CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

PIPELINER STAFF
Editorial
E. C. Wilkins
K. H. Blanchard
L. C. Holmes

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H. C. Perham
S. A. Sinclair
C. L. Chilcoat
A. L. Kennedy
H. F. Curran

J. H. Copeland & H.P.L.C. Staff Reporters
J. H. Cruden, Highwater
MR. J. R. SIMPSON RETIRES

Mr. J. R. Simpson, who has served as President of the Montreal Pipe Line Company, Ltd., since that Company was incorporated in 1941, retired from service on December 1st. A dinner was given in his honor in Toronto, Ontario, on Wednesday, December 4, 1947. Mr. Schultz, who has been associated with him since coming to the Portland Pipe Line Corporation, attended the dinner. At the time of Mr. Simpson’s retirement he had served Imperial Oil Limited for 33 years, 5 months. He was also serving in the following offices at the time of his retirement:

President and Director of Montreal Pipe Line Co., Ltd.
Director of Portland Pipe Line Corporation
President and Director of Imperial Pipe Line Co., Ltd.
Vice President and Managing Director of the Transit and Storage Co. (Ohio-Michigan Pipe Line)
Vice President and Director of the Indian National Corp.

Mr. Simpson formerly was Chairman of the Imperial Oil Limited Annuity and Benefit Plan Committee and a Trustee of that Company's Thrift Plan. He also, in the past, served as General Crude Purchasing Agent for Imperial.

All of us who were directly associated with Mr. Simpson in connection with the operation of our pipe line system from Portland to Montreal over the past six years, have enjoyed his advice and counsel which has always been of benefit to everyone. His direct association with us in the past will be very much missed, since Jack (as he is generally known to all of his friends) has made a host of friends wherever he has had contacts. However, we will look forward to seeing him on occasional trips which he will make over the line.

We all join in sending him our very best wishes for good health and happiness in his well-deserved retirement from active service.

APOLOGIES TO OUR MARITIME FRIENDS

Several days ago, we received a friendly letter from one of our readers in New York, calling our attention to the fact that in our last issue we referred to our "tankers" as "boats".

Before going any further, we extend our profound apologies to any or all of our seafaring or marine-wise readers. Being landlubbers at heart and mind, we had thought that a "boat" referred to most anything that floats, but, apparently we were incorrect. Hereafter, it will always be "tanker" or "ship" and we will also confine the terminology of "boat" to anything that carries cars or in which there resides fishing tackle or any other "Isaac Walton Appurtenances".

We hold no malice toward our reader for alling our hand on this and we thank him for his thoughtfulness in writing us. At the present reading, 1024 tankers have made our port.

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About the time you learn to make the most of life -- most of it is gone.
During the past few weeks, our pipeline operators have found some previously hidden talents. They not only kept the oil flowing but they also became the control center for the construction work at various stations. During the day shift, an operator performed his own duties, also those of telephone operator, contact man, personnel director, stock chaser, mind reader, lost and found department and a considerable number of other things. Anyway, here is a brief sketch of what went on with an operator—and I may stretch the truth a bit if opportunity permits.

7:00 A.M. Cement Mixer, Boulos, Aceto, Miles, Burnell and Berry move in with rough and ready crews. At the same time, the phone rings and someone asks for J. P. Flatboar. "Who in ---- is he?" He's the second guy in charge of the nail-straightening crew. "O.K. I'll see if I can get him in just a minute." Right then in drives a big lowboy with 10 pounds of putty and a large box of Bon Ami; and we have to find a place to put the lowboy.

8:00 A.M. Company phone rings, private phone rings, both units kick off, siren blows, operator haulers into both phones at once, hits the by-pass, pushes the button, puts them both back on the line then goes back to the phone. "Is the chief there?" "No, he isn't, sir. Right now he's out hunting up dinner for a dynamite crew." "Well, that's all right, maybe you could help me. Could you get out your station construction blue prints #6-1-1-2 and find out the distance from the front and to the back end of the 12' x 6' suction line?"

The Turntable Song has nothing on us cause we go round and round and round all day long too.

10:00 A.M. While checking over, the operator finds that the fireball point crew is using too much air thereby robbing his automatic control of some, and rushes in to explain to the crew.

At this point the operator tries to catch a much needed smoke but the dispatcher decides at this time to increase Portland 50 pounds. Get on the ball there, boy, and stay there!

11:00 A.M. Steam-fitters arrive to install temporary heater. Engineer wants someone to hold his measuring stick while he peeps into his telescope for point X which lies 5 feet from nowhere minus 20' due north. Dropping the measuring stick to rush to the truck beside the quonset but to say, "Sorry, Bud, but you must smoke outside the gate or these crude fumes might put you right there anyway!"

12 Noon. Noon at last. Everybody's off to lunch so he thinks he'd better do the same while he can. He takes out the soup and crackers but before he can begin --- bang! boom! crack! "What are these things, FIRE Crackers?" But it came from outside. It was nothing, folks, just a charge of dynamite set off by the ditch crew.

1:00 P.M. Cement Mixer, putty, putty. Yes, they got the blasted thing fixed again and they're trying to suck our water well dry, but so far they haven't succeeded.

R-r-r-ring goes the phone again. "Hello, could you get me the Mr. Ed Sparks?" "You mean Mr. Ed. Perks, don't you, the engineer in charge of construction?" "No, no, no, I just wanna the Sparks." "Why don't you stick your finger in a light socket?" "Lissen kiddo, Ed Sparks he's a my old man, he's work on your station punching holies in the roof, see?" "Okay, Sparks then!"
"I need the old man home cause this morn-
in when he left everything is fine but now
my momma she’s have the bambino and
pretty quick now." "O.K., O.K., You
hold up the home front and I’ll rush right
out and send Mr. Sparks home." Yipe, an
emergency hospital yet!!!

2:00 P.M. Just checking #2 unit when I
hear bang, bang, bang. First I thought
it might be a cross head slapping but it
wasn’t, nor the compressor, nor the jack
hammer, neither was it the mixer, or the
electric drill and it didn’t sound like
the winch truck either. All of this ma-
chinery was in operation but it wasn’t
any of them so I started tracing it down.
If the noise was coming from the pump then
I wanted to find it, after all an opera-
tor’s machinery comes first. Round and
round I go again and finally have my ear
pressed to the shaft wall inlets, when
zing! right through the triple brick
wall comes a big iron bar. That noise
turned out to be a stone mason pushing
and poking a hole through the wall. Oh
well, such is life. And my relief ought
to be here any minute and I can go home
where if my wife is running the washing
machine I’ll throw it out and her with
it. But today has been just one of those
days like Blue Monday and such. At one
time, I counted 24 men working out, in
and around that quonset hut – masons,
steam-fitters, electricians, carpenters,
insulators, engineers, mechanics, super-
intendents, presidents, truck drivers,
ipayers, jackhammer men, ditch diggers
and even an F.B.I. agent. I asked the
latter what he was doing there and he
said he was curious about where all the
traffic was going on Route 302 during the
past few days. He thought it might be a
horse race and decided he’d better check
up for income tax purposes. He seemed
content hanging around out there finding
a human race can prove as interesting as
a horse race and trying to figure out
how 24 men could work in a 40 x 40 build-
ing.

Well, it’s been hectic but it
proved to be helpful because I got a lot
of practical experience I can use during
the Christmas shopping season.

CHRISTMAS AT RAYMOND

Gus Plummer returned to work after
a two week vacation and is full of anti-
cipation about Santa Claus’ possible
delivery of a new Ford by Christmas.
I won’t be long before the old boy will
be switching to Calverts!

Santa Claus will visit the kiddies
of the station some afternoon shortly
before Christmas. Mrs. Simmons has con-
tacted Santa for a presentation of gifts.
There will also be a Yuletide celebration
for the Mr’s and Mrs’ Christmas week.
By the time you read this the party will
be a thing of the past so I’ll just say
"Boy, did we have a grand old time!"
And we aren’t forgetting the annual
Portland Pipeline Club Party at which the
Club always outdoes itself to give every-
one a good time.

Mr. & Mrs. Myron Walker will have
Christmas Dinner at Mrs. Walker’s folks,
Mr. & Mrs. Smith in Westbrook. And Mr.
and Mrs. Corrigan will sit down at the
festival board of Mrs. Corrigan’s parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Conant also of West-
brook.

In closing, may we all here at
Raymond wish each and everyone of the
Portland Pipeline Corporation the
Happiest Christmas ever and sincere
wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New
Year!

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Sitting down to wait for your ship
to come in is a sure way to miss the
boat.
TEAMWORK GETS THIRD UNIT
IN OPERATION ON TIME

This article, by "Red" Ferham, is a tribute to the successful installation of the Third Unit and to everyone who had a hand in getting the Unit into operation on schedule time.

Tonight, between the acts, I have been reading the LNP and the splendid article on The Stake of Business in American Education. While on this vein of thought, there enters another angle of interest. What is the Stake of Business in American Sports? Do we have anything in common?

There are three great games that are indicative of the America we love -- Baseball, Basketball and Football. Millions of men participate in these sports to the limit of human skill and endurance. More millions of youths strive and strain for perfection. As a nation, we are sports conscious and pack the stadiums, parks and fields in support of these great American games. Some foreign observers look in amazement at this phenomena and fail to understand the basic power that turns millions of prosaic human beings into "howling demons".

True it is, that in each of these games, great homage is paid to the individual ability of the player, but what is it that starts the roar of approval and brings folks to their feet in "the great tribute?". Is it not Teamwork, and the spirit of its execution?

There is but one answer and that is YES! One has but to witness a smooth double play in the ninth inning with the bases loaded and one out! If that is not enough, edge your way into the screaming mob surrounding the basketball floor and watch ten more men in some of the fastest teamwork and intense playing known. Then if a doubt still lingers, go to the football stadium and watch twenty-two helmeted and padded giants battle to the finish. Two lines crash and around the end comes the Fullback carrying the ball. Opponent after opponent is toppled by the interference and the hole opened for the winning touchdown. That Wailing Roar, and those screams of triumph shade to insignificance beside the great tribute to Teamwork that swells in a man's chest and puts stars in his eyes.

"When we realize that proficiency in personal endeavor, good Teamwork and the spirit of accomplishment are the foundation stones of success in any business, it is quite obvious that American Business and Sports have much in common today and in the years ahead.

That's the same spirit that put the Third Unit in operation."

"RED" FERHAM

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You should remember that though another may have more money, beauty, brains than you, yet when it comes to the rarer spiritual values such as charity, self-sacrifice, honor, nobility of heart, you have equal chance with everyone to be the most beloved and honored of all people.

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As the doorman ran down the Club steps to open the door of an arriving car he tripped and fell on the sidewalk, "For heaven's sake, man, be careful!" cried the Club Manager, "They'll think you're a member."
As this issue goes to print, the "Pipe Line Club" is preparing for our annual Christmas party, turkey dinner, entertainment and tree. The date is December 22nd at "Stroudwater Grange Hall". We are venturing into strange territory men so act accordingly. The feature attraction of the evening will be a soft-shoe dance by "Cuskey & McKaig" - rehearsals are strictly private.

The stories of our co-workers who galloped into the woods in quest of their annual allowance of deer meat (?) the past month are listened to with kindness and consideration by us stay-at-homers. (Yeah! It's been a bad season). After hearing Pat's tales the past few years of the many deer who plotted against him and escaped during Pat's forays in the Maine woods, all others taken leave us unsympathetic. For verification consult one E. Dunn.

The Ivers have two down front for the "Icecapades" in Boston January 7th. No folks, we didn't win then on a radio guess who or what contest, but by sending a money order for $4.40 two months in advance we got results.

Plenty of thanks is due Mrs. Holmes of the Pipeline Staff for her patience with us reporters. At times I feel quite educated after seeing my items in print, but that is only after Mrs. Holmes has juggled and inserted the proper punctuations and corrected the spelling a trifle. She could easily qualify as a schoolmarm after a session of correcting our papers. But somehow, I feel that our errors are always forgiven and that she looks forward to the next edition with a bit of anticipation.

While we are on the subject of the "Pipeliners", I have heard more than many times that the Dispatchers' office should pick up the ball again, as that news was looked forward to monthly by the entire line. (Attention A.C.).

"Roberto" McKaig has donned his winter headgear. It's a dainty little exclusive creation by "Shirley" of Navy blue, with an off shade blue bon bon perched atop and worn slightly off the face. Guaranteed to keep the brain 20° warmer.

Business must be booming with the Chas. Martin Co., as Jimmie LUNN has broken out with a new Buick. These expense accounts are the greatest forms ever issued and I'm for all employees everywhere having one.

Bill Seabury, of Chas. Martin Co., has been on the sick list lately and Jimmie is riding hard in Portland until Bill recovers.

Mrs. Ivers agrees that thirty is a nice age for a woman - especially if she happens to be forty!

Benny "Golden Boy" Norton claims there is only one ace refrigeration man in town. That's his dad.

Lawrence McKaig's old running mate, Ollie Burtt, is now a semi-prosperous chicken farmer on the outskirts of Portland.

"Sheriff" W. White just keeps rolling along in his mild mannered, law-abiding way.

"Chat" Rowe is returning to us after summering at the Tank Farm. Welcome home, boy!

Martin Jenson is keeping a weather eye on the stock market. Don't unload yet, Martin, it will go plenty higher before the bubble breaks.

That old reliable blanket of snow is again with us, much earlier than last
Have seen very little of one Frank Warner since he joined the white collar workers, but know he is tending his business as always.

"Andy" is gaining the reputation of the man of many garments. To his new sheep lined jacket he has added a soft-on-the-eye, new blue mackinaw, for higher temperature use.

Wish one of you pipeliners would take unto yourself a wife - or have a baby or two, so that we can start this column off with a bit of newsy news for the New Year.

Everyone here is in the midst of the Christmas gift dilemma. How to keep up the old tradition of gift giving and swapping becomes increasingly baffling as each year seems by. Personally, I love Christmas for what it stands for. If we could return to the simplicity and true awareness of the meaning of Christmas, maybe we'd be better off.

One of the crew members of the Nor-dal Craig charged up the street to "Yim-mie's Cafe", shortly after the ship docked and ordered himself a three decker sandwich. When it was set before him, he pulled out his false teeth, which are hand, as well as jaw, operated, and clamped them into his sandwich. Then setting sandwich and teeth back onto his plate, he addressed his teeth thusly - "You go ahead and eat it, I'm going to have some beer". Yes! It actually happened, and crazier things than that take place around the waterfront.

1967 has treated us well, a few worries and petty troubles sprinkled through it, but no legitimate gripes have we with life and conditions in general. We still happen to be the best fed, housed and clothed country in the world (even if I only have one suit). If we don't like the administration, we can oust those in power and call for a new deal. Don't get me wrong now, I don't mean the old new deal, but a fresh new deal. We will have more than one candidate on the ticket, which is not so in many European countries who are haunted and subjugated by the red terror of Communism. So in casting an eye around the horizon, this life in these here United States, with family and friends and full dinner pail, is tops.

To you and you and you all, the Terminal employees wish the mostest of the bestest for Christmas and the New Year!

Frank L. Ivers

RAYMOND

Thanksgiving Day here at Raymond is something of a hunter's dream. Just enough snow fell last night to make it pleasant to track a deer. Most of the boys hit the trail this A.M., with profound hopes of tagging a good chunk of venison before chow time this noon.

The Wescotts will be on a drumstick at Lee's mother's home in Windham. The Corrigans will observe the holiday festivities late in the P.M. at the home of Mrs. Corrigan's parents, in Westbrook. The Simmonds, Bowermans and Plummers will have their dinners in their own homes.

This cool, crisp air will, most likely, send appetites soaring, making it quite possible for Mr. Alka Seltzer
to build a new addition to his plant from the receipts of the sales of his product on this Thanksgiving Day.

This snowy weather just in time to end the hunting season right and hunters won't even have a poor excuse if they miss out on a deer this year. Lee Wilson got his deer the day after I sent in last month's report. I was right—good tasting too!

Gus Flummery started his vacation during the latter part of November, so he'll spend most of his free time out in the woods with the rest of the wild animals.

"Benny" Bowen, after working on the pump installations from dawn to dusk during the hunting season, finally managed to get the last three days of the deer season off. "Benny" is a hunter from away back and, incidentally, is one of the friends of the famous "One Shot" Bill Smith. He spent his first day tracking down a deer that his wife wounded the day previous. She had trailed it until dark and he picked up the trail in the morning, but couldn't locate the deer. The next day, "Benny" and son, Albert, and "Gussey" Flummery started into "Gussey's" favorite game grounds in East Raymond. Along towards sunset, Mr. B. sighted two deer. Bang! Bang! A nice 10 point buck and a beautiful doe lay dead in the bushes. For the record, Mr. B. shot the buck and Albert gets credit in Augusta for shooting the doe.

"Carly" Pitts and "Ken" Flummery have been working with Mr. Lewis on various jobs for the past month. They drop in every Thursday to pick up their checks and then off to the races they go for another week.

Oh, yes, Mr. Simmons got his deer too. Hit all by accident. It decided to jump out in front of his car one night while driving with his family. So you see, I'm the only one who hasn't even the poor excuse for not getting that deer.

After reading other reporters' columns, the idea came into this foggy mass of gray matter, that you people here at Raymond might like an item put in about who-all comes to visit you and who-all you go to visit. But I haven't been able to find out. Also, complications might arise if I printed about these visitations without your permission, for example: MR. SEERSUCKER VISITED THE WHIMPELS ON SAT., OCT. 17. I know it happened that Mr. Whimple went to Mr. Seersucker's last night so there I go putting Mr. Whimple behind the eight-ball. Another example: THE I. C. DOUBLES ENTERTAIN MR. & MRS. A. C. VOLMETERS OF NEW YORK CITY, SATURDAY EVENING AND A "FORDERGOOD TIME" WAS HAD BY ALL. Now, the I. C. Doubles might want to know how I knew about this shindig. They might even accuse me of being a pooping Tom. No, that's my brother; me, I'd be "Hangdog Harry". So, if anybody wishes those visitors recognized in print, please notify yours truly, cause we sure do need news in this column.

As it is, all you're getting now is a bunch of Irish Malarky.

Harry Corrigan

NO. WATERFORD

John Barber Jr. and Mr. Richardson brought a nice doe by Waterford station, November 25th. "Rich", we guess you have a lot of faith in John's prowess as a hunter?

Mr. Schultz was a visitor here
Thanksgiving day and we are all willing to bet he was thinking about getting back to that turkey and not going on up the line.

"Bob" Hicks and son, John, killed a deer each, in the vicinity of Livermore Falls. "Bob's" weighing 150 pounds, killed on November 26th. John's weighing 80 pounds, killed on November 28th. Quite a lot of meat. "Bob", how about an invitation?

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison and Mrs. Sawyer attended a meeting of young adults recently, at Waterford Flats. There was a Christmas party at which gifts were exchanged, a meal was served and games were played. Previous and future business was discussed. Everyone had a nice time.

"Bob" Lewis and Lauris Wheeler have put finishing touches on number 3 pump and it was run with the other two pumps at full pressure for break in. A nice job was done by all concerned and, so far, the pump is running trouble free.

North Waterford station was shut down December 5th and 6th. Smaller plungers were installed. Some trouble was experienced with the number 1 pump but number 2 came out quite a success.

Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Sawyer attended Farm Bureau meeting, December 8th.

"Bob" Lewis took over the reins from "Bill" Smith, as Chief Operator, December 6th. We all enjoyed your time here, "Bill" and look forward to a visit again. Did you forget this greasy pair of overalls, "Bill"?

"Larry" Wheeler is back with us again, after working from Portland to Canada. He took over his duties as operator, December 8th, relieving "Bob" Hicks.

"Bob" Hicks took over his duties as yardman, December 8th, relieving George Wentworth.

George Wentworth opines that a fellow has to be real careful what he says around Waterford station, as it all has a way of getting into the "Pipeliner" which is sometimes embarrassing.

All work was finished insulating quonset hut, December 9th. Since heaters have been installed, it is very cozy inside.

Mr. Creed and Mr. Fennel were visitors here, December 9th, on their way to West Burke.

"Doc" Cassidy was a visitor here, December 11th. Waterford station received a compliment from him on the cleanliness of new additions to the station. "We always enjoy compliments "Doc".

Billie Sawyer attended town meeting the afternoon of December 13th. The meeting was to get all people of the town of Waterford, to vote whether they would get electricity to the rural districts.

Mrs. Hutchison suffered (we say suffered because she is of the female species) another birthday, December 12th. She was presented with a nice three layer cake by Mrs. Stearns.

Billie Sawyer says his little girl and boy don't take kindly to Dr. Hobb because he gives them whooping cough shots. "Bill" looks for some trouble from "Timmie" when the Doctor comes back again to give another shot.

Everyone here at Waterford station is buying gifts, getting ready to help old St. Nick, when he harnesses up his reindeer and starts on that long journey of happiness.
"Bill" Smith brought a small doe by North Waterford station the evening of December 13th. He says it was killed in the vicinity of Chatham, N. H. and sure some cold tutin'.

We at Waterford, want to wish everyone who sees the "Pipeliners", a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Dec C. Hutchison

TANK FARM

"CHRISTMAS GREETINGS"

I tried to make my little mind express in words, something a little different from the usual greetings used so many times at this season of the year, but with every new thought, "IT", my little mind, seemed to get smaller and smaller, and no improvement on the quaint old greetings. So for myself and all the boys at the South Portland Tank Farm, we all, at this holy season, wish the "Pipeline" Family from South Portland, Maine to Montreal, Canada,

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Sometimes I wish we were presented with a wall-hidden recorder in the Old Boiler House wall, which would tape some of the chatter that comes from the minds of the noon-day eaters. Some of it might have to be cleaned up a little, says Billy Rose, but I honestly believe the "Pipeline" Staff would have to be enlarged, and the reporter would be out of a job. Some fellows, put some of that dinner time chatter in the "Pipeline" envelope every once in awhile.

Due to the present Fuel Shortage, the Hotel Gilbert will close its doors. Will reopen on May 15th, 1948.

Congratulations go to Carl Emery. Carl recently became a Grandfather.

ADVERTISEMENT

Why go to the expense of buying a dog for the hunting season and have to feed him the year round? I guarantee my work. I can bay like a Coon-dog, foxhound or rabbit-hound. Guarantee to drive game to you. Reasonable rates.... R. M. Bridges...

Robert McEwen has been spending a few days acting as Guide in Lancaster. It's rumored that Bob was seen guiding some of the local talent out of Hick's Diner. Haven't had any report on his getting a deer.

HOW A FT' OF THE LOCAL BOYS FARED THRU THE HUNTING SEASON.

John Barber - 21/2 Buck.
Richard Bruns - Couldn't even see one.
Carl "Crump" Emery - 1/3 of a small Doe.
Chester "Muscles" Howe - 150/7 Doss.
The Man with The Green Thumbs - At this time, we wish to apologize for the advance information we gave you in last month's edition on how this man always fared. The man was really too busy with his work and didn't allow himself enough time. That time he did have, he could only wound four large bucks and two yearlings.
Sonny "Lateral" Richardson - as follows:
About 3:00 A.M., November 26th, a visitor came to call here at the Tank Farm. At first, we were quite skeptical as to whom or what it was, but on closer scrutiny, we discovered that it was none other than Sonny "Lateral" Richardson, all decked out and armed to the teeth, which consisted of a 30-30 rifle, a 45 automatic pistol, 4 belts of ammu-
nition, 2 knives and 1 axe. We then asked why all the armament and also why up so early. Rich then informed us that his name was John Barber and that they were going out to do really do business. "Jawn is going to do the running and I will draw the bead," says Rich. Soon Jawn showed up and the hunting expedition took off for parts unknown. After being gone for 1½ hours, the hunters showed up pretty well worn out, but happy and then we found out what had taken place. It seems that Jawn went to the top of a mountain and started working his way down toward the main road driving whatever he could in front of him. On coming to a thicket, he could hear strange sounds coming from it (the thicket) and entering cautiously, he came upon Rich who was the cause of these same sounds. Rich informed Jawn that he was calling the deer. Just about that time, twigs began to snap and heavy breathing was heard but nothing could be seen, but Rich with his keen sense of hearing soon detected where the breathing was coming from and taking careful aim fires the old mauser. What followed cannot be printed here, but you can just imagine how Rich felt when he found out that he had shot the wheels off the wheel-chair of an unfortunate hunter, whose only means of transportation was his wheel-chair. But Rich wasn't to let a little misfortune like that bother him, so after righting himself with the unfortunate hunter, took off again but this time with Jawn trailing him. They soon came upon a small clearing and, yes, you guessed it, there, not 300 feet away, stood Rich's goal. Up goes the old mauser and down goes his game. With a big smile on his face, he turned to Jawn, saying, "It only takes one shot to get yourself a small deer," but Jawn just chuckled to himself, for he knew what had happened. When Rich reached the now dead game, he discovered that he had shot a Great Dane Dog. Rich was then really discouraged. We understand the unfortunate hunter who was a good sport gave one of the deer which he had shot to Rich. Better buy yourself a young calf and raise it for beef, Rich. It will pay dividends next fall.

You, no doubt, are wondering what a hunter would be doing in the woods in a wheel-chair. Just so you kind readers will not think that I made up the happenings of Sonny Richardson, the following will explain:

Ralph Bridges and his Dad decided that they would go out and try their luck. As you know, Ralph is a very talented imitator of animals. So Dad stays down near the main road and Ralph goes way back into the woods and soon came the sounds of a yelping hound. That, my friends, is where the hunter in the wheel-chair comes into the picture, for you see, when the deer heard the sounds of that hound-dog they took off, and, as luck would have it, headed toward the spot where the wheel-chaired hunter was. After shooting 16 he decided he would go into the woods and tell whomever it was to stop driving the deer out, as he had no more ammunition. Just about that time is when Sonny began his barking and you found out what happened. With all the commotion going on in the woods, the people of the nearby towns became alarmed and called the Sheriff's Department. Sheriff White was dispatched to the scene and after a brief conversation with my Dad things were soon under control.

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Mr. & Mrs. Allen Kennedy and son, Paul, spent the Thanksgiving Holiday with Mrs. Kennedy's Parents.

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There are great stylists in this large country of ours who have reached great fame, but little is heard of one of the greatest stylists who we have here in our midst. At this time, we
would like to give honorable mention to the originator of the "Lighted Bow-Tie" which is now sweeping the country. The originator is none other than our own Arthur "Humbles" Cote.

While on the graveyard shift, you may be called upon to do odd favors, for each other and, naturally, we do them without hesitation, but, when called upon to call a certain man early last week, imagine what a surprise to hear a feminine voice, and a very sleepy one too, on the other end of the wire. Well, that's the end. It's alright to have us do the calling, but when the wire has to get up and answer the phone, that's where we call the halt.

F.S. Perhaps Jonnie would be forced to earn her keep also, by learning to answer the phone.

Frank Wagner

GORHAM

There has been so much "goings-on" around Gorham the last month or six weeks that one does not know where to start to report all these happenings. The proper approach seems to be to jot down all the things that you know about, make up a little by using the imagination, call out the unprintable (you should see that list) and send it in.

Of course, the big thing with the men lately has been the third unit installation. (It's been somewhat of a nightmare to the woman). Everyone has put forth all the effort and time possible to get this job done on schedule, also to get it out of the way of the Christmas Holidays. This seems to have been successfully accomplished, at least it was running when we sat down to write.

A lion's share of the credit for this work should go to the Station Force; however, the excellent work done by Mr. Baker, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Powerman cannot be minimized. I merely mentioned the Station Force first because I gotta work with them all the time, haven't I?

From what we hear talked these last few days, some Christmas shipping has been goin' on. The Chicofts spent Saturday in Portland, the Kiels, with the Dauphneys from Gorham, spent the same day in Lewiston and I think everyone has been all over Berlin several times. Looks like big doings the night before Christmas.

The deer season just concluded did not do too well by the Gorham group, only one deer reported killed and that one by Thomas Corrigan. Of course, there was the usual number of tracks seen.

Speaking of Corrigan, he had the misfortune of having a tree get in his way going home the other night, it makes such a mess of a person's car to hit one head on.

Thomas Corrigan recently bought a new car, 1937 Ford I think.

The F. J. Klobergs recently entertained a few friends in honor of the birthday of C. L. Chicoft. Some lively bridge was played, a delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Kloberg and Mr. Chicoft received a very nice gift from the group.

Tony Fugliose spent a few days recently in Maine and Massachusetts. Understood he won a $257.00 argument with the Internal Revenue Department and bought a new overcoat -- some arguing, I calls it.

Marie Luebeck spent last week-end here with her Mother and the two of them
did some Christmas shopping together in Berlin. Don't know much about Bill Luebeck, he is in and out occasionally, like a traveling salesman.

Mr. & Mrs. Bill White, of our Warehouse Department, have secured an apartment in Gorham and, apparently, are very happy in their new home. From the looks of the skis and ski poles on Bill's car they must be doing some skiing.

Very little we know about our versatile yardman, Frank Hunt. As you may know, Frank lives in Bath, Maine and is classed as furriner here in New Hampshire. We do know that Frank packs a mighty fine looking lunch, or rather, we should say, Mrs. Frank does.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE.

O. L. Chilcoat.

LANCASTER

Winter has really started in earnest here and the children have been skiing and sliding.

We are thinking quite seriously of starting a zoo here at the station. We can now boast of possessing 4 cats, 1 dog, 2 puppies, a rabbit and a canary.

John Baker spent a few days hunting last week, but came home empty-handed.

Arno Bishop found his deer in a well near the station.

Mr. & Mrs. George Murphy, Betty and Barbara, spent a week-end in Berlin recently.

Betty Murphy, Dede and Leo Emery, Jackie and Jean Baker, went to a basketball game at L.A. Dede is a cheerleader. The students at L.A. try to get at least one person from the station to say he or she will come to the games, because they know if one comes, we all come. We are known as the "Pipeline Caravan".

Cathy Emery and Barbara Murphy have been roller skating. If you're in doubt as to whether or not they did, just take a look at their black and blue marks.

Everyone here enjoyed a nice Thanksgiving. Jean Baker and "Believe it or not", John were home for dinner. The Murphys spent the day at Mrs. Murphy's brother's house at Lancaster. Mr. & Mrs. Hickey entertained their 3 sons and grandson Paul. The Emery's entertained her brothers and their families from Westbrook and Maurice Marceau from Saco.

Mrs. Ross has been quite sick for the past few weeks and is still confined to her bed.

Brownie Benedict spent a week-end with the Emery's recently. Other callers have been "Shortpockets" and Ester Kennedy and Flora and Betty Barnes, Sully and family, Stubby and Arline Watson. You're really slipping, Stubby, you didn't call last week. By the way Stubby Dede would like to know if you've had any violin lessons lately.

Sam Sinclair and Ralph Roderick had supper and spent the evening with the Bakers.

Thelma Murphy spent a few days in Portland doing her Christmas shopping. Very poor excuse Thelma. We know you just wanted to see Santa.

Raymond Massey is to be congratulated on his fine column from West Burke.
Ray Rachel! How much does Dee pay you to write his column? Swell job even if he does do it.

We are waiting for Bob Lewis to publish his book on "Activities of the Waterford Cottages," but it won't pass the censors. That "Old Gray Reaper" has been wandering around Lenoxer recently.

Come on, Gorham. How about a line or two in the "Pipeliners." Are you too worried about "Humblies" to concentrate?

Herman Emery keeps breaking his false teeth. Can anyone offer any help? Clara is really getting tired of him running to the dentist. Could it be a lady dentist?

This is a part of the Emery's daily household routine:

Herm. - Clara?
Clara - Yes.
Herm. - Well - I - er - oh - ah - I --
Clara - Stop stalling, how did you break 'em this time?

John Baker, George Murphy and Herman Emery attended a turkey supper given by the men's class of the different churches here in town.

Ed Hickey and Herman Emery are attending the basketball games quite regularly. Also the rest of the "Caravan." You should see the gleam that creeps into Ed's eyes when the referee makes a decision contrary to his.

Jean Baker has been home for a few days, but has now returned to her duties at Whitefield as telephone operator. She has been acting as chief operator during the absence of their regular chief.

Wishing a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our many friends who have the patience to worry through our little paper each month.

Herman Emery

Happy Holidays! Best wishes for the New Year to all of you from all of us.

'Tis the season to be jolly and with all the preparations, packages big and small, pretty paper, Christmas lights and evergreen, it looks as if there is lots of fun on the way.

The Barbers returned from their vacation happy, but tired. They visited friends and relatives in Tashina, Wilson and Paukus Valley, Oklahoma. While there, they enjoyed a pre-Thanksgiving Day family dinner. On their return trip they stopped at Niagara Falls — could be their second honeymoon.

Mr. Harry Phillips and daughter, Jacky, were overnight guests of the Randles the first of the month.

Mrs. Clyde Heath of Windsor, Vt., spent a week with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey.

Mr. & Mrs. Herman Emery, and Cathy visited us November 25. We were glad to have you. You know where Cathy spent most of her time, don't you?

Mr. & Mrs. Roy Brydon and family spent the Thanksgiving Day holidays at the home of her sister, Mrs. Cairns, in Portland, Maine. They enjoyed a family party.

Stubby Royes was on vacation November 24 to December 3. A family Thanksgiving party was held at his home in Gorham.

Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Massey spent Thanksgiving Day with his parents, Mr. & Mrs. David Massey of Barton, Vt.
The children enjoyed the Thanksgiving Day Holidays from school. Just wait until Christmas vacation. That’s a real vacation.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank LeBounty and family entertained his brothers John and Jim on Thanksgiving Day.

Joe Randile is enjoying his vacation.

Mr. Fred Lamb is also on vacation.

Bob Sullivan served as Pall Bearer at the funeral of the late minister, Mr. Sinclair, at Gorham.

Joy Benedict spent the Thanksgiving Holidays with June Biron of Gorham.

Beverly LeBounty was operated on for appendicitis December 4th, at the St. Johnsbury Hospital. She has returned home and is recuperating. Her classmates sent her a very lovely Sunshine Basket while she was in the hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Stubby Noyes was in Portland, December 12th to attend a Federation Meeting.

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Sullivan and family enjoyed a Thanksgiving Day family dinner at Gorham with Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Sullivan, Charles Sullivan and Mrs. George Lary. The return engagement in West Burke will occur on December 25th. MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Mrs. Sullivan was ill the first of the month and her mother, Mrs. George Lary, came to help and care for her.

Mr. & Mrs. John Barber plan to spend Christmas with their son and his wife in Portland.

A new addition has arrived in the Sullivan household. No, it is not "Hoe", but it is "Maestro", a black and white kitten.

I recently came across the following and wondered how many fond husbands had made a similar reply:

Wife, to husband reading morning paper: "I’d like to go shopping today if the weather permits. What is the forecast?"

Husband: "Rain, hail, sleet, snow, blizzard and general commotion."

Seriously, that shopping must be done, and by the time this paper reaches you it won’t matter. All the secrets will have been shared. There will just be the exchanging to do.

We are almost knee-deep in snow here in West Burke, but we do enjoy it. The children have shovels to keep the paths clean and, if it gets too deep, we can always use our skies. It is quite a winter sports resort.

MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR! We will see you all next year, I suppose the resolutions are already being mapped out.

The Masseys

PORTLAND OFFICE

We were extremely sorry to learn of the unfortunate accident and injuries that Mr. Schultz suffered this morning. It seems that lady-luck was very unkind to him at this yuletide season. He inadvertently slipped on a step at his home, breaking his ankle. To him, we all extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery and hope that he will not be laid up too long.

Johnny Creed left for his annual vacation in Louisiana on December 13th. He
was delayed in his usual departure time this year, due to the Third Unit work which he wished to see brought to a completion before leaving. We all hope that Johnny enjoys a pleasant vacation in the balmy clime of Shreveport.

Tom Beatty and Neil Starr are currently enjoying a week's winter vacation. Tom said that he needed the week in which to do the family Christmas shopping and Neil Starr has promised himself a little skiing trip up into the White Mountains.

Doc Cassidy is also enjoying a week's vacation at the present time and since he is chairman of the Christmas Tree Committee for the party, we presume he is spending some of his time looking for a good one. Next week will find Lee Tescott on a week's winter vacation. The last time he planned a vacation, he shot a deer the first morning out. Since the deer season is closed, we wonder what he will shoot, now. Of course, he has his choice of rabbits, bob cats, or any other wild animals that lurk around Raymond.

The bowling season, having gotten into high gear during the month of November, has proceeded with all of the implications of being backed by atomic energy. The Alley Cats continue to cling to the throats of the Buzzards and last week they all but tore the feathers off the poor old birds. This week, however, the Cut-Ups knifed the Alley Cats a bit and caused them to back track towards their favorite fence. The Scrap Heaps were an easy prey to the Buzzards since they had the misfortunes of having three out.

Right now the scores stand as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Pinfall</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Buzzards</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alley Cats</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cut-Ups</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scrap Heap</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The coincidence of the holidays falling on bowling nights will give all teams a rest until January 8, and at that time, no doubt, they will all pick up their spurs and lash at each other, once more.

Auditors from two of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation's owning companies have been visiting with us for two weeks while on an annual audit. The McColl-Frontenac Oil Company, Limited was represented by Mr. H. J. Hughes of Montreal, and the British American Oil Company, Limited was represented by Mr. E. J. Carter of Toronto. We enjoyed, very much, having these two gentlemen with us, and we hope to have them visit again next year.

PIPELINER TO BE DRESSED UP

How many readers noticed the new type of printing on our front page? The management has approved the purchase of a Vari-Type machine for composition work on our future issues. The editors extend a vote of appreciation to the management for making the purchase of this machine possible.

This composing machine will allow us to vary the style of our "printed word" from time to time, however, it was not delivered in time to do what we would have liked to do for our Christmas issue. The Vari-Type machine permits the use of interchangeable typing plates offering many styles of printing.

With a little experimenting on our future issues, we should take on that "new look" by the time the new spring fashions begin to appear. It wouldn't be surprising if one of our future issues would appear with six or seven petticoats and fringes way down to the ankles.

* * * * *

Be careful of your tongue, it's in a slippery place.
CHRISTMAS
CHEER

SANTA CLAUS

Six hundred years ago there lived in Asia Minor a man named Saint Nicholas. He was a good man and lived in lowly fashion. The people loved him so much that one day they made him Bishop of Myra.

Saint Nicholas knew the meaning and beauty of the story of Bethlehem. Being rich, he gave much to the poor; and being humble, he gave in secret. He gave to everyone — to children, to outcasts, to unfortunates, to travelers, to sailors, and even to thieves.

After this good man died, which was on December 6, the people followed his example and began each year on this day to give gifts to their children, and to their friends, and to the needy, just as Saint Nicholas had done. The people in that country spoke the Russian language, and they called Saint Nicholas Santa Claus. The fame of this good man soon spread to Germany, and his name was translated to Kris Kringle, and then the good news spread to England, and they translated the name to Santa Claus.

Christmas is the outgrowth of an old Roman festival. This festival was held every year about the middle of December, and represented the best there was in the old pagan world. Finally some of the countries in Southern Europe combined the practice of good old Saint Nicholas with that of the Roman festival, and by common consent, and with a measure of appropriateness, chose December 25 as the day to celebrate.

December 25 was chosen because on that day was celebrated the birth of Jesus, whose life inspired good old Saint Nicholas to do good deeds.

GREETINGS

Several Christmas Cards have come to the office from our former fellow workers. We appreciate their memories at this time. We hope this issue of the PIPELINER will serve as our Holiday Greetings to them.

MANY THANKS

The Editors wish to express their sincere appreciation to all of our staff reporters for the splendid contributions they have made to our Christmas issue.

This issue has 18 pages and is one of the largest issues we have ever published. The last time we had 18 pages was July, 1944 — our first anniversary number.

We hope everyone will enjoy our Yuletide dressings on each page. Our office staff, consisting of Anne Scanlon and Lear Holmes, has spent a lot of time on decorating this issue and they had a lot of fun doing it.

Again, many thanks to all who contributed to make this Christmas issue a success.

The Editors

A spry old gentleman was smoking in the bus. The conductor said to him: "Don't you see that sign that says 'No Smoking Allowed'?"
"Of course I do," replied the old man "but how can you expect me to observe all your rules? There's another one that says 'Wear Spiral Corsets'."
Merry Christmas
be a season
of gay times and joyous ways
and your New Year
be a Twelve-month
of glad hours and happy days.