

MAINE CENTRAL Employees' Magazine



November 1929



Armistice Day: Lest We Forget

By ALMA LUNDMAN

November Eleventh may well be remembered so long as mankind finds instruction in history. It marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On November eleventh the work of the soldier was completed and the work of the diplomat begun. There are no words that can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism and the devotion of the millions who offered their lives and all that life contained, in order that victory might be won and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war.

The breakdown of Germany, so often confidently predicted, had to await the entry into the war of the United States, and the development of American military power. If the United States had remained aloof, the war would have ended in a draw, and a draw not altogether favorable to the allies. The scales were tottering in the balance; America leaped into one of them and weighed it to the ground. That was her service and her responsibility. America performed her service well. Her sons and daughters gave their services, their lives, their all, upon the altar of Democracy. The greatest service that we, the living, can give is far too small for so great a sacrifice. Gladly, eagerly, and willingly should we do all within our power to consecrate and commemorate those who so freely gave their last measure of devotion that the world might be safe for humanity and that Democracy might live.

Years have passed since that glorious and eventful November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed which ended the greatest conflict in history. And in commemoration of that day we, this morning, pay our tribute and our respects to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed, and also to those who, after witnessing the horrors and cruelties of war, returned sound in mind and body to their native shores.

Let us stop for a little while to think of the sacrifices made in behalf of a better world by the men who laid down their lives and by the women and children whose suffering in that period of warfare had been endured in the earnest hope that wars might cease.

Armistice Day, then, as each succeeding November brings another anniversary, is to remind us of the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and of the duty that still belongs to us—not less than it belongs to others—to give our best thought and effort to the establishment of peace upon true foundations.



VOL. VI

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By HAROLD

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The Railroad Workers Credit Union Its Origin, Its Purpose and Objectives

By HAROLD J. FOSTER, President

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Terminal Frt. Office, Rigby, Waterville, Lewiston, and to other points.

The State Legislature in 1927 passed a Special Act allowing us to incorporate and operate under the supervision of the State Banking Dept.

In its method of organization, operation and control, the Credit Union is

a "bank in miniature" concerned with the smallest units of savings and equally small questions of credits.

The Credit Union is a co-operative association whose objects are:

1. To promote thrift among its members.
2. To provide its members with credit facilities.

Its funds are accumulated by the issuance of shares at five dollars each which may be paid for in cash or in regular weekly installments.

Loans made to mem-

bers are repayable in regular weekly installments on the basis of one dollar for each fifty borrowed, i. e.: on a fifty dollar loan the member pays one dollar each week, on a hundred dollar loan he pays two dollars each week, etc. At this time, in order that our capital may be distributed among a large number of members, thus serv-



ing more members and reducing our risk, we have arranged that members may borrow in any sum not exceeding Two Hundred Dollars.

This association is governed by a Board of Directors numbering fifteen and its membership at this time consists of Harold J. Foster, Pres. and Mgr.; Herbert S. Hopkins, Vice President; George W. Peterson, Treas.; Frank E. Morton, Jr., Clerk; M. F. Dooley, F. J. McGee, W. H. Fagan, Wm. E. Cressey, L. N. Mills, M. H. Allen, J. H. Dole, J. E. Marden, J. F. Dunn, M. P. O'Connor, and F. W. Ward.

These directors are elected by the membership for three year periods. A member has one vote whatever the amount which he may have in the Credit Union in shares and deposits.

All funds are derived from the

members, loans are made exclusively to members, the management is within the membership and the earnings of the Credit Union are distributed to the members in dividends on shares and interest on deposits.

Loans can usually be divided into two classes, remedial loans and constructive loans. Remedial loans usually cover such cases as sickness, death, a sudden operation or to relieve a member from a multitude of small debts which are resulting in continuous worry and strain.

Constructive loans cover applications for funds to be used in the purchase or improvements on real estate.

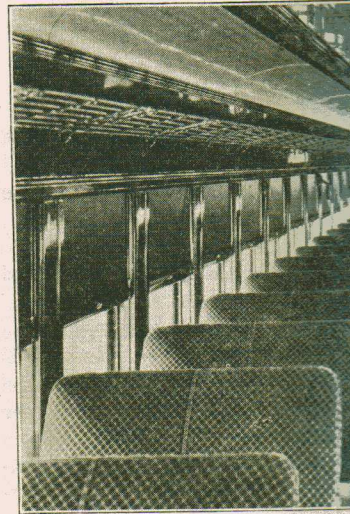
This association is serving as a thrift agency, specializing in the development of saving as a habit and as a credit agency filling the great gap in the banking system which

leaves the small borrower with inadequate credit resources.

Co-operative buying is another feature of the Credit Union. At one time the Credit Union purchased for its members in Portland a dollar per ton less than the retail price. It also purchased at a saving of two dollars and cents per ton for its members.

Membership in this corporation is limited to those employed by the Maine Central Railroad Co., Portland Terminal Co. To become a member an employee must apply for membership, pay

Improved Coaches



DURING the past month modeled coaches have been received from the shops and put in service in different parts of the line. These new coaches are designed to provide the maximum degree



Directors of the Association: Back row, G. W. Peterson, F. W. McGee, J. H. Dole, M. F. Dooley. Front Row: F. E. Morton, L. N. Mills, M. H. Allen, H. J. Foster and W. E. Cressey.

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Co-operative buying is another feature of the Credit Union. At this time the Credit Union purchases coal for its members in Portland at one dollar per ton less than the regular retail price. It also purchases coke at a saving of two dollars and fifty cents per ton for its membership.

Membership in this corporation is limited to those employed by the Maine Central Railroad Co. and/or Portland Terminal Co. To become a member an employee must file application for membership, pay the

entrance fee of twenty-five cents and subscribe for at least one share of stock and pay the first minimum weekly installment of twenty-five cents.

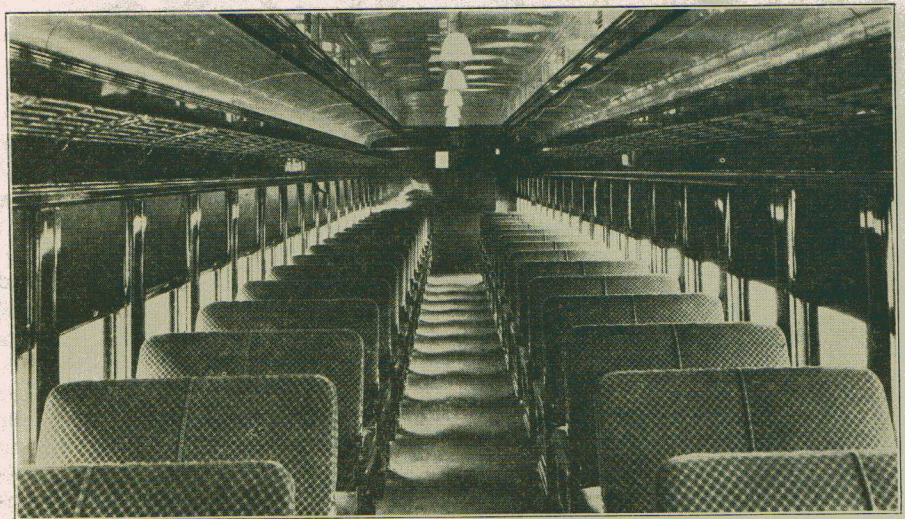
Money paid on shares and deposit accounts may be withdrawn upon request of the member at any time.

This Credit Union was started with seven members. We have since increased our membership over three hundred and fifty.

Employees who are interested in joining this association should communicate with one of the directors.

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Improved Coaches Now in Service



DURING the past month six remodeled coaches have been received from the shops and put into service in different parts of the system. These new coaches are designed to provide the maximum degree of com-

fort and convenience to our patrons. A new feature is the addition of a smoking compartment accommodating eleven passengers. The main compartment has a seating capacity of sixty-six.

These coaches are now in service on the following trains:

Nos.	Between
57, 78	Portland and Rockland
15, 12	Portland and Lewiston
13, 14	Portland and Skowhegan
21, 28	Waterville and Skowhegan
71, 8	Portland and Vanceboro
127, 114	Bangor and Calais

The new smoking compartment occupies space in one end of the car and is built after the fashion of a Pullman. There are four double seats and a side seat accommodating a total of 11 passengers. In each compartment there is a white porcelain lavatory, mirror, liquid soap container, paper towels and a modern water cooler of the Henry Geisel type which cools the water to a proper temper-

ature without its coming into contact with ice.

Newer and richer upholsteries, electric lights and new appointments of every convenience endow the roomy restful interior with the elegance and good taste of a skilled designer. From every angle these new, luxurious coaches are more beautiful and comfortable. The roomy seats are constructed of deep brown plush with welted backs and a foot rest. The cars are vapor heated and properly ventilated. Electric exhaust fans are installed in the roof to remove heated and vitiated air. The roof is of the Clerestory type, the floor of red flexolith composition.

In the other end of the car is the women's compartment, containing modern water cooler and equipped with up-to-date toilet facilities.

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Public's Responsibility In Grade Accidents

Larger Share of Elimination Cost Should Be Borne by Public, Since Authorities Seem Unable to Control Drivers

By JOHN A. DROEGE, General Manager, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

THE railroad is still confronted with the necessity for large expenditures providing service is to be maintained and improved and capacity increased.

It seems hardly fair that the railroad should be asked to spend exceedingly large amounts to eliminate grade crossings when at all grade crossings in Connecticut in 1927 only 14 lives were lost, and the expenditure of this money in other directions will result in far greater safety and protection to human life, especially when it is considered that the evidence clearly indicates that the careless automobile driver will find a way to kill himself, or others, even though grade

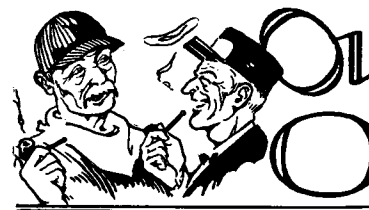
crossings are eliminated, as is shown by the instances just cited.

Certainly the public that travels on the highways should assume a much larger share of the cost of future grade crossing elimination than in the past, because railroad trains have been decreasing in numbers and grade crossings have been more adequately protected, at enormous costs to the railroad, while highway traffic has increased by leaps and bounds.

Accidents at grade crossings are due almost entirely to the carelessness of drivers who should not be permitted to drive automobiles under any conditions. If the public

authorities cannot control such drivers, larger sums of money are to be permitted them to drive carelessly, the public should pay the bill.

There is still another horn to the dilemma. Due to the universal use of the automobile and because of the high speeds at which they are driven, there is an increasing demand that existing overhead bridge underpasses—which were adequate for traffic when built—shall now be widened or shall be reconstructed with better equipment and greater clearances; and the cost is again assessed to the public. Apparently there is no end in sight of these expenditures; and, in a way, they place upon the railroad a subsidy in favor of its competitors on the highway.



Spent Over

MICHAEL J. MADDEN, mailman at Brunswick, is now in his 27th year of service. He was 68 years old in July, but is as active today as he was twenty years ago. A few years ago he made the slightest iota of difference in his make-up of "King Mike" as he is known to the public and the Maine Central family. He really needs no introduction, for, if you have been in Brunswick, you have probably seen him around the station. He is a familiar figure around the station and one of the most jovial and energetic men in present day railroad activities.

"Mike" came from a railroad family. It was only natural that he should follow in the footsteps of his father, one of the pioneers in the building of the old Maine and Kennebec Railroad. A brother of his was for many years on the payroll of the stationman on the Brunswick-Lewiston line. Another brother, John, of Bath

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New Haven & Hartford Railroad

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While the public mind is diverted by the
discussion and large publicity of occasional
accidents at railroad grade crossings, hun-
dreds of other accidents on streets or public
highways are overlooked. The fact is that
grade crossing accidents are merely a small
phase of the big automobile accident prob-
lem. The highways must be made safe,
but greater safety can be secured by the
exercise of the police power to control the
driver.

As long as reckless and incompetent
drivers handle automobiles they will be
instruments of death and destruction, re-
gardless of whether there be railroad cross-
ings or not.



Spent Over 44 Years on the Road

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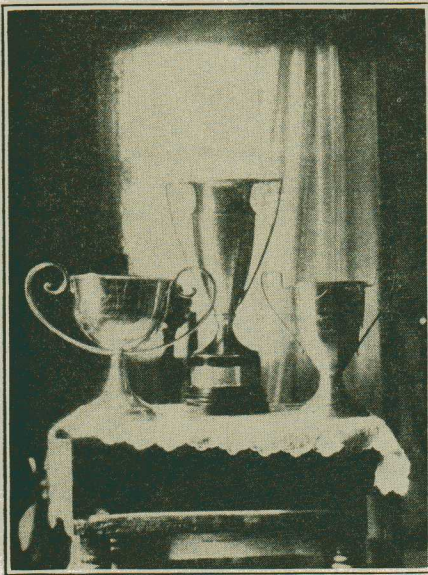
worked for the road about thirty years.
His mother too, who lived to the good old
age of ninety-four, did her share in the



Jolly "King Mike"

olden days by maintaining a boarding
house for the accommodation of railroad
workers when the Portland and Kennebec
Railroad was in construction. His father

and mother were both born in Ireland, coming to this country soon after their marriage. Mr. Madden's father died when he was only four weeks old and his son was born in the house in which he now lives, at 20 Page Street. He never married and has never used tobacco in any form.



Three of Mike's Treasures

"Mike's" life has been crowded with many interesting experiences. In addition to his work at the station, he is a famous cook, collector of curios and souvenirs, and fills a unique place in the community of Brunswick by his moral influence over many of the high school boys of the town. He comes into direct contact with the boys by inviting them to his home and entertaining them as members of his various clubs.

After attending the Brunswick public schools, "Mike" Madden entered the employ of William R. Fields, as a waiter in the old Maine Central Station. After this he was cook for the workmen on a construction train, serving in this capacity for over thirteen years. During this time he met many people and made many friends in his travels which extended over the

entire system, including the Mountain and Eastern divisions.

Among the friends that he made were the famous Buffalo Bill, otherwise known as William Cody; many Indians; Adam Forepaugh, the famous circus man; "Pat" Rooney, another show owner; and Joe Murphy, who has played all over the world in a show called "Kenygow" which is the Irish for "The Village Blacksmith."

One of "Mike's" adventures took place when this car in which he was cook was stationed at Hallowell a number of years ago. The crew which numbered fourteen men, had to have an early breakfast so that the men could start out to work and make connections on the double iron. It was about two-thirty A. M. Before departing the men neglected to lock the door. Within a few minutes of their departure a big husky tramp entered the car with the intention of robbing. "Mike" refused to comply with the demands of the stranger and grabbing a pick handle nearby told him in a forcible way to "Vamoose the ranch". The unwelcome visitor evidently thought it best to leave, but "Mike" reports that his language was not fit for a minister's son to listen to. Mr. Madden was somewhat relieved when he fled, as the crew had left thirteen watches in his care; also it was the day after pay day and the boys left most of their money in the car. This came to the attention of Roadmaster Geo. Nevins and he paid "Mike" a personal visit to compliment him. The car that "Mike" cooked in was the first car to go to Rockland on Maine Central iron when the Knox and Lincoln Road was taken over by the Maine Central.

It was then that his mother was getting well along in years and needed "Mike" at home. Consequently he took the mail job at Brunswick Station and had been there ever since. When he first started Solon Cahill was agent, he being succeeded by Joseph Vigue and the latter by Geo. Priest.

Mr. Madden is one of the greatest public benefactors in the town of Brunswick. He is always loyal to his church, clubs, schools and college, his associates in work, and to the young people of the town.

Reminiscences of a

Editor's Note: These "reminiscences" are fiction rather than history. All names, although in some cases having a slight bearing on the series may prove to be readable and

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It was while I was at Lowland, during my first few days, that I saw my first wreck. It was at Liberty, the first station north of Brunswick. At that time a green operator, working on his first trick that day, and scared stiff by the instrument, he would make a mistake. I was standing idly by the instrument, when the operator at Liberty call the dispatcher and the dispatcher, in a single word, "wreck." That was all. The operator didn't respond to his call nor did I give any further information.

After a few minutes futile calls, the dispatcher called me and snapped, "get a hand-car and get over to the wreck quick and see what's wrong." I went in my time; the section velocipede car was waiting in a shanty just beyond the station, and I got the door in, got the car and was almost as quickly as I am telling you

When I arrived at Liberty, I found the freight train piled up in front of the station, the engine overturned, and four or five cars smashed to kindling wood. I made my way into the telegraph office and reported the condition to the dispatcher; but I could not find the operator. I made up my mind to go under the wreckage; although I couldn't reconcile that theory with the fact that he had certainly reported to the dispatcher *after* the wreck happened.

I stayed there to handle the wreck. When the wrecker came, with a relief of my mind, I then started back to Lowland on my way to the car. In a bunch of woods just south of the station I saw a boy skulking behind a tree, and I stopped. It was the Liberty wreck —and if ever there was a human villain, it was one. He was trembling like a leaf, as white as a ghost.

"What will they do to me?" he whined, varied by "What did I do?"

After some time, I was able to get the story. The wreck was caused by a loose wheel, and happened just as the train was passing his station. His respon

Reminiscences of an Old Time Train Dispatcher

Editor's Note: These "reminiscences", although written for the Magazine by a former train dispatcher, are fiction rather than history. All names of persons and places are fictitious; and the incidents described, although in some cases having a slight basis of fact, are largely imaginary. It is the author's hope that the series may prove to be readable and of some interest, purely as fiction.

(Concluded from October issue)

It was while I was at Lowland, but working days, that I saw my first wreck. At Liberty, the first station north, we had at that time a green operator, working his first trick that day, and scared stiff for fear he would make a mistake. I was sitting idly by the instrument, when I heard Liberty call the dispatcher and say the single word, "wreck." That was all; he didn't respond to his call nor did he give any further information.

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I stayed there to handle the wire until the wrecker came, with a relief operator, then started back to Lowland on my hand-car. In a bunch of woods just south of the station I saw a boy skulking behind a tree, and I stopped. It was the Liberty operator—and if ever there was a human wreck, he was one. He was trembling like a leaf and as white as a ghost.

"What will they do to me?" he kept whining, varied by "What did I do?"

After some time, I was able to get the story. The wreck was caused by a broken wheel, and happened just as the train was passing his station. His responsibilities

had been resting so heavily upon him that he thought he *must* have done something wrong, although he didn't know what, and after making his one-word report to the dispatcher, he ran away and hid. I took him along to Lowland with me, and he finally became reassured as to his innocence. Later he became a dispatcher, and finally a superintendent.

I have said that these reminiscences will be "rambling"; and without any real connection, there comes to my mind a trick I played on one of my operators when I was agent at Lowland. I was then the youngest agent in Hilo's service, and I suppose that the kiddish tendency for horseplay hadn't wholly been eradicated.

Under my desk I rigged up a telegraph key which I could reach with my foot, and after considerable practice and labor which might have been devoted to a better object, I was able to send pretty creditable Morse.

Jim Binney was day operator at Lowland, and he was considerable of a ladies' man. Down at Pickett there was a girl operator, and Jim used to spend a good deal of time "chinning" with her on the wire. One day when things were quiet, I heard



"Sleepy, ain't ye, boy?"

him give the private call which they used. I slyly grounded the wire, then, while apparently busy with my books, I answered with my foot.

"How's the little girl today?" tapped Jim.

"All right," she replied, via my foot, "but I'd like you better if you didn't wear that horrible red necktie."

Jim's face was a study as his hand involuntarily went to his tie.

"What makes your face so red?" I went on; and if possible, Jim's countenance took on a more ruddy hue. He grunted, "what th' hell," and I immediately chided him, by wire, with "My, my, I never knew you would swear!"

Jim looked over at me, suspiciously, but I was deep in my work and paying no attention to him. There was silence on the wire; Jim was too flabbergasted to talk. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow, and the sounder tapped out, "That's right; now wipe off your chin too." Jim gave me one look and started for the door. It was too much for me and I doubled up with laughter; and of course had to give the fight away.

Many incidents of my railroad career crowd into my memory as I write these reminiscences; and the difficulty is, not to find something to write about, but to pick and choose among the wealth of material which offers itself. A chronological history of these events would be much too long; I must merely browse in the field and pick the fodder which looks best.

There comes to my mind, now, an experience when I was night operator at Lowland. Although a fairly large town, it was a country community in many ways, and the good people went to bed early and slept soundly. After 9 o'clock, therefore, the town was quiet. I was alone in the station, and as far as I might have known, alone in the world.

One night, about eleven o'clock, I was sitting in the office, close to the stove, reading a book. Everything was quiet; no trains were due for an hour, and for fifteen minutes there had been no sound of the instruments. I was sleepy—deadly sleepy—but I knew that if I yielded to the inclina-

tion to doze I would sleep the rest of the night. I threw down the book, yawned—and then the sounder chattered: "sleepy, ain't ye, boy?"

You can bet I was wide awake then. My hair stood right up straight. My office door was locked, the window shades drawn. Who could have seen me; and how could he, she or it have reached a key to make that remark on the wire? Ghosts? The cold chills ran down my back. I didn't feel sleepy again that night.

It wasn't until a week later that I found out what it meant. My old-time buddy, Jack Egan, over to Freedom, dropped in one day, and we were talking of one thing and another, when I told him of my experience. He laughed.

"If you never saw a ghost before," he said, "gaze on me. I'm it. I was sleepy myself that night; I guessed that you were, too, and I just casually made that remark on the wire. I suppose real ghostly 'demonstrations' have been based on nothing more substantial than that."

The difficulty of keeping awake brings to my mind the "roll call" instituted by one of the night dispatchers while I was on the owl trick at Lowland. So many of the boys yielded to the temptation to catch a few winks between trains that he conceived the idea of calling the roll of night offices every half hour. Of course some of the boys took turns answering for the others, so that all of them got a chance for a brief nap; but that didn't work, after a while, because the wily dispatcher took to asking questions which only the station concerned could answer. And furthermore, he knew the "fist" of each man so well that it was difficult to fool him.

Over at Freedom, however, the night owl evolved an ingenious scheme to beat the roll call. He fixed up an alarm clock with an electric bell, so arranged as to ring every thirty minutes. It would awaken him in time to answer his call, and then he'd turn over for another half-hour siesta. That lasted until one day when the Superintendent dropped in on an inspection trip, saw the clock and asked its purpose—and spoiled the lay.

I have spoken of the dispatcher the "fist" of each man on his div the old days, before the use of sending machines became pre telegrapher's sending was as dist his hand-writing. In just the way might recognize the writing in a that of an old friend, so a telegrap recognize a buddy's "fist" though not have heard it for years. Th ical sending of today has robbed ator of his individuality, much as writer has largely taken the plac writing.

It was this ability to recognize of an operator which once enab save a man's life.

It was after I became a dispa I was at the time working a n On a Sunday night, with few train I was sitting with my feet on having a quiet smoke while the opportunity. The wires were quiet. the sounder clicked. "Two men into the office—got guns—for God and then silence, with the wire c

I knew that sending; it was at Carmalt. I knew it as well he had signed his name in full shown his photograph with it. work of only a moment to call th police station on the telephon them the story. A squad of po to the station, found Jim bound a and two men trying to open the hadn't recognized his fist, noth

What They S

Mr. Lucien Snow,
Freight Traffic Manager,
Maine Central R. R.
Portland, Maine,

Dear Mr. Snow:

I wish to thank you for your and prompt attention to my August 31st, requesting expect shipment of greenhouse materia me from New York City.

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 the sounder chattered: "sleepy,
 boy?"
 I can bet I was wide awake then. My
 I got right up straight. My office
 was locked, the window shades drawn.
 I could have seen me; and how could
 it have reached a key to make
 a mark on the wire? Ghosts? The
 shivers ran down my back. I didn't
 sleep again that night.

I didn't until a week later that I found
 out what it meant. My old-time buddy,
 Jim, an, over to Freedom, dropped in
 and we were talking of one thing
 and another, when I told him of my ex-
 perience. He laughed.

"You never saw a ghost before," he
 looked at me. "I'm it. I was sleepy
 that night; I guessed that you were,
 and I just casually made that remark
 to you. I suppose real ghostly 'demon-
 strations' have been based on nothing more
 substantial than that."

The difficulty of keeping awake brings to
 mind the "roll call" instituted by one
 of the night dispatchers while I was on the
 job at Lowland. So many of the boys
 succumbed to the temptation to catch a few
 minutes between trains that he conceived the
 idea of calling the roll of night offices every
 hour. Of course some of the boys took
 to answering for the others, so that all
 got a chance for a brief nap; but
 it didn't work, after a while, because the
 dispatcher took to asking questions
 only the station concerned could
 answer. And furthermore, he knew the
 name of each man so well that it was
 impossible to fool him.

At Freedom, however, the night
 dispatcher lived an ingenious scheme to beat
 the roll call. He fixed up an alarm clock
 with an electric bell, so arranged as to ring
 every thirty minutes. It would awaken
 the dispatcher to answer his call, and then
 he would go over for another half-hour siesta.
 It wasn't until one day when the Super-
 intendent dropped in on an inspection trip,
 saw the clock and asked its purpose—and
 the dispatcher lay.

I have spoken of the dispatcher knowing
 the "fist" of each man on his division. In
 the old days, before the use of "bugs" or
 sending machines became prevalent, a
 telegrapher's sending was as distinctive as
 his hand-writing. In just the way that you
 might recognize the writing in a letter as
 that of an old friend, so a telegrapher would
 recognize a buddy's "fist" though he might
 not have heard it for years. The mechan-
 ical sending of today has robbed the oper-
 ator of his individuality, much as the type-
 writer has largely taken the place of hand-
 writing.

It was this ability to recognize the hand-
 writing of an operator which once enabled me to
 save a man's life.

It was after I became a dispatcher, and
 I was at the time working a night trick.
 On a Sunday night, with few trains moving,
 I was sitting with my feet on the table,
 having a quiet smoke while there was op-
 portunity. The wires were quiet. Suddenly
 the sounder clicked. "Two men breaking
 into the office—got guns—for God's sake—"
 and then silence, with the wire open.

I knew that sending; it was Jim Brady
 at Carmalt. I knew it as well as though
 he had signed his name in full and had
 shown his photograph with it. It was the
 work of only a moment to call the Carmalt
 police station on the telephone and tell
 them the story. A squad of police rushed
 to the station, found Jim bound and gagged,
 and two men trying to open the safe. If I
 hadn't recognized his fist, nothing that I

could have done would have located the
 trouble, at least until too late.

That yarn reminds me of another "hold-
 up" which had a somewhat different sequel.
 I was dispatching the night trick at the
 time, and along about midnight I wanted
 an OS from the operator at Harrisville, but
 couldn't raise him; nor was I able to get
 a response until about three in the morn-
 ing. Then he told me a wild tale of being
 held up by a man with two guns, who stood
 outside on the platform, and through the
 window ordered him over into the back of
 the office, where he couldn't reach the in-
 struments. The "bandit" remained there,
 for three hours, not making a move; and
 finally disappeared.

Of course the whole story was so im-
 probable that the Super was skeptical, and
 had him in on the carpet. Under cross-
 questioning he weakened, and admitted
 that he had fallen asleep, and that his yarn
 was made up from whole cloth, in an effort
 to escape criticism.

I had just turned twenty-one when "Hilo
 Jack" Rankin, the superintendent, sent for
 me to come to Highland. I had served for
 seven years as operator and agent at
 numerous points, and with the cockiness of
 youth, felt that I knew all there was to
 railroading.

"We need a relief dispatcher," said Mr.
 Rankin, "and if you'd like to try it, you
 can spend a week breaking in."

Of course I was delighted—dispatching
 seemed to me the most desirable job in the
 world.

— O —

What They Say

Mr. Lucien Snow,
 Freight Traffic Manager,
 Maine Central R. R.
 Portland, Maine,

Dear Mr. Snow:

I wish to thank you for your cooperation
 and prompt attention to my letter of
 August 31st, requesting expedition of a
 shipment of greenhouse material being sent
 me from New York City.

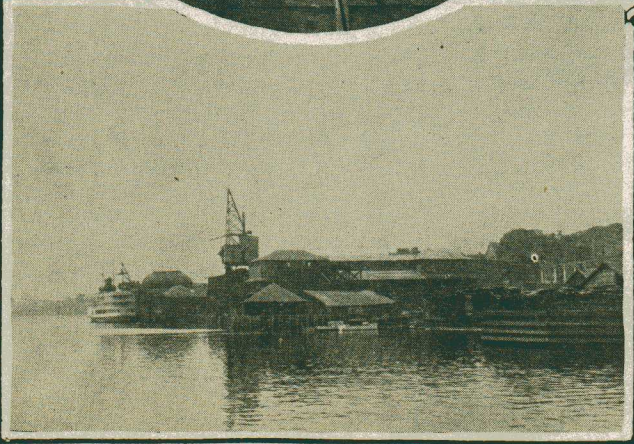
This shipment was delivered to us today,
 having been billed out of Bushwick Ter-
 minal Sept. 16th, making the trip in only
 eight days. It is apparent that the Maine
 Central is as ready to help the fellow with
 a small order as the one with a carload or
 more.

We will now be able to complete our
 new house before freezing weather damages
 the crops.

Yours very truly,

Percy E. Jackman

Calais, Maine, 9-25-29

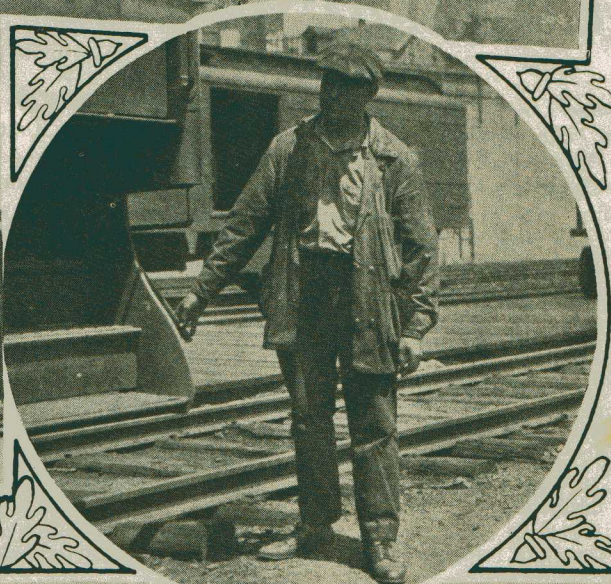
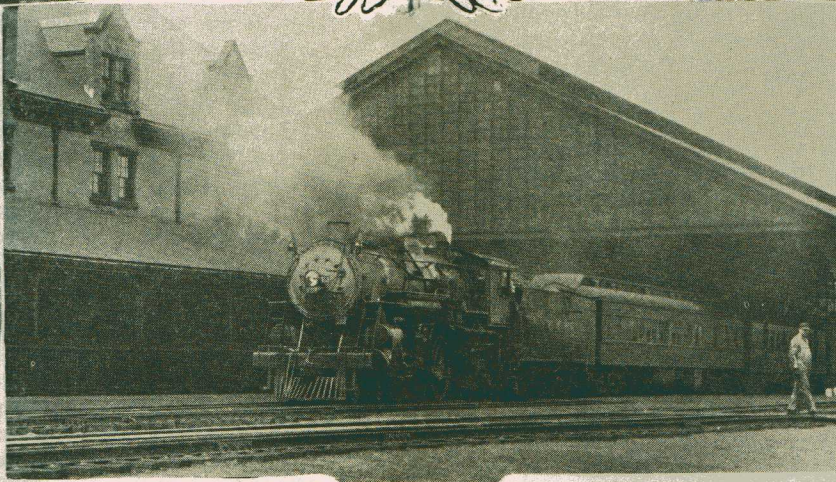


Round About Bangor Union Station

Top Row: (left) E. K. Jordan, G. A. Kelley, C. A. Goode, and C. A. Hayward; (center) A. Bredeau and Murray Adams; (right) A. W. Dodge, E. R. Crocker, Miss Lena Golden, G. E. White, J. E. Cockrane, K. E. Lewis, Mrs. J. P. Peterson and D. E. St. Pierre.

Middle Row: (left) C. A. Hayward; (center) Train 102, Engine 468; (right) Car Inspector E. F. Goodwin.

Bottom Row: E. S. S. Wharf, Penobscot River and Engine 631 and Round House Crew, High Head.

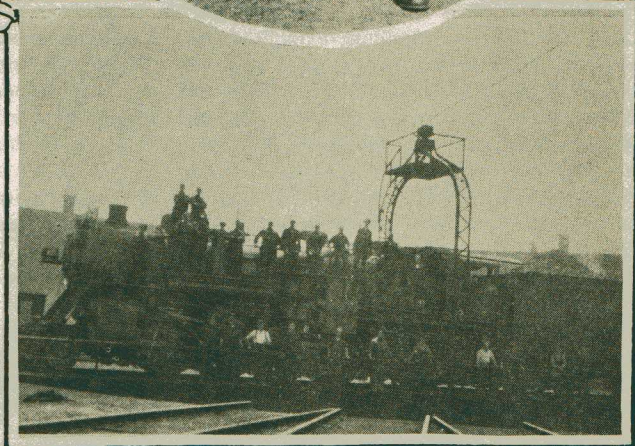


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MAINE CENTRAL Employees' Magazine

Devoted to the interests of
Maine Central Railroad Employees
and published monthly at Portland, Maine
DELMONT W. BISHOP, Editor

Vol. VI NOVEMBER 1929 No. 11

Communications and contributions by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others are welcomed. They should be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 111, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland.

Editorials

"DO SOMETHING"

The simple and unqualified expression "opportunity knocks" is always applicable. Chances are offered everywhere to boost the company you are serving. It may come from the most common places of your daily tasks; behind the ticket window; soliciting freight; your groceryman, druggist, home, church or club; the chance is there to be grasped or to be ignored. How great the interest one can arouse in the "other fellow" will be determined by the habit you form of always boosting sky high the Maine Central. Your enthusiasm is your legal tender; you will find it pays big dividends.

Recent improvements in our passenger schedules—finer and faster trains—the addition of extra dining cars, parlor cars and new coach equipment, expedited service in our freight department, recent purchase of 1000 new steel box cars and more powerful locomotives; all offer an opportunity to each and every employee.

It's team work that counts in running this railroad machine, the same as winning a football game, or a world series baseball game. The old adage "the constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest stone" is as true in railroading as in any other business.

The busy man is the happy man. He is also the capable man and paradoxically his

efficiency grows in proportion to the amount of work he undertakes. The employee who takes it upon himself or herself to talk and boost the Maine Central morning, noon, and night is the sort worthy of our great organization. Bite off as much as you can chew and masticate. By so doing others shall see your way of thinking and we will put the old ball over for a goal.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

October 5th to October 12th was National Fire Prevention Week. We cannot be too careful of fire. The big fire at the Portland Terminal docks should be an example to all. Think of the property loss, appalling in its magnitude. The fire fiend is daily reaping its harvest. Statisticians tell us that the total of deaths is forty persons a day, or a total of 1460 each year. One dwelling house in America burns every four minutes; one set of farm buildings every seven minutes; one hospital each year; five schoolhouses; five churches; and fifteen hotels every twenty-four hours. For this terrible waste and destruction, carelessness is responsible, 80% of the time.

Fire prevention is a very serious matter. The fact cannot be too strongly impressed. Do your part by being constantly on your guard against it.

THE HUNTING SEASON

November is the month when all red-blooded railroad men think of the annual hunting expedition into the big woods. Somehow or other the boys manage to steal away for a week or two to the hunting lodge, as the city sport would say, but to the regulars it's just a shack up country. But when fireman Bill Jones and engineer Sam Smith and maybe a freight man, superintendent, agent, conductor or baggageman get to swapping yarns around the camp stove, it is a pleasure to "sit in" and there's no jollier bunch of fellows on earth than the real railroaders.

Rule Four Should be and

By M. F. DUNN

THIS rule governs trains on the of time and affects all trains t on the road when a new time table takes effect. It is therefore necessary that all employees in train and engine service should thoroughly understand it. An analysis of the rule may be of interest to qualified men as well as to those who are preparing to take the examination for promotion. The first sentence of t reads as follows:

"Each time-table from the mor takes effect supersedes the pr time-table, and its schedules tak on any Division, or Subdivision leaving time at their initial stat such Division or Subdivision."

This means that when a new tim takes effect the previous one becom and unless regular trains have auth proceed on the new time-table th both right and schedule and can on ceed on train order. It may be well pount to consider the words SCHE and TRAIN.

SCHEDULE is defined in the h rules as that part of a time-table prescribes class, direction, numb movement for a regular train, that classified as first, second or third cla given a number to distinguish it from schedules, the direction in which th runs is shown also on what days of th it is in effect and authorizes movem these days.

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M. F. DU

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Rule Four Should be Understood by All Trainmen and Enginemen

By M. F. DUNN, Train Rules Examiner, Portland.

THIS rule governs trains on the change of time and affects all trains that are on the road when a new time table takes effect. It is therefore necessary that all employees in train and engine service should thoroughly understand it. An analysis of the rule may be of interest to qualified men as well as to those who are preparing to take the examination for promotion. The first sentence of the rule reads as follows:



M. F. DUNN

"Each time-table from the moment it takes effect supersedes the preceding time-table, and its schedules take effect on any Division, or Subdivision at the leaving time at their initial stations on such Division or Subdivision."

This means that when a new time-table takes effect the previous one becomes void and unless regular trains have authority to proceed on the new time-table they lose both right and schedule and can only proceed on train order. It may be well at this point to consider the words SCHEDULE and TRAIN.

SCHEDULE is defined in the book of rules as that part of a time-table which prescribes class, direction, number and movement for a regular train, that is, it is classified as first, second or third class, it is given a number to distinguish it from other schedules, the direction in which the train runs is shown also on what days of the week it is in effect and authorizes movement on these days.

A TRAIN is defined as an engine, or motor, or more than one engine or motor coupled with or without cars, displaying markers. It should be borne in mind that there is a difference between a train and a

schedule. The schedule is the authority for the train to run. The train is the equipment, engine and cars, that runs on the schedule and is known by the number of the schedule on which it runs. No schedule is in effect until it is due to leave its initial station and all schedules become void when more than twelve hours late.

Reference is made to subdivisions in this sentence:

The definition of a sub-division is "A portion of a division designated by the time-table."

There are no sub-divisions on the Maine Central Railroad. The Operating Unit is the Division, consequently the word sub-division may be eliminated so far as this railroad is concerned as there is no such designation in the time-table.

The second sentence of the rule reads:

"But when a schedule of the preceding time-table corresponds in number, class, day of leaving, direction, and initial and terminal stations with a schedule of the new time-table, a train authorized by the preceding time-table will retain its train orders and assume the schedule of the corresponding number of the new time-table."

This part of the rule applies to regular trains which are on the road when the new time-table takes effect.

There must be a schedule on the new time-table corresponding in the six ways specified by the rule to the one on which the train was running at the time of change, in order for the train to proceed after the new time-table takes effect. If any one of the six requirements is different the train dies with the old time-table.

Perhaps the most confusing part of the rule is that relating to the day of leaving.

"DAILY" means that there is a schedule in effect for every day of the week. "EXCEPT SATURDAY" means that the schedule is in effect every day except Sat-

urday and so on. It must be remembered that the schedule for each day is distinct from that of other days.

The second paragraph of the rule states that "schedules on each division date from their initial station on such division." To determine if the schedules correspond in day of leaving, it is necessary to ascertain if there is a schedule provided in the new time-table for the same day that the train was due to start on the previous time-table. For example: If No. 127 was scheduled to run daily on the old time-table and except Saturday on new time-table and No. 127 was due to leave Portland at 10.45 P.M. and started on time Saturday night and a new time-table took effect at 12.01 A.M. Sunday, No. 127 would die at 12.01 A.M., as there was no schedule authorized for this train to run on Saturday on new time-table, consequently there was no schedule to assume.

On the other hand, if No. 127 was a daily train on old time-table and daily except Saturday on the new and the new took effect at 12.01 A.M. Monday, No. 127 due to leave Portland 10.45 P.M. Sunday could proceed on new time-table as there was a schedule authorized for Sunday on the new. It was Monday when new time-table took effect but No. 127 was running on Sunday's schedule on the old and No. 127 could run Sunday on the new.

The only condition under which a schedule takes effect at an intermediate point is when the six requirements of the rule correspond.

Many examples might be cited if space permitted to illustrate this point but the underlying principle is the same.

With regard to direction. The train must be scheduled via the same route in order for the direction to correspond. If No. 127 was scheduled via Brunswick on the old time-table and via Lewiston on the new, it would not correspond in direction although it was an eastward train on both time-tables.

When a schedule is assumed care must be taken to see that it is for the same day that the train started on and that it is not more than twelve hours late. A train running on Saturdays schedule cannot assume the

schedule for any day except Saturday. "Not more than one schedule of the same number and day shall be in effect on any division." This is the reason our time-tables usually take effect at 12.01 A.M. Midnight is the dividing line between the days and it would be practically impossible to have two schedules in effect for the same day.

Another important thing to consider in comparing the two schedules is the variation in the time. If No. 2, for instance, was scheduled thirty minutes earlier on the new time-table, this train would run on the schedule of the old until the new took effect and would then become thirty minutes late, but if the schedule on new was thirty minutes later than the old, No. 2 would have to wait for time. If the time was earlier on the new than on the old, it would not make any difference whether No. 2 was at a station or between stations when the new table took effect but if the time was later on the new, No. 2 would have to wait at the last station it could make on the old until it was due to leave that station on the new, otherwise it would be ahead of time when the new time-table took effect, unless this train was more than thirty minutes late at the time of change.

— o —

B. & M. Better Farming Train on our Line

The Boston & Maine's Better Farming Train toured New Hampshire the week of October 14 and visited the farming sections along our Mountain Road on Thursday, October 17th. Stops were made at Lancaster, Colebrook and North Conway.

Industrial Agent W. E. Hunton of Portland joined the train at Lancaster and was one of the principal speakers on the program.

The train carried with it 16 of the finest cattle of the four leading breeds, sheep, poultry, exhibit of fruits, crops and forest products, a model dairy exhibit and a carload of farm appliances. Many interested farmers were present at each stop to inspect the train and hear the educational lectures.

How a Southern Rai

Ra

By V.



General Yard Master A. J. M. (on right) and some

WHEN I stepped off the "Queen Crescent Limited" at Attalla, Alabama, one evening a short time ago, I exchanged greetings with my hosts, May of the Southern Railroad and Kittredge of the Alabama Power Co., entirely unprepared for the brand of hospitality that is put out by the railroad of the south.

We strolled along on the hard packed snow white sand, which surrounds the stations on the Southern R. R. and with the red tiled roofs and flower boxes make these railroad stations so attractive. Breathing the soft fragrant air that seems to brush one's cheek like velvet under a huge moon, the color of Corn Bantam corn, that flooded the scene with a spotlight, I was thinking how appropriate was their motto, "Here We Rest," and the land was ever more restful.

Suddenly the hands upon my wrist tightened and a voice said, "Here is your reception." Familiar as I am with the famous hospitality of the South, I received the surprise of my life. The shadows

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How a Southern Railroad Man Greet a Northern Railroad Man

By V. A. CUNNINGHAM



General Yard Master A. J. May, Southern Railroad, Attalla, Alabama (on right) and some of his men who did the serenading

WHEN I stepped off the "Queen and Crescent Limited" at Attalla, Alabama, one evening a short time ago and exchanged greetings with my hosts, A. J. May of the Southern Railroad and C. A. Kittredge of the Alabama Power Co., I was entirely unprepared for the brand of hospitality that is put out by the railroad men of the south.

We strolled along on the hard packed, snow white sand, which surrounds most stations on the Southern R. R. and which, with the red tiled roofs and flower beds, make these railroad stations so attractive. Breathing the soft fragrant air that always seems to brush one's cheek like velvet, under a huge moon, the color of Golden Bantam corn, that flooded the scene like a spotlight, I was thinking how appropriate was their motto, "Here We Rest," for no land was ever more restful.

Suddenly the hands upon my arms tightened and a voice said, "Here is your reception." Familiar as I am with the famous hospitality of the South, I received the surprise of my life. The shadows about

me became alive, we were surrounded by a circle of dusky figures, a continuous row of gleaming teeth and eyeballs and then melody burst forth, and such music, everything from the latest jazz to negro spirituals, natural musicians who performed in the dark perfectly, because they played instinctively, every one a colored boy, employees of the Southern at Attalla. They did not know me from Adam, never saw me before and never expected to see me again, but nevertheless did their bit to make my welcome a joyous one.

Unfailing courtesy is typical of the South not only on its railroads but everywhere. We visited factories where the men operated machines on a piece-work basis, when the wheels of the machine stopped the operators' pay stopped also, but each machine we showed an interest in, was promptly stopped, the shields removed, and the wheels turned slowly by hand so that we might see exactly how the article was fashioned, it cost the operators time, trouble and money, but they did it with a smile and a friendly wave of the hand.

News Items picked up around the General Offices

By J. E. BUCKLIN

"Billy" Doane, son of Joseph Doane, Assistant to General Passenger Agent, is fast recovering from his recent operation and will soon resume his studies at the University of Maine.

Clyde Loveitt, Freight Traffic Department, entered several of his Springer Spaniels in the Maine Kennel Club Show, held October 19th at the Exposition Building.

Mr. F. C. Brown, of the Auditor Freight Accounts Office, pulled a fast one on the girls October 1st by announcing his marriage to Francena Spaulding, which took place the night before, September 30th. Mrs. Brown is a native of Portland.

Congratulations, Chester! Condolences, girls?

Rumor has it that our esteemed co-worker, Mr. E. P. Clarity of the Freight Audit Office, while attending the American Legion Convention in Louisville, Ky., played the ponies several afternoons and won. What he played evenings, and whether he won or lost, will have to come from Ed. himself. However, he was so pleased with Kentucky hospitality that he returned with a Kentucky "Derby" and a bouquet of mint leaves. More power to you, Ed!

Miss Margaret Andrews, stenographer, Industrial Bureau, is at the Maine General Hospital. Her place is being filled temporarily by Mrs. B. T. Preston.

Lawrence Sparrow, Motive Power Department, has announced his intention of marriage to Miss Alice E. Stewart of Portland.

Sympathy is extended to Harry Caldwell, General Freight Account office in the loss of his son on October 8th.

Claude McClaskey is back on the job in the Passenger Traffic Department.

Mrs. Emma S. Goodwin, mother of Manson Goodwin, Passenger Traffic Department, passed away October 12th, after a long illness. Interment was in Evergreen Cemetery.

Do you believe in taking a chance? Yes? Well, one person who evidently does not



is our own beloved Traveling Passenger Agent, Sherman W. Hapgood. Recently, "Hap" was in Rockland soliciting business. He got started on one of his lengthy conversations with "Pop" McCurdy, when all of a sudden he hears a puff, puff and without any more ado, he picks up his grip, rushes out like mad and just catches the rear end of a deadhead sleeper train pulling out, thinking it was No. 78. In the meantime the regular train starts on its way and gets out beyond the yard limits somewhere near the round house, but in order to accommodate "Sherm" makes a special stop for our Traveling Passenger Agent to entrain for Portland.

Sympathy is being extended to Evelyn Cowgill of the Auditor Freight Accounts Office in the loss of her mother October 14th.

Miss Gladys Higgins', A. F. A. Office, and Chas. F. Higgins' marriage intentions have been announced.

George Caldwell and wife recently vacationed in New York and Washington, D. C.

W. P. Stoneham, Chief Clerk, Auditor Passenger Accounts Office, and wife recently motored through the White Mountains.

Bath Notes

By L. J. SANBORN

On account of failing health M. McQuarrie, Veteran Baggage Master at Bath, Maine, has resigned his position effective Oct. 10th, after years of faithful service.

"Mat" has always been one of the men you could depend upon in every emergency, never late in the morning and faithful in every trust, courteous to the public and whom he demanded all that was due from employers, on the other hand just as lenient to give whoever he was dealing with all that was due them, and he will be missed by both his employers and his long list of personal friends. He had been with the Company since 1893.

John R. MacDonald, the Assistant Baggage Master, has been assigned the Baggage Master's job at Bath, his job having been abolished, effective Oct. 11th.

Effective with close of business today, Oct. 10th, position of second Baggage Clerk Telegrapher at Bath was abolished. W. B. Blanchard, who has been holding this job down for the past few years, has not decided just what he will do.

Portland Terminal

By GRACE M. KATON

Edwin C. Noyes and Daniel H. Stoneham of the Inter. and Per Diem Bureau, James E. Malia of the Freight House, and others were in attendance at the annual convention of the American Legion at Louisville, Kentucky, and reported a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Grace Noyes Charles, who has been confined to the Maine General Hospital on account of an operation recently, is now recovering and will soon be able to resume her duties.

the General Offices



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On account of failing health Matthew McQuarrie, Veteran Baggage-master at Bath, Maine, has resigned his position, effective Oct. 10th, after years of faithful service.

"Mat" has always been one of those men you could depend upon in every way, never late in the morning and faithful to every trust, courteous to the public from whom he demanded all that was due his employers, on the other hand just as determined to give whoever he was dealing with all that was due them, and he will be greatly missed by both his employers and his long list of personal friends. He had been with the Company since 1893.

John R. MacDonald, the Assistant Baggage-master, has been assigned the Baggage-master's job at Bath, his job having been abolished, effective Oct. 11th.

Effective with close of business Thursday, Oct. 10th, position of second trick Clerk Telegrapher at Bath was abolished. W. B. Blanchard, who has been holding this job down for the past few years, has not decided just what he will do.

Portland Terminal

By GRACE M. KATON

Edwin C. Noyes and Daniel H. Sullivan of the Inter. and Per Diem Bureau and James E. Malia of the Freight House force were in attendance at the annual convention of the American Legion at Louisville, Kentucky, and reported a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Grace Noyes Charles, who has been confined to the Maine General Hospital account of an operation recently, is slowly recovering and will soon be able to resume her duties.

Mrs. Ella Hallett Johnson, machine operator at the Agents' Office, has resigned her position.

Mrs. Janette D. Keough has been doing substitute work at the Freight Office during the absence of Mrs. Bessie D. Lambert, who has been on a vacation in Montreal.

Sympathy is being extended to Harry A. Waterman of the Freight House by his many friends and fellow workers in the loss of his wife recently.

Ballot Clerk Patrick H. Joyce has been confined to his home account illness but is now able to return to his work.

The marriage of Wallace (Bruce) Carswell, Checker at Portland Freight House, and Miss Edna Archibald of the New England Tel. & Tel. Company, October 12th, 1928, at Limerick, Maine, was recently announced and was a great surprise to all their many friends.

Lewiston-Auburn

By P. J. HANLEY

Freight business in this section is very good.

New combination coach and smokers have been added to main line trains Nos. 12, 15, 13 and 14.

General Agent E. W. Cummings has returned from two weeks' vacation. Asst. Agent W. P. Kelly has gone to Newport, R. I., for vacation.

Football and bowling season has opened among employees in Lewiston and Auburn. Any M. C. R. R. teams will be accommodated. Address: Geo. Briery—Bowling Team; Russ Tarr—Football Team.

Frank Libby, Traveling Freight Agent, has returned from Restigouche, N. B., with good catch including many of the (Golden Variety).

— O —

The husband who's always remembering to send flowers is seldom the same fellow that takes off his coat and changes a tire.

Married Half Century

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jefferds, who reside at 361 Essex St., Bangor, have the honor and distinction of having been married 50 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferds were married Sept. 6, 1879, by the Rev. Horace Bolton of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the



Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jefferds

parsonage, on Mr. Jefferds' birthday. Mrs. Jefferds was before her marriage Emma Frances Wilshire and was born in Bangor Aug. 12, 1857, where she has since resided. Mr. Jefferds was born Sept. 6, 1857, in Starks, Me., his forefathers being the pioneers of that territory and other descendants are still living in that locality. There were three children born by this marriage, two of whom survive—William L. Jefferds, who resides at 40 Jefferson St., Bangor, Railway Mail Clerk, and Clarence A. Jefferds of Brewer, who is in the employ of the Maine Central Railroad. A daughter, Mabel, died in early childhood.

Mr. Jefferds was employed in the saw mill at Morse & Co. for over 20 years. He then entered the Public Carriage business and was well known in Eastern Maine for his courtesy to his patrons. In February, 1919, he entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad in the Bangor Car Dept. where he is now employed.

Mr. Jefferds at one time was very active in the Jameson Guards which won the cup in competitive drill from the Montgomery

Guards of Portland, serving as an officer under Capt. Ed. Small and Jim Davis.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jefferds enjoy very good health at the present time and their friends wish them many more years of happiness. They observed the day quietly at their home.

— o —

Gooda Magazina Picture from Waterville

"The Porter and his family are enclosed herewith (not in the flesh, though) and as the porter said to me this A. M.—

"This would be gooda magazina, huh? Magazina picture, huh?"



"I gathered he would like to see his likeness in our *Magazine*, so I'm sending this to you and I know that you will, in the kindness of your editor's heart, show it in some future issue of the magazine and bring cheer to Mr. Charles Stevens."

D. S.

— o —

The man who works hard and saves his money may not get all he expects but he'll get something.



The Yardmaster received the note from one of his Section Foremen

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

Employer—"Why did you leave last place?"

Young Lady Applicant—"I was kissing my boss, sir."

Employer—"Ur-rum, you can start in the morning."

Teacher—"Who wrote the greatest song in the world?"

Tommy—"Mendelssohn!"

Teacher—"What was it?"

Tommy—"Here comes the Bride"

Neighbor—"Why are ye wearing many coats on such a hot day?"

Pat—"Well, ye see, I'm goin' to the barn; and it says on the can that the best results put on at least three

Porter—"This train goes to Philadelphia and points east."

Old Lady—"Well, I want a train that goes to Camden, and I don't care how way it points."

He—"I've waited a whole hour for you." She—"I was detained in the shoppe."

He—"Too bad you didn't get waitin'."

Does Pittsburgh suit you?

Sure, it "soots" everybody.

Nice Neighbors!

Jones—"Sorry, old man, that nut got loose and scratched up your gal."

Smith—"That's all right. My cat scratched your hen."

Jones—"Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

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— O —

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Here's a Laugh

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

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

Employer—"Why did you leave your
 last place?"

Young Lady Applicant—"I was caught
 kissing my boss, sir."

Employer—"Ur-rum, you can start here
 in the morning."

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

Tommy—"Mendelssohn!"

Teacher—"What was it?"

Tommy—"Here comes the Bride."

Neighbor—"Why are ye wearing so
 many coats on such a hot day?"

Pat—"Well, ye see, I'm goin' to paint
 me barn; and it says on the can to obtain
 the best results put on at least three coats."

Porter—"This train goes to Philadel-
 phia and points east."

Old Lady—"Well, I want a train that
 goes to Camden, and I don't care which
 way it points."

He—"I've waited a whole hour for you."

She—"I was detained in the beauty
 shoppe."

He—"Too bad you didn't get waited on."

Does Pittsburgh suit you?

Sure, it "soots" everybody.

Nice Neighbors!

Jones—"Sorry, old man, that my hen
 got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith—"That's all right. My dog ate
 your hen."

Jones—"Fine! I just ran over your dog
 and killed him."

One Way to Do It

Rastus—"What fo' you'all got yo' pants
 on wrong side out, niggah?"

Sambo—"Cause ah's goin' to de ball
 tonight and ah wants to git de bag outer
 de knees."

Oh, No!

The Cop—"Were you speeding?"

The Girl—"No, but I just passed some-
 one who was."

"What have you in the shape of cucum-
 bers this morning?" asked a customer of
 the new grocery clerk.

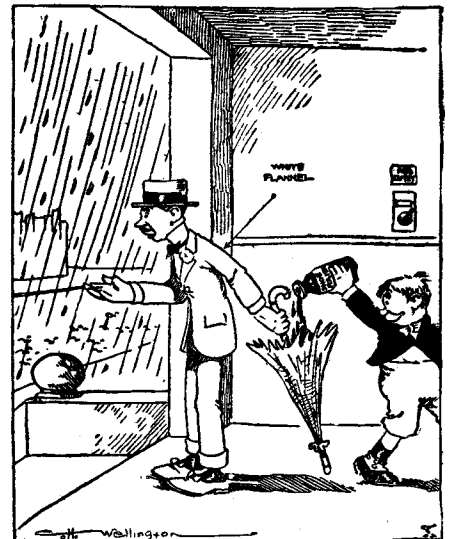
"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the
 answer.

Too Much to Expect

Stage Manager—"All ready, run up the
 curtain."

Stage Hand—"What do you think I am,
 a squirrel?"

And the Worst is Yet to Come



McDonald-O'Brion

A wedding of special interest to Portland Terminal employees occurred on September 30th at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, when Miss Helen A. O'Brion became the bride of William McDonald. Both are residents of Portland.

Mr. McDonald is employed by The SamOset Company, our subsidiary, and at present is a passenger motor coach driver on the Portland to Harrison run.

— O —

Answers to Puzzles in Last Month's issue

ACROSTIC
JERICHO
AMONG
CAR
K
JAM
INDIA
PULLMAN

— O —

In Camp at Moosehead



The above photo comes to us through Conductor G. E. Stafford at Waterville, and all of the men in the picture, with the exception of the guide and Mr. Howard, are Maine Central employees.

Reading left to right, we have:
S. R. McPheters, Guide and Cook
H. C. Tuck, Pass. Condr., Bingham to Waterville
H. N. Smith, Engr., Portland to Bangor Freight

D. O. Wade, Engr., Work Out Job, Waterville
H. W. Lowell, Engr. Switcher, Waterville
S. W. Getchell, Engr., No. 89 and Extra West
G. E. Stafford, Frt. Condr., Waterville
C. W. Howard, Public Accountant, N. J.
F. W. Sturtevant, Vt. Engr., retired—a visitor.

— O —

Terminal Messenger Service



Robert Penney is one of the Portland Terminal messengers. With his Harley Davidson motorcycle, he rushes hither and yon between the Superintendent's office on Commercial Street, the General Office and Rigby. He says he should have one of the speedy moth planes, so many of the packages are marked RUSH.

— O —

Where would the average woman be if she took "no" for an answer?

After the first six spoonfuls a cantaloupe usually tastes about the same as a raw turnip.

You can't win respect by demanding it.

Joseph Rousseau and Family



Joseph Rousseau and Family

Sixty-seven Claims Settled

THERE were 67 claims settled by Travelers Insurance Co. to employees holding certificates in the Group Accident and Sickness Insurance for period Oct. 19. Fifty-four of these claims for sickness and thirteen for accident. This number compares with forty-nine for sickness and six for accident the corresponding period of 1928.

Again we call attention to employees who are absent account of sickness or accident to notify their foremen to file claim. Number of claims settled September to Oct. 19 were as follows:

Name	Location
Louise Daicey	General Office Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
	Engineering
Albert Allarie	Augusta
Henry M. Corro	Lincoln
Elbridge R. Courson	Brunswick
Joseph A. Gagnon	Rumford
Peter Gagnon	Westbrook
Frank Harriman	So. Portland
John Hood	Quebec Jct., N.H.
Leon S. Howard	Dover-Foxcroft
Frank J. Landry	Forest
Hosea D. Libby	So. Portland
John E. Mitchell	Rockland
Wm. R. Murray	Yarmouth
Frank Richards	Portland
Albert Russell	Vanceboro
Leonard A. Youland	So. Portland
	Motive Power
William Alberts	Bangor
Herman F. Bishop	Portland
Robert W. Boucher	Fairfield
Lewis B. Bowie	Auburn
Anne E. Flaherty	Portland
Charles L. Foster	Bangor

Wade, Engr., Work Out Job, Waterville
 Lowell, Engr. Switcher, Waterville
 Getchell, Engr., No. 89 and Extra
 Stafford, Frt. Condr., Waterville
 Howard, Public Accountant, N. J.
 Sturtevant, Vt. Engr., retired—
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can't win respect by demanding it.

Joseph Rousseau has been Railroading Since '89



Joseph Rousseau and Family

Track Foreman Joseph Rousseau of Rumford first began his long career of railroading on the old Hereford Branch between Beecher Falls and Lime Ridge in the year of 1889. He has been a Foreman since 1899.

During his long career of forty years of service he has worked under Roadmasters Smith, Arsenault, Scully, Runey and Breaun, coming to Rumford in 1924. He is familiar with all classes of track work, any very popular with the men in his emplod.

THELMA I. THOMAS
 Rumford

Sixty-seven Claims Paid Last Month by Travelers

THERE were 67 claims settled by The Travelers Insurance Co. to employees holding certificates in the Group Accident and Sickness Insurance for period ended Oct. 19. Fifty-four of these claims were for sickness and thirteen for accident. This number compares with forty-nine for sickness and six for accident the corresponding period of 1928.

Again we call attention to employees who are absent account of sickness or accident to notify their foremen to file a claim. Number of claims settled Sept. 15 to Oct. 19 were as follows:

Name	Location	Reason
Louise Daicey	General Office Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.	Health
Albert Allarie	Augusta	Accident
Henry M. Corro	Lincoln	Health
Elbridge R. Courson	Brunswick	Health
Joseph A. Gagnon	Rumford	Health
Peter Gagnon	Westbrook	Health
Frank Harriman	So. Portland	Accident
John Hood	Quebec Jct., N.H.	Health
Leon S. Howard	Dover-Foxcroft	Health
Frank J. Landry	Forest	Health
Hosea D. Libby	So. Portland	Health
John E. Mitchell	Rockland	Health
Wm. R. Murray	Yarmouth	Health
Frank Richards	Portland	Accident
Albert Russell	Vanceboro	Health
Leonard A. Youland	So. Portland	Accident
William Alberts	Motive Power Bangor	Health
Herman F. Bishop	Portland	Health
Robert W. Boucher	Fairfield	Health
Lewis B. Bowie	Auburn	Accident
Anne E. Flaherty	Portland	Health
Charles L. Foster	Bangor	Health
E. H. French	Bartlett, N. H.	Health
Frederick Hollingdale	Calais	Accident
Eugene Laverdiere	Waterville	Health
John E. Marden	So. Portland	Health
Frank A. Morrill	Portland	Health
F. J. McDonald	Portland	Health
Harry H. Nicoll	Bangor	Health
Joseph Rodrigue	Waterville	Accident
Albert H. Roderick	Waterville	Accident
Leonard L. Stafford	Fairfield	Health
Hilbert L. Thomas	Vanceboro	Health
Albert Violette	So. Brewer	Health
Stephen R. Wilder	Calais	Health
Ralph E. Young	Portland	Health
Harold D. Burr	Vanceboro	Health
John J. Craig	Eastport	Health
Albert E. Foster	Ellsworth Falls	Health
Ernest N. Herrick	Cumberland Ctr.	Health
Robert A. Howland	Danforth	Health
R. W. Kingsbury	Bucksport Ctr.	Health
George F. Milan	Brewer	Health
Thomas McGuff	Bangor	Accident
Thomas F. Price	Bangor	Accident
Charles A. Wilson	Dixfield	Health
William Boisvert	M. C. Trainmen Waterville	Accident
Herbert J. Boudreau	Bangor	Accident
J. F. Casey	Portland	Health
Walter E. Dunifer	Bangor	Health
Edgar D. Jameson	Bangor	Health
F. E. Pinkham	Farmington	Health
Harry W. Bachelder	All Enginemen Portland	Health
Frank J. Bordon	So. Portland	Health
Edward Coyne	Waterville	Health
Elwyn H. Seekins	Harmony	Health
John J. Wilson	So. Portland	Health
Louis A. Coleman	Portland Terminal Transportation Department P. T. Stations Portland	Health
Peter Dyer	Portland	Health
Fred S. Legere	Portland	Health
Wm. J. Mizala	So. Portland	Health
Fred A. Stickney	Portland	Health
Daniel L. Sullivan	Portland	Health
Arthur T. Coffin	P. T. Trainmen Portland	Health
Fred J. Gleason	Portland	Health
Fred E. Myott	So. Portland	Health
Albert J. Stanton	Portland	Health



The Old New England Thanksgiving

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

* * * * *

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreamy, and calm, and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit,—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance,—and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."

