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Bangor Hydro Electric Company

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BANGOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC NEWS

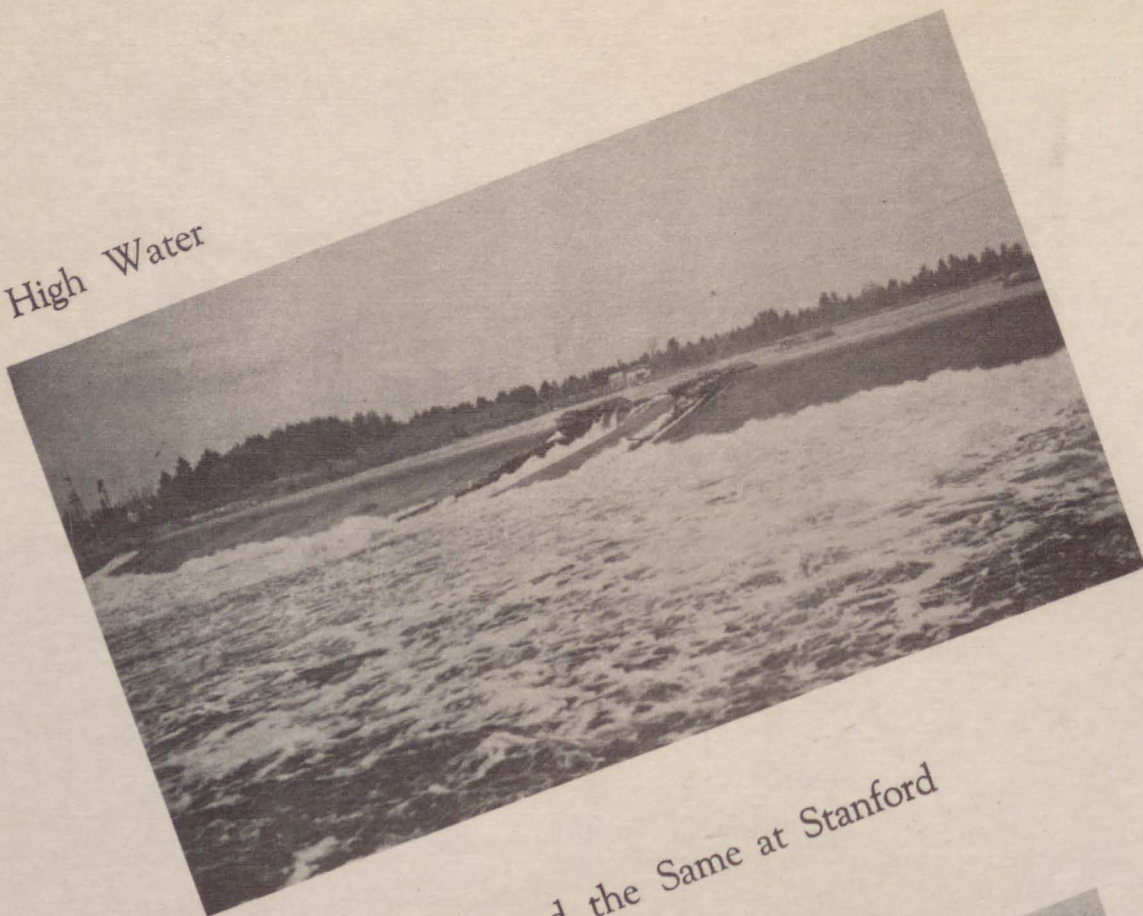
March 1940

Volume X Number 3

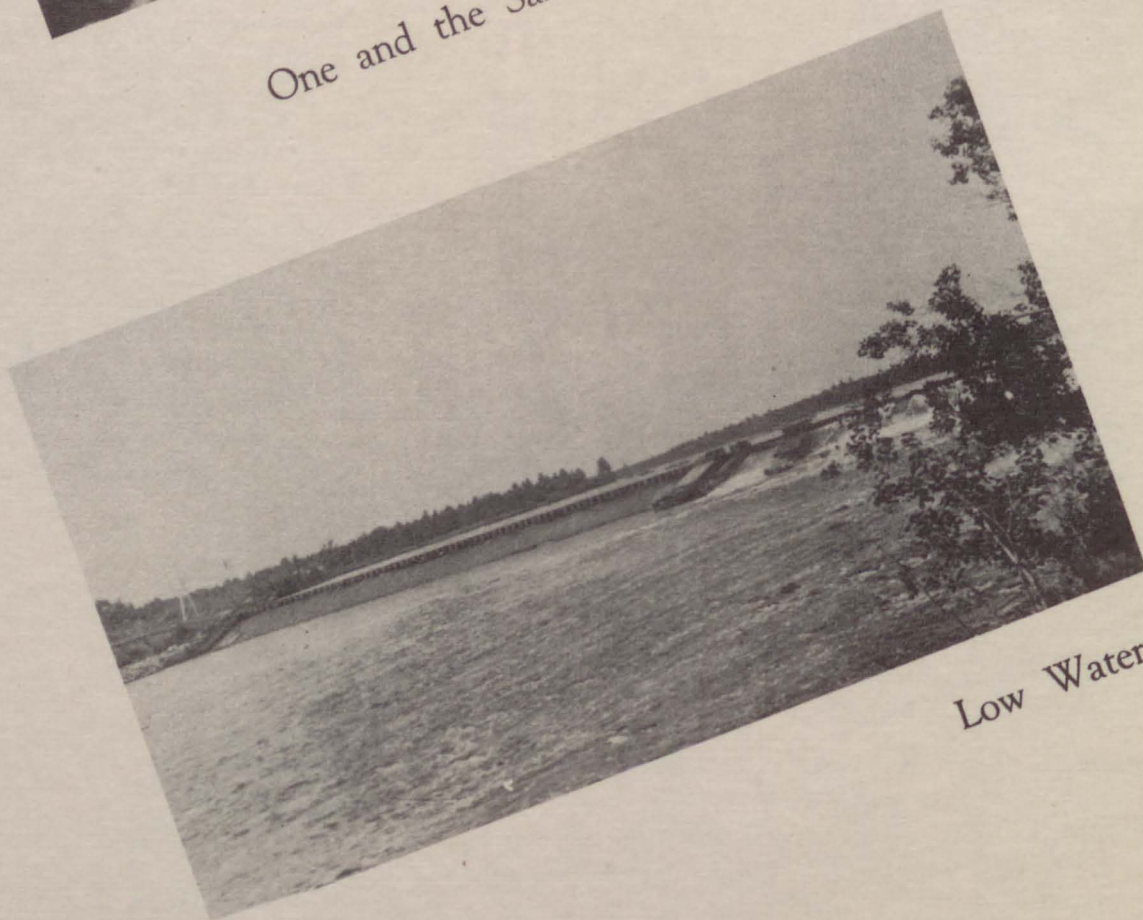
Electrical Dept. Issue



High Water



One and the Same at Stanford



Low Water

HYDRO NEWS

Bangor Scribes

31 Main St. Herbert E. Hammons
Commercial Dept. Wynona L. Boober
Meter Dept. Elmer W. Cole
Sub-Station, Lester B. Tasker
Car House, Charles W. Brown
Service Building, Henry F. Ryder
Electrical Dept. William C. Harper
Railway Dept. Wilbur W. Watson
Engineering Dept. William E. Harter
Second Floor, Catherine A. Bulker
Accounting Dept. Madelene A. Spencer
Executive Dept. Faustina A. Emery
First Aid, Elmer W. Cole
Safety Dept. Hall C. Dearborn
Line Dept. Arthur F. Reavell
Relief Assn. Elgin E. Field
Meter Readers
James L. Perkins
Morris W. Mac Donald



Division Scribes

Milford-Old Town, Frank A. Randall
Millinocket, Ellen M. Barnes
Machias, Fernette M. Lincoln
Harrington, Theolyn G. Stanley
Eastport, Horace J. Logan
Ellsworth, Alfreda Strout
Bar Harbor, Everett J. Salisbury,
Barbara L. Keene
Lincoln, Harry S. Allen
Medway, Ellsworth J. Hobbs
Veazie, James M. Gamble
East Corinth, Clarence E. Nichols
Orono, Mildred S. Willard

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Address all communications to
Hydro News, 33 State St. Bangor Me

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"Automatic"

By

Harold W. Coffin

Electrical Engineer

There is always something fascinating about a sleight-of-hand performance, especially if you think that you can see thru the magician's tricks. Automatic machinery in operation holds the same fascination for the observer, even though he may not have the least idea in the world, what it is all about.

To J. Henry Customer or John W. Employee, one of these automatic generating stations is just another power house, with more than the usual collection of gadgets on the switchboard, and with no operator in sight. Perhaps an engineer puts on a demonstration for him, starting and stopping the generator a couple of times. He turns a little handle, or pulls a button on the switchboard; there seem to be spirit-rappings all over the place; the generator begins to revolve, gathering speed all the time; and with a final rush and a hum, it "hits the line" and picks up the load. At least, that is what the engineer says it did. It is all very wonderful!

Then the visitor begins to have misgivings. When the engineer let him into the station, he had to unlock the door. There was no operator in the station, nor was anyone in sight outside. After all, is it safe to go off and leave the station running, with the door locked from the outside?

Something might happen.

True enough, things can happen, and things do happen; things that damage electrical equipment, even in stations that have human operators. Neither men nor mechanisms can prevent troubles from happening, but when trouble does happen, they can do something about it.

It would seem, at first thought that man, having the ability to think, would be the better operator. However, under the stress of emergency operation, he has many things to think about, only one pair of hands to use, and a lot of ground to cover. Being human, he may make an error in judgment.

An automatic device, on the other hand, does just one thing, --responds to a single set of conditions and no other. It does not have to take time to think, decide and act. When abnormal electrical or mechanical conditions call for quick action to protect the generator, you get action, and that within a matter of hundredths of a second. Properly adjusted, and regularly inspected and maintained, the device will "do its stuff" every time.

The designing engineer at the factory carefully thinks thru each condition under which the generator will require protection and he devises an equipment which will meet all these requirements. He also includes control features by the power company's engineers, and based on experience with local operating conditions. Thus we take full advantage of the deliberate, seasoned judgment of the experienced engineer, speeded up, thru automatic means, into terms of split seconds.

The superiority of this manner of protection has so proven out in practice that, even in attended stations, it is becoming common practice with generators of, say, 1500 KVA and larger, to make the protective features completely automatic. Bangor Hydro has done this with the two new units at Veazie and with Units 2 and 3 at Ellsworth. Central Maine has done it with the new station at Solon; and Cumberland County Power & Light Company has done the same in the new Cataract Station at Saco.

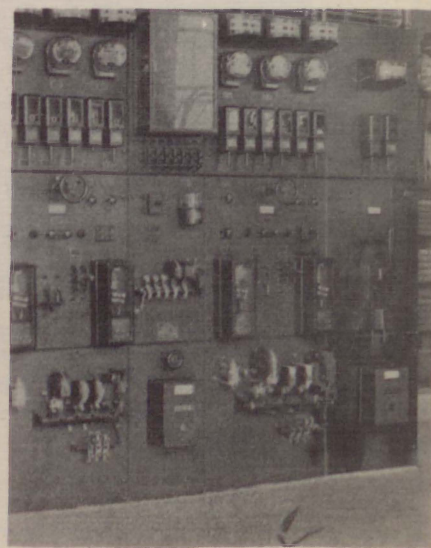
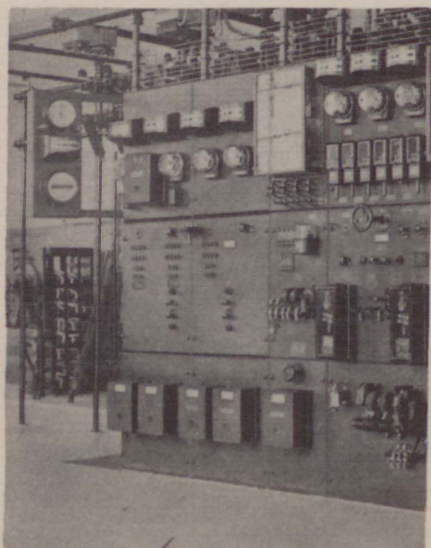
What! No Operators?

Conceding all of these advantages, the visitor still has one mental reservation. Does not the introduction of all this automatic equipment take away men's jobs, and add to our current problems of unemployment? The engineer smiles, says "No!", and, turning back the pages of recent history fifteen or twenty years, explains why.

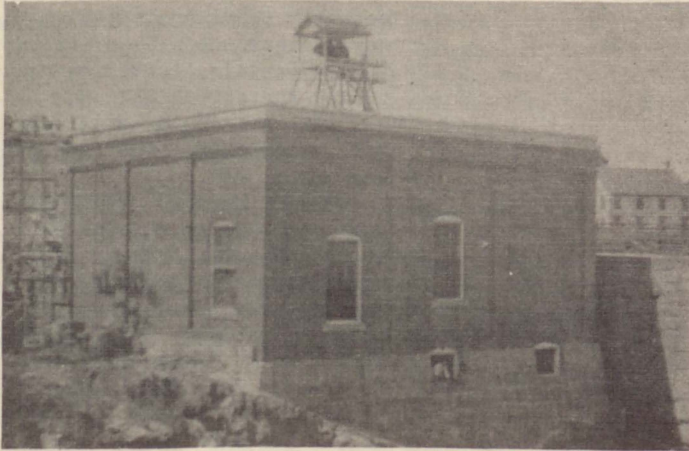
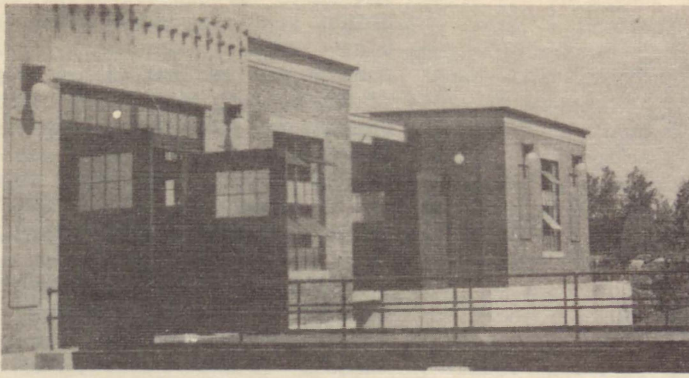
Washington County, in that part now served by the Bangor Hydro system, had in 1923 the sketchiest kind of electric service. Only Machias village, Pembroke and Eastport had 24-hour service. Cherryfield had it from dusk till daylight, with a special run on Tuesday morning, so that housewives might do their ironing electrically. Sorrento had service during the summer cottage season, from dusk to daylight only. That was all.

Sorrento furnished full-time employment for one man, during the summer months only; Cherryfield employed one man the year round, with occasional part-time work for another. Machias power station required two operators on full time, plus a fireman during low water periods. The two small stations at Pembroke together required three operators. Altogether, the electric service industry in the area between Ellsworth and Eastport employed, in 1923, 12 men on full-time jobs.

In 1925, we rebuilt the Machias station, putting in a completely automatic generating unit. We extended our distribution lines to East Machias and Machiasport,



at Stanford



Automatic Stations

Stanford

Machias

East Machias

and increased our volume of business. Men who had been station operators were reassigned to connect new services, read meters and do other jobs that the new business demanded.

1926 saw the completion of the 33 KV transmission line from Ellsworth to Eastport, and the construction of the automatic generating station at East Machias, where no such power house had ever been before. The building of East Machias station meant the shutting down of the small stations in Pembroke, but the Pembroke operators were all transferred, either to the service crews, or to the newly created divisional offices. None were dismissed. With adequate 24-hour power available, the service was extended, in time, to Hancock, Sullivan, Franklin, Eastbrook, Gouldsboro, Winter Harbor, Steuben, Millbridge, Harrington, Columbia Falls, Addison, Jonesport, Beals, Jonesboro, Whitneyville, Marshfield, Cutler, Dennysville and Perry, where electric-service had never before been available.

In such a far-flung and sparse-

ly settled area, with few industries and those mostly seasonal, it has been a major problem to provide the facilities to supply electric service at a price the consumer can afford to pay. The automatic stations have been employed as a means to that end.

Far from displacing men by machines, the automatic generating stations have helped to create jobs, and more than all that, to make living conditions more comfortable and attractive in the small towns and rural areas. We now have 17 full-time Bangor Hydro employees in the Harrington, Machias and Eastport Divisions, more than were employed by all the electric service companies in the same territory prior to 1923. Our service has not crowded out any local product or industrial enterprise; it has helped to develop the community, and to furnish the motive power for local industry.

To be sure, the trade in wicks and lamp chimneys has fallen off, along with that in whip-sockets, buffalo robes and shaving mugs, but somehow, life is like that. The kerosene business has suffer-

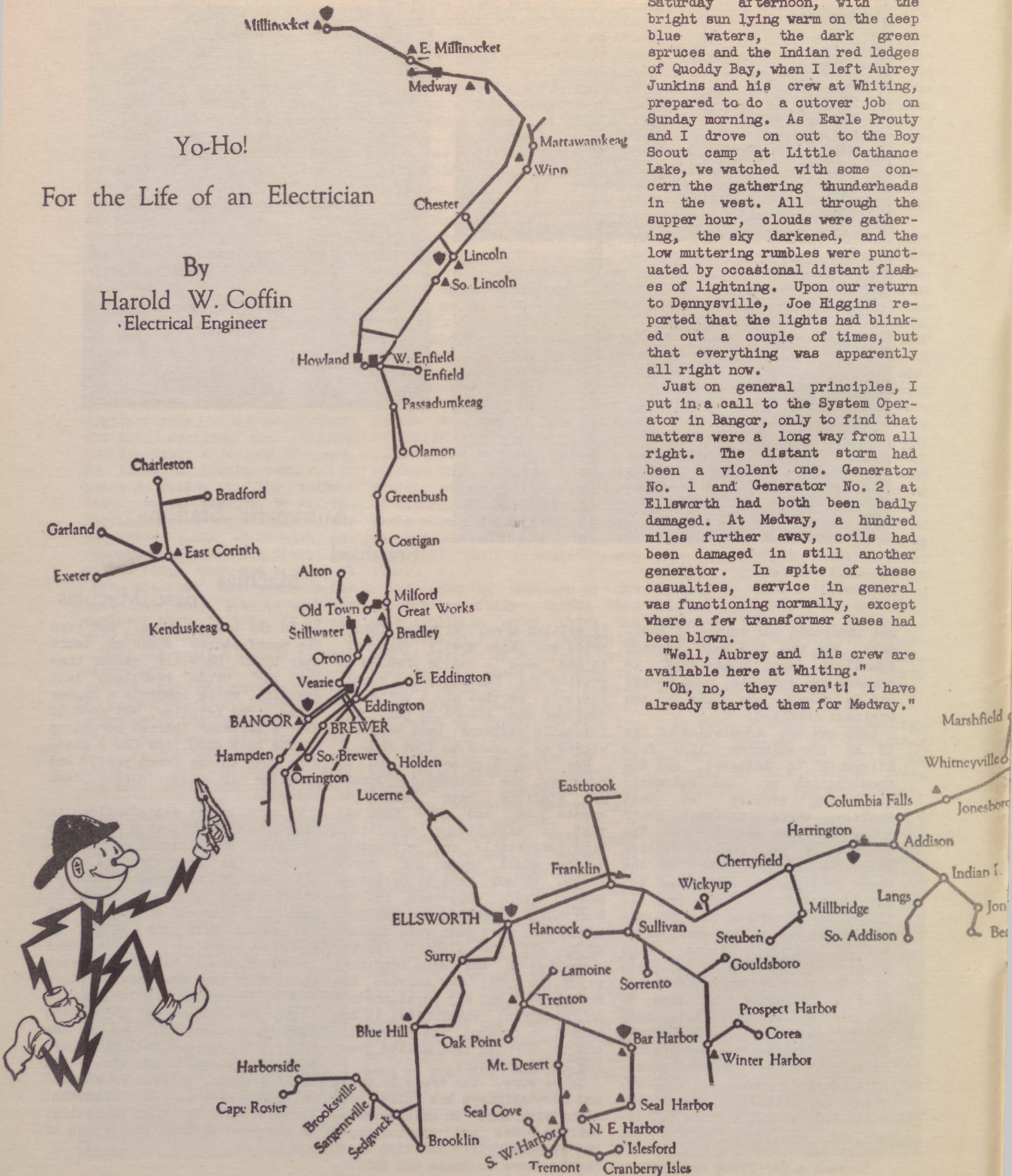
ed in the same fashion, but even the manufacturer sheds no tears over that. He would rather convert the crude petroleum into gasoline, which commands a higher price. The retailer, who used to keep a kerosene barrel horsed up in the back shop, now has a gasoline pump in the front yard. And gasoline is nice, clean, cash business.

We take great satisfaction in the knowledge of having helped to bring the comforts and conveniences of the city to the small villages of Washington County. These communities have seemed to take on a new air of dignity and well-being with the advent of electric service. If, as has been suggested, the 1940 Census shall show that the tide of migration from Eastern Maine toward the larger centers of population has been arrested, one of the underlying causes will have been adequate electric service. And the automatic generating station has hastened the day when that service could be made available, at a price within the reach of all.

Yo-Ho!

For the Life of an Electrician

By
Harold W. Coffin
Electrical Engineer



It was a pleasant midsummer Saturday afternoon, with the bright sun lying warm on the deep blue waters, the dark green spruces and the Indian red ledges of Quoddy Bay, when I left Aubrey Junkins and his crew at Whiting, prepared to do a outover job on Sunday morning. As Earle Prouty and I drove on out to the Boy Scout camp at Little Cathance Lake, we watched with some concern the gathering thunderheads in the west. All through the supper hour, clouds were gathering, the sky darkened, and the low muttering rumbles were punctuated by occasional distant flashes of lightning. Upon our return to Dennysville, Joe Higgins reported that the lights had blinked out a couple of times, but that everything was apparently all right now.

Just on general principles, I put in a call to the System Operator in Bangor, only to find that matters were a long way from all right. The distant storm had been a violent one. Generator No. 1 and Generator No. 2 at Ellsworth had both been badly damaged. At Medway, a hundred miles further away, coils had been damaged in still another generator. In spite of these casualties, service in general was functioning normally, except where a few transformer fuses had been blown.

"Well, Aubrey and his crew are available here at Whiting."

"Oh, no, they aren't! I have already started them for Medway."

(A mere matter of 200 miles or so.)
 "What are you doing about Ellsworth?"

"Bill Harper and his crew are already there and starting to strip down No. 2. He says there are only a few coils gone, and he expects to have it ready to go on the line again Monday morning."

Sunday forenoon found Ellsworth power house a scene of orderly confusion, with assorted generator parts spread around on the floor, a pile of damaged coils in the corner, and tired, sleepy electricians winding endless yards of insulating tape on the new coil connections. Monday morning, No. 2 was back in service as usual. So was the damaged unit at Medway.

Putting the "Tick" in Automatic

As Bill Bagley says: "There are no loose connections or dirty contacts on a blueprint." That little statement covers concisely the relationship between theory and practice in a good many

fields of endeavor. In connection with electrical work, it speaks volumes.

Just look over a few square yards of blueprint of one of our automatic generator controls, then look at the back of the control panel, and you begin to catch the idea. There are literally hundreds of connections on that panel; over one hundred control conductors radiating from that panel to all parts of the station, and they all look exactly alike. The very complexity of it all is bewildering to the uninitiated, yet somebody in the Company organization must know the purpose of each connection, and the function and adjustments of each device.

When our electricians set up a new factory-built automatic equipment, and connect it to the control wiring, the really fine, highly skilled work has barely begun. First they check over, to find those loose connections and dirty contacts which fail to appear on the blueprint. Then, the control and protective devices are adjusted, one by one, until the complete equipment is ready for its operating test. When the factory engineer finally pronounces it O.K., it is ours to operate and maintain, from that time on. All the connections are right and tight; contacts are polished and adjusted; and everything works as smoothly as a good watch or a new automobile.

Oh! Doctor!

But some fine day, after a few months or perhaps years of constant service, the Automatic, like your watch and my automobile goes temperamental. You might think that, like Sam Tugts' tar paper roof, it ought to last at least ten years without attention. But after all, even the One-Hoss Shay had its limitations.

At any rate, something about the Automatic is out of order, and although its complexity approaches that of the human mind it cannot speak to explain the situation. You may try a little home doctoring, but if you are Really honest with yourself, you put in a call for Bill Harper to diagnose the case. It usually saves time and trouble.

When it comes to automatics, the Chinese system of doctoring has its merits. You know, the

Chinese hire doctors to keep them well; not to make them well, once they have become sick. Following that school of thought, the Operating Department has set up a schedule of routine electrical inspections, with the idea of catching the small beginnings of trouble before they become serious. The work is tedious, undramatic, and it never makes the headlines. It requires years of practical experience, supplemented by special courses, the equivalent of the major part of a college education.

The care and skill exercised in the maintenance of our equipment is reflected in the quality of our service.

"My Day"

Bill Harper comes into the office, to report on the performance of the new phanotron battery charger at Veazie. He thinks that, with about eight dollars worth of radio tubes, he can build a battery voltage regulator that will do a better job than a commercial type which sells for about fifty dollars. He gets the tubes. Then,-

"By the way, Bill, where is the crew today?"

"Well, Grant and Smithy are filtering transformer oil, down at Eastport.

"Sam Marsh and Sawyer are splicing lead cable on the Central Street Underground.

"Pop Nelson and Bob Edgecomb are going to Northeast Harbor to fix up some trouble on the voltage regulators, and inspect the storage battery.

"Goding is at the shop, working on records.

"Merritt Lancaster is wiring a switchboard panel down at the shop.

"Ching is repairing a transformer at Milford.

"Littlefield is on the way to Millinocket with the Rogers trailer.

"Aubrey is on his way to fix up a motor for the Bangor Daily News and from there he is going to readjust the reclosing circuit breaker on the Charleston Line."

"Where are you going, Bill?"

"Oh, I've got to put some new tubes into the carrier sets at Burns' and Young's Corner, and then Doc Cushman wants me to hunt out some radio trouble, down at Blue Hill."

"Nice going, Bill!"



Legend

■ Hydro-electric generating stations

▲ Substations

◆ Division offices and retail stores

William C. Harper

Bill, our Chief Electrician was born in Manchester, Maine on August 11, 1894. He finished his grade school work in Manchester and in Milton, Mass. and his high school work at Leavitt Institute at Turner Center. After three years at the U. of M. he left the University to join the army and for seven months was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Going over seas, he landed at Brest in France and then on to Paris. He spent some months as an instructor in Anti-aircraft Gunnery near Le Bourget, the field where Lindberg later landed.

Leaving France in 1918 and arriving in New York, spent two months at Fort Wadsworth repairing and rebuilding electrical equipment. He was mustered out of the service at Fort Hamilton in March 1919.

In June 1919, Bill started work with the New England Power Company as station operator in Shelburne Falls, Mass.

In February, 1921 he joined the Hydro starting in with the electrical crew on the Veazie job. Since that time as part of the crew and later as Chief Electrician, he has had a hand in building or rebuilding the electrical equipment of nearly every power



plant and substation that the company owns.

When Elmer Cole transferred from the position of Chief Electrician to that of head of the newly organized meter department Bill Harper became Chief Electrician.

As a trouble shooter on radio complaints, Bill for the last five years stands "tops". Needless to say radio is Bills hobby.

Having gotten out of the army and back into civies in the year

1922, Bill married Miss Viola Hall of Three Rivers, Quebec. Miss Hall had been brought up in Brownville Junction and at the time of their marriage she was working for the Hydro in Cashier's Department of the Street Railway when all office activities were in the Graham Building. Their oldest boy Robert aged 15 is now in the Bangor High School, Margaret aged 11 and William aged 7 both attend the Thirteenth Street School.

Fond Memories By Bill Harper

Two of us testing power meters over the system carrying all test equipment, tools, and two pot transformers, and walking from place to place. No trucks or cars for transportation.

Walking across the iron bridge at Ellsworth during the '23 flood and a few minutes later watching the whole bridge ride down river on a log jam.

Crawling through a pile of logs across the power house doorway, while water poured over the headworks down through the pile, washing out exciter bearings with water dipped from the floor, and cleaning out grass and mud to get the exciter started so we could get power through to Bangor from No. 4 generator, the only one with its head above water.

Building substations on the

Eastport line, using an old Model T Pickup, for transportation and trucking, and wading in mud half way to our knees.

Pouring a nice concrete base, working till midnight to finish it, then in the morning finding six inches of soft snow on it.

Working every day for a month in the fog of Seal Harbor while the sun shone all day everywhere else.

Our joy when we moved from the dark hole at Bangor Substation to our present light roomy shop.

Trucking materials to Veazie in the '36 flood, and a half-hour later finding the road four feet under the river, so we had to feel our way back through the washouts on Mt. Hope Avenue.

Working all night to change armatures in the Rotary Converter at Milford.



Meter Readers

James L. Perkins

Morris W. MacDonald

The Meter Readers have taken in one ice fishing trip this winter so far.

Stubbs, ex Meter Reader, Gibbons, Perkins and Dearborn left Bangor at 3 AM, arrived on the ice at 6 AM at Moosehead Lake.

While there they caught three togue and left at 4 PM, tired but planning another trip.

February was rather a hard month on some of the Meter Readers.

Newcomb Clark spent several days at home with a cold. Then Reggie followed him with George Mansell coming in third.

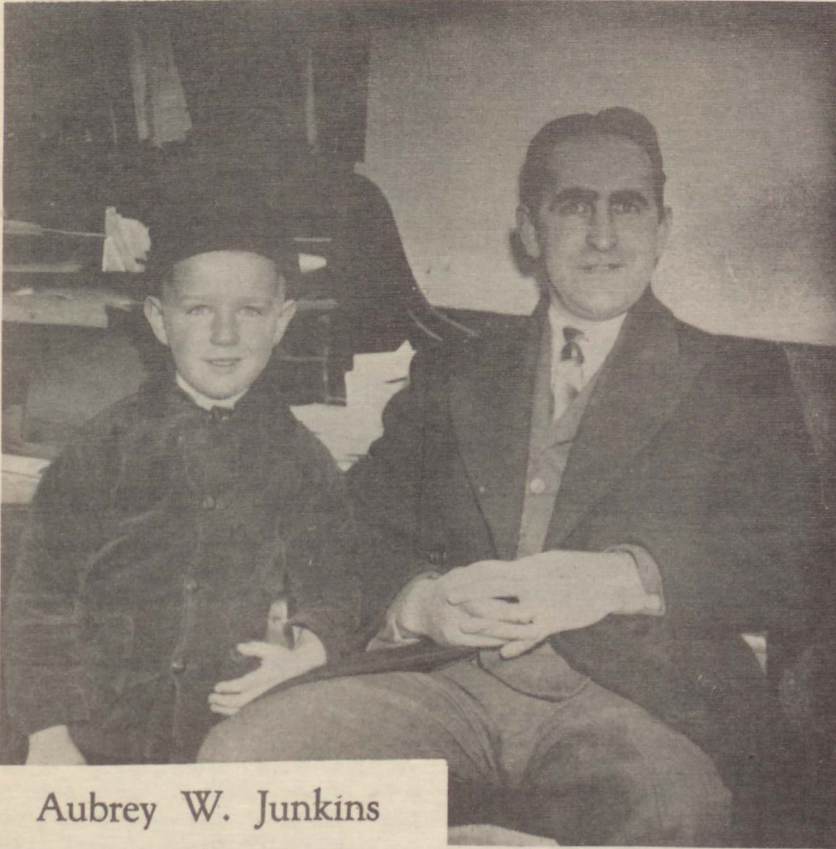
During the icy weather, Perkins tried to learn to walk on his elbow, but gave it up as hard work.

The Meter Readers have discovered several signs of people trying to get Reddy Kilowatt to do his work without pay.

Lewis A. Goding

and

Son Bobby



Aubrey W. Junkins

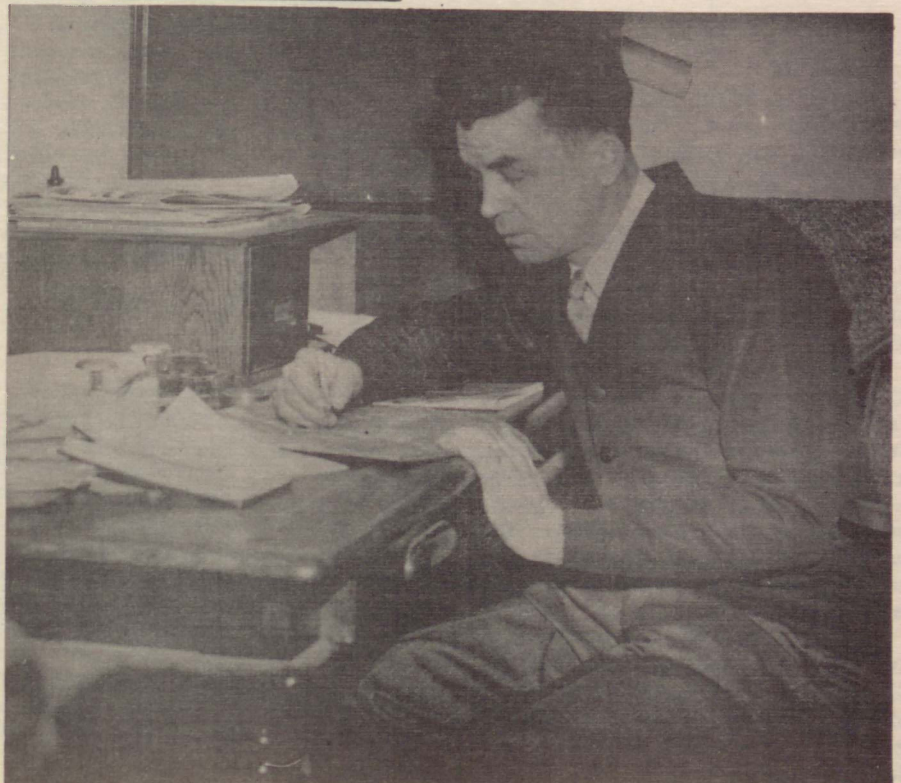
Born up on the Aroostook River, at Oxbow on March 20, 1900. After his schooling and in the year 1922 he married Tessie Goding of Masardis, Maine. There are two boys and a girl in the Junkins family, Chester, aged 15, a freshman in Bangor High School. Carlton, 12, in the Palm Street School and Betty Jean, aged 5. In his early days Aubrey worked in garages in Presque Isle, West Enfield and Lincoln, and in June, 1926 he joined the Electric Dept. of the Hydro. He remarks that he has seen many humorous as well as serious situations in his work with the company but nothing he wants to comment upon particularly. For as he says "it's all in a day's work." His home is at 114 Palm Street, Bangor.

The Junkin's family can date back pretty well in Aroostook County. Aubrey's father was born there and his grandfather though educated in Bangor schools went to Aroostook prior to 1850 when Aroostook was certainly a frontier country.

Born at Masardis on December 29, 1902, he married Althea Carney of Masardis on August 22, 1928 and is now the father of one boy and one girl. His schooling was completed at Ricker Classical Institute in Houlton. His wife attended the Presque Isle High School. Has had some little retail store experience. His major work before coming with the Hydro was teaching school in his home town. It was in 1928 that Goding joined the Hydro in the Electrical Department and since that time he has been over the whole Hydro system both on indoor and outdoor work for that department.

It is good news to Hydro employees to know that Goding who has been on the sick list since 1938 is now able to do considerable work even though same is being preformed at his own home. He hopes to be back at the service Building sometime this summer. Radio has become one of his hobbies during his sickness and also he has filled some of his wearisome hours learning to handle the typewriter. We can't let this brief write-up terminate without mentioning the fact that one of Goding's hobbies is most definitely not dogs. As some of us would walk a mile for a camel, Goding would walk two miles not to see a dog. He has been bitten several times.

It's five year old son Bobby in the picture with Lewis.





Sam Marsh



Samuel J. Marsh first saw light March 6th, 1904, and his early education was completed in Bangor schools, graduating from Bangor High School in 1924. He married Doris Torrey of Hampden. Priscilla Arlene, aged 13, and Merideth Ann, 22 months old, are their two children. Priscilla attends Hannibal Hamlin school.

Before joining the Hydro in 1928, Sam had been in the plumbing business for about eight years, some of which was during his High School years. He put in a year in the street railway department of Waterbury, Conn., the brass city of the country, but says he was glad to come back to Maine.

From the time he joined the Hydro in 1928, he has been in the Electrical Department, and most of the time was worked on underground cables. Sam lives at #10 Hersey Avenue.

On
an

Overhauling Job



It used to be: Thirty days have September, April, June and November, but it has been changed now. Here it is:

Dirty days have September, April, June and November.

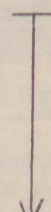
All the rest have thirty-one, Without a blessed gleam of Sun, And from January up to May,

It rains and sleets most every day

And if all the rest had two and thirty,

They'd be just as sloppy, and ten times as dirty. (Bill Watson)

Bob Edgecomb



Hampden, Maine, was the place of Robert M. Edgecomb's birth, December 3rd, 1909. He went thru the Hampden schools, graduating from the Academy in 1929, and still makes his home in Hampden and still is a bachelor.

In October, 1929, Bob took his first job and that was with the Electrical Crew of the Hydro, and he served in this capacity until June, 1930. Then he was transferred to the meter department, under Elmer Cole, where he worked until January, 1932. Then for several years, when not with the Hydro, he worked in numerous capacities with other companies. He joined the Hydro again in May, 1938, and again in the Electrical Department. One of the highlights of his work in this department was that of the reconstruction of the Ellsworth Station, on which job he was active in 1938.

Safety

in former years

What do you think of these "Rules of the Road" now?

"On discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop off side, and cover his machine with a tarpaulin painted to correspond with the scenery."

"In case a horse will not pass an automobile, notwithstanding the scene tarpaulin, the automobilist will take his machine apart as rapidly as possible, and conceal the parts in the grass".

"Automobiles must be seasonably painted, that is, so that they will merge with the ensemble and not be startling. They must be green in the spring, golden in the summer, red in the autumn, and white in winter".

"Automobilists running on the country roads at night, must send up a red rocket every mile and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They may then proceed carefully, blowing their horns, and shooting Roman Candles".

(Transit Topics)

Well these rules were good in 1908, so we are told, and prove to us that people were safety-minded even in those days. How do you suppose our present Rules will look in about 35 years.

Our safety experience

In spite of the fact that 1940 is a "Leap Year", and February has an extra day in it, your watchfulness and mine was rewarded with another "no accident" month. Oh yes! There were some coughs and colds and a few of the things happened to us that have a way of getting in, but there were no lost time accidents.

No, it does not seem right for us to criticize ourselves for something for which someone else is responsible, but did you ever think, that this is one of the things which makes us try to convince the other fellow that he should do his part toward our safety even though he is very inconsiderate of his own. It is a very peculiar disposition indeed, that gets any satisfaction out of causing someone else to suffer.

Dearborn goes Academic

On Monday, March 4th, our Safety Department went academic. At the invitation of Dean Cloke of the College of Technology of the U. of M. our Safety Director, Hall C. Dearborn, gave a talk to the Orientation Class, made up of first year men taking engineering courses, on the subject "Opportunity in Safety for the Trained Engineer". The class is in charge of Professor L. D. Stephenson and has in it some 175 men.

Dearborn evidently enjoyed the trip and the experience. He says "I was very much pleased at the interest shown by these boys in Safety Work. I am afraid it would have been looked upon as a 'sissy' idea in my youthful days, but these men have an entirely different view of the matter and seem to be very anxious to learn more about the whole question and I believe they are much concerned to do their part in the general program to prevent accidents.

I was much impressed with the interest shown in the efforts of industries to reduce human suffering caused by accidents and the willingness to co-operate in building up a broader and more general program. It would be interesting to see some one of those boys become a famous safety engineer".

What do you see?

Your Safety Director is told unsafe practices are going on which he does not see. He is just one member of the team, has just one pair of eyes, and it takes something like 800 eyes to keep everything going in our company. If all these eyes do their full job, the Safety Director will see a lot more than he does now. Use your eyes and pass along the information. We are out to prevent accidents and suffering among our friends.



First Aid

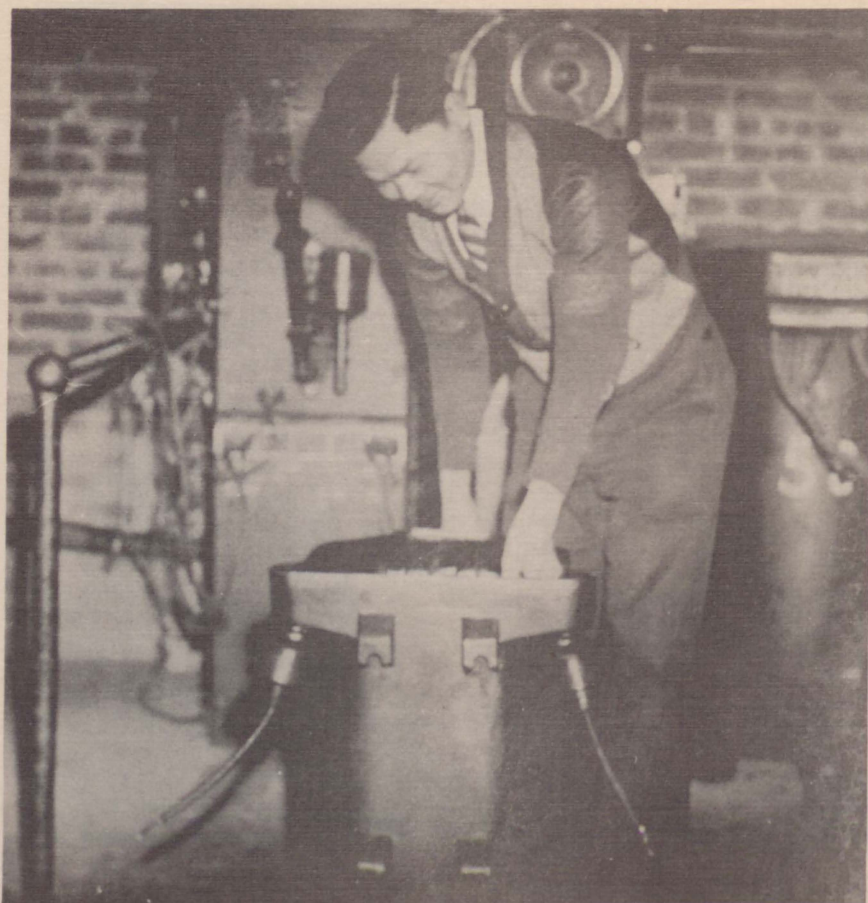
Elmer W. Cole

Let's watch out for the hands. The changeable weather conditions and soaps, play a large part in our skin infections on exposed parts.

A recent article in the National Safety News almost makes us feel there is no such thing as a safe soap or hand cleanser, but it surely behooves us to be a bit more careful about soaps and to use the so-called better grades.

It is interesting to find that out SBS-11 is rated as one of the best. Be careful about the use of the so-called hand soaps, they contain silica and it is so sharp that it acts as an abrasive, and irritates the skin causing infection.

Then there are the liquid soaps containing so much alkali that it removes the natural oils from the skin and lets infection creep in. After all, we should be good to those hands of ours. They are the most important parts of our system, next to our eyes.



Eddie Ching

Inspects

a Transformer

Don't think that because Edward S. Ching came from Honolulu, Hawaii, 2300 miles across the Pacific Ocean from California that Ching is just a small town boy. It may be news to you to learn that Honolulu is a city of about 125,000 people.

"Ching" was born on May 21, 1909 and finished his high school days in Honolulu.

Being anxious to carry his schooling along new lines and probably with a slight urge to come to the States, Ching went to Kansas City, Missouri, for a further technical training in 1928. After two years he came on to Maine spending but two years and then left the state until 1933, when he returned and joined the Hydro.

Since 1933 Ching has been in the Electrical Department and is

now in charge of testing and repairing transformers and is also learning the duties of System Operator. Ching is unmarried.

When he left Maine in 1932 he headed home to Honolulu for a short visit. He went across country by bus and then by steamer, $4\frac{1}{2}$ days to his native island. That same hop can now be made on the Clipper in 18 hours, but in case you're planning a short visit by plane the fare from San Francisco to Honolulu is about \$500 one way. Ching says that by living economically and motoring from here to Frisco and of course living with his family at Honolulu, he figures that he can make another visit, Bangor to Honolulu and back, for about \$300. Incidentally he has no desire to return to Honolulu permanently until he has reached the retiring age.

Executive Dept.

Faustina A. Emery

Mr. Graham and Mr. Haskell attended the funeral of Mr. Herbert L. Clark, a director of the Bangor Hydro-Electric Company, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, Feb. 28th.

Stafford J. King, of the Sango Electric Company of Boston was a recent visitor in this office.

Sympathy is extended to Miss Stetson's mother, who fell recently and broke her wrist. Mrs. Stetson has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Hall Dearborn reports an interested audience at the University of Maine, when he gave a talk to about 150 Freshmen Engineering Students, on "Opportunities in Safety Engineering".

A certain individual called at the office recently to discuss a long overdue light account and it is rumored that his story was so good that he got an extension of time, plus a small cash advance to get home on. Further rumor has it that the trust was well founded, however.

Service Building

Henry F. Ryder

Just when we thought that every one was getting used to Mr. Geo. Tupper's calendar another case of sore eyes breaks out in our midst Foster had to lay off for a day and a half, account of sore eyes.

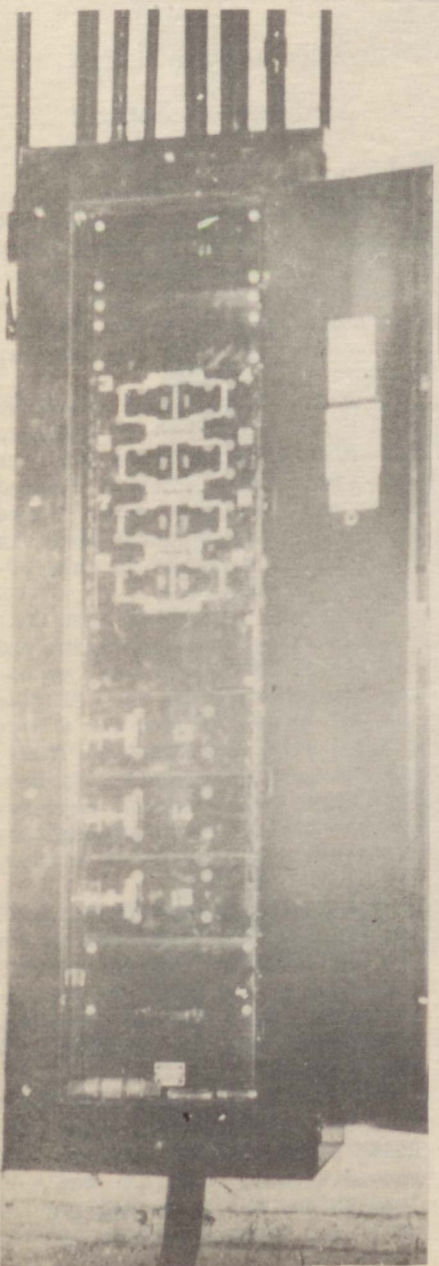
Berry spent a recent weekend fishing, in company with an experienced guide, but there were no invitations extended to fish dinners, so I guess that the little fishies are still swimming in the pool.

Bullard had so many bets on the recent basketball games at Brewer that he had to open a set of books, to remember what bets he had and who they were with.

Porter has received no quotations on thermos bottles as yet, so is still drinking from the glass bottle.

Commercial business has been good this last month, as we have had a carload of General Electric Refrigerators, and a car of Universal major appliances.

Greeley has made several trips to the out-of-town stores to deliver ranges, washers and refrigerators.



Meter Dept.

Elmer W. Cole

We have just completed a new Meter Entrance installation at the Penobscot County Court House. The first in this section of this type. A combination transformer cabinet, entrance switch, test switch and meter mounting. It makes a very compact and nice looking installation. The old service had an old type open switch and a large size primary meter and was very difficult to test. Its truly a sign of progress to note that this installation was made at the time we furnished FREE RENEWALS of CARBON FILLAMENT lamps. The switch and meter were ample size but now with approximately four times more light per watt it is necessary to increase the entrance about four times also, to take care of the present load. The picture shows the new entrance.

The writer recently had to visit Eastport to repair the Quoddy Demand Meter and found the trav-

eling very bad. We noticed in the February issue that the annual conflag about election is on in the stock room and that the one who makes the most noise wins Well upstairs in the Meter Lab. we hope it is over soon as the vibration is loosening up the bricks, and we haven't insurance enough to afford to be careless.

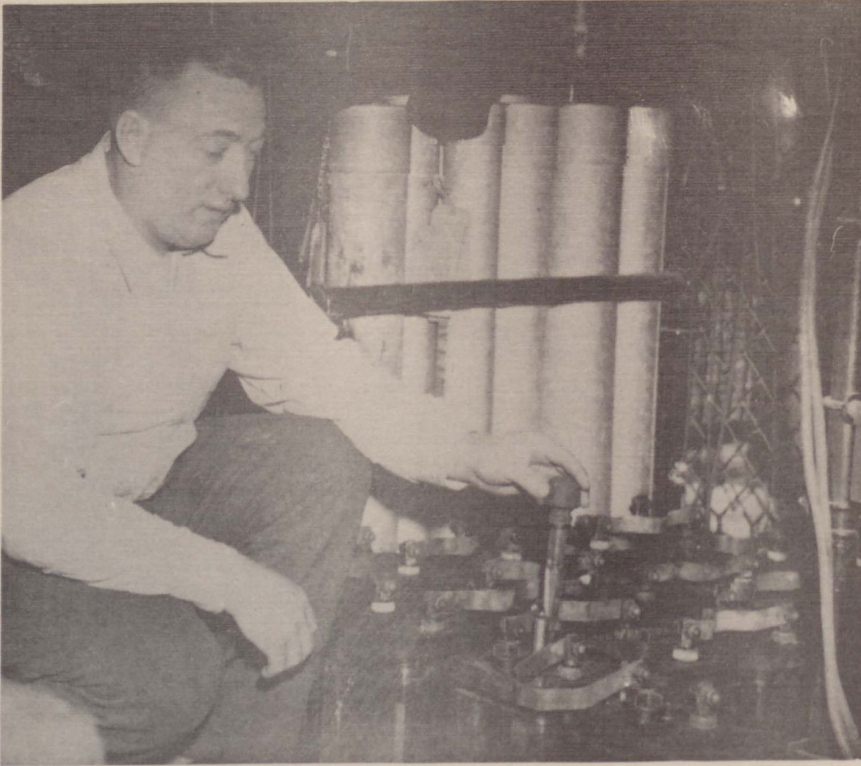
Judging by the change in the weather, it will soon be time to substitute bedding plants for the Cat Spruce in the flower beds in front of the Service Building.

If you want to know how to wind up a synchronous motor driven graphic meter, the Meter Department will furnish you with the name of an expert on that subject.

One member of the Meter Department very carefully navigated many, many, small ponds only to alight gracefully in the last one in inches of water and said his wife didn't seem glad to hold him in her lap. We wonder why.

One of our buddies recently said that \$1,000. would not be any object if he could restore his crop of hair. But when pressed, allowed perhaps \$1.50 would be enough.

Merritt testing Batteries



A native of Veazie, Merritt A. Lancaster was born on November 23, 1902. He attended the public schools of Veazie and graduated from Bangor High School in 1921. In 1925 Merritt married Margaret Honey of Veazie. They have one son Richard LeRoy who is thirteen years old and attends the Holden school. The Lancaster family lives in Holden in a place that Merritt bought three years ago.

Prior to joining the Hydro Merritt worked with several of the larger local carpentry and contracting firms. Of interest to our company is the fact that he worked on our present office building while it was being remodeled from headquarters of the First National Bank to headquarters of the Bangor Hydro-Electric Company.

Among other large jobs on which Merritt worked were the State Hospital, the Arts and Science Building at the U of M and the Kappa Sigma House.

Merritt joined the Hydro on February 27, 1929 and he happened to recall that it was on a Friday afternoon. His first work was building frames at the Veazie Station under the direction of Operating Engineer, E. W. Brown. From there to the Bangor substa-

tion for similar work and then back again to Veazie.

Later Merritt's work, though stationed at Veazie, took him about the entire system with the electrical crew on numerous construction jobs including the substation at Blue Hill, South West Harbor, Bar Harbor, etc.

In the fall of 1932 Merritt was transferred to the service building in the electrical department under William C. Harper, Chief Electrician. This happens to have been the fall in which the underground job was done on Central Street and the Sears-Roeback manhole was installed. Merritt worked on both of these jobs. Though stationed at the service building, he has in the last few years seen everything from Eastport to Millinocket (from the rear end of a truck).

Merritt was inspector of the two Kelvin Homes built by the Hydro.

While Merritt was living at Veazie he served twice as Selectman. Once as third and once as second.

Hunting and fishing, as with so many residents of Maine, are Merritt's real hobbies and of course he tries to work in a hunting trip every fall.

Merritt Lancaster has another hobby of almost equally universal interest and that is raising registered Cocker Spaniels. His dogs are both parti-colored and solid colored. He has shown his dogs at Bar Harbor, Portland, Falmouth Foreside, Sanford and other points. One of his dogs has taken eight ribbons. One is the son of a champion. In his kennels at present he has twelve pups and last year he raised twenty.

His Cocker Spaniels have been sold to many summer people, and from his kennels on the Ellsworth road they have traveled to Florida, Virginia, Jersey and many other southern and eastern states.

Accounting Dept.

Madelene A. Spencer

We're sorry that we were not represented in the February issue and hope it won't happen again. February, as you all know, is a short busy month in this department. This is not an excuse, just an explanation.

It seems that every month we have a new engagement to announce and Miss Alice Anderson is the possessor of a beautiful diamond this month. This makes three since Christmas. Guess that is some kind of a record in this office.

Almost as soon as we have finished passing wedding cigars and chocolates for Albertina, we began to receive cards from Florida and now we are waiting for a personal visit. How about it Tina?

A telegram was received by Mrs. Avis Mayer this morning, announcing the birth of a granddaughter. Elizabeth Ann. Congratulations, Avis.

Miss Rosemary Danforth has left the Billing Department and is now the new Assistant Payroll Clerk.

We have a new girl in our department, Miss Eleanor Bradley. At present she is working with the Billers.

From now on it looks like there will be lots of news. Cars are being taken out of storage and reconditioned, and it won't be long before we'll be telling of trips and weekend parties again.



Pegandy Kennels

If you are firmly resolved not to have a four-legged member in your family, you better keep away from the kennels owned by Merritt Lancaster of our Electrical Department. Right now there are thirteen friendly young pups at Pegandy Kennels, all healthy and well-groomed and full of wim, wigor and vitality. Son, Richard LeRoy, with leash and with food.

Trolleyville News

News

Trolleyville

News

Trolleyville

MARCH NUMBER

EDITED
BY
NEWS-HAWK

SERIES #3

Editor's Note: We consider it only fair to our readers to warn them to be careful in what they do or say, as the News-Hawk is here, there and everywhere. He sees all, knows all and does all, and may be under your tea cup or behind the clock, so W-A-T-C-H O-U-T.

PERSONAL PLEASE

Mr. Dead shot Eisnor:

In answer to your letter in the last issue of the Hydro News, I want to inform you that the News-Hawk is one of these persons who never makes mistakes, and is always right.

In order to prove to you that you personally told me these hunting secrets of yours, in the fall of 1937 at your Pickerel Pond camp, I am going to disclose one more of your stunts, and let the boys judge for themselves.

After waiting under an apple tree and seeing no deer, you returned to camp and changed your red coat and hat for a dark brown suit. You then tied an old set of deer horns to your head, hung a piece of rope to the rear of your belt, grabbed your gun and started for a cedar swamp. You started crawling around on your hands and knees and at intervals you bawled like a calf. You informed us that this method usually brought home the bacon, or at least you would have all kinds of fun fooling the other hunters in the swamp into taking pot shots at you.

If I do not receive an apology from you in the next issue, I will tell the boys about some of your hunting trips that will cause you to hang your head in shame.

Yours in humor, THE NEWS-HAWK

PERSONAL PLEASE

Mr. Wilby Watson:

In answer to your "two cents worth" put in the Hydro News, we are going to remark that with Easter just around the corner, those eggs you mentioned will come in very handy, i.e. we are a perfect shot Wilby, and never miss. Also, you are wrong about Pop Godsoe's cigars, as we are in a position to know that they are a combination of old rope and a large amount of fertilizer. They

do not knock you out, they just gas you and plant you away.

Yours in smoke, THE NEWS-HAWK.

PERSONAL PLEASE

Main Street Scribe:

We are answering your question, and would say that we wish to remain anonymous for the time being. The TROLLEYVILLE NEWS was an experiment by this Editor, to put a few smiles on the faces of some of our employees, who would never lose that scowl otherwise. Judging from the comments received, the smiling faces, and the way the boys rush for their copies, we can tell you that the TROLLEYVILLE NEWS is and will be, a howling SUCCESS.

Yours mysteriously, THE NEWS-HAWK

TOMMIE "HANDSOME" MCLEOD TELLS ALL.

Becoming irked by several stories about him tearing his pants while ice fishing with Poacher at Stetson Pond recently, he is revealing the truth about this near tragedy in this column.

Tommie gave a yell to Poacher that a big fish was hauling him into the water. Poacher ran to the rescue and helped pull a monster pickerel out on the ice, and hearing a loud r-i-p-p from behind him, he turned and saw that the big fish had Tommie's pants in his grip and had torn the seat out of them. With an old coat thrown around him, Tommie managed to get into his house without being arrested.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Do tense nerves bother you by day or keep you awake nights?

Do you want relief from "morn-ing after" jittery distress?

RELAX and take a slug of old Doc Emerson's root and herb tonic. This remedy was discovered by Doc while picking dandy-lion blossoms on his ranch at Chick

Hill. He claims one dose of this elixer will cure you of anything, from falling hair to falling reputations.

NOTICE

A new association is being organized by a group of our employees. Here are the details:

THE POACHERS
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION
Incorporated
March 10, 1940 A.D.

PRESIDENT: Ivory Bowden
VICE PRES: Ambrose Eisnor
GEN. MANAGER: Harold Handy
TREASURER: Conrad Eckholm
SECRETARY: Archie Currier
COUNSELOR
OF LAWS: E. W. Bille

WHEREAS:

The purpose of this asso. is the protection of our members from zealous game wardens while breaking game laws of any kind.

WHEREAS:

Game wardens interfering with our members in any manner, shall be shown the membership card of said member, whereupon said Warden shall tip his hat, remark that he is sorry for his impertinence, and depart for distant places.

WHEREAS:

There are no dues of any kind, as all expenses are to be paid by our Treasurer, who will receive contributions from our members, from time to time, as notified by the President.

WHEREAS:

We predict a great future for this asso. and are sure our emp. will all want to join, so you are urged to see our President at once for a membership card, which is richly embossed in raised gold letters, with the initials T.P.P. A. and the name of our President in his own handwriting, a fine piece of art.

RESOLVED:

Field days, Club suppers, and Meetings to be announced by our Vice President, between his household tasks.

SIGNED AND SEALED

BY THE PRESIDENT,

IVORY P. BOWDEN *

TOM the car barn cat sez: Since becoming famous through having my name in these columns, and descending from a long line of royal ancestors, I wish that dang Bowden would stop feeding me fish, or I'll sprout fins, and scales. He should know that I need raw meat once in a while.

This is an outrage and you have our sympathy in this sad dilemma Tom, so we are going to send you a side of choice western beef and will charge same to Bowden, as we do things in a big way.

FOR SALE

An old fashioned 45/90 cal. deer rifle. This gun has lost its hammer, but one look at this piece of artillery and the game just gives up and dies on the spot from shock. This gun can be had at a bargain for coupons or stamps. See Clyde "Silent" Arnold.

Farmer Rudge writes in to ask:

What can I do to stop my horse from drooling?

Ans. Teach him to spit, Farmer

Freddie Mason has a new line of shoes for sale. These shoes have asbestos soles and heels with 12 inch tops made of steel. He claims that these shoes are just what some of the boys need, when walking the burning sands or being hauled over the red hot coals at home.

Cornpopper Handy has sent in his order for a pair of these shoes as he wore out three pair of gum rubbers chasing Poacher around the ice from one fishing hole to another on a recent fishing trip to Stetson Pond.

Ralph Avery had the misfortune to break the nose of his snow plow in Old Town last month. He tells us he wishes it had been his own nose instead of his pet M20. (So do we One Shot).

Pop Godsoe says that when his new invention appears, all the big automobile manufacturers will pay

him millions for his patents. (We are sure they will, but only to keep you off the road, Pop.)

Our Inspector Howard Arnold took his life in his hands by going fishing with Poacher Bowden out to Stetson Pond last week. He tells us the following story:

Pulling in a pickerel through the ice, he was surprised to see that it was so old it had long grey whiskers on its chin, and wore a pair of ancient square rimmed glasses. With respect for old age, Howard slipped the old citizen of the pond back into the water. He claims this old grampa of the weed beds winked his eye, shifted his cud of tobacco, and said "thank you".

(We think Poacher must have brewed some of that black tea of his).

We met Steamboat Brown from the substation last night in the waiting room, with a peck bag of peanuts under his arm. He informed us he was having a peanut hunt at his home i. e. you hide peanuts in the corners and under the divan, etc.

This may be fun Brownie, but for a real thrill, try hiding the shells in these places, then watch when the wife finds them.

Our Town Crier has a bit of news for us from our Old Town Line. Guy "Busy" Webster has taken out an aviator's license, and will be doing a little skipping around among the clouds this summer.

We have always known you were a high flyer "Busy", but take our advice and do your flying in the front end of your favorite trolley car, #82.

QUIZ OF THE WEEK

What was that black lip stick doing on Ray Philbrick's face last night ?????

OVERHEARD AT THE CAR BARN

Ed "Rainy" Day: I need a setback, as the street car I am using, has lost its air.

Fred Mason: I always thought you had enough hot air to run any car on, without calling to me for help.

There are some comic valentines here in this office for the following operators: Wm. Roberts - Mel. Whidden, Frank Adams, Joe

Paulin, Bob Hamilton, Bill Jennings and Dave Murray.

We are told that the waitresses at the Paramount Restaurant miss our snow plow crews this winter, as these boys were in the habit of leaving dollar tips under their plates (Yes Sir).

Not to be outdone by other newspapers, we have secured the services of a famous Chinese sage from our Hampden Hills, who will contribute a few of his sayings each month in these columns. CONFUNDUS SEZ:

Our employees should work eight hours, sleep eight hours, but not the same eight hours.

Some of our operators have wild times, others have wild imaginations.

The yawn was originated by a married man, who opened his mouth, thinking he had a chance to say something.

There are 7000 widows in Arizona, those western women shoot very straight.

Rumor has it that Chesty Sawyer has given up smoking. The best way to help him keep his resolution, is for you boys to blow smoke into his face, just to show him what he's missing. (How the heck are we going to bum our cigarettes off him, unless we can get him started again?)

After a recent wreck at Sourdabscook bridge, in which a truck load of spuds were scattered over the stream, we learned that one of our car barn crew salvaged a nice 100 bag of A#1 Aroostook potatoes. (Good eating Les Humphrey old boy).

THIS TABLE OF WEIGHTS SHOWS SOME REAL BEEF ON THE HOOF, AND IS CORRECT.

What a Football Team the R.R. Div. has:

Hadley Pyle @ 278 lbs.

Ham Hamilton @ 260 lbs.

Ray Philbrick @ 235 lbs.

Bro. Giddings @ 234 lbs.

Stan. Phillips @ 232 lbs.

Tom McLeod @ 215 lbs.

Ralph Avery @ 212 lbs.

? Flourde @ 210 lbs.

Pop Godsoe @ 200 lbs.

Frank Adams @ 200 lbs.,

M. Collicutt @ 200 lbs.

 We want to whisper into M. J. Nix little ears, that the car tracks across Westland Park were removed months ago, and it's no use trying to run car #40 through the swamps in the old road bed.

 One of the boys tells us that the reason they call Sailor Sproul "Sailor" is because of the way he drags the anchor on Main Street.

 Ambrose "Dead Shot" Eisnor claims to be able to yell like a bob cat, roar like a lion, screech like a tree toad, but we want to know if he can squeak like a zygodactyl???

Veazie

James M. Gamble

Oscar Paulin and Earl Parks both returned to work on the last day of February, after a few days illness with colds.

There seems to have been an epidemic of severe colds or mild flu in Veazie recently, with one or more cases in almost every family.

The Veazie Station Maintenance crew have had a variety of odd jobs in recent weeks, with the development of hearing trouble in No. 15 generator, which tied up the water wheel head gates while we wait for the factory to complete repairs on the bearing.

During the interval when we are unable to do any wheel repair work, we have completed the follow-up details necessary to regular satisfactory operation of the new water pumping plant for station use.

We have installed a new set of steel storage bins in the basement, and assorted and stored away a miscellaneous assortment of used but usable plumbing supplies conduit fittings, bolts, nuts, washers and what-have-you, that have accumulated through the years, and been stored in boxes, barrels, and piles in corners of the basement and tool room.

We have just completed the few minor changes recommended by the insurance inspector, on the steam boiler fittings, and are thawing out all gates so they will be immediately available in case of a rise of water in the river.

*The stupidest and easiest thing to do—
 find fault.*

Milford-Old Town

Frank A. Randall

Owing to the limited time left to me after receiving notice of change in date of publication of the News, and also to the fact that I had several other little chores which must be attended to during that time, my contribution this month must necessarily be very short, and far from sweet—just barely enough to give me an excuse to sign my name.

I subscribe wholeheartedly, however, to the idea of getting the little paper out on a certain specified date each month, and hereby promise to get my little driblets in on time.

Joe Fournier and Raymond Grant arrived here Monday morning, Feb. 26th, rounded up our outside crew and put them to work, repairing the old pier to which the new boom will be attached. This job will soon be completed, after which they will start construction of the new boom for which the logs are now being delivered.

Sunday night, February 18th, just as it was beginning to get a bit dusky, I happened to glance out of one of my front windows, and saw a deer crossing the street just below my house and quite near to my next neighbor's windows. He evidently had not been chased, as I at first suspected, as he was loping leisurely along and evidently feeling quite at home. It developed that he had wandered down thru the center of the village, and was heading in the general direction of Indian Island; when he reached the river, however, the ice proved a bit too slippery for him and he did not get far from the shore before he flattened out. The operator at the Power House immediately called the Warden, at Bradley, who soon appeared on the scene and gave the poor fellow a ride back in the woods where he belonged.

Joe Kingsbury has just completed a new substation at the Hunt and Milliken Mill where the new proprietor, Joseph Goodman, is now employing twenty-six hands in the manufacture of composition soles and heels.

Mrs. W. B. McDonald of Winchester, Mass., was a welcome visitor at the Old Town office recently. Mrs. McDonald was better known here as Miss Edith Fayle, who

worked for several years for the Company, at their Old Town and Orono offices.

Other recent callers at this office were Mr. Cosseboom (several calls), Mr. Kruse, Mr. Phil Brooks from the Bendix Company, Mr. Hall of the General Electric Company, and our Mr. Hammons.

The Barker Lumber Company now has nearly 200,000 feet of logs on its landing here, and they are coming in steadily. They will probably begin sawing sometime in April.

An Inspector appeared here March 4th to look over our little boilers both here and at Gilman Falls and now Au Revoir until April 15th.



Richard Adams Dudley

A happy, healthy, husky young man; two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Dudley. Ken, of our printing department and staff photographer of the Hydro News. The young son is to his friends just Dicky. Officially, Richard Adams Dudley.

Smithy and Maggie



Carl F. Smith still enjoying his bachelor freedom, was born in Bangor in 1907, (Still time, Carl). He graduated from Bangor High School in 1929 and joined the Hydro that September. Start-in the electrical department where he remained until 1932. Then after an absence of about five years again joined our Electrical department in 1937.

He refers particularly to working on the reconstruction of the Park Street substation in 1929. Also to the year that he spent on the road with now Asst. Gen. Manager, Earle R. Webster in connection with outdoor substation down east at E. Millinocket.

Another highlight was his work in connection with the removal of the generators at Ellsworth, and the installation of the new ones on which job he was active until completed. The winter of 1939 found Carl on the job at Veazie during the installation of the new units there. His time is now spent on testing transformers at the service building.

Elwood S. Nelson was born in Dedham, Mass. and had his schooling there.

Pop lost his first wife many years ago. In 1927 he was married to Christine Godin of Caraquet, New Brunswick. Their daughters are aged 18 and 26. His oldest daughter now has two children which makes "Pop" twice a grandfather. His home is in Brewer.

In 1907 he went to work for the Brewer Lumber Company as fireman. He was on that job for four years then as assistant engineer for five years. Then chief engineer for nine years. During that period there was one year when he was with the Eastern Steamship Company.

In 1926 "Pop" came to the Hydro in the Electrical Department. Since that time he has served throughout the Company's larger construction period beginning with Washington County and worked right through to the present date.

Aside from hunting and fishing "Pop" mentioned as a secondary hobby that of photography. In this connection we might say in addition to taking his pictures "Pop" does his own printing and developing.

We hope that elsewhere in the issue we can reproduce for our readers a few good examples of his secondary hobby.

Pop Nelson

Adjusts Regulator Brake



Down Main Street Way

Herbert E. Hammons

Heard the other day that Perkins got a dose of sulphur dioxide gas and from all conversation would say he does not like this refrigerator gas any more than the rest of us. Moral - do not sit around where there's work going on.

Misses Boober and Stephens returned from a trip to the "Tall Timbers" with stories just as tall, but so far they still are confused as to cordage sleds can haul with limits set between 20 and 40 cords. Sounds like a lot of "pulp" to me.

Refrigerator shipments are a problem right now and I hope we are not going to run into the same conditions we had during the washer campaign - plenty of signed orders without the machines!

And here's a laugh - Universal would not bill us for first carload of washers shipped in January until they had written the Accounting Department to find out if they had been really sold. So all in all, I think perhaps we did a fair job in campaigning 115 machines, not to mention that about 15 more followed the week after the campaign ended.

Got snowed in at Lincoln recently, and got a lesson in the art of playing 63 from Harvey Hanscom and Harry Allen. Must say that I have to practice up on this game or on that crowd.

Always heard that children never wanted electric trains for Christmas presents because the old gent would wear it out before the kiddo ever saw it run. But Young has pulled even a faster one by setting one up right in his office - so someone is going to get a "used" train just the same.

Helen Jones, our Home Economist spent the week of March 4th in New Britain and Bridgeport, learning what is new in Universal and General Electric Range Cookery. Expect that her new Main Street kitchen and office will be nearly completed on her return.

Thompson to the rescue!!! Service that is Service, is Bill's motto, and a fine follow-up is the recent rescue of a lady's pet cat. It does not happen often

but when a cat's tail is in the fly-wheel of a refrigerator, fur flies - and Bill says so do claws but so far as we can learn, only the cat's feelings were hurt.

Well I certainly got into something mentioning that heavy duty Bake Oven sale - but I am going to try to print the last words - Will the fellow who actually did make this sale, get busy and get that equipment here.

Have heard from several sources that Jim Muttly sold a combination range last year and now it looks like a picnic in progress with the Main Street service crew, Store and Service Managers, Jim and others, hurrying to and fro, back and forth on the sed range!!

Charlie Mansur was recently found trying to crawl through the needle's eye or were you repairing a sewing machine, Charlie? Anyway, I know that you've got that 10 per cent commission on parts repair in basement all "sewed" up, and from now on your name is on the slip.

Mr. Wendall Rand recently joined our Bangor Sales Crew. Mr. Rand's previous experience with electrical appliance dealer sales in Bangor should make him particularly welcome at this time with special \$114.95 refrigerator with which we must double our 1939 unit sales to equal dollar volume.

Hughie Tracey has paid us a short visit and we certainly are pleased to see him progressing so fine - even if he does have to have a valet to handle his wearing apparel. What we would like to know Hughie, is, does that cast make a nice pillow.

Miss Boober wound up 1939 for good the other day and waste baskets groaned with overloads. This clean-up always precedes a frantic hunt for something we have had no call for for at least twelve months. But isn't that always the way?

Confucius say: "Perkins misses his 'callings' when other answer his phone." Wonder if I could earn a penny or two by charging for "carried calls"?

Our many dutied Don King finds the stepping fast now-a-days doing a three man job. One minute a sales clerk, next a wireman, next working in the "demo" kitchen, and so into the night.

Ashmore and Thompson recently joined a "black-out" in a Main Street store to find the tear stained faces were not of woe, but only the so-called warning

agent of S02. Just call 'em the two great exterminators and not of fairy book legend - Pied Pipers.

Walter Maddocks after lasting through our Washer Campaign started to place a bet on what he would do during March and April. Two hours later thought better of it (or worse) and called all bets off. But in spite of this, that \$114.95 is one bet no one can afford to miss.

Recently a Main Streeter found an old bank book of his with less than 50 cents showing. This is big money at Main Street, so this person immediately writes for his "deposits". Today the reply notes Bank is in receivership and now with much waiting and corresponding 5 cents may be realized. I do not know, but think some one will still go after the five pennies.

Am wondering who's writing who in this Hydro News - have had several news requests, letters, and now a telephone call. You can't make them all happy.

Bar Harbor

Everett J. Salisbury,

Barbara L. Keene

Halsen Mitchell has entered the Mt. Desert Island Hospital for observation. We hope nothing serious is the matter, and that we may soon report you are back at work, Halsen.

Lloyd Buzzell is at Southwest Harbor during the absence of Halsen Mitchell.

Your scribe, who has spent most of the winter, testing meters in Southwest Harbor has now moved on to Manset.

Southwest Harbor has been a very busy community the past few months, due chiefly to the moving of the Coast Guard Station from Rockland there. Several new homes have been built, many to accommodate these families. We hope to have some pictures of the buildings in the near future.

Casper Young recently spent the week-end in Berlin, New Hampshire.

Miss Barbara Leland is enjoying a two weeks vacation from her duties.

At the annual Town Meeting the Town voted to build a new \$40,000 stone pier to replace the present wooden one. Work is to commence in the Fall.



Alton C. Grant

A questioning frame of mind is that of Alton C. Grant pictured at left. A native of Columbia Falls, Maine, Alton was born on March 11th, 1893 and went through the public schools of the Falls.

Alton married Ida Hamilton of New Castle, N. B. and they have two grown daughters, both married and also a foster son, Donald, aged 9 years. Mr. and Mrs. Grant live at 52 Warwick St., Bangor.

During the World War, Alton was Erector's helper at the Bath yard of the Texas S.S.Co. and then followed several years running engines and log haulers in lumbering operations. Later several years in the lumber business on his own.

He started with the Hydro with Joe Fournier at West Enfield and then to the Electrical Dept. Has worked over the while system. Was sent by the company to the Illinois plant of the Woodward Governor Co. for manufacturing information and has since been our governor specialist with headquarters at the Main St. Service Building.

Frank E. Littlefield

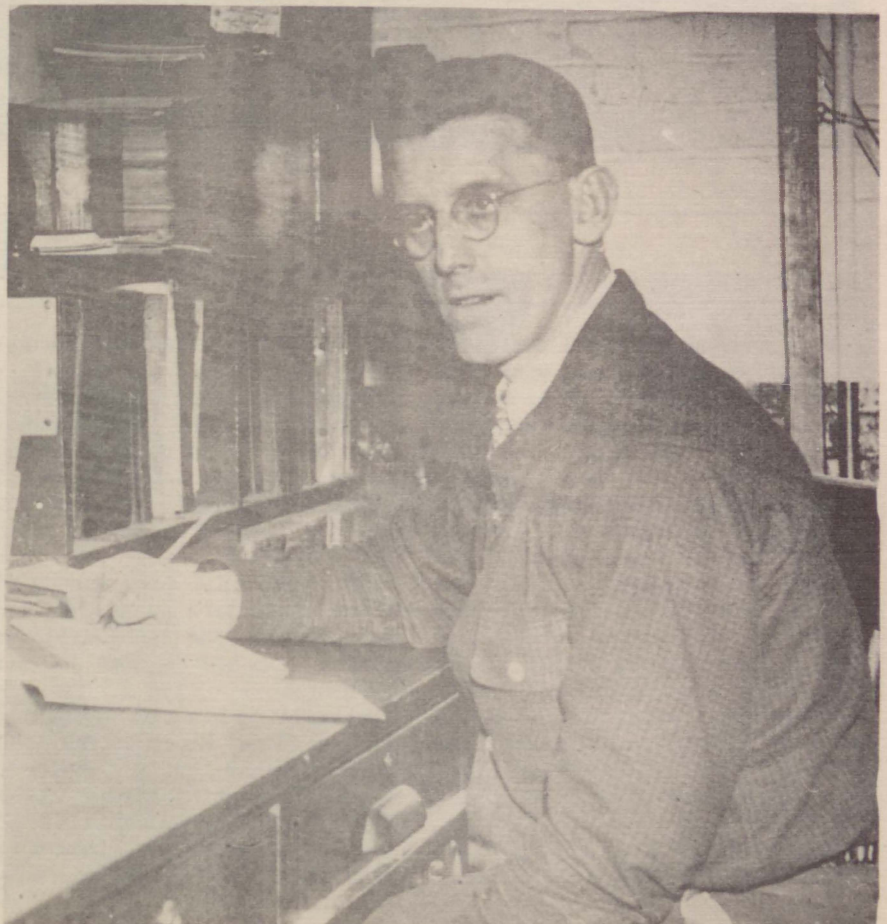
Pictured at right below, Frank is busy at a clerical task. He was born in Hampden July 14, 1899, went through Hampden common school and three years at the Academy. Frank's wife was Miss Vera Bragg from Levant. Their children are Margaret aged 19 and Malba aged 17 and both of Hampden Academy.

Born and brought up on a farm, he worked first with the Eastman Car Co. and later with the Texas S. S. Co. at Bath; then with the Eastern Mfg. Co. for three years and a similar period in the dry cleaning business.

It was on May 17, 1927, that he came with the Hydro with the line crew and in Jan. 1929 switched to the Electrical Dept. in his present job. Considerable experience has piled up on Frank in the operation of the Roger's trailer. He has been in and out of some tough situations with this massive trailer. Just back last week from a hazardously icy trip down east.

During flood conditions in 1936 Frank spent 86 hours straight on the trailer doing jobs that few other pieces of equipment in the state could hope to do.

Frank's main responsibility at the service building is testing robber safety gloves and blankets and also keeping track of the Electrical Dept. tools and equipment.





A native of Bangor, Allen was born September 24, 1906 and attended Bangor Schools. In 1934 he married Roberta Rowell of Houlton. Sandra Louis four years old is their only child.

In his early days he worked in a baker shop and in a garage, and at one time operated a poultry farm in Orrington.

On March 4, 1929 Allen came with the Hydro starting in the Electrical Department and has worked all over the system from Eastport to Millinocket. He has also served at various intervals as spare operator at Bangor Substation and operator of the portable railway substation. He refers particularly to the time he operated the portable substation when Charleston railway lines were removed in 1931. He also commented on the variety of work on which he assisted during the big flood at Veazie in 1934, sandbagging the station, etc.

Allen mentioned he has one boy, by a previous marriage, who is 14 years old and is a freshman at Brewer High school.

Allen will tell you that his main hobbies are hunting and fishing but that's not unusual among Hydro employees. However, should he tell you about the home he built when he had but \$200 cash to start with, you will hear a story that convinces you of the truth of the statement "It can be done". For details see elsewhere in this issue.

The House that Sawyer Built

With an unquenchable desire to own his own home and with \$200 cash to his name, Allen L. Sawyer of the Electrical Department accepted the challenge of his friends that "It can't happen here". He went to work and in spite of discouragement instead of encouragement from friends and family and bankers et al, he poured the foundation for this house of six large rooms and bath. This was on July 6, 1938. The cellar was engineered during his week's vacation and with the help of Hydro Operating Engineer Ernest W. Brown. The Sawyer family moved in December 26th of the same year.

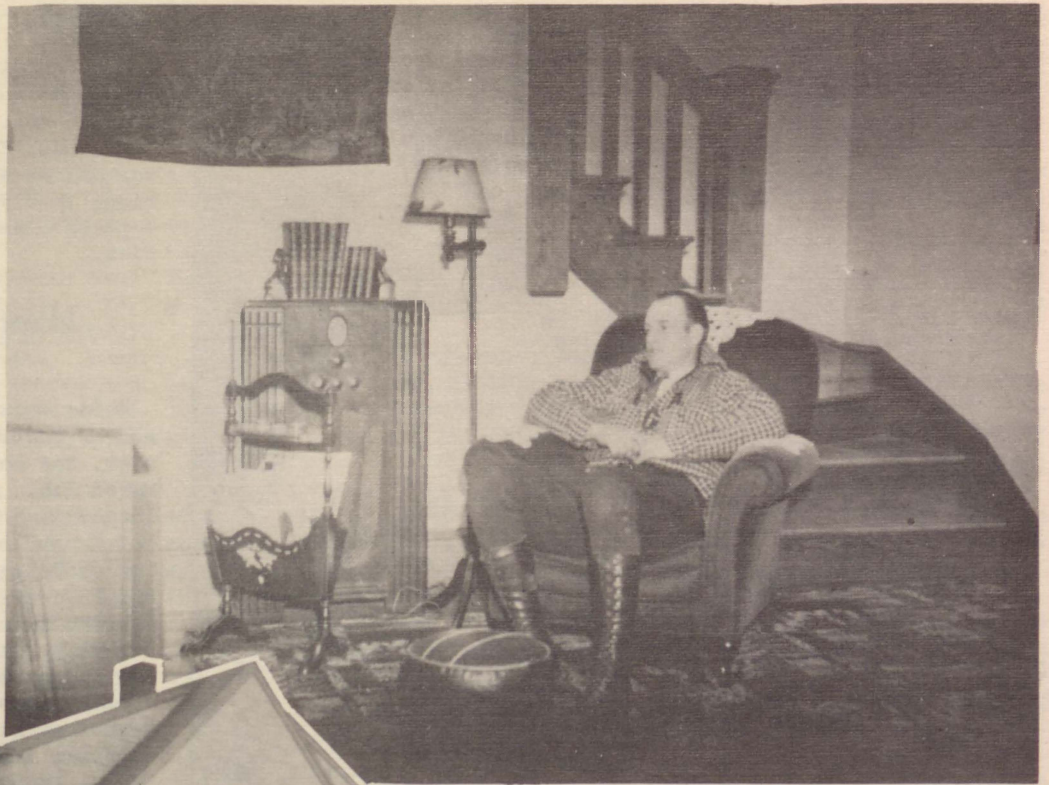
When we say Allen built his own house, that is just what we mean.

For, while he hired various help from time to time and worked along with a regular plumber on that part of the work and with Hydro Harry Allen on the electric wiring, nevertheless Sawyer did the major part of all the work himself. It was a day and night job. No hot meals for seven weeks and only one Sunday off during the entire summer and mind you, at the same time, Allen was holding down his regular job with the Hydro.

In building his own home Allen has built a house that will stand. He has built beyond the average specifications using heavier and finer materials. His house might well be termed an all-electric home, electric range

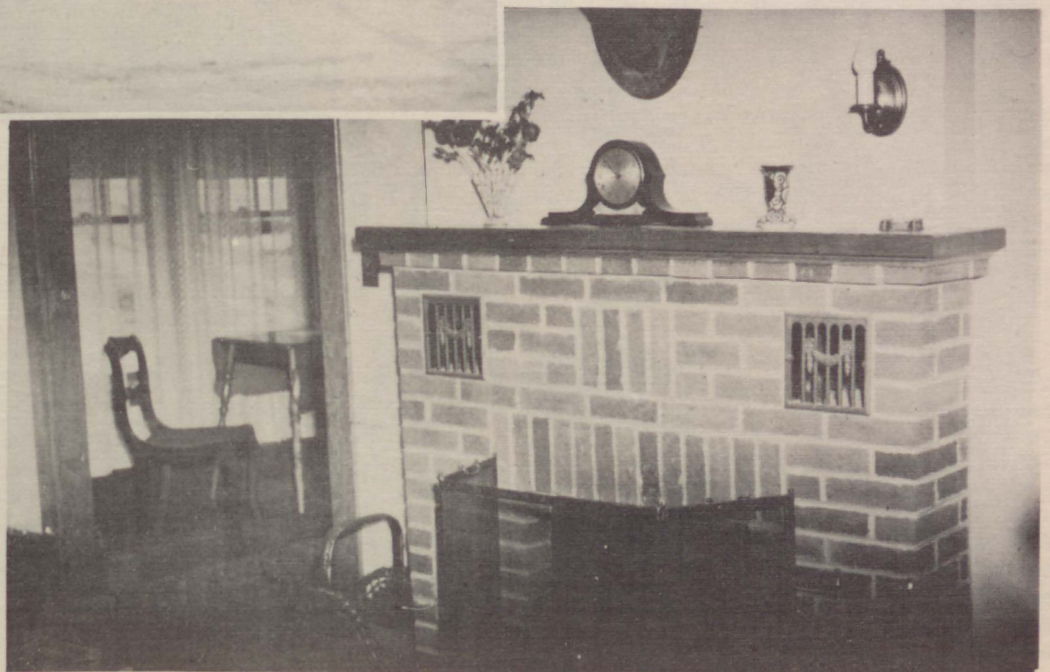
refrigerator and water heater. An oil burning furnace in the cellar. The only place he can build a fire in the house is in the fireplace. The house is all insulated with rock wool and one-half inch rather than three-eighth inch sheet rock on the side walls. All hard wood floors and all woodwork natural finish. The question of water supply in his residence on the Ellsworth Road about seven miles from Bangor was one of prime importance. This has been solved by an artesian well which gives a continuous two inch stream of water.

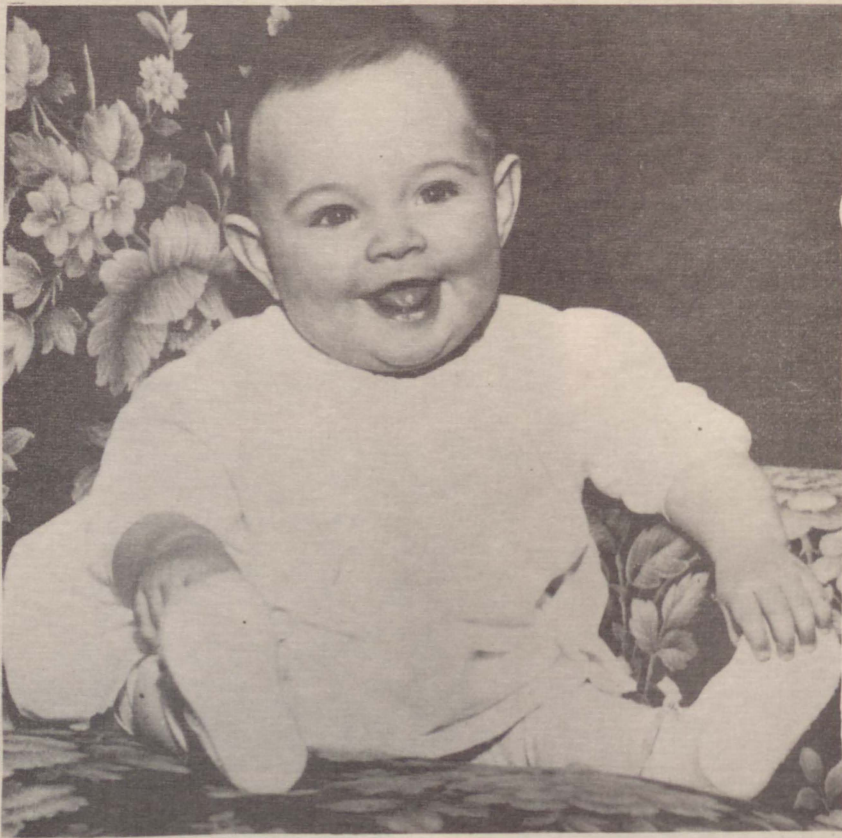
Do you want to own your own home? Ask Allen how to build it.



Who has a better right?

At home and completely at home is Al Sawyer of our Electrical Dept. in the "House that Sawyer built" from start almost to finish. Of particular interest is the fine fireplace with Heatolator.





Linda Jean Hodgdon

This smiling young charmer is the eight month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hodgdon. Little Linda Jean Hodgdon's mother was Maxine Nason before her marriage to Clyde; messenger and reception clerk of our general office.

Happy Birthday

Buddy Webster, the four year old son of Asst.Gen.Mgr. Earle R. Webster, was host on his birthday on March 7th. Activities ceased just long enough to snap Ricky Briggs out front. (Son of Hydro Attny. Gordon Briggs). Back left is Buddy and in center, 14 month old Tommy Webster and at right is Georgie Homstead, the 4 year old son, of Ralph Homstead of Homstead Express.

Staff photographer Ken Dudley says that he had as hard a time stopping the action of this quartet as stopping the thirteen puppies at Lancaster's kennels.



Lincoln

Harry S. Allen

With such a short notice and being caught quite shy of paper, this month's news from this department may have to be short and to the point.

First, we wish to announce that our crew is again complete. Mr. Haskell returned to work Monday morning, March 4th. His many friends are pleased to see him back at the old stand and we of the crew, appreciate having him back to guide us.

Our display counter needed a bit of trim so we asked Geo. White to send us up something in the way of a new spring outfit. He did! We received a wall tapestry on which there is a bare-foot boy contently fishing by a babbling brook which winds thru a young forest. As soon as we put it in place, this scribe rushed home and dug out the tackle box and fondly sorted out the different lures, oiled the reels, and lines and now by the looks it will be three more months before the lakes and streams are free of their winter bonds. Aren't your ideas a wee bit early George? No doubt the Arnold boy has you all pepped up for that annual trip to West Lake.

And while we're on the subject of fishing, will say that I didn't do too bad the first Sunday this month. After worrying five thirty-two inch holes in clear ice, was rewarded with two fine salmon and a trout, all of which made several meals. To cap the days adventure, I added a kitten to the family roster. And thereby hangs a tale. As near as I can figure, this kitten was ten miles from the nearest house or camp. Half starved and apparently lost, he scrambled down on the lake. Both front paws were bristling with porcupine quills, showing he had foraged for himself for some time. A feed of fish and a half can of evaporated milk made his stomach stick out and a contented purr announced that all was well with the world. Nor did he have any objection to being stuffed in a pack basket and carried several miles to the car which would take him about fifty more miles. By all appearances, the "mouse" in mine house

she will be none.

According to our local paper, our streets are in for a little lighting. One of the town fathers in his annual report announces that a shop owner confided to him that he had more candlepower in his store than the town had on Main Street! That's your cue Perkins, you gettum, we'll hangum!!

Mr. Hammons: The knitting you referred to that Mr. Haskell was doing is not a tablecloth but a muffler for your red neck ties!

Sorry to hear that Tracey is tied up with a busted wrist and hope he will be out and around again soon. Always did say a man should act his age after he reaches 40. Of course our modern ice may be a bit harder than that of the gay nineties!

Guess our Hanscom boy went to town with his washer campaign, didn't he? It's worth your time to ride around our fair town on wash days and view the white washings done by the Universal washer. One sale worthy of mention was one made to an aged couple who reside in Passadumkeag. A little skeptical about the ability of the modern washer, these kind souls asked if they might try one out first. This they were allowed to do and the next morning they phoned and said that never had there been such a clean, white, wash hung on the family line. The aged woman told us that she always believed that soiled clothes had to be rubbed before they were placed in a washer.

Note that the meter readers in Bangor are a bit nervous about dog bites. Our meter reader has been bitten by all types of dogs so that's no news, but he claims the distinction of having been bitten by a tom cat! Yessir, its a fact, but could you blame said feline, especially when Billy clamped his number 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ directly on its tail. What would you do?

Having the privilege of living in a house with an unobstructed view of Mt. Katahdin, wish to advise good friend Nick at East Corinth that the breeze is darn near worn out before he smells it. It also lies directly north and let me advise that its no

south wind that howls around these parts.

A new General Motors truck loaded with three ton of fertilizer left the road just this side of Winn, missed a rail fence by inches, and nailed a pole plumb center. Continuing on, it upset on a rock and rolled over in a brook, where it caught fire and burned. Another new pole to hold "Reddy" up.

Quite surprised that the editors did not mention that Allie Doane could probably spin some of the best hunting and fishing yarns that ever graced a prevaricators meeting. Many is the yarn I've heard that this friendly soul has spun.

? Wonder what the big secret is pertaining to the license plates etc. at Ken Cosseboom's camp? Nice to know he has a camp but why not let us in on the bet?

Eight games won, four lost, is our bowling record to date. Those ten little hardwood pins are beginning to take it now.

Hanscom is unable to figure out whether Vaughn is wearing his oldest boys pants. They do seem to fit too soon and we notice he stoops over rather daintily. At first we figured the boy must be staying home from school so Pa could work but that proved false so guess the pants are Vaughn's, even tho he seems to be protruding through them in places. There is no doubt but what the shoes are his own, no one else wears that size!

Twelve matches, and as yet Jip has not been down to witness our prowess. He starts each time but is delayed, either by sixty-three callers, line trouble, or else. Last week he actually was in sight of the building but was waylaid by a talker who held his attention much to long.

Not many callers this early in the month. If our memory serves us right, we had only six: Vose, Harper, Greeley, Hammons, Cosseboom, and Perkins.

Warning to Visitors: Do not park your car in sight of our store, or anywhere along the roads near our lines. Foreman Davis is confiscating all tires

and enlisting them in his brush and trimming operations. He has found that they are very valuable in the burning of slash and no tire, new or old, is safe unless securely bolted down. In fact, he claims a new one burns better than an old one! Expect any day to find the service truck minus five rubbers.

It would be nice to have our paper come out sometime during the month for which it is written I'm wondering if we get it as early as we are promised. With fingers crossed, and a rabbit's foot well rubbed, this scribe says it's possible but not probable that we receive it on the 15th. No hard feelings, Ye Ed.

With good luck and plenty of refrigerators, Salesman Hanscom says the first prize will come to Lincoln at the end of this campaign. Any objections from any parts? If not, we will turn the hat, count the votes, and table the matter until later.

Finally, at this time of year, always bear in mind that - "It isn't the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin they carry you off'in".

See you at the Sportsman Show.

Railway Dept.

Wilbur W. Watson

It was a clear cold day in Feb. Fred Street stood on Harlow St., watching a dog that was chasing a cat across the lawn of the Public Library. Turning around he smiled and said "Life is just one darn thing after another".

We are happy to report that Vernon Lenfest is out of the hospital and able to work again.

Folks, when looking up the names of your friends who have departed from this earth, be sure and look under the column with the heading "Osteopath". Isn't that right Inspector Arnold?

I am very sorry to hear that Manager Haskell of Lincoln is in the hospital, and this scribe hopes for a quick recovery.

"Doc" Emerson, it is reported, thought that he had the "News Hawk" when he killed that rooster last fall. "Doc" sure is some guy. He feeds his hens on grain, that has been treated with asperin. By this method of feeding he

is able to leave his hens out of doors all winter without fear of them catching cold.

Yours truly sure enjoyed the letter that Ambrose Eisanor wrote to the "News Hawk" in the February issue. Why not give more of this stuff, Eisanor?

M. J. Nix, one of our car operators, thought that he would like to drive his trolley through Westland Park once more. He got quite a start too. Ran his car way beyond the end of the Highland line.

From the looks of things, winter is on the way out, and I do not believe that anyone is sorry. It has been good wheeling for the street cars this winter, but what icy roads we have had. The way some of the autos have skidded up and knocked on the street car doors, sure has been enough to give most any operator an attack of the jitters. I hope Mr. Auto Driver will learn sometime that a street car has only a "one track mind".

Attention - News Hawk. Will you kindly inform "Sailor" Sproul that when he takes his finger out of water, the hole is not lost but is used for the purpose of stuffing macaroni.

No lost time accidents for the railway division so far in 1940. Let's all try for a perfect score this year.

Leo Sawyer does not believe in doctors. He got quite a shaking up in that wrestling match that he had on the Old Town car recently. But did he see a M. D? He did not. Leo says home remedies are the best and so he has been reading papers for a "Week" back.

Edgar Bille, Tom McLeod, Howard Arnold and Ivory Bowden were at Tunk Lake last week fishing.

Guy Webster has a new hair tonic. It is called "Night in Pittsburg". Guy says that it is very good for dandruff. If this is so Guy, you should be able to do business on a large scale with the car operators. By the way, we understand that this hair tonic is made on Bald Mountain. How about it Webster.

Hugh Tracey, our curly haired Main Street Store Manager, had the misfortune of hurting his wrist while skating. It has been reported to your "News Boy" that Hugh was going to show the folks how to do the "Two-Step" on the skates and he did. Just two steps, that was all. But all

kidding aside, Hugh surely is a swell guy, and we sincerely hope that his wrist will be well soon.

Ed. Carvell drops around quite often to see us.

Of course you all read the article on Life Insurance in last month's issue. I for one, think that insurance is a wonderful thing, and I am in hopes of increasing mine as soon as I can. Elmer Little of the Railway Department sells insurance and has about any kind of a policy that one would want.

He has some good bargains. For instance, he has a policy that costs only a few cents per month which at death pays \$50.00 per week as long as you live.

Bob Young called at the waiting room last week, looking up old friends.

Was glad to hear from Harry Allen of the Lincoln Division, via the Hydro News. By the way Allen speaking of fish that Haven't been caught up there, I'd like to say that I caught a humdinger in Lincoln ten years ago, weighing 132 pounds, and I still have her. Gosh, I hope that the Mrs. does not read this, because if she does, I'll probably be in the dog house.

Fred Street's life seems to be overcast by a dark shadow. At least it would seem that way after seeing him last Saturday night sitting beside a dark gentleman in a local restaurant.

We have found out who this man Dynamite is, but at present we are keeping his name a secret, because we are afraid that he might "blow up" if we reveal his identity.

"Flash"! Exclusive. Man is attacked on way home from work.

Leo Sawyer was attacked in front of his home the other night by a large owl. However, no damage was done except a bad scare for Sawyer. Did you think that the Owl was the News Hawk, Leo, or didn't you give a hoot?

And that friends about winds up another edition of the railway news, and so until the April showers start pouring down, I remain, your Railway Correspondent, who is very glad that he doesn't have to dive into a bomb-proof shelter every time he sees a plane flying overhead.

ANCIENT SPORTS

In a quiz given at W. U. recently, one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports."

A freshman wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Good Fishing

at Tunk Lake

Howard Arnold, Tom McLeod, Ivory Bowden and E. W. Billie had great luck at Tunk Lake in Franklin County on Feb. 29th. Caught some nice togue, had good weather and plenty to eat and all returned safely.

Top right, shows McLeod, Bowden and Arnold taking time out after cutting holes and baiting and setting traps. Then, time out for chow and coffee. Tommie snapped four buttons on his vest. (Proof of the quality of the viduals). Below Speed Billie is landing a rare baloon fish through the ice while Tommie stares spellbound. The togue below made Poacher's day complete. He almost turned the lake upside down in the process of landing this beauty.



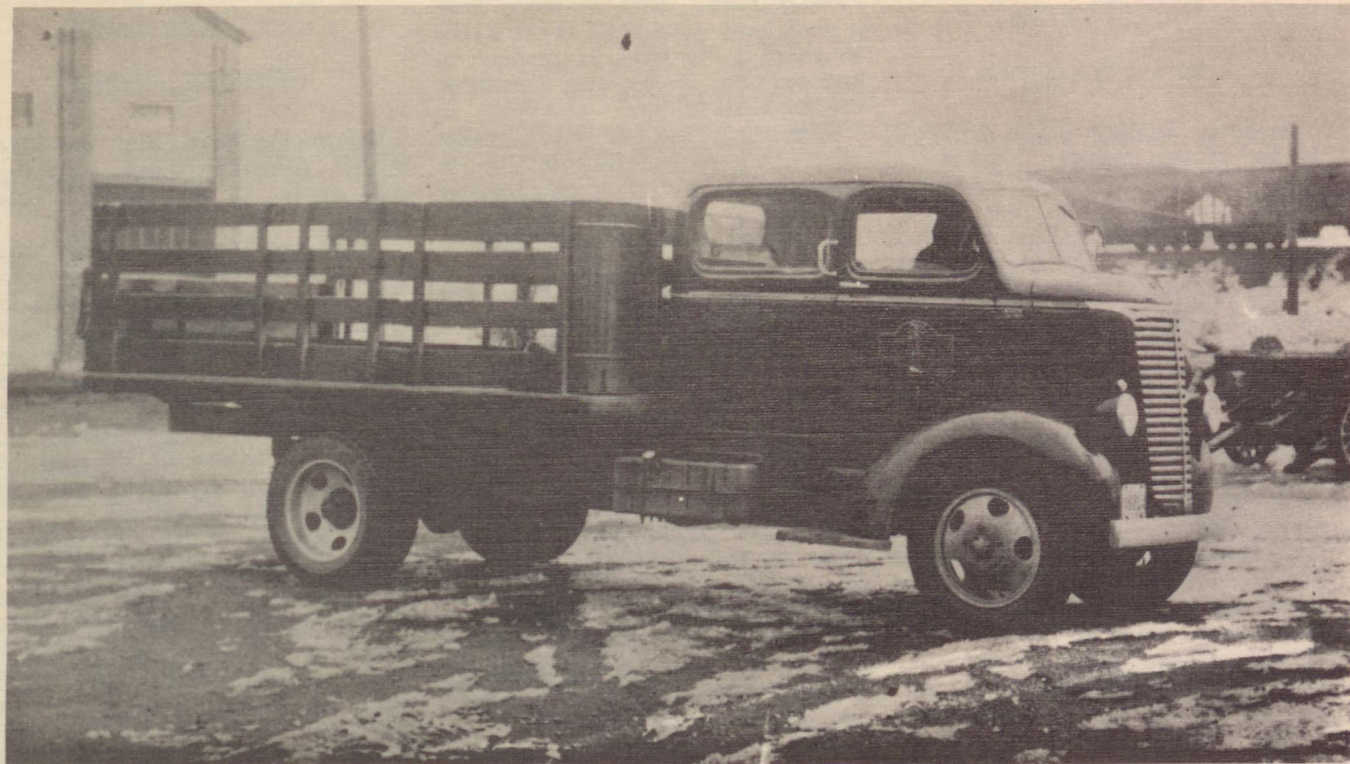


Herbert L. Clark

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Herbert L. Clark in Philadelphia, on February 26th, 1940.

Mr. Clark was an active associate in the early development of this Company, being a Director from 1905 through 1926, and from 1930 to the time of his death. He also served as Vice President of the Company from 1921 up to 1940.

Mr. Clark was in Bangor, and attended the annual stockholders meeting on February 13th of this year, at which time he appeared in his usual good health. In the death of Mr. Clark, the Officers and the Company have lost a valued advisor, and a real friend.



New Five-Man-Cab truck of Electrical Dept.

Millinocket

Ellen M. Barnes

The painters have completed their work in our Millinocket store, our merchandise and furnishings have been put back in place, and everything looks very nice, and also very clean. We have new window shades throughout our office which add immensely to the office appearance.

We recently received two Crosley Chattabox's in our office for check-up and repair. One is connected in our men's room and the other in our office and we all enjoy "testing" them.

Mrs. Ivan Buck was re-elected as Selectwoman. She is second Selectwoman, Mr. Harold Gates being First Selectman and Mr. Simon Simon the Third Selectman.

A "Popularity Contest for 1940" is being sponsored by several of our Millinocket merchants. Votes are given for each merchandise purchase of ten cents or over. The candidate (any young lady between the ages of 16-30) who received the most votes will have a three-day trip to Boston, stay at the Hotel Bradford, with all expenses and amusements paid and

\$5.00 for spending money. She may also take along a companion. Our Bangor Hydro store is one of the stores giving votes and we are kept busy counting them out. There are a great number of candidates running and already over 250,000 votes have been cast in the first day and one-half of balloting. The contest will close Friday, March 15th.

Off the records, the writer understands that we will have an increased lighting load this year with five new street lights to be installed on our new Water Street and on Congress and State Street Extensions, and two new street lights to be placed in East Millinocket. More work for "Reddy" Kilowatt.

Mr. Henry Jones recently took our line truck to Bangor for repairs and general overhauling.

Manager Fernald was in Ellsworth recently to attend the funeral services of a relative, on March 2nd.

"Pop" Nelson and Robert Edgecomb have been working at the Radio Beam Station at the Rice Farm doing miscellaneous work, grounding cable, etc.

The writer, also, understands that Manager Fernald recently purchased a new Heatilator and

will soon have a new fireplace in his camp at Millinocket Lake.

Mrs. Henry Van DeBogert, Jr., the former Barbara Stover, our Home Economist, was in our office last Saturday. She accompanied her husband on a business trip in town.



Eastport

Horace J. Logan

Recent callers at this office were Mr. Hammons, Mr. Hall, Mr. John Parker, Mr. Milton Vose, Mr. Cole, Mr. LeRoy Vose, and Mr. Geo Libby.

Harry Logan has been quite busy these past few weeks delivering washers he sold in the Washer Campaign. Harry won sixth place in the Campaign.

Wesley Vose, son of Mr. LeRoy Vose of Machias, has opened his new Law Office here.

Mr. and Mrs. Logan, Alvin Pottle Edwin Logan and Jennie Cassidy motored to Brewer last week, to attend the basketball games.

Mrs. Barbara Van De Bogert called on us last week.

Car House

Charles W. Brown

We have another birth credited to one of our members this month Harold Withee was just a wee bit shy about telling us last month, so we promised to spread the news in this issue. Better late than never. Anyway little Miss Withee is only a month old, so she won't be apt to be too severe with us for being late with the announcement. This new arrival has two brothers.

Congratulations, Mrs. Withee and Harold.

We saw in last month's issue where Henry Jones up in Millinocket was out with a cold, which reminds us of the time a few years ago, down at Southwest Harbor, when Henry's crew ate the boiled dinner in a restaurant, and all became violently ill and had to lay off for the afternoon. Wonder if you remember it Hen? I do, as I was in the crew.

Fred Humphrey says that potatoes are plentiful in Hampden. He recently had a truck load obligingly dumped in his back yard.

Old car No. 101, pictured in the last issue, was a familiar sight to a lot of the old timers here. Fred Mason tells us that he put a lot of miles on this car

Wally Puffer who last month completed thirty-seven years service with the Company, recently told me about the old days, when he was on a regular run to Brewer. In the winter they had a snowplow nose which was attached to the regular car. On arriving at the end of the line, they had to unhook the plow nose, and drag it around to the other end of the car, and start the return trip. Wally promises to try and dig up some old pictures for us.

Thanks for the supper invitation "Lincoln Listener". We may hold you to that later on.

In regards to the list of big fish caught in nearby waters and listed last month, by our friend the "News Hawk", we'll go him one better and say we believe him.

Bing Crosby insists that the Company should issue a washable car pass for employees, so that when he has his overalls washed, he can leave it in the pocket. Bing tried it with his present pass, but we understand it didn't prove practical.

The Bangor Post, Veterans of

Foreign Wars, have recently brot a real live goat into their fold. We suspect he will be trained to succeed Ed. Burns, as Commander of the Post.

From the files of thirty years ago, it may be interesting to know that a new type trolley car fender was invented by a former Bangor man, named Edward Clase.

Some of our Veterans here at the car barn remember this and tell us that this fender was the type used on car No. 101, pictured in last month's issue. Instead of hooking up as the present ones do, it used to slide in under the car. A later type was a fender so arranged that on striking any obstacle on the track, it would trip and drop down on the rail and literally scoop up anything in its path. This was impractical, however, as the least bit of snow would trip it and cause a slight delay while the operator stopped his car to replace his fender.

The present type seen on all cars was perfected and built by the crew here at the car barn.

Joe Ekholm would like to know what Stubby Hennessey does with the brooms every day. Joe has a different hiding place every night, but the elusive broom always manages to escape from its secluded resting place. We suggest you attach one of those cow bells that they use up in Alton to drive deer with.

Well, our Man Confucius says "That time and trolley cars wait for no man" so guess we'll get this bit of ballyhoo in the mail to beat tomorrow's dead line.

Electrical Dept.

William C. Harper

Due to the fact that the Electrical Department has considerable space in this issue, these items will be brief.

Marsh and Grant are still working on underground services about town. Nelson and Edgcomb are working on the out-of-town jobs that call for two or more men, using our new truck which is equipped with five-man cab, and winch. It is a fine truck, and we expect to use it to good advantage on jobs which call for heavy lifting or moving.

Mr. Bagley of G. E. Company spent a couple of weeks with us, going over some of the automatic machinery and a new battery charger at Veazie Station, called by G. E. "A Phavotron" (Fannie to us).

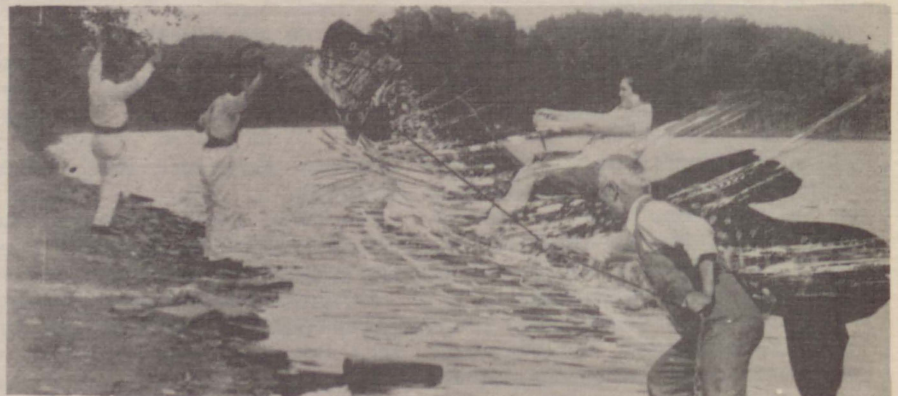
Littlefield mounted his trusty-steel Saturday noon and set out for Lubec. Harry Wentworth with his new truck furnished the motive power and Alton Grant took along a winch truck. They went to rescue an engine which had escaped on a hill and ended in a culvert at the foot.

Continued poor radio reception is still with us, but people seem to be getting more used to it, or the war is less interesting, because complaints of noise have been less numerous.

*The biggest fool—he who will not learn.
The greatest deceiver—he who deceives himself.*

The greatest trouble maker—the spreader of gossip.

How about it News Hawk?



After all when we of the Railway Department boast of our piscatorial ability and are challenged we produce visible proof. We are still waiting for proof that Inspector Percy Davis really caught a 453-3/4 pound salmon in Kenduskeag River as reported in Trolleyville News last month. Yes, we are still waiting.

Second Floor

Catherine A. Buker

We hear the Accounting Department has scored another hit - another engagement ring has made its appearance, which means we lose one of our girls, and we get a new one.

Our very best wishes go to you, Alice Anderson, and we will miss you.

Atwell Blaisdell, along with his many other activities, such as photography, manufacture of furniture, etc., etc., has now joined up with the Taxi Drivers, and we hear it making plenty by his taxi efforts. A true taxi driver indeed, dashes around, between and before everything on wheels, or otherwise, but gets his passengers to the corner of their respective streets, all safe and sound. The passengers walk the last long mile - you see it happens to be out of Atwell's regular course, and every minute counts.

Florence Steeves is again Augusta-bound this weekend, and from what we can gather, Alice Hackett is again Lincoln-bound. We will hear all the important events Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Murchie left last week on a trip to the West Indies, which will last about three weeks. We can't imagine anything more enjoyable than to leave this cold early spring climate in Maine, and bask in the tropic sun of the West Indies. We hope their trip will be pleasant, every minute of it.

Glenna Bragdon Churchill, one of our co-workers of former days, called on us recently, a call which we all enjoyed very much.

By the way, the lady whose pet cat was caught in the motor of the refrigerator, and was so ably rescued by Bill Thompson of Main Street, wishes to extend her sincere thanks. If it had not been for this timely rescue, I am afraid that the cat would have lost at least half of her nine lives. We wish to report the cat is doing nicely at the present time.



COURTESY
opens the door to
Happiness and Success

Orono

Mildred S. Willard

At this writing, the Orono mill, branch of the Eastern Manufacturing Co., has started operations and production is in full swing. The men seem to be willing to cooperate and are most optimistic that this activity will continue.

Hall Dearborn dropped in to see us the other day. Other recent visitors included Milton Vose, Ed Flaherty, and Mr. Banks.

We are all glad to see Jimmie Legace, linesman, back on the job after a run of hard luck. Hope you won't be laid up again for a while, Jimmie.

Add signs to Spring! Your scribe heard a Song Sparrow for the first time this morning. Robins and Bluebirds get most of the notice, but in my experience, the Song Sparrow always beats 'em to it.

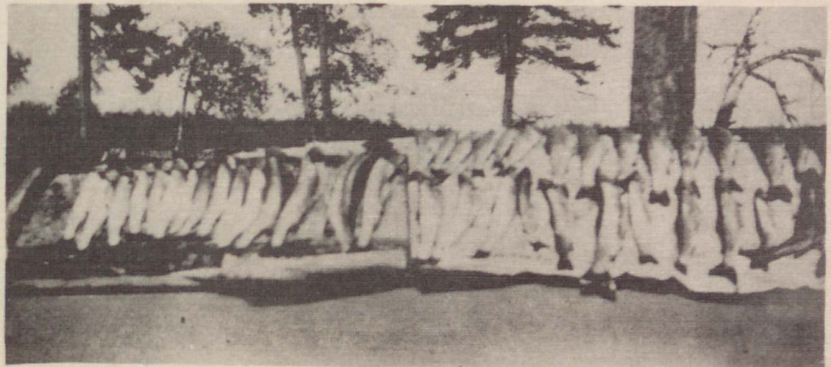
Street Car

Riddle

Who is the grey haired old Lady
Who trolleys all day and all night,
Who is always ready and willing
to give us much needed advice?
Who is it that's always complaining
Who says that the car is too cold
Who is it informs our drivers
they are always too fast or too slow
Who is it that jots down our numbers
in one of her little black books
Who insists that service is rotten
and gives us such surly dark looks
Who is it that tells our operators
that their watches are crazy and lie
Who is it that always finds fault, but
Will ride till the day that she dies?
(Contributed by News Hawk)

Hydro Trading Post

For Sale: Crawford Enamel Cook polished top, grates and oil burner. \$35.00. Black iron modern Glenwood with Silent Glow oil burner, \$30.00. Silent Glow oil burner with 3 gal. bottle, \$7.00.
Refer to Floyd Ness, Main St.



Fish bit like this in 1927

Again proof is produced of a real catch. This one by Bill Ellis and Johnny Morrill in 1927, at Frost Pond. Forty-seven nice trout caught on flies. After all, this was before the depression.

(As reported and sworn to by the Car Barn Scribe)

Veterans Service List

Hydro Employees honored this month by Anniversaries of service of five years or more

Employee	Position	Date. Years.
Cole, Elmer W.	Supt., Meter Dept., Bangor	March 26, 1903 - 37
Reaviel, Arthur F.	Supt. of Lines, Bangor	" 9, 1905 - 35
Fernald, Ralph A.	Manager, Millinocket Division	" 1, 1912 - 28
Pyle, Hadley S.	Car Operator, Bangor	" 5, 1915 - 25
Arnold, Howard E.	Inspector Railway, Bangor	" 4, 1917 - 23
Graves, Wallace H.	Carpenter, Bangor	" 6, 1920 - 20
Libbey, Ruth B.	Clerk, General Office, Bangor	" 7, 1921 - 19
Cosseboom, Kenneth S.	Field Engineer, Bangor	" 21, 1921 - 19
Cushing, Lawrence	Meter Reader, Eastport	" 16, 1922 - 18
Carr, Burleigh A.	Serviceman, Millinocket	" 1, 1928 - 12
Colson, Lester O.	Lineman, Bangor	" 12, 1928 - 12
Townsend, Osgood S.	Clerk, General Office, Bangor	" 12, 1928 - 12
Jones, Henry A.	Line Foreman, Millinocket	" 18, 1928 - 12
Franks, Ira C.	Blacksmith, Car House, Bangor	" 25, 1929 - 11
Sylvester, Horace G.	Station Operator, Machias	" 25, 1929 - 11
Hersey, Charles E.	Operator Veazie Station	" 30, 1929 - 11
Sproul, Joseph S.	Serviceman, Harrington	" 3, 1930 - 10
King, Donald S.	Electrician, 31 Main St., Bangor	" 13, 1930 - 10
Ashmore, John R.	Serviceman, Bangor	" 1, 1932 - 8
Fletcher, Howard G.	Operator, Ellsworth Station	" 14, 1932 - 8
Rose, Orlando E.	Operator, Stillwater Station	" 25, 1932 - 8
Davies, Joseph B.	Serviceman, Bangor	" 20, 1934 - 6
Cosseboom, Jefferson D.	Serviceman, Bar Harbor	" 29, 1934 - 6
Hartery, William E.	Stenographer, Eng. Dept., Bangor	" 5, 1935 - 5

How about it Harry?

Just in case you have forgotten, Harry, the item that is recorded on Page 26, second paragraph, ".... possible but not probable No hard feelings...."

And by the way, Harry, was the above in the form of another bet like the one that intrigued your curiosity and as mentioned on Page 25, third column, third paragraph? Where and when do you want to entertain the Hydro News staff?