Armistice Day: Lest We Forget

_By Alma Lundman_

November Eleventh may well be remembered so long as mankind finds instruction in history. It marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On November eleventh the work of the soldier was completed and the work of the diplomat begun. There are no words that can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism and the devotion of the millions who offered their lives and all that life contained, in order that victory might be won and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war.

The breakdown of Germany, so often confidently predicted, had to await the entry into the war of the United States, and the development of American military power. If the United States had remained aloof, the war would have ended in a draw, and a draw not altogether favorable to the allies. The scales were tottering in the balance; America leaped into one of them and weighed it to the ground. That was her service and her responsibility. America performed her service well. Her sons and daughters gave their services, their lives, their all, upon the altar of Democracy. The greatest service that we, the living, can give is far too small for so great a sacrifice. Gladly, eagerly, and willingly should we do all within our power to consecrate and commemorate those who so freely gave their last measure of devotion that the world might be safe for humanity and that Democracy might live.

Years have passed since that glorious and eventful November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed which ended the greatest conflict in history. And in commemoration of that day we, this morning, pay our tribute and our respects to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed, and also to those who, after witnessing the horrors and cruelties of war, returned sound in mind and body to their native shores.

Let us stop for a little while to think of the sacrifices made in behalf of a better world by the men who laid down their lives and by the women and children whose suffering in that period of warfare had been endured in the earnest hope that wars might cease.

Armistice Day, then, as each succeeding November brings another anniversary, is to remind us of the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and of the duty that still belongs to us—not less than it belongs to others—to give our best thought and effort to the establishment of peace upon true foundations.
The Railroad Workers Credit Union
Its Origin, Its Purpose and Objectives
By HAROLD J. FOSTER, President

The purpose of this article is to explain, in as few words as possible, the Credit Union, how it became organized, its method of operation, and such other information as may have a bearing on its major objectives.

The Credit Union idea had its birth on this system in the Auditor Freight Accounts Office in the General Office Building. It has expanded to nearly every office in the General Office, Portland Union Station, Portland Terminal Frt. Office, Rigby, Waterville, Lewiston, and to other points. The State Legislature in 1927 passed a Special Act allowing us to incorporate and operate under the supervision of the State Banking Dept.

In its method of organization, operation and control, the Credit Union is a "bank in miniature" concerned with the smallest units of savings and equally small questions of credits.

The Credit Union is a co-operative association whose objects are:

1. To promote thrift among its members.
2. To provide its members with credit facilities.

Its funds are accumulated by the issuance of shares at five dollars each which may be paid for in cash or in regular weekly installments. Loans made to members are repayable in regular weekly installments on the basis of one dollar for each fifty borrowed, i.e.: on a fifty dollar loan the member pays one dollar each week, on a hundred dollar loan he pays two dollars each week, etc. At this time, in order that our capital may be distributed among a large number of members, thus serv-
ing more members and reducing our risk, we have arranged that members may borrow in any sum not exceeding Two Hundred Dollars.

This association is governed by a Board of Directors numbering fifteen and its membership at this time consists of Harold J. Foster, Pres. and Mgr.; Herbert S. Hopkins, Vice President; George W. Peterson, Treas.; Frank E. Morton, Jr., Clerk; M. F. Dooley, F. J. McGee, W. H. Fagan, Wm. E. Cressy, L. N. Mills, M. H. Allen, J. H. Dole, J. E. Marden, J. F. Dunn, M. P. O'Connor, and F. W. Ward.

These directors are elected by the membership for three year periods. A member has one vote whatever the amount which he may have in the Credit Union in shares and deposits. All funds are derived from the members, loans are made exclusively to members, the management is within the membership and the earnings of the Credit Union are distributed to the members in dividends on shares and interest on deposits.

Loans can usually be divided into two classes, remedial loans and constructive loans. Remedial loans usually cover such cases as sickness, death, a sudden operation or to relieve a member from a multitude of small debts which are resulting in continuous worry and strain.

Constructive loans cover applications for funds to be used in the purchase or improvements on real estate.

This association is serving as a thrift agency, specializing in the development of saving as a habit and as a credit agency filling the great gap in the banking system which leaves the small borrower with inadequate credit resources.

Co-operative buying is another feature of the Credit Union. At certain times the Credit Union purchases for its members in Portland two dollars per ton less than the retail price. It also purchases at a saving of two dollars and ten cents per ton for its membership.

Membership in this corporation is limited to those employed by the Maine Central Railroad Co., the Portland Terminal Co. To become a member an employee must make an application for membership, p
leaves the small borrower without adequate credit resources.

Co-operative buying is another feature of the Credit Union. At this time the Credit Union purchases coal for its members in Portland at one dollar per ton less than the regular retail price. It also purchases coke at a saving of two dollars and fifty cents per ton for its membership.

Membership in this corporation is limited to those employed by the Maine Central Railroad Co. and/or Portland Terminal Co. To become a member an employee must file application for membership, pay the entrance fee of twenty-five cents and subscribe for at least one share of stock and pay the first minimum weekly installment of twenty-five cents.

Money paid on shares and deposit accounts may be withdrawn upon request of the member at any time.

This Credit Union was started with seven members. We have since increased our membership over three hundred and fifty.

Employees who are interested in joining this association should communicate with one of the directors.

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**Improved Coaches Now in Service**

During the past month six remodeled coaches have been received from the shops and put into service in different parts of the system. These new coaches are designed to provide the maximum degree of comfort and convenience to our patrons. A new feature is the addition of a smoking compartment accommodating eleven passengers. The main compartment has a seating capacity of sixty-six.
These coaches are now in service on the following trains:

Nos. Between
57, 78 Portland and Rockland
15, 12 Portland and Lewiston
13, 14 Portland and Skowhegan
21, 28 Waterville and Skowhegan
71, 8 Portland and Vanceboro
127, 114 Bangor and Calais

The new smoking compartment occupies space in one end of the car and is built after the fashion of a Pullman. There are four double seats and a side seat accommodating a total of 11 passengers. In each compartment there is a white porcelain lavatory, mirror, liquid soap container, paper towels and a modern water cooler of the Henry Geisel type which cools the water to a proper temperature without its coming into contact with ice.

Newer and richer upholsteries, electric lights and new appointments of every convenience endow the roomy restful interior with the elegance and good taste of a skilled designer. From every angle these new, luxurious coaches are more beautiful and comfortable. The roomy seats are constructed of deep brown plush with welted backs and a foot rest. The cars are vapor heated and properly ventilated. Electric exhaust fans are installed in the roof to remove heated and vitiated air. The roof is of the Clerestory type, the floor of red flexolith composition.

In the other end of the car is the women's compartment, containing modern water cooler and equipped with up-to-date toilet facilities.

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Public's Responsibility In Grade Accidents

Larger Share of Elimination Cost Should Be Borne by Public, Since Authorities Seem Unable to Control Drivers

By JOHN A. DROEGE, General Manager, New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad

The railroad is still confronted with the necessity for large expenditures providing service is to be maintained and improved and capacity increased.

It seems hardly fair that the railroad should be asked to spend exceedingly large amounts to eliminate grade crossings when at all grade crossings in Connecticut in 1927 only 14 lives were lost, and the expenditure of this money in other directions will result in far greater safety and protection to human life, especially when it is considered that the evidence clearly indicates that the careless automobile driver will find a way to kill himself, or others, even though grade crossings are eliminated, as is shown by the instances just cited.

Certainly the public that travels on the highways should assume a much larger share of the cost of future grade crossing elimination than in the past, because railroad trains have been decreasing in numbers and grade crossings have been more adequately protected, at enormous costs to the railroad, while highway traffic has increased by leaps and bounds.

Accidents at grade crossings are due almost entirely to the carelessness of drivers who should not be permitted to drive automobiles under any conditions. If the public authorities cannot control such drivers, larger sums of money are to be spent to permit them to drive carelessly, the public should pay the bill.

There is still another born to the drama. Due to the universal use of the automobile and because of the high velocity at which they are driven, there is an increasing demand that existing overhead bridges and underpasses—which were adequate for the traffic when built—shall now be widened or shall be reconstructed with better pavement and greater clearances; and, as a result, the cost is again assessed to the railroad. Apparently there is no end in sight to such expenditures; and, in a way, they fall upon the railroad a subsidy in favor of its competitors on the highway.

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Spent Over

MICHAEL J. MADDEN, mail man at Brunswick, is now in his sixty-seventh year of service. He was 68 years old last July, but is as active today as he was twenty years ago. A few years ago he made the slightest iota of difference in the make-up of "King Mike" as he is known to the public and the Madden family. He really needs no introduction for, if you have been in Brunswick or Brunswick County, you have probably seen him around the depot.

He is a familiar figure around the yard and one of the most jovial and popular men in present day railroad activities.

"Mike" came from a railroad family and it is only natural that he should follow in the footsteps of his father, one of the original pioneers in the building of the old Maine Central and Kennebec Railroad. A brother of his was a fireman for many years on the payroll of the railroad and another brother, John, of Barharbor.
without its coming into contact with the richer upholsteries, electric and new appointments of convenience endow the roomy interior with the elegance and ease of a skilled designer. From angles these new, luxurious cars are more beautiful and comfortable. The roomy seats are covered with deep brown plush with backs and a foot rest. The car is vapor heated and properly aired. Electric exhaust fans are installed in the roof to remove heated and still air. The roof is of the very type, the floor of red flexoposition.

The other end of the car is the smoking compartment, containing a water cooler and equipped with the latest toilet facilities.

Grade Accidents

Be Borne by Public, Since Control Drivers

New Haven & Hartford Railroad authorities cannot control such drivers, and larger sums of money are to be spent to permit them to drive carelessly, that same public should pay the bill.

There is still another horn to the dilemma. Due to the universal use of the motor vehicle and because of the high speed at which they are driven, there is an increasing demand that existing overhead bridges and underpasses— which were adequate for the traffic when built— shall now be widened, or shall be reconstructed with better alignment and greater clearances; and part of the cost is again assessed to the railroad. Apparently there is no end in sight to these expenditures; and, in a way, they impose upon the railroad a subsidy in favor of its competitors on the highway.

While the public mind is diverted by the discussion and large publicity of occasional accidents at railroad grade crossings, hundreds of other accidents on streets or public highways are overlooked. The fact is that grade crossing accidents are merely a small phase of the big automobile accident problem. The highways must be made safe, but greater safety can be secured by the exercise of the police power to control the driver.

As long as reckless and incompetent drivers handle automobiles they will be instruments of death and destruction, regardless of whether there be railroad crossings or not.

Spent Over 44 Years on the Road

Michael J. Madden, mail transfer man at Brunswick, is now in his 44th year of service. He was 68 years old last July, but is as active today as he was twenty years ago. A few years haven’t made the slightest iota of difference in the make-up of “King Mike” as he is better known to the public and the Maine Central family. He really needs no introduction for, if you have been in Brunswick you have probably seen him around the station. He is a familiar figure around the town and one of the most jovial and popular men in present day railroad activities.

“Mike” came from a railroad family and it was only natural that he should follow in the footsteps of his father, one of the pioneers in the building of the old Portland and Kennebec Railroad. A brother, James, was for many years on the payroll as sectionman on the Brunswick-Lewiston Branch. Another brother, John, of Bath, also worked for the road about thirty years. His mother too, who lived to the good old age of ninety-four, did her share in the

Jolly “King Mike”
and mother were both born in Ireland, coming to this country soon after their marriage. Mr. Madden's father died when he was only four weeks old and his son was born in the house in which he now lives, at 20 Page Street. He never married and has never used tobacco in any form.

Three of Mike's Treasures

"Mike's" life has been crowded with many interesting experiences. In addition to his work at the station, he is a famous cook, collector of curios and souvenirs, and fills a unique place in the community of Brunswick by his moral influence over many of the high school boys of the town. He comes into direct contact with the boys by inviting them to his home and entertaining them as members of his various clubs.

After attending the Brunswick public schools, "Mike" Madden entered the employ of William R. Fields, as a waiter in the old Maine Central Station. After this he was cook for the workmen on a construction train, serving in this capacity for over thirteen years. During this time he met many people and made many friends in his travels which extended over the entire system, including the Mountain and Eastern divisions.

Among the friends that he made were the famous Buffalo Bill, otherwise known as William Cody; many Indians; Adam Forepaugh, the famous circus man; "Pat" Rooney, another show owner; and Joe Murphy, who has played all over the world in a show called "Kenygaw" which is the Irish for "The Village Blacksmith."

One of "Mike's" adventures took place when this car in which he was cook was stationed at Hallowell a number of years ago. The crew which numbered fourteen men, had to have an early breakfast so that the men could start out to work and make connections on the double iron. It was about two-thirty A. M. Before the men neglected to lock the door. Within a few minutes of their departure a big husky tramp entered the car with the intention of robbing. "Mike" refused to comply with the demands of the stranger and grabbing a pick handle nearby told him in a forcible way to "Vamoose the ranch."

The unwelcome visitor evidently thought it best to leave, but "Mike" reports that his language was not fit for a minister's son to listen to. Mr. Madden was somewhat relieved when he fled, as the crew had left thirteen watches in his care; also it was the day after pay day and the boys left most of their money in the car. This came to the attention of Roadmaster Geo. Nevins and he paid "Mike" a personal visit to compliment him. The car that "Mike" cooked in was the first car to go to Rockland on Maine Central iron when the Knox and Lincoln Road was taken over by the Maine Central.

It was then that his mother was getting well along in years and needed "Mike" at home. Consequently he took the mail job at Brunswick Station and had been there ever since. When he first started Solon Cahill was agent, he being succeeded by Joseph Vigue and the latter by Geo. Priest.

Mr. Madden is one of the greatest public benefactors in the town of Brunswick. He is always loyal to his church, clubs, schools and college, his associates in work, and to the young people of the town.
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.

(Concluded from October issue)

It was while I was at Lowland, but working days, the first time I saw my first wreck. At Liberty, the first station north, we had at that time a green operator, working his first trick that day, and scared stiff for fear he would make a mistake. I was sitting idly by the instrument, when I heard Liberty call the dispatcher and say the single word, "wreck." That was all; he didn't respond to his call nor did he give any further information.

After a few minutes futile calling, the dispatcher called me and snapped out, "get a hand-car and get over to Liberty quick and see what's wrong." I lost no time; the section velocipede car was in the shanty just beyond the station, and I broke the door in, got the car and was started almost as quickly as I am telling it.

When I arrived at Liberty, I found a freight train piled up in front of the station; the engine overturned, and four or five cars smashed to kindling wood. I made my way into the telegraph office and reported the condition to the dispatcher; but I couldn't find the operator. I made up my mind he was under the wreckage; although I couldn't reconcile that theory with the fact that he had certainly reported to the dispatcher after the wreck happened.

I stayed there to handle the wire until the wrecker came, with a relief operator, then started back to Lowland on my handcar. In a bunch of woods just south of the station I saw a boy skulking behind a tree, and I stopped. It was the Liberty operator—and if ever there was a human wreck, he was one. He was trembling like a leaf and as white as a ghost.

"What will they do to me?" he kept whining, varied by "What did I do?"

After some time, I was able to get the story. The wreck was caused by a broken wheel, and happened just as the train was passing his station. His responsibilities had been resting so heavily upon him that he thought he must have done something wrong, although he didn't know what, and after making his one-word report to the dispatcher, he ran away and hid. I took him along to Lowland with me, and he finally became reassured as to his innocence. Later he became a dispatcher, and finally a superintendent.

I have said that these reminiscences will be "rambling"; and without any real connection, there comes to my mind a trick I played on one of my operators when I was agent at Lowland. I was then the youngest agent in Hilo's service, and I suppose that the kiddish tendency for horseplay hadn't wholly been eradicated.

Under my desk I rigged up a telegraph key which I could reach with my foot, and after considerable practice and labor which might have been devoted to a better object, I was able to send pretty creditable Morse. Jim Binney was day operator at Lowland, and he was considered a ladies' man. Down at Pickett there was a girl operator, and Jim used to spend a good deal of time "chiming" with her on the wire. One day when things were quiet, I heard

"Sleepy, ain't ye, boy?"
him give the private call which they used. I slyly grounded the wire, then, while apparently busy with my books, I answered with my foot.

"How's the little girl today?" tapped Jim.

"All right," she replied, via my foot, "but I'd like you better if you didn't wear that horrible red necktie."

Jim's face was a study as his hand involuntarily went to his tie.

"What makes your face so red?" I went on; and if possible, Jim's countenance took on a more ruddy hue. He grunted, "what th' hell," and immediately chided him, by wire, with "My, my, I never knew you would swear!"

Jim looked over at me, suspiciously, but I was deep in my work and paying no attention to him. There was silence on the wire; Jim was too flabbergasted to talk. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow, and the sounder tapped out, "That's right; now wipe off your chin too." Jim gave me one look and started for the door. It was too much for me and I doubled up with laughter; and of course had to give the thing away.

Many incidents of my railroad career crowd into my memory as I write these reminiscences; and the difficulty is, not to find something to write about, but to pick and choose among the wealth of material which offers itself. A chronological history of these events would be much too long; I must merely browse in the field and pick the fodder which looks best.

There comes to my mind, now, an experience when I was night operator at Lowland. Although a fairly large town, it was a country community in many ways, and the good people went to bed early and slept soundly. After 9 o'clock, therefore, the town was quiet. I was alone in the station, and as far as I might have known, alone in the world.

One night, about eleven o'clock, I was sitting in the office, close to the stove, reading a book. Everything was quiet; no trains were due for an hour, and for fifteen minutes there had been no sound of the instruments. I was sleepy—deadly sleepy—but I knew that if I yielded to the inclination to doze I would sleep the rest of the night. I threw down the book, yawned—and then the sounder chattered: "sleepy, ain't ye, boy?"

You can bet I was wide awake then. My hair stood right up straight. My office door was locked, the window shades drawn. Who could have seen me; and how could he, she or it have reached a key to make that remark on the wire? Ghosts? The cold chills ran down my back. I didn't feel sleepy again that night.

It wasn't until a week later that I found out what it meant. My old-time buddy, Jack Egan, over to Freedom, dropped in one day, and we were talking of one thing and another, when I told him of my experience. He laughed.

"If you never saw a ghost before," he said, "gaze on me. I'm it. I was sleepy myself that night; I guessed that you were, too, and I just casually made that remark on the wire. I suppose real ghosily 'demonstrations' have been based on nothing more substantial than that."

The difficulty of keeping awake brings to my mind the "roll call" instituted by one of the night dispatchers while I was on the owl trick at Lowland. So many of the boys yielded to the temptation to catch a few winks between trains that he conceived the idea of calling the roll of night offices every half hour. Of course some of the boys took turns answering for the others, so that all of them got a chance for a brief nap; but that didn't work, after a while, because the wily dispatcher took to asking questions which only the station concerned could answer. And furthermore, he knew the "fist" of each man so well that it was difficult to fool him.

Over at Freedom, however, the night owl evolved an ingenious scheme to beat the roll call. He fixed up an alarm clock with an electric bell, so arranged as to ring every thirty minutes. It would awaken him in time to answer his call, and then he'd turn over for another half-hour siesta. That lasted until one day when the Superintendent dropped in on an inspection trip, saw the clock and asked its purpose—and spoiled the lay.

What They Say

Mr. Lucien Snow,
Freight Traffic Manager,
Maine Central R. R.
Portland, Maine,

Dear Mr. Snow:
I wish to thank you for your courteous and prompt attention to my August 31st, requesting expedited shipment of greenhouse materials from New York City.
I have spoken of the dispatcher knowing the “fist” of each man on his division. In the old days, before the use of “bugs” or sending machines became prevalent, a telegrapher’s sending was as distinctive as his hand-writing. In just the way that you might recognize the writing in a letter as that of an old friend, so a telegrapher would recognize a buddy’s “fist” though he might not have heard it for years. The mechanical sending of today has robbed the operator of his individuality, much as the typewriter has largely taken the place of handwriting.

It was this ability to recognize the hand of an operator which once enabled me to save a man’s life.

It was after I became a dispatcher, and I was at the time working a night trick. On a Sunday night, with few trains moving, I was sitting with my feet on the table, having a quiet smoke while there was opportunity. The wires were quiet. Suddenly the sounder clicked. “Two men breaking into the office—got guns—for God’s sake—” and then silence, with the wire open.

I knew that sending; it was Jim Brady at Carmalt. I knew it as well as though he had signed his name in full and had shown his photograph with it. It was the work of only a moment to call the Carmalt police station on the telephone and tell them the story. A squad of police rushed to the station, found Jim bound and gagged, and two men trying to open the safe. If I hadn’t recognized his fist, nothing that I could have done would have located the trouble, at least until too late.

That yarn reminds me of another “hold-up” which had a somewhat different sequel. I was dispatching the night trick at the time, and along about midnight I wanted an OS from the operator at Harrisville, but couldn’t raise him; nor was I able to get a response until about three in the morning. Then he told me a wild tale of being held up by a man with two guns, who stood outside on the platform, and through the window ordered him over into the back of the office, where he couldn’t reach the instruments. The “bandit” remained there, for three hours, not making a move; and finally disappeared.

Of course the whole story was so improbable that the Super was skeptical, and had him in on the carpet. Under cross-questioning he weakened, and admitted that he had fallen asleep, and that his yarn was made up from whole cloth, in an effort to escape criticism.

I had just turned twenty-one when “Hilo Jack” Rankin, the superintendent, sent for me to come to Highland. I had served for seven years as operator and agent at numerous points, and with the cockiness of youth, felt that I knew all there was to railroad.

“We need a relief dispatcher,” said Mr. Rankin, “and if you’d like to try it, you can spend a week breaking in.”

Of course I was delighted—dispatching seemed to me the most desirable job in the world.

What They Say

Mr. Lucien Snow,
Freight Traffic Manager,
Maine Central R. R.,
Portland, Maine,

Dear Mr. Snow:

I wish to thank you for your cooperation and prompt attention to my letter of August 31st, requesting expedition of a shipment of greenhouse material being sent me from New York City.

Yours very truly,

Percy E. Jackman

Calais, Maine, 9-23-29
Round About Bangor Union Station


Middle Row: (left) C. A. Hayward; (center) Train 102, Engine 468; (right) Car Inspector E. F. Goodwin.

Bottom Row: E. S. S. Wharf, Penobscot River and Engine 631 and Round House Crew, High Head.
Round About Bangor Union Station


Middle Row: (left) C. A. Hayward; (center) Train 102, Engine 468; (right) Car Inspector E. F. Goodwin.

Bottom Row: E. S. S. Wharf, Penobscot River and Engine 631 and Round House Crew, High Head.
MAINE CENTRAL Employees' Magazine

Devoted to the interests of Maine Central Railroad Employees and published monthly at Portland, Maine
DELBERT W. BISHOP, Editor

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Communications and contributions by members of the Maine Central family, and by all others are welcomed. They should be addressed to magazine headquarters, Room 111, 222-242 St. John Street, Portland.

Editorial

"DO SOMETHING"

The simple and unqualified expression "opportunity knocks" is always applicable. Chances are offered everywhere to boost the company you are serving. It may come from the most common places of your daily tasks; behind the ticket window; soliciting freight; your groceryman, druggist, home, church or club; the chance is there to be grasped or to be ignored. How great the interest one can arouse in the "other fellow" will be determined by the habit you form of always boosting sky high the Maine Central. Your enthusiasm is your legal tender; you will find it pays big dividends.

Recent improvements in our passenger schedules—finer and faster trains—the addition of extra dining cars, parlor cars and new coach equipment, expedited service in our freight department, recent purchase of 1000 new steel box cars and more powerful locomotives; all offer an opportunity to each and every employee.

It's team work that counts in running this railroad machine, the same as winning a football game, or a world series baseball game. The old adage "the constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest stone" is as true in railroading as in any other business.

The busy man is the happy man. He is also the capable man and paradoxically his efficiency grows in proportion to the amount of work he undertakes. The employee who takes it upon himself or herself to talk and boost the Maine Central morning, noon, and night is the sort worthy of our great organization. Bite off as much as you can chew and masticate. By so doing others shall see your way of thinking and we will put the old ball over for a goal.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

October 5th to October 12th was National Fire Prevention Week. We cannot be too careful of fire. The big fire at the Portland Terminal docks should be an example to all. Think of the property loss, appalling in its magnitude. The fire fiend is daily reaping its harvest. Statisticians tell us that the total of deaths is forty persons a day, or a total of 1460 each year. One dwelling house in America burns every four minutes; one set of farm buildings every seven minutes; one hospital each year; five schools; five churches; and fifteen hotels every twenty-four hours. For this terrible waste and destruction, carelessness is responsible, 80% of the time.

Fire prevention is a very serious matter. The fact cannot be too strongly impressed. Do your part by being constantly on your guard against it.

THE HUNTING SEASON

November is the month when all red-blooded railroad men think of the annual hunting expedition into the big woods. Somehow or other the boys manage to steal away for a week or two to the hunting lodge, as the city sport would say, but to the regulars it's just a shack up country. But when fireman Bill Jones and engineer Sam Smith and maybe a freight man, superintendent, agent, conductor or baggageman get to swapping yarns around the camp stove, it is a pleasure to "sit in" and there's no jollier bunch of fellows on earth than the real railroaders.
Rule Four Should be Understood by All Trainmen and Enginemen

By M. F. Dunn, Train Rules Examiner, Portland.

This rule governs trains on the change of time and affects all trains that are on the road when a new time table takes effect. It is therefore necessary that all employees in train and engine service should thoroughly understand it. An analysis of the rule may be of interest to qualified men as well as to those who are preparing to take the examination for promotion. The first sentence of the rule reads as follows:

"Each time-table from the moment it takes effect supersedes the preceding time-table, and its schedules take effect on any Division, or Subdivision at the leaving time at their initial stations on such Division or Subdivision."

This means that when a new time-table takes effect the previous one becomes void and unless regular trains have authority to proceed on the new time-table they lose both right and schedule and can only proceed on train order. It may be well at this point to consider the words SCHEDULE and TRAIN.

SCHEDULE is defined in the book of rules as that part of a time-table which prescribes class, direction, number and movement for a regular train, that is, it is classified as first, second or third class, it is given a number to distinguish it from other schedules, the direction in which the train runs is shown also on what days of the week it is in effect and authorizes movement on these days.

A TRAIN is defined as an engine, or motor, or more than one engine or motor coupled with or without cars, displaying markers. It should be borne in mind that there is a difference between a train and a schedule. The schedule is the authority for the train to run. The train is the equipment, engine and cars, that runs on the schedule and is known by the number of the schedule on which it runs. No schedule is in effect until it is due to leave its initial station and all schedules become void when more than twelve hours late.

Reference is made to subdivisions in this sentence:

The definition of a sub-division is "A portion of a division designated by the time-table."

There are no sub-divisions on the Maine Central Railroad. The Operating Unit is the Division, consequently the word sub-division may be eliminated so far as this railroad is concerned as there is no such designation in the time-table. The second sentence of the rule reads:

"But when a schedule of the preceding time-table corresponds in number, class, day of leaving, direction, and initial and terminal stations with a schedule of the new time-table, a train authorized by the preceding time-table will retain its train orders and assume the schedule of the corresponding number of the new time-table."

This part of the rule applies to regular trains which are on the road when the new time-table takes effect.

There must be a schedule on the new time-table corresponding in the six ways specified by the rule to the one on which the train was running at the time of change, in order for the train to proceed after the new time-table takes effect. If any one of the six requirements is different the train dies with the old time-table.

Perhaps the most confusing part of the rule is that relating to the day of leaving. "DAILY" means that there is a schedule in effect for every day of the week. "EXCEPT SATURDAY" means that the schedule is in effect every day except Sat-
urday and so on. It must be remembered that the schedule for each day is distinct from that of other days.

The second paragraph of the rule states that "schedules on each division date from their initial station on such division." To determine if the schedules correspond in day of leaving, it is necessary to ascertain if there is a schedule provided in the new time-table for the same day that the train was due to start on the previous time-table. For example: If No. 127 was scheduled to run daily on the old time-table and except Saturday on new time-table and No. 127 was due to leave Portland at 10:45 P.M. and started on time Saturday night and a new time-table took effect at 12:01 A.M., Sunday, No. 127 would die at 12:01 A.M., as there was no schedule authorized for this train to run on Saturday on new time-table, consequently there was no schedule to assume.

On the other hand, if No. 127 was a daily train on old time-table and daily except Saturday on the new and the new took effect at 12:01 A.M. Monday, No. 127 due to leave Portland 10:45 P.M. Sunday could proceed on new time-table as there was a schedule authorized for Sunday on the new. It was Monday when new time-table took effect but No. 127 was running on Sunday's schedule on the old and No. 127 could run Sunday on the new.

The only condition under which a schedule takes effect at an intermediate point is when the six requirements of the rule correspond.

Many examples might be cited if space permitted to illustrate this point but the underlying principle is the same.

With regard to direction. The train must be scheduled via the same route in order for the direction to correspond. If No. 127 was scheduled via Brunswick on the old time-table and via Lewiston on the new, it would not correspond in direction although it was an eastward train on both time-tables.

When a schedule is assumed care must be taken to see that it is for the same day that the train started on and that it is not more than twelve hours late. A train running on Saturdays schedule cannot assume the schedule for any day except Saturday. "Not more than one schedule of the same number and day shall be in effect on any division." This is the reason our time-tables usually take effect at 12:01 A.M. Midnight is the dividing line between the days and it would be practically impossible to have two schedules in effect for the same day.

Another important thing to consider in comparing the two schedules is the variation in the time. If No. 2, for instance, was scheduled thirty minutes earlier on the new time-table, this train would run on the schedule of the old until the new took effect and would then become thirty minutes late, but if the schedule on new was thirty minutes later than the old, No. 2 would have to wait for time. If the time was earlier on the new than on the old, it would not make any difference whether No. 2 was at a station or between stations when the new time-table took effect but if the time was later on the new, No. 2 would have to wait at the last station it could make on the old until it was due to leave that station on the new, otherwise it would be ahead of time when the new time-table took effect, unless this train was more than thirty minutes late at the time of change.

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B. & M. Better Farming Train on our Line

The Boston & Maine's Better Farming Train toured New Hampshire the week of October 14 and visited the farming sections along our Mountain Road on Thursday, October 17th. Stops were made at Lancaster, Colebrook and North Conway.

Industrial Agent W. E. Hunton of Portland joined the train at Lancaster and was one of the principal speakers on the program.

The train carried with it 16 of the finest cattle of the four leading breeds, sheep, poultry, exhibit of fruits, crops and forest products, a model dairy exhibit and a car-load of farm appliances. Many interested farmers were present at each stop to inspect the train and hear the educational lectures.

When I stepped off the "Queen of the Crescent Limited" at Attalla, Alabama, one evening a short time ago, I exchanged greetings with my hosts, May of the Southern Railroad and Kittredge of the Alabama Power Co., entirely unprepared for the brand of hospitality that is put out by the railroad people of the south.

We strolled along on the hard packed snow white sand, which surrounds the stations on the Southern R. R. and with the red tiled roofs and flowers which make these railroad stations so attractive. Breathing the soft fragrant air that seemed to brush one's cheek like violets on a bed of violets, the color of Catawba Bantam corn, that flooded the scene, I was thinking how appropriate it was their motto, "Here We Rest," for the landing was ever more restful.

Suddenly the hands upon my heart tightened and a voice said, "Here is reception." Familiar as I am with the famous hospitality of the South, I received the surprise of my life. The shadows...
A Better Farming Train on our Line

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Schedule for any day except Saturday, the same time and the day shall be in effect on any trip. This is the reason our time-tables usually take effect at 12:01 A.M. at the stations. This is the dividing line between the old and new schedules in effect for the same time.

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O

How a Southern Railroad Man Greets a Northern Railroad Man

By V. A. CUNNINGHAM

General Yard Master A. J. May, Southern Railroad, Attalla, Alabama (on right) and some of his men who did the serenading

When I stepped off the "Queen and Crescent Limited" at Attalla, Alabama, one evening a short time ago and exchanged greetings with my host, A. J. May of the Southern Railroad and C. A. Killridge of the Alabama Power Co., I was entirely unprepared for the brand of hospitality that is put out by the railroad men of the south.

We strolled along on the hard packed, snow white sand, which surrounds most stations on the Southern R. R. and which, with the red tiled roofs and flower beds, make these railroad stations so attractive. Breathing the soft fragrant air that always seems to brush one's cheek like velvet, under a huge moon, the color of Golden Bantam corn, that flooded the scene like a spotlight, I was thinking how appropriate was their motto, "Here We Rest," for no land was ever more restful.

Suddenly the hands upon my arms tightened and a voice said, "Here is your reception." Familiar as I am with the famous hospitality of the South, I received the surprise of my life. The shadows about me became alive, we were surrounded by a circle of dusky figures, a continuous row of gleaming teeth and eyeballs and then melody burst forth, and such music, everything from the latest jazz to negro spirituals, natural musicians who performed in the dark perfectly, because they played instinctively, every one a colored boy, employees of the Southern at Attalla. They did not know me from Adam, never saw me before and never expected to see me again, but nevertheless did their bit to make my welcome a joyous one.

Unfailing courtesy is typical of the South not only on its railroads but everywhere. We visited factories where the men operated machines on a piece-work basis, when the wheels of the machine stopped the operators' pay stopped also, but each machine we showed an interest in, was promptly stopped, the sheds removed, and the wheels turned slowly by hand so that we might see exactly how the article was fashioned, it cost the operators time, trouble and money, but they did it with a smile and a friendly wave of the hand.
News Items picked up around the General Offices

By J. E. BUCKLIN

"Billy" Doane, son of Joseph Doane, Assistant to General Passenger Agent, is fast recovering from his recent operation and will soon resume his studies at the University of Maine.

Clyde Loveitt, Freight Traffic Department, entered several of his Springer Spaniels in the Maine Kennel Club Show, held October 19th at the Exposition Building.

Mr. F. C. Brown, of the Auditor Freight Accounts Office, pulled a fast one on the girls October 1st by announcing his marriage to Francena Spaulding, which took place the night before, September 30th. Mrs. Brown is a native of Portland.

Congratulations, Chester! Condolences, girls?

Rumor has it that our esteemed co-worker, Mr. E. P. Clarity of the Freight Audit Office, while attending the American Legion Convention in Louisville, Ky., played the ponies several afternoons and won. What he played evenings, and whether he won or lost, will have to come from Ed. himself. However, he was so pleased with Kentucky hospitality that he returned with a Kentucky "Derby" and a bouquet of mint leaves. More power to you, Ed!

Miss Margaret Andrews, stenographer, Industrial Bureau, is at the Maine General Hospital. Her place is being filled temporarily by Mrs. B. T. Preston.

Lawrence Sparrow, Motive Power Department, has announced his intention of marriage to Miss Alice E. Stewart of Portland.

Sympathy is extended to Harry Caldwell, General Freight Account office in the loss of his son on October 8th.

Claude McClaskey is back on the job in the Passenger Traffic Department.

Mrs. Emma S. Goodwin, mother of Manson Goodwin, Passenger Traffic Department, passed away October 12th, after a long illness. Interment was in Evergreen Cemetery.

Do you believe in taking chance? Yes? Well, one person who evidently does not is our own beloved Traveling Passenger Agent, Sherman W. Happgood. Recently, "Hap" was in Rockland soliciting business. He got started on one of his lengthy conversations with "Pop" McCurdy, when all of a sudden he hears a puff, puff and without any more ado, he picks up his grip, rushes out like mad and just catches the rear end of a deadhead sleeper train pulling out, thinking it was No. 78. In the meantime the regular train starts on its way and gets out beyond the yard limits somewhere near the round house, but in order to accommodate "Sherm" makes a special stop for our Traveling Passenger Agent to entrain for Portland.

Sympathy is being extended to Evelyn Cowgill of the Auditor Freight Accounts Office in the loss of her mother October 14th.

Miss Gladys Higgins, A. F. A. Office, and Chas. F. Higgins' marriage intentions have been announced.

George Caldwell and wife recently vacationed in New York and Washington, D. C.

W. P. Stoneham, Chief Clerk, Auditor Passenger Accounts Office, and wife recently motored through the White Mountains.

Bath Notes

By L. J. SANBORN

On account of failing health Mrs. McQuarrie, Veteran Baggage Master of Bath, Maine, has resigned his post, effective Oct. 10th, after years of faithful service.

"Mat" has always been one of the men you could depend upon in every way. He never late in the morning and faithful to every trust, courteous to the public with whom he demanded all that was due employers, on the other hand just as determined to give whoever he was dealing with all that was due them, and he will be missed by both his employers and his list of personal friends. He had been with the Company since 1893.

John R. MacDonald, the Assistant Baggage Master, has been assigned the Baggage Master's job at Bath, his job having been abolished, effective Oct. 11th.

Effective with close of business Monday, Oct. 10th, position of second Class Clerk Telegrapher at Bath was about to W. B. Blanchard, who has been doing this job down for the past few years, has not decided just what he will do.

Portland Terminal

By GRACE M. KATON

Edwin C. Noyes and Daniel H. Sharon of the Inter. and Per Diem Bureau, and James E. Malia of the Freight House, were in attendance at the annual convention of the American Legion at Louisville, Kentucky, and reported a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Grace Noyes Charles, who has been confined to the Maine General Hospital account of an operation recently, is doing well, recovering and will soon be able to resume her duties.
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Mrs. Grace Noyes Charles, who has been confined to the Maine General Hospital account of an operation recently, is slowly recovering and will soon be able to resume her duties.

Lewiston-Auburn

By P. J. HANLEY

Freight business in this section is very good.

New combination coach and smokers have been added to main line trains Nos. 12, 15, 13 and 14.

General Agent E. W. Cummings has returned from two weeks' vacation. Asst. Agent W. P. Kelly has gone to Newport, R. I., for vacation.

Football and bowling season has opened among employees in Lewiston and Auburn. Any M. C. R. R. teams will be accommodated. Address: Geo. Briery—Bowling Team; Russ Tarr—Football Team.

Frank Libby, Traveling Freight Agent, has returned from Restigouche, N. B., with good catch including many of the (Golden Variety).

— O —

The husband who's always remembering to send flowers is seldom the same fellow that takes off his coat and changes a tire.
Married Half Century

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jefferds, who reside at 361 Essex St., Bangor, have the honor and distinction of having been married 50 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferds were married Sept. 6, 1879, by the Rev. Horace Bolton of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the parsonage, on Mr. Jefferd’s birthday. Mrs. Jefferds was before her marriage Emma Frances Wilshire and was born in Bangor Aug. 12, 1857, where she has since resided. Mr. Jefferds was born Sept. 6, 1857, in Starks, Me., his forefathers being the pioneers of that territory and other descendants are still living in that locality. There were three children born by this marriage, two of whom survive—William L. Jefferds, who resides at 40 Jefferson St., Bangor, Railway Mail Clerk, and Clarence A. Jefferds of Brewer, who is in the employ of the Maine Central Railroad. A daughter, Mabel, died in early childhood.

Mr. Jefferds was employed in the saw mill at Morse & Co. for over 20 years. He then entered the Public Carriage business and was well known in Eastern Maine for his courtesy to his patrons. In February, 1919, he entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad in the Bangor Car Dept. where he is now employed.

Mr. Jefferds at one time was very active in the Jameson Guards which won the cup in competitive drill from the Montgomery Guards of Portland, serving as an officer under Capt. Ed. Small and Jim Davis. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jefferds enjoy very good health at the present time and their friends wish them many more years of happiness. They observed the day quietly at their home.

Gooda Magazina Picture from Waterville

"The Porter and his family are enclosed herewith (not in the flesh, though) and as the porter said to me this A. M.—"

"This would be gooda magazina, huh? Magazina picture, huh?"

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Jefferds

"I gathered he would like to see his likeness in our Magazine, so I’m sending this to you and I know that you will, in the kindness of your editor’s heart, show it in some future issue of the magazine and bring cheer to Mr. Charles Stevens."

The man who works hard and saves his money may not get all he expects but he’ll get something.

Does Pittsburgh suit you?
Sure, it “soots” everybody.

Nice Neighbors!

Jones—"Sorry, old man, that man got loose and scratched up your gate.
Smith—"That's all right. My dog showed your hen.
Jones—"Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."
Here's a Laugh

The Yardmaster received the following note from one of his Section Foremen:

"I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike hammer. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's."

Employer—"Why did you leave your last place?"
Young Lady Applicant—"I was caught kissing my boss, sir."
Employer—"Ur-hum, you can start here in the morning."
Teacher—"Who wrote the greatest war song in the world?"
Tommy—"Mendelssohn!"
Teacher—"What was it?"
Tommy—"Here comes the Bride."

Neighbor—"Why are ye wearing so many coats on such a hot day?"
Pat—"Well, ye see, I'm goin' to paint me barn; and it says on the can to obtain the best results put on at least three coats."

Porter—"This train goes to Philadelphia and points east."
Old Lady—"Well, I want a train that goes to Camden, and I don't care which way it points."

He—"I've waited a whole hour for you."
She—"I was detained in the beauty shoppe."
He—"Too bad you didn't get waited on."

Does Pittsburgh suit you? Sure, it "soots" everybody.

Nice Neighbors!
Jones—"Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."
Smith—"That's all right. My dog ate your hen."
Jones—"Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

One Way to Do It
Rastus—"What fo' you all got yo' pants on wrong side out, niggah?"
Sambo—"Cause ah's goin' to de ball tonight and ah wants to git de bag outer de knees."

Oh, No!
The Cop—"Were you speeding?"
The Girl—"No, but I just passed someone who was."

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked a customer of the new grocery clerk.
"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the answer.

Too Much to Expect
Stage Manager—"All ready, run up the curtain."
Stage Hand—"What do you think I am, a squirrel?"

And the Worst is Yet to Come
McDonald-O'Brion
A wedding of special interest to Portland Terminal employees occurred on September 30th at St. Dominic's Church, Portland, when Miss Helen A. O'Brion became the bride of William McDonald. Both are residents of Portland.

Mr. McDonald is employed by The SamOset Company, our subsidiary, and at present is a passenger motor coach driver on the Portland to Harrison run.

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Answers to Puzzles in Last Month's issue

ACROSTIC
JERICH0
AMONG
CAR
K
INDIA
PULLMAN

---

In Camp at Moosehead

The above photo comes to us through Conductor G. E. Stafford at Waterville, and all of the men in the picture, with the exception of the guide and Mr. Howard, are Maine Central employees.

Reading left to right, we have:
S. R. McPeters, Guide and Cook
H. C. Tuck, Pass. Condr., Bingham to Waterville
H. N. Smith, Engr., Portland to Bangor Freight

---

D. O. Wade, Engr., Work Out Job, Waterville
H. W. Lowell, Engr. Switcher, Waterville
S. W. Getchell, Engr., No. 89 and Extra West
G. E. Stafford, Frt. Condr., Waterville
C. W. Howard, Public Accountant, N. J.

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Terminal Messenger Service

Robert Penney is one of the Portland Terminal messengers. With his Harley Davidson motorcycle, he rushes hither and yon between the Superintendent's office on Commercial Street, the General Office and Rigby. He says he should have one of the speedy moth planes, so many of the packages are marked RUSH.

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Where would the average woman be if she took "no" for an answer?

After the first six spoonfuls a canthoupe usually tastes about the same as a raw turnip.

You can't win respect by demanding it.
Joseph Rousseau has been Railroading Since '89

Track Foreman Joseph Rousseau of Rumford first began his long career of railroading on the old Hereford Branch between Beecher Falls and Lime Ridge in the year of 1889. He has been a Foreman since 1899.

During his long career of forty years of service he has worked under Roadmasters Smith, Arsenault, Scully, Runey and Brean, coming to Rumford in 1924. He is familiar with all classes of track work, any very popular with the men in his employ.

THELMA I. THOMAS
Rumford

Sixty-seven Claims Paid Last Month by Travelers

There were 67 claims settled by The Travelers Insurance Co. to employees holding certificates in the Group Accident and Sickness Insurance for period ended Oct. 19. Fifty-four of these claims were for sickness and thirteen for accident. This number compares with forty-nine for sickness and six for accident the corresponding period of 1928.

Again we call attention to employees who are absent account of sickness or accident to notify their foremen to file a claim. Number of claims settled Sept. 15 to Oct. 19 were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Reason</th>
<th>E. H. French</th>
<th>Waterville</th>
<th>Bartlett, N. H.</th>
<th>Health</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>Louise Dacey</td>
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<td>Health</td>
<td>Frederick Hollingsdale</td>
<td>Waterville</td>
<td>Calais</td>
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<td>Engineering</td>
<td>Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.</td>
<td></td>
<td>John E. Marden</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>So. Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<td>Augustia</td>
<td>Health</td>
<td>Eugene Lavertieres</td>
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<td>Health</td>
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<td>Henry M. Cerce</td>
<td>Lincoln</td>
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<td>Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elbridge R. Courson</td>
<td>Brunswick</td>
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<td>F. J. McDonald</td>
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<td>Accident</td>
<td>Albert H. Rodenick</td>
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<td>John Hood</td>
<td>Dover-Foxcroft</td>
<td>Accident</td>
<td>Leonard L. Stafford</td>
<td>Fairfield</td>
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<td>Forest</td>
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<td>Hilbert L. Thomas</td>
<td>Vancocoro</td>
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<td>John E. Mitchell</td>
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<td>Albert Russell</td>
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<td>Albert E. Foster</td>
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<td>Leonard A. Yoandel</td>
<td>Motive Power</td>
<td>Accident</td>
<td>Ernest N. Herrick</td>
<td>Cumberland Ctr.</td>
<td>Cumberland Ctr.</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<td>William Alberts</td>
<td>Bangor</td>
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<td>Robert A. Howland</td>
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<td>Herman F. Bishop</td>
<td>Portland</td>
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<td>T. W. Kingsbury</td>
<td>Burkeport Ctr.</td>
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<td>Robert W. Boucher</td>
<td>Fairfield</td>
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<td>George F. Milan</td>
<td>Brewer</td>
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<td>Lewis B. Bowie</td>
<td>Auburn</td>
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<td>Anne E. Flaherty</td>
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<td>Thomas F. Price</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charles L. Foster</td>
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<td>Charles A. Wilson</td>
<td>Oxford</td>
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<td>Health</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We would ask the average woman be if she's not for an answer?

The first six spoonful a cantaloupe tastes about the same as a raw turnip.

can’t win respect by demanding it.
The Old New England Thanksgiving

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

* * * * *

The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn Thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian Summer came in, dreamy, and calm, and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit,—a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance,—and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."