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UNION MUTUAL BUILDING

4% On Savings Accounts 4%

John C. Paige & Co.
INSURANCE
of every description
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Augusta Engraving Co.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
HALF TONES
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ETCHINGS

AUGUSTA  MAINE

Journal Printshop and Bindery
PRINTERS  BINDERS
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DESIGNERS OF PRINTING
LEWISTON, MAINE
Keeping Faith

FOREMOST among the obligations of The Consolidation Coal Company is that of keeping faith with those who rely upon the cleanness of Consolidation Coal. That this faith may be kept, a far-reaching system of preparation and tests was long ago created.

It is a system which begins with the blasting of the coal in the mine, so that much clay and other incombustibles may not fall with it; a system which includes the removal of slate, sulphur, rock and other visible impurities; a system which ends only with laboratory analyses that determine the chemical composition and heat value of the coal.

All the resources of the mining engineer and the chemist are thus applied in keeping faith with the consumers of Consolidation Coal.

The Consolidation Coal Company
Incorporated
MUNSON BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

DETROIT, MICH., First Nat'l Bldg.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., 127 Market St.
BALTIMORE, Md., Continental Bldg.

BOSTON, MASS., 150 Washington St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Union Trust Bldg.
CINCINNATI, O. H., Union Cent'l Bldg.
CHICAGO, III., Merchants Bank Bldg.
MILWAUKEE, WIS., 843 South Canal St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO Union Cent'l Bldg.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Union Trust Bldg.
CINCINNATI, O. H., Union Trust Bldg.

CLAYTON, O. H., Union Trust Bldg.

TRIAllegheny, Pa., Union Trust Bldg.

Foreign Offices
LONDON, ENGLAND, Billiter Bldg.
GENOA, ITALY, Via Roma

ST. PAUL, MINN., North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Shaughnessy Bldg.

SALES AGENTS

WAUKESHA, ILL., Waukesha Coal Company

On a bright, cold morning, two weeks ago, hundreds of men swarmed from the shops of the Portland Terminal Company at Thompson's Point to sit—or stand—for a group picture. Not quite all were present—to get the entire crew would have been impossible—but there were enough to make an impressive showing.

Getting a picture like this is not so easy as it may seem. It requires a lot of tact, judgment and skill, and the photographer must be something like a general marshaling his army; for humanity in the mass is restless. It is prone to spread itself, in little groups, over the surrounding landscape. Photographer Pratt of South Portland set up his camera battery in the pit between the machine and car shops, and, under a running fire of good-natured badinage, began consolidating the several groups and arranging them in a wide semi-circle. Four minutes later his sharp command "All ready now! Attention please!" hushed the massed array into silence. And, in not more than a minute after this, the men were streaming back into the shops. Getting a picture so complicated usually requires from fifteen to twenty minutes; in this case the time was cut to five or six.

The result appears on pages sixteen and seventeen, and it speaks for itself—one of the most interesting industrial groups printed in a long time. There are 450 workers at Thompson's Point, and this shows a large majority. Roughly—although they are more or less intermingled, and no dividing lines appear—the painters are at the left, followed, in turn, by the blacksmiths and boiler-makers, the erecting crew, the machine shop men, and those from the car shop.

A group of MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE visitors were in luck that morning; for W. F. Lombard, foreman of the "paint-gang," had an old and faded picture that he let them borrow. It was not really so old, either, for it was taken in 1900. "That shows the entire crew then at the Point," said Mr. Lombard. "A traveling photographer came along and lined us against the end of the car shop. Not a man was missing."

This picture is printed on page sixteen, just below the modern group—and it is a study in vivid contrast, if anything ever was. Mr. Lombard and some of the older workers tried to recall the names of those in this 1900 group—succeeding in all but two instances, although they couldn't vouch for some of the spelling. They are: First row, left to right—
The only institution of its kind maintained by any New England railroad—perhaps by any in the east—is the bunk-train at Rigby.

Bunkhouses are, of course, familiar to all railroad men; but this has peculiar individual characteristics. It stands out by itself—interestng, ingenious, unique. One might term it a hotel or Y. M. C. A., upon stilts—which would not be altogether accurate, but might convey an idea of its picturesqueuons.

Specifically, seven old baggage cars and one former passenger car, their wheels removed, have been mounted upon piling, as the accompanying picture shows; and here engineers and firemen, running in and out of Rigby terminal, may sleep, cook their meals, enjoy the warmth and hospitality of a congenial club-house—short, find rest and recreation. Many, at this end of their run, go directly to hotels and boarding places in Portland; there are others who make a practice of staying at Rigby. And still others spend part of their nights in Portland, terminal, may sleep, cook their meals, enjoy the warmth and hospitality of a congenial clubhouse—in short, find a place of rest and cheer. A nap on one of these neat cots for the night is twenty cents.

Next on the left is a “dormitory” or sleeping car. There are sixteen neat cots, side by side in parallel rows; and on each are two sheets, a heavy blanket and a pillow. Not a particle of heat sifts into it, and the effect is pretty much the same as sleeping out of doors. They say it did anybody any harm. Speaking of reading—there are few places, indeed, that have so wide a variety of daily newspapers. You see, the runs ending at Rigby are through all parts of several states, and the men not only buy papers in the big cities—the starting points and terminals—but pick them up along the way. No paper so modert, no town so remote, as not to have at least one earnest advocate. And so you find papers printed all the way from Boston to Bangor—yes, and far beyond—in white and crumpled piles.

Leaving the good-natured banter of the club-room, one comes next to the wash-room and kit-chen—call it what you will. It is simple but practical. Here there is always plenty of hot water, and there is an oil stove on which the men may cook the food they bring in from outside—none being sold in the yard itself. An increasing number bring supper from home, heat them on the stove and eat them in the good cheer of the club room; it is easier and less expensive than going to restaurants.

Next on the left is a “dormitory” or sleeping car. There are sixteen neat cots, side by side in parallel rows; and on each are two sheets, a heavy blanket and a pillow. Not a particle of heat sifts into it, and the effect is pretty much the same as sleeping out of doors. They say it did anybody any harm. Speaking of reading—there are few places, indeed, that have so wide a variety of daily newspapers. You see, the runs ending at Rigby are through all parts of several states, and the men not only buy papers in the big cities—the starting points and terminals—but pick them up along the way. No paper so modert, no town so remote, as not to have at least one earnest advocate. And so you find papers printed all the way from Boston to Bangor—yes, and far beyond—in white and crumpled piles.

Locke’s, briefly described, is the old but comfortable home maintained by the Portland Terminal Company in Rigby yard. It never lacks occupants, and it is never closed. The visiting engineer or fireman finds there, perpetually, a place of rest and cheer. A nap on one of the double-deck bunks, at any hour, will cost him nothing. Out of those neat cots for the night is twenty cents. Compost that with the prices charged at even the most moderate of boarding houses or hotels!

A Brilliant Ball

The joint novelty ball, held in Portland City Hall, March 4, under the auspices of H. W. Longfellow Lodge, No. 82, and W. B. Mills Lodge, No. 417, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, was unusually interesting and successful.

Thirty-five hundred were present, taxing the capacity of the building, or along the line, who have not already heard of the Brotherhood—its organization and growth, its present standing, and the ideals that inspire it. One page was devoted to photographs of the two presidents—Roy C. Burns of Longfellow Lodge and John F. McGahey of Mills Lodge.

E. A. Toode, Maine Central passenger brakeman, received first prize for selling most tickets to the ball; William Clark, of the Grand Trunk, second prize; and Shirley Douglas, Portland Terminal, third. A good sum—about $1500—was realized, and will be devoted entirely to sick benefits of the two lodges on a fifty-fifty basis.

Met In The South

George W. Plaisted of Portland, a well-known Maine Central conductor who, accompanied by Mrs. Plaisted, is on leave of absence, was guest of honor, Feb. 18, at a party given by his daughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Waldron of Miami.

But this doesn’t tell the whole story, no, not half of it. By odd but happy coincidence, two other Maine Central conductors, George A. Dudley of Auburn and John A. Morse of Portland, and three Boston and Maine conductors—Frank H. Moore, William E. Thomas and William P. Dame, all of Portland, are also spending leaves of absence in the land of the Florida East Coast Line.

There were valentine caps and other attractive novelties, for the occasion was in the nature of a valentine party. Waltz, dancing, music, refreshment, and the cutting of a huge birthday cake, were among the features.

The guests—who included also J. E. Early of Miami—presented Mr. Plaisted a number of gifts, including a handsome wrist watch.
The annual report of the Maine Central Relief Association, recently made public, may well have gratifying to every member; for interspersed with its figures and brief statements was a story of steady advancement, of financial prosperity, of future growth and possibilities.

The year 1923, despite its general financial depression, was marked by a financial showing. For this association which has made a more gratifying financial showing. Thirty-four death claims were paid during the year and 181 claims for accident and disability.

As one goes from point to point on the far-flung system of the Maine Central and its affiliated companies, he discovers many things the outer world does not know—yes, that are unknown, perhaps, even to many members of the Maine Central family. For surely the system is filled with interesting workers and with interesting things.

The relief association is an organization composed exclusively of Maine Central employees, who are responsible to no outside interests. It carries benefits for accident, sickness, total disability and death. Organized in November, 1887, it has paid in the 35 intervening years more than a million dollars.

The report is a careful, detailed statement of the finances and business of the Association by John A. Webber, secretary and treasurer.

At the end of the year, therefore, there was in the treasury $51,819.84, divided as follows: Investments, $41,000; cash in bank, $10,819.84. Few fraternal organizations, anywhere, made a more gratifying financial showing.

In closing their report—here only summarized—the directors say:

"It is a source of satisfaction to your directors to be able to show a steady strengthening of our financial condition. "Last year was our high mark. This year shows a very considerable betterment, not only as to our finances, but also in an increased membership.

"Our net gain is $3,929.25 over 1922.

"We have accepted 121 new members during the year, a gain of 101 since last year. We lost 124 during 1922.

"We carried over six death claims to 1923; this year we are carrying over to 1924 only three death claims.

"Another drive for new members will be made early in the coming spring, and we ask the hearty co-operation of all our membership."

Annexed to the report is a careful, detailed statement of the finances and business of the Association by John A. Webber, secretary and treasurer.

Just what is this Relief Association?

It is an organization composed exclusively of Maine Central employees, who are responsible to no outside interests. It carries benefits for accident, sickness, total disability and death. Organized in November, 1887, it has paid in the 35 intervening years more than a million dollars.
Pictures sometimes tell stories more accurately than words. And the story of Maine Central spirit, in its battle with storm and flood, is told in some of those reproduced here.

In its January issue, the Magazine offered a prize for the most "striking or unique" picture sent by a member of the Maine Central family and relating to some part of the system. Replies poured in; and, although only one could be given the award, many were so interesting that it seemed a pity not to share them with our readers. Hence the accompanying group—which should be striking, if it reproduces well.

Certainly it is more than an ordinary series of pictures. It is the story—largely in modest snapshots taken by employees themselves—of plucky fights against the elements of water and snow; against the raging storms of our Maine winters and the freshets that follow them. Every important system has its annual struggles with the elements; they are a part of railroad life. And, obviously, success or failure depends largely upon the spirit with which these struggles are waged, and the promptness with which the ravages of the elements are overcome.

Not all these views of railroad life's sterner side—these vivid chapters of railroad history made visible—could be reproduced. Many, taken under great difficulties, were too blurred or dim. But among those that stood out quite clearly, and hence are shown in the grouping, are:

Number One—Fighting a Maine winter near Temple Stream bridge, West Farmington. No. 602 is stuck; note that the drifts are almost higher than the engine. But Maine Central family spirit makes a specialty of coping even with Maine winter cruelties. W. G. Bodge of Farmington, who sent the picture, enclosed a smaller one that would not have reproduced. The caption under it is significant: "What this spirit will accomplish with the aid of a wing-plow, the 602 and the 457."

Number Two—Waiting! This was taken at Wilton station, March 9, 1920, after a storm had buried the branch in giant drifts, derailed plows, and paralyzed freight and passenger service for three days. Sent by Agent H. A. Maddocks.

Number Three—What a storm did on the Mountain Division. Plow derailed on curve near Mile Post 28. The crew was composed of Conductor F. B. Kingsley and Engineer Robert Morse, running ahead of No. 376. Sent by J. J. Green, foreman Section 120.

Number Four—A Maine Central train at Cherokee Siding on a bitterly cold morning. Notice the smoke effect. Sent by Mrs. Anna McLaughlin, Dryden.

Number Five—These little things sometimes happen. A rather unusual snapshot of a box-car that had evidently been out of service. Sent by Mrs. Deborah E. McDonough, Lewiston.

Number Six—View taken at noon of May 2, 1923, from the west end of the Maine Central railroad bridge at Bangor, showing Bangor's big union station entirely surrounded by water. When it is recalled that Bangor is Maine's third largest city, and the station is almost in the heart of the business district, the extent of the catastrophe is apparent. The small building in the foreground is the tool house—situated on a pier that runs diagonally from the center of the bridge. This view was sent by Frances E. Hutchinson of the superintendent's office, Eastern Division, who adds: "At 10 P.M. on the same day, water covered the board walk at the right to the depth of one foot. Loaded cars of coal were run upon the bridge to prevent it being washed from its abutments."

Number Seven—Another view of the freshet of 1923, at Bangor. The old Penobscot River certainly tears through everything when it starts on a rampage! This was taken April 30th, and shows the wash-out of track at the pumping station on the main line to Vanceboro. The rails, you will see, are tied to keep them from washing away. This, by the way, is the spot—although it has nothing particular to do with either railroads or this story—at which the first Penobscot salmon of the season is almost invariably caught. A Bangor marketman always buys this first salmon, whatever the price, and sends it with his compliments to the President of the United States. Photo from Joseph W. McEwen, clerk in superintendent's office, Bangor.
Co-operation

Two State of Maine events, in the week of February 17, seemed as far apart as the poles. One was a season of grand opera in the Jefferson Theatre, Portland—the first enjoyed by any Maine city within recent years. It drew music lovers from far and near; was socially brilliant and artistically satisfying. The other was a carnival of ice racing at Gardiner—piped, red-blooded, true-winter sport, interest in which was by no means confined to horsemen.

Apparently, these events had nothing in common; but did not both tend a little to the betterment of prosperous communities, the pleasure and profit of their people? Were not both good for the community, and every event—no one of lasting importance, perhaps—that in the aggregate insured quickened interest in all forms of public activity; that aid in the state's prosperity, its development, its growth?

By granting reduced fares to visiting patrons of Portland grand opera and Gardiner winter events, the Maine Central Railway gave its contribution to the success of each. We mention these two examples at random from the scores that might be cited in the course of a year. Conventions of many kinds; educational, fraternal and agricultural gatherings; athletic meets—all manner of events, large and small, are attended by very many who perhaps would hesitate to go were it not for the practical co-operation of the leading railway system. Not everybody, it may be, stops to realize how far-reaching, in a year, is the result of these measures. An ever-rolling train, the railroad, traveling all the main lines of the State, with all these events on the schedule for each year, assumes a dignity and importance that might be missed by those who are not in the sphere of the railway system and what it means. For some time, we have been mounting our trains in Portland, with the idea of giving these meetings a broader appeal. The results have been good, from the railway's standpoint.

The moral of these few paragraphs? Perhaps the more people who travel for pleasure and business by the railway system, the better for all concerned. This idea is being practically put into execution, and the results are being noted with satisfaction.

A Tribute to the Elder Conductor Mace—E. H. Rice to Tour the Pacific Coast—A Wide Variety of Personal Paragraphs, Long and Short

A. O. Shepard, Editor

Published Each Month by the Maine Central Railroad Company, and devoted to the interests of the company and its employees.

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested, will be gladly received. They may be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 164, 22 State Street, Portland.

Advertising rates made known upon application.

MARCH, 1924

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$50 in gold on the eve of her departure. Her position was bid in by Miss Helen M. Birmingham of Division Superintendent McLaughlin's office.

Friends of Miss Eleanor Conboy of the maintenance of way department and Miss Clara McLellan of the motive power department, general offices, are receiving cards mailed from the various winter resorts in Florida.

Miss Conboy and Miss McLellan left Saturday, Feb. 23, for a two weeks sojourn in the South, and on their return expect to visit Washington, D. C. and Trenton, N. J.

The last card received, mailed March 1, from Miami, Fla., shows them taking their morning dip in the surf. At least they affirm they are there, and we feel obliged to take their word for it, although they certainly are "lost in the crowd."

**PORTLAND DIVISION:**

H. E. Walker, brakeman, has bid in the second Waterville extra.

S. L. Banks has bid in middle brakeman 349-X, Waterville and Lewiston (Lewiston end).

David Miller of the machine shop, Thompson's Point, has a happy smile these days. A boy!

C. L. Conley, conductor, has bid in the fifth Portland extra.

Secretary Bem of the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A. was agreeably surprised recently by a visit from his friend Jack Lynch, general yardmaster for the Grand Trunk at Portland.

D. J. Kelley has been appointed temporary agent at Deering Junction while E. H. Rice is stepping on the gas up and down the Pacific coast.

Engineer James Clark is missed in Waterville's bowling and railroad circles. "Jimmy," as he is known to all his friends, has taken a run with the Kisoos branch and doesn't get into Waterville now.

There is great rivalry between Storrsptobor Cohorn and Normanptobor Rutler of Waterville shops in telling Ford stories—they both being owners. At present "Cobe" is about a lap ahead, he says.

Ernest Alley and A. G. Kelly delightfully entertained recently, those in the Waterville Railroad Y. M. C. A.—Mr. Alley with his violin; Mr. Kelly with his piano playing and singing.

A two-column article on the danger of grade crossings, by the editor of the MAINE CENTRAL MAGAZINE, was featured in the annual automobile edition of the Portland Sunday Telegram, Feb. 21.

Foreman Henry Goodwin of the maintenance of way department, who was injured near Waterville station, Feb. 13, is progressing well toward recovery as this is written.

W. H. Walker has been appointed one of the foremen of the engine house at Rigby, succeeding George E. Laird, who retired because of ill health.

**EASTERN DIVISION:**

John E. Gibson, Jr., spare operator, has bid off position of clerk-telegrapher at Cambridge.

Walter L. Blanchard, third track clerk-telegrapher, Dndforth, has bid off temporary position of third track clerk-telegrapher, at Wytompituck.

H. P. Merry has bid hundred on 549-314 extra with Conductor Hall.

W. J. McAllian has been appointed agent at South End, succeeding C. M. Lindsey, deceased.

F. W. Brown has bid in position of conductor, Calais, third spare crew.

H. H. Hargraves has been placed conductor, Bangor fifth spare crew.

C. A. McNairins has bid in position of conductor, Calais, second spare crew.

The above photograph, which shows No. 18 leaving Crawford Notch, was taken by Engineer A. H. Hurseyck. He stood on a high vantage point and, as will be seen, secured a striking view. Mr. Hurseyck, in addition to being a good railroad man, is an amateur photographer of real skill. He has taken other interesting views around the Maine Central system.

C. G. Allen, veteran section foreman at Lincoln Center, is absent on three months' leave of absence.

Squapeen Sullivan recently appeared in a silk hat—which was very becoming, but which he soon discarded because of the comments it caused.

Many heart with deep satisfaction the recovery from pneumonia of George H. Hodge, who is employed as agent at Chester, and is vice-president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Station Employees.

Many railroad men called at the Eastern Maine General Hospital to extend gifts and good cheer to Brakeman Wilbur during his illness there.

**MOUNTAIN DIVISION:**

C. A. Poor is second track operator at West Baldwin.

Guy Saunders, operator, Intervals, is laying off ill, as this is written, with the mumps.

The station forces at Intervals and Glen have had a busy time handling tourists enjoying the winter sports in that vicinity.

Dispatcher O. H. Ramsdell was recently called to Hudson Falls, N. Y., because of the death of his nephew there.

Mrs. Florence Monahan, operator, Willey House, has just returned to work after spending a few days in Boston.

J. B. A. Gerson was successful bidder on the clerk-telegrapher's job at South Windham.

Conductor George Leomin's son is spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida, because of ill health.

Harold Q. Perite, agent at Quebec Junction, is now comfortably settled in the company's dwelling house, his mother keeping house for him.

As a result of stepping between moving cars, W. G. Scholes, brakeman at South Windham, recently sustained a broken collar bone and two broken ribs.

C. H. Adams, first track dispatcher, Lancaster, was off a few days because of the death of his father. F. B. Gallant handled first track during his absence.

Some of the Lancaster railroad basketball fans hiked to Whitefield recently, and saw a good game between the Lancaster and Whitefield teams, the Whitefield team winning 11-7.

The latest report from Fabyans is that Agent Stillings has and the rest of the "bears" will be digging out earlier than usual this winter, there being very little snow this winter.

"Sunday Wood Chopping Bears" is the order of the day with the Bartlett railroad men—cutting, building and fitting stove wood for deserving brother railroad men who are physically unfit to perform such work themselves.

When M. D. Roy, former agent at Quebec Junction, answered the "call of the wild" and took the agency at Jefferson Junction, he immediately on arrival there started in to make the park and water front safe for passengers awaiting train connections. So far he has accounted for three bob-cats. He knows that there is still one bob-cat at large in that vicinity, that he is liable to run across any evening when he is lighting his switch lights.

**Short Personalis**

**A Beautiful View**

We've received this interesting little communication from one of the Maine Central family at Deering Junction.

"It's worth reading, all right, but we suspect it won't convince the boys in the basement of the general office that Mutys should be tumbled from her jefe's throne:"

"Introducing Tom!"

Not that Tom needs any more of an introduction than Mutys, but we want to impress on the bunch in the general office building that Tom has all the fine personal qualities that Mutys has and then some; and as long as Tom remains a fixture in the ticket office at Deering Junction their hopes are shattered of having a winner for first place, in the railroad game or elsewhere.

Last summer, on one of those hot, blistering days, Tom staggered into the ticket office at Deering Junction toting a find a piece to rest his weary bones and partake of such nourishing food as his stomach craved; and in order that Tom might have a long and useful life Operator Farby played the good samaritan, saving the cat's life and adding another piece to the ticket office.

Since then Operators Farby, Connelly and Turcotte have been working in rotation to keep Tom fed with real food; and at the present time he is a nice, big, fat pusey cat.

Tom is known far and wide by both the travelling public and the railroad men he has come in contact with.

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Future Articles

A number of very interesting articles have been written for the Maine Central Railroad Magazine and are to be published in the near future.

One is by Charles D. Davis, grand secretary, Grand Lodge of Maine, Free and Accepted Masons. It is in no way related, however, to Masonic work, but rather to one of Maine’s interesting problems—the proper solving of which will add much to the State’s prosperity.

Another interesting article is by Harry B. Coe, general secretary, State of Maine Publicity Bureau, and relates to Maine as a whole.

A Musical Critique

F. P. Hallett, ticket clerk at Oakland, sends us the following:

The story of the railroad man’s prayer brings to mind the story of the old railroad engineer who heard Paderewski play the piano for the first time, and it may be worthy of publication. He describes his sensations, after hearing the concert, to a friend something like this:

He (Paderewski) was sitting quietly on the siding with his hand on the throttle and a full head of steam, with a string of loads and empties between him and the caboose, the old engine puffing away and steaming at the couplings as if eager to be off on her regular run.

Suddenly, he gets a high ball and he opens the throttle a bit and races out over the switch on the main line, giving her a few more notches and getting underway slowly, with the loads and empties rattling along behind. He goes along about 15 miles an hour till he sees the post for the grade; then he pulls her wide open and makes a run for it, the old engine humming a song as the old train wheels count off the rails, and with a sudden crash and bang the whole train jumps into the air. But whatever he saw got off the rails, and with a final crash and bang the whole train jumps into the air, wrecked!! I couldn’t stand it any longer and I came out.

Incorporate Article 1

Charles S. Lindsay, agent at South Brewer, died Feb. 14. Mr. Lindsay was continuously in the service from May 12, 1904, until Feb. 7, 1923, when ill health compelled him to lay off. He was appointed agent at South Brewer on Jan. 8, 1908.

George W. Ogden

George W. Ogden, who had been employed as crossing tender at Deering Junction since December 24, 1918, died very suddenly Sunday morning, Feb. 24. Mr. Ogden entered service about the year 1882, and was transferred to the job of crossing tender as an assistant to the agent at Bangor.

Income Tax Returns

Employees of the Maine Central System, including the Portland Terminal Co., and the Bridgton & Saco River R. R., received duplicate reports of income payments amounting to $10,000.00 or more about March 1st.

To compile this information for the 8000 employees requires considerable clerical work. The weekly payments are accumulated from week to week, and at the close of the year these weekly payments are added to produce the total payment.

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Then and Now—The Thompson's Point Workers As They Assembled In 1924 and As They Assembled In 1900

(Continued from Page 3)


Of this old group, only four—W. F. Lombard, James Summers, Freeman Stillings and John Johnstone—still work at the Point. A fifth, John Riley, is at Rigby. Perhaps some readers of this article can name the two who are unidentified; can correct any misspelling; and can tell where those who have retired are now living.

A visit to the shops at Thompson's Point is of genuine interest—even for those with no technical knowledge of high-powered, electrically driven machinery or the art of railroad repair work. Approximately 450 men—nearly all of them skilled artisans—are employed, as has been said. They are the sort that mean much to the civic advancement of Portland and its suburbs—married men, for the most part, who have fine families, get living wages, and help build up this community. In the shops light running repairs are made on passenger cars; heavy rebuilding on freight cars; eight engines a month, on an average, are torn down and built up new; frogs for the track are manufactured and repaired; and so on. It is a busy place—not so large, of course, as the great plant at Waterville, and yet a perfect maze of activity.

The machine shop and erecting floor occupy a building approximately as large, for a rough estimate, as the famous Exposition Building in Portland, where the Maine Music Festival is held. How many—yes, even railroad men themselves, if they are in other branches of the service—realize the vast amount of work, the infinite detail, in even the simplest repairing of a locomotive? The main rods and side rods are removed; the brake-rigging and trusses taken down; the engine is unwheeled—which is done on a drop table at the Thompson's Point plant; it is then taken to its pit.

The boiler works—unlike the arrangement at Waterville—are here on the erecting floor. The electric weld is chipped away and the tubes split on the fire-box end. Then the boiler is scaled inside, in every part, and new tubes are set in. All broken stay-bolts must be replaced, and so on. Once in every seven years—a formerly five—there is the hydrostatic test, which means removing the jacket and all lagging and looking over the entire boiler, inside and out. Included in this hydrostatic test...