

MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES MAGAZINE



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*There is to read in this
Magazine*

Maine Central Goes on the Air
The Yard Conductor's Reminiscences
Prides of Other Days
When Railroads Were Young

JUNE, 1926

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Maine Central Employees'

:: Magazine ::

VOLUME III

JUNE, 1926

NO. 6

Maine Central Goes On The Air

By Uncle Jimmie

Radio fans who "listen in" on WCSH, the broadcasting station of the Congress Square Hotel, Portland, will need no introduction to Uncle Billy, W. L. Foss, and Uncle Jimmie, James T. Nicholson.

They have become well acquainted with them in the past year. The two Uncles recently made a trip from Portland to Bangor and return on the Bangor Limited, riding the locomotive. They were accompanied by young Phil Coolidge of Boston, one of the most daring cameramen of the Pathe Movie Weeklies staff, who pictured their adventures. These films have already been shown in many Maine theatres. The two Uncles broadcasted their story of the trip from the WCSH Station. Following is the account as prepared by Uncle Jimmie. We know you will enjoy reading it, even though you may have heard it over the radio.

—EDITOR.

few special movies taken of the happenings.

It did not take long for the spectators to show their faces in their quest for a look at the two uncles who were to take this journey. When our engine, which was number 460, came along to tie onto the train the movie men began their work and by that time quite a crowd had assembled. All the while it threatened to rain and we were afraid that it would spoil our day. However, what rain did fall was so slight that nobody paid the least attention to it.

You folks who did not see us perhaps imagine that we went in our business clothes. Such was not the case, however, as we both were decked out like regular engineers although the knowing countenance of a regular engineer must have been missing as no one made the mistake of calling us one. We wore the regulation outfit consisting of spick and span overalls and jumper with the black and white striped hat, neckerchief which, by the way, is worn so that you will not get your neck filled with cinders, and the gauntlet gloves. Oh, yes, we had a pair of goggles that were loaned to us to keep our eyes from watering. Being interested in what was going on coming back I neglected to wear the goggles and suffered for two days afterward in consequence.

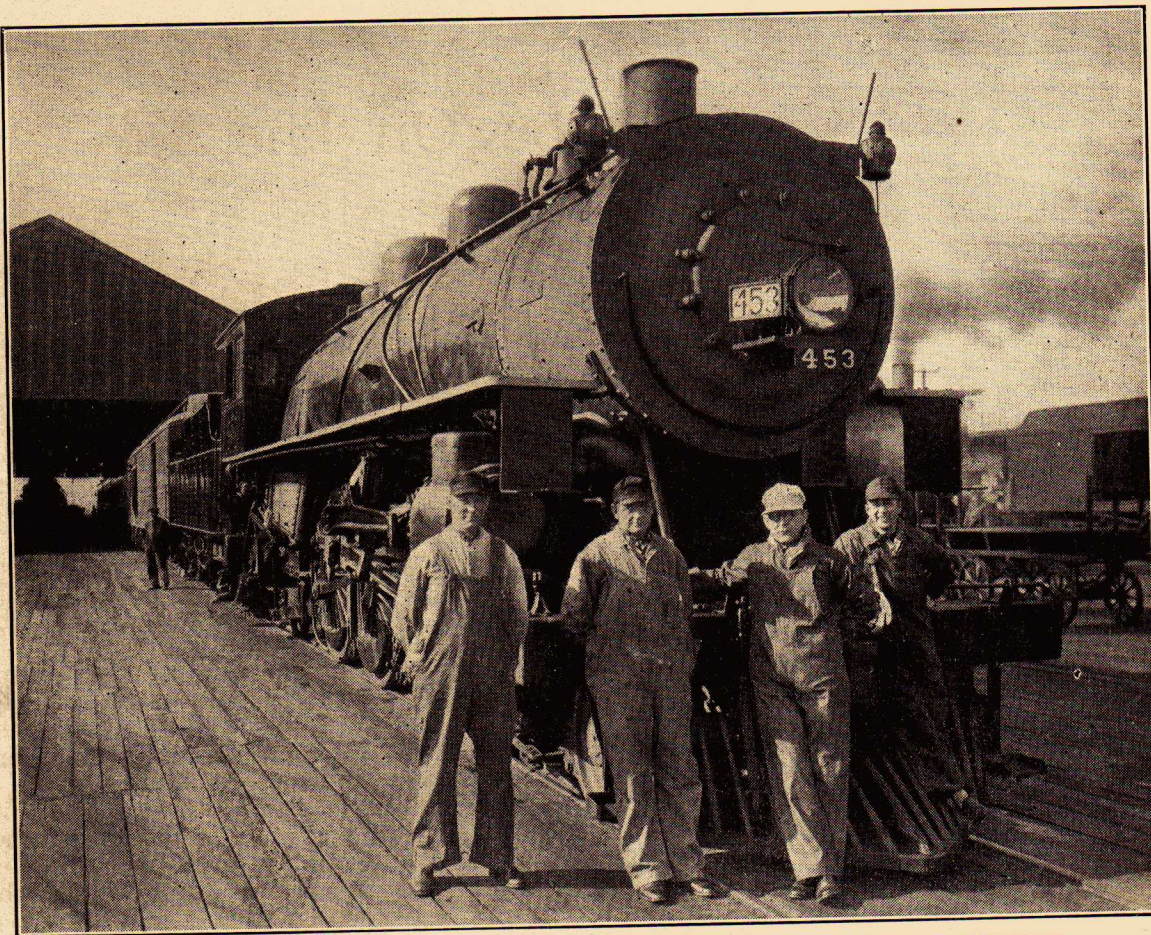
Monday, May 10th, was a banner day for Uncles Bill and Jimmie. Arriving at the Union Station at seven o'clock in the morning, a full hour before starting time, we proceeded to get our tickets and make ourselves acquainted with different members of the station force so that we would have clear sailing in any direction that we might choose in the way of greeting the young folks or having a

To get started with the trip at 8.05 A.M. we finally began our interesting journey. Up until now you have heard what makes the wheels go. The conductor waved his hand and Fireman Freeze pulled the bell while Engineer Staples scanned the track ahead and

slowly opened the throttle that was to give the engine life.

What a funny sensation to feel that you are in the life of a train and that depending on the two men with you are the lives of hundreds of people. Slowly we moved, clearing this signal and that, and threading our way through the mass of switches and tracks to get onto the main line, as it is called.

acted as if it could defy the whole world as it gradually lessened speed and stopped in just the right place. People whom we knew stopped to gaze at the train and engine, little realizing that we were in the cab of the engine and treating such an occurrence as a daily happening which it was, of course, but I will never watch a train stop without having that same feeling as on the ride and realizing what



LINED UP FOR THE RADIO RUN TO BANGOR. LEFT TO RIGHT: HERBERT FREEZE, ENGINEER
DAVE STAPLES, UNCLE BILLY AND UNCLE JIMMIE

Switchmen and trackworkers that were along the route waved to us and we felt that, somehow, we were known and began to feel easy.

It seemed as if we had just started to get up speed when the rushing of air let us know that we were nearing Woodfords Station. It was rather a queer sensation to feel the engine, which by now had turned into a large steel beast breathing fire from its nostrils, seem to hold back the train of cars that were bent on pushing us along past the station. It

a tremendous amount of energy it requires to start and stop a train.

After leaving Woodfords and Deering we were well on our way for the ride of our life. No more stops until Brunswick; and a clear track to go. Gradually our train picked up speed and we clicked off mile after mile with our engine taking it as nice as any high-powered automobile on a level stretch of road. After getting up a certain speed the engine seems to settle itself down to a steady purr.

Of course it is much louder than an automobile but it vibrates as comfortable as can be. By the time we had reached Brunswick we had gained our rail legs and it wasn't so difficult to navigate around the cab of the engine, but our ears seemed to have gone deaf so that when we again stopped it was hard work for us to hear an average conversation unless it was fairly hollered to us.

One of the things that impressed me greatly was the long level stretches of tracks that the Maine Central has on their road. It was not uncommon for the fireman to point out to us stretches of road as far as the eye could see that were as level as a table. The tracks seemed to go together in the distance, making it appear as an optical illusion. One place in particular we were told that the stretch was nearly five miles long without a turn or twist in it. On those stretches the engine seemed to fairly fly along. All this while we sat in the fireman's seat and took account of what was going on around us. It is a very strenuous job for an engineer to have to look at the road all the trip but they get some enjoyment out of it as can be had from any kind of work no matter how arduous. An instance that amused me a lot was when the engineer happened to see a woodchuck alongside the track that did not pay any attention to us until we were nearly on top of him when, all of a sudden, the engineer opened the petcocks of the cylinders so that the live steam came roaring out of them and nearly scared that woodchuck to death. He turned about five somersaults and scrambled for his hole as fast as he could. It sure did tickle me some to see the way that fellow scurried. I'll bet that the next time he hears a train coming he will make haste to get into his hole before such a thing can occur again.

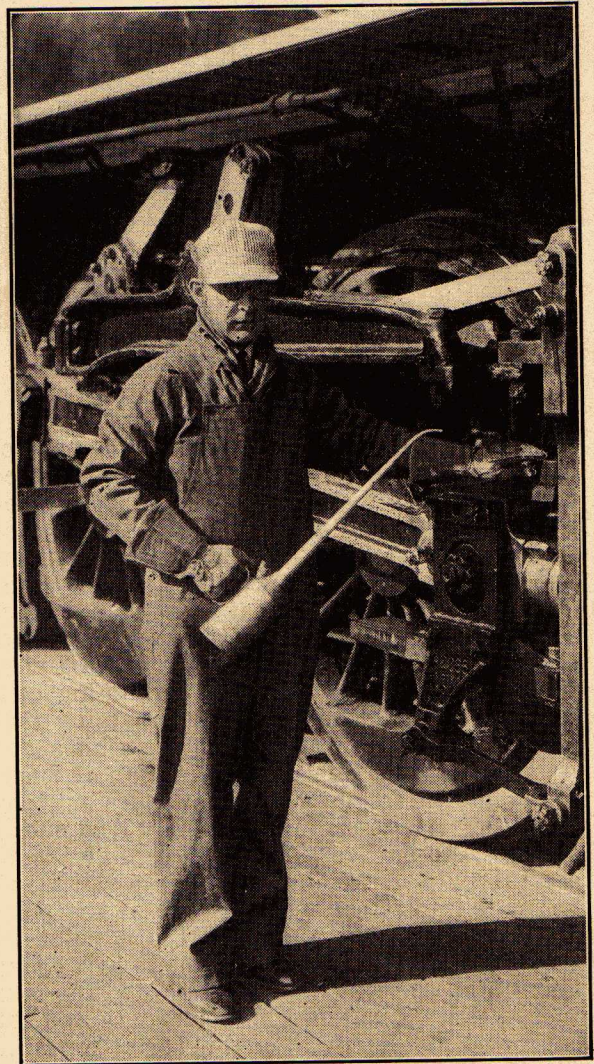
You wouldn't think that going around a curve would give you much of a sensation but it sure does. While we were seated on the fireman's seat and looking out of the engine cab window everything was lovely while we were on the straight-away, as we had gotten used to that part of the ride. Also there was not much sensation when the curves bore to the left but when the curves bore to the right—well, that was a different story. It is one of the queerest sights that I have ever seen. There was this huge boiler ahead of me, below which the enormous driving wheels were flying, and it seemed as though the engine was sailing out into space. You see, there were no tracks visible and it seemed as though we were hurtling into space and would run into

something if we didn't get back on the rails soon. If you have ever had a ride in any of the aeroplanes at the beach you will know what I mean when I say we were hurtling into space.

* * * *

This was the first time that Uncle Jimmie had ever traveled up through this territory and the scenery on the way impressed me as much as any other place that I have ever visited.

I especially want to describe the river view from Augusta to Waterville. It is the most beautiful sight that ever met my eyes. You remember that I told you that a very slight rain followed us all the way up to Bangor;



UNCLE BILLY OILS UP



UNCLE BILLY AT THE THROTTLE AND UNCLE
JIMMIE IN THE GANGWAY

well, this made the river look like a mass of dust particles on top of a mirror. We followed the river close to the edge and I had a good chance to see what was going on. At regular intervals there were logs anchored securely and they looked very much like channel posts. They were so regular that it appeared as if someone had measured to the inch the exact spacing. Several times we were greeted with the sight of dozens of ducks swimming contentedly as could be and little dreaming that in the fall hunters would welcome such a sight. At another time we saw a formation of ducks flying and we followed them for miles but they were too fast for us and gradually flew out of sight. Another very interesting sight is to see the pulp wood piles that are awaiting to be made into paper which is one of the principal industries in Maine. At one point on the road Fireman Freeze told me to look sharp and watch the way that we ran into the lake just ahead. I watched as per orders and the sight that met my eyes could never be repeated anywhere. We traveled through a tunnel of rock and as we looked beyond nothing could be

seen but the lake, and sure enough it looked as if we were going to run into the lake all right. We traveled so close to the edge of that lake that it looked as if we would roll down the embankment at any minute.

* * * *

Uncle Bill wanted some particular excitement, so while we were traveling at a good rate of speed he climbed out over the engine and rode on the cow-catcher for a while. It sure was a breezy ride for when he came in the color was a bright red in his face.

My own particular experience was to sit in the engineer's seat and pilot the train under the direction of Jack Trundy, our able pilot on the trip back home. It is something that I have always wanted to do and now I can say that at last I have done it.

* * * *

At last at eleven fifty-five we pulled into Bangor, dirty and hungry but happy as could be. We stood by our engine until it was put on the ashpit for cleaning and then we proceeded to do the same thing, clean up. We didn't do any work and how we ever got so dirty is a mystery but dirty we were going up and dirty we were coming back. I guess we were greenhorns all right for the fireman wasn't half as dirty as we were and he was handling coal the whole trip. However, after we washed up and stowed our duds into the big 470's cab we rode into the station again and proceeded to chow up. Well, now, maybe you think that we didn't eat. We could put any four men to shame when it came to eating after a trip like that. I am almost ashamed to mention the hearty portions of which I partook. However, I will let you know that I only had seconds on everything but milk and on that I had a third, remembering the promise to Bill Bartlett that I had to fulfill.

One distinction that the Maine Central has over any other road in the country as far as I know is that they have the oldest working railroad employee in the country. Frank Swan is his name and a right smart old man he is, too. I almost have to check myself when I say old as he does not act the part at all and I had a hard time believing the story, and, speaking about stories, say, that man could tell you stories about railroading that sound almost unreal they are so old. Maybe our grandfathers could vouch for them but as for me he sure is a wonder. When I was first introduced to him he looked at me over his glasses and I could hardly believe my eyes that he did not need them to see who I was. I felt that I would have to shout to him at

least so that he would be able to hear me but no, his hearing is as good as mine and I feel that my hearing is as good as the average. Little wonder that he is working today and he doesn't mean to get old, either. He has been in the service 67 years and he and his father together hold a record of 131 years in railroading.

* * * *

Leaving Bangor on time with Jack Trundy and Harry Murray as our standbys on the monster latest type engine No. 470 the movie man was again on the job, and though the slight rain still persisted he turned the crank in noble style while we waved our hands at him and did all we could to be foremost in the picture. I guess that is one human weakness that we all possess more or less. While on the trip the movie man got real brave and ventured on the tender of the engine to take pictures of the Uncles and the crew. He sure did have a hard time of it but movie men are used to that kind of work and it was only one more of the hazardous things that they do. After looking at the pictures in the movies I thought that he did a real job of it.

Homeward bound and anxiously waiting to see the unseen members of the club made the trip so delightful that it seemed as though the trip was over before we knew it although the engineer said that the trip back would seem much longer than that going up. The main thing was that we were on the right-hand side of the cab waving and greeting our members and that we were so busy and interested time just seemed to fly by us.

By the time that we had arrived at Brunswick schools of all grades were finished for the day and the swarm of children that greeted us would make any man want to work his head off to make them happy. They cheered and showered us with all the affection that was possible. Candy and mayflowers were in order also; we received our full share.

We had to call the movie man into play at Brunswick so that we would have some record of our audience and then greetings were in order for the movie man and kept him smiling all through it. By this time it had stopped raining and we were beginning to realize how nice it was to be radio Uncles to children.

At last our trip was over and arriving in the Union Station we shook hands with the crew that safely guided us on the trip and parted with a feeling of regret that it was so short in all. It took all day but what is one day amongst the people that are your greatest enjoyment in life. We hurriedly greeted our

Portland children that were waiting for our arrival and stopped just long enough to have the movie man snap us a few times, then made a wild dash for the studio where we knew thousands would be waiting to hear our voice after the trip. We were on the air just a little later than starting time but managed to say "Hello" to everybody listening in and then started the battle of getting rid of coal dust and dirt collected during the ride home.

The trip was over and we still felt the excitement but you know time will tend to heal most anything and a polish will not last forever. However, we went to the movies and instead of really seeing yourself in the pictures we lived the whole scene over again. By now we have a reel of the pictures ourselves and at any time that we want to take the trip over again we are at liberty to do so by just reeling off the pictures before our eyes.

Well, folks, we have gone into some detail of the ride and hope that by this time you are not all bored with this narrative we have tried to tell you in the least amount of time and still be able to tell of the details.

The Guardians of the Rail

(Dedicated to the Section Men by Section Man
L. Lyman, Aldershot, Ont.)

Silent we stand and watch you
Thunder along your way.
Always we guard your journeys
Be they to work or play;
We stand and watch you pass us
On the swiftly moving train
And e'er the dust has settled
Are hard at work again.

Each rail o'er which you travel
Is watched by little bands;
Each tie, each yard of gravel
Is packed by willing hands;
Each nut, each bolt is tested,
Each spike made firm and true,
And whilst at ease you rested
We made it safe for you.

Ever we guard your pathway;
Never your trust we fail
For we are faithful toilers—
The Guardians of the Rail.

Sent by Sectionman A. L. Eastman of Bemis.

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.

JUNE, 1926

EDITORIAL

By Way of Leave Taking

As announced elsewhere a permanent editor has been named for the Maine Central Employees' Magazine, to become effective with the July issue. At that time there will be a change in shape, style and, to some extent, policy, of the publication. These changes are all made with the thought of giving to the Family a better magazine, of providing a publication which will be more than ever an Employees' magazine. They are the result of long and careful consideration and many serious discussions by those having the matter under advisement.

Obviously, the present editor, whose connection with the magazine has been only temporary—at first to bridge over the period which illness would keep Mr. Hiles from his duties and then, with his death, until a permanent editor could be selected. Again, it is obvious that selecting an editor was not a matter of haste. It was necessary to use care. He must be the right man; there must be no mistakes. The decision has been reached and Mr. Dudley Alleman selected.

Mr. Alleman has had experience in editorial work and should meet all the needs of this publication. He will, the writer is positive, have the finest co-operation from all employees. They will do all possible to make his labors light and happy, as well as interesting. This is said as a result of our own experience.

Frankly, it is with regret that the writer closes his connection with the magazine. How could it be otherwise, even though from the day, last November, when he took up the work he has known this was to come, when one thinks of the pleasant, happy relations he has had with you all. From first to last all have

sought to help in every way. It has all been appreciated and it is his great regret that it is impossible to meet you all face to face and say "thank you."

As acting editor of the magazine the writer has met many of the employees personally and is today numbering them among his list of friends. Others he has come to know and regard the same way through correspondence. There is Dunn at Rigby, Leard at Bangor, also Riggie and Jefferds, as well as Pugh at Rockland, Cunningham at Old Town, Marshall at Oakland, Thompson at Waterville—but why go on; it would include the entire list. All of them are held as close personal friends. I've only met a few of them, but, as time goes on and my regular work permits, I'm going to drop around and shake hands with those I've never met and renew past shakes with the others.

In laying aside the duties of editor of the Maine Central Magazine, all of which have been cheerful and not in the least irksome, I just want to say to one and all: I thank you much and I know that you'll give to Mr. Alleman that same hundred per cent assistance, which has so freely and cheerfully been accorded to

SAM E. CONNER.

Railroads Make Microscopic Examinations

Railroad officials are now having minute studies made of many phases of their industry—and the result has been reflected in more substantial net earnings. Tests are made of coal and oil as to the heat units delivered in relation to cost. Train schedules are arranged to eliminate, as far as possible, delays which result in increased consumption of fuel and overtime payments to train crews. There are many other such examples of economies and of greater efficiency of operations on the railroads.

Many of the roads are now co-operating more liberally in exchanging freight cars among each other, thus obviating the expense to each line that would otherwise be involved in the added investment in a much greater number of cars. It was only by such co-operation that the railroads were enabled to handle promptly more freight cars in the first four months of this year than in any previous year for the same period.

Proud to Join the Ranks

By Dudley Alleman, Publicity Agent, Maine Central Railroad Company, who with
Next Month's Issue Assumes Editorial Direction of the Maine
Central Employees' Magazine



WITH the July issue, the Maine Central Employees' Magazine will become more strictly a family affair. Heretofore, it has been going to stockholders, to advertisers, to Chambers of Commerce, to Grangers and to others. From now on, we'll put out 7,000 copies of the paper, as before, but only Maine Central folks will get them. No longer will a real member of the Maine Central Family have to draw a blank.

Furthermore, the Magazine will be a more business-like size, one that will go handier in our pockets, so we can take it home and show the "missus" what funny looking lads are some of the fellows on the night run. We'll change to good, honest, home-made paper pulled in from Cumberland Mills by "Skinny" Pettes' crew in place of this shiny, slippery stuff a fly would skid on.

If you want to read advertisements hereafter you'll have to subscribe to the Thursday Evening Post or the Bangor Press Journal. The pages of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine are to be devoted to news by, for and about Maine Central folks. Ads will be conspicuous only by their absence, replaced by more Maine Central news.

"News," did I say? Yes, and I'll tell you what I mean by news. If a dog bites a baggageman, that's neither new nor newsy; but if a flagman bites a dog, that's NEWS! News is anything that interests any or all of us, from Caretaker Hoosis at Schoodic on the Mountain Division to General Manager Douglass and President McDonald on St. John Street.

Having only two eyes, two legs, two hands, one typewriter and one camera, and disliking to work over 26 hours a day, the new editor doesn't hesitate to send out a clarion cry for succor. You, Members of the Maine Central Family, are going to supply the news for our Magazine. Neither the editor nor his able corps of assistants, are going to do it, can do it, alone. We'll do what we can. The rest is up to you. Anything that's interesting or helpful to Maine Central folks belongs in the Magazine. Nothing else can get in.

Nothing worth while is ever accomplished without a definite worth-while purpose. To the very limit of my ability I purpose to dedicate the Maine Central Employees' Magazine to this idea: That every member of the Maine Central Family from the aforesaid McDonald to the aforesaid Hoosis is a human being, doing his human best in his particular part of the biggest job being done in and for the State of Maine.

With these presents I congratulate our friend, Sam Conner of the Lewiston Journal, on a mighty fine piece of work—editing the Magazine since last fall. I'm sure our regret is mutual that he is leaving the Maine Central Family. In his place, I'm proud of my new job. I'm proud to join the ranks of the square-shooting bunch that makes the Maine Central Railroad, Maine's greatest and most necessary corporation.

If You Don't Watch Out

Said an old cow to her cowlet,
 As they stood beside the track
 And watched the big Bullgine go by
 All smoky, grim and black,
 "You may gambol on the hillside green
 And feed upon the lawn,
 You may jump over the pasture fence
 And eat the farmer's corn,
 But don't go on the railroad track
 Or you'll find, without a doubt,
 That old Bullgine will get you
 If you don't watch out."

Said Henry, one spring morning,
 To a brood of Fordlets new,
 All shiny, bright and ready
 Their duty well to do—
 "You may rattle o'er the highways,
 You may clatter in the park,
 You may toddle o'er the mountain-side
 And squeak with all your heart;
 But be careful at grade crossings
 As you romp and skip about,
 For the old Bullgine will get you
 If you don't watch out."

Then spoke one naughty Fordlet,
 "Your words, they make me grin.
 That old Bullgine you fear so much
 Can't hurt my hide of tin.
 I will scamper o'er the hillsides
 And I'll scuttle thro' the dell,
 And scoot across the railroad track
 And trim 'em allto'ell.
 The engine man will surely think
 His old train has the gout,
 And I'll trim the dinged old Bullgine
 If he don't watch out."

So he trimmed 'em and he trimmed 'em
 And he cut the trimmings thin,
 Until one day he trimmed too close
 And the air was filled with tin.
 The Fordlet lay upon its back
 And it was mighty sick
 And groaned out, "Get a doctor,
 Oh, get a doctor quick.
 I've trimmed 'em once too often,
 Now you can count me out.
 The Bullgine'll surely get you
 If you don't watch out."

The doctor came and set
 The naughty Fordlet on its wheels,
 Patched it up with rusty stove pipe
 And cast-off Tyden seals,
 Cut out its differential,
 Filled the gas tank up with ink,
 And filled the radiator
 With Tan-a-lac and Liddy Pink,
 And as it coughed and clanked away
 It said, "Beyond a doubt
 The old Bullgine will get you
 If you don't watch out."

Now a moral I will tell you
 As these lines come to a close:
 The driver of this Fordlet
 Lies in pieces 'neath the rose.
 They do not make an auto
 Out of iron, steel or tin
 That can bunt a full-grown engine
 And have one chance to win.
 So be careful at grade crossings
 Or you'll find, without a doubt,
 That the old Bullgine will get you
 If you don't watch out.

DINTY

"The Box-Car Elves"

By Ernest Crocker

The faithful Watchman at the midnight hour
Was marching upon his regular rounds,
Ever watchful to stay the fire-fiend's power
And with senses keenly alert for a sight or a sound
That would signify danger whatever the form,
Whether a door left open to an intruding storm—
Making careful observations at all of his stops,
The faithful guardian of the Waterville Shops.

As he wended his way among the towering cars
Which loom so ghostly in the shadows of night,
And as he closed a door and pulled down the bars
With the aid of his lantern's flickering light,
A most weird sound was borne to his ear
Which for that time and place seemed decidedly
queer.

It carried him back to the age of three
When he played upon the floor at Ma's quilting bee!

A babel of voices seemed to vibrate the air
Which to him at the moment seemed a confusion,
All he could do was to stand there and stare
And pinch himself to stay the illusion;
While his flesh did creep, and his heart did thump,
And his blood seemed frozen in one big lump—
As he reasoned to himself "this can't be a dream,"
There came a lull and he caught the theme!

It was a most heated discussion of the box-car Elves
As to which in its order was the most vital need,
And of course it was a case of each one for them-
selves,

When actuated by jealousy or greed;
They didn't consider the true facts at all,
That "united they'd stand and divided they'd fall,"
But singly each thought himself to be the real thing,
And so at each other these taunts they would fling.

With a rumbling voice said the box-car top,
Which shone resplendent with a new coat of paint,
"Without me freight traffic would certainly stop,
As I carry my goods safely without blemish or taint
Which is caused by the rain, sleet, dust or snow;
The people hail me and worship me wherever I go—
No matter the nation, what creed or color they are,
They give a warm welcome to the covered box-car."

With a sigh then spoke the truss-rods and sills:
"Do you know you make me awful tired?
If I worked with a man who put on such frills
I'd do my best to have him 'fired;'
Let me tell you this, and it is no idle boast,
With only a floor upon me I've been from coast to coast
And carried everything except perishable cargo,
And never once for damage did I lay in embargo!"

"Say, friends, look here," a squeaky voice then cried,
"What would become of you, where would you land
If the air-brake service you should be denied?
I hold your destinies in the hollow of my hand,
For there are times that sills, top, cargo and all
would bound over the embankment like a rubber ball!
You talk about destruction—what could be worse?
If it wasn't for my careful restraining force!"

And then it was that a voice rolled out from under
the car,


Saying: "Stop, look and listen, right where you are!
Don't forget that under you there are two ribbons
of steel,

And upon each one of them there rolls a wheel.
Without me—but there, what is the use to talk?
You would be of no more use than an old packing box!
The 'Good Book' says: 'Everything works together
for good'

And in our case it means iron, brass, steel and wood."

The Yard Conductor's Reminiscences

By Ti P. Writer



"SPEAKING of car inspectors," said the yard conductor, as he went into the switch shanty to "borrow a pipeful." "No one has been speaking of car inspectors," replied the switchman. "If you have a story, spill it; but don't spill any of that tobacco; the box is pretty near empty."



"Speaking of car inspectors," went on the yard conductor, unmindful of interruption, "d'jer ever hear about George Moon,

boss car knocker at Washington Junction, and his little black bag? No? Well, one day George's wife came up from the Ferry on 122, going through to Bangor. She had with her a handbag which she gave to George at the Junction, warning him to look out for it, as she had some valuable papers in it. I think she had four or five bank books, some stocks and bonds, and other junk like that. Well, George took the bag, and as he had to get busy with his inspection, he set it down on the station platform. After 122 went he looked for it—and it was gone! George hunted high and low for the bag, and was still hunting when the local extra hauled in from Calais. Tommy Day asked him what the trouble was, and George told him. 'Why,' said Tom, 'I just saw a couple of fellows with a little black bag walking down the track toward Franklin.' That was enough for George. He went to the phone and called up the Sheriff in Ellsworth. In a few minutes the Sheriff and his deputies appeared on the scene, and began questioning everyone in sight. They were standing on the station platform, hot on the scent, when George happened to look up, and there was the bag, right over his head, resting on one of the awning supports, where it had been all the time!"

"Did he ever find out who did it?" asked the switchman.

"No, but he had his suspicions. You see the Ferry local extra was there at the time. And speaking of Bill Lawrence, d'jer ever hear about the trick he played on Mike Bacon when they were both on the dinky?"

"No. Oh, go ahead and fill your pipe again if you want to; I've got money enough to buy more tobacco."

"It was during the war, when sugar was so hard to get. Mike

had quite a family, and it was hard to get enough to go around. One day at Hancock, he slipped across to the store and managed to get a couple pounds in a paper bag, which he took back to the hack. At Ellsworth Mike went up ahead to pull the pin, and Bill emptied the sugar into his dinner bucket, then carefully filled the bag with gravel from the right o' way, tied it up and put it back where Mike left it. When Mike got home he bragged about his



smartness in getting sugar, took off the cover of the sugar bowl, and dumped the sand in on top of what little sugar he had left."

"Must have been a sweet mess," commented the switchman.

"Speaking of radio," went on the yard conductor, "d'jer ever hear—"

"Who the heck spoke of radio?" asked the switchman. "Yes, I've got a match. Go ahead."

"Speaking of radio, d'jer hear about that new 9-tube super-super-het that Joe Sayward has built up to Lancaster? You know most radio builders, nowadays, brag about their 'one control' sets. Well, Joe's has 42 controls, and he

OBITUARY

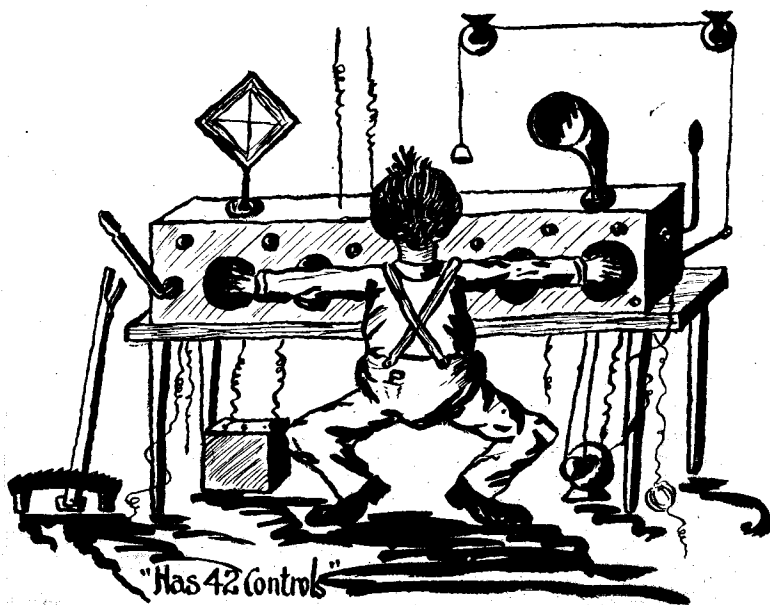
VOLNEY H. FOSS

Volney H. Foss, 82, a Civil War veteran, died at his home in Bangor, May 8. Born in Leeds, he lived in Bangor for 45 years. During the Civil War he was First Sergeant of Company G, 1st Maine Cavalry. He was a member of B. H. Beal Post, G. A. R., and was for many years a road master on the Eastern Division of the Maine Central Railroad.

Surviving are a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Gertrude F. Benson of Providence, and Mrs. Winifred Reynolds of Bangor, and a son, Herbert C. Foss of Boston.

COL. WILLIAM M. AYER

Col. William M. Ayer of Oakland, for many years superintendent of the Somerset Railway, now the Somerset Division of the Maine Central, died, May 10, at his home in Oakland. Following his retirement from railroad work, Col. Ayer became interested in numerous business ventures, including the Dunn Edge Tool Co., of Oakland, banks and woolen companies.



has to use both hands and both feet to tune it. There's more gadgets and doodads on that set than on an engine. T'other night Joe was experimenting with it, trying to work all the controls together so as to get something beside static, when he heard a peculiar hissing, singing sound. He tried to 'clear it up' but whatever he did made no change in it. Then he shut it off, and the noise came just the same. Joe investigated and found it was the 609 over to the engine house, blowing off steam! He thought all the time he had too much impedance in the regeneration, or something like that. Speaking of Lancaster, do you know Riley Gleason?"

"Sure I know him," said the switchman. "He wouldn't smoke up all the tobacco a fellow has."

"Well, you know Riley and his crew take their run at Whitefield, but live in Lancaster. All winter they've been driving back and forth in Riley's flivver. One day they started from Lancaster, and when they got almost to the top of Corrigan Hill the engine died. Riley took the engine apart and looked it over, but he couldn't find the trouble, so he put it together again, and put in the tool box all the spare parts he couldn't find a place for. Then it occurred to him to look in the gas tank—

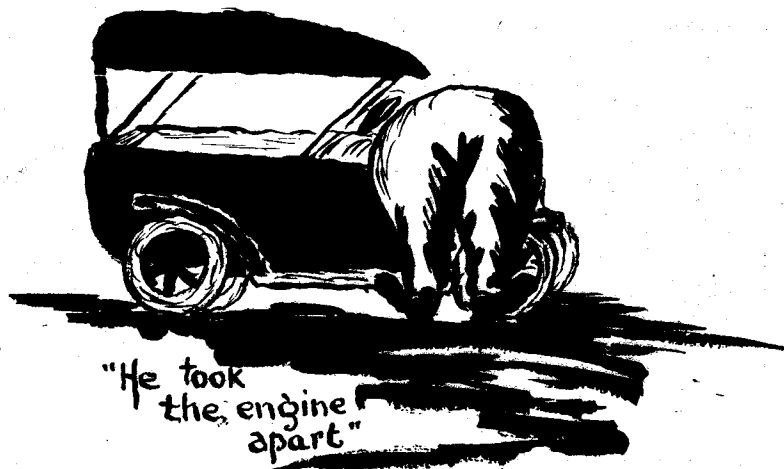
which was empty! So he picked the car up and headed it back to Lancaster, let it run down the hill, got some gas, and made Whitefield on time at that."

"Come in again when you're out of tobacco," said the switchman, as the yard conductor knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

QUESTION

First Yegg—"What d'ye say we knock off now?"

Second Yegg—"Sure t'ing. Who'll we knock off?"



Prides of Other Days

By E. W. Tebbetts

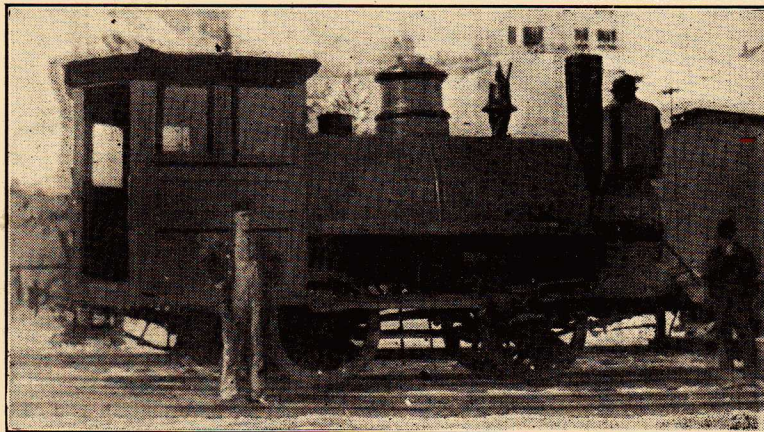
Thirty years brings about many changes. Especially is this true in the railroad world. The accompanying photographs prove this. They were made in 1895, during the spring-time, by Frank D. Hamlin, now engineer of switcher No. 1 at Brunswick. They were made at Augusta. Looking at the picture of old No. 10, makes the changes in locomotive construction since that time very vivid.

Just compare No. 10 with the machines which haul 64 between Bangor and Portland. Makes one laugh to think of hooking a locomotive such as 10 to that train these times, and yet she was at the head end of 64 the morning the photograph was snapped.

Gene Shorey was handling the throttle on No. 10. He is shown in the picture walking toward the rear of the tank. Harry Sawyer, the fireman, is shown trimming coal in the tender. The man standing back to is Daniel Pettingill. For many years he was the official mail carrier at the State House. It was his business to collect the mail in the Capitol building, take it to the post office and then get all mail for the

various offices and take it back to the building. When he first went onto the job the trip was made by walking. Later, about

Little information is available to me regarding Old Hercules shown in the other picture. She was a switcher and a powerful one



HERCULES, A NOTED SWITCHER OF 1895

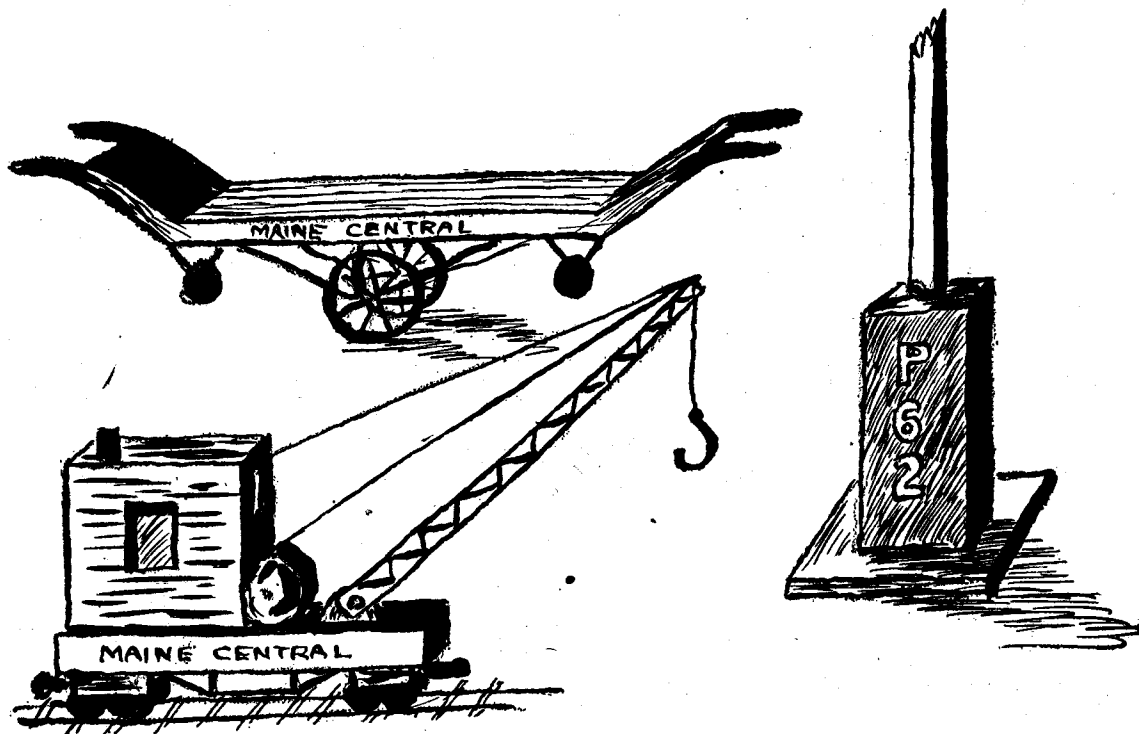
the time this photograph was made, the electric railroad was built and Mr. Pettingill used to ride back and forth. Today, State House mail is transported by autotruck. That is another of the changes which have come about.

in her day. Charles White was her engineer and Joe Vigue fired for him. Such was their ratings, but Vigue acted as yard master and general utility man, while Gene did a lot of his own firing in the course of the day.

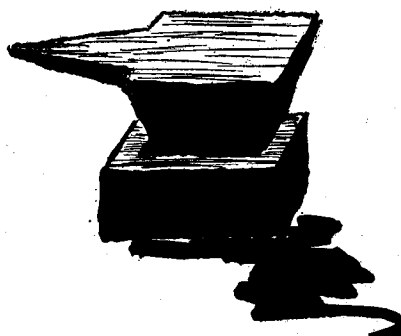


OLD NO. 10, HITCHED TO TRAIN 64

Test Your Mentality on This



Each of these pictures, familiar to railroad men, may be described by a word of five letters. The initial letters of these words, when placed in proper order, spell the name of a large station on the Portland division. Send in your solutions to the editor. The answer will appear in the July number.



When Railroads Were Young

Henry H. Hanson of Auburn, for many years station agent at Lewiston and Auburn, called on the Maine Central Employees' Magazine recently. The object of his visit was to show a copy of the American Almanac for 1851, containing the railroad statistics of the country at that time. This almanac was published by Charles C. Little & James Brown in

Boston. It was along the lines of the World Almanac and similar publications of today.

It required six pages of the almanac to give all the railroad information there was available at that time. Practically all of this was in tabular form. It shows that there were 52 completed railroads in New England. Of these, three were located in Maine. Of those

in Maine two are now a part of the Maine Central system, the other of the Boston & Maine. Most of the roads in the list for the rest of the States are either a part of the Boston & Maine, the New Haven or the New York Central lines.

The three completed roads in Maine, as given by the Almanac, were the Androscoggin & Kennebec, the Bangor & Piscataquis and the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth. Their total mileage was 118.75 miles. The cost of these

roads is given as having been \$3,265,518. The operating expenses for the year 1850 are given as \$102,765, with receipts of \$229,959, leaving a surplus over expenses of \$127,198.

There is some reason for feeling that the statement of Maine roads is not exactly accurate. No mention is made of the old Bangor, Oldtown & Milford, which began operations in 1846 and was in continuous operation until 1869. It may be that this is the road meant by the Bangor & Piscataquis, given in the table. The mileage of 11.75 miles would be about right for that. So far as the writer, who has given considerable attention to the story of the old road, has ever learned, it never was known by that name.

A list of roads under construction in Maine on September 1, 1850, is given. This shows that there were then building in Maine the Atlantic & St. Lawrence. This is the present Grand Trunk road in Maine. The road was open from Portland to South Paris, a distance of 47 miles and contracts were let for its completion to the State line. There was also in operation a branch from Mechanic Falls to Buckfield. This is now a part of the Rumford division of the Maine Central.

Another Maine road then in the building was the Kennebec, Bath and Portland, 60 miles long, from Augusta to Portland. It was completed from Portland to Brunswick, 25 miles; also the line from Brunswick to Bath was in operation. This was nine miles long. This road is now a part of the Maine Central system.

The York & Cumberland, between Somersworth, N. H., and Portland, 60 miles, now the Portland and Worcester division of the Boston & Maine, was under construction and was graded from Portland to Gorham, Maine.

At that time the total railroad mileage of the country was 8,439.85, of which more than half was in New England. The figures for New England were 4,728 miles.

Girls are prettier than men.
Naturally.
No, artificially.

Appreciates the "Y"

By Ernest E. Crocker

As I read our last Magazine and came to the picture of our Railroad "Y," also reading the article by Mr. Benn in which he says: "That it has always tried to serve its mission as a 'home away from home,'" I thought I would write what I thought about it. The "Y" has been my home for the last four winters after the roads got so that I had to give up my "gas buggy" until I could use it again in the spring, and I found it a pretty good home. The rooms I occupied were always warm, and the beds were clean, and with the lovely shower baths upon every floor, with plenty of soap and towels, if a fellow doesn't keep himself clean it is his own fault!

There is always plenty of reading material including the daily papers, and there is always something of interest going on so that time does not "drag" for if he does not enter into any of the games himself, it is very interesting to witness the bowling contests, the checker games, or the billiards. Of course if it is some old "fossil" who wishes absolute quiet the "Y" is no place for him, but for a fellow who is alive, and likes to mingle with those who are alive, I say you can't beat the "Y."

Regarding the Shop Meetings—the sad thing about it is the lack of interest among the Shop workers. Of course there are a few that appreciate the efforts of Mr. Benn and the speakers, and understand their motive, that it is to try to help them, hoping that some word of truth might penetrate some man's cold indifference, and he would resolve to be a better citizen, a better husband and father; but when the men will continue to play cards or talk audibly among themselves while the speaker is talking, it is poor encouragement for them.

As for the indifferent and careless ones I have only pity and sympathy, for many years of my life were devoted to just such in-

difference and unbelief. When a young man the evolution theory got "under my skin" to the extent that I discarded the Bible altogether and believed only the theories of the scientists regarding the Creation and I became an atheist.

The truth was revealed to me by way of a dream while in a Bangor hospital during a very severe illness, and believe me, friends,—it was no "picnic" for me, as I found that it did not pay to pass from life into eternity an unbeliever and a sinner! I was in eternity but a few hours, but I thought I had been there a thousand years, and when I returned I would not, or could not, believe the calendar, for a long time, and the experience left me a nervous wreck from which I was over two years recovering. "Oh, the dickens!" you will say. "I do not believe in dreams." I do not, either—all of them—but I could not do otherwise than believe in that one, and although it was "harsh medicine" and came near landing me in the insane asylum, and no wonder at all, for when a fellow witnesses his own funeral and sees his body buried, and his soul goes to hell, he can not help acting mighty queer for a while, as it is pretty hard to make "connections," especially what little there was of me at that time!

If I could have been spared the horror, the experience would have been very interesting from an astronomical viewpoint—for instance I never imagined that there were others besides our vast Universe, but I found there were—countless numbers of them! Josh Billings said that "Experience was a good teacher, but it took a wise man to take the experience, and let the other fellow get bitten by the rattlesnake!" Now, dear friends, I am hoping that some of you at least may profit by my experience, for I found that it all depends on how you live here as to where you will spend eternity, as after

your soul leaves your body, and you cross the great divide, there is no chance for repentance or forgiveness!

As I read the little sketch on page fourteen, by Mr. Hubbard, entitled "The Railway Man," in which it is mentioned that he "should be proud of his occupation"—I have thought the same thing many times when I saw the many freight trains rolling by the "Y," some of them nearly a mile in length, and as the heavily loaded cars would go swaying out of sight around the curve my heart would swell with pride that I was one of the units in the great system, even if a small one, and I would say to myself: Well, if there are any wheels under you that were mounted by "my" press, I am sure that you are all right as to gauge, and I know that you will not "turn on your fit" by being mounted at too low pressure, or burst by being too high!

I used to think when a boy that the height of earthly bliss would be to sit upon the driver's seat of a passenger locomotive, my hand upon the throttle and the long train of precious freight in my care. I thought then that the engineer was the "whole works" but I have come to realize that his safety and that of his passengers depends upon whether or not there is carelessness or indifference in the handling of his orders, the assembling of his engine, the workmen that made the parts, the fitting and the mounting of the wheels under the train, or the care of the track and road bed. The little "legend" of the "Box-car Elves" illustrates that fact, to a certain extent.

OVERTIME

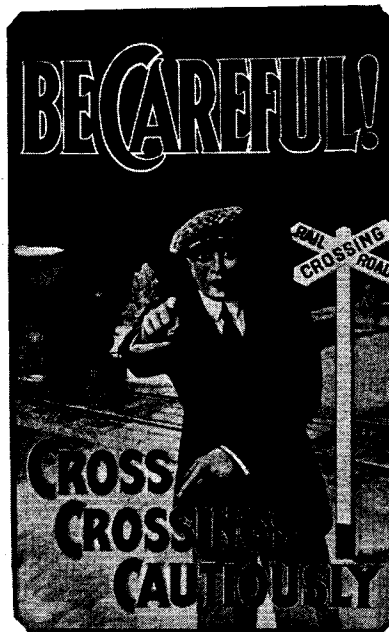
"Come across!" ordered the child star of the movies. "Another million on this film!"

"But your contract calls for only a million for one picture," objected the producer.

"That's all right," snorted the prodigy. "I played twins in this one."

So Engineers Can Sleep O' Nights

The "nit-wit" autoists who whirl across the tracks two feet ahead of "44" have nothing to be proud of. Every engineer has seen them look back and grin as if they'd done something great; something that entitled them to a prize of some kind. But nobody grins when the auto fails to clear the tracks.



No less an automobilist than Ralph De Palma, the great race driver, says gate crashing doesn't pay. Speaking from experience, he declares, "I am convinced that the motorist who figures in a grade crossing accident seldom, if ever, has a defense. He is blind to gates and watchmen and flashing red lights, deaf to bells and whistles. He is an enigma, a charter member of the order of the utter damn fool."

After a crossing accident has occurred it is too late to argue with the motorist in question about the necessity for care in crossing crossings. So the Maine Central is adopting every known means of carrying the message to Maine

motorists: "Be Careful! Cross Crossings Cautiously." Cholera kills its hundreds, consumption its thousands; auto accidents killed 23,000 last year and injured over half a million. Two thousand of these violent deaths were the result of grade crossing accidents.

By posters, by movies, by news stories, the Maine Central is striving to persuade motorists to stop committing suicide on grade crossings. But there is an even greater force in publicity—the power of the spoken word. If every reader of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine, every member of the Maine Central Family would join in this campaign we would achieve a wonderful record in freedom from accidents.

Repeat Ralph De Palma's words to your auto-owning friends; tell them an auto weighs less than two tons, a train often over a thousand tons; explain that "right of way" means what it says—and maybe our engineers will be able to sleep better nights.

Waterville Boy Scouts

The railroad boy members of Troop 5, Boy Scouts of America, attended the Boy Scout Rodeo at Portland, May 7. E. W. J. Benn, Secretary of Y. M. C. A., is Scoutmaster of this troop.

Scouts Richard Emery, son of Engineer W. R. Emery, and Ivan Fletcher, son of Machinist Floyd Fletcher, deceased, of Waterville shops, are proudly wearing newly-acquired 2d Class pins.

Mr. Benn says railroad boys make good scouts, for many of his Portland scouts were members of Troop 10, a winning team for three years, winning the Efficiency Cup in that city.

Railroad scouts attending Rodeo: Frederick Lunt, Ivan Fletcher, Kenneth Fletcher, Russell Fletcher, Richard Emery, Paul Wiley, Roger Benn, Chas. Bridges, Harry Bridges, Clifton Glidden, Arnold Hooper, Herbert Antworth.

Bangor Employees Dance

By J. L. Riggie

The First Annual Ball given by Maine Central Railroad employees, Colonial Hall, Bangor, May 3, was a very enjoyable affair. Station Baggage Master St. Pierre worked hard to make it a success and the forty odd couples that attended manifested their approval of a good time by repeated applause



"Pete" St Pierre did not let the burdens of Floor Director spoil the party.

for encores. During several numbers there was not a single couple sitting out—ample evidence of approval of the music and order of dances. The neat little printed souvenir program, somewhat of a novelty these days, announced the order of dances:

GRAND MARCH AND CIRCLE

1. Waltz Superintendent
2. Five Step Assistant Supt.
3. Fox Trot Chief Dispatcher
4. Boston Fancy Ticket Agent
5. Waltz (Liberty) Chief Clerk

6. Fox Trot Supt. Bridges and Buildings
1st Extra

INTERMISSION

7. Fox Trot To Our Guest
8. Two-Step Roadmaster
9. Portland Fancy Division Foreman
10. Waltz Yard Master
11. Five Step Gen. Foreman Car. Dept.
12. Waltz (Home, Sweet Home) Freight Agent

Veteran Retires

By V. A. Cunningham

John W. Brown, Maine Central employee June 8, 1886-April 1, 1926.

April 1, 1926, brought to a close forty years of faithful service with the Maine Central Railroad for



JOHN W. BROWN, OLD TOWN, WHO RECENTLY ROUNDED OUT FORTY YEARS SERVICE WITH THE MAINE CENTRAL

Round House Foreman John W. Brown of Old Town. Mr. Brown was born May 1, 1856, at Lowell,

Maine, and began work for the Maine Central June 8, 1886, as Engine Wiper in the round house at Mattawamkeag; two years later (1888) he qualified as a fireman and continued this work until 1909 when he was transferred to the round house at Old Town where he continued to work until the date of his voluntary retirement. Deacon Brown, as he was fondly called by all of his friends, was held in high esteem by the officers and men of the Maine Central and it was with deep regret that his associates learned of his ill health, which made it necessary for him to discontinue active service.

We hope he will have many years of the peace and rest that is so well earned and the members of the Maine Central family that are still on active duty wish him every comfort through the mellow years that are so rich in experience and that wisdom that is acquired only through a lifetime of faithful attention to duty.

IN DAYS OF YORE

"You seem rather perturbed, Mr. Dinosaur," remarked a certain prehistoric scientist. "Could I be of any assistance to you?"

"Will you lend your telescope?" requested the dinosaur. "I'd like to see where the end of my tail's caught."

JUST A STIMULANT

"Mother," said a young cockroach, "the lady is sprinkling that powder round again out of the box marked 'Guaranteed Roach Killer.'"

"Never mind, my son," answered his parent. "It's a bit nasty, but a fine tonic. I've raised seventeen hundred families on it and never lost a child."

IRREPRESSIBLE

"Hereafter don't ask so many fool questions and write on only one side of the paper," a newspaper editor ordered a young reporter.

"Yes, sir," acceded the latter, "but which side?"

Well Known Engineer

When Joseph E. Butler retired from service with the Maine Central in 1925 there was general regret, for he was one of the best known and liked engineers on the road. He entered the employ of the company in the early eighties as a yard brakeman. Later he



J. E. BUTLER OF WATERVILLE

was made a passenger brakeman. On June 1, 1892, he was made an engineer and on November 11, 1925, was retired on a pension because of ill health. In the course of his years of service, Mr. Butler handled among other trains, Nos. 44-3, 44-19, 13-14, 12-15.

He is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and has always been very active in its affairs. He is also a member of the order of Elks.

What right has anyone to be happy who has never made anyone else happy?

Everet Soule and Ted

Among those associated with the Maine Central Railroad there are few better known to train men and commercial travelers than Everet Soule and his dog, Ted. Mr. Soule has for nearly fifteen years held the position of baggage master at Newport Junction, having left his previous job which was also with the Maine Central Railroad to take the one he now holds, which makes him now nearly twenty years with the road.

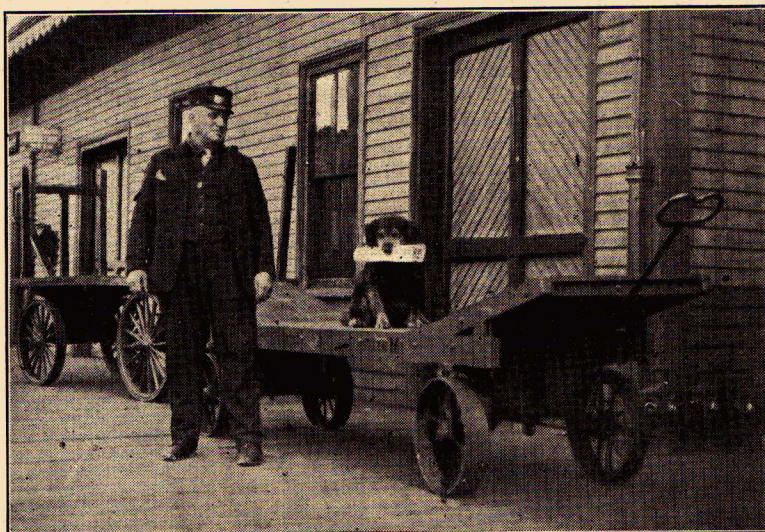
Mr. Soule's pleasing ways and readiness to assist all who come in contact with him, has made him a host of friends among the train men and traveling public.

The traveler who steps off the train at Newport Junction is most likely to observe a small and very busy dog, working his way through the crowds on the platform apparently as busy and interested in what is going on as any of the train or station hands. This happy little chap answers to the name of Ted, and if you were to ask Mr. Soule he would tell you that Ted is one of the old stand-bys of the

road, having been brought to the station by him nearly twelve years ago, when Ted was a small puppy. Here he has practically made his home ever since, taking an active part in the general proceedings, carrying papers to and from the freight office, also to and from home, running on errands for his master up street to the stores.

Several years ago Ted was struck by an incoming train. He was picked up for dead, but on taking him to the house it was found that a spark of life still lingered in his bruised little body. Mr. Soule set to work with all the means at hand to save the life of little Ted. He was revived and with careful nursing was as good as new, and ready to take his place at the station. But ever after he has had a wholesome respect for all moving trains.

Ted is now well along in dog years but he knows the time for arrival of all trains as well as does his master and is always on hand to welcome his friends, the train crews and traveling public.



HERE YOU SEE TED ON THE TRUCK WAITING THE WORD "GO" FROM EVERET WHO STANDS BESIDE IT

MAINE CENTRAL FAMILY

EDDIE PARTICIPATED IN AN HISTORIC EVENT

The following letter from R. W. Dunn will be of deep interest to many of the older residents of the city who cherish memories connected with the early history of Waterville as well as members of the Family:

"To those who frequently drive a horse or motor car up College Avenue and over upper College crossing of the Maine Central Railroad the little flagman has become a familiar figure. His name is Edward Viellieux or Eddie Vigue as we used to call him. For a number of years he has stood loyally at his post every day in all weathers, flag in hand to hold us back when danger threatened, or to wave us on when the track was clear.

But how many of those who now know him so well in the above capacity are aware that he is the man who moved the first shovel of earth in excavating for the foundation of the first Lockwood mill nearly forty-three years ago. When my father purchased the controlling interest in the water power along the Kennebec River at Ticonic Falls in the spring of 1873, he agreed to secure the erection of a cotton mill costing not less than six hundred thousand dollars within two years and to begin work on the foundation wall that very year. Plans were prepared in the office of Amos D. Lockwood, an engineer was employed, and a contract made to lay quite a quantity of granite foundation wall at the northwest corner of the main building in October, 1873.

"The land where we began to dig was the garden in the rear of the house once owned and occupied by the late James Drummond, and it was there that Eddie Vigue, under my personal direction, was the first man to put a shovel into the ground. There were others in the crew who quickly struck

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. Weber,	Superintendent's Office

EASTERN DIVISION

J. L. Riggie,	Superintendent's Office
C. H. Leard,	Bangor Mot. Pow. Dept.
C. A. Jeffers,	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

in and followed his lead, but for some reason or other were not so prompt to begin as he.

"The engineer referred to was Edwin R. Emerson, who resided at that time on Silver Street in this city, or village then, in the house now occupied by Ira Mitchell. The contractors were two brothers named March. I do not remember now where they resided, but not in Waterville."

"REUBEN W. DUNN."

DANDY UNDERSTOOD

In the Magazine recently there appeared an interesting story about certain dogs owned by members of the Maine Central Family. While recognizing and admitting the intelligence displayed by these canines, "Ted" Collins, Assistant Road Master at Lan-

caster, thinks his houn' dog, "Dandy," is entitled to first prize—and of course Ted is a truthful man.

It seems that recently the Collins family went away for a week or ten days, and not wishing to take Dandy with them, parked him on a farm at Riverton, four miles from Lancaster. He was contented there for a while, until one day—but let Trainman Parent tell the story:

"Coming up on 224 one afternoon the green and white was out at Riverton. We stopped, but there was no one on the platform, so I took down the flag and we went along. I went into the rear coach, and there, on the rear seat, was Dandy. As we passed through the yard, I made the usual station announcement, and when I called 'Lancaster' Dandy jumped down and stood waiting at the door. As he got out at Lancaster, I said to him, 'Don't forget, Dandy, we leave at 3 o'clock sharp.' Dandy barked three times to show he understood, and with a wave of his tail darted down the street to call on some of his canine friends.

"Just before 225 pulled out at 3 P.M. I saw Dandy coming, and as Conductor Bernier called 'all aboard' he piled up the steps and into the coach. Fortunately we had passengers for Riverton, so he went back to the farm after a pleasant call in Lancaster."

All of which makes a good story, whether you believe it or not.

THANKS TO ALL

Lewiston, Maine,

May 17, 1926.

The family of Aubrey E. Pettengill wish to thank his brothers and friends in the railroad service for the generous offering and their kind sympathy in our time of need.

Very sincerely,

MRS. A. E. PETTENGILL.

OLD TOWN ITEMS

By V. A. Cunningham

Felix Shorette, Section Foreman at Old Town, made several snowballs from a drift beside track No. 9 in Old Town Yard, May 14.

Operator Charles E. Bowley has bid in the second trick at Old Town.

Operator Bertrum Witham of Ellsworth relieved Operator E. S. Burns as second trick operator on May 10, for one day.

Old Town is shipping several cars of canoes daily, -to break bulk at various transfers for distribution throughout the world, wherever water craft is used.

R. J. Plummer, for many years Agent at Old Town and recently returned from Florida, tells us that Maine is the point of interest that will attract the southern tourists during the coming season, and he predicts the greatest summer business ever known in Maine.

F. X. Leavallee, our genial and resourceful agent at Milford, has purchased a bicycle on which he pedals thoughtfully between his home in Old Town to his office at Milford, in fact he claims he does the most of his heavy thinking while astride his trusty bicycle.

An unfeeling friend of his has just told us that he was so thoughtful while coming to work the other morning that he passed through Milford without seeing it and might have bumped into the north pole if he hadn't run into a traffic tie-up many miles to the north of the town. When he was thus rudely awakened he hurriedly turned about and frantically pedaled back, arriving in a reek of perspiration about noon. He is not equipped with a horn but his exhaust can usually be heard several blocks.

Chas. J. Dubay has been appointed as Round House Man, relieving J. W. Brown, retired.

Henry Duplissia has been transferred to second trick and Oliver R. Hamilton to third trick in the round house.

LEWISTON

By P. J. Hanley

Work of tearing down the engine house at the Upper has begun and at the present time it is without any roof and the walls are partly down.

A third trick switcher has been added at the Upper with Dutch Wight, Conductor, and Dodge Gilbert and Lift Benson, Brakemen. On account of the added

work in connection with the new dam in process of construction and the new work being done in the yard, this job was found necessary.

Walter Fisher, Night Fireman at the Upper, has returned to work after being on the sick list.

Charles Benner, Swing Man, has returned to duty after being confined to the house for ten days with nerve trouble.

Conductor Tip Foster is enjoying a short vacation.

While detraining a dehorned bull at the Lewiston Lower freight yard, May 12, the animal became unmanageable and ran away down the track toward Crowleys Junction. A short time later a call came into the police station that a strange animal was in the vicinity of South Avenue. Officers McGraw and Joyce were sent out and located the bull but he was not ready at that time to return to the city and made a charge at the officers. Joyce, an old-time ball player, made a successful slide and the bull went right by him but McGraw was a little late in getting clear and was struck by the bull and knocked into the bushes. The bull then went merrily on his way into the country. About a week later the animal was captured and had to be shot before he could be taken.

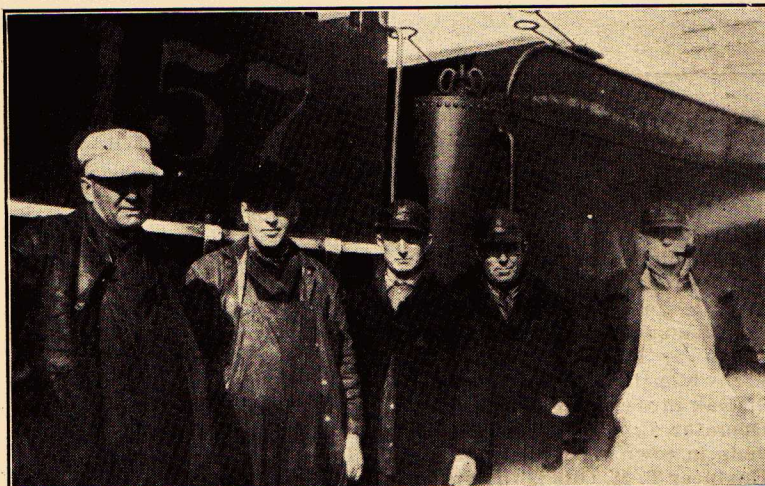
A. Felix Smith, Chief Clerk in General Agent's office, is taking a vacation and is spending same at his cottage at Bay Point.

T. E. Hardy, former second trick Operator at the Upper, has been granted a three months' leave of absence. He has also bid off Agent's position at Hermon Center.

Henry Verville, Freight Checker at Auburn freight house, met a tragic death in an automobile accident at Gray on Sunday night, May 8. He was on an auto trip to Portland and on the return trip the car left the road and ran into a tree, killing Verville and badly smashing the car. He was affiliated with the Brotherhood of Station Employees and the Maine Central Relief Association.

Howard Goss, Brakeman, and wife attended the convention of the Shrine at Philadelphia, leaving Lewiston May 29.

Old Town-Milford Switcher Crew



LEFT TO RIGHT: FOREST PEAVY, ENGINEMAN; JIMMIE JENKINS, FIREMAN; ALVIN A. HANEY, CONDUCTOR; CARL E. HENRY AND JOSEPH BLACK, BRAKEMEN.

Thomas McGuire, Freight Checker at the Lower, and wife spent a few days in Montreal during the Memorial Day holidays.

Mis Deb McDonough, Clerk at the Upper, and Miss Rita Cronin, Clerk at the Lower, spent a recent week end in Bangor.

Miss Emma Landry, whose home is in Bathurst, N. B., has accepted the position of clerk and stenographer in Road Master Scully's office. This is Miss Landry's first position on this system but she has previously worked for the Canadian National Railway for nine years.

FRANKLIN

This station is now lighted by electric lights. The improvement is greatly appreciated by all.

BANGOR CAR DEPARTMENT

By C. A. Jefferds

Clyde A. Haynard, well known Brewer boy, employed as Carman Helper, entered the bonds of matrimony with Miss Margaret Gould of Lynn, Mass., recently. Mr. and Mrs. Haynard have returned from their honeymoon spent in Maine and will keep home in Brewer.

C. B. Adams, another one of our helpers, has also joined the ranks of the brave, being recently married to Miss Ruth McAlpine of Bangor. They are residing on Pearl Street.

Jos. Bonville, Carman, has been off duty on account of illness.

Chester A. Goode, Coach Clerk, is out following an operation on his knee by Dr. Abbott of Portland.

F. P. Mooney, Clerk in G. C. Heway's office, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Mooney drew the cover design for the January number of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine.

The Eastman Plant at Hermon Center has commenced operations in the repairing of Maine Central heater cars, both general as well as heating apparatus overhauling. The Maine Central has nearly 1,000 of these cars which go through this plant once a year. J. A. Stadden has charge of this work.

L. H. Kitchen, Clerk in Agent's office of Northern Maine Junction, has bid in position of Clerk M. P. Dept. at Hermon Center.

OAKLAND NEWS

By W. H. Marshall

Our second trick Crossing Tender Oliver Dora has invented a device, said to be a French Fiddle, which he uses to amuse himself during the long evenings, while his mornings are taken up acting as cowboy for the neighbors.

Foreman W. M. Farren of Section 41, is off sick at this writing on account of having his teeth

Rat Took a Ride

Just as Thirteen, Engine 453, was pulling out of Union Station, Portland, on the noon of June 1, Engineer Grant saw a huge rat climb up onto the tender. At Woodfords and Deering he and his fireman looked for the big fellow, but couldn't locate him. The same was true at Cumberland Center but as the train approached Royal Junction the fireman turned a stream of hot water back into the tender and in less than a minute Mr. Rat was seen to take a flying leap to the right of way.

extracted. We expect to see him back soon with a set of rattling good teeth.

Moving seems to be in vogue. Agent R. H. Bowen has moved into the Clark house on Fairfield Street; Freight Clerk Jess Hallett has moved from the "Flat" into the Cottle house on Main Street; Road Master F. H. Parkman to his summer home at North Belgrade, while the writer has moved from Oak Street to 91 Ayer Street.

Operator L. W. Hall called on friends in town recently.

Engineer T. M. Otis is the proud owner of a new Dodge sedan.

Car Inspector H. J. Gray was off sick recently with the "flu."

J. W. Mason from Waterville covered the job in a very efficient manner.

Friends of E. S. Young of Section 42, are glad that he is able to be back to work, he having received injuries near North Belgrade a few weeks ago when a police dog leaped from the bank in front of motor car of Section 42, derailing car and turning it over on top of Mr. Young. The motor car was a complete wreck, but the dog was not hurt.

EASTERN DIVISION

By J. L. Riggie

Conductor E. H. Bleakley, accompanied by his wife, left Bangor, May 13, on the first leg of a vacation trip to the Pacific Coast. They will travel via Boston, Albany, Chicago, Denver, Ogden and Portland, returning via New Orleans, Washington, New York and Boston. Eddie was badly injured in the derailment of train 414 at Clifford's Stream, January 29, and only recently fully recovered from the experience.

The handsome residence of M. F. Dunn, 36 Howard Street, Bangor, has been purchased by C. Parker Crowell, local architect.

Operator George F. Milan, "RD" office, Bangor Yard, resumed duty May 12 after several weeks absence due to ill health.

Trainman Edward S. (Pete) Crowell blossomed out with a new Chrysler sedan May 1. It's a tough rig, boys, and only goes to prove that being popular with the fair sex is a financial burden.

Ticket Agent B. A. Brackett is now commuting with a new Oakland coach. Fairmont residents of the Maine Central family have a great eye for beauty.

Conductor C. F. Crone has been off duty on account of illness at his home in Brewer.

R. W. Champeon, Caretaker at Greenbush since Dec. 16, 1910, died at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, April 25. Mrs. Champeon has succeeded her husband as Caretaker.

Ronald F. Martin of the Superintendent's Office force was taken ill while at work April 30, was admitted to the Eastern Maine General Hospital May 3, and operated

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Old Timers at Bangor



List of names of men in above picture will be found on Page 28. It became mislaid in the engraving department and could not be located in time to accompany picture.

upon for appendicitis May 8. He is recovering.

There was an unusual amount of sickness in the Superintendent's office force during the month of May. Miss R. H. Ferry and J. S. Loftus were numbered among the unfortunates.

The writer's mother, Mrs. B. Riggie of Stratford, N. H., who had the misfortune to break her left arm April 17, is recovering slowly.

Miss M. A. Miles, first trick Operator, Old Town, has been off duty since May 10, seriously ill at the home of Mrs. James O'Connell, R. N., Center Street, Old Town. Needless to say the many friends and associates of "BD" are hoping for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. E. J. Bouchard (formerly Elizabeth S. Allen, third trick, Old Town) was admitted to the Eastern Maine General Hospital May 11 and underwent an operation for appendicitis the same day. Her husband, E. J. Bouchard, second trick Dispatcher at Bangor, reports that she is recovering.

In the near future we hope to present to our readers a photo of

the camp that is being erected at Tomah by "West" Crocker, "Eddie" Cahill, and associates. There is good fishing and hunting in that vicinity and we hope that it will prove a source of interesting news for the Maine Central Employees' Magazine.

Mr. H. D. Davis, Chief Clerk to General Agent, Vanceboro, certainly came through with a real write-up in the March issue and we hope that he will find time to repeat in the near future. The writer has listened to several very complimentary remarks concerning the breaking of the long silence. There are a great many readers that have been associated in one way or another with affairs on the joint section who take an unusual interest in news from that section.

The much-discussed arrangement whereby Canadian National Railway trains would operate over the line of the C. P. Ry. into Vanceboro is about to be realized. The agreement to permit use of the terminal facilities at Vanceboro by the C. N. Ry., and which involves the three companies, C. N. Ry., C. P. Ry., and the Maine

Central Railroad Company, has been approved.

Some of the boys have already tried their luck at fishing and as usual report that the BIG one got away.

The Eastern Division correspondents greet Mr. Dudley Alleman, recently appointed Publicity Agent, who will edit and supervise the publication of the Maine Central Employees' Magazine. He is assured of the usual generous support and co-operation established by his predecessors.

CALAIS NOTES

By E. F. McLain

Mr. Kenison has appeared a bit pale and thin since arising from a sick bed where he was confined for two or three weeks. He, like many other unfortunates, was a victim of the grippe.

Congratulations and expressions of good luck are being showered upon Hollis Grant, Carpenter, who has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Mrs. Grant, née Preston, was a graduate nurse of the Calais Hospital and very popular

while employed at that vocation.

Bus Chapais, Hostler Helper, is back on duty after a few rounds with that unpopular champ, "flu." Looks as if he got the worst of it.

"Wash" Bailey expects to get his "Can" going soon. Then ho! for the merry Sunday excursions.

The vessel carrying coal for the St. Croix Paper Co. evidently was chartered straight through to Woodland, as she plowed half-way through the wharf at the coal discharging plant here before some thoughtful person casually advised those in charge that this was the point where the ship would discharge her cargo.

We wish to express our congratulations through these columns to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gordon, who were married Wednesday, May 12.

Engineer Frank Short is around and feeling fine. Frank says the spring weather brought him out with the rest of the birds.

Freight Checker James Burgess who was injured July 4, 1924, is now back on the job. Glad to see you back, Jim.

Lew Maxwell, Night Baggage Master, has displayed the largest trout to date, we don't know how much it cost. Now we are watching for the return of Road Master Whitney from Tunk Pond with his string of big ones.

EASTPORT NEWS

By S. A. Frost

After making an extensive stay at the Eastport Station, and making necessary repairs to the freight house platform at Ray Street, and several repairs to the Sea Street Station, A. Cunningham and his crew departed for Cherryfield, there to repeat a like operation to the M. C. property at that place.

This station received pleasant business calls from F. A. Murphy, Traveling Freight Agent of the Maine Central, and J. A. DeGagne, of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Frank Palmer, after a "lay-off" of five or six weeks, the result of an injury to his leg, received while unloading some way-cars, is "on the job" again.

Charles W. Connors of Bangor, made his seniority felt here, by

"butting" R. H. Crone, Brakeman on the P.M. run to Ayer Junction, so happy Charles will be with us again until some one "butts" him off the run. What then?

George W. Lank has been appointed to the arduous position of "wiper" at the round house, thus deposing J. W. Clark.

E. A. Johnson, Superintendent of Bridges and Buildings, visited this station and gave the buildings a careful search for the needed repairs.

Archie MacCarlie invested some of his wealth in a sedan and has joined the long list of "car owners" to cast his "gab" and what he knows about machinery on the "sea of knowledge" with the many other-owners of cars in this section.

Measles has been playing havoc with the school children here, and many cases have been reported. The disease has broken out to such an alarming extent, that there is every reason to suppose that the school's will be closed for a while. Many of the Maine Central family have also broken out, but not with measles, and a rest is all that is needed to bring them back to normalcy.

If the members of the Maine Central family continue to buy cars, there will be every reason to think that there will be a need for a special freight train to bring in the autos from the factories. LeBaron P. Merrithew and Howard W. Mears have each purchased cars, and from the way that roads are crowded with same, it seems that one might take a chance to cross the street. The Maine Central may declare a holiday to give its car-owning members a chance to try out their cars and talk CAR-TALK.

RIGBY

By John F. Dunn

In a circular issued from the President's office under date May 15 we were acquainted with the fact that a successor was appointed to the magazine editorship left vacant by the late LeRoy D. Hiles. Mr. Allemen is a total stranger to the inhabitants of the Smoky Village but nevertheless he will enjoy the hospitality of this

point. We join with the rest of the Maine Central Family in congratulating him upon his elevation to this new position and wish him loads and loads of success in his new role.

News also comes of the passing of Chief Clerk John E. Webber of the Portland Terminal Superintendent's office. He was known to all who knew him as "Johnny." We feel incapable of adding anything to what you have already read in other parts of the magazine and will suffice to say that our late friend was calm and collective under the most trying conditions and one to be depended upon in any emergency.

It is reported that Paul E. Turcotte of the engine dispatchers office is contemplating marriage and if the unexpected does not happen will be a benedict by the time this issue is distributed.

Harold W. Kimball of the same office enjoyed a sojourn in the Bean Town during the week of May 17, and Henry Fountaine of the main office is putting water in his battery regularly now.

The folks at Rigby join together in offering their congratulations to General Foreman Florence Driscoll of the Portland Terminal Freight House, in the passing of the fiftieth milestone in his service to the railroad, an event of early May. Florry has been on leave, during which he paid a visit to the sunny skies of Florida. After all his traveling was over he said that he was glad to be back in dear old Maine where Nature was so grand.

Engineman Ed. Wallace of the Boston & Maine Railroad, is scheduled to return to his old run (Dover to Portland and return) Monday, May 24, and will be accorded a warm welcome at Rigby.

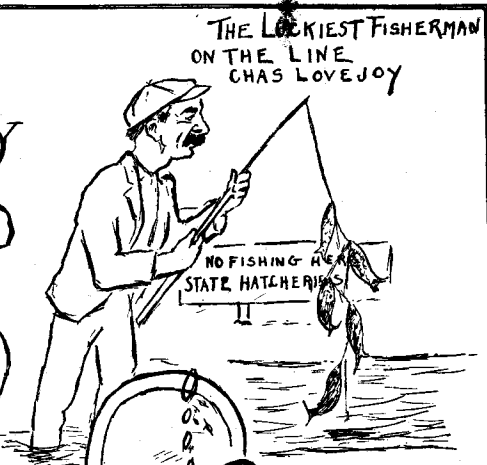
Miss Kay Dillon, of the General Yard Master's office, returned to her desk on June 1, and Henri McDonough, who has been filling in the vacancy, moved to the Freight House. We sincerely miss Henri and his flowing smock dashing through the corridor.

Miss Margaret K. Coyne who has been at the General Foreman's office here at Rigby, has transferred to the Per Diem Department on account of a reduction in the Rigby staff.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM RIGBY



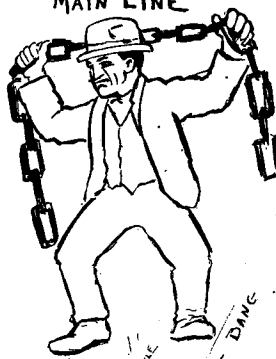
CAP WILLETTS AND BARNEY HALL TWO OLD VETS OF THE MAIN LINE WHO WILL SOON BE BACK DRIVING WITH THE ADVENT OF THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE MOUNTAIN DIVISION AND MAIN LINE



THE LUCKIEST FISHERMAN ON THE LINE CHAS LOVEJOY



WHEN SCOOP FOUND HE COULDN'T EMULATE MELLIE HE TOOK UP VOCAL CULTURE
THANKS TO CHICK AND GERTIE FOR THE ABOVE



FRANK HARRINGTON OF 339 CONSIDERED THE STRONGEST MAN ON THE ROAD



WINNIE MOHAN FIRST TRICK TELEPHONE OPERATOR SAYS SHE WOULD RATHER RIDE TO WORK WITH RED THAN RIDE IN THE SWELLEST LIMOUSINE.
NOTE - LINE 5 AT RIGBY WILL BE OUT OF ORDER 3PM TO 5PM DAILY THIS DATE OF THIS ISSUE.



J. HENRY BRADLEY (CHECKER) WAS DANCING LONG BEFORE MELLIE STARTED VIOLIN LESSONS

PHILLIP MORAN 1934

When one tries to mind another's business more than his own he generally gets acid thrown into his eyes. This is true in the accompanying cartoon. One character in the same might have been stamped "As Other See You."

In the top left we note a couple of old-timers in the personages of "Barney" Hall of Rumford and "Cap" Willett of the main line. On account of the consolidation of the Mountain and Portland divisions the old Mountain men are placing themselves in many positions of the old Portland Division.

Holding the dual position at the top of the page is old friend, Maine Central Conductor Charlie Lovejoy. Most of us have hobbies. Charlie's is fishing, but—oh yes, there's a but to it. Charlie tries his luck at most any pond he runs across, but it seems that "everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go"—no, that's not what I meant to say. Everywhere that Charlie goes he throws his line into a fish hatchery and gets chased away; thus we might add that the fish is on the wrong end of the line.

We have all read of wrestlers, nail eaters, sword swallowers, etc., but right here on our own little railroad we are blessed with a "Strong Man." Here he is (aside, please), Frank Harrington of "339." Frank has had some trying experiences in hauling these hundred car trains. Along the road they'd be a-rolling when—crunch—and out would come a drawbar and Frank to the rescue with a drawbar chain. This became such a frequent occurrence that Frank would run out of chains and then he'd set his feet in the ladder of one car and grip the grabiron of the next car and shout, "Awright."

"Here's your ice, Mrs. Cook." Introducing the "Hello Girl" of the Terminal Exchange on her way to business. Miss Mohan is just another one who doesn't like waiting for the car.

This young fellow down in the right-hand corner wears O'Sullivan's rubber heels to which is accorded the fact that our friend, Henry "Checker" Bradley, the street freight bill delivery clerk, is so spry. Mr. Bradley did not

get his title from checking freight cars or freight. Henry amuses himself with the indoor sport of dancing. He is a past master in the manipulation of his dogs. Our young friend danced with hoop-skirted ladies and gentlemen of the powdered wigs of old and is now dancing with bell-bottom panted, long-haired youth and roll-socked, bald-headed lassies of today and is still holding his own.

AUGUSTA LOCALS

By Ellis E. Walker

When questioned today with regard to the beauty contest of general agents, General Agent Fuller remarked in a casual way that any man that would spend a whole day looking in every store in Detroit, Mich., for the purpose of purchasing a wig could not be very well satisfied with his looks himself, and that if the beauty contest was to be held with hats off he had nothing to fear from the general agent in Rockland.

Arthur C. Davis of the freight house force recently returned from Washington, D. C., where he went in company with the senior class of the Cony High School. "Art" was one of the six privileged to shake hands with President Coolidge but says he can't see as he feels much different. It is also understood that Art either hired or stole from some small boy a bicycle which he rode all over Washington on a sight-seeing tour.

Adelbert Sands, second trick crossing tender at Bridge Street, recently returned to work after several weeks illness. His place was taken by Herman Redmond, spare crossing tender.

Roy Ellis, genial spare man, recently journeyed to Winthrop where a fraternity of which he is a member was holding their district meeting. The ladies of the lodge served a supper that was advertised: "All you can eat for fifty cents," but after watching Roy eat for about fifteen minutes a committee waited on him and refunded his fifty cents, saying that they gave up trying to fill him up as a bad job.

Albert H. Hunt has been absent from his duties for several days

because of illness. His place as second trick switch tender is being filled temporarily by Wallace B. Marr.

William Hayden, the Billing Clerk at this office, has recently purchased a brand new Dodge sedan and it is understood that the telephone and light companies have taken out additional insurance on their poles.

The lawns and flower gardens around the station are being given their spring overhauling by Harry Freeman and a marked improvement is noted.

WATERVILLE

By A. A. Thompson

Foreman T. M. Leighton allows that he took the most expensive automobile trip he has ever experienced since he owned his car, when he brought it from Portland. This was no joy ride! It was getting hauled out of mud and having the car fixed afterward.

Machinist George W. Gordon has returned from Garland, Maine, where he was called by the death of his father.

Leverett A. Flewelling, who was one of the "family" for a long time, being in the train service for many years, was accidentally drowned on May 7 while on a fishing trip at Round Pond.

Carman C. H. Garfield has purchased a home in Fairfield.

Clerk F. J. Wilson has returned to work after being confined to his home on account of illness.

Engineman D. H. Staples, who has been a victim of the "flu," has returned to work.

Carman Joseph Pellerin, after colliding with a milk wagon one morning, decided that he had better apply wheels to all sides of his car so that it will go no matter what position it is in.

Miss Helen K. Richardson, daughter of General Storekeeper H. P. Richardson, who has been in a local hospital, has returned to her home and is on the road to recovery.

Anyone wishing to learn "the latest" in the application and painting of wheels on a Dort car, should consult with G. F. C. R., M. F. Rhoades and Painter H. F. Pooler.

Carpenter John J. Robinson passed away very suddenly, while at his work on Saturday, May 8. The cause of Mr. Robinson's death was given as apoplexy. He had been a carpenter in the passenger department for about eight years and was a very faithful and competent workman. Funeral services were held May 11 at his home, Rev. E. A. Pollard Jones officiating, and were attended by many friends and a large delegation from the shops.

Carman Wm. H. Higgins has returned to work after an illness of several weeks.

Machinist Fred Flanders is in the market for "good buys" in Ford cars. We are advised that the term should be "good byes!"

Anson O. Libby, who was employed in the paint shop for forty-nine years and retired several years ago, passed away at his home on Morrill Avenue on May 8 at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. Mr. Libby had been in good health up to a very short time before his death. The funeral was held on Monday, May 10, at his home, Rev. E. A. Pollard Jones of the Methodist Episcopal Church, officiating.

The sympathy of all fellow-workers is extended to Car. Cleaner and Mrs. Merwyn of Hinckley, in the loss of their son.

Carman George Tozier wishes everyone to distinctly understand that when he wants to buy "um" he can pay for "um."

About every Sunday evening at 8.23 the people of Brewer and Bangor have noticed a young man running through the streets leading to Bangor Union Station and some began to make inquiries. A "kind friend" advised that this individual was "Sheik" Louis H. Pooler trying to make No. 2.

The freight office force is now getting its "daily dozen" from Simie Armstrong on meat cutting.

Leverett L. Hartley, of the freight office force, was called to Corinna by the sudden death of his mother on May 14.

The members of the family are expressing their appreciation to Secretary Benn, of the "Y," on the new arrangement which provides a larger "sitting room" on the front, also upon the addition of a pool table.

Everett Candage, who will be remembered as Assistant Secretary at the "Y," recently entered the bonds of matrimony. When Mr. Candage left Waterville, he went to the Railroad "Y" at Maybrook, N. Y., as Secretary and is now serving in the same capacity at Hoxie, Arkansas.

In the recent city election, Machinist Frank E. Carter was elected to the board of aldermen.

Friends of Mrs. Agnes Cunningham O'Neil, wife of Assistant Foreman James O'Neil of the paint shop, will be sorry to learn of her death, which occurred at her home, April 25. Her death was the result of a serious operation followed by a long illness. Mrs. O'Neil was born in Moncton, N. B., but lived in Waterville most of her life. Besides her husband, she leaves a sister, Alice; three brothers, Michael, John and Patrick, and many other friends to mourn her loss.

Gabriel Moreau passed away on April 24, at his home on Nash Street. Mr. Moreau was born seventy-eight years ago in St. Nicholas, P. Q. He came to Waterville when a young man and entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad, remaining in the "family" for thirty years. For

the past twenty years he has been an invalid.

Miss Beverly Breen, daughter of Road Master and Mrs. L. F. Breen of Rumford, has been the guest of her grandparents, Master Mechanic and Mrs. F. H. Ramsdell.

Byron F. Curtis has returned to work after a few weeks illness.

Stenographer B. M. Light who has been ill in a local hospital has returned to her home and is gaining rapidly.

Clerk and Mrs. E. E. Lord passed a few days in Boston recently.

Engineman and Mrs. D. O. Wade have returned from Sarasota, Fla.

G. E. Finimore, P. Gaulin, Ed Balsam, R. D. Woods and Harry Townsend are among those driving new cars.

Machinist Geo. Mountfort went to Portland to meet Mrs. Mountfort and the children when they returned from a visit to Boston.

Carman Ed. Jewell passed the week end at his cottage at Oak Pond recently. No mention has been made of "whollopers."

E. E. Roberts claims the shop cribbage championship and meets all new comers.

Painter O. T. Dore, who was taken ill while on his way home

Beams of Sunshine From Bemis



TWO DAUGHTERS OF AGENT AND MRS. B. E. DeLONG OF BEMIS

from work recently, passed away after a short illness, on April 23.

Painter John Gilman has returned to work after a short illness.

Carman Helper H. H. Ramsey has returned from a trip to Canada.

Painter Joseph T. Tardiff has returned to work after a short illness.

RUMFORD

By J. H. Howard

Miss Ethel Warhurst, Operator at "RD" Rumford ticket office, has purchased a new Ford coupe with "Yaller" wheels.

Miss Lola Kilgore, Voucher Clerk at freight office, has also purchased a new Fordor sedan which she feels very proud of.

Clyde Watson, Train Dispatcher, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son at his home on Penobscot Street.

J. P. Noonan, Operator, has been assigned to "RH" office Lower yard job, which was made vacant by the death of Operator H. N. Hall.

Yard Conductor W. A. Buotte who was recently married, is enjoying a honeymoon at Niagara Falls and Montreal.

Extensive changes are being made in Rumford yard. The old coal shed has been torn down and a steam shovel is working there getting ready to change the main line to former location of coal shed and a modern coal shed is to be constructed near the roundhouse. When the new shed is completed considerable time will be saved in the coaling of engines.

Annie McShane of the Road Master's office, received a fine bunch of mayflowers from Dan Conant, Caretaker at Peru. Annie seems very much pleased with the bouquet.

V. B. Smith, Porter at Rumford passenger station, who has been ill for two weeks, has returned to work. George Cormier substituted during Varnie's absence.

G. W. Judkins, Yard Conductor, recently resigned and has gone to Kennebago for the summer.

Fred I. Howard, Ticket Clerk at Rumford station, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of

a son, on May 15, at his home in Mexico. As this is Fred's first, we have been expecting a report that it could already walk or talk but to date he has not even admitted it can make a noise.

Arthur Cormier, Assistant Baggage Master, has been inquiring from all the traveling salesmen on the wholesale price of cheap cigars. He hasn't stated any reason for wanting them yet.

Sympathy is extended to Yard Brakeman James O. Palmer in the recent death of his wife.

BRUNSWICK

By E. W. Tebbetts

James Coffin, better known as the Turnip King, has arrived in Brunswick once again. He will play the banjo for Hatchet Rodick on the merry-go-round. It has been quite a while since James played around these parts and I suppose that his expression, "Say, Bo" will fly thicker than ever.

Quite a few have received letters and post cards from T. M. Saunders, who is visiting his mother in California. Marsh is having a good time and feeling fine.

Tebbetts has found a new way to get a ride in his boss's car and tried it out a short while ago. He went up past Bowdoinham in a machine and broke down, then called George up to give him a ride home. That's quite a trick. Probably more will try it soon.

The people all get the paper in the morning to see what happened to Joe's car in the funnies. Well, we wouldn't be surprised if the popular topic soon would be, "What has happened to (local) Joe's car?"

Old-Timers at Bangor

(See Cut on Page 23)

Some old-timers will appreciate this picture taken in 1912 of the Freight Carmen located at Bangor Freight Yard when 20 cents an hour was the rate of pay and ten hours the working day. P. G. Smith was General Foreman and G. C. Hewey, Foreman. Mr. Smith is now located in the general

offices, Portland, while Mr. Hewey is still on the job.

Men in the picture are as follows: Sitting, from left to right, on ground and wheels: J. A. Russell, John J. Mullen, Arthur Harper, Wm. Dyer, Ed. Mahaney, Martin Sheppard, Arthur Fielding.

Standing, from left to right, on car axles and ground: George C. Smith, Norman Dauphinee, Ennes Kenney, Arthur M. Kelsey, W. W. Richardson, James Tate, G. C. Hewey, P. R. Kirkland, P. T. Hewey, P. Leonard and F. M. Whitman.

Standing and sitting, left to right, on flat car: John Gallagher, Gordon Hannigan, J. E. Bradman, Charles Douglass, F. C. Mooney, J. T. McCarthy, Louis Brooks, Sidney Robinson and Wm. Campbell.

W. W. Richardson was killed in the yard and Louis Brooks died several years ago.

Geo. C. Smith, J. A. Russell, J. J. Mullen, M. Sheppard and Guy C. Hewey are the only ones in the picture who are at present employed by the company.

Improving Railroad Service

The railroads of the United States have established some remarkable records during the few years since the government relinquished control. Traffic has been handled in greater volume, more expeditiously, and with less loss from theft, breakage and leakage than ever before. . . .

The railroads have found that by directing their attention to small delays, petty losses, trivial annoyances and slight derelictions, they may win rich rewards in improved service. It is not the major faults alone that prevent a railroad company from earning dividends and winning the goodwill of its customers. Minor peccadillos, such as turning over a freight car to a shipper with the last user's packing unremoved, also play a part in the matter.

Shippers and receivers of freight and the public generally benefit as well as the railroads from the latter's avoidance of

waste and delay, and should be glad to co-operate with the roads in correcting practices, no matter how petty they may seem, that militate against perfect service.

—From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun

Motive Power Condition

Locomotives in need of repair on April 15 totaled 10,582 or 16.8 per cent of the number on line, according to the reports filed by the carriers with the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association.

This was an increase of 391 locomotives compared with the number in need of repair on April 1, at which time there were 10,191 or 16.2 per cent. It was, however, a decrease of 1,484 locomotives compared with the number in need of repair on the same date last year, at which time there were 12,066 or 18.8 per cent.

Of the total number in need of repair, 5,693 or 9.0 per cent were in need of classified repairs on April 15, an increase of 328 compared with April 1, while 4,889 or 7.8 per cent were in need of running repairs, an increase of 63 within the same period.

Class I railroads on April 15 had 5,651 serviceable locomotives in storage, an increase of 281 locomotives compared with the number of such locomotives on April 1.

Engine's Amazing Record

Engine 959 of the Great Northern recently sent to the Hill-yard, Wash., Shops established a record of having traveled 293,329 miles under its own steam in the regular service of the company since its previous visit to the shops. Much has been said of the might and endurance of the great, modern Moguls, but this little Napoleon of the rails has set a mark which they will do well to equal, and whether they will surpass it or not time alone can determine.

No. 959 was constructed in 1893 by the Brooks Locomotive Works of Dunkirk, N. Y., now a branch of the American Locomotive Works, at a cost of \$10,728.27. It was received by the Great Northern on May 8, 1893. The size of its cylinders is 19x26 inches, weight on drivers, 110,000 pounds; weight of engine, 138,000 pounds; weight of engine and tender, 224,000 pounds, and it has a tractive power of 17,480 pounds.

Since January 1, 1899, No. 959 has traveled a distance of 1,114,423 miles. Its previous achievement, between 1893 when it went into service and 1899, is not available, but no further figures are necessary to demonstrate that this engine has won its place in the Locomotive Hall of Fame.

Important Brake Test

In an effort to bring about still greater safety to passengers as well as a continued reduction in loss and damage claims to freight shipments and railway equipment, the American Railway Association is now conducting the most thorough and elaborate series of tests of train brakes ever undertaken in the world.

These tests are being conducted at Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, by H. A. Johnson, Director of Research of the American Railway Association who is also General Manager of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company. The purpose of the tests is to determine what improvements can be made in respect to the present standard of brakes now used by the railroads of this country.

Railway executives from practically all the leading railroads recently visited Purdue University where they inspected the equipment used in this investigation and watched the tests that are being made there by a corps of thirty engineers.

The tests, which began this spring and are expected to cover a period of one year, are being conducted in a separate building which has been especially set aside for the work at Purdue Univer-

sity. In this building has been installed the complete air braking equipment from two modern locomotives as well as the brake equipment from one hundred freight cars so that the tests watched by the railroad executives were equivalent to tests that would come from the actual operation of a train consisting of two locomotives and one hundred freight cars on a railroad.

Most of the time so far has been devoted to testing the present standard brake now in use on the railroads of this country with a view of providing a basis of comparison for subsequent investigations. Later, brake equipment which manufacturers claim will prove to be an improvement over the present standard will be tested. Upon completion of the work at Purdue University, various brake devices will be given road tests for the purpose of developing whether or not they meet practical road conditions satisfactorily.

The railway executives who visited Purdue University were conducted by Dean A. A. Potter, G. A. Young and H. A. Johnson, Director of Research of the American Railway Association, through the laboratory where the air brake tests are being made. In addition, practical tests were especially conducted for their information in order to show the effects on railway equipment resulting from the application of air brakes under varying conditions.

POTENT

"Eureka!" shouted Ponce de Leon on his celebrated tour. "The Fountain of Youth! Another draught of that water and I can climb that cocoanut palm!"

But the nearby Floridian interposed. "If you don't want your hide plugged full o' buckshot, mister," he said mildly, "you better git away from my still."

HONORS

"I understand your son is one of the leaders in his class at Annapolis."

"He sure is! Why, he got me five tickets to the Army-Navy game!"

Net Operating Income for March

\$94,522,911

Class I railroads in March had a net operating income of \$94,522,911 which was at the annual rate of return of 5.13 per cent on their property investment, according to reports just filed by the carriers with the Bureau of Railway Economics. In March, 1925, their net operating income was \$73,375,266 or 4.08 per cent on property investment.

Property investment is the value of road and equipment as shown by the books of the railroads including materials and supplies and cash.

This compilation as to earnings in March is based on reports from 188 Class I railroads representing a total mileage of 237,087 miles.

Gross operating revenues for the month of March amounted to \$530,453,464 compared with \$486,679,772 in March, 1925, or an increase of nine per cent. Operating expenses in March this year totaled \$396,473,050 compared with \$377,412,762 or an increase of five per cent over the same month last year.

Twenty-six Class I roads operated at a loss in March this year, of which eight were in the Eastern District, one in the Southern and seventeen in the Western District.

Earnings for First Quarter 4.80%

For the first quarter of 1926, Class I railroads had a net operating income of \$223,558,765 which was at the annual rate of return of 4.80 per cent on their property investment. For the first quarter in 1925, the net operating income of those roads totaled \$204,605,982 or 4.50 per cent.

The net railway operating income is what is left after the payment of operating expenses, taxes and equipment rentals but before interest and other fixed charges are paid.

Gross operating revenues for the first quarter in 1926 amounted to \$1,471,653,158 compared with

\$1,426,904,819 or an increase of three per cent. Operating expenses for the first three months this year totaled \$1,135,712,162 compared with \$1,117,081,454 or an increase of nearly two per cent.

Maintenance expenditures for the first three months this year amounted to \$503,531,655, an increase of \$11,568,792 over the same period one year ago. Expenditures for maintenance of equipment amounted to \$319,237,073, an increase of more than \$305,000 over those for the first three months one year ago. Maintenance of way expenditures for the first quarter in 1926 totaled \$184,294,582, an increase of \$11,263,077.

In the Eastern District—Class I railroads had a net railway operating income for the first three months this year of \$109,120,673 which was at the annual rate of return of 5.53 per cent on their property investment. For the same period last year, their net railway operating income was \$99,885,229 which was at the annual rate of return of 5.17 per cent. Total gross operating revenues of the Class I railroads in the Eastern District for the three-month period this year amounted to \$732,365,939 an increase of about three per cent over the corresponding period one year ago, while gross operating expenses totaled \$574,104,840, an increase of nearly two per cent compared with the same period last year.

For the month of March, the net railway operating income of the Class I roads in the Eastern District amounted to \$50,336,249 compared with \$36,321,466 in March, 1925.

In the Southern District—Class I railroads during the first three months this year had a net railway operating income of \$43,800,458 which was at the annual rate of return on their property investment of 5.85 per cent. For the

same period last year, their net railway operating income amounted to \$41,048,695 which was at the annual rate of return of 5.74 per cent. Gross operating revenues of the Class I railroads in the Southern District for the three-month period totaled \$226,732,230, an increase of more than nine per cent over the same period the year before while operating expenses amounted to \$164,219,454, an increase of 8.5 per cent.

The net railway operating income of the Class I railroads in the Southern District in March amounted to \$17,343,044 compared with \$16,075,419 in March last year.

In the Western District—Class I railroads for the first three months this year had a net railway operating income of \$70,637,634 which was at the annual rate of return of 3.66 per cent on their property investment. For the first three months last year, the roads in that district earned \$63,672,058 which was at the rate of 3.35 per cent. Gross operating revenues of the Class I railroads in the Western District for the first three-month period of this year amounted to \$512,554,989, an increase of seven-tenths of one per cent over the same period one year ago, while operating expenses totaled \$397,387,868, a decrease of one per cent compared with the first three months last year.

For the month of March, the net railway operating income of the Class I roads in the Western District amounted to \$26,843,618 compared with \$20,978,381 in March, 1925.

CLASSIFIED

Small Dorothy was accustomed to hearing considerable shop talk at home, both her parents being in the advertising business. One day she brought home a text from Sunday school.

"What have you in your hand, dear?" asked her mother.

"Nothing much," answered Dorothy with a little shrug of her shoulders. "It's only an ad about Heaven."

Railroad Managers Cut Crime Toll

Remarkable showing is made by the railroads in the figures covering losses by damage and theft of merchandise in transit during the five years since the roads were returned to private control.

The figure for 1925 was 60 per cent below that for 1921. And it was 20 per cent less than in 1924. The saving in actual money has reached a total of \$39,000,000.

This showing is all the more significant when we realize the tremendous increase in the volume of goods in transit. Some of it has been achieved directly by the efficiency of the managers and personnel and much of it by indirect methods.

The speeding up of service and elimination of confusion has played its part. Prompt delivery is obviously a factor in reducing the chances of damage or theft. Better packing is another factor. In the latter the railroads have been able to accomplish little more than could be done by persuasion.

The reduction of losses from banditry and theft alone from \$2,333,383 in 1924 to \$1,492,451 in 1925 is quite an achievement in a period notable otherwise for the increase of criminal activities. It gives hope of further improvement. And certainly if private enterprise can defeat criminal activity in this one field the prin-

ciples used might well be studied with a view to their more general application.

—From the San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.

Freight Records Broken

The railroads of this country during the first eighteen weeks this year, that is, from January 1 to May 1, inclusive, handled 16,777,076 cars loaded with revenue freight, the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association announced today.

This is the heaviest freight traffic, so far as loading of revenue freight is concerned, that has ever been moved by the rail carriers during any corresponding period, exceeding the same period last year by 283,764 cars or 1.7 per cent and the same period in 1924 by 777,285 cars or 4.9 per cent.

The number of cars loaded with revenue freight during the first eighteen weeks this year exceeded by 221,500 cars or 1.3 per cent the estimate made early in March by the Car Service Division of the American Railway Association as to what the freight traffic would be for that period. At that time it was estimated that total loadings would amount to 16,555,576 cars.

Loading of revenue freight for the week ended on May 1, accord-

ing to reports filed today by the carriers with the Car Service Division, totaled 995,641 cars, an increase of 11,568 cars over the same week last year and 82,091 cars above the same week two years ago. The total for the week of May also was an increase of 22,337 cars above the preceding week this year.

Miscellaneous freight loading for the week of May 1 totaled 386,132 cars, an increase of 17,302 cars over the week before and 27,502 above the same week in 1925. It also was an increase of 53,797 cars above the same week in 1924.

Loading of grain and grain products amounted to 38,016 cars, a decrease of 394 cars below the week before but an increase of 1,948 cars over the same week in 1925. It was, however, a decrease of 5,352 cars below the same week in 1924. In the western districts alone, grain and grain products loading totaled 23,126 cars, an increase of 4,169 cars over the corresponding week last year.

Loading of merchandise and less than carload freight for the week amounted to 263,465 cars, a decrease of 739 cars under the week before but 3,002 cars above the same week in 1925. Compared with the corresponding period in 1924, it also was an increase of 13,692 cars.

Coal loading totaled 165,627 cars, a decrease of 959 cars under the week before but 14,873

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cars above the same week in 1925. Compared with the same week in 1924, it was also an increase of 38,439 cars.

Live stock loading for the week amounted to 31,856 cars, an increase of 1,462 cars over the week before and 1,396 cars over the same week in 1925. It was, however, a decrease of 211 cars below the same week in 1924. In the western districts alone, 25,002 cars were loaded with live stock during the week, 1,287 cars above the same week last year.

Forest products loading totaled 77,363 cars, 133 cars below the week before and 1,075 below the week in 1925. It was, however, an increase of 1,795 cars compared with the same week in 1924.

	1926	1925	1924
Five weeks in January.....	4,432,010	4,456,949	4,294,270
Four weeks in February.....	3,676,449	3,623,047	3,631,819
Four weeks in March.....	3,877,139	3,702,413	3,661,922
Four weeks in April.....	3,795,837	3,726,830	3,498,230
Week ended May 1.....	995,641	984,073	913,550
TOTAL.....	16,777,076	16,493,312	15,999,791

EVERYBODY WORKED BUT WILLIE

Teacher—"Willie, did your father write this essay?"
 "No, ma'am. He started it, but mother had to do it all over again."—Life.

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Coke loading totaled 12,122 cars, a decrease of 183 cars under the preceding week but 2,005 cars above the corresponding week in 1925. Compared the same week in 1924, it was also an increase of 2,119 cars.

Ore loading totaled 21,060 cars, an increase of 5,981 cars above the preceding week in 1925, and 22,188 cars below the same week in 1924.

Compared with the preceding week this year, all districts showed an increase in the total loading of all commodities while all except the Northwestern showed increases over both the corresponding weeks in 1924 and 1925.

Loading of revenue freight this year compared with the two previous years follows:—

	1926	1925	1924
Five weeks in January.....	4,432,010	4,456,949	4,294,270
Four weeks in February.....	3,676,449	3,623,047	3,631,819
Four weeks in March.....	3,877,139	3,702,413	3,661,922
Four weeks in April.....	3,795,837	3,726,830	3,498,230
Week ended May 1.....	995,641	984,073	913,550
TOTAL.....	16,777,076	16,493,312	15,999,791

A SLIGHT PRECAUTION

Son—"Can you sign your name with your eyes shut, daddy?"
 Father—"Certainly!"
 Son—"Well, shut your eyes and sign my school report."
 —People's Journal.

WATCH THE EX-CHECK-ER

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they got back from their honeymoon, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to home life. Are you the president or the vice-president of our happy state?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What position is that, my dear?"
 "Treasurer."

Memory systems would be all right if you could only remember to use them.

A Hand On Your Shoulder

When a man ain't got a cent,
 And he's feeling kind of blue,
 And the clouds hang dark and heavy
 An' won't let the sunshine through,
 It's a great thing, O my brethren,
 Fer a feller just to lay
 A hand upon your shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious,
 It makes the tear drops start,
 An' you sort of feel a flutter
 In the region of your heart!
 You can look up and meet his eyes;
 You don't know what to say
 When his hand is on your shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
 With its honey and its gall,
 With its cares and bitter crosses—
 But a good world after all,
 An' a good God must have made it—
 Leastways, that is what I say
 When a hand is on my shoulder
 In a friendly sort o' way.
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

OLD STUFF

"Aren't you nearly ready dear?"
 "I wish you wouldn't keep asking that question, Clarence. I've been telling you for the last hour that I'll be ready in a minute."
 —Good Hardware.

A little East Greenville chap was eating with his fingers. Of course his mother told him to stop. The boy replied, "But, mamma, weren't fingers made before forks?" Mamma's quick reply settled the matter finally. She said, "Not yours, sonny."

Mrs. Povey—"Mrs. Hughes certainly doesn't show her age."
 Mrs. Hayes—"No—she has it pretty well covered up."

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NOT FOR A PENNY

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked the little boy's aunt.

"A penny!" he exclaimed. "Why, I get more than that for taking castor oil."

NOT THE WISE ONES

Mother had been reading a Bible story to Marjory every night before bedtime. One night she asked: "Well, Marjory, what story shall I read tonight?"

"Oh, mother," Marjory answered, "I want you to read me that one about the 10 girls who went out to meet the bridegroom and ran out of gasoline."

—Everybody's Magazine.

READY TO MAKE GOOD

Cy Hayfork: "Jim, I've fetched my new wife up fer to have her pictur' took."

Village Photographer: "Full length or bust?"

Cy Hayfork: "The hull full length. If the machine busts, I'll pay for it."

—The Progressive Grocer.

WORTH A MILLION COLD

"Did I hear you say that he's worth a cold million?"

"No; I said he's worth a million cold—he carries that much life insurance."—Protection.

TRIPLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING

An employer was examining an applicant for the job of book-keeper.

"Of course, you understand double entry?" he said.

"Oh, sure!" said the applicant. "The last place I had I kept the books triple entry—one set for the loss, showing the real profits, a second set for the shareholders, showing no profits, and a third set for the income tax people, showing a loss."

A STUDIOUS LAD

Fond Mother: "Yes, John is such a good boy. You know he is taking a medical course, and he is working so hard that it even affects his sleep. Why, the other night I heard him say in his sleep, 'Let me get to work. Let me have those bones!'"—Pelican.

PAID FOR HIS KNOWLEDGE

A machine broke down. The operator, the foreman, and the plant engineer couldn't start it.

The expert took one quick look at the machine, tapped it several times with a hammer, and told the operator to start it.

His bill was \$250. When the superintendent asked for an itemized statement, he got this:

Tapping with

Hammer\$ 1.00

Knowing where to

Tap 249.00

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE

Landlady: "You always sing while you're taking your morning shower, Mr. Gray. Why do you do that?"

Boarder: "The bathroom door won't stay locked."

—American Mutual Magazine

SHAMPOO, SIR?

Patron: "I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup."

Waiter: "Well, sir; it would be still worse, I think, to have the situation reversed."

—Paris Pele Mele.

TURNED TO BUTTER

The dairymaid pensively milked the goat.

And, pouting, she paused to mutter:

"I wish, you brute, you'd turn to milk!"

And the animal turned to butter.

A CANDY KID

"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

"She came home with 13 boxes of chocolates."—Good Hardware.

'RAY FOR ST. PATRICK

A homesick Irishman had got a job as a crossing guard for a railroad. The foreman handed him a red flag and a green flag, and told him, "Whenever you see a train coming, get out and wave this red flag."

"Git away wid yer job!" exclaimed Pat. "Me wave a red flag when Oi got a grane one handy? I'll starve first."

—The Inland Merchant.

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