

MAINE LINE

FALL, 1963





Talking It Over

To my fellow employees,

Bangor & Aroostook Corporation, the parent company of the railroad, is a growing, healthy organization. As you know, the corporation was created for the purpose of diversifying the railroad's interests to provide a more stable income that the ups and downs of transportation in our area permit.

The financial people call this broadening the earnings base. It means, simply, that we are putting our eggs in more than one basket, as the proverb admonishes. But there were other, equally important, goals in diversifying. Geography and the character of our business limits the growth of the railroad. In effect, it also limits the opportunities for talented railroad people. And one of the important goals of BAC is to provide opportunities for such people.

In the three years that Bangor & Aroostook Corporation has been in existence its holdings have grown to include Goal Credit Corporation, Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., Bartlett-Snow-Pacific, Inc., and Bale Pin Company in addition to the railroad. The new companies

have proven themselves to be valuable assets to the growing family. Railroad people have lent their talents to several of the new members of the Corporation on an assignment basis. Now, for the first time, a railroad man has been able to realize a higher ambition through an opportunity in a BAC company.

Arnold Travis has recently been appointed vice president and treasurer of the Bale Pin Company of Boston, a new BAC acquisition. Arnold served with distinction as manager of the railroad's Highway Division and the appointment as Bale's vice president and treasurer is an important step for him. But the move affected more than one person. Shirley Corey becomes Travis' successor. Clark Crane becomes assistant manager. George Mossey, formerly statistical clerk in the Accounting Department, becomes a supervisory employee as special assistant to the manager of the Highway Division. Harold R. Mountain has taken Mossey's job as statistical clerk. Andrew Caswell becomes valuation accountant in Mountains place. Ultimately, the

chain of events will mean the hiring of a new employee in the Accounting Department. One move created a reaction that has touched the lives of five other people, providing an opportunity for better jobs.

It is never a happy prospect to lose competent people who have grown to maturity within the organization. When a capable man leaves, a lot of training and valuable experience go with him. But it is far less desirable to have capable people who have reached a dead end because there is no place to go in the organization. And such move also help us to constantly appraise and upgrade people in our search for talent.

As the Corporation grows there will no doubt be an increasing number of opportunities for all members of the corporation family as well as for railroad people. And for each man who moves there will be openings for those who remain, as there were in the case of Arnold Travis. These moves may upset the routine of our company occasionally, but I am convinced that the challenges and the development of new talent will give us new vitality.

Sincerely,

W. Jerome Strout

BAR NEWS BRIEFS

Edwin E. Parkhurst, 69, of Presque Isle, a long-time director and friend of the railroad died at his home last month. His loss will be felt by the entire northern Maine community as well as by the railroad.

Mr. Parkhurst was born in Presque Isle, December 7, 1893, son of Daniel Vincent and Maude Tompkins Parkhurst, and was a lifelong resident of this city. He was graduated from Presque Isle High School in 1911, and the following year began farming near where he was born on the Parkhurst road.

In addition to being one of Aroostook's most progressive potato growers, Mr. Parkhurst was a leading exponent of diversified farming. He had served as a member of the Maine Seed Board.

Mr. Parkhurst's activities in banking started in the early 1920's as a director of the old Presque Isle National Bank. He helped form the Northern National Bank in 1933 and became its vice president. He was elected president of the bank in 1948 following the death of the institution's first president, Carl A. Weick. Under his presidency the bank grew rapidly, adding branches in Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Easton, Fort Kent, Limestone, and Loring Air Force Base. Mr. Parkhurst resigned from the bank presidency last June, and was elected chairman of the board.

W. Gordon Robertson has announced the appointment of John E. Hess, as group vice president of the Bangor & Aroostook Corporation. Russell H. Peters, will be assistant to the president. The Corporation now has operating companies in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio and California.

Robertson said that Hess will be responsible for the operation of a group of the BAC subsidiary companies composed of Goal Credit Corporation, New York; Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., Morgan, New Jersey; and the Bale Pin Company of Boston.

Hess, 42, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and educated in Houlton, Maine, schools. He was graduated from Ricker Classical Institute in 1939. He received his BA degree from Bowdoin College in 1943 and his LLB degree from Harvard University Law School in 1948. Hess served in the U. S. Navy during World War II and was discharged a lieutenant, j.g. in 1946.

He became special assistant in the law department of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad in 1948, and was made an attorney for the Railroad the same year. In 1954, he became clerk of the corporation and general counsel. He was named vice president-finance in 1957. When Bangor & Aroostook Corporation was organized in 1960, he was also named vice president and general counsel of the corporation, while retaining his

railroad position.

Peters, formerly assistant to the president of St. Croix Paper Company, will be the corporation's liaison with the financial community. He will also be responsible for BAC stockholder relations and will assist in the corporate diversification program.

Peters is a native of Omaha, Nebraska, and received his BA degree from Cornell University in 1920. He also attended Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar from 1921-23.

In 1946, he became editor and publisher of the Bangor Evening and Sunday Commercial. Peters joined the staff of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad in 1952 as assistant to the president and was later assistant to the president of St. Croix Paper Company.

Arnold J. Travis, formerly manager of the railroad's highway division, has assumed new duties as vice president and treasurer of the Bale Pin Company. The Company, a Bangor & Aroostook Corporation subsidiary, was acquired by BAC in August. Travis was succeeded in his railroad post by Shirley Corey.

Mr. Travis and Mr. Corey were honored at a Tarratine Club luncheon hosted by Bangor and Aroostook Railroad president W. Jerome Strout, who announced the release of Mr. Travis from the Railroad

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ON THE COVER

The beautiful sea skiff on our cover is the product of a BAC Company, Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc. See the next page for the story.

VOL. 11 MAINE LINE NEWS No. 4 AND 5

BANGOR AND AROOSTOOK RAILROAD COMPANY

84 HARLOW STREET — BANGOR, MAINE

RICHARD W. SPRAGUE, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

BENJAMIN J. EDWARDS

ANNIE W. MORRIS

HAZEL HOPPER

BERNICE BAILEY

DORIS ROSEN

GEORGE N. GRANT

GARRETT T. LOVETT

Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc.--A BAC Profile



Workmen sling a new Luhrs sea skiff for launching and a stiff personal inspection by Henry Luhrs. At right, Rand Marsters' sketch of Luhrs with one of his sea skiffs as background reflects the character that has made him the largest builder of sea skiffs and one of the most respected.



(The story of Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., is the first in a series of articles on Bangor & Aroostook Corporation companies. The stories will outline the concept that the parent company has adopted—transportation, boatbuilding, a foundry, finance, and a jewelry firm—in building a solid base for future growth. It is a blueprint in which every railroader has a personal stake.—ed.)

One of the most unique organizations in the Bangor & Aroostook Corporation's group of companies is tucked inconspicuously away on the northern Jersey coast just 35 miles—as the Pennsylvania Railroad runs—from Times Square. For the boating buff, the hours ride from Penn Station to Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., in Morgan is like a journey to another era where a dollar buys more boat than one has come to expect of the times. The Luhrs company is a combination of traditional yankee sturdiness and design and 20th century production methods. The result is more boat for the money than any other manufacturer offers.

Luhrs sea skiffs, made in eight models (\$3,320 to \$8,495) from 24 to 32 feet, have carved a name for their builder in the boating world since Henry Luhrs and James Adams, an old country Scotsman, first went into partnership build-

ing boats during the depression. Times were so lean then that Luhrs, a talented artist, was forced to employ both his boatbuilding talents and his easel to make ends meet. The death of Adams cut short the partnership, but not before Henry Luhrs had acquired an enduring appreciation for Old World craftsmanship in boatbuilding that has become his own Rosetta stone in the craft.

PARTNER DIES

Adams died at the lowest ebb of the depression and Luhrs found himself without funds or prospect of financial backing. A patron in the person of Harry Van Iderstine, who now operates Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Pleasant Point, N. J., advanced \$500 to Luhrs to refinish his cruiser TOVAN II. With this very modest capital, Luhrs started his Morgan Yacht Basin.

"Mr. Van Inderstine, who also builds a fine sea skiff, remains our very good friend," Luhrs says.

Henry Luhrs continued to build Jersey sea skiffs for the commercial fishermen who daily plied the exposed waters off the Jersey coast for their livelihood. Until 1942, when the ominous rumble from Europe and the Pacific stopped

such things, the Luhrs yard built from 12 to 15 30-foot boats a year for commercial fishermen. The boatyard was not unlike many others that dot the Jersey coast. The war changed all of this and the yard performed Coast Guard repair work exclusively until the hostilities ended.

When the shooting was over Luhrs turned again to the building of peaceful fishing craft. But the years of frantic arming had changed things. The economy was no longer oriented by memories of the depression. The war years had created a new moneyed class, not idle or really rich in the 19th century definition, but people with dollars to spend on such a luxury item as a boat. It was to this growing group of professional and business people that Henry Luhrs addressed his efforts at making a pleasure craft from the Jersey sea skiff.

He probably couldn't have chosen a design more ideally suited to the needs of the newly-affluent group. The Jersey sea skiff is a craft indigenous to the Jersey coast, from its lapstrake construction to the rakish curve of its clipper bow. The Norwegians who settled the area in the 1700s continued to take their livelihood from the sea in the new country and contributed to the area's boatbuilding the lapstrake construction

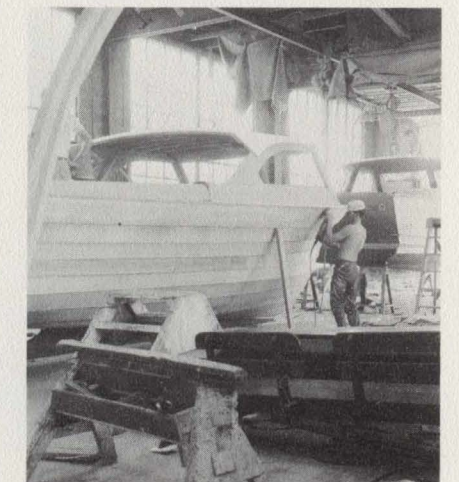
Luhrs workman uses power tools, production line techniques with traditional skill to pre-fab bow component.

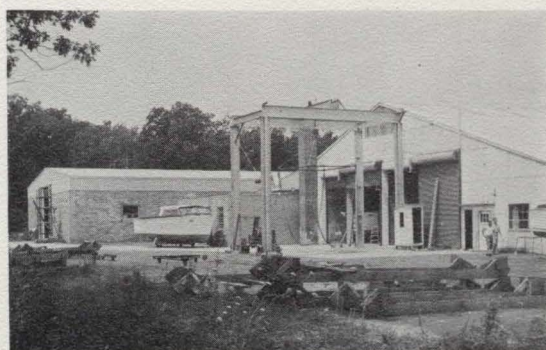


Skeletons of sea skiff in various stages of construction form a heroic background for worker fastening mahogany planking to hull.

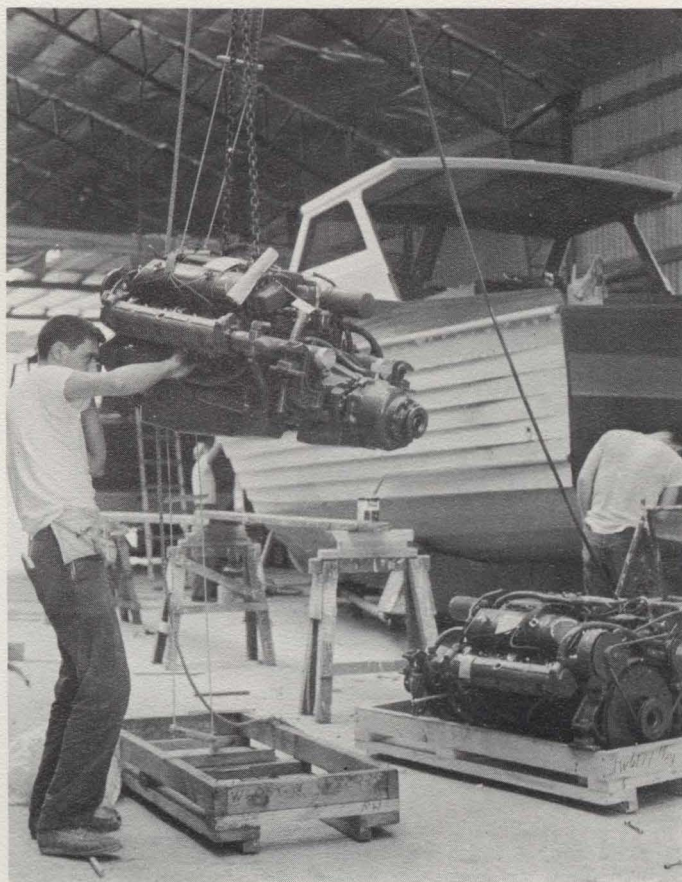


A hull being planked, one being sanded and a finished sea skiff at three production line stations.





Top, a panoramic view of the Ulrichsen Division of Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., at Marlboro, shows finished boat, one in the intermediate stage and one being planked. Bottom, a finished Ulrichsen Sea Skiff on trailer awaits truck that will deliver it. Right, workman readys marine engine for installation in an Ulrichsen as it rolls off production line.



of their homeland which gave their craft speed and stability.

Because the entire coast is exposed to the battering waves of the open Atlantic in all her moods, the clipper bow made the craft dry in wet weather. The flat bottom of the sea skiff evolved because it could readily be drawn up on the sandy beaches with horses and rollers, doing away with moorings. The coast contains hundreds of miles of labyrinth creeks and salt water flats. The fishermen, by hauling their boats up on the sandy beaches, avoided considerable commuting time by leaving their craft close to the open sea.

When steam and gasoline engines were added to the sea skiff in the 1890s, the evolution of the craft was quite complete. It was a fast, seaworthy craft well able to account for itself in the worst the windswept coast could offer. Proven by generations of fishermen, not to mention the acid test by the energetic activities of those who used its speed and agility to thwart the Volstead Act, the Jersey sea skiff had been refined perfectly in the crucible of a demanding environment.

The craft that Henry Luhrs was to offer to the new boating public was little known outside of the New Jersey area, but in a dozen years he would make it

so popular that several of the giants of the boatbuilding industry would add it to their line. Boatbuilding—even with small boats—has traditionally been a custom proposition where several skilled artisans lay a keel, put the ribs in place and plank it, finishing each step as they progress. All this involves a great deal of skill at many tasks, for the people who work on the craft must be able to perform each progressive job, from planking to the final woodwork. There is a great deal of hand fitting involved. Most boats from small yards were built this way and beautiful examples of the shipwrights art they are. They are also very, very expensive.

Why not build boats on a production line, Luhrs reasoned. It would simplify the problem of handfitting, of training a man for demanding jobs and permit him to concentrate on one primary task. More important, one could standardize without sacrificing quality.

With the basic hull design of the sea skiff in several lengths, Luhrs was able to standardize dimensions for components. He set up a production line with stations for each operation—planking, sanding, engine, bridge and superstructure installation and painting. All this was nearly unheard of in small plants. But if it would work for Henry

Ford, whom he greatly admired, he felt sure that it would work for building boats.

In his milling shop, he had men whose sole task was to cut components for his racy skiffs—ribs, seats, hull planks tailored for a specific place in the hull, keels, virtually every part of the basic boat. The bridge, requiring 22 cutting operations, was prefabricated by another man for quick installation later in the production line. Henry Luhrs soon discovered what he had long suspected. The assembly line technique of boatbuilding was not only much more efficient, but it did not mean a sacrifice in the quality on which he set such high value.

YOUNG MEN SPECIALIZE

Young men could be taught to plank a boat, install the fasteners or perform a single specialized task much more quickly than the traditional apprentice system could produce a skilled worker so necessary in custom boat building. With the production line, a pool of highly skilled labor ceased to be a vital factor.

He has refined his techniques since the first production models rolled off the line in the early postwar years. Production costs are as accurately charted as in the most complex industrial plant. His foremen keep a watchful eye on the time required to perform each job on the line. But even with the most up-to-date production techniques, Henry Luhrs relies on his two basic rules to continue to build the most boat for the money in the business. He selects his men with the discerning eye of a diamond merchant and makes quality control his own responsibility.

"We keep a nucleus of 25 experienced men in this plant," he explains. "The balance are young men learning the

business. These are mostly young men with families who have no trade. We look for men with the right attitude, rather than for special skills, the ability to get along with others and men who will take satisfaction and pride in their work. If they have these qualities and a reasonable degree of mechanical aptitude, we can train them to build Luhrs boats."

The 29 employees presently working turn out a boat a day, or six boats a week. At the peak of the season, though, employment often climbs as high as 75 persons who turn out as many as 18 boats a week. In 1962, the operation amounted to more than a million and a half dollars in payroll and purchases.

An hour before his employees report for work at 7 a.m., you can find Henry Luhrs cramming his 6 ft. 2 in. frame beneath a half-completed boat examining the work that has been done the day before. No boat leaves the plant until it has his personal seal of approval and this includes a minute inspection of all vital areas as well as a thorough visual inspection of the entire craft. If it is not possible to launch the newly-completed boat, as is often the case at the Luhrs-owned Ulrichsen plant 15 miles away in Marlboro, the craft is filled with water and every seam is examined for leaks.

To impress on his employees the importance of building soundly, he often has them accompany him when he de-

livers a boat by water. The performance of the sea skiff in heavy seas does more than any words to demonstrate the importance of craftsmanship, he believes.

For the remainder of the day, this tall, spare man is perhaps the busiest man in the plant. He paces himself for maximum endurance and makes it a rule to sleep for 20 minutes during the middle of the afternoon. It is a matter of pride with him that he can fill any job in the plant. When a worker is absent, he often does just that. He also insists that his foremen be able to do the same thing.

"It's necessary to establish the goals that they can fairly expect from their men," he smiles.

It's not unusual to see plant manager Frank Evalde and mill foreman Albert Kirk busily engaged in assembling a pre-cut flying bridge to prove to themselves and to the men who will be doing it that the job can be accomplished in a certain time.

THE WORKING BOSS

Both men are thoroughly indoctrinated in the Luhrs method of the working boss. And, although he's Henry to both of them, they regard him with a respect that borders on awe.

At 7 each morning, a finished Luhrs boat moves off the line. It's an honest boat, without frills or much chrome, but incredibly sturdy. The kind of person who buys such a craft, according to customer records, is probably in the income group of from \$12,000 to \$20,000 a year, although there are many exceptions for customers in the lower income brackets. He is quite apt to be a professional man, one who owns a small business or, perhaps, an executive in a larger business. More to the point,

Below left, workers ready boat for engine. Below right, finished Ulrichsen Sea Skiffs line new warehouse at Marlboro awaiting delivery to dealers.



he's the kind of person who works on his own boat. And he's less interested in the glitter of fancy accessories than in the solid craftsmanship that Henry Luhrs builds into his boat.

Luhrs has 25 active dealers, all of whom he regards as vital to his business. He employs no salesmen; his dealers and the integrity of the Luhrs boat do the selling. He reciprocates by protecting the dealer with an iron-clad franchise. There is no discounting on a Luhrs boat. He will sell only to his franchised dealers. He does not attempt to push boats on dealers when the market is soft. Instead, he cunts back on production. And he will go to almost any length to keep a dealer or a customer happy.

The New York boat show, where the company exhibits three or four boats a year, is the important event of the season. New models go on display and it is here that dealers make many of the contacts that result in later sales. Mrs. Luhrs, who knows almost as much about the business as her husband and acts as his administrative assistant, describes the boat show as "a time of bedlam" for all hands. There is the sheer, physical problem of moving several tons of boats into the heart of Manhattan, plus the last-minute details of putting new models into the public eye. But it is important and there is a certain satisfaction in it.

Albert Kirk, mill foreman and a veteran Luhrs employee, puts it this way:

"When I see those boats under the lights with the crowds milling around them, I think to myself, 'I had a part in this.' It's a nice feeling."

The Ulrichsen Division of Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., is housed in a spacious new plant at Marlboro, some 15 miles from the parent company. The Ulrichsen sea skiff is aimed at a different income group than the Luhrs. It is a similar craft, but more highly finished. There are also the extras—handrails, windshield wipers and other trimming—that are not regularly found on the functional Luhrs sea skiff. It also costs more.

AT ULRICHSEN

John Luhr, general manager of the Ulrichsen Division, is a younger edition of his father. He employs the same production techniques that his father has proven during his 32 years of boatbuilding, even to the painstaking personal inspection system of finished boats. The plant turns out three boats a week and enjoys the same reputation for quality that the parent company has earned.

Clifford R. Dunphy, plant foreman at Ulrichsen, was mill foreman for Luhrs. When the Ulrichsen was transferred to Marlboro, he became plant manager there. Edward Van Glahn, in charge of production at Ulrichsen, was formerly with the Ulrichsen plant in Keyport and much of his talent has gone into the Ulrichsen skiff.

Luhrs regards the future with characteristic conservatism. He feels that there is a place in the boating world for the sea skiff that reflects sturdiness and value.

"We're anxious to be progressive," he explains. "We're always looking for new methods, new materials, new design. We want to grow, but we want to do it modestly and soundly."

There appears to be little doubt that Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs, Inc., will continue to grow under BAC ownership or that it will do it soundly. It has been built solidly of permanent stuff.

A Henry Luhrs boat is made from sturdy oak sheathed with solid $\frac{3}{4}$ inch mahogany planking. It is put together with 5,000 fasteners of various types and a little love. Scientifically, it takes 224 manhours to produce a Luhrs boat from the bare keel up. But much more goes into it than the bare statistics indicate. Anyone who likes boats knows it by instinct. It's the reason why you hardly ever see a second-hand Luhrs boat for sale.

Below, a new Luhrs sea skiff undergoing sea trials. Bottom, worker installs formica on galley counter. Top, left, new Ulrichsen skiff receives final touches. Bottom, left, Luhrs workers place flying bridge on a half-finished sea skiff.



'God Bless You, Mr. Bailey'



Bus operator Chester Bailey at Fort Kent before he starts main line run to Bangor.

Any parent who has a small child is no stranger to the hovering danger of a nearby highway. It is one of the hazards of our mechanized society. But no parent who has seen little ones through colic, fevers, teething and all the other major and minor crises that occur before adolescence plucks them out of the home, ever quite gets used to living in the shadow of the highway and its perils. Part of the mind is always listening for the shriek of rubber on asphalt or the sick-at-the-stomach fear of an emergency phone call.

That's how it was for Mrs. Elizabeth Merkel, of Mars Hill, on Tuesday, May 28.

The Merkels live on the Presque Isle road perhaps three miles out of town

in Mars Hill. It's an open highway that winds through the rolling hills of central Aroostook; the traffic is fast and heavy.

The family of five is close, a devoted family group. There's Jim, a telephone company employee, Susan five, James seven, and Harold two. Elizabeth Merkel is the kind of woman who's not only interested in her children; she also enjoys them. The Merkels are more than conscientious parents. Recognizing the danger of the main traffic artery that passes within 40 yards of their home, they purchased a sturdy, chain link fence that encircles all of their spacious lawn except the back entrance to their home.

PRINCIPALS IN DRAMA

It was this means of entry, a woman wearing a white apron at a picnic site across the busy highway, an alert Bangor and Aroostook bus operator, and a curious, active two-year-old who were the principals in the drama that was about to unfold on May 28.

It was a warm, pleasant May day. Bus operator Chester A. Bailey, a veteran Highway Division employee on the regular main line run between Fort Kent and Bangor, scanned the highway ahead with the expert eye of a professional driver from the seat of his Highway Cruiser. From 150 yards away, he caught the movement of the small boy as he started across the road.

Bailey, father of four children himself, touched the air brakes and stopped the bus well away from the youngster who, by this time, realized that something was amiss.

Young Harold Merkel's lower lip quivered as the stranger scooped him up

in his arms and deposited him behind the Merkel's front yard fence.

By the time Elizabeth Merkel recovered from the panic of seeing her child plucked from the middle of the busy highway, Chester Bailey had climbed back into his bus and was disappearing down the highway.

"I was so shocked when I found that Harold had been in the road that it wasn't until some time later I realized that I hadn't even gone out to thank you for saving my baby," she explained in a letter to Bailey. "Each time I hear the hum of a bus or truck I think of the near tragedy which was only avoided by your alertness and courtesy . . ."

What happened in those few instants was very logical in the mind of a two-year-old boy. A woman, a member of a party picnicing across the highway, was wearing a white apron. It looked like his grandmother. He liked his grandmother. And he wanted to see her. Ergo, cross the forbidden road.

Before his brother and sister, with whom he had been playing in the front yard, knew it, he had slipped out through the back door and was heading across the highway, shouting, "Grammie! Grammie!" at the top of his small voice.

"My husband and I can't find sufficient words to express our thanks to you for what you have done," a grateful mother wrote Bailey. "I am so sorry I didn't thank you personally. May God Bless you, Mr. Bailey."

Young Harold Merkel smiles from the security of his fenced front yard.



Aroostook Sugar Beet Project is Off The Pad



Left, a lush field of growing sugar beets in Presque Isle. At right, young worker explains thinning device to Roger Erskine, chairman of the sugar beet steering committee, and Dr. George Dow, of the University of Maine Agriculture experiment station. Test plots, like the one pictured at right, top, cover area in Aroostook 120 miles long, 40 miles deep. Bottom, Vice President-Marketing Howard L. Cousins, Jr., makes report to the sugar beet steering committee, of which he is a member.

By the time the clouds of revolution settled over the Caribbean, it had touched the lives of many Americans. But no part of American industry had been so vitally affected as the sugar industry. When it became clear that Cuba would no longer be a source of supply for U. S. sugar, Congress began to reappraise the Federal Sugar Act of 1948.

With the prohibition of Cuban sugar in U. S. markets (the Cuban contribution to world sugar market was also down by one third under Communism), and short crops in Europe, Congress authorized expansion of U. S. sugar beet production. The Sugar Act was revised to permit new refinery construction within the continental United States at the rate of 65,000 short tons a year from 1962 to 1966. This means enough sugar beet acreage to support four new sugar beet plants every three years, or a 10% rise in production by 1966.

There are some growers of cane sugar in Louisiana, other southern states and Puerto Rico. Much of the U. S. cane sugar formerly came from Cuba. Some

is imported. In all, the United States uses nearly one-fifth of the sugar used in the world. Some 27% of the U. S. requirement comes from domestic production of sugar beets, a whitish cousin of the garden variety of beet which sometimes reaches a size of six pounds. Because the government has traditionally kept a tight control over the supply of sugar, the sugar beet producers of the country have blossomed and flourished by government decree and strict regulation.

When the law revising the sugar act was passed, there was a scramble for the 1963-64 allotments. The USDA stipulated that new growers for new refineries would have priority over new growers feeding existing refineries. It meant that, generally, new areas will be considered over areas now producing sugar beets.

Aroostook County has traditionally been a one-crop economy. It wasn't necessarily that potato growers wanted it that way, but because the short season and geography conspired to make

the rich farm area ideally suited to potatoes and not very amicable to other crops. Not that the problem was not recognized or that other crops were not tried. Beef cattle were the focus of considerable experimentation, even hops, which one early secretary of agriculture for the state predicted in the 1850s would always be Aroostook's staple crop. But nothing could quite fill the need for a supplemental crop to go with potatoes.

Potato growing in Aroostook County has been a feast-or-famine proposition. The effect of this out-of-balance economy reaches into every corner of business life of the northern community. The Bangor and Aroostook has long felt the impact of the peaks and valleys of the potato business. Uses must be found for the huge fleet of cars used to carry the potato crop and the motive power during the seasons when it is not needed at home. Estimates of revenue, so necessary to modern business health and growth, are complicated by the unpredictable nature of the market. Ask





Glen Hitchcock, fieldman for the sugar beet steering committee, holds two beets picked at random from a test plot.

any grower of potatoes and he'll tell you that the past years have been more famine than feast.

To the hard-pressed people of Aroostook, sugar beets had a ring of hidden treasure. Several groups started investigating the possibility of Maine sugar beets and an allotment for the state. The University of Maine Extension Service started an extensive research program complete with seed plots. The Maine Potato Council named a committee to get the movement underway. In 1962, when the Potato Council Committee on sugar beets went to Washington to hearings before the all-important Sugar Committee of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, they found the competition from other areas keen. They also discovered that they had only scratched the surface. More research data on the growing of beets was needed. Further study of refinery prospects was required. They returned to make an all-out assault on the project in time for 1963 hearings to be held in November.

SPECIAL COMMITTEE

A special sugar beet steering committee was named by the Council to meet the exacting conditions set down by the USDA for consideration for coveted sugar allotment. The requirements are based on the suitability of an area for growing beets, whether the yield of beets and the percentage of sugar is satisfactory. Also factors are such considerations as the need for cash or rotational crop, firmness of capital commitments for a refinery, and accessibility to sugar markets.

The steering committee, chairmaned by Roger Erskine of the Northern National Bank of Presque Isle, moved to

get the project off the ground. The committee obtained the full-time services of James K. Keefe, of the Presque Isle Industrial Council. A drive for funds was launched. It meant taking the calculated risk that enough would be forthcoming to finish the work they were starting and the obligations they were incurring. Glen Hitchcock, former district manager of Lockwood Graders Inc., was hired as field man for the committee. By May, 250 acres of beets were planted in experimental plots in an area 120 miles long by 40 miles deep reaching from the St. John Valley to southern Aroostook.

There were problems. No one knew all the answers about planting and growing sugar beets. Machinery was rented. Some had to be altered to existing conditions. But the test plots held some significant lessons. Preliminary tests indicate that sugar beets are well adapted to Aroostook's growing conditions. Both yield per acre and percentage of sugar are above the national average.

Contacts were made with refinery interests and the complicated maneuvering necessary to interest financial and refinery people in a \$20,000,000 plant began. At midsummer, it became obvious that the eleventh hour was approaching with many vital tasks left undone. Jack Roth, of Beaverbrook Farms, of Caribou, agreed to head a streamlined executive committee made up of Keefe, M. Peter Jordan, and Erskine, to whip Maine's case for a sugar beet allotment into shape for the November hearings.

FACING THE COMMITTEE

Facing the committee are: organization of a sugar beet growers association (the USDA will not consider request for an allotment from any other group); an economic feasibility study by a competent firm; pledges of 70,000 acres for beet production; firm capital commitments for a refinery; and a demonstrable need for a cash or rotational crop.

The Maine Sugar Beet Growers Association has been formed with Jack Cameron, Presque Isle, as president. Other officers are: Glen Manuel, vice president; Tony Martin, vice president; Arthur Plissey, vice president; and Arthur Holworth, secretary. Meetings are being held for a membership drive with a goal of 500 members. There is an urgent and immediate need for pledges of 70,000 acres from this group for beet production.

A contract for an economic feasibility study has been signed. It will include a marketing study of various types of sugars, a by-products study for a refinery with close scrutiny of capital in-

vestment, operating costs and return to growers. Negotiations with the refinery interests are progressing and the beets must be harvested and given comprehensive laboratory analysis.

At stake, for all the money and human effort invested, is a \$20,000,000 refinery employing between 300 and 400 people. The refinery, by itself, would mean as much to the economy of Aroostook as another paper mill. For individual growers, a sugar beet allocation would mean \$2,000,000 (net) additional income.

By-products offer some interesting side benefits. A plentiful supply of nutritious, inexpensive cattlefeed at close hand offers the prospect of a thriving livestock industry. Molasses is another by-product and monosodium glutamate another.

Sugar beets are the surest crop a farmer can grow for a cash return. Experience of sugar beet growers in other areas indicates a conservative net profit of \$100 per acre. Of all the foods in the USDA commodity basket, sugar beets return the highest percentage (42%) of the retail selling price to the grower.

DIFFERENT FROM POTATOES

Growing sugar beets is a far different proposition from potatoes. The sugar beet grower has a market for his crop before the seed is in the ground. He has a contract with the refinery before planting. Contract negotiations are worked out between the sugar beet association and the refinery. Then the refinery signs the contract agreement with individual growers. The refinery will not contract with any individual not a member of the sugar beet association. And the contract between the refinery and the sugar beet association is as good as money in the bank.

Most authorities feel that 60 acres is the minimum unit for economic beet production. Of course, growers with smaller units could pool equipment and still raise sugar beets on an economical basis. Of the farming areas that have started raising sugar beets in the United States, all have grown to a size that requires more than one refinery.

The efforts to obtain a sugar beet quota for Maine have brought together the University of Maine, the Maine Potato Council banking transportation fertilizer, farm equipment interests and individual growers. There are no absolute guarantees that the effort and money involved will result in an allocation. But the prospect of a USDA sugar allocation means stability, economic growth and escape from the built-in hazards of a one-crop economy for Aroostook.

Joel Mills, Railroad Salesman



BAR Sales Supervisor Joel Mills chats with Alan Hamel during sales call at Great Northern Paper Co. in Bangor.

Mills checks a name in his ever-present notebook before making a customer call.



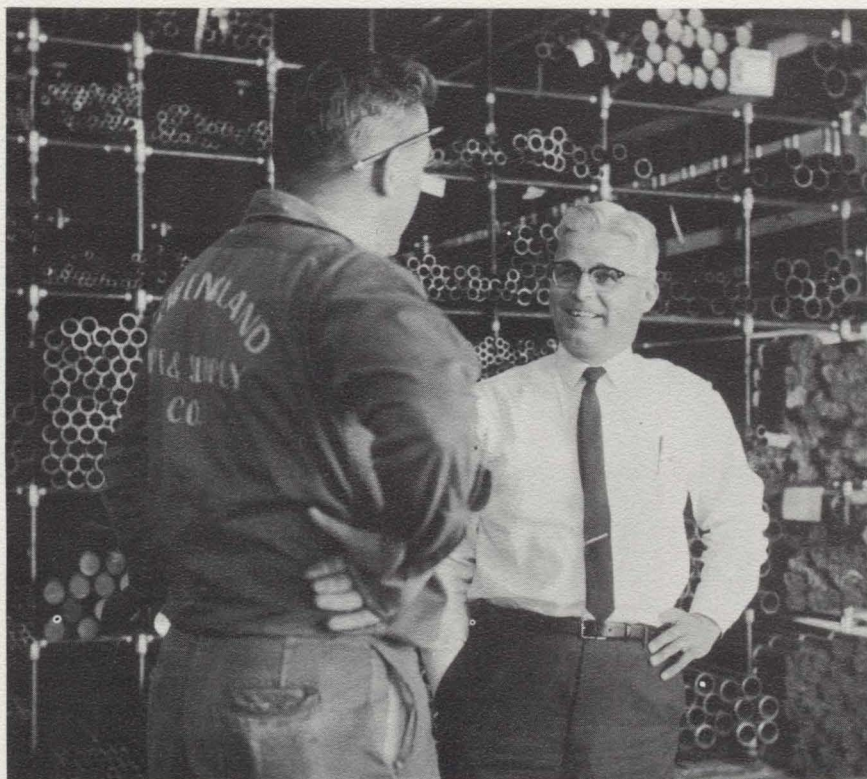
Officially, Joel Mills is a Bangor and Aroostook sales supervisor. More accurately, he is a seller of railroad transportation. And it is very different from selling toothbrushes or pencils or the kind of product that one can see and touch. It is not an easy job. When most of us take a moment for coffee or lunch, we momentarily put business out of our minds and chat about baseball or birdwatching or fishing. Not Joel. When he stops for breath he's planning his next sales call, or he's buying a customer lunch and talking business at the same time.

For a salesman, there are few of those anesthetizing intervals of tranquility that an active mind occasionally demands. The competition is too keen. Joel Mills' job is demanding, interesting, sometimes dull, sometimes frustrating. But he likes it. He can't imagine himself doing anything else.

Like many railroad people, Joel came to his present situation through an un-

related railroad job. After his military service in World War II, he became a student operator for the Bangor and Aroostook. While he was working the second trick at Houlton station, he picked up his college career at Ricker College where the war had interrupted it. It took four years to do it, going to classes in the forenoon and working at night, but he finished work on his BA degree in 1952.

It was during this interval that Joel discovered something about himself that he had not known. He had a built-in talent with people. The patrons who passed through Houlton station remembered the pleasant, prematurely-gray young man behind the ticket counter. It wasn't just that he liked people. He had an instinct about them that long exposure to the traveling public from his ticket office job had sharpened. He was learning to access character quickly, to predict human behavior—both basic, necessary tools of a salesman.



At New England Pipe & Supply Co. in Bangor, Joel Mills discusses rail service with Dave Fearon in the shipping room.

While Joel Mills was discovering these important facts about himself and the people around him, the railroad's sales people had noticed his aptitude. In 1956, he stepped from behind the ticket window to sell railroad transportation.

From the moment he left the Operating Department, Joel Mills knew that he was one of the lucky few who had found his particular niche in life. Not that he considers these years wasted. The background of knowledge he acquired about moving trains and freight have many times proved invaluable in his sales work. He threw himself in the new work with gusto. If the business was new to him, he made up for it by prodigious effort. He quickly learned the rules of the business—how important it is to prepare for calls, the sixth sense that tells a salesman when to cut his call short or when to press his point. He learned that there is also much more involved than making a quota of calls each day.

"Selling is a solitary kind of job," he explains. "It isn't like going to work

in an office or in a factory with other people and a foreman or an office manager. You don't come to work at eight and go home at five and forget it until the next morning. There isn't any such thing as hour-to-hour supervision. When you start your daily calls, you're pretty much on your own. It's interesting and it keeps you on your toes."

SELLING IS PERSONAL

Selling is a personal kind of thing, too. A man can have a pleasant personality but there comes a certain point in his sales call when he must ask for the business. It is a moment of truth for the salesman, the instant when his skill, his reputation, is put on the line for the test. Probably no two men approach it in exactly the same manner. But there are certain techniques that most good men have in common. A good salesman, for example, must know his product. He must know his competition. And he must know his customer. But how he approaches his cus-

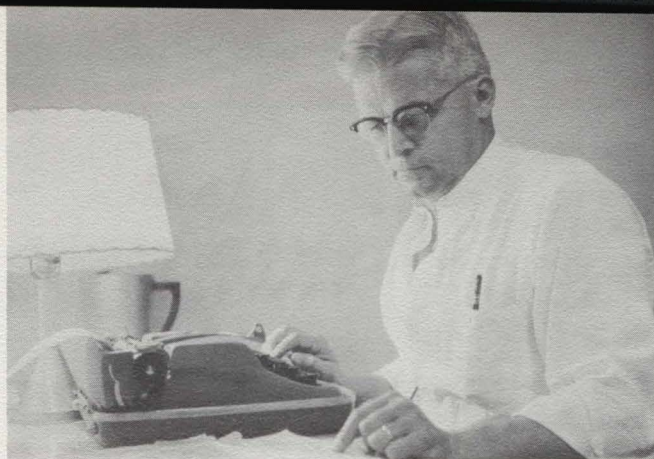
tomers and the footwork of his approach is all wrapped up in the kind of man he is.

Joel Mills is a competent practitioner of subtle selling. This does not mean that he is timid, or that he skirts the critical moment of asking for business. It does mean that his calls follow a careful pattern of establishing himself and the railroad before he makes his frontal approach. His appearance and his personality are well adapted to his methods. At 44, his shock of startling, white hair and his ruddy coloring make him look like somebody's favorite football coach. His quick humor and easy grin have won him friends, from the man in the shipping room to the owner of the business. When he makes calls on his l.c.l. customers in Bangor there is always a friendly greeting and some good-natured banter when he walks in. He never takes more of his customer's time than he needs to make his point.

When I call on a man for the first time I say to myself, 'this is a stranger.



Above, Mills prepares for a busy day of calling on Bangor l. c. l. customers by looking over previous weeks' tonnage reports with Mrs. Liston Lewis, dispatcher and BAR ambassador extraordinary in Bangor. Top, right, the end of the day's calls doesn't always mean the end of the work day. There are always the reports to make. Bottom right, Mills talks to Alfred Tilley, foreman of supplies of New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. on a call.



I must first sell myself to him before I can sell the railroad," he explains. "If I can't make my sale the first visit, it's important to leave the door open so that I can come back again."

Coming back again is an important part of the job for there are few who can be sold with one call. It's one difference between nuts-and-bolts selling and selling an intangible product like transportation. Sometimes the second calls are tougher than going in the first time. It's why Joel Mills's job requires a special kind of discipline. It's easy to skip a call that may be difficult, or even unpleasant.

THE FUN OF SELLING

"Part of the fun of selling," he says, "is finally making a sale to a customer who really makes you work for the business. When I leave a customer and I know I've made a good call, there's a tremendous satisfaction to it. It makes me feel that I've made a real contribu-

tion. I guess that's why most people like certain jobs. With me, it's very important."

Like other Bangor and Aroostook salespeople, Joel Mills's office is his automobile. His territory includes a sizeable piece of real estate, from Mars Hill to Bangor, including potato customers, l.c.l. customers, and the Great Northern Paper Company. To maintain the kind of contact he must have with these people he drives about 35,000 miles a year, spends at least one night a week away from home. He maintains a special notebook crammed with names and pertinent notes about his 900 customers that is always with him.

"Names are very important in selling," he says, snapping a rubber band about the well-worn leather book. "Forget a man's name, or mispronounce it and you've offended him no matter what anyone says. You can't apologize by saying 'sorry, I'm not good at names.' You have to be good at them. That's

why this little book is as important a tool to me as my car."

To be convincing to others, one must believe in what he's doing and there is no doubt about Joel Mills's confidence in Bangor and Aroostook transportation. He wants more to offer, more to sell as all salesman always want a better product. But he can talk to his customers as one who knows railroad operating intimately and it makes a difference. His sincerity is an important part of his selling method and he uses it well.

MOMENTS OF SATISFACTION

Joel Mills's job can be frustrating. Sometimes, it's not easy to tell where you've been or what you've accomplished. But there are always those moments of satisfaction when he knocks on a door to sell and hits the jackpot. And when he sees a freight train at a grade crossing he knows that he's played a key role in putting it there.



A Fisherman's Philosophy and Digestion

(The mystery of digestion, and the philosophy of a fisherman)

By SID SHARPE

The trout were not what could be called ravenous that day—no holes were being gnawed in the bottom of our canoe, but now and then we'd get a strike, and occasionally we'd hook one. And when we had netted four fairly good ones Brownie was suddenly stricken with a monstrous pain in his midriff, along with various other frightening abdominal symptoms, which he diagnosed as hunger pangs. The situation was deemed to be sufficiently critical to warrant pulling anchor and hastening toward the shore.

While Brownie was gathering dry-ki for a fire I sat on a log and made myself obnoxious to a colony of ants by poking holes in their hill with a stick. Brownie came back with a load of dry-ki which consisted largely of twisted limbs, and made him look something like a walking beaver house. Then he went along the shore and found a few flat rocks with which he fashioned a fireplace that was a noble achievement in masonry.

Brownie's one of those industrially competent guys who insists on doing all

the work, while I'm more or less patterned to the tolerant and agreeable type that makes me inclined to humor him and let him do it. Consequently we make a compatible team. We get along together like two bedbugs in a bum's flophouse.

A SENSE OF WELL BEING

When Brownie had coaxed his cooking fire into action, and had the fish frying in deep pork fat, and the coffee brewing in the lard paid suspended on a forked stick, the situation was beginning to produce those peculiarly special conditions that tend to warm up a man's insides with a sense of well being. A compassionate impulse made me abandon my assault on the anthill. I found it amusing to watch the cook keep circling the fire to avoid the smoke that stung his eyes, and to hear him squawk about the capricious gusts of wind that kept shifting and driving the smoke at him no matter where he stood. Inviting aromas were becoming noticeable. A hawk circled overhead, winging and then gliding, searching the water for something to dive at. He didn't find it and I wasn't disappointed. A loon drifted lazily far out on the

lake, and when Brownie motioned for me to look down along the shore there were two ducks exploring a nearby cove. They floated around there awhile, appearing to move with no effort as though there were invisible sails attached to them. And suddenly they took off, their wingtips doing a pretty tap-dance on the water, finally gaining altitude to disappear against the dark background of forest.

I noticed that Brownie had lifted the frypan off the fire, and I came out of my reverie. He put trout and crisp slices of fried pork on two tin plates, and poured coffee into two tin cups, making every move methodical and deliberate as though he were following a ritual. And then he trumpeted, "Come'n get it before I throw it in the lake."

I lifted my cup, blew cinders and bugs aside, and took a sip of the coffee. "Delicious!", I announced.

"O' course it's delicious," confirmed

Brownie, "what else could you expect?"

I looked at the trout. They were done to an ideal brown and crispiness on the outside, and when I turned the flanks back with knife and fork, pink and luscious looking meat was revealed along the backbone.

"Guess you did a good job on the trout, too, didn't ya chef"

"I always do a good job on trout," replied Brownie, immodestly. "I do a good job when I predict where to find'em, and I do a good job when I fish for'em, and I do a good job when I cook'em."

"And you don't seem to be any less talented in the art of eating'em" said I, as I watched him take huge mouthfuls of trout and fried pork.

We ate in silence for a few minutes—in silence except for the noisy smacking of lips and scrape of knives and forks on tin. And presently I asked Brownie why trout cooked at home never seemed to taste as good as when cooked outdoor over an open fire. And the same with respect to coffee.

"The answer to that is simple," said Brownie. "It's because womenfolks now'days generally cook fish in butter or some kind of these new fangled vegetable oils, a crime for which no ade-

quate penalty has yet been written into the code. And even when they do fry out some pork and use the grease to cook the trout in, they act as if they'd just been caught leading a bull through Lady Astor's boudoir. And when they serve the trout they throw the pork away or hide it. And that's another crime, because trout and fried salt pork are tied in with each other just like bees and clover blossoms. No self-respecting gourmet would eat a trout without eating about half a pound of crisp fried salt pork right along with it. And no self-respecting trout would want to be fried in anything but pork fat.

THE BUGS AND CINDERS

"But coffee—I can't tell ya what it is that makes the difference," he confessed, thoughtfully, "unless maybe it's the bugs and cinders."

Brownie got up from the big boulder he'd been sitting on, opened his mouth wide to emit a monstrous belch, and began fumbling with his belt buckle. His eyes surveyed the lake where frequently a fish would nose the surface, causing delicate wakes to appear, widen and vanish. I could read his thoughts. He performed that mysterious rite of his which composes the magic acts of scanning the sky in all directions, looking up and down the shorelines, and wetting his finger and holding it aloft.

"We'll try'em again about four o'clock," he decreed.

"Not until four o'clock? What'll we do in the meantime?"

"We'll flop right down here in the sun, hang our hats on our eyebrows, and take a nap."

He began picking up the plates and cups. He looked at the one slice of fried pork that I had left from the six slices he had put on my plate.

"Ya didn't eat all your dinner," he said, accusingly. "What's the matter? Got your appetite in a sling?"

"Ate all I could hold," I rejoined, "fact is we both ate too much. According to the science of dietetics you and I have probably committed suicide. You'll die first because you ate one more piece of pork. But I find less consolation in that than perhaps I should. They say it takes trout, cooked the way you cooked them, a long time to digest. And it takes a lot longer for fried pork. And pork fat just don't digest at all. So while you're taking a nap from which you'll doubtless never awake, I'm going to try to save my life by taking a walk. Maybe if I can jounce all of that stuff around a little in there it'll give the digestion a boost."

Brownie grunted contemptuously.

"Yeah," he said, "I've heard a lot about that digesting business. My wife's aunts got a book on it. It tells how long it takes different things to digest. If one thing gets digested ahead of something else it does something that fouls up the whole apparatus. It causes gas. And when the gas builds up enough pressure it's bad stuff. If you should happen to make a mistake and breath backwards when you blew out a match you'd blow up like a bomb. Sometimes the pressure kills ya. Maybe it pushes your liver up your throat and chokes you to death, or maybe it breaks your neck. The book don't say which."

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

"Gosh," I moaned with mock apprehension. "I wish you'd told me all of that before you fed me."

"You ain't got a thing to worry about. Not a thing." And again he made an awkward gesture toward the skyline. "Y'see you ain't out there.

You ain't out where it's important that the digestive time for fried trout is an hour and forty minutes, and four hours for pork—how long it takes for the biscuit you dipped in the fat is anybody's guess—you're in here where time don't mean a thing. You're in here where Nature takes a feller by the hand and accepts him as a part of the beauty and pride of Her creations. Where time moves on the same as anywhere else, but it don't drag you along with it with the same relentless fury. Where one of God's innocent creatures wouldn't know or care what time it was if he had wrist watches on all four legs. Yessir, you and I, for a couple'o days at least, are where time is only another word in the dictionary, and digestion gets things done without hollerin' for help.

"WHO'N HECK CARES"

"So maybe it takes five minutes for your dinner to digest, or maybe it won't get digested until sometime next week. But who'n heck cares?"

Suddenly Brownie leaped from the rock as though he'd been stung by a hornet. "Holy Old Mackinaw," he yelled, "did you see that big Irishman jump out there by that point? If I thought there was anything but trout in this puddle I'd think that was a shark. Couldn't make a bigger splash than that if you threw a horse overboard. That's the same old joker that's been playing tiddliwinks with me almost everytime I've been here this season. Last time I tangled with him he stole five dollars worth of my gear and took it home for his kids to play with. We'll go right out there and see if he wants to play some more games. I'm willing to go six rounds with him and spot him the first three.

"Come on, let's get goin'."

Looking At Safety

Many of the 400 Americans who are trapped and drowned each year when their cars accidentally plunge into lakes or rivers die needlessly.

That's the report from Aetna Life Affiliated Companies safety specialists who have purposely driven cars over embankments into deep water in safe driving experiments.

The researchers emerged all wet, but their findings aren't. In a test which revealed many of the same basic safety principles as those produced in a study by Indiana University and the American Red Cross, Aetna Life came up with

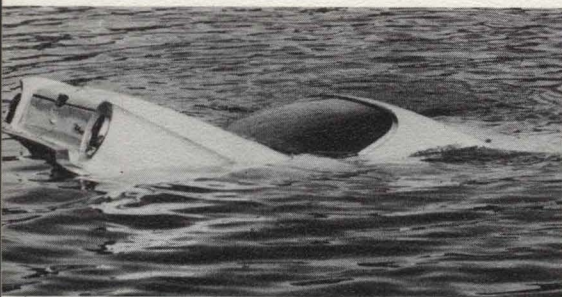
several lifesaving methods of escape if victims can overcome their biggest enemy—panic.

Before you can escape from a submerged vehicle you must survive the plunge from land into water without disabling injury. Safety belts will increase your chances. If you don't have a belt, brace yourself in a crouched position with your head below the top of the front seat for protection from flying glass and debris. This is important because the windshield will probably shatter in a drop of five feet or more.

Once a car hits the water it will usually remain afloat for up to three minutes if it's a regular-sized sedan, slightly longer if it's a compact model. Best means of escape is through an open window before the vehicle submerges.

Passengers physically unable to get out by this method often panic when they find the doors jammed shut by water pressure as the car sinks.

By waiting until the car interior nearly fills with water, you can open the doors easily, barring structural damage, because pressure will then be equalized.



After floating for approximately four minutes, vehicle begins to go under. Notice that car sinks front first because of engine weight in front end. Mr. Quinn waited in air pocket for car to fill and equalize water pressure, then opened door and escaped.

Thus, the water that comes swirling into a sinking vehicle may become, in effect, the key to escape.

When necessary to wait to open the doors, look for the air pocket which generally will form in the highest position inside the car. Since most American-made cars have the engine in front, they will usually sink front first and the air pocket will be near the roof in the rear.

Use of the air pocket does have its risks. The trapped air bubble may be pushed into the trunk if the car sinks front first. Or, if the car happens to sink bottom up—a possibility in deep water—the air pocket may escape and very little air will be left. Thus, safety specialists advise that escape through a window should be sought as soon as possible.

Before leaving the submerged car, take a deep breath, then exhale slowly in your ascent to the surface. Other-

wise, the compressed air inhaled in the air pocket will expand internally as you rise, damaging the lungs and possibly causing paralysis or death.

If you drive safely, chances are you'll never find yourself suddenly off the road and into a lakeful of trouble. But if it does happen you can probably escape if you react calmly, quickly and correctly. Keep your head and your car won't become your coffin.

OUR SAFETY SCOREBOARD

SIX MONTHS

	Manhours	Accident Rate
1963	1,244,482	4.82
1962	1,139,554	8.77

This Story Has A Moral

There must be a moral to this story. But we're not sure what it is.

The telephone ranks near the top of the list as a tool for busy executives. It makes instantly available information from remote places information needed to make vital decisions. Some men, by the nature of their work, learn to use this tool with great skill. Frank O'Brien, the Bangor and Aroostook's busy manager of car service, is such a man. To keep track of the railroad's fleet of 4,865 cars, it is necessary. In fact, he uses a telephone so much its been the subject of some ribbing among his colleagues.

Here's what happened:

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien left for vacation Aug. 5 to spend two weeks at a small cottage at Silver Beach near Falmouth. The cottage did not have a telephone.

O'Brien is a dedicated car service man and each day he drove to a telephone booth just outside the North Falmouth Apothecary to call Chief Clerk Linwood Littlefield at his office in Hermon.

"It only takes a few minutes and it makes me feel easier in my mind," he explained.

On the morning of Aug. 7, O'Brien was making his daily call at 9:52 a.m. He had just reached his office.

"Hi, Lin," he said, "How are things?"

At this precise instant, he caught a movement at the edge of his vision and turned, horrified, to see an automobile

careening toward the glass and aluminum cage of the phone booth. At that moment, the shelter seemed more like a coffin.

Of course, the entire action took place in only a few seconds. But in the moment of great stress, the drama had the nightmarish quality of a slow motion picture.

"That car is coming too fast," he thought desperately. Instinctively, he breathed a prayer and raised one foot to brace himself as far as possible in the corner of the tiny cubicle.

Then there was the crash of metal on metal and the tinkling of shattered glass as the car struck the booth and the

nearby building. The crash smashed in two sides of the booth leaving it in the posture of a lopsided accordion.

The last thing Frank O'Brien heard before the line went dead was Littlefield's anxious voice, "My gosh, what was that!"

Police say that O'Brien's slight stature saved him. His five-feet-five inch, 130-pound frame was wedged in the wreckage with only inches to spare.

Extricating himself from the prison of broken glass and twisted metal was no small feat either. He gave directions to a by-stander to lift a panel from the broken booth and crawled out, shaken by his close call.

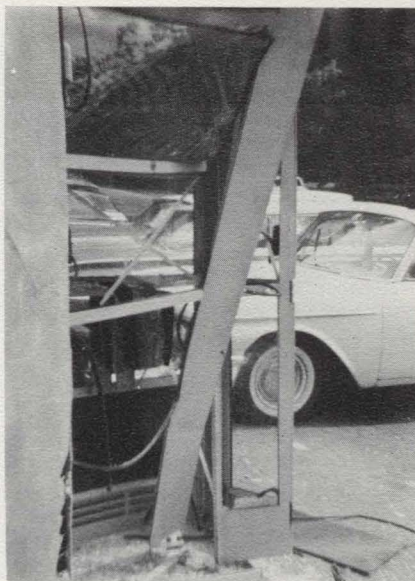
The car had been parked on the pavement near the drugstore headed toward the building. A mother was behind the wheel and her two-year-old child was on the seat beside her. A passenger, returning to the car, had just put his hand on the door handle when the car leaped forward. Police could not immediately determine what had happened to make it go out of control.

Mrs. O'Brien, waiting in O'Brien's car, was a terrified spectator to the accident.

As soon as he had extricated himself from the shattered booth, O'Brien went into the drugstore, bought a camera and photographed the wreckage.

The next morning, he was back checking the office again from another telephone.

Like we said, there's a moral to this. But we're not sure what it is.



In The Family



MR. AND MRS. HENRY THIES

Purchases and Stores

Henry Arnold Thies of Washington, D. C. and Thresea Eve Ellis were married August 3, 1938, in Berwyn, Maryland. They were presented a surprise party, in honor of their 25th Wedding Anniversary, by their son and daughter, Larry and Darla Jean and niece, April Bradford, at the Derby Community Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Thies have three children. Larry, 21, who is in the U. S. Air Force and stationed at Loring Air Base, Darla Jean, age 17, a senior at Bangor High School and Clifford, 8.

Henry is employed by the Railroad as assistant supervisor of stores at Northern Maine Junction. Mr. and Mrs. Thies lived in Derby 16 years before moving to Bangor 8 years ago.

The wedding cake was made by their niece, April Bradford, of Charleston. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake, cookies and punch were served by April Bradford and Darla Jean Thies. Lorraine Johnson cut and served the cake and the guest book was circulated by Clifford Thies.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Merle Bradford and daughter April, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Goss of Dover-Foxcroft; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Martohue of Plainville, Conn.; Robert Burke of Mapleton; Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Johnson and children Randy and Sheila, of Bangor; Mr. and Mrs. George Crabtree, Mrs. Morna Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whittemore and Mrs. T. N. Hopper all of Derby; and Mr. and Mrs. Arno Ellis of Bangor. Those sending gifts but unable to attend were; Mr. and Mrs. John Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Youngblood of Milo; Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Rowe of Searsport; Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Chute of

Charleston; and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Dugas of Derby.

Theodore Jay, son of Yard Foreman and Mrs. T. S. Jay of Milo, who enlisted in the U. S. Navy, June 13, is located at the U. S. Naval Center at Great Lakes, and completed boot camp August 20. He will enter training school on his return. Mr. and Mrs. Jay have also received word that their son Clifford, who is in the Naval Air Corps, has recently completed chief school with promotion to Chief Petty Officer.

Asst. Supvr. of Stores and Mrs. Henry A. Thies and children Darla Jean and Clifford, of Bangor, have returned from their vacation where they visited in College Park, Maryland. While there Henry did some water skiing in Chesapeake Bay and enroute to Maryland they stopped in Connecticut for square dancing.

Friends of James N. Furlong, a Stores Department employee at Northern Maine Junction, wish to congratulate him on his recent marriage to Patricia Brim. A reception was held at the K of C Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Furlong will reside in Bangor.



MR. AND MRS. MORRIS FURLONG

A retirement party was held in the Stores Department in honor of Morris Furlong, James Marks and Edward Hackett. Mr. Hackett was unable to attend on account of illness.

Refreshments of cake, ice cream and coffee were served.

Mrs. Marks and Mrs. Furlong were honored guests and were presented with corsages. Also present were Retired Purchasing Agent W. A. Bamford and the Mechanical Department office force.

Morris, Jim and Ed were each presented with a check from their fellow employees.



MR. AND MRS. JAMES MARKS

Friends of Hilda M. Waterhouse were sorry to learn of her death after a long illness. She was the widow of the late Frank H. Waterhouse, a former employee in the Stores Dept.

Funeral services were held at the Lary Funeral Home with the Rev. J. W. Meisner of Dover-Foxcroft officiating.

Engineering Department

Grace Emilie Dow, daughter of Ste-nographer and Mrs. G. Fred Dow of Houlton, and Lloyd H. McHatten, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McHatten of Houlton, were married June 29, at the United Baptist Church in Woodstock, N. B. The bride was given in marriage by her father. A double ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. Samuel Baxter.

The bride was attired in white nylon over taffeta, white accessories, and carried a cascade of red roses.

The matron of honor was Mrs. R. G. McHatten of Woodstock, who was attired in green nylon, white accessories, with a corsage of white roses. The best man was R. G. McHatten of Woodstock, brother of the groom.

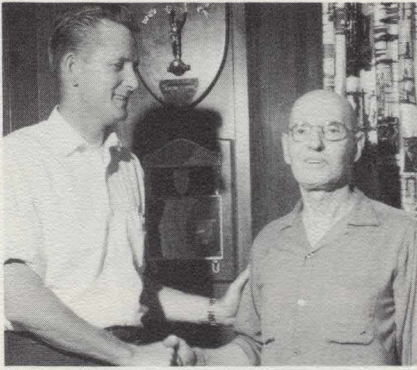
The bride's mother wore blue nylon eyelet over taffeta, with a corsage of pink roses.

The groom's mother wore green nylon with white accessories and corsage of yellow roses.

The wedding reception was held at the Pine Room of Kidd Baker's Diner. The room was decorated with pink and white streamers and bells.

The bridal table was trimmed with seasonal flowers, centered by a three-tier wedding cake, with miniature bride and groom.

The bridal table was served by Mrs. Cecil Flewelling of Woodstock. The



Chief Engineer P. H. Swales congratulates Painter Charles R. Page in his retirement in August. Mr. Page was born in Abbot, Aug. 3, 1895 and was educated in Abbot schools. He entered BAR service in 1923. Mr. Page served in the Navy during W.W. I. He is married and has two children. Mrs. Page is also a former BAR employee.

guest book was circulated by Mrs. John McGuire of Houlton. The gift table was presided over by Mrs. A. C. Folson of Presque Isle.

After the traditional slice cut by the bride and groom, the wedding cake was cut by Mrs. Walter Arch of Woodstock.

Mr. McHatten is employed by Donald Guy of Houlton.

The couple will reside on Franklin Avenue in Houlton.

David C. Wheeler, Third Mate in the U. S. Merchant Marine, son of Assistant Engineer and Mrs. P. S. Wheeler of Houlton, left on June 10 for a three-months' trip. Wheeler is on the S. S. Steelworker of the Isthmian Lines, Inc. His tour will include many foreign points, some of which are: Alexandria, Egypt, Iran, French Somaliland, and India.

Another son, James C. Wheeler, has been attending summer school at University of Maine in Orono. He will continue his studies at the university this fall in his sophomore year.

V. J. Welch, principal assistant engineer in the Engineering Office, Houlton, has recently completed a five-week course held at Atlantic Summer School, King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Our sympathy is extended to the family of T. Blake Saunders (Ret.), whose death occurred in Houlton on July 31. Mr. Saunders was employed as a BAR cook for many years prior to his retirement in 1949.

Funeral services were conducted at the Dunn Funeral Home in Houlton Aug. 2, with Rev. Gordon Buzza officiating. Burial was in Smith Cemetery at Bridgewater.

Miss Linda Lovely, daughter of Accountant and Mrs. Kenneth Lovely of Houlton, attended the summer session at University of Maine in Orono. She will return to the university this fall to begin her junior year.

Brian MacIlroy, son of Stock Clerk and Mrs. Robert A. MacIlroy of Houlton, has returned from two weeks spent at Camp Nerestead in Camden.

Josiah W. Powell III, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Powell II of Houlton, has recently returned from the Katahdin Scout Reservation at East Eddington, where he has been a counsellor during

the summer. He will enter Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. H., in September.

Another son, Byron Powell, has been awarded a scholarship at Phillips Academy in Andover, N. H., and will enter as a sophomore on Sept. 14.

Byron also recently won a bicycle for having sold the greatest number of tickets in the Katahdin Area District to the Scout-A-Rama in Bangor.

Their mother, Mrs. J. W. Powell is a stenographer in the Engineering Office, Houlton.

Albert P. Putnam, Jr., Houlton, has been employed during the summer as a chainman in the Engineering Department.

Recent guests for two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Trickey, Sr., in Houlton, were their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ignazio Friscia, and children, Lucille, Joseph and Charles of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. M. A. Fairley, Sr., wife of Chief Clerk M. A. Fairley, Sr., of Houlton, has been elected President of the Houlton Garden Club.

GEORGE NICHOLS DIES

Our sympathy to the family of George C. Nichols, Trackman Section 110, Derby, who died July 3. Mr. Nichols began work as Trackman Apr. 16, 1946 on the section at Derby, the position he held at the time of his death.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Puncchar of Brewer, are announcing the engagement of their daughter, Myrul Dora Puncchar to Richard Noel Duncan, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Stuart Duncan of Fort Fairfield.

Miss Puncchar is a graduate of Saugus High School, Saugus, Mass., and is a senior at the University of Maine, majoring in mathematics.

Mr. Duncan is a graduate of the University of Maine, class of 1963, and is presently employed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Presque Isle.

Mr. Duncan is a brother of Assistant Supt. of Track Gordon S. Duncan of Houlton.



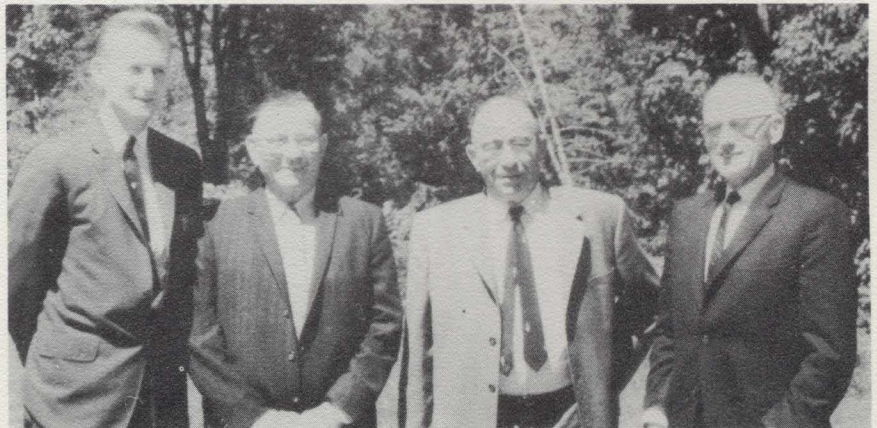
Miss Joan Babin, daughter of Trackman and Mrs. Eddie Babin, Fort Kent, and Reginald Dumons were married at St. Louis Church July 27. The bride attended Fort Kent schools. Mr. Dumons attended Frenchville schools. Some 225 persons attended the reception. The Dumons will reside in New Britain, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Waterhouse of Milo have announced the engagement of their daughter, Carole Diane Waterhouse to Dennis L. Manisto, son of Carpenter and Mrs. Henry Manisto of Lagrange.

Miss Waterhouse is a graduate of Milo High School, class of 1962, and is employed at the Hathaway Shirt factory, Dover-Foxcroft.

Mr. Manisto is a graduate of Milo High School, class of 1962, and is employed at Hamilton Standard Aircraft Company, Broadbrook, Conn.

Pfc. Michael Carter left July 14 for Metz, France, where he is stationed with the U. S. Army, following a 30-day leave spent at the home of his mother, Mrs. Horace Estabrooke and step-father, Carpenter Horace Estabrooke of Houlton.



Shop Foreman John H. Swallow and his brother, Car Inspector James W. Swallow, have both retired. John was born in Oakfield Jan 20, 1898 and was educated in Houlton schools. He entered railroad service as a carpenter April 28, 1930. He served in the Army during W. W. II. John has one daughter, Mrs. Duane Giles, Bangor. James was born May 2, 1896 and entered BAR service in 1944. He is a veteran of W.W. I and a member of the American Legion. He is married and has four children, Helen, Boutilier, Arlene Fisher, Betty Shields and Paul. Two brothers McArthur and Harry, are still employed by the railroad. Pictured also are P. H. Swales and V. L. Ladd.

Employees of the Engineering Department Office, Houlton, and their families, enjoyed a picnic Thursday evening, July 25, at the public landing, Deering Lake. The menu was pot luck with each bringing a favorite dish. Volley ball and swimming were enjoyed. There were about 40 present.

The Lewin family reunion was held at Camp Williams in Monticello, July 14. Several members in attendance belong to the BAR family. They are: Foreman and Mrs. Charles R. Ewings, Millinocket, daughters Alice and Darlene; Foreman and Mrs. Nathan Lewin and son Bryant of Perham; Trackman and Mrs. Wesley Johnson, Lynne and Dana Johnson of New Sweden; Foreman and Mrs. Laurel Lewin of Houlton; Mechanic and Mrs. Harry Lewin and daughter Roberta of Houlton; and Miss Dorothy Buxton daughter of Custodian of Houlton Engineering Building and Mrs. W. H. Buxton.

Our sympathy to the family of John S. Porter of Millinocket, who died June 11. Mr. Porter was a BAR engineer for 33 years prior to his retirement in 1955.

Funeral services were held at the residence June 13, with the Rev. Orville H. White of the First Congregational Church of Millinocket officiating.

Orace N. Porter, Trackman Sec. 232 at West Seboois, is a son.

MCDONALD, BLINN BACK

The BAR family will be pleased to learn that R. S. McDonald, Foreman Sec. 110, Derby, and Adolph Blinn, Foreman Sec. 240, New Limerick, have each resumed their respective positions following a long period of illness.

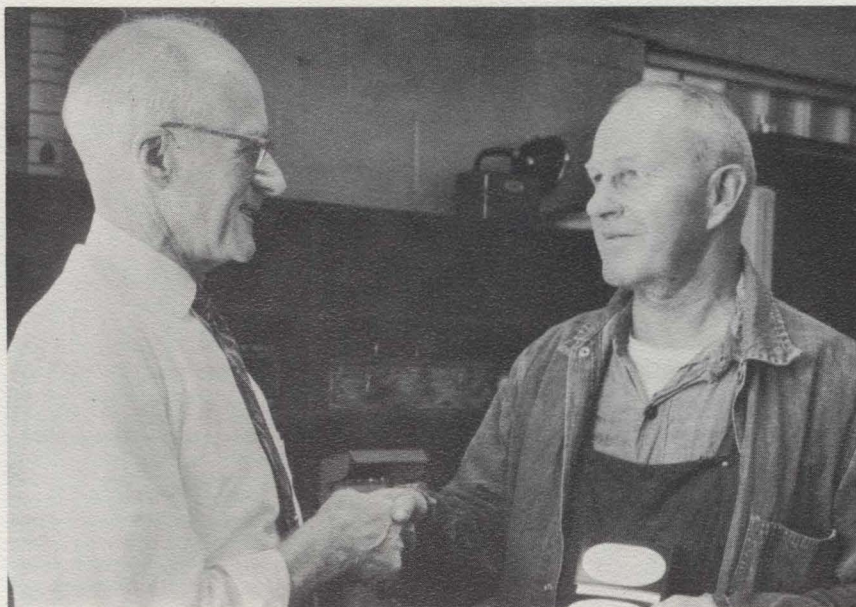
Ass't. Supt. of Track Gordon S. Duncan and Supervisor of Roadway Machines Wendell E. Corey, both of Houlton, were in Windsor, Vermont in July, where they observed a demonstration of the Nordberg tie axe held on the Boston & Maine Railroad by Eastern Railway Supplies, Inc.

Wallace Blinn, son of Foreman and Mrs. Adolph Blinn of Ludlow, and sister of Mrs. G. L. Swett of Houlton, recently won an appointment to The National Foreign Language Institute for a seven-week course in French, sponsored by the U. S. Government. The courses conducted at various colleges throughout the country, are taught by visiting French professors. Mr. Blinn attended the course at Pace College in New York City from July 1 to Aug. 16. There were approximately 2,000 applicants among whom forty-two were chosen.

Mr. Blinn is married to the former Myette Lemineaus of Liege, Belgium. The couple have three children and reside in Old Saybrooke, Conn. where Mr. Blinn teaches French.

Pfc Errol Swett, son of Supt. of Track and Mrs. G. L. Swett of Houlton, has been transferred from France with the 93rd Signal Battalion of the U. S. Army, to Frankfurt, Germany. He reported to his new duty the first week in August and expects to be stationed there for one year.

Venton H. Beals, son of Carp. Foreman and Mrs. K. H. Beals of Milo, has recently completed military service in which he entered Feb. 1960. He has returned to his former position of carpenter helper in the crew at Derby.



Machinist Linwood E. Ellis, Northern Maine Junction, receives his gold pass for 40 years' service from V. L. Ladd. Mr. Ellis was born in Bangor Sept. 10, 1904 and attended Brewer schools. He entered BAR service as a coalman Aug. 9, 1921 and later worked as engine cleaner, helper, machinist, air brake repairer, boiler-maker and gang leader. He is married and has two children.

Richard Sutton, 89 of Bangor, a Bangor and Aroostook construction chief, credited with helping to build much of the railroad, died at his home in June.

Born in Little Pabos, Gaspé County, Province of Quebec, November 15, 1873, the son of Richard and Mary (Hamilton) Sutton, he worked for the Bangor and Aroostook for 46 years, retiring in 1939.

Coming to Maine in 1892, he started work with the railroad at Brownville the following year when railroad construction began. Sutton grew up with the road, being in charge of much of the construction work.

He is credited with building the Van Buren extension in 1899, the 54-mile LaGrange to Searsport Branch in 1905, the Washburn cutoff in 1909.

In 1925, he was made superintendent of ballasting and construction and in 1934 dismantled the Old Town Branch and the Katahdin Iron Works Branch.

He was a member of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Bangor and Pine Cone Council, Knights of Columbus.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Leroy J. Mooney of Bangor; a sister, Mrs. Georgia Keays of Chandler, Quebec, and several nieces and nephews.

Sect. Foreman and Mrs. Merle E. Lyford of Derby announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Alice Lyford, to Pvt. John M. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Brown of Milo.

Miss Lyford was graduated from Milo High School in the class of 1963.

Mr. Brown is also a graduate of Milo High School in the class of 1963 and is stationed at Fort Dix, N. J.

Assistant Engineer and Mrs. Carvell G. Hatfield of Houlton, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Aug. 13, at the Madigan Memorial Hospital.



Mechanical Department

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Conary were honored by their family on their golden wedding anniversary June 26, with open house at the Schoodic Lake cottage by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hamlin. They were married June 21, 1913 at Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Conary have two daughters, Mrs. Evelyn Carey and Mrs. Althea Hamlin, both of Milo. They have seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Over 80 friends and relatives called during the day. The honored couple were presented with a bouquet of yellow roses by their children also a yellow corsage and boutonniere by their grandchildren. Following the traditional first, the anniversary cake was served by their granddaughter, Mrs. Richard Moore. The punch bowl was attended by a granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Harry E. Carey. Their daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Carey was in charge of the gift table and Miss Carla Jean Hamlin, a grand-



State Jaycee President Robert Emerson, left, installs Yardmaster G. E. Somers, Millinocket, a president of the Millinocket Chapter. Somers and his wife, Joyce, also attended the National Jaycee Convention in Louisville, Ky., in June.

daughter, circulated the guest book.

Mr. and Mrs. Conary, who lived most of their married years at Milo, have lived at Blue Hill since his retirement in 1954. Mr. Conary had been employed by the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad for 30 years as patternmaker and carpenter. They are members of the Baptist church at Blue Hill and members of the Grange there. Mr. Conary is a member of Piscataquis Lodge of Masons at Milo. During the summer months he is employed at the Hammer and Tong Blacksmith Shop at Blue Hill.

Out of town guests attending were: Mrs. Fred Raymond, Greenville; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Kathy, Sharon and Maureen; Hollis Leland, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, Susan; Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell, Shirley, William, Jeffrey, Brian, all of Brewer; Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Sprawl and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Leland of Bangor; Rodney Preble, Sebec; Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Green, Blue Hill; Mrs. Lena McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Long, East Blue Hill; and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Campbell, Jean, Joyce, Nancy and Brenda of Hermon.

The many friends of Frank Richards, welder at Derby Car Shops, were saddened to hear of his death by drowning, July 21. Frank was employed periodically for the last three years at Derby as a car repairer and welder. When he was furloughed from Derby he was employed as clerk in the Mechanical Department and Transportation Department at Northern Maine Junction. Our sympathy to his family.

Our sympathy also to Machinist C. Elmer Carlson, Derby on the death of his mother, Sofia Carlson after a short illness. She was the widow of Carl O. Carlson who was employed for 30 years as machinist at Derby.

Floyd L. Perkins, car repairer Derby, retired from service July 2, after nearly 39 years. Floyd entered the service Sept. 9, 1924 as a laborer.

He was presented a purse of money from his fellow workers and with it go their good wishes for many years of health and happiness on his retirement.

Friends of G. A. McGinley, engine

cleaner, Northern Maine Junction Diesel Shop are sorry to hear that he is out because of sickness.

Friends of N. E. Skoog, diesel supervisor Northern Maine Junction, is convalescing at his home following surgery on his knee at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Transportation Department

Friends of Chief Car Distributor Herbie Curtis will be glad to know that he is progressing rapidly from a foot injury which occurred at his home while on his accumulated time off.

Conductor and Mrs. LeRoy G. Norton have returned from a trip to Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper Park in the Canadian Rockies. While in Alberta, they visited Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Steeves in Drayton Valley, Mrs. Myrtle Steeves at LaCombe; and also Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kelley, in Calgary, brother and sister-in-law of retired Conductor W. G. Kelley.

Chief Clerk and Mrs. Linwood Littlefield, accompanied by their three daughters, Gaynor, Gail and Karen, left the week of August 19th on a trip to Washington, D. C.

Station Agent R. T. Clark, Jr. and wife, Faye, accompanied by their four year old daughter Debbie, motored to R. T. Clark, Sr.'s fishing camp on Little Tobique River, N. B. July 4th to spend a few days fishing. Ron reports that daughter Debbie caught the first fish.

Peter Clark, 12, son of Station Agent R. T. Clark, Jr., Easton, attended Boy Scout Camp at East Eddington, the week of July 21st-27th.

Friends of Ralph L. Rafford, Station Agent, Squa Pan, will be glad to know that he was discharged from the A. R. Gould Memorial Hospital in Presque Isle June 19, convalescing at his home until July 19, then moved to his camp on Squa Pan Lake. He is still under the doctor's care, although he is anxious to return to work. However, his son Roderick reports that he is making a good recovery.



MR. AND MRS. FORREST HOWE

Miss Joanne Dorothy Barrow, daughter of Engineer and Mrs. Perley J. Barrow, Houlton, became the bride of Forrest Edward Howe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley E. Howe, of Ludlow, June 30 at the Military Street Baptist Church in Houlton. The Rev. John

Ruth and the Rev. Robert Decker officiated at the double ring service.

Traditional wedding music was provided by Miss Susan Palmer and Miss Susan Gerow. The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a white lace jacket gown in street length and a crown of seed pearls and sequins to hold her fingertip veil. She carried red roses with baby's breath.

Bridal attendants were Mrs. Marilyn Howe, cousin of the bridegroom, matron of honor; Miss Mary Howe, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Gloria Barrow, sister of the bride. Mrs. Howe wore pink lace. The bridesmaids were attired in aqua and yellow, respectively.

Robert Howe, of New Limerick, was best man. Ushers were Robert McKay and Richard Howe. Jeanne Skehan, flower girl, wore a white eyelet cotton and pink and white carnations in her hair. She carried a basket of petals. Ring bearer was Wayne McKay.

The reception was held at the home of Engineer and Mrs. Barrow. Assisting were: Mrs. Edward Toner, Jr., Miss Sheila Gallagher, Mrs. Gordon Wright, Mrs. Nancy Cyr, Mrs. Winfield Lowery, Miss Deanna Howe, Miss Norma Wright, Miss Barbara Skehan, Miss Sally Howe, Mrs. James Yerxa, and Miss Shirley Gallagher.

The bride is a 1963 graduate of Ricker Classical Institute and a member of the Order of the Rainbow for Girls and the National Honor Society. She is employed at Stack's Snack Bar.

The bridegroom is a farmer in Ludlow.

Mr. Charles P. Field writes from Haines City, Florida, of the death of his son-in-law, Percy C. Reynolds, a former BAR employee. He was 73. Mr. Field, who is 90, says that he is feeling fine and is enjoying the Sunshine State.

We were saddened to learn of the death of Agent Byron E. Hamilton, 51, at Caribou last month. He had been a BAR agent for more than 30 years.

Byron was born at Linneus Sept. 22, 1911, the son of Frank and Pearl Rideout Hamilton. He had lived in Caribou for most of his life.

Surviving are his wife, Loretta, of Stockholm; a brother Allen; two sisters, Mrs. Asa Crandall and Mrs. Andrew Martin, of Oakfield; a half-sister, Mrs. Pauline Bates, of Houlton; and his stepmother Mrs. Effie Hamilton, of Houlton. Funeral services in Caribou were conducted by the Rev. Ian Bockus of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

Thomas C. Harvey, son-in-law of Assistant Agent and Mrs. Reginald Clark, Fort Fairfield, is a dean's list student at the University of Maine. The Harveys have two children, Robert and James.

Accounting Department

Clerk and Mrs. Donald Annis and family have returned from a tenting vacation at various places in the White Mountains and western Maine.

Congratulations to Margaret Girvan Patterson (secretary to gen'l. auditor) and husband, Keith, on the birth of their first child, a son, Keith II.

General Tax Accountant Owen Gould and family recently enjoyed a vacation in the Milo area.

Former clerk George E. Mossey has been promoted to Special Assistant to

the Manager of the Highway Department. *Harold Mountain* has moved to the position formerly held by *Mossey* and *Andrew Caswell*, formerly in the disbursement section, has assumed the duties vacated by *Mountain*.

The accounting department was sorry to hear of the death of *George Mossey's* father, *Thomas Mossey*.

"*Joe*" *Cross* has been chosen an alternate umpire in the state Little League baseball tournament, being held in the southern part of the state this year.

"*Slip*" *Corey*, assist. manager of the Highway Department, is to be congratulated on a fine coaching job on getting his Brewer Little League team into the state playoffs.

Donald Breen and family spent his vacation visiting his parents in Au Sable Forks, N. Y.

Mildred Wallace in company with *Florence McBeth*, Front Office, Millinocket, spent a week's vacation with Miss *McBeth's* sister and husband at Center Harbor, N. H.

Miriam Rounds spent her vacation touring Canada with her niece and husband Mr. and Mrs. *Richard Merrill*, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Phyllis and *Frank Leen* spent their vacation in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. *Gene Rice* have as summer guests Mrs. *Rice's* sister and family Mr. and Mrs. *Robert Kendrigan*, Rahway, N. J.

Jack Beckett, son of Chief Claims Adjuster *J. G. Beckett*, attended Boys' State at the University of Maine June 16 - June 21. He was elected State Senator and County Attorney for the Boys' State County which he represented.

Robert E. Clukey, tabulating supervisor for the Bangor and Aroostook was elected president of the Data Processing Management Association of Maine at a meeting held in Portland, it was announced Wednesday.

This represents the first time the presidency of this association has been from this area of the state.

Clukey is also manager of Machine Accounting, Inc., a subsidiary of the Railroad Company. This subsidiary recently was given national recognition by Doane Agricultural Services, Inc. of Missouri for its endeavors in cooperation with the University of Maine Extension Service in producing the first electronic farm accounting system, now accepted and being used in the New England states.

Clukey has been associated with Data Processing since 1951. He is married to the former *Leona West* of Bangor and has a son, a junior at Tufts School of Dental Medicine.

Key punch Operator *Cora Pelky* underwent surgery at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in July. Mrs. *Shirley Weedlocher*, of Bangor, is working in

the tabulating section during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. *William R. Brown* spent their vacation at their Molasses Pond camp. They had as guests Mr. and Mrs. *Philip Newbury* of Bangor.

Control Clerk *Quida Long*, and *Mary Wood*, secretary of the manager of operations, spent their vacation at Cape Cod, Mass.

Machine Operator and Mrs. *Eugene Richards* and children, *Eugene, Jr.*, *Leeanne* and *Douglas*, have moved to California where they will make their home.

CORRESPONDENTS

C. A. Hamilton
Mrs. G. Fred Dow
R. A. MacIlroy
G. L. Swett
P. S. Wheeler
Helen Brissette
Thelma O. Kelley
R. T. Clark, Jr.
Roderick Rafford
H. R. Mountain

BAR NEWS BRIEFS



W. Jerome Strout congratulates *A. J. Travis* on his new appointment as *Shirley Corey*, *Travis's* successor, watches.

(Continued from page 3)

Company and Mr. *Corey's* promotion.

Travis began his railroad career as a stenographer in 1946. He subsequently became a clerk in the Treasurer's office, timekeeper and staff assistant to Manager of Operations. He was born in Mattawamkeag, Maine and attended schools in Danforth. *Travis* was graduated from Husson College and has attended the Atlantic Summer School in Halifax, N. S., for advance courses in business ad-

ministration. He is a naval veteran of WW II.

Corey, who succeeds *Travis* as manager of the road's highway division, entered railroad service as a commissary steward in 1956. He subsequently became special assistant to the manager of the highway division and, later, assistant manager. *Corey*, 43, is a native of Holden and was graduated from Brewer High School.

Harold F. Bell, *Milo*, has been named by *A. Jerome Strout* to succeed *Paul H. Day*, retired, as manager of purchases and stores.

Bell 38, is a native of Mars Hill and was graduated from Aroostook Central Institute and Husson College. He entered railroad service in the treasury department in 1949. *Bell* became staff assistant to the purchasing agent in 1956 and assistant manager of purchases and stores in 1957.

He is active in civic affairs in

Milo and is a director of the Maine Purchasing Agents Association and the New England Railroad Club. *Bell* is also a veteran of WW II. He is married and has five children.

Bell also announced the promotion of two Purchases and Stores employees.

Liston F. Lewis of Brownville was named Assistant Manager of Purchases and Stores and *Vernon F. Willinski* of *Milo* was appointed Supervisor of Stores.

Lewis is a native of *Milo* and entered Bangor and Aroostook service in 1940 as a clerk in the mechanical department. He was appointed assistant director of personnel in 1956 and transferred to the purchasing and stores department in 1961 as staff assistant.

Vernon Willinski is a graduate of *Milo* schools and joined the railroad stores department in 1941. He has held various positions, including that of storekeeper in this department up to his present appointment as supervisor of stores.

PORT of SEARSPORT

SEAPORT FOR THE EXPORT AND IMPORT NEEDS OF NORTHERN MAINE INDUSTRY

Bangor and Aroostook lines provide direct service between northern Maine and the port of Searsport, Maine, providing an ideal year-round import-export facility for the needs of northern Maine industry, commerce and agriculture.

Searsport is the largest dry cargo handling port in Maine. Ships from all over the world carry northern Maine products worldwide, and discharge raw materials for Maine industry and commerce.

The Bangor and Aroostook Railroad's direct lines to Searsport and the modern dock facilities that the railroad maintains there are just one of the many ways in which the railroad moves to provide northern Maine with the finest and most modern transportation.



TODAY . . . MORE THAN EVER

**THE BANGOR AND AROOSTOOK RAILROAD
IS THE VITAL LINK BETWEEN NORTHERN MAINE
AND THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD**