill and Cabinet-Shop

Engine House



New Freight Shop (interior)

Arrow Water Shop

Photos by Gordon Berry

DC

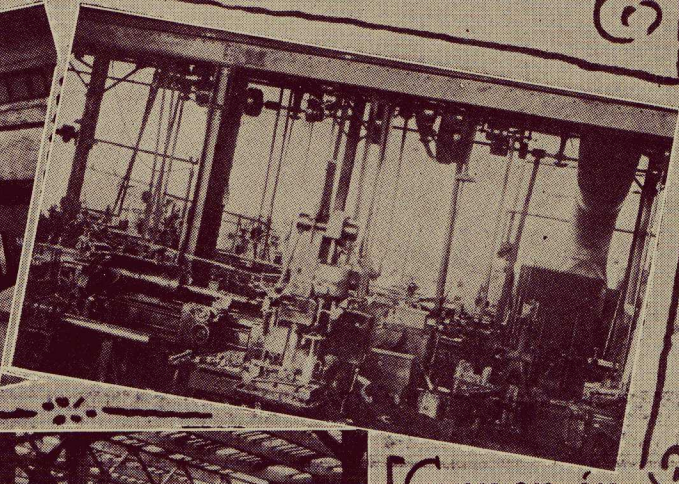
Electrial Shop

Cabinet Shop

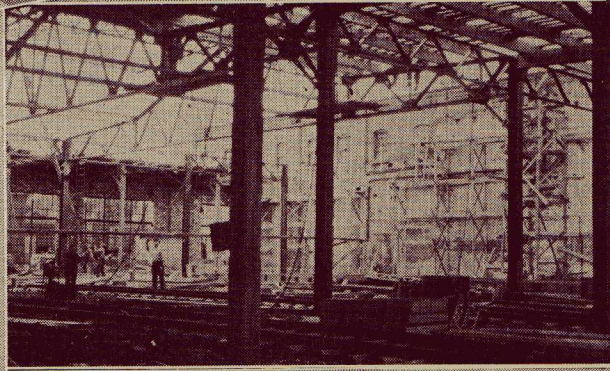
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Cabinet- Old Freight Shop



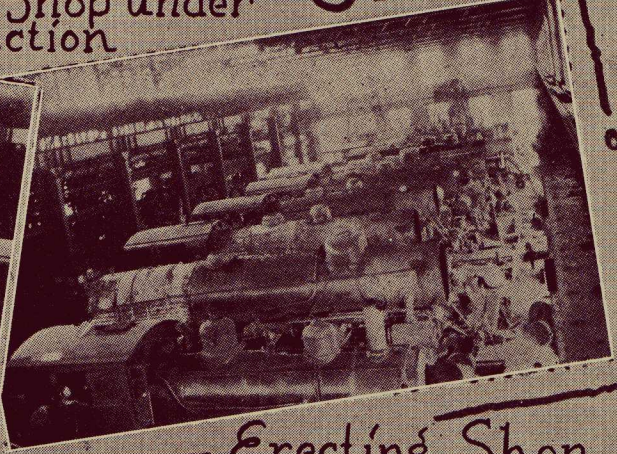
# Around Waterville Shops



Corner in Machine Shop

New Freight Shop Under Construction

Photos by Gordon Berry



net shop

Erecting Shop (Looking South)

Erecting Shop (Looking North)



## Two Rigby Cartoons

In answer to the editorial call of our last issue, we folks at Rigby, who are always ready to put our shoulders to the wheel in an effort to accomplish things worth while, began digging around for a story that we might feature with a hand snapshot. After a time we dragged out a laugh that was enjoyed in the late summer, and calling upon one of our brothers in crime, we beg to present to our Maine Central Family and friends, the above product. We feel sure that the gentleman in question will readily be recognized by all the workers at Rigby and also by many throughout the system. To those who fail to arrive at a definite conclusion, we will suffice to say that the above is none other than John S. McGary, first trick engine dispatcher of Rigby. John is one of those likeable fellows. He has served the company faithfully over a long period of years, and only the other day told us that when his ship came in he was going to quit this gol-dang business and become a gentleman, but we're going to fool him by torpedoing the ship before it gets into port. You folks are without a doubt anxious to find out why John is cartooned in such a manner.

Well, it was like this. John came to work one day all dressed up in



one of his many old straw hats. The hat in question was innocently hanging along with several sky-pieces and as the writer was starting out for dinner, he decided to take John's straw out for the air. This hat, by the way, was very small in size and only covered one of my ears. On the way back, Eddie Conley was picked up and as we approached the office, a little wager was laid that Eddie could not throw the hat into the office through an open window.

The wager was taken, so the Ford was driven close to the window. Eddie reaching out, taking aim, let go. It was a handsome shot, but, alas, the momentum of the car carried the hat off its course a bit and the poor hat flapped agin the brick wall and landed on the ground via the trap door which happened to be closed. Our friend John was in our office talking with various ones who were congregated there, and as luck should have it, was facing the open window which the hat failed to enter. His attention was attracted by the hubbub, and upon seeing his best Sunday-go-to-work straw being abused, began delivering an oration in the twenty-eighth language. Next was the rescue scene. Eddie ordered "Back up slowly and clear the hat. Whoa!" As we whoaed, Eddie lost his balance and —crrrriish—stepped right onto the victim. The frenzy in the window reached fever pitch, as John had



Drawings by "one of the boys"  
STORY BY J. E. DUNN

the traffic officer at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Sts. beat to a standstill, and the audience was going through a ceremony which would remind one of a praying period before Buddha.

Of course, when we entered the building, we went straight to Mr. McGary, who had by this time secluded himself in his private office, and told him how sorry we were at the very sad instance, offering incense to soothe the situation, etc., but to no avail. We tried to find out the size and even sent a messenger to him with another hat to try on for size, but out came the messenger and the hat after him. A bit later, our assistant super dropped in, and having been told the story, examined the damaged goods only to find that the hat had really been reconstructed with a nice visor on the front to keep the sun from the wearer's eyes, but the wearer could not see it in that light. We finally found out that the size was 5 7-8, and knowing it would be impossible for us to buy a straw hat of that dimension, presented our friend and brother with twelve bits for a new bonnet.

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# MAINE CENTRAL FAMILY

## SPECIAL RIGBY ITEM

By J. E. DUNN

On Monday, Sept. 28, 1925, the new office of the Motive Power Department at Rigby was officially opened in a rather strange manner. This strange manner was that it fell to the lot of the Boston & Maine Railroad to have the honor of christening this innovation. For the second time in as many years, the motive power officials of the Boston & Maine Portland Division gathered at Rigby for conference. The new office having been completed a few days previously and as the same was not to be occupied until Nov. 1st, Master Mechanic Southworth offered the use of this good-sized room to the visitors, which was readily accepted.

The various B. & M. Foremen, between Boston and Portland, climbed aboard Train No. 209, arriving at Portland at 11.30 A.M., and were met at Union Station by the B. & M. Officials located here and escorted to Rigby by auto.

The party got acquainted with one another, renewing their friendships with the Maine Central and Terminal Officials and finally settled down to business at 1 P.M. Mr. O. B. Folkins, M. M. of East Somerville, Mass., presided over the meeting and was ably assisted by W. H. Prindall, M. M. of Concord, N. H. An invitation was extended to the Terminal Officials to sit in and in response, Master Mechanic Southworth, General Foremen Garrison and McWilliams, and Locomotive Inspector I. E. Currier joined the meeting. Many matters of importance to the locomotive end of train service were discussed, the open forum method being used. Stress was laid on keeping regular assigned engines on their runs. A period of the meeting was also devoted to the repair and test of locomotives and of the importance of keeping the Boston Office informed of the conditions existing over the Division.

The meeting was adjourned at 3.30 P.M., to give those in attendance a bit of sociability. A motor caravan was soon formed to carry the party to the Moulton House at Dunstan, where they sat down to one of those famous shore dinners. Following the dinner, a brief period was given over to a social talk, after which the party returned to the Union Station where the out-of-town folks returned to their homes on the evening train.

Those present were F. H. O'Connor, I. C. C. Clerk, East Somerville and secretary of the meeting; W. B. Clement, Foreman, Salem; N. L. Wiggin, Jr., Fuel Superintendent, Portland; Charles G. Waldron, Foreman, Dover, N. H.; O. B. Folkins, M. M., East Somerville; W. M. Prindall, M. M., Concord, N. H.; L. W. Thurston, Road Foreman of Engines, Portland; H. Hunter, District Locomotive Inspector, Portland; F. H. Foster, Road Foreman of Engines, Boston; James E. Kean, Foreman, Lawrence; I. E. Currier, Locomotive Inspector, Maine Central Railroad, Portland; G. H. Garrison, G. F., Rigby; H. A. Southworth, M. M., Rigby; and J. F. McWilliams, G. F., Rigby.

Here we are again with another word story which really needs no explanation. It's a story in itself if one cares to take time to study it. This is one of the few times that this gent was caught walking home. If you haven't found out who the stealthy Steve is we'll just whisper it to you. Presenting Cecil E. Thompson, the one reason for the existence of the Rigby Car Department Office. Cecil is a clerk, but holds the watch on everybody else in the office. Now and then he sends one of his laborers to the administration building for this, that or the other.

Last year, Cecil had a car which he drove back and forth to work and everybody was welcome to ride

if they had eight cents. Winter came and the car was traded in. Spring came and also word came that Cecil bought a new car, but as yet we have not seen it, although we have been told that he motors into the country every Sunday. Somehow, the assessors found out that he did own a new car and so we are going to take the assessors' word.

Cecil leaves his office a minute early each evening and rushes madly down the yard in order to get a seat in one of the chariots going to town, but to date nobody has charged him eight cents.

On the evening that he got caught with the pencil, he was a little late getting down, as he was delayed by being given a couple of ducks by Foreman Palmer whose chief outdoor hobbies are hunting and fishing. When Cecil arrived in the lower yard the various hacks had pulled away, and as it happened, not having a dime in his pocket, he fell upon the neck of Freddie Ward, another Car Shop Clerk, and thus it cost Freddie two punches to get home that night.

## RIGBY M. P. BROADCASTS

By J. E. DUNN

We're in again. Eddie has just fixed the typewriter, so here goes for November. Those cobwebs, etc., have all been swept away, and a partition erected which splits the attic, sheathed on both sides. The woodwork has been nicely varnished, the brickwork has withstood four coats of whitewash and plenty of lights have been suspended from the ceiling, and taken altogether, presents a fine new office of which we are all proud. We were honored by having the Boston and Maine Motive Power officials of the Portland Division christen our new work home on Sept. the 28th, at which time they held their second annual conference in Portland. The clerks already at Rigby, were moved upstairs, Sept. 29th, to get settled





TROUTDALE, OCTOBER 10, 1925

THE TWO PHOTOS ABOVE WERE TAKEN BY AGENT ROY SPAULDING JUST FOLLOWING THE SNOW AND ICE STORM IN THAT SECTION ON OCTOBER 10TH, THIS YEAR. NOTE THE ICE LOAD ON OUR WIRES

and prepare the way for the newcomers who were due Oct. 1st. These folks were transferred from Thompson's Point and are Miss Gertrude C. Burns, stenographer, and Messers. E. M. Cady and W. O. Gardner, clerks. After a few days scurrying about, we got organized and now that Walter Ashley, Carman at this point, got around to hang the curtains, we are all set to greet all our visitors.

We are very glad to be in our new location because it has given us a better chance to get acquainted with the folks of the Transportation Department, who are not such bad fellows after all. Harry Lovejoy, chief clerk and his assistants, served us very faithfully for the first ten days of the month, as we were without telephones until the tenth.

During the past month, Harry and we met about the round table, out of which came a peace pact, so that now we are all one nice bunch of bananas hanging on the same tree. Through this pact we were allowed to move our broadcasting apparatus upstairs and thus we are broadcasting this month from our new studio.

On Oct. 2d, Master Mechanic Southworth presided over a conference of the Foremen connected with Rigby Round House. Many things which were discussed at the Boston and Maine Foremen's conference of Sept. 28th, relative to Boston and Maine power, is certainly a good example of co-operation between the two roads. Matters pertaining to the Round House were also given consideration. The meeting was adjourned

after selecting a date early in November for the next session.

Those in attendance were Mr. Southworth, Master Mechanic; General Foremen G. H. Garrison and J. F. McWilliams; Engine House Foremen W. N. Whitehouse, Guy Steves, and A. F. Pillsbury, and Foremen of Repairs W. H. Walker, T. S. Browne and T. H. Fagan.

There are sure a lot of strange things happening to the folks of Rigby. Raymond Hoyt and L. E. Malone, a couple of Rigby gunmen, were out duck hunting the first of the month and instead of getting ducks, got duckings. They were out on the Scarborough marshes where they came upon a soft place, and—ZOWIE—down they went right up to their waists. They sure looked like a couple of sponges when they arrived at Rigby.

Engineer E. C. Moody was getting his engine out the other morning and after pulling up at the dispatchers' office, came rushing into Roy Kane, yelling "Call up the house for the electrician," which Roy did. Moody went back onto his engine in the meantime, while Charlie Heal hunted over the house for the desired gentleman. Soon the Edison came dashing up to the engine with his nippers in hand, and climbing onto the engine, yelled "Whatsmatter?" Moody, turning about, pushed his foot out, saying, "Pull out that nail, will ya!" The electrician did as he was bid and returned to the house.

Bill Malloy, engineer, pulled in one morning lately after a tough grind in a heavy rain storm. Having delivered his engine in the upper yard and signing off at the office, he hurried out to get the car for home. After having paid his fare, poor Bill dropped for a little snooze which turned out to be a whole sleep. The electric kept rambling right along, right along, reaching the square, going around the loop and starting back to Rigby. Finally she arrived at Rigby and Bill was still sleeping when the conductor went down and, shaking Bill, woke him to tell him that he was at Rigby. A discussion followed and Bill was surprised to find that he had made a return trip and that he owed the Railroad



another fare. Upon reaching into his pocket, Bill was more surprised to find that he was dead broke and worst of all, that he had to walk home in the rain after all.

The recent return of some old employees to the billing office resulted in Miss Edna Berry coming to Rigby Car Department as stenographer.

Foreman Pollard of the Car Department and Assistant Yard Master Leaf, left Oct 20th, for Greenville, where they anticipate hunting deer in the Lily Bay section. Sounds like a movie scenario.

Foreman Harry Walker started his vacation, Oct. 15th. Harry intends passing most of his time deering and knocking off anything else that comes his way. He told us that this year he wasn't going to spend all of his time traveling.

The Sunday Telegram of Oct. 18th, enlightened us regarding the marriage intentions of Harry Fessenden, laborer at the coal shed. After checking up his clock card, we found him laying off Oct. 17th and 18th. Put two and two together and it sure looks as though Harry "went and done it" again. According to our reckoning, this is Harry's third adventure on the sea of matrimony.

We are all acquainted with Willie Allan. You know that Willie is terribly interested in radios. Well, recently the kids over home got fooling with the wires and strewed some of them out in the hall. Willie went out into the hall and became entwined in the wires, landing on the floor below without using the staircase. Kate, his good wife, came to his rescue, relieving his pains, and after all Willie did not fare so badly, as he was back on the job after a day's layoff.

Master Mechanic Southworth was away from his duties at Rigby for a ten-day period. The first few days he got in several rounds of golf on one of the local links with Foreman Hack Whitten of the Station. Then the boss took a trip into northern Maine just in time to run into that freak of weather of Oct. 10th. Snowshoes could have been used much better than motors.

Last trick engine dispatcher, Ralph Stone, took his annual two weeks rest period beginning Oct.

1st. He didn't leave any word as to where he was bound, so we suppose he spent his vacation in Freeport, getting in his taters, and preparing for his campaign which will land him on the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Freeport. In his spare time, he sand-papered his wooden leg and applied a coat of shellac.

Clyde Gary, middle trick dispatcher, laid off upon the return of friend Stone. Clyde was headed for the woods and will undoubtedly bring back some fine stories, although we can't eat stories unless they happen to be fish stories.

Foreman Tommy Fagan is enjoying a sojourn in the Maine woods chasing butterflies.

Machinist Jim Brice skipped over to Freeport tother nite to equip himself for his coming hunting trip, red hat and all. Bet Jim will be a picture for Puck, when he gets into his rig. Jim went hunting last year. One day during his last visit to the woods, Jim went down to help one of the gang dress his deer, returning with a nice deer liver. Great rejoicing went up in the camp at this announcement and merriment reigned supreme as the liver was prepared for the feast. When the gong sounded, no time was lost finding their respective places at the table and the feast was on. This feast developed into a chewing match where rubber gum was like ice cream in comparison to the nice liver. Some of the victims investigated the instance only to find that Jim had thrown away the liver and brought in the lights.

We recently received a pass request marked "M. Laraviere." Not having a record of such a gent, the request was sent back with a note. A few days later the request came in again with the notation "Adelaide Laraviere, hisself." This created a laugh which the office mechanic looked into. This inquiry revealed that Adelaide was not to blame, but the middle trick clerk in the house, who happens to be a senior at P. H. S.

Archie Pratt recently built a new chicken coop on his property in Westbrook. One night he heard a strange noise outside the house and thinking that someone was at the chicken coop, went out only to

find that it was Nate Sullivan at his Ford Coupe.

We sure enjoy the fine red eating-apples that Engineer Ed Wallace brings into the office each day. We also get a lot of exercise helping Margaret to wave good-bye to Ed as he backs over to the Station. Guess that's all we can think of this time.

#### WATERVILLE NEWS

BY C. A. THOMPSON

The part of the Freight Shop that was destroyed by fire on Jan. 9, 1925, has been rebuilt and put into active service. The Horace Purinton Co. started on the reconstruction on May 12th, and finished Sept. 15th. The roofing was done by W. A. Hill, and the Signal Department of the Maine Central Railroad installed the lighting, telephone and fire alarm systems. The shop has been enlarged by setting the west wall out 41 feet. By doing this, the shop will accommodate four more cars than the old shop did. The west wall contains six large windows of ribbed glass and the sides of the monitor are windows of the same material, which combined with the white walls, gives excellent light. The roof is drained by inside pipes which will eliminate the formation of ice on the eaves and wall. The floor is made of rolled cinders covered with rock dust which is rolled and Flake Calcium Chloride is sprinkled over this to give a hard surface. The fire doors that served their purpose so well, have been replaced with new ones. The shop is well equipped with Compressed Air, Oxygen and Acetylene lines and the heat is furnished by two blowers. The ventilation is excellent and all ventilators are operated from the floor. A roomy, well equipped office is located in the northwest corner and over this is the filing room. The locker room which is next to the office, is large and fitted with steel lockers. A concrete run-way for hand-trucks extends the full length of the building. The power-driven tools are located on the west side, and consist of a buzz planer, a band saw and a radial drill.

On account of the curtailment at Thompson's Point Shops, T. M. Leighton who has been Foreman

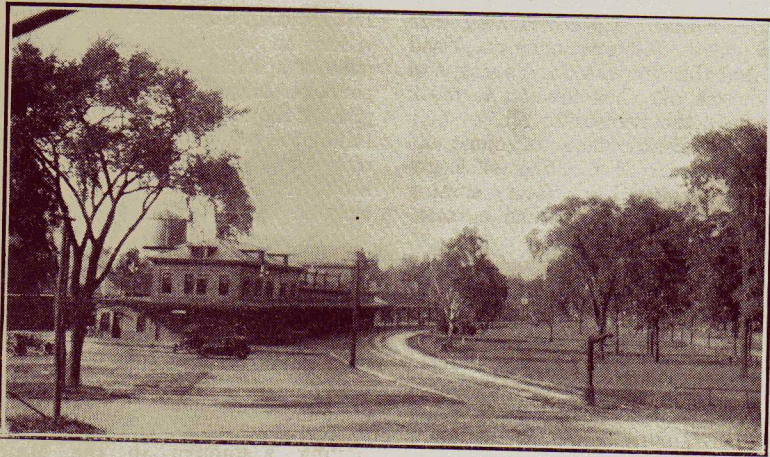


of Freight Repairs at those shops, has been transferred to Waterville Shops in a like capacity. Coming from the Boston & Maine Railroad, Mr. Leighton started working for the Maine Central Railroad as Foreman at Waterville on Sept. 1, 1902, and continued there until he was transferred to Thompson's Point on Jan. 1, 1921. Before Mr. Leighton's departure from Thompson's Point Shops, all of the employees gathered in the mill and he was presented with a beautiful mahogany smoking set, cigars, tobacco, and a meerschaum pipe as tokens of their esteem. When asked what he said in his speech, "Tom" said, "How is a man going to make a speech at a time like that? But I thanked them, for, believe me, I appreciated it." On the evening of Oct. 4th as "Tom" sat puffing on his new pipe and letting the world roll by, he glanced at the clock and said, "Well, boy, thirty-two years ago tonight I was being married," and we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Leighton and wish them many more years of happy married life. Since his arrival, "Tom" has been busy answering the greetings of the "boys" who knew him when he was here before. (We understand that the smoking set was brought to Waterville under protest, as Mrs. Leighton thought it a fine piece of furniture.)

Foreman E. E. Finnimore passed his vacation in Portland.

Yard Conductor Edward F. Trainor, attended the Convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Conlogue have returned from a vacation spent in Montreal and Chicago.



WATERVILLE PASSENGER STATION

Brakeman F. G. Trueman has returned to Waterville Yard after working for three months in Rumford Yard.

E. O. Bearce, Chief Clerk in Assistant Superintendent Foster's Office, is out on account of illness, and First Trick Operator Charles Eaton, is Acting Chief Clerk.

Assistant Yardmaster and Mrs. Joseph Trueman have been called to Quebec on account of illness in the family.

Yard Conductor N. A. Weymouth, is Acting Assistant Yardmaster in the place of Assistant Yardmaster Trueman.

Engineman George Pilsbury, passed his vacation in Connecticut, visiting friends and renewing boyhood acquaintances.

Assistant Foreman Stewart Pugsley, passed his vacation at his home in Nova Scotia.

According to some of the new "records" released in the machine shop, "they're all going wild over Hank's new car."

Engineman J. E. Butler, who has been ill for a long time, has returned to work.

Miss Frances Noble of the Freight Office, passed her vacation in New York City.

H. R. Keniston and Simeon Armstrong, attended the Harvard-Holy Cross football game.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Crosby spent their vacation at their cottage at Pemaquid and in visiting in Lancaster.

Annie Hancock has returned to her duties at the Freight Office after a leave of absence.

The sympathy of all fellow-workers is extended to James Reed, Tinsmith at Waterville Shops, in the loss of his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thibodeau have returned from Portsmouth, N. H., where they visited relatives.

Fred Pooler of the Engine House Force, is in the Elm City Hospital as the result of a knee injury caused by a fall.

Waterville Station has been a very busy place all summer with the vacationists coming and going and it continues to be so with the arrival of the students for the various schools in this locality.

Andrew Daly, formerly a tinsmith at Waterville Shops, called on friends in Waterville recently. "Andy" is living in Boston and had been on an automobile trip to Canada with his son.

A fire that originated near a chimney in the second story of the home of Emile Gaulin on Sept. 21st, caused considerable damage to Mr. Gaulin's property.



WATERVILLE SHOPS FOREMEN AFTER THE "EATS" AT TEMPLE HEIGHTS INN.



Mr. and Mrs. Thurlow W. Severy have moved into their new bungalow on Donald Street.

Car Inspector, George C. Sandner, has returned to work after a prolonged illness.

Foreman Thomas Rogers, passed his vacation in Quebec.

Guy Parkhurst is installing a shower bath at his home. Why? Ask him.

E. E. Lord spent his vacation in painting his buildings and himself, according to the report of a friend who called upon him.

Assistant Foreman, James E. Trainor and family, passed their vacation on Prince Edward's Island.

The opening of the reconstructed freight shop on Sept. 17th, gave employment to many men who were laid off at Waterville and Thompson's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gagne have returned from an automobile trip to Canada.

Truck Driver, George Finnimore, has returned to work after being confined to his home by illness.

Assistant Foreman and Mrs. Wallace Bragg, passed their vacation at Pawtucket, R. I.

Walter Jackson, Gordon Berry, Peter King and Irvin Lawler, recently made a successful fishing trip to Indian Pond, each catching the "limit" of salmon and trout.

Mr and Mrs. C. L. Getchell have returned from a vacation spent in Dexter and the White Mountains.

General Agent, Travers of Waterville, made a statement the other day that is of interest to all of the Maine Central Family, and also to others. He said, "Do you know that in Sept., 1925, we loaded 74 more cars out of Waterville Freight House than we did in Sept., 1924, and our remittances were less." When asked the reason for this, he explained by saying that people are not buying in such large quantities as formerly. One can readily see that this increases the work in the "house" and office and brings to mind the old subject of overhead expense which must be figured very closely so that no increase will occur.

On Sept. 29th, Mrs. Mary A. Tully passed away at her residence

on Ash Street, at the age of seventy-one years, after a long illness. Mrs. Tully could certainly be reckoned as one of the Maine Central Family, for she was the widow of the late Michael Tully who worked for the Maine Central for forty-five years, and she has four sons employed by the Maine Central at the present time, namely, Charles P., Yard Conductor; Michael F., Car Trimmer; John E., Yard Brakeman; William A., Clerk in Air Brake Inspector's Office; two daughters, Katharine E. and Nellie, also survive. Even though the mother of a large family with many duties to attend to, she always kept up an interest in railroad affairs and made a large circle of friends who will miss her greatly. The sympathy of all fellow-workers is extended to the family.

I wish to thank the Foremen and the Clerks, also the employees of the machine shop and blacksmith shops for their beautiful gifts given me on the occasion of my wedding. WILFRED E. BINNETTE.

On Tuesday, Oct. 6th, "The Stork" visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Snow and left a fine boy. Mrs. Snow and Melvin are very well indeed, thank you!

#### OAKLAND NEWS BY W. H. MARSHALL

Baggage Master and Mrs. Walton accompanied by Mr. Walton's brother and family, are enjoying a ten days' vacation in the White Mountains. During Charlie's absence, Assistant Baggage Master Dudley is covering his position and Colon Perry is covering Dud's position.

First trick crossing-tender, F. N. Blaisdell, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation, at this writing. Spare crossing-tender, Hiram Paten, is covering his position.

Our freight clerk, J. A. Hallett, has just cut his third set of teeth, of which he is very proud. He thinks that he could beat George Glaster over to Bangor at eating biscuits (dog biscuits), should another contest be pulled off by the noble order of which Mr. Glaster is an honored member.

For the benefit of the party that sent Jess the Corn Cob pipe the

other day, to use with his new teeth, Jess wishes to express his thanks for the thoughtfulness shown and also wishes to say that he didn't find the stem cleaner, which was in the stem, until after he had tried to smoke the pipe several times.

We feel that Oakland holds a place in athletics, as our third trick operator, A. B. Marshall, attends all of the football games for miles around, and then broadcasts his troubles to the rest of the bunch the next day. The other day "Abie" attended one of the Colby games at Waterville and became so excited, that he thought he was one of the star players, but we all think that they used him dirty for his first game, as it cost him a new pair of eyes, a trip to the doctor and the loss of thirty-five cents, as he wouldn't give them his ticket back.

Engineer Houdlette is enjoying a few days at his home here.

Agent R. H. Bowen spent Sunday with relatives in Portland.

E. L. Hutchins is covering the position of freight checker in the freight house, vice G. C. Hallett, who resigned to enter Gorham Normal School.

Our congenial Agent, Mr. Bowen, holds the honor of being taken for Governor Brewster by an old gentleman at Readfield Fair. We would not want to say that the venerable old gentleman was intoxicated, but we feel that his eye-sight must have been very poor, and could our Honorable Governor Mr. Brewster know of the case, and could locate the old gentleman, that he would buy him a pair of glasses.

Agent R. P. Spaulding, Troutdale, has just returned from a short vacation. Roy says the girls were all pleased to see him looking so good. Operator Balko covered his position while he was away.

First Trick Operator, Miss Thompson, Bingham, has just returned from a month's vacation, Operator Palmeter covering her position.

The writer and Mrs. Marshall enjoyed a few days last week with relatives in Franklin and Bar Harbor, Operator Dumond covering first trick.



## BRUNSWICK BRIEFS

BY E. W. TIBBETTS

It has just been discovered that H. T. Rodick, better known as Old Hatchet, aspired to walking fame in competition with Mr. Weston, the World Famous Globe Trotter. Through the woods at Freeport, Hatchet could be seen walking along at the speed of a dog trotting. Of course this was in his younger days. As far as we know, Hatchet didn't finish his training, as a match between Weston and he was not arranged. In the past few months, Hatchet has been seen nights, walking around Bath, and it is reported that he averages six or seven miles a night. Wonder what he is training for now?

It is reported that Bill Mitchell has a very tender heart. Years ago when he was running 340, one of Bill's friends gave him a bag of kittens to throw off the bridge at Maranacook. He took them, but didn't throw them off. Part he kept himself and the rest he gave to his friends.

We see by our local paper that Lyn Hunter has a lot of faith in Doan's Kidney Pills.

H. H. Nicoll, the Car Inspector Foreman here, went ducking on his annual vacation, and it is reported that he was thinking of hiring a truck to take his birds home in. We wonder how he happened to get so many. Probably singing Psalms to them, as Hatchet calls him the Psalm Singer.

Louie Therberge, Switch Tender at Brunswick, has returned from his annual Canadian tour.

It is reported that Hatchet has quite a large farm in Freeport. That is, when the tide goes out.

L. S. Bailey, better known as Baby Hippo, has burned his hands trying to keep the log-hauler hot for Hatchet.

It is reported that the hot air generated by the Turnip King (James Coffin) and Hatchet, kept her hot and no burned fingers, but now the King is missing.

It is reported that Joe Brooks, Road Master here, has a wonderful Radio set. But he has to watch it all of the time, the aerial gets disconnected at the most critical times.

## LANCASTER M. P. NEWS

BY MISS A. T. MONAHAN

Vice-President and General Manager D. C. Douglass, Chief Engineer B. T. Wheeler, Assistant Comptroller S. A. McTaggart and General Passenger Agent M. L. Harris, were at Lancaster recently on the annual inspection of Machine and Car Shops.

In one of the shipments of beef cattle made by Superintendent William McCarten of Prospect Farms, Lancaster, which are owned by Secretary of War Weeks, one pair of steers tipped the scales at 4230 pounds. The lightest steer weighed 1500 pounds. These steers were shipped to Boston via the Mountain Division. Five valuable saddle horses were also loaded for Mr. Weeks.

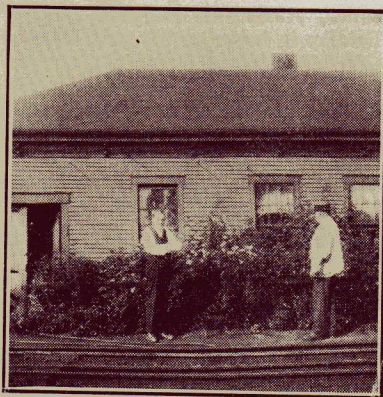
Car Inspector H. F. Carbee of Lancaster, is taking a much needed rest and is visiting relatives in the city.

Mr. Mayberry, A. R. A. Auditor, recently visited the different offices of Car Inspectors on this division.

Mr. C. E. Craigie of the Motive Power Department, with Mrs. Craigie and Superintendent W. A. Wheeler, spent a few days in Boston recently.

Engineer F. A. Morton recently spent several days at Portsmouth, N. H., and Lake Winnepesaukee. Mrs. Morton acted as chauffeur.

Engineer F. J. Washburn has been taking a vacation and with his family, motored to Massachusetts.



FOREMAN JOSEPH SMITH AND "ED" MAGOON IN FRONT OF MOTIVE POWER OFFICE, LANCASTER.

Car Inspector Fred A. Sheridan, who was employed in the Car Department until 1922, has been re-employed as Car Inspector and resumed his duties Oct. 2d.

Fireman C. E. Hutchinson and family are spending a week in Boston.

Auditor Wall was among the recent visitors at the Motive Power Offices, Lancaster.

Fireman F. E. Brisson has returned to duty after spending a few days in Boston, and his lady friend is displaying one of his numerous purchases.

## BANGOR CAR DEPARTMENT

BY C. A. JEFFERDS

Miss Lena Golden is enjoying her annual vacation visiting relatives in New York City.

Charles H. Loftus has bid in the position vacated by Miss F. E. Hutchinson in General Foreman A. H. Bonney's Office, Mr. Loftus transferring from Superintendent McLaughlin's Office.

Air Brake car No. 200, in charge of Malcolm Billington, has completed their annual examination and instruction to Car Inspectors, Repairmen, etc., on air brake technique at Bangor.

John H. Weston, Car Inspector, lost three days on account of injuries received while on duty Oct. 8th, Mr. Weston being caught between two cars and slightly jammed.

Signs of approaching winter in Bangor is the hiring of extra car cleaners to clean double windows on passenger equipment, this work being done every fall when windows are dropped after being up all summer, and which have accumulated considerable dust.

W. R. London, Car Inspector, Bangor Passenger Yard, left Oct. 14th for a hunting trip up in the Maine woods. Everyone is planning on deer steak on his return.

Opinions are being expressed as to when the river will be closed to navigation. Many wagers are made every fall on this event, the usual time of closing being in the middle of December, but there have been times when it has closed earlier than this.



### OLD TOWN TOPICS BY V. A. CUNNINGHAM

Old Town will now deliver her usual quota of Short Jabs and Upper-Cuts, we will leave the footwork for the Editor if our Hay-Makers do not give the expected results. I ought to sic my typewriter on him anyway for the dirty crack he handed me a couple of months back; he has got me framed up so I don't dare to go within twenty miles of Portland. The next time I send him a present, it will be a bomb loaded with railroad spikes and crankcase oil, with his name on the tag in electric lights, so there won't be any mistake about who owns the little token of my love and esteem.

A gang of young desperados are giving our local police considerable trouble. A few nights ago they threw one of our dummy policemen into the river in the Stillwater Ward—it was the wooden one. Our Federal, State and Municipal officers have agreed that we must be more severe with these auto-thieves and outlaws, and if they don't stop it, they are going to publish their names.

Andy Applebee, our efficient Bill Clerk, is now banging them off on the typewriter, and judging from the care with which he selects each letter, each and every bill is going to be a work of art.

Our genial Baggage-Master, Cy Messer, isn't genial any more. He sent in his baggage truck for repairs and when it returned, someone had either sawed it in two and made one for him and one for someone else, or it had been left out in the rain and shrunk considerably.

When it arrived, Cy rushed into the office, grabbed the Agent and rushed out again, making strange sounds in his throat.

I grabbed a fire extinguisher and dashed out into the freightshed too, as I thought nothing short of a fire would make a man rush around like that. I got there in time to hear him howl, "Look at that; do I build a platform on it or is it just one of a fleet I am going to get; show me where I can hang 40 cans of cream on that; all that needs is a glass tray and rubber tires to make a good tea-wagon," and through the white-

heat of his wrath, the honest freckles on his brow stood out like the rivets on a boiler.

Agent Dennis with rare presence of mind led him gently out back of the station, out of earshot of any young and innocent minds that might be about, and talked soothingly to him until his usual dignity was restored. We understand Mr. Dennis even promised him head-lights and a horn on it if he would cut out the caboose language and use the more soft tones of a longshoreman who has just dropped a keg of nails on his foot. Just the same, we would advise the man who sent that truck, should he be traveling in this neck of the woods, to either pass through Old Town in the night, or detour by a trail along the edge of the woods where he will have a Chinaman's chance to escape if Cy should get his eye on him.

Joe Black and Carl Henry have put the bars up in the yard at Mt. Desert Ferry, and are back with us on the Eastern Division. Joe is on the Milford switcher as in years of yore, and Carl is treading the deck of the Local Extra.

Many of the boys of the Station Force, Yard Force and Section Crew, are treading the forests these next several Sundays. Part of them are hunting game and the rest are hunting firewood,—yes, some of these boys can swing a wicked axe, and when the gong rings for the B. V. D.'s, their thoughts turn to the very necessary woodpile. Some of the boys now, I understand, are putting mittens on their cucumbers every night.

I hope it isn't as cold as it was last winter. Say, it was so cold one day last year that my wife had to wear a coonskin cap with ear flaps while she was frying doughnuts, and even then she froze her nose. No sir, Mr. Cooper can't get to shooting around his hot stuff any too quick to suit me. I remember, I said to my wife, "Look at the dog shiver; they say a dog can shiver fast enough to keep himself warm; golly, I never could shiver fast enough to keep warm," and she looked at me and said, "No, dear, I don't think you could shiver fast enough to keep warm, but I think you can lie fast enough to keep comfortable in this life and roast

you in the next." Huh, now I ask you, did I deserve anything like that?

Freight Checker Elden and Freight Clerks A. L. Applebee and H. E. Tourtillotte, went deep-sea fishing, Sunday, Sept. 20th, and had a great trip they said, although something about the sad sea waves made them sick, and when I inquired "Did you see the sea?" one head was raised from its pillow of pain, and with superhuman effort gave your reporter the following: "I saw the sea and after seeing the sea, I will see that the sea never sees me again—see?"

### GENERAL OFFICES

BY MISS MADELINE GOUDY

Mr. John N. Sunderland, Assistant Valuation Engineer, is leaving the employ of the Maine Central Railroad Company to enter the service of the New York Central Lines in the Valuation Department, located in the Grand Central Terminal at New York. We all wish Mr. Sunderland success in his new position.

On October 14th, Margaret P. Murphy of the Engineering Department, was united in marriage to William P. Judge at St. Mary's Church, Biddeford. Miss Murphy was much entertained by her many friends, and after a wedding trip to New York, Mr. and Mrs. Judge will reside in Biddeford.

Miss Betty Marsh of the President's Office, has returned from a very pleasant trip to Chicago, where she visited M. Florence Munro, formerly of the President's Office force.

Miss Muriel A. Weed of the Comptroller's Office, spent a very pleasant vacation as the guest of friends in New Rochelle, N. Y. She enjoyed, while there, a most delightful trip through the Hudson River district.

We are glad to see Harriet Greene with us again after a sojourn in the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary where she was operated upon for appendicitis.

Leo H. Jackson is with us again after having spent the summer at the Hotel SamOset where he was employed as bookkeeper by the SamOset Company. His vacation was spent in Boston and Gorham, N. H.



E. V. Twaddel of the Disbursements Office, has just returned from his vacation. He visited Boston, Rockland and Bangor, and while at Bangor, attended the Bangor-Portland football game.

Rupert J. Wescott of the Auditor Passenger Accounts Office, has left us to take up his residence in Boston, where he will enter the employ of John C. Paige & Company, Insurance. He was tendered a farewell party by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bruns at their camp Forest Lake, his office associates being present and presenting him with a wardrobe trunk and traveling case. We all wish you luck, Rupert.

Mr. James Bradley of the Accounting Department has just returned from a six-hundred mile tour of the state. He visited the slate quarry at Monson, Maine, from which he brought a very useful souvenir, a paper weight.

Miss Dorothy Hollywood spent her vacation in New York and in Philadelphia, as the guest of friends.

Carl Bruns, Edward Wescott and Herbert Clough are planning to take their usual hunting trip in the north woods. We wish them luck and want to know all about it when they return.

Mr. Willis Stoneham of the Auditor Passenger Accounts Office, is away on his vacation, spending part of the time in Montreal.

Frank M. Libby of the Law Department and Donald Heiskell of the Car Service Department, attended the Notre Dame-Army football game on Saturday, Oct. 17th, at New York.

Miss Hazel Marshall of the Car Service Department, left for Detroit, where she will spend part of her vacation. On her way back, she will stop at Springfield and Boston, visiting relatives at both places.

#### BANGOR M. P. NOTES

By C. H. LEARD

Reading in the October number of the Magazine, the accounts of vacations spent by many of the Maine Central employees leads me to state that some of the folks employed in the Motive Power Department Office at Bangor, have been playing some lately.

General Foreman, Frank S. Whitney, recently spent a very pleasant week touring with a party of friends in his Cadillac. He visited Quebec and Montreal, returning by way of the White Mountains.

Miss Helen Birmingham joined friends in Boston and also motored through the White Mountains into Canada, returning to Boston over the Mohawk Trail.

James L. Blethan, Store Clerk, with his family, spent a few days at Phillips Lake.

C. B. Spaulding, Clerk, did his resting at Northport. It is reported that while he was at this favorite resort, he did the "sheiking" for the entire neighborhood.

V. L. Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, spent their vacation attending the annual Convention of the United Order of Splendor and Protection, recently held at Syracuse, New York.

The family of L. J. Beaulieu, Machinist at Bangor, have returned to Bangor after having spent the summer months at Mt. Desert Ferry.

Employees all over the System, will be grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. H. H. Butterfield at Bangor, on Oct. 11th, and will join in extending to Mr. Butterfield and family, their heart-felt sympathy. Mrs. Butterfield was a member of the Grace M. E. Church, also a member of Excelsior, Rebecca Lodge. She was born in East Vassalboro and has been a resident of Bangor for the past 32 years with the exception of two years, the family lived in Portland, when Mr. Butterfield was General Air Brake Inspector of the Maine Central. Surviving are Mr. Butterfield, two daughters, Mrs. S. F. Palmer and Miss Blanche M. Butterfield who is employed as Register Clerk in the Bangor Freight Office, and one son, Mr. Andrew M. Butterfield, who is the Chief Draftsman for the Hyde Windlass Company of Bath. The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2.00 P.M. from the residence in Bangor.

#### CAPITAL CITY LOCALS

By ELLIS E. WALKER

General Agent P. E. Fuller, accompanied by his daughter Charlotte and Frances Whitten, clerk

and stenographer in the freight office, passed a week recently in Washington, D. C., New York City and Boston.

William L. Hayden, Billing Clerk in the freight office, left last Thursday on a two weeks' hunting trip at Kezar Lake near Fryeburg, Maine. Ducks and Br'er Rabbits beware.

Freight Checker George R. McCurdy and wife, were in attendance one day at Brockton Fair.

"Tip" Foster, Yardmaster here, is smoking a lot of good cigars and tobacco on the boys at the station. "Tip" stuck with Pittsburgh; if you don't believe it, ask Tim Murphy down to Hallowell.

H. C. Walker of the Freight Office has returned from a vacation, part of which was spent watching the World Series at the Kennebec Journal scoreboard. Huh, Harry?

Harry A. Freeman, who has been on a leave of absence from Section 18 because of ill health, has returned to work.

Hugh Chadwick, who has been employed as relief man at the baggage-room, has resigned and his place is being filled by Roy Ellis.

Percy E. Toothaker, Second Trick Baggage-man, is enjoying a week's trip in search of big game in the vicinity of Brighton and Mayfield, Maine.

Carlton Haskell, Third Trick Baggage-man, is spending all of his spare time in the erection of a five-room cottage on the shores of Webber Pond in South Vassalboro.

The old Engine House in the lower yard has recently been torn down and the location now has a much neater appearance.

#### CALAIS NOTES

By TED McLAIN

William "Roughtrack" Doherty spent a delightful vacation at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. E. Thompson, Detroit.

Fred Barstow, clerk at Calais Engine House, spent an enjoyable vacation with his family at the lake. Mr. Barstow says he has become an expert in changing tires. He claims to have changed at least one, on the flivver, every day of his leave.

Some time ago, one of the Maine Central Family discovered or in-

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vented a wonderfully saving device called a "snuffer." Fireman Lewis A. Gordon wishes to replace the "snorter" on his machine with a "snuffer." Hog Bay claims it would be a wonderful saving on tires as well as gas.

During Foreman W. E. Doherty's absence, Calais Section has been under the able supervision of Mr. Howard Lee.

Upon entering Milltown Station, one is immediately impressed with the air of neatness and precision that dominates. We venture to state that nowhere on the entire system is there a station of better general appearances. Agent Bert Pullen is sure one grand housekeeper. (Ed. Note: Say it with pictures?)

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wheelock are back from a two weeks' visit at the home of their son Ray, who lives near Newark, N. J.

Ed Arnold has returned from the big sticks and a very nice hunting trip. They tell that the game has been scarce since Ed left. He got a buck so large that it was necessary to have Jack Donovan go after it in his powerful sport car. Ed claims the buck was so old and tough that he was compelled to borrow an extra set of teeth to devour a piece of the steak.

Our would-be hunters are "gettin'-em" again. We haven't seen anything yet, but they say so, so it must be so.

The writer is enjoying cigars on the World's Series. There are other pitchers in the world besides Walter Johnson. If you do not believe it, ask Mr. Kenison.

That reminds me. Ed Laskey, Air-Brake Inspector, seriously contemplates the erection of a small cottage on the spacious shores of Lowney's Lake.

Sam Newell, Carpenter, has his chest abnormally conspicuous of late. Sam imagines he is the only father, of an eleven-pound boy, in the world.

Shorty Stanhope, "Boy Engineer," recently jumped a large Buck on the Mingo Reservation and tracked him through Rickett's Woods to the south shore of Lowney's Lake where the animal braved the long swim across rather than the deadly accuracy of Shorty's rifle.

B. E. Ross, Wiper, is being congratulated on the birth of a nine-pound baby girl. "Bunk" says this is the tenth addition. The public may see and hear them any night. They start broadcasting at 6.00 P.M. sharp.

Recently the writer heard a gentleman who had just arrived at Calais from Chicago, make the statement that the best ride of the trip was between Portland and Calais on our Maine Central. Hurrah for our side.

#### WOODLAND NEWS

By R. H. JOHNSON

On October 10th, an unseasonable snow storm passed over this section of the country, covering the ground to a depth of about two inches.

Trackman J. S. Hartford has gone out to get a moose, and we are all expecting to have moose meat for dinner some day soon.

Conductor Jenkins and Bob Gillis also went hunting the other day, but they didn't have much luck. According to their stories, they saw lots of game and Bob looked a deer in the eyes for about ten minutes. He called Jenks' attention to the deer, but they both forgot they had guns and they had the pleasure of watching the deer shake its flag at them.

#### MOUNTAIN ROAD ITEMS

By J. E. WINSLOW

Effective at one minute past midnight of November 1st, the Maine Central abandons the Hereford Railway, which extends from the United States-Canada line just west of Beecher Falls to Lime Ridge, a distance of 53 miles.

Effective at the same time the Mountain Division is consolidated into the Portland Division and the Superintendent's and Dispatchers' offices at Lancaster moved to Portland.

W. A. Wheeler, Superintendent, becomes Assistant Superintendent of the Portland Division. It is expected that A. B. Crosman, Chief Dispatcher, will remain at Lancaster. Dispatchers C. H. Adams, O. H. Ramsdell and I. C. Thoms will take like positions in Portland, and F. B. Gallant at Rumford. A.

K. Burdwood, Telegrapher, will no doubt take spare work or bid in another position. J. E. Winslow, Chief Clerk, resumes his former occupation as an Operator. E. F. Haley, Clerk, leaves railroad service and enters the office of the Thompson Manufacturing Company, Lancaster. Mrs. C. E. Craigie, Stenographer, takes the same position in Superintendent's Office at Portland.

I understand most of the Agents in Canada will take positions with the Company in the United States.

The 7th Track Division, J. F. Collins, Roadmaster, Lancaster, is to be consolidated into the 6th Division, with C. H. Higgins, Roadmaster, Bartlett, J. F. Collins, Assistant Roadmaster, Lancaster. L. B. Connary, Clerk at Lancaster, will probably take other employment with the Company.

Nov. 1st, when the Dispatchers' Office at Lancaster is abolished, three trick Operators' positions will be established in Lancaster station.

F. T. Wheaton, Agent, Newhall, is taking three weeks vacation and his position is filled by A. J. Noonan.

W. C. Miner, Agent, Cornish, is spending a week in northern Maine; his place is taken by L. K. Chipman.

O. S. Emery, Trainman, Bartlett, who has been off duty on account of illness, has returned to work.

Mrs. R. E. Lobdell, wife of Trainman at Bartlett, has returned home after several weeks in the Hospital at Whitefield.

A. B. Congdon, Agent, Lunenburg, took in the Radio show in Boston.

D. W. Pomerleau, Operator at Sebago Lake, took a week's vacation. J. R. Gagner relieved him.

J. E. Crepeau, Agent, Whitefield, received injuries in an auto accident. The car in which he was riding, crashed into a tree and Joe's head came into collision with the windshield frame, inflicting a long cut in his forehead and head. He was absent from work several days on account of injuries received. Better find a softer spot for your head next time, Joe.

A. B. Crosman, Chief Dispatcher, Lancaster, motored to Brandon, Vt., a short time ago.



E. W. Fiske, Agent, Lancaster, spent "Daddy's Day" with his son at the University of New Hampshire, Durham, and while there, witnessed the football game between University of New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

On Oct. 7, 1925, W. M. Rich of North Concord, Vt., had served 36 years as Agent at that point, and had been in the service as Agent at Scott's Junction, three years previous to that; his total railroad service being 49 years. Very few of us are permitted to remain in the Railroad game as long a term of years as that. Mr. Rich began his railroad career at his home station in Madrid, N. Y., where he learned telegraphy and railroad work for two years and received his early education in return for his work. The next two years he worked for the Agent at Lisbon, N. Y., in the station and out in the country buying eggs, poultry and butter, all for the big sum of \$15 a month. The next year he worked as spare Agent and Operator along the line of the O. & I. C. During the next five years he worked as Clerk and Operator for the R. W. & O. in Norwood, N. Y., and being the only Operator in the office his hours were from 6 A.M., until he was released at night, sometime near midnight. During a snow blockade of two weeks the only sleep he got was on a settee in the waiting room. The wages in those days were not as much in a month as they are in a week nowadays, Mr. Rich only getting \$35 a month in the latter position. His next service was at Scott's Junction, as above stated, and then at North Concord. Mr. Rich is still hale and hearty and apparently none the worse for the long days worked in his early career. We hope he will continue to have good health and strength to enjoy the future years.

## Obituary

GEORGE A. ALDEN

George A. Alden, an old time railroad man, widely known throughout New England, died Sunday at Wolfboro, N. H., where he had made his home for more than 20 years.

Mr. Alden was born in Augusta, August 11, 1847, the son of Col. Darius and Bethiah Nickerson Alden. He was educated in the public schools of Augusta and was a student of Worcester Military Academy and at Poughkeepsie. Early entering the railroad business, he rose from the bottom round through various positions, reaching that of General Agent, which position he held on retirement in December, 1896.

He served on the old Portland and Kennebec Railroad, and later with the Maine Central.

Waterville was his home for many years during his active life, and the interment was in this city.

Capable and energetic to a high degree as a railroad man, he filled the various positions with an executive ability that commanded the hearty co-operation of the men under him. His generous nature made him well-known and liked by those with whom he was associated or came in contact.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Milliken of Waterville, and two sisters, Mrs. W. W. Pierce and Mrs. Thomas P. Shaw of Portland.—*From Waterville Sentinel, Sept. 30.*

Burial was at Waterville in the family lot on Sept. 30th. Rev. Robert Gay of St. Marks Episcopal Church conducted services at the grave.

GEORGE A. POLAND

George A. Poland, one of the oldest employees in years of service at Waterville Shops, passed away at his home on Main Street, Fairfield, at 6.00 o'clock on Sept. 18th. Mr. Poland had been in failing health for some time and his death was caused by a complication of diseases. He was born in California, on Jan. 22, 1858, and came east when a young man. He engaged in different pursuits and finally settled in Fairfield and entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad as brass finisher. The body was taken to Athens, Maine, where funeral services were held on Sept. 21st. The floral tributes from the Odd Fellows, friends and N. E. R. Veterans Association were very beautiful. Mr. Poland is survived by a widow.

JOHN WILLETT

News has been received of the death at the Soldiers Hospital in Sawtelle, Cal., of John Willett, who was in the employ of the M. of Way Department at Waterville for about 15 years. Mr. Willett moved to California about six years ago. Interment was in the Elks section of the cemetery at Monrovia, Cal.

FLOYD FLETCHER

Floyd Fletcher died at his home, 139 College Avenue, at 7.30 P.M., on Sept. 29th. He was born in East Dixfield in 1881, and had worked as a machinist in Waterville Shops since 1912. He is survived by his widow, three sons, his father and mother, two brothers and a sister. Funeral services were held at his home at 10.30 A.M., Oct. 1st, Rev. R. J. Mooney officiating. The remains were taken to Wilton for interment.

## THE MOUNTAIN DIVISION CEASES TO BE

Effective at one minute past midnight, November 1st, the Mountain Division will cease to exist as a Division of the Maine Central Railroad. Henceforth it will be known as the Mountain Road, a part of the Portland Division. To quote from Vive-President and General Manager, D. C. Douglass' announcement of October 5th:

TO ALL CONCERNED:

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 1, 1925

The Mountain Division is discontinued as an operating division and merged in the Portland Division.

The Portland Division consists of all lines West of Bangor, Maine, with the following transportation officers:

E. J. Runey, Superintendent, Portland, Maine; W. A. Wheeler, Assistant Superintendent, Portland, Maine; H. R. Withee, Assistant Superintendent, Portland, Maine; G. H. Foster, Assistant Superintendent, Waterville, Maine; D. E. Hayes, Assistant Superintendent, Rumford, Maine.

The Eastern Division consists of all lines East of Bangor, Maine, including Bangor Yard, with the following transportation officers:

T. M. McLaughlin, Superintendent, Bangor, Maine; W. E. Kingston, Assistant Superintendent, Bangor, Maine.

# WHAT THE BOWLERS ARE DOING

The boys at Rigby have gone crazy over BOWLING. Everybody's bowling anywhere, anytime, anyway. The old candlesticks are certainly taking an awful licking when the Rigby boys train their fire down the local alleys.

The Transportation Department has organized a league among its various groups and sure are topping the thin woods for big scores. Many of these fellows have been away from the game for some time, but have not lost any of their shrewdness in this art.

The engine doctors just went out for the count when this winter indoor sport epidemic found its way into the Round House. It was necessary to organize a day and night league to accommodate all the candidates.

The Yardmen assemble at the Monument Square Alleys on Thursday evenings; the Rigby Day League strut their stuff on the Congress Square lanes Thursday mornings, while the Rigby Night League keep the latter lanes dusted off for their reliefs the nights before.

## RIGBY MORNING LEAGUE TO OCT. 22, 1925

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Team 2	18	2	.900
Team 6	14	6	.700
Team 5	10	10	.500
Team 1	7	13	.350
Team 3	6	14	.300
Team 4	4	16	.200

### RECORDS

High Single, Kelley 125.  
 High 3 strings, Kelley 311.  
 High Team Single, No. 3, 504.  
 High Team Total, No. 2, 1394.

## RIGBY NIGHT LEAGUE TO OCT. 22, 1925

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Team 3	13	7	.650
Team 2	12	8	.600
Team 4	11	9	.555
Team 1	4	16	.200

### RECORDS

High Single, Kane and Welch, 118.  
 High 4 Strings, Kane, 375.  
 High Team Single, No. 3, 381.  
 High Team Total, No. 3, 1426.

## GENERAL OFFICE TEAM PICKS UP WATERVILLE CHALLENGE

In the last issue of the Maine Central Magazine appeared a challenge from a good bowling team from the Electricians of Waterville Shops, R. G. Patterson, Mgr. A few days after the Magazine appeared, this challenge was accepted by the Maine Central General Office team, John Goud, Mgr., and a letter sent to Mr. Patterson, at the Waterville Shops, and to date, no reply has been received from Mr. Patterson. Oct. 31st was the date named for the game at Waterville, and that date has come and gone, yet no reply from Waterville. Can it be possible that the Waterville Maine Central boys are afraid to roll the General Office team? The General Office team is composed of Philip Pearson, John McCullum, Charles May, Philip Smart and John Goud, and this team stands ready to roll any team on the Maine Central System. Any teams wishing to roll the Maine Central General Office team, may communicate with John Goud, Mgr., at 232 St. John Street, Portland, Maine.

## GENERAL OFFICE LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Mooseheads	14	2	.875
Fryeburgs	13	3	.813
Megantics	11	5	.688
Fabyans	9	7	.563
Kennebagos	9	7	.563
Kineos	8	8	.500
Rangeleys	6	10	.375
Somersets	4	12	.334
Concords	3	13	.188
Portlands	3	13	.188

### RECORDS

High Individual String, Small, 154.  
 High Individual 3 String Total, May, 372.  
 High Team String, Megantics & Kennebagos, 408.  
 High Team Total, Kennebagos, 1134.  
 High Average, May, 101 1-2.

## AVERAGES:

May 102; Small 99; Corcoran 99; Waite 97; H. B. Hawkes 94; L. Hawkes 94; Allen 94; Coyle 91; Bean 90; Brown 90; Storer 90; Foster 88; Mills 88; Nagle 88; Cain 87; Malloy 87; McCullum 87; Hiles 86; Talbot 86; Haskell 85; Leighton 85; Paine 85; Clarity 84; Goud 84; Regan 84; C. Hawks 83; Caldwell 82; Oberg 82; C. Beane 81; Barron 81; Horton 81; Curtis 81; Jones 80; Perry 79; Smith 76; Rand 75; Chase 71; Roberts 70; Atkins 63; Elgee 62.

## TO DISCONTINUE OPERATION OF BELFAST BRANCH

The following notice announcing the discontinuance of the operation of the Belfast Branch by the Maine Central Railroad was issued by President McDonald on October 20th:

### TO ALL CONCERNED:

Notice is hereby given that the lease to the Maine Central Railroad Company by the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad Company of its railroad extending from Burnham Junction, Maine, to Belfast, Maine, will terminate, and operation of said railroad by the Maine Central Railroad Company will cease, at midnight of January 1, 1926.

It is expected that the operation of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad Company's property after January 1, 1926, will be continued by the owners, with office at Belfast, Maine.

## A DEEP ONE

Man (entering grocery store)—  
 "I want two tuna fish."  
 Grocer—"You better stick to pianos."—*Kreolite News*.

## PHONETIC JUSTICE

Teacher—"Robert, give me a sentence using the word satiate."  
 Robert—"I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer and I'll say she ate a lot."—*Boston Transcript*.



## To Reporters and Correspondents

Get Your Copy in by the 20th of  
Month Preceding Date  
of Issue

### HERE IS THE REASON:

The management desires to have the publication out and distributed not later than the 10th of each month. In order to accomplish this it is necessary to start making up the forms not later than the first. By getting your material to the Editor by the 20th, you will allow him time enough to properly edit and arrange said material, thereby not only guaranteeing publication dates, but also a better managed magazine.

All material sent in will be gratefully received and carefully considered for publication.

Address all communications to

LEROY D. HILES, Editor and Manager

Maine Central Employees' Magazine

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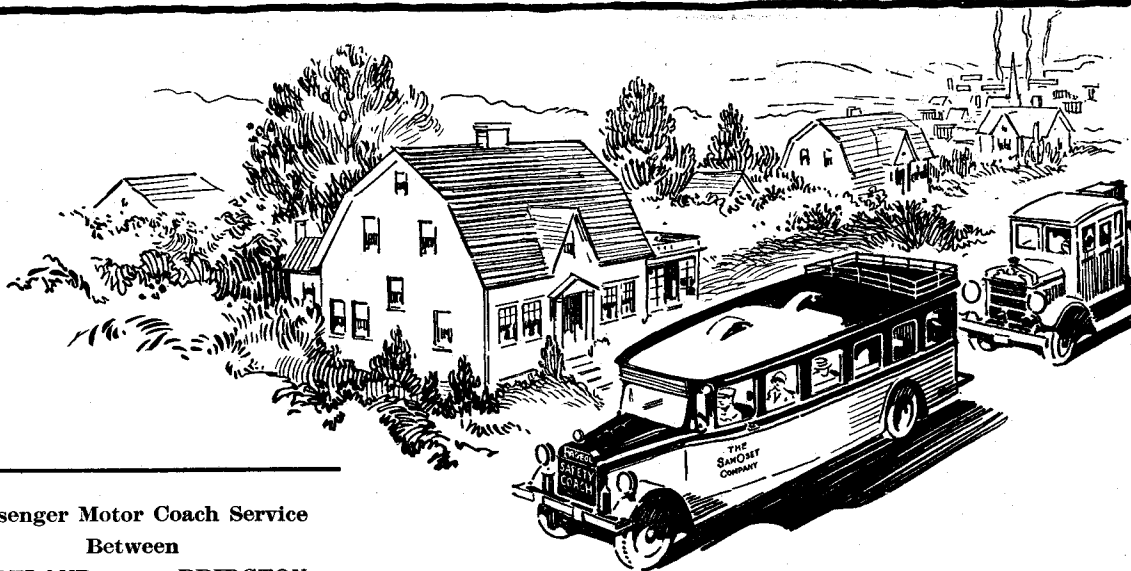
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Portland, (¶Union Station)	*5.00	Harrison, North Bridgton, Bridgton,	1.10 1.20 1.30
Prides Corner,	*5.15	Naples,	†1.50
Highland Lake,	*5.25	South Casco,	†2.10
Fosters Corner,	*5.45	Raymond,	†2.20
North Windham,	*5.55	North Windham,	†2.40
Raymond,	*6.15	Fosters Corner,	†2.50
South Casco,	*6.25	Highland Lake,	†3.10
Naples,	*6.45	Prides Corner,	†3.20
Bridgton,	7.05	Portland, (Union Station)	Arr. †3.35
North Bridgton,	7.15		
Harrison,	Arr. 7.25		

\* Passengers for points beyond Naples only.

† Passengers from points beyond Naples only.

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A phonograph beguiles the Flynns;  
Revenge is sweet, we now have  
twins.—*Tid Bits.*

### NOBODY'S BUSINESS

Conductor—How old are you, my little girl?

Little Boston Girl—If the Railroad Company doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and to keep my own statistics.

### HUMAN INTEREST

Professor—"This lecture is apt to be somewhat embarrassing. If any men or women care to leave they may."

Student (in back of room)—"Professor, can I invite some of my friends?"—*Octopus.*

### EFFECTIVE HELP

A green brakeman on the Colorado Mudline was making his first trip up Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief:

"I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."—*Everybody's.*

### GET OUT AND GET UNDER

Engineer—What became of that new trainman you had last week?

Conductor—Aw, he used to be a chauffeur, and the doggone fool crawled under the train to see why it wouldn't go.

### PASS TENSE

Conductor—This train is sure crowded.

Collector—I'll say it is. Why, even some of the people with passes are standing.

### EVENS IT UP

Joe—"What is the difference between a fish and a fool?"

Gump—"I'll bite. What's the difference?"

Joe—"Well, if you bite, there isn't any."—*Lure.*

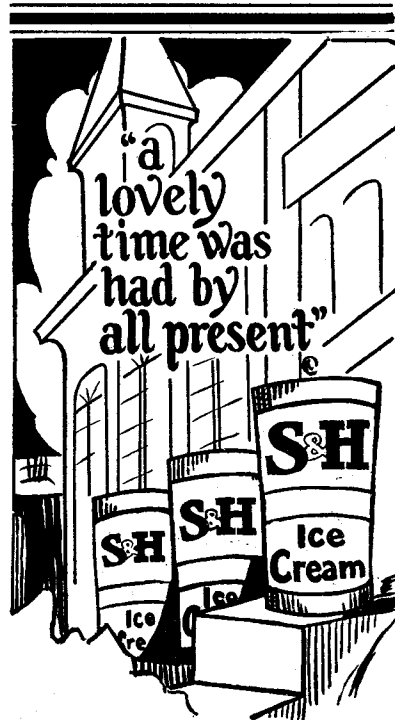
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