The Old Semaphore

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

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

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

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

—Dinty.

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

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

Ask Countless Questions

The average outsider does not realize the wide diversity and infinite complexity of the corporation affairs of a company such as ours. Your friends and neighbors know you work for the railroad, and very few of them may know what your position is, very few of them have complete understanding of just what
"Every Employee a Business Getter"
Is a New Slogan for You

Traffic Tip Cards Give Every One a Chance to Help

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

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

Ask Countless Questions

The average outsider does not realize the wide diversity and the infinite complexity of the corporate affairs of a company such as ours. Your friends and neighbors know that you work for the railroad, and while most of them may know what your position is, very few of them have a complete understanding of just where your job begins and where it leaves off. Therefore, in the natural course of events, your opinion will be asked in the course of the year on countless questions concerning freight and passenger traffic.

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

Any Song You Desire

How much better it would be to answer in this wise: "Well now, my job being to count the ties between Mattawamkeag and Wy.optilock, I can’t tell you, Charlie, just how much it would cost you to ship 4½ carloads of Christmas trees from Drew to Chicago, or just exactly how much better service you could get by routing it over the Maine Central by way of North Stratford. But we have people in our company so expert on such matters that they wake up out of a sound sleep and sing this or any
other song you desire. When do you expect to make this shipment? I have a little card here, that came with the Maine Central Employees' Magazine, which I will send right in and get you the dope you want slicker 'n grease."

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

Well Known Paving Company

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

But these men do not see all the employees any more than they see all of the public, and when they do see you, you may be busy at some-
thing else and fail to remember some information you have been intending to write about for the past thirteen weeks. Intending—as per the well-known Hades Paving Company; these tips just don't seem to come in.

It's So Simple

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

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

The Railroad Veteran Movement

By F. H. SIDNEY

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

Since the Jersey Central employees organized the railroad veteran movement has spread from coast and into Canada. The railroad veterans' associations on the Pennsylvania Railroad have a membership of forty thousand and number among their members such men as W. W. Atterbury, president of the line. W. E. Truesdale, former president of the Lackawanna Railroad, was an enthusiastic member of the Lackawanna Veterans' Association as well as P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central Railroad, who is affiliated with the veterans' association on his road. Harry O. Noyes of the Portland Company is Third Vice-President of the New England Association.

The New England Association of Railroad Veterans organized in Boston, April 21st, 1912. It was membership from the employ of all 14 New England Railroads. Earl H. Morton, of Wakefield, Mass., a B. & M. employee and former labor leader, was the originator of the Railroad Veteran movement in New England. The Railroad Veteran Associations are not labor unions, they are fraternal bodies; and at the gatherings of these associations is not an uncommon sight to see the Presidents of some of the biggest railroads in the country organizing with their own employees, the rank and file. In no other association is this possible, the laborer is on the level with the railroad president, railroad veterans' meetings.

All of the railroad veterans' associations are officered by railroad employees from the rank and file. Railroad managements have not in any way tried to interfere with the making of these organizations. Today the most democratic organizations in existence.

Article 2 of the Constitution
It's So Simple

We believe that every employee is interested in the company all the same way. We believe every employee looks beyond his own particular interest, and realizes that in the prosperity of the company, as the company prospers, he prospers. We believe that the Editor of the Maine Central Railroad Employees' Magazine will look over that little card contained in this book and put it away in some convenient place and use it to send in the next time he finds it lying around loose.

It's too simple. Just fill in the blanks. Place the application in the mail bag, write in the name and send it in. It makes a man a person.

The railroad veterans' association is the Pennsylvania Railroad with a membership of forty thousand, or one hundred and thirty thousand. As W. W. Atterbury, president of the line, W. E. Truesdale, president of the Lackawanna Railroad, was an enthusiastic member of the Lackawanna Veterans' Association, and so was P. E. Crowley, President of the New York Central Railroad, who is affiliated with the veterans' association on his road. Harry O. Noyes of the Portland Terminal Company is Third Vice-President of the New England Association.

The New England Association of Railroad Veterans was organized in Boston, April 21st, 1912, and is the largest in the New England Association of Railroad Veterans, with ten thousand members. The objects of this Association are to promote a broader and better fellowship among all members, to encourage loyal service, merit recognition and respect, by faithful discharge of duties and exemplary conduct, and to assist in providing old age pensions.

The railroad veterans' associations are fulfilling every one of these requirements. The New England Association of Railroad Veterans numbers among its members every railroad president in New England, together with every other eligible railroad official. Both Sir Henry K. Thornton, of Montreal, President Canadian National Railway, and Patrick E. Crowley, President New York Central Lines, are members of the Association; because both of their lines have considerable trackage in New England. This is the one association where the railroad president can meet the track laborer and talk over old times.

Teacher—Do you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Willie—Yes, ma’am; I like my father and mother, but I love pie.—Ayer’s Almanac.
The Cost of Running our Railroads

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

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

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

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

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

The receipts for 19 days were applied to dividends. Leaving only 6 days' income for improvements—or to make up losses of former years—or to help create reserves against bad years in the future.

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

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

++

Railroad Credit

Railways are fixtures; we are so accustomed to them that we have come to regard them as a part of our life; like sunshine and rain. We expect at their hands regularity, promptness, carefulness and safety as to passengers and freight. We look to them to move traffic, to build new terminals, bridges and extensions, to abolish grade crossings, and to make all the way to compass all these acts with due complaint. We depend upon them absolutely; that we could not possibly get on without them even for a single time. Yet we permit the efficiency of these 250,000 miles of improvements to be

It's a Real Miracle—Ties, the Backbone of Railroads

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

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

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

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

A Real Maine Industry

There's a lot to the tie business, for business it is—a well-developed Maine industry as a matter of fact. And when we consider that the Maine Central buys over four hundred thousand new ties annually, and has averaged an expenditure of over half a million dollars on tie renewal in the last five years, we see that this is no small item in our Road's operations.

Let us consider some ties that recently came out of the cool waters of Moosehead Lake, popped into Maine Central cars, and will probably go under Maine Central.
About to Become M. C. Property

Tie Inspector Is Seen Beside Conveyor. Man in Background Is Sorting Ties in the Water steel in 1928. These ties passed under the eagle eye of Tie Inspector F. P. Clark, to whom we are indebted for much of the information herein contained.

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

Think of the Mosquitoes

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

With ten men cutting on piece work, living in a regular log cabin woods plant, the Aucoine got busy. It’s bad enough to fight mosquitoes while fishing, but think of cutting ties in the depth of a swamp in the sum-mer, ties eight feet long and six and eight inches thick, ties that weigh 75 to 150 pounds (Mr. Clark has seen them 200)—and then hustling them out on your back. These are faced on two sides, the hewing being done with an axe. A good axeman will hew ties as smooth as a planer; and do a better job then a saw, for the saw raises a scar which catches water and makes the wood rot.

Towed Across Moosehead Lake

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

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

Tie Inspectors on the Job

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

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

(Continued on page 19)
ties eight feet long and six and one-half inches thick, ties that weigh 75 to 100 pounds (Mr. Clark has seen 120)—and then hustling them up your back. These are faced to two sides, the hewing being done with an ax. A good axeman will hew ties as smooth as a planer; and the woodman's better job then a saw, for the ax produces a scarf which catches water better than the slope made by the saw.

**Reded Across Moosehead Lake**

Fall the woodsmen went in with the horse and jumper and yarded the ties to a “round-torn road.” With the snow flew they were gathered in the logs, 75 to 100 in a load, hauled down to the lake and “blocked” on the ice. There they lay, blocks tight one to another, the whole surrounded by dogs chained to hold the blocks together.

The job of making, hauling, blocking and booming the ties was finished on March 27, 1926. Then came a “sawing season,” waiting till the ice went out of the lake. As it melted, down the timber into the water, till the water was about five-eighths submersion. Early in the June the whole load was towed the 18 or 20 miles down the lake in about 12 to 15 hours.

**The Inspectors on the Job**

Loading started on June 4 and was continued for this particular lot of ties until June 25. This was done at Lamb’s loading plant at West Gardiner and rented by Contractor Thatcher, who made delivery f. o. b. M. C. cars. This is where the Maine Central inspectors get busy. The blocks are broken up, ties floated to the control box where they are graded into

(Continued on page 19)
General Office Clerks to Frolic August 20th
By Carleton I. Pickett, Treasurer M. C. General Office Lodge 374, B. R. C.

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

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

In the Dim and Distant Past
There's a big lodge at the General Offices and another at the Terminal and the clerks down the line gather at Bangor and Waterville. What's it all about, anyway?
Ten years ago a little bunch of "Old-Timers" got together at the General Offices and organized in order to treat with the management in orderly manner on questions involving wages and working conditions and general efficiency. It was dimly foreseen that in the future harmony between clerks and management could be best maintained through uniform rules and a general representation.

They've "Gone Up"
The organization was chartered August 21, 1916, as Maine Central General Office Lodge 374, B. R. C. Thomas Evans was first president with "Skip" Goodwin in the Vice President's chair. Miss Minnie Shine was the only one of the girls to put her name on that charter. Today about half of the membership are women.

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

Shades of Roberts!
Some of the old days held hot times when wages were being discussed and parliamentary law was young with the clerks. Once, the chair, exasperated by long debate, said, "Come, boys, we have talked long enough, and I move we do so and without waiting an instant with a bang of the gavel, "It is a

Life with this lodge is not all ball. There is a big social side. There have been innumerable whists, suppers, dances and general good times. Some of them have learned how to play whist.

A Birthday Party

We have a Death Benefit that pays to $1500 at death and many members membership long after leaving the plant. We are now working on a sick list and our sick committee is always busy.

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

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

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

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

The Party's Backbone

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

We have a Death Benefit that runs up to $1500 at death and many men retain membership long after leaving the service. We are now working on a sick insurance and our sick committee is always at work.

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

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

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

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

The Party's Backbone

Who's going to be there? Well you can count on Pete.—Ever since Plummer became an Official, Pete has been Chairman of the Board, and long before that Pete was right there all of the time. The Board will be there, too. There's Welch from the General Offices, Mahaney from Bangor, Plummer from Waterville and Foley from the Terminal. These men are the backbone of the whole thing. They are well known and universally liked.

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

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

The Committee in Charge

This is the Committee in charge: General Chairman, J. T. Welch; Vice-Chairman, H. Foster; Secretary, C. Pickett; Newspapers and Magazines, Allen; Correspondence, Paul Clark; Illustrations, Landers; Banquet, M. Hawkes, C. Anderson, Dorothy Hollywood, M. Walsh; Speakers, Peterson, Stollard, Davis; Music, J. Briggs, B. Flint, G. Cummings; Entertainment, Grant, Whitney, Horton; Transportation, Ben Gass, Elura Berry, Caldwell.

Further information or tickets may be obtained from any of the committee.
More Old Timers of the Bangor Freight Yards

By J. L. Riggie

The picture of the Freight Carmen located at Bangor Freight Yard which was taken in 1912 and published in the Central Employees' Magazine was of unusual interest to many of our readers. Through the courtesy of the Freight Yards Department and the B. R. C. of A., Penobscot Local 404, Bangor, Maine, and the publication of the local newspaper, we have another offering, a group picture of the B. R. C. of A., Penobscot Local 404, Bangor, Maine, the Armistice in 1918.

Left to right—First row: Frank Whitman, Mike Costello, Don Loughlin, Jim Rogers, A. Searway, Andrew Ward, Bill Smith, Simeon Stults, J. C. King, John Welcher, Frank Gallagher, G. C. Hewey (Foreman), Wm. Reardon, Griffin.


Mascots: Oswald Flora, James Craven.
Timers of the Bangor Freight Yards

By J. L. RIGGIE

The photograph of the Bangor Car Repair Crew taken in Bangor, Maine, in 1912 is a rare example of a group picture of a labor union. It was taken shortly after the

© 2023 by J. L. RIGGIE

Next page:
Maine Central Family

Aroostook no Longer Has Monopoly on Dark Horses
By V. A. CUNNINGHAM

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

Hog Island Canal Boats

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

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

Double Action Technique

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

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

Oakland News
By W. H. Marshall

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

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

No Danger of Theft

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

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

It seems that Charles went over to Vassalboro to an I. O. O. F. meeting and upon arrival found that he didn't have his transmission key with him, wishing to trust his car to remain, borrowed a key from his brother, who was very similar to his, thinking to do the work, which it did, but when he was ready to come home, to his surprise the key refused to unlock the lock. He wasted no time in telling the bunch what he thought of the car and how what he was going to do in the future. Finally borrowed his brother's car and returned back to Oakland after his own keys were returned.

Three of a Kind

Busy Hum of Industry

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

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

4,868,308,000 toothpicks of 60 CL of 15 tons each, 27,000 four-inch clothespins, 125,000 small size tongue blades, 125,000 large size, 2,000 metal hinges for toilet seats, 10,000 metal parts for bath tub seats, 1,000 feet of boards, 700,000 yards of cloth woven by Cascade Woolen Mills, 270,000 last blocks, 42,457 scythes, 33,801 axes, 10,100 grass hooks and bread knives, 35,000 shingles and cedar floats for boats, 20,000 cedar posts, 6,000 wooden boxes.

Lewiston Letter

By P. J. Hanley

After many years service for the company, Judson Chase, Fire Ten
Family Monopoly

... continues

Upon arrival found that he did not have his transmission key with him, and not wishing to trust his car to remain unlocked, borrowed a key from his brother, which was very similar to his, thinking it might do the work, which it did, but when Charles was ready to come home, to his dismay the key refused to unlock the lock. Charles wasted no time in telling the bunch there what he thought of the car and himself and what he was going to do in the future. He finally borrowed his brother's car and drove back to Oakland after his own key. Please omit flowers.

Oakland News

By W. H. Marshall

Clerk J. A. Hallett was appointed commander of the Sons of Veterans of the annual meeting held at the Public Hall recently. Jesse asks that all members of the Maine Central family will visit the guard when meeting him.

No Danger of Theft

The Master Charles Walton has not left the company yet, as he intends to have one in the back seat and will deposit one with a little party in several of the surrounding towns.

Some Charles didn't tell the writer this, nor has he told any of the facts, but news travel fast in a small town. This little mishap has not leaked out. It seems that Charles went over to an I. O. O. F. meeting and

Busy Hum of Industry

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

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

4,868,308 toothpicks or about 60 cl. of 15 tons each; 27,430,120 four-inch clothespins; 105,276,900 small size tongue blades; 125,520,814 applicators 6 to 1 inch size; 2,240,000 metal hinges for toilet seats; 15,000 metal parts for bath tub seats; 1,000 feet of boards; 700,000 yards of cloth by Cascade Woolen Mill; 270,000 last blocks; 42,457 dozen scythes; 33,881 axes; 10,109 dozen grass hooks and bread knives; 100,000 shingles and cedar floats for fishing nets; 20,000 cedar posts; 6,000 sleepers; 6,000 wooden boxes.

Lewiston Letters

By P. J. Hanley

After many years service for this Company, Judson Chase, Fire Tender at the Upper Engine house, has resigned to move to Boston where he will be employed.

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

George Parker, Ticket Agent at the Upper, has returned to work after taking a 1,500 mile auto trip over the State of Maine. He reports the roads to be in good condition and is looking forward to a big potato crop in the fall.

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

Eastern Division Items

By J. L. Riggie

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

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

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

George E. White, Time Clerk, Superintendent's office, Bangor, commenced his annual vacation June 28th. We expect that George will have some good stories to relate regarding the accomplishments of his young son during the vacation period.
Railroad Ravings
By J. A. Anderson
Brunswick, Draftsman

Hello Bill did you have a good fishing trip? I suppose you caught so many fish you couldn't get 'em in a baggage car?

Did Harry? Did it tell the world I did? Say Harry talk about the fish I never saw so many fish, that was good bill but I learned ear to this one.

Say bill I guess you wasn't around here in the days of wooden cars and iron men. I had a woodchuck down on my farm that had been destroying my garden, so I decided to get rid of him.

So one Sunday morning I got up early. Began to mow, and pulling it into the woodchuck's hole.

I wugged and tuged with two halls all day long. Until Sunday night about seven I filled up the hole.

Then I went up on the steps to sit down for a smoke and I looked, and the d—— woodchuck was going down to the brook for a drink.

Then He Took Up Radio

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

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

"How many times," he roared, "have I told you never to write in the case of an emergency. Why, you poor simple sawdoff, hammered-down example of ignorance—in an emergency like this, wire, wire, WIRE!"

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

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

Police!

Brakeman—Did you hear about the robbery last night?
Conductor—No.
Brakeman—A garter attempted to hold up a stocking, but the stocking ran, darn it.—Rice Oat.

Vanceboro News
By Harry D. Davis

Winter has gone. Spring has gone. Summer has arrived. The much-discussed matter of the Canadian National Railway, operating freight trains into Vanceboro using rights secured from the Atlantic Pacific Railway became a reality 24th last. Since that time they have retained a regular six-days-a-week service.

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

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

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

Lots of our boys are enjoying the radio this summer. Included are Fred Donald, Car Inspector, with a nom-Berollet sedan; Ralph E. Howland, at coalshed, with a Chevrolet; C. A. Robertson, our efficient station master, also has a new "Chev." tourer. Some are getting in and out transportation the "Chev." as serviceable as was his previous coupe. Bernard DeGrasse, Fireman, has bought his second motorhome at Lawrence, a new Buick. Jeffery A. Fletcher, our able engine house employee, has purchased a Ford touring and is enjoying the outdoor life now.
Vanceboro News Items

By Harry D. Davis

Winter has gone. Spring has come and gone. Summer has arrived. This has all taken place since the last word from Vanceboro in our MAGAZINE.

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

Their minimum daily deliveries have been 13 loads and maximum 32 loads. Since their operation began up to and including May 29th they have delivered us 463 loads. It is anticipated the volume of traffic will gradually increase. We find the Canadian National a very co-operative road and anxious to cut “red-tape” wherever possible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

General Agent Jackman is again behind the wheel of his Buick Sedan and says for him there is no other recreation to compare with it. Guess the majority of us will agree he is right.
Alertness in the Cab Plus
Block Efficiency Prevents Bad Crash

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

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

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

Strictly a Family Affair

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

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

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

Recently friends of the bride tendered her a shower at the home of Mrs. Hugh Smith, and on June twenty-first, the Foreman and Clerks presented her with a beautiful floor lamp and buffet mirror. Clerk Guy A. Wentworth presented the gifts and Fay responded in a fitting manner. The groom’s fellow workmen presented him with several pieces of furniture. A. A. T.

She Didn’t Know But She Found Out

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

Little, but “Oh My!”

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

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

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

She Used the Old Bean

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

She hadn’t any idea. She didn’t sit back and forget it. She got busy and found out how to reach him, with the result that at Lewiston Upper the conductor handed Mr. Hunton a telegram advising of the meeting’s cancellation.

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

More Good News

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

Her many friends’ delight in the hope that her health and strength will be restored, that for days her life was in danger. The fact that her position is being filled so capably during her absence makes a happy contribution to Miss Andrews’ peace of mind.

On the Cover

Nature has been kind to Maine. On a recent trip to Kittery to Caribou there were seen hundreds of miles of grass trees, and the distant view shows miles of grass.

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

Have a try, some of you trainmen.

(Continued from page 8)

Real Men Produce

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 and “usable rejected” last named grade consists of goslings, but smaller than the other grades are used for spur tracks and storage purposes, and are accepted up to ten per cent of the total delivered.

These ties went over the conveyor belt to the cars at the rate of about 3,000 per hour, the job being completed on June 28. These ties are lying in some railroad yards for a year of seasoning adds considerable to their strength and value.

Yes, there’s quite a lot to this branch of railroading—quite a lot no one seems to ever notice.
advising of the meeting’s cancellation, so that he was soon back in Portland with the loss of only three hours.

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

More Good News

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

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

+ +

On the Cover

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

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

Have a try, some of you trainmen.

(Continued from page 8)

Real Men Produce Ties

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 and “usable rejects.” The last named grade consists of good, sound ties, but smaller than the others. They are used for spur tracks and storage sidings and are accepted up to ten per cent of the total delivered.

These ties went over the conveyors into the cars at the rate of about 3,000 a day, the job being completed on June 23. Now they are lying in some railroad yard, for a year of seasoning adds considerably to their life and value.

Yes, there’s quite a lot to this business of railroading—quite a lot no passenger ever dreams of.
dist Episcopal Church at Fairfield, Rev. T. C. Chapman officiating. They were attended by Mrs. Edna Crowley and Mr. Edward Houghton. After their honeymoon trip to Portland they started housekeeping in an apartment in Fairfield.

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

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

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

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

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

The Boys Are on the Wing
S. R. Armstrong, of the Freight Office force, was a caller in Portland recently. Fireman Arthur Ladd returned a while ago from a successful fishing trip to Kineo. J. A. St. Peter of the Ticket Office force made a trip to Quebec and Sherbrooke recently. Did he like the iced tea they serve there! Carman Augustus King has returned from a visit to Belfast. Blacksmith Foreman E. E. Finneimore passed Sunday, June 27th at Pemaquid as the guest of Blacksmith George Hustus.

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

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

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

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

Thompson's Point
By Herbert Jackson
Two very popular office employees, latey severed their connection with the Maine Central family. Windham, the head clerk at the Thompson's Point, resigned on June 9th to take up a position in the Customs service somewhere in Detroit, Mich. Windham's good nature and equable temperament, and quiet efficiency in his duties will be remembered by all who came in contact with him. The employees at the Point presented him with a handsome Gladstone bag on leave.
A Card of Thanks

Shall we express our thanks to the Foremen and Shop men for their
countless efforts. Mr. and Mrs. Prince.

Sanborn-Hussey Nuptials

Marriage of Lewis J. Sanborn of
wock and Miss Alice M. Hussey
occurred at Madison on July 6th.
born is now agent at Norridgewock
reside on Mechanic Street.

Members of the Maine Central family
wishing the lucky couple all joy
iness.

GEORGE H. GARRISON
Died Suddenly

The sudden death of George
son, General Foreman Rigby
on July 27. His many friends
for complete story of his service
ember issue of the MAGAZINE.

Ship Ahoy Mates!!!

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

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

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

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

C. H. Leard.

Thompson's Point
By Herbert Jackson

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

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

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

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

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

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

Old Town Items

By V. A. Cunningham

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

F. X. Lavalle, formerly agent at Milford, has bid in the third track at Old Town.

O. K. in Deeper Waters

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

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

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

The Madison Mouse-trap

By “Sy”

Goff M. French, Clerk at Madison, and Miss Alta Prudence Ellis of North Anson were married June 15th at the Methodist parsonage, North Anson. Mr. French has purchased the Judge Simmons homestead at North Anson where they will make their home. We all wish them success. (Adviso) Goff if you have a rolling pin in your new home, don’t try your vocal talent around home.
Clerk A. L. Applebee spent a few days at Saponic Lake, but three days was all the time he could manage, for his fishing days were over. He was after trout in the lake and later caught a fine trout. He says he will try again next year.

D. L. Powell, scale inspector, and lodge and crew have just arrived at the new scale at Old Town.

E. S. Burns, second trick operator, is now transferred to Vanceboro, being taken over by Charles R. Bowley.

Lavallee, formerly agent at Millicent, is now bid in the third trick at Old Town.

O. K. in Deeper Waters

E. S. Bouchard recently relieved O'Connell as first trick operator for the year, Joe filling a temporary vacancy at Yard.

Spinney, Signalman, spent a few days at his home town, but found it a great disappointment.

Rusty Bowley and A. L. Applebee tried their hand at fishing and although they didn't catch any, they had a good time.

Madison Mouse-trap

M. French, Clerk at Madison, and his Prudence Ellis of North Anson, left for North Anson last week. They expect to be back in town next week. They have been there for a week.

She Bowls Them Over

On July 15th, Dorothy Hollywood of the Line Abstracting Crew in the A. F. A. Office, completed eight years service for the M. C. R. R. Dorothy is one of the best lady bowlers we have in the General Office.

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

Our Star Cartoonist

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

A Real Old-Timer

On July 6th, John Goud completed ten years service in the Maine Central General Office, practically all of this time in the A. F. A. Office, under N. L. Woodbury, Auditor of Freight Accounts. Previous to this time John spent about 1½ years of his time working for the M. C. R. R., at Brunswick, Bath, Waterville, Madison, Lewiston Upper Station, Leviston Lower Station and Auburn. John has spent about 21 years of his life in the employ of the Maine Central, and enjoys the Railroad game very much.

They Looked the Babe Over

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


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

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

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

Watcha da rail and a watcha da tie,
Wawa da bun when da train rolla by,
Fixa da switch and a fixa da light,
Just a walk and a watch from da morning till night.
Hesa one gooda man, my couz Jim' Jack,
He isn' say much, justa walka da track!

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

—Anonymous.