

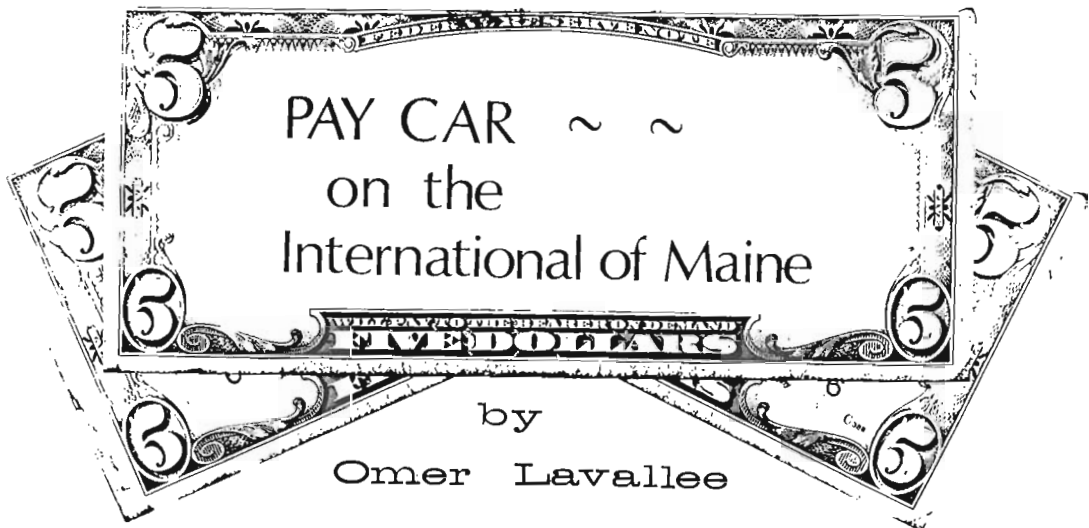
Canadian Rail



Number 173 / January 1966







Railway magazines occasionally carry rollicking and adventurous accounts of a particular phase of old-time railroading -- pay cars. Such stories are invariably full of the ginger of the past on the frontier, replete with holdups, robberies, shootings, and grim-faced railway paymasters riding herd on thousands of dollars in gold, silver and specie, facing death at the hands of thieves with every turn of the road.

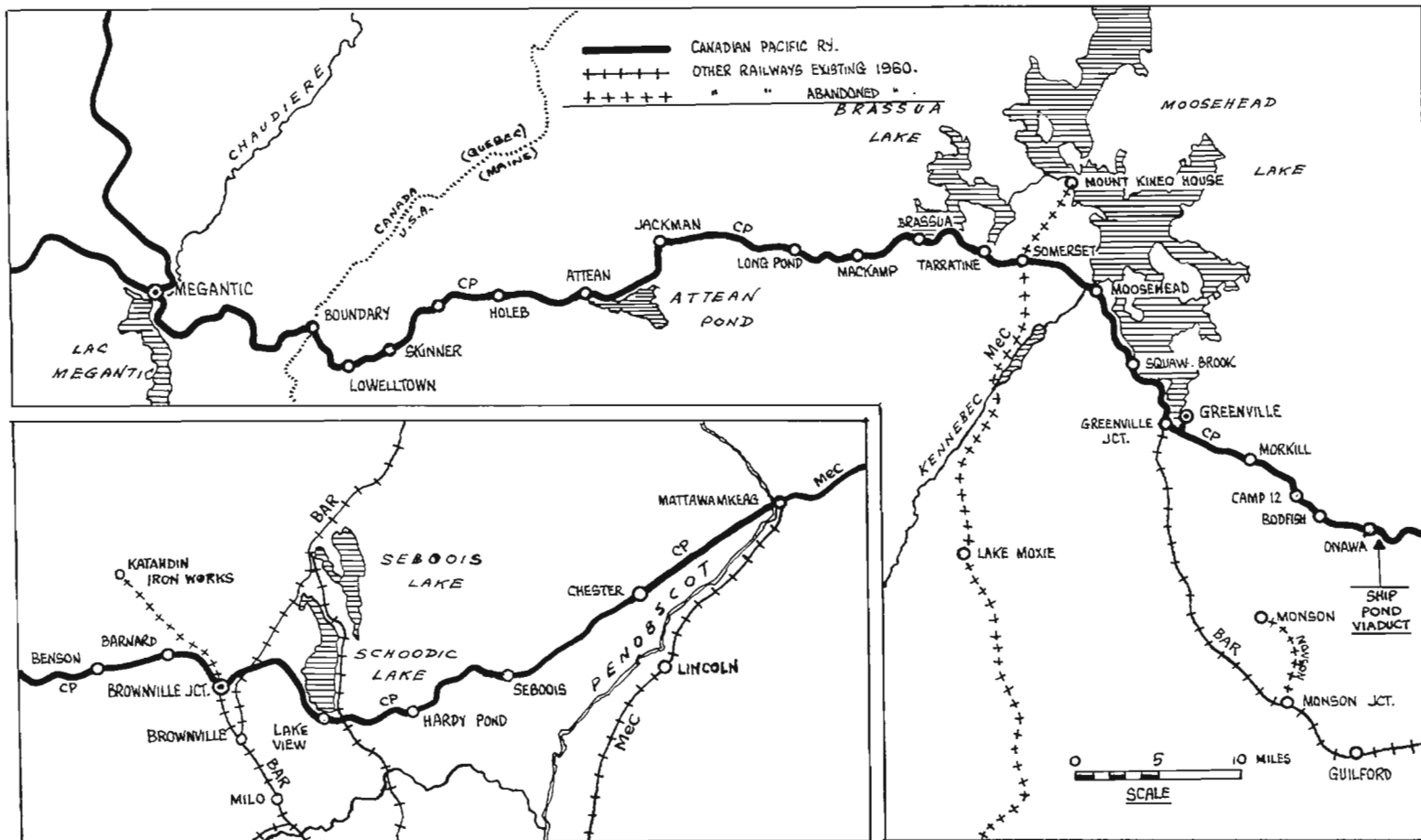
It is all "true", of course, and very entertaining, but I read it much as a modern-day cowboy reads a western magazine -- and well I might, because on July 6, 1960, the era of the pay car and the profession of the pay car paymaster closed for good at Brownville Junction, Maine, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, when I paid the last employee in cold, hard currency

from the last pay car to run regularly in the United States or Canada.

My experiences as a paymaster are in contrast to those in the "adventure" stories; rather, they are ones in which the pleasantest recollections play the most important role. I thank my lucky stars that I never had recourse to the loaded .32 revolver which lay constantly at my side; in fact, I have never fired a firearm in my life nor have I any wish to. The story of the pay car which served Canadian Pacific employees working on the "International of Maine" section between Megantic, Que., and Mattawamkeag, Me., for forty-six years, is one of peace and of solitude, like the territory it served. Contrary to what one might normally expect, the weekly pay car on that picturesque line of railway which

◀ Opposite: Canadian Pacific P-2 class 2-8-2 No. 5339, motive power on an eastbound extra which has just brought the pay car to Mattawamkeag from Brownville Junction switches car 52 at destination.

Cover: Many in Canada are saddened or indignant over recent changes in Canadian Pacific's passenger service. However, there is no cause for concern over C.P.'s freight service as manifested by this multi-unit freight winding through the magnificent "Canadian Pacific" Rockies.



was begun in August, 1914 and ended in 1960 may claim as its most distinctive feature that it was one of the best-kept employees' secrets of all time. Despite the fact that as many as five-hundred employees knew the day-to-day movements of the pay car at any given time, few outsiders knew about it; during its career it was never written up for publication, as it must be quite obvious to the reader that security depended upon secrecy. As a railway historian, I have hundreds of friends among railway amateurs and historians, but only my closest acquaintances knew the real nature of my railway job at that time, and they treated the matter as discreetly as the employees who appeared at the car each week.

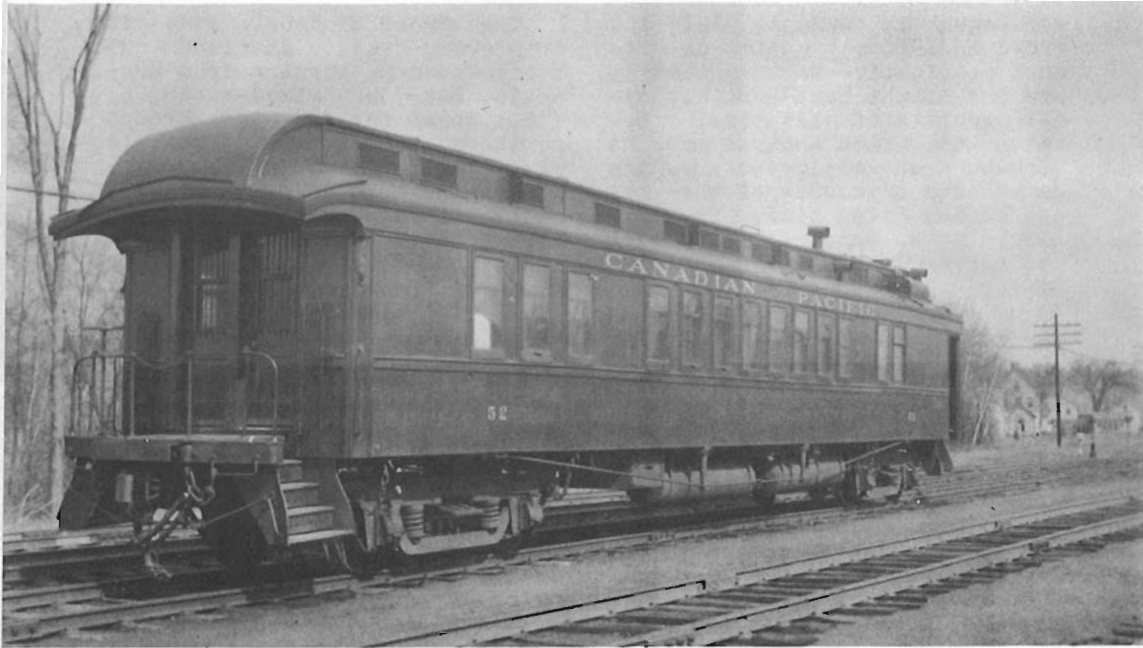
On the last trip, four members, as usual, formed the staff of the steel observation-sleeping car "Fort Simpson" which we had used as a pay car for two-and-a-half years. Beside me, handling the payrolls and making sure that each employee wrote his signature legibly on the sheets, calling the amounts to me as I made the payments, was Robert Dunlop, a young man who, like myself, is a second generation Canadian Pacific man; both our fathers worked for the CPR.

Cooking for us was our genial steward/chef, Mike Vincelli, a veteran of forty-eight years with the CPR Dining Car service. Mike's railway career ended with a well-deserved pension when the pay car was withdrawn. Last, but by no means least, a good friend and confidant of many State of Maine employees was Constable Murdo Maclean, who closed and locked the rear door of the "Fort Simpson" at just 7 PM on July 6, 1960, and, thereby symbolically, closed the door of history on a money distributing system which had its origins with those of the Canadian Pacific itself, nearly eighty years before.

The "Fort Simpson" made its trip every week, starting out every Tuesday morning from Megantic, Que., on mixed-train No. 518, known far and wide through northern Maine by the generic mixed-train title of "The Scoot". The train would make its way 117 miles to Brownville Junction, arrive there during the afternoon, and the pay car would be tied up there, on its special siding, for the rest of the day. On Wednesday, we used to be taken, overnight, to Mattawamkeag, some 34 miles further east -- whence the CPR used Maine Central rails for the rest of the State of Maine journey to Vanceboro, on the eastern border with New Brunswick. In recent years, however, owing to dieselization and longer and less frequent trains, the Mattawamkeag Subdivision payment was made by automobile on Wednesday. On Wednesday night, we would return to Montreal on the "Atlantic Limited" No. 41, and the pay car would be brought back "dead" to Megantic on the following day, Thursday, there to remain until the following Tuesday when it would roll again once more.

Payment on a weekly basis on this line was made by virtue of the laws of the State of Maine. Everyone else on the CPR working in Canada gets paid twice a month. The reason for the cash payment was the lack of settlements with banking facilities along the line. There are only two communities worthy of note for size along the whole 117-mile Moosehead Subdivision, between Megantic and Brownville Junction, spaced about equally. The first, eastbound, is Jackman Me., on the Quebec-Portland highway. The second is Greenville Junction at the foot of Moosehead Lake.

In between these places, at regular intervals, were spaced tiny clusters of sectionmen's homes for the men who maintain this scenic and twisting, ever-



The Car

The simple and practical exterior lines of pay car No. 52, belie a comfortable interior, though they betray its origins as an 1886-vintage coach.

The Man

The author counts money beside the wicket, overshadowed by a pintsch gas fixture. The photo was taken by electric light which was available only when the car was "plugged in" at Brownville Junction.



changing single-track, whose traffic varies extremely between summer and winter. Away from these section houses, there was nothing but the huge wilderness of the second-growth forests -- all logged out more than half a century ago and now left for nature's reclamation project. Spotted here and there in the rocks and evergreens, silvery ponds and cool rushing streams punctuated the landscape, making it, all in all, a pleasant escape from the civilization of towns and highways; when autumn crept into this Maine wilderness during the month of September, the colours of the forests defied description, and an occasional glimpse of a moose, deer, or bear only served to accentuate the inaccessibility of this region which is still one of the last frontiers of the continental United States.

As I stated previously, traffic varied widely between summer and winter. In summer, before dieselization, our "Scoot" would make only two meets in all of the 118-mile, seven-hour trip -- one with the opposite "Scoot" No. 517, the other with the daily Saint John - Montreal manifest. With the coming of winter and the closing of ocean shipping at Montreal due to ice, the "winterport" season at Saint John opened up. Almost overnight, the International of Maine became a dense traffic artery, trains following one upon another, bringing the freight of winter transatlantic shipping to Canada across the international line. I have frequently counted ten meets with other trains in the course of one eastbound trip in winter on the pay car, each train headed by a CPR G2 4-6-2 and a P1 or P2 2-8-2, the standard combination of doubleheaded power on this hilly and curved railway. Now, four diesel road switchers pull the equivalent of more than twice what the steam trains hauled, and piggyback has

supplemented regular traffic.

Every time the pay car would come up to a meet with another train, we would stop, the engine and train crew would climb aboard and get their pay. After a long winter's journey playing "musical chairs" with trains and sidings, the pay car would sometimes arrive in Brownville Junction hours late -- the men understandably grumpy after having waited in a queue in the cold (as much as forty below) for three or four hours.

No bank in existence kept the generous hours of the pay car; we were up and open for business at seven a.m. -- an hour before breakfast. We used to close for the night at about ten fifteen p.m. Not constant duty, mind you, but there were myriad little chores to occupy the paymaster and his crew in the respites between delivering cash into eager hands.

Few bank cashiers would accept the conditions under which we worked, either. Bad enough to have sixteen hours of open shop, without having the "bank" rolling, pitching and jumping with every turn of the rails. One of the characteristics of the job was the vexing experience of breaking open a roll of coins to count them when, suddenly, the slack ran in, the car bumped, and U.S. dimes were all over the floor, into every nook and cranny of the car. Seldom did you recover them all after such an experience, especially if they were dimes. It was better to have this happen to larger coins which couldn't hide as easily, such as silver dollars, of which the car, incidentally, carried a small supply each trip -- a relic of the days when railroad men spurned paper currency, and a cheque would have been looked upon with complete disdain. When the car returned to Angus Shops for its regular

overhaul, the cannier shopmen would take over the popular job of ripping up the floorboards, when that had to be done; there is no record of what the biggest "take" was, but it must have been considerable if the Paymaster's personal losses through spills were any criterion.

The pleasantest times were meal hours, when we could look forward to a quiet half hour or so away from the office end of the pay car, to indulge in the standard Canadian Pacific choice fare, or, on rarer occasions, to sample our chef's beloved Italian delicacies remembered from his childhood in that sunny land.

But when did all this begin? It was in 1882 that the private Canadian Pacific Railway Company which had been formed in the previous year to prosecute the building of a Canadian transcontinental railway, began work in earnest to attain that end. The same year, as might be expected, also saw the first pay car put into use by the Company in the form of No. 112, a small car built as a pay car by James Crossen, the noted railway car builder of Cobourg, Ontario. Pay car No. 112 (the numbers were in the passenger car series by the way) was soon supplemented by No. 137, built in November of the same year, 1882, by the CPR in the old Brockville & Ottawa Railway shops at Perth, Ontario, which the CPR took over and used, in the early years, as a car shop.

These two cars, for two years, handled the complete payment on the Company's lines, which at this time comprised a railway from Montreal to Pembroke, Ontario, with branches from St. Thérèse to St. Jerome and to St. Eustache, in Quebec, from Carleton Place to Brockville, also from Smiths Falls to Perth. Isolated from this

eastern network, which was served by one of the pay cars, and which was formed entirely of older railways taken over by the new company, was a second system centering on Winnipeg, and served by the second paycar, these lines extending from the Red River city to Emerson, on the U.S. border, also generally eastward in the direction of Rat Portage, now Kenora, and Fort William, Ontario.

In May, 1884, with the lines in the east multiplying rapidly with the acquisition of other formerly-independent railways in Ontario, an official car which had been purchased from the Grand Trunk Railway in 1882, was rebuilt into a third pay car, this time numbered 1.

May 1885 saw the completion of the Canadian Pacific rail link between Montreal and Winnipeg, in the wake of the prosecution of the second Riel Rebellion, and on the following November 7, the last spike was driven in the Monashene Range at what is now Craigellachi, B.C. completing the Canadian Pacific Railway from sea to sea.

Through rail service did not start until the summer of 1886, however, and in the interval, pay car No. 137 was withdrawn and converted into a conductor's van, and it was replaced by pay car No. 27, introduced in May, 1886. No. 27 was larger than No. 137, being rebuilt from an ancient coach which the CPR had acquired from the Canada Central Railway, who had in turn obtained it from the Old Colony Railroad. The three pay cars were augmented by a fourth car, No. 68, which was also rebuilt from an older passenger car, in September 1886. The origins of No. 68 are unknown.

Thus, there were now four pay cars in operation, and four cars formed the basic pay car comple-

ment from this period forward, two of them running east and west respectively, out of Montreal; a third car operated on the prairie lines centering around Winnipeg and as far east as Fort William, while the fourth pay car had the most scenic assignment of all -- from Vancouver east through the scenic reaches of the "Canadian Pacific" Rockies as far as Swift Current or Moose Jaw. This pattern was retained as long as pay cars continued in general use.

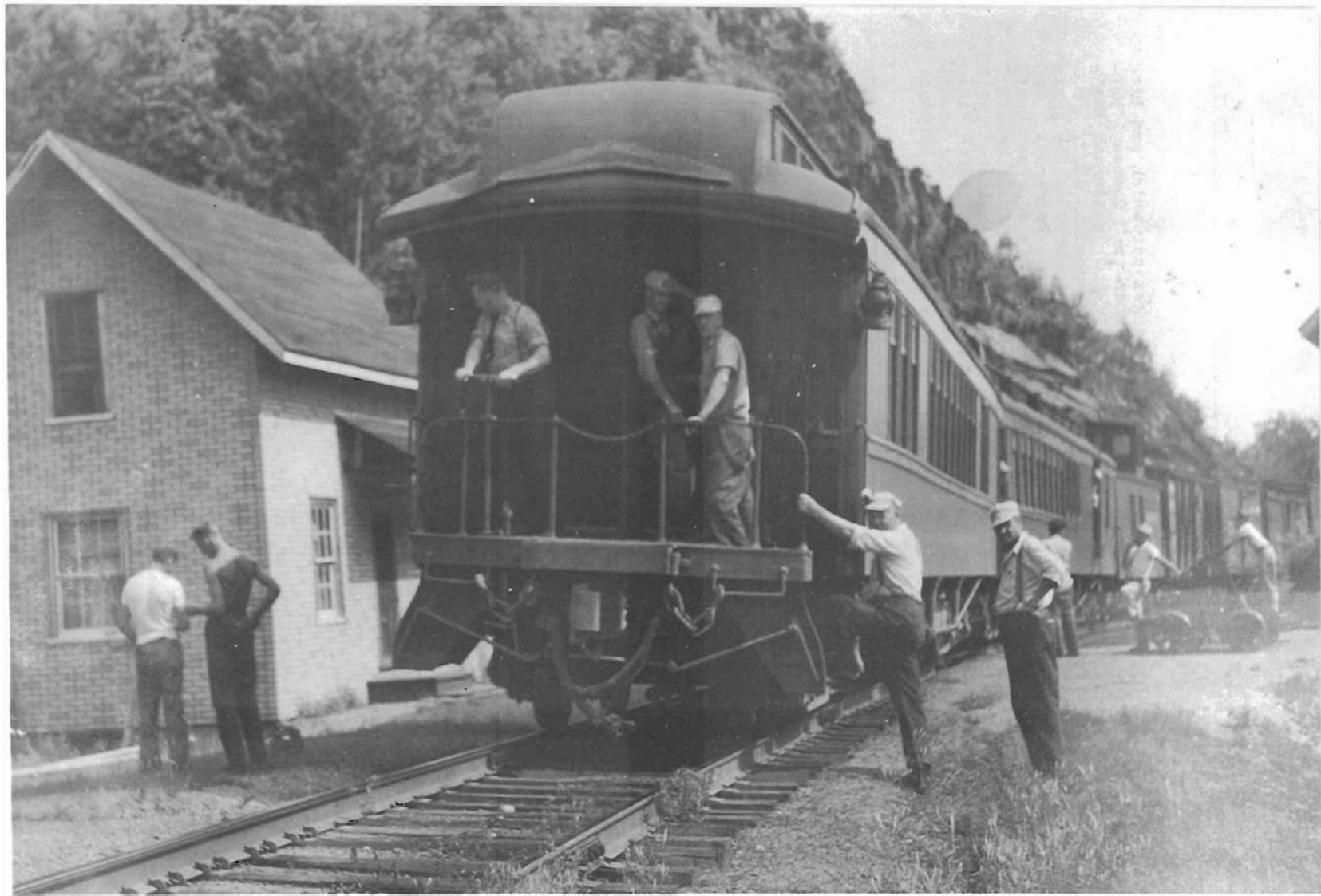
About 1896, however, a paymaster on a large railroad took "French leave" with a bag containing an extensive amount of currency, and left for parts unknown. The result was a close self-scrutiny of paying procedures by all the larger roads, the Canadian Pacific included, and the result with the CPR was that the four pay cars, by now numbered 40 to 43 inclusive, were completely withdrawn in 1897 and 1898, their function replaced by wages cheques. This was a rather radical changeover since, previous to this time, currency was used to pay everyone -- even the office employees in the Windsor Station headquarters of the Company at Montreal. Generally speaking, the cheque payment system has endured since that time, though in 1898, the day of the pay car on the Canadian Pacific was not quite over -- not, indeed, by more than sixty years!

In the first decade of the Twentieth Century, the use of cash payment was reintroduced to pay extra gang and winter snow-removal gang labourers, who were, for the most part, transients, and whose term of employment might range from one day to a whole season. The practice developed to distribute cash to these temporary employees and for this purpose, just ten years after the abandonment of general payment by pay car, pay car No. 51 was produced by rebuilding an

old passenger car which had been acquired when the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway was purchased in 1882. No. 51 was used to service the gangs in the Montreal Terminals, and remained in this service until August, 1916, when it came off second best in a collision with a yard engine at Place Viger yard in Montreal, and the powers that be decided not to replace it.

In the interval, however, another new pay car had been introduced. The railway across the State of Maine, which the Canadian Pacific had undertaken in the late eighties and opened in 1889, served a notable lumbering industry. Each of the sidings on this isolated stretch of track was the site of a lumbering operation of some sort -- a few of them were large enough to support logging railways which went into the bush to haul out the virgin timber. There were many important communities, but after fifteen or twenty years, the territory became completely logged out, and the settlements decayed and were finally abandoned.

It was this decline in settlement and consequent lack of facilities at which cheques might be cashed which led the CPR to revert to payment of wages in currency in the State of Maine. At this time, the outbreak of World War I, a considerable number of men were employed -- perhaps twice as many as at the present time. Engines and consequently trains, were smaller; more crews were required to man the smaller trains, more agents and operators to dispatch them over the road. Modern track maintenance equipment was unknown and trackwork was performed by manpower alone, meaning larger and more frequent section crews. At one time, the Moosehead and Mattawamkeag subdivisions gave year-round employment to between five and six



hundred people. By 1960, this had dwindled to a figure of less than three hundred.

To handle the State of Maine payment, the Company converted a passenger car of the vintage of 1886 into Pay Car No. 52. This was in August, 1914, and shortly thereafter, car No. 52 made the first of more than 2,100 round trips over the International of Maine section. It was withdrawn from service in December, 1957 and succeeded by the steel observation car "Fort Simpson" which was used in the final two and a half years. Car No. 52 was scrapped in 1958. It was the last genuine pay car, complete with double doors at the office end, an office with safe, counter and wicket, the latter equipped with bullet-proof doors and a trick drop window which, by slight pressure on a foot pedal, would lower the heavy window frame suddenly onto the wrists of anyone who might threaten the paymaster by pointing a revolver through the wicket. Yes, we were equipped for anything, but fortunately, nothing ever happened.

The other facilities of Car No. 52 included a pay office, a dining room, a master bedroom for the paymaster, a second bedroom for the constable and pay clerk and a tiny room for the chef. Next to this was the kitchen, where the chef performed culinary artistry using the contents of a very ample icebox which took up one whole side of the car vestibule at the kitchen end. Car No. 52 had nice box spring mattresses and double

sets of Baker heater pipes to keep out the cold of the Maine winter. For all its ponderous, sturdy steel construction and picture windows, the observation car "Fort Simpson" never quite filled the place of car No. 52 as a paymaster's "home on the rails".

Just by the way, a third pay car service was reintroduced in 1926, when a small 35-foot Superintendent's car, No. 35, was rebuilt into Pay Car No. 53, for use on the Fort William - Winnipeg run in the area west of the Lakehead, for the same reason as the payment adopted in Maine -- decline of settlements. This service lasted only until 1933, however.

When car No. 52 was put on the State of Maine run in 1914, it was placed in charge of Frank Loye, as Paymaster. Frank was the brother of John Loye, the founder of the Canadian Railroad Historical Association. To Frank Loye, a kind and gentle man and a sympathetic friend to all, I owe a debt of gratitude for an introduction to his brother which brought me into the Canadian Railroad Historical Association, in March, 1945. Little did I suspect then that the Association and its affairs would grow to occupy most of my leisure time. Frank retired in 1949 after forty-seven years' service, and is still enjoying good health. It was Paymaster Loye who was involved in the history of Pay Car No. 52 about forty years ago, when the mixed train rounded a curve just west of Lowelltown, Maine, and had a

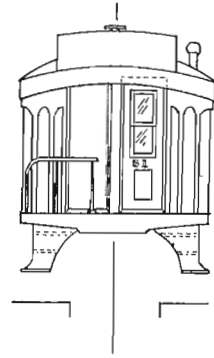
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◀ The pay car comes to Camp 12; section crew and rock watchmen line up on the back of the car awaiting their weekly reward. Unusual interest is shown in the direction of the photographer because he was also the Paymaster.

head-on collision with an extra west. Frank was never quite confident of train operation after that; Whenever we were on the run, he would always go out on the back platform when a train was to be met or passed, to assure himself that the switch was closed. Even in the middle of the night when, perhaps about three a.m. on a January morning, we would be hauled from Brownville Junction to Mattawambeag to make the Wednesday morning payment back to Brownville Junction, -- once the train would stop for a switch, Frank would be up, in pajamas and dressing gown, out on the back platform to see that all was well.

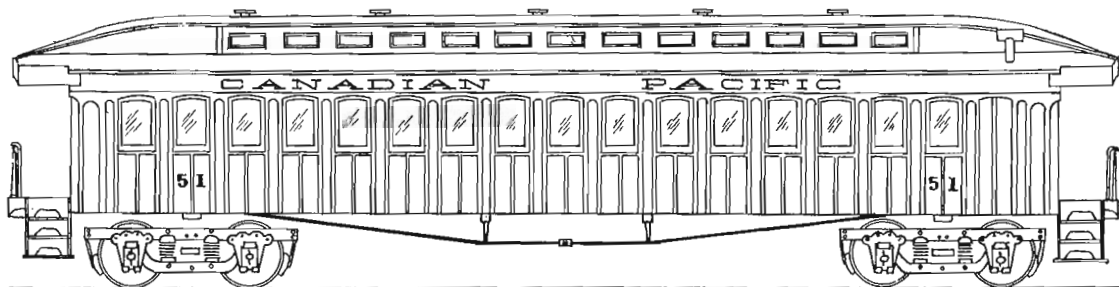
Another veteran of the pay car was Paymaster Arthur Davison, impeccable, even on the hottest summer day, in waistcoat, stiff collar and tie. His friends used to liken his appearance to that of a clergyman, so grave in manner did he usually appear. Beneath this facade of dignity, however, there was always a twinkle in his eye and he always enjoyed a prank, even if it was on himself. Mr. Davison retired in 1957, at the same time as car No. 52 was withdrawn, with more than fifty years' service to his credit.

Then there was Paymaster Robert W. Harries, not known personally to the writer as Mr. Harries passed away before my time. He was known by repute for his attention to detail. In earlier days, Mr. Harries used to take his two sons with him, on occasion, on the pay car. One of the sons, R. Geoffrey Harries, is a fellow member of C.R.H.A. and, like the writer, a Past President. Mr. Harries and his family resided in Montreal West, whose railway station is on the CPR main line out of Montreal. In other times, when the pay car



worked out of Montreal rather than from Megantic, Mr. Harries was always to be seen on the back platform of car No. 52, thumbs in lapels as the train left Montreal West, looking for all the world, as one of his former associates described, "like Ludendorff at the Battle of Tannenberg". His admiring family would always be there to see their husband and father off on his regular trip.

The Paymaster's position was shared by many others in earlier years, but many of their names mean little today; other men I knew who held down this position in more recent times include the late George Holmes, Wilfred V. Toole, -- until 1963 (when he retired) General Paymaster of the Canadian Pacific System, Doug Masson, now CPR Assistant Treasurer, Frank Stevie, Norman Compton and a newer and younger group who shared the Paymaster's duties between them after the retirement of Arthur Davison in December 1957. Most of these men are still with the department -- Denis Perrault, Gerry



PAYMASTER'S CAR

Pay car No. 51 was produced in 1908 from a former Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Railway passenger car acquired by the CPR in 1882. Note the double end-platform doors used as entrance and exit when paying large numbers of men. The opposite platform had the conventional single door.

Waugh, Arthur Dickson, Bill Killingsworth and Ken Langlois.

Frank Stevie, now enjoying his retirement, was an inveterate golfer. Many's the morning we have spent at Mattawamkeag waiting for the wayfreight to take us back to Brownville Junction. Frank would bring down a few old golf balls, and a couple of clubs, and use the Maine Central yard at Mattawamkeag as a practice green.

At the kitchen end, we had a succession of pretty competent men in the culinary department. In earlier times, Bob Anders was the chef -- he had a reputation for the way he could prepare Winnipeg "gold eye", the celebrated Canadian smoked herring. Another, perhaps the most talented of them all, was Bill Conneff, now on pension. There wasn't a thing in the world Bill couldn't prepare, if he had the ingredients and the intention; an Irishman of French Huguenot extraction, Bill served his cooking apprenticeship at Trinity College in Dublin, and the

meals he turned out were testimonials to his expertise.

The police constables, too, were a varied lot -- some hale, hearty and boisterous, others calm, studious and reserved.

From 1914 to 1947, the pay car ran four times over the International of Maine -- on the first, the seventh, the fourteenth, and the twenty-first days. Sometimes, the two-day payment would be interrupted by a Sunday, which would then be technically, though not necessarily, a day off from paying. The paymaster actually opened the car for a time on Sundays, but the afternoons were spent in various ways, fishing being a popular one due to the numerous unspoiled streams in the northern part of Maine. Paymaster Frank Loye used to find his fishing spot in one of the quiet pools of the Pleasant River some miles north of Brownville Junction, along the route of the Bangor & Aroostook's former branch to Katahdin Iron Works. Originally the Bangor & Katahdin Iron Works

Railway, this line ran from Brownville, some miles south of the junction, where it connected with the BAR main line to northern Maine, up to the iron works. It crossed the CPR right in Brownville Junction yard with seven or eight diamonds across the roundhouse lead and other yard tracks. At the time of which I write, in the early Thirties, the train consisted of a rail bus, which would obligingly let Frank down at his favourite spot northbound, then whistle a couple of times and wait for him, on the return trip south to Brownville.

Late in the Thirties, the four-times-monthly system was altered so that Sundays were never spent in Maine; then, in 1947, the system was changed to pay weekly, every Tuesday and Wednesday, a far more satisfactory system from the time point of view, though it meant 52 pay car trips per year instead of 48.

A typical trip on car No. 52 would start out early in the morning at Megantic. The chef would come 'round and wake us up at 6:00 AM. We would have half an hour to wash and dress, then go down to the station for 6:30 and take delivery of the money, which had spent the night in the station safe under the watchful eye of the local CPR police officer.

From the moment of signing the express shipment waybill, the money would be the paymaster's responsibility. Back at the car, I would examine and break the seals on the bags which had been sent out by the Bank of Montreal, then proceed

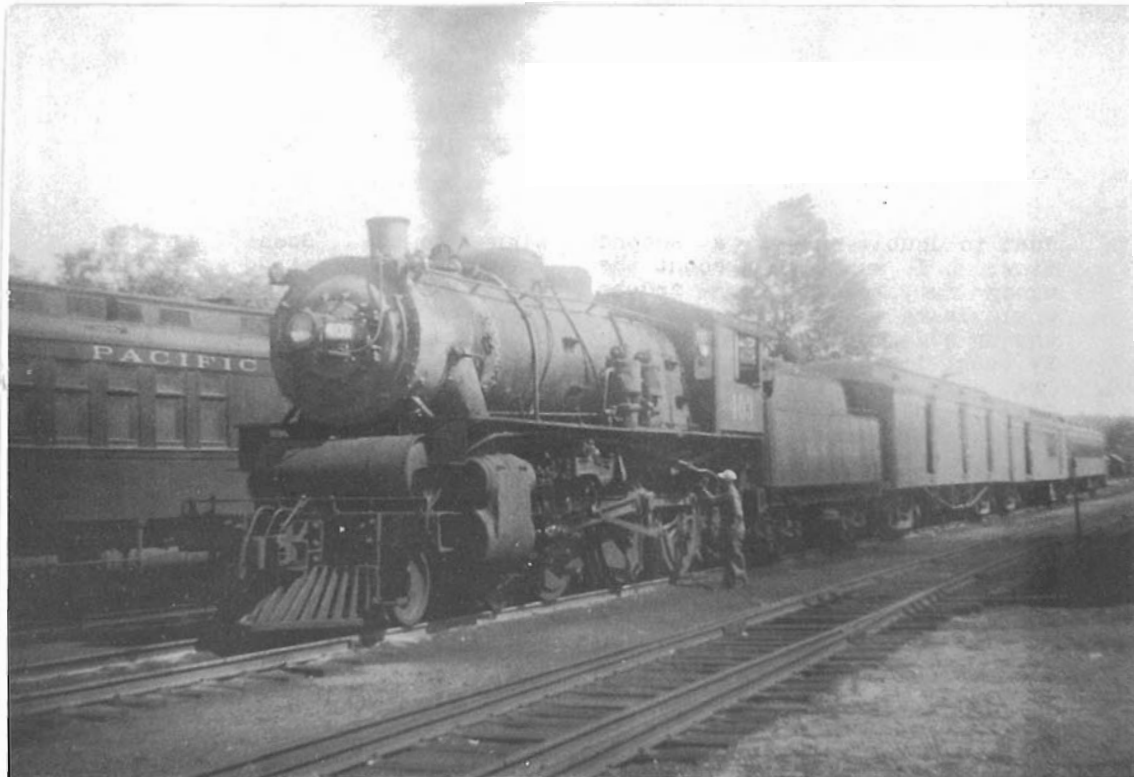
to count all the paper money that I could in the next half hour. At 7:00 AM, half an hour before train departure time, we would open the doors for some of the train crews off duty in Megantic, who would come around for their pay. It was quite a task counting all those bank notes in the half-hour which we allotted ourselves, particularly in winter when the payroll was in the \$60,000 range. The majority of this was United States currency -- all denominations uniform colour which made a one dollar note look exactly like a fifty, to a Canadian accustomed to his own "colour-coded" paper money. Fortunately, these two particular notes were never confused as far as I know, but smaller errors are known to have been committed by reason of this colour similarity. Due to the time element and the small chance of locating discrepancies we seldom counted the rolls of coins; it was all at our own risk, of course. We made up shortages from personal funds and conditions were such that it was a rare occasion when we balanced to the cent. Frank Loye used to consider that he'd had an excellent trip if he was short less than a dollar.

Promptly at seven, we would open the doors, and a few of the men now congregated would come in, give their names to the clerk, who would locate their payroll entry, call the amount to me, and simultaneously have the man sign his signature opposite his amount. As I picked up the currency from the money in front of me, I would call the amount back, and the pay clerk would call it to me once again,

* * *

A familiar weekday morning sight at Mattawankeag in the days of steam was the Vanceboro-Bangor local, hauled on this day by a "D" class 4-6-0. On alternate days, the motive power was No. 901, an Ingersoll-Rand diesel-electric unit car, pulling the same three-car train.

The great Ship Pond Stream Viaduct at Onawa, Maine, the major engineering structure on the International of Maine, is a deck plate girder and deck truss bridge on concrete piers, 132 feet high. A section foreman once fell from the deck of this structure, landed in a tree, and lived to tell the tale and take his pension.



just to double-check, a second time. I would then count the money out to the man and he would leave the wicket. If he was an oldtimer, he would usually count it again, just outside the car, to satisfy himself. Then the circle would be repeated. "Charles Brown, Trainman", the employee would say. "Charles Brown, Forty-two dollars and eighty-eight cents", the pay clerk would call. "Forty-two eighty-eight", I would repeat, glancing at the payroll sheet, and he would call it again, "forty two eighty eight". There was little chance of error in this system -- it was the tried and true one which went back to the early days of railroading. The documents and forms we used on our pay car changed little -- our cash payroll form in 1886 was Form 143, and Form 143 it was on the last payrolls to be used at the end.

Eventually, 7:30 would roll around and the mixed train would get under way armed, if it was winter, with several "31" orders indicating meets and with the expectation that a number of others would be received before Brownville Junction was reached in the afternoon. If it was winter, daybreak would be just about at hand in our northern latitude, but if it was summer, chances were that the sun would be shining down over the Boundary Hills. I would go out to the back platform for a few minutes of fresh air, just to watch Megantic disappear into the distance. Just east of the Chaudiere River, and then it followed the shoreline of Lake Megantic, 1300 feet above sea level. In eighteen miles, the railway climbs 500 feet to the boundary marker in the shadow of Moose Hill, and here the State of Maine began.

At the head end would be the cheerful exhaust of a G2 class pacific, such as 2596 or perhaps 2626, both of them regularly as-

signed to the "Scoot" service. One of our first questions of the train crew after leaving would be to ask who was holding down the right hand side of the engine. We had our favourites among the engineers, dictated entirely by the type of treatment the pay car, at the end of freight cars, a combination car and a caboose, received. Taken as a group, the enginemen were pretty good, but some really crackerjack engineers on the "Scoot" stand out in the minds of my associates and myself, though, and any account of this kind would be remiss if it were not to mention particularly Bert Connaughton and George Hutchison.

As we went farther up into the hills, we would have breakfast, then occupy ourselves with a number of chores -- preparing certain pay envelopes in advance for money which we would not give out directly, and also finish up any counting left over from the initial half hour. Occasionally, demands of the service would require even earlier duty. I remember one occasion when we were to be moved overnight from Megantic to Brownville Junction because payday was advanced so that we would not have to spend Christmas on the road. The passenger from Montreal got into Megantic some three hours late -- on account of snow and other troubles -- at about 3:00 AM. A manifest pulled us right out of there following the passenger, so that we could open up for the regular morning payment at Brownville Junction. We found ourselves counting money by the light of an oil lamp after four o'clock in the morning as the car, on the end of a fifty-car freight, pitched its way over the hills to Brownville Junction. I had only three hours' sleep and was up giving "the boys" their eagerly-sought Christmas pay at 7:30.

To return to our regular trip: half an hour out of Megantic, the laboured exhaust of the engine grew less accentuated as we passed simultaneously over the appalachian divide and the international boundary at Boundary, Que., a small operator's office in the pass through the Boundary Hills. In days of steam, we would usually pass a 2-8-2 here -- the helper engine on the Megantic - Boundary hill job, and it would back down the hill for the next freight as soon as the "Scoot" had passed.

Speed quickened as we started down into the fertile, wooded and unspoiled valley of the Moose River. Take water and pay the trackmen at Lowelltown -- switch log cars at Skinner -- more sectionmen at Keough -- switch pulp cars at the "Gulf" -- then coal and water and Customs inspection for the wayfreight at Holeb. Holeb was a completely isolated community and it once boasted a large station and staff, coal chute men and maintenance forces. Since the era of dieselization, only one passing track remains, there is no staff, and trains don't even stop here any more. The station was dismantled in 1960 and the only buildings used in what was once a bustling little town serve as summer cabins for those who like to do boating, fishing or swimming at Holeb Pond nearby.

Out of Holeb, we would skirt the banks of the pond, occasionally stopping at the tiny station of Boston Ranch to pick up a sportsman with his gear and take him up to Jackman on the main highway. Another stop to pay the section gang at Attean, then the train would come up to Jackman, the first sign of civilization since leaving Megantic.

I should say here that every employee didn't sign his name on the payrolls. When paying section crews as a group, it was customary to secure only the foreman's signature and he would

identify and certify to the payments of the other men on his crew. The same applied to extra gang men, who would surrender a pink cardboard disc with payroll information on it, given them by their foremen. This would obviate signing their names. The pay clerk filled their names in on the payroll, placing an "X" between the initials and the surname to indicate that the man didn't sign it himself, but that he had received his pay. This "X" mark, though most of the pay clerks weren't aware of it, was a holdover from the days when many employees were illiterate and signed their names by mark. Illiteracy was none-existent in my time, but the payment of gangs was speeded up by the elimination of signatures so that a section crew could usually be paid in less than two minutes. This was in the interest of getting over the road on schedule. I am proud to claim, on behalf of my associates and myself, that the train was seldom seriously late due to the pay car. Late arrivals in winter were usually caused by losing our turn having to wait for an overdue meet with an extra.

Leaving Jackman, and continuing our eastward journey, we would stop for trackmen at Long Pond and at Mackamp, then again at Brassua. The opposing mixed train was usually met at Brassua or at Tarratine. Once in a while, we would come up to one of these sidings to find both the mixed and an extra waiting for us -- anything could happen on the International of Maine. As we went along the road, the constable would keep his eye out as we approached sidings. When he saw smoke, he would call "Meet!" and we in the office would prepare for an influx of engine - and trainmen.

At Somerset, the railway crosses a local road which was once the Maine Central's line to Mount Kineo House on Moosehead

Lake -- it was abandoned in the Thirties. Near Moosehead, we would come out on that gem of Maine lakes, and follow its twisting western shoreline down through Squaw Brook into Greenville at the foot of the lake. There was a time when a considerable steamboat service plied the lake from Greenville, served by both CPR and Bangor & Aroostook lines. The wharves are still there, but the only survivor of the marine operation was the little black-and-white steamer "Katahdin", once a passenger boat but now cut down to haul timber on the lake. The "Katahdin" was a familiar landmark at Greenville, particularly when ice-bound in winter.

There would be considerable switching on the BAR interchange. Sometimes, for good measure, our engine would disappear up the mile-long spur into Greenville town itself, since the CP and BAR stations are actually at Greenville Junction.

The most scenic country lies between Greenville and Brownville Junction, and leaving here, where we on the pay car would have our lunch break, the train would tackle the mountain grades again, climbing up from Moosehead Lake through Kyleton to Morkill, crossing, on the way, the first of two major bridges on the Moosehead Subdivision, the 125-foot high steel trestle over Big Wilson's Stream. More trackmen at Morkill, then along the rocky ledges on the mountainside through Camp 12, where a curved fill marks the onetime site of a curved wooden trestle. Looking away to the south in this area, we could see, about ten miles away, the hills around Monson, Maine, the home of the last of the two-foot gaugers made immortal by the writings of Linwood Moody.

Leaving Bodfish, with yet another track crew, we came shortly to Onawa, renowned locally

for its scenic situation above Ship Pond and for the fact that it claims to be the exact geographical center of Maine. Towering above community and Pond is Mount Borestone, easily the International of Maine's most distinctive landmark, much as Currecanti Needle was when it graced the crest of the Denver & Rio Grande. Onawa, then an agency, was also the home of my good friend and fellow scribe, E. Stanley Johnson, the CPR Agent there, who wrote about the International of Maine many times in the Company magazine and in other periodicals. Stanley is now enjoying his retirement.

But, let's get back out on the platform, because it is just east of the station at Onawa that the main line crosses the great Ship Pond Stream Viaduct, 132 feet above the outlet to the Pond, an impressive deck plate and deck truss structure with concrete piers, the most impressive engineering feature on the "International of Maine".

Once off the viaduct, we now consider ourselves to be on the "home stretch" from Brownville Junction -- another fisherman or hunter, perhaps, at Moore's Camp -- trackmen at Benson and Barnard and then, almost before we know it, the outer yard limit of Brownville Junction is passed and we are into the station, with a lineup of forty or fifty men, all waiting for the paycar. We would pitch in with a will, for it would now be about 3:00 PM and it would be three hours of more or less steady work until we closed for supper at 6:00 PM.

On hand to greet us, too, would be the CPR police officer at Brownville Junction, our very good friend Don Brewer, whose gift of repartee had no equal in all of the State of Maine.

Work in Brownville was conducted in the atmosphere of the railroad. All evening, especial-



10:15 PM and the bank is still open; pay car and staff await the arrival of Train 41 from Saint John before closing for the day. During the time exposure, a yardman's lamp tells a story of a switching move.

ly in winter, incoming extras would chuff by the pay car. The intervals were filled with the rhythmic back-and-forth sounds of a 2-8-0 yard engine, in my time Nos. 3522 and 3529. Later in the evening, when the car would close after its sixteen-hour work day, I would wander over to the roundhouse to have a look around and take an appraising glance at the engines which were all familiar to me as old friends.

If it was too cold to go out, the four of us, the pay clerk, the police officer, the chef and myself would have a few games of cards. Play for money? -- not on your life; believe it or not, we were sick of the sight of it!

The work itself had its tragic-comic moments, like one occasion many years ago, before my time when, in the darkness, the yard engine at Brownville Junction coupled onto car No. 52 at a speed variously estimated - depending upon whose "version" is accepted - up to twenty-five miles per hour. It happened just at dinner time, and the dining room table collapsed and upended on the paymaster. The menu included all sorts of messy things. As the remaining hands got to their feet to lift the table off

"The Boss", that worthy climbed out from underneath and without troubling to remove a liberal coating of meat and gravy, went straight to the superintendent. The yard crew were given a "holiday" until tempers subsided somewhat.

Usually, relations between the pay car staff and the operating men were cordial. When men along the line received their money, they would frequently put some of it in a previously-addressed envelope, seal it and return it to the paymaster to be given to a wife, mother of a friend somewhere else along the line. No receipt was asked or given, but the envelope always found its way to the right hands.

Sometimes, a man would be sick and would send one of his children to the pay car. The staff would form themselves into an "ad hoc" tribunal, solemnly decide whether, in fact, the thirteen-year-old in front of them was "Joe Smith's son" by looking to facial characteristics, asking what his father's age was, his mother's maiden name and the names of his uncles (all miscellaneous data known to and useful for the pay car staff) then, if he passed the test,

giving him his parent's pay in a sealed envelope. This was done on the paymaster's personal responsibility, of course, but it is testimony to the judgment of my confreres and myself that we were never "taken in" by a malefactor.

I recall another occasion when, after a particularly hard "pitch" at the end of a fifty-car train, the combination on the office safe slipped with several thousand dollars inside, and wouldn't unlock in the usual sequence. Though I had read many accounts by locksmiths that safes couldn't normally be opened by listening to the lock tumblers, I spent a feverish quarter-of-an-hour doing just that, and succeeded, miraculously, in opening it again, while the train rolled along westward near Sebouis.

In recent years, one little indication after another told us that it would not be long before an alternative was found to the paycar. Automation helped the Company to redistribute and cut its clerical staff considerably. Dieselization brought longer trains and fewer crews. In July 1959, a general system reorganization wiped out Brownville Junction as a division point, after seventy years, and the headquarters were moved to Saint

John, NB.

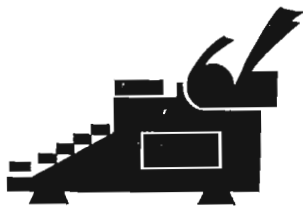
Finally, with employees at an all-time low in numbers, the decision was made early in 1960, to return for the second time to payment by wages cheque. Arrangements were made with the Merrill Trust Company of Bangor, to handle this account. Of course, the old timers were reluctant to lose the services of their rolling bank which kept such generous hours and distributed such universally-accepted collateral as good hard currency, but the changeover was taken in good spirit by all concerned, and the doors of the last pay car were closed for good at 7:00 PM on Wednesday, July 6th, 1960.

I retain none but the pleasantest memories of my fifteen-year association with the officers and men of the International of Maine. These, together with the products of an instinctive leaning toward photography in the form of many hundred photographs and slides will serve to preserve for me, for the rest of my life, a reminder of the tiny niche in the history of North American railroads which my associates and I occupied as the last members of an old, honoured, dignified but now extinct profession.



A new colour scheme and corporate symbol has been adopted by the Ontario Northland Transportation Commission. The usual design program will be implemented over the next several years and will mean application of this symbol (a large N surrounding a smaller O) to Ontario Northland railway equipment, trucks, and buses. The predominant colour in the new scheme is a rich, forest green; secondary colours are Black and White. Mr. Ian Saunders conceived the symbol and colour scheme, assisted by Mr. M. Frappier. Both men are in their final year of Industrial Design at the University of Toronto.

Notes and News



- ★ Canadian Pacific received permission from the Board of Transport Commissioners January 7th to discontinue the railway's transcontinental "Dominion". The departure from Montreal on Jan.7 was the last run to go through to Vancouver, the Jan.8 departure terminating at Winnipeg. The final eastbound run left Vancouver Jan.6, and the last trip of any "Dominion" train was the eastbound run from Sudbury to Montreal on Jan.11. A condition attached to the Board's decision was the restoration of the local trains between Montreal and Ottawa, which were consolidated into the "Dominion" while the hearings were pending. These trains were restored on January 11th.

- ★ Mr. Lauchie MacDonald, the retired railway sectionhand in Newfoundland, who was famed as the "human wind gauge", died last December 14 at Wreck House, Nfld. Mr. MacDonald made a practice of warning Canadian National officers when gales made it unsafe to operate trains through his bleak section of the Province. On numerous occasions, trains have been stopped and chained to the tracks when the railway dispatching office was warned by Lauchie that the stormy winds were too strong.

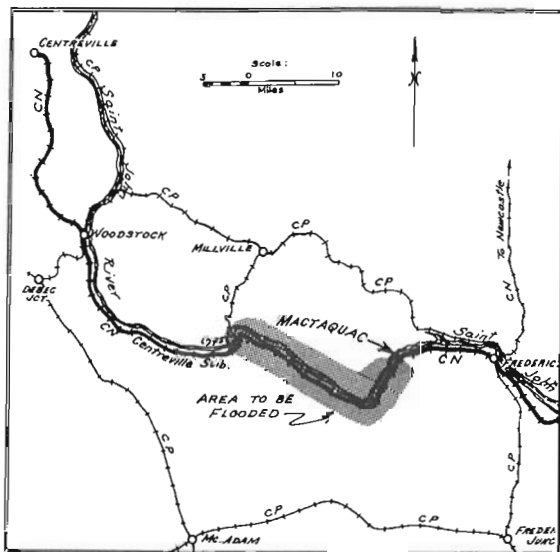
- ★ "Expo Express", the transit system for Expo '67 at Montreal, is reported likely to become the world's first fully-automatic rapid transit line. All control will be handled by a console operator, located at a central point, although each train will have an attendant who will open and close the doors --- more to reassure the passengers than anything else, it seems. The automated signal and control equipment was developed by the Union Switch and Signal Division of Westinghouse Air Brake Company. Automatic control has boosted the original price of the transit system, but the additional cost is said to be small in comparison with the total, estimated at close to twenty million dollars.

- ★ Ottawa-Toronto. Further to the news last month regarding the rail passenger services between Ottawa and Toronto, representatives of the CN and CP met with the Board of Transport Commissioners in Ottawa, and subsequently submitted independent proposals. The CN proposal called for the CP to "agree to withdraw completely" from passenger train operation in the Montreal-Toronto-Ottawa triangle. In return, the CN would operate an overnight Ottawa-Toronto service, and day trains to connect at Brockville with the morning and afternoon Montreal-Toronto trains. Running rights over CP trackage between Smith's Falls and Brockville would be required to make the Brockville connections. The CP proposal offered to clear the field for the CN morning and overnight Ottawa-Toronto services, but refused to relinquish any rights of passenger train operation between Montreal and Toronto. Rejecting Ottawa requests for an overnight service to Toronto, the Canadian Pacific said it would lose \$1,000,000 per year on such an operation.
The Board of Transport Commissioners, in announcing the two

proposals December 16th, noted that both involve CN running rights over CP tracks. But in other matters, the railways were far apart. "If they do not resolve their differences, the Board will meet them again with that objective", the statement said. The upshot was that the CPR announced discontinuance of its remaining Ottawa - Toronto and Montreal - Toronto passenger service, thus making the "Royal York" and the "Chateau Champlain", inaugurated last November 1, perhaps the shortest lived name streamliners ever. In return for this, CN announced a new daytime service between Ottawa and Toronto effective January 24, and an overnight service effective February 14. Day service will involve connections at Brockville with regular trains between Montreal and Toronto, but overnight trains will operate all the way without hookup. Day passengers will leave Ottawa at 9:40 am and reach Toronto at 3:45 pm. Toronto departure is 10:15 am arriving at Ottawa at 3:55 pm. Afternoon passengers will leave Ottawa at 4:55 pm, reaching Toronto at 10:40pm; Toronto departure will be 4:50 pm, with a 10:15 Ottawa arrival time. The overnight service will leave Ottawa at 11 pm and arrive Toronto at 6:15 am. The Toronto departure will be 11:40 pm, with a 6:15 am Ottawa arrival time. Sleeping car passengers can board at Ottawa at 10 pm and at Toronto at 10:40 pm, and can remain aboard until 7:30 am. As part of the agreement, CN has free trackage rights over the CPR between Ottawa and Brockville for the next five years.

★ United Aircraft of Canada has won an important contract for sixteen shaft-turbine engines for powering two U.S. supertrains. The contract is part of a U.S. government order for high-speed demonstration passenger trains for the Boston-Washington corridor experimental project. The trains will be powered directly by the turbines through a mechanical drive. The engines will be delivered this summer.

★ Also from New Brunswick comes word that Canadian National is applying to the Board of Transport Commissioners for permission



to abandon 58 miles of its Centreville Subdivision between Fredericton and Woodstock. A dam being built at MacTaquac will flood 29 mi. of the track and rebuilding would cost an estimated \$12 million. CN points out that the traffic could be handled by running CN trains over CP tracks between Woodstock and South Devon (Fredericton). The National is prepared to accept \$3,500,000 for its lost line and to cover cost of running rights.

(See Can.Rail #157, p.171)

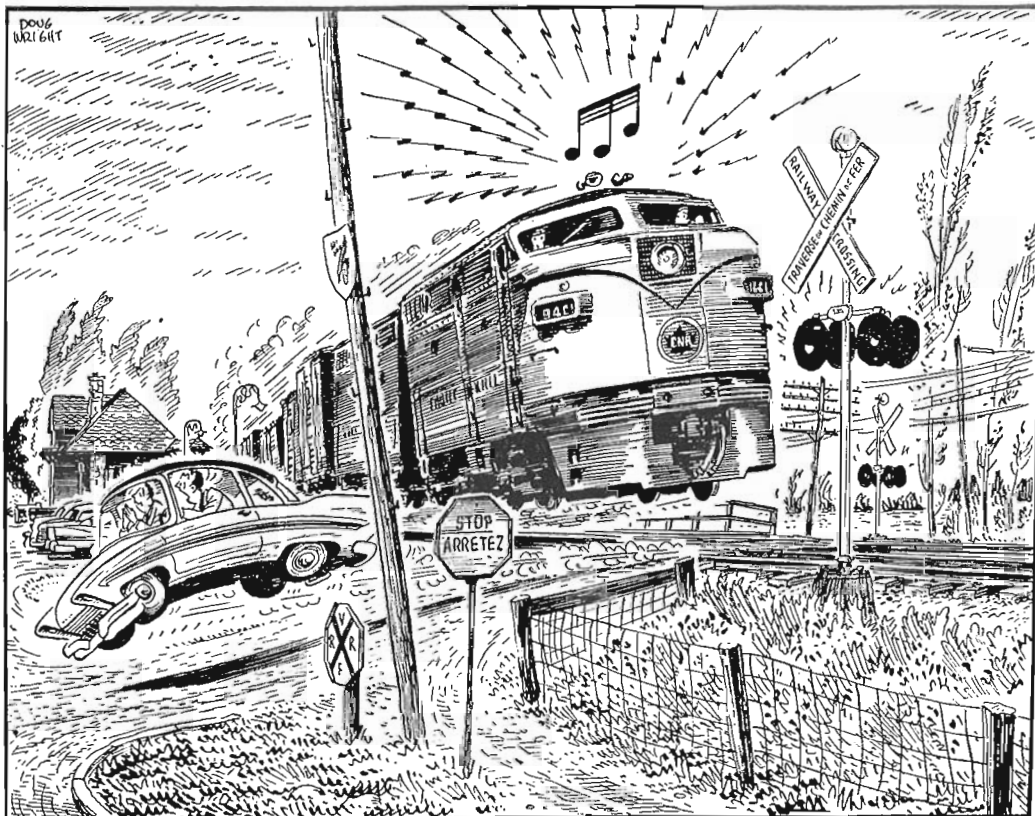
- ★ A strike by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen against the Duluth Winnipeg and Pacific Railway was settled December 15th. Operations were resumed within a few days of the settlement.

- ★ Mrs. Barbara Castle, a 54 year old woman, has been appointed as Great Britain's Minister of Transport. She is the first woman ever to become Minister of Transport and succeeds Mr. Tom Fraser, who has resigned from the Cabinet. The important post carries with it two of Britain's most pressing problems -- how to deal with the automobile which is choking a rather inadequate highway system, and how to modernize British Rail without resorting to the drastic measures of wholesale abandonments and personnel lay-offs.

- ★ Passenger traffic on the Dominion Atlantic Railway in Nova Scotia recorded a 13% drop during 1965 compared with the previous year. The railway planned a reduction in the number of passenger trains operated, but agreed to postpone the curtailment until a public hearing is held by the Board of Transport Commissioners.

- ★ From Japan, we learn that the country's new super-express train is giving local airlines cause for serious concern. The new trains which average 103 miles per hour for the 322 mile run, provide some 26 scheduled trips per day. One month after the railway commenced operations, Japan Air Lines suffered a 38 percent drop in the number of passengers carried between Tokyo and Osaka. By the end of the year, the airline noted a further 28% drop in traffic. The planes make the airport-to-airport flight in about 30 minutes, but the overall time between downtown Tokyo and downtown Osaka is about two and a half hours. The trains take slightly over three hours.

- ★ The Vancouver Sun, commenting with a smile about the new uniforms for Canadian National train and station personnel, says, in part: "It's true the CNR is taking a risk. Once they've had the taste of élan, there may be no stopping the operating trades. Fashion is a treadmill. Today's charcoal grey is tomorrow's Brooks Brothers. Next, conductors will be demanding full-length mirrors in the roundhouses, eye-patches, guitars, contractual rights to moonlight for liquor ads, and who knows what else. The company personnel men, if they have any appreciation at all of the progression of labour privilege, already must have Savile Row working on something dashing for engineers. It is away past time for engineers to begin consorting with the paying passengers. By any standard of skill, responsibility or preciousness of cargo, they are above the airline pilots in protocol --- and they hardly can promenade the aisles dispensing oracularity about the condition of the tracks, the anticipated speed, the sights to watch for, and the estimated time of arrival, while looking frumpish."



"Yesterday I waited for that counfoundred train, and it stalled right on the crossing for twenty minutes."

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