

MAINE CENTRAL  
Employees Magazine

Merry

Christmas

DECEMBER  
1929



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## “Sales Consciousness”--What Is It All About?

By M. L. HARRIS, General Passenger Agent

THE old definition of a good salesman was—the person who was able to sell the public something not needed. My definition of salesmanship is as follows: It is the art of seeing the best in people and things, and in being able to express it in manner and conversation. It is the art of understanding, appreciating and influencing other people for mutual benefit.

The personal equation enters in a major degree into successful selling. The impressions carried away by the public are obtained through contact with representatives of the company. Every person selling our service should carefully analyze himself or herself and through study and care develop a

personality that will prove a valuable asset in selling.

We have two major problems to face—first, we must render a service which the traveler will prefer to patronize, and secondly, efficient salesmanship must be used which will convince the traveler that traveling by rail is preferable.



Photo by Bachrach

M. L. Harris

We must study the public as diligently as Darwin studied earthworms and in the same patient, scientific way. WE MUST BELIEVE IN OUR SERVICE AND CONVINCING OTHERS. To have faith in our article or product is one of the first principles of successful salesmanship. It is not an easy job, this convincing others—in fact, there's many a hard row to hoe.

You've got to take many a wallop on the jaw, you've got to thrust, parry, stand up on your hind legs and fight, and before you can do this you have got to SELL YOURSELF.

We must find out what would add to the traveler's comfort, safety and convenience, then we must present our service so attractively that no other service will be considered. We must present our service from the point of view of the user rather than the point of view of the seller.

Many people are not acquainted with the comforts, the recreational and educational advantages of railroad travel. To enlighten them, and to that extent raise their standard of living, is a mission of real salesmanship.

A test we must apply to our salesmanship is—What does the public think of the product they have purchased through our salesmanship. Let the public be the judge. They pronounce the verdict and according to their verdict we must stand or fall as salesmen. The purpose of every wise concern that intends to continue in business is to get and hold as many customers as possible.

The local agent has the greatest selling opportunity in the entire travel industry. Properly cultivated and educated he can apply for the company, the greatest selling power, because he creates new business and builds at the source, not merely skimming the cream from the top of trade already created.

Our friends are our biggest business asset. One of the finest features of railroad work is the opportunity it gives employees, especially agents for

making friends. The aim of every employee should be to cultivate and gain the good will of each and every person in his or her community. To begin with, make it a point to know everybody in the community. Become so well known that when your friends see you they will think "Maine Central." When called upon to transact business with the public be cheerful and courteous. Always be obliging. Put yourself in the other's place. Use him as you would like to be used.

If within your power, never overlook the opportunity of granting a favor. A favor on your part is often a small thing but to the public it is something never to be forgotten. We should make everyone feel it is a privilege to serve.

In making the above suggestions I am aware of the fact that many agents have been cultivating their people for years, but with many of us there is still room for improvement.

Our attitude towards our job makes all the difference in the world with the degree of our ultimate success. Our revenues will reflect the result of our efforts.

We reach the highest pinnacle of salesmanship in this business of transportation when we are able to get in close touch and sympathy with the public—when we understand their needs and welfare better than they do themselves. When we reach that point, there is no "buyer resistance" at all. Buyers and seller become friends.

— O —

#### Light Lunch

Oil, Gasoline, and Strawberries.

—Sign on a Quebec highway.

## A Substitute Christmas

TIGER RYAN was sore—sore as a kicked pup. For weeks he and the Missis had planned their Christmas—the largest tree to be obtained in Highland, the presents carefully tucked away in out-of-the-way places where the kids couldn't find them; and best of all, Tiger himself to be at home all day for the first Christmas since he took arunning job. And now it was all off.

"I'm mighty sorry, Tiger," Bill Lockwood, the train-master, had said, "but there isn't another man I can get to run second 72 tonight. I hate to disappoint you, but you'll simply have to go."

And then Tiger did what he never had done before—he appealed from Lockwood's decision and went over his head to the Superintendent, Jack Rankin.

Rankin heard his story, then turned in his chair and looked out of the window without speaking. Finally he turned back. "I wonder, Tiger," he said, "if you know just what this job is that you've been called for. Second 72 tonight is a steamship train, but

it's not the ordinary run of business. We're taking to their homes the poor survivors of the wreck of the *Alliquippa*; you've read about it. These people were picked up after spending two days and nights in small boats. They've lost everything except the clothes they are wearing. It's because

we want to get them home for Christmas that you and I are giving up ours—because I'm staying right here on the job, too, instead of spending the holiday with my son, as I've planned to do. You're a railroad man, Tiger;

and a railroad man is consecrated to his job just as much as a soldier. You and I are enlisted for *service*, and service always involves some sacrifice."

Never had Tiger known the usually laconic Rankin to speak at such length, and it impressed him.

"All right, Mr. Rankin," he said, "I'll go, of course; but it's tough. Little Jimmy is six years old now, and I've never yet spent a Christmas with him. He's going to be disappointed."

"And I've got a little four-year-old



A Christmas Tree Was Set Up in the Baggage Car

grandson who will be pretty nearly as disappointed as I will," replied Rankin, soberly, "but that's part of our job and we've got to go through with it."

So, just when most of Highland was retiring, after filling the kiddies' stockings and preparing for the great day, Tiger said goodbye to the sorrowing Missis and started for the station. He dropped in on the night chief dispatcher, Allie Grogan, for a few minutes smoke talk, but he wasn't in the mood for conversation.

"Second 72's right on time," said Allie, "and you're going to have Jim Mitchell on the 1325 to haul you over the hill. I don't envy you your trip, though; it's been snowing hard all night up in the hills and you'll have a rough run."

The "hills subdivision" of the Highland & Lowland—the "Hilo" for short—included that marvel of railroad engineering, the Catsfoot Pass. As the crow flies it was only twelve miles long, but as the track was built, it covered thirty miles. Part of it hugged the side of a mountain, on a grade that was heart-breaking; part of it was through rock cuts with sheer walls just clearing the sides of a Pullman car. A storm in that locality was a thing to be dreaded. Back in the coaches it wasn't so bad, but the engine crew had to face the worst of it; and woe betide the flagman who had to go back to protect the rear.

The 1325 rolled down from the roundhouse, and Jim Mitchell came up stairs to check the register book and get his orders.

"Just beginning to snow here," he

said, "we're going to have a rough night up in the Pass."

"Keep your eyes open, Jim," said Superintendent Rankin, who had just come in from his private office, "Things are just right tonight for slides. I'm having special track patrol, but I'm depending on you to keep a close watch on conditions. I'm particularly anxious to get this train through tonight if it's humanly possible; but don't take any unnecessary chances."

The dispatcher handed them their orders, a through run to Lowland, 125 miles away, with right of track over all trains and a wait at Carmalt for extras north. Two minutes ahead of schedule, second 72 rolled in from the north and the tired crew cut off their engine. The 1325 was coupled on, brakes tested, and Tiger gave the high-ball, with a last wistful look up the hill where the Missis and little Jimmy slept peacefully, awaiting the dawn of Christmas—a Christmas to be spent without him.

Through the night sped second 72, with Jim Mitchell at the throttle. Back in the train, Tiger checked up his passengers, most of them sleeping the sleep of exhaustion after their terrible experience. There were two Pullman sleepers, a coach and one second class car; the latter well filled, and in nearly every seat one or more children. Looking at the towled heads of the little sleepers, Tiger thought with tenderness of his own little lad, comfortably ensconced in his warm bed; and he had a feeling of thankfulness that in spite of his disappointment, the boy had not been through the bitter experience of these

little ones. Some of them, he learned, were orphans in care of strangers—little ones who had survived the wreck while their parents were lost. A sad home-coming on the eve of that day which is, of all the 365 days of the year, essentially a home day. There were worse things, Tiger mused, than to be away from home on Christmas.

At Carmalt, Mitchell stopped for water, and Tiger got out to take a look at the weather. It was snowing hard, and the wind was reaching blizzard proportions.

"Give us a little more steam, Jim," he said, "the cars are a little cold and those kids are all asleep."

With the strong wind, Mitchell lost time from Carmalt to Freedom, where the helping engine was cut in for the run through the Pass. In the swirling snow, the 1427 was coupled on ahead of the 1325, and twenty minutes late, second 72 pulled out for the hard haul over the hill. Back in the coaches, Tiger found his passengers all asleep. One little golden haired boy, about the age of little Jimmy, was curled up on a seat, his arms thrown out in the abandon of childhood. There was a little catch in Tiger's throat as he got his overcoat and tenderly spread it over the sleeping lad.

Up ahead, Jim Mitchell on the 1325, and Joe Lanigan on the helper, were experiencing the full blast of the gale. Vision was almost impossible, and they felt easier to know that they had right of track over all trains. Block signals were almost invisible, even when at close range, and the track itself was covered with snow, every moment adding to the volume. Drifts

were beginning to form, and both of the big Pacifics were straining to their utmost capacity.

As the train reached Liston, just at the entrance to the Pass, Mitchell saw, through the welter of snow, the form of a man hastily jumping from the track to the bank; then he felt, rather than heard or saw, that he had struck a light hand-car. The man waved to show that he was unhurt, and Mitchell, knowing that to stop meant to stay where he was, did not even close his throttle. The car must have been thrown clear, although there was a chance of wreckage under the wheels giving trouble; but he took that chance.

Entering the Pass, the pace was that of a snail. Fortunately both engines kept their footing; gamely struggling, they took the train over the first hard grade and onto the easier stretch leading to Deep Cut—almost a tunnel, with straight, sheer rock sides fifty feet high. There is a sharp curve to the left entering the cut; and even in fair weather, no view is obtainable until the nose of the engine is well between its rocky walls. Mitchell and Lanigan knew that they were likely to encounter heavy drifts in the cut, and they took full advantage of the short level stretch to get all the headway possible. So, with both throttles wide open, they rounded the curve—and the 1325 buried her nose in a solid bank of snow higher than her stack.

Whistling out his flag, Mitchell started back to meet Tiger Ryan. Wading through snow nearly waist deep, they met near the first Pullman to compare notes.

"We're here," Mitchell said, "until we get help. We'll never plow through that drift in God's world. I think you better send Frank back with his flag to Freedom and wire the super. We've got coal and water enough to keep the cars warm for some time, but we can't move the train."

As he spoke, there came a roar, plainly audible above the howling of the storm, and evidently from the rear of the train. Back through the gathering drifts they plowed—to find that a huge slide had come down not fifty feet behind the rear car, burying the track with hard packed snow, small rocks and trees.

"Well," said Tiger, "there's no question now. We can't move either way until we're dug out and that's sure. I'm going to Freedom myself. You stay here and look out for things. I'm off."

From the baggage car he took a pair of snow-shoes, carried in all the hill trains for just such emergencies, and started on his five mile hike.

Meanwhile, in the coaches and Pullmans the tired sleepers began to stir. The cessation of motion which followed the nightlong progress of the train made itself felt, even to the tired consciousness of the travellers. Passing through the cars, Mitchell explained the situation to those who were awake, and told them that relief was on its way.

"A great Christmas," muttered Tiger, as he neared the goal and passed through the yard at Freedom. Almost exhausted, he dropped into a chair in the telegraph office, and told Billy Mullen, the operator, the story.

Back in Highland, Jack Rankin, anxiously pacing the floor of his office, looked for the hundredth time out of his window and listened to the growing fury of the storm. He could hear the clatter of the sounders in the dispatchers' office,—a chattering of messages, the OS of trains, and the idle conversation of operators in lonely night stations. Listening without interest, he pricked up his ears when he heard Freedom calling, and he swiftly opened the door and walked to the side of Allie Grogan, the dispatcher.

"What does he say, Allie?" he asked, eagerly.

"Listen," Allie replied, and together they read the report which outlined the predicament of second 72.

All of Rankin's uneasiness left him. Here was an emergency, and he had attained his position by his ability to meet emergencies.

"Get out the 3270 from Freedom. Tell the master mechanic to go himself if he hasn't an engineer on the board or one he can get quick. Rout out all the men you can get to go along, and have 'em take shovels. Get anyone you can for a train crew; let 'em go without a crew if you have to."

Turning to the telephone, Rankin put in a call for the hotel in Freedom—about the only place he knew he could get quickly. To the night clerk who answered Rankin explained the situation. "I want you," he said, "to round up all the men you can to go along with the relief train. Take every able-bodied man that can handle a shovel. And now, listen. There are women and children on that train, and they'll be hungry. Rout out a grocer, get

together some provisions and plenty of milk, and send the stuff along. Get me?"

Assured of prompt action, Rankin then ordered a light engine to take him from Highland, and prepared to take personal charge of the relief work.

Meantime, Tiger Ryan, having recovered his breath, was getting busy at Freedom. He rounded up a scrub crew for the relief train, and took immediate charge of the loading of supplies. A vision of the little curly haired lad in the second class car occurred to him as he was putting a can of milk in the caboose; and then it came to him—this was Christmas morning!

There were still a few minutes left; the engine hadn't come out of the house. Up the street Tiger ran, as fast as the swirling snow would permit, and reached the door of the general store just as the proprietor was closing it, after having sent the last of the supplies to the station.

"Hold on, Bill," Tiger gasped, "I want something more. There's a lot of kiddies on that train; this is Christmas morning, and they're not going to miss their Christmas, even if I did have to. Give me an armful of toys and candy and anything else you can think of—quick."

Bill was quick. Together they gathered up a basketful of knick-knacks—Christmas cards, little toys, candy-filled stockings, and the like. "Don't stop to figure 'em up now," Bill said, "tell me later what you've got and we'll settle."

With his basket, Tiger just caught the rear of the train as it started on its errand of relief. To the crew, and

the gang of "laborers," the latter including a priest, two ministers, four shop keepers and a doctor, he explained his idea.

"There's men enough to shovel," he said, "and your job, Mr. Franklin, is to cut a Christmas tree—a good big one—and take it to the baggage car. Doctor, I want you for Santa Claus; you've got a long white beard that will make the kiddies' eyes bulge. As soon as we get there I'm going to explain to the passengers what we want, and we'll have our Christmas after all."

So, while shovels were flying, and the wall of snow was being slowly but steadily reduced, a Christmas tree was set up in the baggage car. Back in the coaches, men were passing out to the beleaguered travellers the supplies brought from Freedom. Hungry children made ravenous inroads on the food, and avidly drank the milk.

And then—Tiger made an announcement. Gathering the children around him in the rear car, he told them that Santa Claus had come to see them, even here in the midst of the storm. With the youngsters and the grown folks flocking behind him, he passed through each car, gathering his passengers together, finally herding them all into the baggage car.

Here his willing helpers had labored well. In the end of the car there stood a huge tree, decorated as Nature herself can best do it, with ice and snow. And on the tree a gift for every child there.

Good Father Cassidy, who had been laboring valiantly with his shovel, stepped forward and greeted the gath-

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# MAINE CENTRAL Employees' Magazine

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## Editorials

### CHRISTMAS AND RAILROADING

Another year has rolled around. Fifty-two weeks isn't such a long time in this modern age of doing things. Take account of stock, check up on yourself for a moment. What have you accomplished for the company and yourself during the past twelve months? Are you a better man today than a year ago? Let Christmas be a barometer and judge yourself as others judge you.

To many in the family Christmas will be just another working day, to others it will be a joyful holiday—a day at home with the kiddies enjoying as much as they the presents received and the events of the day. To others who will be obliged to perform their daily tasks on Christmas day provision will have to be made for a substitute Christmas. For passenger trains have to run and freight has to be hauled on this day and every other day in the year. You may have to be on duty at the station to handle the wire, patrol the track or be at the throttle or at some other task so necessary in the operation of a railroad. The family will share in your disappointment, but such is life in the game of railroading. Those familiar, understand and make allowances. But little does the general public as a rule know what must be sacrificed by employees on a railroad to give SERVICE.

Fortunately Christmas has charm even for the most worldly and for those whose

hearts are big and purses small, it can still weave a magic spell. Few of us have as much money to spend at this season as we would like, but after all the Christmas spirit cannot be bought.

All the new fangled trimmings for the Christmas dinner cannot take the place of the good old stand-bys of turkey, cranberry jelly and plum pudding, neither can the jazz orchestra obliterate the strains of the graceful dances beneath the holly and mistletoe of long ago.

The tired bustling business man hurrying to lunch goes back to the office in a calmer, broader frame of mind as he remembers the face of the youngster wistfully peering into a store window filled with skates, sleds, warm mittens and caps, and plans how he will see to it that Santa Claus does not pass by the boy's home this year.

The true Christmas spirit should prevail wherever you are on this day. If it isn't possible to be at home and duty calls you, at least DO SOMETHING for your loved ones symbolic of the holiday spirit.

And if it is not out of order in this column, the editor wishes to take this opportunity to extend to brother and sister employees the season's greetings and wish you all a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

— O —

### CONDITION OF MOTIVE POWER

Class I railroads of this country on October 15 had 8,229 locomotives in need of repair or 14.5 per cent of the number on line, according to the American Railway Association.

This was an increase of 561 compared with the number in need of repair on October 1, at which time there were 7,668 or 13.5 per cent.

Locomotives in need of classified repairs on October 15 totaled 4,341 or 7.6 per cent, an increase of 266 compared with October 1, while 3,888 or 6.9 per cent were in need of running repairs, an increase of 295 above the number in need of repairs on October 1.

Class I railroads on October 15 had 4,006 serviceable locomotives in storage compared with 4,500 on October 1.

## All For Safety—All The Year

On Behalf the Committee on Education American Railway Association

A RAILWAY SAFETY SUPERINTENDENT reports "that safety suggestions pertaining to unsafe conditions are declining in number but that reports of unsafe practices are increasing." It is to be expected that there should be fewer reports of unsafe conditions, because practically all railways have made every reasonable effort to make their property safe.

Why there should be an increase of unsafe practices is difficult to determine. Possibly committee-men are more alert and watchful than heretofore, but the fact remains that the majority of personal injuries are caused by unsafe practices or careless and thoughtless acts.

While we may continue to expect improvements, the railways are today as safe as invention and expenditures can make them. Appreciable improvement in safety record can not be expected as a result of physical improvement or safeguards. The new employee will never be able to realize like the employee of the "link and pin days" the vast improvements made in the interest of efficiency and safety during the past twenty-five years.

If the employee will pause to reflect on all the safeguards thrown about operation, he will wonder why any accidents of a preventable nature occur.

The Book of Rules for instruction, the Time Table for guidance, and Safety Rules to warn of danger, all three designed for one purpose—SAFETY.

Goggles to prevent eye injuries, blue flags to protect inspectors and repairmen, the automatic coupler and operating lever, making it unnecessary to "go between," tell-tales and "close clearance" boards to warn of fixed structures that do not clear, saw-guards to save the mill man's fingers, bridges over tracks for the employee to use going to and from the shop and yard, automatic blocks, color lights, train control, lanterns, back-up hose, torpedoes, fuses, derails—"All For Safety."

The only thing that may be unsafe on the modern railroad of today is man. Safeguards and rules will not prevent accidents unless they are used and obeyed. We must look to SAFE men to further improve the railway accident record. No railway will be one hundred per cent safe until the employees are "ALL FOR SAFETY."

— O —

*Never interrupt when your wife is telling you something for your own good.*

*The way to reform a government is to reform the voters.*

A sailor who never moved fast  
Paused to look at a flapper go past,  
But a big motor car  
Hit that seagoing tar—  
Now the flag on his ship's at half mast.



## General Office News

By J. E. Bucklin



Katherine Jones of the Statistical Bureau is acting as relief operator to Julia Roper. Marguerite Lufkin, Purchasing Dept., spent Armistice Day at Hartford, Conn.

Lawrence Greeley has resigned his position in the Stores Dept. to go to West Chester, Pa. Philip Merriman is taking his place.

Miss Margaret Andrews, Stenographer, Industrial Bureau, has returned to her home from the Maine General Hospital where she has been a patient the past few weeks.

Alice Foley of the Auditor Freight Accounts office, attended the Boston College-Fordham football game at Boston, Nov. 9th. Miss Foley's brother, "Pat" Foley, plays on the Fordham team.

Ralph Jellison of the Superintendent's Office, who recently sprained his ankle, has been unable to attend to his duties for 10 days.

Clifford Jess and Carl Barrett have returned from a hunting trip in the region of Forest, Maine. Each of them brought back a handsome big buck. Carl also drew a bead on a bear but the shot was not fatal. Mr. Bear scampered to other regions. Later reports are that he is still at large.

Newt Towle and Marlin Doughty recently enjoyed a week's hunting trip in Onawa on the C. P.

Sympathy is extended to Granville Nickerson, Chief Clerk Purchasing Department, in the loss of his father, Charles L. Nickerson, on Nov. 4th.

Miss Eva Knight and Mrs. Bertha Trufont spent the holiday in New York as guests of Miss Madelaine Harnden, former member of the Audit Office.

Friends of Miss Lillian Carey of Freight Audit Office are sorry to hear she is at St. Barnabas Hospital for an operation.

Miss Alfreda Johnston of Freight Audit Office spent a few days recently in New York.

Bentley Gass of Freight Audit Office has recently returned from a vacation in Montreal and Quebec.

Herbert Harris, Chief Clerk in Assistant Comptroller's Office, and wife recently went to Boston to do some Christmas shopping but Herbert took so much time looking at different radio sets that old St. Nick was entirely forgotten.



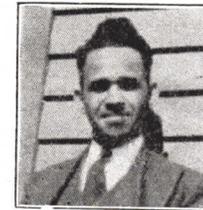
Of course all of us have heard something more or less regarding the big ones caught by Cliff Jess, Auditor Disbursements Office, and Carl Barrett, Pass. Traffic Dept., but to the skeptical here's the "proof."

The girls of the Freight Audit Office gave a miscellaneous shower at the Columbia Hotel Monday evening, Oct. 21st, for Miss Gladys Higgins, whose marriage to Charles F. Robbins took place Oct. 30. Those attending were: Cynthia Westman, Alice Foley, Marjorie Kelley, Stella McDuffy, Florence Bass, Martha Lounsbury, Bernice Sanborn, Pearl Weeman, Orilla Morris, Christine Parker, Elaine Adjutant, Blanche Lowe, Elsa Bauer, Jennie Grant, Angela Stevens, and the guest of honor, Gladys Higgins.

Carl Bruns made his annual trip to Seboomook and brought home a fine doe. Appears as if he used the tail for a mustache.

## Rockland News

By A. R. PUGH



Remember back in the second grade when we had our first lessons in reading? They went something like this: Kitty-kitty-kitty! See the pretty kitty. It is Henry's kitty. What is the kitty doing? Can Henry catch the kitty? No, he cannot, but he would like to. Why does Hen want to catch the kitty? Ask Sherm Hapgood or Pearle Fuller.

Since I returned to work after being off for three weeks the first trick job has seemed rather drab and colorless. A certain operator named Bill Wilson handled the job while I was away and put so much local color and pep into the place that I guess the Fair Sex about town are sorry to see me back. No one ever realized how many perfect 36's there were in Rockland until Bill moved in on the town and lined them up for measurements.

A week ago Operator Valley decided he would have a chicken for Sunday dinner,—which isn't so much of a decision when you've got a flock of them out in the yard. So he sallied forth to exterminate one of them. He started in at 8 A.M. to separate one of the flock from its head, but hated to do it for fear of physical pain to the bird. He tried to talk it to death, or instill fear into it and scare it to death,—and also tried to reason with it and get it to commit suicide in self defense, but failed. Mrs. V. and her sister finally took pity on him and between the three they provided chicken for Sunday dinner, just in time to get it ready to cook Sunday A.M.

It's about time for the bowling season to start, and Pop McCurdy, Hen and Leach are limbering up the old soup bones preparatory to a successful season.

## Calais Notes

By E. F. MCLAIN

### "Bear Facts"

Roy T. Stanhope, Fireman Eastern Division, Maine Central Railroad, is, in all truth, a sincere modest young gentleman with one wife and no children. His wife, by the way, originally came from the upper reaches of the mighty St. John River and each year she and Roy journey to the Canadian wilds on a visit. While there Roy spends his time hunting. He says he gets plenty and if his last story is anywhere near dependable I don't doubt it, for it must be a wild, wild country.

Here's his last experience, word for word as he told me.

"My father-in-law had a peachy pig this year. Biggest I ever saw. Weighed close to 1400 pounds. He was going to kill it before I left but he didn't get a chance. One night while we were eating supper the pig started squealing. Funny squeals, like Trigger Tracy's radio. We all rushed out and there was a large black bear as big as the polywog (Engine 154) with the pig in his arms making a get-a-way. My wife's brother rushed in the house, seized my wife's grandfather's three-pounder (45-90) and shot the bear squarely behind one ear. The left ear, no the right ear, anyway in the head. The bear let out a terrible bellow, like "Wash" Bailey calling Carney Eagen, and dropped dead. And do you know, that when we cut open the pig every rib was broken and what should have been roasts was reduced to sausage. When the bullet hit the bear it hugged the pig so hard that, that is actually what occurred."

I asked casually about the weight of the bear. "Oh, about a ton."

— O —

*How often we go home from "a good time" relieved that it's over.*

## Newport Notes

By H. M. MULLEN

Baggagemaster E. D. Soule is enjoying these long evenings with a new electric radio. The reception has been very good for the last few weeks.

Operator McCarrison has recently had an oil burner installed in his cook stove.

John Cook is covering second trick at Elm Street crossing, due to T. S. Nason being off duty on account of sickness.

Operator Frank Carter of Etna substituted for the writer during two weeks' absence on account of sickness.

## North Conway Notes

By A. H. DURGIN

W. E. Murphy, Car Inspector, N. Y. N. H. & H. at Bedford, was a guest at the New Robertson over the week end of Nov. 9th. This is Brother Murphy's first visit to the Mountains during the fall months, but he has passed his summer vacation here for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Macomber have returned from two weeks vacation passed in New Bedford.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Eastman have started on their annual vacation, the greater part of which will be passed in New Haven. Mr. Macomber and Mr. Eastman are employed in the Maintenance of Way Department.

A. H. Neal has resumed his duties as First Trick Gateman.

Operator L. K. Chipman substituted for the writer recently while he and the wife were vacationing down in Maine and Massachusetts.

### Fairy Bath-tub

One every two or three hours when suffering in half-teaspoonful of water.—*Directions with medicine compounded by a Dallas druggist.*

## Portland Terminal

By GRACE M. KATON

Supt. Priest has been combing a much needed vacation and a hunting trip at Forest Station, in company with Supt. McLaughlin and J. E. Gibbons of Bangor. We all wish him the same success he has had in previous trips.

Sidney "Beeman" Chase has been confined to his home account illness but is able to return to his desk at the present writing.

William J. Farrell 3rd, our popular messenger, was married recently to Miss Helen Quinn. The best wishes of all the Terminal employees follows them in their new life.

Weddings seem to be in order among the Terminal force of late. George F. Haley, stenographer at the Ticket Office, and Miss Lois Atkins were married Armistice Day and have been enjoying a trip to Washington, D. C., New York and Atlantic City. Best wishes, George.

Herbert L. Ross, Rate and W/B Clerk, is on his annual hunting trip in the wilds of Maine and expects to hire a special train to bring back the spoils.

Bernett F. Kennedy, Asst. Chief Yard Clerk, is confined to his home account illness.

Albert P. Skillings and Frank Andrews, Yard Brakemen, have returned from a hunting trip and all we can find out they got was a "chicken."

Clarence S. Lombard, operator Tower No. 3, is confined to a hospital at Saco, account illness. Clarence F. R. Ogilvie is substituting.

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### One on the Doc

A gent alcoholically over-subscribed wandered into a movie. During the intermission, while the audience was being bored with announcements of future films, the drunk got to his feet and called out: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

There was. A man down in the third row stood up, saying: "I'm a doctor."

The drunk leered amiably. "Hello, doctor," he said, and sat down.

## A Challenge

Cool weather makes me think of Bowling. I wonder if there are any of the Maine Central boys willing to start a bowling tournament this season. I would like to see more of the boys whom I have had the pleasure of meeting in the last two years. The games have been so close between our teams that it sure makes it interesting. I would like to see about 6 teams between here and Portland that could be reached in a tournament so we could bowl week ends with them this winter. What say, boys, anyone want to come in on it?

W. J. McALLIAN, Agent  
Brewer Jct.

## Hickson-Costley

A pretty fall wedding occurred recently in Bangor when Mary Costley was united in marriage with William James Hickson.

Miss Helen Costley, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and the groom was attended by his brother, Joseph Hickson. The bride was gowned in amethyst transparent velvet, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of Butterfly roses. The bridesmaid wore a Dahlia transparent velvet gown with hat to match and carried a bouquet of orchid chrysanthemums.

Mrs. Hickson is the daughter of Thomas Costley, one of the oldest clerks in the service on the Eastern Division. She has been employed by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, being district clerk for the district traffic superintendent.

Mr. Hickson is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hickson of Bangor and is a graduate of Bangor High School and is one of the younger engineers on the Road.

After a wedding breakfast to relatives and friends, served by Miss Kate Fitzgerald, the bridal party left by automobile for a trip to New York and Montreal. They will make their home at 488 Main Street, Bangor.

C. H. LEARD

## Not a Cough in a Carload



Some of the Maine Central boys at Mt. Desert Ferry this fall, during their spare time enjoyed a deep sea fishing trip. Only he who has experienced such a trip can fully describe the thrills one gets when landing these big ones. This picture represents part of the catch. It is a skate with a drinking cup for a hat and a cigarette stuck in its face.

C. H. L.

## Be Kind To Animals Dumb And Otherwise

Kindness to animals of all kinds is a trait that should be desired and fostered in every one, both male and female, and if all that we hear is true we have yard clerk, one Patrick J. Kilmartin, at West Yard, Rigby, that has more than the average share of such attributes. But there is a question "Can the Railroad afford to feed carloads of hobby horses, even out of the kindness of its heart? P. J. thinks they should."

## The Kids Enjoyed the Springfield Trip

Of the 125 4-H Club boys and girls and their attendants who won the annual trip to the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Mass., last September, 109 have been kind enough to write Industrial Agent W. G. Hunton a personal letter expressing their appreciation for the opportunity of going, care and attention received during the trip, inspiration, knowledge and acquaintances acquired.

The following letters selected at random from the 109 should amply repay all who contribute time and money for this purpose and stimulate renewed interest in making this a permanent annual prize for Maine's best crop, the future home makers of our State, our 5,000 4-H Club boys and girls.

Walpole, Maine  
Oct. 3, 1929

Dear Mr. Hunton:

Many thanks for the wonderful trip which I will never forget. Everything was grand and I enjoyed myself so much.

I must say I appreciate the kindness of those who made the trip possible.

Thanking you again, I am

Yours truly,

O. Wendell Holmes

Farmington, Maine  
Sept. 26, 1929

Dear Mr. Hunton:

The "Springfield Trip" is over, but memories are still with us and I do not know of anyone who is not glad that they went.

For myself, I wish to thank you more times than I ever can say for making it possible for us to have the good service that we had on the train. It was my first trip out of the State and my second trip on the train. It is a trip that I shall never forget.

Perhaps you would be interested to know that this evening I have got to make preparations for giving an account of my trip.

Here's thanking you again for the wonderful trip that we had.

Yours respectfully,

Lloyd Hunt

Ellsworth, Maine Oct. 12, 1929

Dear Mr. Hunton:

We had such a perfectly wonderful time on our trip to Springfield that I want to try to express my appreciation for the part you played in making my trip possible.

Most sincerely,

Christine Jones

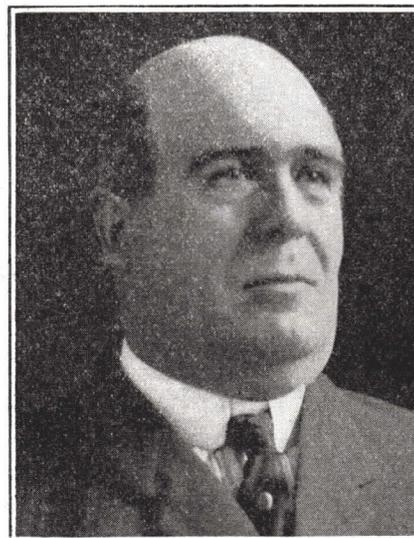
## In the Good Old Summer Time



Miss Katherine Klein is the daughter of Engineer John Klein, employed by the New York Central. Mr. Klein and our Round House Foreman Joe Smith at Lancaster are brothers-in-law.

The picture was taken in front of Mr. Smith's home last summer when Miss Klein was spending her vacation in Lancaster. Joe's world famous shubbery shows up to good advantage. Miss Klein recently graduated from the Toledo, Ohio, High School.

## IN MEMORIAM



### FRED M. IRISH

Fred M. Irish, 69, for twenty-six years a resident of Portland, died Nov. 4, at Freeport where he had resided for the last two years.

He was born in Gorham, Maine, June 8, 1860, and entered the service in 1882 as a fireman on the Mountain Division. He was promoted to engineman in 1889 and for many years was engineer on the Mountain Division. In 1908 he was made Locomotive Inspector at Thompson's Point; two years later he was made Day Foreman Round House No. 1; in 1923 he was promoted to Machinist Inspector.

Mr. Irish was considered one of the most efficient engineers in the service of the Railroad. As a good christian home-loving man he had few equals, and as an engineer no superiors. He was always cool in the face of adversities and while stern in the performance of his duties was always very considerate of the rights and feelings of

others, a virtue found in so few people.

He attained a wide reputation among the people of Portland and particularly built up a close friendship and intimate relationship among the railroad men while in the service. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He was retired and pensioned on March 30, 1928. Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Irish, a son, Oscar W. Irish, a sister, Mrs. Cushman Page, Damariscotta, and a brother, Howard of Foxboro, Mass.

Funeral services were held at his home on the Brunswick Road, November 7th. Former associates bore the remains to their last resting place in the cemetery at White Rock.

### JAMES P. MURPHY

James P. Murphy, employed by the Portland Terminal Company for thirty-two years, died October 4th at his home on Winter Street following a long illness. He had been retired three years.

Mr. Murphy was the son of James E. and Alice Murphy of the Eastern Promenade, and during the early years of his life was employed as a moulder for the Portland Terminal Company.

He was a gentleman of the old school and well liked by all who knew him.

He is survived by his wife and a son James A., and three grandchildren.

G. M. K.

### JAMES M. HAWES

James M. Hawes, of Lincoln Street, Bangor, for many years employed by this Company, dropped dead while at work in the freight shed on Friday, October 4th. Cause of death was determined to be from an acute heart attack.

## A Substitute Christmas

(Concluded from page 9)

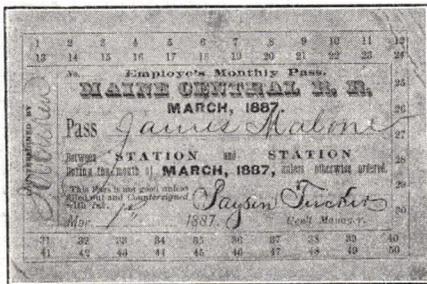
ering with a brief and simple, but heartfelt word of Christmas cheer. It was addressed to the children, but to their elders who had undergone so much, it came as a blessing. And then, through the forward door of the car, there came stamping and clattering the white-bearded and snow-covered Santa Claus, impersonated by the good Doctor.

While the little gifts were being distributed, Tiger Ryan stood with his arm around the little golden-haired lad who had reminded him of his Jimmy. As the last of the children received his present from the hand of Santa Claus, the first rays of sunshine peered in through the car windows. The storm was over.

"I'd have liked to be with Jimmy and the Missis," mused Tiger, "but this has been a pretty good substitute Christmas, after all."

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## Monthly Pass in '87



Another old pass issued in '87 by General Manager Payson Tucker, property of Conductor James Malone of Bangor. The difference between the system yearly passes of today and the old monthly "free ticket" is interesting to note. J. L. RIGGIE

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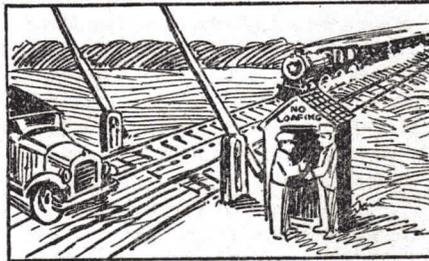
## Baggagemasters

Are you making it a particular point to "BC" punch all passage tickets when baggage is checked? Possibly it is not fully realized that a passage ticket on which baggage has been checked but which does

not bear a "BC" punch, and on which passenger has not travelled, may be redeemed for its full value, the Company thus transporting the baggage free. Passage tickets must be presented at the time baggage is checked and should be immediately "BC" punched.

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## You Should Play Fair with the Watchman



The job of a crossing watchman is such a responsible assignment that loafing around his post of duty on the part of idlers is entirely out of place with the modern order of things. In fact, it is not fair to the watchman to distract his attention, because a slight lapse on his part may result in a serious accident.

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## Eaton Honored

On Thursday, October 31st, a dinner was given at the Portland Country Club in honor of former Freight Traffic Manager George H. Eaton, who has recently left Portland to reside in Winchester, Mass.

Mr. Eaton was presented with a Masonic charm and extended the best wishes for the future by all the Maine Central Family. After the dinner at which Industrial Agent W. G. Hunton acted as toast master a social evening was enjoyed. Those present were L. Snow, E. W. Wheeler, C. H. Blatchford, A. J. Raynes, C. H. Priest, T. M. McLaughlin, W. P. Reeves, C. H. Blackwell, M. L. Harris, J. J. Doane, F. L. Strange, M. F. Rolfe, W. G. Hunton, H. A. Southworth, G. H. Foster, D. E. Hayes, C. K. Hall, Geo. Thompson, G. W. Miller, A. H. Morrill and D. W. Bishop.



### Hunting Has Its Thrills

Friend: What did you get on your hunting trip?

Hunter: A \$10 fine for building a fire without a permit.

### Also a Few Collectors at the Door

Teacher: Johnny, if your father could save one dollar a week for four weeks, what would he have?

Modern Child (promptly): A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit, and a lot more furniture.—*The New Outlook.*

### Scrambled Proverbs

He who hesitates laughs last.

There's no place like home in which to find many a cruel word spoken in jest.

The early bird gets the fool and his money before they are parted.

All work and no play makes Jack early to bed and early to rise.

A hint to the wise is don't marry in haste.

Take care of the pennies and hell hath no fury like a woman.

Too many cooks spoil there's no place like home—*Life.*

### Double Shift

Two burglars were surprised in a London warehouse by a plumber who arrived at 5.00 A. M. to do some repairs. It was enough to surprise anybody.—*Punch.*

### Back Seat Music

Turn to the right, John! More to the right, . . . Now a little bit to the left! Too far—I told you so. . . Back—that's right—right back a little more . . . Turn it! John! That's it . . . No! Will you ever get it . . . Gently . . . Ah, now we can sit back in comfort . . . Leave it there, John, John . . . I knew if I told you how to do it, you'd get station KOA.—*Judge.*

### Yes, Indeed

"Did father leave an order with you this morning for a load of wood?" asked a strange but attractive young lady of a well-known planing mill man.

"I don't know, miss," he replied. "There was a gentleman in who said to deliver a load to a driver who would call and said it was for Mr. Zell."

"Yes, thank you," said she, "I'm Gladys Zell."

"Eh, what?" gulped the millman.

"I'm Gladys Zell," she repeated.

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied, "so'm I."

"That remains to be seen," said the elephant, as he walked in the fresh cement.

The first time a Scotchman used free air in a gas station he blew out four tires.

Abie: "Papa, I saved ten cents today. I ran all the way to school behind a street car."

Abe: "Why didn't you run behind a taxicab and save a dollar?"

### Presence of Mind

The Judge: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

Salesman: "It was a mistake. I was looking for my friend's sister, whom I had never seen before, but who's been described to me as a handsome blonde with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and—"

The Witness: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Any one might have made the same mistake."

### Makes Things Lively

"How's the baby?" asked the neighbor of the new father.

"Fine," said the proud parent.

"Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued the friend.

"Yes," said the parent with a sigh. "We have the gas going most of the night now."

—*Vaudeville Jokes.*

## Express Agency To Change Headquarters

The Railway Express Agency, Inc., announces that in accordance with its policy of having its offices located at railroad stations, will, on January 1st, next, transfer its uptown office in Bangor to the Union Station. This means that for the first time in its history the local office of the company will be moved out of the business section and the move, incidentally, will be the longest one made, as the headquarters have been pretty close to the intersection of Hammond and Central Streets for upward of 40 years.

Prior to moving into its present location in the Bass building, corner Hammond and Franklin Streets, in 1900, the company, which was then known as the American Express Co., and later the American Railway Express Co., was located in Central Street on the approximate location of Northup's barber shop. Before that it was at the premises now occupied by Blake, Barrows and Brown.

The Company will occupy the space formerly used by the Armstrong restaurant, which is especially well adapted for an express office. The office is finished in pressed brick and will be occupied by Division Superintendent Herbert C. Crowell and staff; J. E. Donnelly, claim agent, and Albert H. Benner, local agent, and force.

The public entrance to the office will be from the railroad waiting room, through the same entrance formerly used by the Armstrong Restaurant Company.

The company's pick-up and delivery service will be maintained and requests for vehicles to call for shipments will be taken at the Union Station office.

Money orders may be purchased from B. A. Brackett, ticket agent at the Union Station. Travelers' checks will be available, only at the head office of the company in the station.

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### Hot Time

Fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the home and contents of Mr. and Mrs. Blank.—*Corona (Cal.) paper.*

## The Bowling Season In Full Swing

The pin pickers from the General Offices are once again fast rounding in shape and have already started the tournaments at the Bowlodrome Alleys on Forest Avenue. Many of the old timers who furnished the fireworks last winter are back in the league and from all indications some very enjoyable evenings are in store for the bowlers again this season.

As the *Magazine* went to press Teams Nos. 5 and 6, composed of Bob Foster, Marguerite Holywood, Vi Macomber and Bill McCullum—Howard Dodge, Gladys Dunlap, Frances Moran and Jim Dole were tied, each having won 18 and lost 10 with a percentage of 643. Records were as follows:

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Team 5	18	10	.643
Team 6	18	10	.643
Team 4	17	11	.607
Team 1	15	13	.536
Team 3	14	14	.500
Team 7	14	14	.500
Team 2	9	19	.321
Team 8	7	21	.250

High average, men, Heiskell, 95.

High average, women, Miss D. Hollywood, 87.

High single string, men, Heiskell, 132.

High single string, women, Miss Flaherty, 123.

High three strings, men, Bean, 325.

High three string, women, Miss D. Hollywood, 307.

High team, single, Team 5, 393.

High team, total, Team 5, 1089.

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### Going Up

"How are you getting on at your job, Bill?"

"Fine; I've got five men under me now."

"Really?"

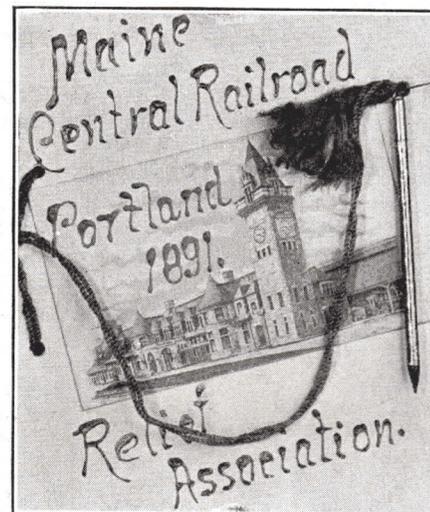
"Yes—I work upstairs!"

### Generosity

College Graduate: "Will you pay me what I'm worth?"

Employer: "I'll do better than that; I'll give you a small salary to start."—*Life.*

## Do You Remember?



Do you remember way back when the Maine Central Relief Association held their annual Concert and Dance at City Hall?

Through the courtesy of Traveling Freight Agent William Locke, we have reproduced the cover of the dance order and concert program for the year 1891.

The famous Chandler's Band of Portland furnished the concert program between 8.00 and 9.00 o'clock and then dancing was in order for the remainder of the evening. Glancing through the order of dances, the Quadrille, Schottische, Virginia Reel, Gallop, Portland Fancy and the Lady of the Lake will bring back pleasant memories to many of the old timers.

A little notice at the bottom of the program that "horse car connections have been arranged for the guests at the close of the ball" contrasts with the modern taxi.

Officers of the Relief Association were: President, E. A. Hall; Vice-President, H. H. Towle; Secretary, E. G. Foster; and Treasurer, T. P. Shaw.

Mr. H. G. Parkman, of the Maintenance of Way Department, General Office, was at the time on the Financial Committee, and Mr. M. F. Dunn, Train Rules Examiner, was one of the Aids on the Committee of Arrangements.

## The Roving Box Car

A few weeks ago a letter was received by Harry Treat from a friend in St. Joseph, Missouri, and in this letter appeared the following: "Saw your car MEC 36201 at the Burlington Freight house recently tell your Car Accountant that this is a good car and belongs to a good road."

We asked Mr. Strange to give us the run of this car and find that it left Waterville May first loaded with paper for Nutley, N. J., and the last record of it, which at this writing was on Sept. 7th, shows it to have then been on the Central of Georgia. In the meantime it has traveled along on the following roads:

May 3	Boston & Maine to Delaware & Hudson to
May 4	Erie to
May 11	Lehigh & New England to
" 22	Lehigh Valley to
" 23	New York, Chicago & St. Louis
" 24	Wheeling & Lake Erie to Akron, Canton & Youngstown to
June 5	Baltimore & Ohio to
" 6	Balt. & Ohio, Chicago Term. to Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul to
" 13	Indiana Harbor Belt to Baltimore & Ohio to
" 21	Akron, Canton & Youngstown to
" 25	Baltimore & Ohio to
" 27	Balt. & Ohio, Chicago Term. to Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to
" 29	Kansas City Terminal to
July 2	Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to
" 12	St. Joseph & Grand Island to
" 15	Union Pacific to
" 22	Chicago & Alton to
" 27	Belt Railway of Chicago to
" 28	New York Central to
Aug. 6	Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul to
Aug. 7	Indiana Harbor Belt to
" 15	Wabash to
" 16	Detroit, Toledo & Ironton to
" 21	Chesapeake & Ohio to
" 22	Clinchfield to
" 23	Seaboard Air Line to
Sept. 2	Mobile & Ohio to
" 7	Central of Georgia

## Fuel Meeting and Hallowe'en Party Huge Success

On Thursday evening, October 31st, Pythian Temple, Portland, was the scene of a general enjoyable get-together of officials, employees and guests of the Boston & Maine, Maine Central and Portland Terminal Companies.

The main object of the meeting was "Fuel Economy" and the talk given by Robert Collett, Fuel Agent of the St. L. & S. Fe R. R., was not only interesting and instructive but full of keen witty remarks. General Manager, J. W. Smith also made a short address. Other speakers were D. C. Reed, P. Pfeifer, E. J. Ayers and O. J. Brown of the Boston & Maine and C. H.

Priest of the Portland Terminal. H. F. Noyes of the Maine Central Family introduced the speakers.

Dancing and light refreshments were enjoyed after the meeting, music for entertainment before and after the addresses was furnished by the Boston & Maine employee's orchestra and was all that could be desired. It showed painstaking hard work on the part of the members.

This is the beginning of a talked of series of such meetings and surely could be counted a success in every way.

G. M. K.

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## Have You Read The Good Advice In "Keeping Fit"

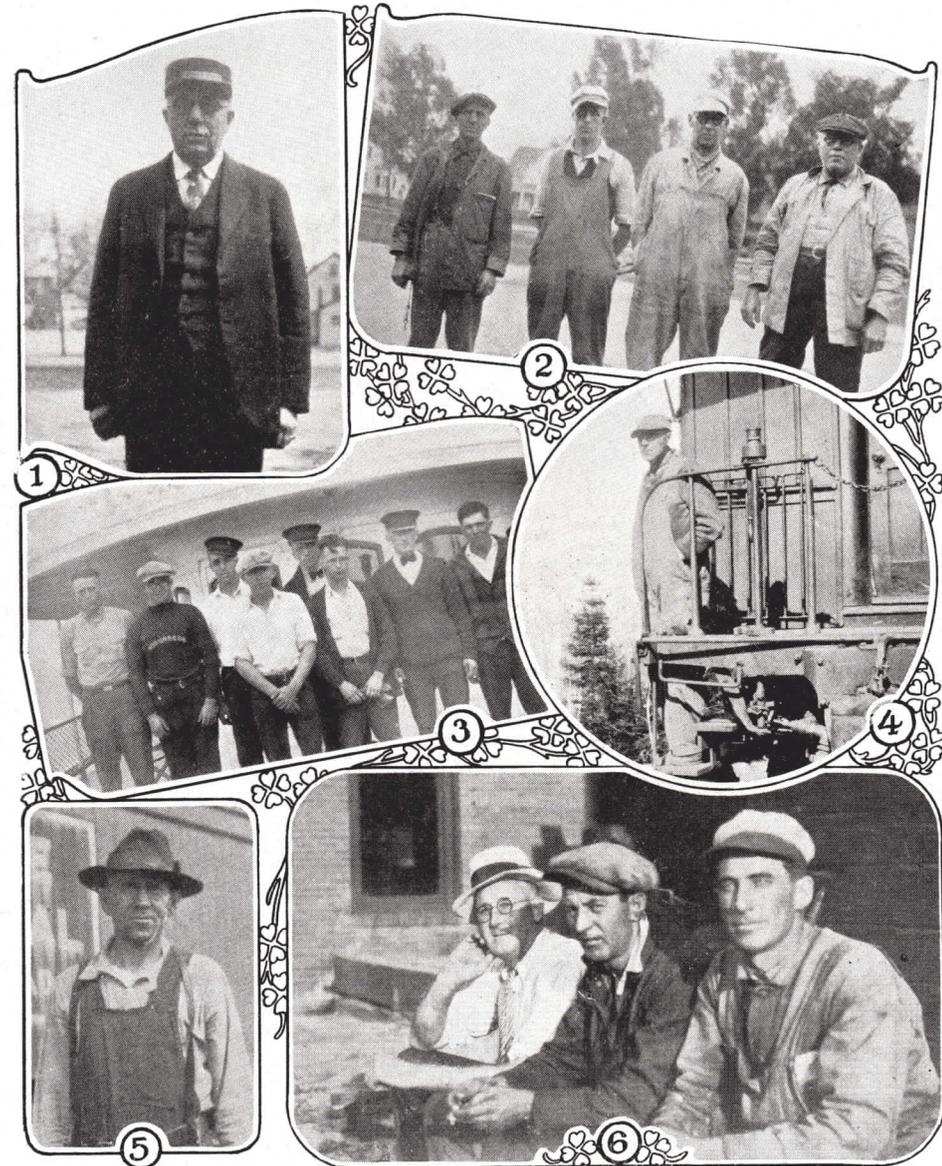
IF the number of claims paid by the Travelers Insurance Company to employees holding "Group Accident and Sickness Insurance" is any indicator of the health condition, then the past month was a very healthful one. There were 32 sick claims compared with 69 in the corresponding period last year and 14 accident claims against 19 or a total of 46 in 1929 to 88 in 1928.

As the winter season approaches we call your attention to the good advice printed in the booklet furnished by the Travelers Insurance Company entitled "Keeping Fit." If, however, you are unfortunate enough to meet with an accident or to be taken sick, kindly assist the claim adjusters by notifying your foreman, so that a preliminary notice may be promptly filed.

Listed below are the names, separated by departments, of employees whose claims were settled in full during the period ended November 18, 1929:

Name	Location	Reason
C. Ralph Bryant	General Office	Health
Ralph H. Jellerson	Aud. Disb.	Accident
William J. Cowan	Supt's Office	Health
Vede King	Engineering	Health
Lione O. Lagross	Fairfield	Health
	Harmony	Accident

Francis L. Miles	Ellsworth	Accident
John McKeil	Bartlett, N. H.	Health
Wilbur C. Nutt	Thorndike	Health
Matthew M. Sullivan	Brewer	Health
Charles H. Tozier	Mattawamkeag	Accident
	<i>Motive Power</i>	
Frank S. Barter	Rockwood	Health
Clyde E. Burnham	Portland	Accident
Howard S. Dorsett	Bartlett, N. H.	Health
Bruno Doucette	So. Portland	Health
J. A. Fletcher	Vanceboro	Accident
Ivan Fletcher	Waterville	Accident
Fred Lacombe	Waterville	Health
Wright E. Niles	Lancaster, N. H.	Health
Dennis V. O. Leary	Bangor	Accident
William Roy	Waterville	Health
M. C. Sheldon	Bingham	Health
Howard A. Snow	Calais	Health
Archie V. Swan	Rumford	Health
Stanwood O. Swett	Mexico	Accident
Henry Taylor	Fairfield	Accident
Otis E. Taylor	Fairfield	Accident
	<i>Stations</i>	
Ora J. Burbank	Livermore Falls	Health
Clifford L. DeRocher	Waterville	Accident
Melvin F. Frost	Augusta	Health
Restel Gatcomb	Mt. Desert Ferry	Health
Patrick Nelligan	Bangor	Health
Arthur N. Roderick	Auburn	Health
	<i>M. C. Trainmen</i>	
Edmund H. Bleakley	Bangor	Health
Charles E. Bushey	Waterville	Health
William T. Lawrence	Brewer	Accident
William T. Locke	Portland	Health
	<i>All Engines</i>	
Herbert H. Carr	Sebago Lake	Accident
	<i>Portland Terminal Transportation Department</i>	
	<i>P. T. Stations</i>	
Sidney B. Chase	So. Portland	Health
John J. Farrell	Portland	Health
James F. Flaherty	Portland	Health
Harry Melaugh	Portland	Health
Harold O. Perry	Portland	Health
	<i>P. T. Trainmen</i>	
Arthur Archibald	Portland	Health
William D. Halpin	Portland	Health
Louis Moran	So. Portland	Health
Stinson D. Lewis	So. Portland	Health



1. Baggage-master Joe. Dolan, Brunswick.
2. W. A. Lamontague, A. J. Laberie, F. E. Morton, Hugh Donnelly, Train crew, Lancaster to Beecher Falls.
3. Boat crew steamer "Norumbega" Mount Desert Ferry to Bar Harbor.
4. Trainman Austin B. Macomber, Kennebago Freight.
5. Lightman John Hawkins, Northern Maine Junction.
6. Clerk L. C. Maxwell, Storekeeper, Sterling Tracey and Engineman L. J. Grant, Calais.

