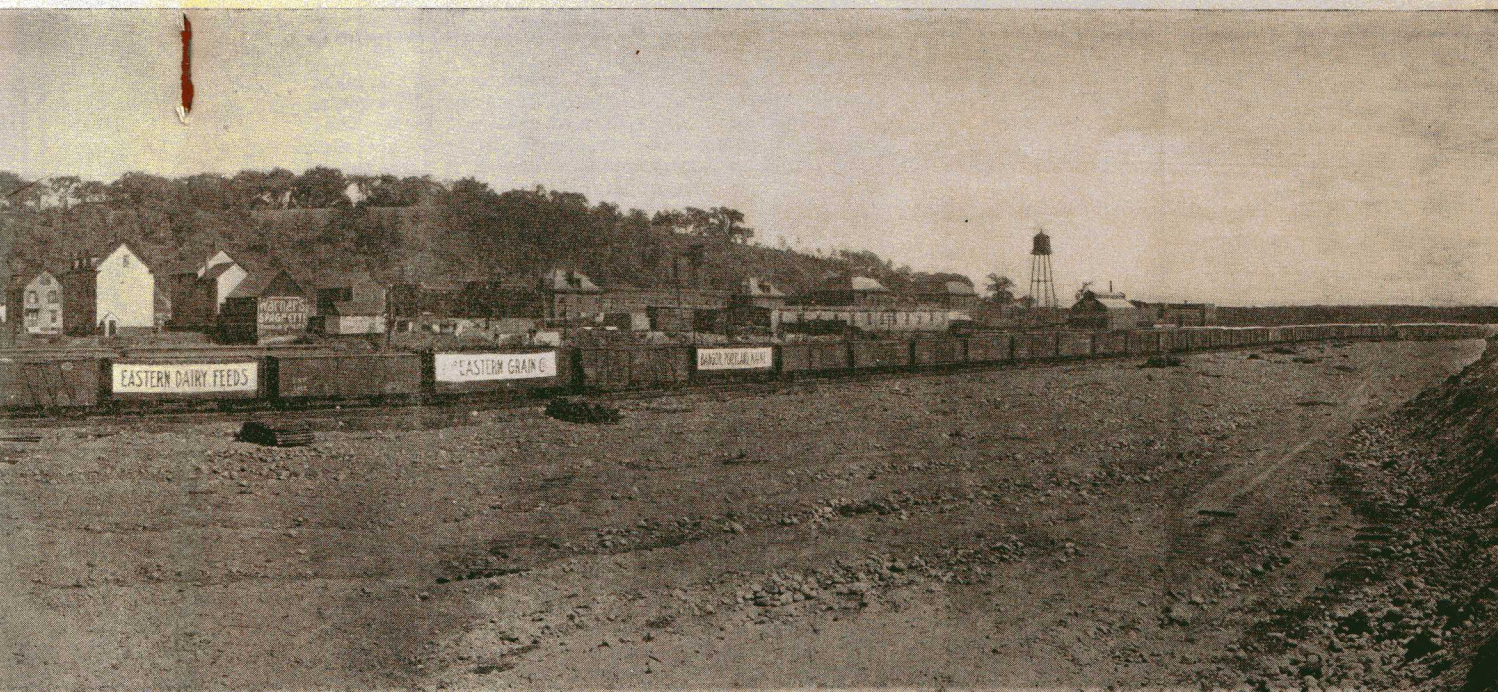


Received and Distributed By the Maine Central—It Contained 30,000 Bags of
 —Its Sixty Bright New Cars Attracted Much Attention
 —Cars Were Sent to Forty-Six Cities and Towns



Feed for One Account Ever Run—Sold By Eastern Grain Company, Portland and Bangor, Maine
 Served By the Maine Central Railroad Company

forty-six towns and cities, all but one of them in Maine, as follows:

Corinna, Etna, Calais, Lincoln, Hampden, Freeport, Gardiner, Bingham, Brooks, Hallowell, Sebago Lake, Harrison, Bridgton, North Conway, North Jay, Washburn, Presque Isle, Masardis, Ashland, Caribou, Monmouth, Union, North Bangor, Harmony, Princeton, Dover, Wiscasset, Newcastle, Damariscotta Mills, Waldoboro, Warren, Rockland, Hartland, Carmel, East Machias, Milo, Brownville Junction, Houlton and Patten—one car each; Augusta, two cars; Portland, Bangor and Ellsworth, three each; Old Town, four; Pittsfield, five. The Bangor section of this train—forty-two cars—was in charge of Engineer Millard C. Fisk

and Conductor C. E. Conley. It was not an easy haul, Mr. Fisk later said, but it made excellent time.

Here are a few facts of interest: The huge shipment consisted of 30,000 bags of grain, weighing 1500 tons, as has been said. Gross tonnage, including grain and cars, was about 3,000 tons. A strip of burlap forty inches wide and twenty-seven and one-half miles long was required to make the bags. Although the longest train of its kind ever received in New England, it was handled and distributed by the Maine Central without the slightest difficulty or delay.

The Eastern Grain Company—which ap-

(Continued on Page 20)

A Busy Spot In Eastern Maine

One Intimately In Touch With Them Writes of Motive Power Department Activities At Bangor—Modern Machinery and Methods—
Those Who Have Charge

One intimately in touch with the motive power department in Bangor—the round house, shops and adjacent yards on the outskirts of the city—has written, from first-hand knowledge, the following interesting and instructive account of its activities.

We print the account substantially as it was written and sent; and it shows, among other things, the importance of this department to the welfare of Bangor and Eastern Maine:



APPROXIMATELY, 150 men are employed at the Bangor engine house. This does not include enginemen and firemen, of whom there are about 150 on the Eastern Division, but it does include officers and their assistants, 45 mechanics, about 80 laborers, also hostlers and their helpers, etc. All employees work in eight hour shifts. In addition, there is always a regular assigned engine crew on duty there. This crew is known as the relief crew and is in readiness at all times for an emergency call of whatever nature. Sometimes it is a breakdown on the road (for the Maine Central has them occasionally) and when another engine is needed; then again it may be for a wreck, for the M.C.R.R. also has these occasionally.

For the above employees an average monthly payroll of \$16,000 to \$17,000 is disbursed, which is not at all an untidy sum to be put into circulation in Bangor each month from one department of the railroad alone.

After the train arrives at the station the engine is taken to the house by the engine crew. Here it is set on the "delivery track," and the engineer bringing it in spends about ten minutes in looking it over for any defects that may have developed. He then "books in" on a form prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, copies being kept on file where the Commission can examine them, if desired. All defects or poor qualities, if any, are noted on this form, and I might say here that these defects all must be remedied before the engine is allowed out again. Each mechanic has his special work to perform, and after having finished the job it is checked off on the report with a check mark and the workman's initials. When all repairs have been completed, and the engine is pronounced eligible for service, the foreman of repairs approves the work report.

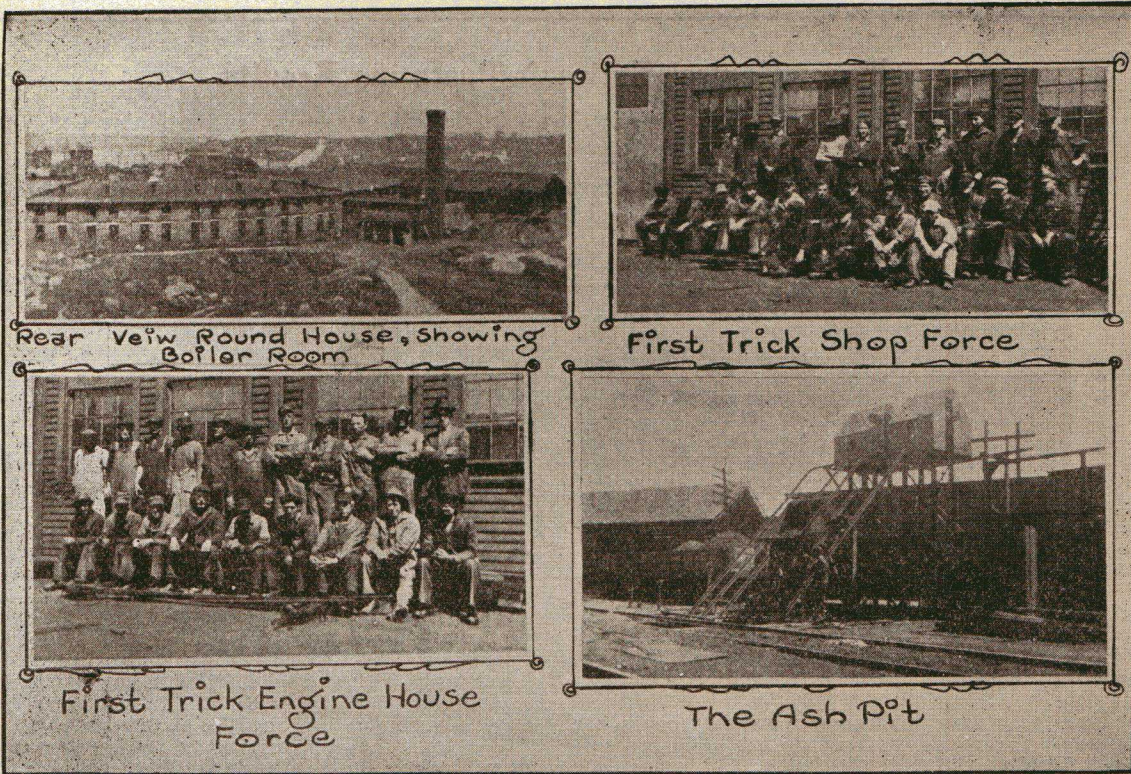
But to go back. After the engineer has finished his inspection, or while he is making it, a local in-

spector examines the entire locomotive. This man, with hammer, wrenches, etc., inspects all wheels, journals, bolts, nuts, rods and castings, to see that they are in a safe and proper condition to operate. After finishing his duties, the engine is then taken to the big coal pile at High Head by a hostler and his assistant. Here the tender is loaded with coal by a modern Brown locomotive coal hoister. This machine is a ten-ton steam crane, self propelled, having a clamshell bucket capable of lifting one ton of coal at a scoop into the tender. The average large locomotive takes about fifteen tons of coal at a loading, and at the present time about two hundred and twenty-five tons of coal per day are loaded onto engines running into Bangor. While the engine is being coaled up by the engineer of the coal hoister, the large cup-like lubricator which feeds oil to the valves, cylinders and pumps is being filled with the best grade of valve oil. This usually requires about five pints.

The engine is now returned to the engine house and run onto the "dumping pit," or what is sometimes known as the "cinder pit." Here it is left by the hostlers, as they have finished their part of the job. The Maine Central installed a few years ago one of the latest Robertson cinder conveyers at this dumping pit. This apparatus consists of two small steel cars, which run on an inclined track and are operated by electricity, two five-horse power motors furnishing the power. The small cars are run down into the concrete pit under the ash pan of the locomotive and then three men, classified as "fire cleaners," proceed to clean the fire by removing any clinkers that may have formed and by dumping out any dead fire and ashes. These ashes fall into the small steel cars underneath, and when they become full they are run up the incline track until they are directly above a big gondola car—when they are tripped and the ashes are dumped into the gondola and ready to be hauled away and later used as ballast.

Previous to the installation of this modern equipment, it required from eighteen to twenty men to clean fires on engines at Bangor and keep the ashes loaded on cars. This work is now handled by eight men, and with a great deal more dispatch and less manual labor.

While the fire cleaners are busy with their duties another employee begins his work. He is known as the inside hostler, and while the fire is being cleaned, he is unloosening about fifteen bolts in the front door of the boiler for the purpose of open-



Some Motive Power Department Snap-Shots, Bangor

ing it and inspecting the smoke box, which is located directly underneath the smoke stack, to ascertain if there are any holes in the front end netting. This netting is there to prevent any live sparks escaping through the stack, thereby eliminating any chance of setting fires along the right of way. Each engine coming into Bangor is given this inspection every day. When in the course of time a small hole does appear in the netting, it is immediately repaired by patching or replaced by a new one. Still another man is working at the same time. He is filling all of the grease cups on the side rods. This grease is made in small pieces, the shape of wafers, by special machinery at the shop and just fits the cups.

After this work has been completed, the inside hostler, who now stays with the engine until it is finally put into the house, takes it to the water plug. Here the water tender fills the tank with water. This requires on the Maine Central's big engines about 10,000 gallons per tank, and their monthly consumption averages over two hundred million cubic feet. A new 50,000 gallon storage tank and two new water plugs were installed last year at the round house.

From here the engine is moved to the sand house and the large sand dome, which can be seen on top of the boiler, is filled with fine, dry sand. This is a very essential part of the locomotive's equipment, especially in winter and in rainy weather, when the rails are in a slippery condition.

It might be interesting to note here the company's method of handling its sand supply. In the

fall, the sand house, with a capacity of about 20 or 25 cars of sand, is filled. Two men working eight hours each are employed here throughout the year. The sand is dried in two large hoppers, kept at a high degree of heat, then sifted into a bin, from which it is blown up into another large bin high in the tower of the building. This is done through iron pipes by means of compressed air. The upper bin has an iron spout leading out through the tower, and by means of this spout the sand domes on the engines are filled.

The locomotive is now ready to go onto the 90 foot turn-table and into the "wash-house." The table, which a few years ago was turned by hand and for which labor nine men were used exclusively, is now run by electricity, a 25-horse-power motor doing the work and requiring the services of but three men, one on each shift.

The wash-house is where the engine gets its daily bath. Before the installation of the present system, which is a D. & M. cleaning process, about twenty engine wipers were employed; now with the aid of the above machinery one man is used on each shift. The washing machine consists of two lines of hose connected onto a nozzle. One hose delivers a specially prepared oil combined with boiling water, while the second carries a pressure of 70 pounds of compressed air, so that the combination is driven with great force against the parts being washed. This is found to be a very efficient piece of equipment, as it removes practically all dirt and grease from the locomotives.

The engine is now backed onto the table again

Maine Central Railroad Operating Results

A surplus after charges of \$32,304 is shown in the July statement of the Maine Central Railroad Co., made public August 25.

The surplus after charges for the first seven months of 1924 is \$140,189, compared to a deficit of \$394,341 for the corresponding period of 1923.

The statement follows:

	July 1924	July 1923	Decrease
Freight Revenue.....	\$1,077,431	\$1,232,591	\$155,160
Passenger Revenue.....	441,546	482,774	41,228
Railway Operating Revenues.....	1,678,053	1,870,633	192,580
Surplus after Charges.....	32,304	92,844	60,540

PERIOD FROM JANUARY 1ST TO JULY 31ST—(Seven Months)

	1924	1923	
Railway Operating Revenues.....	\$11,988,891	\$12,275,163	\$286,272
Surplus after Charges.....	140,189 Def.	394,341 Inc.	534,530

From estimates now in hand, it would appear that fixed charges for the month of August, 1924, would be fully earned.

MORRIS McDONALD, President.

and run into one of the thirty-five pits of the engine house; and now the fire tenders man her and begin to build up a big new fire and see that the proper pressure of steam is maintained, pending her departure.

Under ordinary conditions about two hours are consumed in making the engine available for service after its arrival at the house, and about fifty or sixty engines are hostled every 24 hours at Bangor, when business is normal. The machinery in the machine shop is all run by electricity furnished by the B. R. & E. Co. The premises are lighted by electricity also, and the shops, store-rooms and engine house are heated by the Sturdevant blower system. An acetylene welding outfit is one of the latest assets, while a new Ingersoll-Rand air compressing plant has been installed. The new outfit supplies a 100 pound pressure of air to the freight yards and car shops.

The headquarters of the wrecking train for the Eastern Division, which is in charge of Mr. Whitney, is at this point. This train consists of a 75 ton wrecking crane built by the Industrial Works of Bay City, Mich., a flat car loaded with ties for the purpose of re-laying track when it is torn up, the living car and the tool car. Steam is continually kept up on the boiler of the crane, which is in charge of Engineer L. J. Beaulieu, in order that it may be ready for action at a moment's notice. The living car is kept heated during cold weather and its refrigerators, which are well stocked with provisions at all times, are always iced. The regularly assigned relief crew is always within calling distance, and there is no time lost by anyone in getting the train together and getting started when the wrecking signal is given.

Frank S. Whitney, general foreman, is in charge of the motive power department, which includes all shops and round houses east of Northern Maine Junction and all engines and crews in this territory. C. H. Leard is chief clerk. Mr. Whitney, who makes his home at the Bangor House, began his railroad career in October, 1881, as a locomotive

fireman. In December, 1884, he went West and ran an engine on the Oregon Railroad Navigation Company's line. He remained there as an engineer until he returned to the Maine Central as an engineman on December 15, 1888. While running an engine on this road he hauled trains 71 and 2; also No. 8 and 19, through passenger trains between Bangor and Portland, for the greater part of the time.

The company recognizing and appreciating his sound judgment and mechanical ability, promoted him to his present position on November 1, 1904, succeeding the late F. H. Robinson. Mr. Whitney is a member of the Tarrantine Club, St. John's Commandery, and is a life member of the Elks lodge, as well as of the Shrine.

J. W. Furrow is the foreman of locomotive repairs and has direct supervision over all repair work. Mr. Furrow, also, on account of his keen insight in mechanical lines, has worked himself up from a water boy on a construction train in 1889 to his present responsible position.

The stenographer is Miss Helen Birmingham.

Longest Grain Train

(Continued from Page 17)

plied the contents of this special on a sale of over two hundred cars of dairy and poultry feeds—is widely known. Its reputation is as wide as New England—yes, and far beyond. It was incorporated in 1902, at Bangor, with the following officers: President, H. O. Phillips; treasurer and general manager, Charles R. Bond; directors, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Bond and William M. Bigelow, Pittsfield—and these three have continued as directors to date.

Since its incorporation, there have been incorporated with it a number of long-established grain and feed firms. In addition to its Bangor plant, it maintains mills and elevators at Old Town and Corinna—these being under the supervision of Charles R. Bond, general manager, and of William M. Bigelow and William B. Adie, managers.



indef
be pl
Sept
days
conse
A
final
the c
team
Thor
Stati
(gen
Tran
Only
and
same
and
an e
play
leagu
teres
ship
very
team
was
cour
twee
exist
teur
A
whol
The
on p
play
est a
by t
exac
son's
rupt
a los
gene
leagu
prof
and
S
culti
they

Thompson's Point Wins Pennant

Maine Central Baseball League Ends a Successful Season—Some of the Features
—Many Difficulties Faced and Overcome;
Good Sport Resulted



THOMPSON'S POINT wins the pennant in the Maine Central baseball league—or would have if it had a pennant. Anyway, the season ends with the Thompson's Point team twenty-three points in advance of its nearest rival, the team from Union Station.

The exact end of the season was rather indefinite. Technically, several games remained to be played; but there came weather bitterly cold for September, together with a long series of rainy days—and so the games were cancelled by mutual consent.

As will be seen by the final tabulation, printed in the center of this page, the teams finish in this order: Thompson's Point, Union Station, Maine Centrals (general office team), Transfer House and Rigby. Only two—Union Station and Rigby—played the same number of games, and so the standing is not an exact or definite test of playing ability. But the league was run in the interests of good sportsmanship, anyway, and it made very little difference which team finally won. There was friendly rivalry, of course, but none of the between-team jealousies that exist in the average amateur league.

And the season, as a whole, was a great success. The attendance was good on pleasant days, some fast players were developed, and there was much interest among those in the shops and offices represented by the five teams. We have not, at this writing, exact figures on the financial standing. Thompson's Point—due to the shut-down, which interrupted the playing schedule—finishes something of a loser, at least at the time this is written; but, in general, there was enough money to carry the league through. Of course nobody made a cent of profit—it was all in the interests of a good time and of good sport.

Some of the teams labored under many difficulties. When men have had a hard day's work, they don't always feel like playing ball; especially,

they don't always feel like practicing. But a surprising number did play and did practice—and, as stated, the interest steadily grew. Not one team ever had the remotest idea of quitting, and the sentiment of their shops and offices certainly backed them to the limit.

Several unusual features distinguished the season. The principal one, no doubt, was the complimentary game tendered John J. Cochrane, whose arm had been broken as he was pitching for the Maine Centrals against Union Station. This game was on August 14, just after that month's issue of the Magazine went to press, and there was a fine

gathering—the gross receipts, as told elsewhere in this issue, being \$186. Those present surely had their money's worth, too, for some of the best players of the league were represented in the two teams. Team A was composed of Chamard, Thompson's Point, c; Norton, Thompson's Point, p; Brewer, Maine Centrals, 1b; McKenney, Thompson's Point, 2b; Cady, Thompson's Point, ss; Allen, Maine Centrals, 3b; Pearson, Maine Centrals, lf; Goan, Transfer House, cf; Thorne, Thompson's Point, rf.

Although five of these players represented Thompson's Point, Woodbury of the regular Thompson's Point team pitched against them on Team B, which was made up as follows:

Cummings, Union Station, c; Woodbury, Thompson's Point, p; Horace Woodbury, Maine Centrals, 1b; Wescott, Maine Centrals, 2b; Flaherty, Transfer House, ss; Trask, Union Station, 3b; Allen, lf; Oberg, Maine Centrals, cf; Dames, Rigby, rf. Team B—playing under the title of the "All Stars"—was winner, 2 to 0.

The season's high water mark, so far as playing went, probably was the no-hit, no-run game pitched by Frank Woodbury against Union Station. It was a pitchers' battle worthy of a Class A league—Woodbury against Elmer Munroe, the Massachu-

The Final Standing

The final standing of the Maine Central League, given to the Magazine, Sept. 9, by one who has kept the score of every game, is as follows:

Thompson's Point—Won six, lost two; 750 per cent.

Union Station—Won eight, lost three; 727 per cent.

Maine Centrals—Won six, lost five; 555 per cent.

Transfer House—Won three, lost four; 428 per cent.

Rigby—Won two, lost eleven; 153 per cent.

And so, if there were actually a pennant, it would be floating today over the Thompson's Point shops. Another season, if the league is continued, an effort will be made to have an even number of teams and all teams play the same number of games.

(Continued on Page 31)



For the Honor of the Road

Written for the Maine Central Railroad Magazine

By CHANDLER BRIGGS ALLEN

CONCLUDED FROM AUGUST ISSUE

Dicky was the only man within reach, and he . . . Sam shook his white head thoughtfully. Young Glenn had two aspirations, a greater and a lesser. Above all things he wished to become a fireman. He had tried, but because of youth and lack of weight had not been accepted. So he contented himself as best he could and supported his widowed mother by wiping engines at the roundhouse. Engines were his passion. His knowledge of a locomotive was surprising. He had fired in the yard, probably a dozen days in all, when an emergency arose, but he was far, very far, from being a skilled fireman.

Dicky's lesser aspiration was to become a ball-player. He worked nights, but Saturday afternoons he pitched for the Three Deck Giants. This particular Fourth of July the Giants were to play the North Strafford Tigers, and Dicky had donned his new white uniform and was abroad early. Sam saw him, and called to him to come over. In about one minute Giants and Tigers were forgotten. He had heard about the trial run and had envied the men who would be called upon. Many a time he had pictured himself in the 450's cab as she rolled into Ortland, victorious in that trial run, and wished that he, instead of Bob Jordan or Harry Colter, might feel that thrill, which comes only once in a lifetime.

Dicky climbed aboard, white uniform and all, and commenced building up his fire and getting ready.

When the "Randy Ann" swung off the long turn-out at 1.05 Dicky leaned from the cab window and waved an exultant hand at the little group on the station platform. But Dicky knew what he was aboard for. One backward glance at the ten white cars and brown buggy at the rear, then he slipped from seat-box to deck and hooked his fire until brown smoke shot from the 22's stack with the quickening exhaust.

Sam beckoned, and Dicky heard him say—"It's up to us, Boy! Stand up to her and I'll help you all I can. Keep cool, don't crowd her . . . and remember, they're watching us today!"

Dick tried to keep cool, that is, mentally. To keep cool physically was a sheer impossibility that broiling day down behind the boiler-butt. In spite of his resolution he was nervous and worked a bit too hard. When they roared by Pearl Mountain he had lost twenty pounds of steam. Old Sam, his white hair whipping in the wind, shut off the gun and shouted a word of encouragement that was like a tonic to Glenn. He ran the hook through the fire and jarred the grates a bit, and breathed freer when the steam-gauge-hand commenced to climb.

At Williams he was holding her close to the pop against the water. By this time the Randy Ann was showing the world why she had been called the "greyhound" when she hauled the Flying Dutchman and 127. Old Sam was showing the world something, too. With throttle to button, lever now in first, now in second notch, working his inspirator with a skill that had won praise from many a fire-boy in olden days, he was jockeying his engine to get the maximum speed with least possible coal and water.

Orders had given them right of way over everything and warned station agents to be on the lookout. Agents told the news, and when the old 22, with her foot-board pilot, shot past Uppervale like a hissing, smoking projectile driven by high explosive, there was a crowd out to see the spectacle. They didn't see much. Those on Sam's side had a glimpse of a white-headed man leaning from the cab, his lips clamped and eyes riveted on the track ahead. Those on the fireman's side had a fleeting vision of a red head and grinning face blackened with grime . . . then the buggy flashed by and vanished around the curve.

Some of those present still talk about the water-plug stop Sam Truman made at North Onway; others prefer to tell about the grimy, panting, sweating fireman who took water as they had never seen a man take it before, shoveling over coal like a wild man while the tank was filling. It was a curious figure, stripped to the waist—Dicky had peeled off his shirt going by Hawfords—and knee breeches, once white, and stockings, once red, were wet and blackened as the haggard face.

Pat Downy came running out with a message from Ortland. "Great work!" it said. "We're watching and hoping! Sock it to her! Everything in to clear!" and it was signed by President Ronald.

Sam oiled 'round, screwed down hard-grease cups, felt in vain for a hot bearing, and climbed aboard.

"Dicky," he called, "the Old Man says 'sock it to her,' and I'm goin' to do it! It'll be hell from now on, but stand up to her, Dicky-boy! Stand up to her like a little man!"

Zach Hines, who rode on the engine from North Onway in, has told how Sam 'socked it to her' the last half of the fastest run recorded in C. M. C. history. Zach was fat and old and couldn't fire, but he knew men when he saw them, and he knew firemen, too. He said afterward that he never saw a "tallow-pot" who did the job Dick did that day, or an engineer who ever ran an engine as old Sam ran the 22 from North Onway to Ortland.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Shop Crafts Outing

Members of the Association and Their Families Spent a Happy Day Amid the Scenic Beauties of Maranacook—Races, a Little Baseball and Some Other Features—Special Trains From Portland and Bangor



ANNUAL outing of the Association of Shop Crafts Employees, Motive Power Department, Maine Central Railroad and Portland Terminal Companies was held Saturday, Sept. 6, at Lake Maranacook. Although the day was pleasant, it had rained steadily all the day before—and this undoubtedly affected the attendance, which was not quite so large as had been hoped. But one thing was certain: Never had members of the Association, their wives and families, spent a more happy afternoon.

A special train of four cars left Portland at 8.45, accommodating those in the shops at Rigby, Thompson's Point, South Portland and Lewiston; and a second special of five cars started from Bangor at eight, picking up those from the Waterville shops on the way. Both specials had been placed at the disposal of the Association by the Maine Central management. They reached Maranacook soon after eleven—and an outing crowded with pleasurable events began.

The day was cold, as has been said, but absolutely clear. Lake Maranacook—like a silver mirror against the emerald of its wooded shores—never looked more lovely. Here and there a splash of gold or scarlet in the woods showed that summer was on the wane. Most of those owning cottages had gone; members of the Association had the grounds to themselves.

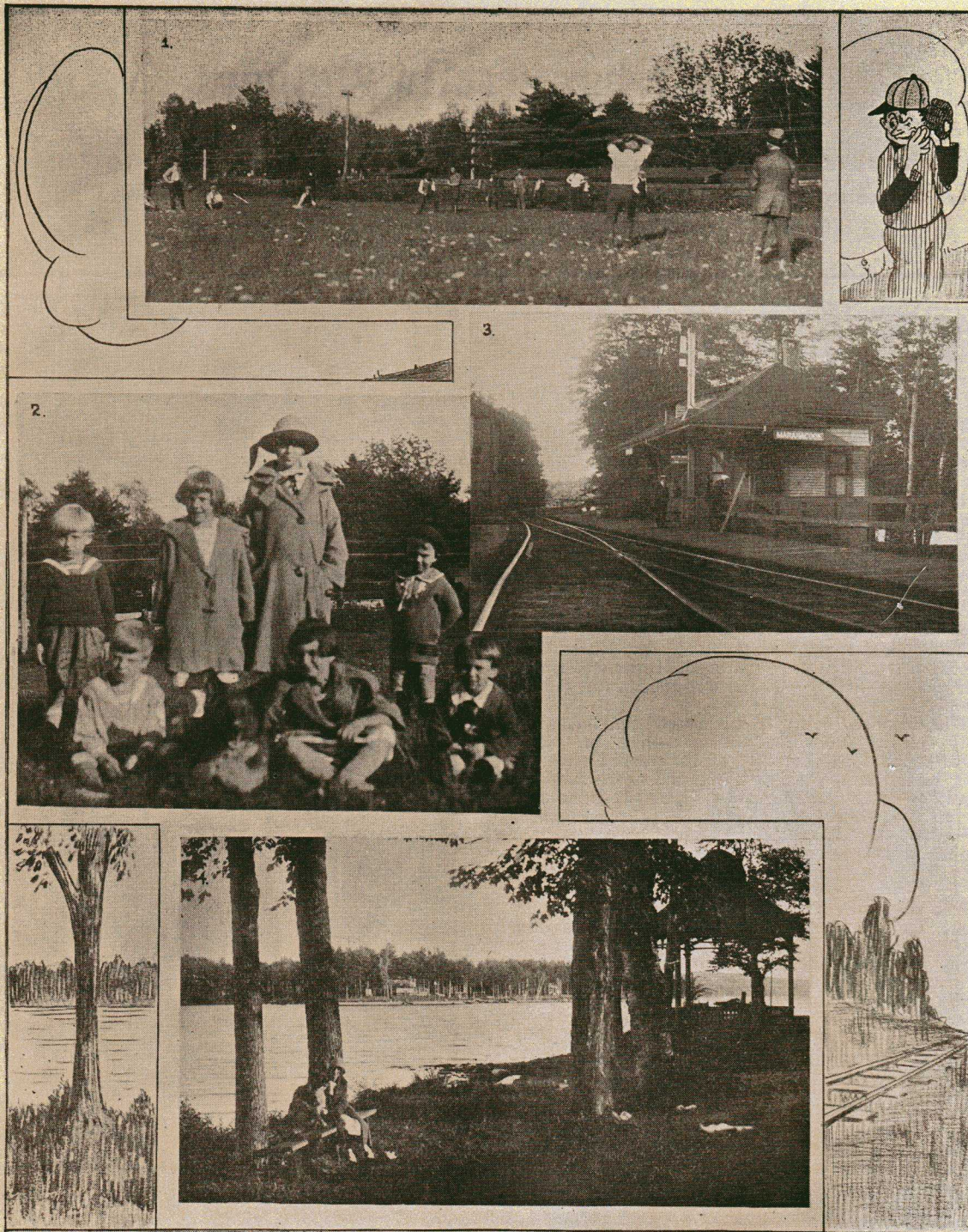
And there always is plenty to do at Lake Maranacook. Quite a few went rowing, notwithstanding that a smart breeze whipped the waters into foam. Scores of children swarmed upon the swings. And, at noon, many picnic parties—for each family brought its own lunch box or basket—were scattered beneath the trees. Near the swings was a mountainous pile of tonic—boxes upon boxes of it, dispensed by officials of the Association. Altogether, an attractive scene against its background of lake and woods; and the broad grounds were dotted with yellow tags, for every member wore one. They were inscribed: "Association of Shop Crafts Employees, Maranacook, September 6, 1924;" and at the bottom were two printed slips that made the whole tag worth while. Each of them read: "Good for one bottle of tonic."

Dinner-time over, members of the Association massed themselves along the course facing the swings, and a series of sports began. The entrance requirements were not exacting—all anybody had to do was step up and give his name; and the younger ones, especially, entered whole-heartedly



George H. Parrott, Who Worked Early and Late to Make the Outing a Success

into the spirit of the thing. J. H. Brice of Rigby was boss of the course, and he kept both the fun and the participants moving briskly. There couldn't have been a happier choice for master of



What Camera Man Saw At the Outing

(1)—Baseball, of Course, Was a Feature. (2)—Having Just as Much Fun as the Grown-Ups.
 (3)—Maranacook Station. (4)—Lovely Background of Lake and Woods.



Here's Another Group of Views

(1)—General Foreman Bennett of Thompson's Point Dropped In With a Party. (2)—Amateur Camera Artists Were Busy. (3)—The Two Specials Waited for the Big Picnic to End.

Ups.

ceremonies. Herbert Jackson, of the Thompson's Point shops, was starter, and judges at the finish were Bertram King and George B. Hunter, both of Bangor District. The winners were:

Fifty yard dash for girls under twelve—Phyllis McVane.

Three-legged race for girls under sixteen—Marion Waite, Eleanor Peterson.

Potato race for girls under sixteen—Arline Peterson.

Obstacle race for girls under sixteen—Beatrice Booth.

Fifty yard dash for boys under ten—Frank Booth.

Three-legged race for boys under ten—Gerald Marsh, Herbert Antworth.

Hurdles for men and boys over sixteen—J. J. Mosher.

Fifty yard dash for men and boys over fifteen—Wilson Gilman.

Hurdle race for boys under sixteen—Benny Marsh.

The special matched race between H. Pinder and J. C. Booth was generously declared a tie.

Many of these events, as will be seen, were for the children, all of whom had the time of their young lives. There was a real thrill in the hurdle races—flying leaps over ordinary saw-horses.

Following this, adjournment was taken to a big field beyond the tracks, where the "Red Sox" and "New York Giants" had a game of ball. Richard Murphy pitched for the Sox, and J. H. Brice for the Giants. John Martell, a brave man, was umpire, and the crowd fringing the field bubbled with advice and comments. At the end of the fifth inning, the ball got lost in the underbrush; and, as they don't sell baseballs in the Maranacook Casino, the game was of necessity called off. It was unfortunate, too, because it had just reached an exciting tie—37 to 37.

The remainder of the long afternoon was just passed socially—like some big family gathering, underneath the trees; and it was growing dark when the tired but thoroughly satisfied hundreds started in their special trains for home.

The committee of arrangements, whose members deserve credit for the good time spent by everybody, included George H. Parrott, Portland District; A. J. Pine, C. L. Blackman, Waterville District; B. L. King, George B. Hunter, Bangor District. Mr. King is the Association's general chairman; Mr. Parrott, acting general secretary; and Mr. Hunter, general treasurer. All are members of the general, or executive, board.

Maine Central Family

(Continued from Page 10)

they left Crawford Notch and followed the Crawford bridle path eight miles or so to the summit of Mt. Washington—three miles through the woods and the other five above the timber line over the Southern peaks: Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin and Monroe. This brought them to the "Lake of the Clouds Hut," at the base of the cone of Mt. Washington.

Here, to their surprise and something approaching their dismay, they found that they could not get in. The place was already filled, and, as the

landlady explained, "We've been shoeing people down the mountain all day."

Forty-five minutes of daylight remained. One of those in the hut loaned them a second flash-light—they had but one—and they started down the Ammonoosuc ravine trail. They had time, it was explained to them, to reach the shelter of the timber before darkness fell; the greater danger lay on the exposed rocks.

Then began their real adventure—and it WAS an adventure, nothing less. Darkness in the woods was heavy, impenetrable—cut only by what seemed the pitifully feeble rays of their flash-lights. Time and time again they lost the trail. But Miss Munro—it was one of the others who told us this—had a certain instinctive sense of woodcraft; and this proved the saving factor for the little party. She could always seem to hear the faint trickle of the Ammonoosuc, at this point just a tiny stream; and she knew that with this to guide them, and the constant sense of descent, they were walking in the right direction, whether they could see the trail or not. And, when the others suggested trying to camp somewhere until daybreak, she urged them to go on.

At nearly midnight, after five hours spent in walking three miles, a light gleamed through the darkness and they came to the employes' house of the Mt. Washington Railway. Here, at last, were shelter and rest. To be sure, the only shelter was the recreation room, there being no other place to put them; and they got what rest they could sleeping on the bare floor, without pillows or blankets. But it was better than nothing—especially when, two hours later, a tremendous storm broke, and the wind howled as though a million demons had been let loose on the mountain side. It wasn't pleasant to contemplate what their predicament would have been had they tried to camp in the woods.

Next morning the young ladies got an auto ride to the nearest Maine Central station, where they took a train for Portland. They were none the worse for their experience, but it would more appropriately have come twenty-four hours later. That cruel hike through the woods, with its suggested dangers and its genuine hardships, ought really to have come on Labor Day.

The gruesome, the horrible and the grotesque have no proper place, we think, in our Magazine, which tries to look upon the cheerful and business-like side of the railroad world. But a paragraph in one of the Portland papers as this is written—September 3—recalls memories so vivid that the temptation is strong to mention them: even though they are undeniably gruesome and almost unbelievably grotesque.

This paragraph is to the effect that James W. Purcell of New Bedford, one of the three young men convicted of the murder of Asa Entekin, Maine Central station agent at Embden, seeks his freedom on petition to the Governor and Council. His hearing is set for Sept. 11—so, if there is no postponement, the result should be known by the time these lines are read. Also, the papers are likely to print long stories of the old tragedy.

But the memories of which we spoke! Memories of Skowhegan jail late at night; of lantern light dimly outlining barred cells and white-washed walls; of shadows that flickered upon the faces of

Le

three
in:
the l
episo
a sai
eyed
sullen
cell,



Part of Bangor Crew Waiting For Outing to End

Left to right—D. C. Rayner, engineer; B. G. Glass, fireman; P. H. Nelson, conductor; Harry Mitchell, turn-table operator

three murderers. For they had just been brought in: Homer Spurlock, easy, nonchalant, obviously the leader, who seemed to regard the whole grim episode as almost a matter for mirth; John Brown, a sailor with Portuguese blood in his veins—black-eyed and brown-skinned, whose mood ran from sullen silence to flaming rebellion; and James Purcell, slight, boyish, aristocratic in comparison, who

—even in these barred walls—seemed in mortal terror of the other two. He says now he was forced to aid them—at least to the extent of keeping watch, which, in view of all the circumstances, seems not improbable.

Questioned by the writer, Spurlock told the whole story with a smiling and obliging readiness that was almost uncanny. He told how the three

had waited until Entrekin was alone—and how they had crept upon him, for they wanted his small savings. Spurlock crashed a block of wood upon his head, and Brown then struck him with a knife. The aged station agent, who was well known and liked on that part of the division, stood not the ghost of a chance. And Spurlock told it all so matter-of-factly!

"I didn't really mean to kill him," he said in conclusion.

"But when a young man strikes an old man with a block of wood," said the writer, "didn't common sense tell you what the result would be?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Spurlock, easily. "Somebody once hit my uncle with a brick, and it didn't hurt him at all." He seemed to think that a complete defense and explanation.

And now Purcell, third member of the strangely mated trio, seeks his freedom—may or may not have obtained it by the time this magazine is read. His fate has been followed with interest by many Maine Central employes.

Honor of the Road

(Continued from Page 22)

"A reg'lar he-wizzard—that's what Sam is!"—only Pat put it a little stronger—"and Dick . . . Pat's narrative waxes too lurid for repetition at this point.

Dick was wiry and willing, and chock full of grit from the crown of his red head to his red-soxed heel. A silent, grim-faced group in the Portland office listened with bated breath to the reports trickling over the wire; scores of Hilltop men awaited the outcome in agony of suspense; while out on the shining rails, where heat devils danced like whirling dervishes, in the rocking, quivering cab of the 22, Dicky Glenn and Sam Truman were fighting the battle of their life for the honor of the road. Even the old engine seemed to sense the terrible need. Her staccato exhaust was a continuous roar, and her side-rods twinkled like lightning flashes in the sunlight. Down behind her boiler-butt Dick crouched, left hand on fire-box door chain, right on scoop handle, eyes on the steam-gauge. Black spots danced before his eyes, the terrific heat nauseated. Every muscle ached, his knees trembled and his backbone felt like a rusty cable. One gauntlet was burned to a crisp, and arms and body were scorched and blistered. Once, night seemed closing suddenly in. Zach Hines saw him reel and sprang to the gangway. The next moment a bucket of cold water brought him back to daylight.

Huddled on his seat-box, old Sam was talking to his engine, as a jockey to his laboring steed, coaxing her to do her best. "Come on, old girl, come on! Show 'em what you c'n do!" he croaked through parched lips.

The message from Roundfield brought a smothered exclamation from President Ronald. Right on scheduled time, and up over the hill at a fifty-mile clip! It was incredible! unbelievable!

But could they hold it? Ah, that was the question! The last third would be the hardest.

When the old 22 tore past Deep Falls like a black-nosed white meteor, sighs of relief went up in the Portland office. If . . . if . . . they could keep it up for another half-hour . . . greenhorn

An Episode

"One of the most picturesque episodes of my railroad life," said Mr. Watson, "was at Christmas-time, 1900. Central Maine had been swept by rain-fall and floods, and I started from Brunswick on a Sunday in No. 11. Monday morning, with locomotive, tender and one car, we left for Clinton, where an abutment and bridge had been washed out.

"The section foreman had reported the line O.K. to Clinton; but he didn't know that half-way between that place and Waterville the road-bed was undermined. A small culvert had been washed away—but it wasn't apparent from the tracks, because the ground above this culvert was frozen and therefore held.

"Well, when the engine struck this wash-out it went straight down, head-first, to the bottom, a distance of fifteen feet. Fortunately it stayed right-side up; and, even more fortunately, nobody was hurt. Tender and caboose remained on the track. But it took three days to lift that engine back—and it was the following Sunday when the first train got through to Bangor."

fireman, veteran runner and engine, all! Despite "ifs" and doubts they were beginning to hope that the miracle was about to happen.

Out at Umberland Mill the gates were down and the signals set. There would no "know-nothing" stop that day! The crowd, gathered to see her pass, saw fat Zach Hines clinging to his seat on one side and a snowy head and white beard on the other, heard the rattle and roar and clank and screech—and saw the tail-flags disappearing in a cloud of dust. They couldn't see the blistered, bedraggled lad with blood-shot eyes and throbbing head who was feeding the white-hot fire, one scoop at a time, nor did he see, or hear the yell that went up. Ringing in his ears were old Sam's words—"Stand up to her like a man!"

Stand up to her! Aye, that he would . . . and did! Stood up to his job until Sam shut off going by Johnson's Point, then the world grew dark and he staggered, but before he fell Zach's arm was around him and lifted him to the seat-box.

A dozen exultant whistles screamed their welcome and the clang of engine bells mingled with the cheers that went up when Sam threw brake-handle to full release and unwound inspirator feed valve after grinding to a standstill in Commercial street yard.

Up in his office President Ronald of the C. M. C. was talking with President Winterbury of the U. F. A. over the long distance.

"Yes," he was saying, "we clipped twenty-two minutes off the schedule you insisted on, and did it with a shifting engine manned by the oldest runner and youngest fireman on the road . . . What's that? . . . You'll be in tomorrow and sign a ten-years' contract? Good! We'll give you the

(Continued on Page 31)

A Life of Valued Service

Perley Watson Relates Some Experiences of His Long Career—Engineering Jobs That Taxed Endurance and Nerve—He Seems to Have the Recipe For Making Time Stand Still

Perley N. Watson, superintendent of bridges and buildings on the Maine Central's western lines, was born April 4, 1847, which makes him seventy-seven years old. But you would never guess it if he didn't tell you, for he could pass for fifty-five or sixty. The accompanying photograph was taken very recently; it shows, better than a column of explanation, how he has made time stand still. And there are few, indeed, of the Maine Central family who are better known or more popular.

"Will you tell me," asked a Maine Central Magazine reporter, "some of the big things you have helped to do in your engineering career? I don't mean a routine account of construction work—just a little story of real obstacles overcome, as you have noted them, and a few picturesque episodes. Some of the most important jobs on which you have worked."

"Well," said Mr. Watson, smiling slightly, "we've had a few obstacles, of course—and overcoming them has sometimes taken a bit of nerve and endurance. But that is what the engineering department, and its workers, are for."

"One of our most difficult jobs—a picturesque job, too—was on a bridge at Carratunk Falls, Somerset Division, in the winter of 1912. This bridge consisted of a deck plate girder, twenty feet long; one through truss span, 154 feet; another through truss span, 153; and a pony truss, 82.

"It was almost directly beneath the falls, and one rainstorm after another had forced the water to high pitch. So great was the noise, as it poured over the falls, that the only way we could com-

municate with the men on the trestle was through a speaking tube. I'd stand on a level with the track men, on the false work below, and talk with the trestle men through seventy-five feet of ¾ inch rubber hose. Spray from the falls drenched us to the skin every few minutes, and it froze to our clothing in the bitter cold so that we could hardly work.

This was before the day of oxy-acetylene torches, and there was no way of burning truss members apart; so we did all of our cutting with hammer and cold chisel. Thinking of all the appliances we now have for taking down old bridges, we sometimes look back to that and similar jobs and wonder how we ever did them. Yes, that is one bit of construction work that not one of us is likely to forget. We would work until the ice and cold made it impossible to work longer, get thawed out, dry our clothes, and go to work again. And so it continued for three long months—in the dead of winter.

"The Sheepscot river bridge, built one and one-half miles east of Wiscasset in 1916, is—as generally known—one of the largest in New England. It has a pile trestle approach, 98 feet long; a through plate girder, 48; a Scherzer draw span, 48; a through truss, 185; a second through truss, 400; a third, 185. It was built, in a new lo-

cation, to replace an old structure that had been in existence forty years. We went to the ledge for the foundation of our piers and abutments, and some of the piers were a hundred feet below the base of rail.

"After this new bridge was completed, and



PERLEY N. WATSON
Superintendent of Bridges and Buildings on the
Maine Central's Western Lines

trains running over it, we removed the old one. The water was so deep—mud and water were fifty feet from base of rail—that we couldn't put in false work and the spans had to be floated off. We put three scows under each; and, as the tide came up, it lifted these spans from their bearings and we floated them to the dock. Here acetylene torches were used to burn the members apart, and the scrap was loaded directly upon cars. It took exactly twenty-five minutes to remove the first span from its foundations and float it to the dock; we timed it carefully.

“Going back a bit farther, I remember the building of the new Frankenstein trestle in 1893. Its length was 518 feet, and it replaced a much lighter structure put in by the old Portland and Ogdensburg road when it first ran through the mountains. There was little or no room near this trestle; so we had to unload at Bartlett, twelve miles below. And we did the entire job by hand—loading, unloading, taking down the old trestle, constructing the new; there was no machinery whatever.

“Another job of importance, and one of rather spectacular difficulties, was on the Willey Brook bridge—one and one-half miles east of Crawford's in the mountains. There were two spans, with a total length of two hundred and eighty feet, ten inches. We carried the old bridge, and the trains that ran across it, on temporary false-work; pulled out abutments and pier; rebuilt them; and then erected the new bridge directly alongside the old.

“When this was completed, we rolled the old bridge out and the new one in—all by man power, for, as in the case of the Frankenstein trestle, there was no machinery. Can you imagine how we did it? Both bridges were placed on continuous rolls, and heavy rope tackle connected these rolls with hand winches. There were four winches to each span, and six men to each winch. I stood by a huge gong; and, every time I struck this gong, each man turned his winch in exact unison to the movements of the man next him. It must have resembled some scene upon a stage; but the spectacular and dramatic features didn't concern us. It was the one way I knew in which the work could be quickly done and the men properly controlled.”

Mr. Watson paused.

“Well—those are a few of the more important jobs with which I have been connected,” said he.

“Some of the work must have been very, very hard,” suggested the reporter.

“Like everything else,” said Mr. Watson, “it is easy if you know how. I am a believer in the old adage, ‘Every man to his trade.’”

“Tell me something that more immediately concerns yourself,” urged the reporter. “How long have you been in the engineering game?”

“I started with the Grand Trunk in 1865. There was an interval, on leaving the Grand Trunk, when I was not in railroad employ; but I started with the old Portland & Ogdensburg road in May, 1881—and it has been a continuous performance with me ever since. When the Portland & Ogdensburg was absorbed by the Maine Central, I was made superintendent of bridges and buildings for the entire system. Later, E. A. Johnson was appointed to this position for the Eastern Division, leaving me in

charge on the western lines from a point near Fairfield bridge.”

“How many bridges have you worked on?”

“Great Scott! There isn't a bridge in the entire system I haven't worked on, my boy.”

“What have been some of the principal changes?”

“Well, in the old days, as I implied, we did all of our work by hand. Now we have as fine an equipment as could be asked—a gas burning outfit with which to take down old structures; compressed air to drive our rivets; a new crane, of forty tons capacity, that just reaches out and picks up any stone or steel we want. And now we can erect a bridge, or take one down, without putting up a ‘traveler.’ A traveler, you know, was made of two large bents, braced on the outside—and with trucks, which ran upon steel rails, at the bottom of the posts. This contrivance could be pushed to any part of the bridge; but now the crane does it all.”

“Under how many chief engineers have you worked?” was asked.

“John F. Anderson was chief when I first started on the Portland & Ogdensburg,” Mr. Watson answered. “It was he who built this road—and he died only a short time before it was absorbed by the Maine Central. Then, in the order named, came William A. Allen, T. L. Dunn and B. T. Wheeler—very strong, competent men.”

In a recent interview, Mr. George F. Black, retiring engineer maintenance of way, recalled William Allen's tragic death in 1896. Mr. Watson read this interview, he said, with interest, for he remembered the circumstances even more clearly than Mr. Black had done. There had been a freshet on the Androscoggin; and Mr. Allen, with a group of other inspecting officials, was on a train sent to Lewiston and Auburn. As this train crept upon the bridge connecting the two cities, he incautiously leaned too far out; a telegraph pole struck him on the head, and he was swept into the raging torrent. “I was at Cumberland Mills, working on a bridge that had been washed out,” said Mr. Watson, “and I remember the thrill of horror felt through our whole system when news of the tragedy became known.”

“You have liked your work?”

“Yes—it has been fascinating and I would do it again, had I my life to live over. But one of my regrets is that I have never kept a record or diary. It would have been easy to carry a little book and jot in it episodes that occurred from time to time; but somehow I never thought of doing so.”

Check Room

(Continued from Page 15)

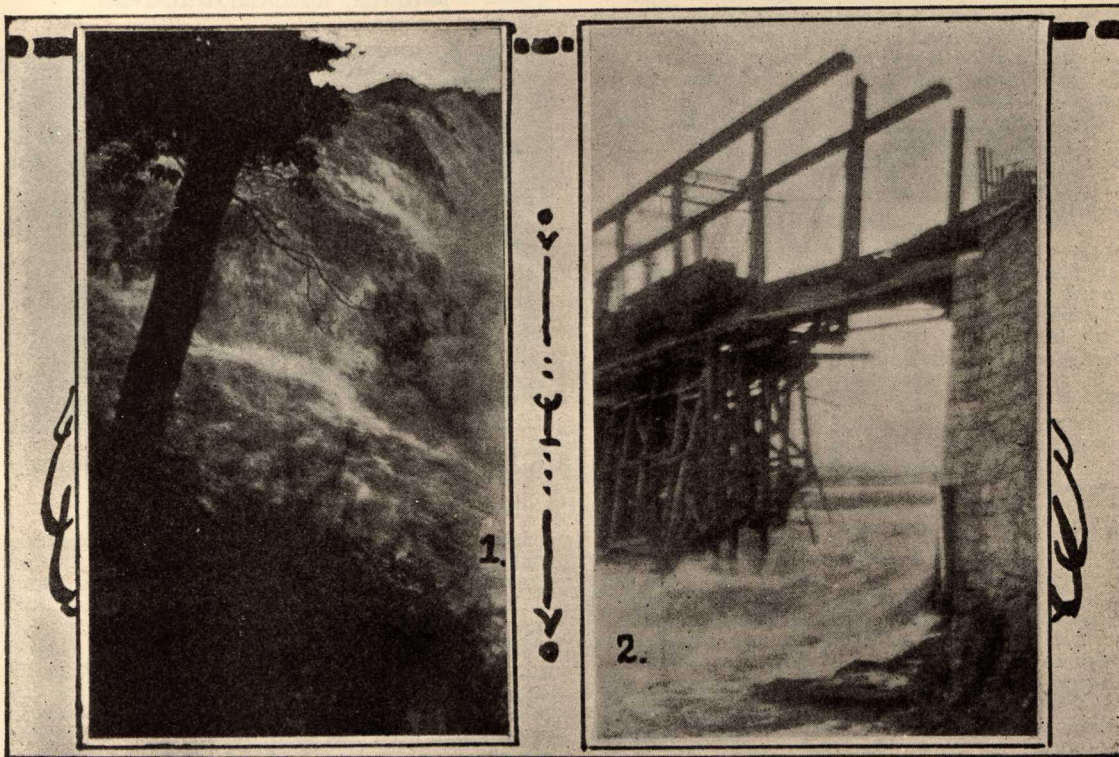
June, 11,000 in July, 16,000 in August—and at least 12,500 are anticipated in September. The greatest number on any one day was 1052—this being August 16. It has been a big summer at the check room, but not an unprecedented one.

Incidentally, Mr. Bacheider has two popular assistants—James Burke and Joseph Meehan. The latter is a good baseball player and a great fan. It was he, perhaps more than anybody else, who was responsible for organizing the Union Station team of the Maine Central League—he did a lot of preliminary work for it.

Ph
(1)

servi
and
hand.
If
tende
a pic
aft.
from
slend
show
the e
“The
T
form
happ
Limit
to a
“Tha
Dick

setts
pinne
tory—



Photographs Taken At Ticonic Bridge, September 12, For Maine Central Magazine
 (1) The Kennebec on Wild Rampage. (2) Easterly Span of Bridge, Showing How the False Work Was Swept Away

Honor of the Road

(Continued from Page 28)

service, all right!" He grinned when he hung up and turned to clasp the General Superintendent's hand. The G. S. grinned, too.

If you happen to be in the office of the Superintendent of Motive Power in Portland, you may see a picture of an old engine with foot-boards fore and aft. An old man with white hair and beard leans from cab window, and in the gangway stands a slender chap, whose red hair and freckles don't show in the picture. The number "22" appears on the engine, but on the lower margin is the legend—"The C. M. C.'s Million Dollar Crew."

The Superintendent may tell the story, and inform that it meant a million to the road. If you happen to be in his office when the "Canadian Limited" pulls in over the Hilltop, he may point to a lad leaning from a cab window, and say—"That's the lad who saved the day for us. That's Dicky Glenn!"

Baseball Season Ends

(Continued from Page 21)

sets high school star, on whom so many hopes were pinned. But Thompson's Point won a 3 to 0 victory—Woodbury striking out fifteen of the twenty-

two who faced him, and allowing only one man to reach second. And, speaking of pitchers, it may not be generally known that Woodbury has had offers from some very fast professional teams. He could easily make leagues as good as the old New England, and perhaps higher, should he see fit to follow baseball as a profession; but he probably figures, wisely, that a good job with the Maine Central is safer and more profitable.

Although no plans have been made, as this is written, there is every indication that the Maine Central League will be continued next year. The expense for uniforms and other equipment won't have to be met again. Then, too, it would be possible to start earlier, and to overcome the difficulties that some of the other teams have faced. It is certain that the season just ended has been well worth while, and that both players and spectators have enjoyed it.

Ticonic Bridge

(Continued from Page 6)

have a fancy to order. And for twenty-five cents! Just compare that to the prices in an average city restaurant.

There are about thirty just now in this bridge crew, and they have a good time after hours.

Among other diversions, they often have tests of strength—usually to determine who can lift the heaviest burden. One of them, who has gone now and whose name none of those interviewed by the writer could recall, dumbfounded his associates by lifting a 410-pound rail with one hand. He did it very easily, too, and said that he could have lifted more.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 8)

which it does. They seem to have summarized a rather broad subject in a few crisp paragraphs—which we reprint, as follows:

The sole aim is the ultimate and permanent advantage of all New England.

Notice what New England Week is not.

It is not for the advantage of any single city or State.

It is not for the profit of any one industry or business.

It is not for the exploitation of any one product or commodity.

It is not for the purpose of providing revenue for anybody on the side lines.

It is not for the purpose of giving anybody a job.

It is not for the purpose of furnishing pretext or occasion for the solicitation of advertising.

It is not promoted selfishly by any single class in order to make money out of the other classes.

Notice now what New England Week is. It is a week set apart for "the display of the products on which the prosperity of New England depends, to illustrate to New England's own people the beauty and utility of the products of the industries of New England, and to demonstrate to the world beyond our borders how vast and various are the activities that have earned for New England her fame."

The official slogan for New England Week is: "To Know New England Products is to Want New England Products."

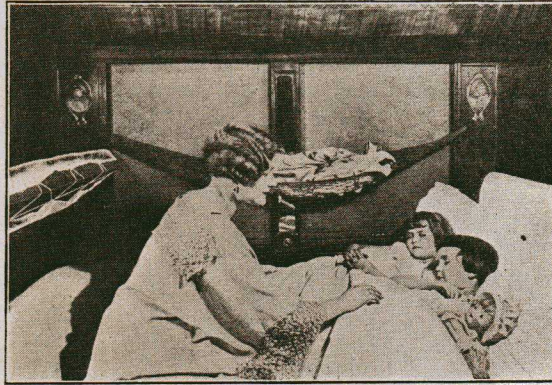
The Flood's Damage

When floods come to Maine, and Maine rivers, driven at freshet pitch, go on a rampage, they haven't much regard for engineering skill or any ordinary rules, regulations and plans of man.

The flood upon the Kennebec, Sept. 11, was marvelously spectacular and, of course, did considerable damage—the exact extent of which has not been determined at this writing. It followed an all-day downpour on Sept. 10. Logs and rushing water pounded against the false-work of Ticonic bridge, which is being rebuilt. Cars, loaded with scrap-iron, were run upon the bridge to steady it, and every precaution was taken that engineering skill could devise. The last trains across were No. 8 from Bangor, due in Waterville at 2.37 a.m., and No. 127 from Portland, due at 3.10. Then it was closed to traffic.

Late in the forenoon of the eleventh, a gap was torn in the Hollingsworth and Whitney dam, a mile or so up the river—letting down a wild tangle of logs, which piled against the false work of the bridge. Some of this was swept away, letting the Winslow span sag several feet. It is believed at this writing, on the morning of the 12th, that this

Winken, Blinken, and Nod



Just a little family scene on the Bar Harbor Express

constitutes the greater part of the damage, and that repairs will be well in progress by the time these lines are read. The waters are falling rapidly.

Meantime, there was quick action, indeed, by the operating department. Main line through trains, ordinarily run by way of Brunswick and Augusta, were now run via Lewiston and Winthrop—thus avoiding Ticonic bridge and utilizing the so-called "back route;" and "plug," or special emergency trains, operated between Portland and Winslow: travelers on these emergency trains being transferred between Winslow and Waterville in taxicabs furnished at the company's expense. Service was temporarily suspended on the Rangeley branch, north of Rumford, and on the Mountain Division north of Lancaster, N. H. Exact details of the changes in train schedule were telephoned all morning papers—something of an innovation—and the traveling public, despite the unusual circumstances, suffered a minimum of inconvenience.

These main line train arrangements will, of course, continue until the bridge is made safe.

There have also been, since the last issue of the Magazine, floods and consequence wash-outs on the Eastern Division. They necessitated certain changes and suspensions of train service—the longest being two and one-half days, on the Washington County branch. The damage was repaired quickly.

Members of the Maine Central family read with interest that Fred E. Sanborn of Gorham, formerly a division superintendent, has been appointed by the State Highway Commission to succeed Capt. Harold A. Miller of Portland as chief of the motor vehicle department.

Mr. Sanborn entered Maine Central service in 1881 as clerk in the freight office, being transferred to the general office the following year and in 1883 becoming brakeman. Later, he became successively passenger conductor, Portland and Bangor, for ten years trainmaster, assistant superintendent, and, in 1902, superintendent of the Portland Division. He was division superintendent until 1917, when he was promoted to general superintendent—a position that does not now exist. Ill health caused his retirement.

BEAN'S WINTER R. R. ELK LEATHER CAP

Best Black Elk Leather with woolen earlaps. Long visor especially for Engineers and Firemen. Affords much better protection than a cloth cap. Will not blow off. Waterproof. Will serve years. Weight, 5 1-2 ounces. Send for free sample of leather.

L. L. BEAN
10 Main St., FREEPORT, ME.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back



\$2.50
Postpaid

New England Coal & Coke Company

"THE HOUSE OF SERVICE"

NEW RIVER
PENNSYLVANIA

OPERATING OUR OWN
MINES, TRANSPORTATION AND
THE LARGEST STORAGE PLANT IN
NEW ENGLAND

FAIRMONT
POCAHONTAS

111 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

TELEPHONE BEACH 7060

Did You Know---

That a certain Maine Central institution will protect you, and your family, every moment?
That the cost of belonging is very small and the benefits derived are very great?

IT'S THE
Maine Central Railroad Relief Association

You owe it to yourself--more than that, you owe it to your family--to find out all about it.

Portland Rubber Co.

Wholesale and Retail
RUBBER GOODS
Of Every Description

259 Middle St., Portland, Maine

THE PLATE WORK IN THIS PUBLICATION SHOWS THE HANDICRAFT OF OUR WORK SHOP.

WE ASSIST MANY OTHER CONCERNS IN THEIR ENGRAVING PROBLEMS, AND OFFER YOU OUR CLOSEST CO-OPERATION IN YOURS.

THE LINCOLN ENGRAVING CO.

INCORPORATED
19 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
ORDERS MAY BE LEFT AT LEWISTON JOURNAL

F. S. STROUT
PRESIDENT

WM. H. OHLER
TREAS. & MANAGER

TUCKER PRINTING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
PRINTERS AND BINDERS

105 EXCHANGE ST. 116 MARKET ST.
PORTLAND, MAINE

GALENA OILS



SERVICE AND SAFETY

Factors absolutely essential in attaining and maintaining efficient operation. Factors as necessary in lubricants as in the equipment parts on which they are used.

GALENA Lubricating and Signal Oils are safe, reliable—*sure in service*. Their performance records on America's railroads is convincing proof of their superiority.

*"More miles to the pint;
Better service to the mile."*



Galena-Signal Oil Company

New York

Franklin, Pa.

Chicago

and offices in principal cities

