

# 'Barney' Is Just Price-less And Friends Show Him Why

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Of the Telegram Staff  
It's no Ultramillionaire man, can't  
boast he's outlasted a building,  
especially a building where he  
spent most of his working  
years.

Yet Elwood "Barney" Price,  
65, could do that last night at  
his retirement party. Barney,  
a former porter for the New  
York Central Railroad, has  
worked longer, and probably  
harder, than Worcester's aging  
landmark, Union Station.

Of course Barney isn't the  
kind of man who would boast  
about anything. He was still  
trying to figure out why his  
friends at Worcester County  
National Bank were throwing  
him a party at Pleasant Valley  
Country Club, Sutton.

"I really appreciate this," he  
said softly. "I mean for me ... I  
wasn't the president or even  
the vice president of the  
bank."

## 30 Grandchildren

But that didn't seem to mat-  
ter to his friends, or his wife or  
his nine children or his 30  
grandchildren. They all love  
Barney. Maybe even more  
than the bank's president and  
vice president:

What did Barney do anyway  
that made him so loved? He  
was "just a porter" and only a  
customer service man, he

says. His job at the bank  
wasn't that difficult — he stood  
at the front door and gave cus-  
tomers directions to different  
departments.

Although he guesses he  
helped a lot of people, is that  
any reason to throw him a party?  
And come to think of it, Barney's  
not even sure why people came to  
him for help.

"A lot of people would come  
and ask me what would I do  
about this or what would I do  
about that," he said. "I don't  
know why ... I'm not a rich  
man, I never had any money."

Barney was interrupted by  
William Bedord, assistant vice  
president at the bank.

"Remember I used to tell  
you, 'Wait until you retire,'" he  
said as he shook Barney's hand  
and kissed his proud wife.

Bedord turned away from  
Barney and tried to explain a  
few things about him.

## Walking Encyclopedia

He said Barney was a friend  
of the elderly customers. He  
was a fixture in the bank's old  
building, always ready to  
converse with the customers,  
as they did their daily busi-  
ness.

Bedord said Barney knew  
the building and its depart-

ments inside out. He called  
him a walking encyclopedia of  
Worcester, an inside directory  
of the bank. Customers would  
look forward to his greetings  
as they entered the doors of the  
main office.

Then Bedord was interrupt-  
ed by other well-wishers. Ev-  
eryone wanted to say congratu-  
lations and "You look so  
dapper in your new suit."  
Many of them asked, "What  
are you going to do now?"

But Barney isn't really sure  
what he's going to do next.  
Every morning of his life for 45  
years he woke up and went to  
work. Those years were filled  
with interesting stories about  
some pretty important people.

He said everyone rode the  
trains in those days and many  
liked to walk around the palat-  
ial Union Station, built to be  
the showcase of the country.  
There was Shirley Temple —  
Barney remembers her as a  
little girl. There was Chrysler  
— he can't remember his first  
name — but he used to park his  
car at the station before he  
rode the train down to New-  
port, R.I., every summer.

John Wayne passed through  
Worcester too. But the event

Turn to FRIENDS Page 8