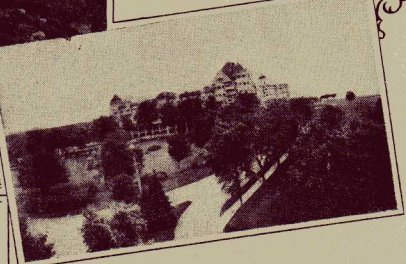
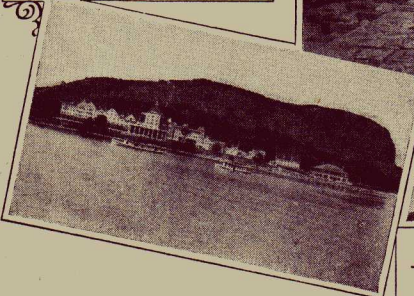
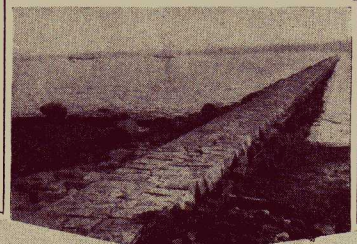
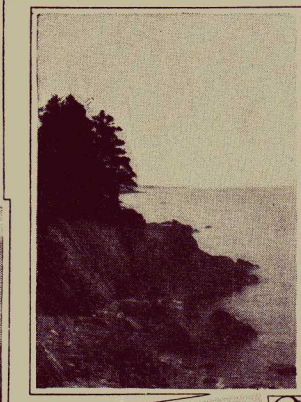
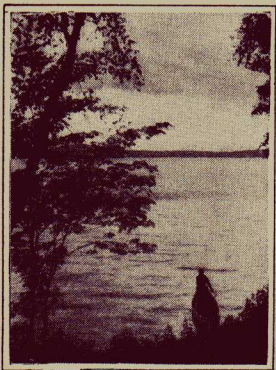


*Maine
Central
Employees'
Magazine*



*August
1926*

The Old Semaphore

How dear to my heart are the railroad days vanished
And old institutions now gone evermore,
Before the block signals from memory banished
That glorious signal, the old Semaphore.
It stood round the curve, half a mile from the station
And worked with a lever and cable attached,
This cable was rusty, and broke on occasion
With hay wire in places it had been badly patched.
That old-fashioned signal, that bothersome signal
That stood round a curve, half a mile up the track.

When you wind in the board, throw the handle to safety
Then kick off the board, and 'twill do you no harm,
If you missed this precaution, the handle flops over
And gives you a ripping good crack on the arm.
One day I forgot it and tripped the old signal
And stuck out my head, as I drew my arm back,
The handle, it caught me a biff on the beezer,
And I came to myself forty yards up the track.
That blasted old signal, that hard-hitting signal
That stood round a curve, half a mile up the track.

One day in November, the air was a flurry
With snow and with sleet, and with torrents of rain,
I kicked off the board in too much of a hurry
And dropped the blamed thing just in front of a train.
It was what you would term a bad situation
The engineman ripped, and the trainmen they swore,
Then came from the "Super" a communication
"Why didst thou delay us with our '64"
With that beautiful signal, that sturdy old signal
That wonderful signal, the old Semaphore?"

One day Mrs. Murphy, for lack of a clothesline
Hung up her weeks wash on the cable to dry,
When I kicked off the board, the cable it parted,
And our good section foreman was just passing by.
That wash looped the loop round the form of the foreman,
To soothe his hurt feelings no good words would serve,
He cussed at the washing, and darned Mrs. Murphy
And damned the old signal that stood round the curve.
That flam-boosted signal, that horn-swoggled signal,
That stood half a mile, up the line round a curve.

—Dinty.

MAINE
CENTRAL
RAILROAD

MAINE
EMPLOYEE

Vol. III

"Every Employee
Is a New

Traffic Tip Cards Give

"EVERY employee a better" is the slogan of the leading railroads of the country—a slogan that the Maine Central Railroad adopts with this issue of the MAGAZINE. Somewhere within the next twenty-four pages lurks a bright post-card designed to make it easy for you to pass along any "tips" which come to your attention.

Of course the General Passenger Agent's Department and the Freight Department employ men who know the Maine Central territory and adjacent states for business, but in the natural course of affairs these men cannot begin to meet all the shipping and travelling public.

Ask Countless Questions

The average outsider does not realize the wide diversity and infinite complexity of the corporate affairs of a company such as the Maine Central. Your friends and neighbors know you work for the railroad, and most of them may know what your position is; very few of them have a complete understanding of just what

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MAINE CENTRAL



EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

Vol. III

AUGUST, 1926

No. 8

"Every Employee a Business Getter" Is a New Slogan for You

Traffic Tip Cards Give Every One a Chance to Help

"EVERY employee a business getter" is the slogan of many of the leading railroads of the country—a slogan that the Maine Central Railroad adopts with this issue of the MAGAZINE. Somewhere within these twenty-four pages lurks a bright little post-card designed to make it easy for you to pass along any "traffic tips" which come to your attention.

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Ask Countless Questions

The average outsider does not realize the wide diversity and the infinite complexity of the corporate affairs of a company such as ours. Your friends and neighbors know that you work for the railroad, and while most of them may know what your position is, very few of them have a complete understanding of just where

your job begins and where it leaves off. Therefore, in the natural course of events, your opinion will be asked in the course of the year on countless questions concerning freight and passenger traffic.

Of course, when these questions are put up to you, you refer the inquirer to the proper source of information. But the public is very much like the fellow who used to sing that plaintive refrain, "I want what I want when I want it".

Any Song You Desire

How much better it would be to answer in this wise: "Well now, my job being to count the ties between Mattawamkeag and Wytopotlock, I can't tell you, Charlie, just how much it would cost you to ship 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ carloads of Christmas trees from Drew to Chicago, or just exactly how much better service you could get by routing it over the Maine Central by way of North Stratford. But we have people in our company so expert on such matters that they wake up out of a sound sleep and sing this or any



other song you desire. When do you expect to make this shipment? I have a little card here, that came with the MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE, which I will send right in and get you the dope you want slicker'n grease."

You get the point? The seed of future business falls not upon stony ground. The card is the means of tying up supply and demand for definite, specific, exact tariff information.

Well Known Paving Company

The travelling representatives of the freight and passenger departments often comment on the number of traffic tips they pick up from all classes of employees when they are out on the road.

But these men do not see all the employees any more than they see all of the public, and when they do see you, you may be busy at some-

thing else and fail to remember some information you have been intending to write about for the past thirteen weeks. Intending—as per the well-known Hades Paving Company; these tips just don't seem to come in.

It's So Simple

We believe that every employee is interested in the company all the time, in every way. We believe every employee looks beyond his own particular job, and realizes that in the long run as the company prospers, so will he prosper. We believe that every reader of the MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE will look over the bright little card contained in this issue, tuck it away in some convenient spot and use it to send in the next traffic tip he finds lying around loose.

It's so simple. Just fill in the blank spaces that apply to the dope you have in mind and send it in. It will help us all.



The Railroad Veteran Movement

By F. H. SIDNEY

THE first Railroad Veterans' Association was organized on the Central Railroad of New Jersey 35 years ago, the organization like all other railroad veteran associations that have followed it is composed of all railroad employees, both sexes, from the track walker to the president of the road who have had twenty or more years railroad service.

Since the Jersey Central employees organized the railroad veteran movement has spread from coast and into

Canada. The railroad veterans' associations on the Pennsylvania Railroad have a membership of forty thousand and number among their members such men as W. W. Atterbury, president of the line. W. E. Truesdale, former president of the Lackawanna Railroad, was an enthusiastic member of the Lackawanna Veterans' Association as well as P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central Railroad, who is affiliated with the veterans' association on his road. Harry

(4)

O. Noyes of the Portland Company is Third Vice-President of the New England Association of Railroad Veterans organized in Boston, April 21st, 1912. It has a membership from the employees of all 14 New England Railroads. Earl H. Morton, of Wakefield, Mass., a B. & M. employee and former labor leader, was the originator of the Railroad Veteran movement in New England. The Railroad Veteran Associations are not labor unions, they are fraternal bodies; and at the gatherings of these associations it is not an uncommon sight to see the Presidents of some of the biggest railroads in the country organizing with their own employees from the rank and file. In no other association is this possible, the laborer stands on a level with the railroad president at a railroad veterans' meeting. All of the railroad veterans' associations are officered by railroad employees from the rank and file and the railroad managements have not in any way tried to interfere with the movement of these organizations. Today the most democratic organizations in existence.

Article 2 of the Constitution





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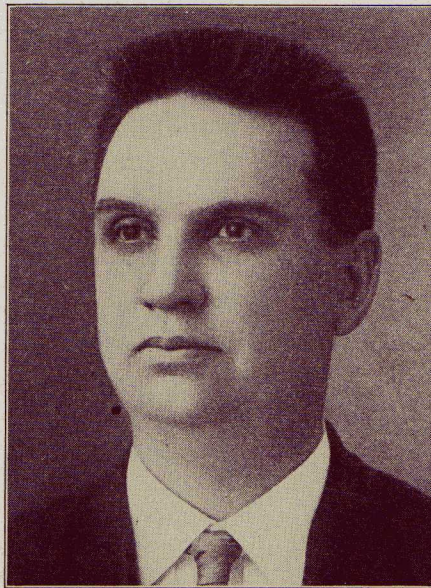
Movement

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Article 2 of the Constitutions of

the New England Association of Rail-
 road Veterans, with ten thousand
 members reads: "The objects of this
 Association are to promote a broader
 and better fellowship among all mem-
 bers, to encourage loyal service, merit
 confidence and respect, by faithful
 discharge of duties
 and exemplary
 conduct; and to
 assist in providing
 old age pensions."

The railroad vet-
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 are fulfilling every
 one of these re-
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The New Eng-
 land Association
 of Railroad Vet-
 erans numbers
 every railroad
 president in New
 England, together
 with every other
 eligible railroad
 official. Both Sir

Henry K. Thornton, of Montreal,
 President Canadian National Rail-
 way, and Patrick E. Crowley, Presi-
 dent New York Central Lines, are
 members of the Association; because
 both of their lines have considerable
 trackage in New England. This is
 the one association where the railroad
 president can meet the track laborer
 and talk over old times.



Teacher—Do you understand the differ-
 ence between liking and loving?

Willie—Yes, ma'am; I like my father and
 mother, but I love pie.—*Ayer's Almanac.*



The Cost of Running our Railroads

A RAILROAD is a business, highly technical if you will, but a business proposition nevertheless. Yet to the average mind this particular phase of the business world is so intricate that to analyze its costs and revenues seems quite a hopeless task.

All railroads must make monthly reports on a prescribed basis to the Interstate Commerce Commission and those figures are tabulated and from time to time given to the newspapers; but as we have said, the statistics published are so technical that to other than the trained mind, they have little or no significance.

Once we read a bank statement which was so definite and clear that even the uninitiated could readily understand what it was meant to convey. With this thought in mind we have tried to so analyze the expenses and earnings of our Class I railroads that the average reader will get a very definite idea of the cost of running a railroad.

Stated in terms of a day's income, we find that for the year 1925—

- It took the revenue for 157 days to meet the payroll.
- The cash receipts for 70 days went for the purchase of material and supplies, etc.
- The income for 27 days' operation was spent to pay for locomotive fuel.
- Revenue for 24 days was required for all other operating expenses.
- The earnings of 21 days went to pay taxes.
- The results of 41 days' operation were required to pay interest charges and rentals.

The receipts for 19 days were applied to dividends.

Leaving only 6 days' income for improvements—or to make up losses of former years—or to help create reserves against bad years in the future.

There are several very interesting features to this analysis. For instance, the item of taxes—here we note that fuel for locomotives only cost six days' more revenue than did taxes. On the other hand, the Government—federal, state and community—with no investment in the railroads, are taking in the form of taxes *two days more* in railroad earnings than is being paid in dividends to the investors, composed of individuals, trust companies, life insurance companies, etc., who have put their savings into railroad securities.

Certainly the tax cost of doing business is badly out of line. President Coolidge having shown the way for reduction of National taxes, how soon will our state and community governing bodies realize the necessity and heed the demand for similar tax reduction?



Railroad Credit

Railways are fixtures; we are so accustomed to them that we have come to regard them as a part of our life; like sunshine and rain. We expect at their hands regularity, promptness, carefulness and safety as to passengers and freight. We look to them to move traffic, to build new terminals, bridges and extensions, to

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abolish grade crossings, and to way to compass all these acts without complaint. We depend upon them absolutely that we could not possibly get on without them even for a time. Yet we permit the efficient these 250,000 miles of improve

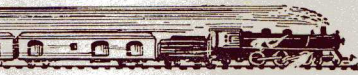
It's a Real Matter Ties, the B

LET'S get right down to fundamentals. Men shovel coal makes steam; steam drives the wheels grip the steel; and the rests on ties. So the humble tie is the basis of railroading.

Anyone who has completely covered our system—though it's a safe bet nobody can with strict accuracy claim to have done so—would have ridden over a matter of four and a half million ties. There are many old-timers, however, who have probably had a round four million so of Maine Central ties flash before them. And how many of these given ties a thought?



Boom o



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upon a maintenance of that mainstay
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represented by railway credit.

W. C. VAN ANTWERP.
—From L.I.R.R. Information Bulletin.



It's a Real Man's Job to Produce Ties, the Basis of Railroading

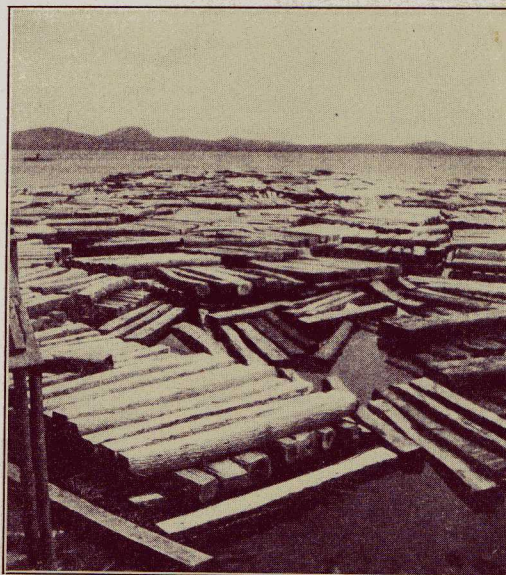
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A Real Maine Industry

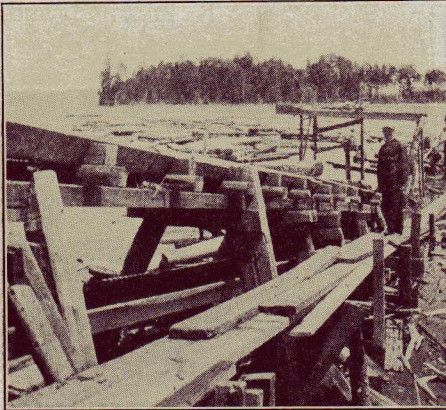
There's a lot to the tie business, for business it is—a well-developed Maine industry as a matter of fact.

And when we consider that the Maine Central buys over four hundred thousand new ties annually, and has averaged an expenditure of over half a million dollars on tie renewal in the last five years, we see that this is no small item in our Road's operations.



Boom of Ties Just Opened

Let us consider some ties that recently came out of the cool waters of Moosehead Lake, popped into Maine Central cars, and will probably go under Maine Central



About to Become M. C. Property

Tie Inspector Is Seen Beside Conveyor. Man in Background Is Sorting Ties in the Water

steel in 1928. These ties passed under the eagle eye of Tie Inspector F. P. Clark, to whom we are indebted for much of the information herein contained.

Early in June, 1925, a fine stand of cedar trees were growing on Gore A Township, near Tassel Logan on Moosehead Lake. The owners had previously cut out the stand of spruce and fir on this tract of land about two miles square, and then given a permit to F. A. Thatcher of Bangor, a tie contractor, who had agreed to deliver to the Maine Central 50,000 ties at its siding at West Outlet.

Think of the Mosquitoes

Mr. Thatcher, in turn, arranged with the Aucoine Brothers to make the cut, and these with their crew went into the woods on June 5, 1925.

With ten men cutting on piece work, living in a regular log cabin woods plant, the Aucoine got busy. It's bad enough to fight mosquitoes while fishing, but think of cutting ties in the depth of a swamp in the sum-

mer, ties eight feet long and six and eight inches thick, ties that weigh 75 to 150 pounds (Mr. Clark has seen them 200)—and then hustling them out on your back. These are faced on two sides, the hewing being done with an axe. A good axeman will hew ties as smooth as a planer; and do a better job than a saw, for the saw raises a scarf which catches water and makes the wood rot.

Towed Across Moosehead Lake

Last Fall the woodsmen went in with a horse and jumper and yarded the ties to a "round-turn road." When snow flew they were gathered on sleds, 75 to 100 in a load, hauled to the lake and "blocked" on the ice. There they lay, blocks tight one to another, the whole surrounded by boom logs chained to hold the blocks together.

The job of making, hauling, blocking and booming the ties was finished on March 27, 1926. Then came a "vacation", waiting till the ice went out of the lake. As it melted, down went the ties into the water, till the blocks were about five-eighths submerged. Early in June the whole drive was towed the 18 or 20 miles across the lake in about 12 to 15 hours.

Tie Inspectors on the Job

Loading started on June 4 and was completed for this particular lot of 50,000 ties on June 25. This was done at John Lamb's loading plant at West Outlet, rented by Contractor Thatcher, who made delivery f. o. b. M. C. cars.

Here is where the Maine Central Tie Inspectors get busy. The blocks are broken up, ties floated to the conveyor, where they are graded into

(Continued on page 19)

Maine Central Employees' Magazine

"For, By and About Maine Central Employees"
Published Each Month
by the Maine Central Railroad Company
devoted to the interests of the company
and its employees.

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested, are earnestly solicited. They may be forwarded "R. R. B." and should be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 244, 250 John Street, Portland.

DUDLEY ALLEMAN, Editor

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C. D. Atherton,	Freight
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John F. Dunn,	
Herbert Jackson,	Thompson

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Howard R. Bean,	Freight

AUGUST, 1926

EDITORIAL

MEN—NOT MACHINES

Every Maine Central Railroad employee is a part of the management. He is not a boss over other men; at the very least he is a man with his own brain and his own work.

With all reverence we can thank God that we work in an industry that requires management, an industry that calls for individual judgment, personal initiative and native boss sense.



ties eight feet long and six and six inches thick, ties that weigh 75 pounds (Mr. Clark has seen 200)—and then hustling them on your back. These are faced on both sides, the hewing being done with an axe. A good axeman will make as smooth as a planer; and a better job than a saw, for the ties use a scarf which catches water and makes the wood rot.

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John F. Dunn,	Rigby
Herbert Jackson,	Thompson's Point

Eastern Division

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C. A. Jeffers,	Bangor Car Dept.
P. N. Carson,	Bangor Ticket Office
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J. E. Winslow,	Rockland
Alfred R. Pugh,	

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

Railroading isn't a job of pulling the same lever thirty times a minute, all day long. It can't be standardized as are so many jobs in modern industry—jobs which make men more machinelike than the machines they serve.

Railroad men must think. They must plan. They must manage. And as managers they earn the wages they receive—high in relation to other lines of work, everything taken into consideration.

No less important, as railroad men, not as industrial machines, we have a right to take pride in our good management, in our work well done, without which life wouldn't be much worth living.

PLEASE HELP BROADCAST THIS

Do you remember the gag in Tipperary—"Paddy sent a letter to his Irish Molly-O, saying, 'If you don't receive it write and let me know.'" No more sensible is the urgent request that you tell us if you **didn't** receive the August issue of the MAGAZINE in the regular way.

Copies of the MAGAZINE have a mysterious way of getting lost, strayed or stolen, and it is more than possible that the one intended for you is parked in some "catch-all" drawer or has been filed under "W".

We'll just go "Paddy" one better on his letter-writing stunt and ask you to pass this word along. When you are cussing and discussing the MAGAZINE and you run up against the sort of a vacant stare which indicates utter unfamiliarity with what you are talking about; when you find anyone who hasn't received the August issue, tell him he was not overlooked with malice and forethought. Something slipped, that's all.

We want to stop these slips. We want every Maine Central employee to receive his copy of the MAINE CENTRAL EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE promptly and regularly. Those who are missed this month or next month or the month after, will confer a big favor by writing, "The Editor, Maine Central Employees' Magazine, Portland, R. R. B.," and telling him you were forgotten. If you're wise you'll tell us also who usually hands you your magazine—then maybe it can be fixed so it will stay fixed.

AUGUST, 1926

EDITORIALS

MEN—NOT MACHINES

Every Maine Central Railroad employee is a part of the management. He may not boss other men; at the very least he directs his own brain and his own work.

With all reverence we can thank the good Lord that we work in an industry that requires management, an industry which calls for individual judgment, personal initiative and native hoss sense.



General Office Clerks to Frolic August 20th

By Carleton I. Pickett, Treasurer M. C. General Office Lodge 374, B. R. C.

*Illustrated by F. R. Landers, Clerk
Office Auditor Freight Accounts*

DID you ever go to one of the public installations the clerks hold every year down in Pythian Temple? Lots of fun wasn't it? And did you ever see a bunch of fellows and girls that got together with such a family spirit? Well, why not—that's one branch of the Maine Central family, the Clerks' Brotherhood.

In the Dim and Distant Past

There's a big lodge at the General Offices and another at the Terminal and the clerks down the line gather at Bangor and Waterville. What's it all about, anyway?

Ten years ago a little bunch of "Old-Timers" got together at the General Offices and organized in order to treat with the management in orderly manner on questions involving wages and working conditions and general efficiency. It was dimly foreseen that in the future harmony between clerks and management could be best maintained through uniform rules and a general representation.

They've "Gone Up"

The organization was chartered August 21, 1916, as Maine Central General Office Lodge 374, B. R. C. Thomas Evans was

first president with "Skip" Goodwin in the Vice President's chair. Miss Minnie Shine was the only one of the girls to put her name on that charter. Today about half of the membership are women.

On the charter was Fred Twitchell, now Auditor of Pay Rolls; Mike Dooley down in Mr. Paine's office; Fred Whitehouse, now an Accountant for auditing company; Frances Spaulding, who is with the B. & M. R. R.; Morton, Chief Clerk to Mr. Woodbury; Osgood, now Assistant A. F. A.; Art Sherry, Travelling Auditor; Frank Ryan, who has since become Assistant Bank Examiner in Massachusetts; Van Tigue, with the Interstate Commerce Commission today; Bill Cleary, who has just signed a three-year contract as soloist in a New York theatre; Roy Leonard; Chas. Emery; Fred Kimball and many others still with us.

Shades of Roberts!

Some of the old days held hot times when wages were being discussed and parliamentary law was young with the clerks. Once, the chair, exasperated by long debate, said, "Come, boys, we have talked

long enough, and I move we do so and without waiting an instant with a bang of the gavel, "It is a

Life with this lodge is not all ban. There is a big social side. There h innumerable whists, suppers, dan general good times. Some of t have learned how to play whist times.

A Birthday Party

We have a Death Benefit that to \$1500 at death and many me membership long after leaving the We are now working on a sick i and our sick committee is always

And now the clerks are going a birthday party. Arrangements h made for a big banquet at the Moulton House Friday, August 20, 1926.

Some of the highest Grand Lodge Officers will be present, including Grand President Fitzgerald and Vice-President Briceland.

The Moulton House, having as it does, one of the best ball-rooms in the state of Maine, presents an excellent opportunity for dancing and no expense is to be spared in obtaining the best possible orchestration.

You're sure to be welcome at this big birthday party and if you are friends of the Maine Central family you won't miss it.

The Party's Backbone

Who's going to be there? Well y count on Pete.—Ever since Plum came an Official, Pete has been Ch of the Board, and long before tha



Party Dance

Prolic August 20th

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We are now working on a sick insurance
and our sick committee is always at work.

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The Party's Backbone

Who's going to be there? Well you can
count on Pete.—Ever since Plummer be-
came an Official, Pete has been Chairman
of the Board, and long before that Pete

was right there all of the time. The Board
will be there, too. There's Welch from the
General Offices, Mahaney from Bangor,
Plummer from Waterville and Foley from
the Terminal. These men are the backbone
of the whole thing. They are well known
and universally liked.

Then there are the local lodge officers,
President Harold Cummings who has so
ably filled the chair since "Spauldy" went
away. Vice-President Foster, Secretary
Glasscock, Pickett, who hoards the lodge's
dollars, Landers, and the rest.

Many will bring their wives or best girls
and when it comes to a dance our "Stenogs"
are right there!

The Committee in Charge

This is the Committee in charge:
*General Chairman, J. T. Welch; Vice-
Chairman, H. Foster; Secretary, C. Pickett;
Newspapers and Mag-
azines, Allen; Corres-
pondence, Paul Clark;
Illustrations, Landers;
Banquet, M. Hawkes,
C. Anderson, Dorothy
Hollywood, M.
Walsh; Speakers,
Peterson, Stollard,
Davis; Music, J.
Briggs, B. Flint, G.
Cummings; Entertain-
ment, Grant, Whitney,
Horton; Transporta-*



tion, Ben Gass, Elura Berry, Caldwell.
**Further information or tickets may
be obtained from any of the com-
mittee.**

More Old Timers of the Bangor Freight

By J. L. RIGGIE

The picture of the Freight Carmen located at Bangor Freight Yard which was taken in 1912 and published in *CENTRAL EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE* was of unusual interest to many of our readers. Through the courtesy of the Repair Shop we have another offering, a group picture of the B. R. C. of A., Penobscot Local 404, Bangor, Maine, taken at Armistice in 1918.



Left to right—**First row:** Frank Whitman, Mike Costello, Don Loughlin, Jim Rogers, A. Searway, Andrew Ward, Bill Smith, Simeon Stull, John Welcher, Frank Gallagher, G. C. Hewey (Foreman), Wm. Reardon, Griffin.
Second row: Al Welch, Perley Kirkland, Jim Nichols, Tim Sullivan, Norman Grindall, Ed. Nowell, Burt Artist, Wallace Hewey, H. W. Raymond Goodwin.
Third row: Tom Johnson, Bob Cocoran, Frank Crockett, Byron Wheelden, Stanley Connors, Fred Domino, Russell Baker, Leo Wheelden, John
Back row: G. W. Grant, Wm. Kelly, A. McIsaac, H. Mushreau, John McGriell, Mike McNeil, Harry Craven, Bill Ryan, John Flora, John M. Kratzenburg, O. Calvery, Nate Cole, H. L. Patten, Dennis Cullinan, Scott Nickerson.
Mascots: Oswald Flora, James Craven.

Timers of the Bangor Freight Yards

By J. L. RIGGIE

located at Bangor Freight Yard which was taken in 1912 and published in the June issue of the MAINE
unusual interest to many of our readers. Through the courtesy of John Mullen of the Bangor Car Re-
a group picture of the B. R. C. of A., Penobscot Local 404, Bangor, which was taken shortly after the



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ett, Byron Wheelden, Stanley Connors, Fred Domino, Russell Baker, Leo Wheelden, John Moran, Mike Madden.
Mushreau, John McGriel, Mike McNeil, Harry Craven, Bill Ryan, John Flora, John Mullen, Nick Driscoll, E. Burnham, D. Ahearn, Geo.
Patten, Dennis Cullinan, Scott Nickerson.



Maine Central Family

Aroostook no Longer Has Monopoly on Dark Horses

By V. A. CUNNINGHAM

It is gratifying to note the increasing number of names that are being added monthly to the Maine Central Family's Hall of Fame: Artists, Musicians, Cartoonists, Athletes, Hunters, Fishermen, Mechanical Geniuses and D-X Hounds. There are plenty of others that are hiding their light under a gallon and are only waiting for a member of the Family to recognize their capacity and drag them away from it and place their name on the records.

Hog Island Canal Boats

There is interesting material in every group of employees if you only look for it. For instance, if you discover a pair of feet that are so big that the owner has to have his shoes built in the pontoon factory on Hog Island or whose hands are so immense he gets his nickel's worth of peanuts in a five-pound bag, it entitles him to a niche in our Hall of Fame.

Now I discovered a fellow who with a little careful grooming will make a champion some day. At the present time I do not believe there is anything north of the Mason-Dixon line that can touch him. I have watched him perform several times and it's always an intensely interesting performance.

Double Action Technique

When he is in action his mustache bristles like the back of an angry porcupine and the whole front side of his face wiggles and shimmies like the busy end of a bean thresher. His cheeks ripple like the water running over rocks in a brook and although his eyes pop in an alarming manner he always seems unaffected by the strain of the ordeal.

But the part of his technique that wins him tournaments and puts his opponents out of the running is the efficient manner in which he capitalizes the demands of nature. When he takes a breath he expels the seeds.—I forgot to say that he is the coming champion watermelon eater. As the Old Town outfit expects to run him as a dark horse in the next tournament, his name cannot be given at this time.



Oakland News

By W. H. Marshall

Freight Clerk J. A. Hallett was appointed Commander of the Sons of Veterans of Maine at their annual meeting held at Portland recently. Jesse asks that all members of the Maine Central family will kindly omit the guard when meeting him.

If any of the Eastern Division boys should see Rodney White when down to Washington Junction, please ask him for the writer, "How are your hens laying now, Rodney?"

No Danger of Theft

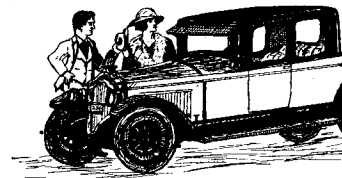
Baggage-Master Charles Walton has ordered a gross of Yale transmission keys for his Jewett, as he intends to have one in each pocket and will deposit one with a responsible party in several of the surrounding towns.

Of course Charles didn't tell the writer about this, nor has he told any of the bunch, but news travel fast in a small town, thus this little mishap has leaked out.

It seems that Charles went over to Vassalboro to an I. O. O. F. meeting and



upon arrival found that he did his transmission key with him wishing to trust his car to remain borrowed a key from his brother was very similar to his, thinking do the work, which it did, but when he was ready to come home, to find the key refused to unlock the lock wasted no time in telling the brother what he thought of the car and how what he was going to do in the future finally borrowed his brother's car back to Oakland after his own keys omit flowers.



Three of a Kind

Busy Hum of Industry

If you hear a queer rumbling next time you pass through Oakland don't worry; it is merely the busy hum of the Oakland industry.

The compiled figures printed in Maine's Own Magazine, (June 1914) that business was good at Oakland last year, as its mills and factories produced the following articles:

4,868,308,000 toothpicks of
60 CL of 15 tons each, 27,
four-inch clothespins, 105,
small size tongue blades, 125,
applicators 6½-inch size, 2,
metal hinges for toilet seats,
metal parts for bath tub seats,
1000 feet of boards, 700,000 yds
cloth woven by Cascade Wool
270,000 last blocks, 42,457
scythes, 33,881 axes, 10,109
grass hooks and bread knives,
shingles and cedar floats for
nets, 20,000 cedar posts, 6,000
sawyers, 6,000 wooden boxes.



Lewiston Letter

By P. J. Hanley

After many years service for the Lewiston Fire Department, the company, Judson Chase, Fire Ten



Family

as Monopoly

ES
M

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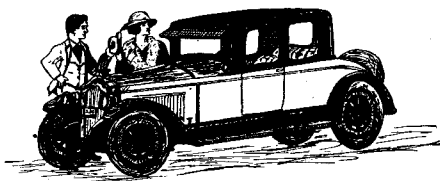
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was ready to come home, to his dismay
the key refused to unlock the lock. Charles
wasted no time in telling the bunch there
what he thought of the car and himself and
what he was going to do in the future. He
finally borrowed his brother's car and drove
back to Oakland after his own key. Please
omit flowers.



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If you hear a queer rumbling sound the
next time you pass through this town,
don't worry; it is merely the busy hum of
Oakland industry.

The compiled figures printed in *Sun-Up*,
Maine's Own Magazine, (June copy) show
that business was good at Oakland last
year, as its mills and factories turned out
the following articles:

- 4,868,308,000 toothpicks or about
- 60 CL of 15 tons each, 27,429,120
- four-inch clothespins, 105,276,000
- small size tongue blades, 125,520,814
- applicators 6¼-inch size, 2,240,000
- metal hinges for toilet seats, 15,000
- metal parts for bath tub seats, 1,000,-
- 000 feet of boards, 700,000 yards of
- cloth woven by Cascade Woolen Mill,
- 270,000 last blocks, 42,457 dozen
- scythes, 33,881 axes, 10,109 dozen
- grass hooks and bread knives, 100,000
- shingles and cedar floats for fishing
- nets, 20,000 cedar posts, 6,000 sleep-
- ers, 6,000 wooden boxes.



Lewiston Letters

By P. J. Hanley

After many years service for this Com-
pany, Judson Chase, Fire Tender at the

Upper Engine house, has resigned to move
to Boston where he will be employed.

Deb McDonough, Clerk at the Upper,
has turned in her pass as she will do her
travelling in her Ford Sedan.

George Parker, Ticket Agent at the
Upper, has returned to work after taking
a 1500 mile auto trip over the State of
Maine. He reports the roads to be in good
condition and is looking forward to a big
potato crop in the fall.

Lift Benson, Brakeman at the Upper,
recently took an auto trip to Augusta. Be-
fore leaving for home he was stopped by
three young ladies who asked for a lift and
as Charles is strong on the lift he took them
in and started for the country. When he
thought it about time to be heading home
he inquired where the ladies lived and found
out that they were inmates of the big yard
on the East Side at Augusta. He had a
fine trip and was lucky to get home.



Eastern Division Items

By J. L. Riggie

Trick Dispatcher Justin Hendrickson
took delivery of a new Essex Coach in June.

Joseph W. Ramsdell, Agent, Unionville,
was admitted to the Eastern Maine Gen-
eral Hospital and underwent a surgical
operation June 15th. The writer called on
him late in June and found him cheerful
and getting along nicely.

Ronald F. Martin of the Superintend-
ents office force was discharged from the
Eastern Maine General Hospital recently
after having been confined nearly eight
weeks.

George E. White, Time Clerk, Superin-
tendent's office, Bangor, commenced his
annual vacation June 28th. We expect
that George will have some good stories to
relate regarding the accomplishments of
his young son during the vacation period.



Railroad Ravings

By J. A. Anderson
Brunswick, Draftsman



Then He Took Up Radio

It happened winter before last. After a hard storm a lineman on a northern branch of a well-known railroad found the line out. After travelling about forty miles and finding pole after pole down, many into the woods, he wrote his superior asking for an immediate shipment of new poles.

By return mail came the answer—delivered in person. "What the blue-bellied triple-starred quadruple-asterisked blazes do you mean," cried this electrical straw Boss.

"How many times", he roared, "have I told you never to write in the case of an emergency. Why, you poor simple sawed-off, hammered-down example of ignorance

—in an emergency like this, wire, wire, WIRE!"

The little lineman's bristling mustache shot upward and out like the exhaust of 153 passing Royal. Such violent anger seethed within him that his dimensions seemed to expand like a puff adder.

"Great blazing hell," he shouted, "what in the name of blankety blank *could* I wire on? Didn't I tell you the wires was down!"

♦ ♦

Police!

Brakeman—Did you hear about the robbery last night?

Conductor—No.

Brakeman—A garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran, darn it.—*Rice Owl.*

(16)

Vanceboro News

By Harry D. Davis

Winter has gone. Spring has gone. Summer has arrived. The taken place since the last word from Vanceboro in our MAGAZINE.

The much-discussed matter of the National Railway, operating freight trains into Vanceboro under rights secured from the Pacific Railway became a reality 24th last. Since that time they have maintained a regular six-day-a-week

Their minimum daily deliveries are 13 loads and maximum 32 loads. Their operation began up to and on May 20th they have delivered us. It is anticipated the volume of traffic will gradually increase. We find the National a very co-operative and anxious to cut "red-tape" wherever possible.

We sincerely hope our facilities will be ample to handle this new business the coming winter with the same given thus far.

Horace E. Beers, on our Car I staff, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl in his home three weeks ago. The writer congratulated recently to hail Mrs. Beers giving the young lady a carriage. He found her to be "Hoddie" all over.

Lots of our boys are enjoying this summer. Included are Fred Donald, Car Inspector, with a new rolet sedan; Ralph E. Howland, at coalshed, with a Chevrolet. C. A. Robertson, our efficient stenographer also has a new "Chev." touring in ice transportation the "Chev." as serviceable as was his previous coupe. Bernard DeGrasse, Fireman, mutes from his home at Lamber with a new Buick. Jeffery A. Fletcher, able engine house employee, has purchased a Ford touring and is enjoying the outdoor life now.



By J. A. Anderson
Brunswick, Draftsman



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Their minimum daily deliveries have been 13 loads and maximum 32 loads. Since their operation began up to and including May 20th they have delivered us 463 loads. It is anticipated the volume of traffic will gradually increase. We find the Canadian National a very co-operative road and anxious to cut "red-tape" wherever possible.

We sincerely hope our facilities here will be ample to handle this new business through the coming winter with the same dispatch given thus far.

Horace E. Beers, on our Car Inspector's staff, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl in his home some three weeks ago. The writer took occasion recently to hail Mrs. Beers who was giving the young lady a carriage ride and found her to be "Hoddie" all over.

Lots of our boys are enjoying new cars this summer. Included are Fred F. MacDonald, Car Inspector, with a new Chevrolet sedan; Ralph E. Howland, employed at coals shed, with a Chevrolet touring; C. A. Robertson, our efficient stenographer, also has a new "Chev." touring. We hope in ice transportation the "Chev." will be as serviceable as was his previous Ford coupe. Bernard DeGrasse, Fireman, commutes from his home at Lambert Lake in a new Buick. Jeffery A. Fletcher, a valuable engine house employee, has recently purchased a Ford touring and is certainly enjoying the outdoor life now. H. Dexter

Howland, Freight Porter, is also on the new Chevrolet touring list. "Deck" is getting so now he can wheel them with the younger set.

For sometime past there have been regular weekly old-time dances in town and many of our M. C. family who have been retired from the game for some years are observed loosening up again and apparently are renewing their youth for this sort of thing.

First Trick Operator F. Crandlennie is enjoying his new motor boat on the Lake where he has a cottage at which he will spend much of his spare time during the warm weather.

Yard Brakeman L. A. Johnson has sold his property in town to W. M. Russell, Freight Clerk, and has moved to the suburbs, "Fogg Hill" where he is building a new home. At present I would judge the annual mosquito invasion is giving him some concern.

Car Inspectors John and Michael Cleary are erecting a new house at the corner of Railroad and Church Streets. Theodore Hanson, Car Inspector, has a new house and barn under way on his lot on Salmon Brook road. Also Eugene Bartlett, our signalman, has started a new house on same street. We are glad to note the "own your own home" slogan manifested by these boys and wish them every success.

Thos. H. Beers, the only fisherman of the freight office staff, reports "no luck"; however they do say as how "Hen" is getting quite expert in basket making.

F. W. Lindsay, one of the elder clerks in freight office staff, was recently receiving congratulations on the arrival of a new baby girl in his family at Danforth.

General Agent Jackman is again behind the wheel of his Buick Sedan and says for him there is no other recreation to compare with it. Guess the majority of us will agree he is right.



Alertness in the Cab Plus Block Efficiency Pre- vents Bad Crash

Engineman Harmon on Extra 386 West July 3rd is to be commended upon his vigilance, when approaching block P 130 which showed clear signal, suddenly going to danger as engine was about to pass signal.

On investigating found about five hundred feet of westward track thrown out by derailment of train 339. Thirty seconds earlier no doubt would have found this train in the mix up.

This is one time where the blocks proved their worth. —P. L. G.



Strictly a Family Affair

On June twenty-third at 8 A. M. the wedding of Fay E. Barker and Henry J. Prince took place at the Sacred Heart Church in the presence of many relatives and friends. The couple were attended by Catherine C. Prince and John L. Prince of Everett, Mass. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barker under the direction of Mrs. David Staples.

The home was prettily decorated by friends under the direction of Mrs. Hugh Smith. Amid showers of rice and confetti, the couple made a hasty getaway in Jordan N. McCulley's car and were taken to Augusta, where they boarded the train for Boston where they passed their honeymoon. On their return, they will occupy an apartment that they have furnished on Oak Street.

The bride has been employed in Master Mechanic Ramsdell's office as Clerk and Stenographer for several years, and the groom who is the son of Erecting Foreman J. T. Prince is employed as a machinist at Waterville Shops.

Recently friends of the bride tendered her a shower at the home of Mrs. Hugh Smith, and on June twenty-first, the Foreman and Clerks presented her with a beautiful floor lamp and buffet mirror.

Clerk Guy A. Wentworth presented the gifts and Fay responded in a fitting manner. The groom's fellow workmen presented him with several pieces of furniture. A. A. T.



She Didn't Know But She Found Out

Last month the editor threatened to begin a series of items mentioning each month some little railroading job well done that has come to his attention. The bluff is still working.

Little, but "Oh My!"

This month the unofficial "croix de guerre" is awarded to Mrs. Ruth Andrews, temporarily employed as clerk and stenographer in the small but vitally important office of Industrial Agent W. G. Hunton. This award carries with it the unique and valuable prize of an India rubber electric fan. Not being afflicted with the inflexibility of the steel variety, this fan can send a breeze around a corner.

Coming into Mr. Hunton's office from the outside, Mrs. Field is unacquainted with many of the details of railroad procedure, a lack compensated by a liberal endowment of initiative, which she used in this wise.

Her second day on the job, "Uncle Will" departed on No. 153 for Madison, there to attend some sort of a meeting of the appleknockers with whom he trains. As this world-famed express was reeling off the miles on the Upper Road, came a telegram to the office announcing that the prospective meeting was called off.

She Used the Old Bean

"Here's a pretty mess", we can imagine Mrs. Field saying to herself. "There's Mr. Hunton, all dressed up and no place to go. Can't imagine why anyone would want to go to Madison except on business. At any rate he ought to be told about this cancellation. But how can I let him know?"

She hadn't any idea. But she didn't sit back and forget it. She got busy and found out how to reach him, with the result that at Lewiston Upper the conductor handed Mr. Hunton a telegram

advising of the meeting's cancellation that he was soon back in Portland with a loss of only three hours.

I call this initiative, common sense matter; using the old bean, in other words.

More Good News

From the same office comes another pleasant news item. Miss Marguerite Andrews, the Industrial Bureau's capricious popular regular chief clerk, who has been absent on account of sickness since she is recovering rapidly from the effects of a very serious operation.

Her many friends' delight in the information will be heightened by the knowledge that for days her life was despaired of. The fact that her position is being filled so capably during her absence naturally contributes materially to Miss Andrews' peace of mind.



On the Cover

Nature has been kind to Maine. From Kittery to Caribou there are scenic views travelling thousands of miles to view.

On the cover this month are scenic views taken along the Maine Central. The editor is betting no reader of this MAGAZINE can name them all.

Have a try, some of you trainmen!



(Continued from page 8)

Real Men Produce

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 and "usable reject" last named grade consists of good ties, but smaller than the other grades, are used for spur tracks and storage tracks and are accepted up to ten per cent total delivered.

These ties went over the convalescent cars at the rate of about 3,000 per day, the job being completed on June 1st. They are lying in some railroad yards a year of seasoning adds considerable to their life and value.

Yes, there's quite a lot to this business of railroading—quite a lot no one ever dreams of.



by A. Wentworth presented the
 ay responded in a fitting manner.
 n's fellow workmen presented him
 al pieces of furniture. A. A. T.

✦ ✦

Didn't Know But he Found Out

month the editor threatened to
 eries of items mentioning each
 ne little railroading job well done
 ome to his attention. The bluff
 rking.

Little, but "Oh My!"

month the unofficial "croix de
 awarded to Mrs. Ruth Andrews,
 ty employed as clerk and stenog-
 the small but vitally important
 ndustrial Agent W. G. Hunton.
 d carries with it the unique and
 rize of an India rubber electric
 being afflicted with the inflexi-
 ne steel variety, this fan can send
 ound a corner.

into Mr. Hunton's office from
 de, Mrs. Field is unacquainted
 y of the details of railroad pro-
 lack compensated by a liberal
 nt of initiative, which she used
 e.

ond day on the job, "Uncle Will"
 on No. 153 for Madison, there to
 ne sort of a meeting of the apple-
 with whom he trains. As this
 ed express was reeling off the
 he Upper Road, came a telegram
 fice announcing that the pro-
 meeting was called off.

he Used the Old Bean

a pretty mess", we can imagine
 saying to herself. "There's Mr.
 ll dressed up and no place to go.
 gine why anyone would want to
 ison except on business. At any
 ght to be told about this can-
 But how can I let him know?"
 n't any idea. But she didn't sit
 forget it. She got busy and
 how to reach him, with the
 t at Lewiston Upper the con-
 nded Mr. Hunton a telegram



advising of the meeting's cancellation, so
 that he was soon back in Portland with the
 loss of only three hours.

I call this initiative, common sense, gray
 matter; using the old bean, in other words.

More Good News

From the same office comes another very
 pleasant news item. Miss Margaret An-
 drews, the Industrial Bureau's capable and
 popular regular chief clerk, who has been
 absent on account of sickness since June 4,
 is recovering rapidly from the effects of a
 very serious operation.

Her many friends' delight in this in-
 formation will be heightened by the knowl-
 edge that for days her life was despaired of.
 The fact that her position is being filled
 so capably during her absence no doubt
 contributes materially to Miss Andrews'
 peace of mind.

✦ ✦

On the Cover

Nature has been kind to Maine. From
 Kittery to Caribou there are scenes worth
 travelling thousands of miles to visit.

On the cover this month are shown 14
 views taken along the Maine Central lines.
 The editor is betting no reader of the
 MAGAZINE can name them all.

Have a try, some of you trainmen.

✦ ✦

(Continued from page 8)

Real Men Produce Ties

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 last named grade consists of good, sound
 ties, but smaller than the others. They
 are used for spur tracks and storage sidings
 and are accepted up to ten per cent of the
 total delivered.

These ties went over the conveyor into
 the cars at the rate of about 3,000 a day,
 the job being completed on June 25. Now
 they are lying in some railroad yard, for a
 year of seasoning adds considerably to
 their life and value.

Yes, there's quite a lot to this business
 of railroading—quite a lot no passenger
 ever dreams of.

The Waterville Spy

(He Eludes the Sentinel)

By A. A. Thompson

Mrs. Gladys Perry, the daughter of Car-
 man D. D. Simpson is studying in France
 this summer.

Superintendent of Plumbing C. D. Say-
 ward recently installed a new steel water
 tank at Cherryfield.

Master Mechanic F. H. Ramsdell has
 opened his cottage at Northport Camp-
 ground for the season.

The sympathy of all fellow workers is
 extended to Fireman and Mrs. Ralph Berry
 in the loss of their son, Jack Arvid.

General Agent H. Travers attended the
 meeting of the New England Shippers'
 Advisory Board in Boston.

Additions to the "Family"

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brayall are re-
 ceiving congratulations on the birth of a
 daughter, Thais Norene.

Carman and Mrs. W. D. Otis are being
 congratulated upon the arrival of W. D.
 Otis, Junior, on June nineteenth, weight
 eight and one half pounds.

Two New Benedicts

The marriage of Carman Frank L. Bragg
 and Vivian M. Abbott took place on June
 sixteenth at the home of the groom's
 mother, Mrs. Lyda Campbell, in Vassal-
 boro, Rev. W. F. Berry of the Methodist
 Episcopal church officiating. The couple
 were attended by Assistant Foreman and
 Mrs. W. L. Bragg.

Many relatives and friends were present
 at the ceremony which was followed by a
 reception. Amid showers of rice, confetti,
 and old shoes, and many wishes for future
 success and happiness, the couple left for
 Messalonskee Lake where they spent their
 honeymoon.

Carman Fred Simoa and Miss Aline
 Crowley of Kenduskeag were united in
 marriage on June twelfth in the Metho-



dist Episcopal Church at Fairfield, Rev. T. C. Chapman officiating. They were attended by Mrs. Edna Crowley and Mr. Edward Houghton. After a honeymoon trip to Portland they started housekeeping in an apartment in Fairfield.

From Rails to Tires

Carman Clifford Barney and Carman C. H. Sessions have purchased new Essex coaches. Carman K. C. Girdler has placed an order with the local dealer for a Ford Sedan. Carman Joseph Pelerin has purchased a new Chevrolet touring car.

We Help Our City Grow

Painter Harry O'Neil is building a home on Roosevelt Avenue. Crossing Tender A. E. Mercier has been making extensive repairs on his home. Machinist W. C. Lunt has built a cottage at North Pond. Machinist Howard Larrance is making extensive repairs on his home on Britt Street.

Andrew Daly, a former tinsmith at Waterville Shops, is spending a few weeks here.

Moderns at Ancient Pemaquid

June twentieth was the day chosen by many members of "the Family" to visit historic Pemaquid, the beach and to enjoy the lobsters and clams one can get there, and also to visit the Point and the lighthouse.

The following persons registered at the Old Fort during the day: Foreman and Mrs. E. C. Bickford, A. A. Thompson and family, Carman C. H. Sessions and family, Clerk and Mrs. F. S. Crocker, Carman Leigh Ramsdell and party, Assistant Foreman A. A. Williams and family, Assistant Foreman and Mrs. W. H. Bragg, Carman John Mason and family.

The Boys Are on the Wing

S. R. Armstrong, of the Freight Office force, was a caller in Portland recently. Fireman Arthur Ladd returned a while ago from a successful fishing trip to Kineo. J. A. St. Peter of the Ticket Office force made a trip to Quebec and Sherbrooke recently. Did he like the iced tea they serve there? Carman Augustus King has returned from

a visit to Belfast. Blacksmith Foreman E. E. Finnimore passed Sunday, June 27th at Pemaquid as the guest of Blacksmith George Hustus.

Conductor D. H. Farnham and family have returned from North Pond where they have been visiting friends. Carman Frank MacGregor has returned from Bangor where he visited friends. Crossing tender W. D. Frost has returned from a trip to Portland. Machinist C. E. Twitchell and family spent their vacation in Aroostook County. Foreman J. H. Bradburn of the Paint Shop recently returned from a visit with relatives in Red Bank, N. J. Carman Patrick Cunningham has returned from Moncton, N. B., where he visited relatives.

A Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to the Clerks, Foremen and Shop men for their thoughtful remembrances. Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Prince.



**Sanborn-Hussey
Nuptials**

The marriage of Lewis J. Sanborn of Norridgewock and Miss Alice M. Hussey of Belfast occurred at Madison on July 6th. Mr. Sanborn is now agent at Norridgewock and will reside on Mechanic Street.

All members of the Maine Central family join in wishing the lucky couple all joy and happiness.

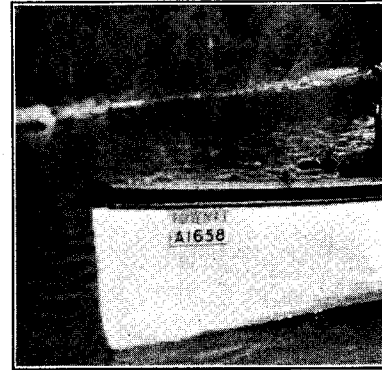


**GEORGE H. GARRISON
Died Suddenly**

As we go to press we learn with deepest regret of the sudden death of George H. Garrison, General Foreman Rigby Terminal, on July 27. His many friends will look for complete story of his service in the September issue of the MAGAZINE.



Ship A



Here Is Captain Dave Loun

Dave, who is the efficient round Foreman at Vanceboro, the Easter minal of the Maine Central, take comfort with his hunting lodge and boat on the beautiful Sebedne. This lake is 26 or 28 miles long and part of the boundary between the S Maine and Canada, and situated in the midst of one vast wilderness, an ideal paradise for the lovers of and hunting and the devotees of o life.

Thompson's Point

By Herbert Jackson

Two very popular office employe lately severed their connections w Maine Central family. Windham head clerk at the Thompson's Point resigned on June 9th to take up a in the Customs service somewhere Detroit, Mich. Windham's good n equiable temperament, and quiet ef in his duties will be remembered who came in contact with him. T ployees at the Point presented hi a handsome Gladstone bag on leave



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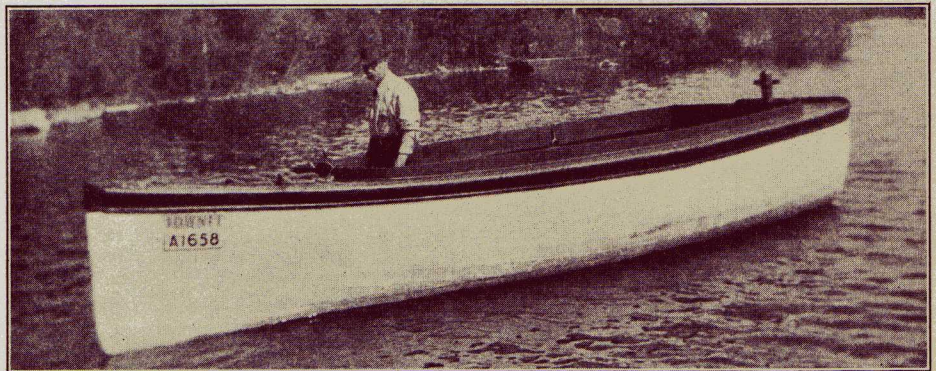


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Ship Ahoy Mates!!!



Here Is Captain Dave Lounder and His Nifty Motor Boat "IOWNIT"

Dave, who is the efficient round house
 Foreman at Vanceboro, the Eastern Ter-
 minal of the Maine Central, takes great
 comfort with his hunting lodge and power
 boat on the beautiful Sebednec Lake.
 This lake is 26 or 28 miles long and forms
 part of the boundary between the State of
 Maine and Canada, and situated as it is
 in the midst of one vast wilderness, makes
 an ideal paradise for the lovers of fishing
 and hunting and the devotees of outdoor
 life.

Mr. Lounder's log cabin is located about
 half way up the lake and is cozily built
 among the trees and rocks at the base of
 a small mountain, and anyone who is for-
 tunate to be invited to make a sojourn
 with him of a week-end or longer, is as-
 sured of a most enjoyable time.

Dave and Mrs. Lounder are loyal hosts
 and entertainers and their guests are al-
 ways sure of fish or game in the proper
 season when being entertained by them.

C. H. Leard.



Thompson's Point

By Herbert Jackson

Two very popular office employees have
 lately severed their connections with the
 Maine Central family. Windham Mills,
 head clerk at the Thompson's Point office,
 resigned on June 9th to take up a position
 in the Customs service somewhere near
 Detroit, Mich. Windham's good natured,
 equiable temperament, and quiet efficiency
 in his duties will be remembered by all
 who came in contact with him. The em-
 ployees at the Point presented him with
 a handsome Gladstone bag on leave taking.

Miss Blanche,—(affectionately known as
 "Bunny") resigned after 19 years service
 at Thompson's Point office. Regardless of
 her long service, Blanche is yet a very
 comely demure flapper and rumor says that
 she intends to desert the ranks of spinster-
 hood in the near future.

The boys gathered en masse behind a
 box car to make the presentation, but it
 was only after much diplomacy had been
 used, and ingenious excuses invented by
 Frank Bennett, that she could be dis-
 lodged from the office to receive a set of
 silver, a gift that carried every man's es-
 teem and respect with it.



Vacations Enjoyed by Auditors of Payrolls.

Fred S. Twitchell, Auditor of Payrolls, has returned from his vacation spent in camp at Kezar Lake, Fryeburg. He is entertaining his son, Hamilton Twitchell, who is a student at Kemper Military Academy, Boonville, Missouri.

J. Arthur Colley of the Auditor of Payrolls Office spent a week end recently at Panther Pond.

Mrs. Matie E. Flint of the Auditor of Payrolls Office has returned from a three-months leave of absence on account of sickness. After leaving the hospital she visited Colebrook, N. H., and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

* *

Old Town Items

By V. A. Cunningham

Those members of the dear public who regarded the railroad facilities as common property and loved to bring their packages to the freight shed to have them wrapped, tied and tagged and then decided to ship by parcel post have got another playmate, the fellow who comes in and asks for a supply of maps and folders of auto routes.

In Korea the greatest feminine virtues are said to be silence, humility and timidity. What a swell place to take the wife for a vacation.

Crossingman Fred English recently spent a week with relatives in Canada.

Round-House Man Oliver Hamilton is spending his vacation in Boston, New York and Canada. All these railroad boys include Canada in their vacations these days. I succeeded in getting in sight of the Quebec line several times while on my own vacation recently—and there is a certain thrill to it—like a camel sighting an oasis in the desert.

Freight Clerk A. L. Applebee spent a few days at Saponic Lake, but three days was enough, the flies were so thick he said that he was all tuckered out swatting them when night came, so he pulled stakes and hiked for home, later when they are not so hungry he is going back.

Marshall Powell, scale inspector, and C. F. Dodge and crew have just installed a new track scale at Old Town.

Thomas S. Burns, second trick operator, has been transferred to Vanceboro, being relieved by Charles R. Bowley.

F. X. Lavallee, formerly agent at Milford, has bid in the third trick at Old Town.

O. K. in Deeper Waters

Mrs. E. S. Bouchard recently relieved Jos. J. O'Connell as first trick operator for a few days, Joe filling a temporary vacancy at Bangor Yard.

Rusty Spinney, Signalman, spent a glorious 4th of July at his old home town, Eastport—it must be a great town; Rusty says so.

C. R. Bowley and A. L. Applebee tried some brook fishing one Sunday a few weeks ago and although they threw most of the water in the brook out onto the bank with their bait they had only indifferent luck, until they turned the scene of action to Niciatious Lake where they caught many, many, fine salmon.

* *

The Madison Mouse-trap

By "Sy"

Goff M. French, Clerk at Madison, and Miss Alta Prudence Ellis of North Anson were married June 15th at the Methodist parsonage, North Anson. Mr. French has purchased the Judge Simmons homestead at North Anson where they will make their home. We all wish them success. (Advise) Goff if you have a rolling pin in your new home, don't try your vocal talent around home.

Real Maine Central Service

A few days ago while Operator P. was selling tickets, a native of I appeared at the ticket window and the following conversation ensued:

Son of I.: I wanta you sava me amun car me and my wife wanta York nex Wensdy.

Opr. P.: Well you don't want Pullman car do you? Don't you section?

S. of I.: No, No! I jus wanta and da bottom.

So a section was reserved for him.

* *

Accounts of Accounts

By John Goud

One dark and stormy night in party of about a dozen bowlers from Line Crew, took the Casco Bay for a little sail down the Harbor Island, to try their bowling ability a local team at Fred Pine's alley reported by the looks of some of the made, that the lightning was so that some of the M. C. boys had in seeing the pins. Some were so that the waves would wash over Island that they took the next boat to the city. The scores are not having been lost overboard on the trip.

John Goud spent the Fourth in attending the Maine State Firemen's ter, at the Perryville celebration.

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

One of our popular young ladies A. F. A. Office returned to work after the National holiday, wearing a pretty engagement ring. No mentioning names, as Evelyn C. so well known in the General Office. Evelyn must be a baseball fan picked out one of our best ball as everybody knows, who know Pearson of the same office. The receiving congratulations of their

She Bowls Them Over

On July 15th, Dorothy Holly of the Line Abstracting Crew in the



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We all wish them success. (Advise)
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Real Maine Central Service

A few days ago while Operator Plummer
was selling tickets, a native of Italy ap-
peared at the ticket window and the
following conversation ensued:

Son of I.: I wanta you sava me a Pull-
amun car me and my wife wanta go New
York nex Wensdy.

Opr. P.: Well you don't want a whole
Pullman car do you? Don't you want a
section?

S. of I.: No, No! I jus wanta da top
and da bottom.

So a section was reserved for him.

◆ ◆
Accounts of Accounting

By John Goud

One dark and stormy night in June, a
party of about a dozen bowlers from the
Line Crew, took the Casco Bay Steamer
for a little sail down the Harbor to Peaks
Island, to try their bowling ability against
a local team at Fred Pine's alleys. It is
reported by the looks of some of the scores
made, that the lightning was so bright
that some of the M. C. boys had difficulty
in seeing the pins. Some were so afraid
that the waves would wash over Peaks
Island that they took the next boat back
to the city. The scores are not available,
having been lost overboard on the return
trip.

John Goud spent the Fourth in Auburn
attending the Maine State Firemen's Mus-
ter, at the Perryville celebration.

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

One of our popular young ladies in the
A. F. A. Office returned to work the day
after the National holiday, wearing a very
pretty engagement ring. No harm in
mentioning names, as Evelyn Cowgill is
so well known in the General Office.
Evelyn must be a baseball fan, as she
picked out one of our best ball players,
as everybody knows, who knows Philip
Pearson of the same office. They are re-
ceiving congratulations of their friends.

She Bowls Them Over

On July 15th, Dorothy Hollywood of
the Line Abstracting Crew in the A. F. A.

Office, completed eight years service for
the M. C. R. R. Dorothy is one of the
best lady bowlers we have in the General
Office.

Harold Murray of the Revision Bureau
is wondering when the Line Crew will get
up courage enough to challenge his ball
team again. Murray's team defeated the
Line Crew this spring in a close game at
Richardson's Field. Harold says his team
is always open to challenges.

Our Star Cartoonist

On June 3rd, Frank R. Landers rounded
out thirteen years service in the A. F. A.
Office. Frank is the star Cartoonist in
this vicinity. A sample of his work will be
found in the Sporting Section of the Port-
land Sunday Telegram each week.

A Real Old-Timer

On July 6th, John Goud completed ten
years service in the Maine Central General
Office, practically all of this time in the
A. F. A. Office, under N. L. Woodbury,
Auditor of Freight Accounts. Previous to
this time John spent about 14 years of his
time working for the M. C. R. R., at
Brunswick, Bath, Waterville, Madison,
Lewiston Upper Station, Lewiston Lower
Station and Auburn. John has spent about
24 years of his life in the employ of the
Maine Central, and enjoys the Railroad
game very much.

They Looked the Babe Over

On June 25 the following group of Gen-
eral Office employees took a trip to Boston
to see Babe Ruth and the New York
Yankees in a double-header with the Red
Sox:

John Goud, Thomas Stack, Clyde Rey-
nard, Horace P. Hawkes, Robert Smith,
Philip Smart, Frank C. Brown, Lyle Wil-
son, Roy Shaw, Howard Bean, J. Harold
Malloy and Clifford Barron.

They had the pleasure of seeing Babe
Ruth knock a home run into the right
field bleachers. This was Tom Stack's
first trip to "The Hub," which led him
to remark: "I won't die a fool now, will I,
John? I have been to Boston."



“JUSTA WALKA DA TRACK!”

Brudda Sylves, hesa one stronga man,
Run a da steam shov' to beata da ban'
Tonee on da section, hesa feel a so proud,
Throws out hisa chest and a talka so loud;
But I lika da job of my couz, Jima Jack,
He don' make mucha talk, justa walka da track!

Walka da track and a watch all da way.
Ten mile and back hesa go every day.
Keep da eye peel and walka along.
Giv' da once over for anything wrong,
Ain't no cinch job hesa got, dats da fact,
Takes da good man to walka da track!

Watcha da rail and a watcha da tie,
Wava da han when da train rolla by,
Fixa da switch and a fixa da light,
Just a walk and a watch from da morning till night.
Hesa one gooda man, my couz Jima Jack,
He isn't say much, justa walka da track!

Walka da track every day in da year,
Walk when hes couldy and walk when hes clear,
Walk in da rain and a walk in da snow
One hundred above or twenty below
Makes him no never min', hes just shoulder da pack,
An' get on da job and a walka da track!

—Anonymous.

