Increasing Burdens of Local Taxation

FROM time to time within the past few years we have publicly and specially directed attention to the fundamentally vital fact that while our Federal government has been mindful of the national welfare and the productive prosperity angles of the national revenue needs, the state and municipal governments (with few exceptions) have merrily gone on their way in their increasingly heavy expenditures.

In the veritable political Babel about the plight of American agriculture much has been heard about special forms of governmental subsidy relief and very little has been heard about the relation of increasing burdens of state and local taxation to the farmer’s prosperity or adversity.

By the same token much has been known and heard about the increasingly difficult competitive marketing and production problems of many of our principal manufacturing industries and the relation of these material problems to the ever-ascending levies and burdens of state and local taxation of factories, machinery, goods in process or raw materials as well as corporate income.

—National Industrial Council.

The Big Show

The Road’s King

THE circus of all circuses came to Portland on Saturday, June 23. Although the movement of the road as far as the Maine Central Railroad was concerned was confined to yards of our subsidiary company at the Portland Terminal, it was nevertheless a big day for Portland.

Coming direct from Worcester, Mass., over the Boston & Maine, first of the four trains, on which the vast amusement enterprise made an annual country-wide pilgrimage, was the “Big Show” into this city at 3:30 o’clock Saturday morning. The final train—the “Luxe” cars that carry the stars and the artists of the “Big Show” was into the yard before ten o’clock.

Ran in Four Sections

There is always a fascination when the trains unload and of course there is always a large crowd on hand to witness the unloading. It reached four sections consisting of 96 cars to transport the entire caravan from Worcester to Portland. The 48 cars, which incidentally are all 70 long and all steel and the 28 stock cars with steel under-frames carried the menagerie, one of the finest on the road.

It was estimated that the number of animals was well over the 1200.

One particular feature of the day was a sea elephant weighing 6 tons claimed to be the only one in cap
The Big Show Has Come to Town
The Road’s Part in a Circus

The circus of all circuses came to Portland on Saturday, June 23rd. Although the movement of the train as far as the Maine Central Railroad was concerned was confined to the yards of our subsidiary company, the Portland Terminal, it was nevertheless a big day for Portland.

Coming direct from Worcester, Mass., over the Boston & Maine, the first of the four trains, on which this vast amusement enterprise makes its annual country-wide pilgrimage, rolled into this city at 3:30 o’clock Saturday morning. The final train—the “deluxe” cars that carry the stars and artists of the “Big Show” was in the yard before ten o’clock.

Ran in Four Sections
There is always a fascination watching the trains unload and of course there is always a large crowd on hand to witness the unloading. It required four sections consisting of 98 cars to transport the entire caravan from Worcester to Portland. The 46 flat cars, which incidentally are all 70 feet long and all steel and the 28 stock cars with steel under-frames were the menagerie, one of the finest on earth. It was estimated that the number of animals was well over the 1200 mark.

One particular feature of the show was a sea elephant weighing 6 tons, claimed to be the only one in captivity, 300 pounds of fish a day being required to satisfy its appetite. Twenty-four modern sleeping cars were included in the trains to accommodate the 2000 circus folk with the show.

A Beehive of Activity
Richardson Field, in the rear of the Exposition Building, was a veritable beehive of activity from early morning until late at night. Quick-working roustabouts drove the tent stakes and tugged on guy ropes that sent a dozen tents rearing the canvas tops skyward. Quite a sight to see five men working on one stake, rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, in perfect time.

An Interesting Variation
Before noon, the big top had been raised, long lines of cages had been trundled into the arrival tent, the herd of elephants had podded their way from the Commercial Street Yards to the field and the show was ready to start. Early Sunday morning the combined shows journeyed to Montreal, P. Q., for the next performance.

“Circus” business represents an interesting variation to our usual business of hauling passengers, pulpwood, pork and such miscellaneous products. Opinion differs as to the value of circus business, for while the established tariff produces quite a nice bunch of revenue, the character of the mer-
chandise hauled entails a risk from which one movement might easily wipe out the circus profits of a decade.

The Eternal Boy in Us

From the human, personal point of view, one finds almost as wide variation of opinion about circus business. One of the most prominent officials in the circus is the “trainmaster,” who has charge of loading and unloading and the movement of the show from place to place. To represent the railroad and contact with the circus trainmaster, an assistant superintendent or traveling conductor accompanies the movement. Most of these officials will tell that they despise and deplore being tied up on a circus job but it is not hard to see that underneath the surface the eternal boy in every one of them enthuses and turns mental handsprings when they go on the road with a show. We venture to assert that one of the happiest memories in the lives of many railroad men is of the heartbreaks, griefs, smiles and laughs connected with circus movements.

The character of circuses, expressed both in terms of four-legged and two-legged members of the troupe, has changed very radically in the last ten or fifteen years. Some circuses in the old days represented as hard-boiled an aggregation of thugs as could have been rounded up in a day’s journey. Railroad men who accompanied an outfit like this did well to watch the filling in their teeth and leave their watches at home.

Assistant Superintendent W. A. Wheeler tells a story of a Sunday circus run from Bangor to Calais by which a stop was made at Washington Junction. The hand car of a section crew was on the next track, loaded with rubber coats, boots, etc. Naturally, the section crew turned their backs on their equipment and gazed with the interest everyone displays at the circus cars beside them. As always happens when a circus train stops, the show men piled off and buzzed around like a disturbed swarm of bees.

They Gathered in the Honey

Like bees pouncing on a bit of broken honey, the negro lumpers saw the coats and boots on the section car, pounced on them and in the twinkling of an eye dove back into their hive, distributing the spoil in all parts of the train so that when the departure was made almost immediately not a single bit of equipment was to be found and all the section men had to show for the affair was increased experience.

There are circuses and circuses even today, but the tone of the business has changed as if by magic. The old roughneck days are gone and most circus folks now-a-days are as clean, high-class, self-respecting a group of people as you would find in a day’s journey. While the basic character of the southern, cornfield darky, from which class most of the roustabouts or lumpers are recruited, has not changed, this class of circus employees are kept in hand much better than they used to be and chances of having your coat lifted off your back without your knowing it are not at all great today as they used to be.

The Dreaded Sunday Run

Circuses draw very rigid caste lines, which is reflected in the accommodations offered the various types of employees, some of the stars having living quarters equal to those in best private cars, while at the other end of the scale in some of the smaller aggregations, the living is covered only by a piece of canvas for something else they are able to do.

A Sunday run is the thing drawn more than anything else by troupe for many of the show travel in sleepers with permanent berths, many couples, single men and single women being separated in different cars so that there is no place but the vestibules to wander around and stretch one’s legs and hold social conversation. The interesting result of this, from a railroad point of view, is that at every stop, no matter how short, the train just pours out passengers from every doorway, who hang around for a few minutes’ exercise before the pile aboard after the train has started.

The extraordinary organization of a circus in which everyone has a
The hand car of a section man was on the next track, loaded with rubber coats, boots, etc. Natchez, the section crew turned their backs on their equipment and gazed with interest everyone displays at circus cars beside them. As always happens when a circus train stops, the men piled off and buzzed around like a disturbed swarm of bees.

They Gathered in the Honey

Like bees pouncing on a bit of honey, the negro lumpers saw coats and boots on the section car, raced on them and in the twinkling of an eye dove back into their hive, distributing the spoil in all parts of the depot so that when the departure was almost immediately not a single piece of equipment was to be found and the section men had to show for the work was increased experience.

There are circuses and circuses even in Natchez, but the tone of the business has changed as if by magic. The old black days are gone and most of the lumpers are recruited, has not changed, this class of circus employees is kept in hand much better than they are used to be and chances of having your coat lifted off your back without knowing it are not at all great any as they used to be.

The Dreaded Sunday Run

Circuses draw very rigid caste lines, which is reflected in the accommodations offered the various types of employees, some of the stars having living quarters equal to those in the best private cars, while at the other end of the scale and in some of the smaller aggregations, the lumpers sleep in, on and under the wagons, covered only by a piece of canvas or something else they are able to steal.

A Sunday run is the thing dreaded more than anything else by troupers, for many of the show travel in sleepers with permanent berths, married couples, single men and single women being separated in different coaches, so that there is no place but the aisle and vestibules to wander around and stretch one's legs and hold social conversation. The interesting result of this, from a railroad point of view, is that at every stop, no matter how short, the train just pours out passengers from every doorway, who mill around for a few minutes' exercise and pile aboard after the train has started.

The extraordinary organization of a circus in which everyone has a job to do in loading and unloading and setting up the show, vies in the minds of those railroad men who have been connected with circus movements with the extreme sagacity and ability of "the bull". "The bull" is the circus term for an elephant, which even in these days of modern equipment and motorized movement from the siding to the grounds is still the star pinch hitter.

"Bring the Bull"

One of the memories etched most deeply in the mind of a prominent Maine Central official recalls a scene at Ellsworth many years ago. A heavy wagon was badly cramp ed so that the splendid circus horses couldn't move it even when fastened on the end of a pole. Whips were cracking, horses plunging and rearing when suddenly the cry, "Bring the bull", rang out above the tumult in the stentorian tones of the trainmaster.

In an incredibly short space of time the massive pachyderm slouched up with his attendant. Without a single spoken order, the enormous beast took in the situation with his small, dancing eyes. Reaching out he grasped the pole of the wagon with the tip of his trunk. With a little flip he jerked it into place and again without an order wheeled and walked off nonchalantly as if to say, "Is that all this commotion was about." Elephants are frequently used in tough jobs of loading and unloading and beside their enormous strength, they show almost superhuman intelligence.

The railroad's "gravy" from circus movements used to come from the passenger revenue from the crowds which packed in under the big tent.
In "the good old days," it was no unusual thing for an excursion train of a dozen cars to start out of Calais before daybreak for a show at Bangor. It is no use reciting the sad, sad story of what gas and rubber has done to this class of passenger business.

**Little Left to Chance**

Railroads now rely on their freight revenue for what they get out of circus business. It is interesting to note that each movement is made the subject of a special contract between the railroad company and the circus company in which mighty little is left to chance and on which all signatures are witnessed. Perhaps it is a relic from the old days but the contracts are filled with "parties of the first part" and "of the second part," with "whereas" and "whereof."

Mocking birds are even mentioned in the contract in which Article 6 provides: "In case of accident or damage for which the party of the first part should be held liable by any court for said accident or damage, the party of the second part agrees to accept the following amount as complete and full settlement, viz: For Elephants, $300 each; for Lions, Tigers or any wild animal, $100 each; for Horses, Mules and Ponies, $75.00 each; for Mocking Birds, Dogs, etc., $5.00 each; for Camels, $35.00 each."

When the circus comes to town, it's a big day in the lives of many youngsters from 6 to 66 but as in the case of most other things the public gets, in the background of every circus stands the railroad man who brought them here and who is waiting to carry them on to the next stand.

**A Pass Only Fifty Years Out Of Date**

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**Train Was Switched**

A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for Heaven at 4:30 A.M."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 9 A.M. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

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**Advisable**

A contest recently was conducted by a soap and perfume manufacturer for an advertising slogan and among the slogans submitted was the following:

"If you don't use our soap, for Heaven's sake use our perfume."—Pipe Progress.

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**Little Leaks**

Mr. Conductor was out his requisition supplies. He had put down fusees and torpedoes, and to his head an effort to the fuel; else he might need, "Let's thought, "guess I better order."

So down went "I heart.

But tucked away in the closet in his caboose were two new hammers which had never taken from their wrapping; honest? Oh, no: just care, perhaps too indolent to look and check up before ordering. Hammers alone cost the sixty dollars a year!

**Quick but Expensive**

While Mr. Conductor was out his requisition, his rear laying a fire in the caboose carefully split up some rammed in a little paper, a his pocket for a match. The was empty, but there were matches in a box in the close, easier, however, to pick up from the case and use that to fire. It worked to perfect fusees cost 11 cents each.

The annual bill for this one article than four thousand dollars cents will buy a dozen matches, with 60 matches box—but it will only buy Seven hundred and twenty for the price of one fusee!

After burning up the equ 12 boxes of matches to start Mr. Trainman took his lamp went outside. The lantern and failed to burn after sev
Rocking birds are even mentioned in the contract in which Article 6 provides: "In case of accident or damage which the party of the first part shall be held liable by any court for accident or damage, the party of the second part agrees to accept the owing amount as complete and full settlement, viz: For Elephants, $300; for Lions, Tigers or any wild animal, $100 each; for Horses, Mules, Ponies, $75.00 each; for Mocking Birds, Dogs, etc., $50.00 each." When the circus comes to town, it's a day in the lives of many youngsters from 6 to 66 but as in the case of most other things the public gets, the background of every circus rides the railroad man who brought it here and who is waiting to carry it on to the next stand.

Years Out Of Date

MR. CONDUCTOR was making out his monthly requisition for supplies. He had put down oil, dope, fusées and torpedoes, and scratched his head in the effort to think what else he might need. "Let's see," he thought, "guess I better order a hammer." So down went "1 hammer." But tucked away in the corner of a closet in his caboose were two brand new hammers which had never been taken from their wrappings. Dishonest? Oh, no; just careless and perhaps too indolent to look around and check up before ordering. And hammers alone cost the Company seventy dollars a year!

Quick but Expensive

While Mr. Conductor was working out his requisition, his rear man was laying a fire in the caboose stove. He carefully split up some kindling, rammed it into a little paper, and fed it in his pocket for a match. The pocket was empty, but there were plenty of matches in a box in the closet. It was easier, however, to pick up a fusee from the case and use that to start the fire. It worked to perfection—but fusees cost 11 cents each, and the annual bill for this one article is more than four thousand dollars. Eleven cents will buy a dozen boxes of matches, with 60 matches in each box—but it will only buy one fusee. Seven hundred and twenty matches for the price of one fusee!

After burning up the equivalent of 12 boxes of matches to start one fire, Mr. Trainman took his lantern and went outside. The lantern was dirty and failed to burn after several lightings. In disgust, he threw it over the bank and went into the caboose for a new one. Virtually, he threw over the bank one dollar and twelve cents of the Company's good money. The annual expenditure for lanterns alone is $1,842. That sum would nearly keep twenty ordinary families in fuel for a winter. If, by extra care, employees can save one-tenth of this expenditure, the saving would represent the sum necessary to buy a year's coal for two families.

Marker lamps cost $17.50 a pair, and the annual bill for this item is $1,225, more than a hundred dollars a month. There's the equivalent of the wages of a good stenographer. A little exertion on the part of employees in caring for these lamps will reduce the number required.

See How You'd Like It

And speaking of fusees used as matches—how many employees order matches when there's a carton or two tucked away on a shelf? A box of matches at a penny is a small thing, and it doesn't mean much to tuck one away in your pocket when you're going home at night. But multiply that cent by the number of matches supplied by the Company in a year and see if you'd like to pay the bill! And do you throw away a pencil because the point is broken and your knife is in your other pants? Even the cheapest pencil supplied costs $1.75 a gross—and the pencil cost for a year would make a tidy income for any man.

Train chests furnished to passenger conductors cost $28 each—and one new one is furnished to someone every
month in the year. They are not built of steel—and wood can be smashed in rough usage. Ordinarily careful handling would result in a great decrease in the number of chests needed. If you’ve forgotten your key, and instead of asking the other fellow for his you proceed to break open the chest, you’re paving the way for another $28 expenditure. You wouldn’t do that if you had to pay for it yourself, would you?

And right there is the answer. If we’d all consider that these various supplies are our own—and after all, we are the company—we would be more economical and careful in their use. There’s dollars in it!

Familiar Scene at Bangor Union Station

This view is a picture of Chisolm Bros., news stand and is in charge of E. A. Doran, who is their Agent for Eastern Maine. He has been in charge of their affairs at Bangor for nearly 40 years. The young lady is Miss Mary McNamara, one of Mr. Doran’s clerks. —C.H.L.

“Bill went to Washington expecting that his Senator would get him an easy berth.”

“And did he?”

“Not exactly; but he gave him a wide one.” —Boston Transcript.

McIntosh: Do ye ken, O’Flannigan, th’ name o’ th’ show where the Scotsman knocks out a gang o’ Irish?

O’Flannigan: Sure, an’ that’s asey—“The Miracle.” —Passing Show.

Old-Time Turntable of the Man

By C. H. LEARD

What employee in any department of the entire System has a story that can compare with the remarkable one of William C. Manning, the Bangor Round House? He is one of the most conscientious and faithful employees to be found on this system or any of the Railroads in the country.

An Enthusiastic Pedestrian

Mr. Manning, who is the oldest employee on the station employees’ roster, is now in his 67th year, has been continuously in the Motive Power Department for the past 33 years and during the last 12 or 15 years has been operating the turntable. The picture below shows Manning in the cab of turntable just before he was letting engine 411 out of the house; he has never during all this long term of time been taken but one or two vacations, one being over 20 years ago, and long as he has worked for the Company he has been late a day.

In fact “Billy”, who goes to work at 7:00 A.M., is almost without fail at the engine house a few minutes before the whistle and please take into consideration that he walks to his work a distance of a mile and one-half miles and walks home, he is through at night. No matter what the weather may be, rain or snow, in summer and in winter, he never uses the street car but prefers to walk. He certainly has for himself an enviable record and one that he as well as the Company is proud of.

“Too Long for the Bed”

When asked if he had anything to say through the columns of the Maine Magazin he thought it would be of interest to all employees “Billy” got in a remembrances mood and spoke of the first time the 275 came to Bangor some 25 or 30 years ago. It must have been a most remembrances day in railroad history both to employees and the people of Bangor, he says that at that time the 275 was a
Old-Time Turntables and Some Reminiscences of the Man Who Operates Bangor's

By C. H. LEARD, Motive Power Department, Bangor

WHAT employee in any department of the entire System has a record that can compare with the most remarkable one of William C. Manning of the Bangor Round House? He is one of the most conscientious and faithful employees to be found on this system or on any of the Railroads in the country.

An Enthusiastic Pedestrian

Mr. Manning, who is the oldest employee on the station employees' roster, and who is now in his 67th year, has been employed continuously in the Motive Power Department for the past 33 years and during the last 12 or 15 years has been operating the turntable. The picture below shows Mr. Manning in the cab of turntable just as he was letting engine 411 out of the house. He has never during all this long term of service taken but one or two vacations, the last one being over 20 years ago, and never as long as he has worked for the Company has he been late a day.

In fact "Billy", who goes to work at 7.00 A.M., is almost without fail at the engine house a few minutes before 6 o'clock, and please take into consideration the fact that he walks to his work a distance of one and one-half miles and walks home after he is through at night. No matter what the weather may be, rain or snow, winter or summer, he never uses the street cars but prefers to walk. He certainly has made for himself an enviable record and one that he as well as the Company should be proud of.

"Too Long for the Bed"

When asked if he had anything to say through the columns of the Magazine that he thought would be of interest to other employees "Billy" got in a reminiscent mood and spoke of the first time engine 275 came to Bangor some 28 or 29 years ago. It must have been a most remarkable day in railroad history both to railroad employees and the people of Bangor. He says that at that time the 275 was a mighty big, long engine and as the turntable which was located at the old engine house (now demolished) was only fifty feet long and the total wheel base of the engine was 51 feet 6 inches long, it was necessary therefore to put an extension on the turntable tracks. The extensions were elevated so as to pass over the rails located on the bulwark surrounding the table. As mentioned above, "Billy" said it was a most momentous day. Indeed a BIG Day.

Another great event in Bangor that Mr. Manning spoke of when the Maine Central broke all previous records and created excitement for a vast throng of inquisitive as well as interested people was the day when Engine 301 arrived in Bangor for the first time hauling a string of 80 cars. This was in 1896 and at the time the Eastern Maine State Fair was just closing its Exhibition Week.

Old State Fair Days

In those days, as many of the older employees recollect, exhibitors would have their stock brought into Bangor and the Maine Central would store the empty cars at Hermon Pond and Hermon Center until the Fair was over. The cars were then brought into Bangor and the Fair patrons would have their same cars to use. The day of which Mr. Manning was speaking it became generally broadcasted around Bangor that a new and monstrous engine hauling the biggest string of cars ever to enter Bangor was coming in about noon. A greater part of the cars were the empties that had been stored as spoken of above.

Such a throng of people as assembled to witness the big event. That part of Main Street which overlooks Bangor Freight Yard, was lined with excited spectators, Bangor Yard was crowded with curious sightseers and almost every individual was counting the number of cars as the train pulled in to see if there were the full number of eighty as advertised. Manning went on to say that when the 301 got to the engine
The Man at the Crossing
Watches Them Pass
By Crossingtender BURNS, No. Anson

When the man at the crossing with stop in his hand

Bids them stop with a stern command,
Then is the time they own the earth,
And they give her the power
For all she is worth.
For “Go” is their motto with speed on the brain,
And they go crushingly bang under the train.
They are hurled and torn and thrown through the air,
Bits and fragments everywhere.
It was too bad but they couldn’t wait,
And took their chance with the heavy freight.
But there is no chance for one to whine,
For the stop was there and so was the sign,
Far too many motorists seem to be blind
To all our slow and caution signs.
If they should be a moment late,
Goodness knows what would be their fate!

W. C. Manning Lets No. 411 Out of the House

house, Engineer Louis Marquis, known far and near as “Jimmie Smokey” and who has since died, hardly had the courage to run this engine onto the old turntable and Hostler J. W. Furrow, now Round House Foreman at Bangor, was called to do the job.

One Man against Twenty-five Horses

“Speaking of turntables Now and Then” Billy said, “This table that we are running now requires two 25-horse power motors to operate it and do you remember, Charlie, a good many years ago it took but two men to run the table 24 hours per day, each man working a shift of 12 hours. Johnnie Beaulieu, the smallest man in the whole crew, hardly weighing a hundred pounds, pushed the table around nights and Joseph Page, the oldest man then working in Bangor, he being 82 years old when he stopped work, operated the table during the day; the daily then of course being pushed around by man power only.”

Mr. Manning in spite of his many years service ended the interview by saying that if he keeps on feeling as well as he does at the present time, he is good for 20 years more service with the best Railroad in the Country.

(10)
Man at the Crossing Tatches Them Pass

Crossingtender BURNS, No. Anson, the man at the crossing with stop in hand, said so with a stern command, is time they own the earth, they give her the power she is worth.

"o" is their motto with speed on the brain, they go crashily bang under the train, are hurled and torn and thrown through the air, and fragments everywhere.

Too bad but they couldn’t wait, took their chance with the heavy sight, there is no chance for one to whine, the stop was there and so was the sign, many motorists seem to be blind to your slow and caution signs.

Should be a moment late, less knows what would be their fate!

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

This is the Maine Central EMPLOYEES’ MAGAZINE. It might not even be very much of an exaggeration to say that the Maine Central is its EMPLOYEES’ RAILROAD. Half of the dollars the Road receives pause but momentarily before they dive like homing pigeons into your pockets.

Paste this inside your hat—you members of the Maine Central Family—anything, everything, that affects the Maine Central Railroad Company touches YOU on the “pocket nerve,” the tenderest in the human body.

It is your duty TO YOURSELF to study Road’s problems and inform yourself of your opportunities to do something to help solve them. When you find something you can do to help—it is your duty to YOURSELF to take off your coat, roll up your sleeves and GET BUSY.

FREIGHT SERVICE FIRST

It is a matter of common knowledge that freight service today is vastly superior to what it was before the war. Freight transportation has been speeded up, and the regularity and promptness of deliveries wonderfully improved. This has had a profound effect on the Country’s business. Merchants can get along with smaller stocks of goods which can be more frequently and easily cleared and replenished. Everybody who spends a cent shares in the benefits of this progress.

Railroads and railroad men made these results possible. Improves facilities secured by capital expenditure, wiser management and more efficient work on the part of employees all along the line brought them about. Passenger service gets most of the praise and blame that comes from the public, but from the point of view of public interest and public welfare, as well as of railroad revenue, it is the freight service which takes the lead.

A STOP BOARD

No less an authority, no less a tried and true servant of the public than President Coolidge has recently uttered the following warning: “In general the country is best served through the competition of private enterprise. If the people are to remain politically free, they must be economically free. Their only hope in that direction is for them to keep their own business in their own hands.”

If you keep your mind young, your body is quite likely to keep young also.

—Nebraska Angwan,
Here and There over the System

(1) Fty. Cond. W. E. Knowlton, Brunswick. (2) Engine-
man A. L. Dunn; Fireman H. A. Carmichael, Eastern Divi-
sion, Vanceboro. (3) Group from General Offices, Portland.
and D. St. Pierre, Brunswick. (5) Delivery Clerk Geo. P.
Leduc, Auburn Fty. House. (6) Agent J. A. MacKenzie,
Lincoln. (7) Barbara MacKenzie, daughter of Agent, Lincoln.
(8) Agent H. A. Reed on platform, Mattawamkeag Station.
(9) High water near Bangor a few years ago (photo contributed
by Supt. McLaughlin, Bangor). (10) Foreman E. E. Walker,
R. B. Wyman, Readfield Depot. (12) Baggagemaster Arthur
Spaulding and Expressman Claude Thomas, Rumford Branch
(photo by Miss Mabel Sanborn at Byron). (13) Agent A. B.
Cougodon, Lunenburg. (14) Operator W. E. Durgin, Brunsw-
Here and There over the System

(2) Engineer A. L. Dunn; Fireman H. A. Carmichael, Eastern Division, Vancleve.  
(3) Group from General Offices, Portland.  
(7) Barbara MacKenzie, daughter of Agent, Lincoln.  
(8) Agent H. A. Reed on platform, Mattawamkeag Station.  
(9) High water near Bangor a few years ago (photo contributed by Supt. Meloughlin, Bangor).  
(12) Baggage master Arthur Spaulding and Expressman Claude Thomas, Rumford Branch (photo by Miss Mabel Sanborn at Byron).  
(13) Agent A. B. Congdon, Lunenburg.  
(14) Operator W. E. Durgin, Brunswick.  
IN MEMORIAM

PARKER W. HANNAFORD

Parker William Hannaford, born in Northfield, N. H., in 1845, died at his home in Waterville last month.

Mr. Hannaford learned the trade of carpenter and continued in that business until January, 1878, when he entered the employ of the Maine Central Railroad at Augusta on general passenger car repairs.

He continued in this capacity until 1881 when he entered the employ of the Manchester Locomotive Works at Manchester, N. H., in the pattern department. He remained with this company until November, 1885, when he returned to Augusta and again entered the employ of the Maine Central. On March 1, 1886 he was appointed foreman of passenger car repairs and the following year came to Waterville where he was made general foreman of the car department on Nov. 1, 1889. He continued in this office for nearly thirty years, retiring several years ago.

NEIL R. HALL

Neil R. Hall, clerk in Rigby Terminal Yard for the past four years, was instantly killed on Sunday, June 17, when he apparently stepped in front of a shifting engine while on his way home from work in the Terminal Car Shop.

It is alleged there was no eye witness to the accident, the body being found on the track near the car shop by Edward Libby, a switchman, just a few minutes after Mr. Hall had left the shop with a cheerful farewell to fellow workers.

Mr. Hall was born in Windham, March 9, 1869, and was the son of Charles W. and Ellen Webb Hall. He graduated from the Windham schools, Bridgton Academy and Gray's Business College. He entered Maine Central service March 29, 1892, and for a number of years was stationed at Brunswick. About four years ago he was transferred to Portland (Rigby Yard). He resided on Keswick Road, at Thornton Heights, and was a member of Presumpscot Lodge of Masons.

Mr. Hall is survived by his wife, Anna Sherlock Hall, one sister, Mrs. John Legrow of Windham, two brothers, Walter B. Hall of Windham and Frank E. Hall of South Windham.

Interment was at Riverside cemetery, Brunswick.

EUGENE LEDDY

Eugene Leddy, formerly chief dispatcher on Portland Division, died June 9 at the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary from illness resulting from an infected ear.

Mr. Leddy was born May 19, 1896, and entered Maine Central service Oct. 24, 1912. He was employed for a period of 12 years. For some time he was connected with Porter, Ersson & Co., until about a year ago when he went with the New York Central Railroad in New York City.

Mr. Leddy was a member of the Portland Athletic Club. He is survived by his parents, two brothers, Dr. Percy A. Leddy of New Haven, Conn., and John D. Leddy of Portland; and four sisters, Margaret and Eleanor Leddy of South Portland, Ruth Eddy of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Jack Stewart of Natiek, Mass.

Funeral services were held from the home 15 Mitchell Road, South Portland, and interment was at Forest City cemetery.

(14)
EUGENE LEDDY

Eugene Leddy, formerly chief dispatcher of the Portland Division, died June 19 at the Eye and Ear Infirmary from illnessing from an infected ear.

Leddy was born May 19, 1896, and was employed for a period of 12 years. He was connected with the New York Central Railroad in New York City.

Leddy was a member of the Portland Yacht Club. He is survived by his wife, two brothers, Dr. Percy A. Leddy of Haven, Conn., and John D. Leddy of Portland; and four sisters, Margaret and Mary Leddy of South Portland, Ruth of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Jack of Natick, Mass.

Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell, South Portland, and interment was at Forest City cemetery.

We Tell The World --- Or Part Of It

A square meal for a dollar

Although the Maine Central Railroad pays $200,000 every week to its 7,000 employees and officials, the share of this amount borne by each family in Maine is unbelievably small.

Take, for example, the square meal shown above, suggested by the Home Economics Department of the University of Maine. For carrying the various ingredients that make up the ‘dollar-diner’ to Waterville, for instance, the Maine Central gets only one and six-tenths cents, as shown by the table. The Maine Central has taken less than two out of the hundred cents in this dollar meal, an amount smaller than the cost of the sugar these five people ate.

This is the third of our present series of good will advertisements running in Maine newspapers. By talking of freight charges in terms of simple, every-day commodities with which every one is familiar, we endeavor to drive home to the people of Maine how CHEAPLY we are selling our services.


By the way, why not try out this "Square Meal for a Dollar"? Here's how it goes:

A Square Meal for a Dollar
The Home Economics Department of the University of Maine have figured out a menu which provides a square meal for a family of five people at the cost of a dollar, the details of which appear on page 15. Following are the recipes for three of the dishes included in the menu:

Meat Loaf
1 lb. Ground Beef  1 cup Milk
2 tbs. Butter  1 teaspoon Salt
1 Egg  ½ teaspoon Pepper
1 cup Bread Crumbs
Combine meat with other ingredients, form into loaf in covered baking pan. Bake 1½ hours in moderate oven (110 degrees Fahrenheit). Uncover last half hour to brown.

Salad Dressing
2 tbs. Flour  ½ tsp. Mustard
1 Egg  ½ tsp. Salt
2 tbs. Butter  ¼ cup Water
¼ cup Vinegar
Mix dry ingredients. Beat egg well, add vinegar diluted with water, beat thoroughly
Combine with dry ingredients. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until like medium white sauce. Add butter.

Norwegian Prune Pudding
½ lb. Prunes  1½ cups boiling water
2 cups cold water  1 tb. Lemon Juice
1 cup Sugar  ¼ cup Cornstarch
1 tsp. Cinnamon  ¼ tsp. Salt
Wash and soak prunes in two cups cold water several hours. Stew until soft in same water. Remove stones and return prunes, cinnamon and water to kettle, add 1½ cups boiling water. Slowly stir in the thin paste made of cornstarch, sugar and some cold water and boil 20 minutes stirring constantly. Add lemon juice. Cool in molds. Serve with milk or cream.

On Guard at Bangor

Patrick Nelligan, crossingetender at Railroad Street, Bangor Freight Yard, first started railroading away back when the wood burners were in use on the Eastern Division. As a matter of fact Veteran Nelligan has a record of 46 years of faithful service to his credit.

He is now 68 years of age. Every day finds him at his busy post in the Queen City, active, alert, on the job every minute. He reports to General Yard Master Sam Fraser. The building in the background on the left is the Bangor Freight Office. Patrick says he is sure going to vote for "Al" Smith.

Solid Something
Baggagemaster: Nice ring; cost five
Signalman Spinney: No ten.
B’g’m’st’r Messer: And Wool worth it.

No Loss Reported
Clerk Preble: That child does not get her temper from me.
Wife: No, none of yours is missing.
On Guard at Bangor

Patrick Nelligan, crossingtender at Railroad Street, Bangor Freight Yard, first saw railroading away back when the old burners were in use on the Eastern Division. As a matter of fact Veteran Nelligan has a record of 46 years of faithful service to his credit.

He is now 68 years of age. Every day, he is at his busy post in the Queen, active, alert, on the job every minute.

John Robinson's Circus
Waltham, Mass.
June 6, 1928.

Mr. D. C. Douglass,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
Maine Central Railroad
Portland, Maine.

Dear Sir:

As we have just finished a number of moves over your lines, it is with great pleasure that I wish to call your attention to the wonderful service rendered us while on your lines.

In fact, the service received by us was the very best we have ever received on any lines east of the Mississippi River.

Every operating official that we came in contact with, as well as the various yard and road crews, had one motto—that was service, and I want to assure you that every man did his part to see that we received it.

I only regret that we could not spend more time on your lines and that I could personally thank each and every employee for the wonderful service we received with our train.

John Robinson's Circus thinks of the service received on the Maine Central Railroad.

Yours very truly,

John Robinson's Circus

W. M. Thompson (Signed)
By Asst. to General Manager.

Geo. A. Hall Co.
Houlton, Maine

April 3, 1928

Mr. G. H. Eaton, F.T.M.,
Portland, Me.

Dear Sir:

Thanks for your wire of even date re our last two cars of grass seed moving via your line.

We are pleased to advise that the car from Syracuse arrived this A.M., and also understand that the car from Crawfordsville is due tomorrow.

We appreciate the service that the M. C. R. R. has given us, and will continue to give you all the business that we can.

Yours truly,

GEO. A. HALL CO.

G-GAH

5418 Greene Street
Germantown, Pa.

May 20, 1928

Ticket Agent L. W. Merritt,
Union Station,
Portland, Maine.

Thank you for your many favors in the past thirty years that I have been going to Maine, and it gives me pleasure to state that in all these years I have never had an error in your bookings from your office.

(Signed)

Frank B. Gumney, M.D.
Things We Have Seen This Month

By Traveling Agent E. I. HILL, Portland

According to the way things have been breaking during the past month our store of subjects on Freight Claim Prevention is a long way from being exhausted.

Our little playmate F. C. P. has an arch enemy and his name is Old Man Trouble. It fits him perfectly. No matter how hard F. C. P. tries, his enemy is forever getting into all sorts of things and stirring up the monkeys and we are called to straighten them out.

Sometimes we have to have a regular knock-down-and-drag-out with F. C. P.’s enemy. He bucks and fights back with both hands with lots of dynamite in each one.

A Hot Little Tale

There is an old saying, “If you play with fire you will get burned.” Well, what do you play with for then? Think you can and not ever singe your fingers? Imagine a shipment of a number of carboys of acid. You know what they look like and you also know acid is hot and will bite. The car was being loaded at a large station and a large number of bales of wool were about the last to go into the car.

Of course they were helped in. We imagine that the loaders and stowers of this wool were afraid that they catch cold—so those bales that showed the worst symptoms of illness were pushed on top of carboys to keep them warm. How could they when the tops are sealed?

Oh, there were a few that were loose and the acid warmed the bales up so much it burned them. Just another case of someone who couldn’t stop to think but could and did take a chance and the carrier has to settle.

In a Bad Mix

We were called upon to inspect a carload of paint and oil. They are mixed together frequently to make paint thin, etc. Did they mix in this case? No they did not. There were a whole “flock” of cans of oil setting in the doorway of this car quietly minding their own P’s and Q’s. The barrels loaded each side of them were badly effected with the desire to move. They did this very thing and squeezed the cans hard. Perhaps if we had been in the room when the squeezing took place we would have heard them squeal like a “flock” getting her first lesson in oscillation but we only saw the results.

Some cans had their tops split open, others holes in the bottoms and the floor and also on the ground under the car. Why all this? Because there were no cornets—no wire bracing around the cans to keep the barrels from squeezing the cans.

This looked to be a case of conserving effort on the part of some one and our money is going to cost some money.

Railroad Hash

A short time ago we received a call to check up some damage in a house car over east. That’s easy just state around and checking up the damage. But it is—how many of you loaders and stowers ever stop to estimate what it is?

We think that the stowers of this house must have had some dogs that had been in their throats, because they loaded tons of dog biscuits next to machinery and when the barrels sprung a leak the biscuits lapped it up in good shape. 
In This Month

HILL, Portland

A large number of bales of wool were about to go into the car. Of course they were helped in. We were afraid that they catch cold—so the bales that showed the worst symptoms of illness were pushed on top of cars to keep them warm. How could they in the tops be sealed?

In a Bad Mix

We were called upon to inspect a carload of paint and oil. They are mixed together to make paint thin, etc. Did you mix in this case? No they did not. There were a whole "flock" of cans of oil just lying in the doorway of this car quietly sitting with their P's and Q's. The barrels on both sides of them were badly effected with the desire to move. They did this very thing and squeezed the cans very hard. Perhaps if we had been present when the squeezing took place we would have heard them squeal like a "flapper" getting her first lesson in osculation but we only saw the results.

The sun was up and the height of the beams punctured some holes in the car and through the cloth inside. The old refrain now pops up, "Load, Tight Pack and Trim your Freight." If you don't, we are going to have to tell you about it.

In Other Words, Harry Got Married

By E. F. McLain, Calais

I am at a loss for words to cover the feelings aroused as I pen this epistle or epigraph. I have not had a correct mood for a week. I have been a little distracted by the fact that only one man on the Fireman's list could go out any night he wanted to. This son of freedom has been the butt of many a good joke, but he has kept his temper. He is a nice fellow and I am glad to have him on the list. I am also glad to have a chance to write about him in this column.

Several months ago, in a down-trodden mood, I wrote a little article pertaining to the unanimous number of benevolents (no, I didn't say derelicts) on the Calais Branch roster of engineers. Each and every engineer on this paying piece of pike has a ball and chain. It was quite unusual to find a man who was not unhappy. I was told by many of the men that this was because they were not working hard enough to get ahead. I am glad to say that I was wrong.

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A Little Sales Talk Can Boost Our Business

THE following story culled from "The Office Economist" and passed along to the Magazine by W. P. Reeves of Portland, Assistant Comptroller, is so good and applies so directly to the securing of new business by the right sales talk and incidentally producing more traffic tips that we are printing a portion of the article below.

"Late one night a passenger boarded a western train at a small station, and went into the sleeping car, asking for his berth. The Pullman conductor said that every berth was taken. When the passenger protested that he had wired for a reservation, the conductor laughed and said that his name was not on the car plan, and that telegraphing didn't entitle him to a berth, anyway—the railroad agent had probably forgotten to send the message. The passenger went to the railroad conductor, who might have dismissed him with a curt statement that he had nothing to do with the sleeping-car. But that conductor had a little sales spirit.

"We want you to be comfortable every minute you're on this road," said he genially. "Let's go back and see what's wrong."

"Bread on the Waters"

Ten minutes later the passenger was in a berth. His name had been misspelled on the car plan, that was all, and the Pullman conductor lacked sales spirit to investigate. Two months later this passenger had the routing of a special train that was to take a party of business men to the Pacific coast; and that road was chosen from several competitors, because one conductor had handled a difficulty like a salesman—and the conductor was taken along to look after the party.

Sales spirit and the salesman's way of thinking and talking, are needed in thousands of places in our everyday business world. It can be adapted to work and situations never regarded from that standpoint and utilized to increase freight and passenger traffic.

It was not until a certain large public-service corporation stopped handling cus-

tomer's complaints through a junior clerk and gave that detail to an efficient salesman, for instance, that it began to create genuine goodwill in its community.

Sales spirit can be made a means of promotion to many a man who apparently does not need it in his work, but who will take the trouble to study and apply it.

Important tips on new business have recently been received by H. H. Hanson, formerly general agent at Lewiston, E. I. Hill, Traveling Agent, Portland; C. H. Leard, Motive Power, Bangor; Harry M. Treat, Chief Dispatcher, Portland; J. E. Crepeau, Agent at Whitefield; Roy Palmer, Operator at Burnham Junction; J. W. Webb, Chief Clerk, Auburn; C. T. Messer, Baggage Master, Oldtown; and T. H. Pell, Operator, Bangor.

A FREQUENT TRAFFIC TIP WILL BE APPRECIATED FROM YOU.

Who Are They

By C. R. BRYANT, Aud. Dis. Office

See answers on page 32

Where the Wamkeag Waters Flow

By P. T. HEWEY, Sr., Lee

I have been in Lincoln Center, I have also been in Winn:
Likewise I've been in Kingman,
But never dwelt therein.
And yet there is another Town,
Where the people well I know,
It lies partly in the valley,
Where the Wamkeag Waters flow

Now with my Friends and Neighbors
I must take a parting hand;
Some day I'll wander back again
To see you if I can:
It makes me melancholy,
For somehow I hate to go,
And leave the Town of Pitlock,
Where the Wamkeag Waters flow.

The above was written by P. T. Hewey, father of G. C. Hewey, Foreman Car Repairs at Bangor. Mr. Hewey...
Boost Our Business

This complaint through a junior clerk to a detail to an efficient, saleable instance, that it began to create good will in its community.

A spirit can be made a means of pro-tom a man who apparently does it in his work, but who will take捾able to study and apply it.

Tips on new business have been received by H. H. Hanson, general agent at Lewiston, E. I. Traveling Agent, Portland; C. H. Motive Power, Bangor; Harry M. Chief Dispatcher, Portland; J. E. Agent at Whitefield; Roy Palmer, for at Burnham Junction; J. W. Chief Clerk, Auburn; C. T. Messer, generalist, Oldtown; and T. H. Pell, for, Bangor.

REQUEST TRAFFIC TIP WILL PRECIATED FROM YOU.

Who Are They

C. BRYANT, Aud. Dis. Office

See answers on page 22.

Paper City Section Crew

We are indebted to Lion Rousseau of Rumford for the above picture taken not long ago in the Rumford yard. Reading left to right have in the back row: Paul Hellen, Stanley Barrett; second row: Michael Cook, Joseph Gagnon, Otto Curtis, Forest Fisher, Walter Bullock, Frank Fisher, John Souzy and George Bailey in the hammer.

Arthur Hodsdon is also in this crew but was off duty the day picture was taken.

Where the Wamkeag Waters Flow

By P. T. HEWNEY, Sr., Lee
I have been in Lincoln Center,
I have also been in Winn;
Likewise I've been in Kingman,
But never dwelt therein.
And yet there is another Town,
Where the people well I know,
It lies partly in the valley,
Where the Wamkeag Waters Flow.

Now with my Friends and Neighbors,
I must take a parting hand;
Some day I'll wander back again,
To see you if I can:
It makes me melancholy,
For somehow I hate to go,
And leave the Town of Pitlock,
Where the Wamkeag Waters Flow.

The above was written by Peleg T. Hewey, father of G. C. Hewey, Foreman Car Repairs at Bangor. Mr. Hewey is an old railroad man, now out of service; is 77 years old and in good health. Mr. Hewey moved from Pitlock to Lee and wrote the above when he left as a sort of a good-bye.

—C. A. Jeffrey, Bangor Car Dept.

General Office Notes

Traveling Freight Agent Guy A. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Miss Hazel Heath of the Engineering Department has been transferred to the Freight Audit Office.

The marriage of Miss Trena Wilson of the Auditor of Payrolls Office and Arthur Robinson of Portland took place in Portland on June 9th.

Leroy E. Leonard of the Freight Traffic Department is to be located in Boston for several months on special work.

Miss Olive Small, private stenographer to the General Passenger Agent, and J. Frederick Smith of Malden, Mass., were married in Malden on June 4th.

George A. Dibblee of the Auditor of Agencies Office resigned during the past month to go in business with his father.

Horace Budd of the Auditor of Agencies Office is spending his vacation in Quebec.

What the Highball Meant

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., once told the story of the railroad conductor who was pestered by a fussy woman who kept asking him foolish questions, declares the Boston Daily Globe. He answered her politely, but after the train had stopped at a station he waved his hand to the engineer to start the train. When he came through the train the lady asked:

"Why did you wave your hand to the engineer?"

"O, that meant, 'Get the hell out of here,'" and he walked away.

One of the passengers called him aside and said, "Say, conductor, you should not have said that to that lady. Her husband is a director of this road."

The conductor immediately found the lady and apologized and when he came through the train again the man said:
Mathematicians Front and Forward!

On a four-track road, a 100-car freight train is running on track 1. It is overtaken by a passenger train on an adjoining track, running in the same direction at a speed of 50 miles per hour. From the time the passenger train passes the caboose until it passes the engine of the freight train, 47 minutes elapse. How fast is the freight train moving?

Here's a Few Lines on Railroad Rhymes

The retirement of F. D. Underwood from the Presidency of the Erie recalls to Old Time Railroaders the days when he was division superintendent on the C. M. & St. P.

A wagish locomotive engineer telegraphed from out on the line as follows: 

"F. D. U.
Engine two seven two has bust a flue.
What shall I do?"

Donahue."

Back came the reply:

"Donahue.
Plug the flue in the two seven two
and fetch her through.
F. D. U."

CALAIS REPARTEE

Jack Whiteknight: "Every bone in my body aches."
Bill Glass: "You must have a terrible headache."

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.

"Sardine Express" Crew
By E. T. McLAIN


Answers to Puzzles on page 20

(1) C. B. Elliott
(2) M. A. Weed
(3) J. P. Paxson
(4) Horace Woodbury
(5) Henry Coburn
(6) Willis Stoneham
(7) M. T. Hawkes
(8) Bill Colton
(9) J. H. Marks
(10) Leo Jackson
(11) Leo Coyle
(12) H. T. Wall

The Locomotive Spirit

Swaying, swinging, swerving.
Rushing round each bend.
Ev'ry day I'm serving—
Sticking to the end.
Ripping thru the darkness—
Lamps that stab the night;
Creature of steels, but borne on wheels—
Man's monument of might.

Each day that comes I'm ready.
Let weather what it be.
Thund'rous? Yes, but steady—
Symbol of Liberty!

Less Sickness, More Peace

For the monthly period ending October 18th four less claims were settled than during the previous month, but claims jumped from six to eleven.

Members of the Motive Power Department, which last month had the distinction of heading the list of successful claims, this month dropped this month to a tie with the Engineering Department, each having members receiving claims for disease and sickness and four from accidents.

Members of the Maine Central will be relieved to learn that Neil Farnham, who met his death during the month while crossing the tracks in Rigby Yards, carried a group accident protection policy. This may be a lesson to some of us to hedge against accident and sickness, like lightning, when we least expect it.

The following claims have been settled during the month:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Howard R. Bean</td>
<td>And Fr. Aces.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor G. Conley</td>
<td>Eng. Dept. Office Building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louise Daisey</td>
<td>Mot. Power Office Building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carroll Frank</td>
<td>Car Service</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence Harelow</td>
<td>Eng. Dept. Office Engineering Department</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theo Miller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving W. Russell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Bellefontaine</td>
<td>Portland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Bideron</td>
<td>Portland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Clark</td>
<td>Brunswick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellridge Coursen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leon B. Cookson</td>
<td>Waterville</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(22)
The Locomotive Speaks

Swaying, swinging, swerving,
Rushing round each bend,
Ev’ry day I’m serving—
Sticking to the end.
Ripping thru the darkness—
Lamps that stab the night;
Creature of steels, but borne on
wheels—
Man’s monument of might.

Each day that comes I’m ready
Let weather what it be.
Thund’rous? Yes, but steady—
Symbol of Liberty!

Born in the heats of ages,
Cast in the largest mold,
God of speed, in an hour of need.
I’m young, and I’m never old.
The hands that guide and feed me;
The eyes that watch my way
I’d crush, if they would not heed me;
But others would come that day.

Towering temple of power
King of the Iron Trail—
No storm-swept night shall stop my
flight,
While I pull the Evening Mail!

—Reprinted from the Detroit Free Press.

Less Sickness, More Accidents Last Month

For the monthly period ending June
18th four less claims were settled by the Travelers Insurance Company with members of the Maine Central Family than during the previous month, but accidents jumped from six to eleven.

Members of the Motive Power Department, which last month had the doubtful honor of heading the list of sufferers, dropped this month to a tie with the Engineering Department, each having 15 members receiving claims for disability from sickness and four from accident.

Members of the Maine Central Family will be grieved to learn that Neil R. Hall, who met his death during the month while crossing the tracks in Rigby Yards, did not carry a group accident protection policy. This may be a lesson to some one, for accident and sickness, like lightning, strikes when we least expect it.

The following claims have been settled during the month:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Reason</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Frank Dishon</td>
<td>Kingman</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carroll Dodge</td>
<td>Oakland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Harmon</td>
<td>Selma Lake</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lionel O. Lagrouss</td>
<td>Harmony</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace E. Nason</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John O’Donnell</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Paradise</td>
<td>Gilbertville</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percy E. Shaw</td>
<td>Carmel</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernest L. Stover</td>
<td>Elsworth</td>
<td>Accident</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. H. Thorsen</td>
<td>Ellsworth</td>
<td>Accident</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winfield S. Titon</td>
<td>Pittsfield</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Thiedabek</td>
<td>Ellsworth</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George W. Wood</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred A. Wilson</td>
<td>Cherryfield</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. B. Brown</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde Barnhouse</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John J. Campbell</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Cochran</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carroll H. Ellis</td>
<td>Bangor</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur H. Elle</td>
<td>Brunswick</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William J. Glass</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. K. McConnell</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philip M. McVee</td>
<td>Waterville</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arthur E. Towsrv</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Sickness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winton B. Abbott</td>
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A PAGE for the CHILDREN

A DECLARATION of
A HEALTHY, SAFE and SANE
FOURTH & JULY

Sky Congress & burst
Red & Green & off!
Sizzling round
Gay colors

We like 2
To make us think of the 1776 victory.
But 2 & they are DANGEROUS.
So we DECLARE another 2 celebr8 count 4th birth
Play, a hokey, a
Make JULY 4
A healthy, & sane
DAY

Here is a picture of the LIBERTY BELL.
Can you find the two concealed patriots?

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