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DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYEE RELATIONS

THE PIPELINER

PORTLAND AND MONTREAL

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THE "PIPELINER" STAFF
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GREETINGS TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Now, that another year of operation of the Portland-Montreal pipe line system is drawing to a close, I wish to personally thank each and every employee for their splendid co-operation in making possible the successful record that has been achieved during 1948.

With the operation of the third unit during the past year, we have reached a new high record on throughput, both on daily and yearly volume. The maintaining of our high volume of operations, during 1948, has been largely accomplished through the sincere efforts of each and every employee, from South Portland to Montreal, to do his and her best to make our organization outstanding.

With this splendid record behind us, and new horizons to strive for, I wish to take this opportunity to wish all of our fellow employees and their families a Very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

F. C. Schultz

A TRIP UP-THE-LINE BY A RAYMONDITE

A story of appreciation that enabled me to take a trip up-the-line by being an employee of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation.

If any of you boys have not made a trip up-the-line, you should make every effort to do so. I think you would really enjoy the trip. It is very interesting to look the other stations over, and to meet all of the men. We all form our opinions of what we think this or that person is like by working with them, more or less, but it does not begin to compare with really meeting and talking, personally, with all of our pipe line friends.

I have just had the pleasure of going up as far as St. Cesaire by the kindness of one of the dispatchers, namely, "One Shot" William Smith, who made all the plans and arrangements. We made our headquarters at a town named, Mansonneville, which is near Highwater Station. So naturally, we were in contact, more with the men from that station than elsewhere. I, personally, think they are a really fine bunch of lads. They all put themselves out to make it enjoyable for us, including Mr. Cruden, the Chief, and Mrs. Cruden.

They took us hunting, and tried hard to show us some of their large game. Mr. Cruden and Phil also took us on a sight-seeing trip. We visited a dowel factory, and was shown all through the plant, which was very interesting. One good friend that I met and who was referred to as the Mayor of Mansonneville, invited us to a very nice dinner at his home. After dinner, the three of us made a trip down to St.

(continued on page 6)
THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT

The pathway of time is strewn with the bones of men who have fought the battles of life - tasting victories and suffering defeats - and who have reached the 'older years', only to find themselves partially embittered old men in whom the spirit of friendliness is sadly lacking.

On the other hand, life's pathway is brightened, again and again, by other men who have attained the mature years with the friendly spirit still intact, and spreading a daily quota of good cheer.

It is this last picture that many of we boys will carry in our hearts as representatives of Sam Hart whom we have known for the past seven years.

True, it is Mr. Hart, as Secretary-Treasurer, and subsequently Vice President of our organization, has held an important and strategic position, and many is the time on pay day that someone has yelled, "God Bless America and Hurrah for Sam Hart". Yet, in all seriousness, we have appreciated the sincere and friendly spirit he has always exhibited in getting our pay checks to us, promptly. The "Grapevine" is sold on the story that "Sam's happiest moments are when he is paying off the boys".

If Mr. Hart is visiting up and down the line, there's always a friendly handshake, a friendly smile, and some words of humor. When he is out hunting or fishing, he is just "one of the boys". When he is at a Christmas Party, he is an integral part, thereof. If some little girl needs a friend -- call for Sam Hart. If some humorous prank has been engineered, talk it over with Sam Hart.

It is this friendly spirit at work or in play that has made a spot in everyone's affections for Sam Hart here in the Portland Pipe Line organization and when he crosses the threshold of the new home in Texas, Edgar A. Guest, will be a close friend and neighbor in these lines -----

Let me live in my house
By the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
Some that are good --
Some that are bad --
As Good and as Bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorners seat,
Nor fling the cynic's ban
Just let me live in my house
By the Side of the road
And be a friend to man.

By Edgar A. Guest

Red Perham

***

Sam's Recipe for a Perfect Pipe Line Organization

To a foundation - F. C. Schultz

add the following personnel:

1-7/10% - Louisianians
Same amount of Arkansans
5% - Oklahomans
21/2% - Missourians
.8% - Kansans
and the same amount of Colombians
and Californian native sons.

Mix well with 86% Yankees (including
9 Yankeeettes) and you will have the
best operated pipe line (Portland Pipe Line Corporation) in existence.

But in case more perfection is desired, connect this line with the
Montreal Pipe Line Company, Ltd.,
100% operated by Canadians.

THIS, ANY TEXAN WILL BE GLAD TO ADMIT.
On Thursday evening, December 16, in the Mayfair Room of Portland's Lafayette Hotel, was the scene of one of the most colorful events in the annals of the Portland-Montreal Pipe Line organizations. The occasion was a dinner and gift presentation program in honor of Mr. Samuel E. Hart who is leaving the active employment of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation shortly after Christmas to live in San Antonio, Texas. The affair in his honor was the largest gathering of pipe line fellow workers since the start of business in 1941. Employees from every location along the line, from South Portland to Montreal, were present, as well as Mr. J. R. Simpson from Toronto, retired president of the Montreal Pipe Line Company, Limited.

Plans for this dinner, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Hart, had been a well-guarded secret for over a month and, although Mr. Hart had been invited to attend this dinner in his honor, the program, head table, and gifts were supposed to be somewhat of a surprise. The head table was made up of the following: Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Schultz, Mr. and Mrs. S.E. Hart, C.D. Batchelder, S.E. Thoits, J.M. Copeland, K. H. Blanchard, M. W. Jensen, Miss K. L. Sullivan, J.R. Simpson, and L. Fennel.

At the conclusion of the dinner, several of the group at the head table brought their personal messages of good wishes and good luck to Mr. and Mrs. Hart on taking up their new residence in San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Thoits brought good wishes from Mr. Hart's associates in the Accounting Department with whom he has worked so closely for over seven years.
Mr. Copeland brought good wishes from the Montreal office from the many friends and acquaintances that Mr. Hart made on his trips to Montreal.

Mr. Schultz was the 3rd speaker on the program and he brought to Mr. Hart the good wishes of the entire Portland-Montreal organization. He also mentioned the long years of association that he has enjoyed with Mr. Hart which started back in Mexico and Argentina, many years ago.

Mr. Simpson was the guest speaker of the evening. In starting his address, he spoke of the democratic relationship that exists between the two countries in which our pipe line carries on its business. He also remarked on the splendid co-operation that exists between the Portland and Montreal ends of the line. He said that no small part of this happy condition can be credited to Mr. Hart who has been a friend and wise counselor to all of his fellow employees. Mr. Simpson concluded by saying that from his experience, a man's work is not done when he reaches age of retirement as there are always new fields of endeavor for him to explore. Mr. Simpson also remarked that Mr. Hart's long years of experience would prove to be of considerable value in the future and that he certainly would be called upon from time to time to render his wise judgment in situations that require his guidance.

Following the speakers, gift presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Hart. Martin Jensen and Miss Katherine Sullivan officiated at these ceremonies. A lovely mahog-
any phonograph record cabinet with records containing Mr. and Mrs. Hart's favorite music were presented and, following this, a banjo clock was given to them. Miss Sullivan made a presentation speech to Mrs. Hart and presented her with a lovely leather handbag as a parting gift from all of her pipe line friends. Mr. Hart was then presented with an album which contained pictures of all of the office employees and a few from South Portland. There were also pictures of the pipe line installations at the back of the album. The album was prepared by Miss Mary Curran with the assistance of F. J. McCarthy of the Engineering Department. Mr. Hart's pipe line friends from South Portland presented him with a flashlight with an auto steering wheel attachment so that he may light his way to Texas if he drives after dark.

Following the presentation of the gifts, Harry Phillips, who has always been willing and happy to make any party a success, tickled the ivory keys while the group sang many songs in an enthusiastic manner. Everyone who attended this pleasant affair was of the opinion that it was the finest party that had ever been held along the pipe line.

EDITORS' NOTE: The editors wish to take this opportunity, on behalf of the PIPE-LINER staff, to express their sincere wishes for a happy and pleasant future in San Antonio. Mr. Hart retires with 25½ years credited service with the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and its affiliates. Aside from this, he has chalked up 38 years service in the oil industry, all together. He has traveled far and wide in his work which has carried him half way around the world and over three continents. His leaving the Portland Pipe Line Corporation, at this time, is regretted by all as he has been a friend and booster for every fellow employee. He has earned a well-deserved rest and the editors wish to have him feel that he is leaving the organization with every man connected with it his sincere friend and partner. Good Luck, Sam.

(We wish to thank Ray Henry for his efforts in taking and preparing the pictures which our readers see on these pages.)

* * * * *

A Trip Up-The-Line By a Raymondite
(continued from page 2)

Cesaire. We were shown through this station by Mr. Hornby. He offered to show us around the town, also. We had to refuse this generous offer, as it was snowing quite hard and we had to get back to Mansonville, early.

We were unable to see a couple of the boys at St. Cesaire, so what did they do the next day, but take their wives and motor up to Mansonville to meet us. We all had dinner together, including a good friend named Johnny Quinn who was responsible for such swell service for us wherever we went.

I had a very nice chat with the Misses Roberts and Halverson about fishing, hunting and comparing the two countries. Oh, by the way! If any of you pipeliners are interested in card games, they can really teach you how to play at the Hotel Mansonville. I think Brothers Dagwood and Bud Cormier will agree about that.

I spoke of a trip up-the-line, but this also means vice versa for you boys who live further up. You should also try to take a trip down Portland Way.

Gus Plummer

"What's your cat's name, little boy?"
"Ben Hur"
"How come you gave him an unusual name like that?"
"Well, we first called him Ben - and then he had kittens."
Here we go into another year-end tailspin. Seems like the past twelve months slipped by in great haste. The older we grow, faster fly the years. The memories of taking down last year's Christmas Tree and stowing away the trimmings and gifts are still fresh in mind, and here we are into the Christmas spirit once again. The season of Christmas spreads so much joy to so many, if only in temporary happiness, that it is my favorite of all holidays.

The Pipe Line Club plans a Christmas Party-Dinner and Dance the 21st at Pleasantdale Hose House, South Portland. Last time we were there, the chicken pie that was served was really something to write home about, so it's chicken pie again with all the trimmings, and a swell time for all.

Benny Norton, Jr. and Ralph Bridge (pipeliners deluxe) started vacations on December 4th.

The Hunts and Brudevolds motored to Lewiston for a mess of fried clams. The waiter, who was Chinese, was bowing very low and giving good service to the party, and why not. Someone had told him that Frank and Ole were big oil men from the West who were in town to start drilling for oil.

Bill Spear has his Ford under complete control, no body or fender repairs in over six months. Nice going Bill, hope that I can equal that record, and I do mean just that.

This is the season when we in Maine envy you fellows in the tropics, soaking up the heat and sun, drinking long cool lemonades, and calling for an extra fan or two, to cool off the brow.

James A. Lunn of Charles Martin Company and Eddie Irwin, chief gauger for the Montreal Pipe Line were at the Terminal on business the 10th. Jimmie analyzed the recent presidential election for me and reports that the democrats in New Hamp-
shire, or some of them at least, voted no less than six times on election day, so how could they be beaten?

It is with deep regret that the line and we of South Portland witness the retirement of Mr. Sam Hart from the Portland Pipe Line. Our Vice President retires in a blaze of glory, liked and respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing and doing business with him. We wish both Sam and Mrs. Hart nothing but the best of everything life has to offer, in the good old State of Texas.

Earle Young has joined the list of car owners, yes, it's a Ford.

Chet Rowe dropped in from Raymond on his day off and reports that the Raymond station and gang is mighty hard to top.

Frank Hunt, Jr., after negotiating for a new motor for his ancient Ford, made an about face and is now co-owner of a new Plymouth sedan. Mrs. Hunt, Jr. is co-owner by virtue of the marriage vows that call for an even division of the happiness and grief that life holds in store for us.

The Kennedy family will spend Christmas with their folks at Gorham, New Hampshire. Allan starts his second vacation (holidays) as does yours truly, December 20th.

Janesie McKaig is awaiting that long promised gift from Santa, a tailor made cow girl suit.

Lawrence Fennel relieves Mr. Creed who starts vacation on December 17th. Harry Phillips will fill Lawrence Fennel's job, George Flavin will sub for Harry Phillips and Bob McKaig will bat for George Flavin.

No new babies on this end of the line since the Rodericks blessed event, but the rumor is definitely abroad that a certain pipe liner will be a proud pappy in the spring. Guess who?

Bob Hicks and the Mrs. stopped for a visit and check on Bob's old home, the Terminal. Many years no see you Bob, come again.

Ray Massey of West Burke is pipelineing at the Terminal. Welcome to the gang Ray.

The Terminal extends to all friends and readers of the PIPELINER the best of good wishes for the holidays and the new year. May the Pipeline expand, and we, as individual members of the line, also, expand in thought and deed.

Frank Ivers.

TANK FARM

There's Christmas in the air. You can tell it by the way the Gang is rushing in to me for order numbers to buy this n' that, and lots of things that I can't tell you about that are going to make somebody's home a very happy one on Christmas Day.

Everybody seems to be going to the Pipeliners Club Banquet and Christmas Party which is being held at the Pleasantdale Fire House December 21st. Dick Bruns has a look in his eye that spells a good time for all. Can I help mix the Punch, Dick?

We are happy to welcome Walter White back from a long sick leave. It's nice having you back again, Sheriff.

Gil Cuskley is recovering rapidly from his second operation and we look forward to seeing him back on the job soon!!

Carl Emory has returned from a long vacation and declares that there AIN'T no DEER in MAINE, and for DRY weather--it never happened! He came back wearing a deer tag! Poor fellow!
George Flavin is rebuilding his Home. He has successfully passed the Union Examinations for Carpenter, Master Plumber and Electrician.

Sam Sinclair is the proud possessor of a brand new 1948 Pontiac with all of the fix-ins, AND a 1932 Model B Ford to start it with on these cold winter days ahead. Can we ride - - - in the Ford Sam?

Raymond Massey has joined us from up North and is rapidly getting acclimated to our warmer-r-r-r weather.

It's just a rumor, but I heard it said that "Ivers" and "Frazier", have now Incorporated.

Happy vacation to J. O'Carroll, B. Norton, and R. Bridge. We know that one of you is SURE to be able to tell us of some unusual experiences during your holidays.

Frank Wagner has left on an assignment at Gorham for a short time. We are sure going to miss your singing voice at the Christmas Party Frank.

We of the Tenk Farm want to wish wherever you are and wherever you may be, a most Bountiful and Merry Christmas and a Very, Very Happy New Year.

D. C. Emery

RAYMOND

To Myron Walker for his fine reporting jobs during the past couple of months, our thanks. He will be back again next month with his version of the "doings in this locality. At the present time he is being plagued with blood pressure troubles, from which he is deriving headaches, dizziness, etc. His old pump probably needs a complete overhaul. Anyway, Dr. Bisch has him on a diet which is making him both weak and much thinner. He has already lost 3 chins, 1 ear lobe, 2 spare tires an a pair of false eyelashes. Anyone that happens to locate the above mentioned articles can return them to their rightful owner by mailing them c/o Thin Man, Naples Maine.

Sub-Debs and Dons

Albert Bowerman is a member of the Windham High School swimming team. He is fast growing into a fine figure of a man as he now stands a couple of hands higher than his dad. He stops growing now and then to put superfluous energy into the job of cake baking. He really excels at this art that heretofore has been a strictly feminine art. At the present time, his progress along the road of worldly knowledge has been slightly retarded by a case of athlete's foot.

Florence Plummer, a Freshman at Yarmouth Academy, has been chosen one of the schools cheer leaders. Congratulations Florence.

Ramón Simmons was home from the University of Maine Annex during Thanksgiving weekend. He will be home again during the Christmas Holidays to receive Santa's gifts. The other children in our little colony are not making any noteworthy deeds, instead they are just living from day to day with their usual kid fits, fights, make believes and misdemeanors.

A'lisvo'latpro'pri-is

The whole group of them came to roost in the Simmons' parlor on Sunday night, December 12th, to discuss plans for the coming Christmas Party for the kids. The party is to be held at the Wescott's, the kids are to swap presents, refreshments are to be furnished by the respective mothers. A good time is plan-
Neighbor Wescott has acquired through the proper channels a genuine blue blood English Setter. It's as fine a looking canine as ever walked up to a Maine Pine Tree. Dixie is the name of this stately, long limbed canine who looks like something that you might see strolling along the River Thames with a duchess on the other end of the leash. Mrs. Wescott strolls with her highness most every day and has finally got her to stroll the way a royal dog should stroll with her lady. But such was not the case when she first came under the Wescott's jurisdiction. To make a short story shorter, the day after the canine's arrival, I happened to come around the corner of the house and, lo and behold, here was Mrs. Wescott on all fours and Dixie was standing on her hind legs leading Mrs. Wescott around. Then Mrs. Wescott got up and she'd lead for awhile, then old Dixie would play the part of mistress for awhile. It was quite a commotion while it lasted, but as time will always tell, Mrs. Wescott finally showed Dix who was the lord and master.

HE MISSED THE BOAT

As he looked back upon his college days at Pityful State, one can readily see why his education ain't so hot. He chummed around with Miss Conduct, Miss Leading and a Negli Gent. During the day, Miss Spent was at his side. He frequently dated Miss Demeamor who was a sister to Miss Chievous. His vacations were spent in play with an old home town gal Miss Play. It's no wonder that he finally married Miss Alliance, divorced her and married again to Miss Concieve. When all the time I thought that she'd pic Nic as the one and only. It's a small wonder that Miss Anthrope is his belief, Miss Organism rules his heart and Miss Fortune his ultimate doom. To top it all off, his son has just enrolled for a four year course at Miserable State!

REHABILITATION

The Rowe family is fast adjusting themselves to these surroundings. They have rented Merle Tenney's place, located just over the Raymond line in the township of South Casco. Young Cliff Rowe has joined the local Scout Troop and from his early showings, he's sure to become a scout of no mean distinction. Mrs. Rowe spied a deer galloping through the yard one cool November morn, but all she could do was watch, because Chet has never taught her the fine points of a firearm. Better to be safe than sorry, hey Chet?

P.S. The deer are running wild and at will around these parts since Tenney "took to the torch" behind the mountains. He used to keep them fairly well thinned out when he was in these parts. By the way, the old boy hasn't been around these parts since I joyfully exposed his conniving golf club scheme. We all miss you around these parts especially the dolls up Casco way. All the Juliets want to know where their Romeo has gone. It's plain to see that the guy is just a wolf in cheap clothing. No kidding Merle, a lad, I mean a wom--, well anyway, it couldn't be mistaken for the male species, inquired as to your whereabouts the other day.

NIMRODS AND DIMRODS

Well another hunting season has passed by the boards. Mr. Boworman, Mr. Simmons and Mr. Cerrigan uphold the proud heritage of there pilgrim forefathers by bringing venison home to there meat hungry families. Chet was busy moving during the hunting season, but Plumner hunted high and low everyday for two solid weeks and although many deer were shot near him, he still didn't bag one himself. Congratulations to the nimrods and our sympathies to the less fortunate.

While walking up Portland's busy
Thanksgiving was quite an affair here at Waterford. Bob Lewis spent the day hunting in New Hampshire, Mrs. Lewis had her dinner in the hospital.

The Stearns family enjoyed a quiet dinner at home.

The Sawyers received guests for this event. Quite a few we understand.

The Hutchisons had relatives to help clean up a turkey and two chickens.

Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Hutchison attended Farm Bureau December 8th.

Herman Emery says lump sugar entices "deer" but the experience most of us have had called for a two pound box of expensive chocolates. Maybe I'm mixed up, Herrn.

We here at Waterford have a telepathic mind and could see Mr. Creed looking toward the deep South for the Christmas Holidays.

The Waterford crew has Christmas prepared well in advance. All the homes have a tree with lights and decorations and at night everything looks quite cheerful.

We of Waterford want to wish everyone who reads the PIPELINER a Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Dee Hutchison.

West Burke

We at West Burke want to say, at this time, Sam Hart it has been a pleasure to work with you and we are all sorry to see you leave us. We wish you and Mrs. Hart the best of luck and know you will be happy at your new home in Texas. Again SAM, the best of luck from everyone at West Burke.

To the Management and all the Stations from Portland to Montreal, A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, "From Burke Gulch"
Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Sullivan had for guests Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. George Lary, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sullivan and Charles from Gorham and Rudy Royer of Glover.

Raymond Massey has been on vacation the week ending December 5th, at which time he moved his furniture to West Burke for storage and has taken Alice to her mothers at Windsor where she will visit for awhile. Roy reports for work at the Tank Farm December 9th. Here is wishing you luck Raymond and everyone is sorry to see you go, but our loss is the Tank Farm's gain.

Mr. J. L. Creed and Lawrence Fennel paid us a short call Wednesday, December 8th, on their way to Montreal.

Ludolph LaBounty has taken the new yardman job which the Company has just created and plans to move his family from Gorham to Barton Tuesday, December 14th. I understand they will be moving back into the same house they gave up when going from Barton to Gorham.

Frank Anderson returned from his vacation December 2nd quite rested but didn't get his deer, plenty of does but the bucks were few and far between.

Warren Noyes had Thanksgiving Dinner with his mother and son Warren, Jr., at Gorham.

Richard Brydon spent the weekend with his folks Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brydon and Mrs. Brydon went back to Portland with him for a few days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John O. Barber drove over from Gorham Sunday, December 12th, and had dinner with their son John E. Barber and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Philbrook and son Scott, of Gorham, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Sullivan over the weekend of December 12th.

We here at West Burke were all sorry to hear that Bill Luebeck was sick in bed and hope he will be good as new again very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Randle, Jr. are expected to arrive about December 21st, to spend the Holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Randle, Sr.

Christmas will see the Sullivan Clan gathering again. Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Sullivan expect for Christmas dinner, and the weekend, Mrs. George Lary, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sullivan and Charles Sullivan from Gorham.

Warren Noyes is having his holidays from December 22nd to January 1st, so he will be in Gorham for Christmas and New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Henry Ball of Lincoln, Maine, has been visiting her daughter and family Mr. and Mrs. John E. Barber and granddaughter Carolyn for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank LaBounty have had word that their daughter and husband T/Sgt. and Mrs. Allen Morgan of Norfolk, Virginia, will be home for the Christmas Holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Barber will have for the Christmas weekend Mr. and Mrs. John O. Barber from Gorham.

Pete Ridgwell was at the Station this past week working on the generator of No. 1 Engine.

Neil Starr spent a day checking and adjusting our gravity meter.

Due to having to dig up the discharge line on No. 3 pump, so many times, it was decided to build a conduit, which is now finished. The work being done by Mr. Colby from Concord, Vt.
Up until now we have had very little snow, and the weather has not been too cold, the old timers tell me that it sure is going to be an open winter, well are is hoping they are right.

To meet the PIPELINER deadline, I will have to call a halt for now. As this reporting job is something new for me, I have decided to take a few pointers from two of my partners in crime, your feature writer Harold (Red) Perham, from North Waterford, and Bonney Bele’s Master Herman L. (Shadow) Emery from Lancaster.

"Stubby" Noyes

HIGHWATER

Thank you, "Anonymous". We shall be forever grateful, and hope that at some future time, when we are too busy at Highwater to write for the PIPELINER, you will again pinch-hit.

This week gave us our first real taste of winter, with two or three inches of snow. This condition is the worst part of winter for us, as it makes uphill driving very bad; and as usual, J.P. had to christen it by (after making six attempts to get up the hill) backing down and ending stern on in the ditch.

Now, boys -- take your time and turn, as we shall all be in the ditch more than once before winter is over.

We have had a new visitor with us for the past few months in way of a big rabbit. It plays around here and is very well fed by the lunch left-overs. However, it has been said that Ernie Hodgeson has been seen, in the early hours, chasing it with a handful of salt.

We have another pet in our midst -- the Kavanaghs have got a dog. It is not an Alsatian, nor even a Jiggs' dog. No, it's so small that Phil took it out one day and lost it, but eventually found it in the cuff of his trousers!

COMMUNITY SPIRIT: The Mancoveville Choral Group are presenting an evening of carol singing, community singing and movies on December 22nd, under the guidance of Mrs. J. P. Cruden. It was decided to take a collection to help defray expenses, and our good friends Hal Liot and Phil Kavanagh volunteered, but unfortunately, after a second meeting, it was decided to get two men -- each with one arm.

Although winter has barely begun, it is noticeable that there are a few itchy fingers for the baseball season.

All our employees are very grateful for the Christmas gift in the way of a bonus to the Thrift Plan.

Another year over - So - to all of you - from all of us at Highwater - A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

J. P. Cruden

ST. CESAIK

The newest addition to the Gamble family is coming along fine, he's gaining by the day.

Mrs. Hornby and Mrs. Harviso arranged a card party December 7th, in aid of the Rougemont Ladies' Guild. Mrs. Robert lent valuable assistance by baking and attending. Proceeds greater than expected.

Wednesday afternoon, December 8th, Mrs. Harviso entertained the Rougemont Ladies' Guild at her home, with almost complete attendance. Mrs. Hornby poured tea and Mrs. Robert assisted with the refreshments. We missed Mrs. Gamble, but Art worked second shift and no baby sitters were available.

Neil Starr was with us for a couple
of days installing the gravitometer.
(Mrs. Starr Please Note - Neil promised
to bring Mrs. Starr to visit us and take
in some skiing, when and if we get snow.)

Saturday night, December 11th, a
very successful dance was held in the
school house at Rougemont. Paul Robert
brought his sax along, as well as his
wife, sister and brother-in-law, Mr. L.
Galipeco, who handled the piano in a
manner envied by the likes of Fats Waller,
Oscar Levant and many others. A very
good time was had by all.

A personal note of thanks to the
boys for voting me in as delegate for the
third time. It appears that Highwater
and Montreal also have repeats. (Three
Musketeers.)

We, at St. Ciasaire, would like to
wish each and everyone along the line a
Very Merry Christmas and all the best in
the coming year.

Alex Harvison

MONTREAL EAST

GENERAL

At this Yuletide Season, I wish to
extend to all my Best Wishes for A Merry
Christmas and A Happy New Year.

J. M. Copeland

Hello once again from Montreal East.
Well from all outward appearances one
would gather that Christmas is not too
far in the offing, what with our gayly
lit tree gracing our once beautiful lawn,
now covered by old man winter's handiwork
and the general good feeling in one and
all which usually precedes the much cele-
brated festive season.

Eddie Irwin has been conspicuous by
his absence of late. He is presently
visiting down Portland way and points
East, in his absence, John Lindsey has
taken over as Chief Graiger and factotum
pro tem. He's coming to work these days
with his shoe laces pressed.

Congratulations are in order to all
Elected Delegates of the Joint Industrial
Council. The same old gang went in again
via the landslide route. Their platform
consisted of many diversified subjects,
one being more root beer, bigger glasses
and wider sidewalks.

The Terminal was recently visited by
J. L. Creed and L. Fennel. It was Mr.
Creed's last visit before he takes leave
of us for parts south on his well earned
vacation.

J. M. Copeland, in company with
Gordon Maclean, Jim Cruden and Dick Horn-
by will motor down to Portland to be pres-
ent at the reception tendered Mr. S. E.
Hart on the completion of his active ser-
vice with the pipe line. May we all at
the Terminal take this opportunity in ex-
tending to Mr. Hart our best wishes for
many years of happiness in his retirement.

Mr. J. R. Simpson was a recent vis-
tor to the Terminal, purpose being to ac-
company the above-mentioned personnel on
their trip to Portland.

Jessie Pinfold is still on the nailing
list and isn't expected back until after
Christmas. We all take this opportunity
to wish her a Merry Christmas.

Overheard remark. "She has a figure
like an hour glass and she certainly makes
every minute count."

Well, that's just about all there is
to this little piece, so to all the pipe-
liners from South Portland to Montreal
may we wish you and yours A Very Merry
Christmas and A Happy and Prosperous New
Year.

G. J. Ritchie.
LANCASTER

John Baker and Murray Vashaw were both lucky at the close of the hunting season -- each getting a nice large deer.

George Murphy and family have moved to town. We miss you folks. Come out and see us some time.

The boys are giving our Manifold House a new coat of paint.

Pete Ridgwell, "The Mighty Hunter", shot a bear, recently.

Jackie and Jerry Baker have both been out of school with colds.

The weather has been a little colder here, lately, reaching seven above. Last year at this time, it was way below zero, and plenty of snow.

Ed Hickey is confined to his bed with gripe. We hope you will be better and with us again soon, Ed.

Pete Ridgwell has been sick, recently but is better and out again now.

George Whittum has just re-roofed his house and next plans to build himself a garage this fall.

Recent visitors at the Station were Messrs Creed and Fennell. Welcome to our city boys.

Sunday, December 12th, Gil Cuskley and his mother called at the Station. Do come again when you can stop longer. Gil is looking great after his sickness. It must soon go to have a little rest after a busy season at the "Hotel Gilbert".

John Baker and family motored to Highwater Station, Sunday, December 12th.

Towser Emery, who used to climb the storage tanks at South Portland and refore all of Herman's gauges, was killed by a hit and run driver almost in front of the Pipe Line Cottages.

Attendents at Mr. Hart's farewell party in Portland, December 16th, were John Baker, Glenn Smith, Pete Ridgwell and Herman Emery. We are very sorry to have to part with such a grand person as Mr. Hart, but enjoyed a very pleasant evening at his party. The entire crew and their families wish Mr. and Mrs. Hart their best for the future.

The Christmas Party given by the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades was held December 17th. Taking part in it were Cathy Emery, Jackie Baker and Glenn Smith, Jr.

The Pipeline gang at Lancaster Station extends to all its friends A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Herman L. Emery.

PORTLAND OFFICE

We were very sorry to learn of the illness of Johnny Creed who has been absent from the office since last Tuesday. It was pleasing to know, however, that Johnny was feeling well enough to embark on his vacation to the sunny climes of Shreveport, Louisiana, where he expects to be for a month. All of Johnny's friends here in the office join in wishing him a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Office Christmas Party is taking final shape and under the expert guidance of the committee, headed by Ray Henry, a merry time is expected on Friday afternoon at 12:30 p.m. The party this year will be held at the Engineering Office at 509 Forest Avenue.

John Pero likes to remind us that the vacation season is still going strong so he presently decided to take a week in
which to do his Christmas shopping and help the family decorate the tree.

At last the impossible has happened. Anne Scanlon is the owner of a beautiful, new, gray, four-door, Chevrolet Sedan. Anne waited a long time for this event, and it was wonderful news to her to know that she could take delivery of it just before Christmas.

Not much news from the Bowling quarter this month, as bowling night has suffered the fate of being cancelled out on account of more important social events. Next month we ought to have something real hot.

We were most happy to play host to a group of our Canadian friends on Thursday afternoon, December 16th. The group included Messrs. Copeland and Maclean from the Montreal Office, Dick Hornby from St. Ciosaire and Jim Cruden from Highwater. Mr. Simpson from Toronto was also in the Montreal party. We always enjoy the pleasant congeniality that these fellows bring with them from Canada and we hope they will come again soon.

GORHAM

The prospects of becoming a reporter never did appeal too much to the writer, however, the blank space in the PIPELINER each month, under Gorham, dares anyone to try it at least once, so here goes.

John Barber has recently returned from vacation. He was relieved by Ed Hickey. John says hunting isn’t so bad when you can do it over a well-supplied table.

Mr. Creed and Mr. Fennel were recent callers at the station.

The old saying, "Might as well be dead as be out of style." holds true, not only to the Mrs.'s hat, but to Prescott pumps. Old #3 had to follow the other stations and burst a barrel. Quite a scrap. She sure died hard. A new barrel was secured from Highwater and installed by John Barber and his station crew along with the boys from Jesse Miles' gang.

Now, that Tony has a new coat of paint on it, things are starting to look familiar once more.

Bill, "Flying Dutchman", Luebeck reported in on the sick list, the other day. The doctor gave him a check-up, but after a session with the pretty nurses at the St. Louis Hospital, he returned ready for work. Oh, yes! The trip was for X-rays. Take it easy, Bill. We enjoy seeing you around.

We have some new neighbors in Cottage Row. Bill and Lois White have moved in #6. Welcome, folks.

Frank Wagner is here with us while Bill White has his annual vacation. Glad to see you up this way, Frank. Hope you enjoy your stay in the White Mountains. It seems that Frank is disappointed in our mountain weather. He apparently expected to find it below zero and buried in snow. Cheer up, Frank. You aren’t through, yet.

John Barber, along with Tony Pugliese, Arno Bishop, and Frank Hunt, were among those present at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Hart. They reported a very good time and also plenty to eat. That night would be the one Old Man Winter chose to favor us with the first snowfall that counted so far this winter.

Speaking of snow, don’t be deceived by the lack of it at this late date and dispose of your galoshes, snowshoes, etc. as we always did have snow and when we thought there was enough, some more was sure to fall.

Guess that’s all, folks. A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to everyone.

L. C. Wheeler
The time is the small hours of Christmas morning. The lonely pump station operator listens to the soft whine of the motors, or to the regular staccato exhaust of the Diesels, as the case may be.

The operator makes his regular rounds, now and again he pauses to gaze out the window and a thousand thoughts of many things, of this and that, go flying through his brain. He shakes himself and rubs his eyes, or he bathes his face in cold water, or again, momentarily, he steps outside into the cold early morning air, for he knows he must fight this lethargy that by very nature he is heir to.

The time comes for the "check" over the telephone and the friendly calm voice of the Dispatcher and the confident, wide awake voices of his fellows at the other stations along the line, cheers him a bit but this is only a momentary respite from his feeling of loneliness. He feels he must work, keep moving, this activity is a tonic that has of't before cured his ills. But Ah! this is Christmas morning and things are different. He feels that he should be at home asleep in his bed. The Management is peacefully at rest. A feeling of sadness comes over him. He is alone.

The operator decides to make a trip to the Manifold House, maybe there might be a leak, it is his job to see. On the way back from the Manifold House, he stops beside the Pump Room and gazes momentarily at the soft, cold beauty of the moon. He sees the amber light playing on the icicles and the long shadows on the snow. He thinks, "What a beautiful world," then he hears the rhythmic thump of the pumps and the thought comes, "How like the beat of a human heart, on, on, thump, thump, thump, on, on" that is it! The heart of the pipe line, the constant never ceasing flow of oil. He looks about, he is in charge here, all of this is his job. He is master, these things continue by virtue of his vigilance and care. His fellows unload the tankers, others do this and that, but his job is to keep ever going the heart beat of the pumps. If he needs his fellows, they will if necessary, all come at his telephone call to the Dispatcher. They will all come, the Chief, fellow workmen, repairmen, supervisory specialists and Management, if need be, for they are pipeliners too and understand that the heart beat of the pumps must go on.

The night air is penetrating and even though all of his thinking has taken only a matter of moments, he feels chilled. The fresh air seems sweet to his nostrils but he must get back to the job. It is nearly time for the "check" again, so he sits in the comfortable chair in the clean warm office, awaiting the clarion call of the Dispatcher. Sitting here in the comfortable office of the pump station, as his body becomes warm so seems to warm the tendrils of his heart. His very nature seems to mellow and soften and a glorious, roseate picture of things, as they are, passes through his mind. The things that appear are good and right. He musingly thinks, those of my co-workers that are home, why? They have done their bit! They have earned their rest by doing their allotted task and by years of faithful service. The mellow feeling of happiness seems to expand with this thought and a sense of elation comes over him. He is
serenely happy. His soul is filled with pride, he looks through the window of the Motor Room again, listens to the thump, thump, thump of the pumps and says to himself, "I am a pipeliner. I am a member of a great fraternity of honest workers who feel about their work largely as I do."

These latter thoughts of the operator are the expressions of the spirit of pipelining. These thoughts are those of the spirit of real service. May we not reverently say that the mellow thoughts of the operator expresses the real spirit of Christmas.

* * * * * *

"-----and wrong shall fail, and right prevail, with peace on earth and good will towards men."

BATS' ROOST

The last time we muscled in on this racket we headed up our column "The Bat's Roost". After looking it over and letting the idea rattle around in our skull a few minutes, we figured maybe the boss and the other detainers might resent this as an insult to the dignity of their department; so we promptly xxx'd out our brain cell and inserted the more conservative old standby "Dispatchers!" heading. However, the editorial staff promptly deciphered the xxx'd out words and, probably reasoning that said title was very appropriate for the material appearing under it, re-inserted same. Since we didn't get called up on the carpet and didn't get punched in the nose by any of the gang (they probably didn't read it anyway) we shall continue under this moniker until such time as someone discovers us and protests to the editor. But remember, a rose by another name would smell... etc. and this will be the same old line regardless of titular window dressing, so if you can't take any more of it, you can stop here.

What's so bad about a bat anyway? If our knowledge of batology, which is around -0.6, is correct, they, or most species of them, are supposed to be blind, but did you ever try to catch or shoot one of them? They can dodge just about everything aimed or thrown at them or placed in front of them at full speed. Well, we've been dodging things for so long we are expert: Things such as work, bill collectors, straight flushes, rolling pins and assorted crockery. But leave us not dilly and dally longer with bats and their human (?) counterpart, there is work to be done.

It has been so long since we made our last appearance, we don't know where we left off on the comings and goings, doings and undoings of "the staff", but will give a brief resume as well as we can remember.

Harry the Hiller made a stab at his vacation around the first of June, but couldn't stand it, so took to bed and called the doctor. We are glad to report that he survived, came back to work while yours truly took his annual "rest" and then Harry tried again and this time it "took". As I recall from the picturesque post cards we received he spent his vacation in Boston doing research in an effort to find out if it really is baked beans that make Bostonians that way. The aforementioned yours truly visited with kids and grandkids in Providence until the daughter began to mumble vaguely about having some repairs made to the guest room before winter. We, being of very sensitive nature, took the hint and only stayed one more week, then went up to West Burke, ate up all John Barber's groceries, caught fish from John's and Raymond Messey's lake, made an awful dent in Joe Randle's private stock and returned home, carrying the fish and leaving the boys holding the (empty) bag.

One Shot William Smythe was granted a reprieve for a couple of months relieving the brains at North Waterford and Gorham.
He was a little difficult to handle on his return, but the leg irons and a week's solitary on third trick subdued him, so that he got into the groove until his vacation in November which he spent in great peril to life and limb, in pursuit of venison on the hoof, which is now roasts and steaks in cold storage.

Ernie the Cook commuted to and from his summer home on Sebago Lake this summer but is back in Portland for the Ice Age. Can you imagine a guy with a beautiful camp on a good fishing lake, a good boat and motor, not being a fisherman! Tsk, Tsk, such a waste of the good things in life. But all is not lost. While he can't work up much of a dither over the sport himself, he enjoys being of service to those who lost their marbles over the subject, and we have taken advantage of his hospitality on several enjoyable occasions. Ernie took his vacation just before One Shot and we can't recall just where he went but he got around quite a bit, called on some old railroad cronies and got himself "itoned" in the Maine Central employees magazine and we find he has a past and is using an alias. According to the magazine item he was formerly known as "Doc".

Fred Scales turned up a vacation casualty. Smashed up a couple of fingers and had to sit it out. Said he learned something of value from the experience, that it is actually possible to just sit and do absolutely nothing and enjoy it. If he promises to do just that next year, all is well. Otherwise, we are figuring on assigning him a bodyguard on his next vacation to see that he doesn't strangle himself or eat ground glass or something.

George Mooney and Duffy Lewis did the vacation relief. George sandwiched his vacation in between times and also a stretch in the National Guard. Spent his vacation on Peaks Island and reported an enjoyable time.

Enjoyed Mr. Hart's going away party very much. Regret to see him leave us but wish him and Mrs. Hart a long and happy life. Next to his close associates in the Management, we Dispatchers were probably closer to and know the

real Mr. Hart as well or better than any one. Even in this organization which is noted for the absence of high-hat officials and stuffed shirt bosses, he is outstanding. We could feel as free to argue with him as with each other and as a matter of fact, I feel sure that many times when he got bored with routine matters he has ambled across to this office for the express purpose of getting a good warm debate started on whatever struck him as a good subject. And he could usually get one, and enjoy it and so did we. We have had many merry chuckles and not a few good belly laughs at the tales of his experiences. As long as I live, whenever I get down in the dumps I'm going to recall that one about the Mexican and the balky mule and if that doesn't snap me out of it, I'll know I'm off the deep end. There is little, if anything, we could add to the many and justly deserved tributes paid him at the party last Thursday, but may we all wish you the best that Texas and old "Santone" has to offer. When you fish may the big ones be striking and when you hunt, may the woods be full of game. Maybe you'll ride herd on a spread, huh? If so, may you get no cockle-burrs under the saddle and your trail be free of coyotes and prairiedog holes. Happy ridin' padnah, we're going to miss you very much.

Well when we started out we were going to write something about Christmas, but we have already used up a lot of space, so let's just say that we are highly in favor of it and let it go at that. Wish you all A Very Merry One and A Happy Prosperous and Lucky New Year and all that sort of thing. See you again sometime.

"AC" Cowne.
Sincerely wishing that the glow of Christmas happiness will continue to brighten each day of the coming year.