OUR AUTOMATIC CONTROL SYSTEM

This article is not intended to give the technical details of the Mason-Neilan automatic by-pass system. It is primarily one operator's opinion of the automatic control stating its overall advantages over the old hand by-pass.

During the past year, Raymond has been experimenting with automatic control. The results derived from these experiments have satisfied most everyone concerned.

One must actually work with automatic control long enough to form certain mental habits and recognize certain generalizations before he can proceed with reasonable confidence in this new system. So during the first few months of operation, some of us were apprehensive of the use of this modern control system, but as soon as the operators and dispatchers familiarized themselves with the many varied angles of automatic control, opinions took a turn for the better. After a year of automatic operating, the operators are convinced that this new system is God's gift to by-pass weary operators. As this set-up is to be installed in all line stations, naturally talk of its advantages and disadvantages has existed among operators at those stations. Some of it has drifted back this way. It seems that some of the boys expect miracles and others are skeptical about the capabilities of the automatic control.

It will not perform miracles, but of these things I am sure: It will hold a steady stream, it will cut or increase automatically as conditions warrant, it will save many trips out to the by-pass and back, it will give you more time to improve on
other phases of your work, and it will keep you more at ease while operating at high pressure. Your suction pressure will not drop below your desired setting, therefore, a constant head will be maintained. Your discharge pressure will not go above a desired setting (800#) unless the station above kicks off and boosts your pressure instantaneously. All in all, I'd say that this new system taxes the physical strength of an operator less but he must stay on the ball mentally at all times. A constant vigil over the instrument must be kept during changes in gravity, oil temperature, large increases or decreases and during scraper runs. These conditions can upset the equilibrium of the control nerve center. These changes may cause the instrument to cycle or hunt, and this in turn would cause the outgoing stream to oscillate sometimes as much as three hundred barrels. The instructions issued by Mason-Neilan state that cycling and hunting can be remedied by resetting the sensitivity of your instrument. We have found at Raymond that if you leave the sensitivity alone and try to remedy the cycling or hunting in some other way, you will be better off. Nine times out of ten, the trouble can be traced to some operating factor other than the instrument's sensitivity.

Another vital part of your AC network is your station air system which supplies air to your controlling by-pass valves. Loss of this air supply would open the by-pass valves completely.

The theory of the AC is based on its ability to hold the suction above a desired setting and the discharge below a desired setting.

I will try to give you some examples of the automatic by-pass in operations at Raymond as I see it.

1. Suction controller set at 25#. Discharge controller set at 800#. Suction pressure reads 25#, discharge pressure at 660#. Portland increases 10#. Raymond was by-passing oil from their discharge side to the suction side of their pumps to enable them to hold a 25# suction. With an increase from Portland they will by-pass less (equivalent to a 10# increase) now the bypass will close down and the oil that they were by-passing will automatically go on to Waterford. Raymond now has 25# suction and 670# discharge.

2. Raymond suction controller set at 25#. Discharge controller 800#. Raymond Suction reads 25#, discharge pressure 795#. Portland increases 10#. 5# of this increase will go on to Waterford but as soon as Raymond's discharge pressure reaches 800# the discharge controller will take over from the suction controller and will keep the pressure at 800#. All surplus oil will be by-passed back to the suction side, thereby building up an excessive suction pressure.

3. When Raymond is on 800# pressure and Waterford kicks off, Raymond will kick off because the AC cannot take care of a large volume of oil instantaneously.

4. Raymond suction sets on 25#. Discharge pressure reads 620#. Portland cuts 10#. By-pass will open up allowing oil to replace the cut from Portland on our suction side, thereby robbing our discharge of 10# pressure.

5. Raymond suction sets on 25#. Discharge pressure reads 800#. Waterford cuts 5#. By-pass will open up throwing Waterford's 5# cut back on Raymond's suction side, thereby keeping the discharge pressure on 800# and building up its suction pressure.

With the hand by-pass system, it is almost impossible for Portland to increase or decrease 5# or less. With the AC, they will be able to satisfy the dispatcher's most urgent demands. A one-pound increase or decrease will be very easily taken care of just by a twist of a knob. This should greatly increase the efficiency of operations and the daily pumping rate.
With the Automatic Control operations the Portland Pipe Line Corporation is keeping in step with the other modernized postwar industries. It is certainly a privilege and a pleasure to be able to work with our ally, the Automatic Control.

HARRY CORRIGAN

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11th CONFERENCE HELD IN PORTLAND
(Continued from Page One)

Act, Maintaining Labor Peace on the Supervisory Level and A Study of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation Bargaining Agreement.

The group enjoyed a very nice lunch at Howard Johnson's and the session was resumed in the afternoon with the showing of colored pictures of the various stations and line by "Doc" Cassidy.

The next Supervisors' Conference will be the eleventh of a series of Gorham meetings. This meeting is scheduled to be held at the Glen House on June 12, 1947.

The subjects selected for this conference are:


* * *

THAT PUMP ROOM OIL FILM

Sometimes when strangers pass through a neat looking pump room with its paint shining, its brass gleaming, and the wax floors brushed to a dull glossy finish, you often hear the remark, "I shouldn't think they would ever have to touch the machinery...it looks so nice."

Such statements come only from strangers and the "newly weds" to pipe-lining. The thought might drift hazily through the subconscious mind of even an operator on third trick, but would be immediately cast aside as one of those rambling thoughts which emanate from a sluggish blood stream in the dead hours of night.

When the pumps are operating 24 hour a day, an invisible film of oil permeates the atmosphere. When the rays of the sun stream through the pump room and onto the big bull gear casing, oil fumes come out of the vent like waves of white smoke. This is the enemy of cleanliness in the pump room and the taskmaster who issues the demands for increasing efforts. This is the old boy who sits up on the electric fan heaters and spits black oil on the floor and then paints a hazy film of oil on your windows. With his invisible brush, he carefully lays a film of oil over the shining paint and brass and gradually steals the luster. To the wax on the floor, he is ever adding a dulling coat. His touch rests on matting, window sills and tile and leaves that sticky film that catches dust, lint and what-not.

This enemy of pump room cleanliness has only one redeeming virtue that I know of. He puts the dull color in every thin layer of wax added to the floors and gradually darkens the texture of the numerous layers until it tends to obscure the myriads of smaller cracks that tend to develop in cement floors in the cold winter climate of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and Quebec. Yet, only thin layers of more wax and constant brushing can overcome that surface dullness caused by the film of oil.

To combat this pump room oil film, Varsol has proven itself a great ally. A rag slightly moistened with it will remove the oil film from the paint of the pumps and the follow-up rubbing with a dry cloth will renew the gleam. A damp Varsol rag applied to the floor mats "starts" all oil film and the follow-up dry rag wipes it away. Window sills and tile respond to the same treatment. The only disquieting thought is that Varsol alone will never do the job. A bit of elbow grease, ambition, pride, and regular weekly attentions is the formula for success in combating oil film. No other cure has yet been found.

RED PERHAM
TERMINAL

Art Cote’s mother-in-law, Mrs. Hayward of N.H. was a recent guest at the Cote establishment. Art was on his dignity and good behavior as we all are under such circumstances. Cribbage must be the favorite card game in New Hampshire as Art took a crib drubbing during her visit.

Mrs. Brudevold visited her folks in Peabody, Mass. during the Easter season and "Ole" developed a bad stomach from preparing his own meals. Maybe you should have eaten at "Jim's Cafe" during her absence, "Ole", "not a burp in a plateful there", they tell me!

The Terminal put on her Easter bonnet; the flagpole got a coat of paint and a new flag was raised. It really perks up a place.

There is under construction now a brick building to be used as hose storage and guardhouse. We will appreciate the new headquarters, but cherish fond memories of the chicken coop, so named by these tanker wits.

Frank Griffin, our likable guard, was given a farewell dinner at the Danish Hall on April 3rd. The occasion was his retirement. Frank has the distinction of being the first employee to retire from the Pipe Line since its birth. After a nice baked ham dinner, Martin Jensen presented Frank with a purse from the boys. Frank responded with a nice thank you speech to the men and the company for the consideration shown him during his stay with us. Lawrence Fennell gave a farewell speech to end the festivity.

Leo Sampson was a casualty from the above mentioned party. Leo said he tucked away a few too many pieces of Danish pastry.

The walkways are under construction from firewall tops to tank steps which will be greatly appreciated by pumper-gaugers and all others having business on the tank tops.

Sonny Richardson is fast becoming a cigar addict... how come all this...

is the H.C.L. taking a dive and Washington forgetting to issue a statement?

NOISES IN THE NIGHT (Overheard recently)

One of our reliable pipeliners, covering the second shift on the dock, came hustling up the dock greatly alarmed and wanting to know what the two loud pistol reports might be. "Don't worry, Ole, this happens quite often. Late homeward-bound sea gulls, on their way home to nest, from a high altitude drop large clams or mussels on the top of tank roofs, breaking the clams to obtain the meat inside. You would swear it was the firing of a pistol or rifle, but it's just another trick of the sea gull in obtaining something to eat!"

FRANK L. IVERS

TANK FARM

Spring gave us a touch of it's glory today; the grass took a new high at 3:00 P.M. The reading was 70.

Frank Griffin was given a farewell party last week at the Danish Hall. 31 attended. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jensen, Mrs. Frank Griffin and Mrs. Sinclair put on a baked ham supper. After everyone had done his duty and more, by eating too much, as we all do whenever there is a feast at the Danish Hall, remarks were made by some of the members, either for the good of themselves or the good of the order. A purse of $50.00 was presented by the boys. Frank, I believe, is our first to take the pension. We are sorry to have him leave us but this goes to say that his presence among us will be remembered for many a day, and we all wish him the best of health and luck.

Something new is being added. The new tank is slowly taking shape. Work is also started again on the treating plant and walkways are to be painted.

Leo Sampson has returned home after being in the hospital under treatment. We hope he is able to return to work in the near future.

After supper was finished at Frank
Griffin's party, everyone adjourned to the recreation room where Lee Wescott and Harry Corrigan kindly donated to the boys once more. Were you there, McAlig? Better bring your own weapons next time.

The Old Lamplighter, Frank Labounty, was just one week late on our last supper. We don't know yet whether he overlooked the date or his mind was preoccupied.

Mrs. Cuskley had a slight accident last week when she fell down stairs. She is mending fine and is up and about once more.

FLASH!!! The mystery of kerosene corner or where did Sheriff WHITE get his Easter ham?

It is rumored that Duffy Lewis has gotten himself a new refrigerator as the old one made so much noise he couldn't sleep. Was it the refrigerator, Duffy, or that tenant throwing tin cans in the barrel downstairs?

Bill Luebeck and the boys did a swell job the other day putting in all new plungers in the pumps. Working with him were Bill Baker, Benny Boyer and Sam Sinclair. The Tank Farm and Terminal personnel helped them here.

Work went just fine until the finishing up of #2 pump. At this point, they discovered one plunger left over. After checking closely, they found none other than Short Pockets Kennedy in one of the plunger cylinders along with Sam's five-pound bag of sugar. After finishing the job and finding who stole the sugar, they had coffee with sandwiches and SUGAR!

The new building in the piperack area has been started and the cement bases for the new suction pumps for storage tanks.

Frank Labounty's SILVER COMET was suddenly hit amidship just off the rocky coast of RED BANK where the niggers call you "brother". Port authorities are undecided as to the cause. Might be Hisees......nothing.

X-rays on Leo Sampson showed 22 pieces of Danish pastry and two bottles of beer.

Mr. Fennell: Those pumps seemed noisy last night. I couldn't sleep.

3rd Trick Opr: I figured the same thing; I didn't sleep all night myself.

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Dick Bruns: (to referee gauger) What ship is that pumping into Tank #1 at the terminal?

Referee Gauger: MONACA

Dick Bruns: (to himself) That doesn't sound like the CHATTERTON HILLS to me.

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I would like to mention that we have some new attractive station diagram frames and also two new bill boards stained light oak which add greatly to our office appearance.

NOTICE: Racing season starting soon. See Mooney for your green sheet and Sinclair for your fresh eggs!

HERMAN L. EMERY

RAYMOND

April derived its name from the Latin word "aprier", meaning to open. Probably the calendar makers were thinking of the ground's opening its fertile crest, allowing the seed which has been sleeping in Mother Nature's bosom to reach out for the warm rays of spring sunshine. "Aprier" has another meaning for the pipeline operator. The April showers give him little time to glory in the wonders of spring. He spends his time "apriering" the bypass and pushing buttons. The operator knows that April showers bring Mayflowers, but they also give him many a power failure.

I came to work one morning and found Mrs. Plummer sitting with her knitting in the operator's chair. Gussy has the right idea. Everyone should bring his Mrs. here on third trick for a few hours which would be enough, I am sure, to show her why her husband becomes enery that week. She would know that it was
because of the loneliness, coldness, change of his usual daily routine, loss of appetite and equilibrium that transformed him from a good guy into a dirty rat every third week.

Benny, his Mrs., and two boys, Albert and Timmy, moved into our vacant cottage the first of the month. I'd better hide my car for sure now. With one Okie in the neighborhood, I could have watched it but now that we have two of them, they'll probably hatch up some scheme to get hold of it. And for why? Well, everytime an Okie sees my car he immediately gets ideas from "The Grapes of Wrath" about heading for California.

Hazel Plummer is busy gathering information that she must use in a 15-page composition about oil and its uses. It won't be long before she may be telling her pappy a thing or two about the flowing black gold. But do not fret, Gus, because nearly 75 percent of the personnel of the oil industry is composed of men who have learned by empiricism.

More than likely, most of you have already heard how the three N.Y. automobile thieves were captured by the Portland Police. One of them later confessed having burned his parent's cottage on Panther Pond the previous day. Walter Simmons and Gussy Plummer were the first to discover the fire. The aforementioned gentlemen along with yours truly, helped to save an adjacent cottage but the building set afire by the thieves was past saving.

Upon walking into the dispatcher's office the other day, I beheld a dispatcher standing there with a gun in one hand and a wicked looking knife in the other. I asked him in a meek and frightened voice just what he intended doing with such wicked looking weapons, "Well," he said, "I'll tell you. I've got to do one of two things, either CUT Corrihan back a bit or SHOOT Lancaster up a few pounds." Well, some of Bob Hope's stink too!

The distinguished Mr. J. Fiddlesticks Soupdeck, his daughter, Reeplees, and son, Flusherbottom, were recent visitors at the Raymond Station. And like all good visitors, they walked all over the polished floors instead of the carpets. Why is it that visitors disregard the floor mats?

Mrs. Francis Wescott attended a luncheon at Mrs. Joseph Small's in East Raymond recently. This luncheon was a novelty because for the first time in local circles a square biscuit replaced the outdated round model. So, dear readers of my household articles, add to your list of postwar streamlined improvements, the soft, light and high square biscuit.

When Red Perham got back to West Paree the other night, he found the school closed due to 75 cases of assorted sicknesses. When he got home, he found two cases of measles and a definite promise of five more. His wife was hurrying along her housework when all seven victims got underway. She stated how glad she was that she and Red had attended some old time dances recently for she would be in practice for the "Lady of the Lake" and "Haymaker's Jig" that she would soon have to be doing all over the house. As near as I can tell, Mrs. Perham, your home has been full of 7 or 8 cases of some contagious disease all winter. If I were you, after this last epidemic subsides, I'd get 7 or 8 cases of beer and have myself a good toot. The good Lord knows that you deserve a case of something besides sickness.

Rising in defense of his Model A Ford, Red says that he paid $25.00 for it 6 years ago and all that he has to figure on now is gas, oil and repairs. He also says that any 1929 car is entitled to suffer a slight relapse now and then, but that his old boot is sailing along pretty well nowadays.

HARRY E. CORRIGAN

GORHAM

There is not much news to report this month. Perhaps with the coming of warmer weather, there will be a little more activity around Gorham. Here's hoping that we get some warmer weather soon so that we can get those gardens planted.

Tommy Corrigan and his wife have
moved. They are now living over on the north road in Shelburne in a rent of Chas. Holbrooks.

We are all pleased to see Mrs. Chilcoat out and around again after her recent illness.

Henry Cormier of Portland has been employed by the company and is working in the maintenance department under the supervision of Jesse Miles.

Tommy "The Wolf" Hayes of Shelburne is back with us again. Tommy helped out on the extra work around the station and the warehouse last year and we are glad to see him back with us. Tommy says that he wouldn't mind staying up in Canada for a while. We notice that he is always ready for any trips that are headed that way. What's the attraction, Tommy?

Oscar Chilcoat and Bill Luebeck were in Portland on April 3rd to attend a supervisors meeting.

We are more than pleased with the results obtained from the new automatic control valves that were recently put into operation.

Vacations have already started here in Gorham. Tommy Corrigan has taken his two weeks, which, I understand, were spent in helping get his new home ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Ed Kloberg was recently tendered a stork shower by the bridge club of which she is a member.

We were certainly sorry to hear of the illness of Ken Blanchard. We hope that you will soon be up and around again. We, here at Gorham, wish you a speedy recovery, Ken.

DICK KEIR

HIGHWATER

Editors' Note: The news from Highwater arrived a little late last month, so we are printing news for March in this issue.

March

On Shrove Tuesday, February 18th, the Mansonville Community Club finally managed to stage the Ice Carnival it had attempted to put on twice before, but had been obliged to postpone on account of bad weather. Being Mardi-Gras night, everyone entered into the spirit of fun, and a very good time was had by both skaters and spectators. We hear that Garth Eldridge made a really authentic ghost, complete with sheets, etc., and had everyone guessing as to his identity for quite some time.

Shortly after this event, the Spring thaw made its first appearance, and from general observations - including the break-up of the ice in the reservoir - we think it safe to say that the Winter Sports season is officially over for 1946-47.

But the snows of winter couldn't leave without getting the Liots into just one more bit of trouble. On the evening of February 21st, the Eldridges, Irwins, Kavanaghs and Liots set off to attend a card party in the Mansonville Town Hall. The evening was a grand success; Harold Liot won the first prize, and after many congratulations, started for home along with Mrs. Liot, in Johnny Irwin's car. By then, there was a real blizzard roaring along, and the temperature was well below zero. All would have been fine - except that Johnny's car decided to stop dead just a few yards from the bottom of the hill and nothing John could do would induce it to move an inch. There was nothing left to do except for all three to hike up the hill, which they did - at midnight, in a roaring blizzard, with Harold still clutching his prize, an extremely large and heavy glass ashtray. Eventually - much, much later, they reached home, complete with ashtray and three cases of frost-bite. We are glad to report that all three have recovered by now.

In fact, this business of winning first prizes has become a habit with the Liots in the past few weeks, each having won at least on three occasions to our knowledge.

Mr. John Murphy must also receive special mention, having twice won the consolation prize at the above events. But, being a very persistent lad, he will no doubt be running Harold a close second by the time the next winter season rolls around.
One of the real highlights of this month is - Phil Kavanagh's new car. It is a neat, dark blue Ford, which Phil is handling very efficiently. True, there was a little difficulty about getting out of his garage the first day, and the slight matter of missing the garage door coming in the next day, hitting the snow bank instead - but these are minor matters, and belong to the past. Good luck to you, Phil - we are all pulling for you. 

During the week-end of March 22nd, we were very pleased to have a visit from Ross Clerk of Ste. Cesaire Station, together with his wife and very new daughter, six-weeks' old Elaine Diane. We hope they will repeat this visit from time to time during the coming summer months.

Mrs. J. E. Sirdevan, of Toronto, arrived in Highwater on Saturday, March 22nd, for a visit at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Sirdevan.

On March 24th, Mr. J. E. Hodgson received the first letter from his wife since her arrival in England recently. Mrs. Hodgson sailed for England from New York on the S.S. "Queen Elizabeth" on March 7th, arriving over there four days later after a very good crossing. Being an old sailor, she did not suffer from "mal-de-mer" and enjoyed the entire trip. (More about Mrs. Hodgson's activities in England in our next issue.)

Recent guests at the home of the Liots have been Mrs. James Mearns and Mrs. Alex, MacRae, of Three Rivers, and Mrs. H. Clipston, of Montreal.

On Thursday, March 6th, old J.P.C. was very pleased to attend the Supervisors Meeting held at the Glen House at Gorham, N.H., in company with Mssrs. Irwin and Hornby, of Montreal and Ste. Cesaire, respectively. This being the first meeting of both Canadians and Americans at a Supervisors' Meeting south of the border, the occasion was of special interest from our Canadian point of view, and was greatly enjoyed by the aforementioned "Three Musketeers". It was a somewhat hazardous venture, trying to balance train schedules with snow conditions at that time, but from all reports, the efforts were well repaid in the form of a mentally stimulating get-together.

J. P. CRUDEN

MONTREAL EAST

The month of March has been the month for congratulations and celebration. Mr. Copeland and Eddy Sackhouse both had birthdays and Eddy Irwin, thirty years' service with the Company. Eddy was a little taken back when he casually mentioned at lunch that he had been thirty years with the Company on March 25th and no one paid any attention. We had planned a little surprise for him on the following Friday when all could be present. The next thing was to keep Eddy busy while we arranged the little affair, which was not easy as Eddy is always on hand. Greta Henderson thought of the idea of telling Eddy that it was Mr. Copeland's birthday and we had a cake for him. So we asked Eddy to go into Mr. Copeland's office and keep him busy until we got things prepared and all the men arrived. It was really a surprise for Eddy as he had no idea of anything for him until Mr. Copeland sent him out to the office first, saying there was someone to see him and we were all waiting to greet him. Mr. Copeland presented Eddy with the thirty-year service button with very favorable remarks. Romeo Lizotte did the honor of presenting Eddy with a pen and pencil set from us all, with his usual witty remarks, if you know Romeo. After the presentations and congratulations, we all enjoyed ice cream, cake and coffee. Even Teddy, our dog, was present and enjoyed the ice cream and cake.

The weather has also been full of surprises. One day you get prepared for Spring and the next day, Winter again. Some people here at the Montreal Office do not believe in Spring as they still dress for the cold days.

Now for the month of April - a busy month so far. Our recent excitement is the hockey play-offs. We all have high hopes of winning a little extra money on
the games, but how can you when a certain fellow at the Pipe Line takes all. I wonder how he does it? We are all still trying.

We were very pleased to welcome Messrs. Simpson, Schultz, Batchelder and Place during a short visit.

Our bowling will soon be finished for the warm weather, but being convenient for everyone we had our dinner on Friday evening, April 11th. All reported having a very enjoyable evening. Now that we have new alleys, we were hoping to see high scores, but as yet have not. It cannot be the alleys this time, but it could be the latest attractions on the balcony putting us off the game.

We will be very pleased to welcome any of our fellow workers to bowl with us any Thursday evening on our new alleys.

JESSIE PINFOLD

PORTLAND OFFICE

Hooray for Eddie Dunn! His new Plymouth for which he has waited so long, arrived last week, big, black and shiny. Business negotiations were immediately carried out for the sale of his old car to Mel Hamblett. We think that Eddie must have had a bit of sentiment attached to the old Plymouth and he took this way to be sure he didn't lose contact with it entirely. Anyway, it shows up at the parking lot faithfully every morning with Mel. Eddie says that he hasn't noticed any "new friends" since he got his new car, but his usual passengers are more prompt and easier to get along with.

At first we thought it was a touch of Spring Fever which Mr. Blanchard was contending with, but later realized it was something far more serious. He has been out of the office for almost two weeks, several days of which were spent at Maine General Hospital. However, he is much better now and is resting at home for a while longer. We're glad you're coming along so well, Ken, and hope you'll be back with us soon.

Bowling seemed to take a back seat this month while spring activities climbed into the spotlight. Much to the men's disgust, it was necessary for them to sacrifice their bowling last week while most of the girls attended a showing of spring and summer fashions at the Falmouth Hotel. It was the men's sentiment that the girls' loyalty to the team "sprang" with the "springing" of spring.

Margie Malzard was taken out to lunch on April 10th by the girls at the office, the occasion being the celebration of her birthday. They enjoyed a nice lunch at Patrinella's, one of Portland's new restaurants, and they found that the displays of flowers in honor of the opening day made a delightful atmosphere. After an account of the menu and the size of the servings, Tom Beatty says that he is going to eat all of his meals there from now on.

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FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

"Well," said the chatty waitress in the cafeteria restaurant, as she put the soup in front of her daily ten-cent-sure tip, "It looks like rain."

"You're right," said the nifty foreman sniffing. "However, it does smell a bit like soup."

A certain workman was always in debt. He borrowed mostly from Wilson. He had a big family, and Wilson hated to collect. Finally he said to the debt-ridden worker one payday: "See here, I'll meet you half way. I'm ready to forget half that you owe me."

"Swell," cried the workman. "I'll meet you! I'll forget the other half."

Foreman (to Miss Whoosis, who is half an hour late): "You should have been in here at 8 o'clock."

Miss Whoosis, excitedly: "Why? What happened?"
To was during the wee hours of the morn, when I was suddenly awakened from an oh! so peaceful sleep by whispers coming from the ridgepole of the garage. Looking out, I saw two black forms huddled together on the garage roof just a few feet from my window. It was obvious that the object of their little visit was to enter my room unannounced! I jumped out of bed, put on my slippers ... an act which I later bemoaned ... and tip-toed down the squeaky stairs! Squeak! The two men must have heard me coming for there was a dull thud as they fell from the roof to make their getaway! But I was after them. I'd get 'em and they'd learn from me that it was plenty impolite to come around waking people up at night! I leaped into the air for a tricky tackle ... like the ones I used to baffle them with back on the Westbrook football team! It was a stroke of bad luck and the smooth soles of my slippers on the damp grass that made me lose my balance, the chase and my dignity! If I just hadn't worn the slippers, I coulda gottum!