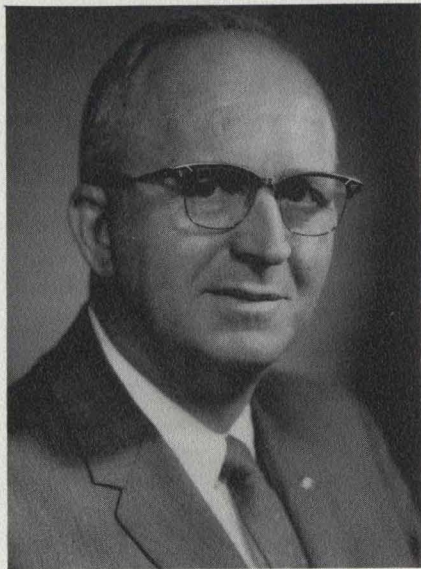


MAINE LINE

JAN - FEB., 1964



Talking It Over

To My Fellow Employees:

There is a popular myth to the effect that any large business is a collection of machines or facilities that produce wealth in the form of manufactured goods or services, and a balance sheet, presumably prepared by faceless, unfeeling automatons, to indicate profit and loss. It is a concept that is out of date by at least a century or so, but, like so many myths it is still held as the truth by many people.

I deplore this picture. Any modern business corporation worthy of the name has social conscience. Call it heart, if you will. But is it a very long way from the objective, impersonal organism that it is sometimes pictured as typical of industry. Until that unhappy and implausible day when an electronic brain takes over the management functions of business, it is flesh and blood men who will make a company what it will be. Take the human being, with all his failings, all his pettiness, but also with all his adaptability, and his wonderful compassion, out of business and then it is truly without heart.

Every worthwhile business has another vital ingredient. Some might call it character. Or you might think of it as personality. It pleases me to think of it as a soul. Of course these are only labels, but the ingredient that I am speaking of supplies the motivation for forward movement. It gives the business

a sense of obligation to its internal family and makes it aware of its higher obligations to the community and to the nation.

Those who call the profit motive the only reason, the only justification for industry reckon without this vital quality. There have also been businesses that didn't understand it and the odd corners of our industrial history are littered with their bones.

Because we are motivated by more than the profit incentive, more than the paycheck, we require the kind of nourishment that goes beyond dollars and cents if we are to have self respect. Part of it is pride in a job well done and part in being identified with a business that meets its obligations and is a good corporate citizen. The key to it all, of course, is communication. Not the kind of communication where we speak to each other as individuals, but the kind typified by this magazine.

MAINE LINE begins its 12th year with this issue and it seems appropriate to comment on the role it plays in what we have been talking about, in shaping the character and personality of the business. Ideas are just as important to industry as to scientific research, or education, or any other worthwhile endeavor; they are the stuff that progress is made of. And the most important function of this magazine is to share with you ideas about the railroad, where we have been and where we intend to go. As changing events swirl about us, currents over which we have no control sometimes change our course. So that you understand not only the why, but also the wherefore, the magazine also serves as a forum for information. It provides the opportunity to speak to you as

a family group, without restraint and provides the kind of information impossible through any other press. For example, since October there have been two major breakthroughs in rate-making. The first was the open-end incentive rate on frozen foods that swept away the old minimums and firmly established frozen foods as a volume commodity. The more a customer ships, the less expensive the rate. The second is unfolding as I write these words. It is an incentive rate on fresh potatoes, basically similar to that established for frozen foods. By the time you read this, it will be well on the road to actuality.

I believe that they will finally help us to fully utilize our basic strength: our ability to move volume freight more efficiently than any other overland carrier. If the rates are as successful as I believe they will be, the principle holds wonderful promise for the railroads. For the Bangor and Aroostook, the incentive rates on potatoes will provide part of the answer to stemming the relentless tide of gypsy truckers into Aroostook County. We will also be helping the potato industry by making it less expensive for produce people to buy Maine potatoes.

I believe that it is important to be able to talk with you about such matters. That's why, even though our business is transportation, that we are so deeply involved in dissemination information, in publishing and other activities that may seem unrelated to transportation. One might say that it is for the good of our soul.

With very best regards for the New Year,

Sincerely,

W. Jerome Strout

BAR NEWS BRIEFS

President W. Jerome Strout met with Bangor and Aroostook and regional labor leaders at a luncheon at the Tarratine Club Dec. 12 for an informal briefing on the railroad's blueprint for 1964. The luncheon was also attended by railroad department heads. It was the first such informal gathering of railroad officials and labor representatives with a format of strictly non-labor topics. Labor representatives attending were: Albert J. Bergeron, Boston; William Brown, Waterville; Thomas Christenson, Hartford, Conn.; Charles W. Clark, Derby; Charles F. Connell, Slingerlands, New York; Joseph Connor, Boston; James H. Daly, Houlton; Fred T. DeWitt, Derby; George C. Folsom, Derby; Paul E. Foss, Carmel; Charles H. Hoskins, Derby; Donald C. McNally, Oakfield; Thomas A. Mercier, Bangor; Frank E. Morris, Derby; Fred D. Parent, Bangor; Ralph L. Rafford, Ashland; John A.

Roe, Houlton; Paul A. Sullivan, Boston; and Bert J. Worster, Derby.

Robert T. Groves, 37, has been named Assistant Chief Dispatcher, with headquarters in Houlton. He succeeds Gerald O. Steeves, who has been appointed Supervisory Agent at Northern Maine Junction. Groves entered service in 1946 as an operator, later becoming an agent and dispatcher. He served in the submarine service of the U S Navy from 1944 to 1946 and attended schools in Hartford, Conn. He is married and has three children.

W. Jerome Strout, has announced that Mechanical Superintendent V. L. Ladd, now becomes Chief Mechanical Officer for the railroad. Mr. Strout said that the title change from Mechanical Superintendent to Chief Mechanical Officer is in



Mary Sullivan and friends

keeping with Ladd's responsibilities and comparable to similar positions on other railroads.

Regional Vice President Frederick B. Lunt, Presque Isle, led a field of 8 candidates in a hotly contested race for two openings on the Presque Isle City Council in December. Lunt, who has been active in civic affairs at Presque Isle, was top vote getter in the contest.

A reception honoring Miss Mary A. Sullivan, 104 Leighton Street, was held at the Tarratine club Dec. 27. It was attended by officials and employees of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad from length of the State, who paid tribute to Miss Sullivan after 40 years of service with the road. She has served as private secretary to four Bangor and Aroostook presidents since 1936, when she became secretary to Wingate F. Cram.

(Continued on page 23)

Strout tells labor leaders and officials of railroad's blueprint for 1964.



VOL. 12 MAINE LINE NEWS No. 1
BANGOR AND AROOSTOOK RAILROAD COMPANY
84 HARLOW STREET—BANGOR, MAINE
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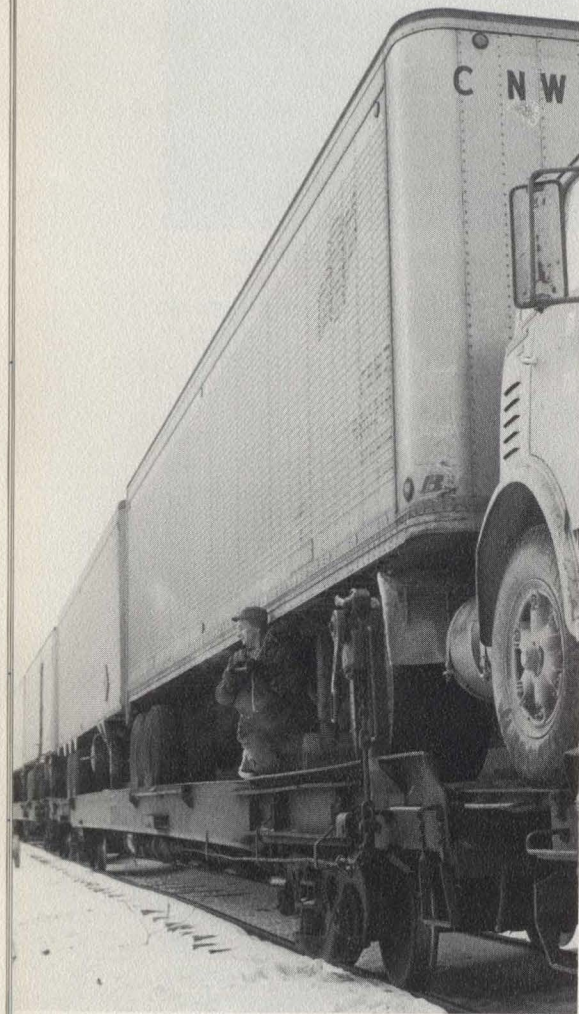
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ON THE COVER

The night picture on our front cover was made during a lull in one of the winter's first snow storms at Oakfield Yard as crews, (see streak of light caused by railroader's lantern) prepare engines for the night runs.

New Rates Put Fresh Vigor Into TOFC



Piggyback trailers containing frozen foods are loaded in sub-zero weather at Caribou. This shipment contained a record number of 7 trailers.

Almost any variety of nourishment that one fancies in our affluent society can be had quick frozen or dehydrated and sometimes both. The latest foods for those who would have juicy beefsteak in the remote places of the earth, where weight and lack of refrigeration are factors, are preserved by removing the moisture and freezing.

The new foods have caused a revolution of major proportions in the food industry, and the tremors have reached into transportation. Where Aroostook County had two frozen foods processing plants five years ago, it now has five. And where the nation's railroads were transporting most of the processed food 20 years ago, its share had fallen to 24% in 1956 and a mere 13.4% in 1960.

Sweeping rate revisions in September and October (see MAINE LINE, Nov.-Dec. issue) with dramatic new carload incentive rates are bringing much of the frozen foods traffic back to the railroads. The rates, coupled with the impact of new jumbo-sized mechanical refrigerator cars, make rail shipment attractive for the frozen foods processor. The BAR has doubled its frozen food traffic in one year.

But, for the customer who couldn't use the 40,000 pound minimum of the new carload rates, there was only the alternative of leased truck transportation. The picture has now changed as sharply as with the new carload rates. On October 12, November 10 and November 23, incentive piggyback rates on frozen foods became effective into Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit and Boston, to name a few major points. And they are the answer to the fervent prayers of railroad salespeople who have been trying to get a foot in the door

of the last hold that leased trucking has in the frozen foods industry.

There is no question in anybody's mind that the railroads are back in the ball game. The publishing of the piggyback rates plugged the last loophole where inequities existed between the new rail rates and trucks.

THE COMPETITION

The kind of competition that the railroads have been facing is leased trucking and it has been so successful that it has attracted some 85% of the frozen foods traffic away from the railroads. Here's how it works: The leasing company obtains trucking authority to move frozen foods from Maine through the midwest. The leasing company owns little equipment itself, but leases it from individuals or firms who may have one or several trucks which they wish to keep working. The leasing company performs the brokerage service, and provides the rights under which the individual trucker operates. The trucker operates the equipment and pays a percentage to the leasing firm for the brokerage and the authority.

It is a business with a low profit margin, but it has provided transportation for frozen foods processors at a very low price. The leasing companies prosper, for there is very little risk in their part of the business. And there are always enough truckers looking for loads so that it is no difficult task to find equipment at the right price. So successful has this cut throat pricing been that common carrier trucks cannot compete with them and, at some points, the leased truckers were meeting the old carload rail rate.

The new incentive rail rates changed all that. Savings under the new rates range from \$300 into New York to an extreme example of \$2,224 per car into Miami.

Now, for the processor who has a customer who can't use 40,000 pounds, there is the same kind of incentive rate on a piggyback rail shipment. The 30,000 pound minimum on the new piggyback rates meets the truck competition. But there are three other minimums—35,000, 40,000 and 70,000—and the more pounds shipped, the sharper the price plunges per hundredweight.

Chicago is a major point for the trucking of frozen foods. With a 30,000 pound minimum, the new piggyback rate from Aroostook County to Chicago is \$2.03 per cwt. With the 35,000 pound minimum, it drops to \$1.93 per cwt., \$1.83 for the 40,000 pound minimum and a low \$1.74 for the 70,000 pound minimum using two trailers.

The rib-tickling aspect of the new piggyback setup for railroad people is that the traditional bugbear of transit time has been improved. The transit time between piggyback and truck from Aroostook County to the major midwestern points is so close as to be meaningless, even in emergency shipments. Fourth morning delivery into Chicago from Aroostook points is routine. And, over longer distances, piggyback can often beat truck transit time. Second

morning delivery to Chicago out of Boston and New York is also routine.

The dramatic improvement in transit time stems from the comprehensive nature of the new rates and an increased awareness among all American railroads of the valuable tool they have in the piggyback concept. Every road with a hand in moving a piggyback shipment gives it priority treatment. Frozen foods out of Aroostook County, for example, are scheduled for hotshot freight trains out of Boston for midwestern points.

MULTIPLE DELIVERIES, TOO

Nor are comparable transit time and lower cost the only incentives for frozen foods processors to use the new piggyback rates. The clincher is a clever service called multiple deliveries within a single terminal area. It is particularly useful when the load is destined for more than one customer and provides for as many as three different deliveries per shipment with, of course, the final delivery for which no charge is assessed. The three deliveries cost a very nominal \$10 each. For most shippers who have small lots for several customers, the piggyback rates offer a saving over carload rate.

"Piggyback has been a slow starter on the Bangor and Aroostook," says Norman J. Tardif, who has sales responsi-

bility for piggybacking of frozen foods, "but the new frozen foods piggyback rates have given it more impetus than anything since it was introduced. I think it's going to grow. These companies are growing and getting new accounts all the time. Let's put it this way, these rates enable us to compete with a mode of transport that we had not been able to touch. We're offering a package deal that's cheaper and better than any other mode has to offer. It's an important dollars and cents consideration and that's really what sells transportation. I consider it a real breakthrough."

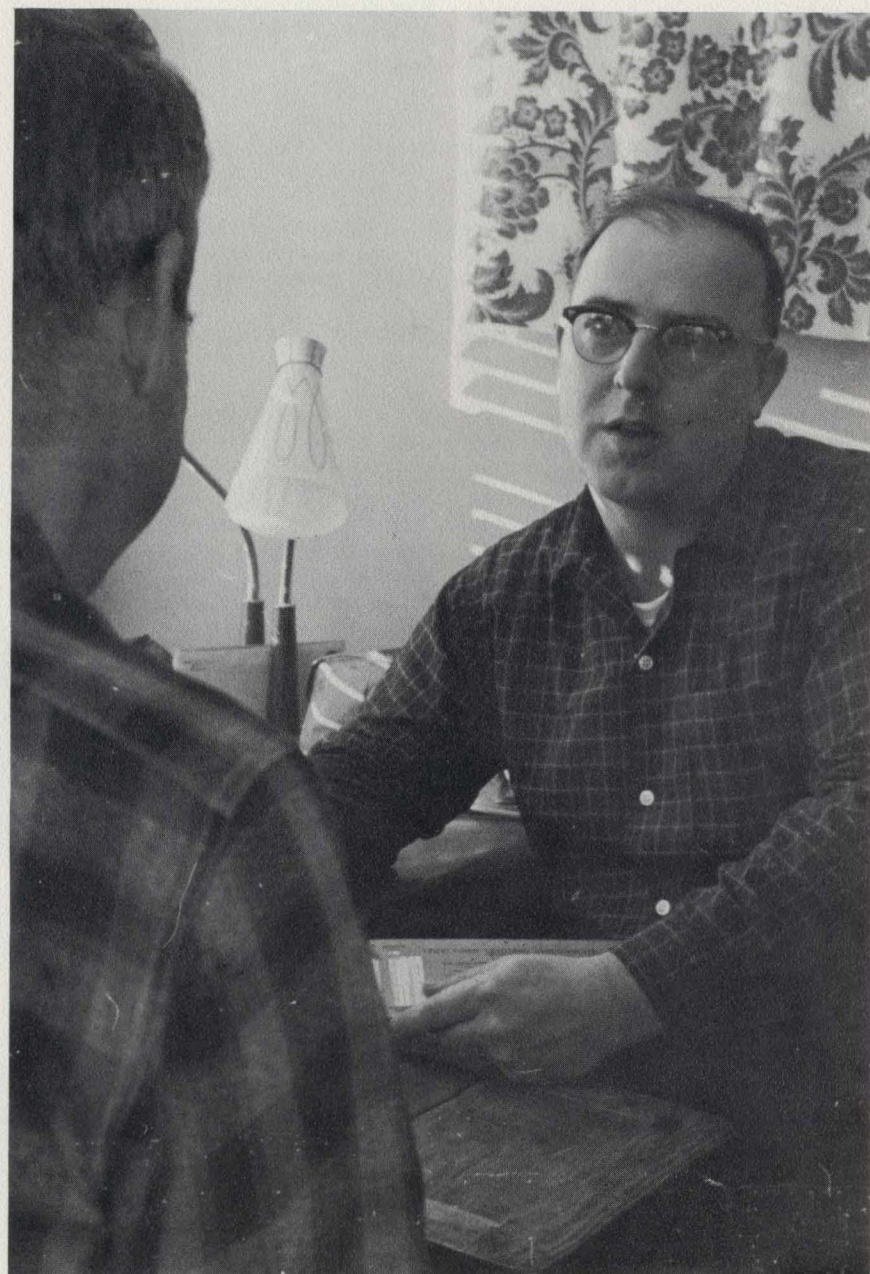
There are indications that the incentive concept will not be confined to frozen foods, too. There is already in effect a rate of this type on paper to certain points. And, fibre board has been moving from Boston to Aroostook County under a similar rate.

Incentive rates are perhaps the best answer to the kind of competition the railroads face from highway carriers today. And when combined with the speed and multiple delivery feature of piggyback, they offer the first real promise that the railroads may yet meet the trucks on their own ground. The key to this successful competition, of course, is not subsidy or special privilege, but the basic rail advantage of moving many loads with a single power unit.

Brakeman Don Rafford signals engineer picking up a load of 4 piggyback trailers in Presque Isle.



Not For Profit, Not For Charity . . .



Treasurer George Willette takes information from a credit union member who is applying for a loan.

There was a time—a generation or so ago when credit was a dirty word in the home. Almost un-American. It was associated with usurers, frivolity and immorality. Father took pride in never buying anything “on time”. And the people who did were ne’er-do-wells considered quite beyond the pale of industrious, God-fearing people.

A depression, two major wars and a couple of middling-sized ones have changed all of that. The man who buys on time is so common as to excite no comment at all, with the possible exception of an older relative who remembers a sterner day when one could look every man in the eye and see no debtor. It is, rather, his peer who pays cash that excites speculative whispers of unearned income and worse.

One credit man says in an awed voice, “Credit for most people is so easy it’s frightening. Nothing down and the rest of your life to pay. We’re producing everything and we’re buying everything.”

There are those who passionately believe that credit is leading a whole people down the road to the almshouse and possibly worse. They see the respected virtues of self-discipline and self denial forgotten in an orgy of luxury spending. In the opposite camp are those who point out, with equal zeal, that the Depression, the greatest peacetime catastrophe the nation has known, was brought on, partly, by a public whose purchasing power fell far behind its productivity. They say, with conviction, that high wages and credit to buy goods we produce in such wonderful profusion, keep factories humming, the people prosperous.

Whichever theory you prefer, one fact emerges. Credit is now

Credit Committee member Irvin L. Foster, Treasurer George Willette, Director Charlie Burgess and President Eugene Rideout, meet for an afternoon business session at BARCO Federal Credit Union’s offices in Millinocket.



an established part of our economic lives. Our productivity is geared to it and there would be few of what we call the luxuries of life without it.

Almost all of us use credit, but most of us have only a fuzzy idea of how much it costs. We have a tendency to bury our heads in the sand and splurge for a deep freezer, or a new car, or a boat and motor, paying our portion down and the easy monthly installment without counting the total cost. The fact is, as anyone who has taken the time to find out, that credit is not an inexpensive commodity. Many firms count the financing of their goods as profitable as the actual selling of the merchandise. In effect, they have become involved in the banking business. It is a business proposition and a convenience to the customer, but it is a service for which he pays.

A DOLLAR DOWN

The major pitfall in the primrose path of easy credit is that it’s very easy to spend beyond one’s income to the tune of a few dollars down and a few dollars a month serenade. More than a few young people have been rudely awakened after the first flush of installment buying to find that they had saddled themselves with a crushing installment debt. It also happens, the credit people say, to those who should know better.

There are both pitfalls and blessings to our present status as an installment-buying people. The fast growth of the credit union movement is testimony that groups with a common identity feel the need of guidance and common financial strength. The question had long

intrigued Clerk George Willette, Millinocket, where the Great Northern Paper Company employees have built up a strong Federal credit union. George, a personable young man with considerable energy, made a special trip one summer afternoon two years ago to talk with the people at the Maine Federal Credit Union League.

The visit and the conversation he had there have had profound results for Bangor and Aroostook employees. The people at the Katahdin Federal Credit Union asked George why the railroad didn’t have one. The question bothered George for a month or so and he decided that the railroad should have one. He also concluded that if he didn’t get it off the ground, probably no one would. A few weeks afterward he had officers and a charter and was spending all his free time talking to BAR people, from the President W. Jerome Strout, on down.

For his pains, George Willette was elected treasurer of BARCO Federal Credit Union when it was born. By federal law, it is the only paid office of a credit union. In practice, however, George Willette, receives no financial remuneration for the 25 hours plus he puts in on Credit Union affair each week.

“They doubled my salary this year,” he quips. “Last year it

was nothing. This year it’s twice as much.”

A credit union is a special kind of a credit group. It’s not new. In the United States, the Credit Union movement is over a half-century old and in Europe, it’s older. A federal credit union is open to persons having a common bond of occupation or association, or to groups within a well defined neighborhood, community or rural district. A credit union is very much related to the phenomenon of modern credit. Its goal is to provide money for loans at the lowest possible cost to its members and, also, to encourage savings. It is owned by the savers and borrowers alike. The management of the credit union is by the employees. The company, the railroad in the case of the BARCO Federal Credit Union, has no voice in its management, no influence in its operation; it is entirely managed by the people who own it.

FEDERAL LAW STRICT

The federal law covering federal credit unions is strict. It prescribes, the offices, duties of officers, how much shall be held as reserve, the limits of loans, the length of the repayment period, and interest rates among other things. There are many checks and safety precautions for the careful performance of

officers of credit unions. Their national record has been outstanding.

The principle of a credit union is simple. Five dollars buys a share in the credit union, the price of membership to any BAR employee. Most members then have a certain amount deducted from their weekly paycheck.

"In making a credit union grow," George Willette explains, "you need the savers as well as the borrowers. It's nearly painless to save by payroll deduction. After the first few weeks you don't miss the money. If the management hadn't given us the privilege of payroll deduction, it would have been impossible for us to have grown so quickly."

As George Willette is quick to point out, there is another benefit of payroll deduction savings: a lot of people save who not otherwise save are accumulating a nest egg for a rainy day.

About half of the members of the BARCO Federal Credit Union are savers only and the other half both savers and borrowers. For the employee who wants to put his spare dollars in a safe place, the credit union will get him four percent interest, plus dollar for dollar value life insurance up to \$2,000. If you have \$2,000 saved in the Credit Union you have the equivalent of a \$2,000 life insurance policy at no cost to yourself. Effective January 1, there is a double indemnity benefit for accidental death.

But it's the borrower who can really cash in the membership in the credit union. Whether it's a \$100 loan to pay a fuel bill or a \$3,000 automobile loan, the service is the same. Interest rate, by law, is fixed at not more than one percent per month on the unpaid balance. There is usually a rebate of interest at the end of the year making the cost of borrowing money even less than the one percent per month. This year, the officers of the credit union voted a dividend of 4% on savings for members and a rebate of interest paid on loans of 5%. Both are credited to members' savings accounts.

Besides its regular officers and board of directors that ful-

fill the normal roles, the credit union has a supervisory committee, whose function is to make sure that accounts are kept in the approved manner, and the credit committee of three members who act on every loan application. There are also representatives who blanket all sections of the road round out personnel.

The workability of such a system using rank and file people as managers—none of whom have had professional banking experience—is a tribute to the wisdom of founders of the Credit Union movement.

The officers include: Trainman Eugene Rideout, Millinocket, president; Trainman Calvin Cole, Millinocket, vice president; Engineer John Porter, Jr., Millinocket, secretary; Clerk George Willette, Millinocket, treasurer. Directors are General Foreman Charles Burgess, Millinocket; Trainman Percy Given, Millinocket; and Operator H. Fred Armstrong, Millinocket, who's also an alternate member of the credit committee.

THE CREDIT COMMITTEE

The Credit Committee is: Irvin L. Foster, Joseph E. Tinkham, and A. Gordon Matthews. The Supervisory Committee is: Lewis B. Neal, Bangor, chairman; Earle Kelley and Owen Gould, both of Bangor.

Area representatives are Everett Gerard, Van Buren; Albert Lebel, Fort Kent; Norman Labbe, Ashland; E. E. Dow, Presque Isle; Armand Duplessis, Presque Isle; Harold Labbe, Mars Hill; John Rowe and John Vincent, Houlton; Harold T. Parker, Oakfield; Walter Chase, Derby; Gilbert Jameson, Bangor; Conrad Perry, C. A. Hamilton, Neil MacNichol, and Tom White, Northern Maine Junction; and Cleon Cole, Searsport.

The Credit Union touches many more people, but these are the ones who donate their time and talents to it. They are enthusiastic, dedicated people who take their jobs seriously.

"I have had some railroad people indicate to me that they were concerned about having railroad people involved in their financial affairs," says BARCO president Eugene Rideout. "I

have seen this credit committee work and there is nothing discussed in their weekly conference that's ever carried outside the doors of that room."

The handling of loans involves the area representatives who process the applications and forward them to the three-man credit committee for action. There is no railroad town that doesn't have an area representative within a few miles. The credit committee meets each Monday and the process of applying for a loan and receiving an answer seldom takes more than a week and usually much less.

IN AN EMERGENCY

In case of an emergency, such as an illness that requires immediate cash, a loan can be arranged by telephone. It is a scene that has been enacted several times since BARCO was organized just over two years ago.

"A credit union can do more on a character type loan than a commercial institution," George Willette explains. "A commercial institution must look solely at the profit involved. But a credit union is a non-profit organization. If a member comes to us with a good reason for an unsecured loan, we can consider a character loan of up to \$400. It's the difference between a service organization like the credit union and a commercial institution."

A credit union is a co-operative in the broadest and best sense of the word. It must not be concerned with just paying a high interest rate to the people who save; it must also keep the cost of borrowing for members as low as possible and, at the same time, make saving attractive to those who do not wish to borrow.

The people who are giving so many hours of their free time to the BARCO Credit Union are typical railroad people . . . men and women of average means, but individuals who believe in a concept of service. They're the kind of people of conscience that you find in scout work, or in church groups and service organizations. General Foreman Charlie Burgess of Millinocket

came closest to expressing a composite motive for the group involved.

"I think every man reaches an age when he realizes that there is more to living than selfish concern with his own affairs," he explains. "Some people find this kind of satisfaction in church work or service clubs. With many of us, the credit union fills the bill."

There is nothing casual about the demands made of people who run BARCO Credit Union. The federal law is strict about concept and performance of duty. George Willette, for example, can't remember a free day since the credit union was started. The credit committee devotes several hours a week to the vital business of acting on loan applications. Every officer and director not only lends his name; he must participate with his time and his talents.

REWARDS, TOO

But there are rewards, too. Part of the credit committee's job is financial counseling. They may specify, in cases of character loans and emergency loans, that the money be spent in a way agreed on by both the borrower and lender. In several cases, the credit union has been able to consolidate loans that have become intolerable for an individual and put it into one reasonable package. In other cases, the credit union has been able to help a member free himself from the burden of a court-designed wage earner's plan. Under this plan, the wage earner's check is given to a court appointed individual who allots him living expenses and pays his obligations. And for this service, the executor receives a percentage of the income.

"It's a good feeling to be able to help someone out of this kind of trouble," Charlie Burgess explains.

The record of repayment among credit union members, is very good. But among railroad credit unions, the percentage of bad loans is so small as to be unique. In the two years that BARCO has been in operation, it has had only one bad loan, and this is being repaid. Mem-

bers just don't want to lose their credit standing.

Business is booming for BARCO. For the first year it was operating, its gross income was \$8.34. It had 118 accounts, loans of \$1,974.50 and savings of \$2,608.51. At the end of the first full year of operation, December, 1962, savings had grown to \$54,163.91, assets to \$70,113.34; loans to \$67,056.04; gross earnings to \$3,596.70 and the number of members to 442.

ASSETS OF \$163,833.76

By the end of November, 1963, BARCO had 276 loans worth \$158,426.05, assets of \$163,833.76, and gross income of \$12,210.82. It had made 348 loans during the year and 656 since it was organized. And 575 members of the BAR family belonged to it.

George Willette visualizes a membership of 1,000 members at some future time. In the meantime, BARCO is a going concern that has helped many members of the railroad family buy the material possessions they want and has helped others out of financial difficulties. It has brought BAR people together as a family unit and it has given them additional security. As with any growing credit union, BARCO often loans out money at a faster rate than it comes out of BAR paychecks as savings. But there are always other credit unions with money to loan at 5%. And it's a good indication that BARCO is living up to the tradition of service set forth in the motto of Federal Credit Unions: "Not for profit, not for charity, but for service."

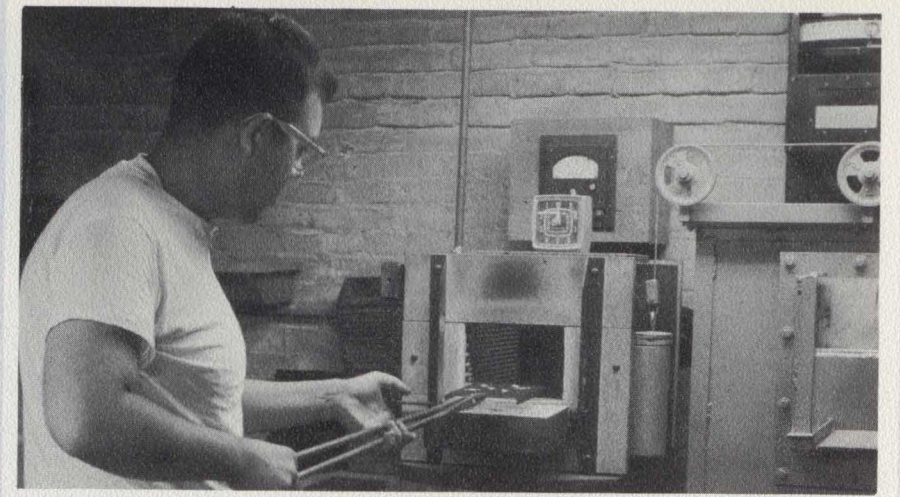
Officers and Directors of the BARCO Federal Credit Union pose for a rare photograph, top. All hold jobs with varying hours that make meetings like this a rarity. Mrs. George Willette, center photograph helps keep books and minds the shop while George is at his regular job as Clerk at East Millinocket. Members of the busy credit committee, lower photograph, are I. L. Foster, Joseph E. Tinkham, and A. Gordon Matthews.



Bale Pin Co. - Newest Member Of The BAC Family



Enameling of quality pins could never be called high volume production. It requires patience, skill, and a deliberate approach. After worker has applied fresh enamel, left, to the pins they are placed in an oven for firing, right.



The orders pour into the unobtrusive plant of the Bale Pin Company at 168 Milk Street from every state in the Union and the Territories. Some are written in pencil on a sheet of lined sixth grade copy paper by a teacher with more pupils than time. Some are typed on school stationery and some are on a scrap of brown Manila hastily torn from someone's lunch bag. And the order written on the scrap Manila receives the same careful attention as the order from a large school.

The casual observer could easily miss the Bale Pin Company plant in downtown Boston, even though it's just a step off busy Washington Street. But it's an important address for several thousand schools across the land who every year order school rings and pins—class,

club, or for any conceivable school organization—from the Boston firm.

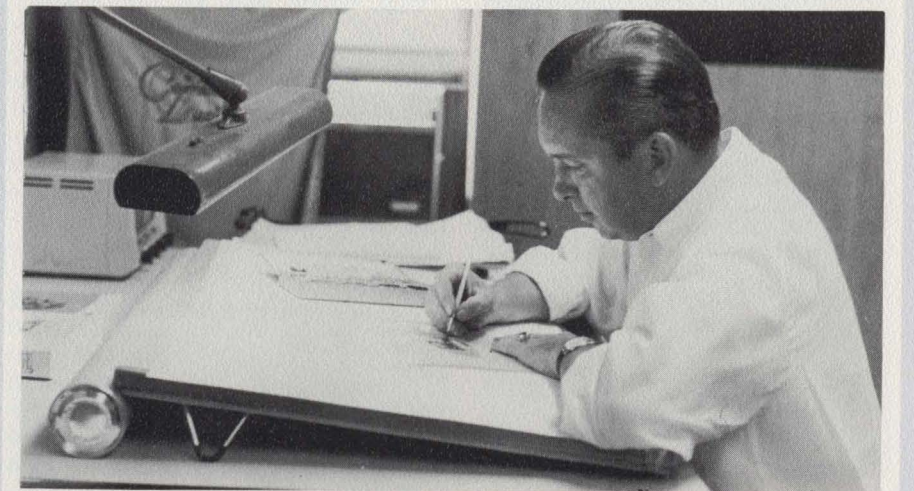
Most of the business is repeat business. Customer loyalty is high. And the big crop of school children entering classrooms every fall means money in the cash register. If it sounds to you like a pretty healthy sort of a business, you're right. That's what Bangor and Aroostook Corporation management thought last August when they made it the fifth operating company to be acquired by the Corporation in three years.

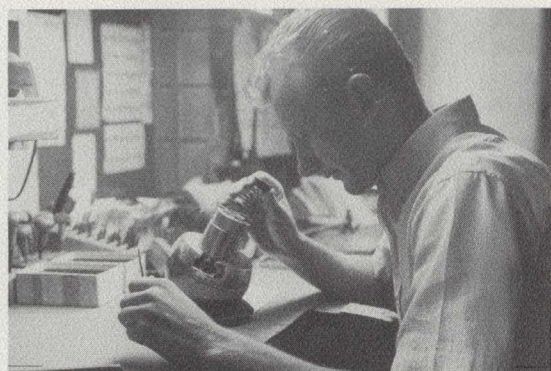
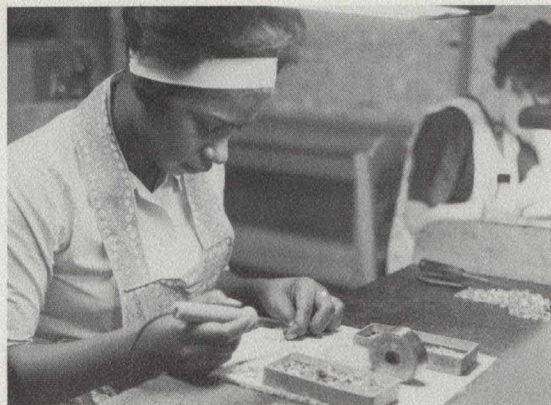
Bale Pin is a child of the Depression. It was, and is, the brainchild of Irving Banquer, an engineer and entrepreneur. He's the kind of man who gives the impression of hustling even when he's seated at his desk. It's a unique business and its

beginnings have an Algerlike overtone. Banquer and a friend began selling school pins while he was a student at Boston Latin School. It wasn't long before they decided to try manufacturing their own pins and a lot of experimenting followed. In the meantime, the friend lost interest. Banquer did not and sold the first pin manufactured in his basement shop just before Christmas in 1930.

The stock market crash was a year old and a dollar looked as big as a hat. In 1931, Banquer entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, paying part of his own expenses by making and selling school pins. He continued to make school jewelry in the basement of his home throughout his college years and by the time he received his degree in engineering

Advertising Manager Albert K. Haring, plays an important role at Bale Pin. He is responsible for catalogues, design, and distribution of advertising.





Nimble fingers and patience of women workers, top, are required for the delicate work of soldering school pins. The engraving of a Bale pin is a job for steady hands and a deliberate temperament. This young worker, above, checks progress of his work in the graver's vice with powerful glass. After buffing and preliminary work, pins are placed on hangers and immersed in electrolyte for plating, above left.

administration in 1935, the Bale Pin Company had a substantial list of customers.

Engineering jobs were scarce in 1935, even at \$15 a week, and there was more money in making school jewelry than in engineering. For the remainder of the year, Irving Banquer continued to manufacture school pins in the basement of his home. In 1936, there was some improvement in economic conditions and he began to realize that there was an opportunity to be grasped in the business that circumstance had tossed him. In 1937, he acquired his first, full-time employee and moved from his basement workshop. He began to study the techniques of commercial jewelry making with the same diligence that he had studied engineering.

"The recession of 1938 almost knocked us out of business," he recalls, "but we held on and in the fall of '38 things started to pick up. By this time, we had acquired enough tools and enough skill to expand to a healthy volume."

The war closed the doors of the Bale Pin Company in 1942 and Banquer became chief engineer for a Cambridge defense firm. In 1945, he dusted off the machinery and started producing pins and rings for the school year of 1946.

The postwar years brought a bumper crop of school children—prospective customers all—and the company prospered. Bale Pin took on some veterans for on-the-job training. The company was beginning to make a name for itself in the field of moderately-priced school jewelry.

Now, 33 years after Irving Banquer sold the first pin entirely produced in his basement shop, Bale Pin is perhaps the leader in its own particular corner of the scholastic jewelry field.

"We have an unsurpassed reputation for good products, and good service at modest prices," Banquer says with pride. His enthusiasm for the products he makes leaves no doubt of his sincerity, or just



how much pride he has in his company's reputation.

"I find myself looking for our pins in a crowded streetcar," he grins, "and I've seen them in towns and cities across the country. It's one of the pleasures of being in this business."

The company employs an average of 50 people. Employment is quite stable because production is planned a year ahead.

His people are mostly skilled workers who have been trained for at least two years at their jobs. And the company is deliberately slow to add permanent employees.

It takes a rather special person to be successful at making jewelry. It requires a high degree of mechanical aptitude plus a deliberate mental approach to work with small objects that comprise pins and other jewelry. There are people who would end a day of soldering clasps to pins with nervous tics and twitchings. Patience is not the word for it, perhaps, but it comes close.

LOOKS FOR STABILITY

Next to manual dexterity and stability, Bale Pin looks for the kind of employee who has a good record of remaining with one job. If the company is to invest two years training him, it wants to be sure that he's the kind of employee who is likely to remain.

Making the kind of quality jewelry that the company produces, means extreme attention to detail, from the manufacturing to the filling of orders. The process of creating a pin begins with the press. A hydraulic press stamps the broad outlines of the piece from a strip of copper alloy, sterling silver or gold. The school letter or insignia is then engraved. Another skilled worker enamels the piece and fires it. Women do most of the soldering, assembling small components with nimble fingers. The piece then goes to another department for polishing and electroplating. It is then lacquered to preserve the finish and assembled. Next comes the

inspection, which Banquer considers a critical step in the manufacturing process. Each pin is carefully scrutinized with a powerful glass for any defects. Mounting the pin on backing and packing are the final steps.

Bale has been conspicuously successful in the field and the role that Irving Banquer occupies is no small reason for this success. He visualizes himself as a sort of trouble shooter.

LIKE A CUSTOM SUIT

"Making scholastic jewelry is like having a custom suit made by a tailor," he explains. "The suit has to be exactly the way you want it. That's the way it is with school jewelry."

To minimize the possibility of slip-up in filling orders, Banquer personally checks the orders after they have been written to make sure all instructions have been complied with. This isn't always as easy as it sounds, because some are scrawled in pencil, some are vague, some almost unintelligible. As a professional engineer, he is always watching for weak spots in his organization, a place where trouble could develop.

His philosophy is simple and effective.

"Management must do more than chart the course of a company," he says with feeling. "It

must also set the example of hard work and attention to detail. One doesn't command people, not effectively at least, one leads people."

"In this business, it is very important to be explicit about the smallest detail. To get that kind of feeling in our people, we must consider always the feelings of the individual worker. We don't make decisions without considering the effects on workers as individuals. If we have to make a change, we explain it to them."

"No man wants to work for money alone. Not I nor anyone else. He must have a sense of accomplishment if he is to have a decent feeling for himself. There must be pride in accomplishment and this is the most valuable element of all for us, the quality we try to instill in our people."

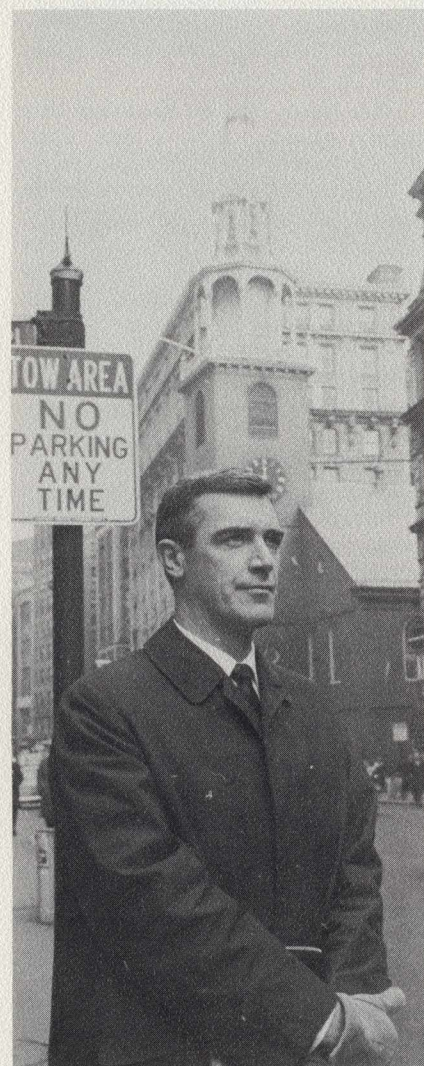
Bale pins are worn with pride by both young people and adults throughout the country, a kind of benign status symbol if you like. This kind of pin becomes an object of sentimental attachment, a cherished possession. And there is probably no more conclusive test for the quality and worth of a product. As a matter of fact, if you're a BAR employee with 25 years or more service, you're probably wearing a Bale pin right now.

If you are, then you know what we mean.

Polishing is an important step in the making of a pin. This young man puts a mirror finish on the basic body of a Bale Pin before it is plated. At right, Irving Banquer, energetic founder and president of Bale Pin, signs final papers on the acquisition by BAC as BAC President W. Gordon Robertson and Group Vice President John E. Hess watch.



Our Man In Boston



J. C. Hickson, the Bangor and Aroostook's man in Boston, pauses to cross busy Washington Street in the heart of the Hub.

He signs his name J. Charles Hickson (mostly to keep people from confusing him with his father), but the people in the bustling produce terminals of Charleston, South Boston, New York and Philadelphia know him as Charlie. He's assistant to the vice president-marketing but he doesn't look as much like a sales executive as he does a mariner. There are valid reasons for this because Charlie Hickson was graduated from Maine Maritime Academy and did go to sea for three years, one year as third mate in a merchant ship and two years in naval ships. He was executive officer on an LSM during his last year in Uncle Sam's navy.

The look of the sea has never quite worn off, nor has a suggestion of military bearing that clings to those who are exposed to it and live it during a certain period of their lives. It is this subtle quality of leadership that has made this prematurely-grey, 6 ft., 3 in. giant respected and liked among the widely-different people he does business with in the great market areas of the east.

IT'S A RAILROAD FAMILY

Charlie Hickson comes from a railroad family. His father, Joseph C., is an engineer for the Maine Central Railroad with 50 years of service and two of his uncles, William and Edward, were both 50-year Maine Central men. He began his own railroad career in 1953 after receiving his BA degree in business administration from the University of Maine and a two-year hitch as a naval officer. His first Bangor and Aroostook assignment was as traveling car service agent, a job that kept him away from home for as long as two weeks at a time. He became

used to living out of a suitcase in the compartment of a Pullman car. Much of the work could only be done at night and it often required as much nimbleness of foot as of wit to move unscathed through the great rail yards he visited in his task of keeping Bangor and Aroostook cars moving. Part of his job was to research new and better methods of loading potatoes and it was here, in quest of damage-free loading methods, that he began learning the transportation aspects of the potato business.

In 1956, he decided that selling railroad transportation held more challenge for him than the often lonely job of chasing the BAR's refrigerator cars across the country. He became a sales supervisor in Houlton and covered potato customers, l.c.l. and the Great Northern Paper Company in the central area from Mars Hill to Millinocket. A year later, he became sales supervisor in Presque Isle with similar duties. Here, however, he concentrated largely on potato customers and food processors.

His wide experience in loading methods and with handling procedures at the terminals throughout the area that receives Maine potatoes gained him an immediate entree in railroad sales. Not only that, he liked it and when he made a call you knew that he liked it. As any salesman knows, if you know your product and like the work, the fight is more than half won.

During the four years he spent as a sales supervisor, Charlie Hickson's unfailing courtesy and his persistent, soft sell won friends and business for the railroad. During that time, he saw a need for a car that would apply the principles

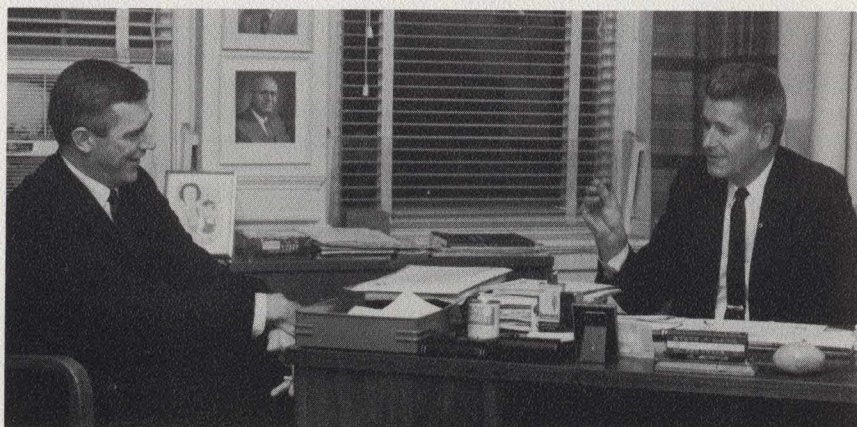
of automation to the handling of potatoes in bulk quantities, and pushed for such a project. The final bulk potato car was the work of Charlie Hickson and Mechanical Engineer Harold Hanson, in cooperation with industry leaders and it has become a much-used and useful piece of specialized equipment for potato processors and other users of bulk potatoes.

When he was offered the newly-created position of assistant to the regional vice president-sales with responsibility for off-line sales, he accepted and moved to Hampton, New Hampshire, only an hour away from Boston where much of his work would be. The change was not so great as it might seem. He would deal with those who ship them, but there would be no great difference except that making a sales call now became a matter more complicated, in the physical sense, than in Aroostook County. Where, in Presque Isle, he could reach most of his customers within a few minutes, Boston, New York and Philadelphia became another matter. With an automobile, there's always the problems of traffic and parking. Out of Boston, without the automobile, there are the uncertainties of air travel and taxis.

LIKE A TAXI DRIVER

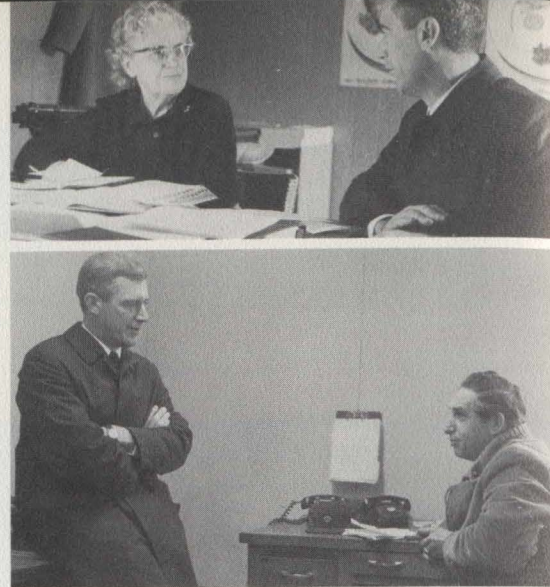
Within months, he was getting about his base city, Boston, with the aplomb, if not the asperity, of a native taxi driver. He was also learning his way about the market place with all its complex relationships and taboos. He knew most of the people who received Maine potatoes on a first-name basis. More important, his customers remembered the tall, soft-spoken young man who always had the

Below, Leo Young, of Leo Young, Inc., checks out some potato rates with Charlie Hickson during a sales call. In the years he has spent in the produce markets of the east, Charlie Hickson has built a wide circle of friends and customers. Below, right, he chats with Frank Day, potato buyer for First National Stores, Charleston. In the highly-competitive produce business, you sometimes have to talk with the boss where you find him, and it's not always easy to do that either. Center, Charlie Hickson talks with Sandy Pastern, manager of the Triple A Packing Corporation, Medford. One of the hazards of off-line sales work is communication failure. Vice President-Marketing Howard L. Cousins, Jr., and Hickson, bottom, hold frequent briefings on sales problems and developments.





Hickson's duties run a wide gamut from sales and service calls to trouble-shooting. Left, He watches as Boston Produce Czar Francis J. Reardon personally inspects a newly-received shipment of Maine potatoes. Top, right, a special friend of Charlie Hickson's is Mrs. Lillian Neary, of the M. J. McCarthy Company in Charleston. Mrs. Neary is the Hub's only lady produce dealer. At right, Bob Lesco, of the J. Jacobs Company, of Charleston, and Hickson discuss prospects of Maine potatoes for the coming season.



answers from among the hundreds who called on them in the teeming markets. The job was broader than his previous responsibilities. Besides potatoes, he was responsible for calling on receivers of papers, petroleum customers and others.

It has been four years since Charlie Hickson took over off-line sales. And during that time he has been making friends for the railroad in his unassuming way. He considers part of his job to be sales and part as a kind of intelligence agent to keep Bangor and Aroostook management informed of the attitudes and the changing needs of the potato market.

A COMPETITIVE BUSINESS

"The produce business is the most competitive I have seen," he explains. "Half of a cent per bag often means the difference between a profitable transaction and an unprofitable one. There are many cases where the only thing that makes a sale is when you can save a customer that difference, times when accepted sales approaches just don't work."

But he has learned the attitudes well and adapted his approach to them. He's the kind of salesman who keeps on going back after an unsuccessful first and, even, second attempt. It isn't always easy to do, but it works for him. In sales work, it's important to have the kind of personality and drive that can see the task and go about it

without needing direction and encouragement from others. In the jargon of the tribe it's known as being a self starter. It's a quality that's several times more critical for the man who's working away from the home office and others of his kind. He must be able to visualize his task and go about it without impetus from others. Charlie Hickson is one of this rare breed of men. Most people need the incentive that comes from competition or association with colleagues, but he prefers to work alone. Perhaps the qualities that made him an able skipper also make him a competent salesman.

His sales philosophy combines the subtlety of a soft sell with a bulldog persistence and he has needed it. In the produce terminals, there is little time for pleasantries and the man who bruises easily is in for a hard time. It's a tough arena for a salesman and he has to be tough to survive it. Those who do, win the respect of the keepers of that hard temple. Charlie Hickson feels that the missionary work he's doing in the produce terminals is important and that it's paying dividends for the railroad and so does his boss Vice President-Marketing Howard L. Cousins, Jr.

TRANSPORTATION CHANGED

"The competitive character of transportation has changed so much that we could not possibly afford not to be represented with off-line solicitation, "Cousins

says. "The off-line selling job that Charlie Hickson is doing is both a missionary kind of job and a vital part of our sales effort."

To cover his beat, Charlie Hickson ranges as far west as Chicago and as far south as Washington, covering as many as 75,000 miles a year. It's still a hectic round of hurrying and, often, cooling your heels in someone's reception room. And there is, too, an aloneness to the job that makes one think wistfully of a nice, secure 8 to 5 routine. But there's always another airplane to somewhere, a cab to catch, a customer to talk with.

A DEMANDING MISTRESS

It's the kind of life that breeds its own excitement as well as its occasional moments of boredom. To those who do not venture from a comfortable job with stable hours, such a life is incomprehensible. To those who have tasted its heady excitement, it is a demanding an alluring mistress.

Few people ever achieve completely that euphoric state of complete happiness. Those who come close are the ones who are intelligent enough and those who are lucky enough to be doing something that provides a greater satisfaction than just a paycheck. Charlie Hickson may not have reached that goal, but he's doing one of the two jobs that he likes best. The other would be on the bridge of a ship.

Looking At Safety

By CECIL E. GARCELON

Safety meetings are practically a way of life for American industry, so ingrained has the method become. There's a good reason for it, too. People working at a specific task usually know more about it than anyone else, including the hazards involved and the best way to avoid them. It's a good basic procedure for any effective safety program.

We were surprised to discover the minutes of such a safety meeting that antedates our association with the railroad's safety program. There are some suggestions that may sound familiar:

DEBRIS ON TRACK

A trainman reported that repairs had just been made to a potato house at Mars Hill and old pieces of waste lumber and shingles had been thrown down on the track and between the track and the building... a hazard to the feet of unwary trainmen, he concluded.

Another trainman reported that the locking device on the turntables at St. Francis and Van Buren was out of commission and had been for some time.

A section foreman observed that the adzes furnished was of poor quality and that the handles are not shaped for best usage.

Another section foreman suggested that a gasoline storage building should be provided at Grand Isle so that gasoline wouldn't have to be kept in the car house.

The meeting concluded with some timely admonitions on safe practice: don't couple hose while the train is in motion, don't get on or off the head end of cabooses, don't get on the leading

footboard of engines in motion, don't stand too close to the end of cars while riding on the top, and don't stand between cars while making hitches or reach over the draw bar to turn angle cock while the train is in motion.

If the suggestions sound familiar and timely to you, as they did to me, you're in for a surprise. This particular safety meeting was held in November of 1918, some 45 years ago.

For those whose memories might be hazy about this distant time the Bangor and Aroostook, along with all other American railroads, was under government control as an emergency wartime measure of the government. The government agency was the U.S. Railroad administration who printed the booklet.

The safety organization of that day was comprised of five different committees who held safety meetings with all representative employees of the road and made recommendations on the suggestions submitted. The General Committee met monthly to act on suggestions. Its membership evokes nostalgic memories. Serving on the committee were: Maintenance engineer P. C. Newbegin, Superintendent J. B. McMann, Superintendent W. K. Hallett, Trainmaster F. A. Andrews, Trainmaster J. P. Darling, Roadmaster B. S. Archibald, Conductor Harold F. Fletcher, Trainman H. D. Corbin, Sheet Metal Worker Charles Hurd, Clerk George West, Section Foreman John Burton, and Section Foreman G. H. Goddard.

CONCERNED WITH SAFETY

It seems very strange when one realizes that these men were as preoccupied with safety as we are today and that they faced many of the same prob-

lems. Some of the suggestions might well have come out of last week's safety meeting, rather than one held 45 years ago. At first thought, one might feel that this similarity is somewhat disheartening, that we have not moved forward in 45 years.

But, on more careful consideration, we realize that just the opposite of this is true. We recognize safety hazards for what they are: dangers hidden from the unwary by their very ordinary part in our workaday lives. We are so accustomed to them that we lose our fear. Then we become an accident statistic waiting to happen. The very fact that we recognize these commonplace hazards and key our safety efforts in this direction is the best indication of our progress.

RECORDS NOT AVAILABLE

The safety records for the year 1918 are not available, nor are they for any year before 1951 when we initiated our formal safety program. At that time though, we were suffering nearly 500 personal injuries a year. By 1962, we had reduced that number to 93, which proves that safety is something we can do something about.

The intervening 45 years since that 1918 safety meeting have been years of enlightenment and progress in industrial safety. Many of us are walking about, working and enjoying the good life, who wouldn't have been if all this effort hadn't been put into the safety movement.

As we begin a new year, it's a good time to remember that the reason we are doing well is because we're working at safety, thinking about it and practicing it.

The slate is wiped clean for 1964. Let's keep it that way.

It Took More Than One To Get Into This Kind Of Trouble



By SID SHARPE

Willie Westover was a section hand at Howe Brook in the happy early days when the Ashland Branch and the famed old Gin Train were making history for Mister Burleigh's railroad. Willie was a good section hand. And he was a good citizen and a good feller. But he was no preferred exception to Lady Luck's nailed down rule that sooner or later in a man's career he's got to pull some kind of a stupid boner, or commit some embarrassing social error, which will qualify him for full fledged membership in the Goofy Club. And when it came Willie's turn to put his foot in it, he drove it in clear up to his knee. And Old Lady Luck lowered the boob's boom and smote Willie with it right between the face and eyes.

Of any malicious motive, or intent to commit an act of vandalism, Willie was just as innocent as Station Agent Angus MacDougal was the time Angus, a bit excited by the event, failed to leave a space between the two dots in the letter o when he wired the Super's office to report that a passenger on the Gin Train had shot himself. Willie was no habitual delinquent. No previous act of his had been worse than knocking off a deer in closed season, and in Howe Brook's public regard that crime was a mild one. It was

more or less deemed to be an act of self-defense—in defense of one's self and neighbors against the possibility of famine when stomachs would get to revolting against a steady intake of beef and trout and fiddle-head greens.

Willie's encounter with Lady Luck's boom was like most all momentous and calamitous events, the culmination of a series of freakish circumstances. First there was the incident that Willie's wife had gone to visit her folks, and Willie was alone and doing his own cooking. A role in which Willie was a fair to middlin' flop. And the steady diet of pancakes and venison, both cooked in bacon fat, finally evolved into a bad digestive problem. So that on the fateful night, along about midnight, it behooved Willie to get up and go down stairs to get a dose of soda. And another link in the chain—which would be of no consequence if it were only a spare link and not a vital part of the chain—was the fact that Willie had gone to bed clad in nothing but a very short tailed undershirt.

Another circumstance was a neighborhood dog named Skinflint. With the same casual indifference with which Skinflint bore his moniker, he sustained some other unique characteristics as well. He was, in a literal sense of the term, a watchdog.

Which is to say that watching things as they moved, and events as they took place, was what Skinflint liked best to do. If a porcupine was feasting on a housewife's mop handle, or a skunk was fixin' to water the geraniums in someone's windowbox, or a vagrant was stealing the button off'm some Howe Brooker's backhouse door, Skinflint would want to be there to watch it when it was done. He wouldn't interfere, because one of his peculiar characteristics was a belief in minding his own business. But he was also characterized with the fear that he might sometime miss something. Which apprehension made him a good watchdog.

THERE WAS TODD'S CAR

And then there stood President Percy R. Todd's private car right there on the sidetrack not far from the house where Willie lived. The trump link in Lady Luck's chain, in Willie's opinion—as Willie was later to volubly express that opinion—they had no business putting the darned car there in the first place. It seemed to Willie that if a man was smart enough to be president of a railroad, he ought, by kindred qualities, to be logical enough to figure that Portage, or Winterville or Eagle Lake would be better places to take a group of New York guests on a fishing trip. Or if all they wanted to do was play poker, and spell each other at the arduous task of operating the cocktail shaker, the darned car could just as well have been left in its customary parking place in the yard at Northern Maine Junction.

But Old Lady Luck was running the show her way, and placing each link in the position where it would do the most good. The car was right there where she wanted it to be. And Skinflint was right on his job. Willie was 99 percent nude, and he was downstairs in the kitchen consulting Doctor Armen Hammer. And about the time Willie let go with his third good belch, he chanced to look out the window into the moonlit night, and there was another important link—a skunk skulk-

ing around in Willie's dooryard. The stage was all set. And Lady Luck was patting herself on the back, and grinning.

Had Willie only known what portended, he could have prudently let off another belch or two and gone back to bed instead of glomring right out into the path of catastrophe. But Willie didn't know. As he stood there looking out the window, regarding the skunk and contemplating the great debt of gratitude the world owed that great benefactor Dr. Armen Hammer, there seemed to be something about the menacing poise of the skunk's tail and the critter's general appearance and reputation, which didn't set just right on Willie's reflections. He figured that in the total tally of polecats there was one skunk too many. So he went to the cabinet behind the chimney and got his shotgun.

Meanwhile the industrious watchdog had been keeping dutifully on the job; watching what little there had been to watch in the so-far uneventful night. He had been to the sawmill for his regular night visit with the night fireman; had received the customary handout from that good friend's lunch bucket; had expressed appropriate wagtail gratitude; had taken a brief shuteye on the warm bricks of the top-feed furnace; had exploded out of a convulsive nightmare; had shaken the drool from his dangling tongue and hauled it in, and after wetting down the sawdust pile so it wouldn't generate spontaneous combustion and burn the mill down, he had saluted the fireman with his tail and then departed.

A MEANDERING COURSE

Then Skinflint had taken a meandering course out through the lumber yard, out onto the track, on up the line to the station to sit briefly on the platform to think things over, and then he crossed the track and went by the end of Todd's car and took the path leading toward Willie's house. He found a place that suited him not far from Willie's door, and there he flopped contentedly on his belly.

He contemplated the streak of dazzling beauty the moon had painted across the placid surface of the lake. With only mild annoyance he watched a freight train come raging from a gap in that mysterious immensity to the north, to go rumbling and screeching through town—the engineer hanging to the whistle cord like he was drowning and someone had tossed him a rope—to quickly disappear again from sight, and presently from hearing, in still another mysterious crevice in the dark forest to the south. All quite commonplace to Skinflint.

SKUNK IMPASSIVE

Even when the skunk appeared in Willie's dooryard, Skinflint remained impassive and unmoved. Some canine instinct may have urged him to give the critter a whirl, but he knew that co-existence with varmints armed with squirt-guns and quills was more prodent than the one-dog crusade of extermination he had once tried. So he just lay there and tended to his watchdog job.

And then he saw Willie. And he saw the gun in the crook of Willie's arm. He caught no significance in the pale glow of Willie's bare legs and hips in the moonlight, but an instinct seemed to suggest that the gun, and Willie's stealthily movements, and the skunk's wary behavior as it moved down across the grass plot toward Todd's car, presaged some possible event that might be worth a good watchdog's watching.

He saw the skunk pause in the ditch beside Todd's car, where the varmint seemed to be occupied with some object—a tin can or something, and he was watching Willie when Willie went down that way for a little distance and stopped and stood there waiting for the skunk to move either up or down the track to a point where he could fire at it without shooting at the car. And as Willie was standing there, in a stooped position, tensely alert, peering and waiting, the watchdog became sufficiently interested to get up off his belly and approach his chum Willie.

Skinflint's padded footsteps were as muted and silent as drifting mist on dewy grass. He moved along and approached Willie from behind, while Willie was quite unaware that any living creature other than himself and the skunk was around, and in his typical fashion of doing things contrary to logical prediction, Skinflint pressed his cold nose firmly against Willie's starknaked and sensitive posterior.

If a crow-sized bumble bee, armed with a red hot stinger, had stabbed Willie in that same place, Willie could not have been activated more speedily. The yell that escaped him could be likened to the death scream of a wildcat, or a bear trying to rid himself of a trap, or the explosion of a switching engine's boiler. One description of an indescribable hullabaloo is as good

as another. And you can be sure that Old Lady Luck had all the gears timed and coincided just right, so that at the precise moment at the end of the count-down, Willie's gun, and the skunk's gun too, would both be pointed at a window in Todd's palacial car. And when, in that absurd tumult of fright and surprise, Willie unconsciously squeeze the trigger, the startled rosewater kitty squeeze his trigger at the same time. They both shot the works; letting go with all they had. And both shots found the bullseye right plumb center.

Due in part to President Todd's sense of humor but due mostly perhaps to a relenting impulse in Lady Luck's capricious nature, Willie didn't get tied in a bag and tossed in the lake. He didn't even get fired. But the beautiful friendship

that had always existed between a good section hand and a busy watchdog, came darned near blowing up like a woodshed flying apart in a cyclone.

"Next time you pull a caper like that on me, Skinny Boy," said Willie, when in a few days subsequent to the event he had Skinflint on the carpet, "I'm gonna whittle you down to about the size of a chipmunk and make you over into one o' them Santy Claus dogs that has to be wound up with a key before he can even budge one of his toes. I'll wind you up just once, just to see what kind of a dido you'll cut up, and then I'll throw the key away.

"Now you go on ahead there, and walk in front of me instead of behind me, and we'll go in the house and fix us a feed of pancakes and deersteak. Put on a banquet for all the Howe Brook goofs—you'n me."

In The Family

Engineering Department

The following students of BAR families are on the honor roll of Houlton High School as announced recently: *Norman P. Swales*, son of Chief Engineer and Mrs. P. H. Swales; *Daniel W. Powell*, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Powell; and *Lawrence Veysey*, son of Mechanic and Mrs. Lawrence Veysey.

Roger Randall, assistant engineer, Houlton, was recently appointed chairman of the Houlton Citizens Advisory Group. Mr. Randall succeeds *Aubrey McLaughlin*, executive director of H. R. D. C., who resigned on Sept. 16.

Our sympathy to the family of Trackman *Labana H. Porter* (ret.), who died Nov. 10. Mr. Porter was a trackman at Grindstone and Millinocket for many years. Funeral services were held Nov. 13 at Patten with Rev. *Silas Chidester* officiating.

Our sympathy to the family of Section Foreman *Jacob B. Porter* (ret.) who died Dec. 12. Mr. Porter began work as trackman at Grindstone, was promoted to section foreman in 1910, in which capacity he was employed at Sherman, Patten and Brownville until his retirement. He was brother of trackman *Labana H. Porter*. Masonic funeral services were held at Brownville on Dec. 17, with Rev. *John W. Meisner* officiating.

Gerald Bourgoin who is attending Husson College in Bangor, spent the holidays at the home of his parents, Foreman Sect. 474 and Mrs. *Leonard Bourgoin* in Van Buren.

Carpenter and Mrs. *Maurice Mayo* of Milo, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, *Sandra Lea Mayo* to *Donald R. Lancaster*, son of Mr. and Mrs. *Reuben Lancaster, Jr.* of Milo. Miss Mayo is a senior at Milo High School.

Mr. Lancaster is a graduate of Milo High School in the class of 1960 and is employed by the Beth Page Photo News at Beth Page, N. Y.

A summer wedding is planned.

Foreman *L. M. Pinette*, Fort Kent, received his gold pass during the track inspection Oct. 30. Mr. Pinette commented in a letter to Maine Line that it has been a pleasure to work for the BAR forty years, his only regret being that his work as section foreman is drawing to a close. He mentions changes over the years in the manner of track work being executed, which he has found required considerable adjustment at times but feels the new methods are superior.

P.F.C. *Ronald P. Lyford*, son of Section Foreman and Mrs. *M. E. Lyford* of Brownville, received his Army discharge at Fort Dix, N. J. November 27, after having completed his tour of duty. He has resumed his former work at Hart-

land, where he, his wife and son are now residing.

Guests of Sect. Foreman and Mrs. *Merle Lyford* of Brownville, during Thanksgiving holidays were guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. *Roland Stride*, and daughter, *Cheryl*, of Prospect, Conn., another son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. *Eddie Carlson*, and daughter *Diane*, of Charlton, Mass., and *Harry Stride*, also of Prospect, Conn. Other Thanksgiving dinner guests were their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. *Ronald Lyford*, and son, *Roger*, their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. *Reginald Knowles*, and children *Laurie* and *Gary*, and another son, *David Lyford*, all of Hartland. Another son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. *Austin Lyford* and children, *Darrell*, *Lisa* and *Mike*, of Bangor, were callers during the day.

Our sympathy to the family of Trackman *John B. Wade* (ret.) who died Dec. 21. Mr. Wade was a trackman at Glenburn for many years. Funeral services were held Dec. 23 at the Brookings-Smith Funeral Home, Bangor, with Rev. *Harry Hubbing* officiating.

Trackman *Zadoc B. Russell* (ret.) of Smyrna Mills celebrated his 73rd birthday Nov. 30 at his home. Present at the open house were his wife, *Helen*, his son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. *Zadoc E. Russell*, granddaughter *Frances* and great granddaughter *Karen*, all of Ma-



Conductor *Ralph D. Hills*, Belfast, retired Dec. 17. He is a veteran of 46 years Bangor and Aroostook service. Conductor Hills is a native of Bangor and attended Bangor and Brewer schools. He is married and is a member of the Masonic Bodies and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

rion, Conn.; *George Russell* and sons *Zadoc* and *Wayne* of Brownville; *Leeman* of Fort Dix, N. J.; a grandson and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. *Jerome Russell* of Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. *Clayton Carpenter* of Meriden, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. *Hubert Furrow*, Mr. and Mrs. *Joseph Mitchell*, Mr. and Mrs. *Maurice Mooney* and daughter, *Darnelle Hamm*, Mr. and Mrs. *Leo Roy* and son *Derwood*, Mrs. *Lester Ewings*, *Delmont Noyes*, *Horace Russell* and family, *Daniel Russell* and daughter *Jerri Lynn*, Mr. and Mrs. *Earl McKee*, all of Smyrna; and Miss *Brenda Osnoe* of Island Falls.

Congratulations to Section Foreman *Frank Wright* (ret.) of Houlton, who was 91 years old on Nov. 6. Mr. Wright is remarkably keen and active. His son, *Herman L. Wright*, is roadmaster on Dist. 3, Houlton. His grandson, *Herman L. Wright, Jr.* is a trackman at Westfield, and *Robert L. Davis*, husband of his granddaughter, drives a U. S. Mail truck for the BAR.

Traffic Department

Tariff Clerk *Lou Kitchen*, is back to work after being out for two weeks with a back ailment.

Mickey Scanlin, son of Traffic Analyst *M. T. Scanlin*, is enrolled at the University of Maine in Forestry Management.

Hugh Goodness and *Norman Tardif* are attending the American University's Railroad Management Institute to be held in Washington, D. C. January 13th to 24th.

The final round of the BAR Bridge Tournament was finalized December 20 when the team of *Goodness* and *Kitchen* of the Traffic Department defeated the team of *Cross* and *Scanlin* by a convincing majority. Play will resume at *Joe Cross'* home following the holidays. Bridge Club members are: *Don Breen*, *Andy Caswell*, *Joe Cross*, *Hugh Goodness*, *Lou Kitchen*, *Walt McCarthy*, *Leo Matheson*, *Tom Scanlin*, *Earle Trainor*, and *Jim Wiseman*.

Accounting Department

Mrs. *Ellen R. Rogan*, 248 Maple Street, Bangor, daughter of the late *John* and *Nora Whalen*, and *Earle H. Kelley*, son of Mrs. *Huldah Kelley* of Lamoine and Ellsworth and the late *Adelbert M. Kelley*, were married in St. John's Catholic Church rectory November 30, at 4 o'clock. The Very Reverend *James H. Keegan* officiated using the single ring service. Mrs. *E. Earl Hamm* was matron of honor and Mr. *Hamm* was best man.

Pink gladioli, carnations and heather decorated the home of the bride for a family reception following the wedding. Mrs. *Richard Shaughnessy* and Miss *Georgia Soucie* assisted in serving.

The couple left by motor for a wedding trip and are now at home to friends at 248 Maple Street. The bride was graduated from Bangor High School and Gilman Commercial School. Mr. Kelley was also graduated from Bangor High School, is a member of the Tar-ratine Club and the Bangor-Waterville Chapter of the National Association of Accountants. He is assistant general auditor of the Bangor and Aroostook with offices in the General Office of the company in Bangor.

Key Punch Operator *Cora Pelky* enjoyed a two-week's vacation trip during the Christmas holidays at Sharps Army Depot, Lathrop, California with her daughter and family, Captain and Mrs. *Kenneth Eaton* and daughters *Deanna* and *Susan*.

Chief Clerk *Charles T. Campbell* of the Freight Audit Department and Mrs. *Campbell* enjoyed a trip to New York City for their Fall vacation during the first part of November.

Supervisory Agent *Melvin J. Arnold*, Northern Maine Junction, receives a gift from President *W. Jerome Strout* at a retirement party in his honor December 31. He has 41 years of service. Mr. Arnold was born at Marysville, N. B. and became a telegraph operator for the BAR in 1922. During World I he served in the Canadian Field Artillery in France and Northern Russia. His first railroad service was with the CNR as a telegraph operator.



When Miss *Mary A. Sullivan*, secretary to four Bangor and Aroostook presidents, retired December 27, there was one gift that was strictly a surprise to her. President *W. Jerome Strout* presented Miss Sullivan with a 40-year service pin. She was wearing a 25-year service pin and lacked only a short time for completing the requirement for a 40-year pin.

Clerk *Terry Fahey*, Freight Audit Section, was the guest of honor at a bachelor party recently held at *Joe Cross'* camp in Hermon. Those attending were *Lee Barrett*, *Mervyn Johnston*, *Don Andrews*, *Jim Wiseman*, *Richard Thompson*, *Leo Matheson*, *Joe Cross*, *Owen Gould*, *Andrew Caswell*, *Don Breen*, *Ernie Steel*, *Stan Weston*, *Win Bracy*, *Ronnie Condon*, *Bill Cutler*, *George Wheeldon*, *Curly Keaton* and *Peter Hall*.

Miss *Delores Theresa St. Peter*, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Ligorie St. Peter* of Greenville, became the bride of *Terrence E. Fahey*, son of Mrs. *Amanda Fahey*



Superintendent D. Keith Lilley congratulates Conductor William S. Derry, Hermon, on his retirement November 24. Conductor Derry was born in Hermon, November 8, 1898 and entered service as a brakeman on August 26, 1918. He became a conductor October 27, 1942.



Private Herbert J. Nadeau, son of Sales Supervisor Gus Nadeau, Presque Isle, recently spent the Holidays with his parents. Pvt. Nadeau enlisted in the Army, July 8 and took his basic training at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He has also attended Administrative School at Fort Riley, Kansas.

and the late Joseph M. Fahey of Greenville Junction, Nov. 9 at the Holy Family Catholic Church.

The double ring morning ceremony was performed by the Rev. Antonin Fortier. Traditional wedding music was played by Mrs. Rose Nelson of Monson. Soloist was Mrs. Virginia Perry.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. Miss Phyllis St. Peter, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Other attendants were Mrs. Frances Curcio, neice of the bridegroom, and Miss Bernadette Martin of Caribou, neice of the bride. George Wheeldon, Jr., of Bangor was best man. Ushers were Robert Fahey and Valmont Saucier.

Immediately following the ceremony, a reception was held at the I.O.O.F.

Hall, which was decorated with white wedding bells, flowers and streamers. Following the cutting of the wedding cake by the bridal couple, refreshments were served by Mrs. Josephine Donaher, Mrs. Marie Wheeldon, Miss Phyllis St. Peter, Miss Mary Donaher and Miss Sheila Kealiher. Robert Fahey and Mrs. Bernice Strid presided at the punch bowls. The guest book was in charge of Mrs. Frances Curcio.

The bride is a 1963 graduate of Greenville High School. The bridegroom graduated from Greenville High School in 1954 and from Husson College in 1962. He served four years in the U. S. Air Force, and is employed in the Accounting Department, Freight Audit Division.

Following a trip to Canada by car, the couple now reside at 54 Mt. Hope Avenue, Bangor.

General Tax Accountant Owen Gould, and E. J. Cross, assistant, attended a Tax Forum at Northeastern University in Boston on November 15 and 16. They also had the opportunity to visit the Bale Pin Co., newest member of the B.A.C. family.

Robert E. Clukey, supervisor of the I.B.M. Bureau, was recently elected to the Advisory Council of the Railroad for the year 1964. E. Joseph Cross was re-elected to that Council at the same meeting.

G. Victor Vereaut, until recently a patient at the Veteran's Hospital in Togus, has returned to his home at 26 Blake Street in Brewer. Presently convalescing, Vic would like to hear from or enjoy a visit from his friends and co-workers in the Accounting Department.

Mechanical Department

The many friends of Retired Assistant to Mechanical Superintendent H. Allen Monroe were sorry to hear of his accident in which he received a broken leg. Allen is convalescing at his home in Milo. His many friends will be glad to see him out around again.

Our sympathy to Retired Sheet Metal Worker A. E. Lovell on the death of his father, Walter Lovell, 95, after a long period of ill health.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Thurlow of Veazie, on the birth of a son at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, Nov. 8. The grandparents are A.A.R. Car Accountant and Mrs. R. D. Burton, Derby.

The many friends of Carpenter Freeman J. Squirrel, Milo, (Ret), were sorry to hear of his death at the home of his niece, Mrs. Eva Gregory, Old Town, after a long period of ill health. Freeman entered the employ of the Bangor and Aroostook R. R. May 4, 1923 and retired Feb. 15, 1950. Our sympathy to his family.

Laborer and Mrs. B. J. Worster, Milo, spent the Christmas weekend with their son Robert and family in Orange, Mass.

Friends of Malcolm G. Pickett were sorry to hear of his death at his home in Hampden Highlands. He was born in Prospect, July 10, 1909, the son of Gardiner A. and Lillian E. Pickett. He attended school in Millinocket and Bangor. He was employed as a night foreman at the Bangor and Aroostook Roundhouse, Northern Maine Junction, and had worked for the Railroad for 36 years. Funeral services were held at the White and Hayes Funeral Home, Bangor, with the Rev. Calvin T. Hayes officiating. Burial was in Millinocket. Our sympathy to his family.

Retired Blacksmith and Mrs. S. M. Brown, Derby, spent the month of December in Norfolk, Virginia, visiting their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Clark.

O. C. Leighton, Brewer, and D. A. Ruby, Milo have joined the Bangor and Aroostook family at Northern Maine Junction, as electricians.

Electrician Conrad W. Perry, Northern Maine Junction has been promoted to night foreman, filling the vacancy caused by the death of M. G. Pickett.

Clerk C. A. Hamilton, Northern Maine Junction Diesel Shop has been elected to the board of trustees of the James A. Taylor Osteopathic Hospital, Bangor. Hamilton was also elected to Corporate Board as secretary-clerk of Corporation.

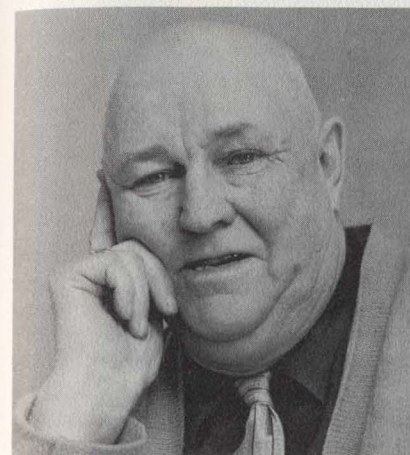
Carman Gang Leader Donald E. Helstrom was the only lucky hunter in the Mechanical Department crew, Milli-

nocket, to shoot a deer this past hunting season.

Those in the Mechanical Department Millinocket who have recently purchased motor driven snow sleds and are looking forward to fun in the snow this winter are: General Foreman Charles S. Burgess and Carman M. J. Levesque, Jr., F. E. Michaud and R. K. Tinkham.

Clerk Chester Michaud of the Mechanical Dept. at Millinocket has been elected Adjutant of Donald E. Elliot Post #4154 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Millinocket.

Transportation Department



We were sorry to hear of the death of retired engineer John V. Anderson, 71, at Plant City, Florida, Nov. 2. Mr. Anderson was an engineer for the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad for over 40 years and retired October 15, 1957. He was born at Lambert Lake, October 15, 1892 and was a member of several Masonic Bodies and Anah Temple Shrine of Bangor. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mable Paradis Anderson, a brother, Gene, of Lowell, Mass.; a sister, Mrs. Jennie Carver, Meriden, Conn.; a daughter, Mrs. Geraldine Brewer, New Rochelle, New York; and four sons, Glenn, Larchmont, New York; John M., Methuen, Mass.; Harry, Barre, Vt.; and Herbert, Massena, New York.

When Jack Anderson retired he sent us a poem which we reprint here in memory of a good railroader and a good friend:

I started as a fireman in 1910,
And I've been riding the engine ever since then.
I've fired them big and I've fired them small . . .
From the rawhide freight to the canon ball.

BAR NEWS BRIEFS

(Continued from page 3)

When Curtis M. Hutchins became president of the Railroad in 1948, she remained as secretary and again in 1957, when W. Gordon Robertson assumed the office. She concludes her career as secretary to W. Jerome Strout, who became President in 1962.

The New Haven, B&M and old C.P., Even took a fling at the Sante Fe, But the best of all I'll truthfully say, Was the well-kept power on the B&A. The coal I shovelled on all those runs, Would be just about 50 thousand tons. I've met lots of good friends with waves and smiles,

In riding the engines over a million miles.

Many times my back felt like it was broke,

And my eyes were filled with clinkers and smoke.

But in all this time in miles you'll see, I've only had one minor injury!

So, to beat that record I hope you'll strive,

To ride engines 45 years and stay alive.

Jack V. Anderson, Engineer

Conductor V. L. Terrio retired last month and sent us a letter which we found interesting. We are printing it because, his nearly 48 years Bangor and Aroostook service have made him well known to many in the Bangor and Aroostook family:

I was born in Sherman 1899 and grew up near the B&A tracks. During the summer of 1911, the B&A bought a gravel pit at Crystal. John Small and Wilbur Kelley were the two conductors on the gravel train and one day asked me if I would like to go for a ride in the caboose. Like any small boy, I was thrilled.

So my first ride on a freight train was down to Sherman, then on the old Patten Branch. It was an exciting trip for a boy 12 years old. A couple of years later my school chum and I use to come from school at 12 noon. At that time 41 and 42 used to run on schedule and meet at Crystal. It was our custom to get on the caboose and give 41 a highball on the North Switch then come back and get on 42's caboose and ride back to the highway. We'd go home for lunch, if there was any time left, and then back to school.

But one day in the fall, 42 had a crippled flat car behind the caboose. My chum slipped when getting off and the flat car amputated his right leg just above the ankle. I was so frightened I did not go near trains again for nearly two weeks. Then I started giving 41 a highball on the North Switch again. One Saturday night, a southbound freight train stopped at Crystal behind No. 8 with a hotbox. Another chum of mine and I decided we'd ride to Sherman. It was a good idea, but the train didn't stop at Sherman for water and the Engineer must have thought they did a good inspection job at Crystal. I had a flashlight and gave him a stop signal

all the way from Sherman to Siberia to no effect. We decided to get off, finally, when they slowed up on the nubblie at Siberia, (it would be too much of a walk from Millinocket back to Crystal). I made it off all right, but my chum fell and skinned himself up quite badly. After we shook ourselves to make sure we were in one piece, we walked back to Sherman, went over to the store, bought a bag of peanuts and two oranges, and then checked at the station for trains. We found that there were no Northbounds that were stopping at Sherman so had to walk all the way back to Crystal. We arrived at 3 A.M. Sunday morning and found most of the town folks were debating what had happened to me and my pal and were trying to decide which way to go looking for us.

During the summer of 1914 I worked on the section for Frank Chamberlain, section foreman there at that time. That fall I went to school at Patten Academy. In 1916 I decided to ask Mr. W. K. Hallett, the super of the B&A, for a job as a brakeman. I went to work that day, September 13, and have continued with the B&A except one year in the U. S. Navy during World War I.

Yard Clerk Ivan L. Hunt, Northern Maine Junction, retired Dec. 17 after 31 years Bangor and Aroostook service. He is a native of Hermon and entered BAR service as a clerk in 1932. His prior railroad service dates back to Sept. 20, 1917, when he entered service with the Maine Central Railroad. Mr. Hunt is married and makes his home in Hermon.

CONTRIBUTORS

Leonard Bourgoin

Merle E. Lyford

Lionel M. Pinette

Harold Mountain

Mervyn Johnston

Helen Brissette

Mildred McNaughton

C. A. Hamilton

Chester Michaud

Supt. D. K. Lilley congratulates Conductor V. L. Terrio in his retirement.



"Ship right
this way,
Sir!"



You get the best treatment for your potatoes when you ship by Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. Special potato cars, insulated and pre-heated in cold weather, provide the dependable and economical transportation you want.

Other features when you ship B & A are diversion privileges, tracing and expediting service and two free days at destination. Cars are placed for you when you want them, a convenience that can save you time and money.

Low potato rates in 50,000 lb. loads is another good reason for shipping by Bangor and Aroostook Railroad.

The RAIL way is the RIGHT way to ship Maine Potatoes

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