Another “IF”
(With apologies to Kipling and to all who read it)

If you can keep your seat when all behind you
Are losing theirs and blaming it all on you,
If you can spill the soup back in the diner,
And keep on good terms with the diner crew;
If you can haul the train to suit the brakeman,
And work the lever where the fireboy thinks you ought,
If you can take water only when the dispatcher thinks you
need it,
And then arrive in town right on the dot:

If you can kick and win your point by kicking,
If you can ride a mill that’s good and old and lame,
If you can draw a coal heaver or a fireman,
And treat these two animals just the same;
If you can make one big pile of all your earnings
After paying your expenses on the other end,
And make your better half think you’re honest,
And not spending it all on some flapper friend:

If you can run a scrap-heap that’s all to pieces,
That has done her stuff twelve months in the pool,
And when she lets go and trims off all her side rods
Then stop and build her over with a kit of Rigby tools;
If you can make your heart and nerve and sinew
Do their stuff on a thick and foggy night,
And dodge a flock of flivvers on every crossing,
And keep your raven locks from turning white:

If you can sit in crowds and hold your end up,
When tales are told of others’ high speed runs,
Or shatter all the rules in the standard rule book,
And not hear one word from “Matty” Dunn;
If you can fill each unforgiving minute
With a mile and a quarter of distance run,
And not exceed the fifty mile an hour limit,
Then you’ll be an ENGINEER, my son!

Management Not Necessary
For Railroads

By SAD

Ed

IN MANY parts of the country, railway employees, especially those in train service, recently have opposed the establishment of motor bus and truck lines to compete with the railways. In other cases where motor truck service has been established, they have solicited local business to ship by railroad rather than truck.

Deprive Them of Jobs

In assuming this attitude toward motor transportation railway employees have been prompted by recognition of the fact that it is in their interest to have people travel and ship by railroad. They have read many instances seen motor bus and truck service established in competition with the railways with the result of forcing the railways to reduce the number of trains operated and the number of men employed by them.

Whether the establishment of motor bus or truck service to compete with the railways between any given points is justifiable depends upon the conditions. In opposing it in many
Management Not Solely Responsible For Railroad Problems

By SAMUEL O. DUNN
Editor of the Railway Age

IN MANY parts of the country railroad employees, especially those in train service, recently have opposed the establishment of motor bus or truck lines to compete with the railways. In other cases where motor truck service has been established they have solicited local business men to ship by railroad rather than truck.

Deprive Them of Jobs
In assuming this attitude toward motor transportation railroad employees have been prompted by recognition of the fact that it is to their interest to have people travel and ship by railroad. They have in many instances seen motor bus and truck service established in competition with the railways with the result of forcing the railways to reduce the number of trains operated and the number of men employed by them.

Whether the establishment of motor bus or truck service to compete with the railways between any given points is justifiable depends upon the conditions. In opposing it in many instances, however, the employees have shown a natural human tendency to look with disfavor upon anything which tends to deprive them of their jobs.

Wages Depend on Earnings
There is still a broader aspect of the railway situation that employees may well consider in their own interest. The total earnings the railways make depend upon two things. These are the amount of traffic they get and the passenger and freight rates they are allowed to charge for handling it. The total wages they can pay depend in the long run on the total earnings they make. It necessarily follows that in the long run the wages they can pay depend largely or mainly upon the rates they are allowed to charge. A railway has no source whatever from which to get the money to pay wages except from what shippers and travelers pay it for transportation.

Labor the Biggest Item
Of course a railway has to pay for many other things besides labor, but
labor is the biggest item. Out of each dollar they earned in 1925 the railways paid eight cents for locomotive fuel; eighteen cents for materials and supplies; two cents for loss and damage of freight, injuries to persons and insurance; three cents for depreciation or retirements of property; seven cents for taxes; two cents for the rental of equipment and jointly used property; one cent for salaries to its officers and forty-one cents in wages to employees.

**Only Six Cents to Owners**
The foregoing figures account for what was done with 82 cents out of every dollar that was earned. They paid in addition 12 cents for interest on their bonds and other fixed charges and had left out of each dollar earned a balance of six cents which to pay dividends on stocks, etc.

Now, payment for all these things will continue to be necessary if the railways are to continue to run. The amount that can be paid out for anything and everything, including labor, depends and always will depend upon the amount earned. If rates are made too low, and in consequence total earnings are made too small, there must be retrenchment all along the line—in the wages paid to employees as well as in every other direction. The lower rates and earnings are made the fewer men the railways can employ and the harder they will be forced to struggle to maintain the wages paid to each man.

**Mutual Fair Play Essential**
It is a curious fact that although the wages that can be paid depend upon the earnings that can be made, and earnings upon the rates that the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes, railway employees have seldom done anything to help the railways to get reasonable rates fixed, and many of them have even helped to make the public believe that rates were too high and should not be advanced or should be reduced.

Of course rates should not be made unreasonably high, but it seems plain enough that in their own interest the employees should co-operate in efforts to make and keep them high enough to pay all the costs necessary to running the railroads, including fair wages to the employees.

**Three Classes Concerned**
The "railroad problem" directly concerns three classes of people. These are the employees who receive wages, the investors who furnish the capital for building, enlarging and improving railway properties and the patrons of the railways who pay freight and passenger rates.

The railroad problem, therefore, is that of establishing fair relations between the wages paid, the net returns earned for capital and the service rendered to and the rates paid by travelers and shippers. There must be fairness and co-operation between all these parties if the problem is to be solved in the interest of all of them. If there is to be such co-operation all the parties must study the problem and try to give a square deal to all.

**Poor Fish!**
Consider the fish if he didn't open his mouth, he wouldn't get caught.—Jack-o-Lantern.
Every One Who Signs the Payroll Has a Finger in the Coal Pile

By CAROLL FRANK, Fuel Supervisor

The greatest field for saving fuel is in doing the small things in actual line of duty. The little things not properly done lay the foundation for the greatest losses in operation.

In a previous article reference was made to the absolute necessity of all things in connection with operation moving at a consistent and uninterrupted speed; that this depends upon design, maintenance of equipment as well as upon the men who are actually doing the operating.

When locomotives are built and put into service it goes without saying that they are in fit condition to produce the best results but from the moment they enter service they have to be maintained in proper condition.

Cleanliness Next to Godliness

Boilers must be kept clean and free from scale and mud. This must be done at least once a month. If not properly done great loss in fuel results on account of scale offering many times the resistance in the transmission of heat through the heating surfaces, also there is danger of explosions resulting in loss of life, injury to persons or damage to property.

Boiler tubes must be kept clean from cinders and soot. Neglect to do this makes an unreliable steam pressure and much greater fuel consumption on account of decreased heating surfaces.

Maintenance of machinery such as piston packing, valve gear parts and adjustments, connecting rod bearings, appliances such as stokers feed water heaters or inspirators, air compressors, air reverse gears, boosters and various other appliances must have constant attention of a fine finished character. It cannot be the kind that gets by today and has to be done again tomorrow.

Little Leaks Add Up

Prevention of loss through steam leaks in safety valves and all steam joints, which at a passing glance may not seem great, are a constant source of waste and losses in fuel mount very rapidly when permitted to exist.

Proper attention must be given to draft appliances such as keeping smoke boxes free from air leaks, maintenance of super-heater dampers so that they will not only open when steam is admitted to the cylinder but the damper plate will be in the right position when open. Superheater connections cannot be permitted to leak, exhaust nozzles and other appliances in the smoke box must be maintained in proper line and sizes. Grates and ash pans must be in condition to freely admit air to the fire box.
An Unlucky Number

These are some of the many problems that have to be met by the shop men and when not properly done, affect fuel consumption to a degree as great as the things connected with operation. The shop men have a responsibility relative to fuel consumption just as great as any body of men on the Railroad.

Some time ago tests were conducted at the University of Illinois to determine the increase in fuel consumption on locomotives with valves out of square as compared with locomotives with valves in proper condition. The increase on the average found on one road at that time was 13 per cent. It seems fair to assume that this is a fair example of what it costs in fuel to run locomotives with any of the essential parts not properly maintained.

A Hot Time in the Ash Pit

About 20 per cent of all fuel burned on locomotives is used at terminals in building, cleaning and maintaining fires while they are doing no work. For each four tons saved in operation engine house forces must save one ton in order to have the same percentage of saving of all coal burned. In this direction much can be done by carefully supervising and instructing new men, by furnishing ash pit men and hostlers with proper information relative to dumping fires on locomotives due for boiler washing and other repairs which require cooling of boilers or where engines must be kept out of service more than eight hours.

Maintaining of fires of a moderate size against the flue sheets, keeping steam pressure down to a reasonable point until a reasonable time before locomotive is due out, avoiding use of hook and in every way possible following practices which will insure fires on locomotives which are to be delivered from engine house to road crews free from clinkers with not too heavy fires and particularly with the grates properly covered with coal that is coked. Under no circumstances, should green coal be allowed to remain on the grates.

Large Savings Possible

The things above mentioned and various others are some ways through which a large saving can be accomplished. It remains in the hands of engine house forces not only to save in these ways but also the kind of work done by them determines the degree of service that may follow through the entire trip after engines are delivered to the road crews.

The responsibility of engine house forces regarding fuel saving is much more important and far-reaching than is generally recognized and should never be lost sight of by the men who do this work.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Gain and Loss in July Fuel Performance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>July 1926</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pounds of coal per 1000 gross ton miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; passenger car mile</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Freight service for July, 1926, as compared with July, 1925, shows a decrease of four pounds per 1000 Gross Ton Miles, while Passenger service shows an increased consumption of two pounds per Passenger Car Mile.

Every Employee

Trainmen, trackmen, men, clerks, foremen, switchmen, no one shirks the “Traffic Tip” Road’s gain. They pour in like summer rain.

Which brainstorms having sur- we are pleased to report that the new business continue to read MAGAZINE from employees and officials all over the System. "Traffic Tip" cards to wise up our Passenger and Freight Traffic Departments possible new business lurking in the sticks.

It Helps the Agents

“"It is not generally known," de- clared General Passenger Agent L. Harris, “how advantageous for agents to sell tickets clear through to final destination, and so increase their total sales. So many times the patron will ask for a ticket only to Boston or New York, when going to Pensacola or Mexicali.”

In this connection he called at- tention to the “Traffic Tip” rec- ommended by Frank Blaisdell, Switchman at Pittsfield, who used a card to take a party about to travel from Bangor to Havana, Cuba, with the result that our Bangor office force was in a position to go after this business in their eyes open and their ears perked back. This is only one of the recent results of our Business Section campaign on the Passenger side.
Every Employee a Business Getter

TRAINMEN, trackmen, shopmen, clerks; foremen, switchmen; no one shirks the “Traffic Tip” for our Road’s gain. They pour in like the summer rain.

Which brainstorm having subsided we are pleased to report that the cheery little messengers of possible new business continue to reach the Magazine from employees and officials all over the System. Portland Division, Eastern Division; Operating Department, Office Forces; no one has a monopoly on the use of “Traffic Tip” cards to wise up our Passenger and Freight Traffic Departments of possible new business lurking in the sticks.

It Helps the Agents

“It is not generally known,” declared General Passenger Agent M. L. Harris, “how advantageous it is for agents to sell tickets clear through to final destination, and so increase their total sales. So many times a patron will ask for a ticket only to Boston or New York, when going on to Pensacola or Mexico City.”

In this connection he called attention to the “Traffic Tip” received from Frank Blaisdell, Switchman from Pittsfield, who used a card to tell of a party about to travel from Bangor to Havana, Cuba, with the result that our Bangor office force was in a position to go after this business with their eyes open and their ears pinned back. This is only one of the many recent results of our Business Getting campaign on the Passenger side.

A “Traffic Tip” card from A. L. Dennis, according to Freight Traffic Manager George H. Eaton, called his Department’s attention to a possible movement by truck and gave his travelling agent an opportunity to get in touch with the shipper and secure a number of cars’ business by all-rail line.

Now via North Stratford

In another instance, he pointed out how a “Traffic Tip” card from Leverett L. Hartley of Waterville brought to his notice business from the West moving against our long-haul route. The matter was taken up with the shipper who now routes his shipments from points in Michigan to Waterville via North Stratford.

Lack of space—that bane of an editor’s existence—prevents mention of further examples of how loyal members of the Maine Central Family are using “Traffic Tip” cards for their intended purpose. Among the recent pinch hitters in this ball game are: Chas. H. Leard, Engine House, Bangor; H. W. Leach, Kingman; E. A. Roods, Trainman, Brunswick; W. C. Miner, Cornish; James E. Bradley, Gen’l Offices, Portland (21); B. Bruns, Foreman, Lewiston; H. J. Ellis, Dixfield; Mark J. Donlon, Portland; H. W. Blaisdell, Dexter; R. B. Spaulding, Troutdale; J. W. Webb; C. T. Eddridge; and W. S. Kelley.

“Traffic Tip” cards give our Passenger and Freight Traffic departments a matter of fourteen thousand eyes and fourteen thousand ears if YOU use them.

(7)
Three New Landmarks on the System

As the Woolworth Building stands out against the sky-line of New York, so in five Maine communities rise towering signals of Maine Central efficiency in the form of coal pockets

Lewiston Coal Pocket

testifying to the accuracy of the Road’s slogan, “In Step with Modern Transportation Methods.”

Before the construction of coal pockets at Rigby and Waterville, it was generally necessary to shovel coal out of the cars, then into tubs and thence into the tenders. In the last few weeks three new units have been put into operation, at Lewiston, Bangor and Rumford.

At each of these plants coal is now discharged by gravity into pits, lifted by electrically-operated chain elevators to the top of the pockets and discharged into bins. From there it is shot by gravity into the tenders waiting below.

Bangor Pocket during Construction

Forty average coal cars will be required to fill the Queen City pocket, which, with the average discharge load into tenders of seven to eight tons, can then coal up well over two thousand engines.

Boost For Our Roads

Every employee on this Road should ask himself this question: “What is my duty to the Railroad? Outside of my regular working hours, from which I draw my salary, my duty and obligations cease. Does the shop whistle blows and I have my required hours for which I am paid?” Are there no other duties? Not to the Railroad at least, which you perform to help insure steady employment.

There are, and one of the most important of those is boosting the Railroad, soliciting and trying to obtain new business. Living in such a manner that you will be considered an asset by the community in which you live, by living and running your actions so that people with whom you come in contact will respect and have confidence in you and talk for the Railroad which you are boosting.

In the matter of soliciting new business, some may say, “Oh, it is no business to get out and try to get a man to travel by our Railroad.” There are paid agents to do that work. My work is in the shops, yards, or on the road. Let him earn his money as I earn mine.

That may be nearly right, from a theoretical viewpoint but employees who take that attitude toward the Railroad which employs them have not the right spirit in the matter. They are due for a rude awakening in the fact that there are other duties as well as the payroll to perform just as important.
Boost For Bigger Business

By William Sultzner

EVERY employee on this Railroad should ask himself this question, "What is my duty to the Railroad, outside of my regular working hours, from which I draw my salary? Do my duty and obligations cease when the shop whistle blows and I have put in the required hours for which I am paid?" Are there no other duties justly due the Railroad which you can perform to help insure steady employment.

There are, and one of the most important of those is boosting your Railroad, soliciting and trying to obtain new business, living your lives in such manner that you will be considered an asset by the community in which you live, by living and regulating your actions so that people with whom you come in contact will respect and have confidence in you and your talk for the Railroad which you are boosting.

In the matter of soliciting new business, some may say, "Oh, it is not my business to get out and try to get that man to travel by our Railroad; they have paid agents to do that work. My work is in the shops, yards, office or on the road. Let him earn his money as I earn mine."

That may be nearly right, from a theoretical view point but employees who take that attitude towards the Railroad which employs them have not the right spirit in the matter; they are due for a rude awakening to the fact that there are other duties for them to perform just as important as those they get paid for.

They will realize that these other duties which they are not absolutely compelled to do have a financial effect on those duties for which they are paid. In short, your boosting is making friends for the Railroad and when you make friends for the Railroad, it makes more business for the Railroad, which means more work for you, meaning more money, prosperity and better times for everyone employed by the Railroad.

Request your friends and their friends to travel on our Road; or, if you know of a shipment of goods, see to it that it goes just as far as it possibly can by the Maine Central Railroad. Talk to the merchants with whom you trade and impress them with the fact that they are part of the circle. The more business that they give to our Railroad, the more work the Railroad will be able to give you and the more money you will have to spend with the merchants.

With apologies to The Right Way Magazine.

+++ The Favorite Lesson

Teacher (in grammar class)—Willie, tell me what it is when I say, “I love, you love, he loves—”

Willie—that's one of them triangles—where somebody gets shot.—Notre Dame Juggler.

"Are you still engaged to Miss Redwitz?"

"No."

"You lucky man! I pitied you when you were. How did you get out of it?"

"I married her."

—The Right Way Magazine.
Train Rules and Train Orders

By M. F. DUNN
Train Rules Examiner

EASTWARD-F ESTWARD
ABCDFG

Westward trains have even numbers. Eastward trains have odd numbers. Westward trains are superior to eastward trains of the same class, unless otherwise directed.

Order No. 1. Train No. 8, engine 470, meet No. 47, engine 460 at D.
Order No. 2. Train No. 8, engine 470, meet No. 47, engine 460 at E instead of D.
Order No. 3. Order No. 2 is annulled.

Under this combination Order No. 2 supersedes Order No. 1 and Order No. 3 annuls Order No. 2, leaving Nos. 8 and 47 without a positive meeting point.

Both are first class trains and 47 being the inferior train by direction, must keep clear of No. 8, and make its own meet on this train as prescribed by Rule 88.

Fair Enough
Trainman—Sam, Sam, wake up!
Sam—I can't.
Trainman—Why can't you?
Sam—I'm not asleep.—Exchange.

Howdy
"So you are a salesman, are you? What do you sell?"
"I sell salt. I'm a salt seller."
"Shake."—Exchange.

Historic Spots Along Our Lines

QUIET and peaceful above Norridgewock lies the Upper Kennebec Valley today. But time was when that word held ghately menace to the dwellers in Southern Maine.

Where the smoke of 252 and 257 now streams forth as the banner of civilized progress, weird signal fires blazed by night and smokes went up by day carrying messages of blood from one dark-skinned aborigine to another.

Some there are who relate that the simple mind of the savage could not understand the deeds of horror perpetrated by white settlers near the sea. They divide the blame on a European, a Frenchman called Sebastian Rasle, whom they fancy with all the attributes of a fiend.

Others believe Father Rasle, the devout Christian who labored here, unafraid among his savage charges.

Over two hundred years have passed since the last warwhoop rang out...

This Crew Makes

THREE well-known faces in the Kennebec Valley points a fact above. The distinguished gentleman in the center is none other than Mr. J. J. (Joe) Cote of Waterville. One is the fact that Joe is an A No. 1 man and a 100 per cent railroad man. There is very little to say about him. He won the medals for hot air, but this time the MAGAZINE'S monthly award is for in-and-day-out efficiency, for parking.

Miller and Cot...
simple mind of the savage could not plan the deeds of horror perpetrated on the white settlers near the sea. They lay the blame on a European, a French priest called Sebastian Rasle, whom they endow with all the attributes of a fiend in human form.

Others believe Father Rasle a simple, devout Christian who labored long, alone, and unafraid among his savage charges.

Over two hundred years have passed since the last warwhoop rang out on the Kennebec. The enraged Colonists finally arose and swept the Indians from their village with rifle, fire and sword. Standing in the doorway of his rude chapel Father Rasle went down on that bloody day—to reward or punishment, who knows?

The mystery that surrounds his almost-legendary hero—or villain—of early Maine history lends interest to the monument pictured above, located a short distance below Madison, where it can be seen from the right of way.

This Crew Makes Kineo Efficiency Sparkle

THREE well-known faces at Upper Kennebec Valley points are shown below. The distinguished looking gentleman in the center is none other than J. J. (Joe) Cote of Waterville. Outside of the fact that Joe is an A No. 1 conductor and a 100 per cent railroad man, there is very little to say about him. He wins no medals for hot air, but this time he cops the MAGAZINE's monthly award for day-in-and-day-out efficiency, for putting his job over without undue "blah" and red fire and perspiration. His prize is a pink-enameded hitching post to tether hi Buick while he's away from his purring plaything.

Did the extra Pullman on 253 go over the hill last summer? Not once when Joe was on. Maybe it wasn't eloquence, but it could have been nothing less than mesmerism that made all Joe's passengers move out of the extra into the regular Pullman, so he could set it out at North Anson on every single run. Mr. Buney has it in for Joe; he bet he couldn't keep it up—and lost. What's more, passengers think Joe's doing them a favor when he hustles them into the car ahead. How does he do it?

A. Miller is the next member of this star aggregation. Maybe Mother knows whether it's Arthur or Arnold—unless we examine birthmarks we can't tell these heavenly twins apart.

Finally comes Pullman Conductor C. F. Hughes who follows the swallows to a balmy clime and will soon be making 'em smile on the A. C. L.
Maine Central Employees' Magazine

"For, By and About Maine Central Employees"

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

Communications by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others interested
are earnestly solicited. They may be forwarded to:
"R. R. B." and should be addressed
to magazine headquarters, Room 244, 222-224 St.
John St., Portland.

DUDLEY ALLEMAN, Editor

MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENTS

Portland Terminal

Miss A. Z. Donahue, Freight Office
C. D. Atherton, Freight Office
Joseph D. Bourke, South Portland
John F. Dunn, Rudge
Herbert Jackson, Thompson's Point

Eastern Division

J. L. Riggle, Superintendent's Office
C. H. Leard, Bangor Main, Pawt., lady
C. S. Jeffers, Ranger Car Dept.
P. N. Carson, Bangor Ticket Office
V. A. Cunningham, Old Town
E. H. Johnson, Woodland
E. F. McLain, Calais
S. A. Frost, Eastport
H. D. Davis, Vanebore
T. S. Kelley, Kingman

Portland Division

E. W. Tibbetts, Brunswick
K. E. Walker, Augusta
A. A. Thompson, Waterville
W. H. Marshall, Oakland
A. E. Smith, Lewiston
R. G. Brown, Lewiston
P. J. Hanley, Lewiston, Lower
S. O. Swett, Rumford
Miss A. T. Monahan, Lancaster
J. E. Winslow, Lancaster
Alfred R. Pugh, Rockland

General Offices

A. W. Sawyer, Motive Power Dept.
Miss Madaline Goodby, Accounting Dept.
Howard R. Bean, Freight Accounts

OCTOBER, 1926

EDITORIALS

GOODWILL—WHAT IT MEANS

"Do you work for the Maine Central?"
My gosh, I'd hate to be tied up to an
organization like that." Unless you are as
thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, your whole
day would be spoiled by a remark such as
this from an outsider.

But how this does pep one up: "So you
work for the Maine Central?" You must
get a lot of satisfaction out of being con-
cluded with a company that means as much
to Maine as the Maine Central Railroad.

The difference between these two atti-
dudes lies in that intangible, elusive com-
modity known as goodwill.

It is a fair statement that today our
Road stands higher in the public estimation
than it has for years—deservedly so we
feel. It is of advantage to each and every
one of us that this is so, advantageous
socially, spiritually and financially.

Let's remember this. As a goodwill
builder nothing is known to equal an out-
spoken pride in their work and their con-
cnection by the rank and file of workers in
any organization.

LITTLE LEAKS BULK BIG

Foreigners frequently criticize America
for being the most wasteful nation on earth—and they are doubtless right. Henry
Ford is alleged to have said, "We waste
more than we use. We waste men, materials,
everything. Consequently we work too
hard and too long to accomplish what, in
the end, amounts to very little."

Railroads are probably no worse and
certainly no better in their waste of ma-
terials than other American industries.
Labor is only one requirement for the con-
duct of a railroad—the bill for materials
and supplies is almost half as great as that
for wages and more than twice as much as
any other single item.

We are delighted to present to the Maine
Central family an interesting series of
articles of eliminating fuel waste. But fuel
waste is only one of the thousand and one
wastes which put together make a tremen-
dous drain upon the Treasury.

Men who would rather be shot than take
five cents of the company's money have
been known to have a monkey wrench
into the river just because they cracked a
thumb with it.

Thoughtlessness is the great cause of
waste and this thoughtlessness and the
waste with it is slowly and surely decreasing
along with the growing knowledge that the
Railroad's business is everybody's business
and that the Railroad's Treasury is every-
body's pocketbook.

CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE

In common with every other place
in the world, Maine has certain disad-
vantages, but against these, it has many
overriding advantages. One advantage
readily recognized is the absence in the
state of politicians who blame everyone
for the dry weather to

granddaddy's rheuma-
tis on the railroads.

To hear some of these western bally-
hoo artists spout, one
would think a railroad
was a cloven-hoofed
demon going about seeking whom
it might devour. And, except at election
time, all railroad men from President to
crossing tender are tarred with the same
brush.

Luckily this type of anti-railroad propa-
ganda is almost conspicuously by its
absence. It's up to all of us to keep it so. At
rare intervals this disease in a mild form
breaks out here and there in our state.
Whenever one of us sees it, it's his duty
to himself and to all the rest of us to step
on it, crush it out with a few commonsense
ideas about the absolute dependence
of Maine prosperity on Maine Rail-
roads.

THE COST OF ACCIDENTS

Greater than the loss of more than
thousand million dollars in wages,
the loss of working time equivalent
750,000 men being out of work a year,
are the tears and sorrow and
aches accidents bring to the folks at
home.

Since the Safety Movement was
fifteen years ago, the number of railroad
employees has been greatly recrui-
CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE

In common with every other place in the world, Maine has certain disadvantages, but against these, it has many overbalancing advantages. One advantage not frequently recognized is the absence in Maine of politicians who blame everything from the dry weather to granddaddy's rheumatism on the railroads.

To hear some of these, western ballyhoo artists spout, one would think a railroad was a coven-hoofed demon going about seeking whom it might devour. And, except at election time, all railroad men from President to crossing tender are tarred with the same stick.

Fortunately, this type of anti-railroad propaganda is almost conspicuous by its absence. It's up to all of us to keep it so. At rare intervals this disease breaks out and strikes us in the state. Whenever one of us sees it, it's his duty to himself and to all the rest of us to step on it, to crush it out with a few common-sense ideas about the absolute dependence of Maine prosperity on Maine Railroads.

CONNSACUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE

In common with every other place in the world, Maine has certain disadvantages, but against these, it has many overbalancing advantages. One advantage not frequently recognized is the absence in Maine of politicians who blame everything from the dry weather to granddaddy's rheumatism on the railroads.

To hear some of these, western ballyhoo artists spout, one would think a railroad was a coven-hoofed demon going about seeking whom it might devour. And, except at election time, all railroad men from President to crossing tender are tarred with the same stick.

Luckily this type of anti-railroad propaganda is almost conspicuous by its absence. It's up to all of us to keep it so. At rare intervals this disease breaks out and strikes us in the state. Whenever one of us sees it, it's his duty to himself and to all the rest of us to step on it, to crush it out with a few common-sense ideas about the absolute dependence of Maine prosperity on Maine Railroads.

THE COST OF ACCIDENTS

Greater than the loss of more than a thousand million dollars in wages; worse than the loss of working time equivalent to 750,000 men being out of work a whole year, are the tears and sorrow and heartaches accidents bring to the folks at home.

Since the Safety Movement was started fifteen years ago, the number of railroad accidents in relation to the number of railroad employees has been greatly reduced.

It should be reduced still more. No safety device that inventive genius can produce is equal to the human mind. The human mind in each and every one of us can cause or prevent accidents.

Accidents on the Maine Central are lucky few and far between. They should and would be even fewer if instead of saying "It's my neck, I'll take a chance," we'd think of the possible effects of an accident on the folks at home.

NO LONGER SPEED DEMONS

Way back in 1883, the railroad world's record of 112.5 miles an hour was established. As far as we know, it has never since been equaled. It's not our job to see how fast we can run from Waterville to Bangor but rather to how safely and with reasonable promptness we can carry the passengers and freight intrusted to us.

You will note also that no longer do the big systems advertise 18-hour trains between New York and Chicago. It has been found that 20 hours is plenty fast enough for the job—and a great deal safer. As in most everything else, moderation in railroad speed has been the wisest policy.

Congress could do nothing that would serve more to stabilize all classes of commerce and industry than to adopt a hands-off policy toward the railroads. The greatest need of the railroads today is identical with what it has been for the last few years—to be let alone.—From the St. Louis Times.
"Jimmy" Assnult Has Passed On

James Assnult, Superintendent Mountain Division
1859-1926

"JIMMY was a live wire. No matter what was going on, he had a finger in the pie. He was free and open-hearted; put himself out to help others, too much for his own good sometimes. He was one man in a hundred." In these simple words, one of our leading officials summed up the character of the late James Assnult, who departed this life at his home in Lancaster on August 28th last. Re-spected by all who met him, beloved by all who knew him, he was quiet, unexcitable, cool and resourceful—the ideal type of the last generation of railroad men.

He Loved His Fellowmen

His parents died when he was very young and he was brought up by relatives with scarcely a day's schooling. He educated himself to a remarkable degree, aided by his innate characteristic of love for all that was good and beautiful in life.

"If you wish to say anything regarding my father," writes Raymond Assnult, "Jimmy's" only son, who with his wife survives him, "Write him as one who loved his fellowmen. A lifetime of service on the Maine Central, day after day packed with kindly deeds. The only way his family heard of them, however, was from outsiders. Many a railroad man's troubles, he took on his own broad shoulders. Of course, to the company itself, he was 'faithful even unto death'."

Cleared the Track

"Here is a very typical story of 'J. A.' The summer of 1925, he spent in Lancaster, N. H. One day while on a picnic with Mrs. Assnult he saw three or four cows, on the railroad track. Although under sentence of death, and knowing what any exertion meant, he drove the animals back into their pasture and replaced the fence bars. Five minutes later a train went by. The owner of the cattle told me this story.

"Mr. Assnult was taken to the Lancaster hospital on July 4th. Too much cannot be said of his bravery during the stern battle with Death. In his conscious moments, he thought of his wife and how to spare her suffering. In his delirium, he lived continually his life on the Maine Central. Many times in the sad watches of the night, I soothed him by saying that the wreck was cleared up, or that he could rest for his run was over."

Matched His Courage

"Matching her husband's courage was the faithful devotion and unceasing care of his wife. Day and night, saw her at the hospital, from the beginning to the end. Dad never saw her face but it wore a calm smile. She kept her tears until his struggling spirit found release."

"The fight ended August 28th, at 6.33 P. M. Services were held August 30th in Lancaster. The Maine Central very kindly sent a special car and that afternoon we took him to Portland over the road he had helped to build. Interment came the next morning at Forest City Cemetery.

Friends Still Loyal

"His friends were loyal in death as in life. Mr. Fiske, station agent at Lancaster, received the body as soon as it left the hospital. And there in the home of a good friend he slept peacefully until taken to church. To enumerate the men and women in Lancaster and all over the Maine Central who helped mother and myself, in our hour of trial, would be impossible. Mr. Collings, Mr. Winslow, and Mr. Grosman, and Mr. Buney, in their efforts to lighten our burden were untiring. And likewise were all those who during life had called themselves the friends of 'Jim'. It was a wonderful testimonial of affection that transcends human passing.

"You know, I can never visualize my father as sitting quietly down in his corner of the place he called Heaven. It would be unnatural. But I can see him in full strength and vigor gloriously radiating in some dear land where pain and suffering can never be. There, it must be, he will dwell, radiant in the health he never knew on earth."

The following employees were present at Mr. Assnult's funeral on August 30th:

First Railroad Experience

Born in the province of Quebec, his railroad experience was driving a mule on a dam during the construction of the Bridgton and Saco River Railroad. Then his promotion was steady and culminating in the superintendency of the Mountain Division in 1917.
Friends Still Loyal

"His friends were loyal in death as in life. Mr. Fiske, station agent at Lancaster, received the body as soon as it left the hospital. And there in the home of his friend he slept peacefully until taken to the church. To enumerate the men and women in Lancaster and all over the Maine Central who helped mother and myself, in our hour of trial, would be impossible. Mr. Collings, Mr. Winslow, and Mr. Croxman, and Mr. Runey, in their efforts to lighten our burden were untiring. And likewise were all those who during his life had called themselves the friends of 'Jim.' It was a wonderful testimonial of affection that transcends human passing.

"You know, I can never visualize my father as sitting quietly down in some corner of the place he called Heaven. That would be unnatural. But I can see him in full strength and vigor gloriously alive in some dear land where pain and suffering can never be. There, it must be, he now dwells, radiant in the health he formerly knew on earth."

The following employees were bearers at Mr. Assault's funeral on August 30th: E. W. Fiske, Agent; E. A. Crosby, Conductor; J. F. Carney, Trainman; O. W. Ramsdoll, Train Despatcher, E. Magoon, Motive Power Foreman; W. H. Matson, Section Foreman.

First Railroad Experience

Born in the province of Quebec, his first railroad experience was driving a mule and dumpcart during the construction of the Bridgton and Saco River Railroad. From then his promotion was steady and rapid, culminating in the superintendency of the Mountain Division in 1917.

High Spots of his Career

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event/Role</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1859</td>
<td>Born</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August, 1882</td>
<td>Construction service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>January, 1883</td>
<td>1st foreman, Bridgton &amp; Saco River RR.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>February, 1883</td>
<td>Freight brakeman, Portland &amp; Ogdensburg RR.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>November, 1883</td>
<td>Promoted to conductor, filled position work train, freight and passenger conductor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August, 1896</td>
<td>Roadmaster 5th District.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December, 1905</td>
<td>Superintendent Washington County RR, until consolidation of Eastern Division and appointed Asst., Supt. Eastern Division.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July, 1917</td>
<td>Superintendent Mountain Division.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>December, 1924</td>
<td>Retired.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

James Assault was a thorough railroad man in all branches. He was a man respected by all with whom he came in contact. A hard worker, he never allowed any man to do more work than he on any job he tackled," declared Frank J. Runey, Superintendent of the Portland Division, in summing up Mr. Assault's capabilities.

An Example of Quick Thinking

"I remember an occasion when he was a freight conductor taking a train consisting of 35 empty flat cars from Bartlett to Lancaster. In those days, there were no air brakes. About two miles west of Bemis, the train broke apart, leaving the rear with the cab and ten flats. On account of the curved track, at this point, the head end did not know of the break. 'J. A.' and the flagman were on the cab. He dropped the rear of the train to Bemis and stopped on the main line between the switches.

It Worked Out As He Planned

"Switch points were not known in those days. In their place stub switches, so-called, were used. 'J. A.' figured that as soon as the head end got to a point where they could see the rear they would discover their loss and stop, and in stopping, be liable to break in two again on account of no brakes set on the cars they had with the engine. He also figured that there was a possibility of the head brakeman being on the cars that might break apart and come down the grade.

"All the possibilities of the situation flashed through his brain. Instructing his flagman to go to the west switch at Bemis and line it for the side track, he, himself took a position at the east switch. Here is..."
Maine Central Family

New Camp Being Built by Two Eastern Division Engineers on Tomah Stream

A Country Famous Throughout New England for its Excellent Sport

They're Mere Boys

Now these two boys, for they are mere lads, rather hold the idea that they are good and valuable men—really assets to the Company and you know they ARE highly and well thought of by all. I fear I cannot be as complimentary as perhaps I ought in writing of these boys, especially the case of Mr. Crocker and the reason for this is owing to the fact that he is the local chairman of the Brotherhood of Engineers and in the pursuit of his duties as such is quite frequently inclined to criticise this office force and its methods and this quite severely at times—in fact fairly often.

We are showing you a picture of the new camp just being built on the banks of Tomah Stream in a country that is noted far and near for its good fishing and hunting, by “Crocker & Cahill, Inc.” Many of the weird story of big fish lost and mighty game missed will be told in the future as the boys sit around the fireplace in their cozy new camp.

See “C & C”

The snap taken in the doorway of the camp shows Mr. and Mrs. Crocker. Mrs. Crocker is also an enthusiastic devotee of outdoor life, and it is easy to tell by the extreme look of pleasurable contentment on their faces that they have just finished their first meal of famous square tails from Tomah Stream in their new camp. If Mr. Crocker could only wear a smile like he has in the picture when he comes into the office with some BIG KICK the world would be brighter for the poor office force.

We regret very much indeed not being able to present a picture of the other member of the “Double C” crew but of his extreme bashfulness it was impossible to get him to face the camera. Any Central employee who in the future bring in a fish or game, in or out of season, are especially requested by Crocker & Cahill, Inc. to take the matter up with them.

++

The Old Town Ody

By V. A. Cunningham

Tell a kid he can’t have any more and his whole soul craves candy, though his appetite had collapsed before, he will receive the paternal ultimatum, and various are the reasons why he will have just one more piece, but the important reasons why we should part with the Banjo Clock, that are given us by some of these Maine Central boys, would probably be the running.

Not Likely to Weaken

They will walk into the office and carelessly around and pretend they see that clock at all, but after exercising the old weather and other lives, they will suddenly notice the clock, then they will try to coax, swap or kid us into trading for a substitute to our walls. So this may be an opportune time to warn all banjo clock hunters; the cream of the MEC diplomatics are trying to adopt that clock without warning our grip on it.

We don’t even dare to send it for repairs any more, but have it repaired in our presence, under heavy guard.

Experts Fell Down

When such able persuaders as Supts. Wheeler and Kingston, Trv. Agt. Hapgood and Gen’l. Pass. Agt. give up in despair there is not much need for any second-raters to remove this beautiful and ancient timepiece from its place of honor in the Old Town except over someone’s dead body.
The Old Town Odyssey

By V. A. Cunningham

Tell a kid he can’t have any more candy, and his whole soul craves candy, even though his appetite had collapsed before he received the paternal ultimatum, and many and various are the reasons why he should have just one more piece, but the ingenious reasons why we should part with our Banjo Clock, that are given us by some of these Maine Central boys, would put the most persistent kid that ever lived out of the running.

Not Likely to Weaken

They will walk into the office and look carelessly around and pretend they don’t see that clock at all, but after exhausting the good old weather and other live topics, they will suddenly notice the clock and then they will try to coax, swap or try to kid us into trading for a substitute to adorn our walls. So this may be an opportune time to warn all banjo clock hunters that the cream of the ME&G diplomats have tried to adopt that clock without weakening our grip on it.

We don’t even dare to send it out for repairs any more, but have it repaired in our presence, under heavy guard.

Experts Fell Down

When such able persuaders as Asst. Supts. Wheeler and Kingston, Trav. Pass. Agt. Langgood and Gen’l. Pass. Agt. Harris give up in despair there is not much hope for any second-raters to remove this beautiful and ancient timepiece from its lofty place of honor in the Old Town office, except over someone’s dead body.

Inspector Geo. Bass was with us recently and ran his eagle eye over our milling,—he says he got badly sunburned on his weak end at Saponic Lake.—Can this mean he didn’t wear a hat?

Relieved to Death

Auditor Arthur White says to avoid a cold you should breathe deeply 25 or 30 times at intervals throughout the day and it will kill the cold bugs. They cannot stand this great volume of air and the quantity and frequency soon proves fatal to them—we don’t doubt it, for we have known hot air to make a lot of well folks sick.

Joe LaBree, Crossing Tender, says the Maine Central Relief is a great thing except when they overlook you in making the monthly deductions on the pay-roll for several months, then it’s not so good for they “Relief” you of about half of your week’s pay.

Scenes of Terrible Carnage

The cooler weather has caused the flies to become sticky and was driving the bald and near bald-headed help at Old Town frantic. The customary twitch of the scalp failed to discourage them as they strolled merrily back and forth, occasionally pausing to do a little fancy skating on a particularly shiny spot that caught their fancy. Finally unable to stand being tickled to death, said help with the afore-said barren domes, passed the hat and taxed all those unfortunate enough to be present two bits each to purchase many cans of fly-tox and a spray gun.

Ex-Sergeant Preble, having had some experience fighting—he has been married about three years—was given charge of the gun with instructions to shoot to kill and not to ask for quarter or give one,—unless we needed more ammunition. Now an attack brings forth the cry, “Quick, Zeke, the gun”, and then the carriage is awful. A few of the smaller ones get through the grill, but there are hundreds of stretcher cases left behind.

Brakeman Happy Buchanan is unsafe to the peace and quiet of any place. A man who works as hard as he does to educate a poor old maid’s parrot when she isn’t
around would throw a banana peeling in front of a man with rheumatism and St. Vitus dance.

F. C. Preble, H. E. Tourtilotte and A. L. Applebee all took their vacation during July and August—and are all pepped up for the winter’s grind.

Joseph Lenfest is laid up with a broken knee cap, the result of a painful accident while at work on the Milford section. Joe has the sympathy of us all and we hope for his speedy recovery.

Protests at Bear Traps

F. X. Lavallee, third-trick operator, says he has to step high, wide and lively in the early morning hours, and this must be true as he stepped into a waste paper basket the other morning and done a swan dive through the office furniture. He says he is going to put a notice on the bulletin board, that if they are going to set bear traps in the freight office they must put fences around them.

Voice on the telephone: “I want one of those cars with the cracks on the side.”
Ashby: “You mean a Rack car?”
The voice: “Yeh—if that’s what you call ‘em.”

“JIMMY” ASSAULT PASSES ON

(Concluded from page 15)

how he figured: if the train did break apart again and part of the cars ran back, he would put them through the side track and if no brakemen were on the cars, he would leave the stub switch at the end of derailed position and derail the cars. But if the brakeman was on the cars, he would then line the switch for the main line and let them go in hopes that the brakeman would be able to stop them before they reached Bartlett, as there was some up grade between Sawyers River and Bartlett.

“The case worked out exactly as he figured. The head stopped, the slack ran back and ten more cars broke away and ran down the mountain—without the brakeman. There stood ‘J. A.’ and watched them come. As soon as he saw that there was no brakeman aboard, he derailed the ten cars at the east switch at Bemis, then went to Sawyers River Station, called an operator, reported to Supt. Jonas Hamilton and ordered a relief train. For this action, he received a letter of commendation and a personal check of $50 from Vice-President and General Manager Payson Tucker.”

A Final Tribute

As far as Mr. Assault was concerned, no one would ever have heard this interesting anecdote any more than the fact that he once rescued two men from drowning in the St. Croix River. As usual, he kept it very quiet.

In sympathy with his oft repeated remark, “No fuss, no fuss,” let this be our final tribute and his epitaph.

“HE WAS A REAL RAILROAD MAN.”

Editor’s Note: The photograph reproduced on the cover, is printed by permission of the International Film Service, Inc., New York City. It shows Mr. Assault on duty during the clearing of the famous Bemis wreck in January, 1918, one of the worst wrecks the system ever saw.

WILLIS HOLBrook

On August 30th, Willis Holbrook, who for many years was employed in the Passenger Room at Waterville Shops, passed away at his home on Oak Street at the age of 66 years. A widow and a sister survive him.

A. A. T.

DANIEL M. AVERY

Many members of the Maine Central Family will remember Daniel M. Avery, veteran railroadman who died last month at York Village aged 77. For many years he was employed by the old Portland and Rochester Railroad, and later entered the employ of the Worcester, Nashua and Portland Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, serving at Deering Junction from 1910 to 1920.

Rockland Riteup

By A. R. Pugh

One of the popular Maine Central conductors has qualified as a poet and contributed to the cause with a clever verse concerning Hen Comins. Of course, we might be expected, there will be dozens among the readers who will read between the lines than the author had intended in them, even to the point of discovering that there is a cause best known to the author why the lines were written.

It’s funny that none of the other conductors have anything like it done for them. Since Hen read the poem, he lengthened his belt, enlarged his vest pocket, bought a new hat, size nine and one half.

The Hon. Pome reads thusly:

An All-Round Hen

He’s on the job from morn till night,
His buddy is his faithful pipe,
He tries to use us all just right,
Who—Hen Comins.

He meets all trains with smile and grin,
The ladies are each one a dear,
Short skirts and bobs will draw his eye,
Who—Hen Comins.

From office yard and steamboat shore,
You’ll find him roaming round the town,
Always a boost and never a knock
Who—Hen Comins.

No cinch for such a little man,
His crew all step at his command,
We will all do whate’er we can,
Whom—Hen Comins.

—Drapers

Disclaimers Responsibility

I had the privilege of conversing with the Editor of one of the Country’s best magazines the other day, and had a very pleasant chat with him for fifteen or twenty minutes. He dropped off in Rockland to do some business and come in to see me, which I greatly appreciated.

In the course of the conversation the Editor Alleman expressed his pleasure at
Rockland Riteups

By A. R. Pugh

One of the popular Maine Central conductors has qualified as a poet and has contributed to the cause with a clever ditty concerning Hen Comins. Of course, as might be expected, there will be those among the readers who will read more between the lines than the author has put in them, even to the point of insinuating that there is a cause best known to them why the lines were written.

It’s funny that none of the other General Agents have had anything like it dedicated to them. Since Hen read the pome he has lengthened his belt, enlarged his vest and bought a new hat, size nine and one-half.

The Hon. Pome reads thusly:

An All-Round Hen
He’s on the job from morn till night,
His buddy is his faithful pipe,
He tries to use us all just right,
Who—Hen Comins.

He meets all trains with smile and cheer,
The ladies are each one a dear,
Short skirts and bobs will draw him near,
Who—Hen Comins.

From office yard and steamboat dock,
You’ll find him roaming ‘round the clock,
Always a boost and ne’er a knock, from
Who—Hen Comins.

No cinch for such a little man,
His crew all step at his command,
We will all do whate’er we can, for
Whom—Hen Comins.

—Drawes Mah

Disclaims Responsibility
I had the privilege of conversing with the Editor of one of the Country’s leading magazines the other day, and had quite a pleasant chat with him for fifteen or twenty minutes. He dropped off in Rockland on business and come in to see me, a stunt that I greatly appreciated.

In the course of the conversation Mr. Alleman expressed his pleasure at finding Rockland such an industrious city, and spoke very highly of our fine passenger station. Having his camera with him, he took a picture of the station, which was quite proper.

Ye Scribe of Rockland

But, without any provocation on my part, and with malice aforethought, he lined me up against the building and took a photographic reproduction of my facial map. Whether he will use it for the comic section of the Boston Sunday American or clutter up a page of our nice magazine with it, I do not know.

But I disclaim any responsibility for the act, and will not be responsible for any cancellations of subscriptions to the publication on this account. In passing, I want to add that I find Dug to be some Guy.

A New World’s Record
Anse Glidden, Conductor of the early morning freight out of Rockland, rises to announce that he is dog-gone glad that it is about time to get back on the old schedule and leave at 6:45 A. M. instead of 5 A. M. Getting up at three thirty A. M., so as to get to work at 4:30 isn’t all it’s cracked up to be, so he says.
In this, he has my hearty endorsement, for I have been making the same hours for several months, and I too will be glad to get those two hours extra sleep in the morning. Incidentally, I claim the record for dressing, eating and getting to work, having made the official time of six minutes flat from time of opening my eyes. Hen Comins can testify to the veracity of this statement (if he will).

More than This Required
Leo G. (Red) Chase, who was so painfully bruised by falling from the roof of a box car to the ground several weeks ago, is now able to be about again, though still unable to resume his duties as brakeman on the yard switcher. Red allows as how it will take more than a tumble from a box car to put him out of commission.

While these lines are being written (or rotten) words are being uttered on the other side of the office where L. M. Valley, second track operator, is drawing off pros and wishing his vacation had started. He hopes to get started next week sometime. For his own good we hope he does, because his supply of adjectives must run short very soon and he prides himself on never being obliged to repeat anything.

Big Passes for Little

A supposedly true story which has to do with free transportation:
In Bangor we have a small ferry boat, that plies across the Penobscot River carrying passengers between Bangor and Brewer, charging the exorbitant fare of three cents per passenger. Some time ago the Captain of the Boston boat of the Eastern Steamship Company had occasion to visit Brewer and stepping onto the Bon-Ton, which is the name of the small ferry boat, offered the Captain (who is the entire crew) the usual three cent fare. The Captain of the Bon-Ton passed it back with this reply, "That’s all right, Captain, I may want to go to Boston sometime."

Waterville Jottings
By A. A. Thompson

Carman and Mrs. Girard Gosselin passed their vacation with relatives in Canada. Carmen G. H. Sessions, F. P. Farwell, E. E. Johnson and Victor Gibson attended the Quebec Exposition. Carman and Mrs. Jos. Pelerin are the proud parents of a twelve-pound boy. We are advised that Carman "Bill" Norton gets his pay at the Station now rather than at the shops. Asst. Foreman and Mrs. A. A. Williams, together with Foreman and Mrs. Thurl Severy, have returned from an automobile trip through New Brunswick, Canada and the White Mountains. Asst. Foreman and Mrs. R. H. Clark with their daughter Emily have returned from a few days vacation at China Lake.

The sympathy of all fellow workers is extended to Carman and Mrs. Daniel Murray in the loss of their son, Verne.

Beans a Foot Long

Clerk C. R. Plummer has returned from a vacation passed at his camp at Bakers. Machinist Foreman and Mrs. Herbert Proudman have returned from a vacation passed in Old Orchard and Boston. Car Inspector Foreman and Mrs. F. M. Elliott recently entertained the Daughters of Veterans at their cottage at Messalonskee Lake. Again this year we find that Section Foreman William Tucker has some garden beans over a foot long, etc! Paint Shop Foreman J. H. Bradburn has returned from Red Bank, N. J., where he passed a week with his family. Carman Charles Murray is confined to his home by illness. Carman and Mrs. C. E. Furber have closed their cottage at Southport for the season.

Carman I. F. Ames has returned to work after several weeks’ illness. Ticket Agent A. W. Lint and Chief Clerk Frank Downs are making extensive repairs on their homes. The sympathy of all fellow workers is extended to Stenographer Daisy Severy, in the loss of her father whose death occurred on August 16th. Clerk Arnold

Railroad Ravings

Dow has returned from a vacation at North Pond. Any one desiring a Wash Bath should place their order with Carman E. E. Roberts.

L. A. B. L. E. Outing

The outing of the Ladies Auxiliary Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was held on August 16th, at the cottage of H. H. Doe at Messalonskee Lake, was well attended and all had a good time. At noon a fine time was enjoyed and at night the men and ladies in a bountiful supper. In the afternoon and evening, bathing and cards were enjoyed.

A fire, which was kept confined to the chimney, recently occurred at the home of Carman Helper W. H. Blake on Carman Street. Carman C. H. Garfield and
Waterville Jottings

By A. A. Thompson

Mr. and Mrs. Girard Gosselin passed their vacation with relatives in Canada. John H. Sessions, F. P. Farwell, E. Sessions and Victor Gibson attended the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Carman and Mrs. Jos. More are the proud parents of a twelve-year-old boy. We are advised that Carman Norton gets his pay at the Station rather than at the shops. Asst. Foreman and Mrs. Thurl Severly, have returned from an automobile trip through Brunswick, Canada and the White Mountains. Asst. Foreman and Mrs. R. L. Carman with their daughter Emily have returned from a few days vacation at Moosehead Lake.

The sympathy of all fellow workers is extended to Carman and Mrs. Daniel Carman in the loss of their son, Verne.

Beans a Foot Long

C. R. Plummer has returned from a vacation passed at his camp at Bakers. Asst. Foreman and Mrs. Herbert Severly have returned from a vacation in Old Orchard and Boston. Carman Charles Murray and Mrs. Murray entertained the Daughters of Good Intentions at their cottage at Messalonskee Lake. Again this year we find that Section Man William Tucker has some garden work to do over a foot long. Paint Shopman J. H. Bradburn has returned from Bangor, N. H., where he passed a week with his family. Carman Charles Murray returned to his home by illness. Carman Charles Murray and Mrs. C. E. Furbush have closed their cottage for the season.

A. F. Ames has returned to work after several weeks' illness. Ticket Agent A. F. Lint and Chief Clerk Frank Downs have been making extensive repairs on their respective cars. The sympathy of all fellow workers is extended to Stenographer Daisy Severy, who is ailing from the loss of her father whose death occurred on August 16th. Clerk Arnold Dow has returned from a vacation passed at North Pond. Any one desiring a Turkish Bath should place their order with Carman E. E. Roberts.

I. A. B. L. E. Outing

The outing of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which was held on August 18th at the cottage of H. H. Doe at Messalonskee Lake, was well attended and all had a grand time. At noon a fine dinner was enjoyed and at night the men joined the ladies in a bountiful supper. During the afternoon and evening, bathing, boating and cards were enjoyed.

A fire, which was kept confined to the chimney, recently occurred at the home of Carman Helper W. H. Blake on Campbell Street. Carman C. H. Garfield and Carman Helper W. H. Blake on Campbell Street. Carman C. H. Garfield and Carman Helper W. H. Blake on Campbell Street.

Railroad Ravings

By J. L. Anderson
Brunswick, Draftsman

Oh! I'm just wild about animal crackers. I can't live without animal crackers.

Oh! Look! Old man Skinner the first select man of the town, coming to see me. I wonder what's up?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Will I? Oh, you baby doll.

Yes, William, every courtesy.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?

Well, that little queen is off to school again. She thinks I'm quite a rook.

Now, William, our new school teacher is coming on the train. Will you kindly direct her to my house and show her every courtesy?
Who’s Who at Bangor Freight Repair Shop
Second Series
Blessings on thee, Little Man,
Head of bone and iron hand.
Wow! You wield a mean paint brush,
And make the little box cars blush.

Well, here we are again with the stage all set and ready to star as it’s hero, Raymond Johnius Patricka Whalen Wheeler.

Now, my dear friends, Ray as we call him, isn’t long and slender like his name, (you can’t judge a book by it’s exterior parts) he is just one of the young and dashingly careless set, whose life story is liable to be found in the “True Story Magazine” in any of it’s future editions. Could I have described this boy in sweeter words, than the above? No—Not even if I had mentioned the “Police Gazette”.

Yes, Raymond has a record. No, not a police record but a very clean record as being the Repair Shop’s funniest Clown. He’s as dry as a desert and twice as dusty and he thinks that Breakfast, Dinner and Supper are just grand. Morning, Noon and Night are are his greatest past-times, and his favorite songs are, “No matter how healthy a bow-legged girl is she’s always in bad shape” and “That’s enough from you said the milk-maid—as she moved over to milk the next cow”.

Raymond is not dead, he’s single and is the owner of one of those big Cleveland T. cars and finds it much nicer than a closed job because the nights are cold now and the use of “Arm-strong Heaters” are in great demand.

A few days ago I asked him what he thought of “Re-incarnation” and he replied, “I never think about it, I don’t like flowers”.

Raymond says that the greatest surgical operation ever performed was “Lansing, Michigan,” and the greatest engineering feat was “Wheeling, West Virginia,” in fact he’s so dumb that he thinks “Farther Away” is a priest.

The next question is, “Who’s going to be “Who” in next month’s issue of the MAGAZINE. As the barber says when he has finished scraping the Alfa-fa from a man’s countenance from ear to ear “YOU'RE NEXT!!” So mind your eye and don’t get hurt.

FPM signing off,
Good-day.

“Ike” Hands One Farmer Back to Friend “A”

I heard a step on the old shop stairs.
A familiar sound it was to me.
Arthur Thompson, I felt sure,
Was coming up the boys to see.

He’s a good ole scout with his smile
And twinkling eyes so full of fun,
He likes to gather up the news
And send it in when all is done.

He likes to hit me up sometimes
About bathing beauties and the like,
And when he does it makes him smile.
To think he’s got a joke on “Ike.”

And then he hits “Ed” Mitchell up
About his farm up Hinckley way.
He then inquires how ‘taters are
And how about the price of hay.

Carrol Murry gets a dig
About his saddle horses fine
And teaching ladies how to ride
He couples up his name with mine.

I am not sore at Arthur, no,
I like to read his pithy news
About the boys around the shop
Now I must stop, I’ve lost the mus.

—Isaac F. Ames—Wate.

Popular Trainman Married

Wednesday, September 1st, with the marriage of Miss Katherine McConigle of Peaks Island to Frank Doherty one of the most popular trainmen on the Portland Division, the newlyweds left on an extended trip to Canada after which “Frank” resumed his task of running extra out of Portland.
**“Ike” Hands One Right Back to Friend “Art”**

I heard a step on the old shop stairs  
A familiar sound it was to me,  
Arthur Thompson, I felt sure,  
Was coming up the boys to see.

He’s a good old scout with his smiling face  
And twinkling eyes so full of fun,  
He likes to gather up the news  
And send it in when all is done.

He likes to hit me up sometimes  
About batting beauties and the like  
And when he does it makes him smile  
To think he’s got a joke on “Ike.”

And then he hits “Ed” Mitchell up  
About his farm up Hinckley way.  
He then inquires how ’taters are  
And how about the price of hay.

Carrol Murry gets a dig  
About his saddle horses fine  
And teaching ladies how to ride  
He couples up his name with mine.

I am not sore at Arthur, no,  
I like to read his pithy news  
About the boys around the shop  
Now I must stop, I’ve lost the muse.

—Isaac F. Ames—Waterville.

**Poplar Trainman Married**

Wednesday, September 1st, witnessed the marriage of Miss Katherine Mae McGonigle of Peaks Island to Francis H. Doherty one of the most popular young trainmen on the Portland Division. The newlyweds left on an extended trip through Canada after which “Frank” resumed his task of running extra out of Portland.

**“Safety First”—What Does it Mean?**

“Safety First” is not a question of dollars and cents; it is a question of saving human life, the most valuable thing in the world, which, when once gone, can never be brought back. It is trying to save men from losing their legs and their arms which never can be put back. It is trying to save the making of widows and orphans, destitution and misery. Neither the officers nor the laws can do it. But the workmen can do it if they try.—R. C. Richards.

**Tall Timber Tales**

By “Rangeley Rooster”

When the deer are plenty I don’t have to go hunting. The “Missas” just steps out in our back yard and shakes her apron, and they jump against one another and break their necks.

Any of you Rockland boys in Track Department can come up on No. 213 and back on No. 214, and take your pick of the lot, for a peck of clams and a two-quart Mason jar of cider.

The only trouble with this part of the system, is there are two weeks poor sledding in the middle of August. Next month I will tell you about the flies and the “Dope” I made.

“Muriel’s fiancé is teaching her to drive the car.”

“Yes, I know. When I saw them last evening he was demonstrating the clutch.”

—Victoria Buzzer.

African girls, we hear, are clamoring for American clothes. Has all our uplift work in the Dark Continent gone for naught?—Little Rock, Arkansas, Garrett.
## Handy Reference Information About the M.C.R.R.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miles of Road Operated</td>
<td>1154.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State of Maine</td>
<td>1013.97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State of N. H</td>
<td>99.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State of Vt</td>
<td>36.02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Province of N. B</td>
<td>5.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mileage Road Owned</td>
<td>645.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mileage Road Leased</td>
<td>487.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles Trackage Rights</td>
<td>21.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles First Main Track</td>
<td>1154.59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles Second Main Track</td>
<td>87.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles additional Main Track</td>
<td>2.76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles Yd. Track &amp; Siding</td>
<td>381.13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miles of Tracks in Use</td>
<td>1625.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revenue Passengers Carried in 1925</td>
<td>2,197,977</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Passengers Carried on a Mile</td>
<td>108,446,099</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revenue Fro. Hauled in 1925</td>
<td>7,403,651 tons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freight Train Car Miles</td>
<td>62,737,985</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passengers Carried One Mile</td>
<td>90,461</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ton Miles, Rev. Fro., per mile of road</td>
<td>712,818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Haul, Pass</td>
<td>49.339 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aver. Haul, Rev. Fro.</td>
<td>115,421 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aver. Rev. per Passenger per Mile</td>
<td>3.58 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aver. Rev. per Ton of Freight per Mile</td>
<td>1.669 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number of Locomotives</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passenger</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freight</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Switching</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Passenger Train Cars</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passenger Cars</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combination Cars</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baggage Cars</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Freight Train Cars</td>
<td>7682</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Box Cars</td>
<td>3732</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastman Heater Cars</td>
<td>878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coal Cars</td>
<td>1214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rack Cars</td>
<td>962</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caboose</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company Service Cars</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferry and Steamboats</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total Performance of Locomotives</td>
<td>5,567,619 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freight Service</td>
<td>2,155,669 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passenger Service</td>
<td>2,102,694 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mixed Service</td>
<td>198,174 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Service</td>
<td>2,791 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Switching Service</td>
<td>987,605 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work Service</td>
<td>120,686 miles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aver. Miles per Ton of Coal</td>
<td>16.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aver. Miles per Pint of Lubricants</td>
<td>10.65</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Maine Population and Area

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>County</th>
<th>Sq. Miles</th>
<th>Population</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Androscoggin</td>
<td>459</td>
<td>65,796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aroostook</td>
<td>643</td>
<td>81,728</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumberland</td>
<td>853</td>
<td>124,376</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin</td>
<td>1789</td>
<td>19,825</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hancock</td>
<td>1522</td>
<td>30,301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kennebec</td>
<td>879</td>
<td>63,844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knox</td>
<td>351</td>
<td>26,245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lincoln</td>
<td>457</td>
<td>15,976</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oxford</td>
<td>1980</td>
<td>37,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penobscot</td>
<td>3258</td>
<td>87,684</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piscataquis</td>
<td>3770</td>
<td>20,554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sagadahoc</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>23,021</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somerset</td>
<td>3633</td>
<td>37,171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waldo</td>
<td>724</td>
<td>21,328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>2298</td>
<td>41,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York</td>
<td>989</td>
<td>70,696</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total 29,895 768,014

C. E. NASH & SON, AUGUSTA, MAINE