Season's Greetings

AND

BEST WISHES

To All Our Employees:

The Yuletide season is here once more, and we can look back upon 1949 as another successful year in the operation of the Portland-Montreal Pipeline. The management sincerely appreciates the conscientious effort on the part of every employee from South Portland to Montreal in helping to maintain our high level of operation.

With this excellent record behind us, and looking forward to working with all of you during 1950, I, personally, want to take this opportunity to wish all of you and your families a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year.
To All of Our Readers:

We trust we have served you well, during the past year in giving you the news about your friends and your company. We look forward to 1950 with interest and enthusiasm for there appear to be big things ahead for us in the way of pipelineing. We hope in the coming year to convey to you the events big and little as they come to pass, thereby, maintaining the close and friendly association that our pipe line families have enjoyed for several years now.

All of us on the PIPELINER staff send to every one of our readers, our sincere wishes for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Tonight, I am trying to recapture the spirit of Christmas.

I recall my childhood days the purchase of a big, red, bandana (5¢) handkerchief for my Grandfather and the real happiness that came over me when he shook it open, placed it to his nose and blew a blast on it. We both had the Christmas spirit that night.

Again, I recall my early Boy Scout Days when two of us decided to "do our good turn daily" by making a Merry Christmas for an elderly couple of over 80 years, Aunt Dark and Uncle Dan. We easily wangled a pie apiece from our mothers, plus some doughnuts and some cookies. We put a Merry Christmas sign on the box, delivered it to the front door, rapped and then ran around back of the house, into the barn, and proceeded to buck up some kindling wood for the old folks. The Christmas spirit grew stronger as we worked and soon we really were getting up a wood pile. We lugged it in, filled the woodbox to overflowing and then sat down with feet on the stove slide and ate pop corn and apples, pie and doughnuts and cookies. Aunt Dark stirred the pop corn and butter in the old heavy black "kettle" and I remember a few tears dropping on the corn. Uncle Dan told a bear story, spun a wild cat yarn and busily spooned away the side of a mellow apple. It was a happy Christmas for us all.

When I began to write this article, I was feeling rather low in spirit. All I could think of was, "the gift without the giver is bare". Now, I have had a bit of hot soup, some sandwiches and cake and am feeling a bit ashamed of how I have "slipped" in recent years concerning the real Christmas spirit of giving. So, when I cash my check this week I will give my wife thirty one-dollar bills and tell her to celebrate for us both, - with no holds barred.

P.S. I am holding back one dollar to get her a present, for after she spreads that thirty dollars on 13 children, 2 grandchildren, her Dad, her Mother, her Grandmother and her friends, there won't be much left for Mother except the Spirit of Christmas.

Red Perham

* * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS DAY - 1943
Six Years Ago.

Now hear this! Came the cry after the shrill notes of the Bosuns pipe died away. Now hear this! Soldiers and sailors alike paused as the first notes of "Church Call" echoed throughout the attack transport, A.P.A. 101.

I watched the men of my company passing by, pulling their uniforms into some semblance of order trying to look neater. For the moment, remembering a much happier day than this when homes were bright with happiness and good cheer.

As the last of the company disappeared up the companionway, I too followed up to the main deck. As I stepped through the blackout curtains, amidships, the Coral Sea was bright with sunlight and the air felt clean & cool after the sweaty stink of below decks caused by hundreds of men living in cramped quarters.

Overhead were sav-
eral squadrons of Navy Hellcat fighters
giving our Task Force top cover. On the
horizon to the rear were the flat table
tops of the Carriers zig-zagging nervously,
waiting anxiously like fat old hens
for their brood to come home. Over the
horizon were the Battle Wagons, North
Carolina and Pennsylvania, the cruisers,
Memphis and Houston, flanked by lighter
units of a task force. P.T. craft and
destroyers were dashing about like ter-
riers on the scent of a bone, giving us
anti-submarine protection. At battle
stations with their long flak helmets
were Naval anti-aircraft gun crews watch-
ing and waiting with eternal vigilance,
while high on the mast overhead the a-
alert Radar turned an ever seeing eye to
the horizon and upward to watch for an
unpredictable enemy.

I worked my way forward through a
mass of men toward the sound of Christ-
mas carols being played on a portable
organ. Services for all faiths were be-
ing held forward of the midship deck
house on no. 2 hatch, as it was the only
large open space available on the ship.
The pulpit was set up on the center of
the hatch. Standing together were the
Padres of three faiths who all took part
in the service.

As the Padres, plus a few hesitant
voices, raised in song, it was joined by
ever increasing numbers until 2000 voic-
ex strong sang, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful,
Joyful and Triumphant". As they sang,
I watched their eyes light up, and among
those men, I picked out the guys I have
buddied with since Basic days:

Johnny Regnier, 26, married, insurance
adjuster, Cleveland, Ohio.
Max Steinhardt, 26, married, clothier,
Brooklyn, New York.
Mike Crossetti, 23, married, dock worker,
New York, New York.

Ronnie O'Brien, 19, single, Notre Dame
freshman, Detroit, Michigan.
Joe Bertnick, 20, single, coal miner,
St. Paul, Minnesota.
Ervin Lazar, 24, civil engineer, Phila-
delphia, Pennsylvania.
Jim Suber, 27, single, truck driver,
Derna, Mississippi.
Stanley Allenworth, 23, married, farmer,
Shelbyville, Missouri.
Malcom Currier, 24, single, chemist,
Waltham, Massachusetts.
Edward James, 30, single, jack of all
trades, Chicago, Illinois.
Pedro Mendez, 26, married, plantation
worker, Puerto Rico.

As the singing progressed, I watched
their faces wondering even then if their
thoughts were my thoughts, and knowing
full well that they were. 10,000 miles
away from home is not like any other
Christmas, no decorated tree, no stuffed
chicken or turkey - no wife, Mother, Dad
or sweetheart. Just today -- for tomor-
row is out there - over the horizon -- and
there is only - today.

Songs and sermons passed quickly
and, at the closing prayer, Ronnie, with
his bell-like tenor voice stepped for-
ward out of the unamed mass of men to
sing, Silent Night, Holy Night, All is
Calm, All is Bright ----

And they prayed:
Oh Heavenly Father look down with
favor upon these men who cry to Thee in
their hour of need. Give them course of
heart, strength of purpose, and of
mind to enter mortal combat with this
their enemy. Cover them with thy Christ-
mas blessings that they may remain un-
scathed from battle and be returned to
their loved ones, that they may again
worship Thee in the Temple of their
faith. We ask this in Thy name oh Heav-
enly Father ---- Amen

And he sang: Sleep in Heavenly Peace,
Sleep in Heavenly Peace.

Yes, today is Christmas. Tomorrow
is a day of which you will hear around
the world, and if by the Grace of God, we
are the lucky ones, we will long remem-
ber. Bougainville on New Britain is to-
morrow. We have only today, for tomo-
row is where?

This is Christmas dinner, plenty of
fresh meat, vegetables, fruit and candy
and nuts. Cherry talk flies freely about,
Very little speculation about tomorrow.
The tension is terrific, however, and
the company nervous.

Company briefing at 1900 hours, last
check on landing craft arms and equip-
ment, positions assigned, objectives
cleared, and lights out.

I move quietly out on the blacked
out deck. It is now cool. Not another
single ship seems to be around us, yet,
I know that within one square mile, 1000
soldiers are still awake, thinking their
thoughts of tomorrow.

Who ever heard of Yellow Beach, un-
til tomorrow? Who would know that those
little, slant-eyed people would be wait-
ing for us with a trap that would cause
death, desolation and heartbreak to 1000
men and their families. Who would know
until tomorrow?

I didn’t know that I soon would be writ-
ing to Mike’s wife at his request -
his last.
I didn’t know that Ronnie would never
sing another Christmas carol or
laugh again.
I didn’t know that Maxie and Vern would
step on a mine.
I didn’t know that Johnny would walk on
wooden legs for the rest of his
life.
I didn’t know that Eddy would come back
with vacant eyes and memory gone.

I didn’t know these things, and I’m glad
because this was Christmas and who cares
for tomorrow - for tomorrow is where?

Christmas is a time of celebration
of the Birth of Christ, among free
people of the world. A heritage handed down
for hundreds of years. One not to be
taken away by anyone. Thousands of men,
like these men, gave themselves unself-
fishly to the cause of freedom as we
know it. They helped preserve and pro-
tect your Christmas and mine.

So, on Christmas Eve, in the church
of your choice, say a Merry Christmas and
a silent prayer of thankfulness to all
the Mikes, Ronnies, Maxies, Johnnies, and
Eddies there must have been on Christmas
1943.

Dave Emery

* * * * * *

ANOTHER NEW HAMPSHIRE
CRACKER BARREL

The lumber jacks had their Bunyan,
and other industries, for want of a hero
of their imagination, adopted the legen-
dary Paul as their own and added to his
super-human exploits.

Stories have even been told of his
invading the oil industry with fetes
that are dubitable.

Little has been said about the hero
that belongs to us and us alone. None
seem to know if he still lives, probably
under an assumed name, to explore the
widen ing frontiers of the industry,
discovering new fields, playing chess
with hydrocarbon molecules to bring new
products into existence, or whether he
goes the way of the shallow pools of
yesteryear; pumped out and abandoned.
The latter hardly seeming appropriate
for one of his calibre; unlikely that
his energy could be exhausted and cer-
tainly not one to be abandoned.

This introduction is to none other
than the fabulous Earl Pliner. The place
and date of Pliner’s origin is unknown,
his origin itself being questionable.
Had it been in ancient times, it would
have been assumed that he was the result
of some demented chemist searching for a
perpetual youth hormone or some alchem-
ist trying to change petroleum into coal
so it would have a use. Most anything
would have been expected but a
natural or nor-
mal birth. His
accomplishments
though are a
matter of his-
tory, or are
they?
Only one story can be told at a time and this one has to do with the discovery of the first oil pool.

Had it not been for Pliner's uncanny eye for detail we likely would not know the luxury of the kerosene lamp, to say nothing of the shocking brilliance of the electric light or the exhilarating mayhem of the automobile.

Earl was wandering along the Allegheny River looking for the nesting place of the Whiffenpoof bird when he noticed that the frogs in those parts were strangely muffled. They puffed out the under part of their mouths but no sound came forth. His penchant for scientific analysis soon brought out the conclusion that the croakers occasionally mistook the blobs of floating oil for insects and the oil lubricated their gears until no noise came from their sounding boards.

Tracing the paths of these multicolored films to their source, Pliner staked out the first claim for this new liquid mineral that was destined to change the course of civilization and make the value of the gold discovered by his friends a decade before, infinitesimal.

With an unhealthy charge of powder, and reinforcements that were the fore-runner of the present day river clamps around his rifle barrel, he blew a hole in the ground that was thought to have penetrated the lower cretaceous to bring in the first oil well.

With all the machinery and tools that were needed for the several phases of the infant industry to be invented and manufactured, he was not at all concerned when all credit was given to an old duck named Drake.

More crumbs from the Cracker Barrel next month.

J. O. BARBER RECEIVES 30-YEAR SERVICE BUTTON

A banquet honoring John O. Barber, who was presented with the thirty-year service button, was highly enjoyed by the following employees on the night of December 13th at the Glen House in Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire: from Portland Johnny Creed, Ken Blanchard, Ernest Wilkins, Doc Cassidy, Oscar Chilcoat and Carlton Goodwin; from North Waterford Bob Lewis, Jr.; Gorham - John Barber, Jesse Miles, Arno Bishop, Tom Corrigan, Frank Hunt, Larry Wheeler and Bill White; Lancaster - George Whittum, George Murphy, John Baker, Ed Hickey and Pete Riddell; West Burke - Bill Luebeck, Bob Sullivan and Warren Noyes.

After the consummation of a very fine meal, a review of John's lengthy service with varied assignments and capacities was given by Mr. Creed, whereupon the presentation of the button took place. It was quite clear to everyone present that, by the time one puts in thirty years with a company, he is very apt to have seen quite a bit of country, and met numerous fellow employees, especially in the pipelining business. John started working for the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company January 15th, 1918. He worked his way up to an oiler and then station engineer. During a period of temporary cut back in operations, John tried his hand at farming until he could get back into pipelining - for as the saying goes: "once a pipeliner, always a pipeliner". He was re-employed with Oklahoma Pipe Line in August, 1949, and was transferred to the Portland Pipe Line Company on October 19th, 1941.

His first assignment on the Portland-Montreal Line was a Diesel Station Operator's job at West Burke - a job for which he was well qualified.

During the partial shut-down of our line in 1942, caused by the tanker shortage, John was transferred to North Waterford as an Electric Station Operator. He also acted as relief Chief Operator at this station in place of Mr. Lewis, when Bob was on vacation.
With the re-opening of West Burke Station he went back there as Diesel Station Operator on December 5th 1943. Since that time John has held a number of relief Chief Operator assignments at West Burke, Lancaster, Gorham, and North Waterford. He also acted as a temporary construction foreman during the installation of the 3rd unit in the summer of 1947.

In July of 1948, John was made regular Chief Operator at Gorham Station when Mr. Chilcoat was transferred to the Portland Office.

Following this presentation, several of the fellows had little anecdotes and stories to offer, telling of their first recollection of having met John or working with him, and these were very interesting to hear and compare. It was evident that many of these tales, dating back quite a number of years, brought back many a vivid and cherished memory to some of those present who have been pipelining since they were young boys. All in all, it was a fine evening for all present, and after the numerous farewells were made, with everyone vowing to be present when John receives his forty-year service award, the affair came to a close.

Bill White

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F. C. LANTZ ELECTED TO PORTLAND PIPE LINE CORPORATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Mr. F. C. Lantz was elected to the Board of Directors of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation at a Directors' Meeting held on November 14, 1949, in Toronto. He replaces Mr. T. S. Johnston who has now gone on a special assignment with the Interprovincial.

Mr. Lantz was born in Halifax, N.S., where he attended primary and secondary schools, and in 1916, completed a course in Arts and Civil Engineering at Dalhousie University. His early business career commenced while attending college and up to the time of joining the Services in World War I, he had worked with lumber companies, in engineering on the construction of Halifax Ocean Terminals, and in the City Engineers Department in Halifax.

On returning from Overseas in 1919, he entered McGill University, and in 1921, graduated in Chemical Engineering.

After completing his studies he was employed for a short period with the Bell Telephone Company, Montreal, and in 1922 joined Imperial Oil Limited, as Assistant Chemist in the Inspection Laboratory at Sarnia, moving to Calgary in 1923 as Chief Chemist. In 1926, he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Calgary Refinery.

From 1926, the next six years were spent with the Tropical Oil Company, as Refinery Superintendent, Barranca, Colombia, S.A. He returned to Imperial in 1934, being assigned to special work at Sarnia Refinery. In that year, he was appointed Refinery Superintendent at Regina, and in 1936, returned to Sarnia as Chairman of the Manufacturing Technical Committee.

In 1942, Mr. Lantz left Imperial temporarily to assume managership of the St. Clair Processing Corporation, Ltd., at Sarnia. In 1946, after the termination of World War II, he was recalled to Imperial and appointed to the position of Assistant General Manager of Refineries, which position he has held until his recent appointment as Assistant to the President in the Supply and Transportation Department.

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JESSE MILES PROMOTED TO SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION

As a first step in connection with getting organized for the construction of our 18" main line project next year, effective January 1, 1950, Mr. Jesse Miles will move to Portland to take the position of General Superintendent of Construction in charge of field work on the main line construction, the 30" discharge line at South Portland, the station and Tank Farm oil lines and manifolds, as well as the river crossings and delivery lines in Canada. Mr. C. D. Batchelder, our Chief Engineer, will be in charge of the entire construction project and Mr. Miles will work under Mr. Batchelder on the field work. Mr. Miles is being moved to Portland at this time in order to be available to assist Mr. Batchelder in connection with preliminary work on the new project.

Jesse Miles is well qualified to take over this new assignment as Superintendent of Construction as he has been associated with pipe line work for over twenty-five years. He started in with the Humble Pipe Line Company in Houston, Texas, in 1924, and in 1929, he went to work for the Oklahoma Contracting Company as a construction foreman. He spent two years with the Iraq Petroleum Company, Halfa, Palestine, as a foreman of pipe line construction from 1932 to 1934. In 1934, he returned to Texas and worked as a pipeliner, assistant foreman, and foreman on line maintenance until he was transferred to the Portland Pipe Line Company in 1941.

Mr. R. B. Lewis, Jr. has been promoted to Maintenance Foreman, replacing Mr. Miles, and will move to Gorham around the first of the year to take over this position.

Mr. W. A. Smith, who has been a dispatcher, in the Portland Office, has been promoted to replace Mr. Lewis as Chief Operator at North Waterford Station. He, also, will be relieved of his duties as dispatcher in order to take over his new assignment on January 1, 1950.

Bob Lewis has had twenty-five years experience in pipe line work, starting with the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company in March, 1925, as an oiler and working up to engineer. He worked nine years for the Ajax Pipe Line Company and in 1939, went to Venezuela where he was an engineer with the Mene-Grande Oil Company. In 1940, he returned to the States and was a Diesel mechanic with the K.N.W.N.P.L. Construction Company in Missouri. In 1941, he came to the Portland Pipe Line Company, from Ajax where he had been employed for a few months after leaving the construction company, to take a Chief Operator's assignment.

Bill Smith is also a veteran pipeliner, having started with the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company in 1927. During the time he was with the Oklahoma Pipe Line, Bill served as an engineer, delivery man, and gauger. He came to the Portland Pipe Line Company in October 1941, and started in as an Electric Station Operator at Raymond. Bill's first dispatching assignment came in 1942 and, since 1945, he has had several Chief Operator assignments on relief work at Raymond, North Waterford and Gorham Stations.

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OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY PLANNED FOR DECEMBER 23

The party committee have been actively engaged during the past week laying plans for the Annual Office Christmas Party which will be held in the new section of the Portland office on Friday afternoon.

Lee Westcott was appointed general chairman for the party activities and he has many able assistants to help him provide a good time for all. A Christmas tree and yuletide decorations will adorn the new office space and tables will be set up and decorated for the food. Music will be provided and gifts will be brought for the children. F. J. McCarthy, chairman of the recreation committee, has made plans for entertainment of the children.

* * * * * *
TERMINAL

This being the last Terminal chapter in our 1949 edition of "The PIPELINE", and so close to Christmas that one can think of little else at this season. At our home I'm doing the thinking while the Mrs. as usual scurries hither and yon taking care of all the details pertaining to Christmas, such as shopping and swapping, wrapping and mailing packages and plotting and planning down to the smallest detail lest something or someone is forgotten. The shrunken forty-nine cent dollar she has stretched like a three way girdle before making her Christmas purchases. So in spite of the gougers in Washington we shall have a nice Christmas, turkeys and all.

Bill Spear after looking at real estate in South Portland the last few months has finally purchased a swell looking love nest. Won't be long now before the wedding bells are ringing.

Hot Stuff: After Benny Norton created the hottest news of the season by becoming a married man his newly purchased home at Sunset Park, South Portland, was the scene of great activity on December 6th when the Fire Department was called by Benny to extinguish a fire in the Norton establishment. Tough luck Benny! In my crystal ball I see nothing but smooth sailing for you until 1951.

We experienced our first snow storm of the winter on December 7th. The children as always, were thrilled and excited over the prospects of sliding and building snow men and houses. The old man just grunted a few times after the storm had abated, grabbed the snow scoop and tackled the driveway and sidewalks, much to the discomfort of my aching back.

If any of you fellows have not seen Bill Seabury of Chas. Martin Co. during 1949, let me assure you that the "Thin Man" has put on some added weight.
On December 12th the Pocahontas Fuel Co. and the California Oil Co. announced the purchase of twenty-three acres of land adjoining our property in the old New England Shipyard for the purpose of building the Pocahontas Fuel Terminal. 3100,000 barrel tanks plus two 25,000 or 30,000 barrel tanks will be erected, also a new 600 foot pier for tankers. This terminal will supply New England States with gas and light oils concentrating on oil for factories, etc., throughout Northern New England. This is a good deal for South Portland and the vicinity as it means more business for the port, plus taxes, jobs, etc.

The Kennedys will travel to Gorham, N. H. for Christmas with their folks.

The Christmas Party held by the Pipe Line Club at Pleasantdale Hose House was a big success. Over eighty attended the affair. The chicken pie dinner was followed by entertainment furnished by the Three Arts Studio of Portland. The newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Bonny Norton and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cote were presented wedding gifts by the boys at South Portland. Christmas carols were sung by the group led by the Hotel Gilbert Quartette, dancing followed. If any group of women in town can match the chicken pie and trimmings cooked by the Auxiliary of the Pleasantdale Hose Co., we know not where to find them. You know, that melt-in-your-mouth crust with plenty of chicken beneath it.

Portland Pipe Line unforgettable hunting characters I've met and listened to through day and night shifts for the last four years.

Not being a hunter myself, my old head buzzes with nothing but 40-40, 30-30, push guns, automatics, 88's, Standish Swamps, Limerick Tote roads and Skowhegan bogs. Following is some of the line of chatter we listen to day after day, year after year, during deer season.

"Saw five dandies this morning only ninety feet away, must have hit one of them. Didn't you get that one? I drove it right down past you. Yesterday, six of us went out and we almost got a 160 lb. doe." Just imagine six big huskies all loaded to the gills with guns, knives and what have you, and the poor little deer with not a piece of defense except a pair of eyes and four skinny little legs. To date, the nearest any one of these hunters came to bringing home the steaks, was a picture of the Bull Moose roaming in the West Yard next to the Terminal. I even saw that one myself while fully awake. It is now 4 A.M., Monday morning, and the boys are in on a delayed call out. For about three hours I listened to six, or eight in the guard house, pro and con their experiences over and over, up to 7 A.M. when I completed the graveyard shift and left for home. Crawled into bed on the old Simmons Beauty Rest and it felt very good. Must have got stranded on my back when things began to happen. Deer, Bears, Moose, Wildcats, etc., etc. I was surrounded by every kind of wild life imaginable, plus the Bushwa and Hokum of the Bridges, the Richardsons, the Rodericks, the Darlings, and others too numerous to mention. I was king of the forest and started to figure out just how many deer I needed to take care of all the would-be hunters. No lead wasted, everytime I pulled the trigger on my old reliable BB gun, I dropped one. Stopped long enough to take count of the kill and to my surprise I had a couple of extras over and above one each for all the boys. I was thrilled and tickled to death, walking on thin air, some of my friends may question the following remark. I didn't have even one little cozy under my belt while all this was happening. The one thought in my mind was to furnish each and every one of the hunters back at the works a good sized doe or buck. Mind you this was accomplished minus the usual $2.00 license.

Must have rolled over on my side off the hot water bottle and started to come to. For the life of me and a tough break for you hunters, I cannot remember the location of this "Happy Hunting Ground".
As the old master, Robert would say to his Hotel Gilbert Outdoor Quartet, "I told you my dream, now you tell me yours". Come on now Don, "Bite it off".

The actual deer score for South Portland during the 1949 season follows:

- R. Bridge 0 - Deer
- E. Dunn 1/2
- C. Emery 1/2
- W. Faulk 1
- A. Cote 1 - DEER
- B. Norton 1

A record to be proud of and I don’t mean you deer hunters. Hi Artie! - Hi Benny!

Leo Sampson and the Mrs. attended the Ice Follies at Portland December 3.

Arthur Cote (the old veteran) was wedded December 10th at Portland to the former Olive Howe of Portland. After a brief honeymoon at Boston and the Hotel Manger, they will reside in Portland. Happy sailing to you both.

The Terminal and yours truly wish all our friends everywhere a Happy and Healthy holiday and the best of everything for 1950.

- Frank Ivers

**TANK FARM**

Highlighting the month of December is the Pipeline Club’s Annual Christmas Party being held tonight at the Pleasantdale House. A swell chicken dinner to be followed by dancing, etc. Feature performer of the Evening will be Frank Wagner with his renditions of Mule Train and "Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer". Of course, no party would be complete without the Punch-Bowl. Yours truly will report on the excellence of its essence in next month’s edition of the PIPELINER.

If I Was Getting Married Now
With a Bunch of Friends Like Mine.
I'd get a Box of Good Cigars,
And HAND THEM OUT ON TIME.

Just in case it be pigs but we have heard that Vic Ward with his "First In Command" has been looking the local situation over with prospects of buying same.

Times have certainly changed, today we have legalized horse racing, legalized sale of liquors, wines and beers. "Everything gotta be legal", says Cote.

By Gingoos! Vic Ingersoll finally dipped into the United States Treasury and came up with a new Dodge Deluxe.

Sam Sinclair made a trip to Canada to "Hunt" and came home with one of them animals.

Arthur Cote took the final stop and we got cigars too. Congratulations to you both, we sincerely wish you the greatest of happiness.

Christmas is now the topic of conversation, "I know I speak for The Gang when I say, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Everybody!"

Davo Emery

**GORHAM**

With the return of Fred Lamb, Bruno LaBounty and Arno Bishop to our station, vacations for 1949 are ended.

The Lambs visited in Georgia, Texas and Oklahoma and reported a good vacation.

Bruno LaBounty took advantage of the hunting season, and had the good luck to get a 130 pound doe. During his vacation, Bruno was in Portland, Maine, Vermont and New York.

Arno Bishop and family spent a week in Boston visiting relatives & friends. While in the city Arno and the Mrs. did their Christmas shopping. One week Arno spent hunting.
He said he brought home a "sample" this year -- an 80 pound doe.

John E. Barber is in the Veteran's Hospital at White River Junction, Vermont. He reports that he is feeling better and may be able to come home in a short time. Mrs. John E. and daughter, Carolyn, are staying with the John O. Barbers.

T. R. Corrigan bagged a 65 pound spikehorn! (The horns protruded one-half inch from the head.) J. O. Barber said the buck was either awfully young or awfully old because it was minus its upper teeth. Anyway, Tommy, I can vouch that it was mighty good eating. Tommy and Arlene invited the Pugliese family over for a steak dinner and we all ate about one fourth of the deer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Miles have been in Portland doing their Christmas shopping. The Miles have also been busy the past month, participating in various bridge tournaments throughout this section of the State, and from the reports in the newspapers, they have played good bridge, as their names seem to be in the top brackets all the time.

John, Anna Lee, Jackie, and Carolyn Barber were in Portland, December 10th, doing some Christmas shopping.

The past month has been a busy one for the maintenance crew. It seems that things like to break down on holidays and weekends -- either a discharge line breaks or a barrel splits on #3.

Morrie Tenney had the misfortune to injure his foot while moving a crank arm. The crank arm slipped and fell on his instep.

On December 4, Mr. & Mrs. Fred Lamb went to Portland to meet their daughter Mrs. T.L. McMinn and two children Jeff and Judy who flew to Portland from Oklahoma City that day. After spending some time with her parents, Mrs. McMinn expects to join her husband Capt. T.L. McMinn, U.S.A.F. who is in the Philippines.

Bud Cormier went deer hunting and saw seventeen deer in one day but didn't get any. He saw one buck about 60 feet away but "buck fever" set in and Bud came home empty handed. Better luck next time, Bud.

The Larry Wheelers are settled in their new apartment in Bethel, Maine.

Frank Hunt is as elusive as ever and news about Frank is scarce. Perhaps now Larry can keep an eye on him and give us some news on Frank.

Last Year I vowed I'd never put my Christmas shopping off again, but Monday December 12th, found me down in Boston in a wild rush doing my Christmas work. The crowds down there frightened me away and I then went to Portland. I can say that I heartily approve of the stag-night sponsored by some of the Portland stores.

In closing I'll wish a happy Holiday time to all the members of the Portland-Montreal Pipe Line System and all our friends.

Tony Pugliese

LANCASTER

The folks at Lancaster Station would like to congratulate the Sawyers of Watertown and the Noyes of West Burke on the births of their daughters.

Well! Dust my buttons, 'tis nearly Christmas time again. If I can unfreeze my fingers I'll attempt to send you some gossip from all us local yokels up in the mountains.

Ed Hickey and son were in Worcester recently to visit Mr. Hickey's daughter.

Dede Emery is on vacation from the telephone office in Littleton.

If any of you folks from the City ever drive by the Lancaster Station you be sure and wear your colored glasses. The Hickey's have a new Plymouth and the Emery's have a new Dodge. I think if this
weather continues, old Horrm will put his car in a plastic bag for the Yuletide Season. As a christening, he drove his spouse and daughter to the big city to attend the Christmas party at Pleasantdale.

By the way, if someone should relay the story to you, that the road is full of smoke from Lancaster to Portland, think nothing of it. It will just mean that "hot-rod" George Murphy motored to the party also.

Mrs. Ross has returned from Portland where she visited her son, who underwent a serious eye operation.

Emerys had company from Salem, Mass. last week and that goes to prove "the more the merrier".

The John Bakers, the Herman Emerys and Mrs. Ross attended the Eastern Star Christmas party last Monday and if you don't think Horrm is failing you should have heard him trying to harmonize on those Christmas Carols.

Well Chunnies, by the looks of the sky I'd better run out and grab my longjohns off the line a'fore they freeze up on me again.

All us folks from the White Mountains wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

H. L. Emery

Compiled by C. L. Ross
Edited by E. L. Emery

Mr. & Mrs. Gus Plummer have finally reached the grandparent stage in this, their still young life. Mr. & Mrs. Ernie Winslow are the proud parents of a young lady.

Bill Smith has convinced one and all that he is champion hunter of this district. He got a big 10-point buck. He went out with Gus and Gus downed a 9-point buck. Then, step-son, Billy, accompanied by Bill, returned with a 4-point buck. He hunted with Ben Bowerman on the last day of the season and Ben shot a small buck, too.

There is a story around that Bill brought more than buck to the hunters. And another story related that Bill had a tame doe staked out and each time a buck came calling, Bill and his guests would down said buck. Yet another story that Bill has connections at the Game Preserve. But when all is said and done, it probably turns out that Bill and his woodsmanship are just too much for any smart deer.

At a recent Court of Honor Ceremony Cliff Rowe was awarded the 2nd class merit in the Boy Scouts of America. He was also elected Assistant Patrol Leader of the Crow Patrol.

Walter Simmons has been chosen as Merit Badge Counselor on Safety for the local troop.

We hear that Merle Tenney is laid up with an injured foot, after being struck by a flange at Gorham. We extend our sympathy and hope that you have a speedy recovery, Merle.

All hands were busy on the recent pump repair job. Ralph Bridge and Mark Smith were up from Port-
land and Fred Lamb was down from Gorham, along with L. McKeig and B. LaBounty. The job lasted quite awhile and everyone was slightly weary by the time the last bolt was tightened.

Myron Walker has been feeling miserable all month because of a head cold he can't shake.

Pentagon Pond has frozen over and Jordon's Bay on Sebago Lake has a slight crust. The ice-fishermen will soon have their houses stationed over the small holes for a few months of cold winter-sport.

The Mrs. and I attended the annual Pipe Line Club Christmas Party at South Portland. This affair always seems to start off the Christmas season on the right foot.

I'm not old enough to remember a time when we weren't just recovering from having a war, or hearing threats of a war in this world. Each year, at this time, we hear those wonderful words - "Peace on earth, good will to men". For the past few years, these words have been but a fervent wish. But let's hope that soon we will all see a peaceful earth with "good will" as the password between Nations.

On behalf of the Raymond folks, I take this opportunity to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to both the Management and our fellow employees all the way up and down the line.

Harry Corrigan

THE BATS' ROOST

Knock! Knock! May we come in? Never mind about the "fatted calf", let the poor critter live, and just let us part-take of a liberal helping of "humble pie" which is more appropriate for our sort of prodigal. Considerable water has run under the bridge, and a sizeable quantity of crude oil has passed the header gates since we last contaminated these pages with our low gravity, high viscosity and off-color prattle, but now that we have our foot in the door again, well just try to stop us. We shall not attempt to regale or hold you spellbound with "A tale well-calculated to keep you in suspense" (any resemblance to the radio program of same name is purely un-
accidental) but merely try to fill some space which the editors tell us won't look nice if left blank in a Christmas number, and which they even threaten to fill with the umpteen millionth re-print of "Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus" (Leat we create the impression that we are heretic, anti-social and an out-and-out stinkeroo, we hasten to add that we firmly believe in old Santa and agree that the traditional editorial in answer to Virginia's letter is a classic, but since our readers are presumed to have access to an occasional newspaper or periodical, other than the PIPELINER, we feel sure they will be unable to escape an opportunity to read "Yes Virginia" again this season.

May we use this opportunity, and some of this space to extend our belated but none the less sincere thanks to all you good people, in the office and on the line, for your flowers, letters, cards, reading material, visits, offers of assistance and actual services rendered while we were "lising-in" and convalescing account of having our warped chassis overhauled last summer. And a special poesy to those brave smugglers of tasty tid-bits, who helped keep us alive by supplementing our 1200 calorie diet, while streamlining our silhouette. Our reading material ranged from God's Little Acre (pocketsize) to Eisenhower's Crusade in Europe (a sizeable tome) interspersed with sundry run-of-the-mill "Whodunits". Can you picture a guy, flat on his famnigan, in bed with only a bod-pan for a gent's room, being presented with "God's Little Acre" to read? Some rascal did it to us. If you have read the thing you know what we mean! If you haven't, don't. Just continue to hang on to your belief that man is superior to the lower animals.

And while remembering those acts of kindness, we are by no means un-mindful of, nor ungrateful for the quiet, behind the scene assistance rendered by our employer. This very practical service does much to soothe the pain in that part of the anatomy which always suffers, no matter what other part may be ailing, i.e., the hip pocket. Yep, without that weekly check and good old Blue Cross, the luxury (?) of being sick wouldn't have been half so much fun (?), it says here. And we can't resist a plug right here, for Blue Cross and Shield, in case you are a hold-out or a lapsée (?) because B. C. only pays 80% on private or semi-private care and B. S. pays only after first two trips to the Doc, well in our humble opinion you are only kidding yourself. Once you do a stretch in the atmosphere of "Calling Dr. Kildare" and get that itemized statement, you'll wonder how you are going to handle the 20% without mortgaging the jalousy. And then when Doc gets through listing his services, the price of those first two visits will have shrunk to the size of the Sunday school collection after the carnival has spent a week in town. If we have to pay for the first two calls we will trim our own toe-nails and apply our own band-aids, and if we get something really wrong with us we won't mind paying those first two. Incidentally, we are on straight salary basis, no commissions.

Here's a few rather old news items in case anyone doesn't already know them or cares whether or no.

Vacations being flanged up with Ernie the Cook's return next week, before this hits the news stands. Other than a trip to Canada for a visit with relatives we do not know his plans, but would lay you odds that he isn't allowing any grass to sprout between his toes.

Fred Seals managed to get to Arkansas and return without bandages or visible scars or abrasions. Also spent a week nearer the home surroundings and survived in good shape. He also drew another vacation (?) attending supervisors' school in Elizabeth, N. J. (We use the question mark here to be on the safe side, for there is room for argument on this definition of a vacation.)

Harry the Hiller's vacation was apparently spent quietly by not too distant sojourns and just taking things easy and so far as we can learn was de-
void of anything sensational. Harry was also recently off a few days with one of those (to quote Bert Dyer) "stinking" colds.

Bill (One Shot William) Smith, we understand, spent 99 & 44/100 percent of his vacation and accumulated holidays in the Maine, New Hampshire, and Canadian woods. He got his venison in Maine but had to use two shots, an inexcusable waste of ammunition. Didn't do so well in Canada, but on his return trip he had a right-of-way dispute near Gorham, N.H., with a fair sized buck, which ended in a draw decision between Bill's Ford and said buck. Both suffered damages but no fatalities or at least it is so believed since the deer escaped and was not found and the Ford after minor repairs by Bill continued into Portland before being dry docked.

We also made our bi-ennial safari to Lapland (where Arkansas laps over into Oklahoma) visiting relatives and friends. Uneventful except that it was our first long distance trip by air, and somewhat saddened by the knowledge that it would be our last visit with Mother, who was very ill and passed on a few weeks later.

"Fodge" Mooney relieved all vacationers in "OD", and managed to sandwich in one for himself as well as a stretch in the guard house (BK excuse us, in the National Guard). Duffy Lewis picked up the week end shift while George was full time in here.

In case you haven't heard, you guys who smoke "seegars" better lay in a supply. Now don't let this start a hoarding spree like the coffee scare for it isn't that serious nor will it be so widespread. But Pooch Emmens is coming back to the land of Democrats (pardon, we meant to say democracy) soon and will be in the vicinity of Portland for a few days. We knew him when he could handle only about 10 cheroots per day, but there is no telling what the tropics have done for him and his capacity may have increased. At any rate, just let him get you in the switches between the opener and himself with a pair of Johns you won't lay down, and starts heisting 'er a buck six, and those White Owls will disappear faster than a Fourth of July firecracker fuse, or your stack of blue buttons, for that matter. (This is strictly in code for brethren of the fraternity and attempts at translation into English is forbidden). Well come on Pooch, we'll be looking for you and have our contributions to the cause all ready, just like lambs at the slaughter. Gosh, he's a hard man, McGee.

A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each and everyone of you all.

Arthur A. "AC" Cowne

PORTLAND OFFICE

We had our first word from Johnny and Mrs. Creed on a post card mailed from Salem, Va. Johnny started his vacation on December 15, and reported from Va. that the roads were good and he hoped that they would be the same all the way through to Shreveport. Bring back some of that Louisiana Sunshine, Johnny, when you return in January.

It seems like old times once again to have Mr. Fennel around the office while he is replacing Mr. Creed as Acting General Superintendent.

Steady progress is being made on the new office section in the back of the building, and a door has been broken through the Conference Room so that the new space is accessible without having to go outside. The walls have been painted a soft shade of green, and when the asphalt tile floor has been laid, it will look very nice indeed.

There will be no bowling this week in view of the Christmas rush that is apparent to everyone. The hard fighting teams deserve a week's rest anyway. Next contest December 29th.

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