

BY TROLLEY TO SANFORD.

The Trip Over the New Road From the Kennebunk Town Hall

The fifteen-mile section of the road just completed and put in operation with the approval of the railroad commissioners—the line from Sanford to the Kennebunk Western division station—is a solid and substantial a construction as is known in modern suburban railroading. The heavy rails and careful ballasting make it a perfectly smooth and easy riding road, and with the nicely balanced rolling stock, no obstacle to comfort and enjoyment of the scenery along the way presents itself to travelers.

To one who has often or occasionally traveled in a team the dusty roads between Sanford and Kennebunk, this ride in the electrics is a novelty indeed and it carries with it something of a feeling of wonder. There is a certain surprise at finding one's self bowled rapidly along in such fashion past the familiar places by the roadside, and awe at the resources of electrical science which has made the thing possible and practicable.

By the courtesy of the road officials, two Journal men enjoyed the privilege of a trolley ride from Kennebunk to Sanford and return before the line was formerly opened to traffic. In the party which took this trial trip, were Messrs. E. M. Goodall, George B. Goodall, Fred J. Allen, Esq., attorney for the road, Charles A. Bodwell, the superintendent, and Addison E. Haley, Esq., who has looked after the road's legal interests in Kennebunk.

From the Kennebunk town house where the Biddeford road enters Main street, the car slid down a gentle grade past Contractor Nevins' gang of Italians who were putting the final touches on the road bed, and then with a clear track ahead, buzzed busily away along the direct road to West Kennebunk. It is three miles to the little village by the Eastern division track, and the running time for the cars will be about nine minutes, but this special went the distance(?) considerably quicker than that. It came to a standstill while a construction train consisting of a motor car at 200 horse power pulled

three freight cars loaded with ties and rails on to a siding.

Past the church, the parsonage and the school house, the car went at the rate usually looked for on suburban streets; but farther on, where the farms grow fewer and poorer, and the sandy plain begins, the motorman hit up the speed a notch or two and the whiff of the trolley changed to a sharp whistle. It is almost a thrity0five mile gait that the big motors on this road are able to strike when high speed is wanted, and the sensation is exhilarating. Speed can be kept up, too for long distances, for the road is entirely free from bad grades.

At Old Falls which may be called the half-way station between Kennebunk and Sanford, a spur track is being built to cover the half-mile between the main road and the power plant on the river bank. A short stop here and a look at the dam and the big generators, and the car is off again Sanfordward. Above Old Falls, half a mile or more, the highway through the woods which the trolley line has followed for two or three miles, is crossed by the Alfred and Kennebunk road near Whitcher's mill. The railroad might have crossed the river by the bridge at the mills, but the builders took another course. The crossing of the stream is higher up, by a bridge built especially for the railroad. The approach to it is through thick woods at a point not far from where the trolley line leaves the highway for a long and nearly straight plunge across country.

It is a solid looking structure—this bridge—and everybody feels perfectly safe about it, for Railroad Commissioner Chadbourne had been over it a few days before and he is no light weight either physically or in knowledge of railroad and bridge construction. When the railroad commissioner put his 250 pounds on the middle of it and looked it over carefully, he said, "That bridge would hold up five locomotive, placed one above another."

It is a first class bridge with solid granite abutments, and it was built to stay, like every other part of road construction.

The view from the bridge up and down the green bordered banks of the river is a charming gone, and the travelers would like to linger here, but the

glistening parallels of steel point onward and Sanford and dinner are yet six miles away. It is a pretty vista that one gets in looking forward or back along the straight reach of road through the woods. The tress border the track closely, but nearer are the two rows of poles, on each side, which carry the wires and support the trolley insulators. The eye follows the poles down the track for a mile or more until they seem to converge in the distance. At one point in particular at the top of a grade, a view of more than a mile each way is obtained.

The poles carrying the feed wires and the supports for the trolley wire run along one side of the track, while on the other side, are the wires which convey the high tension current for transmission into mill power at the village. Each of the latter poles is numbered and contains a warning calculated to impress small boys and bigger ones with the desirability of keeping at a distance from the top of them for sanitary reasons. That bigger yellow copper cable up there is nothing more or less than a channel for "greased lightning." It carries a current of ten thousand volts.

After the woods and the swamp through which Cy. Hunter, the veteran woodsman, has taken a contract to keep the rabbits off the rails, the road strikes the highway again, following the Alfred and Wells road for half a mile. Here a glimpse is afforded of Bauneg Beg and the other hills in that range with their fertile farming lands. But soon, the track again leaves the highway and passing the Italian laborers' camp, takes to the woods for a mile and a quarter, crossing the North Berwick road and coming out on Main Street, Sanford, not far beyond South Sanford. From there it leads along Main street past the trotting park, and reaches its terminus in front of Hotel Sanford.

Though the track of the Sanford & Cape Porpoise road ends here, the rails of the Mousam River road are connected on to it, and give an unbroken line from Cape Porpoise to the Portland & Rochester station at Springvale. The Mousam road passes through the center of Sanford village and by the mills which are its chief industry. The mills are an object of much interest to visitors.

It is about a ten-minute ride from the Sanford post office to the Springvale station, so that the regular traveling time by trolley between Kennebunk Western division station and the P. & R. depot in Springvale will be fifty-five minutes—perhaps a little less.