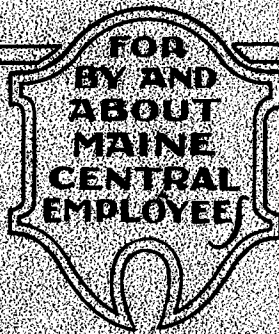


MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE



In this Number will be Found . . .

Recollections of a Brunswick Veteran
of the Maine Central Railroad

How the Train Baggage Master
Does His Work

Making Pintsch Gas at the
Brewer Plant

FEBRUARY, 1926

The Man Who Saves

- erects a defense against sickness or adversity
- builds a bridge to a better job
- takes in hand a tool to grasp opportunity
- sets a ladder to climb up in the world
- gains control over money and other things
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One Million Dollars

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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.

VOLUME III

FEBRUARY, 1926

NO. 2

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	S. A. Frost	Eastport

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
	J. 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 all numbers must be submitted on or before the 20th of the preceding month. 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!

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CASTING COMPANY**

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Open Hearth Steel Castings of every description from 1 pound to 24,000 pounds each.



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OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

Carrying a Full Line of
Train Men's Apparel

WILL THIS WEEK'S PAY

trickle through your fingers as it often does
—or will you deposit part of it? We hope
you will.

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175 Main St.,

Waterville

Open daily 8.30 to 3.00.

Saturdays 8.30 to 1.00.

Saturday Evenings, 6.30 to 9.00.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Doctor, I owe you my life."
"Oh, you exaggerate. But you
do owe me \$30."
"Why, sir, this is outrageous."

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Coal to meet any requirement.*

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Philadelphia & Reading **medium**
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84 Commercial Street
497 Congress Street

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Professor: "Who were the
three wise men?"
Student: "Stop, Look and
Listen."—*Baltimore Trolley News.*

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Customer: "What do you get
for Humming Bird Hose?"
Clerk: "One thirty-five,
madam."

Customer: "One thirty-five?
But I can buy them up the street
for one twenty-five."

Clerk: "Well, why not buy
them there?"

Customer: "Because they
haven't any today."

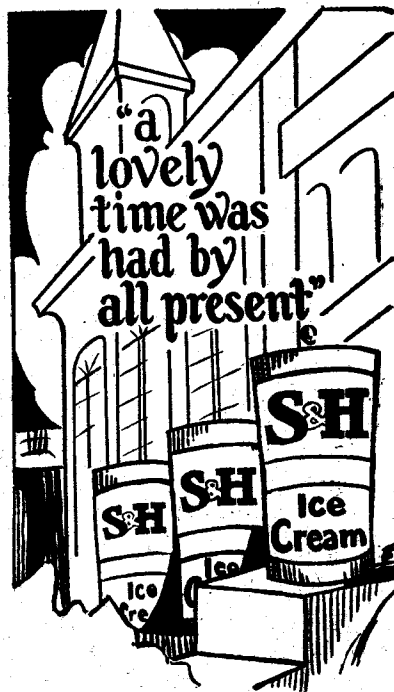
"Oh, I see," said the clerk.
"When we don't have any, we offer
them for ninety-eight cents."

IT WORKED

Willis: "You know that excuse
you told me to spring on the boss
when I was late this morning?"

Gillis: "Yes. I said it was a
sure-fire excuse. Wasn't it?"

Willis: "It was. He sure fired
me."—*Dawson Springs (Ky.)
Progress.*



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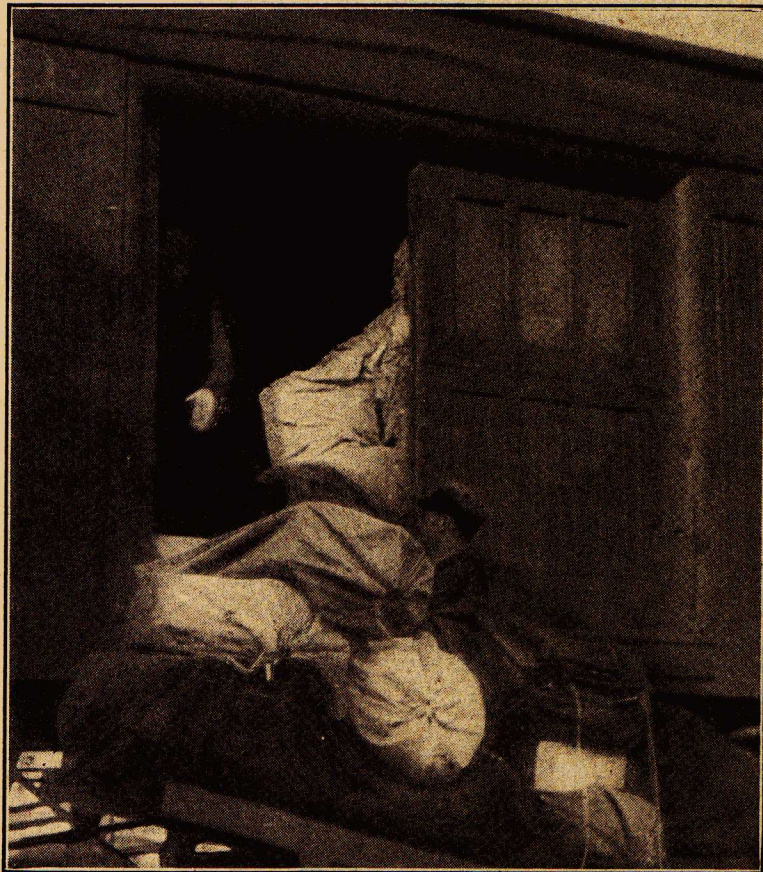
VOLUME III

FEBRUARY, 1926

NO. 2

Baggage Car Load Has Changed

By SAM E. CONNER



PARCEL POST IS NOW AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE BAGGAGE CAR'S LOAD

Folks were blowing their fingers and rubbing their ears, as they made their way across Portland Union Station to Number One. Up in the second Baggage Car Arthur P. Burt was doing nothing of the sort; and by the

same token neither was Harry B. Burns in the first car.

They had no time, though their inclinations may have been that way. These men were busy. There were none around the station

in the dusk and cold of the early morning busier than they. It was cold out in the train shed. Neither Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, Alaska nor any of those real cold places had much on Union Station, but perspiration was running in rivulets off their faces and the only tingle to their fingers was that of honest sweat.

Both Burt and Burns were busy; had been for some time before the Maine Central Employees' Magazine representative climbed aboard Burt's car, and they didn't find relief until the last bundle of papers, last piece of baggage and bag of parcel post had gone out in Union Station, Bangor, about noon.

cars. "The boys may not have much time to talk, but they'll do all they can for you; they're mighty fine chaps."

It didn't look very favorable about getting into the car as we stopped in front of the door. Right at the threshold was a mountain of bundles. It seemed impossible to climb over them, but Burt, in response to Murphy's explanation that "Mr. Conner is going over with you today for a story for the Maine Central Employees' Magazine," cordially invited: "Climb right in." Climb it was. A bit of an iron ladder hangs down from the door of the car. It was a scramble



SHOWING LOAD NO. 1'S BAGGAGE CAR CARRIED ON AN AVERAGE MORNING, AFTER LEAVING WATERVERILLE. NOTE MASS OF NEWSPAPERS REMAINING, WITH BUT A SINGLE PIECE OF BAGGAGE

Burt is the regular baggage master of train one; that is, he is one of them, for there are four crews who handle this train. It was the crew of which he is part that had the run that particular morning. Burns is the assistant baggage master. On the run east, he handles the extra car in which mail is carried, while Burt stays with the baggage in the regular car. Going west, Burns acts as assistant conductor on 102, the Flying Yankee.

"I guess you can make yourself comfortable," remarked Conductor Murphy, as we walked up alongside the train to the baggage

up there, another over those bundles and then came the first shock of the day.

In a baggage car you naturally expect to find baggage, meaning by that, trunks, grips of all kinds, hand-bags, dress-suit cases, extension grips and all sorts of things. They were difficult to see in this car. There were less than a dozen of these articles in the car, which was rammed, jammed, packed full from end to end, with scarcely moving space for Burt. It scarcely seemed possible I could find a place, but Burt made it. He's a wonder at arranging things in a "car."

Those bundles at the door were but a rear guard to hundreds of others. They were of varied sizes and each one contained some newsdealer's supply of that morning's Boston papers, for that's the way the big Dailies come down to Maine.

How was one man ever going to sort this mess out so that the stuff would go straight? I asked Burt the question. "Some job, but watch," was his reply.

"Can I help you, Arthur?"

The tall, slim, smiling-faced young man in the blue suit, who had climbed in unnoticed, asked the question. He was from one of the general offices and was going to Waterville on business for the company. He had elected to ride in the baggage car. "You can," Arthur told him promptly, remarking to me, "He can run a car as well as any man on the road." Now, I can truthfully say: "I believe you."

They went at it. Say! the way bundles of newspapers flew through and around that baggage car was a caution. There were tons and tons of them in bundles ranging from three or four to a couple of hundred papers. There was a place for every one. Those for Washington and Hancock County points were piled against the uttermost end of the car. They made some heap. Then came those for the Bangor dealers and next to them were papers which were going up into Aroostook and Piscataquis counties. It didn't seem possible that so many papers could be coming into Maine from outside.

"You ought to see the load on a Sunday morning," remarked Burt, evidently sensing the thought in my mind.

While they were arranging those "far east" papers, they were also making a sizeable pile beside one of the doors. These were the papers for up the Grand Trunk, Norway and South Paris, Bethel, Gorham, N. H., and Berlin, N. H. These went out at Yarmouth Junction, where the Maine Central crosses the tracks of the Maine division of the big Canadian road. By sending them to Yarmouth the time and expense of transferring at Portland is avoided. The big item of these two is the time.

Brunswick is another place where a large hole is made in the paper load of No. 1. There the supply of papers for points down the Knox & Lincoln division are thrown off, as well as those for Brunswick itself. This means papers for Bath, Wiscasset, Damariscotta, Boothbay Harbor, Waldoboro, Thomaston,

Rockland, Camden and the Island towns which center at Rockland.

At Augusta there is also a large number of papers to be put off, as is the case at Water-



BAGGAGE MASTER ARTHUR P. BURT OF NO. 1, TAKES A REST AFTER GIVING AUGUSTA ITS SUPPLY OF BOSTON PAPERS

ville and then the next large outgo is at Burnham, where the Belfast and intermediate stations' stock of daily papers go to the platform. By the time Burnham has been reached, there has been a noticeable diminishing in the load, though there yet remains enough to keep one man busy.

Between stations, Burt was active, going over the various piles, making certain that they were right; also that they were at the most convenient point to the car door. It was important that no time be lost at stations because of the papers. You know the daily reports show what caused every delay to the train. No baggage master likes to be responsible for those things.

At Pittsfield and Burnham there is always a lot of papers, for not only the daily supply of the news dealers in those towns are carried

on No. 1, but those for the dealers along the Hartland and Dexter, Dover-Foxcroft branches, which have terminals in these towns, come by this train. But the really next big load goes out at Northern Maine Junction, and at Bangor everything in the car is taken out. It is the end of the line, so far as No. 1 is concerned. First out of the car at this terminal are papers for the local dealers, then go those for the various divisions running out of Bangor, Eastern to Vanceboro, Washington County, Bucksport and Bar Harbor branches. They are sorted as put out, so that the loading and handling on the other trans may be as expeditious as possible.

While Burt *rassled* with the papers and such baggage as there was in his car, I went into the car ahead.

Such a sight!

Burns, his cap at an angle of 65 degrees, was boosting a great mail sack to the top of a pile, which reached the car roof. The head-end of the car was packed solidly with them, while each side was packed to the roof, with just a narrow space for an aisle between.

The big sack was on the pile and Burns was pushing it securely into place. Considerable strength was required, so close was the space. He did it, whirled, grabbed another and found a place for that at the other side of the aisle. Turning from this he dragged a couple of bags to the door.

"Some load," I remarked.

"Not so big as yesterday," was his answer. "Only about nine tons today; yesterday had thirteen. This is enough."

This parcel post business has grown tremendously in ten years. It is constantly increasing. It is sent in baggage cars and handled by a baggage man, because it is cheaper for the government and its volume is so great that it could not well be cared for in a regular mail car. It is bulky and the government pays for its transportation on the basis of space occupied rather than its weight. This includes the services of a baggage man to handle it in the car.

All sorts of things go by parcel post.

Burns told me about the fright which one baggage master received.

"There was the usual load of mail that morning," said he, "car was pretty nearly full. But one end remained. There were a few bags in it. It was necessary to pile more

there, regardless of destination if we were to get out of Portland on time. The sorting would have to be done on the road.

"This chap helping me, picked up a good sized sack and gave it a toss into the corner. It struck and then there came a cry: 'Mamma!' I had tossed a sack just after him and that struck, and the cry was repeated.

"I wish you could have seen that helper. His eyes stuck out; I swear his hair stuck up so straight it lifted his cap off his head. Don't mind saying that it startled me.

"He dove to the pile to find the baby, grabbed a bag and again came the plaintive 'Mamma' from inside the sack. I guessed it then. It was a lot of talking dolls being sent parcel post. One of the packages had broken so that the dolls were exposed and when anything touched them just right they would cry: 'Mamma.'"

There has been a great change in the work of the train baggage master, so Burt told me. A dozen or so years ago his labors were, practically, confined to handling baggage, trucks and grips. He had some newspapers and on some of the branch line trains, looked after the express and closed pouch mail. It was nothing in those days for a traveling man to carry five or six big trunks on which he must pay excess baggage rates, while men who had a dozen or fifteen trunks were not at all uncommon. This has all changed. Even in summer there is much less baggage handled. Newspapers and parcel post mail, he said, constituted most of the load in the baggage car at all seasons of the year.

His explanation was that traveling men were not using so many trunks. They were selling more and more by means of photographs. They had told him that they found the pictures much more satisfactory in showing customers than were samples. Especially was this true of those bulky articles which men must get orders for. The pictures can be carried more easily and in every way the change is agreeable.

Burt is also convinced that fewer persons trouble to have grips and suit cases checked when traveling than used to. This has lightened the baggage end of the Baggage Master's job on the train, but the increased demand for newspapers and use of the parcel post has provided something to keep him from being lonesome when out on the road.

LeRoy D. Hiles

LeRoy D. Hiles, editor of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine, died Sunday, Jan. 10, at his home, 52 Pine Street, Portland.

It is difficult to express the feeling of sadness which this news carried to all portions of the Maine Central system. Few men in

month. Whichever the way, whether personal contact of face to face and hand greeting, the friendly letter of correspondence or by the result of his labors as shown in the publication, these Maine Central men and women became friends of "Roy" Hiles.



LEROY D. HILES

so short a space of time have made so great a place in the hearts of their fellow-workers, as had Mr. Hiles. In a period of less than six months he had become known from one end of the road to the other. True, many of his friends knew him only through the written word of letters, others only by means of the magazine which he had issued from month to

His going has caused a feeling of personal loss to one and all, as is indicated by the notes which came into this office. His friendly smile and kindly voice, uniform good nature and sincere desire to help all was appreciated by all with whom he dealt.

Mr. Hiles was one of those young men who put their heart into their work. Above

all, he put his heart into the good of the railroad for which he worked. That he loved it, all those who were associated with him know. He gave it his best, first as a messenger in the passenger department, and later, as the editor of this publication.

It was in April last that he was called to the duties of an editor. It was all new to him. He had to learn many things. None understood this better than he. He set about his task, with what success the magazine is the best answer. Into the work he put his entire personality. He organized and systematized the whole system in such a way that the magazine had a working staff which included the entire personnel of the system. He could do this as few others could. It was his charming personality which made him a likable young man, whom you wanted to help, wanted to work with and who convinced you of his earnestness in the cause.

It was the same in all his other activities, which were many. He carried them to success because of his sincere desire to do the job and do it well. Many times was he called to service in the organizations with which he was connected. It was never recorded that he refused or that he failed. Can greater praise be given of a man.

LeRoy D. Hiles was a through and through Maine Central man. Born in South Portland, March 24, 1898, son of William H. and Kathryn W. Hiles. His education was acquired in the public schools of Portland and in 1914 he entered the employ of the Maine Central, as messenger in the passenger department, remaining with the company until his death last month. His ability earned him promotion after promotion until he was made advertising agent, which position he held until last April when he was made the editor and manager of this publication.

In connection with his duties as advertising agent, Mr. Hiles prepared a number of illustrated folders on Maine, which have been distributed far and wide throughout the country.

A year ago, Mr. Hiles was elected president of the Portland Ad Club. In addition to his membership in the Portland Kiwanis Club, he was affiliated with Ancient Landmark Lodge of Masons, Cumberland County Fish and Game Association, American Association of Railway Advertising Agents and American Railway Magazine Editors' Association.

Mr. Hiles married Miss Doris Bickford of Portland about six years ago and she and a

small daughter survive. He is also survived by his parents, a brother, Thomas Hiles of Portland, and a sister, Mrs. Harry M. Brown of Portland.

Tributes to LeRoy D. Hiles

These tributes to the memory of LeRoy D. Hiles, editor of this magazine since April last, who died early in January, and to the work he accomplished, have come to the acting editor's desk:

By J. F. DUNN, RIGBY.

The volume of 1925 is completed, the last entry blotted, the covers closed. That volume contains real happenings on the Maine Central Railroad, real events of this railroad's periodical, the employees' magazine. There is written the story of the institution of the magazine as the employees' work, and the creation of an editorship which was filled by an employee. This signal honor was paid to LeRoy D. Hiles. He accepted this honor and the toil which went hand and hand with that honor. There is no honor which is not accompanied by toil. Roy set to work on his new job and within two short months had organized every arm of this great public service of the Northeast into an efficient news dispensing agency. Each month saw a step forward which everyone appreciated and which made Roy happy. Something else pleased Roy, too, and he told us of his happiness only a few brief months ago when he painted a word picture for us of a great event in his life. Step by step brought him to that day when that wonderful thing happened, when the connecting link between man and wife was thrown out from the mechanism of human nature and a babe was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hiles. The pinnacle of Roy's ambitions had been reached, and, as God had willed, Roy had performed the task that his Maker had sent him into this world to do. God, Who knows all things and Who wills all things, sent forth His Messenger of Death, who smote this happy man on the shoulder, the breath ceased, the heart stopped, the spark of life was withdrawn from this particular formation of dust. LeRoy D. Hiles was no more.

Word of this catastrophe was winged o'er this system on Jan. 10th last, it being received with awe and with wonderment. We had learned to revere our editor, because he had endeared himself to us. We worked for him, because he worked for us. Now he has gone

on. He led us through 1925. 1926 signalled him into the Great Beyond, there to lead us when it comes our day to follow in that new life.

We, of Rigby, have bowed our heads in sorrow and have sent up a little prayer for his salvation. Now we must turn to the tasks which confront us. We are resolved that the life of the Maine Central Magazine will go on, that LeRoy D. Hiles shall not have labored in vain. We hope that we will be endowed with the vigor to make this magazine bigger and better and that it may become a fitting

memorial breathing the life of our departed editor.

BY J. L. RIGGIE, BANGOR.

Just immediately prior to the receipt of the January issue of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine the Eastern Division members of the Maine Central family were shocked to learn of the untimely death of the Editor and Manager, Mr. LeRoy D. Hiles.

Many words of sympathy and expressions of sorrow were heard from those that had the privilege and pleasure of having known him personally as well as those who knew him only through the medium of the magazine.

I Will!

BY PICKET

I will! He is a fool who counts the cost,
For while he hesitates that chance is lost.
I will! What circumstance shall stay my act,
When I with Self have made this solemn pact?

The Soul of man no fetters vile can hold,
It's striving ever onward to its goal.
Like water which its level finds at last,
The will of man seeks out its purpose fast.

I will! What matter though I lack in gold?
Or matters it that I am growing old?
I will! That cry alone shall force me through,
And I shall wrest from Life all that's my due.

In youth full many an error have I made,
Yet I can laugh at failure unafraid.
Can gamble all my pile on one toss,
And reckless, laugh at such a petty loss.

I will! Success shall soon or late be mine,
For I pursue her, do not stop to pine;
I will! Fame seek I not, but that which brings
The happy smile, the gladsome heart that
sings.

And I shall find sufficient what I sought,
Made sweeter by the things hard knocks have
taught.

What brings the smile? What makes the sing-
ing heart?

To reach the goal you strove for from the
start.

Maine Central Employees' Magazine

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Advertising rate cards sent on application.

Kenneth B. Whittle, Advertising Manager

FEBRUARY, 1926

EDITORIAL

A Word of Tribute

Had LeRoy D. Hiles, whose death is recorded elsewhere in this issue, left no other work than his record as editor of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine since April last, it would have met the acid test of a man's career, which is the world's view of his efforts after he has gone. Mr. Hiles left something more than the record of those last six months. He left behind him fourteen years of faithful, efficient service that won him the confidence and esteem of his associates and those under whom he served. He earned every promotion—and they were numerous—by merit and hard work.

It was, perhaps, as editor of this Magazine that he became best known to other employees of the Maine Central Railroad. In that position he came in touch with fellow-workers at all points on the line. By his determination, his ready grasp of matters, his quickness of perception and earnestness of purpose he accomplished in three months what other men would have required years to do. It may seem a simple job to organize a working force of efficient correspondents covering all sections of the road. It is not. Far from it. Try it yourself and you will see the task which Mr. Hiles took up and accomplished.

By his own effort he put personality and character into the magazine. By his efforts to know those for whom the magazine was being published he earned for it a new place in their hearts. In doing so he made a place for himself in those same breasts.

It is a sad task to try and write of "Roy" Hiles, as his friends all called him. The things

one wishes to say seem cold, conventional, lacking, when typed upon paper. They lack the deep sorrow, the tender thought of one we had become fond of, their expressions of sympathy to the bereaved family seem cold; and yet, one and all of us are sad over the going of "Roy." We know that our sadness is as nothing to that which fills the breast of the young wife left behind. To her we would all say words of cheer, but they fail us. And, yet, we seem to see a bright spot in the picture, a gleam of light, as it were, piercing through the gloom of that family circle and it makes us feel that there the little woman finds, as nowhere else, that courage to face the future. This is that picture.

A little woman, her eyes red with weeping, beside a little white crib, a tiny infant in her arms. Despite the tears there is a smile on the face, as she cuddles the little one and whispers in her ear that her Papa Roy was loved and honored by all who knew him.

There, in the knowledge the truth she tells the child, and her mother love, is to be found her armament for meeting the battle of life.

Speak of the Magazine

Tell them you saw it in the Maine Central Employees' Magazine. That's what the line you see at the bottom of each advertising page in this issue means. It will please merchants who are making use of those columns to know that their announcement brought results. Business men like to check up results; and, so, while they would not spend a cent for this advertising if they did not think it was a worth-while medium, a little positive, direct proof is bound to be appreciated by them.

In complying with this request you are confirming the judgment of those men and also making it known to all that it is your magazine and that you have confidence in those who patronize.

Decline in Passenger Revenues

Speaking recently before the Toledo Passenger Club, Samuel O. Dunn, the editor of the Railway Age, discussed the passenger traffic outlook of American railways. Calling attention to the fact that there had been an unprecedented improvement in freight traffic he pointed out had steam roads had met with a huge loss in local passenger traffic. Between 1920 and 1925, he said, the decline of the

number of passengers carried one mile was 25 per cent. of their total business. That represented an annual loss in earnings of \$340,000,000, of which about \$105,000,000 was suffered by eastern roads.

He attributed this loss to the private automobile and motor bus and said it was practically all short haul business.

The western roads, he said, were a striking illustration of this. Had they not lost more

than \$200,000,000 in passenger business annually they would now be earning a fair return on investment. They had lost it and when they endeavored to help themselves by curtailing passenger train service there came pronounced opposition from the public which had left the trains for the automobile. Mr. Dunn might have said that this, also, applied in the east as well.

Stand By Your Company

If you think your company's best,
Tell 'em so.

If you'd have it lead the rest,
Help it grow.

When there's anything to do,
Let the fellows count on you—
You'll feel bully when it's through,
Don't you know.

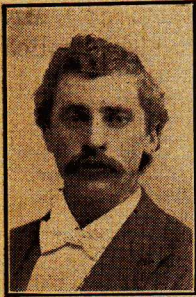
If you're used to giving knocks,
Change your style;
Throw bouquets instead of rocks
For a while.
Let the other fellow roast,
Shun him as you would a ghost.
Meet his hammer with a boast
And a smile.

When a stranger from afar
Comes along,
Tell him who and what you are—
Make it strong.
Needn't flatter, never bluff,
Tell the truth, for that's enough;
Join the boosters—they're the stuff—
Sing your song!

—Selected.

Forty Years With M. C. R. R.

BY E. W. TEBBETTS



M. J. Madden

Brunswick in 1867 and commenced work at an early age for the late William R. Field in the old railroad restaurant, a well known place to all old railroad men, who used to travel through Brunswick.

After a few years there he entered the employ of the Maine Central in 1885 as cook on a work train under George Andrews which position he filled thirteen years, when he accepted the position as mail transfer man in the Brunswick station, and if one is traveling through Brunswick today they will see Mr. Madden on the job, "hale and hearty," and greeting his many friends with his usual salutation, "Many happy days on the farm."

During his forty years of service on the road, Mr. Madden has made hosts of friends, through his many deeds of kindness and cheerful ways. He has been a life-long collector of curios and it is doubtful if there is a more interesting collection to be found anywhere. It consists of at least twenty-five canes, three of which are gold-headed and of great value; one was presented to Mr. Madden by relatives of the famous Indian Chief Sitting Bull, who fought against General Custer; an Indian war club used by Chief Grizzly Bear of the Sioux Indians and a club from the Philippine Islands; also a sword from Japan made from coins of that country; a collection of metals, thirty in number, from all parts of the

world, two from classes of Bowdoin College, and others from different orders and societies with which Mr. Madden is associated.

Much time has been spent by Mr. Madden in procuring autographic letters and among those which he now possesses are some signed by the Royal Family of England, Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson and Taft; and from John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, and many other great men.

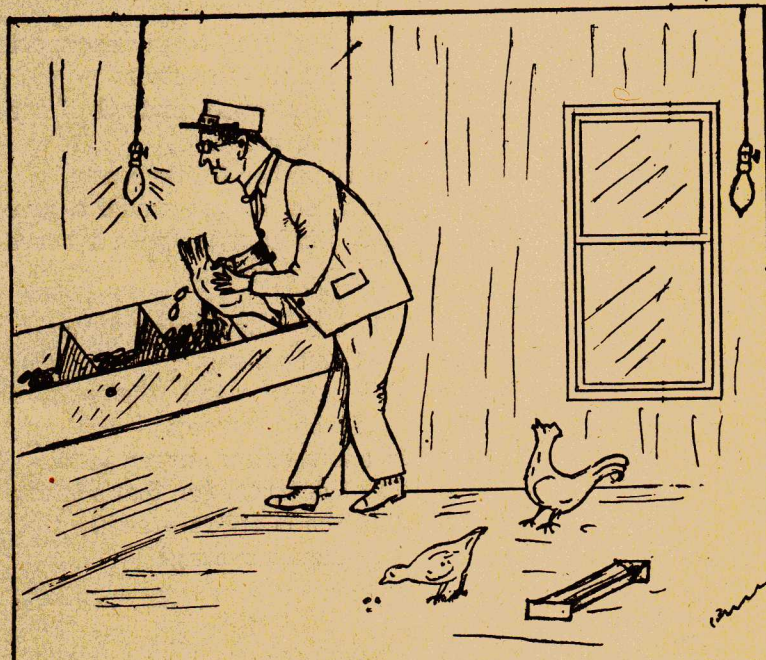
Mr. Madden has had many interesting experiences during his railroad life. Once the mail was overlooked by an assistant and Mr. Madden transferred the Lewiston and Auburn mail over the road in a hand-car and delivered the mail to the twin cities at four

o'clock in the morning, after which he had to pump back to Brunswick and be on the job at the morning train.

Also the capture of a notorious robber, that rode "blind baggage" into Brunswick, has figured in Mr. Madden's career.

He is the organizer of the Shamrock Club; for thirty-one years the president of same. Many banquets have been brought about through his efforts. He is a member of the Knights of Columbus, Red Men and Ancient Order of United Workmen of Bath, and an honorary member of the Shamrock Club of Alabama. Mr. Madden has found railroad life to be very interesting and can tell many thrilling stories relative to his years of service on the road.

Agent Woodard Beats Nature



To overcome the natural tendency of "Biddy" to sleep the long winter nights, Agent Woodard, Bingham, has wired his henney for electric lights. The results are great—but look out for the Society with the long name, "PA."

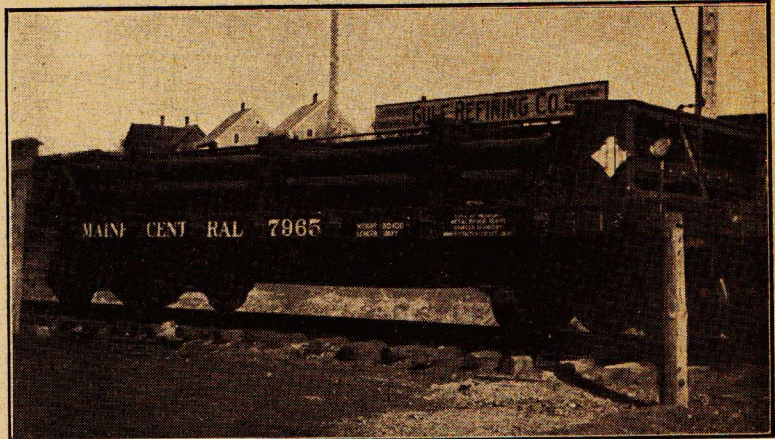
Making Pintsch Gas For Cars

BY C. A. JEFFERDS

One of the most interesting and the least known about of any manufactured product used by the railroads is the making of illuminating gas for passenger cars.

This product is made in Brewer, Me., by the Pintsch Gas Co. of New Haven, Conn., of which Howard T. Keyser is the Superintendent, assisted by F. J. Lapiere and Percy Murray with Mr. McInnis and Paul Clish who fill cars in the Bangor passenger yard nights and days respectively.

This gas was discovered by a German named Pintsch and is made from crude oil or what is known as gas oil, being put through a process of generators. One of the by-products is a black substance sometimes called lamp-black.



CAR LOADED WITH TANKS OF GAS GOING TO PORTLAND TO SUPPLY CARS NOT RUNNING INTO BANGOR



WHERE GAS USED TO LIGHT MANY CARS IS MADE AT BREWER JCT.

There are several meters telling amount of gas being made and how much is on hand. Also there is a pressure recording clock which automatically marks in ink the amount of gas and the time of day, so a perfect record is kept all the time of how much gas is on the line.

To avoid being out of gas in case of shut-down, a storage tank with a capacity of 5000 cubic feet has been recently added.

This gas is claimed to be non-poisonous although it would kill you if it was inhaled.

There are two gas transport cars, M. C. 7968-7965, which are shipped alternately to Portland to fill gas tanks on cars which do not run into Bangor. Each car has 18 flasks which hold on the average 140 atmospheres of gas each.

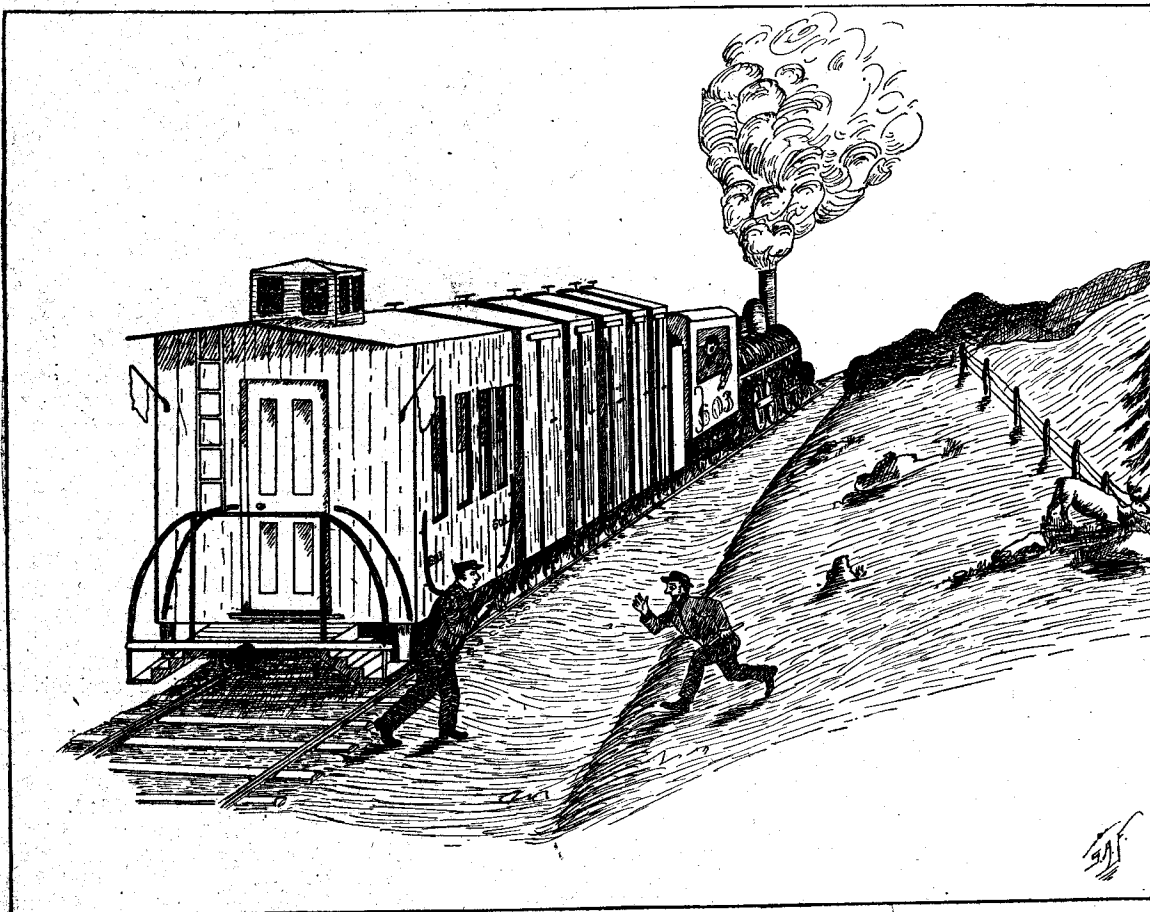
There is another car, M. C. 611, which has recently been added and is used to supply cars at Lewiston. This is a flat car having a large tank on it.

The gas for Bangor passenger yard is transferred from the Brewer Plant by a pipe line direct and crosses the river via the railroad bridge. There are, through-

(Continued on Page 17)

Trainmen Put Out Danger Signal

BY L. S. FOSS



ARTIST FROST'S CONCEPTION

Listen, lads, while I tell a tale of hunters bold. 'Tis one of those yarns which make you know there's heaps of difference 'twixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. In other words, there is as much of a space between hunters who hunt in the woods and those in the "buggy" of a freight as there is between yachtsmen who sail their crafts on the briny deep and those who constitute the rocking-chair fleet on the club-house porch.

Listen, I say, and let me tell of the days, so many, we've sat in the "buggy" and heard Conductor

Hachey and "Sarge" Trott relate their prowess as Nimrods, two.

The deer they slew, the wild-cats, bears and painters, too, which fell at the crack of their trusty 56-40's, in those tales in the "buggy," I'd not dare to number.

Never a miss, scored they in those tales; always the bullet sped true to its mark. Never but one shot was needed to reach the most vital spot in any animal's body. They shot to kill and never wasted lead. Yes, lads, they were mighty hunters, great killers of

big and wild game, as they sat in the "buggy" and smoked and talked.

Many's the day, when on siding we waited, I've sat and listened and thought I wanted a deer or a bear or even a chipmunk timid, for I knew death lurked for any of the animal kingdom which ventured near.

And such difficult shots! My, my, but it was wonderful about their rifles, guided by the keen eyes of those mighty hunters—as they yarned away there in the "buggy."

Now that I recall, lads, I don't think they ever killed a bear or a tiger in hand-to-hand combat, as they talked and yarned, there in the "buggy." Just the same, I felt sure that it would be a sorry day for any wild animal who tempted them, even though the twain should be unarmed. I knew, so did all the boys, as we listened to these yarns of game which had bit the dust, that they choke a bear to death as easily as they'd chop the head from a chick, and wring the neck of a bobcat while the cat was getting ready to snarl.

But—

You will recall I mentioned that there were differences. There are.

It was on the nineteenth day of October, last, lads. Extra 334 was pounding the steel between Passadumkeag and Olamon. Hogger Crocker up in the locomotive cab was watching the track ahead as a good engineer should be doing. Suddenly there was a flash of red on the right of way ahead. It was a deer. A sure-to-goodness buck deer and the open season was in full blast.

And that was not all. Mr. Buck misjudged the right of way fence and got tangled in the wire fencing, where he remained.

"Wish I had a gun," muttered Hogger to the fireman, and then he remembered Hachey and "Sarge." A broad smile, the kind he wore in the days when he was sparking his first girl, illumined his face. "That deer's as good as dead," he told himself, "I'll turn the job over to Hachey and 'Sarge'; they'll know what to do."

He juggled the air, cut off the steam and eased her down until the "buggy" was opposite where the big buck was struggling to clear itself of the wire fencing.

The stage was set. It was the cue for those great hunters to burst forth and slay the deer. They burst forth all right, but the slaying didn't follow. Somehow or other they, apparently, didn't see the deer tangled in the wire fence; leastways, they made no move to make a killing, because, you see, it wasn't in the "buggy." They ran up and down the train, hollered at one another, then climbed back into the "buggy." Hogger, mad, gave the steam

and Extra 334 rolled on beyond Olamon, but as it did so, Hogger tossed a note to the agent, telling about the deer and—

Why, yes, the agent went down the track, he and a section hand, and enjoyed some decidedly nice venison steak, because, you see, he doesn't do his hunting in the "buggy."

Pintsch Gas

(Continued from Page 15)

out the Yard, gas pots or filling valves, so that cars can be filled with hose. The gas is measured by atmospheres. It requires an average of ten atmospheres to fill a tank. A gauge near the tank shows the amount.

The weather has a great deal to do with this product as at noon-time there will be more gas

than later in the day when it is colder.

So when you sit in the train on your next trip and read your magazine or paper, stop and think a minute of all the time and money that has been expended to perfect and make this article which is one of the least known and most needed of all railroad commodities.

NEXT!

Once a friend of Mark Twain's was conversing with him regarding a terrible affliction of a person known to them both. The friend said:

"Can you imagine anything worse than having diphtheria and scarlet fever at the same time?"

"Yes," replied Mark, "I can easily imagine some things worse than that—for instance, rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance."

Good Dogs at Waterville



HEFTY



MOLLY

KELLEY'S DOGS

Dogs are the hobby of P. D. Kelley, boilermaker at the Waterville Engine House. A good dog, regardless of the breed, will attract his attention any time, but Pat's favorites are English bulls. He has owned many fine dogs in the past, as all Waterville fanciers will agree. He believes that Molly and Hefty, present oc-

cupants of his kennels, are the best yet. They are pedigreed English bulls and fine specimens.

Mr. Kelley takes a deal of pleasure out of his dogs and takes the best of care of them. Knowing dogs and their traits, he is able to train the animals he has and to get the very best results in all ways.



BANQUET OF BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP CLERKS, FREIGHT HANDLERS, EXPRESS AND STATION EMPLOYEES AT JOINT INSTALLATION

Railway and Steamship Clerks Lodges Hold a Joint Installation

BY J. F. DUNN

Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17th, brought about a happy gathering at Pythian Temple, Portland, occasioned by the annual joint installation of the newly elected officers of General Office Lodge No. 374 and Portland Lodge No. 152 of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees. By the energetic work of the joint committee in charge of the affair the event proved to be the most successful in many a year.

It was the good fortune of the Portland clerks to obtain the services of the crack and live wire degree team and staff officers of General Office Lodge No. 74 of the Boston and Maine System located in Boston to seat the new officers. Their presence was a big factor in the enjoyment of the afternoon. Not only was their ceremony enjoyed but also the various specialties which the Boston boys contributed to the entertainment program. A special car was hooked onto a morning Portland bound train and placed at the disposal of the fifty Boston boys and girls who were in attendance.

Brother W. H. Bond of Boston Lodge was master of ceremonies which were presided over by General Chairman Geo. W. Peterson of the Maine Central System.

Brother J. E. Rollins and a party from Lewiston were also in attendance as were representatives of Waterville and Bangor Lodges and scattered members from outlying points.

The accompanying pictures were generously arranged by Mr. A. P. Foss, assistant to the president and bespeak of the occasion.

The newly installed officers of Maine Central Lodge are Harold D. Cummings, worthy president; Harold J. Foster, vice-president; P. M. Glasscock, recording secre-

tary; C. I. Pickett, financial secretary and treasurer; L. R. Grant, chaplain; F. R. Landers, sergeant-at-arms; E. J. Nagle, inner guard; C. W. Mills, outside guard; C. R. Bryant, past president.

The executive committee consists of F. E. Morton, chairman; B. M. Lowe and J. A. Orchard. The protective committee is Joseph T. Welch, chairman; E. C. Whitney, C. I. Pickett, H. W. Gurney, E. V. Berrick, J. A. Orchard, R. M. Warford, C. W. Anderson and Malcolm Allen.

The officers of Portland Lodge installed are P. H. McFarland, worthy president; Walter Dunn, vice-president; W. M. Tapley, recording secretary; C. H. S. Curran, treasurer; L. P. Brown, financial secretary; W. H. Fagan, Jr., chaplain; Carl F. Wiggin, sergeant-at-arms; W. O. Gardner, inside guard; L. M. Strout, outside guard; J. F. Dunn, past president.

The executive committee is composed of Carl F. Wiggin, chairman; Walter Dunn and W. H. Fagan, Jr. The protective committee is Thomas F. Foley, chairman, P. H. McFarland, C. A. Kenney, R. J. Lowrey and J. E. Rollins.

Following the installation, there was an entertainment and several interesting talks, while the whole affair was concluded with a dinner in the dining hall of the temple, Joseph Langley catering.

The entertainment included a musical act and juvenile dancing by Miss Helen Desmond, Mr. Saunders and little Miss Virginia Tabor, the latter making a tremendous hit in her specialty dance numbers.

Others on the program were G. W. Peterson, solos; the Prince Lozier Trio from Boston Lodge; and Bill Rodgers, "The Original," also from Boston Lodge.

A short talk on court procedure was given by Walter M. Tapley, Jr., deputy clerk of courts, and remarks also were made by W. H. Bond of Boston Lodge and H. L. Plummer.

During the dinner music was furnished by Howard Arey's orchestra.

The committee in charge of arrangements consisted of Harold J. Foster, Joseph T. Welch, Lester R. Grant, Blanche Lowe and Frances Moran, representing Maine Central Lodge; L. P. Brown, C. L. Wiggin, J. R. Stanton, Eleanor Logue, Margery Fay, Grace Katon and Margaret Coyne, representing Portland Lodge.

General Counsel Weds

At a charming home wedding, in the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hattie F. Shaw, Miss Mildred L. Shaw of Freeport became the bride of Hon. Edward G. Wheeler of Brunswick. The service was performed by Rev. George Merriam, pastor of Bethany Baptist church of Skowhegan, formerly pastor of the Freeport church. Mr. Merriam previously officiated at the marriage of the bride's two sisters.

Mrs. Wheeler has for some time been assistant to Prof. Austin McCormick, alumni secretary at Bowdoin College. She is a charming young lady, who has hosts of friends. The groom has long been prominent in Maine, being a leading member of the legal profession of this State. He is general counsel and a director of the Maine Central Railroad.

My ear is listening for the sound
Of earliest bird upon the tree,
Of sparrow flitting o'er the ground,
Whose note so welcome is to me.
—Jones Very.

BANQUET OF BROTHERHOOD OF RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP CLERKS, FREIGHT HANDLERS, EXPRESS AND STATION EMPLOYEES AT JOINT INSTALLATION

Freight Claim Prevention

At this season of the year it is customary to take account of stock and review the proceedings of the year just closed. It is also a custom to adopt new resolutions and wish our friends success and prosperity.

Concerning resolutions:—Let us resolve to assist the parent of the family, namely—the Maine Central Railroad Company, in every possible manner in the accomplishment of freight claim prevention.

In order to interest the Family in freight claim prevention and the requirements of same, we will endeavor to show you by causes what loss and damage freight claim payments have cost the Maine Central for the year 1925.

Unlocated loss and robbery total \$19,612, the largest single cause in the entire list. The chief item of loss aggregating this amount was cigarettes and tobacco.

When an Agent has a shortage of cigarettes or tobacco, it should be reported at once, by wire if necessary, to the Superintendent and the Freight Claim Agent just the same as any case of robbery actually known to exist.

Rough handling is the next item, \$18,389.82. The proper stowing, trimming and leveling down of freight as same is taken out or placed in cars will help to reduce the causes attributed to rough handling.

Unfortunately, wrecks cost \$10,302.14. Had there been no wrecks our account would have been about \$60,000.00 for the year which would have been one of the lowest freight claim accounts since 1914-15. However, the account is over \$5,000 less than it was in 1924, which is gratifying and speaks well for the freight claim prevention as carried on in 1925. Defective equipment cost \$8,464.65. Cars should be carefully inspected by the carrier and a carrier's record of inspection maintained as set forth in our

Vice-President and General Manager's Circular, No. 99, in which Freight Claim Division Rule 64 is quoted. See that a proper car is placed to receive a proper load. See that cars are tight and fit and clean when they are to receive a clean load. Especially watch cars which are to receive paper or potatoes and make sure that they are suitable for these commodities.

Delay cost \$8,464.65. It is quite fitting that we say "Wheel 'em, boys." Do not permit cars to hang around. If loaded cars are set off or repaired, keep after them and get them wheeling.

The balance of the account is for ordinary claim causes and, if you will co-operate in an effort to prevent the conditions enumerated, it seems appropriate to leave the balance until another time.

As a matter of information, we received during the year, 8,038 loss and damage claims. 78% of same were paid or declined within 30 days from date of receipt in this office. If a claim is delayed now, it must be that the agents do not send them in promptly. Most of the agents do, but some don't. You know who I mean, you who do not send claim papers in promptly.

Prompt settlement of claims establishes confidence in business. This company wants this confidence of its patrons. Thus you will gather the idea that we do not want this confidence destroyed by any one who does not promptly forward claim papers given to them by our patrons.

Rough handling, improper loading and concealed damage which in the aggregate cost this company \$26,217.47 in 1925, indicates a cause in which there is considerable ground for improvement; however, these three causes have been reduced by better handling of freight and they can be still further reduced.

A very commendable reduction was made in 1925 as compared with 1924. Let us cut it in half in 1926, but we have got to have team-work and co-operation to do it. Always consider that the prevention of loss or damage is just so much money saved for our company.

I wish to call your attention to our Bulletin which we submit herewith in this issue of the Magazine and that you note that there is an approximate reduction of 25% in the total figures as compared with 1924.

In conclusion, this company wants every member of the Family to actively help in preventing loss and damage and to see to it that the other fellow knows that they are helping and giving a service which is an honor to yourself and the entire Family. Again I thank you.

The Official Bulletin

Following is the bulletin referred to by Mr. Manning in the preceding article:

Portland, Maine.
Jan. 15, 1926.

TO ALL CONCERNED:

Please place this circular in a prominent place on Bulletin Boards where TRAIN CREWS will have an opportunity to see same and in FREIGHT SHEDS where LOADING CREWS will take proper notice of same.

DAMAGE charged to ROUGH HANDLING and CONCEALED and UNLOCATED DAMAGE are principally the results of IMPROPER LOADING and POOR STOWING and failure to properly TRIM and LEVEL down the freight in cars by LOADING and TRANSFER CREWS at FREIGHT SHEDS and by TRAIN CREWS in handling FREIGHT from way cars and in not TRIMMING down the loads as freight is taken out of cars between stations in way cars.

Rough Handling Damage—1924, \$22,280.60; 1925, \$18,389.82. Decrease, \$3,890.78.

Improper Loading—1924, \$3,657.02; 1925, \$2,696.89. Decrease, \$960.13.

Concealed and Unlocated Damage—1924, \$7,860.05; 1925, \$5,130.76. Decrease, \$2,729.29. Total, 1924, \$33,797.67; 1925, \$26,217.47. Decrease, \$7,580.20.

A comparison of the causes shown above indicates a decrease of \$3,890.78 in Rough Handling, decrease of \$960.13 in Improper Loading, decrease of \$2,729.29 in Unlocated Loss Damage. Total decrease \$7,580.20 for 1925 as compared with 1924. This is nearly a 25% decrease and a very much appreciated and commendable reduction.

We want the co-operation of everyone who handles a piece of freight and if we receive this co-operation, I feel sure that your united efforts will cut Rough Handling in half for the year 1926.

Handle Freight Carefully. It Can be Done. Cut Rough Handling in Half.

M. C. MANNING,
Freight Claim Agent.

HE GOT IT

By Charles H. Blackwell
John Snell of the pay-roll office tells this one:

The other day, at Union Station, just as the Boston train was steaming in through the south yard headed for Track No. 1 where it remakes to go east, a fellow came stepping out of the Waiting Room and walked out to the middle of the same track, where he stopped without looking around and called out to a passing baggage man: "Where do I get the Bangor train?" The baggage man kept his truck rolling right along, but he waved his arm around and said: "In the seat of the pants if you don't git off that track pretty darn quick."

SOME SERVICE

Sam—"Mandy, can I kiss you?"
Mandy—"Piggly-Wiggly."
Sam—"What you all mean?"
Mandy—"Help you'self."

EASTMAN'S DOG TEAM

Among those who watched the dog team races at Poland Spring on Jan. 15 and 16, was Foreman A. L. Eastman of the Maine Central's Bemis section. Foreman Eastman is a lover of dogs and while he did not enter the races, has a dog team of which he is very proud. It is a one-dog-team, but a good one. Lilly is a two-year-old thoroughbred Newfoundland and came from Ohio as a pup. Mr. Eastman has trained her to harness and has a small sled which she draws.

As a side-line to his railroad work, in winter Mr. Eastman does considerable trapping. In this work Lilly is a practical help, for hitched to the sled she draws it

and the load of traps to whatever points he desires. The catch of the traps are also loaded into the sled and brought home.

Lilly weighs about one hundred pounds and, like all Newfoundland dogs, is gentle, affectionate and wants to be friends with everyone. She came to Poland Spring with her master and had harness and sled along. They attracted almost as much attention as did the racing dogs; even famous old Chinook of the Walden, winning team, had little on Lilly, especially among the children.

Up at Bemis, Lilly has a son and daughter, which Mr. Eastman believes will make wonderful dogs.



SECTION FOREMAN A. L. EASTMAN OF BEMIS AND HIS DOG, LILLY

Baggage Master Dutille a Veteran

BY ED. G. CROSBY

On December 31, 1925, Adolph Dutille, baggage master at the Waterville Passenger Station, completed thirty-five years of service on the Maine Central, all of which has been in the baggage room and the last twenty years as baggage master.

His service began under Michael Murphy, then baggage master and known as one of the best on the whole system. The crew consisted of Mr. Murphy, Chester F. Rowe, the late Thomas Gamache and Mr. Dutille in the day time, and the late John Nelligan on duty at night.

In those days it was a real man's job, for the day was from

six in the morning till six at night. The traveling men all carried a large number of trunks, some as many as twenty and all of them heavy.

Like his predecessors, Messrs. Michael Murphy and Chester F. Rowe, Mr. Dutille has maintained a high standard of service to the public and has handled the many perplexing problems in a manner that has reflected credit to himself, as well as maintaining the highest degree of loyalty to his employers. Always pleasant and courteous, he has endeared himself to the traveling public and made himself valuable to the company. To know him is to like him, and his friends are many.

The accompanying picture was taken during war-time and the men with him are William R. Chapman, of the Maine Musical Festival and two of his artists, who happened to be at the Waterville station at the time.

Two of his sons, Adolph, Jr., and Leo are now in the Waterville Station baggage room and both are "chips of the old block."

Station Employes Usher In Officers

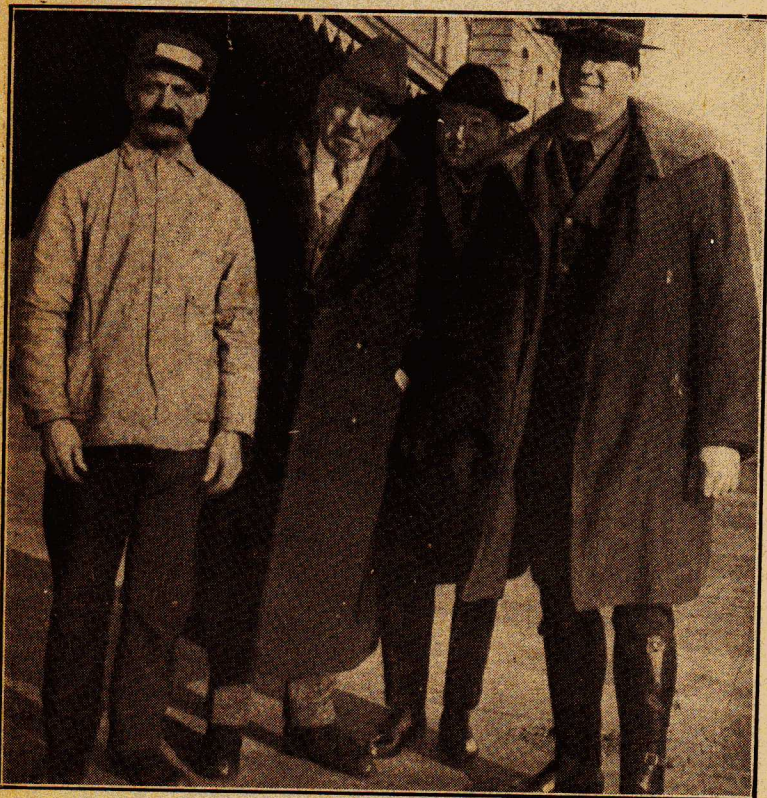
A public installation of the officers of Division 15, Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employes, was held on the night of Jan. 7, in Pythian Temple.

These officers were installed: Grand President, Thomas C. Foss; President, A. E. Towsey; Vice-President, M. G. Ward; Secretary and Treasurer, W. M. McDowell; Recording Secretary, Horace Frost; Chaplain, Peter Conley; Warden, M. Carroll; Inside Sentinel, Wm. Allen; Outside Sentinel, Patrick McFarland.

Following the installation there was an entertainment. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing in the dining hall. The feature of the occasion was the reading by Miss Olivia S. Trott. Violin solos by John F. Grant. Exhibition of dancing by S. J. Delaney and old-time dance tunes by Johnson's orchestra.

Wish Morton Success

The clerks in the General Offices are all wishing Frank E. Morton the best of success in his new position as Chief Clerk in the Freight Audit Office. At the same time we are very sorry to lose his active service to the Clerks' Organization. He has served us efficiently and unstintingly during the past years and while we are glad for him, we will miss his advice and help.



HERE YOU HAVE ADOLPH DUTILLE AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE PICTURE: MR. DUTILLE AND PROF. W. R. CHAPMAN OF MUSIC FESTIVAL FAME AND TWO OF HIS ARTISTS. PHOTO WAS SNAPPED DURING WAR DAYS.



BOWLING

How the Morning League Stands

By J. F. Dunn

February finds us in the midst of the foremost indoor winter sport indulged in by most folks. Rigby is well represented in the thinpin pastime, its weekly battles having fever pitch. Now that the boys have rid themselves of tightened muscles and brought themselves into the pink of condition we expect big happenings during the balance of the season. The home stretch lies ahead which brings the knock-'em-down gent around to thinking of trophies.

Every Thursday morning finds the members of the night league assembled at the lanes strutting their stuff. Cyclone Kelley just won't let those harmless bits of timber stand in their designated places a minute. Jim has established an enviable record of a hundred and four for a high average while he has been jolted from his throne as high single king by Arthur Gagnon who laced the candles for a hundred and thirty-five. The standing corrected to Jan. 14th is:

League Standing			
	Won	Lost	P.C.
Team 2	48	16	.750
" 4	43	21	.672
" 1	24	40	.375
" 3	21	43	.328
High average		Kelley	104
" 3 strings		Kelley	337
" single		Gagnon	135
" team total	Team 4		1429
" team single	Team 4		519
Averages: Kelley, 104; Gagnon, 94; Mudd, 93; Marcroft, 92; Cole-			

man, 90; Geary, 89; McCarthy, 89; Siteman, 89; Burke, 88; McFarland, 88; Lanciault, 87; Wright, 86; Nally, 86; Campbell, 84; Hopkins, 83; Steeves, 82; Demers, 81; Devine, 80; Fifield, 75.

Rigby Night Pinner

By J. F. Dunn

The day-workers who do their thirty winks on Wednesday evenings are highly resolved that they are not to be outdone by the Morning League and even though they have to rely on Thomas Edison vacuum bulbs to show 'em where those pins are, they do a nasty job after they get under way. The 7 to 3 gang are not satisfied with the weekly matches but resort to specials from time to time. An argument which had been brewing (I said argument) for some time was brought to a showdown on Jan. 14 when the Rigby Aces and the Rigby All-Stars collided at the Congress Square Alleys. Oh, boy, what a tussle! To make bad matters worse, the day foremen put in appearance and chose up sides, Harry Walker lining up with the Aces' rooters and "Wally" Whitehouse with the All-Stars. It was thought that the police might break in at any time to quell the disturbance. The Aces took the first bout by twelve pins; dropped the second by nine, giving them a three-pin lead in the final; but something happened which crabbed the party, the Aces piled up forty-one extras in this string and took the match by a forty-four margin and also the stakes (steaks).

Rigby Aces				
Shaw	80	96	94	279
Sweatt (C)	97	83	85	265
Kane	72	76	76	224
Pfeffer	72	82	93	247
Welch	85	81	88	254
	406	418	436	1260
Rigby All-Stars				
Finn	84	80	85	249
Prew	69	90	84	243
Bovine	80	85	85	230
Harrington	80	84	76	240
Garvin	81	88	85	254
	394	427	359	1216

There isn't anything very startling at the Wednesday evening assemblies outside of the tussle for low honors. Having lost all hope of being up with the singers, Barthold and Cabana are fighting furiously for the cellar, with only three to eliminate.

Averages—Rigby Night League
Jan. 14, 1926

League Standing			
	Won	Lost	P.C.
Team 2	48	31	.608
" 4	47	33	.588
" 3	41	39	.513
" 1	23	56	.291

Averages: Welch, 91; Shaw, 90; Garvin, 88; Kane, 88; Sweatt, 87; Pfeffer, 86; Costello, 85; Harrington, 84; Bovine, 84; Miller, 83; Kimball, 81; Cabana, 80; Barthold, 80; Moulton, 79; Prew, 86; Riopelle, 72.

M. C. Team Defeated by Woodfords Club

On Jan. 8th, at the Congress Square Alleys, the Maine Central Team met defeat at the hands of the Woodfords Club. This was

the second game between these teams. Maine Centrals won the first game, rolled on the Woodfords Club Alleys, therefore a third game, which will be rolled on the Congress Square Alleys, this being decided by the toss of a coin, is in order. The Maine Centrals won the first game by 87 pins and lost the second game by 72 pins. The totals of the last game were Woodfords 1423, Maine Centrals 1351. In this game the Maine Central Team was away off color, none of the men rolling up to their average. The Maine Central total of 1351 is about the smallest ever rolled by them. Philip Smart of the Maine Centrals and Thomas Forrestall of the Woodfords Club were the high men, each having a total of 297 for the three strings. Following are the scores:

MAINE CENTRALS

Waite	84	88	108—280
Pearson	77	95	95—267
May	78	91	78—247
Smart	95	83	119—297
Goud	87	82	91—260

421 439 491—1351

WOODFORDS CLUB

L. Peterson	90	97	84—271
E. Peterson	90	110	89—289
McCullum	92	77	118—287
Anderson	90	105	84—279
Forrestall	87	106	104—297

449 495 479—1423

vaded the Bowlodrome, and with the bowlers set for a hard contest, the game started. The score was as follows:

Office Team			
Frost	90	79	93—262
Marks	75	65	73—213
MacCarlie	75	53	66—194
McInnis	89	79	76—244
Andrews	89	79	75—243

Total 418 355 383 1156

Section Men			
Hall	81	76	80—237
Trott	62	72	78—212
Stevens	89	71	64—224
Noble	85	89	64—238
Lodge	75	76	83—234

Total 392 384 369 1145

The second game was bowled at the same alleys, December 21, between the Train Crew and the Office Team, the Office again coming out victors.

The averages for the string were as follows:

Office Team	
McInnis	86 2-3
Frost	93 2-3
Marks	78
MacCarlie	76 2-3

Train Crew	
Cook	74 2-3
Rutherford	84 2-3
Connors	81
Merrithew	86 2-3

Both games were very interesting, for as each bowler came to the scratch, he was applauded, as though he were a real hero. As a result of the first game, there were many excuses why the score was not bigger. Trott of the section men thought that the alleys were too long for a short man. Stevens remarked that the alleys were not straight, for he was continually rolling the ball off the alleys. Noble thought that he did not do justice to himself for rolling the game without a little practice and Lodge made every excuse for wearing his new heavy shoes, remarking that he always bowled in his light slippers and that he discarded them last season and could not get another pair like them anywhere.

Marks was in a quandary as to whether the alleys were made too near the gutters, or whether there was some underhanded business in the matter of the balls seeking

the places where the pins were not. McInnis tried to kill the pin-boys for not knocking down the pins when he threw the ball, and MacCarlie's reason that he did not bowl any better, was that he was not used to these alleys, they not being the same as those in Dennysville. The alleys in Dennysville, he said, were built 20 feet shorter and were grooved so that the ball, when thrown, would go straight.

As the interest in bowling is becoming more intense, there is every reason to believe that before the winter is over, there will be handed down in history, a series of stories that will be worth while remembering, and some scores that would put to shame the best of bowlers.

The averages of the bowlers up to the present are as follows:

Name	Games	Average
Taylor	2	92 2-3
Johnson	1	92 1-3
Frost	8	90 1-8
Lodge	8	88
Rutherford	2	87 2-3
McInnis	3	84 7-9
Hall	6	84 1-5
Connors	1	81
Noble	5	80 7-15
Merrithew	4	79
Healey	2	78 1-3
Trott	4	76 1-6
Cook	6	75 17-18
Stevens	4	75 5-6
Waltham	1	75 2-3
MacCarlie	5	74 11-15
Marks	6	74 7-18
Shedd	1	68 1-3
Myers	1	66 2-3

M. C. Defeats Rigby

By John Goud

Oh, Bowlers, look these scores over, and see what Rigby was up against.

The Maine Centrals swamped Rigby under an avalanche of 102 pins in the second game rolled between these teams, at the Congress Square Alleys, Jan. 15. This is the second time the Maine Centrals have taken a fall out of Rigby. The first time, the Maine Centrals won by 83 pins. You will please note, that in this game, the Maine Centrals rolled 513 on the second string, and 549 on the third string, with a grand total

With Eastport Bowlers

By S. A. Frost

The first of a series of games for the championship of the Maine Central Railroad contests was played at Ward's Bowlodrome, Dana Street, December 19, and ended in a victory for the Office Team.

J. A. Leighton and J. E. Andrews of the Office Team were absent, and in their place was substituted Frank Andrews and Archie MacCarlie. The score was very close, and as there was much guessing as to who would win, the interest became intense. When the teams toed the scratch for the start, there was a noise that would have done Harvard proud. A general enthusiastic spirit per-

of 1522, which is going some. Philip Pearson, a brother to Ralph Pearson the widely known bowler of this city, was the high man of this match, with a total of 90-108-124-322. Pearson was followed closely by John Goud, with 109-102-105-316, and Goud was hard pushed by Philip Smart with 92-106-113-311. May and Waite were close up with 288 and 285 respectively. Mr. Mudd of the Rigby team was easily high man for his team with all three strings over the century mark, namely 109-104-102-315. The grand totals of the two teams were, Maine Centrals 1522, Rigby 1420. Following are the scores:

Maine Centrals			
Goud	109	102	105—316
Waite	90	105	90—285
Pearson	90	108	124—322
May	79	92	117—288
Smart	92	106	113—311
Total	460	513	549-1522
Rigby			
Marcroft	88	90	95—273
Burke	72	86	85—243
Gagnon	86	108	103—297
Mudd	109	104	102—315
Kelley	92	101	99—292
Total	447	489	484-1420

M. C. BOWLING LEAGUE STANDING			
	Won	Lost	P.C.
Mooseheads	44	20	.687
Megantics	39	25	.609
Portlands	34	30	.530
Kennebagos	32	32	.500
Somersets	32	32	.500
Concords	30	34	.469
Fabyans	29	35	.453
Rangeleys	28	36	.438
Fryeburgs	28	36	.438
Kineos	24	40	.375
High Individual String, Small 154.			
High Individual 3 String, C. May 372.			
High Team String, Fryeburgs 422.			
High Team Total, Fryeburgs 1184.			
High Average, P. Pearson 101.			
Averages: Pearson 101; H. P. Hawkes 100; May 99; Smart 98; Corcoran 96; Goud 96; Waite 95; L. Hawkes 94; Allen 93; Foster 93; McCullum 93; Hennigan 93; Stoner 92; Mills 94; Small 91; Malloy 90; Bean 90; Grant 90; Nagle 89; Talbot 88; Landers 88; Heiskell 88; C. P. Hawkes 87; Brown 87; Welch 86; Caldwell 86; Cain 86; Whitney 85; Paine 85; Gass 84; Reagon 84; Oberg 83; Smith 82; Shaw 82; Clarke 82; Herton 81; Jones 81; Clarke 81; Plummer 80; Rand 79; Elgee 71.			

GOING IN FOR APPLES

One of the youngest fruit associations is the Greenfield, Maine Apple Growers. This association has established a nursery at Greenfield and they now have 14,000 trees of the leading commercial varieties growing there. The young trees are thrifty and it is planned to transplant them to permanent orchards in the spring of 1927. These trees are all Maine grown, which is to insure their being acclimated and have the Maine flavor.

Two well-known Eastern Division men are interested in this association, A. L. Dennis, agent at Old Town and V. A. Cunningham, cashier there, being president and treasurer.

Letters to this company from Mr. Steinhardt of the firm of Steinhardt & Kelley, said to be the largest fruit brokerage concern in the world, says that Maine apples have a flavor that cannot be equaled in the United States. He predicts a great future for the Maine orchardists.



GREENFIELD APPLE NURSERY

SUSPICIOUS

Between stations a train came to a sudden stop with a tremendous grinding of brakes. Immediately a worried looking man rushed down the track and demanded of the brakeman the reason.

"What is it?" he asked. "An accident?"

"Somebody pulled the bell rope," was the reply. "The engineer put on the brakes too quickly, and one of the cars went off the rails. We'll be tied up about four hours."

"Four hours!" exclaimed the passenger. "But I'm to be married today!"

Instantly the brakeman turned on him with suspicion.

"See here," he ejaculated, "you aren't the guy who pulled the bell rope, are you?"—*Illinois Central Magazine.*

MAINE CENTRAL FAMILY

Eastern Division

By J. L. Riggie

Trainman L. S. Ross and family spent Christmas with their folks in Pittsfield.

The writer has heard several complimentary remarks regarding the January number of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine. We are off on the right foot, boys—let's keep in step.

Conductor W. H. Hall who is off duty at this writing, January 15, has not worked since Christmas, due to the illness of his wife.

On Dec. 28 A. H. Bacon displaced Conductor F. R. Hall on the first trick Eastport job, and the following day O. V. Shedd displaced Conductor B. M. Rutherford on the second trick Eastport job. F. R. Hall has placed himself in the baggage car on the Princeton job, and B. M. Rutherford in a similar capacity on the first trick Eastport run.

R. E. Hall, who has been continuously in the train service on the Eastern Division for over twenty years, wore a passenger trainman's uniform for the first time December 28.

G. Wynne, agent at Mt. Desert Ferry, was a visitor in Bangor, January 10.

Mrs. E. S. Bouchard, second trick at Old Town, has been granted a few months leave of absence on account of ill health. Operator T. S. Burns is substituting during her absence.

H. W. Caldwell is filling temporary position of third trick operator at Forest.

J. E. Roberts is covering third trick operator's position at Wytopitlock temporarily.

D. A. Foster is working his old job, first trick clerk and operator, at Danforth.

Thyrle Crone, son of Conductor C. F. Crone, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the

Russell Hospital, Brewer, January 5, had recovered sufficiently to return home January 16. A peculiar coincidence is that there were two of his class-mates and one other student of Brewer High that were admitted to the hospital for the same reason at intervals of one week apart.

There was a good-sized delegation from Bangor Union Station that attended the performance of the "Moonlight Cabaret Minstrels" presented under the auspices of the X Club at the Memorial Parlors, Bangor, January 14. The drawing cards for this particular representation consisted of Messrs. Edward S. Buck, Earl J. Dymond, and William H. Derricks, of the Union Station janitor force. Eddie in the role of interlocutor in the opening number, and a member of the quartet in the concluding number, had a bad cold but carried on just the same. Earl who was to demonstrate the art of fancy stepping had to work, so could not be present. It was expected that Bill would be a top-liner, but someone apparently realized the cash value of his good disposition as he was found handling the ticket sales. It is reported that Station Baggage Master "Pete" St. Pierre was quite conspicuous in the "cheering section."

On December 30, Mrs. C. E. Reynolds, wife of Trick Dispatcher Reynolds, Bangor, left to visit her step-mother, Mrs. Sarah Smith, in St. Stephen, N. B. After she had left, word was received that Mrs. Smith, who was a widow and 81 years of age, was burned to death in a fire which broke out in her home. She was alone in the house and perished before help could reach her.

Oscar J. McLaughlin who has been in the train service on the Eastern Division since March 22, 1906, suffered a shock while at home on Dec. 21. Mr. McLaughlin is only 46 years of age and the father of a large family. Friends

and fellow-workers will be glad to know that at this writing—Jan. 16—he has sufficiently recovered to be up and around the house.

Hiram C. Applebee, yard brakeman, Bangor, was called to Milo, January 15, to attend the funeral of his niece, Mrs. Eva, wife of Clouse Applebee.

The writer has frequently been asked why there are no news items from Vanceboro and other points on the joint section. The why? is passed along to you up-river boys to answer.

Old Town

By V. A. Cunningham

Thomas S. Burns is supplying as second trick relief operator at Old Town during the absence of Mrs. Elizabeth S. Bouchard.

Watch your sneeze, it spreads disease.

Elden L. Dolan has resigned as Freight Checker at Old Town.

I am trying to find out who the railroad boy was that told the lady selling the charity tickets that he "No speaka da Eng-lish." I never thought of that one, I always refer them to the boss.

F. X. Levallee, genial and obliging agent at Milford, supplies as Santa Claus whenever his services are needed. His last offence was in the schools at Milford and just as he was to proceed, suitably attired, Auditor Arthur White came along and insisted on hanging a large tin skillet on his belt, and F. X. with child-like confidence allowed him to do it.—Any time I let that White boy hang anything on me it would be on the end of a long rope—the far end. For the friends we can trust are the ones that we never asked to trust us.

Car Inspector J. J. Barnett observed a fellow-employee throw a penny into the Penobscot one day and inquired the reason and was

informed that it was done to woo Lady Luck and Dame Fortune. Next day John was seen at the river's edge tossing a penny with a string attached into the water and pulling it out again—John is Scotch.

My kid said he came nearer getting his wish for Christmas than he ever did before, and I asked him what he had wished for and he said, "A Packard and I got a pair of roller skates," which reminds me of that line from Shakspeare, "Little Willie, pair of skates, hole in ice, Golden Gates."

A voice from Costigan roared, Let the business come, I am ready, and I looked and there sat Joe O'Connell firmly intrenched behind a huge stack of eating tobacco. Henry Burr says he buys it in carload lots when Joe is around.

Information comes to us from Milford that as a juvenile entertainer Auditor Arthur White can't be beat.

Brunswick

By E. W. Tebbetts

Ed. Hennessey, yard conductor, has been having quite a lot of trouble keeping shaved lately. First one thing then another bothers him. To make a long story short: Three weeks ago Ed. went home and thought he would have a shave as his beard was getting long. He worked up a fine lather on his face and went for the razor. Couldn't find it. Asked his wife where it was and she said their son had it with him.

Ed. wiped the lather from his face and went down street for the shave. On his way back he bought another razor. In the middle of the next week he thought that he would try out the new razor. He went hunting for his shaving soap but couldn't find it. Wife told him the boy had a tube of shaving cream in the closet. Ed gets the tube and proceeds to go through the motion of lathering his face. It didn't lather, so he put some more on. That didn't work, then he looked at the label and found that he had been using toothpaste. Now Ed. says he wants to see the label of things he uses.

Rigby Terminal

By J. L. Dunn

We digested the January issue with pleasure and desire to compliment Leard of the Bangor Motive Power on this fine work. It seemed good to be able to read a magazine from cover to cover. There are so many things happening in and about Rigby, that the local scribe had to do some tall explaining to various individuals. No injury was meant for anyone and it is the writer's hope that everyone interested will understand that the East is just as important as the West.

Archie Pratt was relieved of transportation duties with the return of Mr. Riopelle, so everything is now back to normal.

Occasionally, events worthy of note occur concerning B. & M. men who run into Rigby and they being part of the one big railroad family, find themselves chronicized in our columns. One of these events happened way back on the 28th of November. Engineer Edward Wallace, the apple king and rich widower from Dover, N. H., took unto himself a wife. Ed. then took his first vacation in fifteen years, and, according to his tell, had one wonderful honeymoon. The boys smoked to his future happiness. There was something strange about this unification. As a rule, a man takes a wife for a housekeeper, but in this case it was vice versa. Good luck, Ed.

Along with this event, another of dual importance, was the occurrence of an anniversary. A bit of pride struck us as we gleaned the columns of a December issue of a Portland daily there to read of the celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Whitten, who reside at Brown Hill, South Portland. Mr. Whitten needs no introduction to the folks at Rigby, but we might just say for the rest of the folks that Andrew is one of those young old men who runs a regular B. & M. train out of Rigby.

Here is a clipping sent in by Chief Clerk Harry Lovejoy of the Transportation Department: "A Londoner inhales on a day of

heavy smoke fog about 500 billion particles of dirt, which, placed end to end, would form a line about 250 miles long." Moral lesson: What about a Rigbyite?

Here's one from Eddie Conley: "Kid" Goodwin, B. & M. Engineer, generally has his car come out after him when done work around four pee em. Well, this particular afternoon the "kid's" car failed to show up and he decided he would have to take a street car. Upon checking up his finances, he found that he was just three cents short of a cash fare, so he approached Maynard Hincks, a brother engineer, and explained the situation. Old kind-hearted Maynard immediately dug down and produced the required three cents, at the same time telling the "kid" that he (Maynard) rode in with Foreman "Wally" Whitehouse every afternoon.

Thereupon the "kid" started down the road to meet the electric, but, it happened that he met Mr. Whitehouse backing out of the garage and hopped in (right into Maynard's seat) and the auto, having its capacity, rolled on without Maynard. Thus the "kid" not only got his ride to town, but had his seven cents and also Maynard's three cents and Maynard's ride. On the other hand, Maynard strutted down to where the bus usually put out from, only to find that gone. Old (Good Samaritan) Hincksy found himself three cents shy of a cushion and it is whispered around that he did the goose step to Libby Town.

Our masterful engineers seem to be taking up all the space in this issue, but there, they are a pretty important lot of cusses and take up a lot of space. Dec. 28 marked another epoch in the Maine Central's endeavor to serve the populace of Maine. The 28th saw the extension of Pine Tree Limited to the Queen City. Upon the arrival of the Limited in Bangor that evening, a great crowd gathered at the station to show their approval. The Chamber of Commerce of the town was in the center of the gang. The train roared into the station right on the minute. The crews were called to the station platform while a little mark of appreciation was demon-

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strated by Downeasters. In the center of all this were Engineer Jack Haines, Conductor Plaisted and the spokesman for the Chamber; under the last mentioned's arm, was a package. When the time was ripe, and with a few choice words, this gentleman presented Conductor Plaisted with this package, a box of good cigars, for having so efficiently performed this new task in the given amount of time. And Engineer Jack, who had worried and sweated for one hundred and thirty-seven miles, stood by with a dislocated nose. We guess Jack will smoke in the hereafter.

Andrew Turcotte, who has been covering Charlie Heal's late trick clerkship in the engine house, came into the oil room one night during one of our few snowstorms (dope out for yourself the date) and his eyes rested on a couple of large canvas curtains which would remind one of circus tents. By the way, these curtains are an innovation to a snow plow train, they being so hung on the engine as to keep the crew fairly dry. Andy inquired about the curtains and finally asked if they kept the coal from freezing. General Foreman McWilliams called for the paddle.

Right after the turn of the New Year, Engineer Dispatcher Ralph Stone, after completing his night's duties, was hobbling about the station waiting for the Freeport special. Suddenly, plop, and Ralph was lying in a heap on the platform, the women screamed (as usual), the men rushed to his assistance. There lay Ralph with a broken leg but without suffering any pain. Somebody picked up the scattered fragments of the broken leg, placed them in a paper and handed them to Ralph who hop-scotched to a B. & M. train standing in the station and which bore him to a factory where he purchased another trunk.

The December issue sort of took Henry Fountaine of the general foreman's office by surprise when he read therein about his catastrophe at the Freeport station (which by the way was supposed to be a secret). He decided that this would not happen again and if he was to be deterred at

the old ship-building town he wanted some place besides an open air arena to lay his head. And so, well, you know the outcome. The preliminaries were gone through. Jan. 1st found Henry and his sweetie, Miss Laura Hamilton, standing 'neath the green bowers (Dan Cupid taking aim from the opposite corner) and the Reverend asking of each those old, old questions. The pair emerged man and wife. Again the boys smoked.

Oftimes a carrier pigeon gets lost. In the case of Roy Kane, this bird dropped dead, it being necessary to replace the pigeon with a stork. This gallant bird spread its wings, starting from SOMEWHERE, and on Dec. 23, last, called on Mrs. Roy Kane with a baby girl. Since that date Roy has been working twenty-four a day.

Quite a few of us during the past have become well acquainted with the Texas Company service man, Myles A. Askew, a native of the Sunny South. On Dec. 20, friend Askew set out for the South to spend the Christmas holidays with his mamma. This was of course very enjoyable to both. He returned to his duties Jan. 7th, like a new man. On his first visit to the office, Myles passed the smokes around which was really not a strange thing for him to do, but there was something about him which was hard to understand. A little later while in conversation with General Foreman Garrison, Myles said something about his wife, and then came the confession. He had gone and done it, divulging Jan. 2d as the day when the strains of Lohengrin's filled his ears.

On Jan. 13th, Mr. Stork hovered about Libbytown under a tremendous load. He finally got his bearings, swooping down upon the Nee mansion with Twins! Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Nee are receiving congratulations. "Mickey" functions as a boiler maker's helper on the late trick in the round house.

By golley, we nearly forgot what is really important. Late in December, the City of South Portland placed a fire whistle at the Rigby heating plant for the benefit of the residents of the Thornton Heights District. This whistle is blown at 7 A.M., 12 M., 5 P.M.

and 9 P.M. for time signals. When this whistle blows it blows the clerks right out of their seats. We might also add that this new convenience is proving to be a fine bit of insurance for the cape city. To date, the whistle has sounded but once as a fire signal. This occurred on a Sunday morning, so we weren't on deck to appreciate it.

The all-out sounded about 10.30 and was quite unexpected. Stationary Engineer Albert E. Grant was on duty at the time, and thinking it was the noon whistle, pulled out his watch only to find himself an hour and half behind time. Then it came to his mind that the signal sounded twice or two ones (as you care to have it). He then decided that it must have been a fire and consulted his directory to ascertain where the fire was, but, alas, Albert was unable to find Box 11 on his card.

Miss Kay Dillon, stenographer to General Yardmaster J. L. Quincy, at Rigby, was rushed to the Queen's Hospital, Portland, on the night of Jan. 21, suffering from acute appendicitis. Kate was at work Thursday, but was not feeling quite herself, leaving for home shortly after noon. We were unable to ascertain her condition at this time, though we are all hoping for the best.

Thompson's Point

By H. Jackson

It is much to be regretted that some persons in this world are not content to let sleeping dogs lie undisturbed.

So after receiving many insulting remarks with reference to my ability as a scribe, and many threats of dire injury, I thought the time was ripe to send a contribution, and incidentally encourage the Editor to resign with disgust.

Thompson's Point is like the old gray mare, it's not what it used to be, but we are still doing business and very much alive for an old hoss.

Many changes have taken place at this point during the past year, and many an old employee with a long service record has been placed on the pension list.

We send them one and all sincere wishes for long life and happiness.

The most important events of the past month follow here with:

Johnny Martell, boilermaker's helper and newlywed, arrived at work Jan. 11, with pride and self-importance sticking out all over him like the sun's corona. His mouth was wide open and his teeth doing a shimmy with excitement, "It's a boy, eleven and a half pounds," he gasped, and collapsed in the arms of a shopmate.

C. M. King, boilermaker, has been chewing and smoking tobacco for 35 years, but suddenly knocked off the other day. We are all hoping he starts in again soon, for his proclivity for eating onions Pure after partaking of a lusty meal in a nearby restaurant, was asked by the waitress his choice of desserts. Beef Stew, he replied, with a voice like an amplifier.

Our genial machinist, Mel Card, still dreams of the romantic days of youth. Who is the lady you are so intimately concerned over in the morning car, Mel? Don't you think you are leading our young friend, Wetmore, astray? She has a comely friend, anyway.

Machinist Sam Jose is back at work again after a severe illness. Sam runs the car wheel lathe in a very efficient corner of the shop, where the wheels are bored and pressed on their axle. Production on this job has gradually increased until forty pairs of wheels have been turned out in a day.

A very noticeable idea is being used for loading assembled car wheels and axles in the shop. Simply a beam slung from the centre, hooks to engage the axle at both ends inside the wheels. Safe, a time saver and actually cuts out two men, one on the floor and one on the car.

The new truck for handling connecting and coupling rods, surely filled a long-felt want. There are many more ideas originating at Thompson's Point, but more anon.

Thos. Martell and Don Avery of the boiler crew have been taking a month's vacation at Bridgton. Loud complaints have been received from their boarding mistress on account of their gastro-

nomical ability. She says they shake a mean tooth at the dining table.

Waterville

By A. A. Thompson

With the Belfast & Moosehead Railroad taking over the "Belfast Branch" a number of changes occurred in the Maintenance of Way Department, especially among the section foremen. Some of these are: H. L. Curtis to Newport; L. A. Bradford to Hinckley; H. H. Smith to Dexter and Henry Webb was pensioned after many years of faithful service.

The release of the "Belfast Branch" by the Maine Central occasioned the following changes: Conductors Howard and Tainter went to Brunswick and Foxcroft respectively; Baggage Master McIntire went to Rockland and Baggage Master Gilmore is laying off. The brakemen went to the following points: Nutt to Bangor; Green to Waterville and Whittier to Farmington.

T. C. Dennet who was cashier at Waterville freight office a few years ago, is visiting in Lewiston and called on friends at this point recently. "Tom" was hurt in an automobile accident in Detroit but has recovered and is O. K. now. He has been working for the Chevrolet Motor Co. lately, but previous to that he worked for several railroads in the west. He allows that he has not seen anything better than the Maine Central Railroad and Waterville, and thinks that he will stay east.

In the Cabinet Shop, working every day, is a man who has had 30 years of railroad experience on the Maine Central. Part of this experience was terrible to say the least, but at sixty-eight years, J. A. Adams, or "Abbott" is "going strong." He first hired out at Waterville Shops, then was transferred to Bangor as car inspector where he remained for a little over two years, being transferred back to the shops where he remained only a short time as he was appointed Foreman Car Inspector at Bath. He held this position seven years when he was severely injured. In the inspection of a passenger train, Mr. Adams

got caught between two cars and received a compound fracture of the skull, had his right ear nearly cut off and the drum of his left ear punctured. He was rushed to the Maine General Hospital where he had the best of attention and much to the surprise of everyone, he got well, for as Abbott says, "I'm a tough old bird!" When he was able to work, he was given employment at the Waterville Shops.

Machinist Harry A. Bertrand who has been in the hospital for an operation has returned to his work.

M. F. Tulley is confined to his home by illness.

M. D. Peck has returned from a trip to Boston and Providence, R. I.

Joseph A. Boulette, a machinist helper in the erecting shop, and Miss Emma Bourgoin were united in marriage Jan. 6, at the Notre Dame Church. Each was attended by their father. After the ceremony the couple left for Lincoln where they spent the honeymoon. On their return they gave a reception to their friends.

L. J. Sanborn, who has been agent at Belfast for many years, has "bid" the second trick at Eastport.

Engineman P. A. Bradford is "running" on the Rockland Branch.

Engineman Lew Bailey has obtained a leave of absence and is visiting in Flint, Michigan.

Fireman E. P. Cook has returned to Waterville from Belfast.

Fireman W. M. Kezar has gone to Portland where he "bunted."

Herbert Brayall of the paint shop force, is confined to his home by a serious case of blood poisoning.

An item of interest to radio fans is that Mrs. A. E. Sullivan, the soloist, broadcasting from station KGO at Oakland, Cal., is the daughter of Car Repairer Patrick Cunningham.

Friends of Engineman J. E. Butler, will be pleased to know that his condition has improved sufficiently to allow him to sit up every day.

Ed. and Percy Johnson have returned from Caribou where they were called by the death of their

father. The sympathy of all fellow-employees is extended to them.

Welder, Joseph King, had the misfortune to have his home and nearly all of his furniture destroyed by fire on Dec. 29.

W. W. Henderson, of the passenger room force, had extensive repairs made on his home in Fairfield recently.

Foreman and Mrs. J. T. Prince passed Christmas with their daughter in Boston.

The paint shop force presented to Foreman J. H. Bardburn and Assistant Foreman James O'Neill, at Christmas, beautiful smoking sets with cigars. Manton D. Peck made the speech and each of the recipients responded in a fitting manner.

Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Ames spent the holidays with friends in Brockton, Mass.

Master Mechanic and Mrs. F. H. Ramsdell passed Christmas with Roadmaster and Mrs. Lloyd F. Brean in Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clifford have gone to Sarasota, Fla.

If one should be on Main Street about six o'clock on any Saturday night, they would see a man walking down the street with bundles in his hands, under his arms, in his pockets and a few tied on here and there. Upon close examination, after the removal of a few packages, one will discover our genial Car Clerk, "Heck" Rainey, preparing for a week end in Winslow.

The new flue shop is completed and "doing business." This shop is located just north of the boiler shop and is a valuable addition. Piling of Oregon fir forms the foundation, and on this an "all steel" building, 50 feet by 80 feet erected by the Truscon Steel Co. of Youngstown, Ohio. The sides, ends and roof are composition steel panels. The light is excellent and ample heat is furnished by two oil heaters. Two cutting machines, two welding furnaces, two swedging machines, one colling machine and one rattler are located in this building. The floor is made of cinders rolled to a hard surface.

Traveling Auditor, John F. Abbott, spent a few days recently in

Belfast on business connected with the transfer.

S. R. Armstrong of the freight office force passed a day in Portland on business recently.

Secretary E. W. J. Bern of the Railroad "Y" was in Portland on business, Jan. 9.

Foreman Chester E. Ellis of the freight house has returned to work after a short illness.

President Arthur J. Roberts of Colby College, one of the newly elected Directors of the Maine Central, always shows a keen interest in railroad affairs and very often can be seen talking to some of those who are in charge of the different departments at this point.

An ingenious labor-saving device has been perfected at Waterville Shops and is completed in the cabinet shop ready to be taken to the oil room where it will be put into operation. It is a Hard Grease Wafer Cutter. Previous to the building of this machine, all of the hard grease wafers that were used on the locomotives, had to be cut by hand, but now a man can cut four hundred and seventy-six in a very short time. A table is strung with wires, which can be tightened or renewed, similar to a piano, and all the operator has to do is to fill his forms, press down on the form and the wires cut the wafers and they fall into the pan underneath all ready for packing for shipment.

G. T. Cutting, who was Foreman Car Inspector at Bangor for a good many years and was afterwards transferred to Bath, has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. W. Hersum.

Assistant Foreman and Mrs. Wallace Bragg passed the holidays in Pawtucket, R. I.

Foreman Painter, J. H. Bradburn, has returned from a visit with relatives in New York City, Baltimore and Washington.

Linwood Henderson has returned to work after an attack of tonsillitis.

Chris. Carstensen passed the holidays with relatives in Island Falls.

General Car Foreman, M. F. Rhoades, made gifts of cigars to the foremen and clerks and candy

to the stenographers at Christmas time.

On January 17th, an enthusiastic meeting of the men on the Maine Central who belong to the New England Association of Railroad Veterans, was held at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. in Waterville. This meeting was very well attended by officials and men. J. M. Bartlett acted as Chairman and Charles H. Gibson as Secretary. Routine business was transacted, after which a general discussion of the proposed plan for co-operative pension was carried on. A plan was accepted and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Gibson, Cowan, Russell, Sayward, Atkins, Thompson, McKenney and Frost, was elected to confer with the Management, as soon as an audience could be arranged, to work out rules that would be satisfactory to all.

Scale Inspector, T. C. Harrold, who has been seriously ill for a long time, is able to be out and take short walks every pleasant day.

Oakland

By W. H. Marshall

Ralph Piper, section man, Madison, had the misfortune to nearly amputate his thumb while preparing to set up a Christmas tree. It required nine stitches to save the member.

Second Trick Operator Flynt, wishes to announce for the benefit of all concerned, that he will furnish no more tobacco to anyone, under any condition, except to some operator from the spare board, who may happen along with the habit.

Car Inspector, H. J. Gray, by name, says that the man who invented the new Tyden seals, never gave the advantages of the old seals much thought. When we asked him what he meant, he said that the new seals were not half so useful as the old ones, because they were too large to push through his pipe stem, and were not heavy enough to use as fish line sinkers. Hard luck, Harry. Looks as though you would have to loosen up and buy some factory built cleaners for that old

corncob, or smoke "Beavers" for a change.

First trick crossing-tender, F. N. Blaisdell, has been off with a very bad cold. During his absence, spare crossing-tender, Hiram Patter, covered his job.

Operator A. J. Nonnan covered first trick here, December 15 and 26.

Agent R. P. Spaulding, returned Jan. 5, from a short vacation. Operator V. J. Hutchinson, covering his position at Troutdale.

Fred Guptill, clerk in Roadmaster Parkman's office, is at this writing suffering from a very bad attack of Radio Fever. We all sincerely hope that he will be able to find the kind of a set he wants, before spring.

Miss Doris Crowell, of the General Office Force, spent Sunday, Jan. 10, with her father, C. E. Crowell, at his home on Church Street.

Kingman

By T. G. Kelley

G. C. Goddard, agent at Brooks, has bid off third trick at Kingman. It has been some time since he has been out on the main line, having been agent at Brooks for thirteen years.

Mike Butler, block-signal lightman, has been laying off for a couple weeks because of illness. The last report from Mike was that he would soon be able to return to work.

Agent H. W. Leach plans on taking a week's fishing trip a little later, but I can't seem to believe it as he hasn't had a vacation for eight years. It doesn't seem possible that he would leave us now for a week.

Section Foreman J. E. Meagher says he would like to meet the man that said we were not going to get any snow this winter when it rained so much in the fall.

Jim McAloon of the Section Force met with a serious accident the other day while hanging out the clothes for his wife. He got his whiskers tangled up in the clothes-line and had to shave. He had not shaved since November.

Business is still good here; shipping three to five cars of potatoes a week. They are still holding up to \$6.00 and \$6.25 per barrel.

We would like to hear from other stations on the Eastern Division, Danforth, Mattawamkeag, also would like to hear from Ed Day, Agent at Cherryfield, down

on the County. Speak up, boys, and let's hear what you're doing.

Calais

We are experiencing wonderful weather in this part of the State. The thermometer has been no lower than 22 and that on two occasions only. The snowfall has been light and what has fallen, found an ideal bottom. Working in the woods, lumbermen tell us, is fun compared with the several drastic winters of the immediate past. Still we have plenty of time for another 1922 and there is an old proverb about "counting your chickens."

"Del" Robinson is home from a visit with friends and relatives in Lowell and other Bay State cities.

George Lank, the "Unlucky Fireman," is about again after the long siege in the hospital where he gamely battled the "Grim Reaper" for the chance to stay on top of this good old world of ours. Though it will be some time before he can handle the business end of a scoop, he is rapidly gaining health.

"Bury" Merrithew was in town last week. We are advised that he is handling Mr. Cooper's affairs during the winter months.

Financial Report

\$133,917 Surplus After Charges In December

The statement of Maine Central operating results for the month of December—made public January 25—shows surplus after charges of \$133,917, as contrasted with a surplus of \$96,883 in December, 1924.

The surplus after charges from January 1st to December 31st, 1925, is \$1,177,000. In the corresponding period in 1924 the surplus was \$389,022.

President McDonald's statement in full follows:

	December 1925	December 1924	Increase
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,133,125	\$1,025,797	\$107,328
Passenger Revenue.....	323,152	346,843	Dec. 23,691
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,607,264	1,522,487	84,777
Surplus after Charges.....	133,917	96,883	37,034

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO DECEMBER 31ST—(Twelve Months).

	1925	1924	Increase
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$20,070,587	\$20,178,337	Dec. \$107,750
Surplus after Charges.....	1,177,000	389,022	787,978

MORRIS McDONALD.

Lancaster, N. H.

By J. E. Winslow

D. O. Berry, Trainman, Lancaster, and wife are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, born Jan. 17.

L. J. Sanborn, former agent at Belfast, has bid in position of first trick operator at Lancaster. This will release H. A. Scott who has been filling the position since H. Gregoire left, Dec. 1, 1925.

Night operators have been put on at Crawfords and Quebec Junction. A. J. Noonan is at Crawfords and J. R. Roy at Quebec Junction.

Two cargoes of Welsh anthracite coal have been handled west from Portland to North Stratford or St. Johnsbury, en route to Montreal. As this is written, Jan. 19, another cargo is being handled and more is expected. There are about 5000 tons in a cargo, which makes 100 carloads of 50 tons each.

A. H. Neal, gateman at North Conway, who has been off duty account illness since Feb. 1925, returned to work, Nov. 30, 1925.

Eastport

By S. A. Frost

The "Butting Bee" that was "staged" on this division lately, was "some" B. As a result, there were many changes, and hard for one to know where the "thing" will end. A. H. Bacon displaced F. R. Hall, conductor, and O. V. Shedd "dittoed" Byron M. Rutherford. Rutherford in turn "butts" William N. Healey, and Healey sends Charles W. Connors back to Bangor for a fresh start. This is a case of "Who is Who" until we get back to normal.

We are pleased to note that Ernest A. Cook is on the Eastport Division as baggage-master. He will no doubt be a big factor in the winnings of the bowling games of the train crew?

An incident of note that took place lately, was the heroic act of a 15-year old boy, who jumped from "Sodom" Bridge (a jump of 15 or 16 feet) into the icy waters of Shackford's Cove, and rescued a little girl from drowning. It was a very commendable act and is being acknowledged in

OBITUARY

LEONARD J. PLUMMER

Leonard J. Plummer of Lewiston, an engineer on the Maine Central Railroad, died Jan. 27, bringing great sorrow to old-time railroad men.

Speaking of Mr. Plummer, Silas H. Anderson, conductor of the Maine Central train on which Mr. Plummer was engineer, says: "No one could tell how much his associates appreciated and respected Mr. Plummer. He was one of those unusual men of honor, faithfulness and reliability. You cannot say too much for such a man. He did his part in the work of his life, absolutely the best he knew how. He could be trusted, he could be relied on to be always in the same mood of willingness; storm or fair weather, he was the same; in trouble he was reliable and in good running he was careful. Leonard Plummer deserves as much credit for doing his best in life as some other men who, occupying higher places, have had more mention and yet could have done no better than he."

Mr. Plummer was born in Freeport and went from there to Bath. He was section-hand at first; then

went to firing an engine on the Bath-Lewiston line; then got his seat on the right-hand side of the cab on the train from Lewiston to Rockland. He has been Silas Anderson's engineer for twenty years. He was about 63 years old.

AMOS J. DENNIS

Amos J. Dennis, an old member of the Maine Central family, died at his home in Bucksport on January 8. Mr. Dennis was born July 28, 1849, and at the time of his death had been married 49 years. He commenced railroad-ing Dec. 25, 1891 as baggage master at Orono station, where he remained for over five years. On April 30, 1897, he was appointed Agent at Costigan, and in June, 1900, was transferred to the agency at Olamon, where he remained until Dec. 9, 1915 when ill health compelled him to quit work. In the fall of 1917 Mr. Dennis returned to the service and did spare work as agent and operator until finally retired Sept. 1, 1924. He is survived by his wife who was Miss Ellen A. Kelley of Greenbush, and a daughter, Miss Katherine Gifford.

a very appreciative manner by the citizens of this city. The boy, Horace Lord, did this act while men stood by in amazement, not knowing what to do. Another case where the quick mind plays an active part and becomes a benefit to those in need and distress.

Lewiston Has Prophet

If it is the weather you would know about, ask Joseph Dumais, foreman of Section 33 at Lewiston. He is recognized as one of the best weather sharks in and around the spindle city, which is saying much. He has been telling the boys what to expect for weather for some time. Usually he has made his predictions on

the 24 hour ahead program, with now and then a 48 hour forecast.

Now, however, the boys have induced him to tell them what he expects for weather conditions in February. Here is what Mr. Dumais outlines:

Feb. 1, 2, 3	Cold
" 4	Snow storm, fall of snow 1 ft.
" 5, 6, 7	Fair and cold
" 8	Snow
" 9	Cold
" 10, 11	Soft weather
" 12	Snow
" 13	Fair
" 14, 15	Rain
" 16, 17, 18	Damp weather
" 19, 20	Snow
" 21, 22, 23	Windy
" 24, 25, 26	Cold
" 27, 28	Rain or snow

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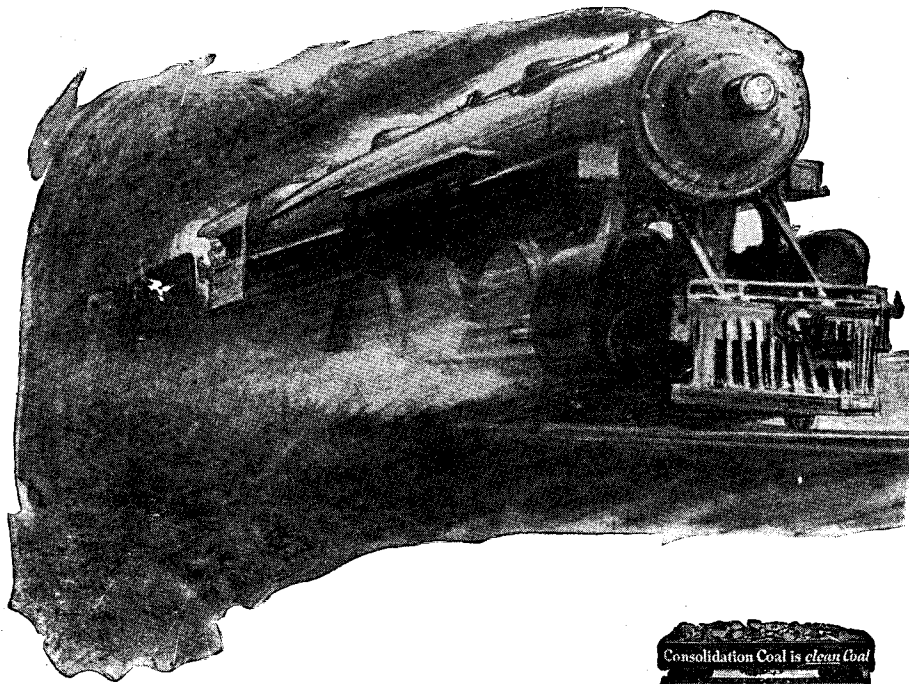
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