Your Opportunity To Develop Some Real New Business

A fourth of a series of articles written especially for the Magazine
By M. L. HARRIS, General Passenger Agent

RIGHT now is a golden opportunity for each and every employee on the Maine Central Railroad to develop new passenger business. How? By the selling of special local round trip tickets. No longer ago than the 24th of April special low rate round trip tickets were put on sale. These tickets are of two classes: the first, good for passage only on day of date, going Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, returning to leave destination before midnight of date of sale are an entirely new offering.

The other inducement for the passengers' accommodation is the extension of the already popular week-end rates, which have been in force now for several months, extending the privilege an extra day.
That is, a passenger can now buy a week-end ticket Friday, Saturday or Sunday to be used either one of these days and limited to return to leave destination before midnight of the following Monday. BOTH THESE TICKETS ARE SOLD FOR ONE FARE PLUS 25c FOR THE ROUND TRIP. It certainly is an attractive offer and should be instrumental in filling the empty seats and bringing back to the train some of the business, if not all, which we lost by the advent of the automobile. It certainly is going to be much cheaper for the autoist to travel to and from points on our line by purchasing this means of transportation.

There is unlimited field for employees to put our message across and we should all do everything possible to advertise this new offer. We should all be salesmen. All men are of necessity salesmen: the preacher in the pulpit sells the gospel to the congregation and the lawyer in the courtroom sells an idea to the jury. No matter what field of endeavor we may enter, a certain amount of salesmanship is necessary and the better you are trained in the art, the more satisfactory your services are going to be to your employer. So it is in railroading. Learn all you can about this new opportunity to serve and then SELL. Create the desire among your friends to buy our product.

There are four definite steps in selling any commodity which must be taken to make a sale and they can be applied to selling transportation as well as selling shoestrings. First you must get the attention of the possible buyer; second, you must interest him in the article to be sold; third, you must create a desire for that article; fourth, you must bring the prospect to the point of action.

You must be willing to work hard, must be enthusiastic about the business at hand and must be fair with both employer and customer. All Maine Central employees are salesmen and should endeavor at all times to sell the product we have to sell—TRANSPORTATION.

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Letter From a Retired Conductor to His Son

(From John Gordon to his son, Kenneth. Kenneth has written the old man that he has been called to take examinations for promotion.)

Dear Kenneth:

I am glad, of course, that the Trainmaster has enough confidence in you to believe that you will make a conductor; and I don't believe that his confidence is misplaced.

It's almost fifty years ago to a day that I got my first day's running. They do things differently now, though, and the new way is better. In the old days, when they needed a conductor, they took anybody that seemed to have a little ability and set him to running. There wasn't any examination or qualifying for the job—sort of a hit-or-miss proposition. Now you're coming up to take your examinations and of course you're cramming your head full of the book of rules.

That's good as far as it goes, and of course you'll have to know the rules, not only to pass the test, but to carry you through after you do pass it. But remember, son, that the Book of Rules can be just a collection of words, or it can be your guiding star throughout your railroad career. If you have time and patience, you can teach a parrot to repeat the entire standard code from beginning to end—but he won't know what he's talking about. There are a good many men railroading today who can't correctly quote a word for word, a single rule in the book; but you can't stump 'em on the meaning of any one of them. All of which is my rather roundabout way of saying that it's the substance rather than the form of the rules which is important.

A number of years ago, when we changed over to the standard rules on the Hilo, the Trainmaster asked me to help him examine the men, and for two weeks I devoted my time to the work. One of our conductors answered every question I asked him, and answered so glibly and so letter-perfect that I got sort of suspicious. So I went back to the first of the book and asked him again for the rule governing the rights of trains when a new time table takes effect. That's an important rule, son—he sure you understand it. He repeated the whole long paragraph, word for word, and put in all the commas and dotted his 'is.' Then I said, "Now, Jim, just what does that mean? Put it into your own words." He couldn't do it. It took half an hour of earnest effort on my part to beat into his head the substance of the rule. Yet outwardly he was letter-perfect.

Then you want to remember another thing: Rules alone will never make you a good conductor. You always liked your Ma's apple pies pretty well, but you know there's lots in 'em besides apples. To make a good railroad man you've got to know your little red book, to be sure, but in mixing up the batch that will eventually result in a satisfactory product, you've got to stir in a lot of common sense and a heap of judgment. Then you've got to sprinkle on some initiative, put in a pinch of leadership, and bake well. I don't want to see you a half-baked, soggy and unsatisfying sort of a product!

That matter of leadership is important too. When you get your first run, you may find in your crew some men who won't support you—some who will even lay down on you if they can get away with it. You've got to have the ability to lead them. A real good conductor has the knack of bossing a crew—and if he has that, he leads and directs them rather than drives them. You want to remember that as conductor you are the captain of the ship, but you want to be a captain that is respected rather than feared and disliked.

Don't be afraid to exercise your judgment when the time comes—you may make mistakes, but at least you'll do it in trying rather than in lying down.

I'm expecting a lot from you, son; and you know that always you have the best wishes of Your affectionate father,

JOHN GORDON
When One Way Bill Covered Two or More Cars of Freight

It is interesting to note changes in the present way bill as compared with the old form of way bill issued in 1884. The cut reproduced above covers two cars, Portland to Glen Road, N. H. (now Glen-Jackson) and covered shipments of merchandise on regular freight No. 6 on the old Portland-Ogdensburg R. R. This train corresponds to regular freight running between Portland and Bartlett, now known as No. 374 and the consignees, C. E. Gale, and Trickey Bros. are still in the hotel business at Glen & Jackson. Some of the rates have changed considerably in some cases being higher per hundredweight and in some cases lower. The old way bill was sent in to the Magazine by Trainman R. A. Abbott, running on Mountain Division trains Nos. 154-163, Portland to Bartlett and return. Jerry Baker, now deceased, was conductor.

A Romance Of The First Railroad

It is related that when the first Maine railroad was started, about 45 years ago, W. C. Pitman, of Bangor, was a conductor. On one rainy morning he started from Waterville, and on arriving at North Belgrade, a flag station, not seeing any flag, ran by the station. Just as the train had passed the red flag was run out for some passengers to get on. Mr. Pitman asked Stephen Richardson, the station agent, why he did not display the flag before. Mr. Richardson replied: "Be you a'goin' to run your train in rainy weather? I didn't think you would."

Our American railroads, comprising 35 per cent of the world's mileage, haul 60 per cent of the world's business and the steam railroads of the country become important purchasers and great consumers of coal, steel, lumber, and oil, produced in the country. Twenty-five per cent of all the timber cut for commercial purposes and 11 per cent of all the petroleum produced in the United States are consumed by American steam railroads.

—Dr Henry Moe Payne, Consulting Engineer, The American Mining Congress

Conductor Nathan Swan A Railroad Monument

There goes twice each week day over a portion of the Maine Central Railroad a monument that commemorates, as mere stone and marble never can, the opening of the first railroad in Maine, and commemorates too, the pluck, endurance and fidelity of the railroad men of the Pine Tree State.

That monument is Conductor N. T. Swan, the oldest in service in America, who runs each day over the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad, to and from Moosehead Lake, and on the railroad have been born, have grown famous, and have died since

Mr. Swan's reminiscences of the old railroad days are most interesting. The road was built by laying an iron strap along a six-inch pine plank. These straps were twelve feet long, two and one-half inches wide and three-eighths of an inch thick. There was no grading. When the spikes loosened the duty of the roadmaster was to drive them back, and then drive pine plugs beside them to hold them. The cars had four wheels under each and were twelve feet long. Under the locomotive were four wheels all told, and there were four more under the tender. All were of wood, with iron or steel tires. The fireman worked a wooden bellows to make a draught.

Yet in her day and generation the old railroad was a "hummer," and the eyes of the Indian braves and squaws, the red-cheeked country girls and brawny lumbermen "stuck" out just as hard when Conductor Swan came along with that old bulgine as they do now when they see the Flying Yankee, with its palace cars, go tearing down the same old Penobscot Valley. Conductor Swan stays not for aught save passengers and mail, but tradition hath it that in the olden time a box of blueberries or a bundle of home-knit socks which the owner wanted him to sell "in town," was a flag which always pulled up the primitive iron steel. And if Conductor Swan knew the blueberries or the socks were on a down grade, he pulled up at the top, where he slipped a cord wood stick between the spokes of the wheels, this being the only brake in use.

Long life and many years scintillant with joys to you, Nathan Swan, who in your station in this world, as an American steam railroad conductor, have ever been an honor to a craft so full of honorable and brave men.

When Mr. Swan resigned from railroad service, he had completed fifty-four years of railroading. He was the father of Frank T. Swan, Store Keeper at Bangor Engine House for twenty-three years, and who

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passed away May 24, 1929, he the son, having completed sixty-seven years of service on the Bangor & Aroostook and Maine Central Railroads and their predecessors.

Among the advertisements that this old time table contained was one for a series of twelve entertainments in the Stockbridge Course that were to be held in Portland City Hall and for which the Maine Central advertised "Low Rates." The "portion of the Maine Central" referred to in the article was between Bangor and Old Town. The combined length of railroad service of father and son of 131 years is a record perhaps never equalled in this country.

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Boosters For The M.C.R.R.

George, age 5, Charlotte, age 8, and Priscilla, age 7, children of H. G. Staples of Rockland. We are pleased to reproduce the above photo through the courtesy of Mrs. Georgia Bunker, Auditor of Disbursement's Office, Portland.

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Lost to the World

Professor: What is electricity?

Student: I have forgotten.

Professor: Too bad! You are the first person I ever heard of who knows, and you have forgotten.—Gerald G. Warrener.

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Derails

The brakeman threw the derail,
The conductor threw it back.
We were backing in with fifty-five
And three of them left the track.

The "con" sent in an accident blank,
The "big hook" swept it clean,
And about this time tomorrow,
We'll be standing on the "green."

I've bucked the wind and weather,
I've talked box cars night and day,
But when you're in front of the "Super,"
You don't know what to say.

And when the hearing is over,
You're "decking" the cars once more,
And you think of the fifty "brownies" you got,
You mustn't ever feel sore.

If the tracks didn't have any derails,
And a "string" started towards the "main line,"
And a "high wheeled" job came round the bend,
Now—wouldn't you feel fine.

We all have mothers and sweethearts,
And trips they all will take,
So when you leave a bunch of cars,
Be sure and wind a brake.

— o —

Tram Conductor: How old is this boy?

Mother: Four.

Conductor: How old are you, sonny?

Small Boy: Four.

Conductor: Well, I'll let him ride free this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.

"Mr. Smith, can you tell me where the Augarten bridge is?"

"How did you know my name was Smith?"

"I guessed it."

"Then guess where the Augarten bridge is."

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William F. Bodge's Record Totals Half Century

WILLIAM F. BODGE, clerk in Auditor of Passenger Accounts office at Portland, is one of the employees on the system who has passed the half century mark in years of service.

Mr. Bodge comes from a railroad family. His father, as many of the family know, was for nearly fifty years a conductor. Mr. Bodge's record, with his father's, totals over a hundred years' service in the two generations.

Mr. Bodge, Jr., learned telegraphy and station work with Dan Haggerty when he was agent at Winthrop.

In the summer of '79 he started in as brakeman on trains 12, 13, 6, and 17, with his father as conductor. A short time afterwards through his knowledge of telegraphy and station work, he was offered the agent's job at Greene and was made agent in the same year at that station. He remained there only 11 months and was transferred to Auburn as telegraph operator and assistant to agent, also as manager of the Western Union telegraph office. After two years of service in Auburn, he was again transferred to Waterville as ticket agent and telegraph operator. He remained in Waterville 27 years, devoting all of his time to ticket office duties and station work. It was in the year 1909 that he was transferred to the General Offices in Portland as clerk in the Auditor of Passenger Accounts office and at the present time is employed in the Accounting Department.

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Switch Shanty Sketches

"The English," said the retired conductor, as he dropped in at the switch shanty for his morning chat, "use different terms than we do. Of course we have a lot of slang and coined words that we apply to railroading, but even the regular stock terms are distinctly our own. For instance, the English refer to a car as a carriage; the engineer is the driver and the conductor a guard; the track is known as the permanent way. Your switches in England would be called points, and you'd be a pointsman instead of a switchman."

"You must have been reading up on the subject," said the switchman. "You remind me of a story told by Laurel Ross after he returned from service in France with the 14th Engineers. It seems that the English equivalent of our expression 'high-ball' is 'right-o-way.' Ross was running a train one day and came to a signal station, and being in a hurry, he called to the Tomney in charge, "high-ball"—meaning could he proceed. This was Greek to the signal man, and he asked, 'right-o-way?'"
**Herron On The Mend**

The many friends of "Art" Herron, Trainman Portland Division, will be glad to know that he is able to get around and say "Hello" to the boys once again. Arthur wishes to express through the Magazine to all fellow employees and friends his kind appreciation of their thoughtfulness in his recent accident.

Arthur was unfortunate enough to lose two of his fingers while performing his duties and has been laid up for several months. We sincerely hope that he will be able to be back on the job within a short time.

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**Long Train**

The following item was clipped from the "Waterville Sentinel" of April 10:

"Perhaps the longest train to go through Waterville went by unnoticed by local people yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock when a double header with 138 cars of potatoes went through the city. The train came direct from Vanceboro and will stop at Boston and New York."

"This is a train that is a train, for the cars average about 40 feet in length and with the double header and cabooses makes the train well over a mile in length. There is nothing unusual about mile long freight trains on the Maine Central but when they go direct from Vanceboro to Waterville and only stop at Boston and New York, as the paper stated, we would call that about the last word in railroading.

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**EDITORIAL**

**WANTED—MORE "REAL NEWS"**

For some months past we have noticed a personal joke that we consider to be "real news" in the pages of our magazine. What we mean by "real news" is news pertaining to weddings, births, deaths, birthday anniversaries and wedding anniversary dinners, out-of-town visits by employees, vacations, illness of employees, changes of residence, etc., all of which are matters in which we are interested—especially when they concern members of our family.

Instead of getting contributions from the readers of our magazine along the lines suggested above, we have recently been receiving entirely too much material of a strictly "kidding" nature, with little if any personal jokes and funny little happenings.

You don't have to be an accomplished writer to be a reporter. All that is required are the essential facts of the particular piece of news concerned. The editor will attend to the writing of it if you don't want to be bothered with that detail. What we want most of all is the news.

Out of a family of more than 6000 men and women, many of whom have families, there should be enough interesting news items each month to completely fill our magazine. Let's try and get half of it at least—the most interesting items if nothing more—and let's at the same time remember to try and cut down on the number of purely "kidding" items.

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**Simplicity**

There are sources of happiness that are quite independent of money. A millionaire does not enjoy a book more than a poor man. Plain food tastes as good to a worker as the choicest delicacies to the man whose appetite is jaded from an unnatural diet. The outdoors is as beautiful to a factory girl as to the wife of a factory owner, and the member of a sandlot ball team gets as much fun out of his sport as does a polo player.

Learn to like what doesn't cost much. Learn to like trees, fields, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing, hiking.

Learn to like reading, conversation, music.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering, putting around the house and lawn and automobile.

Learn to like the song of birds, the companionship of dogs, the laughter and gayety of children.

Learn to like work and to enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.

Learn to like the sunrise and the sunset, the beating of rain on roof and windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to like life for its own sake. Learn to like to be alive.

Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinion of others. That is the path to happiness.

—From Through The Meshes.
Photographically Speaking


Middle Row: Leroy Sherman, 9, son of Engineman Charles Sherman, Portland Division—Train Crew Eastern Division, photo taken at Ayers Jet—Madge and Alice, children of M. L. Rhoads, President's Office, Portland.

Bottom Row: Double header Freight at Hermon Center—Vanceboro Station from East End.
Team Work Worthy of Mention

Recently, while Extra 629 west was passing Auburn station, Operator John Magee noticed the hopper car door open, and reported it to the Train Dispatcher. Dispatcher Priest immediately had the signal set against them at Rumford Junction, where on inspection it was found that two or three coal cars had hoppers open. It is such action as this that prevents serious consequences, and both Operator Magee and Dispatcher Priest are to be commended for their prompt attention.

Assistant Superintendent Hayes, who was riding the train, took the matter up with the Agent where the cars were picked up to prevent a recurrence of letting coal cars move without proper inspection of hoppers.

Credit To Allen

On Monday, March 17th, when Extra 616 east passed Tower Five, Towerman Allen noticed a refrigerator car door open, and immediately got in touch with Agent George Jacques at Deering Junction, who handed a message to both head and rear end operators. The next day, Monday, March 21st, Clerk Elmer Geehan of the Freight House was riding the train, took the matter up with the Agent where the cars were picked up to prevent a recurrence of letting coal cars move without proper inspection of hoppers.

Portland Terminal

By GRACE M. KATON

Sidney P. Emery, of the Revision Office, has returned from Rochester, N. Y., where he was called away on account of illness and death of his brother.

Philip H. J. Robinson and Patrick McGregor of the Freight House have been on the sick list for some time but have been reported as improving and will soon be back at work.

Herbert E. Holivan, motor cycle operator has resigned to go to Akron, Ohio, where he has accepted a position with a rubber concern. Thomas R. Hills, a former messenger, is filling in on the job.

Supervisor Cashier Albert H. McDuffie and Mrs. McDuffie have been on a trip to Springfield and New York, but Mac is back on the job full of his usual pep. During his absence Daniel J. Kelley has been acting as Cashier.

Yardmaster Dana B. Libby is confined to his home acutely of an infected throat.

Louis Coleman is the official "patcher" at the Freight House but recently while mending a pair of overalls for one of his fellow workers, cut up a perfectly good pair of overalls for patches. What the other fellow said wouldn't be wise to print. Safe to say "Louis" is pretty careful where he gets his patches in the future.

Timothy Regan, for many years Watchman at the Freight House, is critically ill at the Deaconness Hospital in Boston.

This Is Not Henry Longfellow, the Poet

By H. H. HANSON, Auburn

Everybody on the System knows of David Smith, the colored porter at Lewiston Upper Station. A few years ago he was busily engaged in cleaning the windows and exclamings as he passed a cloth back and forth across the glass: "There never was! There never will be! There never was! There never will be!"

A party in the waiting room heard him, and asked: "What is it, David, that never was or never will be?"

"A constipated fly, Madam," he replied, "a constipated fly. I'se neber seen one yet!"

He Refused to Run on the Order

PRIOR to the time of the invention of the telegraph, train dispatching was one of the most difficult tasks which confronted the railroads. However, in 1851 the Erie Railroad used the telegraph for handling its trains.

The New York and Erie Railroad built a telegraph line from Piermont to Port Jervis, and had it in operation in February, 1851, and completed it in the fall of 1851 to Dunkirk. The line was not a through line. It ran from Piermont to Port Jervis, then to Susquehanna, to Hornellsville, to Dunkirk. It was built in four separate sections, and each section was operated independently.

One day in June, 1851, Charles Minot was going west on train 1, which was to meet and pass train 2 at Turner. After waiting about an hour, he went into the telegraph office and asked the operator to call up Goshen and ask him if train 2 had left Goshen yet. The operator replied "No."

Then Mr. Minot wrote out that famous telegraphic train order, telling the operator at Goshen to hold all eastbound trains there until he arrived on train 1. "Do you understand?" asked the Turner operator. The Goshen operator answered, "I understand that I am to hold all eastbound trains here until you arrive on train 1, and will do so."

Mr. Minot wrote out the order for the engineer and told him to go ahead; he refused to run on the order, so Mr. Minot took charge of the engine and ran safely to Goshen. That was the beginning of running trains by telegraph. It was adopted on the entire length of the New York and Erie Railroad during the summer and fall of 1851. The system was not adopted by other roads until about 1855-6. Today the telegraph plays a most important part in railroading, and the safest operation of American railroads is due in large part to the invention of Professor Morse.

Via J. B. Norcross.

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JOHN STREET

Charles H. Gordon, crossing tender at Madison, passed away at his home in Anson on March 14th, from illness which has confined him to his home since January 8th.

Mr. Gordon was a former employee of the Somerset Railway, working as section man under former Section Foreman, A.A. Otis, on Anson section, now part of Section 245.

On August 13th, 1913, he started as crossing tender at Madison and held that position for more than sixteen years.

He leaves besides his wife, two sons, Raymond E. Gordon of Madison and Harry E. Gordon of Anson; three daughters, Mrs. Edna Bosworth, of Anson, Mrs. Arthur McLean of Anson and Mrs. Wm. Frazier of Vassalboro; one brother, E.L. Gordon, Agent at East Hebron, and several grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from his late home in Anson on Sunday, March 16th, interment in family lot in Forest Hill Cemetery, Madison.

CARD OF THANKS

I gratefully appreciate the kind remembrances from all members of the Maine Central Family during my recent illness.

Medley A. Watson and Family
Cumberland Center, Maine

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JOHN STREET

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CHARLES H. GORDON

Plans are now being made for a banquet as the windup of a successful season on the polished lanes by the General Office Bowling League.

The league, almost hindered by the tardiness of members, was on the whole a success and some fancy records were set up.

The men of the league were, for the greater part of the season, "kidded" by the "weaker sex" due to Dot Hollywood crashing out a high single of 139, while the best he men could do was 137. Thus it remained till late in the season. Johnny Corcoran saved the day by bowling them over for a single of 151. That Dot's single was no fluke is proven by the fact that she maintained an average of 91 for the season, while the men were led by Howard Bean with a 97.

Plans are to be made at the banquet for a league next season and members of the "Family" interested are invited to attend.

The final standing follows:

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May 1930

Page seventeen

Little Fishes
Beware of Fowles

Here is a photo of some fish and the dispatcher who caught them. We have the word of Harry Treat, Chief Train Dispatcher, that the fisherman shown herewith is Forrest E. Fowles, who has one of the first tricks in the Portland office. Harry says the two pair of black bass he caught in Matnusco Lake, which is 50 miles north of Bangor, Maine.

"He was using a number 10 Parmachene Bell & Lord Baltimore tackle and strange to say he caught each pair on one cast and the pair weighed 3 and 2 pounds, making 5 pounds to each of the two casts. The other print shows the day's catch, the fish ranging from 2 to 4 pounds. Fowles says that the boys probably won't believe the story about catching a pair on one cast and on two occasions at that, but it is true and in his estimation these fish were paired up as mates.

Crossing Crossings Cautiously

"T here was a man in our town, and he was a reckless guy, always turned corners on two wheels, crossed crossings on the fly; but alas, one day, 'tis sad to say, this poor man saw the light; he stalled his flivver on a railroad track.

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A Carman—Rigby

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Likes to Ride on Railroad

The following item clipped from the Portland Press Herald applies directly to the service on the Maine Central and is so good that we are reproducing it herewith.

It is a cracker jack ad for the Maine Central. Our hats should be doffed to Mr. Gideon Stevens, Augusta, Maine.

"I may be a little old-fashioned, a back number, so to speak, with some hayseed still sticking through my hat, but considering all forms of modern transportation now in vogue on this mundane sphere, on an average, by and for, up and down, crossways and lengthways, in all kinds of weather, for better or worse, give me a string of steam railway cars, with locomotive attached and rolling along on a pair of steel rails.

"On a steam train, one is not glued to the steering wheel and has more time to drink in the scenery. There are no flat tires, no engine troubles, no getting out of oil or gas, no back-seat driving, no cutting in on curves, no slowing up near schoolhouses, no reading of sign posts, no guessing about the right road, no bothering with traffic regulations, no maps to study, and no congestion of traffic. There is ample time to write a poem or pen some letters back to the folks, chance to eat a shoebox lunch, and, above all, know just when and where to park the thing when you get through riding. And on the steam train you alight by a short flight of steps instead of through the windshield.

"Some 2000 years from now they may dig up in some western state the skeleton of the last man who rode on a steam railroad train, but even this dire prediction will not swerve me from the all-rail route. For comfort, speed and dependability, commend me to the steam railroad."

—O—

Frenchman: "Officier, vich is ze opposite side of ze street?"

Policeman: "Why, the side over there."

Frenchman: "Zat's exactly what I thought. But an officier over there told me it ees this side."

"Honey" and "Bill"

This photo comes to us through the courtesy of Dispatcher Harry M. Treat of Portland and shows "Honey" Horneyseck and his fireman "Bill" Cahoon. "Honey" is the one leaning against the switch and the only thing lacking is the goggles. The picture was taken at Cumberland Ctr. in 1913 when the two gentlemen were on the head end of the Portland-Bath freight, Nos. 327 and 330.

—O—

Does A Good Deed

Wendell Hamilton, trackman, found an inmate of the Home for Feeble Minded wandering about Walnut Hill Station, about three o'clock in the morning recently minus pants, shoes and stockings. Mr. Hamilton cared for him and notified the proper authorities. Mr. Hamilton did a good deed and deserves considerable praise.

A Traveler.

Page nineteen
A Rattler

The man who bought a second-hand flivver took it back.
“What’s the matter with it?” asked the seller.
“Well, you see,” said the disgusted owner, “every blamed part of it makes a noise except the horn.”

Fresh: “Dad sent me something this morning to keep my fraternity bills down.”
Soph: “Say, that’s swell. What was it?”
Fresh: “A paper weight.”

—Texas Ranger.

The Saying Demonstrated

Motor Cop—Say, I’ve chased you over a mile to tell you that you’re doing sixty.
Motorist—Gee! Bad news travels fast, doesn’t it?

On the Bus

Mabel, did he get your fare?
“I guess he did; I didn’t see him ring it up.”

—Bison.

Well, you’ve got to say one thing for Bjinks. He’s trying.
“Very.”

—Wisconsin Octopus.

Judge: “Isn’t this the fifth time you have been arrested for drunkenness?”

Old Friend Sot: “Don’ ask me. I thought you’d keep it!”

—V. M. I. Sniper.

She: “Where in the world did you get that horrible necktie?”

He: “The laugh’s on you. You gave it to me last Christmas.”

—U. of S. Calif. Wampus.

Guardians Of The Rail at Winthrop

Reading left to right—Section Foreman, Milo Johnson; Sectionmen, Vernon Stevens, Oscar Childs, Henry Carter, Wesley Trask, Lee Bowler and Royal Cooper.

Page twenty-one
Seventy-four Claims Paid Last Month By Travelers

Sixty-four sick claims and ten accident claims were paid by the Travelers Insurance Company during the period ended April 18. Included in the accident claims was one death claim. Notice of this claim was received at 4:45 P.M., April 9th, and the claim adjuster, after making investigation, delivered check to Superintendent C. H. Priest at 4 P.M., April 10th. We think that was prompt service.

Below is detailed list showing names of employees whose claims were settled:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Reason</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Howard S. Dorsett</td>
<td>Bartlett</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark P. Flaherty</td>
<td>South Portland</td>
<td>Accident</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthew Foley</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>William J. Glass</td>
<td>Milltown, N. B.</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>Herbert H. Hutchins</td>
<td>Rumford</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. L. Hutchinson</td>
<td>Oakland</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>George A. Kelley</td>
<td>Bangor</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph D. Levasseur</td>
<td>Waterville</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George H. Lane</td>
<td>Benton Station</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<tr>
<td>George H. McPherson</td>
<td>Bangor</td>
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<td>A. J. Pusey</td>
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<td>John Salmon</td>
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<td>James A. Summers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Russell Tarr</td>
<td>Lewiston</td>
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<td>Byron A. White</td>
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<td>Harry S. Barnard</td>
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<td>Frank Blandford</td>
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<td>Dana F. Brown</td>
<td>Brewer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Melvin E. Foss</td>
<td>Augusta</td>
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<td>Ralph E. Hoiland</td>
<td>Vanceboro</td>
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<td>Albert Moulton</td>
<td>Bath</td>
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<td>Edgar H. Russell</td>
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<td>Cornelius M. Ryan</td>
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<td>Henry A. Burke</td>
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<td>Everett A. Meane</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. T. Trainmen</td>
<td>Cape Elizabeth</td>
<td>Health</td>
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<td>Arthur T. Coffin</td>
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<td>Walter H. Kimball</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Death</td>
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<td>John Street</td>
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<td>Death</td>
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<tr>
<td>James G. Tuttle</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Johnson</td>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>Health</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Page twenty-two
Like the Spread of the Eagle

Maine Central spreads like an Eagle a-wing
About the State and its commercials clinging.
Industriously to serve our nation;
Nature's products in transportation,
Energy and power we bring.

Courtesy is e'er our slogan,
Efficiency our guide.
Noble in our purpose,
Tactful to those who ship and ride.
Resolute and honest,
Attentive and alert,
Loyal to the Company,
(Or our conscience we will hurt.)

Rail transportation's our business,
All kinds of freight we'll haul.
Immediate service rendered,
Lending satisfaction to all.
Railroading all kinds of weather,
Operating in heat or cold.
Attending to the patron's business,
Dependable as gold.