With transit and level rod,
Mar over mountains and plains,
With infinite labor they plod,
Surveying uncharted domains:
Through jungle and valley and fen,
And ever to hardship a prey,
This corps of adventurous men
Go marching and blazing the way,
They compass deep canyons and through
Long tortuous passes they wend,
Span rivers and ever pursue
Each task to its ultimate end;
And ever with consummate skill,
Exacting and patient and slow,
A mighty achievement fulfill
As onward undaunted they go.

Grizzled Veterans of Civil War Attend
National Encampment at Portland

NOT since 1885 has Portland had
the proud privilege of entertain-
ing the members of the Grand Army
of the Republic and its allied bodies
who assembled Sept. 8th to Sept. 13th
for the 63rd National Encampment.
Those who served their country
during the days of '61 to '65 were
given a warm welcome by the people
of Portland and the State of Maine.
This great organization which has
endured for 63 years was accorded one
of the greatest welcomes received in
any city. In every possible way Port-
land opened its heart to the men who
fought for the Union some 64 years
ago, those veterans who still retain
that spirit which carried them forward
during the four years of Civil War, in
which there were 2,257 battles fought,
beginning with the attack on Fort
Sumpter, April 12, 1861, and ending
with the surrender of Lee on April 9,
1865.

It is doubtful if the veterans will
ever assemble again in a national en-
campment in Portland where 25,000
encamped in tents in 1885. It may
be the last time that Portland will be
the official host of a glorious genera-
tion of patriots, swiftly passing into
the shades of immortality. The ranks
of the Grand Army are fast being
depleted by the toll of time.

The most colorful spectacle which
the Civil War veterans presented dur-
ing the encampment was the G. A. R.
parade which thrilled thousands and
thousands of people who came from
distant parts of the nation to witness
the event.

Heart strings of all who saw them
were touched by the pathetic groups
in this parade. The veterans with
empty sleeves or hobbling along on
crutches, the courageous men who
marched with their comrades and
were supported in their last great
parade by the arm of a daughter or a
grandchild, the few colored veterans
who had fought with others of their
race to help Lincoln liberate the slaves.
These are pictures which will never
fade from the minds of those who
were fortunate enough to see them. There could not have been a veteran in the parade who was under four score years of age, while there were a great many who had passed the span of four score years and ten. They marched with the spirit of youth but some of them with tottering, infirm steps. Such sights tend to fan the embers of patriotism and love for the flag which so many thousands of our soldiers and sailors have fought under.

As a prelude to the Grand Army parade, 3,000 persons representing Portland’s military, patriotic and civic organizations and its guests, the marines and bluejackets of U. S. S. Texas, paraded the streets in honor of the Grand Army of the Republic. This parade was organized in ten divisions and filed in a mass column considerably more than a mile long.

The General Offices of our company closed at two thirty for the remainder of the day and many of the employees participated in the parade.

The city itself was in gala attire. Buildings in the business district were profusely decorated with flags and bunting and insignia of the G. A. R.

Union Station was a veritable beehive all during the encampment. Practically all of the delegates came by train and the first welcome they received was by the Maine Central Railroad as the accompanying photograph shows. This unique sign 11 x 9 feet was placed in the Union Station waiting-room under the direction of General Passenger Agent M. L. Harris and Industrial Agent W. G. Hunton in full view of all the delegates to the convention as they passed through the station to the taxi cabs and street cars. Many favorable comments were made by the public concerning the token of public spirit that this sign showed.

Union Station officials and employees deserve much credit for the handling of the traffic in such an efficient manner. Extra precautions were taken for the safety of the passengers at all times, first aid attendants were on hand and all concerned cooperated to the fullest extent to make the honored veterans feel they were at home away from home.

Nobody can hang up a telephone quicker than a young boy after he’s persuaded his father to say “Yes.”

Nothing works to perfection except an adding machine.

Everybody seems to notice spots on a vest except the man who’s wearing the vest.

One of the compensations of being poor is that you can get a thrill out of finding a dime in the pocket of an old overcoat.
Maine Central Owns and Operates 300-Acre Farm at Kineo

Do you know that the Maine Central owns and operates a 300-acre farm? Aside from our business of transporting passengers with a daily fleet of approximately 80 passenger trains and hauling long freight trains too numerous to get an accurate check, owning and operating two high class summer hotels, we dabble a little in agriculture.

Deerhead Farm, so called, is located on the east shore of North Bay, Moosehead Lake, four miles from Kineo Station. It contains 300 acres and is beautifully situated on high ground overlooking the lake and marking a picturesque spot in the wilderness. The elevation is 1,100 feet above sea level.

Famous Moosehead Lake (largest lake wholly within the borders of any State in the Union) directly at the front door, provides excellent fishing for trout, togue and salmon. The lake, itself, is walled in on the east by the rugged mountains and hills of Piscataquis County, clothed in the greens of pine, spruce, fir and hardwood, typical of our Maine forests. One hundred and sixty acres of the farm located in hilly, rolling land is under good cultivation, stocked with 4 horses, 15 cows and 70 hogs and pigs. Hay, grain, garden truck, dairy products and some poultry are the output of the farm.

This farm, acquired in 1911, has since that time been worked in connection with The Mount Kineo House, operated by our subsidiary, The Sam-Oset Company. In the olden days, when it was almost impossible to get fresh garden truck from the Boston market, the farm was operated exclusively for that purpose.

Leon S. Hawkes, a native of North Raymond, is Superintendent, and with his family, makes his home there the year round, and an extremely busy man he is. During the summer he has eight men assisting him and as everyone knows, there is always plenty of work to do on a farm from daylight until long after dark. During the winter he spends much of his time in the woods. Besides that he reaps the ice harvest and does a thousand and one other things which have to be accomplished before spring arrives.

Communication with the outside world in the summer is by highway to the hotel, thence steamer across the lake to Kineo Station. In the winter the lake is frozen and a stage line from Rockwood to Northeast Carry affords communication.

Industrial Agent W. G. Hunton of Portland has general supervision of the farm and keeps in close touch with the Superintendent at all times, making frequent trips throughout the year.

Just recently he supervised the shipping of 50 hogs via boat from the farm to Kineo Station, thence via train destined to the abattoir at Portland.

The Farm is Stocked with 4 Horses, 15 cows and 70 Hogs and Pigs
H. & W. Charter Three Special Trains for Annual Outing

Two special trains from Waterville and one from Madison were chartered by the Hollingsworth and Whitney Paper Company to transport 1548 of the employees and their families to its annual picnic and field day held at the State Y. M. C. A. Camp Winthrop on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Labor Day, September 2nd.

The "specials" delivered the happy throng of excursionists at Winthrop station bright and early and they were carried from there by buses and autos to the lake at East Winthrop.

The weather was perfect and counting the crowds that came by auto it was estimated fully 3,000 people spent a busy but very enjoyable day. Not a single mishap occurred despite the large crowd.

Many and varied were the attractions on the day's program arranged by the committee under the direction of Richard Bull of Waterville.

The feature of the day was the outboard motorboat Marathon race directly in front of the Y. M. C. A. Some of the faster boats made fifty laps around the oval course at an average speed close to forty miles per hour. Many of the drivers had to refuel from two to four times and the thrills were plenty.

Prizes were offered for the different classes of motors completing the greatest number of laps in a specified time and competition was keen. Only one spill marred the races. This occurred when one of the boats upset shortly after the first lap and went to the bottom of the lake.

The program of competitive field events opened at 10.00 A.M. and continued steadily, with just a short break for lunch until the start of the outboard races at 3 o'clock. Throughout the day the Waterville Military Band furnished music.

All kinds of field events were scheduled for the Athletic Field. They had tennis matches, races, rolling pin throwing contests for girls, tug of war, catching the greased pig, horse-shoe pitching, boxing matches, basket ball, shooting and baseball games. Square dances were held in the auditorium and water sports came in for more than their share of interest. Swimming races, canoe races, fancy diving and outboard motor races gave little time for any dull moments.

There is always a "Joe" Frabotta at a picnic like this but if anything, he was a little better than the average and always had a crowd around him when he entertained with his songs and jokes.

All of the mills were closed for the day and officials and their families as well as the executives from their Boston and New York offices, were there to make the event a gala one.

An Appreciation

I wish to express through the pages of this Magazine my appreciation of the fine present given to me by members of the Maine Central Family in remembrance of my 68th birthday on September 12th.

It is an expression of good will and is very much appreciated.

G. A. PLUMMER
Agent, Newport Jet.

Card of Thanks

United States Veterans Hospital Rutland Heights, Mass.

To Engineers and Firemen,

Dear Friends:

I received your generous donation and want to thank you all from the bottom of my heart, also in behalf of my wife and three children.

FRANK J. BORDEN
Via H. M. T.
What an Interline Waybill Means to the Accounting Dept.

By FRANK MORTON, Chief Clerk, A. F. A. Office, Portland

GROSS earnings of a railroad are represented, principally, by the transportation of freight and passengers and, of the two, the transportation of freight is the most remunerative. To make the transportation of freight remunerative there must be a continual flow of traffic—loaded cars of lumber, potatoes, coal, grain, raw materials, manufactured goods and other commodities—and the two most important physical functions of the railroads are to secure this traffic and transport it to destination with care and rapidity, and to transport it, there must be waybills.

The waybill is the foundation upon which all freight accounts are constructed. It is issued by the forwarding agent and should contain all information as called for in the spaces or captions provided thereon. It represents the recording of the shipment, for movement with the necessary instructions for its subsequent physical carriage and delivery. A waybill from a station on one railroad to a station on another railroad is known as an "interline" waybill.

A waybill issued by the agent of the A. T. & S. Fe Ry.,—Coast Lines at Fresno, Cal., to the agent of the M. C. R. R. at Bangor, Maine, for the movement of a car consigned to the order of Guggenheim & Co., notify T. R. Savage & Co., Bangor, Maine, would be classified as an "interline" waybill covered by an "order" bill of lading.

The difference between a "straight" bill of lading and an "order" bill of lading is that goods shipped by "straight" bill of lading may be delivered to the consignee without surrender of the bill of lading, while the goods shipped by "order" bill of lading contains the provision that "the surrender of the bill of lading properly endorsed shall be required for the delivery of the goods."

The waybill is passed to the freight conductor who handles the train in which car has been placed for movement. Upon reaching the junction point, at which car is to be interchanged with the connecting railroad, the waybill is delivered, with the car, to the agent of the railroad over whose line car is to travel. The agent will impress upon the waybill the junction stamp which shows the name of the railroad, junction station and date car is received. A full record of the waybill is taken and included on report of cars passing over that railroad. Where a railroad does not issue the waybill or handle it at destination, this report from an agent at the junction station is very essential for the reason that it is the only record that railroad has of the shipment passing over its line and for its own protection is checked against reports rendered by the destination carrier to insure the intermediate carrier that it is receiving its proportion of revenue on the shipment covered by this waybill.

Examination of the waybill at destination would show from the routing and junction stamps appearing thereon that the car was hauled by the A. T. & S. Fe Ry., Coast Lines from Fresno, Cal., to Belen, by the A. T. & S. Fe Ry., from Belen to Chicago, by the Pere Marquette from Chicago to Suspension Bridge, by the New York Central from Suspension Bridge to Rotterdam Jct., by the Boston & Maine from Rotterdam Jct. to Portland and by the Maine Central from Portland to Bangor.

Upon receipt of the original waybill in the office of the Auditor Freight Accounts, it is carefully revised. Weights are checked, in the case of a carload shipment, rates verified and extensions and footings gone over. If an error is found, the waybill is corrected and the receiving agent and others interested are notified by correction sheet.

The waybill is then passed to a typist, who prepares an interline abstract, with a certain number of carbon copies, from information contained on the waybill. The railroads that hauled the shipment are furnished a copy of the abstract, which has been audited to show the amount of revenue due each carrier for the part each took in the joint service performed.

The waybill is then filed, with thousands of others, in alphabetical station and road order and retained for future reference.

At the expiration of three years, the waybill may be destroyed upon authority of the Comptroller.
in the dining car, while the business man thinks of the railroads in terms of rates and deliveries. Little does he or she think of the men and women who give to the railroad, life, character and ideals.

The man power of our railroads based on skill and integrity of high order is directly responsible for the character of our railroad. Our own road has always been blessed with exceptionally good men and women. We and our railroad have grown up together. Three and four generations of a family in our service are not rare. The cooperation, loyalty and courtesy has knit itself into one harmonious unit of transportation.

The reputation of every railroad is but the reflection of its personnel. And so we see that personal responsibility of a most exacting degree is the constant duty of every employee.

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ONE ALWAYS DUE

There is no sense or logic in rushing across a railroad track. There is no sense in not stopping and taking every precaution to avoid being struck by a train. There is only a world of laziness—and criminal recklessness.

A railroad crossing is a rendezvous with death. There is ALWAYS a train coming.

Reminiscences of an Old Time Train Dispatcher

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

ALTHOUGH I have been a telegrapher for many years, I never learned to telegraph. That is not such a paradoxical statement as it may appear. I was born in a railroad station. My father was for many years agent for the Highland & Lowland road—the “Hilo” for short—and with his family lived in rooms over the station in the little country village of Juniper. There I was born; and my infancy and boyhood were spent within sound of the clattering telegraph instruments. Before I could creep, I spent hours in father’s care in the little office; and my earliest recollections center around that spot. At the age of twelve I realized that, without volition or conscious effort on my part, I had become a fairly proficient operator. If I may so express it, I had absorbed the art, almost unconsciously.

At the tender age of fourteen I first went on the payroll as a full-fledged railroad man. Father and mother had long desired to take a trip to Florida, and because with me as his substitute the income would not cease, father felt that he could then afford the trip. My youth was not the bar that it would be today, and after a brief test on the wire, by the train dispatcher at Highland, I was appointed temporary agent. This is not an autobiography; it is merely a rambling series of recollections covering half a century of railroad life. I shall not, therefore, attempt to write in any chronological fashion, nor shall I make the account any more personal than is necessary. But as most of the incidents to be described concern me in some way, the repeated use of the pronoun “I” seems to be unavoidable.

It was during the first week of my incumbency as temporary agent at Juniper that I had the unique experience of being fired and hired on the same day—almost in the same breath. Juniper, although a small station, was a somewhat important train order point, and the dispatcher was in the habit of placing train orders there whenever practicable. In those days the old “single order” system was in vogue, whereby a red flag was displayed to hold the superior train, and a single order issued to the inferior train on the strength of it. In most cases, after the order was fulfilled, the flag was taken down, and the superior train permitted to go without receiving a copy of the order.

There were no “hours of service” laws then, and although there was a night man at Juniper, we frequently worked for each other in order to get a little time off. On the night in question the night man had arranged with me to stay until 9 P.M. No. 46, a fast freight, was due at Juniper at 8.30. About 8.30, the dispatcher ordered my flag displayed for 46, and I heard him give an order to a work train at Freedom, the next station south, as follows:

“Work train Ryan conductor run wild Freedom to Juniper and cross No. 46 at Juniper.”
No. 46 had gone when I put out the flag, although I didn’t know it. Over at Freedom, “Tiger” Ryan on the work train got his order, started to pull out of the siding, and then remembered that he had left his way-bills in the telegraph office. Back he went for them—and just then 46 sailed through at forty miles an hour. And my older brother was Ryan’s engineer!

Right on top of this, and before the situation was known to the dispatcher, he gave me an order for No. 7, the evening passenger train north, to meet a light engine at Catawba, a blind siding three miles away. No. 7 arrived, the conductor signed the order, and then he and the engineer went across the street to the restaurant to have an oyster stew. Those were leisurely days, schedules were long and delays easily made. The older brother was Ryan’s engineer!

“Hilo Jack” he was called universally, a Scotchman and his wife were eating in the diner. They ordered their meal. The waiter came back a little later and noticed that the wife was not eating. “Madam, aren’t you hungry?”

“Why, yes.”

“ Aren’t you going to eat?”

“Yes, as soon as my husband finishes with the false teeth.”

It Ain’t Going to Rain No More
Jones: You never returned that umbrella I lent you a week ago.
Smith: Couldn’t spare it, old man. It’s been raining every day since.

Pence and Pants
Teacher: “Now, children, who can tell me how much a Pence is worth in American money?”

Jakey: “Well, teacher, you can get a good pair for three dollars at my fadder’s.”

Now You Tell One
A Scotchman and his wife were eating in the diner. They ordered their meal. The waiter came back a little later and noticed that the wife was not eating.

“Madam, aren’t you hungry?”

“Why, yes.”

“ Aren’t you going to eat?”

“Yes, as soon as my husband finishes with the false teeth.”

Getting the Low-Down
Love-sick Nephew—“Uncle, what’s the best way of finding out what she thinks of me?”

Bachelor Uncle—“Marry her, my boy.”

—Manchester News.

The Pretty Stenog
Junior Partner, to pretty stenographer: “Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Dale?”

Stenographer, hopefully: “No, not a thing.”

Then try to be at the office earlier on Monday morning, will you?”

He Was in a Hurry
A “drunk,” passing a subway excavation, stopped for a moment and called down to the men at the bottom of the pit:

“Shay, watcha doin’ down there?”

One of the men responded: “We’re building a subway.”

“How long is it goin’ to take to build that subway?”

“Eight years,” came the answer.

“Eight years! (hie) To ‘ell with it. I’ll take a taxicab.”

Scotchograms
A Scotchman sent his “fiancée” a package of flower seeds in which he put this note: “Plant these seeds now and you will have a nice bouquet for your birthday.”

A Scotch lady wished to reserve an upper berth from Portland to New York on the “Bar Harbor Express” and asked the ticket seller if she could ride in the day coach until she became sleepy which she figured would be about midnight and then pay for the berth from then on.

And the Worst Is Yet to Come
Front Line Trench
Bugs—“Where, in Chicago, do you live?”

Muggs—“Only a bomb’s throw from the loop!”—The Pathfinder.

Wholesale Obsequies
“Sir, would you give five dollars to bury a saxophone player?”

“Here’s thirty dollars; bury six of ’em.”

—Our Paper.
All the News Fit to Print in the General Offices

By J. E. BUCKLIN

Harry Caldwell of the A. F. A. Office is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son in the family, born August 26th, weighing 9 1-2 pounds. The baby has been named George Harold.

Emil Iverson has terminated his service in the Passenger Traffic Department and has returned to Portland High.

Frances Moran, Florence Bass, Lillian Carey, Elaine Adjatant, Angela Stevens and Marjory Kelley had a very delightful week-end trip recently at Hampton Beach. Too bad it rained.

C. Ralph Bryant, Auditor of Disbursement's Office, who has been in the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, is recovering rapidly.

Mary Noyes, stenographer in Passenger Traffic Department, plans to make a little whoopee in New York City in the near future.

Latest reports from the boys around the building are that “Don” Heiskell, Car Service Dept., is conspicuous by his absence since his recent marriage.

Understand that “Phil” Bird, formerly in the Car Service Dept., has gone to California and is working in one of the chain stores in Los Angeles.

Kenneth Rolfe, Car Service Dept., has resigned and entered Colby College.

Freight Traffic Manager, Lucien Snow and family, have returned after a delightful vacation spent at West Outlet Camps on Moosehead Lake.

Leroy Leonard spent his vacation at Wild Goose Club on the Harmony Branch where he endeavored to catch a few fish. Commercial Agent, Guy Shaw, is back on the job after being out a short time on account of illness.

“Ohie” Oberg spent his vacation at Cape Cod. He has already put in an order for a supply of cranberries for his Thanksgiving dinner.

Supt. of Telegraph, J. B. Norcross, attended the 13th annual convention of the American Railway Association held at St. Paul, Minn. During the trip he visited his son Ferdinando in Washington, a Landscape Engineer, also his son Evans in New York City, an official of the International Paper Company. Both were formerly employed by the Company.

Carl Bruns and Marian Doughty of the A. P. A. office have returned from a fishing trip at John's Pond in the Kennebago region. It is rumored it took them so long to explain the art and science of fly casting to each other there was' no time left for actual fishing.

Donald Prince, son of H. O. Prince, Inspector, has returned to Bowdoin College to resume his studies.

Charles Briggs of the A. P. A. office has a hobby for making ship models. If you are one of the persons who doesn’t know why, ask him.

Irving Russell
Senior Architect

“We” recently bought four brand new tires and made a trip to Syracuse, N. Y. He took his passes along in case the boat failed to function, but contrary to expectations, all went well and he returned home after a fine trip, with Maine air still in the rubber.

Roy Corbett, Passenger Dept., has announced the birth of a nine-pound son born Sept. 14th. The youngster has been named Kenneth Roy.

We are pleased to welcome back “Herbie” Clough, Czar of the Offices, who has recently been laid up with an attack of neuralgia. Contributions of double thick steak dinners only will be available.

Terminal News

By GRACE M. KATON

Patrick L. Halloran, of the Revision Office, Rigby, has bid off position as statistical clerk in the Supt’s Office.

Miss Ethel E. Armstrong, clerk, Supt’s office, is enjoying a motor trip through New Brunswick on her annual vacation.

Ralph Thompson, Freight Clerk at the Agents’ Office, is on a leave of absence, account illness.

Miss Alice M. Archibald, machine operator at Agent’s Office, was married Saturday morning, September 7th, to William J. McLaughlin, a former employee of the Portland Terminal Company, but now connected with the great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. They are on a motor trip to Washington, D. C., Atlantic City and New York. During the past few weeks, Mrs. McLaughlin has been entertained extensively by the female contingent of the Terminal, among them being a shower at the Chipman Estate at Cape Elizabeth and one at the Elks. Everyone wishes them the best of good luck and happiness.

Michael F. Carroll, Stower at Freight House, is recovering from an operation at Queens Hospital recently, and will soon be able to return to his work.
Rockland News
By A. R. PUGH

If any of you folks have been complaining about the prohibitive cost of lobsters, it may interest you to know the why and wherefore of the matter. The why and wherefore can be found in the Motive Power Dept. of the Maine Central on the engineer’s side of the car.

In the rotund personage of Ervin W. Grant, the engine driver, the puzzle of the high cost of lobsters can be seen. Among the many stories that are told of Ervin, the story that best fits the puzzle is the following:

Ervin was a natural born “taker” and when automobiles first came to our region, he became much interested. Most of us remember in particular how the very early days of the automobile were a puzzle to this man’s mind. His loyalty to the company, naturally brings to my mind another story told of him.

Speaking of Tiger’s hatred of bums, and his loyalty to the company, naturally brings to my mind another story told of him, the truth of which I can vouch. Tiger, a bachelor with no one dependent upon him, and a naturally thrifty man, had a comfortable competence saved up; and when automobiles first came to our region, he became much interested. Most of us were unable to pay the price of so expensive a toy, but Tiger finally purchased the first car owned in Juniper. One day he drove to Freedom, four miles away, and dropped in at the station to see Jack Mahar, the agent. On the station platform he found a friend and neighbor, who was waiting for the train to Juniper. “Going back home, Tiger?” asked the friend. “That will be fine; I’ll ride over with you.”

“I’d be glad to take ye, Bill,” said Tiger, “but I’d be cheatin’ the company out of letter of part of a telegraph instrument; preserves; a foreign city; a type of railroad car.

Try These Conundrums on the Wife

1. What station represents a hairless dome?
2. What siding on Eastern Division reminds you of dogs?
3. If cleanliness is next to Godliness, what city should be a good one to live in?
4. What station has the name of a poet?
5. What siding bears the name of an Indian tribe?
6. What three stations have names of well known makers of automobiles?
7. What station is a bird?

Old Bruin Said “Whuff”

H. I. (Joe) Petrie, Agent at Quebec Jet., went berrying a few days ago and was somewhat surprised when according to his tell, a large bear rose up and said “Whuff.” Petrie made a wild dash for the opening, spilling all his berries. He says the bear would have had to go some to catch him.

— O —

This Month’s Puzzle

Answers to Puzzles in Last Month’s Issue

Correct list of the mistakes made intentionally in the drawing “What’s wrong with this picture” is printed below:

Letter I omitted from station sign.
Only one train order signal.
Train order signal in wrong position and has pointed end.
No handle on truck.
Platform planks run lengthwise instead of crosswise.
Only one white flag.
Only one blizzard light, and in wrong position.
Slats on pilot are horizontal instead of vertical.
No drawbar on front of engine.
No steps from pilot to running board.
Bottom portion of one fence post missing.
Rail joint open and no joint plates.
Bolts missing from front end of boiler.
No headlight.
Axes of truck are rigid and cannot swivel.
Stakes on truck improperly placed.
Ties in track too short.

Agent J. C. Estey at Franklin claims there is no knob on the station door and that a ladder is needed to reach the signal arm—and he is a 100 per cent right. Would it be of interest to you to have another puzzle in some future issue?

— O —

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(See bottom of page)

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— O —

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS

1. Bald Mountain
2. Barkers
3. Bath
4. Byron
5. Cherokee
6. Essex, Lincoln, Franklin
7. Jay

Old Bruin Said “Whuff”
Eastport News
By A. T. MacCARLIE

Now that our Agent's picture appeared in last month's Magazine, we feel as though we should not drop entirely off the map, even though we are on an island.

The Sardine Packers have been somewhat late in starting their pack for this season owing to scarcity of fish. However, at the present time nearly all factories are running full capacity.

The Eastern Warehouse which has been leased to the Maine Central for storage purposes is rapidly filling up with sardines and Ira Taylor, Asst. Warehouse Agent, is a very busy man these days.

The B. C. Hill Amusement Co. occupied the field adjoining the station for a week during the past month. It was reported that Frank Palmer (Veteran Checker) was seen riding on the Merry-Go-Round each evening. We wondered why he would forsake his radio for a Merry-Go-Round and finally learned that it was because he could always get music on the Merry-Go-Round.

John Craig, Freight Handler, Sea Street, has been off duty on account of sickness since Sept. 3rd.

Newport
By H. M. MULLEN

Agent Plummer reports the pickerel fishing very good at Lake Sebastian. He has made several good catches lately.

Signalman Curtis Dewitt is the proud owner of a new model A Ford.

Freight Clerk Mullen and wife with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Learnard of Newport and party from Everett, Mass., motored to the Wyman dam at Bingham recently.

Freight Handler Leslie Tibbitts is having his annual vacation. Lionel Sheridan is covering his position during his absence.

All indications point to a very busy fall and winter at Newport Jct. The Portland Packing Co. reports a large pack of corn, potato buyers are looking for a large crop of potatoes, more pulpwood than in years past to be shipped, the American Woolen Co.'s mill running full time, Weymouth Wool Co. planning on a large winter's business, and always plenty of milk and cream from the Whiting Milk Co.'s factory.

First Track Operator McCorrison and wife with Agent Joseph Loisel and wife of East Newport motored to Norway recently.

Trainmen's Notes
By J. C. HAYES

“Bill” Monahan spent three weeks last month in Montreal and Quebec.

S. W. Williams and H. C. Quimby have recently returned from a fishing trip in New Brunswick.

“Dave” Johnson is improving rapidly from his recent sickness.

W. G. “Bill” Nottage, formerly Freight Conductor, is now in passenger service on the main line.

Austin Macomber has bid off yard switcher job in Rockland Yard.

Alton Batley is now running passenger trains on the Mountain Road while Frank Mills is vacationing.

Arthur Herron is doing spare work out of Portland.

Harry Green has bought a new uniform and is in the passenger service.

Hurley Pooler, recently laid up with a broken leg, is recovering rapidly.

Pittsfield
By I. L. SIROIS

Roy Strout and crew are now working installing a new automatic switch and signals at west end of double iron. We expect and hope that it will be in operation before long.
Rigby Pastimers Champions Twilight League

*By FRED EMERY, Manager*

Standing, left to right—Frank Demarino, right field; Pat Coughlin, pitcher; Blaine Davis, short stop; Mickey Miller, pitcher; Sam Brown, first base; Bob Hinds, catcher.

Sitting, left to right—Phil Pearson, left field; Harry Hamilton, third base; Sam Hinds, second base; Fred Emery, Manager; Don Smith, center field; Frank Woodbury, pitcher.

The story in a nutshell is: The club from Rigby was too fast for the other teams in the Portland Twilight League, who couldn’t stand the pace. It was a case of fair play and the best team winning. Result—Rigby finished five games ahead of their nearest rival, the Grand Trunk team, winning a total of eighteen games and losing only three. The K. of C. outfit trailed along in third place, the Telephone crew came in fourth, Ivanhoe Lodge and the Tigers were tied for fifth place in the number of games won; the Y. M. C. A. and Service Co. finishing last in the order named.

The season just passed was the best season Rigby ever had. The nine played against some real opposition and good games were the rule throughout the campaign.

Right up to the last week it was a fight for the pennant; the Grand Trunk and the team representing the Knights of Columbus giving the Smoky City plenty to worry about.

The team scored 168 times to opponents’ 70. Out of a total of twenty-five games played, twenty were won, four lost and one tied.

Davis led the team in batting with a mark of 395. Danny Norton was the pitching star and the team’s average was 275.

The record of the team follows:

- Grand Trunk, 2-3; K. of C., 2-0; N. E. Tel., 13-2; Tigers, 6-5; K. of P., 16-1; Y. M. C. A., 6-0; 103rd, 11-4; Grand Trunk, 3-4; K. of C., 3-2; K. of P., 12-6; N. E. Tel., 11-1; Tigers, 3-2; K. of P., 10-3; Y. M. C. A., 6-7; 103rd, 2-1; Grand Trunk, 1-1; N. E. Tel., 12-3; Tigers, 7-1; Grand Trunk, 13-4; K. of P., 4-0; K. of C., 6-3; Y. M. C. A., 3-0; Poland Spring House, 7-12; All Stars, 5-2; Independents, 4-3.

2. Raymond, son of R. B. Bishop, Ticket Agent, Winthrop.
4. Roland, 6, and Charles, 4, children of A. Reed, Agent Mattawankeag.
Reminiscences
Continued from page 18
your fare. If ye want to buy a ticket, I’ll take ye home, and then I’ll be feelin’ honest.”
So the ticket was purchased and duly handed to Tiger, who made it a point to meet the passenger train in Juniper and hand it over to the conductor to be punched and turned in. That was the Hilo’s first, if unofficial, operation of a bus line.

Shortly after father returned from his southern trip, I was called to Highland and offered a steady job—that of night operator at Lowland, the southern terminus of the line. Lowland was a much larger place than Juniper, and was the junction of the Pickett branch with the main line. I took the job, working from six at night until six in the morning—a long and lonely task for a boy of fifteen.

One night, about midnight, when I had been fighting sleep with all my will power, the fire alarm rang, and looking out of the window, I saw that a big fire was in progress. The crew, of course, was in it as much as I was and couldn’t report the delay, so I was held as a top notcher. Master Mechanic F. H. Bennett had the ground between the Engine House and the Shop Office cleared and filled, which made a fine place for practice. Games were played with many of the teams in this locality and the boys had made very creditable showings. The regular line-up was:

- Pitcher, Leo McDonald
- Catcher, Ted Grant
- 1st Base, Geo. Beasley
- 2nd Base, John Sanborn
- S. S., Ralph Patterson (Capt.)
- 3rd Base, Ted Casey
- L. F., Louis Pooler
- C. F., John Belanger
- R. F., Nelson King and E. Pooler

Lee B. Jones, who was for many years the cook on the wrecking train at Waterville, was happily surprised recently by a group of relatives and friends at his home in East Vassalboro. The party was in honor of his eighty-fourth birthday. Games were played with many of his friends, and music and dancing were enjoyed.

The friends of Clyde Sukeforth, a former Waterville Shops Baseball Team member, are watching with interest his career with the Cincinnati Reds.

BEGIN-DROUIN
A very pretty wedding occurred on Labor Day morning at the Immaculate Heart of Mary church in Fairfield when Miss Bernadette Drouin became the bride of Cornelius Begin.

The bride is employed in the Peoples National Bank in Waterville and the groom is a storekeeper at the Mains Central. Mr. and Mrs. Begin chose Niagara Falls and Montreal for their wedding trip and are now residing in Fairfield.

A man will forgive and forget almost any negligence around the house except letting the salt shaker get empty.

Waterville
By A. A. THOMPSON
Although perhaps a trifle late in starting, the Waterville Shops Baseball Team certainly got going in fine shape and finished the season a top notcher. Master Mechanic F. H. Bennett had the ground between the Engine House and the Shop Office cleared and filled, which made a fine place for practice. Games were played with many of the teams in this locality and the boys had made very creditable showings. The regular line-up was:

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Locomotive on Frisco
Sets Record
While the St. Louis, Brown & San Francisco ("Frisco") R. R.—chuffed back and forth between Birmingham, Ala., and Kansas City, Mo., establishing a railroad record for continuous non-refiring operation of a locomotive.

On the afternoon of July 19, No. 4113 was fired, coupled to a 55 freight cars train, driven out of the Kansas City yards to break the record of 3,500 miles set by the Great Northern R. R. in 1927.

No vain stunt was this record because every mile produced revenue. Only a standing rule of the Interstate Commerce Commission that every 30 days a locomotive must be unfired, have its boilers blown, its brasses checked, prevented No. 4113 from continuing its endurance test.

One of the many camps owned by Maine Central employees is located at Mt. Desert Ferry. This one in particular is situated half way between the Ferry and Hancock Point and was built as a summer home by W. H. Cooper who was put on pensioned list some years ago on account of ill health. It is fully equipped with every convenience, including a large stone fireplace and is now owned by Fireman W. H. Cooper, who spends a lot of his spare time there.

C. H. LEARD

Via JOHN A. BRIGGS
Credit to Kennison
Waterville, Maine
July 31, 1929

Mr. M. L. Harris
General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Maine

Dear Sir:

On or about the week of the 29th of May
I purchased from one of the ticket agents,
Mr. Kennison, here at the Waterville sta­tion
a Summer Tourist Round ticket to Colorado Springs and we left on the Special
from Boston July 6th. I wish to say that
all through my tour my ticket was made
out perfect. There were a great many other
delegates that had much trouble with theirs
and I am writing to you to tell you that
Mr. Kennison surely deserves much credit
for his fine work also the courtesy he showed me.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mrs. Rose Bragg,
41 Main Street,
Waterville, Me.

Figures are Proof

The Maine Central Railroad Relief
Association is composed of and adminis­
tered by the members of the Maine Central
Family. It is wholly mutual in its organi­
zation.

That it has disbursed during the current
year to September 1st $35,676.51 is an
evidence of the splendid service which it is
rendering its members and those dependent
on them, in their time of need.

With increasing membership and growing
assets its stability and greater usefulness is assured.

If the little jobs are done well there are
no big jobs.

Truth is mankind's morning star. The
first excellence of a gentleman is to be truthful;
the one have all other virtues, if his tongue
be not sincere, he cannot be a gentleman.

Prompt Notices of Claims Insure Prompt Payment

The success of the Group Accident and
Sickness Insurance Plan depends largely
upon the prompt settlement of claims. The Claim Department of the Travelers
Insurance Company state that in many
cases they are not able to render the best
of service because of the delay in obtaining
preliminary claim notices.

Employees injured away from work or
sick for any cause should see that imme­
diate notice is given to their supervisor.

The report of the Company for claims
paid members of the Group Insurance was
less this month than the corresponding
period of 1928. The average amount paid
each claim however was somewhat larger
than paid last year. Number of claims
from August 18th to September 14th settled
were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Reason</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sylvester R. Durant</td>
<td>Bangor</td>
<td>Accident</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph E. Goodrow</td>
<td>Dover-Boxcroft</td>
<td>Accident</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred Lagrange</td>
<td>Westbrook</td>
<td>Accident</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles W. Lavitt</td>
<td>Bath</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<td>Joseph V. Mannette</td>
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<td>Herbert Marshall</td>
<td>Danforth</td>
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<td>G. A. Simpson</td>
<td>Brunswick</td>
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<td>Holis A. Swett</td>
<td>Walnut Hill</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>James E. Connors</td>
<td>Bartlett, N. H.</td>
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<td>Simned W. Gram</td>
<td>Brewer</td>
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<td>Thomas W. Crowley</td>
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<td>Everett A. Dickerson</td>
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<td>H. H. Finsome</td>
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<td>Simon St. Onges</td>
<td>Lewiston</td>
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<td>Adeoph Duffle</td>
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<td>John P. Hynes</td>
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<td>Matthew McQuarrie</td>
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<td>M. C. Trainmen</td>
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<td>William S. Peabody</td>
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<td>Melvin R. Simpson</td>
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<tr>
<td>David H. Staples</td>
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<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>Portland Terminal</td>
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<td>P. T. Stations</td>
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<tr>
<td>Patrick H. Joyce</td>
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<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>James E. O'Brien</td>
<td>So. Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

3. Agent, J. M. Estes, Kineo Station.
7. Agent, R. H. Bowen, Oakland.
8. Librarian, S. C. Foster, President's Office, Portland.
9. Chief Clerk, Supt.'s Office, Herman Stover, Portland.
Hallowe’en

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite,
All are on their rounds tonight;
In the wan moon’s silver ray,
Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack,
True unto the almanac,
They present to credulous eyes
Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—
Apple-skins, and chestnuts, too,
And a mirror for some lass
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and gates they hide;
Mischiefs that on moonbeams ride
Are their deeds—and, by their spells,
Love records its oracles.

Don’t we all, of long ago,
By the ruddy fireplace glow,
In the kitchen and the hall,
Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then—
But tonight they come again;
Were we once more but sixteen,
Precious would be Hallowe’en.

—J. Benton.