

MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE



This number contains stories about...

A Logging Railroad Which the
Maine Central Once Operated

Railroad Men and Fishing

Woodland, the Busy Station

Echoes of the Floods of 1902

APRIL, 1926

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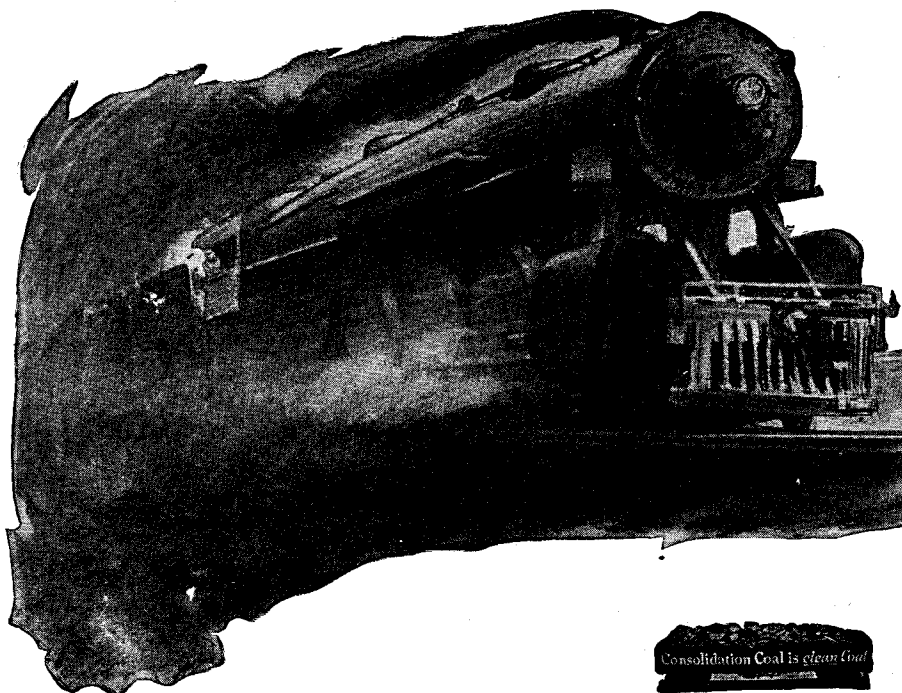
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:: Magazine ::

VOLUME III

APRIL, 1926

NO. 4

Maine Central Operated Logging Road

BY C. H. LEARD

Irving E. Currier, one of the traveling engineers on the Maine Central Railroad for the past nine years and who is well known from one end of the System to the other, was recently reminiscing on an enormous lumbering operation that was carried on in the heart of the White Mountains nearly twenty years ago in which he, as well as the Maine Central Railroad, played an important part. Mr. Currier has loaned some pictures of the logging train which may prove of interest to many employees along the line.

The snapshots show two views of the logging train which hauled the big timbers from the base of Mt. Washington to Glen, N. H., a distance of seven and one-half miles, with a down grade of 1450 feet.

The Conway Lumber Company owned the track and the Maine Central furnished the equipment and train crew, kept the track clear of snow and operated the trains. Mr. Currier was the engineer for three winters. He was succeeded by Engineer F. W. Littlefield, who is now taking life comfortably at Bartlett, N. H., for the remainder of the time, or three years, that this short line which

was called "Rocky Branch" was in operation. Ralph Mead, who died during the influenza epidemic of 1918, was the fireman; "Jack" Sloan, now a flagman at Bartlett, was the conductor, and another resident of Bartlett, Willis Rideout, the brakeman.

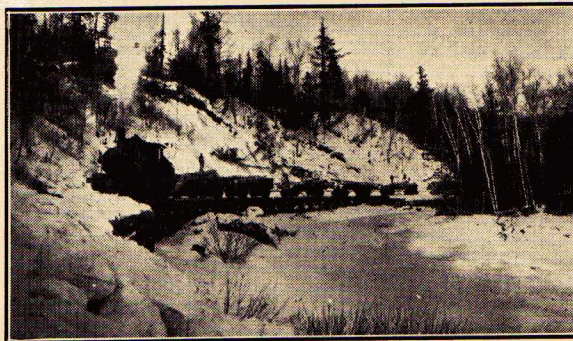
The engine used for hauling the train, while Currier was in charge, was the old Maine Central No. 224, originally numbered 31. This engine was consigned to the scrap heap about 12 years ago.

Enormous spruce logs averaging around 60 ft. in length and some of them 30 inches or more in diameter, were delivered to the "Rocky Branch" by the Con-

way Lumber Company's own gear engine which brought them down the steep sides of the Mt. Washington range.

Mr. Currier explained that they would haul about 24 lengths of logs on car trucks which were spaced by so-called "reaches." Sometimes these would be 18 feet long and were made of spruce timber, 6 or 7 inches square. A full logging train would equal in length a 40-car train of today.

There were no *Please turn to Page 18*



MAINE CENTRAL LOGGING TRAIN ON CROOKED TRESTLE, ROCKY BRANCH

Mos' Time To Go A Fishing



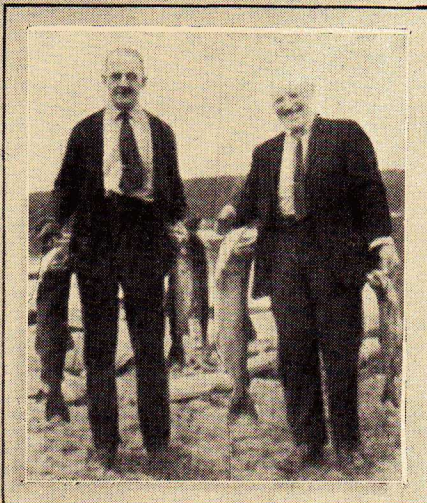
Old tackle box's been exerting an hypnotic influence the past few weeks. Sorta been saying: "Time, Pal, to be thinking of the lakers, the square tails, the landlocked salmon and the red spots; better be looking me over to see what there is you need."

Been feeling that way yourself, eh!

Wouldn't just call it spring fever, for it isn't that sort. My friend Temple, who isn't a railroader, uses the term "fisherman's itch" to describe it. Not bad, either. Seems rather a decent description. Anyway, when I told Sew'd Ham about it he said: "By gum, that's good;" and then he went on to tell me about catching them up at Sugar Island, which same is located in Moosehead Lake, in the event your run isn't on the Somerset Division. Yes, it is a very good way of describing the state of being in which a real fisherman feels about this season of the year; and most railroad men are real fishermen.

It surely is "most time to go fishing."

Why, by the time you read this they will probably have caught the first sea salmon at the Bangor pools and, mayhap, at the Union pools in Calais. It won't be strange if some of the lakes and ponds have gotten rid of the winter coat of ice and begun to beckon fishermen. However, it is a wee bit early to say that the Maine fishing season has fully opened for the season of 1926. This, too, despite the fact that there has been some good fishing in the



Sew'd Ham, Bert Sawyer and their fish



At Moosehead they start fishing early



A small brook may hold big trout



A Picked Mountain Pond string



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old State for several weeks past. In proof of this your attention is called to stories and pictures—cartoons—which appeared in the February and March numbers—aye, in this issue.

But this has been ice fishing, a distinctive winter sport. From stories told by the various fishermen which reached our ears there is little question but what the catching has been good the past winter. All the parties which made trips to the various places did not bring home large catches; others did. You know there is a vast difference in fishing parties. More than a little truth in the story told one day last month in the smoker of Train 102.

A couple of men were talking and in the course of their conversation one remarked that he was ice fishing during the previous week end.

"Have a good time?" his friend wanted to know.

"Just fair; there were a couple of the fellows spoiled it all by insisting on fishing!"

Neither of the men were railroad men. No siree. No railroad man is that sort of a fisherman. When he goes fishing he goes fishing. If you have doubts about that statement you just listen keen in every roundhouse, trainmen's room, buggy, baggage car or place where the boys congregate 'twixt now and next October. You will then know it is true. It is also probable that you will wonder how any one else, but railroad men, managed to catch any fish in Maine during 1926.

Seriously, the majority of railroad men, I am convinced, do enjoy going fishing. They like the sport and they like the getting out into the open, wading the brooks, paddling

along the shores of lake or pond, casting flies, using live bait, thrill of the battle with a game fish when light gear is being used. It is not strange that they should, for railroad men are just plain every-day human beings like the rest of the world. They get fun out of the same things other folks do and experience the same sensations of disgust.

Now and then there is one who fails to qualify as a thoroughbred sportsman, who tries to get away with more than his legal allotment, just as there are among men of

other lines. As a whole, so game wardens have stated, the men of the railroad seek to live up to the laws, to conduct themselves as real fishermen and nothing else.

Unquestionably there are many men in the Maine Central family who are more favored than others, when it comes to opportunities for going fishing. Their runs terminate at good fishing points. There are the men who run on the Somerset Division, laying over at Rockwood, those who run through to Kennebago, who have a lay over in Bangor, from which point some of the finest fishing in the State is within easy reach. Men on the Washington County branch, who make headquarters at most any point, are also favored. Those upon the Vanceboro line of the Eastern Division, the Dexter and Dover line.

Those who lay over in Portland, too, have chances which are good. It is not difficult to catch a day's fishing at Sebago.

All the railroad fishermen are not confined

to the train men. Station men, section men, shop men, roundhouse workers, general office men, all of them have a fondness for this sport and indulge it every *Please turn to Page 19*

Out Fishin'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good an' clean,
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow-men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrade to the poor,
Out fishin'.
All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin'.
The urchin with the pin and string
Can chum with millionaire an' king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing,
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,
Out fishin'.
A helpin' hand he'll always lend,
Out fishin'.
The brotherhood of rod an' line
An' sky an' stream is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin'.
He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin'.
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed—to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.



THOMPSON'S POINT'S WEIGHTIEST GANG

A Trio of Featherweights

This group of three, on the day the picture was snapped, totaled 695 pounds and represents the greatest accumulation of avoirdupois in one gang which ever toiled together at Thompson's Point.

From left to right they are: Terry Shorey, 235 pounds, now at Rigby; T. Walker, 230 pounds, now a fireman on the road, and Win Sparrow, 230 pounds, still at the Point.

The remarkable thing about this group, the fact which has called for much comment,

and, probably, attracted a large amount of attention to the trio is the contrast to the general run of workers at this point. Usually, they are spare to the point of being lean. The reason assigned for the prevailing lankness is the hike across the meadows through three feet of snow each winter.

It was nine years ago that the picture was taken and there is no wonder that the piece of channel iron on which they posed was groaning throughout the operation.

MEN AND STONE

The hammers clink as I come by,
The derricks swing and groan;
And starkly bent across the sky
I see the masons laying stone.

And laying stone by line and
plumb,

And laying stone with song—
(Ah, singing lips so quickly dumb
And chiseled stone that stands
so long!)

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

Lawyer: Tell how the accident occurred.

Witness: Well, the car shot out of a garage, exceeding the speed limit, and knocked the fellow flat on his back and ran over him. The fellow was slightly intoxicated, stepped in front of the car, which was going at the rate of ten miles an hour, was softly brushed aside and—

"What! How could it happen both ways?"

"Don't ask me. I'm just telling both sides of it."

A little boy informed his dad he was to be a garbage man when he grew up.

"Why, my son?" inquired the parent.

"They get \$200 a week."

"Who told you so?"

"The garbage man."

Woodland the Busy Station

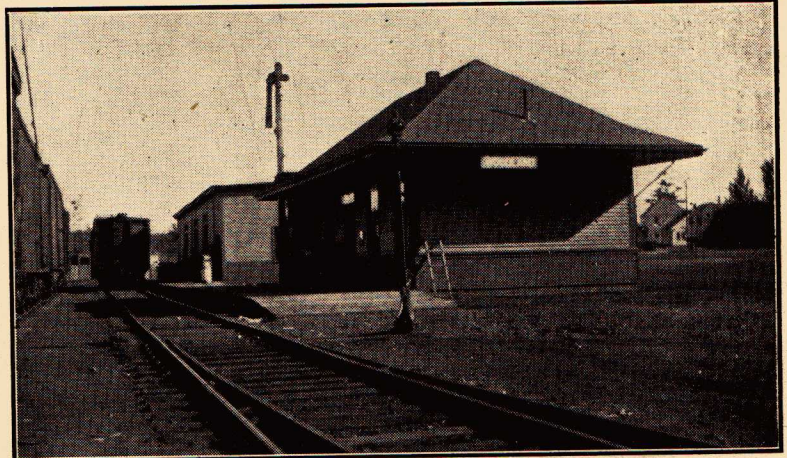
BY R. H. JOHNSON

Woodland, formerly called Sprague's Falls, is located about twelve miles from Calais, on the Princeton Branch of the Maine Central Railroad, once the Washington County Railroad. The track all the way from Calais runs parallel with the St. Croix River, crossing to the Canadian side at Baring and re-entering the United States at Woodland Junction.

The first railroad station at this point was merely a "shack" and was placed at a distance of nearly a mile from the location of the present station. The first carload of freight was received here March 28, 1905; at this time the business was being handled by the Agent at Princeton.

The first station agent was Arthur L. Sylvester, better known to his friends as "Pomp." Pomp took the job on the 17th day of April, 1905, and remained in service in the capacity of agent until September, 1918, when he resigned to accept the position of cashier with St. Croix Paper Co. Mr. Sylvester saw many changes in the way of improvements during his term as agent at this point.

The next agent, who is the present one, was Philip Holmes. "Phil" was first employed at Woodland as clerk, January, 1913, when J. Asnault was assistant superintendent with



STATION AT WOODLAND

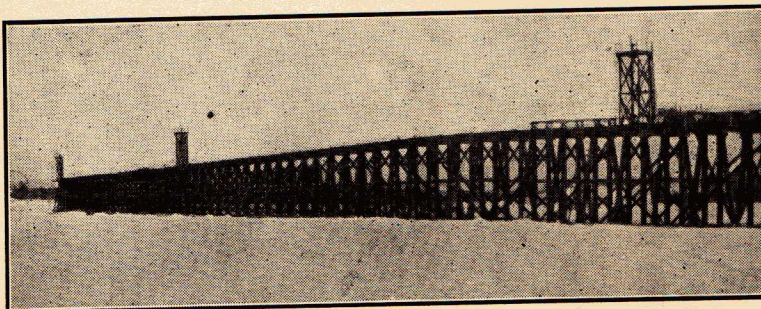
headquarters at Calais. Mr. Holmes later acted as clerk and operator, and was appointed to the position of agent when Mr. Sylvester left the service.

The St. Croix Paper Company's mill is located on the St. Croix River, ten miles above the city of Calais, and is responsible for the existence of the town of Woodland. Woodland has about eighteen hundred inhabitants, is lighted by electricity from the mill, has a filtered water supply, sewers, hotel and modern homes.

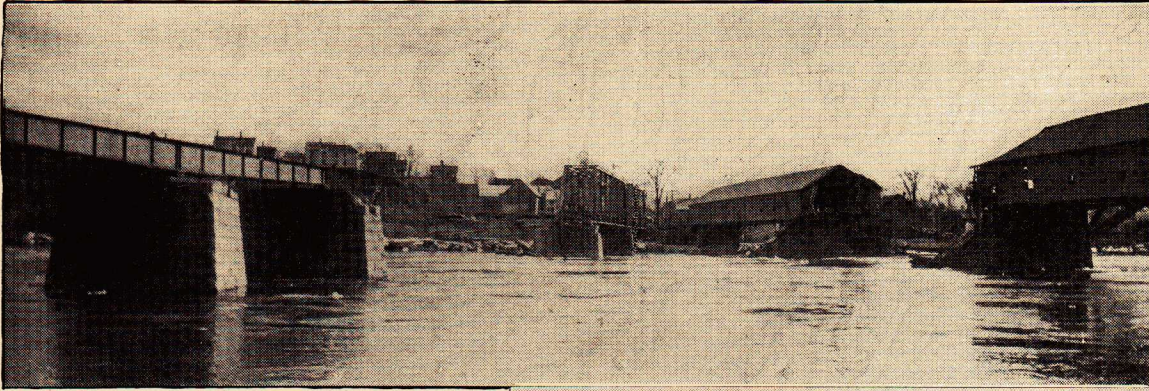
This product was first produced here in September, 1906, and there is now made here 175 tons daily. It calls for 30,000 tons of

coal and 80,000 cords of spruce wood yearly to run the mills in which this paper is made. As a result of the large paper plant there was shipped from this station last year 2,037 carloads of paper—practically 34 trains of 60 cars each. In addition to this, 167 carloads of other freight went away from here.

The total weight of these shipments was 105,551,455 pounds *Please turn to Page 19*



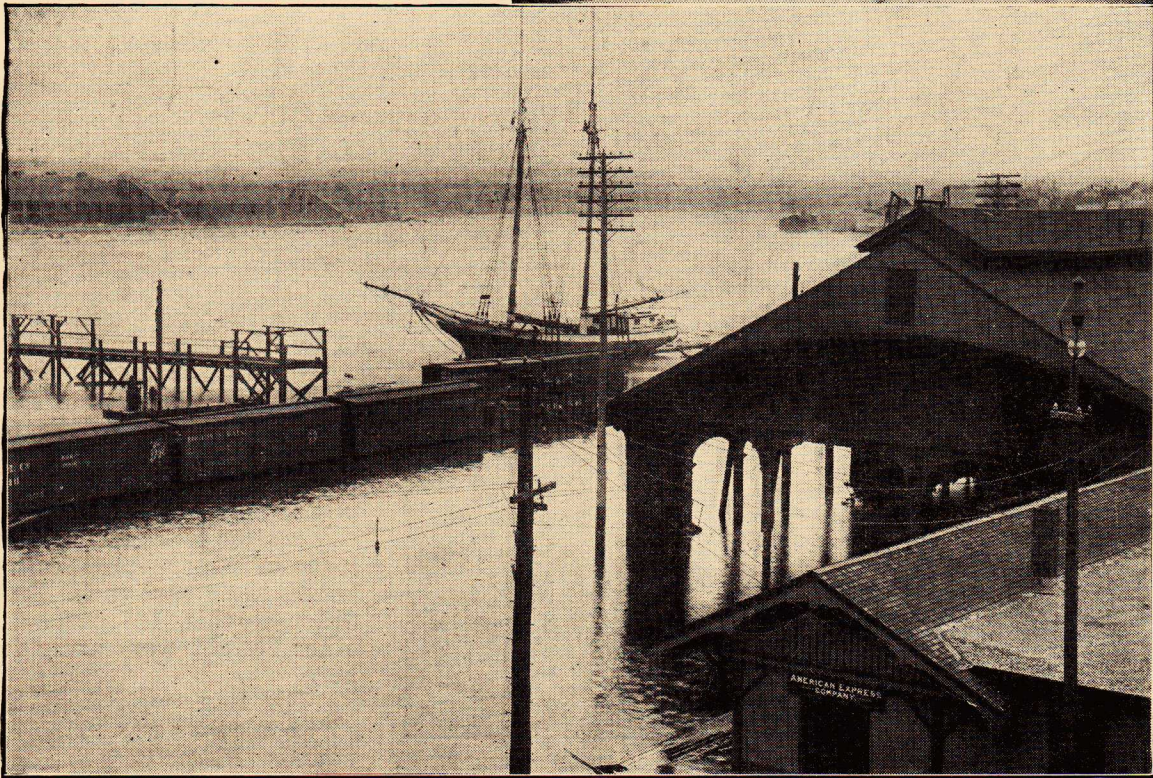
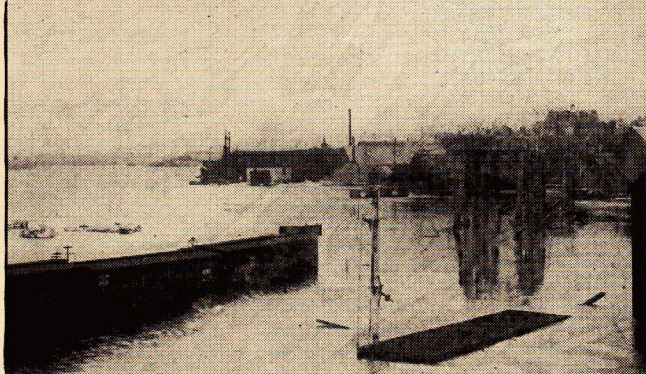
WOOD TRESTLE AT WOODLAND FROM WHICH PULP WOOD IS DUMPED



Top—Railroad and highway bridges between Bangor and Brewer, after great freshet of 1902 finished with them. Photograph loaned by Samuel Fraser, General Yardmaster at Bangor.

Center—Kenduskeag Stream railroad freshet of 1902 finished with them. Photograph loaned by Samuel Fraser, General Yardmaster at Bangor.

Bottom—Train shed of old Maine Central passenger station, Front and Railroad Streets, when the flood was at its worst. Schooner showing in river all winter, having been caught in the fall freeze.



When Bangor Yard Was Flood Swept

By J. L. RIGGIE

Take a look at the accompanying pictures and then tell me: Is it to be wondered that Gen. Yard Master Sam Fraser, Station Agent Harry Barnaby and other veterans of the Maine Central crew here were a bit apprehensive during the past winter? Is it, when I tell you that almost identical conditions prevailed in the Penobscot River the past winter as those which brought about the scenes depicted in the photographs illustrating this story.

It was 24 years ago those pictures were made. While what they present shows a mighty serious situation, the worst is not presented. When the flood was at its peak, when it was ripping down the Maine Central bridge and the Highway bridge which spanned the Penobscot between Bangor and Brewer, sweeping away lumber piles and small buildings, photographs were not makable; that was in the night-time.

Old railroad men will long remember the winter of 1901-02, especially if they were over in the Eastern Division.

The trouble started in December, 1901. There were heavy rains and trouble was had in many sections. Washouts and bridge troubles west of Bangor made it necessary for several days to send passengers, mail and express for that city and points east, by way of Rockland and Mt. Desert Ferry. The trip from Rockland to the Ferry was, of course, by boat.

Usually, passengers bound for Bangor, who should have reached that city by 3.15 in the afternoon arrived between 1 and 2, and sometimes it was nearer 3 o'clock in the morning. However, there was comparatively little grumbling. It was a condition for which the railroad was not responsible and the public accepted it accordingly.

During the period there were some very interesting incidents. One of these came next to the last night of the condition. A party of about 60 colored people, men, women and children, bound from Alabama to New Brunswick, made the trip on the boat. They were

going to New Brunswick for mill work. Not knowing much about the climate of this section they were decidedly scantily clad for a Maine winter. Had their colored neighbors back home seen them there is little question but what they would have thought them well fitted for a North Pole expedition. They were not, however. They huddled in the cabin of the boat, and later they snuggled on the cars which took them to Bangor.

It was a bitterly cold December night. Mercury was down around zero. Those colored folks tried to be cheerful, tried to sing, but it was a dismal failure and one and all were declaring an intention to go right back to Alabama, where 't was warm.

During this period that illusive, mysterious substance known as anchor ice, which has always bothered water men, was forming in the river by wholesale. It filled the Penobscot from Crosby's narrows, three miles below the city, to within a thousand yards of the dam, from shore to shore and bottom to top. It caused the water to back up, for the mass became a dam. The water supply of the city was threatened, for the high water put the water wheels out of commission and threatened to extinguish the fires under the boilers operating steam pumps. Fortunately, before serious consequences came, there was a sufficient outlet made through the ice to let the flood out and handle the normal flow of water.

Tow boats were called into play to smash the ice. Dynamite was used. Neither were effective. The ice would not and did not move until spring.

Early in March it began to rain. It stuck to that program most of the first 20 days of the month. A persistent downpour such as that could have but one result. It brought about a flood condition on the river. Under ordinary conditions this would not have been so serious.

It was the great dam of anchor ice which caused the trouble. It choked back the flood water. By March 15, *Please turn to Page 19*

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.

Advertising rate cards sent on application.

Kenneth B. Whittle, Advertising Solicitor

APRIL, 1926

EDITORIAL

About Your Job

What are you—a section man, a telegraph operator, a brakeman, a superintendent, a clerk?

It makes no difference what job you hold—but how does your job hold you? What are you giving to it, besides eight hours of your time each day?

A hard-headed business man visited a stone quarry one day, where three men were cutting stone, and to each of them he asked:

"What are you doing there?"

"I am cutting this stone," said the first.

"I am working for so many dollars a day," said the second.

"I am helping to build a cathedral," said the third man, proudly and confidently.

Are you, Mr. Frisco Worker, seeing no further than your immediate job? Or do you realize that no matter how humble your task, its satisfactory completion adds one more important piece to the whole of this great system.

You are employed in the greatest job in the world—transportation. See that there is no flaw in *your* job and there will be no flaw in the whole.

We had in mind the kind of an editorial which was to lead this column. As we sat down to write it the March number of The Frisco Employees' Magazine, published by the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co., attracted our attention and was looked over. The above editorial so much better says what was in our mind, that we have borrowed it.

Preventing Waste

Are you doing your part to prevent waste? Bulletin Number 2, of the Motive Department of the Maine Central Railroad Company and the Portland Terminal Co., calls attention to this. It is a supplement to Bulletin Number 1, issued last December. The new bulletin calls attention to results which have been accomplished along other lines of saving in the department and indicates surprise that no reports of progress in waste prevention have been received from Bulletin Number 1.

"Waste is mostly all due to the force of habit," says the bulletin. This is true. It is just a form of carelessness. One of the surest ways to stop waste is to cultivate the habit of thinking. The man who thinks will be careful of materials, he won't scatter them around, but will take care of them, see that what is left over from a job is carefully put away and not left on the ground or floor where the work was done.

One nut, for instance, isn't worth much—a few cents—but a hundred count up and a thousand begin running into money. Save the one nut, save the hundred and the thousand and you'll be saving other things and preventing waste. One and all can do their part, whether in the Motive Power Department or any other. Wasted pencils, wasted carbon, wasted paper mean added cost of operation to the road. A sheet of carbon paper represents but a fraction of a cent; five hundred of them means from \$1 to \$2, according to quality. If 50 stenographers waste two sheets, each, per week, it means 5,200 for a year which means a waste of from \$10 to \$22. Two sheets a week of waste isn't much for one operator. You see what it means in the case of 50 operators; think what it would mean if every stenographer or typewriter user in the employ of the road wasted two sheets of paper each week!

All can help much by saving! Let's go!

Be Brief

A campaign to speed up telegraph service is being conducted by the Kansas City Southern R. R. This speeding up or expediting of wire business is being accomplished by condensing messages and writing, where a letter will do as well as a wire. It is really a campaign of education. Messages are studied and censored so that unnecessary words are eliminated. If a thing can be said in two

words as well as three or four, it is said. When a message which has been transmitted is studied and found to have superfluous words, it is marked and returned to the sender. In this way he is shown how to help.

This campaign opened on December 21, last. Already results are being shown. Regular scheduled reports are coming more promptly. All other wire business is moving more rapidly.

At the commencement of the campaign a bulletin was issued to all employees. Among other instructions were these rules:

Only such wire reports and communications as are *essential to efficient operation* should be made.

Replies to telegrams calling for an answer must be expedited and thus avoid follow-up requests.

The use of symbols in accordance with existing instructions will continue.

Offer no communication *for wire transmission* when the purpose may be served by *using the mail*.

All officers receiving telegrams which in their judgment are unnecessary or contain superfluous words will handle with the sender or his superior for correction.

The use of local and long distance railroad and commercial telephones will be limited to *necessary exclusive railroad communication* so far as practicable.

Oscar Is Back Home



OSCAR A. SHEPARD

Members of the Maine Central Family will be interested to know that Oscar A. Shepard, who was the first editor of this magazine, is once more in Maine. Mr. Shepard resigned as editor of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine with the issuance of the April, 1925 number, to return to his first love—news-paper work. For a year and a half he had resisted the tempter which was the hurley-burley of getting out a daily paper, but a year ago he gave way to the charm. He went to Westfield, Mass., where he became city editor of the Evening Journal.

In September he resigned that position to go with the Daily Union of Springfield, Mass., as special writer and assistant city editor. He

remained there until February, last, when he resigned to go to Bangor. There he joined the staff of the Daily Commercial and after a few weeks was made city editor, where his friends of that family will wish him all success.

It is pleasing to Mr. Shepard's friends to know that his return to Bangor, which is his native city, was prompted by a loving desire to be with his invalid mother. He felt that he could not be true to her in any other way. He might have moved her to Massachusetts, "But," said Oscar, "that would have been taking her from her friends of a lifetime, while for me to go back to Bangor was, actually, to return to the friends of my lifetime."

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Mr. Shepard's return to Bangor is his affiliation with the Commercial. This brings him into active competition with the newspaper men of that city with whom he grew up. He started on the Daily News of Bangor as a cub reporter away back about 1901, and remained with the paper until the fall of 1916, when he resigned to become city editor of the Lewiston Evening Journal, staying with that paper until November, 1923, when he resigned to accept the editorship of this magazine.

An Important Rail Artery

The following article relating to the Maine Central Railroad was printed in "Current Affairs," the monthly publication of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, for March.

Transportation for a population of 700,000 persons is provided by the Maine Central Railroad. It is the artery by which the people of Maine ship their products and bring in their supplies, by which they travel to other sections and the route by which the folks of other regions go to the Pine Tree State. Without it Maine would be a paralytic, so far as business and industry are concerned. It penetrates to nearly every nook and corner of the sunrise State. Where it does not go directly, it reaches indirectly by means of connecting lines. Without it these other lines would be dead ends; there would be no outlets for them. Maine would be no better off than it was when the ox team was the sole means of communication with the interior.

Such is what the Maine Central means to the State in which it operates. So closely allied are, and have been the interests of State and railroad that to tell the story of one, necessitates relating something of the other.

While the titular history, so to speak, of the Maine Central starts on October 28th, 1862, the actual history begins many years back. It might truthfully be said to commence with the conception by Gen. Samuel Veazie of Bangor, of the first railroad in the State, the Bangor, Old Town and Milford, opened in 1836. That road was eventually absorbed by the European & North American Railway, now an important unit in the Maine Central system.

This great Maine railroad is an outgrowth of that period of railroad building in the middle of the last century, which gave impetus to the development of the entire country. Maine, like all the rest of the nation, especially the rest of the eastern states, had railroad projects galore. Companies were organized to build roads connecting different sections. All were of different lengths. They were independent companies in those days, but, later, as good business judgment prevailed, they were gathered into one system, operated by one management and the prosperity and

era of development which followed the Civil War was the result.

Out of this grew the Maine Central system, a combination of a number of individual lines secured either by consolidation, merger, lease or purchase. The first step in the birth of the Maine Central system was on April 1, 1856, when the legislature granted a charter to the Maine Central Railroad. This charter authorized the new company to consolidate the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad, operating between Danville Junction and Waterville, and the Penobscot & Kennebec Railroad, operating between Bangor and Waterville. This consolidation took place on October 28, 1862. Since then other roads have been brought into the system under various arrangements as follows:

ROADS ACQUIRED BY CONSOLIDATION:

- Portland & Kennebec Railroad, between Portland and Augusta, with branch to Bath,
- Somerset & Kennebec Railroad, between Augusta and Skowhegan,
- Leeds & Farmington Railroad, between Leeds Junction and West Farmington.

ROADS ACQUIRED BY MERGER:

- Knox & Lincoln Railway, between Rockland and Woolwich,
- Washington County Railway, between Washington Junction and Calais, with branches to Princeton and Eastport,
- Somerset Railway, between Oakland and Kineo,
- Sebasticook & Moosehead Railroad, between Pittsfield and Mainstream.

ROADS BUILT:

- Danville Junction to Royal Junction,
- Mainstream to Harmony.

ROADS ACQUIRED BY PURCHASE:

- Maine Shore Line Railroad between Brewer Junction and Mt. Desert Ferry,
- Androscoggin Railroad, between West Farmington and Farmington and between Brunswick and Leeds Junction, with branch to Lewiston,
- Rangley Lakes & Megantic Railroad, between Oquossoc and Kennebago.

ROADS ACQUIRED BY LEASE:

Dexter & Newport Railroad, between Newport Junction and Dexter,
 European & North American Railway, between Bangor and Vanceboro,
 Eastern Maine Railway, between Bangor and Bucksport,
 The Portland & Ogdensburg Railway, between Portland, Maine, and Lunenburg, Vermont.
 Dexter & Piscataquis Railroad, between Dexter and Dover-Foxcroft,
 Upper Coos Railroad, between Quebec Junction, N. H., and Beecher Falls, Vermont,
 Portland & Rumford Falls Railway, between Rumford Junction and Rumford, with branch to Livermore,
 Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad, between Rumford and Oquossoc,
 St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain Railroad, between Lunenburg and St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

The lines of this company, reaching from Portland to Bangor and Vanceboro, Maine, a straight away run of 251 miles, by way of Augusta, with its 40 miles of road between Bangor and Bar Harbor; more than 100 miles of track from Ellsworth across Washington County, through Machias and Cherryfield to Eastport and Calais; a stretch of 90 miles of modern steel branching from the Portland, Bangor line at Royal Junction to Skowhegan; and from this branching off another 90 miles through to Moosehead Lake; and still other branches of 15 to 100 miles leading into Rockland, Rumford Falls, the Rangeley Lakes and to the heart of Franklin and other counties.

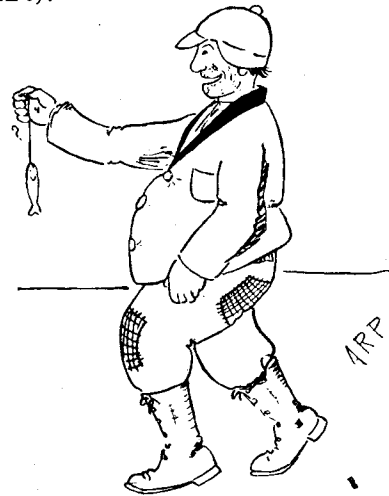
With the development of the Maine Central, constantly seeking to give the most advantageous service possible, the business of the State of Maine has increased. This transportation system has been a tremendous factor in it. It will continue to be so.

Little Willie and His Fish

By A. R. P.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
 How Willie Stearns came pretty near
 Catching a fish through a hole in the ice;
 A thing he claims to have done once or twice.
 Bill made him a fish-house so cozy and warm,
 'Twas protection enough for the winter's worst storm.

He put it on skids on a fine winter day—
 Lena towed it behind her Sedan, so they say.
 And down to the river waltzed Willie with bait,
 For it seems that he thought that the fish couldn't wait.
 The ice was quite thick and he chopped quite a while,
 But soon he was fishing, his face one big smile.
 The minutes went by and his line still hung slack
 While Willie waxed warm in his hot little shack.
 He talked to the fish and he coaxed them a spell,
 Oft using a word that sounded like Nell (but wasn't).



W E Stearns - Yard Condr
 and Fisherman DeLuxe
 Rockland

And fume as he would in his sweaters and felts
 He couldn't quite manage to catch any smelts.
 He cussed at his bait and he cussed at the ice,
 And I fear that some words that he used were not nice.

The sun in the heavens was about ready to set,
 And Willie still had no fish to fry yet.
 (From here on this story may not be quite true,
 But it came thus to me and I give it to you.)
 It seems that an innocent smelt swimming round
 Came near to the hole and heard a queer sound.
 He wondered if Bill could be swearing at him,
 So he rose to the surface with vigor and vim.
 When he looked in Bill's face he took one short
 breath,
 Flopped out on the ice and lay there in death.
 Bill claims that the smelt was not used to such talk,
 So, its heart being weak, it died from the shock.

MORAL:

Now, Bill's heart is tender, and since this disgrace,
 He feels too ashamed to look a smelt in the face.

Introducing the Homing Toad

Ever read any of those homing toad yarns? If not, you've missed something. If you have, you've either had a good laugh and said the guy who wrote those has some imagination or else you just said "Marvelous!" Now, folks of the Family, don't be ashamed to say you believed those yarns true. It is not to your discredit. Many wise men of the East and the West, North and the South accepted them as actual facts.

You question it. Get the author to tell you about the letters he received from scientists all over the lot asking for further information as to this wonderful creature, the homing toad.

If you recollect, that particular homing toad had a fondness of traveling around with the New England Association of Railroad Veterans. His name was Teddy and he was turned loose wherever the Vets went; and he always hopped home. Hopped from Bangor, St. Paul, Chicago, Providence and elsewhere, and when the World War called America in, he went "Over There" with the Railroad Regiment and then he hopped home from the fields of Flanders.

The creator of Teddy, the homing toad, which caused so much interest among scientists is Frederic H. Sidney of Arlington Heights, Mass., who is a railroader and Secretary of the N. E. Association of R. R. Veterans. As such he is known to many members of the Maine Central Family, who, heretofore, have not suspected him of being an author.

Mr. Sidney is employed as operator in Tower C, of the Boston & Maine, which is in the Boston yard.

Frederic H. Sidney of Arlington Heights, Mass., Secretary of The New England Association of Railroad Veterans, was born at Provincetown, Mass., 51 years ago. When he was 12 years old he began serving his apprenticeship

as a deep-sea fisherman, aboard his uncle's schooner, fishing during the summer and going to school winters. Two years later he secured the job of messenger at the Provincetown railroad station on the Old Colony Railroad, at the time C. H. Nye was Division Superintendent. "Sid" immediately began learning telegraphy, and in eight months was a finished



FREDERICK H. SIDNEY,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

operator, working spare all over the division. From the Old Colony he drifted to the Western Union in Boston, where he qualified on press and broker wires, working as relief broker operator.

After a year of this "Sid" again listened to the call of the rail, and drifted to the Fitchburg Railroad, then to the West Shore, D. & H., and on through to the Pacific Northwest, south through California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Old Mexico, where he worked both as a telegrapher and a freight brakeman.

After about a year across the Border "Sid" drifted back into Texas and worked as a cow puncher on the Hugo Ranch in Dilley,

Frio County, Texas; then together with some adventurous spirits, joined a Cuban filibustering expedition, which came to grief.

"Sid" then decided to work his way North, via New Orleans, the Southern States, and back into Boston, earning his living by working at newspaper reporting, telegraphing, train service, in fact anything that would pay an honest dollar. Arriving in Boston from his wanderings, 30 years ago, "Sid" again entered the service of the B. & M. at Exeter, N. H., where he married and "settled down." For the past 28 years he has been in the tower service; his present position is 3d trick Tower Director at Tower C, B. & M. Terminal, Boston.

"Sid" has served as Secretary of the New England Association of Railroad Veterans ever since it organized. He also holds the office of Treasurer of the Manuscript Club of Boston, New England's most exclusive literary society. In addition to these he is a member of the Railroad Telegraphers, the Knights of Pythias, A. O. U. W., the Masonic Fraternity, and the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society.

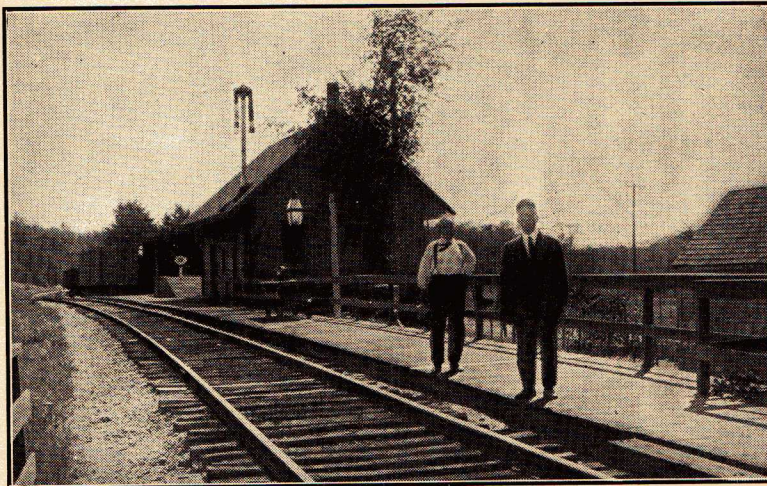
"Sid" is married, has 3 children. His youngest son, "Sid" Jr., is a freshman at Harvard College. "Sid's" two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, are the joy of his heart. He is always reading and willing to do anything to further the interest of the railroad veteran movement or its individual members.

DANGEROUS SPOT

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate upon the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."



STATION AT JAY. AGENT MULLEN STANDING AT RIGHT.

An Ode to Uncle Walt

Most of those who read this have probably read the writings of Uncle Walt—Walt Mason. His philosophy and good nature expressed in poetical form has been helping to make life pleasanter for all these many years. There is one of the Maine Central family who appreciates the work of Uncle Walt. This appreciation takes the form of verses dedicated to the Kansas philosopher, which were printed in a recent number of the Berlin, N. H. Reporter, which says, in connection with the verses:

Tom Mullen is an old Gorham boy from a family every last one of whom could turn out poetry. He is telegraph operator and was for years on the Grand Trunk, but for the past sixteen years has been agent of the Maine Central at Jay, Me.

The tribute to Mr. Mason follows:

UNCLE WALT

The Poet Philosopher

By T. H. Mullen

Who makes us laugh and makes us sigh?

Who makes us think and wonder why

We're on a ball—up in the sky?

'Tis Mason.

Who writes on things and themes galore,
On "After Deaths" and long before
While gentle ripples kiss the shore?

'Tis Mason.

Who recalls my golden May?
Who marks the milestones by the way,
From Emporia to Mandalay?

'Tis Mason.

Who jests and dwells on common things,
And then ascends on eagle wings
Up to the heights—he soars, he sings?

'Tis Mason.

When all seemed lost; who played life's game
And scaled the lofty heights of fame

Where roses twine, around his name?

Walt Mason.

(In Berlin, N. H., Reporter.)

As said by the reporter, T. H. Mullen is agent at Jay on the Farmington branch. It is hoped that he will make some of his contributions to the Maine Central Employees' Magazine. They surely will be appreciated.

As to Leard's Dog and Bear Stories

To the Editor:

I was reading with much interest your March number of the Magazine, until I came to a statement by that man Leard in Bangor about his dog. After reading that I threw down the magazine in disgust. Leave it to Leard to tell some wild yarn about animals—particularly when his is connected with the exploit in question. Why, Mr. Editor, did you ever hear of the bear stories this man wrote?

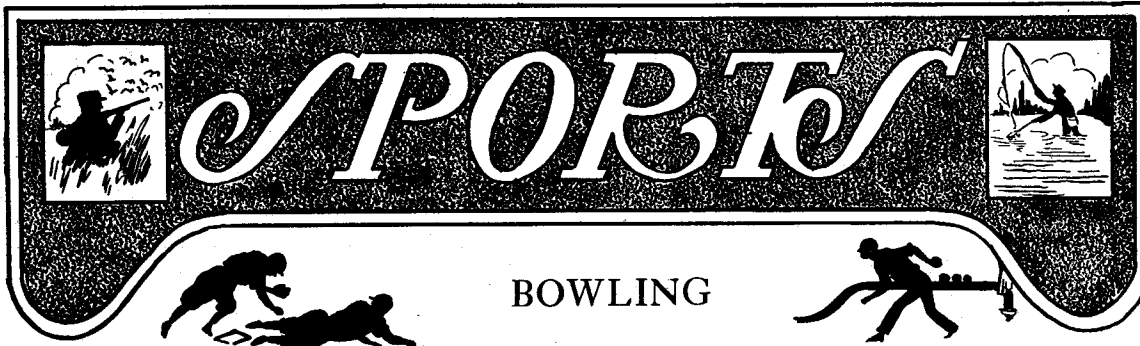
A few years ago some correspondent sent in to the Bangor News a story of a bear which was killed under unusual circumstances. Our friend Leard thought the tale rather wild, but knew he could go it one better, so he wrote a highly improbable yarn in a very convincing way—and signed it Charles Hubert, his own name with the family cognomen deleted.

He waited a day or two for someone to grab the bait and reply to him, but as no one bit, he acted as his own fish, and wrote a reply to himself. This was great fun, and he continued to fill the bear column of the News day after day with Munchausen tales, until finally the editor called a halt.

I recall that one yarn was about a bear that was seen by him—oh, yes, he always played a part in these experiences—in a sporting camp, making molasses candy! And another bear had a stomach ache from eating wild honey. Mr. "Hubert" dosed him up with some of the decoction which sportsmen used to carry, and in gratitude the bear caught and brought to him a fish! Another time he shot a bear with a ramrod, which pinned Bruin against the side of the camp, and he left him hanging there until he got ready to use the carcass.

Knowing these facts, is it remarkable that I take little stock in what he says of his dogs?

DISGUSTED.



BOWLING

THE BOWLER

His average is over a hundred,
Every box in each string has a
spare,
The pin boys are dizzy, he keeps
them so busy
For the "Old Boy" is certainly
"there."

The crowds are rooting and cheer-
ing;
They come from afar to each
match.
As he struts on the alley, each
Mabel and Sally
"Oh's" and "Ah's" at his wonder-
ful smash.

The State champ is dodging and
hemming,
His crown totters more every day,
For this handsome Willie will
make him look silly.
In Willie's hands, he'll look like
soft clay.

But fortune and fame are fleeting,
And things are not all they seem;
He still has to strive to bowl
seventy-five.
'Twas only a poor bowler's dream.

MAINE CENTRAL LEAGUE
STANDING

	Congress Square		Alleys
	Won	Lost	
Mooseheads	61	35	.635
Somersets	55	41	.573
Megantics	52	44	.542
Portlands	51	45	.531
Rangeleys	47	49	.490
Concords	47	49	.490
Fabyans	45	51	.469
Fryeburgs	43	53	.448
Kennebagos	42	54	.438
Kjneos	37	59	.385

High Individual String, Small
154.
High Individual 3 strings, May
372.
High Team String, Fryeburgs
425.
High Team Total, Portlands
1190.
High Average, H. P. Hawkes
100.

Averages: H. P. Hawkes 100;
May 99; Pearson 99; Corcoran 96;
Goud 96; Allen 94; Hennigan 94;
L. Hawkes 94; McCullum 94;
Waite 94; Mills 93; Stoner 93;
Foster 92; Grant 91; Bean 90;
Dole 90; Malloy 89; Nagle 89;
Small 89; Heiskell 88; Caldwell
88; Brown 88; C. P. Hawkes 87;
Talbot 87; Whitney 87; Welch
86; Gass 86; Barron 86; Paine
85; Landers 84; Oberg 84;
Reagon 84; Smith 84; Plummer
83; Shaw 82; Clark 81; Horton
81; Jones 81.

MAY AND GOUD READY

The following item appeared in
the February Maine Central Mag-
azine under the Rockland News.

"The bowling war between
Operator Valley and Line-
man Cobb has abated some-
what, but you should have
been here about Thanksgiving
time and again at Christ-
mas time to see them cuff
the black balls down the alley
to decide who was to eat free
turkey on the holiday. As
it turned out, they both
took home a turk. Wish the
Maine Central Railroad had a
couple of good bowlers who
could make a fairly interest-
ing match for these boys.

In looking through the Rock-

land news I ran across the above
item, and as Chas. May and myself
rolled these two boys last winter,
this item must have been aimed
at us, anyway I took it that way,
and not having a weak heart, it
did not affect me very much, and
I will say this, that May and
Goud of the General Office, being
pretty fair bowlers, would be only
too glad to take these boys on
again in a 20-string match, 10 in
Rockland and 10 in Portland, and
we think we can make it fairly in-
teresting for our Rockland friends.
As May and Goud are making a
trip to Calais to roll a 20-string
match with Kenison and Con-
stantine from March 25-29, we
will be ready to take on our Rock-
land friends about April 17th or
24th.

JOHN P. GOUD.

EASTPORT BOWLING

Bowling in Eastport has not
lessened in interest, but owing to
the fact that everyone at this sta-
tion has been kept on the go, and
busy with their work, it has been
almost impossible for the bowlers
to find time to bowl; but a match
game was rolled March 6th
between the "Bull Dogs" and the
"Snow Birds," the "Bull Dogs"
coming out the winners; the fol-
lowing totals telling the story.

Bull Dogs	
Frost	272
McInnis	244
Lodge	292
Hall	244
Rutherford	261
Total	1313

Snow Birds	
Brooks	286
Waltman	248
Andrews	226
Dunbar	215
Fiander	253
Total	1228

Other games are pending the opportunity, and it is hoped that next month will find the bowlers on their mettle and ready to take a chance to best the other fellow on the alleys.

The Old Box Car

A box car is a homely contraption set upon flanged wheels, with a drawbar at each end. It has no individuality. Instead of displaying a fancy name, as does the haughty Pullman car, it is known by a number like a convict in a prison or a submerged unfortunate slaving his life away in some evil sweat shop.

The box car is common. Contentious eyes swerve from its unprepossessing exterior and seek more aristocratic attractions. It is a thorn in the side of the man who wants to scrutinize a strange city from his train windows and perforce gazes blankly instead at the ungainly bulk of a box car squatting on a siding.

It is an abomination to the impatient autoist who holds in leash his graceful, mobile mechanism while an unending string of plebeian box cars rumble deliberately across his course. It is a blight on the landscape, drab of color, lumpish of shape, clumsy of movement.

And yet, withal—it travels! The box car travels! Cold winds of Northern wastes beat savagely against its dingy sides; honey-suckle scented breaths from Southern vines are wafted athwart its roof; the salt mist of the ocean dampens its sturdy walls as it skirts the coast of a nation.

And the work it does! Just as you and I, and your neighbor, find existence and the bases of happiness in work, so also does the box car, mute servant of transportation. And while it travels, it

travels with a purpose, with an end in view, and with a burden. Wheat from the fields for mills, and flour for you! Ore from the mines for smelters, and a steel saw for you! Cotton from the farms for gins and cloth for you!

Innumerable, inexhaustible, indispensable are the burdens of the box car which it carries for you! Day in and day out, month after month, year after year, rumbling along; clumsy, uncouth, ugly—but working for man. Resplendent, inspiring, serviceable friend of man.—Exchange.

Ralph Avery Whitney

Ralph Avery Whitney passed away at his home in Norridgewock Feb. 20th, after a long illness of anaemia. While Mr. Whitney had been in poor health for a long time he had grown steadily weaker since a bad turn suffered last April. From the beginning of his illness he was given the best medical treatment possible and was a patient at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and three months a patient at the Melrose Hospital, but to no avail, his disease was incurable.

Mr. Whitney was the fortunate possessor of a happy disposition and tried to look on the bright side of things and this helped him during his illness, not giving up, even to the very last, but clinging to the hope that everything would be all right soon. He was sustained in his hope for recovery by his devoted wife who has been unflinching in her care and devotion to him.

Mr. Whitney was born in Etna, Sept. 20, 1869, a son of Charles A. and Mellie Smith Whitney. When a very young boy he learned telegraphy and with the exception of a few years of his life he has been connected with the railroads. Thirty-five years ago he was happily united in marriage with Miss Grace Pond of Holden, who survives him. One daughter, Hazel, now Mrs. Charles Moore of Oakland, was born to them.

For a short time Mr. Whitney was a salesman for the G. B.

Haskell Co., and then he was connected with the Central Maine Power Co., and when he came to this town from Livermore Falls, twenty-five years ago, he was one of the owners in the local creamery. With the exception of the above mentioned years he has been connected with the railroads in many ways, the last being as station agent in Norridgewock for many years. His jovial manner and thoughtfulness for others made him popular with all who knew him, and the bereaved family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their great sorrow.

He was affiliated with the Oriental Star Lodge, F. and A. M., Washburn Chapter, O. E. S. of Livermore Falls, Somerset Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and De Molay Commandery of Skowhegan; a member and Past Noble Grand of Quinnebasset Lodge, I. O. O. F. and a member of Somerset Rebekah Lodge. A delegation from the Commandery was present at the funeral which was held Monday afternoon from his late home, the impressive Masonic ceremony being given by Lebanon Lodge, F. A. M. Mr. Whitney was also an interested worker in the Congregational church and always interested in the welfare of the town. The flowers sent by friends were very beautiful and profuse. The remains were placed in the tomb, the bearers being Jay M. Pierce, Leland Merrill, Verne T. Blaisdell and Lydon Emmons.

Those from out of town to attend the funeral were Mrs. Louise Friend of Etna, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore and Harold Moore of Madison.

One direct salesman was telling another about a recent turn-down he had had and of how he had to get out quickly: "—and I made a bolt for the door," he finished the story.

"Bolt for the door, eh?" remarked his companion with a grin. "I suppose you did that on account of the jamb?"

"Jamb is right. You see the door was ajar."

Maine Central Operated Logging Road

(Continued from Page 3)

air brakes on these cars. The hand brakes used on these were set up by means of a specially designed wrench. The brakes were set at the top of the grade previous to starting down the steep incline.

The Maine Central was paid per thousand feet and also paid for keeping the road open during the winter, as it was necessary to plow the entire branch practically every day and oftentimes more than once.

Maine Central crews handled the long train over "Rocky Branch" to Glen where the train was transferred to the main line of the Maine Central and taken to Intervale Junction where it was shifted onto the Boston & Maine

right-of-way and hauled to Conway, at which place the logs were manufactured into lumber. It was necessary for Mr. Currier to pass all B. & M. examinations previous to being allowed to haul these trains into Conway over their line. There were about 200 men employed in the operation which lasted for six years and was in charge of Wilbur Marshall of Colebrook, N. H.

After the branch had completed its usefulness, the ten and one-half miles of track was taken up and about four years ago the Seboomook Lake & St. John Railway purchased the unique gear engine previously spoken of that had operated down the three and one-half miles of mountain-side and had it rebuilt at the Portland Company and numbered S. L. & St. J. No. 2, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Perhaps there are many readers who have not read or heard of the S. L. & St. J. Railway. It is owned by the Great Northern Paper Company and operates through miles of vast wilderness in northern Maine, above Moosehead Lake. Few people can realize what an expensive task it was to get this queer engine up into the Seboomook country, and a rather strange coincidence in connection with the movement of it over the Maine Central tracks from Portland to Kineo is the fact that Traveling Engineer Currier again came in contact with it, he being put in charge of the job of getting the engine properly delivered to its destination at Kineo and rode the engine until it was turned over to the Great Northern Paper Company at that place.



S. L. & ST. J. ENGINE NO. 2 ON TEMPORARY TRACK AT SEBOOMOOK. WAS FORMERLY USED ON MT. WASHINGTON LOGGING ROAD WHICH FED THE ROCKY BRANCH.

At Kineo it was loaded onto an especially constructed scow and taken to Northwest Carry. Here it was transferred to a temporary track about two miles long leading to Seboomook Lake where it was once more loaded onto a scow, expressly built to transport it, and towed six or seven miles across this lake, finally reaching the terminal of the S. L. & St. J. Railroad and is once more in operation, this time by the woods department of one of Maine's greatest industries.

Mos' Time To Go A-Fishing

(Continued from Page 5)

It would make a long list were one to record all the places where railroad men—Maine Central men—have an opportunity to go fishing. There would be a great many known to but few. Each locality has some choice waters, known only to a small number of men in that immediate vicinity. Hidden away in out-of-the-way places are little trout streams from which are taken each year some excellent strings. One doesn't find the names of these or their locations set forth on the bulletin boards displayed in hotel lobbies, chambers of commerce and publicity bureaus.

Then, there are tiny ponds hidden away in the deep forest spaces between the hills and towns, reached only by hard tramps over dim trails, or difficult woods road, or rough climbs up rocky hillsides, from which are to be yanked fighting, weighty trout or salmon which well repay for all the difficulties of reaching the place.

These ponds and streams are the secrets of fishermen. They are shared with others only grudgingly. The man who is escorted to one of them needs no further assurance that he is a friend. He is more than that; he is an intimate, a favorite.

Generally, when we talk of fishing the thoughts go immediately

to Moosehead, the Rangeleys, Sebago and Belgrade. They are fine fishing waters, but only a small part of those which Maine has to offer along the line of the Maine Central.

Slip down into that great Washington County region and list the lakes and ponds and streams wherein is good fishing. It is a man-sized job. Tunk Pond, wherein swim some of the fightingest fish any waters ever knew. Meddybemps, to which Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, and Joseph Jefferson, one of America's most famous actors, went for years to battle with the black bass; where hundreds go now for the same purpose and to capture salmon and trout. Then there are the Grand Lakes. These are one of the three or four natural homes of the landlocked salmon in Maine. Fish, there, do not run so large as at other points, but won't they fight! No more gamey fish swim than they. This list does not cover the good fishing waters to be found throughout Washington County.

Up along the Vanceboro Division there are many more waters where fish abound. Cold Stream Pond, reached from Enfield, and the various waters out through Springfield, Prentiss and from Olamon, Mattawamkeag, Danforth and Passadumkeag. All of them filled with fish.

It is the same if you work out on any of the other lines. There are scores of them along the Dexter-Dover branch, the Hartland branch hits some excellent fishing places, from Skowhegan the same is true, while up the Somerset line it is just one good fishing water after another, mentioning only Moxie and Parlin Pond at this time. The Farmington and Rumford branches provide ample opportunity for fishing, as does the Mountain Division and that down through Knox and Lincoln Counties. And, say, don't forget that between Portland and Bangor on the main line is to be had some fishing good enough for kings and the same holds true along the back road from Royal Junction to Waterville.

Woodland the Busy Station

(Continued from Page 7)

or 52,776 tons, an average of 4,398 tons per month. For the same period freight receipts totaled 2,944 cars, with a combined weight of 167,054,000 pounds or 83,527 tons, an average of 6,963 tons per month. There were 1,476 empty box cars taken into the station for the year to handle the offered freight.

Electric power to the amount of 12,400 horsepower is generated at the modern hydro-electric plant at Grand Falls, twelve miles up-river, and 13,200 water horsepower is available at the mill proper.

About five hundred men are steadily employed in the mill, while from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty others are engaged in the woods getting out pulpwood and saw-logs. A mile removed from the paper mill this Company operates a sawmill. A large force is employed there in sawing a million and a half feet of pine and a large quantity of shingles and laths.

At this station the business of the American Railway Express Company is also handled, and for the year 1925 a total of 5,629 shipments were handled; this includes the received and forwarded shipments.

Bangor Yard

(Continued from Page 9)

the situation at Bangor became critical. Water in the river was high along the city piers. The ice still held. Above a freshet pitch prevailed. Wherever the tracks of the Maine Central followed the river, which was much of the way to Old Town, constant watch was maintained. There were places, notably near Mt. Hope, Bangor, where the rails were under water.

On the afternoon of Thursday, March 20, the first real movement of the ice jam occurred. This was a mass of ice opposite what is known as City Point. The office

of the Bangor Car Department is located at the point, today. At that time the present Union station was only talked about. The city was served by two stations, the Exchange Street, where the present structure now stands, and the Maine Central station, the site of which is now a part of the freight yard. This jam went down, hit the jam opposite the Maine Central station and moved that down-river half a mile. Then the mass hung.

Up to this time there had not been a serious flooding of streets and basements. The movement of the ice was hailed with delight. It was regarded as the end of the danger. All believed that once it had started it would keep on going. It did nothing of the sort. It hung right there for some time.

When this big jam formed, the river along the waterfront of Bangor, including the Kenduskeag Stream, began to rise. It continued throughout the afternoon and into the evening. Basements in the lower part of the city were flooded before dark. The tracks of the Exchange Street and Railroad Street yards were flooded and soon the water had crept over the platforms.

Before 8 o'clock, boats were moving about the streets in Lower Exchange, Broad and Front Streets and the Daily News had been driven out and moved to the Commercial Office, Main Street.

Thousands of people occupied vantage points on both shores of the river to watch the flood. People talked that the bridges were in danger, yet did not believe it. Proof of this: When the mass of ice and logs, which wrecked them, started down stream there were probably 200 people on the railroad bridge and as many more on the highway bridge watching the scene.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock in the evening that the crowning disaster of the flood came.

This mass of ice and logs, included in which was a log boom, had been holding between the Bangor and Brewer shores about 2,000 yards above the Maine Central bridge. The steady rising of

the water lifted it from the bottom and broke its shore holdings loose.

Slowly, at first, it moved down stream. It gained speed with each yard of distance, for the speed of the flood was great. People on the bridges saw it coming and raced for shore. The mass swept onward. Stretched across it were the dozen or more great spruce logs, held together by massive chains, which constituted the boom.

The mass struck the piers of the railroad bridge. Its force was irresistible, when the boom is recalled. But for the boom there is reason to believe the bridge would have escaped. The boom dragged the pier from beneath the bridge, dropping the huge steel spans onto the ice.

The steel was crashed down onto the wooden highway structure, tearing out its middle span, before it crushed through the ice and found a resting place on the river bottom.

It was all over in a fraction of time, two or three minutes, but it was days before the damage was repaired.

Fortunately not a life was lost, though no one could ever understand why not.

The river continued to rise through the night and it was Monday before a real solution of the traffic was arranged. The carrying away of the bridges paralyzed all traffic. It so was that at the time there was but one locomotive of the Maine Central available on the east shore of the Penobscot. Until others, as well as passenger cars could be sent around by way of McAdam, St. Stephen, N. B., Calais and Washington Jct., this machine had to handle all business between Brewer Jct., Bucksport and Bar Harbor.

As soon as the river cleared of ice, steamers were brought up and a regular transfer service maintained across the river for passengers, mail, express and baggage, so that there was but a slight delay in handling the business. Freight was sent around by way of Vanceboro and Calais.

Almost before the sun had risen on Friday, March 21, the railroad was making plans to bridge the gap in the river. While it was days and weeks before the municipalities decided what they would do, the railroaders were working. Before the suspension foot-bridge which was eventually swung in place on the highway bridge had been started, the Maine Central had trains crossing the river and was maintaining uninterrupted service on schedule time.

A temporary trestle was erected and trains were running in 22 days from the time the damage was done. This was regarded as a remarkable achievement, considering that there was a freshet pitch in the river most of the time the crews were working.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN
You are gone, but not forgotten,
Though you've stood the gaff sublime;
With your timbers, so old and rotten,
Which have been repaired, from time to time.

Thousands of cars have travelled,
Through Main Street and up the ridge;
And they have all crossed the Old Land Mark,
That's been known as Skunk Hill Bridge.

But now there stands up, bright and clear,
With its steel, and cement, all new;
A bridge of the best of workmanship
That a contractor's men could do.

The work is most completed,
With the grading, up the ridge;
But the new bridge that's been erected,
Will be known as Rigby Bridge.
N. F. G.
TOWER TWO, RIGBY.

ON THE JOB

Carpenter—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Assistant—"I did. It was a quarter past ten."—Pearson's Weekly.

Forest Baker Goes To New Business

Forest E. Baker, for a number of years connected with the M. C. R. R. in the Freight Accounting Dept., General Offices, resigned as Assistant to the Auditor of Freight Accounts February, 1926, to enter business with the Pyramid Process Co. of East Rochester, N. Y., of which he has been appointed Secretary.

It is with regret to his associates and countless friends that his new duties take him out of this vicinity, but they all unite in wishing him the best of luck and success.

His co-workers found that however important his duties he was never too busy to meet with those who came to him and was ready at all times with a friendly word and a helping hand. As an expression of the esteem in which he was held Mr. J. H. Osgood, on behalf of the employees, presented him with a green gold watch and chain. Although completely surprised, Mr. Baker responded in an able manner, expressing his thanks for the gift and his gratitude for the co-operation he had received

during the years he was with them.

John H. Osgood, Chief Clerk in Freight Accounting Dept., was promoted Assistant to the Auditor of Freight Accounts.

F. E. Morton, Head Clerk of the Station and Interline Accounts, was promoted to Chief Clerk.

Likes Mr. Manning's Articles

Editor Maine Central Employees' Magazine—Portland, Maine.

Dear Sir:

In reading Mr. Manning's article in the March issue relative to Freight Claim Prevention, I note, with regret, that he says that he has not heard from any Agent on the road in the interest of Freight Claim Prevention and that he cannot tell whether the reception of previous articles has been good or bad. I also understand (but may be wrong) that Mr. Manning has concluded his "talks" in this connection and think it time that some word of praise and thanks were extended him for his

interesting and instructive articles.

Mr. Manning, no doubt, has spent considerable time in arranging these "talks" and has covered every part relative to Freight Claims thoroughly; has arranged and written them in such a manner that they might be easily understood by all.

Having followed these articles from time to time, I have been able to get a lot of good points that would not have come to me otherwise. Surely there are others that have gained from them in the same way. If so, why not show our appreciation and let Mr. Manning know what we think about them.

I refrain from signing this for no other reason than that I no longer am working as an Agent and do not feel that I should be the first to submit my appreciation. However, I would like to let Mr. Manning know that there are some who are interested and also appreciative. I thank you.

A TIMELY HINT

The Bore (about 1:30 A.M.)—
"The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start."

She—"I wish I knew it."

Financial Report

\$48,949 Deficit After Charges In February

The statement of Maine Central operating results for the month of February—made public March 24—shows a deficit after charges of \$48,949, as contrasted with a surplus of \$63,128 in February, 1925.

The deficit after charges from January 1st to February 28th, 1926, is \$8,609. In the corresponding period in 1925 the surplus was \$38,472.

President McDonald's statement in full follows:

	FEBRUARY 1926	FEBRUARY 1925	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,110,775	\$1,217,287	\$106,512
Passenger Revenue.....	287,381	306,864	19,483
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,513,667	1,651,414	137,747
Surplus after Charges.....	Def. 48,949	63,128	112,077

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

	1926	1925	Decrease
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$3,180,009	\$3,276,607	\$96,598
Surplus after Charges.....	Def. 8,609	38,472	47,081

MORRIS McDONALD.

MAINE CENTRAL FAMILY

LEWISTON AND AUBURN NEWS

By P. J. Hanley

Henry Verville, Checker at Auburn freight house, and wife have returned from New York after spending a few days.

John P. Scully, Roadmaster, has returned to his office after a week's illness.

Operator Joseph McGee, third trick Operator at New Gloucester, is back on the job after undergoing a surgical operation at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, and is in improved health.

Fred Wing, Crossing Tender, Auburn, is at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, suffering with a broken leg as result of falling on ice on way to work recently. He is improving rapidly.

E. E. Coombs, Crossing Tender, Auburn, was seriously injured March 25, when he fell from the crossing tower at Elm St., Auburn, and is in a critical condition at this writing, as internal injuries are feared.

The flu is raging in this section and many of the workers are affected.

It is understood that work on a new engine house and coaling plant at Lewiston Upper will be started early this spring, and this is a much-needed improvement.

Charles Benner, Swingman at Lewiston and Auburn, has returned from a three-day vacation at East Burlap.

Bob Burns, Foreman Engine House, is having a hard time supplying red lantern oil for some of the new car cleaners.

Mrs. Howard Goss, wife of Brakeman Goss, was taken to hospital recently for surgical treatment.

The night crew at Lower Station has been increased by two Persian kittens.

John Rollins is filling in as Chief Clerk at the Upper in place of John Weber, deceased.

MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENTS PORTLAND TERMINAL

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

EASTERN DIVISION

J. L. Riggie,	Superintendent's Office
C. H. Leard,	Bangor Mot. Pow. Dept.
C. A. Jefferds,	Bangor Car Dept.
P. N. Carson,	Bangor Ticket Office
V. A. Cunningham,	Old Town
R. H. Johnson,	Woodland
E. F. McLain,	Calais
S. A. Frost,	Eastport
H. D. Davis,	Vanceboro
T. S. Kelley,	Kingman

PORTLAND DIVISION

E. W. Tibbetts,	Brunswick
E. E. Walker,	Augusta
A. A. Thompson,	Waterville
W. H. Marshall,	Oakland
A. F. Smith,	Lewiston
R. C. Brown,	Lewiston
P. J. Hanley,	Lewiston, Lower
S. O. Swett,	Rumford
Miss A. T. Monahan,	Lancaster
J. E. Winslow,	Lancaster
Alfred R. Pugh,	Rockland
E. E. Walker,	Augusta

GENERAL OFFICES

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

At a committee meeting of the Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employees, held in Augusta, March 28th, W. D. Frost of Waterville was elected General Committeeman for the system.

Joseph Dumais, the recognized champion weather forecaster, has a close second in Walt Fisher who claims to be able to pick the bad ones from the good ones with the best of them.

Frank Libby, Clerk at Auburn, has been working in the Portland office for some time and expects to be back on the old job again in a few weeks.

At present time a work-train is unloading new steel between Walnut Hill and Leeds Jct. on back road.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery A. Tillson, Auburn, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston,

Thursday, March 11th. Mrs. Tillson was formerly Miss Louise Craven, Stenographer at Bath Station for seven years.

KINGMAN

By T. S. Kelly

We were surprised to see Vanceboro come to the front, but she is here, now let's keep agoing.

We are still shipping potatoes from this station, two and three cars a day. The price holds up to \$6. We have shipped 155 cars up to date and estimate about 60 more.

Section Foreman J. E. Meagher has increased his force, getting ready for more snow. We hope we won't get any more this year.

Sandy M. Gould, Baggage Man, has worn his camera out taking pictures of the deep snow and says he will send the pictures in next month. He also has invented a new snow plow to remove the snow from the station platform. It has proved a success and he can remove the snow from platform in eight minutes. When in Kingman call and see Sandy's new plow. (Send in a photograph of it.—Editor.)

Auditor A. P. White called on us last month and as the weather was fine he had no cause to be searching the town for number eleven overshoes.

There was quite a heavy business at Drew this winter, hardwood logs and pulp. M. E. Sprague who was operating the hardwood is all done loading and has gone to making ties.

We would like to hear from P. V. Witham, Agent at Winn.

OLD TOWN TOPICS

By V. A. Cunningham

Carl Edward Henry, Brakeman, has had unusually hard luck try-

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ing to buy a radio, entailing long weeks of severe strain on his patience. If I did not know Carl so well I would strongly suspect that his wife has been compelled to wear cotton wads in her ears and take the smaller children in the other room where they would not hear papa indulge in high voltage vocal static. Knowing Carl, as I do, and knowing that he has never had a chance to learn this highly technical and soul-relieving art on the Maine Central or with the railroad unit in France, I am sure he merely looked severe, and remarked to the folks about that it looked like rain.

It seems that radio sets have vibrated between Boston and Orono bi-weekly all winter, and so familiar had Carl Edward's name become that the American Express people told him that they would send him a statement once a month, to cover charges.

But that is not the sad, sad part; the cause of all the charges, and counter charges, that were getting so hot the paper on which they were written was beginning to smoke, was merely a defective tube, that Carl forgot to test.

Maurice English has been supplying as relief Crossing Tender at Front and Bosworth Streets, Old Town, during the absence of Edward Graham.

Joseph LaBree has been transferred from the Section Crew at Old Town to third trick Crossing Tender on the Treat and Webster Island Crossings at Old Town.

Relief Crossing Tender Edward Graham, who was run down by a truck recently, is gaining rapidly at the Penobscot General Hospital at Old Town and is expected to be with us again in a few days.

Foreman Dodge and the bridge crew made us a flying visit last month and repaired our passenger station platform.

This winter will long be remembered by railroad men at Old Town as an unusually hard one, due to difficult yard conditions, caused by the continuous bad snow storms.

It is understood that we are soon to be installed in our new quarters in the passenger station.

The freight department at Old Town has long outgrown its present quarters and we believe the east half of the passenger waiting room will be a great improvement as a freight office and give plenty of room to move about. Several near accidents have been avoided in the old office, and many times only the toughness of personnel of that office has prevented a hospital case, when a couple of 200-pound clerks with three-foot beams and traveling 45 miles an hour have hit one of those two-foot alleys between the desks at the same time. Someone said: "Look before you leap," but it's dollars to doughnuts he never felt the urge and multiple demands of a high-pressure freight office, where the fastest of footwork is the order of the day.

OAKLAND NEWS

By W. H. Marshall

Signs of spring can be seen around Oakland. Carrol Dodge has had a real boyish bob, the first one since last Labor Day.

Suppose the boys are all wondering who the would-be poet Napoleon is, who wrote "Herb's Vision Comes True," in last month's magazine. Don't suppose it is just right for me to give him away, but it is too good to keep as he says that all great writers must have a trade name. He is none other than my French brother "Able," who works the graveyard trick. We trust that more of his writings will appear in the magazine soon, as it is understood he has sent the Editor a six-months' supply.

Friends of Conductor Al Crosby regret to learn of his continued illness and hope that he will be able to take his run on the Bingham local soon. Conductor Carl Pierce is covering the job at this writing.

Baggage Master Charles Walton claims to be the champion snow shoveler on the Maine Central, and would like to meet the man that can shovel more than he can, if such a person lives. Says he can't understand why so many

people spend the most of their winters in Florida, but that he is going to find out next winter.

Friends of R. A. Whitney were very sorry to hear of his death, which occurred Feb. 20, an account of which appears elsewhere in this issue.

L. J. Sanborn, former Agent at Belfast, has bid in the position of Agent at Norridgewock, made vacant by the death of R. A. Whitney. Operator V. T. Blaisdell who covered the position during Mr. Whitney's sickness, returns to regular position on second trick, and Operator B. M. Whitten returns to spare board.

CALAIS NOTES

By Ted McLain

Mrs. H. A. Miner is spending a few weeks with relatives in Boston and Fall River.

Much of the winter's pulpwood business at this point has been held up because of the many storms and by the heavy fall of snow in the woods.

John Gaddis has been confined to his home with a bad attack of the grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dougherty have returned from a short visit to Bangor. Ernie brought back one of the new victrolas and I can tell you they are all to the good.

News items are scarce as hens' teeth here this winter. Everyone seems to have resigned themselves to the long, hard winter and as a result there have been fewer casualties. Not meaning, of course, that there must be casualties to fatten the news columns, but the most of our amateur news reporters must have a few deaths and many cases of our friends who are confined to bed, in order that our contribution will not be too insignificant.

Ed Doyle has been confined to his home, quite ill with an attack of the grippe. Guess Ed has been too steady at the wood in his spare time.

Jimmie Dubay has been called home by the illness of his brother Charles.

Much is being said for, and against, the great Quoddy project at this time. Particularly on the Canadian side of the river do we find much skepticism. Much sentiment is being shown by the fact that many of the down-river fishermen are forecasting the loss of their main industry, fishing.

AUGUSTA LOCALS

By E. E. Walker

General Agent P. E. Fuller of this station rises to take exceptions to the claim of General Agent Comins of Rockland, and says he will be a party to a contest for the handsomest agent at any time.

Ticket Agent H. E. Ordway says he notices a big difference in his electric light bill lately. Those darned radios do burn the lights late, don't they, Hi?

Conductor Herbert McDonald has bid in the yard conductor's job and he certainly looks swell on Trains 91 and 94 with his new uniform on.

When Arthur Davis of the freight house force was coming to work the other morning he noticed that the hospital brook had overflowed onto the ice for a small space, and upon arrival at the shed informed us that the ice was out of the river channel.

Freight Checker McCurdy was summoned for jury duty last month and served for the shortest term on record, just about ten minutes, as all cases were settled out of court.

Mrs. Phoebe Sylvester, wife of Baggage Master S. G. Sylvester, had the misfortune to slip near her home and sprain her ankle recently.

Conductor John DaPrato of Waterville has been running Trains 91 and 94 and acting as Yard Master while the job was up for bid.

Work was begun March 19, resurfacing the retaining wall west of the overhead bridge. Breen's crew is doing the work and it is planned to complete the work in about two months.

Roy Ellis, the spare man in the baggage room—you know the little

fellow—was very much surprised when he stepped on the scales the other day to find that they did not break and that he had fallen away to 250 lbs.

The boys are wondering now if night Baggage Master Chadwick is going to wear his fur cap all summer. How about it, chummy?

Superintendent Thomas McLaughlin of the Eastern Division dropped in on us the other afternoon, and everyone was pleased to see him.

EASTERN DIVISION

By J. L. Riggie

Conductor Harry C. Cronkhite, who was seriously injured in an accident on Sept. 30, 1925, resumed duty February 22. Harry was badly used up and his good recovery is a tribute to his courage.

Miss Doris B. Knowles, Stenographer in Office of Superintendent Bridges and Buildings, Bangor, returned to work March 13 after a three-day lay off with tonsillitis.

Miss Ria H. Ferry, Messrs. Joseph W. McEwen and Ronaldo F. Martin, of the Superintendent's Office, Bangor, journeyed to Boston to spend Washington's Birthday.

Conductor A. R. Mundie of Calais passed through Bangor, Feb. 25, on his way to Danforth for a few days visit with his mother.

E. H. Bleakley who was injured in the accident at Cliffords, Jan. 29, was released from the Eastern Maine General Hospital and returned to his home, Feb. 22. We expect to see Eddie back on the job before many weeks.

E. K. Vandine of the Bangor Freight Office force, accompanied by his wife, visited in Houlton, Feb. 21 and 22.

Friends and associates of Conductor W. H. Hall sympathize with him in the loss of his wife on Feb. 25.

Martin F. Fallon, who was injured in the accident at Cliffords, Jan. 29, is back on the job. Mart's first trip on March 18, Trains 127-427, gave him an early opportunity

to look over the place where it all happened.

Promoter—"I can let you in on a good thing."

"Investor—"Good for me or just for you?"

He—"I don't know whether to give you a book or a kiss."

She—"I have a book."

The city lad went home with his country cousin and during the visit was giving the place the once over and came across a pile of milk cans. He shouted to the country cousin—"Oh, come here, Jack, I've found a cow's nest."

Mike—"Who wrote the greatest war song in the world?"

Ike—"Mendelssohn!"

Mike—"What was it?"

Ike—"Here comes the Bride."

Little Bobbie—"Dad, what do you call the last three hairs on a dog's tail?"

Wise Dad—"The 'tail-end' I guess."

Little Bobbie—"No, dog hairs!"

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Hard to say. Make me an offer."

The Roadmaster received the following note from one of his Section Foremen:

"I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike hammer. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"

Mr. Softee—"This is my photograph, with my two French poodles. You recognize me?"

Miss Cane—"I think so. You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

He—"What was the hardest thing you found in learning to drive your car?"

She—"A stone wall."

Two men from town were staying with a farmer, and expressed a desire to go shooting. Their host said that he could not go with them, but could lend them guns and a couple of dogs. The two sportsmen, who had never fired a shot, set off, and they were soon heard blazing away. Within a very short time one of the men returned.

"You are soon back," said the farmer. "Have you come for more ammunition?"

"No," was the reply. "I've come for more dogs."

EASTPORT

By S. A. Frost

The first bird of spring
Attempted to sing,
But e'er he had sounded a note
He fell from the limb
And a dead bird was him,
For the music had friz in his
throat.

And no wonder, for March the 15th registered only three degrees above zero. Eastport has experienced one of the hardest winters in years. The snow shovelers have had hard work to keep room for more snow, and having it piled from 5 to 15 feet high made it necessary for one to go to the second-story window to get a reasonable view of one's neighbor. Even the undertaker has been kept busy making regular trips to the "Marble Orchard on the Hill."

A. H. Bacon, Conductor on the morning "run" out of Eastport, comes to the front again, and has issued a challenge to any or all employees of the Maine Central to a clam-eating contest. It is reported that he is in active training at present, and can shuck and eat a peck of clams at a setting in record time. To witness such an act, it would be necessary for one to wear ear-muffs, for the noise is deafening.

Mr. O. F. Bathrick, Traffic Representative of the B. & M., was a business visitor to Eastport last month.

J. W. Marks left for his home in Portland, March 16, there to

join again the Maine Central family by becoming a member of the Engineering Department. He was the Eastport Agent for the Eastern Warehouse Co., and while here made a lot of friends that wish him well in his new field of operations, hoping that he may be able to return at some early date and renew acquaintances that he made while here. Mr. J. A. Leighton is at present acting Agent for the Eastern Warehouse Co., and at this writing many sardines are being moved to the Warehouse for storage, making the M. C. Station a very busy place.

Frank Murphy, Traveling Freight Agent for the Maine Central, has been a frequent visitor to Eastport in the interests of the patrons of the M. C. and took an active part in the moving of sardines to the Eastern Warehouse for storage.

During February, 35,000 cases of sardines were shipped from Eastport. Much freight has gone over this section, both out and into Eastport. The merchants are preparing for the influx of travel that is expected as a result of the building of the Cooper Power Dam.

S. A. Frost was the guest of honor at the Rotarian dinner, March 18, and gave a talk on music matters.

The Grand Trunk representative, J. A. DeGagne, was a business visitor to Eastport, March 17.

QUESTIONS ON ROCKLAND

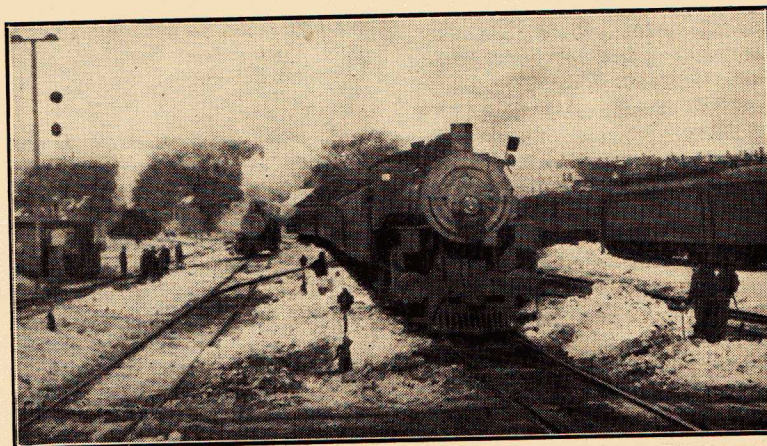
By A. B. Marshall

Certainly glad to see news from Rockland in the March issue. News, land sakes alive, you're full of them. So Henry is playing politics, Hey? Look out, Henry, you're not rooting on the side lines at Oakland Park.

Say, has Billy Rhodes had any new bushel baskets presented to him so he could scoop them up better while playing second base for the Lime-Rocks? So Mr. Karl is still poking the stove? Fine little bit of advice for those who think that tin cans are made to throw in the heater. Foddy is no baby to bounce up and down on your knee.

I see the writer forgot to mention "Father." Is he still lamenting and trying to carry the freight shed on his back? What about the Lily-pad hopper, is he still reaching for the sky? If that roaring yard conductor has any more black cats to give away, give one to Arthur, to keep the mice away.

Say, Bunny, you still on the job, too? Well, I often wonder what became of that rabbit you wished on me. I suppose you have a swell rabbit farm now, and making a little on the side, raising furs for the market. Gee, you ought to present Henry with a pair, and let him start a rabbitery, all of his own. You could give him some inside information, etc.



NO 13, ENTERING UNION STATION, PORTLAND, ON A WINTER MORNING

Lillian, I haven't forgotten you either; you thought I might? I know since I left that part of the country, there have been happenings and you know they leak out, bound to, but never too late to wish the best of luck to you and Arthur.

Henry, I understand Dickie has an official position at Hermon Center. Do you suppose he runs around between there and Northern Maine Junction with an oil can? I wonder, don't you? Cheer up, Dickie, it isn't like working with that streak of lightning on second at Brunswick. What became of Tarzan? Here's a boost for Trainer's Lunch: Whenever I eat apple pie, I think of Trainer's. They certainly had a good apple pie maker, Um, Um, and must not forget their lobster stew, nuff's plenty, makes my mouth water.

BANGOR CAR SHOPS

By C. A. Jefferds

H. J. Smith has resumed his duties after being off duty several weeks on account of jamming the fingers of his left hand.

The many friends of A. A. Libby will be sorry to learn he is still confined to the house on account of trouble with his hip.

Eugene Barnes, Carman, is still off duty on account of ill health.

Oscar Page, well-known Coach Cleaner, who for the past few years has spent the winters in Massachusetts with his daughter, has notified the company he will soon return for duty.

Alfred Weatherbee and Chas. H. Loftus attended the Portland Auto Show. Mr. Weatherbee, or "Al," has ordered a new Buick Six but as yet Charlie has not signed up. He is talking Ford Roadster, however, and may yet be behind the wheel.

Earl Goodwin, Car Inspector, has purchased a new bungalow on Highland St., Brewer, which he will occupy about May 1st.

C. A. Jefferds, Time Clerk of Car Department, attended the

Bangor Auto Show. Jeff talks Overland a great deal and it is rumored he has signed up for a new Overland Four.

Miss Lena Golden, Stenographer, has recently become an aunt and a great-aunt. It is rumored Lena is kept awake nights by her young nephew, who has a husky pair of lungs.

Pullman Inspector Killinger has returned to Buffalo after inspecting the Pullman cars which were in the Winn wreck, Train 8, Feb. 19. These cars are now being repaired at Bangor.

The ice in the Penobscot went out March 11-12, 1925, but this year it looks as though it will be 30 days later, and many followers of the river predict trouble along the waterfront if we get much rainfall, as there is so much anchor ice and snow.

Apropos of the foregoing. There is stored in the cove at City Point the Life Raft belonging to Bangor's Finest, "Police Dept." This craft is only discernible at low tide as there is tons of ice around and on top of it. This was swept down early in the winter by a freshet and put into dead storage for the winter and it will need considerable renovating before it can be put back in its usual summer resting place near the Bangor Savings Bank.

Chas. Harriman suffered an injury to his jaw due to jack handle letting go and striking him on the head.

George R. Wilson, carman at Northern Maine Jct., has been appointed assistant foreman on the night trick Bangor passenger yard, vice B. H. Colpitts, resigned.

A. A. Libby, carman, is comfortable at this writing, after an operation for hip trouble by Dr. Abbott of Portland at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

H. L. Burnham has resumed his duties at Bangor after having substituted for J. J. Barnett at Old Town. Mr. Burnham states he has had no further trouble with bandits molesting him between Bangor and Old Town and if they do, will do as he previously did, "keep right on going."

ROCKLAND NEWS

By Alfred R. Pugh

There's something fishy about Roundhouse Foreman Boody's frequent trips to Oyster River and adjacent waters. According to eye witnesses, Ed don't get much of the fishy part himself. Of course, we wouldn't go so far as to say that we don't believe Ed gets any fish, because he must, as all good fishermen do. But the thing that hasn't been solved yet, is what disposition he makes of his catch.

As we expected, that item about Hen Comins' beauty brought forth the fire from several other general agents that is bound to result from a contest of this kind. The correspondent interviewed Hen on the subject with startling results. He was shown a couple epistles from Brother Fuller of Augusta and Brother Cummings of Lewiston. They are evidently jealous of our Hen, but they sent him a nice little spade, obviously to spread his propaganda with.

Bernice Snowman, Stenographer, and Lillian McCurdy, Billing Clerk, both seem to be pleased that the correspondent had nothing on them for the last issue. But you never can tell when something will come up. They will forget themselves some day and then there will be something doing.

Yard Conductor Bill Stearns went to the masquerade ball at the Odd Fellows Hall the other night. Bill's disguise was perfect, according to all reports. When asked about it next morning, Bill said his only disguise was soap and water applied copiously to his facial map. He said not a person in the hall, including his own wife, knew him when he walked in with his face washed. He also feels that he made something on the deal, too. From his wife comes the news that when Bill washed his face he found a shaving brush and three safety razor blades buried under the debris, and long since given up for lost.

From our General Agent himself comes this story, hence it is true. Brother McCurdy, he of the noble countenance, etc., accident-

ally dozed off during a dull moment at the ticket office. He had his feet elevated in due form upon the steam radiator, and was sawing wood as industriously as he ever did. Suddenly his head flopped back and his feet flopped down, his heel coming in contact with a receptacle for men who use tobacco. This receptacle was evidently partly full. Draw your own conclusions. A prize of suitable value will be given to the person who can most correctly quote Mac after the catastrophe.

Don't say anything to Bart, our freight house checker, about the color of the ribbon he intended to wear on the 17th of March. We will give two guesses what color he carried.

Fred Leach's recipe for doughnuts: Take a medium-sized hole, one with rounded corners preferred, and gently apply some kind of dough, except silver or gold, to the edges. Do not get the dough so close that the hole will lap over the edge of the dough. Take shears and trim off the ragged edges of the hole and leave the dough ring-shaped; be very careful, however, that the hole is inside the ring. Fasten to a board with any kind of tacks except income or dog, and boil for three days. It is best served by inhaling the vapor while steaming, or the board may be eaten and the doughnut used for fuel.

QUESTION IN GEOGRAPHY

Question—Where and what is Matinicus Island?

Answer—A wart sticking out of the ocean, and lies off coast of Rockland.—Get it, Dickey?

WATERVILLE NEWS

By A. A. Thompson

When a locomotive comes into the shops for repairs before the different parts are machined and painted, they have to be thoroughly cleaned. In previous years, this has been done by boiling in the "potash" tanks and by cleaning with kerosene and gasoline after some of the layers of grease had

been removed with a scraping knife propelled by man power. A contrivance has been perfected and is in operation now that relieves the overworked "potash" tanks and also does away with the kerosene and gasoline, thereby lowering the risk of fire. A tank was built with two compartments with a force pump under it. Each of these compartments has a cold water inlet and a steam coil. A small amount of a cleaning compound is put into the compartment, then it is filled with water and the steam brings the solution to a boiling point. The object in having two compartments is to have one of them filling and heating while the other is being used. The cleaning solution is conveyed from the tank to the washstand through pipes and hose to a nozzle, one line containing the solution and another live steam. When the operator starts to clean he starts the force pump, adjusts the valve controlling the steam and the valve controlling the boiling solution so as to get the right mixture and then plays this on the parts that are ready for the cleaning, and in a remarkably short time the covering of grease and dirt is removed and the parts are on their way to the machines or are ready for the painters.

Lawrence H. Campbell, Jr., arrived at the home of Storekeeper L. H. Campbell, No. 3 Hazelwood Avenue, on Feb. 24. Lawrence allows that Junior has tested his vocal organs and that they are O.K. and that Mrs. Campbell and the boy are very well indeed, thank you.

Welder R. L. Hilton has returned to work after a short illness.

Dezeri Begin of the clerical force, who has been absent from his duties on account of sickness, has returned to work.

Traveling Auditor J. F. Abbott, who has been confined to his home by an attack of pleurisy, is able to be back to work.

Funeral services for Madeline Esty McAlary who passed away at a local hospital after a long, serious illness, were held on March 2d, Rev. Robert Gay of St. Mark's Episcopal Church

officiating. Mrs. McAlary previous to her marriage was employed at Waterville Freight Office as Clerk and Stenographer for quite a few years.

Congratulations are being extended to Machinist and Mrs. Geo. Beasley on the birth of Floyd M. Beasley who arrived at No. 13 Sturtevant Street on Jan. 30th.

In the recent elections Engineer T. F. Cowen was re-elected to the Board of Aldermen and Switchman Frank Reynolds was elected to the Common Council.

The noon shop meetings are very well attended. The speakers and musical numbers are good. Recently a gentleman who had spent several years in Japan gave a very interesting talk.

Machinist Helper Veilleux, who has been receiving treatment for his eyes in a local hospital, has returned to work.

Ralph M. Ramsdell, a former Brakeman on the M. C. R. R., passed away on March 1st, at the age of 31 years at Singsong, Arizona. Mr. Ramsdell worked for the Maine Central for several years, but five years ago on account of poor health, he found it necessary to give up work. Last September, hoping that the climate would benefit him, he and his wife went to Arizona. He derived benefit from the change but other difficulties arose that hastened the end. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, a father and mother, two brothers and a sister. The body was taken to Belfast for burial.

The funeral services for Mary Archer Bulh, the wife of Boilermaker Percy E. Bulh, were held on Feb. 27th, Rev. Benj. Beatty of the United Baptist Church officiating. Mrs. Bulh was well known to many of the Maine Central family, as she worked in the Central News Stand for a long time. The sympathy of all fellow-workers is extended to Mr. Bulh in his bereavement.

Boilermaker Fred Brackley is recovering from a serious attack of the grippe.

Blacksmith Jos. Dusty has returned to work after a short illness.

I. R. Staples, who has been working in the Mill Room, has left the employ of the Maine Central and has started a fish market.

Carman Napoleon Cote was called to Salem, Mass. recently by the death of a sister.

F. G. Tulley, son of Carman Michael Tully, has been appointed manager of the Rockland A. & P. store and has gone there to take up his new duties.

Boilermaker Charles A. Pooler and Albert Waning have returned to work after being out on account of illness.

Carman Helper Henry Butler, who has been in Portland taking treatment at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, has returned to his home.

"Pete" Bourque who was a clerk in the Freight Office for several years and now is located at Corinna, visited his parents over the week end recently.

The Signalmen had an all-day meeting at the "Y" on March 7th.

Captain Silas Adams, who was well known to many of the Maine Central family, passed away at his home on March 12th at the age of 85 years. Captain Adams worked at the shops for two years and was in the Railway Mail Service for thirty-three years. He was a father-in-law of Supt. C. H. Priest and Agent George A. Priest.

Bowling at the "Y" continues to attract many, and one can often witness close strings there.

L. L. Hartley of the Freight Office force spent the week end with his parents in Corinna recently. He reports that the snow has settled enough for folks to look out of the windows, which is a sure sign that spring is coming.

Conductors Al Crosby and Eugene Cook have returned to work after being confined to their homes by illness.

Car Checker Stanley Doye has returned from Boston where he passed a few days with friends.

The Railroad "Y" is looking spic and span with its renovating.

The rest of the Freight Office force would like to have Frances Noble tell them what was in the pocket-book that she found.

Yard Conductor C. M. Ryan has returned to work after a lay-off occasioned by an injury to his foot.

H. T. Crock of the Ticket Office force, has returned to his home after being in a local hospital for treatment. H. T. wishes to express his appreciation for all of the kindness extended to him.

Yard Conductor John O'Donnell has returned to work after an illness of several weeks.

The other night at a Fathers and Sons banquet Carman John Mason and Conductor William R. Russell were sitting side by side and a remark was made to them that they be each other's boy. "Bill" agreed to this but John took exceptions to it and said, "No, sir, it isn't possible; look at the hair that Bill has and mine hasn't started to grow out yet; I'm the boy!"

We have been informed that Engineman Thomas Daly dropped the cares of railroading the other evening and took a prominent part at a dance at Foxcroft.

Engineman Jesse Richardson has returned to work after a short illness.

WHEN HYMIE GOES IN BUSINESS.

Poor Hymie Locke is going away,
We ne'er shall see him more,
For 'mongst the bums down in the slums
He's opening up a store.

And everything the heart could wish
You can find in this small place;
He'll use you slick and skin you quick,
A characteristic of his race.

There's old cook stoves and donkey carts
And crockery galore;
From mowing machines to kidney beans
You'll find them in this store.

The price is right, not out of sight,
He'll sell for any sum;
For this old skin just wants the tin
When business is on the bum.

"How much you give for dese berry crates?"

Is Hymie's plaintive wail.
"Don't you want a chair, a teddy bear
Or a broken wooden pail?"

So all day long about the street
You hear that moaning yell:
"Come buy a desk, a piano box
Or the broken parts of a bell."

The crowd collects in Hymie's shack
For bargains and something to steal.
While Hymie on the counter bawls:
"I'm offer how much for dis wheel?"

"How much you bid on dis sew machine
And one choice bundle of rags?"
"Seven?" "I'll give you ten,"
Cries one of the crazy old hags.

Outside his door in rain or shine
He'll stand while his teeth do chatter,
Muttering, "Will you buy some iron
Or a box of advertising matter?"

His hours are long, his work is hard,
To bed he goes quite late.
In his troubled sleep he'll howl out loud,
"How much for dis crate of slate?"

Now when you boys have money to spend
Call Hymie on the phone;
And when his goods are all sold out
We'll touch him for a loan.
(Sent in from Fryeburg and written by one of the "M. C. Boys.")

SPEAKING OF FISH

Teacher (to class)—"Can any scholar give me a sentence with the word 'deficiency?'"

Bright pupil (frantically waving his hand)—"Here's a sentence, teacher: The next time you go angling, hold de fish 'n see it wiggle."

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